A series of drabbles, in the Marvel Movie Universe, mostly focused around the Avengers.

Be prepared for Tony being awesome, Darcy being epic, Thor getting electrocuted, Loki wanting to play with Tony - in every sense of the word, Pepper having awesome shoes, and Fury getting migraines. Multiple pairings, nerdy references, and a dryer that actually does eat socks.

Prompts invited.
Shadow King

Shadow King

POV - Tony Stark

It was rather obvious, in retrospect.

Tony’s shocked he didn’t figure it out before. But then, he had been a bit busy. And his (knowing) interactions with S.H.I.E.L.D had only occurred in the last three years – and he’d been distracted in those years. Battles to fight, murderous father-figures to kill and companies to regain control over. Not to mention becoming a super hero, almost dying and, oh yeah, saving the world. So he’ll cut himself some slack. But still...

He might not have figured it out at all, if it hadn’t been for Killian and his Mandarin, aka Trevor Slatterly. “Anonymity. Thanks to you, it’s been my mantra ever since, right? You simply rule from behind the scenes. Because the second you give evil a face, a Bin Laden, a Gaddafi, The Mandarin, you hand the people a target.” And it was true. It was even more true for the supposed “Good Guys.” Because the bad guys were gonna attack you, it’s so obvious it’s not even worth mentioning. So why mention it you ask? Because no one noticed when they moved the target somewhere else. Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain, I am the great and powerful Oz, and all that jazz.

Shield wasn’t stupid.

Whoever ordered the chess board, whoever ruled the roost, whoever was the big Kahuna of Shield, he (or she, Tony was an equal opportunity kind of guy) was going to have a giant target painted on their backs. It was why the so called “World Security Council” hid their faces behind silly looking lighting affects. Tony knew who they all were of course; no one could hide from J.A.R.V.I.S. Not for long anyway. But Fury! It was hilarious in retrospect. Fury the head of Shield? Fury? The one eyed black pirate with a potty mouth and a leather fetish?

Tony had to restrain himself from slapping himself when he thought about it. Fury might very well be second in command though. He was obviously a competent figurehead; he didn’t need the real head whispering in his ear every second. It took Tony approximately thirty seconds to figure out the real Director of Shield. Because really who else could it be?

Just like Pepper was the real head of Stark Industries, had been even when Tony still had the title of CEO, it was Phil who was in charge of Shield. Tony had briefly considered and then rejected
Maria Hill. Hill was a follower. Phil though… Phil was the one who chose the Avengers. It was Phil who went to Puente Antigo and interrogated Thor. He who made the ultimate decision to let him go, thereby causing Thor to owe Shield a favor. It was he who was Barton’s handler, and took Natasha under his wing when Barton turned her. He who sent Natasha after Banner – both times and after Tony himself. Who sent Nick to meet up with Tony, knowing with Tony’s ego no one but the head of Shield would have the remotest chance. Phil who had ordered the continued search for Captain America, even after Tony had pulled Stark Enterprises’ funding in the project.

The quiet, unassuming, occasionally infuriating, and presumed dead Agent Coulson was the head of the largest international spy organization in the world. And he had played Tony like a well tuned instrument! Left the self proclaimed genius, billionaire, playboy philanthropist in the dark for three YEARS!

He was torn between grudging admiration and annoyance.

The guy had threatened to taze Tony and leave him in a puddle of his own drool while he watched reruns of Super nanny on his big screen tv! It was infuriating! It was embarrassing! It was unspeakable!

Which was why Tony was never telling anybody. Had in fact taken measures to hide the almost unnoticeable bread crumb trail in Shield’s own databases. No one was going to find out about Coulson’s hand behind the throne.

The fact that the man was alive however… *That* was fair game.

And if he had hacked in and upgraded Pepper’s Shield security clearance to level seven and sent her a couple recent incident reports written by one very not dead Agent Phil Coulson, well… the punishment was equal to the crime. Pepper had been very hurt by the agent’s death. It was only fair to inform her. Poetic justice in fact.

And if he had watched with sadistic glee through hijacked security cameras as Pepper stalked into Phil’s office in her six inch high heels – scaring all the baby agents in her path and, having found the missing man in question in good health, alternately reamed him out and cried all over his shoulder for an hour, well he had earned it. There may have also been slapping involved. Shadow director or not, Pepper Potts was not someone to be manipulated.

Nor was Tony Stark.
He was thinking about giving a copy of the video to Barton for Christmas. He’d probably get a kick out of it.

AN - So, this is a new series, I don’t know how long it will be, probably till I run out of ideas. I am accepting prompts for it. I hope you like it, please leave a review for me, I love feedback. I am sure I’m not the first one to think of this. I mean really, Nick Fury? *grins*

Please send me prompts, I may not do them all, but I'd love to try! :)

Chapter Summary

Loki wants Tony.

Wants the mortal whose heart was cut out by his enemies and with refuse and garbage built himself a new one, one that not only kept him alive but that stood strong against the power of Thanos. The mortal who cheerfully threatened him while offering a drink, seemingly ignoring all that occurred outside the tower - the tower that Stark had built and he had felt so drawn to. His arrogance, his playful disregard for those who would control or intimidate him, his genius, his fighting spirit, his loyalty to those very few that he considered his. And, underneath it all, he was broken. He had shattered and rebuilt himself into something new, something fragile and protected with a wall of bravado and sharp piercing wit. A silver tongue.

He and Tony Stark could have been the brothers Thor always claimed for they were. It would have been a pity though. Loki would hate to miss out on any fun, in every possible meaning of the word. And Tony Stark, like himself, loves to play. Loves to play and hurt and tease and pleasure and taunt and bind and break. If he had only the slightest adjustment in temperament. A slight alignment readjustment, from chaotic good to chaotic neutral, or evil, oh, how the world would bow, would burn. His chosen could have it now, if he wished. But he would grow bored of it, within even his own mortal lifetime. Tony knew this and accepted it, but left that possibility of such power within his reach. Waiting for a reason. Loki, in his more lucid moments, admits he would get bored too, though not so quickly.

But that idea, that idea is so tantalizing, so sweetly seductive and delightful and he wants it, wants to share it with the mortal with a mind worthy of a god. More worthy in fact than most of the gods he knows. It makes what is left of his heart ache for the loss. What could have been... a companion, a playmate. A lover and ally and partner.

His fists tighten to the point where his bones creak in protest. Anger and resentment burns through his veins like ice. Thor once again has what he desires: power and love and friends and trust. And he appreciates, understands none of it. He hates him. Would obliterate him, leaving his ashes scattered amongst the branches of Yggdrasil, his name forgotten, unsung in any song or ballad. And Tony Stark would laugh at his side while he did so.

In the dark recesses of his own mind, Loki breaks further.
Tony had a list. It wasn’t a big list but it had about twenty five things listed on it, with a few checked off. It wasn’t a secret – he had it tacked to a wall in his lab. So naturally the first one to find it was Bruce. Bruce had glanced at it, snorted a laugh and added a few items to it, then gone back to work and had seemingly forgotten about it. The second person to find it was Natasha. She was not amused. She showed it to Steve. Who immediately called a team meeting.

The team was gathered in the penthouse, scattered around the various plush chairs and sofas. They were still waiting on Tony. Natasha and Steve exchanged worried and angry glances. The others lounged, not sure what exactly they were there for.

“Jarvis, what’s Tony’s ETA?” Steve asked, still not sure where to look when speaking to Jarvis.

“Approximately two minutes. He is in the elevator now Captain Rogers.”

Clint snorted and mouthed to Natasha ‘Mr Rogers!’ She gave him an unimpressed glare.

The elevator doors swooshed open and Tony waltzed into the room like he owned it, which he did. Mostly. Twelve percent was Peppers. He glanced around at the mostly solemn faces and asked “Ok who died? Not someone important or there’d be tears. So who’s the stiff?”

Steve glowered. “No one died Stark. Now could you please take a seat?” he gestured to a chair he had placed strategically in the middle of the circle.

Tony raised an eyebrow. “Is this an intervention? Cause I think I’ve proven that I’m a high functioning alcoholic thank you.” He casually ignored the intended seat and sat on the sofa next to Bruce instead, swinging his feet up to rest on the scientists lap. Bruce gave him an unimpressed look, but didn’t shove him off.

“We found your list.” Natasha said icily.

Tony blinked. “What list? I have a lot of lists. You’re going to have to narrow it down.”

Steve wordlessly held up the list in question.

“That’s the list?” Bruce muttered, glancing at Tony, who shrugged.

“Ok….? So?” Tony asked, the corner of his mouth twitching, waving his hands as though to say ‘Go on’.
“Tony, you made a list that contains things that happened to us. Magical attacks that happened to us. By Loki, and others. And almost all of these are fairly evil sounding.” Steve growled in his Captain America voice. Clint stiffed at the mention of Loki.

“And you're accusing me of, what? Being a secret super villain? Telling Loki to turn you into two year olds?” Tony demanded incredulously, swinging his feet back to the floor. “In case you didn’t notice, I got affected by that one too.”

“But not all of them. And some of these are definitely in your favor.” Natasha pointed out, tone even but radiating cold anger.

“Friend Tony, do you have a way of communicating with my brother?” Thor asked with mixed hope and concern, leaning forward.

“No! God, I know why Steve doesn’t know what that is, but you Natasha? Do you never watch tv?” Tony demanded, throwing his arms up in frustration. “It’s a bucket list!”

“A bucket list? Really? Item one – Become a super hero loved by everyone (more than usual) is checked off.” He ignored Tony’s attempts to say something and continued “Item two, put Pepper in charge of company so I don’t get blamed when other companies blow up.”

“I didn’t mean literally! Have you seen what Worthington Industries has been doing? The whole anti-mutant thing? That’s going to back fire on them big time!” Tony protested, slightly concerned now, mentally running through the list and wincing at a few of them.

“Item 3, ‘live with super hero team. Corrupt them.’ Keep your enemies closer, huh Stark?” Natasha recited, glare furious. “Hey! No! Not what I meant! I meant getting Cap laid or something. Or getting you to freaking smile once and a while outside of a mission!”

“After that it turns into a list of ideas.” Steve said, reading off – “child-regression, shrinking, visits to or from alternate dimensions, switching genders, evil alternate versions of known super heroes, love potion shenanigans, sex pollen party, Jarvis gets a body, Jarvis takes over the world, I take over the world, time travel, body swapping, amnesia, everyone loses their super powers, Clint, Natasha or I turn out to be a mutant, Loki joins the team, we all fight and break up and then get back together with me as the leader, Spiderman joins the Avengers, Natasha turns out to have a hidden trigger and goes back to being evil, Loki takes over the world, Loki and I rule the world and mischief making becomes a requirement at all high schools and colleges, I learn the science of magic – it corrupts and I take over the world, Loki or another villain is secretly one of our fathers, I seduce a really hot villainess or villain, and then at the bottom it says Tony cures the Hulk and Bruce cures cancer, Tony attempts to seduce the Hulk, and magic makes everyone communicate only in song.” He stared at Tony incredulously, horrified. “You’re evil AND nuts.”

Bruce couldn’t help it. He burst out laughing, deep belly laughs that shook his frame. “Tony may be nuts-” “Hey!” “but these aren’t plans to take over the world! It’s a trope list!” he managed to choke out between laughs.

“Bruce, I don’t think you understand-“ Steve started to say, but Tony cut him off. “No Cap, you don’t understand. Jarvis, please show Captain America here relevant clips from Justice League, Justice League Unlimited, Batman, Batman Beyond, Batman the Brave and the Bold, Buffy, Firefly, Angel, Dollhouse, Doctor Horrible's Sing-Along Blog, Smallville, Heroes, Starwars, Star trek, Battlestar Galactica, Doctor Who, Xena and Hercules please.”

“Of course sir.”
About forty different blue holographic screens flashed into existence, lighting up the darkened room, playing various clips matching each item on the list, except for the two about the Hulk. Clip after clip, jumping from show to show, illustrating each, mostly humorously.

Clint snorted, amused. Bruce was still laughing. Thor looked curiously at the different shows. Tony was torn between amusement and being pissed off. Natasha and Steve slowly went from angry, to confused, to slightly embarrassed with a touch of annoyed.

“Ok, you can stop now.” Steve muttered, cheeks tinged pink. “So the stuff that already happened-“

“Are just clichés from EVERY super hero show EVER.” Tony rolled his eyes. “I’m certain Fury watches them too. This team is made up of clichés! You’re Superman, I’m Batman, Thor is Wonder Woman, Clint is Green Arrow, Natasha is Catwoman, or maybe the Black Cat is Catwoman and Natasha’s Black Canary? Whatever. And Bruce is the Power Puff Girls.”

Bruce blinked. “I’m sorry? How is the Hu-the other guy, a Power Puff Girl?”

Tony shrugged. “He was made in a lab, has super strength and has a bed time.”

Bruce snorted. “If by a bed time you mean when he lets me come back, and I pass out then yeah I suppose so.”

Thor raised a confused hand. “I do not understand how I am this Wonder Woman. I do not resemble a woman. Except for when I had to marry Thrym and disguised myself as Freyja.” Seeing the odd looks he was getting he added quickly "That was just to get Mjolnir back! Thrym had stolen it!"

“Whatever floats your boat big guy.” Tony shrugged, unfazed. "I don't judge."

"I judge.” Clint informed them, shaking helplessly with laughter at the mental image of the bearded god with biceps the size of a pumpkin in a delicate lace wedding dress.

“You couldn’t have compared me to Firestorm, or Fallout from the Flash, or hell, even the Man-Bat is better than the Power Puff Girls!” Bruce protested, the two scientists seemingly utterly distracted from the original point of the meeting.

“Enough! Tony, what exactly was the purpose of that list?!” Steve demanded “And why did you keep it a secret?”

“Uh, I didn’t? It was hanging on a wall in the lab, I didn’t hide it. I was playing super hero bingo with myself.” Tony shrugged and then glanced at Bruce, “Although the last couple ones weren’t mine. I have to admit it never occurred to me to try to seduce the Hulk. It would take a LOT of science to make that work.”

Bruce face palmed. “Please don’t try it. I was kidding!”

Tony grinned, enjoying Bruce’s obvious frustration. “I dunno, I do love a challenge.”

“I need a beer.” Steve muttered. “My brain hurts.”

“I shall join you!” Thor boomed, always ready for a drinking contest. Natasha dragged Clint out of the room. He snagged the list on his way out and started adding things to it. “Clint Barton is declared sex god of all Earth! ... or should I say Midgard? Tasha, does Midgard fit better in this context? What do you think?” was the last thing they heard before they left the room.
Bruce glanced at Tony out of the corner of his eye. “Think they fell for it?”

Tony grinned. “Of course, they’ll never see our evil plan to take over the world coming. Jarvis?”

“Mwahaha sir?”

“Eh, we still need to work on that. You lack conviction.”

“My apologies sir.”

Bruce just laughed.
Pajamas part 1/3

Chapter Summary

What if Darcy had been taken to the Helicarrier during the Avengers? Would that have changed anything?

Chapter Notes

I took a lot of the dialogue from the movie, but no copy-rite infringement intended. I don't own anything! So please don't sue me.

Also all of my fics are betaed by my fellow Duckling Cassidy, so I owe her a huge amount, because I'm really annoying to beta for. ^^;

Darcy had been in her pajamas and a facial masque when the Men in Black had broken down her door. It was a NICE door too. Mahogany. She’d been house sitting for her aunt and uncle in New York, drinking wine, watching the Big Bang Theory, and refusing to see anyone today, cause you know what? She deserved it! She’d dealt with the whole Norse God of hotness landing on her car, the Men in Black stealing her iPod, and being attacked by the iron giant. She’d finished her degree (finally) and was taking a break before finding a job. So this? Not in the agenda!

So now here she was, on a FLYING battleship, in a room with Tony FREAKING Stark, Thor, CAPTAIN AMERICA, one of her old professors who apparently turned into the Hulk as a hobby (and what was with Culver attracting the weird anyway?), a very scary woman, and a very large black man with one eye and a potty mouth. Oh, and Agent I-stole-your-iPod-and-now-I’m-pretending-it-never-happened. And she was still in her tank top and shorts combo pajamas with Pinkie Pie on them. At least one of the agents had let her wash her face mask off, so she didn’t have flaky green skin. She had a feeling people with green skin made these guys trigger happy.

"Ok, not to be rude or anything, but WHAT THE FUCK AM I DOING HERE?!!" she demanded, glaring at the angry pirate man, her hands on her cutie marked hips.

"Oh, I like her." She heard Stark tell Professor Banner in a stage whisper. She had to fight down a grin. Tony Stark thought she was cool!

Cyclops Man looked unimpressed though. “You have been brought here, against my better judgment, because an important individual wanted you safe. Your apartment was deemed unfit. So now you're my problem. I don't like problems, so I expect you to conduct yourself like a sensible human being, and remember the NDA’s you signed during the New Mexico incident. Understood?” He glowered at her.

