Rating:  
Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:  
Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:  
F/M, Multi, Other

Fandom:  

Relationship:  
Clint Barton/Darcy Lewis(Friendship), Jane Foster/Darcy Lewis(Friendship, Thor/Jane Foster(Background), Natasha Romanoff/Darcy Lewis(Friendship), Tony Stark/Pepper Potts(background), Bruce Banner/Darcy Lewis(Friendship), Darcy Lewis/Steve Rogers(Friendship), Darcy Lewis/Remy Lebeau, Thor/Darcy Lewis(Friendship), Peter Parker/Darcy Lewis(Friendship), Phil Coulson/Melinda May, Steve Rogers/Natasha Romanov, Darcy Lewis/Bucky Barnes/Remy Lebeau, Darcy Lewis/Bucky Barnes

Character:  
Clint Barton, Darcy Lewis, Phil Coulson, Nick Fury, Jane Foster, Thor (Marvel), Natasha Romanoff, Pepper Potts, Tony Stark, Bruce Banner, Steve Rogers, Peggy Carter, Remy LeBeau, Loki (Marvel), Melinda May, James “Bucky” Barnes, Peter Parker, Lucky(The Dog), Original Character, Jack(OC), Wade Wilson, Deadpool, Leo Fitz, Jemma Simmons, Skye | Daisy Johnson, Grant Ward, Odin (Marvel), Heimdall (Marvel), Victor Creed, Logan (X-Men), James Logan Howlett, Kayla Silverfox

Additional Tags:  
Knitting, Darcy Lewis Knits, AU: Darcy is Deadpools Daughter, Clint likes good quality, Poptarts, Tags to come as I work on this, First series: Woot woot!, Not Beta'd, like at all, Darcy doesn't take other peoples crap, Really long scarves, Darcy calls Natasha Honeybear, Dum-E gets a hat, Darcy calls Tony Twinkletoes, Bruce Banner's striped socks, Little bit of angst, Jane's protective streak, Dart gun Wars, Jane's poptarts, Steve doesn't have a stick up his attractive ass, Darcy likes abs, Or is that licks abs?, Both both both is good, Fury's eyepatch, Deadpool is a matador, Peggy Carter is Darcy's "Relative", Darcy's spectacular knitting skills, Darcy calls Fury Grumpybeard, Darcy calls Thor Hammertime, And has a heart to heart, Darcy's impeccable aim, Comfort, Darcy and Thor spar, Darcy calls Steve Captain Abs, Odin's eyepatch, Odin is Santa, At least in Darcy's mind, Darcy gives Loki a headache, Avengers cuddle pile, bungee jumping, Deadpool sings the Macarena, Grant Ward gets better character development, Darcy's dog Lucky, Clint's nightcap, Knitting Codes, There are trigger warnings at beginnings of chapters that require them, Darcy doesn't age, at all, Immortality yeah that's a thing, More common than Darcy previously thought, Lucky and Natasha are besties, Skye is Darcy's daughter, Jessica Jones is Darcy's daughter, Victor Creed's a chaotic neutral in this, And Kayla Silverfox doesn't die

Series:  
Part 1 of Knitting With Darcy AKA Darcy is Deadpool's Daughter

Stats:  
Published: 2015-10-22 Completed: 2015-12-22 Chapters: 58/58 Words:
Knitting With Darcy

by orphan_account

Summary

Darcy is a high quality knitter, accomplished scientist wrangler, the best daughter to an insane mercenary, and an expert assassin. She's also very protective of the people she likes. Mess with them, and you'll probably receive a box of knitted items as an odd but effective warning. Try it twice, and you won't be making it out alive. This is her journey as she meets and interacts with people from the MCU universe and more. Hope you like crazy, cause she definitely took after her dad on that part.

- Inspired by A Deadly Alliance by Caiti (Caitriona_3)
Coulson's Box of Knitted Sweaters

Chapter Summary

Coulson receives a box of sweaters on his desk. Apparently, Darcy Lewis can get into Shield protected offices without being seen. Shocking!

Chapter Notes

I do not own the characters used in this fiction or the MCU universe, they belong to their respective owners. If I did own them, this would probably be canon.

Jane wasn’t entirely certain when Darcy had started knitting, but she was certain that it had started somewhere after Shield confiscated her ipod. The knitting wasn’t distracting so Jane hadn’t paid any more thought to it until one day Agent Coulson arrived with a box of knitted items in his hands and a calm, yet oddly exasperated look on his face.

“Dr. Foster, you wouldn’t happen to know where your intern is?”

Jane’s science addled brain processed the fact that Coulson was asking for Darcy and she yelled out for her intern immediately, with a slight feeling of annoyance that Shield would want to take her attention away from science.

Darcy rounded the corner with a pop tart in hand that she stuck in Jane’s mouth before turning to face Coulson.

“Oh, good, you got my gifts.”

“Miss Lewis-“

“Before you say you can’t accept them let me point out that I got them into your office without even being booty called which is so not cool for your 007’s. Any old spy could just walk into your office with a bomb and the male version of M would be blown to bits. How is Director Fury by the way? I haven’t seen him in ages!”

Agent Coulson paused momentarily before picking up his cell phone and reading an incoming text. His eyebrows raised minutely before he turned back look apprehensively at Darcy’s smirking face. Darcy nodded to the common area before walking away and Coulson trailed after her intrigued. Once they were alone Darcy circled around Coulson before standing in front of him with her hands across her chest.

“All right, big guy, what do you know?”

“You’re a level nine clearance.”

“Yup!” Darcy popped the “p” on her lips completely unfazed.
“You wouldn’t happen to know what the highest level is?”

“That’s a Carter, no number.”

Coulson’s eyebrows raised and he surveyed the tiny woman in front of him.

“Who exactly are you?”

“A clumsy intern who happens to know how to kill. And if Shield comes near Jane Foster or Erik Selvig again without checking with me then Fury will be the one getting handmade gifts on his desk.”

Darcy patted Coulson’s shoulder before returning to her desk.

“Also, tell Fury to change out his eyepatch. And I want my iPod back by sundown.”

Coulson left the lab a little bit dazed but quickly recovering and dialed his number for Fury.

“Boss, you wouldn’t happen to know a Darcy Lewis?”

A row of expletives followed by the line cutting out told Coulson all he needed to know. The only problem was, what was he going to do with ten very loud sweaters?
Chapter Summary

Clint Barton has a mission, transfer Jane Foster without getting caught up in Darcy Lewis's ball of yarn. Just a drabble, and there will be more Clint in the next chapter.

Coulson had sent Clint down to talk to Dr. Foster’s intern, and had told him not to accept any knitted items. Clint wasn’t sure what that had to do with anything, except for the curvy woman in front of him certainly liked her sweaters since it was sweltering outside. The lab was freezing though, so he could see her logic.

Clint nodded his head to her politely before speaking.

“I’m Agent Clint Barton, Shield Agent, Agent Coulson sent me down here to tell you we will have to move Dr. Foster to a more secure location.”

There was a brief pause where Darcy just stared at him and Clint had a sudden premonition that he was being summed up. Then Darcy’s eyes lit up and she gave him a bright smile.

“Do you like mittens? Not like the ones you see in books but good quality mittens?”

Clint shifted uncomfortably and felt very confused by the sudden turn of subject, “Um, yeah, sure.”

“Good, I have eight pairs now and Jane won’t wear them because they get in the way of science.” Darcy made quotation marks with her hands and fondly rolled her eyes before beginning to rummage through a pile of knitted projects.

“Oh, uh, Coulson told me I wasn’t allowed to- Is that chevron?”

“Uh huh, and there are a few with a swirl pattern.”

“These are really well made, do you have any scarves?”

“Yup, I’ve got thirteen so take whatever you like. In fact, have the run of them while I start to pack things up.”

“Okay, yeah sure.”

It was a half an hour later when Clint realized Darcy and Jane had cleared out. He dialed Coulson and sighed in frustration.

“She did exactly what you said, Boss.”

“I told you not to get caught up in the knitting.”

“Chevron, Coulson. You can’t blame me.”

“Wait till I tell this to Romanoff.”

“Don’t you dare, I’ll tell her what happen in Fiji!”
“You wouldn’t.”

Clint grinned at this as he spotted Darcy and Jane’s jeep in the distance.

“I don’t think I’ll have to.”
Natasha and the Really Long Scarf

Chapter Summary

Natasha Romanoff, badass assassin with a habit of collecting dorks, meets Darcy Lewis, the cutest most terrifying person under the sun.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It took them two months to find Darcy Lewis and Jane Foster after Clint initially lost them. Clint had dragged Natasha along on a mission to find them a few weeks after the battle of New York happened since they had virtually nothing of more importance to do. Coulson had already tried sending twelve separate field agents out with no results.

When Coulson had questioned Thor about it before his return to Asgard he had simply laughed and told him that Lady Darcy had Lady Jane in a secure place. Thor didn't fear for his lady's safety, she was in good hands for Lady Darcy was a fierce warrior. She had bested him in battle using his own element against him! Coulson had set out to find them anyway since Tony Stark had started to inquire after the scientist to see if he could strike her a deal and was becoming a nuisance about it.

As it turned out Darcy and Jane had settled down somewhere in Canada but that was as far as anyone but Clint and Natasha could track them. This meant that the duo were doing a lot of legwork in small towns over the course of a few weeks and Clint had spent a lot of it complaining about the cold. Natasha had raised an eyebrow at Clint multiple times when he started muttering about mittens as they trudged around obscure towns. He was wearing two pairs of chevron mittens that she had never seen before and she rolled her eyes at him when he told her to try not to get drawn into the excellent knitting quality.

The two assassins came up to a large cabin on the outskirts of the town and split up to scope out the lay of the land. Natasha was slipping through some trees when she heard someone drop a pile of wood. She spun around with her gun drawn to see a woman with her own gun drawn. The woman was dressed in a large red overcoat, a rainbow striped sweater, jeans, a beanie, and the longest, most ridiculous looking scarf Natasha had ever seen.

“Identify yourself!”

“You first, Red!”

Natasha narrowed her eyes at the cheeky woman before realizing who she was facing down.

“You’re Darcy Lewis?”

“That depends on who’s asking, the majority of the Russians I run into want me dead but there are a few who know better than to threaten this mess of awesome.”

Natasha quirked an eyebrow, “Fury said you were observant, but he also said you were crazy.”

“Everyone’s crazy, I just don’t hide it. Now, are we going to stand here all day or do I have to give you a nickname? I’m going with Honeybear at this point, I mean you look like you could be sweet
but you also look like you could tear a man apart with your bare hands. Ha! Pun! Honybear, bare hands. Bear. Yeah, I’m totally hilarious.”

At this point laughing could be heard from the trees and Natasha rolled her eyes again.

“I was wondering when he’d break, you’re friend has been listening in the entire time.”

“I know.”

Darcy pursed her lips looking Natasha up and down before smirking.

“You’re with Shield.”

“How could you tell?”

“The guy up in the tree is Shield and you haven’t killed him yet, simple.”

There was silence for a few moments as Clint dropped down from the trees.

“Hello, Darcy.”

“When did we get to first name basis?”

“When you gave me mittens.”

Darcy grinned, “That’s right! So, are you going to introduce me to the red-head or do I have to keep calling her Honeybear?”

Clint coughed into his hand to suppress a laugh before pointing to Natasha, “This is Natasha Romanoff, aka The Black Widow.”

“Cool, those that know me call me- Well, they just call me Darcy but I’m working on it. I’m thinking something along the lines of The Red Phantom, but it’s still in the works.”

“Why would you be called The Red Phantom?”

“Oh, I’m so glad you asked! It’s because because I can do this!”

There was a red puff of smoke and Darcy was gone only to move a few feet. Natasha adjusted her gun instinctively and Darcy slowly holstered her own gun. Darcy stood stock still looking straight at Natasha until she slowly lowered her gun as well perceiving that Darcy wasn’t actually a threat.

Chapter End Notes

I forgot to format my other two chapters this way for easier reading, I can't seem to edit them to this format so until I find a way.... But I like this way better, easier on the eyes. Tootles and thanks for reading! Edit: First two chapters are reformatted, thanks for your patience!
Pepper Potts Slippers

Chapter Summary

Pepper Potts discovers that the people who interact with Darcy and Jane should be closely monitored. Darcy keeps adding to her reputation and really wants to make some slippers.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

When faced with an irate scientist, note this, steer clear of her gun-toting, taser shooting assistant. This will keep you from being scared out of your wits by a five foot three woman in a sweater and thick-rimmed glasses. A poor Stark employee had made the mistake of mentioning a contract first when greeting the pair, which Jane was hesitant to sign anything just yet, and that meant Darcy had begun to rail at him instantly. The employee however, didn’t have the intelligence to keep his mouth shut and count the costs.

“Miss Lewis, I assure you—”

“Oh no you don’t! The last time someone reassured me of something I got caught by the KGB and the file on that incident is locked up in Fury’s private desk! Don’t you dare assure me of anything!”

“Miss Lewis, is there a problem?”

Darcy turned her attention from the Stark employee who was trying to make himself as small as possible. Her eyes found the owner of the calm voice to be a red-head wearing a professional outfit of a pencil skirt, white blouse, and heels.

“Yes, yes there is. This here is Jane Foster, you guys have been trying to hire her for whatever sciency mojo you’re doing here. Just one problem, though, we haven’t been told anything! It’s like there was a big batman summons in the sky, only we’re not batman and our summons would probably be the silhouette of a notebook and knitting needles. I’m getting off track, where was I? Oh, yeah, if you want to properly hire somebody you have to tell them what you’re hiring them for besides science!”

The CEO of Stark industries blinked a few times before nodding and tapping on her screen to pull up the contract she had drawn up a few days prior. The Stark employee took the opportunity to make a hasty exit when a pointed look from Miss Potts was directed at him. Pepper returned to pulling up the contract as soon as the employee had removed themselves and read over the contract to refresh her memory before returning her attention to Darcy and Jane.

“I think I understand your concerns, Miss Lewis, so let me explain. Mr. Stark recently read a few of Dr. Foster’s papers, after which he thought it would be advantageous to both Stark Industries and Dr. Foster to sign a contract. He suggested it to me and I agreed. Your work here would be your own, we will provide anything you need and all we ask is that you keep an eye on a few of our projects that are more deeply rooted in astrophysics. If there was a project with any other scientist in the building that you would like to work in tandem with then that project would come under Stark Industries. But any project that you work alone is your own, we don’t own any rights to it. Mr.
Starks commenting on your work would not count as working in tandem, I say this because Mr. Stark comments on everything and he has taken a special interest in your work. Does that sound fair to the two of you?"

Jane smiled, “That sounds fair, what do you think, Darc?”

There was a moment of silence where Darcy just stared at Pepper before smiling too.

“Sounds like you’re doing right by my girl, Boss-woman. I still want to read over that contract though.”

“I would be surprised if you didn’t, Miss Lewis.”

“The names Darcy, nobody calls me Miss Lewis.”

“It’s not quite soon enough for that I think.”

“Really? I’m guessing you’d consider me giving you a box of handmade slippers as too much then, huh?”

Pepper turned to Darcy in surprise and took in the genuine look on her face.

“What kind of slippers?

“The fuzzy ones, in neutral colors though I didn’t think you’d appreciate rainbow stripes.”

Pepper coughed slightly to suppress a laugh and lightly smiled.

“No, I don’t think that would go very well with my wardrobe.”

The smirk on Darcy’s face said it all as Jane rolled her eyes.

“Be nice, Darcy.”

“I am, aren’t you supposed to give gifts to your employer?”

“Only if it’s meant as a kind gesture.”

“Well this time it is, and I gave you leg warmers the first time we met.”

“Oh, that’s right. Was that just before or after you took a knitting sabbatical?”

“Just before, I remember cause I had to replace two of my sweaters in succession because of one of Dr. Selvig’s cooking concoctions.”

Jane shivered at the memory of before Darcy had taken over cooking at the lab.

“Yeah, neither one of us are very good in the culinary arts.

“Given the fact that dinner has wound up on the ceiling both times the two of you have tried, I’d say that’s an understatement!”

Jane laughed with Darcy as Pepper smiled at the two friends. Darcy suddenly was very serious and turned to Pepper.

“Now really, do you like slippers? Or do you have something else you like that I could make?”
“You don’t have to make me-“

“Stop right there, yes I do. It’s my own little personal tradition and I’m not about to break it.”

Pepper sighed with a smile, “Slippers would be very nice, Miss Lewis.”

“Great! Now tell me, how high is this tower? Jane thinks I wouldn’t be able to bungee jump from the top.

Pepper resisted the urge to laugh as Jane sputtered.

“That is not what I said! I said you shouldn’t try it, it’s too dangerous.”

“Aww, come on. You can’t tell me Tony Stark hasn’t tried it at least once.”

Darcy looked to Pepper for confirmation and Pepper quickly schooled her features.

“I think you’d have to ask him that yourself, Miss Lewis.”

“Okay, I’ll do that as soon as I meet him.”

Jane looked slightly terrified at the prospect of Tony and Darcy in the same room. Pepper had a feeling that Darcy Lewis was going to be the most interesting thing to ever happen to Stark Tower and that included a vengeful Asgardian.

Chapter End Notes

I’ve gotten a few people who have been nice enough to point out a few grammar mistakes, thank you so much! I don’t have anyone but myself to edit and I don’t know anyone on the world wide web well enough to send it to them with total confidence that they won’t steal it. Just a personal trust issue so thank you for your patience. Thanks for reading!
Tony's Hat Crisis

Chapter Summary

Tony Stark is shocked to find that one of his robots is sporting a new hat. Darcy is grumpy in the middle of the night and really wishes that Tony would get the sleep he obviously needs.

Dum-E was wearing a hat. A hat! What looked like a fuzzy beanie, to be exact. Tony Stark was confused as to how the hat had gotten on Dum-E and why the robot refused to let him remove it. After five minutes of Tony and Dum-E playing keep away Tony had nearly given up. The robot wasn’t giving up the hat and he was almost ready to just let him have it. There was only one thing that puzzled him.

“Jarvis, who gave Dum-E that hat?”

“I believe Miss Lewis gave it to him as a gift, Sir.”

“Foster’s intern? The one Pepper likes so much?”

“Yes, Sir, Miss Potts has become fast friends with Miss Lewis. Mr. Stark, may I point out that it is the middle of the night?”

Tony ran out of his lab ignoring Jarvis and quickly found his way to Darcy’s quarters. He knocked loudly and was greeted moments later by a messy haired Darcy clad in a large jersey. She leaned against the door with her sleepy eyes closed and her hand running through a rat in her hair. Darcy winced as she tugged at her hair and opened her eyes to glare at whoever had woken her. Her mood didn’t improve when Tony gave her an appreciative once over and she growled angrily,

“What do you want?”

“Well my robot has a rather fuzzy monstrosity in his possession and I was wondering why in the name of sanity did Jane Foster’s intern give it to him?”

Darcy squinted at Tony thinking about informing him that she wasn't sane before deciding it was too late at night and leaning her head against the doorway with a yawn.

“Gee, I dunno, why would somebody give a robot a hat?”

“It’s pink!”

“Hot pink, Sparky, there’s a difference.”

“It’s a shade of pink, and it’s not suitable for a robot.”

“Stop being discriminatory against robots, what have they ever done to you?”

Tony ran a hand over his face in frustration, “I love robots. I create robots! What I don’t understand is what human being puts a pink- excuse me, hot pink beanie on a robot who’s primary purpose is to put out fires! And he’s not even good at that sometimes!”
“Don’t you have a giant pink bunny in your foyer, Twinkle-toes? And why did you even make the robot if he can’t wear a hat?”

“He was a project and he wasn’t made to wear- why am I even answering that question it doesn’t make any sense! This isn’t worth my time, Dum-E can keep the damn hat.”

“Good, I’m going back to bed now.”

“Fine!”

Darcy shut her door and Tony returned to his lab to see Dum-E throwing his hat up in the air and catching it over and over again. Tony turned back around immediately and marched back to Darcy’s door. Darcy answered looking as if she hadn’t left the door.

“You are very predictable for a person who obviously doesn’t sleep.”

Tony shifted slightly before saying, “Can you make three more?”

Darcy quirked an eyebrow, “For?”.

“I want to test a theory.”

Tony smirked when Darcy reached behind the door and pulled out three more beanies, “Here, just promise me you’ll get some sleep before you pass out, Stark.”

The next day you could find Dum-E happily juggling three beanies while proudly wearing one as well. Tony claims to be entirely ignorant of how Dum-E got the hats to anyone who isn’t Darcy and protests very loudly that it should be against the law for robots to have hats. Darcy likes to say that the knitting fairy gave them to the robot and enjoys picking fights with Tony on what color Dum-E’s Christmas present should be. So far, Tony is vying for the hat to be red and Darcy wants it to be purple.
Bruce Banner and Jane Foster were heavily invested in a new theory they had developed when Darcy entered at nine PM with a large bag of takeout food.

“All right, science enthusiasts. There is science that should be happening in your stomach and I can guarantee that it hasn’t happened at all today. So, come and get it!”

Jane was so deeply involved in an algorithm that Bruce was the only one who answered.

“We’ll be taking a break in a few minutes.”

“Nope, if I leave this room without at least one of you eating the two of you will be at it till the break of dawn. And forgive me if I’m wrong, but most people don’t consider anything spicy to be breakfast food. At least not without a broad mindset and a steel stomach. I suppose you could eat the naan for breakfast though, unless you ate it all tonight.”

Bruce walked over taking in the appetizing smell and breathed in the tantalizing aroma, “Authentic cuisine?”

“I’ve found scientists to be very picky. Jane will only take a certain brand of pop tarts and her taste in wine is ridiculously expensive. I figured I’d take a gamble and say you’d prefer real Indian food made by the best of what Tony Stark can afford. Which is the best, basically. So I used his credit card, with permission, ‘cause as much fun as doing it without permission sounds it’s illegal and just a jerk move overall.”

Bruce nodded with a bit of a dazed look that was a standard reaction to Darcy and returned to the root subject of her rambling.

“How did you know what I’d like, anyway? Forgive me, but I don’t recall telling you.”

“There’s a list on the fridge of who likes what kind of takeout, if you got out of the lab more often maybe you’d know that.” Darcy winked at him playfully and hopped up on one of the cleared off countertops so that she could swing her legs.

Bruce hastily looked away from Darcy’s teasing blue eyes while replying, “I’m more comfortable here in lab.”

“Yeah, I can definitely see the cozy appeal with the sterilized surfaces and toxic chemicals. Adds a sort of dangerous appeal that offsets the starkness. Oooh, I didn’t mean to make that pun, Stark, starkness, I’m so going to use that against Tony.”
Bruce huffed out a laugh, “Danger is actually what I’m trying to avoid. And yes, you did make a pun there.”

Darcy rotated her head from side to side quickly taking in her surroundings, “I guess that a lab might be marginally less hazardous than socializing. But I don’t profess to being an expert on the danger levels of the common lab.”

“Yeah, don’t tell Tony that. He would probably try to find out what the dangers are. Then again he probably already knows the answer.”

Darcy chuckled, “Yeah, Twinkletoes has a knack for spectacular lab disasters. The fireball explosion last week due to the glitch in his new suit was record breaking, I’m considering calling up Guinness World Records to find out if he broke a record of some sort.”

“Hmm, please let me know if you find out.”

“Will do, but you can’t judge if I go through with it.”

“I’ll dial the call if it’ll make you feel better.”

Darcy laughed and patted him on the back, “Thanks, Big guy. I should make you something, do you like scarves?”

“I find them a little too, constricting.”

“Hmm, mittens?”

“Only when it’s really cold and then sometimes I forget.”

“Oooh, I know, socks!”

“I could use some socks.”

“Great! I’ll make you some, with stripes!”

“Okay,” Bruce didn’t quite know what to say since it had been so long since anyone had treated him this way, it was nice.

The two sat in companionable silence as Jane scribbled away on various pieces of paper. Bruce began to eat the food Darcy had brought, tucking away a considerable amount.

“Easy, Big guy, you’re eating enough for three there.”

“Advanced stamina, my body consumes more food than I can keep up with sometimes. Of course, my irregular eating habits might have something to do with it, but I think it’s just that I can’t keep up.”

Darcy hummed contemplatively before returning her attention back to Jane who had stood up with her notes so that she could pace. Once Bruce was full he began to clean up making sure to leave out a serving for Jane. Darcy picked up the serving with a smile of thanks to Bruce before setting it on top of Jane’s laptop. She had learned early on to put food in Jane’s path rather than try to steer her away from the science. That way she picked up the food and ate while she worked rather than getting up after every two bites to babble on about her theory. With a final wave to Bruce she left the labs leaving the two scientists to their work. Bruce tapped Jane on the shoulder after Darcy left.

“Who was the woman who just came in here?”
“Huh?”

“The woman who brought us food, who is she?”

“Probably my intern Darcy. Black frames and a knitted sweater?”

“Exactly.”

“Darcy, she’s a good friend of mine. Takes care of me a lot I wouldn’t be here without her. Now if you’ll just take a look at these two pages-”

“She called Tony, ‘Twinkletoes’.”

“She calls Natasha Romanoff, ‘Honeybear’, your point?”

“Is she insane?”

“I think she makes perfect sense, but I’ll admit I have a bias towards anyone calling her otherwise.”

“I didn’t mean to offend, I just-”

“No, I shouldn’t have snapped, Dr. Banner. I know you didn’t mean anything by it. It’s just that Darcy is very dear to me and anyone saying bad things about her is going to have a very rude awakening. Sometimes she doesn’t stand up for herself, it isn’t often but it happens, and it usually pertains to her sanity. So please, don’t ask that again.”

“I understand completely, Dr. Foster.”

“Good, now let’s return to the algorithms and work out what exactly is holding us back.”

“Of course.”

Chapter End Notes

This work has taken off further than I ever imagined. I’m so glad you lovely readers like it. I know this is a little more angsty than previous chapters, but I want to start adding a few layers into Darcy as Deadpool’s daughter and this just seemed to flow with introducing Bruce Banner. So enjoy, I hope you like it.
Darcy's Dart Wars

Chapter Summary

Darcy meets Steve Rogers and now she really wants that speedo picture. Tony's idea's are fueled by Darcy's craziness. Natasha shamelessly encourages Darcy. Clint has strict rules about dart wars and would appreciate it if none of the scientists removed any of his body parts. Pepper assures Steve in the midst of the combined chaos. And Steve really appreciates it when people don't treat him like he just got out of the ice.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A tranquil day in Stark Tower always makes its residents on edge. Why, you ask? Because that means Darcy has left the building temporarily leaving behind a rather disturbing silence. She’d done it before, up and left without any warning at all. The only reason the entire tower didn’t set out on a manhunt every time was reassurance from Jane that Darcy would come back, she hadn’t run away or been kidnapped, she was just visiting an elderly relative and would return soon. Each time Tony made multiple attempts to extract information from Jane as to who Darcy was visiting but the astrophysicist was tightlipped about it.

“It’s not my business to tell you, now go build another robot and leave me to my work.”

“But Jane,” whined Tony as he held up a box of Poptarts he had brought as a bribe.

“No, and that isn’t the right brand now go away.”

Tony looked down at the Poptarts with an offended frown before leaving Jane to her work after two hours of his incessant poking. He did have to make sure Pepper had convinced the Star Spangled Man With a Plan to move in, finally, so he’d go find her to see if she’d had more luck than he had.

Steve Rogers had been the only Avenger to resist moving into The Tower and Tony wisely had left the haggling to Pepper on this one. Tony entered the common room only for a foam dart to hit him straight in the face. He opened one eyelid since he had instinctively closed his eyes and saw Darcy hanging in front of him with a maniacal grin. She was back home safe and Tony refused to acknowledge the sigh of relief in the back of his head.

“I got Stark!”

“Stark isn’t playing- Ooof!”

“I got Clint!”

“It doesn’t count if it’s through the ceiling, Darcy!”

“Aww, peanuts!” Darcy grumbled, “If it counts in real life why doesn’t it count in dart wars?”

Darcy disappeared and Tony automatically looked up to see the air vent she had returned to.

“You guys started a dart war and didn’t invite me?”
“It’s the assassins edition, Jarvis is recording so that when we can convince everyone else to play.”

“By showing them how badly they’re going to lose?”

“No, Silly, by showing them what they have to beat, it’s a challenge!”

Tony laughed, “How about a second edition with Scientists, Me, Bruce, and Jane?”

“Oh my gosh, Tony, you’re genius mind has done it again! What will the man think of next, Jimmy? Hopefully not the end of the world, Greg, that’s all I can say.”

Tony chuckled at Darcy’s fake commentator voices as the doors opened behind Tony and Pepper entered the room with Steve.

“This is the common room, many of the towers residents like to eat and spend time together.”

Suddenly a foam dart came out of nowhere and landed straight in-between Steve’s eyes. Steve caught the offending dart in his hand and turned an inquiring gaze to Pepper who looked unsurprised.

“There are also regular dart wars, I suggest making a habit of wearing headgear.”

Darcy had dropped down from the ceiling and Steve nearly jumped when he turned back around to find her standing a foot away from him.

“Sorry, that was meant for Clint but Natasha blocked my shot. Are you all right? I mean, obviously you aren’t injured it would be like shooting a tank and you’re kinda all buff and muscly. Oh my, those history book pictures don’t do you justice, do they? Natasha, I’ve decided that I really want that Avengers speedo’s pic!”

Natasha dropped down right next to Darcy with a light smirk, “Just mentioning it in Starks presence increases the chances of the whole team being roped into it.”

Steve was three shades of red out of embarrassment and turned to find Pepper had an amused smile on her face. Tony simply looked smug at the fact that he had found out what Darcy really wanted from the team. Darcy reached out and poked Steve’s abs which made him jerk back in surprise.

“Umm, I don’t think we’ve met, Miss-”

“Darcy, which is all you’re getting because everyone keeps wanting to call me Miss- Oh, nope, I’m not going to say it. You have to call me Darcy, no Miss, I’m a marksman with a perfect record I’m not miss-ing anything.”

“Noted,” Steve nodded his head in Darcy’s direction before shoving his hands in his pockets to try to compose himself. “So why are you doing, um, whatever it is you’re doing? Playing with soft darts?”

“They’re called foam darts, to state the obvious they’re made out of foam and are nearly harmless.”

Pepper suddenly looked interested, “Nearly?”

Darcy and Natasha exchanged a look before Natasha answered, “You don’t want to know.”

There was thick silence for a moment before Tony chimed in, “Well, I don’t know about you but my interest is piqued.”

“It’s a weapon that has basically replaced hard ammo with soft ammo, you can’t say that it couldn’t
potentially cause harm.” Pepper logically inserted her opinion which had absolutely no affect on Tony’s rampant curiosity. He was practically vibrating out of excitement.

“I’ve got to find Bruce, I want to test this out. Clint, I need your eyes and hands!”

“I’m afraid you can’t have them right now, I’m attached to them.”

“Come on, Barton, we won’t have to remove them I just want an expert marksman to test out the lethal value of a foam dart.”

“That actually sounds like fun, I’ll see you all later. Hopefully with all of my body parts in tact.”

Darcy saluted Clint and he returned the gesture with an added flourish before following Tony out of the room. Then all eyes returned to Steve who was standing in front of the three women calmly. Darcy was the first to speak after several minutes.

“So,” She drew out the “o” while puckering her lips, “Can I lick your abs?”

Steve cocked his head and raised his eyebrows before doubling over with laughter. Darcy smirked in triumph even as Pepper stared at her incredulously.

Natasha chuckled before whispering to Darcy, “Clint now owes me a total of one hundred and fifty bucks. Whatever you want to lick off of him or anyone else I will gladly buy.”

Darcy grinned at Natasha, “Oh, yes, this is going to be a very good day.”

Chapter End Notes

Nothing to do with knitting this chapter but you do get Darcy wanting lick Steve's abs(Which I'm sure everyone wants to do). There will be more of Darcy's creations in the next one. FYI, mainly what I'm doing is editing chapters right now just in case you were wondering how I'm posting so many chapters in succession. After tomorrow I will probably get into a more easy vibe due to my other commitments but I'll still be writing and posting as often as I can. Enjoy!
Fury visits Darcy with news, a favor, a request, and a plea. Darcy wants to scrub her ears out from the call she received from her father and see Fury in the knitted eyepatch she made him.

Nick Fury paced inside of Darcy Lewis’s quarters where Pepper Potts had let him in before going to find Darcy. After ten minutes of waiting Darcy entered the room with a full pot of coffee in her hands.

“You wanted to see me, my good Grumpybeard?”

“I’m here to inform you that we have lost track of your father.”

“I know.”

Fury paused while opening his mouth to continue, “You know?”

“Yeah, he called me from a bar two days ago. I think he’s in Spain? There were people yelling in Spanish and he said something about being a matador. The connection was terrible too, at first I thought he said, ‘I’m going to be a mother’ but then the line cleared a little. Of course, there is the possibility that he actually did say ‘I’m going to be a mother’ but I’m gonna go with matador cause it’s slightly less disturbing for me.”

The normal angry expression on Fury’s face lightened into a blank expression before he grumbled,

“I’m going to have to find someone who can keep up with him.”

“I’d suggest another mercenary, after all it takes one to know one.”

“That is part of the problem.”

“Yeah, I know. Is there anything else?”
“Ah, yes, I was told you wanted to hear the doctor’s report on Peggy Carter.”

Darcy shifted uncomfortably and took a sip from the coffee pot, “Is that going to be a problem? Cause if so then I can just steal it, no biggie.”

“Committing a felony would be frowned upon, Miss Lewis, and I’m having them e-mail you a full copy of her file tonight.”

Darcy visibly relaxed, “Thanks, if you need anything in return just ask.”

“Hmm, yes, I have two things to ask for in return.”

“Anything, as I said before and hopefully won’t have to say again. If you catch my drift.”

“An occasional mission for Shield would be helpful, I’m having a hard time with some of my senior agents acting like they own the whole damn universe. I know Romanoff and Barton would be willing to see if they’re talk leads to anything but they are too well known now. I need someone from the outside to begin to shake them up.”

“You want me to be a mole?”

“In a sense.”

“What are we talking here? A longterm commitment to a team? Or just a few missions here and there?”

“I actually want to start you out as Steve Rogers partner, the backgrounds there and he trusts you. Natasha is already assigned to him and could be clued in for support. We could phrase it as an acclimation detail to help Rogers get settled in.”

“If Captain Abs is okay with it so am I.”

Fury stood stock still for a moment processing what Darcy had just called Steve before replying shortly, “Good.”

“And the other thing?”

“Oh yes, ah,” Fury suddenly looked a little nervous, “I don’t want to wear the knitted eyepatch.”

“It was a gift, Fury. All I’m asking for is for you to wear it once.”

“It will look ridiculous, I’m a respected director and I refuse, Miss Lewis.”

“Just for a day, please.”

Darcy quickly sat the pot of coffee down to clasp her hands together under her chin and make puppy eyes at Fury’s stoic face. He made one last argument.

“It’s purple.”

“Please,” Darcy held out the word and bent forward a little bit making Fury lose his grip.

“Fine,” He gritted out before making a bee line for the door.

“Thanks, Grumpybeard! You’re the best!”
Thor's Cape for a Friend

Chapter Summary

Thor talks to Darcy after Jane expresses her worry for her friend. Darcy pours out a little of her closed off heart and expresses her fear of not dying.

