

## You're Not Gonna Arrest Me

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Coming back to the Avengers compound, I was immediately pulled into a meeting room where everyone was sat waiting. Steve and Bucky trailed behind me as we all found a seat. I wasn't in the mood for this bullshit, all I wanted was five minutes. Just five minutes to let everything sink in. Killing Sharon, the shift in my relationship with Steve, the hospital, Bucky asking me to move in. It was a lot, even for me.

Bucky could feel my walls going up, the facade I put in place around these people slipping firmly into place. He rested his hand on my thigh, giving it a light squeeze. It was a simple gesture but one that let me know he was there with me.

I placed my hand over the top of his, squeezing it back. No matter what happened, I knew I had him beside me, there was nothing I couldn't achieve with him by my side.

Nick Fury walked in, a more than serious scowl on his face. "You're down as an authorised visitor. Please leave him there." He refers to the face they've kept their promise, putting Zemo somewhere I can still see him. As much as I wish he was free, this was the next best thing.

"Why Nicholas it's almost as if you don't trust me to behave." I taunt him, a dark smile on my face.

He rolled his eyes. "Never call me that again."

A wave of satisfaction rolled over me, it was fun getting under his skin. I shrugged my shoulders, ignoring the warning squeeze on my thigh from Bucky. "Rude, but okay. Are we done here?"

"Not exactly. When you released SHIELD's files..." I prepare for the fall out from that bit of information as all eyes fall on me. The only one that had known I'd done that was Bucky who slumped back in his chair.

"You did what?" Steve raised his voice, his normally light blue eyes turning slightly darker, giving away the anger he was desperately trying to hide. He had a dark side and I kind of loved bringing it to the surface.

I sat back in my chair, crossing my arms. "Don't look so surprised Steve, I told you I was going to tear it all down."

"That's something you talk to us about!" He snaps, before taking a deep breath. He really was holding back and it did nothing but intrigue me.

Natasha sat forward, leaning her arms on the table. "There was intel on you on those files Y/N."

I rolled my eyes. Again "You think I care that the world knows what I've done?" Her fake concern was glaringly obvious to anyone who took the time to see through the act. She still hated me and although I didn't care, it pissed me off that she was trying to come across as if she was being genuine.

I saw the moment her mask slipped. "You might not care, but the government will. This affects all of us."

And there's the real the reason.

She didn't care that there might be consequences for me. All she cared about was the perfect image she'd created coming crashing down. The world would know that she wasn't always the good guy she tried so hard to pretend to be.

"You're mistaking me for someone that gives a shit." I sneer at her, the atmosphere between us building with every second. Everyone could feel it, not one of them saying a word as an uncomfortable silence settled over us.

Nick hurried, shaking his head. "Well you should give a shit, because they're calling you in for questioning."

"And you think that's a good idea?" I challenged already knowing it was far from a good idea. I didn't like being in the public eye at the best of times. I tend to get snarky, probably not the best coping mechanism in this case.

"Not in the slightest, but it's out of my control." He leant on the back of one of the chairs. A resigned look across his face.

Steve looked at me, that dark look still lingering in his eyes. "You can't just laugh your way through this one Y/N." He tried to warn me, not that I listened.

"Just watch me Cap."

I stormed out of the room, needing to get away from the others. When I was out of sight I finally let out the shaky breath that I'd been holding. Shaking out the anxiety through my fingertips, I could do this. I had to.

A pair of arms wrapped around me from behind, I knew by the cold and warm sensation that it was Bucky. I relaxed back against him, feeling instantly safer and stronger than I had moments before.

"Want me to come with you doll?" He kissed my neck gently, holding me tightly against him.

"No it's okay, but I wouldn't mind a getaway driver." I leant my head back against his shoulder, offering him a small smile.

"Whatever you need." He kissed me softly, turning me in his arms. I knew in that moment I was going to say yes to what he'd asked me in Madripoor. I didn't want to be away from him anymore. I wanted to be by his side as much as I could. He was my safe place.

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As I placed my hand on the bible, cameras clicked and flashed from all around the courtroom.

I took my seat, keeping my back straight, giving nothing away. "I don't know what you expect me to say. The files themselves were pretty self explanatory." I look straight ahead at the senators sat higher than me, a typical power play. To make me feel like my life is worth less than theirs.

"You have taken countless lives and expect to walk free?" One of them counters, a look of disgust on his face.

"You know as well as the rest of the world, that I had no choice in that." I refused to be blamed for the lives I took under the control of Hydra. I had no choice, that is not who I am now.

"What about the lives you've taken since being disconnected from Hydra?"

I shrugged my shoulders, refusing to let their opinions sour my own.

"I've saved more lives than I've taken."

Senator Stern, the head of the committee looked at his colleagues before he looked down at me. "It is this committee's belief that you belong in a penitentiary, considering your history." Even from where I was sitting I could hear his heart beating faster as he tried to convince the people around me that it was for the best.

I gave him a smirk, my back straightening as I let confidence flood through me. "You're not going to put me in a prison."

"Why not?" Another senator looked at me, almost fed up with this hearing that we all knew was a load of bullshit, the only reason they'd called it in the first place was for public appearances.

"Because I'm the one you need to protect those that you can't. Because unfortunately for you, the world needs someone like me. So if you want to arrest me, arrest me. You'll know where to find me." Cameras flashed almost painfully at me as I gave my speech.

No one said a word as I stood, grabbing my leather jacket from the back of the chair as I walked away.

As soon as I was outside I let out the breath I didn't realise that I was holding. I looked down the steps in front of me. Sitting on the road was Bucky. He sat on his motorbike, a smile on his face as he saw me.

I all but ran down the steps and jumped on as cameras began flashing around us. He wasted no time in getting us out of there. The bike revving beneath us as we zipped through the afternoon traffic. I held onto him almost painfully tight, slipping my hand under his t-shirt, he smiled over his shoulder at me. We both knew what I wanted and needed. He sped up, wanting to get us both home as quickly as he could.

Home

It felt nice knowing I finally had a home to go to, with a man I loved more than anything else in the world.

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