Darcy rolled her eyes. “I never act like a sensible human being, you can ask Professor Banner.”

Banner looked pained. “She blew up one of the fraternities with a flour bomb on parent’s weekend, because one of them had groped her.”
“That was never officially proven.” Darcy replied lightly, grinning cheekily at the professor before swinging back to glare at Scary Man. “So basically Thor asked you to give me a lift, and since he’s a god and a prince and could swat you like a bug, you said ‘okie dokie loki’ and now here I am. So where’s Jane?”

“Dr. Foster is safe. She’s currently at the observatory in Traunsee as a consultant.” Agent I-won’t-make-a-facial-expression-if-it-kills-me replied evenly, carefully not looking at Fury, who looked like he was considering homocide at the very idea of the words ‘okie dokie loki’ having ever fallen from his lips.

Darcy turned sharply to look at Thor. “You brought me here but not Jane?! You better have a damn good explanation or I will tase you again.”

“She tased you? She tased the ‘god of thunder’?” Stark demanded, looking delighted.

“The Lady Jane was removed from danger without my needing to ask.” Thor explained, looking like a sad puppy. “The men of Shield were kind enough to anticipate my wish to protect her. They did not however, realize that you, Lady Darcy, were also of importance to me.”

Awww. How can she be mad at that? Darcy smiled at him. “Okay then. So what exactly are we being protected from?”

“His name is Loki.” Scary red-headed lady said quietly from her chair. “He’s trying to take over the world.”

Darcy blinked. “Loki as in your brother Loki?” She glanced at Thor, who sadly nodded. “And I thought you ruled the world?” she asked Tony Stark, who grinned, folding his arms behind his head casually. “Yeah, guess he didn’t get the interplanetary memo.”

“Well that’s not good. So where is he?” she asked, pulling up a chair next to Professor Banner, whom everyone but Stark seemed to be giving a wide berth. And what was up with that anyway? She’d always thought he was adorable, and he had always seemed amused when she flirted with him in class before he ran off after that thing with the military.

Banner edged away from her slightly, and replied. “In my cell.”

“A cell? Why do you have a cell? Why does he have a cell?” she demanded, looking between Banner and the rest of the table accusingly.

“He turns into an enormous green rage monster. For some reason that makes Shield think it has the right to build a cage for him. Rude right?” Tony grinned.

“Totally rude.” Darcy agreed.

They both turned and glared at Fury, who looked unimpressed. Professor Banner hunched his shoulders, looking embarrassed. “Ms. Lewis, please stop encouraging him,” he muttered to her quietly.

“Stark, if you would like to stop lecturing me and focus on the problem at hand, perhaps Doctor Banner would escort you to the lab so you can try to trace the Tesseract?” Fury rumbled at them. “In the meantime the rest of us can work on a few scenarios for dealing with an extra terrestrial threat.”

Captain America nodded gravely, and wow, no way that bod was natural. Scary lady and Thor nodded their agreement.
“Ms. Lewis, I assume you can function as a lab assistant, despite your lack of discipline?” Fury demanded, glaring at her.

“As well as you can fly a battle ship with one eye.” She chirped back. No way he was intimidating her. Ok he did, but that just made her mad and snarkier than usual. “We can discuss my pay later,” she added, just to watch his eye twitch.

Professor Banner shook his head and gently took her arm, tugging her into a hallway, Tony Stark following behind after blowing Fury a kiss.

Darcy was told to entertain herself while Professor Banner and “Call me Tony, Gorgeous” Stark played pretty, pretty princess with the magic glowing scepter.

“So for Loki to activate the cube he’d need a power source, any ideas?” Tony asked Banner as they worked between two clear hanging computer screens.

“He’d need to heat the cube to a hundred and twenty million Kelvin just to break through the Coulomb barrier.” Banner replied, most of his attention focused on the computer.

“Unless Selvig has figured out how to stabilize the quantum tunneling effect. Lewis, you worked with Selvig. Think he could do that?” Tony asked her.

“Not sure about Eric, his stuff was all too theoretical for me to follow. But Loki probably knows. Thor told Jane that science and magic are the same thing and some of the things we saw Thor and the Destroyer doing? Quirky Tunneling would be a cinch.” Darcy replied, playing with Tony’s phone and texting someone named Jarvis, who corrected her with a ‘Quantum Tunneling Miss Darcy. Not Quirky Tunneling.’

“Okay, so let’s assume they can do that, they could achieve Heavy Ion Fusion at any reactor on the planet,” Professor Banner said.

Tony looked at him like Christmas had come early. Professor Banner noticed, and turned away, blushing slightly. Awww! How cute! Darcy thought.

“The gamma readings from the scepter are definitely consistent with Selvig’s earlier reports on the Tesseract, but it’s going to take us weeks to process.” He seemed disappointed.

“If we bypass their mainframe and direct a reroute to the Homer cluster, we can clock this around six hundred teraflops.” Tony grinned, pulling instruments Darcy didn’t recognize from a box he’d brought with him.

“All I packed was a tooth brush.” Banner murmured, looking in amazement at the equipment, like it was a glass of water and he’d been lost in the desert for days.

“All I packed was a tooth brush.” Darcy muttered. She hadn’t gotten a chance to grab her toothbrush.

“Ok at least you got clothes.” Tony grinned. “I like your pjs. Pinkie Pie’s my favorite pony too. And they do show off your legs very nicely.” He winked at her then turned back to Bruce. “You know, you should come by Stark Towers sometime. Top ten floors, all R&D. You’d love it, it’s candy land.”

Bruce ducked his head, obviously pleased at the offer but said, “Thanks, but last time I was in New York I kind of broke… Harlem.” His happy expression turned grim and he turned away, walking over to scan the scepter with one of Tony’s instruments.
Tony didn’t give up though and followed him. “Well I promise a stress free environment. No tension, no surprises…” He then poked him with a tiny electric prod. Banner yelped and stared at him like he was crazy. Darcy cackled.

Tony looked at him closely. “Nothing?”

Captain America had apparently walked in while she was watching the Science Bros, because he grabbed Tony’s arm and yelled at him, “Are you nuts?!”

"Jurys out.” Tony assured him, turning back to Banner. “You’ve really got a lid on it haven’t you? What’s your secret? Mellow jazz, bongo drums, big bag of weed?”

“Oooh gimme!” Darcy grinned, making grabby hands. Bruce gave her a disapproving look.

“Is everything a joke to you two?” Rogers demanded, glaring at her and Tony.

“Funny things are.” Tony replied, and wow, what was up with the tension between these two? It was around an 8.0 on the Richter scale!

“Threatening the safety of everyone on this ship isn’t funny. No offense, doctor.” He glanced at Professor Banner warily.

Professor Banner looked sad, but resigned and replied, “No, it’s alright. I wouldn’t have come aboard if I couldn’t handle pointy things.”

Well that wasn't cool. Darcy had to fight down the urge to give him a hug, he looked so miserable. Insenad she quietly got up and stood next to him, silently offering her support. He obviously noticed and looked at her like he really wasn’t sure she was entirely sane. But that was how people normally looked at her, so no big deal.

“You’re tiptoeing big man. You need to strut.” Tony smirked; she could almost see his brain laughing at the innuendo behind 'pointy things'.

“And you need to focus on the problem, Mr. Stark.” Captain glowered at him.

Tony glared. Darcy almost wished she had popcorn. Alpha Males Battle at Dawn. It could totally work as a tv show. “You think I’m not? Why did Fury call us and why now? Why not before? What isn’t he telling us? I can’t do the equation unless I have all the variables.”

“You think Fury’s hiding something?” Steve asked, looking skeptical.

“He’s a spy, Captain. He’s the spy. His secrets have secrets.” He pointed to Banner, who had gone back to his work, although Darcy could tell he’d already finished scanning that part of the scepter. “It’s bugging him too, isn’t it?"

Bruce shook his head. “I..I just wanna finish my work here and…”

“Doctor?” Steve asked, looking more concerned now.

Bruce sighed. “A warm light for all mankind' Loki’s jab at Fury about the cube.”

“I heard it.”

“I didn’t.” Darcy muttered.

“It was before you got there. I’ll show you the video later.” Tony muttered back.
“Cool.” She grinned. Being BFFs with Tony Stark was awesome.

Professor Banner pointed at Tony. “Well, I think that was meant for you. Even if your tower wasn’t posted that all over the news.”

“Stark tower? That big, ugly—” Tony raised an insulted eyebrow at Rogers, “building in New York?”

“I think it’s cool you built yourself a giant penis monument and put your name on it.” Darcy stage whispered. Tony smirked. Steve choked.

Like he was ignoring talking students (which she had been) Banner continued “It’s powered by Stark Reactors, self-sustaining energy sources. That building will run itself for what, a year?”

Tony replied lightly “That’s just the prototype. I’m kind of the only name in clean energy right now.”

“So why didn’t Shield bring him in on the Tesseract project? I mean, what are they doing in the energy business to begin with?”

Darcy sighed sadly. “You just can’t trust secret, shadowy government agencies anymore.”

“I should probably look into that once my decryption programmer finishes breaking into all of Shield's secure databases.” Tony said casually, enjoying the look on Captain America's face.

“I’m sorry, did you say…” He stuttered, horrified.

“Jarvis has been running it since I hit the bridge. When he wasn’t flirting with Lewis on my phone.” He glanced at her pointedly.

She had been flirting with a high tech AI? “That’s awesome.” She breathed, thrilled. Tony rolled his eyes, amused. “In a few hours we’ll know every dirty secret Shield has ever tried to hide.”

“Hey, let me know when you find out where they put my iPod.” Darcy asked. What? Persistence is, like, half the battle!

“And you’re confused about why they didn’t want you around?” Cap demanded, ignoring Tony’s offering of a blueberry. Darcy sensed this was a sneaky plan of Stark's to use positive reinforcement when he did something particularly awesome. Stark does awesome stuff, you get food. Therefore you like it when Stark does awesome stuff.

“An intelligence organization that fears intelligence? Historically not awesome.” Tony pointed out.

“I think Loki’s trying to wind us up. This is a man who means to start a war, and if we don’t stay focused, he’ll succeed. We have orders. We should follow them.”

“Following’s not really my style.” Tony argued.

"And you're all about style aren't you?” Cap sneered.

"Of the people in this room, which of us is a. wearing a spangly outfit, and b. not of use?" he shot back. Ooooh burn! Darcy grinned, but for the professors sake, decided to weigh in.

“Captain?” Darcy interrupted. He turned to look at her. “Look, I know you’ve not been around for a while, but really, Tony’s right. A lot's happened since you were gone. Governments are not something to be trusted without question anymore. Yeah they're out for the greater good of their
people in theory, but in general, they look out for themselves and what offers them power. The United States included.”

Professor Banner nodded. “Steve, tell me none of this smells a little funky to you?”

Cap looked torn. Finally he mutters, “Just find the cube.” and stalks out the electronic door dramatically.

“That’s the guy my dad never shut up about? Wondering if they shouldn’t have kept him on ice.” Tony muttered, annoyed.

“The guy’s not wrong about Loki. He does have the jump on us.” Bruce replied, fiddling with some of the input levels on the Tesseract finding sensor.

“What he’s got is an ACME dynamite kit.” Tony argued. “It’s gonna blow up in his face, and I’m going to be there when it does.”

“And I’ll read all about it.” Bruce replied, smiling slightly as he tossed some data over to Tony's screen.

“Uh-huh. Or you’ll be suiting up with the rest of us.” He fiddled with Bruce's program for a second, seemed to find it flawless and made his way over to Professor Banner.

Banner tried to ignore his approach, focusing on the screen in front of him. “Ah, see, I don’t get a suit of armor. I’m exposed, like a nerve. It’s a nightmare.”

Tony frowned and tossed Darcy an assessing glance, she shrugged helplessly, before he turning back to Bruce. “You know, I’ve got a cluster of shrapnel, trying every second to crawl its way into my heart.” He tapped the circle of light that shown through his t-shirt with one finger. “This stops it. It’s part of me now, not just armor. It’s a... terrible privilege.”

“But you can control it.” Banner pointed out, tonelessly.

“Because I learned how.”

He shook his head. “It’s different.” He turned back to the computer screen but Tony slid the data aside with his fingers so that the two were face to face, separated only by the clear screen.

“Hey, I’ve read all about your accident. That much gamma exposure should have killed you.”

“So you’re saying the Hulk… the other guy… saved my life? That’s nice. It’s a nice sentiment. Saved it for what?” He glanced at her. “To scare and endanger my students? To break my school, my home, to almost break the people I love in half?” He’s growling now, fighting down anger.

“Hey, stop it!” She hopped off the counter she was sitting on and glared at him. “I was there you know! Two years ago when the army came and started blowing stuff up? I was on the quad. Those guys nearly rolled me over in a tank! And you – or the other guy or whatever, he was protecting us. It was that asshat of a general who was the problem, not him. He just wanted to protect Doctor Ross and stop getting shot at, which duh, who wouldn’t?”

Bruce shook his head, turning away. “Well I’m glad he helped you.”

Tony looked at her appraisingly. “You want a job? I’ve got an opening for a PA.” Darcy laughed.
They had been at it for hours, Darcy had gone back to her phone flirtation with Jarvis, and the two scientists limited their exchanges to data and science talk. Finally Tony leaned back and stretched.

“So, tell me about yourself Ms. Lewis.” Tony ordered.

Darcy looked up from the phone. “I was born in New England, my parents died when I was 5 in a freak parachuting accident. The diver was drunk and didn’t open his shoot, landed on my parents in our backyard and that was the end of that.”

Tony raised an eyebrow. “Seriously?”

“No.” Professor Banner said, shaking his head at her disapprovingly. “She makes up a new story every time. She told my class that her father was Deadpool and her mother was a Victoria Secret model.”

“I’d believe it.” Tony grinned, glancing pointedly at her rather awesome boobs. “Next time you can say you’re my kid, it’ll drive the press into a frenzy.”

“Sweet!” Darcy grinned back, delighted.

“Please don’t encourage her…” the professor said wearily, shaking his head. "The story about her being Deadpools kid got into the school newspaper and the next thing we knew he actually showed up."

Tony raised an incredulous eyebrow. "Deadpool, the merc with a mouth, the craziest assassin in history came to your college for Daddy-daughter time?"

Darcy grinned. "He likes to google himself. And hey, I could be his kid. I was adopted, I have no idea who my real parents are. He took me out for chimichangas and then we watched Golden Girls. Before he left he linked me to his tumblr. He mostly posts a lot of pictures of people he's killled, lolcats, and philosoraptor. And reblogs everything from his hashtag."

"Huh." Tony blinked. "What's his username?"

"ChimichangaKingIwillUnaliveu. He also gave me my taser, since I didn't want a gun."

"Your life is oddly fascinating for a twenty something with no super powers." He told her, amused.

She rolled her eyes. "I know right?"

One of the screens lit up, a camera showing a guy who could only be Loki in those clothes, and the Scary Lady from before. They watched in silence as she subtly gets the information she needed from him.

“So he's trying to draw the big guy out?” Tony asked, turning to Bruce.

"Don't worry about it. It takes a lot to make me lose control these days." Bruce assured him.

Darcy whistles. “She’s good. And scary. Very, very scary. And did he just call her a whiney pussy?"”

“I think so, I'm not that good on Britisisms, that's what Jarvis is for. She'll shake if off though. She's a spy and an assassin. And my traitorous former PA.” Tony replied, sending a glare at the screen.
Darcy blinked. “Those are some very pointy high heeled shoes you want me to fill.”

"As long as you don't stab me in the neck with a needle, you're golden."

She blinks at him. "Do your PAs usually want to stab you with needles?"

"Only on Tuesdays."

The phone she’s been playing with beeps and Jarvis’s text politely asks her to give the phone to Mister Stark. She obligingly hands over the phone. Tony grinned viciously. “I’ll take government secrets for 500, Alex.” He purred.

Darcy wasn't really surprised when one-eyed-pirate-man came bursting into the lab a few minutes later.

“What do you think you’re doing, Mr. Stark?” he demanded angrily.

“Uh, kind of been wondering the same thing about you actually.” Tony replied, not turning away from the data screens.

“You’re supposed to be locating the Tesseract.” Fury ground out through clenched teeth.

“We are. The models locked and we’re sweeping for the gamma signature now. When we get a hit, we’ll have the location within half a mile.” Banner informed him, clearly not wanting to get involved.

“And you’ll get your cube back, no muss, no fuss.” Tony finished, and then turned around the screen he’d been looking at. “What is Phase Two?”

With breath taking timing, Rogers entered the room and dumped a gun that looked like it fell out of a sci-fi film onto the counter with a bang. “Phase two is Shield used the cube to make weapons. Sorry, the computer was moving a little slow.”

Tony looked insulted.

“Rogers, we gathered everything related to the Tesseract, that does not mean that we’re—”

“I’m sorry Nick,” Tony interrupted as Jarvis pulled up a blueprint for what looked like a missile powered by the Tesseract. “What were you lying?”

