They're Back

by romeoandjulietyouwish

Summary

The Rogues are back and Tony can't say that he is entirely pleased.

Notes

This has been a long time coming. I've been struggling with some issues in my personal life this week so I took a couple of days off writing, but I couldn't stay away for too long!

Anyways, I expect this fic to be done by next week because I already have the next two chapters formatted and such. IDK if anyone wants to read more, but the next for chapters will involve some reconciliation and forgiveness (which I'm a sucker for) and, of course, hugs.

See the end of the work for more notes.
"Peter," Tony says, calling the boy over to him.

"Yeah?" Peter walks over to where Tony sits in the living room, bouncing onto the couch while holding a pint of ice cream in his hand.

"There's something I need to talk to you about," Tony pauses, watching in fascination as Peter takes a heaping scoop of ice cream and shoves it into his mouth.

"Shoot," Peter mumbles around the ice cream.

"Don't talk with your mouth full," Tony chastises. Peter chews and swallows the ice cream, looking at Tony expectantly. Tony sighs, "Tomorrow we'll be meeting with the rogue Avengers upstate."

Peter chokes on his ice cream, "What?! Since when?"

Tony laughs affectionately, "Since I pardoned them a few days ago." Peter's eyes bulge. "Sam reached out and said that he and the rest of them wanted to reconcile. So I'm taking you and the rest of my team to meet them."

Peter stares at Tony incredulously, "Why would you pardon them? They hurt you!" Peter gestures angrily with his spoon.

Tony sighs, "It's politics, kid. They agreed to new terms so I pulled some strings and now they're off the hook." When Peter looks like he is about to speak, Tony cuts him off, "That does not mean that I forgive them completely, okay? But they're my friends and I owe it to them to hear them out."

“Even Cap?"

Tony frowns, “I’m not sure about that yet.”

Peter nods in understanding, "When do we meet them?" He sticks his spoon into the ice cream and digs out another heaping spoonful.

"Tomorrow at noon. We fly out at ten." Peter nods and proceeds to shove the whole spoon into his mouth. Tony laughs, “Slow down, kid.” Peter rolls his eyes.

That's how Peter ends up on a plane with Bruce, Rhodey, Natasha, and Tony. Peter’s seat is across from Tony. The other three sit a few rows away, talking quietly. Peter says nothing for the majority of the trip, choosing instead to stare out the window, deep in his thoughts.

"You alright, kid?" Tony asks him as they get closer to their destination.

Peter nods quickly, "Yeah, I'm just nervous."

Tony smiles and squeezes Peter’s hand, “It’s going to be fine.”

Peter nods, “Are you going to be okay?”

Tony nearly melts at the kid’s thoughtfulness, “Yeah, yeah you don’t need to worry about me.” Peter gives him a soft smile and looks out the window. “You sure you’re alright?”
Peter nods again, “I’m just anxious.” He rubs his hands on his jeans.

“Nothing too bad?”

Peter shakes his head, “Not yet. I think I’ll be okay for this weekend.”

“Keep me updated okay?”

“Okay,” Peter says meekly.

Too soon for Peter’s taste, the plane lands at the compound. Tony immediately puts his arm around Peter and follows Pepper and Rhodey out of the place. The walk quickly off the runway and into the compound. The whole way, Bruce and Peter talk excitedly about the new genealogy project that they’re starting soon. Peter is grateful for the distraction. Pepper directs the group into a large meeting room. Already in the conference room are Steve, Bucky, Clint, Wanda, and Sam. The all sit on one side of the table, alert.

When they walk into the conference room, they just stare at the other group. Natasha is the first to move. Clint quickly follows her movement, standing and meeting her halfway in a tight hug. “I missed you so much,” Clint tells Natasha. “You have no idea how boring my life was without.”

Natasha smiles over Clint’s shoulder, “God I’m glad you’re back.”

Sam is next, he gingerly walks over to Rhodey, extending his hand to the man, “I’m sorry, man, I didn’t mean for you to get hurt or-”

“All’s forgiven,” Rhodey gives him a small smile and shakes his hand. Sam smiles.

Peter watches Wanda as she slowly walks over to Tony. Tony gives her a soft smile. “Hi, Wanda.” Tony lets go of Peter to extend Wanda a hand, “I’m so sorry, Wanda. What I did to you was unfair and I’m sorry for what happened.” Wanda ignores Tony’s hand and hugs him tightly. Tony internally freaks out for a second before hugging the girl back.

