

# Snowflake

Von abgemeldet

## Kapitel 13: 13 - Awesome Super-Villain Syndicate!

He never wanted anyone to get hurt, he swears it by everything holy to him, little enough there is.

Yet now he might just have gotten someone hurt. Someone not on his own team, but his former nonetheless. Someone, that was in fact known to only follow orders. Did that make him innocent of the things he had done? Hardly. Well, Tony was sure Cap had not known of Fury's colourful methods of interrogation. That much he knew, but at times a part of his mind called the shots, that would not let him see the whole picture. For his own good, probably.

He had never been the type of person to easily dismiss everyone on a team as either enemy or friend, there were always so many shades and aspects to it, he knew that. And he might just have severely injured the least guilty of his enemy's entourage, might have even killed him. And he did not want to think about that.

He had arms around him and a tongue in his mouth, he'd rather think about that right at this moment.

It seemed like a perfectly normal panic reaction, a healthy way to deal. Or to have a good time at least, until he was ready to deal with the situation in a more appropriate way.

He did not waste one second thinking about his two other comrades. They had known what was going on all along anyway, so why bother. He had heard Clint moving to the front of the vehicle to join Natasha, giving them privacy or fleeing the awkward situation, who knew.

When they had arrived they headed straight to the bed room, the one in Stark Tower. The teleport barely lessened Tony's arousal, he was too used to it by now. He let himself be taken on hands and knees, rough and hot and dirty. Mind-blowing, just what he needed, and Loki complied to his every moaned demand of faster, harder.

When they were done Loki barely managed to roll aside before he collapsed next to his lover and they were lying sprawled on the wrinkled covers in a heated, immobilized pile.

It took Tony some moment until he had caught his breath. Some more, until his cooked brain was capable of coherent speech.

"What am I to you?", he asked meekly, and hated the way it sounded. Like some clingy bitch, he would have removed out of his bed and life the second she'd utter those

words.

The god took his time, pondering.

"I do not like talking about these things.", he finally pressed out, but he reached for Tony's hand and intertwined their fingers, a thumb drawing gentle circles on the back of his hand.

"I like to believe that actions speak louder than words, that is the saying, is it not?"

"It is, but-", he did not want this talk any more than Loki did, but at this point it could not be helped. "I need to know. I need to know what I am doing all this for."

"Tony.", the name was spoken softly, lovingly. "You are not doing this for me. This is the right thing to do, you know that! If Fury had the Tesseract, he would be misusing it. If he succeeds in building his weapons, well that would be bad for all of earth, I doubt they could be easily used by his men. The will of the Tesseract would guide those weapons, not the one wielding them. If he did not even come this far the outcome would be just as bad. He might manage to draw her energy, but the side effects could never be controlled by one such as him. You have seen what happened to the place they stored it in when I came through, did you not?"

He clicked his tongue in annoyance.

"You know this, Tony. If making your own choice in protecting the Tesseract from his influence makes you his enemy, then he is not worth your alliance. I would never take your freedom of choice from you, you know that. I did not kill him today, even though I wanted to take my revenge for the things he did to you."

Tony did not know what to reply. Of course Loki was right in everything he said. It was those other things that troubled him. How he so easily caused harm to all those in league with Fury. But then again, there was no saying what all the enemies in his past could have meant to him, had he known them. Did HYDRA agents have families? Would they be mourned by sons and daughters and wives? Probably. So why did it bother him now?

"I need to know if Cap is alright."

He attempted to get up, but the hand in his pulled him back down.

"I feel deeply for you, you know that."

The sincerity in those simple words burrowed itself into his heart, and it hurt. How could he have questioned the man by his side?

"I know, and you know I feel the same about you."

He managed a small smile and bent over the other to kiss him sweetly.

"I really do."

When he tried to get up from the bed a second time he was let go with a smile.

When he entered he found Clint and Natasha side by side in front of their little control panel, feverishly fumbling with it and in heated discussion over something.

"Tell me Cap is alright."

They looked at him in wonder.

"Snapped out of it already?", Clint. He could be such a brat at times. But then again, Tony deserved it.

"I got carried away and I feel like shit because of it. Don't make me say it again, will you? Now let's find out if-.. you know."

They knew.

