

I Missed You

I couldn't stop thinking about Bucky since I'd left the coffee shop. The way his lips felt so soft against mine, the way his touch soothed every anxious feeling in my body, the way when I was with him I was home.

It still hurt that he couldn't remember the time we had together or the love we shared. I could've called him and told him all this, but we were never conventional. I wasn't about to change that.

The thing about him being back in our home, was that I knew just how to slip past the security cameras and into the house undetected. A wave of calm washed over me as I took in the familiar surroundings. The photos of us still sat proudly in frames scattered around.

I heard his footsteps approaching. An idea washed over me as I sat on the sofa like I had so long ago waiting for him to come in. Only this time I wasn't here to threaten him. Deep down I hoped it might jog his memory.

The door clicked open as he walked in. The second his eyes locked onto me I smiled.

"Hey Buck."

He leant against the doorway, giving me the smile I'd missed so much. "You know you could've called. You didn't have to break in."

Something was pushing forward on Bucky's mind, begging to be heard but he couldn't grasp it.

"Yeah but where's the fun in that?"

A flicker of something flashed across Bucky's vision. "You've done this before?"

"Yeah, I came to threaten you."

Bucky pulled on the memory as much as he could, begging for it to clear.

"Hi James. I think we need a chat."

"Have a drink with me y'know before you enact your evil scheme."

"Because Steve isn't who you actually want in your bed."

It wasn't much but it was hope that his memories were just buried and not gone.

I waited for him to move, to say something. Anything. He closed his eyes, a glimmer of hope igniting within me. He was remembering, I was sure of it. As he opened his eyes they seemed brighter, a genuine smile gracing his face. I wanted to pull him to me to beg him to be mine once more but I needed to wait for him to come to me.

He walked past me over to the drinks cabinet, pulling out two glasses. "So what happened last time?"

"Oh I scared you into submission obviously." Even I could hear the suggestion in my voice.

"Somehow I highly doubt that."

He passed me my drink, clinking our glasses together. I let the amber nectar glide down my throat leaning against the wall opposite him.

"I suppose you'll just have to take my word for it Barnes."

He could hear the pain behind those words that I tried to desperately hide. "Why did you come doll?"

"I missed you."

"Does Steve know you're here?"

He didn't sound jealous, not really. Just confused. I took his hand in mine, leading him towards the sofa.

"Come on, we need to talk about this." I couldn't have him coming to the wrong conclusion about what was going on.

"I was just asking."

I sat down, turning to face him. "I know Buck, but you need to understand it." I placed my drink down, running my hand over the side of his face. "I love you, it's always been you."

Even when I hated him it was always him, the one person who had been able to crumble my walls effortlessly. Taking them down brick by brick to find the person underneath.

"It was always me and you."

Bucky nodded, knowing I was telling the truth but there was also more than I'd admitted to him. "You care about him"

"Yeah, I do. He helps me see myself as someone other than the villain."

"So where does that leave us?"

I could feel him pulling away from me and it hurt. Climbing into his lap I made sure I had his full attention.

"That is entirely up to you. I always told you if you said stop, then I would. That's as true now as it was then."

His hands gripped onto my hips, holding me against him. "Do you love him?"

"Do you?"

I'd had my suspicions there was underlying feelings there for Bucky. His refusal to answer only confirming what I thought. I didn't mind, I was hardly one to judge.

He sighed. "I guess when you go through what me and him have, it's complicated."

"Which is why sharing me with him was never a problem for you." He was holding back, his body almost buzzing with anxiety. "Buck? What's wrong?"

"I want to remember us first."

I pressed my lips firmly against his. "Let's see if we can jog your memory then."

This time when our lips met, there was nothing sweet and gentle about it. His tongue claiming my mouth immediately. He held me flush against his toned body. Not that he needed to, I wasn't planning on letting go any time soon. I felt desperate to feel him against me, tugging his top up and over his head I rested my palms against his bare chest.

It took him a minute, but he seemed to understand what I was doing, taking my hand in his he placed it over his steady beating heart.

"It's yours doll. It always has been."

"I thought I'd lost you." I admitted, tears falling from my cheeks to his chest.

Bucky knew he couldn't take the pain away but he could make sure I knew he was there with me. Wrapping his arms around me he carried us to the bedroom, laying me down gently on the bed.

"Even when you were planning to kill me I loved you. Memories or not we always would've ended up back here doll."

He pulled my top over my head placing kisses from my wrists up to the swell of my breasts. Hooking his finger under the clasp at the front he unhooked my bra letting my breasts fall free.

"So beautiful."

He kissed me all over, leaving my nipples for last. By the time he took one in his mouth I was crying and desperate for him all at once. Our relationship had always been passionate but this was different. He was showing me that all my fears had been for nothing. That he needed me as much as I needed him.

"Bucky..." I pleaded, needing to feel him.

He removed the rest of my clothes before doing the same to himself. Never in my life would I ever get over just how beautiful this man was, both inside and out.

He lined himself up, my slick folds coating his cock before he slid inside me. I arched my back pushing him in deeper. There was no other way to describe the feeling of him filling me up other than perfect. Our bodies meshed together in a way that I'd never felt with anyone else, not even with Steve.

Here with Bucky I was safe, I was wanted, I was home.

His thrusts steadily began more desperate as we clawed at each other, both making up for lost time. There was no dirty talking, no words could describe the ecstasy that we were feeling. My orgasm crashed over me like a tidal wave, my nails raking down his back to bring him into his own release with me. A layer of sweat coated our bodies as we twitched and moaned against one another.

I didn't want the moment to end, for the weight of what we still had to face to come crashing down around us.

He rested his forehead against mine. One word left his lips and I knew from that one word that we could make it through this.

"Mine."

♫

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