

## About

On October 14th it came to the attention of the HTP discord that one of the very earliest HTP authors had deleted her archive and many of our favorite bookmarks and foundational stories had been taken down. Through the collective effort of the trash chat these stories have been recovered and compiled into this document. This document wouldn't exist without the HTP discord chat, who are all champs.

Stories are chronological in order of publication with tags and information scavenged from [web.archive.org](http://web.archive.org).

## Secondary Function

**Summary:** The Winter Soldier is waiting for his new handlers to hurt him.

Explicit, Archive Warning: Creator chose not to warn, M/M, English, 1714 Words, Published Sep. 27 2014

**Relationships:** James "Bucky" Barnes/Other(s), James "Bucky" Barnes/Steve Rogers

**Tags:** Post-Captain America: The Winter Soldier, Angst, Rape/Non-con Elements, HYDRA Trash Party, Bucky Barnes Has Issues, This Fic Has No Redeeming Social Importance

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Sometimes the soldier wonders how it will begin.

The Captain will be the first. He is their superior officer, and rank has its privileges, but he also pays more attention to the soldier than the others do. The Captain requires the soldier to report on any damage he sustains, even if he remains functional. After a mission he always ensures that the soldier is operating within optimal parameters

The Captain is the one who assigned the soldier codename Bucky Barnes.

He knows the Captain.

He was the soldier's handler before. The soldier doesn't know when – he must have been reset since then, perhaps more than once – but sometimes he tries to remember, superimposing the Captain on the faint, echoey memories he retains even after a wipe. The Captain's face looming over him in the chair. The Captain's hand on the grip of the stun stick forcing its way inside. The Captain's voice above him as he chokes for air. None of it feels right.

It will hurt. It always hurts. But maybe it won't hurt very much. Maybe if the soldier is very good – if he drops to his knees on command, if he is pliant and unresisting and does not cry – it won't be too bad. The Captain doesn't seem to want him damaged.

He doesn't think the Captain was the one who hit him until his legs malfunctioned and he had to drag himself across the floor with his metal arm.

Sometimes, when he tries to remember, the flesh between his legs grows hot and swollen. He wants to touch it. He doesn't. He isn't allowed to. What he wants is irrelevant. He is a valuable asset.

He is a thing.

It will happen after a mission, he thinks. The Captain will not want to compromise his operational efficiency until after their objective is complete. They will return, the soldier will deliver his usual

status report, and then the Captain will tell him to kneel. He will tell him to drop his weapons and bare his neck, and the soldier will obey.

He waits. He waits and it does not happen.

He won't move. Even when it hurts, he won't move. He'll be good, and he won't cry, and they won't make him wear the muzzle. They'll let him use his mouth. The soldier is good with his mouth.

He will not scream.

Once he thinks it's finally starting. The mission is over. The hostiles have been terminated. They are returning to the base. His handlers are talking, laughing. The Hulk did well. Now he is sleeping. "Maybe we should give him a gold star when he wakes up," Hawkeye says. "A reward."

The Captain chuckles softly and bumps his shoulder against the soldier's flesh side and the soldier thinks abruptly of how generous he is with his team. How he shares out the acclamations.

A reward.

The soldier has been a reward. He is a thing. It doesn't matter what they do to a thing.

It's going to hurt, he thinks. It's going to hurt so much. Worse than one arm. But not – not so bad as two.

(He doesn't have two any more. He doesn't have anything.)

And then nothing happens. No one touches him. No one orders him to strip. There is no hand at his throat, no pain between his thighs, nothing except an acid taste in his mouth and a buzzing in his ears.

By the time they arrive the soldier is shaking.

No one punishes him.

He does not cry. He isn't allowed to cry. He can't remember which of his handlers the Captain was. Was he the one who taught the soldier not to flinch? He tries to be still. His metal arm is the only part that obeys.

"Are you okay?" the Captain asks.

"Yes," the soldier says. He is undamaged. He is afraid.

"Are you sure?" The Captain frowns at him. "Do you want some company?"

Oh.

Maybe the Captain is the one who made him beg.

“Please,” the soldier says experimentally, and it must be right because the Captain smiles at him. He finds his own mouth curving in answer. A smile. The Captain likes it when he smiles.

He wonders if the Captain will want him to smile while he fucks him. He can do that, he thinks, as long as it doesn't hurt too much. And if the Captain wants him to smile, or to beg, it means he won't have to wear the muzzle. He will be very still and maybe it won't hurt him very much. Not if he's good.

They go to the TV room. The Captain turns on a baseball game with the sound very low and sits on the couch. The soldier sits beside him.

The first time the Captain brought him here, just after the soldier identified his own malfunction and shifted the Captain's designation from *target* to *handler*, he had stood at parade rest for two hours, careful not to block the Captain's view of the television, and waited obediently for orders that never came.

The next time, the Captain told him to sit.

It will happen soon, he thinks. The team has adjusted to his presence. He has performed to specifications. He has learned to anticipate their orders. He has been perfect. Obedient. Deadly.

He has not cried.

They seem satisfied with his performance. No one says anything about reassigning him. So it will happen soon. Maybe tonight. Maybe in a moment the Captain will reach out and put his hand (his flesh hand, he has two flesh hands) in the soldier's hair and pull his face down and the soldier will open his mouth and –

“Bucky?” the Captain says, his voice soft. His face is unhappy and seeing it jars loose some previously unexamined fragment of memory.

The Captain looked like this before, the last time he was the soldier's handler.

It meant terrible things. He doesn't remember *what*, exactly, but he knows it was worse than the time a handler made the soldier put one of his own knives inside him. He is very, very sure that when he belonged to the Captain, he would have done anything to keep that expression off the Captain's face.

“Please,” he whispers, and tries to smile.

“What?” the Captain says instantly, his hands going tight where they rest on his thighs. The soldier wonders where he'll feel them, how soon. “Please *what*, Buck?”

He can't remember. He can't remember what he's supposed to beg for.

"I'm your friend," he says instead, because he knows the Captain likes it when he says that. He doesn't understand why, but he didn't understand when one of his handlers made him call him "Daddy" either. He knows what the words *mean*, of course, he's a valuable asset, he isn't *stupid*, but he's a thing. He isn't allowed to have a father or a friend.

He knows the Captain. He just can't remember *what* he knows.

"You're my friend," the Captain agrees after a moment, and he smiles again, but his hands are still clenched into fists and his eyes are angry. "Always have been."

He could guess – *your cock*, he could say, *please, I need your cock or let me be good, please let me be good* – but he might guess wrong. He doesn't want to make the Captain any angrier.

He doesn't want the Captain to be angry with him at all.

"I can hear you worrying from over here," the Captain says. "C'mon, tell me what's wrong."

An order. The soldier lets out a breath he didn't even know he was holding, a choked little sound, and draws another. "I'm ready for it to start," he whispers. He should speak up, he should ask properly, he's going to be punished, but he can't make his voice steady.

Maybe the Captain was the one who put the leash on him. Maybe he made the soldier crawl and kneel and clean his boots with his tongue. Maybe he pulled tight – too tight – until the soldier could barely breathe – he remembers something about breathing, a high whistling gasp, but he doesn't remember pain with it –

"I know it's going to hurt," he tells his handler, "but I'm ready."

There is a long, long silence.

He thinks he can remember the Captain's hands on him: warm, firm, a grip just this side of pain and a hot mouth moving against the soldier's bared throat. It won't be like that again, not when the Captain is wearing the face that means terrible things, but his cock is filling anyway.

He wants the Captain to touch him. He doesn't want the pain, but he desperately wants to stop being afraid of the pain starting. Even if it hurts.

"Ready for it," the Captain repeats at last. He makes his words very clear, slow, precise. "Ready for *what* to start, Bucky?"

"The standard protocol. My secondary function. I promise I'll be good."

The Captain's face changes. It isn't angry any more, or unhappy. It's twisting into something else, now, something the soldier doesn't recognize.

He used to know the Captain's expressions. There was a time when every nuance meant something, when the slightest shift was as good as a spoken command for telling him what to do, how to serve. He can't do that any more. He doesn't know what he's doing wrong.

"I won't cry," he says quickly. "I won't move. You don't have to use the muzzle. Please. You're my friend."

The Captain's mouth has slackened and dropped open. His brows are drawn together, two furrows between them. His eyes are wide. He looks...

Oh. There's the word.

*Gutted.*

"You – *standard protocol*? Bucky, do you think I'm going to...to *use* you?"

The soldier blinks. "Of course," he says. "Isn't that what you do with things you like?"

He is not allowed to move when they touch him, so he doesn't shy away when the Captain puts his arms around him and presses the soldier's face into his chest. He doesn't flinch when the Captain squeezes him tight, or when his shoulders hitch with sobs. Yielding, obedient, he lets the Captain hold him.

He isn't allowed to cry.

It always hurts.

# Brock Rumlow Just Lost the Game

**Summary:** The STRIKE Team can make the Winter Soldier do almost anything. They're keeping score.

Explicit, Archive Warning: Rape/Non-Con, M/F, English, 551 Words, Published Sep. 30 2014

**Relationships:** James "Bucky" Barnes/Original Female Character(s), James "Bucky" Barnes/STRIKE team

**Tags:** HYDRA Trash Party, Emotional Manipulation, Gaslighting, Horrible People Being Horrible, Bucky Barnes Feels, Oh Say Can You OC

Series – Part 1 of “Lean In”

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“Nineteen,” the pretty blonde announced, dropping into an empty seat at the STRIKE table.

“What?” Rumlow stared. “Mercer, there's no way.”

“We still doing that bullshit orgasm multiplier for chicks?”

“Yeah.”

“Right.” She snagged a piece of bacon off Vasquez's unguarded plate. “Then nineteen.”

“You're shitting me,” he said flatly. Even Rollins only got to twelve the night he broke out the shock baton. “Is he still *walking*?” The Game was fun, but it couldn't be allowed to interfere with the mission.

“Oh, yeah.” She sat back in her seat, smirking, clearly enjoying the frank awe on the faces of the rest of the team. “Don't worry about that, boss. Everything's in working order.”

“So spill,” Vasquez demanded. “How the hell did you get to nineteen?”

“He came twice,” Mercer said, ticking it off on her fingers. “I came six times, so that's another three. He loves me, apparently, and he cried a couple times.” She grinned. “One of them was *while* he was fucking me.”

“Did he do the thing?” Rollins asked, dumping another packet of stevia into his coffee.

“I didn't get near his ass,” she admitted with a shrug.

“You got nineteen *without the thing*?” Vasquez yelled. “What the hell did you *do*, woman?”

Mercer looked around at the team and let a slow, wicked smile creep onto her face. "I showed him pictures of our kids."

There was an awed silence.

"You have kids?" Vasquez finally said in a very small voice.

"Of course not, shithead," she snapped. "They're my cousin's, I took them off Facebook. But I *told* him they were ours." Mercer paused to steal another piece of his bacon and snap it in two with straight white teeth. "Well," she corrected, "actually I told him that the kids were asking when Daddy was coming home, and he started freaking out that he couldn't remember his own children. I had him convinced that we were married."

"Wow," Rollins said.

"That's cheating," Rumlow objected. "None of *us* can do that."

"Yeah, and I still make seventy-six cents on your dollar, so cry me a river." Mercer planted her elbows on the table. "Nineteen."

"Nineteen," Rumlow agreed. "So you're the asset's baby mama. What'd you guys name the kids?"

She beamed. "Howard and Maria."

Mercer has proof.

She breaks it out a couple of months later. The asset is back in cryo and STRIKE is back with SHIELD, but Cap didn't come with them to Waziristan so there's no one for them to hide from.

"I totally forgot," she says casually, pulling her phone out of her pack. "He wanted to leave a voicemail."

"You are a sick, twisted woman," Rumlow informs her. "Let's hear it."

The asset's voice comes soft and hoarse from the tinny speaker, nothing like the bark they hear from him on missions. "Hi," he says quietly. There's a pause and a sniff. "Hi, kids. Sorry it's so late. I would have liked to talk to you. I just wanted to tell you that Daddy loves you very much, and I'll come home to you. I promise. I don't know when that'll be, but." Another pause. "I love you." There's a scraping sound and then his voice comes again, more distantly, "Was that OK –"

The recording cuts off.

"Nineteen," Mercer repeats with satisfaction.

# The Soldier's Pet

**Summary:** It's like a fucking nature documentary in there.

Explicit, Archive warning: Rape/Non-Con M/M, English, 280 Words, Published Nov. 6 2014

**Relationships:** James "Bucky" Barnes/Other(s)

**Tags:** HYDRA Trash Party

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They probably should've given him some lube.

The kid is crying again. He's huddled in the corner, his arms wrapped around his skinny bare legs, and he's trying not to make any noise, but he's crying. His shoulders are shaking. He's biting into the flesh of his forearm to stop the sounds. He knows what'll happen if he wakes the asset.

Somebody probably ought to take him up to Medical one of these days. The blood on his thighs looks like it might be fresh, though it's hard to tell – the asset hasn't let him near the sink since he tried to drown himself. Still, no point in courting sepsis until they're sure they won't need him alive.

It's like a fucking nature documentary in there. The kid doesn't bother pleading with the asset any more, let alone try to fight; he just rolls over and takes it like a good little bitch. He still talks to the guards, sometimes, his voice raspy with disuse and whatever the asset's done to his throat lately. He asks them for more food, or about what's going on outside the walls of the cell. He offers to get down on his knees if they'll just do him a tiny little favor.

Once the asset comes back with a stripped servo in his metal arm. The kid looks at it for a minute, cocking his head to one side, then bangs on the door and asks for a screwdriver. "I can fix it," he says. "I can be useful." But they just take the asset back to the techs.

Like anyone's going to be dumb enough to let Tony Stark near a box of scraps.

# A Hostile Work Environment

**Summary:** Five times Captain America fantasized about being gang-raped by the STRIKE Team, plus one more.

Explicit, M/M, English, 8109 Words, Published Nov. 3 2014

**Relationships:** Steve Rogers/Strike Team (Captain America movies), Steve Rogers/Brock Rumlow, James "Bucky" Barnes/Steve Rogers

**Tags:** Rape Fantasy, Sexual Fantasy, Masturbation, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Consent Issues, Gang Rape, Humiliation, Restraints, Exhibitionism, Pre-Serum Steve Rogers, Bondage, Boot Worship, Face-Fucking, Comeplay, Dirty Talk, Anal Gaping, Creampie, Fisting, Cock & Ball Torture, Gags, Spit As Lube, Come as Lube, Spit Kink, Gangbang, Public Use Orgasm Control, Nipple Play, Bucky Barnes's Metal Arm, Steve Rogers Feels, HYDRA Trash Party

**Notes:** This was written for a HYDRA Trash Meme prompt that requested Steve getting off to unrealistic fantasies about the STRIKE Team. All sex that actually occurs onscreen is either consensual or imaginary, so I chose not to use the archive non-con tag, but things get a little dicey towards the end.

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## Chapter 1

It starts with the manacles.

Steve is pretty sure they wouldn't actually hold him. They're strong, but he's probably stronger.

He isn't sure, though. They might hold him.

He can let himself imagine they do.

He's...oh. Yes.

He's shackled to the floor, arms up over his head and his legs spread wide. His cock is so hard it hurts, leaking filthy little dribbles onto his stomach.

They're all watching.

They're looking at the way his cock bobs with every helpless thrust of his hips, and – yeah, his legs are bent, knees up in the air, so they can see his hole. They're looking at that, too. They're watching it clench around nothing, all red and sore from where he's already been used. They're watching and they know how much he wants it.

He should be open and leaking from how much cock they've stuffed inside him today, tacky drying come dripping down his thighs, but he's not. He's all swollen up tight, raw and hurting even with the serum – maybe they put things inside him, too, not just their cocks, a beer bottle or, Christ, the muzzle of a gun, maybe they shoved something rough and painful into him and made him come around it so it was his own body hurting itself while they watched and laughed. Maybe he was open, before, gaping from the abuse he'd taken, and then they beat his hole until it closed up again in sheer self-defense.

Maybe they worked it over with sandpaper between fucks so he'd really feel it.

Whatever they did – any of it, all of it – it doesn't matter. The flushed little pucker is still throbbing, twitching, clenching up tight like it's trying to hide.

It can't, though. He can't. He's totally exposed to their gaze, to their hands, to anything they want to do to him. He can't get away and everyone knows it.

They know how much he wants it.

Rumlow – fuck – Rumlow squats down between his legs and leans in for a good long look and Steve arches his back like a bitch in heat and offers himself up and – and –

And comes all over the gym sock he'd thoughtfully laid out next to him on the bed.

## Chapter 2

Steve tries to stop. It's not right, thinking like this about the men and women he commands. It isn't like that guilty fantasy during the war – that one had been about Bucky, really, about Bucky using the other Howlies to use him, and he'd always felt bad about it afterwards anyway. But the STRIKE team is different.

They look up to him. Rumlow took him to see his exhibit at the Smithsonian when it reopened. Kevarian knows the words to all the songs from the Captain America Christmas Special. For God's sake, he once kissed Agent Mercer's great-aunt.

It'd be like finding out that Abraham Lincoln thought about you while he jerked off. And if they knew what he was thinking... They're good people. They'd be horrified.

So he tries to stop.

Steve goes back to old favorites. He's Errol Flynn in Captain Blood, except when he falls in with the pirates they keep him a slave. They tie him to the mast and take their turns with him, and by the time the last one finishes the first is ready again. They fuck him over and over and over. Sometimes he wakes up to find he's already being used.

That's a good one. It got him off for the better part of 1936.

Then comes Doom's Reverse Ray.

It misses. It does miss, and he's not sorry it missed, but when he finally trudges home after the debriefing he can't help wondering what would have happened if it hadn't.

He's not going to do it.

He has a few mouthfuls of cold Chinese standing in front of the fridge, pours himself a glass of water, and crawls into bed. He puts the lotion on the nightstand.

He'll just touch himself a little. He won't think about that.

A chain. He has a collar around his neck, and there's a chain welded to it. He's wearing skimpy little gold pants that do nothing to hide how hard he is, but no one is even looking. There's music and dancing and he's just one of the beautiful things decorating the cavern. Behind him –

It isn't working.

He flashes on something else.

The inside of the quinjet. Dark. He's on the floor. One sharp bare shoulder is peeking out of the neck of the suit. The STRIKE team is clustered around him, looking down at him. They'd be looking down even if he wasn't already on his knees.

He shouldn't do this. They wouldn't be like that, if it really happened.

Steve trusts them with his life.

But...just once more. He's too tired to waste time trying to come up with something else that works. And they'll never know.

He's kneeling on the floor and they're looking down at him. They're disgusted. He's no use like this and they know it. "Just look at him."

Rumlow slides his big hand into Steve's hair, not gently, and yanks his head back, baring the line of his throat. "Maybe he's still good for something," he says. "Let's give him a chance."

He uses the fistful of hair like a leash to pull Steve in, jamming his face into –

No.

No, not yet.

He uses his grip on Steve's hair to force his face down. He's helpless like this, tiny, he couldn't fight back even if he wanted to, and Rumlow grinds Steve's face into the toe of his combat boot. "Lick," he growls.

Steve does.

He kneels there with his head down and his ass in the air and presses a kiss to Rumlow's dirty boot. Then he licks. He's getting hard and they can all tell, with how loose the suit is on him now, they can see and they know how much he wants it and they think it's pathetic – they say so – and he wants to hide but he can't. There's nowhere to go.

He licks off dust and dirt and splatters of blood until the black leather is so shiny and wet he can see his own reflection, skinny and frightened, and then Rumlow shifts his weight and angles his foot up so Steve can get at the rubber sole.

The rest of the team is watching, jeering, and Steve is licking desperately at whatever he can reach even though it's filthy, his breath coming out in rough whimpers, when someone hauls him back up by the scruff of the neck and stuffs a cock in his mouth.

It's big and hard and he doesn't even know who it is, but it doesn't matter. It's a long flight back from Latveria and they're all going to have him, maybe more than once. And if SHIELD can't fix it, if he stays like this, maybe they'll have him forever. Maybe they'll chain him up in the locker room and fuck him whenever they like, drag him along on missions so they have some stress relief in the field, keep him plugged up so he doesn't make a mess of himself.

Or maybe they'll make him clean it up. Maybe whoever's fucking his face – grabbing his ears, forcing that massive cock in so deep he gags and every breath he manages to draw is nothing but the musk and fresh sweat between those strong thighs – maybe they'll pull out and come on the floor and make him lick it up. Maybe they'll force his face down into the cooling puddle of come and call him a dirty bitch and rub his face in it like a bad dog. Maybe they'll tell him to thank them for the privilege of sucking cock, and make him beg to be allowed to take the next load in his mouth.

They pass him around and rape his mouth until his lips are cracking from being stretched so wide and he could swear his throat is scoured raw. They've stripped him out of the suit so they can see him, which means they know his cock is angry red and dripping, that it jerks eagerly every time they cut off his air, and maybe –

Yeah, when he comes back around to Rumlow and he's glazed with come, his skinny belly rounded out with everything they've made him lick and swallow, Rumlow offers up his boot again and tells Steve to use it to get himself off. He can rub his cock against the laces, or the sole – they're both far too rough for that delicate skin, but Rumlow tells him to pick – while Rumlow takes his mouth.

It hurts so bad and Steve is crying and choking and rutting desperately against the shiny leather, and he knows that when he comes Rumlow is going to make him lick it up, and it hurts

and they can see the bulge of that big cock shoving down his throat. Maybe...maybe this won't be enough, maybe after Rumlou comes he'll decide he doesn't want to stop using Steve's mouth, wants to fill him up farther, and he'll make Steve hold his softening cock on his tongue and –

The handful of tissues is barely enough to catch everything.

## Chapter 3

On their next mission Natasha tries to set him up, in rapid succession, with a reference librarian, a massage therapist, and an electrician. Steve declines, politely but firmly, and goes home to Google bdsm washington dc.

There's a club just north of Union Station. They have a website.

He doesn't go, in the end. He's tempted, but they want legal names and photo ID, and even though they promise discretion – they're in the nation's capital, after all, and this kind of thing can ruin careers – it only takes one person to slip up. Captain America in a sex dungeon, looking for someone to call him names and spank him raw? That'd make a hell of a story.

No reason he can't think about it, though.

If he did it for real he'd have to wade through a whole alphabet soup of acronyms, and talk about what he wanted, and that's all sensible, it is, especially with strangers, but it isn't sexy.

They just know. He walks in the door and they just know what he wants. Maybe they've got some high-tech device that can read him, or maybe they can tell just by looking, but they see him and they take his clothes and put him on his knees.

Maybe there's a place for people like him, some kind of a raised platform or something, where folks can come by and look and touch and see what's on offer tonight. Like a slave auction, almost, and now that he's here he can't back out.

Maybe he's not allowed to look up. He can see the feet of the people walking past or pausing to inspect him, he can feel their hands trailing idly across his bare skin like you might touch clothes on the rack, but he has to keep his head bowed or he'll be punished. He's halfway to hard already just waiting for someone to take him.

He shouldn't do this.

He's going to anyway.

Rumlou's familiar, incredulous voice: "Is that – Cap?" And he does look up, then, even though he isn't supposed to, and sees the half the damn STRIKE team looking down at him. They snap

a collar around his neck and make him crawl after them. When he's too slow Jackson yanks on the lead hard enough to choke. They take him to a back room...

It's not enough. It's something, but it's not enough. Steve needs more. This is all too...easy.

So, a collar. That's good. The pressure at his throat, just a little too tight for comfort. He can still breathe but there's no way he can forget it's there. It's metal. Vibranium. He'd snap his neck before he broke out. It's chained to the rough stone wall behind him, and he's hanging by the ceiling from more chains at his wrists. His shoulders are burning with it. He's been here a long time.

Whoever's got him, they've been making the most of it. His thighs are streaked with dried come and blood, and – yeah, his stomach is messy, too. They made him come, or maybe he just came all on his own from what they were doing to him and that just made them fuck him harder. But that's all background. That's not the point.

The point is that this is how STRIKE finds him: chained to the wall, aching and sore and ruined from days (weeks? yeah, weeks) of captivity and treatment that would have killed a normal person. He's healed most of the damage but he's still – fuck, yes.

He's still slick and open as a dame.

Maybe he went back to normal at first. Maybe whenever they took a break he'd start to get tight and they'd have to break him in all over again. But finally the abused muscle just couldn't take it any more, too stretched and used to close up properly, and his guts are so sticky with all the come they've dumped into him that it's still dripping out. Maybe it will be for days.

Maybe when they take him back they'll have to clean him out before the doctors can examine him, pump him full of water and make him hold it, and he won't be able to, his poor hole gaping from overuse, so they'll have to shove a plug in him, a big one, while he lies there and squirms and whimpers through it. Maybe they'll watch.

They're watching now, staring at him, at least until Rumlow sends them away. “Give the man some privacy,” he snaps. “I'll take care of it.” But when they disappear to finish securing the area, Rumlow doesn't let him down at all. He steps in close and runs his fingertips lightly across Steve's belly, across the evidence, and he smiles.

And – there's a gag, too. He can't talk, he can't give orders or even beg. All he can do is writhe under Rumlow's touch.

“I guess you liked that, huh, big guy?” he purrs. “Should've known you'd be a whore for it. Spread your legs for anyone, wouldn't you?” He trails his fingers down, down, to where Steve is loose and sloppy, and lets out a low whistle. “Man, they really wrecked you, didn't they.” It's not a question. He's not talking to Steve, he's just – just touching him. Playing with him. And then he's going to use him.

Maybe Rumlow has to slide a couple of fingers in alongside his cock to get things tight, cursing under his breath, calling Steve all kinds of things – cocksut, fuckhole, a nasty little bitch – and telling him to clench up, to make it good or he'll call the rest of the team back in and let them take their turns two at a time, but Steve can't, and then, oh –

Rumlow scrapes one blunt fingernail across the tender head of Steve's cock and Steve screams into his gag and his whole body goes tight, so Rumlow does it again, then gives Steve the back of his hand. He goes on like that, fucking Steve's ruined hole with three fingers – four – jammed in beside him and spanking Steve's cock in the same rhythm so that Steve's ass milks him good, and Steve can't even scream any more, not after everything he's taken, he's just whining behind the gag and suffering, hurting, helplessly, until Rumlow gives him one more load of come to soothe his aching insides.

And then Rumlow pulls out of him with a horrible wet sound, wipes his dick absently off on the inside of Steve's thigh, and stuffs his fingers back in.

All of them.

And, Jesus, Steve just takes it, he can't do anything but take it, as Rumlow pushes his hand in past the knuckles, as the sore red rim stretches around his thick wrist and Rumlow curls his fingers into a fist and Steve's wet inside, he's loose, but he's not this loose. Maybe he'll never recover from this, never be normal again, but he doesn't care as long as he's being forced open around Rumlow's hand – his forearm – Steve is fucking himself on Rumlow's arm, he wants to take it to the elbow –

He'll clean the keyboard in a minute.

## **Chapter 4**

He gets himself invited to what is, apparently, the annual STRIKE Fourth of July party.

Kevarian rents out the whole roof of his building, which is right across the river from the Triskelion and has a great view of the fireworks on the Mall. Rollins brings pulled pork and three different kinds of sauce and slabs and slabs of frozen hamburgers, which Blackwell grills with a kind of single-minded efficiency that Steve associates more with combat missions than social occasions. Rumlow commandeers the bar – “A fucking wetbar on your roof, Kev? What kind of yuppie bullshit is this?” – and mixes up a truly lethal bowl of punch.

