Love, conflict, and a little bit of crazy
by Marvel_bitcchh

Summary

your mum, Pepper Potts, arrives at your dad's house one day, begging him to raise you. He happily accepts and he's been raising you ever since. Then one day, there was an accident and he gave you powers you could only have dreamt of. When a certain Queens hero arrives with the team, what will happen between the two of? oh yeah, then there's the fact that you're always being thrown in the middle of the teams arguments

Notes

Hi guys
so this is my first fic and I didn't even think I was going to post it so don't hate me if you hate this. I've planned out the next, like, 15 chapters but I'm obviously happy to take things in different ways depending on your feedback. By the way, Peter doesn't actually come in until the second or third chapters, everything before it is considered context and background
information. It's gonna be fluffy when you get there though.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1:

The doorbell rang as he poured himself a morning scotch. Upon opening it, he saw Pepper walk in with a girl, around 8 years, old in tow.

‘Can we come in?’ She asked, her voice clearly shaking with nerves.

‘Um…sure’ he moved aside for the two to enter ‘Just sit on the couch. You want a drink?’ He began moving toward his bar for his scotch

‘No, I can’t stay long. But this is important so put down the drink. You’re not setting a good example’

‘Yeah, you still have yet to tell me who the kid is.’

‘That’s why I’m here, now if you would just sit down!’ She almost shouted. Tony was taken aback by her outburst and quickly did as she said. ‘Okay so there’s something I need to tell you’

‘How about we start with the kid’

‘That’s exactly what I’m about to explain if you would just let me’

‘Okay. Go ahead’

‘Eight years ago…’ She hesitated ‘You got me pregnant’

There was silence

‘She’s…she’s mine? Really?’ Tony’s eyes welled up. With hopefully happy tears. ‘Oh my god. I have a kid’ He began laughing, practically sobbing now

‘I need her to stay with you’

‘Not that I’m not completely overjoyed by that, by why?’

‘She won’t get the same opportunities with as she would with you. With you, she will have you and all the Avengers and whatever she wants in this world and maybe even what she wants from other worlds. With me, she only has me, and I can’t give her as much as you. I would still like to visit her during holidays, you know Christmas and stuff’ She wiped away the many tears now falling out of her eyes ‘But I need you to take care of her. Please’

‘Of course I will’ Tony stand up and embraces Pepper tightly.

‘I’ll get her stuff out of the car. And Tony?’

‘yeah?’

‘Thank you’

(6 years later)

You woke up with a small ray of sunshine glaring into your eyes as you groaned and turned over, willing sleep to return to you. Glancing at the time you supposed you should get up, with it being 10 AM and all. You got up and opened your curtains, revealing the view of New York. As you went around your room, tyfing the place and making yourself presentable, you thought about your mum. You were young when she gave you to your father but not young enough to forget that tears in her voice when she did. She was very brave for what she did, and you admired her for that. You missed her a lot, but it wasn’t like you never got to see her. You were luckier than most.

Your stomach let out a loud growl so to appease it, you made your way to the kitchen.

‘Morning everyone’ You said to the room, full of avengers. To some this would be a sight to make them scream or fangirl. Maybe even faint. But for you, you had seen this almost every morning for six years.

‘Hey kiddo’ said Bucky, pulling you into a half hug, half headlock. You laugh but manage to push him off and continue your route to the chocolate croissants next to Wanda.

‘How’d you sleep’ She said once you’d reached her. She was showing off her telekinesis skills by chopping up food for her salad. She was so healthy it almost made you roll your eyes.

‘Pretty good actually sis’ I had asked if I could call her sis because she practically was. Sure, Natasha was great, but she was more like my mom. You talked with Wanda about clothes, boys, make up
and even watched chick flicks with her.
‘Anyone else find it weird that y/n calls Wanda sis’ says Sam from across the room, sipping his coffee.
‘Oh shut it. I think it’s good y/n has a sister figure in her life’ scolded Natasha
‘Just asking, but why not you. You are also female and are similar in age to Wanda’ Chimed in Thor.
She held up a finger to Thor and turned to you.
‘Remember to have some fruit with those croissants sweetie’
‘Yes mom’ you groaned
‘That’s why’ Said Tash, turning back to Thor, smirking.
‘Morning everyone. Hey y/n, your dad sent me in with your schedule’ He said, handing you a piece of paper
‘Now that’s just ridiculous. Not only did he send you a schedule for the day, he didn’t even do it himself. It’s just straight up rude to you. I’m gonna go give him a piece of my mind’ Shouted Clint, clearly enraged as he stood up to leave.
‘You have said that every day I get given a schedule since the accident. It’s honestly fine. He always leaves plenty of time for me to be a teenager and at least I don’t have homework. It could be worse. Besides, today looks really fun’ you said to calm him down. You knew he’d never go through with it but just in case. Bucky snatched the paper from your hand and scanned the words
‘What!? You have two hours of “academic learning” and the rest of the day is training. I’m not sure whether I should be jealous, or I should punch the guys face in.’
‘What? I love training, and besides, if I’m ever gonna fight with you guys one day, then I have got to be ready.’
‘When you fight with us, you will be amazing.’ smiled Steve, a hand on my shoulder
‘Thanks Steve. Well I think I’ll take these to my room, school starts in 20’ You say, running off with your plate towards your room. You could almost hear the smirks on everyone’s faces.

*time skip*
‘Wow, done already?’
‘Of course, I did inherit my intelligence from you, you know’ you laughed as you handed the maths equations to your father.
‘Okay what about your English’?
‘I finished that 10-page paper an hour ago and JARVIS already checked it’
‘Spanish?’
‘Terminé eso primero. ¿Esperaste algo menos?’(I finished that first. Did you expect anything less?) You laugh
‘Well then, I guess we’re done for today. Go get changed and meet at the pool in 30 minutes. Okay Kiddo?’
‘Sure thing dad’ you call over your shoulder as your run off to your room

*in the pool*
You calm as you reach your hundredth stroke and finally lift your head for air, barely panting.
‘Oh, that was great y/n. I’ll give you a bit of time to recover then we’ll try without swimming’ He told you gleefully as he went over to the side to record my time. Just then, Bucky, Natasha, Steve, and Sam come in as you exit the water.
‘Hey y/n’ Bucky shouts as he runs to you, immediately lifting you in the air with a hug.
‘No running Bucky’
‘Oh come one Steve, it’s fine’
‘Yeah come on Steve lay off’ laughs Tash, softly punching his arm
‘What are you guys doing here’ I said, having now fully regained my breath.
‘Well this numbskull wanted to come and beat you at something, so he challenged Steve to do the same. Of course I was not about to miss an opportunity like this and Tash is here for your one on one class later.’ Said Sam.
‘What, you think you can beat me at something old man’ I challenged to Bucky.
‘I’m a super soldier honey, you’re just a kid. How bad can you be?’
‘If you’re so sure, care to put a little wager on it?’
‘okay. What do you have to do next’
‘Sit under water and hold my breath for as long as I can’
‘Easy. How about whoever holds their breath for longer gets to ask the other to do whatever they want for them for a week’ Tash snickered at Bucky and his cluelessness about what he was getting himself into.
‘Done’ You say as you defiantly shake his hand as you do a cannonball into the pool. Before Bucky can follow, Steve grabs his arm.
‘Buck, you don’t know what you’re getting into. Seriously’
‘Like I said, she’s just a kid. It’s gonna be a piece of cake’
‘Do you even know what happened in the accident’
‘No. Why should that matter?’
‘Well you’re about to find out’
Tony walked back into the room
‘What the hell are you doing here Barnes?’
‘Your daughter and I made a bet.’
‘Well this should be good. Buck what’s your record for minutes of holding your breaths underwater?’
‘21 minutes’
‘and y/n. Would you like to tell this poor man your record?’
‘How about I just show him’
‘Well you heard the lady. Go underwater in three, two, one!’
Tony shouted and the two of you sank. Twenty minutes passed, and Bucky was struggling. You however, were completely fine.
After about another minute, Bucky emerged
‘Yes, a new record!’ No one celebrated his victory as he looked around, expecting you to have already climbed out. ‘Where’s y/n’
‘She’s still underwater’ said Steve
‘What!? How!?’
‘Oh, just you wait. Come on, dry off. We could be here a while’
Ten more minutes passed. You were beginning to feel like you needed air but knew you could continue.
15 minutes before you finally decided you needed some air.
‘Oh my god Sweetheart! You were amazing, it’s a new record. I am so proud of you that I think after your training with Tash, you can take the day off.’ He ran to the tower to brag to the others about your record of 46 minutes. You clambered out of the pool, still panting from your record. Bucky stared at you in disbelief.
‘How the hell’
‘give me a sec’ It took you less than a minute to recover
‘I had been living with my dad for less than a year and he’d been working on this machine for a while now. One day, I was messing around and it turned on while I was in the machine. The only way he could get me out was to destroy the machine. But in a way, it was a blessing. The machine was for major human enhancements. It worked which is great. I can hold my breath for long periods of time and run long distances without tiring. I can go days without sleep, weeks without drinking and months without eating. The range of temperature which I can survive in is 100 degrees larger than the average human and I will most like live to see 200. My speed at almost everything has increased. That includes my actual speed, my brain, my recovery. And now you have to do my bidding for a week so have fun with that.’ You patted him playfully on the back as you walked away with Tash. Leaving him dumbfounded
‘I told you that you didn’t know what you were getting yourself into. She’s definitely gonna show us all up when she’s fighting with us’ said Steve
‘There she is. My little superstar’ Tony yelled, drink in hand as he stood from the dinner table to greet you. Everyone smiled at you, gazes full of pride and admiration. You sat between Bucky and Wanda, ready to dig into the salmon that Steve had cooked earlier.

‘Hold on everyone, I have an announcement’ everyone looked up at Tony in confusion.

‘Today, y/n, my daughter, beat her record of minutes underwater and in combat training, she showed amazing progress. Even came close to actually taking down our very own Black Widow.’ At this point everyone stared at you, complete shock evident across all the faces. ‘In two days, we have a mission, so I’ve decided that from that point onwards, y/n will join us on all of our missions. She will be an official Avenger. So rest up kid.’

‘Not that you need rest,’ chimed in Bucky, earning a laugh from everyone.

‘To y/n’ Tony said, raising his glass. ‘Now, dig in.’

The dinner was fairly normal and people eventually began disappearing one by one for various reasons. Before you could leave, Natasha pulled you aside.

‘Tomorrow, when you wake up, check outside your door for a little surprise from Banner and me’ she said as she left, grinning. You quickly got changed and collapsed into bed, excited to fall asleep.

The morning finally arrived and you excitedly threw open the door and just as Tash had said, there was a great surprise. A really great surprise. It was combat gear, fitted to perfection but not restricting or revealing. You could tell a woman had designed it. And you had a pretty good idea who... You grinned knowing exactly what you should do. It took you less than a minute for you to put on the clothes and you noticed Tash had put some extra features on them. The shorts and shirt seemed bullet proof or at least something that would decrease those kind of damages. You even tested out the boots, grinning as you found they had the same technology used in the Iron Man suit. You ran into the kitchen to greet everyone, everyone had mixed reactions. Sam’s jaw dropped as he simply stared, Bruce smirked, obviously proud of his work and Clint and Steve had a feeling they should stop staring before Tony freaked out, but they couldn’t tear their eyes away from you. Then there was Tony. He almost looked like he was going to burst with pride.

‘You look amazing, honey’ he said. You smiled, both at the reaction you had caused and the warmth his obvious pride caused you.

‘Yeah, yeah, I look amazing dad, you gonna give a briefing for tomorrow or what?’ you smiled with new confidence. Not that you didn’t have it already. Now you just felt like you really were more than just the little kid that happened to live with them. More than Tony’s little girl.

You were an avenger.

‘You heard the lady, get to the briefing room’ Steve ordered the team the suppressed laughter clear in his voice and the twitch in the corner of his mouth. Once you all had seats, Tony began telling the team about tomorrow’s mission.

‘It’s not gonna be anything big, we’ve just been informed there’s some people selling and stealing alien tech that landed here. And there’s gonna be a kid with us cause he actually told us about what’s going down...’ Tony continued droning on but it wasn’t important, just background information. Finally, it was done, and everyone shuffled out of the room.

‘Hey, y/n,’ you turned to see Tash still in the room.

