

## I Couldn't Stay Away

Avoiding Steve while trying to act as if I was still in love with him was becoming harder and harder by the day. I needed this plan to work, I needed to destroy him in more ways than one. I wanted him to feel the betrayal I'd felt, to feel like everything he thought he knew was a lie. Sure it was petty, but I was beyond the point of caring anymore. I needed this and I wouldn't stop until I got it.

After meeting with Tony at the bar, things had been put into motion. I'd managed to talk him down from hunting Steve down himself. The rivalry that had always existed between them had turned to pure rage on his part. It was something I never expected when I reached out to Tony, for him to accept my word with no proof, but I was glad he did. He'd always been one of the easier ones to convince that I wasn't a complete villain. He'd understood my need for revenge and now he was someone I could rely on. Someone I could trust. That in itself was a miracle considering how hard it has become over the years to let someone into my life enough to make a difference.

I begin wiping the tables down in the bar, greeting our new chef Henry as he walks in.

"Hey boss." He greets me with a wave. "Did the delivery come yet?"

"Yeah, its all in the kitchen. You need any help?"

"Nah, Sarah is in later and she can help with the few bits I need."

Hiring extra staff was giving me the option to step back slightly. The lunch time rush was a couple of hours away, but I knew him and Sarah would handle it just fine. I'd be around in the office if it got too much and a couple of the girls were coming in to help behind the bar anyway. With any luck I'd be able to leave after I'd filled in the paperwork to shut Steve out of my business completely.

"Just shout if you need anything, I'll be in the back."

"Sure thing."

I headed into my office, content with collapsing on the sofa and getting some sleep, but that wouldn't fulfil the plan. Which meant it would be longer until I got back to Bucky, so I settled for loading up the invoices and getting the bills paid. A few moments in, I let out a sigh of relief when my phone begins to ring, a welcome distraction.

"Tony? Is it done?" I asked hopefully.

"Cameras are all set up. I still don't like this."

He'd made that abundantly clear when we'd met. He just wanted to pull me out and back to the compound where we could put together a case to put Steve behind bars. Most normal people would have jumped at the opportunity, but not me.

"It has to be this way Tony. I want to destroy every he loves, everything he holds dear."

Without even seeing Tony I knew he was rolling his eyes at me, that he wanted nothing more than to change my mind. He couldn't though and deep down he knew it.

"How long do you need?"

"A couple of weeks. He thinks I worship the ground he walks on. He'll propose any day now."

Then I'll rip out his heart, shred it to pieces and shove it down his throat one broken part at a time and watch as he crumbles and realises he's lost.

"Be careful." Tony warned, knowing it wasn't an argument he was about to win. "He still has the book."

"As long as I'm not mentally drained the words are useless."

I leave out the fact that I'm barely sleeping, not wanting to be near Steve longer than absolutely necessary. The worry that I'll talk in my sleep and Bucky's name will escape my lips plays heavily on my mind. I knew if I told Tony that he'd pull me out whether I wanted him to or not. It wasn't an option.

Tony sighed...again. "We've got enough to put him away Red. Drop the theatrics and come home."

"We're going round in circles here Tony. I need him to know how it feels to have everything ripped away from you. I'm owed that much."

"I know better than to keep arguing with you, just keep yourself safe at least."

"I'm not the one that needs to be careful."

I hang up, feeling more on edge than I had all day. I bury myself in paperwork and phone calls with a lawyer that I've hired to make sure when all this goes down that everything I've worked towards won't be for nothing. That my bar and my freedom will be guaranteed. Obviously there will be rules I have to follow, but so far I'm on the winning team.

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Two hours before I know Steve will walk through the door I'm pacing. Tonight I plan to be the perfect girlfriend, to make him think he's truly won. Part of me wonders if one day he'd tell me the truth, or at least a version of it where he doesn't look so much a villain. Maybe if Bucky hadn't come back he would've truly made me happy, at least a version of happy I could've lived with.

I'm pulled from my thoughts by a knock at the door. The last person I expect to see the other side is Bucky.