“Ooooh, busted!” Darcy couldn’t help adding. She really didn’t like Fury, and she wasn't a fan of bombs either.

“I was wrong Director. The world hasn’t changed a bit.” Steve said, looking disappointedly at Fury.

The already crowded room became smaller as Scary Lady – Natasha according to Tony- and Thor walked in, her eyes focused on Professor Banner. Banner looked pissed. Military weapons were kind of a bad thing in his book nowadays Darcy supposed. She slipped back behind the table holding the scepter, feeling a little out gunned in a room full of super heroes.

“Did you know about this?” Bruce demanded.

“You wanna think about removing yourself from this environment doctor?” Natasha asked in a
forced calm tone.

“I was in Calcutta, I was pretty well removed.” He smiled self deprecatingly.

“Loki’s manipulating you.”

“And you’ve been doing what exactly?”

“You didn’t come here because I bat my eyelashes at you.”

“Yes, and I’m not leaving because you suddenly get a little twitchy. I’d like to know why Shield is using the Tesseract to build weapons of mass destruction!” Darcy thought she knew the answer to that, but then she was a political science major, and had taken several classes on Cold War politics.

“Because of him.” Fury pointed dramatically at Thor. Yup. Thought so.

“Me?” Thor asked, stunned.

“Last year Earth had a visitor from another planet who had a grudge match that leveled a small town. We learned that not only are we not alone, but we are hopelessly, hilariously, outgunned.”

“My people want nothing but peace with your planet!” Thor protested.

“But you’re not the only people out there, are you? And you’re not the only threat. The world’s filling up with people who can’t be matched, they can’t be controlled.”

Darcy’s mind flits to the mutant population, to Spider-Man in New York, the Fantastic Four, and of course the people in this room. Mostly good people, but all people Fury couldn’t order around. That had to scare the shit out of him.

“Like you controlled the cube?” Steve argued

“Your work with the Tesseract is what drew Loki to it, and his allies. It is the signal to all the realms that the Earth is ready for a higher form of war.” Thor said, refusing to accept the blame.

“A higher form?” Steve asked, looking haunted.

“You forced our hand! We had to come up with something.” Fury replied, glaring at Thor for daring to question his judgment.

“Nuclear deterrent. Cause that always calms everything right down.” Tony growls, looking frustrated.

“Remind me again how you made your fortune, Stark?” Fury snapped.

“I’m sure if he still made weapons Stark would be neck deep,” Rogers started, agitated.

“Wait, wait! Hold on! How is this now about me?” Tony interrupted, scowling

“I’m sorry, isn’t everything?” Rogers shot back.

“I thought humans were more evolved than this.” Thor boomed, annoyed.

“Excuse me, did we come to YOUR planet and blow stuff up!” Fury snapped back.

“Do you always give your champions such mistrust? Perhaps Loki was correct and you do need a
steady hand!”

Natasha looked frustrated with the bickering. “Are you all really that naïve? Shield monitors threats!”

“And Captain America is on a potential threat watch list?” Banner demanded, incredulous.

“You’re on the list? Are you above or below angry bees?” Tony shot at the super soldier.

“I swear to God, Stark, one more crack…”

“Threatening! I feel threatened!”

Darcy noticed the scepter was glowing, and she kind of got the feeling that’s a bad thing. Glancing at the arguing super heroes, she inched towards it slowly.

“You speak of control yet you court chaos!” Thor bellowed.

“It’s his M.O. isn’t it? I mean, what are we a team? No, no, no. We’re a chemical mixture that makes chaos! We’re a time bomb!”

“Miss Lewis, let go of that immediately!” Fury snarled abruptly.

Every eye in the room turned to glance at Darcy, who’s cradling the scepter in her hands. “Hey, yeah, don’t kill me, ‘kay?” she whimpered, not liking the sudden attention.

“Darcy, what are you doing?” Thor boomed, concerned.

“Yeah, you guys start arguing, the scepter of doom turns into a glow stick. I’m seeing a connection. Kinda wondering if maybe breaking it might be a good idea?” she asked, now afraid to do so.

“Sounds like a great idea to me. It’s what you should have done with the Tesseract to begin with.” Steve said, stepping forward to do the honors.

“No-bad idea!” Tony argued, blocking the mans progress with one hand. “What if it’s the off switch?”

“Why would it be the off switch Stark? Are you not telling us something?” Fury glared menacingly at the inventor.

Tony rolled his eyes. “Cause that’s what always happens when you break the one of a kind shiny object? It's always important later?”

“I don’t see how that makes sense,” Rogers argued, but Darcy was trope savvy and nodded knowingly, stepping back from the scepter. “He’s right.”

“I think you don’t want to destroy it because you want to play the hero.” Steve growled, getting up in Tony’s face. “You’re just a petty little man playing at being a super hero. Take away that suit of armor, what are you?”


'And Stark naked.' Darcy thought with a slight smile.

“I know guys with none of that worth ten of you. Yeah, I’ve seen the footage. The only thing you really fight for is yourself. You’re not the guy to make the sacrifice play, to lay down on the wire
and let the other guy crawl over you.”

“I think I would just cut the wire.”

Steve gave a cruel smile. “Always a way out… you know, you may not be a threat, but you better stop pretending to be a hero. You are definitely not your father.”

Tony looked ready to punch him. “A hero?! Like you? You’re a lab rat Rogers, everything special about you came out of a bottle!”

“Put on the suit, let’s go a few rounds!” Steve taunted and Tony looking ready to take him up on the offer.

Thor laughed humorlessly. “You people are so petty, and tiny.”

Darcy gave him a glare. ‘Hey!’

Tony ran a hand through his hair, trying to cool off and moved away from the Captain.

“Yeah, this is a team...” Bruce muttered angrily.

“Agent Romanoff, would you escort Dr. Banner back to his...” Fury started but Bruce interrupted, frustrated at people always trying to cage him.

“Where? You rented my room. Remember?”

“The cell was just in case...” Fury started, attempting to be soothing and failing miserably.

“In case you needed to kill me, but you can’t! I know! I tried!” Darcy's heart was in her throat and she felt like crying. The others were all silent. “I got low. I didn’t see an end, so I put a bullet in my mouth and the other guy spit it out! So I moved on. I focused on helping other people. I was good, until you dragged me back into this freak show and put everyone here at risk, including my student!” He waved vaguely at her as he looked at Romanoff, who is plainly unnerved.

“You wanna know my secret, Agent Romanoff? You wanna know how I stay calm?” he demanded.

Romanoff and Fury had their hands down to grab their guns. Darcy prepared to hide behind the table. Not having superpowers SUCKED.

Steve stepped forward, putting himself on the wire. “Doctor Banner... put down the scepter.”

Bruce looked down in surprise at his hand, a ‘where did that come from?’ expression on his face. The computer beeped. The frozen tableau was broken. They all turned to it, lost as to why it had beeped.

Tony blinked. “Huh. Found it.”

Banner put down the scepter and walked over to the computer. “Sorry, kids. You don't get to see my little party trick after all.”

Thor asked “You have located the Tesseract?”

Tony nodded at him and went to leave the room. “I can get there faster.”

Steve glared. “Look, all of us...”
“The Tesseract belongs on Asgard, no human is a match for it!” Thor bellowed.

Steve interrupted Tony’s departure. “You're not going alone!”

“You gonna stop me?”

Steve glared. “Put on the suit, let's find out.”

“I'm not afraid to hit an old man.”

“Put on the suit.” He ground out.

“Oh my god, just whip them out already!” Darcy couldn't help yelling. They all stared at her, except for Professor Banner, who was looking at the monitor and noticed something about the Tesseract. “Oh my God!”

Then the floor was moving under them, the wall had been blown out and then she knew no more.
Chapter Summary

Darcy meets the Hulk, Loki escapes the cage, and Darcy has a civil conversation with Fury.

Chapter Notes

Things start deviating from the movie much more in this chapter. I thought this would be a two parter, but when I hit 15 pages and no where near the end of the movie I realized it was definitely at least a three parter. I also added a scene to the first chapter, which makes some of the dialogue here make more sense, you might want to go back and read over it.

Thanks again to Cassidy who beta'd this for me.

And if you like my story please leave me a review when you're done. :)

Darcy awoke in what couldn’t have been more than a few minutes after she fell, but it took her a minute or so to get her bearings. She was under what was left of the lab, covered in dust and small pieces of ceiling, or was that floor? She had a couple of scratches and what was going to turn into a fantastic bruise on her hip, but other than that she was fine. For now. She could feel that the helicarrier was flying funny and really didn’t want to imagine what would happen if they fell from 30,000 feet up onto the very hard ground.

Black Widow was next to her, foot trapped under a piece of debris, and was talking into her ear piece and telling the other line those in the room were alright. Darcy watched, fascinated. The woman was really scarily efficient. She could see why she used to be Tony’s PA, although she still wanted the background story on that. Then she watched the other woman pale, like all the blood in her whole body decided to migrate downwards. Darcy turned to figure out what had her scared and came face to face with Dr. Banner. He was breathing heavily, his eyes were a bright glowing green and his face was strained.

Oh.

Oh!

Oooh!
“I’m okay. We’re okay, right?” Natasha asked softly, like she was afraid to do more than whisper.

Darcy watched, frozen, unable to breathe, afraid to break Bruce’s concentration.

“Doctor… Bruce, you gotta fight it. This is just what Loki wants. We’re going to be okay, just listen to me,” Natasha pleaded.

Darcy noticed two soldiers with guns approaching the corridor they’d fallen on to and barely restrained herself from face palming.

That was just what this situation needed. Guns. Natasha noticed them too and waved them away frantically. “We’re going to be okay. Right?” She was sweating bullets, becoming desperate. “I swear on my life, I will get you out of this, you will walk away and never…”

Bruce’s voice was deep, bitter, and loud, when he answered. “YOUR LIFE?” Darcy watched, entranced and RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER, as his body was pulsed, his shirt straining and then tearing under the stress. The lights, which had been flickering, went out briefly.

“Bruce?” Natasha pleaded.

And then the lights turned back on and Bruce was gone, and it was just the Hulk, and Darcy had forgotten how big he was, the heat he gave off. She didn’t move. It was like predators right? She thought; her mind racing at the speed of light. They only chase you if you move. It was like waving a red flag in front of a bull. He doesn’t want to eat you, so he should ignore you if you don’t do anything to him. He might even remember her? And not smash?

He growled down at her, and she couldn’t help trembling, and then of course, as usual when she didn’t know what to do, her brain-to-mouth filter disengaged and she was babbling at an eight foot tall giant green angry monster shaped thing.

“Hi!” she squeaked looking up, up, up at him. “You probably don’t remember me, you kind of saved my life a year ago? The army kind of tried to squish me with a tank? And you kind of threw
it into a tree? So I think you’re kind of awesome and green is one of my favorite colors, and you’re green so it’s like totally cool, and wow, I just sounded like a valley girl, which would be awesome if I had super powers like in Buffy, but I don’t, and I squish very easily, so you know, don’t want to undo your own work right? And I hated that Ross guy too, he was always stalking around campus like he owned it you know? And one time I got a bunch of the frat guys who owed me a favor for getting rid of a traffic ticket they got, I hacked into the DMV and so we ambushed him (Ross) with water balloons and he got really mad and his faced turned really red and he looked really stupid with a red face and a mustache, he looked kind of like Uncle Vernon. I think you’d like Harry Potter, you could smash the deatheaters into paste.” She paused for breath and he stared at her, still breathing hard, looking utterly unsure of what to make of her. She continued, still talking a mile a minute. “And I really liked Professor Banner’s classes, even though it was just a Science 101 course and it was Science-Science, which really isn’t really my thing, I like Political Science because it’s fun to figure out loop holes and study people, and I think you’re a people even though lots of people don’t think so, and I think that’s really crappy and they discriminate against mutants too and that’s shitty of them too and please don’t squash me.” She stopped and blinked up at him.

“TINY WOMAN TALK TOO MUCH.” He finally grunted at her, looking less inclined to break everything around him.

She grinned at him. “Yeah, I get that a lot. Sometimes they yell at me for it, but I’m like, well, haters gonna hate right?”

“HATERS?” he asked in his deep voice, looking puzzled and kind of like a big, scary puppy.

“Yeah, haters, you know? People who get mad cause you’re way more awesome than them, and they’re jealous? Like, they see you’ve got muscles the size of their heads and they get pee-their-pants scared and just shoot instead of actually talking to you?”

He gave a large snort that blew her hair around. “PUNY SOLDIERS.” He glanced at her questioningly. “HATERS.”

“You got it big guy.”

He grinned, and wow those were large teeth. His dentist must make a fortune. Then he seemed to decide to sit on the floor next to her, which involved just sort of flopping onto the floor with the grace of an elephant, making her, Natasha, and the debris bounce about a foot in the air.

“TINY WOMAN SMASH ROSS?” he asked, looking amused at the idea.
“Well, water balloons, but it made him mad, and he couldn’t do anything, so it was pretty funny.” She scooted closer to him and patted one of his fingers that seriously? Was the width of one of her wrists.

He grunted, pleased. **“ROSS BAD. HURT HULK. HURT BETTY.”**

“Oh Doc Ross? Yeah she’s awesome. Really pretty, she looks like an elf or something,” she replied absently. How was this her life? She’s chatting with the Hulk about his girlfriend in her pajamas on a flying battle ship filled with spies and super heroes.

It was then that Natasha finally moved. She had been terrified; the idea of being trapped with the Hulk was one of the few things that could shake her. She’d assumed it would take Stark in his suit, Rogers, and Thor to simply slow him down. She was certain she would be dead by the time they managed it. Instead all it took was twenty-something, wearing My Little Pony pajamas babbling at him?! It was insane, but then so was everything lately.

The Hulk snarled at the movement, instantly on edge, ready to charge and presumably smash her into a puddle.

“Hey! No smashing Natasha!” Darcy found herself ordering, glaring at the green behemoth.

The Hulk looked frustrated. **“BAD LADY. AIM GUNS AT STUPID BANNER.”**

Darcy took this in and glared at Natasha. “Well, that was very stupid of her, and she’s very sorry. Aren’t you Natasha?” she waved a hand as though to say ‘say something stupid!’

“Yes. Very, very sorry,” Natasha said faintly, eyes as wide as saucers. “I was… bad. Sorry.”

The Hulk glared at her, and then finally sat down again with another thud, again causing them to bounce, and Natasha to hiss in pain as the beam covering her leg raised and then landed again.

Darcy noticed. “Hey big green, could you help Natasha? She’s stuck.” She looked up at the Hulk pleadingly, not sure if this would work, but hey, it was like Frankenstein and the little girl in that Mel Brooks movie right? Just be nice to the poor guy, and he’ll be nice to you. Kindergarten stuff
really. Governments are so stupid. And Natasha looked like she kind of wanted to kill her.

The Hulk frowned, as though deciding whether to listen to her or not.

“Pleeeeeease? I’m not sure what you pick up from Professor Banner, but there are going to be a ton of things to smash later, and you like to smash, right? Natasha wants to do a bit of smashing too, but she can’t do that if she’s stuck,” Darcy said and boy was she ever making this up as she went?

He looked amused. **“RED HAIR TINIER THAN TINY WOMAN.”**

Darcy pouted. “Hey, I can smash! I tased Thor AND knocked him over with a van! And my names Darcy by the way.” She added.

He snorted. **“HULK NOT NEED VAN TO SMASH.”**

Darcy shrugged philosophically. “Well not everyone’s as strong as you big guy. Or as handsome.” She grinned cheekily up at him. He looked nonplused and for a moment she could see Bruce in his features. And yes, she was totally calling him Bruce now, because you can’t charm a guy's green alter ego and still call him by his last name.

**“HULK HELP RED HAIR.”** He finally decided and lumbered over to Natasha, casually lifting the beam like it was a tooth pick.

“Thank you?” Natasha asked, lost and looking at Darcy for direction.

The Hulk grunted his acceptance.

At that point the helicarrier shuddered, and she could feel it change course, the whole thing was dipping downwards dramatically. Natasha looked upwards, obviously wanting to leave and help but afraid to move anywhere without the Hulk's permission.

“Any news on your magic communicator?” Darcy asked, amused when Natasha looked frustrated at herself for forgetting the small piece of plastic in her ear.
She slowly lifted her hand to her ear, watching the Hulk who seemed bored. “Control, this is Agent Romanoff, do you copy?”

“Romanoff! Get your ass to the bridge, we’ve got a perimeter breach and no one can find Banner!” Darcy could hear a squeaky version of Fury’s voice from the com.

“Banner is currently…Hulked out. Lewis calmed him down,” Natasha reported, glancing at the Hulk, afraid of offending him.

“LEWIS calmed him down?” Fury demanded, sounding like he thought she was making a very bad joke.

“Hey, I’ll have you know I am very calming.” Darcy protested.

Both Natasha and the Hulk looked at her like she was crazy, as Natasha gave Fury an affirmative.

Darcy pouted. Really, some people just had no appreciation.

