Hold On

by Avengers_Assemble

Summary

Kelsey Rogers, smart, beautiful, kind, and those are just some of the words her peers use to explain her, but ones they don't use are Captain America's daughter. She's lived the past three years practically alone, and found herself facing challenges no one her age deserves to face.

Peter Parker, or better known has Tony Starks son. Peters grown up used to the attention from peers at school to the paparazzi, but one day he finds an out, and that was being bitten by a spider and becoming Spider-Man. Now he sneaks out every night without a soul knowing who he truly is and he loves it, but if his dad knew he'd shut it down immediately, but the tower ambushed randomly leaving the two to fly upstate before anyone could harm them.

Kelsey had a bad love life, and so has Peter, but fate has twisted ways of bringing to souls that are made for each other together, so can they break down eachothers walls and find trust in eachother, or will fear make them hold onto what there comfortable with. This is the love story of captain America's daughter and iron man's son.

Notes

I do not own anything from the marvel universe, but I do own my OC
Kelsey's past

It seemed like the world always wanted there lives to be a battle, and I had no idea why, but now I do because the battle that I thought I started; started way before I was born.

July 16, 2001 was the day of my first battle, the day I was born to be exact. I was born at 11:32 p.m. Weighing six pounds and being fourteen inches long. I had a mop of blonde hair and piercing blue eyes, and how do I know? Well I've seen pictures, pictures of me and my dad and just me, but none have my mom in them because she died, and it was my fault.

Yet I still grew up under the watchful eye of my protective father. Most said that we were the perfect family, but I always scoffed at them even at young age, but how could we be a family when I had no mother. I tried asking questions about her, but all I got was "you look just like her."

Back then I thought that my dad died that day to, but I was about to find out that he still had a lot of fight left.

I never noticed my dad's traumatic flashbacks until I was seven, once I finally barked up the courage to ask him he just got this really sad look, and said "I can't trouble you with my pain Kels." After that I closely watched him whenever he didn't think I was looking. He often punched the walls, screamed, or just plain cried which broke me but I couldn't do anything.

The June after sixth grade is really when my life changed. My dad got a call offering him a new job, and I for one was overjoyed since he hated his previous job, so I pushed and pushed for him to accept but he just told me over and over that I didn't understand. He was right though I didn't understand.

So one night we went out, and he said it would be the last time we could do this which confused me considering we were at a park, and I loved parks. For awhile we just stared at each other, but soon he started crying which made me cry for some reason, and then he started explaining.

"Her name was Sharon, and like I say often you remind so much of her that sometimes it's painful." I nodded as he continued explaining everything from the war to being thawed from ice, and for a tween it was hard to process, and I tried not to believe but how could I turn against my dad. Then he explained his new job which was to become Captain America again. As a child I wanted to jump up and down and to all my friends that my dad was a superhero, but I didn't understand the consequences at the time.

The next morning my dad quietly entered my room while I was still half asleep. He kissed my forehead and promised he would return before my birthday. After that I heard nothing from him, and I woke up to an empty house after that. Most days I went to my friends houses so I wasn't alone, but sometimes I liked the utter silence leaving me to think.

One sleepover I had with two of my other friends we ended up watching the news as the God Loki attacked New York City, and her father and the rest of his team were there nearly being killed every five seconds. My friends giggled about how soft Thor's hair was or how ripped Captain America, which made me gag, but I sat on the other side of the couch curled up terrified about what I saw worried he really wouldn't return even after he promised.

It was after that once he came home that I realized he was really never dead he Just needed to be woken up. Immediately I embraced him in the biggest hug I could muster letting tears spill from my eyes.
After that he just went on small missions nothing to big, but still scary and still dangerous. While he was gone for a day or two I found myself partying with more than just my girls, I partied with guys. Once I met Alex we immediately hit off, but after that night he changed. Hen he held her hand he squeezed to were it left a mark, he let his hands roam over her flat body even though she said no, and he threatened her not tell anyone.

It wasn't until he actually kissed her, taking her first kiss which was supposed to be special, that she ended it with him. But for that he made sure that the rest of her seventh grade year was torture. Boys smacking her butt, rubbing her thigh, or shoving up against her. If her dad knew of the things that boys did to her without her permission he would flip out, and show up to her school and go full Captain America on them.

It was April when he got his next mission, and it was just supposed to be a smallish one, but one thing led to another and he was gone longer than expected, and I was left alone with my 'admirers'.

I survived the rest of the year, but dad barely did I saw reports all over the news looking for him saying he was a criminal along with agent Romanoff. It freaked me out a little bit seeing what I thought were his allies shoot at him, but I refused to believe that he was bad, so I stopped watching the news not wanting to be engaged with there lies.

He soon returned but explained very little, and he seemed off like the flashbacks were happening all over again. All he said was he met an old friend, but he was different. I shouldn't have been surprised when he brought Natasha home one night after a small patrol saying she needed to stay hidden, but I saw through that.

I also shouldn't have been mad, and stormed out but I couldn't help it. I also shouldn't have cried, but I was worried that he was moving on and would forget my mom. I heard apologizes from miss Romanoff through the thin walls of there apartment which just added fuel to my fire for some reason.

"Kels can you open up so we can talk?" dad asked worry evident in his voice. After a minute I sighed and opened the door reluctantly. Immediately I regretted my actions once I saw his pained and exhausted face. "I'm sorry dad I'm just... Just scared" I said barely able to say it. "Why would you be scared Kels we can trust..."

"Dad it's not that, I'm scared you're going to forget mom" I whispered meekly. I remember the worry immediately wash away from his face, and be replaced with understanding. "How could I forget her when she's right here" he said touching both of there hearts. "Besides Natasha and I are not like that we're colleagues, but I thought you might enjoy talking to another girl" he said pulling me in for a tight hug.

After that I gave Natasha, or Nat, a chance and we actually really hit off. We both had secrets and found it easy to confide in each other, but she to was only around a few times a year.

Once eighth grade started I started taking my dance career more seriously, and not only using it as a way to escape the house. Everyday I walked to the studio considering dad was usually busy. Plus he went off again leaving a note because he had to leave urgently. It said that he didn't know how long he would be, but he didn't want to promise me anything.

So once again I was alone but used a different method to keep me busy, I stayed at the studio and once I even fell asleep there. Everyone thought I was crazy, but I didn't want to watch the news with them and see what was happening. Instead I would've rather dance.

This time when dad came home he told me all about it which was unusual, but I loved hearing the tales of ultron when he was safely in front of me, so I knew he survived.
Over the length of my freshmen year he was gone more periodically, training new avengers and what not. By now I had isolated myself from practically everyone at school because so many of them hurt me, but I had my dance friends to turn to, but even they wanted to engage in the childish games involving superheroes that they thought were hunky.

"So I would kiss iron man, marry captain America, and kill hulk" one of her friends giggled. "What would you do Kelsey?" She asked as they looked at her eagerly. I remember hesitating not wanting to pick any of my dads colleagues to kiss, marry, or kill. "I don't really want to think of myself getting with thirty year old guys" I laughed nervously.

"Oh, but you would do Adam Levine" a girl teased playfully shoving my arm which I immediately tensed at. I gaped at her once regaining my composure. "I think you're forgetting Spider-Man I would for sure get with him" I stated feeling pleased and so did my friends.

For awhile life was normal I got used to dad leaving all the time, and just appreciated the time we did share, and I even got a new boyfriend David, but dad hated his rebel attitude even though I never joined in.

the most recent thing he did was a war against his best friend for another friend which tore him apart but that was 4 months before something much worse would happen.

One day while dad was in upstate New York, and I was getting ready for dance the house was ambushed by guys in black suits. We had prepared for the moment, but it was still nerve racking as ten guys pointed there guns at me.

"We're here for Kelsey and Steve Rogers if that is you please turn yourself over." I gulped trying to remember the script that I had written. "I've never heard of Kelsey and Steve Rogers Before I am Jane Matthews, and I was just getting ready to go to dance" I said in a shaky voice trying to keep my eyes on all of them.

"Where's your dad?" The same guy screamed. "He's a semi truck driver, and is out a lot" I stated as I heard one of them click there gun. At that moment my dad crashed through the window knocking two guys out as he did giving me a chance to run and hide, but some of the men followed me shooting there guns making me duck, but my dad threw his shield knocking all three out. I turned to see the rest of the men passed out in our living room floor and dad standing I between them.

Without a word he ushered me upstairs yelling that we had less than an hour to pack, and I was still half paralyzed from the earlier scene so I didn't question it. I grabbed two suitcases and filled them full of clothes not knowing exactly what we were doing. Once I was finished I sprinted into my dads room hoping to get answers.

"The same thing happened at Stark Tower, so we're relocating up state to the facility with everyone else." That was all he said as he quickly shoved me downstairs and out the door to our car. "Dad who were they?" I asked in fear.

"HYDRA"
Peters past

Being a Stark meant everything was broadcasted live whether it be on Facebook or just on TV. Even my birth was on TV, and you can go on demand and watch it for five dollars to this day. Sometimes it highly annoyed me as a baby and if any kind of camera got too close I would scream and knock it out of there hands, so I am definitely a Stark.

Around the age of four my mother abandoned me and my dad, and it was in the magazines before I even knew. Yes I was created from a one night stand, and my parents mostly dealt with each other, but it was obviously becoming too much to handle considering how they yelled at each other every night. It was broadcasted everywhere within two days that she left, and that probably broke dad more than her leaving.

Starting kindergarten, I skipped preschool because dad said it was below me, proved to have its challenges. You stand up and announce your name so you can get a dumb dumb, but once the words Peter Stark escape your mouth everyone looks at you differently. At recess everyone wanted to play with me, and some even gave me there toys which I gave back of course.

When I was six dad announced to the world that he was iron man, and it proved to make life more difficult, so I asked if I could change my name to Peter Parker to avoid unwanted attention at school, but it also made me feel closer to mom. Dad agreed always giving me what I wanted, but I knew that it pained him to say yes.

Growing up he was hardly ever around, so I spent most of my time hanging with the butlers or Pepper, dads girlfriend. She was nice but I could never see her as a mom to me, but when dad wasn't home she would have to do.

Whenever he was home though I usually sat on his lap while he did paperwork in his office, or worked on a new experiment in the lab. Spending the time I did with him I quickly learned that I too wanted to help people like he did, so I tried building a suit of armor when I was eight and jumped off the couch pretending I could fly. Dad though did not think it was amusing, and band me from watching the news. He thought that a life like his would be too dangerous for me, so tried to persuade me to the more business aspect which worked for quite some time.

Junior high started and even though I went by Peter Parker everyone still knew me as a Stark considering I was always at the press events and galas. I eventually got over try to make real friends thing, and just settled for whoever wanted to hang out which was everyone.

It wasn't until my right grade year that I actually started liking girls, and all of them seemed to like me but I had eyes got only one, Liz Allen. My friends said I wouldn't even have to talk to her, and she would be all over me considering I was extremely smart and super built, but I knew the real reason, I'm a Stark. So again I got over the idea that she might only like me for my name and went for it.

Of course she said yes, and we dated for the rest of the year. In that year I was probably the happiest I ever was. I snuck her into the tower when dad wasn't home, and hid her from pepper considering she would flip. Liz was even my first kiss, but it was anything but memorable considering we were both inexperienced, so it was messy and we bonded heads a few times.

After that night that we kissed I decided to stop by her house and take her out as a surprise, but what I saw was more of a surprise because through window I saw her and Flash making out on her couch which destroyed me. I called it off telling her what I saw, and she didn't even deny and almost
seemed pleased with herself.

It was now summer and I spent it ignoring my friends, and either lying in bed or running errands around the tower. Dad was gone which wasn't unusual, but it seemed to hurt more this time around.

My freshmen year my dad's colleagues seemed to come around more which didn't bother me since I just spent the days in my room, but it worried by dad considering when he left I was perfectly fine. He tried talking, but he was never any good at pep talks so I locked him out and he usually talked through the door.

Up until mid April my life was normal, but I was just morning in my room one night avoiding every call or text I got when I was bitten by a spider. I have no idea where it came from all I know is that it burned like hell and left a giant swell on my hand. The next month was a blur as I'm not really sure what led me to become Spider-Man, but all I really knew was that I couldn't have an ability like mine and not help people that needed it. Little did I know that Spider-Man helped me more than he helped others because I came out of my depression after a few weeks of seeing people's happy faces after I helped them. I even started talking to my friends again.

So I made my own suit and enhanced my powers to the best of my ability without being caught. It wasn't until six months after that my life changed and I'm not sure it was for the worst or the best. My dad approached me one night while I was on patrol, of course I was in my suit so he had no idea who I was, but I was still scared. He needed my help fighting a war, and I could tell he was nervous by the way he Looked at me. I heard him talking about some problems amongst the team and with the accords, but I had no idea it was this big of a deal, but then again he had no idea he was talking to his fifteen years old son either.

He gave me a new suit which I much appreciated, and we were off to Berlin. Several times people asked me to take the mask off, but I knew better if anyone found out then my dad would find out, and that would be the end of Spider-Man. I fought alongside dad trying to do my best understanding that his best friend was on the other side. The captain and I even got in to it a little him telling me I had no idea what was going on, but I knew more than any of them thought.

After that I returned to the tower hoping none of the butlers noticed my absence and would report it to my dad, which they didn't since to them I never left my room. A few months passed before the tower was put on lock down mode for reasons I had no idea why, but my dad scrambled into my room completely frazzled muttering something about HYDRA.

I remember hurriedly peeking out the now tinted windows only to see several trucks full of people in front of the tower. "We have to go the staff will get our stuff, but we have to leave now" dad said shoving me out the door. "Wait my backpack I need it" I yelled running past my dad and reaching for my bag as several bullets went off.

Sirens blared in my ears as the world slowed as I ran to the quinjet that was parked on the dock. Friday was calmly reciting safety regulations through the intercoms bit no one listened, and it was complete madness trying to get to the dock.

I never actually came face to face with a HYDRA agent because once my dad found me he yelled at me the entire time to the quinjet, and it was funny because everyone froze and cleared the path for him.

It was just him and me on the jet, he said he had to take me somewhere no one else could go, but at the time I didn't know he meant the avengers facility.
Kelsey's POV

"Kels I know this isn't the ideal situation, but living at the compound is our safest option right" he said trying to stop my sulking. "Nothing about our lives is ideal" I snap back barely lifting my head from the window sill. I stared out the window watching as the signs of civilization became more scarce. "Don't be like that do you know what would've happened if I hadn't shown up at the time I did?" He asked but I refused to move. "You would be dead right now" his voice cracked and I knew that he thought of losing me was to much.

"I worry that one day I'll come home and you'll be gone forever, and it'll be my fault because I was to busy protecting the world to protect my own daughter." I looked up and we stared at each other his eyes pleading for me to say something. I sighed defeated "for three and a half years we've lived like this, so why all of sudden do they care?" I mumble turning back to the window.

"Thats the thing Kels they've cared for awhile it just takes awhile to put a plan into action." Again sighed while looking up he really seemed confused, and I wasn't making it much better, but last night I had to pack up all of my stuff and leave my friends and boyfriend with out a single word, and can probably never contact them again.

We passed a huge building with a dock with planes freshly landing, It had lots of Windows which would be strange since our apartment had one, and it had smaller buildings off to the side. It truly was stunning, but that didn't mean I wanted to live here. Something about the tight quarters of our apartment was comforting considering it's all I knew even though it was tight, and the idea of space scared me. The idea of people always being there also scared me. It's been dad and I forever and sometimes just me how was I supposed to adjust when everything I've known is being thrown out the window.

"How about you go look around while I talk to the team, I don't want you up there when I break the news" dad said as we pulled up to the facility. I skeptically raised my eyebrow at him wondering what news he had to break. "What news dad?" I asked innocently, and immediately I noticed the hesitation cross his face. "The team doesn't know you exist, actually no one does except Nat and apparently HYDRA, but I thought it would be safer if no one knew" he said regretfully, but I didn't get mad knowing that was the last thing he needed instead I leaned over, and kissed him on the cheek to show that it was ok.

Steve's POV

I slowly walked to the kitchen knowing the team would be in there trying to help vision make lunch. As I did I wondered if this really was the right decision bringing Kelsey closer to us to make sure someone was always with her, or if putting her in the public eye would make her more of a target.

"Hello Captain Rogers" vision said making be everyone turn there heads towards me and my luggage bag. As he assumed everyone was there, but it looked like something exploded over the island. "We were trying to help, but..." Wanda tried explaining while examining the mess. I laughed trying to lighten my own mood, but how could I.

"We heard about what happened, and Stark and Peter are on there way to" Nat said standing up to join the soldier who seemed so conflicted. "Is she here?" She whispered turning so no one could see, and all I did was nod, but that's all I could muster. "I know I have to tell them, but..."
"Tell us what?" Tony asked as he strode in with Peter on his heels. He didn't look like HYDRA just attacked them instead he was in a stark white suit with a glass of champagne in his hand. Tony seemed unfazed by the attack unlike me making me wonder even more if this was the right choice. I looked the two over noticing Peter seemed a bit more frazzled than Tony, but nonetheless he still looked at everyone with wide eyes, but didn't say anything like the first time he met them.

"Well since Cap has lost his voice I'll just introduce Peter to everyone even though you've all seen or heard of him, so Peter this everyone, everyone this is Peter" Tony stated now walking over to were I stood still with Nat. "Hello everyone it's nice to see you." Peter replied hesitantly.

"Hey son what are you now, thirteen?" Rhodes asked teasingly patting him on the back. "Very funny I'm fifteen actually, but could someone point towards the bathroom" Peter stated which caught my attention as Rhodes showed him down the hall, but Kelsey and I had a very strict no boys rule which she never followed.

"Guys Steve actually has something to tell us" Nat announced just as vision got off the phone from ordering a pizza. I stuttered still half considering moving to the middle of nowhere and giving up on being a hero. "Steve we have these things called words" Sam laughed, and usually I would've joined in but not this time.

"I've been keeping a secret from you guys, and considering what happened yesterday I think it's time that I tell you that..."

"Dad?" Kelsey's voice rang through the room. Shoot why does everyone keep interrupting me. "Intruder" Sam screamed making everyone go into defense mode except Nat and me. Instead I groaned by there foolishness, and soon Kelsey entered the kitchen pulling her suitcases behind her.

"Attack" Sam yelled, but instead flew over to stand behind me. "No guys don't attack" Nat stated going to go comfort a startled Kelsey. "Miss may I ask why you're here?' Rhodes asked seeming to be the only one that could use there words at the moment.

She stared at him like he grew a second head before groaning dramatically throwing her head back, which made everyone jump. She turned to me a stern look in her eyes "you didn't tell them did you?" She asked eyeing me carefully. "I didn't get the chance someone interrupted me" I snapped gesturing towards Tony.

