

"The Futurist, gentlemen! The Futurist is here! He sees all! He knows what's best for you, whether you like it or not!"

Clint's clapping rang out across the high security prison that the ex-superheroes has been sent straight to from the war-field. Tony flinched slightly at the noise, his emotions still running haywire from almost watching Scottie die only an hour before.

He had passed by Wanda's cell, where the enhanced teenager didn't even have the energy to look up at him. The girl was too busy lost in her thoughts about Scottie and everything that had happened over the past couple of days to bother to hear his pleas to track down Steve.

"Give me a break, Barton. I had no idea they'll put you here. Come on," Tony reasoned, walking towards the cell that Clint was lying down in. The archer let out a slight snarl as he spat at Tony, angry at the situation he had been placed into.

"Yeah, well, you knew they'd put us somewhere, Tony."

"Yeah, but not some super-max floating ocean pokey. You know, this place is for maniacs. This is a place for..."

Tony didn't get to finish as Clint cut him off, standing up and moving closer to the bars that separated the former teammates.

"Criminals? Criminals, Tony. Think that's the word you're looking for. That didn't used to mean me. Or Sam, or Wanda. But here we are!"

"Because you broke the law," Tony interrupted, not having the energy to listen to Clint whining like a child about serving a sentence when he had committed the crime. "I didn't make you."

"La, la, la, la, la..."

"You read it, you broke it. Alright, you're all grown up, you got a wife and kids. I don't understand, why didn't you think about them before you chose the wrong side?"

Tony began to walk away as Clint slammed his hands angrily against the bars, his voice raising to a yell as Tony moved on to the next cell, a deep anger lit inside the man as he was reminded that he might not get to see his family again.

"You gotta watch your back with this guy. There's a chance he's gonna break it!"

Tony didn't pause as he walked by Scott Lang's cell, not even casting the man a second look.

"Hank Pym always said, you never can trust a Stark."

"Who are you?"

He didn't stop to hear the man's short whine about Tony not knowing who he was, for the billionaire had just set his eyes on the one person who would have the destination he needed to save Scottie's life.

"How's Rhodes?" Sam Wilson asked, genuine concern on his face as he noticed the sling that Tony's arm was resting in from their collision.

"They're flying him to Columbia Medical tomorrow. So... fingers crossed." He pauses as he gave Sam a once over, his eyes showing a slight concern before he spoke again. "What do you need? They feed you yet?"

Sam raised his eyebrows, confused on as to when they became civil and not on opposite sides of a war that had cost them a lot.

"You the good cop now?"

Tony shook his head, a slight urgency beginning to seep into his tone as he moved closer to Sam's cell. "I'm just the guy who needs to know where Steve went."

"Well, you better go get a bad cop, because you're gonna have to go Mark Fuhrman on my ass to get information out of me."

Rolling his eyes, Tony clicked about on his Stark Industries watch for a split second before looking back to the ex-paraglider and showing him the display.

"Oh, I just knocked the 'A' out of their 'AV'. We got about 30 seconds before they realise it's not their equipment. Just look. Because that is the fellow who was supposed to interrogate Barnes. Clearly, I made a mistake. Sam, I was wrong." Tony told the man, showing him the hologram from the watch of the man that definitely had not interviewed Barnes only yesterday.

"That's a first," Sam scoed, still not sure whether to trust the man standing before him.

"Cap is definitely on the reservation but he's about to need all the help he can get. We don't know each other very well. You don't have to..." He said, his tone changing to one of such desperation that Sam realised this was maybe about something a lot more serious than just Barnes.

"Hey, it's alright. Look, I'll tell you... but you have to go alone and as a friend," Sam eventually agreed, rubbing uneasily at his wrists as he pondered over the pros and cons of telling the man of iron where Steve and Bucky had jetted off to.

"Easy."

After learning the exact co-ordinates that Sam had previously piloted into the Quinjet before their fight on the airport concord, Tony turned and began to quickly make his way out of the room. A slight shuffle of feet behind him made him aware that Clint had moved back to the gated bars of his cell and was about to speak once more.

"Where's Scottie?" Clint asked once Sam had finished talking to the man. He felt ashamed that he had taken his anger out on Tony about being locked up rather than asking if his friend was okay.

They had been assured by General Ross that she was fine, that what they watched was simply a big misunderstanding and that Scottie hadn't visited any of them because she was disgusted in their actions. Clint and Wanda weren't so sure they really believed that.

Tony paused, his shoulders tensing up as he slowly turned to look over at where Wanda's eyes had now flickered up from the floor to study Tony carefully. Tony looked over at Clint, sighing deeply as he cleared his throat.

He didn't want them to hear the lack of confidence in his voice. He didn't want them to hear how his voice quivered with the tears that were building up in his eyes. He didn't want them to know that he was blaming not just them but himself for this happening to her.

"She told me to tell you that loves you guys..." Tony started, his eyes drifting to join with Wanda's. "That she loves you with all her heart."

"Tony..." Sam murmured softly, rising back to his feet as he judged the tone that the man was carefully speaking to them in.

"She's.... I mean.... they don't know if she's going to make it."

There was a deafening silence throughout the room. Wanda was still staring blankly at Tony, her eyes narrowed slightly as she judged the man and tried to see if this was some sick trick he was playing on them to give up more information on Steve and Bucky's plans to catch Zemo.

