

## It's cold and also hard to hide a teenager from a team of superheroes

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# **It's cold and also hard to hide a teenager from a team of superheroes**

by [JellieLover](#)

## Summary

Tony was planning on having Peter meet the avengers much later, like when he wasn't in high school, but life never seems to go his way.

Now he's stuck with a spider kid that couldn't thermo regulate, a team of newly pardoned superheroes, and the difficulties that come with having a little shit for a so- I mean, intern.

## Notes

This may be OOC

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

# Asleep

Tony Stark, playboy billionaire, inventor, genius, and so many other things, was definitely not a medical expert. Sitting next to the bed of an unruly spider-teen wasn't how he had planned his day as he began to wait out what mean-and-green said would be two whole weeks before Peter would be fully awake and operational again. Finding the kid's body on top of a skyscraper, so cold and still, hadn't been very good for his heart, and he supposed it wasn't very good now considering the jolts of fear it sent through his body every time Peter took longer to take a breath than normal. *stupid*. Peter hadn't told him that the heater in the suit was broken, nor that he couldn't keep himself warm in the cold, nor that he could go into *fucking hibernation* when he got cold enough.

And Shit, the exvengers were coming back that afternoon.

Shiiiiiiiit.

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Steve Rogers felt a mixture of feelings, none of them happy, as he rode the elevator to the common room. Being pardoned officially didn't mean that anyone else had forgiven him, much less Tony Stark. The guy wasn't exactly friendly when they had discussed their moving back to the tower, but they had decided it was best. They were finishing up the meeting with a glare from Stark when he got a notification from someone and his face drained of color. What in gosh's name could make him so... worried? Steve had seen many types of scared, of fear and revulsion, and he could swear he recognized the type of fear only present on the face of a worried parent.

Tony Stark was *Not* a father. He was irresponsible and held no remorse for others, he was self centered and bullheaded. Steve shook the thoughts free of his head. Bucky spared him a worried glance as the elevator dinged open, and they stepped out into a surprisingly normal looking living room. The fabric of the couches was a deep brown, and there was a hammock strung across one corner of the ceiling somehow, the shape of a book resting heavily on the bottom of the fabric. How was anybody supposed to reach that?

In the middle of one of the couches sat their gracious host, looking at each of them in turnz a dangerous glint in his eyes briefly gave away how pi- angry he was at Steve when it came his turn to be assessed.

"Ah, Capsicle, and co. Enjoy your little *vacation*?" The smile on his face was very realistic except for the coldness in his eyes. His legs were crossed, as well as his arms, a smile playing across his lips like he enjoyed this.

"We're glad to be back, Tony."

"That's Stark to you, Captain." The fake pleasantness dropped for a moment but he picked it back up quickly "I'm here to tell you guys the rules. You each get a floor like before, but you aren't allowed on floor 81, or on my floor, 82. My lab is also restricted. This floor is the

common floor so you can all use it. Expect Thor to come by sometime, and In two days the king of wakanda and princess Shuri are arriving so try not to fuck it up even more."

"Thanks for letting us stay, Stark, we appreciate it." Steve looked to his left foot like it was the most interesting thing in the world, which it wasn't, but it was better to look at the worn boots than to aggravate their host even more.

A voice chimed in from the ceiling, "Dr.Banner is requesting to see you, sir."

"Thanks Fri. Well, I have stuff to do so get yourselves settled." Tony stood up and stalked away down a side hallway. Steve and the rest of the team walked past, and he dared to glance over, spotting Tony speaking hurriedly to Bruce. He realized he was staring when Bucky nudged him.

"What's up?"

"Nothing. I'm wondering why Bruce Banner is here," Steve said, shaking his head slightly. They each made their ways to separate floors, Bucky and Steve sharing one for obvious reasons, and they set to work unpacking.

Why was floor 81 off limits?

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Bruce went over the medical charts once again for Tony. He sighed at his worried face, stating yet another time that Peter would be okay. Hibernation was temporary, and while spiders didn't go through its they went in a state very much like it when they got too cold. The boy would wake up in two weeks, they had to bring him out of hibernation slowly, so his body could get used to the adjusted temperatures.

They stood over him now, a bracelet sent by Wakanda as a token of their goodwill taking his vitals was on his wrist, and he lay curled slightly on the middle of gently heated blankets and comforters while they warmed him up. It had been nearly a week since they had brought him in, and it had taken them two days to create a treatment plan for him. The first days had been slow but now his real recovery could begin. He had been so cold, and his heartbeat was so slow even now. The shallow breaths he took were far apart, but still better than when Tony had brought him in, frantic with fear.

Peter looked so peaceful despite the fact that he hadn't been awake for five day now. Tony ran a hand through his soft curls and the teen curled tighter into the blankets. Suddenly awkward, Bruce left the room, and then the floor. As soon as he reached the common room he was met with questions from the Black Widow and Hawkeye.

"Why aren't we allowed onto floor 81?"

"Why are you here?"

"Is something wrong with Stark? "

"Hold on, hold on." Bruce sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "One at a time."

"Is something wrong with Stark? Is that why you're here?" Asked Natasha, narrowing her eyes slightly at him.

"Okay, first of all I live here, second of all, Stark is better than before since he got rid of that awful addiction, and you aren't allowed on 81 because Tony doesn't want you there."

"That's not a good answer for why we can't go there. I'm assuming FRIDAY knows?" Questioned the Black Widow, raising her eyebrows at the ceiling

"Yes," The AI chimed in. "According to boss 'don't let them onto that floor or I swear to God I'll snap their necks.' It would be unwise to do so for your personal safety. "

Clint whistled, taken aback, "Damn, I guess we shouldn't go. "

"Oh no, I know that voice. Don't do it, really Clint this isn't negotiable."

"Oh, fine." Clint rolled his eyes. "We'll find out eventually."

Bruce shook his head in exasperation, Clint and Natasha seemed keen on taking any chance possible on pissing Tony off. "It's almost lunch, we'd better head to the kitchen. Tony isn't eating with us, naturally."

"Of course he isn't. I'm assuming this also has something to do with floor 81?" Clint scoffed.

"Yes, actually. Also consider the fact that Tony hasn't forgiven you." He retorted.

"Been picking up tips from the great Tony Snark himself I see."

"Heh. I suppose living with him does that." Bruce looked briefly at the both of them. "Don't be too hard on him, he's going through a lot, he has been for a while now, but you should understand it's not him being angry as much as he is hurt."

"Ok. We'll try. When will we be allowed to see who lives on floor 81?" Natasha cocked her head a bit, arms crossed as they paced down the hallway that seemed too long now.

"Just... I don't know. Tony always takes a while to move past something. You know how he is."

"Sure. What's for lunch?" Clint picked up the conversation as they reached the kitchen.

"Macaroni," Came the reply, as the rest of the avengers were called down to eat.

# Cronch Cronch go the Lonch

## Chapter Summary

Macaroni doesn't usually crunch but its fine.

This is a classic if infinity war never happened, but dont expect any actual baddies to show up.

## Chapter Notes

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

Lunch was a quiet affair, one that consisted mostly of the rogue avengers and the ones that never left trying to catch up. It was nice to talk now that they weren't enemies, but that undercurrent of distrust remained. Steve sat next to Bucky, as usual, with Vision next to Natasha and Clint sitting next to her. Many of the ones who were missing had gone back to their normal lives, well, as normal as they could get. Thor, apparently, was in asgard, but that was nothing new. Clint shoved yet another bite of macaroni in his mouth, how could any food possibly taste this good?

"Damn, Steve, where'd you learn to cook like this?"

"Ah, well, FRIDAY got me a recipe and I did the rest. Despite the fact that Stark seems to hate me, his creations are still kind." Steve smiled slightly, rubbing the back of his neck in what could've been a nervous gesture.

"I do not believe he hates you," Vision replied in his usual calm way. "he is just hurt, and still healing from recent events. "

"He isn't still injured, is he? It's been months, there's no way, is there?"

" I assure you all his injuries are emotional. " Vision put a hand on Steve's forearm in an attempt to comfort the man, smiling slightly in an attempt to show the emotions he had learned. Her shook his head slightly and retracted his arm. "I'm not sure if a physical injury would be any better. "

Clint pushed down a boiling emotion for not the first time since they came here. It wasn't easy to come here and sit down and eat fucking *macaroni* while he knew everything that had gone down in the past year.

If those damn accords had never happened, then the team wouldn't be broken like it was. Tony had welcomed them back as soon as they had been pardoned, with almost open arms. Steve had always been an ass, well, they had all been asses to Tony, and yet he had been so generous as to let them back in his home.

Why the rest of the team hated Stark, he wouldn't ever know. Maybe they didn't have super spy skills like he did, but it was obvious that Tony wasn't any form of a pompous rich idiot.

He shook his head to clear it (like an etch-a-sketch) setting down his fork quietly. Natasha, ever observant, raised an eyebrow at him, asking a silent question. Clint got up and scraped his plate, trying to do the same with the thoughts in his mind.

He wondered privately if he could still get to the vents, and went to find out, pausing to smile halfway at the rest of the team.

"Hey, I'm pretty curious about this new room of mine, so I'm going to check it out."

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It turned out that all the vents were suspiciously Clint-sized, and the one that fit in them crawled through with practiced ease. The quiet sound of cloth shifting across metal was the only noise beside his own breath, but if he stopped moving he could hear the bubbling murmurs of outside conversation. Through the vents, he had access to all floors, and by extension, the forbidden floor. It was like a candy apple just out of reach, a real tempting trap. He had the very sudden urge to eat the cheese out of a mousetrap, after all, he was a super spy, wasn't he?

Clint smiled to himself briefly, childish excitement surprising him as he worked his way through a labyrinth. He remembered vaguely that they had been allowed onto the 81st floor before the whole civil war happened, so what had changed? Surely not some secret invention or weapon?

Nah, Stark wouldn't have warned them so explicitly. He should know that whatever was on that floor, they would find out about it. Or maybe Stark was just that desperate, but what for?

Suddenly a voice filled the vent.

"Mr. Barton, it is inadvisable to venture further. You are nearing floor 81, which you do not have access to."

Shit, he forgot about FRIDAY. How could the AI see him? Did she know everything going on in the tower? Clint swallowed back his questions and kept going.

"I will have to inform Sir if you go any further." her voice became testy, somehow. Damn Stark and his machines. He crawled faster, ignoring the AI in favor of peering down through the slats of an entrance. A plain hallway, creamy white and decorated with posters.

There was a door, slightly ajar, and what appeared to be a bed could be seen through the crack. Suddenly a whirring sound was heard from behind, and Clint, making a decision he didn't regret whatsoever, launched himself out of the vent and into the room. He watched as a very sharp looking saw shot its way through the air where he'd just been.

He looked around at the room he was now in. Dark blue walls and a loft close to the ceiling, the shelves on the wall went way too high and were completely covered in stuff that Clint would never be able to understand. Piles of beanbags, bright red, were in the center of the room around a low table also covered in stuff. He looked to the loft.

