

RingmasterJ5: Are you sure we should run this...thing instead?

Alcoremortis: Oh, absolutely. I'm still trying to get over the nightmares from this thing. And you know, misery loves company.

RingmasterJ5: It's just so...odd. Do you think they're mentally ready?

Alcoremortis: Eh, probably not.

RingmasterJ5: And what about Insane Guy? He was really looking forward to the blonde Snape one we had planned instead.

Alcoremortis: Well, we'll get to that one eventually, I suppose. But this... this is the one that put me one toke over the line. And I feel, given the timing, it's slightly closer to home...

RingmasterJ5: But what about StrongBrush? He hasn't even SEEN Avengers.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Ooh! Is this the wolf story?

StrongBrush1: (enters) Am I late?

RingmasterJ5: So, we're seriously going to run THIS fic. Well, it's their sanity on the line.

Insane Guy of DOOM: So what? Sanity is for wusses.

StrongBrush1: You said it, Doom. High five. (places hand up)

Insane Guy of DOOM: (Returns hi high five)

Alcoremortis: I don't think you'll be thanking us at the end of this. I'm going to actually just put on my bullet proof vest. For, you know, safety.

StrongBrush1: I can always aim for the head, you know.

RingmasterJ5: At least it's not that other really horrible fic we have planned. But anyway, let's just get on with it.

StrongBrush1: (alarm) We got fic sign!

Tony squirmed in his seat. Rhodey had forced him to go to another meeting. This one he was so close to avoiding too!

Insane Guy of DOOM: But as he was not close to avoiding it, he had to go.

StrongBrush1: Ducking formal responsibilities so he can dick around in a robotic suit. Our hero, everyone!

Insane Guy of DOOM: At least he's in character. I have a bad feeling that won't last.

Alcoremortis: Yeah... about that...

But Mr. Good Colonel just had to sneak to his house and take his car keys. And that meant either take the ironman suit for a spin or he'd have to ride with Rhodey.

Considering the ironman suit saved his gas money and went much faster than his car he chose the easier. However low and behold when he got up Rhodey was already at his house. In his kitchen. Having a cup of coffee with Pepper.

StrongBrush1: "How the hell did you get in my house? And why do you look different?"

"Pay attention," Rhodey whispered.

"Why am I here again?" he asked as he twiddled his pencil.

Insane Guy of DOOM: To get the iron man suit. You said that less than a paragraph ago.

StrongBrush1: Continuity? What's that?

Alcoremortis: Ahahahahaha! That was funny... continuity...

"Because this involves you and the avengers," Rhodey took the pencil, "Stop that before you hit somebody with your pencil."

StrongBrush1: What could you possibly do with a pencil that would injure somebody?

Insane Guy of DOOM: Maybe he's going to make it disappear?
(DarkKnightReference)

StrongBrush1: Wrong comic company.

Insane Guy of DOOM: After Ghost Rider I don't think bad fanfiction writers know they're different.

Remolay: Lord knows I've forgotten.

Alcoremortis: My fencing coach always advocated the sharpened pencil as one of the most efficient close quarters impromptu weapons. Because you can stab someone with it and then break off the tip so they can't use it against you.

RingmasterJ5: Er...wouldn't breaking off the tip replace the one big point for many smaller, sharper ones?

Alcoremortis: Nope. You stab them with it and then snap off the lead bit. It's a small point stuck inside of them. And then you just wait away at the spot until they get the message.

Insane Guy of DOOM: I never want to meet your fencing coach.

"I'm not going to hit anyone, give it back," he reached for it.

Rhodey smacked his hand, "Pay attention."

Tony huffed and stared at the clock. He didn't know how much more he could take of this. He'd already been in there thirty minutes and fallen asleep once.

StrongBrush1: I wonder what he's dreaming about. Probably ponies, if I had to guess.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Did they ever get to... wherever they were going? Or has that plot point already been dropped?

StrongBrush1: Like a newborn on its soft head.

Alcoremortis: Have you read this story before?

After another twenty minutes Tony squirmed again, "Rhodey..."

"What, Tony, what is it now?" the colonel sighed.

"I need your help with something."

"Really?" he sighed.

"Yes really. Been needing it a while actually."

Remolay: Tony, we don't need to know about your personal problems.

Rhodey rolled his eyes and called a recess.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Oh so they're at court. Or Elementary school. I'm not sure which is worse.

StrongBrush1: Definitely Elementary School.

Alcoremortis: Yeah... more than you know.

Tony smiled widely and went to an office with his friend following closely.

"I think you're doing this to me on purpose," he closed the office door, "Take your pants down and get on the desk. We can do this quickly."

StrongBrush1: ...what.

Insane Guy of DOOM: That... does not bode well.

Remolay: Holy fuck, I was right.

Alcoremortis: And this... this is where the fic starts to get weird.

"Oh yes, you've got me all figured out," he took his pants down and took a towel from his breif case, laying it on the table and climbing up.

"You aren't hard to figure out," Rhodey opened his case and pulled three things out, setting them next to Tony's waist, "Spread your legs."

StrongBrush1: This has gone from dumb to disgusting in record time.

After a few minutes Rhodey tied something in a plastic bag and threw it in the garbage, "Alright, you're fresh."

RingmasterJ5: Yes, if that line didn't already clue you in, this is a fic where Tony Stark is still in diapers.

StrongBrush1: Uhhhh... gross.

Remolay: Okay, I was wrong. Okay... Okay.

Insane Guy of DOOM: In the immortal words of that guy from Troll 2: OH MY GOO!

"Thanks," he sighed and sat up, watching as Rhodey put his things away.

"Are you gonna pull your own pants up or do you want me to?" he asked.

"I'm doing it," he sighed and pulled his pants up, "Thanks a lot."

"It's lost the luster. Now I'm too use to it,"

Insane Guy of DOOM: It *had* luster?!

Rhodey smiled. Tony just huffed, "Tony? I got one question for you."

"What?"

StrongBrush1: "Why are you making me do this?"

"Who changes you when you're with the avengers?"

Remolay: Only the mighty Thor can change his iron diapers.