It did not need Tony's supreme hacking skills or Natasha's sick subterfuge abilities to find out more about what troubled them. All it took was one painful press of the on-button on the remote control.

The big screen flickered to life just in time to hear the bimbo, a brunette this time, announce the official statement on the new developments of the super-villain syndicate.

("Seriously, we don't even get to name ourselves?")

Seconds later a podium could be seen, standing on which were Thor, Agent Coulson and Captain America. Everyone released a collectively held breath. Steve was covered in bandages, his right arm in a sling and several bruises adorned his stern face, but he was alive.

The clicking of cameras could be heard and the occasional flash illuminated his features, nearly fading the bruised spots into nothingness.

Thor laid an encouraging hand on his shoulder and with a sigh the man stepped towards the microphone.

He waited until everyone had somewhat calmed down before he cleared his throat and spoke.

"I have lost a lot in today's attack. Though I managed to survive it, I don't know how I did that, to be honest, I must admit to you, that the super-villain syndicate is evil and they will not hesitate to hurt people. I was thrown out of two miles altitude by a man I would have considered my friend, no matter how far he had strayed from his path. Today reminded me, that I should not let sentiment rule my actions and if I ever get to meet that man, Stark, again, I will fight him as an enemy with everything I've got. You hear that, Tony? There is no holding back now. You have shown your disdain for my life and I will not trouble with respect for your well-being the next time we meet. If you can't be talked to and reasoned with, as you have shown yourself to be today, we will find you and we will beat you down and lock you up, if that's what it takes. We have lost good men today. Men, that leave behind widows and orphans, and I will not stand for it. As of now we are at war and we will not stop until we have hunted you down and destroyed you, Tony Stark, mark my words! You will be brought to justice, Iron Man, along with your co-conspirators and that monster you are in league with. I

will protect these people with my life. Always have, always will. You want to hurt anymore innocent, good innocent people, you go through me."

People were cheering, clapping could be heard, but none of it moved the grim mask of determination on Steve Roger's face and Tony felt a chill running down his spine.

Hawkeye switched the TV off and sighed.

"Well, at least he's alive."

The grimness in his face rivaled the one Cap had shown on TV just now.

"How many did you kill in there, Tony? Did you even count or did you just rush through, repulsor beams blazing?"

It hurt. Tony knew this not to be true, but that did not help the sting it delivered to his heart.

"It's a lie. We made sure not to hurt anyone. We knocked out plenty of people, but no one got seriously injured, I swear. Cap was the only one, and with him I really did not think... I threw Thor out just before him, I guess I just thought of him as a worthy opponent and automatically assumed he'd be alright, no matter how high we were flying. I did not mean for anyone to get hurt, and neither did Loki."

The Black Widow considered him with one of those long, guarded looks of hers.

"Well, we are in deep trouble now one way or the other. I doubt they'll just forget this."

"But that shows exactly why we are doing this, doesn't it? I swear that we hurt no one. And I don't think Cap is lying, Fury is manipulating him, like he used to manipulate us. He had me tortured, for god's sake. That man is evil. I think we might want to start thinking about removing Thor and Cap from his influence. I had thought about it before, but today might have made things a little more complicated. Also Thor does not seem to trust his brother, he told me to- You know, not to trust him."

"Well, do you? Trust him?", Widow.

"I like to believe I'm not a hero and I take pride in that. I simply make my own choices, so... I think he is similar. He never was a true villain, he just had his own agenda. And right now that agenda is survival and not letting this potentially dangerous energy source fall into the hands of Fury. That's how I see it. So yeah, I trust him."

"What is it with you and him anyway... should we get ready to celebrate an engagement? Wedding?", Tony threw Clint an annoyed look. "Baby shower?"

"I don't like to label things."

"Well, that is one way of saying you have no idea what the hell you are doing."

"I know I like him and I feel safe with him. That's enough for me."

He got weird looks from both of them but otherwise they seemed to know they would not get more from him on that topic, so they did not push him further.

Tony was the one to break the uncomfortable silence between them.

"We really need to do something about that name though. Super-villain Syndicate? That spells SS, I don't think I am cool with that!"

"No, yeah.. that's not cool. Any suggestions though? HWTL or something!"

"What is that supposed to be then?", Natasha asked, one eyebrow raised.

