Like Father, like Son
by orphan_account

Summary

Harry Potter and Tony Stark are similar, maybe that's why they work so well as family. In his moments Tony didn't call Pepper, he called his son, who Tony knew would understand. End of Avengers movie.

AN – AU Verse. Timelines have been stretched and altered.

"Should I call your son, sir?" Jarvis asked as his creator flew to his death, who said he doesn't make the sacrifice plays?

"Ye…yeah, call Harry," Tony swallowed, he was doing this for his son, for Pepper, for Rhody, but mostly for his son. The only one to believe in him; the only one to love him for him.

"Dad? DAD? Please!"

Tony snapped awake from his thoughts as he heard his son's voice and looked at his son displaying on the screen, his precious son, Harry with his crazy green eyes and perpetual messy hair. Harry may not have been born as his but he had enough of Tony's similar characteristics that it was uncanny and Tony loved it.

"Hi son, looks like when we're apart trouble finds us," Tony joked thinking back to when he found that eleven year old waiting at the train station with an old trunk and owl. He had been drawn to the boy. He had felt a pulling towards him. It was like magic, like the stories his mother had told him about. Three days later Harry James Potter was his son. It was pathetic at what money can do
sometimes, while Tony was thankful to have it, it sparks a rage in him when he thinks back on what his son's ex-relatives had done.

"Dad, just remember I love you and I'm proud to have you as my dad," Harry spoke quietly, voice near breaking and understanding. Tony guessed either his son had been following the news or Jarvis was keeping him informed.

Tony knew that Harry actually understood as Tony faced the same situation nearly five years ago but in reverse as Harry called him to tell him he was walking to his death in an hour to save the world. Miraculously his son survived and came back to him. He hoped he had the same luck, if not? Then at least he was able to know that he had a son that understood and would not hate him for it.

The line went dead and Tony braced for the explosion.

A roar blasted through his conscious and Tony popped his eyes opened wildly looking around and focusing on his team mates, "Nobody kissed me, right?"

Before anyone could answer a yell of "Dad" echoed in the air and a body fell onto Tony causing him to gasp. Captain America went pull the person, a young man away when Ironman's arms wrapped around the body and a breathed out, "Son" stopping all Avengers' thought processes.

As the Avengers looked at each other with befuddlement, father and son were having a moment.

"You're alive," Harry shook and buried his face in the only part Tony's neck was showing.

"I'm here," Tony breathed closing his eyes, he saved his son and the world and he was still breathing.

"Um Ironman, we need to apprehend Loki," Captain America spoke hesitantly, not wanting to disturb the moment Whatever he had believed about Tony Stark upon meeting him has been completely blown away.

"Right," Tony blurted out belatedly realizing that his son was here when he was supposed to be in Japan, "What are you doing here Harry? I thought you were studying abroad?"

"Really?" Harry asked disbelieving as he stood up and helped his dad up, "You just saved the world, almost dying in the process and you are questioning why I am here?"

"As your father yes," Tony answered popping his neck.

"Merlin, we do deserve each other, mom was right," Harry joked running his hand through his hair.

It was a moment before father and son froze and looked at each other.

"Did you call your Mom?" "Did you call Mom?" they simultaneously asked each other.

Both shook their heads, "No."

"We are so screwed dad," Harry breathed out tilting his head back with his hands covering his face.

Tony squared his shoulders, "We do what Stark men do, we grovel with expensive gifts and pamper her for at least a week."

Tony surveyed the wrecked area and added, "Maybe longer."

The Avengers looked on with shock faces as they stared at the scene before them. None of them
knew that Stark had a son or that he stayed with that one woman to raise the child. Their preconceived notions were being shattered and they were left wondering just how good of an actor was Stark?

"Right, I'll call mom. You go deal with the bad guy. We'll meet for dinner while I give you the scale of how worried and pissed she is," Harry planned going pale at calling his mom.

Tony solemnly stared his son, "You are by far the better man."

"Yeah, yeah. I'll text you the restaurant," Harry took a deep breath and pulled out his Stark Phone.

Tony mocked salute and crept away as he heard a screech through Harry's phone.

"Is he going to be okay?" Hawkeye asked wearily watching as the young man, apparently Tony's kid, held the phone away from his ear. And if his gaze stray a little lower to that tight ass, no harm done.

"Quit eyeing my son Legolas and yes he will be fine, Pepper loves him," Tony waved the concern away as they made their way to Loki.

"Where's his mom?" Captain America asked concerned that maybe Tony was what he thought.

"Pepper is his mom. We both adopted him, when he was eleven. Damn," Tony finished and promptly shut up. He can't believe he just said that. He has to been concussed. Why did he say that? Thankfully they have reached Loki. He knew that his team wouldn't drop the topic but hopefully wait a few days.

