

## Frustration

For a week Steve had kept what was happening to himself. Until everyone began asking questions. Reluctantly he gathered everyone at the compound, not wanting to explain things more than once. The tension was thick in the air, everyone holding back their opinions so they didn't upset Steve further. He'd lost the woman he loved and his best friend was fighting to regain his memories.

There was one however that could care less about what Steve was going through. Loki couldn't believe what he was hearing. A palpable sense of anger washed over him as he roared at Steve. "What do you mean she le ?"

"She made it clear what she wanted." Steve didn't much care for Loki's outburst, it was the least of his concerns right now.

Loki turned glaring at Steve. "Where is she?" He could be there for her if he could just find her. He owed her that and so much more.

"You think I'd be there if I knew that?" Steve shouted back.

He had let her go but it had taken a toll, he missed her. He missed every single thing about her, had been up all night searching. His annoyance about her leaving Bucky was one thing he was holding back from everyone, even himself.

"Bucky is your priority. Not her." Loki snarled at him.

Steve clenched his jaw, shaking his head at him. Loki may have been one of her best friends but he knew nothing of the pain Steve was going through.

"Am I wrong?" Loki challenged when Steve didn't respond.

"I have to think of Bucky because she didn't!" He snapped, his frustration coming to the surface.

Y/N not only le him but she'd le Bucky when he needed her the most. She may have been hurting but what she'd done, disappearing into the night was selfish. She hadn't given him or Bucky a choice but to accept her decision.

Loki stalked towards Steve. "Watch your mouth Captain." As Steve shook his head once more, Loki became more enraged at him. "You never loved the darkness in her."

Abruptly Steve stood squaring up to Loki. "I love every part of her!" He may have struggled with it in the past but not now. There wasn't a single part of her that didn't reside deep within his heart.

Everyone kept quiet as they argued it out, no one knowing quite what to say to make things better.

"If that's true then why didn't you stop her?" Loki growled.

Steve had pondered all night the answer to that question. Had he wanted to he could've stopped her, forced her to stay even if she resented him for it. Her words to him before she le was all that held him back.

"Even you can't ask that of me."

He couldn't. Just the thought of her not remembering him was painful. While he was annoyed with her choices, he respected them.

"Because I love her too much to let her live through that pain."

Nat felt a glimmer of hope, maybe things would work out a er all. "So what about Bucky?" She played the supportive friend role almost too well as she thought about ways she could make Bucky see she was better for him. "He loved her before she became Y/N."

Steve had his suspicions about Nat but bit his tongue, he had enough battles going on to worry about that particular one.

"We have to find her."

Before Steve could question why she suddenly cared about finding Y/N his phone chimed in his pocket.

A location flashed across the screen accompanied by the words 'come alone.'

He knew there was only one person it could be. His heart pounding in his chest as he tried his best to hide his reaction. "I have to go." Four words o ering no explanation as he stormed from the compound leaving everyone more than confused.

\*\*\*

For a week I'd been running from place to place, never settling in one place. That was until I went back to the safe house in Brooklyn. Memories of Bucky consuming me the second I walked through the door. My heart was broken beyond repair. I knew he was back home now, but he hadn't le the house since he came back so I had no idea how he really was.

I sat with my head in my hands as I decided to reach out to the one person I hoped would be able to help me. That was as long as he wasn't still mad at my impulsive decision to leave. A decision I regretted more with every passing moment.

I typed out the words 'come alone' hoping he'd at least grant me that.

Less than an hour later he walked through the unlocked door finding me sitting at the small dining table, a large glass of scotch in my hand and tears rolling down my face.

"I'd o er to cook you dinner but you seem pretty miserable already."

I chuckled slightly at his words, li ing my head to look at him. "I'm surprised you came. You were pretty angry at me last time we spoke." Not that I blamed him in the slightest for that.

"You said you were leaving."

"I tried that." I placed my feet on the floor refilling my drink. "Turns out I'm quite attached to you lot." I tried to ease the tension growing between us.

In all honesty all I wanted was for him to wrap his arms around me and tell me everything would be okay. I thought I could deal with my grief alone, that it was better that way. The last week had taught me otherwise.

"We're kind of attached to you to." He smiled walking towards me. "What changed your mind?"

I couldn't tell him what one thing had changed it. It wasn't that simple all I knew was he was the only one that could help me.

"How is he?" I asked, completely ignoring his question.

"Back at home."

I rolled my eyes at him. "I know where he is Steve. I asked how he is."

He sat in the chair beside me, taking the drink from my hand. "He's confused and looking for you." His hand rested on mine as if he was afraid to let me go.

"He's better o without me. You both are."

He pulled me o the chair and onto his lap, resting his hands on my hips. "That's not your decision to make sweetheart and I'm not going anywhere. Not without you." Steve wouldn't risk me running again.

"And you say I'm the stubborn one." I teased.

His lips brushed gently against mine as if he was waiting to see what I would do. I kissed him back, needing the comfort he could bring me. The safety I felt in his arms. While I didn't love him like I did Bucky, I did still love him. That had become obvious in my time away. The way the ache in my chest lessened as he held me tight against him.

My hands wound round his neck, up into his hair as I tried desperately to get closer to him. My hips rolling over him as he grew beneath me. We both needed this, the comfort we could find with each other.

His lips moved to my neck, nipping at the skin as he le marks along my collarbone. A small moan escaped my lips as I rubbed myself against him. I needed him, my core more than ready for him.

"Steve...please..."

"What do you want sweetheart?"

"You."

That was all he needed to hear as he picked me up, walking us to the bedroom. Frantically we tore at each other's clothes until we were naked. His cock dripping with anticipation as I waited for him to make his move.

He pulled my hips into the air as he flipped me onto my stomach. A harsh slap against my ass had me biting back a guttural moan.

He wasted no time plunging into me, bruising my walls as his skin slapped against mine. The unspoken frustration he felt at my leaving was evident as he fucked me. I didn't protest, this was what I wanted. Raw and passionate. A love neither of us could deny as he claimed me as his.

I began tightening around him as I chased the orgasm that was threatening to take hold.

"Not yet." He growled as he wrapped my hair around his wrist, tugging my head back. "You only cum when I tell you to."

This darker side to Steve was what I always liked, the juices seeping out over him proving just how much I wanted it. How much I craved it.

"No. More. Running." He accentuated each word as he drove into me.

"I won't Steve. I promise, please...ah...please..."

I was struggling to hold back.

With a slap on my ass once more he said the words I was desperate to hear. "Cum for me. Now."

I coated his cock as my orgasm took hold. My body shaking and clenching around him as he released his seed inside me. I was bruised inside and out but it was worth it.

Worth it for the glimmer of hope that maybe I wouldn't be alone anymore.