Triple Exposures

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Characters:	Steve Rogers, Reader, James "Bucky" Barnes
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Triple Exposures

by BlueCandyA28

Summary

A scrapbook of stories.

Each captured in exactly 300 words.

Chapter 1: Absence

Chapter Summary

If love could save those we hold dear; they would live forever.

~A story unfolding in three drabbles.

Puffy eyes.

Throbbing temples.

Fingers clutching an empty collar—

Sobs steal your breath.

*

Trudging feet.

…

Kitchen door swinging.

Glimpsing the empty food bowl—

Breakfast forgotten.

—You turn away.

*

“This is the voicemail—”

You hang up.

Then…

Press the phone against your bosom.

*

Beep.

“Hi, Stevie. Ev—”

Clearing your throat.

“Everything’s okay.”

Swallowing the lump.

“Missing. You. Both.”

Fighting for breath.

“Love you. Tell Buck—”

Tears cascading.

“I love him—”

Hanging up…

Sobs tearing through you.

*

Padding steps.

Lifting the comforter.

Glimpsing—

An empty basket.

—Beside the bed.

Its blankets covered with hair.

Bedroom too big…

You head toward the sofa.

Cinnamon.

Clementine.

Burrowing beneath—

Bucky’s Henley.

Steve’s sweatshirt.

…

Sofa cushions sinking.

—You hug yourself.

*

Flashing lights—

Cracking one lid.

—The television flickers.

Time forgotten.

Pulling their clothing tighter—

You turn over.

Time remembered.

Breath hitching—

A sob wrenches loose.

*

…

Cinnamon.

Arm tickling—

You swat it.

…

Clementine.

Warmth—

Weight resting atop your thigh.

“Your paws are usually cold…”

An even breath.

…

Neck stiff—

You nuzzle your pillow.

Too rigid.

Sofa arm digging into your nape—

Time remembered.

—Lids snap open.

Shadows loom.

“Ah.”

Feet scrambling—

“It’s—.”

Leather creaking.

“Us.”

Bucky’s gloved hand grasping yours.

Steve’s jacket draping your shoulders.

Cinnamon.

Clementine.

Puffy lips.

Sniff.

Wet cheeks.

Sniff.

Nose blocked.

“You’re not—”

Voice strained.

“Due back for a few weeks.”

Light pressure—

“We got your voicemail.”

—Steve pressing a glass into your palm.

“I’m not—”

Sniff.

“Thirsty.”

“Just a couple of sips, sweetheart.”

Bucky guiding it towards your lips—

Water cool against your raw throat.

*

Cinnamon—

Sagging into Bucky’s chest.

“The vet thought it kindest—”

A keening cry.

Clementine—

Steve’s lips brushing your temple.

“But I feel—”

Shoulders heaving.

“So guilty.”

Bucky’s eyes glistening.

“Ending their pain, knowing it’ll cause yours.”

Steve’s trembling breath.

“That’s love, sweetheart.”

…

Their arms hugging you tight.

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