Accidental Attachment

by penguinlover_7

Summary

You pay an unexpected visit to the Avengers tower on accident. You meet everyone, but there's something fishy about that Spider-Man guy in specific. At school, you seek help from your best friend Peter Parker, in finding out the superhero's identity.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Strange Arrival

"Do you think she's even alive?"

"Shut up, okay? Don't say that. Just... check her pulse."

"I'm not going to touch a dead body. That's extremely unsanitary."

"Quit being a little baby and do it."

"Why don't you?"

"Because you're the reason she's unconscious, now get to it."

"Fine."

Just who were those voices? You opened your eyes slowly—curious to find out. Laying on the ground, you were surrounded by a bunch of adult faces. Wait, you knew those faces! You had seen them on television so many times. The Avengers. However, what was going on?

Hearing a bunch of gasps escape from them, they continued to stare. You'd be lying if you said that the situation wasn't awkward at all. You blinked.

"See?" a man said with a shrug. He looked an awful lot like Tony Stark. He even had his Iron Man suit on. "Didn't have to check her pulse. Ha."

"Be quiet, Stark," a redhead chided, and she slapped his arm.

You tried to sit yourself up, but the burning pain in your side restricted you from doing so. Where did that come from? You fell back down, wincing.

A familiar handsome blonde with piercing blue-green eyes spoke up. "Not so fast," he instructed. Captain America. Didn't he die? Just what the hell was going on?

It was hard to speak with the dryness in your throat, but you somehow managed. "Where... a-am I?" you croaked.

"Welcome... to paradise," Tony said in an overly-dramatic voice—spreading his metal arms apart as he spoke. That little joke earned another slap from the redhead. Still, it was funny.

She turned her head to you. "Ignore him, sweetie. You're at the Avengers tower. We know you're in pain. This guy right here made sure of that." She pointed at Mr. Stark with her thumb. "A medic's on its way. You'll be fine."

You looked over at Tony. He shrugged. "Look, it was an accident! Something was happening in the city, we all swooped by and took care of it, and I may have hurt you in the process. Sorry about that, but, it'll all be over soon."

You blinked once more, still confused. You didn't feel any sort of anger towards him. One, because he was freaking Tony Stark. You admired the guy! He was a genius. Two, because this was a perfect excuse to hang out at the Avengers tower. In a messed up kind of way, you were thankful for getting hurt.

To your left, was a guy in a red and blue suit, with webbed patterns scattered all over. No way, you
thought. *That's Spider-Man! He's all over YouTube.* Not to mention, he's the gossip all over school.

Suddenly, you wondered what face was hiding underneath that mask. He just stared at you. Before you could think too much about it, you spotted a hospital bed rolling over. A nurse rushed beside it.

"Get her on it, please," she said hysterically, and you felt pairs of hands lift your arms and legs off the ground, and onto the not-so-comfortable bed. Getting further away from everyone else, your eyes grew heavier from the pain, and everything went black.

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Waking up in a hospital room, you had bandages wrapped all over various places in your body. You heard a quiet beeping coming from the monitor that stood tall next to you. Some of the pain had gone away, which was a relief.

A couple of minutes later, the door swung open, revealing the same group as earlier. They smiled—knowing that you had improved.

The redhead gave you a wink, and she sat down on a chair. "How are you feeling, dear?"

"I'm okay," you said. "What's your name, by the way?"

She grinned. "Natasha. That's Steve, Wanda, Stark, Clint, Sam, Barnes, and—"

"S-Spider-Man!" the 'YouTube gossip' cleared his throat. He sounded a little bit familiar. "Spider-Man," he said again, but his voice was deeper the second time. Was he faking it, maybe? Weird.

"It's great to meet you. I've seen you all on TV. You guys are incredible..." you gathered your strength to sit up, and you pulled the blankets off of your legs. "I can go home now. Thank you so much, but I-I really don't want to be a bother."

Tony put his hand up. "Hold on a minute. You're not finished recovering. What's the rush?"

You sighed, rolling your eyes. "I have school on Monday," you grumbled. He laughed. "Which school?"

"Midtown Science High School. It's in Queens."

"Hey, same school as—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Spider-Man frantically put a finger on his mouth, indicating for Mr. Stark to be quiet. He wasn't very good at being subtle, was he?

Anyway, you went to the same school as Spider-Man? How? Isn't he a man? Not a student?

"Nevermind then," Tony said. "At least spend the night. I'll give you a ride home tomorrow afternoon, alright?"

Deciding not to argue against him, you nodded. "Thank you Mr. Stark."

"Yeah, no," he put his hand up—stopping you. "Call me Tony, please. Thanks. You hungry?"
You shook your head.

"Alright. Don't hesitate to ask for anything," he gave a small smile. "See you later, kid. Try to relax."
He left the room, along with everyone else.

Whoever this Spider-Man guy was, he apparently went to your school. He was a student, just like everybody else! For once in your life, you were eager to attend school on Monday—persistent in finding out his true identity.

*I can't wait to tell Peter all of this!* you thought—closing your eyes to rest.

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Students rushed through the big school doors—bumping into each other during the process. They flooded the hallways, and you heard small bits and pieces of their conversations. You looked at your watch. Class starts in ten minutes.

_I've got time._ you thought, and when you spotted your best friend Peter at his locker, a small smile formed on your lips. He wore a dark gray jacket over a funny Chemistry shirt—he likes science puns. He had his hands in his pockets like always. You had picked up on all his cute little habits and fidgets.

As you walked towards him, you pulled a strand of hair out of your face. You quickly looked at the reflection of yourself from your phone screen. I think I look okay, you thought to yourself, taking a deep breath. Approaching him first was always a little scary.

"Hey, Pete," you began—trying to sound as casual as possible, but it was difficult with your heartbeat racing faster every second. Don't look at his eyes. Not the eyes. That's the worst.

Peter put his math textbook into his locker, then closed it shut, before turning his head to face you. "Hi, Y/N. A-Are you okay? You've got um..."

Cheeks reddening, you suddenly felt extremely self-conscious. "Is there something on my face?" you asked, silently hoping there weren't any food or drink stains.

"No," he chuckled lightly, shaking his head a little bit. "There's a bruise on your cheek. Did you... get hurt?"

You remembered the incident with the Avengers. Right! I almost forgot. "Oh, that's kind of a weird story... but you'll never guess what happened."

He held onto the dark straps of his book-bag, pulling them. "What?" he questioned almost hesitantly.

You stepped closer to him, glancing around the hallway to make sure no one would hear you. "I met Spider-Man. Like the one on YouTube that everyone's talking about! Isn't that insane?" you whispered.

He gulped. "Really? Wow, um—that's... that's crazy! How did you?"

Back up a little bit to put some space between you two, you laughed at the odd memory. "Did you see the news on Friday after school? About what happened in Manhattan?"

He nodded.

