A Swingtacular Halloween

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A Swingtacular Halloween

by BlueCandyA28

Summary

With a wink of forties charm, even the best laid plans would go awry.

Metal raking flesh.

Splat—

Again…

—Tossing guts into a glass bowl.

“Y’know.”

Metal grazing flesh—

A hint of sandalwood.

—Bucky’s arm bumping yours.

“Stevie’ll declare my pumpkin the winner.”

Splat.

Puffing your cheeks.

“Pfft.”

“He’ll pick mine.”

Lips brushing silky flesh—

A breath of honey.

—You peck Steve’s jaw.

“Won’t you, darling?”

“I’m not choosing—”

Pop—

Steve’s pencil snapping.

—“Ugh.”

“Carving pumpkins isn’t a competition, you know?”

A tickle…

Unhooking the pencil tucked behind your ear—

“Neither is one’s height.”

—Then pressing it into Steve’s palm.

“Yet you buffoons are always sizing each other up.”

Warmth—

His fingers curling around yours.

“Yeah, but that’s different. I am the tallest Avenger.”

“Second tallest.”

Metal arm reaching across.

He winks—

“Chin up though...”

—Then taps Steve’s backside.

“You’ve still got America’s ass going for you.”

Bucky’s lips twitch.

You giggle.

Steve’s milky flesh flushes pink.

“Keep talking, Buck.”

He arches one brow.

“Because I’m thinking our girl’s pumpkin will take the crown after all.”

Leaning into you—

Earthy sandalwood.

—Steely eyes capture yours.

…

Rise.

Fall.

Breaths harmonizing.

…

Metal thumb tracing your mouth.

“I could live with that.”

Rise.

Fall…

His lips claim yours.

…

Scritch-scritch.

Pencil scratching paper.

“Oh. Honestly, Buck. That forties charm will get you into trouble one day.”

Minty breath; Bucky chuffs.

Then, turning toward Steve—

“And a Happy Halloween to you, too. Punk.”

“Oh, I dunno, Stevie.”

Your arms looping his shoulders.

“You’ve got a little forties charm yourself.”

Warm honey—

Nose nuzzling the shell of his ear.

“Especially when—”

Lower…

Lips ghosting his throat.

Adam’s apple tremoring—

He gulps.

“You’re dancing me around this kitchen.”

“Well a-a—”

His lids fluttering shut—

Neck arching beneath your mouth.

“Beautiful…”

Air tickling flesh; he pants.

“Partner always helps.”

A weight grazing your spine—

Buttery warmth.

Sandalwood blending with honey.

—Bucky’s arms encircling you both.

Shhh-rip—

The pencil rolls.

Then slips beyond the countertop…

“Hmm. Punk can’t resist a bit of Glenn Miller.”

Click—

Bucky dropping a gentle kiss atop Steve’s head.

“And—”

His gaze seeking yours.

“Neither of us can resist you…”

*

Stringy pulp bespattering the countertop.

Whirr—

The turntable spins.

Pumpkin seeds littering the floor.

—Pop.

The needle drops.

Two jack-o’-lanterns sitting unfinished…

—Crackle.

The stylus stutters upon a groove.

Steve’s sketchpad lying open.

Beyond the orange smudges—

Graphite capturing…

You.

Bucky.

Carving pumpkins.

Flicking guts at each other.

Your mouth parted.

Bucky’s lids closed.

Heads tipping back.

—*Hiss.*

The record whispers.

…

Speakers pulsing.

Feet—

Three sets.

—Tapping hard flooring.

…

Flesh skimming flesh—

Around and around.

—Warm hands spin you.

…

Metal upon flesh—

Weightless.

—A sleek arm dips you.

…

“I’m. Pretty. Sure.”

Chest heaving.

A burst of honeysuckle—

Spin.

…

“Stevie. Won. Today’s competition.”

Breaths bursting.

The heat of musky sandalwood—

Dip.

…

“His sketches—”

Again, feet tap.

…

“Really are. Beautiful.”

Repeat…

“Thank you, my love.”

Mid-spin—

“Though. If I’m not the tallest Avenger—”

Steve’s brow furrowing.

“Who is?”

Laughter rings out.

“In the Mood” plays on…

*

Beyond the doorframe—

Thor’s eyes catch yours.

Lips tugging upwards—

He winks.

Then…

Drifts past.

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