The Power of Ignorance

by bookfreak1317

Summary

Ignorance is defined as a “lack of knowledge or information”. Willful ignorance is the “practice of ignoring any sensory input that appears to contradict one’s inner model of reality”. One is understandable and possibly excusable, one definitely isn’t.

5 (plus 1 bonus) times members of Team Cap were willfully ignorant and 1 time a member of Team Cap was (unintentionally) ignorant.

Notes

Disclaimer: The MCU doesn’t belong to me.

It has honestly been years since I last wrote anything and published it on either Fanfiction.net or Archive of Our Own. Even though I haven’t written anything recently, I have been an avid and almost obsessive reader over the years. And recently, I have rediscovered the beauty that is Team Tony/Civil War Team Iron Man stories. And oh man, these stories have fueled my saltiness over everything that occurred both during and before Civil War occurred. Why
does everyone hate Tony so much in the MCU? Tony is personally one of the few characters that I feel a connection to. I used to feel a connection to other characters, but throughout their movies, they have quickly moved from my favorites to my hated list.

Anyhoo, at this point, I have read the majority of the stories on Archive of Our Own that support Tony and point out the faults of Team Cap. And I have decided to finally write a story of my own! I’m not sure whether this will help with the saltiness, but I’m sure that it will be cathartic to an extent.

I hope you guys enjoy this. This is my first story that forays into the MCU fandom. Hopefully I write the characters and scenarios somewhat realistically. Please feel free to comment with any advice and constructive criticism you may come up with!

Thanks for taking the time to read today! :)

Steve Rogers

1. Steve Rogers

“Sir, to be frank, you are the worst possible candidate to enlist in the military.” The medical professional said while looking over a medical file labeled ‘Steve Rogers’. “You’ve been diagnosed with asthma, astigmatism, a heart arrhythmia, high blood pressure, and that’s only a part of your medical ailments. The list goes on. Asthma alone would make you ineligible. Once you consider everything else? Only an idiot would allow you to enlist”.

Steve had to resist the urge to scream and pull his hair out. This was the fifth time he had attempted to enlist and yet again, a doctor was trying to prevent him from accomplishing his goal! Why didn’t they understand that those medical conditions meant nothing? When looking at the grand scheme of things, why should asthma or anything else matter? Shouldn’t the military be bending over backward for any individual willing to risk their life for their country? From what Steve’s been seeing and hearing, too many cowards now existed in America and were doing their best to avoid enlistment. It was men like that who were harming the war effort! More men needed to enlist like his father did.

All his life, Steve only heard stories about how amazing his father was. How selfless and brave he was for being willing to fight in the war. How honorable it was for him to give his life for the greater good. If it wasn’t for brave soldiers like his father, the war wouldn’t have been won! Patriots like his father were respected every day. So it was shocking to Steve that doctors wouldn’t be willing to let him or other individuals have the opportunity to become brave patriots as well. Why would Bucky and so many other individuals be allowed to fight while he wasn’t?

“Sir, I don’t understand why any of my medical conditions should have an effect on my enlistment. I can fight through them and can be as just as brave and effective as a soldier. Like any other soldier.” Steve explained passionately. “I’m more than willing to put in the extra effort to make sure that these conditions won’t affect my abilities to fight and benefit the war effort.” This doctor just had to understand how ignorant and one-sided his stance was.

“Son, I agree 100% that you can benefit the war effort”. The medical professional said, looking up from the medical file in his hands.

Steve held his breath when he heard this. Did he finally find the doctor who would let him accomplish his goal and dream of defending his country? Would he finally be allowed to become a patriot like his father? Would he be able to finally join Bucky on the battlefield, where they could defeat any and all bullies like they were meant to?

“There are plenty of things you can do here at home, on American soil. You can volunteer with sorting out rations for the citizens here at home. You can help with collecting donations and supplies to ship off to our men overseas. Or you can just simply get a job. We have a huge labor shortage currently. Women and children are being forced to work due to the lack of able-bodied individuals. There are still plenty of things you can do to help without aggravating any of your many conditions.” The doctor explained patiently (and patronizingly in Steve’s opinion). “We have plenty of flyers and pamphlets in our lobby explaining the many jobs you can do in order to help the war effort.”

Steve was furious. He could not believe the nerve this doctor possessed! It was one thing to refuse to allow him to enlist, it was another to patronize him and tell him he was only good for work on American soil! Work that was meant for women and children! Not men!