Steve has the feeling that his contributions of beer and store-bought coleslaw are a little pathetic, really.

After the fireworks, when everyone who can get drunk is well on their way, there's a minor commotion by the stairs. Steve is pretty sure he knows what's coming even before Mercer appears carrying a cake, but while everyone is singing to him (in several wildly varying keys)

she gives him a shy, sweet little smile and he notices that there are twenty-eight candles and not the ninety-odd he was almost expecting.

He ends up sharing a cab back to the District with Jackson, Vasquez, and a motley collection of plastic containers that hold most of the leftovers. "You're the only one who'll be able to eat it all before it goes bad," Kevarian had argued. "Sure as hell ain't enough room in my fridge." And what with the warm night, the three big guys crammed companionably into the back seat of the taxi, and the full stomach (including four pieces of cake, because it's his birthday, and a pretty girl – agent – made it for him), Steve is as close to peace as he's ever been since he woke up in the future.

It makes him feel awfully guilty about what he's thinking about doing.

He does need a shower, though, so he compromises and keeps the water cool, soaping himself without undue attention to anywhere in particular. He doesn't bother with a towel afterwards, just slips into bed. It feels nice. It's only in the eighties so he's been leaving the windows open, unwilling to run up the electric bill over just a couple of degrees, and the sheets are soft and warm.

He could just go to sleep.

But.

It is his birthday.

The showers after a mission. No, not a mission – people are tired, sometimes hurt, after a mission. After a training session. Adrenaline is running high. They're keyed up but there's no outlet for all that energy.

Well.

There's him.

This isn't the first time it's happened. It won't be the last. He might be their commander in the field, but afterwards he's nothing but a nice warm hole for them to use.

He's down on his knees choking himself on someone's cock. He doesn't have to be. The guy – Nguyen? – isn't holding him down, isn't fucking his face. He's not paying any attention at all to Steve, really. But somebody's going to want his ass sooner or later, and that's how this always goes: nice and wet, Cap, because that's all you're getting.

There are other rules, too, like – you don't say no. You don't try to get away. You grab your ankles and take what you're given and you come while you're on someone's cock or you don't come at all. We're not gonna jerk you off. Don't you touch it either. Nobody wants to watch that shit.

After Nguyen comes he turns away like Steve's not even there, like he's some dumpster where you just shoot your load and get back to whatever you were doing that was actually important, and Steve spits into his hand. It's a slippery mix of Nguyen's semen and the thick saliva from all that gagging, and it slicks his fingers up well enough to sink two of them into his ass. And, God, he's just supposed to be stretching himself, he's allowed to do that, but his neglected cock is jerking and he can't resist riding his fingers for a minute. It's not nearly enough, won't give him what he needs, but he fucks himself with them anyway.

Someone cracks him across the face, hard enough to whip his head around and make his cheek burn, and he snaps his eyes open again and –

There's a line.

Steve pulls his fingers out of his ass – he's aching for something inside him but he's gonna get it any second now – and drops forward to pillow his face on his forearms, spreads his legs, presents himself.

“Jesus, what a fucking whore,” Rollins says distantly, and he can feel hands on his hips, two big thumbs spreading his cheeks apart to bare that eager little hole, and then there's a cockhead pushing into him all but dry.

It hurts, pushing into him a fraction of an inch and then easing back again, slowly fucking a space open deep inside. And they'll fill it up again, too – over and over, whether he wants it or not, because it doesn't matter what he wants. Because right now he's just a hole.

Maybe the man inside him is wearing a rubber, because it's not an easy glide like this, it'd chafe his cock something awful if he did it bare – it's rubbing Steve raw, rasping and catching at his insides, but nobody cares about that – and it means when he comes it won't slick the way up for the next guy. Maybe they'll all take him dry, not even let him suck them first to make it easier, and he'll have to decide whether he should ease up, go limp, try to stay open around the intruder, or if he should squeeze down instead and hope he tears, hope he bleeds, so when they fuck him harder it won't be so bad.

Or maybe – oh. Yes. Yes.

After whoever's fucking him comes, after he jams his cock up Steve's ass as far as it'll go and pumps himself dry, he pulls out. Steve whimpers at the loss as much as at the pain, raising his hips, begging wordlessly for more, and they laugh. He looks like exactly what he is.

Behind Steve, the guy who fucked him – he still doesn't know who it is but it doesn't matter, he's going to take all of them, he's a public amenity – strips off the used rubber. But instead of tossing it away he – he empties it out. On Steve. He lets all that sticky come drip down onto the twitching pucker of Steve's hole.

It oozes, ticklish, towards his balls, but a big blunt thumb chases the globs of it back up and in. And then maybe the thumb pushes in, too, not so hard to take after the cock but still not

painless, and curls, hooks under the tight ring of muscle. Maybe whoever it is tugs at Steve's rim, testing, seeing what he can take, and it makes Steve whine high and pitiful but he can't help squeezing down around it anyway, cock twitching between his legs, because God, he needs –

But the man who was fucking him comes around to Steve's front, naked and softening in the steam of the showers but still moving with an easy confidence and grinning like a shark, and it's Rumlow, of course it's Rumlow.

“Sit up,” he says, and Steve obeys without thinking. “Open your mouth.”

And then Steve sees that he's holding the rubber, that it's still got gluey traces of come clinging to it, and he shivers all over but he doesn't try to get away. He kneels there at Rumlow's feet, eyes fixed on his face, and he wants to plead – he's thinking it so loud Rumlow must be able to hear him, thinking please don't, please, not this – but there are rules. You don't say no, Cap. You take what you're given.

He opens his mouth and Rumlow tucks the rubber gently, carefully, inside.

“Keep it there,” Rumlow tells him, and then, to the others: “He's all yours.”

They shove him up against the wall after that, smack his ass – not to punish but because they think it looks better when it's pink and shading into red – and rub up against him. They'd put him on his knees, usually, stuff him with cock from both ends, but this time his mouth is full, his mouth is...

He's drooling a lot. He can't swallow properly because when he tries the balled-up rubber slithers backward across his tongue and he's afraid he'll choke on it, but he can't spit it out because Rumlow told him to keep it there.

“God, that's fucking filthy,” someone says.

Maybe they've got a couple of fingers in him just for fun, to watch the way he whines and doesn't touch himself, or maybe they're getting him ready. Or maybe they're going to make up for the fact that his mouth is otherwise occupied, because he's nothing but a set of holes and one of them's already in use as a garbage receptacle.

They make him jerk them off. They work two cocks inside his ass and tell him to ride them, then slap him around a little when he loses his balance and the rhythm. Maybe some of the younger guys are ready to go again already and he loses track of who's had him and how many times.

He comes like that, impaled on them, without a hand on him, and they just keep going afterwards while he's sore and limp and sensitive. They don't care if it hurts, and maybe he goes off again before they're done, helplessly turned on by his own degradation, his come dripping down his stomach to join what's leaking out of his well-used ass.

And then maybe finally, when they're satisfied, when they've left him slumped over on the wet tile floor, aching and exhausted and filthy, Rumlow comes back over to him. He makes Steve get up on his knees, makes him tilt his head back and open his mouth to show that the rubber – all the taste long since sucked off of it, smears of come and bitterness both – is still resting on his tongue.

He thinks Rumlow's going to pluck it out, that he'll finally let Steve swallow down all that gathered drool, but instead Rumlow leans down over him and – fuck – he spits right into Steve's open mouth and –

After a moment Steve rolls onto the dry side of the bed with a satisfied sigh.

## Chapter 5

It takes just under a minute for Kevarian to bleed out.

They're taking out a Ten Rings installation in Baluchistan. Steve is a hundred yards up the valley from the rest of them, moving fast, when he hears it over the radio. He can see someone dropping down beside what his brain is already calling “the body,” trying to put pressure on the wound. After ninety seconds, he sees their dark outlines start to move again.

The after action report will commend the team for completing their mission down a man.

Kevarian is not, technically, eligible to be buried at Arlington – SHIELD isn't military and he didn't spend long enough in the Marines – but someone on the Council pulls strings at the Pentagon and gets him a plot anyway. It's just down the hill from what used to be the Captain America memorial.

The statue still shows Steve, but after the Battle of New York made his return painfully public they replaced the plaque with one about the Howling Commandos. He'd been part of the rededication ceremony, reading out the names and dates, then gone home and failed, again, to get drunk.

“Hey,” Rumlow says afterwards, nudging Steve with his shoulder. “How you holding up, Cap?”

“Fine,” Steve answers automatically. He tries to find something to look at that isn't the monument to his dead friends, Kevarian's sobbing mother, or the man beside him. “How's everyone else?” he asks instead. “You all knew him a lot longer than I did.”

“Yeah, but...” Rumlow shrugs. “No offense, big guy, but we've all been soldiers a lot longer than you have, too. We've been here before.”

“So have I,” Steve snaps, nettled. “I was in a war. Some people died. You might've heard of it.”

“But not one of your team, right?” Rumlow persists. “Not since Barnes.”

A silence.

“I’m just saying.” Rumlow’s hand, strong and warm, cups his elbow for just a moment. “You ever need to talk, you know how to find me.”

When Steve gets home, he hangs the dark suit carefully in his closet and goes for a long, long run.

He showers. He eats. He sits on his couch and watches something on the TV and reads tomorrow’s front page on the Internet. He sticks his hand down his pants.

An old one. Three men with stars on their shoulders staring at him across a tiny room.

They have photographs.

The night at the Savoy, maybe. Him on his knees, neat trousers pulled down just enough to bare his ass. Straining forward to kiss the cane. The marks, afterwards, striped with some stranger’s come.

“Would you care to explain what’s happening in these pictures, Captain Rogers?”

They make him admit it all: the crawling, the beatings, the way he begged for more and sobbed with gratitude when he was finally, finally fucked. They listen to him choke out the confession while he stands in front of them and they can see how painfully hard he is under his dress uniform. They tell him he’s a disgrace to himself, to the Army, to the United States of America. They tell him he should be discharged.

They tell him he can still earn their forbearance. God, when Bucky finds out he’ll...

Shit.

That’s why he hasn’t trotted this one out in so long. It was good, too, he used to like it a lot, but there’s the second part, where he goes back to his quarters and Bucky punishes him for giving out what’s his, and Steve just...

The Turkish harem, then.

But that doesn’t do it for him either, not even when the Sultan puts a ring through the head of his cock and another behind his balls and locks them together so he can’t get hard.

The other thing, though – standing there, with his hands at his sides, rock-hard and aching while they watched him with a mixture of amusement and disdain – that was working. That was great.

Maybe the gym?

He's...doing pushups. Down and then up. Fast. Over and over, not even breathing hard, down and up again. His nipples are the only thing that touch the mat, just grazing against it every time he comes down. He's not wearing a shirt. He thinks he's alone.

Footsteps behind him. "That looks too easy." Just a voice. No one's voice in particular. Not – it's just a voice. "Need more of a challenge, big guy?" A boot comes to rest on his back, between his shoulder blades, and Steve...slows. Doesn't stop. The pressure increases, more weight bearing down on him.

"Go on."

Down and up. The boot is pushing into him. He can do it – he can do a lot more – but he's getting hard. It's distracting. Steve doesn't want him to notice, but he doesn't want him to stop, either.

"Better?"

He should stop right now if he can't keep it just a voice, a nice faceless stand-in to give him what he needs. He can't do this again. It's wrong. Rumlow wouldn't. He's Steve's friend.

But God, Steve wants to rub off against the mat while Rumlow's boot grinds him into the floor.

Just for tonight. Just because if he doesn't give this phantom a face it'll pick one of its own, and he doesn't think he can stand that.

After tonight he'll stop.

"Is that better?" Rumlow asks again, his voice a little sharper. Steve tries to say something – "yes," probably – but Rumlow digs his heel in and it comes out as a strangled little moan instead.

"You like that, huh?" He presses down harder. "I didn't say you could stop. You like being under me, Cap?"

"Yeah," Steve whispers. Down and up. He's leaking now, leaving a wet smear on the mat every time he brushes against it. Rumlow sees it, too, and scolds him for making a mess. He makes Steve get up, makes him stand there with his shorts tented obscenely over his throbbing cock, and just looks at him. Looks at his hard cock, the tight little nubs of his nipples, the way he can't quite seem to catch his breath even though it wasn't much of a workout.

He tells Steve to touch himself. He makes him tease his nipples to hard points and then pinch them, squeeze them, hurt them, until he's whimpering and they're red and raw and swollen. And then –

No. No.

A conference room. It's dark. The blinds are drawn. Rumlow's up at the front to brief the team, but instead of maps and satellite images his presentation is all photos of Steve.

Him from behind, down on the floor, with Rumlow's boot firmly planted on top of him. Him with his head thrown back, his mouth half-open in a silent wail, abusing his own flesh because Rumlow told him to. Him on his knees, a trail of come dripping from the corner of his mouth because he hasn't been allowed to swallow yet.

"Christ," Rollins says, "I've fucked girls with smaller tits."

Rumlow tells Steve to come up beside him, where he'll be illuminated by the bright glare of the projector, tells him to get down on his knees, and when Steve obeys he pulls out his cock. He doesn't let Steve suck it, though, just rubs it all over his face, nudges the wet tip against his eyelid, smears it around. The STRIKE team is watching, mocking – maybe he hears the click of a phone's camera – and Steve's mouth is watering for a taste.

They make him strip out of his clothes and get up on the table, naked and humiliated, make him crawl down to one end and pick up the projector's remote – delicately, with lips and teeth – and carry it back to the other. They see how hard he's blushing, and how hard his cock is anyway. They make him reach back and spread his cheeks so they can get a good look at his hole. Maybe they call it a cunt and make him beg to be allowed to put something in it. Maybe they tell him no, he hasn't earned it yet, but they'll let him hurt himself.

Someone tosses him a rubber band to snap against his nipples, the insides of his thighs, and they laugh when he whines and flinches but his cock jerks against his belly. They call him a queer and a faggot and marvel at how hard he is just from them watching him, just from them knowing.

Maybe they'll bend him over the table and take turns fucking him while they pinch and tug his tits. Maybe when they're finished with him they make him get down on the floor and then they tell him he can come but he has to do it rubbing against the rough fibers of the carpet. When he does, though, they make him keep going, keep coming, until he's scraped raw and the slightest touch makes his abraded flesh scream.

Maybe they say they'll make him wear panties from now on, to see if he's so sick he'll even get off on that, and when his sore red cock twitches at the thought Rumlow chuckles and pats him on the head and drags him off to a sub-basement. He makes Steve crawl across the cold cement, and – fuck – he tells Steve that if he can come again without using his hands he won't get locked in the dog kennel for the night –

He needs another shower.

**Notes:** If you are just here for Captain America jerking it to nasty shit, I strongly suggest you stop reading now.

## Chapter 6

“You up for another round?” Steve nuzzles hopefully at Bucky’s throat. He’s pleasantly sore, his mouth and the insides of his thighs rubbed raw by stubble, but he could definitely go again.

Bucky lets out an indelicate snort. “Should’ve thought of that before you blew me on the couch,” he mumbles into the pillow. “I’m not as young as I was.”

“That was only once more than me,” Steve objects. He’s whining, a little, but it’s okay. Bucky likes knowing what he does to him.

“Mmm. Came twice while you were fucking me.”

Steve tries to think back. Everything was such a mess by that point, and he’d been flat on his back with Bucky’s metal arm across his throat, but...yeah, that sounds right. “Oh,” he says. “Okay.”

“Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Don’t give me that look, Rogers.” Bucky heaves a martyred sigh and lifts his head like it causes him physical pain. “I’ll get you off again.”

“Yeah?” He can’t help grinning, holds out an arm.

“Yeah,” Bucky agrees, plastering himself to Steve’s side and planting one on him. The kiss is almost sweet, except that Steve remembers vividly where Bucky’s mouth has just been. “You want me to talk to you while I do it?” he asks when he finally pulls away, lips wet and swollen.

“Don’t I always?” Steve murmurs back. And it’s true, he does, he always has, ever since that first time lying on the couch cushions with one hand down the front of his pajamas and Bucky beside him going on about all the things he’d like to do to Mary Sullivan.

“You do.” Bucky’s warm hand curls, familiar and sure, around Steve’s half-hard cock. He gives it a gentle squeeze. “You’re awful easy that way.”

“I’m easy—” Steve scoffs, but he falls abruptly silent when Bucky tightens his grip and strokes him properly.

“So easy, baby,” Bucky whispers, nipping at his earlobe. “What d’you want me to talk about, huh? Want me to tell you how good you looked when you were down on your knees?”

“Whatever you want, Buck.” God, his hand feels so good. Hands, now – the metal one is nudging at his balls, just a gentle tug, and then dipping back to where he’s still slick from the first time Bucky put it in him.

“Whatever I want,” Bucky muses. “You remember all the shit I used to say to you, Stevie? Used to tell you I was gonna drag you down to the Navy Yard and sell that smart mouth. Make you suck off anyone who could pay for the pleasure. Not your ass, though.” He punctuates it with a finger barely pushing inside, a calculated tease, and Steve whimpers. “You remember that?”

“You...” Steve has to swallow before he can get the words out. “You said you didn't want anybody else sticking it in me 'cause you were gonna wreck me all by yourself.”

“Mmm. You liked that.” Bucky's quiet for a minute, just jerking him absently, and then he says, “Want me to talk about how nice your little hole opens up for me when I lick it? You used to be such a slut for that. Kept telling me you'd washed up real careful, just give me this look...”

“I remember.” Steve rolls his hips, thrusting up into Bucky's hand. “Still a slut for it.”

“You are,” Bucky agrees fondly. “Okay, I've got one. It's filthy. You're gonna love it.” “So long as it's not that one.” Steve has shown himself willing to tolerate a whole hell of a lot from this man, up to and including gunshot wounds, but he's never going to get off on the idea of a dead-eyed Winter Soldier fucking him on the helicarrier.

“Said I was sorry,” Bucky says into his neck. “No. It's a new one. Okay?”

“Okay.” Steve wriggles, then settles himself with his thighs spread so Bucky can get at all of him. “Okay.”

“Okay,” Bucky repeats. He takes a better grip and presses his mouth up close to Steve's ear, all hot wet breath. Steve lets his eyes fall shut.

“You're off on a mission,” Bucky starts, falling into a familiar rhythm. “You're all off on your lonesome, probably pulling some stupid stunt, and a bunch of goons manage to grab you. Knock you out cold, take you somewhere, and you wake up on a metal table bare-ass naked. They know who you are, too, 'cause you're strapped down so tight not even you can get out.

“The way they've got you tied, they can see everything. Legs splayed open, showing off the goods, and they're looking. Not doing more than looking, yet – they want you to know what's happening when it happens. They wanted to see your face when they fuck that tight little hole open.”

Steve lets out a quiet, appreciative noise.

“Don't bother doing much to get you ready,” Bucky goes on. “Boss guy, he's going first, slicks up enough that it won't hurt him, but you can feel every inch when he sticks it in you. Feels like he's splitting you open already. You fight, 'cause you can't not fight – you're squirming and writhing and trying to get away – and all it does is make it better for him, make the ride even tighter and hotter. You're bleeding by the time he's done with you, so it's that much easier for the next guy to slide in.

“You're a mess before long, baby, got come just dripping out of you, so fucking tender and bruised inside, and they keep at you. You're fighting and crying and screaming and they don't give a shit. And then they bring out the stun baton.”

Bucky's got two fingers in him now, his thumb pressing against the sensitive spot behind Steve's balls, and Steve is moving with him, thrusting up into Bucky's warm grip while Bucky gives it to him with all the precise, controlled strength of his cybernetic arm.

"They worked you over pretty good when they captured you," Bucky tells him, "so you figure they're going to hit you with it again, maybe tighten you up some, like they haven't already wrecked you enough. But it turns out they're not satisfied with your ass. They want to see something in your mouth, too. Thing is, not even these guys are dumb enough to get their dicks anywhere near your teeth, even when you're all tied down, so they're gonna make you suck this instead.

"And I know you're pretty good at taking cock, Stevie, but this is different. Cock's got a curve to it, just like your throat – 's why you can open up for it so easy – but the stun baton's got no give. And they just jam it in your mouth, gag you with it, use it to fuck your throat. You've got tears and snot and drool all dripping down your face, and you're choking on the damn thing, but you know you've gotta take it, you've gotta be good, because Jesus Christ, what if they turn it on?"

"Fuck," Steve grits out, "fuck, Bucky–"

"Yeah," Bucky growls, jerking him harder, "yeah, you just take it, and when they get tired of that they're gonna shove it up your ass so damn far you can see the bulge it makes in your stomach–"

That's where Steve loses it, groaning something desperate and wordless as Bucky drives him over the edge, clenching down around Bucky's fingers and throwing back his head and just letting go.

When he finally manages to open his eyes again Bucky is gazing down at him, looking awfully fond. "You like that?" he asks, pulling free as gently as he can.

"Mmm," Steve says, gone limp and boneless.

He's distantly aware of Bucky's movement as he slips out of bed and pads into the bathroom, then the dip of the mattress when he returns. "Good for you?" He's gotten a handful of cotton swabs to clean his metal hand before the smears of come and lube dry in the crevices.

"So good," Steve slurs out. He's never going to move again. "Never know how you come up with this stuff, Buck."

"Huh?" Bucky says distractedly, squinting down at the delicate joints of his finger. "Oh, the stun baton? No, that was Rumlow."

It isn't, quite, the icy punch of horror that was seeing his dead friend's face on the man trying to kill him. But it's close.

“When,” Steve manages finally. Bucky said they’d never – that Hydra hadn’t – all this time, has he just been –

“‘bout three weeks before you and Falcon caught up,” Bucky says, still not looking up. He sounds very far away. “I was sloppy and he got a bead on me.”

He heals fast, Steve knows. He doesn't scar. There'd been no sign when they found him. He'd been...happy. Steve had thought he was happy, anyway. Bucky'd remembered him. They'd kissed, they'd – Christ –

“Steve?” Bucky's right hand is on his wrist suddenly, thumb moving in warm circles over the pulse. “What's wrong?”

“That was real?” Steve's going to be sick.

“You said you liked it.” If he sounded...accusatory, maybe, Steve would understand. He'd deserve it. Jesus, he came.

But Bucky just sounds confused.

“I thought it was a dirty story,” Steve says. “I didn't know he'd...”

“Probably the only way he can get it any more. Not so pretty since someone dropped a building on him.” Bucky slants a grin in his direction, just a flash of teeth. “Anyway, it wasn't so bad, compared. On a scale from one to being forced to be the Winter Soldier, Rumlow's dick is a two. Maybe a two and a half.”

“Fine,” Steve says flatly. Bucky is allowed to handle his own trauma however works best for him. Steve is allowed to draw boundaries. He and Sam have talked about this. He sets his jaw and meets Bucky's gaze dead-on. “So it wasn't a big deal for you. Fine. But don't you ever pull something like that again, you asshole. How the hell would you feel if you'd gotten off on the idea of him doing that to me?”

There's a long, long pause, and then Bucky says, his voice drawn low and horribly gentle, “Stevie, did he ever...?”

“No,” he says, maybe too quickly. God knows Steve thought about it plenty, but those guilty fantasies had stopped appealing quite so much when Rumlow first laid into him – with that fucking stun baton, he realizes now – and disappeared entirely the moment he recognized Bucky. “None of them did.”

“Okay. Okay.” Bucky works his mouth a little, like he does when he's working up to saying something but he's not sure how. “They – when he realized I wasn't too bothered by what they were doing, he started talking all kinds of bullshit about you.”

“He didn't,” Steve repeats firmly. He slides his other hand over Bucky's, holds on tight. “He didn't, Buck.”

“He said, um, they were the ones guarding you when you were thawing out and how did I know they hadn't all had you before you even woke up...”

Steve doesn't even try to hold back his snort. “They'd have had to get past Coulson. I'm pretty sure he had himself catheterized so he wouldn't have to leave the room.”

“Like I said. Bullshit.” But Bucky seems to relax a fraction anyway. “Sorry,” he says after a moment. “It just got to me, him keeping on about all this stuff he claimed they'd done to you. What a sweet fuck you were all passed-out on the quinjet 'cause you'd knocked yourself out jumping in front of some magic spell.”

“Bullshit,” Steve echoes hollowly. A tendril of unease is coiling around his spine. “He said magic spell? That's what he said?”

How long was he out after the fight with Valkyrie and the Executioner? How much can he actually remember between the flash of light and waking up in a hospital gown, sore, at SHIELD Medical?

“He said 'Asgardian lunatic's spell'.” Bucky's looking at him funny. “Steve? Are you okay, Steve?”

**Notes:** If you were really holding out for a +1 that included an actual STRIKE gangbang, may I suggest you read [Blood from a Stone](#)? Because honestly it's so well done that I didn't even want to compete.

**Notes:** In addition to the kinks in the tags, this fic also contains brief mentions of enemas, piercings, and a blink-and-you'll-miss-it reference to watersports.

I couldn't have done this without shinelikethunder and feanorinleatherpants.

## Show, Don't Tell

**Summary:** Bucky doesn't mind, really. It's better this way.

Explicit, English, 871 Words, Published Nov. 11 2014

**Relationships:** James "Bucky" Barnes/Steve Rogers

**Tags:** Internalized Kink-Shame, Pain, Past Rape/Non-con, Kink Negotiation, Bucky Barnes Feels, Steve Rogers Feels, Bucky's Broken Dick, HYDRA Trash Party

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“But you can?” Steve asks. “I mean, on your own?”

Something in his back pops when he stands and Bucky feels like shit all over again. The better part of an hour with Captain America down on his knees, like some golden goddamn wet dream, and he couldn't get more than half hard. His cock has already gone back to curling, limp and pathetic, against his thigh.

“Yeah,” he says shortly.

“So...” Steve leaves the word trailing in the air between them, his big stupid mouth soft and half-open.

“Things are fine,” Bucky says. “Why do you always gotta push, Stevie? Things are fine!”

“No,” Steve says. “They're not.”

“No?” Bucky echoes, twisting the word mean. “You don't like getting your rocks off any more? You don't like putting it in me? Dicking me nice and hard? 'cause that's not what it sounded like last night. Or this morning.”

“I like it fine!” Steve says quickly. “I just – I want you to tell me what I'm doing wrong.”

“Nothing,” Bucky snaps. “There's nothing wrong with you.”

Steve's the same as he's ever been. Steve is perfect. And God, Bucky loves him, and he loves taking it for him, he loves Steve filling him up and leaking out of him – he doesn't mind. It's fine the way it is. He's happy like this.

“There's nothing wrong with you, either,” Steve says, too fast. A pause. “It's been a while,” he says finally. “Maybe I'm just not doing it right. Can I...watch? While you...?”

Bucky's mouth goes dry. He can't. But Steve looks so fucking yearning...and if Steve sees maybe he'll understand why. Maybe he'll realize it's okay – it's better – this way.

“Fine,” Bucky snarls, and stalks into the bedroom.

He can't make it work, even with his eyes shut. Steve is right there, his weight making the mattress dip beside Bucky's left thigh, and he's watching. He's going to see. Christ, Bucky's going to be sick.

“I usually do it by myself,” he forces out. It's so stupid – what, now he can't even get it up with someone else in the room? – and he realizes too late that he's just admitted to jerking off on his own this whole time Steve's been desperate to do it for him.

