

Ready, Aim, Fire

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/6391690) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/6391690>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	F/F , F/M , M/M , Gen
Fandoms:	Glee , Iron Man (Movies) , The Avengers (Marvel Movies) , Captain America (Movies)
Relationships:	Blaine Anderson/Kurt Hummel , Maribel Lopez/Tony Stark , Blaine Anderson & Santana Lopez & Tony Stark , Pepper Potts & Tony Stark , Steve Rogers/Tony Stark , James "Bucky" Barnes/Natasha Romanov , James "Rhodey" Rhodes/Sam Wilson , Santana Lopez/Sharon Carter , Blaine Anderson & Santana Lopez
Characters:	Blaine Anderson , Santana Lopez , Tony Stark , Kurt Hummel , Maribel Lopez , Steve Rogers , Natasha Romanov , James "Bucky" Barnes , Thor (Marvel) , Bruce Banner , Clint Barton , Nick Fury , Pepper Potts , James "Rhodey" Rhodes , Sam Wilson (Marvel) , Sharon Carter (Marvel)
Additional Tags:	Blaine Anderson is Tony Stark's Son , Santana Lopez is Tony Stark's Daughter , Santana and Blaine are Uncertified Geniuses , MY BABIES , My First Work in This Fandom , Parent Tony Stark , Protective Tony Stark , Protective Blaine , Protective Santana , Protective Siblings , I shall say it again , Anderlopez kicks Anderberry's butt by a mile , Anderlopez Siblings , don't drink kids , Drinking creates children , Sharon Carter/Steve Rogers was NOT a good idea, at least in the movies , Bisexual Character , Natasha Is a Good Bro , Avengers Family , Blaine Santana and Kurt are Avengers , 'Cause I have no shame , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Domestic Avengers , Howard Stark's A+ Parenting , Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD , Panic Attacks , Not Avengers: Age of Ultron (Movie) Compliant , Not Captain America: Civil War (Movie) Compliant , Because that movie was just too cruel
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Anderlopez AUs , Part 35 of author's favorites
Stats:	Published: 2016-03-29 Updated: 2016-12-20 Words: 13,556 Chapters: 16/?

Ready, Aim, Fire

by [ShanleenKinnJaskey](#)

Summary

Adventures in the lives of Santana and Blaine Lopez-Stark-Anderson.

(Expect tons of sassy snarkiness, the Avengers adopting Santana, Blaine, and their friends, Tony-Stark-being-a-wicked-dad, and explosions. LOTS of explosions.)

Notes

Title is from song of the same name by Imagine Dragons from the soundtrack to Iron Man 3.

Prologue: Oh God One Was Enough

Okay, so his Dad? Yeah, it's a long story.

Well, *technically* he and 'Tana are full-blooded siblings. *Technically* Cooper and he are half-brothers.

Technically he isn't even an Anderson.

(Oh, and *technically* he and 'Tana are un-certified geniuses. Nearly forgot that one.)

But technicalities are really irritating, and they all just cause major chaos, so here are the facts:

Cooper was the child of Jim Anderson and Maribel Lopez. Blaine doesn't know much about Jim Anderson because he was apparently a homophobic, bordering-on-abusive asshole who drove his wife into another man's arms, but Coop's his brother and he loves him so Jim Anderson doesn't really matter.

What *really* matters is that the child that Maribel Lopez had from a one-night stand with Tony Stark, the pregnancy that sparked the long-awaited divorce, was Santana. And the arrival of Santana Lopez kind of forced Tony to settle down a little and help raise a family. Sure, he wasn't around all the time because CEO reasons and that whole 'if my opponents know I have a child then they'll try to go after you' thing.

He and Maribel weren't together, technically, they were just in it for the kids. And both of them were fine with that. They were friends. A one night stand was a one-night stand, they hung out occasionally to talk about Santana, and-

Whoops. One drink led to another and three months after Santana's birth Maribel ended up pregnant.

(Alcohol was banned from all meetings after that.)

So, he and Santana are the children of Tony Stark and Maribel Lopez. 'Tana takes after Mama and he takes after Tony, who *insists* that Cooper call him Tony if 'Tana and Blaine call him Dad. He took a shine to Cooper when Maribel introduced them, and more often than not when 'Tana and Blaine were little Cooper would end up going on 'family' outings with Tony, 'Tana, Blaine, and Aunt Pep (and later Steve, but that's another story altogether).

But when it came time to choose a last name, as no one could know who Blaine and Santana were the children of, 'Tana went with Lopez and Blaine chose Coop's last name.

(He was seven and he idolized his older brother- sue him.)

But yeah, Blaine's Parent-Teacher Conference Nights have always been interesting. It's always been Mama going, not Tony, but Mama's always been the dependable parent. She

takes the kids to school and glee club, he sneaks them into VIP events and keeps them updated with the latest tech. And later, when Santana and Blaine get a boyfriend and a girlfriend, the same privileges apply to them.

I Am Iron Man

Chapter Summary

Timelines are going to get screwed around with, Kay? Just fair warning.

Also I just saw Civil War last night and DANG SON IT WAS INDESCRIBABLY FANTASTIC

I mean I weeped like a baby but still...

Chapter Notes

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

"Holy fucking dios," [Santana](#) says, staring at the TV. "He actually just did that."

Blaine can't help but agree with her. They've both run the calculations time and time again, weighed pros and cons and benefits and disadvantages, and came to the same conclusion every time: their Dad would be far safer if he didn't tell anyone who he was. And yet there he is, up on the TV, telling the world "I am Iron Man" in that same devil-may-care, fuck-all way he always does.

Blaine's gaze traces his Dad's features, taking in everything about him, and he only picks up on one of his dad's tics: "His lips- they're too drawn in, too flat."

"I know," Santana says, voice, for once, uncertain. "His right hand is also drawn in too tightly. Something's not quite right."

"Shoulda picked up on it last night at dinner, then," he says, and she nods, lips drawing flat into the same expression their father was just wearing.

"He'll have to tell us when he gets home- we're not kids anymore, and we deserve to know."

Blaine's lips quirk up into a semblance of a smile. "Technically," he says softly, "We're both still kids. Minors, to be exact, but the sentiment remains the same."

Santana returns his smile for a fraction of a second before flipping open her phone and dialing. As she holds it up to her ear, waiting for whoever's on the other end to pick up, he asks, "You're calling Aunt Pep, right?"

She nods, drumming her nails against the counter behind her.

He nearly sighs, but instead thinks: *Time to prepare for Apocalypse Santana Lopez-Stark.*

"What the fuck were you thinking, you idiot?" Santana snaps at their [Dad](#) as soon as he steps out of the elevator and into their floor of Stark Tower, weariness painted across his face and sunglasses over his eyes. Now that Dad's out of the press conferences Blaine thinks he kind of looks like shit- confidence smaller, grin shrunken, and swagger minimized. It all makes Tony Stark so much less intimidating, making him look so much more like his normal height than usual.

Dad gives Santana an attempt at a smirky, trademark Tony Stark grin, but it just seems weary. "I'd tell your brother to inform you that I have been very well certified as *not* an idiot, but I'm pretty sure that he wouldn't agree with me at the moment."

And Blaine wants to jump in and berate his Dad for the stunt he just pulled, ask him why in Hel he endangered himself like that, but he can't. Not really, not when he looks so exhausted like this, so instead he just says, "Dinner's in the kitchen. Horchata and goulash." *Comfort food*, he almost says, but he doesn't have to with these two certifiable geniuses who know him so well.

Santana gives him a look that could either be interpreted as a question or a reprimand, depending on how he decides to take it, but Dad just nods and walks into the kitchen, dropping his sunglasses on the table on the way.

Blaine exchanges a look with his sister before following.

Chapter End Notes

Eh, I don't know whether I like it or not but it's mostly to get back into writing this fic after so long a hiatus.

Two American Kids Done The Best They Can

Chapter Summary

Blaine and Santana spend their school years in Ohio and their summers in New York. Just some advance information.

Title is from "Jack and Diane" by John Mellencamp and I can't quite decide if it refers to Steve and Tony or Santana and Blaine. It's up to y'all.

They're about three blocks away from Stark Tower (now the Avengers Tower) when Tony suddenly stops joking around and grows serious. "So," he starts, unnecessarily drawing out that first syllable, "I just want you know that I may swing both ways."

Santana and Blaine shrug. "Okay," she says, "We've known that for a long time, Dad, you're not exactly discreet. Anything new?"

Tony barely blinks at her admission of knowing the truth, instead continuing: "And I have a boyfriend."

"Well, what's his name?" Blaine asks.

"You'll meet him back at the Avengers tower," Dad says, and Santana recognizes it as an attempt to dodge the question.

"Seriously, Dad, who is it?" She pushes, and he flashes her a trademark Stark grin-smirk (well, she and Dad have it down even if Blaine doesn't, and since it's the majority it counts).

"His name is Steve," he says, and Santana can practically see Blaine's head explode as his jaw drops.

"Captain America, Dad. You're dating *Captain America*."

"That's the part you get hung up on?" Tony asks, exasperation in his voice but a teasing grin on his lips as the car stops.

"*Dad*," Blaine protests, "You're dating my childhood hero."

"Wait," Tony says as he opens the car door, "I thought *I* was your childhood hero."