"I was there. Apparently, I got hurt by Tony Stark on accident, and I was taken to the Avengers tower," you explained. "But, anyway, I met all of them! Spider-Man was there, too, but that's not even the best part."

Peter bit his bottom lip slightly. "What's the... best part?" He paced back and forth on the heels of his feet.
"He goes to our school," you lowered your voice.

His big brown eyes widened. "W-What? Are you—"

He was interrupted by the sound of the school bell ringing. You looked at the clock. First period was going to start in five minutes. Mentally cursing, you looked at your feet.

"I've got to go, Peter. We'll talk about this later, okay? Thanks for listening," you smiled sweetly, and began walking to your English class. *Hopefully that wasn't too sweet,* you thought nervously.

Although you were already gone by then, Peter stood there, watching you leave. "No problem, Y/N," he said to himself, and he jumped when he felt a hand slap his shoulder. It was Ned.

"Hey, man, ready for math?" he asked. "I'm not. I hate it so much. Teacher sucks ass."

Peter blinked. "Right..." he said—clearly distracted with his thoughts. Distracted that you were always in his thoughts.

Ned stood in front of him, waving a hand around to 'snap him out of it'. "You good, Peter? What's wrong?"

"Y/N met Spider-Man. She knows I go to the school!" he exclaimed.

"What?! You gotta explain to me in class. Come on now, or we'll be late."

The two teens made their way to way to first period, and the remaining students followed behind.

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During gym, Peter and Ned had decided to partner up for a sit-up activity that their coach had assigned. They sat on blue work-out mats, diagonally across from you and Michelle. Just far enough for you not to hear their conversation.

"Dude," Ned began. "Just ask her out as Spider-Man! She'll definitely say yes that way!"

Peter stopped in the middle of a sit-up to catch his breath. "I can't do that, Ned. I want her to like me for... me." He let out a sigh. Who was he kidding? He could get so much popularity as Spider-Man, but no one would notice him for the person he truly was. No one would want to see *Peter Parker.* Only *Spider-Man,* because he's a superhero, and he's cool.

"Yeah, you're right. Why don't you ask Michelle about it? They're close," he suggested.

"I feel like she'll just tell her... I don't know, Ned," Peter rubbed his eyes. "I'll just—keep it to myself. Maybe I can get over it."

"You're thinking way too much about this, Peter. You need to tell her eventually. If not, it'll be too late, man."

Peter glanced over at you and Michelle. The sight of your smile was absolutely mesmerizing, and he couldn't get himself to look away. You were laughing at something Michelle had said. "It'll be too late..." he repeated quietly to himself. Just *how* was he going to tell you?
Chapter two is up :) hope you guys like it. I LOVE the next chapter, hehe. I'll post it tomorrow around noon (eastern usa time).

Still not very sure where I want to go with this story, so I'm working on it. Love you guys!

Xx
Isa <3
Busted

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Five o'clock in the evening. The sun was beginning to set. You made your way to Peter's apartment, which was two floors below yours, fortunately. He had invited you over to study for an upcoming test this week. Of course, you gladly accepted. After all, it wasn't the first time you'd visited.

Knocking on the door, you wiped the sweat off of your palms. Seeing Peter always made you nervous. After all, he was your crush. Still, it felt more than just a silly high school thing that every girl goes through. Suddenly, your thoughts were interrupted when you heard the door swing open, revealing Peter's aunt—May.

May didn't know your secret. Well—hopefully not. You tried to keep it as private as possible.

You gave her a kind smile, and went for a hug. "Hi, May. Is that a new skirt? I like it."

May hugged you back, and she thanked you. "Hi, sweetie. Welcome home," she grinned wider than usual, but you weren't sure why. However, hearing those two words from her did warm your heart a little bit. "Come in," she stood back, giving you more space to enter.

"Thank you," you nodded, and walked inside.

You sat on a chair next to the kitchen table, patiently waiting, with your legs crossed.

"Hey, Y/N," May began, her back turned to you, "you want some coffee? Or... do you prefer hot chocolate?"

Your eyes widened in the slightest bit. The smell of coffee eagerly slipped into your mind. "A coffee would be nice. Thanks," you responded to her.

She nodded her head, and began brewing.

You sat in silence until May began to make conversation. "Peter's out," she said, as if reading your mind. "Told him to get some groceries for me. He should be back in about ten minutes."

"Mhm," was all you could say—desperately trying to hide the feelings in your sentences. Be casual. You couldn't sound too excited, or too boring. If May were to find out, that would be horribly embarrassing!

She placed a maroon mug in front of you, giving you a wink.

You leaned forward, taking a whiff of the smoke rising from the dark drink. "It smells amazing, May. Thanks again."

She waved her hand in the air, as if she were swatting an imaginary fly. "It's nothing, sweetheart."

You smiled once more at the nickname, and took a sip.

"Hey, if you want, you can just hang out in Peter's room until he gets back. His bed's far more comfortable than that old chair you're sitting on."

You felt a bit of heat rise to your face, and you hoped May wouldn't notice. "Oh, okay, then."
You picked up your coffee carefully in one hand, with your school book-bag in the other. You swung it around your neck, and it landed softly on your shoulder. You walked into Peter's room.

It wasn't as messy as it usually was. A bit of schoolwork was scattered over the floor, with pencils and pens spilling on top. His gray sweatshirt was on the ground as well, inside out. You set the coffee on his desk and folded it for him, placing it on his chair.

You sat on the bottom part of his bunk bed, placing your bag next to you.

At least his bed was made, you thought, smiling to yourself.

Man, you were really head-over-sneakers for this boy (heels weren't your kind of style).

Suddenly, you heard the window in the corner of the room, slowly slide up. You looked at it quickly. A burglar? Panicking, you stayed still, trying hard not to make a sound.

Was that a hand or a glove? Whatever it was, it was red, with black stripes woven into it creatively, like some sort of web pattern.

No, you thought. Could it be?

The person crawled into the room, and somehow, you didn't feel afraid. The body crawled onto the ceiling—wait, the ceiling?!

You looked up, eyes widening more every second. It's... him.

The red and blue outfit. The black web pattern. The spider on his chest. Spider-Man. The guy you met just a few days ago, but what was he doing, breaking into houses? Isn't he supposed to do... the opposite?

He made his way towards the door, but still on the ceiling. He shot a web from his wrist—somehow—closing the door slightly. You couldn't move from the shock. Finally dropping down to the floor, he pulled his mask off, and smacked his chest. The outfit became wrinkled, and baggy. It's like it was specially designed for any size.

Spider-Man turned around, only to have the same face as Peter freaking Parker. What?!

Peter's eyes widened, and he dropped his mask on the floor, his outfit falling with it. That was both fortunate, and unfortunate for you.

There your crush and best friend was, in front of you, in his boxers, wide eyed. He lost his breath.

You took a second to scan your eyes over his body, and honestly, you weren't disappointed. His muscles were so defined, and his arms—wait, are those abs?

Startled, you dropped your Calculus textbook on the floor, sending a loud thud throughout the room.