“Never mind. Get up here as soon as possible. Hostiles have boarded, Stark and Rogers are trying to fix the broken engines. We could use the Hulk’s help, and we definitely need yours.”

Natasha’s face shuttered closed. “Understood.” She turned to the Hulk and asked politely, “We would appreciate your help, but I in no way mean to force you.”

He looked amused at the idea. “RED HAIR NO FORCE HULK. HULK LIKE TO SMASH.” He looked down at Darcy. “TINY COME WITH HULK? WATCH SMASH?”

Darcy grinned and stood up with a bounce. “Sure, I haven’t seen you smash in ages.”

Natasha looked like she wanted to argue, but said nothing. She led them through the labyrinth of the helicarrier toward the main bridge before stopping abruptly, her finger to her com, looking upset.
“It’s Barton, he took out our systems. He’s heading for the detention level, does anybody copy?” Fury again.

“This is Agent Romanoff. I copy.” Natasha said, darting down a corridor, apparently forgetting about her companions.

Darcy had the feeling she was seeing more emotions from Natasha than most people saw from her in months. She looked up at Hulk, who looked as lost as she did. The agents streaming around them looked very nervous.

“Well, I guess we could follow her?” she asked, looking around in confusion.

She flagged down an agent and in her best Professor McGonagall voice demanded, “Where are the detention levels? We need to secure the prisoner.”

The guy, who probably wasn’t much older than she was, gestured to a sign above their heads that gave directions to various parts on the ship.

Darcy blushed slightly but brushed it off and with a, “Thank you young man.” She grabbed the Hulk’s index finger and led him down several flights of stairs. They passed Natasha who was grappling with a guy with really, really blue eyes. Darcy decided that neither of their help was wanted or needed.

“I think we should go guard Loki,” she said, glancing up at the Hulk, who seems kind of lost without something to do. “He’s locked up right now but I think they want to get him out.”

He scowled. “HULK NOT GO IN CAGE.”

Darcy felt horrified. “Of course not! I would never put you in a cage! Never! The people who tried putting you in one should be the ones in cages. Not you.”

He stooped down, suspicious, looking at her closely. She looked back, barely breathing, hoping he could see the truth in her eyes. Finally, after what seemed like ages, he grunted and nodded.
“HULK PROTECT TINY. TINY PROTECT HULK. NO CAGES.”

“No cages.” She agreed.

She’s not surprised to find Thor already there. She is surprised to see him in the cell, and Loki out of it. Both men look surprised to see her, and very surprised to see the Hulk.

“Well, this wasn’t in my plans,” Loki mused, his hands hovering over the control panel for the cage. “But I’m flexible.”

“Let Thor go!” Darcy demanded, trying to sound brave, but it ended up more of a squeak.

Loki smirked at her, amused. “Such a poor choice of words.”

Darcy’s eyes widened in horror and understanding as he pressed the big red button and the cage, and inside it a heart broken Thor, went tumbling out of the air lock and out of sight.

Her eyes filled with angry tears, Jane would never forgive her for this. She would never forgive herself for this. She snarled at the god. “Hulk? You wanna smash something? Smash him.”

The eager roar he gave made the room shake. Loki looked worried, glancing about for a way out. Only, when the Hulk charged forward, he went right through him. The Hulk growled, confused and angry.

Darcy turned, desperately looking for the missing God, only to shriek as she found him directly behind her.

“I know of you. You’re one of Thor’s little mortal pets, aren’t you?” he crooned, reaching forward to hold her chin in a deceptively gentle looking grip. “I already took Selvig, he serves a purpose. But what about you child? What do you have to offer?”
“I’m the chick with common sense.” She snarled and jerked her knee up hard in between his legs. Thankfully, it seemed that alien physiology was similar enough to humans that it worked. He crumpled in on himself with a whimper, his eyes rolling up in his head in pain as he fell to his knees.

That was all the Hulk needed as he pushed Darcy aside and, grabbing the god's leg, began tossing him about like a rag doll, bashing his head on the floor. She couldn’t help a slight wince at the sound of his skull cracking, the arc of blood that stained her bare legs, pajamas and face but the guy had killed her friend, so she refused to be squicked about it. Her body was shaking, and she wondered absently if she was in shock.

The door swooshed open and she blinked to find Agent I-always-show-up-after-shit's-gone-down on the other side, holding one of those phase two guns and looking as surprised as he ever got, eyes widening minutely.

“Miss Lewis, what exactly is going on?” he asked politely, taking in the blood on her, then the Hulk thoroughly enjoying himself, his eyes tracking Loki’s arcing path through the air.

“He killed Thor!” she yelled furiously, pointing at the bloodied god, suddenly furious with the small man before her. “If you and your boss hadn’t installed that fucking cell none of this could have happened! And if you shoot Hulk with that thing I’ll tase you till your heart stops and you get an aneurism in your stupid brain and die!” She might be a little hysterical too.

The Agent raised his eyebrows, looking vaguely concerned. “I have no intention of shooting anyone but Loki. I promise.”

She eyed him warily before nodding her acceptance and then slumped against the wall, putting her head in her arms, desperately trying to hold back her tears. This wasn’t the time. There would be time for this later. The Agent stood behind her, the gun still in his hands, almost protectively, observing the Hulk for a minute before stepping forward.

“Mr. Hulk? I believe he is unconscious. And you may have broken every bone in his body. Can you put him down now?” he asked in a measured polite tone.

The green giant paused and looked at him, growling at the sight weapon.
Agent I’m-not-stupid-enough-to-mess-with-the-Hulk slowly lowered the weapon, placing it on the floor next to Darcy, who nudged it away angrily. “See, no guns. Just me. My name is Phil.” Oh was that his name? Darcy liked her names for him better. “We’ve met, do you remember?”

The Hulk snorted, unimpressed, and ignored him, turning to Darcy. “TINY HURT?”

She sniffled. “Just on the inside big guy,” she replied tearily.

“TINY SMASH PUNY GOD. MAKE HIM CRY. TINY DO GOOD,” he praised her, not sure what to do. Guess giant green rage men don’t handle weepy girls any better than normal men, she thought.

“Thanks.” She muttered, grabbing one of his fingers as he offered his hand to help her up. She looked at Phil and said, “You’ll need to find Thor. Jane will want a funeral at least. And Asgard is probably going to want to hang Loki, or whatever they do there for killing their prince.”

“He may not be dead. From what I’ve seen Asgardians can take quite a beating and get back up. I’ll make sure we search the nearby area for him until we find him, dead or alive,” he assured her. “In the mean time we need to get Loki to a containment area. I think, under the circumstances, medical help may be a while in coming.” He gave a slight smile.

Darcy felt some of the weight lift. She had seen Thor die and literally come back to life after all. Still, 30,000 feet was a long way to fall.

They dropped Loki off in a regular cell, and Phil put the super gun back into a closet before they make their way to the bridge, Phil stopping here and there to check on agents. The Hulk showed no inclination to change back to Banner. Darcy didn't really mind, it’s hard to be too scared when you’re clutching the Hulk like a life preserver.

The helicarrier abruptly leveled off again, no longer falling, much to everyone around them's relief. Darcy spared a thought to hope that Tony was okay. She really liked the billionaire. When they finally got there the bridge looked like a battle zone, the previously pristine room was in shambles, injured personnel strewn around, bullet holes in everything, a computer was on fire, and a large black spot near where Fury stands looks like something blew up. The Hulk seemed uneasy, surrounded by people in uniform in such a small space (by his standards). Darcy hugged his finger
reassuringly.

Fury saw them, though of course they were hard to miss, and waved them over. “Coulson, what the fuck happened? Communication is down and we’re flying blind. Lewis, what the hell are you doing here?” he demanded, looking stressed, and unsure if he should address the Hulk or not.

“Thor went down with the cell, we need to locate him. Miss Lewis and the Hulk successfully contained and neutralized the prisoner. He’s unconscious and unlikely to awaken any time soon. I would suggest pumping him through with enough tranquilizers to knock out a herd of elephants,” Phil reported.

“Noted. I’ll get someone on finding Thor as soon as I get communications up again. Maybe Stark’s tech is still working.” He then paused, and turned an incredulous stare at her. “Coulson, did you just tell me that Lewis helped neutralize LOKI!? Him I believe,” he said, waving a hand at the Hulk, “but Lewis!?” He looked like he thought Phil might have taken a bump to the head.

“TINY SMASH KNEE BETWEEN LOKI LEGS,” the Hulk told him. Darcy thought he might be proud of her. Fury’s eye widened slightly, Darcy wondered if he thought the Hulk was too stupid to talk.

He then pinched his nose and muttered, “Of course she did. Any chance you wanna change back?” he asked, directing the later question to the Hulk.

“NO.” he said simply, turning to watch the various personnel running around: tech trying to get the computers back on; medical trying to help the injured; and all of them giving those in the discussion a large berth.

“Alright then,” Fury said, looking a bit helpless. “Lewis, could you and…” he glanced questioningly at the Hulk. “Do you have a name you prefer?”

“HULK IS HULK. NOT STUPID BANNER,” he replied, almost calmly for him.

“Right. Hulk. Lewis, could you and Hulk just stay in the conference area, please?” He looked liked it pained to say please to her. She counted it as a victory and gently tugged a big, green finger, leading him to the large glass table from what felt like years ago but was really only yesterday. Hulk was too big for the chairs and settled on simply sitting next to hers cross-legged, his legs brushing the bottom of the glass. Darcy sat and sagged sideways to lean against his hot skin,
drifting in and out of exhausted sleep.

She was awoken by the arrival of Tony, his suit banged up and looking like a Siberian tiger used it as a scratching post. He patted her tiredly on the shoulder. “Heard you sacked Loki. I’ll have Jarvis get the video and frame it for you.”

She gave a slightly exhausted laugh. “Thanks. I can hang it up next to my degree.”

He grinned, still handsome despite his injuries, and turned to the Hulk. “Hey big guy. We haven’t met, but I’m a big fan.”

Her body pillow sort of blinked at him, curiously. Suddenly everyone wanted to be his friend, which had to be kind of weird for a guy who’s spent most of his life being shot at with larger and larger guns.

Tony, not at all insulted by the lack of a response, pressed a button on his suit which caused it to shift into a suit case, totally unconcerned about aggravating the Hulk by doing so. He then sprawled into his chair, left only in a black body suit. “I could really use a cheeseburger right now.”

“I could eat a cow.” Darcy replied.

The Hulk huffed a laugh and brought up a large hand to pet her hair. Darcy really couldn't find it in her to mind, even if he could crush her with a flick of his finger. Tony observed, a small grin pulling at his mouth. He winked at her but said nothing about it. “I offered this to Bruce, but I’ll offer it to you too, Big Green: you’re welcome to stay at my place. I’ll have all the food you can eat and you can smash whenever you want. You wouldn’t be hunted anymore either, no one would dare to try to argue with me. Not after the Hammer incident.” He gave her a pointed look. “I’ve offered your girl there a job too. She’s welcome to stay in the tower.” He turned back to the Hulk, looking sympathetic. “You wouldn’t have to run anymore.”

The Hulk grunted. “HULK NOT RUN. BANNER RUN. HULK STAY WITH TINY.”

Darcy was pretty sure she was blushing. She knew the Hulk probably didn’t mean it in a romantic way and Bruce had been pretty much tied to the hip with Doctor Ross before the incident, and there was no reason to think he thought of her that way at all. But that didn’t mean she didn’t kind of wish he did. Tony looked determined. She had a feeling Bruce was going to be wooed like he’d never been before; Tony wasn’t going to give up on the scientist.
Rodgers came into the room in his under suit, looking exhausted and a bit baffled by her using the Hulk as a body pillow, but seemed to decide it wasn’t his problem. He sat down across from her, rested his head on his arms, and seemed to go to sleep.

“So what happened? Where’s point break?” Tony asked, glancing around curiously.

Darcy stiffened, and then replied. “Loki tricked him; he got dropped while in the cage. We’re not sure if he’s…” She stopped and shook herself. Think positive! She told herself firmly.

Tony frowned and pulled out his phone. “Jarvis? Start searching for Thor. Check CCTV cameras, aerial satellites, police, and ambulance radio, hospital patients accepted in the last half hour, and social media sites. If someone finds him, I wanna know about it.”

“But of course, Sir,” came a clear British voice from the speaker.

Darcy grinned. Her AI flirt buddy was British. Win.

Fury made his way over, glancing around at the battered group of heroes, Tony tossing a piece of debris at Rogers head, waking him up. “We’re dead in the air here, gentlemen.”

Tony cleared his throat pointedly, glancing at her.

Fury rolled his eye. “And lady.” Not wanting to argue the point, and looking tired. “I’m afraid I’ve got nothing. The scanners with the information on the location of the cube was lost when the lab was blown up, Loki’s not in any condition to tell us anything, Thor is on the ground somewhere, and we’ve still got an army on their way and no idea where. Our communications are out. I’m out of ideas.”

“Maybe you can use your fancy phase two weapons on them.” Tony said with a glare. “Unless, of course, you had Justin Hammer on the designing team. Then I’d suggest you just roll over, play dead and hope the aliens don’t stick a probe up your ass.”

Fury sighed. “Yes, we were going to build an arsenal with the Tesseract. But I never like to put all my chips on a single number. There was an idea,” he said, carefully looking each of them in the eye. Darcy sensed a speech coming on. “Stark knows this, called the Avengers Initiative. The idea was to bring together a group of remarkable people, to see if they could become something more.
See if they could work together when we needed them to, to fight the battles we never could. To
save the world.”

Tony rolled his eyes, looking less than won over, but Rogers leaned forward, not as jaded as the
rest of them when it came to dramatic and moving speeches. “You just said there’s nothing to be
done. We’re stuck in the air, we have one phone?” he glanced at Tony for confirmation, “Between
all of us. We have injured men and no idea where Loki was going. What exactly do you want us to
do sir?”

Fury didn’t seem to have an answer for this. He glanced at Tony. “Any ideas you come up with
would be helpful.”

Tony ran a hand through his matted hair. “And the fate of the world once again rests on my very
attractive shoulders,” he muttered. “Can we at least get some coffee in here? Lewis looks ready to
blow away in a strong breeze, and even Rogers looks beat.”

Phil nodded briskly, moving to speak to one of the agents sweeping up the mess. The man nodded
and left the room.

Tony suddenly started looking around, curious. “Where’d Natalie go?” he asked Fury, looking
slightly concerned.

“Agent Romanoff is seeing to Agent Barton. She used cognitive recalibration in an attempt to
dislodge the Tesseract’s hold on his mind.” Fury replied.

“What’s that mean?” Steve asked.

“She hit him really hard on the head.” Tony replied, sounding slightly amused. “Let’s hope it
works.”

“Deadpool always said we live in a comic book world. If that’s true then he’ll probably be fine.”
Darcy muttered, patting the Hulks hand and sitting up to accept a cup of coffee from the returning
agent.

Tony snorted. “Seems as good a theory as anything else I’ve come up with,” he stood, grabbed a
cup off the tray, and chugged it like it was water while he paced. “Loki was the one who chose
where the invasion would take place. He’s the one in charge. So where would you start an invasion if you were a diva with daddy issues?” he asked the room at large.

Darcy shrugged. “Over a new age Odin temple?” she asked dryly.

Tony considered it, and then he batted the idea away impatiently. “Nah. This isn’t about Odin right now. It’s about Thor. He took Selvig, threatened you… he’s going after us too, trying to rattle us. He’s made it personal.”

Steve looked unsure. “I don’t think that’s the point.”

Tony’s pacing back and forth, his words going a mile a minute. “No, it is the point. That’s Loki’s point. He’s not a soldier. He’s an angry little boy who wants to break his brother’s toys, he wants to make a point. He wants to beat us and he wants to be seen doing it.”

“Right, I caught his act at Stuttengard.” Steve replied.

“Right, but that’s just a preview, this is opening night. Loki’s a full tilt diva. He wants flowers, he wants parades, he wants a monument built to the skies with his name plastered all over it...” he stopped abruptly, looking shocked. “Son of a bitch.”

It took Darcy a second to connect the dots, but then she got it. “He’s stealing your penis building!” she blurted out.

Tony beamed at her. “She’s smart. Isn’t she smart? Your girl’s smart.” He told Hulk.

Fury crossed his arms. “You think he’s opening the portal above Stark Tower?”

“I don’t think, I know. Loki is me, only with four thousand years of family issues and bad hair.”

“That’s reassuring.” Fury muttered, even as he’s ordering someone to tell one of the jets to prepare for takeoff, destination New York.
Rogers leaned forward, a frown marring his all American features. “So we have a location, but how do we stop it?”

“Right now the only ones guarding the Tesseract are human. No gods or aliens. We have to stop it before it starts.” Tony pointed out, his fingers dancing over his phone, presumably communicating with his AI. “I’m initiating lock down of the tower. No one’s getting in or out without Jarvis knowing about it.”