Using the curtains to make his way up there, he stooped at what he saw. A teenager, all sandy brown curls and tiny snoring, lay curled in a plethora of down comforters and blankets.

What the fuck.

He held back the urge to pet the kid's hair, so soft looking, and looked for the nearest escape route. It was rather easy, as the windows came open with the touch of a rather inconspicuously placed button, and so he went out, one foot on the windowsill, and dropped carefully down to the nearest one below.

That window was open to let the breeze in and he clambered in. Mission complete.

So that's what Tony was hiding. A hand landed on his shoulder. Speak of the devil, the man himself, and he was *Pissed*.

"Hi, hey, what's up, buddy? Have fun on your excursion? " The tone of voice was friendly, the million megawatt smile for the press in place and shouting danger. Clint would've shuddered if bit for the training he'd had as a spy. "Cause that might be a problem if anyone else finds out, ey, buddy old pal?"

"Don't worry about it, it was nothing." Clint wanted to sigh. He probably wouldn't get another chance to see the kid again, since Stark knew about his adventuring.

"Damn fucking right it was nothing, because there's nothing that can stop me from ruining you if anyone else happens to find out, I guarantee it!" Tony removed his hand and placed it behind his back, straightening up and grinning like the world was made of coffee.

Clint nodded wordlessly and Tony disappeared behind the nearest doorway. He sighed and walked back to his floor, assuming the vents were still not safe. Tony really did make his floor perfect for him, and he assumed all of the Avengers' floors were the same.

And if Tony wanted that secret kept, then he'd rather do that than make him any more angry.

## Chapter End Notes

To essentially explain their relationship, Tony is pissed at Steve, but not really anyone else. Clint respects Tony and is grateful that he has done all this stuff for the team, which is the opinion of Natasha, and Bucky. Steve is just a whiny little bitch, and Wanda



doesn't really like anything that's going on. Also, Peter lives at the tower. Also, inFiNITy WaR NEVeR HaPEd

For next chapter, should Natasha find out somewhat or Bruce try to talk to Tony about Peter's condition. We could also have Tony do a flashback where we see exactly how it went down.

# **Any arachnologists around here?**

## Chapter Summary

A discussion and a flashback for those who were curious.

## Chapter Notes

The original title of this chapter was going to be: A death threat a day keeps the bitches away.

Also sorry in advance, writing tournaments kick my ass. Our team got first place though so it was worth it.

Tony Stark liked to think of himself as a rather patient man. It was in this moment that he was wrong. It hadn't even been a day and already someone knew about Peter, and god, it had to be Barton didn't it? If Barton knew, you could be sure that everyone else would by the end of the week. For a super spy, he wasn't exactly subtle, the trick was knowing who he would tell first.

Well, let's calm down about this for a second. If the threats worked, and oh he did intend to carry them out, then there would be no problem. The problem was in how clever Barton thought he was versus how clever he actually happened to be, and Tony was smarter than both versions of Barton combined.

He was caught in his seething by Bruce, who shook his head. "Who found out?"

"Barton," Tony all but growled. He resisted the urge to begin pacing up and down the hall.

Bruce sighed, shaking his head. "Through the vents I suppose? We'd better get to work on fortifying them. We can't have another incident."

"Yep, later. Find anything else out?"

"Yeah, actually, that's why I went to find you. I've done some more research into the hibernation patterns of animals, and how they wake up. We need to slowly increase the temperature like we've been doing, even higher than room temperature by the end of the process, but he should wake to make small trips out to do stuff, get food and such." Tony looked up at that. Her could talk to the kid sooner than later. "We need to restrict his access to

the floor he's been staying on, and although I regret to move him, keeping him up on his shelf might be dangerous."

Tony nodded slowly, hurrying to the lab and gesturing for Bruce to follow. They should make the changes right away. They fell into a familiar rhythm of work, and the sounds of Tony's Tunes (as they were dubbed by Bruce) lulled him into memory.

---

*"Sir? Karen is coming through with a distress call."*

*Tony had been sitting in his workshop, working on more security measures to help SHIELD's crappy ones, when the alert came in. He froze, his fingers pausing just shy of the keys.*

*"What?"*

*"It appears Mr.Parker has fallen unconscious on the roof of a building five miles west from your current location. Immediate attention is needed."*

*"Shit, what happened?" Tony stood up abruptly, pushing the keyboard away from the edge and closing down that part of the lab. He walked quickly through the halls, suiting up as he went.*

*"Mr.Parker's temperature is approximately 94 degrees, his heart rate has slowed down. His breathing is also concerning, all we than that of a sleeping adult."*

*"Directions?" His voice reverberated metallically through the face of the armor. Instantly a map pulled up over the screen, and Peter's location showed up.*

*FRIDAY kept updating Tony on Peter's vitals as he flew to where he was. He sped up when he caught sight of the kid.*

*Still, curled up slightly on the ground in a position that made it look like he had collapsed. Tony prayed that he hadn't hit his head. As soon as he landed, the suit opened up around him, and he rushed over to kneel beside Peter.*

*Pulling the mask off, Tony saw something he never wanted to see again. It looked like the kid was dead, blue lips and barely a breath escaping from between them. He cradled his head in his arms.*

*They needed to get back to the tower. They flew back, Tony carrying Peter bridal style, and he called Aunt May.*

*"Tony? Is everything alright?"*

*"Yeah, no, nope. Peter is freezing cold and unconscious. Is that normal for spiders? I don't know, is he dead? Is he going to-"*

*"Calm down Tony. This has happened before. He's gone into a sort of hibernation."*

*"Ok. Ok."*

*"I'll come over to the tower as soon as I get home from this trip, but I can't leave early. I'm sorry, but it might be a few days until then. Now, this is what you'll do..."*

---

Tony scrubbed his eyes, leaning back in the chair and sighing. They had done everything May had needed them to do, and she was going to get there late tomorrow.

He rang her up as he made his way to the glorious savior that is coffee, because FRIDAY had moved the pot to the communal kitchen on an effort to get him to socialize.

"Hey, May, how's it going? I just want to warn ya, the avengers are going to be at the tower when you visit. Yes Peter's fine. He's doing better actually..."

Natasha peeked out from a side hallway, watching Stark walk out of view.

Who was Peter?

# **Just a really short note**

## Chapter Summary

### Explaining some crap

So, since I'm trying not to be a bitchy author, and I don't want to disappoint any of you, I'm rethinking how I want to release this stuff. basically, instead of trying to write a whole bunch of crap and shove it in a chapter, I thought I'd release it in scenes instead.

This means that updates will be more frequent, because I won't be pressuring myself to write aaaall the time. doing this is also more convenient for me, because it's easier to think of the plot in snippets. Also, and this is the thousandth time I've said it and it certainly won't be the last, school is a hitch and a half.

so basically, chapters are going to be really short (by ao3 standards anyway) but they'll be out pretty often.

## Small child: discuss.

### Chapter Summary

Clint and Natasha are only the best pair of super spies.

### Chapter Notes

Guess who finally plotted out part one of her book.

Me. Its me.

Sorry to disappoint y'all for such a short snippet after leaving for aaaages

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clint was currently hanging upside down by the knees from a loft halfway up the wall. The kid's was higher, but Clint's was purple, one point for him.

Speaking of the kid, why did Tony a) have one, b) keep him, and c) want to keep them away? Surely he knew that Clint had just himself, even if he could only see them twice a week. He fiddled with the bow in his hands, admiring the mechanisms (and the color.)

"Hey."

That was Nat. He jumped 3 inches in the air, falling to the ground with a spectacular thump that Natasha smirked at.

"Yes?" He hissed in annoyance. Nat rolled her eyes at him and crossed her arms, weight on one leg. Her expression lay cool and stoic like always, a sign of her trying not to show something.

"I found out something interesting. Do you know a Peter? Or any May?"

"No. Where'd you hear this?" Clint hoped it wasn't from-

"I heard a conversation Tony had on the phone."

Clint swore. Peter was probably the kid. Who was May? At Nat's raised eyebrow, he shook his head. "I know about Peter, if I'm right. We can't go there now, but Tony has a kid on 'the forbidden floor.' I dunno who May is."

"Probably Stark's new plaything, or the kid's mom. Is Peter Tony's?"

Something like a laugh rang through the speakers, but it sounded more like melodious static. FRIDAY?

"You're only right about one of those things. Both of you," FRIDAY replied teasingly. First of all what the fuck. Second of all, would she tell Stark, and third of all, he needed to stop making lists.

Second was priority, but his question was answered. "Don't worry, Boss won't find out, but don't tell anybody else."

"Why aren't you telling him?" Wasn't FRIDAY just a computer? Surely she had to follow Tony's commands.

"To be frank Mr. Barton, I'm bored. This seems all in good fun, but it won't be if Boss cuts out your gallbladder and feeds it to you."

"Oh."

"I may not be joking, but here's something I believe you humans would say. 'Good luck.'"

## Chapter End Notes

I have a habit of burning myself. First it was the soup and now it was the tea.

Hey brosises, would you be interested in a doctor who/marvel crossover? Also, I have a work called "plot bunnies and stuff" [or something like that at least] and you can tell me if you want to see any of those.

(Why is it called rich text)



# Hulk Green Tea tm. Get yours for stress relief

## Chapter Summary

Steve and Bruce have a chat.

## Chapter Notes

My friend cut the wires off of his ear buds so he could joke around that he had airpods. What has this world come to, and why is he my friend. (Not gonna lie tho, that was mildly hilarious)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Bruce had been working all day, well, he had gone out to greet the exvengers, but that hadn't lasted for long. He stretched out, running his eyes a bit. Tea. That was what he needed. His first thought was of the kitchen, more specifically the kettle on the kitchen that Tony had insisted on buying him when he first moved in.

*It was a week after he had arrived on Tony's doorstep, about a month after the civil war. FRIDAY had let him in, and guided him specifically to the lab, where an absolutely hammered Tony Stark sat, leaning back in a swivel chair as far as considered safe.*

*"Uh, Tony?" He ventured, concern growing by the second.*

*"My fauult Bruce, 's mine." The 'genius' took another swig from the bottle. Straight scotch.*

*"Okay. We'll get you to a bed." Bruce had dealt with some situations like this with Tony before, usually after a battle, whether it be aliens or sharp swords of hatred. If he was lucky, Tony would explain what he thought he did wrong, not that it usually was him.*

*" 'f only 'd seen throuh Obidyah sooner. Wanda woodn't be angry... And den the accords, then I hadn't helpd the team enough so dey didn t know the plan.. "*

*Bruce sighed. Of course this was about the accords. "It's not your fault."*

*" 'f course it is. 'sall my faul, always is.. "*

*"Just go to sleep tony."*

*"Remind me to buy you somethin later, like a teapot..."*

the man could be stubborn in his belief, but not as stubborn as Rogers. Speak of the devil and he shall appear, as Rogers happened to be in the kitchen with... Was that a salami sandwich?