"Wait you know her?" Wanda asked still playing with red energy In her hands. "Yes now put the pots and other deadly weapons down so I can explain" I stated eyeing Sam who was cowering behind me with a frying pan. "For a bunch of superheroes you sure get scared of teenagers, I'll make sure to let your next opponent know that" Kelsey stated dryly gaining a glare from me.

"Guys this is Kelsey... My daughter" I said regretting it once I saw the looks on there faces. For awhile no one said anything, and we all stared each other each of them eyeing Kelsey. "Why wouldn't you tell us?" Tony asked hurt crossing his face as everyone else looked on still baffled.

"I was trying to protect her Tony not all of us are billionaires that can afford to protect there kid. Her entire life it's just been me and her so I had no other choice."

No one else said anything, but I could tell they wanted to and I wanted to clear the air before it got awkward, but I felt like there wasn't anything else to say. "Come on Kels you can come sit down no one bites, well except Sam" Nat teased guiding Kelsey to the island.

"So Kelsey tell us about yourself" Rhodes asked leaning on the counter. She looked up from her hands eyeing him like he did to her earlier. "Not much to say I guess I'm good at school" she answered hesitantly which made me chuckle. "You have a 4.0 gpa but you're just good" I laughed
which made her smile shyly. "Well Peter has a 4.0 gpa to" Tony stated defensively making everyone laugh before they turned there attention back to Kelsey.

"I also dance, but I'm also just ok" which Natasha laughed at this time. "You've won national titles for the past three years and you're just ok." Which made Kelsey smile shyly. "You're not very confidant in yourself" Sam stated with a confused smile making Kelsey roll her eyes.

"So I'm confused you're really pretty how are you not pregnant yet" Tony asked with such a serious face it scared everyone. "Tony!" We all hollered which he raised his hands in defense. "Dad I've been gone for ten minutes and you're already in trouble" I heard Peter holler from down the hall.

"Peter this is Kelsey Steve's daughter" Tony introduced once Peter came around the corner. The boy was looking down at his phone before, but lifted his eyes once he entered the room. "Wow" he exclaimed a shocked look in his eyes as he stared intently at Kelsey, Andy she did the same. Oh great my worst fear coming true. "Peter this is my daughter" I stepped in between them.

"Peter I bet you were worried about having no friends, and now you have Kelsey I mean she's probably only a few years older than you" Sam stated casually. Which made my blood boil more. "Guys she's fifteen" Nat said sternly hushing them as Kelsey sat on the barstool baffled. "And Kelsey doesn't like people" I stated still standing tall between the two teens who were attempting to secretly glance at the other.

"You know what Kels I think you and Wanda will be great friends" I stated quickly before the two teens could say anything else to each other, but Wanda seemed surprised gulping down her drink quickly. "Can you take her to her room, but make sure it's nowhere near that boy" I whispered to her making her laugh.

"He's so annoying" Kelsey grumbled as Wanda helped her with her bags. "It's ok I'll just text David instead" she yelled over her shoulder to me. "You know you're not supposed to talk to him" I groaned. "Oh that'd be hard considering he's my boyfriend" she announced proudly turning back towards me. "Good thing you'll never see him again" I said joining in on her chipper tone. She rolled her eyes before ushering Wanda to follow her, but not before she stuck her finger up in the air at me.

"You put that down right now young lady" I yelled attempting to follow her, but Nat stopped me whispering a quick let her cool down. I grumbled something back and turned back to be met with my team mates snickering faces. "Raising a girl is harder than it looks" I sigh slamming my head onto the nearest wall. "It seems like it would be easy" vision sated coming back in with a pizza. I rolled my eyes knowing that he didn't know any better.

"Where'd Pete go?" Rhodes asked. "To his room" Tony stated bluntly reaching for the pizza. I would've followed if it weren't for Nat's hand holding me down. "You need to learn to give her some freedom" she whispered in my ear, but I stayed still. "In my experience freedom gets people killed."
Spying Spidey

So are you guys always like that or...?" Wanda asked trailing off at the end as she helped me hang my clothes up in my new room. Which she made sure was close enough to Peters, but far enough away that dad wouldn't notice for awhile. For some reason she thinks there's something going on there but I have a boyfriend.

"Not usually, unless it involves David, but I think yesterday really got to him you know since he lost my mom, and he was really scared that he might've lost me to" I sighed hanging up the last of my clothes. I glanced around the room the empty walls taunting me, but I had nothing to decorate with. It was simple L shaped room with brisk white walls, and the top part of the left wall was framed with window's, and stark white shelves lined the floor below. A bed was along the wall fresh white sheets laid on it and a dresser next to it. On the other side of the room sat a desk, but that was it the rest of it was a blank canvas.

"I might have some leftover stuff from my room that we can use for now, and maybe tommorrow we'll sneak out to the store" Wanda whispered a mischievous smile growing, as she ushered me down the hall to her room. As soon as I stepped in my mouth dropped. Her room was so simple yet different from mine at the moment, and it was absolutely perfect. "Trust me mine looked like yours when I first moved in, the decorators have a thing for white, which I don't understand it just makes messes more noticeable" Wanda started ranting making me giggle.

Finally she came up with a stack of twinkly lights that were tangled all over her arms. "Someone gave them to me, but there not really my style so I neve used them, so you can have them." We walked back to my room, and she helped me drape the lights over my still bland walls at least now they have a little shimmer to them.

"Soo..." I trailed off trying to make a conversation, but failing epically. Wanda just nodded a small grin forming as she admired there handy work. I had been trying to start up a conversation all afternoon, but every time found myself at a loss for words. "I'm sorry everything that's going on its just a little overwhelming" I sighed while ceasing onto my bed. "What's overwhelming about it?" She asked cluelessly sitting next to me.

I laughed dryly running a hand through my hair. "Yesterday I was attacked by HYDRA. I had to leave my friends, boyfriend, and dance studio; I mean I may never dance again. Not only that I'm living in a facility with the worlds mightiest Heros and I can't seem to figure out how to use my words" I groaned dramatically tossing my arms in the air in defeat.

"Well you forgot to add that there's a super cute guy you're age that is totally into you" she stated nonchalantly earning a glare from me. "Nonetheless we are just regular people" she sighed. "That just so happen to go and save the world everyday" I snapped. "We still do ordinary things remember we are still people, and as for your friends well you have me now I've never really had a girlfriend before, so I'm not really sure how to do it either" she laughed at the last thing she said and I joined in.

"Plus there's plenty of space that you can use to dance here, and maybe you're better off without Doug..." I sent her a look before stating "his names David." She nodded not really paying any attention to my statement. "Yes well maybe you're better off without David" she smiled glancing towards the direction of peters room.

"Wanda stop he's not even in to me" I laughed nervously. She gave me a 'are you clueless look' before she flopped onto my bed. "What makes you think that?" She challenged raising an eyebrow. I opened my mouth ready to snap back, but I had no comeback so instead I flopped down beside her
to admitting my defeat. After a minute of staring at each other from lying down I finally responded "we didn't even say a single word to each other" I groaned.

"True, but he did say wow which has to be guy code for something" she laughed imitating Peter just a little over dramatically by falling to the floor. Once she fell I did start laughing when I heard someone sneeze from the other end of my door. We both jerked up instantly glancing at the other. Slowly we both tip toed to the door Wanda playing sparks of her red energy while I grabbed the closest item, which happened to be a hanger.

"1...2...3!" She whispered as I flung the door open only to find myself face to face with Peter. Before I knew what I was doing I screamed and bonked Peter on the head with my hanger. "Ok I kinda deserved that" he groaned clutching his head where I was sure he would have a bruise. "We're you spying on us?" Wanda gasped. His eyes went wide immediately dropping his hands realizing he had been caught red handed. "Just let me explain..."

"Kels why'd you scream is everything ok?" I heard Nat ask and I wiped around to make sure dad wasn't with her, and he wasn't. "Uh yeah everything's ok" I stuttered not being able to explain situation considering Wanda was still twirling the energy, I was holding a hanger, and Peter was inches from my face.

She nodded a skeptical look in her eyes as if she wanted to ask more, but mostly left it at that. "Oh but I would leave before you're dad gets here" she laughed teasingly before turned back around the corner. "Shoot" I whispered shoving Wanda and I both back into my room leaving a startled Peter who was probably to scared to move.

Peter's POV

I was still standing at her door for some odd reason finding it impossible to leave, but a voice snapped me out of my thoughts. "Kid if that was you then you have a girly scream" the captain laughed for first time since I saw him cracking a smile that was actually towards me maybe my idol doesn't hate me after all... "Wait why are you outside Kelsey's bedroom." Spoke to soon.

"Uh... This is my room" I half stated half asked. He eyed me curiously before knocking on the door still not breaking eye contact. Kelsey barely opened the door poking her head through. "Daddy what's wrong... Oh it's just you" he huffed as he whirled around the corner to just see me still frozen in front of her door. O God please don't notice.

"Kid if that was you then you have a girly scream" the captain laughed for first time since I saw him cracking a smile that was actually towards me maybe my idol doesn't hate me after all... "Wait why are you outside Kelsey's bedroom." Spoke to soon.

"Uh... This is my room" I half stated half asked. He eyed me curiously before knocking on the door still not breaking eye contact. Kelsey barely opened the door poking her head through. "Daddy what a pleasant surprise" she stated happily but there was something else in her eyes. "Peter what are you doing here?" She asked her jaw tightening. "Yeah Peter, why are you here?" Steve asked leaning against the door frame. I stared at him blankly taking notice of his much bigger frame and how he could tear me apart. Well technically we already fought and I held my own, but that was as Spider-Man now I'm just me.

I sent a pleading look towards Kelsey, but she just shook her head. "Oh this isn't my room" I proclaimed dramatically trying my best to make it believable. "I get lost so easily." To that the Captain nodded still eyeing me suspiciously as he walked back down the hall.

"I should probably go back to my room" I laughed nervously as I turned, but she put her small hand on my arm, and couldn't help but notice how she stared at my forearm. I mean swinging from webs and climbing walls definitely put me in shape. She coughs nervously looking back up at me, and I couldn't help but stare into her blue eyes they were just so pure and almost clear like glass.

"How much of our earlier conversation did you hear?" She asked snapping me out of my thoughts.

"Uh not a lot I was just coming over to say hi I didn't mean to eavesdrop. I mean I would never
do..." I rambled before she cut me off. "Peters it's ok I was just wondering, now you should probably get going before my dad comes back" she laughed. Wow she has a cute laugh I thought as I nodded a goodbye not trusting my ability to speak.

She shut the door, and I could faintly hear Wanda. "You guys just had a moment."

"What no we didn't." Wait did she sound in denial or was it my imagination. Man I've got to stop doing this besides its time to get to work.
Accidental run in

Peter's POV

It was hard enough sneaking out of the compound, but it was even harder sneaking out as Spider-Man. It kinda of felt like I was abandoning the people of NYC, but there was no way I could travel three hours there and back every night without getting caught, so I decided to do the next best thing travel thirty minutes to Albany. Maybe every once and awhile I'll go visit home just to comfort myself.

As of right now I'm dodging S.H.I.E.L.D agents left and right just trying to get to car garage. I mean I don't really know how to drive, but dad has like five different cars so I'm sure he won't mind. Once I reached the garage everything after that was a blur from getting into the car and starting it, to driving away down the road praying no one saw me.

Once I reached Albany I parked the car trying my best to act nonchalant which probably just drew more attention to me, and double checked to make sure the car was locked. Shooting a web up on of the roofs I pulled myself up, and strolled along the buildings looking out for any trouble, and trying my best to keep a certain blonde off my mind.

Steve's POV

"Did anyone else hear a car speed off" I asked glancing up from my cards. After my confrontation with the kids the guys thought it would be a good idea to teach Vision cards, we started easy with Uno, but now I wasn't to sure since he was kicking our butts. "It was probably one of the kids" Tony stated not even looking up as slapped down a plus four card to Sam making him mutter a few cuss words.

"Yeah we do share this place with three teenagers now, and one that could overpower all of us if we drove her to it" Rhodes laughed picking up a card, and triumphantly fist bumping the air probably getting what he wanted. "Don't forget three women also, who seem to always get moody at a certain time of the month" Tony stated eyeing Nat with a smirk.

"Are you're jokes always so sexualized" she snapped, and he lifted his hand to his chin as he if he was thinking about it. "Yeah I would say so" he laughed. I rested my hand on her shoulder to try and calm her down. She turned her head so she could fully focus on me, and attempt to ignore Tony.

"Hey we're the ones that keep him around" I whispered in her making her crack a small smile. "As annoying as he is he's still a friend" she sighed.

"Cap your turn" Sam shouted a little to loudly. I put down a green card before looking towards the hallway. It's werid because I was never this worried about Kelsey before today, but now the fact that people know her including HYDRA makes me feel like I have to be by her side all the time.

"Steve she's fine I promise" Nat said pulling me back to reality. I stare at her blankly trying my best to believe what she's saying. "Maybe I should go..." I started before Nat groaned cutting me off. "We went over this she needs a little space, and I know she's safe here." I nod remembering why I brought her here in the first place. "Right freedom."

Kelsey's POV

"So let me get this straight, you want to sneak out of a facility filled with superheroes and agents so we can go shopping" I whisper screamed trying my best to grasp what Wanda was saying. "You're
looking at it all wrong we aren't sneaking out, we're going out to go get stuff for your room" she stated in a duh tone. "I thought you said they would let us go tomorrow" I groaned.

"That was until I realized Steve's really protective over you" she said dryly. I rolled my eyes wondering how she didn't see it immediately, but told myself this was just a phase of his that would last a month at most. Once he gets over the initial shock and fear he'll realize that I took care of myself for years, and now I'm safe in a compound full of people. "We could sneak out tomorrow" I said trying to find a way out of this. "Yes that's a great idea sneak out in the broad daylight" sarcasm dripping from her voice.

I groaned slamming my head against the wall trying to get rid of all my problems. "Let's just do it" I stated not finding any other way out of it. Wanda smirked grabbing my wrist and racing down the hall opposite of the living room. I asked quite few times in a hushed voice how we were going to get to town, but she just brushed it off with the flick of her hand. Every person we passed I immediately looked the other way hoping they wouldn't catch on to us and go tell my dad. Oh if he caught me doing this he would definitely never trust me again.

We reached a part of the facility that I'd never been to before, and I glanced around trying to take every detail in, and instantly noticing the equipment room and training center. The training center was huge with a nice tiled floor, and definitely enough room to sneak in and dance when it's not being used.

"We're here" Wanda proclaimed opening the door to reveal a garage full of different cars some of which looked like they cost a pretty penny. "This is our ride" she continued hopping into the drivers seat of an orange Audi R8. "Is this yours" I gasped hopping in to baffled by the extremely expensive car.

"Oh no it's actually Tony's, but I'm sure he wouldn't mind us borrowing it. I mean he has four more cars just as expensive" she stated rolling her eyes. "How did you get the keys?" I asked still not believing that I was about to ride in Tony Starks car. "That's for me to know."

We started down the road, and for awhile I kept looking behind us to make sure no one was following. I kind of felt bad for doing this since I never did anything like this when dad was home, and we were still trying to adjust considering for awhile he would only be home for a few hours every few days, but it was ok because I cherished every moment we did spend together even if it was just inside the house since we couldn't risk blowing our cover. Now we're always going to be together, but if he doesn't stop being so overprotective I'm gonna lose it even if he's just worried.

"Welcome to Albany" Wanda declared pulling me back to reality. I look up amazed by the striking lights of the city, yes I grew up in NYC but after awhile the striking aspects of it just fade away and it just seems normal. Never before though did I think that there could be another place like it.

We parked the car in the far back of the parking lot, and Wanda slipped on a pair of glasses and a bad all cap which earned a strange look from me. "It's a disguise we don't want the tabloids exploding with pictures of the scarlet witch taking a late night shopping trip" she laughed hopping out of the car. "Your dad would know we left before we got back."

Time Skip

"So I think we covered all the bases for your room, so what should we do now?" Wanda asked glancing at our bags. I shrugged not really knowing what to do since I've never been here, but neither has Wanda. "How about we just take a walk" I finally answer wanting to admire the city lit up. We dropped out bags off at the car before setting off. "How about we take a short cut" Wanda stated pulling me towards an alley. The thought about going down there put me on edge, but
Wanda's with me so what's the worst that could happen.

Peter's POV

So far it's been a pretty calm night; all I've had to do was stop a kid who was poorly attempting to rob a bank. I mean how stupid are teenagers they just think they can do anything now. Other than that though there's been nothing, so I decided to move onto a different part of town.

Maybe when I see Kelsey next I'll tell her how beautiful she is rather than just thinking it. I thought as I jumped from building to building trying my best to come up with a plan. Usually I could flash a smile and introduce myself and any girl would throw themselves at me, but something about Kelsey was different and that's what attracted me to her.

A very familiar scream snapped me out of my thoughts, and immediately I changed directions heading towards the scream, and telling myself over and over that she was at the compound probably asleep, but I reached the alley only to see Wanda and Kelsey cornered by a gang of twelve guys.

Before I can react Wanda shoves four guys into the nearest wall with her energy blasts. While she was busy a guy stepped towards Kelsey, who was pressed against a wall, he lifted his hand and was about to touch her face, but seeing the action made my blood boil. I crouched and shot a web catching the guys hand right in front of Kelsey's face. Immediately I pulled it making him trip, and I don't used that as my way down.

"Spider-Man what are you doing here?" One of the gang members proclaimed stepping forward. "Why am I here, oh yeah to kick your ass." I state shooting webs at his legs to pull him towards me, so I can kick him in the face. I turn around to see five more guys on the ground groaning in pain, so that means there's one more left. I shoot a web grenade to my left not even looking, and sure enough I got him.

"Yes got him and didn't even look" I brag as I wrap the other eleven in webs for the police to handle. Once I'm done I turn to see Wanda and Kelsey still standing by the wall staring at me curiously. "So this is usually were you fawn over how amazing I am" I tease stepping closer. Wanda snorts "if I'm remembering correctly I took out nine guys to your three."

"Way to upstage me" I laugh letting my eyes narrow in on Kelsey. I stare at her for a bit wondering why she's so shy, oh wait I'm Spider-Man she doesn't know me that has to be why. "Are you trying to make this awkward" she giggles awkwardly looking down. "Not on purpose but you're really pretty" I state leaning against the wall finding a new confidence which Spider-Man always seemed to give me.

"Careful Kels this ones a talker" Wanda interrupts dryly, and I adjust my eyes so I can glare at her. "You seem familiar have we met before?" Kelsey asks grabbing my attention. "Uh no, but I'm pretty popular" I say instantly deepening my voice. She laughs and tilts her head to the side as if to make sure.

"Well we need to go it's already eleven and if we don't get back your dads gonna kill us" Wanda says pulling Kelsey down the alley back to the main road. Kelsey turns her head back around before she disappears around the corner.

I to head back to my dads car not wanting any trouble, but can't seem to think straight. Life used to be so easy wake up, go to school, and come home and I hated it, but now I've only known this girl for a day, and she's already messing up everything.