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNING: MENTIONS OF SUICIDAL THOUGHTS AND ELUSIONS TO DEPRESSION!
Thank you all for reading, this chapter and the next reveal a little bit of Darcy's deeper side and feelings. For those of you who haven't figured it out yet and/or aren't able to read this chapter, Darcy inherited her father's mutant gene. So far it has been revealed that she can teleport, this chapter reveals that she has a strong healing factor and therefore cannot die. Once again, thanks for reading and just so you know this chapter was honestly a little hard for me. It dug a little into some old wounds but I think I healed a bit from it. Read responsibly, it's honestly not much and I know I'm making a big deal but I don't want anyone to get hurt. Again;
TRIGGER WARNING: MENTIONS OF SUICIDAL THOUGHTS AND ELUSIONS TO DEPRESSION!

Darcy was taking her frustrations out on a paper target with her personal handgun when Thor entered the room.

“Lady Darcy! I have finally found you, Lady Jane mentioned that you were feeling poorly. I've come to offer my assistance.”

“Thanks, Big guy, but I’m doing just fine.”

Darcy clipped out her reply as she finished off the fourth clip that she had gone through and felt little satisfaction at the near perfect two inch hole she had made.

“Nonsense, let us go to the training room and spar. It helps, trust me,” Thor gently took the gun out of Darcy’s hands and set it down on the table next to her. Her hands fell limply at her sides as she stared absently at the target.

Thor put his arm around her and guided her to the training room. Darcy pulled her sweater over her head as Thor pulled his own shirt off. The two stood opposite each other in the middle of a boxing ring, Darcy in her jeans and tank top and Thor in the sweatpants that he was so fond of. They circled each other a few times before Darcy took a swipe that Thor barely dodged. Thor then barreled toward her with the intent of tackling her to the ground. Darcy avoided it by front flipping over him and sending a firm donkey kick to his back. Thor hurtled to the ground and Darcy backed away to let him get up.

Thor stood up grinning, “Very good, Lady Darcy, I had forgotten what a fierce warrior you are.”
Darcy shrugged, “It’s in my bones.”

Thor leaned back twice to avoid two consecutive kicks from Darcy and grabbed her ankle when she tried a third time. He pulled back so that she lost her momentum only Darcy used that to go into a split and swing her free leg around to kick his legs apart. Then Darcy used the grip he had on her ankle to pull herself close enough to hook one of her legs behind his and buckle his knee so that he fell. Thor landed with a thud and chuckled.

“You are more unforgiving than usual today, Lady Darcy.”

“You’re not going easy on me either, Hammer-time.”

The two stood up and began to circle each other again, this time the two were more relaxed and were merely sizing each other up.

“Lady Jane showed me the files sent to you about your aunt.”

“She’s not biologically an aunt, Thor, just helped my dad raise me.”

“I understand, but you are straying from the point. You should talk to someone, Lady Darcy. When my brother first died—”

“She’s not dead yet,” Darcy took a wide swipe at Thor to distract him and he took ahold of her fist and spun her around so that he could hold her still. He knew full well that she could get out of the hold by teleporting and Thor could only hope she would stay and listen

“Lady Darcy, you must listen to me. It is not healthy, the way you are dealing with the possibility.”

“I’m not sane.”

“No, you are not, but you still feel. You’re still breathing, living, hurting. Pain is a sign that we are alive, and you are not going to die.”

Darcy broke down crying and slowly turned around once Thor loosened his grip.

“Everyone I love is going to die, and I’m stuck being immortal. I want to die, Thor, I want to!”

“This is a something we share. A curse and a blessing that we are forced to suffer. All immortals feel pain of this kind, Lady Darcy, and there are those out there who did not survive with their wits in tact. But you will survive, you who can laugh in the face of death, you will conquer. You will love those who may never have had another to care, it can be a gift to you, Darcy. A treasure, keep it safe. And Darcy, if you do not want to live among the Midgardians because of their short lifespan, you would be welcome with my people.”

Darcy shook her head, “Not now, not yet.”

“No, but undoubtedly there will be a time where it will be the two of us out of our loved ones here at Stark’s. Even my Lady Jane cannot last forever, even though it seems like she will always be here with us.”

Darcy squeezed around Thor’s middle before stepping out of the comforting hug and wiping her tears, “Thanks, I’m better now.”
“Know this, Lady Darcy, you are always welcome in Asgard. My people tell stories of your bravery and would warmly welcome your presence.”

Darcy laughed, “Did you tell them how insane I am?”

“These Midgardians have a very strange custom of labeling people who do not fit their standards. I do not always understand them.”

A wry smile graced Darcy’s features, “Yeah, and just think, people think that knitted sculptures are a joke.”

Thor smiled, “You’re sculptures are very appealing they look like little pieces of coral, at least that is what everyone here says.”

“Yeah, and you guys are the ones who really count. Oh, I finished the knitted cape you wanted for the lady that you met yesterday who’s kid who has Leukemia.”

“Excellent, we shall take it to the little warrior immediately!”

“Good idea, and you’re right.”

Thor smiled down at Darcy and pulled her to his side knowing that that was all the acknowledgement he was going to get.
Darcy ran into Janes lab shouting, “The test results came back negative!”

Jane immediately looked up from her work, “She’s going to be okay?”

“She’s going to be fine! The doctor called me personally and said that she’s going to make a full recovery, she’ll probably live until she’s well over a hundred in perfect health!”

“This calls for a celebration, I’ll get the junk food and movies.”

“I’ll get my biggest knitted blanket and plenty of pillows. Your room in ten, roger?”

“Roger!”

Jane and Darcy took off in opposite directions quickly gathering the supplies and making their way to Jane’s level of Stark Tower. The Avengers had been called out earlier that day and weren’t expecting to make it back for about two to three days time. Pepper wasn’t home either, since she had been called to a Stark Expo in France for two weeks so Darcy and Jane had the run of the tower. Darcy bolted into Jane’s room with a box of tissues between her teeth and three more piled on top of her blanket and pillows. She tried to speak to Jane through her mouth about the large selection of junk food her friend was setting up but failed to make anything more than a few muffled sounds.

“You know, you could have just teleported back and forth to get them up here.”

Jane pulled the box of tissues out of Darcy’s mouth with a chastising look.

“Aww, but that’s not as silly. Here, I didn’t know what kind of movies you were picking out.”

“Comedies, but we’ll probably cry from laughing so hard.”
“True enough, or maybe we’ll cry from the relief that Aunt Peggy doesn’t have MS. Or rather, you’ll hold me and say ‘there, there’ while I bawl my eyes out.”

Jane rubbed Darcy’s arm as she did start to tear up.

“I’m just so happy, you know. I didn’t want her to die like that, I want her to die in her sleep when she’s a hundred and two, longer if I can swing it.”

“Oh, Darcy, she’s gonna live a long fulfilling life. The results came back negative, all is well.”

“But I could have lost her this way. I never realized until this happened, Jane.”

Jane nodded her head and removed the pillows and blankets from Darcy’s arms, “I know, sweetie, I know.”

“I met her when I was six and she’s just been there ever since. She’s the only person who never tried to take me away from Dad and I just want to treasure that forever.”

“You can, and you will. She knows that, and you know that.”

“I know, but I was thinking about it all the other day. How she retired, came to live next door to THE Deadpool, and yes the capital letters are necessary,” Jane nodded her head unfazed by Darcy speaking like they were in text form, “and then make friends with him. She was the first person to actually treat him like a, well like a person. I remember Aunt Peggy used to tell him every time he argued with her ‘I can remember when I was considered only good enough to fetch sandwiches and coffee and type memos, so if you think I’m going to treat you any differently than anyone other bozo out there then you’re damn wrong, Wade, damn wrong’. Dad never argued with her for long cause he liked her too much. Gosh, those two would be the poster children for platonic soulmates if there was such a thing. They raised me, made me who I am. My dad always says I got his crazy but I got my guts from Aunt Peggy.”

“They made you into a wonderful person, Darcy. I’m sure they’re proud of you

Darcy started to cry at this and crumpled in Janes arms.

“Thank you so much, Jane, I don’t know what I’d do without you!”

“I think you’d be just fine, Darcy, you’re amazing.”

Jane hooked her chin over Darcy’s shoulder and held her as she soothingly rubbed her back. Darcy thanked heaven that she had a friend like Jane Foster.
Natasha's Really Long Scarf

Chapter Summary

Darcy knits on her way to Shield Missions. Steve is mesmerized by her hands. Rumlow and Rollins tolerate Darcy. Natasha finally gets her really long scarf and gives Darcy a codename. Darcy also makes a discovery.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darcy and Steve sat across from each other in a Shield jet waiting for the signal to get ready to jump. The clicking of knitting needles was starting to drive Rollins up the wall of the small plane.

“Can you stop that?”

Darcy looked up from the scarf for Natasha she was knitting with a wicked smile, “Would you rather hear about how much I wish there were more Golden Girls episodes?”

Rollins glared at her, “No.”

There was a space of a few minutes where there was complete silence. Natasha came out from the cockpit and quietly sat next to Darcy. She watched as Darcy methodically knitted using the gloves that Tony had made her and noticed that Steve was transfixed on Darcy’s hands. They were equipped with knitting needles that slid in and out of the gloves whenever she needed them and doubled as weapons. Darcy was a fast enough knitter that she typically did a project on the way to the mission and on the way back, and this mission she was knitting Natasha’s scarf.

“Looks good.”

“Thanks, I’m thinking about forty three more rows and I’ll be done. How much time do I have?”

“Ten minutes.”

“Perfect.”

Darcy’s fingers flew at an inhuman rate and Rumlow watched her with an impressed look on his face. He didn’t know how knitting applied to fighting skills, but if this chick was as good at her job as she was a knitting…

“How does she do that?”

Natasha grunted, “You should see her making an afghan, it’s like watching a spider weave a web.” She nugged Darcy, “I think I’ve got a codename for you.”

“Oh, yeah, is it spider related so we can match?”

“No.”
“Excellent way to force me to ask, what is it?”

“Trouble.”

“Trouble? Just that, nothing else?”

“No, just Trouble. It's ominous.”

“Trouble. Look out here's Trouble! Yeah, that'll do. Waddaya think, Captain Abs?”

“Well, it certainly fits.”

Rollins and Rumlow both nodded their agreement as Natasha smirked.

“Haha!” Darcy cackled, “I love it! Keep em on edge.”

The signal went off telling them they would soon be jumping just as Darcy tied off the scarf and cut the strings. Darcy kept a weather eye on Rumlow and Rollins almost the entire mission, using her crazy behavior as a ploy to keep bugging them. Once the mission was complete, and they were all back home safe, Darcy laid in her bed at Stark tower squinting at the ceiling in deep thought.

“Jarvis, what do you have on Jack Rollins and Brock Rumlow?”

“I believe that the only information I have on either of those men are located in the files that Mr. Stark downloaded from Shield during the battle of New York.”

Darcy sat up straight and stared into the darkness, “Show me.”

Screens popped up and Darcy took in the information quickly.

Her bright eyes widened as she stumbled across something, “Well, sh-”

Chapter End Notes

There will be a bit of a timeline crossing here, CA:TWS will have some aspects integrated into my own plot. I'm back to Darcy's quirkiness and will be doing a more gradual character development rather than the emotional roller coaster the last two chapters have been. Though I make no promises. Thanks for reading!
Darcy's Knitted Afghan

Chapter Summary

Fury wakes up in Canada and deals with some of his man-pain. Darcy is 100% done with the Hydra infestation and the two of them come to an understanding. Albeit a controversial one.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Everything was blurry when Fury awoke and he stayed completely still trying to evaluate what was going on. He wasn’t restrained in any manner and he felt a soft bed under him. There was the smell of coffee and pancakes in the air and a slight chill that reminded him of a cabin in the woods. Fury opened his eyes to see a log ceiling and he blinked rapidly. He felt a thin sheet laid on top of him and a heavy afghan over that. He brought a small part of the afghan to his eyes and nodded his head recognizing the fine stitch. Darcy. Fury rolled over and groaned as he sat up. He rubbed his head as a massive headache was setting in.

“Pancakes are almost done, if your head hurts there’s aspirin on the table. It’s not much but it’ll last you. Tried not to hit you too hard, but I needed you be completely under so that I could teleport without disturbance. It takes three times to get here and I rested in between so that you wouldn’t wake up vomiting.”

“Why did you kidnap me?”

“I like to think of it as coerced relocation. We need to talk and I felt it would be better in a secure location.”

“Talk about what?”

“There’s no better way to break this to you, Grumpybeard. You have a major Hydra infestation at Shield. The infestation’s so bad that cockroaches are looking pretty nice right now.”

Fury simply stared at Darcy for a moment before running a hand over his face and muttering a long string of curses.

“That’s what I said. Sit at the table, I’m finishing up the pancakes and oatmeal is set out already. It should have cooled enough that you can actually eat it without burning your mouth.”

“Where are we?”

“My dad’s old cabin, I was born here you know. Dad didn’t want anybody to find out my mom was pregnant because of a guy named Stryker, nasty character he is. You wouldn’t like him, no one does, I think it’s his face and personality.”

“What country are we in?”

“You know my nationality, Fury, where do you think I was born?”
“Canada.”

“Ten points to Gryffindor. You need to eat something and an aspirin.”

“I’m fine, this infestation you mentioned.”

“As far as I can tell it’s been happening since the Weapon X program was officially filed.”

“That program never should have happened.”

“Don’t beat yourself up about it, that wasn’t on you. In fact, Stryker was the one who thought of it, so really he’s the one to blame.”

Fury sat down heavily at the small table and stared at the door of the tiny cabin.

“How bad is it?”

“From what I can tell, around half of Hydra has infiltrated Shield. Even an infestation of rats at this point would be preferable.”

More expletives left Fury’s mouth as Darcy set a plate of pancakes in front of him.

“Yep, said that too.”

“This still doesn’t explain why I’m here and not back at Shield headquarters fixing this mess.”

Darcy sat down across from him with an expression that clearly read ‘Seriously?’.

“No offense, but you’re not of any use there right now.”

“Why the hell not?”

“Because you would probably be dead. And a dead director gives no orders.”

The silence that followed involved the two of them staring at each other. Fury kept a blank face unsure of what to say.

“I need to go back, Shield-“

“Shield will survive until it is safe enough to come back under your leadership. In all honesty, you might need to create a new Shield and pick through your old contacts.”

“Darcy, if what you say is true I need to clean up my own damn mess.”

“It’s not your mess, this started before you became director. The director before you was a traitor, by the way, and he’s been dealt with.”

“By who?”

“I called in a favor, trust me when I say, he’s dead.”

Fury was silent as Darcy lightly shoved the pot of oatmeal his direction. He didn’t move and Darcy patiently sat waiting.

“I’ve never seen you this calm.”

“I’m angry, and I’m trying to get the seriousness of the situation into your brain. You are staying
here, I am going back. When I return to this cabin I expect you to be in it. The woods surrounding this place are not safe to roam so don’t go out unless you need wood. I wouldn’t let Steve out into these woods alone, let alone you. It’s still snowing up here so I took the liberty of getting you a bear coat and some accessories. There are boots under the bed and enough food in that small pantry to last you for a month. I don’t think I’ll be that long but you never know, you may like it here.” Fury grunted in acknowledgement before grudgingly nodding his understanding.

“Fine, as much as it pains me to say it I trust you to get this done. Just one more thing, you’ll want to contact Agent Coulson.”

Darcy stared blankly at Fury for a moment before picking up her cup of coffee, “I don’t want to know how you swung that one.”

“T.A.H.I.T.I.”

“Hell, Fury, I’ve told you messing with that crap that stuff has problems. I told you with the Tesseract and I told you with that damn-“

“We have to utilize everything we’ve got, we’re underprepared and I couldn’t afford to lose Coulson.”

“Fine, I get it. But if you ever do something stupid like the Tesseract again Fury I’m going to blow a gasket!”

“That is understood, probably going to be ignored but understood.”

Darcy rolled her eyes,

“Whatever, Grumpybeard. Now eat you’re making me hungry sitting there with food in front of you. Don’t you know that you need food to continue living? Honestly, Eat!”

Chapter End Notes

So, this is my next Fury chapter. We'll go through some(note: not all) of CA:TWS. The reason I'm not going completely by the movie is because I have a goal in mind. Now, out of curiosity, how many of you would like there to be a side romance for Darcy? Note: I'm probably going to do what I want(cause that's the way I am, unfortunately and fortunately) but I'm very interested in your input. Thanks for reading!
Aunt Peggy's Advice

Chapter Summary

Darcy calls her Aunt Peggy for advice. Promises to get her out of that blasted nursing home she's stuck in. And assures Steve that she's not going to lie to him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“It sounds like you have the situation well in hand, Darcy.”

Peggy’s British accent filtered over the connection and Darcy nodded her head even though Peggy couldn’t see her.

“You want my advice? Kick their asses.”

Darcy smiled, “Somehow, I knew you’d say that. Damn it, I miss you.”

“I miss you too, speaking of missing where’s your dad this week?”

“Japan, he told me to tell you he’s dropping by in a week or so.”

“Good, I need something to cheer me up. These people are boring there’s no life left in almost all of them, and the food here is terrible. I’m seriously contemplating laying siege to the kitchen.”

“I’m sure you’re up for the job, but why don’t you just take up a hobby until I can get you out? I mean, you could just leave I know that and you know that, a nursing home really doesn’t have the kind of security to keep you locked up, but you're waiting for me and in your spare time you could at least pick up something to do. Knitting or puzzles or tennis?”

“I’ve tried being the complacent old lady who enjoys laying under piles and piles of knitting but who am I kidding, Darcy? And I’m not meant for laying around all day or doing puzzles with elderly people who are drooling out of their mouths. My hobby is fighting and I’m damn good at it. I may be old but I’m not dead. Although tennis sounds... interesting. If I absolutely had to I could.”

“Aunt Peggy, I promise I’ll get you out as soon as possible. The doctor’s just don’t want you staying somewhere where no one can take care of you and Dad apparently doesn’t count. If you get absolutely desperate you have my full permission to check yourself out just please let me know where you are. If you're willing to wait until I get Shield straightened out I’ll find somewhere else you can stay. I can’t promise anything fancy but I think I might have an idea.”

“Oh, you don’t have to do anything, Dear. I can figure out something myself, it will be a challenge. I’m sure I could start a mutiny if there was nothing better to do.”

“I’m not an authority on this but I think I’m supposed to be discouraging you from doing that.”

“What’s the fun in that? Live a little, Darcy. And, honestly, if any one of these doctors had a brain they’d release me into Wade’s care. He’s fully capable of taking care of people, in more ways than one.”
“I think the other way is what they’re worried about. Honestly, Aunt Peggy, I think Dad’s been a bad influence on you.”

The sarcasm in Darcy’s voice indicated that she didn’t actually believe that and Peggy grinned on the other side of the phone before becoming agitated again.

“Damn them all, I’ve about had it with their useless worries. Besides your father is an excellent influence, he raised you didn’t he?”

Darcy was walking towards the building address Natasha had texted her and looked up to see a fight going on in a glass elevator. The shield being used as a weapon was what got her attention though.

“Uh oh.”

“Darcy, Honey, are you all right?”

“Uh, Aunt Peggy, I’m going to have to call you back. I’ve got a situation to diffuse.”

“Oh, Sweetie, have fun.”

“You bet.”

Darcy ended the call and teleported into the elevator as Steve was fighting off the men attempting to restrain him. There was a moment of surprise in Steve’s eyes before he nodded at her and began to force men in her direction, which considering the tight quarters, wasn’t that hard at all. Darcy gripped the shirts of two men before teleporting into the sky and dropping them from a considerable height. When she teleported back inside the elevator it was just Rumlow and Steve fighting, the rest of the men laying on the floor unconscious. She made an impressed face before leaning back in case Steve needed her. Darcy heard Rumlow tell him it wasn’t personal and she rolled her eyes as Steve lost it and laid into him. When Steve was finished he picked up his shield and stood panting.

“It sure felt personal.”

He turned to Darcy who gave him a wry smile, “I need to brief you on a few things when you’re ready.”

The tired look in Steve’s eyes was a little haunting to Darcy, “People have been lying to me all day.”

“That’s why I’m telling you no more lies, if we’re going to make it through this we need to be honest with each other, none of that secrecy crap. Natasha’s waiting for us, and it isn’t safe here. We really need to go.”

Steve nodded and followed Darcy blindly, knowing he could at least trust her.

Chapter End Notes

I'm ignoring that Peggy Carter has Alzheimers in canon if you hadn't picked up on it before. I have little to no framework for an older Peggy Carter without Alzheimers so she may be a little OOC, but she's kickass anyway and I've got more for her later that this will add on to. Darcy's moving along and the next two chapters are gonna go by fast. Thanks for all the amazing comments about Darcy x ?. I had already decided on who to pair her with earlier but I was a little unsure if I actually wanted to take that route
or leave the romance out of it (I've had both ways written out debating it for what seems like forever). It won't come in for a few chapters yet, and honestly I doubt any of you are going to guess but you can look at my answers to comments in the last chapter for clues if you like:) Also, I've got two more separate fic ideas I'm ironing out in my spare time for DD!Darcy (DeadpoolsDaughter!Darcy that is) and one of them is oneshots for DD!Darcy pairings that have been suggested that I'm not using in this fic but would like to explore. As soon as I've edited and posted all of the chapters for this fic I'll edit and start posting those. Thanks for reading and stay tuned!
Steve was devastated over Bucky, Natasha was recovering from having her whole world turned upside down by Shield turning out to be Hydra, and Darcy—Well, Darcy was just trying to keep Shield’s head above the water. They had wound up at a guy named Sam Wilson’s house and they were laying low while Steve and Darcy figured out a plan. Earlier that day when they were still regrouping she had gotten a call from Coulson.

“Miss Lewis, I’m afraid I need confirmation.”

Darcy rolled her eyes knowing exactly why he needed “Confirmation”.

“You’ve got all the confirmation you need, Son of Coul.”

“Where are you getting your information?”

“Aw, come on, don’t you trust me?”

There was silence on the other line and Darcy sighed, Coulson didn’t trust anyone easily.

“Is the Cavalry there?”

“Yes.”

“Put her on the line.”

There was a pause while Coulson handed May the phone.

“Lewis.”

“Hey, Grant Ward is a snitch.”

“That’s what I thought, I’ve been trying to get closer to him to confirm.”

“I’ve got all the confirmation I need, Coulson is being his usual suit and tie self and I was hoping you could convince him to cut him off from your team. It’s dangerous to continue having him so close to what you guys know.”

“I’ll handle Ward.”

“Good. Tell Coulson once all hell breaks loose to keep his crew tight, I’m going to need you guys to rebuild.”

“Hold on, Coulson wants to talk to you again.”

“Darcy, how bad is this going to get?”
“I’m guessing we’ve got limited time before they know that we know. Maybe a day or two if we’re lucky. I’m going to get ahead of them, but I need you to rebuild. You’re team has got killer instincts on who is or is not trustworthy and I want to use that.”

“I don't know about that with this recent light on Ward but I'll take your word for it.... Is Director Fury okay?”

“Fury’s fine, he’ll come back when I deem it safe. Aunt Peggy always told me to protect the head, that’s where an organization is most vulnerable to a kill-shot.”

“Darcy-“

“Yeah?”

“Keep him safe.”

“You got it, Chief. Oh, I made you and May matching Captain America sweaters. I’ll get them to you next time I see the two of you. Cheers!”
Darcy's Going Hunting

Chapter Summary

Darcy maps out her game plan and sets out a-hunting.

Darcy walked into the bedroom at Sam Wilsons home where Natasha and Steve were chatting and plopped down on her stomach next to Natasha.

“All right, so what we know so far is that the Winter Soldier is Bucky Barnes, Alexander Pierce is head of Hydra, Rumlow and Rollins were both Hydra, and we’re being shot at every which way. Also, I gotta ask, where’s Clint?”

“Mongolia.”

“Why?”

Natasha shrugged, “I wasn’t briefed.”

“Okay, that’s inconvenient. Tony is currently working on the Sheild database to give us a Hydra hit list because the Green Jolly St. Giant is apparently something that Hydra can’t handle just yet. That gives us an advantage because that means everyone in Stark tower is safe so long as it’s on lockdown. Thor is back in Asgard so there’s not much we can do there but I just talked to your friend Sam and he’s going to be a big help. I can’t wait to see what he can do with a set of wings, just telling you I’m probably going to start calling him our guardian angel. Now, without going into too many details, we’re going to be getting into some deep waters but I have a plan. I need the three of you to start taking out Hydra units, one by one. If we can get in contact with Maria Hill add her to the team she’s clean. Once Tony has a full list he’ll send it to your guys, it shouldn’t be long. Any questions?”

“What about Bucky?”

Darcy smiled fondly at Steve, “That’s my job, just trust me, I’ll bring him back to you.”

Steve nodded and turned back to Natasha with a bit of a smile. Darcy was surprised to see Natasha genuinely smile back and she raised her eyebrows for a second before leaving the room. Sam smirked at her from the kitchen as she fanned herself mockingly.

“It’s way too hot in there. I’ll bet you ten bucks they’re dating by the end of this.”

“Oh, it’ll take longer than that.”

“Ten bucks then?”

“Totally.”

“Cool, where are you going?”

Darcy was quickly pulling on her coat and beanie, “Well, first I'm going shopping and then... Hunting.”
Sam watched Darcy leave apprehensively and shrugged at Steve who was standing in the doorway sending him a questioning gaze. There was just no way for him to know exactly what Darcy meant by that.

"She's got spunk."

"You have no idea."
When Alexander Pierce walked into his apartment he was satisfied to see The Asset sitting off to the side. He reached into the refrigerator getting some milk while making a few subtle comments. When he closed the refrigerator he noticed there was a third occupant of the room.”

“Who are you?”

The young woman was sitting casually in a chair with a glass of wine in her hand. She didn’t answer only taking a sip out of a glass that Pierce recognized as one of the exquisite set he owned.

“I demand you tell me who you are.”

The woman uncrossed her legs and Pierce took in her black ensemble with an odd shiver of fear that he immediately tried to stamp down.

“Tell me, you’ve heard of the KGB’s worst nightmare? Haven’t you?”

Pierce recalled when one of his men had reported to him that the KGB was rapidly losing their followers to an unknown assassin.

“Who are you,” whispered Pierce his throat suddenly becoming very dry.

“I’m a very angry nightmare.”

“Impossible, The Asset was sent to-”

“To kill me, I know. And I sent him back to you fully convinced that he had succeeded. I don’t know if you realize but brainwashing people is a big no no on my list.”

The woman was practically hissing her words at him, “I should have caught on the first time I saw him, but you made a grave error and that’s given me an opportunity to remedy my own mistake.”

“I haven’t made any error’s. It’s the perfect plan.”

“Oh, but you have. You sent your asset,” The woman began to walk toward him menacingly, “After Captain America, and he recognized him for who he really is. A human being.”

The woman turned to where The Asset was sitting mutely and raised her hand slowly before snapping her fingers. The Asset fell off of the chair in moments and Pierce panicked opening his mouth to shout for help only to find he couldn’t speak. His hands came up to his throat gasping in shock as he began to flail around trying to indicate he was in trouble to someone, anyone who would come to his aid. The woman knocked him off his feet and towered over him with her boot on his neck.

“My name is Darcy Lewis, I’ve been known by many names but now, I’m Trouble.”
She cut off his airway and he spasmed for a few moments before finally succumbing. Darcy checked to ensure he was dead and then turned to check on Bucky. He was waking up laying on his side clutching his head with tears in his eyes. She came up behind him grabbing the knitted quilt she had brought and laid it over his shoulders. The haunted look he cast over his shoulder made her heart wrench.

“Where am I, where’s… Where’s Steve?”

“I’m going to take you to him, don’t worry. I just have to take care of a body first and then you’ll get to see him.”

“What happened?”

“You were brainwashed, don’t worry, I fixed it. You’re going to be fine now.”

Darcy felt the oncoming migraine and felt her eyes water a little pressing on to get the body and Bucky out of the apartment. She hadn’t used those powers in years, she didn’t know how much pain she would be in later but she knew it wasn’t going to be good. It had been the right thing to do though, Bucky’s recovery would have been much more painful for him and Steve if she hadn’t. That was a consoling thought, she had saved them pain. In this moment, she finally had something to thanks Stryker for. Hah, he’d probably roll over in his grave if he knew that she was thanking him for helping her help another person who had been brainwashed. Oh, the irony.
Darcy's Power Problems

Chapter Summary

Darcy brings Bucky back to Stark Tower, passes out from using her powers, and Jane explains all. Meanwhile, everyone cares about Darcy Lewis.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Darcy showed up with Bucky at Stark Tower Tony was buzzing with information on Hydra.

“The little creeps were everywhere, I owe you, Darcy!”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. Any news on Steve? I’ve got someone who’s going to want to see him again.”

Darcy lowered Bucky onto the couch in Tony’s lab and Tony made an interested noise.

“Is that?”

“Yes, Tony, it is. I really need you to focus on the number thingy’s on your screen.”

“Algorithms, I created one specific enough to-”

“Catch the bad guys, that’s good, Tony. You’re one super scientist”

Darcy laid next to Bucky on the couch closing her eyes as another burst of pain clouded her senses and Tony turned his attention on her.

“What’s wrong?”

“Damn lab experiments that’s what’s wrong.”

“Excuse me?”

“Not the kind you do, Tony. The kind mad scientists do on people when they want to achieve world domination or decide to create something sinister for the supposed good of mankind.”

Bucky was staring off into space until she said that and then she suddenly had his attention.

“What are you talking about, Doll?”

“Nothing,” Darcy began to get a glazed look in her eyes and she rested her aching head against Bucky’s shoulder.

Tony shared a looked with Bucky that shouldn’t have been possible with how little they knew each other. It was one that communicated they were both thinking the same thing

“Jarvis, is Dr. Foster in the building?”

“Dr. Foster is on her way as we speak, Sir.”
“Notify Pepper as well.”

“Already done, Sir. I’m monitoring Darcy’s vital signs and her heart rate is unsteady.”

Tony was in front of Darcy in an instant patting her cheek to keep her awake.

“Darcy, stay with me. Darcy?”

“Is there something wrong with her?”

Jane burst into the room with a worried look, “Did she pass out yet?”

“No, what’s wrong with her?”

“She’s going into a sort-of shock, her body is in too much pain to stay conscious. We just need to keep her comfortable so that she can heal.”

“What could cause this?”

“That’s a very complicated question. Darcy was experimented on when she was in her late teens. A man named William Stryker was a former employer of her father, Wade, he refused to cooperate with Stryker when he started experimenting on mutants. From what I understand before Stryker became power crazy he lead a hit team of comprised of mutants and that is how Darcy’s father knew him. After Wade refused to help him Stryker threatened Wade’s wife. She was a mutant too and six months pregnant with Darcy. Her father evaded Stryker for nearly eighteen years. Darcy knew Stryker was a threat but she set out on her own anyway- Tony, lift her legs up onto the couch I need her to be laying flat- and was captured. Her mother and father were captured as well, but were put in a different lab without Darcy’s knowledge. When she was in the lab they specifically targeted her genetic code, they wanted to see if they could add powers to a mutant by, in a way, adding X-genes.”

Jane looked down sadly at Darcy and tucked a strand of hair behind her head.

“They succeeded, but not entirely. She can’t access the powers without doing temporary damage to herself, she heals but it’s painful.”

Bucky looked stricken as he realized that Darcy had probably been put in this situation because of whatever she had done for him. He was worriedly transfixed on Jane as she checked Darcy’s vitals.

“She doesn’t talk about her time in there much, just the basics. She escaped with another one of the mutants, a Cajun who goes by the code-name Gambit. They’re close.”

Tony nodded his head and looked up as Pepper walked in with Bruce.

“What happened, did she access her powers?”

“Bruce, you knew about this?”

“Darcy confided in me, she wanted to know if there was anything I had discovered about my inquiries into the Other Guy that might apply to her own problem.”

“Can you stabilize her genetic code?”

“I’m working on it, but I’m not sure it’s actually possible.”

“Why doesn’t it effect her original mutation?”
“I think that since the mutation is stable she can use it without harming herself, the same goes for her healing factor.”

“What the hell is a healing factor?”

“It’s a sort of repair system for the body, her cells regenerate at an abnormal rate.”

Tony shook his head and rubbed his chin in thought, “I’m going to have research this.”

Jane looked up from where she was kneeling next to Darcy’s prone form.

“She’ll wake up tomorrow unless she did something extremely strenuous.”

“If you like we can move her to her bedroom. Jarvis will continue to monitor her vitals from there,” reassured Pepper as she stood by waiting to see if there was anything she could do.

Bucky was already moving, picking up Darcy carefully and waiting for Jane to lead the way. He didn’t know this woman, but she’d obviously helped him out a lot. He’d ask about all of the weird things around him later and why everything was so shiny, it was like what he knew was a distant memory and everything in-between was a bit fuzzy. Steve would probably know…

Chapter End Notes

Darcy's time being experimented on is something that's going to be a recurring subject for the character's to discuss. It's a subject that relates directly to the pairing I have for her and explains a few of the changes in the DD!Darcy 'verse. However, it won't come up often after the next few chapters I have to edit. Then it'll be spread out a little sparsely. Thanks for reading!
Darcy's Power Problems Part 2

Chapter Summary

Darcy wakes up to a whole room of worried faces, and a few faces that show up afterwards.

Darcy woke up the next day to Steve, Natasha, Tony, Bucky, Jane, and Thor sitting around her bed.

“Umm, why is everyone staring at me like I’m a sculpture in a museum?”

Everyone let out a collective sigh except Jane who was used to the drill at this point in their relationship.

“No one wanted to leave until you woke up. Pepper, Bruce, and Tony are watching on monitors, they’ll probably be down to check up on you in a moment.”

“Aww, hell, guys. Come on, it’s not a big deal.”

“You passed out, Darcy. Stark told me you looked like you were dead at one point.”

Darcy wryly replied, “Wouldn’t surprise me if I was.”

Steve gave her “the look” and she didn’t have the strength to send a scathing one back.

“Hey, sick person here no judgy looks.”

Bucky looked guilty when she joked about being sick, “I’m sorry.”

“Why is he apologizing? Awww, he looks like a kicked puppy. I forgive you for whatever you did cause you’re so adorable. Did he do something bad?”

Darcy whispered the last part to Jane who chuckled, “No, he’s been beating himself up that you used your powers to help him.”

“Oh,” Darcy fake slapped him on the arm and Bucky smiled, “Do not apologize to me for that! It was my own choice, I made it, and I deal with the consequences. Besides, being unconscious for a day or two isn’t that bad. Although I missed the morning news anybody got a newspaper?”

Everyone started to look around for one except Natasha, who calmly handed her the one sitting behind her.

“Picked one up, I know you don’t like waiting.”

“You’re the cat’s meow, Honey-Bear. Thanks bunches!

Darcy methodically unfolded the newspaper as Tony dramatically waltzed into the room with Bruce on his heals giving him an amused eye roll.

“How is the patient, Dr. Foster?”