“Maybe you should get used to me being here, first,” Steve suggests. “I'll sit over there. I won't look.”

He puts on headphones, too, and turns the music up so loud that Bucky can hear it from the bed.

Bucky makes himself come in three minutes flat.

They don't talk about it. Things don't change afterwards. Bucky makes pancakes and Steve massages his sore shoulder and they do the crossword together. Steve fucks him. And then one morning, after Bucky blows him in the shower, Steve says, “Do you want to try that again?”

He doesn't, but he says yes anyway. And a few days later. When Steve suggests turning off the music, Bucky says okay because he can be quiet. There's not much for Steve to hear beyond the sound of flesh and metal on flesh. Nothing incriminating.

But he can't put it off forever.

“You can turn around,” he tells Steve one afternoon. It comes out sounding shitty and resentful, because that’s how he feels. “Not at the beginning. I don’t want to know when. Just – don’t say anything until I’m done.”

“We don’t have to,” Steve says immediately. “You don’t have to do this for me, Buck.”

“Might as well get it over with,” Bucky mumbles, and pretends he doesn’t see Steve’s expression.

He keeps his eyes shut. He pretends Steve isn’t going to see. That he won’t know.

It takes longer than usual. He keeps getting distracted wondering if Steve is watching yet, but he can’t bring himself to look. If he looks he might stop, and he’s not sure he’ll be able to make himself start again.

Bucky comes with three metal fingers jammed dry up his ass and the sharp corner of his thumbnail digging into his drooling slit. It hurts like hell.

“So,” he says after, staring up at the ceiling so he won’t have to look at Steve, “you want to know what they did to me? Why I’m like this?”

Steve’s voice is remarkably level. “Do you want to tell me?”

“No,” he says honestly.

“Then no. I don’t.”

It’s just as well. Bucky doesn’t remember most of it anyway. He could make some pretty good guesses based on the bits and pieces he’s still got, but it’s bad enough that Hydra broke his dick. He doesn’t need to know how.

“Can I come over there?” Steve asks quietly.

Bucky shrugs. His metal shoulder clicks and whirs. “Sure,” he says. But he ducks his head when Steve gets up, rolls onto his side and presses his face into the pillow.

“Hey.” Steve sits beside him, not quite touching. “Buck.”

“That’s why. I can’t... But it was fine before, right? We can keep doing that. You don’t have to watch.”

“I don’t want to watch you hurt yourself,” Steve says, and something inside Bucky shrivels, but Steve goes on: “I want you to teach me how to do it for you.”

## This HydraWiki Article is a Stub

**Summary:** Useful Resources for Filling Out Form 3752-D (Disciplinary Request form) - HydraWiki, the Hydra encyclopedia

Mature, Archive Warning: Rape/Non-Con, M/M, English, 254 Words, Published Nov. 12 2014

**Relationships:** James "Bucky" Barnes/Other(s)

**Tags:** HYDRA Trash Party; Crack

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### **Useful Resources for Filling Out Form 3752-D (Disciplinary Request form)**

\*\*\*Remember: as of 12:01 AM on Jan. 1, 1999, all requests for sexual intercourse require an additional Form 482-93 (Recreational Use)\*\*\*

This article is NOT a listing of behavior modification techniques. For a complete listing, see Category:Behavior modification

List of violations by disciplinary level

## List of violations by statistical frequency (FY2013)

### Object Insertion

- Object insertion, medium (see also: FAQ:Why is my penis “medium”?)
- Object insertion, large
- Object insertion, very large
  - MUST be preceded by preliminary rectal dilation
- Object insertion, prolonged
  - Please note that requests for prolonged very large object insertion must be approved by a subdepartmental manager or above

### Percussive Aversion

- See Subcategory:Percussive aversion for full details
- Percussive aversion (implement)
  - List of suggested implements for percussive aversion by area
- Percussive aversion (manual)
  - Tips and Tricks for Manual Percussive Aversion
  - Please note that manual-gluteal percussive aversion, while itself a Level One technique, frequently produces sexual arousal. As such, all requests must now (as of 4/13/1974) include a contingency plan of the appropriate disciplinary level. (Quick links: Sexual humiliation (verbal), Category:Genital aversion protocols, Ruined orgasm)

### Electroconvulsive aversion

### Simulated drowning

### Sleep management (<96 hours)

### Sleep management (96+ hours)

Have a new idea? Check out How to Complete Form M361 - Proposal for Study (Behavior Modification Technique)

PLEASE NOTE: simulated execution is a deprecated protocol and is NOT EFFECTIVE as a means of behavior modification.

This HydraWiki article is a stub. You can help the process of world domination by expanding it.

## A Little Help

**Summary:** He's where he belongs, trying very, very hard to be good.

Explicit, M/M, English, 1239 Words, Published Nov. 13 2014

**Relationships:** James "Bucky" Barnes/Steve Rogers

**Tags:** Dom/sub, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Fluff and Smut, Praise Kink, Light Bondage

*[A note on the text: no archived text of this fic was readily available. This is a transcript by buckybleeds of "[Podfic] A Little Help" by sallysparrow017 on Ao3; as such the original punctuation, paragraph breaks, and structure are not represented in this section; if you have a download or archive of the original fic please contact buckybleeds@gmail.com so this document can be updated with the original formatting]*

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Bucky is reading Dostoyevsky.

*Crime and Punishment*, Steve thinks. They picked up a boxed set at a used bookstore in Brighton Beach all with the same worn, brown spines and musty smell. Steve doesn't read Cyrillic but the title is three words.

It's one of the big ones, anyway.

Every so often Bucky lifts his hand to turn the page, it always comes back, though.

It's Bucky's warm hand, the right one – callused and familiar. Steve wouldn't mind the other – they're both Bucky – but the metal arm doesn't get tired of holding the book in the air.

And, of course, Bucky likes to be able to feel what he's touching when he has Steve like this, on his knees, on the floor, tucked securely into the vee of Bucky's legs, his cheek resting on Bucky's strong thigh, the weight of Bucky's hand in his hair.

Where he belongs.

"You're wiggling," Bucky says after a while, not looking up from his book, "getting bored?"

It takes Steve a minute to find his voice. "Uh-uh," he manages, "no."

He was moving though, without even realizing it; little twitches of his hips just to feel skin brushing against skin. He forces himself to go still again.

"You don't have to do this," Bucky tells him, "you can go jerk off in the bathroom if you want. I know how you get."

"No," Steve says again. He takes a deep, deep breath, his face so close to Bucky's lap that he can smell what they were doing earlier even though he licked up all the traces. "I'll stay. I wanna stay."

"Then be good." Bucky turns the page then drops his hand back to tug at Steve's hair until he whimpers. "Do you need help?"

Steve hesitates a moment, but he nods. Bucky's hand doesn't move with him. It hurts.

"Okay."

Slowly, like he regrets having to do it, Bucky sets the book on the couch. Steve stays very still, even when Bucky lets him go and twists under him to reach for something. There's a soft sound, a smell of mint.

"Put your hands behind you," Bucky says. He leans down and Steve's face is suddenly sandwiched in the dark space between Bucky's leg and the firm plane of his stomach. He tries to help, lifting his arms behind him awkwardly, and Bucky loops something tightly around his wrists. "That's dental floss," he says when he lets Steve go. "You can break it. Don't."

He could break it. He could break it without even thinking about it.

So he has to think. About where Bucky's leg presses against his shoulder. About the delicate strand that's the only thing tying his hands together. About how he could break it, but he won't. He thinks about holding very, very still and being very, very good.

Bucky picks his book up again and settles his hand in Steve's hair. After a minute he goes back to his absent-minded stroking.

Steve closes his eyes. There's a warm weight pooling in the pit of his stomach; like arousal but with none of the urgency. He could float here forever.

Bucky's hand rises. A page turns. Bucky's hand comes back. He always comes back to Steve eventually.

Bucky sets the book aside when it starts to get dark out. It startles Steve a little, jerks his awareness back from where it was diffused across his whole skin. But Bucky just rests his metal hand on the nape of Steve's neck.

"Shhh," he whispers, "it's alright, Steve. You're being so good. Shh, close your eyes."

Both his hands now – the warm one carding through Steve's hair, the cool one cupping his head, helping him stay still.

Bucky could move him so easily like this. If he tilted Steve's chin up a little, pulled him closer by an inch or two, Steve's mouth would be in just the right place – but Bucky doesn't.

Steve can feel the soft cotton under his cheek shifting and growing taut. He can hear the way Bucky's breathing changes. He can even smell the little droplet that must be pearling at the head of Bucky's dick. He knows just what it would look like, too, soaking through the dark of the fabric, but he doesn't open his eyes to see. He doesn't move.

Bucky is touching him and Steve is as hard as he's ever been, struggling against himself and his own desire, but he is being good.

Finally, though – it might be only moments later, it might be a quarter hour, Steve can never tell when he's like this – Bucky pulls his cock free. It's so close that Steve can feel the heat of it on his face and just far enough not to be touching him.

He could move just a little, a fraction of an inch. He could brush his lips across the slippery head – it might look like an accident.

"Good boy," Bucky tells him, "open your mouth."

He does it, obediently letting his lips part and keeping his tongue well back, careful not to take any more than he is given. His mouth is watering.

"Oh," Bucky says, "you're so good." His hand tightens in Steve's hair. "So good for me. Lick."

The first brush of his tongue across Bucky's cock makes Steve moan out loud. The second, which brings him a taste of salt, is even better. He licks slowly, deliberately, with the flat of his tongue and with the tip, making sure to cover every bit of the head before he moves on. When Bucky doesn't stop him he keeps going, laving his way down the velvety skin until his tongue meets wiry hair, and then he pauses.

"Keep going," Bucky says hoarsely, "don't stop."

He has to strain to do it without moving his head but Steve manages to get the very point of his tongue into Bucky's pants and touch it to the soft, wrinkled skin of his balls. He'd like to do it properly, to bury his face between Bucky's legs and lap at them, suck them gently, work his mouth further back and down and taste Bucky there too, but he's not allowed to move. All he can do is flick his tongue.

"Good boy," Bucky whispers, and then he takes Steve's head in both his hands, the warm and the cool, and guides his wet, open mouth to where it belongs.

Steve sucks and whimpers but he doesn't move. He lets Bucky direct him, feeding him that thick cock an inch at a time until it nudges at the back of his throat, then easing him back slowly, so slowly. He's teasing both of them, giving Steve just a taste of what he really wants but not even letting him open his eyes to see how gorgeous Bucky is when they're like this.

"You wanna come, baby," Bucky asks him, "you're being so good I'm gonna let you pick. I'm gonna fuck your mouth 'till I go off and you're going to swallow it all and then, if you want to, you can make yourself come. Or," he picks up speed a little and Steve can't help the moan it startles out of him, "or you can just stay there, keep me warm a little while longer, and then I'll take you to bed and I might let you come with me inside you. What do you think, sweetheart? Your hand now or a chance for mine later?"

Steve is aching. He's so hard it hurts. He's dripping a slick little puddle on the floor and he can't move his hands or he'll break the floss and Bucky is drawing him off so he can answer.

It's easy.

"You," Steve says, his face turned blindly up, "please, you."

## Dramatic Monologue

**Summary:** Rumlow has a captive audience and a dirty mouth.

Explicit, Archive warning: Rape/Non-Con M/M, English, 584 Words, Published Nov. 14 2014

**Relationships:** James "Bucky" Barnes/Brock Rumlow, James "Bucky" Barnes & Steve Rogers

**Tags:** Dirty Talk, Homophobic Language, HYDRA Trash Party

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So I've been wondering, Cap. Was Barnes always a faggot, or is that just what seventy years of taking it up the ass does to a guy?

Hey, don't look at me like that. I figured you'd be the one to know. But I guess if you never fucked him you wouldn't know what you're missing. Grade-A cocksucker, and his cunt's real nice too when it's tight. They'd have let you go first, right? During the war? You were the commanding officer, so you'd have got him when he was fresh. Unless you like it messy, huh, big guy? All nasty and sticky with the other guys' come? Not my thing, but hey, I don't judge.

He likes it, though. I mean, he really likes it. Gets down on his knees and begs for it if you make him wait too long. Doesn't even touch his cock any more. Somebody must've beat that out of him.

Oh, c'mon. You think I'm the first guy who's had him? I'm not even the hundredth. He was probably taking Red Skull's big Nazi dick way back when. You ever ask? Was he walking funny when you pulled him out? You get a good look at his fuckhole before he healed up? Bet it was fucking ruined. Bet they lined up and made him take it 'til he screamed.

Takes a lot to make him scream. And I know what you're thinking, right – 'oh, it's Hydra, they're the bad guys, they probably get their rocks off torturing my poor Bucky-boo just for shits and giggles.' Probably thinking about how much you'd like to kick my ass right about now and all the sanctimonious bullshit you'd be spewing if you weren't gagged.

But here's the thing – he likes it. He's such a sweet, filthy little fuck – swear to God, if I could find a chick who liked it up the ass half as much as he does I'd marry her. And he's greedy. Some of the guys like to spank his dick a little sometimes, remind him who's boss, but me, I don't bother. You fuck him right and he'll just come from that. If you let him. He won't if you tell him not to. I mean, he'll cry and he'll wave his fucking ass right in your face even when it's been reamed to hell and back, but he won't come without permission. You can't do that for too long without milking his balls, though, or he'll go off in his sleep and it's a bitch to clean off the armor.

I'm telling you, though, he's a trip. Last time we were in the field with him, he comes into my tent 'round 2 AM, hard. Must've been hard for hours, his dick was fucking dripping with it, and he's got his pants around his knees and he's frigging his asshole with his fingers like it's some bitch's clit. The noises! So he's begging me to pound him but good, let him be my little cumdumpster, telling me he needs his pussy fucked so bad – and, y'know, he'd probably have come right then if he'd just touched his dick but the little fag didn't even think of it. He's crying, he wants it so much.

Well, fucker woke me up. Not gonna reward shit like that, right? Made him lick me hard and then I jerked off on into his mouth. Told him to try harder next time.

Hey, I got an idea, Cap – you wanna watch?

## One for the Team

**Summary:** "Short version is that in about three minutes, those assholes are going to pop boners that won't go down until they fuck someone or their hearts give out."

The story of Steve's first kiss since 1945.

Explicit, Archive Warning: Creator Chose not to Warn, M/M, M/F, English, 4190 Words, Published Nov. 23 2014

**Relationships:** Steve Rogers/Original Female Character(s)

**Tags:** Pre-HYDRA Reveal, Sex Pollen, Extremely Dubious Consent, Gangbang, Double Penetration, First Time, Painful Sex, HYDRA Trash Party, Oh Say Can You OC

Series – Part 2 of “Lean In”

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The pink mist doesn't smell like garlic. Not geraniums, not almonds, not fresh-mown grass. There's a hint of bleach but that's just the background from RAID lab – and besides, he'd recognize chlorine gas by the color. The doors are sealed, but if he can hold his breath long enough to beat them down...

"Well, Jesus tittyfucking Christ," Agent Mercer says grimly.

She's the only one of his team not doubled over coughing or going slowly red in the face, Steve realizes. He's definitely feeling it, even though he only got the one lungful: his face has gone hot and his heartrate is picking up.

Desperately, he tries to mime putting on a mask, but Mercer just shakes her head.

"No point," she tells him, with remarkable unconcern given the circumstances. "I know what this is." Behind her, Rollins gives up and gasps for air, chest heaving, then drops abruptly to his knees like a puppet whose strings have been cut.

He can see her mouth moving, but the sounds seem to take their sweet time about making it to his ears. "Aerosolized bioagent." Mercer glances back at the rest of the unit, now in various stages of collapse on the floor of the lab. "The bad guys never figure on mixed-sex teams, do they?"

The top half of Steve's face is hidden by the cowl, and his hands are clamped over his mouth and nose, but he's pretty sure the way he's bugging out his eyes is getting the message across. He's starting to sweat under the suit.

Mercer smiles, just a little, though she doesn't look happy. "It won't hurt them, Cap. And it won't work on me. Short version is that in about three minutes, those assholes are going to pop boners that won't go down until they fuck someone or their hearts give out. Not sure what it'll do to you, but hey, in for a penny, right?"

She reaches for her belt.

"Don't!" Steve yelps, forgetting all about the importance of not inhaling the drug in his sudden flash of understanding. Oh, God, she's about to...

Mercer keeps talking right on over him. "Supposed to disable the enemy," she explains, going for the zip of her fatigues, "make 'em injure or kill each other while they fight it out over who's going to rape who. Whom."

Her panties, Steve can see, are white, with a pattern of little pink hearts. There's a tiny satin bow in the center of the waistband, just over—

He forces his eyes back up, his cheeks burning. "That was an order, Agent," he says. His voice comes out low and hoarse. The gas doesn't hurt when he breathes it in. He can almost taste it, something sweet on the back of his tongue.

“You want to watch them fight it out?” Mercer asks, jerking her chin back over her shoulder. Blackwell's rising up onto his hands and knees now, his eyes shining with something predatory. “They might not all make it.”

“No,” Steve says, squaring his shoulders. “I mean, I'll do it.”

She freezes, pants halfway down her hips. “Captain? Have you ever...”

“No.” But he's their CO. He can't let her – and it can't be that bad, can it? He'd wanted to, once, when Bucky...

The others are moving now. He can smell the deep animal rut of them over the rising pink fog.

Agent Mercer hesitates for a moment. Her shoulders tremble, her mouth twists, and then she whispers, “Thank you, sir,” and slides back into her clothes.

Steve's fingers have gone thick and clumsy. She has to help him undress.

She's blessedly matter-of-fact about it, working the straps and buckles of his uniform with precise, careful motions. They leave his boots, and the top, but Mercer warns him he'll overheat with the cowl on so Steve tips his head back and lets her slide it off. The backs of her fingers seem to burn against his bare throat.

He's got enough coordination left to push his pants and underwear down around his knees all by himself, once she's got his belt undone, and Mercer doesn't look at where he's so hard and red and aching. She takes his hand instead, laces her slim fingers through his big ones and squeezes. “Are you sure you want to do this?” she asks, so softly it might almost have been his imagination.

No, Steve wants to say. He's not, not at all, whatever his body might be saying – he feels drunk and confused, he can tell that the others are behind him somewhere but his situational awareness has gone to shit – but it's better than the alternative. He nods, then squeezes his eyes shut and presses his face into his forearms. He just has to get this over with.

Her voice is gentle. “Vasquez is going first, okay? He's got hit the hardest. I'm not going to lie, it's gonna hurt, but I'll be right here.”

“Okay,” Steve manages. He raises his hips a little but he still flinches when he feels something brush against his ass.

“Wait,” Mercer says past him. “Can you – I don't have a hand... Yeah.” Steve can hear someone spit, and then a hand is spreading him open and wet fingers smear across his sensitive opening. It feels *strange*, more than anything else, a touch where nothing has ever touched him before. He doesn't move. He thinks he might fall over if he tried.

And then it hurts.

“Hey,” Mercer is saying a long way off. “Hey. Breathe for me, Cap. It's okay. You're going to be okay. Just breathe.”

It burns. It's Vasquez. She said it was Vasquez, Vasquez was the worst off.

It's splitting him in half. It's salt in an open wound. It's harsh and rough and *awful*, and it happens again and again.

“Relax,” Mercer tells him. “Open up for it. Take it, okay? Just take his cock, Cap. It's okay. Deep breath now and take it – yeah, like that. There you go, you got it.” Her free hand comes up to stroke over his hair. “Your ass is opening up for him now. Just relax and take it. The next one will be easier, I promise. He'll slick you up when he comes. It'll be better after this.”

Steve clings to that promise, that and her hand, as Vasquez fucks him. He doesn't know how long it takes, how many times Vasquez pushes into him with that long raw drag, but Mercer is there and she's petting his hair and talking to him in a low, soothing voice, and that helps.

He can feel it when Vasquez comes, hot and so far inside him. Vasquez groans, digs his fingers in hard over the bones of Steve's hips, and stays there, panting, until someone – Steve thinks it's Rumlow but he doesn't care – physically pulls him off. It doesn't hurt so much coming out, though.

“You did so good,” Mercer says. “Cap, you're doing so good. You saved his life, you know that?” She tries to squeeze his hand reassuringly, which is when Steve realizes that he's holding onto her so hard he must be leaving bruises. He loosens his grip, at least for a moment, but then there's another hot, blunt dick nudging at him.

“You're saving their lives,” Mercer repeats, and she lets him clutch her as hard as he needs to. “It's your team and you're saving them, Cap. Steve. You're saving them all. This isn't so bad, is it? You're nice and wet already. Makes it easier, doesn't it?”

He jerks his head just a little, the closest he can get to a nod. It's better this time. An easier slide. Less pain – or more dull, not so sharp. It doesn't quite feel good, but Mercer is scraping her fingernails lightly over his scalp, through his sweat-damp hair, and it distracts him from the insistent pressure inside him.

“There you go.” She's whispering right into his ear. “You're doing such a good job, you're taking it so nice. Your hole is so open for him. That's Blackwell now. That's Blackwell inside you. He's going to fuck you until he comes and then he'll be okay, Steve. You're almost halfway there.”

It doesn't happen as fast this time. The wet sloppy noises get quieter as Vasquez's come drips back out of him with every thrust. Blackwell grunts and pounds into him even harder when the slick dries up, and then Steve feels something *give* and the pain is back, razor-edged.

“It's okay.” Mercer grabs for their joined hands with her free one, holding on as tightly as Steve is holding her. “It's okay, Steve. It's just a little blood. You've had worse. It makes it easier,

doesn't it? You're doing so well. He's getting close now, I can tell, he's going to come in you. You just need to take it a little bit longer. You can do it. You *want* to do it, don't you, Steve? You want to take his cock because you want to save him."

He does. He needs to. He's still hard, even though it hurts, he can't help it, but he tries to relax and open up and take it, just like she says, and she's right. The blood does make it easier.

Everything is too mixed up in his head for Steve to pick out the distinct sensation that is Blackwell's contribution to the mess of blood and come inside him, but he can tell it's happened by the sudden lack of pain when the thing impaling him goes still. Mercer's thumb is drawing circles on the back of his hand. "So good," she's saying. "You're doing such a good job. You took it so good, Steve. You're almost... Oh, shit." Her voice trails off and she lifts her head. When the warmth of her face against his disappears, Steve lets out his first whimper.

He can't really open his eyes – they're gummed shut with something – but her voice floats back down to him, hard and clear now. "Sir. Cap. I need you to listen to me."

Steve manages to force an affirmation from his dry throat.

"You took too long with Blackwell," Mercer tells him. "It's Rumlow and Rollins, sir. They're both – it's bad. I don't think either one of them is going to last until the other is done. Do you understand?"

"Mouth?" he suggests hoarsely.

"Doesn't work," she says briskly, "or we wouldn't be doing it this way. I'll do one of them, okay? Or I'll do them both, I can – anatomically, I mean, I should be able to, I've never tried it. You're bleeding. Nobody's going to blame you for tapping out."

"No." Blearily, Steve raises his head. The world spins around him, but he grits his teeth and puts on his best Captain America voice. "I'll do it. I'll take them both."

"You're injured," she objects. "Cap – Steve – you can't."

"Agent Mercer," he says grimly, dropping his forehead back onto his crossed arms, "I could do this all day."

For just a moment he thinks she's going to argue, going to insist on taking one of them, and Christ, he's a bastard, because there's a little twinge of disappointment when she doesn't. She just curls herself beside him again, sets her cheek against the hot, damp skin at the base of his neck, and holds on tight to his hand.

"You're going to be okay." There's a tremor in her voice that makes Steve want to be the one to tell *her* it's okay, but before he can get the words out he feels new hands on his hips and loses the thread.

At least it isn't dry any more. He's wet again and the first dick slides in with no more than a twinge of discomfort. Maybe he's already healing? That must be good, except – no, he wants the blood this time.

“That's Rollins,” Mercer says. “And now...”

But whatever she's going to say, or maybe *is* saying, is drowned out by the roaring in Steve's ears when Rumlow starts to shove in.

He's been hurt worse, Steve tells himself. That time he was gutshot outside Eindhoven. The burns at the church in Dobrovice. Hell, half the fights he got into as a kid probably left him hurting more than this. It's not the same, though. There's a kind of dull, sick shame to this, his body moving and tearing in ways it shouldn't. And all of those times Bucky was there.

“Can you hear me, Cap?” Mercer's voice. He can just make it out over the pounding of his own heart in his ears. “Just listen to me, okay?”

She's floating somewhere off behind him. “Focus on my voice. You can do this, Steve. You can take it. This is it. It'll be over after this. You just open up, you take their cocks, and it's all over. I know you can do it. They're both inside you now. You're so open for them. It's okay, Steve. You're taking them both. I knew you could do it.”

They're not thrusting inside him. There isn't room. They're just rocking back and forth, both of them jammed up where he's sore and loose from being fucked, rubbing against each other and against his raw insides. It doesn't actually hurt as much, this way, now that he's getting used to it. They're not scraping over the tender rim of his ass, just stretching him open – so open – and doing all their moving inside where his muscles are helpless to fight it.

“Relax,” Mercer tells him. Her mouth is pressed against his sweaty hair. “Steve, you have to relax. They're not going to be able to come like this. They're going to have to fuck you harder. It'll be over after this, I promise. Nobody wants to hurt you, but you have to take this, okay?”

He doesn't answer. He can't. Just keeping from crying out is almost too much.

“Steve,” she says, more firmly now. “I need you to tell me you understand. Brock is trying to hold Jack back but it's not going to last much longer. If you can't tell me it's okay I'll make them stop, I'll do it myself, I just need you to tell me you're still with me. Can you do that for me?”

He jerks his head in a semblance of a nod. The back of his head bumps against her nose and she yelps reflexively. He should apologize, he didn't mean to hurt her, but then they start to move faster and he can't force the pathetic whine down any more.

“Hey,” says Mercer. “Hey, it's okay, Steve. You're not not gonna let them die. Just think about opening up and taking it. You're saving their lives.”

He stops trying to hold back the noises after that. Rollins and Rumlow fuck him just as hard as Vasquez or Blackwell did, but they're both inside him at once. Does it hurt twice as much? Does it hurt four times as much? More, anyway. It hurts more. There are hands grabbing at his hips, the straps of his harness, but Steve doesn't want to think about them.

He tries to think about Mercer's hands instead. Mercer's hands are clasping one of his. They're small, but she's holding him. She's talking him through it. It'll be over soon.

And then, finally, it is. One of them must have come first, but they pull out together. There's a sudden humiliating rush of warmth down his thighs, an awful burn, and he feels open and wet and used, but it's over. That's all Steve can think right now. He did it. He took it and now it's over, and everything is going to be okay.

He's still hard.

"Get the fuck out of here," Mercer snaps.

She's talking to the rest of the team, Steve realizes dimly. Vasquez and Blackwell must have gotten the door open while... While.

"I'm going to get him cleaned up. Give the man a little privacy, you assholes. *Out.*" There are footsteps and then her voice goes tender again, soothing. "You were so good, Cap," she whispers into his ear. "You're going to be fine. It's all going to be fine. None of us are going to say anything in the debriefing. Just let my hand go, okay?"

He's still clinging to her. He's been holding so tight it's hard to peel his fingers away now, and she winces a little when she shakes her hand out.

"Sorry," he mumbles. He tries to lift his head, to smile at her, but everything gives a sickening lurch and he drops it again in a hurry.