You heard May call, "is everything okay in there?" from outside the room.

Peter spun around, "uh—y-yeah!"

"Y-You're Spider-Man... the Spider-Man?!"

"I'm not," Peter said, shaking his head. "I'm not!"

You stood up, and became a stuttering mess. "Y-You were on th-th-the freaking ceiling!"
"Y/N! W-What are you doing here?!

"May told me to wait here for you! And you said we were going to study, remember?" you replied, still in disbelief.

He ran his hands through his hair quickly, looking up and down. You heard him curse quietly.

"Wait a minute..." you began. "She doesn't know?!

Peter ran up to you, and covered your mouth. You squeaked. His other hand squeezed your shoulder in desperation.

"Y/N!" he whispered. "Please, please, you cannot tell anyone else about this, please!"

You freaked out a little because of how close he was to your face. His big brown eyes were burning into yours, and you couldn't seem to look away. You didn't want to look away. Taking advantage of the situation, you admired his wonderful features up close.

You slowly took his hand off of your mouth, for a chance to both speak, and breathe. His tight grip on your shoulder loosened up.

"Peter..." you said, still in shock. You held onto the bed railing, catching yourself from tipping over. "This is... this is just—wow."

You looked up at him, whose face was now red, and he scrambled around the room, looking for something. He grabbed a pair of sweatpants on the floor, and quickly put them on.

"Thank you," you said, sighing in relief.

Peter furrowed his brow. "What?"

What, you thought. I totally wasn't admiring your body. It was just too distracting! "Just think of this: May walking in, I'm here, and you're in your underwear. Bad scene to walk into." Nice excuse, Y/N.

Peter blushed darker, but he still had the courage to look up at you. "Yeah... you're right. S-Sorry about that," he rubbed the back of his neck nervously, clearing his throat.

"Anyway," you started. "How is that even possible? I-I mean, you were on the freaking ceiling and you're Spider—"

Peter got closer to you. "Y/N," he interrupted. "Please, just listen. You really can't let anyone know about this. Only Ned knows and now you. If my aunt were to find out people try to kill me all the time sh-she wouldn't let me do this!" his voice squeaked.

You tried to ignore how cute he sounded when desperate. "How does Ned know?" you cocked an eyebrow, teasing him.

"U-Uh, you know... accident," he shook his head, as if trying to forget the memory.

"You seem to have lots of accidents, Pete," you giggled.

Peter rolled his eyes playfully. He sighed, and his muscled chest rose and fell as he did so.

"Just... please don't tell anyone? Please?"

"I won't," you gave him a smile. "Ned's the one you have to worry about," you teased again.
Peter smiled nervously, and put on the gray sweatshirt you had folded earlier. You should've put it away...

He sat on the chair, facing you.

"Where'd you get the suit?"

"Mr. Stark made it for me," he replied.

"What about the internship?"

He cracked a smile. "This *is* the internship," he chuckled.

"Wow... this is just incredi—"

The door swung open, but before May could walk in, you grabbed Peter's suit, and threw it under the bed.

"Hey, honey!" she said, giving Peter a kiss on his forehead. He blushed in embarrassment. "Where are my groceries?"

"Oh!" Peter exclaimed, and stretched his arms out the window, pulling a bunch of white grocery bags inside.

May cocked an eyebrow. "Why'd you come in through the window?"

You and Peter exchanged a look.

"I-It's more fun that way!" he said quickly.

Nice one.

"Okay..." May responded with a weird look on her face. She took the bags from Peter and began to walk out—closing the door behind her.

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Chapter End Notes

Uh oh. Peter sucks at lying, haha ;) this was heavily inspired by the same scene in the movie, but I changed it up ;))

Also, after this series, maybe I can write a more emotional one? I like writing angst. Is that bad? Lol.

Xx

Isa <3
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Peter's back fell against his chair, and he let out a deep sigh of relief. "Whew," he said.

"Peter!" May yelled from the kitchen. "My ice cream melted!"

You looked at him, and broke into a giggling mess. He laughed along with you.

"S-Sorry, aunt May!"

Getting his suit from under the bed, you handed it to him.

A few more laughs later, you continued to ask Peter questions about the whole Spider-Man thing. He wasn't your average normal superhero! Gladly, he explained to you just how he gained his powers, what materials he used to make his webs, etc.

Rubbing your arm, your eyes fell to the carpet floor. "Why didn't you tell me, Pete?"

You heard him sigh. "Look, Y/N... if the bad guys were to find out who I care about, like May, Ned, or someone else, they'll try to kill them, too. I-I can't let that happen to you guys. It would be my fault."

All you were able to say was, "I understand." You were being honest with him.

*He was only doing it to protect you. He tells you everything.*

"I'm sorry I kept it a secret from you..." he trailed off.

You gave him a genuine smile, hoping it would reassure him. "It's okay, Peter." That seemed to convince him well enough.

"We should um... probably start studying now," he laughed nervously, placing his notebook on his lap.

"Oh! Yeah, right."

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After a few hours of Peter helping you out, it was beginning to get late. Although you found out his secret by complete accident, in its own way, it brought the two of you even closer together as friends.

However, you made him agree to your conditions. *You* were to be the one to tend to his wounds, if they were fatal. You hated the idea of helping him behind May's back—rather than taking him to a hospital, but you understood why.

You grabbed your bag, and thanked May for having you over. As you approached the door, she stopped you one last time.
"Are you sure you don't want to stay for dinner, Y/N?" she asked, frowning a bit.

"It's alright, May, really. My parents have the food ready and I don't want to be a bother," you chuckled.

She fixed her glasses and crossed her arms. "You're never a bother, Y/N," she gave you a sweet smile. "Maybe you could come by this Saturday and have lunch with us!"

You looked over at Peter—wondering if it would be okay with him. He nodded. "If that's fine with you guys, then I'd be happy to. Goodnight." You walked out, closing the door behind you.

May turned around once you had left completely, and she grinned widely at Peter. "She's such a nice girl."

His eyes fell to the floor. "Yep. She is," he said still nodding.

"Your homecoming is coming up, right?"

Peter looked up at his aunt. "Yeah, why?" he cocked an eyebrow.

May shrugged, trying to keep a smirk off of her lips. "Just wondering. Are you going to ask anyone?"

He knew where this was going, and he didn't like it. "I don't... think so."

"Ask her, then."

His eyes widened. "What? A-Ask her? You mean—Y/N? No no no," he put his hands in front of him, shaking them. "No," he said again, not being able to meet her gaze.

"Why are you trying so hard to keep this a secret from me?" she began to laugh. "I know you like her, Peter!"

He continued to remain in denial. "I-I don't, May. Like—really, I don't."

"Fine," she dropped her arms, and they fell on her thighs. "Saying that won't change anything about your feelings, though. Also, if you need any help, you can always talk to me..."

Peter's cheeks flushed. He didn't like the idea of taking girl advice from his aunt. "May! Please..."

