Summary

Clint has decided to go against orders and save the Black Widow instead of killing her but the consequences are overwhelming so he prays for help. The god who answers his prays is not orthodox god.

Notes

Hello! This was supposed to be a short story but somehow it grow out of control as I wrote it. (Don’t worry; I will upload new chapters of my other fic either this weekend or early next week) This is something I’ve been thinking for a long time after reading Conquer by LegendofLoz, and finally decided to write it. Hope you like it. Don’t forget to leave a comment. Xoxo Also sorry for any mistakes, in the hurry I decided to not proofread it.

*Italics are for thoughts*
Comments and kudos are always welcome.
Also you can find me on [tumblr](http://tumblr.com)

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by [Conquer](http://archiveofourown.org) by [LegendofLoz](http://archiveofourown.org)
Clint was running through a large corridor chased by a dozen of armed guards and followed by a red haired woman. He was trying to think straight but it was really hard with so many bullets flying around. The woman gave back as many shots as she could but she was running out of munition while they seemed to have infinite. One of those bullets hit him in the shoulder making him scream like a baby. Not, scratch that, he is not a baby and definitely he is not screaming like one. Any way he is wound and cursing and regretting not following orders. The mission was simple (at least on the papers) take down the black widow so she wouldn’t kill more of SHIELD’s agents. Problem was when he got there and was face to face with her. He couldn’t do it, something on her eyes told him she was not a bad person. She did what she did to survive, just like him a few years ago and boy, he did remember those years. The solitude, the fear, the wandering… it also had its good things, he could chose his jobs and nobody was the boss of him, but at what price? He was always alone in the field, risking his live in every step of the way with nobody to call. So, when he saw her, he couldn’t but empathize with her and took a decision. He would save her the same way Phil had saved him; he would offer her a second chance. She had her doubts, obviously, if she had accepted too fast Clint would have thought it was a trap and she was a double agent. But no, she hated her life as much as Clint has guessed and like a pair of lovers they have run away. Problem was her real “lover” was not a man who accepted defeat easily and he had sent his goons after them. And that is how we get to the present moment, the two of them making a barricade in the last room of a building under construction. Surrounded and with no back up since Clint had decided it was better to explain later his plans of saving the Black Widow (or not explain them at all since making decisions like that was against his orders and the protocol). Desperate, Clint did the only logical thing in that moment, he prays. Not to any entity in particular but to any who could hear him. He swears his loyalty to anyone who could save his butt (and hers).

‘Hello’

They both jump at the voice guns ready, how in the hell has anyone got inside? Was he here the whole time and they miss it?

‘Please guys, put that down, you cannot hurt me with those toys of yours.’ The man smirk and Clint tensed. He keeps speaking.

‘Seriously man, you pray for me and now you threat me? You humans don’t know what gratitude is.’

‘You were praying?’ Asked the Black Widow in Russian

‘Oh, yes, he was’ Answered the man also in Russian. ‘And make me a very interesting offer.’

They both look at Clint that is about to have an aneurism. Yeah, maybe he WAS praying but he didn’t expect for anybody to answer. That’s beyond logic, right?

‘What kind of offer?’ The woman asked still in Russian

‘His undying fidelity to whoever could save his butt and yours.’

Clint eyes widened open; those were almost his exacts words, maybe he would have never said “undying fidelity” (what kind of pompous old man says that any way?) But that was the main idea. It was obvious this was not a trick, this man knew things, maybe he could be useful after all.

‘Who are you?’ He finally asked

‘Tony Lokison at your service’ He answers with a reverence
‘And you are god?’

‘Yeah, more specifically, I’m the god of Consequences.’

‘There is a god of Consequences?’ asked the Black widow switching to English to match the guys although she has a thick accent

‘Of course, the same way there is a god of Mischief and there is a god of Thunder.’ Tony was not surprise of this lack of knowledge but slightly hurt of their doubts, like his very existence was such a crazy idea.

They look to each other, understanding their thoughts without talking.

‘How a god of Consequences is born?’ asks Clint

Tony raises an eyebrow, he didn’t expect this interest in his personal life. Most people just say yes and sign whatever paper Tony puts in front of them, anything to avoid consequences. Consequences that they brought upon themselves anyway, but Tony was not a person of judges, he was man of deals.

‘If we are going to make a deal, we need to know who we are talking to.’

‘I already told you, I’m the god of Consequences, your only ticket to salvation.’

‘Still, we want to know.’

These guys have guts, Tony could admit that, and he always have admired people with guts.

‘Very well. We will do it your way. But put those toys down already.’

Tony sat on the floor and they imitate him. Clint allow him a moment to relax and examine the guy in front of him. He looked like in his mid-forties, black hair and black goat tee, seductive smile and big green eyes. His body was slim and small, although it was hard to tell with the strange mesh of clothes he was wearing.