"Close, but not quite," Blaine teases, grinning.

They step out of the car and are greeted by Thor, resplendent in tshirt, jeans, and war hammer. "Welcome, daughter and son of Stark!" He greets them with a large grin.

Santana takes one glance at her hermanito, finds him gaping awestruck at Thor, and sighs. *Damn her brother and his fanboyish tendencies.* "Where's the novio?" She snaps out- at least *she* has her priorities straight.

"Adjustment therapy," the woman next to Thor-Black Widow, also known as Natasha Romanoff, her mind supplies- says, and Santana arcs an eyebrow.

"Which is...?" She asks, gesturing for him to explain.

A corner of Natasha's mouth quirks up into something approaching a smile. "Learning how the 21st century works," she explains, "So in this case, Bruce is explaining the difference between Star Trek and Star Wars."

Blaine snorts, and thank dios he's over ogling Thor when hola, he has a boyfriend back home who's coming to New York in July. "I think *I* might be of the most assistance there."

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"Steve, Jolly Green Giant, Katniss, these are the kids," Tony says as he walks through the open doorway without excusing himself for interrupting them. The three aforementioned men look up- Steve and Bruce from the table where they have action figures and DVDs spread out between them, and Clint from his seat slouched in the corner- and Steve's face lights up when he sees Santana and Blaine.

"Nice to meet you," he says, standing up, and Santana notices that her dad's boyfriend is- gross-actually kind of hot. Well, in a totally not sexually attractive way, you know, but it's kind of unfair that her dad can pick up that kind of man (courageous, heroic, and good looking) while she's stuck at a school of idiots, closeted Neanderthals, midget divas, and Kurt Hummel (who, by the way, is her *brother's* boyfriend).

"Well, I'm Santana," she introduces herself, then gestures to Blaine. "And this gaping fanboy of yours is Blaine, my brother." Steve actually *blushes* at the word fanboy, but that doesn't stop her from barreling on. "And you must be Steve Rogers, the face behind the famous Captain America and the man dating my dad." Steve gives her Dad a strange look, who just gives him a look like *don't worry, she's not that bad*. "Okay, really," she says, "You're what, twenty nine or ninety something, depending on how you look at it? No, don't answer that, it's rhetorical. And Dad's forty. Okay, only eleven years or sixty apart from each other, it's not *that* weird-"

"But he's Captain America!" comes a protest, and hola, hermanito dearest, thank you for finally making an appearance.

Steve, once again, looks ready to melt into the ground at her brother's blatant fanboying, but her dad has a big shit-eating grin on his face as he walks over and slings his arm around his boyfriend's shoulders. "Hey, Steve, did you know that my son thinks you're the greatest thing since sliced bread?"

"Like father, like son," Clint says with a crooked grin, and a look of trepidation starts to build on Steve's face which Santana takes as him finally realizing what he'd gotten himself into

when agreeing to date her father. Running the Avengers, waking up in a time sixty years ahead of your own, nearly dying in Germany- that is nothing compared to having to having to deal with the Starks.

"This is going to be fun," she says, giving Steve a genuine grin despite the plans brewing in the back of her mind, and he gives her a smile in return.

This summer's going to be great.

Let's Toast 'Cause Things Got Better

Chapter Summary

Titles is from "Here's To Us" by Halestorm.

This chapter was supposed to be a serious one, and, well...Avengers fluff happened. Whoops?

One of the weirdest things that has probably ever happened to Blaine (and his dad is Tony Stark, so that means something) is when the Avengers take it upon themselves to come to the New Directions' Regionals performance junior year.

Surprisingly enough, the Avengers actually do a pretty good job of blending in. The best at it are probably [Bruce](#) and [Clint](#), who look the most like normal people even when they aren't trying. [Natasha](#) comes second, as even though she's incredibly beautiful she has practice with blending in, and then probably [Steve](#) as he's not too well known in modern day clothing. Tony's a bit recognizable compared to the rest of them, but he at least manages to scrape by compared to [Thor](#), who everyone can identify as soon as he opens his mouth and who, even in mortal clothing, looks like belongs at a Stark gala rather than a high school choir Regionals competition.

Still, Santana thinks as she looks at them sitting around her and her hermanito in the van, she can't really bring herself to care. For one night they are all here at her and Blaine's competition, this totally unimportant event compared to the fate of the world, and she can't help but feel loved. Over the past summer (and Thanksgiving, and Christmas, can't forget that adventure and the prank war that ensued between Team Clint, Natasha, Steve, and Bruce and Team Stark-Hummel) the Avengers have really accepted the two of them- and Kurt- into their ranks. It's more than just her and Blaine being Tony's kids- it's on their own merits as well. From sparring with Natasha to trading theories and formulas with Bruce to binge-watching movies with Clint and Steve to touring New York, their second home, with Thor somehow they've been accepted into the family in the tower.

"Good luck," Her mamá says as Santana and Blaine get ready to get out of the inconspicuous van (which, thanks to Tony's designs, is decked out like a limo on the inside- thanks, Dad), and a chorus of other voices echo her.

"Gracias," she and Blaine say in unison and exchange a grin before breaking off to find their glee club (and in Blaine's case, his boyfriend).

"Please correct me if I'm wrong, darkest of widows," Thor says to Natasha and Clint, who are on either side of him, in his best attempt at a whisper, "But I thought this was a choir pageant competition, not a solo engagement."

"Oh, the kids tell me this is normal," Natasha says, casually filing at her nails as she waits for the girl's shrilling to be over. "That girl is Rachel Berry, the daughter of two gay fathers who spoiled her quite badly as a child. She still throws temper tantrums like a toddler to get what she wants and annoys the kids like nothing else."

"Should I destroy her?" Thor asks, and though Natasha chuckles, her mouth quirking up into the slightest of smiles, Clint shakes his head.

"Nah, she isn't worth it."

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"Damn, Tony," Clint says, whispering into Tony's ear as Santana starts to rap, "That was unexpected."

Tony smirks. "That's my kids for you, and just wait for it-"

Blaine starts to rap, flinging out the words by himself at first but then in unison with Santana, and Steve grins from the other side of Tony where he's holding the genius' hand while Clint's jaw drops.

"That's my boy," Maribel whispers from beyond Steve, and the pride in her voice is palpable.

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"Good job, guys," Steve says as Santana, Kurt, and Blaine slide into the van, Santana next to Bruce and Kurt and Blaine next to Steve. Kurt wraps an arm around Blaine's shoulders and Blaine curls up into Kurt's embrace, happy to have won and to be with his family.

"Thanks, Steve," come the ready reply from Kurt and Blaine and the obligatory nod from Santana.

"Hey, kid," Clint says from his spot facing them, "Why didn't you get a solo?"

Kurt's cheeks go pink at the blunt comment, but he responds instantly: "I never get a solo that could go to Rachel instead. The only times I've gotten them in competitions have been with the Warblers last year or when she was disqualified from participating at Sectionals, which, by the way, I want to thank Tasha, Bruce, and Señorita Lopez for coming to."

"No problem, kid," Natasha says dismissively, "The performances weren't half bad, for a bunch of high schoolers at least."

"Thanks, Tasha," Santana says with a roll of the eyes, voice dripping with sarcasm, and Natasha smirks at her.

"But seriously, kid?" Tony asks, raising an eyebrow, "You haven't gotten a single solo when that girl was there?"

Kurt shakes his head and shrugs. "I don't let it get to me. I have New York next year and I know I'm meant for more than this, for swaying in the background and providing Rachel backup. I'm looking forward to helping you guys save the world in any way possible."

"Been working on your sai skills?" Clint asks, and Kurt grins.

"Yep. Been working on adding a third sword in with the two, but so far my reflexes are only good enough for the pair."

"Good work, son of Hummel!" Thor booms, and as Kurt blushes again Santana's mamá takes the opportunity to lean forward.

"So, Tony," Maribel Lopez says, an edge of glee to her voice, and Tony turns to face her.

"Yes?" He asks with a smirk, and Santana thanks whatever gods exist that her parents are really good friends.

"Buen trabajo for snagging such a cute boyfriend," she says with a wink, and as Steve and Tony blush (mamá is probably the only person in the world besides Pepper who can make Tony Stark blush) Natasha sighs happily.

"Have I ever mentioned how much I love your mother?" She whispers conspiratorially to the teenagers, and Santana smirks back.

"Only about three times so far today."

"Well, I'm sure I can get in a few more."

I could change the world (I can make it better)

Chapter Summary

During the summer between Avengers and Winter Soldier or between Season 2 and 3.

Title is from "Kick Ass" by MIKA, which is on my personal playlist for this fic.

Also, this fic ignores any events from IM3 that aren't directly referenced in future Captain America or Avengers movies as the author only saw the first two Iron Man movies.

Chapter Notes

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

"They've been at a stalemate for the past three minutes," Blaine says, a tone of awe in his voice as Steve walks up, and for once it's not aimed at the Captain. Through the glass in front of Blaine is the gym, and on the mats are [Santana](#) and Natasha sparring, trading off blows and jabs and spinning in and out of each other, blowing by and twisting around each other like wisps of smoke born about on the breeze.

"Not bad," Steve comments, less awed than the kid but still a certain tone of respect in his voice. "I'm not even sure *I* could last that long against Natasha."

