**Prosthetic Heart**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org) at [http://archiveofourown.org/works/19051885](http://archiveofourown.org/works/19051885).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Teen And Up Audiences</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Graphic Depictions Of Violence, No Archive Warnings Apply</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Iron Man (Movies), Marvel Cinematic Universe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Pepper Potts/Tony Stark, Parent!Tony Stark/Child!Reader, Pepper Potts &amp; Reader, Happy Hogan &amp; Reader, James &quot;Rhodey&quot; Rhodes/Reader</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Tony Stark, Pepper Potts, James &quot;Rhodey&quot; Rhodes, Obadiah Stane, Phil Coulson, Nick Fury, Reader, Happy Hogan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Iron Man 1, Reader-Insert, Tony Stark is Good With Kids, Reader is Tony Stark's Daughter, iron man 1 re-write, Series, Families of Choice, Adoption, Crime Fighting, Reader is a Child, Happy Ending, Tony Stark Has Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, Pepper Potts Is a Good Bro, Tony Stark Needs a Hug</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Series:</td>
<td>Part 1 of Prosthetic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2019-06-01 Chapters: 7/7 Words: 11980</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**Prosthetic Heart**

by [gloryasme](http://archiveofourown.org/users/gloryasme)

**Summary**

“What the hell did you do to me?”

Tony heaved, adjusting to the thick scrap of metal in his chest. Yet the man felt some form of comfort when his dark eyes landed on the young girl, a young child she seemed to be, sitting quietly and staring right back at him.

Matted, sweat covered, bloody, (h/c) hair sticking to her face. Her (s/t) flesh as burned in some places, she was littered with scratches and scrapes with dried blood sticking to her. There was a scar going through her eyebrow, a scratch just underneath the same eye, a large one across her other cheek (all of which were probably infected) and… was this toddler missing half a leg? It cuts off just above where her knee cap should be.

Tony suddenly felt less in the ‘at ease’ category and more in the ‘rage’ category. Who cuts the leg off the goddamn toddler?

“What I did?” The man that had obviously done something to Tony (he really doubted a toddler could do something like that, those her hands were caked in blood that hadn't washed off) asked in an offended tone. “What I did is to save your life.” The little girl just nodded softly. Toddlers aren’t quiet, why was she so quiet?

“I removed all the shrapnel I could, but there's a lot left, and it's headed into your atrial septum. Here, want to see?” the guy picked up a baggy of blood covered metal. “I have a souvenir. Take a look.” He says, handing it to Tony. “I’ve seen many wounds like that in my village. We call them the walking dead because it takes about a week for the barbs to reach the vital organs.”

“What is this?” Tony referred to the thing in his chest. “It’s an electromagnet, hooked up to a car battery, and it's keeping the shrapnel from entering your heart.” The young girl says, not breaking eye contact with Tony. “Was that rehearsed?” Tony asked instinctually. “(Y/n)’s a smart kiddo, that one.” The man nods to her. “Strong too.”

“We met once, you know, at a technical conference in Bern.” The man hums, changing the subject. “I don't remember.” Tony replied. “No, you wouldn't. If I had been that drunk, I wouldn't have been able to stand, much less give a lecture on integrated circuits.” The man replied with a chuckle. “Where are we?” Tony asked, ignoring him.
There was a shout from the other end of the thick door and the man turned to Tony in a flash. “C’mon, stand up, STAND UP!” he hissed, helping Tony up. Tony watched the girl, (Y/n), move so her hands were beside her head. “Do as we do. Come on, put your hands up.” The man ushered, facing the door and holding his hands above his head, mirroring (Y/n).

Three armed men walked in brandishing guns familiar to Tony. “Those are my guns. How did they get my guns?” he asked. “Do you understand me? Do as I do.” The man hissed. The leader of the group steps forwards, extending his arms and speaking in a foreign language. He did hear his name at one point though. “He says, ‘Welcome, Tony Stark, the most famous mass murderer in the history of America’.” The man beside him supplies. The man continues on in the foreign language.

“He is honoured. He wants you to build the missile. The Jericho missile that you demonstrated.” The leader handed the man a slip of paper and shows it to Tony. “This one.” Tony looked at it then stared the man in the eye. “I refuse.” His face fell and Tony saw (Y/n) face somehow pale. Before he knew it Tony’s face was forced into a trough of water. A few minutes of that torture and he was dragged away into the sunlight. He was forced to follow the leader through what half looked like a town and half looked like an army camp.

A lot of the weapons they had were marked by Stark Industries.

The leader muttered something in his language which the nerdy man translated for him. “He wants to know what you think.” The man had one hand on (Y/n)’s shoulder and was helping keep her up, but that seemed to be the only contact the pair were allowed to have. “You got a lot of my weapons.” Tony muttered towards the guy holding him captive.

“He says they have everything you need to build the Jericho missile. He wants you to make the list of materials.” More of that language Tony doesn’t understand. “He says for you to start working immediately, and when you're done, he will set you free.” Tony shook his captors hand with a smile. “No, he won’t.”

“No, he won't.” (Y/n) confirmed as the men all exchanged odd glances.

“I'm sure they're looking for you, Stark. But they will never find you in these mountains. Look, what you just saw, that is your legacy, Stark. Your life's work, in the hands of those murderers. Is that how you want to go out? Is this the last act of defiance of the great Tony Stark? Or are you going to do something about it?”
“Why should I do anything? They're going to kill me, you, either way. And if they don't, I'll probably be dead in a week.” Tony replied. Yinsen, as the man’s name turned out to be, groaned at his antics. “Well, then, this is a very important week for you, isn't it?” (Y/n) asks. “Why is she even here? She’s a toddler.”

“She’s smart.” Yinsen replied. “That’s no excuse, she’s a kid and missing a leg.” (Y/n) shook her head. “Move on, boys. Move on.” She says, ending the conversation there.

“If this is going to be my work station, I want it well-lit. I want these up. I need welding gear. I don't care if it's acetylene or propane. I need a soldering station. I need helmets. I'm gonna need goggles. I would like a smelting cup. I need two sets of precision tools.” Tony listed.

Tony was working on the missile as they spoke. “How many languages do you speak?” Tony asked. “A lot.” Yinsen replied. “But apparently not enough for this place. They speak Arabic, Urdu, Dari, Pashto, Mongolian, Farsi, Russian.” He listed. “Who are these people?” Tony asked. “They are your loyal customers.” (Y/n) says. “They call themselves the Ten Rings.”

“You know; we might be more productive if you include me, or US, in the planning process.” Yinsen says. “Uh-huh.” Despite that, Yinsen and (Y/n) just watched Tony work as he pulled pieces apart. “Okay, don’t need this.” He carelessly threw a thick piece of his own tech behind him. “What is that?” Yinsen asked. “That's palladium, zero point fifteen grams. We need at least one point six, so why don't you go break down the other eleven?”

The pair worked, though (Y/n) felt like it wasn’t for the missile as Yinsen pulled boiling metal out of an oven type thing with Tony peering over his shoulder like an overbearing mother. “Relax, I have steady hands.” Yinsen sighs. “Why do you think you’re still alive, huh?” Together they built something emitting a low blue glow.


“This is our ticket out of here.” Tony says. “What is it?” (Y/n) and Yinsen look over at the blueprints. “Flatten them out and look.” Tony retorts, fully aware of the camera watching their every move. “Oh, wow.” (Y/n) comments. “Impressive.” Yinsen nods. “Cool.”

“How did you even get from Russia to Afghanistan?” Tony asked. “My papa had work in Gulmira, so he brought the family, and then I was kidnapped for slavery, as you can see.”