“Mending quickly, she asked for the morning paper.”
“Fantastic, you’ll be happy to know that I finished the Hydra Hitlist. A copy for Steve is laying on the kitchen counter as we speak.”

Steve looked back at Darcy almost asking for permission and she made a shooing motion with her hands.

“I’ve been dead a thousand times, go. Shoo!”

Natasha winked at Darcy before following Steve out the door. Tony and Bruce trailed after them with the excuse that they were sciencing and sent happy smiles Darcy’s way. Once they left Darcy turned her attention to Thor who was adoringly watching Jane.

“When did you get here Hammer-Time?”

“Heimdall saw what you accomplished, he made me aware of your subsequent state as soon as he knew. I came back to make sure you were well, Lady Darcy.”

“Aww, remind me to knit something for Heimdall, I already have your father’s eye patch finished so you can take it back whenever you leave. I hope you don’t mind I made it red and green cause he reminds me of Santa with that big beard. I think you came back for another reason too though, and I’m glad I could be an excuse for you to live up to your nickname for my friend here.”

Jane blushed as Thor chuckled, “You are full of wit today, Lady Darcy. I believe that means you are getting better.”

“Yep, now whisk away your lady, if I know her, and I believe I do, she hasn’t slept a wink.”

Thor smiled before ushering a protesting Jane out of the room. Bucky was the only one left and Darcy tilted her head at him.

“How are you feeling, Puppy-eyes?”

“Like someone took a hammer to my head. And all of my memories are jumbled.”

“Yeah, that’s normal for someone who’s been brainwashed. With the amount of time you were brainwashed I wouldn’t be surprised if that lasted a few days. Just use it as fuel to destroy your enemies, as they probably say in Asgard.”

Bucky nodded his head solemnly despite not knowing where or what Asgard was, “Thanks, Dollface.”

“Think nothing of it, Puppy-eyes. Now, let’s see what the news has to say about the past uneventful week of New York.” Darcy winked at him, “Note the sarcasm and learn from a master!”
Chapter Summary

Darcy rests from overexerting herself saving Bucky, gets a message from Melinda May, and has a nice chat with Jarvis.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Jane had put Darcy on two days of bed-rest after she woke up and gave Darcy a chastising look when she tried to get out of bed.

“You weren’t thinking responsibly when you took that chance so you need to rest. I’m glad you saved Bucky and Steve the pain of Bucky being brainwashed but you should have done it in a more secure environment.”

“Oh, come on! The only reason I blacked out that fast was because I had to burn a body first, Jane. You can’t do that in the city and I didn’t have time to stop.”

“I don’t care, we need to make sure you’re body has fully recovered.”

“You’re not even that kind of doctor, Jane!”

“No, but Bruce is, do you want me to call him in here?”

Darcy pursed her lips together recalling how guilty Bruce could make anyone feel by giving them that lost puppy look of his.

“No,” She grumbled as Jane retrieved her basket of knitting.

“Can I at least have my cell phone?”

“It’s in the drawer where you always keep it.”

“Gee, thanks.”

Jane’s patience helped her to ignore Darcy’s ungrateful attitude and she told Jarvis to make sure Darcy didn’t get out of bed.

“You’re not going to side with her, are you Jarvis?”

“As much as I enjoy your company, Miss Lewis, Dr. Foster has my full support.”

“Great, even the AI is against me.”

“I believe that our intentions are to help you, we all care about your health and well-being.”

Darcy blushed a bit, “Thanks, Invisible Man.”

“You’re quite welcome, Darcy. You should know that Mr. Stark has plans to keep you company in
“the evenings.”

“Oh yeah, what does Twinkle-toes have in mind?”

“I believe he is organizing a game night with the entire tower.”

“Oooh, speaking of how are Steve and Natasha holding up?”

“Quite well, and they are expected tonight for approximately two hours.”

“Wow, Twinkle-toes has impressive planning skills.”

Darcy set to work choosing a project to work on from the large basket and finally settled on the lace curtains she was making for Jane’s room. She thought they would bring a more homey touch to the place.

“I.M., what’s the status on Hydra?”

“Captain Roger’s reported that they have captured a significant number of Hydra’s agents due to the initial panic of Alexander Pierce’s demise.”

Darcy smirked, just how she had planned it, “Good, anything on the Shield front?”

“Agent May called earlier for you and left a message. I believe it was significant news.”

“Grant Ward?”

“Yes, I recored the message for you allow me to play it, ‘Tell Lewis that Ward has been neutralized and that I’m waiting for her to start his interrogation.’ Agent May seems quite eager to start.”

“Yeah, that’s as eager as May gets sometimes, she’s kind of like Natasha only without the Widow part. Send her a message telling her I’ll be there in three days and to keep Grant on ice.”

“Message sent. Anything else, Miss Lewis?”

“Nope, you’ve been a great help. Oh, how do you like the sleeves I made for your motherboard?”

“Although I am not a corporeal being they make me feel very warm inside, Miss Lewis. Thank you.”

“Your welcome.”

Darcy sat back happily, she could get a great deal of knitting done in two days, and Hydra was being flushed out, maybe she could enjoy a little down time. After all, she was still a retired mercenary with a penchant for knitting.

Chapter End Notes

I have too many ideas running around my head so here goes with some info and setting things in stone so I can’t change them another thirty times. The DD!Darcy pairing for this fic is casual, and is not something I’ll be focusing on constantly. In fact, with the pairing I chose I have already written out not just one version including the pairing but three. And the third one ends with a different pairing altogether. Now, let me stress, the romance is not my main objective, I had Plot Bunnies that needed to be freed and this is
where I do that for DD!Darcy. There is plot, there is an objective(character
development, though as you may have guessed I add in chapter's purely for the crazy)
and there is an idea I'd like to add in. So I'm going with the third route, which I will
inform you of in the next chapter. I'm not keeping the second pairing a secret, I've done
so with the first one because I want you to give that one a chance(even though it's
complicated it's so cute and hilarious, excuse my mulit-shipping heart). Thanks for
reading!
Chapter Summary

The Avengers have a game night to keep Darcy amused. The only thing is, when you're playing a game of Never Have I Ever you can find out things about people that you never knew.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Tony stood up in front of the people sitting around Darcy and waved his hands out to grab their attention.

“I’ve called you all together today to relieve our resident Merc with a Mouth of boredom. When planning this I began to realize that we had never had an Avengers game night, so along with a few extra friends I call to order our first official Avengers game night.”

Darcy whispered to Jane, “He’s going to make this a thing, isn’t he?”

Jane shrugged her shoulders while clapping along with the rest of the group.

“Now Pepper insisted that Jarvis prepare a random generator to choose a game, because apparently she doesn’t think we can decide on one ourselves without creating World War Three.”

“Hear, hear,” shouted Darcy and Jane as Darcy raised up her knitting in a mocking toast.

Tony glared at them for a half a second before remembering he had been giving a speach, “As I was saying, Jarvis will randomly give us a game and then we will play it. The general rules are as follows, general disclaimer they were not made by me: No fighting, no alcohol (Which I strongly protest), no making up rules, no leaving prematurely without good reason (Good reason being a national security crisis, who wrote these?), no one person is allowed to hoard any part of the game(Looking at you, Clint), and finally, Clue is not a Potts/Lewis/Foster approved board game. It was one time!”

“You’re supposed to pick a person and an item. A piece of rope cannot kill a person by itself!”

Tony pointed at Darcy and was about to say something when Steve spoke up.

“I hate to be a downer but Natasha and I have to leave in an hour and forty-five minutes.”

“Don’t be a Star Spangled Bummer, Steven.”

Steve gave Tony a look that clearly said “Seriously” before shaking his head.

Bucky sat behind him chuckling, “Nah, he’s just a Star Spangled Bum.”

Steve took a pillow and hit Bucky who reeled back while laughing at his own joke. Darcy was grinning at the two of them and Jane giggled with her at their antics.
“He certainly has a nice bum,” Darcy hid her hand behind her mouth as Steve spun on her and threw the pillow in his hand at her. She caught it and lowered it down slowly to grin cheekily at him.

“Almost as nice as his abs.”

Bucky fell back on the bed clutching his sides and Steve nearly went to tackle him but stopped when Tony let out an exasperated sigh.

“Can we please act like adults here?”

“I sincerely hope not.”

Darcy simply grinned at Tony as he gave her a look of slight amusement.

“Spin the wheel, Jarvis.”

“With pleasure, Sir. The game is, ‘Never Have I Ever’.”

“Excellent, everyone know how to play?”

Darcy leaned forward quickly explaining the game to Bucky who nodded his head a few moments later. Tony clapped his hands together,

“Excellent, now since we’re doing this in a non alcoholic version Jarvis will keep track of who has or hasn’t done things and whoever has done the least wins. Let’s get started. Who wants to go first?”

“I will,” stated Natasha, “Never have I ever fallen off a cliff.”

Darcy, Bucky, Thor, and Clint were the only ones not to raise their hands.

Next was Steve’s turn, “Never have I ever been to Vegas.”

Bucky, Thor, and Jane were the only hand’s that went up and Steve’s joined them.

Tony took the next turn, “Never have I ever went skinny dipping.”

Obviously, Tony didn’t raise his hand, but Jane and Pepper’s hands went up.

Jane looked around in shock, “Seriously?”

Bruce was next and he looked lost for words until finally, “Never have I ever been married.”

Everyone was surprised when Darcy was the only one not to raise her hand. Immediately everyone turned to her with a questioning look.

“Vegas is not a good place to go before your healing factor is strong enough that you can’t get drunk.”

“Are you still married?”

Darcy shrugged, “In the end we didn’t really want to get a divorce.”

“Can we ask who?”

She looked apprehensive, “I dunno, you guys might not understand.”

Jane seemed to be the only one not questioning her and Steve noticed.
“Jane knows doesn’t she?”

“Come on, Lewis, you can’t just leave us hanging!”

Jane shared a look with Darcy and they both looked a little unsure.

“We’re not going to judge, Doll.”

Darcy looked back at Bucky, “It’s not that big of a deal! It was Vegas, we got drunk, met each other, and then we got married! Tons of people do it every year”

“Most people get an annulment after drunkenly getting married Vegas, Darcy.”

“I know that, Steve, really I do but it was just- We were both- I don’t know how to get out of this!”

Darcy threw her hands up in the air and then brought them down on her lap in defeat.

“His name’s Remy Lebeau, he’s a mutant that goes by the name of Gambit. I officially sign papers with his last name but I introduce myself to people as Lewis because his family is a Guild of Thieves and they have enemies, but they’re really nice thieves so that’s okay. His brother is a riot to try to get drunk with, and his father is really sweet, and the others are just precious, and they adopted him so he really loves them a whole bunch. The two of us are close, but we have a lot of enemies and he ages really slowly but he’s not going to live forever. We have great sexy-times when we’re around each other and we look out for one another but it’s not exactly monogamous. We have a sort of weird arrangement that provides support for each other and an agreement that if one of us falls in love with someone else we’ll get a quiet divorce. We’d be really happy if either of us found someone to live the extent of our lives with, considering I’m going to outlast him. So if we see the chance for someone who will take care of the other person we’re not going to turn that down. But I can’t really see that happening for me and Remy is a huge flirt. I mean, jumbo size flirt, or would it be gumbo size given he’s Cajun?”

Everyone but Jane and Pepper looked either like they were processing or confused. Steve was the one who finally spoke up.

“Which one of you set the parameters for your relationship?”

Darcy sighed knowing why he was asking, “We both did, Remy thought it was a great opportunity to get out of his arranged marriage and I thought it would be helpful to have someone hospitals could call without having to question the persons sanity or blood relation.”

Steve nodded his head, “We want to meet him.”

Darcy shook her head, “No, that’s a really bad idea with everything going on with Hydra, he could get hurt.”

“Darcy, you said he is a mutant.”

“He is, I just want you guys to meet him once you’ve gotten used to the idea so no one tries to maim or seriously harm him and when Hydra is neutralized so they can’t kill him. I did kill their fearless leader after all, I’ve got a big target on my head for that and Remy is, well, killable.”

Steve nodded his head and they both noticed the contemplative looks on everyone else’s faces. Bucky recalled Jane saying that a mutant named Gambit had escaped from the lab with Darcy and it didn’t take much for him to make the connection. He reached out and rubbed Darcy’s ankle to reassure her. She instantly relaxed and Steve quickly noted it before turning back to Tony.
“I think we should have Jarvis pick another game, this one doesn’t quite work for superheroes and assassins. After all, we all have our secrets.”

Tony nodded his head before asking Jarvis, “Hey, Buddy, spin that wheel one more time for us?”

"Of course, Sir."

Chapter End Notes

CONGRATULATIONS!!!! *Confetti and balloons are thrown everywhere confusing all of my fantastic readers* You've made it through my thinking process for this fic pairing. If you didn't read my notes on the last chapter I recommend you do so and come back... You ready? Wonderful! As I have said I'm going with my third version of this fic because if I don't just pick a path now I'll be rewriting this thing forever and I want to get the whole thing posted for Pete's ever-loving sake. So, for better or worse the pairings for this fic are...... Darcy/Gambit(Remy Lebeau) and the end pairing is Bucky/Darcy. Now, don't get me wrong, I adore my first pairing with all my heart it is my lead crackship. The problem is that I have trouble with making Gambit immortal, it just doesn't make sense to me and I hope you understand why I'm doing this pairing anyway despite the emotional heartbreak it causes me. Also, apologies for the complicated open-ended relationship Gambit/Darcy has, but half of the ship having immortality really puts a wrench in love, I'm telling you it's nuts. Anyway, if you would like to know why I chose Gambit/Darcy look at my notes for the next chapter. REMEMBER, if you don't like the pairing I chose it won't be cropping up super often except when I need to explain something or am doing a flashback(Which will be the next two chapters, FYI). Thanks for reading!
Darcy is on her own at the age of eighteen, she goes to Vegas and wakes up married to a hot Cajun.

Darcy groaned waking up with a killer headache from the tequila she had drank the night before. Her head was pounding like someone was taking a hammer and it and she melted into a hand rubbing her neck to give her some relief. That was when Darcy realized that she couldn’t remember bringing a man back to her hotel room the night before. In fact, she had pretty much blacked out after introducing herself to some Cajun at the bar. Darcy reached under her pillow for her taser only to realize that it was under the other pillow.

“Looking for something, Cherie?”

“You. Jerk.”

“That’s not what you said last night.”

His breath tickled against her ear and some things registered in her mind that hadn’t registered before. First, she wasn’t wearing any clothing. Second, the man next to her wasn’t wearing any clothing. And third, there was a band of gold weighing down her left ring finger. Darcy jerked awake upsetting the man next to her who moved back to give her some room.

“Something wrong, Cher?”

Darcy made a few inarticulate noises while pointing wildly at her finger, “How did that happen?”

“Remy could be wrong but he thinks that he put it there.”

“Did we say vows? Oh, you are so dead if we said vows my dad is going to be furious!”

“Remy’s not afraid of anyone, Cherie.”

“My dad’s a mercenary.”

“Remy’s mind can be changed.”

“We have to get an annulment.”

“It would be nice if we didn’t.”

Darcy looked at the completely naked man next to him in shock, “Are you crazy?”

“That depends on who you ask, but Remy thinks he’s perfectly sane.”

Remy watched as Darcy heaved a sigh and rested her head in her hands.
“I’m in so much trouble,” She groaned, “Aunt Peggy is going to have a fit.”

Darcy took her hands away from her face to turn to her “husband.”

“How old are you?”

“Nineteen, vou?”

“Eighteen.”

“Well, Cher, it looks like age won’t help.”

“Please tell me this wasn’t legalized.”

“Remy’s sure we both signed the papers, but Remy was drunk so maybe he’s wrong.”

“Well, Remy, had better find out.”

The two stared at each other for a few moments before Remy reached over to the nightstand and held up a marriage certificate.

“Remy went out to get a copy of it this morning before Cher woke up.”

Darcy lunged for the paper only for Remy to hold it out of reach and she landed on top of his bare chest. The only problem was, that made her realize the situation they were in and she pulled back like she had been burned and pulled the sheet around her body.

“Okay, listen closely, you are going to give me that certificate and we are going to get an annulment.”

“Cher, Remy don’t want an annulment.”

Darcy huffed and whined, “Why not? This has to be as inconvenient for you as it is for me.”

Remy shrugged and fingered the paper in his hands, “When opportunity knocks, Remy answers.”

Darcy’s eyes narrowed, “What do you mean?”

The sigh that left the Cajun’s chest drew Darcy’s attention to his built body and she quickly averted her attention before she could think too much on it.

“This was supposed to be Remy’s last night out before heading back for a wedding. Remy’s family wants him to marry a belle who is, how can Remy say this? She reminds Remy of the witches parents tell their children about in little fairytales.”

“Did you set this up?”

“Non, Remy would never take advantage of a woman like that.”

Darcy pressed her lips together in frustration and Remy moved closer in an attempt to convince her to help him.

“Remy thinks this isn’t a mistake. Fate, God, the universe, whatever you want to call it, Cher. This happened for a reason, Remy’s sure of it.”

“So, I’m just supposed to go along with this?”
“Remy won’t pressure you to do anything, but Remy would like to know who his wife is?”

Darcy paused for a moment considering her options, she could get that piece of paper easily if the Cajun would just- But then Darcy noticed a twinkle of amusement in Remy’s eye and she glared at him.

“What?”

“Remy thinks you’re trying to figure out how to get the paper from him.”

“You little-”

Remy raised his finger to Darcy’s lips and she opened her mouth to bite it just enough to hurt. Rem pulled back his hand laughing.

“You’re a feisty little thing, aren’t you? Remy likes his women feisty.”

“You’re an ass.”

“Remy’ll take that as a compliment.”

Darcy pushed Remy back since he had steadily gotten closer to her as they were talking and he laughed again.

“My name is Darcy Charlotte Wilson, legally, so if there is anything else on there it’s not legal.”

Remy looked at the paper and then smirked at her and Darcy smacked his arm getting a chuckle out of him.

“Remy’s just being nice, Cher. He could have left.”

“He can leave now if he damn well wants to.”

“Non, Remy’s a gentleman.”

“Do you honestly think I care about manners right now, you damn Cajun!”

Darcy started swiping at the paper and Remy finally let her have it as he was laughing uncontrollably. Darcy looked over the legal document ensuring for herself that it was indeed signed correctly.

“Oh, fluff!”

“Pardon, Cher?”

“It’s all done perfectly, and the paper isn’t fake.”

“That’s the first thing Remy checked.”

Darcy’s head snapped away from the paper to look at the Cajun.

“How would you know if it was fake or not?”

“How would you?”

The two eyed each other suspiciously for a moment before they both cracked up laughing. Remy was the first to recover and he snatched the marriage license out of Darcy’s hands to hold it out in
“Honestly, Remy couldn’t be happier to be married to a complete stranger.”

“In all honesty, I’m not that mad about it. I think it’s a riot even though my dad will try to kill you, I guarantee it.”

“Remy has many people trying to kill him, he won’t mind.”

“Perfect, what are you anyway?”

“Remy is called the Prince of Thieves.”

“A thief, huh? Any good?”

“Remy’s the best, what about you, Cher?”

“Merc, like my dad. I’ve been killing for years, my dad’s not mentally sane anymore because he saw my mum killed twice, so he doesn’t exactly have a moral compass outside of not hurting anyone he loves.”

“Twice?”

“She comes back to life every four or five years and then dies after about two years, usually someone kills her, it’s complicated. She’s alive currently, though who knows for how long.”

“Hmm, mutant right? I’ve no right to judge, Cher, don’t look at me like that, Surely you noticed Remy’s eyes?”

“Yeah, they’re pretty.”

“Remy’s eyes aren’t pretty, Cher, they’re frightening. People think Remy’s a monster because of them.”

Darcy took ahold of Remy’s chin and turned him so that she could look at his black and red eyes.

“Well, they’re pretty to me. They look like fire.”

Remy’s lip quirked a little and he focused on Darcy’s bright blue eyes leaning in as close as her grip on his chin would let him.

“You’re eyes, Cher, they look like the sea. A man could get lost in eyes like those.”

Darcy let go of his chin with a fond smile, “You’re a hopeless romantic.”

“Oui, and you’re going to hear a lot more of it over the years.”

“Good, I could use some now and then. Now, how are we going to do this?”

“Remy figures we just keep it simple. We say we’re married and go from there, we could be partners of sorts. Someone to call when trouble arises.”

“Well, it would be nice to be able to give the hospital a number that won’t go to someone crazy. Or my Aunt Peggy, she’s nice but she had to go back to work and the hospital staff balks when they find out she isn't actually my aunt. Though she gets in anyway.”
“Oh?”

“Mmmhmmm, she’s badass, you’ll like her.”

“Remy’ll take your word for it, Cher.”

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhh, my favorite crackship, mmmm. This makes me so happy... Anyway, the reason why I chose Gambit is because of his persistence with his main love interest in the comics, Rogue(Which my multi shipper heart loves too). As well as his general love for his family, which I think DD!Darcy needs as well as his stubbornness. Another reason is that Gambit was once scheduled to fight Deadpool(if I remember correctly from my hazy recollection of the comics) and he PAID Deadpool to get out of it because he knew it would be suicide to fight him. So, obviously I translate that as a huge amount of respect so Gambit at least has good enough sense to fear his father-in-law. Which I think is hilarious. Thanks for reading!
Chapter Summary

Remy and Darcy breaking out of Stryker's lab wasn't planned, but it worked nonetheless.

Remy was angry; he wanted to tear the whole nightmare of a building down with his bare hands. They had taken her, they had taken Darcy away from him, and he was shouting for them to bring her back. Remy shook the bars of his cell and began to feel the remnants of his powers on his finger tips. Stryker had tried to remove them, over and over and over, Remy hadn’t screamed when they’d done that. Had taken the pain gladly knowing that it meant Darcy wasn’t being experimented on. They had tried experimenting on them both at the same time once, and had learned that it wasn’t a smart idea if they wanted to keep them contained. But Remy was screaming now as he heard Darcy’s tortured cries filtering through the lab, he hadn’t been able to hear them before but something had changed. They were trying to get a reaction out of him he knew it, only he couldn't handle Darcy’s screams enough to put up a front. Suddenly, Remy’s eyes began to glow white as he shook the bars and a burst of power shot through him tearing up everything around him.

When Darcy heard an explosion and saw white surround her, her first thought was Remy. What had Stryker done to them this time? He’d already broken them in unimaginable ways what could possibly be next? If they hadn’t gone back to that bar where Remy had won an insane amount at poker they wouldn’t be here, Darcy knew it. But that was in the past, they couldn’t change it. What had Remy said they could change, the future? She opened her eyes wearily to find everything around her a smoking mess. Mangled bodies were plasted on the wall, the remnants of the machines she had been hooked up to were in pieces. Darcy herself was a little singed, but other than her burnt clothes she was fine. She suddenly realized that she had to find Remy, he was in the holding cell they had been kept in, he could be hurt. When Darcy realized that her restraints had disintegrated she ran as fast as she could to the cell and found Remy lying on the floor, skin red from the amount of power he had used. He didn’t stir when Darcy lightly shook him and she took a deep breath before using one of the powers Stryker had inflicted on her. Mind control. She carefully nudged his mind and Remy woke up gasping and hands glowing red momentarily before realizing it was Darcy in front of him.

“It worked?”

“You’re brilliant, Remy. They’re all dead and… and you’re glowing.”

“What?”

“You’re skin, it’s literally glowing kinda whitish? Everywhere it seems, is this a side affect or…”

“Perhaps? Remy’s not sure. Was Stryker killed?”

Darcy shook her head, “He left earlier today for parts unknown, remember?”

“Oui, now I do, we need to get a head start since that is the case. Help me up, Cher.”

Darcy slowly lifted Remy up so that he was leaning on her tiny frame. The two looked incredibly relieved when they made it out of the ruins the sun beating down on them for the first time in months.
“Remy knew we would make it.”

“You had more faith than I did.”

“Remy couldn’t have done it without his good luck charm,” Remy winked at Darcy with a fond smile, “Come on, Cher, let’s go home.”

“Where’s home?”

“New Orleans, whenever you like. You?”

“A small cabin in Canada or a tiny apartment in Brooklyn, whichever one you want.”

“First stop, New Orleans, then we go to Canada, and then Brooklyn.”

“Afraid of my father?”

“Oui, it would be suicide to fight him and I sincerely hope to avoid his wrath.”

“You were really knocked down a notch when I told you my dad is Deadpool.”

“A man would have to be crazy to think he could fight your father and win.”

“I won’t argue with that,” Darcy physically urged Remy to lean more of his weight on her, “Though it’s kind of hard to imagine when I’ve seen him down an entire bottle of poison to see if it would kill him.”

Remy processed this information quietly since he was starting to feel drowsy.

“Remy can’t wait for you to meet his family, when they meet you they’re going fall in love!”

“Don’t know about that, they’ll probably think you should marry someone who will die with you.”

“Even if our marriage doesn’t last, Cher, you are the only person I would ever marry. Never could being married to another person appeal to me after this.”

“My Aunt Peggy always says, ‘Never say never’.”

Remy laughed, “Oui, that is true.”

“Though she also says, ‘Don’t let your dad cook you chili, Darcy, it will explode and we’ll have to scrap it off the buildings clear across the street!’”

Remy and Darcy stopped for a moment to stifle their laughter as they pictured the hilarious scene.

“Oh, Cher, I don’t think I’ll ever be able to look your Aunt Peggy in the face without laughing!”

“Just wait until you meet her, just you wait.”
Loki's Red Nose

Chapter Summary

Darcy has to keep Loki company for a few minutes while Thor handles something. Loki is inquisitive about why she's wrapping Christmas presents in October.

Darcy had been told that Thor would be back in ten minutes, and he had better be because she was still trying to wrap this year's Christmas presents and Loki was being a pain in the neck.

“Why would you do this in what you Midgardian’s call October when they are not going to be opened again until December?”

“First off, I like to get a head start. Second, why wouldn’t I? Honestly, Loki, it's a tradition. My Aunt Peggy always had her presents sorted out and wrapped by November first. She told me if I could find them before Christmas then I could open them.”

“How childish.”

Darcy waved her hand in the air in a dismissive gesture, “I was a child, jeez, that was the whole point! Anyway, it doesn’t matter, I never found them.”

Loki was silent for a moment, “Why?”

“She told me it was because she had help from Santa until one year I overheard her asking one of the new neighbors if she could hide some of my presents in their apartment.”

There was a moment of brief silence where Loki looked like he was trying not to be amused.

“Besides, Rudolph, if I wrap them now I don’t have to worry about them later.”

“What if someone finds them?”

“Aww, don’t worry, I already wrapped yours and it’s safely tucked away.”

Loki looked surprised, “You got me a present?”

“Yep, I’ll send it back with you and Hammer-time when you go back to Asgard. Of course, I could go along with you, As-a-gard.”

Darcy held out her hands and did a shaking motion with them, “Thank you, ladies and reindeer, I’ll be hear all night with my comedic wrapping!”

Loki rolled his eyes before returning to his book, “It’s a red nose, isn’t it?”

“Ah ah ah, a red, knitted nose, I put stuffing in it to make it big! And a book, but that gets to be a surprise now that you ruined the first one.”

“Wonderful. Lady Darcy, why do you persist on calling me this reindeer name?”

“First off-“
“Please just tell me.

“Well fine, I think I can do that for your villainous pleasure. It’s because every time I look at Odin’s beard I think of Santa Claus and when I think of Santa I think of reindeer and when I think of reindeer I think of Rudolph and then I think of that hat thingy you wear-“

“It’s a helmet, worn for battle."

“I’m not finished, cause it looks a lot like antlers and then I, naturally, think of you and so I call you Rudolph.”

Loki rubbed the bridge of his nose, “I think I’m getting a headache.”

“Good, now you can take a nap and I can actually get some work done here.”
Chapter Summary

Darcy makes plans to retrieve Fury, nearly gives the author a panic attack, and meets the friendly neighborhood Spiderman.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Darcy knew that Jane would be furious when she found out Darcy was leaving for a mission after only three days of rest after overexerting herself. The problem was, Hydra was still a threat, a minor threat, she would admit that, but one that needed to be nipped in the bud before it nipped back. Steve and Natasha had either killed or captured nearly three quarters of Hydra’s force and the addition of Bucky to their group had greatly expedited their success. The problem Darcy had was key leaders disappearing completely. Her decision to retrieve Fury earlier than planned was spurred by this. Coulson was doing fine weeding out his own task force but he could only excuse Fury’s absence as a “Secret Assignment” for so long before people started asking questions. And, with Fury feeding Coulson information they would be able to track down the leaders more efficiently.

Which was why Darcy had headed out of the tower earlier that morning to get some fresh air before she headed straight back to Canada. Darcy was making her way onto the rooftops by way of a random fire escape and to travel around for a little while by jumping onto different buildings. She had contemplated teleporting where she wanted to go to catch a quick breather, but Darcy always thought the scenic route was more fun. And that was how she found herself tailing a random masked figure in a red and blue jumpsuit. Darcy had been amazed by the webs shooting out of the guy’s hands along with his excellent agility and thought that perhaps she could spare a few minutes to find out who the mysterious web-slinging swinger swinging swiftly-

“Try saying that ten times fast,” snorted Darcy rolling her eyes at the tiny author who was hovering above her head like a little pixie.

“Darcy, what the hell?” The mini-author exclaimed while gesturing wildly with her pencil and pad of paper as she made a conscious effort to not look down from where, by breaking the fourth wall, Darcy had stopped mid air cartoon style.

“Aw, come on Em, it’s more fun talking to you than teleporting everywhere, I’m tired!”

“It’s essential to the story, Darcy, please don’t argue with me here we’re on a schedule and I’m a week late. Don’t you want to entertain your readers?”

The author pleaded as she reminded herself to not look down, that was how people started falling from the sky when these types of things happened.

“Ooooh, right. I forgot about them. It’s kind of easy to do, after all you’re the one who has access to the comments.”

“The reader’s love you, Darce, I keep telling you that. Just please get back to the story before I get writer’s block again!” Then the author muttered to herself as she pointedly looked up at the sky,
“Preferably before I fall down onto the pavement in a universe that I don’t even exist in.”

“Keep your panties on Em, I’ll get back to it since you’re so impatient. Right, where were we?”

“The web-swinging-”

“Oh right, gotcha,” Darcy made a little wave with her making the exasperated author disappeared with a poof.

As I was writing before this whole fiasco, Darcy wanted to know who the web-slinging swinger swinging swiftly around was, and yes that would qualify as a tongue twister, thank you Darcy. After ten or so minutes she naturally got bored, so she teleported in front of the web slinger and then quickly teleported away shocking the man who then narrowly avoided crashing into a glass window. Darcy cackled as the furious web-slinger landed next to her on a roof top.

“Oh my gosh, you should’ve seen your mask! Your eye’s widened nearly an inch, oh gosh.”

Darcy bent over with laughter as the guy held out his hands in exasperation,

“Seriously? You just decided it would be a good idea to teleport in front of the guy swinging from a web by-product that shoots out of his hands?”

“Oh yeah, and I gotta say, the fact that you aren’t a smashed bug right now is really impressive. Have a lot of experience with things flying in your face?”

Even with the mask on the guy gestured about in a frenzy, “What the hell?”

Darcy continued to laugh and after watching her for a moment the man chuckled, “Okay, so that was a little funny, but you still shouldn’t have done it.”

“Aww, I’m sorry. Not really but I’m told it helps for the other person to hear it. Besides, you have great reflexes, I knew you could handle the scare.”

“You’ve been following me, haven’t you?”

Darcy shrugged, “I get bored and you were an easy target, no offense.”

“None taken, I’ll return the favor sometime. So. ah, what’s your name?”

“Given that you have a mask on and I don’t, do you really expect me to tell you?”

“Well, I could just take a picture it would last longer.”

Darcy chuckled, “That’s a good one. So what are you doing swinging around New York?”

“Fighting crime.”

Darcy’s eyes twinkled, “So you’re a cop?”

“I’m wearing a red and blue skin tight suit and you really think I’m a cop?”

It was obvious that the guy was grinning behind his mask as Darcy exaggerated her expression of contemplation.

“Mmm, nah I thought you were a photographer.”
The guy stumbled back in shock, “How did you know that?”

“Know what?”

“My daytime job is a photographer.”

“It is? Oh hell my powers must be acting up again. They’ve been doing this too frequently I really need to figure out what’s going on.”

“Is there something wrong with you?”

Darcy’s head snapped up at the genuine concern in the guy’s voice, “I don’t know, why do you care?”

The web-slinger shrugged, “I swing around New York fighting bad guys and I don’t really have a good reason for that either. Well, there is the whole save the world thing but the world constantly needs saving. It would take a whole league of super-powered freaks like us to keep it safe.”

The guy rubbed the back of his neck again in an unconscious gesture that Darcy zeroed in on.

“You may have something there, Peter.”

Peter’s head snapped up before he grinned sheepishly behind the mask, “You’re powers acting up again, right?”

“Yeah, I can’t turn it off yet, I’m sorry.”

“It’s all right, you were saying?”

“You know Stark Tower, right?”

“Doesn’t everybody?”

“Go there as soon as possible, tell them Darcy Lewis sent you. No, tell them you’re there to see Steve Rogers and that Trouble sent you, don’t mention my name unless you absolutely have to.”

“Why?”

“Well, we’re still taking down this organization called Hydra, just using my name probably wouldn’t mean much. Steve will know you’re legit though, and show Tony those web shooters you made he’ll probably go gaga.”

“Um, okay,” Peter held his hands out to his sides as Darcy stood on the edge of the roof, “Where are you going?”

“I’ve got a job to do, organizations don’t build themselves! Oh, remind me to make you a knitted set of gloves and socks for Christmas, will you? Red and blue so you can wear them with your spandex. Toodles!”

And with that Darcy disappeared as Peter took his mask off to run a hand through his hair, “Trouble, huh? Go figures, she’s cool though. Hmm, yeah, why not? Can’t be any worse than what I’m already into.”

Peter then put his mask back on and shot a web out of his wrist before swinging away.
Hi, ya'll! Here is your official explanation for my absence this past week, I'm gonna try to make it short. My sister's kid went into the hospital where they thought she had mono(Not good I tell you, nobody was a happy camper about that), my other sister nearly had to cancel her wedding(We're a really protective family and while the wedding was important we all drop everything and run if need be in when it comes to our family), my niece got better(she's fine now, just a slight cough after a really big scare), my nephew nearly came down with whatever my niece had(This is not my sister who has my niece this is my sister that got married, it's complicated), my sister got married(thank goodness, I don't think I could have survived another week of my family going nuts over wedding details), and then I had to catch up on my college papers while my other other sister collapsed on our couch for nearly twelve hours. Tada! That was my crazy life last week, I hope it was coherent enough to explain why I didn't update. But anyway, we all survived and I'm Baaaaaaaacccckkkk!!!!!! I will be working on getting some more chapters up this week and attempt to fully recover from the fiasco that is my wonderful family. Everyone is healthy, happy, and one of us got successfully hitched(I really like my brother in law I think this one's a keeper for my sis). Thanks for your patience I really appreciate it:) And thanks again for reading!
Chapter Summary

Darcy drops Fury off at Shield's new base and along with May goes on a helicopter ride. Also, Wade (Deadpool) and Peggy have been set loose on the world and no one is quite sure how it will turn out.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Darcy set down the helicopter she had borrowed onto the tarmac at the “new” Shield base. It was set up in an abandoned airfield which Darcy thought was hilarious.