Blaine grins. "She's trying to convince Dad that she's fit enough to join the Avengers."

"That's a bit ambitious," Steve replies, a bit shocked, as he turns to face Blaine, and the boy chuckles.

"Well, yeah, that's Santana in a word. Snarky, brilliant, and ambitious."

"Well, this is a good starting point," Steve says, "But you don't end up on the Avengers without some kind of "superness"."

"Ignoring how incredibly ableist that sounds and my questions of how Clint and Natasha managed to be accepted with that kind of criteria, she does have a super component to her plea to join." Blaine points to Santana, or at least what they can track in the blur of black-clad figures in the gym. "See her hands? They're encased in these super-thin vibranium-aluminum alloy gloves she designed in the labs. They're equipped to send out concussion blasts that at a low frequency can disable all electronics within a certain area, at a medium frequency can knock people out, and at a high frequency can destroy buildings and crush skulls. When the pulses are not in use the gloves camouflage themselves as leather rather than metal, but even when the pulses aren't in use the gloves are hard as vibranium while staying as malleable as a fabric."

"That's...impressive," Steve says, taking a moment to come up with the right words to describe his awe. "Wasn't Tony thirty seven when he designed the suit and became Iron Man?"

"Well, yeah," Blaine concedes, "But Santana and I have: one, had a much more stable childhood than he ever came close to having; two, have two fully living parents that didn't drive us to start drinking at a young age; and three, and most importantly, we live with superheroes and our dad is one of the main reasons the world is still standing. We have some of the greatest examples of heroism in the world under our roof- how could we *not* strive to be better than we are, to become the heroes we could be using our brains and bodies and hearts?"

And Blaine looks so earnest, so truthful, and Steve looks at this fifteen year old boy and, not for the first time, feels the weight of expectation on his shoulders. Once upon a time he was nothing but a small kid with a big heart wanting to go to war with his best friend and his country at his side, and he had as much potential and reason to become a hero as this boy in front of him. He wishes he had Tony with him right now- Tony's always been good with his words, if a bit rash with his delivery when he's emotional.

He takes a breath. "So you want to be a hero too?"

Blaine blushes. "Well, yeah. What kind of Stark would I be if I didn't? But I'm not as athletic as Santana though I *can* pack a good punch thanks to Rhodey and Aunt Pep's training, and I only have my smarts beyond that. Santana's specialties, interestingly enough, lie in mechanical engineering and quantum mechanics, while I tend to focus more on the analysis of the human psychology and physiology. They're viewed by some as lesser sciences when compared to what Dad and Santana are doing."

Oh. Steve knows how the kid feels- to be good at some things but never as good as those closest to him practically describes his entire life pre-serum. He may not understand everything that Blaine is talking about (science was never his strong suit- art and history are more his speed) but he *knows* that feeling. He opens his mouth to say something, he doesn't know what, but then-

"Six minutes, forty two seconds," Blaine says, tapping his earpiece and making a note on his clipboard, and Steve looks into the gym to find Natasha pinning Santana to the ground before smirking and stretching out a hand to help her up. Santana takes the hand and then-

Natasha's on the mat next to her.

Blaine whistles. "Not bad, hermana," he mutters appreciatively, and Steve has to take in the change in attitude that has been wrought in this kid over the past few moments. One moment he's on fire, ready to defend the world, the next he's self-deprecating, and the next he's ready to exchange light-hearted quips with his sister.

Well, one thing for sure: mood swings, heroism, and brilliance? Steve thinks he's starting to notice a pattern in the Starks.

Later on that day Blaine's back at the glass but this time it's with his father at his side as Steve and Kurt spar off, sai to shield. Blaine's actually quite proud of his boyfriend for holding on for this long, especially for someone with little training (compared to the rest of the Avengers, at least), and it's always kind of nice to watch Kurt fight and train. It's actually kind of hot, actually, if you really want to think about it.

Well, it would be if he wasn't acutely aware of the fact that just next to him his father is thinking the same way about *his* boyfriend. Currently Dad's rooting for Steve (even though they all know he's right to do it, he seems to be taking a little too much pleasure in the activity of cheerleading) and it's a bit disconcerting that his Dad is probably enjoying this a bit *too* much, just like Blaine himself is.

But after a half hour of mini sparring matches with no signs of either Kurt or Steve close to slowing down, Dad's tone starts to change.

"Your boyfriend's doing pretty well holding his own," Dad admits with a low whistle, "Much better than even I predicted. Guess you were right." Blaine can tell that his dad is having trouble admitting that he was wrong and Blaine was right and he grins. "...For once."

"Hey!" Blaine protests as the door swings open and [Santana](#) and [Aunt Pep](#) enter the viewing room.

"Fighting over who's boyfriend is better again, boys?" Aunt Pep asks, eliciting protests from both father and son.

"No, of course not!" Tony shouts, "That'd be creepy- he's *my son's* age!" just as Blaine protests, "We've *never* argued over *that* before!"

Santana smirks as she swallows down a sip of the standard-Avengers-issue protein shake they all have to drink at least once a day. "But you're still *thinking* it," she sing-songs, and Blaine blushes because yeah, even though he knows he has the best boyfriend in the world who's he's completely in love with and everything he still sometimes thinks about how his father managed to get together with (the *falling in love with* part remains to be seen) *Captain America*.

"Maybe...?" He squeaks out, blushing furiously, and Santana's 'wickedly smug smile' comes out.

"Thought so."

Chapter End Notes

Comment to tell me if you want me to rearrange to fit chronological order whenever I post like I did with spread your wings or if I should just post with notes at the top for timeline purposes and have you all figure them out.

Also comment if you want me to tack the playlist for this story onto the end of it.

I'm Gonna Give All My Secrets Away

Chapter Summary

Takes place the summer post-Blaine's senior year, post-Winter Soldier and pre-Ultron.

Title is from "Secrets" by OneRepublic.

Chapter Notes

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

"Fuck, Tony, you idiot- how could you?" [Steve](#) shouts, storming into the lab, and [Tony](#) shrugs helplessly from his seat at his table. His head is pounding, a sense of wretchedness is hanging over him, and for once in his life he feels complete and utter shame. He doesn't feel a little guilty or sad, the kind of small negative emotion that has him craving Steve's lips against his, craving the endorphins caused by sex to make him feel better. Instead, Tony is wallowing in how badly he's fucked up that he barely registers Steve's expletives.

"It was an accident," Tony grinds out, and *god* does it kill him to have to face this. He's ruined both his kids' lives with a single stupid decision, exposed them to the public eye and fully admitted to their connection to him. After all his attempts to be a good father he's fucked up so badly he doesn't know if he'll be able to recover. One too many drinks at a gala, one slip of the tongue, and his two beautiful, talented, loving, undeserving-of-hatred children had been exposed to the world.

"They're just teenagers, Tony!" Steve shouts, making his head pound even worse, and Steve *never* shouts at him except when he really deserves it-

"I know, Steve!" He shouts back, and it's all pouring out now, all of the frustration and tears he wishes he'd been able to let out before but just *couldn't*. "I know I fucked up, that I destroyed the best safeguard we've all built for the kids. I don't need any reminder of what kind of danger I just put my kids into!"

Something in Steve's face softens though his expression remains furious. "Language, Shellhead," he says quietly, an edge to his tone but still easier than before, as he sits down on the edge of the desk. Tony can't help but notice-damn himself- how good Steve looks in a suit as he situates himself on the desk.

"I'm just so sorry," Tony says, and he's *so tired*. "They're not even 21 yet- Maribel and I didn't want them to have to deal with anything more than cursory paparazzi for as long as possible and I...I just fucked it all up."

"You didn't 'fuck everything up'," Steve says, and Tony's thinking a bit more rationally by this point so he actually picks up on Steve's language.

"*Language* back at you, Cap," he says, managing to crack a weak smile, and Steve scoffs.

"What's that saying again? Pot, meet kettle?"

Tony wants to let himself be pulled into their usual flirting, exchanging flirting disguised as light-hearted insults, but instead he sighs. "I don't know if I can face them right now."

"Face who? The Avengers, the kids, the media?" As always, Steve knows exactly what he's thinking.

"The kids. I don't know how I'm going to talk to them knowing that at this moment that reporter is blabbing the truth about their fuck-up of a dad to the entire world."

"Oh come *on*, Tony," Steve says, and Tony recognizes his tone as his *I-am-Captain-America-and-I-won't-take-any-more-of-your-bullshit* voice. "You know Santana and Blaine don't think of you as a fuck-up. Sure, you're not the best dad in the world but you're the perfect dad for them and *that's* what counts. Who cares if you just screwed up? You screw up a lot, Tony- you're not perfect, just as I'm not, and your kids are not, and the rest of the Avengers and the world aren't."

Oh, fuck. "You just pulled one of your Avengers pep talks on me, didn't you?" Tony asks, and Steve grins.

"Did it work?"

"Just a bit, yeah."

"Then good." And Steve looks so smug, and it's infuriating because that's *Tony's* look, and-

"I hope I haven't lost this," he mutters, voice rough, and leans forward and pulls Steve into a familiar rough kiss.

"God," Steve mutters as soon as they part, "*That* was long overdue. Really, Tony? We haven't kissed since *before* the gala started at *six*, and it's near midnight now-"

Tony remedies that for the second time that day.