Bruce took a few prepatory breaths, shaking his head minutely to get rid of his apprehensions. It didn't work, but who was he to complain? Rogers looked up at the sound of Bruce's footsteps and stood to confront him.

Couldn't he do anything in peace?

"Yes, Rogers?" Bruce said before he could start. The man had his mouth open like a rather sad fish.

"Why are you all so unfriendly? First Tony, then you? I don't understand why you won't be nice." Rogers crossed his arms, standing tall as if to intimidate Bruce into an answer.

"Woah, okay, first of all back down buddy. Why dont you take a seat and finish your sandwich. I'm just here to make some tea and go." Bruce sighed. For all that Steve acted polite, he certainly was rude. "And this is the first time you've seen me in months and this is the first thing you say to me? Forgive me if I consider that to be off putting."

Rogers frowned as if he realized just now how what he did could be considered to be rude. Really, the man was an idiot.

"Oh, I apologize Bruce."

"Call me Dr. Banner. The reason we're being 'unfriendly' as you put it, is because most of the people that actually care about Tony haven't forgiven you yet. For what happened in Siberia and all the times before, yes even on the helicarrier. You've been a real pain in the ass to Tony ever since you've met him, and I'm not sure why. He hasn't done anything wrong."

"What? What do you mean? Of course Tony has done stuff wrong, that most of what hhe does!" Now Steve was angry. Bruce sighed again. What a temper on the man. He couldn't believe he hadn't noticed it before.

"If most of what Tony decides turns out to be mistakes, then I think letting you back into the tower was his greatest one yet."

Rogers' mouth snapped shut, cutting off his retorts. He sat down sharply, putting his hands on his lap in an act of closing himself off to Bruce.

The kettle began to whistle, and Bruce poured out the water into his mug. The scent of the tea warmed the air until Bruce left to his room. It was almost time for bed.

## Chapter End Notes

does anyone else find it satisfying when steve gets roasted?

I do.

But seriously, Steve has always been a jerk to Tony and I'm not sure why other than his delicate 40s sensibilities couldn't handle Tony. At least Tony has a reason to dislike Steve and even he doesn't let it interfere with his work too much. He certainly didn't go around actively harassing him.



# The seraph of love and fiery death

## Chapter Summary

Aunt May, the myth, the legend, the absolute saint, an angel of beauty and grace and the imminent fires of revenge.

She's here.

## Chapter Notes

I'm laughing but also feeling very triumphant. Can we all agree that Steve is a dick that never gets consequences? If I met him in real life he'd be the type of person I would despise.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

May Parker was a woman who had gone through much in her life. Her siblings-in-law dead in a plane crash, a few years later her husband shot in front of her nephew, who she discovered had gained superpowers and had been going out every night in dangerous situations for the past 2-3 years.

She didn't let any of that bring her down, had given Tony Stark a good talking to, and never let Peter get in situations too dangerous. After all, he was just a boy, no matter his (or the readers) protests, people seemed to forget the fact that he hasn't even graduated high school.

Her darling, idiotic, sweet boy, she loved him as a son, had stayed out in the cold too long and had gone into hibernation. Now that she thought about it, he had always been more reluctant to go out in the cold than before. May shook her head. Reminiscing didn't matter when she had places to be, mainly Stark Tower.

as the car slowed to a stop and Happy opened the door for her, she caught a glimpse of Tony waiting on the front porch, if you could call it that, patiently. He smiled, a small genuine smile, and walked up to escort her inside. The elevator was his personal one when he wanted to evade the press, and she was grateful for the opportunity to go unnoticed. She didn't want Peter to stress about her in case any of the employees connected the dots.

The doors dinged open to a beautiful, quiet sitting room. The couches faced each other over a coffee table (doubling as a footrest on the lower tier), the table part had a lot of tea, freshly prepared with the oolong that May had mentioned she enjoyed in passing. It astounded her

how thoughtful the man was, even if people didn't see it. Tony waited until she had taken her seat before sitting perpendicular near her.

"Thank you for having me Tony." May blew on her cup, careful with the no doubt expensive mug.

"It's always nice to see you May. " she looked at him, studying Tony for any signs of what she knew to be his version of self destructive behavior. Sure enough there was the unmistakable texture of concealer underneath his eyes.

"Tony..." She said warningly. "Do I need to bring Pepper in?"

He spluttered, thankfully without the mug in his hands, and waved his objections in a gesture seen in cartoons. "No! I mean, no, I'm fine."

"Good. You need to get sleep dear. You can't go passing out on me, although FRIDAY and Vision are rather nice company. " May smiled delicately, meaning to be reassuring. "What about Peter, he's been keeping you up, hasn't he?"

"Yes, " Tony replied quickly. Too quickly. She noted his nervous glances, his twitching hands. He was obviously anxious about something to her than the spider baby in his bedroom.

"it's the avengers, isn't it? that bastard Fury is keeping them in your home without your consent." May scowled, Tony shook his head.

"that would be illegal, but it looks better for them if I do. " Tony sighed, taking a sip of his tea.

"since when did you care about their opinions? This isn't like you. And don't tell me you feel guilty about the accords, because they weren't your fault, and if Rogers "-she spit out the name like a curse-" Can't see that, he's every bit of an idiot as a doctor in the plague. "

"Well, to be frank, I haven't exactly welcomed him into our home, and right now I simply don't have the strength to care." Tony pinched the bridge of his nose at the thought of the self righteous moron.

"Then why is he here? We know your reputation is secure, so your previous excuses don't matter?" The man in question opened his mouth to argue, but she continued. "No offense Tony, but a man of your intellect should be able to see right through that bullshit."

"I dunno, I guess I'm not that perceptive, " he tried to joke, but sighed at her unwavering stare. "This is a test."

"What does it prove?" May raised an eyebrow.

"That they are stable and have enough self control to not go rogue again." Tony stole a glance at his tea and then the sugar pot. "They don't know about it, and they aren't allowed in this floor at all. The doors in this room are soundproof and can withstand a nuclear middle blast, so they aren't going to find out any time soon."

"So we're doing a sort of mental evaluation."

"Yep," he said, popping the p in a mixture of relief and annoyance (at the exvengers mostly.)

She smiled a devilishly roguish smile, some type of resolve only aunt May could have in her eyes. "How do I get in on it."

## Chapter End Notes

Who wants to see Aunt May kick some ass?

Also I sat here and wrote this in one sitting. Don't be proud because it's too late to be healthy.

# How many avengers need a Sprite cranberry

## Chapter Summary

Aunt May is told to steer clear from the avengers.

She isn't keen on taking suggestions.

## Chapter Notes

Wuahahhahahhahhhahahhsa

Or some other type of evil laugh. I feel great. This is fantastic. If you like Steve, I wouldn't read this, or if you do, read it anyway and have all your dreams crushed.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Clint Barton came down to the kitchen the next morning, he did not expect someone to be there already. It was a woman, not particularly superhero-ish looking, but when she opened her eyes (she had them closed, presumably basking in the scent of her tea), they burned colder than the frozen sun.

He greeted the woman with a nod and went about his breakfast, gathering small bits of crackers and cereal, opting to decide on one when the holes bored into his back were becoming unbearably deep. The other avengers filtered in one by one, becoming increasingly nervous at the sight of the woman (with the exception of natasha), whomever she was, at their table.

When Steve came down the stairs, it all came to a halt as the woman stood up. A small smile graced her face as she led him to sit down with the rest of the team-she had somehow gotten them to all sit at a table-which he returned sleepily.

Clint noticed Bruce sitting with them, which was rare, and he was smiling into his mug of tea. He met his gaze with Natasha, who minutely shook her head.

"Ma'am, pardon my asking, but who are you?"

"My name is May, but you will call me Mrs.Parker." The smile on her face became more dangerous, sharper. Steve looked unabashed by this and smiled back.

"Mrs.Parker, I'm Steven Grant Rogers, also known as Captain America. Please, call me Steve." Clint once again glanced at the woman, Mrs.Parker, and found himself to be liking



her more and more though he couldn't explain why.

"Well, *Steve*, I have a few small things to discuss with you and the lovely newly returned avengers." Steve swallowed back something like fear. "first of all, the fact that you live in this tower is sickening after what you've done to Tony. He's been so generous as to look past his pain and anger to let you in and all you've done is try to figure out his secrets and personal life like he doesn't deserve privacy. "

"Ma'am-"

"Don't you dare interrupt me young man, and that's another thing, don't try and blame anything on others because most of this mess is your fault. Your arrogance, your selfishness, do you even realize what Tony has done for you? He took months out of his year to get the accords to a manageable level, so you could manage it , and all you needed was to sign them."

"The accords were restricting our freedom, they-"

"They restrict your freedom just like the laws constrict your freedom. They're going to be negotiated regardless of when you sign them, so why not have a day in them. And what did you do instead? You decide to run away because you don't trust Tony to take care of you and the team like he's always done."

"That's not true, I trust Tony."

At this May actually snorted. "Well not very much, clearly, considering instead of letting him get rid of HYDRA's triggers in Bucky you left him to die in one of their bunkers in Siberia."

Clint looked up, shocked. When did that happen? Was that why Steve was so concerned about injuries? But May was continuing.

"And that was *after* you showed him the video of his parent's assassination. And what did you tell him?"

She paused. Steve was growing red, with anger or embarrassment, Clint couldn't tell. "You told him 'it wasn't Bucky.' This isn't even half of how much you've hurt Tony, and I'm not even going to start on how you first met him."

May shook her head and stood up. "That's all I had to say. Have a pleasant day."

Clint looked to Natasha, who was smiling a bit. Bruce was silently laughing, Wanda looked furious, and Bucky was staring at his boyfriend with a curious expression. Clint had never thought that Captain America would be taken down quite like this, but he had to say that he enjoyed it.

This isn't to say that the rest of the avengers aren't guilty as well but most of this is Steve's fault.

# Spiders and sleep

## Chapter Summary

May sees what she came for

## Chapter Notes

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

FRIDAY had given May the directions to Peter's room after she left the avengers to their breakfast. She followed these now to find her boy sleeping on an absurdly high loft (really Tony?) Nonetheless, she climbed the ladder put there for normal person use and now sat, staring down at her nephew.

She could see how Tony must have been so scared when he first found him. Peter was breathing so slowly, his body unmoving and from what she saw on the heart monitor, his circulation was low.

May shook her head. When she had first found out about Spiderman, she had lectured Peter for an hour, and then went on his phone to lecture Tony for an hour.

Despite his supposedly arrogant nature, Tony proved himself to be sweet and kind, going to far as to offer her a home in his tower. She had refused at first, but seeing how happy Peter was with Tony...

Well, she might consider his offer.

It bothered her to think of having to like with the avengers, but most of them seemed nice enough. Especially Bruce, but they had gotten along for a long time. Of course, she had been briefed on the situation, and Peter was expected to wake up increasingly frequently until he was back to normal.

When he woke up, May would have to keep him safe from the other avengers. He was a strong kid, she knew, but his large heart would end up like Tony's if she wasn't careful. She wouldn't wish that pain on anyone.

