

Fair Warning

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Fair Warning

by [Shyane](#)

Summary

Tony gives Steve a call. It doesn't exactly go how Steve expected it to.

Notes

jesus christ I need to stay on top of my 130wpc sorry

Tony wasn't planning to call Steve at all, in the beginning.

It would be an understatement to say they weren't on good terms. After spending two days in a Siberian bunker, bleeding out, with a broken suit and no way of contacting anyone, Vision found him and took him back to a hospital. Three days later, he woke up.

Sometimes he wished he hadn't.

Somehow *literally* everything had managed to fall apart. Tony wasn't really surprised by that, not anymore... he was Tony-fucking-Stark. He was used to it. It was just disappointing. For once, he had gotten something like family. And in mere hours, that had been ruined.

He poured everything into Rhodey's recovery. Rhodey, who had stayed by Tony's side through everything. Rhodey, who believed in Tony and kept him going even when it was *he* who was paralyzed, it was *Rhodey* who was falling over in leg braces, it was Rhodey going through the physical therapy.

And Rhodey said his mind hadn't changed. That broke Tony's heart- or whatever was left of it. *What did I do to deserve you, Rhodey?*

Vision had gotten quiet. He floated around the compound, heartbroken over Wanda Maximoff. Tony had talked to him about it. Vision said that love was a funny thing, that he hadn't even realized he could go through the same emotions as humans, much less love. But you had no control over who you fell in love with.

Vision mentioned that he was furious. With himself, for paralyzing Rhodes. With Steve Rogers, for truly tearing the Avengers apart. With Wanda, for being so completely arrogant and self-absorbed that she escaped just to kill again.

Tony thought that love was a funny thing, too.

So Rhodey began the slow process of physical recovery and Vision began the slow process of emotional recovery, for the first time- and honestly, Tony wasn't even sure he'd ever *begun* to recover, but it was worth a shot.

Recovery was slow. Especially when Tony needed to recover from a lifetime of shit.

Then there was the matter of the phone. The phone and that damned letter Rogers had sent him. Tony had immediately burned the letter after reading it. Steve said that the Avengers were more so Tony's family than Steve's, and that was just fucking hilarious.

Because when Tony looked around, he saw his crippled best friend and a heartbroken android he created.

And when Tony looked on the television, he saw Steve Rogers' face alongside Natasha Romanov, Wanda Maximoff, Sam Wilson, Scott Lang, Clint Barton, Sharon Carter, and James Barnes.

Somehow three and eight didn't add up-- nine, if T'Challa was included.

So Tony burned the letter. The phone was another case completely, though. Despite it being evidence that Tony surely should've turned over to Ross to avoid legal reciprocation himself, it was also... weird. You weren't supposed to send something like that to someone days after you abandoned them to die in a Siberian bunker.

If Tony had told Rhodey about the phone, Rhodey would've called Steve himself and given Rogers a helluva chat. But Tony didn't want to call Steve, nor did he want Steve's help, nor did he want to turn Steve in to Ross.

Tony Stark wanted out.

He wanted to escape to a farm, like Clint had, with Rhodey and Vision. Tony wanted to drop out of the public eye completely and just live a calm life of recovery. Watch grass grow. Smell the roses. Donate his fortune to hospitals and charities and shit.

But more than anything, he wanted Steve to *know* that he wanted out.

So a month after the proclaimed 'civil-war', he called the number on the phone.

Ironically, there was no answer.

It really was laughable. *I'll be there*, Steve had promised. Tony was just grateful that he still had wit enough to not trust Rogers with his life. And it was *Rogers*, now. Because as much as Tony wanted to laugh at the sheer irony, he also felt that thirty-year knot in his stomach tighten again.

Tony decided he wouldn't call.

But of course, two months after that, the phone began buzzing by itself.

Tony grimaced and waited a moment before flipping it open and answering.

"Tony? Tony, are you there?"

Normally, he would interject with an enthusiastic, slightly dry snark about how old the flip phone was. About the fact that the phone was a *flip* phone. But something had changed, and Tony couldn't imagine using that sense of familiarity with Rogers... not after everything.

"What?"

And, by god- his voice sounded soulless. *Good*, Tony thought with satisfaction. He could practically see Rogers' look of surprise.

"...You called." Rogers said, like that explained why he was calling back after two months.

"Two months ago," Tony deadpanned.

"I was caught up in something, Tony. What did you need?"

Damn Rogers. Damn him, *damn* him for acting like Tony was bothering him. Damn him for pretending like he was doing something good for the world by refusing to listen to the will of the people he said he was protecting. Damn him for coming back only to throw it back in Tony's face.

So Tony sighed.

He bit back the *'you were caught up in something for two months?'* He bit back a scathing *'I didn't need anything, Rogers!'*

"I'm going to burn the phone. If you call, it won't answer. Don't expect a call."

Tony threw out the words. He sounded exhausted, even to himself. Subdued and exhausted, and he got a sick sense of satisfaction from the shocked silence that followed, and the sharp inhale on the other line.

"Y-you're... what? Burning the phone I gave you? Why?" Steve sounded confused.

"I won't ever need anything from you, Steven Rogers. I won't need to- nor will I *want*- to contact you. I'm burning the phone."

"But..."

Tony couldn't stop.

"You left me in a Siberian bunker after nearly killing me!" He screamed. "After I had just found out that your best friend killed my parents, *Rogers*," Tony spat out, nearly snarling. "You got Barton and Lang involved although they had no prior information to the Accords *whatsoever*! Hell, you haven't fucking read the Sokovian Accords yourself! Dammit!"

Tony's voice cracked and he let himself deflate. God damn, he was too tired of fighting. He was so tired of trying to make this point when Rogers would never understand.

Before Rogers could interject, Tony continued.

"...That's all. I just- fair warning- I'm burning the phone, okay? Don't try to contact any of us again."

"Are you okay?"

The question threw Tony for a loop for a moment. It was unexpected, and in seconds, Tony felt rage grow in his stomach again.

"You don't get to ask me that." He muttered. Steve kept talking but Tony took the phone away from his ear and hung up, feeling like the weight of the world had just been lifted off of his shoulders.

From the doorway, Rhodey gave a little knock, alerting Tony to his location. "Tones?"

Tony took a deep breath and smiled. "Yeah, honeybear?"

Rhodey smiled back, looking relieved. "If you want help burning that shit, I'd be happy to."

"Let's not make it too ceremonial, 'kay?" Tony snorted, standing up from his desk and walking over to adjust Rhodey's leg braces that were obviously stiffening. "I never cared too much for it."

And so Tony Stark tapped out of the party scene to live a different sort of life.

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