Chapter End Notes

Part 1 of a 2-or-3 part mini-plot-arc.

it started out with a kiss (how did it end up like this?)

Chapter Summary

Title is from "Mr. Brightside" by the Killers.

Tony knows he's past his prime when it comes to dating, that most people that flirt with him at galas and the like do it because he's *Tony Stark*, not out of some kind of attraction to any sort of youth. He no longer does drunken hookups or one night stands (and hasn't since he got the phone call that, at the young age of twenty five years, he had a baby girl waiting to be born), though he still somehow carries around that playboy attitude. He doesn't want to set a bad example for his kids, and since the birth of Blaine Anthony Lopez-Stark-(Anderson) he's had exactly one serious relationship and that was with Pepper. They'd realized that it wouldn't last and had broken it off, but the point remained: he wanted to set something of a good example for his kids.

And then Steve fucking Rogers had happened, and by whatever gods exist Tony found his long disappeared libido appearing out of nowhere. Their fight during the battle had put a damper on things and nearly destroyed his-oh god, he sounds like one his teenaged children-crush, but then Rogers had taken him aside after everything was good and over with and had thanked him for letting the Avengers stay with him in the tower as well as for what he'd done with the bomb. Then he'd quietly, guiltily, apologized for calling Tony selfish and uncaring, and for one of the very few times in Tony's life (the second, to be exact) Tony had been wrought speechless. He really hadn't expected this, had been focused on getting back to the tower to videocall his kids and get rearmed out by his firecracker daughter, but of course Rogers had managed to shock him like this.

(And that crush? It had come back full force.)

-

They spend the next few months until June dancing around each other and after every single conversation with Steve he gets significant looks from the other Avengers. Natasha threatens his ass if he hurts Steve, Clint laughs at it all, Bruce rolls his eyes, but Thor- well, his reaction is what finally pushes Tony over the edge.

They've just gotten back from a mission where Steve had done an inordinate amount fussing over Tony when he'd gotten whacked off a building by an armored goon when Thor says, in an unnecessarily loud tone of voice, "Man of Iron, is the esteemed Captain thy nurse and lover?"

Tony does not blush, he *never* blushes, but at that moment his cheeks do get very warm. He has to take pride in the fact that Steve, on the other hand, is blushing quite furiously and that

thanks to the construction of the Captain America uniform, in contrast to the Iron Man suit, everyone can see Steve's blush.

Tony retracts the helmet, revealing his smirk to everyone else, before answering. "Well, that's kind of up to the esteemed Captain, dontcha think?"

And whatever he'd been expecting, what happens next is not that. He looks over to find Steve staring *directly* at his lips and Steve says, and Tony quotes: "He *is* quite the good-looking man, Thor."

Tony's smirk drops away just as one appears on Steve's face.

-

Needless to say, they get together that same night.

Um, whoops?

(Just kidding. Tony has absolutely *no* complaints about the situation .)

-

"You have kids," [Steve](#) says, tone deadpan, and [Tony](#) shrugs as he takes a swig of his drink.

"Yeah, and they're my pride and joy. They live with their mother throughout the school year and spend their holidays and summers with me in New York." Tony's tone grows dangerous. "Is that going to be a problem?"

Steve's eyes widen and he hastily backtracks. "No, no problem, I swear. It was just a shock. I'd love to meet your kids. Want to tell me about them?"

Tony smiles. "I have two genius teenagers- Santana's the older by a year-she's a beautiful, smart young lady who will sock you as soon as you call her a beautiful young lady. She's the head cheerleader, a blackbelt, a member of the glee club at her school, and a finalist for the National Merit scholarship thanks to her work with electromagnetism. Then there's Blaine, who really fills the part of the dapper 40s gentleman as well as you do. He's the head soloist on his glee club team, the President of the Psychology club, and is developing new serums for Stark Industries medical department already."

"So they're geniuses, just like you?"

Tony nods.

"I'm not sure I can handle three of you," Steve teases, but he's smiling.

Tony rolls his eyes. "I'm sure you can handle Blaine-he has your politeness and my charisma-but Santana's snark I don't know if you can handle."

"If I can handle you I can probably handle your daughter."

Tony chuckles. "Nah, probably not. Can't wait to see you try, though."

Please Don't Cry One Tear For Me (I Made It Through The Day)

Chapter Summary

Title is from "Second Chance" by Shinedown.

This chapter is directly Post-Sectionals season 1 and during Iron Man.

Blaine had thought that he was prepared for anything- fourteen years of training under your Dad's ex-Army friend from MIT and current head of security kind of gives a person a sense of safety like that.

But there's not much kicks and jabs and right hooks can do against a crowbar and a metal baseball bat.

-

(Tony doesn't get to find out until he arrives back from Afghanistan, tired, malnourished, and with an arc reactor instead of a heart, two weeks later.)

-

"Hey, kiddo," Tony says, voice exhausted, as he sits down on the edge of his son's bed. "You just had to show me up, didn't you?" His tone is teasing, but anyone with eyes could see that he's worried out of his mind.

"Well," Blaine says, noting the bruise along his dad's cheek that nearly matches the one on his thigh, "I couldn't let you be the only one in pain, right?"

Tony lets out a sigh, and Blaine can't tell if it's one of exhaustion, exasperation, or fondness. "Preciate it, kid, but my old heart could barely handle the shock of hearing that my only son had been beaten within an inch of his life."

"One, you're not old, and two, you have a freaking *arc reactor* now that can surely keep up with your "old heart". Trust me, Aunt Pep wasn't keeping that one from Santana and I."

Tony gives him a weary smile. "Wouldn't have expected her to, kiddo."

The door opens behind Tony, sending a glow over the room, and Santana steps into the room.

"Seriamente, chicos?" She asks with a snort as she gestures to their matching slings, "You just *had* to become even more freakily twin-like than usual."

But she fails, however, at disguising her worry with snark. There are tear tracks on her cheeks and she has obviously been worried out of her mind, so when Tony hold out his uninjured arm in an unspoken offer for a hug she runs forward and takes it, curling into his embrace as if she's a kid again.

"Aw, mija," he says softly, "You know we Starks can survive anything. We're resilient little buggers."

"Emphasis on *little*," Blaine chimes in, seemingly happy, but both his father and sister can hear the quiver in his voice.

Santana maneuvers over so that she's lying down next to her hermanito, her arm around his shoulder, and her legs are across her dad's lap. "I hate it when either of you get hurt," she says, hating the tremor in her voice.

"It's not that fun from this side of things either, trust me," Tony says, a teasing lilt to his voice, as he pats their legs reassuringly, and though she's not ready to breathe a sigh of relief Santana is ready to stop crying.

"Okay," she says, careful not to bring up Afghanistan or Stark Industries, "So how's Aunt Pep?"

"Absolutely furious that I didn't call her first."

Let's stay up all night (Slumber party; pillow fight)

Chapter Summary

Title is from "Tongue Tied" by Grouplove, as featured in Season 3 of glee.

Takes place post-chapter 5, post season 2, and post-Avengers but pre-Winter Soldier.

Chapter Notes

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

Santana can't help but giggle even as she rolls her eyes at the sight before her: the Avengers, in their pajamas (and seriously, Thor, Pokémon bottoms, and Steve, SpongeBob? That she will never unsee), spread out on top of their respective sleeping bags on the floor of the group area. Natasha, Kurt, and Clint at angles to each other, discussing the proper angle for a good right hook, Tony and Steve next to each other facing Aunt Pep and Rhodey, Nick Fury, Phil Coulson, and Maria Hill at the bar "supervising", and Bruce, Thor, and Blaine grouped together discussing magic v. science (Bruce for science, Thor for magic, and Blaine interjecting on both sides and egging them on). It's almost normal as long as you don't see Mjolnir on the table next to Thor, the bows by Clint, and the robots (Dummy, You, and Butterfingers- seriously, you can't trust her dad naming anything) wheeling about between the little groups.

"Hey, kid," Natasha calls out, and it takes Santana a moment to realize that she's talking to her.

"Si, Tasha?" She replies, turning to look at her.

"You mind helping me explain to these boys how to properly disarm someone a scythe? Neither of them seem to understand my *quite simple* explanation."

She smirks. "Of course."

"Hey, you think anyone other Thor could lift Mjolnir?" Kurt asks an hour later from his spot leaning into Blaine's side, a lazy smile on his face as he practices his knife-twirling.

"Nah," Clint says dismissively, but Tony actually sizes up the issue head-on.

"Well, you never know," he says, "The hammer only lets those who are worthy pick it up. There's nothing in the legends that say that Thor's the only one who can lift it."

"Alright, Man of Iron," Thor booms good-naturedly, and once again Santana can't take him seriously with *Pokémon* pajama bottoms, "Let us see thee try lifting Mjolnir."

Tony grins and shifts forward and out of Steve's embrace. "Sure."

And so it circles through the Avengers, each as unsuccessful as the last, with jokes and light insults and by the time it gets to Steve, who's the end of the list, very few of the Avengers are actually watching. Phil's telling some kind of story about his agents Fitz and Simmons and everyone's distracted so when Steve goes to lift the hammer and his face goes near-white in shock only Santana and Kurt pick up on it. When Mjolnir wobbles and Steve quickly glances around furtively to see if anyone had seen him, the two Avengers-in-training don't say a word. Santana exchanges a look with Kurt when she notices his gaze on Steve and though she knows he's not a genius she *knows* that he understands the significance of what just happened.