Back with Harry…

"Hi, mom," Harry began.

"Harry James Potter Stark, where is your father?" Pepper yelled over the phone, fear and concern flowing through the voice.

"Alive, putting Loki away," Harry answered truthfully. He had learned the hard way when he had hid something from his mom. It was after his second year at Hogwarts and he had a new scar where the fang had pierced him. He wore one of his long sleeves but he kept fidgeting with it and when Pepper questioned him about it Harry lied telling her that his shirt was itchy. She saw through the lie and held out her hand and Harry sighed placing his arm in her care and the received the lecturing of the lifetime for trying to hid something so important.

"That damn man! I swear between the two of you, I'm going to go gray prematurely!" Pepper yelled exasperated.

"I'm sorry mom," Harry mumbled knowing she would calm down or force herself to calm down when she heard the "boy" voice.

"It's…its fine, Harry love. I'll be home tomorrow. Your father would just aggravate me further if I was to see him now. Tell him that he has two weeks of pure office duty when I get back, and no you can't help him. That's what he gets for scaring me like that!" Pepper ranted.

"Okay mom. I love you and you know dad loves you too," Harry replied knowing full well that his parents loved each other.

"I love you both. And tell him that he scared me worse than your little stunt with death did," Pepper
warned.

Harry gulped in fear for his dad. Pepper was livid when she found out that he died at the hands of Voldemort and was the last to know. In his last hour Harry called his dad, the first adult to love and care for him fully. That didn't care what he had done as a baby, who had seen beyond the masks and saw just Harry. He called his dad to tell him that he had loved him and thanked him for letting him experience life and parents. Harry knew that if he had called his mom, she would have went into hysteria but his dad stayed calm and could understand the need to do this.

"Yes ma'am," Harry responded dutifully.

"Good boy. Make sure he eats," and Pepper hung up leaving Harry to glance at his phone in fear.

Scratching his head, Harry looked around the area and saw the only place not damaged was a sharwma restaurant. He sent his dad a text and made his way to the restaurant to wait. He thanked the waiter, who should have been beyond afraid of what had happened, showed him to a table. As Harry sat, he thought about how his dad and he seem to get into trouble when away from each other. Harry while at school had many adventures that almost always ended in his near death while his dad continued to get kidnapped, and challenged almost as frequently. He remembered when his dad went off grid on his visit to the middle east. It had been during his fifth year at Hogwarts.

Between the two of them, they had been able to create electronics that would be able to withstand the force of magic thanks to Tony experimenting and tinkering with different metals and alloys and plastics that would hold up to magic. Harry had been waiting for the weekly call from his dad. Sure they texted but to actually talk was rare as they were both incredibly busy. No one knew that Tony Stark was his dad or Pepper Potts was his mom; they had enlisted the help of goblins to help keep everything a secret. Even his best friends didn't know, but then again they weren't really his friends more like watch dogs. So when his dad didn't call, Harry wasn't too worried and waited another two days before calling his mom.

All he could remember was his breathing becoming labored and everything he had faced up until now had been trivial. The detentions that his parents still don't know about, finding his godfather, nothing. It was a dark period for him and then when his godfather died, Harry didn't know how he survived. All he remembered during that time was being angry at everyone except for his mom and his dad who may or may not be alive. He remembered sleeping in his dad's workshop with Jarvis playing his dad's playlist over and over, and then his dad was there, in the workshop with a blue glow coming from his chest. The rest was a blur as there was crying and hugging and father and son were reunited.

Harry smirked and shook his head; it's been a few years since then and his victory over Voldemort. Instead of following the Wizarding world's expectations, Harry went abroad studying and learning while helping his parents with Stark Industries and managing his own titles back in England. He heard the bell over the door jingle and looked to see his dad saunter through followed by the Avengers. Good Merlin. They'll be having house mates. His mom was going to love that.

"Stray puppies?" Harry questioned tilting his head.

Tony smiled and clapped his hands, "What can I say? I have a big heart."

"Mom stays you're in more trouble than I was with my own sacrificing stunt," Harry point-blanked his dad wearily eyeing the teammates soon to be house mates, who were looking at the duo with curiosity at the coded sentence.

"Ouch. When will she be home?" Tony asked sitting to the left of his son and picking up the menu to
distract himself. He knew Harry had already ordered and had taken into consideration of what he liked and didn't like, or allergic too.

"Tomorrow, said she would hurt you if she saw you now," Harry answered enjoying his dad squirm. Too many times had he left Harry to Pepper's mothering. Not that he didn't enjoy it but sometimes Pepper worried too much, but considering what he and his dad put her through, Harry didn't mind.

