In A Semi-Conscious State

by therumandcokediaries

Summary

For theallpowerfulone on tumblr, who requested/suggested the following: "I really want some angst because I’m ill and I need to focus on something. Like what if Loki gets so tired (flare up) that he just straight up collapses in front of Peter and Peter hasn’t dealt with this fully before so he just freaks until Tony comes to sort everything out. Bonus if Tony switches between personalities (Omg Peter he just needs rest to come on darling up you get to bed)."

Part of my frostiron and spiderson series. Title taken from ‘Grey Day’ by Madness (incredible, me actually telling people for once).

Loki blinked slowly at the rambling teenager in front of him. He’d been feeling a little fuzzy for a few days now, and today it was getting increasingly difficult to listen to what Peter was saying.

“Peter, you need to slow down”

“Ok, ok, but I’m excited! So, after we’d finished taking down-”

Loki put a hand on a nearby cabinet to steady himself. As much as he loved his son, he couldn’t always keep up with him, especially when he was bordering on another bad M.E flare-up. He could hear Peter’s voice, but he couldn’t seem to decipher what he was saying properly. He knew he was
excited, and pleased about something. He was doing his little-kiddie thing, bouncing on the balls of his feet and standing barely a foot in front of him, so he was in danger of accidentally being headbutted in the mouth.

“Darling, please...” Loki said, putting a hand on Peter’s shoulder. “You’ve lost me. Why don’t you go and tell your father?”

“Huh? Why would I need to tell him? He was there!” Peter said.

“Sorry? Oh yes, of course” Loki sighed. “Sorry darling, you’ll have to fill me in another time” Peter finally stopped, taking a little step back and taking a proper look at his father.

“Daddy? Do you need to go to bed?”

“Mmm... I think I’m ok”

“Did you stay up late last night or something? Because dad says-”

Peter was off on another tangent. Harmless as it was, Loki found it tiring. He felt weird: sick. Foggy, and tired. He felt dizzy, so incredibly dizzy, and weak, with that horrible hollow feeling in his limbs and stomach. He tried to focus on Peter, but he couldn’t. All he could think about was this horrible, oh-so-familiar, but somehow worse than usual feeling. He could feel his hand sweating against the wood of the cabinet. The back of his neck felt cold. That horrible wobbly feeling hit his knees, exacerbated by his already trembling body, and that proved to be the tipping point.

“Daddy?! Daddy!” Peter cried out as his father collapsed onto the floor with a heavy thud. He knelt down beside him, looking him over frantically. “Daddy?!”, Loki slowly opened his eyes. Everything looked and sounded fuzzy. He had a new pain now, where he’d hit his head on the cabinet as he’d fallen. He wasn’t entirely sure what had just happened. He made no effort to move.

“Daddy?! Oh daddy, I don’t know what to do!” Peter burst into tears, trembling and trying hard not to panic. “I-I’ll go and get other daddy; he’ll know what to do”

Tony jumped a little when Peter came rushing into the kitchen, tears pouring down his face, trembling all over.

“Peter?! What’s up?”

“Daddy... There’s something wrong with daddy!” Peter sobbed.

Tony sighed heavily. “For God’s sake Peter, don’t be such a drama queen. He’s been on his way to flare-up town for days now: he just hasn’t admitted it yet. Stop crying. He just needs to rest”

Peter just kept crying. He could hardly speak. One minute he’d been recounting his morning, and the next minute, his dad had gone deathly pale and fallen to the floor. Loki needed help, and fast.

“Peter, calm down” Tony said. “I know you don’t like it when he’s poorly, but-”

“He needs help!” Peter cried out, grabbing Tony’s arm. “He fell!”

“What?! Why didn’t you say so?!” Tony stood up quickly, his whole mood changing.
Peter was too busy sobbing to reply. Tony grabbed Peter by the shoulders.

“Where is he?”

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Tony left Peter crying on the sidelines while he tended to his husband.

“Oh Loki, you stubborn bastard. Why didn’t you just give in?” Tony said sadly, helping him to sit up. “Have you hurt yourself?”

“...I don’t think so” Loki mumbled, rubbing his head. “I don’t really know what happened...”

“You reached your limit, that’s what happened” Tony said, kissing him gently on the forehead, where quite the bump was forming. “Come on darling; let’s get you up and into bed”

Loki didn’t move. He knew he’d pushed himself, and it hadn’t paid off. He felt awful, so fuzzy and distant that he wasn’t sure what was real and what was not.

“Come on. In your own time, chick”

Loki let Tony help him up, although he was very wobbly on his feet, and he had to lean heavily on Tony.