Oh, mierda.

The two of them corner him as everyone's dispersing back to their seats and Steve heads up to the bar for a glass of cider.

"You could move Mjolnir, couldn't you?" Kurt asks with preamble, careful to keep his voice low but tone cutting.

Steve sputters, nearly spitting out the swig he'd just taken. "No, I couldn't," he protests, but by a quick analysis of his facial tics alone Santana can tell that he's lying.

"You're not drunk, not like most of the other adults," she says, "You have your facilities about you. You realized you could move the hammer and didn't want to hurt Thor's feelings so you just let it wobble." He gives her a surprised look and she smirks. "It may not have found me worthy but I *do* have a heart, believe it or not."

"I had no doubts about that, Santana," he swears, tone not allowing for doubt, and it's actually kind of nice to hear that kind of certainty about her morals. "It's just...I didn't want to hurt *anyone's* feelings, not just Thor. I believe in everyone on this team and I know that they're all as good of people as I am, if not better. I know they've done bad things before, that their methods are not necessarily the cleanest or nicest, but their hearts are in the right place and they're all heroes. You two are too, as is your brother, Santana. From Tony, who has faced so much in Afghanistan and from his father and from the world, to Nat and Clint, who are fucking assassins, to Bruce, who literally has to deal with Mr. Hyde living in his body, to Director Fury, Agent Coulson, and Agent Hill, who have to make unscrupulous decisions on a regular basis- they're all heroes for what they do and continue to do. I have no more right to hold that hammer than they do."

Santana and Kurt nod. "We get it," Kurt says, "Though it's not to the extent of any of you guys, we haven't always done the nicest things in our lives either."

"And Steve," Santana says, her sharp smirk softening into a reassuring smile, "You're not perfect either. No need holding yourself to a standard above us- shh," that was to Steve opening his mouth to retort, "You do, not in conceit but in a sense of duty. We're here for you, amigo, and you need to remember that."

Steve nods, and somehow he seems less tense than earlier. "Got it, guys. Thanks a lot, I really appreciate it."

Kurt tilts his head in affirmation. "No problem," he says gently, and they've finished just in time because Tony's voice pierces the air with:

"Time for Monopoly, everyone! I call the salt shaker!"

Santana rolls her eyes as the three of them head back to join the group and Blaine says, "Dad, how many times do I have to tell you? It's a thimble!"

"I know, squirt, I just don't care!"

Chapter End Notes

So I've been working on the chapters for Winter Soldier, Blame It On the Alcohol, and Shooting Star for weeks and a plot bunny came along and bit me in the bum. Sorry, but at least you got domestic! Avengers, so...we'll call it even?

Blame It On The Alcohol

Chapter Summary

Title is from the song with the same title by Jamie Foxx.

Takes place post-Avengers, pre-Cap 2, and during late season 2 of glee.

When Starks drink, bad things tend to happen.

That's been Blaine's mantra since he was little, and why he's sworn off alcohol for the rest of his life. He has no problem with Santana drinking or his dad indulging on the occasion that Tony breaks his own personal anti-alcohol ban, but Blaine chooses not to for himself. He knows that he was only born because his dad and mom got drunk and...did the deed, and he knows that when Howard, his grandfather, got drunk bad things happened to his dad. He knows, though he tries not to think about it, that his dad was abused as a kid. There's a reason why Tony has an almost manic drive to work, to keep going and pushing himself to create and develop *more* even if it's to the point of exhaustion, and thanks to his research for his Science Fair project- the psychology of abuse- he can recognize the signs.

But that brings Blaine to now, where he's at a party hosted by Rachel Berry of all people and he's averting his eyes from the sight of his sister (a *very* weepy drunk) clinging to Brittany, when he knows that she has a girlfriend back in New York and that though she's fiercely devoted to Sharon, her SHIELD entry-level agent of a girlfriend, she can get a bit...messy at times.

"So why aren't you drinking?" He asks Kurt, who he's sitting next to on the sofa. He can't help but give Kurt a dopey smile as he does because they've been dating for a month already but the honeymoon phase still hasn't worn off yet.

Kurt's body reads 'a bad experience', so it isn't a surprise when he says "I threw up on the guidance counselor's shoes last year the first time I got drunk and I would prefer to *not* take the pleasure of repeating that experience any time soon."

Blaine's met Miss Pillsbury once and heard about her OCD many times from Santana, so he can only imagine how viscerally the petite guidance counselor would have reacted to Kurt's throw up on her shoes. And yeah, Blaine's going to change the topic *now* because Kurt puking is amusing but it's not a nice way to imagine his boyfriend.

He smiles. "I bet Miss Pillsbury's reaction was priceless."

The corner of Kurt's lips quirks up. "Yeah, you could certainly put it that way." He turns to Blaine. "And why are *you* not drinking, Mr. Dapper Warbler?"

Blaine swallows, unsure how to approach this topic. He's only been dating Kurt for about a month and a half so far and he doesn't think this would be the appropriate stage in a relationship to start divulging intimate knowledge of his grandfather's abuse or his own conception, both under the influence. He trusts Kurt, it would probably put too much of a strain on their relationship to put too much trust in Kurt this early. But maybe just a little...?

"My family tends not to make good decisions under the influence of alcohol. Case in point," he gestures to Santana, who's clinging to Brittany and muttering about the properties of electromagnetic radiation and the magical qualities of french kissing. He's not exactly sure what that has to do with anything, but he can never really guess what's happening in Santana's mind anyway, so...

"I get it," Kurt says, and points to Finn who's making out sloppily with Rachel in the corner when Blaine is *pretty* sure that he's still with Quinn. Whoops?

"So, you ready to meet our dad this summer?" Blaine asks, changing the topic.

"Ready to meet the father of my boyfriend, the man who gave him his intelligence, charisma, and all of his gizmos?" Kurt smiles. "Of course I am."

Blaine smiles back. "So you don't mind spending the back half of the summer with Santana?"

Kurt tilts his head as if considering the question with great contemplation and Blaine lightly nudges him in the side. "She's not *that* bad," Blaine says, ready to launch to his sister's defense at a moment's notice.

Kurt laughs, a lighthearted grin spreading across his face. "Just kidding, sweetheart," he says, "You know I'm fine with Santana. And besides, I'm excited to meet everyone at the Tower. Your godfather, Aunt Pep, and of course your...extended family."

Blaine grins at the kind of obvious euphemism for the Avengers. "Yeah, I can't wait for you to meet my extended family either," he says. "I gear they're quite the handful."

"If I can handle Finn, I can handle anyone," Kurt says, completely serious, and Blaine giggles a bit as he sets down his soda on a coaster.

"Well, I'm getting a bit bored of all of this," he says, "There is only so long that you can watch your sister cling and weep to a friend before getting a bit off put."

Kurt grins. "I know where the guest room is, if you want to go make out a bit?"

Blaine grins. "Your wish is my command, honey."

Even Heroes Have The Right To Bleed

Chapter Summary

Takes place during Season 4, post-Avengers, and directly pre-Winter Soldier.

Title is from "Superman (It's Not Easy)" by Five for Fighting.

Chapter Notes

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

They're on Kurt and Santana's fifth mission when she earns her first innocent casualties.

A blast from her gloves takes out the villain and the window behind him, thus plummeting him into the streets, but also takes out three innocents near him.

She runs over to the edge, heart plummeting in her chest, and watches helplessly as Uncle Rhodey swoops in and can't save the civilians before they slam into the ground. After a second of seeing their distant, twisted forms, she turns around and presses the side of her fist to her lips so she won't start screaming and crying.

She will hold it together, she will not fail, she will not show weakness-

Clint flips through the open window and lands next to her. "Santana," he says slowly, "It's not your fault. It was an accident."

She swallows, forcing down the lump in her throat, and gives him a bitter smile as she lets her arm drop down next to her side. "It's fine," she says, in a tone that sounds unconvincing even to herself, "I'm fine."

Clint purses his lips and gives her a look says you're clearly not, but he lets it go for now. "We need to head back."

She nods. "Meet you at the chopper," she says, then runs off the edge of the window and leaps to the roof of the building across the way. She can't help but admire- and feel sickened by- the ironic mirror that the drop forms with the fall of Crash and those civilians.

The only difference between her and them is that she had control over what she is doing, and they didn't.

When she gets back from the mission she heads straight for her room, shedding her mask (which most closely resembles Steve's in structure, surrounding her eyes and covering the top

of her hair while leaving a strip for her ponytail to hang out of, save for the white color) and leather boots as she goes. Her outfit is similar to Tasha's, all skintight leather save for her mask (for identity protection) and her self-designed high-tech bracelets, the touchscreens on which activate and control her Concussion gloves. She tries not to think about the power which can grow and spread across her skin from those bracelets as easily as the Iron Man suit can craft itself onto her dad's body. She tries not to think of how much power she has over life and death, over good and evil- how little she truly knows about being a hero, despite her exhaustive training for years to hone her mind and body.

