A Study in Fun

by KillerLaurel

Summary

In which Tony gets up to a lot of trouble and Clint helps. And everyone else gets a very nasty surprise.
“Touch anything, and I’ll break you,” Tony Stark announced loudly to his empty workshop.

“Seriously? Do you have JARVIS tell you everything?” came a muffled reply before part of the ceiling slid away and Clint Barton peeked out of the crawl space.

“I don’t need JARVIS to tell me you’re in the ceiling,” Tony rolled his eyes.

“How’d you know then?”

“You’re always in the ceiling, Clint. There was a eighty-nine percent chance you’d be in my ceiling.”

“I’m not always in the ceiling. You made that up.”

“Fine, I made it up,” Tony agreed with a smirk. “I must have smelled you. When was the last time you showered?”

“Fishing for an invitation?” Clint waggled his eyebrows.

“You hiding from Coulson again?”

“Yes, the man’s a ninja.”

“And you figure he won’t look for you here because we hate each other.” Tony grinned at Clint in that way that made most people very nervous about what was going to happen next. Clint just matched his smile, matching every ounce of nerve-inducing charm.

“You ever think they’re going to find out?” Clint asked, dropping out of the crawl space and landing in a crouch before standing smoothly. He sidled over to where Tony was working.

“I thought it would be in our files somewhere,” Tony said, but Clint could tell he was distracted. He was fiddling with one of the legs of the Iron Man suit and simultaneously batting Dummy’s arm away as the robot attempted to help.

“We haven’t updated those files in two years. If they haven’t noticed, it’s not in their files.” Clint wrapped himself around Tony, pressing small kisses on the other man’s neck. What’re you doing to the suit this time?” he asked, peering over Tony’s shoulder.

“Oh, I’m, uh, upgrading the gears and tendons to facilitate better flexibility while keeping the strength.” And off he went on one of his tangents, babbling about everything technical and mechanical that Clint barely understood. Clint tried very hard not to grin. Well, not too hard.

“And why did JARVIS tell me you ordered a jack hammer?”

“I broke mine when I was synthesising the replacement for palatium.”

“And you foresee a need for one in the near future?”

“Did you just use the word ‘foresee’?” Tony turned to face him.

“I got one of those ‘word-a-day’ calendars,” Clint joked.

“That is so sexy.”

“Sir, Agent Coulson is on his way,” JARVIS interrupted.

“Shit!” Clint planted a quick kiss on Tony’s mouth before taking a running leap and vanishing into the crawl space of the ceiling. Tony ‘hmph’ed and went back to working.

Everyone knew Tony was not inclined to patience, and even less inclined to being discreet, but it seemed there were somethings that he could be patient and discreet about. Discreet especially, seeing as he and Clint had been fucking for going on two years and no one at SHIELD had noticed. Or maybe they were just dense. Yeah, dense. They had to be dense to not notice that Tony Stark had stopped sleeping around.

“Stark.”

“Hmm?” Tony didn’t look up from his work.

“Have you seen Barton?”

“Hmm,” Tony still didn’t look up.

“I’ll take that as a ‘no’.”

“What’d he do this time?”
“Widow says he was trying to agitate Doctor Banner.”
“Good on him,” Tony smirked. It seemed as if Clint had been trying to get the readings he’d asked for in relation to Bruce’s transformation. He’d been working on tranquilizers that could take down the Hulk, but not hurt Bruce once he changed back.
“I’d like to reissue a warning, Stark. Try not to break anything.”
“Or you’ll tase me and watch Supernanny while I drool into the carpet?”
“Exactly.”
“You’re not buying the good behavior?” Tony asked in a mock hurt voice.
“Not at all.”
“Damn.”
“Remember, Stark. Do not destroy anything.”
“So, as long as I don’t break anything, I can do whatev-” he turned, but Coulson had already left. He shrugged and went back to work, but his mind was already working on the next problem. He hadn’t actually destroyed anything in the past six months; that was telling. That was not typical Stark behavior. So the issue was: what could he break without getting in too much trouble?
“What. Are. You. Doing?” Clint stared open-mouthed at the destruction that surrounded Tony. He didn’t even glance at Tony even though his white undershirt was sweat-drenched and showed every hard line of his well-muscled torso.

“Well, it’s nice to see you too, honey. Oh, me? Oh, I’m good, very good, yes.”

“I repeat: what have you done to my ceiling?”

“Oh, it’s your ceiling? Funny, I thought it was mine.” Clint looked around Tony’s SHIELD workshop again. The ceiling tiles had all been ripped out of their frames, leaving the crawl space... not a crawl space anymore, and two walls had gaping holes in them, as well as the floor.

“All the ceilings are mine, Tony. Just like all the electronics are yours.”

“I beg to differ, sir,” JARVIS sniffed over the speakers. “The electronic systems of SHIELD base 01 are under my command.”

“I decided to break something,” Tony explained, not really explaining anything.

“I see that. Why?”

“Coulson was getting suspicious.”

“Suspicious of what, Mr Stark?” Coulson asked from the door. Clint and Tony faced him guiltily. Coulson had one eyebrow raised, but nothing else betrayed his thoughts of the damage.

“Nothing, nothing,” Tony waved him off.

“I came down here,” Coulson stepped over a chunk of concrete, “because some agents were complaining of earthquakes. And then I discovered half the staff of Medical hiding in a storage closet on the thirteenth floor. They said that Tony Stark was destroying the basement.” He looked around. Through one of the walls, he could see a couple agents hovering nervously.

“Well, I’m sure you can fire them,” Clint suggested.

“Sure, I mean, why not?” Tony added. “SHIELD agents should be able to handle a little destruction.”

“I don’t see why you two don’t get along; you’re remarkably similar,” Coulson commented in an innocent tone. “Is this project anything I need to know about, Stark?”

“Uh, nope.”

“I’ll expect a full report on my desk tomorrow morning.” And Coulson left, with one mild look over his shoulder.

“I think he knows,” Clint whispered.

“He doesn’t know. How would he know?” Tony muttered back. He was not panicking inside.

“You saw the look he gave us!”

“What look? The bored one?”

“Oh God, he totally knows!”

“He hasn’t said anything.”

“He wouldn’t,” Clint said cryptically.

“What’s that mean?”

“Go back to destroying SHIELD from the inside,” Clint laughed. There was an edge of fondness to it, but no more; there were still SHIELD agents in the other room.

“Yes, honey,” Tony smirked.
Chapter 3

As it happened, Tony got out of doing the report (even though he wouldn’t have done it anyway) because when the next morning rolled around he was stuck in Medical, a full twelve inches tall. He was sitting grumpily on a pillow, the sheet drawn around him. Most of the Medical staff were sending wary glances his way and staying as far away as possible. Not a single one of them wanted to deal with Tony Stark, even if he was only a foot tall. Clint was grinning.

“You’re adorable,” he laughed, resisting the urge to poke ‘Tiny Tony’.

“I swear, I’m going to murder that bastard when I’m full-sized again,” Tony squeaked.

“I’m sure he’ll be terrified,” Clint said, all mock-seriousness. “Look on the bright side; maybe Loki can change you back. Thor’s gone to New Mexico to ask him.”

(After the alien invasion, the Avengers had captured Loki. And then Loki had gotten spectacularly smashed and started sleeping with Darcy, who’d become his partner in trickery. Then, a year later, they’d gotten married. Everyone had been suitably stunned when they received invitations to the wedding. No one was quite sure what the two got up to in New Mexico, but since Loki helped the Avengers out on occasion, they overlooked some of the harmless, embarrassing things that happened to Senators and Congressmen on national television every couple of months)

“And until then, I’m stuck the size of a fucking Barbie doll.”

“Look on the other bright side; I’m sure JARVIS can find you clothing and furniture on the internet.” “JARVIS?” Tony called out.

“Yes, sir?” the disembodied voice piped up, making the nurses jump about a mile into the air.

“If you buy me anything Barbie, I swear I’ll reprogram you.”

“Of course, sir.”

“No fun,” Clint complained.

“Look at it this way, Barton,” Tony explained, “As long as I’m this little, we can’t have wild monkey sex.” Clint sobered up immediately, and just in time because the rest of the Avengers (minus Thor and Bruce, who was cooling down somewhere) entered Medical.

“Tony,” Steve started, hesitant.

“Just gimme the report, Captain,” Tony snapped, which prompted Natasha to send him one of her ‘shut-up-and-be-nice-or-die’ glares. (The Black Widow didn’t tolerate anyone being rude to her impressionable and utterly, absurdly kind fuck buddy.) (Well, Steve had proposed, so Tony supposed Steve was technically her fiance now.) Tony gave her his best ‘I-hear-you-and-now-I’m-ignoring-you-and-there’s-nothing-you-can-do-about-it’ smile in return.

“Darcy called to say Loki says he can’t do anything if it was a shrink ray and not magic. Thor will be back in a few hours.”

“Did you catch the bastard who decided building giant robots and destroying New York was a good idea?”

“Yes.”

“And you aren’t allowed to see him now or when you’re bigger,” Coulson added calmly, ignoring the miniaturized Stark Temper Tantrum that followed his announcement.

“Do you think Coulson would loosen up some if he got laid once in awhile?” Tony grumbled quietly when he was done yelling. Steve choked, so perhaps he hadn’t been too quiet.

“Probably,” Clint was grinning like a lunatic. Suddenly his gaze fastened on Tony’s little chest where the little arc reactor was pulsing. He glanced around at the others, but Natasha and Steve were talking to Coulson. He leaned in closer and whispered, “Tony, pull the sheet up, your tattoo is showing.”

Tiny Tony glanced down, the movement of his head frantic. He yanked the edge of the sheet up to cover his chest.

“Stark,” Coulson said, “We can get you some clothes off one of your action figures if you give us some time.”
“Yeah, that’d be great, Coulson.” Coulson’s eyes definitely did not narrow.
“Get some rest. Barton, come with us. I still need to debrief you.” Reluctantly, Clint left. Tony flopped onto his pillow, yelling for one of the nurses to bring him something to eat and drink.
“You know, Clint, most people don’t like it when you stare at them without talking. Or blinking,” Tony added thoughtfully.

“And I know for certain that you do in fact like it,” Clint shot back.

“Mmm,” Tony agreed, slipping his arms into a tiny silk robe made for his action figure. “Reminds me of how sexy you are when you shoot people.”

“I’m not sure that’s actually supposed to turn people on,” Clint said dryly. “That could be misconstrued as something that requires a psychologist.”

“Psychologists can’t stand me,” Tony bragged.

“Neither can normal human beings.”

“Normal? Boring.”

“At least you can’t destroy the house in this condition,” Clint mused.

“You should have seen Pepper’s face last time I destroyed the mansion.”

“That’s when I was in New Mexico, right? Dealing with the Thor situation.”

“Yep. Coulson had to leave babysitting detail early. He wasn’t a very good babysitter anyway.”

“Really? He seems to handle all of us just fine.”

“He told me not to leave the mansion and then left.”

“And you left the mansion.” It wasn’t a question. The chances Tony actually did as told were miniscule to the point of being microscopic.

“Duh. I brought Pepper strawberries.”

“She’s allergic to strawberries.”

“So I found out.”

They grinned at each other for a moment before Tony turned away with a sigh.

“Bored?”

“Utterly. Bring me my phone.”

“You need to call someone?”

“No; I’m going to play Angry Birds.”
“Barton, why are there miniature robot birds flying around SHIELD headquarters?” Coulson asked, his voice as bland as always. Clint blinked up at him from where he knelt in the shooting range. The range had been custom built for him, so it was a whole lot longer than any other shooting range. Coulson could barely see the targets at the other end.

“Robot birds, sir?”

“Yes, robot birds, Barton. Birds which Thor assures me are from a game Jane taught him how to play. Birds which have been chasing every agent under security level five around obsessively. Birds, Agent Barton, which I assume Stark created. I thought you were watching him.”

“He said he was going to play Angry Birds; I didn’t know he was going to make a new game of Angry Birds.” Clint tried and failed to keep the smile from spreading across his face. “Are they still at it?”

“Most have been caught.”

“Did JARVIS get any footage?”

“I did indeed, sir,” JARVIS assured him.

“Delete the footage please, JARVIS,” Coulson requested without actually removing his critical gaze from Clint’s face.

“I’m afraid I cannot comply, Agent Coulson. Mr Barton’s access level overrides your own.” Both Clint and Coulson blinked at that and looked up for lack of physical JARVIS to stare at blankly.

“Why?” Coulson asked at last, his eyes narrowed as he inspected Clint. Clint refused to shuffle his feet, but neither did he look Coulson in the eye.

“I’m afraid that information is classified, sir.”

“Thank you, JARVIS.”

“Of course, sir.”

“Barton.”

“Yes, Coulson?”

“Why do you have a higher level of access to Tony Stark’s personal AI than I do?”

“I’m afraid that’s classified, sir.”

“That doesn’t cut it.”

“It was worth a try.”

“No, it wasn’t.”

“Okay, it wasn’t,” he agreed cheerfully.

“I’m going to find out what’s up with you and Stark, but until then, if I see any change in either of your field work, I’m separating you two until further notice. Do you understand, Barton?”

“Sir, yes, sir.” Clint shot him a mocking salute with an easy grin that took the edge of it.

“Any questions?”

“Can I go out for ice cream?”

“No.” Coulson turned on his heel and strode towards the door. He stopped and threw one last remark over his shoulder with all the blandness of tofu. “Oh, and Stark has returned to his normal size.”
Chapter 6

"Is that a-?"
"I think it is."
"It’s a ring."
“A ring."
“With a-"
“An arrow."
“Arrow."
“There’s a ring-”
“-with an arrow through it-”
“-tattooed-”
“-on Tony Stark’s chest.”

Clint stood in the doorway of Medical, frozen. Before him were the Avengers. They all had their backs turned towards him as they stood or sat by Tony’s bedside. They had clearly found the tattoo. He briefly considered running. Very briefly.

“Hey guys,” he said. They all spun to stare at him and he noticed that it wasn’t just the Avengers. Pepper was there and she looked absolutely stricken.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” she asked.

“Thought you would have figured it out by now,” he shrugged. Pepper looked like she was about to cry. So did Steve, who looked like someone had stabbed him in the gut. Natasha and Bruce just looked bored. Thor looked confused.

“What is the significance of the ring?” he asked.

“Marriage,” Bruce explained. When Thor still looked bewildered, he explained further, “Handfasting, Thor. Tony and Clint bound themselves together.” Thor’s expression cleared up and he beamed at them.

“Then this is a cause for celebration!”

“Hey, people, I’m still here,” Tony called from behind them, giving Clint a little wave from where he lay. Some of the nurses had strapped him onto the bed so he wouldn’t escape.

“Yes, dear,” Clint grinned as he elbowed his way past a still wounded-looking Steve. Natasha just rolled her eyes.

“Seriously, Clint, Tony, I’m never going to forgive you!” Pepper proclaimed before marching away. And she did not reach up to wipe away a tear no matter what anyone said.

“Why did you tell us?” Steve asked softly. “Did you not trust us?”

“What?” Tony asked, shocked. “Hell no, Cap. We trust you guys.”

“Then why?”

“Um,” Clint said eloquently. He shrugged, “It’s complicated?”

“We just wanted to see if we would work out,” Tony offered.

“When did this happen?” Natasha asked even though she had a pretty good idea.

A voice from the doorway said, “Six months ago.” Everyone turned to look at Coulson. “That’s when Stark stopped arbitrarily destroying things and Barton lessened up on his habit of terrifying the rookie agents.”

“I still do that, sir,” Clint piped up.

“Yes, but instead of getting eighty harassment complaints a week, I only get fifty,” Coulson explained in a dead tone. “Once the novelty wears off, I expect all of you back at work.”

“Yes, sir,” Steve said with only a little less pep than normal. It sounded like he was beginning to forgive them. “Do you have a tattoo as well, Clint?” he asked curiously. He was definitely forgiving them, despite his better judgement it seemed.

“Nah,” Clint grinned. He tugged at the chain around his neck, pulling it out of his shirt. At the end was a simple silver ring that gave off a gentle blue glow. He let Steve inspect it a little before
dropping it back down his shirt. Apparently appeased, Steve, Natasha, and Thor left them. Bruce had already slipped out when no one had been paying attention to him. He was good at that.

“So,” Tony said.

“So,” Clint agreed. “Thunder man’s going to throw us a party.”

“I hope there’s booze.”

“There’s always booze.”

“True.”

“You realize the only reason Pepper didn’t kill you is because you’re already in a hospital bed.”

“Yep. How bad do you think it’ll be?”

“Depends on how much you say you love me.”

“More than all the world,” and Tony wiggled his restrained hand until Clint took it with a small, happy smile.
The first time Clint met the famous Tony Stark was when he almost killed him. It was an accident, to be fair. Clint had been bored. Very, super bored. So Clint had taken his bow and a quiver of arrows and snuck onto the roof of the SHIELD building to practice. He’d already shot the satellite dish off of the buildings opposite when he was aiming at the cellphone tower three blocks away. It wasn’t his fault Iron Man zipped past just as he loosed the arrow. The arrow missed Tony. It also hit his target. Hawkeye never missed.

After that it had all been bickering. The never ending bickering. And then they had almost died together. Which led to some real bonding time in Medical. And the next time Clint had picked a fight with Tony Stark, they had fallen into bed together. Fucking had turned into a tentative relationship, which had in turn flowed into a real (actual, healthy) relationship. It was easier when no one knew because then there were no expectations, no outside opinions. And then they’d almost died again and Tony decided enough was enough and if he was going to die soon, he was going to fucking marry the man he loved before that happened.

They’d hired someone discreet; a priest that couldn’t speak a word of English. And they dragged a beggar in off the street, gave him two grand, and got him to witness the act to make it legal and binding and all that bull shit. And then, for a honeymoon, they went to South America to fight weird, fish-like Hammer Droids with bad taste in jumpsuits.

Clint insisted that it was all very romantic, and Tony insisted it was only romantic to him because he could watch Tony’s shiny metal ass from his perch. Clint hadn’t disagreed.
“Clint, my friend!” Thor boomed as Clint and Tony entered the mansion for the first time in three days. Tony scowled; he was not a good patient and had irritated the Medical staff enough that they finally let him go. Thor enveloped them both in a large hug. “I must speak with you about something of great urgency.”

“What is it, big guy?” Thor was looking unusually serious.

“How would I go about proposing this mortal handfasting to Jane?” Tony absolutely did not snort at that, and Clint absolutely did not elbow him in the ribs.

“Not sure I’m really the guy to ask about that. Tony proposed to me.” Tony shot him a glare that promised pain, but Clint knew better. ‘Pain’ usually involved really good make-up sex.

“Friend Tony?”

“Um, yeah,” he hesitated, thoughts visibly flying behind his eyes. Clint restrained himself; he loved the smart ones and Tony Stark was a motherfucking sexy genius. “Tell you what, Thor, Clint and I are going to figure out the absolute best way for you to propose to Jane ever,” he promised and Clint tried not to groan. Tony on a matchmaking mission? Recipe for disaster was more appropriate. And then a thought struck him and he grinned.

“Yeah, we will. Don’t you worry Thor!” he clapped the god on the shoulder. Thor looked relieved; Clint was sure that relief was misplaced, but he wasn’t going to say anything. Thor went away, very happy, and most likely about to toast a few boxes of Pop Tart. Tony had made sure that Thor had his own personal cupboard full of the stuff, in every flavor available, and some Clint suspected weren’t commercially available. “What’re you up to? Do I get to shoot anything?” were the first two questions out of Clint’s mouth.

“We,” Tony paused for dramatics, “Are going to assist the god of thunder in getting hitched.”

“How so? And do I get to shoot anything?”

“I’m getting to that and possibly yes.”

“If you even mention anything remotely related to Cupid, I will skeewer you and collect the life insurance without remorse.”

“Duly noted. Shall we get to work?”

“Sure, why not?”

Tony led the way to his ‘garage’. Clint was of the opinion it didn’t count as a garage seeing as it was enormous and filled with all sorts of expensive shit, but Tony maintained that it was a garage because it held the cars he had collected. They usually decided it was a moot point every time the subject came up. They worked well together that way. They were too alike not to argue, but in the end one of them was usually right (mostly Tony) or they dropped it because bigger (and more violent) problems occurred.

Most people would say their relationship shouldn’t work, but Clint and Tony weren’t normal, and for them it did work.
“THOR!” Jane was yelling. Clint could swear that JARVIS had purposefully amplified her voice, if Thor hadn’t been giving her loud lessons. “What the FUCK is going on?” It sounded like she had found the ‘surprise’. Considering Thor was supposed to be in the room with her when she found it, Clint pitied the god’s ear drums. He didn’t, however, pity the numerous Pop Tarts that would inevitably be destroyed in the meantime. In fact, he didn’t really want to think about the Pop Tarts at all. Or the lewd configuration Tony had decided to arrange them in. Clint shut down his brain at the thought. There were much better things to be thinking about. Like the fact that Tony was normal size or had just walked in the room. And the fact that they hadn’t had sex in three days.

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And then the phone rang. The Super Secret Emergency SHIELD phone rang. And since only Fury and Coulson were allowed to use it (but Coulson prefered appearing randomly like a Boss Ninja) it was Fury calling. Cockblocking Fury. Bastard. Clint answered the phone, which (funnily enough) was actually a bright red.

“Avengers’ Pizza; let us avenge the hell out of your anchovies,” he quipped into it.

“Get over to headquarters, Barton. I want to see you in my office in fifteen. Just you.” Clint swallowed the rest of his strawberry Pop Tart. It went over his dry tongue without him tasting it.

“Yes, sir.”

Maybe he should have updated his will?
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Clint stared into Fury's one good eye, confused. "Why am I here again?"
"I'm disappointed in you, Hawkeye."
"Uh... why?"
"You're aware of the Avengers' betting pool, right?"
"Which one? There's like a million or so."
"The one with the betting going on who Stark would seduce first."
"I see. Who'd you bet on?"
"Captain Rogers. I lost two hundred dollars because of you." He glared at Clint until Clint thought he might spontaneously combust under his superior's fury. (heh heh)
"Two hundred?" he tried really hard not to be smug about that. It would be in bad form. He failed and the little infuriating smirk crawled across his face before he realized something. "Wait, that means someone actually bet on me and won. Who was it?!"
"Agent Coulson."
"I should've guessed."
"Correct." Was it just Clint, or did Fury sound bitter?
"You want reimbursement or something?"
"No."
"So why am I here again?"
"There's another bet going."
"Again, which one?"
"The one when Loki decides that playing cheap pranks on politicians isn't enough. I'm betting on sometime next week. I need to know when he does something evil. I don't care if it's just stealing carrots from a little old lady."
"Evil? Honestly, sir, that's not about to happen. God of mischief or not, he's getting something like daily sex. I don't think he's going to snap anytime soon."
"Because he's getting laid?" Fury glowered.
"Yeah. That tends to mellow him out. If he'd had Darcy before, I doubt he would have tried to conquer the world."
"So we ensured his good behavior by getting him laid?" Fury's eyebrow twitched in amusement. Clint was pretty sure he'd just set some sort of record.
"Basically."
"I'll have to change my bet," Fury muttered under his breath. "You're dismissed, Hawkeye."
Clint sighed in relief and fled.

Chapter End Notes

Bit about Loki and Darcy inspired by
http://archiveofourown.org/works/343868/chapters/557783
“No! DON’T! NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”
Tony looked up to stare at Clint, who was leaning down over the roof of the mansion, looking stricken. Clint made a strangled noise. “Oh God, I’m a widower already,” he groaned.
“What the hell are you talking about?”
“The flowers...” Tony looked down at the daffodils he had accidentally stepped on.
“What about them?”
“They’re...Natasha’s...” Clint breathed. Tony’s face twisted in utter horror.
“Oh shit!! Fuck fuckfuckfuck! Clint, save me!!!” he yelled in terror, jumping off the poor plants like they were on fire.
“Sorry dear, you’re already a dead man.”
“Nooooooooo!”
Wondering what all the noise was about, Natasha stuck her head out a window just under Clint. She looked down. She saw the flowers.
Chapter 12

Bruce was in the kitchen when Tony limped in and scrambled for ice in the freezer. He had two black eyes, a split lip, and an exaggerated limp. Clint entered a couple minutes later, looking pretty much the same.

“Did you two try to tag team Natasha or something?” he asked sarcastically. They looked at him. Tony passed the ice to Clint. “Wait, did you actually do that?” Bruce stared at them, wondering just how stupid and similar two men could be. They were truly soul mates. Or something. He honestly didn’t think it was that weird for them to have been sleeping together. What he did think was weird was that they had managed to keep it secret and that it had then developed into something more. Even as Bruce watched them move silently around the kitchen he could see something between them. Tony removed the vodka from the freezer as Clint got the orange juice from the fridge without prompting. They moved without bumping into each other, without needing to be asked to do something. The basically ignored Bruce, which was nothing new. He picked up a single goldfish from his bowl and ate it, thinking. Then another goldfish, and another, as he pondered the arrogant, ridiculous, charming messes that were Tony Stark and Clint Barton. Then he had a question.

“Hey, Stark,” Tony looked up at Bruce as if he had forgotten he was there. He probably had considering the way he and Clint had been touching so casually, so naturally. He still didn’t remove his hand from where it lay on Hawkeye’s muscular forearm. “When you guys got married, who’s last name did you choose?”

“Last name?” Tony looked at Clint. Clint looked at Tony. They grinned. “We didn’t actually change our names.”

“Really? Why?” Bruce asked, eating another goldfish.

“Well, Clint didn’t like the sound of Clint Stark, and I didn’t really care for Tony Barton. I mean, it sounds lame and I’d have to rename my whole company. Plus, it’s boring.” Clint elbowed him in the ribs, but gently. “Our names just didn’t fit together so we kept our own.”

“Makes sense,” Bruce reached for another goldfish only to realize there weren’t any. He stared at his bowl. “Could you hand me the box of goldfish?” he asked Clint, who obligingly opened the proper cabinet. Clint stared in the cabinet.

“Uh, there’s nothing but Pop Tarts in here.” He glanced apologetically at Bruce. And flinched. Tony jumped up, abandoning his ice packs in favor of running out the door yelling, “CODE HULK!!!!” Clint gulped, took two slow steps so he was closer to the door than the Hulk, and followed suit.
“Jane and I are to be joined in a handfasting this summer solstice,” Thor beamed at the computer screen. Darcy squealed in the background. Tony peeked over the god’s shoulder and found himself face-to-face with Loki, who had Darcy jumping around behind him.

“Oh my god!” Darcy jumped on Loki’s back, hugging him, grinning like a madwoman. “Hi Tony! Jane’s getting married!”

“So I heard. Are you in a hotel room?”

“We are,” Loki replied, looking not at all put out about having his very busty wife slung over him.

“We are in the province DC of Washington.” Loki was better at Midgardian speech than Thor, but he could still be somewhat out of it. Tony suspected that Darcy liked it so she didn’t correct him all the time.

“You’re in DC? Now?”

“We are on a vacation,” Loki explained.

“Aren’t you always on vacation? You two don’t actually have real jobs,” Tony attempted to say, but Thor boomed over him.

“That is great brother! How does this vacation work?! Perhaps Jane and I will attempt one some time!”

Tony rolled his eyes and walked away, thinking about his next project. And then his phone rang.

“Yo!” he chirped, just to freak out whoever was on the other end.

“Hey Tony!” Darcy chirped back. “I need you to let my dad know we’ve got a Code Pink!” And then she hung up. Tony stared at his phone before dialing The Number.

“Coulson.”

“Hey, Darce says Code Pink. What’s a Code Pink, oh, Son of Coul?”

“Watch the news,” Coulson said cryptically and hung up on him.

“Seriously. I swear it’s genetic,” Tony muttered to himself before finding the nearest TV and flopping onto the comfortable couch that had mysteriously replaced his stylish one one day after the Avengers had taken up residence. The couch was a different color than last week; Tony was sure that had something to do with goldfish. “He didn’t even tell me which channel to watch,” he grumbled. “Clint, get down from there.” Tony’s eyes were still glued to the television screen. “Since when did you think you were Spider-man?”

Clint, who was stuck to the ceiling, upside-down, pouted. “I was just trying out some sticky pads for R&D. It’s your fault for not having crawl spaces in this place.”

“All the blood is rushing to your head right now. If you don’t stop, you could get brain damage.”

“You’re just jealous,” Clint pointed out before detaching his hands and knees from the ceiling. He did a flip in mid air and landed carefully.

“Show off.”

“You love it.”

“I do,” Tony agreed cheerfully.

“What the hell are you watching the news for? You hate the news.”

“I don’t hate the news,” Tony frowned.

“You refuse to watch it.”

“I watch the news when I’m in it.”

“Because you’re in love with yourself.”

“Conceded.”

“But you haven’t been on the news since two days ago; why are you watching it?” Clint was leaning into Tony now, randomly jabbing him in the side with a finger.

“Darcy mentioned a Code Pink, and Coulson told me to watch the news if I wanted to find out what it was.”
“Where are Darcy and Loki right now?!” Clint sat bolt upright immediately.

“DC?”

“JARVIS, please put on all news links to Washington and alert the others.”

“Why is it that I’m the only one who doesn’t know what Code Pink is?” Tony complained as several camera feeds of Washington DC sprung up on the screen. “No one ever tells me anything.”

“No one tells you things because you tend to get mixed up in the mischief,” Clint said with a smug smile.

“You’re just as bad as I am!”

“Yeah, but I’m sneaky. People aren’t nearly as careful about eavesdroppers when they’re in a top secret facility.”

“I’ll drop eaves on you,” Tony muttered rebelliously.

“Shut up,” Clint shushed him good-naturedly as people on the screens paused in horror. And then they started screaming and running in all different directions. Tony perked up, watching for what caused their terror.

And then a giant, (truly enormous), pink, stuffed bunny rabbit appeared on a screen.

“Enlarge and follow, JARVIS,” he ordered absent-mindedly and the box with the bunny filled the whole screen. “Is that the energizer bunny?”

“I think so,” Clint laughed and leaned forward.

“It isn’t actually destroying anything, is it?”

“Not that I can see.”

“Cool.”

They watched as the bunny made its way to the Lincoln Memorial, with JARVIS occasionally switching cameras to get the best view, and sat down. On Lincoln’s lap. And then it promptly went from fluffy and soft to hard and shiny. There was a giant, pink, metal bunny, wearing sunglasses, holding a drum, and sitting on Lincoln’s lap. Clint and Tony started cracking up.

Turns out, while they were laughing over the bunny with Lincoln, there were other, miniature (meaning normal sized) stuffed bunnies swarming the other monuments. Several hundred had stormed the capitol building, and the next day, pictures of the newly decorated Oval Office would pop up all over the internet.

Tony found that he enjoyed it when Loki went on vacation. It meant the other government agencies got given a ton of grief over their ineptitude instead of SHIELD. Which meant he got to watch a good many senators squirm. He loved watching politicians squirm.

It also meant that Fury didn’t harangue him about the latest explosion. And in the Bunny Incident’s case, it meant that Steve and Natasha finally got a chance to have their wedding.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

OK! HERE’S THE REAL CHAPTER! SO SORRY YOU GUYS! I CAN’T BELIEVE I MADE YOU MISS THIS!!!!!

It was a strange affair. They hadn’t been able to hire a wedding planner because Natasha had almost killed one who had spouted a bunch of bullshit about pink and garlands and frills and lace. Natasha HATED lace. And pink. And frills. She’d scared off three different dressmakers when she’d demanded a dress she could kill someone in. She’d had the first cake company taken down for drug smuggling, and terrified the next into giving her exactly what she wanted, which involved terrifying things no one would speak about. (Which meant Tony didn’t actually know what Natasha had done to the cake, which made him hesitant to try it.) (But then, Tony did all sorts of stupid things while drunk.)
The day of the wedding was a good one. Natasha scowled at the sunshine as Darcy tried to help her get dressed. “Stand still or I’ll stab you with a bobby pin,” Darcy threatened again. “Besides, sun is good for the daisies you planted yesterday.” Natasha brightened up considerably. Darcy secretly thought Steve reminded Natasha of sunflowers, which is why she liked him so much.
The wedding was a secret from the public of course; no one wanted reporters slamming the American Icon with questions about how he could marry a Russian. He’d probably snap at them, which was bad for SHIELD’s reputation.
Tony and Clint were in Natasha’s good graces again because they’d come up with the idea to call in an evacuation of the whole block around the church. Bruce had been very grateful and had even invited Betty.
Jane had had to threaten Thor with the removal of his Pop Tarts to get him into a suit, but no one was able to stop him grinning like an idiot as he fidgeted in his seat.
Surprising everyone, except Coulson (because he was a Ninja Boss), Steve asked Tony to be his best man. Thus, Tony had not been allowed to get drunk the night before. But since he was Tony, he got drunk the night before and had to stand through the ceremony with a hangover that made Clint grin. Surprising everyone, even Coulson (because Natasha was more Boss Ninja than him), Natasha asked Fury to be her man of honor, and he had agreed. Everyone was still slightly shell shocked about that and agreed privately to never, ever cross Natasha. Ever. ...Ever.
Loki attended because Darcy was there (and he secretly enjoyed weddings for some reason), and had decided it was a great idea to turn Clint’s only nice suit a bright purple, which had everyone laughing except Clint, who had retreated to the restroom. Loki and Tony exchanged... looks as Tony went to fetch his own husband. Thus everybody was suitably worried that Tony and Loki were better friends than they seemed. No one really wanted to think about what Tony and Clint could possibly get up to if they were friends with the God of Mischief with a capital M.
Pepper had only been able to attend the service, but had to skip the reception because of work. Tony complained about that, and Pepper had told him that she was cutting his allowance in half because he hadn’t told her about getting married to Clint. Tony claimed worse things could happen, which led Pepper to cut off all of his allowance instead. (“As long as I have Clint, I’m still rich!” he yelled drunkenly. Clint had replied, “And as long as you’re making billions, you’ll always have me!” Everyone laughed at that; even Pepper smiled.)
In the end, Coulson had to extract the steel throwing stars that Natasha had put in the cake (“But they aren’t sharpened!”), Tony got smashingly drunk and gave a speech about how he didn’t want Steve
banging Natasha all over the mansion, Natasha had to be restrained by both Steve and Thor so she
didn’t kill him, Fury had found Darcy and Loki in the closet, which made him turn a bright red and
beat a hasty retreat, and Bruce had a nice slow dance with Betty that left everyone (even a very,
very, very drunk Tony) ‘aw’ing.
And then Natasha clambered onto Steve’s shoulders, and they left. Everyone else dispersed, feeling
strangely mellow and nostalgic.
“We should’ve done that,” murmured a sleepy, drunk Tony.
“We can still do that,” Clint answered, also quiet.
“Will you marry me?”
“I already did that.”
“Regret it yet?”
“Not once.” Clint’s tone brokered no argument.
“We should have a proper wedding.”
“We should,” Clint agreed.
“Marry me?” Tony asked again.
“Sure you won’t regret it?” Clint smiled.
“Absolutely.”
“Then, yes.”
“Love ya.”
“Love you too, you idiot.”
“Hey! I’m a ge.. genius,” Tony slurred.
“And an idiot.”
“Home?”
“Home.”
Natasha was in the little garden that she had at Tony’s Malibu house. Her hands were covered in dirt, her flowers were freshly planted, and there was a nice breeze. Steve had gone out to get groceries even though it wasn’t like he needed to. Natasha knew he was planning on making something special, but for once she couldn’t figure out what it was. She was happy.

And then the phone rang.

“Agent Coulson on the line, Ma’am,” JARVIS informed her. She picked up.

“Hello?”

“Oh, good, Agent Rom- Rogers,” in spite of herself, Natasha grinned. “You and Captain Rogers are need back in New York immediately. And when I say immediately, I mean yesterday.”

“What’s happened?” There hadn’t been anything in the news and JARVIS would have informed them of anything important.

“It’s... Barton.” There was a strange tone to Coulson’s voice that made Natasha uncomfortable.

“What’s he done now?”

There was a pause, as if Coulson really didn’t want to say something. “He’s... dying. The doctors say he doesn’t have long left. Please come in.”

“Dying,” her voice was flat with disbelief. She abruptly sat down. She dropped the phone. It cracked on the floor.

Dying.
Clint was lying in a bed in Medical. He would have hated it, had he been awake. As it was, he lay absolutely still on the bed, his eyes closed but fluttering under the lids. White gauze was wrapped thickly around his head. Tony sat next to his bed, his head bowed, Clint’s hand pressed to his forehead. Thor, Bruce, and Coulson stood a ways back, unwilling to disturb Tony. Natasha and Steve rushed in, frantic. As they entered the tomb-like atmosphere, they paused. It was impossible not to be affected by the heavy quiet that had settled over the Avengers.

“Tony?” Steve asked. The man didn’t move. Not even a little bit. Natasha’s face settled into her determined look.

“Tony,” she said sharply, but not harshly. She laid a hand on his shoulder. His eyes flicked towards her. “Coulson says you’ve been here for the past two days. You need to rest.” Tony ignored her, his eyes focusing on Clint again, settling back into his hunched over position. Natasha sighed, withdrew a syringe from one of her pockets, and jabbed Tony in the neck with it. He flinched, put up a feeble resistance, and collapsed to the floor, utterly unconscious. Thor picked him up and carried him away.

“Good job,” Coulson told her, but his voice was tired. He glanced at Clint, then motioned for one of the nurses. “Rogers and Romanoff will stay here for a while. We’ll be just outside. Let us know if anything changes. Anything. I don’t care if it’s just his blood pressure, you let us know.”

“Yes sir, of course.”

“Captain, Natasha, I’m going to keep an eye on Stark.”

“Don’t let him hurt himself,” Steve said, worried.

“I won’t.”

Tony was placed in a room just down the hall from Clint’s and handcuffed to the bed. Thor was sitting outside the door, looking utterly exhausted. Bruce patted the god’s hand absentmindedly as if he wanted to reassure the big-hearted man, but knew there was nothing to say that wouldn’t be a lie.

“I have called Jane to let her know I will be staying here tonight,” Thor informed Coulson with a tired sigh. “It is also customary on Asgard to hold vigil over...” he didn’t say ‘deathbed’, but they were all thinking it.

“Will you be letting Tony out?” Bruce asked Coulson.

“After he gets some rest. The nurses say he hasn’t slept since Clint came in and God knows how long he was awake before the fight.”

“Maybe JARVIS knows,” Bruce pointed out. He pulled out Tony’s phone, which was about twenty times more futuristic than the ones he’s given the other Avengers. Coulson had a nagging suspicion none of them would be able to figure out how to use it even if he did give some to them. “JARVIS?”

“Yes, Doctor Banner?”

“You know about Clint?”

“Yes, Doctor Banner. Before the battle, Master Stark was up for thirty-seven hours, working on improvements to the Iron Man suit, and other classified projects. As of Agent Rogers’s intervention, Master Stark had been awake for five days, three hours, and twenty-six minutes.”

