5 Facts About Peter Parker:
Peter is five years old when his parents die.
Peter gets powers at age 6.
Peter is a homeless child.
Peter is alone.
Peter steals the attention of Harry Osborn and Natasha Romanov when they first notice him.
Chapter 1

It was cold outside, dank and dark, the moon just a crescent among the stars. Mary and Richard Parker were frantic, their five year old son standing there clueless, watching as his parents packed away their luggage into the back of the car. The wind was whispering harshly into his ears, Peter Parker's parents whisking him out of the air and into the car, small hands snatching the handle from the roof of the car as the vehicle jerked violently, the surroundings a blur as they sped along the road.

"Where are we going?" Peter asked, confused to where they were going and why they were in such a hurry, but his parents spared not even a glance, the engine roaring louder. "Mom?" Tears glistened down Mary's cheeks and Richard was shaking. "Dad..?" Mary sobbed, and Richard just pumped the pedal harder.

"Don't worry," Mary cried, "Your aunt and uncle will take good care of--" The car exploded, metal flying through the air, Peter's car seat jumping before coming back down, a hot piece of steel searing into his flesh before everything just stopped, and the world faded to black.

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"Ugh..." Peter groans, his arm burning like it was on fire. He tries to pick himself up, but his arm hisses in pain, eyes watering slightly. Out of the corner of his eye he sees the crushed metal and broken glass on the ground, the scarlet liquid staining the concrete. His eyes widen and he scrambles to get out of his broken car seat when he sees it: Thick globs of blood on the pavement. The seatbelt feels suffocating, and he wiggles his way out of the safety restraints, tears flooding down his face, his heart pounding, vocally crying out in pain when he applies force to his right arm, and when he finally gets out, he crawls through the wreckage, abandoning the ruins of the car, until he reaches his mom.

"M-M-Mom?" His voice quivers. He sniffls, vision blurring. "Mom..?!” He crawls closer. "Mom!?" He yells. He places his head on her chest. "Mom! Mommy! Mama! Please!!!!!" The sun's bright. Why is it so bright?! "MOM!!!" He sob’s. "Please... You can't leave me. Mama! I need you! Mom, mom, mom, mom," he chants hysterically. "MOM! MOM! MOM! WAKE UP!!! Please... please, just... wake up..." He reaches where her heart would be... there's nothing there. "NO! No... no, no, no no no no no no no! You, you can't be... No! This... This is just a nightmare! I'll wake up, and they'll be there. They'll be there. Mom, and dad, and me, and-- DAD!!!” He pulls himself from the ground and scans his surroundings, his whole world falling apart. When he saw Richard Parker, still, eyes rolled into his head, he knew. He didn't want to, but he knew. He pinched his arm, it's pain forgotten to the boy. This was no nightmare... it was real. So he sat down, drenched in his mother's blood, his spirit broken, lips quivering... And he cried. He rummaged through the ruins and picked up his only legacy. And as the sun set that night, he heard sirens approaching. He picked himself up off the ground, and on shaky legs, with one final breath of grief, he ran. When the police came, the blood was dried, and newly orphaned Peter Benjamin Parker was gone, and so was Richard Parker's briefcase.

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Harry Osborn was bored. His father was in a boring meeting, his family friends were in boring boarding schools, and his mother still hasn't come back, so to Harry Osborn, this day was just plain boring. Well, that was, until he saw the boy. He'd seen boys before, but this one just didn't seem... boring. So, he ran out the door to meet the not-boring boy. The... thin, pale-skinned, blood-covered, poor-clothed, shivering, not-boring boy.
"Hi!" Harry exclaimed while approaching the boy, sticking out his hand in greeting.

"AGH!!!!" The boy tripped over his own two feet, then looked back at Harry and froze. "Um..." He glanced back in disbelief. "Hi..?"
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Osborn adopts a friend.

"Dad, can we keep him~?" Norman's offspring whined in the background. Why don't children have an off switch?! He held the phone away from his ear, not looking at his son.

"Harry, I'm on a business call. We'll talk later. Go take a nap or something." He moved the phone back up to his ear. "Sorry, what was that? Hm. Mhmh. Yeah, sure. Dillon, hold that thought, I have another call. Yes, I'm back. What's your handle on the Parker situation..? Did you get any of his work? What!? It's gone!?"