And to do that, she'd just keep the avengers in line.

"Mmh." Peter made a small noise, but didn't open his eyes, he shifted closer to grab at her pant leg.

All the more reason to protect him.

## Chapter End Notes

Do you guys want aunt may to meet pepper?

# **My excuses and deflections. (Can't be used)**

## Chapter Summary

Steve thinks.

(For once)

## Chapter Notes

I'm actually working on a fic for My Hero Academia. That will come out after I finish this fic.

For the next day and a half, Steve was silent.

Mrs.Parker had given him a lot to think about, and he had all the time in the world to think about it. So he did. He thought about Tony, about Sokovia, about the Accords.

He had never ended up signing them, and from what Mrs.Parker had told him, he probably should've. Now he had created more work for Tony. Speaking of, how much work had he created for him over the course of the time they had worked together? "Oh, its fine."

Tony seemed to say that a lot.

Speaking of, wasn't Steve supposed to be a super perceptive man? How had he not noticed the smiles that Tony always gave him were close to his press smiles?

He sat on the stairs to the balcony, staring out over the city line. The sun dyed the sky in purples and pink, reminding him of the new day tomorrow. The visitors from Wakanda were coming.

A hand tapped his shoulder. Bucky. "Hey punk, whatcha thinking about?"

"I'm thinking about... well, what Mrs.Parker said." Bucky smiled softly, strained. Steve sighed. "She's right, isn't she."

"Mrs.Parker was right. You made some mistakes, buddy, but she was wrong about one thing." Steve glanced at his boyfriend, tracing the curve of his metal arm, the one that T'Challa had given him.

"And..." Steve gulped. "What is that?"

"She never mentioned the part where you could make it better. It won't be perfect, and it won't be what could've been, but it will be better."

Steve nodded, smiling. "When did you become so wise?"

"Well, you certainly didn't get any wiser trapped for seventy years in the ice." His teasing voice came back.

Steve chuckled. "I suppose that's true."

# Meow.

## Chapter Summary

Wakanda forever

## Chapter Notes

We stan a Princess sis.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

To say Shuri was excited was an understatement. Today she would be arriving at Tony Stark's tower, Tony. Fucking. Stark. As in, I Am Iron Man. She knew her technology was superior, but this guy had been able to synthesize something to power an entire tower with and was 30 years ahead of everyone else in technology. And did she mention without any vibranium?

Nothing could wash the smile off her face, not even her bland pancake of a brother sitting in the seat next to her. Happy, the driver, had told them that they would be at the tower in 5 minutes. Her brother sat up straighter (ha, straighter, the opposite of her) his crossed arms not moving in the slightest.

He was probably thinking of why they were supposed to be there in the first place, the man that they had harbored for a few months before they were moved to a US government facility and then to their trial run at Stark Tower.

Shuri was there to speed up Spider-Boy's recovery and to help her brother to assess the exvengers, as Mr.Stark had called them in the email, and as Peter called Tony.

Her hands opened the handle rapidly until Happy unlocked the door, and she jumped out of the car to run to the elevator. The air was crisp with a chill unknown to the sunny plains of Africa, but it was refreshing after sitting in a stuffy car for so long.

T'challa walked at a lesiurley pace regal enough for a king, or as regally as he could get while holding a suitcase, and they rode the glass elevator, her brother sulking, and Shuri having taken up a conversation with FRIDAY.

"So, how is everybody? I haven't seen them in a while."

"They are fine, but Steve has a lot to think about. How are you?"

The UI had improved a lot since Shuri had last seen her, not as great as JARVIS, or so Tony claimed, but she had picked up a habit for mischief and gained some more conversation skills.

"I'm good, but it's been boring without any broken old white boys to fix. Hey, has Tony gotten into any more trouble since I last saw him?"

"No, boss has been fine. There are some other people you may want to meet, and Miss Potts has been looking forward to seeing you."

"Nice."

Their conversation continued until they had gotten out of the elevator, and Tony was there to greet them.

"Tony, any new stuff for me to play with?"

"Hey Shuri, yeah actually, first drawer in the 'random stuff' section of the lab. Make sure Green Bean doesn't see you. I'm assuming you've hacked into the files and seen everything you aren't supposed to?"

"Yep!" She beamed, racing off to the lab and leaving her brother behind.

She and Tony had an odd sort of friendship, one more than the professional vibranium trading lines that Stark industries owned, where they would make gadgets for each other. They had instantly clicked. She supposed that great minds *Did* think alike.

After she had retrieved the nondescript box from the drawer in his lab, she went off to find Peter's room from the directions she had filched from FRIDAY's databanks. She and him were going to have so much fun, but first he had to wake up.

Best mental evaluation trial ever.

## Chapter End Notes

After the evaluation period is over, the ones unfit for the team will be sent to jail. I'm leaning towards Wanda and maybe Steve since he doesn't get along with most of the others now. Maybe Steve and Tony will have different teams, who knows?

If there's anyone else you want to see show up (or go away), be sure to tell me.



# Pepper Potts, organizer extraordinaire

## Chapter Summary

We teleport up a floor and 3 inches northwest , to Pepper as she creates a filler chapt- I mean, does very important work.

## Chapter Notes

I swear I updated this last Sunday

Sorry dont eat my femur.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Pepper Potts had simple needs, most of those being the same as other humans. Her wants were less simple, wanting Tony to become a smarter genius, for him to sleep, and maybe those nice high heels she saw around the corner of 54th street.

Anyway, she had found someone similar to her, and she was great. May Parker was her new best friend.

They had bonded over their self destructive children, because all honesty her fiancée was a child, and she learned the reason why May and Tony were so stressed. Peter was an enigma, but a sweet boy nonetheless. The world seemed to be converging on this point, with the avengers evaluation and Peter being at Stark Tower.

Speaking of the evaluation, Pepper was glad that she had been called in to be one of the chaperones. God knows what Steve would do to Tony if they were left unsupervised. Apparently May had taken him down a few notches and he had become quieter.

With newly painted nails, courtesy of Shuri, she walked with a stride given only to the CEO of a very powerful company. She scheduled a meeting with the shareholders, Tony excluded this time, organized everything, and now her only task was a board meeting with the rest of the evaluators.

## Chapter End Notes

I like it when you comment because then I have stuff to do. Also you can tell me what stuff you want to see and I'll probably write it.

# Meetings are better with mints

## Chapter Summary

Ffssgkusfitsistyicoychkxhiagaitgkskgsgsgk

## Chapter Notes

I listened to avenged sevenfold while weiting this. Now I gotta go make MHA OCs because why not.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The room was pleasantly full of chatter when Pepper entered. The evaluators sat around a fancy wooden table, surprisingly rustic for a technologically advanced tower such as this one. They had a view of the city below, the sun passing through the sky and December crept closer without any sign of stopping.

Shuri and T'challa were next to eachother, T'challa sighing exasperated at the horrifying knock knock jokes Shuri had learned. Tony, Vision, and Rhodey were also there in quiet discussion. FRIDAY had surprised everyone by projecting a form much like a hologram to sit in on the meeting, something Tony didn't know she had learned to do. Bruce was blowing on a cup of tea.

The last member of the room was the one Pepper sat next to. May, Peter's aunt, smiled as Pepper took her seat. As soon as everyone had arrived, she cleared her throat and the talking died down.

"We have two issues on the table, one which you all know about, and another that has become related to it." T'challa's face twitched in confusion, as well as Vision and Rhodey raising their eyebrows.

"First things first, the Avengers evaluation. Welcome May Parker to the roster, she'll be here for the next few weeks. The evaluation period is one week long, starting tomorrow. At the end of the week, the Avengers will have been here for 12 days."

"Your role is to report every day by writing your interactions, which FRIDAY will also record." The UI waved at the mention of her name, prompting Bruce to raise his eyebrows.

Pepper nodded at her and looked at the rest of them. "Questions?"

"Yes," Vision replied. "If the Avengers have broken the law, why are they being given another chance?"

"I got this Pep," Tony interceded. "I decided that maybe not all of them are bad so we need to decide which ones. This also puts the council's trust in me even more, enhancing my reputation so I can sue the hell out of Ross for some made up shit and get him kicked off the council."

"Ah, you mean to say this is also a move to get rid of Ross? As Shuri would say, feed two birds with one scone?"

Tony blinked and nodded. "Yeah, basically."

"You mentioned a second item?" T'challa's eyes moved from Tony to May. He had never met her, so what made her a part of the evaluators?

"I'll be taking this, Tony, Pepper, if you don't mind." May's sharpened gaze sliced over the table and grabbed the attention of some of the less engaged.

"You know of Spider-Man, correct?" At the nods she continued. "The one behind the mask is my nephew, Peter. Currently he is in a state somewhat like hibernation. We have two options, try to keep the Avengers occupied enough that they won't investigate even more, or to slowly reveal stuff to them like weaning a baby."

"The problem is the fact of Peter's age. He's only 16, 14 in Germany, and is very cautious about his identity. We will eventually need to reveal this to the Avengers that end up staying anyway."

Mutterings broke out among Rhodey and Vision. "Who all knows?"

"Peter's two best friends, Ned and MJ, Shuri, Tony, Pepper, and Me. Now it's everyone in this room excepting Ned and MJ."

"Are Ned and MJ trustworthy?" T'challa asked.

"Yes. You'd believe it if you saw them," she added at his skeptical face.

"That's that," Tony said with a clap. "Personally I don't think it's viable to keep Peter a secret. I'm sure our resident super spies already know, so we can probably mess with them. Rogers, Barnes, and Maximoff probably won't find out, they're on the danger list anyhow."

"You do what's best Tony. I trust you with Peter." Most were surprised with the sureness in May's tone. She looked at the people and clapped. "Meeting adjourned."

They got up, some chatting and Bruce not caring to move. Pepper and May talked, Shuri assaulting FRIDAY with questions about her hologram, and Tony leaving immediately.

Tony and Natasha needed to have a chat.

## Chapter End Notes

Gotta do a double update to make up for forgetting to post stuff

# Starks are of iron but of what are widows made?

## Chapter Summary

Natasha and Tony chat

## Chapter Notes

You can tell how serious the chapter is by his poetic title is.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Natasha suspected that Tony knew.

What he knew? To what extent? she had no fucking clue, but he knew. Now she sat on a chair not too far from the door of a random board room on floor 78. The door opened, and Tony walked in.

"Hello."

such a simple thing to say. "Hello, Stark."

"Ah, still calling me by my last name. You know it's just Tony right? " his gaze mock-sharpened and he began to question her. "Wait, you do know my name? Isn't it on all of the newspapers and patents?"

"You did have a point?" sighed Natasha. She could probably afford to be rude if Tony was snarking (Heh, starking.) His smile dropped, not in a sudden change of mood or a deflated happiness, but his mask of teasing fun fell away to the more serious side He rarely showed.