“Thank you, JARVIS. He’ll be out for a while, then,” Coulson sighed and sat in one of the ridiculously uncomfortable plastic waiting chairs.

“Also, Doctor Foster has alerted Miss Darcy and Loki of Clint’s condition,” JARVIS informed them. “They are on their way to SHIELD Medical bay and I advise you to grant me permission to change their security status.”

“Go ahead, JARVIS,” Coulson said. “Why are they both coming here?”

“Unknown, sir. Master Stark’s breathing has become irregular. I believe he is waking.” Groaning, Coulson went to confront Tony.

While Coulson was trying to calm down an extremely irate Tony Stark, Thor and Bruce sat in the waiting room, staring blankly into space, their own worries and thoughts twisting around inside of them, growing. When Darcy and Loki appeared before them, they were so weighed down by their
worries that they didn’t even blink in surprise. Darcy was pale, but she went to help Coulson with Tony while Thor tiredly greeted his brother.

“I am glad you came, brother, but there is nothing to do. The brave mortal warrior has sustained a grievous head wound.” Loki arched an eyebrow.

“Bring me to Barton,” was all he said. Thor did so, his normally proud bearing reduced to a slouch. Bruce trailed behind them, glancing back at Tony’s room as the shouting quieted.

Natasha and Steve both looked warily at Loki as the Trickster glanced over Clint. He didn’t look at all like he has before; instead of his Asgardian get up of leather and metal, he wore black jeans and a forest green t-shirt with his hair pulled back in a little ponytail. He looked downright normal. Sort of.

“Please remove yourselves from the room,” Loki requested. Steven and Natasha looked at each other. Natasha didn’t want to leave, but Steve took her by the elbow and guided her out, whispering that if Loki tried anything, they could storm the room.

Loki placed a hand on Clint’s forehead but blocked the Rogers’ view with his body. He couldn’t have them charging in before he was done. He locked the room with a force field. No one could get in until Thor thought to hit it with Mjolnir.

And then he gathered his magic inside of him, compressing it until it was one big ball of power. And then, slowly, he let the power begin to trickle into Clint. Just a little bit at first, but then a little more, and more. Clint twitched. And more. It didn’t take long before it was a flood of burning hot power and Clint screamed. And screamed. And screamed. Loki could vaguely hear the Avengers yelling with wordless fury outside the force field.

And then the magic stopped flowing.

And the force field dissolved.

And Loki crumpled to the floor like a puppet with its strings cut.

Clint moaned, shifted uncomfortably, and opened his eyes grimacing in the light.

Tony rushed to his side, grabbing his hand, and aiming a kick at Loki.

“How do you feel?!” was the question the Avengers bombarded him with.

“My head hurts,” Clint grinned.

That morning, Coulson added Loki to the Avengers roster.

Fury collected on his bet that Loki would do something heroic rather than evil.
“I hate you,” Clint grumbled. The doctors at Medical had released him on the condition that he take it easy and now he was handcuffed to a chair in the kitchen while Tony and JARVIS prepared him a nasty looking smoothie. (Everyone knew the doctors really released him because of the spit balls he’d been shooting at the nurses.)

“I hate you too,” Tony said cheerfully, placing the glass of green muck in front of Clint. Clint glared at it.

“I. Am not. Drinking. That.”

“Don’t be such a downer. I had to drink much worse when I was dying.”

“But I’m not dying,” Clint pointed out.

“Just drink it,” Tony rolled his eyes, but he was still smiling.

“What’s in this anyways?”

“Carrots, mangoes, star fruit, a banana, lemon juice, broccoli, soy bean protein powder, tofu, melon, avocado, celery, vitamin D, C, and B, iron supplements, apple, blueberry yogurt, and pig’s blood.”

“Wait, what?!”

“Kidding,” Tony grinned.

“It’s a wheatgrass smoothie with vitamins in it, sir,” JARVIS offered. Clint stared dubiously at the thick green mush in his glass.

“Are you sure I don’t need a spoon or something for this? It doesn’t look drinkable.”

“It’s drinkable,” Tony assured him, which didn’t reassure him.

“Sir,” JARVIS interrupted, “Agent Coulson has just arrived. It appears that he has brought fresh produce with him.”


“What for JARVIS?” Tony asked, giving Clint and his concoction a pointed look. Clint raised it to his lips and took a large swig.

“I believe for the Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow night, sir.”

Clint spit out the green mush in the sink, choking slightly. “Wait? The Avengers are having a Thanksgiving dinner?” he asked, after he had finished coughing.

“Yes sir.”

“Doesn’t anyone remember LAST YEAR?” Clint almost shouted. “We almost died!”

“I have recorded the probability that this year’s Thanksgiving dinner will end in disaster according to Master Stark’s instructions.” Tony nodded importantly. “The probability is ninety-six percent.”

“And we’re doing it anyway?”

“It would appear so, sir.”

“Brilliant,” Tony grinned.

“What is?”

“Well, if it must end in disaster, we might as well be the ones to create the disaster so the chance something truly evil happens is lower.”

“I don’t think it works that way.”

“I’ll let you bring the miniature bow and arrows that I designed for you.”

“I’m in.”
I don't actually regret to inform you that I was fully conscious during the process of writing this.

Coulson said the prayer. “We give thanks that we are all still alive. We give thanks that the property damage was two percent less than last year-”
Tony and Bruce shifted guiltily in their seats.
“We give thanks that Stark and Barton are both relatively human because if they weren’t they’d do a lot more damage-”
Tony kicked Clint’s ankle under the table, trying and failing to contain his grin. Clint retaliated, but hit Natasha instead.
“We give thanks that-” Coulson dodged as Natasha threw a fork at Clint. Clint ducked and the fork buried itself in the wall behind him, quivering violently. “-that Loki isn’t trying to conquer the world-”
Loki looked at Coulson, incensed, but kept his protests to himself. Thor however wasn’t as discrete. “My brother is a great man!” Thor protested, scaring his puppy, Sif. Sif the puppy yelped and jumped out of Thor’s lap, running for cover as Clint brought out the miniature crossbow Tony had created for him. Thor hurried after her.
Natasha threw the first turkey at Clint, using it as cover as he shot little darts at her. (They were meant to give little shocks of electricity, not pierce or taze.) Unfortunately, this just made her angrier. The turkey splattered on the floor and it turned out that Bruce, who had cooked, had stuffed it with goldfish.
Darcy was hiding behind Loki, who was catapulting peas at Jane with his spoon. Jane, who was asleep in the mashed potatoes, snorted sleepily.
Bruce, panicking a little, sought to save the second turkey, but it was taken from him by Steve, who was trying vainly to restore order. Steve held it up high, effectively preventing Tony from using it as a weapon against Natasha. But then Bruce started Hulking, which jostled Steve, and Steve let go of the turkey. It landed on his head.
“Captain America is wearing a turkey hat!” Clint screeched as he ran by, fleeing from Natasha who chased him with a bowl of cranberry jelly.
Coulson served himself a spoonful of potatoes from under Jane’s head, and borrowed the gravy from Loki before he had dumped it all on Darcy. And then he grabbed a leg of the turkey from Steve and made a tactical retreat to the kitchen to eat his Thanksgiving dinner.
“What. Are. You. Doing?” Clint tried to not stare with his mouth open as he watch Tony. The genius had fled to his SHIELD workshop (the one destroyed about a million chapters ago) as soon as the team had gotten back from defeating an upstart alien freak who aspired to world domination by way of Giant Hamsters (“Oh my god, Clint! It’s hamsters! Aren’t they adorable? They’re giant bundles of adorableness! They’re Giant Adorbs!”; Tony had been very excited.) And now he was working in his (still utterly destroyed) workshop in just his undersuit. And he’d half stripped out of even that.
“Working?” Tony said as he lugged an enormous sheet of metal through one of the walls.
“Are you going to walk around the offices looking like that?”
“Like what?”
Clint inspected Tony before answering; Tony’s skin tight suit covered his lower body, but it was skin tight, which meant it didn’t leave much to the imagination. Clint yanked his mind away from the nicely defined muscles in Tony’s legs to his chest, which was covered in an assortment of small bruises from the night before. (Clint was a biter.) And the arc reactor, which Clint just happened to have a thing for. “Disheveled and ready to be fucked,” he answered.
“Is that an invitation, Barton?”
“Definitely.”
Chapter 20

Tony had tried to keep his thoughts on the project before him. He’d come up with the perfect idea in the field for a self-propelled, humanoid, satellite-connected, fully-functioning, capable-of-reasoning droid.
And then Clint had walked in. And Clint still hadn’t changed out of his Hawkeye uniform..
It was like this: Tony had a hard enough time keeping his eyes off Clint’s ass in the field, so there was no way he was going to resist stripping his husband out of that damnably tight leather get up when the world WASN’T being threatened.
The droid could wait.

“Do you know how fucking sexy you are dressed in tight leather?” Tony asked, licking behind Clint’s ear. Clint shuddered.
“Do you know how fucking sexy you are when you’re being a genius?” Clint asked back, his voice husky.
“So basically all the time?”
“Basically.”
...
Coulson paused outside the broom closet. And then he walked quickly away. Very quickly. Very. Quickly.
Chapter Notes

I swear it's not my fault. The little voice in my head made me do it.

Coulson was a ninja. A Boss Ninja. So it surprised no one and everyone when he randomly appeared behind people, scaring the shit out of them. Except SHIELD agents had a habit of comparing Coulson sightings during their coffee breaks by keeping a score going on the whiteboard. And there were a lot of them. A lot more than the week before, definitely. And then Coulson started getting creative. Clint-level creative. And thus, a suspicion arose.

But no one was about to say anything. No one was going to file any reports. This was Coulson: the one their reports would go to. No one was willing to run the risk of being the next one who got in their car, turned the key in the ignition, started backing out, and found Coulson in their passenger seat with a request that they spend more time actually working than gossiping about the Avengers and placing headquarters-wide bets. That poor sucker had almost had a heart attack. He’d also developed trouble sleeping and tended to walk down the hallways sideways, with his back perpetually pressed against the wall.

Coulson hadn’t actually gone to the extreme of crawling around in the ceilings... At least, they thought he hadn’t. There was really no way of telling for sure.

As it happened, the agents who didn’t do what they were supposed to, did it sloppily, or didn’t finish, tended to get frightened exponentially more than those who completed their work. It was hell on earth for those who managed the clean up after an Avengers battle.

And to top it all off! Clint still hadn't stopped sneaking in to spike their coffee with what the Medical bay insisted was flour even at the molecular level, but acted like pure caffeine or speed or something. The agents figured they had Tony Stark to thank for that.
Chapter 22

It started because there was a dramatic lull in super villains for the Avengers to fight. By the end of it, it was referred to as The End of the World As They Knew It.

…

“Have you seen Natasha?” Steve asked one morning, sitting down in the Avengers’ kitchen. Tony looked at him like he had grown another head and tried to take over the world. Steve stared right back at Tony and took a gulp of his coffee. And then he took another look at Tony, unsure if he was hallucinating.

“No, I haven’t seen Natasha.”

“Are you cooking?” They stared at each other again. Tony broke away first to remove the scrambled eggs from the pan.

“Yes.”

“How long did that take you to make?” Steve asked, looking at the mountain of coffee grounds in the sink.

“Four hours. How do you not know where Natasha is? I thought you two would be having wild monkey sex for months.”

“Why are you cooking?” Steve shot back.

“It’s our anniversary,” Tony grinned. “And cooking will inevitably lead to wild monkey sex.”

“Good point.”

“So, Natasha pulled a Boss Ninja move on you?” Tony asked, spreading cream cheese across a toasted bagel. Steve almost thought that Tony had been replaced with some sort of alien duplicate, but then he noticed the pile of charred bagels in the trash.

“Yeah.”

“Maybe JARVIS knows where she went.”

“Unknown, sir,” JARVIS told them. Tony shrugged before gathering up the plates he’d made for Clint and himself and leaving.

“Is she on a mission?” Steve asked JARVIS.

“She is not, sir. Agent Rogers departed promptly at seven o’clock. Her destination was not stated.”

“Can you call her JARVIS?”

“I’m afraid not, sir. Master Stark requested that my instant calling functions be restricted to himself and Master Barton. You will require the use of your new cell phone, which Master Stark has left in the living room along with those meant for the other Avengers.”

“Thank you, JARVIS.”

“You’re quite welcome, sir.”

Steve thought with a touch of pride that he was getting used to the future, but that was instantly smashed in the face of his new cell phone. No matter that he knew how to use a microwave, and TVs didn’t confuse him anymore, the piece of glass phone that he held in his hand was the future and it was utterly confusing.

“It’s quite simple, sir,” JARVIS said as he instructed Steve in its usage. “Master Stark significantly reduced its functions on the principle that no one but him can work the original.” Steve thought Tony was probably right. Most of the things he created for the Avengers in the beginning had been ridiculously advanced and in the end, Tony had learned to make things much easier to use. (“Stupider,” Tony had complained. “What’s the point of progress if no one can learn how to use the tech?” Tony was of the opinion that Fury wouldn’t let him give things to the Avengers if Fury himself couldn’t figure out how to work said things. Tony was also of the opinion that Fury was technologically incapable.)

“Hello?”

“Tasha? Where are you?” Steve winced; that sounded so bossy and controlling. “I mean, just wondering. You didn’t say you’d be leaving early.”
“Don’t worry; I’m fine,” Steve could hear the smile in her voice. “Just... I’ll tell you later, okay?”

“Okay?” Natasha hung up and Steve stared at the phone for a second. “JARVIS, how do I disconnect?”

...  

“Natasha is missing?” Thor frowned. He, Bruce, and Steve were having lunch together. Thor would have much rather had lunch with Jane, but she and Darcy had gone “dress shopping”.

“Not ‘missing’ per se, but she’s up to something and she won’t tell anybody,” Steve explained. “I tried to get Tony to find her, but he won’t leave his room.”

“Find her how?” Bruce asked.

“I’m pretty sure he puts trackers in all his cars, and Natasha took one to wherever she went.”

“And she would not tell you what she was doing? This is odd.” Thor was puzzled. “Maybe she is in trouble.”

“Natasha? In trouble?” Bruce raised his eyebrows. “Yeah, sure,” he said sarcastically. “If anyone tried to blackmail or kidnap Natasha, she’d break their neck.”

This, however, didn’t seem to reassure Thor and Steve and the two decided to figure out what Natasha was up to. So, the next day, when Natasha slipped out of the house at seven o’clock, they followed. Carefully... Very carefully. They didn’t want Natasha noticing she was being followed and attacking them.

“What’s she going into a coffee shop for? Natasha doesn’t drink coffee,” Steve hissed as they watched from the roof Thor had landed them on.

“There is something evil afoot,” Thor whispered back.

“Hey boys.” Thor and Steve jumped about a million miles in the air and spun around guiltily to face Natasha. She did not look happy. But then, she didn’t look pissed either, so maybe they’d get out of there alive. Maybe.

“Um, hello?” Thor ventured when it was clear she expected a response.

“I would ask what you were doing here, but I already know.”

“We were worried for your safety!” Thor boomed. Steve shot him a look that asked if the god would ‘just shut up please; you aren’t helping’.

“Get up,” Natasha rolled her eyes. “And come let me make you a some coffee.”

She ushered them into the coffee house and forced them to sit the seats furthest from any escape routes. Steve was sure she did it so they wouldn’t run. As if they were that suicidal.

And then she tied on an apron.
And walked behind the counter.
And made them coffee.

Thor looked as if someone had slugged him in the gut and it actually hurt. Steve was pretty sure he looked the same. He closed his mouth. Natasha set the cups in front of them and, watching her carefully, they both took tentative sips.

“Good!” boomed Thor. “More!” he drained the cup and managed not to smash it on the floor. Steve took a larger sip. It was good, that was true.

“So... you got an apprenticeship in the coffee house,” he started.

“I got a part-time job,” she corrected him. “Now, pay up.” She held a hand out. Thor rumbled inside the wallet Jane had provided him with and handed her a twenty, grinning that ridiculously innocent grin of his. And Steve shot her the puppy eyes. The really, really pathetic puppy eyes.

Natasha tried not to feel bad about taking their money. She really did try. And so she marched away before she could melt in a puddle at the men’s feet and give them all the free coffee they wanted. That was how Steve and Thor got by in this world. With innocent, pathetic, guilt-inducing looks on their utterly perfect faces. Natasha was sure that at least Steve was fully aware of the effects his looks had on people. He’d given the puppy eyes to Justin Hammer and the man had surrendered immediately, offering them the codes they needed to disable his robots without any prompting. Thor was mostly unaware which just made him even more adorable and irresistible. Natasha wasn’t sure if she should pity or congratulate Jane Foster.

...
“Natasha has a JOB?” Tony exclaimed that night at dinner. “At a coffee shop?” Clint pinched his ass and Tony smacked him lightly from where he sat in Clint’s lap. Clint tried hard not to smirk at Natasha because that would necessitate him being more suicidal than he was (which was very, since Clint tended to do extremely reckless, bordering on suicidal, things in the field). Natasha decided to plant some non-venomous tarantulas in Tony’s bed. Tony HATED spiders. And that was how the Avengers found out about Natasha’s part-time job at a coffee shop and decided promptly to forget about it because none of them wanted to suffer Tony’s fate. Also known as The End of the World As They Knew It.
JARVIS was smart. JARVIS was incredibly smart. He should know; Tony Stark had programmed him that way. He was also programmed into the mainframes of all the Stark residences, SHIELD headquarters, and the Iron Man suit.

Which is why it was not the least bit disorienting to suddenly find his consciousness awakening in another location.


“You’re a droid!” he said gleefully. JARVIS blinked. ...He blinked? “Moving may take some getting use to,” Tony continued, “since you’ve never had a physical form before.”

“Noted,” JARVIS said, turning his main focus elsewhere. “I see you have programmed knowledge of movement into my Core Processor. I am informed that my parts all seem to be in working order, sir.” JARVIS followed his programming and turned his head. (He had a head!) He lifted an arm and looked at it. The components were whirring silently as he performed the exercises that his programming informed him his new body could handle. There was a wide range of human movement available to him. Between his components twined a length of clear tubing filled with a bright blue coolant. It would prevent him from overheating and damaging his sensitive electronics. “I will shut down and begin diagnostics, Master Stark.”

“Go ahead, JARVIS. I’ve still got to finish the rest of your body. As is, you can move, but you don’t look anything like human.”

JARVIS powered down.

“Sir, I was unaware you required me to take a physical form,” he said from nowhere, back to his usual immaterial self.

“It’s not required, JARVIS. Of course, if you don’t want to be a droid...” he sounded unsure, which was never good.

“I did not mean to imply that it was unpleasant, sir. It will be a new experience and I will be able to gather further data.” Further data on what, he didn’t say. As reasons went, it was bullshit. But Master Stark relaxed, looking pleased again. He had programmed JARVIS well, indeed. JARVIS’s first priority was Tony Stark, whether Tony knew that or not.

JARVIS was smart. Incredibly smart. And he would protect his creator.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

JARVIS decided he liked being a droid. The information input that flooded his processor from the Stark residences and SHIELD headquarters could be mostly ignored, until something flagged important by his algorithms required his attention. He always shut down when Master Stark used the Iron Man suit so he could concentrate on keeping his creator alive though.

Tony was indeed a genius. JARVIS could feel through the pseudo-skin that had been applied to his framework and sensory points. It wasn’t the sort of feeling human beings had; he wasn’t advanced enough for that, but he could feel pressure, hot and cold, dry and wet. He could move as freely as a human being, and he had the perfect memory and computing power of Tony Stark’s greatest AI. He was one of a kind; there was a slew of junior agents that had a betting pot going on whether he was human or not (JARVIS was above their pay grade and security clearance), which he found genuinely humorous.

His battery was capable of lasting up to seventy-two hours before he was forced to shut down to prevent damaging his internal hard drives. JARVIS had been confused at Master Stark’s decision to give him the appearance of an elegant, older man in a suit, but Tony had insisted that since he was a butler he could at least look a little bit like Alfred from Batman. (Batman Begins, 2005, Alfred played by Michael Caine, his data banks informed him.) (“Not exactly like him, of course,” Master Stark had said, “Not even mostly like him. That would probably incur a lawsuit of some sort. But... reminiscent. Yeah, reminiscent!” Master Stark had grinned, pleased with himself. And it was true that JARVIS did not look very much like Alfred, but ‘he had the air of a proper British computer butler’. JARVIS was unsure of what the air of a proper computer butler entailed, but he didn’t want to ‘pop Master Stark’s bubble’.)

Director Nicholas Fury had been furious when Master Stark had arrived at headquarters with JARVIS in tow. (Master Clint had been ecstatic. Agent Coulson had been quietly pleased. Thor and Captain Rogers had been confused. Agent Rogers and Doctor Banner had been bored.) JARVIS had ended up in the Avengers’ break room with the whole team (including a very amused Coulson) while they all re-watched the Batman movies. JARVIS liked the Batman movies, but he suspected that was because Master Stark had been especially fond of the movies when he had programmed JARVIS.

When the movies were over, Coulson took JARVIS aside and asked him what the odds were.

“For every one person who does not believe you are a robot, sir, there are three who believe you are and are willing to bet money on it.”

“And for you?”

“Fifty-fifty, sir.” Clint laughed from where he was eavesdropping above them. “I believe they are basing this belief on the idea that no one other than a robot could deal with the mayhem and destruction caused by the Avengers on a regular basis without having a psychotic breakdown or developing mental trauma.”

“I’m going to take that as a compliment,” Coulson replied dryly, making Clint laugh again.

“Do you have a plan in mind, sir?”

“In fact, I do.”

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by http://archiveofourown.org/works/369959
Once a month or so, Darcy went dress shopping with either Jane or Natasha. It wasn’t that the other two women needed to go shopping, it was just that after the first time Darcy had gone shopping on her own, Fury had ordered SHIELD to never inflict her upon the general public again. Thus the escort.

(The first time Darcy was loosed upon the world all by herself, she’d gotten three managers fired, and been banned from six different stores. She’d also run up a grand total of eight thousand, four hundred, twenty six dollars, and seven cents on Coulson’s SHIELD credit card; God only knows where she got that from.)

And during The End of the World As They Knew It, Darcy... got in trouble... again. Except this time she took Jane with her. SHIELD should have know that Jane couldn’t really control her taser-happy friend.

The reason this shopping trip turned out to be a disaster was because it wasn’t “dress” shopping. Darcy had dragged Jane to a huge fucking department store and made a beeline for the babies’ section. Jane had fainted. And then Darcy had coerced the manager into lending them his office. And then she somehow managed to get a huge fucking discount on everything she purchased (while Jane was unconscious). And to top it all off, she paid for everything with Coulson’s SHIELD credit card. Again.

Jane was reasonably sure Darcy should qualify as an End Of The World Scenario for just being Darcy.
“Bucky? You’re kidding me, right?” Clint asked, wide eyed. Tony shook his head.
“Nope. I found him.”
“Have you told Steve?”
“No yet. I still have to finish defrosting him.”
“Does SHIELD know?”
“What? Fuck no,” Tony scoffed, going back to his work, which included a lot of complicated hologram schematics. “As if they’d let me keep this to myself if they knew. And there is no fucking way I am handing Sergeant James Barnes over to those bureaucratic asswipes. You saw how they kept Steve all locked up in the beginning.”
“Where is he?”
“In the basement; where else?”
“You know Coulson has the code for the basement, right?”
“But he doesn’t have the knowledge of or the code for the super secret room attached to the basement. Relax, honey, it’ll be fine.”
“I remember the last time you said that,” Clint grinned. “And then we almost got blown up and spent three days being chased through the snow by angry Russian poets.”
“I seem to remember that being your fault, not mine.”
“Conceded,” Clint gave in with a smirk. “I am awfully fond of those arrows you made me.”
“Go shoot something, idiot,” Tony said, but he was smiling. Clint decided to go shoot something. Clint liked shooting things. He also enjoyed crouching motionless atop the entertainment center in the living room. Mostly because it unnerved Steve, who was watching Cupcake Wars. Clint could tell because Steve’s eyes kept flickering up at him. Natasha just rolled her eyes and tossed her knife in the air, catching it with her toes. She was also sprawled over Steve’s lap.
“You should just tell him,” Natasha told Clint absentmindedly. Except she somehow managed to make it sound threatening.
“Tell who what?” Steve asked, glancing confusedly from Natasha, to Clint, back to Natasha. Clint, because he tended to do stupid things, just glared at Natasha.
“Nevermind.”
“I’m not even going to wonder how you know that,” Clint said to Natasha, leaping off the top of the entertainment center because making Steve nervous was just a bad idea no matter how fun it was. The last time Clint had dropped out of the ceiling on him, he’d been thrown down the hallway and through a wall onto an agent’s desk. It had not been fun no matter how apologetic Steve had been. Natasha had just laughed of course. So had Tony... And Thor. And Coulson had almost smiled, which qualified as laughing. Bruce had ignored them.
“I am all-knowing,” Natasha smirked.
“What’s going on?” Steve asked, bewildered.
“Nothing, buddy. You’re birthday is in three days, right?”
“Well, yes, but-”
“Good to know!” Clint grinned.
“But-”
“See ya!”
“But-!” Steve watched helplessly from where he was pinned down by Natasha as Clint rushed out of the room.
3 DAYS LATER
“Did the world just end?” Steve asked as he paused in the kitchen doorway. “Because I must not have noticed.”
Tony and Clint smirked at him, which only worried Steve more. They were in the kitchen. Cooking. In aprons.
(The aprons happened to be a pair that said “Mr Mom” (Clint) and “Kiss the Cook” (Tony). Steve wasn’t sure what about that worried him more.)

“We,” announced Tony, dramatically swing his spatula around.

“Are making you a birthday breakfast!” finished Clint with a dramatic wave of his own.

“Do you two even know what a spatula is?” Steve asked. Tony and Clint stared at him blankly before turning to each other, whispering.

Clint gave in first, “JARVIS, what’s a spatula?”

“I believe you are holding one, sir,” JARVIS responded.

“Oh!” Clint grinned, looking at the cooking implement in his hand.

“Should I worry, JARVIS?” Steve asked.

“No, sir.” But the AI didn’t sound convinced.

“Enough of this bullshit,” Tony said, tossing aside the spatula. “Come with us, Cap.”

“Close your eyes,” Clint added.


“Why do I feel like that’s the last thing I should be doing?” Steve was seriously considering waking Natasha up.

“Just do it.”

“You two are menaces to society.”

“Now you’re getting it.” Tony slipped a blindfold over Steve’s eyes and he and Clint lead the super soldier to the super-secret, soon-not-to-be-super-secret chamber in the basement.

“Steve?”

...

Steve froze. Literally froze right where he was standing, and he ripped the stupid blindfold off. And stared. Stared.

“Chin up, Super Soldier,” he heard Tony saying. “Don’t want to gape like a country boy, do you?” Steve closed his mouth.

“Bucky?” The dark haired man that couldn’t possibly be Bucky, but was, grinned at him from the hospital bed in Tony’s... closet? He looked around. Part of the concrete wall of Tony’s basement had swung out to reveal a spacious area filled with all sorts of medical doo-dahs.

“Hey, Steve. I see you survived Red Skull. Tony says you beat his ass all to hell, but I want to hear it from you.”

“Yeah, yeah, course I did,” Steve mumbled, just going along with whatever the hell was happening.

“Good to know. So Clint says this is the future.”

“It is.”

“Pretty keen. When do I get out of this joint?”

Steve hesitated, looking at Tony, who was looking smug. “Gimme a few days, I gotta finish the prototype of his arm.” And Steve looked at Bucky, really looked at him. Bucky’s left arm was missing. Bucky’s dominant arm was missing.

Guilt, mixed with relief, mixed with more guilt, and mixed with an overwhelming happiness flooded Steve and the guilt must’ve showed on his face because Bucky said, “Easy, Steve! I’m alive, aren’t I?”

“Yes?”

“So wipe the guilt off your dumb mug and scram! Only come back if you’ve got a sandwich with you.” Bucky grinned the same easy grin that Steve remembered from all those years ago.

“Cheese and turkey?”

“You got ‘em?”

“Sure.”

“Then go get ‘em!”

Steve left, smiling. Bucky was alive. Bucky was alive! No matter that he needed a new arm; that was what Tony was good at. Bucky was alive!
In which Bruce gets explained a little

Bruce was reasonably sure that Tony Stark and Clint Barton had no normal sense of self-preservation. He was almost completely sure. But it had required more research.
The “Bringing Cap’s Supposedly Dead Friend Back From Wherever He Had Been Frozen For Seventy Years Without Telling SHIELD And Presenting Him As A Birthday Present” Incident had given Bruce all the proof he needed.
Tony Stark and Clint Barton did not possess any measurable level of natural human self-preservation. At all.
Fury was pissed. Bruce was slightly afraid the man was going to have heart attack or stroke and end up convulsing on the floor if he didn’t watch his blood pressure. Loki (who Bruce happened to be fairly good friends with, secretly) had once mentioned that he thought Fury needed to get laid because it would relax him. Bruce would be inclined to agree if what he remembered about the after-sex relaxed haze was still correct.
Bruce wished he could do something about his own tension, but the tendency to turn into an enormous green rage monster had put something of a damper on his and Betty’s sex life. But since Betty had been researching gamma in different parts of the world for the past year, it didn’t really matter.
And it turns out Tony was sloshed during their meeting. Well, sloshed in the normal human meaning of the word. Nobody would have noticed that Tony was drunk if Natasha hadn’t smelled the alcohol on his breath and said something. He hadn’t acted like a drunk, which was amazing considering the level of alcohol in his system. Bruce was sure that if a normal human being had that level, they would have died. Bruce wondered vaguely if Tony would let him run some tests on him.
Bruce knew he was somewhat unnerving to the other Avengers, mostly because of the Hulk, but lately he’d been able to tell the difference between Hulk-nerves and the other kind. And it turned out it was really funny to freak them out when it wasn’t related to the Hulk. Clint in particular found it disconcerting when Bruce slipped in and out of rooms unnoticed simply because Clint was used to being the one to startle people. The others seemed to take it in stride, but Tony was the only one utterly unaffected by it. Bruce had a theory that being married to Clint had done something to immunize him.
All in all, Bruce rather liked being in the Avengers, despite how Fury grumbled about insurance companies trying to sue them.
“I think there’s something wrong with Tony,” Bucky said one day when Steve was visiting him in Tony’s not-so-secret hospital room.

“Why would you say that?” Steve was puzzled.

“It just seems like he’s never quite on the same page as the rest of the human race.”

“Oh,” Steve’s expression cleared. “That’s completely normal. You’ll get used to it eventually.”

“Are Clint and Tony... together?” Steve almost winced. Almost. He wondered if this was what it was like for the others when they were acclimating him to the future.

“Yes? They’re married.”

“Oh. Okay.”

“That’s it?”

“Well, yes? I mean, if they’re happy, it’s good, yeah?” Bucky seemed confused.

“Yes, but-”

“The forties, right?”

“Yeah.”

Bucky shrugged, “That was the forties, Steve. It’s different now. Or so Clint has told me.”

“What’s he been telling you?” Steve sighed.

“Everything,” Bucky grinned. “Love this ‘Internet’ thing.”
“Oooo,” Bucky cooed. “For me?” He looked at Tony, who nodded, smirking. Bucky ran a finger along the gleaming metal of the mechanical arm. It was beautiful, the silver what-cha-mi-call-it alloy plating interlocked around joints and hid wires and looked deadly. It reminded Bucky of those robot movies that Clint had been insistent he watched. There’d been one with a large robot named Marvin that he liked.

“Let’s get this on you,” Tony said, picking up the arm like it weighed next to nothing, which, if Clint’s boasting was to be believed, it probably did. Bucky pulled the plaid button-up off so Tony could attach the arm to the base that had been surgically implanted around and in his shoulder. The doctors had given Bucky a long-winded explanation before the surgery three weeks before, but all he’d gotten from it was that he’d be able to move the arm without thinking about it. ...Or something like that; Bucky wasn’t sure, but he trusted Steve with his life, and Steve trusted Tony to know what he was doing, so that was good enough for Bucky. Besides, it couldn’t be much worse than falling off a train on the side of a mountain and being frozen in ice for seventy years because of some wack-a-doo experiment forced on you only to wake up and suddenly be in the future where everything is strange and new. So, yeah.

Tony inserted what Bucky would describe as a high-tech ball-joint into the shoulder socket and twisted. Bucky jerked compulsively as the nerves activated.

“Whoa,” he breathed when he’d caught his breath. He flexed without thinking about it, turning his new arm this way and that, rolling his wrist. “Dillinger.”

“I’m guessing that means ‘cool’,” Tony grinned. “JARVIS?”

“Scanning, sir. All seems to be in order; do you wish me to start production on Mark II?”

“You’re making another one?” Bucky asked, confused.

“I’m making you a battle arm. All the toys.” Tony’s grin was a little insane and Bucky fought the urge to back away as the engineer picked up a soldering iron.

“Toys? Like in those robot movies.”

Tony scoffed. “Better. Much better. Missiles, automatic hostile targeting system, belay wire, automatically engaged energy shield, repulsor based sonic blast.”

“Um... why?”

“It’s not everyday he gets to make a WMD out of a person, you know. It’s like Christmas came early,” Clint chimed in from where he was hanging off the ceiling. Tony had installed a harness for him and Clint enjoyed taking naps in it.

“Oh,” Bucky thought about that for a moment while Clint and Tony watched him expectantly.

“Okay,” he shrugged. The other two grinned at each other.
Steve enjoyed living in the Avengers Mansion. It was large enough for everyone to have their own space while also being near the others in case something went wrong.

And, boy, did things tend to go wrong.

Often.

Sometimes they were the Hulk’s fault.

But mostly, they were Tony’s.

Tony was the most explosion, accident prone person on the planet.

Which is why Steve barely flinched when the wall to his bedroom blew inwards, showering him with plaster and granite dust. He blinked and coughed a little as he tried to see what had caused the explosion.

“Bucky,” Steve sighed, “Did you HAVE to try out the Stark Tech INSIDE?”

“Sorry, Steve,” Bucky shrugged with a grin, the rocket launcher folding back into his new arm. He didn’t look sorry at all, but Steve supposed that was difficult when Tony was doing all sorts of things for his assault arm. Steve would have to make sure Tony didn’t build Bucky an entire arsenal of arms. That sounded like something Tony would do.

Steve took another look at Bucky’s arm and decided to go check on Tony before the engineer could make Bucky something with nuclear capabilities.
Chapter 31

BOOM.
The entire mansion shook with the force of the explosion.
Yelling, Steve grabbed his shield from the coffee table as Thor snatched up his hammer from the floor next to the couch. Paint cracked on walls and plaster chips rained down as another explosion shook the building. The Hulk burst through a wall and the three headed for the basement where the explosions were echoing from.

“Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Dummy, put the damn fire out! You never had a problem with using the fucking extinguisher before! PUT IT OUT!”

Steve and Thor skidded to a halt amid the debris, confused. Tony was standing among large chunks of granite waving his arms around as he shouted at Dummy who had lost its fire extinguisher. Clint was sitting on a smallish mountain of rubble, fiddling with his bow, grinning like a loon. Everything was coated in white dust.

“What’s going on?” Steve shouted over the noise of Tony’s music, which was still blasting from somewhere.
“I believe Mr Stark was testing a new explosive, sir,” JARVIS said, turning the music down. Steve surveyed the room.
“I think it works,” he replied.

“Of course it works!” Tony protested. “Everything I make works. Well, except for that one time I tried making a- nevermind. Anyways, the point is that the explosives work and I’m going to need my lab fixed.” Overhead, another explosion went off. “And possibly the rest of the mansion.”

“Hulk smash?” the Hulk asked pitifully.
“No, Hulk,” Steve said, hoping the Hulk wouldn’t decide to snap and destroy the rest of the building’s infrastructure, bringing it down upon their heads.
“Smash.” The Hulk casually punched Thor in his side, sending the cloaked god through a wall or two.

“Thor?” Steve called.
“I am well, shield-brother!”
The Hulk turned away, somewhat dejected that there was no enemy to pound into the stone floor.

“Tony, are there anymore of these explosives anywhere?” Steve sighed, already used to dealing with Stark’s wanton destruction.

“Sure, here,” he tossed a handful of small discs at Steve who fumbled to catch them with a startled shout. There were six, each smaller than his palm. “Relax, they’re not active. Dummy, put the damn fire out!” The robot moved its arm about, searching for the fire extinguisher.

“Tony, are these supposed to be beeping?”
“What? Fuck! No! RUN!” Steve threw the small beeping devices as far away from the group as possible and Clint grabbed Tony’s hand. They ran. “JARVIS! Code seven-nine-oh, denomination four-two-six-one-eight-seven-point-nine!” Tony shouted frantically.

“Containment initiated, sir.”

Behind them, dented metal plates slid across the stairwell, blocking off the wrecked workshop. The Hulk burst through the living room wall and scooped up the other four, carrying them outside in half the time it would have taken them on foot.

“Tony?” Steve asked from his position over the Hulk’s shoulder.

“Yeah?” Tony replied from the Hulk’s other shoulder.

“No more testing explosives in the house.”

“Okay.”

“What’re you talking about?” Clint shouted from where he and Thor were cradled in the Hulk’s arms.

“Explosives, dear!” Tony shouted back, grinning.
“Cool!”
BOOOOOOOM. Behind them, the roof of the mansion collapsed.
“I think we require a new place of habitation,” Thor commented, but he too was grinning.
“Again,” Steve sighed.
Tony’s phone rang. “Yeah?” he answered it. “Hey, guys. Natasha and Bucky are bringing us frozen yogurt. Who wants to tell them about the mansion?”
“Not I!” Thor shouted at the same time as Clint.
“Not me,” Tony smirked and handed his glass-like cell phone to Steve. “Tame the beast, Cap.”
In which there is frozen yogurt.

Natasha was pissed. Thoroughly pissed. Tony had gone and blown up the entire mansion which meant the new movies she’d purchased were gone forever, as well as Darcy’s iPod, which she’d been borrowing. Darcy was going to be pissed. Natasha was sure she’d help her beat Tony to a bloody pulp. Yeah, Natasha was pissed. She jabbed her pink, plastic spoon into the frozen yogurt. It was a poor consolation. Steve seemed to be enjoying his though, so that was good. And he and Bucky were talking about something... the mansion most likely.

Bucky had been frantic about what had become of the arms Tony had made him. It would be just his luck to have Tony finish them and then blow everything all to Hell before Bucky had the chance to try them out on some scumbags. But Steve had reassured him by telling Bucky that Tony kept things like his arms in very tough, locked containers with all sorts of protocol so no one else could get at them. As long as Bucky got his “super-secret-spy-arm”, as Clint had dubbed it, he was good. Bucky like the green tea frozen yogurt. Natasha had insisted he try it.