Harry huffed. "Great talk, dad. Whatever. Come on Peter, I want to show you my room!"

"An orphan, you say? Find him, grab him, interrogate him. I want every bit of information he knows. GO! NOW!!! I want that kid. Now go get him or you're fired!!!" He hung up and then went back to Maxwell. "So, Max, what were your ideas on an alternate power source?"

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"So, your name is Peter?" Harry inquired.

"Yeah."

"And you're an orphan."

"Y...yes."

"Cool! But what's that briefcase you're holding?"

"Um... It, it was my father's."

"Oh, sorry. So what's in it?"

"I... I don't know."

"Don't you want to, y'know, look inside it?"

"I-I, I dunno..."

"Think about it... You can find your legacy in there."

"... I'll do it."

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A calculator and a notebook. That's all that they found. Nothing else. Nothing.

"Harry?"

"Peter?"

"Did something hit my hand?"
"No..?"

"Why is it bulging like that..?"

"I dunno. Don't worry about it, it's probably nothing."

"I wouldn't be so sure... About..." Peter blacked out.

That night, Harry slept in the guest room after he put Peter in his bed.

When Peter woke up, he couldn't get out of bed. Literally. His hands were stuck to the bed, and his legs were stuck to the sheet. So, he did what any sane five year old would do and screamed.

"HARRY, WHAT WAS THAT?!?" Norman yelled.

"NOTHING!" He yelled back. "Peter?" Harry yawned, a flashlight in his hand. Flipping the lights on, he set the flashlight on his dresser. "Peter..?" The bed wasn't there. After a very short search, he deemed the search a lost cause, but before he could get out the door, he heard a muffled yell.

"HRRY!!" The voice sounded.

"Peter..? Where are you!?" Scanning the room, Harry started to get worried.

"HRRY!!! UH HR!!!" A sigh. "PUH!" Peter spat out the bed. The entire mattress dropped to the floor from the ceiling. Harry stared. "What are you waiting for?! Go get a ladder!"

"Yeah... I'm just gonna go... do that." Harry fumbled with the lights before scurrying out of the room.

"HARRY! DID YOU BREAK ANYTHING!?"

"NO DAD, JUST GO BACK TO WORKING!!!" There was a loud thud. "Peter!" Harry hissed.

"What!? It's not like I CHOSE to wake up stuck to the ceiling!!!" Peter spat.

"So... you can stick to stuff."

"Yes?"

"And you can jump super high."

"Yeah...? And?"

"And you're like, super strong? And you have magic silly string coming from your wrists?"

"Yes, and your point is?"

"Try to climb up that wall." Harry grinned, a mischievous look in his eyes.

"What." Peter deadpanned.

"You can stick to stuff, so--"

"WHAT." Peter cut off. The look in Harry's eyes began to become crazed. "Harry, no."

"I can pay for your hospital bills~" Harry singsonged. Peter slowly walked away. Slower, he
whispered, "I can set up a funeral..!" Peter froze. With a groan, Harry whined, "For your parents! I wouldn't actually kill you or anything." Peter breathed a sigh of relief after softly whimpering in grief for his parents. "Yet."

"Yet..?!" Peter parroted in disbelief.

"No, no, forget I said anything."

"YET?!?!"

"Seriously, just--"

"HARRY!!!"

"I can't believe I'm doing this..." Peter grumbled. He was standing on the walls of a skyscraper, walking up it, not even bothering to climb it. Meanwhile, Harry was standing awestruck at the bottom. Peter looked back down at him, Harry mouthing encouraging words like "Moral support" and "Hospital bills". Peter tried to shove his face into the clouds.

2 Weeks Later...

"You know, I feel like this is becoming a pattern." Peter said one day.

"Hm..?"

"You having a stupid idea, I go along with it reluctantly, and it somehow works out."

"...And your point is?"

"Peter! Wake up! I just had the bestest idea in the world! You could--Peter..?" There were muffled sobs coming from outside. The window was open. "Pete... What's wrong..? Are- Are you okay?" Harry supplied softly.