"Look, Peter," she put a hand on his shoulder. "You'll have to say it eventually. You won't be able to keep it a secret forever, as long as you're friends."

He sighed. "I know, I know. It's just... really hard for me. W-What if she doesn't feel the same way? I'll embarrass myself and... ruin our friendship."

"You won't know, until you try."

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Chapter End Notes
May knows what's up ;)) and she knows that reader likes him too!! Heh.

Chapter five's up tomorrow! It's a lil sad, but, oh whale.

Xx
Isa <3
The next morning at school, Peter had planned to arrive earlier than usual, to meet up with Ned before class. Coincidentally, Ned found him first.

"Dude, why so early?" Ned rubbed his eyes, yawning sleepily. "You couldn't just text me?"

"I couldn't!" Peter exclaimed. To be completely honest, he hadn't slept all night. He felt foolish for not being careful enough. Now another person knew. That meant another person in possible danger of getting hurt, or worse. "Y/N knows."

Eyes practically bulging out of their sockets, Ned coughed. "What the hell?! She knows you're—"

"Ned!" Peter interrupted, trying to hush him up. "Quiet, remember?"


Peter rubbed the back of his neck. "I invited her to over to study yesterday, but I had no idea she'd be in my room! I really need to be more careful."

"How did she react?"

Remembering the incident, Peter blushed. "I didn't really pay attention to that... but it was a little embarrassing, too."

"Why?" Ned asked.

"The suit fell off and... I-I was in my boxers, Ned."

Ned covered his mouth, attempting to stifle a laugh, but he let out a quiet snicker on accident.

"Ned! Come on, man. It was really embarrassing."

"She saw you in your underwear? No, that's—that's hilarious, Peter."

"What's hilarious?" a voice said.

The two boys shot their heads towards the left, where you were standing. They lost their breath, and you lifted an eyebrow in confusion.

"Are you guys... okay?" you asked, holding onto your bag.

"Hey, Y/N!" Ned said. "When did you get here?"

You laughed. "Just now, actually. What were you guys talking about?"

They exchanged a look of panic.

"Star Wars," they said in unison, which freaked you out a little bit.

"Y-Yeah! We built a lego Death Star and um... Ned, here—dropped it, and it broke," Peter added.
Ned nodded his head quickly, and you were afraid his neck would crack. "It's hilarious! Damn, I just remembered I had to talk to one of my teacher's about... something. See you guys at lunch!" he left.

You turned to look at Peter. "What was that about?"

"He's just a little shocked that you found out about... well, you know."

"Yeah," you giggled. "I get it. Actually, I came to talk to you about something."

Peter gulped nervously. "W-What is it?"

"I didn't get a chance to thank you for helping me study. I think I'll ace that test when I take it later today."

"Oh! Um, yeah, yeah, no problem. Good luck," he gave you a smile with his mouth closed.

"Thanks," you laughed at his cute little gestures. "Also, you're a little tense today. Loosen up," you gently rubbed his arm.

Peter bit his lip. His chest felt tight when you touched him. He was never able to get used to the feeling of your skin against his, even if it was platonic. The hairs on his neck stood up. Suddenly, your lips looked so kissable in that moment. He fought the desire to have them pressed up against his.

"Y-Yeah," he sputtered, trying to ignore his thoughts. "I'm... I just didn't get much sleep last night."

You tilted your head. "Because of Spider-Man?"

"Um, no," he said. "Just thoughts... I-I guess."

You decided not to force the words out of him, but still, you wanted to help. "Are you okay, Pete?"

He played with his hands. "Yeah, I'm alright," he grinned to convince you.

He really wasn't alright—you knew that clearly, but you didn't continue interrogating him. It was probably a personal thing. None of your business.

"Oh, well... take care of yourself for me," you said, and walked to your class.

"I can't promise that, Y/N," Peter whispered to himself.

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Peter had been acting weird all day. He was a little jumpy this morning, apparently for his 'lack of sleep', but there's no way that would be the real reason for his awkward behavior. Something was up.

You sat across from Peter and Ned, with Michelle on your left. She sipped some orange juice from a straw, with her nose in a book. Her eyebrows furrowed as her eyes scanned over the words.

"I'll be right back, guys," Peter said, standing up from his seat. "Bathroom."
Once he was out of sight, you turned to Ned—taking full advantage of the opportunity. If somebody knew what was going on with Peter, it would be Ned.

"Ned," you said, and he looked up from his food. "Peter's been acting strange all day. What's wrong with him?"

Michelle knew about your feelings, but Ned, however, didn't. Well, you thought he didn't know. However, you were grateful she hadn't said a word about it to him.

Ned shrugged. "I... don't know. He's a weird guy."

You squinted your eyes at him. Ned was a terrible liar. You couldn't decide who was worse between him and Peter. "Ned," you repeated—your tone more serious this time.

Michelle looked up from her book, and she closed it. "This should be good," she crossed her arms.

Giving him a stare, Ned shuffled in his seat. He slammed his hands on the table loudly. "Fine!" He leaned closer. "Peter probably likes someone. B-But then again, he might not! I just might be messing with you..."

He likes someone! Of course! What a perfect explanation for odd behavior. Still, you couldn't help but feel worried. What if it wasn't you? Your heart fell at the thought of him staring at someone else. Admiring the beauty of someone else. Falling in love with someone else.

"He likes someone?" you choked out, clearing your throat immediately.

"Shhh!" Ned covered your lips. "He's coming back. I didn't tell you anything!"

Glancing over to the side, Peter was fixing his hair, walking towards the table. Once he arrived, everyone chatted away. Tossing your food around, their voices began to fade, until you couldn't hear them anymore. Your negative thoughts were louder.

You didn't speak for the rest of lunchtime.

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Chapter End Notes

Little angst at the end :/ but that's okay, next chapter is really cute I love it. I hope you guys will as well!

Think this series is going to stop at ten chapters. Still not sure. Oh whale, I'll let you all know.

Xx
Isa <3
Laying your head against the soft pillow on your bed, you sighed deeply. You wondered, and wondered, just who this person could possibly be, and why Peter hadn't told you. That's another thing. He tells you everything. Why didn't he this time?

Your heart sped up when you heard a quiet tapping on your window. Startled, you ripped the blankets off, slowly peeking to see what or who it was. Noticing a familiar red and blue suit, you couldn't help but crack a small smile. *Spider-Man.*

You walked towards the window, and unlocked it for him. Once he was inside, he stumbled—clutching his side tightly with his hand. Your eyes widened. *He was hurt.*

Helping Peter get to your bed, he collapsed on top of it, wincing. He took off his mask, panting. His breaths were short and sharp.

"I'll be right back," you quickly got out of there, tiptoeing past your parents room. Luckily, Peter had arrived at a good time. Your parents were taking a nap.

In the bathroom, you opened the cabinets hysterically. You grabbed some rubbing alcohol, bandage wrappings, cotton balls and swabs, and went back to your room, where Peter was still laying.

