There are dragons to slay
by MsPooslie

Summary

what if instead of frozen in ice, Steve was captured by Fairies for 70 years?
Steve causes so much trouble they kick him the fuck out. It’s only been months for him but decades have gone by.
oh and Sam is a literal Angel.

Notes

inspired by this post: https://quietnighty.tumblr.com/post/182485289834/
"Steve gets Embiggened via a fae bargain, goes “down in the ice” when the bargain comes due, the fae put up with him for a week and go “OKAY YOU KNOW WHAT, YOU CAN GO BACK” and boot him back out, except 70 years have passed due to your standard spacetime fae fuckery."
title is from "Remember the Tinman" by Tracy Chapman
Chapter 1

Coulson looks at the computer screen running algorithms, testing the, whatever it was that they had unearthed, “so, is it Fey made?”

Fitz shrugs, “as far as we can tell, Summer Court.”

Simmons waves a hand at it, “it doesn’t seem to do anything but there may be a spell needed to activate it.” There is a light to her face that she gets whenever there is a problem to be solved, “I have been digging into Celtic texts, it seems to have belonged to Tatiana herself.”

“So you think she would want it back?” Coulson, ever the pragmatist, “if She gets wind that we have it, She can do a lot of damage to get it.”

“I’d like to see her try,” May saunters in, “don’t forget that we are basically in a big iron box. She won’t be able to do anything in here”

“Won’t stop Her from wreaking havoc on the ground though,” Fitz scowls and shakes his head, “we have to make sure this information stays here, at least until we find out what it does, if it does anything.”

“You think it may just be what, a decoration?” Coulson looks skeptical.

“In lore, She used to use jewelry to grant boons. Once the boon was used, the item lost its power. Doesn’t mean she wouldn’t want it back though.”

“Let me know when you are done running your tests, I have calls to make.”

Fitz and Simmons, already re-absorbed into their computers, just wave him off.

Coulson finally gets off the phone after tracking down Anastasia Luccio and filling her in on the situation, she agrees with Fitz that it is likely a boon item but they make a plan for her to come and look at it.

Simmons is waiting impatiently in his outer office, “sir, I think you should look at this,” she has a tablet with an ancient looking drawing on it--of the exact thing they have down in the lab. “This text says it was made by Tatiana herself for her daughter, Aurora. And that Aurora granted it to--”

“It doesn’t matter, with Aurora killed, Tatiana will want this back. We have to get it out of here.”

“Yes sir.”

“Luccio will be here tomorrow, she can take it off of our hands then but for now,” he taps his watch and an alarm goes off in the building, “we’re on lockdown. No one in or out.”

Of course, nothing goes as planned. When Luccio shows up there is an entire contingent of fey with her. They, of course, cannot pass through the iron-laced curtain when Luccio enters but there is no leaving without dealing with them.

Luccio tests the item for any remaining magicks thoroughly and declares it a dead boon with a shrug,
“no reason they can’t take it back.”

Coulson scowls, “i’m not a fan of being held hostage, they want it back they are going to have deal for it.”

They troop up to the blast doors, standing just inside the curtain with the item, “I call upon Tatiana, she of grace and summer’s heat. The object that she desires may be hers for a treat.”

There is a shimmering of the air as the fey dissipate one by one to be replaced with Tatiana in her shining glory and terrifying power. “I will treat with you, son of Coul. I have something your heart much desires, as you have of mine own.”

Coulson is about to scoff when she holds up a hand, conjuring an image of a man encased in vines. “Is that?”

“Yes, he thought he could escape his payment in the ice but he should have known my sister would not let him. What precedent would that set? He is my Knight but i will release him for my daughter's boon.”

“You would put so much value on this?” Coulson feels it as a trap, a trick--it is too easy.

“There is aught i care for now that Aurora is gone. Her belongings are all i have left.”

Coulson waves the techs forward and they push the cart with the steel box through the curtain. He taps on his watch unlocking it, “bring him here and i will open the box and you can have your daughter's boon returned to you.”

Tatiana snaps her fingers and a man is dropped from nothing onto the ground in front of her. He his naked and curled into a shivering ball. Coulson taps his watch and the box falls completely open, revealing the short staff with shimmering emerald colored vines and riotous flowers etched into it. Tatiana snatches it to her chest and immediately disappears in a haze.

The curtain is thrown open and the med techs run out, blankets and a stretcher in hand.

Coulson drops to his knees next to the man, draping a blanket over him, “it’s ok now, you’re back Captain Rogers.”
“So, Steven Grant Rogers, Captain America himself. Missing since 1945, presumed dead in the arctic. Shows up here at the feet of the Summer Queen, even still has The Shield.” Daisy tosses the folder on the over-bed table and plops down in the chair next to him, “what can you tell us about Tatiana and why she let you go for such a low price?”

