From the Ashes

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/14686344.

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<td>Stats:</td>
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From the Ashes

by daughter_of_hades_123

Summary

"The universe can show mercy."-In the aftermath of Thanos' victory Antoinette 'Toni' Stark glimpses a ray of hope. She is granted a second chance to bring a future better than the one Thanos has wrought, discovering some groundbreaking truths about herself along the way.

This time for sure, Toni swears, she is going to protect all that is precious to her.

Notes

I don’t have anyone to beta for this unfortunately, so any mistakes are mine. (I apologize in advance!)

See the end of the work for more notes.
A Second Chance

“I hope they remember you.”

…

It was happening. The end.

This was happening right now.

When she first saw the guy stepping out of the portal-Thanos, even recalling the way Bruce shuddered just saying his name- she had a sinking feeling that whatever plan they had concocted wasn’t going to work. The guy was more or less how she imagined, maybe a bit uglier; he was big, purple-was it wrong she first envisioned a sadistic version of Barney?-muscular and downright mean-looking.

A quick sweep of her ‘team’: a plucky hyperactive teen with webs, an admittedly handsome self-proclaimed ‘Starlord’-whatever that meant, Toni thought with an eye roll-A weird antennae bug-like lady and some muscular gray-skinned idiot who thought himself invincible. Oh yeah, and the one and only Mister Magic Man. Toni had already seen one family of hers fall apart, she didn’t think she could handle having another go down as well.

The actual fight hadn’t lasted long at all, being almost totally one-sided and Thanos’ victory. The plan to remove the glove coming undone once Quill found out he had killed Gamora and lost it, and as frustrated and angry as Toni was about it-she couldn’t fault him completely.

Her own anger had once gotten the best of her in a similar situation:

“Did you know?”

“Toni.”

“Don’t fucking toy with me now Rogers. Did. You. Know?”
“Yes.”

She wished she could go back. So badly did she wish she could take back all the things she said and did.

‘I’m sorry,’ she thought feeling the burn of tears in her eyes holding the sword impaling her with a bloodied hand trying and failing to pull it out while she was being pushed back. She thought of Steve, Vision, Pepper, Rhodey, she thought of everyone; All of them were people who believed her and here she was letting them down yet again.

“Wait.” The one word echoed throughout the stale, desert-like terrain halting Thanos’ advance and Toni’s anguish.

Both turning to look off towards the side, and something inside of Toni shattered seeing an injured and bleeding Strange leaning against a slab of broken apart earth looking at her with those beautiful blue-green orbs-

“Spare her life, and I will give you the stone.”

She felt her heart stop. Whatever breath remained in her lungs went rushing out in a cry of despair. “No!”

When Thanos agreed, no one noticed the subtle shift in the air; the way a certain stone shown just a little brighter.

Thanos saw his victory come to fruition; Toni saw her world turn to dust before her very eyes.

“Miss Stark I-I don’t...I-I don’t feel so good...” Her heart lurched and she spun around, fresh off her
latest defeat and with tears still stinging in her eyes. ‘Peter, oh god no. No, no, no! Please, no!’

“I-I don’t know what’s happening...M-miss Stark...?”

There were no words to describe the pain she felt, seeing that first bit of him turn into dust-

And if you die, I feel like that’s on me!

-feeling how tightly he clung to her, physically begging for her to somehow fix the impossible.

“Please. Please, Miss Stark! I-I don’t wanna go...please, please, I don’t wanna go...!” She felt so horribly numb, whispering words that sounded a lot like ‘you’re fine, you’re okay’ knowing full-well that was not the case. “Please, I don’t-...I don’t wanna go...”

She barely registered when his grip went slack. The light fading from those usually bright, excited eyes.

“Peter? Hey. Hey, kid!”

She blinked looking up and around at the horrified, shocked faces of her companions; The bug lady was next, Mantis, if she remembered correctly. Then the gray-skinned one called Drax. Finally she watched the other, Peter Quill, dissolve into nothingness.

“Toni,” her world was falling apart. Coming undone at the very seams and beyond. “There was no other way.”

“No, no, no, no! No!” She called out, desperation taking hold while she lunged over, clawing her way towards an immobile Doctor Strange. She looked him over with tear-filled eyes. The neurons of her brain going haywire from how fast she was trying to process things, how quickly everything had once more gone to complete and utter shit on her.