Was that all it took? Just locking the door? The concept seemed impossible, but it made sense. Steve relaxed slightly and next to Darcy, Hulk shifted, bored by all the talking and disappointed at the escaping opportunity to smash things. Then Tony’s phone beeped, and Jarvis’s voice came over the speakers. “Sir, I’m afraid the system has been compromised. Sensors indicate unknown persons on the roof. I believe it is the individuals you are looking for.”

“Well shit.” Tony muttered. He bent down, pressing a button on his suitcased armor, which unfolded into the suit. He frowned, examining his armor critically. “I’m going to need to make some repairs before I can fly again. Someone get some welding tools onto the jet for me. Jarvis, prepare the Mark VII. We’re going to have to skip the bells and whistles. And cut the power to the roof. They’re not using my arc reactors to power their little portals.”

“Yes sir.” Jarvis replied.

Steve stood and looks at Phil who’s been standing slightly behind them. “Where’s Agent Romanoff? She seems like the type of dame who’d want to be in on this.”

Phil nodded. “I’ll go inform her and see if she and Agent Barton are combat ready.”

The Hulk grinned fiercely down at Darcy. “SMASH.”

She grinned back, slightly less thrilled. “You bet big guy. ET’s gonna piss themselves when they see you coming.”

Tony looked up at her consideringly. “Hey Lewis, you ever wanted to be a super hero? I have other suits. I don’t normally let other people use them but…we might need the help.”

“Tony!” Steve yelped, shocked.
Darcy’s eyes widened at the offer, and then she’s shaking her head. “I’d love to, but I’m not the Iron Woman type. I always got my ass kicked in first player video games, I’d rather not see if that carries over to real life. There’s no reset button.”

Tony nodded, looking slightly disappointed. “If we all live through this I’ll give you lessons.”

“I just might take you up on that,” she replied, a warm feeling battling with the cold dread she felt.

Fury announced that communications were back online at the same time Phil returned with Natasha—or was it Natalie? Tony had called her both names— and a man she vaguely recognized from Puente Antiguo with what looked like a quiver of arrows on his back, who could only have been Agent Barton in tow, both looking determined, if not bruised.

“Agent Barton, are you up to flying the quinjet?” Fury demanded.

The man nodded. “Yes, Sir.” He spared a glance at her, obviously wondering what she was doing there, but dismissed it, eyes returning to Fury.

“Then get going. And go pick up Thor on the way. Our scanners show he’s somewhere beneath us.” Darcy breathed a sigh of relief at the news and Steve, Natasha, and Barton swiftly make their way out of the room. Tony returned his armor to suitcase size and started to follow them, but paused to glare at Fury. “Just so you know, I’m not doing this for you. I’m doing it because of people like Pepper and the little Hulk tamer over there. And this does not make me part of your super secret boy band.”

“You didn’t fit the profile anyway, remember?” Fury replied.

Tony snorted, winked at her, and then takes off at a run.

The Hulk looked down at her, expectantly. “HULK GO?”

“Yup. Time to go smash stuff,” she agreed with forced cheerfulness.
“TINY WATCH?” he asked, and it was kind of adorable.

“You betcha. I’ll be watching from here.” Darcy told him firmly, standing up to wrap her arms around his middle. He huffed, patting her head affectionately and said, “TINY NO LET BANNER RUN LIKE BETTY. HULK STAY WITH TINY AND METAL MAN.”

And she can’t help the tears that leapt to her eyes, it’s been a long few days without any sleep, and she kind of thinks she’s falling in love with her shy ex-professor and his enormous alter ego. “I’ll tase him if he tries.” She promised him solemnly.

He smirked and then barreled off down the hallway, denting the walls as he banged against them.

She sighed and slumped back into her chair. After a moment she looked up and found Fury watching her shrewdly. She raised a tired eyebrow.

“If I didn’t know better I’d think you really were Deadpool's kid.” He told her. “You’re about as crazy as he is.”

“No risk, no reward,” she countered with a yawn, the coffee not having putting a dent in her exhaustion.

“Yeah. I can see that.” He paused and then said. “You know Banner’s not going to allow himself to have feelings for you. He’s the martyr type.”

She blinked, surprised at him. “I know. And I know he and Doctor Ross have a star crossed romance thing going on. But both sides of him need someone, someone who’s not going to run away. And star crossed romances don’t last. They burn out eventually. And maybe one day he’ll turn around and see me.”

“You might be in for a damn long wait.”

She grinned. “I don’t think Tony’s going to let either of them go anywhere. And he’s seems to ship us, so I don’t think I’ll be going anywhere either if he has anything to say about it.”
He snorted in agreement. “Stark gets ideas in his head and holds on tighter than a pit bull.”

He turned away and ordered various agents to do various things she didn’t bother to follow, eyes instead watching out the large windows as a small jet flew past, headed toward New York.
Pikachu the Great

Chapter Summary

Sorry guys, I'm having trouble with Pajamas part 3, turns out epic battle scenes are hard to write. Who knew? So here's a little Darcy drabble to keep you happy. ;)

Darcy had discovered she was a mutant when she was six.

It wasn’t some big traumatic event or anything. She had been playing with her Tamagotchi and it had run out of batteries. She’d been very annoyed, as she’d managed to keep her virtual dog alive for a whole week, a record in her class, and now it was dead, so she’d had a temper tantrum and yelled at the thing to wake up.

A spark had left her hands, went into the toy and it had lit up and begun chirping at her. Which was awesome, except that the game had refreshed, and she’d had to start all over again. But she didn’t really care about the virtual pet after that. With some practice, she’d discovered if she focused really hard, or got mad, she could make electricity come out of her finger tips. It was the best day of her six year old life. Thankfully, at the age of six, she also watched Digimon on television. And as every kid who watched Digimon knew, you can’t tell your parents when something cool happens to you. It makes them worry and they’ll probably make you get rid of it. Darcy didn’t want to get rid of it. So she didn’t. She practiced in secret and got pretty good. She decided her superhero name would be Pikachu the Great. It would be epic. She’d have a tail and everything.

By the time she was in college and interning with Jane, she’d discovered where her power came from, that she was a mutant, and that a lot of people didn’t like mutants. She’d been offered a place at a special school when she was twelve by a really nice bald dude in a wheelchair and redhead woman who could move things with her mind, but Darcy had pretty good control of her powers by then and didn’t want to leave her friends. They told her she always had a place with them if she needed it and left. Darcy, being smart, didn’t show anybody her powers, but that didn’t mean she didn’t use them. She just used them very carefully. She had ordered a taser from an online website for young women who might need to defend themselves, drained the cartridge and tada! Everyone thinks she’s using a taser when actually she’s using her own awesome super powers! It was all kinds of brilliant.

So when Jane had dragged her into the desert, hit a hobo who looked like he’d stepped out of an Abercrombie and Fitch catalog with a car, and he’d gotten right back up and started yelling at them, well… he really had been freaking her out. He took a lot more juice than any of the frat boys she’d had to "tase" at Culver though.
Turned out he was a freaking god. Of thunder (and lightning) no less. And Jane was smitten, cause well, duh. Later, after the destroyer and Shield and the three musketeers, Xena had gone, and Thor had been about to leave as well, Darcy had made a split second decision and pulled him aside and quietly shown him her powers, letting the lightning dance over her finger tips. Thor’s face had lit up like a kid at Christmas. He’d grabbed her in a huge bear hug and called her his lightning sister. It had been pretty cool if painful. He’d promised that when he returned for Jane, he’d teach Darcy how to call lighting from the clouds and stuff. Darcy wasn’t sure she was interested in doing that, wasn’t sure she could actually, but hey, it was the thought that counted, and who could look at Thor’s baby blues and tell him no? Not Darcy, that’s for damn sure. So she’d accepted and Thor had done that whole kissing Jane’s hand and then she’d snogged him (Darcy loved Harry Potter and would forever call making out snogging thank you), and then the five gods had flown up into the sky in a magical energy vortex and then… nothing.

No Thor.

No Bifrost rainbow road.

Nothing. For days.

Jane fell into a sad stupor, even as Shield returned all her stuff and looked at her expectantly like she could switch a button and open up a door to Asgard or whatever. Darcy had eventually threatened them with her taser until they left the two women alone. And then Darcy had done what she promised herself she would never do. But when your best friend and boss has been seemingly abandoned by her supernatural deity of a boyfriend, desperate measures were called for.

She went into her part of the camper, and dug into the bottom of her suit case, pulling out the outfit at the bottom. She carefully slipped on the pants, the shirt, gloves, hat and boots, and then carefully did her make up. She then climbed up onto the roof of the lab where Jane was looking forlornly at the sunset and said loudly, “PIKA-CHUUUU!”

Jane turned around and gawked. “Darcy, what on earth are you WEARING!?” She demanded, utterly shocked, before almost falling off the roof, giggling hysterically. “You-your TAIL!” she shrieked, “And-and the EARS!”

Darcy grinned. “Pika pika, pika-chu!” she replied smugly, ignoring the stares of the agents on the ground below them. The cute guy with the arms gave her a thumbs up.

It took about ten minutes for Jane to speak coherently again, every time she saw Darcy out of the corner of her eye she couldn’t help laughing. Darcy waited patiently, sitting on the edge of the roof.
next to her, kicking her legs and playing with her tail.

“Thank you, Darce.” Jane finally said when she was able to look her in the face again. “I really needed that. But where on Earth did you get it?!?” she added, utterly baffled.

“I kept it in my Pokeball,” Darcy replied with a grin, causing Jane to giggle some more.

“He’ll come back,” Darcy told her after a while, the desert now dark and covered in stars, the only light coming from the lab below.

“Yeah,” Jane agreed, then glanced at her out of the corner of her eye. “He better. Or you’ll use thunder bolt on him.”

“Damn straight. Critical hit all the way.” Darcy grinned, crossing her arms over her chest.

She would too. In the meantime, maybe she’d go chat up the guy with the arms. He was cute in a rugged sort of way. And if he could deal with a Pikachu hitting on him, he definitely deserved a reward. Darcy laughed at the thought.

Pikachu the Great, bitches!
Darcy Lewis had been born a spy. She was pretty sure that was what had been written in her Shield profile. It wasn’t exactly true, but it was close enough. Once her mother had yelled at her, for some wrong doing she can’t even remember anymore. She’d demanded “How can you be so stupid? You knew what would happen!” And she’d almost laughed, because, no, she didn’t. Every action had millions of possible reactions; almost nothing had only possible one result. How she framed it, how she worded it, her body language, her timing, even what she wore could change how people reacted to her, even when she broke the rules. Rules were meant to be bent, just enough for you to get through the small hole you made. The idea that other people couldn’t see that, couldn’t see the thousands of possibilities was shocking to her.

When she was eight years old a friend of hers had been grounded, and told she couldn’t watch anymore tv. So Darcy had calmly told her to walk with her toward her house. When the girl’s mother had yelled over to them asking where they were going and what were they doing, Darcy called back, cool and calm as ever, that she needed her help on some homework, and they would be back in about an hour. The mother had waved them away with a smile. The girl had stared at her like she was a god, just because she could lie flawlessly to an adult. They watched tv all afternoon.

Lying came easily to her. She never tested it, but she was pretty sure she could pass a polygraph test if she wanted, even if she lied. She told the truth, it just wasn’t her truth. It could have happened to another Darcy though, in any number of alternate universes. She liked the theory of alternate universes. It appealed to her sense of transience, of the world being malleable and just waiting for her hands to form it the way she wanted.

High school wasn’t hard. Occasionally she got lazy, and would ignore a homework assignment, or skip a project, but that was easily solved with a small lie here, a sniffle or carefully constructed cough in exactly the right place, sometimes not even to the teacher she was tricking, but pretending all day to be sick, knowing that teachers talked to one another and that if she was sick in one class and fine the next they would notice. She watched, amused, as her classmates utterly failed to realize what she understood instinctively, and were slapped down, and punished for their obvious lies and misbehavior. Darcy once got a Get Well card from her math teacher when she skipped an exam. She considered framing it.

She would admit, she did use her body to her advantage at times. Big eyes, pouty mouth, and a figure many would die for, but with the right persona, innocent, slightly sassy but wounded underneath… men wanted to protect her, women assumed she’d been hurt and wanted to protect her too. She could get anything she wanted, with very little effort, or a great deal depending on what you considered work. She considered it play.

Then by chance she’d met Natasha. Beautiful, deadly, clever Natasha, who saw through her in an instant, and had smiled at her, and more than anything she'd ever wanted in her whole life, Darcy
wanted to be near the other woman. For whom being a spy, infiltrating, tricking, playing on what people thought they saw, was both a career and a calling; one she was the best at in the world. Darcy wanted to touch and study and devour every part of her. And she wanted Natasha to do the same to her.

They’d fallen into bed together fairly quickly, the offer and acceptance was done without words, with only the slightest of body language, amusing both women immensely. In another world Darcy went to Culver and became an intern for Jane Foster and met a god. In this world Natasha took her to meet Agent Coulson of Shield, and presented her as a potential partner.

Coulson had trusted the redhead’s judgment, and between Natasha and a sniper named Clint, she had risen so swiftly through the ranks it was like she was flying. The trio seduced, threatened, and killed their way through Budapest, Moscow, Florence and so many others, Darcy couldn’t keep track. They kept nothing from each other, shared secrets and lies, identities and beds. And occasionally even truths. That was rare in their line of work though. When Natasha had been sent to Stark Industries to keep an eye on the rogue self-proclaimed super hero, Clint was sent to New Mexico, and Darcy was sent to seduce and assassinate a former army general named Ross. She didn’t lose any sleep over it. She never did.

The three had reunited for a couple of missions, before Natasha was sent under cover to gather information on a Russian mob boss, and Darcy and Clint were sent together to protect S.H.I.E.L.D.’s interests in a project in New Mexico where a bunch of scientists were working with a blue cube that was a potential source of pure energy for the planet. Or something like that. Darcy was more interested in scaring the piss out of the scientists, the job was dull. Clint spent most of his time high up in the scaffolding, hiding his laughter at her antics. Then the tesseract had begun "misbehaving", as one of the scientists put it, the building was evacuated, and Loki came, and he took her mind, and Clint’s heart, and everything was beautiful and easy, clear.

Loki didn’t protest when the two spies had offered him a place in their bed. He seemed amused at first, then surprised, and finally pleased. And they continued to please him. Darcy had been the one to suggest Stark Tower as a potential invasion site, having noticed the gods sense of grandeur and dramatics. Loki had been very pleased indeed. And even more pleased when they’d managed to knock Thor out before Loki dropped him from the aircraft in the Hulks cage insuring his death, before taking down the Helicarrier and all in it, save one.

Between the two of them, they had taken down Natasha, and brought her to Loki. There was enough sense of themselves left that they did not wish to be without her, even if every other sense of self was gone, beyond unquestioning obedience and love for their god. Loki had touched her with the staff and when she awoke her eyes was that same breathtaking shade of blue that mirrored their own.

Natasha told Loki about Stark, about his metal heart, and when the confrontation in the Tower occurred, Iron Man kneeled before the god and sworn his allegiance. The Hulk had been trickier, but between the three assassins, the god and the former Merchant of Death, they acquired him too. Once they had him, Captain America had been easy. Loki had then gathered all of them and told them of his plan. The god did not intend to share, and those who thought themselves master over him would quickly learn otherwise. Stark had smirked and rubbed his hands together excitedly. He lead them into lower levels of the tower, buried deep within the earth, in a room that no one else knew existed, and turned on the lights, illuminating weapons that seemed to go on for miles. One wall was dedicated to missiles, all labeled Jericho.

Loki laughed.
They destroyed the Chitauri fleet and their master, leaving only dust in their wake. The night after the battle, after the massacre, Loki had lain with Stark, enjoying the former playboy’s attentions, while Darcy, Clint and Natasha lay naked, intertwined together at their feet, the large bed offering more than enough room for them all. Afterward, Loki whispered to them in the dark, plans for the domination not only of Earth, but of other worlds they’d never heard of outside of bedtime stories. Darcy had no doubt they’d succeed.

And they did.
Pajamas part 3/3 (minus epilogue)

Chapter Summary

The Chitaruri are here.

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNINGS!

Those with problems with wars, battles, etc, please do not read this chapter. This is essentially an alien version of 9/11 with actual battle thrown in. People will die. I do not mean to trigger anyone, or hurt anyone. So please read with caution.

I am sorry this chapter took so long to write. Classes are starting up again on Monday, and my updating will be much slower as a result. But I wanted to finish this and hopefully get the epilogue out before it does.

As a result this is unbeta'd. Sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Darcy raised her head off her arms when she felt another presence next to her. She glanced over to see Agent Whose-name-is-apparently-Phil looking at her thoughtfully.

“What?” she asked, feeling exhausted. The whole staying up for two days straight, being on an emotional roller coaster that just wouldn’t end, and the possibly falling in love thing which she wasn’t going to say was 100% because you just don’t make those kinds of decisions when you’re only a couple hours from being declared temporarily insane from lack of sleep! But she was sure that she felt something, something big and that Bruce was someone she wanted to be around, and help and protect and be protected by and so many other things. But either way, exhausted. Definitely. And needed a shower. Gross.