“Who came up with this?”

“It’s in the emergency protocols I gave Coulson.”

Darcy may have forgotten Fury was in the helicopter with her, “Oh, right. Okay, that makes sense I guess. Hold up while this thunderous thing alerts the troops.”

On cue May appeared out of one of the ten hangers and began walking in their direction. Darcy didn’t bother to cut the engine merely swinging open her door to stick half her body out as Fury disembarked from the other side.

“Looks like April showers do bring May flowers, what’s cracking Mel?”

May rolled her eyes slightly before momentarily turning to Fury.

“Coulson is awaiting your orders in his office, Sir.”

“Thank you, May.”

After Fury was a good distance away May turned back to where Darcy was half hanging out of the helicopter and quirked an eyebrow.

“Are you coming?”

May nodded her head and rounded the helicopter to climb into the passenger seat.

“All right,” Darcy shut her door in unison with May, “Let’s go see what we can do today, Brain.”

May huffed slightly which Darcy knew as a sign of amusement and she began to guide the helicopter into the air. After a good ten years of knowing each other Darcy could easily say that May was about equal to Jane or Remy on the trust list for her. And, Darcy was still in line for godmother position if May ever had another kid. Darcy was still rooting for that possibility since she hoped it would help May heal from some of her emotional wounds. Not to mention she thought Coulson/May babies would be adorable. She turned the helicopter sharply when May gave her a hand signal they had worked out years ago and decided that it was time for her to start asking questions.
“How’s Ward?”
“You told me to put him on ice.”
“Please tell me you kept him alive.”
“Barely.”
“Good, I want to see if I can get some info out of him.”
“That could potentially be dangerous for you.”
“Not with you there.”

May was silent as she pointed in the direction they need to take and Darcy expertly flew the helicopter where she guided. When May finally gave her the signal to land Darcy maneuvered the helicopter into a small clearing and heaved a sigh of relief that they were still good on gas. Then all of a sudden The Cell Block Tango rang out and Darcy scrambled for her phone as May sat patiently.

“Stark phones are absolutely invincible, let me tell you. Hello?”

“Hello, Miss Lewis?”

“Yes, Miss Lewis, it appears we have a problem.”

Darcy cut the engine to the helicopter so that she could hear better.

“What kind of problem?”

“It seems that Miss Carter has, for lack of a better term, disappeared.”

Darcy nodded her head with her mouth pressed together, “Yep, that sounds about right.”

“Is Miss Carter with you?”

“Nope, I’m in the middle of the woods in nowheresville. No Carter’s for miles.”

“Well, Miss Lewis, we would appreciate any information you could give us on your aunts whereabouts.”

“I’ll check with my father, but in all honesty she probably just checked herself out without notifying you.”

“Miss Lewis, your aunt is in her late eighties.”

“Yes, and she’ll probably be breaking out of nursing homes that the government puts her in well into her hundreds. Have a nice day.”

Darcy hung up the phone because she didn’t want to hear the mental breakdown the other person was having and immediately dialed her father.

“Dad?”

“Sunshine! Did you know that your Aunt Peggy is the best salsa dancer I’ve ever seen?”
“Is Aunt Peggy there with you?”

“Well, she’s actually out on the dance floor giving everyone a run for their money. I kidnapped her, well technically it’s not kidnapping she did come willingly. But, that’s probably what’s going on the report Fury will make out.”

“You know Fury will put the truth down, nobody can control Aunt Peggy and at least the two of you can be responsible for each other. Where are you anyway?”

“Mexico! We came down for the chimichangas and the enchiladas and the tacos and the-”

“Okay, Dad, I get it you went for the food. Just bring me back some, kay?”

“You got it, Kiddo. Oh, oh, go Peggy! Yeah! Whooo, that’s my girl! I’ve gotta go, Cupcake, I’ll call in a couple of days when we get to Peru!”

The line went dead and Darcy smiled fondly while May looked highly amused.

“Those two loose on the world is dangerous, you know.”

“Only for the bad guys, May. Only for the bad guys. Now let’s see if Grant Ward will tell us anything.”

The two women disembarked from the helicopter and May lead the way to a small cabin. They entered the cabin silently and the man strung up to the ceiling didn’t move as they came in. Darcy examined Ward’s bloody torso and raised a silent eyebrow at May who was managing to look only marginally pissed off at Ward. Darcy smirked just slightly before pulling over a chair to sit on in front of Ward. Ward opened his eyes at the scrape of the chair against the floor and his eyes widened at the sight of Darcy sitting down in front of him.

“Who are you?”

His voice sounded parched and Darcy cocked her head to the side.

“I think you already know the answer to that.”

The slight intake of breath answered Darcy and she leaned forward just a fraction.

“What have you heard about me, Ward?”

“You’re a threat to Hydra, kill on sight and ask questions later.”

“Good boy, you’re being smart. Let’s hope for your sake that you continue on this path.”

Grant’s eyes flickered angrily before he lowered them again.

“Hydra is steadily falling, by the way. Alexander Pierce is dead along with multiple other Hydra leaders. And more are falling every day. I think you can help us with that Grant.”

Ward shook his head, “I can’t.”

“You can, I know you’re not without heart I’ve been watching you.”

Ward shuttered as he realized what the woman in front of him meant, “It was a moment of weakness.”
“I’ve been lead to believe that weakness can be strength.”

The silence that followed was only broken by a groan of pain as Ward tried to shift his weight.

“You’ll die very soon if you don’t get help, Ward. I know that, you know that, and you know that Hydra won’t come after you. They’re too caught up in saving their own necks to worry about you. But do you know who is worrying about you? The team you were going to betray.”

A tear fell down Ward’s cheek as exhaustion and grief began to catch up to him.

“I can’t.”

“You can, you can love, you can fight, you can make a difference, you’re human. I know you don’t think of what you did as wrong but you do feel a level of grief because you were going to do it.”

Darcy stood up so that she was inches away from Ward’s face, “You’re more than what Hydra wanted you to do. Don’t you dare think otherwise.”

Ward’s face was one of utter hopelessness as Darcy motioned to May. May opened up a chest by the door and grabbed the first aid kit.

“We’re keeping you alive, Ward. And you’ve got two options. You can refuse to cooperate and I’ll let May torture you for hours on end. Or, you can let me take a look inside your head and weed out what you know about Hydra. Doing that would take a level of trust for you to do and I know it would be hard, but I want to see if you really want redemption. Do you understand?”

Ward nodded his head awkwardly and Darcy took a step back.

“I’ll give you a week or two to think about it, May is going to clean you up a bit today and revisit her anger tomorrow. So I suggest you think about my offer very seriously for the next two weeks. And it wouldn’t hurt if you kept in mind a certain hacker, now would it?”

Darcy left the cabin and went down to the helicopter to put in the extra gas she had brought just to be safe. After ten minutes May came back to the helicopter with a serene look on her face.

“You didn’t have to do that.”

“No, I didn’t. But if I was in his place, I’d at least want a chance.”

“Most people would have just killed him.”

“I’m not most people. Besides, I’m not entirely sure he’ll come around.”

May lowered her eyes for a moment thinking about her past with him and shook her head.

“I’m not sure either.”

Darcy smiled sadly, “Let’s get back to base, I brought along the Captain America sweaters I knitted for you and Coulson.”

“Good, I like seeing him in the sweaters you give him.”

“He complains about it doesn’t he?”

“Every time it’s not Captain America related.”
May genuinely grinned at Darcy and she grinned back enthusiastically.

“Let’s go have some fun with him then.”

Chapter End Notes

I think I might have made myself ship May/Darcy/Coulson without meaning to (it obviously isn't going to happen in this fic but when i'm done and I start in on my DD!Darcy oneshot ship fics....). So yeah, I'm adding yet another crackship to my armada. Heaven help me... Anyway, here is a slight Deadpool appearance that I wrote cheer myself up ages ago, this was originally two separate chapters but I smushed em together since they were both short and they balanced each other out nicely. Enjoy!
Darcy comes back to the Tower to talk to Bruce and makes a new friend out of Colonel James Rhodes.

When Darcy arrived back at the tower she was greeted by a large suit in the labs.

“Why is Tony making an Iron Man suit on steroids?”

“Uh, to combat the Hulk. It as my suggestion.”

Darcy spun around to see Bruce nervously tapping his pen on his clipboard.

“Oh, oh, okay we’ll talk about that later. How goes the genetics?”

“Well, I’m still dabbling in some of my old contacts to try to get a straight answer about the X-gene markers but I think I’ve made a few break throughs. I can tell you that you have about six other X-genes that were added to your genome.”

“Okeydokey.”

“What powers those indicate, I’m still unsure. Except, of course, for the ones that we know about like your mind control. I’m still uncertain if your precognition is apart of your mind control gene or something else entirely.”

“I see, I think I might be able to help with that actually. My husband was in the labs with me when this craziness started. He would probably remember more than me about what happened.”

“Was he present for the experiments?”

Darcy swallowed her throat tightening slightly at the memory, “A few and one of the doctors was a bit of a talker. Remy has a good memory he’ll tell you everything he can. I’ll um, I’ll call him later on tonight.”

“Thank you, Darcy. I appreciate it.”

“No, thank you, I wouldn’t feel comfortable with anyone else doing this. Honestly, and I know it isn’t your main area of expertise so I really appreciate you going out on a limb for me and-”

Bruce placed his hand on Darcy’s arm making her stop, “It is my pleasure to be able to do this for you, Darcy. You and Tony are the only people I know who have automatically excepted me for who I am and made me feel comfortable. Anytime you need anything in the slightest, feel free to tell me.”

Darcy reached out and hugged Bruce he was caught slightly off guard before he gently hugged her back.

“Thank you so much!”

“Hey, who started the party without me?”
Bruce and Darcy broke apart to see Tony enter with a dark skinned man following close behind him.

“This isn’t a party, Tony.”

“Yeah, then what’s with all the hugging? Welcome back by the way, a little notice when you decide to take off would be nice.”

“Oh gee thanks, Tony, I can feel the welcome from all the way over here. And it’s just not my style to say goodbye.”

“What if you actually ever got in danger, how are we supposed to find you?”

“Trust Jane’s instincts, and Pepper has Remy’s number she can call him to check.”

“Oh, so you tell your mysterious husband you’re disappearing but you don’t tell us, I see how it is.”

“I would think that would be the natural order of things, Tony.”

Tony went to argue further with her when the man behind him spoke up.

“Leave her alone, Tony, she’s got a right to make her own decisions.”

“Thank you, you’re my hero. I’m Darcy, by the way, I don’t think we’ve met yet.”

“James Rhodes, most people call me Rhodey.”

“Wait, you’re War Machine, right?”

“That would be me.”

“Cool, now tell me, when did Tony start going Oprah with his suits?”

Rhodey’s face twisted slightly as he tried not to laugh before he began shaking with laughter while Darcy continued talking.

“I personally think it was shortly after he started trying to be Green Arrow and Batman combined you know, sort of like a mid life crisis Stark style. Which means at some point he must have thrown a bunch of money around and done the chicken dance, that has to be standard in a mid life crisis my dad did it twice.”

Tony only raised his eyebrows at her as Bruce shook his head while failing to not look amused. Rhodey composed himself after a moment then looked at Darcy with a completely straight face and said,

“Actually it was shortly after he decided he was an American Idol. Although I can see how you might think it was after the Green Arrow/Batman incident. And I have a copy of Tony doing the chicken dance in high school while dressed in a purple tutu that I would be happy to show you.”

Tony balked at this and sputtered that he did no such thing to which Rhodey pointedly looked at him.

“Tequila was not your friend in high school, man, I don’t even know how you got ahold of that much alcohol. And I have enough embarrassing material on you for life because of it.”

Darcy held out her hand for Rhodey to shake with a wide grin and he grasped it eagerly while Tony continued to sputter about tequila and tutus.
“I see the beginning of a beautiful friendship... Roadster, I’m gonna call you Roadster. And I’m making you the biggest yellow blanket you’ve ever seen, you okay with that?”

“I’m all for it.”

“My kinda pal, I’m borrowing your best friend on occasion, Tony. He’s one cool dude.”
Darcy Gains a Pet

Chapter Summary

Peter Parker and Darcy stumble upon a dying man in an alley, inherit a golden retriever, and Darcy has a realization.

Chapter Notes

Hello lovely readers:) I've been absent once again because of family, all of my nieces and nephews are fine but my parents are now having health issues which I'm not going into detail about right now. I have a lot of siblings but not all of us are in the same area so my sister (whom I live with) and I have been taking the brunt of the work. I will be updating as often as I can but it looks like this is going to take awhile. My recently married sister is doing as much as she can as well and one of my older brothers was in this weekend but we're all so busy it's been a nightmare to juggle. Thanks for your consideration, you've all been lovely. Here is another chapter for you, it's a little more character developy and less on the funny side but the next chapter is going to be a heck of a lot of fun. I'm hoping to get that one up sometime tomorrow. Thanks for reading!

Peter Parker raised his camera as he stood on the sidewalk and took multiple shots of the view looking up at the skyscrapers.

“You know, you could get a better view from above.”

The intrusion startled Peter so badly that he had to use his web shooters to keep a grip on his camera.

“Darcy, I told you not to do that!”

“Can’t help it you’re too easy.”

“Yeah, well at least I’m not easy enough that I drop my camera.”

“As I’ve said before, you have good reflexes.”

“Sure, but I got those by being bitten by a radioactive spider.”

“I got mine by being experimented on in a lab, I’d say you’ve had a marginally better experience.”

“Crap, I’m so sorry, that must have sounded insensitive of me.”

“Dude, chill, I’m over it, otherwise I wouldn’t be talking about it.”

“Still…. You want to walk with me?”

“Depends, where are you going?”
“To a park about four blocks from here.”

“Yeah, why not. I don’t have anything better to do.”

“What? Not wrangling scientists or scaring people into doing your bidding?”

“Ha ha. No, today’s a normal day. I’m avoiding anything that has to do with avengering and science.”

“Well, I’m not an Avenger so you don’t have to worry about that. As for science, I won’t resort to that unless forced.”

Darcy smiled and lightly hit Peter’s arm when she saw his grin, “You never did come to the tower.”

“Yeah, sorry about that. I’ll come soon.”

“Good, I think Tony would try to convince you to work for him though so be on your guard.”

“Okay, I’ll keep that in mind.”

“I think we have a tail.”

Peter looked at Darcy in surprise about to protest that they were humans and therefore didn’t have tails until he realized she meant there was someone following them.

“And I think this tail has a tail.”

The look on Peter’s face was a mixture of confusion and horror until he turned his head around to see a golden retriever happily following them.

“Hey there, buddy.”

Both Peter and Darcy stopped to squat down and pet the beautiful dog as the retriever licked at their hands.

“What’s your name?”

“Dogs can’t talk, Darcy.”

“No, but dogs do usually wear collars and those collars have tags and those tags usually have information about the dog on it and-”

“Okay, okay, I got it, I’ll look at his tag.”

Peter took ahold of the dog’s collar and moved it so that he could read the shiny golden tag.

“Lucky, only his name. I wonder who he belongs to?”

As soon as Peter was finished speaking the dog turned around and began to run away. Darcy was instantly on her feet tearing after the dog shouting out it’s name. Peter was on her heels in an instant wondering how she could keep up with Lucky as the dog ran at a near impossible speed. They rounded the corner to an alley and Lucky bounded up to a still form leaning against one of the alley walls. A feeble voice happily greeted Lucky as Darcy and Peter approached.

“Hey, Lucky dog, I knew you’d come back to me.”
Darcy gasped as she looked at the man's chest that she could now see had three bullet's lodged into it.

"He's hurt, Peter call an ambulance."

"No, I can't afford an ambulance, Missy."

"Well I can, so Peter is calling an ambulance."

Peter pulled out his cell phone and stepped away to make the call as Darcy began to examine the man's wounds.

"Who did this to you?"

"Oh, just some punks. Don't you worry about it, Missy, those bastards are of no consequence to me. My names Jack, and it seems my manners left when I started losing blood."

"Aww, well aren't you sweet. My name's Darcy, and that's Peter."

The man nodded his head weakly and gestured proudly to the dog sitting beside him, "This is Lucky, he's the best dog a man could have."

"I see that, he brought us to you just in time."

"We'll see about that. But it's nice seeing a pretty face before I die."

"You won't die, we'll make sure of it."

"No, an ambulance won't make it in time. I've already calculated the percentage and an ambulance won't make it."

"Well there has to be something we can do."

Jack shook his head as much as he could before settling back against the wall, "I would have thought of it, by now. But thank you for trying."

Darcy swallowed roughly and her hand came up to brush the man's hair out of his face.

"Isn't there anything I can do to help?"

"Lucky here is the only thing I have left in the world, he's stuck with me through it all. I'd like to know he'll be taken care of in the end. He shouldn't be left alone, he's not made for it."

"I'll take him in, gladly."

"Thank you."

Jack reached out his hand and Darcy took it in hers as his breathing slowed down.

"Keep on going in life, Missy. There's something special about you."

Darcy began to cry as Jack squeezed her hand one last time. Peter came up behind her still on the phone with 911,

"No sir, I don't think that ambulance is going to make it on time. He just took his last breath."

Darcy bent over the man's hand sobbing as Lucky nuzzled under her arm trying to give her some comfort. She let go of the man's hand and held onto the poor dog as Lucky licked the tears off her
face. Peter kneeled beside her as they heard sirens in the distance.

“I’m going to go search for the people who did this, stay here.”

Darcy nodded her head as she stroked Lucky’s fur. Everything was a blur after that, the medics gently pulled her away from the body as Lucky hesitated only for a moment before following her instead of staying with his owner. Darcy sat on the back of the ambulance as the medics tended to Jack’s body. It was only a few moments later that a shadow fell over her and she looked up to see Bucky slowly crouching down to pet Lucky.

“He left him to me.”

He nodded his head in understanding as Lucky leaned his head against Bucky’s leg.

“Jane was worried about you, Stevie and I have been looking all over.”

“I’m sorry.”

“For what, Doll?”

“You wasted your time.”

Bucky moved to sit next to Darcy and wrapped his arm around her, “Spending time on you is never a waste, Doll. Anyone who truly cares about you would say that.”

Darcy took a deep breath and stood up as Peter returned.

“Did you find them?”

“Yeah, delivered them to the police station all wrapped up with a bow.”

Darcy nodded her head realizing that it was much better that Peter had dealt with them instead of her.

“Did you want em dead, Doll?”

With one sentence Darcy realized that if she said she did Bucky would go after them with no questions asked. But she wasn’t Pierce, she wouldn’t order him around. She wasn’t Stryker, she wouldn’t put anyone through inhuman torture. She wasn’t Fury even, riding the morally gray rope of potential catastrophe. She was Darcy, unique, a little morally ambiguous, but a good heart, a sharp mind, and the power to do something about things she thought were wrong. There had been something about that man that made her realize that perhaps killing wasn’t the only thing she had accomplished in her life. Perhaps instead of just a mercenary, just an intern, just a savior, she had become something entirely different. Someone who could make a difference if they tried. That was really deep. Perhaps she should write a book or something? Nah, she’d keep to keeping her people safe, and perhaps a few extras in the process. It’s probably best if she kept her focus on that so that dinosaurs and vulcans didn’t suddenly appear out of nowhere. So when Darcy turned back to Bucky she smiled,

“No, they deserve a second chance. Everyone does.”

Bucky gave her a small smile back and gestured to a car that had just parked across the street, “Looks like our rides here. You coming, Parker?”

Peter was so surprised that The Winter Soldier knew who he was that he just nodded mutely and followed the two to the vehicle Tony had sent. Darcy took ahold of Bucky’s arm as they walked and
leaned her head against his arm.

“Well, at least this time walking through New York didn’t open up another dimension.”

“What was that, Doll?”

“Nothing, just musing about old times. Do you think we could get Schwarma on the way? Tony’s always yapping about it and I figure, why the hell not?”

“Sure, Doll, whatever you want.”
Cuddle Pile!

Chapter Summary

Peter arrives at the tower and Tony whisks him away for "Science". Lucky settles into the tower and Darcy starts a cuddle pile with three assassins and a Captain.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter followed Darcy out of an elevator into the common room of Stark Tower and slowly spun around in awe as they were walking.

“This is better than I could have ever imagined. Do you realize how many people would kill to live here?”

“The entire world, I’m sure.”

Peter spun around to see Tony Stark standing behind him with a smirk as Darcy dramatically fell backwards landing in Steve’s lap were he was sitting on the couch,

“Please save me from the insanity of Tony preening while meeting my newest friend.”

Steve looked down from his book and shook his head, “It’s your fault he’s here in the first place, Darce.”

“I didn’t plan on witnessing a man’s death while walking down the street on my one completely normal day of the month!”

“Somehow, I doubt this was a normal day.”

Darcy groaned and rubbed her face because she was very tired, “Are they still here?”

“Tony has his arm around Peter, I think they’re talking about advanced engineering and mechanics.”

“Whoopee, now I have another scientist to wrangle.”

“Admit it, Darce, you love it.”

“I plead the fifth, Captain Abs.”

The elevator opened again and Bucky entered with Lucky who darted around the sofa to enthusiastically lick Darcy’s face.

“What the hell! Oh, hey buddy! Did charm Pepper into letting you stay?”

“She’s making the arrangements right now.”

“Yeah, that’s because my beautiful boy is a lady charmer, isn’t that right?”

Darcy rubbed behind Lucky’s ears and got lots of doggy kisses on her chin in return. Steve reached
around Darcy to pet Lucky as Bucky smiled at his two closest friends tangled up together. It was at this point that Tony noticed someone besides himself was getting a lot of attention.

“Hey, why is there a dog in my tower?”

“Go back to your sciencing, Tony, and don’t whisk my super-child off to parts unknown without my permission.”

“Oh? Does whisking him off to the labs count?”

Darcy nearly hit Steve as she flailed upright while shouting, “Yes!”

Unfortunately, Tony had already turned around and ran out the door towing Peter along with him who had a big grin on his face as he waved goodbye. With a sigh of exasperation Darcy fell back onto Steve who had put down his book to pet Lucky and she made grabby hands at Bucky.

“Come snuggle, I want patriotic cuddle times.”

Bucky moved her legs down off the couch so that he could slid in next to her with his arm around her middle as Steve leaned back so that Darcy’s head was on his chest. Lucky seemed to understand as he laid down at Steve’s feet with a big yawn. Natasha just appeared out of nowhere with one of the afghan’s Darcy had stocked the room with and she draped it over the three before slipping under it herself. She gently laid next to Steve who began to gently message her shoulder with his hand as she ran her fingers through Darcy’s thick brown hair.

Darcy leaned into Natasha’s touch as Bucky’s human hand messaged her leg.

“Hmm, I could stay here forever.”

Steve smiled down at Darcy before throwing an adoring look at Natasha.

“I think we all would.”

The other three hummed in agreement with him as Clint vaulted noiselessly over the couch landing beside Natasha. He didn’t say a word as he leaned his head onto Natasha’s shoulder and yawned.

“Mmm, we don’t have any missions today, right?”

“Not unless the alarm goes off.”

“Maybe Tony should just turn it off for the day. Is that a dog? Yay, we have a dog now, do you think we could convince Tony to open a kennel?”

Darcy giggled a little in response and then groaned as Bucky found a sweet spot on her thigh.

“Your fingers are magic, James.”

Steve raised his eyebrows at Bucky who only glared at him for a moment before turning his attention back to Darcy’s sleepy form. The five of them all laid there in a big cuddle pile for a good five minutes before an alarm went off and red flashing lights began to blink on and off. There was an immediate groan that elicited from the group as they began to untangle themselves from each other.

“We are definitely doing this again.”

“I second that motion, only next time let’s bring snacks and body lotion. Oh, and we can braid Bucky’s hair!”
“Darcy, you’re a genius.”

“Why thank you, Nat, you’re pretty geniusy yourself.”

Chapter End Notes

You get hints of WinterTaser! Whoot, whoot! Still awhile to go before fanfic-cannon, I'm afraid. But the beginnings are setting up nicely. It's funny how some of you can guess which way I'm going with this because someone, *looks out of the corner of my eye at the comments section on my screen* mentioned Bucky/Darcy cuddle times before I edited this chapter. Oh well, at least I know you'll like it and it actually gives me a kick when ya'll guess. Thanks for reading!
Deadpool & Peggy Visit

Chapter Summary

Wade and Peggy visit Darcy at Stark Tower, and the Darcy is definitely her father's daughter.

Chapter Notes

I do not own the Macadamia Nut song, that belongs to the Warner Brothers Studios. Also, if you have never watched the Animaniacs I suggest you do so as it is quite the entertaining show.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Darcy sat in the common room knitting pairs of socks for Bruce as she watched Friends reruns. Her hands swiftly whipped out pairs while her eyes switched from her knitting to the screen over and over again. She was startled out of her knitting when there was a wild yell coming from outside the tower. Darcy turned her attention to the window to see a flash of red plummeting down only to jerk back up again. When the person finally waved to her as they went down and then began to loudly sing the Macarena Darcy’s eyes grew in recognition.

“Dad?”

Darcy teleported to the roof to find Aunt Peggy in a red sundress and a ridiculously large, white sunhat leaning over the side watching Deadpool bungee jumping off the side of the tower.

“Aunt Peggy, what’s going on?”

“Your father wanted to come visit, how are you Darling?”

Peggy embraced Darcy warmly and Darcy returned to hug while trying to look over the side of the building.

“I’m good, I just wasn’t expecting you. How is the bungee jumping going?”

“He’s hit the side of the building twice, but he doesn’t seem any worse for wear.”

“Cool, do you have another bungee cord?”

Peggy gestured to the pack leaning against the edge of the roof and grinned, “I sure do.”

It took a total of three minutes for Darcy to be jumping off of the roof with a bungee cord securely attached to her.

“Have fun, Dearie!”

Darcy began whooping and hollering as she felt the air rush against her. Wade caught her hands on
the way up and took her up with him as he continued to sing the Macarena. Darcy joined in mid verse and changed it to the Animaniacs song Macadamia Nut. Wade cracked up laughing as Darcy sung.

“I act like a nut, so they call me Macadamia
I dance like a klutz on a show called Animania.
Am I a cutie? Absolutie!
And a beauty, you can bet your patooty!”

Deadpool interrupted her while mid air above the tower giving a mock salute to Peggy,

“Hellooooo Nurse!”

Darcy lost it laughing as her cord recoiled throwing her up in the air. Wade flipped onto the tower’s roof and Darcy follow bending over in laughter the moment she was on her feet.

“Hey, Mini-Me!”

“Hey, Pop, what’s up?”

“Well, we were a moment ago. I saw this tower and my first thought was how cool it would be to bungee jump off of it! Do you think Stark has done it yet, or are we the first? Oooh, I hope we’re the first!”

Darcy grinned, “You’ll be proud to know that that was one of the first questions I asked when I got here.”

“Woooh,” Wade fist pumped into the air, “that’s my daughter! Right there, the one and only child that I have produced. And booooy, is she as incredible as her mother! Whoohoo!”

Peggy stood next to Darcy as Wade continued to punch the air and spin around kicking his legs up into the air.

“How long has he been like this?”

“He found out yesterday where your mother is when she’s dead.”

Darcy froze and then slowly turned her head to look at Peggy with her mouth slightly agape.

“Where?”

“It turns out, she is Death itself.”

“What?”

“You’re very articulate today, my dear. I believe his explanation was short, he saw her when he died momentarily after he was blown to bits.”

Darcy sighed and dragged her hands across her face in frustration.

“Please tell me he didn’t blow himself up on purpose.”

“Not this time, but I wouldn’t put it past him now that he knows he can see her when he’s dead.”

“Great, any more info besides my mother is Death itself?”
“He babbled about someone name Thanos, I’ve never heard of anyone with such an outlandish name who isn’t Asgardian or close so I suggested coming here to see your friend Thor.”

“Thor is in Asgard currently, I’ll try to send a message to Heimdall and get Thor down here to find out.”

“Who is Heimdall?”

“Oh, he’s like the troll at the beginning of a bridge who gives you riddles and stuff to solve or else you can’t pass. Only, I don’t think he knows any riddles and he looks more like an angry chipmunk with gold armor.”

“Sounds like a pleasant fellow.”

“He kinda makes people want to crawl away with their eyes averted.”

“I certainly hope you don’t do that.”

“Nope, I’ve only met him once and I moonwalked out of there like a boss, it was awesome.”

Peggy pressed her lips together trying not to look amused as Wade shot off down the stairs of Stark Tower.

“We should probably follow him.”

“I concur, cause he’ll cause quite a stir.”

“Darcy-”

“And we all go brrr, cause we don’t have fur.”

“Darcy-”

“To say it’s a burn, no wait it’s a fern.”

“Darcy, that doesn’t make any sense!”

“Of course it doesn’t it’s creative genius, Aunt Peggy, creative genius!”

“You don’t have to repeat yourself, I heard you quite well the first time.”

“Emphasis, Aunt Peggy! EMPHASIS! And yes, the all caps are necessary, Emma!”

“Darcy, stop talking to the writer it’s rude to doing that in front of the readers.”

Chapter End Notes

My router has been down the entire day so I'm just now posting this right before heading off to my bed which is currently calling me. I will be posting more tomorrow hopefully. I have three chapters I want to get up but if my router keeps acting up who knows. Also, it is comic cannon that Deadpool had a fling with the "entity" Death. For the purpose of my fic I changed the timeline a bit so that the person who is "Death" is reappointed every thousand years or so and Darcy's mom just got that lucky, great
coincidence, huh? Also in the comics, Thanos was in love with Death but because Death loved Deadpool so much Thanos made it so that Deadpool could not die, as that would be the only way the two lovers could be together. Tragic, isn't it? If my writing tone of voice sounds dry it's because I'm tired and I really should go to bed now, so Byebye!
Thanks for reading and commenting! I'll answer comments tomorrow, my brain is fried and yeah, goodnight. Oh yeah, I said that all ready I'm just gonna stop now. Night.
Remy Lebeau

Chapter Summary

Darcy gets a pleasant surprise in the form of Remy Lebeau showing up in her bedroom in the middle of the night.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darcy groaned and turned over as she felt Lucky bound off her her bed to the other side of the room. She opened her eyes sleepily to see it was still dark and let out a small noise of protest.

“Luckyyyy, come back it’s still nighttime, buddy.”

The bed dipped and Darcy immediately registered that this was not Lucky.

“I’m not a dog, Cher, but perhaps I can help you get back to sleep.”

“Remy?”

Darcy shot up knocking heads with Remy and they both hissed in pain.

“Sorry!”

“No, not your fault, Cher, I should have called. Although I’m rather glad I didn’t. Who is this handsome devil in your bed, by the way?”

Remy reached out a hand to pet Lucky in the dark as the dog panted happily.

“Oh, him? Just another boy.”

“Makes Remy jealous.”

“You have a right to be.”

Remy captured her lips for a slow kiss before he pulled back to turn on a light. Darcy quickly looked him over and gasped when she saw a small area of red on his coat.

“Is that blood?”

“Oui, Remy had a small problem getting here.”

“Sit down, is it just one bullet?”

“Relax, Cher, it just grazed Remy, he’ll live.”

“Still, you shouldn’t be taking unnecessary risks.”

“Love you too, Cher.”
Darcy dissapeared into the bathroom shouting back,

“Did you get my message?”

“Oui, it’s why Remy’s in the area. Unfortunately, someone got wind of Remy before Remy himself had a chance to catch wind of them.”

“Are they dead?”

“Non, Remy was preoccupied with not getting shot.”

“You sorta failed on that one.”

Darcy sat down next to Remy as he gingerly shrugged off his coat. She helped him out of his shirt and began to disinfect the wound making him wince in pain.

“You should have waited.”

“Remy didn’t want to wait. You said a doctor thinks he can help you, Remy wants to make sure you don’t get hurt.”

“Bruce is harmless he’s nothing like the doctor’s we’ve encountered, it’s his alter ego you should really be worried about thought I think the Big Guy is full of fluff.”

“Bruce… As in Bruce Banner? The Hulk, Cher?”

“Oui, The Hulk.”

Darcy lifted Remy’s arm a little causing him to inhale as the pain washed over him.

“Now Remy’s more worried than ever. You make him want to whisk you away to somewhere you can’t be hurt.”

“There’s no need for any whisking, I can take care of myself.”

“Just because a person can take care of themselves, doesn’t mean they don’t need protecting once in awhile, Cher.”

“I have a whole tower full of people who keep telling me to take it easy, I’ve got plenty of protecting type people who have me on their radar.”

“Why, what happened?”

“It’s nothing,” Darcy shrugged, “I just blacked out after I did what I had to do and now some people think I’m made of glass.”

Remy stared at Darcy as she bandaged his arm and he brushed her hair out of her face so he could see her better. Darcy paused as Remy’s hand trailed slowly across the contours of her face as if he was memorizing her.

“I can’t get you to listen to me, Cher. But you need to take care of yourself, or find someone you’ll let take care of you if you won’t let me.”

“I don’t need anyone to take care of me.”

“That’s a lie, Cher, and you know it.”
Darcy finished bandaging Remy’s arm in silence and he respected that she didn’t want to talk anymore about it.

“You’ll talk to Bruce?”

“Oui, in the morning.”

“Good, cause I have plans for you tonight.”

Remy slowly smiled with a wicked light in his eye, “What kind of plans, Cher?”

“Ones that involve a hot Cajun, me, and a lot less clothing. Pants. Off.”

“Hmm, whatever you want, Cher. Remy missed you a hell of a lot.”

“Then get busy, you know better than to keep a girl waiting.”

“Yes Mam.”

Chapter End Notes

My routers back up:-) And I have a baby shower to attend today so I’m posting the three chapters I promised now so I don't forget. Enjoy! And thank you for reading:-)
Chapter Summary

Darcy wakes up to a loud noise and naturally sends Remy to see what it is. Remy discovers that life at the Tower is filled with very strange events.

Darcy jolted upright when she heard a loud crash in the hallway and she stretched her stiff muscles in an attempt to wake up. Then she remembered that Remy was right next to her and she shook him lightly to get him to deal with the noise.

“Remy.”

“Hmm?”

“Remy,” Darcy whined when there was another loud crash. Rem raised his head off of his pillow and gave Darcy an appreciative look before another loud noise invaded his senses.

“Mon Dieu, what time is it?”

“Dunno, but there was a loud crash.”

“Okay, Remy will get up and see what it is.”

Remy slowly made his way out of the bed and pulled on the first piece of clothing he found that was his as Darcy fell back onto the bed with her eyes screwed shut. When Remy opened Darcy’s bedroom door and leaned against the doorway he was greeted by Tony Stark running down the hall after what looked like a robotic monkey.

“Stop that robotic monkey!”

There was a white substance that shot past Remy sticking to the floor looking suspiciously like a spider’s web. Rem stared at it for a moment before looking up the hallway to see a young teen running towards him with a panicked look on his face.

“Don’t damage it, Parker!”

“Sorry!”

“Cowabunga!”

Remy’s eyebrows shot up as his father-in-law ran past him with water guns blazing.

“Keep Wilson busy, Parker!”