"Don't worry about it. Let me just see how you're doing." She settles two fingers, cool and professional, over the pulse in his neck, purses her lips, counts. Steve lets his eyes fall shut again. The world has gone blurry. He doesn't need to see, anyway. Now that the pain is mostly over he can't ignore how flushed and breathless he is. Or how good she smells.

"Well," Mercer says at last, "you got a good dose of that stuff too, but I don't think your heart is going to give out. Waiting it out isn't going to be fun, though." She drops her hand back to rest lightly on his shoulder. "You did me a solid, Cap. I owe you one. Do you want to cash it in now?"

God, does he want to. It's so hot in the lab. He's still wearing most of his suit and there's come dripping out of him and he's harder than he's ever been in his life. She's right here. She'd do it. Her panties have a tiny satin bow in the center of the waistband, just an inch or two above that sweet little nub...

“Shouldn’t,” Steve mumbles. It would be wrong. It would be – there’s a reason he can’t do this. He can’t remember what it is, but there was a reason. He shouldn’t.

“It’s okay,” she tells him in the same tone she’d used to gentle him while he was getting fucked. “You took care of your men. You were so good. You deserve this. Just...” She pushes a little at his shoulder, then at his hip. Her hand on his bare skin makes him gasp, makes his brain stutter, and Mercer helps him roll onto his back.

“I’m here for you,” she says, and reaches for her belt again.

All he has to do is watch as Mercer kicks off her boots and slips out of her pants with an easy, unselfconscious wriggle of her hips. The tac vest follows, thudding down onto the floor a few feet from his head, and then she’s standing over him in nothing but a black t-shirt and those white panties with the little pink hearts.

Steve can smell her. It’s not entirely unfamiliar – he remembers it on his own fingers a couple of times, after the few of those double dates that went okay and once with one of the USO girls – but it’s never been like this. The whole world seems to have narrowed down to the damp cotton between her legs. He wants – he *needs* – to be there. Five minutes ago.

“Guess we’re skipping the foreplay,” Mercer says drily, looking down at him. Steve has to curl his hands into fists to keep from rearing up and grabbing her, pulling her down. He’s shaking now, tiny tremors all over, and everything is swimming and he needs to hold on because Mercer reaches down and pulls the crotch of her panties aside to give him just a glimpse of slick folds before she’s sinking down onto his cock.

She’s hot and so, so tight, and the sounds she makes as gravity pulls her down and forces her open around him seem to reach straight into him and grab his balls from the inside. God, if he’d known it would feel like this he might’ve done things differently, but he doesn’t even have time to regret the past before she starts to *move*.

No, Steve figures out after a minute, she’s not moving – he’s moving *her*. He’s got her by the hips and he’s lifting her up until just the head of his cock is stretching her and then he’s yanking her down onto him, hard, using her like a rag doll, like he would his own fist except so much better. He’s forcing noises out of her, high and throaty and desperate, and Steve loves them, but he’s hurting her. He must be hurting her.

He makes himself take his hands away. Mercer slumps against his chest, panting, and he manages to get out a rough, “You okay?”

“Yeah.” She arches her back, rubs herself against him. “Keep going. I can take it.”

“Okay,” Steve says, “okay,” and he thrusts his hips up sharply and she moans and they’re off again.

At some point he flips her over so she's the one on the floor, her legs up over his shoulders, and he can really put his back into it. He still has to hold her, though, hands pressing her tight against the ground so she doesn't slide away from him on the mess that's pooling there, and he gives it to her deep and hard and fast. She cries out under him, bent nearly in half, but when he starts to pull all the way out of her she swats weakly at the side of his head.

"Don't stop," Mercer gasps. "Please don't stop, Steve. Take what you need."

So he does.

The orgasm, when it finally comes, is like nothing Steve's ever felt. He shoves himself in as far as she can take him, rocks against her with his mouth open in a soundless cry, and empties out everything he's got.

It's so good just to lie there, to feel her warm and sweet around him. He's coming back to himself now, the frantic itch dying away, and Steve feels a sudden rush of affection for her. It was a hell of a strange way to start, sure, but maybe this can be something.

Carefully, he turns his head and kisses the corner of her mouth.

Under him, Mercer's chest hitches in a sob.

Steve jerks away from her, back onto his heels, and then it's like some veil falls away and he sees her, *really* sees her, for the first time in what must be hours.

She's flushed and sweaty, strands of fair hair sticking to her face, and she's wiping angrily at her eyes. There are livid marks on her hips in the shape of his hands. And her – she's swollen and pink and already drooling thick white globs of his come. She's smeared with it, in fact, all over her thighs and the curve of her ass, except – it's not all his. It's mixed with blood. It's all over *him*, too.

Mercer is lying there where he left her, legs splayed, in a puddle of what the rest of the STRIKE team did to him.

What he did to her.

"Oh my God," Steve says. He's gone cold. "Oh my God. I'm so sorry."

"It's okay." Wearily, she props herself up on her elbows. Her pretty panties are long since torn, hanging around one of her ankles, and she pulls the scraps of them off and uses them to wipe between her thighs. "I'm a big girl, Cap." Her mouth twists in something that isn't, quite, a smile. "You were drugged. It's not your fault."

She held his hand. She talked him through it. And then he...

"You did what you could," Mercer goes on, reaching for her pants. "I appreciate it." Steve belatedly averts his eyes, for all the good that does now, and jerks his own trousers back up.

"I'm so sorry," he says again. He'd taken it so she wouldn't have to, and then he went and made her—

"Hey," Mercer says. She's on her feet now, shrugging back into the tac vest, and she looks almost normal except for how tight her mouth has gone. "Don't beat yourself up, okay? This isn't my first rodeo." She claps him on the shoulder. "And one's still less than five."

Steve's ass doesn't hurt any more, but he can already feel that he's leaking into his suit as he follows her silently out of the lab. His head's a mess, though, Jesus, it must be worse for her, and she's still together enough to ask Vasquez for a sitrep.

After all of that, the RAID prototype they came for is missing. Someone else beat SHIELD to it.

### **One Week Earlier:**

"You know," Mercer said, glancing over to where the dead-eyed cyborg killer was rutting desperately against the floor of the lab, half-naked and whimpering, "I really think we need to come back here with Cap. Can you reset the trap?"

## nam sibyllam

**Summary:** This is not a happy ending.

Mature, Archive Warning: Graphic Depiction of Violence, Rape/Non-Con, M/F, English, 326 Words, Published Nov. 26 2014

**Relationships:** James "Bucky" Barnes/Steve Rogers

**Tags:** Body Horror, Not Suitable/Safe For Life, This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things, HYDRA Trash Party, High Octane Nightmare Fuel

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They dump him outside the building in a duffel bag.

SHIELD may be sadly diminished from its former strength, but when an unmarked van drops an anonymous package on Captain America's doorstep before careening off into the night,

someone comes out to take a look. Steve is, therefore, actually the second person to see what's become of the Winter Soldier.

When Sharon finishes puking, she finds Steve's big hands hover like hummingbirds over the thing in the bag. Its mottled pink and white flesh shifts restlessly as it draws another raspy breath.

It – *he* – can't talk, they'll find. HYDRA left the tongue, for reasons that become obvious once Steve picks him up and Sharon sees the back of his body, but they took most of his vocal cords and all of his teeth. She tries to keep her eyes fixed on the empty metal socket where his left arm used to fit. It is, marginally, less horrible than the smooth pink nubs that were his other limbs.

He shows no sign that he hears or understands any of Steve's attempts to reassure him. He writhes desperately – and entirely in vain – when touched gently. If the contact is firmer, he goes horribly still.

Over the next few days, Sharon learns a lot of new words. Some of them, like *multiple ostomies* and *amygdalotomy*, are from the doctors. More of them come from Steve when someone uses the phrase *terminal sedation* in front of him.

They work out a way of communicating, after a fashion. It – *he* – the thing on the hospital bed that used to be Bucky Barnes – can follow brief words spelled out against undamaged stretches of skin. They work their way patiently through the alphabet, letting him bob his mutilated head when they come to the letter he wants.

Sharon suspects she knows what's coming from the first letter, but Steve – forever hopeful, delighted to be able to share this at last – seems surprised.

KILL ME

## Rub-a-Dub-Dub

**Summary:** "Yeah, you like that." Bucky sounds damn smug. "You like thinking about me fucking you. And it's not just me, is it? You just like thinking about getting fucked. Bet you like thinking about taking it from a whole line of guys."

Explicit, M/M, English, 7603 Words, Published Jan. 20 2015

**Relationships:** James "Bucky" Barnes/Steve Rogers

**Tags:** Dirty Talk, Verbal Humiliation, Rape Fantasy, Gangbang, Humiliation, Light Dom/sub, Under-negotiated Kink, Victim Blaming, Pre-Serum Steve Rogers, HYDRA Trash Compactor Challenge, Steve and Bucky's Kitchen Bathtub, POV Bottoms

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"You want it?" Bucky growls against his throat. "You gotta say it, Steve. You gotta tell me you want it or I'm not gonna give it to you. You gotta ask me real nice, and you better hope I'm not feeling mean tonight."

"Then *you* gotta let me get a word in edgewise," Steve points out, shoving at Bucky with a sharp elbow to his ribs. "Can't say anything if you're just gonna run your mouth all night."

"You like it, though." Bucky grabs his wrist in one warm hand and pulls it down between them to where he's grinding against Steve's hip. "C'mon," he coaxes, letting his voice go all soft and sweet. "You like it when I run my mouth. You want me to keep doing it while I get you off, and then you want me to fuck you. That's what you want, isn't it? Just say it for me, Steve."

Steve rolls his eyes, but he twists his arm around so he can paw at Bucky's hard-on. "Fine," he grumbles. "I want it."

"You want *what*," Bucky prompts him patiently. "Don't make me do all the work here, pal."

"Want you to talk to me while you jerk me off," Steve whispers back. He doesn't look at Bucky while he says it and he can *still* feel himself blushing. It's tame enough, especially compared to the filth Bucky spews without even blinking, but saying this stuff himself always makes him go hot with shame. "Then I want you to put it in me."

"There we go, baby. That wasn't so bad, was it?" Bucky kisses his throat lightly, right over the hammering pulse, and shoves his hand down inside Steve's shorts. "So now I'll give you what you want, and then, when you're all limp and tired out, I'll just slide right into you. And you'll take it, won't you, sweetheart? Just spread your legs for me and let me right in. Bet you'll be feeling all tender, too. Thinking it's too much, you're not gonna be able to take it all, but you will. Just gotta make you come first or you'll be too tight. Gotta make you relax, milk it out of you so your ass just opens up for me like a hungry little mouth."

Steve doesn't try to strangle back his sounds. He might be shy about the talking, but Bucky likes the gasps and moans. He likes knowing he's getting to Steve.

"Yeah, you like that." Bucky sounds damn smug. "You like thinking about me fucking you. And it's not just me, either, is it? You just like thinking about getting fucked. Bet you like thinking about taking it from a whole line of guys. Maybe you get caught up in the wrong neighborhood, huh? Looking the way you do, all skinny and pale, maybe somebody gets confused and a whole gang drags you off down an alley. You'd fight, of course, you dummy," he adds in a more normal tone, giving Steve's hip an affectionate squeeze with his other hand, "but there'd be too many of 'em. And they push you face-down on the paving stones, in all that piss and garbage-water, and one of 'em kneels on your hands so you can't hit, and they pull down your pants."

"They take a good long look at you there, writhing and trying to get away, they look at your pretty little ass and maybe they spread you open, y'know? Somebody gets down and grabs those cheeks, pulls 'em apart, so they can see where you're all tight and pink. Don't you give me that look, Steve Rogers, or my hand to God, I'll stop right now and get the mirror so you can see

for yourself. You've got a pretty, hungry little hole, and I know you like me playing with it. But they wouldn't do that, would they? They'd just want to get a peek at what it was like *before* so they could tell what they'd done to it. 'cause they're gonna *wreck* you."

"Yeah," Steve gasps, arching up into Bucky's firm grip. "And – and they'd spit on it, right?"

"Damn straight," Bucky says. "They'd lean right in and spit on you. The guy who's holding you, he does it first, because he's right there, and then he gets his thumbs all wet with it and shoves 'em into you and opens you up, and they all take turns spitting into your ass to get you slick enough to fuck. 'cause probably they were waiting on a dame, until they saw you and figured you'd do, so they didn't bring anything to make it go easier. But it's okay, because there's a lot of 'em – a dozen, maybe, enough you couldn't fight them off – and they just hold you open and they spit into your hole.

"And you like it, don't you, baby? You're getting hard, right there in that alley, and your little hole's just aching. You can't help it, can you? You need to be fucked good and hard, and they're gonna give it to you. They're lined up for it, Steve. The first guy's gotta spit on his dick to get it in you, you're so tight, and they're pressing your face into the dirt and you can't fight back, they're all holding you down so you can't even move. They don't care if you need it, if you want it, they're just gonna take you and use you, get their satisfaction from your tight little ass 'til it's not so tight any more."

Steve can feel it building in the pit of his stomach, down between his legs, and he whines for Bucky, throws his head back and cries out when Bucky jerks him savagely. "That's right," Bucky hisses into his ear. "Give it up, Steve. They're gonna fuck you 'til you're leaking, 'til you can't close up. You want that, Steve? You want it?"

"Fuck," Steve breathes, "Bucky, fuck," and then he loses it all over Bucky's hand and his own sweaty shorts.

Bucky gives him about thirty seconds to catch his breath before he starts tugging at Steve's wet underpants. "C'mon," he says impatiently. "Get 'em off, Rogers, I wanna fuck you."

"Yeah," Steve manages, "yeah, okay," but he still doesn't move, so in the end Bucky hauls Steve's skinny hips up off the bed, grumbling all the while, and yanks his shorts down himself.

"Lazy once you've got yours, huh?" Bucky takes a couple of useless swipes at the come smearing Steve's thighs, then lobs the shorts in the general direction of the doorway. "You're a mess," he says fondly, and reaches up the bed for the jar of Vaseline. The way he stretches makes the leaking red head of his cock bob up so close that Steve would go cross-eyed watching it, so instead he darts his tongue out to swipe across it, just the once.

"Oh yeah?" Bucky grins down at him. "You wanna lick it, baby? I'm still gonna stick it in you, but I'll let you get your mouth on it first if you like."

“Aw, I wouldn't want to put you out any,” Steve says, blinking up in exaggerated mock-innocence, “not when you're already being so nice and all.”

“It's no trouble,” Bucky assures him. He drops the Vaseline onto the mattress and scoots up the bed so he's straddling Steve's chest, his knees shoved into Steve's armpits and his strong thighs pressing against Steve's ribs. Steve can't even see his face at this angle, just the tight furry balls and the hard dick jutting out of the nest of dark curls, a curve of bare chest above. It doesn't matter. Bucky'll be biting at his lip, eyes half-closed. Steve doesn't need to see him to know it.

“C'mon,” Bucky urges. “C'mon, open up, Steve. I know you want it. C'mon, you're such a good little cocksucker,” and Steve opens his mouth and lets Bucky feed it to him. “Oh, yeah,” Bucky says breathlessly, “yeah, that's it, there you go, God, you're filthy, you know that? You're so *dirty*, Steve, your smart fucking mouth. You need it, don't you? You need it at both ends.”

He twists his fingers into Steve's hair, holding him in place, and sinks in halfway down his throat. “You think they do that in the alley, too, baby?” he pants. “Your mouth? One of 'em grabs you, maybe, tells you to suck it, and you don't want to, but he just hauls your head up and backhands you across the face, and then he's got a knife and you don't have a choice. You were born for this, though, weren't you, Steve? You're drooling around him, got your lips all stretched out trying to take it, they're just using you—”

He pulls out suddenly, with an obscene wet pop, and fumbles in the bedclothes for the grease. Steve bites back a snort of laughter – Bucky's always liked the sound of his own voice – and hikes his legs obligingly so that Bucky can smear a dollop of Vaseline over his ass. He's still relaxed, limp and pliant from having come, and Bucky doesn't waste much time getting him ready. “Gonna fuck you,” Bucky's saying, “gonna shove right into that little hole, sweetheart. You got yours and now I'm gonna get mine. That's it, open up for me. You take what I'm giving you, Steve, or I swear to God I'll tear you up *making* you take it.”

At least Bucky shuts up for a minute when he gets his cock in, goes still and shuts his eyes the way he does when he's trying not to go off straightaway, but then he starts moving again, holding himself up off Steve on his elbows and giving it to him real slow. Steve rocks back against him, exactly as sore and sensitive as Bucky predicted but starting to firm up again anyway.

“You're all sloppy with it,” Bucky hisses into his ear. “The pretty rim of your ass, it's all puffy and swollen, not so tight any more, and it's throbbing, Steve. You can feel your heartbeat down there. It's aching, and between times they're fucking you it's just gaping open. They can see right inside you, baby. They don't even need to hold you open like before, don't need to spit in you, because you're all wet from their come. And there's still a whole long line of 'em, waiting to fuck you, one after another, just gonna – fuck – jam their dicks into you, ride you hard, use you up from the inside. Hold you down, Steve, in the dirt and the fucking filth, got you so wild and desperate it hurts *not* to be fucked. You'd be begging for it if you could but they're using your

mouth too, so all you can do is whimper and choke and wait for them to stick another cock up in you.”

And Jesus, it's dirty, but Steve loves it. Loves Bucky inside him, loves the picture Bucky's painting, loves the way it makes the shame and the want twist up together in his chest until he thinks he'll burst from feeling so much. He thinks about reaching down to touch himself again but the high color rising in Bucky's cheeks means he's close. There's not time.

“Buck,” he says instead, “*Bucky*,” and cranes his neck up for a kiss.

Bucky kisses back hot and messy, losing his rhythm now, and fucks into Steve so hard he'd be sliding up the bed if Bucky didn't have him pinned. “I'd come home to you,” Steve whispers against his mouth when Bucky stops for air. “I'd come home and you'd see what they did to me.”

Bucky groans, long and low, and for a long moment his face screws up in the funny way it always does while he pumps himself dry into Steve's ass.

Steve lets him lie there for a while, running a hand absently along the sweat-slick line of his muscled back, even though Bucky's got eighty pounds on him and his softening dick is starting to let a ticklish line of jism creep down to soil the sheets. Bucky makes happy, comfortable noises into the curve where Steve's neck turns into his shoulder, presses lazy kisses along his throat, until finally Steve loses patience and starts to wriggle free.

“Aw, Steve,” Bucky complains half-heartedly. “Can't you let a guy enjoy the moment?”

“Now when he weighs a goddamn ton,” Steve mutters. “I need to breathe, you ape, get off.”

“Pretty sure I just did,” Bucky shoots back, but he pulls his cock carefully free and flops over onto his back agreeably enough. They could just pull up the blanket and go to sleep like this, worry about getting cleaned up in the morning, but Steve's still got the itch. He throws one arm over Bucky's chest and plasters himself against him, nuzzling into his shoulder. At first Bucky tries to pretend he doesn't notice the hard line of Steve's dick rutting at his hip, but he can't fake it for long. “Jee-eez,” he drawls, opening one of his eyes a crack. “You need it again *already*, baby?”

“Aw, are you beat? That's okay, you can just lie there looking pretty and I'll – ow!” Bucky's shoulder collides painfully with his nose and Steve jerks away, glaring. “The hell'd you do that for?”

“Oughta be glad I didn't dump a bucket of water on you, humping my leg like a dog,” Bucky grumbles. Steve rubs at his nose while Bucky makes a big production of rolling onto his side, stretching his legs, before he finally reaches down to cup Steve's balls in his palm. “So you'd come home, huh? What happens then?”

“Mmm.” Steve squirms a little and throws an arm up to hide his pink face in the crook of his elbow. “Would you be mad?” he asks. “'cause I'd – 'cause I'm yours?”

"Maybe," Bucky allows. He squeezes gently, thumbs over the blond fuzz. "Maybe I'd have to remind you of that. Think I'd have to teach you a lesson?"

"I'd be real sorry," Steve says faintly. He can't quite bring himself to peek out, but he spreads his thighs a little so Bucky can dip his fingers back into the slippery mess if he wants to.

"You'd have to prove it," Bucky tells him. He doesn't move his hand at all, though, just idly rolls Steve's balls like he'd worry at a pen when he's thinking. "You'd have to show me how sorry you were."

"Yeah." Steve reaches out blindly, mouth half open to plant a wet kiss on Bucky's chest, then yelps in surprise when Bucky rolls sharply away. "What—" he begins, lifting his head, then cuts himself off at the expression on Bucky's face.

"Jesus, Steve," Bucky snaps at him, all outrage and disgust, "you think I want that filthy mouth on me now I know where it's been?"

For a dizzying moment Steve can't think what he means. He hasn't done anything wrong, has he? But Bucky looks *furios*, and the cold horror of it wells up into the back of his throat – and then he realizes what Bucky's doing.

It hits him like taking a punch from the inside out. Steve can't help his gasp, or the way he curls in on himself protectively, his dick jerking between his legs and spitting out a couple drops of wetness to match what's still slipping out of him. He just *can't*, not when Bucky's playing it like this.

"Don't you dare." Bucky doesn't touch him, but his tone is low and savage and Steve can tell he *wants* to. "Don't you hide from me, you little whore. You're sorry? You better show me."

Slowly, burning with embarrassment all the way down to his chest, Steve unfolds himself onto the bed. Bucky watches him coolly. "You're hard," he says. "You liked it, huh."

"No," Steve says. His voice cracks and he swallows hard and repeats it. "No, I didn't. I tried to fight 'em, Buck, but there were too many, I couldn't." He wants to cover himself with his hands, which is ridiculous – he's been naked in front of Bucky since they were in short pants, and Jesus, he just had Bucky *inside* him – so he fists them into the bedclothes and makes himself lie still, bared to Bucky's gaze.

Bucky looks down at him and snorts. "Sure you did, Steve. I bet you fought real hard. Is that why you keep picking fights? Make me wade in after your dumb ass, ruin my good clothes, 'cause you're just aching to get dicked?"

"No," Steve says, flushing harder. He stares up at the crack in the ceiling so he won't have to look at Bucky. "I – they made me. I didn't want to." Bucky *said*. "They grabbed me."

"You're a goddamn mess, Rogers," Bucky tells him. "Look at yourself. You're leaking all over my bed." He's silent for a moment, just raking his hard calculating eyes over Steve, then snaps, "Get down. Get on the fucking floor."

Steve almost, *almost*, wants to argue – this isn't fair, it wasn't even real, and anyway it's as much *his* bed as it is Bucky's – but he's got something awful and wonderful heating up inside him and he doesn't want any of this to stop. Sliding down onto his knees beside the bed is awkward and he goes down harder than he means to, clipping a kneecap in a way that makes him wince. Bucky doesn't stop talking.

"You get paid, at least? If you're gonna take it from half the neighborhood you might as well have something to show for it, but no – you're not even a whore, are you? Just a little bitch, bend over for anybody. How many dicks did it take until you were begging for it?"

"I didn't," Steve protests. "I – it *hurt*, Bucky."

"Well, of course it *hurt*," Bucky sneers, "what'd you expect? You let a whole line-up use your ass, of course it's gonna *hurt*. Let me see." Steve blinks up at him, confused, and Bucky snaps his fingers at him like he's a dog. "I said *let me see*." Buck's propped himself up on the bed now, sprawled out comfortably to watch him with a gleam in his eyes. He's maybe halfway hard, still or again doesn't much matter, his cock shiny-wet with come and grease.

Slowly, Steve makes a shuffling turn on his knees. He'd thought looking away would be easier, but it's not: he can feel an itch between his shoulderblades that has to be Bucky watching him. He wants to turn back and look.

"On your hands and knees," Bucky says behind him. He snaps his fingers again. "Go on. Get down and show me what they did to you, Steve."

He can't. There's another trickle of come oozing out of his ass, sliding down his balls, and Bucky was the one who put it there but Steve suddenly can't bear the thought of him seeing it. He feels dirty and ashamed and hot all over. His dick is so hard it aches.

Bucky jabs one bare foot against his thigh. "Show me," he repeats. "Are you gonna make me kick your legs apart, Steve? You really want to make me any madder tonight? C'mon. Reach back there and spread yourself open so I can see your goddamn hole."

*God*. In front of him, where Bucky can't see, Steve's cock jumps, and he can feel the jolt of it all the way back to where it makes his hole clench down around nothing. His hands are trembling when he settles one of them on the floor to keep his balance and reaches the other one back just like Bucky told him to.

He can't quite manage it. His fingertips slip in the greasy mess between his cheeks once, twice, and he tries parting his legs a little more but it doesn't help him get a better grip. His heart is thudding in his ears, in his cock, in the puffy half-hidden ring of muscle that he wants more than anything to *hide*...

Steve presses his face down into the uneven floorboards and stretches back the other hand too.

It's not cold in the bedroom, really, but the sudden kiss of air on that sensitive secret skin makes Steve whimper anyway. Bucky must've seen him there a hundred times, Bucky *likes* to look at him there, but Steve's never shown himself off like this before. Not with Bucky watching him like he's lower than dirt, and he feels like he is, too, for how hot this gets him. Steve bites at his lip and the little pucker gives a helpless, eager twitch and loses another couple of dribbles.

Bucky lets out a low whistle. "Lookit that reamed-out mess. You can't even close your cunt up any more, can you, Steve? They got you so fucking stretched open. Bet you made sure there were a lot of 'em, didn't you? Gave you more dicks to take *and* a nice excuse for not fighting back."

"I tried," Steve protests, because he *would've*. "I tried to, Buck, I did."

"Sure you did," Bucky says indulgently, like he doesn't believe a word of it. "Tried real hard, huh? I can see you trying to tighten up, too, and you can't do that either. You used to be smooth and pink there, y'know, it made me want to pet you and treat you nice, but now you're so loose I can see all the way up into you. You're *sloppy*, you little bitch, your insides are all wet and red and every time you move that used-up hole flutters and drips out more of the slime they left inside you."

Steve lets out one shaky breath and draws in another so sharp it's almost a gasp. This whole thing is filthy and terrible and he feels like his skin is pulled so thin and tight across his flesh that it might as well have disappeared. He's afraid he's about to cry. He's afraid he's about to come.

"It's a good thing they went after you, instead of ruining some nice girl," Bucky tells him.

"Couldn't ruin you, could they? Just got you all riled up, no matter how rough they gave it to you. How many dicks d'you think it would take before you didn't like it any more, Steve? Think that's even possible? We should test it out sometime. Bet Callahan's gang wouldn't turn up their noses at the chance for a ride. I oughta take you down to the pool hall and bend that greedy little ass over one of the tables, see how long it takes until you stop moaning like a whore.

"And I wouldn't let you quit then, either," he adds, shifting on the bed, leaning closer. The puff of displaced air brushes, cool, over the wet sticky mess between Steve's asscheeks. "Not even when you were begging me to call 'em off. Make you take all of 'em as many times as they wanted, and maybe some of the cues, too. Teach that nasty little hole a lesson."

"*Bucky*," Steve chokes out, "Buck, I – *please*..." He doesn't even know what to say, really, trails off into a whine as he lifts his hips even higher. Arched and splayed like this, face down and ass up, he feels just like what Bucky says he is: open and tender and loose, and so fucking empty now that he's leaked out half the load Bucky gave him.

"Please *what*?" Bucky says. "What d'you want, Steve? You want them to use you? You want me to let 'em? I could charge 'em too. Not much, not after the first couple of guys, but I could get maybe fifty cents a pop. Make you earn your keep for once."

