
Two weeks have passed now and Tony never mentioned the Bucky incident, but was sure to keep an eye on both of us. I on the other hand was falling deeper and deeper into Bucky's charms. Dinners out on the patio had become normal, sometimes inviting a person or two to join us.

But then it happened.

Bucky had another bad nightmare.

But this time it wasn't like the one before.

It was 1:00 am when I headed to bed after a long night in the training room. Clint had been making so much good food when he visited that I knew I needed to work some of it out. Natasha had taught me some new techniques earlier in the night, and when Wanda came to get some practice, we worked with each other super hard. I took a quick shower, threw on some spandex and a cropped hoodie, and headed back out of my room to sit on the balcony and think.

But when the door had clicked closed, I heard noise from Bucky's room.

Oh no, not again! I thought and pressed my ear to the door.

But this time, there was a lot more to be concerned about. Instead of just quiet tears, I heard metal hitting wood, cries for help, and the kicking of blankets. So I busted in and rushed towards Bucky's flailing form.

I heard the door close behind me and analysed the situation as fast as I could. The best way to get him awake was by using my voice, just like I had one before, assuring him someone was there. But with his limbs moving around, there was no way I could get close enough to do that. So I looked for a pattern in movement.

As soon as I found it, I pounced.

"Bucky..."

Please stop...

I'm here...

(y/n)'s here...

Bucky...?

Please, love...!"

He stopped struggling against my hands and I let go of his wrists, relaxing into the straddling position I had used to pin him down. ^{d°}

The watery, ocean blue eyes came into view and my heart dropped even more.

"Bucky, I'm here love."

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