What they were building was a suit of armour. (Y/n) watched curiously as the older men mumbled amongst each other, equipping the suit to Tony. “Okay, say it again.” Yinsen says. “Forty-one steps straight ahead. Then sixteen steps, that’s from the door, fork right, thirty-three steps, turn right.” Tony replied.

“Yinsen! Yinsen! Stark!” Someone yelled through the eye hole in the door. “Say something. Say something back to him.” Tony whispered. They had the stand set up so it couldn’t be seen by camera or the door. “He’s speaking Hungarian. I don’t…” – “Then speak Hungarian.” Tony cut in. “Okay. I know.” Tony blinked. “What do you know?” Yinsen yelled in… something, whilst the guard kept yelling. Eventually they tried to break the door down but it harnessed an explosion, a bomb Tony had set up on the door. How quaint.


“Tell me! Tell me!” Yinsen ushered. “Function eleven, tell me when you see a progress bar, it should be up by now.” Tony explained. “Yes.” Yinsen nods, overlapping with Tony. “Talk to me. Tell me when you see it.”

“I have it” Yinsen repeats. “Press Control ‘I’.”

“‘I’, Got it.” – “‘I’ Enter. Enter.” The boys once again overlapping.
“Come over here and button me up.”

“Okay. All right.”

“Every other hex bolt.” Tony whispered. “They’re coming!” (Y/n) warns, overlapping with Tony’s; “Nothing pretty, just get it done.” To Yinsen.

“Make sure the checkpoints are clear before you follow me out, okay?” Tony was talking to both of them, but Yinsen was staring at the computer. “We need more time.” Yinsen whispers. “Hey, I’m gonna go buy you some time.” He says, turning to the pair. “Stick to the plan!” Tony countered. Yinsen said nothing as he left. “Stick to THE PLAN!”

“What do else do you need, Stark?” (Y/n) asked, ignoring Yinsen’s absence. “Just watch the progress bar for me, okay, Kid?” Tony says. “YINSEN!” multiple gunshots ring out and (Y/n) watches the old fool emotionlessly as he walks into a death trap handling a gun he didn’t know how to use. “It’s complete, Stark.” (Y/n) says. “Okay, you. YOU!” he pointed at me. “You stick to the plan, follow once the coast is clear.”

And he left. “Yeah, screw that.” The small girl mutters, slowly following him as he leaves the cave, walking through the bullets being shot at him and blasting fire at those in his way. He kicked a door open and scared most of the Afghanistan soldiers that held them captive. They found a room where Yinsen was found, bleeding out. “YINSEN!” Tony called. “Watch out.” He moaned with a cough. A missile was shot at Tony but it missed and hit the cave walls. In return Tony shot at the guy, the leader it appeared to be, and knocked him off his feet.

Yinsen died with a few last words to Tony and the iron armoured man growled. “We have to keep going.” (Y/n) says. “What the-.” Tony spun around and looked at her in shock. “Have you been following me this entire time?” (Y/n) just nods and he groans. “Stay here.” He really should’ve know she wasn’t going to listen to him.

Tony stepped out of the cave as was bombarded with bullets that didn’t even dent his armour. The men quickly ran out for bullets. “My turn~” Tony cooed, raising his arms and blasting fire from the palms. The men screamed and retreated and screamed some more. Tony burned all the weapons he’d made as he walked, (Y/n) limping behind him best she could. She’d always been good at hopping.

She did her best to jump and wrap her arms around the suits neck. “Sniper, two o’clock.” She whispers, sliding off again. Of course the bullets did nothing and Tony was able to knock him out.

Too much destruction, too much heat, too much gunfire. Tony was on his knees and both were
surrounded by the orange skirts of death. Tony was pressing buttons on his machine. “Get on my back, kid.” He snaps. She grabs him tightly, as told and the suit flies up into the air as all the weaponry explodes. The boosters didn’t last long and the suit planted into the sand, pulling itself apart. (Y/n) lay in the arms of what was left of the suit coughing, but otherwise fine.

“You good, kid?” Tony asks, scrapping the metal. “Just about.” She groans. “Not bad.” Tony replies. They scrap the suit completely and continue through the desert on foot, Tony’s arm wrapped around the younger girl’s shoulder to hold her up. Helicopters flew over them and Tony smiled yelling; “HEY!” and laughing and waving at the helicopters, getting them to land. The pair collapsed in the sand with smiles as soldiers approached and Tony smiled gratefully.

“How was the "fun-vee"?” The soldier asked. Tony doesn’t reply, just shakes his head with a fond smile and hug (Y/n) close. “Next time, you ride with me, okay?” the soldier looked at (Y/n). “No way, did you adopt a kid while you were here?” He asked. “What do you say, (Y/n)?” Tony asked her. “Take me home.” She replied.
The pair were boarded on the helicopters and got the chance to freshen up and change, getting proper bandages on (Y/n)’s leg and their other wounds whilst giving Tony’s arm a sling.

(Y/n) got to wash and brush her hair, feeling very refreshed after months of sweat and blood and got new clothes and a full meal. She never wanted to leave.

They got an airplane out to New York and made a dramatic reveal on the back. “Watch it, coming up here.” The guy, Rhodey or something, says, helping the pair down the ramp ((Y/n) was given a wheelchair, thank the LORD). “Are you kidding me with this, get rid of it them.” Tony murmured at the paramedics.


“Pepper, this is my adopted kid, (Y/n), (Y/n) this is my assistant, Virginia Potts.” Tony introduced. “Pepper.” The ginger supplied. “Just call me Pepper.” (Y/n) smiled at her. “And I assume this adoption this isn’t legal, yet.” Tony shook his head ‘no’ and (Y/n) snickered. “It’s nice to meet you.” Tony whistled, ruining the moment. “In the car.” He called. The trio got in, with the help of Tony’s driver, Happy Hogan, basically the best name ever.

“Where to, sir?” Happy asked. “Take us to the hos- –pital please Happy, no?” Pepper turned to Tony in shock. “Tony you have to go to the hospital.”

“No is a complete answer.”

“The doctor has to look at you.”

“I don't have to do anything.”
“I’ve been in captivity for three months. There are two things I want to do. I want an American cheeseburger, and the other…”

“Tony there is a child present.”

“...is not what you think. I want you to call for a press conference now.”

“Call for a press conference?”

“Yeah.”

“What on earth for?”

“Hogan drive, cheeseburger first.”

“I’ve made a grave mistake.” (Y/n) sighed. “Yeah, sorry about that kiddo.” Happy replied, starting up the car and driving away. The large audience applauded when the car pulled up and a guy hugged Tony when they got out. Pepper and (Y/n) following with Happy giving Tony the burger they’d stopped for.

“Did you get me one of those?” The guy asked, leading Tony towards the building. Tony finished it as they entered the conference and (Y/n) sat in her wheelchair beside Pepper, whom she already adored for putting up with Tony. “Miss Potts.” A guy says, approaching her. “Yes?” She replies, turning her attention towards him. “Can I speak to you for a moment?” He asked. “I’m- I’m not part of the press conference but it’s about to begin right now.”

“I’m not a reporter.” The guy replied. “I’m agent Phil Coulson with the Strategic Homeland Intervention, Enforcement and Logistics Division.” He says, handing her a card. “That’s a mouthful.” Pepper comments. “That doesn’t spell SHEILD correctly, either.” (Y/n) says. “E comes before the I.”
“We’re working on it.” Phil replied, eyeing her suspiciously. “Y’know we’ve- we’ve been approached already by the DOD, the FBI, the CIA the-” - “We’re a separate division.” Phil interrupts. “With a more specific focus.”