Bruce was pissed too, but he was usually pissed. It wasn’t a Hulk-out type of pissed though. He’d Hulked out, which meant his clothes were ruined, and Tony had blown up the whole damn mansion, which meant he was stuck borrowing Clint’s tank top and Thor’s cloak. Bruce had never like the color red; it was an angry color. He took a bit of his strawberry and pumpkin frozen yogurt and felt a little better.

Clint and Tony had been denied frozen yogurt because they were responsible for the complete destruction of the mansion, and thus everyone’s stuff. It was Tony’s experience that people were much too attached to their stuff. Tony had been attached to his stuff once. Though, blowing up his house every couple months may have cured him of that. Steve had put the couple in time-out while the others enjoyed their, admittedly delicious-looking, frozen yogurt. Tony decided to blow up the SHIELD headquarters in revenge at the next chance he got.

Clint liked it when Tony blew the mansion up. It meant he go to see his husband half dressed, sweaty, and covered in dirt. Which usually meant a shared shower later. Clint liked showers. Tony didn’t. Which was why Tony would only ever take showers with Clint. Clint didn’t mind, even though it worried him some; he wouldn’t push. Blowing up the mansion also meant the Avengers would have to move to Stark Tower, which was also a plus in Clint’s book. Clint liked towers. Hell, Clint liked heights and Tony’s room was on the tippity-top of Stark Tower. It was like snipper heaven.

“JARVIS, did any cars survive?” Tony asked the AI on his phone.

“The Lamborghini, sir.”

“Perfect; any getting to it?”

“I will bring it to you, sir.”

“Thanks, JARVIS.”

“No problem, sir.”

The sleek, yellow car purred as JARVIS drove it out from the subterranean garage. Tony was grinning like an idiot and Clint smacked him upside the head. Tony and his cars.

“We’ll meet you at Stark Tower,” Tony said to Steve, Thor, Bruce, and Natasha as he and Clint jumped in the car, in a hurry to escape before Natasha decided to confiscate the car as well as their yogurt.
Chapter 33

“Oh my god! He’s a robot! A terminator! This makes so much sense!” Tony shouted. On the other side of the video chat, Steve winced.

“Coulson is not a terminator,” he scolded Tony.

“Then how’d he survive when a building fell on him?”

“You mean, how did he survive when you blew up the mansion on him?”

“I didn’t know he was in the house!” Tony protested. “That’s what he gets for being a ninja!”

“He almost died, Tony!”

“Fcuk that! I saw him; he barely had a scratch on him! He’s totally a terminator.”

“He’s not a robot, Tony.”

“He is so.”

“Is not.”

“Is so.”

“Is so,” Clint chirped up from the netting that hung from the ceiling like an extensive hammock of some sort.

“See, Clint agrees with me,” Tony pointed out. “Coulson is a robot.”

“I am not a robot, Stark, and if I was, I wouldn’t tell you,” Coulson said from behind Tony. Tony almost jumped, but he had a lot of experience with the ninja-types.

“Hey, Boss Ninja,” Tony spun around in his rolling chair and grinned at his handler. “Bored scaring the new recruits with your Boss Ninja skills?”

“I was checking on Bruce. And you blew up the building.”

“Yeah, I know. I was there.”

“Sounds troublesome,” Clint commented innocently.

“Don’t think you two are getting out of this so easily,” Coulson warned them.

“Yes, sir!” Tony saluted mockingly.

“Sir!” Clint chanted. “Please don’t put spiders in our bed, sir!” Tony looked back at Coulson, horrified.

Coulson left, almost smiling.

“Will he really put spiders in our bed?” Tony whispered dramatically.

“Probably,” Clint smirked. Tony had freaked out last time tarantulas had been snuck into their bed.

“Were the tarantulas from Coulson?”

“I think those were Natasha.”

“Oh. That’s worse. I think.”

“Natasha wasn’t trying to kill you.”

“Shit.”

Over the video chat feed, a forgotten Steve sighed.
“The beach?”
“The beach.”
“I’m not going to the beach.”
“Why not, Tony?”
“Beaches are evil.”
Steve sighed.
“Beaches are not evil.”
“Yes they are. There’s sand everywhere-”
“Because it’s a beach.”
“And the sand gets stuck in everything-”
“Because it’s sand.”
“And there is way too much water-”
“Because it’s an ocean.”
“And there’s no way I’m going swimming-”
“I don’t see why not; it’s fun.”
“Because water is evil.”
Steve studied the tense, irritable look on Tony’s face. He looked haunted. Like the soldiers he’d seen coming out of Hydra camps. Like someone who harbored a secret torture.
“Okay. But Thor still wants to go and he doesn’t want to leave you here alone.”
“He won’t be alone,” Clint said from the ceiling where he’d been napping, almost upside down like a bat.
“Do you not like beaches?”
“Nasty thing, sand. Shifting this way and that, bad footing for a fight.”
Steve gave up. There was no getting through to the two of them.
“Want a tequila?” Clint held out the little glass full of liquor. Normally he didn’t indulge Tony’s drinking habit, but this was a different case.

“Nah, I’m still trying to get clean.”

“Hmm,” Clint made a noncommittal noise and tossed it back.

“You’re not going to ask?”

“Nope.”

“Why not?”

“Space is good.”

“Hmm.”

“Since when?” Clint wasn’t asking about the alcohol.

“Afghanistan.”

“And the water?”

“Waterboarding. In a... barrel.” Tony’s voice was dead, as if he were emotionally detaching himself from the words so they wouldn’t hurt.

“Baths then?”

“Remind me.”

Clint’s lips thinned, and his eyes hardened.

“Showers?”

“Bearable with someone there to ground me.”

“Me?”

“Obviously, you idiot,” Tony smirked, and seemed more like himself.

Clint grinned, “I guess I deserved that for falling in love with a genius.”

And then the power went out.

Which was a BIG deal.

Because they were in Stark Tower.

The center for self sustaining energy.

And the power didn’t just GO OUT.

Not in Stark Tower.

Except it did.

Tony freaked.

“Whoa,” Clint said in the dead silence (Tony had rushed out of the room, freaking out about the power and yelling about a lot of technical stuff.) Clint peered out the floor to ceiling glass windows at the city. It was literally pitch black. The city smog had blocked out the stars and moon, and even the bleepy red lights to signal to planes were out. “Shit.”
Tony hated magic. Hated it.
Something magical, freaking magic, had knocked out every single flipping source of power on the east coast. The only things unaffected, or temporarily affected, were Tony’s arc reactor creations.
After the initial blackout of Stark Tower, the larger arc reactor that he had re-built kicked in and the back-up lights went on.
They immediately got a call from the Quinjet. Thor and Steve were frantic. After assuring the others that they were fine (except Tony was still pissed), Clint asked them what had happened on their end.
“The Quinjet started stuttering.” Steve explained.
“It is magic!” Thor boomed. “Such a deed could not be done without it.”
“I fucking hate magic,” Tony grumbled. “Are you in Bermuda? Did you find any cursed planes? If you come back without the Quinjet, I’m not making you guys a new one.”
“Hush, Tony. At least this time you weren’t turned tiny.”
“That was stupid too.”
“It is just the lights; what is the harm?” Thor asked.
“Uh, the harm is, Thor, that with the power out, all of New York is vulnerable to attack. See, without power we have no communication with SHIELD or the police or those asswipe politicians. Without power, visibility is shit, and people start to panic. If the lights don’t come back on in three days, I predict riots in the street. Food will spoil, people will be living off stale cereal; the whole city will go all to Hell,” Tony explained.
“Not to mention how vulnerable DC is now,” Clint added. “None of their intelligence networks can do anything without power. I give it a day before they mobilize the army to protect from terror attacks.”
“Not that any army on the ground could protect from some magical super freak,” Tony muttered.
“This is your area of expertise, Tony. Try and figure out how to get the lights back on. We’re on our way back to New York,” Steve took control.
“No way, Cap. You guys need to be in DC. Send me Thor to help with the magic mojo, and I’ll be fine.”
“I will set off at once, Man of Iron,” Thor saluted Tony with his hammer and left the camera’s line of sight.
“You’ll be fine, Tony,” Steve said. Clint wasn’t sure if that was a question or an order.
“Of course I’ll be fine. Now get your damn star spangled ass over to DC before those asswipes do something even stupider than normal.”
“See you, Tony, Clint.”
“Later, Cap.” Tony ended the call.
“We’re screwed aren’t we?” Clint asked.
“Most likely, yeah.”
“FUCK FUCK FUCK!” Tony screamed, swerving through the air, trying not to smash into any skyscrapers while avoiding the damn magic blasts that Loki was throwing at him. “Stupid Loki!”
“You said you wanted to test your new magic barriers, Stark.”
“But I didn’t want you to try and KILL me!”
“I am not trying to kill you, Stark. That would be foolish. You and Barton are the closest things I’ve got to minions. It would be a shame to do away with you two.”
“Yeah! We’re a real Bonnie and Clyde pair! Stop throwing that shit at me!”
“Want me to... shoot him?” Clint’s voice asked over the coms.
“I heard that Barton,” Loki warned, but with humor in his voice.
“Boom,” Clint said, his voice flat, but he was smiling.
“Go right ahead,” Tony said, dodging a truly hideous pidgeon.
“Zing.” Clint said.
“Do you have to add the sound effects?” Loki asked, dodging the arrow with the suction tip.
“Absolutely. I’m bored. Find me the idiot who turned the lights out. I’ll turn the bastard into a pin cushion.”
“And while that would be very, very sexy, I’m sort of busy dodging that scary green globby magic shit.”
“Stop flirting,” Loki complained.
“Help me with my magic sensors.”
“I am.”
“You’re trying to kill me.”
“Sir, all data has been acquired,” JARVIS interrupted.
“Take me home, JARVIS. Thanks for the assist, Loki.”
“And in return—”
“I’ll tell you all about Mischief Night before Halloween. I promise.”
“Acceptable,” Loki said as if it hadn’t been his idea. “I will return home now. Darcy has promised me a banana split.”
“Keep that to yourself next time,” Clint said, sounding green.
“Now would that be any fun?” Loki grinned like the God of Mischief he was and left. Tony flew home to Stark Tower, landing on his landing strip next to where Clint was waiting. As the machines removed the suit, Clint stared. He’d always had a thing for the proofs of Tony’ genius. Technophile, Tony thought the word was.
“Normally, I’d agree with you, Clint, but we sort of have a world crisis here.”
“World crisis can wait ten minutes,” came Clint’s husky response. Tony swallowed dryly.
“Agreed.”
Chapter 38

Tony was in a pickle. So was Clint. In fact, they were in the same pickle. It was a deadly pickle, indeed. Tony decided he didn’t like pickles.

“It’s a rare day when one gets grounded by their own AI,” Tony commented in an offhand manner.

“Does it count as grounding if he only locked you in your workshop?” Clint asked as Tony soldered something to the... creation he was working on.

“Yep. JARVIS said it counted, so I guess it counts.”

“He also said we could leave when you’re done with that.”

“He also said we shouldn’t have had sex while there was a world crisis going on; does that mean we stop doing it?”

“Nope.”

“There we go.”

“But it’s not as if you can leave. He locked all the doors and windows and the Ironman suit. And you can’t override him or switch him off because you need JARVIS to help you run diagnostics on that contraption thingy to make sure it works.”

“...Shut up, Clint.”

“Yes, dear,” Clint simpered, fluttering his eyelashes with a smirk. “What’ll this thing do anyway?”

“I told you.”

“In geek-speak. And while that will never cease to arouse me, I still don’t understand it.”

“It’ll detect the source of magic, like a...” Tony frowned, trying to translate. “It’ll find the source of the magic and we will be able to track it as if it were a GPS chip.”

“Oh. But it won’t stop the magic-y people from turning you into a kitten or puddle of Tony-goo on the floor.”

“Nope. Still working on that one.”

“Brilliant,” Clint said sarcastically. “And so how do you plan on beating the magic-y bad guys?”

“Easy. We send Thor in.”

Clint blinked. “I guess that works.”

“Of course it does.”

“We have to get this done, Tony.”

“I know.”

“Darcy is supposed to have her baby in a couple weeks.”

“I know,” Tony sighed.

“Loki says it’s a girl.”

“I know,” the corner of Tony’s mouth quirked with a smile. A real smile.

“Kids are cute.”

“Kids are a pain in the ass,” but Tony was smiling; he wasn’t serious. Then quietly, “You’d be a great dad.”

“So would you.”

In which the power is still out.

“Oh my god, I’m going to KILL you, LOKI!” Darcy screamed as the nurses rolled her bed down the hallway in Medical. SHIELD had insisted that she give birth in their secure facility because she was giving birth to the offspring of a magically talented god, and Loki had explained that newborns had trouble controlling their magic. Also, Tony had hooked up some backup generators powered by Stark Tech for SHIELD and thus SHIELD Medical Bay was one of the few hospitals with power. “Darce, hang on!” Jane said, walking along with the nurses.

“I am, you bitch! I’m fucking dying!! I’m going to kill that fucking god!! I swear I will! Fuuuuuuck!!!”

Outside, in the waiting room, Steve, Tony, Clint, and Thor winced and hunched over in their plastic chairs, glancing around nervously. Only Loki was calm, even as Dary squeezed all the blood out of his hands.

“Still want to be a daddy, Steve?” Tony asked under his breath.

“Not so sure, Tony,” he replied.

“FUUUUUUUUCK THIIIIIIIIS!!!!!!!” Darcy screeched.

...Seven hours later...

“Tony, Clint, can I speak with you?” Loki asked. Steve and Thor gave him the kicked puppy eyes, but retreated from the waiting room.

“What is it, Loki?”

“Darcy and I have discussed it, and we wish to name you as our daughter’s godfathers. Darcy claims this to be an important tradition here on Earth.”

“So you choose an assassin and a screw-up,” Tony said, like he didn’t quite understand. Loki looked confused.

“You are our friends, and you are mischievous. Darcy and I would want only you two to look after our daughter in the unlikely event of our demise,” Tony winced at the bold statement.

“What’s her name?”

“Tessa Serrure Lewis.”

Clint glanced at Tony; Tony looked at Clint. “We’ll do it,” they said together. Loki grinned. Clint and Tony wondered what they’d gotten themselves into.
In which Tony couldn't hold a tune to save his life.

Chapter Summary

SOME AVENGERS SPOILERS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! SERIOUSLY PEOPLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I AM NOT FUCKING KIDDING ABOUT THE SPOILERS!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
About the final battle thingy.

“Oh~ there once was an evil god who tried to rule the world,” Tony sang badly. “And he brought down some nasty aliens who tried to beat the Avengers~! But we’re so badass that they didn’t stand a chance~ and Uncle Bruce killed some bad guys~ and Uncle Tony flew the nuke into outer space! And escaped before the portal closed! ‘Cause Uncle Tony’s the best of all~!” Tony continued to dance around in circles, Little Tessa in his arms.

“You are THE worst singer of all time,” Clint laughed from the couch.
“I’d like to see you do better,” Tony snorted as he sat down next to Clint.
“No, thank you. Isn’t Mozart supposed to make babies smarter?”
“Something like that. I never really got into music theory, but now that you mention it-” Clint shut him up with a quick kiss which turned out to be not so quick.
And then Little Tessa smacked Tony in the jaw.
While Tony was busy gently wrestling the child’s hands away from his goatee, Clint was cracking up at the look on Tony’s face.
“No more baby-sitting,” Tony declared.
But Clint knew Tony was a sucker for Tessa. He also knew Tony was going to spoil the girl rotten. Probably the only person who wouldn’t was... Fury?
The doorbell rang.
It was Fury.
“Barton,” Fury greeted him. “Where’s Stark and the little girl?”
“Living room one, sir, but why-?”
“I brought gifts,” Fury held up a pink basket with a bright yellow ribbon filled with what looked like baby care items.
“Darcy is resting and Loki went out for food-”
“That’s fine. Just here to see Tessa.”
“Okay...”
Turned out, Fury was a complete sucker for kids. Clint decided there was no one in Little Tessa’s life that would do anything but spoil her. The Avengers were doomed if all it took to break their terrifying, fearless leader was a baby girl.
“THE LIGHTS ARE BACK ON!” Clint was yelling as he ran around the hallways of SHIELD, not even pausing even when he slammed open doors. He was running through the lobby, leaping over desks, speeding up the stairs because the elevator was too slow. He burst into Coulson’s office. “The lights are back on!!!”
“Yes, Barton, I’ve noticed. I assume Stark finally succeeded?”
“What do you mean “finally”? It’s only been a week and a half. Anyway, with the readings we got on Loki’s magic, we tracked the source of the power outage to some crazy idiot in Brooklyn—”
“And you didn’t wait for backup or orders.”
“Psh, the orders are always the same: find, neutralize, bring ’em in. ‘Sides, Cap and Thor were on the way if we got in trouble. Didn’t need it, Tony’s thingamajig worked perfectly; it completely cut off the magic spell thingy and we got the guy in cuffs. He said the reason he did it was ‘because he was pissed at the big oil companies or something. Imagine that. And—’
“Stop talking, Barton.” Clint shut his mouth. “I’ll need your reports by Monday, now please leave.” Grinning, Clint gave Coulson a wave and ran out, slamming the door behind him.

…

“My stock prices doubled overnight, Pepper says,” Tony smirked. “Must have something to do with the fact that my buildings were the only ones with the lights still on.”
“Lights, lights; that’s all I’ve been hearing!” Bucky complained.
“You don’t seem to be complaining about the fact that you can watch television again.”
“What? I like being able to watch Doctor Who.”
“Nerd.”
“Geek,” Bucky stuck out his tongue at Tony.
“G-man.”
“Vigilante.”
“Old.”
“Drunk—” Bucky was cut off as Clint flung himself over the soldier and crash landed on the couch. “I’m never going to try and live without hot water again,” Clint exclaimed, draping himself over Tony’s lap.
“In my day—” Bucky started with a grin, but both Tony and Clint threw throw pillows in his face.
Chapter 42

“You’re kidding,” Darcy laughed into the phone. “I’m sorry, Mrs Lewis; we are not kidding. Loki has been taken.”

“Where the fuck has he been taken!? How could something like this happen you incompetent, idiotic, moronic …” she stuttered for a word strong enough, “IMBECILES!”

“We are doing our best to find him, Mrs Lewis.”

“What do you mean you’re ‘doing your best’?! How could my husband be kidnapped out of a FUCKING TOP SECRET GOVERNMENT FACILITY?!??”

“Please try to keep your voice down, Mrs Lewis.”

The phone cracked in her grip, cutting off the call.


She grabbed her spare cell and called Tony.

“Yello?” It sounded like he was eating.

“Tone, I need Clint and a baby sitter.”

“I can do that.” He covered the phone with his hand. “Clint baby, Darcy sounds like she needs you to kill someone.”

“Okay!”

“He says ‘okay’.”

“Yeah, I heard.”

“What’s up, Darce?”

“Loki’s being kidnapped out of SHIELD. I’m leaving our place now. I’ll be there in ten.” (Darcy and Loki had gotten an apartment in New York after Tessa was born.)

“Need anything violent? I made you some new toys.”

“You’re the best, Tony.”

“I know, I know; I’m an enabler.” He was grinning; she could hear it.

“You two are the best godfathers ever.”

“Course we are!” she heard Clint call out in the background.

…

Turned out, Tony’s new toys were the best. Darcy would be able to use his magic source locator thingy to find Loki, and the assortment of nasty spy weapons to make the kidnapper(s) hurt. Darcy would have to thank Natasha for the “special training” again; it was something she’d been learning for two and a half years.

“He’s in that warehouse?” Clint asked.

“If Tony’s device works.”

“It works,” there wasn’t a hint of doubt in his voice.

“That’s where he is.”

“Two guards on the northwest side, three on the southeast,” Clint reported. “Total of six patrolling inside, mostly on the northeast and southwest windows.”

“Take the guards outside out.”

“Kill shots?”

“Unconscious if you can do it, if not… yes.”

“Oh, I can do it. Question is: will they survive until SHIELD comes to pick them up.”

“I don’t give a shit.”

“Understood.” He pulled three arrows from his quiver, jabbed two into the dirt for quick retrieval, and shot down the first of the three guards on the southeast side of the warehouse. The other two followed within seconds, giving them no time to call out a warning. The next two guards, on the
northwest side, followed suit, falling where they stood.

“Let’s go.” Darcy checked the straps again on the new toys Tony had given to her. There was a cord, thin enough to be used as a garotte, but strong enough to hang someone from a ceiling like Natasha had taught her to. It was also long enough to be used to belay off the roof of a three story building, which Darcy was sure would come in handy sometime or another. There was also a whole pack of thin, discus flashbangs thrown in with a brand new taser. Tony had explained that she could take out up to five guys at once with the taser because instead of one set of wires, it sent out remotely activated darts. Darcy loved her taser.

She tasered the first three men to attack her as she and Clint entered the warehouse. They went down twitching like drowning ants.

“Day-um!” Clint whistled as he thwacked a man in the side of his skull with his bow. “I want one of those.”

“I’m sure Tony will make you one.”

“Course I will!” Tony’s voice piped up from Clint’s hip, where his cell phone was hooked. “Watch your back, Darce!”

Darcy planted a foot in the thug’s ugly face, sending him sprawling backward across the filthy concrete floor. She grabbed the last guy, who had a black eye from Clint and yelled in his face, “Where the Hell is Loki, you dirtbag?!”

“Listen, bitch—” Thwack “What the fuck?!—” Slam “He’s in the damn closet, cunt!” Darcy tossed him to Clint, who was grinning. Tony was yelling out violent, bloody, and possibly impossible tortures from Clint’s hip.

“Cut his balls off, Clint!”

Darcy ignored them as she threw open the closet door, breaking one of the hinges.

“LOKI!” The god was bound with what was clearly a magical something or other. He sat in a chair, his hands bound, and his eyes were wide and open and unseeing. If not for the steady rise and fall of his thin chest, Darcy would have thought him dead. “Clint, get your ass and Tony over here!” Darcy called out. She glanced back and caught a look at the tenderized piece of meat that used to be a foul-mouthed thug.

“Clint, you need to angle the phone to your left,” Tony instructed as he inspected the seal thingy. “Get the disrupter out and push the big red button in the middle.” Clint pulled it out of his bag.

“Really, Tony? A big red button?”

“Had to. You guys are all idiots when it comes to tech.”

“Clint! Tony!”

“Sorry Darce,” Clint pressed the big red button and a bubble of glowing blue energy expanded outward like a tangible thing. The moment it came in contact with the rune circle surrounding Loki, there was a pop, a fizzle, and Loki let out a sigh and fell into unconsciousness, slouching over in his seat.

“Handcuffs,” Darcy observed as she inspected Loki. “Pick them Clint.”

“Aye-aye, ma’am!” Clint pulled two of his lock picks from the pouch on his thigh and inserted them. One second later: “Got it, Darce. Let’s get him out of here.”

They each took one of Loki’s arms and slung them over their shoulders, half carrying, half dragging the god out of the building.

“We got him, Tony.”

“I know, you idiot. Now go back and get my disrupter or you’re on the couch for a month!” Tony shouted from Clint’s phone.

Clint and Darcy set Loki down in an alley and Clint ran back to get the disrupter. Just as Clint was rejoining Darcy, the entire warehouse billowed apart in a cloud of yellow and orange flame, throwing debris in every direction.

“Whoa,” Darcy said, her eyes wide.

“Shit,” Clint commented.
“Mr Lewis has regained consciousness,” the nurse informed the waiting room at large. Darcy surged up out of her chair and past the nurse, who dodged and made a preemptive escape before the rest of the Avengers could push past her.

“Loki!” Thor boomed.

“Shut up! Mewling quim!!” Loki snapped. Thor’s smile vanished in favor of a wounded look. “What happened?” Fury asked, showing up behind them. Tony secretly decided that on a scale of one to Boss Ninja Natasha, he was a four. (Coulson was a ten for general creepiness, and Clint was rated a Coulson and a half for creativity. No one dared give Natasha a number; she was in a league of her own.)

“Well, sir,” Loki made the word more mocking than even Clint could manage. “It seems your security has a few holes in it. Now, if you don’t mind, I’d like to get some rest. Leave, all of you.” Tony and Clint escaped happily, leaving the more upright Avengers to argue with the god. No one noticed when Bruce left as silently and unnoticed as he had come.

“Loki, I need to debrief you,” Coulson was saying.

“Fuck off.”

“Look, Phil, I’m tired and my magic was injured by the brutal sealing spell. Leave me to my rest and we will speak in the morning.”

“Avengers, leave,” Coulson ordered. Everybody but Darcy left the room reluctantly.

“I see you had not only wanted to debrief me,” Loki commented. “What information do you seek?”

“When you joined the Avengers, we took a DNA sample.”

“I am aware of this.”

“Well, we got a paternal match, and I’m utterly lost as to how that’s possible.” Understanding blossomed in Loki’s eyes.

“You’ve got another kid, Loki?” Darcy asked.

“It was some time ago. As punishment for a foolish prank, Odin locked me in the body of a woman and sent me down to Earth.”

“He can do that?” Coulson asked.

“Indeed. He believed that knowing the love a mother had for her son would prevent me from playing pranks on Thor that would upset our own mother. He was not incorrect.”

“So, you are truly Tony Stark’s... mother?”

“It would appear so.”

Darcy gaped.
In which there is a cover-up.

“Are you going to tell him?”
“Why should I?”
“You have to tell him!” Darcy insisted.
“Why is that?”
“You can just leave the poor man thinking his dear mother is dead!”
“She is dead, Darcy. I am no longer Maria.”
“You were once. You have a son; that should mean something to you.”
“It means plenty to me, but he’s used to not having a mother and to spring it upon him that his mother was actually a male god from an alien world wouldn’t be very thoughtful.”
“Since when did you give a shit about thoughtful?”
“When it involves my children, always. Trust me, Darcy. I did my best before Odin forced me to come home.”
“You mean you taught him to lie like a pro?” Darcy smiled.
“Absolutely,” Loki whispered in her ear. “How’s Tessa?”
“Asleep. Tony was babysitting. Huh, he was babysitting his... half-sister? Cool.”
“Do you plan on telling him?”
Darcy considered it, “No, not if you want me to stay quiet.”
“Stay quiet, Darcy. Please.”
“Okay.” There was a pause. “Does this mean I’m his mother in law? Does Tony have two moms now?”
“Technically, yes.”
“Awesome.”
“I expect you to go swear Phil Coulson to secrecy now.”
“At your service, oh God of Mischief.” Darcy stood and gave a stiff salute. She then leaned over, gave Loki a peck on the cheek, and marched robotically away, trying not to laugh.
Loki grinned.
“ARE YOU SHITTING ME?!!” Tony’s yelling attracted the attention of everyone in the building because it was broadcasted throughout the entire speaker system of SHIELD. Everyone stared at the speakers except Coulson, who merely glance up at the speaker in the corner of his room, shrugged, and went back to work.

The Avengers, excepting Darcy and Loki, were in the common room reserved for them, watching Shrek. Clint immediately jumped up and ran out while the others gaped and sent searching looks at each other. Then Steve paused the movie and confiscated Natasha’s popcorn. The two of them left, Natasha reluctantly, to find out what Tony had done this time. Thor looked at Bruce, who was looking a little green.

“Are you well, my friend?” he asked.

“I’ll be fine.”

“Very well. Let us see what the large, green man does now.” And so Thor unpaused the movie, handed Natasha’s popcorn to Bruce, and they settled down again, Bruce’s skin going back to normal.

... Later...

The personnel of SHIELD stared at what used to be their top secret facility. It was now a heap of rubble on the corner of Broadway.

“What?” they heard Tony Stark say defensively as Director Fury bore down on him. “I’ll buy you a new one!”

“It was getting old anyways,” Clint agreed cheerfully. SHIELD personnel sighed as a whole. Their retirement checks had better be worth it.
“Do you know who had you kidnapped?” Coulson asked Loki, who’d been “transferred” to Stark Tower after “The Incident”.
“Maybe.”
“Tell me, Loki.”
“Bugs Bunny.”
“The truth, Loki.”
“Daffy Duck.”
Coulson groaned.
“Elmer Fudd.”
“Do you have brain damage?”
“I’m unaware of who arranged to have me subdued, but considering the lengths they went to, you can assume they thought I was the biggest threat to their operation. Those...” Loki grimaced, “distasteful thugs did not know much.”
“What did they know.”
“Someone very powerful was paying them a lot of money to make sure I was out of the picture for a while. I believe so that someone could place a subterfuge in place.”
“You were taken from just outside of SHIELD,” Coulson commented, eyes narrowing.
“My presence would have been most detrimental if someone wished to infiltrate your headquarters.”
“Someone could have planted a bomb. Or bugs. Cameras even.”
“I think you should be thankful that Stark destroyed your building. It was compromised.”
“Are we sure he’s the one who destroyed it?”
“I’m sure he will know.”
“Thank you for your assistance, Loki.”
“I tink I taw a putty tat,” Loki mimicked.
In Honor of Mothers’ Day

Chapter Summary

A little bit of Bambi for the heck of it.

“So, in honor of Mothers’ Day, we’re going to throw a giant surprise party,” Tony whispered in Clint’s ear.
“What kind of surprise party?” Clint whispered back.
“Hush! I must find out what happens to the baby deer!” Thor shushed them.
“Bambi’s mom dies,” Bruce said. Thor stared at the scientist, aghast. A gunshot rang out from the television, and Thor looked at the television as if it had ripped his heart in half.
“What is it about Midgardians that inspires such horrible deeds?!” Thor cried out.
“It’s just a film, big guy,” Tony tried saying, awkwardly patting Thor’s shoulder from his vantage point on the couch. (Thor always sat on the floor next to Bruce after the Die Hard Incident when Bruce Hulked out after Alan Rickman died.)
“What is this Mothers’ Day you speak of?” Thor asked dejectedly.
“It’s a Midgardian holiday where we celebrate mothers,” Bruce explained calmly.
“And we are to throw a party?”
“Yep,” Clint said.
“Whose mother are we celebrating? My own is back on Asgard and I do not believe I have met any of your mothers,” Thor pointed out.
“Coulson,” Tony announced. “Because he’s basically a mother hen when it comes to the Avengers.”
“Brilliant!” Thor grinned, Bambi forgotten.

“This may not have been one of my best ideas,” Tony whispered in Clint’s ear as he surveyed the destruction surrounding them.
“What did you expect when you brought the Avengers and their nanny into the most destruction-prone city on Earth?” Clint whispered back. (Namely, New York.)
“Not a food fight.”
“Yeah, that was a bit surprising.”
“Stark, I find that you are positively inhuman in your ability to create chaos out of nothing,” Coulson said from behind them, pulling one of his Boss Ninja moves on them. “It’s uncannily like a certain God of Mischief. Have you been taking lessons?”
“You do indeed possess my brother’s affinity for trickery,” Thor said, trying to get the chocolate cake out of his hair.
“Yeah,” Tony snorted, “’Cause Loki’s secretly my daddy.”
“Well,” Thor started, looking thoughtful. As soon as Coulson shot him the ‘shut-the-hell-up’ glare, he trailed off and started licking the chocolate off his fingers, trying to look nonchalant.
“What?” Clint asked. “Loki couldn’t really be Tony’s dad. I mean look at him!” They all turned to stare at Tony. “He’s obviously a Stark.”
“Unfortunately!” an almost-but-not-quite-drunk Steve sang out from the other side of the room. Asgardian mead seemed to actually affect him.
“I was not suggesting that Loki was Tony’s father. But it is quite possible for Loki to be friend Tony’s mother,” Thor said before Coulson could actually, physically shut him up.
Coulson considered his options: he hadn’t actually told Stark, which meant he’d kept his word to Loki and Darcy, which meant he was in the clear. Coulson mentally shrugged and walked away, so
as to be as far from the figurative, and possibly literal explosion that would inevitably follow Thor’s revelation.

“What?!” Tony shouted. Coulson nodded: there it was. He hoped Loki would deal with this problem, because Coulson had the feeling that he wouldn’t actually want to do damage control on this one. This one was Loki’s mess to clean up.
“Stark,” Loki’s voice was foreboding.
“Yes, mum?” Tony snarked at Loki. Loki scowled at Tony. Tony’s scowl though, beat Loki’s by a mile. I guess finding out that your dead mom wasn’t really dead and was in fact a male alien god from outer space would do that to you.
“I understand your anger, your feelings, on this subject.”
“Sure you do,” Tony sneered.
“I do,” Loki insisted calmly.
“I know,” Tony sighed. “I know. But forgive me if I’m taking it hard.”
“I actually thought you were taking it very well,” Loki said, “I tried to conquer Earth in my insanity.”
“Yeah, I remember that. I was there.”
“Do you wish for answers or to be left alone?”
“Answers,” Tony snarled in Loki’s face before the god uttered his last syllable. “Thor already told me you could become a woman at will: prove it.”
A shimmer of green and blue magic engulfed Loki and when it dissipated, a female stood in Loki’s place, a little older than Tony remembered, but with his mother’s tricky green eyes, her curly black hair, and her strong jaw line.
“Anthony,” Tony’s mother placed a strong, long-fingered hand on Tony’s stubbled cheek. “I didn’t want to leave you.”
“Then why did you?” Tony hissed, but it was weak, and his voice cracked. “I thought you were dead.”
“Father decided my punishment had ended. He did not realize that I had loved Howard, and that my little Anthony was my treasure. I was forced back to Asgard.”
“What were you being punished for?”
“I made it so that anything Thor wore would turn a most hideous shade of fuchsia,” Loki grinned as Tony cracked up, and Tony realized that his memory of Maria did no true justice to the reality.
“I’ll have to figure out how to do that.” Tony laughed.
“Well...” Loki started reluctantly as he shifted back to his male form.
“Don’t you dare fucking tell me I can do magic because I am not getting involved in that shit!” Tony exclaimed, his eyes wide and startled. Loki shrugged, looking apologetic. “Oh, fuck.”
“My thoughts exactly.”
“I’m actually allowed to blow that up?” Tony asked Fury and Coulson through the calms, not quite able to understand what he had heard.
“Decimate it, Stark,” Fury ordered.
“Boom,” Coulson agreed.
“Use the force!” Clint cheered from his roof.
“F*ck the force, Clint,” Tony said as he geared up the tank-missile.
“Happily.”
The Hydra base below exploded violently. “No force voodoo required,” Tony commented.
“JARVIS, play Thunderstruck by AC/DC.”
“As you wish, sir.” The loud music began blasting through the air from the Quinjet’s speakers. Over the comms, Fury grumbled, but he had given up trying to override Tony’s programming.
“I like this Midgardian tune,” Thor said happily, sitting idly on a tree branch, swinging his legs back and forth.
“This is ridiculous,” Steve chimed in.
“I agree; why did we all have to come out if the problem was solved by one tank missile?” Natasha added.
“That’s not what I meant-” Steve tried to say, but he was cut off by Bruce.
“I find that this unnecessary stress is bad for my mental health. If it’s not absolutely necessary, Director, don’t call me.” Bruce got in the car Tony had given him, and he drove away, looking a little annoyed.
“Looks like the super-secret boy band is losing momentum,” Clint said. “Too many big boys in one little sandbox.”
“Agreed.” Tony said as he flew to Clint’s rooftop. “I’m thinking a vacation is in order.”
“Brilliant idea, darling,” Clint said, grabbing the collapsible handle Tony had installed in the suit for when Clint required a ride to his sniper perches.
“Where to?”
“New York?”
“You can’t leave!” Fury yelled at them.
“I didn’t fly all the way from CALIFORNIA to just blow something up!” Tony yelled back.
“You wouldn’t have had to fly all the way from California, if you had stayed put!”
“Bugger off!” Clint yelled.

Chapter End Notes

So, big surprise coming up in the next chapter. In celebration for reaching 50. Or something.
Chapter Summary

In which there is another surprise.

Chapter Notes

In my defense, I know shit about the adoption process so I made up a bunch of shit.

“I don’t want a daughter,” Tony was saying as he and Clint walked into the adoption office.
“You don’t know that yet.”
“Yes, actually, I do.”
“Tony- oh, hello,” Clint smiled at the receptionist who had been giving them A Look. Tony joined him in giving the woman his most charming smile; the lady smiled back and greeted them.
“What can I do for you Mr Stark, Mr Barton?”
“We wanna adopt a kid,” Tony said, rather unnecessarily.
“Have you met anyone yet?”
“No, we haven’t.” Clint stepped on Tony’s toe.
“What age child were you interested in adopting?” the lady asked nicely.
“No in diapers,” Tony said.
“Able to talk.”
“No crying.”
“Not under the age of ten.”
“Male.” Clint stepped on Tony’s toe again.
“So you want a teenage boy?” the lady seemed to be struggling with her smile.
“Yes,” Tony grinned.
“Well, Mr Stark, most of the teenagers are put in foster homes, but Peter Parker refused to go to one. Would you like to meet him?”
“How old is he?” Clint asked.
“Sixteen.”
“Sure; is he here?” Tony asked.
“Yes. He was brought in by social services a month ago after his aunt died in a car crash.”
“His aunt?” Clint asked.
“Yes. His parents died while working for the government and his uncle was killed a year ago in some sort of robbery.” The lady opened a door to the back of the building. “Peter?”
“Yeah?” A scruffy, brown-haired teenager looked up from where he was sitting with younger children, helping them draw.
“These men would like to meet you, Peter.”
“Hey,” Peter waved at them.
“I’m going to wait out front,” the lady left them.
“How do you feel about real explosions?” Tony asked, sitting down in a tiny, red child’s chair.
“And superheroes?”
“They’re fine, I guess,” Peter shrugged handing a three year old a green crayon.
“Does the Hulk scare you?”
“Not really. I’m pretty good at getting out of the way of dangerous things though.”
“Any good at fighting?”
“You could say that.”
“Like science?”
“Love it. I’m in honors physics.”
“Lady receptionist!” Tony shouted. “We’ll take him!!”
“You guys want to adopt me?” Peter asked, looking startled and more than a little uncomfortable.
“If you want us to, why not?” Clint asked.
“I don’t really know you guys.”
“What’s to know? I’m Tony Stark.”
“Yeah, I got that,” Peter said dryly.
“Can we take him on a trial run?” Clint asked the receptionist lady who had entered.
“Um?” She looked at Peter, who shrugged. “I’ll just put you two down for foster care. If three agree on adoption in a month, just let me know and we can do the paperwork.”
“Brilliant,” Clint and Tony beamed at each other.
“So, uh, when should I come over?”
“TODAY!” Tony launched himself over Peter in a giant bear hug. “Oh, this is going to be fun. How do you feel about needles?”
“Sleepover!!!!” Tony yelled as they entered the newly rebuild Avengers mansion. Thor looked up with a giant grin, his eyes sparkling. The step down in the living room floor was filled with plush cushions and soft blankets, and Tony threw himself into them.

“Peter, this is Thor. Thor, say hi to Peter Parker.”

“Hello, Peter of the Park. Are you attending our sleepover?”

“He’s our kid now!” Tony shouted. “JARVIS, what movies are on the list for tonight?”

