

Stay

It had been a couple of days since I'd given the Avengers a choice. No one seemed to want me here, and yet none of them had actively done anything to change it. So I was taking the decision out of their hands and into my own. One which wasn't sitting well with Bucky.

We were in his room, takeaway containers littered across the small table that sat o to the side. I hadn't ventured out too much since the day of their meeting, Bucky bringing me what I needed. I was still processing everything, but I knew I didn't have long until someone made a choice for me.

"I won't be far and I promise to stay o their radar."

For now.

Bucky stood leaning against the wall, chopsticks in his hand as he ate the noodles from the takeaway container. "You're not leaving."

I leant back in my chair, giving him my best innocent look. "I've done what I wanted, I took down every last scrap of Hydra." He knew that was a lie as much as I did. This wasn't the end of what I wanted to do, he knew that.

"I don't care. You're staying with me." He continued to jab the chopsticks into the container, not actually picking up any of the food. Just something to keep his hands occupied.

I placed my food down, crossing my arms over my chest. "I'm not a hero Bucky, I never will be." He smirked as I called him Bucky, causing me to roll my eyes. A separate conversation that didn't need words.

"I don't give a shit if you're a hero or a villain doll. You're staying."

I stood up with a hu . "Why do you care?"

"Because I love you." The way he said it so casually caught me o guard. As if it was something I should already know. I wasn't someone who was loved, I'd made peace with that, but here he was trying to do it anyway. I could feel my walls going back into place.

Materialising a dagger out of nowhere Loki holds it towards me. "Love is a dagger. It's a weapon to be wielded far away or up close. You can see yourself in it. It's beautiful until it makes you bleed. But ultimately, when you reach for it," I go to take it from him and it disappears. I let out a small pu of breath. "It isn't real." 2

Loki's words echo around my head, it was something we'd spoken about a er Madriipoor. When I'd confided in him about my inability to kill Bucky.

Bucky watched me, gauging my reaction to his words. I ran my hands through my hair, pacing around the room. "The problem is I still hate you." I mumbled, knowing he would've heard me clear as day.

He sco ed, not moving from his spot against the wall. "Yet you never pulled the trigger."

"That doesn't mean I've forgotten everything." I may have admitted to myself that I need him in my life. But forgiveness? I wasn't even close.

He placed his container down on the table shaking his head slightly. "Neither have I." He put his hand into his pocket, pulling something small out of it. "Remember this?" He threw the ring onto the table. I couldn't help but smile at at, it was a simple silver band with a small diamond sat on the top. My fake engagement ring. "Our last mission." I walked over to the table, leaning against it. "You kept it?"

"It was the only thing you le behind." He smiled at me, the stupid dimples in his cheeks lighting up his entire face. I could feel myself so ening yet again and I couldn't let that happen. I pushed o the table and took a step back. "I appreciate you helping me, for getting me out of that cell, but this doesn't change things." I couldn't let it change things.

He sighed rolling his eyes at me. "I'm the last name on your list?"

"You and SHIELD. That's all I have le ." I admitted being openly honest for the first time in days.

"You can't take on SHIELD alone." He flashed me a smile that made me weak at the knees. That made me want to jump into his arms and accept his help. I couldn't let that happen. So I did what I do best and I put my walls up.

"Goodbye James."

He stood up quickly. "Don't."

"Don't what?" I snapped back as he got closer to me, trapping me against the chest of drawers behind me.

"Put your walls back up and shut me out again." I had run out of space behind me and he was nearly right in front of me, a dark look on his face.

"I won't let you in James."

He smirked, finally closing the gap between us. "You forget I know you doll" The way he said it sent shivers down my spine, not to mention the way my thighs clenched together.

His lips met mine, his hands holding the side of my face. The kiss was gentle but full of unsaid feelings. He pulled away, clearly worried about how I would react. His eyes searched mine, little did he know how he was crumbling my walls into dust. The blue of his eyes sparkling back at me, nearly had me caving.

"I'm still leaving." I had to remind myself as well as him. He didn't respond, simply placing a kiss on my forehead instead. "Stop." My voice came out small and shaky. Not the e ect I was going for, but there was nothing I could do about it now.

"I can't."

"I can't stay." My voice was stronger this time. I also knew I wouldn't be able to keep denying him. Every time he asked me to stay I was closer and closer to saying yes.

His hand held onto mine before he placed a so kiss against my palm. "I'm not leaving you again."

