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Holy shit.

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James Buchanan Barnes is kissing me.

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And I'm kissing him back.

His lips pressed warmth through my body, making me shiver, but the sudden warmth only made me want to pull him closer. It felt like my heart was filled with liquid sunshine as his slightly chapped lips brushed over mine, the butterflies inside desperately trying to escape.

All too soon, he pulled back, my hand sliding off his face.

I let out the breath I didn't know I was holding and gazed into Bucky's eyes. "I..." I tried to say something, but I was already drowning in the bright blue oceans.

His eyes darted back and forth, trying to find a reaction, "dollar, are you okay?"

"Please do that again," I interrupted, finally finding the words.

A soft smile creeping onto his face, Bucky placed his hands on my back, the flesh one rough and steady, and the metal one strong and cold. He pulled me closer, and my arms fell around his shoulders. Then, slowly, he brought his face up to mine.

The sunlight returned, and my hands made their way to the nape of his neck, finding any way I could to bring him closer. His lips parted, and I followed, completely lost from time and thought.

Once air became a necessity, Bucky pulled back, breathing heavily. I did the same, falling sideways onto the bed, and out of the straddle. This time he allowed me, letting out a small chuckle when he noticed me smiling next to him.

"So I take that as you return the feelings?" Bucky said, taking my hand in his.

I nodded, a little shy, "Of course."

I squeezed his hand, and he looked over at me again, "(y/n), would you be my girlfriend?"

"I'd be honoured Buck"

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