

Finally

I did my hair and make up, putting on the little black dress Steve had gifted me that morning. Just as I was stepping out of the office I heard the door to the bar open. Steve walked in looking fresh as a daisy. He was in a navy blue suit and white shirt. On any other day I would've said he looked handsome, now I just wanted to tighten the tie enough to stop him breathing.

"Y/N, you look beautiful." He smiled at me.

"Thanks." I kissed his cheek, grabbing my clutch bag from on top of the bar. "Shall we?"

We walked hand in hand making small talk towards the bar we had met in. Nostalgia curdled in my stomach. Once upon a time it was a happy memory being back here, now I wish I'd never walked in the door that night.

Steve walked right through the sea of people and out the back to a small paved area. On any other night what awaited me would've been the most romantic sight.

A single table covered in a white tablecloth, rose petals scattered across the top with a single candle in the middle. A bucket of ice housing a bottle of champagne sat to the side. So music played in the background as I struggled to keep my emotions in check. I wanted this, just not with him.

Steve pulled my chair out for me, taking my silence as me being speechless at what he'd prepared. Truth was that I didn't trust myself to say the right thing in that moment.

He sat down opposite me, that smile I used to adore staring back at me.

"Do you remember the night we met?" He asked with a gleam in his eyes.

Unfortunately

"Like it was yesterday." I smiled back. "You were like a lovesick puppy from the second our eyes met."

He let out a laugh, so genuine and pure that I knew it was real. He may have played me and manipulated this part of our relationship, but his feelings were true. I could see that much.

"That is so not true!" He shook his head.

"You sought me out that night. I didn't even have to try."

"You know what?" He shook his head. "Even if I did, I wouldn't change a thing."

"Me neither."

Just the lies, deceit, betrayal and all around assholiness that has plagued us for the last year. The complete and utter sickening disgust I felt every time I looked at him. Other than that no, there's nothing that I would change.

"So why did you bring me back here? Not that I'm complaining, this is just amazing."

He opened the champagne with a smile, pouring us both a glass. When he was done I took a sip, enjoying the sweet bubbles while I could. He held out his hand on the table. Despite every part of me screaming to pull away, I placed my hand in his.

"This is where our story started." Keeping my hand in his he got down on one knee beside me, tears glistening in the eyes that I used to find solace in. "I love you Y/N, my princess, my sweetheart, love of my life. There is nothing or no one that I've ever loved more, nothing I ever could love more than you. You are perfect for me. I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

I knew what was about to happen and I was ready for it. I could feel Bucky's eyes on me, waiting for the right moment to show Steve I was not alone anymore. That I never would be again.

"Will you marry me?" He asked as he pulled what I can't deny was a beautiful ring out of his pocket.

The sapphire diamond may as well been a gummy ring for all the appeal it had to me. I took a large swig from the champagne flute as I gave him a less than sweet smile.

"Why the hell would I marry you after what you've done?"

I ripped my hand from his, standing up to walk back towards where Bucky was appearing from the shadows. Bucky pulled me into his side, kissing me with a smile. As I pulled away I saw the second Steve put everything together. The way I'd been distant, out for days at a time. He finally knew.

"You played me." He all but growled.

I snapped, pulling out of Bucky's embrace. "I played you?! Are you fucking serious right now?"

His face softened just slightly as he took in my anger. "I know I went too far sweetheart."

"TOO FAR?!" I screeched, cutting him off. "You destroyed everything. You made Bucky the one thing you knew he feared and lied to me about for a year!"

Bucky caught me before I could reach for the knife concealed on my thigh. "Not here doll. There's too many people."

I knew he was right, this wasn't something that could be done with eyes and ears everywhere.

Steve turned his attention to Bucky, seeing him protecting me so fiercely, something that would only happen if he was truly himself.

"How?" Steve asked him.

"Nat grew a conscience."

That was the moment Steve realised it was well and truly over. He'd lost. Not just me, but everything. He didn't look angry or sad, he looked lost. I didn't feel sorry for him, I couldn't but I did pity him.

I scooped. "I wanted to tear you apart piece by piece, rip your soul and body apart until there was nothing left of you. Now I'm looking at you?" I shook my head. "I've realised you have done that to yourself. You lost the one person that would've done anything for you. All for what? Because you were jealous? It's pathetic."

Bucky kept his grip on me, knowing that if my anger grew too much there was nothing in this world that could stop me from ending Steve's life. Consequences be damned.

Steve snapped. "I was going to lose you because of him! I had no choice. I love you!"

"You love me?! That's your excuse?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "If you truly loved me you would've let me go. Let me be happy!"

"We were happy! You can't say this past year hasn't been amazing."

I began almost vibrating with anger as I looked back at him, a man a once loved and now barely recognised.

"It was built on a lie. Every good moment we had is tarnished. Every touch makes me recoil in disgust. Just tell me why Steve and don't tell me it's because you love me because I don't believe that for a second."

He hung his head, fists clenched at his side. "I couldn't imagine my life without you in it."

"You would've had me in it. Now? Now you've lost any chance of that!"

He shook his head in disbelief as Bucky pulled me back to his side. I let the feel of his arms around me ground me, allowing me to breathe normally again. The slight peace didn't last long as I noticed Steve attempting to walk away.

"Don't you dare walk away! I'm not finished!"

He stopped, his spine straight, muscles taught with his own frustrations.

"You want to know the best bit out of everything?" I couldn't help but rub salt into the wound. "SHIELD know everything. Me, Buck, the shield. You've lost it all."

He looked over at me, pure resentment in his eyes. "If you think I'll give that shield up for anyone...you're wrong."

With that he turned once more. I tried to wrestle my way out of Bucky's arms, I'd be damned if I was going to let him walk away now. I'd been through too much, we both had. Steve wouldn't be leaving here a free man, that much I knew.

"Doll stop." Bucky pulled me back. "It's okay, there's a team waiting for him outside. It's over."

I relaxed against him, flinging myself into his arms. The whole world could be watching for all I cared. All I wanted was right here. Me and Bucky. Nothing else mattered. Finally we were able to be together with nothing left to tear us apart. He picked me up, hooking his arms under my legs as he cradled me against him.

"Take me home Buck." I lifted my head up to look at him. "I want to go home."

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