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I headed to bed about two hours later, saying goodnight to Wanda and locking up the balcony. As I reached my room, I noticed some sounds coming from Bucky's room.

I stopped short and pressed my ear to the door.

Crying?

I carefully tried the doorknob. Finding it unlocked, I pushed the door open a little bit. Once my eyes adjusted to the dark, I spotted Bucky curled up on his bed, hugging himself for warmth, and crying in his sleep. My heart broke in half seeing him so upset and I crept forwards into the room.

Reaching the edge of his bed, I got down to his eye level, and so ly placed a hand on his cheek for a little more warmth. His breathing hitched for a second, and his legs unfolded from the ball. As his eyes fluttered open, I took my hand o of his cheek. "(y/n)?

"yes, it's me, (y/n)," I assured him, "it's alright, I'm right here."

He blinked his eyes again and pushed himself up into a sitting position. I stood up and took a step back, making sure he had space if he needed it. But instead, he looked at me through the tears and patted the space next to him, "can you come to sit with me?"

Sitting down on the bed, I passed him a tissue from the box on the nightstand. He took it, and did his best to wipe the tears o of his face. Unable to see his face, he missed some, and I so ly laughed, "you missed a bit, love."

He looked over at me with a small smile, "where?"

I started to explain, but he cut me o , "I was kidding doll, go ahead."

Smiling at him, I reached out a hand to cup his face and used my thumb to wipe o the last spots, "if you want to talk about it, I'm here to listen, but if you'd rather me just sit here with you I can do that too"

Bucky dropped his tissue in the trash and then turned back to me, "I don't really want to talk about it, but a hug would be nice."

Scooting towards the male, I pushed his head towards my shoulder and wrapped my other arm around his broad back. Once his head hit my shoulder, his arms wrapped around my waist, pulling me closer to his torso. And as he cried into my shoulder, I ran my fingers through his hair.

When his breathing had finally slowed back towards normal, I released my grip on his back, and he pulled back, eyes still slightly watery. Cupping his cheeks again, I brushed the last bit of moisture o his face.

"I think I ruined your shirt, doll," he said, staring at the wet spot he had le on my shoulder.

"It's okay Buck, I'll just change before I go to bed."

His eyes averted from me and he stared at the door, "can I ask you a favor?" his voice was so and I could hear it still wavering from the earlier crying.

I nodded, "of course love, what's up?"

"can you sleep in here tonight?"

I froze for a split second, no tail to give away my inner thoughts this time. Then as quick as it hit me, I was already agreeing.

"Is it okay if I go across the hall and change into something a bit more comfortable?" I asked, looking down at my current outfit, which I would prefer not to sleep in.

Bucky nodded, and I stood up from the bed, making my way towards the door. Turning around before I le , Bucky mouthed a quick thank you.

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