

And Tonight We'll See The Stars

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11468337) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11468337>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Gen , M/M
Fandoms:	Iron Man (Movies) , The Avengers (Marvel Movies) , The Amazing Spider-Man (Movies - Webb) , Captain America (Movies) , Thor (Movies) , Spider-Man: Homecoming (2017) , Spider-Man (Tom Holland Movies)
Relationships:	Tony/Loki , Tony Stark/Loki , Natasha/Clint , Harry Osborn/Peter Parker , Tony Stark&Harry Osborn , Tony Stark & Avengers , Loki & Harry Osborn , Tony & Harry Osborn , Harry Osborn & Avengers
Characters:	Tony Stark , Harry Osborn , Loki , Peter Parker , Steve Rogers , Clint , Iron Man , Hulk , Bruce , Black Widow , Natasha Romanoff , Natasha Romanov (Marvel) , Thor , Jarvis
Additional Tags:	Tony Stark is a Good Dad , Tony Stark tries to be a Dad , Young!Avengers , Seriously Young Avengers , Young!Harry Osborn , Protective Tony Stark , Loki is a BAME , Loki Does What He Wants , Right Tony? , Avengers Family , Avengers Family Fluff , shameless fluff , The Avengers all love Harry , Harry is Tony's Godson , Dane Deehan's Harry Osborn , Tony Feels
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-04-30 Words: 5,666 Chapters: 3/?

And Tonight We'll See The Stars

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Summary

Anthony Edward Stark, twenty-one year old, self proclaimed genius, billionaire, playboy, and philanthropist, had been named Harry Osborn's Godfather.

In between a shit-storm of media and entertainment news, it was announced to the public.

Notes

Hello everyone! This is a shameless fluff fic, because I love Tony, and I also love Dane Deehan's portrayal of Harry Osborn. In this fic, the Avengers are all ridiculously young, in their early/mid twenties.

This will be centered around Tony/Loki as they try to make a relationship work, all the while raising a little boy we know will grow up to become the Green Goblin.

None of the characters belong to me, all comments are appreciated and constructive criticism is welcome.

Chapter 1

Tony Stark's famed quick tongue failed to articulate an answer as he fumbled awkwardly with the phone, not understanding what the voice was telling him. He chalked up his slow reflexes to his throbbing hangover and to the fact that it was barely nine in the morning, a rather ungodly hour to be up.

"Wait, repeat that." His voice was harsher than he'd meant it, and the woman across the line gave a frustrated though slightly muffled sigh.

"Mister Stark, I'm calling you because you're needed in New York. Norman Osborn has just been declared dead, and in his will he left it very clear as to who would claim legal guardianship over his son Harry." She repeated the information slowly, it wasn't every day that she dealt with the likes of Tony Stark and from the sounds coming across the phone, it wasn't every day that the young billionaire received calls from people like her either.

A loud and high pitched "WHAT?!" sounded across the line, and despite the gravity of the situation she smirked, who knew Tony Stark's voice could go so high?

Across the country, Tony was sitting up in his luxurious bed, chilled to the bone despite the sun's warm rays that were filtering in through the glass walls. He brought a shaky hand up to his face, still uncomprehending of the words that had just been repeated to him. He let out a harsh breath before asking quietly, "Ho-How did Norman die?"

He already knew the answer.

"He was admitted to the hospital late last night, showing symptoms related to his disease...He passed away early this morning. There was nothing they could do, the disease had run its course. I'm very sorry for your loss Mr. Stark." And she did truly sound apologetic, it was common knowledge that despite being top competitors in the field of science and technology and running multibillionaire companies, the great Tony Stark and Norman Osborn were close friends. Had been, since they were mere children.

Tony choked up at that, feeling his chest constrict at the thought of his close friend dying because of the hereditary disease. Tony had pledged to find a cure for it, and devoted a great time trying to find something, anything that could help Norman live. That could buy him more time.

He had been stopped in his efforts by Norman himself.

Tony remembered being taken aside and told by the other man that even if by some miracle he found a cure, it would be too late. His body was already dying. Nothing that Tony could do would put a stop to that.