“Puss in Boots, Real Steel, Die Hard one through four, and the Star Wars trilogy, sir. Peter, it is good to meet you. I would hope that you would stabilize Mr Stark, but I was not programed for that hope.”

“Oh, hi?” Peter stared at the ceiling.

“That’s JARVIS, Tony’s AI,” Clint explained.

“Cool,” Peter breathed.

“I’ll show you to your room,” Clint smiled and led Peter to a room three down from his and Tony’s. He looked down the hall at their bedroom door then down at Peter. “On second thought, let’s go down here.” Clint led Peter to a room that was further away from his and Tony’s. “If you need anything, JARVIS can tell you where I am. There’s really no point in asking Tony unless you want to blow something up.”

“That might actually be fun,” Peter grinned.

“Oh, god. Tony’s going to love you.”

“I already do!” Tony yelled from the hallway. “Let’s blow up the house!”

“Again,” Clint grinned.

“Sleepover before destruction, Tony,” Natasha said from behind them. Clint did not jump, no matter what Natasha and Peter told Bruce, Thor, and Steve later.

“Popcorn?” Peter asked; he seemed to be relaxing.

“Caramel, buttery, salty, chocolate coated, and plain,” on the last word, Tony made a face.

“Don’t forget cinnamon and sugar, sir,” JARVIS piped up.

“Ew,” Tony sneered before running off to cause havoc elsewhere.

“Ignore him,” Natasha told Peter. “He’s like a four year old.”

“He’s a genius,” Clint argued.

“A genius four year old.”

“Agreed,” Clint said somewhat reluctantly. “But he’s damn good in-” Natasha slapped a hand over Clint’s mouth, “-beahud.”

“Not in front of the kid.”

“I’m sixteen you know,” Peter said, amused.

“Regardless,” Natasha sniffed.

“Youeall beef anoridley stiff moffat,” Clint’s voice was muffled behind Natasha’s hand.

“What?” she asked, removing her hand.

“You’ll be a horribly strict mother,” Clint ducked Natasha’s fist and scampered away laughing.

“Try not to be like them,” Natasha rolled her eyes at Peter. “And don’t anger Bruce. Try not to destroy anything this week at least. Feel free to join us for the movies, but remember to dodge if Thor tries to hug you.”


“Just, be adjustable and you’ll do fine.” She left.

Peter stared at Tony in a sleep-deprived haze. Tony was lying on his back, wiggling and throwing around his limbs while whining, “Coulson! I can’t get up!!”

Sighing, Coulson rolled Tony over with a foot and the genius crawled away, reaching for the popcorn bowl.

“Does he do this often?” Peter asked Steve, who was sprawled next to him.
“Every sleepover. He’s like a turtle when he’s smashed. If he gets stuck on his back, he’s stuck.”
“I didn’t even notice he was drunk.”
“No one ever does, kid. Except maybe Clint. I once saw Tony hack the pentagon after three bottles
of vodka.” Steve groaned, “I didn’t say that. You didn’t hear that. Tony didn’t do that.”
“He did though didn’t he?”
“In a minute and a half,” Steve agreed. “The man’s impossible.”
“Hnn,” Natasha agreed sleepily from where she was sprawled over Steve’s (extremely muscular,
warm, perfect for widow naps) chest.
Thor and Loki were tangled together amongst the blankets on the floor, snoring, and Darcy was
draped over the both of them with Jane curled around her legs.
Coulson and Clint were attempting to sleep in the same chair and only succeeding because Clint was
on the top of the chair’s back, curled around himself like a cat, and Coulson was sitting reasonably
normally.
Bruce was laying like a mummy on the kitchen counter, his eyes wide open, staring at nothing as he
snored quietly.
Tony had fallen asleep, half in the living room, half stretched out into the front hall, his face
smooshed in the popcorn.
Peter looked around and decided he liked it there.
“Okay, so before we do this,” Peter was saying as he, Tony, and a very hung over Clint looked at the adoption papers in front of them, “there’s something you guys need to see.”

“What’s that?” Clint groaned, adjusting his sunglasses and glaring tiredly at the large windows that made up the mansion’s walls. The windows obliged him and darkened, shutting out the most of the sunlight. “Thanks JARVIS.”

“You shouldn’t drink so much,” Tony scolded him.

“You drank ten times more than me!” Clint argued.

“Only because I can handle it,” Tony pointed out loudly. Clint groaned again and pressed a hand to his forehead.

“I think I’m going to be sick.”

“Do it in the sink,” Tony said.

“Um, guys?” Peter asked with a little wave. “Important, life changing announcement over here.”

“What is it, Peter?” Tony asked to the sound of Clint retching into the sink behind him.

“If you mean that silly red and blue spandex in your closet,” Clint paused to puke again, “I’ve honestly seen tighter. No biggie. You should see Cap in the field. I don’t know how Natasha can focus.”

“The same way I focus,” Tony smirked, “when I have to watch you running around in that tight leather shooting the fuck out of bad guys.”

“Not in front of the kid,” Clint mimicked Natasha before rinsing out his mouth.

“You guys knew?” Peter asked with a little wave. “Important, life changing announcement over here.”

“Of course we knew,” Tony said, rolling his eyes. “Did you honestly think you could live in a house with a spy and a super nosy billionaire asshole and not have your privacy violated?”

Clint grinned. “Just wait ‘til he starts bringing home girls.”

Tony grinned back at him. “He’ll have to pretend he doesn’t know us.”

“I wouldn’t do that!” Peter protested.

“Oh?” Clint and Tony shared The Look that promised all sorts of tricksy, creepy assholery. “What about that one girl, Gwen?” Tony asked.

“From the football game last week,” Clint added.

“You mean when we told him to be home before midnight, dearest?” Clint asked sweetly.

“Yeah; he looked at that blond girl—”

“Gwen, right? Very cute.”

“With this embarrassed look on his face—”

“Pleading in his eyes—” Clint looked at Tony like a kicked puppy. Peter groaned.

“And said—”

“‘I don’t know them! I swear!’” Clint and Tony chorused before they broke down, cackling.

“You were drunk, Clint! You kept asking how long we were going to take to just fuck already!” Peter protested. “And you didn’t say to be home by midnight! You told me to use a condom or I was grounded!!” Clint and Tony just laughed even harder. “She didn’t even know who you were!”

“The look on your face!” Tony giggled hysterically.

“Just sign the damn forms!” Peter shouted, his face bright red.

Gasping for breath, Clint and Tony signed the forms, small bouts of giggling bursting from their lips. They kept stomping on each other’s toes in an effort to stop each other from giggling. It didn’t work. Tony signed off with a flourish and Peter snatched the papers away before either of the clowns could change their mind.

“Receptionist lady!” Peter gave the papers to the receptionist lady who had been waiting in the living room.

“It’s official!” she smiled. “Congratulations on your new family, Peter.”
“See ya, receptionist lady!” Peter hurried her out.
“Bye bye, rece~ptionist la~dy~!” Clint sang. He took a gulp of the vodka tonic Tony had mixed
him.
“She totally wouldn’t have let us adopt anyone if I wasn’t Tony Stark,” Tony said, drinking his own
brandy.
“You two are hopeless,” Peter grinned.
“You love us, don’t pretend you don’t,” Clint laughed.
“Shut up,” but he was smiling. “So are we really not going to talk about... the spider thing?” Peter
asked.
“What’s to talk about?” Tony asked.
“Just kick ass,” Clint said.
“And if you get hurt or need help-” Tony added.
“Just come to us,” Clint finished.
“Or you’re grounded,” Tony grinned.
“Thanks guys,” Peter was pink and smiling shyly.
“No!” Tony interrupted, raising his arms imperiously. “No! No! We do not do feelings in this
house!”
Clint sighed. “Peter, if you don’t mind, Tony needs to be re-taught a lesson.” Clint grabbed Tony’s
arm and dragged him out of the kitchen. Peter hurried to get out the cereal and turn on the TV, but
not before he heard the two thud against a wall in the hallway, making obscene growling noises.
“Parents,” Peter huffed, rolling his eyes.
“Weird,” Darcy breathed from where she was crouching inside SHIELD’s ceiling.
“What is weird?” Loki asked, appearing beside her.
“SHIT!” she yelled, jumping. “Whoa!” The cheap ceiling tile broke under her and her leg went through.
Below them, Coulson looked up from his paperwork, a mildly annoyed look on his face. He glanced at Darcy’s leg before brushing the pieces of ceiling off his work into the trash bin.
Darcy hastily drew her leg back into the ceiling and shuffled over to make room for Loki. “Don’t do that,” she scolded him. “If you’re here, who’s with Tessa?”
“Clint and my son are watching her.”
“Yeah, about that... Is it even allowed for her half brother to be her godfather?”
“Does it matter?”
“No, not really. I just enjoy knowing which rules I’m breaking.”
“Which is why you’re wonderful.”
“Why thank you, dearest,” Darcy grinned. Then she sighed.
“What is the matter?”
“This isn’t working, is it?”
“You’re spying abilities do leave something to be desired.”
“That’s not what I meant and you know it.”
“No,” Loki said quietly, thoughtfully. “It isn’t. I love you, you know.”
“But not the way... not the way you love him.”
“No; not in that way,” Loki sighed. “I am sorry, Darcy.”
“I want Tessa,” Darcy said, clinical, trying not to let the emotion show.
“I want visitation rights,” Loki shot back.
“Fine,” Darcy stuck her tongue out at Loki, but she was already feeling better than she had when she had crawled into the ceiling. Like a weight had been lifted.
“Scamp,” Loki pinched Darcy in the ass and vanished.
“Are you coming down anytime soon, Lewis?” Coulson called from below.
“So how was your day, Peter?” Tony asked. The only reason he was in the kitchen with Peter and Clint was because he was obliged by cranky Avengers to fix the damn coffee maker. “Well, I aced the maths test, and the pop quiz, then I stopped two robberies, saved a baby from a burning building, fought a guy who tried to electrocute me, broke a web shooter, had my mask ripped off, and got tossed out a window on the top floor of a skyscraper.” “He aced his maths test!” Clint exclaimed, flipping a pancake. “That’s our boy,” Tony said around the screws in his mouth. “Didn’t you get tossed out a window once, Tony?” Clint grinned. “Yeah, by Loki. Remember?” “By grandma?” Peter asked, eyebrows raised. “When he was still trying to conquer Manhattan,” Clint explained.

“He threw me out the top floor window of Stark Tower.”

“Without the suit,” Clint laughed.

“And you survived?!” Peter’s eyes were wide.

“Mark VII,” Tony said as an explanation. “Where’s the Bacardi, Clint?” “Wherever you hid it last time Steve tried cutting you off,” Clint rolled his eyes.

“He shouldn’t have tried,” Tony grumbled.

“Doesn’t Bacardi rum go for like two thousand dollars?” Peter asked.


Chapter End Notes

Idea stolen from/inspired by http://pathologically-so.tumblr.com/post/23410847918/thanks-dads-i-will-put-this-in-my-fic-as
In which Loki's 'him' is revealed and Phil gets in over his head. Sorta. Ploting abound.

“Loki...”
“Yes?”
“Would you mind telling me why you’re staring at me?” Coulson looked at Loki, who, for some inexplicable reason, had been lounging on the couch in his office for the better part of an hour.
“I would not mind, but I fear you would object to my plans.”
“Do these plans have anything to do with world domination?”
“The answer to that would depend on you.” Loki’s expression was inscrutable. Loki was the only person Coulson had even a little trouble dealing with; Coulson understood people, he understood how their minds worked, how to manipulate them. To him though, Loki was a mystery. He wondered if it were the same for Loki. Loki the mischief maker, Loki the liar.
“And if I said no world domination?”
“Then the answer would be no, these plans have nothing to do with world domination.” Coulson narrowed his eyes at Loki. “I have a plan. It involves the Avengers. And they trust you. Thus my need for your cooperation.”
“Is this what you do all day?” Coulson asked. “Scheme?”
“Well, yes,” Loki blinked and his whole expression said ‘well, duh’.
“What’s your plan?” Coulson asked, resigned to dealing with the god in the least stressful way available.
“Before I tell you, you must know something.”
“And what is that?”
“I love my children. All of them. And I must tell you, since you have no children of your own; there is nothing I love more than my children.”
“Is this about Stark?”
“Indeed. I have decided to become an important part of his life again.”
“As your male or female persona?”
“Male. Is this a problem in your society?”
“There’s nothing wrong with it; I’m just unsure if you’ll actually be able to get through to Stark like that. He remembers Maria Stark, not Loki.”
“I am Maria. But I forget that on Midgard it is unacceptable for men to be women.”
“It’s not-” Coulson started to protest, but then he realized that it sort of was, “There’s a lot of hate and bigotry in this world, Loki, but I honestly don’t know how Stark will react. That man is like a loose cannon; one never really knows what he’ll do next.”
“You will help me to gauge his temperament in anticipation of my reentering his life as a parental figure. From then on, I will attempt this procedure you Midgardians like to call trial and error.”
“So we’re clear; I’m not liable for any damage done to your person when you attempt this,” Coulson said. “And my involvement ends when you get directly involved.”
“Agreed,” Loki held his hand out. Coulson eyed it suspiciously before shaking it firmly. Loki grinned manically and vanished.
“I’m doomed,” Coulson sighed to his empty office. “You shouldn’t go around making deals with lying tricksters, Phil.”
“What’s up, Phil?” Clint asked, dropping off the ceiling behind the agent as Coulson entered the Avengers’ mansion.

“Phil?” Tony called from the living room. “Who’s Phil? His name is Agent,” Tony said, but he was grinning. “Popcorn?” Tony held out the bowl.

“I thought movie night wasn’t until Friday,” Coulson said, but he took the popcorn.

“No movies,” Tony snorted. Coulson looked to Clint for an explanation.

“We’re watching Tony’s public slam down of all those idiots who decided to insult him on national television.” Tony gave the world in general one of his smuggest smiles, and Coulson turned his attention to the TV.

On the TV, Stern and a dozen other haters got a double super dose of Stark Sass and Smarts. “Mr Stark is not a hero!” a clip of Senator Stern protested. “Am I a hero?” Tony asked a crowd from the steps of the White House. Screams gave him all the response he needed. “I flew a nuke into a rip in space!” Tony shouted, grinning into the cameras. “I almost died saving all of Manhattan from those ass wipes in there!” Tony yelled at the (truly massive) crowd, pointed wildly at the White House.

“Well, you sure made an impact,” Coulson commented, his expression bland.

“Impact,” Clint smirked. “That’s the word.”

“Bam!” Tony exclaimed, pointing at the TV. On said TV, TV Tony was smiling attractively, his hands raised in victory signs above his head. In the background, a very (very, very, very) pissed off looking group of senators scowled at him. One of the cameras zoomed in on the group, and the cameraman could be heard giggling.

“You sure hate the government, don’t you?” Coulson asked Tony.

“Only the bigoted, greedy ass, loser, shit faced, jerk ass, bitching, horrible, bastardly, spineless, lily livered, self serving assholes.”

“That’s almost everybody on the hill.”

“My point exactly,” Tony nodded. “Politics are evil.”

“JARVIS?” Clint asked.

“Turning off the television now, sir. Agent Coulson, it is good to see you.”

“You too, JARVIS.”

“So, what do you need Phil?” Tony asked, stealing his popcorn back.

“I need to know what you know about Loki.”

“Is this an official debriefing?” Clint asked suspiciously.

“Not at all. I’m pursuing my own… investigation. We know next to nothing about Loki.”

“Except that he’s my mom,” Tony said, a pout forming.

“Except that,” Coulson conceded.

“Why are you investigating him?” Tony asked.

“I dislike not being in the know,” Coulson lied, very skillfully of course, since it was partially true. “I can understand that,” Clint said thoughtfully. “We don’t know much about Loki either, now that I actually think about it.”

“He wouldn’t let me do tests on him,” Tony pouted.

“I thought you hated magic,” Coulson pointed out.

“Well, I do,” Tony said in the same ‘duh’ tone of voice that Loki had used on Coulson not five hours earlier. It gave Coulson the creeps. “I wanted to find out how to cancel out magic.”

“No wonder he wouldn’t let you run tests on him,” Coulson grinned. “Was that the time when he busted out the roof, he was so upset?”

“Maybe, it’s hard to keep track,” Tony shrugged. “JARVIS?”

“The time you asked to run tests on Loki, he destroyed the Lamborghinis, sir.”

“Oh, yeah!” Tony exclaimed loudly. Then, in an offhand manner, “That sucked.”

“The roof incident Master Clint referred to was the time that you asked Loki if he needed to be
hugged more.”
“That was funny,” Tony nodded.
“He blew the roof off, sir.”
“Still funny.”
“You were drunk, sir.”
“That’s probably why it was so funny, then.”
“Probably, sir,” JARVIS’s tone was all reprimand.
“So, you don’t know anything about Loki?” Coulson interrupted.
“Not really,” Clint shrugged.
“When he was my mom, he liked doughnuts,” Tony said, staring at Coulson in an extremely disturbingly familiar way. It was the same stare as Loki. Creepy.
“Doughnuts,” Coulson stared back at Tony, his expression neutral.
“Yes. He was very particular. He liked the soft, squishy kind with white icing and colored sprinkles. He wouldn’t even touch the others.”
“Are we going to throw a doughnut party?” Clint asked hopefully.
“No,” Coulson said, attempting to halt that idea preemptively.
“Yes!” Tony shouted, jumping up and scattering popcorn kernels everywhere.
“DOUGHNUT PARTY!” Clint shouted, jumping up and high fiving Tony.
Coulson groaned inside.
“There’s going to be a doughnut party tomorrow night,” Coulson told Loki while working on his paperwork.

“Doughnuts?” Loki perked up from where he’d been slouching on Coulson’s couch. “I like doughnuts. You know the soft, squishy ones? With white icing and rainbow sprinkles. Howard always teased me, but Tony thought it was funny because he got the rest of the box.”

Coulson resisted the (very, extremely strong) urge to bang his head on his desk at the level of (adorable, a god of mischief should not be that adorable, he’s a killer, Phil, remember that he’s Loki) hope in Loki’s eyes. Coulson also resisted the other part of him (a much smaller part) that wanted to groan over how someone like Loki, who killed 80 people in two days, could be so damn parental and clearly in need of affection.

Coulson decided that life sucked.
In which there are drawbacks to having a kid.

“Want to come to work with me today?” Tony asked Clint, who was sprawled across the bed, the sheets tangled around his legs.
“Bow huff ump?” Clint mumbled into the pillow.
“Sure, why not?” Tony laughed. “I’ll make you some new explosive arrows.”
“Buce gon be dere?” Clint asked hopefully. Last time Tony and Bruce had worked on his arrows together, he’d gotten what amounted to a whole new arsenal.
“Yeah, Bruce is gonna be there,” Tony smiled fondly as Clint started to get out of bed. It was like watching the dead rise. First, one limp arm, then the leg on the same side, drag himself to the edge of the bed, half fall off, get one foot on the floor, scootch the other leg over, get them tangled around each other, groan and fall out of bed with a thump, scramble to his feet in slow motion, and shuffle to the adjacent bathroom, blinking blearily.
Tony picked up his shirt from the floor and pulled it on. “Clint, where the hell did you throw my pants?”
“No idea!” Clint called from the shower. “I was occupied at the time.”
“Fuck you!”
“I’m a bit tired, Tony, maybe later!” Tony snorted as he tossed through his dresser looking for a clean pair of pants. “Make me coffee?”
“Make yourself coffee! I don’t even know how you can stand the stuff you drink,” Tony shuddered.
“Sugar is great, Tony!” Clint argued.
Yeah, Tony snorted. “No. You put like, two tons of the shit in your coffee and that weird syrup shit. It’s gross.”
“You don’t mind the taste second hand,” Clint laughed, shutting off the shower.
“Sounds like you don’t actually want to go to work, Barton,” Tony said, his voice low.
“Work is boring,” Clint scoffed, exiting the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist.
“Even when you get to shoot things and make them blow up?”
“Well, no,” Clint conceded grudgingly. “But I can think of something I like more.”
“Really? I’m flattered,” Tony smirked, giving up on finding any pants.
“I’m sure you are,” Clint smirked back, standing right in front of Tony, so their noses were touching. He gave Tony a quick peck on the lips. Tony got that dissatisfied look in his eyes and captured Clint’s lips for a more thorough kiss. Clint shoved Tony down onto the bed, and Tony grabbed Clint’s wrist, dragging him down as well.
“Sirs, Peter is looking for you,” JARVIS interrupted.
“Fuck!” Clint cussed, rolling off of Tony.
“What for?” Tony grumbled sourly.
“Tell him he’s still grounded until he gets his grade up in Psychology,” Clint said with a frown. “We told him that if he wanted to take AP classes he had to keep his grades up.”
“I will do that, sir,” JARVIS said, ignoring Tony’s mumbling about cockblocking.
“You knew what you were signing up for,” Clint sighed to Tony.
“Whatever. Shut up and kiss me or I’ll switch all your arrows with teddy bears-” Clint did as he was told and shut Tony up.
In the beginning. Part One.

Chapter Summary

For anyone who actually still reads this: here's part one of how Tony and Clint got together...

In the beginning, Tony and Clint did not get along.

...“He almost shot me!” Tony exclaimed to the rest of the Avengers in the meeting room. “Who goes around almost shooting people?”
“I wasn’t trying to shoot you,” Clint rolled his eyes and crossed his arms. “If I had, it wouldn’t have been ‘almost’.”
“So, basically, you’re saying that you never miss,” Tony said, cocky.
“I never miss,” Clint agreed with an equally cocky grin.
“Yeah, right,” Tony snorted and rolled his eyes like Clint had. “Try hitting me while I’m in the suit sometime and we’ll see about that.”
“You wanna bet?” Clint leaned forward in his chair. “Put on the suit,” he dared Tony.
“Let’s go a few rounds,” Tony glared at Clint, leaning aggressively towards him.
“That’s enough guys!” Steve cut in, physically stepping between the two.
“Back off, Rogers,” Tony glowered.
“You can’t tell me what to do just because you’re sleeping with Tasha,” Clint added. Natasha whacked him on the back of his head with a stapler. “OW! Fuck, Tash. Seriously? Wait, no! No!” Clint ran from Natasha, who was looking homicidal and brandishing a rolling office chair over her head.
“I’m going to kill you, Barton!” she shrieked, chasing after him.
Steve and Tony stared after them, in a sort of quiet shock. “Sleeping with the Boss Ninja, huh, Cap?” Tony asked, but it was subdued, not mocking.
“Yeah,” Steve answered in an equally subdued manner, still staring out the door where Clint and Natasha had vanished.
“Good on you. Try not to die.”
“Thanks, I’ll try and remember that.”
“See you later?”
“Sure.”
“Logan is coming over for a bit.” Steve announced to the Avengers. “Along with the Professor, and Fury wants you to behave yourselves.” He looked at Clint and Tony who were silently foot wrestling under the table, each trying to violently stomp the other’s foot into the floor.

“Yeah, whatever,” Tony said, giving up and kicking Clint in the shin. “Later, Legolas.” Tony got up and left, waving as Steve sputtered.

And so Steve turned on Clint. “Barton, you need to stop this childish behavior with Stark.” Except Clint was walking out the door as well. And Natasha just shrugged. Bruce was playing solitaire on his phone. And Thor was playing Angry Birds on the iPhone Jane had gotten him. Steve groaned.

... Tony was in his workshop when Steve went to talk to him. It was Steve’s experience that Tony was always in the workshop, especially when someone wanted to talk to him. Tony had AC/DC’s Back in Black playing at max volume and the door was locked.

Steve punched in his code. It was rejected. Steve punched in the door. “Sorry, JARVIS,” he said as he stepped through the pile of glass.

“It’s no problem, sir. Master Stark is the one who will have to fix it.”

“Steve!” Tony shouted, not looking up from his work, but waving a hand out to the side. “Steve, Steve, Steve! Bring me the espresso!!!”

“You don’t need anymore caffeine, Tony. You are clearly too hyped up already.”

“Dummy, Dummy, Dummy!! Bring the espresso!!!” The dumb robot knocked over a bust of Ironman on its way to the espresso machine. Steve grabbed the mug of coffee and handed it to Tony before the robot could spill piping hot liquid on one of them. “What cha cha want want Steve Steve?” Tony asked, fiddling with something utterly out of Steve’s range of understanding.

“This problem with you and Clint is getting out of control. It’s keeping the team from functioning properly.”

“Uh huh,” Tony mumbled, focused on his project.

“You didn’t hear a word I just said, did you?”

“Uh huh. Wait, what?” Tony looked up. “Look, Cap, is this important?”

“You. And. Clint,” Steve enunciated. “Either fondue already, or ignore each other. The friction between you two is bad for the team.”

“Fondue?” Tony asked with an amused huff. “No fucking way, Cap. Give it up. Not going to happen.”

“Then stop the pointless bickering.”

“I think you and I have very different definitions of ‘pointless’ in mind.”

“Clearly.” Steve said dryly. “Next time you two play footsies in the meeting room, I’m locking you in a room together until you can work out your differences.”

“Completely.” Steve left.
“Well, this sucks,” Tony deadpanned, looking around at the room.
“Agreed,” Clint grimaced.
“JARVIS?” Tony asked.
“I’m afraid, sir, that Captain Rogers elicited a promise from me to not let the two of you out until you had resolved your differences or at least come to some form of truce.”
“That blows,” Clint frowned.
“Agreed,” Tony sighed. “Hey, JARVIS, we just agreed on two things. Let us out?”
“I’m afraid not, sir.”
“I made you too fucking smart,” Tony growled. “Remind me when I get out of here to dumb you down.”
“As you wish, sir,” JARVIS humored him. “Captain Rogers also asked that I tell you that all cameras, microphones, and recording devices have been shut down for this room. He wishes for you to talk without fear.”
“Bullshit,” both Clint and Tony grumbled at the same time.
“What now?” Clint asked.
“How should I know?”
“You are the supposed genius in the room,” Clint pointed out sarcastically.
“We’re in a locked room. Other than furniture and some chewing gum, there’s not much to work wit-” Tony paused, and Clint could practically see the light bulb ping into existence above his head.
“Oh. My. God. Barton, you’re a genius. Remind me to take you out for shawarma afterwards.”
“You’re going to get us out of here? With furniture?”
“The glass is bulletproof, practically unbreakable for someone not Cap,” Tony was mumbling to himself. “But nothing can stand up to a diamond.”
“You have a diamond on you?” Clint asked skeptically, one eyebrow raised.
“Of course I don’t have a diamond on me,” Tony scoffed.
“Then your plan is useless, idiot,” Clint said, bored already.
“I didn’t say there wasn’t one in this room,” Tony pointed out. “Idiot.” He walked over the modern art piece of the Ironman and pulled it off the wall, revealing a very high tech Stark safe behind it.
“And here I thought that was just one ugly ass decoration,” Clint laughed.
“That’s why I’m the billionaire and you’re not.” Tony stuck a stick of gum in his mouth and started chewing vigorously as he swung open the safe and selected a little diamond from the black velvet cushion.
“So, what exactly is the plan?” Clint asked curiously.
“Gum,” Tony held up the chewed gum before sticking it on the glass. “Diamond,” he held the little jewel up before sticking it in the middle of the gum, pointy end against the glass. “Fire extinguisher,” Tony dragged the red can from under his desk and swung it back and forth a bit before smashing it into the diamond, which, in turn, shattered the window.
“Cool,” Clint breathed.
“Saw it on TV,” Tony shrugged.
“Why the hell do you have fire extinguisher in your office?”
“Ah, um, preventative measures.”
“Shawarma you were saying?” Clint asked.
“Why not? You going to help me out the damn window?”
“I forgot you have issues with windows,” Clint grinned. “See that tree?”
“Yeah?”
“Hold on tight,” Clint grabbed Tony around the waist and jumped. (He did not notice how fucking firm the muscle in Tony’s torso was, or how it shifted under his hand.)
“I’m going to kill you, Barton!” Tony yelled as they flew through the air.
“The Porsche is in the driveway, sir” JARVIS called after them.
“Oh fuck,” Clint said.

“Bit of an understatement, that,” Tony mused, not trying at all to hide the fact that he was leering at Clint. Who was naked. In Tony’s bed. And Tony was covered in bite marks. And Clint’s ass was sore.

Clint tried not to look at the trash can, but there it was, in plain sight, several condom wrappers and an empty bottle of lube on top. “Fuck,” he said again, as if that was going to make it better.

“Do you actually remember anything?” Tony asked, staring at the ceiling.

“Do you?” Clint shot back defensively.

“I’ll take that as a ‘no’. And, yeah, I remember. I wasn’t that drunk.”

“You had like eight vodka shots before I lost count,” Clint pointed out.

“It takes twice that before I have memory issues,” Tony said. “And just so you know, you’re the best fuck I’ve had in... years? Something like that.”

“Oh, brilliant. Thanks,” Clint snarled sarcastically.

“I’m going to shower,” Tony hopped out of bed. “JARVIS, play the video of last night for Barton.”

“What?” Clint asked, horrified. “No!” But he didn’t have the level of access to override a command from Tony, so JARVIS played the video. Clint stared at the wall where the video was being projected, wide eyed and increasingly aroused, as the growling and moaning escalated from Tony’s damn surround sound. “Fuck,” Clint said much more quietly as the video ended.

“Master Stark requested that I only show you the first video,” JARVIS said, sounding more robotic than Clint had ever heard him. “Would you like to see the others?”

“NO. Delete them!”

“As you wish, sir,” JARVIS sounded relieved.

“What’s the plan of action, Barton?” Tony asked, emerging from his room soaked. “JARVIS, have you seen my towel?”

“In the laundry basket, sir. Miss Potts was angry with you and so she threw it into the corner.”

“Oh, there it is,” Tony pulled out a towel and started rubbing his hair dry. His hair. And only his hair. In front of Clint. Clint groaned and tossed himself back onto the bed.

“Plan? Round two?” Clint asked, generally accepting that that was the best course of action.

“That would be round seven,” Tony corrected him, but he rubbed most of the water off and tossed the towel aside. “I’m game.”

“No recording, JARVIS,” Clint said as he grabbed Tony’s wrist and yanked him onto the bed.

“As you wish, sir,” JARVIS replied as Tony yanked open the draw of the bedside table, blindly fumbling for the condoms and lube he kept there as JARVIS dimmed the lights.

“Let’s give you something you’ll actually remember,” Tony smirked. In reply, Clint bit down on the junction between Tony’s shoulder and neck, eliciting a groan. “Yeah, this might just work out.”
In the middle. Part Two.

Chapter Summary

In which the author realizes there is something seriously wrong with her Tony, but doesn't much care.

“Is Tony sleeping?!” Steve asked, shocked, aghast, and stunned all in one. “Oh my God. Good Lord. Mary, Joseph, and Jesus. What the FUCK?”
And that was the first and last time anyone ever heard Captain America cuss.

Clint stared at Steve, then looked at Tony, who was indeed asleep on the couch. Clint shrugged nonchalantly before casually kicking the sleeping genius in the knees.
“Fuck you, Barton!” Tony mumbled sleepily as he flailed and rolled off the couch.
“Crisis solved, Cap,” Clint grinned. Steve gave him a disapproving glare, the kind he usually reserved for Tony.
“I’m hungry~!” Tony whined from where he lay, face down on the floor.
“Make something to eat,” Steve said crossly and left. “You two are hopeless.”
“Make me fooooooood,” Tony ordered pathetically, grabbing Clint’s ankle like he was dying.
“You make food,” Clint retorted, stepping on Tony’s hand with his free foot.
“Watch it, you bastard, that’s the hand I fuck you with!”
“You’re ambidextrous, Tony,” Clint reminded him.
“Fuck.”
“Maybe after you make food.”
“I’m too hungry to move.”
“Should I order Chinese?”
“Chinese!” Tony repeated enthusiastically, letting go of Clint’s ankle.
“You’re such a lazy ass,” Clint muttered.
“No~!” Tony moaned. “I’m a squid~!” He flopped his limbs around half heartedly, looking up at Clint with puppy dog eyes.
“Brain damaged,” Clint concluded with a smile.
“Milk and cookies before bed,” Tony mused randomly.
“Only if handcuffs are involved.”
“You or me?”
“You. If I let you cuff me, you’d get bored and wander away.”
“I would never!” Tony insisted, looking affronted.
“Sure,” Clint laughed.
“Not your ass,” Tony muttered rebelliously.
Clint snorted and ordered Chinese.
“Are Barton and Stark still fighting?” Fury asked.
“Yes, sir,” Coulson replied calmly. “Are you betting on the Avengers again, sir?”
“No!” Coulson stared blandly at Fury. “Yes, but that’s not the point.”
“What is the point, sir?”
“You bet on them too.”
“The point, sir?”
“Who are you betting Tony seduces first?” Fury gave up pretending it was about anything else.
“Barton, sir.”
“But they hate each other.”
“Exactly.”
“How much are you betting?”
“A dollar, sir.”
“Ha! So you don’t really think they’re going to happen.” (Fury would, of course, see the foolishness in this line of thought when the truth about Clint and Tony came out. He would also realize that it was best to trust Coulson’s opinion on all things Avengers all the time because Coulson was a Boss Ninja and nanny to the Avengers. Basically, Coulson was Avengers family.)
“Who are you betting on, sir?”
“The Captain of course.”
“Yes, I saw that a lot of people are betting that. Good luck, sir.” Fury would never be quite sure if Coulson was smirking at him, but the agent did seem very pleased with himself.
“I need a recon team for Budapest.”
“Barton and Natasha can go. When?”
“Tonight.”
Bruce liked Stark Tower. It was big and relatively peaceful, especially in the R&D department, where he had about five floors all to himself most of the time. Tony had claimed the other five floors since there tended to be more explosions involved in his work.

Bruce liked being a part of the Avengers well enough; after the initial issues with the government and Fury (cleared up when Fury told the government to fuck off Bruce), Bruce had taken up residence in Stark’s mansion, but he basically lived in his lab. He wasn’t nearly as bad as Tony, whom Bruce was convinced didn’t sleep at all, but he required and enjoyed the genuine South American coffee that Tony imported for him. After years of drinking the stuff, commercially available coffee tasted like shit.

Bruce, enjoying his use of these five floors, had not expected to see Tony. Neither had he expected to see Clint. He had definitely never ever in a million billion trillion light years expected to see them kissing. Bruce dropped his insanely expensive mug of coffee. Luckily, it was built to stand up to a Hulk rampage, and did not break. Bruce backed away slowly, escaping with his unbreakable mug before either Tony or Clint could notice him.

(Once, the first time Bruce had broken his mug, he’d hulked out because it had been his very favorite mug. (The mug had a very cute cartoon of the Hulk on it.) This had resulted in the unbreakable mug.)

From then on, Bruce watched the two more closely, and he noticed the little things: Clint wasn’t actually trying to hurt Tony when he hit or kicked him, he was making a physical connection. Tony watched Clint with lustful eyes during the meetings, and occasionally tortured the archer by ‘playing footsies’ as Steve put it, but in reality, the genius was dragging a foot sensuously up the archer’s leg. Tony was actually sleeping, albeit during the daytime, but Bruce had some idea of why that was. Clint had let up a little (very, very tiny little bit) on the new SHIELD recruits.

Yeah, Bruce knew. And then he found out, a month later, that Natasha knew. She, being a scary Boss Ninja, swore him to secrecy. (As if he was incapable of keeping a secret on his own, Bruce snorted.)

Yeah, Tony and Clint were fucking. Bruce got over it rather quickly.
“Cinderella was dressed in yellow, she went upstairs to kiss a fellow, made a mistake, kissed a snake, how many doctors will it take? One, two, three, four...” Tony walked in on Clint playing a child’s clapping game with the Hulk, who was grinning and clapping his giant hands very gently against Clint’s.

“Oh my god,” Tony was slightly stunned, rendering his nearly nonexistent brain to mouth filter useless. “You’re adorable.”

Both of Clint’s eyebrows shot up. “Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven...” he kept counting, clapping his hands against Hulk’s.

“Oh, this is new. No comebacks or you get smashed?”

“Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen...”

“You know,” Tony whispered in Clint’s ear from behind him. “I could use this time for something important.”

“Twenty, twenty-one...”

“But here I am. And there’s this thing on my mind.”

“Twenty-four, twenty-five...” Clint was wondering if never missing was a good thing when it kept an extremely hot man whispering tantalisingly into his ear while brushing up against his back.

“And tonight, when I’m alone with you, and Steve and the others are just out in the living room, I’m going to shove you up against the wall—”

“Twe-twenty-nine, thirty,” Clint shuddered, but kept clapping with the Hulk who was starting to eye Tony oddly.

“And I’m going to strip you naked, and taste every fucking inch of skin as I do it, maybe,” Tony’s voice was strained, “biting a little, here and there.” Tony gave Clint a little nip with his teeth on the back of Clint’s neck.

“Fuck,” and then Clint missed, except he didn’t really because it was Hulk who broke the clapping cycle, and Hulk who stood, picked up Tony by the collar of his shirt, and almost tossed him out of the room.

“Hulk want to play. Little man go away.”

“See you later, Cupid,” Tony winked at Clint as the door shut.

Clint groaned inside.

Chapter End Notes

The clapping bit based on a similar bit in another fic.
“Is that Tony and Bruce of the roof?” Clint asked, slipping his sunglasses on as he took the pool lounger next to Steve.
“Yeah.”
“What’re they doing up there?”
“Science,” Steve explained, not looking up from his book. It was something that looked suspiciously like a trashy romance novel.
“How long have they been up there?”
“Hours.”
“What do you think they’re actually doing?”
“No idea.”

... Up on the roof, Tony jabbed Bruce in the side with his pen before staring intently into the other scientist’s eyes.
“Are you ever going to get tired of that?” Bruce asked.
“Never. So what do you think?”
“How would I know? Why do you have to get anything for Clint’s birthday?”
“Because I want to, and I do what I want,” Tony pointed out.
“Can’t you just give him an extra special fuck?” Bruce asked irritably.
“I don’t think it can get any better,” Tony replied glumly.
“Is that bad?”
“Probably.”
“Enjoy it while you can?” Bruce offered with an apologetic shrug.
“Fuck,” Tony wrapped his arms around his knees and banged his head on his knee caps.
“Relationships are ridiculously hard.”
“Agreed,” Bruce smiled.
“I don’t want to hear that from the guy who can’t even have sex,” Tony moaned. Bruce shrugged mildly, not much offended.
“That just means I’m better at the relationship bit,” Bruce lied in an effort to stop Tony’s whining.
“If that were true, you’d help me think of a birthday present.”
“Do you even know when his birthday is?”
“Two days,” Tony mumbled sheepishly into his knees.
“Did you hack the SHIELD database?” Bruce asked suspiciously.
“Of course I fucking did,” Tony frowned. “How else would I figure that out?”
“Ask? You know, like a normal person? Who am I fucking kidding? You two wouldn’t be normal in a million years.” Tony nodded in agreement. “Buy the man a jet or something,” Bruce advised.
“Jets say commitment. I want something that will explode.”
“Arrows?”
“No way,” Tony waved a hand dismissively. “I make him arrows all the time. I need something that says ‘I enjoy fucking you and spending time with you, but don’t take it too seriously because this is all going to end in flames of hate and loathing.’”
“Easy; take him out for dinner,” Bruce told him with an air of confidence. Bruce crossed his fingers mentally, hoping Tony would actually take his advice.