“You’re ok; I’ve got you. Bedtime”

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Tony shook his head at Loki as he sat him down on the bed.

“You’ll be the death of me, Lolly, you really will” he said. “You need to admit defeat much earlier than this. You’re doing yourself no favours”

“I know... I just like putting it off for as long as possible”

“You know it doesn’t work like that, Loll” Tony said, slipping Loki’s shirt off. “You’re pretty warm. Let’s at least ward off another overheating episode. Get your trousers off”

Loki did as he was told. Tony pressed a glass of water into his hand.

“Get that down you”

Loki drank steadily. He hadn’t realised he was thirsty until he’d put the glass to his lips. He always found when he was ill, Tony knew him better than he knew himself. Tony kissed him gently on the cheek and took the empty glass from him once he’d finished.

“Peter...”

“He’s fine” Tony said firmly. “Just worry about yourself for now. I’ll make sure you’ve got plenty to drink in here. I’ll let you sleep until tea, and then I’ll wake you up for food, even if you bite my head off for doing so. We’ll get you better; just give it a few days. Now, come on. Lie down”

Loki pushed the covers back and did as he was asked. He settled against the pillows, feeling like he was going to sink right through them. He reached out and found his pig, tucking it under his arm with its snout over his shoulder so he could rest his head on it.
“Poor old Lolly” Tony said, kissing him gently and running his fingers through his hair. “I love you. Let’s focus on getting you better, ok?”

“I’ll do my best...” Loki mumbled, letting his eyes close, soothed by the feeling of Tony’s hands in his hair. He took a deep breath. “I love you too”

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Once Loki was asleep, and Tony was happy that he wasn’t in danger of overheating or being woken unnecessarily, he went to track down Peter.

He found him curled up in the reading nook, sobbing into his hands.

“Oh sweetheart” Tony sighed, sitting down beside him. “What are you still crying for?”

“I’m upset” Peter whimpered. “He just collapsed and I couldn’t do anything to help him! I didn’t know what to do!”

“Hey, don’t look at it that way” Tony said, putting an arm round the boys shoulders. “You came and got me. That was the right thing to do”

“There wasn’t even any real warning; he just went! It all happened so fast, but like it was in slow motion too! I-”

“You need to calm down. Breathe, Peter. Just breathe” Tony said, resting his head against Peter’s. “Daddy is fine. You couldn’t’ve prevented it and there was nothing you could have done other than get me, which you did. It’s not your job to look after him: it’s his job to look after you. Don’t go turning this into role reversal. It’s just his illness, you know how it is”

Peter turned and buried his face in Tony’s shoulder. Tony hugged him close, rubbing his back firmly.

“You’ve never seen him collapse like that before, have you?”

Peter lifted his head to shake it, and then resumed his position, crying into Tony’s shirt.

“I know it’s scary. You must’ve been terrified. Heck, you were shaking like anything when you came into the kitchen. I should’ve known something had happened straight away” he kissed him on the cheek. “Daddy’s absolutely fine; just knocked out with the M.E again. Don’t you go worrying your little head over it, chick. Just give it a few days and he’ll be back to his usual self”

“I was scared”

“I know” Tony held him tighter. “Shh. There now, settle down. Everything is totally fine”

“I want daddy”

“Best to leave him alone for now” Tony said. “Wait until he’s had a bit of a rest”

Peter understood. He focused on calming down, helped along by Tony’s soothing words and the secure feeling of his arms around him. Soon enough, he stopped crying, but stayed settled against his father’s chest, listening to the sound of his heart beating.

“There we are” Tony said gently. “Good boy”

Peter stayed quiet. Eventually Tony loosened his grip and put a little distance between himself and
the boy.

“You know, the first time I saw it happen, I was so scared I nearly called an ambulance. It just came out of nowhere, caught me totally off-guard” he admitted. “I know what to do now, so it’s easier. Your father’s just a stubborn old git who doesn’t like admitting defeat, especially against himself. We’ll work on making him give in to his flare-ups. They’re generally shorter when he doesn’t fight them”

“He was supposed to be going to the hospital tomorrow”

“I know. I’ll ring them later and let them know he’s taken a trip to Flare-Ups Ville Arizona, population Loki”

Peter smiled at his little joke, although it wasn’t especially funny.

“Ah, there’s that smile! That’s what I like to see” Tony grinned, and kissed him on the nose. “How about me and you doing something together now? We’ve got that victory to celebrate, after all!”

Peter nodded. “Ok. What do you want to do?”

“Well, what do you want to do?”

Peter thought for a moment. He looked at Tony. Tony looked back.

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

“Chinese takeaway in the lab?”

Tony grinned. “I’ll get the menu”

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