‘I’m gonna show you some stuff with your clothes’

‘Cool’

‘Okay so jump up and land as hard as you can.’ You did and spikes shot out of the side of your shoes around the sole. The artificial light gleamed on the edges, that were so sharp they could probably do more than just draw blood. You jumped again and the spikes retracted.
‘Sooooooo cool!’
‘I know right. Okay next thing’
‘There’s more?’
‘Tony thought of this one.’ Natasha handed you some earrings which had some skin colour part above them.
‘That part goes inside your ear.’ Cautiously you put them in, not sure what to expect. Until a familiar British voice filled your ears
‘Hello Miss Stark.’
‘You got Jarvis into these super pretty earrings!? Oh my god that’s amazing,’
‘It gets better. Tell JARVIS you’re about to fight’
‘Hey JARVIS, I’m about to fight’ Suddenly a kick-ass song filled your head. It filled you with such determination, like you could win any fight put to you.
‘JARVIS scans your brain activity and plays the music that you need to hear to get your adrenaline pumping, ready to win a fight. It changes depending on your outlook.’
‘Thank you so much.’ You ran to hug her. Best second Mom ever…
‘Okay kiddo, you should probably take off the armour and go have something to eat. You may not need it but it’s not a bad idea’
you ran off, still on your high from everything that had happened

Chapter End Notes

hey guys, thanks for rading this chapter. I really hope you liked it. One of my friends blackmailed me into letting her edit it, so hopefully the content should be at least a little better. The next time I'll post is Tuesday but i’m not sure how often I'll be able to post between them because of school and stuff. Again, please stay with it because you meet Peter in the next chapter and there is fluff. Lots and lots of fluff
The Mission

Chapter Summary

The day of your first mission is here. You're not nervous at all, until you meet a certain 15 year old boy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

‘Wakey, wakey everyone!’ Your dad’s voice boomed in your ears and continued to as he wandered around the floor, waking up the rest of the team. You looked over to your clock. 7AM. ‘Why couldn’t it be an afternoon mission’ was the only thought going through your head, other than the best way to permanently shut up your beloved father. Begrudgingly you got up and put on your clothes, still not really awake.

‘Morning Sunshine.’ Yep way too chipper for such an early morning. You groaned resting your head on your arms.

‘Dad, a little quieter, I’m still asleep’ everyone laughed, recalling the day of their first mission.
‘Well gotta get used to this if you want to be an Avenger. Are you gonna eat?’
‘No I’m cool,’
‘Get your stuff together then’
‘I’ve already done it’
‘Go do some teenager thing then. We’re going in an hour.’ Just enough time to spar with the punching bag.

An hour later, the team shuffled into a 14-seater, you and the girls at the back, while the boys argued over who was sitting with who. Tony eventually shut them up as Steve, Bucky and him got into the front, with Steve driving.

‘We’re going to the place where these guys are gonna make the switch with the alien tech. We’re gonna catch ‘em before they can do that. Not one of them escapes. Got it?’ Everyone nodded their heads in agreement.

You were ready.

Eventually you got there, everyone taking their positions with practised ease. They would be here any minute, it was just a matter of time. You activated your spikes as well as primed the rockets.

Their van pulled up to a stop and about 5 middle aged men stepped out. Time to party.

You had noticed out of the corner of your eye that one of the scumbags were running off in the distance. You activated the rockets and started flying after him. They were harder to control than you though so you opted instead to just run after him. There was no way he could outrun you. Then you decided to do something unexpected. But hey, it couldn’t go that wrong, right? You activated the boots just long enough to give you some extra height as you flipped over the man’s head and landed in front of him. A quick kick to the side stopped him in his tracks and you caught him as he fell, dragging him over to where the others were gathered.

‘Yeah! That’s my kid and she just whooped your ass!’ yelled your dad, as he laughed triumphantly, bringing you into a bear hug which was unsurprisingly bad considering he still had the suit on.

‘Right, let’s go home everyone.’ Steve said as he ushered everyone towards the van to drive back to the tower. You had been so caught up in the battle that you had hardly notice the appearance of ‘the kid’ who your dad must have been talking about earlier. He was still wearing his suit, including his mask so you couldn’t see what he looked like. You went back to chatting with Tash and Wanda, the
kid in the back of your mind.
You all got back to the tower and headed inside. It wasn’t too late, so Steve ordered some pizza as everyone else sat round chatting. However, the kid approached you before you had a chance to join any of the conversations.
‘Hey, I’m Spiderman.’ He said holding out his hand which you took cautiously, the mask still hiding his features.
‘Oh yeah the mask.’ He apologised quickly ripping it off to reveal a really cute face. Shit. Suddenly words and you weren’t exactly on the same page. You screamed for Wanda, hoping she could hear your thoughts. You were never more grateful to have her appear by your side...
‘Hey Peter’ So that was his name.
‘Hi Scarlet witch’
‘Call me Wanda. So, what were you guys talking about’
‘oh…uh…I was just telling her who I was. Is that okay?’ He almost seemed nervous.
‘Well, that’s good. You seem to be making a good first impression. This is…’
’y/n. um…’ you trailed off. Why was it suddenly so hard for you to talk?
‘Okay well I have to borrow y/n for a moment, but it was nice to officially meet you’
You waved goodbye as Wanda dragged you into another room and began laughing
‘What was that about?’
‘I’m sorry. It’s just, I couldn’t say anything or do anything so I just kind of needed your help. He can’t read minds like you right?’ Now you were freaking yourself out.
‘Hey, it’s okay’ she put her hand on your shoulder ‘You are the daughter of Tony Stark. An avenger. A generally kick ass girl. Boys are going to be a problem, but they’re no match for you’
‘Thanks sis’
‘No problem. Now get out there and flirt’ she got close to my ear and whispered ‘Just maybe not in front of your dad’ the two of you laughed before walking out. The whole team was sat on the couches, so you found a spot opposite peter. Thankfully the topic was on him.
‘So, Peter, how old are you’ asked Clint
‘I’ve just turned 15 a few months ago’ he replied awkwardly
‘wow you’re only a few months older than y/n then’ said Wanda. Sounding surprised but also knowing full well what she was doing.
‘you’re now pretty much the only person she knows, that is her age’ Steve said. Shit now the conversation was on both of you.
‘thank god for it too. You guys are getting a little old for my taste’
‘we’re not that old’ said a clearly offended Bucky.
‘You’re 90’ Said Tash
‘Whatever’ said Bucky, exasperated. At least the conversation was off you
‘um…no?’ He said taken aback by the question. Everyone stared at her, when she quickly motioned towards you while you weren’t looking. It immediately clicked and most looked like they thought it was adorable. Thankfully, Tony was grabbing himself a drink. Your father was nothing if not a man constantly with alcohol in his hand. However now that everyone knew, they asked a lot of questions, trying to “help you” but just being incredibly irritating instead. At least your dad was also quite oblivious
‘Hey kid. Peter’ he called ‘ I just got off the phone with your aunt, you’re gonna stay here for the next month or so, since it’s the Summer and you’re off school. Give you a chance to get to know the team. You can get your stuff in the morning. Wanda can you find him a room?’ he said calmly before going back to his phone in the kitchen.
‘gladly’ she said, an evil, older sister smirk appearing on her face as she grabbed Peters backpack and headed towards the hall that your room was in. Shit. I was gonna have to thank her later. In the meantime, you should probably become best friends with Peter Parker.
Chapter End Notes

Yay, you finally met Peter. Please tell me if you like this and if there's anything you want me to do or just other general feedback. Probably won't post again until next Tuesday and the chapters are going to start to get longer so get ready for that. The next couple of chapters will be super fluffy but then I'm going to get back to aligning this with the plot of the films.
‘Okay tonight the adults are gonna go out for some drinks. Since you two are underage, you and Peter are gonna stay home, cool?’ He said it as if he’d never let you stay home alone before. You guess he hadn’t really. Someone was always home but you reassured him it would be fine. You went to the kitchen to find Peter where he was talking with Bucky.

‘Hey Peter. What do you want to do tonight?’ Bucky almost choked on his drink.

‘You guys are staying home?’

‘Yeah,’

‘Alone,’

‘...Yeah,’

‘And your dad agreed to that?’

‘Buck, he thought of it.’ You grinned at the look of shock on his face and stuck your tongue out at him.

‘So Peter,’ you continued, turning back to him.

‘Movies are always a good idea. What kind of movies do you like’

‘Well I really like-.’

‘She’s a total nerd. Loves Star Wars.’

‘No way, me too!’ he replied excitedly (you weren’t surprised, it’s great to find a fellow nerd)

‘What!?’ Bucky shouted. His big brother plan at making you seem really uncool had really backfired.

‘Which order do you watch them in?’ and you dove into a heated discussion about Star Wars. So heated that your dad had to physically get between the two of you to say goodbye.

‘Okay so marathon then?’ he smiled slyly

‘Duh’ you replied ‘Wait pyjamas first and you know a ‘conversation’. I haven’t really had a proper one with you.’ Then you ran off before he could say anything to get changed. You chose some black leggings and a grey hoodie and as you came back you saw Peter had started to make popcorn.
'Hey, I forgot to say the other day, but you were amazing in the fight. Was that really your first one?'

'Yep'

'Damn I can’t believe you did that flip. Sorry but do you have some sort of superpower?'

'Kind of. It’s not like telekinesis or anything, more increased human endurance. I can hold my breath for a really long time, days without sleep, weeks without food or water. I’m really fast in all aspects. Just loads of intense human enhancements though, nothing alien.'

'Wow that’s amazing.'

'So, what do your superpowers include?'

You continued to talk about him as the two of you made your way to the sofa in front of the TV, talking right up to the minute the film started. The night was fairly normal but about three hours later you ran out of popcorn so Peter moved the popcorn bowl between you to the table. He yawned and put out his arm so that his hand was just behind your neck. Damn, no way to know if it was flirtatious or not... You decided to try something... You checked your watch. 11:30. You could get away with this. You turned to Peter.

'Hey I’m really tired, can I lie on you?'

'Uh...yeah...sure’ Was he nervous? You grabbed a pillow and put it on his lap as you lay your head on it. Your excuse began to come true as you started to drift off no matter how hard you fought the embrace of sleep . Before you knew it, you were dead to the world.

Peters POV:

She had shocked me completely with her question and I thanked all gods that it was too dark for her to see my blush. I knew I should just stop with wherever I wanted this to go, it was Mr Stark’s daughter for Christ’s sake. But she truly was amazing. Intelligent. Strong. Definitely could hold her own.

I thought I heard a little snore, so I assumed she was asleep. Without thinking I placed my placed my hand on her head and gently stroked her hair. Not in a creepy way just in a...not creepy way. I was completely unaware that all of the Avengers were watching me.

Avengers POV:

‘I am so glad there are cameras in this place,’ said Wanda, excitedly watching the screen where y/n had just turned to Peter. ‘What’s she saying?’

‘What’s happening?’ Clint yelled over his teammates head as he had the misfortune of being both short and at the back of the team. Everyone was trying to see what would happen while Tony was in the bathroom.

‘She’s talking to him but we can’t hear what she’s saying’ Steve answered.
'Oh my god is she…' whispered Tash. Everyone watched with bated breath as your name lay down on Peter.

'Holy shit, she’s got some guts,’ remarked Sam.

'I’m gonna punch the little bastard if he hurts her,’ was Bucky’s only response.

'Guys, Tony,’ Clint whispered, giving them enough time to act natural.

'Clint, you need to get him away so we can keep watching. Take him gambling or get him drunk,’ Tash said urgently only relaxing when Clint reached Tony in time to direct him towards the door out into a night of cocktails, casinos and cash.

Peter’s POV:

She was so peaceful but sleeping on the couch wasn’t good and the team would be back soon. So carefully as I could, I removed myself from underneath her head. Thankfully she stayed asleep. I picked her up and began carrying her. She nuzzled closer to me in a way that was cute, I almost wanted to never move and just enjoy this moment forever. Slowly I walked towards her room and lay her on her bed. Lifting the blanket, careful not to wake her, I hesitated. Deciding against doing anything weird, I left the room and closed the door.

Avengers POV:

'Okay, he’s getting up and- oh my god he’s carrying her, this is so cute!’ Wanda squealed with delight.

'Yeah unless he’s taking her to her room to do something to her. What if he drugged her and he’s about to…do something’ replied Bucky, ever the cynic.

'Hey Bucky, calm down. Peter’s a good kid. He wouldn’t do that. I know you love her like she was your sister but she’s growing up’ said Steve.

'Yeah, you’re right. I’m still not gonna stop worrying though.’

'Hey he’s in her room,’ shouted Sam ‘the doors open so we can see him.’

'Aww he’s putting the blankets over her,’ said Natasha.

'Gonna give her hell tomorrow?’ asked Wanda,

'You know it’ Tash replied as the pair laughed, putting the screen away just as Tony and Clint returned.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, here's the chapter guys, I won't be posting next week because I'm going on away
and won't have great wifi/time so I'll be sure to post two chapters when I get back the week after. Also, I've started another fic which is a lot darker and less about life with the avengers and more of a thing I kind of wanted to do as a comfort. (just read the decrition and you'll get what I'm talking about). Check it out if you want to. I'm going to post much more regularly on that one, basically one chapter a day but it has a very different atmosphere to this one so be warned. Thanks for redaing this one though, hope you like it and tell me what you think and where you want this to go
Just a little warning

Chapter Notes

hey, sorry I've made you wait this long, I would have posted something but I also lost my phone at the airport and literally just got home about ten minutes ago.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter POV

I woke up the next day with a smile on my face from the night before. I was getting hungry so decided it was time for some breakfast. I should have stayed in my room. All the Avengers were sitting at the table and Bucky pulled me into a seat between him and Steve.

‘So Peter. How was last night?’ said Steve. My face went red.

‘it was…it was good. What about you guys’ I replied shakily

‘Don’t change the subject’ said Bucky

‘Listen, kid, we saw everything’ said Tash ‘and we decided to give you a little warning’

‘She’s is very precious to this team and all of us will protect her.’ said Steve, looking less threatening than others, but still ready to cut my throat.

Then Sam started speaking, ‘that kid can be a real pain sometimes, but she’s our pain. So, you know, don’t hurt her’

‘if you break her heart there’s an arrow with your name on it’ said Clint

‘And I’m a trained assassin, I don’t think I need to say anymore’ said Natasha, glaring at me icily.