“Your medical conditions make you a liability to both yourself and others. If you were in the middle
of battle, it is extremely likely that you would collapse from one of your many conditions and the fellow men in your squadron would be forced to stop in order to help you. You slowing them down would cause them harm and could possibly lead them to their deaths. In the end, your enlistment would harm the war effort more than anything else.” The medical professional stamped the medical file before closing it. “Just like the previous doctors, I am not recommending you for enlistment. Until you are able to prove that you have overcome your various medical conditions, which is extremely unlikely, no doctor in their right mind would sign off on your enlistment. I’m sorry, but I’d rather save lives than to allow you and various other men suffer because of your ignorance and inability to acknowledge how dangerous and serious your medical conditions are.”

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Steve stormed out of the enlistment office. He couldn’t get out of there fast enough. How dare they deny him the right to enlist! How dare they imply that his medical conditions would hold him back and would harm his fellow soldiers! It was ridiculous and absolutely outrageous that they would imply such a thing. His medical conditions only affected him and no one else! No one else was forced to stay home and chew random herbs because they weren’t able to breathe. No one else was unable to afford medical treatment for their conditions because they were so poor. No one else was forced to stay home from the park because moving too quickly made his heart feel like it would burst from his chest. No one else was bullied because they weren’t able to see the blackboard in school properly. Those were all things he had to face. Alone! And they only made him more resilient and stronger! Not weaker.

He’d show that doctor and the others that he IS a viable candidate for enlistment. That he would make a difference in the war and would become a patriot like his father. He’d show all of those bullies that he was right.
Oh. My. Gosh! I can't believe the reaction this story has gotten so far! Thank you to everyone for the kudos, comments, bookmarks, and subscribes! I appreciate every single one of you! It makes me feel so good to know that other people enjoy my writing and have a similar thought process to mine regarding the MCU and the arrogance and ignorance of their so-called “heroes”.

I don't know much about Sokovia and its Civil War, so I've had to use some creative freedom in order to fill in the blanks. I’ve dropped the names of major UN and European forces that could possibly have a hand in investigating major war crimes that occurred during the Sokovia Civil War. Hopefully I am using them correctly. If I'm not, please let me know!

I hope you all enjoy this chapter! Please feel free to leave constructive criticism in the comments. :)

2. Wanda Maximoff

“After a thorough 3-year investigation completed by the United Nations’ OHRLLS, the Military of the European Union, and The Institute for International Criminal Investigations; it has been found that the illegal missile firing in Sokovia was not due to the actions of the Sokovian government. It appears that the hundreds of missile firings were caused by various rebel and terrorist groups that participated in Sokovia’s deadly Civil War. The missiles are suspected to have been fired by groups hoping to recreate the ideals and powers the terrorist organization HYDRA had during World War II.

“Remains of various illegal missiles were found and analyzed, and it appears that there was no set manufacturer of the missiles used. The missiles possessed markings from Hammer Tech, AIM, and Stark Industries. It appears that the missiles may have been bought illegally off of the black market. Additional investigation needs to be conducted on the matter. Hammer Tech and AIM have denied having knowledge of any black market sales or of any terrorist possession of their weapons and have declined to comment further on the situation. Stark Industries has also denied having any knowledge about the missiles and announced that they would willingly participate in any investigation that may arise due to how these terrorist groups gained control of their weapons. The company has also pledged to send aid through the Maria Stark Foundation to help with any rebuilding efforts.”

“Fucking bastard.” Wanda muttered angrily as she shut off the television playing the BBC News program. She knew that Stark willingly sold his missiles to the terrorists that killed her parents! Stark couldn't claim innocence when she and Pietro were forced to stare at their parents' bodies and Stark’s name for days. He had a major hand in their deaths and their suffering! If Stark hadn’t made his evil weapons, her family would still be here! Stark Industries had made billions of weapons throughout its existence and had been used in hundreds of wars and military conflicts. Wanda had read the reports and numbers. She knew that Stark’s actions had murdered millions, maybe even billions, over the years. She wasn't alone in her pain and the world needed to acknowledge that! They needed to
She knew that the only reason why the United Nations didn't arrest Stark was because he paid them off. He convinced them that money was more important than justice for Stark’s victims. For her family. She didn't care what anyone had to say on the subject. She knew everyone else was being corrupted by Stark and the media he’d paid off to spread these lies. He was preventing the world from seeing the truth. From seeing that he was a murderer and that he didn't care who he destroyed in his quest for money. Like he even needed any more!

Wanda may only be a child now, but one day she'd be an adult and she'd have the power to stop the spread of those lies. One day people would finally start listening to her and would stop brushing her off as the “poor traumatized kid”. One day they would stop trying to prove her wrong about Stark. One day, she'd be more powerful than them and then they'd HAVE to listen. They'd HAVE to see her truth. The real truth.
Chapter Notes

I can't believe the response this story is getting! I am honestly so excited that so many people are enjoying this! I love each and every one of you guys so much! Sorry for posting so late in the day, I left my house at 8am this morning and didn't get back until after 9:30pm. Waaaaayyyyy too long of a day. I honestly almost forgot about posting this. Sorry!!!!

