Dust in the wind

by SwirlsOfBlueJay

Summary

1) Steve gets shares in Stark Industries
2) Pearson Spectre Litt are Stark Industries lawyers
3) Steve and Tony in a prison cell post civil war
4) Drabbles and sentence fics: MCU, Supernatural, Sherlock, White Collar, Merlin, The Originals, X-Men, Greek Mythology

(A series of comment fics and challenge fics)

Notes

I wrote this before seeing Captain America Civil War
Steve sits in the back pew at Peggy’s funeral. He feels he hasn’t earned a seat any further forward. He was of a different time to her now, a different life. At the end he dutifully rises to pay his respects and give condolences to her children.

After the usual patter, Peggy’s daughter Marissa asks,

“Are you coming to the will reading?”

Steve pauses in mild shock, “Well I didn’t really think it was my place to…”

“But you’re in her will, you have to come,” Marissa insists.

“Oh, I will then,” Steve says. He knows it’s probably just some sentimental knickknacks from their time together in the war. But he feels unreasonably honoured that Peggy thought of him.

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“Ms Carter’s shares in Stark Industries go to Steven Rogers.”

Steve blusters and begins blushing, before he can protest that it must be wrong the cousins begin to.

“I’d be happy to let them go to her family instead,” Steve says placatingly, but it’s the truth. He doesn’t want this, it’s too much.

“Shush! All of you! Don’t even try it!” Marissa scolds, “this is what mama wanted, all of us have gotten many dividend cheques from her over the years, whenever we had need and we know this is where she wants the shares to go.” She turns to Steve, “And you! You’re going to take this gift and treat it with the respect and care it deserves.”

Well there’s no way he can really refuse when she puts it like that. He wonders how red his face is. “Oh. Of course.”

After the will reading he gets chatting to Marissa again, it’s selfish but he needs to confirm this is truly what Peggy wanted.

“She wanted this. She talked about you a lot. And her life then, with you and Howard. You know mama and Howard worked together their whole lives? She always had faith in him. One time Howard was charged with terrorism and was a wanted fugitive, the shares tanked and she bought a bunch. She knew it would be fixed. But he also had faith in her. Howard left some shares for her in his will. She always said he knew he was going to go, knew people were coming for him and when they did there would be wolves out for the company, especially as Tony was still a minor. I always thought she was exaggerating, talking up her role in things, and then a couple months after she begins to lose her mind Obadiah Stane tries to kill Tony and it put a few things in perspective. This isn’t about the money Steve. This is going to you because you’re someone mama trusted and
you’re someone Howard would’ve trusted with his son.”

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Steve already has the papers stating his shareholder status. He’s confused when a month later he gets a rather large cheque. He hasn’t tried to sell the shares, that would be disloyal and he really doesn’t want the money. He’s still embarrassed by it all. He briefly considers just calling the phone number on the letter but decides if the company is mistakenly sending out money he should probably talk to Pepper about it.

He feels jittery and nervous, hovering in the doorway to Pepper’s office.

“Steve! Come in, how are you?”

“I’m good. Listen, I have to tell you something. You have to promise to not tell Tony.”

“Intriguing. Tell me what it is and then I’ll see if I can keep it from him.”

Steve swallows, “Peggy left me her shares in Stark Industries.”

“Wow. I suppose that’s a lot to take in?” Pepper asks.

“That’s not the reaction I was expecting. You’re not angry? Or concerned?”

“Why would I be?”

“You know her shares hold voting rights?”

Pepper laughs, “And I should be bothered because big bad Steve Rogers may be unscrupulous with this privilege?”

“It’s just…I haven’t done anything to earn them.”

“Most people who own shares in the company haven’t. You have them now, you can do whatever you feel you need to do with them. If that’s to get rid of them, then so be it. As long as you don’t sell them to Justin Hammer.”

“I can’t sell them. That would be wrong.”

“Okay. So what do you want to do?”

“I’m thinking about it. Anyway that’s what I came to talk to you about. I’m not selling, but I got a big cheque. I just wanted to make sure there wasn’t someone sleeping on the job in accounting.”

