

Fix this

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Fandoms:	Marvel Cinematic Universe , The Avengers (Marvel Movies) , The Avengers (Marvel) - All Media Types , The Avengers - Ambiguous Fandom
Characters:	Shuri (Marvel) , Tony Stark , Avengers Team , Nebula (Marvel) , Literally everyone who's still in Wakanda , No one but Tony is mentioned by name
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Fix this

by [fuck_it_i_tried](#)

Summary

Infinity War spoilers, but only sort of. Takes place two days after the events of the movie.

Wakanda's sensors alert them when the ship enters the atmosphere two days after half the universe disappeared. They are waiting, weapons drawn, when it bounces off the force field and crashes into the ground just before the treeline.

OR

A hero comes home.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

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The side of the ship is blasted off from the inside, and out steps an unfamiliar blue woman with silver markings on her face. She walks out, scanning her surroundings.

They move closer, cautiously, with their weapons still drawn.

The woman tenses as they advance, but makes no move to attack.

Behind her, just visible through the still smoking hole in the side of the ship, appears the man who had disappeared into space for the second time three days ago, a man none of them had thought they were ever going to see again. He looks awful, his usually perfectly put together appearance no longer immaculate. His usually tanned skin is ashen, his suit is broken and filthy, the smudges under his eyes so dark they look like they had been painted on. They can see that he has noticed them. His mouth opens, as if he is about to speak, but it closes again without saying anything. As they stumble forward to close the distance, stopping just in front of the still active force field, they can see that his jaw is clenched tightly enough to crack a tooth. His usually casual posture has been discarded in favor of limbs held stiffly that they tremble ever so slightly with tension, as though the mere act of holding himself upright is almost more than he can take. He is covered head to toe in blood and ash.

The world seems to go quiet around them for a moment. Not even the ever present hum of the still active forcefield registers to them as they stare at him in shocked amazement.

He steps out of the ship. The blue woman turns away from the group, turning back to look at the man with an emotion almost like concern present in the small scrunch of her mouth. She reaches out a hand, ready to steady him if he tripped stepping down, but he shakes his head. As he moves past her, she walks behind him, her gaze flickering between the group in front of them and their surroundings.

The two reach the edge of the force field and stop standing right in front of the group. His eyes flick over each of them, scanning them up and down, lingering on their visible injuries. After each examination the tension in his form relaxes in nearly imperceptible increments, until, by the time he reaches the last one, he no longer looks like he would break apart with one well placed blow.

He then turns his eyes back on to one of the figures in the center of the group. It is a small girl in armour, her hair braided around her head and strange gauntlets shaped like roaring jungle cats on her hands, a tall woman with a shaved head carrying a spear standing in front of her. When she notices his attention on her again she stares back at him, regal and proud in spite of her obvious youth, her small stature, bruised face, and her eyes rimmed red with shadows under them to rival those under his own. The man's eyes soften, just a little, the shadow of a smile that didn't make it on to his face flickering inside them for a moment. He raises an arm to knock lightly on the force field with the hand not holding his side, and tilts

his head slightly in question. Understanding now, she reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small device. She presses a button and the section of forcefield between them vanishes.

He steps over the border into Wakanda, and they part to let him through. The blue woman walks over the border with him, but stops at the edge of the group. He does not. Instead, he keeps walking until he is in the center of the group, and then pauses looking around again. He takes longer this time. Slowly turning in place, his eyes focus on each of them in turn, almost frightening in their intensity. He looks each one dead in the eye before moving on to the next person.

The world is still silent. Some fight the urge to reach out and touch him, to make certain that he is real, but they restrain themselves. They make no sound, alternating between looking at him in shocked awe and glancing suspiciously at the blue woman.

Once he's done, he turns so that he can address them all at once.

His voice is hoarse with disuse, but he is as fierce as ever. Tony Stark opens his mouth and says, "I have a plan," and he smiles. It is not a nice smile. It is not happy, and he is not amused. This smile is hard and angry. It is barred teeth and eyes so furious they burn. It is loss and grief and determination powerful enough that they think, for a moment, that perhaps he will crumple underneath the weight of the emotion in it. He doesn't, and it's almost, almost enough to make some of them smile.

Two days ago, they fought a Titan and lost. The most important fight of their lives and they lost. Two days ago they saw people they loved, their friends and their family, and total strangers dissolve into dust and ash right before their eyes. Two days ago, the universe as they knew it crumpled down around them and they might have no idea what to do next. They're scrambling. They're grieving. They're lost. But goddamn if Tony Stark isn't still himself, even at the end of the universe.

Tony Stark has already lived through the end of the world. Twice. He's survived countless situations that, by all rights, should have killed him; the fight with Thanos is just the most recent addition to a long list. He is Tony Fucking Stark. He can achieve any goal he sets his mind to, even ones that other people have given up as impossible.

And Tony Stark decided, two days ago, back on planet Titan, that, if he accomplished nothing else with his life, he was going to do one last thing before he died:

Tony Stark decided he was going to fix this.

End Notes

This is literally the first fanfic that I have ever written ever. Infinity War upset me so I wrote this. If anyone actually reads this, please don't be rude.

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