
Bucky Barnes sat up straight, looking at me with eyes full of fear, and then collapsed onto my shoulder, wrapping his arms tightly around my torso.

I pulled him as close to me as I could and stroked his head, running my fingers through his hair. I whispered reassuring words and gave him compliments in hopes it would make him feel better about himself, and whatever he had just seen.

It took longer for him to calm down this time, but it mattered not to me, as I would have stayed all day and night if I needed to. But as he did calm down, he pulled back from my body and moved backward so that his back was resting against the large headboard.

I then realised that I was still straddling him.

But when I attempted to move over, he pulled me back, hands to my waist. I started to protest, but the look in his eyes stopped me. He was so scared I would leave him.

I hugged him this time, "Hey Buck?"

He managed a small, "yes, doll?"

"I'm not going to leave you. I promise."

I gave him a huge smile and noticed he couldn't help but smile back, the water in his eyes finally gone. I placed a hand on his cheek and stroked it with my thumb. Bucky's eyes went to mine, to the hand that held his face, and finally to my lips.

Then in one quick motion, his face was centimeters from mine, so breath fanning over my lips.

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