‘I read your mind, so I trust you for now, but that does not mean I will defend you if you do something. She is my sister’ I glanced at her thankfully for being the only one not very ready to throw a knife across the table at me.

And finally, Bucky who looked even more riled up than anyone else. ‘Listen up, I’m very protective of her. I don’t know what you’ll try so don’t take my warning lightly. If you so much as step a toe out of line, you will regret every breath you ever took’ he glared with so much rage that I thought I might die just from him looking at me. Thankfully y/n walked in.

Your POV:

you woke up in your bed the next morning, not remembering when you’d gone. You were met with a strange sight as you walked into the kitchen. Almost everyone was looking at you. Some were smirking, others smiling politely, Bucky just looked kinda angry.

‘Morning?’
‘Morning Sweetie. How’d you sleep’ said Tash

‘Really well actually. Why are you all staring at me?’

‘Oh don’t worry about that. Just sit down. Steve made pancakes’ Said Bucky, directing you so that he was between you and Peter.

‘Did something happen last night. You guys are all acting really weird’ Just then, Steve put down the plate of pancakes. They were heart shaped. ‘Okay seriously, someone tell me what’s going on’

‘They’re just pancakes y/n’ said Steve, laughing at your caution.

‘Morning Kiddo, I’ve got some news’ Tony walked into the room, a cell in hand. ‘There’s some nonsense going on with Fury and basically, you have to go to school with Peter when it starts up next week. He’ll show you around the school and the teachers have all been told so you should be good.’ you weren’t quite sure what to say.

‘Don’t worry you can still come on missions and stuff, you’ll just have to keep your stuff at school for quick changes. Is that okay?’ noticing your confused expression and lack of response. Everyone else looked at you, anticipating your answer.

‘And Peter will definitely be there’ you said, half because you knew you would need help and half because you had a major crush on him

‘Yeah. You’ll be in all his classes except one’ you risked a glance at Peter who was staring at you. Did he think you were weird? you looked around at everyone else and they were silently holding back their laughter. God, you were a laughing stock. ‘Okay honey, the adults have got to go but Tash and Steve are staying here. See you later’ He gave me you kiss on the head as everyone else made their way out of the room.

‘Hey cap. Can you get her to do a bit of training today, and Peter with her? Thanks’ and with that, he left the room.

‘Okay, y/n, What do you want to do? You can swim, spar, run or do some workouts.’ Cap said as he cleaned up the leftover plates from his pancakes.

‘Can we do some sparring?’

‘Definitely, now go get changed’ Said Tash. ‘You too Peter’ you ran to your room, ready to get your adrenaline pumping

‘What are you gonna do Tash?’ Said Steve, once Peter had left.

‘Oh, I’m just gonna show Peter that she will kick his ass too’

*down in the sparring ring*

‘Okay bandage up your hands you two. I’ll take you first y/n while Steve teaches Peter the basics then we’ll swap’ Said Tash, getting straight down to business and hopping into the ring.

‘Sure thing. Let’s get going’. you said, hopping into the ring yourself

‘whenever you’re ready’ both of you taking a stance. you took the first swing, faking to the right
before running to the left, grabbing her arm and flipping her over. Unfortunately, she landed the flip and was quick to retaliate. She held onto your arm and stuck her leg out, tripping you up.

The fight went on like that for about 5 minutes until she finally pinned you

‘Nice work today y/n, it was actually tough beating you. Come on Peter, you’re up’ you turned around to see him looking at you, absolutely terrified.

‘Let’s see what you can do Spider-Boy’ giving him a wink as you walked past him to Steve

‘Subtlety is overrated anyway’ He whispered to you.

‘Oh shut up and teach me how to kick some ass’

‘I think you’re covered. Besides, have a look at your boyfriend’

you turned to see Peter getting his ass handed to him. Poor guy. Tash was not going easy on him. She pinned him to the ground in less than a minute. Tash helped him up and he turned to you at the same time as recovering from his beat down.

‘You just gotta get better at anticipating her moves and then pinning her’ you said to him

‘Well then, why don’t you show him how to pin someone’ she smirked

‘I just might do that’ you said defiantly, stepping into the ring. you offered your hand to Peter. ‘Come on I’ll teach you how to pin someone’. He cautiously took my hand, still out of breath.

‘okay, so one way is flipping someone so you take the arm diagonal to your dominant hand…’ you reached across for his arm ‘and make a circle with it so it goes backwards. Making sure that you don’t do a full twist or they won’t land on their back’ you demonstrated it and heard him groan as he thudded onto the padded floor ‘You got that?’

‘Think so’ he said groaning as he sat up. ‘can I try on you?’

‘I’ll go easy’

He stood up and he flipped you almost perfectly. ‘Brilliant. Okay now one way to continue is put your foot on one of my hands just there’ you said, pointing to a part that wouldn’t do you any harm. ‘Then put that same side forearm on my chest and the other hand on my other arm’ He did it and suddenly you were very close. Now you could see why Tash got you to do this. You stared into his eyes, getting lost in them just a little.

Steve coughed and brought you out of your trance. ‘Okay, yeah…um…really good. Now try the whole thing’. you began practising until he had practically perfected the move so you got up and started gathering your stuff

‘Well you two have done quite enough for today I think. Just go and have some fun’ said Steve walking out of the gym

‘Keep it PG-13’ said Tash, following him, making you both turn very red

‘So you’re gonna come to my school next week’

‘yeah, and about the thing earlier, I just wanted to make sure you would be there because honestly, I’m kinda scared. I’ve never been to an actual school before.’
Well, I’m a bit of a loser at my school. Hey, how about we make a promise.

‘What kind of promise?’

‘I will stick with you in school and help you through it whenever you need help and make it as normal as possible for you if you promise that when you become the most popular girl in school, you don’t leave me in the dust?’

‘Deal, mostly because I’m not going to be the most popular girl in school.’

‘Oh trust me you will. You’re strong, smart, badass, pretty…’

Pretty?

‘Thanks, Peter’ we started walking out as I linked our arms and placed my head on his shoulder.

‘No problem y/n’

Chapter End Notes

Woo! Another chapter. What did you guys think. I'll still post another chapter on Tuesday but also this is unedited because my Beta is having a tough time at the moment so sorry if it's more shit than normal. Sorry for that sudden plot thing with next to no context and other stuff but it was the only way I could write it in. (it's quite key for the next like five chapters) I'm really excited for you guys to read them and I would publish them all at once, I just don't want to then have zero content for a while. Also small warning, treasure these happy times, because this might be the last time you see them.
The first Day

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was the first day of school today and you were extremely nervous. You were thanking God that Peter made that promise to you though. You didn’t eat but that was normal for you. Nor did you sleep. You were thinking up your outfit and hair. First impressions matter. You decided on some dark skinny jeans and a white, loose tank top, paired with some brown knee-high boots and grey cardigan. Peter was still staying with you for another few months because his Aunt May was away on holiday. Your dad had the idea for her to have a break because Peter should be with the team. She didn’t have enough money to take them both away so hadn’t been anywhere in years. She really deserved it.

You had revised every bit of the curriculum that Peter had already done so you didn’t get caught out by not knowing stuff. Thankfully Peter agreed that you should leave early so he could help introduce you to his friends. Your Dad let you take a taxi instead of being extra and dropping you in one of his various sports cars. You followed Peter like a sheep to a pair by the lockers.

‘Hey guys, this is y/n’ He said

‘Hi, I’m Ned’ said the boy

‘Michelle’ said the girl, holding out her hand.

‘Nice to meet you’ you said

‘Have you ever been to school before?’ Asked Michelle

‘Nope first time’

‘So you were homeschooled?’

‘You could say that’

‘What do you mean?’ asked Michelle

‘Well...’ you began

‘Hey, didn’t I see you on the news the other day’ said Ned

‘Probably. I’m Tony Stark’s daughter’

No one said anything

‘Damn girl, I see why Peter goes on about you now. So, like do you have your own iron man suit?’ said Michelle

‘No not quite’ you explained to them about the accident and your powers

‘So how do you know Peter’ asked Michelle

‘Stark internship’

‘Oh cool. So, y/n, do you know where your locker is’
‘yeah, it should be next to Peters’

cute. You got your schedule?’

‘yeah’ I held it out to her and she took it. Quickly scanning the paper

‘We’re in a class together’

Peter turned to you. ‘That’s the one you don’t have with me.’

‘Thank you’ you said gratefully. He blushed a little.

‘Okay well, I’ll see you then. I think I’ll go put my stuff in my locker’ you linked your arms with Peter as he led you to the lockers

‘hey Parker, who’s that you got with you, your sister’ Shouted a boy as you walked

‘Don’t mind him, he’s one of the guys that make me look like a loser’ You tried to walk away but the boy grabbed Peter’s shoulder

‘Where you going, Parker’

‘Leave him alone’ you said abruptly as some people stopped in the halls to watch the commotion

‘What you gonna do about it. Who are you anyway’

‘She’s new’

‘Oh, so a nobody then. Just back off okay?’

‘Make me’ this earned you so ‘ooooh’s’ from onlookers which were greatly desired to keep up your sudden, but quickly fading confidence

‘You think you’re tough.’

‘Oh I know I’m tough’ I said, stepping up into his face. Thankfully we were the same height

‘Wanna prove it’

‘name the challenge and I’ll crush you at it’

‘Okay then. Fighting. Not boxing’

‘I know what fighting is jackass’ I said with a smirk on my face

‘We have gym first thing. Good luck’ he said walking away

*in gym*

‘okay, so today we’re gonna start small, you’re gonna watch these two battle it out, I suppose. How you got into a fight with the new girl on her first day Flash, astounds me, but it means I don’t have to teach you guys so go ahead. Try not give anyone any injuries’ said the teacher. How the hell did he even get this job?
The two of you stepped onto the mats and just circled each other, an occasional shout of encouragement hear from the group of people surrounding you.

‘How about we make this a little more interesting’ he said, slyly. ‘You win, and I won’t bother Peter for a month’

‘Sounds like something you should do anyway but go on’

‘If I win, you have to be my girlfriend for a month’

You paused as if you were actually considering it.

‘done’ everyone gasped. ‘Can we fight now. I’m getting kinda bored’

He ran at you with punches and you easily deflected all of them. You used Tash’s signature move of wrapping your thighs around the person’s neck as well as using your elbow in many places.

‘Do the move from last week’ you heard Peter shout from somewhere. You stepped back and acted like you were out of breath, signalling for him to hold on. Of course, he didn’t care as he ran at you, taking his chance. You, of course, were putting on a show and flipped and pinned him easily. He groaned and you stood to walk away with your victory

‘You sneaky bitch. What the hell’

‘you know you should really find out a person’s name before you challenge them’

‘Alright then. What’s your name’ you stood next to Peter and turned to him. Speaking loud enough for everyone to hear, almost like a warning

‘I’m y/n Stark. Tony Stark’s daughter and newest member of the Avengers, bitch’

Everyone fell dead silent as you walked away with Peter. As soon as you left the gym, however, you almost collapsed, as Peter caught you.

‘hey, you alright there’

‘Yeah, that was just a little nerve-racking’

‘Well, you did brilliantly. You’ll definitely be popular after that performance, and they haven’t even seen your intelligence yet.’

He gave you a hug. One that made you feel safe in his arms.

‘Okay now go get changed, everyone will be out in a moment’ he said, playfully pushing you towards the girl’s locker room.

*in physics*

You walked into the classroom and immediately felt lots of eyes on you, thankfully, you saw Michelle and took a seat next to her.

‘Hey dude you killed it’ she whispered to you
‘What?’

‘your fight? Everyone’s talking about it. I had a feeling you were good but I didn’t realise you were that amazing’

‘Thanks but I don’t want to be known for a fight’

‘well unless you prove yourself in some other way then you’re stuck with it’

The teacher walked in and welcomed you by apologising for getting into the hard stuff right away but everyone else was ahead so you just had to catch up. She began drawing some complicated equations on the board and some graphs. Most people looked at it confused, unable to do anything with the information given to them. You were done in minutes.

‘Oh, finished?’ she walked over to check your answers, astounded to see all of them right.

‘Well, that’s certainly good for you. Looks like you don’t have to catch up’ once again, everyone’s eyes were on you in astonishment.

‘Maybe you will be known for something other than a fight’ Michelle said

Chapter End Notes

Woo, Just as promised, here’s another chapter. Hope you guys liked it. Again, sorry for the kind of weird direction the plot took in this point, I just wanted to write the 'reveal' like that and just kind of had to, find a way. Hope you liked it and I'll be posting again next Tuesday (hopefully, I'm really busy at the moment) and if I know that I won't be able to make that then I'll post it early. Thanks for all your support
‘Hey, honey. How was your first day of school? Horrible?’ was the first thing Tony said as you sailed through the door, head held high with Peter in tow.

‘It was amazing. I know all the material and I beat this kid’s ass in the gym and now he’s not going to bother Peter anymore.’

‘I think that’s the … actual definition of a successful first day. Guess you won’t need these recovery brownies I made for you guys then.’

‘Uh no, I’m gonna need the brownies to make me feel better because you guys honestly thought I wouldn’t crush school.’ you replied, grabbing the whole plate out of Steve’s hand and offering some to Peter.

‘Now if you’ll excuse us, we have homework to do.’

‘Homework? On the first day?’