That's not right. The funny unsettled feeling in Steve's gut, half shame and half pleasure, congeals into a dark sour knot. This isn't supposed to be part of their game. It's not even a thing they talk about, mostly, though when the topic does get broached Bucky swears up and down he doesn't mind living in a cold-water flat or keeping the window shut all summer on account of the smell. "I can get by just fine on my own," he snaps, and then, feeling faintly ridiculous down on the floor holding his ass open, sits up and whips around to glare daggers at Bucky. "You go on back to your ma's if you wanna."

Bucky's mouth goes soft and twists up. He drops his eyes. If Buck says he's sorry, Steve resolves furiously, he'll have to haul off and slug him, and then everything will be ruined. And damn Bucky anyway for bringing that into it when he knows perfectly well that this is only fun when it's all pretend.

"Hey now," Bucky croons finally, like he's trying to gentle a stray, and Steve's about to give him a real piece of his mind when Bucky sets his jaw and looks Steve square in the face, dead serious now. "Well, God help you if you're still fucked-out and gaping the next time I went to put my dick in you, Steve," he says, "'cause I'd just make you lick your own mess off me and suck it instead."

For half a second the idea makes Steve's breath catch in his throat. Not even the kind of fairy who'd give you a suckjob in a subway washroom would do *that*, and the thought of it – Bucky's cock, so big and thick but still not enough to fill his used-up ass, streaked with the blood and come leaking out of him, being jammed into his mouth for him to clean off the taste of his own insides – zips right past his conscious mind and down to his balls.

"Christ," Steve croaks, and thunks his head back onto the floor.

"That's right," Bucky says, and Steve would get a little sore about how damn *smug* he sounds except that he's flying again, lost in the moment and the pictures Bucky's putting in his head. "There we go. God, you're filthy, you know that? You're all wet and messy from what you let 'em do to you. You must've ruined your clothes, leaking like that. I bet you soaked through the seat of your trousers limping home, didn't you? Bet everyone could smell it on you. Bet they knew exactly where you'd been. Bet they knew you let a bunch of low-life thugs pass your ass around like a party favor. But you know what, Steve? It's not yours to pass around. It's *mine*."

"Yeah," Steve whispers. He's got his burning face buried in his forearms on the floor so that he's breathing in the sour fug of his own hot breath, but he still spreads his knees and cants his hips for Bucky. "Yours. All yours, Buck."

"Yeah, you are. Look how hard you are from showing yourself off like this." Bucky leans down off the bed to thumb him open again for a good look at the winking, eager hole. Steve startles at the touch, then whimpers and arches his back, trying to press up into it, and Bucky drops his hands just as quick. "Like hell I'm gonna give it to you when you're this dirty from a bunch of strangers," he scoffs. "You think you can handle cleaning yourself up or am I gonna have to do it?"

"I can do it," Steve mumbles. He might be a little gone right now, but he's never gonna be so out of it he needs Bucky Barnes to wipe his ass for him, thank you very much. There's a dizzily uncertain moment when he pushes back up to kneeling, but Bucky doesn't chastise him for it so Steve grabs for the damp wad of his soiled underpants and uses it to wipe up the slick smears between his thighs. "There," he announces when he's done, not turning, still clutching at his handful of cloth.

"Show me, then." Bucky sounds bored.

Blushing red and pink all over again, Steve reaches back one-handed to spread himself. "See?"

"Huh," Bucky snorts. "And what kind of a lazy job do you call that, Rogers? You're still a goddamn sloppy mess. I should've known, though – you don't really want to be clean, do you? You like having your little slut-hole full of come." He sighs dramatically. "I guess if you want something done right you gotta do it yourself. C'mon, let's get you in the tub."

"The tu—*Bucky*," Steve blurts, and spins around, appalled, to see Bucky smirking down at him from the edge of the bed.

"Gotta clean you up," Bucky sing-songs. "Gotta clean out that dripping, ruined hole before I'm gonna give it to you, Steve. I guess you could get yourself off if you want," he adds, with exaggerated nonchalance, "should be pretty easy for you to jam a couple of fingers up there, but if you don't wash up you'll have to sleep on the floor. Can't let you up on the furniture when you're all dirty like this."

"Jesus, Buck, I'm not a *dog*," Steve complains, but it's half-hearted. He can't take his eyes off Bucky's hand where it's working lazily at his own dick. There's a slick little droplet beading at the tip, and as he watches Bucky rubs his thumb across it, smearing it around. All Steve wants to do, suddenly, is lean in and lap it up for him. He can practically feel the hot weight on his tongue. He's so hard it hurts.

"Nah," Bucky says. "A dog knows its master. But you – you need reminding, don't you? You know how sweet you are when you're all nice and tight, and you went out and got fucked loose anyway. You're lucky I'm even letting you make it up to me, Steve, so you'd better mind before I have to rethink it." He points towards the door. "Go get that fucked-out ass of yours into the kitchen and let's see if we can't wash it out some."

Steve goes.

Bucky doesn't spare him a single look as he shoves the chairs out of the way and hauls the board off the top of the claw-footed tub, leaving Steve with nothing to do but watch him. Every moment ticking past makes his insides wind a little tighter. He's not sure where this is going. He's not even sure what to do with his hands: naked, he's got no pockets to stick them in, so he settles for balling them up at his sides.

Once Bucky's got things arranged to his satisfaction, he leans back and smiles at Steve. It's not a nice look. "You're gonna have to scrub it out again before Saturday," he tells him. "I'm not washing up in your leftover mess."

"Okay," Steve says uncertainly, and flicks his eyes from Bucky to the tub and back again. "You want me to warm up some water?"

"Aw, Steve," Bucky chides, coming off the wall in one easy move, "d'you really think you deserve that?"

"I." Steve swallows hard, tongue gone too big and dry for his mouth, and lets Bucky back him towards the tub until the cold rim bumps against his thighs.

"Well, you don't," Bucky informs him easily. "And quit your bitching," he adds when Steve opens his mouth to object. "If you didn't want this, you shouldn't have gone off and gotten yourself raped by half the neighborhood, now should you?"

Steve flushes hot all the way to his belly and drops his eyes. Bucky's got to be able to hear the way his heart is pounding, to see the pulse thudding in his throat – Bucky's got to know how this makes him want to sink through the floor. He hoists himself reluctantly into the bath just for something to do, then wraps his arms around his narrow chest. The sparse golden hairs are standing up from his prickled flesh.

"Come on," Bucky snaps impatiently, "get on your hands and knees, Rogers, you're good at that. Ass under the tap."

The trickle of water is like ice. Steve yelps at the first touch of it and flinches away on reflex, but it doesn't even take Bucky's casual swat before he's digging his teeth into his lower lip and backing himself into it again. It runs down his crack and over his balls, along the insides of his thighs, pools around his bony shins. A few stray droplets spatter the small of his back, making him shiver, but he doesn't drop his head and he doesn't make another move to get away. He can take this.

"Came crawling home with their spunk still drooling out of you. Didn't even try to clean yourself up. You wanted me to see, didn't you? You wanted this. Spread your legs. It shouldn't be hard for you."

Down under him, where it's still warm and safe, Steve's dick oozes out another shiny drip and jumps like it hasn't even noticed the way his balls are trying to climb inside. God, this is – he didn't. He *wouldn't*. But Bucky wants him to, Bucky's filling him up with this stuff the same as he was filling his ass earlier, and Steve can't imagine doing anything but what he's told. It's hard, though: widening his thighs opens him up for the stream of water, exposing more of the delicate private skin only Bucky ever gets to see, and he huffs out a sharp breath through his nose.

"Get your fingers in there," Bucky directs. "Open yourself up for it. You're pretty stretched out, but you're so full of come that not even your nasty hole's leaked it all out yet, has it?"

“No,” Steve whispers, and then, as he reaches back, too soft to hear over the sound of the water, “Please.” He’s not really sure what he’s asking for but that doesn’t matter. He’ll take it anyway.

It’s not like going dry, quite, but the water doesn’t leave him slippery the way Vaseline or even spit does and it’s harder to work anything inside. The cold’s got him numb enough it doesn’t hurt much, though the catch of skin on skin still makes his stomach lurch, and his hole gives an involuntary spasm and clenches up like a fist around those two long fingers.

“Fuck,” Bucky says, low and breathless. “Christ, Steve, you’re...” His voice catches for a moment. “You’re so easy, aren’t you? I oughta make you wash yourself out proper, fill you up with it and leave you there squirming and whining with your guts full of cold water. You’re lucky I’m not feeling mean or I’d do it, I swear to God. I *will* do it, you ever go out and get yourself fucked like that again.” There’s an indistinct noise and then Bucky goes on, “Okay, cut that out. I just meant for you to rinse it but you’re desperate for anything up your cunt, aren’t you? Guess I have to do everything around here.”

And Bucky’s right about him, Bucky’s got to be right, because Steve doesn’t want to pull his fingers free at all. He does, though, because he’s supposed to, just gives a little wince and uses the back of his hand to wipe at his nose before he plants it back on the wet bottom of the tub. He’s shivering now; it only picks up at the contrast when Bucky’s warm, solid hand settles on his hip.

“Hold still,” Bucky says, and that’s all the warning Steve gets before the bath brush rasps over him from his tailbone all the way down to his balls.

He doesn’t yell. He grits his teeth and swallows it back and shudders, full-body, because *God* –

“How many were there?” Bucky’s fingers are digging into him hard enough there’ll be bruises to kiss tomorrow. “How many guys am I trying to scrub off you, anyway?”

“I don’t know,” Steve gasps, “I don’t, there were too many, Bucky, they took turns, I don’t know.” His chest feels tight, but it’s not from the asthma, it’s just...everything. The weight of Bucky’s disapproval and his own shame. The sheer sordid fact of his hard-on. The way he knows, *knows*, that Bucky’s going to do it again, that it’ll hurt, and he’s still kneeling there and waiting for it.

“Clean you up? Right,” Bucky mumbles to himself. “Lost fucking cause.”

Doesn’t stop him trying, though.

Steve’s biting down on pathetic little whimpers by the time Bucky’s done, every muscle tight and trembling with the struggle to keep still. When he manages to draw breath at all it only comes in broken gulps past the heaviness in his throat. But he doesn’t make a sound, and he doesn’t drop his head, and his dick is still a line of throbbing heat against his belly when Bucky turns off the tap and heaves him to his feet.

"You needed it that bad, you coulda asked me," Bucky says reproachfully. "Come on, out you get, pal. There we go. Don't I always give it to you when you ask nice?" He slings an arm around Steve's shoulders to tug him, dripping and shivering, back towards their bed. "Or is that not what you want?"

He doesn't wait for an answer, just pushes Steve down on his smarting rear end and drops on top of him to straddle his narrow hips. His skin feels almost painfully hot against Steve's chilled flesh. "Maybe you're only satisfied when you're being held down and forced," Bucky suggests, smiling like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. "But it's okay, Steve. I can do that too, no problem."

"Jesus," Steve hisses, and he shudders all over again bracketed between Bucky's legs, this time from want. But he *can't*. He's too sore and swollen, Bucky scraped him raw with the damn brush, and it's a constant low hurt that arcs into something sharp if he squeezes down.

"You want that?" Bucky plants his hands on either side of Steve's head and leans in until their lips are almost touching. His face is pink too, mouth full and wet, but it's not embarrassment. He's just hot for it. "You want me to shove my dick right back into you, push your face down into the pillow and ride your ass like I stole it? Tell me you want it."

"I do," Steve confesses, barely more than a whisper, and Bucky lets out a gravelly sound and mashes their mouths together. He bites at Steve, hungry, brutal, takes a fistful of his hair to keep him still and drinks down all of Steve's whines.

"You can't have it," he pants finally, pulling away. For a moment there's a shiny string of spit still connecting their mouths. Steve watches, mesmerized, as it lengthens and breaks. "Can't," Bucky says again, triumphant. "Got your hole so puffy and red, baby, you're not gonna be able to fit anything up there for days. It'll hurt too much if you try, and it'll drive you crazy, won't it? Hungry, eager little hole all swollen up shut, but that's the only way I can keep you out of trouble. Can't have you sloppy next time I want use you."

It shouldn't be this good. Steve's ass is burning and his balls feel so tight and heavy they must be turning blue, and he ought to be mad because he'll be walking funny tomorrow like he really *did* bend over for a whole line-up, but all he really wants is for Bucky to stop teasing and *get him off*, Jesus. He wants it so *bad*. But he can't make himself actually say it.

He leans up towards Bucky instead, propping himself on his elbows and pressing his face into the damp, sweaty line of hair that runs down his belly. It smells good there, clean sweat and musk and come. He can feel the way Bucky's stomach muscles clench and shiver when the sticky head of his cock nudges against Steve's throat, the underside of his jaw. He can feel Bucky's groan, too, and then Bucky rocks his hips a couple times to rub off against him and Steve only has to turn his head a little to drop a clumsy kiss to the shaft.

All the air bursts out of Bucky like he's been punched in the gut. "God," he says, "Steve, Steve," and he shoves Steve back down onto the bed and starts rubbing his dick all over Steve's face. He doesn't even try to get it in Steve's mouth, just wraps his big hand around the base and uses

it to smear the precome and leftover grease on Steve's cheek, across the bridge of his nose, dirtying him up. Marking him. He's panting, gasping, staring down at Steve with a desperate, hungry look, but he snaps out of it when Steve tries to snake an arm down past him to jerk himself off.

"Don't," Bucky says hoarsely, going stock still, the blood-hot length of him still pressed to Steve's face. "Don't, it's okay, I'll – here, sweetheart, here." And then he flips Steve over, easy as you please, and fits his cock between Steve's trembling thighs.

"Oh!" Steve breathes, halfway between a moan and a noise of surprise. But they've done this before and he knows what to do, raising his hips and pressing his legs together to give Bucky a nice tight space to fuck into.

"There you go," Bucky whispers. He's half draped across Steve's back, one arm wrapped tight around his belly to hold them flush and the other bracing himself as he starts to move slowly. "There you go, Steve, that's right, you just let me take what's mine, huh? You'd let me put it in you if I wanted to, wouldn't you? Be so fucking hot and tight around me, it'd hurt so bad but you'd let me. God, you should see it, baby, all flushed just like your pretty face, so shy and hurting.

"I'm gonna look at it in the morning. Gonna make you get on your hands and knees just like this, gonna make spread your little ass open so I can take a nice long look at your hole. Maybe I'll look at it while I get myself off, huh? Make you beg me for it? Maybe I'll touch you, real gentle, spit on you and rub it around with my finger, 'til your hips are twitching and your hole's all fluttery and trying to open up for me, but it can't because it's still too sore."

"Fu-*uck*," Steve manages, drawing it out into a whine, and Bucky shifts their angles just enough that his dick skids, slick and messy, across the raw flesh of Steve's cleft. It hurts, and it feels so damn filthy, and then Bucky pushes him down flat onto his belly and gets his cock right there against Steve's crack. He has to squeeze Steve's asscheeks around his it, holding them together so he can fuck the furrow between them, and on every thrust his cockhead catches on the tender rim and Steve tries to twist away from him but it just means rutting down into the mattress.

"Oh, *yeah*." Bucky's babbling now, one long string of words that don't hang together as anything more than desperate dirty nonsense. "Get it in you, sweetheart, give it to you so hard, fucking choke you on it. You want it so bad, don't you? Wanna be fucked, wanna be broken open, wanna be goddamn *wrecked* on my dick. Make you come for me, make you squirm and dance on it, feel you going tight around me, God, it feels so good, you know that? Make you do it over and over for me, make you do it ten times a day, just fucking stick you on my dick and make you suck it out of me with that sweet little hole. Don't care if it hurts – *Jesus* – I want it to hurt, Steve, want it to hurt you so bad but you're doing it anyway, for me. You'd do it, baby, you'd..."

He keeps talking, probably, but Steve doesn't hear another word. It's good, it's so good, humping the mattress and feeling Bucky up against him, hard and wet. He's aching and swollen

and so, so close, and then he thinks: what if Bucky comes right *on* him and then pushes it inside

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Steve goes off with his dick trapped between his belly and the bed, too dazed to even notice when Bucky shoots all over him and then collapses on top. They stay like that for a long time, drained and sweaty and stuck together, with Bucky's mouth jammed into the spot behind Steve's ear and moving in silently, before Bucky finally rolls off. Steve just barely manages to summon the energy to turn his head and catch Bucky's expression when he realizes how much jism is caked in his chest hair, but it's worth it.

“You've got it all over your back, too, y'know,” Bucky grouches.

Steve gives him a sleepy grin. “Guess you'll just have to scrub it for me,” he mumbles.

“Yeah,” Bucky says. He pulls up the blankets and stretches out his arm for Steve to squirm in close, pretending to scowl when Steve tucks his cold toes securely into the back of Bucky's knee. “Yeah, I think I can do that.”

## Steve's War

**Summary:** Steve Rogers is at war. Steve Rogers has a duty to maintain his own clean healthy body for the use of the United States Army. Steve Rogers is, in the end, Steve Rogers.

Mature, Archive Warning: Creator Chose not to Warn, M/M, M/F, English, 3414 Words, Published Feb. 13 2015

**Relationships:** Steve Rogers/Other(s)

**Tags:** Alternate Universe, Dubious Consent, Role Reversal, Alternate Universe – Prostitution, World War II, Pre-Serum Steve Rogers, Attempted Rape/Non-Con

Series – Part 2 of “Sergeant Barnes and his Howling Commandos”

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The first time Steve Rogers has a dick in his mouth, he's twenty minutes outside New York harbor.

The men crowd the decks, cheering and whooping, as the skyline vanishes into the horizon. For most of them, the city was as foreign as the shores of Africa, Sicily, or wherever else they might be going. They already said goodbye to home weeks or months ago, when they left their families and climbed onto the trains that took them away to be turned into soldiers.

Steve has had ten days of training in basic sex hygiene: the symptoms and treatment of venereal disease, his duty to maintain his own clean healthy body for the use of the United States Army, the vital role of mechanical and chemical prophylaxis in preventing infection. He has distinctive tabs at the collar and shoulders of his neat khaki uniform. He would have liked to watch New York disappear behind him, faster and faster now that the turbines are ramping up to their full speed, before he got on his knees.

The Atlantic crossing takes six days. Steve spends almost all of it in the bowels of the ship, where he learns how to sleep through the fucking at the other end of the compartment and the retching of the dark-skinned girl from Georgia on the bunk above, but every evening after supper their minder escorts them for a walk outside. Fresh air, Corporal Mathers believes, aids digestion. He advises them to ignore the catcalls and obscene remarks from the men thronging the deck. The crowded conditions on board and the records needed to manage sexual logistics make it impractical for them to service anyone but the crew: the troops resent being reminded of what they can't have.

When Steve lies flat on his back, there are fourteen inches of empty space between the tip of his nose and the bottom of the bunk above him.

When Steve lies flat on his back, he can't control the depth of the thrusts. It's easier if he takes it on his hands and knees.

The girls who share Steve's eight-hour shift are named Margaret and Louise. He is uncomfortable with them at first, shy of baring his own scrawny pigeon-chested body or catching a glimpse of their heavy breasts and thighs, but naked flesh quickly loses its ability to shock. They keep their eyes above one another's shoulders and share rueful smiles when a sailor has to be prompted to keep to his allotted time.

Sometimes Steve tries to read one of the books he brought with him. Sometimes he sketches. Once he begins a letter to Arnie, whose ship is somewhere in the Pacific, before he realizes he has no idea how to mail it now.

They're walking along the boat deck, reluctant ruffled ducklings trailing behind Corporal Mathers and pretending they don't hear the wolf whistles, when someone spots the plane. For a moment Steve's chest goes tight with fear – they're traveling out of convoy, they have no escort

– but when he squints into the twilight he recognizes the banking silhouette: a Catalina. One of theirs, flying out of Ireland on U-boat patrol. They're getting close.

That night he presses his cheek to the bulkhead and listens to the mellowing thrum of the engines as the ship negotiates the Irish Sea approaches to the river-mouth. His own soft grunts hardly distract him, now, and this sailor is not a talker. Afterwards, according to protocol, he cleans the man's private parts with a soapy cloth and applies the calomel and sulfathiazole ointment. The entire procedure, from the moment the sailor agreed to take Steve instead of waiting for one of the girls to the moment he zips his trousers back up, lasts twelve and a half minutes.

The orderly debarking of more than ten thousand men takes all morning. Corporal Mathers and his nine tired Army Prophylactic Auxiliaries are among the last to go: Steve, pulled out of bed hours earlier than usual to service the sudden influx of sailors still shipbound but with nothing to do, stifles a sour-smelling yawn with his hand. Pauline, by far the prettiest of them, tosses a saucy grin to the sailor who braves Corporal Mathers's disapproving stare to pinch her bottom as she squeezes past on the gangplank.

Solid ground feels strange under his feet.

They attract a certain amount of attention during the three hours they spend waiting on the train platform. No one touches them, but knots of soldiers form nearby – laughing Americans, clean and well fed, and tired-eyed Brits with lined faces – to call out compliments and lewd invitations. Steve looks around, trying to soak in everything about his first moments on foreign soil, from the coal soot hanging in the damp air to the wet wool and diesel fumes, the fishy stink of low tide on the beach below. He looks at the men, too. Strong men. Hard, in a way that he has never been, but damned if it doesn't still fill him with quiet pride to know he's serving his country beside them.

On the train he watches Britain roll by in a stream of villages and misty fields, freight yards and depots and barbed wire, until the sun goes into the ocean. After twenty years in the city, with the lights of Manhattan just across the river, blackout night is the darkest thing he's ever seen.

Steve does his work in a small white room with a regulation cot and posters on three of the four walls. The one he faces on his hands and knees with a man behind him shows a smug, smiling GI stepping into one of the Army's enlisted men's prophylactic stations, identified by the red light over the door, and a large dialogue balloon that announces, "VD? Not me!" Someone, not Steve, has drawn a mustache and eyeglasses on the soldier; once, in the lull between men, Steve adds a small Kilroy looking down at him with a skeptical expression.

During the Great War, syphilis and gonorrhea were responsible for a million and a half Allied casualties. The Germans, whose network of medically-supervised brothels behind the lines were a model of Prussian efficiency, had infection rates less than a fifth as high. Advocating will-power and self control was all very well, the War Department had concluded, but facts must be faced frankly and clean bodies provided. Steve Rogers happens to have one of these. Keeping it that way is important to the war effort.

The pro girls go for medical inspection once a week, on the morning of their day off. For Steve, this is Tuesday. Afterwards, he reads or naps or plays bridge with Ruby and Ida and Mae, or – very occasionally, if a chaperone can be spared to preclude any chance of infection from unrecorded sexual contact – joins some of the others for a walk through Piccadilly Circus.

It is common knowledge among the medical personnel that the true homosexual, among whose ranks Rogers, S. is naturally assumed to number on the mere basis of his presence, experiences erotic pleasure solely with the lips and mouth, and rarely orgasms. No one considers it at all remarkable, therefore, that his penis remains limp throughout his examination and when he fellates the doctor.

He turns twenty-one on a Sunday. Sometimes a birthday means an extra shift off, but three of the girls have the curse and it seems like every American soldier in London wants celebrate Independence Day by getting laid. Private Ritchie has to come in three times in two hours to remind a drunken GI of the fifteen-minute time-limit. The fourth time he shows up when Steve is alone, one leg hitched up on the scratchy olive blanket to apply more Vaseline, and gives him half a chocolate bar.

At the end of July, the seasick girl from Georgia leaves the dormitory window open all day and Steve returns to find his copy of *Heroes of the Western Front* soaked through with rain. It mildews in the damp air. Eventually he throws it away.

The officers' pro station is only three blocks along Jermyn Street from the unremarkable red-lit building where Steve lives and works, but it might as well be a world away. It was a warehouse even before the Americans took it over for the duration and shipped in girls from home: the blue lantern outside, carefully shaded because of the blackout, is supported by a bronze scone in the form of a kneeling Nubian slave. Steve is not nearly buxom enough to be stationed there, and he's certainly not an officer, so he would have no cause at all to go inside except that every other Thursday at half past ten a Catholic chaplain arrives to hear confession and celebrate the Mass.

Steve takes his turn after Catherine and Maria, but before the five officers' girls, on his knees on a thick Turkish carpet in a back bedroom. The priest, a thickset man who sounds a little like his mother did, listens gravely while Steve recites his sharp words, his quiet resentments – and always, always pride – and reminds him that fornication, like murder, is a mortal sin, but a soldier who kills under orders in a just war has nothing to repent of.

Of course it's strange to hear Mass kneeling beside a gilt-framed divan, trying not to look at the gently smutty graffiti carved into the mahogany panelling over the priest's left ear. Of course it's awkward to confess, as he sometimes must, that he has enjoyed his work more than he should. But Steve Rogers is at war.

As soon as the intake examination had established Steve's health insofar as it was relevant to the job at hand, one of the orderlies took his picture. He's not wearing a shirt. On the girls this glimpse of bare skin, the hint of breasts, is meant to titillate. Steve's photograph only reveals a

narrow jaw, a crooked nose, bony shoulders. It's no wonder, really, that on slow days he can spend hours alone in his small white room. On busy nights, though, when the long wooden benches in the waiting room are crowded with soldiers and sailors at liberty, plenty of men look at the number of names chalked under the photos of the pretty girls and decide they don't want to wait that long.

On the other hand, Steve can work all month. In the end it evens out.

Summer cools into autumn. The radio brings news of Allied landings in southern Italy. Mae is sent to Palermo, where Montgomery is feuding with Patton over his plan to restock the city's largest brothels with American girls. V-mail letters from Donald and Arnie, dated March and June respectively, finally make their way to Steve at mail call. Back in Brooklyn he wrote every week, like clockwork, to his friends who were overseas. Now that he's shipped out too there's no one left at home to write to him.

He doesn't mind. He's glad for the chance to serve.

Sometimes Steve puts his shorts back on between men. The girls mostly have pretty underwear, lacy things with ribbons and frills, but Steve wears the Army's basic issue drawers, twenty-eight inches at the waist and hanging low on his hips anyway. He bought his underpants in the boys' department of Abraham & Straus until he was seventeen and taught himself to take things in at the seams. He hasn't bothered to do it with the pair he only wears when he's working, though. He changes into ones that fit after he cleans up at the end of the night.

Sometimes Steve puts his shorts back on, so it happens that he isn't completely naked when they have to drag a soldier off him.

It's past midnight, on a Friday turned into Saturday by the clock but not Steve's internal reckoning, which won't tick over until he scrubs himself clean and lies down in his own bed sometime before dawn. He's been on duty for almost a full shift already when a corporal comes into the small white room and closes the door behind him.

Steve may never have crawled through mud with a rifle in his arms or done a forced march with a full pack, but he has had training. He knows what he's seeing when he undoes the corporal's trousers to reveal a semi-erect penis drooling greenish pus. He drops his hands and backs away. He smiles apologetically. He says no.

The corporal doesn't like that much. He shoves Steve against the wall with the poster that shows Hitler, Tojo, and Mussolini carrying hypodermic needles under the cheerful legend "Fool the Axis – Use Prophylaxis!" He smells like spilled beer and stale sweat and he tries to pin Steve's upper body while he fumbles with the loose waistband of Steve's shorts. He's half a foot taller than Steve, more fleshy than muscled but still nearly a hundred pounds heavier. He slaps Steve across the face when he struggles.