Peter got a face full of colored water as Wade began to run erratically toward the monkey while Tony continued to shout at his creation. Remy grabbed the nearest thing that he could throw, which happened to be a small umbrella, and charged it before throwing it in the air. The umbrella exploded right above where the monkey was passing causing the robot to short fuse and freeze. The three men who had been causing havoc moments ago turned their attention to the source of the interruption and...
were stunned to see a man standing in Darcy’s doorway in nothing but a pair of jeans.

“Lebeau, you better not have been sleeping with my daughter! Or I’ll be forced to have a shotgun wedding planned, I’ll even have Peggy hold the gun while I officiate the marriage, I’m warning you she’s a crack shot.”

“Remy’s married to your daughter, Monsieur.”

“Oh, that’s right! Sleep away then and make sure to put Darcy first! If you don’t have the stamina you don’t deserve her!”

“Mon Dieu, just let us get some rest in peace.”

“Why did you have a long, strenuous night?”

Remy turned his attention to the man waggling his eyebrows who Remy knew had to be Tony Stark as young Peter turned two shades of red at the idea.

“Oui, but a gentleman never says more than that.”

“Who’s to say you’re a gentleman?”

“No one, except my wife.”

Remy turned with a flourish and closed the door behind him with a final thud. He returned to bed and took Darcy in his arms as she turned around and leaned into his warmth.

“What happened?”

“Out of curiosity, does your host typically chase around robotic monkeys?”

“It’s Tuesday.”

“Ah, well that explains everything.”

“Tuesday’s are the days I force the scientists to sleep cause they haven’t slept in… Three, maybe four days? It’s my official day after the weekend. Not to mention Tony likes to party in between science and that usually happens over the weekend so by the time Tuesday rolls around I have to force all three of my scientists to sleep.”

“Mon dieu.”

“I second that.”

Remy kissed her forehead reverently and Darcy smiled, “You are an angel.”

“They do say that opposites attract.”

Remy grinned as Darcy tilted her head up to claim his lips in a tender kiss.

“If that’s the case, I never want to be good again.”

Darcy chuckled and shook her head, “Silly Cajun, you’re always good to me.”

“That’s because you’re you, no other explanation needed for Remy.”

“Sometimes you make less sense than I do.”
Remy shrugged as he trailed his fingers along her spine.

“At least I got us some peace and quiet.”

There was a loud thud and Remy sighed, “I spoke too soon.”

Darcy growled, “If they do that one more time-”

Another crash sounded from the hallway and Darcy shot out of bed, pulled on Remy’s shirt and strode over to the door wrenching it open so quickly that it banged against the wall.


Tony, Wade, and Peter all pointed up to the ceiling with guilty looks on their faces (and a guilty look on their mask in Wade’s case, Darcy could see the difference) and Darcy maneuvered her head to look up at the ceiling where the robotic monkey’s remains were now plastered. Darcy nodded her head and pursed her lips angrily before turning back to the three maniacs.

“I was being nice when I sent Remy out here to deal with you so I’m only going to say this once. Knock. It. Off!”

Darcy slammed the door and leaned her head against it as the low grade headache began to get a little worse. Remy’s hands came around her waist and she leaned back against his chiseled chest with a sigh.

“Tell Remy what’s wrong, Cher.”

“I’m tired, I’ve had a low grade headache for the past week, some Hydra officials escaped, and now there is a robotic monkey on the ceiling that I’m going to have to fill out three reports on.”

“Three?”

“One for each asshole in the next room.”

“Well, Remy can’t fill out the reports for you, but he can give you a back massage.”

“That sounds heavenly, honestly how did I get so lucky to have so many people around me with magic hands?”
Chapter Summary

Bruce and Remy discuss Darcy's gene's and Bruce finds out that there is a deeper meaning to why Darcy keeps giving him socks.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Remy strolled into Bruce Banner’s lab an hour before lunch and Bruce immediately looked up from a particularly challenging algorithm to greet him with a gentle smile.

“Hello, you must be Darcy’s husband.”

“Oui, she said you wanted to talk to Remy.”

“Yes, you see Darcy asked me to research into her experience in the experimental lab. I began by examining her genome and I found multiple X-gene anomalies. I’ve consulted some of the lead geneticist that I trust, which are very few, and they all have turned up with very little for me to work with. Unfortunately, that means I’m a nuclear physicist researching genetics with very little to go on.”

“Remy understands, but what is it you wanted him to do?”

“Tell me what you know happened to Darcy, what experiments were performed, if you can remember what powers they tried to give her. Anything will help at this point.”

“Well, Cher says Remy can trust you and Remy thinks she’s right. Don’t tell her Remy said that though.”

“You have my word.”

“Our time in the labs was trying for both of us, for Cher more than Remy. But Remy had his fair share of trials in there, and one of them was watching his wife being torn apart.”

“If you can’t talk about it now I will wait, but it would help if you told me what you can remember from a medical and scientific viewpoint.”

“Remy don’t know much about that but he’ll try. I remember one of the scientists used to like to brag about what they were doing, sadistic little creep. From what I can remember he eluded to enhancing her healing factor, mind control which you probably already know about.”

“Why?”

“It was the first one they were able to stabilize even marginally, so it is more readily usable for Cher.”

“Okay, go on when your ready.”
“Ah, there was a precognitive power that they tried, they were never sure if it took or not though. Elemental powers were another, but they were very weak. Honestly, monsieur, there were so many they eluded to…”

“Just tell me the ones you remember, I’ll at least know what I’m looking for.”

“Mon dieu, ah, there was another one that was weaker than the others, they tried to put Remy’s power in her so that they could kill Remy. They thought it didn’t take. Then there was a ‘luck’ gene they found and tried. You might say that one worked, honestly the scientists were very foolish I remember Stryker was furious when he found out they did that. Ah,” Remy exhaled and Bruce held up his hand.

“You can stop and we can do this later.”

“Non, Remy remember the last one it was something to the extent of time travel but Remy thought they were not serious. Remy remembers the mutant they got it from though, she killed herself in an attempt to keep them from her powers.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Remy’s tried finding Stryker to kill him, but he has connections. Remy’s nearly gotten caught a few times, and that’s another thing he’d appreciate that you didn’t tell Cher.”

“My lips are sealed and I’ll make sure Pepper has Jarvis keep it under lock and key.”

“Merci. Is that all?”

“Yes, thank you for your time. If I may ask, why did you change your mind about me?”

Remy smiled and pointed to the rainbow colored knitted socks showing just under Bruce’s pant legs.

“Darcy and Remy established a code years ago for her knitting, whenever she gives someone socks it’s because she thinks they’re trustworthy. Scarves are for those she wants to keep close because she likes them, and gloves mean someone is hiding something but if there is a pattern to the gloves it means they’re the good guys. There are others, but Remy likes to keep those between him and Cher.”

“I understand and I feel very honored.”

“Don’t let anyone judge you on what has happened to you in life, my friend. Wear it like one of Darcy’s sweaters, with pride.”

Bruce nodded his head his throat thick with emotion, “Thank you.”

“My pleasure. Mon Dieu, Remy needs to get going. Cher told him to be back by noon.”

“A bit whipped there, aren’t you?”

“You never know how wonderful that is until you’ve found a woman like Darcy, Monsieur. Savor it once you do!”

Chapter End Notes
This ones short because Darcy isn't in it, I'm just being honest. Though it does help me tie up some loose ends to I'm posting it as is. Thanks for reading!
Chapter Summary

When Natasha is called to Pepper Potts office in the middle of the night, she wasn't sure what she was expecting, but being asked to kill someone wasn't on the top of the list. Nor was she expecting Pepper's choice of footwear, to be quite honest.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

When Natalie Rushman had worked for Pepper Potts she had developed a fond attraction for the woman. Nothing that Natasha Romanoff would ever act on, and Steve was the chance in love that she desperately wanted to take, although she had to admit that the woman had some killer legs. The woman was attractive and had nerves of steel if her steady relationship with Tony Stark was any testament to them. Natasha would never act on the attraction, but it did come up on occasion in her mind that Pepper Potts was damn attractive. Not only that, but Pepper wasn't afraid of her, not in the literal sense or in the metaphorical sense. Pepper took her as she was in a much calmer manner than Darcy, but in much the same way. So Pepper was on the list of "People" Natasha kept. The list was short and didn't include more than Darcy, Clint, Steve, Bucky, and most surprisingly, Pepper. So when Natasha was called into Pepper's office in the middle of the night (Natasha hadn't been sleeping anyway just making her rounds) she immediately made her way to the CEO's office. Pepper was working to a small office lamp that barely lit more than her desk and she motioned for Natasha to sit down as soon as she entered.

"Something has come to my attention, Natasha. And I need to ask you for a favor."

"Okay."

"Earlier today, or rather earlier yesterday, Dr. Banner had a conversation with Mr. Lebeau."

"Darcy’s husband."

"That’s right. During the conversation it came to my attention that the man who put Darcy and her husband through living hell is still alive. And that he could pose a problem in the future."

Natasha took this news with a blank expression as Pepper picked up a file and came around to the front of the desk.

"This is the information I have managed to gather on Major William Stryker, now a Colonel, he’s still wrecking havoc on mutants it seems. And there is an interesting contract, that I came up with when I contacted an arms dealer who used to be friendly with Tony, that I think you will want to see."

Natasha glanced over Stryker’s profile before skipping straight to the contract and her eyebrows raised minutely.

"This is a contract for the capture of Remy Lebeau."

"It seems that Stryker has given up on trying to control Darcy alone and is now trying another tactic
that worked once before.”

“He’s done this before?”

Pepper nodded, “After the incident where Darcy reversed the mind control placed on Bucky I wondered how she knew so much about brain washing. I concluded that she must have been brain washed herself but, although there still may be some merit to that idea, it seems that it was actually Mr. Lebeau who was controlled by Stryker at some point. The eighth page is a report signed by Peggy Carter detailing the incident, although there is no exact date given it seems that this report was written after her first return from retirement.”

Natasha scanned through the report and reminded herself to breath as her anger rose. The report gave precise details on the scientists notes on how long it took to brainwash Lebeau. And how they only succeeded after telling him that Darcy had died in an explosion. He had held off for over a year, the man had been continuously subjected to mind wiping methods and torture for over a year and what finally broke him was being told Darcy was dead. Natasha could vividly remember what they did to her in the Red Room, how it was hell on earth to go through. Then she saw an end note, one that said he had only been able to break the control of Stryker’s scientists when he had seen Darcy. It had taken months for him to get all of his memories back, Peggy had even made a personal note to check in on him. The note was in her own handwriting, tagged on as an extra thought and Natasha thought it strange that it had survived.

“Peggy Carter gave this to me personally when I requested it. She told me that they had tried to get to Stryker once after she came back to ease Fury into his role as director. Unfortunately, Stryker hides behind so many politicians and generals who fear the unknown that he’s practically untouchable to anyone in the government arena.”

“So you want me to deal with him. I’m going to be honest this doesn’t seem like you, Pepper.”

Pepper crossed her arms as she leaned back against her desk, “And Dr. Banner doesn’t seem the type to verbally hurl curses at anyone but he does if he’s properly miffed.”

“Banner’s taking an interest in this?”

“He told me that since Shield’s hands were tied we should cut the rope. And then threatened that he would take care of Stryker himself if no one else moved on it.”

Natasha felt highly impressed at Bruce’s choice of motivation and for that reason continued to thumb trough the large file.

“This is a lot of intel.”

“He works for the government, the paperwork was not hard to acquire once I pointed out that Stark Industries is contributing a large sum to the Marine Corps.”

“Why are you doing that?”

“Tony makes the contribution every year in honor of a young men who died when he was kidnapped.”

Natasha sat completely still for a moment before shortly nodding her head once and returning to the folder’s contents.

“What do you suggest I do?”
“I suggest that you make it look like suicide. And take Dr. Banner with you, he will get restless if he doesn’t see that man dead soon. And we don’t need the Hulk going on a unguided rampage to find the bastard.”

“You’re the boss. Oh, and Pepper.”

“Yes?”

“I’d recommend you as director of Shield after Coulson.”

“Thank you, but I’m quite content being the CEO of Stark Industries.”

“Just think about it. I think Coulson’s going to want to retire soon.”

“Oh?”

Natasha hummed, “Mmmhhmm.”

“I’ll keep it in mind if they need a interim director, but nothing more.”

Natasha nodded curtly before stating, “I also like the slippers.”

A slight blush covered Pepper’s face as she realized she was wearing the fuzzy salmon colored slippers Darcy had made for her a week ago on request. Natasha smirked fondly at her before exiting the CEO’s office heading in the direction of Dr. Banner’s lab. Once she strode inside she saw that Banner was pulling on his coat and had a small duffel bag setting on one of the chairs. She and Bruce had been forced by Darcy to sort out what had happened in New York one she had heard. She had said that, and Natasha quoted, “Two grown adult superheroes should be emotionally capable to get over trying to kill one another, and be physically capable of eating tacos together but I’ve been told that is secondary”. And in light of this recent information, she had been speaking from experience (not that Natasha had doubted the tacos part, though she was still unsure of it's applicable merits). And because of Darcy’s prodding Bruce had actually let out the Hulk to play one day in a predetermined field. Naturally both he and Darcy got along famously, but what had shocked Natasha was Hulk’s natural disposition when Banner let him out this way was not one of smashing. In fact, the Hulk had been transfixed by Natasha’s hair long before he ever spoke a word to her, Darcy had played with this fact and it soon led to The Hulk petting Natasha's air with a very gentle finger. Once the two of them were used to each other it didn't take long for Hulk to want to run somewhere, anywhere really he wasn't picky and soon Hulk was carrying the two women around on his shoulders wherever they wanted. The episode had worked wonders for Bruce once Darcy and Natasha had reassured him that Hulk had been very sweet to them, and that they thought it was a matter of cabin fever that the Hulk got on occasion. Darcy naturally reasoned that anyone would want to go on a smashing fit if they were stuck inside someone else's mind for days on end. So Natasha felt that it was completely natural for her to go on a mission with Bruce/Hulk after the forming friendship that Darcy had started with them had grown. Her lips naturally quirked at the sight of Bruce's determined set of expression and she cleared her throat.

“Going somewhere, Big Guy?”

Bruce smiled sheepishly and shrugged as he fixed his collar, “I thought some fresh air might help me blow off some steam.”

“I’ve got the perfect remedy for blowing off steam. You in?”

“Full speed ahead, right?”
Natasha smirked at the slightly dangerous glint in Bruce’s eye, he may be a gentle giant most of the time but he had a protective streak that could out-streak Darcy’s.

“Let’s go give Colonel William Stryker a rude awakening. And then we can go get tacos.”

"With hot sauce?"

"I'm sure we can find some."

"Count me in then."

Chapter End Notes

Just an FYI. If you ever notice any grammar/punctuation mistakes in my fics I welcome you to comment pointing them out to me if you have the time. This fic IS NOT BETA'D and I don't have anyone else to read as my sister is too busy and she's one of the few people I trust explicitly. So if you happen to notice something feel free to comment. Though, bear in mind that giving me where the mistake is is just as important as to what the mistake is. If I can't find where I misspelled or messed up on something I can't change it. *casually shrugs shoulders* That's just the way it is. Also, I would appreciate it that anyone who is thinking of posting a correction in a disrespectful manner not post. It's rude and I don't want to think ill of you because I'm sure you have good intentions at heart. (NOTE: I am not berating anyone, just a general statement). Thanks for reading!
Darcy's Rubber Ball

Chapter Summary

When Bruce is suddenly missing when Darcy needs a paper signed she winds up running into an intruder in the labs. And soon finds that the man is a natural at being an asshole.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Darcy was currently searching high and low for one Dr. Bruce Banner. JARVIS had not been informed of his whereabouts, Tony pleaded innocence with a not-so-innocent face while Darcy had dangled one of his precious prototypes over the side of the balcony. Of course, Tony didn’t have an innocent face so Darcy reasoned that a manual search would prove that he wasn’t in the tower and then she could work from there. So when the elevator to Bruce’s private lab opened Darcy strutted out from behind one of the large, complex machines with a reprimand on her tongue. But she stopped dead in her tracks as a dark haired main with wide rimmed glasses stepped off the elevator.

“You’re not Dr. Banner.”

“Of course not, I’m much better at controlling my abilities and genius.”

Darcy bristled as the man gave her a haughty once over.

“Then who are you?”

“I could ask you the same question, not that it matters at the moment. I’m looking for Dr. Jane Foster and unless you are her I suggest you don’t waste your time.”

Something clicked in the back of Darcy’s mind as she came to a realization and her stance relaxed into one of annoyance.

“Oh, you’re that one, I remember now something about a requested consultation with your company. I suggest you leave Dr. Richards, Dr. Foster is unavailable and it is highly presumptuous of you to drop in at this moment.”

Darcy formed her words carefully, reminding herself that Bruce had railed about Reed Richards inexcusable behavior the last time the sneak had managed to get past Tony’s security. This approach didn’t seem to work as Dr. Richards proceeded to walk further into the labs that he presumed to be Dr. Foster’s.

“It will take just a moment of her time to look over my very important findings and then we can discuss how much time she would like to contribute.”

Darcy intercepted him just as he was about to make it to the doorway that connected Tony’s labs to Bruce’s. Richards tried to side step her and Darcy intercepted him again. They slide back and forth for the tenth time when Darcy decided enough was enough.

“Dr. Richards, Dr. Foster is not present in the labs today due to a minor cold. She is not expected in
today and will most likely still be recovering tomorrow. Not to mention you are in the wrong laboratory and as of right now I do not feel inclined to take you to the right one so you are going to leave."

Richards began to protest as Darcy willfully spun him around and marched him back into the elevator. When Darcy snapped out an order for him to stand still as the elevator took them back down to the ground floor Richards looked at her like she had grown horns.

“Do you know who I am?”

“A trespasser on Stark Industries property as far as I’m concerned, Patty shouldn’t have even given you that badge it’s not for visitors.”

Darcy swiped the badge off of Richards person and tucked it into her bra where she knew Richards wouldn’t dare try to retrieve it from. Darcy had planned on escorting Richards straight out of the building but when they stepped off the elevator to find Clint, Wade, Peter, and Sam engaged in a water gun war with the Stark security guards… Darcy automatically turned to Richards and pursued her lips,

“Those are not Stark product.”

“Of course not, I made them myself.”

“Do they know it’s not Stark product?”

All Richard’s had to do was incline his head slightly while opening his mouth to explain for Darcy to hold up her hand for him to stop.

“Tell me, Dr. Richards, are the rumors about your powers true that you could practically be a rubber ball if you thought really hard about it?”

“Well, if you want to put it in layman’s terms with such crude metapho-”

Darcy didn’t wait for Richards to finish, she effortlessly picked him up and pitched him through the front windows. The glass shattered and Darcy looked smug when everyone turned their attention to her in shock. Except for Wade, who was taking the opportunity to douse his opponents in copious amounts of water.

Chapter End Notes

This is a short chapter because… I dunno, when I wrote it it didn't seem like I could meld it with any of the others so here it is. Also, I've been on a gender swap fanfic kick and my mind is swarming with weird ideas so if my editing isn't perfect it's because I've been distracted by plot bunnies. Anyhoo... Enjoy!
Chapter Summary

Colonel William Stryker meets his end and the Hulk wants to smash him. Natasha seriously thinks about letting him go crazy on the power hungry nut-job, but keeps her word in the end.

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNING: NON-VOLUNTARY SUICIDE.
Note: Stryker commits non-voluntary suicide thus I am placing a trigger warning on this chapter as it could be disturbing to some people. Please respect that I place these trigger warnings on here not to annoy anyone but to make sure that my readers are safe. I've been suicidal before and can remember a day after I had recovered when I had a terrifying panic attack after unknowingly reading half of a short story on Facebook about suicide so I place my trigger warnings liberally. Once I was into it I couldn't seem to stop and it was horrifyingly real again. I just don't want that to happen to anyone. Thank you for your understanding and for reading.

Colonel William Stryker hung up the phone after barking orders at one of his scientists as he drove down a quiet road. He was on his way to another lab and after a nasty accident with one of the planes he had decided that driving would be the best mode of transportation. There had been little time left as one of his experiments had nearly escaped from this particular lab and one of the doctor’s had decided to go rogue. Stryker gripped the steering wheel tightly in his hands as he fought the fury in his bones mingle with his hatred and bitterness. For one tiny second he thought of two of his greatest, and yet failed, experiments and then his car was sailing through the air and Stryker was scrambling to control the car even as he processed that there was no way to control it. It was too far off the ground. When the car finally hit the ground Stryker found himself upside down and he groaned as the blood rushed to his head. Then he found himself cringing slightly as a gun was pressed against the side of his head.

“Hello, Soldier.”

The smooth feminine voice made I'm think of Project V, Darcy Wilson Lebeau, a tiny little mutant woman that had been a very interesting project according to his most recent top scientist. He hadn’t been able to get his hands on the mutant scum for years. But this was impossible, the girl had very little control over her powers so she wouldn’t dare confront him and she certainly wouldn’t be calling him “Soldier”. Then he was being pulled from the wreckage as a beastly roar filled his ears making him cringe. When the noise stopped he opened his eyes to see a giant green monster standing in front of him looking like an enraged beast.

“I’d suggest not looking him in the eye, he takes it as a challenge.”

Stryker’s attention shifted to the woman and his eyes widened as he saw that the Black Widow was
“What do you want?”

“Vengeance, you have a thirty second head start. One-”

He was off without a second thought, the knowledge that he was outnumbered and outpowered making his only hope to reach a place where he could contact his people. Lady Deathstrike was almost ready to be released, she could take on the Widow. The Hulk though? He’d have to contact General Ross, it would be the only option. Unfortunately for him, the cards weren’t stacked in his favor. Once the thirty seconds were up The Hulk came after him and Stryker was so consumed with the need to get away that he didn’t realize that he was being herded in a particular direction. When he made it to the edge of a cliff with no where to go he realized how foolish he had been not to think of this possibility and he turned to plead with the monster.

“Please don’t kill me, I’ll do anything for you! I can make you better, I can take away the monster, that’s what you want, isn’t it.”

Banner stopped and Stryker though he had struck a chord so when he opened his mouth to speak again he was surprised to hear the Hulk interrupt him.

“Bad Man- Not Speak- He Hurt Hulk’s Friend.”

“I couldn’t possibly have hurt anyone who you know.”

“Hulk Mad!”

The Hulk roared as Natasha rode up to the scene on a motorcycle and dismounted with a deadly grin on her face.

“Having fun, Big Guy?”

“Hulk Smash Puny Man!”

“As much as I’d love to see you do that you heard the boss woman, it has to look like suicide.”

“Why are you doing this? What have I done?”

“Colonel William Stryker, I am executing you for crimes against persons known and unknown that have been labeled as mutants.”

“What? That’s preposterous! They’re a menace to mankind! They’ll destroy us!”

“There has been destruction caused by both humans and mutants, there is no difference in their humanity compared to ours. But you are unjustly biased and are a menace to the U.S. Government. If they won’t clean up their messes, we will. Now, you have two choices, I can let the Big Guy use you as a tooth pick or you can jump over the side of that cliff. You don’t have chance at survival either way, but I suggest choosing the easy way out.”

Stryker had a panicked look in his eyes as he moved his attention rapidly between The Hulk and The Black Widow. His odds were looking slim and he moved closer to the edge of the cliff glancing down at the steep drop.

“I’m going to have to start counting down if you don’t jump soon, Soldier…. One-”

The Hulk looked elated that he might get to beat Stryker to a pulp and Stryker decided that of the
two he’d much rather choose to die by choice than be "forced". So he jumped, as far as he could and Natasha smirked as she turned to Banner’s alter ego.

“You owe me twenty bucks.”

“Hulk Still Smash?”

“I’ll snag the body for you to mutilate later. Meanwhile, I’ll make sure he’s dead. I’ve see people cheat death before and this one isn’t getting the chance.”

“Spider Lady Kill. Hulk Smash Later.”

“Now you’ve got it.”
Chapter Summary

Darcy wakes up to find Clint in her air ducts, Natasha in the gym taking her emotions out on a punching bag, and Lucky giving everyone loving attention. Huh, when did her dog become smarter than the rest of the residents in the tower?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Darcy sat up in bed panting in a cold sweat from the nightmare she had just woken up from. She looked over at the side of the bed where Remy was sleeping and breathed a sigh of relief that she hadn’t woken him. Lucky, however, was wide awake as soon as she was and climbed onto the bed to lick at her face. Darcy rubbed his head as the dog comforted her and slowly moved her legs off the bed so that she could stand.

“Cher?”

“Go back to sleep, Remy. I’m just getting a glass of water.”

“Mmm, we’ll talk in the morning bout dis, Cher.”

Darcy stood up and padded across the floor with Lucky at her heels. Going into the mini kitchen Stark had put in standard for all of the apartments Darcy stood on her tiptoes to reach a glass and then turned on the faucet. She hadn’t bothered to turn on a light since she could see just fine without it and when she heard someone in the air ducts she lifted her gaze to the ceiling and whispered,

“Clint?”

The vent popped open above her head and Clint grinned down at her,

“Hey, Darce, what’s up?”

“You. What are you doing awake at this hour?”

“I don’t sleep much, you?”

“Sleep is apparently overrated. Is there something you need?”

“Um, well if you have a minute.”

“It’s one thirty in the morning, Clint.”

“Right, well you know how Banner and Natasha disappeared for a few days?”

“Yep, I’m grilling Bruce in the morning.”

“Cool, well uh, Natasha has been in a mood.”

“Mood?”
“Yeah, like we sparred today and she wasn’t herself. You know how there’s a distinct difference between Tasha, Natasha, Nat, and the Black Widow? She was slightly on the Black Widow side.”

“Where is she now?”

“Gym, we could all form an insomnia club, have weekly meetings that occur in the middle of the night and trade nightmares.”

“I think our nightmares would give other people nightmare’s, Clint, so I’m gonna pass. I’ll head over to the gym and see what’s wrong though.”

“Terrific, I’d do it myself but I just got a call and I can’t spare the time. Oh, and Darcy?”

“Yes, Clint.”

“Don’t tell Tasha I asked you.”

“She’ll know anyway.”

“I know, but I can feign innocence more easily if you don’t.”

“Nice nightcap by the way.”

Clint tugged at the top of the pointed cap that sported his black and purple colors and grinned through the darkness, “Pretty awesome chick made it for me. I hear she once took out four Hydra units with two wooden knitting needles so I think it’s pretty wicked.” Clint chuckled lightly, “Night, Darce.”

Darcy saluted him in the darkness as the vent cover went back into place and contemplated skewering Fury for telling old stories of her very short stint as a Shield agent. Lucky looked up at her expectantly before she began to walk with purpose through her apartment and he trotted behind her as she grabbed a pair of workout shorts and a tank with two sports bras cause, hello, the girls needed support if she was going to take on Natasha’s emotional indigestion. Of course, just about everyone in the tower had emotional indigestion, Darcy included herself in this, but Natasha just didn’t open up about her’s. There were hints, little cues that only a few people would ever pick up on, but discussing them outright? That required two sports bras.

So Darcy donned her battle armor, although going to battle wasn’t quite the right comparison but it was the closest that Darcy could get, and headed to the gym with Lucky running ahead of her when he recognized the friendly scent. Darcy wasn’t sure how or when Lucky and Natasha had become pals, but she had a feeling it had to do with the table scraps Natasha snuck him during Avenger’s dinners. So when Darcy entered to Natasha kneeling down rubbing Lucky’s ears as he wagged his tail enthusiastically she wasn’t all that surprised.

“A little bird told me you were down here, I thought it might be a good time to get a work out in.”

Natasha didn’t answer only moved her attentions from petting Lucky to punching one of Steve’s specially reinforced punching bags. Darcy moved behind the bag and held it steady for Natasha patiently waiting for whatever her friend was comfortable with sharing.

“Why don’t you tell us things?”

Natasha abruptly stopped as she let her question settle in with Darcy.

Darcy shrugged, “I’m not used to it. Remy was the first person besides Aunt Peggy that I could tell
everything to for years. Then came Jane and Erik and I was finally getting settled into something normal. Then all of a sudden I have more friends than I can count and a lot of my old friends who I purposely lost touch with to keep them safe are cropping back up. It’s a shift that I haven’t quite made yet.”

Natasha nodded minutely before returning to punching the bag with a vengeance.

“Banner and I paid a visit to Colonel Stryker yesterday.”

Darcy stepped away from the punching bag and Natasha immediately stepped behind it as Darcy started to throw punches.

“Why?”

“Banner got a little more detailed information about the nature of your stay with Stryker while talking to Remy and he got curious. Consequently, Peggy Carter gave us more information of how much of a thorn in your side that man has been.”

“I could have handled it myself.”

“Then why didn’t you?”

Darcy stopped her assault of the punching bag and sighed knowing that Natasha was testing her, “He has a drug that renders me incapable of using any of my powers, basically a living breathing vegetable.”

“We confiscated that, along with all of his records. Banner is working on a way to stabilize your powers as we speak.”

Darcy began to throw punches at the bag again as Natasha watched her carefully.

“Are you angry?”

“No, I’m processing. The biggest pain in my ass in years is now nonexistent and I’m happy about that but I wish I could have done it myself.”

“You don’t have to fight all of your battles.”

Natasha stayed steady as Darcy threw a particularly strong punch and then stopped altogether.

“That’s what Remy’s been telling me for years.”

“He’s a smart man, you should listen to him.”

“Yeah, your turn.”

Natasha stood back as Darcy took up her position holding the bag steady and waiting for the first punch.

“I think Steve wants to continue our relationship.”

“That’s a good thing, right?”

“Logically, yes. I’m not sure if I can follow through with some things.”

Darcy paused for a moment before asking, “Like?”
“Childrearing, commitment, hell, even sex. I use my body as a weapon, and I’m not sure how to be anything else.”

“But you are someone else, Natasha. Do I really need to remind you?”

The silence that followed spurred Darcy on as Natasha stared blankly at the punching bag.

“Okay, let's start. You’re the woman who trades sarcasm with Tony and Clint. You’re the person that speaks to Bucky in Russian when he gets so upset he can’t speak in English. You’re the woman who learned ASL for a Clint after three days of knowing him. You’re more than the Red Room made you. They counted on making you the best but what they didn’t realize was that you already were. You have a warm heart and a kind soul, enough so that Clint Barton decided to risk his career for you. Enough that I trusted you within minutes of meeting you. Enough that Steve Rogers wants to have a future with you. And holy guacamole, I sound like an inspirational speech on steroids don’t I? Hey, Dr. Phil has got some serious competition from me! I wonder if I could get a TV show?”

Natasha quirked an amused smile but chose to otherwise ignore the change of subjects, “The advice helps.”

“Good, now I have one question.”

“Shoot.”

“Have you talked to Steve about this?”

Natasha shook her head slightly and Darcy sighed, “Welp, I think we’ve identified the problem.”

“You want me to tell him I can’t have children, I’m afraid of commitment, and sex is something I’ve used as a weapon for so long that I don’t know if I can look at it from any other viewpoint?”

“Yeah, that’s exactly what I want you to tell him. Cause trust me when I say that Steve is going to understand, it’s one of his strong suits. The guy respects others and he’ll respect your boundaries and work with them. Now, come on. You’ve taken down governments, Tasha. You can do this.”

Natasha nodded her head a little and licked her lips, “If I asked you a question, Darcy, would you answer it?”

“You’ll never know unless you try.”

“How old are you?”

“Mmm, judging by what? My birth certificate? I don’t have one cause I was born in a little cabin in Canada ages ago but I believe I’m in my early forties. Remy’s a year older than me so yeah, forties.”

Natasha stared at Darcy for a moment before returning her gaze to the bag.

“Steve, Bucky, and I don’t age.”

“What? Why?”

“Supersoldier serum, Hydra experimentation, and Red Room experimentation. In that order.”

“Well, that solves my problem of whether I’ll be alone in a couple hundred years.”

“I don’t know how much it would take to kill us. We don’t have healing factors but our aging has stopped indefinitely and from what I can tell from reports we have enhanced healing but not perfect
healing. We could be killed but we at the very least won’t die of old age.”

“I see.”

“Does that help you?”

Darcy swallowed down her emotions and nodded her head, “Yeah, yeah it does.”

“Good, I hope you tell us if there are any other life threatening problems or emotional concerns you have, Darcy.”

“Well, I’ll at least make it a point to tell you if you make an effort to tell me, fair enough?”

“Fair enough.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you are all having a wonderful Thanksgiving week:) I accidentally forgot to put eggs in my pumpkin pies, but considering that was the only thing I messed up I'm pretty happy. I have one more potential Thanksgiving dinner to go (My dad's side of the family always does things last minute, they're notorious for it and my ADHD is terrified by it) and then I'm done with verbally repeating the mantra of what I'm doing in life and can go back to actually living my life which is way more productive. Anyhoo, I have a plot twist or two coming up but mostly just the crazy life that Darcy leads. I thought a little Natasha/Darcy friendship was overdue so here we go, laying on the thickness for chapter. Enjoy!
Chapter Summary

Susan Storm pays a visit to the tower, and Darcy discovers that her old friend is married to the biggest jerk she has ever met and thinks it's hilarious.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Darcy, your friend Susan Storm is downstairs requesting an audience.”

“Oh? All right send her in, Mr. J.”

Darcy pressed the buttons on the microwave to heat up a cup of hot cocoa and wondered why Sue wanted to see her.

“Darcy! Why did you leave a box of sweaters on my husband’s desk?”

“I don’t even know who your husband is, Sue. You won’t let me meet—”

Darcy froze before cracking up laughing, “Oh my gosh, you married Richards! Oh honey, would it be rude to say that he must be amazing in bed because he is the biggest jerk-wad with an attitude I have ever met?”

Sue stared at Darcy for a moment before rolling her eyes, “He’s just extremely blunt.”

“He has a worse brain to mouth filter than Tony does! No wait, scratch that, it’s worse than my dad’s! How’s the invisibility thingy, by the way?”

“Fine. But why did you leave a box of sweaters sitting on his desk? I know what that means, and you can’t get around not telling me, Darce.”

“He barged into the labs the other day, completely disregarded me and forced his way through the lab. I had to forcibly remove him.”

Sue’s hand flew to her mouth as she realized Darcy was the one who threw her husband through Stark’s front window.

“That was you?”

Darcy shrugged her shoulders as she took her hot chocolate out of the microwave and inhaled the warm smell. Sue suddenly burst into a fit of giggles and then fell back against the kitchen counter.

“Oh, he must have been awful. I’m so sorry, Darcy. Honestly. I do love him though, a whole lot.”

“You must, if he wasn’t an innocent superpowered crimefighter I would have improvised murder.”

“Is there anything I can do to make it up to you? Anything at all?”

“Mmm, how about coffee? Well, hot chocolate right now.”
“Now?”

“Yes, you got the time?”

“Of course!”

“Great, I’ll make more.”

Darcy set about making another cup of hot chocolate as Sue sat down at the kitchen counter.

“So, tell me about your life. It’s been a long while since I’ve seen you.”

“Well, my powers are easier to control now thanks to your tutoring. I’m married, we’re trying for a baby but it’s slow going.”

“Aww, let’s hope you get a mini-Susan and not a mini-Reed.”

“Hey, it could be a boy with my personality.”