And worst of all, Toni felt herself unable to cope anymore.
“Just-just stay with me! You stay with me, you hear?” She said, her voice leaving what she could only hope was little room for argument. She clutched Strange like he was her lifeline, and truth be told; He was, in that moment, the sight of him was the only thing holding her together.

“Don’t leave. Don’t leave me, please. Please, don’t leave me.”

A bead of sweat trickled down his brow looking at her through pained blue and green-colored eyes, his cloak fluttering just a little bit. “Just don’t leave me okay? Just-just stay, please? Please stay I-I don’t…I don’t know what I’m supposed to do….”

Warm fingers touched the side of her face just as the first tear spilled down her cheek. Strange smiled then, not the usual cocky or smug smirk he wore in some of their previous interactions, this one showing more sympathy: In his last moments he was trying to comfort her.

“You-...fix things, right?” She could see the edges of his being blow away into dust. “Isn’t that… what you...told Peter?”

Her soul was aching watching him fade away.

“We’ve reached the endgame now.”

His body went limp just before crumbling into dust completely before her very eyes.

Somewhere deep inside she heard a voice, the same one she heard so many times before; when Obadiah ripped the arc reactor out of her chest; when Ultron hit the switch that sent Sokovia hurtling back down towards the rest of the world; when Zemo ran the footage of her parents death with the intent of splitting the Avengers apart.

You could have saved them. You could have done more.

It was always how she could have, the what-ifs and mistakes, the compromises and doubts just kept piling higher and higher.

“He did it. Thanos won.” The only remaining survivor besides Toni spoke at last, a blue-skinned
android looking woman who seemed to know Quill and the others, being the first to figure out the fate of the mysterious Gamora. “Half of the universe has been-”

“No.”

“What?” The android woman questioned, going so far as to tilt her head the slightest bit in a barely noticeable show of confusion when Toni spoke again, louder this time. “No. This isn’t over,” she inhaled a shaky breath barely holding back a dry sob, sniffing lightly while she stood on shaking legs.

Nebula scoffed at what was meant to be some semblance of defiance shining in those brown eyes of hers until an image of Gamora flashed through her mind when Toni spoke again. Nebula frowned preparing to dismiss what she assumed was a woman gone mad.

“Thanos does not get to rule this universe or any other, not while I still breathe.” If Toni were to take a wild guess, she assumed the other girl was arching some kind of eyebrow, scoffing at her words so easily like she’d heard them dozens of times before.

“He has all the infinity stones, and in case you forgot,” Nebula pointed her chin towards where Toni’s nanogoop had covered her stab wound in a measly attempt at immediate first-aid, “he’s already beaten you.” Nebula’s tone had become bitter, no doubt hating how far she had come only to fall even further away from her goal.

“There has to be a way!” Toni said, desperate because she didn’t want to admit that she had just witnessed people fucking dying just because that asshole willed it.

She thought of Peter. She thought of Pepper and Rhodey. Of Happy and the rest of the Avengers, of everyone back on earth.

She thought of Stephan Strange; of how he had looked at her in his last moments, how she had only ever dreamed of someone looking at her with such kind eyes full of acceptance, always thinking she didn’t deserve it-

_The price has been paid_.

“What? Who-who said that!?” Toni demanded, eyes darting around wildly. Did Thanos return?
“What are you talking about? There’s no one here besides us.” Nebula stated, tensing a bit herself at the wild look in Toni’s eyes.

“No, I heard—”

A boon for you, Child of the Beyond.

The voice was slightly altered now, sounding more masculine than before.

“I can hear...voices...” Toni breathed, eyes wide not understanding when Nebula only snarled in annoyance. “There’s maybe...three, no...six....?”

“Where?” Nebula demanded, throwing her arms up and gesturing to the whole of the plant they were stranded on, Titan. “Where are these voices you speak of!”

Without thinking Toni reached for the blue-skinned android grasping onto her arm just as another spoke. The world fell out from beneath their very feet in the next instant.

The area surrounding Toni was filled with ominous brittle silence, Sequin-silver stars like the scattered embers of a dying fire winked down at her, illuminating the atramentous curtain of sky. For just a moment Toni felt a wave of nostalgia though she wasn’t entirely sure why.

“Am I...in space?” Toni asked, eyes wide with wonder and a slight feeling of horror. Her suit was torn to pieces and she was without a proper way to breathe, so this was a really shitty way to die if that was the case.

