

## Five Times The Police dealt with Team America (and One Time They Dealt With the Police)

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# **Five Times The Police dealt with Team America (and One Time They Dealt With the Police)**

by [AKA\\_Green](#)

## Summary

A Five Times fic with Team America!

Ch 1: Domestic Disturbance (Or so they thought)

Ch 2: Running a Red Light

Ch 3: Not-Quite-Drunk Driving

Ch 4: In Which Steve Rogers Isn't the Only One to Start Bar Fights

Sorry, this is kind of abandoned. :( Just lost the idea and willpower. U can still enjoy it tho!

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

Yes, this is based on a tumblr post, but i thought it was fitting.

When Rick and James arrived at the house they were called to, his first thought was that it was a really nice place. It was clearly well taken care of, a nice freshly painted house with a neat porch and mowed lawn. Not a single weed in sight. Truthfully, if it weren't for the enraged shouting coming from inside, he would think it the perfect place to just kick back and relax.

But there was shouting. There was also an argument that was clearly heard from at least six houses down. Probably because the windows were open. Classic 6104.

Rick sighed and waved James behind him. They walked up the front steps and knocked on the door. The shouting quieted immeasurably before someone said something and it started up again. There was cursing followed by an exasperated reply before the door swung open.

The woman looking at them was just slightly taller than both men and looks fine. No visible injuries and she wasn't holding herself stiffly.

She raised one eyebrow at them. "Yes?"

"Hello, ma'am. I'm Officer Smith and this is Officer Roberts, we're here because a concerned party reported a domestic disturbance." He nodded inside pointedly.

She looked at them in confusion for a minute and then looked back where more arguing was radiating from. "Oh, bollocks," she sighed. Rick is quick to note the english accent. "Sorry, officers. We're having a bit of a... disagreement."

"Are you in danger?" he asks quietly, cautiously.

"With these two?" She smiled in amusement, as if the thought was out of the realm of possibility. "Not at all."

A loud crash reached the three's ears and Rick and James stiffened.

"YOU KNOW WHAT? FUCK YOU AND FUCK THIS IKEA FURNITURE!" A stack of papers go flying into the wall and drops to the floor, spreading everywhere. "MAKE IT YOURSELF YOU ASSHOLE."

"CALM DOWN."

“NO, THIS IS THE LAST TIME I SWEA- WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT.”

“IT’S A CHAIR. IT’S FINE. SHUT UP.”

“IT’S BACKWARDS AND UPSIDE DOWN STEVE.”

“IT’S FINE!”

“OH MY GOD.” A man stormed from the living room, heading down the hall with his hands tossed up in exasperation.

“HEY, FUCK YOU, IT’S FINE.”

The guy froze and clenches his hands. Suddenly he turned and opened what looks to be a dresser. He pulled out something long orange and green. A nerf gun, Rick noticed. The man snapped a round into the side and stormed back, pointing it into the living room and unleashing a torrent of darts.

There was a loud emasculating scream and bellowed curse. Within a few seconds the man with the gun was running down the hall again to get away. A second, a blond, runs after him, stopping only to grab a few Nerf guns from the dresser and rush after him with clear intentions.

Swearing and insults are flying like the darts until something broke with a sickening crack. One of them laughed.

“IT ISN’T FUNNY. THIS IS EXACTLY WHY WE WENT TO IKEA.”

“THEN MAYBE YOU SHOULD WATCH WHERE YOUR FAT ASS IS GOING. PEGGY COME HELP ME.”

The woman sighed. “Reconstructing furniture is proving to be harder that it should be.”

James stifled a chuckle. The men ran back down the hall, this time coming toward them rather than away. Darts go flying and a few hit the group by the door.

The woman, seemingly not okay with the fact that she was hit by a dozen or so darts, reached behind the door and pulled out a much bigger nerf gun; one that looked semi-automatic and was painted in cartoonish silver and blues. Just as the men try to disappear upstairs, she shot the two with torrents of fast darts.

They yelped and cursed at her before they spotted the two cops and froze.

Rick felt the odd need to tip his hat.

“Uh,” the brunet said. He pointed with his Nerf gun. “He did it!” He shot the blond in the side of the head with a dart before disappearing upstairs.

Steve sputtered in disbelief.

The woman sighed and lowered the gun. “As you can see, no domestic violence and we’ll try to keep the yelling down.”

The blond on the stairs found himself getting hit with more darts and stepped back, putting his hands up defensively. “BUCKY DON’T MAKE ME GET THE SHIELD!”

Rick frowned. Bucky. Steve. Peggy. “Oh my god,” Rick said in realization. “You’re Agent Carter.”

James made a shocked noise. “*No way*.”

Captain America, still standing awkwardly on the steps, turned to shout up the stairwell. “HEY BUCKY, WHY DON’T YOU COME DOWN SO I CAN WHOOP YOUR ASS.”

