

## Remember?

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# Remember?

by [ArabellaGaleotti \(orphan\\_account\)](#).

## Summary

Steve convinces Fury to let him see Bucky.

Bucky remembers.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

“Okay, fine. Five minutes, Rogers. Five.”

“Copy that,” Steve grins.

Fury sighs as Steve practically bounds out of the conference room.

He's just agreed to let Steve see James Barnes. Please don't let him regret this. Please.

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“Hi, Bucky,” Steve says awkwardly, smile dropping off his face in lieu of uncertainty. The room around them can barely be called that. It's white, perfectly clean -- but something about it seems dirty to Steve. it's nice enough, the barest bones, with a bed, sink and toilet.

Bucky Barnes looks right through him. ' If he attacks you, get out. We have agents waiting.' The earpiece he's wearing communicates.

“I know you're drugged to high heaven right now,” Steve says, stepping closer. Bucky’s eyes flick to the movement, “But I...” he rubs a hand against the back of his neck, “We used to be friends, way back before all of this, in the 30’s. We lived together, if you remember?” when Bucky doesn't answer Steve sighs, “Right. Well, it was this horrible 6-story walk-up, it was freezing in winter and sweltering hot in summer. I used to sit at the desk and do my drawing while you mooched around. In the evening we used to sit on the fire escape and talk, have a smoke or two -- It's not as common now, apparently it's bad for your lungs .

“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 .”

Steve glances down, as if shy, "that time the club got raided, you punched that cop in the face, then we climbed out the bathroom window and up Rose William's fire escape," Steve laughs beside himself, more to release tension than anything. "Remember?"

"Yes..." It's certainly said with doubt, and the assassin still isn't looking at the super-soldier. Nevertheless Steve grins.

"Yes?" Steve repeats. Bucky eyes finally flick to his face, "oh god, you remember!"

He nods and his eyes flick to Steve. "I loved you." Bucky says, his voice is cold and impersonal, but his forehead crinkles like he can't figure out why.

Steve tries to smile, "Yeah, Buck, you did."

"Why?"

Rogers swallows, "We were friends."

"No, no, not like that." "What does he mean, Rogers?"

Steve shifts awkwardly on his feet, ignoring the voices in his ear. "How did you love me, then?"

"No words." Steve brings in a breath, and his earpiece crackles with suspicion, "Did you love me too?" Bucky asks, gaze strong with freighted intensity.

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

Bucky says nothing, his gaze drifting to the floor.

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

Steve jolts, “what?” ‘ what's the importance?’

“The corner of Pearl and 6—”

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 .

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“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 be...gay, 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 not...afraid 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

He does not want to see his childhood hero performing oral sex, thank you very much.

## 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 through 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.



“ I wonder why he fired me,” Steve muses, faraway look in his eye.

Bucky coughs suspiciously , and Steve eyes narrow. “Bucky...” he warns in a low tone.

“A masterful mix of erotica and color!” Bucky repeats, “what was I meant to do, let my fairy suck that guy’s dick!?”

“I wasn't going to suck his dick, Buck. And money was tight! You didn't need to get me fired!”

“I’m sorry! But hey, you show up with a couple of intimidating gay men and tell a guy to stay away and you get fired! Who knew!”

“Bucky!”

“I’m sorry! It’s just ...I couldn't tell the world you were mine and...” he trains off, eyes daring to meet Steve, who cracks and smiles slightly , melting .

“I know,” he murmurs, pulling him in again. This time it’s harder, more passionate. Bucky pushes Steve back into the wall, and he lets out a half-gasp, half moan. “I know I don't have asthma anymore, but hey!”

“Sorry,” Bucky mumbles back, kissing him again.

Browley turns away from the screen when Captain America’s shirtless and on his knees. He does not want to see his childhood hero performing oral sex, thank you very much.

He calls Fury, unsure what to do.

“Hello, Director?” he says when the line connects.

“Yes, who is this?”

“Agent Browley, I’m on rotation watching the Winter Soldier, sir.”

“What’s wrong?”

“Uh, nothing, just ...well Captain came to see him.”

“How did he get the codes?!”

“I assume Stark, sir,” Tony is notorious around SHIELD for hacking into systems.

“Yes, that would be a well educated guess. I understand your dilemma but we cannot leave a known enemy — even if he is pardoned — unsupervised.”

“Yes, I understand that sir but...well, just listen.” he holds out the phone to the speaker, timed perfectly so a string of lewd moans trickle through.

When he pulls back the phone, he can practically hear Fury’s resignation. “Very well. I could see how witnessing that could lower your professional opinion of the captain on the field, possibly endangering yourself and others . You have my permission to turn off the camera feeds and audio.”

Browley sighs, “Thank you, sir. When should I turn them on again?”

“They're super-soldiers, I would count on some endurance.”

“Right.”

## Chapter End Notes

There you go! Hope you enjoyed!

-ArabellaGaleotti

## 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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