She almost made me wish that I was Spider-Man all time because even though that wasn't the best
conversation that's the most I've said to her. I've always had an alter ego come out when I put the suit always finding a knew confidence, or as dad would say I was showing my true Stark.

As Peter though, just myself, I either stuttered, wasn't sure of myself, or went with everyone else did which confused everyone because of who I was, so when I was bit it felt like relief because I got a breath of fresh air, or got to be someone else. Only if I could translate that to my everyday life.

Honestly I probably keep my identity a secret because everyone knew who I was I feel like my confidence, my release, would disappear because then I'd be vulnerable. The hardest thing in life is truly showing the world who you are by taking off your disguise, and risking it all for a chance. Is my true self really enough, or are my name and Spider-Man going to carry me forever. I thought of all these things as I drove don the road trying my best to stay focused
Really?

Kelsey's POV

After sneaking back and luckily not being caught last night. I shoved all of my new things in my closet and immediately passed out around midnight. Now here I am at six in the morning trying to locate my dance stuff that I packed, so I could go practice before they needed the room.

Once I found my bag I slipped on my Mike sports bra, and my favorite pair of black spandex. I throw my hair up into a quick ponytail and slip my trainers on. I exit my room grabbing my bag before I leave since it's filled with all my shoes and water.

I wander around the compound still unfamiliar with the layout. After several dead ends, walking in on some meeting, and getting several strange looks from agents I eventually decide to follow a group of familiar voices. Why are so many people up at this hour, I mean back at home I never woke up till seven.

"Dad" I whisper shout still worried that there might be some people still asleep even though they wouldn't hear me. I walk down the hall recognizing this is the way to the kitchen, but I stop once I realized that I passed my room meaning I made a full circle. "In here Kels" I hear him respond.

"Good morning" I say entering the kitchen noticing the presence of Nat and I believe Sam. Dad turns around to greet me, but stops letting his eyes widen probably at my outfit. "I was wondering if there was a place I could practice; there's this song that I've been dying to choreograph to?" I ask before he can scold me for walking around dressed like I was.

He lets his eyes settle on my bag, and his face softens a little. "We won't be using the training room until later today, so it's all yours." I beam overjoyed for some reason. "Thanks I haven't danced in two days I probably can't even do a tilt anymore" I gasp lifting my leg over my head and tilting over. "Oh never mind" I giggle.

"Ah stop that you're making me hurt" Sam whined making everyone laugh. I stand up on my tippy toes and give dad a kiss on the cheek to show my appreciation before I skip off down the hall.

I somehow manage to reach the training room without getting lost which made me really proud of myself. I slip my jazz shoes on itching to move, and release my latest problems into my choreography. Considering I've texted David five times and he hasn't responded I should be able to come up with a pretty good piece.

I don't understand he was so down to earth when we first met, but now here we are and even though I explained to him why I missed our date last night, with a fake story, he still didn't respond. Was he really that mad? How could I disappoint him like that even though it wasn't my fault I should be a better girlfriend. Maybe we should break up I mean he deserves better than my crazy life and secrets.

I groan as I flip through my songs deciding on Human by Christina Perry. I plug my phone into my speaker, and get into my starting position. Instead of setting certain choreography I just let myself improv deciding that's what I need right now. Sometimes when I'm dancing I get so caught up that the world vanishes like I'm dancing in a world of nothing. The music blasts through my ears making my heart beat faster pumping my adrenaline. I always find myself more excited when the chorus of a song comes along instead of tired like most say. Something about that part of a song just makes it even better to dance.
I finished the song out of breath, and decided to take a water break, but I didn't expect to turn around and see Peter standing in the doorway. I jump probably ten feet in the air and let out a little Yelp. We've got to stop running into each other like this.

"Oh hi, I'm not trying to be creepy but you're just a really good dancer" he states hesitantly stepping into the room. I too walk over to him forgetting my need for water smiling like a goof for some reason. "Do you just like to spy on me?" I ask. He considers it for a second dramatically setting his hand under his chin. "I feel like this is a trick question."

"Depends on how you look at it." I chuckle lightly. "Well then I'm not going to answer" a small smile creeps on to his as he looks down. For the first time I notice how genuinely cute his smile is, and he has these really deep innocent brown eyes that I just want to get lost in. I'm finding it impossible to look away, and I wonder if I have the same affect on him.

"I should probably get back to practicing" I whisper remembering why I'm here in the first place. "Oh yeah, but do you mind if I stay and watch?" He asks a blush a caressing his cheeks. I nod probably blushing myself, but a deeper red. I look down realizing that this is the least amount of clothes I've ever worn in front of a guy, and blush harder.

I run over to my speaker hiding my face, and remind myself over and over again that I'm in a happy relationship, and I'm not feeling anything toward the guy over in the corner. Then again David's had his bitchy moments, so have I, but his were something different considering there's several holes covered by picture frames in my old room, but I don't know Peter that well he could turn out to be like every other guy I've gone out with, I've been told that I have a type.

"This was my nationals solo from last year" I state simply as I take my place. There's split second before the music starts that I catch his eyes, and I'm absolutely positive that I have a look of pure terror on my face because I don't know where this is going. He's just a friend I think as the pulse of the song starts and I do my first leap. Cheap thrills almost feels to quiet as the song plays on and I envy to turn it up hoping it'll block everything out.

I refuse to look in his direction scared that if I do I'll freeze, and forget everything I've worked so hard to do. I'm with someone I think as I remember all of my corrections about being fluid like water when dancing. I finish pulling a back walkover and immediately falling over in sit on the ground. Why was that so difficult?

Peter's POV

She finishes and I honestly can't get over how amazing she is. Her chest rises and falls as she strides over to me, and her once soiled back ponytail is now to the side and has several bumps, but she still seems absolutely beautiful probably because she isn't even trying to be pretty she's just effortlessly beautiful.

She opens her mouth to say something, but random rapid applause stops her, and makes both of us jump. "I told you guys she's amazing" Nat proclaims while entering the training room Steve, Sam, James, Wanda, and my dad on her heels. I immediately take two steps away from Kelsey as soon as I see her dad which doesn't go unnoticed by her and she giggles. She really is perfect.

"Kid you make me hurt in places that shouldn't hurt" Sam laughs awkwardly and we all join in. From the corner of my eye I notice Steve glance at me and then to Kelsey. "Ooo do the Beyoncé dance" Nat exclaims pulling Steve to the area where I was sitting as of to tell all of us to sit to. "Nat I'm not doing that dance" Kelsey groans which earns an eye roll from Nat.

"One I don't have a chair" she states hesitantly trying really hard to get out of this. "This dance needs
a chair, and you let her do it" Rhodes laughed sitting next to Steve who rolls his eyes and mumbles something about crazy teachers. "Peter can be the chair" My dad speaks up for the first time. I whip my head around petrified by that idea, and wondering why he would say such a thing considering her dad's right there.

"You know what I'll do it without the chair" she laughs a light blush on her cheeks. She runs over to the speaker to set the song. "I agree" I state randomly hoping to assure her dad that I didn't want to be a chair. She takes her place and instantly see the direction of this dance, and why she was so hesitant to do it. She's crouched in a squat with her chest arched back and her hands balancing her.

The music's beat starts and the fear that was once in her eyes vanishes and is replaced with a fiery attitude that I've never seen before. Even though the moves are similar they're faster, and there's more popping, rolling, and dropping. Who run the world blares through the speaker, and I feel like it amplified itself feeling the moment.

I would never tell her this but in my opinion I'd prefer to see her do the beautiful controlled dances rather than what she's doing now, not that I'm complaining because she's really good and I'll never get see her do anything like this again.

The music fades and her embarrassment immediately returns as she looks at our stunned faces. I feel like saying something because the longer we're silent I can see the fear come back, but her phone starts ringing before I can.

"David" she squeals any trace of being uncomfortable gone as she darts towards her phone. I can feel my smile sink from my face as she mentions this guy's name, and my dad pats my back as if that's going to make me feel better.

She answers the video chat her smile never fading until she turns up the volume, and I can briefly make out a feminine voice. "And what about your whore of a girlfriend?" The mysterious voice asks as another groans. We all look at each other thinking it's a random number, but I turn to face Kelsey again and realize it's no random number.

A tear runs down her cheek as she stares astounded by what's on her phone. Her breathing picks up as more moans escape the phone. "She blew me off, and obviously doesn't give a shit so why should I" a rough voices counters.

She throws her phone at us and runs off crying out quiet whimpers. Steve grabs her now cracked phone and tries to chase her, but reaches up grabbing his elbow. "Let me talk to her first then I'll send you in." Steve nods sitting back down, and the rest of us sit silently. "Well guys we still need to train, so Peter go do useless teenage stuff" my dad laughs as do I.

I walk past Kelsey's to hear her full on sobbing now and all I want to do is go in and hold her in my arms and let her cry, but initially decide against knowing I would not be the one to talk to about this.

Natasha's POV

"Kels" I whisper knocking on the door lightly. "Go away dad" she chokes out the cries. On instinct I open the door "it's actually Nat." She turns to face red tear streaks smeared across her face. She sits up leaving room for me to sit beside her, and without thinking I slowly wrap my arms around her shoulders. She snuggles up to me and starts crying again.

"I texted him five freaking times" she whispered still crying. I nod rubbing her head letting her cry and vent before I speak. "He ignored them even though I know he read them, and instead of telling me what he was feeling he went and decided to get in another girls pants, and not just any girl a girl
that is so much prettier than I will ever be."

I raise a confused eyebrow wondering how she could ever think she's not pretty. "Honey I wish you could be me and everyone else in the world so you could see through everyone's eyes how truly beautiful you are" I lift her chin so she's looking me in the eye, so she can see I'm completely serious.

"Then why does this always happen to me" she cries dropping her head back on my shoulder as hot tears spill from her eyes. Again I look at her confused as I thought David was her first boyfriend. She looks up terror filling her eyes realizing what she just said. She breathes in trying to steady her breath, but it doesn't do much. "I'll tell you as long as you don't tell dad" she whispers looking down. I nod grabbing her hands and rub small circles on it.

"Back in seventh grade I had a boyfriend, Alex to be exact but I like to call him the biggest ass, for awhile it was everything I hoped dating would be, but he changed" she stopped getting a far off look in her eyes as more tears threatened to fall. "Kels if it's to much you don't have to tell" I say squeezing her hands, but stop once she flinches.

"No I need to do this. Well he started getting... Dominant he started letting his hands roam when we hugged, and squeezed my hand to tightly and I wanted to leave, but he threatened saying he would make sure that I wouldn't survive eighth grade if I left or told anyone" she shivered pulling herself back into me, and let her keeping my grip loose and comforting.

"One day he tried to kiss, but I stopped him saying I wasn't ready for that which was a big mistake on my part because he slapped and announced he had been cheating on me with a girl way sexier than me, and I thought that was the end but I was wrong."

"He had his friends start assaulting me rubbing my thigh, smacking my butt, or shoving up against me, and no one helped my friends even envied the attention I was getting from guys, so I isolated myself from them deciding they weren't what I needed, and after that my freshmen year was good I stopped partying and went to dance all the time, but then I met David" she trailed off and started sobbing again.

I wiped her tears away wishing I could've done something to help, and wondered how she had survived through it all managing all these haunting memories. "The sad thing is I don't even love him" she sobbed clinging to my jacket. Shocked for the third time I pulled her closer whispering its okay's in her ear as I cradled her.

"I don't love him I love someone else, but won't let it happen because I'm scared of getting hurt. I'm not even going to ever let myself believe that I love him after this because I'm tired of getting haunted by the memories and don't want new ones" she murmured her eyes getting wide as I swayed with her.

"I'm not even crying because I love David I'm crying because it's fucking happening again and I'm just letting it dictate my life. Why am I such a wimp? And why am I so naive I should've known this is all my fault I'm screwed up mess because of myself."

"Kels don't say that this is not your fault. There's no way you could've known these guys were jerks, and you're young you're supposed to be naive, and please don't let this keep you from trying because trust me you'll regret I should know. I went through so much when I was your age to, and I isolated myself and now it's probably to late for so please be strong for me, and if you need me just tell me because you're like a daughter to me" I state not even thinking about my last few words.

Kelsey's head fly's up a mixture of shock and confusion crossing her face. "Shoot we're not there yet I did not... Just forget..." A small shy smile appears randomly as she looks up into my eyes her own
blood shot, but still the purest color of blue.

"Do you really mean that" she whispers a flicker of hope in her voice. "Only if you want me to" I state voice shaking. "I've never had a mom before" she looks out the window and I grab her hand. "And I've never had a daughter" I say voice still shaking.

"This doesn't mean you and dad are..." She trails off fear and hope filling her eyes. "No we are definitely not together" I say quickly. She nods face dropping slightly, but at the same time she seems relieved. We're silent for awhile as she leans against my shoulder, and we both seemed to be in deep thought.

"May I ask who you like?" I ask only slightly teasing. She laughs nervously before dropping her gaze to her hands. "Peter" she stated simply a blush appearing, and I'm honestly not surprised. "Good choice, but his dad's kind of obnoxious" I say seriously which makes her laugh.

"Are you better?" I ask still worried even though she's seems calm. She looks up a look of pure innocence, and I want to kill every guy that's taken advantage of her. "I'm just really good at acting" she whispers smiling, and I want to believe her smile is real but it's hard, and I'm about to say something but I can't find the words.

She yawns eyes droopy, and even though it's only ten in the morning I decide to let her sleep because she's gone through a lot. I lay her down tucking her in as she fully drifts off. Lean down and kiss her forehead before leaving.

Close the door and turn to be met with Steve. "Is she okay?" He asks worried. "Yeah she just needs some sleep" I smile grabbing his hand and leading him back down the hall. "Did you guys have a good talk?" He asks stopping in the middle of the hall.

"It was good she confessed about some stuff as did I" my voice catches as I realize the limited space for air between us, but I don't move. Challenge yourself Natasha I think forcing myself to not step away. I feel something for Steve, but I don't know what it is considering I've felt limited feelings.

"And what would that be?" He asked teasingly. "Well I can't spill her secrets, but I told her that I" I stop wondering if he really wanted to know this or if it would just complicate things more. "I told her that I thought of her as a daughter" I blurt never letting my eyes leave his to see his reaction. His eyes soften and he looks happy, but I don't know.

"She thinks of you as a mom I can tell" he whispers in my ear and I shiver as his breath runs down my neck. I nod and feel our lips drifting towards each other.

"Guys we're starting training early" Tony hollers down the hall and we both pull apart. We both stop millimeters from kissing I smile before grabbing his hand and dragging him down the hall.
Can you stay?

Peters POV

It's been hours since Kelsey locked herself in her room, and I got very little information on what happened from Nat, so I found myself occasionally standing at her door ready to knock but something always stopped me. So I spent the rest of my day wandering and tinkering with random things on my suit when I noticed that I was running low on web fluid.

I decided to sneak into the lab hoping no one would notice me borrowing some of the chemicals. Poking my head around the corner I slowly prayed open the door once I realized no one was in there. Quickly but quietly I grabbed the things I needed, and once I was done I turned ready to leave but someone coughing made me freeze misstep.

"And what do you plan to do with those?" My dads voice ringing through my head as I nearly dropped everything I gathered. "Science project?" I asked more than stated. He intensified his glare letting his eyes pierce through my soul. "A science project that you won't turn in."

I gulped wondering if I ran really fast and then locked myself in my room if he would catch me. "Peter I think you're forgetting I to once was a teenager, so I know how this works. Now tell me what's going on" he stepped towards me slinging his arm around my back while never breaking eye contact with me.

I opened my mouth ready to tell him my really la,e excuse, but Rhodes stormed in. "Tony last minute mission... Super urgent... Be back tomorrow... Hopefully." He huffed out of breath while slowly lying on the floor.

"You got lucky kiddo" my dad sighed ruffling my hair before he dragged Rhodes out with him. I let out sigh of relief that I didn't know I was holding considering I was not ready for that conversation. I quickly jogged back to my room not wanting to be stopped again.

I glanced at the clock seeing that it was six, and if I wanted to be home at a slightly decent hour tonight I should leave now. So I quickly mixed up a batch of fluid, and slipped on my suit before heading out.

"Karen how do I get Kelsey to realize that I like her?" I asked my suit once safely in the car. I sighed hoping she was ok since she was all alone, sorta, and probably didn't know that her dad left. "She probably already knows Peter. You're not very good at keeping secrets." I scoffed considering the identity of who I was right now was a secret.

"She just caught her boyfriend cheating on her, so what should I do?" I asked simply deciding to avoid her last statement. "Be there for her I'm sure she needs a shoulder to cry on." I laughed knowing that was the last thing she wanted, and I didn't even know her that well.

"Karen you've got to stop being so stereotypical she's not most girls" I laughed.

Kelsey's POV

I stared at my reflection in the mirror utterly embarrassed by the person that stared back at me. There were so many flaws that it hurt to keep track, so here I've been standing critiquing each feature slowly. My thick blonde hair sticks straight down, and always has knots in it. My nose is oddly shaped, I can't see my eyelashes, and my lips are to thin. The only pretty thing about me are my eyes. My light blue irises gave the affect of glass, and always seemed to attract people, but they left
realizing a pair of rare eyes wasn't worth a girl with so many other problems.

I've always pretended that I was skinny because people get mad when I say I'm not, but I've always looked in the mirror and immediately the acts always stopped once I see my thighs that jiggle when I tough them, and my stomach that makes me look bloated. If only I, and everyone else, could look past my body I feel like life would be easier but these are the cards I've been dealt so now I have to live with it.

I have to live with the fact that I'll always have a double chin when I lie down, or that my hips are really big. I once had a friend that told me that I was more important than the number on the scale, but I felt like that just confirmed she was trying to get me to come to terms it's my body. She soon left thinking I was crazy, and just trying to get attention but trust me if I could choose to love my body I would. I don't like to look at myself and say I'm fat so if I could change it I would, but it's just not that easy.

After realizing once again I would get no support, and refused to bother my dad with my pitiful problems I decided to play it cool with an act, a script that I read from like the day HYDRA attacked, and still to this day I play by this act but it had gotten better I hardly ever glanced in the mirror and thought I'm to fat, but the events of today must've pushed me back to a dark place, and only hope that I won't be here long.

What people don't realize though is that I don't do this because I want to, I do it because of society's standards. I do it for the envied thigh gap that every girl needs, the perfectly flat stomach, or the slinky legs every model has. I do what I do because I've been hurt into thinking I'm worthless. I do what I do because for a year I was told I was fat, so yeah you to would starve yourself for a few days just to feel satisfied. What's not satisfying though is the thought that I'd finally escaped, and now I'm back trying to climb out but it's almost impossible.

