“You’re joking. They stole our name and we’re supposed to take care of them?” Tony said incredulously while pointing towards the new guests. “How on earth are we supposed to fit them in anyways? I’m pretty sure that my elevator can’t fit that thing inside!”

Lockjaw snorted and turned away from Iron Man, causing a rush of air to send Redwing spiraling through the air. “Watch it, Lockjaw! He’s probably right anyways. You’re too fat to go anywhere!”

“I am not fat. All bulldogs are built like this.” Lockjaw retorted.

“I would contest that,” quipped Tony. “Most bulldogs aren’t 1,600 pounds. You honestly would not fit inside of the elevator.”

The brown and white bulldog snorted and leaned back on his haunches, creating a small divot in the ground. Clint slapped his hand against his forehead and groaned, “You can’t be serious, Fury. No way are we going to adopt a lot of talking animals! I don’t care if they call themselves the Pet Avengers. That doesn’t make them our responsibility!”

“And who says that we need to be your responsibility, human? We can take care of ourselves,” Lockheed said with a snap of his pearly white teeth. The purple dragon itched to set the measly human on fire. Never had he heard of such insolence! He wouldn’t stand for it!

“I’m sure you could. Any shopkeeper would love to accept a dragon into their store. What would you pay with anyways? Scales don’t sell for very much,” Clint said with a roll of his eyes.

“Well in any case, we shouldn’t argue with one another,” Steve said. He had a feeling that he would have to become the arbiter in their new ‘family’. “We should all try to get along.”

“I don’t see why they have to live with us anyways,” Natasha grumbled. “I’m alright with the falcon, but why do we need to take the dog? It’s freaking huge!”

“Don’t insult my size!” Lockjaw growled. It was obviously a very sensitive subject for the nearly thousand pound dog. Natasha simply gave a callous snort.

“Yeah, yeah! Don’t insult him, yeah!” It was then that Natasha noticed the small orange blob by her feet. Was that a cat? Hairball hissed as he ran around Natasha’s feet. Natasha raised a brow as the cat’s behavior and gave it a kick. Or at least, she tried to.

The kinetic field around Hairball sent her flying across the room. “Nat!” Clint scurried away from the animals and hurried over towards his girlfriend, nearly trampling Throg in the process.

“Be careful!” The tiny frog bellowed. He waved his small hammer and let small bolts of electricity echo out from it.

At this, Thor bent down to examine his protégé and said, “What are you? And is that a copy of Mjolnir?”

“It is not a copy! It’s a fragment of the real hammer.” Throg said, giving a sagely nod.

“So it’s a copy. And you’re a copy of me.” At this, Throg twitched.

“I am not a copy! I’m my own person!”

“You’re a frog.”

“I used to be a human!”

“I must say you look nothing like a Midgardian.” Thor said with a bemused expression.

Throg was beginning to lose his patience. “That’s the bloody point! I used to be human before I became a frog! And that’s not the point! I’m not a copy of you!”

“I have yet to see how you are not like me. You use a hammer like me and you have an affinity for lightning. You even wear my suit,” Thor said tapping Throg’s winged helmet.

Throg was absolutely boiling at this point. His green skin turned positively brown with anger as he squeaked out, “I AM NOT A COPY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE BEING TURNED INTO A FROG?”

“Not very well, I imagine,” Thor said naively. He pulled away from Throg and turned to Fury and said, “I like him.”

“AND I HATE YOU!”

“I believe he likes me as well.” Thor said with a smile.

Fury let a small smile creep onto his face. “I see things are going well. I shall leave you to it then.”

“YOU STUPID CAT! LET ME GO!” Natasha yelled at the orange furball that was clinging tightly to her suit.

“Nope, nope! HAHA! You can’t hit me!” Hairball squealed happily as Natasha tried to hit him off, only to have her fists repelled by the field.

At this point, Clint looked completely lost with what to do and was trying to convince Redwing to do something. “Can’t you control that thing?”

“That thing is called Hairball,” Redwing said snootily. “And no, I’ve given up hope of taming it. He’ll let go when he decides it has been enough fun. Your friend seems to enjoy making him happy though. He’ll continue annoying her until she gives up.”

“Oh come on. I’ll give you a rat or something!” Clint pleaded.

“I do not eat rats! On the other hand, prime filet mignon is something that is very convincing...” Redwing said slyly.

“Those are expensive!” Clint exclaimed. At Redwing’s unrepentant look, Clint sighed and said, “Fine. I’ll get you some.”

“Thank you my good sir.” Redwing said with what Clint could have sworn was a wink. He flew over to the table with a line of water bottle and grabbed one in his talons. He punctured a few holes as he picked it up and held it over Hairball so the water streamed out.

Hairball screeched as the water fell on him, and he immediately skittered away from Natasha. “Thank goodness, the little pest is annoying,” Natasha said running her hand through her hair. “It’s me or that thing. I’m moving out.”

“Nuh-uh. If I’m suffering through multi-million dollar renovations to stuff the big guy in here, then you’re all going to suffer with me.” Tony’s eyes flickered with a cruel gleam as he stared at Natasha.

“It isn’t that bad,” Bruce said quietly. He was standing over by Lockheed and was talking to the dragon. “You spend that much when you bring those girls of yours on dates anyways.”

“I do not!” Tony spluttered. “And those were investments in any case!”

“They left you in almost a week.”

Tony glared at Bruce. He didn’t think that he liked the arrival of these new ‘friends’. No, he didn’t like it at all.