“I am going to need to do so much paperwork for this,” he told her, with a self deprecating smile. “Recommendations to keep on a political science graduate around as a Hulk Tamer is going to raise a few eyebrows, even in Shield.” He looked at her carefully. “Are you sure you want to do this? Director Fury told me you did, but I feel it’s my responsibility to make sure that you understand what you’re getting into.”

“I know what I’m getting into. I went to Culver.” she told him dryly.
“And you have handled yourself very well for a civilian with no training. Beyond all expectation,” he agreed. “Are you interested in an official position with Shield?”

“Thanks and no. I don’t like you people very much. You steal things that don’t belong to you and build death traps for good people just because you can’t control them. You also build weapons of mass destruction. I’m against those. Plus if Bruce ever found out I was hired to keep him under control it might put a crimp in any possible relationship.”

He looked amused. “Borrowed, and fair enough. I know Stark offered you a job as his personal assistant. If you decide to accept it, I can arrange meetings with Agent Romanoff and Pepper Potts, his only former PAs who lasted more than a week. It might be to your advantage.” Catching her wary expression, he added, “Call it a thank you, for aiding in recapturing Loki.”

“I’ll think about it,” Darcy said after a minute.

He smiled. “That’s all I ask.”

“Look, I need to make a phone call, so if you could…?” She gestured, and he acquiesced, probably assuming she was calling someone she knew in New York to get out of town. She imagined a lot of agents made calls like that, even if it was frowned upon and against procedure or something. But she wasn’t doing that. She pulled out Tony’s phone and carefully typed in a number she’d memorized four years ago, and waited for the ring.

“You’ve reached the guy who won’t die! When did I show up in this fic? I thought I was just a throw away cameo,” came a jovial and loud voice over the phone.

Darcy shrugged it off, she was used to Deadpool by now. “Hey Dad, you got some time on your hands?” she asked.

“For the sake of plot convenience, of course I do! What’s up, Sugar Butt?” he asked. She could imagine him in one of those old desk chairs swinging around like a maniac, possibly upside down.

“There’s an alien invasion happening in New York, a bunch of super heroes are trying to stop it from happening, but I don’t know if they’ll get there in time. You busy?” she started to tell him only to be interrupted.
“Hmm… well it depends on if this is an epic battle fic or a happy fluffy fanfic. What’s happened so far?” he asked.

So now life’s a fanfic. Huh. “Uh, let’s see… my friend almost died, I kicked a god in the balls and then the Hulk smashed him like a bug, several people are dead, lots wounded, and I got a job offer from Tony Stark.” She listed off wearily.

“There was a click and she looked at the phone, which blinked CALL ENDED at her. She rolled her eyes. “Well, he’ll either help save the world, or he’ll cause a huge mess and distract the Chitauri. Either works.” She muttered.

She looked up and jerked back, finding Fury glaring about two inches from her face. “Ohmygodwhatthefuckbarbeque!?” she yelped, “Don’t do that, One-Eye! I only have one pair of clothes and they’re already covered in dust and alien god blood, I don’t need to pee myself too!”

“You think it’s a good idea to get help from a guy who thinks he lives in a comic book?!?” he demanded.

“Ms. Lewis, I know I did not just overhear you talking to DEADPOOL of all people.” he growled at her, ignoring her previous statement.

“Didn’t your mother ever teach you it’s rude to eavesdrop?” she asked, not answering his question.

“Lewis, I am ready to throw you in the brig next to Loki. If it weren’t for the fact that you seem to have both Stark and the Hulk wrapped around your tiny little fingers, I would. Now what the hell were you thinking?” he demanded.

“I was thinking that the more people the Chitauri have gunning at them the better. I figure having a guy with a healing factor and a shit load of weapons, who is willing to do me a favor and help out my friends is a good thing,” she replied.

“You think it’s a good idea to get help from a guy who thinks he lives in a comic book?!?” he demanded.
“Fanfic,” she corrected.

“What?” He looked at her blankly.

“He thinks we’re in a fanfic right now. It’s a story written by fans about a comic book series, a movie, books, or other popular things.” She smiled innocently up at him.

He threw up his hands in frustration. “I give up. You’re both insane. Any damage he does is coming out of your paycheck,” he told her, stalking away like an angry bear, ignoring her protests that she doesn’t have a paycheck.

“Sir! The portal has opened!” one of the aids yelled to Fury, “And we’ve got communications back up!”

“Get the Pentagon, Marines, NYPD, and anyone else who can help if this goes belly up on the line. We’ve got work to do people!” Fury bellowed to the surrounding Shield monkeys, who swiftly went to work doing his bidding.

Darcy bit her lip and turned her eyes to the large screens, which had picked up video from what appeared to be traffic cameras, web cams, satellites, and security cameras all over New York. And the various news networks, which had jumped on the story immediately apparently.

The portal was frightening, the moving blue crystal light shot up and up and up into the sky before it began to rip, to tear, making a horrible black rent in the middle of the sky. It was like this dark gaping mouth, and even who knows how many miles away. Darcy felt chills run up and down her spine, because something about that tear, about what was on the other side, was so fundamentally contrary to what she knew, it was against existence, against life. It was wrong.

And then she almost cried out, because things were coming out of that tear, and they had to be the Chitarui, but the creatures felt as wrong as the hole did. She hadn’t ever realized that on some level everything you saw had this underlying feeling of life, of beauty – even things that you classified as ugly like insects or anglerfish, they were unquestionably alive. These things were utterly dissonant. They were not alive, they were just this… this vacuum. And Bruce and Tony, her friends, people she cared about, maybe loved? They were about to fight these… empty beings. She shuddered, and then she was just watching the events that unfolded.
Hulk was having FUN. He wasn’t sure what the blue light was, or who the other people were, who were smashing the puny uglies with him. There were enough to go around, so he was willing to share. The hammer man was calling lightning from the sky and hitting the puny uglies like bugs. The Tin Man who was Tony, the man who liked him and Tiny, was flying about shooting them with his hands and feet. Red Hair was using guns, which Hulk did not like, but at least they were not aimed at him this time. Arrow Shooting Man was on a ledge shooting strays. And the Sad Man was throwing his metal Frisbee at them.

There was so much to smash, and his heart was pounding and he felt like he could fly. The wind whipped through his hair, and he knew the cameras were watching, that Tiny was watching, and so he made sure to smash extra hard.

Like Metal Man had said, Hulk was tired of running. Of being feared, of getting shot at. He was REALLY tired of being shot at. He was tired of people screaming when they saw him. He was tired of Banner hating him and pushing him away at every opportunity. Banner was supposed to be so smart, yet he didn’t understand Hulk was PROTECTING him. Instead Banner hurt himself, tried to kill them both. Didn’t Hulk have any say in it? Well obviously he did, since he’d been the one to spit the bullet out. Still. Hulk was angry with Banner for that.

Tiny reminded him of Betty in some ways. They were both pretty. And Tiny did not fear him. Or, she did, but she smashed her fear into little pieces and talked to him. Really talked. Probably too much, but Hulk was not going to say no to a friend just because they talked too much. Maybe it meant they thought a lot too. Tiny would protect him from the men who wanted to put him in a cage. Would use her words and her brain until she got him out. He was pretty sure he could have smashed his way out, but having someone who cared enough to do it, that was nice.

Tiny knew what was going on. More than he did anyway. That was why he would listen to her. She made the one eyed man angry, but he did not hurt her. She was strong. And she had him now to protect her. But he liked that she smashed things. Had smashed the puny god with him. No one had smashed with him before. That was when he had decided to stay with Tiny. Betty had made Banner sad, and then Banner had run away. And Betty had let him. Hulk wasn’t sure what to make of that. If she loved them why did she let him go? But Tiny was to be protected. He had decided that. He would protect her, and Tin Man who liked him, and liked Banner, and smelled like metal and grease, and lightning and who talked as much as Tiny did. He missed Betty sometimes, when Banner did. Betty was quiet and gentle. Tiny was loud and talkative, and she liked to smash too. Very different. But both good.

He glanced up at the sky as a very, very, very big thing came out of the hole. He grinned viciously. This might be a challenge. He didn’t have many of those, aside from the Abomination last year. Banner called it that. It was a very long word. Most things he smashed broke like twigs. This though, would take work. It took a few leaps and then he was on top of the thing, and broke through the shell showing the soft parts underneath. Tin man came to help, and together they made
the turtle thing fall from the sky, Tin Man shooting his hot lights into the hole they’d made. They fell from the sky on it, like surfers he’d seen in Chile, on a surfboard the size of a building. The crash made his ears hurt, and they landed on a small shiny building.

Then more came from the sky, more puny uglies on their flying carts and more turtle beasts. He saw Red Hair fly up onto the big building and talk to someone there, and then smash him in the head. Hulk laughed. Everyone smashed now. It was like a party, like one of his fuzzy memories of Banner’s early birthday parties.

The Sad Man was fighting down below, telling men in uniforms what to do. He did not like the Frisbee Man very much. He did not like Banner or Hulk, thought they were dangerous. Hulk did not like Banner either, but he was his Banner to not like, no one else’s. Red Hair stank of fear around him. But she was polite and Tiny had said not to smash her, so he didn’t. He did not know Arrow Man. Did not understand why he liked to smash from far away with flying pointy sticks. Maybe someday he would teach Arrow man to smash better.

He raised his head to the sky to roar a challenge to the incoming turtle monster, which screamed in answer.


This was good, this was fun. Tin Man laughed in his metal suit. Hulk laughed too.

Another man joined in, and he shot guns and jumped and danced and cut puny uglies heads off with the biggest knife Hulk had ever seen. He laughed a lot and yelled at the puny uglies and called them stupid and threw parts of doors at them, knocking them off their rides. Hulk wasn’t sure about this man. He smelled sick, but he did not fight like he was. One puny uglie stabbed him with a glowy stick. The man had just giggled and shot a bullet through the uglies head. Strange Man.

Darcy watches. It looks impossible. There are too many of them, too many Chitauri spread out over too wide an area. Store fronts are on fire, windows explode from the heat, and people are screaming and dying. Deadpool’s arrival aided slightly, but it seemed to be nowhere near enough. Even without Loki around to guide them, the Chitarui seemed to know exactly what they were doing. When the enormous prehistoric looking monsters came out, and from them spewed more foot soldiers, Darcy felt despair tighten its grip around her heart.

“Marines are on their way! Police are in position, attempting to evacuate! National Guard is
gearing up, ETA time half an hour! Air Force has launched two fleets so far, four more are preparing for takeoff. Navy is enroute to Hudson Bay! Firefighters and other personnel are being sent in from New Jersey, New York, and Delaware,” one agent on the coms reported.

“The President’s declared a state of emergency and made a declaration of war. We have full governmental backing,” another announced.

“I’ve got Reed Richards and the rest of the Fantastic Four on the line sir!”

“Transfer it to my comm!” Fury ordered, before talking very rapidly into his blue tooth for a minute or two before returning to his position.

“Professor Xavier is evacuating his school, but some of the staff is in route to New York!”

“Spider-Man just joined the battle sir!”

“I’ve got Daredevil on Park Avenue!”

“Mutant civilians are joining the fight!”

“Fantastic Four have engaged a ship on fourth!”

“Sir, the council demands to speak with you immediately!”

“NOW?!” Fury bellowed, looking like he wanted to scream. He waved at the brunette woman and Agent Phil to take over, and he stomped into a side room.

“Magneto has hijacked line 4! He’s offering his assistance in exchange for a cessation of hostilities!” One rather frightened operator announced.

“Accept his offer, but make sure he knows this is not a deal. He is still a wanted criminal.” Agent responded calmly; one hand on the shoulder of the operator, looking unflustered at the mass murderer on the screen.
“Emergency Medical Service areas are being set up outside of New York!”

“All subways have been rerouted to remove civilians from the attack zone. All companies have ceased fares for the remainder of the emergency! Police are directing civilians there now. All tracks are currently unblocked!”

“The coast guard is ferrying civilians to Newark and the surrounding area! Civilian crafts are being commandeered for the same!”

“The Merchant Marines are being called in!”

“Hospitals, schools, air ports, hotels, and shelters in the surrounding states are preparing for an influx of civilians!”

“Air force has arrived! Focusing all attacks on the leviathans!”

“Police focusing on civilian evacuation and foot soldiers!”

“Lieutenant Colonel Rhodes’ Iron Patriot has arrived!”

It was like something out of a dream. Super heroes, gods and mutants flew through the sky, blasting fire and lightning at flying aliens next to jets and helicopters. The streets are filled with abandoned cars and taxis; people are running and screaming in terror. Magneto made his presence known by the enormous crane that rose from one of the remaining buildings and drove itself like a spear through one of the leviathan’s shells. A female figure joined Thor in directing the lightning at the worm hole, while below a woman with red hair joined Natasha and began directing various flying objects at the flying chariots.

The supers stayed on the interior for the most part where the Chitaruri were clustered, while the humans, both civilian and military, focused on the ones that got away from them. Even so, it was chaos. Darcy’s horrified gaze on the battle was interrupted by Fury grabbed her shoulder hard, glaring at her consideringly. “Lewis, Coulson said you were the one who hacked into the DMV data base and created a record for Thor. Is he correct in this?”
“Yes sir.”

“I’ve got a problem. And you just might be the woman I’m looking for to fix it.” When she looked incredulous at the idea that she could do anything helpful right now, he glared at her. “I need four people traced. And I need it done by someone who doesn’t have loyalty to them. Can you be that person?”

She shrugged. “If I can. Who am I hunting down?”

“Good. If you can get Stark's computer to help you it’ll be easier. They’re known as the World Security Council. And right now they’re putting pressure on me to send a nuke into New York City, and if I say no they might just try to do it anyway.”

She stared at him for a second, dumbfounded, and then she launched herself from her chair into one of the unoccupied consoles, yanking on a headset and typing in the phone number that had connected her to Jarvis on Tony’s phone what felt like days ago. It rung and then to her relief a British voice answered.

“I’m afraid Mister Stark is unable to answer the phone, as he’s busy trying to save the world, may I take a message?” A rather angry British voice snapped after a second or two of ringing.

“Jarvis?” She asked hopefully. “This is Darcy Lewis, and we’re all in a shit load trouble, I need your help! There’s a nuke!”

There was a momentary silence and then intensely, “What do you require Miss Darcy?” Which was brilliant. Tony deserved a pat on the back and a round of applause, cause Jarvis? Jarvis was the man.

Working with Jarvis was like being in the eye of a hurricane. The data was flying across the screen at thousands of miles per second, so fast that she couldn't hope keep up. He bashed through firewalls like they were tissue paper, ripping through reams and reams of information, dismissing most of it as irrelevant. It took them what felt like an eternity but was probably only about five minutes before they found the first one, after that it went much quicker, and then she was running up to Fury, who was glaring at his bosses' shadowed faces on the monitors, the battle showing behind them, while details of the battle and attempts to coordinate the various groups were shouted
across the room.

“Director Fury, the council has made its decision,” the guy in the second panel announced.

“I recognize the council has made a decision, but given that it’s a stupid ass decision that will end
the lives of millions of people, destroy the United States military forces as well as the entire
economy, I’ve elected to ignore it. Because you people’ve gotta be out of your minds to think this
is a good idea!!” He snarled, shaking with rage. “There are people out there fighting to save our
world! Are dying to save all of our lives! And you’re not even willing to give them the chance to
fight?!”

“They were well aware of the dangers Colonel Fury when they signed up. But this is a threat that
could destroy the entire world. We cannot in good conscience leave it in the hands of a few soldiers
and a group of freaks and monsters.”

“A FEW soldiers!?” Fury squawked incredulously, before noticing her. “You can all cool your
butts a second,” he told them as he strode over to her, ignoring their complaints.

“Please tell me you know who these self-righteous fuck ups are?” he demanded.

She smiled viciously.

“Good. Tell me.”

She did. A Kennedy who supposedly spent her time writing novels, a banker from Germany, a
British accountant, and an Indian merchant. All secretly some of the most powerful people on the
planet. All with families. All with something to lose, should their identities be released to any angry
public, even if they tried to explain their actions away with “the greater good.” A nuke wouldn’t
close the portal. It would just clear the way for the ones still on the other side.

He matched her grin. “Excellent. Thank Stark's computer for me.” He strode back to the vid
screens, smirking victoriously.

“Well Director, I hope you have finished your business?” the woman asked haughtily, over the
various reports of the battle still being thrown around the bridge.
“Oh, I think it was time well spent, Felicia,” he replied, standing at ease and a shit eating grin on his face. “So sorry to keep you waiting, Mark, Dieter, Ajay.”

There was utter silence on the monitors.