“YOU CAN TRY!” The Winter Soldier blew a raspberry.

“WHAT ARE YOU SIX?”

“SIX INCHES DEEP IN YOUR GIRLFRIEND!”

“THAT’S MY WIFE!”

“AND I’M YOUR HUSBAND!” Captain America climbed up the stairs and there was a lot of shouting and exclamations. A loud thump and a curse. Then it got suspiciously quiet.

Carter seemed to know what happening because she yells, “THERE ARE COPS ON OUR DOORSTEP. SNOG WHEN WE DON’T HAVE COMPANY.”

Two sets of hysterical laughter follow, then a low moan.

“Oh, geez,” Rick says, face burning and trying not to think about them screwing each other. “Look, just keep it down, alright?”

“Of course,” Agent Carter said. “Good day, officers.”

“Goodbye ma’am.”

She shut the door quickly and it locked it behind her. Rick looked at James. “Let’s go back to the precinct before we start hearing something we don’t want to.”

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

as DWICTGH states: Steve Rogers is a Bad Driver

Bill has seen a lot of things in his ten years as a police officer, but even his eyes bug out when a car speeds up at a red light with a God awful angry pterodactyl scream comes from the van. It was spectacular, just a long enraged shout of high-pitched rage. A second screaming voice was of pure terror, possibly one of the passengers.

Bill choked on his sip of coffee and his partner leaned over to pat him on the back. The vans hazardly jerked into the parking lot their police vehicle was resting in and skidded to a jarring stop.

The rear driver's side door opened and a man stormed out. "GET THE *FUCK* OUT OF THE CAR STEVE."

The window rolled down slightly.

The driver must have replied because then the man shouted back. "BECAUSE YOU'RE A SHITTY ASS DRIVER, NOW GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE CAR BEFORE YOU KILL SOMEONE."

Nothing. "THAT'S IT!" The man ripped the door open and loud shouts of denial came from the driver as the passenger unbuckled him and lifted the driver bodily out of the seat and over his shoulder.

It's at this time that Bill got out of his own car to start walking over. The guy ran a red light after all.

"HEY!" the driver shouted, kicking uselessly and struggling to get out of the passengers hold. "JESUS CHRIST, BUCK, PUT ME DOWN."

Bill felt amusement bubble in his chest and a grin tug at the corner of his mouth. His co-worker didn't even try to hide his laughter, cackling in the passenger seat hard enough to make him bend at the waist.

"YOU CAN DRIVE WHEN YOU LEARN HOW TO FUCKING DRIVE!"

"I CAN DRIVE!"

"YOU DON'T FUCKING KNOW HOW TO DRIVE!"

“YOU’RE GONNA BE SLEEPING ON THE COUCH FOR A WEEK.”

“AT LEAST I WON’T BE DEAD.”

Bill was outright laughing at this point.

“GET IN THE CAR STEVE.”

“FIGHT ME.”

‘Buck’ gives an enraged scream when he throws Steve in the side of the van before quickly closing the door. He jumps into the driver's seat as fast as possible because the first driver was trying to climb over the center console and sit.

Amazingly enough, it devolves into slap fighting.

A third person, a beautiful woman in classy blue wedges, a pair of high waisted white shorts covered in a blue flowered pattern, and a white shirt, opened the passenger door, walked around to the driver's seat, opened both doors at once, and yanked both men out of the vehicle. They landed on the ground heavily, but seemingly alright. She closed the back door, got in the driver's seat, and locked the car, leaving the two dumbstruck men outside as she flipped a pocket mirror open and started checking her makeup.

The two men just sat there for a minute.

“GREAT, NOW LOOK AT WHAT YOU DID!” The driver shouts.

“ME? WHAT THE FUCK, THIS IS YOUR FAULT. GUESS WHICH ASSHOLE DECIDED TO RUN A RED-LIGHT YOU ASSHAT.”

The two men sat in tense silence for long enough for Bill to gather his wits and finally walk over to the two men giving each other the silent treatment.

“Excuse me, sirs?”

Both of them look at Bill. Then the brunette turned to the blonde. “ *You shit-head* ,” he hissed, doing something to his left shoulder. He then proceeds to *pull his arm out of his sleeve and throw his prosthetic at the blonde* .

“Bucky, what the fuck!” the blonde growled, now with an armful of, well, arm.

“Well if someone hadn’t run a red-light-” Bucky ranted.

“It was yellow when I was going and then it changed and it was too late!” the blonde said, voice rising in pitch.

Bill was about to start laughing again. “Hey, hey! Listen-” the men looked back at him.

“Okay, you ran a red light, and that’s bad and you shouldn’t do it again, but I’m going to let you out of this one because that was the funniest thing I’ve ever seen while on traffic duty and my partener can’t get out of the car because he’s pissing himself laughing.”