"Yes. First, call me Tony. Second?" He looked up at the ceiling, strolling over to sit on the table in the middle of the room. He took a small breath before diving in. "I need to know if I can put my faith in you. I won't trust you, but I'll try to believe I could."

"How am I supposed to prove that?" Her eyebrow raised, SHIELD-bred as if they had been trained to do so. She leaned back, even as Tony have her a halfhearted glare.

"Everything you do is proof. What I need to know are your intentions."

Natasha said nothing, but corrected her posture so she wasn't leaning towards the door. "Concerning what?"

"The Avengers. Do you intend on being loyal, even with all that you were raised into? Can we know that you'll have our backs in battle?"

"Mm." A noncommittal hum. She stood and went to leave, stopping at the door. For whatever reason Tony's disappointment was something she didn't want.

She supposed she could gain nothing bad from saving the world.

"I'll try." And she left. Tony stood up, shaking his head with his arms still crossed.

"And they say I'm dramatic."

## Chapter End Notes

Okokok

I did well at today's writing tournament. Our school got 2nd overall, yay.

# Yay?

## Chapter Summary

Big fucking oof

## Chapter Notes

I did the math and it turns out I spend 17 hours awake and 7 asleep. that's healthy, right? also I can't tell how to capitalize t'challa's name.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They had moved Peter to a medical room, probably a better idea than in a high loft where it was hard to reach him. He had unconsciously responded to people he was close to, proving that his "spidey sense" worked even while he was asleep. Shuri and Bruce had met only once before, when T'challa had come to negotiate the vibranium supplies and shut had insisted on coming with.

Back then, she and Tony had only spoken through hologram, but she preferred the man face to face. You simply couldn't catch all of the gestures in a screen. Most other adults she was surrounded by were so uptight. They didn't even watch vines.

Idiots.

Bruce was checking Peter's vitals, and from his expression they had gotten better. Shuri guessed that moving him had stimulated something in him. (This is complete bullshit but science doesn't exist anymore.) Shuri pursed her lips, staring at the hyper reflective nail polish she had worn today. She decided that she thoroughly liked Pepper. She remembered when they had all met, her, Pepper and Peter's aunt, May.

--UwU-h-e-l-p-UwU--

*Miss Pepper Potts, soon to be Mrs, had called Shuri to a comfortable room with a few armchairs and couches. She sat with freshly poured tea, Nana flavor judging by the potent mint in the air. Jaggery powder and classic sugar cubes rested next to the navy porcelain pot, matched with three teacups.*

*Just as Shuri sat down, another woman came in. She had reddish-brown hair down to her shoulders, and a pair of clear glasses on her face. She took her seat across from Pepper; and took the cup that was offered to her.*



*"Well, I'm glad to see you all came to this little tea party, even if it does make me feel like a small girl. I'm Pepper Potts. May, this is Princess Shuri, King T'challa's sister. Shuri, this is May Parker. "*

*"Please, just call me Shuri, none of that princess stuff here. it's lovely to meet you Mz.Parker." Shuri made it a rule to always use Mz. When you weren't sure if someone's marital status . It was generally polite.*

*"The pleasure is all mine. I'm May, Peter's aunt. I've heard you'll be helping to speed his recovery? "*

*"I'll try," Shuri replied, a small smile creeping across her face. This May had steel in her eyes, like she and T'challa's mother, and Pepper herself. "These superheroes are always getting in trouble, they're so reckless."*

*"Ah, yes they are." May smiled. Success! "Have you heard this story? Well, I suppose not, but when Peter was little he refused to eat any bologna..."*

*--UwU-h-e-l-p-UwU--*

needless to say, they had gotten along.

And now the only thing Shuri needed to do was to wake up this boy. She nodded to Bruce, wrapping the quilt tighter around Peter. They were going to send a small electric pulse through him to see if they could evoke the feeling of wakefulness.

3... 2... 1...

Unfortunately, it didn't make a beeping noise or some other sci-fi thing, but Peter did twitch, eyelids fluttering before settling shut again. They had laid him on his back, but he began to curl up in his side again.

Ah, habits.

Shuri grinned up at Bruce.

It was going to work.

## Chapter End Notes

I also have a wattpad under the same name, but I'll be posting original stories there. And again, if you want to see anything in this fic, please comment what it is.

# Redeemer and the redeemed

## Chapter Summary

Wanda

## Chapter Notes

I kicked ass at my solo in the choir concert. Also I've been reading so much Klaus hargreeves fanfic. I might attempt to write something where their powers are accidentally switched. Imagine Luther get done with telling Klaus or someone that they don't contribute enough and then he turns around and bam! Corpses.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wanda only felt frustration.

at the world, at herself, at Steve, at Tony, the list went on. There were more important things to do than to sit and do nothing, like, she didn't know, but something was bound to come up. Right now, however, the ceiling was the only thing on her list. More specifically, staring blankly at it.

sometimes she wished that she hadn't gotten her powers at all.

Not to say she didn't like having the ability to slam someone into a wall with a flick of the wrist, or change their minds when they were wrong, but she couldn't have lived a normal life if she wanted to.

And now she was supposed to be a grand superhero and save the world every Sunday.

The ceiling was white and clinical like everything else in the tower. She had never been there before, and had felt strangely awed at the advances Stark had made over SHIELD, and what she now knew was HYDRA.

Damn, she needed to stop thinking about that, she couldn't believe she and her brother had been tricked.

"Can I come in?" Said a voice beyond the door. A playful knock came in an unfamiliar pattern, but she recognized the voice.

Wanda nodded, hoping Stark would be told through FRIDAY. She didn't trust her voice to speak right now.

"Are you alright?" Stark said, softer than she expected. The man was usually loud and annoying. "Stupid question. Can I sit down?"

He gestured to the bed. Wanda nodded. As he took his seat she felt sure enough to speak again. "Why are you here?"

"To apologize." Wanda looked at him. The man's face was worn and tired, filled with a strange sort of compassion and pity, but not for her. He was feeling worried and worn raw at the sight of Rogers, but didn't hold a grudge except against anyone else.

She didn't realize her fingertips were glowing red until he said her name for what she suspected wasn't the first time, trying to get her attention. "Ah, yes?"

"Does that happen often?"

"Not usually, but sometimes they're hard to control."

"Ah." They sat in a silence, something not quite awkward but with the tension of a conversation needed. "I can get someone to help you with that."

"Who?" She was curious, were there others like her and her brother? HYDRA experiments?

"Dr. Steven Strange. He's a sort of wizardly type, knows some sort of magic. Don't let him know I said that, the prick would never let me live it down."

"Don't let him know you called him a prick?" She raised an eyebrow slightly.

"Oh no, I don't care about that part, just don't let him know about the whole believing in magic thing."

"Oh."

"I'm sorry."

"For what?" She didn't think Stark would have anything to atone to.

"Keeping you on the compound without telling you. Treating you like you're some... I don't know." He paused, looking at the wall. "Anyway, I'm sorry."

"Apology accepted." That was something you were supposed to say, but this time she felt it was needed.

"Thanks." Stark looked around at her with a small smile, different from the other ones she had seen so far. "And I can call up Strange if you want, for your magic wizard training."

Wanda smiled back, and in her mind Stark was upgraded to Tony. "Sure."

And then they talked. It was nice.

## Chapter End Notes

Ok I'm gonna use these end notes to ask you all questions.

1-whats your favorite food?

# Suprise Bitches (1)

## Chapter Notes

I can't find the comment but someone said they wanted more Bucky.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Bucky couldn't sleep.

It seemed many troubling situations (and chapters) started with this one line. This wasn't supposed to be a troubling situation, and so doing what any person would do when they couldn't sleep but were too comfortable to move, he stared at the ceiling contemplating his life choices this far. His arm, the new one with vibranium that Tony had reworked so he could feel, sat on the bedside table, and his boyfriend was on the other side, still asleep.

Years of being the Winter Soldier had given him the ingrained instinct to need less sleep, more of a gesture to avoid punishment and pain than an ability, but still something he possessed. The leftovers from a really shitty TV dinner that seemed like something a HYDRA handler would eat in prison. Years of being the Winter Soldier also gave him a sense of when something was wrong, and something felt off.

Silently slipping out from under the covers, he let his feet roll across the carpet in case there was something to creak. He fastened his arm back on smoothly, thanking someone that Tony had managed to make it as beautifully feeling the same as his flesh one. Not stopping for a moment, the rhythm of sneaking around came comfortingly to him.

The hallway was dark and the curtains drawn. This was his and Steve's floor, and he wasn't expecting any packages at 2 in the morning either, so why in God's name was the elevator open? The gaping maw of the door had long since settled on its perch on the 30th floor, so why would it be... Well, there?

A scuttling noise, similar to an absurdly bad monster movie except the amount of human centipedes was kept to a minimum. A shadow lay itself across the floor from the blinking green light of the elevator.

Dink. Dink. Dink.

The green speck vanished, something blocking it from view. Something was on the ceiling. Dark and with heavy huffing of breath. It mumbled indiscernably.

"I... Smell cereal." It spoke quietly, hesitantly.

Bucky couldn't help it.

he screeched.

## Chapter End Notes

2- What's your favorite vine?

# Suprise Bitches (2)

## Chapter Summary

Continuyuuuuued

## Chapter Notes

I get to stay home sick because I can't speak and also I have a slight fever lmao.

Also I'm trying to learn some basic ASL, so if someone has any recommendations for websites or videos that would be lovely.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter heard a scream.

Was that him, or the scary looking fellow on the ceiling? Or was it him on the ceiling?

And where was that cereal, anyway?

abruptly deciding that these dear chaps were not useful, as they didn't have any cereal, Peter left. It occurred to him that he couldn't remember being this hungry for years. Cereal, Oh, that beautiful soup. did cereal count as a soup?

He found himself on a different floor, and from the roaring bass, it was Mr.Stark's. Maybe if he could find a way to get everyone off the ceiling, he could work on some stuff in the lab. Deciding for himself that yes, this was a logical decision, Peter opened the door.

Mr.Stark sat, humming along to what Peter recognized as "Inject the Venom," working on something that looked suspiciously like a ring. Peter crept along the beams, jumping to the ceiling - Ah so it was the floor- and landing somewhere behind Mr.Stark.

"Pete?" He said, shocked. "What are you doing awake?"

Mr.Stark seemed to remember something and smiled slightly before pulling out a box of granola bars. He handed these to Peter and watched carefully as he unwrapped and ate them.

Suddenly the room seemed warmer, luring him back into the comforting quiet of darkness. He went to sit on the couch and felt his eyelids slipping shut.

A quiet murmuring of "oh Pete," and a soft chuckle were the last things he heard, and the firmness of a blanket wrapped around him and strong arms lifting him up were the last things he felt.

-----

Peter, the little idiot, had moved to stage 2 of "Wake my stupid spider intern up." Bruce had said something like this would happen, animals often making trips to get food or water. Now, wrapped in a bundle of blankets and snoring softly, he just had to get the kid back to the medbay.

Unfortunately, life hated him.