‘What is with the weird chain armour?’ He asked

‘You don’t like my outfit? I can change it.’

With a little twist of his hands Tony make his clothes disappear and being substitute for an elegant grey suit with a blue shirt.

‘How about this? Too formal?’

Another twist and now he was wearing the same tactical gear that Clint was wearing.

‘Better?’

‘Can we stick to the terms of our contract?’ Interrupted the Black Widow

‘Sure thing Black Widow, or do you prefer to be call Laura? Or maybe Mary? Yelena? Natalie? How about if I just call you red?’

‘Call me whatever you want but get to the point, we are running out of time.’

‘Oki doki red.’ Tony laughs
‘Can I call you Nat?’ Asks Clint in a whisper to which she nods as an answer

‘Ok boys and girls, time for the fairy tale.’ Starts Tony. ‘Some time ago, in the world of Asgard there were two princes. Both of them loved and respected by their people, the princes lived a peaceful, quiet life. The old wars long forgotten, the nine realms in good terms. Everything was peachy. But the younger prince longer for something else in his life, his desire for knowledge had make him read the entire loyal library and now he was ready to explore more. Nobody in his family wanted to see him depart but he did it anyway. In his first trip to Midgard (Earth), the home of humans, he met a beautiful woman and they both fell in love. She was married to another human but it was a sad marriage without love and many times the prince tried to convince his lover to run away with him. Unfortunately she was a loyal woman and she felt like her first duty was him (even if only for the appearances). Even with that they were both very happy; until the king found the prince and forced him to go back home.’

Clint listens with caution although a part of him was wondering how much of that tail was true or why he was telling them. Sure there was shorter ways to tell your story to two strangers. But Tony was such a passionate teller that he didn’t mind to keep listening.

‘It wasn’t a long time until the prince escaped again to see his lover only to find her expecting a child, his child. Now it was the time to run, if the husband were to figure out nords know the consequences would be dreadful. But once again fate was unjust with the lovers, she went to labor earlier than expected and when the husband saw the inhuman beast she had brought to the world he knew. And he killed both of them.’

Tony took a moment to breath and composes himself, Clint was sure it’s just a dramatic pause. But now he was catch in the story so it was not like he didn’t understood.

‘The prince cried for the love of his life and her cruel destiny. But he cried even more for his child since he was innocent but still suffered for the sins of his parents. Hela, goddess of hel took pity of him and returned to him the soul of his son with the promise of a lesson well learned. The prince cherished the little miracle and uses his little presence as a reminder of his reckless choices in live.’

‘That doesn’t explain where do you come from, does it?’ Asks Nat not sure if she understood the whole story

‘That baby was named Anthony by his mother Maria Stark and crown god of Consequences by his father Loki Odinson, prince of Asgard.’

Clint holds a gasp. Now he knows why his face was so familiar.

‘Oh my gosh!’ He yells ‘It’s really you?’

Tony nods and Nat looks at him confuse.

‘What did I miss?’

‘People have been speculating about it for years! The murders of the Stark family.’

‘I’m no Stark since my mom was only Stark by name.’ Tony explains

‘Say again?’

Clint looks at Nat.

‘It’s one of the greatest mysteries of the American history, like the death of JFK.’
‘You don’t know who killed him? Everybody in Russia knows it.’ Says Nat like it was the most useless piece of information

‘What?! Ok, we will talk about that later.’ Clint makes a mental note although he knows he will probably forget soon. ‘What I was telling you is that one day, Maria Stark and his husband Howard Stark (chief and founder of Stark industries and also one of the founders of S.H.I.E.L.D) get into the hospital because they are about to have their first son any moment. After hours of work finally a cry is listen in the hospital and everybody celebrates. A few minutes later everything goes silent and when the nurse goes to check on the mother and the baby, he is gone and the mother is dead.’

Clint notices that his voice is highly pitched but he doesn’t mind, he is too excited for the discovery although Nat looks at him without understanding.

‘And the most weird part? Howard Stark was also dead with a dagger in his heart. Many people though he had discovered she had been cheating on him and after killing her he committed suicide but other people thought it was the jealous lover who killed both after discovering the child was not his. The thing is that after the Doctor left nobody entered in their room and they were on the tenth floor so escaping through the window was impossible.’

Clint now was talking like a fangirl pointing all the fails to those theories while Tony chuckled.

‘I hope this information is enough to trust me.’ He says

And then the magic was gone, Clint remembered how he had gotten in this situation and why Tony was here.

‘What do you offer?’ He asks

‘Well, you don’t need to be a genius to know how this is going to end. They will either kill you or torture you and then kill you. I offer you the possibility to avoid those consequences.’

‘How?’