Tony cleared his throat, "Right."

"Are you going to introduce us Stark?" Captain America interrupted when he felt he had a chance. With two Starks it was hard to get a word in.

"Harry, my son. Avengers," Tony waved at them, contemplating how he could pacify Pepper. Maybe buy her new shoes? No that's for birthdays. No handbag? No that's anniversaries. Build her a phone that's connected to both him and Harry? That might work…

"Charmed," Harry greeted internally snickering at his dad casual way of introducing. Although Captain America, aka Steve Rogers could be taken a peg down or two. He knew what he had said to his dad or at least a vague version as he received a worried text from his dad seeking reassurance that he had changed and was a good person. It was the one thing Tony and Harry had agreed on when they first met and became family, to be there for each other. Sure it wasn't a normal way fathers and sons should interact but they weren't normal.

"I'm Steve Rogers," Captain America introduced holding his hand out to shake Harry's mildly glaring at Tony who was off in space. Only to retract his hand as Harry ignored it.

"Pleasure," Harry drawled grabbing a sugar packet as the waiter brought his coffee and his dad's, "Four more my good sir and triple the original order please."

"Actually a tea please," the man with glasses and wearing his dad's shirt requested. The waiter nodded and left, "I'm Bruce Banner."

"Oo, I enjoy your work Bruce and dad might have already said it but I'm a fan your alto ego, too," Harry dumped the sugar into Tony's coffee before adding another two packets not noticing Bruce's disbeliefing look.

"Harry, I'm trying to watch my figure," Tony whined grabbing his coffee thankful that his son knew he needed the extra calories and sugar. Harry always knew when Tony was sacrifice something to uphold his image, and would just do it, giving Tony his way out if needed.

Harry rolled his eyes and turned to his right, where the handsome archer sat, "Harry Stark, handsome."

Tony groaned, "Of course you would Harry."

"Clint Barton, sexy," Hawkeye answered holding out his hand, ignoring Tony's muttering as he drank sweetened black coffee.

Harry took the hand but turned it and brought Clint's knuckles to his lips, "Indeed."

Winking, Harry released Clint's hand and looked a bit further to his right, "Hello Natalie."

Natasha had been staring at Stark's son trying to figure out how she never knew about him until he said her name.
She had been following Pepper and gathering Intel on Stark when she had passed a Stark look-a-like in the hallway. Pepper had greeted him and told him to take some files to R&D. Natasha didn't consider him important dismissing him. She should have realized that she had been played.

"My name is Natasha," she spoke in Russian only to be surprised as Harry answered back in Russian.

"I know. I have friends in high places," Harry answered back flawlessly in Russian, inwardly smirking as he watched the sinful archer kept switching his staring between him and the Black Widow.

"Son, stand down," Tony spoke in Russian as well surprising everyone.

"Only because you ask father," Harry responded with a smirk, switching back to English, "Where's the blond quarterback?"

"Thor?" Clint asked staring at Harry and his bitable lips, deciding that the Starks all use weird descriptions, "He's with his brother."

"Right. So I order a little of everything before you guys came," Harry waved as the waiter started bringing out plates of food, "So dig in."

There a moment of silence as everyone took a helping from each dish.

"So did anyone see how the Hulk hates Thor?" Tony asked hating the silence.

"More of a strong dislike for challenging him," Bruce ranted as he thoughtfully chewed his food.

"Yeah I think he hates Loki instead," Clint threw in bringing his knee up so he could comfortably eat.

"I do believe, Loki wet himself when Hulk reappeared after his thrashing," Tony pointed out with his fork.

From there an easy flow of talk continued the Avengers talked about their first battle together. Harry smiled as he watched his dad talk and ramble, joking with the Avengers. It was about time that his dad made more real friends besides Happy and Rhody. Plus Clint was pretty cute, he wouldn't mind bunking with the Hawk.

Harry felt a tap on his shoulder and looked to his right. Clint was leaning forward now passionately defending his weapon of choice while Natasha was leaning toward him behind Clint's back.

"I like you young one. You were able to fool me. Understand I was doing my job," Natasha's eyes bore into his own willing Stark's child to understand.

"I know. It was just difficult to bring him out of that funk your report put him in. Mom wanted to break you," Harry answered straight faced while his eyes betrayed his memories and thoughts while radiating a fierce protectiveness. He swept his fringe away showing his scar. He knew Natasha was witch. Being a Lord of two houses definitely had its advantages.

"He is still annoying but he is my team mate now. I will protect him," Natasha swore. She knew that scar and what the scar meant. She knew of Harry Potter, the protector and savior of all things magical. She smirked only Stark and Potter could find each other and claim family. They both had crazy luck.
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