

Eh, Timelines Have Always Been Confusing

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Eh, Timelines Have Always Been Confusing

by [RoseMcoolFan](#)

Summary

Way before Iron man was ever a thing but way after Captain America went into the ice.

Before Fury was the Head of Shield but way after Hydra had crept into the crevices of Shield.

Before Peter Quill was abducted from aliens but after Thanos had started his reign of death that clouded Gamora's world.

Before The Winter Soldier killed Tony's Parents
but after Hank Pym had joined Shield.

Before Peter Parker was born but after his parents had just started Shield Academy.

Before Janet Van Dyne sacrificed herself but way after the Ancient One had started to look into the Different Timelines.

In between these events there is a little window of time. A little window where all of these people are still there. To save the Future they are going to have to sort out the past. In more literal ways than one.

Notes

HI I am a new Marvel Fanfiction writer. This story has been bouncing around in my head a lot and I just wanted to throw myself at it and see where it leads. This story is heavily inspired by "Is it Better to be Left Behind?" by 'myidiotclintbarton'. It's a really good fic. I am also taking inspiration from Endgame. But I promise things will be different!

Ok I admit I am reaching just a tiny bit with the Timeline.
Also Disclosure

I DON'T OWN MARVEL. ALL RIGHTS GO TO RESPECTIVE PEOPLE.

huh, Who does owns marvel? Disney? but then who owns Disney??

Feel free to ramble with me in the Comments.

- Inspired by [Is it Better to be Left Behind?](#) by [myidiotKon_El](#)

Is this technically a prequel cause we're timetraveling?

Prologue:

Lightning flashes. Wind roars. People are picked up from the ground with immense force. They go flying in the wind like tumbleweeds in the desert. The wind picks up and forms a tornado. But it's sentient--It's looking for something- someone. Tony peaks behind his shoulder as the demonic tornado chases them across the field. On his left are the two people who left him dying in a siberean Hydra facility. On his right was the two people the avengers had personally dragged into this mess to stop that event.

But none of that matters now.

Somewhere in Tony's mind he rationally knows there is no possible way they're going to outrun it. At least not all of them.

And most of all not him.

His suit is damaged--he's barely flying as it is. He yells for the others to keep going. What has the world come to now that Tony Stark was falling back on dumb and cheesy cliches? His suit gives out and he feels himself get flung back into the hurling wind when he sees a very specific metal arm snatch his very iconic and specific metal leg.

The Winter Freaking Soldier and Ant-guy got flung back too catching him, Barnes was now holding onto Cap's Shield-along with that Starlord guy. That Man-child and his team got on Tony's nerves a lot. The shield was barely hanging onto a web that both his favorite spider and least favorite captain were struggling to stop the unstoppable force of wind.

"Mr. Stark!" Peter yelled as both Spiderman and Captain America's feet left the ground and they all went down the rabbit hole.

He didn't notice the red cape belonging to an ex-Neurosurgeon following them.

1987

"Director Carter!" Peggy looked up to meet a fellow shield operative "It's happening again!"

Peggy was on her feet like lightning and started following her toward the head of the base. "How long ago did it start?"

"About a minute ago. Our scanners say it's happening somewhere just outside of New York."

"Is there anything new or alarming about the fluctuations this time around?"

"Yes. It's about 4 times bigger than the usual charge and it seems to be growing now."

Peggy absorbed the information. "Ok I want to get down there immediately, and alert Pym and Stark. We don't know what is going to come out."

Wasting no time, Director Carter was on a plane picking up speed by the minute. The fluctuations only lasted for about 34 minutes so every second counted. When they arrived about a quarter a mile away from the site, Peggy quickly climbed down meeting Howard Stark and Hank Pym, who was suited up in the famous Ant-Man suit.

“Stark. Pym. Janet.” she greeted both not wanting to waste too much time on pleasantries. “Nice to see you, Peggy.” Janet said being the wonderful woman she is.

“What exactly is so different this time that you needed to call us all out here?” Howard said being the not-as wonderful man he is.