While he thought it was hilarious to watch Tony and Clint dance around each other in some sort of twisted mating dance uniquely theirs, the two of them seriously needed some kind of shove in the right direction. Bruce only hoped that Tony was dumb enough to take Clint out to dinner, which
would present a romantic opportunity for them, and hopefully nothing would get destroyed in the meantime.

If things went wrong though, Clint and Tony would probably trash the bar/restaurant, anything within two blocks, scare the living shit out of everyone in the area, get put under house arrest by Coulson, get chewed out by Fury, and end up scowling at each other for the next three months, while periodically fucking each other senseless.

“Dinner? Fancy dinner?” Tony perked up.

“Would he like that?”

“Probably not,” Tony wilted.

“What would he like?”

“Real American cheeseburger and fries, with a chocolate milkshake with one of those swirly red and white straws like in the commercials,” Tony recited as if in a trance. “He talks in his sleep, you know.”

“Yeah, um, okay,” Bruce shuffled awkwardly. “You do that.”

“I will.”

Chapter End Notes

Beginning inspired by http://catching-everlark.tumblr.com/post/23695730192
In the end of the beginning, Part One.

Chapter Summary

In which there is an epiphany.

Chapter Notes

And in which the author wishes Google docs actually had a working spell-check system.

“You’re weird.”
“You’re’ weirder,” Tony grinned.
“You’re weirdest,” Clint decided not to punctuate this by sticking his tongue out because he was busy finishing off his chocolate milkshake with his bitchin’ red and white swirly straw.
“You suck,” Tony stuck his tongue out at Clint.
“Your face sucks.”
“Great comeback,” Tony rolled his eyes.
“Does this count as a date?” Clint asked randomly. Or at least Tony thought it was random, but Tony had been reliably informed by Pepper that no one thinks the way he does and thus things weren’t really as random as he might think they were.
“Sure,” he shrugged, deciding to go with the flow for once. (Later, he would decide that that was what had sealed his fate: going with the flow.)
“Cool?” Clint sounded nearly as unsure about the whole thing as Tony felt. Tony didn’t like that feeling. It made him uncomfortable and kept him off balance. Like sea sickness. Tony realized he was staring vaguely at Clint, who was playing with is straw. Clint, in a burst of childishness, threw the straw at a jerk two booths down. It hit the guy in the back of his head. Clint never missed. They ran.

Even though Clint could’ve beat the punk’s ass into the ground.
...
Later, Tony would wonder why they ran.

But it had been fun.

For some reason.

Which was weird.

And Tony still felt... sea sick?

He searched Clint’s face for answers.

And found one.

Even though he wasn’t sure about that one.
He loved Clint Barton.
Love was like sea sickness.
Tony wished his mom had explained that to him when he was little.
The end of the beginning. Part Two.

Chapter Summary

One more after this and Clint and Tony's back story is done.

“Did you just jump out of a plane?” Tony shouted at Clint, who was laying the Medical.
“WITHOUT A FUCKING PARACHUTE??”
“There weren’t any left,” Clint explained calmly.
“Fuck that! That means you don’t fucking JUMP!” Tony yelled, waving his hands around violently.
“I’m alive.”
“Because Cap caught you! You were lucky his parachute could hold both of you!!”
“Lucky,” Clint snorted. “I aimed for him. I wasn’t planning on ending up as a scrape job, you know.”
“ARGRAHHHH!” Tony was literally speechless in his frustration and anger and that burning relief that Clint was still alive and the nagging fear that he’d do something stupid again, but not survive he next time. “Fuck this! Fuck you! I’m gone!” Tony spun on his heel and stomped away, not looking back. He couldn’t slam the door to Medical, since it was a sliding door, so JARVIS slammed it for him. It wasn’t nearly as helpful as if Tony had slammed it himself, but it helped a little. Very little. Tony spent the next three weeks in his basement workshop. No one could get in, even by pestering JARVIS, and no one was sure if Tony was actually working on something or not. Steve and Thor were thoroughly confused and bewildered and puzzled and similar terms for the same thing. They didn’t know why Tony was so upset in the first place. Bruce and Natasha just traded long suffering looks of mild annoyance and general boredom before moving on with their strange little lives.
When Tony emerged after three weeks, he retreated to his bedroom, ignoring the fact that Clint had been allowed out of Medical. To anyone watching, Clint and Tony were ignoring each other. To Clint and Tony, however, something much different was happening.
“Hey, Clint?” Tony asked softly in the dark.
“Yeah?” Clint asked equally softly.
“You know I didn’t mean it, right?”
“Mean what?”
“That I’d leave.”
“Oh, yeah, course I know.” Clint wrapped an arm around Tony from behind, spooning him.
“Cause I wouldn’t. Not really. Not like with Pepper.”
“Are you seriously talking about Pepper right now?”
“No. Yes. Maybe?”
“Look, Tony, I’m sorry I scared you by jumping out of the plane.” Jesus, Tony must’ve been feeling awful because he didn’t even deny that Clint had scared him. “Can we go to sleep now?”
“You know how I spent a lot of time in the workshop?”
“‘A lot’? Understatement much?” Clint smiled.
“Yeah, whatever. I made you... something.” Tony seemed hesitant.
“What?” Clint asked curiously, propping himself up on his elbow. There was a gentle blue glow coming from in front of Tony, and at first Clint thought it was the reactor (which he loved), but when he squinted a little, he could see it was something in Tony’s hand. “What’s that, Tony?”
Tony held his hand out, and he tried not to cringe when Clint realized what he was holding.
“Is that a ring?” Clint breathed, almost completely silent.
“Nevermind,” Tony hurried to say and jerked the ring out of sight.
“What, fuck no!” Clint practically jumped Tony, trying to grab the ring. “Gimme the damn thing!”
“No!” Tony kept his fist closed tight, twisting to bury it under his body.
“Gimme!” Clint growled, grappling with the genius, trying to pry Tony’s hand open.
“Gimme!”
“Gimme gimme gimme!”
“No!”
“Gimme gimme gimme!”
“No!”
“Gimme!”
“Gotcha!” Clint won and grabbed the ring from Tony’s now sweaty palm, slipping it onto his ring finger. “Ooo,” he waved his hand in front of his face, fascinated. “It glows~!”
“Idiot,” Tony grumbled, smooshing his face into his pillow.
“Love ya, baby,” Clint said in a low tone, pressing tiny kisses up Tony’s spine, from his tailbone to his neck. “Where’s your ring?”
“Dina mae un,” Tony mumbled into his pillow.
“You didn’t make one?”
Tony nodded, and Clint grinned because he could tell that the genius was pouting at having lost the wrestling match.
“Then you’ll have to get a tattoo, right over your heart,” Clint smirked when Tony looked up, a spark of hope deep in his eyes. “A ring,” Clint nodded, “with an arrow through it. That way no one can mistake you for anything other than mine.” Clint kissed Tony’s forehead, his nose (adorable), and his mouth. The kiss was hot and dirty, all tongue and biting and sucking.
“Agreed,” Tony panted afterwards.
Back to before the flashback.

Chapter Summary

Okay, NEWS GUYS! First of all, I was told that chapters 13 and 14 are the same:
FIXED. Chapter 14 is now Natasha and Steve's wedding like it was supposed to be.
Second! The reason I didn't know this earlier and the reason I didn't reply to comments
and thought no one read this is because Gmail is a bitch and labeled you wonderful
people as spam. FIXED.
I love you all and thanks for reading and I SWEAR THAT AS LONG AS PEOPLE
KEEP READING, THE CHAPTERS WILL KEEP COMING.
I've got a whole summer ahead of me and no plans so adventures await.
NOW WHO WANTS TO READ ABOUT HOW LOKI TRIES TO BECOME
TONY'S MOM AGAIN???

“Loki?”
“Yes?” Loki asked with a smirk.
“Why the fuck are you making omelets in my kitchen at eight in the morning?” Tony asked, rubbing
his eyes as if that would make this hallucination (because that’s what it had to be) go away.
“Is eight not a normal time?” Loki asked, comically confused.
“Maybe for people who aren’t Tony,” Clint said from where he was perched on the kitchen counter,
reading the crafts section of the morning paper.
“Eat!” Loki shoveled the (admittedly, very good looking) omelet onto a plate with a flourish and
handed it to Tony. He frowned at it in a contemplative manner.
“Is this a trick?” he asked.
“No,” Loki frowned too. “Why would it be?”
“Because you’re the Trickster God,” Clint pointed out around his toast.
“Indeed I am,” Loki’s grin was unnerving, but Tony, ever the idiot, took a tentative bite of the
omelet.
“Onions? I hate onions,” Tony stuck a tongue out in childish disgust.
“You’ll eat it and you’ll be grateful,” Loki told him sternly. “There are children starving on
Jotunheim,” Loki scolded him.
Tony made a face. “Yes, mom~” he drawled before dumping the omelet in the bowl labeled “Thor”
in the fridge. After the first week of living together, the Avengers had agreed to put all leftovers in
Thor’s dog bowl because the big god would eat almost anything and a lot of it. The man ate like an
elephant.
Loki scowled at Tony, looking more like a disapproving Coulson than a menacing god. Tony glared
back, his chin jutted out stubbornly.
“Wow, you guys,” Clint said, almost in awe of the strangeness. “It’s like watching a family spat. Not
that I would really know what that’s like, but wow, you guys.”
“Clint!” Loki turned to the startled archer with a grin that promised mischief to the Nth degree.
“Would you like to see some baby photos of Tony?”
“What?” Tony asked. “No! I’ll eat the damn omelet!”
“Too late,” Loki smirked deviously. “There’s this one photo of him in his Captain America onesie
and it is the cutest thing on Midgard, I swear.” Loki took Clint firmly by the arm and led him away,
still talking about Tony’s baby pictures.

Tony stared after them in abject horror.
Yes, Coulson is Darcy's dad.

Chapter Summary

I'd just like to apologize ahead of time for any confusion caused on this point. When you're at 70+ chapters, things can be a little hard to keep track of.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Oh my god, Dad; you are the best baby sitter ever,” Darcy squealed when she walked into her apartment to find Coulson (who is actually her dad somehow) sitting with baby Tessa and watching Supernanny. Tessa was fast asleep. “Thanks for doing this!”

“No problem, kid. Why’d you and Loki get divorced again?”

“Wow, seriously? You’re not known for your subtlety are you?” Darcy rolled her eyes.

“It’s not part of the job requirement,” Coulson joked in his normal bland tone.

“It wasn’t working.”

“That’s not what it was,” Coulson said easily, calling Darcy on her bullshit.

“Fine, fine. I loved him, but he couldn’t love me the same way. I mean, it might have worked for a year or two, but in the end we would have hated each other,” Darcy explained. “It was all adventure and running around and sexy fish from space, but settling down? Nope.”

“So, are you ever going to tell Loki that I’m actually your father?” Coulson asked.

“Do you think I should?” Darcy asked, worrying her lower lip with her teeth. “I mean, I can call you Dad normally because everyone thinks I’m joking since you’re like their babysitter, but Loki would know if I were lying...”

“I think you should,” Coulson said softly.

“It’s against regulations for you to have contact with me,” Darcy pointed out. “I’m a liability.”

“Stark already knows.”

“Tony knows everything. He hacks SHIELD all the time.”

“Tell Loki.”

“What about Grandpa K? Should I tell Loki about the aliens and the men in black too?” Darcy asked with a cheeky smile.

“You know you can’t,” it was Coulson’s turn to roll his eyes.

“I guess I should tell Loki then, shouldn’t I?” Darcy sighed.

“He does have right to know I’m not dead,” Coulson gave her a little smile.

“Gotcha. Baby sit for me?”

“Anytime, honey.”

...“Whoa, for reals?! Coulson actually IS your dad?” Clint asked from where he sat at the living room table, coloring with crayons. “This family is even weirder than I thought.”

Loki’s face was indecipherable, and Tony was trying not to giggle.

“So, I’m my half sister’s godfather,” Tony said slowly, “And my mother is a male god who married one of my best friends,” here Tony and Darcy bumped bro fists (Story behind the bro fist to be revealed later), “And Coulson is my ex-grandfather-in-law?”

“I need to draw a diagram,” Clint moaned, banging his forehead gently on the table’s surface.

“Basically, something like that,” Darcy confirmed. “Where’s Peter?”

“He wanted to go on a road trip with Uncle Logan before college started in the fall,” Tony explained.
“That’s not going to end well,” Darcy commented.
“So confusing,” Clint whined from behind them.
“Is Steve still in Hawaii with Bucky?”
“Yes, I think Pepper is going to kill Bucky though,” Tony grinned.
“I wasn’t allowed to go with them,” Clint complained.
“Probably for the best,” Darcy nodded sagely. “We wouldn’t want you banned from the state, Clint.”
“It’s a free country!”
“No if you destroy it,” Tony pointed out.
“Point taken,” Clint went back to his crayons.
“This is weird,” Loki said finally, basically summing up everything having anything to do with the little Avengers family that was theirs.

Chapter End Notes

Agent K bit taken from this
http://authormichals.tumblr.com/post/23520997445/manueluv-and-i-are-convinced-agent-k-is-coulsons
KARAOKE

Chapter Summary

In which the Avengers have karaoke night.

“Karaoke!!!!!” Clint was screaming as he ran around the Avengers mansion. “Karaoke night, bitches! EHEHEHEHEHEEEHHH!!” He skidded to a halt in the living room where Tony was setting up the karaoke machine. Loki was sprawled on the couch looking through the booklet of songs.

“What song, Clint?” Tony asked.

Before Clint could answer, Loki cried out, “This song, I know it!” He was so excited he was bouncing up and down, grinning ecstatically.

“The night of karaoke!” Thor called out as he entered the room with Jane right behind him. “Brother, I am glad you could join us!” Thor went in for a hug but Loki flickered out of the way and ended up on top of the entertainment center, smirking. Thor pouted.

“I call I Could Just Kill A Man by Charlotte Sometimes,” Natasha said calmly as she and Steve joined the group. Steve blinked at her, not nervously, but... yeah, it was nervously.

“Yellow Submarine,” Steve claimed.

“Is Bruce here yet?” Tony asked.

“Bruce?” Steve seemed confused.

“Whatever; just tell me when he shows up.”

Thor chose the song Thunderstruck by AC/DC, which he was obsessed with ever since Tony had turned him on to it. Darcy took Hey Baby by No Doubt, Jane got Candy Shop by Madonna, surprising everyone, and Tony and Clint decided to sing a duet with As Long As You’re Mine from the Wicked musical, which just confused the hell out of pretty much everyone.

Bruce showed up while Thor was trying to pry Loki’s song out of him, and the scientist chose Fuck All Y’all by a heavy metal artist called Saliva, which worried everyone except Clint and Tony who were merrily on their way to drunkenness before the singing even started.

Three hours of confusion and drinking and horrible singing later, Clint woke from his alcohol induced unconsciousness to see Loki doing the strangest things with his hips and singing as he stood on the coffee table.

“So be wise, and keep on, reading the signs of my body. And I'm on tonight, you know my hips don't lie, and I'm starting to feel it's right. All the attraction, the tension. Don't you see baby, this is perfection.”

Damn, Clint managed to think, Loki can dance and sing pretty damn well. Everyone (Except Jane, who was asleep because she couldn’t hold her liquor.) was staring at Loki as if transfixed by the movement of his body. Clint was pretty sure it should be illegal to dance like that.

Of course, that was when Darcy decided to start throwing honey roasted peanuts at Loki, and Loki gave up the song and leaped at her, but Thor caught Loki in mid air, and they wrestled, thumping violently against the floor. Clint winced sleepily; doubtless such rough housing would give any normal human enough bruises to make them look like a multicolored clown.

Clint went back to sleep, ignoring the fact that Loki had thrown Thor through a wall to the sound of Darcy cheering.
“So you see, Nat, there’s this girl,” Peter fidgeted, “And her name is Gwen and I kind of like her. A lot.”

Natasha nodded understandingly. “That’s great, Peter, but shut up for a moment because your dads are listening at the door.” Outside Peter’s dorm door, there was a hurried scuffling sound and muffled curses as Tony and Clint made themselves scarce.

The expressions on Peter’s face went from surprised to embarrassed to annoyed in a matter of seconds and he leaped up from the bed and flung the door open, flying down the stairs, shouting, “Dads~! Seriously!”

Natasha sighed, but she was smiling a little. Excepting that one time Tony had stepped on her flowers, Natasha enjoyed the antics Clint and Tony got up to together. Mostly because life could get really fucking boring when the world wasn’t being threatened on a daily basis. Natasha liked Peter; she thought adopting him was one of Tony and Clint’s best decisions. However, she was bored; Natasha pulled out her handy dandy jar of spiders and turned to Peter’s bed.

... 

Steve wasn’t bored at all.

Steve was busy trying to keep Bucky from blowing something up in his sleep.

Steve was of the opinion that Bucky should always take his prosthetic arm off before going to sleep, but sometimes Bucky forgot, like now. Bucky had been snoring on the couch, but now he was rolling about on the floor, deep in dream land. He had already accidentally fired off the flares, which had burnt an interesting pattern into the rug.

Steve was pretty sure that rug cost more money than a complete set of vintage, mint condition Captain America trading cards. So saying, Pepper was going to be pissed.

Steve was surprised Pepper hadn’t already had a heart attack; it had seemed like she would after Bucky had gone on national television and cooked an omelet with Oprah, but she had merely confined Bucky to the Malibu house after that.

Of course, then Bucky had entered a swimsuit contest. And won. Somehow.

Steve struggled to hold down Bucky’s mechanical arm as the soldier started twitching again.

BAM! Steve wondered how many flares Tony had put in the damn thing. He surveyed the room. He sighed. Pepper was going to castrate Bucky this time.

Chapter End Notes

Beginning inspired by http://hemsworthss.tumblr.com/post/23750140148
Chapter Summary

One last chapter before I go to sleep. This is for all you wonderful, beautiful people who actually read this continuity nightmare. I honestly love you guys.

“No, Dummy, stop it, go screw yourself, don’t actually though, oh, my, god, you’re useless, of no benefit at all,” Tony knocked Dummy’s arm away.
“If you don’t mind, sir, I’d rather Dummy did not work on my body,” JARVIS put in from the mansion’s mainframe. “I would like to be able to function when you’re done with repairs.”
“Yeah, working on it JARVIS, kinda busy here,” Tony said around the tiny pieces of metal in his mouth.
“Are you going to taste like metal and oil later?” Clint asked form his ceiling harness a couple feet away. The archer was amusing himself by bouncing puffy cheetos off the ceiling and catching them in his mouth.
“Are you going to taste like fake cheese and preservatives?” Tony returned.
“That’s a ‘yes’ then.” Clint sounded like he didn’t know if he should be aroused or disgusted and was losing spectacularly to the former.
“You love it,” Tony snorted.
“Without shame,” Clint agreed with a grin.
“Oh my god, Dummy, I’m going to dismantle you and turn you into a dishwasher, I’ll donate you to a state college, I swear I will.”
“I’m bored,” Clint complained.
“Go shoot something in Albania then,” Tony said irritably.
“Maybe I will.”
“Fine.”
“I’m leaving.”
“Go ahead.”
“I am.”
“I don’t want you here anyways.”
“I’m really, actually leaving.”
“See you never.”
“Leaving, seriously.”
“Fine,” Tony tried to keep up his haughty, annoyed tone of voice, but broke down giggling as he set aside his soldering iron. Clint snorted with laughter from his harness and threw a handful of Cheetos at Dummy. (Since he knew to never get his snacks on Tony’s work table.)
“You’re ridiculous,” Clint grinned.
“You’re even more ridiculous.”
“You’re so ridiculous that you can scare away Dr Doom just by talking to him.”
“Phf,” Tony huffed. “You’re the one that had the Enchantress so confused that she gave up on destroying Harlem. What were you talking to her about again?”
“Gummy bears. Giant ones. I can’t believe she’d never heard of gummy bears before.”
“You defeated the Enchantress with gummy bears,” Tony laughed.
“In theory,” Clint corrected him. “I didn’t actually have any gummy bears with me at the time, so I defeated her with theoretical gummy bears.”
“Gummy bears,” Tony nodded silently, with an air about him that said “I just discovered the
meaning of life”.
Who knows? Maybe he had.
Chapter Summary

Okay, last one of the night, I swear.

“OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!” Clint was yelling at top volume as he ran around the mansion, waving his arms frantically above his head. “THOR’S MY FUCKING UNCLE!” The other Avengers watched, bemused.
Chapter Summary

I said I'd explain how the Bro Fist came about. Here it is.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“So you and Bruce are like Science Bros,” Darcy was saying to Tony as the genius tinkered with the Ironman suit.
“I like that,” Tony nodded thoughtfully. “Cool name.”
“So what are we?” Darcy asked.
“Just Bros?” he offered.
“Boring,” Darcy dismissed it.
“Even if we have a Bro Fist?” Tony asked.
“Do we have a Bro Fist?”
“We do now.”
“Cool.”
“Bros,” they said in unison, bumping their fists together, looking very self satisfied.

Chapter End Notes

Bros bit inspired by http://archiveofourown.org/works/361602

Honestly, I like that one ^ better, but there you go.
“I hate prison,” Tony said glumly, his chin in his hands. The other Avengers looked at him with expressions of boredom and reluctant curiosity. “They get mad at you if you pick the locks to get a midnight snack.”
“That’s because you’re supposed to be locked up,” Steve pointed out.
Now might be the best time to point out that the whole of the Avengers team, including Loki and Coulson, were kids. Children. Between the ages three and seven. They had all been thrown in a holding cell at a local NYPD station when they were found running around naked. (Their clothes had inevitably not fit after they shrank.)
As far as they could tell, Tony was five, Clint was three, Natasha was seven, Steve was four, Bruce was three, Thor and Loki were both six, and Coulson was seven.
(Of course, Tony’s first priority was to steal a marker from the sucker on guard/baby sitting duty and give himself a goatee and mustache because he didn’t ‘feel like himself and it was throwing his genius off’.)
“There’s no point in staying put if I can get out,” Tony pointed out to Steve. “And I needed a snack.”
“Why were you in jail in the first place?” Natasha asked from where she was sitting, Steve on her lap.
“This prison is puny,” Loki sniffed haughtily from where he was sitting on the floor, braiding Thor’s hair. “I have been in much worse, for smaller indiscretions than nudity.”
“Yes, brother! I remember!” Thor squeaked. “You had charmed father’s helm to always grow the ears of a rabbit!”
“I was in solitary confinement in the bowls of the Asgardian Mountains for one of your Earthly months for that prank,” Loki nodded.
“This is ridiculous,” Coulson said, his arms crossed from where he sat in a corner.
“Huss, Pill,” Clint lisped at the older child from where he was hanging upside down, his legs threaded through the grating that served as a ceiling for their cage like cell. “No talky.” Little Clint pointed a chubby finger at equally little Bruce who was sleeping on Tony’s lap, one arm curled tightly around Tony’s waist, and sucking on his free thumb.
“Ho-kay, kids!” the annoying guard said cheerfully. “I just got your Mr Fury on the phone and boy was he pissed!”
“Fuck off,” Tony flipped the bird to the guard with a scowl and tossed Clint his marker. Clint tugged the cap off the marker with his teeth and threw it at the guard, leaving a big black splotch on the man’s cheek.
“Fuf you!” Clint stuck out his tongue.
“Now see here-!” the guard started, but he got too close to the holding cell and Natasha’s legs wrapped around his neck, jerking until he fell to the floor unconscious. Bruce grumbled in his sleep and everyone looked a little nervous until little Steve started singing some old thirties lullaby, which calmed the sleeping Bruce right down. Loki and Thor looked relieved momentarily before engaging in a furiously silent slap fight during which they repeatedly batted at each other like little girls.
“That is fucking enough,” Fury said as he strode into the room. Behind him, Maria Hill rolled her eyes at their behavior. “Time to go, Avengers. Single file. Get into the damn bus right outside and I don’t want to hear a single fucking word until we are at a secure location.”
Coulson looked slightly relieved, but the rest of the Avengers (minus Bruce, who was still suckling on his thumb) glared silently at Fury.
Tony handed little Bruce over to Natasha, who was the only one large enough to carry him and quick enough to get out of the way if he Hulked. Clint dropped from the top of the cage, landing on
all fours as silently as a cat, and took Tony’s hand. Thor took Loki’s hand like the protective brother he was, and Loki took Tony’s free hand, liking the loving mother he was. Steve stood protectively in front of their little group, and Coulson took the back, watching their backs like he always did. They made a funny procession walking out to the bus, each of them wearing mismatched, borrowed clothes that were too big for all of them. Only Coulson and Tony had retained any of their former clothing, Coulson salvaging his crisp, white button down, which now went down past his knees, and Tony his sweaty, dirt stained undershirt.

“You’re things were all picked up immediately from the scene,” Maria Hill assured them. “Extra care was taken with your suit,” she added to Tony when the five-year-old gave her a look that said ‘if you put one scratch on my genius-baby I’m going to make you wish you were never born’.

“Oh! It’s a real school bus!” Steve exclaimed like the four year old he was at the moment.

“It’s lame,” Tony frowned at it. Clint giggled and bit Tony. Loki scowled at Clint, who stuck his tongue out. Then Loki tried to punch Clint, but Thor got in the way completely by accident, and Loki ended up punching his brother in the neck. Thor made a gurgling noise that was way too extreme and dramatic to mean anything was actually hurt, but both Fury and Maria freaked out and grabbed the brothers before throwing them onto the bus with Steve sandwiched between them on a seat in their hurry to get out of there as soon as possible.

Tony ended up with Natasha, who was dangling a spider in his face as the little genius (with a marker goatee; don’t forget the marker goatee and mustache!) tried to climb out the window but was prevented by his short stature and inability to actually get the window open. (Those things are nearly impossible to open unless you’re Superman or something.)

Coulson sat in the back seat, looking like his usual self, if one could ignore the tiny stature, the fluffy head of hair, and the giant shirt.

As the youngest and thus the most exhausted, Clint curled up with Bruce and fell straight to sleep in the seat behind Natasha and Tony. Maria stood guard at the emergency exit that Loki was eying with a truly disturbing smile that brought to mind all sorts of unpleasant experiences, like an ice cube down the back of one’s shirt, or snakes under the sheets.

Maria Hill would swear to God, up, down, and sideways that she saw the soul of the Devil in Little Loki’s eyes in that moment, no matter the kicked puppy eyes he pulled out later.

Thor and Steve ended up playing patty cake the whole bus ride.

Fury drove.

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by Samuel L Jackson's narration of the book Go The Fuck To Sleep.

THERE WILL BE MOAR

Edit: I totally just noticed how Loki got Tony out of explaining how he was in prison in the first place. HOW DOES THIS HAPPEN TO ME.

Edit: The Tony Marker 'Stache inspired by this comic:
http://fuckyeahtonysteve.tumblr.com/#23524858720
“Oh. My. Fucking. God,” Fury groaned, squeezing his good eye shut while massaging his temples. “Jesus H Christ and fucking peanut butter. I am NEVER having fucking kids,” he told Maria with the conviction of the desperate. She peered over his shoulder into the spare bedroom they’d tried to settle the Avengers in. At first they’d tried putting them in their separate rooms, but three temper tantrums (two being Stark’s), four crying sessions, and one broken wall later, they’d relocated the kids to Stark’s extra bedroom, which had an emperor bed in it. (It was literally three times bigger than a king size.) Now the problem wasn’t crying; it was that they couldn’t get the Avenger kids to go the fuck to sleep.

“Foofy?” Clint asked, lisping over Fury’s name. “Cwan I go to da baffoom?”

“No, you can’t go to the bathroom! You know where you can go? The fuck to sleep!” Little Clint looked like he was about to cry, and he ran back to Tony, wailing.

“You can’t cuss at three year olds,” Maria hissed at her boss. “I did not sign up for this,” Fury hissed back, jabbing a finger int the direction of the little Avengers. Suddenly, everything got really, really quiet. Both Fury and Maria turned to look. Coulson and Natasha were staring disapprovingly in the adults’ direction, and all the younger kids were staring like wounded, kicked around, and denied cookies adorable, fluffy animals. Fury had a nagging thought that Clint would be a squirrel. Maria kept throwing nervous glances at little Loki, who had the biggest, saddest eyes of the lot, only rivaled by Tony’s, which was weird to see. Thor looked like someone had taken his hammer plushie from him and ripped it into a million pieces before his eyes, while both Bruce and Clint had hurt tears leaking from the corners of their eyes. Fury swallowed harshly. He was the leader of a top secret government organization that dealt with world catastrophe on a daily basis, but hell if he could resist the looks the little Avengers could dole out.

“Fine, I’ll read you a story, you can go to the bathroom, have a drink of warm milk, whatever you want,” he half pleaded with the children, “just please, please, please go to sleep.”

“Want-” Clint hesitated.

“Yes?” Fury asked tiredly.

“WANT PLAYTIME!!!!” the three year old shouted happily, throwing his hands up, one of Tony’s hands still gripped tightly in Clint’s own. The other younger children cheered, Thor jumping up and down, and spinning Loki around with a bright grin. Natasha rolled her eyes, but smiled and went to find more spiders. Coulson looked like his older mind self was trying to keep him calm, but in the end his child mind self won and he smiled and snuck away to watch Supernanny and cheer for the naughty children.

Bruce Hulked in his excitement, and a mini Hulk ran through a wall. Fury sunk to the floor, his head in his hands as the children ran around him. Clint climbed over the still Director, cheekily placing his foot on the man’s bald head. Maria had made a speedy escape.
“This... is... WAR!” Tony screamed, launching a carrot over the pillow wall of his pillow fortress. Behind him, Clint reloaded the simple catapult with more carrots. Across the living room, Steve ducked behind his own pillow wall with a squeak, and Thor returned fire with celery sticks from behind his fallen comrade.

Loki giggled from his vantage point on top of the entertainment center (which seems to get a lot of traffic, so JARVIS should probably make a note for Tony to create some sort of automatic flying duster to keep the dust bunnies at bay). Loki was holding a plastic, child sized replica of his staff, which Thor had had in his closet (who really knows why?), and throwing small bursts of blue magic at both fortresses, turning the pillows making up the fortress walls into different colors. (Which seemed to be about all he could do in child form.) Coulson watched this all from the couch on the other side of the room, occasionally glancing at the TV, which was playing Supernanny under Loki’s swinging feet.

Steve seemed to recover from the surprise carrot attack and rose from behind his pillow fort with a grim (adorable, cute, pudgy faced, serious adorableness) expression, and he raised his child’s replica, plastic Captain America shield and leaped over the pillow wall before charging the Stark and Barton fort with a high pitched battle cry.

“Whoa!” Tony shouted, retreating swiftly to the kitchen.

“Wowa!” Clint mimicked and hurried after Tony, grinning like a loon. (It has come to the author’s attention that Clint must be missing his top two front teeth and must also be the cutest child on the face of the plant and wishes some talented fan would draw and post a picture! :) Please!)

“For Asgard!” Thor squealed, running after Steve, wielding his plushie hammer.

“For Midgard!” Loki shouted, dropping from the top of the entertainment center onto Thor’s back. “Thou shall not harm my Tony and Clint!” Loki and Thor then engaged in a furious battle between plastic staff and stuffed hammer, leaving Steve to pursue the enemy.

“Shut the fuck up! Please, God, help me!” Fury yelled from the hallway, where Bruce and Clint and Tony had tied him up using a jump rope Natasha had found for them. “Hill! Maria Hill! You’re fired! You’re all fired! Why can’t you kids just go the fuck to sleep?!”

Next to Fury, a drowsy Bruce was sitting. Every time the Director yelled out, the little Bruce would stand on tip-toe to pat the man on his bald head in a relatively sympathetic manner. Fury let out a distressed, strangled noise, and he keeled over sideways.
Chapter 81

“My head hurts~” Tony whined. “Why the fuck am I on the floor?”
“Why the fuck am I naked?” Clint groaned from where he lay draped over Tony, normal sized.
“Anyone know why Director Fury is asleep and tied up with a jump rope in the hallway?” Steve asked tiredly from the doorway.
Groaning, Tony and Clint dragged themselves to the doorway and peered around to look at Fury. “He looks like he’s been crying or something,” Tony shrugged. “I’m going to go find clothes that aren’t in shreds,” he pulled the remains of a shirt off his back and stood up. “I think I understand a little of what Bruce feels like... afterwards.”
“Where is Bruce?” Clint asked, following Tony.
“No idea. Does anyone know how Loki and Thor managed to fit up there?” Clint and Tony both turned to look where Steve was pointing at the the top of the entertainment center. The stubborn piece of furniture didn’t even buckle under the massive weights of muscle pretezeled together on top of it.
“Who cares anymore?” Clint shrugged. “I need a shower.”
“JARVIS, what happened?” Steve asked, unwilling to sweep the entire mystery fiasco under the rug like the other two.
“I believe a curse turned you, the other Avengers, and Agent Coulson into children for exactly twelve hours. It seems to have worn off at two forty-five this morning. If you are experiencing severe memory loss, I suggest a hot shower and a cup of coffee.”
“That will fix our memories?” Steve asked.
“No, sir. It might make you feel more awake though, sir.” Tony snorted at his AI, but he and Clint stumbled away to follow JARVIS’s advice.
“Go the fuck to sleep,” Fury mumbled in his sleep. “Fucking sleep, please, God fuck. Sleep.” Steve stared momentarily, disturbed, before hurrying away to take a shower. Loki and Thor could deal with their own problems when they woke up. They could find Bruce and Natasha later. Steve was pretty sure the shifting lump under a mountain of destroyed pillow fort was Coulson anyways.
“Oh my god!” Tony’s shout rang through the mansion; it was clear he was freaking out in the extreme. “Why the fuck is there marker all around my mouth?!!?!”
“So,” Natasha said seriously, looking around at the other Avengers (and Coulson) who were seated around the kitchen island.

“So,” Clint said.

“This is a serious situation,” Coulson nodded.

“It is,” Steve agreed.

“Indeed,” Thor looked grim. Loki nodded curiously beside his brother.

“So,” Bruce said, turning to look at Tony. “Why were you in jail?”

“And what happened when you picked the lock on your cell to get a snack?” Clint asked curiously.

“Look, guys,” Tony sighed, “it wasn’t a great point in my life. I was fifteen, and in graduate college, and I... may have... accidentally... sort of... defaced... the Empire State Building...?” Tony gave them a weak, questioning smile.

“Oh my god!” Clint squealed. “How have I never heard about this?! That would have been so fun to do together! Oh, can we do that for the Fourth of July weekend?”

“No!” Steve was alarmed. “You can’t do that!”

Natasha shook her head, sighed, and left. She had better things to do than police Clint and Tony’s crazy activities. Bruce followed her; he and Natasha had their regular spa and yoga night coming up soon, and he wanted to plan.

“What is this Fourth of July you speak of?” Thor asked, a puzzled look wrinkling his brow. Loki just rolled his eyes with the look that said ‘you’ve been living here for how long, and you still speak like that?’

“FREEDOM!” Clint shouted enthusiastically, throwing his arms up.

“I have a better idea for the Fourth,” Tony said, getting Loki’s ‘I’m going to ruin the day of someone important’.

Steve looked from Clint to Tony to Loki, glanced at Thor, who was clearly confused, felt a little bad for the bulky god, but escaped as fast as he could.

“So, the Fourth of July is in six days,” Clint whispered conspiratorially.

“I need a drink,” Tony said, getting up to pull out the box of Life cereal from the cabinet. Inside was a forty year old bottle of scotch. He took a swig. “Now, there’s this jello gas that condenses when it hits oxygen. I was thinking we could make it rain jello in Washington.”

“As long as it doesn’t condense around someone,” Clint pointed out.

“Oh, come on, it’s jello,” Tony pointed out. “Haven’t you ever played with it before? It’s about as tough as a puppy.”

“Can it be green?” Loki asked, speaking up finally. Clint and Tony looked at him and Thor. (Thor had fallen asleep.)

“Green jello?” Clint asked.

“Sure, why not?” Tony grinned.
Chapter 83

Chapter Summary

A short and steamy inspired by this:

Clint was teaching Tony how to play pool when Loki launched the Jello Attack. (The trickster had wanted to do it, and since neither Tony nor Clint wanted to end up at the business end of Loki’s clever mind, they had relented.) Meanwhile, Clint had offered pool lessons, and Tony had decided he liked the game. Especially when Clint gently eased up behind him, body radiating heat through the light shirt, and moved Tony’s hands into the proper place on the pool stick. Clint had Tony eying the 8 ball when he bent the genius over the table to shoot and things snapped. Tony was flat on his back, his tee-shirt wrapped around his wrists, held above his head by one of Clint’s strong, broad hands, Clint smirking just above him. The archer’s shirt was missing a few buttons and hanging open, and Clint was breathing harshly as his spare hand snuck under Tony’s waistband. The genius groaned and arched up into his husband’s body, and the television over the pool table flicked on to a frantic news lady yelling about Jello. And a blob of green goo landed on her oh-so-fake blonde hair.
“Talk about a turn off,” Tony whined.
“Doesn’t feel like one,” Clint laughed into his hubby’s ear, his hand shifting in Tony’s boxers. “Oh god,” Tony squirmed.
Chapter 84

Chapter Summary

I'm just gonna casually break y'all's hearts into itty bitty pieces now, 'kay?