“Touche, the possibilities are endless.”

“Yeah, how about you? Are you and Remy going to make babies at any point and time?”

“Ah, yeah, already did that once.”

“Really? When?”

“Our late twenties? The kids in her mid twenties now and won’t speak to me because she want’s to be, and I quote ‘Self-dependant and mentally sane’. That was three years ago and she hasn’t called me since. I think she changed her last name to Jones and everything.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s probably more my fault than anything, I was extremely overprotective.”

“Ah, no more than one kid?”

“Well, I did have another but the baby wasn’t Remy’s. He was brainwashed at the time, I was desperate for some relief, picked up a random guy at a bar, condom didn’t work so I got pregnant, had a baby, baby was kidnapped, I panicked thinking Stryker had both my husband and one of my kids, finally found Remy, nearly got killed by Remy. Are you getting all this? It sounds like a lot to take in in one setting.”

“I’ve followed you so far.”

“Great, found out that no, Stryker had not taken my child, and from that point on I’ve been looking. Gotten little hits here and there but nothing solid so far. Though, I got a recent hit that might pan out, but I don’t have much hope.”

“I’m really sorry.”

“Yeah, it’s not your fault.”

“I know but that’s terrible.”

“Oh, oh, I hope I didn’t influence your decision to have kids because really, it’s worth it, Sue. You
get these cute little moments that you put in your memory bank and they kinda outweigh the bad stuff depending upon the level of bad your talking about. And, picking out baby clothes is my jam and knitted onesies are so much fun to make I can hammer those out faster than Thor can swing his-Well, you get the gist. Though nowadays I probably couldn’t do it without pulling my hair out but it was fun while it lasted."

Sue shook her head in amazement, “How do you take such a terrible situation like that and turn it around?”

“Simple, practice.”

Chapter End Notes

So, I started watching Jessica Jones the other day (major trigger warnings should be placed on that show by the way) and my first thought was not how dark or depressive the start was, nooooo. It was, "Dang, that girl has Darcy's cheekbones." Sooooooo, I may or may not have inhaled the entire season one and then decided, "Heck, why not stick her in the background as one of Darcy's kids?" I'd planned on the plot twist anyway and the first child was going to be an OC but.... Opportunity knocks and I like to open the door with a smile and Deadpool by my side. If you haven't watched the show or don't intend to, that's peachy and no worries. Jessica won't come in until the sequel to this fic and I think it will work out well once I've planned a little further than I already have so that it won't be necessary to have any knowledge of the show past what I provide. Everything fits nicely so far, and I've always been good at organizing. So have fun coming along for the ride! Thanks for reading, you're all lovely:)
Grant Ward's Early Christmas Present

Chapter Summary

Darcy Lewis is one of those people who can either give you a second chance or strange you with a piece of her yarn if she has a notion. Grant Ward happens to be on her good side after a month alone in a backwoods cabin.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“You do realize that from this point on I am responsible for your ass. If you don’t call in at lunch, dinner, or supper I will come after you and hold you captive while I sing Bohemian Rhapsody a couple of hundred times. That is one epic song but after awhile it will get to you cause I do not have a pleasing singing voice, so I guarantee it will get to you. You got that?”

“Yes mam.”

Darcy glanced over at where Ward was sitting as they flew to the new Shield base and she tallied up the lies he would have to tell to his team in her head. She wanted to go easy on him badly but Darcy was never one to hold back unless she determined it justified.

“You mess this up and a month of solitude is going to be the least of your worries, you understand?”

“Yes mam.”

“Are you going to say anything besides ‘yes mam’? Cause you having communication problems is not going to make me satisfied with your performance.”

“I’m sorry. I wasn’t expecting you to actually let me go.”

Darcy sat back in her seat with a sigh of frustration, “I’ll admit I had planned another month but things have come up and you’re needed back in the field. Besides, you have time to make up for.”

“What’s my story?”

“Undercover mission, top secret assigned by Coulson. He knows and will corroborate.”

Ward nodded before turning to stare out of one of the windows.

“It looks nice doesn’t it?”

“I’ve been in a bare cabin for the last month, anything looks nice to me right now, mam.”

“Quit calling me that.”

“What should I call you?”

“Darcy, everyone calls me Darcy, except for my enemies they call me Trouble.”

“I’m not your enemy?”
“You tell me, Ward. You’ve seen how Coulson works, you agreed to my terms. You’re on a plane headed straight back to the job you were going to leave for Hydra. What do you honestly think?”

Ward swallowed and nodded, “I’m not your enemy.”

“I don’t know what the hell May did to you but we’re going to have to give you a personal energy boost. You can see what’s-her-name and bang.”

“Skye.”

“Right,” Darcy opened a file on the agent, “The one who’s birth name is Daisy? Yeah, I would have changed my name too if my last name made me sound like that.” Darcy whistled as she glanced through the girls file for what was secretly the eighth time.

Ward didn’t answer just kept staring into nothing as if he had lost everything good in his life.

“What if Hydra comes after me?”

“The remains of Hydra are being eradicated as we speak, if they can muster up enough force to be a threat then I might be spiriting your ass away somewhere where they can’t get to you. Hopefully somewhere besides Tahiti, I still have to chew Fury out about that one. Make a note.”

Ward nodded his head actually looking like he was making a mental note and sat completely still as the pilot announced they were going to land.

“You nervous?”

“Yeah.”

“Good, May will be keeping an eye on you so just go with your guidelines and you’ll be fine.”

“No one else is going to know about me?”

“Coulson, Fury, May, and me. No one else. I don’t even like the fact that that many people know.”

“Why?”

“Let’s put it this way, as far as Hydra knows you didn’t go against them. Theoretically if they come running up to you asking for help you give it to them and then come running to me. The less people who know you can do that, the better.”

Ward nodded his head again and Darcy folded her arms as the plane came to a stop.

“You ready, Bond?”

“As I’ll ever be.”

“Good, one more thing.”

Ward waited patiently as Darcy handed him a wrapped Christmas present.

“Happy early Christmas.”

“What is this?”

“Just open it, Ward.”
He blankly stared at her as she smiled at him before he methodically ripped through the wrapping paper. When he saw the contents his hands slowed down as he pulled out a pair of red and blue gloves, a matching striped scarf, and the corresponding hat with a little pom pom on the top. He cradled the gifts in his hands before looking up at Darcy for an explanation.

“If you ever need anything, Ward. Remember that I could have killed you and you’re my responsibility. If anyone hurts you, or tries to hurt your team, you call me.”

Ward nodded his head slowly before pulling the scarf around his neck with a look of gratitude.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, now let’s go face your new life.”

Chapter End Notes

I know the canon is that Ward is a bad guy. I get that, I hated what he did too. But, I never understood why they took a perfectly good character who had a legit development arc and then MADE HIM BE HYDRA. I mean really? You couldn't think of anything better to do with him? It was interesting from a development standpoint but other than that just no, it made poor baby Fitz miserable, my babies were all reeling from being betrayed and SKYE/WARD WAS THE FIRST MAIN PAIRING "PAIRING" THAT I LIKED OFF THE BAT OKAY???? I haven't gotten that attached to a pairing the writers have shoved at me in the first episode since Mal/Inara. And anyone in my family can tell you that I can be very passionate about Mal/Inara. My sister's eyerolling is professional because of my ranting prowess on my ships. Anyhoo, thanks for reading! I will be developing Wards character as I see fit and Skye/Ward may or may not be slow burn cause, ya know, that's how I roll.
Chapter Summary

Darcy returns Ward to his natural habitat, meets FitzSimmons, gets some news from Coulson, and hopes for a second chance.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ward’s reintroduction went off smoothly, Darcy thought that FitzSimmons had to be the cutest pair of scientists she had ever seen and Coulson greeted Ward warmly. After a moment Coulson cleared his throat to tell Ward that Skye wanted to see him privately. The agent perked up slightly at this and was off in the direction Coulson pointed him to after receiving an approving nod from Darcy. Darcy turned to Coulson as the scientists began chattering and she tuned them out to question him.

“How’s May?”

“Great! I still can’t believe it.”

“Congratulations.”

“Thank you.”

“I’ll make you guys a bunch of knitted onesies when you find out the gender.”

“I don’t know if we’ll be doing that, I always wanted to find out whenever my kid would be born. I’m informed about everything else, so why not seize the opportunity to have a surprise?”

“Well, it’s you guys’s choice. Just make sure you have takeout menu’s on hand for whenever the cravings start.”

“I’ll start a list, we didn’t plan this so I don’t know what I’m in for.”

“Well, I could point you in the direction of my husband, we went through one.”

“Is that so?”

“Mmmhhmm, he was a saint. One time I asked for tacos in the middle of the night, he went out and got them three times because my taste changed every time he arrived with the food. Finally my stomach started agreeing with me and I was able to eat, um... Coulson you’ve got that look on your face that tells me you have something to tell me and I’m not sure if I want you to tell me so if you could just tell me before I decide to ask you not to tell me that would be great.”

“The tests came back positive.”

Darcy sat down on the chair that Coulson had pulled out as a precaution and her eyes grew wide as the possibility she had been avoiding was sat in front of her like a neon sign.

“You’ve got to be kidding. That didn’t sound right, what I meant to say is that it has to be wrong run
“FitzSimmons ran the tests twice and we had a trusted consultant look at it. Miss Lewis, the results are positive.”

“I feel like I’m twenty-two, pregnant, and trying to find my brainwashed husband again.”

“I would suggest an aspirin but I’m not sure it would help.”

“No, thanks Son of Coul. You’ve been a big help though, really.”

“How are you going to be with Ward’s obvious interest?”

“I’m going to be fine, I drove away one daughter by being too strict. I honestly don’t know if I even have a right to say anything, Coulson. Ward’s gained my trust, and he knows the consequences if he messes up. Hell, he’s probably the most trustworthy former snitch you could ask for. What I’m worried about is her. How is she going to take it? You told me she hates her parents.”

“She believes that they abandoned her and that has produced some very hostile feelings towards them.”

“I never would have done that. Remy would have accepted her like she was his own blood. Coulson, how do I make up for so much time? How do I get back what was robbed from me?”

Coulson sat down next to Darcy and took one of her hands in his, “You can’t, but you can live in the present.”

One of the scientists Darcy had tuned out cleared their throat and Darcy turned her attention to them with a start having forgotten they were there.

“If I may interject, it might be possible that you could explain the circumstances?”

“And then propose a method of getting to know each other if Skye is interested.”

“All she’s ever wanted is family.”

“Perhaps she will take the chance to have one?”

Darcy smiled at the two, “She already has a family,” she turned to Coulson, “a really good family. And I wouldn’t dream of taking her away from you. But I would like to know my baby girl.”

Coulson smiled warmly, “Thank you, Darcy. I was, well, I was afraid you’d take her from us.”

“Now that would be like taking a street monkey from his organ grinder.”

“Hah! Monkeys, see I’m not the only one!”

“She was using it as an example Fitz it doesn’t count!”

The two scientists went off on a tangent as they made their way back to their labs and Darcy grinned at their retreating forms.

“Now there is a perfect pair, Coulson where do you get these people?”

“If I told you that where would I get them from, hm?”
Darcy laughed, “Just try not to pick up my other kid, she has a lot more of my personality.”

“Oh, I don’t know. Skye’s personality was my first clue.”

“Reckless?”

“You have no idea.”

“Genius?”

“Very.”

“Headstrong?

“You have no idea.”

"Crazy?"

"There are times..."

Darcy cackled, “That’s my kid then. I can’t wait to see her in action.”

“Stick around for a few days?”

“Why, Coulson, I thought you’d never ask.”

Chapter End Notes

Yep, I’m a little crazy, but I love this fic more than anything and my plot twists are a huge part of what I love. Aaaaaah, plot sweet plot mixed with a heaping dollop of crazy. It’s my favorite combination. And yep, Mays pregnant cause she deserves to be a mom and Coulson is the ultimate dad to his team. I think this is the first time I’ve ever left you all with a semi-cliffhanger. My bad, but I’m exhausted and I think I could fall asleep on my laptop if I don’t go to bed soon. Thanks for reading!
Skye

Chapter Summary

Darcy works on controlling her powers, Skye approaches her about their relationship, and some bonding happens.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darcy took a deep breath as she sat in the middle of the floor that served as a training area in the bus. FitzSimmons were in their lab and Ward was with May looking into a possible threat. Coulson had told Darcy that he would be telling Skye about her sometime during the day and Darcy was extremely nervous about how her daughter would react.

So, she had the space to herself and decided to try some of the “power exercises” Bruce had recommended. He had told her to focus on the power she wanted to use and do some breathing exercises to slowly gain control. The theory was that with gradual use she would eventually be able to use all of her powers. Darcy was skeptical, until Bruce had pointed out to her that her mind control power was slowly but surely giving her less severe consequences.

So, with this in mind, Darcy took a deep breath and focused on the bowl of water in front of her. She started by first mentally moving the water in a swirl pattern while in the bowl and then slowly pulling it up in an inverted tornado shape. Darcy winced when the beginnings of a headache nearly broke her concentration and struggled to maintain control as she lowered the water back into the bowl. Then she closed her eyes and slowly breathed in meditation until the headache gradually faded.

When Darcy opened her eyes she smiled encouraged by the small amount of control that she could build upon. She would have to call Bruce later on and tell him about the little victory. Remy was supposed to call Skype with her before he went to bed and Darcy grinned at the thought of telling him what she had done. It was a small victory in her mind, but considering it was a power she hadn’t been able to use before, she counted it anyway.

Darcy stood up and removed the bowl from the floor before returning to the middle of the floor slowly starting her Tai Chi warm up. As she fluidly moved from one movement to another she allowed her mind to quiet and focus on what she was doing. So when she finally opened her eyes she was slightly surprised to see Skye watching her with an uncertain look on her face. Darcy continued moving through her routine as Skye watched her, and in turn Darcy watched her out of the corner of her eye.

“Is there something you need?”

“You look like you’re my age how can you be my mother?”

Darcy faltered for a second before dropping her stance and staring at Skye in awe.

“You’ve just been told that you were kidnapped as a child and your mother actually wants a relationship with you and my lack of aging is what bothers you?”
Skye shifted slightly looking uncomfortable with the situation, “I didn’t know what else to say. And I’m not entirely convinced.”

“DNA testing doesn’t do it for you, huh?”

“I’ve seen some crazy things since joining Shield.”
“Yeah, well my life is the definition of crazy, Hon. And I can assure you that I am at least twice your age. I also have your birth certificate if it helps.”

Skye swallowed and then nodded as she quickly looked down at her shoes and then back up again.

“Yeah, sure, that would be good. Um, what’s my name?”

Darcy chuckled, “Oddly enough, that is one problem you won’t be having. I named you Skyla.”

Skye’s mouth dropped before she let out a small laugh of disbelief, “You have got to be kidding me!”

“I’m not, I named you Skyla Rene Lebeau.”

“Wow, so my dad’s French?”

“No, from what I remember of the one night stand I had your father was Canadian.”

“Canadian?”

“Hey, I’m Canadian and I was in Canada, at a Canadian bar, surrounded by Canadians, I’m not sure how your father could be anything but Canadian if you see my point.”

“Sounds very logical. So… you don’t know who my dad is?”

“No, it was a really dark and crowded bar. I was wallowing in guilt, and mixing in a little whiskey with a fine ass and a lack of inhibitions. Viola! You have one knocked up Darcy.”

Skye pressed her lips together for a moment before nodding her head, “Okay, I get it. I can’t say I’ve never had a one night stand before so I can’t really judge.”

“Great, so, any more questions or…”

“I’m going to need some time, but I do have a lot of questions.”

“I’ll be happy to answer them.”

“Okay, Coulson says I was kidnapped, did you look for me?”

“Yes, yes I did. And whoever hid you from me for this long is going to be in a lot of trouble once I find them.”

“Cool, okay, what do you do for a living?”

Darcy hesitated for a moment before foraging ahead thinking that Skye might as well know the best and the worst, “Scientist wrangler, retired mercenary, retired assassin, retired retrieval specialist.”

“Woah… woah… woah… What’s a retrieval specialist?”

“Oh, ah, a hitter, basically a thief with fighting expertise. The concept is that I would steal or retrieve
an item by any means necessary whether it be force or… persuasion.”

“So, not entirely on the level.”

“No, definitely not on the level. But I’m retired, and working as an intern and caretaker for three genius scientists at the behest of Pepper Potts.”

“What? You work for Pepper Potts? Who are the scientists you wrangle?”

“Tony Stark, Bruce Banner, Jane Foster, and Tony recently took on a protégée, Peter Parker.”

“You science wrangle The Tony Stark?”

“If you mean I make sure he eats, doesn’t collapse from exhaustion, and pin him down long enough to get his signature on all of the important documents Pepper needs him to sign, yes I science wrangle Tony Stark. And excellent use of capitals, by the way.”

Skye looked confused for a moment before continuing, “And Bruce Banner, you work with the guy who turns into the Hulk?”

“Yeah, Hulk’s a softy though and there’s not much that can kill me so there’s really no danger.”

“The Hulk broke Harlem.”

“The Hulk also likes having picnics and tea parties so long as he gets to wear a tiara.”

Skye gaped at Darcy as she stood completely unfazed, “You’re kidding, you have to be kidding.”

“You’ll never know,” Darcy grinned.

“I’m totally using the fact that your my mom to find out.”

Darcy was completely silent as it sunk in that Skye had just acknowledged she was her mother.

“Does that mean I get a chance?”

Skye nodded her head a little while avoiding eye contact, “I think I can give you one, just promise me one thing.”

Skye finally looked Darcy in the eye and Darcy felt her heart wrench for her daughter.

“Anything.”

“Don’t abandon me.”

Darcy let go of the breath she was holding and gently approached Skye taking a hold of her shoulders in a reassuring grip.

“Sweetie, I’ll fight for you till I lose breath. Which, by the way, probably won’t be for the next few thousand years.”

“What?”

Chapter End Notes
A reader requested a list of the meanings of what Darcy knits, this is an rough list that I made when I started and when I get the time I'll make a more complete list. These meanings still hold true to what I've written and I use them as a general reference.

Knitted Items Meanings To Darcy Lewis and Remy Lebeau

Scarf: Those to keep close (Trusted/Important)

Gloves: Hiding something/Spy

Gloves (With a pattern): Hiding something/Spy (Indicates possible ally/trusted friend)

Sweater: Friend/Enemy (Depending upon the context, see below)

Box of Sweaters: A warning meant to tell the recipient to back off. Can be to an ally or enemy.

Package of sweaters (Total of five): Double agent/Enemy/Person who can’t be trusted

Sweaters given individually: Trusted individual/Ally

Unusual Item (e.g., eyepatch, nose): Person of authority to be wary/respectful of (Depending upon the pattern used), or a person who Darcy likes and just wants to make something weird for.

Cape: Can be an unusual item (See above) or can be a gift of honor

Socks: Trustworthy individual/Keep warm (Safe)

Blanket: Keep the person warm (Safe)

Mug cozy (Solid color): Suspicious individual

Mug cozy (Pattern): Harmless individual

Hat (Solid): Danger

Hat (Striped): Funny person/James Bond (Not literally, Darcy has a meaning for James Bond, it's a code phrase)

Hat (Pattern): To be determined (Literally, I don't just mean I haven't decided what this means, it is an indicator that Darcy hasn't completely made up her mind about the individual. Note: this doesn't count for Striped patterns)

If a Pom Pom is added to an item to indicate a protector or someone who can be counted on in a time of peril, it can also mean that the person is one to keep close or watch carefully.

(James Bond means the person has potential, or that the person is a possible ally)
Skye sat next to Darcy vibrating out of nervousness, “What if he doesn’t like me?”

“Remy will love you, you look like me and you’ve got my snark.”

“I’m not even his kid, how is he even going to like me?”

“He doesn’t care, you’re his daughter no matter what. We agreed to that once he knew about you and that never changed.”

There was a small ding that sounded from the computer and Darcy answered the Skype call. When the window opened Darcy cracked up laughing at the amount of people trying to fit into the screen.

“Oh my gosh, what happened?”

“Sorry, Cher, Stark has been monitoring Remy’s every move and Mademoiselle Romanoff is very perceptive. Remy couldn’t get away.”

“Well then, Skye, meet my husband, Remy Lebeau.”

“Hi,” Skye waved awkwardly but relaxed when Remy smiled brightly at her.

“You look just like your mother, ma petite.”

“Thanks.”

“Okay, just so I can get some alone time with my daughter and husband I’ll introduce the rest of the crew. Tony you will recognize because of the fact that his ego won’t let him stay out of the public eye for long.”

“Hey, the public loves my ass.”

“Tone it down, Stark, we have innocent ears over here.”

Skye chuckled at the teasing and Darcy continued.

“The Star Spangled Man with a plan is to the right followed by the man that closely resembles a puppy when he’s sad, Bucky Barnes.”

“Nice to meet you, Skye.”

“Holy crap, my mom knows Steve Rogers. And awww, I can see how Barnes would look like a
puppy.”

Bucky grinned at Skye thinking how much she was like a slightly tame version of Darcy.

“The curly mop next to him is Bruce, he’s going to be like an uncle to you I just know it.”

Bruce blushed slightly at this and looked immensely honored, “It’s nice to finally meet you, Skye.”

“A pleasure, Green stuff.”

“Hey, the kid is like Darcy, she nicknames!”

“Tony, come on, let me introduce everybody! Now next to Bruce is Thor, who I didn’t even know was in Midgard, by the way.”

“It is an honor to meet the offspring of such a valiant warrior, Lady Skye! Heimdall summoned me with the joyous tidings and insisted that I visit Midgard once again.”

“Um, thanks?”

“Lady Jane was unable to make an appearance to have the honor of meeting you. Her sciencing, as the Lady Darcy calls it, has consumed her time most recently. If you will excuse my quick departure, however, I must ensure that she has consumed sustenance and allowed adequate time for sleeping.”

“Thanks, Hammertime, you’re the best!”

Thor disappeared from the screen and Darcy continued her introductions.

“The next guy is Clint, Fury is assigning him as your bodyguard once I leave because he thinks you’ll be targeted once my enemies make the connection that you’re my daughter. Next is Natasha, she’s coming with Clint and will teach you how to kill a grown man with a paper clip.”

“Really? That’s so cool!”

“Yeah, you’ve got a pretty cool mom though, Kid. I’ve seen her do crazy things with knitting needles.”

Natasha only nodded in agreement and Darcy hit the mute button for a moment and covered her lips so that Clint couldn’t read what she was saying.

“Natasha doesn’t say much, just do what she says and be yourself and you’ll be fine. Also, I’ll teach you how to fight with knitting needles once Natasha is done with you.”

Skye nodded a little dazed at all of the information coming her way. Darcy un-muted the sound and didn’t miss a beat in her introductions.

“Next is Peter, who should really be in school right now.”

Peter held up his hands professing his innocence,

“Tony took me out, I’m taking courses from the tower now.”

“Tony!”

“What? It made a lot more sense to do it that way, and I’m taking care of his aunts bills so you can’t yell at me too much.”
“Fine, we’ll discuss this when I get back.”

“Are you bringing Skye with you?”

“No, she has a job to do and honestly, the group she works with would miss her.”

“Yeah, Coulson wouldn’t be able to do without me.”

Everything went quiet on the other line and Skye looked to Darcy who had an expression of confusion on her face as to why they weren’t saying anything.

“Um, Coulson’s dead.”

“No he’s not, I just talked to him three minutes ago. Though he did turn a little red in the face when I told him we were- Oh, crap.”

“You guys didn’t know he was alive, did you?”

“Ah, no.”

“We need to talk to Coulson, Darcy.”

“Then go call him yourselves, I’ll send over his personal number to you so you can rant at him if it makes you feel better, but the guy has gone through a lot. If you want to be mad at anyone be made at Fury, he’s the one who made the call. Now, shoo, you’ve all gotten to meet my kid. Go sciencing or sparring or avengering, or bickering and leave us to our family reunion.”

Clint saluted her as Natasha nodded her head once before dragging him away. Steve followed Natasha immediately which made Darcy smile. Bucky and Bruce lingered a moment longer but were both pulled away by Tony shouting for Jarvis to call Coulson to explain himself. Remy grinned at the women on his screen as soon as they were alone.

“So, Peggy gave Remy instructions to tell you that she’s looking forward to meeting you.”

“Peggy is Peggy Carter, right?”

“Right, you can call her Aunt Peggy if you want.”

“Okay.”

“Also, Cher, you might want to call her. Remy thinks her and your father went to Russia this time.”

Darcy face-palmed in exasperation, “They’re taking names aren’t they?”

“Remy couldn’t find out, all Peggy told him was not to worry, they could take care of themselves.”

“I’m not worried about their well-being beyond them making it home in one piece of course but the last time my dad was in Russia… Well, the government nearly toppled over.”

“Remy’s already alerted Fury, and Remy could be mistaken but he thinks the man needs a vacation.”

“He just took a forced one, I’ll talk to him though. We really need to find someone to at least keep an eye on those two so they don’t accidentally take over a country.”

“Remy wouldn’t be surprised, Cher, he wouldn’t be surprised at all.”
“Okay, well, we should find out what the aftermath of Coulson putting off telling them is, shouldn’t we?”

Darcy turned to Skye who shrugged and looked equally as apprehensive as she was.

“Will something go wrong?”

Darcy exhaled and Remy looked sympathetic, “You never know, ma petite.”

Chapter End Notes

I don't think I've mentioned that I have taken a little French, it wasn't much but it was enough that I can write a little and speak a little more. So, if memory serves me correctly "ma petite" means honey/sweet(edit: or "little one" depending upon who you ask). It's the other term of affection that I can easily recall and I thought it would be a good add in to the very little amount of French I have Remy speaking. Not to mention, Cajun French is different than Traditional French. I haven't looked into that much but I do know that they are different in a similar way to the way Spanish speaking countries have variations in dialect from region to region. Anyhoo, Thanks for reading!
Skye, Darcy, and a Bottle of Wine

Chapter Summary

Skye and Darcy bond over wine, family, and that slight break in the fourth wall that all in the Wilson line seem to have.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darcy and Skye giggled over a bottle of white wine that Darcy had stashed away in her bag.

“You can’t get drunk? No fair!”

“Trust me, sweetie, you do not want to see your mom drunk. When I get drunk one of three things happen, I get married, I get drunk, or get added to a mafia hit list. The last one happened a lot in Russia though so I’m not sure if it was the country or the alcohol.”

“My gosh, you’ve got to be kidding me?”

“Yeah, it’s best to take me seriously, I say some pretty crazy truths.

“Okay, so, let me go over this one more time. You’re my mom, Remy is married to you and the two of you got married in the most cliche Las Vegas way. My grandfather is The Deadpool.”

“Good use of capitals.”

“Thank you, I knew I wasn’t the only person who could tell the difference.”

“Runs in the family.”

“Good to know. Anyway, dear old Grandma is Death, how does that work?”

“We still don’t know, the writer hasn’t written that part yet.”

“Right… Okay, so Grandma is Death and is dead, in a weird sort of way. You’re all mutants, does that make me a mutant too?”

“Usually the X-gene appears by now, but there are cases such as with most female feral’s that manifest in the early to late twenties.”

“Wow, so if I was a mutant I would be feral?”

“That’s the gist of it.”

“Okay, but what exactly is a feral?”

“Animal, feral, there’s feline and canine feral mutants, it basically just means there’s an animal twist to your X-gene.”

“Oh, is there usually a healing factor with it?”
“Most of the time, but there are rare cases.”

Darcy took a drink from the bottle of wine and stared at it for a moment, “You know, I could probably find out who your father is.”

“Really?” The slight grimace Darcy gave made Skye curious, “How?

“Well, there are things I do remember, and I knew whoever it was, and I may not think that you’ll actually want to know him once you know who he is.”

“Mom, you don’t have to tell me.”

Darcy stared at Skye as it hit her what Skye had just called her.

“You just called me Mom.”

“I did, and if there’s something I’ve learned over the years it’s that sometimes secrets are necessary. And from what I’ve found out about my mom over the last few days, I think I can trust her not to keep a secret from me that wouldn’t harm me.” Skye smiled at her before taking a swing from the bottle herself, “Now, Aunt Peggy is The Peggy Carter and she and Granddad are traveling the world wrecking havoc on bad guys.”

“That’s right, I need to call Dad to find out where they are, they were in Russia last and that never ends well for some poor syndicate.”

Skye giggled, “All right, so I have a sister who doesn’t talk to you anymore because she wanted some freedom from her ‘crazy family’?”

“Jess needed a breather, we were just getting too much for her and I can see how that would happen with everything going haywire most of the time. I just hope she’s all right, I promised her I wouldn’t try to pry into her life but I’m tempted to check up on her just in case.”

“I could do that and we could say it’s because of sisterly curiosity.”

“No, no, I wouldn’t do that to Jess. She asked us to give her some space and that’s what we done. Although I couldn’t keep you from doing that...”

“Good, good. Is her father Remy?”

“Yeah, she’s our first kid. Oh, gosh, the story of when she was born is one you might enjoy. Everything was insane, it was about a year after Remy and I had escaped from Stryker-”

“Crazy military guy with a weird fixation on mutants?”

“That’s the one, and we were approached by this guy asking us to take us to the lab we escaped from.”

“What guy?”

“Name of Logan, I’ve never seen him since, Stryker shot an Adamantium bullet into his head. So, I’ve got a feeling he’s not alive, but his bones were infused with Adamantium and Remy never elaborated on whether or not he died.”

“What the hell happened?”

“Well-”
Reasons for not posting... Life, Family(My grandfather may have to have knee replacements and my grandmother is having dizzy spells and don't get me started on my parents, just, please), an overwhelming sense of not having any time to myself, work, and feeling incredibly down. My mind has been giving me grief and I've just been processing a few things here lately so my apologies for my absence. As you might have guessed, we're going into a bit of a crossover into Wolverine Origins. I actually was okay with that movie, I didn't like some aspects but I did like others. Like Ryan Reynolds as Wade, that was a good choice and I liked the interpretation of Sabertooth, call me crazy but I did. And the airplane scene was, well, iconic for me. It's just weird but there were things I liked, and things I disliked and honestly I'm going to do what I always do, skirt lovely around the plot and add my own plot in. Anyways, Lieb Schreiber is the version of Sabertooth that I will be using and I thought the next few chapters would be fun to write with that in mind. Unfortunately, I just got home and it's past eleven so I'm only getting this chapter and the next one up tonight:( I'll post more when I get the time this week, hopefully things settle down soon. Thanks so much for reading and commenting, you're all wonderful!
Flashback-The Bar

Chapter Summary

Remy and Darcy meet Logan and Victor. Darcy sasses everyone, Remy wishes he had drunk married someone who had self preservation, Logan is grumpy, and Victor is scarastic as *bleep*.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Darcy watched from the bar as Remy played cards and she rubbed her round stomach as she sipped on the glass of lemonade the bartender had been kind enough to give her “on the house”. Remy glanced over at her from time to time even as the crowd increased in female attendance and he winked at her twice without anyone noticing. She swore he did it just to see how long he could get away with flirting with her without anyone noticing. There was a still moment for her as she watched a burly man sit down across from Remy and ask to be dealt in. Remy gave him a smirk that Darcy recognized as one he saved for people he assumed would be challenges but the smirk left moments later and a brief look of panic flickered across his face. Darcy sat up straighter and watched as Remy held fast the cards in his hand before nodding to the set of dog tags on laying against the burly mans shirt. The man had barely a second to process whatever Remy smoothly responded with and Darcy saw the tick that told her Remy was about to do something rash. A moment later when the man went sailing through the wall curtesy of Remy’s charged cards Darcy turned to the bartender and pulled out a wad of cash from her purse,

“This should cover the damages to your bar, and here’s a tip for the trouble.”

“That man yours?”

“The Cajun’s mine, whoever the other one is is in for a heap of trouble.”

Darcy waddled out through the hole in the wall that people were clearly avoiding and was just in time to see burly man knock Remy out while staring at another burly man who was dressed in a trench coat and standing over the dead body of a man with a cowboy hat. Darcy cried out Remy’s name drawing the attention of the two men.

“Get back inside, Lady.”

“I’m not a lady, and that’s my husband you just knocked out, asshole!”

The first mans head whipped around as the man in the trench coat chuckled,

“Well, I wonder what the woman thinks of you, Jimmy?”

“You know no such thing! Now, if you’re going to fight, go ahead and duck it out like morons just leave Remy and I out of it.”

That, of course, was about the time Remy came too.

“Cher, what the hell are you doing? Remy told you to stay inside if anything happened.”
“You tell me that every time, and I never listen.”

“Mon deiu, Cher, you’ve got to listen to Remy sometime. Remy has to keep you safe.”

“We wouldn’t hurt her, now would we Jimmy?”

Remy looked up from where he was laying on his back and raised an eyebrow as what looked like knives grew out of the burly man’s knuckles.

“Shut up, Victor.”

“Ooh. Shiny.”

“Cher, you need to get inside now.”

“But Remy—”

“Inside, Darcy. Now! Remy is not leaving this up for argument.”

Darcy huffed before turning back around and climbing through the hole again so that she could turn around and watch to make sure that Remy didn’t get hurt. She rolled her eyes as the two men began to throw each other around fighting like animals and Darcy noticed that the man in the trench coat had yellow claws instead of fingernails. A few punches, a lot of growling, and Remy creating a mini-earthquake later and “Victor” was getting away while Remy and the man who introduced himself as Logan talked. Well, what Logan apparently deemed as talking, which was Remy pressed up against a wall with Logan’s claws at his throat. Darcy cleared her throat which drew Logan’s attention to the pregnant woman who kept interrupting his fights.

“You got a problem?”

“You’re threatening my husband.”

Logan grunted before backing off of Remy who seemed more relaxed.

“He’s on the level.”

“Oui, Remy will help. My wife will have to stay behind, though Remy don’t like leaving her.”

“She’s pregnant, I don’t think she’d be much help.”

Darcy glared at Logan who ignored her as Remy looked apprehensively at his clearly offended wife.

“Remy’s not so sure of that, but there’s only a week left before she’s due, so he would rather not risk it. Are you okay with that, Cher?”

Darcy smiled at Remy and he winced as he realized it was her fake smile, “Of course, why wouldn’t I be? I mean, my husband is going to fly a guy that we don’t know into a place that we know is guarded like Alcatraz and I’m expected to sit home like a good little wife because I’m pregnant. Sure, I’m just fine with that.”

Remy dragged a hand across his face, “Mon deiu.”

Chapter End Notes
Note: For those of you have not seen this movie, the guy Victor Kills is a guy named John Wraith, I don't remember all that much about him except the actor is the guy from the Black-Eyed Peas. Literally, that is all I remember about him, oh, and he teleports. That's about it.-Also, I may rearrange events or lines when I include movies because of plot. *looks completely innocent*. So I mean to do certain "mistakes" in placement of plot points or lines because I like it that way sometimes. I mostly try to stick by what I place in the timeline, though. Thanks for reading!