“In exactly 8 minutes the fluctuations are going to reach levels only rivaled by the Tesseract. We have good reason to believe that something is going to come out when it does.” Peggy answered looking at the site with her binoculars trying to get a closer look. All she saw was a contained but miniature tornado.

Peggy pulled out her folders, with some photographs. “So far only objects have come out.” There were 4 photographs. “First item was just an earpiece. Standard use. Although more advanced than anything we have- nothing too out of the ordinary.” She moved on to the second one. “The second time is much more interesting. It appears to be a backdrop of some sort.” the Photo showed an intricate decoration smothered with beads and paint.

Janet studied the picture. “Looks african.” she mused. “How that get all the way out here?”

Peggy practically glowed. She was in her element. Unknown stakes with a complex mystery in front of her. “We don’t know. What’s even more interesting is that it was lined with vibranium.”

Now Howard is interested. “Vibranium? In Africa?”

“Possibly.” Peggy answered. “But it gets stranger.” She pulled out the third photograph. “It’s some sort of military weapon. But it’s crazy advanced. Holds as much power as a tank.” The gun on photo looked almost alien.

“Hold up” Hank said. “Why does it say ‘Racoon’ Right here?” Hank said pointing at the folder.

“Uh-well we wiped it for traces of DNA and weirdly enough that is what came up.”

“..Ok then.”

“What’s the 4th object?” Howard asked impatiently.

“OH hold your horses Howard you know you’re curious.” Peggy berated him. “The 4th item is an item we believe to be for music. It’s called a... Zune.”

Hank laughed. “This is insane.”

“So is shrinking the space between atoms. Insane doesn’t mean Untrue.”

“Solid rebuttal.”

“So let me guess. You need Janet and I just in case whatever is going to pop out isn’t so friendly.” Hank said smirking

“Affirmative.” Peggy said smirking right back.

“Got it. Let’s get into position.” Hank and Janet put on their helmets and went tiny. Peggy watched the tiny specks until she lost track of them.

“T-minus three minutes.” Howard sighed. “Getting too old for this.” he muttered.

“We both are.” Peggy said.

Howard looked like he was about to say something Snarky but just smiled. Peggy smiled too. She loved it when the old goat let some of his better side show.

It was then when the thunder rolled out. But that didn’t make sense, there wasn’t any storm clouds. It wasn’t coming from the tornado.... Was it? The wind picked up and agents covered their faces. It was growing very hard to see through the rising dust clouds. Peggy coughed as a piece of dirt flew into her face.

The Agents were circled around it, guns in position and ready. Peggy pulled her Walkie Talkie and spoke into it. “Nobody fires a shot until I give the word.”

“Ten seconds!” Howard shouted over the wind.

Peggy’s heart raced. She hasn’t done anything quite like this in a while. It was sudden. It was unknown. And that thought sent sparks of anticipation and excitement through her almost as bustling as the storm in front of her. It felt like Life.

She held her breath as Howard shouted ‘One’.

The wind deflated. The thunder was gone. And instead of a tornado was a big pile of nothing.

Director Carter waited two seconds before she let out the air in her lungs. Then she walked forward trying to see if there was actually- after all of this effort and work- nothing.

Just dirt and sand.

Peggy sighed in defeat as she pulled her Walkie Talkie out again.

“M-”

CLANG!!!

Peggy whirled around to face the sound behind her. She gasped.

On the ground was a circular vibranium shield with the famous american colors.

Captain America's shield.
With Captain America standing behind it.

Peggy dropped her Walkie Talkie. "...Steve?" she breathed.

Steve blinked, rubbed his eyes a few times but looked up when she said his name. His eyes widened. For a moment it was just Steve and Peggy- No other Shield agents, Howard was gone, Janet and Hank could be anywhere.

Because Steve was standing right in front of her.

And had a beard-wait what!?

Eventually the figure behind Steve was what broke them out of the trance.

"Ugh.... My head.... Does anyone have any orange slices?" the figure slurred as he walked out from behind Cap.

A man dressed in an identical Ant-Man suit.

"Who are you? How did you get my suit?" Hank said popping up from being shrunk. The man gave out a shriek.

"O-Oh hey Hank.... And company" he said looking around. Hank opened up his mask.