"I-I'm sorry, Y/N..." he coughed, and seeing him in the current state he was in, broke your heart.

Peter had to go through this all the time, and no one helped him. How did he manage to keep himself together? Now, all of a sudden, you remembered those times where you would playfully hit him, and he would flinch. He was in pain.

"Shhh," you said—laying all of the supplies out on the bed in front of him. "Try not to speak, okay? Where does it hurt?"

He pointed at several parts of his body.

"Pete..." you began nervously. "Can I take off the suit?"

He nodded weakly, and a small blush crept upon his cheeks, tinting them slightly.

You pressed the spider emblem on his chest, and rolled off the suit. Not wanting to completely make the situation awkward, you stopped just at his midriff.

Dipping the cotton balls in the rubbing alcohol, you paused for a moment. You were afraid of hurting him. "This is going to sting, okay? Let me know if you want me to stop."

You gently brushed the cotton against his wounds, and he bit his lip, inhaling sharply. He didn't want you to know how much pain he was in.

"Peter," you said softly. "It's just me." You put your hand on his jaw, bringing it up to look at you. He opened his eyes. "Hey," your voice quieted down a little more—almost becoming a whisper. "It's me."

Your words calmed him down, and his breathing was more steady. You grinned softly when he
Once you finished wrapping his body with the bandages, you helped him sit up, and he put his suit back on completely.

There was a moment of silence. You weren't sure what to say. Thankfully, you didn't have to.

"Y/N."

You turned your head towards him. "Yeah?"

"I'm sorry," he said again.

Sitting closer to him, you put a hand on his leg. "Pete, don't apologize. I said I'd help, remember?"

He ran a hand through his hair. "I-I know, but—I'm causing trouble for you."

"You're not causing me any trouble. Don't say that. I just..." you looked off to the side. "I want you to be a little bit more careful, okay? I don't like seeing you like this."

Curious for an explanation, Peter pushed a little more. "Why?" he blurted out, immediately regretting it afterwards. As unrealistic as it sounded, he just wanted to hear you say you loved him, but that was never going to happen. It was all in his head.

"Because... I care about you, Peter. A lot. You're my best friend," you admitted.

That was not what you wanted to tell him. You wanted to say so much more. You wanted to pour your feelings out into words that could either make or break the relationship between you two. However, you couldn't. You didn't think you ever could.

He didn't say anything for another moment. What was he supposed to say? He settled with, "thank you, Y/N." As simple as it sounded, he meant it deeply.

"No problem. Are you going back to your place?"

"Actually... I-I was wondering if I could stay here a little while longer," he rubbed his neck. "As long as it's alright with y-you, of course."

You smiled, trying to stifle your excitement a bit. *He wants to stay with you.* "Oh... sure. Go ahead and lay down on my bed. I'll be right back."

A few minutes later, you brought him a bottle of cold water. He quickly gulped it down. "Thanks."

He sounded relieved. "Are your parents asleep?"

"Yeah," you replied. "Are you feeling better?"

He nodded with a grin that was real this time. "Thanks to you."

"Don't worry about it," you said—turning your attention to your Spanish homework.
From the corner of your eye, you could see Peter throw his mask onto the floor, and he snuggled underneath your blankets. You bit your lip, trying hard not to smile at how cute he was.

He sighed calmly when he smelled your faint scent on the pillow. He wished you would lie down next to him.

Soon enough, he ended up falling asleep. You took a minute to admire how amazing he looked. His curls were a mess, but you loved it. He was snoring softly.

Carefully, you pulled out your phone, and took a picture. Luckily, the flash and sound were off. You had learned your lesson from previous... accidents. Going back to finish your work, you ended up knocking out right on the wooden desk.

~ * ~ * ~

After about an hour later, Peter woke up. He rubbed his eyes—confused for a brief second. Just what was he doing in your bed? Oh, right, he thought. He glanced over in your direction, to see your head on the table.

He quietly walked over to you. What time was it? He looked at the clock on your wall, and it read 8:23pm. It was getting late, and your parents weren't going to be asleep forever.

Peter hated to interrupt your blissful rest, but he had to. He gently rubbed your arm. Your nose scrunched up cutely and your eyes fluttered open.

"What's going on?" you asked sleepily, while yawning.

"It's a little late, Y/N. It won't be long until your parents wake up. May called me a bunch of times, too. I'm going to be in so much trouble..."

You giggled lightly. "Okay, Pete. Goodnight," you leaned forward, giving him a soft hug, so it wouldn't hurt.

He wrapped his arms around you, silently praying you wouldn't feel his heart pounding. "Y-Yeah. Goodnight, Y/N. I'll see you tomorrow."

He crawled out of the window.

"Wait," you called. "You forgot your mask." You slid it over his face. "There."

Your heartbeat sped up once you realized how close you were to him. You stepped back nervously.

"Thanks again, Y/N."

You could imagine him smiling, but it was hard to tell with his face covered by fabric. "Sleep, alright? No more Spider-Man for today."

Peter laughed. "Okay, okay. I'll try. No promises, though. Bye!"

You saw his body fall, and for a second, you panicked. Then, he shot a web, and lowered himself down. You sighed in relief.
I don't think I'll ever get used to that.

~ * ~ *

Chapter End Notes

Fluff fluff fluff!! Peter's the cuddling type ;) don't worry, you'll see cuddling in the next few chapters maybe.

Next chapter's going to be interesting as well ;) hehe. Also, there's going to be a little surprise later.

Xx
Isa <3
Later on, taking care of Peter was becoming a regular thing for you. He would come over twice, or even three times a week. You hated seeing him in that way, but you were always willing to help him.

Another thing. Homecoming was closer than you thought. You decided to go with friends. It's not like you had a date, anyway.

However, little did you know, Peter had been secretly planning on asking you to the dance. He thought it would be a perfect opportunity to confess his feelings, too. Still, it wasn't going to be easy.

He decided to drop little hints, hoping you'd catch on, and then boom, ask you. Sounds so simple. Could it be that simple?

At lunch, Peter started the conversation—bringing up the topic of Homecoming. Ned 'excused' himself to 'use the restroom'. In reality, he was giving Peter the chance. Michelle was getting her lunch in the line.

"Y/N."

You looked up at him from your food, once you heard your name. "Yes?"

"Do you..." he put his hands on his lap, so you wouldn't be able to see them shaking. His whole body was shaking. He tapped his foot on the floor impatiently. "Do you have a date to Homecoming?"

You laughed. Peter gulped, not knowing if he did something wrong.

"No," you admitted. "No I don't, Pete. No one asked me, but that's okay," you quickly added. "I don't mind."

Of course you minded.

"Oh, okay," he said.

*Just do it, Peter. Come on, Spider-Man. Ask her. You can fight bad guys but you can't ask a girl out?* he thought.

"Peter," you tilted your head. "Are... you alright? Feeling okay?"

He pursed his lips. "Mhm," he nodded. "I'm fine."

