

## Your Choice

I sat waiting patiently on a chair in his living room. He'd done well, the house was located in Brooklyn, not a small tiny apartment. A proper house, one that was light and airy. As nice as it looked, I knew he didn't like it. It was barely lived in, no photos lining the walls or books le out. Nothing to show he actually lived here. Nothing besides the various bottles of alcohol sat on a unit in his living room. Swinging back and forth in the chair I was becoming increasingly bored. Once I heard the key in the door I couldn't help but smile.

Finally

He rounded the corner, his jaw dropping slightly as he looked me over. My legs crossed as I played with one of his knives. "Hi James. I think we need a chat." I couldn't help but let my eyes roam over him. He looked good, his hair was shorter, and he looked healthier. His t-shirt was tight against his body, letting me see every muscle that lay beneath it. He watched me watching him with a smirk as he leant against the door frame. "I knew you'd come eventually."

"I gathered, considering how easy it was for me to get in." I mirrored his smirk, a flirty tone to my voice that I hadn't meant to let slip.

"You knew where I was. You always have." The confidence oozing o him had me squeezing my thighs together.

"You're nothing if not predictable. I knew with your memories back you'd come back to Brooklyn."

He gave me a small laugh, pushing o the door frame. "Have a drink with me. I know before you enact your evil scheme." His smile had me feeling weak at the knees, not that I could give that away. He couldn't know that. He walked over to the unit containing the alcohol. Pulling two glasses from the cupboard below he grabbed a couple of pieces of ice, dropping them into the glasses. Picking up the crystal decanter he poured two drinks.

Standing up, I walked over to him. "Evil? I don't remember you using that word the last time we drank together."

He walked over to me, passing me the glass. I had to ignore the sparks I felt as his fingers brushed against mine. "I remember a few choice words leaving your lips that night."

Taking a sip of the liquid, I savoured the burn as it slid down my throat. I knew the game he was playing, trying to remind me of the fun we'd had, in order to make me listen to him. "Oh you mean the night you upped and le?" I challenged him.

He gave me a so smile, his annoyingly cute dimples appearing on his face. "You mean the night you broke the big rule, at least, what was it five times?"

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"Get the mission complete at any costs." Pierce's hand grabbed my chin. Hard. "But do not sleep with the soldier. Your body is ours, we choose who you spread your legs for."

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"Was it five for you? Huh. I remember one, maybe one and a half." I lied, I'd never felt as good as I did that night. In fact it was the first time someone had ever given me an orgasm. Sure I'd slept with people to get information, but never for pleasure. James made me feel good, made me feel beautiful, over and over again until I could barely walk.

"Really? Because I remember you asking. No begging, me not to stop." He gave me yet another smirk, his blue eyes burning into me.

I rolled my eyes, moving to sit on his couch. "So how long have I got until SHIELD turn up?" I attempted to change the subject.

"You know as well as I do that you disabled that emergency call button."

Sitting down I hooked one foot underneath me, sitting side ways, my arm hooked over the back of the couch as he sat beside me. "I also know you never even attempted to push it." I took a sip of my drink, before running my free fingers over the stubble across his cheek. "My question is why?" He took a sip of his drink and I couldn't help but watch the way he swallowed it. "Is it because you're hanging on to that dream of running away together?" My thumb swept along his bottom lip, collecting the droplets of liquid that sat there. I popped my thumb in my mouth before returning to skating my fingers over his face. "The one where we disappear and start a new life together. Or is it because you know I'll be gone by the time they get here?"

He closed his eyes briefly before leaning into my touch. "You could stay."

"And why would I do that?"

He looked away from me. "Because Steve isn't who you actually want in your bed."

I sco ed, taking my hand back to grasp the glass with both hands.

"I've never had a choice before, why would now be any di erent?" It was probably the least guarded I'd been since I walked in here. It was honest and real, it showed just how little I thought of myself. I acted confident and like a bad bitch, but a lot of the time I felt lost. Something only James had ever seen, something only James would ever see.

The cold metal of his fingers gripped my chin, turning my head towards him. "You had a choice that night."

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"I want to hear you say it Winter." James laid on top of me, his cock lined up at my entrance. "Say you want it. Tell me it's okay. For once, give your permission, make a choice." His words alone had me ready to explode.

"I want this James. I want you. Show me what it feels like to be loved."

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A tear escaped me as I looked at him. "I chose to fight for our freedom, our future. You ran from it."

"Stop talking." Pulling the glass from my hand, he set it on the table. His lips crashing against mine. His tongue sweeping into my mouth. I wrapped my arms around his neck, letting go of everything for just a moment. He lowered me onto the couch, grinding into me.

All of a sudden flashes of that night flood my mind as he push him back slightly. "Wait." He stops immediately, concern over his face as he looks at me. He places his lips on my forehead, giving me a so kiss. "Stop overthinking it. We can go back to being enemies tomorrow." I couldn't help li ing his metal hand to my lips, placing a kiss against it. Only then did I realise it was a di erent style to the last time I saw it. Rolling his long sleeve up, I took in the black and gold plates. "This is new."

He looked away, not wanting to see me looking at it. Pulling him back to look at me I smirked up at him. "Is it as useful as the last one?"

"Why don't you shut up so we can find out?" There it was. That new found confidence. Pulling him down to me our teeth clashed as we clawed at each other's clothing. I finally managed to get his t-shirt o , running my hands over his muscles. I could feel the saliva pooling in my mouth. "Like what you see doll?" The pet name sent shivers through me. "You like it when I call you doll?"