"You didn't answer my question."

"Wow! You look so young.... Hank?" The man said still not answering Hank's question.
"Cap, Where are we?"

Only then did Steve look away from Peggy. Steve looked at the man. Then scanned all of the Shield Agents with their rifles still pinned on them.

"Scott... I think we just time traveled."

With that statement, time decided to start moving properly. Scott's eyes grew two times bigger than Steve's had been. Howard looked suspicious. Both Janet and Hank were throwing questions at Scott, who was struggling to avoid answering any of them.

It was chaos.

Finally, like a professional Howard took charge. "Prove it." Howard's voice rang out like thunder. No matter how much of an ego he had Peggy had to admit he just radiated with authority and power. Stark Industries had come a long way. Steve looked at Howard with astonishment again. His mouth was suddenly dry.

Steve and Scott looked at each other trying to search the other's faces. It was futile, neither of them knew anything more than the other one.

Peggy decided to throw the possible intruders a bone. “What is something only Steve would know?” She demanded, her gun again trained on them.

Steve paused for a moment. There was some sort of hurt in his eyes. Eyes of a man who had seen many wars. Resolved he opened his mouth.

“I’m sorry I was late for our dance.”

Well if Steve standing right in front of her after being dead for 40 years didn’t make her break down to pieces that sure did. Peggy dropped her gun and brought her slightly wrinkled but experienced hands to her mouth. She must have been holding in a flood of tears for at least an hour because there’s no way all these tears are only coming now. Peggy wobbled forward and Steve met her in a loving embrace. Briefly in her mind she noticed Howard giving out orders and Janet trying to calm Hank from but she didn’t care.

Steve was here. Steve came back.

“H-How?”

“I don’t know.”

I don’t know why in those fiction books Peggy occasionally read (What? They’re entertaining.) said characters would lose track of time when they were with that person that made them feel whole. Peggy was painfully aware of every single second. Every second was a second longer than what she thought she would ever have with Steve again.

Suddenly it dawned. Time. There was more time.

The Earpiece, the Decor, the gun, even the music device! The strange and confused man with the Ant-man suit.

And now Steve. And his long beard.

They were from the Future weren’t they?

Mitchell Carson was taking a vacation.

well at least that's what it said on his 'Reason of Leave' Paper back at Shield headquarters. He was actually on his way to Germany to respond to his real superiors.

He had not quite acquired the Pym Particles from that Hank Pym

Mitchell gritted his teeth. That man was quite literally more stubborn than a mule.

He wish he could just kill him. It wouldn't exactly be hard to murder him and his wife as they slept.

They could easily just send the Asset after them.

But no, Hank Pym was the only one who knew the formula- and there was no record of it anywhere. Otherwise Hydra would have already come out of the shadows and make quick work of their enemies. Hydra would finally come and save the world from its foolish beliefs.

He, Mitchell Carson, was riding practically invisible. Five black cars with tinted windows, No satellite would find him, no witnesses. Just one smooth ride. Although he couldn't say the same about when he would finally get there-Without particles he might add.

But it explains why he jumped when the car swerved into a ditch.

Mitchell coughed. The Hydra agent next to him recovered first.

"Are you Ok, Sir?"

"Of course not! What hit us?!" He snapped.

"Unknown sir."

"Well go and FIND OUT!" He yelled. The car was tilted to one side, Mitchell being on the side leaning the most. The agent left the car. Through the Door he could see the agents were circled around something. Something quite bright.

Mitchell recognized it.

Director Carter had been going on quite a bit about portals. It all sounded like Horse Crap to him.

But not anymore.

He raced out the car and pushed the Hydra Agents harshly out of the way.

He made it to the portal just before it closed with a SNAP as it dissipated and fizzled.

There was a boy. Maybe sixteen. Brown hair. Unconscious wearing a metal suit and a spider insignia.

Maybe Mitchell wasn't coming back so empty handed after all.

Starks Always have Dramatic Entrances

Chapter Summary

Tony Stark. Period. Read the title.

Chapter Notes

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

“Hey Cap? Are we really in 1987?” Scott asked for the Millionth time.

