

Stubbornness

"Why are you so stubborn?" Bucky hunched as he sat beside me on the sofa in his room. My legs were curled up beneath me, my arm draped over the back of the sofa as I turned to face him.

"Because I have to be." I couldn't help but place my hand on the side of his face, my thumb stroking across his cheekbone. "Taking down Rumlow." I shuddered just saying his name. "It's opened old wounds I thought long since closed. I need to deal with them."

"So do that here. With me." He placed his hand over the top of mine, holding it against his cheek.

I couldn't keep living somewhere, where most of the occupants wanted me out. They had their reasons but the idea of waking up one day to either being kicked out or put in a cell. That wasn't something I could do. "You could come with me." I countered.

His hand dropped as he leant forward on his knees, looking at me over his broad shoulder. "I wasn't born yesterday doll. You still haven't forgiven me."

I couldn't help but laugh. "By this point we both know I can't kill you." I hated admitting it out loud, but you could only hide the truth for so long. Besides, it wasn't as if he didn't know it already.

He smirked at me, his blue eyes sparkling in the morning sunlight. "Doesn't mean you won't try." Did he really not see? I didn't want him dead anymore, I don't think I ever really did. Sure I still hate the pain he put me through and part of me still hates him, but I couldn't imagine a world without him in it. Not anymore.

"Then I guess this is goodbye James." I went to stand but he grabbed ahold of my hips, pulling me into his lap. His hands splayed out across my back as he stopped me from moving. "You only call me James when you're pushing me away."

Finally he catches on.

I placed my hands on his chest, my gaze down, avoiding his eyes.

"James is easier to hate than Bucky."

Moving one hand he tilted my face up to look at him. "Because James left, Bucky didn't."

I nodded before leaning my forehead against his. "Bucky protects me, James didn't."

I felt him stiffen, being told he didn't protect me seemed to aggravate him. Yet he remained calm as he softly pressed his lips against mine.

"Just stay." His voice barely above a whisper. His hands cupped the sides of my face as he moved me to look in his eyes. "Just stay doll."

I couldn't tell him how much I wanted to, how much leaving would destroy me. I couldn't admit that weakness. Not while I was still angry. I wanted to forgive him, but I couldn't. Not yet. The wounds were too fresh.

So I found another way to tell him. I wrapped my hands around his neck, our lips smashing together. His hands slipped under my top, the cold of the vibranium sending goosebumps over my skin.

Scratching my nails over his scalp caused him to harden instantly beneath me. He moved his hands to my hips, holding me hard against him as he moved me back and forth over his cock. The thin fabric of my leggings made me feel every movement.

He began placing kisses over my neck, leaving angry red marks as he nipped and pulled at the skin. "Stay." He growled against me.

"Shut up Barnes." I growled back, forcing his head back to my neck, wanting his teeth to graze over my pulse point. He knew how much I loved it and he wasted no time in doing what I wanted. He bit down. Hard. Most people would've yelled out, told him to stop, but I moaned, feeling my underwear becoming increasingly wet.

Placing his hands under my ass, he picked us up and carried us over to the bed. Laying me down gently he pulled my clothes from me before ridding himself of his own. Laying down he ran his tongue through my folds, my back arching as I gripped the sheets. His tongue flicked over my clit gently before he sucked it into his mouth.

"Bucky!" I cried out, damn him and his skilled tongue. He pulled me and looked up at me. "Stay."

"Give me a reason to."

Without any warning he thrust three fingers inside me, my head falling back against the soft pillows. His rhythm was relentless, stretching me each time. He didn't stop, I wasn't sure how long he'd been going but my walls felt blissfully bruised. When he captured my clit in his mouth once more, I came around him, clenching with so much force that I was glad it wasn't his flesh hand inside me. I was sure I would've broken the bones.

After I'd come down from my high, I slid my hand up his arm. The morning light catching the diamond on my finger. He took my hand in his, crawling up the bed to lay next to me. He ran his thumb over the engagement ring smiling. "You put it on."

I turned onto my side half leaning over him. "Well it is mine."

He chuckled and placed a soft kiss to my forehead.