Tony just looked to the side, pulling his pants over his diaper.

Over a year ago Tony had been injured Afghanistan.

RingmasterJ5: I read that as "Tony had injured Afghanistan."

Insane Guy of DOOM: Well he *did* do a number on that terrorist base...

Alcoremortis: I don't think any other Avenger has managed to injure a COUNTRY. Pretty impressive.

The obvious injury left him with a hole in his chest, which he later placed a miniture ark reactor in.

RingmasterJ5: It took skills to get all those animals in there, but eventually he managed. Now he's part...everything.

That one was pretty easy to deal with. At this point he even now had one in his chest that wasn't killing him. He thanked his dad for that.

Insane Guy of DOOM: (As Tony, completely deadpan) Thanks dad.

The one that wasn't so easy on him was the one he didn't tell anyone but Rhodey about. The spinal injury. Technically his doctor knew and was sworn to secrecy. He had to diagnos it. He'd injured his spine, not in a way that would paralyze or partailly paralyze him. But it did now make it impossible to know when he had to pee or hold it for long. It lead to many embarrassing moments in the car and at home.

Insane Guy of DOOM: I don't think that's how spinal cord injuries work.
StrongBrush1: The little scientist in my brain is having a mental breakdown.
Alcoremortis: I'M having a little mental breakdown.

It was really hard to scrub the scent of urine out of leather! And he had to buy a new bed. It happened infront of Pepper once, but he lied and said he'd been drinking.

Insane Guy of DOOM: And how is that any less embarrassing?
StrongBrush1: Because it's more in character.

After that point he had told Rhodey, who suggested a logical, albeit embarrassing solution.
-flashback-

StrongBrush1: (to the tune of ode to joy) Flashback, flashback, fucking flashback, gotta see this shit again...
Alcoremortis: *sings* Leeeeet's dooooo the flaaaaashback agaaaaaain!

"It's either this or pissed pants, Tony," Rhodey said through Tony's bedroom door. He'd told Pepper to take the day off.

"Rhodey I can't do that!" Tony complained. Neither sounded apeasing but being in a diaper was just humiliating.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Apeasing? Appealing to apes! Or maybe its something that makes apes sing.
StrongBrush1: NO. No more singing. For the love of Celestia, NO!
Alcoremortis: Aw. I was going to start singing diaper commercial jingles.

"One or the other," Rhodey waited until he heard silence and sighed, "Do you want me to help you?" more silence, "Alright, unlock the door and I'll help you."

There was a click and Rhodey opened the door and cringed, Tony was trying to clean a mess he'd already made while trying to prove he didn't need diapers.

"Just take a shower and come back out so I can help you with this before Pepper decides to come and check on you," he sighed.

-end-

StrongBrush1: Okay, Good, we're done here. That was short but incredibly painful-wait, there's MORE?!?

Insane Guy of DOOM: It's a false end. Closely related to the "Or is it?" though not as common.

StrongBrush1: Stupid bloody fakeouts...

Alcoremortis: Yeah, they should have done a "The end?" type of thing.

Tony had gotten use to it by this point but it still sucked. Although it was still embarrassing, he was happy Rhodey showed him which brand to buy so it was absorbent and wasn't easily seen in his pants.

Insane Guy of DOOM: (Eye twitch) Why does Rhodey know these things?

StrongBrush1: I don't know and I'm scared to find out.

Alcoremortis: It's his job to know things.

Rhodey looked at him, "So, does that sigh mean you change yourself?"

Tony didn't really want to answer so he changed the subject, "How much longer is this meeting? I'm really bored."

Rhodey rolled his eyes, "Another hour and a half, so you can stretch your legs while I go to the restroom."

"Rub it in, why don't you?" he stuck his tongue out.

Rhodey smirked, "Get yourself something from the vending machine and come back to the office. I'd like to not have to find you when I come out."

Insane Guy of DOOM: I wonder what Tony says to everyone upon coming back from the bathroom accompanied by Rhodey?

StrongBrush1: Probably something involving gay activity.

"Fine, fine," he walked to the vending machine.

Tony grumbled after that meeting. He was finally in his room at Stark towers. It was nice to be able to relax in his room again. He didn't tell Rhodey, none of the Avengers knew about his problem. And he'd like to keep it that way.

Though it meant he had to change himself and he admittedly would rather have Rhodey do it for him.

Alcoremortis: Why?

Remolay: It's Rhodey's job to do everything that Tony doesn't want to.

Speaking of change he felt wet again. One never notices how much they pee until they have to sit in it.

"Hey big green, You should see if Tony has any new toys for us," Clint, known as Hawkeye, smiled at the Jade 'monster'.

"Hrm," Hulk said as he ate his 7th sadwich.

Insane Guy of DOOM: So much for "controlling your anger" eh Bruce?

RingmasterJ5: The Sadwich! For when you're TOO happy and need a put-me-down. Now at Subway.

Alcoremortis: No, see, he's always angry now. Hence, always the Hulk. And

apparently obsessed with sandwiches instead of wanton destruction.

"I'll bet he even made a scale that won't say you weigh two elephants,"

Remolay: I'm sorry, this is probably because I'm tired, but I don't understand.

Clint smirked at Hulk, who raised a brow.

StrongBrush1: When did the Hulk turn into Spock?

Alcoremortis: When did the Hulk become sensitive about his weight?

"Stop it Clint," Steve scolded as he read the paper.

"Aww I'm just joking with him," Clint snickered until he felt something explode against his backside,

Insane Guy of DOOM: Oh no! It's happening to Captain now too!

RingmasterJ5: Hawkeye really needs to be more careful about where he shoots those exploding arrows of his.

"AHHHHH!" he grabbed his butt, jumping up and down.

Steve looked over, "Well, can't say you don't deserve that," he commented.

"You didn't have to hit me, Jade Jaws!"

he yelled as he tried to rub the pain out of his butt.

Alcoremortis: Something tells me that if the Hulk actually spanked someone, they would be dealing more with a shattered pelvis than dancing about.

Thor chuckled, "Looks like he's having fun dancing," he teased Clint.

StrongBrush1: The god of thunder is a jackass! Classic!