It would be easier to let it happen. But Steve Rogers is at war. Steve Rogers has a duty to maintain his own clean healthy body for the use of the United States Army. Steve Rogers is, in the end, Steve Rogers.

He punches the corporal in the face.

The shouting brings Sergeant Van Winkle at a run, so Steve gets no worse than a split lip and a few bruised ribs before the corporal is pulled away, still spitting invective. He explains what happened when he's asked, bleakly unsurprised that the corporal denies it all, and perches on the edge of the cot to dab at his mouth with the back of his hand and pretend he isn't listening while Van Winkle tries unsuccessfully to smooth things over. After a while one of the orderlies fetches his uniform from the washroom. He's still buttoning up his shirt when the MPs come to arrest him.

They march him out past the closed doors where the girls are working and through the waiting room packed with staring soldiers, then down onto the dark street. There's a crisp bite to the air, cool enough that Steve wastes a moment wishing for a jacket before the MPs bundle him and the corporal into the back of their jeep and cuff him to a strut. The masked headlights cast a tiny, narrow crack of light across the road, catching on the white handkerchiefs late-night revelers have tucked into their pockets as they grope their drunken way along the sidewalk. Steve can hear their laughter as the jeep motors past.

No one talks as they drive along the park. The corporal grinds his teeth. Beside him Steve looks out into the night for glimpses of sandbags and barbed wire. They walked this way at Eastertime, a whole group of them out to see the city with two NCOs as escort, and Steve remembers staring up at the Houses of Parliament through the fortifications and wondering what New York would look like if the war came home. He'd imagined concrete pillboxes in Battery Park, barrage balloons in Midtown, bomb craters in Red Hook and the tight, drawn faces of Londoners on people he knew, and he'd been fiercely glad that he was here, doing his part to keep that from ever happening.

They let him cool his heels alone in a cell for long enough that Steve dozes off despite his nerves, then wakes to find his shorts dried rough and stiff to his inner thighs. Eventually a different pair of MPs take him to sit across a table from a tired major with a Boston accent who asks him rapid-fire questions and notes his answers without changing expression.

A soldier coming out of combat, Steve has been taught, is full of the hard bitterness of battle. He will naturally seek something to relieve that bitterness: cigarettes, a deck of cards, a movie, or sexual satisfaction. The Army provides these things to him free of charge, just as it provides him with the best food, medical care, and weapons the world has yet seen. But the combat soldier's bitterness, his weary exhaustion and the stark memory of death, may breed careless indifference to his own health, so the APAC must diligently inspect his sex organs to be sure that he is strong and well.

Yes, Steve had considered alternatives to striking Corporal Durst, but they would all have involved exposing himself to VD. Yes, he could have simply reported his exposure afterwards, but the six-week treatment and quarantine would have interfered with the rest of his duties. It was a busy night. Yes, Steve is aware of the gravity of his claims. He understands that assault is a serious crime. He knows what “perjury” means. No, he would not like to revisit any of his earlier statements.

They take him to use the toilet after that. Steve spares a brief yearning thought for his douche syringe, still sitting in his locker, but he makes do with cold water and paper towels and washes his hands carefully afterwards. He lies down again on the bunk in his cell and sleeps until Captain Wahlberg appears, quietly furious, to take him home.

He doesn't speak until they're lost in the crowd of assorted Allied uniforms that mobs Whitehall at this hour, well out of sight of the building that houses the stockade, and then he takes Steve by the arm and backs him into the marble facade of one of the buildings. Captain Wahlberg is not a large man, or an imposing one, but he is taller than Steve and his fingertips dig painfully into the meat of Steve's forearm and stay there while he makes it very clear, in short blunt words Steve cannot possibly misunderstand, that Steve's role in this war is to maximize the number of fine healthy soldiers available to shoot Nazis and that he has instead cost the United States Army a fighting man.

Captain Wahlberg has never shown any particular interest in Steve. Captain Wahlberg has never seen him naked, or touched him in any way beyond this hand on his arm. But Captain Wahlberg presses him up against the wall along a busy street in central London and calls him a whore and Steve, uncharacteristically, keeps his mouth shut. He's in the Army now. This is his commanding officer. It doesn't matter that he's right and Wahlberg is wrong, or that he could quote regulations that justify his actions. When Captain Wahlberg turns away in disgust, Steve trails him silently for the mile back to the pro station.

He spends the next three weeks pulling nothing but rush-hour shifts.

Roll call in the dormitory comes at eight o'clock sharp. Steve, in yesterday's rumpled uniform and still bleary from crawling into bed well after closing time, joins the girls at parade rest and waits to be counted. He spends the duration of the day's notices – scheduling, illnesses, a stern reminder about proper disposal of rubbers that makes him roll his eyes – wondering if it's worth going to breakfast at all when he could just go back to sleep, and then Sergeant Van Winkle glances down at the list in his hand and asks for a volunteer to take a special forward posting with a commando group.

Steve doesn't think about the way he sometimes has to peel wool fibers out of his abraded palms and knees at the end of the night. He doesn't think about the tender spots on his scalp and hips, or the way his chest rattles in the cold. He does not, in fact, think at all. He raises his hand.

The walk to Captain Wahlberg's office takes longer than his packing and goodbyes. It's a chilly morning, wet and grey and thick with car exhaust and the rumble of buses, and Private Ritchie holds his umbrella over the both of them. Still, Steve's left arm is soaked, the rest of him speckled with rain, by the time they step inside.

Wahlberg's mouth tightens perceptibly when he catches sight of them in the hallway, but the man leaning against his desk with insouciant ease rolls his shoulders and only straightens when Wahlberg says something too softly for Steve to hear. He's not in uniform. He needs a shave.

He nods to Steve and holds out a big square hand. "So you're gonna be my auxiliary?" he says. "I'm Sergeant Barnes."

4F

**Summary:** "There are men laying down their lives. All I gotta do is lie down."

Explicit, Archive Warning: Creator Chose not to Warn, M/M, English, 2143 Words, Published Feb. 25 2015

**Relationships:** James "Bucky" Barnes/Steve Rogers, Howling Commandos/Steve Rogers

**Tags:** Alternate Universe, Dubious Consent, Role Reversal, Alternate Universe – Prostitution, World War II, Pre-Serum Steve Rogers, Jewish Bucky Barnes, Period-Typical Racism

Series – Part 1 of “Sergeant Barnes and his Howling Commandos”

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## Chapter 1

The comics don't show Steve.

They don't show the way the firelight plays across his face when he's sewing up a rip in one of Falsworth's shirts, or how his tongue pokes out between chapped lips as he frowns in concentration.

They don't show him fighting his way through another attack, skinny chest heaving for every whistling breath, or the way he sleeps afterwards tucked up tight against Bucky.

They don't show him down on his hands and knees taking cock from both ends like he was made for it.

The comics show Sergeant Barnes and his Howling Commandos in fine heroic form, fighting Nazis and Japs. They're meant to keep spirits up on the home front. There's no call to go showing Steve to all those nice folks.

The comics don't show the way Juniper shit himself when he was dying, either.

Steve draws his own comics when one of them can scrounge him up a pencil and a bit of paper. They're as good as the bluesies he says he used to do back home, short and funny and dirty, and Bucky hopes like hell he never gets shot because he has one of them tucked away in his pocket next to the letters from home.

He's a little gone on Steve Rogers, who's maybe a hundred pounds soaking wet, bird-boned but stubborn as anything and dumb enough to sign up for this.

"There are men laying down their lives," Steve told him earnestly. "All I gotta do is lie down."

## Chapter 2

Rogers comes back from his exam limping.

He tries to hide it, but Bucky's not an idiot: he recognizes that hitch in the kid's walk, the way his face goes tight when he settles himself gingerly onto his bunk. He's got to know he's being

watched but he doesn't meet Bucky's eyes, so after a minute Bucky goes back to his writing. The barracks are empty, quiet except for the scratch of his pen, but the sun is streaming in the windows and there's a comforting clean smell of soap and bleach and gun oil to the place. It's nice. Familiar.

*Tell all the relatives and friends hello for me, he scrawls across the bottom of the page, and remind Mother again that all the stuff in those comics is made up.* He pauses for a moment, then underlines it again. *Everything is OK!* he finishes carefully, and signs it *your loving brother, Bucky.*

There'd been a dozen letters waiting for him in London, stuffed with all the cheerful gossip of home, and he'd torn through them like a starving man: Rebecca's new job, Pearl's prize-winning essay, what Mrs. Reis had to say about the article about him in that was in the paper. Three of them included the clipping.

The letters are sitting beside him now, carefully refolded along the original creases and tucked back into their envelopes for safekeeping, but the yellowing newsprint got balled up and tossed into the trash.

Rogers is lying on his back, arms folded across his narrow chest, eyes closed and head tipped back. He hasn't moved in a couple of minutes, but he's not asleep - Bucky would recognize that soft, regular breathing.

He worries at his lip for a while, thinking, before he asks, with elaborate casualness, "Everything turn out okay?"

"Yeah." Rogers cracks an eye. "I got a slip for you, if you want it. I'm still clean."

"Good," Bucky says. "That's good."

Rogers raises his eyebrows. "You told 'em there was blood?"

"Asked for some asthma cigarettes, too," Bucky agrees. He hadn't bothered to seal up the report before sending it off with the kid, but it sounds like Rogers didn't peek. "Did they give 'em to you?"

Rogers gives an incredulous snort and sits up, wincing a little. "There wasn't blood."

"There was so," Bucky shoots back, suddenly twelve years old again and bickering with his sister. "It was on me, remember?"

"Oh," Rogers says, waving it away with his hand like blood on your dick is a normal everyday kind of thing, "that."

"Yeah," Bucky echoes, "that. So you're okay?"

"Sergeant Barnes." Rogers stares at him for a moment, his angular face unreadable, then sighs. "You say 'blood' and they think my guts are about to fall out my ass, okay? That was - I didn't even notice 'til you said something. It didn't hurt. I've seen guys bleed more trying to take a dump."

"But they checked? You're fine?"

"Yes," Rogers snaps, color rising in his cheeks now, "they checked. They cranked my ass open and shone a little flashlight up it to make sure I wasn't torn up too bad to get-" He breaks off suddenly, narrowing his eyes. "Jesus, Sarge, is that why nobody's been fucking me?"

"I told them to hold off until you saw a medic," Bucky admits. He feels kind of sheepish about it, especially since it looks like the poor guy's hurting worse now than he was before, but he'd been worried. Rogers gives him a long silent stare, but the frown slowly smooths off his forehead and the corner of his mouth twitches. "You're really something else," he says softly. "That's - look. That was decent of you, Sergeant. I mean it. But these folks...they just want to make sure I'm not gonna give anyone VD. So long as I'm well enough to suck dick for Uncle Sam, they don't mind about the rest."

Bucky... Bucky takes a deep breath, holds it for a count of three, lets it out through his mouth. The kid doesn't sound angry, just resigned. A little amused, maybe, that Bucky Barnes is still wet behind the ears. Going off half-cocked won't help anything. "Well then," he says, and he's proud of how even his voice comes out, "let's go see if we can't find a druggist and get something for your chest."

Rogers frowns apologetically. "I'm not supposed to leave the base."

"Right." He knew that. He did. "I'll check tomorrow. Maybe ask Monty. He'll know."

"Okay." Rogers tilts his head a little, watching him with frank curiosity. "I'm still pretty sore," he adds after a beat, "but I can suck you, if you want."

"Actually," Bucky says slowly, "I've been wondering - do you know how to play chess?"

### **Chapter 3**

He didn't give them anything.

For however long he lay on that table - days, months, years - he didn't give them anything *but James Buchanan Barnes, sergeant, 32557038, the tenth of March 1916*. He repeated it over and over until the words were reduced to meaningless noises, and then, when he had screamed himself hoarse, to tiny silent movements of his cracked and bleeding lips.

The men who debrief him want to know what the Germans asked him. Bucky doesn't know how to tell them that it was never an interrogation.

*Describe the sensation in your left arm, Sergeant Barnes.*

He remembers almost nothing of the escape. Confusion. Pain. Fire. Darkness. Striking out desperately at the scientist who had leaned too close and the sudden bewildering sensation of finding his fist *inside* the man's face, now a hole of blood and bone and meat.

They make him a hero. The wives and mothers of the men he rescued write him their thanks. His own mother, safe at home on Franklin Avenue, is bursting with *naches*: my son the war hero, she tells anyone who will listen. My son who saved a whole battalion.

Perhaps a hundred men limped out of factory gates with him. Eleven of them died on the march back to camp. Sergeant James Buchanan Barnes, 32557038, who had just been tortured for – how long? days, months, years -- walked thirty-five miles on legs that should have buckled under him. As a reward, the Army pins a shiny cross on his chest, gives him a team of commandos, and sends him back out to kill.

He is very, very good at it.

*Stop*, he'd begged them once, when he still had a voice. *Don't*. And the little man with the glasses had smiled down at him and told him *the procedure has already started*.

## Chapter 4

Dugan likes him to keep it in his mouth for a while afterwards. It's pretty nice, actually, to have that little break built into things. Steve usually rests his bad ear against Dugan's thigh and lets his jaw go loose and easy, counting on the tight seal of his lips to keep all the come and drool in his mouth. Sometimes he closes his eyes. Once in a while Dugan will stroke his hair, kind of absently, which Steve finds he doesn't mind.

When the bottle of brandy makes its way back around to them, Dugan takes a big swig. Somewhere off behind Steve, on the other side of the fire, Jones calls over, "Save some for the kid, Dum-Dum. Let him get the nasty taste of your dick out of his mouth."

Dugan's belly-laugh jogs Steve's head a little. He drops a heavy hand to the back of Steve's neck, thumb stroking along his throat. "How the hell do you know what my dick tastes like?" he roars back.

"Your girl told me," Jones says. "Night before I shipped out. She said it was nice having a real man for a change."

"Hey now, that's not a nice way to talk about your own ma." Dugan takes another swallow and sets the bottle down beside them. "Hardest-working lady I ever met."

"You about done?" Juniper cuts in from beside them. "You make him stay down there any longer and he's gonna choke on the smell off your shorts."

"My shorts wouldn't be half as bad if you'd stop jerking off in the wash water."

"As if any of you let Rogers off his knees long enough to actually *do* the wash," Sergeant Barnes says drily.

"Fine, fine." Dugan throws his hands up in the air. "I'm done." Steve pulls off with a wet slurping noise, gentle now that he's gone soft, and swallows down the mess he had marinating. Dugan hands him down the brandy and Steve takes a big gulp, adding to the fuzzy warmth in his belly from the last time it came around.

"Go on," Dugan tells him, "go take care of Sarge. He's been waiting real patiently."

"Nah," Steve says, wiping at his mouth with the back of his hand and tossing a grin in Barnes's direction, "he's just been trying to get it up." And then his brain catches up with him and Steve freezes, cringing, wishing he could kick himself, except that Sergeant Barnes just laughs.

It's a real laugh, his eyes all crinkled up and his head dropped down like he doesn't want them to see the way it makes his shoulders shake. He looks ten years younger. He looks happy. The others are laughing, too - Dugan gives Steve a nudge that nearly sends him sprawling - but he can't look away.

"Get your skinny ass over here," Barnes tells him - shaking his head, grinning, looking straight back at Steve, "and I'll show you just how wrong you are."

## Chapter 5

In the summer of 1940, Bucky very nearly married Ruth Mendelssohn. It would have been a good match, everyone said: she was a nice girl, pretty, with a head for numbers. Her father owned a string of delicatessens along Atlantic Avenue, which could be a fine leg up for an ambitious young man, and she had slender wrists and big dark eyes and laughed when her mother scolded her for smoking on *shabbos*.

The story that got told at the Barnes house that Thanksgiving, as the girls cleared away the *kishkesand* chopped liver to make way for a good American turkey, was about Bucky being called up. It wouldn't be fair to make her wait, he'd said, not for a whole year, or longer even if they went to war. She was a nice girl. It would have been a good match, and it was too bad, really, that he'd got his orders before he'd got up the nerve to talk to Mr. Segal about a ring. Maybe she'd wait anyway, if she really liked him, and if it was only a year.

In the end Ruth Mendelssohn married a pharmacist with flat feet. She had three babies by the end of the war, and they all grew up to go to college (though the younger boy got his leg blown off in Vietnam beforehand). She had a good life. It was probably better than she would've had if she'd been Mrs. Barnes, too, but sometimes, when things were hard, she used to wonder what would have happened if she'd had her mouth on his when she slipped her hand into his pants so she never heard him gasp her brother's name.

## Shelter Half

**Summary:** “Hey,” Bucky says, “does your breath still smell like Satan's asshole in the mornings, or did they fix that too?”

Teen, M/M, English, 2154 Words, Published Mar. 6 2015

**Relationships:** James “Bucky” Barnes/Steve Rogers

**Tags:** World War II, Established Relationship, Post-Serum Steve Rogers, Bucky Barnes Feels

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Bucky's just found himself a nice dry spot to smoke, settled back against a tree that presses the dampish wool between his shoulder-blades but keeps the last trickles of rain off his head, when Steve calls over to him: “Sergeant Barnes, a word?”

He cups his hand protectively over the cigarette as he crosses to where Steve's kneeling over his haversack, wet hair plastered to his dumb worried face, but it's more mist than drizzle now so Bucky takes another drag before he hunkers down and nods at the wet-speckled papers in Steve's hand. “Sir?”

“Bucky,” Steve hisses, and then, under his breath, “thank God.” His huge broad shoulders are corded with tension, visible even through the soggy layers of his uniform, and he's got his eyebrows pulled down and in the way that always used to mean someone – usually Steve himself – was about to get punched in the face. “Buck, I think there's something wrong with my tent.”

“Your tent,” Bucky echoes, staring. Steve's got a crumpled heap of canvas on the wet bracken in front of him, pole and stakes set neatly beside it, and he's clutching at – “Jesus Christ, Rogers, is that the fucking diagram?”

Steve smooths it open over a thigh that's twice as thick as Bucky remembers. “I've only got one guy line pin,” he says, tapping at the damp illustration and frowning. “I'm supposed to have two.” His big blunt finger comes away smudged with ink and Bucky, staring, has a sudden eerie sense of dislocation: it's Steve's hand, just exactly as he remembers it, with dirt caked under the nails and daubed with something brighter than mere human skin, but at the same time it's nothing like the hand he thought about while he was lying in his foxhole listening to the shells.

He blinks away the double image and makes himself smile. “Steve,” he says. “Steve. I love you. I do. But you gotta tell me something, okay? You gotta be straight with me. This whole thing, this team, it's not going to work if the two of us can't be on the level.”

“Sure,” Steve says, nodding, his creased forehead smoothing out into something so solemn and earnest and fucking *Captain America* Bucky doesn't know if he wants to laugh or cry. “Sure, Buck. Anything.”

“Okay.” Bucky stubs his cigarette out onto the wet ground and claps a hand to Steve's back, leans in close. “Well, I know they didn't pick you for your brains, pal, but did it ever occur to you that there's a reason it's called a shelter *half*?”

Steve's laugh is the same, at least, and then he says, “Eat shit and die, Barnes.” If they were still in New York Bucky'd tackle him into the mud now in the sure knowledge of clean clothes waiting for them at home, but they've got at least another day of humping through the woods ahead of them – and, besides, the last time he went to punch Steve in the shoulder without thinking he mostly just hurt his hand. Instead he says, “Just wait 'til you're eating nothing but meat hash for a week running, princess. Shit'll start sounding real good.”

Steve opens his mouth like he's about to say something else, cheeks going pink, but Bucky ducks away before he can get it out and grabs his gear from the dry hollow where he stashed it. Steve's got a funny look on his face as he watches Bucky come back, a sweet tired little smile, but it fades away into focused determination when Bucky hauls out his roll and tosses the pins in Steve's direction. “Big one's for your guy line,” he says. “I'll do the buttons.”

Even Steve, whose knowledge of soldiering comes out of books and newsreels, can figure out how to get a pup tent up once he's got a field manual and all the parts in front of him. Bucky lets him get on with it, not offering a hand until Steve asks, and in the end it's not as neat as Bucky would've done but at least it'll keep the rain off. “You can sleep under it if you've gotta, like a blanket,” he says, and pulls out another smoke. “We bunking together tonight?”

“Sure,” Steve says. Bucky offers him the pack but Steve shakes his head: he left the green package of Dr. Schiffmann's Asthmador Cigarettes back in Brooklyn, along with the belts from the boys' department and the slender thighs that fit just right around Bucky's waist, and he's smug with the fact that he can get by without smoking any more “You want food?”

“Sure,” Bucky says. The paper labels have all come off the cans, but he manages to score meat and beans and contributes his packet of instant coffee to the dented saucepan Jones has going over their smoky fire. Later, as he's working his way methodically through the stale caramels, Dum-Dum crouches down beside him and jerks his head in the direction of Steve's tent, a little way off from the rest. “Everything okay over there?” he asks quietly.

“Oh, yeah,” Bucky says, and then, voice pitched to carry, “It just turns out the only tent Cap knows how to pitch is in his pants.”

Steve looks up at him over his half-eaten can of hash. “Blow me,” he calls across to them.

“In your dreams, sweetheart,” Bucky says, and Dum-Dum says, “Come on, Sarge, you know you're hot stuff,” so Bucky has to flutter his eyelashes and husk back, “Aw, hell, Dugan, ain't I your gal?” When he flicks his gaze back over to Steve, though, all he can see is the bright crown of his head as he takes another bite of his supper.

The clouds are thick, and between that and the canopy of the forest overhead there's no hint of the moon. Bucky thinks, for just a moment, of the sky over Salerno, sharp and clear with stars

poured out like milk across the black, of how he'd lain on his back in the silence before the bombs started falling and thought maybe he'd find the words to tell Steve what it looked like when he got home. But Steve's here now, staring blindly down into his unlucky C-ration like he can't quite believe the United States Army would do this to him, and before long it's pitch black except for their little fire so there's nothing to tell him about anyway.

Bucky shoots the shit halfheartedly for a while, watching Steve watch the men and the fire and the darkness around them, and then he says, "I'm gonna hit the hay. You sleep tight, boys and girls, and don't forget to wake me if the Krauts come knocking."

Jones says, "Night, Sarge," and Morita says, "Wait, there's *girls* here? Hot damn, nobody told me there was *girls*," and Dum-Dum says, "Well, Monty's a limey, that's close enough," and Bucky finds his way back over to the lopsided tent to the sound of their laughter.

It's too cold to strip all the way down to his skivvies, but Bucky takes off his boots and his wet socks so his feet won't rot and folds his coat up for a pillow before he climbs under his blankets. Steve ducks in a couple of minutes later, big and awkward in the tight space, and Bucky can tell he's trying to move quietly but either he doesn't have the knack or Bucky'd just pick up the sound of him anywhere. "I'm not asleep yet," he says, soft.

"Oh," Steve whispers back, "okay, good," and Bucky can hear him shucking out of his uniform but he can't see a thing. The corner of his blanket lifts for a moment, letting in a rush of air chilly enough to make him yelp out, "Christ!" and then Steve gropes out his own bedroll and fumbles his way into it.

"You do that again and I'll slit your God damn throat," Bucky says, and Steve laughs and says, "It's not even that cold, Buck."

"Yeah, well," Bucky says, "not all of us are walking science experiments, asshole. I fucking hate being cold."

"C'mere and I'll warm you up," Steve says, and it's almost a joke except that Bucky can hear the hot truth in his voice.

There's a lot of things Bucky could say, and he opens his mouth for one of them and then shuts it again because he doesn't know if he means it or not. If it was one of the guys he'd laugh, he'd say *oh, baby, you know what it does to me when you talk like that* and they might end up curled together but it wouldn't be anything but buddies.

It's not like that with Steve.

"I thought about you," Bucky says instead. "The whole time. Your bony little wrists and your stupid eyebrows."

"Well, you have a duck mouth," Steve says, "and your chin looks like a butt, so you've got no room to talk."

Bucky says, "Still, you'd think they could've done something about your nose."

"Go fuck yourself," Steve tells him, and there's another yawning silence just waiting for Bucky to fill it in with some kind of kidding but he can't find the words. He wants to press his fingers into the little hollows between Steve's ribs and feel the delicate strength of him, and he's never going to be able to do that again.

"Hey," he says, "does your breath still smell like Satan's asshole in the mornings, or did they fix that too?"

Steve says, "I don't know. Haven't had anyone to bitch at me about it, anyway, since." He's quiet for a minute, and then he adds, softly, "I missed it."

Bucky closes his eyes, even though it doesn't matter in the deep dark of the tent. "Yeah," he says, and he wants Steve to touch him, too, with a sudden desperate zeal, but he's not sure he can stand to feel those stranger's hands against his skin. "You could've found someone, though."

"Wouldn't've known what to do if I had," Steve says, real quiet. "Took me a long while to stop hitting my head on stuff and tripping over my own feet. You always made being tall look easy."

Bucky thinks for a minute, remembering turning from a chubby kid into a gangly one, more elbows and ankles than anything else, and how bad his legs used to ache at night, and laughs a little. "Just practice, I guess."

"Yeah," Steve says, and all the joking is gone, and the stupid self-effacing modesty and everything else, his voice flayed down to something hoarse and raw. "That's what I've been hoping, Buck."

It hadn't occurred to him, somehow, that Steve might be just as scared as he is. Steve's supposed to be the brave one, even when it means he's a stupid fucking son-of-a-bitch who doesn't know how to back down. Bucky's the guy who saw those big tanks coming up over the hill and all he'd thought was *thank fucking God, no more waiting*.

Bucky says, "Oh," and then he puts out his hand, slow and careful, until he feels the strange new curve of Steve's shoulder. Steve is trembling just a little, curled in on himself in the dark like he wants to be small again. Bucky doesn't say anything about it, but he slides his fingers up Steve's neck and strokes his damp hair the wrong way so Steve makes a tiny noise. "What?" Bucky asks.

"Hands're cold," Steve says hoarsely.

"Aw, poor babydoll," Bucky says, and before he let himself think too hard about it he lunges over and grabs for Steve with his other hand, too. His fingers end up right into the warm crook of Steve's armpit, and Steve squawks and flails, shoving Bucky away with all that dreadful unfamiliar strength, but they're both laughing. Bucky knows this part.

"You're an asshole, Bucky Barnes," Steve says, and Bucky says, "At least I'm pretty," and gives Steve a kick for good measure. "Shift over," he orders. "I'm coming in there. You don't like my cold hands, you can do something about 'em."

"Fine," Steve grumbles, and makes room.

It takes some doing, two big men in one bedroll, but Bucky gets his arm around Steve's ribcage, so much broader than he remembers, and tucks his knees up into the backs of Steve's. It's nothing like it ever was before, Steve wouldn't let himself be treated like something precious and fragile, and the nagging wrongness of being the one to hold Steve in his arms means Bucky's pressed right up against him without embarrassing himself.

"Gonna take some getting used to," Bucky says right into what used to be Steve's bad ear. He kisses the back of Steve's neck, quick and dry, and Steve sighs contentedly.

"Yeah," Steve murmurs, "but we'll do it together. We got time."