So I originally loved Natasha. I thought she was awesome and she had so much potential in the MCU. And then all the movies happened and I hated her more and more every time she was portrayed. I was so excited when she signed the Accords in Civil War, I thought she was finally turning over a new leaf and was going to become the badass we were promised. Instead, she continued to backstab and continue her routine of ignoring the obvious. So a lot of that bitterness came out in the chapter. It may be a little OOC, but I honestly feel like this is her thought process at times.

I hope you all enjoy this chapter. If you notice any errors, please let me know. Thanks again for taking the time out of your day to read this! :)

3. Natasha Romanov

Natasha scowled as she looked over her new assignment. She was above pathetic, babysitting assignments like this. She was a Black Widow. She was one of the few women who survived the Red Room training and became a prime example of how to be a valuable and effective assassin. Not only was she the best assassin for the KGB, but she quickly became the best assassin in Russia and soon one of the best in the world. The only one who could stand above her as an effective assassin was the Winter Soldier, but she didn’t count him due to the fact that he was had to be constantly had to be rewired in order to stay focused on the mission. She was a true assassin, she was able to stay focused and forget about other matters. Nothing mattered more than the mission and the success. That’s what made her the best. So she couldn’t understand why this was her new assignment.

Not only did the assignment involve babysitting (Really Coulson? He couldn’t recommend her for a real assignment?) but it was babysitting Stark. Tony Stark. She could maybe understand the mission if it was for the high profile individual like the President. But Tony Stark? It wasn’t like Stark was important. Just because he had some shiny new toys that he refused to hand over didn’t make him valuable to SHIELD. It just made him a nuisance. If SHIELD really required Stark’s new inventions, why didn’t they just steal them and cover it up? They had done the same with hundreds of people throughout SHIELD’s history. This route seemed like more of a waste of time than anything else.

Everyone knew that Stark was smart, but he wasn’t nearly as smart as everyone made him out to be. His company may be making billions of dollars a year, but it wasn’t from anything he did. It was due to Howard Stark’s legacy. Not anything Tony Stark did. His ego prevented him from doing anything really beneficial to the world. Looking over his files, Natasha wasn’t able to find anything redeeming about his character. Years were spent partying and flirting with anything that moved, while Obadiah Stane and Pepper Potts were forced to run the company on their own with only the occasional input from Stark. Stark was only good for his shiny new toys and that was it. He didn’t seem to possess the
smarts needed to run a multi-billion dollar company like Stark Industries.

While Natasha didn’t have any respect for Stark’s carelessness and ego, she did have respect for him for surviving the 10 Rings without any outside assistance. Not only was he able to survive months of torture and near death experiences, he was able to destroy them with no difficulties. Natasha had to respect how stubborn Stark was to survive this encounter. And she respected him for a time when he finally took responsibility for his company and for his weapons ending up in enemy hands. It was about time he did something about the situation. Natasha honestly couldn’t understand how he didn’t know that his business partner was involved in some shady business deals. SHIELD had had an eye on Obadiah Stane for years and knew what he was up to. While his deals were harmful, they weren’t harmful to the United States or any other major countries. What Stane was up to wasn’t a major concern of theirs. If he caused any major problems, they would be able to handle the situation and neutralize him quickly. And when Stane had Stark kidnapped? They were on top of the situation. They had eyes on the inside of the terrorist organization and knew that Stark was alive and that he had found a way to stop the shrapnel from reaching his heart. While this definitely wasn’t a vacation, it was definitely an opportunity for Stark to finally man up and get over himself. Pain and suffering was only an opportunity to learn and better oneself.

After handling the whole situation with the weapons and Stane, Stark finally had the opportunity to finish manning up. All he had to do was hand over control to SHIELD and allow them to handle the damage control relating to the Iron Man armor (and maybe hand over some of his toys to SHIELD in the process, as a way to say thank you). Instead, Stark’s ego reared its ugly head again and Stark just had to announce to the world that he was Iron Man, painting a gigantic target on his back and making SHIELD’s job of protecting him 100 times worse. Not only did he do that, but now the egotistical maniac was dying from his own invention (ironic, no?) and needed a personal babysitter. All because he wasn’t mature enough to handle this situation and ask for help. Who wouldn’t tell anyone that they were dying and suffering? Natasha knew how important information was and how it was important to make sure said information got into the right hands. While Stark didn’t have to tell Potts or Rhodes about the situation, he should’ve at least gone to SHIELD for assistance. He knew they were out there and as much as it pained her to admit, he could easily find them and contact them in regards to his situation. But no, his ego just had to overpower his common sense and now Natasha had to go babysit him.