His expression turned menacing. “Now I’m going to assume you’re smart people. If you send a nuke at New York, you’re also going to get the blame. I am not covering your asses when the President starts asking exactly who’s at fault for that. I’m going to tell him your names, your addresses, your social security numbers, hell, I’ll even tell him your shoe size. And every single person on Earth and on Asgard – whose Prince you’ll have killed, is going to know it too. Am I getting through to you here?”

It was Felicia who whispered, “It’s already in motion. We can’t stop it.”

Fury’s single eye widened, and then he was running out of the room like a bat out of hell. Hill was yelling on the coms “Anyone on the deck, we have a rogue bird! We need to shut it down, I repeat! Take off is not authorized!!”

All movement on the bridge was frozen for a second, before Hill yelled “Until it happens we are going to act like the world is not ending yet! Return to your duties!” A tense minute or two passed and then they heard Fury’s voice on the coms.

“Stark, you hearing me? We have a missile headed straight for the city.”

“Yeah, Jarvis told me. How long?”

“Three minutes, at best. Stay low and wipe out the missile.” Fury ordered.

Darcy watched, her heart in her throat as the blue small dot that was Iron Man intercepted the small red dot that was the nuke. The fighting continued on the screens, none of the men and women fighting for their lives and for their planet aware of the betrayal of those they counted on to protect them. Wolverine and Captain America were fighting back to back against a swarm on the ground. Spider-Man was being helped down into the subways, limping and bleeding.
Black Widow’s voice on the coms. “I’ve got a telepath here! She says Selvig made a way we can close the portal! But we need the scepter!”

Darcy was out of the room before she could hear the response.

The scepter was in the remains of the broken lab, almost forgotten in the subsequent panic.

Someone had leaned it up against the remains of one wall, where it glowed innocently. Darcy snatched it, ignoring the burn of the hot metal against her skin, simultaneously glad it was so easily located and berating herself for her own earlier plan to destroy it.

She ran back up the various halls in her bare feet, swerving around personnel, almost poking out a guy's eye with the tip several times, swearing furiously when she made a wrong turn and had to back up, finally reaching the bridge again and thrust it into Fury’s waiting hands.

“One off switch!” she panted.

“Sitwell! Take one of the remaining jets! I need that portal closed yesterday! Grab some of the phase two weapons, take a squad of agents. This cannot be delayed, get it to the roof immediately!” he bellowed at one of the officers who didn’t stop to salute but grabbed the staff and ran from the room.

“Thor, Chick-with-Lightning! Hold off on your attack for a minute will you?” Iron Man’s voice came across the coms clearly.

“What? They’re holding off part of a fleet Stark!” came Cap’s horrified voice as the lightning dwindled and more of the monsters came pouring out of the wormhole.

“I’ve got a nuke coming in! It’s gonna blow in less than a minute! And I know just who I want to give it to!”

He’s visible now, through the chaos that still crowds the sky like a swarm of locusts, a red and gold blur with a giant missile on his back, using every ounce of strength to try to aim it at the hole in the sky. But it’s not working. The arc of assent is too wide, it’s going to miss.
Darcy can’t help the small scream of fear and frustration and anger that escapes her lips.

Then Hulk is there, and he’s hit the damn thing on the nose, and now it’s pointing straight up, and is going up, up, up into the rip in the sky, Iron Man and all those in the bridge watching its accent, their collective breath held.

And then it’s through. And there’s an explosion that even as far away from the city below as it had to be, caused a concussive blast that shattered every remaining window in what had to be all of twelve blocks.

If it was a fairy tale, that would be the end, the army would fall down and the good guys would win. But it’s not a fairy tale, and the army already there is still fighting, and there is still a portal to another world in the sky above New York, and those on the other side are probably pretty damn angry right now.

There are still at least fifteen leviathans flying around, knocking over buildings with their bulk, the military jets attempting to break through their heavy shells, or failing that to at least corral them to minimize damage.

“Sitwell’s ETA is five minutes sir!” An agent called out.

“Swell,” Fury muttered, punching one of the empty World Security Council’s screens in frustration, leaving a large crack down the middle.

Iron Man and the Hulk rejoined the fight, attacking one of the leviathans. Magneto was working on another two, his metal projectiles attempting to find weak points in the hard armor. Mr. Fantastic was stretched tightly around a sky scraper, The Invisible Woman using force fields on it, both attempting to hold it together long enough to be evacuated. The Human Torch is setting the Chitauri foot soldiers on fire, a steady stream of it burning them to ashes. Thor and the other lightning user return to attempting to cut off the doorway, but a distant roar and their fearful glances at one another make it clear that the forces on the other side are regrouping, and angry.

They’re winning, Darcy can see, the numbers of Chitaruri are dwindling, but so are the number of fighters for Earth. Planes and jets have been shot down and crash into surrounding buildings, trucks, tanks, and ships have been overturned and left burning, the dead and injured left to die by their attackers. If they do win, it will be a very painful victory. The original count of heroes is down too. Deadpool is still jumping from chariot to chariot happily assassinating its riders, but
Hawkeye has been reported found unconscious from the concussive blast earlier. Reports come in of those now MIA: a mutant called Cyclops, Daredevil, another mutant named Ice Man and his partner Pyro. A report comes in that Spider-Man didn't make it onto the subway car, having bleed out on the way. Many have sustained injuries, Thor’s cloak is in tatters.

“ETA three minutes!”

Chitaruri stream forth from the portal and with them another five leviathans. Iron Man is flying crookedly, Deadpool’s lost one of his arms and is hunting for it, and Magneto is stabbed in the shoulder by one of the Chitarui on a chariot.

“They’ve landed!”

Darcy can’t follow Sitwell and his team. There’s simply too much chaos, too many blind spots as cameras are destroyed by falling buildings or they lose electrical power, or are simply focused on the wrong thing. It seems to take hours. Hours while she watches so many people die. Then. Finally. The energy that feeds up to the portal stops. The remainder is sucked up until there is none left, the portal closes in on itself, like a dying star about to turn into a black hole. And every remaining Chitarui falls were they stand, those flying crash to the ground with the force of multiple earthquakes.

There is a sort of pause, a moment of silence so absolute it's ear piercing. Then the wails of the sirens, the sounds of collapsing masonry, the distant shouts and yells of civilians and emergency response teams resume.

The original Shield group, minus Hawkeye, join the X-Men and the Fantastic Four in further evacuation – directing those unwounded where to go, digging through the rubble with help from several telepaths and other mutants who can in some way sense those trapped underneath. Magneto’s group is more focused on destroying the remains of the Chitaruri, not trusting humans with the tech or whatever their rational is. Darcy would normally agree with them, but right now, she’s so tired, so emotionally drained, that she doesn’t even notice nor would she have cared if she did, when she passes out.

Chapter End Notes

There will be an epilogue, which I will post as soon as I am able. I really appreciate reviews, this turned into more of an epic battle scene then I thought it would, I am generally not very good at those, having very little practice.
The Question of Anger

Chapter Summary

Another Darcy oneshot, trying to answer the question of, why exactly is Darcy so awesome? A crossover, but you can read it without having seen the films it's crossover with.

Ok, there's been some confusion, thinking Darcy is actually a psychopath. She's not, or she kind of is, but it's funny. St. Trinians is sort of the Addams Family if it was a British boarding school. People get blown up, play with ballistic missiles and all sorts of things, but no one really gets hurt. But, like the Addams, everyone around them knows they exist and are terrified of them. But again, nothing happens that doesn't happen in a Warner Brothers cartoon. Everyone gets up again. K?

Chapter Notes

Sorry, I know you guys were hoping for the Epilogue for Pajamas, but it's till eluding me, and really I should be studying for my midterm tomorrow, but... plotbunny.
*shrugs* what are you going to do?

Oh, and this is unbeta'd, so any problems you see are my fault. But if you see one, tell me and I'll fix it. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Darcy never gets angry.” Jane said.

Tony looked up from his work bench, a soldering iron in one hand. “What?”


Tony blinked and tilted his head in thought. Jane was right, Darcy didn’t get angry. Not when Clint shot a gas grenade into her coffee cup. Not when Thor broke her TV with Mjolnir. Not when Steve in all his 40s-ness accidently insinuated she was a whore for wearing the clothes she did. Not when the Hulk completely totaled her old car when he used it as a spring board. Not when Tony himself stole her iPod and took it apart when he was bored. Not when the heels on her new boots broke, not when she stubbed her toe, not when Natasha stole the last muffin. Darcy never got mad. Weird.
“Weird.” Tony repeated aloud, turning off the soldering iron to consider this new thought. “You’ve never seen her get mad? You’ve known her for what? Two years?”

“Two and a half now,” Jane nodded.

“Is that humanly possible? Even Coulson gets mad, in a very quiet threatening way. He threatened to tase me and leave me drooling into the carpet while he watched reruns of Super Nanny once,” Tony reflected nostalgically.

Jane raised an eyebrow but seemed to discard it as irrelevant. “I don’t know who else to talk to about this. Thor would just go and ask her, I’m too scared to ask Coulson or Natasha, Clint … I don’t know what Clint would do, Bruce is busy, and Steve is still too embarrassed about the clothing incident to even hear her name without blushing. And she likes you. So what do you think?”

Tony frowned, crossing his arms and looking toward the ceiling. “We need more data. JARVIS, has Darcy ever shown signs of anger? Elevated heart rate, stimulation of the left side of the brain, tension in muscles, screaming into her pillow or throwing things when we’re not around?”

“Jarvis can monitor our BRAIN FUNCTION!??” Jane demanded, looking disturbed.

Tony ignored her, waiting patiently.

“No sir. Nothing in my database shows Ms Lewis ever showing any signs of anger, frustration, exasperation, vexation or rage.” Jarvis reported after a few minutes.

“Ok. That’s… really weird. Maybe she’s a sociopath and just doesn’t feel anger?” he wondered.

“Sociopaths do feel anger.” Jane corrected absently. “And she did get upset when we first met Thor. We were going through the electric storm, and Thor fell out of the sky, we hit him with the van, and then she tased him. She said he was freaking her out.”

Tony nodded. “Ok, so we have proof that she can get upset. Talk about a high melting point though… Jarvis what do we know about Darcy’s medical history and family history?”
Ms Lewis was born in Edinburgh, Scotland to English Professor Dr. Matthew Lewis and his wife Mary Lewis ne Cole. Her mother passed away when she was 5, and the family moved back to the United States. Ms Lewis was kicked out of several schools in the United States for hacking into school files, document forgery, auto theft, and assault, before being sent to a small boarding school in England, called St. Trinian’s, Head Mistress Camilla Fritton. She graduated with High Honors, and with letters of recommendation from the British Minister of Education, Geoffry Thwaites, her Headmistress, and our own Miss Potts who attended the same school-“

“Pepper attended a British boarding school?”

“-she was given a full scholarship to Culver University. She has no known mental illnesses, received all her vaccinations as a child. She broke her leg at the age of 9 falling out of a tree, her wrist in gym when she was 12, and while at St Tinian’s was hospitalized for arsenic poisoning.”

“What?!” Jane yelped. “What kind of school allows arsenic poisoning?! Was the culprit expelled?”

“No Ma’am. Records show that St Trinian’s has a long history of hospitalizations, for a great many injuries, ranging from broken bones, to 5th degree burns, to amputations and poisoning. Police reports show complaints of explosions, fires, gun fire, bombs, robberies in the surrounding area, auto theft, sightings of wild animals, streaking and loud parties.”

Both scientists’ stared at each other. “What the hell?” Tony breathed. “How is this place not shut down?” and then, horrified “My Pepper went there?!”

“Indeed sir. She was Head Girl.”

Tony abruptly sat down in the middle of the floor, unable to stand from shock. Jane was supporting herself with the aid of one of the shelves. “Did-did the arsenic poisoning damage her brain?” Jane whispered, tears in her eyes.

“No… it did hurt like a bitch though.”

Tony and Jane jerked to face the door to the lab, which had opened silently, Darcy raising an eyebrow at them. “Is there a reason you guys are doing a background search on me?”
“Darcy!” Jane whimpered and threw herself at the larger woman, clutching her and weeping into her substantial bosom. “I’m so sorry! How could they do that to you?! I’m so, so sorry!!!”

Darcy put her arms around the other girl slowly, and looked at Tony with a “what the hell dude?” expression.

“She’s upset because you got poisoned at a school for… for lunatics!” Tony finished with a slight scream. “And I’m upset because my girlfriend went there too!” he blinked and then added quickly, “And for you too of course.”

Darcy snorted, and patted Jane on the head. “I’m fine Jane! Really! I got the chav who slipped me the arsenic back! Broke her leg in two places! Nothing to worry about!”

Jane looked up at Darcy, horrified.

Darcy rolled her eyes. “St Trinians is a school for girls who don’t fit in the system. Arsonists, hackers, sociopaths, thieves, prostitutes and nymphomaniacs, we got them all. We’re the ones no one wants to deal with anymore. We get sent to St. Trinian’s to hone our crafts, learn new ones, and are often picked up by government agencies. The head girls get offerings from MI6 and 7, the secret service loves us, some go mercenary, and others go their own route. SHIELD also recruits heavily from St Trins. We either go legit, or become the best of the crime world. And we don’t get shut down because no one wants to deal with us in the regular schools. “

“And that’s why you never get angry?” Jane asked, still horrified. “Because you break people’s bones instead?”

Darcy groaned. “I get mad all the time! But I hide it in my room, and use my blockers to keep Jarvis from noticing, because it’s no one’s business but my own! And then I get even later.” She finished with a smirk.

“But… you haven’t done anything!” Jane protested, but Tony was frowning intently.

“Clint’s fire extinguisher arrow backfired on him right after the coffee cup incident didn’t it?” he muttered.

Darcy grinned toothily.
“And Steve … he had an asthma attack that put him in the hospital for a few days… and no one could figure out how…”

“That one was a pain. Do you know how hard it is to get around the Super Serum? I had to get help for that one.”

Tony was staring at Darcy like she was a god and a demon in one, and he didn’t know whether to worship her or run like hell.

“And every single one of Bruce’s pants didn’t survive Hulking out for months! When before they used to just be ripped and torn…” Jane continued the thought.

“He should thank me for that one really… it couldn’t be good for the circulation.”

“WAIT ! WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?!” Tony burst out, looking around wildly, like he expected a bomb to go off in the workshop. “I took your Ipod! What did you do!?“

Darcy grinned. “You also gave me a new car. Which I love. I named her and everything. I can’t hurt my baby-daddy!” she winked at him.

Tony stared at her, weighing her statement, before slowly nodding. Darcy was obsessed with that car. She had gotten it custom painted and everything.

“Natasha? Did… did you do something to Natasha?” Jane whispered, looking like she was waiting for a battle between two thunder gods.

Darcy shrugged. “I stole her hot chocolate. It was just a muffin Jane. Seriously, chillax.”

Jane exhaled in relief.

“Besides, you don’t fuck with a St Trinians girl. Even if you are one.”
The two scientists stared at each other in horror. “Natasha…”

“Foreign exchange student.” Darcy smirked as she turned to leave the lab.

“Wait! What did you do to Thor?” Jane called after her, looking like she didn’t really want to know, but had to ask.

Darcy laughed, and glanced over her shoulder. “Did you really think Loki would know to turn every poptart in the tristate area into broccoli without insider information? Please.” With a final wink she sauntered out, hips swinging provocatively.

“I’m scared,” Tony said.

“Me too,” Jane agreed.

“I feel violated,” Jarvis muttered.

Tony swallowed thickly and asked softly, “Jarvis… what did Pepper focus on in school?”

“Chemistry, robotics, politics, and organization are the official record sir.”

“So that means…”

“If I was to hazard a guess? Poisons, robotics and hacking, assassination, and dealing with psychopaths, sir.”

“Well, no wonder she was your longest lasting PA Tony.” Jane muttered.

“…. Jarvis, give Pepper a raise. A big raise. And attach a note.”

“At once sir. What shall it say?”
“…I love you, please don’t kill me?”

“Of course sir. May I also suggest a shoe spree at all her favorite stores? And a mani-pedi? And lilies. She hates roses. And I think it might be in all our best interests for you to memorize her birthday, allergies and sign those documents she left for you.”

“Yeah… I’m gonna do that… and send Natasha with her, ok? And Darcy…maybe she’d like a motorcycle to go with her car? Or a helicopter! Or maybe that’s a bad idea… then she could shoot me down from the sky. But she could do it from the ground already… or just hack into one of the missile AI’s… oh god… Loki! She’s friends with Loki! And-and… I need a drink. A lot of drinks. Possibly all the drinks. After I sign those papers…” Tony muttered wildly, looking around for said documents.

“I’m… I’m going to go hide behind Thor. For a couple days. Maybe weeks.” Jane told no one in particular, looking around wildly like a St Trinian’s girl was going to pop out from behind one of the crates in the corner. “And give Darcy a raise. Do I pay her? Oh my god I don’t! She’s still on as an intern! TONY! I DON’T PAY DARCY!”

“WHAT?! WHY NOT!?” Tony demanded glaring at the tiny brunette, who was tugging her hair in anguish.

