10 years is a long time to be with someone.

Stephen's and Tony's life has changed, yet they still love each other.

The gray of his temples had spread to his whole head, painting his previously dark hair a regal silver. His hands shook more than ever and his bones ached. His age let itself know every time he woke up and got out of bed.

Still, he was performing his duties as the sorcerer supreme, he wasn't old enough to retire just yet. The magic continued to dance around his fingers, striking down villains of Earth and beyond.

These days, every sorcerer he came across respected him, not only because of his standing but also due to his deeds. He had proved himself to them countless times over the decade, cementing him as a valued magic-user and someone who would help in any way he could.

He was no Ancient One, but after ten years he had almost filled her shoes, yet in a different way. Stephen could never replicate her calm way of dealing with life nor could he be the exquisite teacher she used to be.

He could have never achieved something like that without the people he cared about. Wong was
there for him whenever there was a mystical problem, Tony was there when he needed assistance with his own messes.

It was odd to him that he and Tony had been together for such a long time. He wore the golden band on his hand with great pride, both casually and to battle. Sometimes Stephen wished that his husband would join him to battle and they could fight side to side, even though he knew that was impossible.

The original Iron Man didn't fight anymore. He had retired years ago when his body could no longer bear the hardships of being a superhero. Tony was older than him, his body more battered than his, his old lifestyle infinitely more destructive that Stephen's ever was.

It wasn't just the age that had driven Tony to retirement, it was the injuries. Over time, no matter how much he upgraded the armor, he had gotten slower. A slower target is an easier target and soon, almost every fight ended with purple bruises or deep wounds. They healed slowly as he lacked any superpowers, the time between battles he was physically able to fight in again stretching longer and longer. The arm was the last straw though.

In his final battle, Tony was slower than usual, still recovering from his previous fuck up and to make matters worse, he was sleep deprived as well, having worked on a new upgrade until the sun illuminated his windows and FRIDAY began to nag him about following his tightly packed schedule.

He got clumsy and was shot out of the sky by a powerful blast that wiped away the entirety of his hand and most of the arm below his elbow. The burn marks reached past it and the places where the melted armor had been stuck to his skin and cut out stood out as white scars.

The incident scared Tony to the core and after he had recovered, he retired from the Avengers, not wanting to risk losing anything else in fights where he was already about to become obsolete. It was hard for him, to have a life without being a superhero but after what had happened, he no longer stomached getting in the armor, a reminder of his failures and uselessness.

The prosthetic worked as well as his own hand used to, perhaps even better as it no longer shook, yet it was hollow, it wasn't truly a part of him. The skin covering concealed the burn scars from the world and whenever he could, he wore long sleeves to hide it. He thought he had gotten rid of the machine part of himself and so he was dismayed by the situation even more.

Stephen didn't see the new metal addition to his husband as a deal breaker or anything disgusting, but he knew that Tony was insecure about it and avoided looking at it as much as he avoided looking at the mess of scars that littered his chest. They were a part of him and what was part of him was what Stephen loved.

Even after a decade, they looked at each other as if they had just fallen in love, their interactions gentle and beautiful.

For their ten year anniversary, they went out to eat and later, when they had gotten home once again, they dropped the needle on the vinyl and danced to the soft tunes. For a moment, they didn't have to be Stephen Strange, the Sorcerer Supreme, and Tony Stark, ex-CEO and retired superhero. They could be Tony and Stephen, dancing together without a care in the world.

Stephen ran his hands through Tony's silver hair and sighed. They had had a wonderful time together and they were grateful for it. In another world, they might have only met for a short while, yet here they had stayed together for a long time.

Tony's prosthetic whirred softly, almost inaudibly as he guided Stephen over the floor. They stopped
for a moment and kissed softly for a short moment that lasted a lifetime to them. Their eyes could only see each other as they twirled around, the colors outside blurring, unimportant to them.

Their years had been spent well.

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