"Not funny, jerk!" he complained.

"Hulk would you please check and ask Tony if he has anything to occupy Clint's time?" Steve watched.

Hulk finished his other two sandwiches and went to see what the genius was doing.

Tony was searching under his bed for his powder that just rudely rolled under, "Get from under there you peice of..."

Hulk opened the door Tony knew he locked and looked in, "Hey Sta..." he stared at Tony, "Why are you on the floor?"

Insane Guy of DOOM: (As Hulk) Why Hulk use proper grammar?

"Oh...nothing," he played it cool, "Just dropped something under the bed, trying to reach it."

Hulk walked in and lifted the bed. Tony gasped. He hadn't expected him to do that. Under the bed was where he kept everything, from his wipes and diapers to extra bed liners incase he leaked while sleeping.

Hulk tilted his head, "Whats that stuff?" he watched Tony grabbed the powder.

"Just put my bed down please," he said, trying to keep cool, even though he felt like he pissed

himself again from the shock.

Hulk raised a brow and smirked, grabbing the powder from Tony's hand, "Whats this for?"

"I was about to take a shower and I like to keep my junk fresh, thank you," he tried to jump for it.

StrongBrush1: TMI! TMI! TM FUCKING I!

Insane Guy of DOOM: That explanation doesn't even make sense.

Remolay: at least people will think he's masturbating instead of pissing himself.

Alcoremortis: I don't think Stark would ever use the term "junk" anyways.

Hulk shrugged, "sure," he handed it to him and left.

Tony shook his head when he thought Hulk was far enough away, "This is getting troublesome," he grabbed a diaper from the bed and gasped. It was his last one.

"Crap!" he complained and took his pants down to change himself.

Insane Guy of DOOM: I guess peeing wasn't the only thing that spinal cord injury affected...

StrongBrush1: Gross!

"Oh Hulk forgot," Hulk looked in his room and raised a brow.

"Double crap..."

StrongBrush1: Busted.

"Why can't you knock!" Tony growled, yanking his pants up fast as possible. Hulk smiled at him. Tony blushed and growled, "You tell anyone and I'll projectile you into space!"

Hulk wasn't even bother by the threat, "Aww, you should've asked for help," he picked Tony up.

"Put me down, Hulk!" Tony kicked and struggled in his arms.

"Stay still, I know how to do this," He put him on the bed and took Tony's pants off.

Alcoremortis: I don't know why, but this is probably the most disturbing part of this story for me.

Remolay: I don't know why, but I'm incredibly amused by all this.

"No, I can do it by myself, Hulk," he tried to pull from the green giant.

"You sure? You look pretty heavy," he commented unfolding the other diaper and untaping the sides of the one Tony was wearing.

Tony blushed and struggled, "I got it covered, ok."

"Stay still. I got kids, this aint the first time I've done this," he lifted Tony's legs and changed him.

Insane Guy of DOOM: At least he has an explanation; unlike Rhodey. Though when did Hulk have kids?

RingmasterJ5: You don't want to know. It's another fic by the same author.

StrongBrush1: Hey, superheroes having kids isn't completely out of the ordinary. Haven't you watched "Superman Returns"?

Insane Guy of DOOM: Exactly.

RingmasterJ5: Trust me, you don't want to know about THIS case.

Alcoremortis: Actually, in the comics, Bruce Banner had three kids, I think.

With all the kids Hulk had this was more second nature than him teasing the genius.

Tony felt like crying, "Don't you tell anyone!"

"What do I have to tell them?" he scoffed and set him on the ground, "Flagboy said something about...something, you'll have to ask him. I forgot again," he shrugged and left. Tony groaned and pulled on a pair of jeans, changing into more relaxed clothes. Cap would have to wait he needed to go shopping. Hulk returned to the area, Clint glared at him as he rubbed his butt.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Didn't he just say STEVE was the one who had exploding butt problems? Not Clint?

StrongBrush1: At this point, I honestly don't care anymore.

Alcoremortis: Maybe Steve smacked his butt... actually, let's forget I said that.

The green giant snickered at him.

RingmasterJ5: While offering him canned vegetables.

"Did you ask Tony about Clint?"

"Nope," he sat back in the chair.

"What about him?" Tony asked as he began to walk to the elevator.

"He needs something to keep him occupied," Steve looked over, "And I thought you were working on some things we could destroy for practice."

"Yeah, sure, I'll get that done when I come back."

"Where are you going?" Clint watched.

"Store," he got to the elevator and had to wait.

"Get some more food, Hulk ate the fridge again as a snack," Clint hurried out of the giant's reach.

StrongBrush1: "Also, get a new fridge."

Alcoremortis: I can't believe that the fridge would be very nourishing.

Steve shook his head, "Why don't you take Clint with you?"

"I have a much better idea, it starts off with a blunt 'no' and ends with 'no',"

StrongBrush1: At least Tony is partially in character.

Remolay: We can be happy for that, or we can rage over everything else. I'm taking a third option, because this mess is hilarious.

he heard the ding and climbed in.

The captain sighed and looked at Clint, "Go catch up with him. I'd rather you get out the house than Hulk knock you through a wall because of your mouth."

Insane Guy of DOOM: Steve sure is eager to make Hawkeye go with him. That can't lead to anything good.

Alcoremortis: I don't know why, but they seemed to get paired together often.

Clint rubbed his butt, "Alright, I'd be happy to go with Tony," he smirked. It was easy to bother Tony.

Tony got to his car and climbed. He needed to get some more diapers and other stuff, he couldn't believe he let it get that low. It felt like he just went shopping for them.

"What are we going to the store for?" Clint hissed when he bottom made contact with the seats.

StrongBrush1: Hawkeye turned into a snake for a second.

Alcoremortis: More importantly, how is he sitting in multiple seats?

Remolay: Chameleon must be the villain of this fic. Only reasonable explanation.

"What are *you* doing?" the older man raised a brow, looking over at him.

"Steve told me to go and frankly it sounds better than being in there all day."

"I don't care what Steve said, *I* said you're not coming. Now get out," he looked.