Norman had made Tony promise something that day. It had been the same day that Harry Theopolis Osborn had been brought into the world.

The same day that Emilia Osborn had died after complications from going into an early labor. Norman made him promise, tears streaking his young, pale face, that if anything were to happen to him, Tony would make himself responsible for Harry.

Anthony Edward Stark, twenty-one year old self proclaimed genius, billionaire, playboy and philanthropist, had been named Harry's Godfather, in between a shit-storm of media and entertainment news, it was announced to the public.

He didn't think much of the title in the beginning, granted, Norman was a very close friend of his, had been since they were mere children, but he never expected to be made Godfather of the young Osborn heir. Tony was dragged from his musings by the sound of his name being called.

"Mr. Stark? Are you still there?"

He nodded, then realizing she couldn't see him he said "Yeah,"

"We need you to come pick up Harry, before any more details are released to the press. You can imagine what sorts of drama these events will unfold. Mr. Osborn warned us that Harry would be..." She struggled to find the right word. "Wanted by many of his relatives or close associates." She let her sentence trail off meaningfully, and Tony's lips curled up in instinctive disgust. Of course they'd be interested in the boy now, who wouldn't? With Norman gone, the heir to the Osborn Empire would be none other than Harry.

"Yeah I know, I'll be there...Just...Take care of him alright? I'll try to be there as soon as I can." And without waiting for her reply, he ended the call and began the race to his workshop. Then, realizing that he was still scantily clad in only his boxer shorts, he decided that the best course of action would be to take a quick shower, if only to look somewhat presentable in front of all the cameras that would undoubtedly be waiting for his arrival.

Tony wasn't stupid when it came to dealing with this kind of shit, he could already imagine the comments the media would be making in regards to his newfound status as legal guardian of the young Osborn heir. As he scrubbed his body roughly, he began to think of Harry. Hopefully the kid would be fine until he managed to get there.

Tony had interacted with the child only a handful of times in his whole life, not exactly living up to the title of Godfather. Harry Theopolis, (And really, he snorted at that, who the hell named their kid Theopolis?) was a bright and beautiful child. He had the grace and fine, delicate features of his late Mother, combined with Norman's charisma, genius and attitude, the kid was definitely something else. Tony recalled how withdrawn and cold the child seemed, granted, he was hardly around to see how he acted on a daily basis, but something told him that Harry was always like that. His electric blue eyes were filled with an aloof interest in the world around him, he carried himself with impeccable grace for a child so young, and he also seemed to be very, very lonely.

Tony had never tried to force a bond with the kid, his attempts of talking to Harry were flimsy at best, and really he'd never liked children much, maybe it was because he was a spoiled (only) child himself, at least according to Pepper. Harry was never a big part of his life, and even Tony had begun to drift away from Norman's friendship after having joined the Avengers, and making his West Coast mansion their permanent residence.

The only responsibility he'd felt regarding the child was sending him presents during the holidays and his birthdays, and he had Jarvis and Pepper to remind him of that. He'd mail out some expensive gift to the kid, with an impersonal note attached and that was the end of that. Godfather responsibilities complete.

He rushed to put his suit on, combed his hair back and grabbed a pair of designer sunglasses to cover his still red eyes, and then raced out to his workshop. Only to collide heavily with none other than the God of Thunder.

"Friend Stark! You are up early, is something the matter?" Thor looked genuinely worried, and in any other moment it would've been more than adorable, the confused puppy dog look that he was currently giving Tony. The rest of the Avengers looked like they'd seen a ghost, Tony was never up this early, not unless Pepper showed up to drag him from his bed, or his current conquest made him get up in search of breakfast. "Yeah, I guess you could say that buddy. I'll see you all later." Tony gave them all a grim smile and a quick wave as he clambered down the stairs that led to his private lab.

"Tony! Wait!" Captain America had jumped out of his seat, wondering if this was an emergency that merited the attention of the Avengers.