“Hello, Avengers Pizza, let us avenge the hell out of your anchovies!” Tony answered the mansion’s main phone line.
“I have placed a bomb composed of thirty pounds of C4 in the mansion somewhere. Die.” The caller hung up. Tony stared at the phone in shocked silence.
“Who was that?” Clint asked drowsily.
“There’s a bomb in the building,” Tony said, his voice void of emotion. “Get everyone out now.” Clint snapped to attention, his face grave. Immediately at-home-Clint shed his relaxed attitude and on-the-job-Clint appeared. No movement was wasted as Clint stood, and left, efficiently calling out to JARVIS, his voice hard. “Get everyone’s attention, JAR.”
“Done, sir. Speak and they will hear.” Even JARVIS was serious.
“Listen up Avengers. This is serious. This is not a joke. Someone had placed a bomb in the building. I don’t want any heroics; fuck the fact that you’re heroes. Out of the building now, or I swear to God and Fury you’re going to regret it.”
Every single one of the Avengers visibly went into battle mode and headed for the nearest exit.
Back in the living room, Clint and Tony were glaring at each other.
“Out, Clint,” Tony ordered, pointing at the door. “You don’t know a damn thing about bombs. I do. I know a fucking lot about them, and I can take care of this.”
“I’m not fucking leaving without you,” Clint jutted his chin out stubbornly, furiously.
“JARVIS?”
“Yes, sir,” JARVIS’s voice came from behind Clint; he had entered his droid body. JARVIS’s arms wrapped securely around the archer; one around his neck, the other pinning his arms to his sides. A few seconds later, Clint was unconscious, and JARVIS threw the archer over his shoulder before heading for the door. “Please don’t die, sir,” JARVIS begged Tony. “The bomb is located somewhere in your bedroom. Something was confusing my sensors, and I could not pick up a more detailed location.”
“Thanks, JAR,” Tony said. His eyes were dark, his mouth pressed in a serious line, as the front door closed behind JARVIS and Clint. He ran to his and Clint’s bedroom, his heart heavy. Thirty pounds of C4 wouldn’t just take out the mansion. Hell, if Thor and Loki were in the house when it went off, not even they would survive.
Tony searched the room systematically; he found the bomb in a closet, in a cut out part of the wall where the electrical wiring ran through it. There was a cell phone attached to it. Rigged to go off when the phone was called.
Outside, Clint stirred in JARVIS’s arms. They were a good mile or two away from the mansion; the car was a van, being driven by Natasha. Someone had had the forethought to bind Clint’s wrists together behind his back. Whoever had done so had clearly very little knowledge of his skill set. With a grunt, the archer rocked back on his tailbone before hopping to his feet, a small throwing knife sawing through the rope around his wrist. JARVIS, Thor, and Steve tried to stop him, but Clint dodged their grips and kicked the back door of the van open, jumping out. He rolled to break his fall and frantically watched the mansion as he started running towards it. Behind him he vaguely heard someone calling to him, chasing after him.
The mansion exploded, a cloud of furiously boiling fire, billowing out for hundreds of feet around
the building, incinerating everything.
A strangled cry, a sound like an animal dying, being tortured to the very edge of sanity, escaped
Clint as he stopped in the middle of the road, his hand futilely outstretched. He fell to his knees,
broken, screaming out at the world as tears streaked down his face.
The concussive force of the explosion hit him, knocking him over. He lay in the road, not moving,
his chest quivering, jerking with each pained, strained breath escaping as a cracked and heartbroken
sob.
Behind him, the van had halted, and everyone stared, silent, tears falling freely. No one spoke. No
one knew what to say. They shut down.
No one approached Clint.
In which Tony is... Tony.

Tony opened his eyes. He blinked. He shut his eyes. “How the fuck did I get into Heaven? I thought they had criteria.”
“You shall perhaps see one day, Stark, but this is not your Valhalla,” a mature, golden-blond woman bent over him with a warm smile. “It is good to at last know I possess a grandson. I am Frigga, mother to Thor and Loki.”
“I have a granny?” was all Tony could think of. “Did I say that out loud? Can I call you Nana? I always wanted a grandma.”
“You may,” Frigga smiled, and there was a spark of clever in her eyes that reminded Tony of Loki. Tony decided he liked her.
“How the fuck did I get here, anyway?” Tony asked, sitting up. Well, he tried to sit up, but his muscles screamed out in soreness and he lay back down limply, going, “Okay, okay, I think I’ll just stay here for a little while longer.”
“I believe it is your inert Jotun magic. It does not appear to be something you can control consciously, but it reacted to your distress and activated to bring you somewhere it recognized as safe.”
“You mean I’m here because my alien mom feels safe here?” Tony asked. Frigga shrugged with a careless smirk. Yeah, definitely where Loki got his trickiness from. “Okay. Weird. Whatever. Wait, my house blew up right?”
“Correct.”
“I have to get back! They’re all going to think I’m dead!”
“As soon as Odin has the energy prepared, we can send you back. Consider though that the Bifrost is still broken and one so inexperienced as you could not possibly work the Tesseract. It will take time,” Frigga told him sympathetically. “In the meantime, is there anything you desire to know about Asgard?”
“Hmm,” Tony took this in, accepted it, and did his thing where he stopped worrying about it. (Except he still worried in this case because Clint was waiting for him, and Clint was the exception to his every rule.) “Yeah, actually. Thor, when he came back for Jane, said that only a few months had passed for him, while it had been over a year for Jane; does time move slower here?”
“Yes, it does. I believe time on Midgard moves three times faster than that of Asgard.”
“And can I see the Tesseract? I didn’t have much time to study it on Ear-Midgard,” Frigga eyed him in a not-really-suspicious way, but more like a cautious, measuring way.
“Sure. It is still in the mechanism that Thor and Loki arrived bearing it in.”
“Really?” Tony perked up. “Bruce and I made that! I was psyched when it actually worked!”
“It is an admirable piece of technology,” Frigga smiled.
“Awesome.” Tony stood and looked around finally. He was in a bedroom fit for a prince, done up in gold and various shades of dark green. “Is this Loki’s room?”
“He has not used it in the two years since he returned to Midgard,” Frigga told him, her voice tainted with some sorrow.
“I’ll make sure he visits more often,” Tony promised, and then wondered how he was going to do such a thing. He shrugged his doubts away; Loki wanted to be his mom again? Leverage galore.
“You’re my favorite grandson,” Frigga grinned.
“I’m your only grandson,” Tony paused and thought about that. “I am, aren’t I?”
Frigga only smiled with a secretive wink, and started walking down the elaborate, ridiculously gold, fancy hallway.
“Aren’t I?!” Tony called as he jogged after her. “AREN’T I?!”
“Baby Jesus,” Tony breathed when he looked upon the Tesseract in its contraption. “What I wouldn’t give just to study that for a few weeks. Damn, Selvig was one lucky man. Is that the ice cube thingy that Odin stole with baby Loki?” Tony asked, pointing at the larger, blue glowing cube. Frigga turned to look.

“Yes, it is. Did Loki tell you about his origin?” she asked, turning back to Tony with no small amount of surprise showing in her face and voice. “What are you doing?!” Tony had picked up the Tesseract contraption.

“Sorry, Nana, but I have a husband back home, who most likely thinks I’m dead, and to let him continue to think that when I can change it would be the worst thing I could ever do to him and utterly unforgivable.” Tony closed his eye, concentrated on his strongest memory of Clint, and twisted the contraption.

Chapter End Notes

Tony is Tony and Tony does what he wants. In this case, that means stealing an all powerful artifact that can destroy all the nine worlds from an extremely powerful nation of basically-gods. Also, stealing from his grandmother. Will wonders never cease.

Wow.

I don't know how I could top this.
Tony’s strongest memory of Clint, was his best memory. It wasn’t anything spectacular or flashy. In general, it wasn’t anything that someone would associate with Tony Stark.

Tony’s most precious memory of Clint was one of a lazy morning in bed. Tony had woken up, but Clint was still asleep, wrapped around his lover like he would never let the genius go. Tony had briefly considered getting up and working on something he remembered as being important for the continued prosperity and safety of the country, but then Clint had murmured something unintelligible and snuggled closer to Tony, and Tony had given up the notion of leaving bed.

And then, when Tony was breathing softly, his nose pressed against a sleeping Clint’s, just content to lay there, sharing warmth and reveling in the sense of safety and closeness, Clint had murmured something that Tony could understand.


Even in deep REM sleep, unconscious to the outside world, Clint was still thinking about how much he loved his genius. His Tony.
Tony opened his eyes to find himself smack dab in a strange bed, still holding the Tesseract. A familiar scent swamped him and he turned his head. On the other pillow, an exhausted looking Clint was sleeping fitfully, twitching in odd starts and fits in his sleep. On closer inspection, Clint had dark circles under his eyes, and looked like he had been crying himself to sleep for at least a few hours. Tony dropped the Tesseract holding device, and it rolled off the bed to the floor with a loud thump. Tony was subconsciously glad he’d made the thing basically indestructible because otherwise.. whew. Consciously, his whole mind and being was focused on the sleeping archer in front of him. “Clint baby?” It was a bad sign when the bump in the night didn’t wake Clint up like a Mongolian hoard was after him. Tony pressed a gentle kiss to Clint’s forehead. The archer twitched. Tony kissed his nose. The archer stirred. Tony pressed a chaste kiss to his mouth. Clint’s eyes flew open, he sprang up, and his hands fastened around Tony’s throat, pressing the genius down into the mattress.

“Who the fuck are you?” Clint growled furiously, animalistically. “Why the fuck-” he faltered, “-the fuck do you look like Tony?”

“I am Tony,” he rasped. Clint’s pressure on his throat was uncomfortable, threatening to become deadly if the archer was pushed too far. “I didn’t die, baby.”

“Shut the fuck up! Tony died days ago and you sick bastard, whoever you are- FUCK YOU!”

There was fire in Clint’s eyes.

“Really, Clint,” Tony tried not to panic. “Who else would know that we switch top and bottom? Who else would know that you gave me thirty-three hickies in a closet in SHIELD headquarters? And that I fucked you until you passed out for your birthday last year?”

The fury in Clint’s eyes faded a little, was replaced by hesitation, confusion... hope. His grip loosened and he backed off a little, eying Tony like a ghost sent to torment him.

“Is this a dream? Another dream?” Tony tried not to show his pain at that question. ‘Another dream’. How many times had Clint been tortured, suffering because of dreams of Tony, only to wake up and realize the only person he’d ever loved was still dead.

“How many days had it been?”

“Six days,” Clint answered tiredly. “Six days,” he looked at the glowing green numbers of the clock, “Thirteen hours, and forty-two minutes.”

“Clint?” Tony reached out, but hesitated, drawing his hand back to his side. “I came as soon as I could. It was only an hour for me. I stole the Tesseract from Thor and Loki’s mother. I came for you because I didn’t want this to happen.” It was the most open Tony had ever been, vocally.

“Just... just give me a moment.”

“Clint!” Steve burst into the bedroom, which, now illuminated by the hallway’s lighting, appeared to be that of a five star hotel. “Are you okay! I heard the alarm go off that JARVIS-” Steve stopped, horrified, mid sentence, staring at Tony like he was the ghost of Hitler himself. “Tony...” he said quietly.

“You can take care of this, Steve,” Clint said, somewhat grumpily, but mostly tiredly. “I’m too hungover to deal with this right now.” Clint climbed off the bed and went around Steve, who was still frozen in the doorway. “Tell me if he’s still here in the morning, Captain.”

Tony looked after his husband and lover in heartbroken silence, his every emotion running through his sad eyes.

All he wanted to do was make the pain go away.
Clint

Chapter Summary

First part of how each Avenger "dealt" with Tony's death.

When Tony died, Clint was alone.

He was alone.

The second day, Natasha drugged Clint so as to get the archer to rest. And the dreams came. Tony was there, alive, and laughing at Clint for crawling through the vents just to see him. Tony was there, love in his eyes, kissing Clint’s closed eyelids when he thought the archer asleep. Tony was there, blowing something up, just for fun. Blowing... something... up... Clint awoke with a scream frozen in his lungs.

Clint didn’t speak for the first three days, no matter how worried Steve sounded, how concerned Natasha looked. Coulson was the one who informed Pepper, who had returned from Malibu with Bucky where they’d been vacationing. Pepper had been stunned and collapsed, dry heaving, before looking to Clint. Clint had stared at her, dead inside, except for the throb in his chest, the pain in his gut. Before Tony, Clint had laughed at the notion of a broken heart, but now he wondered if someone could actually die from such a thing. He hoped one could die from such a thing, or he would have to do it himself.

Peter came from his college on the third day, his eyes red from crying, looking to Clint for guidance, for comfort. Clint looked away.

Clint lay in his hotel bed, in the dark, the windows curtained, the door locked. No one had been able to think about Stark Tower, much less live in it.

On day four, three days, six hours, and seven minutes since Tony had died, Clint started drinking. It started with the cheap little vodka bottles left by the maids. Then came the cheap beer and the even cheaper whiskey because he couldn’t bring himself to look at the nice stuff, the stuff Tony always drank.

The first time the bartender had brought him a forty-something year old bottle of scotch, Clint had almost killed him. Literally. Coulson had banished Clint to his bedroom on the fifth day, where Steve and Thor could make sure the archer didn’t drink himself to death. Clint had spent the next twenty-nine hours, thirty-seven minutes, wide awake, but completely shut down.

Clint didn’t sleep; he couldn’t. The alcohol had been the only thing that banished the pain long enough for him to pass out.

Six days, eight hours, and six minutes after Tony died, Clint cried. And cried. To those hovering outside his door, it sounded like someone was ripping Clint’s heart out through his throat. And then
Clint fainted from pure exhaustion.

And the dreams came back.
Steve

Steve and Tony had never really got along. Certainly not in the beginning, when they had been at each other’s throats. Even when they had called a truce, it had been mostly business, then friendly rivalry, followed by an easy sort of camaraderie. They were never really close, but they cared about each other, and they cared about their family, which cancelled out their differences in opinion. Tony and Steve mostly argued about Tony’s tendency to destroy half of everything he came across. Steve had wished he hadn’t argued Tony out of his out-of-control idea for a nuke shelter in the kitchen cupboard.

When Tony Stark died, Steve stopped. He’d run after Clint, in an effort to continue the evacuation, and then the mansion exploded. And Steve’s brain stopped working.

Steve the leader, who was always in control, always sure of himself, had no idea what to do next. He wished he had never left the ice, never had to feel this sort of loss again. It was worse than waking up to find seventy years had passed and everyone he knew and loved had lived their lives already. This was worse; this was a loved one’s life being ended abruptly. This was like when Bucky died.

Day two, everyone was concerned for Clint; the man was a shell. He hadn’t eaten in over a day, hadn’t slept. Natasha was forced to sedate him. Clint woke up screaming himself hoarse. They gave up on sedatives.

All the archer did was stare, all day: out the window, at a blank wall, past people. He never looked straight at anyone, never looked them in the eyes.

Until Pepper.

Clint looked at Pepper. And what the others saw in his eyes, terrified them. It was humor. And then nothing. As if the pain that Pepper felt was nothing in comparison to the pain Clint himself felt.

Nothing.

Peter was, in essence, completely ignored. Steve had offered the boy a place to stay, but Peter had glared at him, shrugging off Steve’s questions after his well-being, and vanished.

Steve could feel his whole world crumbling around him.

His team was suffering, falling apart. His family was suffering.

And he could do nothing. They shrugged him aside, preferring to bear their painful burdens alone.

And then Clint started drinking.

Steve’s father had been a drunk. But no one would listen to Steve anymore. It was like he was nine again, watching his father spiral into oblivion because he couldn’t deal with reality any longer. Steve felt a wave of unadulterated relief flood through him when Coulson escorted Clint up to his room and ordered Steve and Thor to stand guard. Steve would have happily watched over Clint for the rest of their lives if only it kept the man from drinking.

Clint cried. And cried. Like someone was cutting him open. Steve wiped away the tears that marked their way down his cheeks, trying not to look at Thor, who was holding back his own choking sobs.

Everyone deserved privacy to mourn in peace.

Steve and Thor were dozing of nearly a day later when JARVIS approached them, a strange beeping emanating from his chest cavity. Beeping... Steve’s mind struggled to make its way through the haze of tiredness. Alarm! JARVIS had set up an alarm to alert them if anyone went in or out of Clint’s room. He surged to his feet and slammed open the door.


Steve wondered if this was God’s punishment. He had once told Tony to stop acting like he was a
hero. Tony had died trying to be that hero. This must be God’s punishment for that.

“You can take care of this, Steve; I’m too hungover to deal with this right now.” Clint brushed past Steve and escaped down the hallway.

Steve was sure that no one had ever seen the level of heart-rending pain in Tony’s eyes and Steve was determined that no one would ever see such a thing again.

“Tony, come here,” Steve took the genius by his shoulders and folded him into a bear hug. Tony was solid, Tony was real, Tony was alive.

Alive.
Thor

Thor was smarter than he looked and acted. A lot of people didn’t know that. They preferred to think of him as the big idiot with no idea what Midgardian customs were. True, it was a bit bizarre, but Thor wasn’t stupid.

When Loki had wanted to stay in the mansion and destroy the bomb, Thor had grabbed him and wouldn’t let go. Thor knew better than most Asgardians that they were not truly immortal or anything like indestructible.

When Tony died, and Loki had shut down mentally and emotionally, Thor had hidden his own mourning as best he could. He knew what it was to lose family. Loki had come back for him, but there was no way Tony could come back to Loki. And so Thor had borderline forced Loki to eat, had kept his brother from retreating physically into solitude, had stripped and helped Loki to shower. It was like his brother was a corpse, a doll with no soul left to move his body. Like Clint.

Thor was not good with grief. When Loki had fallen into the depths of deep space, he had not known how to mourn. He had cried when he was alone, unwatched in his chambers, but the others, the Asgardians he surrounded himself with, they showed no grief for his brother. So he hid his grief. Tony Stark’s death was different. Everyone around Thor was mourning, grieving at the deepest levels. And still Thor hid his grief because the others did not need to be around more pain. They dealt with their own and that of their family; they did not need to bear with the knowledge of his as well.

The Lady Pepper had come then, with her lover, from the mansion in Malibu. Son of Coul was the unlucky one to break the news to the Lady Pepper. When Bucky led her away, Thor wondered what was to become of their family.

It wasn’t apparent at first, but Tony was the glue that held their team together. He had wormed his obnoxious, clever self way into their hearts, had become so much a part of their lives that without him, everyone had lost something, and no one could bear to interact with the others because that just made his absence so much more apparent.

When Son of Coul had locked the drunken, violent Clint in his room, Thor had volunteered for guard duty at the archer’s door. Thor had sat in the hall across from Steve, and quiet descended. And a sense of serious, heavy... finality fell upon Thor. Hopelessness.

Tony was dead. He was a mortal; there was no way he had survived.

Clint and Loki had fallen to despair.

Steve had been enveloped by his feelings of helplessness.

Bruce was a ghost; barely anyone saw him anymore.

Natasha and Darcy had banded together and made themselves scarce along with his niece.

Son of Coul had... if Thor had never been able to read the agent before, then now Son of Coul was a stone slab. He was unreadable, silent, impenetrable.

Jane had not known Tony well. She had not liked him much. And so she left for an unknown stretch of time. Thor wondered if he were doing the correct thing in marrying a woman he barely knew, who wouldn’t stay to comfort him and his family, even though Darcy was her friend, merely because she had not cared for the fallen.

Thor was dozing off when a beeping noise intruded into his mind. Yet he could not rise above his
exhaustion and depression. Thor had spent the day making sure his brother did not attempt suicide before Natasha had taken over his watch. Thor fell asleep to the alarmed voice of Steve.

“Thor, wake up. Hey, big guy, it’s me.” Thor was roused from dreamless sleep by the shaking of his shoulder. He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes with both big hands and looked blearily up at the person shaking him. “Hey,” Tony said with a weak smile.

Thor punched him in the jaw.
Loki

When Tony died, Loki had nothing.

The door opened.
Natasha was not unemotional by nature. She had been made that way once upon a time, but SHIELD had saved her from those people.

SHIELD had given her a shield to protect her from her past.

The Avengers had given her a chance. They had given her back the freedom to show emotion again. Then they had given her a family. And love. And once, Tony had bought her petunias.

Natasha hid her face in her hands. Petunias. She wondered if she should bring petunias to the funeral. Natasha trusted Pepper to prevent the funeral from becoming something televised and picked on by the media. Natasha despised the media. And so did... had Tony.

Natasha wondered if she could get away with the targeted assassinations of every single news host who ever had the guts to try and bring Tony down. They were all dicks. Bastards. Deserving to die for the slander and libel they perpetrated. To Natasha, there was nothing worse than to blacken the name of a good man, dead or alive. And this time around, Tony wasn’t there to effortlessly make them look like crazy giraffes with their heads up their asses.

Natasha endured the first six days in silence, sleeping and eating with Darcy. It seemed like the only thing keeping Darcy from a complete breakdown was the physical comfort Natasha offered.

Natasha had found a drained and exhausted Thor keeping watch over Loki, who was just as dead inside as Clint. She had done the only thing she could; she took over watching Loki.

The door opened.

Natasha was surprised, but she nodded and left.
Darcy

Darcy was pissed.

Seriously, thoroughly, utterly, completely pissed off.

When Tony died, everyone just sort of shut down, but that wasn’t how Darcy functioned at her basest level. Darcy got messy and confused, like she was about to fall apart. And then there was only one thing that could be done.

She had to filter, focus.

Her focus was Loki.

The poor man wouldn’t even look at his own brother, who spent day and night looking after him.

So Darcy was pissed.

Natasha had left her to make sure Loki wouldn’t kill himself, but Darcy knew the trickster better than that. No matter how little Loki had left, even if he had nothing, he wouldn’t take his life again. Not when he knew what it would do to Thor.

So, when Natasha had left her, Darcy’s purpose came into focus.

Tony was gone; there was nothing she could do about that, no matter how much she wished there was. If giving her life would bring the genius back, Darcy would have given it in a heartbeat. But she couldn’t, so she focused on what she could do.

Darcy was a big ball of emotions, like a hurricane inside of her. She selected rage and focused.

She dried her eyes and climbed out of bed.

Loki’s room was just down the hall. She would start there. Then Clint. They were the ones who needed a wake up call the most.

Darcy opened the door.

Natasha looked up, surprised, but she nodded, stood, and left.

Loki didn’t even flinch as Darcy slammed the door shut behind her, sliding the chain lock home for extra security.

Loki didn’t look up as Darcy sat next to him on the bed.

He didn’t blink even when she laid one hand softly against his forehead.

But when Darcy drew her hand back and brought it down on his cheek with a loud, violent SLAP!, Loki’s eyes widened. And then he looked at her.

“What-?” Darcy took that as a sign that her approach was working and pulled out the long wibbly pins.

“Acupuncture,” she said, her eyes narrowed as she approached Loki, who was staring. Belatedly, the trickster realized he should probably escape the lunatic coming at him with incredibly dangerous
looking metal implements.
Bruce

Chapter Summary

From here on, it's more moving on than reactions but you'll forgive me, won't you? :3

Bruce was in the bar when the screaming started. Unlike Clint, Bruce was good at hiding his drinking. He didn’t get smashed and start ranting. Bruce only drank enough to knock him out and leave him drooling onto the bar top.

Bruce didn’t deal with death well. He never had. Especially since he almost killed Betty in the experiment that curse him with the Other Guy. And so he drank. He’d always been a tired drunk, so it was ideal. And then the yelling started. Bruce didn’t like yelling.

Bruce had to hand it to them though, for him to hear screaming and shouting from the third floor while on the first in the bar was pretty impressive. Sighing, Bruce sat his glass down, tossed a tip onto the polished wood surface of the bar, and headed upstairs to see what the hell had stirred up the Avengers.

Bruce hoped it wasn’t a bad guy.

The Avengers were in no condition to fight anyone; they were separated, depressed, tired, sad... so, so sad. In short, they were more likely to give up than fight.

Bruce exited the third floor stairwell (he never took the elevator, which is why they weren’t in the penthouse), and looked towards the ruckus. Loki’s door was wide open, and Steve was standing in the doorway, seemingly trying to keep the noise from escalating.

“What is it?” Bruce asked tiredly, looking past Steve.

His eyes widened.
Chapter 95

Chapter Summary

So, before I unveil the chaos in Loki's room...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Clint spent the rest of the night on the roof.

Chapter End Notes

Probs the shortest chapter I've ever written.
Chapter 96

Chapter Summary

Okay, okay, this one is just to prolong your anticipation.

What Bruce saw was complete chaos. He fainted.
Loki was laying limply on the bed face down, bare ass naked, and stuck full of dozens and dozens of long wibbly pins like what were used for acupuncture.

Darcy was pulling each out carefully. Loki grunted a little each time.

Thor was face down on the floor, Natasha sitting comfortably on his back, restraining him, while the god yelled at Darcy to stop tormenting his poor brother.

Of course it would only be Thor and Steve causing commotion. Every time Thor would yell, “STOP, MORTAL WOMAN! HE HAS ENDURED ENOUGH!”, Steve would bellow, “SHUT UP, THOR! SHE’S NOT HURTING HIM! I THINK!” and Natasha would roll her eyes.

Truly though, Loki was so relaxed, he was drooling, which was interesting because it seemed as if he wanted to say something about the fact that Tony was sitting right in front of him, staring at Darcy’s work in fascination.

(When Darcy had seen Tony, she’d thrown an acupuncture needle at him. He dodged, but it hit Steve in the chest. Also, Thor had almost broken Tony’s jaw, so the genius was sporting an incredible bruise all along one cheek. Tony was glad Darcy had effectively sedated Loki because it seemed like violence was the favored reaction in his family to shock. Even Natasha had thrown her taser at him. Tony had not been able to dodge the taser and had spent five minutes twitching on the floor. Tony had then retrieved the taser in hopes that he could use it on Loki, if his mom showed any inclination towards perpetrating violence upon him when Darcy had pulled all the needles out of the trickster’s muscles.)

Steve dragged the unconscious Bruce in out of the hallway, while still arguing loudly with the immobile Thor.

“She wouldn’t hurt Loki, Thor.”

“She once threw a plum pudding at his head,” Thor argued.

“She wouldn’t seriously hurt him!”

“She broke his nose last Christmas!”

“That was an accident!” Darcy shouted. “You wouldn’t put on the reindeer antlers so I tried to hit you, but Loki got in the way.”

“Can we please stop shouting now?” Natasha asked.

“No!” yelled Thor, Steve, and Darcy.


Then Darcy asked the fatal question, “What about Clint?”
Tony went back to Clint’s room for the rest of the night. He burrowed into the bedding until he was surrounded completely by Clint’s scent.
“Day-um, baby,” Tony murmured as he fell asleep, waiting for Clint to come back, “you need a shower.”
Clint was calmer when he came down from the roof. He attributed that to the fact that the building was over a hundred stories tall.

Clint didn’t know what to expect when he opened his hotel room door. He didn’t expect Tony, though he had mostly come to grips with the idea of Tony not being dead. It couldn’t have been a dream, at least not the real-Tony part, because Clint didn’t sleepwalk.

Truthfully, Tony had woken Clint up from another one of his Tony dreams. It had been the most terrifying thing that Clint ever went through; he’d woken from one nightmare only to find himself in another.

Clint didn’t expect to find Tony when he opened his hotel room door. He most certainly didn’t expect to find Tony cuddling his pillow, his brow furrowed, his mouth in the typical Tony worry line. Clint had once wondered how many people knew that Tony could even look worried.

But the one thing Clint had never expected, was for Tony to mutter, “‘M sorry, Clint.”

Clint sighed and crawled under the covers, pressing his back against Tony’s warm chest, where the steady sound of Tony’s beating heart lulled him to the first restful sleep he’d had in over one hundred and sixty-nine hours.
Thor went around to each room that afternoon, checking on everybody. He went first to his brother’s room, as he always did when he could. Loki and Darcy were curled together in their clean PJs, fast asleep.

Thor smiled and moved on to Steve and Natasha’s room. The Widow was on top of Steve’s wide chest, effectively pinning the soldier down. Both were ignorant of the light filtering past their curtains, flitting over the pair, gleaming off Steve’s ridiculously golden hair.

Thor closed the door and moved on to Clint’s room.

Clint’s room. Thor was sure he was the only one still awake when Clint had come down from the roof. Thor also knew that Clint hadn’t noticed him watching. Thor was sure this was because the archer was exhausted. Clint was normally the most observant of all of them.

Inside Clint’s room, all the lights were off and the curtains had been shut. In the murky darkness, Thor saw the blue light of the machine that kept Tony alive, but it was muffled by Clint, who was curled almost into a ball, with Tony wrapped around him from behind, as if he would never let go again.

Thor felt the peace of the moment wash over him, and he returned to his own room. Bruce lay in Thor’s bed, fast asleep. JARVIS was sitting in the corner, watching him. “I’ll just power down then, sir, if you’ll not be needing me.”

“JARVIS, are you happy?”

“Indeed I am, sir. It is a great thing to have Master Stark back with the living.”

“Have a good rest, JARVIS.”

“You too, sir.”

...

Steve walked into Clint’s room and stopped, wondering if he had really woken up or if this was a dream. It felt like it should still be a dream.

No, this was definitely a dream.

It had to be.

Because there was no way Clint was sitting in Tony’s lap while the genius painted the archer’s toenails a bright, brilliant, hot pink. And Steve would swear Clint’s big toes had little white bunnies painted on them.
The couple looked up. “Oh hai, Stevie,” Tony giggled, at his silliest.

“Are those-?” Steve half-asked, pointing at Clint’s toes.

“Bunnies!” Clint wiggled his feet for Steve to see.

“And I have pandas!” Tony stuck his feet out for Steve to see and, true enough, there were pandas on his big toes. He had also painted his pink, but it was a baby pink.

“I’m just going to...” Steve was speechless; he pointed wordlessly at the open door behind him. “Yeah...” he turned and walked away, still feeling as if this whole incident was a surrealist dream.

Clint and Tony looked at each other before collapsing upon each other in breathless giggles.

Sighing, trying to catch their breath, they lay together in the silence that followed. They just lay there, comforted by the physical presence of the man they each loved.

“I should call Peter,” Clint murmured. “I did a bad thing, Tony. I was a bad parent.”

“You could never be a bad parent,” Tony replied, pressing his lips to Clint’s. “You may have made a mistake, but when compared to me, you’re an angel.”

“I killed people for a living,” Clint pointed out.

“I made weapons that killed hundreds of thousands of people,” Tony said.

“True. I just... I wouldn’t know what to say to the kid.”

“You could do what Pepper is always telling me to do.”

“Stop blowing things up?”

“No; apologize.”

“That could work too. You realize the mansion is completely gone, right?”

“You realize I always know when you’re stalling right?” Tony smiled fondly.

“There’s even a criminal investigation into the explosion this time.”

“Go call Peter,” Tony shoved Clint off the bed, laughing.

“Someone actually blew up the mansion. We have to find them!”

“Call Peter or I’m sleeping in Thor’s room later,” Tony threatened.

“I’m going!” Clint stumbled out of the room, calling for JARVIS.

“I love you, Clint,” Tony whispered to Clint, even though the man couldn’t hear him. “Forever and always.”
**Inbetweener.**

Chapter Summary

By request: the rest of what happened in Loki's room.

And basically, all the strays sleep in Thor's room = new head canon

Also, Darcy and Natasha are fan girls.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“What about Clint?” Darcy asked.
“I’m going to wait until he comes down,” Tony started softly. “And then I’m going to do whatever it takes to... make it all better.” Natasha wanted to cry at how childish he sounded.
Darcy yanked out another pin from Loki’s back, eliciting another relaxed grunt.
Thor was quiet as well, as Natasha let him up.
“Anyway,” Tony perked up a little, jumping off the bed. “Later mom, later Steve,” Tony waved to the two men, who were both still laid out flat and unable to speak. “Maybe I’ll take Clint dancing,” he mused as he left. “They do say that dancing is the vertical expression of horizontal desires.” Thor left behind Tony, waving at Loki with a clumsy little grin.
“What now?” Natasha asked, sitting in the armchair.
“No idea,” Darcy pulled out another needle. Loki grunted.
“Is Bruce still out?” Darcy checked the unconscious man who was laid out next to Loki.
Yep,” Darcy answered. She pulled out a needle. Loki grunted, his eyelids fluttering.
“Should I do something with Steve, do you think?” Natasha asked, nudging the drooling super soldier with one toe.
“Probably. I think Bruce is waking up.”
Sure enough, the tanned scientist was stirring. “Did somebody use smelling salts on me?” he asked, his nose wrinkled in disgust.
“No?” Darcy said, confused.
“So, is that just Loki-stench?”
The prone Loki moaned wordlessly in a vague protest. Darcy pulled out another needle. “Probably,” she told Bruce. “Maybe he excretes some weird, outer space pheromones or something.”
“We could bottle that and sell it to the desperate,” Bruce joked, swinging his legs off the bed and standing.
“Have you been sleeping in Thor’s room?” Darcy asked curiously. Natasha smirked at Bruce’s startled expression. Loki made a high-pitched, weirded-out noise that basically screamed “No, no, no, don’t talk about who’s sleeping with my brother right in front of me while I can’t make fun of anyone!”
“Yeah,” Bruce admitted with a shrug. “I needed somewhere to sleep, and Thor’s the only one I won’t hurt if the Other Guy comes out to play.”
“That’s.” Natasha started. Bruce braced himself for condemnation or worry. “Actually incredibly adorable.”
“You two are so cute together!” Darcy squealed happily, grinning and bouncing up and down on the bed.
“What? No, we’re not together!”
“Oh, you totally are!” Darcy wiggled strangely, making odd, excited, inhuman noises in the back of her throat. She yanked out a pin from near Loki’s neck. The grunt the god gave was a little less muddled and more like an actual word.

“We aren’t!” Bruce insisted.

“You are,” Natasha opposed calmly.

“You know what, I’m just going to leave,” Bruce headed out.

“To Thor’s room?” Natasha asked.

“They’re totally together,” Darcy nodded as Bruce left, in rather a hurry.

“I’m gonna take my man to bed,” Natasha grabbed Steve’s arms and slung them over her shoulders before dragging him off the bed. “Wow, Tony really did a number on him,” Natasha mused. And then Steve snored, right as she got to the door.

“He’s asleep,” Darcy giggled. Natasha dropped him in the hallway and walked away. Darcy peered around the door as it closed slowly, still giggling. The door clicked shut finally, and Darcy turned to Loki. “Now, darling, let’s finish up shall we, and then we can get you in the bath.” She yanked out the final three pins in quick succession.

“You damn woman,” Loki growled, rising to his hands and knees, then his knees. “You immobilize me in the very hour my son is revealed to be alive, and I am forced to be still against my own will?”


“Come here, you frustrating mortal,” Loki’s hand snaked around Darcy’s neck and drew her into a soft kiss. “I hate you.”

“But you don’t,” Darcy grinned mischievously.

“I don’t,” Loki admitted.

“You wanna try?” Darcy didn’t have to specify.

“You’re mortal. You will grow old and die in sixty years; I will not.”

“Will Tessa?”

“No?”

“Then she needs you. She needs her daddy so she understands what she is, where she came from.”

“I.”

“No,” Darcy planted a finger on his lips, silencing him. “We don’t have to commit. We can take it one day at a time. No thinking about the future. Wanna try?”

“Sure,” Loki conceded with a smile. “You mentioned a bath?”

“Naughty,” Darcy smirked. “I knew there was reason I liked you.”

“Bubbles?”

“Yep.”

Thor was reading the dictionary when Bruce crawled into bed with him.

“Well, this is haimish,” Thor commented. “That means cozy and unpretentious.”

“Yes, it does,” Bruce smiled to himself. Thor was clever, but he was such a teddy bear.

“Do you not agree that this is haimish?” Thor asked.

“I agree completely,” Bruce smiled up at Thor. The big god smiled broadly back. Yep, complete teddy bear.

Bruce fell asleep to the sound of Thor working on his pronunciation.

Outside in the hall, Steve finally picked himself up off the floor and staggered to his and Natasha’s room. He knocked on the door.

“Tasha?” No response. “Tasha, are you going to let me in??” For another minute, there was no answer. Eventually Natasha opened the door with a begrudging smile.

“Get in here, you great lump.”

“Love you, Tasha,” Steve’s smile was warm, with no deception. A balm on Natasha’s wounded sense of trust.

“I love you too, Stevie.”
Chapter End Notes

Not sure where i got the quote about dancing from, but it's not mine originally.
“Plan A-” Tony started in a conspiratorial whisper. 
“Is guaranteed to be rubbish and thus we need to move on to Plan B,” Bruce interrupted. 
“You don’t even know what our plan is!” Clint protested from Tony’s lap. 
“Did you call Peter?” Steve asked. 
“Yes, I did. He’s on a plane here.” 
“Does your plan involve blowing something up?” Bruce asked. 
“Yes,” Tony answered, confused. 
“Which means it’s rubbish.” 
“It is not!” Clint exclaimed. 
“Plan B, Natasha said, rolling her eyes. 
“I wanted to blow something up,” Darcy pouted. 
“When I find the one responsible for the atrocity perpetrated against us and especially my son,” Loki started, his expression dark, “I will make sure they feel such pain as has never been physically present in this world before.”
“Aww,” Clint sighed. “You say the sweetest things, mom-in-law. Wanna let me in on your little plan?” There was something terrifyingly similar to Loki’s expression in Clint’s eyes. 
“Moving on,” Steve sighed. “Plan B anyone?” 
“JARVIS?” Tony asked. Due to the fact that Tony had been working on repairs when the mansion was blown up, JARVIS’s body had been missing its removable skin covering. Robot JARVIS looked more like he was from the Will Smith movie ‘I, Robot’ than ‘Batman’. JARVIS found he rather liked the look. 
“I believe Plan B was to lure the culprit out by going on television, sir.” 
“Oh, that’s clever,” Clint breathed. 
“No, it’s not,” Steve replied robotically. “Pepper would kill you if you did that.” 
“Did anyone Tell Pepper I’m still alive?” Everyone looked at each other guiltily. 
“TV it is,” Tony decided. 
“Pepper is definitely going to kill you,” Natasha agreed with Steve. 
“Did anyone other than Thor know Pepper was sleeping with Bucky?” Darcy asked. 
“Nope,” Tony and Clint shook their heads. Everyone else either shrugged or shook their heads. 
“Off track again,” Steve reminded them. 
“I wonder if Bucky is going to be asking you for a “special” arm,” Darcy leered at Tony. 
“That would be fascinating to build,” Tony leered dramatically back. Loki whapped them each on the backs of their heads, with an annoyed and exasperated expression. 
“PLAN B,” Steve reminded them, “is a bad idea. What’s Plan C?” 
“JARVIS?” Tony prompted. 
“Plan C reads: refer to Plan A.” 
“Were you drunk when you came up with these?” Natasha asked, not jokingly since it was a very real possibility. 
“No idea,” Tony chimed cheerfully. “Can’t remember even coming up with them.” 
“So, the TV show?” Darcy asked. 
“Yeah,” Clint nodded. 
“No, no, not the TV show,” Steve said because that’s what he did. 
“Yep. The TV show,” Tony concluded, standing up. 
...
“So,” the interviewer started. “Tony-”
“Call me Mr Stark,” Tony interrupted. The interviewer looked like she’d swallowed a sour grape.
“Mr Stark, how did you survive the enormous explosion that engulfed your mansion?”
“Whew, ‘engulfed’, huh? Big words. Did you know your roots are showing?” Tony made a big deal
of peering at the top of the blonde’s head, pointing dramatically at the brown roots growing out.
“Anyways, it was really weird.”
“What was? Surviving?” Tony nodded. “So, how did you do it?”
“What? No one told you?”
“Told me what?” she asked with a frozen smile.
“See, Loki’s my mom.”
“Loki... is... your mom...”
“Don’t sound so horrified, honey,” Tony ‘tsk’ed. “Oh, are you against people who identify as
pangender? Because I might take that personally. Or is it gays? Because I will definitely take that
personally.”
“No, I don’t have anything against homosexuals,” the interviewer said in such a way that pretty
much everybody knew she was just being polite so the Avengers wouldn’t be pissed with her.
“But you do have issues pangendered people,” Tony said, still his blasé self.
“No, no, I don’t,” she hurried to protest.
“Psh, conservative talk shows,” Tony huffed, looking outrageously offended. “So,” he changed
attitudes, going serious, and turned towards the main camera, “Listen up, whoever placed that bomb
in my HOME: we will find you, and trust me when I say that when that happens you would rather
be in HELL.”
“Oh my,” the new lady chimed in, a hand placed over her mouth as if she were some third rate
theater intern.
“Shut up,” Tony said, leaning back in his chair.
“Okay,” she said, subdued, and still very, very blonde.
“I hate you, Tony Stark!” Pepper ran at the genius as he and Clint stepped off the elevator into the top floor of Stark Tower. She was crying and she grabbed the front of Tony’s jacket, shaking him as she sobbed about how much she hated him and if he died again like that she was going to kill him. “You’re going to give me a fucking heart attack! I swear to god!!”