Natasha was going to accept this assignment. She wasn’t going to be happy about it (she was better than assignments like this), but she was going to do a damn good job and prevent Stark from dying due to his ego. Natasha couldn’t prevent a smirk from spreading across her face when she read the end of the mission assignment. A personality report? Perfect. It was the best opportunity for Stark to get the reality check he needed to finally get over his damn ego and grow the fuck up. SHIELD, unfortunately, needed his assistance and she was going to make damn sure that he didn’t fuck that up. And if that involved taking his ego down a few notches? That was fine with her. Natasha was willing to do it and wasn't going to complain about it. Not one bit.
I still can’t believe the response this story has been getting! Thank you all so much for the kudos, comments, bookmarks, and subscribes! All of your love and support is amazing. I appreciate every single one of you! :)

To premise this chapter, I have to say that I loved the Ant-man movie. It was fun and very enjoyable. Scott wasn’t the smartest or the best superhero, but his heart was in the right place and he just wanted to make a difference in the world. He wanted to be a hero to his daughter. I figured Scott would just get smarter in his next movie and would become a better superhero over time. Instead, he just randomly showed up in Civil War where he wasn’t needed and got involved in a situation that he didn’t belong in. I will never understand why that happened.

I hope you all enjoy this chapter. If you notice any errors, please let me know. Thanks again for taking the time out of your day to read this! :)

4. Scott Lang

Scott couldn’t believe it! The Avengers needed his help! HIS help! Not only that, but THE Captain America asked for him personally! Well, maybe not personally. But the Falcon called him and everyone knew that the Falcon was Captain America’s right-hand man and whatever he did and said, Captain America supported 100%. So essentially, Captain America asked for his, Antman’s, help. Scott was going to be a hero!

Scott looked at the individuals sitting next to him. He couldn’t believe who he was sitting next to! Hawkeye (wasn’t he retired?) and the Scarlet Witch (wasn’t she in trouble for killing people in Lagos?)! Yeah, Scott was a little confused and worried about the situation regarding two of them, but it wasn’t technically his problem. It was theirs. And besides, he was sure it was all fine. If Captain America said this was the right thing to do it, then dammit! He was going to do it.

“So what are we fighting?” Scott asked. If he was going to help, he needed to know. “Wilson only said that Captain America needed my help on the phone.”

Barton looked up from his phone at his question. Scott was surprised that the phone was working so well so high up in the atmosphere and in the cargo hold of the plane they snuck upon. It sucked that they had to ride in the cargo hold, but the Witch said that she only had enough control to make sure no one saw them sneak on the plane. She wouldn’t be able to keep an illusion up for the whole 10-hour flight, so it was determined that they should ride in the cargo hold. Scott was confused about why they were hiding like common criminals, shouldn’t they be able to ride in the front of the plane? Especially since the world might be ending?

“So Steve’s friend said that 5 more Winter Soldiers exist and the guy who’s planning to destroy the world knows how to control them. Since Tony decided to bend to the will of a bunch of corrupt governments by signing the Accords, he won’t be able to help us. So the 3 of us are going to join Cap and everyone else in Germany so that we can stop the soldiers in Siberia before they can destroy the world.” Barton said quickly before looking back at his phone. “According to Cap, Tony’s
Quinjet will be at the airport when we get there and we’ll be able to grab it and fly off to Siberia. As much as I hate to admit it, Stark’s toys are the best and the fastest. If we want to get there in time, we’ll need his Quinjet and quickly.”

The Witch scowled at the mention of Stark. Scott really was going to need to remember what her name was. Scott tried to stay up to date with the Avengers, but it was hard considering the Witch never attended any press conferences. Her name was only mentioned when it was announced she was joining the Avengers. Scott would do some research now (the internet was amazing like that), but his phone was definitely not up to the same standards as Barton’s. Scott refused to buy any Stark products after hearing Hank rant for hours about how evil Stark Industries was. If he ever owned a Stark product, Hank would no doubt murder him and Scott enjoyed living, thank you very much.

“Okay. But aren’t the Accords supposed to help Superheros like Avengers save the world?” Scott asked. He was confused (again). He remembered hearing about the Accords on the news over the past few years. Every time he heard about them, only good things were said. Something about accountability and how this paperwork would allow for superhumans all over the globe to work together in order to stop global threats? Scott knew that even Pym Industries was looking into the Accords due to the Ant-Man and Wasp suits. If they didn’t sign the paperwork, they may not be able to operate the suits on the scale they desired. Hope was actually planning on talking to him about the Accords next week, once everything with the UN bombing calmed down.