‘Hey, I don’t make the rules.’

‘Okay well get it done fast then you can come and tell me about your day in detail,’ Tony shouted to your retreating back as you disappeared into your room with Peter.

‘Okay let’s start with Chemistry’

*two hours later*

‘Dinners ready’ shouted Clint for the rest of the team to hear. Suddenly the table was significantly less empty.

‘So, tell us about school,’ said Bucky.

‘Well there’s this kid picking on Peter and pretty much within the first ten minutes of me being in school he challenged me to a fight in the gym, you know, not knowing what the hell he was getting himself into,’ everyone laughed. ‘I crushed him. Tash, you should have seen it.’

‘She was amazing,’ said Peter. ‘He couldn’t touch her and it took her about a minute to get him on the floor. She could have done it in less but she was definitely going easy on him.’ You smiled shyly at each other, he was really going all out with the compliments tonight. He’s so sweet, and charming, and funny, and smart, and handsome. Shit weren’t you supposed to be talking?

‘Yeah, then I had physics, chemistry and english. And now I’m the girl who can kick your ass and then wipe the floor with you in academics’
‘Damn girl, you work fast’ remarked Sam.

‘Yeah, yeah we’re all really proud of you but, like, can we eat now?’

*a long ass time later*

It had been a few months since that first day of school. You had continued with everything and excelled at all of your classes. Gym had been a breeze, and no one had challenged you again. Sometimes, the teacher actually asked you to take the class, half because he couldn’t be bothered and half because you were probably more capable than him. (Scratch that definitely more capable than him, how he qualified was a mystery, probably a mix-up in paperwork). You had made friends with a couple of other people, but most were too nervous to even approach you.

You had joined a few clubs, though admittedly it was only because the teachers had encouraged you (read: forced). You only did it if Peter, Michelle or Ned were doing the club too though. Even with your amazing skill and ability to be friends with anyone you wanted, you still felt out of place.

However, you had quickly grown a bond with Michelle and Ned, who had treated you like a normal human being, aside from the many questions that Ned constantly pestered you with about growing up with the Avengers.

‘Tell us about things you did growing up’

‘Okay, what do you wanna know?’

‘Do you guys play pranks on each other?’

‘Oh yeah, all the time.’ You laughed and began to talk about the time you and Natasha had hidden Steve’s clothes and given him some more than patriotic ones instead, or when you changed everyone’s ringtones to different songs depending on who they were. For Steve, the sounds of ‘America! Fuck yeah!’ would often grace your ears, whereas ‘I’m a boss ass bitch’ would start blaring whenever anyone called your dad.

‘What about Christmas?’

‘We always spend Christmas together, well, those of us who aren’t otherwise preoccupied. I don’t think they did that before I started living with them, but they’ve done it ever since and though the day rarely goes to plan, we always get loads of stories out of it for blackmail.’

That was how your conversations often went. You didn’t know much about either of them, and you felt bad that you were only ever talking about you, but they assured you they wanted to hear about your life.

One day, while you were doing some of your chemistry homework, your dad knocked on the door, looking a little confused.

‘Hey Hun?’ said Tony
‘Yeah dad’

‘You and Peter have been invited to an academic decathlon next week in Washington. Do you know anything about that?’

‘Holy shit, I get to go? But I’ve only been here a few months. Yeah, they were talking about it in one of the meetings the other day. Oh my God, can I go?’

‘That’s brilliant. Yeah, of course, you can go, just as long as you do know this means that you can’t go on missions during those three days.’

‘Yeah I know but there will be other missions.’

‘Okay then, I’ll let her know you’ll be joining them. Go tell Peter the good news.’

You got up from your bed and ran across the hall to Peter’s room, running in without knocking and launched yourself onto his bed

‘Guess what, guess what, guess what!’ you said, excitement evident in your voice.

‘What, what, what?’ he said, mimicking your excitement.

‘I’m coming to Washington with you.’ His eyes lit up and he smiled, equal parts proud and… something else.

‘No way, that’s amazing y/n. Well done.’ He pulled you into a hug and tackled you down to lie next to him. You lay there comfortably, his arms still around you, with your head on his chest as you listened to the comforting beat of his heart.

*the next morning*

‘Guess who’s a genius?’ You shouted as you entered the kitchen

‘Well, your dad’s clever, but also dumb as shit. Steve’s crazy and Bucky’s more brawn than brains so that just leaves me,’ Sam grinned.

‘You’re the dumbest of us all, and no, it’s me. I’m going to an academic decathlon because my teacher saw the potential in my intelligence,’ you said, exaggerating your ego.

‘You mean your superpower?’

‘Oh, hush Bucky,’ scolded Tash. ‘We’re very proud. Also, Tony told us all last night’

‘You gonna come today after school to prep a bit more?’ asked Peter.

‘Duh, of course.’

‘Don’t worry you’ll fit right in with all the other nerds,’ teased Bucky

‘We’ll see you guys later then.’ I said before grabbing Peter and heading out the door.
Hey, this is a little later than when I normally post, and I would have totally posted earlier, just that I'm staying at a friends house and I had to get the wifi password and stuff, also homework is stressful. This is a calm chapter, just a bit of banter between everyone, because, in the next few chapters, I get into the plot of the actual movie (sort of). in this, Spiderman homecoming is first, the Civil War and obviously I'm not going to religiously stick to the actual plot so sorry if you don't like what I do or think I go too far from what actually happened but it just made my job a lot easier. I'll be posting again next week as normal, but the other author of this (she's technically the beta but I accidentally added her as a co-author and I cba to change it) has asked if she could add to the note here at the bottom, so:

Hey, this is the mysterious beta that forced her way into editing this fic. First of all, I’d like to apologise mainly for disappearing for like two weeks but also if I miss anything because I had no idea what I was getting into and now I actually have to do something in the evenings which is slightly stressful so that’s fun. (No idea how anyone has the originality or time to write these so really Brownie Points to you guys - especially Grace) But thank you so much for reading this and I have to admit we are both so invested in this fic (it’s mostly me but still) and every time we get an email with kudos or comments I kinda squeal and it really makes my day so thank you! - Hannah (NearlyNormal)

btw in case you couldn't guess, I'm Grace. She's probably going to be the one answering to the comments, I'm really sorry that I haven't so far. I have read them but I just never get round to reading them and it's also kinda hard to know how to respond. Just wanted to let you guys know that we do read them and we love how much support we're getting from you. I personally find it very hard to comprehend that some random stranger on the internet has asked the website tot ell them when I've made more content

wow, I just realised this is a very long note I'm gonna shut up now. But thanks again for all the support
An Eventful trip

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

‘Okay have you got everything with you?’

‘Yes Tash, let me go okay?’ you giggle, pushing her away as she tried to give you a hug.

‘Okay, bye sweetie.’

The whole team had come to say goodbye to you and Peter which had shocked everyone, to say the least. Seeing these badass heroes, like Black Widow, mother a teenage girl.

‘Hey y/n, I saved you a seat.’

‘Thanks, Pete.’

‘Gummy worm?’ he said, offering you his bag of sweets

‘Don’t mind if I do,’ you say, grabbing one and quickly dropping it into your mouth.

‘We’ll have a chance to get some more food at another point but I always come prepared. Wanna watch a movie?’

‘Yeah sure.’

He got out his phone and placed it on the tray table in front of him, giving you one of his earplugs.

After a while, your neck got tired, so you rested it on Peter’s shoulder slowly drifting off into the sweet oblivion of sleep.

Peters POV:

When she leant her head on my shoulder, I almost burst. She was so adorable. She ended up falling asleep and she looked so peaceful. Eventually, we reached where we could have a break so I had to wake her. However, I was almost glad I did. Her eyes lit up and she got up almost immediately, grabbing my hand and pulling me with her in excitement.

‘Come on Peter. Hurry up’ we quickly reached the large selection of food, but she didn’t let go of my hand. I could feel people looking at us but I didn’t care because I was holding hands with the most beautiful girl I had ever met.

It wasn’t long before she had bought everything she wanted and we were back on the bus, while I caught her up on what had happened while she asleep.

After another hour, we got to the hotel and split up into our rooms. It was just Ned and me in ours so we invited y/n and Michelle.

We played games and just did a bit of talking, keeping it calm for the competition tomorrow. y/n had
killed it in every single time we’d prepped so I had a feeling we would do fine. That still wouldn’t excuse me if I slipped up thinking about her.

Eventually, Michelle went back to her room and Ned went out to get some snacks

Your POV:

‘I’ll be back in like 30 minutes’

‘Hey can you grab me some M&M’s’ you shouted after him

‘sure’ he shouted back

Peter and you sat on his bed and talked for a little while

‘you’re amazing y/n. You really are’

‘you’re amazing too you know. I mean you can climb and walls and we both just as good as each other at taking down bad guys’

‘But you’re amazing beyond that. You’re really smart and beautiful and-.’ He stopped

‘you really think I’m beautiful?’

‘of course. I’ve thought that since the day I met you’ he was so quiet you almost didn’t hear him. Somehow you did, and you couldn’t respond. Did he really feel the same way?

‘now you think I’m weird. I shouldn’t have said anything, I’m sorry’. He began getting up and without thinking you pulled him back down and into a kiss. It was soft. Not rough or lustful, as if you were both scared to scare the other off. Eventually, Peter needed some air, so you broke apart and looked into each other's eyes. Content.

‘That was…nice’ said Peter finally.

‘yeah, it was’ you said, blushing like crazy

‘Hey, guys I’m back! I got your M&M’s y/n’ he stopped when he saw you two. ‘Sorry, was I interrupting something’

Out of the corner of your eye, you saw Peter stare at him as if to say he had, making you laugh. ‘No, it’s fine Ned. Can you toss them to me?’

he tossed them and came to sit down opposite you. You talked probably for another hour before you caught Ned yawning

‘You boys are tired aren’t you. Come on you need sleep if you want to win tomorrow’

‘we don’t need sleep if we have you’

‘That’s sweet, but protest is futile. I’ll see you in the morning’ you gave Peter a quick kiss on the cheek before running out of the room to your own one next door.
‘you’re back late. Have fun with Peter’ said Michelle, without looking up from her book

‘Yeah you could say that’

‘oh please it’s written all over your face’

‘Wow, that obvious?’

‘that obvious’

Peters POV:

‘Dude! She kissed you!’ shouted ned

‘yeah man. Just before you came in’

‘dude, how was it’

‘it was amazing’ I said, flopping down onto my bed

‘she’s cool’

‘yeah she is’

‘you gonna be okay for tomorrow?’

‘definitely not’

‘Well get some sleep. Like she said, we have to if we want to win’

*in the morning*

‘Hey, Peter’ said Michelle. ‘Grace told me you guys had fun last night’. I almost choked on the orange juice I was drinking

‘oh chill, think about who you’re talking to for a minute’ she scolded before walking away with a banana in hand

‘Hey Peter’ I saw y/n come downstairs and make her way towards me. We gave each other a hug and surprisingly, it wasn’t awkward from the night before.

My POV:

It had started raining which was obviously almost but a damper on your mood, despite you winning the competition. The whole team had been given an hour to celebrate before a more formal dinner
that the school would take you on. Everyone was quick to explore but you and Peter simply wandered in the rain as you both loved how calm it made you feel. It didn’t matter that neither of you had the water-proof clothes, you were just happy in each other’s presence.

‘You were amazing today you know’ he said, stopping and turning to you

‘you were great too’ you responded. He took out his phone and played Imagine by John Lennon.

‘Care to join me for a dance’ he extended his hand to me and you laughed at his cheesiness as you danced through the beautiful lyrics. You started slowly, simply swaying. His arms on your hips, your hands on his shoulders.

As the song continued, he spun you in the rain, causing water droplets to fly from your soaked clothes. You giggled as you glided through the puddles and spun around the lampposts. You pushed your hands through his dripping hair, gazing into his eyes. Your hands moved to cup his face as you slowly closed the small gap between us. Your lips crashing into one another. This time, more passionate, warming each other from the cold rain. You could hear the song coming to an end so you made you part, once again making eye contact with him.

‘I really, really like you Peter’ I said

‘I really, really like you too y/n’ he pulled you into a safe embrace, both of his arms wrapping around your torso. You remained there while the song looped for however many minutes.

‘We should get back and change’ he finally said to you

‘Just one more minute’

‘Of course’

Chapter End Notes

Yay, another chapter. This one hasn't been edited. It would have been but there has been a lot of family stuff going on with Hannah at the moment so she hasn't had the chance. I hope you guys liked this chapter because ha, ha, ha, this is the last chapter before all hell breaks loose. I've also written all the way up to chapter 17 and I've already told Hannah that if it doesn't make her cry, I need to re-write it, so at least you guys have that to look forward to it. I hope you guys are enjoying it so far, also if you haven't already, listen to the Black Panther soundtrack because it's AMAZING. okay, that's all. See you next week :)
You ended up having to run back to the hotel, laughing as you did so. You ran into your room and leant back on the door, still on cloud nine. Michelle simply raised an eyebrow.

‘You know we have to leave in 20 minutes, right?’ she said.

‘Shit.’ You ran to the bathroom and began to attempt fixing your hair before shoving on a sleeveless navy skater dress with gold decoration around the torso, along with some black, open-toed wedges. You loosely plaited your hair and did what makeup you could before being rushed out the door by Michelle.