Everyone quieted as the conference started and Tony was sitting in front of the podium. OF course. “Hey, would it be all right if everyone sat down? Why don’t you just sit down? That way you can see me, and I can... A little less formal and...” Tony trailed off.

“What’s up with the love-in?” Rhodey asked. “Don’t look at me.” Pepper retorts. “I don’t know what he’s up to.”

“I never got to say goodbye to my father.” Tony starts. “There's questions that I would have asked him. I would have asked him how he felt about what this company did. If he was conflicted, if he ever had doubts. Or maybe he was every inch the man we all remember from the newsreels. I saw young Americans killed by the very weapons I created to defend them and protect them. And I saw that I had become part of a system that is comfortable with zero accountability.”

The reporters started asking a few questions. “Hey Ben.” Tony acknowledges, making the reports quiet down. “What happened over there?” Ben asked. Tony stood as he started talking.

“I had my eyes opened. I came to realize that I have more to offer this world than just making things that blow up. And that is why, effective immediately, I am shutting down the weapons manufacturing division of Stark International until such a time as I can decide what the future of the company will be. I think we're gonna be selling a lot of newspapers. What direction it should take, one that I'm comfortable with and is consistent with the highest good for this country, as well.” The guy that greeted Tony before and the many reporters had spoken up in the middle of Tony’s speech. When Tony was escorted away, the man spoke.

“What we should take away from this is that Tony's back! And he's healthier than ever. We're going to have a little internal discussion and we'll get back to you with the follow-up.”
(Y/n) sat in her wheelchair beside Tony, who was watching some big orb of flashing light when the guy, Obadiah Stane, she learnt his name was entered the building. “Well, that... That went well.” He starts. “Did I just paint a target on the back of my head?” Tony asked. “Your head? What about my head? What do you think the over-under on the stock drop is gonna be tomorrow?” Obadiah asks.

“Optimistically, 40 points.” Tony replied. “At minimum.” Obadiah cut in. “Yep.” Tony acknowledged. “Tony, we’re a weapons manufacturer.” Obadiah groans. “Obie, I just don’t want a body count to be our only legacy.” – “That’s what we do. We’re iron mongers. We make weapons.” God, does everyone always overlap when they’re talking?

“It’s my name on the side of the building-.”

“And what we do keeps the world from falling into chaos.”

“Not based on what I saw.” Tony retorted. “We’re not doing a good enough job. We can do better. We’re gonna do something else.” Obadiah scoffed. “Like what? You want us to make baby bottles?” he mocked.

“I think we should take another look into arc reactor technology.” Tony says. “Come on. The arc reactor, that’s a publicity stunt! Tony, come on. We built that thing to shut the hippies up!” Obadiah sighs. “It works.” Tony countered. “Yeah, as I science project.” Obadiah retorted. “The arc was never cost effective. We knew that before we built it. Arc reactor technology, that’s a dead end, right?”

“Maybe.”

“Am I right? We haven’t had a breakthrough in that in what? Thirty years.”

“That’s what they say.”

Tony finally face Obadiah and the pair stares each other off for a moment. “Could you have a lousier poker face?” Tony asked. “Just tell me, who told you?”

“Never mind who told me. Show me.”
“Rhodey or Pepper?”

“I want to see it.”

“Okay, Rhodey.”

Tony unbuttoned his shirt and showed off the arc redactor in his chest. “Okay.” Obadiah muttered. “Okay?” he chuckled to himself. “It works.” Tony says. “Listen to me, Tony.” Obadiah’s voice got lower. “We’re a team. Do you understand? There’s nothing we can’t do if we stick together, like your father and I.”

“I’m sorry I didn’t give you a heads-up, okay? But if I had...”

“Tony.” Obadiah cut in. “Tony, no more of this “ready, fire, aim” business. You understand me?” he asks. “That was Dad’s line.” Obadiah smiled and (Y/n) got a weird vibe off of this guy. “You gotta let me handle this. We’re gonna have to play a whole different kind of ball now. We’re going to have to take a lot of heat. I want you to promise me that you’re gonna lay low.”
“Stark Industries! I’ve got one recommendation! Ready? Ready? Sell, sell, sell! Abandon ship! Does the Hindenburg ring any bells? Let me show you the new Stark Industries business plan! Look, that's a weapons company that doesn't make weapons!”

“This is a stupid ad.” (Y/n) sighs. “Pepper, how big are your hands?” Pepper pulls up the face time screen of Tony. “What?” She asks. “How big are your hands?” Tony reiterates. “I don’t understand why-.” – “Get down here, I need you.” Pepper sighs and places and IPad away, going down stairs with (Y/n) following, helping get the wheelchair down before approaching Tony.

Shirtless on a bench. Okay.

“Let’s see them, show me your hands.” Tony says. “Let’s see them.” Pepper holds her hands up as she approaches. “Oh wow, they are small, very petite, indeed.” Tony says. “I just uh, I need your help for a sec.”

“Oh my god is that the thing keeping you alive?” Pepper asked, looking at the arc reactor on Tony’s chest. “It was; it is now an antique.” Tony replies, fiddling with another in his hand. “This will keep me alive for the foreseeable future. I’m swapping it up for an upgraded unit, and I just ran into a little speed bump.”

“Speed bump, what does that mean?” Pepper asked. “It's nothing. It's just a little snag.” Tony replies. “There's an exposed wire under this device. And it's contacting the socket wall and causing a little bit of a short.” (Y/n) says, watching as Tony tugged the reactor in his chest out. “It's fine.” Tony assures the very confused looking Pepper when he handed her said device. “What do you want me to do?” she asked. “Put that on the table over there.” Pepper does as instruct. “Oh my god.” She whispered.


Pepper hesitates. “You know; I don't think that I'm qualified to do this.” She says. “No, you're fine. You're the most capable, qualified, trustworthy person I've ever met. You're gonna do great. Right (Y/n)?” the girl nods slowly, holding back the obvious. “Is it too much of a problem to ask? 'Cause I'm-.” – “Okay, okay.” – “I really need your help here.”
“Okay.” Pepper just manages to slip her hand into the socket, the sound made both girls cringe. “Oh, there's pus!” Pepper exclaims. “It's not pus. It's an inorganic plasmic discharge from the device, not from his body.” (Y/n) says. “It smells!” Pepper complains. “Yeah, it does.” Tony says.

“The copper wire. The copper wire, you got it?”

“I got it, I got it.”

“You got it? Now don’t let it touch the si-AHAAH-IDES when you’re coming out.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“Yeah that’s what I was trying to tell you before. Okay, now make sure that when you pull it out, you don't pull out the MAGNET at the end of it – that was it, that’s the magnet, you just pulled out.”

“Oh god.”

“I was not expecting- DON’T PUT IT BACK in, don’t put it back in.”

Pepper placed it on the table with the arc reactor. (Y/n) really didn’t know how to react to this scene. a) she could laugh because this was a mazing or b) she could freak out because what is happening? She just watched quietly.

“What’s wrong?” Pepper asked. “Nothing.” Tony replied. “Yeah, he’s just going into cardiac arrest.” (Y/n) added with a smug smile. “WHAT? I thought you said this was safe!” Pepper snapped. “Take this, take this.” Tony says handing her the new reactor. “You gotta switch it out really quick.”

“Tony? It's going to be okay.”

“Is it?”
“It's gonna be okay. I'm gonna make this okay.”

“Let’s hope.”

