

I Love You

I'd been almost disappointed when I woke up to an empty bed. Steve was nowhere to be found and Bucky was in a weird mood. I couldn't put my finger on why, he'd barely spoken to me all morning.

It wasn't until we sat down to have lunch that he finally spoke to me. "Do we need to talk about last night?" He started pushing his food around his plate.

"How is he today?" I took a bite of my food, watching for Bucky's reaction.

He ran his fingers through his hair. "I reassured him that me and him are good. He's just worried he's upset you now. He's gone back to the compound, I said we'd stop by later."

I felt better knowing they'd at least sorted things out between them. The last thing I wanted to do was come between them.

We finished our lunch before I started clearing the dishes away. "He didn't upset me by the way. I was wondering something though." I called out over my shoulder as I rinsed the dishes clean.

He came over and wrapped his arms around me. Resting his head on my shoulder. "That sounds ominous."

I leant into his touch. Whatever was bothering him this morning seemed to melt away. I'd find out what it was later. "Did you know how he felt about me?"

"I knew how he felt about Willow." I could feel him tense up at the mention of my alias. Like he hated remembering it. I felt guilty as hell but I couldn't change it now. No matter how much I wanted to.

I turned in his arms, wrapping my arms around his neck. "How come you never said anything?" I didn't blame him for keeping it to himself.

"I told him I loved you, and he seemed okay about it all."

"A heads up would've been nice." I made sure my words were so and gentle, I wasn't mad I just liked to know things like that. I probably wouldn't have teased Steve as much if I knew how he really felt.

Even though I was making sure to make it clear I wasn't annoyed, that didn't stop him pulling away from me. He manoeuvred out of my grip, walking over to the sofa where he slumped down. The weight of everything clear as day on his face. "I didn't see the point in telling you."

"You were worried I'd pick him." It suddenly all clicked together. I refused to let him pull away from me. I walked over to him, climbing onto his lap so he had no choice but to look at me. "I changed my whole life for you Buck, why do you still doubt my feelings for you?"

"Because of our history," he leaned forward resting his forehead on my chest. I rested my chin on his head, just trying to comfort him in any way I could.

"It's exactly that. It's history." I couldn't understand how he wasn't seeing that. After everything we'd been through, there was nowhere I would rather be than at his side.

He pulled back, brushing a bit of hair out of my face. "You sure it's history?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

His hands rested on my hips, his baby blue eyes staring into mine. "You still have nightmares, waking up screaming in the middle of the night."

"And you don't?" I snapped back. Something about him pulling me up on what I'd tried to hide only agitated me. I wanted to get away from him, I didn't want to tell him about the nightmares. I couldn't.

I struggled to get off him, but he wouldn't let me go anywhere.

His grip tightened, enough to keep me in place but not enough to hurt me. "Yours are about me."

I instantly stopped moving, my heart pounding in my chest. He was never supposed to know about them nightmares. I never wanted him to feel guilty about what happened. Not anymore. The me that wanted that reaction had disappeared and I couldn't imagine putting Bucky through that pain now.

"Just talk to me doll. Let me help you for once." He pleaded, trying to break through the wall I didn't realise I was putting up. By hiding things from him, I was putting up a barrier.

"They're about the day I went back without you."

'Went back' probably wasn't the right term but I wouldn't help him to hear how I was forced back there.

He cupped my face in his hand. "What happened that day?"

I pulled out of the embrace, finally able to get free. "Just leave it Buck." I wrapped my arms around myself, the memories threatening to flood to the surface.

"You need to talk to someone about it all." I knew he'd been talking to a therapist. That didn't mean I was ready for that.

"No I don't." I snapped, my good mood officially gone. "I need you to fucking leave it."

He pulled me into him, a darkened look in his eyes. "I know I've way you can shut me up."

I wanted to be mad, more than anything, but when he looks at me like that I find it difficult to concentrate on anything else.

"What might that be?" I wrap my arms around his neck.

So his lips grazed against mine, his hands holding onto my face. It wasn't a kiss filled with passion, but one filled with love. One that almost rendered me speechless. After the rocky morning we'd had it was just what I needed. To be reminded of our love.

He pulled back, placing a kiss against my forehead.

"How long until we have to leave?"

"Long enough."

I wasted no time in taking him back to bed, ridding myself of my clothes as we went. I was determined to make sure he knew how much I loved him. He copied me, making sure that he was completely naked by the time we got to our bed.

I pushed him down onto the mattress, taking control for once.

"You still doubt how much I love you?" I asked, kissing across his chest. When he didn't reply I nipped at his nipple, he twitched underneath me.

"No doll...that's not what I...fuck I can't concentrate when you do that." He panted out as my hand wrapped around his length.

I smiled up at him as I started moving my hand firmly.

"You think this is something I want with someone else?" I didn't expect him to respond, the way his eyes screwed close told me he was enjoying this too much.

I littered his body with kisses as I worked my way down.

"You think I want to do this to anyone else?"

I licked a stripe up the underside of him. His tip glistening with precum as I did. His hands fisted in my hair, trying to regain control. For once I wasn't going to let him. This was about me showing him how much I loved him, he would lay there and let me love him if it killed him.

I lifted my head, looking up at him through my eyelashes.

"Do that again and I'll stop. Understand?"

"Y/N, please." The needy tone to his voice had me smiling. He was as desperate for me as I was for him, how could he doubt what we had?

"Just lay back and let me love you Buck. Trust me to take care of you."

He nodded. I took him into my mouth, the taste of him was something that would never compare to anything else. A taste I had become addicted to.

Just hearing his moans, my name leaving his lips as I took him further down my throat; it was enough to have me clenching my thighs together. There was something about seeing him lose control that was arousing and beautiful all at the same time.

I knew he wouldn't last much longer, and I needed him inside me. I pulled off him, kissing up his body until I reached his lips. I nipped at his bottom lip before I kissed him. Pouring all my love into that kiss.

Climbing on top of him, I lined him up with my throbbing pussy before sinking down onto him.

"Fuck doll! You're always so tight." He panted out, his hands gripping onto my hips. He was struggling to let me stay in control.

He felt perfect, filling me up just the right amount. I would never tire of how he made me feel.

"I fucking love you Buck." I cried out as I rolled my hips over him.

"I love you too."

I let him lift me up and down his cock, I wanted him to use me, to realise I would do anything for him.

"Harder Buck, do anything to needing more. Needing the pleasure only he could bring me."

He flipped me under him, grinning down at me.

"Mine." He growled before ramming into me. Each thrust hitting that sweet spot.

"Always," I agreed as he chased his release. I was close, but I didn't care if I came or not. This was about him and making sure he knew what he meant to me.

Of course the stubborn man in him wouldn't let himself finish until I had.

His fingers slid over my clit, rubbing frantically. Tingles spread over me, my orgasm approaching quicker than ever before.

"Cum for me doll, I need you to cum now." It was half a demand and half a desperate plea.

I didn't need telling twice. Clenching around him as I cried out his name, pleasure crashing around me as my vision blurred. He followed the second I started, both of us cumming in unison as he filled me up.

After cleaning me up, he crawled into bed beside me, pulling me to his chest.

"Sleep doll. We'll go to the compound later." He kissed me softly on the top of my head.

I smiled against him, wrapping my arms further around him.

"I love you Barnes."

"I love you too, so fucking much."

I drifted off to sleep, content in the arms of the man I loved more than anything in the world. I hoped that one day he would be able to believe just how much I loved him.

[Continue reading next part](#) 