

Not Without Buck

Bucky had left for his mission with Sam early that morning, not wanting to be around the others I opted to wait for him at home. Even after all this time it felt weird that I had somewhere to call home, but we'd made it ours. I'd even managed to snap a few photos of us over the last few months, the quiet moments in between the chaos that was our lives. The photos sat proudly in frames in different areas of our home.

I picked up the one that sat on our dresser, smiling at the funny faces we were pulling. There was no doubt in my mind that Bucky was made for me, he was my person and he always would be. My mind drifted to Steve, knowing there was still something there as well. It wasn't love, but I certainly cared for him as more than a friend. Bucky didn't seem too concerned about it, I hoped deep down he knew that I would drop anything I had for Steve if he asked me to.

I pulled on one of his shirts, buttoning up the first couple of buttons, rolling up the sleeves I headed downstairs. Just as I reached the bottom the front door swung open.

"Hey Buck, Tony's throwing a party again, mind if I crash here tonight?" Steve's voice rang out as he walked in and straight over to the drinks cabinet in the living room. He hadn't even seen me. He looked good, wearing a pair of jeans and a tight t-shirt.

"Steve?" I grabbed his attention, resting my hands on my hips.

He stopped, flicking his eyes up to mine, his glass resting against his bottom lip as he took in my appearance. I could hear his heart trying to race, the serum preventing it from happening.

"Bucky's not here. He's on a mission with Sam." I reminded him.

He nodded his head, placing his drink down before walking towards me. "Right. Yeah. Of course." He seemed to stumble over his words, his eyes taking on that darker shade of blue that I loved.

I stayed still, not entirely sure what to do. I hadn't seen him since we kissed, I wasn't sure where we stood in that moment.

"Why are you here?"

He paused, his eyes roaming leisurely over my body. "Like I said. Tony. Party."

"So this has nothing to do with how you've avoided me since that kiss?" I challenged, watching him as he stalked towards me.

"I don't trust myself around you." His hands reached out, pulling me by my shirt closer to him. The tension thick in the air as he unbuttoned my shirt. "You bring out the selfish side of me."

"Steve...I don't think."

"So don't think." He interrupted me, the lust evident in the way his voice lowered. He returned his attention to the shirt that was now giving him a full view of my naked breasts. "Tell me you don't want me and I'll stop." He seemed so sure and confident, a side I'd never seen before. It had me tingling from the inside out, arousal pooling within me.

"You know I can't." I breathed out, trying to keep my voice steady.

His eyes met mine once more before he pulled me to him, our lips bruising each other as we lost ourselves in one of the most passionate kisses I'd ever experienced. He lifted me up, wrapping my legs around his waist as he took us upstairs. We fell onto the bed, not once breaking the kiss. I knew my lips were going to be swollen as he poured himself into that kiss, showing me what he was scared to admit. He wanted me more than he wanted to tell himself or anyone else. It was intoxicating and I found myself needing more.

I felt his length hardening as he rocked against me, the denim of his jeans providing some much needed relief for my throbbing clit.

Bucky's face flashed through my mind. Reluctantly I pulled away, biting back the whimper as our lips parted.

"You're thinking again." He chuckled, placing his lips back against mine.

As much as I wanted to, and I really did. I couldn't. I pushed gently against his chest, not wanting him to think I was rejecting him, but because I had to.

"We can't. Not without Buck."

He sighed, rolling from on top of me to my side. "Okay, that's fine." He reluctantly agreed, placing the fabric of my shirt to cover me back up. "But I am gonna keep kissing you."

I smiled up at him, resting my hand against the side of his face. "I won't say no to that."

His lips grazed against mine, more tenderly this time. I knew I was complicating things, but I knew Bucky was okay with us kissing. He'd made that much clear yesterday.

The mission had been a success, Bucky and Sam were on their way home with the intel they'd been sent to gather. While Bucky was physically exhausted, his mind was more awake than it had been in a long time. Thoughts of Y/N plaguing him, wondering all the 'what ifs'. He sat staring at the ground as his legs dangled over the edge of the large weapons crate he was sat on.

Sam laid on the bench in the jet watching Bucky as he delved deeper into his thoughts.

"What's up man?" He asked his friend, concerned after everything he'd been through.

Bucky didn't respond, he was too busy worrying that he was on his way to losing Y/N. He wanted her to be happy, if that meant letting Steve have a piece of her then it was a price he was willing to pay. Yet he couldn't help the insecurities that were holding him back. She'd told him over and over again how much she loved him, yet there was always that voice at the back of his mind making things seem worse.

"Buck?" Sam asked, more forcefully this time.

With a sigh Bucky looked up from the ground, giving Sam his attention. "Steve tell you what happened?" He asked knowing how close Sam and Steve were.

Sam sat up, nodding his head slightly. "That he kissed her? Yeah, he was torn up about it."

"She doesn't know how she feels about him. She says she's broken because she has feelings for both of us."

Sam couldn't try to pretend to understand how confusing the situation must be, for everyone involved. All he could do was tell Bucky his honest opinion, like he had with Steve.

"Buck, this is the woman who spent years going through hell for you." He reminded him. Anyone who knew their story could see the love between them. You don't go through what they had without loving each other in an all consuming kind of way.

Bucky sighed, jumping down from the crate he was sat on. He walked over to Sam before sitting next to him.

"Yeah I know, and I know she loves me." He paused, trying to find the right words. "But she loves him too. I'm just not sure how much."

Sam didn't know what to say, so he let Bucky get everything off his chest.

"I just want her to be happy, she deserves that."

The rest of the journey was spent in relative silence apart from the hum of the engine as they gradually got closer to home. Bucky knew he had to talk to Y/N, to tell her everything he was feeling. It was the only way they'd get through this. He wasn't lying when he told her that he wasn't jealous, seeing her kiss Steve was something he'd happily watch again.

It was her heart he was worried about, he couldn't lose that. Not to anyone.

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