

## Don't Kill Him

Maps, guns, weapons of all descriptions lay scattered across the table in the house Bucky was staying in. I hadn't called Steve or let him know where I had been all night. I needed to get my mind straight and Steve would give me space, he would have to keep up the pretence that he was the perfect guy for me.

We'd ordered takeout, Bucky stood leaning against the wall as I picked at my food, my mind in overdrive. I needed a plan and I needed one quickly, Steve needed to pay for what he'd done.

I listened intently as Bucky continued to tell me everything that had happened since we'd been apart. When he told me just how long he'd known about Steve and what he'd done my head snapped up to look at him.

"You've known for a year?!"

"Yeah, Nat she-"

"Do not mention her name!" I snapped at him, my rage seeping out of every pore. "She's next on my list."

Bucky sighed. "She did the right thing in the end doll."

"Don't you 'doll' me." I glared at him. "I'm still mad at you."

He'd let me with Steve for a year, knowing what he'd done to get me there. He let me alone with the man that took everything from me.

"That's nothing new for us." He smiled. "Never used to stop you from loving me."

I hated when he spoke to me like that, reminding me of how far we'd come together. Even back when I hated him I still loved him. That hadn't changed, I would always love and adore the man stood in front of me. It didn't mean I wasn't angry though.

"Can you just let me kill him and then have this conversation?"

It was Bucky's loyalty to Steve that was keeping Steve alive right now. I was more than happy to go and put a bullet between his eyes and call it a day. Possibly a slight overreaction but I didn't care.

"You're not killing him."

It didn't matter how much I tried to think of another way, this was the only thing that I could see that fit the crime. He destroyed my life, now I'd end his. It was just a matter of how.

"I think you'll find I am."

Bucky sighed, shaking his head exasperated at me. "I won't let you go back down that road again." He declared.

"It's not your choice." I barked back, throwing the takeaway container in the trash.

I walked over to the window, staring out towards the street outside. I was envious. Envious of a life I never knew I wanted.

"I get you're angry." Bucky sighed, walking over to me. "I am too."

He just didn't get it. How could he? How could he understand the rage that was surging inside me. The betrayal I'm sure he understood but the fact was that he had had a year to get over that. A year to process it. A year that I had spent in a lie, forged with the blood of my heartbreak.

"I'm well beyond angry Buck."

His hand appeared, gently turning my head to look at him. "And you think I'm not?"

"Then help me." I all but begged him.

He leant his forehead against mine, his eyes fluttering closed. "What does killing him achieve?" He asked gently.

I pulled away from him, unable to let his love deter me from what I knew needed to happen. He may have turned into a hero somewhere along the way but that wasn't me. It couldn't be me. I thrived on the anger and that was the only feeling I had room for right now.

"You just don't get it!" I walked towards the other side of the room before turning back to face him. "He lied to and manipulated me for a whole year!"

"I know it hurts doll."

"And you! You said nothing!" The tears began to fall, whether they were from anger or heartbreak I wasn't quite sure. "I get going to Wakanda, I really do, but you let me with him!"

Bucky's eyes reflected the guilt he felt. "Would you have believed me?" He asked, remembering how completely devastated I'd been.

"I don't know okay! I just...I don't know." I ran a hand through my hair infuriated at the situation I had found myself in. "I'm hurt and I'm furious. Explain to me why I should show him mercy after everything he's done."

Bucky walked back over to me, wiping the tears from my face. Just the small touch of his hand against my skin was enough to ignite the passion that had been lying dormant inside me for so long.

"He doesn't deserve your mercy...but you do."

"That makes no sense."

His hands trailed to my hips, sliding just slightly under my t-shirt.

"When was the last time you let go of your anger enough to see the bigger picture?"

"I can't let it go...I just...I..." My breath became ragged as my emotions began to overtake any rational thought I had. "He ruined everything, he-"

I was stopped, cut off mid sentence by Bucky's lips on mine, the feel of his slight stubble scratching deliciously against my skin. I melted against him, finally feeling grounded. The one feeling I hadn't felt in so long. The feeling you get when you're home, when you can let every wall you've ever built come crashing down with a tremendous thud. My hands slid across his well defined chest, his muscles rippling under my touch. He needed this as much as I did. To feel complete again.

He pulled back slightly, moving his lips to kiss my forehead instead.

"You can't do that every time you want me to shut up, and I'm not going to stop."

"You are the smartest woman I know. Find another way."

We were starting to go round and around in circles. "Why?"

"Because you've come too far to go back down that road."

Could I do that? Find a way to bring Steve down without it ending in bloodshed? I owed it to Bucky to at least try.

"Okay."

Bucky smiled, picking me up so that I had no choice but to wrap my legs around his waist.

"Where does he think you are right now?" He asked, holding me against him.

"I've been working at a bar about an hours walk from here. Why?"

"Because if it's okay with you, I'd like to show my girl just how much I've missed her."

I smirked at him. "Well it's about damn time."

His lips crashed fervently against mine, all the unspoken words between us poured into that one kiss. I barely registered him moving us until he was lowering me down on the bed. He crawled between my legs, pressing his hardened length against me. A slight moan escaped my lips, swallowed happily by Bucky.

I slid my hands under his shirt, raking my nails down his back, smiling as it became his turn to moan. I knew he was trying to be gentle, to show me that he loved me but I needed him and I didn't plan on waiting for it. We'd have all the time in the world for that afterwards.

"Buck I need you." I nipped at his lower lip to make my point.

His hand trailed to my jeans, popping the button before slipping inside, his fingers glided effortlessly through my slick folds.

"Mine." He growled.

The sound sent another wave of pleasure cascading over me, threatening to pull me under. I was done playing, I wanted him and I wanted him now. I pulled his shirt over his head before doing the same to my own. Both of us all but ripping at each other's clothes until we were completely naked.

"So fucking beautiful." Bucky purred as he lined himself up at my entrance.

In one swift movement he was inside me, filling me up in the way I'd missed. Our lips meshed together, a clash of teeth and tongues as we tried to consume one another. His thrusts became more erratic as his pubic bone grazed against my swollen clit. I couldn't hold on much longer even if I wanted to. My body began to shake before my release took over me in waves. Bucky's name left my lips repeatedly as I pulsed around him, bringing him into his own release.

Sweat coated our bodies, the smell of our love permeating the air.

Bucky rested his forehead against mine before he placed a soft kiss against my lips.

"I've missed you doll."

"Shut up Barnes, I'm not done with you yet."

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