Edit: I forgot to add, a very wonderful fic writer wrote a fic inspired by this one and asked to be linked to the "inspired by" option on pics(I still don't understand everything on here but I think it's wonderful that that is possible). The fic is fantastic, it's a soulmate au, and and it's part of an existing soulmate au series, which I love soulmate au series. More than breathing, except not as much as knitting au's. Obviously. So if you're interested or I'm having a weird lull or something, go read, shoo, have fun, knit with Darcy, I dare you:)}
Chapter Summary

Darcy chats with Logan on the plane ride to the lab. Remy worries about Darcy and Darcy's longstanding tradition of knitting before a mission is formed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Logan sulked in the back of the plane across from Darcy who was absently loading the guns she had brought along to use. When she finished checking her guns she pulled out a bag of knitting and started steadily working on a pair of red wool socks.

“I told you both, you don’t have to come with me.”

“You’re going to confront Stryker, to his face, and you’re saying you don’t need help.”

“I’m pretty much indestructible now, I think.”

“Well, I know I’m indestructible, but Remy isn’t so if he’s going then I am too.”

“Sweetheart, you don’t know what you’re getting into.”

“Stryker kept us as lab rats for months and we are the only ones who have ever escaped him according to files. Well, you escaped him, but we were the first.”

Logan grunted and rested his head in his hands with a groan.

“You get sick when you fly?”

“Yes.”

“There’s a pressure point in the middle of your wrist, if you rub it it will receive the sick to your stomach feeling.”

Logan looked up and stared at her for the space of a few seconds. Darcy sighed when he continued staring and set her knitting on her lap to reach out to gently turn one of Logan’s hands over to expose his wrist.

“You take your thumb, firmly place it over the center of your wrist like this,” Darcy pressed her thumb to around where his pulse would be, “and then you rub in small circles.”

After a few moments Logan felt the sick feeling in his stomach weaken but he simply stared transfixed at what Darcy was doing. Darcy looked at him expectantly though and he eventually nodded his head.

“Yeah, that’s good, thanks.”

Darcy smiled and removed her hands letting him lean back as she did, “You’re welcome.”
Logan began to rub circles on the pressure point on his wrist as he watched Darcy knit three pairs of socks in the space of ten minutes.

“How do you do that?”

Darcy raised an eyebrow and Logan motioned to her knitting.

“Oh, steady practice, and a bit of enhanced speed.”

Logan nodded his head as Remy shouted back to them, “We’re almost there. Once you’re done, Logan, let us know as soon as possible.”

“You got it, Bub.”

“Remy and I will be trying to get all of the mutants out. If anything goes wrong, yell for Remy or I and we’ll come running. Well, I’ll probably teleport cause if I tried to run right now I’d look like a cross between a duck and a goose.”

Logan huffed out a chuckle before sitting back and taking a deep breath. Remy glanced back at Darcy eyeing her stomach worriedly.

“You don’t feel anything, do you, Cher?”

“No, Rem, I’m fine. She’s not due until next week, why would she come now?”

“Remy don’t know, Cher, he’s just got a feeling.”

“Well, you can tell your feelings that everything’s going to be fine. Isn’t that right, Mini-Lebeau?”

Darcy patted her stomach with a fond smile before looking up to look at a still worried Remy.

“Remy, we’re going to be fine. We need to do this, all of those kids that we say go in and out of this place… We need to get them out.”

“I know, Cher, I know, but that doesn’t stop me from worrying.”

Darcy smiled at him, “Then I’ll just keep saying it, everything is going to be fine.”

Remy smiled back at her before returning his attention to what he was doing, “Get ready, we’re going down.”

Darcy patted her stomach, “Hear that, Baby? Your papa is landing the plane, so you had better stay put until after we’re done killing bad guys, okay?”

The little kick that Darcy received in return made her smile, she just knew everything was going to be all right.

Chapter End Notes

Okeydokey, one of my appointments canceled for today and I got done with work early so I had some extra time to get some chapters up. The pressure point that I mentioned in this chapter is legit by the way, my family has been using it for years and trust me when you and your siblings all get car sick and you're in a big family knowing tricks for not
throwing up on car trips are very valuable. Anyhoo, thanks for reading!
Flashback-LAB BREAK

Chapter Summary

Darcy and Remy head up breaking out of Stryker's lab, Logan reunites with his brother Victor, and a surprise arrival is accompanied by a surprising turn of events.

Chapter Notes

In this AU Deadpool did not work for Stryker at the same time that Logan and Victor did, everything else is pretty much the same, except Wade never got his mouth sewn shut, because I think that's stupid. Also, I'd like to mention that my view on mutant ferals is that they're very instinct driven, Logan has conflicts with his animal because he isn't willing to accept his instincts and has more of a moral drive than an instinctual drive. Victor Creed can more readily kill because he's more in tune with his instincts that tell him life is more of a survival of the fittest type thing. However, for me I don't buy that mutant ferals wouldn't strive to form a pack, it makes a heck of a lot more sense that with the small number of mutant ferals in the mutant universe that they would instinctively form small packs in order to ensure their survival. That being said, this changes Victor a bit, although I'm trying to keep him as true to the character as possible I'm changing a big part of his arc by making him a tad bit more human. And there's a lot of cursing in this, and birthing, but you probably guessed that by now, nothing graphic I don't go into details but if you're disturbed by a woman giving birth... I'm not sure what to say to you, besides really? Just ah, you'll probably adopt if you're going to have a family... and yeah, that's about it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Darcy worked frantically to get the lab cells opened and finally found the switch, she flipped it as she heard sirens blaring and people rushed about like chickens with their heads cut off. The cells finally opened and about two dozen children flooded toward her since she was the reason for their release. One of the children lead a boy with bandages over his eyes to her and Darcy looked around the crowd of children in awe and horror as she realized how many mutants Stryker had managed to find.

“Do we have everyone?”

“I think we do, at least that we know of.”

Darcy turned her attention to the blond-haired girl who spoke and nodded her head.

“Good, everyone follow me. We need to get out of here as soon as possible. The distraction isn’t going to last long.”

The children followed her as she quickly made her way through hallways and as they made it into the sunshine Darcy looked up in surprise to see a jet landing.

Remy waved to her pointing to the jet before giving her a thumbs up and waving toward it. Darcy
pointed the children to the jet that opened to reveal a man in a wheelchair and a blue, furry man waiting for the children. When Darcy recognized who they were she let out a sigh of relief and then became annoyed. Undoubtedly her mother had called them, and since that was the case she’d probably give her grief about going on a dangerous mission while nearly nine months pregnant.

The annoyance was overridden when Darcy remembered that, yes indeed, she was on a dangerous mission and there were people with guns everywhere around her that needed to be neutralized. Darcy quickly began to take out guards with the weapons she had brought and made her way to where the doctors kept their files on the “patients”.

When she got there she let out a noise of disappointment, whoever had been in charge had already cleared all of the files out and she was to late to stop them. Darcy moved on quickly, not letting the disappointment get to her since it wouldn’t help, and began to make her way back to the plane to wait for Remy.

As she got to the plane she noticed she was having some back pain and a lot of discomfort. When she finally sat down a contraction hit her full force and she cried out from the intense pain.

“Oh, not now!”

A good distance away Victor and Logan had finally come to a temporary alliance as they attempted to get through Stryker’s latest mutant experiment, a kid who had been brainwashed and could create fire. They both turned at the female scream and scented the air growling as they both came to the same conclusion.

“I can’t believe you were f-cking stupid enough to bring the frail.”

“Are you f-cking kidding me? I couldn’t stop her!”

“Get to Stryker, Runt. I’ll take care of the frail.”

“Don’t you dare kill her.”

“You know better than that, Jimmy. I wouldn’t kill a frail that was carrying a cub, it’s instinct.”

“For some animals.”

“For this animal,” Victor practically roared at Logan who was seething as his recollection of how they parted was still fresh in his mind.

“Not a month ago you were willing to kill an entire village!”

“I’m an animal, it’s survival, Jimmy. We’re pack, we stick together and kill whatever comes our way, Stryker gave an order to kill and if we were going to continue to work for him I had to make those kills.”

“I can’t kill the innocent, Victor. It’s not right!”

Victor didn’t speak for a space of a second as he was warding off Stryker’s brain-washed mutant.

“Fine, we won’t kill innocents.”

“You’d better be serious, Victor! Don’t play games with me.”

“My animal won’t risk losing pack!”
“You're animal is feline!”

“We still have pack, Jimmy, and you’re pack. You’ve been pack since you were just a runt and I raised you. You may have given that up, but I haven’t.”

They were interrupted by another scream as Darcy was going deeper into labor and Victor growled as his animal urged him to go help the frail.

“I’ve delivered cubs before, Jimmy, you haven’t. Get to Stryker, and kill him. We can’t leave him alive.”

Victor crouched low and began running on all fours after the scent of the pregnant woman he remembered from when he had killed Wraith and he soon found her in a plane laying flat on the floor. She automatically reached for a gun and began to fire off rounds into his chest. When that did nothing to him she let her arm drop and wailed as another contraction hit her. Victor pulled off his trench coat and rolled it up before placing it behind her head.

“My names Victor, I’m Jimmy’s brother. How far along are you?”

“I’m due next week.”

“Good, that means the cub is fully developed. I’m going to need water, is there any on board?”

“Three canteens in the medical supplies behind you.”

“Sit tight, Frail.”

“I am not frail,” Darcy let out a blood curdling scream after she said this and did her best to breath through the pain.

Victor laid his hands on the canteens immediately and began to pull supplies from the emergency stash to use. He draped a blanket over her and pulled her legs apart before slicing through her jeans to determine how dilated she was.

“You’re almost there, Frail, we’ve got some waiting to do yet.”

“I can’t tell if that’s good or bad.”

“Depends on how soon Logan takes care of Stryker. Just breath for me, Frail.”

“I’m trying, you asshole!”

“Good, keep yelling at me, it will help.”

“Don’t f-cking tell me what to do you bastard! Oh, I’m never letting Remy touch me again!”

“Keep going, Frail. Keep your legs open, I need you to keep your legs open for me, come on work with me here.”

“How do you even know this stuff?”

“I’ve been around a long time.”

“F-cking hell…”

“Next contraction should hit soon, you been having back pain for awhile?”
“I thought I was just uncomfortable.”

“First cub?”

“Yeah, Remy and I decided it would be nice to have a kid.”

“Whatcha gonna name her?”

“Well, if it’s a girl we’re going to name her Jessica, it’s my mother’s name. And if it’s a boy we’re naming him Jean Luc, after Remy’s father.”

Victor grunted in response as Darcy yelled out again when another contraction hit.

“They’re coming closer together, I think we’re almost there. When I tell you to push, Frail, I need you to push as hard as you can, you got that?”

Darcy nodded as she panted from the intense pain and Victor began to speed up his preparations. After her next contraction Victor laid his hand on her stomach and gingerly ran his hand over her to check the babies position.

“She’s not breach, that’s good news. You’re almost ready to push, Frail, just a little more time.”

“Are you sure? Have you even done this before?”

“I’ve done this before and you’ve no choice but to trust me, cause there is no one else on this island that knows how to deliver a baby. All those frail scientists aren’t even trained medically and would probably pale at the sight of a woman in labor.”

“Great, just one more thing to add to the list of crazy things in my life. My child was delivered by Victor Creed.”

“You can tell it to your grandkids, now get ready, I’m going to need you to push.”

Darcy nodded her head and laid back using breathing exercises to keep calm, “I’m ready whenever the baby is.”

“She’s ready now, push!”

Chapter End Notes

Victor and Logan have lived so long I figured, heck, it would be pretty freakin hilarious if Victor delivered Darcy’s first kid. So, I hope you had fun reading this, it was pretty action packed this time around and I put a few easter eggs in this chapter that will come into play in the sequel. Thanks for reading!
Chapter Summary

Darcy welcomes baby Jessica into the world, Victor discovers what Stryker did to Logan, Kayla Silverfox isn’t fazed by much, and Logan is a confused puppy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

An hour of labor later and Darcy was holding a bloody, screaming baby girl as Victor cleaned her up and asked her dozens of questions about what she wanted done with her placenta, and if she could hold still for just a second to make sure she hadn’t torn anything, and if she knew where the nearest hospital was from here so that she could get the baby checked out as soon as possible. Darcy just grinned at him when he asked the last question.

“Do you think she’s healthy?”

“Can’t smell anything wrong with her.”

“Then she’s healthy. Can I ask you a question?”

“Can’t say if I’ll answer it.”

“Why did you help me?”

“Instinct, your feral.”

“What?”

“You’ve got a feral based gene, it makes you smell different to me. I’ve got a strong instinct to protect you because of it.”

“Why?”

“Survival, that’s what spurs most animals and I’m in tune with mine.”

“Does that mean I can do feral things?”

“Probably, though they may be dormant, how old are you?”

“Early twenties.”

“You’ll get to be more feral when you’re older. It gets stronger as time goes by.”

Darcy nodded her head, “I guess my life is just meant to be crazy.”

“Everybody’s life is crazy, Frail, most just don’t f-cking admit it that sh-t. I’ve got to go find Jimmy, shoot anyone who comes into the plane that you think is a threat.”

“Like you?”
Victor growled at her until he realized she was teasing him.

“You’re f-cking gutsy.”

“It’s kind of hard not to be.”

Victor gave her a fanged grin and she smirked back at him before he turned around and vaulted out of the plane. Victor followed Logan's scent to a hanger and saw Remy walking up to Logan who was sitting up slowly.

“Hey, Remy thinks we should leave here soon.”

“Where am I?”

“You alright, my friend?”

“Who are you?”

“Jimmy, what’s wrong with you?”

Remy looked up in shock to see Victor approaching sans his trench coat and a pair of red socks sticking out of his back pocket.

“Who are you?”

“I’m Victor, you’re brother.”

“I don’t remember having a brother.”

“Do you know who you are?”

“No, no I don’t know who I am.”

Victor cursed and looked around seeing a nearly dead Kayla Silverfox and multiple other dead bodies but no Stryker. He cursed again before turning to the Cajun.

“Are you Remy?”

“Oui.”

“Your wife just gave birth to a baby girl, you might want to take her home.”

That was all Remy need to hear to make him start running to the plane. Victor turned to Jimmy and crouched down to look at him.

“Jimmy, we’ve got to get you out of here. But first, we need to figure out what happened to you.”

“He was shot.”

Victor growled at the woman who he knew betrayed his brother, “That wouldn’t have caused this.”

“It was an adamantium bullet. Stryker thought it would kill him.”

“Good thing for you it didn’t.”

“I’m going to die, just take care of him, please.”
Victor looked back to his brother who was still looking around in confusion and then back to the dying woman.

“Were you shot?”

“What?”

“Were you shot, Frail?”

Kayla winced at the growling tone but swallowed and answered, “Yes, right before I told that bastard to go walk until his feet bleed. He shot me when I tried to keep him from shooting Logan.”

“Where?”

“Stomach, I’m bleeding out. Pretty agonizing death this will be, I would have preferred something quick I think.”

“You’re gonna live.”

“What? Why?”

“Because you’re Jimmy’s mate, I can smell it on you strong, and you care for him. He’s gonna need someone besides me to help him remember things. And I’ve decided you’re going to be it.”

Victor picked her up carrying her bridal style and growled at Logan to follow him. Logan followed in a haze as he was still recovering from the Adamantium bullet. Victor arrived with Kayla and Logan just as Remy was ready for lift off and Victor got into the plane Logan following after him.

Darcy was feeding Jessica while cooing at her and she looked up when Victor sat Kayla down on one of the seats.

“Are we going to need to go to a hospital?”

“No, I can get the bullet out with my claws. I just need antiseptic and something to numb the pain.”

“There’s antiseptic in the emergency supplies and I think we have vodka in there for numbing the pain.”

“That will work.”

“Are you all right, Logan?”

Logan looked up from staring at his hands and squinted oddly at Darcy, “Do I know you?”

“Yes, do you have amnesia?”

“I don’t know,” Logan rubbed his face with a look of utter confusion before he went back to staring, only this time at the ceiling.

“He does,” Victor grunted, “and it might take awhile to get him back to himself. Hold still, Frail, and if you can’t stand the pain take a swing of this.”

Darcy watched as Victor performed a crude surgery with his sterilized claws and the way that Kayla wasn’t fazed by it at all, “Okay, this is officially the weirdest day of my life.”
Kayla Silverfox is actually going to have Native American origins in my fic, because she should have been Native American in the movie, do you know how few Native American character representation there is in comics? Do you? Very very few. So yeah, I changed her back and all is well in the DD!Darcyverse. Anyhoo, I'm developing her character a bit and giving her more of a traditional twist for the future. Also, Victor is complicated as *bleep*!!!! Thanks for reading!
Skye, Darcy, and Doctor Who

Chapter Summary

Skye asks more questions, Darcy gives more answers, and they have a Doctor Who marathon binge with Jemma and May before Darcy has to return to the tower.

“Wow, just… Wow. So what happened to them?”

“Well, Logan and Kayla are still working on getting his memory back. They just recently adopted a kid they found on the road, her name’s Rogue and she’s pretty emotionally scarred from what Kayla tells me. Victor still travels alone, but about half the time he spends around Logan and Kayla traveling around North America. Victor still does mercenary work nobody can really stop that man from killing when it’s clearly written in his bones, he’s just picky about what jobs he takes nowadays. Oddly enough, they all live pretty peaceful lives for people who are like me, well as peaceful as you can get when you’re indestructible mutants.”

“Okay, so… Who delivered me?”

“I had a midwife, Remy insisted that after everything we had been through two years prior to your birth, we deserved to do something normal. Tante Mattie, who lives with Remy’s family, was a midwife at one point and was happy to deliver you.”

Darcy paused for a moment before cocking her head as her mind turned to a related subject, “You know, it’s not really that you wouldn’t like your father, so much as I’m not sure either of you could handle the news right now if I’m right.”

“So, he doesn’t know that I exist?”

“No, he doesn’t. He will want to know where you are when he finds out though, so I hope you’re ready to meet him by the time I tell him.”

“I trust your judgement.”

“Good, though you should always think for yourself, I can’t stress that enough.”

“Oh, I think I’ve got that covered.”

Darcy grinned at Skye who grinned back and the two laughed.

“Ah, you definitely took after me.”

“I’m so glad I did, this is so much fun! I’m going to miss you!”

“You won’t have time once Clint and Natasha get here, besides I’ve already made you promise to visit me and May knows that if I don’t get weekly Skype visits with you and her I’ll pitch a fit.”

Skye felt like her grin would split her face from how much she had been smiling since she met her mom and she reached out to grab Darcy’s hand.
“I’m really really happy to finally know who you are, you know that?”

“I do now, and I’m really really happy that I found you.” “Me too.”

The two leaned their heads together and smiled as Darcy picked up the TV remote and went to the next Doctor Who episode.

“You know, Eccleston is my favorite.”

“Really? I like Tennent, but Smith was good too.”

“Capaldi is doing a good job, but I just can’t seem to get Eccleston out of my head.”

“Huh, we’ll have to watch his episodes again then.”

Darcy smirked at her daughter, “Another round before I go then?”

“More binge watching with my mom? I’d never turn that down.”

“Great, I’ll make more popcorn.”

“Ooh, can we get ice cream, I’ve been stashing some chocolate fudge flavored ice cream in the back of the freezer.”

“That sounds like heaven.”

Darcy paused the episode and the two raced to the small kitchen where Jemma was sitting, eating a bowl of broccoli and cheese soup.

“What are the two of you doing?”

“Binge watching Doctor Who and eating junk food, want to join?”

“I’d love too, unless of course you’re bonding. Then I’ll just stick to my lovely soup.”

“No, Jemma, please join us, I promise you’re very welcome to join.”

Darcy grabbed two bags of potato chips and yelled out, “May, join us for a food and TV binge?”

May rounded the corner in her workout clothes obviously having been doing Tai Chi and pulled out a case of beer before following Darcy. Jemma and Skye joined them moments later with four tubs of ice cream and three boxes of Little Debbies that Jemma had produced.

“I keep them in the lab for when Fitz and I go on science streaks. Sometimes we forget to eat and the sugar helps us keep going for a while more.”

“Smart thinking, Jane does the same thing.”

“Jane Foster? I’d love to meet her sometime, you know, her work in astrophysics is breathtaking. Fitz is more attracted to Dr. Banners work in nuclear physics but I think they’re both brillaint.”

“Yeah, they’re pretty amazing, but the two of you have done some crazy amazing things too from what Skye and May have told me.”

“Oh, thank you, but it isn’t really that much compared to-”

“Hey, science should not be compared to other science, you’re awesome.”
Jemma was flushed out of embarrassment but she stuttered out, “Thank you, Miss Lewis.”

“Call me Darcy, I’m gonna call you Jilly.”

“I beg your pardon, but why?”

“Jack and Jill, a pair, you know. That’s what you and Fitz are, shouldn’t be broken up.”

“That actually makes quite a lot of sense in an odd sort of way.”

“Thanks, Jilly, now pass me the chips this is the good part.”
Fifteen Potholder Problem

Chapter Summary

Darcy comes back to the tower to find Tony creating an army of mechanical monkeys, a total of three sleep deprived scientists, Steve turning into a social activist, Remy and Bucky being supportive of whatever she wants to do, and the need to knit potholders. Lots and lots of potholders.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darcy sat knitting furiously as she mumbled to herself while making potholders.

“I’m gone for five days. Five! And I come back to Tony making a mechanical monkey army, Steve making the towers PR go up the wall by making himself a Republican Senator’s worst nightmare, the Scientist Three’s paperwork a mess, and a surprise X-men visit being sprung on me with four hours to prep. This is a fifteen potholder problem and I’m going to knit until I have a game plan, dammit.”

Darcy let out a string of curses as she realized she had dropped three stitches in the same row and she ripped the stitches out just as her phone rang.

“What?”

There was silence on the other line for a moment before Fury’s voice came over loud and clear, “Is everything under control, Miss Lewis?”

“No, no it is not, but by the time I’m done with it it will be. Except maybe Steve, I actually agree with Steve right now. Though I wish the PR wasn’t my responsibility cause then I could shamelessly encourage him.”

“Well I see I’ve caught you at a bad time but there’s no real way to avoid this.”

Darcy sighed, “Lay it on me, Director Grumpybeard.”

“Have you seen the most recent headline for Russia?”

Darcy put her head in her hands and groaned, “Okay, don’t spare me, how bad’s the damage?”

“One of Russia’s most trusted politicians has been exposed as a criminal and is currently facing a slew of charges. He’s not one of our contacts, but one of the men underneath him was feeding us information on the remainder of the KGB.”

“Okay, okay, let me make a few calls and I’ll get back to you about straightening this out.”

“No need, we extracted our informant and he’s on his way to a safe house as we speak. What I do need you to do is find someone to provide damage control for the your father and Miss Carter. I don’t mind them cleaning up messes that aren’t our jurisdiction, but there has to be someone out there
who can think of the extra’s.”

“Aunt Peggy used to do that, I think she’s sort of gone screw it and decided to just have fun though. But, can’t blame her, she’s always been a bit like that and now she doesn’t have to play by the rules. I’ve got a few people who owe me favors, I’ll see if I can’t find a temp semi-babysitter.”

“Please, Miss Lewis, this is the only time in my life that you could possibly get me to beg. Don’t make me.”

“Aw, don’t worry Director Grumpybeard, I’ll make sure this has minimal damage to your fragile male ego.”

Darcy hung up the phone ignoring the grumbling on the other line and she set back to knitting potholders as she added yet another problem to her list. Remy and Bucky strolled into the common room sweaty and laughing as they exchanged stories. When they saw Darcy sitting in the middle of the room, on the floor knitting furiously they both approached her with concerned looks.

“You okay, Cher?”

“Something wrong, Doll?”

“Tony, Steve, Jane, Bruce, Aunt Peggy, my dad. I was only gone for five days!”

Remy exchanged a look with Bucky who nodded his head and the two sat on opposite sides of Darcy.

“What do you need, Cher?”

Darcy’s arms fell down onto her lap as she breathed out with a tired sigh.

“Whipped cream, two blankets, a bottle of chocolate sauce, Lucky, and a cell phone.

When Darcy turned to Remy he was nodding his head appearing to be mentally memorizing the list of required items.

“Okay, Cher, Remy’ll go find those things. You and James can start with your plan.”

“This is why you’re the light of my life.”

Remy grinned cockily before leaning in to sweetly kiss Darcy on the lips, “Remy’ll be right back.”

Bucky watched Remy leave before turning back to Darcy, “So, what are we doing, Doll?”

“First, the Scientists Three need sleep. I swear I told the temp that they needed sleep, I swear it. But today I get here and none of them have slept at all! Bruce is looking greener than usual and I think he could sleep standing up at this point. Jane’s hair has tripled in volume and looks like it has three pencils, a toothbrush, and what looks to be a figurine of Thor stuck in it. Tony has officially gone into mad genius mode and is well on his way to becoming the war lord of a hundred or so mechanical monkeys.”

“Okay, so we need to get the three of them to sleep.”

“Yes, next we need to do damage control on the PR that Pepper assigned to the Avengers.”

“This is because of Steve going on a social justice rampage, right?”
“Yep! The PR is threatening to leave, I plan to bribe them with a generous bonus and a two week vacation.”

Bucky nodded his head in agreement, “So get the scientists to sleep and bribe PR guy”

“Female, the PR is female.”

“Gotcha, should we add sweets to the list of bribes?”

“Nope, she’s trying to lose weight, even though she’s a perfectly normal weight.”

“Okay, what else do we have to do?”

“Tame Steve long enough to get him to promise to be considerate of the PR’s sanity.”

“And you plan to do this, how?”

“Well, while I am all for making asshole Senator’s cry, it should not be done all in one setting because that causes what I call an elephant stampede. And with all the political bad rep the Avengers already have we need to be treading a little more carefully. Which I hate, but I recognize as a necessary evil to keep from having to physically deal with politicians, which despite going for a Poli-Sci major, I still hate.”

“Great, so... How are you going to tame Steve so you don’t have to deal with the politicians that you hate?”

“That’s where Lucky comes in, I’m going to subdue the Star Spangled Man With A Plan with doggy cuddles.”

Bucky’s mouth pressed together with a quick to his lips that made it terribly obvious he was trying not to laugh.

“Laugh, and I will make you do the puppy-dog eyes instead.”

Bucky sobered slightly and coughed a few times before asking, “Anything else?”

“Yes, I have to call Azazel.”

“Who?”

“Azazel, he’s a mutant who teleports.”

“Okay, why do you have to call him?”

“He owes me a favor, and I need to call it in cause he’s probably the only person I know who can tolerate my father’s insanity with a straight face, an extremely straight face, I’m convinced he has as straight a face as Natasha but I don’t actually want to find out if they’re equals cause I have a feeling they could massacre the entire world if they joined forces. Also, he’s very talented with swords when he wants to be and we keep coming to draws when we duel for fun.”

“Must owe you a big favor.”

“Monstrous.”

“Okay, can I know what it is?”
“I saved his tail from being cut off.”

Bucky froze as he processed the fact that the guy named after a demon had a tail.

“‘This uh, this guy with a tail wouldn’t happen to be red, would he?’”

“How on earth did you guess that?”

Bucky shrugged innocently as Darcy watched him with her eyes narrowed, “Lucky guess?”

Remy waltzed in distracting Darcy from questioning Bucky further and sat down the requested items in front of her.

“There you go, Cher, everything you asked for.”

“Perfect! Okay, Remy, you go charm the PR chick and tell her I’m giving her a bonus and a two week vacation if she stays and handles the aftermath of Steve’s rampage.”

“Your wish is Remy’s command, Cher.”

“Bucky, take Lucky and keep Steve occupied until I get there.”

“You got it, Doll.”

Darcy sat looking at the twenty three potholder’s she had managed to make while formulating a plan.

“Now Darcy, you go get Bruce and Jane wrapped up in blankets sound asleep, get Tony to a high enough sugar high that he passes out, and then go to meet with X-men after briefing Pepper on how you tamed the insanity that ensued while you were not present and that’s an order! Aye aye, General Trouble! Aye aye!”

Chapter End Notes

I saw someone on Tumblr refer to Jane, Bruce, and Tony as the Scientists Three and thought it was brilliant, and now I can’t find the post. Dammit... I also want to call Darcy, Natasha, and Clint the Assassins Three. Then I got to thinking about calling Thor, Bucky, and Steve the Ancient Three cause I can totally see Tony AND Darcy referring to them as that. So, yeah, that's happening at some point in the future and I have too many plot bunnies again. Ah well, also, I’ve read so many head cannons about Steve finding out about minority inequality that I had to at least mention it! And I really like this chapter. And I may be doing a triad thanks to a commenter distracting me with the idea. And I'm starting to notice a pattern emerging that I keep changing the ship so this is the last time I'm considering/doing it. And I'm going to keep telling myself this until it comes true... Anyhoo! Thanks for reading!

Edit: The wonders of commenting have given me a source for who probably came up with the Scientist Three idea first! The wonderful Lavanyalabelle commented below and(Since I have no idea how to do that little link thingy where you make the persons name a link) you can go down into the comments to get to her fics! Go spread the love, I adore fandom head cannons and this one has to be one of my favorites:-)
Chapter Summary

Darcy fondly recalls her earlier visit to Tony as she heads to meet with the X-men. T-shirts, robot monkeys, bumper stickers, and sugar highs happen.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darcy walked down the hall toward the meeting room with Lucky trailing after her, his tongue hanging out as he happily followed where she was going. The slight pout to Darcy’s lips changed to a small, amused smirk when she turned around to see three robot monkeys following behind Lucky in a straight line.

Tony, because of sleep deprivation and a lack of sustenance, had decided to open back up his robot monkey project. And as far as anyone could tell he had been working on it since the day after Darcy left. Pepper was currently in Japan at an SI conference, so when Tony had begun his science bender no one had thought anything of it.

Inconsequently, because Darcy had been away from the tower, Lucky had been roaming from one Avenger to another watching them all with mild disinterest. And when he had trotted into Tony’s workshop one night it had given the engineering genius the idea to make Lucky the default leader for his monkeys just in case something went awry. After all, he could probably herd sheep right? What better idea than to have Lucky be the monkey’s herder?

So, when Darcy had dropped by with sweets to trick Tony into a sugar crash so that he would finally sleep she was greeted by Lucky running circles around the room with three monkeys trailing after him. Tony was trying to calibrate the average speed on the monkeys and they kept slowing down and speeding up. Whenever they slowed down Lucky would run back to them in concern and then yelp and run away when they immediately sped up. Darcy had shook her head, thrusted a bowl of whipped cream and chocolate sauce at Tony.

“Brought you sugar.”

“Didn’t know you thought of me that way, Darce.”

“In your dreams, Tony. What’s this?”

“Insanity.”

“Won’t argue with that, can I have my dog back now though?”

“Sure, just take the monkeys with you.”

Darcy nodded her head, “You haven’t figured out how to deprogram them not to follow Lucky have you?”

“I created new program, it’s liable to have a few kinks in it. Don’t judge the genius.”
“That should be on a T-shirt.”

“New Stark merchandise?”

“It should say ‘They’ve overdosed on science’ on the back.”

Tony chuckled, “We should do one for Bruce that says, ‘Green Science’ and laugh at people as they try to talk to him about saving the planet.”

“It would backfire, Bruce is all about saving the planet.”

“It would still be funny, admit it.”

“Yes, Tony, it would still be funny. We should make one for Jane that says ‘I ship Poptarts & Hammers’.”

“One for Steve that has ‘I ship Spiders and Freedom’.”

Darcy giggled, “We should make you a bumper sticker saying ‘The Iron Man Suit is my other ride’.”

“Oh, oh, I have one, ‘Captain America is my Designated Driver’.”

“Oh, I’ve got one better! ‘Captain America sees your reckless driving, he’s hitching a ride on your roof’.”

Tony shook from laughing as he sat down the empty bowl and began to waver a bit as he walked.

“Say, Darce, you’re getting sneakier about drugging me.”

“I’ve never drugged you, Twinkletoes, I simply relied on the science of the sugar high.”.

“Details, see you in about twenty hours.”

“Sleep tight. And don’t try to do science from your bed! You set the sheets on fire last time.”

“That’s what she said,” Tony said with a wink as he fell over onto the small bed Darcy had had put in his workshop when she found out how often he fell asleep while working.

Chapter End Notes

Let me tell you something, having a big family is fun, until they all come to stay at your house. My older brother is especially annoying right now, *Sideways glares at him because he's leaning over my shoulder*.... Aaaand, that did the trick, apologies for my absence, not only did half of my large immediate family decide they would crash at my sister and I's house, they're staying until after New Years. Which is lovely, don't get me wrong, it's just a little difficult to find time to write when you constantly have someone trying to talk to you or look over your shoulder(Here's looking at you, Big bro).

Anyhoo, little FYI, the pairing has officially moved into the menage a trois area. Bucky/Darcy/Remy is happening, and for those of you who are skeptical or came here for Bucky/Darcy endgame, trust me and read to the end, you might just like it the way I've written it. Thanks for reading! You're all lovely!!!
The X-Men

Chapter Summary

Darcy has a reunion with a few people, meets someone new, struggles with keeping her temper, and comes to the conclusion that some things are better left unsaid. And Lucky has his own little pack of robot monkeys.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Darcy shook her head as she stood outside of the meeting room thinking fondly of her science-crazed friend. She squared her shoulders ticking off the items on her list as they came, Tony was asleep as well as Bruce and Jane, Remy had managed to keep the PR on the Stark employee list, and Azazel was supposed to call her back once he had a free moment. The only thing she had left was the meeting with the X-men. Which was why she was hesitating outside the meeting room doors.

She turned to Lucky and twisted her mouth back and forth before asking, “Any excuse you can think of to get me out of this?”

Lucky cocked his head to the side questioningly before nudging her leg with his nose.

“Jeesh, when did you start conniving against me?”

The short bark was followed by Lucky nudging her hand and giving it a soft lick. Darcy scratched behind his ears as a robot-monkey climbed onto her shoulders. She turned her head just slightly to see the monkey reaching out and opening the door for her.

“Well, gee, thanks a bunch, Frank.”

The monkey let out a few muffled sounds that were most likely Tony’s hurried addition to make the monkeys sound more monkey-like.

“Darcy, what are you doing on the floor?”

Darcy looked up to meet Scott Summers covered eyes and grinned, “Hey, Scotty, how’s the laser beams?”

If Scotts eyes were visible at that moment she was sure he would be rolling them.

“What are you doing here, Darc?”

“I’m Pepper Potts part-time assistant and scientist wrangler. I’m guessing my grandfather’s in there, right?”

“Please come in, Darcy.”

Darcy entered the room feeling like a schoolgirl going to the principals office.

“Hey, Grandpa Chuck,” Darcy attempted to untangle the robot monkey from around her neck and
cursed when the monkey swung around to hang off of her arm.

“Aha, can I have a second?”

Professor Xavier raised an eyebrow before nodding his head speechless. Darcy coaxed the robot monkey Tony had dubbed “Frank” off of her arm and onto Lucky’s back.

“There we go, Tony made him clingy as a programming exercise. From what I got from him before he passed out their names are Frank, Frida, and Lola. I have no idea why.”

“I see,” Charles tapped absently on the arm of his wheelchair with a finger as the silence spread out.