"Well I'd rather listen to Steve since he can beat you in a fair fight any day," Clint smirked at him

"And?" he raised a brow, "My car."

"Well then how about I tell Hulk about when you were flirting with his cousin. Or tell Rhodes when you 'being too sick to make your meeting' meant hangover."

StrongBrush1: Frankly, I don't think that either of those would be a surprise.

Alcoremortis: Yeah. I also don't think anyone would get too upset either.

Tony huffed, "Put your seatbelt on, jerk,"

Alcoremortis: Is it just me or does this line make Tony Stark sound like a teenaged girl talking to her boyfriend?

He began to drive to the store. Looks like he was going grocery shopping since he couldn't get what he needed.

He sighed and began to fill the cart with a bunch of stuff. He had three fridges and a huge pantry at the towers but knowing Hulk he still needed to shop and knowing himself he needed more diapers.

"So what did you come to the store for?" he asked tossing a pack of cookies in the cart.

"None of your business," he scoffed and pulled his phone out, dialing Rhodey.

"Who are you calling?" the blonde leaned over.

StrongBrush1: "My agent. He is SO never working for me again."

"Move!" the rich boy commanded.

"Hello?" Rhodey answered the phone.

"Hey Rhodey."

"Whats up Tony?" he sighed, he was about to finish his work.

"Can you get me some supplies? There is a little blonde pest on my tail," he commented.

Rhodey looked at the phone and then the clock, "Alright, I'll get you some things and bring them to the tower, will you be there?"

"Yeah I should be there within like, an hour or two."

"Alright well I'll get the things and be there soon enough."

"I owe you bigtime," he sighed and hung up.

"What are you having him get you?" Clint smirked.

Alcoremortis: Why is he smirking? He doesn't even know what's going on!

"How about you mind your own business, troll," he shook his head and continued on shopping, Clint annoying him.

Insane Guy of DOOM: I can't decide whether Tony calling Clint a troll is genuinely hilarious or just groan-inducing bad humor.

StrongBrush1: The latter.

Alcoremortis: Really, I don't think that Stark would start calling people names. He

strikes me as the type of character that likes to make up their own insults.

"How was shopping?" Steve asked.

"Great," he walked in, "Hulk, Can you bring the groceries in?" The giant went to get the things and brought them in.

**StrongBrush1: And then proceeded to eat everything. Dumb move on Tony's part.
Remolay: When did this become a Slice of Life fic?**

"Where's Clint?"

"He's in the trunk," Tony took his chinese food to his room.

Alcoremortis: Okay. I chuckled at this.

Tony sighed and squirmed in his bed. He didn't want to get up and do Avengers things.

RingmasterJ5: Some men just want to watch the world burn when they're supposed to be saving it.

Insane Guy of DOOM: I've added that line to my Bad Fanfiction Hall of Fame. If I ever get around to making it.

RingmasterJ5: Any from the last two TFT3Ks?

Insane Guy of DOOM: Nothing really stuck out from those two. They're more all together bad than individual bits.

RingmasterJ5: Yeah, those authors' REALLY bad fics were too long to run. Maybe we'll just run a few chapters from each.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Speaking of really long, are we going to do any more of CHR?

RingmasterJ5: Most of what we've planned is worse than that.

His bed was comfy and soft and smelled good. He sighed and laid in. He groaned, he could feel he was wet and didn't feel like changing himself.

Hulk hardly slept...maybe he'd want to do it. He'd been seeming to have a creepy amount of fun changing him.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Only now does it dawn on you that any of this is creepy? I'd argue Rhodey being such an expert on diaper changing with no excuse would have been a bit higher up on the creepy scale.

StrongBrush1: I don't know. A giant green monster doing it would definitely be towards the top of the creepy scale.

**Alcoremortis: Yeah... I don't know if creepy is quite the word to describe it.
Horrrifying and wrong, maybe.**

As long as he didn't tell what could Tony say really?

The rich boy

Alcoremortis: I love this description in that it's absolutely awful in context.

sighed and sat up. He hated mornings, he was so heavy! Even after being dry before going to bed. He groaned, these tena could hold pretty well. He frankly preferred these or Molicares.

"So heavy!"

StrongBrush1: I've got Abbey Road playing in my head now.

Insane Guy of DOOM: I'm just going to go ahead and assume that Tony's diaper preferences are not arbitrary. If you know what I mean...

he complained and peeked out the door to see if Hulk was near. Hulk was eating, as always, "Hulk, hey Hulk," Tony called.

"Hrm," the green giant ate his second box of cereal, "Need help?"

"That would be much appreciated."

"When I'm done eating."

StrongBrush1: So, in an hour then?

"Great, I'll just shower," he huffed and closed his door. He got himself some fresh pajamas and went to wash. No need to put on a fresh diaper if he needed to shower.

After an exhilarating hot shower he towed off and walked into his room, quickly getting grabbed by Hulk, "Ack! You're eager!" he complained as he placed on bed.

Ringmasterj5: Placed what?

StrongBrush1: Please tell me this doesn't lead to angry sex.

Alcoremortis: Yeah, for one thing, I doubt Tony would survive. And if he did, he probably would suffer from broken pelvis syndrome. Like that episode in Futurama!

Remolay: Hulk have snoo-snoo with metal man.

Hulk hardly responded as he diapered him. This time he took it a step further and actually finished dressing Tony before leaving.

"Ok...Thanks," Tony sighed and flopped back in bed. No sooner than he laid back an alarm went off.

He fell out of bed and groaned, going to find his stealth suit to put the ironman suit on.

After a long battle with Pyro and Abomination, A fight that shouldn't have taken as long as it did,

RingmasterJ5: I've read enough FFF to know that this is the mark of a true fetish author. When anything really interesting happens, it only gets a sentence or two of description, while the fetish content gets paragraphs and paragraphs.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Say "Abomination" out loud. It sounds a lot funnier than it should.

Alcoremortis: I couldn't actually say it. I kept on laughing after Abomo.

Tony wanted to get some more sleep in, but that wasn't gonna happen since it was 'chore day'. So he got to empty the garbage- down the garbage shoot, while Clint did the laundry. Seemed fair.