It's funny someone else's actions can hurt another. Today my boyfriend cheated on me, and now I'm back to the way I was in eighth grade, so is he a jerk or am I just weak. I wish I could find the answer just like I wish I could find the answer to why this life chose me. My dad always said God chose me to be his daughter because I was the only one that could survive through it all, but I'm sure he didn't expect me to survive through this too. Yet here I am still alive because I made it out last time, but I'm sure there's more people that could do this because if I was so strong then this wouldn't be happening in the first place.

A crash from my rooms pulls me out of my inner discussion with myself, and grab my hairbrush and slowly creep around the corner into my room. I take a step into my to only to see a few of my books that had started to unpack knocked over. I scanned my room trying to find the source, but what I found scared me to death.

"Holy shit" I scream catching Peter's attention who was currently crawling along my ceiling in a Spider-Man costume with his mask off, and a black eye. "Kelsey it's not what it looks like" he states freezing eyes as wide as saucers. "You're on my ceiling" I shriek as he quickly jumps down rushing over to me. He seems at a loss for words, but I can see he's trying to come up with a reason he can climb walls.

"You're Spider-Man" I state eyeing him making him look up eyes still wide. "No I'm not it's a costume" he tries to cover hitting a button on his suit making it fall off, and if I wasn't completely shocked I probably would stared at his toned chest.

"Kels you can't tell anyone literally no one knows except you" he sighs finally speaking up. Catching my attention I raise an eyebrow "you mean you didn't tell your dad?" I ask in disbelief. "Like you haven't ever kept a secret from your dad" he snaps. That little quip makes my mouth go
dry because I am hiding something from my dad, but it's for the best.

"I gotta go change" he whispers a slight annoyance in his voice. "I promise I won't tell anyone" I say as he reaches for my door handle. He looks back the normal light that's usually in his eyes is back at my simple promise. He smiles making early swell slightly as he leaves.

Peter's POV

I change into pair of pajama pants and quickly hop into bed wanting to get as much sleep as possible considering it's around ten. For awhile though I stare at the ceiling wondering why she had to find out it would've been so much easier to keep this a secret, but maybe there's a reason she found out maybe she really is the one he can trust with this.

A sudden scream from down the hall snaps me back into reality, and quickly I jump out of bed head straight for Kelsey's room. I bust in and head straight for her sleeping figure confused by why she screamed, but a closer look makes it clear.

She's shaking, her breathing is extremely uneven, and she can't seem to stay still. "No... No you're wrong... I'm sorry... Please don't... Hurt me" she cries as rapid tears start to fall. My heart breaks seeing her having such a terrible nightmare, and I can't help but wonder what brought it upon her.

Instantly I want to know more about her because I feel like she's keeping a lot hidden to trick people into thinking she's ok when really this is what's going on.

"Kels it's Peter, it's just a dream I'm here now" I whisper as I softly shake her trying yo wake her. Slowly her eyes start to blink tears clogging her vision, but she quickly sits up breathing heavily once she's fully awake. "What... What happened" she stuttered not letting her eyes look up from her still shaky hands. "You had a nightmare" I say my arm still softly placed on her back.

She nods looking up fear in her crystal eyes. She looks like she wants to say something, but every time she tried her words get caught. "Thank you" she whispers once her shaking stops. "It's nothing now I'm going back to bed come get me if you need anything." I turn to leave but she grabs my hand.

"Could you stay" she whispers her eyes glassed over. She looks away like she's embarrassed to ask for help. I nod and she scoots over making room for me, and I lie down making sure there's enough space between us so she's comfortable. She rolls letting her back face away from, and she pulls her knees to her chest holding on tightly.

I watch as she slowly drifts off back to her world, and almost immediately she starts trembling and soon her breathing is uneven again. Before she starts screaming again though I carefully let my hand gingerly tough her shoulder blade, and slowly she stops shaking but her breathing stays the same.

I softly pull her towards me letting my arms wrap around her waist. She immediately snuggles into my bare chest letting her head relax against me much to my surprise. Soon she peacefully sleeping so I too drift off deciding to savor the moment because it'll probably never happen again.

Kelsey's POV

My eyes flutter open immediately remembering how I had such an awful nightmare last night, but then why did I feel so rested. I tried to sit up, but something much stronger than me pulled me back down. I looked down too see a pair of arms wrapped around my waist, and I already know who they belong to.

I looked back to see Peter's peaceful sleeping form, and tried to find a solution for how we ended up
here together. I asked him to stay but I don't remember cuddling against him, and I definitely don't remember him being shirtless.

I snap my head back as he starts to stir, and I don't want him to catch me staring at him. He groans lightly and shifts slightly "Kels you up?" He mumbles. I turn back around taking in his fully sleepy appearance. His warm eyes were squinted and hair was everywhere, but it just made him more adorable.

"Yeah" I mumble making him smile, but he never lets his arms fall from my waist and honestly I don't want him to. "We should probably move before dad catches us" I giggle but lie my head back down in his chest. "There out on a mission won't be back till later" he says adjusting his arms but still not letting go.

I nod my heart sinking a little at the thought. I should be used to my dad almost getting killed every night, but it never really sunk in so whenever he leaves it's hard to think that he might not come home. "Hey you ok?" Peter asks perking up at my sulking mood. "Yeah it's just scary. Our parents are some of the only ones that can save the way, but at the same time you don't know if they'll return" I whisper connecting with peters now fully awake brown eyes.

"I get it, but you have to remember your dads strong, and he's strong enough if something bad does happen he'll survive it mainly because he wants to come just as much as you want him to" Peter says circling my wrist with his finger.

"Easy for you to say you go out every night and live there life so you know how it works while I know nothing" I whisper. "Well I'll let you know that your assumptions of us nearly dying every night are correct, but like I said its gonna take a lot more to kill our parents" he says tilting my chin so I'm looking at him.

I nod then lie my head down again on his chest, and we stay there for awhile savoring the silence and enjoying each others embrace. "You know I want to make a deal" I whisper not lifting my head, and leaving my cheek on his bare chest. "And what would that be?" he replies with a slight chuckle.

"Well you're keeping a secret from your dad, and I'm keeping one from mine, so when one of us decides to tell our dad then other has to tell there's." He seems to go mute after my statement like he's considering it. "Ok, but why do you want to?" He asks his curiosity obvious.

"Well we're both hiding pretty big stuff from our parents, and I don't know about you but mine gnaws at me every day but I can't push myself to tell him so maybe this could help." He nods and I feel him tense beside, but I'm not sure why.

"Well you know my secret can I know yours?" He asks and I know it's innocent and he doesn't mean to make me panic, but I can't help the way my heart immediately speeds up at the question. "I would, I really would but it's so hard for me to tell like I panic every time I think about it now, but maybe when I tell my dad I'll tell you" I state quickly trying to make my voice sound even.

He nods seeming to understand that it made me uncomfortable, so we drop it. "What should we do today?" I finally ask after some silence. "Well there's a lap pool." And immediately nod excitement bubbling out my ears at the idea of going swimming since I haven't been since sixth grade.

"Ok then let's go change beautiful" Peter states releasing his arms and I dart to my closet almost not noticing that he called me beautiful, almost.
Chapter 8

Kelsey's POV

I slip on my criss cross aqua bikini top with my pink and teal floral bottoms before I grab my teal flip flops and my phone in case my dad calls. Wouldn't want him to leave the mission early if I don't answer his calls.

I reach for the doorknob trying my best to divert my eyes from the full length mirror, but there's no sense in even trying because I can't keep my gaze from wondering.

With a deep sigh I lift my eyes letting them scour over my vulnerable body. A part of me was tempted to grab one of my dad's old shirts wishing to just hide everything that I was showing off right now.

The other half knew that I would never ever overcome this obstacle if I try to run from it though, so I pulled away from the mirror telling myself it was my imagination, and my thoughts weren't real but how could I believe that when I saw myself in the mirror.

"You don't need a thigh gap, or an excessively flat stomach to be beautiful" I whisper trying to let my meek whisper sink in, but the usual obnoxious voice was back inside my head.

"But will Peter agree with that? Don't you think he'll want to be with someone skinny?" The voice countered and I could just picture my alter ego smirk.

"Ahh leave me alone" I yell weakly shoving through the door hoping to leave it in my room. "But you need my help just look at you you're a mess no wonder Peter pity's you. You do know that's the only reason he stayed last night right?" The voice whispered as it echoed through my head.

"It doesn't matter we're just friends" I choke out halting at the door that'll lead me to the pool. The voice fades as I peak through the frosted glass to make out out Peter's blurry figure. My feet feel like they're nailed to the ground, and my hand seems frozen to my side as I try to lift it, but stays still.

"Well he is" the voice whispers once more before I push through door stumbling over my feet, and I hope I don't look too frazzled. I can faintly make out my breathing, but everything seems muted as Peter turns around in the pool towards me.

Our eyes lock, and my heart plummets at the thought of him staring at me. Does he think I look nice? I think a small hopeful smile appearing on my face as I glide to the pool steps.

"He's only staring because he's judging..." But the voice fades as I step into the pool and Peter swims over to me our eyes never breaking.

"Hey" he whispers as I slowly swim over to him. "Hi" I reply wishing I could start a conversation. His smile grows and I can see he's nervous for some reason by looking into his eyes.

"What do you want to do?" I ask hoping I don't sound too eager as I swim around myself not wanting to drift too far from him. "Well we still don't know a lot about each other so... We could play twenty one questions" he states looking back at me nervousness vanished from his brown eyes.

I nod liking the idea of getting to know him better "you go first." I state not finding a reason to wipe the goofy smile from my face. "What's your favorite color?" He returns my overly excited smile.
"Oh how original, but I would say blue" I giggle as we swim together down to the other end of the pool. He playfully rolls his eyes waiting for my question. "When's your birthday?" I ask.

"Oh because that's original" he laughs as I splash water at him making him turn to shield his face. "Just answer" I demand in a slightly whiny voice. "August 27" he finally proclaims after splashing me back.

"How did you find out your dad was Captain America?" There's the dreaded question making me laugh dryly. I flip on my back letting the water soak through my hair and ooze over my face as I float.

"I was eleven going on twelve when SHIELD called, and at the time I was overjoyed I mean my dad was the first avenger what kid wouldn't be happy. I didn't realize that my friends would giggle every time we saw him while I cowered worried he would die, and never come home" I shivered now sitting on the ladder. I gripped on the cool metal revealing my wet skin to the brisk air.

Peter swam along beside me bobbing next to the ladder, and reaching for my hand probably for reassurance. "I'm sorry I brought it up" he apologized and suddenly the crystal water became very interesting for the both of us.

"It's fine you didn't know, and I mean your life's more hectic than mine so if I were to tell anyone it would be you" I look up not caring if I show my blushing cheeks. "How'd you become spiderman?" I ask quickly not wanting to damper my mood.

"I was bit by a radioactive spider, and that's it" he laughs admiring our intertwined hands swaying in the water. "Really I was expecting something a little more extravagant" I tease catching his gorgeous brown eyes.

"What's your favorite feature in someone?" He continues. I let my eyes drift downwards to his lips which are formed in the perfect smile making my heart race, and I wonder if he can feel it. "There smile, yours" I ask examining his face light up which gives me a smallest bit of hope that I immediately exterminate.

"There eyes" he states simply gazing into my own making me blush a deep crimson. I slip from the ladder pressing my body weight against the stone wall never letting our hands or eyes disconnect. It takes me a minute to realize how close we actually are, and that he's not pushing away an that I'm not either.

In fact I almost feel like he's moving closer, and even more surprisingly I'm not moving because something's telling me that I'm safe with him that I can trust him, so I drop all my fears spur the moment and lean in too our faces a mere centimeters away from each other that I can feel his breath on my face, and I'm sure he can feel the pace of my heart.

"Hey Pete how was your...?" Tony freezes once he waltzes into the pool room taking in the teens position. At the sound of his dad's voice Peter immediately pushes off the wall putting quite a bit of distance between them.

And even though we never really touched I feel out of breath and disheveled my mind picking up what was going to happen. My eyes widen as the fact that I almost kissed Peter really sinks in. How could I let a guy I just met kiss me when I had turned down so many others just so my first would be with someone special who I truly cared for. Was that really Peter?

"I'm just going to go, and say hi to dad" I whisper jumping from the pool, and quickly exiting trying my best to avoid the multibillionaire's gaze, but let it slip giving him a shaky smile before I left.
"So what else happened?" Tony snickered before I let the door close. "Dad we wouldn't work..." I heard Peter's muffled voice confess, and that's all I needed to dart down the hall not caring if I was soaking wet, and not caring if anyone saw me let my tears fall because it wouldn't be the first time.

"I told you so" the voice returned.

Peter's POV

"Dad we wouldn't work..." I try to cover but he interrupts by holding up his finger. "And why wouldn't you she's adorable" my dad scoffed making me roll my eyes. "Her dad hates me" I counter pointedly stepping out of the pool. "Well I'll talk to him about..."

"Dad that's not the shes way out of my league plus I can't give her what she deserves, I can't protect her so trust me on this one" I interrupt annoyed. "And why would she need protecting when her dads captain America?" my dad scoffs.

"That right there is why she's already got a big enough target on her back I can't throw her into our chaotic life when it's the exact opposite over hers and expect to be ok." My dad sighs as he struts over to me. He places a hand on my shoulder forcing me to look him in the eyes through his sunglasses.

"I lost someone I loved because I was trying to protect her" he looked away placing a hand on his forehead as if he's trying to stop himself from crying, and I instantly knew this was about Pepper.

"I didn't realize that giving up on what we had would destroy me though, the only thing that's keeping me smiling is you, and in a way sending her away really just put her in more danger because I'm not there to protect her, so son please don't be stupid like me and just go for it. Be the one that protects her and stay by her side because I haven't seen like this since Liz."

At the mention of her name my smile fell stitched up wounds being pulled ever so slightly. Dads face also fell as it dawned on him what he said. "Peter she's not Liz" he tried back tracking but it was too late the damage had been done.

"Dad it's fine" the mutter escaped my lips showing my annoyance as I shoved past him and out into the hall still dripping wet.

Kissing Flash was what started the domino affect, but when I looked back on our memories together I realized she was using me and egging me on, but I obliged because I was a naïve boy. Now he had patched up the memories even though it killed me to let them go, but the slightest mention of it would feel like a blow to the stomach that I couldn't shake.
Kelsey's POV

I never went back to my room like I planned on doing because I didn't want to walk past a mirror or anything else that could harm me more because it seems like I'm not getting out of this phase quickly.

I thought last night counted for something, I thought me knowing his secret counted for something, and I thought our near kiss counted for something so it felt like I was being pulled up the mountain by Peter, but now I realize I'm going to have to do it on my own.

How could I be so naive to give up something I had protected for so long, that I had taken blows and harassment for. How could I fall back into this trap I wondered as I wandered down the halls.

I was also half tempted to go to the kitchen considering I haven't eaten for a day and a half, but the voice in my head stopped me. "Look at yourself, you should be ashamed you even thought that you deserved to eat" the voice whispered with clear disgust.

I glared down at my thighs hating the feeling of them rubbing together. It seemed like my inner ego was right, but I hated to admit so I passed it off as I wasn't hungry. My horrific sobbing had stopped, and were replaced by little tears silently gliding down my cheeks.

I pulled my plush white towel tighter around me hoping it would keep out the cold air from my defenseless skin. A shiver escaped my body proving that my efforts were failing, so I reluctantly slumped back to my room.

"Ready to see the reason Peter said what he said?" The voice asked evilly. Another tear fell from my eye even though I squeezed them shut hoping to stop the constant pain. Why is it that my worst bully's always been myself?

I quickly stepped into my room avoiding the mirror at all coats even against my inner selves obligations. I quickly changed then shuffled out. I walked to the kitchen considering that's were my dad was most likely to be, and I felt like I just needed to talk to him see him reassure myself.

"Dad?" I asked my voice breaking as I peeked around the corner only to see him, Nat, Sam, Wanda, Vision, and James. "Kels what's wrong?"

I wondered whether he asked that because I barged in on there meeting, or if it was because my face was still streaked with dried tears and my eyes were red and puffy. "Nothing's wrong I just wanted to make sure you were okay" I whispered suddenly regretting decision. My dads worried expression broke out into a bright smile, and he pulled me into a warming hug.

"Sorry my hairs wet" I mumbled against his shoulder making him chuckle. "Yeah why is your hair wet?" Nat lightly chuckled stepping next to my dad. She rested her hand on his shoulder probably not even thinking about until I sent her a teasing look.
"I went swimming" a nervous laugh escaping my lips for some reason. Now everyone was eyeing me suspiciously making me shrink back. "Did something happen your face is all red" Nat stated and I instantly dropped my head.

"Oh you know chlorine" I stared still gazing down at my shoes. Sam grunted clearly not believing my answer. Why does everyone care about what goes on in my life?

"I thought Tony said there was no chlorine in the pool. Something about hypo allergenic testing." Glared t Sam hoping my look was intense enough to make him shut up.

"Ya know you guys seemed to be having an important discussion earlier I'll just let you get back to that" I darted out of the kitchen even against my dads protests but right now I didn't care. So sense I don't care I'm just going to go back to my room, and let the voice in my head tear me apart because I have no energy left to fight.

Time Skip

Kelsey's POV

I've been replaying what I said to Nat In my head for awhile now. Her and my dad have been knocking on my door begging me to come out, but I never budged especially when they said Vision cooked it just made it even less appetizing.

"I'm just really good at acting " I thought again. It was true though I act strong in front of people and myself trying to calm the fears within both of us because what goes on inside my head when I look at myself scares me just as much as it does everyone else.

I sigh pulling my knees closer to my chest on my window seat. My eyes drift over the night sky admiring how free the stars are, and how they paint the sky each with there story.

Abruptly a red gloved hand taps my window, and I let out a shrill shriek before collapsing to my carpeted floor. Spider-Man's head pops up at the sound of my voice, and I release a breath. Quickly I open the window inviting him in, but the voice lurked in the back of my head reminding me about earlier. Just because he doesn't share your feelings doesn't mean you can't be friends, besides its probably better that way you're unstable.

"Sorry that I'm always popping through your window, but my windows on the other side and this is the avengers compound so it's already hard to sneak around" he rambles and I can tell by the way his eyes adjust and how he looks down that he's blushing.

"It's fine you can break into my room whenever you want" I blurt. Oh god why did I just say that I think as a blush creeps onto my cheeks. He chuckles but quickly clutches his side with a groan.

My eyes widen as it dawns on me that's he's hurt, so I grab his arm an pull him towards my bed. He protests but I don't listen instead I pull off his mask once he's seated to reveal several scratches and a black eye.

"What the hell happened?" I ask as I go to grab my emergency first aid kit. He sits silently until I come back, arms stacked with supplies, he looks up his usual comforting expression replaced with worry. His hairs messy an sticky with sweat along with the rest of his face.

