

The Call

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35405197>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	The Avengers (Marvel Movies) , The Avengers (Marvel) - All Media Types
Relationships:	Steve Rogers/Tony Stark , Steve Rogers & Tony Stark
Characters:	Steve Rogers , Bruce Banner , Natasha Romanov (Marvel)
Additional Tags:	Avengers: Infinity War Part 1 (Movie) , Worried Steve Rogers , Protective Steve Rogers , takes place during Infinity War , I just wanted the scene where Bruce calls Steve because I wanted to see Steve's reaction , so I wrote it , Pining Steve Rogers , Steve is in love with Tony , But this can be seen as platonic worry for a friend if you prefer
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-11-29 Words: 647 Chapters: 1/1

The Call

by [winters_iron](#)

Summary

Deleted scene from Infinity War: Bruce makes the call to Steve using the phone Steve gave to Tony. Steve thinks the worst when he hears anyone's voice but Tony's.

Notes

My first Marvel fic. Sorry it's short, I'm just dipping my toes in, trying to see if I can do it. Sorry if this has been done before; I don't actively seek out Steve/Tony fics. I'm more of a Bucky/Tony shipper, but I can recognize the love between Steve and Tony just fine. I've been thinking about this for a while.

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

Natasha is standing beside him when he hears the specific ringtone he chose for *that* person. “Is that-?” He’s got the phone out of his pocket and flipped open before Natasha even fully finishes her question.

“Tony,” he rasps, breathlessly, like he’d just come back from a run, as if he *could* get breathless from a simple run. He waits with bated breath for the snarky response he pretends he hates, for the words he could only imagine Tony will say to him since they last saw each other. He closes his eyes and visions flash before his eyes of Tony’s frightened yet resigned eyes, Tony’s arms flying up to protect his face as best he can when it’s Howard’s vibranium shield coming down at him.

Those images have been haunting him more than he’s been able to admit.

“Steve, no, hey,” a voice that isn’t Tony’s says on the other end of the line and Steve’s fingers clench, he can feel the plastic of the phone protesting in his grip and he loosens it, only slightly. He takes a deep breath in, closes his eyes and tries to place the voice. *Bruce*, his mind supplies, which doesn’t make this any better, any easier. “It’s Bruce, we’ve-”

He manages to regain his calm composure, voice strong even as his hand trembles. He can feel Natasha’s small yet firm hands touch his shoulder and he struggles not to shake her off. He feels as if he’s about to vibrate out of his skin. “Is Tony-” He licks his suddenly dry lips, swallows to appease his scratchy throat. It’s like he hasn’t spoken in years which he knows isn’t true, but this fear that gripped him so tight, saturating his body like a bucket of ice water, has left him feeling bereft. “Is Tony alright, Bruce?”

Out of the corner of his eye he can see Natasha stand up straighter, her hands slipping from his shoulder as her eyes widen only slightly, before she manages to school her features and regain composure. Steve isn’t sure if it’s the mention of Bruce’s name, or how he’s on the other side of the line that Steve gave to *Tony*.

“Tony’s-” Bruce pauses, choosing his words carefully it seems. “Tony’s okay, Steve, well-he’s- I’m not actually *sure* if he’s okay, he’s-”

Like ice is coursing through his veins, Steve feels sluggish. He sways and barely feels Natasha’s hands back on him as she helps him sit down in the nearest chair. “Steve, what is it?” she whispers but Steve can barely hear her over the pounding in his ears. He almost misses it when Bruce continues, “We were- we were fighting these aliens and they were- Tony kind of- he kind of... followed them onto their ship and then he was gone. With them.”

He’s proud of himself when he doesn’t stutter or stumble over his words when he says, “What were the aliens after?”

“Doctor Strange’s Time Stone. Thanos, he’s coming for all the Infinity Stones, and the other guy... he won’t come out, so I couldn’t help Tony *at all*.”

“What do you mean the Hulk won’t come out?” Steve asks, dread setting heavy in his stomach. Natasha is almost buzzing beside him in her worry, he can feel it.

“Thanos almost killed us on Asgard’s ship. He wiped out almost every living Asgardian, Steve, and the other guy- he’s terrified.”

“And Tony is,” he pauses to lick his lips again, “on Thanos’ ship. Alone.”

He can almost hear Bruce’s hesitation when he says, “Doctor Strange is with him, and maybe even Spider-Man...”

“We’re coming to get you,” Steve says, “Then we’re getting them back.” He closes the flip phone with a satisfying *snap* and turns to Natasha, eyes determined.

“Time to go home?” she asks, almost daring to hope.

“Time to go home and get our family back.”

End Notes

Please be gentle. I have more fic ideas that I really want to write, I'm just. Scared of this fandom eating me alive.

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