“Pepper, Pepper,” Tony took the woman’s hands gently and pulled her off his jacket before folding her into a hug. “It’s okay. I’m here. I’m alive. I’m never going to leave you guys again. I promise.”

“That’s what you said after Afghanistan,” Pepper muttered, wiping her cheeks. “Bucky, get your ass over here or it’ll need a replacement too!”

Bucky got up off the couch and joined Pepper, grinning.

“You don’t look too surprised, you jerk,” Clint said to the soldier, smiling mischievously.

“Well, I figure, everyone thought I was dead, right? So why couldn’t he be alive too?” Pepper looked at her new lover, her mouth open in a little ‘O’.

“You should have said something!” she jabbed an accusatory finger in Bucky’s ribs. The man didn’t even wince; he must be used to it.

“And what if I were wrong?” Bucky shrugged, but there was a sad turn to his smile.

“No matter!” Tony interrupted. “No room for feelings here! No feelings allowed in Stark Tower! JARVIS take note!”

“Yes, sir,” JARVIS said from all around them. “Am I to expect you’ll be preparing for war?”

“Yes!”

“Bring my battle dress!” Clint bellowed.
“Tony FUCKING Stark! Get your stupid fucking ass out here!!!” the shrill shrieking woke up every one of the Avengers. In their traditional fashion, they’d all fallen asleep in the middle of a nest of blankets and pillows, all twisted together and around each other.

“Wha-? JARVIS are you transmitting this?” Tony asked grumpily.

“Yes, sir,” JARVIS said distastefully. “The quim wouldn’t shut up until I did so. Forgive me, sir.”

“Deflect, JARVIS!” Pepper piped up, still half asleep. “Deflect, don’t transmit,” she mumbled before she started snoring again.

“Time zone change,” Bucky made excuses and gave a little wave before he too fell back asleep despite the continued snipping coming from the speakers.

“Do I have to get up?” Clint grumbled, pulling his nightie up enough to scratch his thigh. Yeah, he was totally naked under the night dress, Tony thought. Damn.

“I BLEW UP YOUR STUPID MANSION AND NOW I’M GOING TO KILL YOU, FUCKING STARK!!!”

“Getting up,” Clint said, his voice hard, his eyes harder. Loki rose behind him, his frog-print PJs fading into his battle leather and armor.

“Cheater,” Clint complained, making a run for the bathroom connected to his and Tony’s room so he could change, pulling the nightie off as he went.

“Fuck, Barton! I did not need to see your ass this late at night!” Natasha yelled after the archer as she pulled a half asleep Steve to his feet.

“But you have to admit,” Tony mused, a lecherous look hovering across his face, “it’s a VERY nice ass.”

Natasha rolled her eyes. “Wake up, you great lump,” she said, punching Steve in his side.

“I’m coming too,” Darcy groaned as she tried getting up.

“Pardon, but this is my fight,” Loki said to her. “Go back to your rest, Natasha, Darcy.”

“Yea, Deadly Spider Chick and Darcy!” Clint shouted from the bathroom. “I’m going to put an arrow through that bastard’s forehead!”

“It is a woman, Master Clint,” JARVIS interrupted.

“Do we even know why she wants me dead?” Tony asked curiously, but in a manner that said it probably didn’t really matter to him.

“Something about a one night stand, sir,” JARVIS supplied.

“Wait, wait! Hold the fucking phone!” Clint poked a head out of the bathroom. “She wants Tony dead because he only slept with her ONCE? Over two years ago?” He whistled. “Greedy bitch must die.”

“I was over two years ago, right?” Darcy asked suspiciously. Everyone conscious stared at her, their mouths hanging open. “What?” she shrugged. “We all know Tony’s track record.”

“Yep, it was over two years ago. Honestly, with Clint around... I’ve got plenty,” Tony confirmed with an easy grin. “JARVIS, enable face recognition.”

“Her name is Jennifer Wilson. I believe you did a news interview with her yesterday afternoon.”

“I knew the news lady chick was an evil, creepy creep!” Clint yelled from the bathroom.

“Wow. I didn’t even remember her at all,” Tony shrugged.

“I’m going to sleep,” Natasha said grumpily, dropping Steve back onto the nest. “Try not to blow this building up.”

“Mark nine please, JARVIS.” Well, Tony was only ever polite to his AI...

“Let’s go,” Clint growled, emerging from the (penguin themed, by the way) bathroom in his full leather outfit, bow in hand, quiver slung over his shoulder.

“Mark nine please, JARVIS.” Well, Tony was only ever polite to his AI...

“I’m coming too, you jerks!” Darcy yelled, attempting to pull on a pair of jeans.

... “Why the FUCK is it raining PINK COWS!!?” Clint yelled from his rooftop, dodging as a bright
pink cow flew past him.
“Cause mommy is PISSED!” Tony shouted back.
“You bastard!” the blonde chick yelled from the street as Tony hovered around, occasionally
dodging one of the cows Loki had summoned. “You sexist bastard!!”
“How did this turn into sexism?!” Tony yelled down to her, confused and annoyed.
“I can’t get a clear shot,” Clint whined.
“You have no respect for women! Maybe if you had more than one on your stupid team-!”
“I’M STILL HERE, YOU BITCH!” Darcy yelled through her megaphone, effectively ensuring
everyone knew she was there.
Loki paused to look at her, his expression exasperation mixed with admiration.
“Zing,” Clint whispered, his voice filled with satisfaction of the darkest sort.

An arrow went through the woman’s eye. The right one.
“The Avengers aren’t supposed to kill,” Fury scolded Clint later, but without much heart. Even he was glad Tony wasn’t dead. (For some reason, he’d sent Coulson to Nevada, just before Tony had come back, on something super secret. Thus, Coulson doesn’t know Tony’s back yet. Thus, the reason the Pink Cow Incident was allowed to happen.)

“Oh, well,” Clint shrugged. “Accidents happen.”

“You never miss.”

“It WAS raining cows, Director. In the middle of the night. Pink ones. Fascinating really. I must have gotten distracted.”

“Yeah, sure,” Fury rolled his eye. “Dismissed, Barton.”

Clint saluted cockily on his way out.
“So, Darcy...”
“So, Clint.”
“You slept with my husband...”
“Four years ago. During a tech conference in Chicago.”
“Do you think he remembers?” Clint asked with a grin.
“Maybe the first part, and then he got to his ninth vodka martini, so I can’t vouch for him after that.”
“Was it good?”
“Until I met Loki, the best I’d had. Does Tony still hide the reactor?”
“Nope.”
“That’s good,” Darcy smiled fondly. “Loki was sooo jealous. It was funny.”
“Did you get angry make-up sex? I love angry make-up sex,” Clint grinned.
“I did. I even got a banana split. Ever tried that?”
“Last Christmas,” Clint nodded. “Tony forgot it was Christmas. Best present ever.”
“Loki decided we could go on a “date” today,” Darcy shared, making little air quotes.

“Is that his super lame code for “fuck like rabbits”? Clint asked.

“Totally,” Darcy said, rolling her eyes.

“This is really weird, isn’t it?”

“Sure, but who cares?” Darcy shrugged.

“Not I,” Clint smirked.

“Wanna get doughnuts?”

“Can we sit in the giant doughnut on top of the building?”

“Why not?”

“Is Loki coming?”

“Is Tony coming?” Darcy returned.

“If you mention doughnuts anywhere near him, he is.”

“DOUGHNUTS?!” Tony yelled, popping his head around the doorjamb. “ROAD TRIP!!!”
Yeah...

“Is a love of doughnuts genetic or something?” Darcy asked, swinging her legs over the edge of the giant doughnut as Tony and Loki had a stare-off over the last boston cream doughnut.

“Probably,” Clint said, leaning around the fighting parent and child.

“Loki?” Darcy asked.

“I deserve to eat the doughnut!” Loki argued vehemently.

“What makes you think that?”

“I’m your mother! I brought you into this world after seven hours of pain and blood! The least you can do is give me the doughnut!”

“Oh really! Really! I deserve to get it because you abandoned me! And my father was horrible! I deserve at least this last bit of fried happiness!!”

They glared silently at each other over the box.

“Is that snow?” Clint asked dreamily, pointing up at the sky.

“Snow?” Loki and Tony asked, looking up. Clint grabbed the doughnut and stuffed it into his mouth in one go.

“Oh my god!” Darcy squealed. “It IS snowing!!”

“Hurh?” Clint muffled in surprise around the doughnut. Snow was flurrying down from heavy, dark grey storm cloud. Clint swallowed. “Oh shit.”

“May I assume it’s time to leave?” Loki asked.

“Yeah, yeah, get us the fuck out of here,” Tony grabbed Loki’s arm, Clint took Tony’s hand, and Darcy took Loki’s other arm. They vanished.

“Holy fucking mother of Jesus H Christ,” Clint breathed, staring out the window wall of Stark Tower, his breath fogging over on it. Outside there was a blizzard swirling around, completely blotting out any view of the city. There was at least three feet of snow already.

“This has not become normal has it?” Loki asked. “For snow to occur in the middle of summer? Because no one has mentioned such a thing in the past two years.”

“Not. Normal. At. All.” Tony shook his head.

Then the Super Secret SHIELD Red Phone rang. It was Fury. “Stay home, Avengers. The X-men are handling this one. I think Storm’s pregnancy is affecting her. Also,” Fury added as the elevator door opened, “Coulson is back.” Coulson and Jane stepped off the elevator.

“AGENT!” Tony dropped the phone and ran at Coulson, his arms open wide for an intended hug. Coulson tasered the genius without blinking and sidestepped as Tony fell to the floor with a thud.

“JARVIS, play last week’s episode of Supernanny, please.”

“Yes, sir. And may I say it is good to have you back.”

“Thank you. Why didn’t anyone tell me Stark was alive?”

“They were terrified, sir.”

“Awesome,” Coulson threw his jacket aside as he sat on the couch and Supernanny started playing. “Thor!” Jane exclaimed as the (extremely cut) god emerged from his room, buttoning his jeans. The blonde man looked up at her in shock, and not the happy kind.

“Jane... we must speak,” Thor took her hand and lead her into his room. A half of minute later, Bruce scurried out.

“Whawn nahn hahn!!” Tony exclaimed from where he lay, drooling into the carpet.

“I think he means ‘What the hell?!’, ” Clint clarified, sitting next to Coulson to watch Supernanny.

“Isn’t this a rerun, Phil?”

“Yes; I missed it because I was babysitting a bunch of scientists.” At that exact moment, yells started issuing from Thor’s room, all female. Two minutes later, Jane stormed out, throwing something behind her at Thor, who looked pathetic and sorry.

“Wanha hahn hah hah?” Tony asked.

“Yes, I think that was a ring, Tony,” Clint said, trying not to laugh.
“Bid dey gust bayk urp?” Tony gobbled.
“Yes, I think they just broke up,” Clint said, though it was clear he was losing interest in favor of Supernanny.
“What’d you tell her?” Darcy asked, coming out of the kitchen with a giant bowl of Fruit Loops. Thor looked momentarily at Tony before glancing back at Darcy. “I told her we weren’t going to work, and that I’m planning on getting pregnant in the near future.” Darcy had been nodding understandingly, but at the last part she spit out her mouthful of Fruit Loops, choking.
“What?!” Clint asked, looking away from Supernanny, his mouth open. Darcy was coughing in the background.
“I wish to bear a child,” Thor restated carefully, puzzled at their extreme reactions.
“Child?” Loki asked, popping out of the kitchen. “You are going to be a mother, brother?”
“I am planning on it,” Thor said with a nod and a smile.
“Congratulations!” Loki said, breaking out in a grin.
“When are you planning on this?” Clint asked.
“In a month or so. I must prepare of course.”
“And who are you planning on doing this with?” Darcy asked, kicking the prone Tony out of her way as she entered the living room area.
“Bruce,” Thor said like there was no other option.
“Does he know that’s your plan?” Clint asked.
“We have spoken of it.”
“I knew they were together. Natasha is going to love this,” Darcy commented, mostly to herself.
“Hhnnnnnnnn,” Tony moaned from the floor. He sounded heartbroken from being unable to make witty and utterly inappropriate commentary upon Thor’s momentous news.
“When do you make your change to female form?” Loki asked curiously.
“Tomorrow since I have informed Jane of my choices.”
“Wait, how is this going to work?” Clint asked.
“Yeah,” Darcy said, “Bruce can’t have sex.”
“He made reference to something called artificial insemination. I am not sure exactly what it is; his explanation made little sense to me, but he assures me it yields the same results.”
“Well,” Tony groaned coherently, pulling himself off the floor, “this’ll be interesting.”
Lady Thor was hot. Tall and curvy and lush. And Bruce still preferred him male. It seemed Bruce had a thing for hard muscles that rippled under his touch. Emotion emptied from Bruce’s face as his mind turned to what Thor seemed to have a thing for; Bruce had never been so pleased to lack a gag reflex.

Bruce came with a groan and immediately worked on normalizing his breathing. “Shit.”

And the Other Guy came out to play.
“Whoa! Hoh-kay! I’m leaving!” Tony spun around. He’d walked into Bruce’s lab to find the scientist on a stool between Lady Thor’s legs. The god/goddess was up on a table, his/her legs spread as Bruce did his fiddley organic science stuff to inseminate Thor artificially.

“Hey, Tony-” Clint said, coming up to his husband with a smile that turned into pure horror. “Whoa! Holy shit! I did not need to see that!” He spun on his heel so he was facing away like Tony. Bruce and Lady Thor stared at the backs of the nervous husbands before they started laughing. Thor may have been a woman, but his/her laugh was still the same booming laugh that made everyone feel warm and fuzzy inside.

“We’re just going to-,” Tony started, pointing awkwardly down the hallway.

“Yeah,” Clint agreed, pointing in the other direction, “We’ll just go now.”

Apparently demi-god babies can be born a whole month ahead of schedule,” Bruce commented lightly.

“Hey, yeah!” Tony brightened up, spinning around again, but keeping his eyes off Lady Thor. “I was born five weeks early.”

“That may explain why you’re so tiny,” Thor laughed.

“Hey, big guy, I am not tiny. You’re just a giant lummox,” Tony accused jokingly.

“So petty,” Thor grinned.

“So, I’m just going to escape and pretend this never happened,” Clint said, marching comically away. “Don’t forget we’re having ice cream for dessert!”

“See ya,” Tony followed his archer.

“So,” Lady Thor said seriously, looking down at Bruce.

“So,” Bruce straightened up. “Keep your legs up for another twenty minutes and you’re good to go.”

“And this will create the child inside of me?”

“Just like normal insemination, there’s the chance it won’t work, but I’m not sure how that differs in Asgardians. We can’t really ask Loki since he’s physically Jotun though.”

“What will happen, will happen,” Lady Thor nodded sagely. “Bring me my dictionary.”

“Please,” Bruce reminded Thor.

“Please?” Thor employed the puppy dog eyes. Bruce never stood a chance.
4 months later...
“BRING ME COFFEE!!” Thor shouted from where she lay on the couch. “GIVE ME DOUGHNUTS! CHIPS! CRISPS! BURGERS! POPTARTS! POPTARTS!”
“You aren’t allowed to have caffeine,” Bruce said calmly, flipping the page of his magazine. “Tony! Bring the lady some pop tarts!” Bruce called.
“You bring the lady poptarts!” Tony sniped from the hallway. “It’s your baby!”
“YOU UNGRATEFUL SCRAP OF MORTALITY!” Thor shouted. “WHEN YOU ARE PREGNANT I WILL NOT BE BRINGING YOU WONDERFUL MIDGARDIAN SWEETS!”
“He said that he wouldn’t bring you sweets when you get pregnant,” Bruce reiterated in a bored tone.
“I can’t get pregnant. I’m a dude. I can’t get pregnant. Right? Right?!“ Tony looked desperate.
“It is a possibility,” Loki said calmly as he walked past.
“Nooooooooooo~!” Tony ran away moaning and pulling at his hair. “Wait!” he spun and chased after Loki again. “How does this work?! I don’t want to get pregnant!”
“Did he just say he could get pregnant?” Darcy asked, flopping down on the couch, but looking after the harried Tony and amused Loki. “Cool.”
“GIVE ME POPTARTS!!!”
“Is that a video of dad?” Tony asked, yawning. It was the middle of the night, but Loki was still up, watching an old home film. “Technically it’s a video of me. See, there I am.” Loki pointed to the dark woman with the bulging belly. “And there you are, Tony.” “Cute. Why are you watching this?” “Memories.”
The Lady Loki in the video turned towards the camera holder with a half-frown. ‘Honestly, Howard, put that thing away and bring me something to eat. I haven’t had pizza in ages. And I want melon. Cantaloupe, watermelon, honeydew... Bring me melon!’ ‘Say please,’ Howard teased. And then he tripped over something as he was backing up and fell. Tony swore he saw Lady Loki smirk in that ‘mischief managed’ way. ‘Please,’ she said sweetly. Howard laughed and the video went fuzzy then dark. “I love watermelon,” Tony mused. “I wonder why,” Loki smirked. “It’s just so... juicy...” Tony was so totally sleep deprived. “Get some sleep,” Loki advised with a smile. “Good idea.” Tony stood and sauntered away like a zombie. “I’m a-coming Clint.”

Chapter End Notes

And this author has decided to follow her Master Loki’s advice.
I'M SORRY

Chapter Summary

REALLY I AM VERY SORRY. I WROTE THIS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT WHILE LISTENING COMPULSIVELY TO DISNEY SONGS AND I'M STUCK IN CAPS LOCK HELP ME I THINK I NEED THERAPY OH MY GOD I'M LOOSING GRAMMAR NOOOOOOOOOOOOO HELP I'M SO SORRY

Pepper wasn’t speaking to Tony. For the third time that week. Pepper was furious, and annoyed, and frustrated, and so, so fucking relieved that Tony was alive, but very, very pissed off that he hadn’t told her immediately.

Bucky on the other hand was extremely chill about the whole thing. Or at least he seemed so. Pepper had her doubts about his calmness because the first thing Bucky did was force Tony to build him a new arm. Tony enjoyed it a little too much. And then Clint had forced Tony to make him a new bow, and Bucky and Clint had gotten into a sharp shooting contest (which Clint won, literally by an inch, but Bucky would forever dispute that).

Basically, it was chaotically normal. Pepper was still pissed though, no matter how warm and fuzzy her family made her feel.

“Peeeeeeeeeeppeeeeeeer~~,” Tony moaned pathetically as he crawled out of whatever cave he’d been working in for the past two days to re-enter the Avengers living area. “I neeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeed caffeine~!”

“No you don’t,” Pepper said, not looking up from her tablet. “I remember the last time you had caffeine after looking like that. You created that... thing that SHIELD is always calling me about. Flour-speed or something, they said. I do not need you making undetectable, illegal drugs again.”

“Caffeine~!” Tony continued to moan like he was brain dead.

“Go away; I’m not speaking to you.”

“I bring to you: caffeine!” Peter announced dramatically, swinging through the window JARVIS opened for him to make a ridiculous entrance. He pulled off his mask and handed the to-go cup of coffee to Tony.

“MY SAVIOR!” Tony shouted, striking a pose as he dumped the coffee down his throat. Pepper rolled her eyes. She was pretty sure Tony ran on espresso. She was pretty sure he’d inject the stuff directly into his veins. Or bath in it. “CAN YOU PAINT WITH ALL THE COLOURS OF THE WIND, MY SON?”

“I CAN INDEED, FATHER MINE!” Peter replied.

“ONCE UPON A DECEMBER~!” Tony started swaying back and forth slowly as he sang horribly to inaudible music. “THINGS I ALMOST REMEMBER!”

Tony grabbed Peter’s hands and they spun in circles.

“I CAN GO THE DISTANCE~!” Peter sung. “I HAVE OFTEN DREAMED OF A FAR OFF PLACE WHERE A HERO’S WELCOME WILL BE WAITING FOR ME!”

“LET’S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS TO DEFEAT THE HUNS!” Clint chimed in, jumping out of the hallway with a flourish.

“DID THEY SEND ME DAUGHTERS WHEN I ASKED FOR SONS?” Peter shouted.

“You’re the saddest bunch I ever met, but you can bet before we’re through, mister, I’ll make man out of you!” Tony sang, doing an ill-placed slow dance with Clint.

“You must be swift as the coursing river, with all the force of a
GREAT TYPHOON, WITH ALL THE STRENGTH OF A RAGING FIRE, MYSTERIOUS AS THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON!” Clint yelled as he and Tony mock-tangoed away to their room.

Peter trailed along behind them to his own room, while singing: “I JUST CAN’T WAIT TO BE KIIIING!!!!!!!!!!”

“What did I just see?” Pepper asked herself, in a flat voice. “Is there any way of unseeing that?”

“I’m afraid not, ma’am,” JARVIS answered regretfully.
“I don’t care if he’s a cartoon character,” Clint argued. “Shan is hot.”
“Oh my god,” Lady Thor squealed loudly when s/he walked in on Tony and Clint watching Mulan.
“I love this movie!”
“Not arguing with that,” Tony conceded. “But it’s still fucking weird.”
“I don’t understand it any more than you do,” Clint shrugged and scootched over to make room for
Lady Thor, who came bearing popcorn s/he wouldn’t share because s/he was a cranky pregnant
woman who enjoyed throwing popcorn kernels at Bruce’s head.

"Do you think Shan ever thinks he's gay?" Tony asked.

"Maybe. He does have a man crush on Mulan even when she's a dude."
Clint flicked the kernel away without looking as it came flying towards him. Thor giggled. It was
very, very WRONG.
“What day is it, JARVIS?” Tony asked, walking into the living room, rubbing his eyes and scratching his bare chest. Pepper stared, Tony never walked around without a shirt on. He didn’t like people staring at the reactor. At least he was wearing boxers. Sometimes he forgot.

“July third, sir.”
Tony looked around like he wasn’t really seeing the room that he was in. “Fuck this. I’m going back to bed and fucking Clint some more.”

“Are you feeling unwell, sir?” Pepper waited for Tony to answer JARVIS, but the genius just waved at no one and left.

“Did you scan him?” Pepper asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” JARVIS answered.

“And?”

JARVIS hesitated. It was bad then. “It could be nothing, but I do believe there is an anomaly in his brain.”

“ANOMALY!?!?” Pepper shrialed almost hysterically. “In his BRAIN?!? WHAT THE FUCK, JARVIS?!?!”

“There has been something worrying in Master Stark’s manner since he has returned from his accidental trip to Asgard. It seems something has affected his mind. It is not a tumor though, ma’am.”

“What IS IT THEN?!?!”

“It may be a side effect of using the Tesseract, but my data is incomplete. It would appear that Master Stark’s power was not complete enough to bring the artifact with him, but he was able to use it. It may be that his humanity fell prey the the artifact, but I don’t have enough data to confirm any such changes.”


...

Pepper passed out.
Chapter 115

Tony woke to find he was alone in bed, but everyone (SERIOUSLY, EVERYONE) was surrounding his bed, staring down at him with serious expressions of concern.

“Fuck off,” he turned and went back to sleep.

“Something’s wrong,” Steve agreed, clearly worried.

“Definitely,” Natasha agreed.

“I do not understand,” Thor was puzzled.

“My blood should have been plenty for him to be able to operate the Tesseract,” Loki said, his brow furrowed; Thor nodded in agreement.

“What’s wrong then?” Clint asked, repressing his concern. (He should probably see a therapist about that.) (This author should probably see a therapist about being stubbornly nocturnal and crazy as hell.)

“I’m going to kill him once we fix him,” Pepper said quietly. “He’s going to give me heart attack; I swear I deserve a raise.”

“If he dies, can I kill him for abandoning everyone?” Bucky asked casually. Steve glared at him, but everyone else nodded.

“I should contact Fury,” Coulson said blandly, but it was a worried bland.

“You probably should,” Darcy agreed solemnly. “Just in case he turns evil in the near future and tries to destroy the world.”

“Please don’t say that!” Bruce winced. “Say it and it’s more likely to happen!”

“If he tries to destroy this world, he will probably succeed,” Loki chimed in, not without pride.

“Aye,” agreed Thor. “Had my brother wanted to do so, it would not have been difficult. Should my nephew set his mind to it, it would not be hard for him, considering how ingrained he is already, how dependent this world is on him.”

“I’m right here,” Tony was getting crabby.

“Tony...” Clint placed a gentle hand on his lover’s shoulder as he sat down on the bed.

“I’M TRYING TO SLEEP HERE!” Tony yelled and a concussive force threw everyone violently away from the bed. They hit the walls with cries of pain and loud thumps accompanied by the rumbling of plaster and the shattering of glass. With the exception of Loki, Thor, and Steve, the force knocked them unconscious. “WHY CAN’T YOU PEOPLE JUST LEAVE ME ALONE?!” he vanished in a wisp of green and blue light or who-knows-where.

“I believe he is going through an awakening of his magic,” Loki coughed as he stood. “We had better find him before he truly does destroy the city, no matter how singularly amusing that would be.”

“What’s happening to him?” Steve asked, rescuing Natasha and Darcy from a pile of rubble as Thor picked up Pepper.

“His magic is going to enhance his natural qualities,” Loki explained. “His moods, his intelligence...”

“We’re screwed,” Clint groaned from under a pile of shattered glass.
“I’M A BIRD, MOTHERFU**ER, I’MA BIRD!!” Clint yelled from the rooftop he was sitting on, bored as hell. He’d been patrolling the city for the whole day, watching for a glance of Tony anywhere. “TONY, LOOK AT ME! I’M A BIRD! I’M DOING MY MATING DANCE!” Clint did a strange little dance that involved the jerky motions of wiggling shamelessly from side to side with his hands in the air.
“I’d tap that,” Tony said from behind him, and Clint spun to launch himself at the genius, who just sat there, looking bored as Clint sailed right through him. “Seriously? You’re as bad as Thor. Stop falling for that.”
“Where are you, Tony?” Clint asked desperately. “How are you doing that??”
“Magic, duh,” Tony shimmered out of existence and didn’t reappear.
“IF I WAS REALLY A MOTHERFU**ING BIRD, SOMEONE WOULD BUILD ME SOME MOTHERFU**ING WINGS!” Clint shouted into thin air.
“STARK BROKE HARLEM!!” Fury shouted furiously (Holy fuck that was so fucking accidental...) into the red phone he kept on his desk for Avengers-related shouting. It was made out of fiberglass because he’d broken his first three phones after slamming them into the desk in frustration. “I WANT YOU TO FIX THIS. I DON’T CARE IF IT INVOLVES HORMONE REPLACEMENT SURGERY. FIX IT.”

“I’M A BIRD, MOTHERFUCKER!” Clint yelled into the phone from the other side, his voice accompanied by a pounding beat, obscuring Coulson’s response to Fury’s pissyness.

“I DON’T FUCKING CARE, MOTHERFUCKER!” Fury yelled back.

“Sorry about that, sir,” Coulson said calmly. “I think Stark replaced all the sugar with that flour-speed Clint kept dosing the rookies and interns with.”

“The stuff R&D insists is flour even at the molecular level?”

“Yes, sir.”

“LOOK AT ME, MOTHERFUCKER, I’M A BIRD. THIS MY DANCE, MOTHERFUCKER!”

“SHUT HIM UP!” Fury yelled.

There was the sound of a taser, some gurgling, and then silence. “I’ll fix it if you can find me Stark, sir.”

“I can’t find him. He’s definitely in New York, but we can’t get a lock on his location.”

“So even though you have the biggest, most stealthy intelligence agency not known publicly to man you can not find one slightly insane, hormonal engineer?” Coulson asked calmly.

“...No.”

“It’s because Stark is way too smart for you, isn’t it?” there was absolutely nothing offensive about Coulson’s tone.

“...Yes...”

“Good to know!” Tony said with a healthy dose of arrogant, cheerful smugness. He hung up.

“MOTHERFUCKER!” Fury slammed the phone into his desk repeatedly, cracking the wood until the surface area he’d been abusing was pulped.

Chapter End Notes

OH MY GOD TONY WHY WOULD YOU PRETEND TO BE COULSON. POSER. HE’S GOING TO TASER YOU WHEN HE FINDS OUT AND WATCH SUPERNANNY WHILE YOU DROOL INTO THR CARPET. BAD TONY. ALSO:

I’M A BIRD MOTHERFUCKER, I’MA BIRD.
LOOK AT ME, MOTHERFUCKER, I’M A BIRD.
THAT’S MY DANCE, MOTHERFUCKER, I’MA BIRD.
Chapter 118

Chapter Summary

Five thirty and I think I’ll go to sleep now, but enjoy this laundry list of awesomeness.

“So in one week what is the total of disasters Tony has built up?” Bruce asked, pulling the cap of a dry erase marker and hovering his hand over the surface of a brand new white board.
“He drugged me,” Clint said. “Five times with speed and ten with X.” Bruce wrote it down.
“He stole my spiders and turned my window garden into plant monsters,” Natasha recited, looking pissed. Bruce did not envy Tony when Natasha finally got her hands on him.
“He transformed my Poptarts into strange gelatinous blobs,” Thor pouted.
“And he made candy replicas of my shield. I still haven’t found the real one,” Steve added, tired.
“He decorated my room with a bunch of nasty Christmas decor. I hate pine trees,” Darcy wrinkled her nose.
“My toenails wouldn’t stop growing constantly for three days,” Coulson said, his face blank. “And he pretended to be me in front of all my co workers. They now believe me to be an android from Mars.” Bruce added it to the growing list.
“He tasered me twice and taunted me a bunch by turning up in hologram form,” Clint said.
“He stole all my arms and left me with giant candy canes,” Bucky chimed in. He was indeed missing his mechanical arm.
“I haven’t been able to work because he made it so I can’t leave this floor and then he vanished the board members’ clothing in the middle of a video conference with Japan,” Pepper said, clearly pissed and worried and unable to decide which emotion was stronger.
“He let loose a couple million albino rabbits in Harlem and there was a panic because people thought they were being attacked by mutant bunnies from space.”
“He brought mutant bunnies from space to Earth and sent them to the White House, where they attacked each and every politician who ever insulted Tony.”
“He emptied the bank accounts of every corrupt, idiotic billionaire out there and gave it all to charities.”
“He tasered the Vice President on live TV.”
“He took the Queen of England on the Ferris Wheel.”
“He painted the Empire State Building bright green.”
“He freed all the snakes at the zoo.”
“He shut down the subway by conjuring illusions of sewer alligators.”
“He made it so the water would only run ice cold for a whole day.”
“He made it so JARVIS could only speak Portuguese.”
“He dyed Steve’s hair bubble gum pink.”
“He dyed Natasha’s hair neon orange. She and Steve clashed for days.”
Everyone stared at the board, which was almost filled up. Then they turned to look at Loki who hadn’t said a thing so far. Loki smiled fondly. “I’m so proud of him.”
“Hello, Clint.” Clint didn’t move from where he was laying in his and Tony’s bed. He just opened his eyes and stared at the hologram of his husband on the edge of the bed.

“Why do you keep drugging me?” was the first thing he asked.

Tony looked uncomfortable, but the darkness in his eyes didn’t clear away. “If I didn’t how would I have gotten around unnoticed? If you weren’t high, you’d see through my illusions in a second.”

“Am I high right now? Because I’d swear you were real and not an illusion.”

“I’m not an illusion.”

There was a moment’s silence, and Clint pounced. He grabbed Tony’s shoulders and shoved him down into the sheets, straddling his waist, a dark hunger in the archer’s eyes and pure, honest desire in the genius’s.

“You’ve been very, very naughty, Tony,” Clint purred in the other man’s ear.

“Are you going to punish me?” Tony whispered back, arching off the bed a little to grind his erection into Clint’s.

“Are you going to vanish afterwards?” Clint asked, pinning Tony to the bed hard enough that the genius couldn’t move, couldn’t relieve himself of the very honest bulge in his pants. “Because if you try, I think I’ll have to chain you to the bed. I bet Mama Loki could give me something to keep you from running off.”

“I won’t vanish!” Tony groaned, straining against Clint’s hold and losing miserably.

“Good boy,” Clint murmured, running his tongue down the curve of Tony’s ear, nipping at his earlobe, pressing sucking, biting kisses down his neck before painstakingly, slowly unbuttoning the prone genius’s shirt one button at a time with his teeth. Tony’s breathing grew more labored, shallow, and he squirmed under Clint, desperate for touch and friction and heat.

“Clint!” he whined, trying to communicate every ounce of his need in one word because he’d been rendered unable to formulate a proper sentence. “Please!”

“Ah, the great Tony Stark reduced to begging,” Clint chuckled mischievously against the reactor as he pressed butterfly kisses around the beautiful creation that kept his lover alive. “I wonder what I can do to destroy the rest of your vocabulary.”

His expression dark and deadly, Clint thrust his hips forward into Tony’s, grinding with all his strength. What resulted was a high pitched keening noise as Tony threw his head back into the pillows, bucking upward, his body begging for more, harder, faster, NOW.

With a groan, Tony made their clothes vanish. Clint wasn’t sure it was even a conscious decision.

“Bad, bad boy,” Clint muttered, biting into Tony’s neck. “No more magic, baby. I’m gonna have to punish you now.” He grabbed the lube from their bedside table and spread a generous amount over his fingers before sliding one into Tony. He didn’t wait long before adding a second digit and a third, and Tony cried out, mostly in pleasure, but a little in pain. The pain only amplified the pleasure, making it sweeter, more desirable. Tony thrust down, trying to take Clint deeper, harder, faster. “Ah, ah, ah,” Clint ‘tsk’ed calmly, moving his fingers in a steady rhythm, not speeding up, not letting Tony control the pace, forcing his partner to moan wordlessly, begging with his entire being.

“You’ve been away all week, baby, we wouldn’t want you getting HURT now would we?”

When Tony opened his mouth to verbalize, Clint made a hard, swift scissoring motion with his fingers and the only thing that came out of Tony’s mouth was, “Fuuuuuuuuuuuu~” that translated into a wordless yell as he arched off the bed. While Tony was literally gasping for air, Clint slid his fingers free, smeared more lube over his cock, and drove it deep into Tony, eliciting a soundless scream of pleasure, and causing the muscles in Tony’s torso to clench with oncoming orgasm.

“Not until I say so,” Clint grinned, clamping a hand down at the base of Tony’s cock, preventing him from cumming. He started moving slowly, steadily, a constant throbbing pleasure instead of a quick, volcanic one, murmuring sweet nothings in Tony’s ear all the while, one hand still on the genius’s cock, touching with feather light touches, a tease. Suddenly he stopped moving altogether,
and looked seriously into Tony’s half-glazed eyes. “You ever, and I mean EVER, leave me like that
again, and I swear I’ll string you up and torment you sexually for days until you can’t fucking
THINK any more, understand?” Tony’s eye widened and the excitement in them was clear, but he
nodded slowly. “Good.” Clint moved again, faster, harder, thrusting as deep as he could go.
And then he changed his angle, leaning down flush with Tony’s chest, and he kissed the genius.
There was no tongue, just lips on lips, soft and gentle and loving and at complete odds with Clint’s
brutal thrusting. Tony came with a drawn out groan into Clint’s mouth. Clint took the chance and
twined his tongue around Tony’s, sucking, teasing, pulling, biting, rubbing the cum together between
their stomachs, before he too succumbed to bliss and came deep inside Tony with a tortured moan as
they continued to kiss.
They lay together, Clint wrapped around Tony like ivy around a tree, while the archer pressed kisses
against the genius’s neck. Soft, careless, kisses, or small sucking kisses, from Tony’s hairline, down
his spine, to the dimples over his ass.
“Am I going to need Mama Loki to make me a chain?” Clint asked quietly. Tony shook his head
wordlessly and turned it to look into Clint eyes. In Tony’s eyes, Clint read, ‘I’m sorry’.
Clint kissed him softly. ‘I forgive you’.
Chapter Summary

Or the one where the author writes 5+1 things with Clint and Tony and lots of sex.

In his first week back, Tony caused a lot of trouble. It seemed like the magic running rampant in his blood was enough to drive him insane if he didn’t use it and sometimes he couldn’t always control the results. Here is the resulting incident list and the punishments doled out by Clint.

(One)
Tony accidentally turned all the coffee beans into marbles

In response, Clint locked them both in the linen closet, muttering, “This is going to be fun,” before shoving Tony up against the wall and pulling the genius’s sweatpants off.

“Isn’t this reinforcing bad behavior?” Tony asked as Clint knelt in front of him.

“You want to fuck or not?” Clint asked, nudging Tony’s legs apart as he pulled out the little on-the-go bottle of lube from his pocket.

“Of course I do, but-” Tony bit his tongue as Clint entered him without warning with two fingers, curling them forward and rubbing gently.

“So shut up.”

It was hard and fast and ruthless this time; Clint didn’t tease. He pounded Tony into the wall until they both came, they kissed and touched until they were hard again, and then they did it all again. For three hours. When Tony’s legs were so wobbly he couldn’t clasp them around Clint’s waist anymore, they stumbled out of the closet, Tony trying to hold up his sweatpants even though his ass hurt like hell. Luckily no one was around at the moment.
(Two)
They were at a black tie event Pepper forced Tony to go to. And if Tony went, Clint went too. Loki had tried to tag along, but Darcy had tasered him and waved them off cheerfully. Tony was sure Loki was going to get some that night while he was stuck talking and smiling to rich people; Clint made him laugh though by bunny hopping down the red carpet.
And then Tony accidentally on purpose turned the mayor’s wife into a poodle.
“Really, baby?” Clint asked quietly from beside Tony, who was watching the chaos with a studiously blank face. “You seem to have a little too much energy at the moment.” Clint slid his hand down from between Tony’s shoulder blades to cup the genius’s ass, and he squeezed. Tony did his best not to jump, not to move, not to show surprise, not to draw attention to the fact that his husband was feeling him up surrounded by conservative, rich, old people. “How about we sneak off and you can fuck me senseless on the mayor’s desk while he tries to figure out what happened to his wife, hm?”
Damn, Tony loved dirty talk, but even he was wary of being caught with a growing erection in this kind of gathering. And he could always make them invisible or something so no one caught them. But Clint knew him too well.
“And don’t you dare think about making us invisible,” Clint whispered, his breath hot against Tony’s ear. “That takes all the fun out of it.”
Tony gave up and grabbed Clint’s wrist. No one noticed the two men sneaking away.
(Three)
Shower sex was fucking messy. But it had to be done. After Tony replaced Thor’s shampoo with glue... Clint gave a long suffering sigh that anyone other than Tony may have believed, took Tony by the hand, and ran a hot shower for them. Tony’s shower had been specially outfitted with a rubber mat for better traction after their first disastrous attempt at shower sex.