“Okay, you’re gonna attach that to the base plate. Make sure you…” Tony trailed off as Pepper placed her hand back into the arc and did as she was told. When the reactor was connected Tony screamed in shock but quickly calmed himself. “See was that so hard?”

“You just screamed.” – “No I didn’t, shut up, kid.” – “I’m just sayin’.”


“Anyway.” Tony sat up, tossing away the cord around his next and took the towel off his lap. “What do you want me to do with this?” Pepper asked, taking the original reactor in her hand. “Destroy it, incinerate it.” Tony replies. “You don’t want to keep it?” Pepper asks. “Pepper, I’ve been called many things, nostalgic is not one of them.” Tony replies. “…Will that be all, Mr Stark?” Pepper asks. “That will be all, Miss Potts.” He replied.

“Aww, you have pet names for each other.” (Y/n) cooed. Pepper walked away as Tony addressed the robot “Butter Fingers” and asked about the mess on his workshop desk.

“-that ability to look into a situation beyond the obvious and discern its outcome, or a pilot's judgment.”

Tony wheeled (Y/n) and interrupted Rhodey mid speech. Because it was Tony, how else would he announce himself.

“Colonel? Why not a pilot without the plane?” Tony asks. “Look who fell out of the sky. Mr. Tony Stark.” Rhodey greets. “Jr Stark.” He addresses. “Howdy doo, Colonel?” the young girl replied. Rhodey laughed and turned to the pilots he was lecturing. “Speaking of manned or unmanned, you gotta get him to tell you about the time he guessed wrong at spring break. Just remember that, spring break, 1987. That lovely lady you woke up with.” Tony starts, ignoring the; “Don’t do that.” From Rhodey.
“What was his name?” - “Don’t do that.”

“Was it Ivan?” - “Don’t do that.”

“They’ll believe it.” - “Don’t do that.”

“Okay.” - “Don’t do that.”


“Yeah.”

“Rhodey, I'm working on something big. I came to talk to you. I want you to be a part of it.” Tony says. Rhodey chuckled. “You're about to make a whole lot of people around here real happy, ’cause that little stunt at the press conference, that was a doozy.” Rhodey says. “This is not for the military. I'm not... It's different.” Tony sighs. “What? You're a humanitarian now or something?” Tony shakes his head. “I need you to listen to me.”

“Jarvis, you up?” Tony asked, stationed at his desk with (Y/n) asleep in her wheelchair beside him. After three months together and in a new setting, she didn’t want to leave his side just yet. Tony was fine with this; she was silent most of the time anyways.

“For you, sir, always.” The AI replied. “I’d like to open a new project file, index as Mark Two, oh and a sub project too, index Helping Leg.” Tony says. “Shall I store this on the Stark Industries Central Database?” Jarvis asked. “Actually, I don’t know who to trust right now. Till further notice, why don’t we just keep everything on my private server?” Tony replied. “Working on a secret project, are we, sir?” Jarvis asked. “I don’t want this winding up in the wrong hands.” Tony retorted. “Maybe in mine, it can actually do some good.”

“On that note actually.” Tony adds, eyeing the sleeping girl at his desk. “What grade is a five-year-old in?” he asks. Jarvis hums, a noise Tony programed instead of listening to Jarvis saying ‘searching’ every time he wanted information. “Kindergarten, sir.” He finally answered. “Jesus.” Tony shook his head. “She’s almost as smart as I am and she’s in kindergarten?”

“It appears so.” Jarvis replied. “God. Uh, see if you can find a nearby school she can go to.” Tony commands. “Yes, sir.”

Tony was building in the morning when (Y/n) woke up. She watched him a while then moaned for breakfast, this was only after her stomach growled and Tony realised how hungry he was as well.

They both came back to the lab and she messed around with somethings whilst Tony worked. (Y/n) did listen to the many insults Tony shot at his own creations of robots with a snicker, though. “What’cha building?” She asked, interest finally piqued after she stopped finding interest in whatever she was doing before.

“A new mark suit.” Tony replied. “Interesting.” (Y/n) murmured. It looked much better, seeing as Tony had access to better materials here. She even got to hold the camera as he tested the devices.

“Okay, let's do this right. Start mark, half a meter, and back and centre. Dum-E, look alive. You're on standby for fire safety. You, roll it.” The camera was already recording. “Okay. Activate hand controls. We're gonna start off nice and easy. We're gonna see if ten percent thrust capacity achieves lift. And three, two, one.”
Tony was thrust into a cement wall at full force immediately and (Y/n) couldn’t help but bark out laughter and Dum-E sprayed Tony with the fire extinguisher despite there being no fire. Tony spent many light nights living off of coffee with his surrogate daughter building this suit and leaving the leg bot he was testing to be a surprise for her.

They spent a lot of time together modelling and building this suit for Tony, Yinsen was right, she was smart, and she was VERY useful. Tony was glad he kept her around.

“Up two. All right, set that.” (Y/n) says to the Dum-E robot that was attempting to help. It really needed to be reprogrammed. “I’ve been buzzing you. Did you hear the intercom?” Pepper asked, walking in with magazines, a box, a cup of coffee and a mug of hot cocoa. “Yeah, everything’s... What?” Tony asked. “Obadiah’s upstairs.” Pepper says. “Great.” Tony muttered. “What would you like me to tell-?” She stops when Tony cuts in and pretty much ignores her in favour of testing out the arm prototype. “Great. I'll be right up.”

“I thought you said you were done making weapons.” Pepper says, eyeing the machine strapped to Tony, and then the little girl much too close to the machinery. “It is.” Tony says. “It’s a flight stabiliser, it’s completely harmless.” (Y/n) says, right as Tony shot a white beam from the palm and few backwards, making Pepper cover her ears and (Y/n) to completely slide off the table to avoid it. “I didn’t expect that.” Tony grunts at Pepper’s infuriated look. “Let’s go see Obadiah.”

Tony held (Y/n) as he jogged up the stairs to Obadiah playing the piano, Pepper already having brought up her wheelchair. He set her down on the couch and both hardly realised it was night. “How’d it go?” Tony asked. Obadiah continued playing the piano and said nothing. “That bad huh?”

“Just because I brought pizza back from New York doesn't mean it went bad.” Obadiah says. “Sure doesn't. Oh, boy.” Tony says, helping himself to a slice and helping (Y/n) get one to. “Would’ve gone better if you were there.” Obadiah called, stopping the piano keys. “Uh-uh.” Tony sassed. “You told me to lay low, that’s what I’ve been doin’. I lay low and you take care of all the-.”

“Hey, come on.” Obadiah cut in. “In public. The press. This was a board of directors meeting” he says. “This w- this was a board of directors meeting?” Tony asked, stunned as Obadiah walked up to him, a glass of some form of alcohol in hand. “The board is claiming you have post-traumatic stress. They're filing an injunction.”

“A what?” Tony asks. “They wanna lock you out.” Obadiah clarifies. “Why, ’cause the stocks dipped forty points? We knew that was gonna happen.” Tony argues. “Fifty-six and a half.” Pepper corrected. “It doesn’t matter; we own the controlling interest in the company.” Tony snapped. “Tony,
the board has rights, too. They're making the case that you and your new direction isn't in the company's best interest." Obadiah says like a father corralling his son. "I'm being responsible!" Tony argued. "That's a new direction, for m- for the company." Obadiah’s eyebrows raised and his mouth made an ‘O’ shape. Pepper just stared at him. “I mean, me on the company's behalf being responsible for the way that…”

“You’re digging yourself a grave.” (Y/n) says. “You be quiet; this doesn’t concern you.” Tony retorts. “I’m just sayin’.” (Y/n) shrugs. “This is great.” Tony says sarcastically. “Oh, come on. Tony. Tony!”