"No time for that Cap, I'll have Jarvis explain, I'm needed in New York!" The young billionaire yelled out. And with that, they heard the unmistakable roar of the Iron Man suit firing up and flying out. Steve shared worried looks with the Avengers, or rather Bruce and Thor, since Natasha seemed unfazed, and Clint was too busy stuffing his mouth with waffles to pay much attention to his surroundings.

"What was that all about? Jarvis?" Steve looked up in question at the ceiling (and really, that would never get old) as Jarvis' smooth voice rang, "Mr. Stark has just been named the official guardian of the young Osborn heir. He is on his way to New York right now."

Clint spit out his milk in shock, and the rest of the team just stared at each other with dumbfounded expressions on their young faces.

"What happened to Norman?" Bruce asked quietly, pushing his glasses up his nose as he slowly poured himself a cup of coffee.

"He passed away this morning Dr. Banner." Jarvis' tone held a tinge of sadness.

"Tony is Harry's Godfather...Makes sense." Natasha spoke, already thinking of the changes that these news would bring.

Clint snorted at that, "Is Tony capable of being an actual responsible guardian? He can't even take care of himself, if it weren't for Pepper or Steve, I doubt he'd even be alive!"

"Be that as it may, I don't think Tony is just going to let his Godson end up in the care of strangers, so we might as well get used to the idea of having a kid around." Steve spoke with a tone of finality, even though he was confused with the situation too.

"Aye, the Man of Iron will make a fine guardian indeed." Though the Thunder God didn't look all that convinced.

“He’ll have to...” And with that ominous statement they returned to their breakfast, minds on Tony and his newfound charge.

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Across the country, Tony arrived at the hospital, the Iron Man suit removing itself from his body automatically as he landed, transforming itself into a suitcase. People, both the press and common civilians were already gathered around the entrance of the private ward facility. Upon his arrival they began to crowd around him, and microphones and cameras were shoved into his face rudely.

Tony put on his best, if somewhat forced, camera smile as he trudged through the mob and into the lobby, ignoring the storm of questions with which he was greeted. He had barely taken some steps forward to the receptionist when his arm was pulled by a plain looking woman who mumbled the room number and floor of where he had to go.

He was shoved into the elevator, and as he turned, he saw the hospital security and policemen trying to shove back the mob that was beginning to spill into the ground floor. The elevator ride seemed much longer than what it really was, Tony’s mind was racing and he felt uncharacteristically nervous.

This would be the first time in two years that he would see Harry again, and no doubt the kid would be a wreck, having just lost the only parent in his life, and at such a young age too. He shoved his sunglasses into his pocket as the doors opened, and he walked into the large private room. Tony hated the smells one found in hospitals, everything smelled so sterile and dry, and it was always kept at a ridiculously cold temperature.

The sight that greeted him was a grim one, Harry sat quietly in a chair, clad only in silk pajamas, legs curled up to his chest, and his pale cheeks were stained with tear tracks. Tony’s heart clenched and he walked over quickly, going to his knees in front of the kid.

“Harry,” He spoke quietly, atypically unsure of himself. The child’s eyes looked up at him, they were watery and dull, the usual bright blue dimmed to a sad mixture of blue grey. Harry’s eyes widened in recognition, and with a sob, he launched himself at the young man. Tony froze, before his arms came to wrap around the small child. He had not been expecting that, this was probably the first time Harry had hugged him. He realized that Harry was once again crying when he felt a warm wetness begin to seep into his suit’s shirt.

“Hey, it’s okay, Harry, I’m here,” He’d never had to comfort a person before, much less a young child who’d just lost the only parent in his life. For the first time that day, he wished he’d brought along Pepper. He was way out of his depth here, frowning, as he rubbed soothing circles into the boy’s back, all the while muttering nonsense words of comfort. Harry pulled back upon hearing the clacking of heels, and wiped a hand over his face quickly. “Sorry.” He muttered to Tony, as he pulled back into the chair.

“Hey, look at me Harry,” The boy did, and Tony grabbed his hand awkwardly, noticing the dark circles under his Godson’s eyes, clearly Harry hadn’t slept at all.

“It’s going to be okay alright? I’m here now,” He wanted to kick himself for that, how reassuring were his words to the six-year old? Tony had never been a part of his life, and yet

here he was trying to calm him down by saying he was here for him now?