Biting my lip I nodded, not trusting myself to talk. His lips hovered near my ear. "Let me show you how much I've missed you doll." He started nipping down my neck, I couldn't help the way my back arched into him as he grazed that sweet spot just below my ear. A moan slipped from me and I could feel him smile against me. "Still so responsive."

His teasing was driving me insane and he knew it. I was dripping wet and he'd barely touched me. "James..."

"Bucky." He growled at me.

I shook my head at him. "I can't." Pulling back he studied how I was looking at him. "Call. Me. Bucky." His dominance shining through as his steel blue eyes watched me. Pushing him back o me, I stood up. "This was a mistake. Goodbye James."

I nearly made it to the door, but he caught me. He spun me round before pressing me up against the wall. His hands holding my wrists above my head. "Why won't you call me Bucky? What's so di icult about that?" I turned my head, refusing to answer him. He couldn't know the truth, it would spoil everything.

So ly but firmly he turned my face towards him. Making me look him in the eyes. I could feel the walls crumbling as I looked at him. I couldn't fight it much more, no matter how much I wanted to. Ripping my hands from his grip I pushed him back. "You want to know why?" Another push. "James le ." Another push. "James broke me." This time when I attempted to push him, he wrapped his arms around me, pulling me to his chest. "I can't call you Bucky because then you become more than a target. You become real and I can't do real. It hurts too much."

His hands gripped my face as his thumbs swept across my cheek bones. "When it comes to you and me. It will always be real." His lips crashed against mine. His hands gripped my ass as he li ed me like I weighed nothing. My legs wrapping around his waist. I could feel him becoming hard against me.

I got so lost in the kiss that I didn't notice him carrying us to his bedroom. I only noticed when he laid me down gently. His lips le mine as he placed kisses down my neck, stopping as the swell of my breasts. Pulling my tank top o he looked at my bra, black lace. He growled and it sent a jolt of arousal through me.

His lips met my skin once again as he placed kisses down my stomach. When he reached the waistband of my trousers, his gaze flicked to me. Waiting. I nodded at him.

"Doll, I need you to use your words, because once these come o I won't be able to stop. I need your consent. This has to be your choice."

How was it possible to hate someone yet adore them at the same time? "It's my choice Bucky. I want this, I need you." Pulling my trousers and underwear in one tug he spread my legs open for him.

"Fuck doll, you're so wet." I couldn't form words, between his breath blowing against my core and his words. I was a mess.

The cool of his metal fingers against the raging heat between my legs was an intense contrast. He wasted no time in pumping two fingers inside me. Twisting and curling them to hit that spot inside me that makes me see stars. My back arches as he pumps into me. His eyes never leaving mine.

I can't take it anymore the gaze from him is too intense, gripping the back of his head I force his head down. He seems to get the hint as his tongue starts running through my folds. Flicking and sucking over my sensitive clit. "F-fuck! Bucky!" I know I'm not going to last much longer. My thighs grip the side of his head as they start to shake. I cum over his fingers harder than I ever have before. Gripping him with uncontrollable force.

A er helping me ride through my high, he crawls up my body, a smug grin on his face. "Lose the smug grin Barnes or I'll walk out that door." An empty threat at best. Placing his arms either side of my head. "If you can walk out of here then I haven't done my job right." His words had me attempting to squeeze my thighs together. Lowering himself onto me he starting grinding into me, the friction causing me to moan as he did. "The things those noises do to me. They hurt my dreams Winter." He stopped moving, staring down at me. "Or is it Willow now?"

"Not Willow. Never Willow. Not with you."

I fumbled with the button on his jeans as he le marks over my neck. Once I'd got them open I pushed them down, desperate to free him. The second he sprung free I flipped him underneath me. I wasted no time in taking him into my mouth, tongue flicking over the tip. "Fuck Winter." He groaned throwing his head back against the pillows.

His moans spurred me on further as I took him completely into my throat. I felt him hit the back of my throat and repeated the motion over and over. I could feel his legs tensing beneath me. Before he could finish, he pulled me o him and on to his lap. "I need to be inside you doll. Tell me I can I need your consent."

"Fuck me Bucky. Please."

That was all he needed as he thrust up into me. I gripped onto his shoulders for support as he began slamming into me. His thumb found my clit, within seconds I was crying out his name as I clenched around him. He didn't stop pounding into me, his thumb becoming relentless as he brought me to the brink again. I screamed so loud I could feel my throat becoming sore. My arousal seeping out onto him.

I had to move his thumb, it was too much. I was too sensitive. His grip on my hips was leaving bruises and I loved it. I loved seeing him lose control. His eyes closed as he chased his own release. Leaning down I whispered in his ear. "Cum inside me Bucky, fill me up." That was new. I never let anyone do that. My words sent him over the edge, he emptied himself inside me as he cried my name out over and over again.

I rolled o him, laying on top of the sheets as I looked at the ceiling. A tear escaped and I quickly wiped it away. He noticed. Rolling on to his side, his head propped up on his hand. Turning my head to face him, he saw the tears rolling down my face. "Talk to me doll."

"I hate you."

His smirk returned. "No you don't. You want to but you don't."

The loving look in his eyes was too much. I shot up from the bed, pulling my clothes back on. Ignoring the tears that continued to fall. As I pulled my top on, he pulled me back into the bed. "Just stay." Leaning my forehead against his I closed my eyes. "I can't. I never should've come here."

"Why did you?"

I couldn't admit the real reason. I couldn't admit it to myself so how could I admit it to him?

"Goodbye James."

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