RingmasterJ5: Doesn't Tony have machines that can do that automatically? Hell, why hasn't he made a diaper-changing machine already?

StrongBrush1: Because that would be a dead giveaway. Also, because plot.

RingmasterJ5: Actually, if it was built into his bed, he could...WHY AM I EVEN THINKING ABOUT THIS.

Alcoremortis: You see, it's because of the fetish. If he built a machine he wouldn't be able to get people to change him.

Thor did the 'ungodly task' of vacuuming.

Alcoremortis: I'm pretty sure that Tony Stark could afford a maid. Or a robot. Then

again, it's almost in character for him to lie just so that Thor would have to vacuum. For some reason.

Hulk did...well...nothing really. He ate whatever was taken out of the fridge due to near expiration. Or what already expired and wasn't molding.

Insane Guy of DOOM: So the one guy who could probably do all the chores without a breaking a sweat in the least amount of time just gets to raid the fridge? And apparently Steve doesn't even have to do anything!

StrongBrush1: He's too old.

Alcoremortis: I mean, think about it. Who in their right mind would ask the Hulk to do chores?

Tony sighed and put all the garbage down the shoots, couldn't be funner. Clint grumbled at all the laundry. He had to do laundry for five people.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Five people? What happened to Nick Fury and Black Widow?

StrongBrush1: Nick doesn't live with the Avengers. Also, I don't know what happened to Black Widow.

Insane Guy of DOOM: None of the Avengers lived together in the movie, so if they're going to be living together now I don't see why Nick isn't there too.

RingmasterJ5: Or Widow, Hawkeye's love interest.

Insane Guy of DOOM: I already mentioned Black Widow.

StrongBrush1: Maybe he lives at SHIELD.

Alcoremortis: I think Nick Fury is off fighting robots from the future. And Black Widow is female and therefore is of no interest to a slash fetishist.

One whose clothes literally needed their own washing machine for just two items. But awesome, there were four washing machines and four dryers.

Thor did his cleaning quickly enough, between him and Hulk they worked fastest. Leaving them both to go outside and spar.

Clint sat on the dryer, reading a comic book when one of his brothers called, "Hello?...I'm ontop of a dryer, what do you want?

Insane Guy of DOOM: (As Clint) I told you Ollie, don't question my sexual preferences!

Alcoremortis: ...Why is he on top of a dryer?

...I don't want to...No...No...No! Thats not fair Ollie, why can't you have the butler do it?

Insane Guy of DOOM: Does Ollie need a diaper change too?

StrongBrush1: Maybe he's talking about some sort of hit.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Wait, if he's using Butler as a hitman... Could that mean... Domovoi is here?!

RingmasterJ5: The only Marvel assassin I care about is Deadpool. I'm happy that this author isn't using him at all in this fic.

Remolay: Bored now.

Or better yet you get off your butt and do it yourself."

He held the phone from his ear as he was was loudly threatened, "Ok fine!" he complained. His

brother needed him to get some freaking arrows. He'd get the lazy prick some garbage arrows to use.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Guess not. =(

Alcoremortis: Are those arrows that shoot garbage at people? Wouldn't surprise me, actually. Hawkeye seems to have an arrow for everything.

"I don't need help getting dressed," Tony complained as Hulk was trying to help him with other things.

Alcoremortis: Don't want to know.

Hulk was missing his kids and was using the next best thing, Tony. Afterall he was just a little taller than Skar when he was in his 'human' form.

RingmasterJ5: He...he named his kid Skar? Oh, right. I forgot that Bruce Banner literally does not exist in this fic.

StrongBrush1: Well, there is a story run on the Hulk that forces him to be the Hulk constantly due to the fact that Bruce Banner is apparently "dead"...

RingmasterJ5: But the thing is, Bruce exists in the movie, obviously, and this is the movie universe. Also, are you talking about Grey Hulk?

StrongBrush1: I'm just throwing ideas out there. I honestly don't know.

Alcoremortis: Banner does have a kid named Skar with some alien woman. And the bit where the Hulk has to be the Hulk all the time happens very early on in the comics when Banner gets shot and killed. But then the Leader fixes him for some reason and it's all better.

"Be still," he put him on bed.

Having Hulk change him made Tony look just as much like a child as he felt. And Hulk was getting a little too comfortable with this.

Clint sighed as he went through the trash looking some crap arrows.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Any relations to Wheatley's turrets?

RingmasterJ5: Well, that's ONE thing to do with all of Tony's leftover crap.

StrongBrush1: Please tell me you mean crap as in "junk..."

RingmasterJ5: The fic did. I didn't.

StrongBrush1: GROSSER!

As he gathered them he was hit in the head with something heavy, sending him face first into the trash.

Insane Guy of DOOM: IT'S AN UNWASHED DIRTY DIAPER MONSTER!!!

RingmasterJ5: It's that garbage-bag Pokemon!

"Bleh!" he shook his head, "Wth was that?" he looked at the bag and opened it, "Ew!" he pushed it away.

Insange Guy of DOOM: I think you spelled "UNWASHED DIRTY DIAPER MONSTER" wrong. They are no b's or g's in it. And far more a's.

He cringed and paused, "What a minute...With is this even doing in here?" he raised a brow and looked at the garbage shoot, "Well I already need a shower now," he looked through the trash.

Alcoremortis: Ew.

"You stink, take a shower!" Hulk held his nose as Clint walked past.

"You're so intuitive, Hulk," Clint said sarcastically as he walked to his room for some clothes and a shower. Now who did that crap belong to? There was a lot of it.

StrongBrush1: TOO. MUCH. INFORMATION.

Alcoremortis: And now that we know about Stark's bowel movements, let's all partake in some brain bleach! With real brains! Yum!

Thor coughed, "Ugh, the scent of the archer is strong. Shall we have a friendly battle?" he suggested to Hulk.

Alcoremortis: That was something of a non-sequitur.

"Better than being in here," he stood and went to the roof.

Clint sat in the shower thinking. He wanted to know whose crap that was. He knew it wasn't Thor's. His tights would show them off.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Oh great, he really didn't mean "junk".