“That’s all I wanted you to say. I forgive you,” Wanda says happily. Peter pokes his head out from behind Tony to look at her. “Who’s this?” She asks with a smile.

“My name is Peter,” Peter says. They shake hands. “And you’re Scarlett Witch!” Wanda smiles at the boy, “You’re in my top three favorite Avengers!”

Wanda grins, “Let me guess, after Iron Man and...Thor?”

Peter’s eyes bulge, “How did you know?”

“Intuition, you seem like a Thor kind of guy.”

Peter smiles, “It’s so great to meet you Miss Maximoff.”

“Please, call me Wanda, I’m only a few years older than you,” Wanda winks at Peter.

“Alright, could everyone please sit down?” Pepper silences the group. As everyone sits, Peter finds himself between Bruce and Tony. Peter can feel Steve’s eyes on him as Tony wraps his arm around Peter. “Thank you all for agreeing to come here.” As Pepper begins to talk, Peter zones out and begins tapping on Tony’s hand in morse code.

O.k.a.y? Peter writes, drawing the question mark.
Tony taps. You?

Scared.

Tony furrows his brow. Why?

Steve.

Why?

Peter sighs, I.D.K.

Tony frowns and squeezes Peter’s hand. Then he moves his arm back to wrap around Peter’s shoulder and Peter leans back against him.

“Pepper?” Steve asks. “Can I ask a question?”

Pepper nods, “Go ahead.”

Steve nods to Peter, “Who’s the kid?” Peter tenses as the eyes of the group turn to him. Tony rubs Peter’s arm in a comforting motion.

“His name is Peter,” Tony says calmly. “He’s my intern.”

Steve narrows his eyes at Peter who shrinks closer to Tony, “Why are you letting him be here?”

“That does not concern you, Rogers,” Tony says. Peter doubts that Steve can hear the aggression in his voice, but Peter can and he hates how protective Tony sounds. Steve says nothing further and turns back to face Pepper. The meeting comes to a close shortly after. Tony and Peter are the first to leave, Steve quickly running after them.

“Tony, wait!” He calls down the hallway. “Can we talk?”

Peter and Tony turn around and Tony steps protectively in front of Peter, “I have nothing to say to you, Cap."

“Tony, I just want to talk to you,” Steve pleads.

“And I don’t want to talk to you,” Tony says harshly. He turns around and begins to walk away. Peter moves to follow him, but Steve grabs his arm, “Peter-” Peter cuts Steve off by stumbling away from him, roughly crashing into the wall. “Peter!” Steve cries.

Tony spins around, he quickly comprehends what just happened, and runs back to Peter. Peter clutches to Tony tightly once he’s in his reach. “Can’t breathe,” he says shortly.

“I know, buddy,” Tony says. Tony presses Peter against his chest so his ear is pressed to Tony’s heart. He takes an exaggerated breath and Peter follows, just like he knew he would.

Peter can hear people talking, but he only focuses on the familiar heartbeat under him and takes slow breaths. He feels the way Tony’s shirt moves under his hands and how warm Tony’s skin is. His eyes are squeezed closed and he drags in a deep breath.

“I’m okay,” Peter murmurs when he gets his breath back. “I’m fine.” Tony sighs in relief and pulls Peter into a protective hug, cradling the back of his head.

“Is he alright?” Pepper says, kneeling down beside her fiance, once she sees Peter calm down.
Tony nods.

Peter looks up at her with wide eyes, “I’m sorry,” he mutters. “I knew that was going to happen, just waiting for it.”

Pepper smiles sympathetically, “I know, Peter. It’s alright.”

“Why don’t we get some food?” Tony suggests. Tony helps Peter to his feet and when he turns around, he finds Steve and Clint watching him with concerned eyes. Peter, disliking the attention, ducks his head. Tony sighs, “Pepper’s going to take you, alright?” He asks Peter. Peter tips his head to the side. “I need to talk with Steve,” Tony explains. Peter nods and allows himself to be passed to Pepper’s arms. Tony watches his family walks off with a small smile before it drops when he looks at Steve.