“That’s not what they do!!” The Witch snarled, her eyes flashing an angry red and her hands lighting up. “They lock up and punish innocent people. They locked me up because some terrorist killed people with a bomb! Which I tried my hardest to stop. It’s not my fault that I couldn’t save everyone. People die no matter how hard you try! But the UN doesn't understand that and are being ruled by fear. They fear me because they don’t understand my powers so they decided to punish me for them! I can’t control their fear, only my own.” She slammed her hands down angrily, causing luggage to fly up into the air and causing the whole plane to shake. Scott heard items breaking in the bags and people screaming in the front of the plane.

“Wanda (that was her name!), calm down,” Barton said, laying a calming hand on her arm. “Scott’s only asking because he’s a member of the general public. He doesn’t know what’s going on behind closed doors. The media hasn’t been telling him the truth. He's not trying to insult you.” Wanda calmed down quickly with those words. The group was silent while they waited for the plane to stop shaking. Once everything calmed down, Barton turned back towards Scott. “Scott, the media is lying to you. The Accords don’t do anything except prevent us from helping the world. If a government decided they didn’t want us to help because of crazy political reasons, we would be stopped from going to the country that requires assistance. And if we tried to anyway, we’d be arrested for it. If you don’t believe me, just ask Cap when we get to Germany. Cap knows what’s going on and wouldn’t lie about this.”

“Besides, if Stark supports the Accords, it has to be bad,” Wanda interjected. “Stark is evil and only cares about himself. He only causes bad things to happen. He has to be stopped before these Accords cause large-scale damage like his weapons and Ultron did.”

Scott wanted to ask more questions (he though the investigation determined that Ultron wasn’t Stark’s fault?) but he was interrupted before he could.

“Enough chit-chat.” Barton snapped, packing away his phone and grabbing his gear. “We’re landing. As soon as the plane touches the ground, we need to move as quickly as possible and meet up with Cap at the rendezvous point. The faster we move, the faster we can take out those Winter soldiers.”
Scott quickly collected his own gear and started suiting up. He was honestly more confused after talking to Wanda and Barton. He’d have to talk to Captain America about the Accords after this whole situation was resolved. He wanted to make sure he was fully informed before making any rash decisions regarding the document.
Sam Wilson

Chapter Notes

I meant to post this chapter Sunday but life got in the way. School, work, volunteer work, family, everything was just kicking me in the ass. Everything except for the muse. So I apologize for the delay and I hope this chapter was worth the wait!

Thanks again for taking the time to read this story! I appreciate all of the love that has been thrown its way. Please feel free to leave any constructive criticism in the comments below. :)

5. Sam Wilson

Sam Wilson was used to the world not being fair. He learned the truth about the world a long time ago. He first learned this terrible lesson the first time he was ever called a “nigger” at the age of five. It was soul-crushing to learn that not everyone would like him just because of the pigment of his skin. It happened again when he father was murdered in a mugging when he was 15 and Sam had to start working to support his Mama and siblings. And he learned this lesson yet again when Riley died in that damn mission and Sam wasn’t able to save him. Life wasn’t fair, and that was never going to change. And Sam felt that way for the majority of his life. Until he met Steve Rogers, aka Captain America.

Sam had always been a fan of Captain America ever since he was a little boy. Sam had just instantly connected with the comics and cartoons. He watched the shows on repeat and read his comics until they were falling apart in his hands. He even had the trading cards and was extremely proud that he was the only one with a complete collection in his school. Sam loved Captain America with all of his heart and wished that evils of the world would be destroyed just from his memory alone. Thankfully, the world got something better. Steve alive and in one piece.

Steve was a breath of fresh air. Jogging with him was probably the highlight of Sam’s day. Don’t get him wrong, he loved the work he did at the VA, but it wasn’t the same as jogging with Captain America. Even when they weren’t talking and just racing against one another, it was invigorating and Sam couldn’t help but feel how powerful and righteous Steve was. Steve just exuded fairness. The fairness that Sam had been searching for his entire life. And the feeling just grew when they two started talking and the beginnings of their friendship began to form.

Sam couldn’t help but feel honored when Steve and Natasha showed up at his door looking for his assistance. Sam had to admit that he was a little confused about why they came to him of all people, he and Steve had only just started talking when the SHIELD/HYDRA reveal occurred, but Sam just shoved down those concerns and focused on what was happening. Captain America, the epitome of Righteousness and Fairness, had picked him. He, Sam Wilson, had been chosen to help save the world and make a difference in the lives of the billions of individuals across the globe.

