

Healing Hearts

I knew there was something on Steve's mind as we climbed into bed. He was quiet, seemingly not even in the room with me. I laid with my head on his chest, his fingers skating across the skin on my back.

"What aren't you telling me?" I asked, snuggling further into him.

He kissed the top of my head, the small act comforting me slightly. "Nothing you need to worry about."

I scooped. "Because that's reassuring."

Steve knew without even looking at me that I was pouting. He knew how I felt about secrets. Given my history I knew how hypocritical that was but I couldn't change it even if I wanted to. Which I didn't.

"Can you just trust me on this one?"

"I always trust you, you know that."

In a way I always had. I trusted him to keep me safe, to protect me, to make sure I was happy no matter what. Without Bucky the level of affection and trust that I had for him had only grown.

He knew I needed more than that though. My trust would only go so far considering what I'd been through. "It's just a few things I need to sort out at the compound."

Just the mention of the compound had my mind wandering to Bucky. I missed him so much, more than was probably healthy. There was still an element of fear when it came to his lack of memories, but my need to be near him was starting to outweigh it.

"I think I'm going to see him tomorrow." It was something I'd been thinking about all day.

Steve moved slightly so he could look down at me, a smile appearing on his lips. "I'm proud of you."

"So cheesy Captain." I teased back, hiding just how much his words meant to me.

Steve rolled me under him, kissing me firmly as he pressed me into the bed.

As he pulled back I could see the darkened look in his eyes. "What did I tell you about calling me that?" He pressed his hard length against me.

The bratty side to me just couldn't help herself. "Hmm...dunno. You might have to remind me."

"Such a fucking tease." He growled as his lips met mine once again.

There was something about Steve when he swore, to anyone else it wouldn't seem like much but with him it was a glimpse of the darkness deep within him. A darkness that very few ever saw, something I couldn't get enough of. Caring Steve was someone that everyone could fall in love with, but the dark side was something made of both dreams and nightmares.

I'd learnt not to wear clothes when it came to being alone with him, something he'd been more than happy to join me with. So when he pressed harder against me, the tip of his cock pressed deliciously against my clit. He barely rocked his hips and I was panting. The friction sending a gush of arousal through me. There was barely a moment between us lately where I wasn't ready for him.

His hands caressed my body as he devoured my mouth like a starved man. He knew what he was doing as he moved against me, pulling moans and groans from my lips which he swallowed happily. He found a rhythm that had my body burning for him as I chased the pressure in my stomach. Just before he pushed me over the edge he pulled away completely, leaving me a writhing mess beneath him.

"I warned you not to tease me."

"Steve...please."

"On your knees." He instructed.

He sat back enough to allow me to move, I was quickly learning this was the position he went to when that darkness in him reared its head. He ran his tip through my slick folds, coating his cock in my wetness. Just as I expected him to thrust into me he moved, lining himself up with my ass.

As he slowly slid inside me we both cried out, the burn only lasting a few seconds before pure bliss washed over me. I pushed back against him, pulling him deeper inside me. His hand connected with the skin on my ass, no doubt leaving a red mark in its wake. He repeated it the other side, smiling down as my skin changed shade in front of him.

"You ready sweetheart?"

"Yes Captain."

"Good girl."

He gripped onto my hips as he moved me against his shaft. My muscles gripped onto him with every movement. Tears building in my eyes as he took his pleasure with no regards to mine. The feral moans escaping him only added to the euphoria he was bringing me. I wanted to explode around him, to grip him tightly but I knew better. It wouldn't be the first time he's let me wanting more.

"Captain please..." I begged him as my body began to tense.

"Not yet," he growled picking up his pace. "Wait for me."

It took every ounce of concentration I had to hold my orgasm at bay. The ache between my legs was beginning to become painful. It wasn't long before he began twitching inside me, signalling his own release wasn't far away.

"Play with yourself sweetheart. Cum with me."

The second my fingers grazed the swollen nub between my legs my vision blurred. I felt him spill himself inside me as I desperately clenched around him, my lungs struggling to fill as I revelled in the tingling feeling coating my body.

He pulled gently out of me, pressing a kiss to my shoulder before going to get a warm cloth to clean me up with. I climbed back into the bed as he wrapped himself around me, his chest to my back.

"I love you Y/N."

"I love you too Steve."

I really did love him, just not as much as I loved Bucky. No one would ever come close to that, deep down Steve knew it too. He was suddenly desperate to get to the compound to find out if things had gone to plan.

I'd sent word to Bucky about where I'd be if he wanted to talk to me. Butterflies in my stomach were beginning to make me feel sick as I waited in the back of the coffee shop. Every time the bell dinged I felt bile rise in my throat.

The second he walked through the door it took everything I had to not run into his arms.

He sat in the seat opposite me, placing his hand palm up on the table. There was no hesitation from me as I placed my hand in his. The small touch was enough to calm my nerves.

Blurry images flashed through Bucky's mind the second his hand met mine. He had to blink them away in order to focus.

"I'm glad you came." I whispered, knowing full well that he'd hear me.

He sighed, his blue eyes never leaving mine. "Why did you run?"

"I was scared." I paused, gripping his hand a bit harder. "I still am."

"You've never been scared before."

I had to remember he still thought I was Winter, he had no idea how many walls I'd broken down over the last year.

I let the tear fall as I looked at him. "I thought I was going to lose you. Then you woke up and didn't remember me." My voice broke. "I lost you in a different way."

Seeing the pain in my eyes had Bucky sliding his chair closer to me. He couldn't bear the space any longer. No matter what he knew how he felt whether he had his memories or not.

"What made you change your mind?"

"The thought of seeing you every day. I couldn't handle it."

He smiled gently at me. "You've been watching me?" He wiped the tear from my face.

I chuckled. "Okay now you're making it sound creepy but yeah."

"You should've come to me sooner doll."

"You thought I was the villain, if you had sent me away it would've destroyed me." I admitted, my hands shaking as I waited for his response.

He cupped my cheek in his warm hand. "You've never been the villain in my story, not once." Even as Winter he never saw me as a villain. Even when I wanted to kill him, to him I was hurting but never a villain.

He was being beyond perfect, healing every tear in my heart that leaving him had caused. What worried me now was the memories around Steve.

"Listen," I sighed. "There's something you need to know."

"About Steve? I already know."

I kissed the palm of the hand that was still resting against my face before resting my hand on top of it. "Tell me to stop and I will. That was always our deal."

It would hurt to walk away from Steve and everything, but there was nothing I wouldn't do for the man sat beside me.

Bucky knew there was more to what was happening with Steve than he knew. He gently pressed his lips against mine, sighing when he met no resistance from me. The kiss was soft and sweet, something we both needed in that moment.

He pulled away, brushing some tendrils of hair that had fallen across my face out of his way.

"Don't stop. Just give me time to catch up."

Could this man be any more perfect?

[Continue reading next part](#) 