“Yes. Scott.” Steve said pinching the bridge between his eyes. They’ve been in a Shield issued truck for the past hour and a half. They- Peggy, really- thought it best they go somewhere secure before they...

Talk?

Scott had previously been Giant before the Tornado hit. They were in a big battle in Wakanda and Scott managed to turn it into a winning battle. Steve gave him props for it, for a man who went to jail he was a surprisingly good guy. But going Giant also made him tired and a little loopy. Then they time traveled so Scott was in and out of sleep on the entire bumpy ride. Ever time he woke up he would ask the same question.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

Peggy was sitting in the front seat, her mouth pinched in a line. She had calculating eyes. You could practically see the problem she was trying to solve in her pupils. Her hair was still a beautiful brown though a few stray grey hairs here and there.

The emotional reuniting has now turned into an awkward and tense silence. Steve wishes he could go back to the former, But there’s work to be done. There’s a war to be won

Howard Stark was driving. While Peggy had a sort of warmth around her, an inspiring aura of bliss- Howard had a steel gaze.

When Steve and Tony were still on speaking terms, Steve picked things up in conversations. Howard was not great of a father. He wasn’t the man he knew in the 40s. Tony never blatantly said it, but it was implied. Not always intentionally implied but implied.

Steve never got to meet that Howard. Even though none of this was supposed to happen... he’s kind of glad it did.

“We’re here.” Howard announces almost absently. He quickly gets out of the car. Peggy and Steve do the same.

“Alright we’ll... we’ll give you an hour to get your minds straight and then we need answers.”

“Thank-”

“You’re gonna give them an hour?” Howard said upset “Give them time to get a story together! How Stu-”

“Howard!” Peggy. “Not. Now.” She bit out ferociously.

Howard looked like he had a list a mile long of words he still had to say but he kept his mouth shut, permanently stuck in a scowl.

“Sc-” Steve turned to where a thief with shrinking tech should have been only to be met with a blank space. “Scott!” turning back to the car where Scott chose the perfect time to actually successfully sleep.

“I’m awake! I’m Awake! I’m- AAH!” Scott woke up with a jolt and fell onto the dirt face first, looking kind of like an 8 year old. He got up like something was on his tail. Good reflexes, Steve noted.

With a sigh, Steve turned to Peggy. “Got somewhere we can sit down? Dust off our boots?” Steve was already falling into that natural quiet banter even though barely speaking with Peggy. So focused on her he didn’t even recognize where he was yet.

This is where he met Peggy, Dr. Eskrine, and Howard. New Jersey.

Camp Lehigh.

He must of had a look on his face because Peggy smiled happily.

“Brings you back, doesn’t it?”

Steve couldn’t speak. It was exactly the same yet completely different. It still has that camp esque to it but a little more modern. A little more advanced. He sees a lot more people in suits than he used to.

“Ready to go?” Peggy asked.

Even though she was about 40 years older, Steve thought she was the prettiest she’s ever been staring up at him with her chocolate brown eyes and her daring red smile. In that moment, Steve wasn’t America’s all Righteous man , Captain America. He was Steve. Steve Rogers. In that car on the way to Dr. Eskrines lab. Having the longest conversation with a woman since his Mom passed away.

Waiting for the right partner.

“Yeah.” he breathed out.

Hank Pym watched from a distance as that buffoon in his suit tripped over his own feet and fell out of the car. Hank and Janet rode together in a separate car. He doesn't know if that was deliberate or not. He admits he was a little... apprehensive toward the so called Time-Travelers.

Still that guy- Scott, Hank remembered, he knew his name. Which meant that Hank must know him in the future. But that begs the question. Why the heck does he know this idiot?

Hank scoffed. This was assuming he actually believed this whole thing. He'd start actually considering it once they checked the DNA samples to see if they match.

Janet had been silent for a while. Which was characteristically unlike her. Hank would shoot her glances and she would smile but... there was something underneath all that. He could tell. But what was it? Worry? Fear?

Hank sighed heavily. He would figure this out. He always did.

Canada.

Of all the places a magic time travelling tornado could have spit him out. It chose Canada.