The blonde grinned sheepishly and rubbed the back of his neck. “Thank you, officer.”

“And you should let someone else drive.”

Bucky swatted the blonde. “I FUCKING TOLD YOU SO.”



## Chapter 3

Officer Tiana Celen was great at her job. She worked hard, solved cases, and did her best every day. This being said, the hi-light of her day was a being assigned to keep an eye out at bars and make sure nobody drove home drunk. She liked it because with every person she asked to step out of the car, she knew she was preventing an accident.

It gave her a sense of accomplishment, and all she had to do was sit around and keep an eye out.

So, after staking out one of her favorite bars, she was almost delighted to see a group of three put down enough beer to kill an elephant. It was both gross and fascinating to watch.

The biggest, a muscular blond with a pretty impressive scar above his ear, drank at least eight different beers in the span of two hours. The second man, a brunette with one arm, and the woman in a backless dress put down so many different drinks that there was barely space on the table from all the different shaped glasses. After that they ordered a fancy pinkish drink in a tall glass and split it.

This meant that they were definitely drunk off their asses. Positively smashed. Even if they did drink a glass of water after they all finished up.

She watched, impressed, as they payed and walked over to a sleek black van. The blonde was in the center, with his arms thrown over the other two's shoulders. It was probably the only reason that they weren't stumbling over each other. She did note the odd scar on the woman's back while she waited. It seemed probable that they were all vets, but Tiana didn't like to assume.

The woman actually got in the driver's seat, which surprised Tiana. Usually guys insist on driving, especially when intoxicated.

Tiana got out of the car and casually strolled over to the van. Tapping on the window, she waited patiently.

"Yes, Officer?" the woman asked, when it was rolled down. She did smell like alcohol, unsurprisingly, but her speech was clear and she was focusing surprisingly well for a drunk.

"Hi, I'm Officer Celen, ma'am. Can you tell me how many drinks have you had tonight?"

The one armed man looked almost excited at this. "Oh, my god, Steve, gimme your phone to film this. We gotta send this to the team when we're done." He took the phone from the other man and aimed it at Tiana and the driver.

Tiana ignored this and watched as the woman pondered her question. "Perhaps six or seven," she guessed. She was English, interestingly.

"I see. Do you mind giving a breathalyzer test?"

The woman smiled in amusement. “Not at all.”

Tiana pulled out her breathalyzer and holds it while the woman blew through the straw. When she heard the beep, she casually looked at the reading. Her eyes widened comically and she sputtered, “A 0.05? How is that even possible?! I saw-” she gaped at the woman.

The blonde was trying to muffle his laughter with his hand. Wait a second... Tiana remembered seeing that scar on the news just the other day.

“Oh, my god, you’re Agent Carter,” she realized, voice becoming embarrassingly high-pitched. Then she melted down. “I just gave Agent Carter a breathalyzer test,” she buried her face in her hands and groaned. Her face was on fire, she was probably all red.

“Hey, hey, it’s alright,” Captain America soothed from the back seat. “You saw her put down seven drinks in two hours. That’s more than enough reason to be suspicious, so really you were doing a good thing. You’d feel terrible if you didn’t check right?”

Tiana nodded, feeling a little better.

Captain America continued. “Not everyone has the tolerance or metabolism of a super soldier, right? You were just doing your job. You’re a good cop.”

“Right,” Tiana mumbled, then with more confidence. “Alright, yeah. Um, sorry for bothering you, ma’am, sirs. Have a good day.”

“Thank you, have a lovely evening as well,” Agent Carter said, smiling and rolling the window shut.

Tiana stepped back and watched them go feeling slightly punked and mostly embarrassed. She walked back to her cruiser and slumped over the steering wheel.

Well, at least Captain America called her a good cop. Tiana should tell her wife. She’d probably be impressed.

## Chapter 4

Officer Sasha Rohemin rubbed her face in exasperation, looking at the three injured fighters sitting in front of her. The one armed man was sitting cuffed to the blond while EMT's tended to their cuts and picked glass out of skin.

"Okay, the bartender says you're good people, and he also said you didn't start the fight, only defended yourself, so I would like you three to tell me why we have a group of eight unconscious men with everything from nail scratches to objects forcibly inserted into their skin. Keep in mind we will be getting our hands on the security footage soon, so stick to the truth."

The blonde nodded in understanding. He bumped shoulders with the woman. "You started the fight, hun, your turn to explain."

The woman sighed and rolled her eyes. Her white blouse was flecked with red drops, and her red shorts looked wet in places. The heels, current being removed from a man's side and another's shoulder, were gone, leaving her neatly painted red toenails exposed.

"The first man was being invasive and coming onto me despite my warnings not to and eventually resorted to trying to roofie me. When I discovered such, I confronted him and he got aggressive quickly, began shouting some rather rude things at me. I riled him up with a few accusations of my own after which. He jumped at me with a knife and I broke Steve's glass over his head. His friends ran to his defence and here we are."