“Mr. Stark?”

He turned to face the woman.

“We spoke over the phone? I’m Joanna Sanders, Mr. Norman’s personal lawyer.”

He nodded and stood up, sparing a glance at Harry who was once again curled in the chair, his face hidden from the world, into his knees.

“Tony Stark,” He offered, shaking the woman’s hand.

“I’m glad you came on such short notice.”

“I’m glad you called me.” He was surprised at how much truth the statement held. He was glad he’d been called first, just the thought of having one of Norman’s long lost relatives, or greedy associates getting their paws on Harry had his skin crawling in disgust.

She led him somewhere more private, the room had begun to bustle with nurses, but close enough that Tony could keep an eye on the kid.

He focused his mind on her, doing his best to pay attention, despite the fact that his mind was occupied on a million other things. The whole situation felt surreal, and he would’ve traded all his suits for it to only be a bad dream that he could wake from.

“Mr. Stark?” Joanna asked, an eyebrow raised in question.

“Uh, yeah?”

“Are you willing?” She looked at him expectantly, and he realized he’d been caught.

“Sorry, I didn’t exactly hear that part, willing to what?”

She sighed softly, and turned to look at the child, whose shoulders were shaking silently in grief. Tony felt a pang in his chest at the sight his Godson presented. The poor boy was usually so collected and quiet, worryingly so for a child his age at times, and now he seemed consumed with grief.

“Are you willing to make yourself responsible for Harry?”

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After a ton of paperwork, and a lot of time, Tony and Harry were allowed to head home. They took the long way back, since Tony couldn’t safely carry Harry all across the country while in the Iron suit. Tony had called Pepper and briefed her on the situation, he’d asked for his private jet to be sent to them, and she, competent as ever, had delivered.

Harry had slept through most of the ride, curled in on himself, the occasional sob tearing through his lips even as he slept. Tony decided to forego the alcohol for the time being, he’d

need to keep himself alert and awake in case Harry woke up.

The purr of the jet's engine was lulling him into a state of sleepiness, and he put on his earphones to play loud music in order to keep himself awake. He had Jarvis send a message to the Avengers that Harry was coming home with him, but they probably already knew that, since some nurse had released the information to the press, and they had run with the story of the century.

He mused on where this left his status of "irresponsible playboy" now that he was the official guardian of an orphaned child, he was too young to even consider having a kid, and in reality he'd never felt the need to settle down and start a family. Maybe in time that would change, but for now, he couldn't really bring himself to blame the situation, or Harry for that matter. He would have to step up and care for his Godson, like Norman would have wanted.

Norman. His childhood friend, one of the very few people he cared for and trusted completely, he was gone now. Tony Stark didn't have many regrets in his life, but he wished he could've spent more time with Norman while he had the chance. They had been very close once upon a time, but things happened, and due to circumstances they began to drift apart. He rubbed his eyes tiredly, Norman's funeral would be held in three day's time. He had stated in his will that he wanted to be buried in the Manor's private cemetery, next to Emilia.

Tony had left all the messy details in the capable hands of Sanders', but he knew there was still a lot of paperwork and legal issues to discuss. Norman had left Harry as the heir to the Osborn Empire, and now there had to be some changes made in order to make sure everything would be left in order.

Tony would take care of the company, until Harry came of age, and then it would be handed over to the young heir's hands. Truth be told, Tony would not like the pressure that would come from owning another multi-billionaire company. Stark Industries was running successfully, although that was mostly due to Pepper's hard work, and his occasional inputs of ideas for new technology, he didn't know he was going to manage Oscorp on top of that too.

He was interrupted from his musings by the sounds of Harry beginning to stir. Blue eyes opened and slowly took in their surroundings, and finally came to a stop on Tony's face. Tony gave him a tired smile, "Hey Harry," The kid was still much too pale, and even the nap hadn't seemed to get rid of the dark under eye circles the kid had.

"Hello Mr. Stark." Harry greeted politely, his thin fingers curling in the blanket that was bunched in his lap.