And they did. They were able to stop HYDRA from killing thousands and revealed their existence to the world by releasing their files onto the Internet. Sam was surprised to learn that Steve, a man from the 40s; and Natasha, an assassin, knew enough about hacking to release it all on the internet like they did. It was amazing that they were able to access both the HYDRA files and lock down any SHIELD files so that the innocents would be protected. Honestly, it was comforting to Sam to know
that someone other than Tony Stark knew enough about computers and technology to save the world. If anything ever happened to Stark or if Stark turned evil, Steve and Natasha could handle the technological aspect of the Avengers.

Sam will admit that it crossed his mind that they probably should’ve called Stark in order to be sure that all of the SHIELD files were completely locked down. He was an Avenger and a genius. Wouldn’t he know how to handle this situation? Sam had actually mentioned the idea to Steve and Sam never wanted to be on the end of the “Captain America’s disappointed in you” face or speech again. Sam had been on the receiving end of a speech about how no one could be trusted (Except for him? A complete stranger?), especially not Stark, who was the most irresponsible and egotistical man on the planet. If Steve couldn’t trust him, Stark probably wouldn’t have been any help anyway. Steve was Captain America, he couldn’t be wrong about a person’s character like this (Could he?).

After saving the world from the evils of HYDRA, Sam honestly thought that would be the end of his and Steve’s relationship. The world was saved, what else could there be? Turns out it, the new mission was finding the Winter Soldier. Aka, Bucky Barnes. Aka, Steve’s best friend. Sam couldn’t say no when he learned about Steve’s history with Barnes. They were best friends basically all of their lives and stuck by each other’s sides through the Great Depression and all of Steve’s illnesses (Frankly, it was amazing Steve didn’t die during childhood…). Steve and Barnes’ friendship was honestly something to inspire to. Their friendship reminded him so much of Riley at times, Sam just couldn’t find it in him to say no to or question any of Steve’s missions. Even after the year mark passed.

When Sam agreed to these missions, he had thought it would only be a few missions before they found Barnes. Instead, months passed and soon a year did. And they were nowhere close to finding him. Dead end after dead end, source after source dried up. Sam was honestly confused. Why was this taking so long? Captain America is the leader of the Avengers, shouldn’t he have access to all of the resources necessary for these missions (SHIELD fell, who else is there?)? Also, why wasn’t this an official sanctioned Avengers mission? Basically all of the Avengers, except for Stark and the Hulk (But who wants a green, rage monster on covert missions anyway?), participated in at least a few of the missions. Natasha and Barton volunteered their assistance whenever they were available, and while none of them were able to find Barnes, they were able to take down various HYDRA cells quickly and efficiently. They were doing amazing work, but Sam felt like they could do and would’ve already found Barnes if they got Stark involved.

Sam knew that Steve wasn’t completely comfortable with Stark (And why was that? He still hadn’t found out…) but shouldn’t he get over it for his best friend? And Sam actually asked Steve that.

“Steve, why aren’t we going to Stark for help?” Sam asked one morning while they were jogging. Sam was shocked Steve suddenly stopped in tracks and gave him a look. What that look was saying, Sam wasn’t sure. He just knew that he was suddenly in the wrong. “Shouldn’t we be getting help from all of your teammates? Including the richest, smartest, and technologically advanced member?”

Steve rubbed his face while sighing. “Listen, Sam, I get why you’re asking. But Tony would NOT be a good fit. He is too egotistical and would turn this whole mission into about him and how he feels. He is also extremely rash. He’ll start making crazy decisions left and right, and people WILL die because of him. He is NOT a team player.”

Sam was surprised to hear that. He hadn’t realized that Stark was so volatile and dangerous! He felt crazy for even asking this question... (If he was such a danger, why was he still a member? Why was he trusted with transporting the nuke?)

“Okay Steve, I get it. I didn’t realize he wasn’t a team player. I’m not surprised. But I am curious,
how would Stark turn a rescue mission for your best friend into the ‘Tony Stark Show’.’” Sam asked, curious. He couldn’t see how any individual, no matter how childish, could turn this important mission into the ‘ME!’ show.

Steve’s body tensed at the question and a flash of emotion (Fear?) flew across his face quickly before disappearing. “It’s Tony, you’ll understand once you meet him. Besides, he’s paying for our missions so we don’t need him to join us on them anyway.”

“Great! I didn’t know Stark was doing that! Do you write up mission reports and funding reports before and after every mission so that Stark can properly allocate these resources? Does his legal and resource team review them as well and give advice on how to better allocate and spend our missions?” Sam asked. That’s great that Stark stepped up to the plate like that! Sam was starting to worry that he was completely selfish and was just an Avenger for the publicity. “Should I be doing anything to help?”