"It was nothing out of the ordinary" he mumbles dropping his gaze. He's so lying. "Yeah sure looks like it" I glare applying the Neosporin once the small wounds stop bleeding. He looks up a sheepish grin, more like grimace grazing his busted lip.
I finish up cleaning his face trying my best to make everything less noticeable, but I'm no nurse and you can't very well hide a black eye.

"You're going to have to take off your suit if you want me take care of your side." I feel a blush that's probably the same shade of red as his suit crawl onto my cheeks.

"Really Kels it's fine" he states trying to push up off the bed, but winces and topples back down. I give a 'really' look and he pushes the spider making his suit fall off.

"O my god" I gasp immediately clutching the wet cloth. He attempted to stop the bleeding by wrapping a T-shirt around he open wound, but it was now slacked in blood.

"This guy just randomly had daggers. Who carries daggers anymore?" He try's to laugh, but again he winces.

"Peter tell me the truth. What were you doing tonight?" He growls something under his breath while twisting the ice pal on his eye angrily. "Kels I don't want you to worry" he sighs.

I roll my eyes "trust me I have my own things to worry about." He ignores me for a minute while I continue to clean his wound. "Fine but you asked" he finally gives up. I fist bump the air trying to lighten his mood, but he doesn't seem amused.

"I was doing the usual rounds dealing with the typical idiots when I ran across a guy in a full black body suit complete with a helmet, so I decided to follow him." Oh god I know we're this is going.

"I followed him all the way to the edge of town where he met up with a few more guys in a black van. I used the enhanced hearing in my suit to spy on them, it's super awesome, and figured out there they were planning on meeting up with there boss after he got back withy the troops in India which is where our parents were. They're planning on ambushing someplace I'm not sure where though because they caught me."

He sighed in clear frustration, and I couldn't do anything else but clean his wound. "I was kicking they're butts to until one snuck up on me and stabbed me, so they got away" he looked his eyes showing how sorry he was.

"Peter it's fine you can't save the day every time. You may be a superhero, but you're still fifteen and you're still human. So don't get so bummed out about."

"You don't get it Kels it was... They were HYDRA, and I didn't get to even come face to face with them when they attacked the tower. Instead I was rushed off like some rich kid" he groaned.

"Well..." I trailed off earning a glare from Peter. "Well how did you expect to take on HYDRA by yourself" I try back tracking, but his glare stays.

"I don't know what there plan is but it's not good, and I just couldn't stand by and let them go when I at least could've tried to stop them." I laugh dryly wrapping his wound tightly.

"What's wrong?" He asks innocently propping himself up on his elbows. I sigh "it's just that I came face to face with them, and I was about to hand myself over just because I was scared while you're nearly getting killed fighting a fight you don't even have to fight."

"Kels it's different because I have powers, and you can't be like me and just sit around hoping someone else does your job for you because that's selfish." he reaches for my hand, but I can't help the fear that surges through my body and forces me to pull my hand away.
"He's playing with you" whispers through my head. "O my god why are you back" I want to scream, but force it down. The memory of Peter's foggy voice explores with in my mind, and I push myself up off the bed not being able to Handle the new found heat.

His eyes follow me as I spring up from the bed, and they're filled with unclear confusion. "Is it what I said I knew I shouldn't have told you. Please Kels just talk to me" he pleads.

"No no it's not what you said , at least not right now" I whispered diverting my eyes downwards. His look of confusion stays, but hi brow does crease me re.

"I don't want to talk about it" I blurt sensing the question on the tip of his tongue. He laughs his face relaxing his easy smile appearing. "I had to tell you what was bothering me, so you have to share what's bothering you now spill."

"That's different you were hurt" I whine. "So are you... I see it in your eyes" he looks up our eyes connecting like they've done several times before, but this time my stomach burns uneasily and I feel dizzy like the rooms going to collapse. "I like someone..."

"ooo who's the lucky guy?" He asked a playful smirk lingering on his lips, and oh I wanna smack it off.

"Well yeah but lets just forget about it" I state forcing down my sorrow. "Kels lets just talk about it together" he states and I hate how hopeful he sounds. He reaches for my arm to pull me back down, but once he grazes me with his fingers I instantly pull away.

"Please Peter just stop" I cry shocking both of us into silence. "Just stop trying to fix everything for one second because you don't know what my motives are you don't now why I do what I do."

"Why don't you tell me then" he mumbles meekly." I can't help but let my eyes drift up. He sounds so helpless, but I can't tell him I just can't.

"I'm scared Peter, I'm scared of getting hurt again, an it's happened so many times that now I don't know why to expect so my minds decided they're going to shut everybody out to protect me, and I'm not even sure what my feelings are towards for him, but I must feel something because I trust him. I'm giving him new ways to hurt me I have no idea why especially after what he said."

"Kels slow down" he stands up lightly putting his hand on my back, and don't push him off instead I take a few deep breaths. "Now I know you're scared, as you have a right to be, but you shouldn't let a bad experience dictate your future, so just tell him.

"I can't" I plea feeling my breathing pick up again. "He'd hate me." He nods like understands what I'm going through, but trust me he doesn't. "Then just tell me like practice" his smile widens.

Oh I hate him so much right now. "Again I can't." His brows furrows in the most adorable way making the rest of his crinkle. His eyes scan me looking for any trace of breaking, but I won't budge.

"You're clueless Kels, and I wish I could make you see what you truly are. A beautiful woman that deserves the best, but I also wish I could open your eye and make you see that this guy does, I mean probably, likes you back. I'm sure while you two were laughing for no reason he fell on love with you because how could he not."

"It just hurts to love someone, but know they'll never feel the same it's like hugging a cactus. The tighter you hold on the more it hurts, and I can't keep playing the game of waiting and hurting I just can't" I cry letting the tears I have left fall.
He groans out in frustration "you're not listening to a single thing I'm saying." I scoff turning to face him. "And you're not listening to me I can't do it, so I'd appreciate it of you stopped pretending like you knew what was going on in my life."

He drops his hand from my upper back letting it graze along my side sending a shiver up my spine. I want to move but his eyes pull me in forcing me to wonder why I'm so vulnerable. "I know you're in pain, I know you fake a smile to stop your tears, I know you feel alone and you think you like it but you don't, and I know you think you're ugly and worthless but that's the opposite of what you really are. I know you're trying to accept that people are actually caring for you now, and know that it scares you but like you said you trust this guy, and you know you really like him so there's a good chance he likes you to."

Oh god the space between us is closing again, so I turn my head so my cheeks facing him. "How do you know?" God why is my voice so weak. His small smile fades and I see a flicker of fear cross through his eyes.

"Wait... I need my mask" he breaks away from our embrace frantically looking for his mask. "Peter why on earth do you need that?" He bites his lip hesitating briefly. "I'm more confident when spiderman than when I'm just... Me" he sighs.

"Peter that's ridiculous your the same person he's just a different version of you, but that doesn't mean you should feel like you should be him." His eyes drift up and all I see are the brown irises that've been driving me insane.

"I like you to" he blurts randomly making me choke, yet he seems unfazed. "Where did you get that from?" I shriek trying to catch my breath.

"I just assumed that you weren't telling me because you liked me to, but I guess what happened early today have me some confidence" a blush crosses his cheeks, but his statement just makes me feel more conflicted.

"But you told you're dad that you didn't think we'd work" I whisper. He rests his hands back on my hips, and lifts my chin so I'm looking him in the eyes.

"Honestly Kels I told my dad that because I thought you would never feel the same, so I was trying to convince myself in a way I guess. Besides your dad hates me, and you're already in enough danger with your dad, so I thought being with spiderman would make it to risky. I can't protect you Kels at least not the way you need me to."

I sigh feeling my eyes on the verge of leaking small tears. This scares me even more because I've been lied to so many times, but I trust him but that to scares me. "Peter I don't need protecting I survived fifteen years by myself, and my dad doesn't exactly hate you..." I trail off once he sends me a really look.

"Besides I never listen to my dad" I laugh trying to lighten both our moods. "I'm just glad that I actually told you in a way it feels like a weight been lifted off my chest."

He drops his gaze, but I can still make out the blush on his cheeks. "So what does this make us?" He asks his voice shaking. "I don't know" is all I an say because I'm scared I'll screw something up.

"How about I take you out on a proper date tomorrow, and we can go from there" his smile grows and he seems to grow taller. "Are you asking me out Parker?" I tease. "Yes I am miss Rogers" he picks up on my teasing.
"Well then I'll have to say yes." he beams and envelopes in a tight hug, and to my surprise my body doesn't flinch away but instead I loosely wrap my arms around his neck burying my head in the crook of his neck.

"Well I should probably..." I see him glance to the door but I cut him off abruptly. "Wait could you stay like you did last night that was the first time in a while that I slept peacefully" I feel my cheeks light up in flames as he lays next to me on my bed.

"You should probably hide your suit" I giggle as he rolls off bed groggily, and he kicks under my bed. He plops down next to me wrapping a protective arm around my waist, and I react by pulling myself closer to his bare chest.

I lie my head down against his shoulder and he lays head gently on mine. Our legs intertwine and I feel his heartbeat against mine as the air get thinner. God I feel intoxicated.
Natasha's POV

I leaned my head against Kelsey's door wondering where I went wrong maybe it wasn't me, but she always opens up for me except this time.

She was fine before left or she convinced us that she was, but now we're back tow were we started with in and all of us worried.

"Nat you should probably get some rest" I hear Steve's calm voice ring through my ears. I lift my head nodding as follow him to his room which surprises me, and he can tell.

He blushes slightly letting his head drop to examine the tile floor. "You didn't look like wanted to be alone." An with that we didn't say anything else for the rest of the walk.

Once in his room he led me to the bed while he started making a pallet on the floor. "Steve we can share a bed" I giggled. His head shot up with the dumbest really face, and I grabbed his hand pulling him up with me.

We crawled under the covers on opposite sides of he bed, but his hand still rested on mine which was enough body contact for me as we drifted off.

Time Skip

My eyes blinked open to see a squirming Steve next to me with sweat drilling down his head. I looked out the window to see it was still nighttime and inwardly groaned.

He suddenly shot up making me jump slightly. His eyes frantically scanned the room, and his breathing sped up. "I have to check on her" was all he said before darting out of bed with me on his heels.

"HYDRA" was he shouted back at me as I chased him down the hall. I furrowed my brow wondering what triggered his panic attack, but once he stopped in front of her door I knew. HYDRA took Kelsey in his dream.

We slowly tiptoed in together not wanting to wake her, and have her worrying even more. All he needed was conformation that she was safe, an honestly I needed it to.

"Look Steve she's fine" I whispered smiling as she seemed so at peace, but he was focused on someone else to be exact.

Kelsey turned slightly to leaning to this persons bare chest, and his arm wrapped around her tighter, and it was Peter Parker-Stark.

I whipped my head around to see Steve's eyes flaring with square, so in one swift movement I pulled him to the hall not wanting to wake the teens, an have this talk at midnight.

"What is she thinking" he growls never letting his eyes leave the door. I reach up and gently rest my hand on his shoulder trying to calm him down he doesn't change positions.

"Steve you've raised to be a smart girl I think you can trust her" I try to reason attempting to pull his gaze from the door. "Then why is there a guy in her bed" he growls.
"You know she's been having a hard time she probably just needed a shoulder to cry on." His expression of anger falters and is replaced with a hurt one as he lets his head droop.

"Why didn't she come to me?" He asked meekly like he'd been stabbed in the gut repeatedly. I glance down to see we're moving back to his room, but it seems we intertwined or hand along the way, but I don't feel the urge to pull away.

"Steve we were gone when she needed someone, and I'm not saying that to make you feel bad but Peter was the only one here. Besides what do you think would've happen if she walked in on is tonight. She would be in this position instead of you, and that's last thing she needs right now."

He nods as we enter his room, but I can tell he's not done with this because it did hurt him I see it in his eyes like I do Kelsey's.

Kelsey's POV

The sun blinds me as I wake up with yawn letting my eyes flutter as a way to adjust. I stay still for the moment breathing in his smell finding it addicting. I twist my head slightly to see him staring at me still half asleep.

"What are you staring Parker" I tease releasing another yawn. He cracks a smile as his brown hair flops in front of his face. "Just admiring how beautiful you are" he replies nonchalantly like its nothing, but that's everything to me.

"Yeah not so much right now" I laugh but can't help but feel uncomfortable because he looks precious with his messy hair and hazy eyes while I definitely look like Frankenstein's bride.

He lets his hand cup my cheek, and I can't stop myself from leaning into his soft hand. "When I say you're beautiful I mean it I would never lie to you" he whispers the haze gone from his eyes.

"We should probably get up" I whisper even though its the last thing I want to do. He sticks his bottom lip out and scrunches his forehead together like he's trying to pout, and it's the cutest thing.

He pulls me closer to him like his life depends on it, and for the hundredth time I inhale the way he smells. "I'm serious" I plead and try to pull away.

I eventually manage to slip under his arm, and flip out of the bed my pulling the covers. He hits the floor with a hard thinks and a moan escapes his lips making me giggle.

I start to walk out the door with Peter on my heels, and I'm half tempted to take his hand in mine, but our dads yelling stops me.

"Steve you're over reacting I could tell you what I was doing when I was there age..."

"God Tony I don't want to hear that" my dad interrupts. I hesitantly enter the kitchen deciding its be best to get this over with. "Dad what's going on?" I hear my voice but I can't believe it I sound to weak.

"Look Steve it's the kids" tony proclaims with the most fake smile I've ever seen while still sending worried glances to my dad.

"Dad I..." He holds his hand up and steps closer to Peter and I crossing his arms over his chest. "Peter what exactly are your intentions with my daughter."

Peter's eyes widen and his face flushes all color. I feel the urge grab his hand again, but Taft would
definitely make this worse. "I uh... We um" he stutters over his words while he fumbles with his hands, but I would to my dad towers over him at least a foot.

Peter may be Spider-Man, but my dad's the worlds first super soldier that can tear him apart within minutes. "They're dating right Peter" tony tries to help, but he honestly just made it worse.

"We'll not exactly..."

"If you're not dating why are you, friends with benefits. I've raised you better than that" my dad growls. My head snaps up memories rush through my head of people calling me slut and whore, and I feel like I've been slapped.

"What do you think I am dad a slut?" Why does my voice always break when I speak. My dads rage that flared in his eyes simmers and is replaced with regret as he gazes into my broken eyes.

"Cap maybe we should..."

"Kels that's not what I meant its just hard for me to see you growing up when I've missed so much, and with all that's been going on I just want to keep you safe." I smile despite the nagging pain and I wrap my arms around him hugging him tightly.

"It's ok dad" I somehow choke out. "And if you would've just let Peter finish he was gonna tell you that we have a date tonight." I peek over my dads shoulder to see Peter smiling widely along with his dad.

My dad smiles sheepishly turning to Peter like he wants to apologize, but I know he won't. "Peter just remember I'm ok with going back to jail" he chuckles slapping his back. Peter chuckles dryly forcing a smile and I knew he's nervous.

"Steve you were given an office not a cell" Tony chuckled along. My dads phone went off making all of us jump before he answered it.

"Clint's here for mission prep" my dad stated once he got off the phone. "Oh you mean the guy that blew the first mission is here now" Tony argued a cocky glint in his eyes.

"Wait you're leaving again?" I interrupt rushing over to them. Dads eyes widen and he bites his lip like he's hiding something. "Yeah we are Kels, in three days to be exact." Now his voice cracks.

"Oh ok, well you should probably get to your prep then." He nods giving me a kick kiss on the head before heading out. "Kelsey do you mind if you give Peter and me a second?" Tony asks sweetly but I know he's urgent.

I nod giving Peter one last look before walking out, and deciding to go check on Wanda.

Peter's POV

"What did you wanna talk about?" I ask hesitantly. "Well it won't be as intense as that" he chuckles referring to Steve.

I nod releasing a breath. And dad pats my back reassuringly. "Son could you please tell me what changed because just yesterday you it wouldn't work, and Steve and I are friends so I as your father need to make sure your intentions are in the right place."

I gently run a hand through my still messy trying to find the words to explain the sudden change. "I can't tell you what changed because I'm not even sure myself. I do know that all I want to do is hold
her close and protect her from everything, but that's not gonna be easy because who we are. At the same time though I'm willing to try because after everything she's gone through she deserves it."

"Well Peter all I can say is that if she's amazing it won't be easy, and if you give up you're not worthy" he gazes out the floor to ceiling windows and I know he's talking about Pepper.

"Is that how you felt about Pepper?" I question hesitantly not wanting to hurt him like he did when he mentioned Liz. "That's how I feel about Pepper, but I knew that my life wasn't what she deserved, so since I loved her I let her move on even if it meant I'd be left in the dust."

"But I know you can make it work between you and Kelsey because I've raised you to be better than me, and to make sure you don't make the same mistakes I did." I'm taken back slightly because I've always wanted to be my dad. He's the only stable person that I've had in my life since my mom left even though he was gone to he was still there.

"I love you dad" I suddenly blurt wrapping my arms around him making him chuckle before returns the hug. "Love you to kid, and I'm also very proud of you."

I smile at the thought because I've strives for so long for him to be proud of me.

Kelsey's POV

"Wanda" I wrap on her door "Wanda please open up" I holler knowing how everyone felt now when I locked myself up.

"Miss Rogers is there something you need" Vision suddenly appears startling me. I groan slamming my head against the door making Vision even more confused.

"I don't know Viz maybe it's because Wanda's locked me out I her room, I'm going through a mid life crisis, my dads an overprotective super soldier, and I can't faze through walls like you" I scream getting right up in his face.

"Maybe I could just go in for you" he states proudly. "No wait..." But it's to late he's already fazed through wall. Wanda releases a shrill scream, and I can only imagine what's happening.

"What are you doing" she shrieks. "Miss Rogers wished to speak with you..." He says calmly and even though I don't know what happened I still know he's oblivious.

"That doesn't mean you can walk through my wall" she shrieks again, and as quickly as he went in she shoves him back out.

After a few minutes she opens the door throwing it open dramatically before she steps aside. Her nostrils are flaring and her glare is tense, a she has one of the fluffy white towels wrapped around her hair.

"Oh my god were you... Naked" I cough out through giggles. "Yes I was and you let him" she scowls but there's a glint in her eyes.

"Hey he came in on his own" I tease and she turns a deep red. It then occurs to me that even though she's acting fine I see the cracks something's wrong.

"Wanda what happened?" I sit her down clasping my hands around her shoulders. Her eyes dart around looking anywhere but at me. Soon she breaks at she crumbles into me letting gentle tears run down her face.
"Nothing bad exactly, but ever since the incidence in Lagos everyone flinches every time I turn even my teammates. It's like I'm some ticking time bomb, and they're just waiting for me to go off. How am I supposed to trust myself and my abilities when no one else does, and I know they don't because I sense it they're terrified thoughts overpower my mind screaming and taunting me every time I try to say boo" she cries.

I notice that red sparks are starting to fly from her hands and small items are darting to float around the room, but I refuse to move. She needs someone to be her brick, and I understand what it's like to be looked at differently.