“I never got around to giving her a paid internship! I don’t have the money… I DON’T WANT TO DIE!!!!!!” She sobbed.

“I’ll pay her! I’ll do it myself!” He announced, digging through a drawer, tossing various machinery pieces right and left in his haste. “Jarvis! Where’s my checkbook!?"

“You don’t have a checkbook sir. I will alert payroll. How much do you wish to pay her?”

“A million? Is that good? Is a million logical Jarvis?” Tony ran his hands through his hair, making it stick up wildly.

“Perhaps we should leave it up to Ms Potts? She would know what would be appropriate, and Ms Lewis won’t… make her disappear.”
“Oh god, I’m going to disappear…” Jane sobbed and grabbed a paper bag and began hyperventilating into it.

Up on the 60th floor, Darcy, Pepper and Natasha snickered into their bottles, enjoying their bosses, boyfriends and teammates hysteric's from the hacked video feed on Pepper’s flat screen computer monitor.

“To never letting the bastards get us down,” Darcy said, raising her Trinski vodka in a toast.

“To world domination!” Pepper laughed, clinking her own bottle against the brunettes.

“To fucking with Tony Stark.” Natasha finished, eyes flashing in amusement.

“To Saint Trinians!” They chorused.

Chapter End Notes

AN- yeah well… that happened.

In case anyone is wondering, St Trinians is a British film from 2009, and it’s about a boarding school for girls, it’s like if the Addams Family was a school. It stars Rupert Everett, Colin Firth, Russell Brand, Stephen Fry. It’s also one of those rare series where the sequel is better than the first film. The second film, the Legend of Frittons Gold has the addition of David Tennant. I advise both films if you need a good laugh.

Oh, and no, Darcy wouldn’t do any of that, but that’s the power of hysteria for you. ;)
Chapter Summary

So, this is the origin of Everything That Can Go Wrong. It started out as a drabble, and I thought it was awesome, so I made it into a full length fic while changing a lot of things.

It's short, but it's been awhile since I updated anything, so I thought I'd post this. :) I plan to update a bunch this week since I have spring break and no other life, so hopefully I'll finally finish pajamas. Sorry for the wait!

Everything that can go wrong...

Done from Tony/Toni's POV

For some reason, for every avengers mission that involves fighting evil robots, or alien death rays, or monsters from a dark dimension of doom (and there are a great deal of these), there are also the missions that end up with one or more of the avengers (or their support staff and friends) ending up as a. a kid again b. shrunk c. switching genders d. tossed into an alternate universe e. have a version of one of them from an alternate universe come to them f. getting doused with love potions g. animal transmutations h. turned evil i. turned into an extremely whiny pacifist who believes fighting of any sort is wrong and they should instead all get along. (The Hulk singing Kumbaya in a mu mu is a truly horrifying sight that Tony required a great deal of alcohol to mostly remove from his brain) j. Jarvis turning into a person k. time travel of various sorts l. everyone breaking into song m. body swapping... The list continued it's way to Z, meandered through the Greek alphabet and eventually passed through Norse, Hebrew and was now on Phonetician. The sheer amount of zany and trope-like events made even the sternest Avenger occasionally wonder if Deadpool wasn't right about them all being in a comic book.

Days like today, when more than one of the above list was simultaneously occurring, raising Deadpools theory from crazy remote possibility to a very logical and well thought out one that deserved intense study and research.

Tony or rather, Toni, look down at herself and scowled. "Jarvis? Do we still have the Iron Maiden suit lying around somewhere?"

"Indeed madam. It currently resides at the Malibu house. Shall I have it delivered?" The unflappable AI asked politely.

"Yeah, and order some of the kid clothes up from storage too." She glanced ruefully at Bruce who, at the age of six was adorably scruffy, his adult glasses sliding down his nose every few minutes, and mostly naked aside from the usual tattered pants left over from most Hulk-outs. Loki - who had been half the cause of this particular chaotic event, was curled on top of the couch tail twitching idly, wearing his typical look of "you may now worship me you mortal fools". Actually, that might just be a typical cat look, now that Toni thought about it. Thor, who was a corgi (which was odd, because usually it was Clint who got turned into a corgi) - and damn trickster gods and their tendency toward bad name puns anyway - was pawing disponently at mjolnir - which tipped over obligingly.
"This is your fault you know." Toni said, glaring at the Lokitty. "If you hadn't decided to have your stupid trickster god battle with Coyote in New York I'd still have my dick instead of a pair of tits. AGAIN!"

Lokitty yawned pointedly and flicked his tail in utter disinterest, as though Toni was over reacting and it was perfectly normal for all the various changes the avengers had now gone through, not to mention the Statue of Liberty now holding a bronze ice cream cone rather than a torch and holding an apple tablet instead of her usual old fashioned one. And the mini skirt. And sunglasses. Steve had almost cried. Natasha - who was now literally invisible and also inaudible - despite her best efforts to the contrary -pulled the cats tail in retaliation. Loki hissed angrily and swiped at her with sharp golden claws that matched the horns on his usual helmet.

Steve was hiding from the sun as apparently Coyote's idea of hilarious was to make the hero and emblem of the United States match the ideal of prepubescent teenage American girls. I.E. that Edward kid from Twilight. His skin looked like a disco ball when the sun hit it. Under normal circumstances Toni would have found it hilarious. But it had been a long day, one of his suits had been turned into a frog and hopped away, and she was pretty sure she was PMSing.

Oh and Clint thought he was Legolas and as a result was speaking, presumably, what Clint thought Elvish sounded like. There were a few pieces from the movies in there, but mostly it was made up nonsense. He was at the moment unconscious due to Natasha attempting her "cognitive recalibration" technique on him. Whether it worked or not had yet to be seen.

Toni could feel a huge migraine coming on. She scooped Bruce up onto her hip - a movement that was oddly instinctual, which pointed to there being a some truth to the whole nurturing women thing being biological not social in nature- but she sure as hell wasn't mentioning that to Pepper, or Natasha - who was even more deadly now that absolutely NO ONE could see her. Bruce snuggled closer, mumbling quietly into her ill fitting t-shirt dress. Her jeans kept falling down.

"What am I supposed to do with this zoo? Jarvis? Buddy, a little help?" She was whining. She knew it. She just didn't care. She hated being a girl the last time, but at least then it wasn't just her. It was also Bruce and Thor. Thor made a gorgeous chick by the way. Tragically unfair that he was so devoted to his 'Lady Jane', cause Toni'd totally hit that. No, the problem with being magically turned into a girl is that you don't change the way you look, you just changed genders. So your hair is exactly as you left it - (minus facial and chest hair) so Toni ended up looking like a very hot, very rich, soccer mom due to her haircut. You also still have the same scars - and in Toni's case, the arc reactor is exactly the same size, imbedded in the same place, and it's now a smaller space - smaller frame - smaller chest cavity - and being smushed by her boobs. So she was in pain, it was hard to breathe, and to add to the indignity, the reactors energy left something a bit like a sunburn on her tits. No, being a girl was not fun. For her anyway. Bruce seemed to enjoy it, for some reason she seemed to do better with the Hulk when he was a girl. Go figure.

Bruce tugged her hair to regain her attention. "Tony, why doesn't Loki turn himself back?" Bruce at six had the memories of older Bruce, but his brain hadn't matured to the point where he could make the logical deductions as quickly as he would as an adult, and the longer it lasted, the more childish one became. At least that's what usually happened.

"He can't. If he could he already would have." Toni replied, feeling very put upon. Was this what Pepper felt like dealing with him all the time? She should send her a gift basket. Possibly full of shoes.

Lokitty made a little "fftt" noise in response and began twitching his tail over the back of the couch playfully at Thor who whined unhappily at being able to reach his brother to play or whatever.
Which was probably the point.

Natasha caught her attention by waving a tablet back and forth, pointedly on a news article about SHIELD. "I am NOT calling Fury about this. He kept laughing at me last time." Toni protested angrily.

Despite the current situation she could still feel Natasha radiate menace and pain. Toni backpedaled quickly "Not that I don't care about you or anything! We'll fix this! I mean, it might even wear off on it's own! Right?" she looked quickly at Loki "Right?"

The cat tilted its head back and forth slowly in a sort of "eh... kind of?" motion.

Toni groaned. "It's one of those, wears off in a couple decades things, isn't it?"

Loki nodded.

"Fuuuuuck." Toni said.

"You said a bad word!" Bruce said, clapping his hands delightedly.

Toni gave him a flat glare. Bruce winced. "Sorry Toni. This is... difficult."

"Yeah, I know buddy." she sighed.

She noticed the screen of the floating tablet and raced over to keep Natasha from her email, but she (presumably) danced out of the way leaving Toni to crash into a table. Loki snickered, Thor wagged his stumpy little tail, Natasha was radiating amusement this time, and Bruce had dissolved into frustratingly adorable giggles. Steve is still hiding, ashamed. Toni (when she had been Tony and not Toni) had shown the poor fool Twilight, so for once Steve knew the joke he was the butt of. Her life sucked.

Nick Fury, the giant one eyed black space pirate is laughing his leather clad ass off.

Toni has to restrain herself from punching him. Loki is apparently has no such reservations and does not like being the butt of a joke, because he darts up from the floor, clawing his way swiftly up the leather trench coat and scratches Fury on the back of the head hard enough to draw blood. He dodges the angry retaliatory swat and is calmly cleaning his paws slightly behind Thor before Toni can do more than blink.

The tense atmosphere caused by this event is then broken by the slurp of Bruce finishing his juice box. Toni wonders why drama seems to get destroyed by fail today.

Steve has been conned into doing a series of public appearances to increase the popularity of the Avengers in certain demographics - specifically preteen girls and house wives. He is not happy. But it does get him away from the craziness in the tower - and Toni's non stop teasing, so he goes.
Clint apparently is not cured. And keeps calling Toni a wizard because apparently that's what the arc reactor makes him think of. Magic. Fucking. Magic.

"Fair maiden, pray tell me, why dost thou growl in such a bestial manner?" the archer wearing a long blonde wig asks a steaming Toni. "Art thou unwell?"

Toni is tempted to arc blast the idiot, but Natasha would probably kill her if she did, so it wouldn't be worth it.

Probably.

Mostly.

Maybe.

Natasha apparently doesn't appreciate having her bras stolen. Even if no one can see her, so she might as well be naked anyway really! And Toni NEEDS them! And it's not like she's not getting them back! Ok, she had to cut a hole for the arc reactor, but she'll get them back!

A knife burries itself into the wall next to Toni's head.

"Ok I'll buy you more! As many as you want! Stop trying to kill meeee!" Toni wails, jumping over and ducking under the various thrown projectiles aimed at her person. Natasha's not really angry. Or more of them would have hit. Toni's fairly sure of this. Until she gets hit in the face with a coffee pot.

The sleeping situation turns out to be... a situation.

Bruce has nightmares, and doesn't want to sleep alone. Clint keeps sneaking into Central Park and sleeping in trees. And Pepper refuses to sleep with Toni when she's a girl, not because she's homophobic or anything, she's open minded. It's because Toni, when asleep apparently snores. It has something to do with the shape of the rib cage and the arc reactor, and science ok? But yeah, no Pepper time for Toni. Which sucks, because multiple orgasms would be a huge counter balance to all the suck she's dealing with today.

So in the end, Bruce is asleep curled around a softly wuffling Thor on the couch in the living room, and they're both looking stupidly adorable. Natasha knocked Clint out again - once he finds out about her existence he's equally annoying to her as he is to Toni, trying to take the One Ring off her and save her from the 'curse of the dark lord and his wraiths'- and tied him to the couch in her room - gagged. That leaves Toni - and Loki. Who apparently doesn't care about snoring, and likes the warmth of Toni's reactor. Toni supposes she can technically cross sleeping with a god off her bucket list, but really, she wishes there was more fun to be had in doing it. She gets the feeling Loki does too, because he seems to find it really amusing to nuzzle her breasts while pretending to be asleep. The little shit.

Still if Pepper was ok with it she'd totally go a round with the god. I mean really, have you seen him? Hell, Toni'd happily do any of the Avengers, except Natasha, but that's because she's not sure how apt the name Black Widow is, and while she certainly has latent suicidal tendencies, she'd prefer to die in a blaze of glory - or sex with a god - then between the Widows thighs (glorious as they were).
She has Jarvis send Fury a faux Christmas card with the tableau arranged around a photo shopped Christmas tree, and a little halo on top of Loki's fuzzy ears. Natasha shows up only by the shape of the sheets in her bed that prove she's actually there. Toni imagines she can hear the man's bellow of anger from the tower, but that might just be in her head. She scratches behind Loki's ears sleepily. This form required a lot more sleep than she was used to...

By the end of the third week things had basically fallen into a routine. Bruce played in the lab - Jarvis gave him games and lessons when he was in his child mental state, and let him do whatever projects he chose the rest of the time - unless Jarvis felt something was wrong, then Toni would be called to sort things out.

Steve sent a postcard every other day that featured a bunch of frowny face emoticons.

Thor decided walkies was the best thing ever, and that responsibility was foist off on Clint, who being slightly loopy from both the spell and the concussions, was happy to aid his woodland friend.

Pepper had made Toni had get a haircut to deal with the whole guys hair = rats nest on a woman thing, took her shopping and then started dragging her to meetings again. Loki usually rode imperiously around on Toni's shoulder, and on one memorable occasion her head, and snarled at various board members. The same day he had sat on her head lead to the Fish Incident. Toni almost regretted the Monty Python marathon she'd forced on everyone, but she can't.

She tried!

But no good.

There is nothing funnier than Loki enchanting two of the stuffier board members to reenact the fish slapping dance - complete with a canal that appeared out of nowhere. Loki then eating said fish daintily was too much, and Toni couldn't stop laughing - hit with the mania side harder than usual and she's dying... oh Thor it's so funny!

Pepper was not impressed.

The press love it of course. Well, TMZ and all those love it. Fox news is being pissy about the Avengers being unable to fight any bad guys. Toni responds by hacking into the program, adding her own talking head, and telling them there are more than three other super hero groups around, and then there's the army, navy, marines, secret service, and park rangers, and hell, girl scouts! They're always prepared right? Or maybe that's boy scouts. Not the point. Point is, we're human too (mostly) and we deserve sick days!

The villains come out of the woodwork to test this theory. Doom is taken care of by the Fantastic Four. Amora is tied up to the point that she can't move by Spiderman of all heroes. Loki's currently a kitten and not in any position to do huge bits of magic - much less ones that move toward taking over a planet. There's a zombie apocalypse and Clint actually proves himself useful, shooting left and right - although Toni's the one who has to activate the explosives, since Legolas has no idea what explosives are and if he did he'd consider it cheating. Deadpool gets distracted from a target and starts trying to teach Natasha how to make yellow speech bubbles instead. Sometimes Toni even thinks she can see them. And Doctor Octopus is taken out by a team up of the webhead and Toni herself.

What? she's got Jarvis babysitting and the villain has tech she wants a look at! And being a girl certainly doesn't keep her from fighting, especially after the Iron Maiden armor arrives. Xena eat
your heart out.

It's on the fifth month that Coyote must get bored and release the spells, because he wakes up that morning, blanketed in naked god, and very much a he. He even checks and hello boys! I can't tell you how much I've missed you. And the lack of tits thing was awesome too. No more boob burn! Huzzah!

And he might have said that out loud, because now Loki's awake and his tongue is in his mouth and oh look! magic breath fresheners! and then it's all tongues and teeth and hands and skin and Loki's naked and Tony's happy to be too - the bra had come along for the ride and is quickly tossed aside. Turns out guys can have multiple orgasms too, with the right partner, and a liiiittle bit of magic.

Pepper will forgive him.

Probably.

Best to send another of those shoe fruit baskets.

Maybe two.

They join the others at the breakfast table about three hours later after a shower, sex and then another shower. Thor the first to see them and bounds forward happily trying to embrace Loki. Loki decides it's not happening and climbs Tony like a tree to get away from him and hisses. Some side affects left over apparently - although apparently he's kind enough to do something to make himself feel a fraction of his actual weight.

After a second to realize that yes, this was his life, Tony sat down at the table, Loki still perched on his shoulders, long limbs draped over him like a very large, very dangerous version of the kitten he'd gotten to know over the past 5 months. Months that Loki spent almost entirely in Tony's company. Huh. How had Tony not noticed that? It wasn't like he was busy. Well, busier than usual doing 3x the work a normal human could do. Bruce hides a smile in his tea cup at their antics, and informs them that Steve has already called to let them know he'd be home tomorrow, Clint was hiding in shame in the ceiling somewhere, and Natasha had gone clothes shopping - specifically for bras - on Tonys credit card. Thor just sits fiddling with Mjolnr and looking downcast. Loki steals food from Tonys plate, and sometimes his fork. Tony decides to pick his battles, and offers the god a spoon of cereal, which in typical cat fashion, he then shows no interest in, instead magicking the silverwear into having duels. He's purring softly, deep in his throat though, so yeah, maybe Tony's life isn't that bad.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!