No, not space. More of a pocket dimension really.

Toni took a few cautionary steps forward, reaching for something to give her a little sense of direction. A bright light coming from just a little further ahead, blinding her. Toni let out a hiss, screwing her eyes shut so she wouldn’t be completely blinded.
The universe can show mercy, Antoinette Stark.

When Toni finally re-opened her eyes she was standing in the center of six floating lights; red, purple, blue, orange, yellow and green. Each coinciding with that of an infinity stone.

The light of the Soul Stone beckoned her forth casting it’s warm, inviting amber glow on her in the way that a mother holds their child after a vicious nightmare.

And mercy is what we shall give; you asked for a chance to make things right, did you not?

“W…what?” Toni whispered, not quite sure of what she was hearing. Behind her the green light of the Time Stone burned brighter than ever.

Toni felt her heart hammering away in her chest. Were they saying…?

“But...why?” Toni whispered, sounding both grateful and broken a the same time. The possibility that she might be able to fix some of her mistakes, to save Peter, Pepper and all the others—it was too much.

We are not without mercy, and so mercy is what we shall give.

And with that Toni’s world fell to black.
Step One.

Chapter Summary

Toni gets thrown back in time as promised. Upon arrival she is greeted by a familiar face before setting to work for a better future than the one she just left behind.

All while being plagued by memories of a certain somebody whom she may or may not have gotten a little too close to.

Chapter Notes

So, FINALLY finished the 2nd chapter-was originally gonna try and finish up the whole cave ordeal in one long chapter but then I realized 'hmmm, might not be as feasible considering certain things WILL be different'-also I am going to be setting up a poll for this fic.

I think for pairings this will be a IronStrange one(fret not if that wasn't your first choice, I will be writing other ships!) but what I wanna know is; Should I keep it just Ironstrange, or should I throw Thor in to make it a threesome?x3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Toni blinked, trying to clear her fuzzy vision. She was momentarily confused as to where she was, there was a dull ache coming from her chest area. The events of the last few days-*Tony, there was no other way*-all came crashing down on her like a tidal wave, it made her choke on the very gasp of air she so greedily inhaled.

A part of her idly wished she had lost the memories of what transpired on Titan; Of everything she lost.

‘Nothing is without it’s cost.’ A voice resonated from somewhere deep in her mind, like the echoing of a dying breath. ‘After all, what good is a second chance if you have learned nothing from your first?’ It went on to say, bemused over something that Toni didn’t quite get.

She groaned, the fog in her vision finally clearing and in it’s wake came an indescribable pain, magnified from the dull throbbing from her chest into full-blown agony. What made it worse was that she knew this pain; Same as the one she had every time she would install a new reactor. How could she forget?
She clawed like an animal, tearing away heavy bloodstained layers of wrappings to reveal the horrific sight of the makeshift magnet freshly lodged into her chest. There was something truly unnerving about seeing it again. Being made to experience what was perhaps one of, if not, the single most torturous experience of her life.

The dim lighting in the cave thankfully helping to conceal the tears staining her face from the emergency operation, a result from having her chest so crudely cut open a second time. She let her head drop back onto the cot feeling the beginnings of a panic attack.

“W-...water….” She croaked mindlessly, the burning in her throat overtaking the need for anything else at the moment.

She coughed a couple more times, the metallic, iron-like taste of blood still lingering in the back of her mouth while reaching for the tube that was stuck up her nose and pulling it out trying not to gag at how far it seemed to go. With some difficulty she turned onto her side, hands fumbling for what looked like a small silver cup on a table-only she overestimated her own recovery rate, knocking it off the table instead. She followed almost immediately, tumbling from the messy cot in a tangle of limbs.

“Son of a….bitch…!” She hissed feeling like she had a bad hangover all of a sudden.

She rested her head against the cool metal of one of the cot’s metal bars, using it to steady herself. Looking up she heard the faint sound of humming, her eyes widening some when she saw a face she never thought she would see ever again-well, his reflection anyway.

“Yinsen.”

“I’m impressed.” He commented looking at her through the little glass mirror. “I didn’t think you would remember considering how long it has been, and how drunk you were at the time of our meeting.” When she moved to try and stand, attempting to walk over to him he halted the movement, “I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

She froze. Her eyes were burning with tears looking around until they landed on the car battery sitting on a couple of boxes, something that was usually so harmless to her causing an immense surge of grief inside her. “Right. Right, the-the shrapnel….”