You all met downstairs and you instantly tried to find Peter, already itching to be back with him. Then suddenly you spotted him in a neat black suit and tie with his hair messily styled back. Your breath hitched at the sight of him and from what you could see, he was having the same reaction towards you.

‘You look…amazing,’ he said to you, almost not managing to get the words out

‘You clean up pretty well yourself,’ you smirked, intertwining your arms as Michelle and Ned looked at each other, confused.

‘So, I take it, something happened after the competition...’ she hinted

‘What on earth would make you say that?’ you said dramatically, acting offended at her comment and even adding a shocked look and a hand to your brow for added effect.

She simply rolled her eyes and wandered off to people watch. You turned to Peter as you looked at each other, content grins plastered on your faces

‘You know you look amazing right?’ he said.

‘Really? I had no idea,’ you smiled and pulled him in for a quick kiss before the teachers began your walk to the restaurant.

*time skip*

‘So, how long have you guys actually known each other?

‘Well, it’s probably been about five months. Maybe six?’ you said hesitantly. You hadn’t realised, until now, how long it had been since that first day you two had met.

Eventually, everyone’s food came, and you began eating. Some people continued their conversations a little, but most were quick to dig into the extremely delicious food. It wasn’t long before you had all practically licked your plates clean.

You laughed with your friends as Ned told you stories of Peter and you told ones of yourself as you
waited for dessert.

‘Wait so, after your dad got you out of the machine, how did you see if the machine gave you all the things it was meant to. Surely your dad didn’t just tell you to hold your breath underwater or not feed you for days on end’. Ned’s question was met with silence and a look from you that said ‘You’d be surprised’

‘At first, I was confused about what was happening but because he didn’t force me into, I just took it as an opportunity to have some fun. Then eventually, I began to understand what had happened to me and I asked if he could train so I could use my abilities to my full potential.’

‘What do you mean by training?’ asked Michelle

‘Well it’s great and all being enhanced, but if you’re just average to begin with then there’s not much improvement. I work on my mind, doing maths, English and languages. Then I either work on my swimming or my running before I go and work on hand to hand combat with Nata- um…Black Widow’

‘Wow I wish I could see that. I bet when we saw you take down Flash, was nothing compared to your sparring sessions’

‘I could probably record us training one day if you want’

‘Really!?’ Ned’s eyes lit up at the thought. At that moment, you got a phone call from your dad. Confused you answered the call.

‘Hey, dad. You good?’

‘Hey, no not really. I’m really sorry kiddo, but we’re gonna have to cut the trip short. Where are you right now? Like what’s the address?’

‘Um it’s (insert restaurant name and address here)’

‘Okay, you have about five minutes to say goodbye to your friends and explain to the teachers why you have to go’

‘But why do I have to go?’

‘There are big problems going down here. And bring Peter with you. I’m sending two of my suits to pick you guys up. Be quick Kiddo. I love you’ and with that, he hung up the phone. All your friends were looking at you with mild concern. ‘We have to go now Peter’ you stood up and grabbed his hand, dragging him with you. ‘There’s a major shit storm happening at the Avenger’s tower we have a few minutes to say by before my dad’s suits come and pick us up outside’

‘Wait, your dad, as in, Tony Stark’

‘Yeah. Well, this has been really fun but now we need to explain to the teachers. Do you think you guys could handle getting our stuff back?’

‘Yeah of course, now go save the world’ Michelle said giving you sly grin as you made your way over to the teachers, you had now grabbed the attention of almost everyone at the table. Thankfully the teachers knew that more trouble would come if they didn’t let me go than if they did.

You smiled your thanks before rushing outside, still with Peter in tow who had yet to actually say a word. ‘You okay?’
‘Yeah, I’m just worried. What could be so important that they need to drag us across the country late at night’

‘I don’t know but I hope the world isn’t ending’ just then, two iron man suits flew down, making some people scream in shock and most of your friends rush to the window of the restaurant to see. The suits opened up, inviting the two of you to step inside, which you did. You were facing the windows as the suits began to fly you away and the looks of shock on everyone’s faces, specifically Flash, made you smirk. Then you remembered the gravity of your situation.

‘JARVIS, can you connect me to the suit that Peter’s in’

‘Of course Miss Stark’

‘Hey Pete’

‘Hey y/n’

‘I have a feeling that once we get there, it will be pretty non-stop. So, in case anything happens, stay safe’

‘You too. And I know that nothing will happen because we will find a way back to each other. I promise’ you smiled at his promise and saw the two of you were nearing the tower. You saw your dad on the balcony where you were set to land. Worry marked his face, as it did on your own.

The suit came to a stop and opened up, allowing you to run to him for a hug.

‘What’s going on dad’

‘There’s going to be some bad things coming up honey. I’m really sorry’

His words only made you hug him tighter. Your dad never acted like this unless what was coming, would mean nothing would ever be the same.

Chapter End Notes

I was so stupid and actually almost forgot to post this chapter. Life's been crazy at the moment so I'm sorry if I don't quite post in time and also if the chapters are bad because this one is unedited and the next one probably will be too but idk.
I hope you liked this chapter because even though I said the last chapter was the last nice one, this kind of was as well. But now for real, it's pretty downhill from here so I hope you enjoy those coming chapters. I've also started a one-shots fic with soulmates which you guys should check out. I don't think it's as good because I've never written stuff that is designed to be short like that before though. Thanks so much for all the feedback I get from you guys. I'm not sure if I've said this or not, but I would totally respond to your comments but like I said, life's been crazy and I just never get round to it, but I do always read them.
Thanks, and see you guys (hopefully) next week
Betrayal

It didn’t take long for you to find him. He had been trapped behind some debris, running to the quinjet. You descended from the sky and landed, firing the gun still in your hand at his shield to make him aware of your presence. He turned, defeated from already fighting his other friends, then shocked to see it was you who had so willingly fired a gun at him

’y/n?’

‘Steve. Bucky’ you nodded your head toward both of them

‘You’re really against us?’ he asked

‘It sure looks that way. Why did you leave?’

‘I couldn’t stand for something I didn’t believe in’

‘You couldn’t have done that when I wasn’t there? I had to watch you walk out like there was nothing left at the tower for you anymore. You could have at least said goodbye to me. Or looked at me when I screamed your name, begging you not to go’ You could feel hot tears in your eyes again

‘Would it have actually made it better if I had’ he said pityingly

‘It would have shown me you cared’ you said coldly. ‘But now it doesn’t matter because I have to stop you. No matter what’

‘Is that what your dad said?’

‘What does it matter if it is?’

’y/n, what do you actually think about this. Do you really want to stay here and be controlled?’

‘It doesn’t matter what I think. I would never betray my dad. It doesn’t matter if sometimes you act more like my father than he does. He loves me and always has. I won’t leave him’ even you could hear the wavering in your voice

‘Won’t or can’t’

‘won’t...can’t...’ you fumbled with your words. You can’t leave him. It would be the biggest betrayal of the day. And that was saying something, considering the recent events. Even if you didn’t want to stay here, how would you even leave? The thoughts churned in your head, but you knew deep down that you did want to leave.

‘Can’t’ you said at last

‘Come with us’ said Bucky, pleadingly

‘I already told you I can’t’

’y/n, I don’t want to leave you again, please’ he extended his hand. Just then, Natasha came through the debris. You jumped away from Bucky
‘What’s going on here?’ she asked

‘y/n can’t stay here. She’s not safe’ said Steve

‘I think the bullets in Sam’s legs would beg to differ’ she raised an eyebrow at you

‘Tony told her to do whatever it takes to stop us. She was following orders. Even more of a reason to take her away. If she came with us then she would be nowhere near the fighting. If she stays she’ll be put through this again. She might do something that would haunt her for the rest of her life. We’ll keep her safe’ he was completely begging her to see reason now. There was a moment of silence as she considered everything. Then she looked at you.

‘Do you want to go with them?’ All you could do was nod. ‘Okay then. I’ll hold of the others but it won’t work for long so be quick’ she pulled you into a tight hug, like it was the last one we would ever share.

You were scared. You were becoming a fugitive. Leaving your dad who had done almost nothing but love you. Probably not to see anyone except for Bucky and Steve for a long time. You jumped on the quinjet, shaking a little as you did so. Once you had strapped yourself in, Steve took off and you were all quiet. You looked out the windows behind you and saw your dad flying after the jet. Snapping your head away from the window, you could see him aiming at the jet to bring it down. You heard him on the intercom

‘y/n, where are you? Are you safe?’ he hadn’t seen you yet

‘Yeah dad, I’m safe’ you replied shakily

‘okay, but where are you, are you hurt?’

‘Dad I’m on the quinjet’

‘What?!’ he screamed with rage which made you flinch, and tears pour out of your eyes.

‘I’m sorry dad. I just...didn’t want to fight anymore. I didn’t want any of this. Dad, I’m sorry’ silence.

‘Dad?’

‘After everything that’s happened you’re going with them? Honey, you could die if you go with them’

‘but if I stay with you I have to fight my friends. I’m not going to die with them. They would never let that happen to me’

‘Sweetie, please get off the plane. We’ll talk about this’ you could hear the panic in his voice

‘No dad, I can’t’

‘Honey…’ you cut him short by taking out the earpiece and smashing it. You curled in on yourself and began to sob. Bucky and Steve sat in the front in silence, hearing the whole exchange.

*Later*

Eventually, it became dark and the plane landed in an old Hydra bunker. No one said anything to
you. Steve and Bucky discussed where you would all sleep, and they lead you to one of the rooms. It was bleak and had little to no light. I knew the space wasn’t ideal, but you had to stay. You would just have to suck it up and deal with it. You climbed into the bed and tried to let sleep take you.

You thought of what you’d left behind. Peter would miss you and you would miss him. You had just gotten together and now you had been split apart. Would you ever see him again? Would you ever see any of them again? Thank God Natasha wouldn’t let anyone talk badly about you while you were gone. Everyone who had fought your dad was in jail now. How could he do that to them? His family and he just locked them up like they meant nothing. Would he do the same to you if you went back? You felt bad to say that you weren’t sure.

You thought of what you had done. You had shot Sam in the foot out of blind loyalty. Beat the crap out of a man you didn’t know, who just wanted to help the world with his ability. Willingly gone to attack Wanda, after everything she had done for you. Because of your father, you had hurt your family. Even if you could forgive yourself, would they?

You decided to give up on sleep and go next door to Bucky. He wasn’t asleep either.

‘Bucky?’

‘Hey y/n’ he immediately sat up and walked over to hug you. ‘Couldn’t sleep either?’

‘Yeah. Can I stay with you tonight?’

‘Of course,’ he protectively wrapped his arms around you. ‘I’m sorry that this was where we had to bring you’

‘It’s okay. You take what you can get when you’re a fugitive’

‘We will do whatever we can to stop all of this. Especially now that you’re with us’

‘I don’t want you to give up your morals just because now you have to look out for me. I can manage’

‘Don’t worry, I don’t doubt it’

Silence

‘Do you think my dad will ever forgive me’ Bucky sighed

‘If he’s a good dad he will. And I’ve only ever seen him be a great dad, aside from today’

‘But I left everyone. Peter. I might never see him again. And I shot Sam. They’re in prison. All because of these stupid accords’ You started crying a little bit which made him hold you tighter and rub your arm

‘Hey, don’t cry. You’ll see that this will all blow over. I’m sure that Sam gets why you shot him. And besides, he’ll heal and he’ll be back to his usual teasing self in no time. Yeah, they’re in prison, but that’s only because we fought against the law for what we believed in. That doesn’t make us bad people, just dangerous to the people who made the rules. As for Peter, I don’t think there is a force on this earth that could keep you two apart. You’ll see. Everyone will be back together and it will be just like it was. Cause now we’re not just looking out for each other. We’re looking out for you. Making sure you don’t grow up in a broken family. Try and get some sleep now. We’re gonna have a lot of bad days ahead of us’ you put your head on his chest and slowly fell asleep.
An early chapter, just like I promised. However, like I said, I won’t be posting for a while because I’m in a show and all the performances are this week. I hope you liked this chapter even if it was a little bit shorter. I know that I completely did not stick to the actual plot of civil war but sorry not sorry. Tell me what you guys think in the comments and what you want to see more/less of. Also this again, unedited cause Hannah has no concept of what responsibilities are
You walked into the living room and saw a very depressing sight. Tash was sitting in an armchair, sternly looking at the glass, so harshly you feared it might crack under her gaze. Sam stood leaning against the wall, looking as if he’d already given up. Wanda was staring emptily as if remembering something horrible. Bucky simply looked as if he wished he could run away. Vision seemed awkward and Clint was... sad. Steve was glaring at your dad and Bruce was nowhere to be seen.

‘These are the Sokovia accords. We’ve been asked to sign them’ Vision handed you a pack. ‘If we sign it, then the government controls what we do and when we do it. Otherwise, we’re criminals. Half of us have agreed to sign it. Others are... undecided’

‘If we sign that, then we get put on a leash and we put the entire world at risk’

‘and if we don’t then we kill thousands more people!’ your dad shouted back at Steve.

‘I’m not undecided. I’m not signing it and you can’t convince me otherwise’

‘then you should probably leave. And take anyone else who won’t be signing it with you’ you were shocked by your dad’s words. He wasn’t really kicking them out?

‘Dad?’

