

One Last Thing

As predicted the trial was long and tedious. The security counsel refusing to admit what was right in front of them. Steve sat curled one side surrounded by four armed guards. Not once did I glance in his direction, refusing to give him any of my time. I turned round, seeing Bucky stood against the door ready for when I wanted to leave. Just having him nearby was enough to make me believe I could see this through.

Tony had already given his evidence, he sat to my right occasionally nudging me with some smart ass remark about the senator. I had to bite back my laughter at a lot of them. I soon silenced him with a kick to his shin as Natasha began to talk.

"I think the evidence speaks for itself." She stated, clearly unimpressed at being asked questions that she'd already answered.

"And you helped in the theft of SHIELD property?" The senator asked, as if Nat hadn't just admitted to exactly that.

"Yes," she bit back. "I have told you everything I have to say."

I may hate the woman but I could understand her annoyance with being asked repeatedly to answer the same questions over and over again. It was becoming tedious and we had all had enough.

That's when the attention came back to me. "And you Y/N? What else can you tell us of the actions of Captain Rogers?" The senator asked.

I could've thrown him under the bus, painted him as an unfeeling villain. Yet I couldn't bring myself to do it. He may have hurt countless people and crossed every line there was but he'd done it for what he perceived to be the right reasons at the time.

"He snapped." I told them bluntly. "A lifetime of doing whatever was asked for him, it became too much." I finally looked over at him.

Steve looked completely defeated, bags under his eyes and knuckles wrapped. There was no doubt in my mind that he regretted his choices, his eyes met mine and where there had been hate days ago, all I felt was pity. I could see the tear stains on his cheeks. I was still angry but I hoped that maybe people would see how much a lifetime of saving people could have a negative effect on someone.

"You seem very relaxed for someone who was apparently his victim." The senator stated as he watched me.

I turned my attention back to the asshole in front of me, judging me as if he had any idea what any of us had been through.

"Senator, just because I'm not shouting does not mean I'm relaxed. I want him to pay for what he did, and for justice for those of us he hurt. But more than that, I want him to get the help he so clearly needs. You owe him that much."

He scooped in response. "We're supposed to believe he did all of this for love?" He spat the word as if it was poison on his lips.

I had no time for someone that was so clearly against listening. I stood, ignoring Tony trying to pull me back into my seat. I was more than ready for this to be over, sooner rather than later.

"Believe what you want. You asked for my statement, and now you have it. I won't give you or him anymore of my time." Turning on my heels I ignored the senator calling my name and the reporters trying to thrust microphones in my face. I had one destination in mind and he was waiting for me as I walked towards the exit.

Just as I reached him, he slipped his hand in mine. "I've got a life to go live."

Bucky smiled down at me. "We have a life to go live."

I could not agree more, one way or another I was going to put all of this behind me and move the fuck on.

Bucky was more than ready to move on from the drama that came with being in New York. He knew how much I wanted to get out of here and start living the life we deserved. He was at the local docks looking at a yacht that was for sale. We were unsure where we wanted to settle but we both knew how to sail and the ocean provided a different kind of privacy than anywhere else. I'd told him that I wanted something small, a basic yacht to get us from one place to another. In true Bucky fashion he ignored everything and went for the largest one he could get his hands on on such short notice.

That's where Sam found him. He was signing the paperwork for The Sapphire when Sam approached him. Bucky finished scribbling his signature on the paper before turning to Sam.

"What are you doing here Sam?" He asked in his usual grumpy manor.

"It's good to see you too Buck." Sam laughed.

Bucky walked alongside him as they headed out to The Sapphire. "You knew we were leaving after the trial." He reminded him.

"It's not that simple."

"Yeah it is." Bucky was less than impressed at what was starting to delay our plans for leaving. He stopped to look at Sam. "Has she not been through enough?"

Sam had to think quickly. "That's the problem. She's been through so much that they don't trust her to just run off into the sunset." He desperately hoped it was enough to throw Bucky off the scent.

Bucky sighed, knowing something was going on. In all honesty he didn't care what it was, he'd promised we would leave together and Sam was delaying it with whatever he had up his sleeve.

"Will you just get to the point Sam? I wanna get home to my girl."

"Look just get her to the compound there's someone she needs to see before you both leave." Bucky sighed, clearly unimpressed at Sam's suggestion. He glared at Sam, causing him to sigh and shake his head. "I promise, one last thing and then you can go."

Bucky nodded, running his hand over his face. "When she comes after you, don't come crying to me."

He turned on his heel and headed back home on his motorbike. All the while he was going over and over in his head how to break the news to me that we weren't going to be able to just leave like we'd planned. Sam was good at a lot of things but keeping secrets wasn't one of them. It was clear that the team was up to something, he just wasn't sure what and knowing me the way he did he wasn't sure how I'd react.

I couldn't blame him, I was a lot of things and predictable wasn't one of them.

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