

Moving On

Bucky was drawing shapes over my bare back as we laid in bed. In all honesty we had barely moved from the bedroom in the last three days. For once there wasn't an incoming fight and we were making the most of it. We had plans to leave here as soon as we could. I meant it when I told Bucky I was ready to start my life with him and only him.

I laid on my stomach with my head on the side looking up at him. He was perfect for me in every way, nothing in the world could tear us apart now.

"As much as I've loved this, we should probably talk about what happens next." Bucky gently broached the subject.

I sighed, hating the fact he was right. "What happens now then?" I asked him.

"There'll be a trial, decide what to do with him."

"Will you have to give evidence?"

He had been as much of a victim of Steve's actions as I was. He deserved to have his side told too. He deserved to have that chapter of his life closed for good. I'd stand by his side through it all as I knew he would with me.

"Not with my history. They'd have no way of knowing if it's me or the soldier giving evidence.

He acted as though it wasn't bothering him, but it was clear that it was. I knew that this trial was going to be a bitch to get through. Convincing the worlds security counsel that Steve was no longer their poster golden child would be hard enough, without Bucky's statement it would make it harder.

"That's not fair." I grumbled, moving to lay my head on his chest.

Bucky shrugged. "It is what it is. Can't change it doll so it's not worth stressing over."

I could understand his point, stressing over things you couldn't change was a waste of time and we'd wasted enough already.

"Will you be there though? With me." I asked, knowing I couldn't do it alone.

"If that's what you want." He kissed the top of my head, holding me closer to him.

"I can't do it without you."

"Then I'll be there."

A silence settled over us, both of us lost in our own thoughts of what was to come. The trial was one thing but there was another hurdle we had to overcome and unfortunately I'd promised to handle it without bloodshed.

"There is one thing I need to do first though." I mumbled.

"Nat?"

I tilted my head up to look at him. "Yeah, but honestly I think I just need answers Buck. The pain they both caused is going to haunt me for a long time to come. I have to find out why."

I could see the concern in his eyes, the way he was searching my own eyes to see if I was truly okay.

"Are you sure? You might not get the answers you want."

I knew that, I knew that Natasha owed me nothing. She never had. However I also knew I had to listen to what she wanted to say and I had a few things to say in return.

"I want to move on, I can't do that while I'm still hung up on the past."

He shifted, rolling himself on top of me. His lips pressed firmly against my own, pushing all my concerns away as he poured all his love into that one simple kiss. There was no heat behind it, just him using his body to show me I had his support no matter what.

I let down any wall I had, a tear sliding down my face. Bucky pulled back sensing the shift in my mood.

"What's wrong?" He asked softly, wiping the tear away.

"I'm scared Buck."

He kissed my forehead, sitting back on his knees he pulled me into his lap so I was straddling his thick thighs.

"I'll be right there with you. Always."

Never before had I believed someone so much. There was not a flicker of doubt in his eyes when he said always, something I'd hold onto for the rest of my life.

I didn't knock on the door or call out her name when I walked into her room at the compound. If she didn't know I was coming then that was her own mistake. I didn't want to leave Bucky to come here and talk to her, but with the trial starting tomorrow I wanted to get this done and out of the way.

Nat appeared out of her bathroom, pulling her robe tighter around her as she watched me leaning against the wall, flicking a knife in my hand.

"I wondered when you'd show up." She said, struggling to meet my eyes.

"Well here I am." I deadpanned back.

She took a step towards me. "Y/N, I'm so sorry I—"

I held my knife up in the air, cutting off her fake apology. "Let me stop you there Romano, I don't care how sorry you are. I don't really care if your guilt cripples you and leads to you ending that miserable existence you call a life. I will never care about that."

She gulped, her fear almost calming my very soul. "So why are you here then?" She asked, her voice far from the authoritative one you would usually hear from her.

"Because I need to know why. What was it I did to make you hate me so much?"

She sighed, walking to her kitchen where she poured two shots of vodka. I might hate the woman but I wasn't about to turn down good vodka. I took the shot, barely feeling it as it slid down.

"It wasn't anything you did." She admitted as she refilled my glass. "I've loved Bucky for a long time, I suspect I always will. I was jealous and got swept up in it all. The second I realised what I'd truly done, I found Bucky and made sure I helped him in any way I could. I wanted to come and tell you everything but there was no way you were going to believe me."

I turned my back, gripping onto the glass so I didn't send it hurling at her face. It made no sense but just hearing her say she was in love with Bucky was enough to almost send me into my own jealous rage. I shouldn't. I knew Bucky loved me and no one else, but I hated the idea of someone else looking at him like I do.

"So..." I started, trying to remind myself why I was here to begin with. "What was the long term plan? To convince Bucky you loved him and run off into the sunset together?"

Once I was sure I was far enough away from her, I turned just in time to see her face drop.

"I didn't think that far ahead. I just didn't want to lose him from my life." She sighed, shaking her head. "Now I've done exactly that and become a person I hate."

I scooped, finishing the vodka in my hand. "If it's sympathy you're after, you won't get it from me."

"I know that."

"Good." I smiled walking towards her, enjoying the way she backed away just slightly as though she was scared of me. "Now here's what's going to happen. At the trial you will tell them everything, complete honesty for the first time in your life. After that me and Bucky are leaving. I won't stop him staying in contact with you, because that is his choice."

Her eyes shined like she was holding back tears which only served to piss me off more. I pulled the knife back out, gripping the back of her neck I held the blade against her throat. I didn't break the skin but if she moved that would be her own fault.

"But if I ever see you again? Only one of us will walk away. Have I made myself clear?"

She gulped before nodding her head as much as she could without the knife doing her any damage.

"Good." I pulled away with a smile, not willing to give her any more of my time.

As I reached the door she called out my name. "For the record I really am sorry."

I laughed. "I really wish I gave a shit."

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