

It Wasn't Me

I looked over at Steve's sleeping form, admiring him. He spent the night showing me just how special I was to him. Making me feel as if I was the only woman in the world. The idea of sneaking out was horrible, but I had to. I had to find out why Bucky was here. I placed a so kiss against Steve's lips, smiling as he stirred slightly in his sleep.

Moving carefully out of the bed I got dressed as quietly as I could. If he woke up I knew he would stop me and in that moment that just wasn't an option. I pulled on a pair of shorts, running shoes and a tank top, at least that way I could use the excuse that I was out running. I didn't want to lie to Steve but I'm wasn't le with much choice.

I was continents away from the states, but I knew Bucky all too well. I knew his habits. I jogged gently through the streets until I found a small inconspicuous house that is exactly to his style and taste. I had no doubts that he was there, it was almost as if there was a neon sign flashing his name above the door.

I raised my fist, hesitating slightly before banging against it. I didn't stop for a second until he opened it, a shocked look upon his beautiful face.

Damn him for looking so fucking good

If he had at least looked like he had missed me I wouldn't mind, he just looked healthy. Like a weight had been li ed from his shoulders.

"Y/N?" He breathed out with a smile.

I rolled my eyes, barging past him. "Did you really think I didn't see you last night?"

The home he was in was clearly a rental, no sign that he'd even unpacked a bag here let alone moved in. I heard his footsteps behind me as I refused to look at him, my heart feeling like it was breaking all over again.

"Please, just let me explain doll." He pleaded with me.

"No!" I snapped. "You don't get to come and me back down a er I spent a year undoing the damage that you did!"

The tears ran down my face the second I turned to look at him. He had the audacity to look at me like he pitied me.

"If you'd let me explain you'd understand." He pleaded with me to hear him out.

I couldn't do it. I wouldn't. I just wanted him to leave me and Steve alone.

Have I not su ered enough?

"I understand just fine James! I was never good enough for you and I never will be!"

I turned away from him, unable to keep looking at the man I was still irrevocably in love with. The man that I would give up everything for. Nothing in the world could compare to my love for him, no matter how much I wanted it to. I wanted to love Steve in the way I loved him. Steve had never let me down. So why couldn't I feel that way about him? What was stopping me?

Bucky refused to talk to me without me looking at me. He walked around until I was forced to look at him.

"A er everything that's what you think?"

"You made it pretty fucking clear!" I shouted at him.

He ran his hands through his hair, in the way he always did when he was frustrated.

"That wasn't me! I told you that you were never a villain in my story!"

I reached out pushing him away from me. I couldn't believe it wasn't him, I was there. I had heard the words coming from him, he was just making excuses, he had to be.

"Stop lying to me!" I screamed as I pushed and hit him over and over again.

He held his hands up in surrender, trying to stop my outburst. "I'm not lying doll. It wasn't me, please just listen to me." He continued to plead his innocence.

I continued to hit out at him, tears staining my cheeks as I let it all out. "I was there! It was you that broke it o . You that threw my biggest insecurity in my face!" I wailed at him.

"Deep down you know I would never do that to you."

I hit him again, this time he caught my wrists in his hands, holding me still.

"Stop hitting me for five minutes and just let me explain."

"I fucking hate you." I pulled away from him.

I walked over to the small sofa, leaning on my legs as I buried my head in my hands. Of all the times I'd imagined seeing him again, this wasn't what I had pictured, not even a little bit. I wanted to be stronger than this, stronger than the weak woman I was when I le New York.

He sighed, walking over to get us both a much needed drink. He pulled the glasses from the small wooden cabinet, followed by a bottle of amber liquid. I didn't know what was in it, nor did I overly care.

"If you really hated me, you wouldn't be here now."

He walked over, placing the glass in front of me. I li ed my head, taking it from him. "You think a drink is going to make this okay?" I rolled my eyes as I shook my head.

"No, but it might shut you up long enough for me to talk."

As angry as I was I couldn't help the smile that broke out across my face. He was right, which only pissed me o more. Deep down I wanted to know why he'd done what he did, no matter how much it was going to hurt. Maybe then I would get the closure I so desperately craved.

"What makes you think I want to listen to anything you have to say?" I asked, taking a sip of the liquid nectar.

He smiled back, the fucking panty dropping dimples appearing on his cheeks. "Because you're still here."

It would be easy to fall back into what we had, I couldn't allow myself to do that. Not a er everything I'd done in order to move on from him.

"You have five minutes before I walk out of that door and never come back."

"It was Steve."

My entire world shattered as I looked into his eyes and saw no hint of a lie.

"W-What?" I stammered, not quite believing what he was selling.

He placed his drink down, coming to crouch in front of me. "He used my code words doll. I never would've said those things to you." He placed his hands on my knees.

I knew Bucky well enough to know when he was lying to me. If he was telling me it was Steve then it had to be. I accepted it almost instantly, as if I'd known it was true all along. My heart didn't break like it had back in New York, it barely skipped a beat. Maybe deep down I'd always known something was wrong. The timing. The words. Steve's adavance that he was by my side through it all. It all made sense.

I squeezed the glass in my hands so hard that it smashed against my skin. The shards pulling blood from me barely registered in the slightest.

"I'm going to fucking kill him."

If he wanted me to be the villain in Bucky's story, he was about to get the shock of his life. If he thought I was bad as Winter, he hadn't seen anything yet. I'd kill that son of a bitch and make him regret every second.

He'd stolen my entire world from me, now his was going to come crashing down in ways he could never imagine.

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