Maybe Cap, he was old...sorta. Well there was Tony...What if it were Tony?

"I say thee Hulk, a rousing fight that was," Thor stretched and got himself a soda, handing Hulk the 2 liter bottle.

StrongBrush1: I need a club soda right now.

Alcoremortis: That was a really short fight.

"Sure, you actually made me break a sweat," he smirked and downed the soda.

"Hey guys," Clint got himself some gatorade.

"Ah, you smell much fresher now," Thor looked to him, "And what are the arrows for? Practice?"

"Actually I have to drop some by my brother because he's a lazy douche. But I'll be back," he grabbed his bag and left. He took a look at Thor's butt.

Insane Guy of DOOM: I really don't like where this is going...

Alcoremortis: Why is Hawkeye always paired with EVERYBODY?

Yeah it couldn't be him. They'd show too much through those tights of his.

Thor looked at Hulk, "Whats with him?"

"Not sure. He seems less annoying than normal," the bigger man shrugged.

"Ok, whats a 'douche'?"

Hulk looked down at him, "Well it's something a woman uses to..."

StrongBrush1: CUT! CUT! NEXT SCENE!

"I got you some new kinds to try," Rhodey said as he handed him a bag. Tony had come over his place to hang a while.

"Thanks," Tony looked in the bag, "Where did you get these from? I haven't seen these in stores."
"I found a website, those were cheap, I got you two other kind so see how you like them," he poured himself some tea.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Why does Rhodey know this stuff!!
Alcoremortis: He read this fic. With meta fourth-wall-breaking powers.

Tony looked at the packages first, "Rhodey."
"What?"
"What is 'abuniverse'?" he raised a brow.
"It's a site I stumbled upon for diapers in people your size,"

RingmasterJ5: That can't... *searches* OH GOD THAT'S A REAL SITE. It's even more disturbing that the author knows that, and has probably ordered from there before.

Insane Guy of DOOM: I believe this vindicates my previous theories on the author.

StrongBrush1: I think I'm going to be sick.

Alcoremortis: I've figured it out! This isn't a diaper fetish fic, it's actually an advertisement! Get your diapers at this website! Tony Stark uses them!

Remolay: I remain unphased. Why do I remain unphased.

he said simply with a bit of a smirk as Tony groaned, "They have some relatively cute ones, maybe you should check it out."

He sighed, "Are they expensive?"

"Most are, yeah."

"Ok, I'll give them a check," Tony loved spending his money,

Remolay: This is true.

"Pull up?" he looked over, "I thought you said they weren't absorbant."

"As I told you I do research. It's gotten good reviews. I figured you'd like that for when you're in the suit or before bed, so when you wake up to shower you can just take them off."

"You're so thoughtful," Tony smirked, "What are Attends?"

"Diapers apparently," the colonel scoffed.

"Sarcastic and blunt, I love it," he looked over the package and took one out. The second he removed it there was noise, "Rhodey this thing is loud!"

Insane Guy of DOOM: Hey folks! Are you tired of not knowing if someone's wearing a diaper? Well, that's kind of creepy, but anyway fret no longer! Our new noise-diaper makes loud noises for seemingly no reason. Now you can hear anyone in a diaper from at least seventeen miles away! (Crying) No one's going to buy this...

"Wear it at home," he rolled his eyes.

"Rhodey!" Tony whined.

"Oh stop crying," he rolled his eyes, "Wear it when no one is around."

"I'm in a group where generally two to four people are around me. I'm hardly ever alone," he pushed the bag aside.

"I'm sure you'll find a way. If you're that scared then leave it here."

"You're not the one wearing them," he huffed.

He scoffed, "You're right, I'm not and I gave you the choice to ride with me. Now if you don't want to dwell on the past how about you wipe the pout off your face. What do you want to do?"

"Go to a strip club."

"Asides that," he rolled his eyes.

Clint came into the building with a bag and only saw Steve, "Hey Steve, did you need these?" he showed him the diapers.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Clint is rather obsessed with the sack of UNWASHED DIRTY DIAPER MONSTERS' owner.

Alcoremortis: Yeah, I'm just wondering how long it will take the rest of the characters to decide that toting around a bag of dirty diapers is definitely a sign of insanity.

"What would I need those for?" he raised a brow at him.

StrongBrush1: Because you're supposed to be like 80-something?

"I don't know," he shrugged, "Is Tony in his room?"

"No, he's with Colonel Rhodes," Steve said as he played chess with himself.

Clint went to Tony's room and tried to open the door. Locked of course. He bent down and began to pick the lock, "AUGH!" he yelled as he was suddenly electrocuted.

StrongBrush1: That's what you get for invading the privacy of a scientist.

He groaned, laying on the floor. There was a hand that came down and grabbed him, picking him up.

"Odd place to lay, archer," Thor said, "You don't look well."

"I was feeling great until a few minutes ago," he grabbed his head.

Thor chuckled and set him on his feet, "Perhaps you shouldn't try to break into Tony's room."

"Thanks," he scoffed and left the hall. He needed something to remove a headache.

"Whats wrong with you?" Hulk looked at him.

"I have a headache and you?"

"Bored," he shrugged.

Alcoremortis: Makes sense. He left his brain in his other body.

"Yeah thats going around a lot lately," he took some asprin and looked at Hulk for a minute with an idea popped into his head, "Hey Hulk."

"What?"

Clint walked over, "Steve asked me to get these, do you know what they're for?" he handed him the bag.

Hulk look at the bag of diapers inside and raised a brow, "These are much to small. They say newborn, can't you read?" he tossed them back at the blonde and scoffed, "Tony needs much bigger size." he said absent mindedly.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Way to go Hulk! Also, if they're not Tony's, who's ARE they?

StrongBrush1: Bruce, you're a dumbass.

RingmasterJ5: Remember? Bruce doesn't even exist in this fic.

Alcoremortis: Yep. Bruce's brain got eaten and replaced with a can of tuna.

Clint nodded, "Sorry, I'll return them," he left out, when he got in the elevator he died laughing. Genius boy wore pampers! This was freaking great! He couldn't wait until Tony got home. But since he had to go back to the store he'd get some things for his buddy.

