

Lying

Steve had been splitting his time between me and the compound. Something that I knew was taking its toll on him. I couldn't have them know where I am because at least one of them would tell Bucky and I couldn't have that yet.

The second he walked through the door his arms were wrapped around me, holding me against his chest.

"Hello to you too Rogers." I teased, turning my head to kiss him.

I honestly don't know what I would've done without him the last couple of weeks. Well him and Loki, who had worked out where he was disappearing to pretty quickly. I trusted Loki so having him know where I was, wasn't a problem.

He headed into the bedroom, pulling his jacket off as he went. "I can't keep lying to them about where I am."

"I can't face any of them. Not yet."

"You at least need to talk to Bucky."

I knew he was right, I owed Bucky answers even if he didn't remember what we had. Hopping up onto the kitchen counter I waited for him to come back out the bedroom. I wanted him to see I was being sincere with what I was saying.

He appeared moments later, pulling a fresh too tight t-shirt over his head. "He deserves that sweetheart."

I melted every time he called me that.

"Yeah I know. I'm just scared Steve."

Scared that he'd tell me to leave. I wasn't the Winter he remembered. Although she would remain a large part of me, I was more than that now. Not a hero, I could never be that but I was a mix of something new. Something he no longer understood.

"I can do it with you if that makes it easier?" He offered.

"Just come here." I opened my arms up to him.

Without any hesitation he came to me. I was done talking about my fears, I just wanted to feel him and the love and comfort he brought me.

I pressed my lips softly against his, my hands resting on his shoulders. He pulled back, not sure what I was going to do. I loved that he was constantly putting my needs before his.

I lifted his t-shirt that I was wearing over my head, revealing my naked body to him.

The rumble in his chest told me he approved. His own clothes soon followed until he was stood bare in front of me. The sight of him alone was enough to bring my body to life. He dropped to his knees in front of me, placing my legs over his shoulders.

When his tongue pressed against my folds I shuddered. He knew exactly how I liked it and how to pull the moans from my body as he devoured me. As he slid his fingers inside me, he grazed his teeth over my swollen clit sending a wave of pleasure through me.

"Fuck...oh god...yes Steve!" My words tumbled out of me as he pumped into me.

He lifted me just long enough to watch me as every nerve in my body was set on fire. His name repeating on my lips as he made sure I rode every wave of my release.

When my vision cleared he gently set my legs back, cleaning his fingers in his mouth.

"So sweet." He purred.

He'd tasted me, now it was my turn to do the same. He never expected it of me, which only made me want to do it more. Sinking to my knees in front of him, I didn't tease him like I usually would. I wanted him to feel as content as I was. The salty taste of his tip slid over my tongue as I took him in my mouth.

His hand immediately grabbed my hair, pulling just enough to give me the slight sting to my scalp that I loved.

As I pressed my tongue against his thick shaft I felt him lose control. This was what I wanted and needed from him. The way he'd stop pretending to be perfect and take what he wanted. Right now he wanted me and I was happy to oblige.

He snapped his hips towards me, forcing himself deeper down my throat. I gagged slightly before recovering, letting him fuck me. There was no love or compassion in what we were doing, just the need to feel each other.

He began twitching and I knew he was close. Rolling my hands over his balls he rewarded me with his hot cum bursting down my throat. I lapped up every drop, my own arousal coating my legs.

He roughly pulled me to my feet, not letting up his grip on my hair. Tilting my head back he kissed me, the taste of each other on our tongues.

He pulled back harshly, his cock already hardening once more against my stomach.

"Get on that bed and spread those legs for me sweetheart."

I knew that voice, the same one he'd tried to hide from me before. He didn't want to make love to me, nor did I want it. He wanted to fuck me, claim me and I was more than willing for that to happen.

Bucky's POV

Bucky knew she wouldn't be at the compound but Nat said she had information on where Winter might be. Even saying that name in his head didn't sound right anymore but he couldn't understand why.

She called him into her room claiming she wanted to talk away from the others. Dressed in nothing but a robe she told him how Steve was disappearing from the compound daily when he thought no one would notice. She needed to drive a wedge between him and Y/N, using Steve would accomplish just that.

"What are you saying?" Bucky asked not in the mood for her games.

"He disappears for hours at a time."

Suddenly he understood what she was insinuating. "You think he knows where she is."

Bucky knew Steve was hiding something from me when he saw him yesterday.

"Yeah I do." She confirmed, taking a step closer to him.

He knew Nat had never liked the idea of Winter, expressing the need to kill her on more than one occasion. He also knew her well enough to know she wasn't telling him this for his benefit.

"And this is what? You being a friend?"

She swayed her hips as she walked up to him. She was trying to be seductive but it did nothing for him. She wasn't here

"You might not remember her, but you love her." Nat slid her hands up onto his shoulders. "But surely this is a step too far even for you."

Steve wouldn't go behind his back with his girl, Bucky was sure of it. There had to be more to it than he knew.

"And you think you'd be better for me?" He asked, placing his hands on top of hers.

Nat revelled in the attention he was giving her. It was all she'd ever wanted, to be noticed by him.

"I think there's something here." She pressed herself up against him.

"And I think you don't like being told no."

Nat's hands on him felt all kinds of wrong. He gently removed them, needing her off him.

"Bucky please," she pleaded as he moved her back. "She obviously doesn't love you."

Shaking his head Bucky walked towards the door. She'd wasted his time.

"Don't look so surprised. It's always been her and it always will be."

He was done playing her games. The only way he'd find the woman he'd always loved would be with the one man he knew loved her too.

He had to find Steve.

ā

[Continue reading next part](#) □