"Have you been sleeping better?" you asked. "I'm a little worried about you."

You added the 'little' part to not sound *too* worried.

He could hardly believe what he was hearing from you. You were worried? About him?

"Y-Yeah... I've been sleeping more."

You gave him a kind smile. "That's good to hear." You turned your attention towards your food.
"Actually, I—"

Before he could finish, Michelle and Ned arrived at the table.

"What were you going to say, Pete?"

He shook his head. "Nothing. I've gotta go to the bathroom."

Abruptly, he got up from the table and left quickly. You decided to go after him.

He was running in the hallways, towards the side exit.

"Peter!" you called—still chasing him from behind. He stopped.

"Y/N? W-What happened?"

You crossed your arms. "What do you mean, what happened? This is the exit, not the bathroom. Where are you going, Peter?"

He licked his lips. "Spider-Man. I need to go, Y/N..."

"No," you said. "I know this isn't about Spider-Man. You need to tell me what's going on, Pete. I'm your best friend. I... I want to help you. Please."

He sighed, closing his eyes. He faced you.

"Look, Y/N... I just—I can't do this."

You walked closer to him. "Can't do what?" you asked, in a softer voice his time.

Catching sight of his lip quivering, you put a hand on his arm, rubbing it lightly.

"I... I like you, Y/N. A lot, and... it's just really h-hard for me to see you all the time because you don't feel the same way," he licked his lips, and your eyes widened slightly.

Is this real?

He continued—his eyes still on the ground. "I wanted to say it so much earlier because it was killing me, but I was... scared. Stupid, right? S-Scared of how you'd react."

Your throat was suddenly dry. Still, the words you wanted to say, came out. "Who says I don't feel the same way?" you asked in a very quiet voice—almost like a murmur. "I do, Peter. I do like you, as well."

Peter looked up, and his eyes were filled with disbelief. You flinched because of it.

"Do you... r-really?"

You nodded, staring at him. You wanted him to see the truth. To believe it. "I know you might not believe me, but I do. For a long time, actually," you laughed nervously, and his expression finally calmed down.

He bit his lip, trying to hide the smile that was already spreading across them.

Leaning forward, you pressed your lips against his cheek, and his face was practically on fire.
She's kissing me. She's kissing me. She likes me. She likes me.

Pulling away, you grinned sweetly.

"Will y-you... go to Homecoming with me?"

You nodded again. "Yes, Pete. I will." You walked towards the restrooms.

Still frozen, he stared at the wall. Did that just happen? Did that really happen?

From the end of the hallway near the cafeteria, stood Ned and Michelle. She had a fat smirk on her lips.

"Well, it's about damn time!" Ned said eagerly, causing Peter to blush madly once more.

They were watching?

"N-Ned! Come on, man..." he rubbed the back of his neck.

"Peter Parker," Michelle began. "You are such a loser."

~ * ~ * ~

Chapter End Notes

Finally!! They revealed their feelings for each other ;) Let's see what happens at Homecoming!

This series is coming to an end soon.

Xx
Isa <3
After spending about an hour in front of the mirror, Peter was finally ready. This was the night. The night that would be unforgettable.

He heard a knock on his bedroom door. "Come in!"

May entered, rolling her eyes. "How long have you been standing there, Peter?"

He bit his lip. "I-I'm sorry, okay? I'm just nervous. Do I look fine?"

She walked closer to him, smiling to herself. She knew he didn't want to screw anything up. He wanted everything to be perfect. Just for you.

"You look great, hon. Calm down."

He looked once more at the mirror—fixing the bow tie on his tuxedo. He moved a curl out of his face.

"Peter!" she called, laughing. "Stop stressing. You'll be fine, okay?"

"You think so?"

"Knowing Y/N, you'll have fun—"

There was a knock on the door. Peter's heart began to race again. It's her, he thought. "I'll get it!"

When he opened it, he lost his breath. You had the most beautiful dress, and your hair and makeup was perfectly done—although in Peter's opinion, you didn't need it at all. You blushed as he looked you up and down unintentionally.

Stop looking at her like that! he chided himself. She'll get the wrong idea.

"H-Hi..." he said shyly.

You smiled at how wonderful he looked as well. The black tux... he looked so sharp. "Hi, Pete," you put your hands behind your back.

"You look... amazing. Well—more than that! M-More like... beautiful."

Your eyes fell the ground. You weren't able to meet his gaze. He's admiring you, you thought, still blushing furiously.

"Thank you," you bit your lip. "You look very nice, too."

Peter beamed. "Come on," he said. "Let's go inside."

You walked in his apartment. May stood in the kitchen, and once she spotted you, her mouth dropped. "Y/N!" she hugged you. "You look stunning, sweetie!"

"Thanks."
She looked at your wrist—still without the corsage. "Peter?" she asked. "Don't you have something to give Y/N?"

You furrowed your brow at Peter. What was going on?

He rubbed the back of his neck. "Oh! Yeah... yeah, right." From behind his back, he pulled out a little plastic box. He opened it, and handed you a corsage.

You gasped quietly. "Peter!" you exclaimed. "It's... so pretty. Can you put it on for me?"

His cheeks flushed a little bit. "Mhm. Sure." He wrapped the beautiful flowers around your wrist and you giggled.

"You didn't have to get me this... it's very nice. Thank you."

May smiled to herself—loving every second of this. She knew Peter was in love, but in this moment, she could see the same love in your eyes. She grabbed her camera from the table, and quickly snapped a photo. That would make a wonderful candid.

You saw the white flash from your peripherals.

"May!" Peter whined.

"What? It's a nice moment. Pose together for me?" she asked, smirking.

You wrapped your arm around Peter's waist. "Yeah, Pete. Let's take a picture."

He blushed. "Fine..."

The camera made a click noise. You blinked—still seeing red spots on the walls.

"Thank you! Now, come on. You two don't want to be too late."

You and Peter followed behind her to the car. You stared at your corsage once more.

The perfect night awaits us.

~ * ~ * ~

During the car ride, Peter was a mess. He just couldn't help freaking out. He was afraid that something would go wrong, and he would have to leave to be Spider-Man. That just wouldn't be fair to you at all, so he silently prayed nothing bad would happen.

You put a hand on his, once you noticed his anxious self. His fingers were trembling a little bit.

"You okay?" you whispered so that only he would be able to hear.

He nodded.

"I'm nervous, too."

He turned his head to look at you. Your eyes were full of truth. "You are?"
"Mhm," you put your attention on the corsage. You couldn't stop staring at it.

Peter noticed. "You like it?"

You bit your lip. "I really do," you looked at him, and leaned forward. Your lips made contact with his cheek—the same way from a couple of days ago, when he asked you to go to Homecoming with him.

Thankfully it was already evening, because the darkness hid his blush.

Looking out the window, the school was in sight. You took a deep breath. It's okay. It's okay.

May parked. "Alright. This is it. When do you want me to pick you two up?"