Darcy took a moment to note that Storm and Jean where present. Jean was glaring daggers at her as per usual, though Darcy still couldn’t figure out why the woman didn’t like her she had a feeling it was because of how highly Scott spoke of her. He’d been rescued in the raid right before she gave birth to Jessica and they had kept in touch thanks to Charles asking her to help him with his powers. Storm did her best to be pleasant to nearly everyone so Darcy wasn’t surprised at the smile she was given. Darcy smiled back and then turned her attention to the two new people that were present. A blue young man not older than nineteen stood awkwardly trying to blend in.

“Hi, my names Darcy.”

“My name is Kurt Wagner, a pleasure to meet you, Fraulien,” the blue boy’s tail made a sudden appearance and Darcy paled slightly when she spotted it.

“Is something wrong, Darcy?”

“Huh? Oh no, just been a while since I met someone with a tail.”

Kurt’s ears perked up at here words, “You’ve met someone with a tail like mine, Ja?

“Oh.”

He looked slightly disappointed at that, “Oh.”

Darcy stared at him a slight look of astonishment on her face before she turned back to the problem at hand.

“So, you guys want an alliance with the Avengers?”

“That was our goal when we came here.”

“Relax, Scotty, I’m not going to blacklist you guys because my grandfather and I don’t always agree.”

“That is good to hear, Darcy. How is your mother?”

Darcy’s gaze turned cold as she pursed her lips at her grandfather’s question.

“I didn’t say that I wouldn’t cut the meeting short because of bad blood, however.”

Professor Xavier sighed, “We’ve talked about this, my Dear.”

“I know, I know, my father’s insane and I would have been safer growing up in the mansion. Fact of the matter is that’s not how it happened, and no amount of offers to stay there is going to make up for the fact that you hate my father.”
“I don’t approve of him, that doesn’t mean that I hate him. There is a difference, my dear.”

Darcy took a deep breath before taking a seat at the table and opening the folder containing the alliance contract.

“The basics of the contract are simple, team ups are approved during times of extreme duress and a chain of clear communication is upheld. Every other month a week of training with the other team to ensure-”

“To ensure what? We don’t even know your team, none of them have met us.”

“I have prior approval from Captain America to complete this agreement, he trusts my judgement. Is that the only problem you have, Jeanie?”

Jane glared harder at her, “How could he possibly trust your judgement when you’re insane?”

“Jean, that’s enough!”

Scott swiftly took Jean out of the room with his face stone cold as Jean continued to stare down Darcy like she was the enemy. Darcy sighed as Jean was removed from the room.

“I don’t know why she doesn’t like me.”

“It’s not your fault, Miss Lewis. Jean gets jealous very easily, and Scott doesn’t realize how often he speaks of you.”

Darcy smiled gratefully at Storm before turning back to the contract.

“Okay, it looks like you’ve put in a clause for us that details you want to be notified when we find a mutant. That’s fine, you’ve got more experience with mutants so the Avengers don’t have to cover that base. Same goes for any unusual powers that are not a product of the X-gene when they show up on your door instead of ours.”

“I thought it would be best since your people have experience with alternative power acquisition.”

“Naturally. This all seems very straightforward and upright. I’ll have Steve and Tony sign it as soon as possible and send you copies in duplicate.”

“Thank you, Darcy.”

“Thank you, Grandfather. I’ll be up after Christmas as usual. Don’t wait up.”

Darcy left the room with a quick glance back at Kurt who was looking down at his hands in feigned interest. She shook her head and whistled for Lucky who quickly ran to her with the line of robot monkeys right behind him.

“Let’s go, boy. We’ve got a few more things to take care of, and then sleep is on the roster. Doesn’t that sound nice?”

The sharp bark resounded off the walls and Darcy exhaled in relief. At least that was over for the time being.

Chapter End Notes
Okay, here goes my explanations. Darcy mother, AKA Death, is the daughter of Charles Xavier and Moira MacTaggart. I'm going to explore this more in the sequel, which I hope to have the first chapter of up by the end of the week. Basically, without going into too much detail, Charles tried to gain custody of Darcy after one of the times that her mother "died" and Darcy resents him for it. They disagree on how Wade raised her so Darcy loves her grandfather but she doesn't agree with him about her father. Thanks for reading!
Scott

Chapter Summary

Scott catches up with Darcy, who saved him from Stryker a long while back, and they have a nice, pleasant chat.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Darcy, wait!"

Darcy turned around to see Scott running toward her moments after she had left the meeting room.

"Hey, Scotty, need something?"

"Are you coming to the mansion soon?"

"Yeah, planning on coming shortly after Christmas, why?"

"I want to propose to Jean, but I want you to be there."

"Scotty-"

"I know she thinks she doesn’t like you, but she hasn’t given you a chance! If you react positively to us being engaged maybe-"

Darcy reached out and grabbed Scott’s hand giving it a squeeze, “I’ll be there, Scott. But I can’t control other peoples reactions. Well, I can… But I have this pesky thing called a moral compass that tells me that I shouldn’t.”

Scott chuckled at the twinkle in Darcy’s eyes, “Yeah, I know. I’m just trying to be optimistic.”

“Good, we need more optimists in the world. Helps even out the pessimists like me.”

“I thought you were a realist.”

“Nah, I’ve had too many conversations with the author to be a realist.”

“Right,” Scott looked a little confused, “So, how have you been? I see you finally got a dog.”

Scott kneeled down to scratch behind Lucky’s ears and the dog twisted his head around in an attempt to lick his hands.

“Yeah, he’s a beaut, isn’t he?”

“Gorgeous, his furs so soft.”

“Yeah, got him a while back taking a peaceful walk down the street, only to witness a man dying.”

Scott nodded his head slowly while holding back his shocked look, “I see.”
Darcy began laughing at the perplexed look on Scotts face and he joined in.

“Sorry, Kid, I still can’t get used to how old you look now.”

“I’m thirty-four now.”

“Congratulations, you officially look older than me.”

Scott laughed and shoved his hands in his pockets, “We still haven’t found a solution for my eyes but it’s getting easier to deal with.”

“I told you, you’ve just got to use your handicap to an advantage.”

“I’m trying, I find it a little difficult to do that though.”

Darcy was silent for a moment before changing the subject, “Did Emma leave the mansion?”

“Yeah, Jean didn’t get along well with her, and Emma told me that I need to straighten out my priorities. I think she went to find Kayla and Logan.”

“Good for here, she probably needs the freedom.”

“Yeah.”

“Are you all right with her leaving?”

“She’s my best friend, I just want Jean to get along with the women I love. We’ve been fighting about it a lot here lately.”

“Yeah, I can understand that. I hope you get it worked out though.”

“Thanks, Professor Xavier has taken her on as his protege, by the way.”

Darcy stiffly nodded her head, “That’s good news.”

“Yeah, she loves being near him so much.”

“I’m sure she does.”

They stood silently for a moment before Darcy turned slightly to subtly suggest she had other places to be before saying, “You’d better get back to them, Scotty, you don’t want to be left behind. Give my love to Hank, will you?”

“Of course, I’ll see you after Christmas. Don’t forget!”

“I definitely won’t forget that.”

Chapter End Notes

For those of you who like Jean Grey, she will not always be such a b-tch in the future. I promise. One of the characteristics of Jean Grey that kind of makes her Jean Grey(In my opinion), is that she gets jealous sometimes. Which, who doesn't get jealous at some
point and time in a relationship? Anyhoo, thanks for reading!
**Pillow Talk**

Chapter Summary

Remy and Darcy have a chat about their relationship, and come to a consensus of sorts. Then again, maybe not.

Chapter Notes

Get ready for the last few chapters of this fic and an emotional roller coaster ride. I've laughed, I've cried, I might have freaked out my brother by yelling out in exasperation a few times. I think he thinks something is wrong with me now (joking, joking, he's the only family member I have who voluntarily reads my fic so he knows exactly why I'm yelling in exasperation, and he sympathizes), but he's a snoop too so I'm not listening to him.

Darcy fell back onto the bed next to Remy and exhaled, “I have a headache.”

“Remy told you to skip your power exercises, Cher.”

“Well Darcy decided not to listen because she didn’t want to lose progress.”

Remy raised a his eyebrows, “You having a headache is not progress.”

“Well, at least I’m not passing out.”

“Oui, that is a lot of progress.”

“I see your sarcasm and raise you a slap to the back of your head.”

Remy ducked with a small grin that left his face when Darcy groaned.

“Remy don’t like seeing you this way, Cher. Are you sure that this is necessary.”

“Yes, the only way to gain control of my powers is to use them.”

The silence wrapped around them comfortably for a few minutes until Darcy felt something shift and she could tell Remy wanted to say something.

“What’s wrong?”

Remy sighed, “Remy’s hair is starting to grey.”

“So? You’ll be an amazing silver fox. All of the ladies will want to go out with you and call you Daddy.”

“Cher,” the warning in Remy’s voice made Darcy sigh.
“I’m sorry, you were trying to be serious weren’t you?”

“Remy don’t think he was trying to be funny.”

“Okay, so you’re getting older. It happens to people.”

“Oui, and it’s happening to me.”

“You’re using first person, I’m not going to like this.”

“Remy thinks you should try dating.”

Darcy brought her hands up to her face and groaned, “Oh my gosh, you can’t be serious.”

“Does Remy really have to repeat himself?”

“Please don’t, and who would I date? I’m not dating someone younger than me, it would be weird. I have two daughters who look to be the same age as I am. It’s impossible for me to start dating again, Reems!”

“Non, you’re just not looking at it properly.”

“Okay, Mr. Suave, who would I date?”

“Barnes.”

Darcy paused rolling the idea over in her head, “Okay, I’m listening, but I’m not sure where you’re going.”

“You, Mon Cher, have a type. Dark hair, sharp eyes, dangerous, and morally grey. Before you argue with Remy, think about all of the men you’ve been around romantically, Cher.”

Darcy rolled onto her side and gave Remy a contemplative look, “You’ve been thinking about this for awhile, haven’t you?”

“Remy’s not immortal.”

“Remy’s married to me, Darcy, I have your last name.”

“Oui, and we agreed to divorce if the other fell in love.”

“This is not involuntarily falling in love, you want me to pursue someone because you’ll eventually die. That’s got to do something to your psyche, are you going nuts? Am I negatively effecting you in the noodle?”

Remy shook his head emphatically, “Non, that is not what Remy is saying.”

“Then what? What are you saying? Because the idea of not being with you is starting to freak me out and I adore Bucky, if I didn’t have you I’d jump his ass faster than any fangirl in the writer’s universe, but-”

“But what, Cher?”

“You’re comfortable, Bucky is new and I don’t know him well yet. I saved his life, he’s attached to me but what if he doesn’t see me that way? He knows about us and I’m fairly certain we’re a fixture in everyone else’s minds, this would rock the boat, big time.”
Remy was silent as Darcy stared at the wall in contemplation.

“You’re right, you’re not immortal. Bucky practically is, especially with what Natasha told me, oh gosh.”

Remy reached out and took her hand in his, “We don’t talk about this much, Cher. I know it’s hard, but I think we need to prepare.”

Darcy scooted closer so that they were pressed against each other. Remy draped his arm around her and rubbed her arm gently to soothe her.

“Jessica’s not going to like this.”

“You’ve got time to get her to come around, Cher. Remy don’t.”

“Remy?”

“Yeah, Cher?”

“I’ll try.”

Remy kissed her forehead in relief, it had been worrying him terribly that she might be alone when he died, “That’s all Remy’s asking, Cher. That's all he's asking”
Sparring (Is That Code for Something?)

Chapter Summary

Bucky and Remy decide to spar and are interrupted by Natasha, who sees all and knows all.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Remy tapped his bo staff against the floor in the gym and watched Bucky twirl the matching one.

“You ready, Homme?”

“Waiting on you, Gumbo.”

Remy began his attack almost lazily, delivering half hearted blows that he alternated. Bucky looked confused at first before he suddenly had to jump to evade a swift knock to his legs.

“You learn that in the bayou?”

“You learn your defense in the city?”

“Nah, learned that little punks look for fights in the city. Wound up defending one more than once.”

“Captain Rogers must have been legendary before the serum then?”

“He was better than what they made him, I’m still pissed about that.”

“Why? He can defend himself now.”

Bucky started executing his offense and Remy began to back away quickly calculating as his opponent became more aggressive.

“Yeah, which means he’s in danger every minute. I’ve been protecting him since we were kids, Remy. The fact that he’s in danger gets to me every time. The little sh-t goes looking for it too.”

Remy chuckled as he used one of Bucky’s misses to launch himself behind him. Bucky spun around just in time to block the blow that would have finished the fight and began to revise his fighting strategy.

“Just when I think I know what you’re doing, you change it.”

“Oui, Remy don’t like being predictable.”

“Is that why you’ve been getting close to me?”

Remy met Bucky’s staff mid air with his hand and held it there as Bucky looked at him in shock.

“Why do you want to know that?”
“Just seems strange, ever since you got here you’ve been scouting us out for something. Thought you might want to share since you seem to have decided I’m it.”

Remy twisted his wrist abruptly enough that Bucky didn’t anticipate it and ended up on the floor. Bucky tried to get up only for Remy to pin him down with his own staff.

“What do you think, James?”

“I think it has to do with Darcy. You’ve encouraged me to be around her, you’ve talked about her nonstop, you’ve even gone as far as to subtly hint that I should ask her out. You’re married to her, man!”

“Till death do us part only works if you’re both going to die.”

“I don’t believe that.”

Remy cocked his head to the side and Bucky took the moment to flip them over and pin Remy down himself.

“Let me tell you something, Lebeau. If I were to decide to woo Darcy, then I’d do it on one term only.”

The two men let the silence fall between them as Remy watched Bucky intently before challenging,

“And that would be?”

“What the hell are the two of you doing?”

The two men looked up to see Natasha standing off to the side with her hand on her hip and her eyebrow raised. She had arrived the day before to update Darcy on Skye’s training and had one more night before she returned to take back the reigns from Clint who was supervising Skye while she was gone.

“Sparring?” Bucky’s wavering tone produced a smirk from Natasha.

“Does your version of sparring usually involve straddling another man’s hips and gazing intently into their eyes?”

Bucky blushed as he immediately tried to get off of Remy, only for Remy to instantly place his hands firmly on the Bucky’s hips to hold him there.

“James was just telling Remy about asking Darcy on a date,” the smirk on Remy’s face told Bucky that he knew exactly what he was doing and Bucky glared half-heartedly at him.

Then Natasha started speaking again and Bucky quickly found a very interesting spot on the floor to stare at.

“So, you talk about going on a date with another man’s wife while straddling said man?”

“Oh my gosh, I’m never going to live this down, am I,” groaned Bucky as Remy added to his problem by rubbing circles on his hips, using his thumbs with the intent to either soothe him or arouse him, Bucky wasn’t sure which.

“If you do, I’d be surprised,” Natasha looked completely smug which made Bucky extremely nervous as he knew her well enough to know she would not let him off easily.
“Natalia, please don’t tell Steve,” Bucky attempted to employ the “puppy eyes” that Darcy was always rambling about around him and Natasha looked only slightly moved.

“I’ll consider it, but if you’re going to top him, do it in the bedroom.”

Remy licked his lips teasingly as the blush on Bucky’s face deepened even though Natasha was walking out the door.

“You were saying something about a condition, James?”

“I’m not saying anything now, and you know it.”

Remy’s grip on him tightened for a moment as a flicker of something possessive flashed over his face before he passively let go and allowed Bucky to stand up.

“I hope you ask her out soon, Homme.”

Bucky silently left for the showers and Remy watched him go with his gaze lingering just a little lower than he would admit.

“Merde, that did not go how Remy wanted it to.”

Remy wiped off some of the sweat off of his neck and threw the towel down before deciding to run through some of his fighting moves to work off some steam. It was another hour before he emerged from the gym and he didn’t feel any better than when he started.

Chapter End Notes

*Grins at obvious subtext and then prances off to add the next chapter* "No, Teddy, I'm not narrating my life in the notes section, not at all!" (Teddy's my annoying brother, btw. He brings out the most mischievous part of me because I like to tease him).
Darcy sat knitting snowflakes, talks to Natasha, contemplates polyamory, and finds out Stucky actually happened at one point.

Darcy sat knitting snowflakes on one of the ginormous couches Tony had bought for the common room while Natasha sat in front of her holding the white skien of yarn for her.

“I caught your husband underneath your potential boyfriend.”

Darcy’s eyebrows went up, “Sparring?”

Natasha snorted, “Probably, but Remy was quick to grab onto James when he tried to get off of him.”

The slight tipping of Darcy’s head made her seem highly curious about this development.

“What happened then?”

“Bucky blushed so deep I swear it looked like his cheeks were roses.”

Darcy giggled and bit her lip, “This could be a good thing.”

“Your husband molesting your potential romantic interest is a good thing?”

“Hmm, if he’s that possessive it means he’s interested. Remy loves to flirt, but rarely does he invade peoples space like that, he’s touchy about the subject and extremely respectful when people say no.”

“James looked like he wasn’t actually that bothered about it.”

“Really?”

“Hmm, if the state of his pants was any indicator.”

“Bisexual?”

“Him and Steve were very active in the forties before and during the war.”

“Oh my gosh, I did not need to know that.”

“We’ve thought about including him in our relationship, but he’s not receptive. After what happened to him as the Winter Soldier he’s very closed off to sexual and romantic relations with other people.”

“Also didn’t need to know the first part, but he didn’t protest very much with Remy?”

“No, and I watched closely.”
Darcy finished one snowflake and started another, “Do you think he’d be alright joining us?”

“You and me?”

“No, me and Remy. Remy’s been pushing me towards Bucky because he’s immortal, but I don’t want to leave Remy behind.”

“It’s the logical solution.”

“Remy’s still going to die,”

“He’ll die happy then.”

Natasha watched Darcy intently as she focused harder on the snowflake she was knitting.

“Steve and I want to a carnival.”

“Really? How did it go?”

“It was amazing, I’ve never gone to one that wasn’t for a mission. We just walked around and played the games, it was-”

“Nice?”

“Peaceful, I didn’t feel pressured to do anything and I didn’t have to analyze every part of what I was doing. I think that’s the first time I’ve ever been on a date that wasn’t a mission.”

Darcy smiled at Natasha as she stilled her knitting, “I told you it would be fine.”

“Everyone has insecurities, Darce. Even Remy, you need to talk to him.”

Darcy sighed, “Yeah, I do. We’ve been at this long enough that you would think we could handle problems like this one.”

“Death or polyamory?”

“Both. We’ve had threesomes before, don’t get me wrong, but it’s a little different when it’s a relationship.”

“I’m sure.”

Darcy focused on her knitting for a few minutes before finally saying, “Even if Remy didn’t want to be apart, I can still include him in my life. He’s the father of my child, he’s taken Skye on as his own. I mean, we’re not the Brady Bunch here, more like the Adams family, and just because things are a little unusual doesn’t mean I have to cut him out.”

“I don’t think that was ever an option for you, Darcy.”

“Too right, but I like Bucky too. I interested in him and I still love my husband.”

“I keep telling you to form a threesome.”

“I hear you loud and clear, but is Remy going to go for it? The reason why he started pushing me that way in the first place was so that I wouldn’t be alone when he dies.”

“And you won’t be alone when he dies but you also won’t be sacrificing your marriage. Besides,
you and Remy tend to do a two year pattern, you’re around each other for two years and then you take a semi-break for two years.”

“What if the dynamic changes because Bucky is added though?”

“I can see that happening, you’d both have a common point besides each other. You’d want to protect him, not hurt him and that would spur you into staying together for longer periods.”

“Remy and I like traveling apart though.”

“So, you get joint custody then.”

Darcy nearly felt like screaming, “This is less sanity than I’m used to!”

“Hey,” Natasha grabbed her wrist drawing her attention, “You’re perfectly sane, just because it’s not the world’s definition doesn’t mean you’re crazy.”

“I could except that, if my life didn’t revolve around my clinically insane father.”

“You’re father is another subject, you may have gotten a lot of his personality, but who’s to say he wasn’t like this before he went insane?”

Darcy nodded her head in agreement and Natasha released her arm carefully, “Just think about it, there’s no harm in that.”

“Yeah, except maybe gaining a second hot guy to have sexy-times with. Which… Harmful? That is not.”

Chapter End Notes

Snowflakes! That’s all I’m going to say right now besides, thanks for reading!
Darcy and Azazel discuss business and mitten's, Reed Richards doesn't know how to take a hint, and Darcy is awesome.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“No, I’m making you mittens and that’s final.”

“I do not need mittens, Darcy.”

“No, you need custom mittens that are black and red, think about it, Azazel. Think about it!”

“Can we please return to your father and aunt’s safety?”

“Oh, they’re safe, what I need you to do is minimize the world damage they do.”

“Which means?”

“They could topple entire governments together, this is Deadpool and Peggy Carter we’re talking about here, and we can’t have that happening unless it’s strategically done at the right time and place.”

“Right, and I’m going to do this because?”

“Bermuda.”

The light growl in the earpiece made Darcy smile as she imagined the annoyed look on her old friends face.

“How long?”

“Indefinitely.”

“Does it pay?”

“I’m wiring you my regular payment once a month.”

“At least I won’t be doing this for nothing.”

“Oh, did I forget to mention I found Azazel Jr.?”

There was silence on the other line for a moment, “What did you just say?”

“My grandfather showed up at Avengers tower the other day, one of the mutants with him looked like a blue version of you, sound familiar?”

“I knew Mystique lied to me,” Azazel’s accent thickened and Darcy could hear the anger.
“We’ll deal with that later, I’ll put you in touch with your son on my next visit to Xavier Mansion.”
“I’ll owe you.”
“We’re even.”
“No, I owe you.”
“Azazel-”
“What do you need besides this?”
“Nothing, at the moment. If you’re actually going to hold onto this I’ll let you know.”

Darcy walked into Reed Richards wandering around the labs at this point and threw up her hands in frustration with an exasperated sound coming out of her mouth.
“What are you doing here?”
“I need files from Dr. Banner.”
“Darcy, who is that?”
“Reed Richards, you heard of him?”
“He is what you Americans call an ass, I avoid those as much as humanly possible.”
“Good for you, wish I could but I seem to have a sign over my head that attracts them. Don’t touch that, that is Stark Industries property, Richards!”

“Where is Dr. Banner?”
“You know what, I have half a mind to tell you!”

Dr. Richards looked confused at this cryptic statement before turning his attention back to the piece of equipment he had been touching previously. And, of course, he reached out to touch it again.

“Hey! I can have Stark Industries take you to court for trespassing, and just because I’m old friends with your wife doesn’t mean I won’t do it.”

“You know Susan?”

Richards looked so incredibly appalled that his wife knew Darcy that Darcy rolled her eyes while she pulled her fraying nerves together.

“Listen, Buddy, I have a headache, my father is over-throwing the Russain government for all I know, I have three scientists who are still groggy from sleep deprivation while I was gone meeting my daughter for the first time, and you, Mister, are only making it worse. So unless you want a repeat of the last time you were here, I suggest you get your little ass down to the lobby and throw yourself out the window for me!”

Darcy was very pleased and a little smug when Reed actually looked alarmed at this and made a break for the elevator leaving her alone in the lab.

“I’m probably going to regret asking, but what did you do to him the last time?”
“I threw him out a window.”

Azazel hummed, “Impressive.”

“Yeah, I just wish it had been from a higher floor.”

“You just growled, you’re becoming more feral?”

“My senses are increasing again, I’ve got a feeling my low-grade feral gene is about to increase in dominance for some reason.”

“Have you been using your powers?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

Darcy heard the phone click and she held it out in front of her face with a puzzled expression. Until it dawned on her. Using her powers, of course that was what was increasing her feral side.

Darcy groaned, “I guess I need to call Victor sooner than I thought. Oh well, I need too anyway, just one more thing to add to the ever growing list.”

Chapter End Notes

I have too much fun messing with Reed Richards in these, I need to find some other character's for Darcy to freak out, maybe I should bring back Loki for a chapter or two and torment him a bit with her chatter. Hmm, I have too many ideas, but that means you will all be getting more of my DD!Darcy fic for a long while yet.
Pillow Talk Part 2

Chapter Summary

Remy and Darcy talk about their relationship, and Darcy lays down the law.

Chapter Notes

Okay! I'm putting notes at the top to give a light heads up that there is some cursing in this chapter and that it gets a little hot and heavy. No lemons, just Darcy's mouth and Remy's libido make an appearance.

“Hold still!”

“Remy can’t hold still, he’s being accosted by his own wife!”

“I’m just holding you down so you’ll listen to me.”

“Let me up, Cher.”

“Not happening until you hear me out.”

“Oh, Mon Dieu!”

“Does that mean you’re willing to hear me out or that you’re hoping God will rescue you?”

Remy tossed his head back in an attempt to look at Darcy, “Cher, let me up.”

“Say you’ll hear me out.”

“Remy doesn’t like this, Cher, you’re taking precautions you don’t do that unless Remy might not like something.”

“Just promise me you’ll hear me out first!”

“Fine, Remy will hear you out first.”

The moment Darcy let him go Remy growled and flipped their positions before cockily asking, “What was it you wanted to say, Cher?”

“I want to add Bucky to our relationship.”

Remy froze in surprise and Darcy took the opportunity to flip them again making Remy glare at her.

“Why?”

“A little bird told me you were interested, and I know I’m interested. Not to mention I’d love to see what the two of you look like kissing.”
“It’s not gonna last, Cher. I’m going to die eventually and it will just be the two of you.”

“That’s why I want to do it now with the three of us! Time runs out eventually, Rems, it’s what we’ve been battling and bitter about for years. It’s why we’ve been so cautious not to get attached-attached while completely failing to not do that! That’s why we have to make the most of what time we have. I’ve got plans, big ones, ones that involve you, and Bucky, and me, and our kids, and our pack for that matter! Logan, and Kayla, and Victor, and my Dad, and Aunt Peggy, not all of us are going to last but we’re still in this together.”

Remy stilled, listening to her words, “This is a feral thing, Cher?”

“It’s partially a feral thing, yeah. Because somehow along the way of us being in a flexible relationship my animal recognized you as a mate. Victor explained it to me years ago but I didn’t want to acknowledge it, it’s why he never pursued me despite him making it really clear that I smell f-cking delectable as a female feral! Because now I’m having the same urges with Bucky that I have with you, because imagining the two of you together makes me possessive as f-ck. Because every time I start thinking about myself being in-between the two of you, or you in-between the both of us, or him between the two of us. F-ck, Remy, I-”

Remy’s mouth parted slightly while Darcy was going on and he lunged up to pulled her into a heated kiss as soon as she swore. When they pulled apart moments later panting for breath Remy cursed and laid back against the bed.

“I knew hearing you talk was a turn on, Cher, but that was amazing.”

“I know, I can smell your arousal,” Darcy lifted up his shirt so that she could kiss along his abdomen, “And I honestly think it’s only going to get better when we add him into the mix.”

“We might have to go slow, seducing him will be a process.”

Darcy chuckled against his skin before licking a strip across the expanse of his stomach and saying, “I knew I could convince you.”

“As if Remy could refuse you anything, Cher. Oh, fu-”

—

An hour later as the Darcy slept soundly next to him Remy laid in bed thinking about what Darcy had said before they became occupied. He exhaled in relief as he thought about what Darcy had told him earlier. He had been more than prepared to watch her walk away, watch her be with someone besides him.

Only now it was different, now he would be watching her be with someone else, only that someone else would also be his. And Darcy didn’t care that he would grow old, she’d muttered against his lips that they’d take care of him when he grew old, that “til death do us part” was important to her. That adding Bucky in would ensure that they could take care of him. Remy had nearly cried in relief at that, he wasn’t afraid of dying, he wasn’t afraid of growing old, but he was afraid of being alone. And he had nearly succeeded in manifesting his greatest fear for self-sacrificing love.
Chapter Summary

Johnny pays Darcy a visit and stirs up enough trouble to make a trio, and Darcy gets a taste of what she's been wanting for Christmas.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darcy stood just inside the doorway of her Stark provided office and glared at the Captain America double in front of her.

“Johnny…”

The man in questions spun around and threw her a winning grin, “Hello, Gorgeous! How’s my favorite member of the female of the species today?”

“Get out of my office, Johnny.”

“Aw, come on, Sweetcheeks. You know I’m irresistible.”

“Only in your dreams, Prince Charming.”

Johnny dramatically pressed his hand to his chest, “You underestimate my love for you! I dream of you in my waking hours too.”

The exaggerated wink he gave her made Darcy roll her eyes.

“Do you actually have a purpose for being here?”

“Boredom, being yelled at too many times by Susan in a day could get me killed so I can’t annoy her, Reed’s way too easy, Ben won’t rise to my bait, and you’re so much prettier.”

“Johnny, I will not hesitate to throw you out of a window.”

“Ha! Yeah, I heard about you doing that to Reed, I really wish I could have seen that!”

“You’ll get a first hand demonstration if you don’t get out of my office.”

“Come on, give me five minutes and I swear you’ll be begging for me to take you on this desk.”

“I’m sure she’d much rather have me take her on that desk.”

Johnny whirled around to see Bucky glaring at him, “Who the hell are you?”

“You are a dead ringer for Steve.”

Darcy placed her head in her hands trying to hold back laughter as the hilarity of the situation hit her. When she burst into a fit of laughter both of the men turned to her with quizzical expressions.
“Care to explain what’s so funny, Hot Stuff?”

Darcy could see Bucky nearly growling at the “unknown” man flirting with her so she pulled herself together to introduce them.

“Bucky, this is an old college buddy of mine, Johnny Storm. He and his sister attended the same college I did the first time I went and we became great friends, he’s not actually serious when he flirts with me.”

Bucky looked skeptical and slightly embarrassed, “Well, why does he look like Steve?”

“They’re probably distant relations or something, who knows?”

“Who’s Steve?”

“Steve Rogers, Captain America, Johnny.”

Johnny looked slightly offended for a moment before he changed his mind and nodded his head in agreement, “The guy is hot.”

“I should also mention that Johnny flirts with anything that walks and has boobs.”

“Hey, I flirt with anything that walks period. Whether they have boobs or not is irrelevant, though you certainly have a gorgeous pair.”

“Comment on the ladies one more time and I will pour a bucket of ice water on your head.”

“Let it never be said that I’ve never taken a threat from you seriously, I’ll see you around, Babycakes!”

Johnny made a quick exit as Darcy yelled after him,

“Don’t call me that! Honestly, his nicknames get worse as he gets older.”

“Who exactly is he again?”

“Reed Richards brother-in-law, Susan is up for sainthood, I swear… Did you say earlier what I think you said?”

“Hmm?”

Darcy’s eyes narrowed at Bucky’s guilty expression as Remy entered the room.

“Just saw Storm leaving, the bastard.”

“Shush, Bucky just tried to come to my rescue and he had a very interesting way of doing it.”

“Oh really?”

Remy let his eyes drift over Bucky’s form and smirked when the other man blushed, “Do tell, Cher.”

“Well, Johnny was doing his usual routine, saying he’d have me begging for him to take me on the desk when Bucky came in and told him I’d rather have him doing that.”

Remy slowly grinned as Darcy walked up and began to straighten Bucky’s shirt as an excuse to touch him, “Really?”
“I-”

“Shhh, Remy and I have a proposition for you, James. It involves, me, Remy, and you for as long as we all shall live, plus whipped cream on Sundays. Are you in? Cause we’d really like to consecrate this as soon as possible, but we’ll wait patiently if-”

“I’m in.”

Darcy froze her eyes shining brightly as a genuine smile spread across her features. Remy wasted no time joining them his mouth pressing urgently against Bucky’s as Darcy watched on, happier than she thought she could be. And when Bucky deepened the kiss? Let’s just say the three of them found a bed very quickly afterwards.

Chapter End Notes

This is the last chapter! Not counting the Epilogue. I'm working on the sequel and DD!Darcy pairing oneshots this week! The first chapters/oneshots will probably be posted after Christmas, and if you want to get updates on future related fic I've made this into a series so you can follow! Thanks for reading! You've all been lovely! Feel free to comment if you have an idea/pairing for future fic!
This chapter is sad! If you don't want to be sad don't read it! Or read it anyway, but there are no obvious trigger warnings so you should be good *holds thumbs up reassuringly*. Just, really really sad. That's the only warning I can think of.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jessica Jones laid on the old bed in her grungy apartment and held a knitted butterfly in front of her face. She had drunk half a bottle of whiskey before going to bed and it had been just enough to make her nostalgic. The little knitted butterfly twirled in her hand as she thought about her life, her choices, her past.

Jessica closed her eyes as images flashed past and she repeated her mantra over and over again of the streets where she used to live. It was the one thing her mother had insisted on, they had to have one place for her to live, so that she didn’t end up like her. Jessica knew that was her mothers biggest fear, that her daughter would end up like her, it was one of the many things they had disagreed on. The little butterfly was all Jessica had taken with her from that house, she had left with her butterfly and the clothes on her back and hadn’t stopped to look back until now.

She suddenly had an urge, an unexplainable desire to hear her mother’s voice. She couldn’t explain it, but she was lonely, she had built up a cage around herself to try not to get hurt, not to let anyone else get hurt, and it finally felt like it wasn’t enough. Her fingers grasped her cell phone and she dialed the last number she’d had for her mom hoping that it was still active.

“Hello?”

Jessica fell back on the bed one word leaving her lips, “Mom?”

“Jessica! Jessica, baby girl, is that you?”

“Mom,” the word barely came out as a whisper as she began to cry.

“I’m right here, baby, stay with me. Is something wrong?”

“Yeah, yeah, I can’t do it, Mom. I can’t be a hero. I can’t stand up to him.”

“Oh honey, that’s what family is for. Where are you?”

“Hell’s Kitchen, a fucking shitty apartment in Hell’s Kitchen.”

“I’m going to get your father and we’re going to help you, okay?”

“Mom, I don’t want you to get hurt. That’s why I didn’t call sooner, I want you to know that.”

“Honey, there is nothing more important to me than keeping you safe, and there is very little that can take me out of the picture.”

“There’s a guy, he can control people, all it takes is one word and you’re gone.”
There was silence over the line and Jessica could hear her mother getting angry.

“Did he hurt you?”

Jessica hugged her knees to her chest and pressed her lips together for a moment before answering, “Yes.”

“I’m calling your Uncle Victor, he’s resistant to mind control. I’m resistant to mind control. We’ll find this man together and we’ll kill him, you understand that, don’t you, Sweetheart?”

“Please, Mom, I don’t want him to hurt anyone else. Other people are getting hurt, he made this girl kill—”

“Sweetie, you need to calm down, take deep breaths. I want you to go somewhere where you aren’t alone, do you have a place to do that?”

“Yeah, I can go to Trish’s apartment.”

“Go to Trish’s apartment, I’ll meet you there.”

“Okay... Mom?”

“Yes?”

“I love you.”

“I love you too, so very much, I’ll see you soon, Sweetheart. I promise”

Jessica hung up the phone and closed her eyes feeling safe for the first time in years, the little butterfly clasped in her hand.

Chapter End Notes

So, Jessica is still Jessica in this, just with a slight twist of Deadpool humor in the future. She’s still going to act like an asshole to people the majority of the time, but she’s like a rock with a gooey center so I can see her calling Darcy when she’s desperate for help, but she’s fiercely independent so it would have to be a lot. Thanks for reading, you’re all lovely! I hope to see you at the Sequel/Oneshots!

Works inspired by this one

Inappropriate Knitting by Stella_Malodi

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