## Government Issue

**Summary:** Rogers, Steven G.: impulses, sexual, for the satisfaction of.

Explicit, Archive Warning: Creator Chose not to Warn, M/M, English, 5537 Words, Published April 3 2015

**Relationships:** James "Bucky" Barnes/Steve Rogers, Howling Commandos/Steve Rogers

**Tags:** Alternate Universe, Dubious Consent, Role Reversal, Alternate Universe – Prostitution, World War II, Pre-Serum Steve Rogers, First Time, Sloppy Seconds, Period-Typical Homophobia

Series – Part 3 of "Sergeant Barnes and his Howling Commandos"

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Steve falls asleep less than an hour after takeoff.

He doesn't mean to. His insides are still in knots, nerves and excitement slower to vanish than the green square of the airfield beneath them, and the throaty roar of the engines still rattles his teeth like he's another part of the fuselage whenever he presses his face to the window. On the other hand, he's sore and exhausted and, at least for the moment, surplus to requirements. The men are paying him no attention at all. Most of them are dozing. It's brighter than he's seen in weeks, here above the fleecy blanket of the clouds, so one of them tipped his bowler hat down to block out the sun before beginning to snore.

Steve's insides are still in knots, but he tucks his own chin against his chest. At length, he closes his eyes too.

None of them have touched him. They've hardly spoken to him, in fact, or to each other. They're so uniformly red-eyed and unshaven that Steve's sure he'll be able to smell the stale whiskey in their sweat when he gets close. They've all been looking at him, though: long appraising stares, quick darting glances, and Sergeant Barnes's grim-faced scrutiny while Steve knelt in the hallway outside Captain Wahlberg's office to add his few belongings to the pack he was given. He has it settled between his feet now. It's an unaccustomed presence, but he'll get used to it if they keep him.

He sleeps for a while, then jars awake, blinking owlishly, at what he eventually realizes must have been a shift in the timbre of the twin propellers' mad whirl. The nose of the plane is angled down, the heavy pack lolling against his forward ankle, and as he watches they drop through a thick wet haze and emerge beneath into daylight gone gray and dismal. The men are waking around him, moving with purpose, and Steve watches them out of the corner of his eye so he can copy what they do.

Their pilot sets them down in a rutted pasture full of incurious sheep, but Steve only has a moment to appreciate the unfamiliar way French mud sucks at his boots before he has to trot after the men, pack thudding against his back, towards a truck waiting under cover of some dripping trees. Barnes exchanges a few words with the driver in a language Steve doesn't recognize, then gives them a nod that seems to be a signal to climb into the back. The mustachioed Brit, whose name Steve was told along with the others' but can't remember now, has to help him scramble up.

He hunkers down in a corner of the truck-bed. The damp burlap is peeling back to reveal musty straw laid over the floorboards, and Steve pulls it back down before he sits. He watches the men ensconce themselves and their gear, exchanging jokes and jostling each other good-naturedly now that they've had a few hours' rest, but they still give him a wide berth.

He drops his eyes when he sees them looking. It's a tense, uncomfortable feeling: everyone in the truck knows perfectly well they're all going to be inside him before bedtime, but it doesn't stop them from being strangers.

Eventually, the ancient engine wheezes to life with a series of rattles that puts him in mind of pneumonia. Sergeant Barnes, still standing in the road and watching the airplane make its bumpy way to one edge of the field, doesn't turn until the truck actually starts to move; then, smiling a little, he jogs after them, grabbing the tailgate and swinging himself easily up and in. There's plenty of room for him, the men all bunched together at the far end with a casual indifference to where one starts and the next begins, but he settles wordlessly beside Steve instead.

It isn't raining now, but the air is thick with mist. It obscures the indifferent sheep and muffles the sounds of the plane even before the truck bounces around a curve and interposes a new expanse of wet trees between them. Steve watches the landscape unspool, tilting his good ear towards the men to piece together their scraps of conversation – is Dum-Dum the man with the bowler, or is that Dugan? – and all the while gnawingly aware both of how close Barnes is to him and of how little idea he has of what he's doing.

“Rogers,” Sergeant Barnes says finally, after watching him in silence for so long that any speech at all comes as a surprise. “Where you from?”

“Brooklyn,” Steve tells him. “From New York City, Sergeant.”

“You don't say.” Barnes brushes a strand of dark, damp hair off his forehead with the back of his hand. He leans a little closer. “Whereabouts?”

Steve thinks of the frame house off Gold Street where they lived when he was small, and then of the narrow bed he and his mother shared in the curtained alcove between the Roths' kitchen and their hallway. It was his mother's during the day while Steve was at school and his while she worked the night shift in the tuberculosis ward, and then later it was only his until Mrs. Roth's sister's family came over from Vienna. He thinks of the cheap furnished rooms he rented

by the week, and the flea-filled flophouse mattresses when work was scarce, and the hot summer nights spent in the park with half the workingmen of Brooklyn.

“Near the Navy Yard,” he says.

“Huh,” Barnes says. He pauses. “You do this back there?”

Steve doesn't understand what he means, at least not immediately, and so he echoes, “Do...?” before he realizes that Sergeant Barnes is asking whether Steve used to be one of those rouged boys who hung around by the waterfront waiting to be picked up by a seaman. “Oh!” he blurts. “No! God, no. I do – lettering. Advertisements. I draw.”

“Oh.” Barnes's full mouth twists down at the corner. In the silence, he pulls out a cigarette, turning it between his fingers. He doesn't light it. “My folks are on Franklin Avenue,” he offers. “A little north of Eastern Parkway.”

“Oh,” Steve repeats. That's a nice part of town, he thinks, a world away from the Edison plant coughing out coal smoke and the shadows under the Fulton Street El. “Do you miss Brooklyn?”

Barnes lifts his eyebrows, then glances away, down at his hands. He has a matchbook too. The thick black text on the cover warns that mosquito bites cause malaria. “Sometimes,” he says quietly. “Do you?”

“I miss pastrami sandwiches,” Steve admits, “and chop suey and egg creams.”

“Family?”

Steve gives a little shake of his head. “I have three sisters,” Barnes says.

He tucks the cigarette, still unlit, into the corner of his mouth, and draws a dog-eared photograph out of his peacoat. He doesn't say anything when he hands it over, so Steve just takes it and looks down at the faded, yellowing picture. There's Barnes, smiling and handsome with his service cap tilted just so, flanked by a plump beaming woman and a solemn man with the same cleft in his chin. In front of them, three girls with dark braids and neat dresses grin into the camera. The smallest one has a large gap where her front teeth out to be. “Rebecca, Pearl, and Esther,” Barnes tells him.

The man in the bowler calls over to them, laughing: “Hey Bucky, you're showing him your sisters?”

“What?” one of the others breaks in. “That's not fair! You wouldn't show *us* your sisters!”

“Well, no shit,” Sergeant Barnes says, straightening and raising his voice. Without looking, he plucks the photograph neatly out of Steve's hand and slips it away. Then he strikes a match. There's a pause, a long deep inhale, and he blows out a plume of smoke and tilts an easy,

eye-crinkling smile in their direction. "I don't need some horny motherfucker jerking off to my sisters, do I?" he says.

The unspoken implication is, of course, that Steve is not the sort of man who could possibly threaten the honor of the Misses Barnes. And it's true that he isn't, because that's not the sort of thing Steve would do, but that's not the point. His face burns.

The man with the bowler asks for a cigarette. Barnes leans over as if he's going to give it to him, but at the last moment he darts out a hand almost impossibly fast and knocks the hat clean off instead. There's a roar of "oh, you dirty bastard!" followed by a brief scuffle, and by the time it's over Barnes is sprawled across three of his men, grinning broadly, with the Frenchman's small dark cap resting precariously across his forehead. "Wake me if there's an ambush," he says, and settles against them with an ostentatiously satisfied sigh.

Steve leans against the side of the truck and closes his eyes. He's sure, though, as the truck jolts them down the narrow road, that Barnes isn't really sleeping either.

There's no ambush, not that Steve is surprised. Someone, probably not Sergeant Barnes, has clearly put a lot of thought and effort into planning this mission. Someone arranged for the little Twin Beech to carry six men and their auxiliary deep into occupied territory without attracting anti-aircraft fire. Someone made sure an antique truck full of mildewed hay would meet them in a particular place at a particular time.

Someone must have picked a campsite for them, too, because the truck rolls to a stop in the middle of an unremarkable stretch of road and the men pile out as if they have been expecting it. Sergeant Barnes goes around the front to say something to the driver, who laughs, and pauses to consult a map and compass.

Then he leads them into the woods.

Steve Rogers is just a kid from Brooklyn. He grew up playing stickball on cobbled streets where the strength of a whack was measured in manhole covers, and up until today the closest thing he's ever seen to wilderness was the Ravine in Prospect Park.

Still, he tries.

He falls twice. The first time someone up ahead laughs, not unkindly, and Private Jones stops to offer him a hand. The second time, when his toe catches on a root hidden under the slippery layer of wet leaves and he goes down hard enough to knock the wind out of him, Sergeant Barnes circles back and takes Steve's pack. "Just watch your footing," he says.

They make camp in a clearing surrounded by dark bare trees. Steve is sent to dig a hole for a latrine, and then, when Morita pronounces it deep enough, to fetch water from the stream. By the time he lugs the heavy jerrycan back, they've put up the pup-tents and covered them with camouflage. Three of them are together in a neat row and the fourth – notably cleaner, with the stenciled "U.S." still crisp and clear on the outside – is set some ways away. Steve's pack is just

visible through the open flap, still closed and with the odd bulges at the top where he stuffed in his books.

He's cautious about joining the men warming supper over the small fire, but when he gets close enough to smell his stomach growls so loudly that Barnes looks up from his map and laughs. "Guess we'd better feed you before we put you to work," he says. "What's on the menu tonight, Dum-Dum?"

"Prime rib," the man with the bowler, Dum-Dum, answers promptly. "And lobster bisque to start."

"Yeah?" Barnes stretches. "'cause to me, it looks an awful lot like someone's had the GI shits in that pot."

"Well," Dum-Dum says, peeking in and miming surprise, "whaddaya know. Maybe it's meat stew with beans, then."

"Welcome to the Army, Mr. Rogers." Barnes nods towards Steve's tent. "Get your kit. New guy eats first."

It isn't good, the food, but it's no worse than what he had in London, and Steve is hungry besides. Except for a small D-bar around midday, he hasn't eaten since before he went on duty last night. He makes himself go slow, though, alternating spoonfuls of watery stew with soggy bites of canned biscuit and potatoes, because it's been years since "starving" was more than a figure of speech but not so long that he's forgotten how to be grateful for what he's got.

When he's cleaned his plate and downed the last of his phony lemonade, Steve refills the cup straight from the jerrycan. Private Morita, sitting closest to him, calls over, "Hey, don't – you have to put in purification tablets before you can drink it, kid. You'll make yourself sick." He's smiling when he says it, so Steve pauses in his search for the right shape stick and smiles back.

"I'm not gonna drink it," he says.

There's a brief, profound silence, and then Sergeant Barnes says, very loudly, "Monty, you limey son-of-a-bitch, I swear to fucking God, if you steal my shit tickets again I'll put my foot so far up your ass..." So: Laughter. The soft sound of a packet of toilet paper being lobbed at someone's head. Steve hunches his shoulders even farther and stares into the fire. Out of the corner of his eye, he can see Barnes looking at him. He pretends he doesn't.

After a while, when he's tested the water on the inside of his wrist for the third time and decided it'll do, Steve carries the cup back to his tent and then into the woods. He dug the latrine far enough from the camp that he can barely make out the hum of voices over the sound of the wind between the trees, the irregular drip of rainwater from the naked branches, so he focuses on those wild noises while he undoes his fly and takes a leak. Then he drops his pants and reaches back between his legs.

Steve Rogers put something up his own ass for the first time at an induction center in the Bronx. It wasn't much, just a thin nozzle attached to a rubber bulb full of water, but he kept stopping to make sure he was doing it right. He had been given a pamphlet with clear, step-by-step instructions for evacuating the rectum of fecal matter in advance of his medical examination. It included several diagrams.

On the other hand, no one had told him what to do with the small tin of Vaseline. They assumed he already knew.

Now, in the woods, he tests his asshole carefully, setting two fingers against it and clenching until the ring of muscle stands out in relief. He presses a little, and it aches, but as long as he's squeezing down it doesn't give. That's good. Steve lets himself relax. Then, using the trunk of a tree to keep his balance, he spreads his legs as far apart as he can manage with the olive drab bunched around his knees. He traces a fingertip over the little wrinkles of skin. There's one spot in particular where he sometimes tears; it's never bad enough to hurt, but the seep of bright blood can really throw a guy off balance. Today, though, it isn't any more tender than the rest of him.

That's good too.

Steve showered and cleaned himself out after his last shift, and he hasn't had much to eat since, but he takes his time anyway. It's worth doing this right.

He rinses twice with the warm water. Afterwards, squatting over the latrine to make sure it all empties out, he looks up at the low, watery sun and thinks about nothing much at all. The air is chilly, so his bare thighs are prickling with gooseflesh. When he stands up again he can see the fat red bulb of his douche syringe bobbing up and down in the cup. It's by far the brightest thing in the November forest.

Steve Rogers has spent six months serving his country the only way they would take him. That's meant a lot of nights mostly on his knees, which in turn has meant a lot of moments like this. He has a job to do. It just happens to include slicking his fingers with Vaseline all the way up to where they meet the palm of his hand, then sliding them into his ass.

Eventually, he spreads them apart.

It doesn't hurt. It doesn't really feel good, either, but then it isn't meant to. Steve isn't jerking off; he's just opening himself up the way he's learned is the quickest and most efficient. He's had plenty of practice, and in the past twenty-four hours he's already had at least a dozen men inside him. More than ten, anyway; fewer than twenty. By the end of the night most guys take one look between his legs and go for a blowjob instead.

He makes a lot of noise on his way back to camp. It's mostly unintentional, because if there's a trick to not snapping twigs underfoot Steve doesn't know it yet and it feels strange to climb a hill when his ass is loose and greased-up, but he also wants the men to hear him coming. They're

still sitting around the fire, smoking and talking, and they glance over when he comes out of the trees without actually pausing their conversation.

“All set?” Sergeant Barnes asks.

Steve jerks his head towards his tent. “Two minutes,” he says in a voice he almost doesn't recognize.

Whoever packed his gear gave him plenty of blankets, so Steve unrolls them and smooths them across the bedroll on the wet ground. He strips down to his skivvies, tucking his socks inside his shoes and folding the rest of his uniform as neatly as he can, and sits. His shorts are already sticking to him, and they'll be worse by the end of the night, but Steve isn't sure how long they'll be in the field or when he'll have a chance to wash his underpants. It occurs to him that he also doesn't know what country they're in, or if he's even allowed to ask.

From the other side of the camp, Steve can hear laughter. Then there are footsteps, and he can see a pair of boots being toed off just outside the tent, but he doesn't actually know who's going to use him first until Sergeant Barnes ducks in.

“Rogers,” he says, blinking in the sudden dimness, and starts to unbutton his coat.

“Sergeant,” Steve says. He's cross-legged on the blanket with his hands resting on his bony knees. “Which end do you want?”

Barnes looks him over. Steve raises his chin, just a fraction of an inch, and looks back. Partly, he's curious about what kind of man makes polite small-talk with a pro boy. Partly, too, he's just forgotten how to feel shy about being eyeballed.

“Do you care?” Sergeant Barnes asks him. He keeps undressing while Steve considers the question, shrugging out of his coat and tossing it into the corner, undoing his belt and sliding through the loops in his pants, but he stops with the thick leather still doubled over in his hand. He tilts his head a little. He raises his eyebrows.

Steve shrugs. “Not really.”

“Turn around, then,” Sergeant Barnes orders, and Steve obediently gets on his hands and knees and executes a neat about-face. Behind him, he hears the rustle as Barnes knee-walks up the blanket, then the sound of a zipper. When he looks back over his shoulder, Barnes is sliding his pants and drawers together down his hips. His exposed penis is red and heavy, still mostly soft, but he wraps his hand around it and gives it a little tug.

Steve should stop him now for a short-arm inspection, but it's been dawning on him – slowly, in fits and starts over the course of the day – that there's a good chance no one would come if he yelled.

His working conditions have never been what you might call good, not at the fruit store or for the three weeks before he got fired from Max Cohn's tailor shop, not even in the drafty little office at the ad agency, but even when Steve started getting on his knees for GIs he always knew there was someone whose job it was to look out for him. Now, in his undershirt and shorts in a tent in the forest somewhere in Nazi-occupied Europe, an awful lot suddenly depends on what kind of man his squad leader turns out to be.

No one's given him any reason to think he'll need to yell. Sergeant Barnes made polite small-talk, after all, and the worst anyone else has done is ignore him. But Steve isn't sure what would happen, if he did.

"Do you have gear?" he asks instead.

"Gear?" Barnes repeats blankly. He's naked from his waist to his knees, so Steve can see and hear how his hand brushes against his dark pubic hair with every stroke. He doesn't stop touching himself while he talks. "What do you need?"

"Prophylactic kits." Steve meets Barnes's eyes. He can't tell what color they are, inside the tent, and he doesn't exactly remember, but he thinks maybe they're blue. Anyway, it's not like he'll be short on chances to look later on and in better light. "The ointment for after. I'm clean but it's protocol."

"We were through medical last week," Barnes says, cool as a cucumber, "and nobody's had a chance to pick anything up since. Anyway, they're not idiots." He takes his hand off his thickening dick and puts it on Steve's hip instead, over the thin cotton of his shorts, with his big thumb rubbing back and forth a little. "It's just us out here. Anyone who gets you sick is getting everyone else sick, right?"

"Right," Steve says, "okay," and when Barnes hooks his fingers under the waistband he lifts his legs, one at a time, so Barnes can pull the underwear all the way off him. He settles his knees a little farther apart than they were, for balance, and tilts his ass up. "Ready when you are."

He's slippery with Vaseline but Sergeant Barnes still spits into his hand before he lines himself up. Steve makes a noise the first time it bumps against him, just a tiny one; he bites his lip to keep from whimpering again, and bears down, and Barnes puts it in.

It doesn't hurt. Steve is, by this point, thoroughly familiar with his own anatomy: he knows how many fingers to use when he opens himself up, how to relax his sphincter to accommodate someone else's sex organ. Sergeant Barnes kneels behind him, cradling Steve's skinny hips while he thrusts; his left hand is warm and damp with saliva.

The men who use him hardly ever care whether Steve produces a facsimile of enjoyment, so he lets his mind wander while he takes it. He works a shred of meat out from between his teeth with the tip of his tongue. He inhales the faint but distinct odor of mothballs from the blanket. He listens to Sergeant Barnes's breath, which is still calm and even, and closes his eyes.

He opens them again, a few minutes later, when he feels a hand on his dick.

Steve is partly hard already, because the angle means that Barnes has been nudging against the gland at the bottom of his bladder in a way that feels good. He gets a lot harder, very quickly, when Barnes wraps strong calloused fingers around him and starts to jerk him off. He also twists violently around, shocked and a little ashamed, and sees that Barnes is smiling at him for the first time. "You don't mind, do you?" he asks, without taking his hand off Steve's dick.

It's not the first time Steve's gotten a reach-around, but someone else's hand on him still feels utterly strange. Barnes doesn't move, though, just watches him as he slowly lets out his breath and shakes his head. "I don't mind," Steve agrees.

"Good," Barnes says, and snaps his hips.

It doesn't hurt. Steve rests his forehead on his folded arms and tilts his ass up even farther. When Sergeant Barnes works out that he likes attention to the tip, two firm quick strokes for every thrust inside him, he lets out a small strangled moan, but besides that there's only the rough sounds of their breathing, the familiar wet slap of flesh being crammed up his asshole. After a while Barnes starts to rub little circles on Steve's hip again, and eventually Steve buries his face in the blanket and bites his lip and comes. Barnes keeps fucking him afterwards, his wet hand planted beside Steve's head, but not for very long.

Neither of them moves at first. Steve keeps his eyes closed, damp flushed cheek pressed into the rough wool, until Barnes gives his hip a little squeeze. "Thanks," he says, and slips himself carefully free.

"Yeah." Steve pushes up onto his haunches, ginger, but he's clenched up tight enough that he isn't leaking yet. There's no prophylactic slip for him to sign, no need for his usual patter about wrapping your private parts up with toilet paper to keep from smearing the greasy antimicrobial salve into your underwear. Barnes is already pulling up his pants. "Sure thing, Sergeant."

He puts his shorts back on while he's waiting, because it's getting colder now that the sun's going down and he feels stupid wearing nothing but his undershirt. There's no point in getting more dressed than that. There are voices rising and falling around the fire, mostly Barnes. Steve might not be able to hear what they're saying, but he can guess what they're talking about. It does not, honestly, require much imagination. He knows what gets said about guys like him.

While he waits, Steve divides the last page of his sketchbook into three columns. He labels them in his neat Palmer script – masturbation by hand, copulation by mouth, sodomy *per anum* – and pencils in the date and Barnes's name. There's no one to countersign his logs; he does it anyway.

When they finally come it's one after another, but it's not so bad. The Britisher with the red hat asks for his arse, please, and holds him in place with one hand gripping his shoulder. The side of his forefinger rests along Steve's clavicle, just above the edge of his shirt; when he gets close

he takes a fistful of the cotton, dragging his knuckles across bare skin. He tugs as he finishes, and the collar stretches but doesn't tear.

Steve starts to drip a little while he's crouched on the sticky blanket with a mouthful of Dum-Dum's dick, nose pressed into the sour piss-and-ball-sweat of his crotch, and then worse after the Frenchman makes it clear, through a series of increasingly obscene gestures, that he wants Steve to ride him. Morita keeps his hands clear and his eyes shut for his blowjob, and towards the end he whispers something that might be the name of a girl back home – or more likely in some camp, unless his sweetheart's white – so Steve closes his eyes too. Some things are private.

Jones goes last. Steve expects to be cornholed again since Jones glances down at his backside before his face, but maybe Jones doesn't like the way his underwear is clinging between the legs or the jar of Vaseline he didn't bother to screw shut because he goes for Steve's mouth instead. Colored fellows, it turns out, taste just the same.

"You need anything?" Jones asks, after, but Steve shakes his head.

"I'm good," he says. Jones nods. Jones smiles at him, and wishes him a good night, and then Steve Rogers is alone.

He sits for a while, with his head emptied out and his own steady pulse the loudest thing he can hear, before it comes to him that there's come drying on his thighs and his shorts and the blanket he was on top of while he was doing his job. Also, that his water has long since gone cold and the latrine is a dark walk away over uneven and unfamiliar ground. He's tired. His back aches, dully, and it's been more than six months since he fell asleep without the soft sounds of the girls' breathing around him. Since Brooklyn.

Finally, as a compromise between hygiene and fatigue, Steve wipes himself with the filthy blanket. Then he balls it up, with the stains on the inside, and shoves it into an empty corner of the tent. It's cold, and if he leaks any more his shorts will take most of it, so he pulls his clothes back on, and a second pair of socks over the first. He's just about to crawl into what's left of his blankets when the tent-flap opens again.

The flashlight is lying beside his bedroll, a small bright half-circle of light pooled on the grass in front of it, but the rest of its beam barely illuminates the tent enough to distinguish the textures of the dark. The man at the doorway has to crouch down low before his face crosses the diffuse boundary between murk and mere dimness.

"Sergeant," Steve says softly, when he recognizes him, and pushes himself up onto his knees. "Round two?" He's back in uniform, but what does Barnes care about that? Even with three squares a day from the Army, Steve can still curl his fingers under the sharp edge of his ribcage; nobody really wants to see his spindly legs and narrow chest.

Sergeant Barnes drops his head a little. The light paints big shadows under his cheekbones, turning his handsome face fleetingly gaunt and skull-like, before he looks up again. “Nah,” he says. “Just checking on you. Everything copacetic?”

“Yeah,” Steve says. He raises one shoulder in a shrug and says it again: “Yeah, sure.”

“Good.” Barnes lifts his hand, pauses, then sets it back down – flat, fingers splayed – on the ground. “Well, listen, if you're not too beat, we'd better talk about how this is going to go.”

Steve nods silently, and waits, and finally Sergeant Barnes says, “This outfit ain't exactly regulation. We all...” He plucks a blade of grass, presses his thumbnail against it without really looking, and lets the two pieces fall. “It's special circumstances, anyway, and nobody's briefed me on how things usually work with a, uh, prophylactic auxiliary, so we'll play it by ear.” When Steve doesn't say anything, Barnes bulls on: “I'll draw up a rota, keep things fair. All the guys, the six of us, every time – is that gonna be too much?”

Steve Rogers is tired. He's tired, and his back aches, and every night for the last three weeks he has been on his knees for, on average, twenty-five men over the course of his eight-hour shift.

He laughs.

It's a brief, ugly bark. Steve cuts it off fast, a little ashamed of himself and a little defiant, and says instead, in a voice that's slightly rougher than it was a minute before, “I can handle six just fine, Sergeant. That's light duty.”

He watches the way Barnes's jaw tighten, how his brow goes furrowed under the hair brushing down across it, and wishes he could find the words to explain that he has a job to do. But what would he say, really? Steve Rogers is an American, and therefore acutely conscious of his dignity as an individual; it would never occur to him to say that joining the Army made him the closest thing there is to a human item of mass-production. That he's government issue, like rations and gas-masks and bricks of coarse yellow soap. Rogers, S.: impulses, sexual, for the satisfaction of.

“Okay,” Sergeant Barnes says. He starts to crawl backwards, pulling his head and shoulders out of the tent and into shadow. “Well, get some sleep, kid. We're hauling ass at dawn.”

Without realizing that he's doing it, Steve leaves room in the air between them for the inevitable joke. It doesn't come. He blinks, nonplussed, and in a sudden impulse to fill the empty space he blurts, “I'm proud to be serving with you fellas, Sergeant.”

“Yeah?” Barnes pauses. His big blunt-tipped fingers, still curled around the tent-flap, are the only part of him Steve can make out anymore, but he thinks he can hear a smile in his voice. “Fuckin' A, Rogers.”

The flap falls shut.

Steve can hear Barnes getting to his feet and moving off across the clearing. He can hear the wind, too, and low laughter from the men sitting by the fire, and between those sounds a faint rustling that might be animals or Germans. The ground is hard, but they picked him a good flat spot and packed him plenty of blankets. He pulls them up around his chin, flicks off the flashlight, and closes his eyes. Inside their two pairs of socks, his feet are even warm.

# Love Letters

**Summary:** Bucky Writes his sweetheart.

Explicit, M/M, English, 7566 Words, Published May 14 2015

**Relationships:** James “Bucky” Barnes/Steve Rogers

**Tags:** Alternate Universe, Dubious Consent, Role Reversal, Alternate Universe – Prostitution, World War II, Pre-Serum Steve Rogers, First Time, Sloppy Seconds, Period-Typical Homophobia

[Compilation note - This collection of epistolary fics was saved in 2019 after not being updated for 4 years; this fic was listed as “in progress” when it was last updated. If it feels like it ends suddenly, it does.]

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## Chapter 1

December 3 1942

Tunisia

Sweet darling pretty little S –

This is going to be one of *those* letters so you’d better wait until you’re home before you read any farther. Get inside, close the door behind you, put down all the stuff you’re carrying. I mean it. Go lie down on our bed and close your eyes for a minute and think about me. (I know you’re not. I can see you standing there in the hallway with your foot stuck in the door reading ahead. You’re chewing on your lip aren’t you? You know you’re only going to have yourself to blame when you get to the end and it’s not as good as if you’d done it the way I’m telling you to do it. I want you do to what I say the first time, so I can imagine you doing it, and then next time you read it you can do whatever you like. Go lie down.)