"We'll let you know, May," Peter said, opening the door for you in advance. You mouthed a 'thank you' to him.

"Have fun!" she drove away, leaving you and Peter alone together.

Without really thinking, you looped your arm around his, hoping it was okay. Is this what you're supposed to do? Is this how you do it?

Peter gulped, and he opened the school doors. Hip Hop and Rap music instantly filled your ears.

You smiled when you saw your other friends.

"Come on," you pointed at them. "Let's go say hi."

Grabbing him by the hand this time, you gently pulled him over. Looking Michelle up and down, you couldn't help but smile. Her curly hair was up, and the flower dress looked perfect on her.

You brought her closer for a hug. "You look great, MJ."

"Thanks." Her eyes landed on the corsage still around your wrist. "Nice gift," she winked, glancing over at Peter.

"Michelle!" you chided, lowering your voice to keep the conversation a little more private. "I'm already extremely nervous..."

She scoffed playfully. "Relax, alright? Peter's a nerd but I'm sure you'll enjoy this time together. Parties... not my thing."

"Me neither," you admitted. "But as long as I'm with him, I'll be fine."

Her eyes lit up at your words. She was so happy for you. She knew how much this boy drove you crazy. To see you finally have him, warmed her heart. Most of all, she was happy you were happy. "That's cute. When do I get the wedding invitation?"

You glared at her. "Michelle..."

"Alright," she put her hands up. "I'm gonna get some punch. Want me to bring you some?"


Regarding Peter—who was speaking to Ned—you approached him. "Sorry to interrupt," you began. "Do you want to dance, Pete?"
He swallowed a hard lump in his throat. "Uh... I can't really dance, Y/N, but sure!"

"I can't either," you giggled. "Come on, just for a little bit. Then we can eat."

You slipped your fingers in between his, as he followed you to the dance floor. Staring back at him, he was the only one you were able to really see. Everyone else seemed to fade, and so did their voices. You could only hear Peter's, but that was completely okay.

"Are you feeling alright, Y/N?" he asked, brown eyes full of concern.

You gave him a sweet smile. "I'm happy, Peter Parker."

~ * ~ * ~

Chapter End Notes

Hope you like this one guys. Story is ending soon! Love you all.

Xx
Isa <3
Peter smiled at the sight of your pretty one. You and him had just arrived, but you were already enjoying every bit of it. He was happy for that.

After some slightly awkward dancing, the colors from the disco ball were beginning to make you dizzy, so you walked over to the drinks with him by your side.

"Here you go," Michelle handed you some red punch.

You gladly took a sip. The dancing tired you out just a little bit, so it felt refreshing. "Thanks. Hey, Pete," you began.

"Hmm?" he titled his head in question.

"Let's go outside," you suggested. "It's more quiet."

The two of you left through the side exit to not draw so much attention. Looking up at the half moon, you sighed with bliss. "Peter?"

He put his cup down. "Yeah?"

"I'm glad you asked me. All of this... has made me really happy. You've made me happy. Thank you."

His cheeks were faintly flushed. His skin seemed to glow in the moonlight. You felt his hand come in contact with yours. "I'm happy, too."

"I'm glad you asked me. All of this... has made me really happy. You've made me happy. Thank you."

You bit your lip, suppressing a wide smile that was attempting to form. From behind, you heard the doors open. Turning around, stood Ned—his eyes now wide.

"Damnit," he whispered—or at least tried to—because you were able to hear clearly. "Am I interrupting anything?"

"No," you grinned to get the tension out of the air. "Don't worry about it."

He walked up to you. "Here. You forgot this at the table." He handed you your bag.

"Oh, right! Thanks, Ned."

He smiled awkwardly and returned to the dance. Swinging the bag over your shoulder, you could sense something. Rotating your head towards the right, you saw Peter staring at you—or, you
thought he was.

His big puppy eyes widened in the tiniest bit, and he furiously moved his gaze away from yours. "S- Sorry," he cleared his throat, and scratched the edge of his jawline.

Your face reddened. "It's okay," you giggled quietly and played with his fingers.

"Can I ask you something?" he blurted out.

You nodded. "Mhm. What is it?"

"Will you... um—be mine? Be my girlfriend, I mean," he asked nervously, and you could see a hopeful look on his face.

Your heart pounded loudly in your chest.

When you hadn't responded, he looked away from you. "Look, I understand you might not because of the whole Spider-Man thing, but—"

"Pete," you interrupted his rambles, and got closer to him. "Yes."

"Y-Yes? Like yes?"

His nervousness made your feelings grow significantly stronger. He's so cute.

"Yes, Peter Parker," you said. "I'll be yours."

His eyes lit up, but it wasn't from the bright moon. It was a gleam of happiness. You said yes. You said yes. His shoulders felt lighter for a moment, and the edges of his mouth lifted upwards.

Peter gulped. "Can I kiss you?"

Your thoughts were practically screaming by now. Don't screw this up. "Yes," you replied shyly.

He leaned forward with a bit of uncertainty, but once you mirrored his actions, he slowly gained more confidence. You'd have to admit, it was a little awkward.

Finally, you felt his lips brush against yours, then they were fully connected. Your eyelids fell by themselves. It seemed like your feelings were taking over your actions, because you somehow knew exactly what to do. It felt right. You put a hand on his shoulder, and his was on your cheek. His slim fingers tickled the back of your ear, and they creeped upon your neck slightly.

After a few seconds, you pulled away at the same time he did—coincidentally, of course. Breathing out a small sigh of relief, a smile spread across your lips.

Then, the silence came. You couldn't decide whether it was a weird silence, or a nice one. It felt necessary, because the moment had to be enjoyed. All you could hear was your heartbeat, and the quiet sounds of leaves rustling from the strong wind current.

"A-Are you cold?" he asked, still a bit flustered from earlier.

"I'm okay," you laughed. You weren't sure why you laughed, but you did. All that happiness slipped out into a little giggle, perhaps.

Knowing you were just trying to be polite, Peter wrapped his jacket around your bare shoulders. "Is that alright?"
"We should... we should probably go back inside," he offered. "Don't want you to catch a cold or anything."

"Okay," you followed him to the door, but before you entered, you paused. "Wait."

"Hmm?"

You rubbed your arm nervously. "I really liked the kiss."

His face went hot. "I-I... liked it, too."

You chewed on your lip and grabbed his hand. "Let's go."

~ * ~ * ~

Michelle tried catching your eye, and once she did, she winked. She knew.

You shook your head, remembering the wonderful kiss you had previously shared with Peter. You caught up to her.

"So," she started. "Tell me how it went."

"How..." you looked around to see if Peter was nearby. "How did you know?" you whispered.

She crossed her arms. "I just know. I can see the look on your face."

"What look?"

"That one," she pointed at you. "Like you just won the lottery or something. Besides, you guys were outside, and alone. Pretty sure that's a good time to share a first kiss."