"She left the drugged beer at the counter too," the second man put in. "You can test it, if it's still there. It was an IPA."

Sasha nodded to her co-worker and he vanished into the bar to find it.

"So you three just took out eight full grown men?" Sasha asked, turning back to the detainees.

"We're military," Steve grinned, teeth a bit pink from blood. "We're good at what we do."

"Can it, sweetheart, you just like bar brawls. Can't even tell ya how many fuckin' times I had to drag this little shit out of gay bars." This last comment was toward the woman. She smiled in amusement. "It's insane. Every fuckin' week for years, I swear it."

"I believe you, dear. You say so often."

"Guess I do. Think I'm still upset with his *fly-into-shit-I-can't-win-all-guns-ablazin'* attitude."

"We should fuck it out of him later," the woman agreed.

“ *There is a cop right there* ,” the blond hissed, red in the face. “I keep tell you guys there is a time and place for sex-talk. Now is *not the time* .”

“Dunno,” the second man drawled. “Last time you were in handcuffs you weren’t complainin’.”

Steve was now red as a tomato and glaring daggers at the other man, who just grinned in return.

“Aw, you know I say it ’cuz I love you,” the one arm man started rubbing up against the blonde like a cat.

“Gidoff me,” Steve scoffed, but didn’t make any move to draw away. Quite the opposite, actually, almost leaning into the contact.

Sasha wasn’t paid enough to deal with kinky swingers, or whatever these people were. “How is self defence stabbing high heels into a man’s shoulder?” she asked instead.

“I make weapons out of what’s around me,” she woman explained.

“The stapler,” the male burnet agreed, making the blond shudder.

“Please stop bring that up. That’s was horrifying.”

“It was not that bad,” the woman disagreed.

“Sixteen,” the man countered.

“What?”

The blonde looked at Sasha. “There were sixteen staples in th’ guys face. He needed plastic surgery.”

“He was a terrorist,” the woman said. “And he was trying to kill us.”

“Beatin’ the snot outta him was swell,” the blond allowed. “The methods? Not so much.”

An EMT pulled a personal effect from the blonde’s back pocket and opened it up, freezing. “Oh my god.”

“What?” Sahsah asked. “He on a criminal watch list or something?”

The EMT shook his head and went around to stand next to Sasha. “I will pay you to sign my uniform,” he said desperately to Steve. “Sir,” he added as an afterthought.

“No need,” Steve smiled. “But my hands are kinda tied.”

Sasha grabbed the wallet and opened it. There was some photographs of the three, a couple of gift cards, and a driver's licence. The first thing she noticed was the bullshit birthdate. July 4th, 1918. Probably a fake. Maybe the guy was younger than he looked.

Then she noticed the name. STEVEN GRANT ROGERS.

She should have said something respectful, but what came out of her mouth was, “You’re *Captain America* and the best thing you think to do with your spare time is join in bar fights instead of breaking them up?”

Not one of her finest moments, but Sergeant Barnes laughed and Agent Carter smirked.

“Hey, the guy tried to drug my best gal. Wasn’t gonna stand for it, especially when he came at her with a knife!” Steve Rogers protested.

“Whatdabout your best guy,” Barnes asked mischievously.

“Woulda drank the entire beer and glared at the person who drugged it as they slowly realized it wasn’t doin’ a fuckin’ thing. Then, if they tried to make a fuss, I woulda had Peggy punch him.”

Carter nodded, as if this was a sound idea.

“You confronted this man knowing it wouldn’t have affected you anyway?” Sasha asked Agent Carter.

“It wasn’t about me,” she admitted freely, not breaking eye contact. “I would have been fine, but what if the man had done it to someone else? Someone who wasn’t every bit the super soldier I was? He could have raped that person without anyone the wiser. I confronted him about this, he got angry, and here we are.”

Sasha had to admit she had a point and Captain Rogers looked happy with the answer. A second later Sasha’s partner came back.

“Drink had a roofie in it. Rohypnol, or Flunitrazepam,” he explained. “I also had the EMT’s check the man’s pockets. He had a couple more with him.”

She nodded. “And the video files?”

“Confirmed that the man who drugged the glass started the fight and his friends joined in. I had it called into the precinct and apparently there has been a few serial raping in this area.”

Sasha nodded. “Then you three are free to go, though you may be called into the court hearing. Chances are you won’t, what with the proof and video evidence.”

She handed her partner the keys to the cuff and he quickly freed the super-soldiers. Captain America did sign the sleeve of the EMT, who swooned, and they piled into the nearby black van. Watching them drive off, Sasha decided to go watch the video as well.

She kinda wanted to see Peggy Carter kick a rapist's ass, if only for her own enjoyment.

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