Anyway I hope you’re lying down now, because that’s how I’m imagining you: just lying there in our bed, your hair all mussed, probably with your legs spread and one hand between them already even though I didn’t say you could. So here’s how it’s going to go, honey. I’m going to think about what I want you to do and I’m going to write it down here, and then when you read it you have to do it before you go any farther. You just have to trust me to take care of you even when I’m all the way over here, OK? And I’ll trust you to do as you’re told or else ‘fess up when you write me tonight and then I’ll have to think up some way to teach you a lesson. But I hope you’ll be good for me.

So first thing I want you to do is take your hand out from between your legs and just play with your tits for a while. Run your hands over ‘em for me. Pinch your nipples a little bit, get them all

nice and sore, and imagine me watching while you do it. Imagine I'm sitting there watching and if I don't think you're doing a good enough job I'm going to take over and you know I won't be gentle about it. You know how much I like playing with your pretty tits but I think I like watching you do it even more. Or even just thinking about you doing it because I told you to, and blushing the whole time. I bet you're blushing now.

Now you can take one finger – only one, mind – and trail it down your belly and between your legs. Just caress yourself real lightly there, barely enough to feel it, and don't you dare make yourself come until I say so. Just tease yourself for me, the way I would if I was there. I'm imagining you doing it. And you know if I was there I'd be running my mouth, too, telling you what a pretty picture you were making all spread out on our bed and touching yourself. I bet you're shifting your hips now 'cause you want more but you're being good. What else would I do if I was there? I think maybe I'd just watch you for a while and see how desperate you get for me. You make the prettiest noises when you want my hands on you, sweetheart, almost as pretty as the noises you make when you're squirming on my dick.

I'd have to get in bed with you before too long, though, because you know I can't resist you, and I'd kiss my way down your throat and across your belly and up the insides of your thighs and just take a nice long look at your pretty pink little pussy. (Are you blushing at me calling it that? Or at the thought of me looking at you there? You know much much I like to look at you there.) And then I'd kiss you there, too, while you moaned and wriggled all over the bed and after a while I'd have to hold your hips down because you get so wild when I do that sometimes I think you'll break my God damn nose. But I'd eat out that sweet little cunt until you were wet and dripping and aching for me.

Now I want you to get naked if you're not already. I bet you aren't, because you were so eager to keep reading. I guess it doesn't matter if you put your clothes away since I'm not there to trip over them in the middle of the night. So just take them off and lie back down on your back. You're drippy already, aren't you? And desperate to have something inside you too. So you can have one finger now, only one, the same one you were using to touch yourself before, but do it really slow. I want you to make noises while you do it, too, baby. I know you're always so quiet when you're by yourself but I want you to make noises this time like you're putting on a show for me. Are you going to feel ashamed, moaning for it when there's not even anyone to hear? When you know there's no point to it at all because I'm an ocean away and I'm making you do it anyway? Does that make you want to hide your face in the pillows? But you're going to do it anyway because I told you to, even though there's no way I'll ever know for sure that you did, because you're mine and you want to make me happy. Do it right now before you keep reading. Do it loud enough that anyone in the kitchen could hear you. I bet it made you blush all the way down to your belly button. I'm sitting here writing this letter and I'm hard enough to pound nails just thinking about you making those noises for me.

When I get home I swear I'm not going to let you out of bed for a week. You can have another finger now, but keep reading while you do it. I'm going to fuck you until you're too sore to walk and I have to carry you like a bride, except you know I won't really carry you anywhere, I'll just keep you in bed and fuck you all over again. I bet you'll beg me to do it too. You'll be shy and

blushing but you'll beg me and you'll climb on top of me and bounce on my dick. God I'm just thinking about how hot and tight you'll be around me and the sweet sounds you'll make. I don't think I'll ever get tired of that. Just watching you working so hard to get both of us off and wrecking yourself for me. I bet you'd do anything I told you to, honey.

Three fingers now, OK. And you can use your other hand too to touch yourself but don't come until I say so. I bet you're so close already but you won't do it until you're allowed. What would you do if I ended this letter without saying you could? Do you think you'd be able to be good for me? You'd be so mad, too. I can just imagine the look on your face and I've got that big dumb grin you always make fun of me about on *mine*. But I wouldn't do that to you, sugar, at least not this time, I'm feeling too sweet. I hope you're giving it to yourself real good now. Just take a minute and close your eyes and think about me while you do it. Just a minute though.

So here's what I want you to do, baby. Read this whole paragraph before you do it though so you know you're doing it right, and then when you're done put the letter down and do what I say. I want you to keep fucking that pretty pretty cunt for me, and get your other hand down between your legs and just rub with your palm, up and down. Close your eyes and imagine it's me. Pretend it's me come home to you, still all tired and dirty but I couldn't wait another minute to get inside you, not even for a wash. Imagine me on top of you, and you can feel my breath all hot and wet against your throat and maybe I'm scratching you when I'm kissing you and you'll go around tomorrow with a pink glow to your skin from where I've marked you up. Just give it to yourself with your fingers and imagine it's my dick inside you and me rubbing against you instead of your hand, close your eyes and do it that way and think about me and when you come I want you to say my name. You can say it quiet, just a whisper, because remember I'm right on top of you so I can hear it, I don't want to make you blush again. Just do it like that for me, sweetheart.

God, I love you so much. Wasn't that good? Aren't you glad you did it the way I said? And now you can do whatever you want the next time you read this, because I know you're going to read it again and again just like I read your letters again and again. I'm going to think about you tonight and tomorrow and the next day, I never stop thinking about you, and now one of the things I'll have to think about is you lying all spread out on our bed touching yourself all over just the way I tell you to and being so so good for me. I don't think there are enough words in the world for how much I love you.

Yours always,

Bucky

PS: I'm just fine, only cold.

## Chapter 2

December 12 1942

Tunisia

My beloved S for whom I have only the purest and most chaste of feelings –

I got a real talking-to about that last dirty letter. I would say I got my ass reamed, but I don't want to give you the wrong idea. It seems there are rules about obscenity in the mail and my letter was going to be confiscated for being too explicit. Our new captain even went and looked up to see if I was married! I guess he thought it wouldn't be so bad if I was saying those kinds of things to my wife instead of to my sweetheart. But luckily I came to an understanding with some of the junior officers who decided they don't mind obscenity so much, and that's how the letter got sent after all.

Of course you knew someone was checking to make sure I wasn't saying anything about troop movements but I bet you didn't know it was someone right here with me. But what do you think of that, honey? There's some guys right here who know what you're like. I won't tell you their names or anything because I don't want to embarrass them into welshing on our deal, and anyway it's not their fault the little piece of ass I left at home is the easiest thing this side of a professional. It's hard enough keeping you satisfied when I'm there and it's a hell of a lot harder to do it from the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. But I'm trying!

Well I've got to, don't I, so you don't go off looking for it somewhere else. I'd hate to have to waste my first couple of days home teaching you a lesson about giving out what belongs to me. But you wouldn't do that to me, baby. You're being good and waiting for me, and I'm still taking care of you from Africa. Can't say I really wish you were here, even though we haven't seen any real combat yet unless you count some planes in the distance which I don't, but it sure does get cold at night. That's when I think about you most.

Now before I get to the part I know you're dying for I have to warn you there are instructions. I'm saying it now because I know exactly what you're like and you've probably already got your hand between your legs. I can just see you biting at your lips so they're all pink and swollen and just begging to be kissed. But don't you dare make yourself come yet, doll. If you've managed to get this far into the letter without bringing yourself off you'd better finish reading the whole thing first so you know exactly when and where and how you're allowed to do it. And like always I know you'll tell me if you didn't do as I say and you'll be honest, but I bet you'll be good because you're always so good for me.

I've been thinking a lot about how pretty you are in your underthings, the way you look sometimes when you're getting dressed and I don't even have any choice about tugging you right back into bed and making you late for work because you've just got to ride my dick first. And I want to be sure you're looking just as pretty even when I'm not there and even when nobody is going to see because you're still my sweet baby and I like thinking about it. So here's what I want you to do, honey: you take some of that money the Army is sending home for me and go on down to Abraham & Straus and buy yourself some pretty new panties.

Now I know you can't get silk or nylon but I want you to pick yourself something nice. And don't you use price as an excuse not to mind me either, because if I was home I'd get them for you just like I always get you little presents. I want you to pick something pretty. Take your time looking at them. Trace your fingers over them and see what they feel like. Think about what they'll look like on you, and what it'll feel like when I come home and take them off you with my teeth. I want you to get panties that are real soft and delicate. Diaphanous. Like those nymphs in your art books where I can see their tits right through their robes. I want them to feel so silky against your skin. Pick something with lace on it, sweetheart. Pink, maybe, or pink and white just like you when you get to blushing. I bet you're blushing right now thinking about this but it's not nearly as hard as you will.

You should know I really meant it when I said you're not allowed to make yourself come until you do it just the way I'm going to tell you. If you can't get down to Abraham & Straus today then you'll just have to wait. And I don't know what day of the week you're going to get my letter on or whether you've got plans or anything so maybe you'll have to wait a while. So every time you think about touching yourself you'll have to remember that I said you can't until you get those sweet little pink lacy panties.

Once you get them wrapped up in all that tissue paper and everything I want you to bring them home. Make sure you have a little while to yourself with nowhere you have to be before you do this part, even if it means you'll have to wait a while longer. If you start getting desperate you'd better just think about me and how good you're being for me. Think about how you're mine. And I know that's probably going to make you feel even more desperate because you *like* it, but you've got to be good. I know you want to be good but sometimes you need a little help. You know that's why I have to spank you sometimes. Just to help you be good. But you know it wouldn't be much fun to have to hit yourself if you were bad while I'm not there, and I wouldn't be able to kiss it all better afterwards either. (Now I'm thinking about that time you wouldn't stop sassing me even after I'd turned your little ass red so I made you spread your legs and spanked you right over that pretty pink cunthole I love to fuck. But I'd better save that for another letter.)

So when you have a little time to yourself I want you to go into the bedroom and close the door and strip off. Then put on your new panties. Do it slow. You can close your eyes if you want to but think real hard about how that soft sheer fabric feels trailing across your thighs. And then once you get them on I want you to go stand in front of the mirror and look at yourself. Just in the panties, nothing else. Run your fingertips over your skin, just light, and tease at your tits a little. Rub them for me. Get it so your nipples are standing up all pink. I wonder if they match your panties. Well, I guess since you're supposed to read ahead through this whole thing before you do anything at all, you can pick when you go to buy them whether they match or not. But you'd better think about what I'll do when I get home if they *don't*, because I bet I can get your nipples to turn just about any shade I like if I get enough teeth and whiskers involved.

You can touch yourself through the panties a little as long as you're looking in the mirror while you do it. Look at how sweet and pretty you are and how soft and silky your pretty panties are. I bet I wouldn't even have to take them off to fuck you, just pull them to the side and slide right in. You can think about that while you touch yourself. Stroke yourself real lightly, just a little tease. I

bet you're so hot just reading this, aren't you? I bet you want to get yourself off right now, the first time you're reading this. But you can't, not until you get those panties and bring them home and touch yourself in front of the mirror wearing them.

Now this next part is up to you because if I know you (and you know I know you) you're getting so turned on that you want to run off to A&S the very first thing you do when you read this and come straight home and put them on. And I don't know whether you're going to get this letter on a workday or not, or what time of day, or even if you're going to get it on its own or with a whole stack of my other letters. But the point – and I know I can trust you to figure out how to make this happen best given the circumstances because we all have to make do in wartime – the point is that I want you to wear them for a while first.

Now it's up to you when but you don't get to come until after you've worn your panties for at least a couple of hours. Either you can do it at night to give you sweet dreams or you can wear them out and about for a while. If you sleep in them I want you to fall asleep with your hand down between your legs, not playing with yourself but just kind of touching gently so you don't forget. If you wear them out you don't have to do that but I bet you won't forget what you've got on under your clothes one little bit. I want you to write me and tell me which you picked and what it was like because I want to imagine just what you looked like all blushing and pretty.

In fact I think you better write me first, when you're still all hot from it. You get shy sometimes about the things I make you do and you write better when you're so riled up you forget to be embarrassed. So after you've worn your panties a while I want you to sit down and write me about it. I guess you don't really have to say too much but remember that your loving is all this poor old GI Joe has to keep him going overseas. And then once you write me you can get yourself off. But you've got to do it with your panties still on.

God I want to close my eyes and imagine you doing it. I bet there's a big wet spot from how much you've been wanting it and if I was there you know I'd get down between your legs and give you a tongue bath right through them. But I like just thinking about you doing it too. You've been so good for me up 'til now you can do it however you like but I think you should start by touching yourself through those panties. They're soft and sheer and delicate and diaphanous, and so God damn pretty, but not half as pretty as you. Bet you look so pretty there. And then I think you should get that old shirt, the one you said you didn't wash so it still smells like me, and put it over a pillow and lie down on your belly and rub against the bed. Just close your eyes and smell me and imagine I'm right there behind you watching your pretty little ass wiggling around while you work yourself closer and closer. I bet you've been so close for a long time, honey, I bet you're so ready for it but I think you should take it just a little slow and enjoy it too.

When you're ready, when you're more than ready, when you've been wet and swollen and aching and ready for hours and hours and you're halfway to hoping I get my ass shot off, I want you to come in those lacy panties. All that soft pretty cloth pressed up against you and you come for me, baby, just like I want you to, like you've been panting for since the first time you read this letter and every time you did all the stuff I told you to do. You're just my sweet babydoll and I've got to take care of you 'cause God knows you don't have the sense to do it for yourself

sometimes but I don't mind a bit. You know if I was there I'd kiss you all over and lick you clean and get you off again while you're on my dick but I guess we can't have everything we want.

Anyway you should also remember that there's a couple of nice guys who read this before you did and are imagining you in your pretty panties, so if you like you can just think about what they'd say.

Yours always,

Bucky

PS: Did you know you get a rash if you eat too many oranges?

### Chapter 3

December 24 1942

Tunisia

My dearest sweetest darlingest sugarplum S –

A whole big stack of your letters came yesterday so I sat there in my dugout for a long while and read them all one after another. And to your request of 11/17 *no* I will not stop calling you sweet names because there's nothing you can do about it now and I get to be sweet on my cuddlebug if I want to. Anyway it's a lot more fun to do it from over here because you can't smack me for it.

Hearing from you about all the little things at home made me miss you like hell but it was almost like having you next to me for just a minute. I also liked your drawing of me with nothing but my helmet – *ha ha ha*. But I have to say that I am getting a little suspicious because I read thirteen letters in a row and there was not one single mention of you getting yourself into any kind of mischief. And the thing is I know you and I don't believe that for a minute.

Now I know you don't want to worry me but I am sure that some kind of nonsense is getting left out of your letters. I don't know quite what it is, because it wasn't any of the things I specifically told you to tell me about, but I bet there was something. I know how hard you try to be good for me and you are so so good most of the time but you do slip up. And that's OK, sweetheart, because I love you anyhow. But you still need a good thrashing for whatever it is you didn't write me about.

You know the kind of thing that's coming when I'm sore with you so don't you read ahead in this letter until you're ready for it. And once you do start reading you're not allowed to get yourself off until you do everything I say. Of course we both know exactly what I'd do if I was there: I'd just put you over my knee, sweetheart. Pull my pretty baby right down onto my lap and turn your ass red. You make the cutest little noises when you're wriggling around trying to get away from my

hand, all these whimpers and moans, and you never try very hard either. You like it. You like being good for me.

Think I'd start out just running my hand over your ass. I've got callouses now so it's rougher than it used to be, you know, not that you'd notice much to start with, but after I spanked you raw you'd sure feel the difference when I touched you. You know I like feeling how hot your skin is after I've given you a hiding. There's so much of you for me to touch, get you pink and then red and then afterwards when it feels like you're on fire just get my hands on you and you can never decide if you want me to touch you more and soothe your poor bottom or to let you be.

Well if I was there that's what I'd do but I'm not, so we've got to make do. I'm halfway tempted to tell you to pick yourself a switch and use it 'til it breaks. You'd have to pick real carefully because the little skinny ones break faster but they're whippy the way you hate. But it would be hard for you to reach your ass that way and there's no real point in striping up those tender thighs if I'm not going to dig my fingers in holding them apart while I'm fucking you, so instead I want you to get the wooden spoon in the kitchen.

I bet you're already pretty hot for it reading these last couple of paragraphs but if you're not you'd better touch yourself a little bit. Only a little, mind. And then I want you to go into our bedroom and get yourself bare-bottomed. I don't know what you're wearing when you're reading this so I can't tell you too precisely what to do, but if you've got on what I told you about in my letter of 12/12 then make sure you're careful and gentle with that. I don't want you to get naked unless you've got to, honey. Take off everything below the waist but leave on anything up above. Whatever you've got hiding those pretty pretty tits, you just leave that on. God, if I was there I'd make you take it off so I could scrape my teeth and fingernails over your little pink nipples and get them all swollen and sore, then put it back on you so every time you moved it rubbed against you. And you'd move when I walloped you, baby, you sure would. But I'm going to be nice this time so you don't have to.

Now get on the bed on your knees. Spread your legs a little, imagine I'm behind you looking at that sweet cunt. It's so tiny, sugar, sometimes I don't know how I even fit my dick in there, but I always do and it looks so God damn hot when it's all used and dripping my come. Sometime when you're real naughty I'm not even going to fuck you, I'll just jerk myself off on you and push it inside with my fingers afterwards while you whine and beg me for it.

Here's what you do: hit yourself with the flat of that spoon a couple of times just to see how hard you need to go. Don't do it as hard as you can, but pretty hard. It should burn for a couple of seconds after. And then I want you to spank yourself for me. One on each cheek of your ass, nice and hard, and then again. Give yourself five on each side and try to do them in the same place every time. You're going to have a nice big pair of bruises there when you're done and every time you sit down you're going to remember that you're mine.

When you've done that you can take a minute and just breathe. Does it hurt? I bet it hurts. I hope it hurts. And it hurts just for me. You're doing it for me, baby. Just 'cause I told you to. Now ten more but this time spread them around. Your ass is going to be a work of art when you're

done, pink all over with those red spots. You can press your face down into the bed if you need to, you can make noises or you can bite your lip and whimper while you do it, but you take it and you think of me, OK?

Give yourself a little break after that and just run your hands across your bottom. Feel how hot it is. Are you that hot for me? Wish I could see you like this, being so good. Scrape your fingernails across that soft hot skin. Make it hurt, sweetheart, just a little. And then you give yourself ten more. You're my good sweet babydoll, I'm feeling real kind today, so you can pick if it's all over to warm your cheeks up even more or if it's on those two spots so the bruises go deep. Write me and tell me though. I want to know what you picked and what it was like, why you picked it, if you wanted it to hurt real bad or you just wanted a nice pink glow all over you. But do it now, either way, whichever you picked, before you keep reading.

There now, honey, wasn't that good? You make me so happy, you know that? Just breathe a little, keep your hot sore little ass in the air. And when you feel like you can get up I want you to go and stand in the corner.

If I was there you know I'd spank you until you were crying just a little, those cute snuffly sounds, and I'd kiss the tears off your face before I made you go put your nose against the wall just like in Mrs. Milligan's first grade class. And I'd watch you standing there, sniffing and wriggling and wanting so bad to reach back and soothe your hurting bottom, and I'd fuck my fist while I was looking at you. I don't know what you're really wearing but I'm imagining you standing there with the hem of your shirt just brushing against all that tender skin if you shift even a little, reminding you of what I did. You should write and tell me about that, too.

So you stand there in the corner, baby, and think about me watching you. I know how dirty it makes you feel, half-dressed with your ass all bare, and you are. You're awful, awful dirty and you're just for me. And you know what? I like other guys knowing it. I like them knowing what you let me do to you. Writing all this knowing someone else is going to read it before you do, it's almost like I've got you right here with your poor ass bruised and smarting and on display. Like I'm showing you off to them. I bet you'd be so God damn ashamed, wouldn't you? Bet you're blushing right now. Hey, I can still turn all four of your cheeks red from all the way in Africa. How about that.

Close your eyes now, sugar, and think about it. Think about me watching you while you show yourself off and *I show you* off. You just think about that for a while and imagine you're being watched and I bet it gets you all wet and slippery for me.

Is that good, honey? I bet it's good. I bet you love it. Wish I was there so I could just slide my cock into that swollen twitching hole you got for me, and I'd fuck you from behind so I could see how sore and red you were. Maybe I'd smack you a couple of times or pinch your ass while I was taking you so your cunt would get so tight around me, so you'd whine and whimper and take it so good. Fuck you so hard you'd feel it for days. I guess you're going to feel those big bruises for days anyhow but wouldn't it be better to feel it inside too? God, baby, sweetheart, that's what I want to do, bruise up your insides from how hard I've pounded you so that every

time I stick my dick back in you you whine and moan and cry and spread your legs for it, you darling little thing. You'd love that. Bet I'd feel so big inside you and you'd beg me to make you take it even if it hurt. Because it hurt. Because you don't mind hurting when it's for me, you want me so bad you don't even care.

I'm going to let you come now but you've got to do it right. You see I'm starting to get a little worried that you're not used to being fucked any more because you're my good sweet babydoll and you haven't been messing around with anyone since I've been gone so it's probably been a long time since you had anything but your fingers up inside you. Don't get me wrong, it was hot as hell fucking that nice tight virgin cunt the first time but you know I'm not going to have the patience to be gentle with you when I get home. And I don't mind hurting you a little but I don't want to hurt you *too* bad. So you better make sure you're ready for me, is all I mean to say, and that means I'm going to let you fuck yourself with the handle of that spoon.

Now you take it slow, sweetheart. I know you're no good at waiting for what you want but you do it for me, OK? You get back on your knees on the bed and work it in real slow and you can hold it by the end and angle it just right. Actually I don't even want you to fuck yourself with it really, just feel that rigid unyielding wood holding you open and use it to nudge at the sweet spot inside you. Can you come just like that, just from rubbing yourself off from the inside? You can touch yourself with your other hand if you need to but you'd better keep that spoon in your cunt the whole time. That poor little hole, it's probably feeling neglected, right? 'cause you spanked your ass so good (and I bet you played with your tits too). But when I get back I'll make it up to you, I promise, I'll lick you out and touch you, let you have my fingers and my dick. I thought about telling you to spank yourself there too, you know, but I wasn't sure about the aim, so I'll do it myself. Just beat you right over that hungry pussy and then fuck you right after. God, I'd make you take it. You'd take anything for me, baby, wouldn't you.

Do it for me, honey, just make yourself come for me. You're allowed now. You're allowed and I love you. I wish I was there. Pretend I'm there and say my name when you come for me. Just say my name because I always think yours when I do it. You know that, right? Never thought anything else. Just you, baby, always only ever you. You be so good and come for me now.

I miss you like hell. Don't you ever stop writing me and I'll make it back safe, I promise.

Yours always,

Bucky

PS: If you can find me an air mattress please send one, otherwise just some asswipe. Please no fruitcake.

## **Chapter 4**

January 16 1943

Tunisia

Dear darling S –

At long last it's another one of *those* letters. I bet you've been looking forward to it but let me assure you that your anticipation is not one tenth of mine. As you know I write a little bit to you every day I have a chance but I can't work at making it a really *good one* unless I have time and that has been in very short supply. You have the newspapers so you probably know better than I do that things have been heating up here but I promise I am still just fine.

Anyway today I think is finally OK for me to concentrate on writing my sweetheart. We are settled in for a while and our ack-ack is keeping the German planes mostly off our asses. So I will try and let's just hope Hitler doesn't stick me with blue balls by the end.

You said you wanted to know what it was like here while I was writing you so you could imagine me it more accurately. Well, there is a good reason I didn't get into too much detail about it before because mostly it's just cold and dirty. But if you really want to know I'll tell you. Our gear caught up with us a couple of days back so I have a tent again, but today the weather is fine and sunny and pretty warm so I am sitting outside – on top of my raincoat because the grass is still a little damp. We're on the side of a hill and it's got a lot of rocks and little trees and scrubby bushes, and I have my back up against a big stone out of the way of everyone else. If you could see me now, honey, you probably wouldn't want to touch me until I had a bath, but I have to say that either the dirt or the stink keeps the fleas off. What you would like is that I haven't shaved in three or four days so I'd be all whiskery when I kissed you.

Well if you were here I don't think I'd care much about what you thought of how I smell, because I'd just pull you off behind some of the brush and have my way with you. And you'd like it too, you'd be just as desperate for it as I am because you've been away from me just as long as I've been away from you. So if you want to imagine what it's like while I'm writing here's what you should think about: imagine me sitting here halfway hidden behind a big old rock. I've got the letter balanced on my knee and the minute I started thinking about you my dick started getting hard in my dirty ODs. I bet nobody would even see if I whipped it out but mostly I like thinking about what you'd do if you were here.

What would you do, sweetheart? I think you'd get down on your knees in front of me just like my good pretty baby and put your face in my lap for a while. Just kind of nuzzle up to me. And I'd just run my fingers through your hair, like you know I love to do, pat you and stroke you. You'd like that and before too much longer you'd start purring like a little pussycat and wriggling around, wouldn't you? Just my sweet pet, honey, all mine, but you'd start getting impatient before too long and go rooting around for my dick. I bet you'd just kiss at it through my clothes, rub your face against it and look up at me with those big blue eyes so eager and wanting.

I guess I better tell you what to do while you're reading this but it's been a long time and right now I'm just feeling so crazy about you I don't even want to be mean. I'm not going to do anything until I finish writing but you can do what you like when you like. Just think about me but

you can come when you want. But try to last to the end for me please? That way even though you won't see this for a long time it's kind of like we're doing it together.

If you were here I'd hide you in my bedroll and curl up around you at night to keep you warm. You wouldn't think it gets so cold in Africa but it does and you're small enough we'd both fit just fine. Mostly the big guns don't fire except during the day but if they woke you up I'd hold you until you fell back asleep. Maybe I'd make love to you in the dark, real quiet so no one knew what we were doing, or just kiss you until you forgot to be scared. (I don't mean that you would be cowardly or anything, just that everyone is scared at first until you stop really noticing it. And kissing would sure be a nicer way to stop noticing.)

But if you were here with your cheek resting on my thigh and your breath hot on my skin even through my pants I like to think that I could be patient. Maybe I'd just run the tip of my thumb over your lips, real gently, and let you suck at that for a while. Not too much, just a little, but you could run your tongue over it and kiss it with your mouth all soft and wet. You'd look up at me and beg just with your eyes, though, wouldn't you, and even if I was patient for me I don't think I could be for you. You'd be so good for me, purring and rubbing up against me like my little kitten, and I'd just have to give you what you wanted. I think I'd undo my pants myself, though, I think I'd have you stay there on your knees and wait with that sweet pink mouth open for me and I'd feed it to you real slow so I could feel the way you moaned and whined around it.

God, you love that, don't you, baby? You love getting your mouth on me and I love it too and you wouldn't even care that you were in the dirt or we were both filthy because we'd be together. And I'd just keep petting you, your pretty yellow hair and your sweet mouth, and I'd tell you how good you are for me. Because you are, you're so good, and I love you so much and I miss you. But I'll tell you a secret, honey: I'm glad you're not here. And I wish I wasn't either.

Yours always,

Bucky

PS: Last week I got captured by some Italians but they turned me loose after about an hour. I guess I really do stink.