She clears her eyes and lets them meet mine. Curiosity sparking within them as to why I'm not cowering like everyone else. "You're... You're not" she stutters still hiccuping from her crying.

"No Wanda I'm not scared, and no one else should be either" I coo. She wipes her eyes straightening like she's suddenly uncomfortable. "What did you wanna talk about."

"I don't know it seems kinda small next to yours" I rub my shoulder blushing that I was so caught up in my problem I didn't even want to pay attention to hers. "No I need a distraction tell me" she's smiling but I'm not sure if its real.

"It's about Peter and... Me" I stutter feeling my cheeks heat up. "Let me guess your dad caught you two together so he got really mad and then you got in a fight" she stayed before I could tell her any more.

A chuckle escapes my lips"you forgot the part were he asked me out on a date tonight" I squeal. "And I wanted to ask you if you wanted to help me get ready, and then when you and Vision have your first date I'll return the favor."

She teasingly throws a pillow at me, but nonetheless we skip to my room even though its ten and Peter won't pick me up till three.
First Date

Peter's POV

Ten minutes. For ten minutes I've been standing outside her door hesitantly. My hand locking in position every time I lift it to knock. I twist the daisy bouquet nervously with my do hands.

I lift my arm fearful thoughts running through my head reminding me why this is a bad idea why I stopped doing this, but she's different when I see her my nerves that I feel vanish.

"Peter you should know that standing outside your dates door for ten minutes is a little creepy" Wanda's head pops around the corner a smirk clear as day.

"How'd you know I was?" I trail off frantically looking around to see if she had cameras somewhere. "I could sense your mind. It was kinda screaming." She drops her gaze obviously embarrassed that she just admitted to looking into my mind.

"I don't mean to its just happens when people near me are really loud." I nod understanding that sometimes your power does get a little out of control.

"Wanda is that Peter?" I hear Kelsey ask peeking around the corner. As she steps into the open I feel my mouth fall open. She lets her head droop in embarrassment letting her softly curled hair drape around her face.

Reaching out I grab her hand, and she slowly lifts her head revealing her soft skin covered with scatters freckles and a light blush. For once her eyes don't seem so busy like they have to look out for something. Instead they stayed fixed on me and were peaceful.

She glances towards the bouquet in my hand a grin playing on her lips. "Oh yeah these are for you" I blush handing her the bouquet and she excepts it happily.

"Bye Wanda" she chirps as we walk down the hall towards the kitchen where we're supposed to meet our dads before we leave.

I snake my hand into hers, and she jumps slightly a look of terror crossing her face before she looks at our hands. "I'm sorry you just startled me" she laughs still choking on her breath.

She takes my hand reassuringly plastering a smile on her face, but it's not her normal smile that's so real this ones full of pain. I nod not wanting to push her when we're supposed to e enjoying our date.

"Look there they are. Ooo lets get a picture" my da pipes up immediately leaping off the couch as soon as we turn the corner. Kelsey giggles considering my dads so ecstatic about us while hers has to be pushed off the couch by Sam and Nat.

I hesitantly wrap my arm around her waist for the picture, but Steve's eyes are piercing right through my soul and I can't help but gulp. "Parker." I whip my head around to meet hi intimidating gaze.

"Yes sir" I choke lifting my head to meet his gaze. He looks beyond me towards Kelsey, her and Nat are giggling about something oblivious to our conversation.

"Please just be the guy she needs. She's my everything and I can't do much to help with what's going but be her dad, while you can change everything for her" he sighs and I can see the desperation in his eyes. He just wants his happy little girl back.
"I promise." With that we wave goodbye and I lead her out down a path towards the edge of the forest that wraps around the compound. "Peter where are we going exactly?" She's skeptically making me smirk.

"That's for me to know and you to ins out." She groans dramatically, but when she looks back up we've reached our destination.

Kelsey's POV

I gasp taking in the scene there's vintage string light that are draped from a few trees, and what I'm pretty sure is his comforter laid across the grass but its the thought that counts. On top there's a beautiful woven basket with lilacs poking out and finally several petals are strewn across the premise.

"Peter it's beautiful." He slowly leads me towards the blanket sitting me down an carefully getting out the food from the basket. I avoid the disgusting churn in my stomach deciding a little bite wouldn't hurt considering he set this all up.

"You didn't have to do this..." I continue but he's stops me. "Yes Kelsey I did because you deserve this and it's about time you realize you do." He gently runs his fingers over my knuckle soothingly.

This is all so amazing but it's making me realize how terribly I really was treated before. How could I be so foolish to let them manipulate me like I'm some doll, but before I can fully freak out about it I look up to see what's in front of me.

His eyes which usually trap me pull me out from the dark place I was sinking into. "Strawberry?" He asks through a mouth full of them. I giggle excepting one, and avoiding how hard it is to force it down my throat and how it settles terribly.

"So tell me more about yourself" he chirps sitting Indian style with his elbows propped on his knees. "Not much to talk about" I shrug slightly chuckling at his eager expression.

"Well that's just about the biggest lie I've ever heard" he chuckles "tell me about dance." I consider this raising a skeptical eyebrow wondering if he really wants to talk about me.

"Well I've danced a since I was four learning ballet, jazz, tap, lyrical, contemporary, Latin, an hip hop. So that left me with a limited social life" I chuckle.

He nods a broad smile a spread across his soft lips. "What did you like to do growing up?" I ask not wanting this to be all about me. He looks down blushing deeply. "It's embarrassing I'm kind of a nerd."

Is it just me but is he really adorable when he gets nervous like the way he dips his head then runs a hand through his hair totally messing it up. "It's ok chicks dig nerds" I tease brushing a curl from his red face.

"I ran a blog..."

"That's cool I love blogs..."

"About your dad..."

"Ok that's weird what else did you do" I choke out through giggles tying my best to show that I don't think it's weird. "I built Lego sets, mainly Star Wars, with my best friend Ned" he whispers his face paling while still a deep red.
"I love Star Wars it's probably my favorite franchise ever" the gush spills from my mouth rapidly, but it's worth it when his face brightens the sun reflecting in his eyes.

"You're not just saying that to make me feel better?" He questions eyebrows furrowed Han pressed under his chin. "Of course just ask my dad" I scoff "like I said nerds are adorable."

He pops probably his twentieth cracker in his mouth smiling proudly with his cheeks stuffed with food which gives him the look of a chipmunk. "Don't tell me a girls never told you that before" I tease wanting to hear his answer but not at the same time.

"Well I've only ever went out with one other girl, and it was more for my name than for me. So..." His eyes sadly drift back to the compound, and for the first time I see literal metal pain within them.

"Well I for one think you're handsome, and not just because of your name, your money, or that you're spiderman. I like you because you're you, the way you run your hand through your hair when your worried or nervous is adorable, or when you're worried about me you warp you arms tightly around my waist with pure fear in your eyes. The way you're willing to risk everything for everyone and that's not spiderman that's you Peter."

"I think you're beautiful everything about you even you're pain that you carry from your past, and don't deny it because I see the way that you flinch when surprised, but that doesn't make any less beautiful it just makes you you. One day I hope that you trust me and move on from this dark place because you deserve so much more, and I'll be here waiting for you helping you get out."

Happy tears, for once, prick the corners of my eyes, an key them slide down my cheeks not sacred to show them even I the past says its a sign of weakness it's who I am. Peter gently pulls me towards him, and we fall back on to the blanket with his arms around my wait and our hands locked together.

My hair spirals across his chest, and he nuzzles his head into it and inhales deeply making me giggle because it tickles. "Thank you" I whisper staring up at the blue sky with the clouds bouncing around. "For what?" He responds in the same whisper not moving a muscle. "What you said, how you can read me, just everything you do I just hope what you said comes true." Nuzzling into the crook of his neck now I inhale admiring his scent.

"Do you trust me?" His voice is so gentle and distant I almost didn't hear it. "Of course I don't know why, but I don't think I need to know."

We lie there in silence occasionally pointing out a cool cloud, but it's mostly silence with the rustling of leaves and the wind swooshing in occasionally until his phone goes off.

He scrambles up to get it, but his face drops slightly before he picks up his backpack and himself back up. "That was my alarm telling I had to get to the city." And he almost looks sorry.

"I feel bad leaving you..."

"Then don't" I quip feeling slightly mischievous. He returns back from changing behind a tree his mechanical eyes squinted at me like he's trying to be intimidating.

"Kels can't take you with me. What do you expect me to do sit you in he corner and tell thugs 'hey don't touch my super attractive date" he counters crossing his arms.

"One your not very intimidating, and two that sounds like a good plan." He throws his head back releasing a groan. "Do you expect me to head back to the compound all by myself how am I supposed to explain that to out dads" I argue copying his intimidating posture.
He mumbles a quick fine, and almost immediately I start jogging towards the garage. "Wow if we're doing this we're doing it right" Peter laughs halting me.

He grabs my hand and I literally have no time to process what's happening because before I know it we're as swinging from tree to tree.

"Holy shit Peter warn me next time" I shriek tightly sealing my eyes shut as he chuckles tightening his grip on my waist. I clasp my hands tightly around his neck fearful to look down.

"Sorry beautiful but we'll be there soon so just relax and take in the view." I nod popping my one eye open to gaze down at the ground below, and I'll admit it does make swinging from trees more enjoyable.

If I looked up then I could make out the tiny outline of Albany the crisp blue sky cutting the horizon like a knife.

Time skip

Peter's POV

So far it's been a slow night, and with Kelsey here that's a blessing in disguise. She doesn't seem bored though instead she's over the moon admiring all of the city lights and asking me questions.

"Where are we going now?" She Questions letting her eyes drag across the busy streaked streets. She lifts her head meeting her eyes with mine letting the stars reflect off her face.

"It's a surprise" I tease and she playfully stuck her tongue out at me. "I just realized something" she gasps loosening her grip around my neck as we land on top of a bank. "We left the picnic out." I chuckle at how worried her face gets her forehead scrunching up.

"It's fine I'll get it tomorrow." I set her down hearing something clank against ground below us.

"Kels I'll be right back" I state and she nods understanding.

I crawl down the side of he building before dropping off in front of the door. Peeking through the window I see that they're heading towards me with garbage bags probably full of money, classy.

"Boo" I yell once they open the door. They freeze probably really surprised to see spiderman, but that gives me the perfect chance to jump on them, so I quickly shoot webs at the two guys on front guns and pull them away.

One of them, unwisely, attempts to throw a punch at me but I catch his fist before throwing him backwards into one of the back guys. I quickly web them together, and then I turn to the other two shooting a web at each. I pull them in doing a side flip over as they bonk each other in the head.

I web them all together and safely store the bags in the bank and webbing it to a wall to. The inner part of my ear twitches as sirens go off faintly in the distance. My stomach plummets as I scramble up to the roof as the painful ring gets closer.

They can't see especially not with me because if HYDRS saw, and it would be fault it would just break me. "Kels we gotta go like right now" I stated rushing over to her and quickly swigging up in the air with her.

"Peter we talked about this" she squealed making me smile sheepishly even I she couldn't see it. "Sorry it's just the police we're coming."
"And you don't want to get recognition for what you did?" She questions her face creasing. I laugh dryly "trust me they'll know." She nods dropping her head worried she crossed some line that she didn't.

"I'm sorry that I snapped, it's just that they already hate me and me being with you it would've been all over the media, and then HYDRA would know where you were..."

She leans up and lightly presses her lips against my masks cheek. "Peter it's ok really." And I nearly miss the next building from her sudden action not that I mind.

"Subject change, but I'm honestly relieved we don't run into any HYDA agents tonight" she sighs but she's still smiling. "They're patterns are weird thy almost line up with when our parents leave which I weird and I'm going to look into it once they leave."

She sighs letting her head droop Ono my shoulder. "Please just be safe." My heart jolts at how worried she sounds, and I wish I could erase all of it and assure her I'll be fine but that's not how the world works an dot sates me to.

For different reasons though. I'm scared that I won't return from a patrol and then she'll have no one to protect her and the city won't have anyone to protect it. I'm scared that if I go then my dad will totally lose it and return to his partying ruining everything he's worked to change. Life would go to hell if I died.

I can make out the compound in the distance an it's fading lights. Kelsey grip around me loosens startling me, and I notice its because she's fallen asleep considering her breathing gotten heavier.

'If she's amazing she won't be easy. If you give up your not worthy' dads word flash though my head. I won't give up on this beautiful girl in my arms because web though I've only known her for a few days I don't think I could survive a single one without her.

We need each other in some twisted way.
I don't know you?!?

Kelsey's POV

It's seven in the morning, and I'm in the kitchen leaning against Peter with the feeling that if I stand I'll collapse. My head pounds and when I move it seems to bounce off the walls of my brain scattering all of my thoughts. My stomach churns the two strawberries I ate last night sloshing around.

"Kels are you sure you're okay?" Peter asks hesitantly lifting my head so he can rest his hand against my forehead. "I just ate something bad." Or nothing at all.

It seems like I'm looking at a river because his face deforms and blurs as his voice becomes distant. I feel like I'm falling backwards and the space between Peter and I grows as I fall, and there it is the impact like I'm breaking through a floor of glass each shard stabbing deeper than the last.

"KELSEY!"

"What happened" I gasp against my scratchy throat. His eyes are panicked and streaked red with dark bags under his eyes. "I don't know I was gonna ask you the same question."

I release a shaky breath forcing myself, with the little energy I have left, to meet his eyes. "I swear its just a bug" I whisper weakly my shoes becoming very interesting. Peter yawns ready to protect but I stop him.

"Peter you're exhausted just go back to bed I'm fine" I grumble lying my head against the cool marble counter. "You're exhausted to I'm not leaving your side" he counters moving my back to his shoulder.

I want to move prove to him that he's wrong, so he'll go rest, but I can't stop shivering so I wrap my arms around his waist within his jacket and he pulls it around me.

"I don't know what you could've eaten to cause this since we skipped dinner, and I highly doubt a strawberry..." His voice faded as his eyes locked on my small wrists intertwined with his hands. He shouldn't be able to tell this early though, but by the fear in his eyes I know I'm caught.

"Kels when was the last time you had a real meal?" His voice trembles never lifting his eyes from my wrists. I pause my breath hitching how do I answer to where I'm being truthful, but I don't want to turn him away from me.

"Four ish days" I whisper unable to say anything else. He lets his eyes trail up my body from my hands and meets my own. They're broken and confused and I wish I could explain, but there's no excuse for what I've done.

"Why?" His voice breaks and you could see the gears turning with in his head so he could try to find a logical explanation. His vision seemed to fog as he looked right through letting his mouth drop slightly open to breathe in another shaky breath.

There's the dreaded question though, why. Why do I do what I do? Do I like to feel sick? Do I crave the feeling of nothingness swimming around in my stomach? Do I do it for attention?

Well I don't I hate the pain that comes with it, but sometimes I feel like deserve the pain like I'm cleansing myself. I hate never being full, but there's standards that I feel I have to live up to. I don't
do this for attention because I could stop I would, but it's just not that easy trust me I tried whenever I try to eat a meal I'd throw it up because my body wasn't used to the feeling.

"There's this voice inside my head..." I mumble after a long pause of silence. "When I suffered from anorexia a few years ago it started because people called me names like fat, so I turned to exercise. This voice just appeared one day whispering that I should go one more mile..." I cough my words forming a lump in my throat as the horrors unravel in my head.

"Slowly the voice got louder to the point were it convinced me to skip out on meals for days, and no one cared my dad was always gone and people at school just thought of it as a diet and so did I. After awhile though I just saw myself as fat wrote out reasons why I was and everything, and I just ignored the pain because the voice said it would all be worth it."

"After three weeks though My dad came and I could barely move and I was literally skin and bones, so I he quickly rushed me to a hospital and signed me up for therapy. The taunting at school soon stopped so it helped and I recovered, but I thought I escaped that portion of my life now I'm here back where I started."

"I could've helped" his voice as dry as my own throat. "I've known you for four days and you think I'm just gonna confess about my eating disorder." I growl an unknown rage building up inside me.

"Well no but we did go on a date I thought that counted for something." Peters puppy eyes bore into my own and reaches out pressing his hand to my cheek. "I'm sorry but the only person that really knew was my dad and that because he found me, and even at that I refuse to tell him what drove me to do it."

"Just promise me you'll try and fix it because I can't stand by and watch you harm yourself when I know there's something I could do..." His voice trails off and he lets his eyes faze past me at something deeper that I don't know.

"I can't have you do that when you have much bigger priorities than me, I mean you have to protect the world..."

"You are my world!" He yells his face flushing a deep red and his shoulders rise up and drop with a sharp exhale. I jump at his sudden outburst, but he's not mad instead he's more concerned over even horrified.

"I wish I could stop but it's harder than it looks." And before he can respond Sam and two guys I don't recognize enter the kitchen.

"Why are you up?" Sam growls sending me an exhausted glare. "She's sick" Peter quickly replies. "Well I don't care go be sick in your room" he spats stomping over to the coffee pot while the other two go and sit on the couch.

"But you're up now so we'll just torment you" I snap back. I stand Peter instantly getting up to steady me, but despite the pounding headache I assure him I'm fine as stumble to the other couch.

"Sick or drunk" one of the random guys whispers, and if I wasn't blurry eyed I would've smacked him. "Pete who's the girl?" The other slightly younger guy asks.

"Kelsey" I reply feeling slightly irked by the three of them. For crying out loud I want peace and quiet. "Warning she's grumpy in the mornings" Sam quips plopping down on the couch smirking at me.

I turn to Peter not able to handle Sam's cocky attitude any longer. "Why are people so much more
annoying when you're sick" I grumble falling against him and his arm instantly wraps around my hip.

"I didn't know Tony allowed you to have girls over" one of the guys laughs making Peter blush. "Well it wouldn't really matter since she lives here" he laughs along his smile crinkling his face.

There faces instantly dropped into a confused state trying to process what he said. This would be fun. "Could I get your names?" I giggle letting it ripple through my body.

"I'm Clint, better known as Hawkeye, or the one that keeps the team from falling apart" he chuckles reaching out to shake my hand, and push up forcefully hiding how much energy it took.

"Yeah right" Sam snorts making me jump back into my original position. "Then why does the whole team falls apart once I leave" Clint smirks leaving Sam mute.

"Well I'm Scott, or Antman whatever you wanna call me" he to chuckles reaching out for my hand.

"Now why are you here?" Clint questions twiddling a n arrow. Has he always had those? "Way to get straight to the point Mr. Barton" Peter chuckles tightening his grip as if I'll fade into oblivion.

"It's ok, this may be hard to believe at first since none of you knew I existed, but my dads Steve Rogers" I say blinking rapidly a few time as an attempt to gain back my vision.

Clint chokes on his coffee nearly spitting all over while his eyes widen and he leans forward like he didn't hear correctly. "You mean to tell me captain America, gods most riotous man, has a secret daughter" Scott proclaims letting his mouth drag along the floor.