"Tony..." Clint started, his voice low and uneasy like he was giving a soft warning to the man.

"If anyone has the antidote, it's going to be Zemo. So please, promise me I'll find Steve at those co-ordinates."

"Stark? Did he give you anything on Rogers?" General Ross asked as Tony walked back up the ramp to the helicopter he flew himself here in. Tony barely looked over at the man as he clipped himself into the copter, anger flowing through his veins as he thought about how the man in front of him had refused to tell his old teammates that Scottie was going to die soon if she didn't get the help she needed.

"Nope. Told me to go to hell. I'm going back to the compound instead, but you can call me anytime. I'll put you on hold, I like to watch the line blink."

Tony didn't say anything else, but rather waved sarcastically as the plane took off from the Helipad and towards the new co-ordinates that he had programmed FRIDAY to put in.

Second guessing his ideal to fly there in the jet, he quickly reprogrammed the jet to return to Manhattan. Instead, he allowed his Iron Man suit to form around himself before he shot out into the clouds and straight to where he was hoping he would save Scottie.

"Pep?"

Tony asked, his voice gentle as he crept through the abandoned base in search of Steve and Bucky. He wasn't wanting to talk to her but he knew instantly from the muffled cries on the other end of the phone that this was a conversation that needed to be had.

"Tony, she didn't make it."

"What? What do you mean?"

"Scottie, she's gone Tony, she's gone and she's not coming back."

"You seem a little defensive," Tony called out to Steve, noticing how Barnes still was pointing his gun directly at the man's face. Steve edged forward slightly, his shield raised in a defensive stature as he moved closer to the billionaire.

"It's been a long day," Steve sassed back, unsure on why the man had followed them here but not launched an attack yet.

"At ease, Soldier. I'm not currently after you," Tony told him, making sure to leave out the erudite certainty that he was the man in the near future if this didn't work out for them.

"Then why are you here?"

"Could be your story's not so crazy. Maybe. Ross has no idea I'm here. I'd like to keep it that way. Otherwise, I gotta arrest myself."

"Well, that sounds like a lot of paperwork," the blonde man said with a slight lift of his lips in a slight smile. He lowered his shield as he moved closer to Tony, accepting that the man was not going to attack them. "It's good to see you, Tony. Surprised you're not with Scottie."

He didn't need to have known Tony to see how Steve's words instantly changed the man's facade. Bucky's grip on his gun loosened slightly as he noticed how Tony's eyes sudden seemed a lot emptier and his lip quivered ever so slightly. Bucky was a lot better at reading people than Steve, and he had a gut feeling that someone hadn't made it.

"Steve. You gotta know it wasn't your fault. It wasn't any of our faults, or maybe it was... maybe it was all of our faults..." Tony trailed off, running a metal covered hand over his face in anguish as his mind got muddled in the thoughts he was still trying to process.

"Tony? What are you talking about?"

"Scottie's not coming. Not now, not ever."

"Tony..."

"Rogers, she's dead. Rouge Hydra agent poisoned her. I was on my way here to get the cure from the scientist. I wasn't quick enough. She's gone."

"Tony, I..."

"We can mourn once he's dead," Tony interrupted Steve, no time to play nice. He wanted Zemo dead and he wanted the antidote now.

"Hey, Manchurian Candidate, you're killing me. There's a truce here. You can drop..."

Steve signed Bucky to lower his weapon, the ex-Hydra assassin doing so cautiously as he still wasn't sure how much he trusted the man in front of them.

As they entered the room with the chamber pods, all three of them froze in confusion as they noticed that the enchanted soldiers inside had all been shot in the head.

"If it's any comfort, they died in their sleep, just like Miss Casey."

The speakers crackled to life as the thick Sokovian accent rang out across the room, one single light coming on in front of them to show the sick smile of Zemo. "Did you really think I wanted more of you?"

"What the hell?"

"I'm grateful to them, though. They brought you here," he continued, pausing only as Steve tried to launch his shield at the glass that he was standing behind. "Please, Captain. The Soviets built this chamber to withstand the launch blast of UR-100 rockets."

Tony clenched up, raising his arm with the rockets attached as he squared up to the man. "I'm betting I could beat that."

"Oh, I'm sure you could, Mr. Stark. Given time. But then you'd never know why you came."

"You killed innocent people in Vienna just to bring us here?" Steve asked, trying to understand what the man's motives was for them to arrive here for what seemed like nothing.

"I thought about nothing else for over a year. I studied you. I followed you. But now that you're standing here, I just realized... there's a bit of green in the blue of your eyes. How nice to find a flaw."

"You're Sokovian. Is that what this is about?"

"Sokovia was a failed state long before you blew it to hell. No. I'm here because I made a promise. I lost everyone. And so will you. Though Casey created one of the many factors that ruined my life, but oh you're going to pay for what she did," Zemo told them, referring to Scottie accidentally bringing Ultron to life by using her power to give the droid his original energy source.

A TV set beside the three crackled to life, the small days of December 16th 1991 flicking across the corner. Steve and Bucky shared a quick look at each other after seeing the date.

"An empire toppled by its enemies can rise again. But one which crumples from within? That's dead... forever."

"I know that road," Tony said, a sudden dread filling his stomach.

"What is this?"

That one moment in time, right there in the underground bunker with nothing but betrayal and dead family on his mind, that was the moment Tony Stark finally snapped.