Both Clint and Natasha were outside the doors to the room he needed Peter to be in.

"Clint." His voice was burning cold. had he told Natasha?

"Tony, Natasha had figured it out and came to me. I swear the kid isn't in any danger. "

Tony exhaled slowly, pulling the ice out of his veins to melt in puddles of warning. "Well, anyway, me and Natasha have already had a talk, haven't we? Looks like none of you are going to die today."

His joking was partially an apology and partially to remind them of why they weren't going to say anything. He walked past them and set Peter down in his nest of pillows and comforters, arranging him in his blanket burrito.

Clint and Natasha had followed him inside, although the lingered at the door, wondering who on earth this kid was that could get such gentleness out of the famous Tony Stark.

He must be pretty great.

(Extra)-----

Bucky slowly crept back to his side of the bed beside Steve. He was grateful for once that Steve slept like a log.

If he heard his manly scream that may have been embarrassing.

He told nobody of what transpired that night.



\*debates on whether to give 3 already\*

Me: ah, screw it.

so anyway.

3- if you could live anywhere, where would you live?

# spider man, spider man, does whatever the hell he wants

## Chapter Summary

Gttggbgb

## Chapter Notes

I have a whole bunch of work to make up because I missed two days of school.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter blinked at the ceiling. Everything rushed back, the cold, the stiffness, and he could only lay there. an incessant beeping came from his left, his vitals popped up in a hologram from his right. He was smothered in blankets and pillows.

He tried to sit up, though he still felt weak, and stared dimly at his information.

*Peter Benjamin Parker, Spider-Man, Stark heir and intern*

*Status: Post-hibernation exhaustion*

*Reccomended: eat some food or something, spidey*

*(Log updated by ☺-Shuri-☺)*

whomst the fuck? Whyst the fuck?

whoever Shuri was, Peter looked forward to meeting them.

~~-smol-skip-~~

Peter decided to greet the day by wandering down to Mr.Stark's lab. He wasn't in there, but obligatory sandwiches were at the insistence of Rhodey and Pepper. Luckily for Peter, Pepper knew his favorite sandwich type (flavor? Stuff? Topping?)

He was in the middle of his delighted snacking when he heard an alarmingly loud crash and a shout of "HELLO, MIDGARDIANS, I HAVE ARRIVED!"

Well, shit, if it wasn't Thor.

"BROTHER, DO NOT TRY TO LEAVE!"

Well, shit.

If that wasn't Loki too.

## Chapter End Notes

4(?) - If you were an animal, what animal would you be?

# AH, MAN OF IRON!

## Chapter Summary

Jjjjjjjnnbghjnhhn. Loki and Thor are here.

## Chapter Notes

Next week is spring breeeeak

ALso, how Bruce is magically on earth? don T ask me I didn't think that far ahead and I wanted him to be there. Maybe hulk swam through space to get home, who knows.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tony Stark was having a lovely cup of 20% coffee when a flash of light left a burn mark on the carpet and standing on the burn mark were two Norse Gods. More accurately, one was standing and the other was carried under one of his arms.

Thor looked... well? He had changed, for one thing. His hair was cut short, one of his eyes was gone, but the thing that had struck Tony was the amount of weight on his shoulders. It was something he ~~had felt~~ had seen others bear: the weight of lives and responsibilities. That could mean one thing, Thor was now the king. Despite the weariness of his stance, his eyes sparkled with happiness as he took in his old friends.

The other God was one that Tony had hoped to forget. Loki. He looked different from when he had last seen him, less insane evil overlord and more annoyed introvert that had been dragged out to somewhere in public. He supposed that had to do with the slight tiredness in his eyes and how Loki was clearly not dressed for battle, but instead in a soft garment much like a robe from what Tony could see.

"Man of Iron, I'm glad to see you well."

" You too, Point-break, how's everything back up there? "

At this, Thor's face fell slightly. "Asgard... Is no more. We have come into the vicinity of your planet, and teleported from the refugee ship."

"I'm sorry." There was nothing else to say. Tony could assume which lives had been lost, judging from the look on Thor's face. "And Loki? I thought he was dead."

"Ahh, well, nearly again. In his most recent battle he was injured most grievously. He wished to leave the healer's care and so I brought him here."

Tony looked at Loki more closely. Well, the exhaustion made more sense now. He could see bandages wrapped inconspicuously around his throat. "So he nearly died to defend Asgard?"

he wouldn't have thought Loki would've changed that much. Thor looked askance. "No, not exactly. Loki had neglected to mention his plan to kill one of his oldest enemies."

Loki only responded with a burning glare that would've turned anyone else to ashes.

Just then, others filtered in. May, for one, and Shuri. T'challa followed behind, as well as Bruce, Natasha, and Steve. Clint was nowhere to be seen.

"What's going on? Thor is that you?"

"Aye, Steve."

"Wait, hold on," Tony interrupted, "how come he's Steve but I'm man of iron?"

Steve looked like he was about to sigh of say something about how Tony shouldn't be so rude, but thankfully kept quiet. Tony raised an eyebrow at May, who stared innocently back.

"Ah, no reason." Thor seemed to realize something and set Loki down on a squishy armchair that must've been at least 30 years old. LOki, although annoyed, just glared at Thor before curling into himself further. "Please forgive my manners, ladies and King. I am Thor Odinson, King of the Asgardians and brother to all. "

Loki raised his eyebrows from his place on the chair as if to say 'really? Allbrother?'

Natasha was doing the eyeball thingie, staring at Loki and Thor and analysing them. Loki only gave her an exasperated glance, but Thor didn't seem to notice, or if he did he didn't care. Shuri was practically vibrating, to the contrast of her brother's calm demeanor. May had a small smile on her face and she held out a hand to greet him.

"I'm May Parker It's nice to meet you, Thor. I've heard many great things about you."

"Likewise, Lady May. You have the spirit of a warrior."

May turned to Loki with a friendly look on her face, dissimilar to her assessing look from when she had first entered the room. "It is also lovely to meet you, Loki."

Loki merely nodded. He had not spoken once, which might've been rude if he hadn't looked so utterly exhausted. Shuri practically bounced up to Thor and shook his hand like a dog with a toy. "Hello, Thor! I've heard many, many things about you and all of them were interesting. I'd like to see you in the lab sometime! I'm Shuri by the way."

"Ah, young Shuri, I would be honored to take part in your curiosity quest!" Thor became more exuberant at the thought, while Bruce snickered behind the cup of tea he always seemed to have.

" King Thor, I am King T'challa of Wakanda. It is a pleasure to meet you finally."

"King T'challa, it is well met."

Satisfied with the greetings, Thor went to speak to the rest of the group while Shuri talked to Loki, who seemed too out of it to do anything other than nod at the correct pauses. Finally a question came up from Steve that somebody needed to ask.

"What happened up there?"

## Chapter End Notes

5- what's your favorite color, but oddly specific. No saying one word answers.

Also, Thor wants to be a better person than Odin ever was. hence the title Allbrother, which sounds less condescending than allfather. He wants to be more friendly.

# Local hero murders Purple ballsack chin! More at 7.

## Chapter Summary

I tell you about what happened to Loki, partially because I think you know what happened in Ragnarok and also because I like him better.

## Chapter Notes

<https://discord.gg/GTNsYD4>

Dis is for any creativity and ideas,,,, and also people who want to do stuff,,, like projects together across the internet.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Thor's face turned darker, Loki's eyebrows raising as he shifted to a slightly more comfortable position. Rogers stared expectantly, missing the somber tone the room had taken on. Natasha crossed her legs where she sat on the arm of the couch, Clint turning slightly to face Thor. Tony wanted to facepalm. How about we bring up surely traumatic memories for our houseguests, thanks Rogers!

Shuri sat on the back of Loki's armchair and raised an eyebrow in a form of silent communication that Loki and her had suddenly developed. Someone else crouched high on the wall, listening in unnoticed.

"Asgard was destroyed when our eldest sister, Hela, returned. Odin has done more wrong than I should like to have been raised by. She wished for revenge against our people. We had to destroy her with asgard, and so it is no more. "

"And what was that about old enemies and Loki?"

Thor glanced at Loki, who nodded with the barest of movements.

"It is a story, to be sure..."

--magical flashback noises--

*They had been on the ship for a mere two weeks when Loki first attempted to leave. The familiar tingling chimes of Yggdrasil filled the air and Loki tried to begin his walk upon the branches, but Thor had been restless that night and had caught him. Valkyrie had woken from the noise, only to find an angry Thor and the special type of fuck-off that Loki only got when he was trying to get rid of people that cared for him.*

*"Thor, you do not understand. I must fight him alone, asgard needs its king! "*

*"Asgard is no more, and last I checked a king needs his advisors. Even more so when those advisors are also your little brother and have an enemy that he will most certainly not return from alive."*

*"What's this about Lackey dying again?" Valkyrie interrupted.*

*"Nothing," Loki said*

*At the same time Thor replied, "Loki has decided to go off to kill someone on his own in the middle of the night."*

*"And why won't lackey return?"*

*"No reason. Thor is making assumptions."*

*"Loki, you left a note saying goodbye and to not mourn you if you do not return. Please tell me who threatens you so."*

*"No," Loki ground out through gritted teeth. "You do not understand. You—" He broke off into a strangled gasping noise from deep in his throat. Choking back what may have been panic, he widened the shimmering rip of noise, preparing to go through.*

*Thor gently took his arm, staring tenderly into his brother's face in that way he did to convey a sense of trust. "Loki, please. Simply tell us where you met him."*

*"I- I," Loki began, but could not seem to get the words out. "I have to go. I'm going to kill him I swear—"*

*"Who, Loki, who?"*

*"Thanos."*

*The name sent an unpleasant chill down the spines of every one in the room, those two being Thor and Valkyrie. The former examined Loki further. Rage was not the only emotion held rigid in Loki's stance, fear playing out from the seams and upon ever closer inspection came the desperation.*

*Loki was desperate to kill this Thanos.*

*Valkyrie had known Loki to kill out of strategy, it was his trademark, but desperation? That called for a special kind of fear. What had Thanos done to make Loki so irrational? It did not matter either way. If something was that large of a threat that it could kill a king of Asgard, then Loki wouldn't have to fight it alone.*

*"Alright, Lackey, let's go." Thor and the mentioned looked at her, surprised.*

*"You want... To help me kill Thanos," Loki said slowly, disbelievingly.*



*"Yep! Let's go. Thor, you coming?"*

*"Naturally, what would I do if my comrades would go to battle without me?" Thor responded quickly, his eyes twinkling as he caught on.*

*"But, you can't! What would happen to the people of this ship when two of their best warriors are gone? Think about this rationally. Me going alone makes the most sense."*

*"No choice brother. lead the way."*

*-OhNo-*

*The rip that Loki made closed up behind their group, the deep shimmer of the void on either side as they walked along a branch. Thor tried to keep himself balanced on the worn path. He kept his eyes open the barest amount, squinting against the assault of energy and tinkling bells and the singing of the world tree. Loki was ahead of them, relaxed among the thrum and the trills like he was born amongst them. Granted, he probably had spent enough time wandering the branches to feel at home.*