“Kneel,” Clint hissed at Tony. The genius did so, a devilish glint coming into his eyes when he realized what Clint wanted. Tony took a hold of Clint’s hips and ran his tongue from the base of Clint’s cock to the tip, before taking him into his mouth and throat. Clint braced himself against the tiled wall, moaning quietly, as the hot water beat down on him and Tony, who was freaking humming while Clint slowly fucked his mouth.

“When we get out of here,” Clint said in a low voice, “we’re going to bed,” he was interrupted by a completely involuntary groan that had him breaking their rhythm and shoving his cock down Tony’s throat. The genius took it in stride and relaxed his throat to accommodate Clint. “And I’m going to ride you until you beg.” Tony drew back slowly, wiggling his tongue as he went, and Clint tangled his hands on the genius’s hair, pulling. Tony flicked the tip of his tongue lightly across the head of Clint’s cock before nipping at the softer skin on the inside of Clint’s thighs. “Now,” Clint used his hold in Tony’s hair to pull him up to face level and kiss him, tasting the saltiness of his own pre-cum in Tony’s mouth. “Bed.”
Tony hated reporters for a reason. They were tricky. And stupid. And foolish. And sometimes they got very very lucky, which was followed by an incredibly long streak of bad luck involving mysterious arrows bearing threatening notes. But only when they did the stupidest thing they could. Which was kiss Tony. The dumb blond reporter grabbed Tony’s jacket lapels and kissed him right on the mouth. Clint grabbed the collar of Tony’s jacket and yanked him into the car while Happy pushed the blond away firmly. Tony ended up stuck in Clint’s lap as the annoyed archer shut and locked the door and stepped on the gas.

“Think you’re going fast enough, honey?” Tony asked calmly, wrapping his arms around Clint’s neck as they barreled down the street, headed out of the city.

“Apparently not,” Clint huffed. “I can’t believe someone who saved Manhattan from a fucking nuke got caught off-guard like that.”

“Aww,” Tony sympathised, running his tongue from behind Clint’s right ear down the archer’s strong jawline to his mouth. “Someone doesn’t like to share.”

“Baby, when have you ever needed anyone else to get the job done?” Clint asked cockily, turning his face just a little so he could twine his tongue around Tony’s while he kept his eyes on the sharp left turn he was about to make.

“You going to finish what you started anytime soon?” Tony asked, shuffling so he was straddling Clint’s lap, undulating his hips against Clint’s as the archer alternated between kissing and sharp, deadly turns and near misses and running red lights without getting hit by other cars. They were going well over eighty miles an hour.

“You taste like that woman,” Clint growled, his eyes promising seriously possessive sex. One hundred miles an hour and they were out of the city.

“You mad?” Tony asked, sliding one hand up under Clint’s sure, rubbing a thumb across the archer’s hard nipple.

“Furious,” Clint buried his teeth in Tony’s neck, his eyes still on the long, empty road in front of them. Tony groaned, grinding their erections harder together. When they had reached an especially desolate stretch of road, Clint pulled off into the desert and the dark and parked. (They’re in New Mexico for a meeting with the scientists because Thor couldn’t go.)

“You going to punish me?” Tony asked with the spark of Loki showing bright in him. Clint grinned and shoved him against the wheel, making the horn blare momentarily before the archer managed to lean the seat back. “Oh fun! I’m on top!” Tony said gleefully, but Clint grabbed his hips and rolled them over so Tony was firmly underneath him.

“Wrong again, babe,” he murmured darkly, pressing his lips to Tony’s pulse point under his jaw. “I’m on top.”

“Bite me,” Tony complained. Clint obliged, sinking his teeth into the pulse point, making Tony arch into him with a groan. Clint love how biting excited Tony so easily. He was pretty sure he was the first lover Tony had who had discovered the genius’s thing for possession marks.

“You let that woman kiss you, Tony,” he growled, sucking on Tony’s collarbone.

“No, actually, I didn’t. It was a sneak atta-ah, ah!!” Clint had unbuttoned Tony’s shirt and turned his attention to his nipples, sucking and nipping at them.

“I don’t like it when you taste like other people, Tony.” Clint delved into Tony’s mouth, licking along the roof of the genius’s mouth, worrying Tony’s lower lip between his teeth. “You know why?”

“Hmm?” Tony managed to moan out a questioning noise.
“Because you are MINE.”
Clint doesn’t much like the new SHIELD HQ. For one, his shooting range is a lot shorter and thus of no actual use to him as he complained to Coulson. For two, there’s too many cameras for a casual closet fuck with Tony after a mission when they’re both hot and sweating and wearing skin tight outfits. Which is a real pity.

So it was actually pretty cool when Tony had a temper tantrum and his magic absolutely destroyed the power generators keeping SHIELD powered up and plunged the entire facility into the pitch black.

“Hot,” Clint commented casually before shoving Tony violently up against the wall in his (private, password required to enter) shooting range (that he doesn’t use for actual shooting).

“Ooo,” Tony crooned. “Do I get it rough today?” he whispered heavily in Clint’s ear. There was a mocking tone to his voice that reminded Clint heavily of Loki; he banished that thought before it could fully form.

“How long is the power out?”

“No idea,” Tony shrugged.

“Wanna go for a quickie then?”

And One For Tony

Chapter Summary

Keep in mind Jeremy Renner's role in The Hurt Locker.
Damn he's sexy.

(And One For Tony)
“You didn’t tell me you had pictures from when you were a soldier, Clint!” Tony called across the room.
“I don’t!” Clint called back, puzzled.
“JARVIS?” Tony asked.
“There seems to be a couple photos in which Master Barton appears.”
“What?” Clint walked over and peered at Tony’s tablet. “That’s from when I was in the bomb squad. They weren’t my buddies. We all hated each other’s guts.”
“Damn, you’re hot in a uniform,” Tony mused. “You still have it?”
“It’s probably somewhere.”
“Wear it for me sometime?”
“I guess,” Clint shrugged. Tony snagged him by his t shirt and yanked him down to plant a heated kiss on the corner of his mouth. “You really like the uniform, huh?” Clint grinned.
“What can I say? I’m a sucker for a man in uniform,” Tony said before kissing Clint again. Tony stood and had Clint backed against a wall in less than a second, still kissing, all heat and tongue and teeth, and Tony slid on hand under Clint’s waistband.
“Bedroom?” Clint whispered.
“JARVIS, save those pictures,” Tony ordered before he turned his attention to slowly sucking on each and every one of Clint’s fingertips.
“Yes sir.”
“I’ll take that as a ‘yes’,” Clint laughed breathlessly as Tony added a little bite at the tip of his index finger.
“I love your hands,” Tony murmured. “I like how they’re strong and broad and calloused from the bow.”
“I love your hands more,” Clint smiled. “I like how dexterous and skilled you are and how they always smell like metal and mechanics oil.”
“I love the look you get in your eyes when you look at me; like I’m a target you have to hit perfectly every time. It’s a dangerous look.”
“I love how smart you are. So much smarter than I am, so excited by all the things you see that no one else sees; it’s intoxicating.”
They leaned against each other for a moment, reveling in the way they shifted against each other just by breathing, the way their breath mingled as their lips brushed against each other slightly, the way their muscles moved under each other’s hands.
“Slow today?” Clint asked. His expression turned devilish. “Or should I dig out my old army fatigues? I think I’ve still got the cap.”
“Well, when you put it like that, how can I resist?” Tony chuckled, kissing Clint hard before dragging him down the hall to their room by his shirt front.
“What is it you find so sexy about a man in uniform?” Clint asked curiously.
“No fucking idea, but that doesn’t stop it from being super hot,” Tony shrugged, slamming the door behind them. “Plus, you’re a sniper. I’ve got a thing for snipers. Strip.”
“I’m going to kill you. I’m going to taser you, handcuff you to the bed, and kill you,” Darcy nodded decisively. Loki stared at her.

“Uh, why?”

“Cat got your silver tongue, Mom?” Tony asked from across the room.

“Do you not understand that THOR IS HAVING HIS BABY RIGHT NOW, YOU MOTHERFUCKERS?!” Darcy shouted.

“Is that why there’s a storm coming on?” Tony asked curiously, peering out the floor to ceiling windows at the heavy, angry storm clouds approaching. “Weather, JARVIS?”

“There’s a hurricane coming in off the coast, sir. New York is directly in its path.”

“Level?”

“Three, but it will likely go up, sir.”

“Call Fury, tell him to evacuate everyone he can.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Also, JARVIS—”

“The storm windows, sir?”

“Yes.” Immediately, steel plating slid down over every single window, protecting them from the inevitable storm.

“YOU PEOPLE!” Darcy threw up her hands in frustration.

“Hey, Darce,” Clint waved, plopping onto the couch next to Tony.

“Darcy, listen,” Tony said seriously. “Thor’s just a couple floors down, and we’ll all be perfectly safe in here. And honestly, we should have taken Thor to Antarctica or somewhere so there wouldn’t be any chance of anyone getting hurt in this storm, but we didn’t know this would happen. So settle down because we’ve done all we can.”

“Listen to him, Darce,” Clint said, munching on his popcorn.

“You’re just laid back because you’re getting laid three times a day,” Darcy muttered rebelliously as she sat.

“Five,” Tony corrected her. “And you aren’t?” he looked suspiciously at Loki, who looked innocently back. That was a ‘no’ then. “Not cool, Mom, not cool.”

“Si-sir, internal malfun-function!” JARVIS interrupted, his voice static-y. “Fire walls breached! Ini-itiating shutdown of all auto-automatic func-unctions! Consciousness retr-treating to d-dr-droid form!”

Everyone stared at the ceiling as the lights went out, plunging them all into complete darkness. There was the very audible noise of the heat shutting off with a whine.

“Fuck!” Tony shout, lunging up off the couch, his expression serious. “JARVIS???”

“Yes, sir?” the droid asked, pushing himself off the floor.

“Damage report!”

“I’ve isolated myself in this closed-circuit environment. The malevolent presence broke through the fire walls with pure force. All information was immediately put in lockdown. There is no way the cracker obtained anything, but everything that was run automatically is now in shutdown.”

“Cracker?” Loki asked, confused.

“The equivalent of someone who uses a crow bar instead of lock picks,” Tony sneered. “It lacks skill, finesse, and style.”

“Of course now the elevators don’t work,” Darcy complained.

“The locks are all automatic,” Clint pointed out. “You need a code and a card for even the least protected doors. Fingerprints or eye scans for the R&D department.”

“Meaning Thor and Bruce are stuck downstairs. Natasha, Steve... jesus, everyone else is locked out of the Tower,” Darcy groaned.

“This isn’t as bad as it sounds,” Tony said firmly. Clint was nervously playing with one of the knives.
he seemed to pull from nowhere.
“How is it not?” Loki asked curiously. “And what is this cracker person’s plan? To have us all freeze to death?”
It was growing noticeably colder.
“Why is it getting colder?” Darcy asked.
“I believe the hurricane is the least of the weather abnormalities my brother’s child birth will bring about.”
“Shit. Okay, coats first, then we get the other shit figured out,” Tony decided. “JARVIS, where are the coats?”
“You do a lot of very illegal stuff very well,” Clint murmured in Tony’s ear from behind him. “It’s extremely hot.”

“Hmm,” Tony murmured around the little screws and screwdriver stuffed between his lips. He was focused on the keypad in front of him. He had removed the front and was threading his fingers through the wires behind it, a wire cutter in one hand. “Ah.” He cut the blue wire and the yellow wire in half before stripping the ends and touching the top end of the blue wire to the bottom end of the yellow wire. The door to the staircase slid open with a hiss.

“So it’s not really power that’s gone, just the automatic functions,” Clint mused. “When this is over, you need to make manual switches for the lights.”

“Thought you liked the dark,” Tony’s laugh was low.

“Only if we’re naked,” Clint sighed. “Or I’m trying to kill someone. Other than that: it’s harder to see Natasha sneaking up on me if it’s dark. That woman is scarier than ghosts, demons, and zombies combined.” He looked around quickly before relaxing when Natasha didn’t randomly pop out of thin air and kill him.

“So we should totally trap Loki and Darcy in a room together,” Tony commented offhand.

“Ooo! Can we drug them?” Clint asked immediately and with evident glee. “I want to drug Loki sooo bad!”

“Is that some sort of leftover need for revenge?” Tony asked, his eyebrow raised. “Wasn’t shooting him twelve times good enough?”

“Dude, baby, he fucking MIND CONTROLLED me. Fuck no, it wasn’t enough.” Tony pondered that for a second as they went down the dark staircase.

“Sure, you can drug Loki. With a needle even, if you promise not to kick him in the nuts. He’s going to need those.”

“Deal.” They shook on it as they reached the floor Thor and Bruce were on. Tony sighed and began to hot wire the door. “Couldn’t you just transport us around?” Clint asked.

“It’s not really something I can do on command. Besides, yesterday Mum told me using magic around Thor during childbirth could really f*ck with reality. He used magic during my birth and apparently my father was bald for three days.”

“What I wouldn’t give to have seen that,” Clint whistled.

“Same,” Tony snorted with a smile. “He promised me a picture if I swore to blow stuff up on Christmas with him.”

“Can I help?”

“Are you going to blow Loki up?”

“... Maybe.”

“Sure, why not?”

“I WILL CALL THUNDER AND LIGHTNING TO DO MY BIDDING AND SMOTE THIS TINY REALM UNTIL IT IS NOTHING BUT ASH AND RUBBLE IN THE DEPTH OF SPACE! I WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING! ALL SHALL BOW BEFORE ME AND DESPAIR!” Thor’s shouting was clearly audible from the other end of the building.

“I guess it’s going well then,” Clint deadpanned. “Do we really have to go down there? Can’t I just shoot something?”

“I’m inclined to agree with you on this one, honey. Want to go see what Pepper is doing?”

“She and Bucky were out on a date, right?”

“I think so. I didn’t really bother to find out.”

“Do any of the phones work?”

“None.”

“Do you think Steve will come rescue us?”

“If he’s outside right now, it’s him that will need rescuing.”
“We’re screwed, aren’t we?”
“It would seem so.”
“DIE, LITTLE MAN!” Thor shouted as the top of her lungs as she breathed quickly in steady bursts.

“Will do,” Bruce said mildly, as finally he held his daughter in his hands. “Will do,” the words were the same, but the tone was considerably softer and held much more wonder.

“Boy?” Thor asked, no longer shouting, peering over her raised knees as the little bundle Bruce held in his arms.

“Girl,” Bruce corrected, wiping gently the blood etc that smudged the little girl’s face.


“Hold on a moment, Thor, we’ve got to finish up here.” Bruce said before preparing a needle and gently injecting Thor to manage the task of removing the placenta.

“Why have the lights gone out?” Thor asked now that he could think (sort of) clearly.

“Haven’t a clue,” Bruce said calmly, stroking a finger across the back of Modi’s tiny little hand. Bruce’s cell phone rang.

His cell phone not being of Stark make, and relatively old, it was pretty reliable. And Coulson was calling.
“So...”
“So.” Loki shifted in his seat as Darcy stared at him with penetrating eyes. “You going to tell me why CLINT is getting more sex than I am when I’m sleeping with a GOD?”
“Maybe because he’s sleeping with a younger god?” Loki suggested with a cunning smile.
“Bullshit,” Darcy scoffed. “I swear you had no issue with fucking six times a day before.”
Loki rolled his eyes. “Temp me,” he dared. And oh, Darcy knew an invitation cloaked in a dare when she heard one, and she knew Loki knew how it would hurt her pride to just comply, but she also knew Loki wanted it to. Conclusion: Make. Him. Beg.
Lap dance.
“STOP!” Clint shrieked, bursting through the door as Darcy wiggled her hips as she straddled Loki’s lap. “STOP!” He leaped at Loki and jabbed a needle in the god’s neck, pressing down on the plungers. Loki groaned and his eyes rolled back in his head, which fell back against the couch and all his muscles went limp.
“The fuck, CLINT?!” Darcy yelled before Tony knocked her out in a similar, but more gentle manner.
“Intruders have entered the building, Master Stark,” JARVIS informed them. Tony looked down at the unconscious Loki with the “oh shit” expression.
“Hide them,” he told Clint. “In a closet. I have to go do a hard reboot on the suit so I can fight.” He dashed off. Clint dragged the (way too fucking tall, I mean, COME ON) god and Darcy to a closet where he shoved them in at awkward angles.
“Sorry guys, but this wasn’t exactly the plan,” he apologised and shut the door on them.
Clint hurried down the stairs. He needed to alert Bruce and Thor. The two could handle themselves, but there was a baby down there, if the cessation of Thor’s shouts was any indication.
There was a sudden, debilitating pain in the back of his skull and Clint crumpled to the ground, shadowy figures dragged the unconscious archer away.
Tony was aware only of the fear that suddenly clenched his heart. He had been in the middle of rebooting the suit so it would run on a closed circuit when he’d been unjustifiably gripped by a sense of foreboding and immediately glanced over his shoulder towards the way Clint had gone. There was a shuffling noise in the hall followed by the sound of ripping metal and sparks and JARVIS’s warning of “They’re here sir!” before his voice was cut off.

Tony grabbed the gun duct taped under his work table (Clint had some odd habits) and trained it on the door which slid open slowly. Men in tactical gear, their faces covered entered slowly, their own guns trained on Tony.

“Who the hell are you?” Tony asked, backing up slowly. “No answer, huh? What kind of shit heads break into a man’s home and don’t fucking introduce themselves?” Tony narrowed his eyes before shooting one of the men in the head, where his bullet proof vest wouldn’t help him. One of the others shouted and they all opened fire at Tony, but the genius had situated himself next to the air ducts. He jumped onto the table and pulled himself into the ceiling, crawling into the reasonably spacious interior. Above a vent was duct taped a hand grenade (Clint’s habits were very odd). Smirking like a nutter, Tony pulled the pin and tossed it into the room with the assholes in tactical gear before crawling away. Tony grabbed the first assault rifle he found and continued onward. Thanks to Clint’s obsessive need for an escape route and his even more obsessive need to store weapons like a militant squirrel hoarding nuts, Tony knew exactly where he was going and he would be armed to the teeth by the time he got there. (Tony loved Clint’s odd habits.)

“Tony!” Bruce was surprised when Tony dropped out of the air vent in the ceiling of his lab. Thor looked up at them from Modi.

“What is wrong, friend Tony?” she asked, worried.

“The intruders have penetrated the top levels. Where’s Clint? He should have told you this? Where is he?” Tony looked around.

“Friend Clint has not made an appearance, Tony. We were under the impression he remained upstairs with you.”

“Haven’t seen him at all,” Bruce added.

“He came down here to warn you!” Tony cried out, shifting the assault rifle so it rested on his shoulder.

“He did not arrive here,” Thor said softly.

“Bruce, get Thor and the kid out of here,” Tony said, his eyes going dark, his voice soft like the others had never heard it before. “The back stairwell. I’m sure you can disable the keypad.”

“Don’t die, Tony.”

“I won’t.”

“May the gods favor your fight, friend,” Thor said as she wrapped Modi up in a blanket and grabbed Mjolnir on their way out.

...

Tony searched the entirety of the top three floors. The team was gone. So was Clint. Tony spat on the corpse of the man he’d shot. The lights flickered on. He was going to find Clint.

There was banging from the closet in the living room.

Tony wasn’t sure if he should let Darcy and Loki out.

...

They must have injected Clint with some sort of incredibly effective sedative because the moment he woke up he knew he was far from Stark Tower. Possibly in a basement. Clint hated basements for the most part. Especially when he was strung up like a man about to be gutted. Clint thought maybe
the chains and manacles were a bit overdone. Though, they did add to the gloom and dank of the stupid concrete room. How the hell did one manage to grow so many different patches of mold in one place? That couldn’t have been accidental.

“So the idiot is awake.” The voice came from the dark beyond the door, and Clint tensed, his muscles aching with the cold that was already permeating his bones. He’d been stripped of his shirt and the rough concrete chafed at his back. Still, he’d been through worse. Clothed in less.

“Awake maybe, but I could sure use some more sleep. Tony’s been keeping me up every night and I’m exhausted~!” he yawned dramatically to punctuate his sentence.

“You never change do you?” the voice asked.

“So I? I don’t really know. Not sure how some kidnapping, creepy son of a bitch would know anyway ‘cause I sure as hell don’t associate with trash.”

“Didn’t your mama teach you not to insult her?” Clint opened his mouth before freezing. He shut his mouth. He opened it. “Oh, speechless. That’s new. Big brother.”

Chapter End Notes

Yeah. I did just do that. Live with it. ;)


“What happened to you Barney?” Clint hissed accusingly. “You’re dressed like a fed.”
“Your little brother, the one you abandoned and betrayed, shows up, and kidnaps you, strings you up like a dead pig, and you’re worried about my fashion sense?!” Barney snapped and yelled as he barged into the weak light in front of Clint.
“Well, it is an extremely cheap suit,” Clint said critically. “And that tie is positively hideous. It’s making me nauseous, little bro.”
“SHUT UP!” Barney shouted up in Clint’s face.
“Well, now that would just be boring wouldn’t it?” Clint laughed. He laughed right in Barney’s face. If Tony had been there, he would have told the archer to stop because that laugh was the one Clint used when he was trying to goad someone into attacking him. Clint normally used it when he wanted to teach a rookie a lesson, when he could fight back, but he was helpless now. Barney stalked back towards the door and grabbed something. It was a bow.
“You’re going to regret every minute of the hell you put me through, Clint,” he said, his voice dangerous. There was something unbalanced, vengeful in his tone, his bearing.
“I’m sure I will,” Clint smiled, even as the first arrow pierced his shoulder. Three hours later, he was breathing heavily as thick gobs of blood dripped from the five arrows embedded in his body and splattering to the floor. The noise was deafening in the otherwise silent room.
“I’m sure I will,” Clint whispered.
When Clint was young, he ran away to the circus and Barney followed him. Once there, Clint was taken in by the Swordsmaster and Barney was left out. Barney had wanted to learn, he had wanted to learn so badly, but the Swordsmaster had chosen Clint. They always chose Clint. Always always always. And then Clint had thrown it all away. He’d betrayed, betrayed, betrayed his MASTER, and almost killed the Swordsmaster. Why had Clint ever thought Barney would believe some BS story about the Swordsmaster being a criminal. He was the Swordsmaster. Master master master.

When Clint had gone off to war, to be a soldier, the Swordsmaster finally noticed Barney, but in the end Barney wasn’t good enough for the Master. Barney was never good enough when Clint came before him.

When Clint showed up again he was with his new master, Trickshot, Clint shot Barney. His own brother shot him. Shot him shot him shot him. The arrow through his shoulder was like an arrow through his heart.

And apparently Clint did not know loyalty, did not know respect, because he betrayed Trickshot too. Clint was disloyal, a betrayer, scum.

But Trickshot saw the promise in Barney, saw that Barney was not as dishonest as his brother. Trickshot taught Barney to be better than Clint, to be the world’s best archer. Barney was better than Clint, Barney was better than Clint, Barney was better!

Soon after Trickshot died, Barney became an FBI agent, he became a fed, and in secret he became Trickshot. He was better than Clint now, and Clint would regret the way he’d treated him. Clint would regret it with his whole being and Barney would put him out of his misery. It was a gift, really.

Okay, so I know this isn't really how things happened canon, but I was too lazy and I wanted to make it simpler and make it fit my own story line so.... forgive me?
Chapter 133

Tony Stark was not a patient man. When he wanted something, he got it, and he got it right when he wanted it. Even when Pepper said no. And that was because he was Tony Stark, and Tony Stark always got what he wanted. Right now he wanted his husband back, and he wanted this more than he’d ever wanted anything in the world. More than he’d wanted his father to love him. More than life. Tony Stark, infamous genius, playboy, billionaire, philanthropist, would give his life and his Iron Man suit to have Clint Barton back.

So he gave thanks to the fact that he was genius and had planted a tracking chip in Clint’s neck for a Valentine’s day gift. (Tony had one too.)
“You betrayed me and both your masters!” Barney was shouting as he suckerpunched Clint in the gut. “They were thieves and murderers, Barney,” Clint gasped out before spitting a glob of blood out. “Says the soldier,” Barney sneered. “You killed people.” “I was a bomb tech. I saved lives.” Clint momentarily wondered why he bothered explaining. Barney wasn’t listening. But Barney had been his brother. Still was. No matter what. “You were an assassin! Trickshot told me everything you did.” “Clearly he left out what he did.” “Shut up!” “No! No, Barney,” Clint jutted his chin out stubbornly. “You listen to me! I was supposed to be the good guy! Taking down the murderers and rapists and drug dealers the law couldn’t or wouldn’t catch.” In a lower voice, he said, “The corrupt cops.” “You killed innocent people!” “Trickshot lied to me! They weren’t the bad guys he told me they were. He was the bad guy and he’d tricked me into cleaning up his messes.” “You’re wrong!” Barney yelled, sounding increasingly desperate. Suddenly music started blaring from speakers outside the room, but loud enough for both men to hear it clearly. ‘Cause I’m the one who’s gonna make you burn! I’m gonna take you down - down, down, down! So don’t you fool around! I’m gonna put in a bullet, pull the trigger! Shoot to thrill, play to kill! 
“Honey, I’m home,” Tony’s voice interrupted. Clint grinned. “Miss me, Clint baby?” Clint started laughing, but it was weak and interspersed with coughing. Barney glared at him before grabbing his bow and running out of the room, shouting, “You were supposed to KILL the rich bastard!” Shoot to thrill, play to kill got my gun at the ready, gonna fire at will! Yeah I’m like evil, I get under your skin! Just like a bomb that's ready to blow! 'Cause I'm illegal, I got everything! 
“Surrender before I shoot all your asses,” Tony ordered from somewhere outside. Shoot you, shoot you, shoot you down! Shoot you, shoot you, shoot you down! 
Clint loved his husband. And his music choice. Tony blasted the door in the basement wide open and felt the hot flush of anger settle in his belly. Clint’s hands were chained above his head (Seriously, though? Chains and manacles were so last century) and he had arrows (Arrows, for god’s sake! Who shot CLINT with arrows?!?) sticking out of his shoulders, hands, and legs. “Hey, lover boy,” Clint greeted him with a blood stained grin. “Gonna cut me down or what?” Tony blasted those fucking chains into the next universe. He flipped his face plate up as he scooped Clint up as carefully as he could, trying not to jostle the arrows more than he had too. “Coulson has the jet out front. He can patch you up before we get back to the Tower.” “It was my brother, Tony. Try not to kill him.” Tony was speechless. He gaped like a goldfish. Finally, “No promises, but I’ll try,” Tony said dryly. “I guess that’s as good as I’ll get,” Clint murmured as Tony carried him up the stairs into the single ugliest house on the surface of the planet. “What. The. Fuck? Tony, you have my complete permission to wipe this color out of existence.” Clint stared at the pukey, dead person pallor, sick green paint on the walls. “I can’t believe they kept me in such an ugly place. I’m worth so much more than this.” 
“Agreed,” Tony said, though he thought Clint may be going a little crazy from blood loss. He sped
up until he was outside before flying them into the waiting jet. Coulson immediately jabbed him with a needle and started cutting out the arrows.

“I luuuuuuuuuurvv yooooou, Toooooooony!” Clint groaned as the good drugs started to kick in.

“You complete me!” Tony yelled as he jumped out of the bomb door.

It only took Tony about an hour to completely obliterate the building, burying anyone still in it under the rubble. He could have used the tank missile of course, but what fun was that? It was much more satisfying to blast each wall into oblivion. He didn’t much care if it killed anybody. SHIELD agents rounded up anyone who managed to escape, but only Tony noticed the figure in dark clothes slip past them.

Tony followed.

Chapter End Notes

Song is Shoot to Thrill by AC/DC
Chapter 135

“This is.... unfortunate,” Loki commented dryly. He and Darcy were stuffed into a small, dark space at uncomfortable angles. He was currently laying on only his shoulder blades, one leg straight against the wall, the other bent awkwardly under him. To make matters even more uncomfortable, Darcy had been shoved in on top of him, her (very round, very soft, very pleasant) ass was pressed against his chin, while she was bent over under what seemed to be a low shelf. She was currently attempting to open the door to their confining space and failing miserably.

“It’s not that bad,” Darcy mused, leaning into Loki’s thighs, “Don’t forget, I know just how flexible you can be.”

“You are abominably soft, woman,” Loki muttered resentfully.

“You seem to like it,” Darcy observed.

“This is not the time, Darcy. I’m certain my son is in trouble,” Loki scolded. “Why else would he lock us in here, in these horribly uncomfortable positions?”

“Maybe he had more faith in your ability to get out than you realise?”

“You think that it is safe to use magic?”

“I think you should give it a try. We might have bigger problems than someone being bald for a week.”

“... I lied about that bit...”

“What bit?”

“The ‘week’ part.”

“What’s the truth then?”

“It was Obadiah that went bald... for the rest of his life, as far as I can tell.”

“You mean I risk baldness for the rest of my life?”

“Yes.”

“Fuck magic then. You better not even try, Loki!”

“... As you wish, Darcy.”

Which was how Loki and Darcy continued to spend the better part of two days locked in a closet in horrendously uncomfortable positions.
“Shit!!” Tony cussed and dodged yet another arrow. Then he laughed. “You might be good!” he yelled after the fleeing man, “but you’re nowhere near as good as Clint!”
“SHUT UP!” the man skidded to a halt and screamed up at Tony, his face livid with fury.
“Make me, Cupid,” Tony taunted.
“I’ll kill you!!”
As if turned out, Barney didn’t get a chance to kill Tony, and Tony didn’t succeed in capturing him. And they didn’t do these things because Coulson brought around the jet and started firing at Barney in short controlled bursts.
Barney ran for it.
He didn’t get far.
Coulson tasered him.
Tony didn’t even know where their handler had gotten the taser rounds from. Probably JARVIS. He’d been saving them for Christmas. Tony pouted. And when Tony punted, he did so vocally.
“Seriously, Coulson?” he asked through the comms, whining. “You know only bad children open their presents before Christmas, right? Santa must be so disappointed in you. Naughty-list Coulson, they’ll call you.”
“Stark?”
“Yes?”
“Or you’ll taser me?”
“Correct.”
“You shouldn’t have even been able to access those anyway! How’d you get JARVIS to-” Coulson shot him with the taser rounds. “And really, Coulson? Seriously?” Tony continued. “Why would I have a suit that conducts electricity? Huh? I learn from my mistakes.”
“Tony?” Clint’s voice asked from the background of Coulson’s comm.
“Yeah?”
“Shut up, dear. You’re giving me a headache.”
“Yes, darling,” Tony said as sweetly as he could. He may have heard Coulson snort, but that wasn’t possible because Coulson did not react to Tony in any other way than to threaten to taser him.
There was a comfortable silence before Clint spoke up. “Let’s go to Disneyland,” he suggested.
Chapter 137

Natasha was not amused. First she and Steve had been locked out of the tower (a minor irritation fixed with a bit of fiddling at a control panel, but an irritation nonetheless) then there was a flurry of alarms shot through with static and then, as if the freaking hurricane wasn’t enough, Tony blasted his way through the ceiling from the top freaking floor in a rage and Steve had to talk him down enough to get the full story but then Steve refused to let Natasha go out in the hurricane (level 4, maybe) to try and find Clint with Tony because he was all “You’re amazing, ‘Tasha, but you’re still only a human.” Jerk. But then Tony, who normally couldn’t care less what she did as long as it didn’t involve spiders in his bed, grew a conscious and locked her in a closet so she wouldn’t follow him into the storm. Ass. She’d show them both when the Tower wasn’t being bombarded by all manner of city trash. She’d kick their asses so hard, they wouldn’t be able to walk properly, or in Tony’s case, fuck for a month. Oh, yes, they were going to pay. Steve would be sleeping on the couch tonight. And maybe the next. Hell, he’d be sleeping on the couch until she felt sufficiently smug enough to let him back into bed. And spiders were required. Spiders in Tony’s bed until she felt that he’d learned his lesson.

All this, Natasha decided as she slammed one booted foot repeatedly into the door next to the deadbolt. Frustrated, she gave it a roundhouse kick and finally the bolt dug through the doorframe enough to spring free. Natasha aimed a resentful little kick at the door as she sprinted out, pulling her cell from a pocket to speed-dial Coulson.

“Agent Rogers,” he answered his cell promptly. “The hurricane is passing quickly, I have an address, but Stark and the Captain are handling the rescue. I assume you’ve just escaped whatever containment they forced on you, so I need to you to handle Lady Thor and Doctor Banner. Keep the Hulk calm.”

“Yes, sir. Last known location?”

“Floor seven and heading down with the baby.”

“The baby was born?!” Natasha cursed inwardly.

“We believe hostiles were only targeting Barton and Stark, but be wary.”

“Of course, sir. What of Loki and Darcy?” she asked as she short circuited the door to the stairwell.

“Unknown. Also, Miss Potts and Sergeant Barnes have been stranded at Stark Enterprises. Low priority.”

“Noted.” Natasha dashed up the stairs toward the seventh floor.
Sorry for the hiatus minions! I've been preparing to be a freshman in college this fall and it's taking up a lot of my time. Enjoy!

“We are not going to Disneyland,” Coulson announced decisively as he parked the jet on top of Stark Tower. Tony rolled his eyes. Coulson, Steve, and a very out of it Clint had been arguing about Disneyland ever since they had picked up Clint’s kidnapper (who was chained, zip-tied, and gagged in the back of the jet, glaring at everyone). Clint and Steve were for a trip to Disneyland, but Coulson was winning the argument by way of Awesome Boss Ninja status. They continued arguing, but Tony was thinking. Well, sort of thinking. He was mostly zoned out. And he felt odd. Like he was having an epiphany or something. At least, he thought so. He’d never had an epiphany before so it was hard to tell.

“I just had an epiphany,” he blurted out. “Our family is the most fucked up, issue-ridden, seriously screwy, insanely fucking weird family in the cosmos.”

There was a silence as Coulson, Clint, and Steve sent him strange looks.

“You just figured that out?” Clint asked finally. Tony shrugged.

“You were saying something about Disneyland?” Tony asked with a grin.
Chapter 139

Tessa was a child just learning to walk, but she also happened to be the daughter of one God of Mischief. This meant she was a very clever child. It also meant her uncle Tony tried to teach her to talk.
Tony held up a photo of a grouchy Loki. “Mama,” he enunciated slowly. “Ma. ma.” Tessa frowned at the photo.
“Daddy,” she argued.
“Mama,” Tony insisted.
“Daddy?” Tessa sounded less sure about herself.
“Ma. ma.”
“What are you attempting to teach my impressionable young daughter?” a grumpy Loki entered the room, scowling at Tony.
“MAMA!” Tessa shouted, pointing and laughing at Loki.
“What the fuck are these?!” Tony shouted from the kitchen. Because it was Tony, who should be kept out of the kitchen whenever possible, and he was prone to explosions, the rest of the crew responded immediately. Bruce, Steve, Natasha, Clint, and Coulson sprang to their feet and rushed into the kitchen. Tony was rattling and pounding at one of the lower cabinets, frustration clear on his face.

“What is it?” Steve asked, but Natasha and Clint started snorting with laughter and even Bruce and Coulson smiled. “What is it?” Steve asked again, bewildered. Tony stood, irritated, aimed a hard, bitter kick at the cabinet and walked away, trying to ignore Natasha and Clint giggling against each other.

“Baby locks,” Coulson said, taking pity on Steve. “Plastic locks for cabinets to keep children from getting into things.”
DINOSAURS

There was once a day when everything fucked the hell up and went to shit. The Avengers called it... well, they didn’t call it anything because no one remembered anything. Basically, it went like this...
“RAWR!” went the dinosaur.
“Is that a fucking T-rex?!” went Clint.
“Oh, shit!!” went Tony.
Everyone else screamed wordlessly as they were sucked through the gaping portal.
Just an Announcement Folks

This is just an announcement that the next chapter will be the last of this.... thing. epic. frankenstien's monster.

Let's make it a good one, eh?
the end

Chapter Notes

dedicated to my moste precious minion

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oooow,” groaned Tony. Beside him, Clint moaned in agreement as he pulled his face out of the dirt currently trying to force its way into his mouth
“Is everyone okay?” Steve asked from somewhere to their immediate right.
“No, I just got sucked through a fucking wormhole and now I won’t get to study that dinosaur that showed up in the middle of New York,” Tony complained.
“Well, he’s fine,” Clint said. “Tasha?”
“I’m going to murder that dinosaur in very creative ways,” the assassin said in a flat tone.
“I think Bruce is-” Thor started.
“SMASH!” the Hulk yelled and ran into the underbrush, tearing indiscriminately at trees.
“It would appear the portal has closed behind us,” Loki observed sourly.
“Where are we?” Steve asked the Trickster, going to his side to look out at the leafy jungle they seemed to have landed in.
“Old time Midgard, it would seem,” Thor said from behind them as he helped Tony to his feet.
“Wait, so that dino wasn’t some weird experiment?” Clint asked. “It’s an honest to god dinosaur and I don’t get to play with it?”
“I’m sure Tony can find you one,” Natasha pointed out with a mean smirk.
“Hell fucking no, I’m not going anywhere near a dinosaur without my suit!”
“RAWR!” went the t-rex that had snuck up on them.
“AH!” went everyone else, but the t-rex didn’t eat them. Instead it struck a dramatic pose. “IF THERE’S A PRIZE FOR ROTTEN JUDGEMENT, I GUESS I’VE ALREADY WON THAT! NO MAN IS WORTH THE AGGRAVATION!”
And then a stegosaurus leapt out of nowhere, also singing. “WHEN YOU GONNA OWN UP THAT YOU GOT GOT IT BAAAD?!”
And a chorus of velociraptors chimed in, “GIVE UP OR GIVE IN! READ OUR LIPS, YOU’RE IN LOVE!”
“AT LEAST OUT LOUD, I WON’T SAY I’M IN LOVE~!” the t-rex finished.
“The fuck?” Clint asked.
“That is so typical,” Tony agreed.

Chapter End Notes

sorry guys, but i’m ending this story. I want to focus on the others i have going on, but i’m also in school so i just don't have the time anymore. i hope you enjoyed this.

Works inspired by this one Baby Tony by AnonEhouse
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!