"Whats with you! Can't you sit still for ten minutes!" James complained as he wiped the counter down.

Insane Guy of DOOM: James?

StrongBrush1: James Rhodes. Don't you know anything about Marvel?

Insane Guy of DOOM: I'd forgotten his name. I just think of him as War Machine.

The fact that he's been called nothing but Rhodey this entire story hasn't helped.

Remolay: It's what everyone calls him. I keep forgetting his first name is James too.

"Well it was cooking slow so I thought if I turned it up a little it would help," Tony shrugged.

"Don't touch my stove," he turned the sauce back down, "I read the recipe, I know how long and what temp it's suppose to cook on. How about you get your padded butt out of my kitchen," he swatted him.

Alcoremortis: Why is Rhodes a cook?

Tony flinched and huffed, going to watch tv, "Well how long until the food is ready?" the good thing about these diapers was that he didn't feel a thing. Which had a drawback considering the stupid thing made a sound when it was hit.

"Stop crying, you're not dying or starving and if you are you look rather healthy."

"Stop saying I'm crying!" he complained.

Rhodey rolled his eyes, "It'll be ready in thirty minutes. Think you can wait or do you want big brother to feed you some yogurt to hold you over?"

"You suck," Tony pouted.

"And you pout too much."

StrongBrush1: And I've got a headache. But in the morning my headache will be gone.

Clint got back home chuckling. He'd had some chinese food and didn't want to miss Tony getting home. This was gonna be good.

"Hey Thor, wheres Steve?" Clint asked.

"He's running around town. You seem rather bubbly."

StrongBrush1: "Can I pop you?"

Clint chuckled, "I have good reason to be."

"Oh? Do share, I enjoy a good laugh," the blond godling smiled.

"Oh well you'll never believe what I found out about suit boy," he snickered.

"Tony?"

"Yes Tony. He wears nappies," he laughed hardily as Thor stared at him confused. He stopped laughing long enough to notice Thor's perplexed look and stared, "I know you guys have babies in Asguard."

"Indeed we do, but I'm not sure what these 'nappies' are."

Clint sighed, "Well they're called 'diapers'," Thor stared, "They're the things babies pee and crap in. Or do your kind not do that?"

Thor's confusion went to bewilderment, "So...What does that have to do with Tony?"

Alcoremortis: Thor seems a bit slow today.

"He wears them."

Thor was taken aback by his comment, "What would a man as vast in knowledge and technology as Tony need with things made for mere infants?"

RingmasterJ5: THAT'S WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.

Alcoremortis: Because he hasn't figured out how to replicate the Dune water conservation suits yet.

"I don't know, but you wanna find out?" he smirked.

"This is something the son of Odin would love to see," Thor nodded.

Insane Guy of DOOM: This just keeps getting creepier and creepier.

Alcoremortis: Why do I feel like this could end in an orgy with this statement.

"Well when is he coming back?"

"I'm not sure, he may be staying with Sir Rhodes the night from what I heard and saw," Thor shrugged.

"What! A whole night! And that probably means he's gonna have a meeting tomorrow too!" Clint whined. He wanted to mess with Tony now! He couldn't stay patient for this!

"Perhaps to pass the time you should practice your archery," Thor suggested

Insane Guy of DOOM: Far less effective than practicing your archery.

"Well I need to go prepare for when Tony gets back," he nodded and scurried away to plot mischief.

Alcoremortis: Because plotting mischief is the best way to go about mischief.

Scheming just doesn't work at all, and don't even get me STARTED on conniving.

"You're losing," Rhodey snickered as he raced around Tony.

"You're cheating!" he laughed and hit the turbo. They were playing Baja and having too much fun.

Alcoremortis: I don't think Tony would be having fun if he was losing.

"As many tickets as you get I'd expect you to be beating me mercilessly at this," Rhodey teased.

"I'm just tired," he scoffed.

"Sure, tired of getting beat," he laughed.

"Oh haha, well I'm coming for your high score," he paused the game and took another bite of his chicken.

Alcoremortis: What was the point of that scene?

Rhodey woke up to the sound of his alarm going off. He looked around, he'd fallen asleep on the couch, game still on and going. He stretched and looked down, Tony was asleep on his diaphragm.

Insane Guy of DOOM: What? How can Tony have fallen asleep on a muscle inside of himself? Or does he mean Rhodey's diaphragm?

Cute. He was drooling on him. Not cute.

Alcoremortis: Uhn...

He groaned and slid from under Tony, He needed to shower and get ready for the meeting he and Tony were expected at in an hour and a half. James groaned again as he stepped in popcorn that was all over his floor. Thankfully Tony was sleeping like a log.
After an exhilarating shower

Alcoremortis: "Wheee! That was better than a rollercoaster!" Seriously, what kind of showers do they have at this place?

he went to get his brat up and in the shower.

"Tony, hey Tony," He shook his side, "Wake up," he shook him, "We have a meeting this morning."

"Nooooooo!" Tony whined into the couch.

"Yeeees," the colonel mocked him, "Come on, get up. If you move fast enough we'll eat at a pancake house."

Insane Guy of DOOM: Is he trying to motive Tony, or me? Because I'd certainly move fast if it meant pancakes. Mmmh, IHOP...

Alcoremortis: Now I want a pancake.

"I don't want to go to another meeting, I went to one last week!"

StrongBrush1: That's life, Tony.

"Well build a bridge and get over it," Rhodey swatted his thigh, "Up and atom."

RingmasterJ5: ...Atom Ant?

StrongBrush1: I was thinking Radioactive Man.

Alcoremortis: I was thinking about the Atoms Family...

"Ow! You suck," he rubbed his leg and rolled off the couch, "I hate mornings."

"Oh stop being such a baby," he rolled his eyes.

"I'm not a baby because I can't control my need to piss!" he glared.

"One, don't get so defensive. I wasn't even referring to your incontinence.

Insane Guy of DOOM: He was actually referring to Tony's incontinence.

I call you a baby because you always want things your way and when you don't get it that way you cry and pout," he made sure he had everything he wanted in his briefcase.

Tony scoffed, "I do not cry."