“Tony, I am so sorry-”

“Stop,” Tony says and Steve snaps his mouth shut. “I want you to leave me and my family alone, okay? I don’t want to talk to you and I sure as hell don’t want you talking to Peter,” Tony’s voice is calm through his anger. “I feel sorry for you, Cap, I really do. You and I could have been good friends.”
This chapter took so much longer than I wanted and I do have an explanation. On the last chapter, I got a lot of hate for the way I tagged it and for some of the plot points I used. Even after I changed how I tagged it, people still complained about that. I deleted the worst of the comments, but it just sucks, you know. And I have been wanting to write this for the longest time and I'm really passionate about this. I know that there are so many of you who liked this and that's why I'm going to continue this.

I'm not very happy with this chapter, but I just needed to get it out for my own sanity instead of just thinking about the comments and if my writing is good enough, so here we go!

On Sunday morning Peter walks into the kitchen wearing one of Tony’s old sweatshirts and soft pajama pants. He yawns widely and blinks his lidded eyes. He comes to a screeching halt in the doorway. In the kitchen, Steve is sitting at the counter nursing a steaming cup of coffee and reading a paperback book.

Peter contemplates turning right back around and leaving, but he knows that it won’t help anything. Peter walks into the kitchen begins to pour himself a glass of juice. When Steve sees Peter, his eyes widen and he begins to pack up to leave, sticking his bookmark between the pages.

“Wait, Steve,” Peter says gently. Steve gives the boy a curious look but sits down again. “Can I talk to you?” Peter sits down on a stool beside Steve, his glass clinking against the granite counter.

Steve furrows his brow, “I’m pretty sure your dad would kill me if he found out I was talking to you.”

Peter frowns, “He’s not my dad, he’s my mentor. Besides, I do what I want and I want to talk to you.”

Steve smiles at him, “Alright then, what do you want to talk about?”

Peter sighs, “I know you didn’t mean to make me have a panic attack yesterday. I doubt you even knew that I get panic attacks.” Steve nods in agreement. “And honestly, I want you and Tony to be friends again.” Peter sighs.

Steve nods again, “I do too.” He looks into Peter’s eyes, “How do you think I should go about it?”

Peter grins, “You could start by convincing me and then I can force Tony to talk to you.” Peter leans forward on his hands, fluttering his eyes.

Steve chuckles, “Alright, kid,” He takes a slow breath before beginning, “During the Accords...debacle, I made a lot of dumb decisions. I ignored my common sense and I hid something from someone who is very important to me.” Steve leans forward a bit, “Peter, Tony was one of my best friends. I hate myself for what I did to him, that I hurt him and for everything
that happened between us."

Peter tips his head to the side, “Why did you do it then?”

Steve shakes his head, “Because of Bucky. Bucky was the one thing I had left of my life before the ice. He knew me before I was the Captain and when I found out he was alive, that’s all I focused on. The entire time I wasn’t in my right mind, either. Someone very dear to me before the ice had just died. And on top of that, the Accords happened. I believed in the Accords, I really did. We need to be held accountable, but some of the terms were too restrictive and extreme.”

Peter nods in understanding, “I get it. I think that Tony needs to hear when you told me.” Steve nods. “Thank you for talking to me, Steve.”

“Oh course,” Steve says. “All I want is for things to be normal again.” Peter looks down at his lap. “You alright?”

Peter nods, “Yeah, I’m sorry. I just know that Tony’s not been the same since Siberia.” Steve stiffens beside him. “He’s more anxious and less trusting. I just want him to be okay and I think that talking to you would really help.”

Steve smiles, gently putting his hand on Peter’s shoulder, “You’re such a good kid, Peter.”

Peter smiles up at Steve, “And to think that I was afraid of you.”

Steve laughs, “You were?”

Peter nods, “You’re intimidating!” Peter and Steve laugh. Peter takes a breath and looks at Steve, “I want you to talk to Tony. I’ll try my best to convince him, but you know how he is.”

Steve nods with an understanding look, “Of course. Thank you so much for listening to me, Peter.” Steve says honestly. “I know that I’m not the easiest person to talk to, so thank you.” Peter smiles at him.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading this. I could really use some encouragement so please hmu on tumblr with new prompts or just to say hi.

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Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I am going to start this by saying that I am so sorry for how this story wrapped up. The reason I am so unhappy with this is simply that I need to finish this. I need the hate I've been getting to stop. I would like to give a huge thank you to Flandr3 who defended me from some of the commenters. But honestly, being told that my writing doesn't make sense and that the plot doesn't make sense and that people are angry at me because they didn't read the summary, it's all taking a huge toll on my mental health. So I'm going to take a week or two off from writing fics and I'm sorry, but I need to stay sane.