“I’ll be in the shop.” Tony says, standing up with the pizza box and walking back towards the stairs. “Hey, hey! Hey, Tony. Listen. I'm trying to turn this thing around, but you gotta give me something. Something to pitch them. Let me have the engineers analyse that. You know, draw up some specs.” Obadiah says.

“It'll give me a bone to throw the boys-.” | “No. No, absolutely not.”

“-in New York!” | “This one stays with me.”

“That's it, Obie. Forget it.” Tony says, walking away once more. “All right, well, this stays with me, then.” Obadiah cuts in, ripping the pizza box from Tony’s hand. “Go on, here, you can have a piece.” He says, opening the box. “Take two.” Tony takes one and climbs down the stairs. “You mind if I come down there and see what you're doing?” Obadiah asks. “Good night, Obie.”

(Y/n) had the camera in her lap and was adjusting the view finder.

“Day eleven, test thirty-seven, configuration two point zero. For lack of a better option, Dum-E is still on fire safety. If you douse me again, and I'm not on fire, I'm donating you to a city college. All right, nice and easy. Seriously, just gonna start off with one percent thrust capacity.

And three, two, one.”

The stabilisers worked as Tony levitated in place, uneasily at first, yes, but fine. He even managed to land fine. “Okay. Please don't follow me around with it, either, 'cause I feel like I'm gonna catch on fire spontaneously. Just stand down! If something happens, then come in. And again, let's bring it up
to two point five. Three, two, one.”

Tony was flying well, the more power caused him to fly better and mover easier but the wobbling caused him to wander over to the cars. “Okay, this is where I don't want to be! Not the car, not the car!” He whined, sucking in a pained breath. He wobbled over towards the monitors, paper flying everywhere.

“Table!”

He used his hands to direct himself away from the wall and giggled nervously. “Could be worse! Could be worse! We're fine! Okay.” Tony landed with a slight struggle, but didn’t fall. He looked at Dum-E which raised the extinguisher. “No! UH-UH-UH-UH!” Tony yelled at it, pointing his hand at it. Dum-E lowed the extinguisher then Tony looked into the camera. “Yeah, I can fly.” Then walked off like he was on some drama show.


“Will do, sir.”

“Alright, what do you say?”

“I have indeed been uploaded, sir. We're online and ready.”

“Can we start the virtual walk-around?”

“Importing preferences and calibrating virtual environment.”

“Do a check on control surfaces.”
“As you wish.”

The suit moved and clicked into its proper places.

“Test complete. Preparing to power down and begin diagnostics.”

“Uh, yeah, tell you what. Do a weather and ATC check, start listening in on ground control.”

“Sir, there are still terabytes of calculations needed before an actual flight is...”

“Jarvis! Sometimes you got to run before you can walk.

“That’s terrible advice.” (Y/n) sighs. “You only have one leg.” Tony retorts. “I have one and a half legs, thank you very much.” (Y/n) replies curtly, though a small smile was pressed against her lips.

“Ready? In three, two, one.”

Tony lifted off the ground and aimed to fly out the garage opening. He did so with surprising ease, loudly exclaiming happily as the silver suit disappeared into the darkness of the night sky. Thankfully, (Y/n) was watching a monitor with Tony’s vitals.

“Handle’s like a dream.” Tony comments, flying past a carnival and watching a kid spill his ice-cream. “Alright, let’s see what this thing can do.”

“What’s SR-seventy-one’s record?” Tony asks, propelling the suit higher. “The altitude record for fixed wing flight is eighty-five thousand feet, sir.” Jarvis replies. “Records are made to be broken! Come on!” Tony beamed. “Excusez moi?” (Y/n) asked. “I didn’t know you knew French, kid.” Tony muses. “I know many languages.” She retorts. “You’re five!”

“Sir, there is a potentially fatal build-up of ice occurring.” Jarvis cuts in. “Keep going! Higher!” the suit froze up and the propelling stopped. Tony starting hurtling towards the ground. “We iced up, Jarvis! Deploy flaps! Jarvis!” Tony yelled. “Come on, we got to break the ice!” Tony managed to do it manually and, just barely avoiding smashing into the concrete or cars, sped back home. “Kill power.” (Y/n) says. Tony abruptly falls through the ceiling, through the piano Obadiah was playing, through the floor and on top of one of his cars.
“What was that for?” Tony asked with a grunt. “Not paying attention to Jarvis’ warning.” (Y/n) replied. Dum-E sprayed Tony with the fire extinguisher.

Tony held an icepack to his head as they settled back into the basement, picking up his (somehow) still steaming mug of coffee and then freezing, turning back to give the box it was resting on a peculiar look. He pulls off a yellow sticky note and starts ripping off the paper.

It was the arc reactor in a glass case, the words ‘Proof Tony Stark has a heart’ was engraved around it. “That’s one way to store it.” (Y/n) comments with a smile. Tony smiled too. “Yeah.”
Party

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Notes. Main transducer feels sluggish at plus forty altitudes. Hull pressurisation is problematic. I'm thinking icing is the probable factor.” Tony says, leaning back in his chair. “Very astute observation, sir.” Jarvis says. “Perhaps, if you intend to visit other planets, we should improve the exo-systems.”

“Connect to the sys. co. Have it reconfigured the shell metals. Use the gold titanium alloy from the seraphim tactical satellite. That should ensure a fuselage integrity while maintaining power-to-weight ratio. Got it?” Tony hums. “Yes.” Jarvis replies. “Shall I render using proposed specifications?” he asks. “Thrill me.” Tony replies.

“Tonight's red-hot red carpet is right here at the Disney Concert Hall, where Tony Stark's third annual benefit for the Firefighter’s Family Fund has become the place to be for L.A.'s high society.” A news report on the background TV gains Tony’s attention, drawing (Y/n) attention to it as well.

“Jarvis, we get an invite for that?” Tony asked. “I have no record of an invitation, sir.” Jarvis replied.

“Hasn’t been seen in public since his bizarre and highly controversial press conference. Some claim he's suffering from post-traumatic stress and has been bedridden for weeks. Whatever the case may be, no one expects an appearance from him tonight.”

“The render is complete.” Jarvis says. “A little ostentatious, don't you think?” Tony asks, looking at the silver rendering. “What was I thinking? You're usually so discreet.” Jarvis says sarcastically. “I like this AI.” (Y/n) says. Tony eyes one of his cars. “Tell you what. Throw a little hot-rod red in there.” He says. “Yes, that should help you keep a low profile.” (Y/n) could hear Jarvis roll his non-existent eyes. “The render is complete.” Tony didn’t mention gold, but it was on the suit anyways.

“Hey, I like it. Fabricate it. Paint it.” Tony says. “Commencing automated assembly. Estimated completion time is five hours.”

“Don’t wait up for me, honey.” Tony replies, making a ‘follow me’ gesture to (Y/n) and helping her wheel chair up the stairs. He leaves her be in the living room as he disappears to his bedroom on the phone.

A few minutes later Pepper appears, dishevelled with a few expensive looking dresses on her arm.
“What are those for?” (Y/n) asked. “You, apparently.” Pepper sighed. Pepper helped (Y/n) change into the one she wanted. (Blue, Red, Two Piece, Simple Fade, Personal Favourite) and do her hair.

