

Holding Onto The Past

I decided to go and ask someone completely outside of the situation for some advice. My feelings were getting mixed up and I needed space.

"I don't know what to do. Bucky was more than fine with the kiss, but I don't love Steve in the way I do Bucky." I admitted as Loki and I walked out into the grounds around the compound.

Loki pulled me over towards the small lake that sat in the distance. We sat down side by side as I pulled my knees up to my chest.

"The last time you slept with Steve, you felt horrible a er." He noted, going back to when I was sleeping with him to get information.

"That was different, I was different." I defended, not entirely sure why he was bringing that point in my life up again. I'd tried so hard to move on from that person, the one filled with hate and rage.

Loki sensed that I was shutting him out, refusing to go back down that road of who I once was. He placed his hand on my arm, softening his voice as he spoke to me.

"I'm just saying that maybe you're holding onto that feeling."

He wasn't trying to wind me up, I knew that. He was trying to be a friend, one that would tell me the truth whether I wanted to hear it or not.

I took a breath, letting his words sink in. The used disgusting feeling I hid a er every time I saw Steve made me shudder. Maybe he was right.

"You think it's holding me back?" I asked, slightly unsure if I was going to like the answer.

"I believe it's possible to love people in different ways." He turned to face me, making sure I could see the sincerity in his eyes. He knew that I could read people and he was letting me read him without holding back.

"The love you have for Bucky comes once in a lifetime. Don't ruin that if Steve isn't truly in your heart."

A er all the horror stories you hear about Loki, the last thing I ever expected was to find a valued friend in him. Especially considering how much we used to loathe each other. The same could be said for Zemo, but I didn't want to talk somewhere where anyone could hear us.

I smiled at Loki, my heart feeling a lot less heavy than it had half an hour ago.

"You're pretty good at this advice thing."

"Perks to being a thousand years old." He smirked, causing us both to laugh. He pulled me into his side, letting me rest my head on his shoulder. A blanket appeared out of nowhere and I shook my head at him before pulling it further around me.

"Just think about it okay? Don't rush into anything."

I nodded my head, not entirely sure what to say as I thought about everything. I knew I loved Bucky, with every single cell of my body. There was something between me and Steve, but I just wasn't sure what it was. I needed time to figure it out.

A comfortable silence settled over us.

It was well into the evening before I'd headed back inside. Loki hugged me goodbye for I went to my old room wanting to be alone. I headed over to the small bar in the corner pulling out a bottle of scotch. I smiled looking at the label, making a mental note to thank Tony for putting some decent alcohol in here.

"You're avoiding me." Bucky's voice startled me as he walked in, closing the door behind him. "I just don't know why."

I pulled out another glass for him, pouring him a drink before turning to him.

"I needed time to think Bucky, so did you and Steve."

He took his drink from me, a smirk on his face. The dimple on his left cheek giving him an innocent look that I knew didn't belong there.

"What did you decide?"

I scooped, walking away from him. I'd decided a few things while I was sat with Loki, none of them exactly good.

"That I'm all kinds of broken." I admitted, biting back the tears threatening to fall as I sat on the bed. I didn't look up as he walked over to me, but I did feel the bed dip as he sat beside me.

"You're not broken doll."

"Yeah Buck I am." I snapped, launching the glass across the room. All my insecurities that I usually push down were bubbling at the surface. A thousand different voices echoing through my mind as I struggled to make sense of anything.

Bucky placed his drink down, turning me to face him.

"Why? Because you have feelings for both of us?"

I tried to pull my face from his hands, but he wasn't letting me. Holding me in place making sure I had to look at him. To see the love and acceptance on his face.

"Because there's nothing I love in this world more than you, but when Steve told me to tell him I felt nothing? I couldn't."

The last thing I expected him to do was kiss me, to pull me closer calming me in a way I never thought possible. He leaned his forehead against mine, both our eyes closed as we struggled to catch our breath.

"You always said I was your weakness." Bucky whispered out.

"You are, you always will be." I moved back, just enough to look into his eyes. "From the day I met you, I was drawn to you. Consequences be damned I was going to get to know you."

"You paid the price for that so many times." The guilt was obvious in his voice, the way he still blamed himself for not being able to save me. To be forced to watch what they did to me over and over again, like it was his choice.

I cupped his face in my hands. "I'd do it a thousand times over, because it led me to you." I'd never been so sure of anything, all the torture and abuse had been worth it for him. There was nothing I wouldn't do for him, both in the past and now.

He nodded, seeming to accept my answer. "Would you do it for Steve too?" There wasn't a hint of jealousy in him as he watched me. Just curiosity.

Would I do the same for Steve?

"I'd do anything to protect him, even from me." I admitted. "I've hardly been kind to him in the past." It was something I'd regret for the rest of my life. I knew why I'd done it and while I didn't regret the way things had played out, I regretted how much I'd hurt him in the past.

"You're not that person anymore."

I shook my head, dropping my hands into my lap. "I'll always be her deep down." I let a tear fall, it just solidified the fact I was broken. Which was what I couldn't get Bucky to understand. I wasn't the perfect person he pretended I was, I was broken beyond repair and it was something I had to live with every single day.

He wiped the tear away, a soft smile on his face. "You wouldn't be worried about hurting us if that was true."

"What about you?" I countered, not wanting to talk about myself any longer. "You weren't exactly upset when you saw us kissing."

"I know what it's like to be enamoured by you, to forget what's right and wrong."

His words melted the ice that I had wrapped around my heart, in a way that only he could. Loki was right, the love we have is a once in a lifetime kind of love. One that I didn't want to risk, no matter what I felt for Steve. I wasn't even sure what it was between me and Steve, it wasn't love that much I knew.

"Steve said I bring out a darker side to him." I thought out loud, not really looking for an answer, just remembering what he'd told me in the past.

"It's always been there, it just got pushed down in the war." He seemed to be remembering something, a hint of a smile on his face. It got me wondering.

"Did you and him? Ever...y'know." I wiggled my eyebrows, trying to lighten the mood.

He chuckled lightly, shaking his head. "Not with each other, but we've shared before." His admission caught me off guard, of all the things I expected him to say that was not it. Especially given the time they were born in, it would've been frowned upon at best.

Even a er talking to him, I still wasn't sure where my heart lied or what it wanted. I stood up, running my hands through my hair.

"I don't know what to do Buck, this was the last thing I ever expected."

"I know doll, try not to overthink it. Just do what feels right, until then why don't we get some sleep? I've got a mission with Sam tomorrow and right now I just want to hold my girl."

How can I say no to that?

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