I may come back and re-write this fic later, but for now, I just need it to be over. Thank you to all of you who send kind messages to me and left good comments. I'm sorry that this couldn't be better.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter walks into the room, knocking lightly on Tony’s bedroom door. Tony sits at his barren desk, writing furiously.

"Hey, Tony? Can I talk to you?" Peter asks.

Tony looks up at Peter with a soft smile, "What's up, kid?"

Peter sits down on Tony’s bed, tucking his legs up underneath him. He tugs gently on his sweater paws. "Sooo, I talked to Steve this morning..."

Tony gives Peter an incredulous look, blinking his eyes. "Peter...why? I told you-"

"I know, I know, I know," Peter says, rolling his eyes. "But, hear me out." Tony sighs. "I want you to talk to him, apologize."

"Peter-"

"He wants to talk to you," Peter insists.

"Peter, I don't think you understand."

"I don't think I need to." Peter leans forward, "We talked and he told me some things that I want you to hear. Tony, he just wants to be friends again."

"Peter, the situation is so much...harder than you think."

Peter crosses his arms, "Tony. You need to get closure on this." Tony gives him a look, but Peter persists, "I know you do, so don't even try to fight me."

Tony sighs, his hands up in defeat, "Alright, you win. I'll talk to him."

"Yay!" Peter claps his hands together.
Tony walks anxiously into the living room. Steve is already sitting on the couch, but he stands up when Tony enters. "You came."

Tony shakes his head, "Peter convinced me. I'll hear you out."

"Thank you, Tony, that's all I ask." They sit down and Steve begins, "Tony, I am so sorry for how everything went down between us."

"I am too," Tony says. "Really I am."

Steve nods, "I wasn't in my right mind and I took too many risks and I made a lot of mistakes to protect the people I love. But now I realize how unfair and how insane I was acting."

“I did too,” Tony admits. “I was being irrational. I was so overwhelmed by the hatred we were getting that I wasn’t focusing on how it was affecting the rest of you. Particular Wanda. And I want to say that I’m sorry. I’m sorry that I overreacted about the Accords, I thought it was the only way to keep us accountable.” Steve nods in agreement. “But there still is one more thing we need to address. Bucky.”

Steve sighs and nods, “Alright. Right off the bat, I am going to tell you that I am not excusing what I did. I just want to give some context for why I did what I did. Okay?” Tony nods. “Bucky was my best friend since before the war. I would, and I will protect him with my life. I knew that if I told you the truth that you would want to kill him and I thought the only way to protect him was to hide it from you.” Tony looks down and Steve continues, “But, I was wrong. I should have told you if I had explained the situation...maybe things would have been different.”

Tony nods, “Maybe it would have been different if I let you and Bucky explain yourselves before we resorted to violence. I’m sorry, Cap.”

Steve smiles and extends his hand to Tony, “Friends?”

Tony shakes it, “Friends.”

“Yessssss,” a voice comes from above.

Tony rolls his eyes, “Kid, get out of the vents.” Steve chuckles and Peter laughs and leaps out of the vent, landing on the couch beside Steve. Tony address Peter, “You are never allowed to hang out with Clint.” Tony and Steve laugh.

“So you apologized?” Peter asks with a smile.

“As if you haven't been listening to our entire conversation,” Tony chuckles. “But, yeah, we did.” Steve smiles.

“Soooo, am I allowed to talk to him again?” Peter asks, fluttering his eyelashes.

“Go for it, kid.” Peter cheers and throws his arms around Steve who catches him with a laugh. “Great, now he’s never going to shut up.”

Steve smiles at Peter, “I don’t mind.”

Chapter End Notes
Anyways, thank you for reading this. Feel free to hmu on tumblr with prompts for when I come back to writing. You can also feel free to message me or send me anons with questions for me about my fics or just me in general.

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End Notes

Thank you so much for reading this! It was a struggle to write this, but I'm happy with how it turned out. I'm looking for some new friends so don't be afraid to hmu on tumblr. I am currently accepting prompts for oneshots or longer fics and I am always available for a conversation! Don't be afraid because I LOVE talking to people who read my fics! You can also ask me any question you want about this fic or any of my others!

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Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!