She gets to her room and strips out of her Concussion uniform before changing into a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. [She](#) doesn't feel as suffocated now, though she's still wracked by guilt. She sits down on the bed after dumping the Concussion uniform down the chute to be cleaned (save the bracelets, which are starting to feel like shackles) and realizes that she is actually shaking quite badly, breaths coming harsh and fast. She presses her fingers to her wrist to find her heartbeat a rapid, staccato rhythm. She can immediately classify the symptoms as that of a panic attack, but the knowledge doesn't comfort her or make things any better.

She looks around for something-anything- that she could use as a comfort to help her steady herself, but the panic is seeping in and she's rapidly losing rational thought. She draws her knees up to her chest and curls her body around them, trying to seek a sense of...she doesn't know, exactly. Her mind is stuttering, her heart is racing, and-

Suddenly a pair of arms is wrapped around her shoulders, pulling her into a familiar oil-scented embrace.

"Mija," her dad says, running his fingers through her hair, "Just breathe, okay? Remember to breathe. Got that?" She nods slightly, not trusting herself to speak without screaming in guilt and regret. "Good, honey. Now follow my breaths, alright- in, out, in out..."

And he continues like that for awhile (Santana's too distracted to count the time, and isn't that a sign of how far gone she is as she normally counts time automatically, no effort or thought necessary) until Santana's breathing and heartbeat levels out.

She leans back from her father's embrace and he lets go of her shoulders, letting her shift into a more comfortable position. She sits criss-cross-apple-sauce on the bed facing him, and her mind is somewhat close to its normal well-oiled state. She watches her dad, who copies her posture and seating position with a languidness that she honestly has no idea how a forty-one-year-old can pull off, especially one with two children.

"So the first thing you need to know is that it wasn't your fault, Mija," Tony says, and her hackles raise.

(An image from Blaine's science fair project comes to mind about the five stages of grief: denial, anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance. She thinks she may be going about them in a rather abnormal order.)

"Of course it was," she snaps, "It was my gloves, my creation, that misfired. They were aimed on Crash and they were supposedly calibrated to *only* hit him. They had too much

power, dad, and it was my failed engineering that made that happen."

Tony barks a laugh, and Santana gives him her *what the fuck are you on* look. He smirks at her. "Failed engineering? Mija, your gloves are two true masterpieces. The manipulation of materials technology and how quickly and easily they transform from one to the other- that's something *I* haven't quite mastered yet. Everyone makes mistakes, everyone has accidents. Hell, have you *looked* at my life? It's full of shitty mistakes and horrible, explosive accidents. Remember Paris?" Santana can't help but giggle, despite the pit in her stomach, at the memory of Tony flirting with a woman who ended up being a shape-shifting being made out of living solid sulfur. (So basically, she stunk like the high heavens.) Tony grinned for a moment at her response, happy to get something out of her that wasn't a sob. "But you have to remember that mistakes lead to progress, okay. What seems like a horrible tragedy today will probably end up being a way for you to grow. The happiest moments of my life- your and your brother's births- came after what felt like two of the biggest *mistakes* of my life. So basically, it may feel like you've royally fucked up but it's really just an opportunity to grow."

Santana gives her Dad a *look*. "You're not supposed to be that wise, Dad. You're supposed to leave being rational to Steve and Aunt Pep."

Tony grins. "Yeah, well, I guess I have to be a good dad *sometimes*."

Santana rolls her eyes and playfully punches her dad in the arm. "You're *always* a good dad, no matter how many times you get distracted by Dummy and your other inventions."

"Hey!" Tony protests, "Dummy is a perfectly good friend to hang out with!"

Santana smirks. "And this is why Uncle Rhodey comes around at least once a week."

"But seriously, honey, are you good now?" Tony asks, and for once Santana can hear the genuine tone of concern in his voice.

"Yeah, I think so," she says, and it's the honest truth. Saying yes would be a lie, as she's not quite sure, but she thinks that she's nearing the point of being okay.

There's a knock at the door and they both swivel to find [Rhodey](#) at the door. "Everything good, banes of my existence?"

"Everything's fine, Uncle Rhodey," Santana says, getting up off of the bed, "As long as *you* tell me about your new significant other."

Rhodey grins. "I'm not even going to ask how you figured that out anymore-"

"Blaine." She interrupts, and Rhodey nods.

"Right. Anyway, if you don't mind coming and eating lunch with me and Pepper I can tell you all about him."

Santana grins and loops her arm through his. "Alright, Uncle. Fine with me. Can't wait to find out more about your boyfriend."

"Without me?" Tony asks dramatically, mock-offended, and they both smirk at him before stepping out of the room.

"Of course not, Dad," she says, "What would we *ever* do without your esteemed presence?"

Then her and Rhodey walk out without another word, leaving Tony to gasp in shock and hurry to catch up with them.

-

(When it comes time for Kurt's panic attack and rite of passage of learning to deal with the knowledge you've killed innocents, it's Santana who helps him out with it.)

Chapter End Notes

I will literally give my firstborn to see someone draw Santana's outfit. I don't care about the quality, I just want to see it.

put it together himself, now the picture connects

Chapter Summary

Title is from "Remember the Name" by Fort Minor.

Happens over winter break Season 4, during Winter Soldier right after the first encounter with Bucky.

Oh, and thanks to Blaine's specialization in psychology he's basically a mini Sherlock Holmes when it comes to emotions.

Chapter Notes

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

Blaine ducks into the lab where [Santana](#) and Bruce are currently helping Dad with the newest version of Iron Man, the Mark XI. They're deep in conversation, bent over a holographic table covered in electronic blueprints, and from what he can tell they're discussing the merits of different power systems for the new pulsors. This is one area in which he's next to useless in as this is all robotics and the effects of vibranium for energy rather than the more medical or human aspects of Iron Man. He knows that whenever they need an expert in how to calibrate Iron Man and War Machine's systems to the human body he'll be the first one called, but for now he's not really needed.

"Hey, guys," he says, and they straighten up. "Natasha's calling in. She wants to talk to you all about SHIELD and something that happened with Steve. Says it's urgent."

"Then why didn't she phone us directly?" Dad asks, sounding a bit peeved at not being informed about his boyfriend. Blaine can't help but notice the wrap-around comm/eyeset he's wearing that JARVIS could have directly pinged him on.

"Miss Romanoff says that Mr. Rogers did not want to intrude on your work, sir," JARVIS chimes in before Blaine has to come up with a suitable answer. *"She says that Mr. Rogers did not want to worry you."*

Dad rolls his eyes. "Relay the message in here," he instructs JARVIS. "Project it on this console." He points to the desktop that they've been working on.

"Yes, sir."

"Hey, Red Hots," Dad says when Tasha appears onscreen, "What's cooking?"

She rolls her eyes. "Hello, Tony," she says, "Be serious, okay? We have news you *need* to know."

Dad's grin doesn't fade, but his posture straightens, tensing a bit at the prospect of a serious conversation. Most people wouldn't pick up on it, but Blaine knows his dad well enough to pick up on his tics.

"Hello, love," [Tony](#) says easily when Steve steps up to the screen, "What's up?"

Before Steve even responds Blaine takes in the signs of distress on his face, thrown into relief by his cowl being pulled down from his head. Dark shadows under his eyes, the almost imperceptible tilt downward of his lips, a bit of *stubble* (he didn't think Steve capable of it, but here they are)- something incredibly stressful has happened. Something unexpected, if he had to make an educated guess based upon his observations.

"I saw Bucky, Tony," Steve says, cutting to the chase, and at first Blaine doesn't quite process his words. They can't be right- Blaine knows from comics, museum exhibits, and Steve himself that Bucky is dead. He fell off the train, and as horrible as that is he's *dead*.

"But he's dead," Dad says, and it seems like he's come to the same conclusion as Blaine.

"He's not, Tony," Tasha says, and the easily readable conclusion on her face is that she *already* knew that. "He's the Winter Soldier. We fought him earlier and Steve caught a glimpse."

"Yeah, Tony," Steve says, "I-"

"How did you know, Tasha?" Blaine interrupts, and he knows that everyone is giving him looks of bewilderment.

Her face goes blank, nearly emotionless, and yet Blaine could swear that she glares at him. "I met him on a mission, a long time ago- back when I was still under the control of the Red Room. I..." she trails off, the slightest of frowns gracing her lips, and....oh. She and Bucky...oh. Well, then.

"Got it," he says, saving her from having to respond. "Well, Steve, I think we're going to have to break Bucky out of whatever control whoever's using him has on him. We're going to have to be delicate about it, or we might break him."

Steve looks like he might cry at that assessment, but he nods. "Whatever Bruce, Tony, Santana, and you think best is what we'll do."

Blaine can't help but feel warmth rise in his chest that Steve included him and Santana in his list of people he trusts with the mind of his best friend. His sister apparently agrees as she says, "You're trusting *Blaine and I?*", a tone of incredulity in her voice.

"Of course," Steve says, expression slightly hurt at them doubting him. "You two are some of the smartest people I know, probably even *above* your father." His slight smile shows that he's teasing, but it doesn't prevent his boyfriend's shocked protests.

"I resemble that remark!" Tony argues, and of course that leaves a confused look on Steve's face. Blaine can tell that he doesn't get the reference.

"I promise we'll figure this all out and bring Bucky home," Blaine says, tone brokering no arguments, and Steve nods.

"I know we will," he says, and it's not a dream but a *fact*.

"Why does everyone look so stressed?" Kurt says from behind them, and Blaine turns to find his boyfriend standing in the doorway, arms crossed over his chest.