She felt numb all over now. Barely even registering when Yinsen finally made his way over to help
her back onto the bed speaking in the same calm tone he used all those years ago when she woke up in this very room.

“You heard then? While you were still conscious...it caused quite a bit of panic, seeing you brought in already on the brink of death.” He was stirring what she could only assume to their dinner—Or maybe just his? She mused in silence only to mentally chastise herself a moment later.

She sat in the dark, dimly lit not to mention bitterly cold cave. The jumbled mess of thoughts had eventually died down into a more organized-somewhat-pattern, certain instances jumping to the forefront of others; In this cave where Yinsen originally died for instance, his last words serving as the turning point where she set herself down a path of hopeless redemption.

“I must say you are unusually quiet.” Yinsen observed, breaking the silence that settled between them. His gaze easily held her own when she lifted her head and for the briefest of moments she thought she might have been looking at a ghost. “You seem different than the last time we met, more...solemn.”

Her reply fell out of her lips before she could stop it. “Watching a bunch of people you care about die before your very eyes will do that to a person.”

He stops stirring. Another blanket of silence envelops the air between them and Toni can only idly wonder if she just crossed a line somehow, the memory of Yinsen telling her of his own family’s deaths still haunts her.

Only Toni wasn’t sure she was ready for the silence, so she spoke again. “Still, you saved my life. So I guess I owe you a thanks.”

Yinsen only nods, his gaze assessing her. Toni does her best not to shiver recalling the way a different kind of doctor’s eyes had studied her so intently not too far back—’no’, she thinks frowning some, ’that was another lifetime ago.’-and it is the hope that she might once again see those eyes that helps keep her eyes dry and her mind clear.

In the dimness of the lanterns and lamps scattered around their prison, Yinsen could only just barely make out what he thought to be a faint amber glow enveloping the young Stark’s eyes giving them an odd otherworldly quality. He dismissed it a moment later when he heard the yelling of their captors from down the hall.
“Stand up. Stand up,” he urged. “Do exactly as I do!”

~x~

Time passed and Toni made sure some events remained the same, there were some slight differences though. Mostly because this time she knew what the end result would be. She let the terrorists show her around the camp, letting her see all the weapons and equipment they foraged before demanding a Jericho missile for themselves. She did avoid getting her head dunked in water at least this time around, by simply agreeing to their terms. Yinsen looked surprised, but she didn’t want to arouse too much suspicion so when he brought it up a few hours later she more or less gave the same reasoning as the first time around.

Still, she didn’t want to risk giving the information away. Self-preservation before self-incrimination; Just one of many poorly used slogans of dear old dad.

A few days later, or maybe it had already been a month now? Tony couldn’t really tell. Her sense of time was jumbled, between being catapulted back in time and waking up here of all places. She wanted to be free; She wanted to go out and find everything she thought she lost, but more than anything she found herself yearning for the comfort found in familiar azure-colored eyes.

“Who is on your mind, Stark?”

Toni’s eyes swerved towards the man sitting across from her, leveling him with what she hoped was a good solid glare. She didn’t need anymore prying thank you very much, and certainly not with cameras scattered around-though she was almost certain she overheard one of the guards mention something about there being no audio.

The older man’s eyes became glassy and distant. Toni wondered if he was maybe about to cry, knowing what she does now about him she certainly wouldn’t blame him.

“He’s not-….” She stops herself on a hitch of breath, shuddering from the lack of warmth in the dingy little cave.

“Ahh, so there is someone.” Yinsen adds, the barest hints of a smile coming onto his face resulting in Toni throwing him another withering glare to try and shut him up. Thankful he couldn’t see the heat that had risen on her cheeks.
She fell back into silence after that, letting her eyes drop back on the fire.

A few minutes ticked by—it might’ve been an hour, Toni still couldn’t be too sure—before Yinsen spoke again.

“Do you have any family Stark?”

She wasn’t quite sure how to answer. She had never really considered Howard or Maria her family, no that’s not quite the truth—really, they had just never acted like it all that much.

Even so, were those few fleeting moments in which they would all smile and laugh: the ones where they seemed to regard her with just the smallest bit of pride and love, were they enough to count them as a family? And if that’s the case, then what about Obadiah?