At each question, Steve just looked more and more confused. “Why would I be writing up reports? I just use the Credit Card Tony gave me after the invasion. It always works. And whenever we need to fly anywhere, I just take the Quinjet. Someone usually refills it for us when we get back.”

Sam was shocked. Where was the oversight? (You forget that you guys destroyed the oversight?) “And Stark’s okay with that? I know he’s a billionaire, but I would think that Avengers’ missions would be more heavily regulated and watched. Stark, the US government, and the rest of the world would want to make sure that we aren’t abusing our powers and resources.”

Steve’s face became furious at Sam’s statement. (Shit, what did he say wrong?) “Governments have agendas. And they never involve actually helping anyone, just their self. We don’t need them interfering with our missions. Besides, Tony is fine with us spending his money this way. He knows what we’re doing is important so it’s not a problem.”

Steve and Sam were quiet for a moment before sighing and shaking his head. "Sorry, Sam. I didn’t mean to snap. I just don’t trust any government to actually care about Bucky. They’re going to see him as a weapon and not as a person. Not as my friend. I gotta protect him like he protected me when we were growing up.” Steve said earnestly, looking so lost and scared at the idea of losing Bucky again. Sam couldn’t stay mad at him. He was just trying to save his best friend. Just like he tried to do with Riley. (He wasn’t going to let Steve suffer from the pain that Sam had to suffer through) “I’m going to continue jogging now. I wanna be prepared for the next mission.”

Sam looked after Steve jogging form before sighing and shoving his concerns down. He was sure everything was fine. Steve wasn’t a politician, he was a fighter. Not only that, but he was from the 40s. He probably just didn’t understand what was going on in the background behind their missions. Sam wasn’t going to worry too much. He was sure everything was fine. It was Captain America, he wouldn’t keep anything important from his teammates. From his friends.
Chapter Notes

I decided to do the bonus chapter about Clint. Yay! I hope y'all enjoy this chapter. I tried
to get into Clint's head to the best of my ability, but oh my gosh, he is hard to write.
Please let know whether I did a decent job or not. I'm always open to constructive
criticism! ;)

I just want to thank you all once again for all of the support and love that this story has
received! Over 200 kudos, almost 50 bookmarks, and almost 7,000 hits!!!! I honestly
can't believe so many people like this little story of mine. It means so much to me. <3

BONUS CHAPTER:

6. Clint Barton

Clint loves his family. His children and wife meant the world to him. Meeting Laura was a blessing
and honestly changed his life for the better. It was wonderful to come back from missions to
someone who wasn’t a part of his work life. It was nice to go home to someone who didn't know
what it was like to kill, who didn't know how terrifying and overwhelming the need to survive is.
Someone who didn't know what it was like to have your job literally control your life.

Laura was a break from his work life. A break from SHIELD and the Avengers. And once the kids
came along, they were yet another escape and another attempt at normalcy in his hectic life. After the
Chitauri and Loki, going home to his family was what stabilized him and rescued him back from the
brink of delirium. From the brink of insanity. He finally felt like he had control again. He had started
to recover and was honestly feeling good about life. Work was coming together and so was his
family. He finally had time to breathe and be Clint Barton, Avenger. Clint Barton, SHIELD Agent.
Clint Barton, husband, and father.

And then everything fell apart. SHIELD fell and files were released onto the internet. Files that
contained information about his family. Clint was relieved when he heard that Stark was helping
with the fallout and was amazed at how quickly his family was relocated and hidden. He couldn’t
help but be bitter about the people who weren’t saved though. Stark was a billionaire and a genius.
Why wasn’t he able to save them all? Why wasn’t he able to prevent the files from even being
accessible by SHIELD’s agents? Why hadn’t Stark learned about Hydra’s existence during any of
his hackings? Stark was incredibly egotistical and arrogant, so every time he successful hacked
SHIELD he bragged to them all about it. If he was such a good hacker, why didn’t he know about
the infiltration? Stark had failed them all and definitely owed them for it.

And for the most part, Stark had done a halfway decent job of fixing this mess. Stark picked up the
tab for the Avengers and hired all of the SHIELD agents who survived, while also handling the
publicity mess this whole situation was. The amount of money he was spending probably didn’t even
make a dent in his fortune. Clint couldn’t help but feel bitter about Stark’s fortune. Clint had gone his
whole life with nothing but the clothes on his back and even then, they were usually falling apart at
the seams. He was finally living a stable life with his SHIELD pay and the money his family made
from their farm, but it could be better. He hated having to shop second hand for his children. He
hated having to buy store brand. He just wished they had a little more money so his wife and
children could get anything and everything they ever desired because they deserved it. Stark didn't.

