All's Well and That's the End

by Nasty Fan Gal

Summary

What if Tony Stark survived after wielding the gauntlet?

(i refuse to accept the original endgame as canon, so here, i fixed it)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Aftermath: Prologue

They won. They finally defeated Thanos. Except, it didn’t feel like they won. Something was horribly wrong. Peter’s stomach twisted at the sight of Tony Stark, lying on the ground almost lifeless. There was a glazed look in his eyes. This couldn’t be happening.

"We won, Mr Stark," He said desperately as if it would somehow get Tony to respond. Peter felt as if someone knocked the wind out of him,

“We won,” He says again. No response. He was Iron Man. Mr Stark wouldn’t leave him alone. He wouldn’t let him leave. Tears slipped down his cheeks. “Please don’t go, Tony,” He said, voice breaking. Peter closed his eyes and started to cry in earnest. It should have been me.

A beat. Then, he hears a low wheeze. Peter doesn’t dare to hope that maybe, everything was okay.

He opens his eyes, and sees Tony stand up, on wobbly feet. Relief blossoms in his chest.

“Kid, you haven’t gotten rid of me yet,” He says, before promptly collapsing in front of Peter.
“You didn’t think I wouldn’t be prepared for every possibility? I modified my suit just in case I had to wield the stones,” Tony says, adjusting his pillows. It’s been a week since Tony snapped away Thanos and his army, and is alive - alive, and Peter still feels relief, and terror of the fact that Tony almost died.

While Tony survived, he lost his arm in the process. Wielding all six infinity stones did take its toll, after all. Though it was replaced with a prosthetic - much cooler than his ordinary hand was, Tony claimed. Oh well, at least Tony was alive. And that was all that mattered to Peter.

The tiny room was crowded with people. Morgan was sitting on Tony’s lap, prodding his prosthetic hand experimentally (Peter still couldn’t comprehend Tony had a kid). Surrounding the bed was Pepper, Captain America and Dr Banner, who was apparently blended (joined? fused?) with the Hulk. The king and princess of Wakanda were talking to them. The Winter Soldier and Falcon were fighting over the last oreo.

Freaky space group was there too, with Thor, who had a cheeseburger in hand. There was an unfamiliar guy, Scott Lang, whom he remembered from Germany.

Next to Peter was a tall, blond, teenager about his age, whom he guessed was Harley Keener. Mr Stark had talked a lot about him, though they never had the chance to meet.

Five years had passed, but it felt more like five seconds. He remembered passing out, before the wizard dude sort of transported him to the battle scene.

Everyone crashed at the Starks cottage for the past week. Half of the world - universe - were adjusting now that they were home. Everything was a blur. They all slept in the living room, either on the couch or extra beds.

Peter got in touch with May just a few days ago. May had survived the snap. She couldn't stop crying on the phone (he couldn't either). There wasn’t a way for her to come to the cottage since there wasn’t any reliable transport, but Pepper promised she was going to go get May tomorrow.

He feels confused and terrified and relieved all at the same time. But Peter knows he’s gonna be okay. They won, after all.
SORRY I TOOK SO LONG TO UPDATE THIS. i have a new found inspiration after watching endgame a dozen more time :) there's one more chapter to this, and my next fic is from Steve's POV.

End Notes

Endgame legit ended me. And while Tony's death is supposed to be a satisfactory arc i REFUSE to accept it.
(to be continued)

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