Tony Stark woke up in Toronto, Canada, December 8th 1987.

There's no one useful in CANADA!

Now Tony had nothing against Canada. It's the in between of Heaven and the other place. Or at least that's what the kid told him.

Oh gosh. If the others were in the same boat as he was ,that means Peter has now time traveled. That one reference on the donut ship was supposed to be the only reference to a classic movie. Now he was gonna hear about "Back to the Future" all the live long day. Peter wasn't even allowed to patrol past midnight on a school night.

Peter wasn't even supposed to be here. Wasn't even supposed to be there.

Tony rubbed a hand down his face. He had gotten here about half an hour ago and was welcomed with snow in his nose. All he had was the clothes on his back and a broken Iron Man suit.

‘Probably still worth more than half this city’ Tony thought sarcastically. He was probably just a little way away from the city.

He had been in this position before. With slightly different circumstances. For one, this time it had the stakes of just uh, you know.

The entire freaking universe.

Tony Stark got up again, walked a mile to Toronto, and headed toward the nearest available computer store.

Thankfully the man working was the tiniest bit helpful and then Tony hacked Shield.

Steve and Scott had just gotten to their quarters when the alarm went off. With the flashing red lights and the booming alarm, the entire facility had turned into a frenzy. The straying minds became focused. The calm were gaining adrenaline. The gears in this machine had been switched to hyperdrive in a second.

“What’s going on!?” Scott shouted.

“I don’t know.” Steve said getting to his feet and heading towards the door. He pushed through agents with Scott on his tail. Peggy was in the Main office with Howard. Hank and Janet arrived as soon as they did.

“-send it to me. I need a report now. I know Howard, I know. Just trace it!” Peggy was rambling off talking to 3 people at once.

“What’s happening?” Hank demanded.

“Someone’s hacking into our Mainframe.” Howard answered for Peggy. He was typing furiously on two different computers.

“How?” Janet asked.

“We’re... I’m not sure.” Howard said. He sounded stumped.

Janet pursed her lips. “Well do you have a source? What are they trying to do?”

“They could be trying to do a number of things, darling. Steal information, codes, names...” Director Carter said now. “Yes, What?” She said into her Earpiece. Her face contorted into a frown. “I’m sorry, could you repeat that?”

“I’ve got a location!” Howard yelled “Toronto, Ca- Canada?”

Steve looked from Howard to Peggy. They were now as puzzled as him and Scott.

“Who the Heck is hacking us from Canada?!”

“I think you all might want to see this.” Peggy said pushing Howard out of the way of the computers and bringing a message on the big screen. “Seems our hacker is... something else.” she stared dumbfounded by the words.

‘ HEY FURY’S BOY BAND CLUB, I’M LOOKING FOR A FEW MEMBERS. WOULD UNDEROOS, CAPSICLE, MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE, FLASH GORDON AND MY

SO CALLED “CONSCIENCE” HAPPEN TO BE THERE? IF SO, GIVE ME A CALL. IF NOT,

DON’T WASTE MY TIME.

OH AND THIS IS THE TIN CAN, FYI’

Steve blanched. The room was silent with puzzlement and shock.

“Is that... Code?” Hank asked. Grasping at straws.

“No, no that’s... That’s not... code.” Steve felt like he had just given a thousand PSA’s.

“Isn’t that... Sta-” Scott started.

“Yes. Yes it is.” Steve said. Feeling a little bit drained. He glanced at Howard warily. “The hacker is one of ours.

Tony Stark.”

Chapter End Notes

Tony Stark, Y'all.

I laughed a lot writing this. And I'm actually a little kinda sorta happy with it.

Which is crazy. An author? Actually being satisfied with his or her's work? Unheard of.

End Notes

Fun Fact, Mitchell Carson is not an OC. He is actually the Guy in Ant-Man. You know him, he insults Janet and Hank smashes his head to the table and breaks his nose. Then he comes back and tries to buy the stuff from Darren Cross.

If you don't know just go watch the movie again I Promise you won't be disappointed. Ant-man is great.

I love comments. Please leave comments. I will always accept healthy criticism to improve my writing.

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