Pepper smiles, “That would be your dividend cheque.”

“It’s much bigger than a dividend cheque.”

Pepper gives him a look. “This is Stark Industries you’re talking about.”

“Can I show you the amount?” Steve asks, holding out the letter.

Pepper nods. “Yep, this is your monthly dividend cheque and the amount is correct.”
Steve feels like he might faint. “I have to go… Do you have to tell Tony?”

Pepper smirks, “My lips are sealed.”

Steve leaves quickly, he needs to sit down.

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After a while he calms down. Months go by; he keeps his cheques stacked in a drawer and never cashes any of them. Things at Avengers tower go on the same.

Then one day Steve is eating his breakfast and Tony is eating cold pizza he claims is dinner (which Steve supposes fair given that the man hasn’t been to bed yet) when Pepper steps out of the elevator. She smiles and nods at Steve before addressing Tony,

“You need to shower and get dressed, the board meeting is in less than an hour.”

Tony groans, “Do I have to go?”

“Yes. You do.”

Tony suddenly perks up and says, “If I have to go, Steve has to go! He has voting shares!”

“You told him,” Steve asks Pepper, resigned.

“No she didn’t tell me. I know I may seem like I don’t care about any aspect of my company that’s non-tech related but I’m not completely oblivious. I know the name and net worth of every person with enough of a share to stage a hostile takeover.”

“Enough of a WHAT?”

“Tony shush, stop winding Steve up.”

“But what if the vote is really close and we need a tiebreaker.”

Steve takes a deep breath and asks, “Should I be coming to the meeting?”

“You do technically have enough to come if you want, but most don’t.”

“I’m not going if Steve doesn’t have to go!” Tony declares.

Pepper turns to Steve, with a suspicious grin. “You know what, come, it may be a learning experience.”
The phone rings again, Donna answers it, listens and asks the person to hold. “It’s Tony Stark.”

“Don’t take the call,” Louis pleads.

The last thing they need is to lose Stark Industries, their biggest client, but ignoring the call isn’t going to make it go away. Jessica answers, “Tony, hello. How can I help you today?”

“I need to speak to my lawyer.”

“I’m your attorney of record,” Jessica answers.

“Yeah, Pep okay’d that, I didn’t.”

Jessica takes a breath to steel herself; Miss Potts had assured her that they had no intention of taking part in the class action suit, but as much as she was in charge, Stark had enough sway to change the board’s mind.

“If you would prefer one of our other named partners, that can be arranged.”

“I want Mike.”

Jessica holds in a wince. “Mr Ross is no longer with us.”

“Harsh. He went to prison to save your collective asses. And being fired is the thanks he gets.”

“Mr Stark, his location is precisely why he can’t be your lawyer.”

“So get me on the visitation list.”

“Mr Ross isn’t a real lawyer.”

“I don’t see what difference that makes. He wasn’t a real lawyer all the other times he helped me out either.”
Steve Tony prison ficlet

Chapter Summary

Steve and Tony in a prison cell post civil war

It was inevitable, once Tony stopped playing ball; they decided he too was too much of a threat to be out. So here they were.

“It’s one of those old style prison cells, no electronically controlled doors, no digital surveillance, not a scrap of tech for me to cannibalise or hack. Don’t know why they think that will stop me; I’m an engineer and a lock is still a lock. It will just take longer.”

Tony’s still not talking to him; he’s talking to the air. They take turns talking to the air, taking their measure of the cell and the prison; trying to find a way out.

“The bars are reinforced, I can’t bend them,” Steve says.

“They’re idiots. Why would they put us in here together? Maybe they want to kill us. Maybe they’re hoping we’ll try to kill each other. Maybe they’re hoping you’ll kill me. It’s a stupid risk; they must want something.”

“Yes. Information probably. If they wanted to kill us there are easier ways. Especially with their resources.”

There’s silence for a while as they each track their way around the small cell, staying out of each other’s way, until they both come to a stop at the bars.

“So what are you in here for?” Tony says.