“Ready to go?” Tony asked. “As I’ll ever be.” (Y/n) replied. “Cool. Where’s Pepper?” Tony asked. “She left, said she had to do something.” (Y/n) replied with a shrug. Tony drove to the place and helped (Y/n) inter her wheelchair before allowing the bellboy to park the car. The people that saw him gaped and then gasped at the little girl with him. “I can push myself, y’know.” (Y/n) says. “You don’t have to.” Tony relied. “Can’t argue with that.”

“Hey Tony, remember me?” a blonde chick asked, pointedly ignoring the small girl. “Sure don’t.” He replied, not even looking at her. Tony approached Obadiah with; “What’s the world coming to when a guy has to crash his own party?” Obadiah chuckled. “Look at you… hey what a surprise. You brought the kid?”

“She’s my daughter.” The fucking press went MAD. “I’ll see ya inside.” Tony says to Obadiah, wheeling her away. “Hey, uh, take it slow, I think we got the board right where we want ‘em.” Obadiah whispered to Tony. “You got it.” He replied, continuing forward. “I don’t like him.” (Y/n) comments. “I’m starting to not like him either.” Tony replies.

Tony walks up to the bar for a drink, the eye eyes (Y/n) but she obviously wasn’t getting anything. “Mr Stark.” He turned to the man next to him. “Yeah?”

“Agent Coulson.” The guy introduced himself. “Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. The guy from the…” Tony trailed off. “Strategic Homeland Intervention, Enforcement and Logistics Division, misspelt SHEILD.” (Y/n) supplied. “God, you need a new name for that.” Tony sighed. Phil nodded. “Yeah, we get that a lot, you, girly, might be onto something with the SHEILD acronym though.” Phil referred to (Y/n). “Don’t involve me, please.” She retorts.

“Listen, I know this must be a trying time for you, but we need to debrief you. There's still a lot of unanswered questions, and time can be a factor with these things. Let's just put something on the books. How about the 24th at 7:00 p.m. at Stark Industries?” Phil suggests. “He’s not listening; he’s undressing miss Potts with his eyes.” (Y/n) says. Tony flick’s her head. “You’re five, how could you possibly know something like that?” He didn’t want an answer as he turned back to Phil. “You got it. You're absolutely right. Well, I'm going to go to my assistant, and we'll make a date.”

Tony shook Phil’s hand and pushed the wheelchair forwards. (Y/n) just shook her head, a) at Tony’s pathetics and b) at her own stupidity for not realising Pepper was dressed up for whatever this was. “You look fantastic! I didn't recognize you.” He greets. “What're you doing here?” Pepper asks. When her eyes landed on (Y/n) it all clicked in her head. “ust avoiding government agents.”

“Would you like to dance?” Pepper shook her head. “Oh, no.” Tony wasn’t gonna take ‘no’ for an answer it seemed. “Alright, come on.” He says. “Thank you, no.” Pepper reiterated, but sighed as Tony pulled her onto the dance floor anyways. “Am I making you uncomfortable?” Tony asked. “No. No. I always forget to wear deodorant and dance with my boss in front of everyone that I work with in a dress with no back.”

“You look great and you smell great.”

“You’re both digging yourselves graves with this.”

They both promptly ignored the young girl.

“I could fire you if that would take the edge off.” Tony offered. “I actually don't think that you could tie your shoes without me.” Pepper quipped and (Y/n) snickered. “I'd make it a week.” Tony says. “Really?” – “Sure.”

“What’s your social security number?” Pepper asked. Tony hesitated.

“Five.”

“Five? Right.”

“Right.”

“You’re missing just a couple of digits there.”

“The other eight? So I got you for the other eight.”

They danced like awkward teens for a bit. “How about a little air?” Tony offered. “Yes, I need some air.” Pepper nodded, clearing her throat. (Y/n) wheeled herself over to Phil who was watching like a
stalker. “I bet you fifty bucks they’re not talking about that deal.” She says to him. He looked at her. “I doubt you have fifty bucks.” He retorts. “I live with Tony Stark, try again, sweetheart.”

“Oh!” A young looking woman look at (Y/n) in surprise than glares at Phil. “Did you bring this little girl to a party with alcohol?” She asks. “She’s in a wheelchair.” He deadpans. “It’s not like she could be doing much.” The lady gasps and slams him, then leans down to look at (Y/n) on eye level. “Is that man your father?” She asks. “No.” she looked even more upset about that. “He’s my papa’s friend that’s looking after me while he talks to mama.” (Y/n) clarifies. “Dyadya Phil.” The lady tilts her head. “It means Uncle in Russian.” The lady calms down considerably. “Oh, my.” She looks at Phil. “Terribly sorry, you’re just looking out for her.” She says. “I hope you can forgive me.”

“Yeah, sure, totally.” Phil nods. She smiles and then walks away. “How?” He asks, looking back at the young girl sitting innocently in her wheelchair. “You’re the middle aged man talking to a five-year-old, crippled child.” (Y/n) retorts. “How do you know half of the words coming out of your mouth?” Phil asks. “I was taught fast pace.” She replies.

“The 15-mile hike to the outskirts of Gulmira can only be described as a descent into hell, into a modern day Heart of Darkness. Simple farmers and herders from peaceful villages have been driven from their homes, displaced from their lands by warlords emboldened by a new-found power. Villagers have been forced to take shelter in whatever crude dwellings they can find in the ruins of other villages, or here in the remnants of an old Soviet smelting plant. Recent violence has been attributed to a group of foreign fighters referred to by locals as the Ten Rings. As you can see, these men are heavily armed and on a mission. A mission that could prove fatal to anyone who stands in their way. With no political will or international pressure, there’s very little hope for these refugees. Around me, a woman begging for news on her husband, who was kidnapped by insurgents, either forced to join their militia…”

Tony blasted a hole through his lab, blocking the sound of the news temporarily.

“Desperate refugees clutch yellowed photographs, holding them up to anyone who will stop. A child's simple question, "Where are my mother and father?" There's very little hope for these refugees, refugees who can only wonder who, if anyone, will help.”

Tony used his armour to break the glass of his stair well. “I though those were meant to be for flight.” (Y/n) mused. “Not anymore.” Tony muttered. He stepped onto the black flooring in his lab and watched the floor com apart, allowing him to suit up into the armour. “What are you doing?” (Y/n) asked. “I’m gonna do something about those terrorists in Gulmira.” Tony snapped. (Y/n) sighed. “Be careful.” She says. “At least you’re not telling me to back out.” Tony says. “Where’ the logic in that? You wouldn’t listen.”
“That’s true.” Tony blasted off.

Chapter End Notes

Russian -
папа = Dad
"папа"
мама = Mom
"мама"
дядя = Uncle
"дядя"
(Y/n) watched the vitals on one of the monitors, worry tugging at her heartstrings that she promptly ignored. When Tony arrived there was lots of screaming of innocents and foreign shouts that fell quiet. One guy tried to shoot him but the bullets bounced off the armour. Tony punched the guy, who then flew into a wall and a hundred percent died on impact. Tony blaster three guys with the palm shooters then hesitated when some guards started threatening the people. Bullets shot from the shoulders targeting only the terrorists. A kid ran forward and hugged his father, crying and Tony left.

He found the leader with scans and punched a hole in the to pick him up by the collar. Tony dropped him before the public. “He’s all yours.” And then he left. The scans showed he was aiming for the Jericho missiles but Tony was shot out of the air first. Tony was well enough to stand after that and avoided the second shot they threw at him, shooting his own that blew up the whole tank. Simple bullets did nothing to the armour so Tony ignored the people shooting him in favour for the Jericho missiles which blew up everywhere.

