#### Remember?

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2/2

# Remember?

by ArabellaGaleotti (orphan\_account)

### Summary

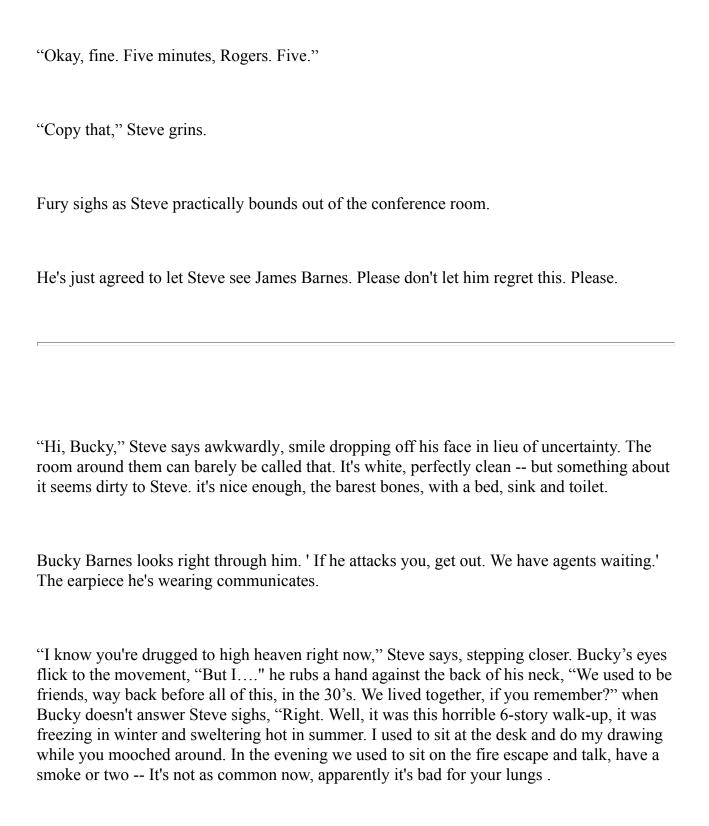
Steve convinces Fury to let him see Bucky.

Bucky remembers.

### Notes

See the end of the work for <u>notes</u>

### Chapter 1



"We lived near that club, Webster Hall, and we used to go there sometimes. We were friends with practically everybody so we used to get free drinks, the newcomers would glare at us, but you would just laugh and tell me not to worry."



"No words." Steve brings in a breath, and his earpiece crackles with suspicion, "Did you love

me too?" Bucky asks, gaze strong with freighting intensity.

"Yeah, um," Steve looks down, "I did."

The moment stretches between them until Bucky says, very quietly, "the corner of Pearl and 68th street."

"The corner of Pearl and 6—"

Bucky says nothing, his gaze drifting to the floor.

Steve jolts, "what?" 'what's the importance?'

Steve cuts him off, "I heard you, Buck, I heard you," and then he's stepping forward, his fingers tilting Bucky's chin up. His eyes are dark, wanting. Somewhere inside the Winter Soldier is Bucky Barnes, and Steve's just reached him. Without hesitating a moment more, their lips meet.

He can hear the crackle of surprise from the earpiece, but Steve keeps kissing Bucky because, oh god he's been waiting 70 years for this . It's exactly the same as those stolen kisses in the dark of that dance club or their apartment. Exactly. The. Same.

The door bangs open, and Bucky jumps, but Steve just kisses him harder, hands feather-light and grounding on his arms .

"Calm, Buck, calm," Steve whispers, being led towards the door.

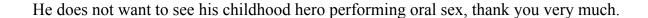
Steve laughs as he is dragged away, as Bucky is held down — but not fighting. Steve meets Fury's eyes and smiles, "70 years, Director. 70."

Fury just looks back like he's considering retirement. Steve laughs again, just for the sheer relief that he feels coursing through his body. He looks back at Bucky, held down by a dozen SHIELD agents, he doesn't laugh, but there's a twitch to his lips that might be a smile.

| "Come on, Fury, didn't you do your research?" They are inside Fury's office.                                                           |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| "It's hard to find out information on a man that's been missing and presumed dead for 70 years."                                       |
| "There's a picture of me kissing Bucky on the cheek in the Smithsonian."                                                               |
| Fury just sighs, "I just want you to know that it's okay now, to begay, and that you don't have to hide it."                           |
| "I know. It's legal now, isn't that amazing! Honestly, Robert White swore that it was happen one day, now I owe the bastard 10 bucks!" |
| Fury stares at him, "You're notafraid of us knowing?"                                                                                  |
| Steve leans forward in his chair. "If I was afraid of you knowing, I wouldn't have kissed him."                                        |
| "Why did you?"                                                                                                                         |
| "Because he remembers," Steve replies, standing up from the well-worn chair and leaving the room.                                      |
|                                                                                                                                        |

## Chapter 2

#### **Chapter Summary**



#### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The sound of the code being entered echoes over the comms. Browley — the agent on duty watching the Winter Soldier, looks over. Bucky's going to therapy, and made a lot of progress getting rid of HYDRA's coding in his head.

He's set up with a less prison-cell looking room. It has carpet, a bookcase, bed, and window. All fully alarmed and covered with cameras, of course. Even if it looks normal, it's not.

The golden retriever that's known as Steve Rogers bounds inside, carrying a laptop and stack of books .

"Stevie?" Bucky asks, tilting his head.

Steve grins, "July 24th, 2011."

"And?" Bucky rolls his eyes.

"That's when gay marriage was made legal in New York."

"Are you kidding me?"

| "No," Steve smiles, something like tears glittering in his eyes. "No one even uses the term 'fairy' anymore," he says, and Bucky leans in, kissing him. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Steve kisses him back, until Bucky leans back, whispering "you owe Robert White 10 dollars."                                                            |
| Steve laughs, "Yeah, he has a living relative in Jersey. With inflation it's \$143 bucks."                                                              |
| "Damn, Stevie, bring out your wallet," Bucky murmurs, raking his fingers though Steve's hair, kissing him again .                                       |
| Steve pushes him off although begrudgingly . "Stop! I was going to help you with history!"                                                              |
| "We have 70 years to catch up on, Steve-o!" Bucky complains whining.                                                                                    |
| "Yes, we do!" Steve motions towards the history books he's carrying.                                                                                    |
| "Egh, that's so boring, honestly go and work for that pervy art director again, why don't you."                                                         |
| "He wasn't pervy!" Steve protests.                                                                                                                      |
| "He told you your work was, and I quote: 'a masterful mix of erotica and color"                                                                         |
| "You many have a point."                                                                                                                                |
| "Of course I do," Bucky says smoothy, dropping down onto his bed with a suggested look.                                                                 |





"Right."

Chapter End Notes

There you go! Hope you enjoyed!

-Arabella Gale otti

#### End Notes

Hope you enjoyed that!

It's my first time writing Stucky, so I hope I did okay.

I have a second part written already, let me know if you wanna see it. It gives more of an insight into their life in the thirties/forties.

-ArabellaGaleotti

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