“Ah-no, I was totally kicked out.” He smiles brightly, “attack dog’s no good if it only attacks you.” He nods like he is imparting some sage wisdom, “I fought them from day one--do you know how pissed Tatiana was that I crashed that plane in the arctic so she had to ask her SISTER for me?” He does a pretty good impression of Tatiana, “Ye think to place yourself in ice would keep you away from me? My sister and I would never allow such a slight!” he makes a yapping mouth hand gesture and rolls his eyes. Daisy can’t help but snort-laugh in shock, Steve is NOT what she thought he would be.

“So yeah; a deliberate bungle here, a little willful ignorance there and viola! Here I am only 70 scant years later.” his face turns sad, “I shoulda listened to my ma, ‘don’t trifle with the supernatural, Steven Grant!’” he says in an Irish lilt, head flopping back against the bed. “I really botched this whole thing.”

She gives him a moment to wallow, but just one before poking him in the shoulder, “so you just, what, followed orders to the letter, finding any loophole possible?”

“Yeah. they can’t outright lie to you but they sure as hell can twist words to suit their meaning. I decided early on that two can play at that game, started to use archaic definitions for my own purposes,” Steve shrugs one shoulder with a half-smile smirk and raised eyebrow, “Oops. Good thing I got that eidetic memory,” he taps his temple and winks, “I read the entire Oxford dictionary during the USO tour. It started out as elocution practice but damn if it doesn’t come handy with those bastards.”

Daisy chuckles for a second before she notices Steve squirming in the hospital bed, practically vibrating with pent-up energy, “they’ll let you out soon, I’m sure. We just wanted to check on you, make sure nothing was affected too bad by your time there.”

“Yeah, and send the pretty girl to interrogate, i mean, debrief, me.”

“Just like old times with Agent Carter, eh?”

“Hah! The debriefing for sure,” he winks again and Daisy rolls her eyes but laughs. “Never let it be said I don’t have a type--badass brunettes...” he pauses, looking her up and down, “who can totally kick my ass.”

She opens her mouth as if to speak before closing it with a snap, “how did you know?”

“Oh, you changelings stay on their radar even if you don’t know what you are.” He glares off into the middle distance, “you’re the main people they wanted me to bring in. We’re talking little kids here, snatching them from their parents who didn’t even know. I tried to put a stop to that, it did not go over well.” he pulls up the side of his shirt, showing vine-like scars. He drops it with a shrug and the smirk is back, “mostly Tatiana used me as her own personal Fey hitman. She knew i hated them all and wouldn’t even think twice as long as they weren’t human or changeling. Sent me to fuck with the Winter Court constantly,” his grin turns fierce, causing Daisy to lean back a little.
“You’re pretty scary guy, I certainly wouldn’t want you coming at me! Especially with that shield!” She taps it with her knuckles, “my power is completely useless on Vibranium.”

“Yeah, it’s got no iron though. So it was brute force all the way.”

“Ok, so we’ve got Iron, Brute Force, and running water. What else can we use against them?”

“HA! LEMONS!! Did you know they can be killed by lemons?! It’s GREAT! They got me me back here to bring in this fella that owed Aurora a debt--he was the Texarkana Moonlight Murderer so I figured he had it coming--anyhow, I smuggled in two GIANT bottles of lemon juice. Wore it like cologne for weeks. It was HILARIOUS!”

“Jesus, no wonder they kicked your ass out!”

“Well, first she sent me to the Otherworld as punishment. It only seemed to be a few weeks there, maybe, but she musta got fed up with not being able to use her Knight and found an excuse to send me back here. It turns out time moves differently there and, well, you know the rest.”

She gives him a chagrined smile, “yeah. Well, I think that’s all i need from you--wait were you hitting on me?”

“Haha, finally caught that, huh? I was just teasin'. You remind me a lot of Bucky’s kid sister. I’d always get her all riled up, flirting with her like that even though she was off-limits.”

“Because she was your pal’s sister?”

“Oh, yeah,” his tone turns very sarcastic, “best friends since childhood, blah blah,” he makes a jerk-off hand motion. “Look, we lived in DUMBO for crying out loud! In a one bedroom apartment. With ONE double bed. I mean, not to be all ‘kids these days’ but you guys act like you invented sex.”

“So you and Bucky Barnes?!” she scrunches up her nose, “wasn’t he like--”

“He was a year OLDER than me!” he starts to chuckle at her shocked face, “those damned comics! I thought Buck was gonna choke on his tongue when Dum-dum showed him!” He is almost blue from laughing so hard before Daisy breaks and joins in.

That is how Coulson finds them, doubled over and gasping for air.

“If you are quite finished, Agent Johnson?”

She pulls a straight face, “yes, ahem. Sorry, sir. Yes, we’re all done here.”

Steve also schools his face but then says in a high voice, “Gee wiz, golly, sorry sir!” They both dissolve into guffaws again.

Coulson just stares at them for a beat before turning on his heel and walking away.

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