I look up fixing my gaze right above there heads, so it gives an allusion that I'm thinking really hard. "Sounds about right" I shrug. Clint straightens never removing his eyes from me as he looks me up and down.

"I should've guessed she looks just like Sharon" he sighs smiling but there's a sad look in his eyes as he continues to stare. "Who the hells Sharon?" Scott shrieks making Sam and Clint roll on the floor with laughter, but they don't respond instead they leave him hanging.

"Why are you guys up?" Wanda suddenly growls entering with vision right on her heels. "Clint I didn't think we'd get to see you till the mission" she immediately becomes more awake sitting down next to the man.

"We haven't spent a lot of time together as a team, so I thought I'd come early" he smiles embracing her in a gentle hug. "This is my secret daughter" he laughs making Wanda hit him playfully.

I haven't seen her this cheery and alert since she came back, so it refreshing to see her so comfortable with someone other than vision and I, but her faces instantly falls once our eyes meet and I can since she's in my mind.

I mean thoughts are probably really awake even though my slumped posture and sick composure don't lead one to believe so. Her eyes darken and I can see that she struggling to contain her outrage which leads me I wonder how much she saw.

"Mr. Barton, Mr. Lang it is a pleasure to have you both here with us" visions statement causes us both to break apart and focus on the group again. Clint stares up at the tall AI simply unimpressed, and I wonder if he's protective over Wanda like my dad is over me.
"I don't like you" cling whispers glaring, and if it weren't for Scott holding him down he would've done something stupid. Wanda gasps slapping his arm again, but not so playfully "Clint!"

"It is quite alright Wanda" vision smiles an its hard to tell wether it's genuine or if he's just clueless. Maybe he's just trying to be a gentlemen in front of Clint since he seems to be her father figure, but then he turns to Wanda with the same smile an do know its real.

"Why is everyone up?" Nat hollers her red hair falling sloppily on front of her hazy eyes. My dads beside her, but quite the opposite instead he's widely awake, dressed, hair perfectly styled, and smiling bigger than the room.

"Wow we're you two sharing a room last night" Sam chuckles through a smirk making everyone choke. My snaps up intensifying the ringing, but I don't care does this mean they're together. I thought I was ready for this, but now that its happening I'm not.

"No no no no" Nat shrieks instantly waking up. "Why'd you think that?" My dad asks more calmly propping up against the couch next to Sam. "It's just that you came out at the same time which is a sign that you came from the same room" Sam explains in a duh tone but we all stare dumbfounded at him.

"You know how Peter and Kelsey were already here together I'm guessing they stayed in the same room last night." My dad raises an eyebrow at me, and I try my best to play it off as no big deal, but Scott and Clint howling like wolves fuels my fire.

"Or how Wanda and vision cane out together we can assume that they spent the night together." Wanda pales as Clint stands up abruptly nearly knocking the couch over. "You better shut up right now" he growls at Sam but he doesn't seem intimidated.

"And you I'll put an arrow through your head" he turns to vision before Scott and an embarrassed Wanda pull him down. "I would just like to clear that I did not spend the night with vision, while Kelsey and Peter..."

I scoff jumping up but there's no denying the truth, so why not fight fire with fire. "Well at least I didn't let Peter walk in on me naked like some people did" I smirk looking directly at Wanda. Clint looks like he's about to explode form the information while all Wanda and I can do is giggle hysterically.

"Why are you all interrupting my beauty sleep" Tony proclaims sunglasses hiding his tired face while Rhodey trudges behind him.

"Since they entered together does that mean they spent the night together to?" Nat asks innocently grinning at Tony triumphantly.

"I'm not even going to ask, but now that I'm up Kelsey I kind of wanted to have some sons girlfriend/ dad bonding time." As much as I want to say no I really should get to know Tony better besides Peter brightened instantly at the idea.

"That sounds great, and while you're out Peter and I will have some memorable bonding time" my dad offers smiling and I'm not sure if I should be scared of not, but Peter is I can tell by the way his whole body tensed.

"Great" we both squeak nervously locking eyes praying to each other that we neither one of us will die today.
Getting to know the father

Peter's POV

"So... Do you like sports like football?" Steve asks awkwardly twiddling his thumbs. We're in the kitchen eating lunch while kelsey and my dad are out. "No sports have never been my thing" I sputter trying to consider each word carefully.

His broad shoulders slump a small smile playing on his face like he's relieved, and he chuckles when he sees my confused complexion.

"Sorry kid it's just that I had a history with guys that were bigger than me, usually jocks, and I didn't want some jerk with there hands all over my daughter" he chuckles embarrassed like he's just confessed his bigger sin.

"But maybe times have changed..."

"Trust me times have not changed, and I understand what you're saying because I seem to be there number one target" I sigh and now it's Steve's turn to be confused.

"But you're a Stark shouldn't that alone make everyone shut up." And he's not trying to be funny his statement is genuine almost like he cares. "You'd be surprised how a fancy name can secure you friends and bullies for life." I try to play it off as if its nothing since this is captain America, and more importantly Kelsey's dad.

"I mean when your dad drops you off on the first day of fifth grade in his ironman man suit people are bound to torment you about it" I laugh dryly examining my sweaty hands.

"That doesn't make it right though" he counters, and shake my head. "It doesn't but I want to hear about your fights I mean mine are about Flash stealing my lunch money, so I'm sure yours are much more impressive."

"Yes fighting organizations like HYDRA are never easy but at least they have reasons for what they do, stupid reasons, but reasons while teens bully each other for the pure joy of seeing someone squirm" he sighs looking down at his own hands.

"When I was your age I was actually smaller than you, so I was an easy target with a big mouth that never knew when to stop." My stomach churns at the thought of standing up for myself, but I could never risk it.

"I wish I could stand up for myself but... I'm to weak" I sigh another response on the tip of my tongue. A statement that would give away my identity for sure because I can't fight because if I do it'll raise suspicions about my inhuman senses.

"Kid I'm sure you're smarter than any of those guys that pick on you, so maybe you can't resort to fist fight, but you can't out think them which is what matters the most."

I nod a smile playing in my lips because I actually could take them in a fist fight I even took with the captain in front of me, but he doesn't need to know that. All he needs to know is that I'm a gentlemen that's willing to do anything for his daughter.
"So why would did you do it again, I mean become ironman?" I ask curiously sipping my coffee. Tony took me to this nice little cafe on the outskirts of Albany. He said it was a nice way to get out of the compound without too much attention turning to us.

"I was captured several years ago, and was supposed to die but this guy he made a thin galled an arch reactor and implanted it within my chest to keep me alive. There leader wanted me to make them a missile, and I would be set free but I didn't want a weapon of that power in there hands considering they already had several of my weapons. So I built a suit that was powered by the reactor, and escaped. When I got home I declared that my company was no longer manufacturing weapons because I saw better way around it."

I nod listening intently while sipping the scourging hot beverage in my hands. I planned on getting a water, but remembered Peter and I's earlier conversation so I went for a simple latte. Now though I was regretting it as it sloshed lazily in my stomach, and burning and eating away at my gut.

"That's amazing" I chirp gulping away my guilt at not ordering a better beverage. "But enough about me tell me about the glamorous life of Kelsey Rogers." his smile is so sweet it gave me a cavity, but I can't read his real emotion through his sunglasses.

"First off my life's not glamorous" I correct him pointedly and he scoffs. "There's nothing special about a random girl that pretends she's nothing so her true identities protected. I wake up, go to school, deal with people's shit, go to dance, and then I go to bed."

My cheeks go up in flames as I explain why I'm so ordinary to a man of such power like Tony, but what really scares me is that he'll realize I'm no one special and not good enough for his son, and then it'll only be a matter of time before Peter realizes it to.

"I don't know kid hiding out like a spy sounds pretty glamorous" he teases raising his eyebrows with a playful smirk. "I'm no spy" I whisper blushing.

"No you're the daughter of the worlds greatest hero, and you've gone on this journey with him making you just as big of a deal as him."

My eyes graze up meeting his covered ones, and I'm sure I look surprised or in disbelief. "Peter's really lucky to have such a strong secure person in his life that's not me. After Liz..." I quirk an eyebrow and he immediately stops realizing Peter didn't tell me.

"He didn't tell you did he?" He sighs grinning apologetically. "It's scary opening up old wounds that you try to hide. I should know I have my own that I haven't shared" I sigh looking at the window and to the girl staring back at me. The girl that I've found so many things wrong with.

"I hope you to can be there and trust each other" Tony counters a kind smile gracing his lips.

"Mr. Stark, Christine Everhart from vanity fair magazine" a feminine voice calls from behind me making me duck so my blonde hair falls in front of my face.

"O my friggin god" he groans dropping his head, but picks it up with a fake smile once she approaches. "You probably don't remember me."

"Oh trust me I do" he states through gritted teeth and its hard hard not to giggle. "I just wanted an interview" she pouts, and roll my eyes at how dramatic and childish she is.

"As much as I would love to I'm kind of busy" he interjects trying to shoo her away. She glances

Kelsey's POV
down at me a surprised irritated look crossing her face like she just realized I was there.

"Being a cougar are we Mr. Stark" she quips glaring directly at me. We both scoff and I want to scream I'm dating his son, but I don't know that'll go over.

"She's a family friend" he clears his throat, and the statement isn't false it's just not the complete truth. "I see but I'm sure that's not the complete truth" she smirks at how I tense under her lazed gaze.

"I'll just right a story about how’s she's dating your son which is probably bullshit because he's a cutie, but isn't that what you and you're team do. Feed us bullshit through the media so we hop on your bandwagon of avenging."

With that she struts off her geek clicking through my head as I cringe at the thought of what I'll find on the news tomorrow.

Time Skip

"So how'd it go?" A sweaty, still half spiderman, Peter asks. After our run in at the cafe we finished eating before Tony himself went in to talk to the people at vanity fair. It took a few, a couple hundred thousands, and a fake interview to convince them not to print the story, but it would be worth it.

So when I got back it was six, and Peter was already out protecting the city so waited until he came tapping on my window like usually does.

"It was actually until this reporter showed up. She's totally a skank she just gave me that vibe" I rant glaring at the memories of her face. Peter chuckles sitting down beside me.

"And did you get a babe of this so called 'skank'" he continue to laugh as he grabs my hands in his striking mins with his calloused fingers.

"I think her name was Christine Everhart" I growl. His eyes widen "yeah she's totally a skank." Now I giggle as his faces squishes I to disgust.

"Tell how'd it go with my dad. Obviously you're still alive so I'm guessing well” I tease and his face releases as he instantly perks up.

"Great actually I think we reached a new level understanding which reminds I need to ask you something." His cheeks are pink and I think his smiles bigger than his face right now as he gazes into my eyes.

"Kelsey I know our lives don't leave much room for normal, but when I'm with you I forget everything and I truly just enjoy your company. I promise I'll protect you with my life because I wouldn't be able to live without your smile lighting up my day. I know that we've only known each other for four days, but I truly believe your the one for me because I've started to let go of the past and all I want to do is hold on to you, so I guess what I'm trying to say is Kelsey will you be my girlfriend?"

I pretty sure my body numb against his as he asks me, and even though I saw it coming from a mile away I still wasn't prepared. I wasn't prepared for him to say all those beautiful because now I'm speechless unable to speak my own feelings or even answer his question.

"Sure" I finally breath out breathless In pure bliss. His face lights up again and he tackles me in sweet hug and we collapse onto my bed still laced together.

Maybe letting go of my past won't be to hard when I have someone to hold on to.
Everyone runs from the monster

Kelsey's POV

"Dad please be careful" I whisper against his suited shoulder. He firmly wraps his arms around my torso giving me a reassuring squeeze. I'm not sure why this gets harder every time he leaves, but it's like my mind's convinced that every mission he survives he'll more likely to die the next time.

"I will" he whispers against my neck, but it doesn't make me worry any less. "Be safe yourself Kels. That means stay within the compound, and I'm going to have agents check on you everyday." He pulls away from our hug sternly looking me in the eyes probably trying to calm his own nerves.

"Dad I'm going to be here with Peter" I state in a duh tone, but his eyes stay unamused. I scoff slapping his arm which didn't affect him at all.

"I'm kidding he's a nice kid" he smiles genuinely, but I'm willing to test the truth of that statement. "Really well then you'll be glad to hear that we're officially together" I sigh dramatically.

"You hear that Parker she's not allowed to leave the premises" my dad surprisingly chuckled as Peter approached us. He nodded as a response while wrapping his arms loosely around my waist and resting his chin on my shoulder.

I leaned back pressing my neck against his upper chest his scent hitting me quickly at the sudden contact. Tilting my head up I softly press my lips to his flushed cheek earning a few whistles.

"I think I just threw up a little" I hear Sam whisper not so quietly to Clint and Scott. Turning my attention to him I stick my tongue out letting my eyes pierce through his soul.

"Please just agree to keep the kissing, and all that stuff that you teens do now to a minimal" dad sighs a defeated look in his eyes, but he's still smiling.

Now I'm blushing deeply considering we've never actually kissed. "Dad we're not there yet" I whine tucking my flushed face in Peter's chest.

"As much as I hate to break this up Capsicle, we really need to go if we plan to catch these idiots" Tony says his eyes flickering to me apologetically.

I break away from Peter to receive one more hug from my dad, and try to convince myself that this would be easy for him. He releases me, but before I have time to adjust to not being held Wanda attacks me in a bone crushing hug that I stumble backwards for.

"Easy girl" I giggle as she squeezes tighter. Her eyes are sealed tightly refusing I let any tears fall. She had grown so used to Kelsey being naturally comfortable with her, and now she was being thrown back into a world were no one trusted her.

"It'll be okay" I whisper so only she can hear as I stroke her hair tangling my fingers in her long locks. She releases me when someone harshly clears their throat.

Nat stands there fiddling with the gadgets on her suit. She looks up our eyes connect, and again I'm enveloped. In someone's body. "Please..." I choke out as my heart beat increases.
She nods understanding what I'm asking even though I can't say anything else. We let go and they set off to the quinjet the mission heavy on there minds.

Each person considers what they're risking family, lives, security; but the same time they're gaining so much more by taking a risk.

Time Skip

Peter's POV

They've been gone for an hour, but she's in the same spot they left her with her arms wrapped rightly around her waist like someone's still hugging her.

"Kels come eat some yogurt" I yell from the kitchen but she doesn't even move an inch, so I go grab her frail wrist and drag her into the kitchen.

"Eat" I demand directing my gaze to the small bowl of strawberry banana yogurt with some granola sprinkled on top. She gulps like she's trying to prepare herself, but instead of eating she fiddles with spoon.

"Kels please help me, help you" I sigh exasperatedly directing my hands between us. She leaves her head drooped like its loose on its hinges.

"Please look at me" I cry walking around the counter, and I wrap my arms around her shoulders. "Do you think there's something wrong with me" she whispers never looking up.

Freezing I'm silent and I feel her tense under my arms probably at my silence. "No of course not I..."

"Do you think I'm a monster then" she growls tightening her grip on the poor spoon. "Where are you getting this?" I plead trying to turn so she's facing me, but she doesn't budge.

"That's what everyone says when they find out, then they leave me behind to fend for myself. My closest friends taunted me for it, so I swore that I'd hide it from there on out considering it was the best for me and the world. Then my dad found me..."

Her eyes stay fixed on the bowl as she gazes through it lifelessly. Her bright orbs seem hollow without her energy as she sits like stone in my arms. "Everyone runs from the monster like they're a disease."

"I promise I will hold on to you and protect and do anything in my power to help you. You mean everything to me Kels, your eyes brighten my day, your eyes light up every room, and your charisma's what drives me out of bed every morning."

Slowly she adjusts her head like its ridged. "You promise." There are her beautiful eyes full of hope and cheer. "I do" I shrug as if its obvious. She smiles slightly loosening her grip on the spoon.

Lifting it up with a small scoop of yogurt she slowly sets it in her mouth forcefully swallowing it. It wasn't much but it's a start. I squeeze her hand reassuringly and she leans back against me, and now I press a chaste kiss to her cheek.
I'm here for you

Kelsey's POV

Day one I wonder around aimlessly like a lost puppy with Peter on my heels trying to make sure I take care of myself. Thank god he's always here.

Day two I dance all day to the point were I collapse on the floor in exhaustion, and immediately I'm in Peters arms as he cradles me whispering stuff like how he wishes I would take care of myself. But that's why he's here.

Day three I cry all day long because there has been no call, no news broadcast, not even a forsaking article. Peter distracts me though with a Star Wars marathon. What would I do if he wasn't here.

Day four Tony calls but I can't talk to my dad because he's busy, and someone's probably tracking the call. So we hang up with the news that they have to head to California, but sense my dads gone to talk peters here.

Day five he heads out early mumbling crap a out HYDRA, and lie awake all night because I'm to afraid that the dreams will come back. However seeing Peter's battered body is worse, but he brushes me off with I'm fine and a terrified look, and leaves the room. That night he's not there.

Day six I find him in the lab with bloodshot eyes and deep bags, but he's moving quickly with frazzled fingers. I knock on the glass holding up some breakfast but he waved it off. "Peter where were you?" I ask through the glass. "Helping" he mumbles over and over like he's trying to convince himself. "But you weren't there last night, and everything came back."

"I'm sorry but this has to be done its important" he states not even looking up from the holographic screens. "I thought I was important."

"You are that's why I'm doing this" he screams at the screen shoving everything off the desk. He collapses against the glass divider between dropping his head in his hands.

I join him on the floor pressing my back to the glass like he's doing while resting my head against it. His hit breath dogs the glass as he turns into the sane position I'm in.

"We're a mess" I chuckle and agrees. "But I'm here for you" I whisker. "And I'm here for you."

Day seven is when they come.
Focus on me

Kelsey's POV

One minute I'm alone making dinner, and then the next HYDRA has somehow miraculously infiltrated the compound, but this time I'm not gonna be so lucky to have my dad break through the window.

"Hi Kelsey Rogers it's a pleasure to be able to stand in your presence." A tall slender man steps forward graciously offering his hand, but I step farther away.

He chuckles deeply "try anything and we'll kill your spider friend on the spot." I feel my heart flop through my body to the ground leaving me helpless against them.

I don't know what they want from me though I'm nothing special. I'm just the daughter of someone special. They cuff me and drag me down the corridor towards the monsoon of helicopters and quinjets, but the world passes in a blur and I don't remember a single thing after I left the compound.

Almost like I stopped living letting my body shut down as there was no point I'm already dead in the hands of these men.

Little speckles of black appear blocking my vision, and I'm not sure if someone's killed me or if I'm literally shutting myself down.

Time skip

A scream escapes my lips as a random energy source serge's through my body waking me up. I twist helpless realizing my hands are bound above my head and my feet dangling mere inches from the floor.

My eyes sag like they drugged me, and my vision is a blur. Lifting my heavy head I try to take in my surroundings as the world starts to clear.