Steve cracks the slightest of smiles.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Several drabbles and sentence fics

Marvel Cinematic Universe, Bucky Barnes, the arm belongs to him now

At first it was a tool- an armament to their machine- hammered onto their living weapon, under their control- it was not his but at least its cold metal didn’t lie like flesh did (coaxing, convincing him that this was him, all he was), but now he is himself- the arm is of him- he will use it how he must.

The Originals, Elijah, blood and haute couture

He sits, cocooned in finest cloth: a shield of tailor-made perfection; layers of nobility and justice and sophistication; of righteousness; of good, while a darkness trills beneath this linen and a single crimson drop, spreads like a plague- rending him wretched- revealing truth.

MCU, Tony Stark, This is war

He’s the only one who’s seen the other side. He knows what’s coming. But no one sees. He’s scrabbling on the shore trying to explain the invaders he saw out at sea. No one knows. No one understands. He’s drowning.

BBC Sherlock, Mycroft + Sherlock, bruised

World spins a mar sculpted rhythm. He's his brother's keeper.

BBC Sherlock, Mycroft + Sherlock, bruised (2)

The world spins in a blue smudge sculpted rhythm. And Sherlock may often at times play the errant wild child. But at the end, when his brother’s gentle persuasion of the world has turned its claws and brought Mycroft to his knees, Sherlock will be the one to shield against them all with his teeth. He’s his brother’s keeper too.

Merlin, Arthur/Lancelot, tired
There are no battles here, no bloodied swords, nor bloodied soil; only endless reams of parchments (negotiations), and his voice cracking against the revelation: you’ll have to marry to usher in your visionary peaceful age.

**Supernatural, Sam Winchester, the boyking**

They stare in terror, desperation, reverence; at the dark of his eye, the blood on his hands and lips. At the knowledge of what has come before and what is yet to. The demons have their king now; fed him their blood and took, took, took, twisted him into this shape.

Demons scream, Hell shakes.

They have only themselves to blame.

**X-men, Eric/Charles, Distraction**

Their smiles to each other are sly dark things.

They move bridges and stadiums and sentinels.

And let the humans make their plastic bullets and plastic tanks and plastic prisons.

(When they really should be making psy-blockers).

The smiles, whether wide and shark-like, or smooth and subtle, both say 'Made you look'.

As they wind, slow and twining, a usurping foothold into every human mind.

**X-Men movies, Charles/Erik, warm**

Erik’s alone. He’s cold, not physically. The prison walls are stifling; isolating, maddening. He sits on the edge of flashbacks. He despairs, endlessly. Hours slow churn to hours.

Then there’s a warm presence in his mind. Charles. He feels like cosy fires and steely embraces, like a feral lifeline thrown to sea, like hope and joy and salvation.

Erik hates him.

And would do anything to keep him for a precious few moments.

Erik stays. He never speaks of how this prison’s no longer a match for his powers. No one ever asks.
Charles will let him out when he’s ready.

**X-Men movies, Erik/Charles, gloves**

Charles watches the silhouette of fine leather limning beautiful hands, as fingers reach out exquisitely- rending and remaking metal. Defending and dooming them. Saving them and sealing their fate.

**Greek Myth, Pan/Psyche, unrequited**

He is a being of lust and the world rises up to him for his attentions, ever-present beneath his fingers a nymphs flesh. But now the wild things fall sallow, his flute trill empty. He wants only her.

She spurns him. Like all the others. And he angers, wraps her in a death cloth and pays a coin to Hades.

But she is used to this mistreatment. She rises up. And crushes his heart beneath her feet.

**White Collar, Peter/Neal/El, surprise**

“Surprise.”

Hands cover his eyes. Neal quickly curtails his instinctive reaction. Instead he smiles. “You found me.”

El smiles in return. “Did you expect anything less?

Peter steps forward. “How many times have I caught you now?”

“I wasn’t hiding from you.”

“Come home. Peter fixed things. It’s safe now.”

**Supernatural, Sam Winchester/Castiel, wings**

They lost their wings long ago, fallen to another world, gritted and grey-ed out. But they hold close to each other, beside the open wounds and form an invisible shield where wings once were. And they sleep in the back-seat of the impala like it's normal.
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