‘I’m not only the god of Consequences by name, I also have abilities like seen the consequences of every little action one person makes and how it could have been avoided. For example, I know you could have avoided this situation if you just have talked to Coulson the moment you decided to ignore your orders and save the Black Widow instead of killing her.’

‘Yeah, right, But we cannot change the past, can we?’

‘No, but I could blend it a little; enough to make the wrong choice right. Of course I cannot change all the decisions you took in your life, too many ramifications, but a very recent, very specific choice? I can do that. For a price, of course.’

‘Of course.’ Clint rolled his eyes; he couldn’t believe he thought Tony was going to help them for the good in his heart.

‘Hey, it’s just fair. S.H.I.E.L.D doesn’t pay you for your job? Well, this is the same.’

‘How much?’ asked Nat, always to the point

‘Not too much, just an arrow…’

‘An arrow?’ Clint look into his quiver, there is only one arrow left.

‘Yup, one of those wonderful customizes arrows of yours. And you two will own me a favor that I
will came to collect on a moment of my convenience.’

Clint and Nat share a look and again they understand each other. Owing a favor to a crook or the Yakuzas would be safer than him but they have no other choice. They are trap like rats and he is the lesser of two evils.

‘Fine.’ Clint gets the arrow and gives it to him

‘Excellent!’ Tony celebrates ‘Now, to close the deal we need to shake hands.’

Clint can’t believe the man is so old fashioned but he offers him his right hand, Nat does the same and Tony shakes both of them at the same time. In that instant his skin starts to burn, there is a strange looking mark in his hand.

‘What the hell dude?’ He screams recovering his hand, Nat doesn’t scream but she is shaking not the less.

‘That’s my mark.’ Informs them Tony ‘The moment I need you it will get warm and you will know I’m calling you.’

‘And how do you expect us to explain we have matching tattoos?’

‘You don’t have to. Look again.’

Clint look and it was the umpteenth time he had been surprise this day; the mark had disappeared.

‘It will become visible only if I need you. Until then it will be dormant. A little trick I invented.’ Tony smug

‘Now what?’ asked Nat.

‘Now you stay here and wait for my signal.’

And with that Tony vanished.

‘What do you think?’ Asks Clint to Nat

‘I think I just sold my soul to the devil, I really hope it’s worth it.’

‘I will make it worth.’ Clint declares ‘Five minutes, five years, an entire live. It will be worth, trust me.’

Nat smiles and he smiles back. Suddenly there are more shootings and they hide behind a table. The door is open with a kick and two men came inside in full tactical gear.

‘Clint?’ Says one of the voices

‘Phil? Phil!’ Clint jumps from his place and runs to hug his handler

‘Shit Barton, you really know how to put my world upside down.’ Jokes Phil

‘Sorry, I’m sorry. I swear I will never disobey a direct order again.’ Clint is almost crying

‘Ok, ok. I believe you.’ Phil pats in his back not sure what is going on

‘What do you want us to do with her?’ Asks the other man pointing with his gun to Nat
'Oh, yeah. Agent Rumlow, meet agent Romanov; or future agent Romanov as soon as hers papers are done.'

'What?' Screams Rumlow 'You cannot trust her, she is a spy from HYDRA!'

'That decision is not yours to make.' Phil responds calmly

'But is his? Because, if I remember correctly the mission was to kill her; not to let her go free.'

'After a chat with agent Barton there was a change of plans, sorry you didn’t got the memo.’

A chat? Clint decided that has to be one of Tony’s doings. Clint grabbed Nat by the arm and pull her out with Phil. Once they were far away from all Phil slaps Clint in the head.

'Ouch! What was that for?'

'For you to learn to not to make rush decisions on your own and leave crappy notes in your handler’s lunch. You are lucky I was able to find you on time and alive.’

'Yeah, really lucky.' Clint agrees with sarcasm; when he decided of the new of plan he thought of leaving a note to Phil but he changed his mind in the last moment, apparently he left the note after all. And that was what just saved their lives.

‘C’mon’ Says Phil ignoring the sarcasm and the long face ‘Let’s fix that shoulder of yours and then you can introduce me to your new friend.’

It takes Clint a moment to realize he is talking about Nat.

‘Right, Phil this Nat. Nat, Phil, he will help you with all the paperwork, he is like a paperwork ninja.’

Phil chuckles and his laugh is contagious. Soon the three are laughing like if they have known each other forever and were the best of friends. And Clint is happy; he knows he did the right call, and he is in peace with himself. When consequences show up to bite him in the ass (because they will show up, one cannot avoid Consequences forever, you don’t need to be a god to know that). But no matter what, he will face them without fear knowing he has changed someone’s life forever. Clint shakes his head not fully understanding how he can sound so mature suddenly. Maybe more than one life has change today.

End Notes

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