*They eventually reached their destination after the curving, twisted path they had taken to reach the tip of a branch. Instead of ripping another tear, Loki looked at them and grimaced.*

*"this is my least favorite part." and then he jumped into the void, disappearing into the starry gloop. Thor shuddered, whether that was his distaste or the fact that the numbing effect of the power here was seeping into his bones without Loki around, he wasn't sure. He followed.*

*The cold burned, searing his arms as he fell in slow motion and yet faster than light. He belatedly realized this must have been what Loki felt for however long he was falling in the void.*

*He landed surprisingly softly for the speed they fell, Valkyrie landing beside him soon after. It was bleak and cold, the charcoal gray of the earth also blowing in the wind. Everything was cold it seemed, but perhaps Loki hadn't noticed.*

*Loki looked for all the world like a man marching to his death. His mouth was set in a grim line, green eyes burning resolutely at a throne of dark marble with a figure upon it.*

*Thor looked across the landscape at the thing that had made an enemy of his brother. Thanos was tall and a peculiar shade of purple for his hulking size. His dark eyes stared out with malevolence over their group of three. Daresay Thor called it a hunting party.*

*"Ah, my little Loki." His deep voice rang across the empty land. "My youngest son."*

*"I am not yours."*

*"you became that when I caught you from the void. How many months must you have spent falling? How many more would you have fallen?"*

*"Must you remind me?" Loki drawled. He looked about with a grade of nonchalance, but Thor could see him rigid with anger and fire.*

*"I suppose you've come here for revenge?"*

*"I intend to take it."*

*And then they were fighting.*

*Loki struck rather ironically like a snake, darting around the larger being that had stood in the amount of time it took Loki to get there. Thanos was a being of brute strength, but his agility was surprisingly high for this fact. It was like a dance between Loki's dagger and the flesh of Thanos' throat, neither yielding in the wildness of the music.*

*Valkyrie ran, jumping upon Thanos' back to distract and keep him still. Loki flashed her a grateful look before summoning a barrage of knives, how many were illusions Thor didn't know, but they soon left holes riddling his body for him to bleed out with.*

*It was then Thor found his body moving and lightning crackling along his arms, rushing towards the fight. Valkyrie and Loki moved in battle like they had been shield brothers for life, and Thor joined in perfectly. Thanos wasn't sure to turn, from Loki's magic and the electricity diving deep into his wounds, not to mention Valkyrie slashing open his thick hide.*

*What really tipped the battle was when Loki grew a spear of ice and plunged it through Thanos' chest.*

*"What, Thor you didn't think I spent my entire time lounging as Odin?" Thor smiled at the oddness of change and what it had done to his brother. From hating the Jotuns to learning from them.*

*Thanos made a choking noise as his blood washed into his throat and out through his chest. Stepping back, Thanos plucked a knife out of thin air and blindly slashed. Loki ripped a portal and sent thousands of ice slivers through Thanos before grabbing Valkyrie and Thor and running. The enemy collapsed behind them in a tower of his own lifeblood and ice.*

*Blood, red and deep, flowed through the air as Loki ran, coming from a gash diagonally across his throat. Thor felt the cold water of panic trickle down his back and into his bones. That was... a lot of blood. Loki grew ever paler and trembled as he attempted to hold back a cough. Valkyrie firmly placed a hand on his throat as they ran, putting pressure on the wound.*

*Loki wasted no time for quips in jumping to the ship.*

*"Healer!" Thor bellowed, not caring who he woke up. "We need a healer!"*

*-burplebitchisded-*

*"And so we vanquished the enemy." Thor glanced at Loki. "But he will not tell us what this enemy means to him. Indeed he will never tell anyone anything again."*

*"You mean his larynx was cut?" Shuri interrupted.*

*"Yes."*

"Shit," Tony muttered. That meant he wouldn't be able to speak. "Sure we can take care of him."

Thor closed his mouth. "How did you know that was what I was going to ask?"

"Its obvious because we know you. Loki can stay here."

Thor smiled broadly, Loki rolled his eyes and gave a look to Shuri, who gave one back. That silent communication was creepy. Clint bristled slightly.

"I don't care what he does as long as it's away from me." Clint stood and walked to his floor stiffly. The shadowed figure on the wall left as well.

"Thank you, friend Stark." Thor raised a dagger that looked suspiciously like it was one of Loki's, and was gone.

"Welp, that was fun! Party's over!" Tony said, walking over to Loki and speaking quietly with Shuri and about the medbay.

Rogers and Natasha left together, gaining a suspicious glance from T'challa, who walked to the kitchen and browsed for Cheez-its. May joined him and began to talk with him.

Loki was the newest member of the tower.

## Chapter End Notes

6- What superpower would you have? Make it interesting, like the quirks from my hero academia.

Tony: bleh, Loki

Thor tells a story

Tony now: My new son.

# Squad goals

## Chapter Summary

BroT3

## Chapter Notes

Join my discord server cowards.

<https://discord.gg/GTNsYD4>

(Edit: I fixed the link, I accidentally added a letter. Whoops!)

In other matters, I listened to king of the clouds while writing this. On an additional side note, if you have any questions about the story, just ask.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

after Thor had told his absolutely riveting tale, he left again. Leaving his poor, devastated brother behind. Loki would've protested being left with these people, but one, he was exhausted, two, he couldn't speak, and three....

Well, it was actually a rather smart decision, considering his, well, condition. Loki probably couldn't do anything without putting his breathing tubes in danger. He could do much less of he was dead, but then again, the thought of nothingness was so comforting, like a warm fuzzy blanket.

Perhaps he should visit the healers.

This midgardian, Shuri, was royalty like himself, though didn't care for the title. If Loki had a choice, he would cast off his titles, his name even, to become a wanderer and write of his travels across the universe. He never wanted to become a king. What use would it be anyway? He had been shackled enough.

Ah, Shuri was saying something. "Loki, let's go to the medbay, I want to check out your throat."

why did he suddenly feel a sense of foreboding.

Loki really didn't feel like getting up, but he did anyway and began to sway slightly. Blood had rushed to his head in the strange way it did, only for Shuri to support him.

That was... Strange. Especially considering the looks that her brother and the rest of the people in the room gave him. He supposed an attack on Manhattan, no matter how forced, was merit for suspicion. They made the journey slowly, Shuri telling him about things that had happened since his invasion. He was confused. Shuri showed absolutely no apprehension towards him.

"Hey, if you're done trying to pass out on me, I'll tell you about the time me and Nakia almost ruined the royal hall..."

She didn't hesitate to laugh at his raised eyebrows at the stuff she got up to. She even showed him the video of T'challa exploding against the wall. Loki couldn't smother a snort, which hurt slightly but was completely worth it.

Shuri looked the the other teen on the bed, who was currently pretending too be asleep. This must be what Stark was so worried about. Loki wasn't good at lying for nothing, he could see it in the lines of Iron Man's face. Loki tilted his head towards the boy. He felt... Off.

He smelled different than other humans and hey, you couldn't judge Loki because you don't have a Jotun's sense of smell.

Speaking of, as soon as he was left alone Loki wanted to get rid of this asgardian skin that Odin had forced upon him. Meeting the jotnar had changed so much, and so much more had made sense. He only wished he could've spoken with his dam while he was there, but his disguise wouldn't have made that possible.

Shuri, noticing where his gaze had landed, startled a bit and looked at the heart monitor. Then, a scowl turning into an expression of glee, she returned with a small cup of water. Loki held up a hand just as she was about to pour it onto the poor child's head. He reached out and lowered the water temperature until it was almost ice.

He nodded and snickered soundlessly as the mystery teen day up with a gasp and a splutter. Shuri held up a hand, and after a moment's hesitation did the same. A resounding slap could be heard throughout the room.

Shuri turned to the kid. "S'up spider bitch, I'm Shuri and this is Loki. Want to go watch Friends?"

And 15 minutes later, that's exactly what they did.

## Chapter End Notes

6.5 is the question of the day - chapter? Number 7

7- what's your favorite thing to do when you're alone?

# Bonding experiences

## Chapter Summary

Loki, Shuri, and Peter? Ys.

May and T'challa? Yes.

Natasha, Clint, Steve, and the dreaded Tony stark? Oh no. Save me.

## Chapter Notes

Me: oh right I should update!

-last updated 3/22

Me: haha. I'll just write something .

Me: \*distant crying\*

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They were all staring at the TV, the volume low and the lights lower. The curtains were surprisingly floral for a high tech tower, but Peter supposed that it made the tower feel more homey. The couch, however, was an odd sort of puce that went against the decor rather than complimenting it. Speaking of the couch, two of them on it, Shuri on the floor and leaning back so they could mess with her hair in a short, straight style easy to maintain.

Peter sat against the arm of the couch, and shot a look towards Loki. "Want some juice?"

Loki blinked. He warily nodded and Shuri giggled at the Capri Sun that was brought forward in a strange ceremony known only to the juice gods. Loki took the juice and, surprisingly, was able to figure out how to put the straw in. Peter remembered Mr.Stark mentioning that he had to teach Thor how to use a juice box.

"So, other than this whole shebang, how are y'all?" Shuri asked both of them.

"I'm good. Could use with less exvengers bullshit, but good," Peter said. "I mean, I've been awake for what, 3 hours, and I can already taste the toxicity oozing off of Steve. and I have a feeling he's been getting *better*. he's *improved*. how?"

Shuri nodded. "It be like that sometimes. Anything to add Loki?"

Peter supposed he couldn't speak, and from the position he was in (curled up on the couch with a suspiciously pink blanket,) he couldn't do much else either. Even from here he could see the paleness of his skin and the shadows under his eyes.

Well, getting your throat cut and losing a lot of your blood will do that to you.

Loki attempted... something. The green wisps of light fizzled out and left him with a disappointed look on his face. He took a sad sip of his roarin' waters peach blast and shrugged. Peter saw the way Loki's hands shook, even if he tried to hide it.

"Ok, that's probably not the best choice." Peter thought for a second. "do you know sign?"

"Why would he know ASL if he was raised in Asgard?" Shuri asked. Loki nodded to her. His hand emerged from the hot pink fluff, miming writing. "Ah, let me get that."

After Shuri returned with a notebook and pen, Loki began writing furiously, stopping to show them a sentence and raise his eyebrows in the approximate height to convey whatever emotion is felt when telling about some crap.

*Oh my, I have so much bullshit to tell you about.*

Shuri smiled slightly. "Spill the tea, sis."

And Peter ended up giggling- sorry, manly chuckling- throughout the entire conversation.

---

T'challa never thought he would end up meeting the protective aunt of a teenage superhero, but then again, he was here. May Parker was a formidable woman, not that he had met any that weren't, but he admired her strength and her courage. Going through so much loss of life was hard, he couldn't imagine losing Nakia, let alone his sister.