"I just," Peter sniffled, "I just miss my parents..." Peter said in a small voice. "It feels wrong to be happy... Especially... Especially if they can't be."

"Well, I think that they would want you to be happy." Harry said. "My mom told me that you shouldn't waste your life, especially not for other people. And, that overall, everyone deserves to be happy. Even the worstest person in the entire world."

"I... I just don't want to lose you too, Harry."

"Well, you can bet I won't be leaving anytime soon."

"Thanks Harry."

"Now, come inside. I stole one of my dad's credit cards, and I'd like to buy something expensive!"

"Okay. Seriously, thanks, Harry."

"No problem, Peter. No problem."

"So... You have superpowers, right?"

"Yes?"

"And you have the powers of, like, a really weird bug."
"Arachnid."
"Whatever, anyways, you can be a hero! Like in the comics!"
"Like... Captain America?! Or Gold-Titanium-Alloy Man?!"
"Um... Yeah, yeah! Give me a list of superpowers again?"
"Um, um, I can stick to stuff, and, and I feel less pain and I think I heal quicker than normal, um, and... That silly string from my wrists, super strength, and high jumping!"
"Okay, like I said, a really weird bug."
"Arachnid~"
"Whatever. Anyway, so you can be... Hmm... Bugboy!"
"Arachnid!"
"Arachne--"
"Okay, now you're going into Greek Mythology."
"Just pick a superhero name!"

3 Hours Later...

"The human spider."
"No."
"Bugboy."
"I already told you a bazillion times why that's a no."
"Arachnophobia."
"That literally means fear of spiders."
"Sticky guy."
"Okay, now that's just uncreative."
"Spider-Man."
"I--"

"Harry, did you use my credit card?!!" The door opens with force, Norman Osborn red in the face, Harry and Peter looking like deer in the headlights. Peter robotically shuts his jaw, grabs his briefcase, and jumps out the window without a word. Harry cringes, and when his father opens his mouth once more, he braces himself for the words that have yet to come, but he knows what's going on.

By the time Peter comes back to see his friend, Harry Osborn has already left for boarding school...

Peter is alone.
The day after The Battle of New York, Stark sent the two secret agents as volunteers for clean-up duty. Needless to say, their work ethic was vicious. While Barton tackled the main area, Romanoff cleared the sidelines. They had to secure all alien technology and alien lifeforms.

"Widow to Hawkeye, Sector 7 secure. Scan the area for foreign frequencies."

"Roger."

Natasha Romanoff was about to leave when she found a young boy crying in his sleep, shivering in a cardboard box. He was in torn clothing, his hair a mess, bruises on his arms, his cheeks a flushed pink. Her eyes softened.

"Sector 7 clear of foreign frequencies. Proceed to next area."

With another glance to the shivering boy, she stepped away, a determined gleam in her eyes.

"Roger."
Chapter 4

It's freezing outside. Peter Parker is cold, starving, alone, and afraid. No one spares him a single glance. In his spare time, he weaves a blanket and a thin pillow out of the magic silly string that comes from his wrists. They're always gone by morning. It's been weeks since that scary battle and he doesn't know what to do, or if he can move from his box to get food. Peter misses his mom, dad, and Harry, but everyone just leaves him in the end. He's probably gonna die out here anyway... He climbs up the wall and starts weaving a hammock for himself.

"Hello!" Peter sees a pretty red-haired lady standing at the entrance to the alley-way. "What's your name?" She says gently.

He stares at her confused for a moment before stammering, "I'm, um, I'm Peter..."

"My name is Natasha. What's that stuff you're weaving?"

"I'm making a bed out of the magic silly string that comes from my wrists... Why are you talking to me?"

"Do you not want me to?"

"No, I, I mean... Why aren't you ignoring me like everyone else does? And... If you stay, will you leave me... will you leave me all alone like mom and dad and Harry did?"

She smiles pitifully. "No, no, of course not. I just wanted to say hello."

"Well...hi?"

And then she walked away.

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"Jarvis, pull up all information possible on any kids named Peter. Brown hair, brown eyes, possibly an orphan."