‘This is how it is now. You guys won’t be going back to school until this blows over’ you could feel the tears in your eyes beginning to push their way out. You glanced over his shoulder to see who was leaving. Steve tossed his jacket over his shoulder and began walking to the elevator. Sam had already started walking as your first tear fell. Clint took longer, but he still went. He still left. You lost it at Bucky. You knew he would leave with Steve but that didn’t mean you liked it. You pushed past your father, tears now streaming down your face as you launched yourself at Bucky, wrapping your arms around him.

‘Please don’t go Bucky’ you sobbed

‘I’m sorry doll. But I can’t stay here. I’m gonna be a criminal. You don’t want to be seen hugging and crying over a criminal now do ya’ he crouched down and gave you a weak smile, using his thumb to try and wipe away your tears.

Your father came up behind you and put a protective hand around you, pulling you back to him

‘Get out’ he said it calmly as if he had just asked someone what they were having for dinner. Without looking away from you, he got up and joined Steve in the elevator.

‘Steve?’ you called out. You could see tears were also welling in his eyes. ‘Steve!’ you screamed it now. But the doors had already closed. You turned to your father and sobbed quietly into his chest as he held you close. Safe.

‘You guys are gonna be staying here. Okay? This is your real family now’ You glanced at those who remained. Thankful to see Wanda and Tash who gave you small and pitying smiles. Vision still hadn’t moved from when you had arrived, and Peter stood near the balcony. Looking broken.
'I take it this won’t be the last we see of them’

‘No it probably won’t’

‘What are we gonna do?’

‘No one’s leaving the tower from this point onwards. It’s the only way to keep you safe’ he gave you a kiss on your head and walked to the bar, downing his scotch, and walking slowly to his lab to think.

‘Hey y/n, why don’t you come and tell us about your trip’ said Tash, breaking the silence and signalling for you both to take a seat on the couch opposite her and Wanda. You walked over, half glad at the distraction, half wishing the others were here to hear about it too. You eventually sat down and the two of you began your story.

You began to tell them about everything that had happened. The journey there and how you and Peter had talked. How you won the competition and how you had danced in the rain. You left out the part about you and Peter being in a relationship though. That was a story for another time.

‘I suppose someone better cook something’ said Wanda. then it hit you. Steve wasn’t here to make celebratory food anymore. He would have made burgers. Sam wasn’t here to tease you about your young love. Clint wasn’t here to be the overprotective uncle that he was. Bucky was gone too. He would have threatened Peter, and been proud of you. You would all be laughing the evening away as you simply enjoyed life. But now things were never going to be the same. All because of some stupid papers.

*a few days later*

The tower was much quieter. Most of the time, you lazed around in the kitchen or in front of the tv. No one had heard anything, and your dad hadn’t been around that much either.

Then one day your father called everyone to the living room. Once you had all gathered there, he began.

‘We’re going to Berlin. I’m not gonna lie, there’s gonna be a fight. I also need you to put aside your friendships and treat them the same as you would your enemy. Trust me, I know none of you wants to do this, but we’ve got to’ He paused, staring solemnly at the floor as if he had more to say, but simply wandered back out of the room.

*Time skip*

Your dad shot at a helicopter you had seen Steve and Bucky running to. They looked around for the attacker and spotted you all immediately.

‘Tony’ Steve nodded curtly towards your dad

‘Steve’ he replied
‘I see you’re bringing the kid into this’

‘the kids here because she’s fighting for what’s right’

‘is that what you believe y/n?’ he stated, looking at you

‘I don’t like it and I wish you hadn’t gone, but I’m going to fight because no matter what I believe, I will stand by my family’

‘See, free will’

‘There is nothing free about what she just said, you brainwashed her to be your compliant soldier to win a fight that is between you and me.’ Shouted Steve. His harshness shocked you

‘At least I’m not a criminal’

‘Well, I can see that you won’t just let us go, so let’s get this over with’ Steve started running. As did everyone else. You had time to think in the past days and you weren’t sure whether it had been the events or your dad constantly talking badly of them, but you had grown to resent Steve and everyone else who had left. They had left you to deal with your dad. He wasn’t around much as it was, but now he drank more than usual and you probably wouldn't of have lasted this long if it hadn’t been for Wanda’s cooking and Tash’s mothering. You loved him, but it was hard. And they had caused it. That was why you were fighting.

Everyone ran towards each other, immediately throwing punches and other forms of attack. You ended up fighting with Wanda. Thankfully she went easy on you by not completely restraining you with her telekinesis, but that didn’t mean she relented with her balls of energy. You tried to get close, but it was difficult. That’s when you were abruptly flipped onto your back and felt a direct blow to your stomach.

‘What the hell?’ you groaned

‘Yeah sorry about that, here’ a man appeared from nowhere and extended his hand. you got up on your own.

‘I don’t get help from my enemies’

‘I don’t usually help them either, but you’re a kid’

‘I’m not a kid’

‘You look like a kid’

‘What’s your name?’

‘I’m the ant-man’

‘So that’s why you seemed to come from nowhere. Interesting technology. Big fan of Pym particles’

‘How did you know about that’

‘I told you I’m not a kid’

‘no offence, but you don’t look very powerful’

‘I could fight you for days on end without a break, or I could make you beg for me to spare your life
right here in a matter of seconds’ you stated blankly.

‘Ha I’d like to see you try’ He laughed your comment off and reached for a button on the side of his helmet. Before he could reach it however, you roundhouse kicked him the face. While he was recovering from the attack, you threw punches to his face, side and neck before giving him an elbow to the gut. He collapsed on the floor, groaning in pain. You moved to stand over him and extended your hand

‘sorry about that, here’ When he began to take you up on your offer, you retracted your hand and kicked him in the side. ‘Who isn’t very powerful now?’ you said, more annoyed than anything

‘y/n!’ you heard a shout from behind you and turned to see Sam landing

‘What’d the guy do, grope you?’ he joked

‘No. If he did that he’d be dead’ you said seriously

‘I offered her help getting up’

‘Wow, you’re really taking this seriously’

‘He left out the part where he flipped me onto my back and punched me in the stomach’

‘Then sorry dude but you had it coming’ Sam saw you take your fighting stance

‘Listen I don’t want to fight’

‘You should have thought about that before you left’

‘I left for what I believe in. When I walked out of there I left.-’

‘me. You left me’

‘y/n…’ he started

‘no. I’m here to fight for my dad so that’s what I’m going to do.’

‘If that’s what you want’

‘Don’t go easy on me’

‘Wouldn’t dream of it’

You ran towards each other before you suddenly dropped to the ground and tripped him up. He stopped himself from falling and stood up. However, as he turned to face you, you wrapped your thighs around his neck to twist him the ground. It was semi-successful. It caught him off guard but he recovered quickly and used his wings to throw you across the tarmac. You hit a truck, leaving a significant dent but fairly unharmed

You got up and saw Sam running towards you as you spotted a gun in the pocket on the side of his trousers. You remembered what your dad had said before you all got here.

‘In this fight, do whatever you can to stop them from leaving. Do whatever it takes’

The words looped in your head, turning you onto auto-pilot. He ran at you full on before you tucked to the side and under his wing, pulling the gun out of the pocket as you went.
You had the gun aimed at him before he had even turned around. You saw the fear in his eyes as he stared down the barrel of the gun

‘y/n. What are you doing’

‘Don’t talk’ you said shakily, you could feel the tears already streaming down your face from the act you were actually considering

‘y/n, don’t do this’

‘I said don’t-.’

‘y/n, put the gun down’

Silence

‘You don’t want to do this. I can see it in your eyes and by the fact that you’re full on crying. Just, please. You’re too young for this shit’

‘I’m not a kid’ you growled

‘Of course not. No kid would be aim a gun at their friend cause their daddy ordered them to’

‘Shut up’ you hissed, the tears had stopped coming

‘Course, then again, no kid would pull the trigger’

‘I will prove how much of a kid I’m not in a second so I suggest you shut your trap’

‘You were always feisty. I would’ve thought that it would help you leave your dad and fight for what’s right. Guess you’re just an impressionable little kid’ He had begun to slowly move forward

You snapped ‘I’m not a kid. I will pull this trigger and shoot you in both of your feet, then your wings if you don’t step the fuck away in three seconds! Three!’ you screamed. He stopped for a moment, hesitant to see if you were being serious or not. ‘Two!’ He started moving forwards again, fear in his eyes in case you weren’t bluffing. ‘one. I’m sorry Sam, you brought this on yourself’

‘y/n what-.’ But you cut his question short as you allowed bullets to rip through your promised targets. He screamed in agony, but you felt nothing. You turned around and walked away from him. Then you stopped and spoke to Sam. Your voice cold and deadly. ‘Tell Steve I’m coming for him’ and with that, you left a broken Sam in pain as you flew away to the skies to look for Steve.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, sorry I didn't post yesterday. Things got a little crazy at my house and I had a bit of a mental breakdown. So here it is. What do you guys think? There's something coming up which (i hope) you guys aren't expecting. This is a bit of a long one but I always feel like there too short anyway so. Again, this is unedited so sorry about that. I'm going to post on Saturday because I won't be able to post next Tuesday, also as an apology for being late on this one. Tell me what you think in the comments
You woke up to find Bucky already gone. Of course, it wasn’t unusual. This was the place where he had undergone so much torture. He could rarely sleep so woke up early and checked security. There wasn’t a lot of food here so your abilities became especially helpful. This also meant you had a few more shifts to keep watch and getting food. Because you didn’t use anything, it was like you weren’t even there. Which was good because otherwise, you would feel horrible, taking from them when they already had so little.

‘And you’re sure you’re not hungry. Because we have enough food if you do want something’

‘It’s only been three days. I will eat after it’s been a week. Deal?’

‘Okay what about water’

‘Tomorrow. Now can I check the cameras?’ you said, rolling your eyes playfully

‘Okay. As long as you’re sure you’re okay’ Said Bucky, pulling you into a bear hug

‘I’m fine now get off me, you big oaf’ you managed to keep the situation light, which the guys certainly appreciated. You walked into the room next door to check for unwelcome visitors. When you checked the live footage, your blood went cold

‘Anything unusual’ shouted Steve from the other room. You couldn’t respond

‘y/n?’ said Bucky, getting up to check on you. ‘Crap. Steve, we gotta go’ he grabbed your arm, pulling you out of your trance.

‘Why what’s happening?’ asked Steve

‘Stark’s here’. At those words, Steve immediately jumped into action.

‘Quick we have to get to the plane’

‘It’s too late. He’s too close and would see us leave. We’re gonna have to fight’ There was a pause.

‘If it’s what has to be done. Get y/n out of here’ He violently started cleaning up any traces of you being there and went to get ready while Bucky dragged you towards the room you had been staying in.

‘okay listen, you need to stay right here. Try and make it so that if he walks past that window, he probably won’t see you. If something happens, scream as loud as you can. If you don’t hear anything within the next 2 hours, then get out of here. Run anywhere away from here. Just try and stay away, from everyone. And y/n?’ he stopped at the doorway and you looked up. Eyes wide with terror. ‘I’m sorry. For all of this’ and with that, he closed the cell door, plunging you into darkness.

Third Person POV:
‘She’s safe. Now, where’s the bastard?’

‘I don’t know, I lost him when he was a little bit away from the base, but he’s here. Are you sure she’s safe? And she knows what to do? You know, If Tony finds her or if something happens to us’

‘yes’

Almost as proof of what Bucky had said, a loud, piercing scream, echoed through the halls of the base. The two men looked at each other, already knowing she was in trouble. They ran down to the room Bucky had put her in until they came to an opening, with Stark, holding her tight to the side of his iron suit, walking the way he came.

‘Put her down Stark!’ shouted Steve

‘I came here for my daughter after you two psychos took her’

‘She came with us because you made her fight’

‘No, you two did something. The ultimate attack plan. Take the enemy’s kid so he gives up anything to have them back. She’s a hostage with you’

‘and she’s a soldier with you. Did you even ask her what she wants?’ with that, Stark defiantly knelt down to face his daughter.

‘Do you want to stay here and live the life of a fugitive or come back to the tower and live with your dad’ She didn’t answer, but everyone could see the fear in her eyes. However, it was not because of the decision. It was because of her father.

Your POV:

You took a step away from him.

‘y/n? What are you doing? Just come back and everything will be fine. Come one’ He kept his mask on. You couldn’t see his eyes. Just the white squares of light. This wasn’t your father. This was a man driven mad to have control. Drunk on his power

‘No’ Taking another step away

‘No?’

‘I don’t want to fight my family and that’s what you’ll make me do’

‘I won’t do that I swear. Please’ he started towards you and you prepared to defend yourself. ‘You’re fighting for your right to not fight’

‘I’ll laugh at the irony later’

‘Please, you don’t have to fight me’

‘y/n, let us handle this’ said Steve, starting towards you.

‘No! Stay right there. This is between me and my dad.’ While you were yelling, he reached a hand
towards you. You gave a tough kick to his side which sent him stumbling. That put an end to the talking. You threw punches, kicks and loads of other things at him. He fought back, never actually attacking you, but still protecting himself. You saw Steve move towards you out of the corner of your eye as you went to throw a punch.

You stopped, yelling for him to stay away. But your action caused you to get in the way of your dad deflecting your punch. He made an impact on your chest and you flew across the room. You smacked into the concrete wall and heard your name being shouted. But you were already taken by the darkness.