"Bucky Barnes is alive," Bruce supplies the answer, and though abject shock passes over Steve's face it's gone after a moment. "He's the Winter Soldier."

"Well, then," Kurt says, not missing a beat, and Blaine could kiss him he's *just that amazing*, "When do we start searching?"

Chapter End Notes

I promise more Kurt soon as I think I might have been neglecting him. Also more Bucky, Sam's introduction, and hopefully some Rhodey/Sam.

like starlight crashing through the room (we'll lose our feathers)

Chapter Summary

Title is from "It Gets Better" by fun.

Takes place during the second half of Season 4, during Winter Soldier (though a very changed Winter Soldier), and after the events of Chapter 12.

"We need your help," is the first thing Sam's boyfriend says when he picks up the phone.

Sam rolls over in bed and blinks at the clock. "It's only 3:12 in the morning, James," he groans. "Way too early to help. And besides, you have the Avengers. What do you need my help for?"

Sam can almost hear the grin in James' voice. "Maybe I just want to spend time with you."

"No need for excuses to come see you."

"Alright then, Snarky, mind coming down to the Tower, then? We do genuinely need your help planning out plans for battle- all of these geniuses, save maybe Steve, are absolutely hopeless on the concepts of military strategy."

Sam throws off the covers and heads over to his dresser. "Be there in fifteen, James."

"See you then, love."

"My boyfriend will be here in five minutes," Uncle Rhodey announces to the room at large, and [Santana](#) groans.

"You've given us updates every two minutes," she informs him matter-of-factly, even going so far as to show him the time table she's been keeping on one of her Concussion bracelets (thank dios she designed them to function for practical use as well as for battle).

"It's just that I've been dating him for nearly a year, Santana dear," he says, "And just can't wait for him to meet you all. 'Specially you kids-I practically helped your father raise you."

"That you did," she mutters under her breath, because it's the truth- her Dad wouldn't have come close to being the awesome, if occasionally insane, dad he is today if it hadn't been for Uncle Rhodey and his endless and superhuman patience. She raises her voice a bit. "And thanks for that, Uncle Rhodey."

"No need for thanks, Santana," he says with a wink, "You're my girl."

"I'm sure Aunt Pep will be disappointed to hear that," she says sardonically, and Uncle Rhodey chuckles.

"Nah, she knows you'll always be my favorite."

The sound of the door swinging open interrupts them, and then an unfamiliar voice says, "Hello, Avengers."

Santana turns to see [a dark-skinned man](#) who looks a bit younger than Steve standing at the doorway, a grin on his face and wearing a familiar leather jacket.

"Dios, that's Uncle Rhodey's-" she begins, shocked, but Steve cuts her off.

"*Sam?*" Steve exclaims, "You're Rhodes' boyfriend?"

Sam smiles as [Uncle Rhodey](#) steps out in front of her and Steve, an eyebrow raised. "Hello, love," Uncle Rhodey says, a fondness to his tone, and the look that Sam directs back at him could not be any more fond itself.

"You didn't tell Steve we were together?" Sam asks, but there's no heat to his tone as Uncle Rhodey comes to stand next to him.

"Even if I *had* mentioned it, he wouldn't have noticed," Uncle Rhodey says with a smirk. "He's been too busy making out with Tony and taking down HYDRA."

Steve opens his mouth as if to protest, then quietly shuts it because he knows as well as she does that what Uncle Rhodey had said was true. His time nowadays is focused on her Dad, the search for Bucky, and taking down the organization that had cannibalized SHIELD and his best friend's mind.

"Mind introducing your boyfriend, Uncle Rhodey?" Santana asks, and it draws Uncle Rhodey's attention back to them.

"This is Sam Wilson, former USAF paratrooper and my current boyfriend," Uncle Rhodey says, pride in his voice undeniable, but Santana picks up on the fact that he doesn't mention Sam's current occupation. So, basically he's either homeless or has a secret job that others can't know about. The second option sounds far-fetched, but one thing she's learned as the daughter of Tony Stark is that there is no such thing as being too far-fetched. Then Uncle Rhodey turns to face Steve and her and gestures to Santana. "And that's my girl, Santana."

"And she's Tony's?" Sam asks, and Uncle Rhodey nods.

"Well, she's a bit mine, too, if I have to be honest, but yeah. Tony's daughter. Blaine, her brother, is around here somewhere..." He trails off as if just noticing that Blaine hasn't been here for half an hour.

Santana rolls her eyes. "He's off tinkering on the suits with Dad as *he* has to get back to Ohio for school by Sunday, unlike the rest of us, Uncle Rhodey."

"Right," Sam says, seemingly unperturbed by her sarcasm, and she decides that she just may approve of Uncle Rhodey's new boyfriend. "So, mind showing me around before we head down to help Steve and the rest of them on the battle plans?"

Uncle Rhodey smiles and slings his arm around Sam's shoulders. "So right this way, Sam- I think you'll get a kick out of Clint and Pepper."

Sam smiles at him and they walk out, leaving Santana to watch their retreating backs.

"Steve," she says, "I think they're in love."

"Yeah," he replies, "I'd have to agree on that one."

They're *this far* away from getting back Bucky, getting back Steve's other best friend, when War Machine gets shot down.

Sam is in the middle of a dive, directing Redwing and himself to fight off Hydra goons, when he sees James fall. In an instant Afghanistan flashes before his eyes- Riley's chopper going down, hit in the tail and spiralling down in a path he couldn't intercept- and then he's diving to catch James, going in steeper and steeper, trying not to focus on the inevitable fact that he won't make it in time.

James hits the ground, burrowing a shallow divot, and then he just...lies there. Sam hits the ground a moment later, wings folding up and into his suit and him at a dead run toward James. Him and Stark get there at nearly the same time, and before the panic can overwhelm him into not being useful Tony kneels down, clicks a button under War Machine's chin, and barks out the order: "JARVIS, Rhodey's stats. Now."

The helmet on War Machine flips open, revealing James with a bit of blood pooling at the corner of his lips but looking otherwise okay. "*Pulse is slightly weak and there is damage to the hips and legs. However, major vitals are otherwise fine,*" JARVIS answers Tony's orders. Sam lets out a sigh of relief, and Tony stands back.

"He's all yours, Wilson. We have emergency personnel on the way and I trust you to keep him safe for the rest of the battle. Got it?" Sam nods emphatically and Iron Man takes off.

"James, you okay?" He says, squatting down next to him even as he extends his blasters to take care of the goons around them.

"I'm fine, love," James says, tone reassuring, and Sam lets out a small, choked sound.

"It was Riley all over again," he says, and James gives him a small smile despite the blood trickling out of the cut on his lips.

"Don't want that, do we?" He replies, and Sam knows that James knows exactly what he means. He knows that James nearly lost Tony in Afghanistan, spent months convinced that he'd never see his brother figure again, and that he knows what it's like to have to watch the chopper explode around the ones you love.

Sam shakes his head, then picks up on a HYDRA life signal in the corner of his goggles. "One moment, please," he says, then spins around and takes out the goon with one of his blasters.

"My hero," James says sarcastically, eyes fluttering shut, and despite the sarcasm Sam's heart lifts. They'll be okay, he knows it.

"Okay," Sam instructs, "Left foot forward."

James rolls his eyes as he leans against Sam. "I'm not an invalid, you know," he says, but he complies with the reminder and steps forward, robotic-implanted legs helping him forward. He'd been paralyzed from the waist down in the crash with a diagnosis with a minimal chance of recovery, but Tony, Santana, and Blaine Stark refused to let that stop them from developed robotics that would help his legs develop back to normal. He himself had helped out a bit from his wheelchair, tinkering with some of the more practical bits- what shapes would be best for movement, for walking and the like- he hadn't gotten into MIT for his looks, after all.

"I know," Sam says with a self-satisfied grin, "Last night can *definitely* hold testament to that."

"Did NOT need to hear that, Uncle Rhodey!" Blaine shouts from the sofa, where he's working on the newest blueprints for his wings. Unlike Rhodey's, which are most fiberglass and metal, Blaine's are mostly made of living tissue and can move and bend like actual bird wings. The concept is quite fascinating, actually, most especially the way the wings bond and attach themselves to the skin of his back.

"Just gonna have to get used to it, kid!" James calls back across the general living area, smile on his face as he glances at Sam, "Falcon's staying around for awhile."

Sam sends him a blinding smile, but even that can't compete with Blaine's retort: "I get enough of that from Dad and Santana, Uncle Rhodey, I don't need you dropping hints all over the place!"

"Guess you're gonna have to get used to it, kid," Sam says, "If you expect to stay up here and become an Avenger like the rest of us mature adults."

"'Mature' could be argued," Blaine responds, a cheeky grin spreading across his lips.

"With a few of us it definitely could," James concedes. "Your dad, for one."

Snort. "No arguments here."

in the madness and soil of that sad earthly scene

Chapter Summary

Title is from "Take Me to Church" by Hozier.

Takes place during "Shooting Star" and then the end of Winter Soldier.

Chapter Notes

In this universe X-men is a comic book series, not an actual set of superheroes.