Tony's nose wrinkled, "It's just Tony okay? I don't really like being called Mr. Stark, makes me seem old." Harry nodded and sniffled slightly.

The silence that followed was awkward, as Tony began to fiddle with his phone, unsure of what to tell the kid, or how to strike up a conversation. Luckily he was saved from the silence by the sound of his phone ringing. He got up and left to the back of his jet, just in case it was Norman's lawyer calling to sort the details of Norman's funeral. Luckily, it turned out to be a

servant of Osborn Manor, calling to inform him that all of Harry's possessions had been packed up and were to be sent over to Malibu soon.

Tony thanked him and hung up, already beginning to think of all the changes that would need to be made to the Mansion in order to childproof it. He would have to make up a few rooms for Harry's personal use, and maybe hire a nanny, someone to look after the kid when the Avengers were called away on business.

Though the thought of hiring a stranger to take care of his Godson made an uncomfortable feeling settle in his stomach. And wasn't that ironic? He was basically nothing more than a stranger to Harry too, and now he was suddenly feeling some protective instinct over the kid?

Looking down at his phone, he noticed that the thing was beeping with a new notification from his official Twitter account. Already preparing himself for the worst, and ready to send this to Pepper in case some damage control was needed, he scanned the news article in which he'd just been mentioned, realizing he would most definitely need to release a statement to the press before they started to run a story full of rumors and half-truths.

He could already imagine what the headlines would be.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Tony needs a drink.

Chapter Notes

Sorry if this is moving too slow, it'll start to pick up soon I promise!

Arriving back in Malibu, Tony honestly wasn't expecting any of the Avengers to be waiting outside to greet Harry. He felt oddly warmed by the gesture, and chalked it up the drink he'd had on a mostly empty stomach.

Tony looked over to the boy, who was staring out into the hangar with wide eyes. He'd forgotten that Harry had never officially met his teammates.

"Yeah kid, that was my exact reaction when I met Captain America too." Steve blushed at the comment, rolling his eyes at Tony even as he stepped forward to meet them halfway.

"You must be Harry." Bending down on one knee, Steve stuck his hand out, handsome face sporting a happy smile. Harry took it in his much smaller palm, shaking it solemnly even as he smiled up at the Captain.

Tony was going to interrupt them by saying that of course the kid knew who they were, who didn't, and could they please move this little heartwarming scene to the inside of the house, before any paparazzo caught sight of them, when he saw Natasha approach Harry.

Harry went scarlet, his eyes downcast as he shyly took Natasha's hand in his, and oh wasn't that adorable to witness? Someone seemed to have a crush on the Black Widow herself.

Yeah, get in line kid. Tony thought amusedly looking at Natasha's small, but sincere smile. Harry had clearly already won her over.

After introductions were properly made and Harry's skin had returned to its normal, pale shade, Tony decided it was bed time.

For the boy, anyway. Harry was clearly dead on his feet, so Tony led him to the room he had prepared for him, right next to his of course, and gave him a brief tour of the place.

“It’s nothing grand, not like what you had back home, sorry, but I promise I’ll have Pepper fix this up for you. We could go shopping tomorrow too. If you want I mean.”

Why was it so hard to talk to a six-year-old?

Tony watched him eye the room critically, but his Godson's young face gave nothing away.

Finally, Harry nodded at him, as he slowly walked forwards and climbed up into the California King bed that was situated in the middle of the room.

“Bathroom’s through there,” Tony pointed to the left, “case you need it.”

He left Harry’s suitcase near the walk-in closet, (Harry was already dozing) and went to tuck the boy in.

Harry's small frame was completely devoured in the blankets and the large bed, and Tony felt his heart clench. Harry had clearly had a long day. Tony wondered if he should leave a light on for the kid, in case he woke up scared because of the unfamiliar environment he found himself in. “Jarvis,” he whispered, “leave a light on.” He walked out of the room, and back to the large kitchen, hands scrubbing tiredly at his face.

He needed a drink. Or six.