Clint had hoped to talk to Stark about sharing his money in order to help Clint better support his family, but then Ultron happened. Stark just had to stick his head in where it wasn't needed. His weapons just had to kill and destroy innocent families over the years and send Wanda on the quest for revenge. Stark just had to decide he was the smartest person and just mess with the scepter. They all knew it was his crazy idea, even though Banner was the Hulk, there honestly wasn't a bad bone in his body. It wasn't his fault for what occurred. Besides, the whole team had heard Stark ask Thor if he could mess with the damn thing. The thing that controlled and destroyed Clint’s and other people’s minds. The thing that killed innocents in the Chitauri invasion. Clint would never forgive Stark for choosing his insane need for power and knowledge over the Avengers. Over their pain. And the fact that Stark tried to claim mind control and blame poor innocent Wanda for everything? Clint could kill him for even trying. Thankfully, no one fell for the lie. They all knew that Wanda’s powers didn’t work that way, she made them hallucinate and feel fear, not create murderbots. That wasn’t mind control. Mind control was the color blue and the inability to control one's body. Mind control was watching first hand as your body attacked and harmed coworkers and innocents. Mind control wasn’t just some bad dream. Bad dreams were the aftereffect of ACTUAL mind control. Stark had lied and tried to manipulate, and that offense could NOT be forgiven.

So when Clint received a call from Steve telling him that Stark had betrayed them (again) and picked corrupt politicians over his team, Clint wasn’t surprised. He was shocked to learn that Stark had decided to finally take his petty revenge on Wanda by holding her prisoner. Steve had called it internment, and Steve would know first hand how terrible and damaging that was because he lived around it. Clint couldn’t allow that to happen to Wanda. Wanda reminded Clint so much of his little girl. She deserved to be protected from all of the evil in the world, including Stark. It was because of Stark and his greed for money that she lost her whole family. And now Vision, another crazy creation of Stark’s, had turned against her and was holding her against his will. All this was happening because of one Tony Stark.

So without question, Clint took off for Stark Tower to save Wanda. Stark’s power trip would not stand any longer. Not if he had anything to say about it.
Hey guys, I'm so sorry that this chapter wasn't posted sooner. It’s been a hard time for me lately. The end of last month was the anniversary of my best friend’s death and I was doing fine until I wasn’t. It was hard to find the motivation to finish up this chapter and story. You would think that after a year it would get easier, but it totally doesn’t. Things did eventually get better though, and the muse came back and this chapter was finally finished.

I just want to thank y'all again for reading this story and sticking with me. I appreciate every single one of you for motivating me to keep writing and for making this such an enjoyable experience! I loved writing for you guys so much that I actually decided to write a sequel! This sequel will be another 5+1 that will have these characters getting a reality check and learning that being willfully ignorant isn't an excuse. I'm not sure when this story will be up, but I already have an outline for it, so hopefully it's soon!

I hope y'all enjoy this chapter and as always, please feel free to leave constructive criticism in the comments below. :)
from harming the general public? But after seeing Steve (he was pretty sure that was his name) show no mercy and hearing the soldiers speaking German, he realized that wasn’t the case. This must be another branch of HYDRA that wasn’t taken down with the info dump! They had finally found him and wanted their weapon back!

The sound of German reminded him too much of when Zola first grabbed him and gave him that bastardized serum. He had to stop it! It had to go away! He was throwing punches left and right, kicking people down, slamming bodies through walls and doors, and sending people flying down the stairs. He HAD to stop them. He couldn’t let them succeed in taking over the world and destroying everything. He couldn’t let harm any more innocents. He couldn’t let them take him and make him do it all over again. He was finally free and he wanted to stay that way!

As the fight went on, he and Steve became more and more aggressive. Any care for bystanders completely disappeared and all that mattered was stopping and destroying this threat. He and Steve were unstoppable together and he couldn’t prevent the quick glimpse of a memory of the two of them fighting side by side in the War. It felt right for the two of them to be fighting together again, stopping evil. It was comforting to remember something clearly for once, and he couldn’t help but feel grounded.

Maybe Steve was the solution to his problems. Maybe he would be able to help him survive this encounter so that he can finally recover his memories. Steve was a good guy, he was helping him stop HYDRA again and they were succeeding. Once they destroyed the threat, they’d talk and maybe Steve could help him find someone who could fix his brain. And after that, they could destroy HYDRA. For good. It seemed like things might be finally falling into place for him.

For the first time in a long time, James felt hope well up inside him. He finally had a future and a purpose. He finally knew what to do with his life and he couldn’t wait to get started on this new mission of his. But first, the current threat had to be taken care of.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!