"You make it really difficult to leave."

He looked up at me smirking. "So don't." Grabbing hold of me he rolled me underneath him. His lips softly kissing me over and over again. "Just give me a week. Surely you can do that?"

My resolve had given out beyond belief at this point. I probably would've agreed to anything he asked of me, but he didn't need to know that. "One week." I smiled up at him.

"Good girl."

He noticed how I tried to squeeze my legs together when he praised me. "So many years together and I'm still learning so many things about you."

The ache between my legs was back and stronger than ever. "Buck. Please."

His teeth pulled on my lower lip before he smiled that panty dropping smile. "Don't worry doll, good girls get rewards."

"You keep fucking talking like that I won't need you to touch me." I panted at him.

He lined himself up with me, his eyes never leaving mine as he slid into me. He began slow, each thrust filling me until I couldn't take anymore. It was so good but I needed more, clawing at his back told him what I needed. He pulled almost all the way out before pounding back into me. "My. Fucking. Good. Girl." He accentuated each word with each thrust. My legs began shaking once again as stars scattered across my vision.

"That's it doll, squeeze me, cum for me. Now."

And I did, milking him, squeezing every last drop out of him as he filled me with his own release.

I must have passed out not long after, because when I woke there was a note where Bucky should be.

Gone to talk to the others doll. Stay here and be a good girl for me ;)

Oh he wasn't letting that go any time soon, not that I wanted to. A shiver ran through me as I realised we were beginning to act like a couple. Shrugging myself out of bed, I threw on some clean clothes. Repeating the same words over and over in my head.

No more sex with Bucky. Love only makes you bleed.

I couldn't afford to lose my edge, to go soft, to forgive him. Not here and not yet. I couldn't let him think nothing had happened. The last time I trusted him to love me, he left. My walls went back up, stronger than ever. It would take more than a cock and some sweet words to bring them down this time.

After my pep talk, I quickly jumped in the shower and was currently sitting on the bed cleaning my knives for the umpteenth time that day, when there was a soft knock on the door.

Steve opened it, watching me. "If you're here to tell me to leave, I tried." My eyes didn't meet his, I couldn't not after hearing him defend me after everything I'd done to him.

"Buck made that very clear to everyone this morning."

At least I knew where he'd gone, not that it bothered me. I wouldn't let it. "So why are you here?"

"Because we need to talk." Yep because all great conversations start with them words.

I stood up placing my knives on the side before sitting back down on the bed, my legs crossed beneath me. "If you're expecting an apology, you're wasting your time." I couldn't be sorry for doing what I did, because that would open me up to a whole world of regret.

He pushed off the wall and started walking over towards me. "Not an apology. An explanation."

I rolled my eyes at him. "You're going to have to give me more than that Steve."

"You used me to get to Bucky, that much I understand. I just don't understand why you slept with me to do it."

He sat on the edge of the bed looking at me, the hint of green in his eyes always seemed to soften me a little. I had to look away from him. Looking down at my hands resting in my lap I let a tear fall. Not for what I'd done but for why I'd done it. "Because it's what I was trained to do." I admitted, still not looking at him, I didn't want to see the pity in his eyes when he realised what I meant.

There was a moment of silence as he put the pieces together in his head. I chanced a glance as saw him staring at the floor, his jaw tense. "Regardless of what happens, you never do that again. With anyone."

He turned his head looking into my eyes. "You're worth more than that."

"You keep defending me. Why?"

"Because everyone deserves a second chance."

I turned away from him shocked. After everything I'd put him through, and what he now knew about me, there was no pity in his eyes. Just understanding. In a way that was worse. "You're not a villain doll."

"Doll?" My voice squeaked slightly. "That's what Bucky calls me."

He smiled. "We're from the same era, it's just how we grew up. Besides, I heard what you said to Loki. You're not Winter, but you're not Willow either." He smiled. "I need to call you something."

I gave him a small smile back, something about him just made me trust him. I wasn't sure if it was him defending me without a second thought or if it was because he was Captain America. Maybe it was something else entirely. Either way, it made me feel lighter. "I'll think of something, and Steve? Thank you."

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