Your eyes fell to the floor. "It felt great, Michelle. Like, I can't describe it but it felt almost magical. Is that weird?"

"A little bit," she teased, which earned a glare from you. "Kidding. So, should I request a slow song from the DJ?"

"No!" you exclaimed. "I like privacy. Not in front of all these people..."

"You're right. Ha. Wait 'till Liz finds out. The whole school will know you're dating by next week."

You playfully rolled your eyes. "Yeah. I don't mind some people knowing, but I don't want too much attention either."

Michelle laughed. "Yeah, Peter's face would blow up from blushing so much."

You smiled. "Does he really blush that much?"

"Whenever you're around, pretty much."
After an hour or two, your feet were aching from the freakishly uncomfortable high heels you wore. Your skin felt irritated from a blister.

You noticed Peter was feeling the same way—not about the shoes of course, but exhaustion from being there for hours. The two of you were beginning to feel restless. It was time to go home.

Still, you had no intention of complaining to Peter. Luckily, you didn't have to. He offered to call his aunt to pick the both of you up, so you gladly accepted.

About ten minutes had passed, and Peter brushed his fingers against yours. "She's outside."

You gave him a small smile as a way of thanking him, and you looped your arm around his in the same way as you had done earlier.

Saying goodbye to your friends, you headed out with Peter. The loud music began to fade the farther you walked. Once you spotted May's car, you shyly took your arm away from his, so she wouldn't see. For a moment, you thought you saw a look of disappointment creep onto his face, but perhaps you misread his expression.

Sitting in the backseat, you could see May smile brightly at you from the rear view mirror. You grinned in return.

She began to drive. "How was it, guys?"

You bit your lip, trying to hide a wide smile. "It was really fun," you admitted—hoping the words didn't come out a bit too sweet.

"I'm glad!" she eyed Peter from the mirror, but he didn't seem to notice. His attention was drawn to the window, as if it were the most interesting thing in the world right now.

You laid your hand on his, and he immediately turned away from the window because of the sudden contact. You gingerly rubbed your thumb against his knuckles.

"You okay, Pete?" your voice came out barely as a whisper, so May wouldn't be able to make any of it out.

His eyes were more round now—like a puppy getting adopted for the first time. The streetlights from outside quickly ran across his bright eyes. He was staring at you. His eyes darted to your left eye, then the right, and then the left again. What was he doing?

Once Peter noticed he hadn't said anything for a couple of seconds, he blinked as if snapping himself out of a trance. A trance that you had put him in. He had gotten caught up in the moment.

Your attention was on him, and suddenly, he felt a little bit insecure. How did you fall for him? For Peter Parker, and not Spider-Man? He didn't think he would ever be able to comprehend it.

"I-I..." he said while licking his lips. "Yeah."

You cocked an eyebrow. "Peter?"
Heat rose up to his face. "S-Sorry... I was just thinking."

Deciding to have a little fun, you smirked. "Thinking about what?" you asked, keeping your voice low and quiet. "You were staring at me just now."

Peter's face reddened even more, and your mission was accomplished. He was just so damn cute. How could you not tease him?

"I'm joking," you laughed. "You're so cute, Pete, you know that?"

Trying to ignore what had just slipped out, you turned your head away.

"W-What?" he choked out, still flustered.

"Nothing," you giggled.

The car stopped. "Alright," May began. "We're here, kiddos."

As you walked up the flight of stairs, May stopped for a moment. "Y/N. Do you want to stay over our place for a little bit? I have cookies and hot cocoa. Oh, wait, you probably need to get back to your parents, right?"

You shook your head. "Actually, no... my parents are out this weekend because of their anniversary. It's just me and my brother. I'd love to stay, if that's alright."

She beamed and unlocked the door. "Of course it is! Come, dear."

~ * ~ * ~

Taking off those terribly painful heels was a massive relief. The three of you sat on the couch, which surrounded the small coffee table. You eagerly ate some chocolate chip cookies.

The room felt warmer than usual. Not in terms of temperature, but in a different way. Your heart felt warm, and the couch was extremely comfortable. The soft rug felt like a marshmallow under your feet.

It felt like home.

You were careful not to spit out the hot chocolate all over the place, because of May's hilarious stories. They were mostly embarrassing stories of Peter, so he covered his blushing face as if he wanted to disappear.

~ * ~ * ~

After a while, your eyes were beginning to feel heavy. The thought of crashing on your bed sounded amazing right about now. May noticed your sleepy expression.

"Hey, Peter, why don't you go walk Y/N to her apartment?" she asked.
"Sure," he said, resting his mug on the dark wooden table.

You slipped your heels onto your feet and grabbed your small bag. Saying goodbye to May with a hug, she winked as you walked out the door. Closing it behind him, Peter followed you upstairs.

Hesitating for a moment, you stared at the door.

"Are you alright, Y/N?"

You turned around and smirked. "Yeah. Just thinking."

He playfully rolled his eyes as he remembered the embarrassing incident in the car. "I was thinking, okay! You just looked really pretty and I got distracted."

Hearing his words made your heart thump quicker. *He was staring at me because I looked pretty?*

Ignoring the warmth on your cheeks, you grabbed his hand. "I get distracted by you, too."

Peter's eyes widened slightly. He could hardly believe what you were saying. Personally, he didn't think he was the *best* looking guy at school.

"You think I'm..."

"Yes, Peter," you interrupted with a shy giggle. "I think you're very cute."

Leaning forward, you pressed your lips on his cheek softly.

Completely frozen, he rubbed the area of skin that you had just kissed. It tingled anxiously.

Suddenly, a feeling of desire was beginning to come over you. *His lips didn't look so kissable just a second ago, did they?* You glanced back up at his big eyes, praying he hadn't noticed you staring at his mouth.

As if thinking the exact same thing, his eyes darted to your lips now, too. Slowly, he got closer to you. His face was merely an inch apart from yours, and when he kissed you, it felt stronger than before.

The first kiss hadn't had that much confidence involved, but this one did. Knowing it felt just *right*, his passion and love seeped into it.

When you both pulled away, a small gasp escaped from you. You didn't know how amazing it would feel to do it a second time.

"Goodnight, Pete..."

That was all you were able to say. Your brain couldn't even process what your heart was currently feeling, so not many words came out.

After you shyly closed the door, Peter stared at the moon. He thought about you. He thought about how he had never felt this way towards anyone before. He thought about the possibility of having a wonderful future with you, because he couldn't imagine it without you.

You had to be in it. If you felt the same feeling he felt—which you did—then you would be in it. You *would* have a future with Peter Parker.

And you did.
Hope you guys liked this little series! Sorry I took long... ending's are always so difficult to write!

School starts first thing next week, so I'll be more busy, but I have another fanfic on the way! I'll update soon, and hopefully you all can understand :)

Xx
Isa <3

Hey guys! This is the beginning of a new story :) reader's just a normal student in this one.

If you guys like it, give me feedback! I'd love to know your thoughts about it.

Xx
Isa <3

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