And here they were, speaking of the dumb things their charges had done.

"Shuri has footage of me flying across her lab. It wasn't fun no- do not laugh!"

But May was laughing quietly. "How did that happen?"

T'challa grimaced. "The black panther suit she made stores energy and repels it again. I had the unfortunate pleasure of experiencing both."

"I'll have to see if I can find that video."

And somehow, T'challa didn't mind being in this foreign tower s much anymore.

---

Steve looked uncomfortably at Tony, and the two "indifferent" spies off to the side. Bucky had met them in the hallway halfway, with imploringly tender eyes and a steady pressure keeping him grounded. "Tony... We need to talk. "

He merely raised an eyebrow, Steve taking a deep breath and Bucky squeezing his hand.

"I'm sorry."

## Chapter End Notes

Motivation? Who's she?

8- this is one of those button questions, you push the button and you can get any wish you want, but your hair changes color to nasty neon carrot orange and you can't dye it. do y'all press it?



# A long time coming.

## Chapter Summary

Steve says something. Tony says something back.

It's progress.

## Chapter Notes

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

(Lil tidbit)

Pepper looked at her 21st living room. It was a complete mess. In the middle, was a Norse god, a princess, and a spider baby.

"Peter..." She growled lowly.

" Eep! "

-okrealttime-

"I'm sorry."

the words wanted to pour out of him like a river, endless excuses for what he had done wrong. Bucky's hand was firm in his, a grounding reassurance that only another old timer could provide. Steve glanced up from his feet to see surprise on Clint's face, Natasha's carefully concealed interest, and the complete shock on Tony's. The man was always smiling, even when it seemed to hurt. The frozen shut mouth and the eyes a millimeter wider than usual attested to this.

"I'm sorry for always putting you down, for ignoring you, for comparing you to Howard..." Steve broke off. Boiling disgust sank deep into his gut. "I've been a real asshole. I've become exactly what I used to fight against."

Natasha's eyebrow raised slightly as if she was about to make a quip, but she stayed silent in favor of staring him down.

"I'm just a bully."

"Babe-" but Steve shook his head. This was between him and Tony.

"You know what?" Tony crossed his arms, looking slightly askance at their pair of super spies before burning his gaze through Steve's. "You're right. You have been an asshole."

Steve shriveled a bit. "But the fact that you're willing to try makes you slightly less of one. and one more thing, I've been an asshole too."

He looked up at Steve and took a step closer. "I think we got off on the wrong foot." He extended a hand. "Hi, I'm Tony." He smiled slightly, not a media smile, or a strained one full of pain, but a real one. "I'd like to get to know you better."

Steve smiled, but this time broadly. He took Tony's hand. "Hi, I'm Steve. I'd like that too."

## Chapter End Notes

9- what's your favorite subject in school? Or, if you're older than 13, what's your most tolerable?

# The plot

## Chapter Summary

What has Peter done? What will be do?

## Chapter Notes

This took a while. What an oof.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Pepper Potts sighed at the three children in front of her, looking suitably guilty, or at the very least acting like it. Loki was, predictably, the most convincing, but nobody could get away from Pepper's mom instincts. Shuri was second best, and Peter was the worst. she rubbed her forehead, because apparently they had just been watching a movie, but the state of the room suggested otherwise.

"How on earth did you get lingonberry jam on the ceiling?" she asked.

"Um.. We were having toast."

Loki held up a notepad that said 'with butter first, we aren't heathens.'

"As much as I agree, you should also agree with the fact that you deserve to clean this all up?"

'alas, I was recently injured and I can barely move.'

"Fine, fine. Fine. Shuri, don't use your royalty as an excuse." Shuri closed her mouth. "Peter, you clean the ceiling, Shuri the floor, and Loki? I don't know, just sit there or whatever. I can already tell you're your resident terror trio."

Pepper didn't bother to withhold her sigh. She promptly left the room, and where were those documents she was supposed to review?

-

Peter Parker was a simple man. Well, teenage mutant spider superhero, but a simple one nonetheless. So as he sat there weaving some sort of shape with yarn, he looked up at the newly dubbed 'Terror Trio' and thought about all the things he had done, and the things he hadn't done. One of those things was talk to the avengers, really spoken to them.

Fortunately for them both, Loki had enough 'seidr' (as he had underlined several times) to clean the room. He did, however make them fetch him yet another smoothie. His throat hadn't healed, suffice to say he wasn't the one who got jam on the ceiling.

"So," he said, concentrating. "Since I'm awake now, I can do stuff right?"

"Where are you going with this?"

"I'm just saying we have an entire building full of avengers and most of them don't know my identity."

Loki's eyes sharpened and he leaned forward to the best of his ability. They read the notebook. 'and what's stopping you from terrifying them?'

"Absolutley nothing."

"Well, if we're going to do that, we need to get Wanda first. She's leaving tomorrow."

"Oof. Let's plan."

## Chapter End Notes

10!- What's your favorite thing? you don't have to own it, but don't be boring and say 'bed' or 'my dog'

Loki, Peter and Shuri will henceforth be referred to as the terror trio.

# Frantic whispering

## Chapter Summary

psst. psst. hi.

## Chapter Notes

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

"Wanda." Someone was whispering sharply, more of a burst of air than a slow gnashing of teeth. The voice came out sharp and bristling and sent a shiver down her spine, the prickles of cold intent growing in waves.

"Wanda." She turned her head slightly, keeping her stance deceptively relaxed and open, and yet ready to explode into action. She dutifully kept her hands from sparking, her eyes wide to record any threat.

"WANDA!" A voice shouted in front of her. She fell back and stared at the teenager, who was somehow taller than her?

Nevermind, screw this. What type of teenager could stand on a ceiling? But then again, she could use glowing red magic from her fingers so who was she to judge.

"I wanted to say hello, but you have to go soon, so now it's goodbye. I'm Peter. Don't tell Mr.Stark you met me because then he'll be worried, and that's not good for him."

"Wh-what?"

Peter looked frustrated and whispered aggressively into an earpiece. "I told you this was a bad idea! Shut up Shuri, and you too Loki, I can tell you're doing that smug little smile of yours. So what if I met you 3 hours ago? I know you guys!" Peter looked up at Wanda. Down? And continued. "Anyway, just wanted to talk to you. have fun with Doctor Strange!"

And Peter crawled into an open vent on the ceiling and was gone.

"The fuck?"

-

Bucky and Steve were simply sitting in their chair with Steve's favorite blue blanket wrapped around them, watching the old Wizard of Oz, when someone fell out of the ceiling.

With a slight cough and a wince as dust fell into their eyes, they grumbled a bit and managed to stand up before noticing the date they had interrupted with a small squeak. Upon closer

inspection, it was a boy in his late teens, who looked somewhat meet on the surface but somehow held a confidence rarely found in someone other than one who knows they could win in a fight.

Or maybe that was his super-soldier assassin spy hydra training.

"So, uh, I wasn't expecting to see you until tomorrow? But I think we can fit a short meeting in?" To a small comm on his face he whispered. "shut up! I'm not good in social situations!"

"so. What are you doing in the tower?" Steve ventured with a small tilt of his head. Bucky resisted the urge to smile at his boyfriend. He was trying to be intimidating, but Bucky could always tell when he was nervous.

"Um." The boy stood, tapping his foot, hands behind his back, the silence oozing thicker around them. "I live here?"

Three pairs of eyebrows shot up, Pepper walking into the room. "Oh?"

"Ah, Pepper! Um, I was just talking to Captain America and the Winter Soldier!"

"I can see that. And when were you planning on telling May and Tony you were awake?"

"Um. Now would be a good time?"

"That's right!"

And pepper held a gentle grip on the boy's shoulder that suggested he didn't run away. They heard one last bit from their conversation as they walked away.

"Wait- FRIDAY? Did you tell her where I was?"

"No. We have trackers in the tower telling us where everyone's life force is."

"I didn't think you took me for a snitch Peter?"

"Ah! FRIDAY I'm sorry!"

## Chapter End Notes

11- What's your favorite fandom?

# A short notice? but it's not bad.

## Chapter Summary

Y'all need to read this.

## Chapter Notes

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

oops.

**OK, so since I've been seeing improvement in my writing I looked back and a feeling of deep shame and disgust fell over me. So I'm going to go on a temporary hiatus while I rework the chapters to be longer, more descriptive, and better? Also because I now have people I can ask to be my betas. I apologize if this was your lifeline, but I recommend these fics while you wait!**

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/476291>

Life in Reverse- Home is where you make it. Or, the AU where Loki falls to Earth after Thor, wanders around trying to work out what to do with himself, and somehow ends up working for SHIELD. (Mostly because supervillains are *so* plebian.)

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/14944706>

Friends call me Snow Miser- Loki is sent to live with the Avengers under the careful watch of Thor, only a few weeks after the New York attack. They dread it at first, but come to realize that Loki is not as he seems. They uncover centuries of trauma and dead family, on top of that identity issues with reindeer games. Get ready to cry.

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/3602877>

Fate's Guardian- Set roughly a year post-Thor:TDW, reference to events in Guardians of the Galaxy. Pretty much a shameless fixit fic. No pairings. A being shows up on Earth looking for Loki, the Avengers get pulled in to see what's going on, and they all learn what Loki has *\*really\** been up to all this time. I dunno, I was in a mood to write something like this, so I did. First posted to FFnet, if you prefer to read it there.

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/8210240>

Adopting Identities- No one's surprised when Pepper suggests an alternative to the Sokovian accords before the councilman can even propose the idea. It's Pepper after all. Of course, she waits until the councilman leaves before dropping the real bomb. The public needs to see a deliberate, personal movement. They need to see the lives of the Avengers be affected by the

losses they leave.

When Peter Parker gets a call from his social worker, he just knows he's being kicked out of yet another foster home. When he burst into her office to see the Avengers waiting to adopt him, he's sure that it was their way of inviting Spiderman to join the team. Luckily the Avenger's like to discuss vigilantes over breakfast. A small tingle of non-spidey-sense-related nerves flutter in his stomach when Tony complains about the lack of cameras in Queens, but it isn't until the heroes start suggesting possible people or personalities for the man behind the spider mask that he realizes he has no clue what's going on.

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/14066796>

A Father's Son- JARVIS wakes up during infinity war.

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/17606027>

@realspidey-

January 30th 2:38 am

Spidey @realspidey

hello twitter

January 31st 6:02 am

Marissa @marissaloves

uhh spiderman is that you?

## Chapter End Notes

12- who's your favorite celebrity?

Also, as an additional note, please no spoilers for avengers endgame. Our theater has tickets sold out all through next week so I literally can't see it. Wild.



**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAits here**

Chapter Summary

ITS HERE

Chapter Notes

ITS HERE

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/19134421>

Ladies and gentlethem.

It's here.

Chapters should be much longer and also less clunky? this updates on Tuesdays.

Chapter End Notes

ITS HERE

## End Notes

I might turn this into a series of one shots but only if I get some requests/prompts on the comments.

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