What about the other Avengers? The realization that at the moment at least half of the team were more or less out of commission, only a handful or so were probably able to be reached—

“Strange.”

“What?” Toni head swerved so fast she unintentionally made it crack, rather loudly too. Becoming too lost in her train of thought to remember Yinsen was in the middle of talking.

When the old doctor regarded her with a raised brow a part of her feared she may have just given him the reaction he wanted. Doctors were good at probing for answers, some more so than others. In their brief time together Stephen Strange seemed to know her almost as well as Pepper or Rhodey.

“You kept saying that before you went under, muttering it along with a few other names.” Yinsen clarified.

Like clockwork, the memory came filtering in making her avert her eyes yet again. Things no longer relevant, but important somehow all the same.
Galaxy’: Consisting of himself, a girl named Gamora, Drax the Destroyer (“Cool name!” Peter Parker had said excitedly), A genetically engineered raccoon named Rocket, Groot and the bug-lady Mantis. She had just started to succumb to the beginnings of a panic attack when the two Peter’s started a heated verbal banter back and forth. The gravity of her situation washing over her like a tidal wave, knocking her off steady ground.

She was succumbing fast. Her chest tightening, like someone had put their arms around and started squeezing.

She was stranded on an alien planet, with a bunch of people she had never met—sure she knew Spiderman, but he was just a kid!—and about to face off with a Mad Titan who wanted to decimate half the freakin universe. ‘Yeah’, she thought ‘I’m losing it.’

She needed Pepper in this sort of situation. Maybe even Rhodey, or hell there had been more than a few occasions in which Jarvis had to call Harley to coach her through it.

“Stark?”

When did things get so blurry?

“Stark?”

Had it always been so difficult to breathe?

“Stark!”

A hand brushed against her shoulder, barely applying any force before she jolted-

The group standing a few feet away consisting of Quill, Parker, Mantis and Drax all staring, their postures tense and mouths slightly agape taking in the scene before them. Strange wasn’t with them, Toni belatedly realized, before slowly turning towards where her repulsor was aimed.

“Stark…” The wizard’s voice was surprisingly calm for someone who just nearly had his head blown off, he held up his hands to show he was unarmed but didn’t dare move any closer. Was a wizard
ever truly unarmed though? “It’s okay, just relax.”

“Just breathe.” He continued to talk in soft, hushed tones gradually closing the short space of distance between them. Only she couldn’t relax, her chest was too tight and the air on this planet was too thin dammit!

“Get the kid out of here,” Strange said throwing Peter Quill a sharp look, to which he only nodded grabbing onto a confused Spiderman’s elbow and pulling him away gesturing for the other two to follow.

Toni felt numb by the time Strange had managed to lead her towards a pile of debris, telling her to sit while he examined her.

“And Parker—god the kid probably just...thinks she’s a wreck after witnessing something like that. Not that she’d really blame him, hell she didn’t think she was anything worth looking up to to begin with. Still, seeing that look of naive awe when he’d listen to her bark out orders at him, well, she thought maybe she could at least try.

“I’m fine...” She snapped, pulling her hand away while slapping his not wanting to be touched, wishing she had her ray-bans to hide her eyes.

She was mildly surprised when he didn’t snap at her like before, back when they were on the ship and she berated him. Snapping at people was something she did often though, Cap and Nat being some of the few-besides maybe Rhody or Pepper—to brush it off with practiced ease. Those days were long gone though, after the whole incident with Bucky and finding out about her parents murders, she wasn’t too sure she could stand to look at Steve let alone hold a conversation-things would be awkward and she didn’t do ‘awkward’.

The memory dissipated as quickly as it came. It was almost like a warning, a reminder, maybe even a beacon of hope.
Tony furrowed her brows together feeling a bead of sweat trickle down the side of her face. She felt hot all of a sudden, not wanting to dig too deep into her own past. Or feelings for that matter, ones that may or may not have started to grow in the span of just a few hours.

“It’s…complicated.” She finally answered, unsure of exactly why her palms were sweaty. Or even why her throat felt like it had a lump in it.

Yinsen smiled suddenly, showing a glimmer of warmth in those aged eyes. “For someone to have left the great Antoinette Stark reeling, I’m sure it must be.” The scarlet hue running along her cheeks darkened and she just about lost it, wanting to lash out.