There's a shooter at McKinley, [Blaine](#) is completely defenseless, and his brain can't figure out whether to be scared shitless or annoyed that he forgot his Warbler talons at home. *Seriously, Blaine?* He can practically hear Santana or his dad berating him, *The one day you needed them you forgot them at home.*

(He's leaning more toward annoyed than scared, honestly.)

Well *excuse* him for leaving the *highly* experimental syringe cum talons that work kind of like Wolverine's claws at home while he comes into school.

Well, whatever the excuse he's still stuck here without any defenses, his only armor a bowtie and a polo. Still, that doesn't stop him from recklessly sneaking around school, collecting random kids (and Brittany, who's was hiding in the restroom and had flung her arms around him when she'd seen it was him), and then creeping up to Mr. Schue's door and knocking. He'd let them in, thank the gods, but only before giving Blaine the most epic of whispered-disapproval-speeches.

(Heroism, it seems, is hereditary, for whatever that is worth.)

Blaine is *this close* to breaking down and calling Dad because this is *absolutely nothing* like a mission with the Avengers. With the Avengers, despite the world-changing consequences, there is a sense of camaraderie. It doesn't seem as bad with the Avengers around, despite the explosions that typically follow, as he is surrounded by others who are more experienced and more powerful.

It's too quiet now, too lonely and too empty of familiar heroes. It's just Blaine, just him while there's a shooter roaming the school.

But he doesn't call his dad- it's not important enough.

"Give it up, Mr. Schue," Sam says quietly, and Blaine smiles up thankfully at his best friend, who returns a weary grin back at him. "It was reckless but we're all safe. We're all okay now."

Mr. Schue sighs. "You're right, Sam. We're all okay, and that's what matters."

Now the only problem is making sure that Dad doesn't hear about this until after the fact. If anyone tells him now, he'll probably come blasting in with Iron Man's blasters blazing.

with lovers and friends i still can recall

Chapter Summary

Title is from "In My Life" by the Beatles.

They've all changed into their normal clothing and are waiting for Steve and Bucky, who they've just finished fighting a battle against HYDRA goons in order to get home. Sam and Rhodey are in the well-supplied infirmary downstairs, Bruce and JARVIS helping tend to Rhodey's injuries. The rest of the Avengers-Tony, Thor, Clint, Natasha, Santana, and Kurt- as well as Blaine, who had helped them fight in the battle despite not yet an official part of the Avengers, are all waiting in the general living area.

"This is Bucky," Steve says, anxiety at what they'll all think visible on his face, and Blaine has been preparing himself for months now but everything leading up to this point has been *nothing*. Skype discussions every night that ended up turning into war plans, research and calculations and phone calls in between glee practices, and of course the call in the middle of Nationals that had Santana, Kurt, and him escorted by Bruce, who had come to watch, onto a helicopter to Avengers Tower. Everyone else on the team had been on this extraction mission to get Bucky, and now that Blaine is meeting him face to face, pictures and words don't do Sargent James Buchanan Barnes, Howling Commandos, the Winter Soldier, justice.

He stands there, dark bruises under the eyes, hair straggly and stuffed under an old, faded baseball cap, and secondhand clothes. Bucky looks like he's been on the run for as long as he can remember (which is basically what happened, really), and yet...there is a strength about him, buried far underneath the grime and the feral, constantly paranoid look in his eyes.

(To his horror, Blaine makes the realization that this could have just as easily have ended up being Steve. Erskine could have just as easily remade Steve into a weapon, a machine, instead of a hero. He could have taken everything good about Steve- his kindness, sense of justice, and loyalty- and repressed it like HYDRA did with Bucky.

Where would the world be then? Where would the Avengers be? (Nonexistent, probably.)

And his Dad? Where would Tony Stark be?

The thoughts give him shivers.)

But the one thing Blaine has to give him is this: Bucky is not wearing the Hydra muzzle and straitjacket. He has their arm, their stamp, but he is not wearing their cage.

Nobody can really think of anything to say, anything to tell the legendary man who is standing in front of them, but then Bucky himself decides to break the silence.

"So which one is your bloke, Steve?" Bucky asks quietly, the semblance of a smirk growing on his face, and Blaine breathes a sigh of relief from his position sitting at the counter, a bit behind the main Avengers. Bucky's tone of voice is uncertain, fragile, and yet he's *here*, presence strong despite his lack of memory or knowledge of the present day.

"The short one," Steve says, perhaps to try to inject a bit of humor to the conversation, but that doesn't work as well as Bucky's following comment.

"Which one?" Bucky asks, voice still quiet but a bit of a sarcastic lilt to it. Blaine has to slap his hand over his mouth quickly in order to keep his laughter from spilling out and over.

Others, like Clint and Santana, don't have the same restraint, letting out chuckles even as Steve smiles and elaborates: "The good-looking one in the front, with the curly hair and the glowing circle in his chest."

"I'm going to have to take your word on how cute you think he is," Bucky says, and Blaine can practically see him relaxing before their very eyes. The constant glancing back and forth is starting to slow down, and the tenseness in his living shoulder is starting to fade out.

"And these are the kids," Steve says, gesturing to Blaine, [his sister](#), and his boyfriend, who are all sitting at the lunch counter being quiet and unobtrusive for once.

"Did you pick them up off the street like I did you, or did you actually think about it?" Bucky asks, and yeah, Blaine will *definitely* get along with him.

"Well, Santana and Blaine," he gestures to the respective teens, "Are actually Tony's. And Kurt," he gestures to the teen, "Is Blaine's boyfriend."

This provokes something of a reaction from Bucky. "Wait, so your bloke has children? Teenagers?"

"Yep," Steve replies, and he turns and smiles at Santana and Blaine. Blaine returns the smile, and out of the corner of his eye he can see Santana doing the same. "And now they're mine, for what it's worth."

Bucky lets out a low whistle. "You've got your work cut out for you," he says, and Steve smiles.

"Yeah, but what would I be without them?" He asks, and he turns so that he's facing everyone. "Where would I be without all of my team?"

"You have a family here," Bucky says, and though his tone is soft it brooks no doubt. "All of them- your team, your boyfriend, these kids. They're your family."

Steve nods, and the proud smile on his face betrays exactly his feelings on the matter. "Yeah," he says, "Family. And now that you're here, that family's complete."

Bucky grins, true happiness shining through for the first time since they found him, and Blaine knows that Bucky will be fine. It will take awhile, but he *will* heal.

what did I dream about before I knew your face?

Chapter Summary

Title from "Me Without You" by Sam Tsui.

Chapter Notes

God, I'm sorry for not posting in ages. This is what I get for spending so much time on school, my novel, and work.

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

Steve picks up a few things over the summer the kids are staying with them at the tower:

One, all of the Starks are geniuses.

Two, they all have an unhealthy addiction to coffee.

Three, they are all incredibly heroic and selfless, despite their arguments to the contrary.

Heroism, it seems, is hereditary.

-

If you had asked Steve Rogers in his teenage years what he wanted in his future, he would have said a wife, probably brunette but definitely beautiful, kind, and funny. Preferably smart.

If you asked him after the serum, during the war, he would have said being alive, preferably with Peggy and Bucky by his side.

If you had asked him when he had woken up from the ice, he wouldn't have been able to say.

He never would have predicted that he'd be happiest in a relationship with a eleven-year-old man with a genius level IQ, enough snark to rival Steve's patriotism, and a predilection for heroism and fiddling with random gadgets and gizmos. He has two genius almost-stepchildren who are superheroes themselves as well as *their* superhero-significant-others.

This, this incredibly strange yet wonderful life he lives, may not be what he imagined but it's exactly what he needs.

-

"You're thinking again, aren't you?" Tony asks, ever-familiar smirk playing at his lips, "That's a bit dangerous."

Steve starts. "How'd you know that?" he asks, and Tony shrugs, spinning around in his desk chair. (Steve swears there's some part of his boyfriend's brain that never grew up. Not that he wants it to, mind you, but it's still a bit mind-boggling sometimes.)

"You get that look on your face, that look that normally means you're thinking something unnerving, that look that I just want to kiss away 'cause it's so frustrating."

Steve smiles. "I'd be more than happy to let you kiss it away if you want to," he says, and Tony snorts before leaning forward and obliging.

"Seriously, though, Cap," Tony says, "What were you thinking about?"

"How lucky I am to have met you," Steve says honestly, and Tony chuckles.

"Not going to argue with that as I *am* quite the fantastic person to know," Tony says, "But same goes for me."

Steve raises an eyebrow. "You're lucky to have met yourself?"

Tony snorts. "Nah, I'm lucky to have met *you*, you idiota." He leans in again, aiming for Steve's lips, and Steve's ready for a *thorough* make out session when-

"He's got a point," Santana interrupts, and Steve whips around to find her leaning against the doorjamb, arms crossed over her chest. She's smirking the ol' Stark smirk, and by *god* is that starting to get on Steve's nerves.

"See, Steve?" Tony says, "A genius agrees with me. I *must* be right."

Steve rolls his eyes even as Santana says, "If that was the standard of proof for you being right, you'd never be wrong."

"Exactly my point, mija," Tony replies, tone smug, and now Steve's the one kissing an expression off of his partner's face.

"I'll take that as my cue," Santana says as the kissing turns to full-on making out, and takes her leave, a smirk still on her face.

Chapter End Notes

Not my best work, but eh, it's been awhile since I even read this fic, much less tried to write it!!

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