*later*

It was dark. You couldn’t open your eyes but you could hear something that sounded like voices. As you slowly came to, the voices became clearer and you managed to very slowly open your eyes and listen.

‘Listen, I’ve talked with the government and said we’re not following the damn accords anymore. If they don’t like they can deal with us’

‘Tony, you could have killed her’

‘Don’t you think I know that. God, I haven’t slept in days. I have been right here for the moment she wakes up. To get down on my goddamn knees if I have to and apologize. I should have never made her fight. I should have never made anyone fight. I’m sorry’

You decided to try and let everyone know you were awake. You tried to sit up but felt enormous pain all over, groaning as it hit you like a brick wall. Everyone became on high alert from your movement.

‘Hey everyone’ You looked around the room to see Steve, Bucky, Wanda, Tash, Peter, Sam who was on crutches and your dad. He looked horrible. His hair greasy and unkempt. His eyes were red and with bags underneath them.

‘hey kiddo’ he said to you. He hesitantly took your hand and you could see he was scared you would reject him. But after everything, you didn’t have the energy or desire to be mad at anyone

‘I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have gone with them. Even if I didn’t like what was happening I’m pretty sure no one did and you’re my dad. I’m sorry I put you through this’ you were crying now

‘Honey, it’s me who should apologize, not you. Please don’t blame yourself. I mean where do I begin. I should have never made you fight your family. I was blinded by the choice I made, I could only see anyone who opposed me as an enemy. Then just trying to take you like I did. I should have talked it out with you. Should have done so many things differently. Then there was our fight. I should have stood down right then and there. Not even let a fight start. Even if I knew I wasn’t going to fight you, I put you in a position where you felt like you had to physically attack your own dad to get him to see. And for that, you can probably never forgive me, but you know, a guy can hope’

You gave sitting up another shot and again felt the pain, but it wasn’t as bad now. You slowly wrapped your arms around him and whispered in his ear ‘I forgive you. Let’s just move on with our lives now, okay?’
'okay,' he hugged you a little tighter but not enough to hurt you. And you stayed like that for a while. Neither one wanting to let go.

Chapter End Notes

Aww, that's a cute little ending. Also, I know, I know. I seriously ignored the majority of the plot for Civil War. Everything from this point onwards is freeform so now you have absolutely NO clues what will happen next. But it is interesting to say the least (not to toot my own horn or anything). I'm on holidays at the moment and I don't think my editor really wants to edit this anymore so I'll post more often. Thanks for all the support as well. This was just a fun little project for when I was bored. I never dreamed that people would actually get invested in the story. Let me know how long roughly you want this to be. I'm happy with whatever you guys want, but I'm asking because I don't want to make something really really long while people are just getting bored
You had come home from the hospital a few weeks ago and still needed a wheelchair. Peter had been more than willing to help out with daily life, but Tony obviously drew a line at showering, which Wanda ended up helping you with. Peter came in to wake you up and help you into the chair like he had done every morning since you got back.

‘Hey sweetheart’ He placed a kiss on your temple, happily waking you.

‘Morning Peter’

‘Ready for a day of fun?’

‘Depends what you have in mind’

‘Well, you’ll just have to wait and see’ he grinned at you and picked you up from the bed to the chair bridal style.

‘Peter, I need to get better at walking on my own’ you whined

‘a princess should never have to walk’ he placed you on the chair. Sam would be moving back into the tower with you today. You couldn’t wait for the jokes.

‘Hey, there’s the little assassin. Glad to see someone got back at you for me’ He smirked at your predicament to which you responded by sticking your tongue out at him.

‘Yeah well, I almost died from a blow to the chest and landing on a concrete wall. You got shot in the foot and we both are planned to heal at the same time.’ Peter pushed you over to the counter for a banana when all the rest of the team walked in.

‘Hey guys’

‘Hey, how’s the recovery going’ asked Natasha

‘It’s good so far. I’ll probably be back to training tomorrow’

‘Well, don’t push yourself too hard. Try and take advantage of the situation while you can’

‘Trust me I don’t even have to try for me to be treated like a princess’ you smiled at Peter lovingly as he blushed at your comment. He gave you a kiss on the cheek and said goodbye while Sam pretended he was throwing up at your PDA.

‘Wait what should I dress for?’ you called after him

‘we’ll stay in the tower for today if that’s okay with you’ despite everything, he was still hesitant to do things like plan a day for you. With that, he went to get changed himself, allowing Wanda to wheel you back to your room and help you pick an outfit.

In the end, you decided on some black leggings and a red cropped jumper, paired with some light makeup and your hair pulled up into a bun. Peter had said that we would start his plans at about 3 so Wanda and you chatted about a few things.
At first it was light-hearted, joking about everything that had happened, but eventually, it morphed into a string of apologies for everything. How she had abandoned you, how you had fought her. You hardly noticed the time slipping away.

Peter knocked gently on your door, pulling you out of your conversation.

‘You ready?’

‘Yeah, Wanda and I were just talking’ you hugged her before letting him wheel you to whatever he had planned.

He wheeled you into the elevator and pressed the button for the living room. You forgot how to breathe when the door opened onto the floor. Around all the couches there were blankets, with different things holding them up, to resemble a fort, similar to one a little kid might make. There were fairy lights weaved into the blankets, and the coffee table was littered with different foods and drinks, the majority of them chocolate based. There pillows and blankets everywhere.

‘So, you like it?’ asked Peter. Once again nervous to your response, especially since you had probably been silent for almost a minute now.

‘It’s beautiful’ he seemed satisfied with your answer and wheeled you over to the entrance, carefully picking you up and laying you on about five different blankets. He moved and sat next to you.

‘JARVIS, can you start the Star Wars marathon, please? Happy kind of six month anniversary.’ You looked at him shocked.

‘No, I swear our six month anniversary is in like, another month.’ Wow, you were a shit girlfriend.

‘Don’t worry, you’re right, but I personally consider that night we watched the Star Wars marathon to be our first date together. So I figured, we’d do that again tonight, except with more food obviously’

‘Oh my God Peter, you’re the best boyfriend in the world. I love you’ you dove at him, hugging him tightly and pecking him on the cheek. He blushed but you could tell he was pretty smug at his success. Then you both froze, realising what you’d said.

‘You…you love me?’

‘Yeah, I guess I do. Don’t worry you don’t have to say it back or any-.’

He cut you off by kissing you. ‘I love you too’

You went on through the night and ate all of what Peter had laid out. You were halfway through film number four when you heard the elevator doors ding. Natasha, Bucky, Clint, and Steve all came out and walked over in confusion to the various fluffy things scattered around the room.

‘What are you nerds up to’ asked Bucky, standing just outside the cave of blankets.

‘We’re having a Star Wars marathon to mark our six month anniversary.’

‘Holy shit. Six months? Seems like just a few weeks ago we were watching you guys while we were out…’ Clint was cut off abruptly by an elbow to the gut from Natasha.

‘Wait, what? You were watching us that night?’ your face flushed a little as you remembered what you’d done.
‘Well might as well come clean, especially since it’s good between you two. Bucky insisted Peter was up to no good, even freaked out at one point thinking he’d drugged you or something’ you looked at Bucky, but his head was down sheepishly. ‘We saw you fall asleep on Peter and him carry you to your room. Nothing much’

‘Wait you carried me to my room?’ you turned to Peter

‘Uh…yeah…I knew you … um … probably wouldn’t want to sleep on the couch…so… I just carried you to your room’ He stuttered through the sentence, worried you were suddenly going to shout at him for being creepy, but you simply smiled at thoughtfulness. So that’s why he considered that night to be your first date.

‘That was very sweet of you. Thank you’ you leaned over to him for a quick kiss before yelling to get back to the movies. The others joined you in the fort and by the end of the film, everyone had come onto the floor to watch with you.

You ended up actually finishing all of the films, even if it was 3 AM by the time you did. Everyone had left except for Peter and you who opted instead to stay and talk in the fort.

‘You’ve put so much work into this and it’s really comfy, let’s just sleep here tonight.’ You said, moving closer to him to cuddle better.

‘Together? Are you sure?’

‘Well if you don’t want to it’s fine’

‘No, no, I just want to make sure you want to’

‘I do’

‘Okay. Goodnight y/n. I love you’

‘I love you too Peter Parker’.

*time skip*

Avengers POV:

‘You know, they’re actually pretty cute together’ said Clint, sipping on his morning coffee. The whole team had come up that morning to find the two of you asleep in the fort. Peter was lying on his back with his right arm wrapped underneath y/n, resting on her hip, while she was cuddled up next to him on her side, his face buried in his neck and an arm loosely draped over his midsection.

‘Well, we should probably wake them up. Especially since y/n starts her training again today.’ Steve sighed, putting down his morning cup of coffee and headed over to the sleeping pair. He shook y/n a little but neither of them stirred.

After a few more attempts, however, y/n quickly sat up, her expression the same as a guilty child

‘Morning Steve, did you sleep well’ Steve just gave her a look and walked back to his morning
coffee. She groaned at the thought of all the other looks she would get that day

Chapter End Notes

I felt like you guys deserved a little bit more Peter/reader action so here it is. An early chapter for you guys because why the hell not. So I have the next at least ten chapters planned and then I'm still going to be writing more so when infinity war comes out, the chapters I'll have with that plot in them won't be out for a long time, giving you plenty of time to see the film and have your heart ripped out. Thanks for all your support guys and let me know what you like and what you want to see more of
You were running. Running for your life. You jumped over fences, trying and succeeding relatively well to escape your chaser. You turned a corner and you could see it. Victory was yours. You were too busy celebrating to see a red ball of energy fly towards you.

The energy knocked you a few feet but left you paralysed. A figure came up to your side and took the object in your hand before running off again.

’y/n what happened out there’ you heard Natasha on the comms

’Energy out of nowhere. I can’t move’

’Dammit. They won’ groaned Sam

’Shit, I can’t believe we got wait on them hand and foot now’ grimaced your dad

’Stupid Wanda. Came out of nowhere and paralysed me’ You saw her approach you and offer out her hand.

’Good game’

’Would have been if you’d played fair’ She laughed at you before helping you up

’Play to win’

’Who’s idea was it to play capture the flag anyway.’

’Yours’

’ugh’

’You’re just not happy cause you lost.’

’Come on, let’s hit the showers’ She smiled before throwing an arm around your shoulder and heading to the showers.

*later*

’y/n, remote please’ rolling your eyes, you begrudgingly rolled your eyes at Bucky before handing him the remote which he only had to lean forward to get.

’Don’t give me that look. This is what happens when you get in over your head and make a bet with me’

’You would never have beaten me if it hadn’t have been for Wanda and she’s the only person not taking advantage of it’
You had picked to play capture the flag as a training activity today and had been overly cocky at hyping up your skills at the game. Of course, Bucky rose to the challenge and a bet was made that the losing team had to do whatever the winning team said for the rest of the day.

So far, Bucky had made sure to use the advantage against me as much as he could. Asking you to get things that he could definitely easily get himself or do tasks that he’d originally been asked to do. Scrubbing the toilet had been the worst of them all so far.

Only a few more hours until you had your freedom back.

Thankfully, he didn’t ask you to do anymore really horrible things, just handing him a bunch of things and you managed to escape to bed earlier than normal, exhausted from the emotional trauma of cleaning the bathrooms.

*the next day*

You were all back in the training rooms, deciding on another game. You could see Bucky smirking on the other side of the room.

‘Why do you look so pleased with yourself, ice-boy’

‘oh, I’ve just got another game which I’m willing to make a repeat of yesterdays bet for’

‘What is it’

‘Dodgeball’

‘that’s a little kids game’ said Natasha

‘So is capture the flag’ he retorted

‘Guess that’s what we’ll play then. Same teams?’ there was a collective nod as the two previous teams moved to opposite sides of the room

Sam, Tony, Vision and Natasha joined me on one side of the gym while Bucky, Wanda, Steve, Clint and Peter went to the other side

‘Hold on, Vision can’t play, we’ll never get him out. He’ll just let the balls go through him’ said Bucky. You all sighed, knowing he wouldn’t let this go, so simply looked at vision who simply left the makeshift battlefield.

Balls began to fly immediately.

Your dad wasn’t very good at the game and quickly got hit on the arm by Clint.

‘Ha, birdbrain got you out’ laughed Sam, who was quickly also hit by Clint.

‘Ha, birdbrain got you out’ said Tony, before the two walked away to watch the rest of the game. Steve who was too shy to really try and get anyone out was the next to be hit was your next target. Clint and Peter followed shortly. Now it was just Wanda and Bucky against you and Natasha. Bucky and Wanda were targeting Natasha, but while Wanda used her powers to fire at her, you managed to land a hit on her arm.
In the middle of yours and Natahsa’s celebration, she got hit, leaving just you and Bucky.

‘You’ve done pretty well for a super soldier’

‘Not so bad yourself for a superhuman’ he replied. You both stared each other down in a stalemate. You threw your ball at his chest as he barely dodged it. He threw his ball at you, causing you to do a shitty backbend to avoid it. As you came up, however, you were met with a hard ball to your head, practically sending you flying.

‘YES, I WIN AGAIN. I AM AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE. YOU WILL COWER IN MY PRESENCE’ you heard Bucky yell his victory speech. In your head, you smirked as a plan formed in your mind.

