
Once in the safety of my own room, I peeled off the tear-stained shirt and tossed it into the laundry bin. I changed into some spandex shorts on the bottom and then went searching through my drawers for another T-shirt. Finding I had none, I threw back on the shirt from the bin and went back across the hall to Bucky's room.

I knocked on the door and then pushed it open, finding Bucky already walking towards the door to open it for me. He immediately noticed the old shirt and cocked his head, "you need a shirt?"

Embarrassed, I nodded, and he went over to the stack of clothes on the dresser. Rifling through the pile, he found what he was looking for and tossed it in my direction. Catching it, I put the oversized t-shirt on and took off the old shirt from underneath.

Bucky sat down on the bed again, letting me have my moment to change and when I was done, waiting for me to come over.

As I made my way over to the bed, Bucky got under the sheets and held them up so I could join him. He stared up at the ceiling for a minute or two before turning to me and striking up a quiet conversation to get his mind off what was making him cry before.

Mid conversation, Bucky stopped his sentence and looked over at me, "can I have another hug?"

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"of course," I responded, and moved closer to him, wrapping my arms around his torso and laying my head in his chest.

He made sure his metal arm wasn't in the way and brushed a piece of hair out of my face, "I think it's time to sleep now, doll"

"okay Buck," I mumbled, not sure if I should be staying this close to him or going back to the other side. I tried pulling away, but his grip on me tightened and I felt my face flush.

"goodnight doll," he murmured, pressing a kiss to the top of my head like he had done that morning, "and thank you"

Blushing even harder, I buried my face back into his chest, "i'm always here, goodnight love."

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