"Hawkeye, Widow, Tony, Loki. I thought it was obvious.", Clint answered.

"Well, why do you use our code names but Tony's regular first name? How about WHIT or something."

"You used Tony, too. And what is the I supposed to be?"

"No, the I is Iron Man, the T is trickster god. Loki is his first name, too, so if we were going for code names..."

"This is stupid."

"What, you started with the initials!"

"Shut up, both of you!"

Tony could already feel a headache forming behind his temples.

"We don't really have to decide on a name right now. There are more pressing matters at hand, security first and foremost."

"Cubists. Because we protect the Tesseract.", Natasha.

"Fury-fighters.", Clint.

"Shut up!", Tony.

"Could we agree on SVS as some sort of sarcastic title for the ones that oppose the phony hero-company that would manipulate and control us?", Loki.

They hadn't heard him enter and all three of them jumped slightly at the sudden sound of his voice.

"Also, I agree with Tony. We need better security. I can feel them prodding at my

shield. They have managed to block my ability to teleport with that cage of theirs, it is only a matter of time until they manage to find us. Well, I am positive they have already found us, they just don't know how to enter yet. Changing locality would not help us at this point, their scans run worldwide."

"If they are able to trace your magical energy, what would happen if you didn't use it?"

"Well, that might buy us time, I guess."

"See? And we only work on the Tesseract in that pocket dimension of yours anyway."

"But that would mean being without security with no way to tell when they are coming closer. I am not sure I like it."

Tony only laughed at that.

"Don't get too full of yourself, darling. Your shield is great, but I have my own means of securing a perimeter. Now all we need is a new hideout and we have to get there without detection. Easy."

He had expected the god to be offended by this, but Loki only laughed and threw an arm around his shoulder to pull him close and plant a kiss on his cheek.

"You go and protect me from the bad men then. Any idea where we should be headed next?"

Natasha smiled at their little display of affection and threw a glance of mock-accusation at Hawkeye who hurried to mirror Loki's action, much to her delight.

"We might want to do the obvious and move into Stark Tower. The security is all set up there, Tony has his workshop and I don't think Fury will expect us to move so little, with Loki gone off the radar."

Tony was not sure about this, but the thought of keeping his workshop was more than enough for him to agree to this. He had worked on the security of the place after all, might aswell make use of it.

It did not take them long to move. The tricky part was concealing their identities in a non-magical way and getting to Stark Tower by foot.

They had waited for the sun to set before they quietly snuck out, one after the other, disguised lightly but effectively. Loki and Clint went separately, Tony, being at the highest risk of being discovered, had a dolled up Natasha hanging on his arm. No one would look twice at the creep that this beautiful and flashy creature had shuffling along next to her.

Their heartbeats alone must have been enough to be picked up by any S.H.I.E.L.D sensor, at least that's how loud they felt to them, as they walked the hour or so until they reached the shimmering tower. They turned and disappeared into a dark alley

before they reached it, though, surely Fury had the entrance under surveillance. But despite him probably thinking differently on the matter, Fury did not in fact know everything about Stark Tower and its many, many secrets. One of which was an elaborate tunnel system, integrated into the former sewers.

They decided to stay in one of the many panic rooms that littered these escape routes. Take it slow. Fury will probably go looking for them everywhere, when they went of the radar. And no matter how obvious the Tower was as a new hideout, Fury would not dismiss it as improbable.

The room was small, the fluorescent light uncomfortable and the three plain beds promised back pain. No one felt like sleeping anyway, as Tony carefully contacted JARVIS to let him know of their arrival and set to work on making the premises more secure, without alerting any of the viruses and trojans S.H.I.E.L.D had planted. By morning he had most of them quarantined and a couple of them had been eliminated entirely, but it would take time until they could safely move into the actual tower, as he let his co-villains know.

The Villains had become the name they had given themselves, much like Loki had suggested. It awoke a sense of spite in them, that kept them sane, kept them struggling. It reminded them why they were doing what they were doing, that was what they needed most.

It was easy to forget ones true motivations, locked up like that, and they all needed the push.

Clint had found a can of green spray paint, and soon the words "V like Villain" adorned the cold concrete wall.

Tony smiled at that, as he sank into Loki's arms to get some dearly needed sleep.