

## So Be It

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Tony came into view first, landing to my left with Rhodey beside him.

"Wow it's so weird how you run into people at the airport." His mask disappeared as he turned to Rhodey. "Don't you think that's weird?"

"Definitely weird."

Steve shook his head, clearly not in the mood for Tony's sarcasm. "This changes nothing."

I felt Bucky beside me before I saw him, my entire body relaxing as his hand intertwined with mine.

"That's enough Steve." Bucky grit out, squeezing my hand slightly.

Steve scooped. "Well if it isn't her knight in shining armour."

The way he spoke was nothing like the Steve I once knew and loved. I tried to take a step closer, wanting to feel his bones break beneath my fist but Bucky kept me back.

Tony took an over exaggerated shocked breath. "Does my suit need polishing?" He asked as he looked at me. "Am I not shiny?"

I bit back a laugh, looking his suit up and down. "Maybe it's the red, it doesn't pop as well as other colours."

It was hardly the time for jokes, but I knew I liked Tony for a reason. He'd pulled back the need I had to kill Steve, replacing it with a

feeling of having friends, a family. It was more than Steve would ever have again. Maybe, just maybe it would be enough.

Sam stepped forward, his jaw clenched as he exchanged a look with Steve. "Come with us man, we can sort this out." He made a last attempt at getting Steve to do the right thing.

"I can't lose the shield too Sam." Steve shook his head. "I just can't."

"This won't end well Steve." Bucky warned him.

The tension was rising with each word exchanged. It was clear how this was going to end and it was pretty clear that I wasn't the only one willing to fight if that was the road Steve wanted to take.

"I don't care."

Three words that ended any chance of us walking away without a fight. Clint, Wanda, Peter, Nat, Vision and Scott joined us, all of us in a line as we faced off against Steve. Bucky turned to me, kissing me

gently before letting go of me to give me the space I needed. I wanted to run full speed straight for Steve but I knew that wouldn't end well for me.

Steve watched all of us, his face stoic as he stared down the people that used to be his family. I could see in his eyes that he knew this was over. He'd gone too far and no one was going to forgive him now.

"So be it." He said through gritted teeth before he began running towards us.

I smirked, flicking the safety off my gun. "Finally."

My feet began moving as Tony flew into the air. Methodically we hit him one at a time, him countering our attack each time. I knew the others were holding back, hoping he'd surrender so they didn't have to hurt him. I couldn't help but admire that loyalty even if it pissed me off.

It wasn't until Steve's shield connected with the side of Bucky's face that I felt my anger take over completely. I pulled the spider kid out of the way as I aimed a shot at the side of Steve's face, the bullet grazed his cheek leaving a streak of blood as it went.

He looked shocked as I came in front of him with my gun raised. He pulled his helmet off, making me look at him as I did. I wanted to pull the trigger, and I nearly did when a bunch of SHIELD agents poured out of the airport and surrounded him. Bucky's hand rested on my outstretched arm.

"Doll it's over, he can't get away this time." I looked at him, unconvinced. "Vibranium cuffs. He's going nowhere."

I let a single tear fall, my relief washing through my body. I turned my attention to Steve as I lowered my gun. "Be thankful Bucky's here. He just saved your fucking life." I turned away, resting my head on Bucky's shoulder, breathing him in.

"Y/N..." Steve called out, pulling against the agents holding him.

Bucky held me closer to him. "You don't get to say her name. You're dead to us Steve." He tilted my head up to look at him. "Let's get you home doll. We've got a life to live."

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I barely registered the drive home, or Bucky carrying me from the car inside. He set me down on the bed before walking into the bathroom.

I unloaded my weapons, laying them on the bed behind me. I couldn't believe it was finally over. We were finally free. I let out a deep sigh, letting the tension leave my body.

Bucky walked back in, kneeling in front of me he undid the laces on my boots before pulling them off.

"Come on doll, let's get cleaned up."

Once he rid me of my clothes he stripped himself off, holding out his hand he helped me into the hot bath and climbed in behind me. I relaxed against him as he wrapped his arms around me.

"How are you feeling?" He asked as he ran the loofah over my stomach.

"Honestly? I'm exhausted Buck." My body tingled slightly as he moved from my stomach and up over my breasts. It was completely innocent and yet my body was on fire, wanting him more than I'd wanted anything in my life.

Letting the loofah drop into the water he brought his metal hand up, wrapping his fingers around my throat as he held me against him.

"I can think of a way to make you forget. After all I made you a promise this morning."

I was putty in his hands, willing to do anything and everything that he wanted. I let my legs fall open as much as the tub would allow. Bucky smiled against my ear.

"Good girl. Now lay back and relax."

He pulled me further up against his chest as his other hand skated down my body, pinching at my nipples before he parted my folds to find my clit. I let out a gasp as his calloused fingers pressed against the sensitive bud.

"So responsive. Always so eager for me aren't you doll." I nodded my head, not trusting myself to find the right words. His grip on my throat tightened. "Tell me how much you want me. How much your body craves me as much as mine does yours. How you can't function when I'm in the same room, imagining me filling your sweet pussy with my cock."

His words alone nearly pushed me over the edge as he pinched my clit, rolling it between his fingers.

"Fuck...Bucky...I...yes!" I couldn't find the words but he wasn't wrong, it was all true. Every time he was close I wanted my hands all over him and his all over me.

"Good girl," he praised.

His fingers slipped lower, finding my opening. With ease he slipped two fingers inside me, curling against my sweet spot. I gripped onto his thighs as my eyes snapped shut.

"I've barely touched you doll."

"That's what you do to me." I breathed out as he pumped his fingers into me.

His teeth grazed the sensitive spot on my neck as he brought me closer and closer to the edge, I could feel the skin bruising beneath his lips and I couldn't care less. This was where I belonged. With the one person I could rely on to be what I needed every hour of the day.

My body began to tense, a warm feel spreading from my stomach. When his thumb pressed down on my engorged clit I came with a cry, clenching around his fingers with his lips at my neck. I felt like I was flying, soaring through an orgasm that didn't seem to end.

After what felt like hours I sagged against him, whimpering through the last few waves. Just when I thought he was finished he lifted my hips and seated me over his hard length. I cried out as he snapped his hips up to meet mine, stretching me in the way only he could.

"That's it doll, let everyone know who you belong to." He growled.

"You it's always been you Buck."

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