"Buck? You can't be here."

He almost sighs in relief when he sees that I'm okay. Well physically at least.

"I had to see you, make sure you were okay."

His concern is everything I didn't know I needed, but he couldn't have timed this worse, Steve will be back soon and if he sees Bucky it's game over.

"He'll be back soon. Don't ruin this, please."

Bucky took a step towards me, making me take one back to just inside the door. Before I register what's happening, his lips are on mine. Rather than pushing him away like I know I should, I pull him closer to me. The door slammed shut behind us as we grappled at each other's clothes on the way to the bedroom. I wanted him—no I needed him—more than I needed to breathe.

As we hit the bed his lips leave mine, trailing down my body, leaving so wet kisses as he went. Every nerve in my body was set alight at his touch, nothing quite enough but too much all at once. He pulled my nipple between his teeth, pinching the other with his fingers. Alternating between the two as I squirmed beneath him.

"Buck...please..." I wasn't sure what I was asking for, something...anything more.

He smiled up at me before moving further down my body as he settled between my legs. His tongue lapped at my wet thighs where my arousal had leaked out of me. He hummed in approval before he moved to where I needed him. My head flung backwards, toe curling as he sucked my sensitive clit into his mouth. My hands wound into his hair, needing something to hold on to as he ate me like I was his last meal. The warm feeling began to spread from my toes, I knew I wasn't going to last long. My muscles began to clench as he pulled me over the edge. When I reached that peak I screamed his name, not caring in that moment if Steve walked in and saw us. All I knew was that I needed Bucky as much as he needed me, consequences be damned.

When he was sure I was done riding the waves of pleasure wracking through my body he licked his head, licking his lips.

"I'll never tire of that taste on my tongue." He smiled as he crawled up my body.

I flipped him underneath me, wasting no time in sinking down onto his hard length. The familiar stretch and pull at my muscles pulled a loud moan from my lips. He held onto me, guiding my hips as I began to bounce on him. Not once did his eyes close or leave me, watching my every move as I rode him. His thumb grazed across my clit, my muscles clenching around his thick shaft.

"That's it doll." He encouraged. "Cum for me, I know you want to."

There was no force in this world or any other that could stop me obeying his command. I cried out, his name repeating on my lips as my vision blurred. He kept moving my up and down, chasing his own release. When the spasms reaching through me slowed slightly he flipped us over.

Placing a leg over his shoulder he began to drive into me with so much force I was sure the bed was going to give way at any moment. Without warning my body convulsed again, flooding his cock as I came for a third time. This was enough to pull him into that euphoric state alongside me as thick ropes of his cum filled me.

He leant his forehead against mine, neither of us caring that we were a sticky, sweaty mess.

"I couldn't stay away." He mumbled before kissing me gently.

I hooked my arms around his neck, keeping him from moving as he released my leg to fall down beside him. "I know, I'm glad you couldn't." It was the truth, from the second I'd let him all I could think about was getting back to him. The only problem was we were out of time. "I hate to do this but you really do need to go."

"On one condition."

I raised my eyebrow, deep down knowing I'd give him anything he asked for.

"Do what you have to do doll, but don't sleep with him. Please?"

The thought hadn't even crossed my mind. Before in the past I'd used sex as a weapon, but that was before Bucky, before I knew how it should truly feel, no part of me wanted to go back there. Especially not with Steve.

"I promise. I'm yours Buck, body, mind and soul. It's all yours I promise."

He smiled, his eyes seeming to brighten as he looked down at me. "I fucking love you."

"I love you too. Now will you get your very nice ass dressed and out of the door."

He kissed me once more, his tongue demanding my submission as he did. I didn't miss the way he twitched where our bodies were still connected. I couldn't let it happen again.

Reluctantly I managed to push him off me, nearly falling over as I attempted to stand. It took me a few moments before my legs began to work again. I'd be feeling him there all night, not something I was totally opposed to.

I watched him leave out the back just in time for me to clean things up before Steve's key could be heard in the front.