‘No, now’s not the time for this.’ She mentally scolded, forcing herself to bite back any witty retort wanting to get out. Right now she needed to think, to plan, to strategize. “Listen, I need you to do me a favor okay? First off, how many languages can you speak…..?”

She was already up off her seat before he answered, his own brow furrowing in confusion watching her walk around. She looked over the various crates all marked with her company’s logo, muttering what sounded like gibberish. Her eyes darted around quickly, finally coming to a halt in front of one of the cameras that were watching them and waving in front of it. “Hey!”

“What are you doing?” Yinsen inquired, hurrying over and attempting to pull her away. Figuring even Toni Stark would not be so reckless as to antagonize their captors, would she?

“I need supplies,” Toni answered. The way she said it only confused the doctor even more, like he was expected to have read her mind and somehow know what she had planned already.

“I-I don’t…everything is already here.” Yinsen said, sounding unsure. “The Jericho Missile-”

“Yeah I’m not building that. I’m going to build something even better.”

He was blindsided. Mouth slightly agape, shaking his head at what he was hearing. “Something…better? Wh-what are you saying? Are you-”
She cut him off, clamping both hands onto his shoulders and looking him in the eyes now. “Look, I know this situation sucks….but I need you to trust me,” a beat of silence in which she held his gaze, “I need you to trust me and believe me when I say my plan will have us both walking out of here, alive and free okay?”

Another beat of silence. Yinsen stared, seriously wondering if perhaps the situation had taken more of a mental toll on the girl before him than he originally thought. “Okay, I’m going to take that as a yes then,” Toni said giving him a clap on the back before heading over to the door and whistling for the guards attention. “Hey, anybody out there? Helloooo!”

~X~

Raza Hamidmi Al-Wazar, while not a particularly threatening looking individual, Toni knew better than anyone from personal experience that he had no problem killing, hurting or otherwise brutally torturing to get what he wants. Fortunately for Toni herself, what he wanted was her weapons which she realized she could use as a means to get both her and Yinsen out alive.

‘I won’t waste it,’ Toni thought feeling a fresh wave of adrenaline and determination rushing through her veins with images of her previous experience in the cave-of Yinsen’s final words-driving her. ‘This second chance given to me.’

“I’m sorry I don’t want to start us off on the wrong foot here,” Toni began using her best nonchalant voice possible while looking at the presumed-to-be leader of her captors. “You said your name was...Raza Hama-Hamidini—...you know what, I’m just gonna call you Raza.” She craned her head from where she sat in a chair, pointedly ignoring all the fully-functioning guns around her and gestured for Yinsen to come closer,” can you...translate, please?”

Yinsen looked towards Raza who no more than five minutes ago came storming down, flanked on either side by his own personal guard demanding to know why Toni Stark was not already working on building his missile. Toni responded by saying she had a more ‘fruitful proposition’ for him.

“Here, take a look at this.” Toni said carefully unfurling a gathered assortment of sketch paper that was provided to her earlier, “I call it...the Mark 1.”

Raza and Yinsen both leaned forward, the former eyeing the complex drawings and armor-like design with a look of dark greed. Yinsen looked bewildered, staring at Toni with a small look of astonishment, “you made this?”

“Yeah. I draw schematics all the time, I drew this thing in like ten minutes tops.” Toni said with a
flippant snort, “Anyway...you,” she pointed at Raza now, “don’t want a Jericho Missile. You want whatever is going to give you an edge over the next guy—which in this case, would be me.” Some of the gang members nodded along, Toni’s words beginning to sway them.

Raza looked intrigued. And Toni couldn’t help but give a small, coy smile.

Toni would turn the wounds of her previous life into the jewels of wisdom and start anew; starting with what was necessary; then followed by what she deemed possible; and in due time she would do the impossible.

She would save all that she lost; Thanos would regret ever picking a fight with her.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

You guys have no idea how excited I am getting, ohhh I can't wait for Toni to get out of this cave!!
Here's the link-y link to cast your vote:

https://strawpoll.com/7ds57e3y
Just something I felt like writing after seeing Infinity War, and frankly I had my heart ripped out towards the end. I don't actually know who I'll end up pairing Tony with in this (I was originally leaning towards Strange cuz I loved the two of them in IW.) Anyways let me know what you think!

Also let me know down below who you think Tony should wind up with.

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