The room is dingy and small with a dim light illuminating it. There are two men standing in the far corner one in the typical all black get up, and the other in a pristine white lab coat. They're wearing malicious smirks that make my stomach flop repeatedly.

It's the clanking of chains that aren't my own that pull me out of my daze. Next to me bound to the exact same metal pole is Peter.

His face is beaten badly, and his hair is sticking to the blood coating his forehead. He's littered with bruises, but his clothes are oddly untouched and very clean. The contrast almost seems wrong when together.

"Kelsey" he croaks lazily lifting his head "I'm so sorry." He leans like he's trying to reach out and grab me, but his shackles pull him back. I droop into my aching arms the weight holding me starting to hurt.

"Ah isn't this cute. I hope your parents listen so I won't have to kill you." The guy dressed in black pushes of the wall spitting below peters feet.

I refuse to respond the impact of the moment terrifying me into silence. My ears clog as the man continues to talk. All I hear is Peters soft voice.
“Sir they’ve arrived” a soldier approaches the entrance saluting. "Project this over the speakers” he commands gesturing to bunch of equipment.

"Avengers, I've waited a long time for this moment, so why don't you come inside and we'll discuss this like adults, and if you hurt a single one of my men I'll blow your daughters head off. That's right Steve I've finally gotten your one weakness now civilly enter through the door and my men will escort you to your children."

His voice is hoarse with a thick accent as he grows louder with each word. "Don't touch her!" Peter snarls fighting against his restraints. A click rings through my ears forcing me to lift my head weakly, and there the man is holding a gun to peters head a malevolent look in his eyes.

"You seem to forget boy that you're locked up, and I'm free to do what I want." Peter is as still a stone even when the man presses the gun harder against his skull. My throat goes dry here I am watching my worst nightmare come true.

"Put the gun down" a slightly robotic voice demands. I look up hating how hopeful I am, but there they are decked out in there superhero garb. Tony stands to the front with my dad with his hand held high towards the man.

"Kelsey" my dad croaks regret crossing his face. It is true I am his one weakness, and I hate that. I hate that I’m apparently special all of a sudden and it's to tear my dad apart.

"Take another step captain and I'll put a bullet in this boys head right now." Everyone stays still like we're all waiting for someone else to step up and speak. "Is this really necessary" Nat speaks up obviously irritated.

"Why don't I just explain it to you?" The man asks loosening his grip on the gun, but not releasing it. "Great I'll take a seat then" Clint growls with an annoyed eye roll.

"I just want to let you know that this wasn't always the plan; to destroy the avengers and there loved ones. It was to eliminate anyone who stood in our way, and you've done that one to man times now” he seethes once again tightening his grip on the gun.

Tony opens up his helmet revealing his snarling bruised face. "Don't you dare hurt him” he growls. The guy smirks letting his finger play with the trigger to tease everyone which didn't surprise me, but what did was Peter.

Even as the gun was pressed deeper into his skull his face stayed solemn refusing to give any trace of satisfaction to these a monsters. "But Peter too has gotten in our way many times, and killing him would be a great way to destroy you."

"What do you mean?” Wanda gasps her accent lacing through her words as speaks up. "I forgot Peter didn’t tell you his secret. What do ya say Pete should we reveal it now?” He chuckles at how confused and worried they look, but more at how he finally got Peter to squirm.

"Give me one good reason why I shouldn't kill you now” tony screams bravely stepping forward. "Because you all want to know the why behind this, and I'll say it's quite a good story" he chuckles again but more towards my horror.

"I'm surprised you never noticed Tony what your son was doing right under your genius nose. Then again you were probably too busy to say good morning.” Tony's glare intensifies as this strangers spat cruelly at him.

I hear Peters quite rigid breaths, but no one else does. Then again I'm trying my best to pick up on
"Did the late nights, and bruised body always miraculously slip your mind, or are you just a really bad father? More importantly how could your only son, your only family do this to you especially when you're the man you are how could your son not tell you he was spiderman."

His words slip out like acid causing us both to wince as each avengers face changes. "You're lying" Tony screams making the aching feeling in my abdomen worse.

"But I'm not" he simply tosses the bloodied and ripped suit at Tony's feet grinning at how he crumbles. "Dad I can explain..."

Tony lifts the suit pulling it closely to his body like he's holding Peter himself. "Why didn't you tell" the hurt evident in his voice as his runs his hand over one of the torn parts of the suit.

"I didn't want you to worry about me when you have so many other things to..." Peter chokes but Tony butts in. "That's bullshit Peter and you know it. You're my son, and the only thing I worry about. You knew I wouldn't let you do it because of this" he screams gesturing around.

"I was just trying to protect Kelsey like you said..."

"I didn't mean like this. By putting your own life on the line why would you do this to me." A few tears slide down his eyes and carelessly hang out there probably to taunt Peter.

"I did it for you dad" he bellows both of them probably forgetting the gun that is being held to his head. "I knew you were being blind sided so I decided to help by attacking the group that came out to the city every time you guys left, but each time they got closer and they brought to many men I just..."

Peter chokes over his words hesitantly lifting his head to meet his dads eyes. "I just I don't know what to think especially since I didn't want this for you" tony too chokes. His eyes longingly look at his son like he wants to wrap his arms around him but he sadly can't. "I'll explain everything later, I promise."

"As great as this is to watch the ironman cower helplessly I have business to do" the man speaks up with a wicked cackle.

A random arrow zooms by barely missing him, but with zoom it hits the floor beside him. "I thought didn't miss ?" He smirks but so does Clint. "I don't."

"Neither do I." With that there's a slight impact right above my elbow. With wide eyes I gaze down at the seeping wound that sends a wave a pain through my body. I wither in pain wanting to curl up and clutch it. I want to release my scream that I'm biting back because my dads looking at me so helplessly.

"I have your while lives in my hand, so I'd make your team behave." I whimper to Peter as he stares worrily at the blood gushing from the wound forgetting once again the gun held to his head. The pain gets worse as my arm gets more tired, and it grows weaker by the minute like it'll give out.

"With your leaders helpless at the loss of there children you'll have no choice but to quit, and if you don't I'll kill all the people you love" he glowers specifically eyeing Clint who squeezes his bow angrily.

"Why not just kill us" my dad cries never letting his eyes leave me like if he turns I'll be gone like I was never there. "So many have tried gods, robots, a man almost had you kill each other. Besides
watching you suffer from your worst nightmare would be much more pleasing." "You're a monster" Wanda bellows stepping forward some more. He grimaces like he's white fond if the idea. The voices drown out as a faint whisker like your conscious appears ready to tell you it's tone to go.

"Kelsey it's me Scott, but don't look down at your shoulder. I'm going to unlock your shackles, but you have to hold on until the signal is given." I soak in the information knowing its the only chance I have even if I'm imagining it.

"I want their deaths to be slow and painful, and I want all of you to see it and to know you did this to them." I feel a weight release from my arms but I hold on strongly with the life I have left.

"Please don't do this" my dad tries reason for the hundredth time as an attempt to stall. "Captain don't act like you walk away from any situation peacefully."

"My daughter has done nothing wrong she is a defenseless victim that didn't ask to be apart of my life." He again does that weird twisted grin like he celebrating his victory.

"Yet you pulled her into this life, you were to busy focusing on everyone else to know we were playing her the entire time. Waiting until she was weak, until she was alone to strike. She didn't ask for this but she's still going to pay."

Out of nowhere a gust of red energy blasts from Wanda knocking Peter and I both free and pushing the guy back. I look up to see Scott appear and grab his gun pointing it at him.

I turn to see everyone now guarding the door waiting for any agents to come checkup to see what the noise was.

"Kels are you okay" Peter crawls to me pulling me close, and covering my arm with his hoodie. "I'm fine are you okay" I weakly lift my hand to caress his dirty cheek. "Nothing I'm not used to" he leans his forgets against mine gently.

The dust grows around us as does the sound, but I focus my eyes on Peters to worried to look down when I find this world the two of us are just in so comforting.

"I'll protect you" he whiskers still cradling my arm in his hoodie. I can't have him do that though when he's in condition he's in. "I can protect myself" I counter engulfing a huge amount of dust from the fighting below.

"Focus on me" but his voice is nothing but a whisper as my eyes zone in on my dad and Nat. I'm sure it's an easy fight, yet they're clearly outnumbered. If only I wasn't nothing then I could help; fight my own battles and stop being the damsel.

"Kels please focus on me I promise they're fine, but there's nothing you can do in this condition." He lies his forehead against mine pulling back my focus.

The crusty blood coating his forehead scrapes mine, and I can't help but touch his bloody skull as tears prick my eyes. "I'm fine" he smiles attempting his to convince me, but I've been the one who patches him up.

I can read through his cheesy smile and Carmel eyes. I can look beyond his calming voice, and see the pain that he thinks he has to hide. "No you're not, but neither am I."

"So this is probably the worst timing, and it's probably to soon, but I was just held at gun point for
thirty minutes so I say screw waiting because we never know what our last words will be" he pauses pulling in a shaky breath.

"What I'm trying to say is that that guy just held a gun to my head, and I knew my life was over, and I regretted all things I never did. Then he lifted the gun from my head and my senses overloaded with each churn of the weapon, and then your life flashed before my eyes."

"I didn't I'd ever get to hold you or wake up to your freckled cheeks again, but I also realized how much you meant to me, and how much you changed me so I worried that I'd never get to tell you how I feel. I worried I would live everyday without you by side and realized how'd it would never work."

"I love you Kelsey, an you don't have to say it back, but I have to tell you." I sit here cluelessly staring up at him as I wonder if I heard him properly, or maybe we've inhaled to much dust and are now going insane. No matter what he situation is I'm going with the words I thought he said and living in the moment because I got shot today.

I gingerly press my hand to his non scabbed cheek closing the last bit of space between us as I brush our dry lips together. He takes the lead slowly pulling me in while still cradling me in his arms. Our lips move in harmony to ruckus below us.

I pull away with a shy smile, but collapse against him the ability in my other arm giving out. "Are you two okay?" Wanda winds the corner with Nat sharp on her heels.

"We're fine for now, but what happened?" I croak blinking rapidly to clear my eyes. "Nothing interesting" Wanda shrugs with a smirk.

"Your dads took a hit though not physically though" Nat whispers hoisting me up. My body feels numb almost like I don't exist. We dodge unconscious bodies scattered across the room as we make our way to the exit, and to the team.

My dad running towards me panicked was the last thing I remembered before I slipped.
Kelsey's POV

My eyes slowly adjust to the familiar bright room, and consciousness takes over sending my body into a frenzy as energy spills through me. Breathless I try to sit up but two different sets of hands gently press me back down.

“Woah not so fast Kels” I think my dad states locking his much larger hand with mine once I'm settled back down. “What happened, how long have I been out of it, and where am I?” I ask trying to observe the still slightly blurry room.

“You passed out from excessive blood loss, it's only been a day, and we're in your room” Nat pipes grabbing my other hand, and as my vision comes back I notice the terrified looks on their faces. The way they look at me like I'll break any moment is what I didn't want to happen. I don't want people walking around on eggshells for me because I'm fragile, and not everyone has to suffer with me.

“The doctor also told us something very scary” my dad whispers so quietly it echoes of the walls taunting me. I release a breath I didn't know I was holding trying my best to compose myself even though I most likely look like a mess. “And what would that be?”

The question slips my tongue and probably comes off as snarkier than what I wanted it to be. However I'm scared I could be dying, I may never walk again, out maybe they found out what I was trying to hide.

“The doctor said your lacking iron, your anemic, and your blood pressure is dangerously low” my dad states his voice back to a normal, but this time he refuses to meet my eyes probably dreading the news he knows that will come. “Kels I thought we fixed this.” And his voice is back to barely audible.

I inhale slowly feeling the fresh air scrape my dry throat, and I release it just as soon as the air tickles it probably looking breathless and drowning. “I was the taunting stopped, the therapy was working, and to make everything even better you were home more, but everything that went down with David this week just brought back all of those old wounds, and I should've told you but I didn't want you worrying about me since you were so freaked out already.”

As I go on my eyes look anywhere but at the two spies drowning in my own regret as each word presses harder on my chest. When I finally I do look up and risk a glance into Nats eyes there's nothing but regret pooling in them just like my own.

“Kels you have to tell me these things. What would have happened if I lost you? What would I have done then?” Honestly I never thought of it that way, and now I feel even more guilty. How could I be so self centered?

Before I can answer he wraps his much larger arms around me cradling my head against his chest, and I swear his body is shaking because he's crying. “We're here to help Kels, that's why you have us.” I look up through my father's arms to see Nats smoothly blotchy face wick is something I thought I would ever see.

“I promise I'll try harder, and I'll talk to you guys about these things” I all but plead oddly fearing an
angry outburst from either one of them even though they would never do that. Then my dad's face softens as if he finally realized that I'm okay and I'm not going anywhere as he presses a soft kids to my forehead.

“I love you” he says firmly his evenly blue colored eyes shift between Nat and I making me wonder if I'm the only one he's saying it to.

Peter's POV

“Dad how many times do I have say I'm sorry, and that I was going to tell you” I embarrassingly whine but I'm desperate here. “You can stop saying it because it's not going to change anything. You still did it, you didn't tell me you can't change that Pete.”

He grips his desk knuckles practically white eyes twisted into an unreadable expression that I can't even crack as he glares at the still bloody and torn spiderman suit. I know from experience that when he gets like this it's best to let him be, but this time I'm the reason he's like this.

So I risk it inhaling deeply attempting to look at neutral as possible. “Well what can I do to make it better?” God why is my voice so quiet I'm never going to convince him to let me do this if I break down in front of him.

“Give me the suit, and stop being Spiderman simple as that” he states as calmly as he can, but can her the venom leaving it's easy through his words. However I'm too shocked to care.

“You can't do that” I scream after a few minutes disappointed in my attempt to change his mind. Finally he turns to me, and I can see that he's not mad more like hurt very very hurt. “That's how it works, you run around in a ridiculous spandex suit and then I take it away. Don’t you dare tell me what I can and can not do when in it regards your safety.”

My face in on fire smoke most likely seeping through my ears as he continues to sit venom. “So now you care about my safety” I scoff under my breath no longer having control over running mouth. However my words are still caught by my dad, and anger finally crosses his face, but I can't back down now.

“You've never cared before you're always gone off on some meeting, or when you used to go out and party never coming home until midnight always leaving your five year old son with no one but Jarvis…”

“That was a long time ago Peter you know I would do anything for you” he practically hollers a single tear running down his cheek as he steps closer causing me to step back. “But it happened, and let's not forget when you gave a terrorist your address, our address. Or when you created Ultron and I was just downstairs. Oh let's not forget when you decided to recruit Spider Man did you not recognize my voice, my body shape, all of my little quirks that no one else does when they're nervous.”

It's not until I'm done ranting that I notice that I'm in my dad's face as he stands there letting every word sink in. “I always thought about you” he whispers tearing his eyes from mine in slow motion.

“Yeah I'll admit I never did the right things, but I always went back to your safety that's what drove me to go to such extreme levels. I am Iron Man, and more importantly your dad, I'm supposed to keep you safe away from my life because I never wanted you to see the desperate faces of civilians that you couldn’t save just before they die. I never wanted you to see your worst fears come true, and most importantly I didn't want to you to see your own blood on your hands.”
We stare at each other built up anger fading as we come to an understanding, but both to stubborn to mention it first, so instead I push on but in a more calm manner. “Dad let's be honest the avengers don't protect everyday people. Who's going to be the one to make sure that people can walk home safely, or can safely store they're money in bank. Who dad if it's not going to be.”

He refuses to speak still being stubborn same as I, but instead of looking at me now he's turned the other way as if guilty. “Now I just hope that I can get the world to a point where she won't have to look over her back just go to the store” I whisper meekly noticing how dads first clench at his side.

“My daughter if it's you who is going to be that person, and with your dad. "

“Do you even realize the words that are coming out of your mouth?” He finally states quietly but still with just as much intensity as before. With this he pushes off of his desk scrambling towards me, and seeing his white knuckles on my shoulders like he's fine so many times today.

With this he pushes off of his desk scrambling towards me, and seeing his white knuckles on my shoulders like he's fine so many times today.

He seems to be searching my eyes waiting for me to yell surprise it was all a prank, but I can't. “Every time you go on a mission I worry that you're not going to come back, and what if the one time something goes wrong I could've prevented it. How am I supposed to live with that guilt?”

His face softens for a second time seeming to still as he seems to understand giving me hope for my situation. “You can't stop me, I am Spiderman.” And with that I walk out of the lab hoping that since I got the the last words in it'll help me.

My feet lead me to the one place I've avoided the past day, but I can't seem to hold myself back anymore. My hand grabs the cool metal handle attached to the door I've come to love opening. Except for today.

Now I'm craving her presence even if she's not awake I just need to be beside her.

Before I can push the door open by myself it's pulled from my grasp revealing Steve and Nat who don't look any more thrilled than I do. I step aside letting them walk out quietly before I take there spot in the doorway.

To my surprise she's sitting up glass eyes fluttering closed every other second, but she's up, and that's all I need to run to her side and securely wrap my arms around her petite frame. She jumps at first, but relaxes once she realizes it's me grip tightening like she's as desperate as I am.

“I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm…”

I fondly press my lips to hers for split second before calling her even closer to me. “Why are you apologizing?” I ask not able to keep from smiling at how sweet she is no matter what the situation. She sighs hiding her face in my chest as if to escape our reality.

“I'm not even sure I guess just for everything” her voice is muffled but I make out every word as I run my hands through her hair untangling it from her rest. “It's okay it's not like any of this is your fault.” She hums into my sweatshirt as if not completely agreeing with me, but I don't press the issue knowing stress is not what she needs.

“What did your dad say about the whole Spiderman ordeal?” She and finally lifting her face from my chest to stare into my eyes. At the mere mention of the situation my jaw tightens, but the rest of my body stays relaxed.

“I'm going to keep doing it no matter what, so he's either going to help, or I'm going to do it on my own.” Her face creases as if considering my answer before she turns slightly frowning. “Why are you so heroic all the time.” She states more to herself than me. Before I can respond she's leaned back against me.
“It's okay though it's one of the reasons for why I love you.” She turns ocean blue eyes so clear I see my own reflection in the mirror, and despite the past I know she's struggled with she seems so sure, so free in this moment.

“I love you too” I respond just as confidently, and she leans up capturing my lips again. “I'm glad I held onto us” she mumbles against my lips, and I honestly couldn't agree more.

Chapter End Notes

That's officially it for this story sorry I didn't post it sooner, but honestly I'm just glad I got it up lol.
I am moving all of my stories to Wattpad because I like the site better. I have already published a sequel for this book on Wattpad and it is completed. It follows the events of infinity War with a few twists of my oww, and it is called Ashes. I hope you all take the time to go read it and thank you for all the support on this book.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!