"Crying and whining are the same thing in my book," the colonel rolled his eyes, "Go waddle to the bathroom and shower.

And waddle Tony did. He was so wet he had to hold the sides of the diaper up just to keep it from falling down.

Insane Guy of DOOM: Who's the author of this?

StrongBrush1: Some crazy guy with too much time on his hands.

Alcoremortis: He certainly seems to go through a lot of pee. Or rather, a lot of pee seems to go through him. How much is he drinking?

James snickered watching Tony go. He would probably gently tease him about being in diapers but never bully him about it. But he couldn't deny mornings were hilarious.

"I hear you laughing in there!" Tony yelled.

"Hurry up if you want to eat before the meeting. Maybe we can even get your pouty butt a toy," James teased.

"It better be a me toy," Tony scoffed from the shower.

Insane Guy of DOOM: I briefly wondered what Tony could have meant by "me toy". I regret doing so immensely.

Alcoremortis: Agh! Now you've made me think about it, too!

"Here," Rhodey set a pull up in the bathroom, "That'll probably be easier and we'll stop by my house after the meeting and hang out some more."

"Thanks, Rhodey, I love you. You're my best friend," Tony yawned half sleep still.

Insane Guy of DOOM: I just realized something. There are no girls in this fic. At all. Pepper was mentioned only twice and then vanished. Black Widow doesn't seem to exist at all.

StrongBrush1: Vague sexism?

Alcoremortis: It's a borderline slash fic. Girls just aren't fun in slash fics.

"I know," he smirked and left.

Clint grumbled as he ate breakfast. He wanted Tony to be there. He had so much fun planned and it was useless if the rich brat wasn't there!

"Why are you so grumbly?" Steve looked.

Insane Guy of DOOM: For some reason I just can't picture Steve saying 'grumbly'. And I could imagine Hulk's oddly elegant speech just fine.

"Fidgety sleep."

"Why don't you go visit your brother or something?"

"Maybe I will, that'll help me kill time and work on my speed," he agreed and chomped on his poptart as he left in his pajamas.

Steve just stared, "I worry about him sometimes."

"I worry about him all the time," Thor commented, drinking his second cup of coffee.

"You ready yet, Tony?" James called as he looked at himself in the mirror. Tony got dressed and was trying to sneak away as Rhodey brushed his hair. He was sure he could sneak out the window.

"And where do you think you're going?" Rhodey had grabbed him by the back of his pants.

"To...see the sun?"

StrongBrush1: Smooth.

Alcoremortis: Hey, if his sleeping habits are anything like mine, the sun would be a rare sight.

"I'll bet. Get your briefcase."

"Hey Ollie," Clint came and sat with his brother at the breakfast table.

Oliver stared, "Did you walk all the way here in your pajamas?"

"Of course not! Do you think I'm insane?" he scoffed, "I biked."

Insane Guy of DOOM: That was actually pretty funny.

Alcoremortis: It was. I chuckled.

"You're an idiot," The older blonde rolled his eyes, "I didn't expect you back so soon. What happened? Piss off Hulk again?"

"Actually, Oliver, I'm not avoiding punishment at the moment. But thank you for your concern. I'm just trying to keep myself active and after my breakfast I'm sure I will," he smiled and took some pancakes.

"Sure, whatever. Knowing you you'll be in trouble soon enough and expect me to dig you out."

"How do the pull ups feel?" Rhodey asked quietly as he ate.

He got a quick reponce of, "Like diapers."

Insane Guy of DOOM: For a second I thought that Rhodey, Tony, Clint and Ollie were all eating breakfast together.

Alcoremortis: Yeah, this really needed a page break or something. It was disorienting.

"Well excuse me," he rolled his eyes, "I meant were they comfortable."

"I guess," he shrugged, "They feel great on my stomach, not so tight."

"Well if they're good enough I'll add those to the list of the kinds to get you."

Alcoremortis: If I were Tony Stark, I would demand that this list be burnt immediately to hide the evidence. Of course, I'd also be working on a Dune suit.

"Do we have to go to this meeting?"

"Yes we do."

"How long will it be?"

"At least two hours."

"Two hours! Thats an eternity! Who is it even with!"

"Fury."

Insane Guy of DOOM: So Nick DOES exist! Color me surprised.

Alcoremortis: Aw. I was already imagining the robots he was fighting during this debacle.

"Why him of all people?" Tony groaned.

"Because he called it and mainly invited me because I'm war machine and I'm the one who can get you there on time and make sure you stay the full amount of time."

The rich boy huffed and began to eat slowly.

"Not gonna work.

Alcoremortis: Okay, this totally sounds like a Stark line here. Bad characterization, I say! I was completely confused.

You take forever to eat and I'll put your food in a doggy bag for you. Then you'll have to wait until after the meeting to eat."

"I don't want to go to the meeting."

Alcoremortis: Stark is just so... whiney. It would be more like him to just take off in the Iron Man suit and then make excuses later. Excuses like "I didn't feel like it."

"I'm sure you don't."

"Rhodey!"

"Remember that talk we had earlier? On why I call you a baby? This is one of those crying moments I was talking about. Now finish your food and drink. If you manage to behave for an hour we'll leave early."

Tony sighed, it was better than nothing. Besides he had to get back to Stark towers and fix a computer.

Insane Guy of DOOM: That was an... interesting... way to end the story. That is the end right?

RingmasterJ5: Nope. That's just all we're going to get to for now.

StrongBrush1: I get the sad feeling that it's all downhill from here.

Insane Guy of DOOM: I'm going to make some wild predictions here. Tony manages to convince the other Avengers to switch to diapers too, Clint gets attacked by an UNWASHED DIRTY DIAPER MONSTER again, and Hulk starts kidnapping the other Avengers and forcibly diapering them to fulfill his paternal urges. If that last one doesn't happen I may just have to write a Sue Mary story about it.

StrongBrush1: I'm desperately trying to keep my insanity under control. I don't think it will ever get to the breaking point, but I can't be too careful.

Alcoremortis: Yeah, as of now I don't think this story is actually completed... scary.

Remolay: *Fell asleep many lines ago*