THE FUCKING PHONE STARTED RINGING!

“Who is it?” Tony asked over the coms. “RHODEY!” Tony cursed under his breath, but answered with a calm; “Hello.”


“I said it’s Rhodes.”

“Speak up, please.”

“What the hell is that noise?”

“Oh, yeah, I'm driving with the top down.” Tony said. What a GREAT excuse. “Yeah, well, I need your help right now.” Rhodey says. “It's funny how that works, huh?” Tony asks. “Yeah. Speaking of funny, we've got a weapons depot that was just blown up a few clicks from where you were being held captive.” Rhodey continues. “Well, that's, uh, a hot spot. Sounds like someone stepped in and did your job for you, huh?”
“Why do you sound out of breath, Tony?”

“I'm not, I was just jogging in the canyon.”

“I though you said you were driving?”

“Right, I was driving to the canyon, where I'm going to jog.”

“Lord help us.” (Y/n) whispered quietly, running her hands through her hair.

“With a disabled girl? You sure you don't have any tech in that area I should know about?”

“Nope.”

“Okay, good, 'cause I'm staring at one right now, and it's about to be blown to kingdom come.”

“Huh, that's my exit.”

Tony swerved to avoid the jets tailing him but they followed. “Rhodey’s gotta blow Tony up.” (Y/n) murmured.

One of the jets shot a missile at Tony, who retaliated with small bullets that made the thing blow up. The gets started shooting bullets at Tony. “Deploy flaps!” he was suddenly dragging behind the jets and (Y/n) got the gist of them losing sight of him.

At some point the phone call had ended, because Tony was calling Rhodey back now. He answered!

“Hi Rhodey, it’s me.” Tony says. “It’s who?” Rhodey asked. “I'm sorry, it is me. You asked. What you were asking about is me.” Tony says. “No, see, this isn't a game. You do not send civilian equipment into my active war zone. You understand that?” Rhodey snapped. “This is not a piece of equipment. I'm in it. It's a suit. It's me!” Tony argued. “(Y/n)’s on the other end, she can couch for me!”
“(Y/n) is five!” Rhodey argued. “And I’m smarter than your ass!” She shot. “Language! Not until you’re a teenager! I don’t want teachers getting the shits with me because of your language.” Tony says. There’s some form of communication from Rhodey’s end because he goes quiet. Suddenly Tony’s camera view is shaky and he’s thrown off of whatever was holding him. Tony was quick to re-stabilize and go after the guy who was plummeting to his death. Literally what happened?

Tony pulled the parachute open on the guys seat then swerved away. “Tony, you still there?” Rhodey asks. “Hey, thanks.” Tony sighs. “Oh mah god, you a crazy son of a bitch.” Rhodey chuckles. “You owe me a plane, you know that, right?” Tony chuckled. “Well, uh, technically, he hit me, so. Now you gonna come by and see what we’re working on?”

“No, no, no, no, no, no, the less I know, the better. Now, what am I supposed to tell the press?” Rhodey asks. “Training exercise. Isn’t that the usual BS?” Tony asks. “It’s not that simple.” Rhodey replied.

“An unfortunate training exercise involving an F-22 Raptor occurred yesterday.” Of course that’s exactly what he did. “I am pleased to report that the pilot was not injured. As for the unexpected turn of events on the ground in Gulmira, it is still unclear who or what intervened, but I can assure you that the United States government was not involved.”

Tony was arguing with Jarvis about getting his suit off when a sound caught (Y/n)’s attention and she swivelled around. “Oh, Tony!” she called, not meeting Pepper’s eyes. “Yeah, kid?” He asked, not paying any attention. “We have a guest.” Tony’s eyes snapped over to the girls in shock.

“What’s going on here?” Pepper asked softly. Tony debated a reply and went with. “Let’s face it, this is not the worst thing you’ve caught me doing.” (Y/n) cringed. “Uh, ew!” she exclaimed. “Get used to it, you’re stuck with me kid.” Tony says.

“Are those bullet holes?” Pepper asked, gaining the bickering pair’s attention. Tony, once again, debated a reply.

Pepper walked into the lab, Tony and (Y/n) already over seeing repairs to the armour and perking up to the sound of her entering.
“Hey. You busy? You mind if I send you on an errand? I need you to go to my office. You're going
to hack into the mainframe and you're going to retrieve all the recent shipping manifests. This is a
lock chip. This'll get you in. It's probably under Executive Files. If not, they put it on a ghost drive, in
which case you need to look for the lowest numeric heading.” Tony says. “Smooth.” (Y/n), only to
be ignored. Again.

“And what do you plan to do with this information if I bring it back here?” Pepper asked like it was a
life or death situation. “Same drill. They've been dealing under the table, and I'm going to stop them.
I'm going to find my weapons and destroy them.” Tony replies.

“Tony, you know that I would help you with anything, but I cannot help you if you're going to start
all of this again.” Pepper says. “There is nothing except this. There's no art opening. There is no
benefit. There is nothing to sign. There is the next mission and nothing else.” Tony assures. “Is that
so?” Pepper asks. “Well, then I quit.” She tosses the chip onto the table and goes to leave.

“You stood by my side all these years while I reaped the benefits of destruction. And now that I'm
trying to protect the people that I put in harm's way, you're going to walk out?” Tony asked. “You're
going to kill yourself, Tony. I'm not going to be a part of it.” Pepper quips. “I shouldn't be alive,
unless it was for a reason. I'm not crazy, Pepper. I just finally know what I have to do. And I know
in my heart that it's right.” Pepper sighed and came back, taking the chip in her hand. “You’re all I
have, too, you know.” She says.

(Y/n) bit her lip and doesn’t really know what to say in this situation. “Why don’t we fix up to suit
for the next fight? I honestly doubt it’s gonna be okay like this.” She says. Pepper and Tony nod,
getting to their respective jobs.

“It’s late kid, you should get to bed.” Tony says. (Y/n) stifles a yawn. “Fine.” She huffs. “Can you
help me up the stairs?” Tony nods, standing from his place. “Course.” Tony picks (Y/n) up bridal
style and walks up the stairs, laying (Y/n) down in her room. Doing a quick trip back to get the
wheelchair. She’d need it in the morning.

“Goodnight, princess.” He says, brushing her hair from her face and gently kissing her forehead.
“Goodnight, papa.” She replied, eyes closed and smuggling into her blankets. She was already
asleep.
Tony stepped out into the living room, going to find the source of ringing. Where had he last placed his phone? He picked up a cushioned found it. “Why was it on the couch? Pepper was ringing. “He goes to answer in, but the sound of something powering up stops him and the continuing high-pitched sound made him freeze. Pepper’s voice in his ear asking what was wrong.

“Breathe. Easy, easy.” Obadiah says, softly laying Tony back on the couch. “You remember this one, right? It's a shame the government didn't approve it. There's so many applications for causing short-term paralysis. He says, walking around the couch. “Tony. When I ordered the hit on you, I worried that I was killing the golden goose.” Obadiah set up a round contraption and placed it around the arc reactor.

“But, you see, it was just fate that you survived that. You had one last golden egg to give.” Obadiah pulled the reactor out with said device, smiling coldly at Tony. “Do you really think that just because you have an idea, it belongs to you? Your father, he helped give us the atomic bomb. Now, what kind of world would it be today if he was as selfish as you?” he pulled the magnet out and Tony’s still body gasped.