The day's events were finally catching up to him, and Tony felt completely wrung out. He hadn't even had a chance to properly mourn his best friend, he'd tried to be strong for Harry, and hadn't wanted his Godson to see him cry. It all felt so surreal, and yes, Tony had known that Norman was sick, and that he probably would not ever make it to his forties, but everything had happened so suddenly, and in the end, Tony hadn't been there when Norman had needed him most. He hadn't been there to say good-bye.

He wanted to throw up.

Memories were already swarming his mind, and even though he knew he had a million and one things to take care of, Tony was tired. He wanted to curl up into a ball and not think. He wanted to be irresponsible, for one last night, and get completely shit-faced, pretend his best friend hadn't died, and that he hadn't been left in charge of his only son.

He wanted to pretend it didn't hurt.

The alcohol was starting to help with that, but Tony knew he wouldn't be able to sleep tonight. Or forget.

His inner turmoil and thoughts were interrupted by the soft hand that grabbed his arm, taking away the glass of scotch that was held in his fingers.

"Tony." It was Bruce. He hadn't heard him walk in, but then again Bruce was always very quiet.

Calm, gentle, Bruce, who was now pulling him in the direction of the living room. Tony tried to protest, but the words died in his throat when he saw that Natasha and Clint were already

there, clad in their pajamas, sitting on the largest couch. Steve was next to them, and Thor was squished somewhere in the middle, his large limbs folded up awkwardly but not uncomfortably. They didn't look up from the television when Tony and Bruce walked in, and for that Tony felt immensely grateful.

He didn't respond well to sentiments and words. He was pulled onto the rug and mess of cushions and blankets that were on the floor by Bruce, and when he sat down, Natasha gave his hand a brief squeeze, the action speaking louder than words ever could. Star Trek was playing on the large flat screen, and Tony leaned against Bruce's shoulder, and soon found himself lost in the adventures of the Enterprise and her dedicated crew.

And if his eyes did get a little misty sometime later, and if he started wiping the tear tracks on his face with his hands, the others were kind enough to pretend not to notice.

Chapter 3

Harry woke up, feeling slightly disoriented as he took in his surroundings. Though the room he found himself in was quite grand, it was nothing compared to what he'd had at home.

Home. A place where he wouldn't be returning anytime soon. At least, not until things calmed down some, and then, they'd probably only go back for his Father's funeral. The young boy blinked back the sudden urge to cry, he'd done enough of that already, his pale cheeks flushed with heat as he remembered having fallen apart on his Godfather's chest. Hopefully he hadn't made Mr. Stark too uncomfortable with his actions, honestly, Harry hadn't known what had overtaken him at that moment, all he knew was that he wanted to be comforted, the way he was often done by his own Father. Shaking his head, he stepped off the bed with a sigh, he didn't want to dwell on such thoughts anymore. He made his way to the bathroom, not looking forward to the day ahead, but knowing things would have to get done sooner rather than later.

He'd need to get used to his new life, whether he liked it or not.

Natasha blinked, eyeing the well dressed figure in front of her. Harry had smiled shyly when he saw her, before dropping his emerald gaze to the floor.

"Good morning Miss Natasha." The little boy whispered timidly, still not meeting her eyes. The Black Widow smiled, approaching him with gentle steps.

"Good morning Harry. I'm glad you're joining us for breakfast." Harry flushed, briefly meeting her eyes before looking around the kitchen to where Bruce and Steve were already sitting, and tucking into their meals.

"Hi Harry." Steve greeted the boy, a bright smile on his face as he took in Harry's attire. He was wearing slacks and a long sleeved shirt, looking all too formal for his young age. Bruce seemed to be thinking among the same lines, because his eyebrow was raised, though he didn't make mention of it, deciding to just greet Harry instead.

Harry took a seat next to him, suddenly feeling uncomfortable at the thought of being here, alone, with these people who were basically strangers to him. Natasha handed Steve a plate,

who proceeded to pile on pancakes and fruit onto it before sliding it gently over to where Harry was sitting.

The young heir smiled tightly, wondering why they didn't have their own servants here. Back home, he had many at his beck and call, they were in charge of everything from feeding him to doing his shopping for him. It seemed rude to ask about that now, so all he did was begin to cut into his pancakes. His grumbling tummy let him know that he really was hungrier than what he'd thought, and soon he lost himself in the simple comfort the food offered him. They really were good pancakes, he wanted to offer his compliments but who had made them?