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"Peter Parker, age six, orphaned at five, current location unknown..." She read aloud.

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The boy, "Peter Parker", was weaving a teddy bear when she got back. She didn't ever admit it, but Natasha was only human, and she had maternal instincts somewhere in the black hole she called her heart.

"Hello~!" She called out again, her heart fluttering when she heard a delighted little "Hi!" back. She had brought string this time, and the materials to knit. "Mind if I joined you?" She asked, and a bright smile pulled at Peter's face.
Chapter 5

5 Days Later...

Natasha visits every day! She says she likes spiders too, and she actually knows that they're arachnids too! Although, sometimes he misses Harry calling spiders bugs, and just Harry in general. I asked Natasha what she's making with her string, but she says it's a surprise.

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So, do you like superheroes?” Natasha asked casually one day.

"Do I!? Harry wanted me to become one!” He beamed.

"Have you heard of any, other than Captain America?” She asked.

"Um, um, my dad once told me about Gold-Titanium-Alloy-Man once, but that's about it.” Natasha chuckled, an eyebrow raised.

"Gold-Titanium-- oh." Natasha fills the air with her laughter, she's doubled over her knitting materials. Peter giggles, albeit confused. A needle snags on a thread on her sweater and lightly nicks her skin, and she swats it away, laughter fading into chuckles. "Well, what if I told you that I'm a superhero too." Peter gasped, clapping his cheeks, eyes wide. "And I also work with Captain America and," snort, "Gold-Titanium-Alloy-Man." If possible, his eyes get even wider, an awed grin on his face.

"Are-- Are--!!" He squealed in delight, "Are you recruiting me to be a part of your legendary group of heroes?!!"

Natasha chuckled, gesturing to herself. "Not until you're this tall, young one." She said, gesturing to herself.

"Okay, Ms. Natasha, Ma'am!" Another awed gasp. "Am I going through top-secret superhero training?!!"

Natasha snorted another laugh, "We'll have to get you through puberty, first."

"What's puberty? Is that the training exercise for the training exercise for superhero groups?" He asked, tilting his head.

"Close enough." She ruffled his hair lightly before purposefully skipping out the alloy, making sure Peter was following her before grinning smugly to herself. "Time to go see 'Gold-Titanium-Alloy-Man'!" She chirped, stifling a laugh.

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She stopped by a gigantic condo near Midtown High School.

"Now, just where is that metal man?" She pondered aloud. She faked a sigh, "I guess I'll just have to go then..." She spied Peter not-so-subtly crawling against the wall directly above her. "And tomorrow, I'll ask Peter if he wants to live with this lonely little hero," She said, gesturing to herself, "Let him keep me company." Peter gasped loudly from above. "He likes spiders, and my name is the Black Widow for a reason." He flat out squealed before running across the building to get back to his
"Mission accomplished," She said to herself.

"I have called you all here today for no mission, but for matters of a prank that one of you played on me and Jarvis." The avengers, Pepper, and General Rhodes groaned. A certain female spy smirked deviously, yet she said nothing. "Why is Jarvis calling me Gold-Titanium-Alloy-Man..? I mean, not that I'm complaining, someone finally got it right, just... Natasha, why are you smiling like that..?!" Natasha only grinned wider in response. Everyone else gulped nervously.

When the creepy people came, he didn't think much of it. Peter was thinking about Natasha, the superhero, who wanted to live with him and put him through P.U.B.E.R.T.Y.. He wonders what that stands for. He's been waiting for Natasha all day... Maybe she's busy? Or maybe she left him too..?! Wouldn't blame her... Why is he feeling sleepy..? What's... happening..?  

Natasha returned 2 days later...

But Peter wasn't there.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Sorry for the short chapter, it'll be longer next update.

"Richard Parker. He was your father, yes?" Peter squirmed under the hard scrutiny of the black clad man.

"What-- what are you gonna do to me..?" Peter asked with wide eyes.

The man only smiled. "An unregistered mutant also. Oh, you are going to make me LOTS of money. Say hi to Norman for me!" He reached into his coat and pulled out a syringe. Peter gasped, struggling with his restraints. "Sleep, Peter. Sleep..."

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