“Oh, it's beautiful. Tony, this is your Ninth Symphony.” Obadiah sits beside Tony, wrapping an arm casual over his shoulders. “What a masterpiece. Look at that. This is your legacy. A new generation of weapons with this at its heart. Weapons that will help steer the world back on course, put the balance of power in our hands. The right hands. I wish you could've seen my prototype. It's not as... Well, not as conservative as yours.” Obadiah places the reactor in a briefcase. “Too bad you had to involve Pepper in this. I would have preferred that she lived.” He then walked away.
Success

Tony was crawling against the floor when (Y/n) came bumbling down, leaning against the railing of the stairs. “Jesus.” She moaned, looking at Tony’s pale skin and lack of an arc reactor. Tony leaned against the stand where the original one was and Dum-E handed to him.

“Good boy.” Tony praised with a bit of effort before smashing the glass on the ground. (Y/n) hobbled over, wary of the glass and picked the reactor up, flipping Tony onto his back and helping place it in. He coughed, but his skin looked brighter quickly. “What woke you?” He asked. “The sound of death.” She replied. “C’mon we have to-.”

“Jarvis, the side project.” Tony heaved, standing up with the slightest (a lot of) help from (Y/n). from one of the many places Tony could hide things in his lab, a metal boot appeared and he brought (Y/n) over to it. She looked at it curiously as Tony grabbed it. “I’ve tested it, it’s great, this WAS supposed to be a birthday gift but a; it’s needed now and b; I’m just now realising I don’t know when your birthday is.” (Y/n) stared at him. “This is for me?” She asks. “Yeah.”

(Y/n) teared up and Tony blinked. “Sh, sh, don’t cry, (Y/n), sweetheart, now really isn’t the time.” Tony says. “Papa.” She wailed, clutching his shirt in a hug. “Okay.” Tony sighed and wrapped his arms around her. “We gotta go, though.” Tony helped connect the metal leg to her flesh stump, the metal softly clinging to it, not enough to hurt, cut strong enough to stay on. He walked around a bit, getting used to it, then smiled. “Let’s go, Papa.” Tony snickered and pat her back. “Let’s go.”


“Hey, what’s up with Tony’s suit-vitals-thing?” Rhodey asks, seeing as it was on forty percent. Too bad (Y/n) couldn’t hear Tony or Jarvis. “The arc reactor in Tony’s chest isn’t made the same way as the one he used at home. That one can withstand the flight capabilities of his suit, the one he’s using now can’t.” (Y/n) explained. “Why are you so damn smart? You’re five.” Rhodey curses. “Smart parents.” She replied.

“It’s Russian for uncle.”

...

“Papa’s vitals are at fifteen.” (Y/n) says, gripping the edge of the device (IPad? Tablet? SMALL COMPUTER!?!?!) with a furrow to her brow. “He’ll be fine kiddo, takes a lot more than someone like Obadiah to kill him.” Rhodey says. “I know, I watched him fight back in Afghanistan.”

“Before or after you two were rescued?” Rhodey asked. “Yes.”

“What?”

They pulled up at the control centre and ran in. “Scramble the jets!” Someone ordered. A guy gets on the phone but Rhodey hangs it up. “Not necessary, people. Just a training exercise.” He says. “Yes sir.”

“Thirteen percent.” (Y/n) says, still holding the device. “Eleven percent.” The numbers just kept going down. “Seven percent.” … “Two percent.” It was a horrified whisper. “Repulsors offline. Missiles offline.” She adds after a moment of silence. “What’s happening, Rhodey?” “I don’t know.” He replies.

A white beam of light shot into the sky. “What is that?” Rhodey whisper asked. “Is that the arc reactor?” (Y/n) asked herself. The was an explosion shortly after that. And a blurr of loud noises and bright lights.

“Ironman. That's kind of catchy. It's got a nice ring to it. I mean, it's not technically accurate. The suit's a gold-titanium alloy, but it's kind of evocative, the imagery, anyway.” Tony says as Pepper
cleans a cut on his nose. “Here’s your alibi.” Phil says, approaching with a slip of paper. “Okay.”

“You were on your yacht,”

“Yeah.”

“We have port papers that put you in Avalon all night, and sworn statements from 50 of your guests.”

“See, I was thinkin’, maybe, I we should say it was just the girls and I alone on an island.” Tony murmurs. “That’s what happened.” Phil sighs. “Alright.” Tony huffs. “Just read it word for word.” Tony flips through the card while (Y/n) eats. “There’s nothing about Stane here.” Tony murmurs.

“That’s all being handled, he’s on vacation. He’s on a small aircraft, poor safety record.” Phil says. “But what about the hole cover story, ‘it’s a bodyguard’? He’s my body- that’s kinda flimsy y’know.” Tony says. “This isn’t my first rodeo, Mr Stark, just stick to the official statement and soon this will all be behind you.” Phil turned to Pepper. “You’ve got ninety seconds.”

“You’ve been quiet kid.” Tony says, watching (Y/n). She just nods slowly. “Something botherin’ ya kid?” He asks. She shakes her head. “I’m happy.” Tony cocked an eyebrow. “It’s all finally over. No more worrying about getting hurt around each corner.” She says, smiling brightly at Tony. He smiled back and ruffled her hair. “You’re a good kid, (Y/n). Don’t you forget that.”

“Let’s get this show on the road.” Pepper says, picking up Tony’s jacket. “Y’know, it’s not that bad, even I don’t think I’m Ironman.” Tony says, reading over the cards. (Y/n) slipped out of the chair and flattened her dress out (Pretty, Interesting, Two Piece, This) whilst the adults got into an argument over if Tony was Ironman or not.

“You know, if I were Ironman, I’d have this girlfriend who knew my true identity. She’d be a wreck, ’cause she’d always be worrying that I was going to die, yet so proud of the man I’d become. She’d be wildly conflicted, which would only make her more crazy about me. Tell me you never think about that night.”

“What night?”

“You know.”
“Are you talking about the night that we danced and went up on the roof, and then you went downstairs to get me a drink, and you left me there, by myself? Is that the night you're talking about? Thought so. Will that be all, Mr. Stark?”

(Y/n) snickered.

“Yes, that will be all, Miss Potts.”

“And now, Mr. Stark has prepared a statement. He will not be taking any questions.” Rhodey stepped to the side and (Y/n) stepped into the stage with Tony, holding his hand. “Thank you. Been a while since I was in front of you. I figure I'll stick to the cards this time. There's been speculation that I was involved in the events that occurred on the freeway and the rooftop…”

“I’m sorry, Mr Stark.” A girl cuts him off. “but do you honestly expect us to believe that that was a bodyguard in a suit that conveniently appeared, despite the fact that you…”

“I know that it's confusing. It is one thing to question the official story, and another thing entirely to make wild accusations, or insinuate that I'm a superhero” Tony interrupted. “I never said you were a superhero.”

“Didn't? Well, good, because that would be outlandish and fantastic. I'm just not the hero type. Clearly. With this laundry list of character defects, all the mistakes I've made, largely public.”

“Just stick to the cards.” Rhodey whispered to him. “The truth is…” Tony hesitated, and stared at the cars for a long time. “I am Ironman.”

“Jarvis!” Tony beamed, (Y/n) at his side.

“Welcome home, Sir-.” The AI was distorted and cut out.

"I am Ironman. You think you're the only superhero in the world? Mr. Stark, you've become part of a bigger universe. You just don't know it yet.” A guy in the shadow says. What a wonderful way to meet someone. “Who the hell are you?” Tony asks, protectively putting a hand in front of (Y/n).
The guy stands in front of the light. “Nick Fury, Director of S.H.I.E.L.D.” Tony calms down. “Ah.” He sighs. “I'm here to talk to you about th

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