
The next morning I woke up to Bucky's smiling face resting on the pillow next to mine. Blushing, I covered my face with my hands.

"Good morning doll," Bucky said, taking a hand o of my face.

"How'd you sleep, my love?" I asked, dropping the other hand to hold his face.

"Thanks to you," he started, kissing my hand, "I slept very well actually."

Smiling, I sat up and looked at him, "so what do we want to do about the others?"

He sat up too, cocking his head like a little puppy.

"I mean should we tell them about us."

Bucky glanced towards the door, back to me, and then stared at his hands, "I don't know if we should (y/n)."

I felt my insides burn a little, "but why? They already suspect somethings happening with the way we've been acting the last month or so..."

He shook his head, "I know but..." he trailed o , clearly thinking about something.

Then my mind started racing with reasons, and one, in particular, stood out to me.

"Is it because I'm di erent?"

Bucky snapped his head to look at me, "what do you mean (y/n)? How are you any-"

And then it hit him what I meant.

"Oh my goodness doll, no no that's not it at all!"

I wasn't sure if he knew what I meant, so I continued, "but I thought maybe you wouldn't want to be seen with me or anything because... you know."

Bucky took my hands, "Just because you don't look like everyone else doesn't mean I don't want to be seen with you, in fact, eventually, I'd love to let everyone know you're mine."

A er seeing my face light up that it wasn't what I feared it to be, he continued. "I like you for you.

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It doesn't matter to me that you're albino. "

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