I pushed him back gently, my mind made up. I walked over towards the bed, pulling my top over my head. His eyes immediately went to my black lace bra, I noticed the way they darkened.

The look he was giving me had my core burning. He looked every bit the predator, and I was his willing prey.

He snaked his hands around my hips, his tongue diving into my mouth. He pulled me against him, his already hard cock resting against my stomach. Unclipping my bra, he pulled the straps down, releasing my breasts.

He pulled us down to the bed, rolling himself underneath me as we landed. His fingers brushed over my sensitive nipples sending a shiver through my entire body. Breaking the kiss, he moved his hands up to cup my face.

"I want this more than anything doll, but only if you're sure."

You'd think a er everything that had happened over the last few days, that this would be the last thing on my mind, but he made me feel safe. No flashes threatening to consume me, it was just me and him. "I want this Bucky."

"If you want to stop..."

I placed my finger over his lips, silencing him. "I'll say stop and you'll stop. I know."

He nipped my finger playfully, smiling up at me. Moving my hand I ran it up his face and into his hair. My lips colliding with his once again, more passion than before. I rolled my hips over him, his grip on my waist tightening.

Before I knew it, he'd flipped us over and was placing kisses down my chest. Stopping at my breasts as he flicked his tongue over my nipple, his fingers mirroring his actions on the other one. He sucked and nipped, switching from one to the other. Giving each ample amounts of attention. The arousal running through me had my underwear soaked. I bucked my hips up against him, desperate for the contact.

Pulling o me with a 'pop' he smirked, watching me rub myself against him. "Desperate are we doll?" He teased.

"Bucky, please." I begged him.

Without another word he continued kissing his way down my body. When he reached the waistband of my jeans, he licked a stripe across the bottom of my stomach, sending another jolt of arousal through me.

He flicked the button open, slowly pulling down the zipper, before he tugged them down. I shimmied out of them as he pulled them o me. His eyes lingered on the matching lace panties that were le .

I made a mental note to thank whoever had dropped me o some clean clothes that morning. He smirked as if he was in my mind. "I knew black lace would look good on you doll, but this is better than I ever imagined."

My eyebrows shot o my face. "You picked the clothes?"

He didn't reply, instead shooting me that signature smile, the one that highlights them damn dimples.

He began kissing me from my ankle all the way up, to just next to my core. I was dripping wet and more than ready for him. He ran his finger over the lace covering me. "Fucking hell doll. You're dripping wet."

"Then for the love of God, do something about it."

Pushing the lace to one side he ran his flesh fingers through my folds before licking them clean, repeating the action a few times before I growled at him. "Stop fucking teasing me Barnes!"

"Tell me what you want doll."

I sat up on my elbows glaring down at him. "I want you inside me. Now."

He freed his hard member from the confines of his clothes, stroking it a few times before he grabbed hold of my ankles. Dragging me down the bed, he placed my legs over his shoulders. Lining himself up he waited for my permission. "I want this Bucky."

That seemed to appease him as he thrust into me. Letting one leg drop he leant forward, supporting his weight on one arm. His thrusts increased, each one stretching me, I could feel him hitting my cervix over and over again. "You're so fucking tight doll, you fit me like a damn glove." He panted out between thrusts.

Unintentionally he twisted his hips and I thought I was going to cum from that action alone. My back arched and I clenched around him. Smirking he did it again, sweeping his cock over that so spot inside me. I cried out his name and clawed at his chest, my nails leaving angry red streaks as they went.

"Fuck I'm close doll, use your fingers I want you to cum with me." He grunted, twisting his hips once more.

I started rubbing circles over my clit, his eyes flicking between my fingers and my eyes. The heavy feeling in my stomach got more intense and I knew I was close. My grip on his cock got tighter, the closer I got.

"Oh fuck doll, yes."

I was so close and when his hips twisted I came undone around him. He roared as he coated my walls with his release. He coaxed me through every wave of my climax before he let my other leg drop.

Still inside me, he rested his forehead against mine. Our breaths mingling together, the only sounds were of us struggling to breathe and our heartbeats thumping. The smell of sex filled the air. If I died right here and now I knew I'd die happy.

"Stay." He whispered against me.

There was only so many times I was going to be able to say no to that. Rather than respond, not trusting my brain to communicate with my mouth, I placed his lips against his. Sweeping my tongue against his lower lip. He parted his lips, allowing me access. I poured every feeling I couldn't say into that kiss, and he accepted it.

I love you too Bucky, but love isn't real.

A/N: Hopefully this makes up for the short chapter 

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