"These are, really good." He said, looking at the three superheroes who were all eyeing him with various states of interest from underneath his long lashes. Bruce smiled, pushing up his glasses. "I'm glad you think so, I made them." Harry nodded, continuing to eat his meal, before a thought occurred to him. "Where's Mr. Stark?"

"Tony left very early this morning, he wanted to wake you, but I told him not to." Natasha explained softly. Harry swallowed, suddenly wishing he had something to wash down his food with.

As though reading his thoughts, Steve got up from his seat and went to the cabinet, taking out a glass and filling it with milk. He handed it over to the young boy, who whispered a quiet thank you to the super soldier. "Where did he go?" Harry asked, after taking a long gulp of milk.

"To the office. There was stuff he needed to take care of, but don't worry, he said he'd try to be back as early as possible, and he also told us that if you needed anything, or wanted to talk to him, you could call him whenever you wanted." Steve told him, his blue eyes kind.

"Yeah, don't worry kid, we'll take care of you until Tony gets back." Clint had materialized from out of nowhere, patting his back gently. Harry had stiffened under the touch, but he nodded along all the same.

They'd lost Harry.

It all began when the group of people had been allowed inside the Mansion, no doubt having been sent over by Pepper to get Harry's rooms ready for him. Steve had been charged with keeping an eye on them and answering whatever questions they may have had, while Clint and Natasha went off to SHIELD headquarters for a meeting they had with Fury. Bruce had been the one who'd volunteered to watch over Harry, since he really didn't like strangers crowding his personal space, or even talking to them, so he'd taken Harry to another part of the Mansion, giving him a small tour of the place.

Harry's thoughts appeared to be elsewhere, but Bruce didn't take offense to the lack of attention the boy was paying him, after all, the young child had just lost his Father, and had been forced to move to a completely different place from where he'd grown up in. When Thor had arrived in search of him, Bruce had excused himself to talk to the God of Thunder some ways away.

He swore their conversation had only taken minutes, but by the time both he and Thor had returned to the library, where they'd last left Harry, the boy was gone. They started to call his name, knowing he couldn't have gone far, but Harry didn't answer their calls.

Bruce had immediately started to worry, as was in his nature, every single possibility crossing his mind as he thought about Harry's sudden disappearance. They hadn't even thought to ask Jarvis where the boy might be, too busy imagining Harry being kidnapped or taken or falling off the balcony and into the sea below.

When Steve mentioned asking for Jarvis' help, Bruce had flushed, while Thor had rubbed the back of his head, chagrined for not having thought of that earlier.

Eventually, they found the missing boy inside of Tony's lab. Why Jarvis had allowed him access in there was beyond them, though the child didn't appear to be doing anything other than exploring. He was handing things to DUM-E who would place them somewhere else, and the cycle would continue. Harry was smiling at the chirps and beeps the robot made, his arms reaching out for whatever item Harry would hand him next. It was endearing to witness, and Steve knew that Tony would want to see this later on, he made note to mention watching the video feed inside of here later on, to him.

"Harry. There you are! You can't just run off on us like that." Bruce admonished softly, eyeing the young boy. Harry looked down at his feet, properly chastised. Steve furrowed his brow, but kept quiet, Bruce had a point, anything could've happened to the little one,

especially inside a place like this. “I’m sorry Dr. Banner, it won’t happen again.” He sounded so solemn that said doctor immediately felt bad.

“I hope not, I’d hate for you to miss lunch, Clint brought us ice cream from one of the best ice cream shops in the state.” At the mention of ice cream, Harry visibly perked up, emerald eyes shining at the thought of the sweet treat.

“Ice cream?” He asked, looking from one man to the other. Steve grinned at the obvious bribe, who’d have known that Bruce was a huge softie when it came to children? The man who everyone feared for being the Hulk held out his hand almost unconsciously, and Harry furrowed his brow, seeming to debate with himself, before he took the offered limb between his.

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