You lay as still as you could. Thanking every pranking God above for your incredible ability to accurately appear unconscious

‘y/n?’ you didn’t move a muscle

You felt someone turn you over.

‘Dude, I think you knocked her out’ you heard Steve say

‘What the hell Barnes.’ You could hear your dads footsteps racing towards Bucky. Just as you heard people yell at Tony to stop you sat up, plastering an amused look on your face.

‘Now dad, is that any way to treat family’ you smirked

‘Wait you’re not unconscious?’

’twas but a simple practical joke father, now if you could please lower your fist from Bucky’s face that would be most delightful’ you said, laughing and standing up. He sighed and shook his head.

‘You’re gonna give me a heart attack one day, you know that right’

‘Love you too. Now come on, I’m hungry’ you grabbed Peters hand and ran out of the room with him to the elevator, getting in and shutting the doors before anyone else could come up with you.

You instantly turned to him, throwing your arms around his neck and pulling him into a kiss. Hot and heavy. His hands landed on your waist as you continued to deepen it. After forever, he had to pull away. You were both panting, but smiling.

‘What was that for?’ he asked

‘Just thought I’d let you know how much I love you’ he laughed

‘I don’t deserve you’ he said

‘Yes, you do’ you replied

‘I love you’

‘I love you too’

The elevator dinged and you both got out. Thank God you were first out

‘What are you feeling like’ you asked, walking to the fridge
‘Like I have the most amazing girlfriend in the world’ he said, grinning goofily

‘For lunch doofus’ you opened the fridge and all the cupboards but couldn’t find anything that looked good and you were missing stuff to try and make a homecooked meal.

‘I’m gonna head to the store to get some ingredients. See you in a bit’ you grabbed your bag and headed back towards the elevator. Peter quickly grabbed your waist and pulled you into a deep and passionate kiss. You were breathless again when you pulled away

‘What was that for’ you asked

‘Just thought I’d show you how much I love you’ he grinned as you playfully slapped his arm before pulling away and going to the store

*later*

You were typing a text to Peter, saying you were on your way back with the groceries when it happened. You turned down the alley you had walked through so many times, to see a white van blocking the end. You turned around to find another route before another van blocked you in.

The adrenaline hadn’t quite kicked in and you probably resembled a deer in headlights

Men began to pile out of the van with guns and gas masks on their faces. They all began to spray something at you, making your eyes grow heavy and your whole body feel like lead, as your legs buckled and gave way.

You only heard one thing before you were completely passed out.

HYDRA

Chapter End Notes

What's this, three chapters in one week? Yeah, I'm really bored and I have so many chapters lined up still that I figured there wasn't any harm. But let's talk about that cliffhanger. You guys thought you were going to get a nice chapter without any drama, well you were very very wrong. I hope you like this part of the plot. It's pretty big, so far there's ten chapter about it and I'm still writing more. Hopefully, it's also not what you would expect. Again, let me know what you think and what you want to see more of.
You woke up in a dark room, with a light on you. You couldn’t tell how big the room was, only that you were in a chair with your wrists tied to the arms and your ankles to the legs. You neck hurt like a bitch but that was not your most pressing issue right now.

You glanced at the ropes and noticed that the knots were next to perfect, so trying to untie them was pointless. You looked around for something, anything, before you heard a door open and close.

‘So you’re finally awake. How do you feel?’ a tall, middle-aged man approached you

‘A little like I’ve been drugged and kidnapped, but other than that I’m fine’ you replied. Trust you to be staring death in the face and still make a sarcastic comment.

All you got in reply was a deep chuckle that sent shivers down your spine

‘Tell me, do you know who I am. Who I work for? Why you are here?’

‘You’re HYDRA. Or at least, you work for them. The evil villain of this cartoon hasn’t come to tell me his entire evil plan yet so I’m not sure why I’m here. That’s your job I’m guessing’

‘I see you still have your wit. As long as you stay in line, I think I might actually enjoy working with you’

You scoffed

‘Who says I’m working with you’

‘All will be answered in due time. But first, to answer your previous question, yes. I am the “evil villain in this cartoon to tell you his evil plan”.’

He smirked, moving to sit, in what you could only presume was a chair, opposite you

‘HYDRA is looking for a new Winter Soldier, so to speak. We have evaluated hundreds of candidates and all have disappointed us. Except you. I know you know how we made the winter soldier but we aren’t doing it like that. See, we found that brainwashing him became quite problematic, and besides, knowing that you will be doing everything of your own free will, will be half the fun’

‘Why the hell would I work for you with my own free will’ you growled, becoming impatient with his twisted words and confusing comments

‘Well okay, when I said your own free will, I am using the term loosely.’ he admitted. But you were no closer to being any less confused

‘In reality, we are essentially blackmailing you. We have guns trained on Spider-man and a few other Avengers that we know you’re particularly close to. So I think even you can agree that it is in your best interest to comply, rather than get Peter’s blood on your hands’

Your head snapped up. He smiled at seeing the shock in your eyes. It was the exact reaction he had wanted.
'Oh didn’t I mention that we know Spider-man’s identity. You should have realized by now that we know everything. His friends. His family. We have snipers for everyone he loves and they are all just dying to pull the trigger.’ he laughed at his own sick pun, as he got up and started walking towards you.

’Soo I’ll say it again. I think it’s in your best interest to comply’ he said, getting uncomfortably close to your face.

You couldn’t speak. Your mouth was dry. They really had pinned you against the wall.

There was nothing you could do but comply.

Third person POV:

‘Hey, guys did y/n text any of you. She went out for ingredients about an hour ago and she hasn’t texted me anything’ asked Peter

‘Wait what. You’re only telling us this now?’ said Tony, quickly standing up.

‘Hey, come on, calm down, I’m sure she’s fine. JARVIS, where’s y/n’ said Natasha

’y/n’s phone is in an alley just off of (street name) street’

‘See’s she’s just a minute or two away, nothing to worry-.’

‘No, he said her phone, not her. Jarvis?’ he said agitatedly

‘I cannot detect any close by heat signatures and the phone has been in the same location for thirty-seven minutes.’

‘JARVIS, check every security tape and record that could show where she is’ said Tony, as he began pacing

‘Yes sir’

No one moved for a moment.

‘Sir, vans appeared to have boxed miss Stark in and taken her.’

‘What!’ shouted Tony

‘Tony just calm down a second. JARVIS, find out everything you can about where they went and why they want y/n’ said Steve. ‘I think it’s best if you stay calm and let us handle this.’ he tried to reason

‘No, I promised Pepper that I would keep her safe and now she’s gone. I’m not gonna even think about anything else before she’s back here’

‘and that is exactly why you need to take a step back. you’re going to go insane and there’s nothing you could do that would be more helpful than JARVIS. Okay?’

‘One week. Then I step in’
‘Okay’ sighed Natasha.

Tony, shook his head before wandering to his room and shutting the door. Everyone looked around the room. They were all shaken by the news as they loved y/n like family. But they grimaced at what this would do to Tony.

They had one week to find her before he became insane.

First person POV:

You had been at HYDRA for one month now. You hadn’t slept very little, if at all, and you only knew how long it had been because they, for some reason, treated you slightly humanely. Giving you the time, letting you shower. It was odd and you were cautious about their sudden change of heart. Maybe they just wanted to make you more willing to do whatever missions they were going to put you on. Tomorrow was your first one.

‘Your first mission. Excited?’ taunted your superior. The man who you had first met that day you were kidnapped

‘Shut up and give me the information’ you growled

‘Eloquent as always’ he sighed, handing you a folder. Inside was a man and a location

‘I take it you want me to assassinate him’

‘Good instinct. Any questions’

‘Why?’

‘That is need to know information. And you don’t need to know’ he sneered. ‘Oh and one more thing.’ he handed you another folder. Inside were photos of Peter, Natasha and Bucky

‘These were all taken about half an hour ago. Just so we could remind you that if you try anything at all, we can kill them anytime we want. So, soldier?’

‘Ready to comply’

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this chapter. I'm not sure when the next chapter will come out but I can assure it will be worth the wait. Thanks so much for all your support and again let me know what you want to see more or less of in the comments
Missions and Intel

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Third person POV:

It had been four months since y/n had gone missing. Tony had stuck to his word and not interfered but as soon as the first week came and went, he became obsessed with finding her. Often not stopping to eat or sleep to the point where he had actually passed out numerous times from. The fact that they knew nothing was setting them all on edge. However, they had been called to a mission and they had to put their personal affairs to the side for a moment.

‘An unknown individual has caught the attention of SHIELD recently. They’ve been low profile for a few weeks now but recently, we decided enough was enough. Their mission was to assassinate this individual.’ Said Fury, as a middle-aged man appeared on the screen. ‘He was a rat and was in our witness protection program. They have plans to assassinate another rat in two days so we need to stop that and also find out anything you can about the individual.’

‘Wait. They’re just an assassin. Apart from the fact that they killed someone SHIELD was supposed to be protecting, what’s so special about them.’

‘The massacre that they left behind was one of someone who had no consideration for human life. He was with his family at the time. His wife and three children. None of them older than ten. No one was left alive.’

Silence

‘When are we heading out?’ said Steve finally.

‘You aren’t. At least not yet. We’re sending Peter. All you need to do is collect intel until you think you’ve got enough to call everyone else in’ Everyone was shocked, to say the least. Peter was...fragile. Well, that was an understatement. He had been a complete wreck ever since y/n had gone missing.

‘When am I going’ he said calmly

‘Tomorrow. But the flight will take you a day to get there’

‘Where is it?’ asked Peter

‘Russia’

First Person POV:

You returned to the compound. Blood all over you. But you didn’t let yourself feel anything. If you did, then you would never be able to go on with life. You just had to push all your emotions aside and deal with whatever horror HYDRA threw at you.

You went straight to the showers. That was another way HYDRA strangely differed from SHIELD.
They let you clean up and recover for an hour before asking for a debriefing. If you weren’t working for an evil organisation that had made you brutally murder an entire family, you might even say you liked the conditions. The thought that anything about them would actually be pleasant made you shudder.

As you let the warm water run over your body, you watched the blood run down and into the drain. You remembered what the man had said to you after your first mission. Months ago now.

*flashback*

“We know you’re an Avenger, so you probably have this element of empathy within you. To carry out the missions that we will ask of you, we need to eliminate that. Take this pill directly before each mission.” He handed you a small white pill.

“What will it do to me?” you asked

“It will make you incredibly compliant. Don’t worry. Nothing permanent. But we can be happy, knowing you will carry out your tasks well and you can rest well knowing that any ‘horrors’ you may commit will not be done by you so to say. Yes, you will not be in control of your actions. But isn’t that better? Otherwise, you will have to live knowing that you did those actions your-‘

You didn’t let him finish before grabbing the pill. He made a compelling argument. And they had no reason to lie to you about the Semi permanence of the effects of the pill

Before your next mission, you swallowed the pill without hesitation

*end of flashback*

He was right about the effects wearing off. And you certainly had carried out your task to their expectations. But it hadn’t quite made you feel completely innocent in this like he had said.

You just had to keep telling yourself that it wasn’t you.

*two days later*

You were awoken by a loud banging on your door, which echoed around the steel room.

“It’s 0600. Be ready for a briefing in ten minutes.” You heard a yell from the other side. You let out a quiet groan before getting up and quickly changing. You waited patiently on the prisoner's bed you had been given, waiting for the door to be unlocked. It fitted, in a way, as you were still a kind of prisoner. An asset. Not a co-worker. You had been reminded of how they viewed you as beneath them when you showed too much emotion after your first mission.

Your sobs had been too loud for their liking and they tortured you all through the night and still made you complete your training the next day. They were slowly brainwashing you into not even wanting
to put up a fight. To take all the energy out of you so that you couldn’t even be bothered to go against them.

Your cell door opened, and you walked out of it and into your briefing room like a zombie. The guards no longer felt the need to drag you from place to place so that was an improvement. You wandered into the room, sat down at the table, and stared blankly into the distance, the motions practically drilled into you, like muscle memory.

Since you had arrived here, it was true that you had grown stronger. But it was not encouraging like your dad had been. It was to reach a new goal each day so that you could get better and better at their missions.

You had begun to drift away. Sometimes they would tell you your mission and you would deem it so little that you didn’t take the pill. From time to time, they insisted, but it was rare because if they could get you naturally more compliant then who were they to argue.

You didn’t even remember much from your world before HYDRA. You remembered your dad. You remembered Peter. All the other Avengers too. But you could hardly remember what they were like. In your mind, they simply existed, nothing more.

The door opened, and you didn’t even glance up, already knowing who was there.

‘Добрый утренний солдат. Хорошо ли спалось?’ (good morning soldier. Did you sleep well?) he said

‘Я знаю, что вам все равно, давайте пропустим формальности, пожалуйста.’ (we both know that you don’t care so let’s skip the formalities please) You replied venomously

‘Как бы я ни видел. Я знал, что хочу работать с тобой.’ (feisty as ever I see. I knew I would like working with you) He chuckled slightly and sat down opposite you

‘Просто скажите мне миссию’ (Just tell me the mission)

Этот мужчина. Он - ваша миссия. Другая крыса, но не волнуйся.’ (this man. He is your mission. Another rat, but don’t worry, no family.)

‘You leave in ten’ he said curtly. You nodded and you were lead to the weapons room to fully suit up

*later*

You stood in front of your targets house. It was a simple get in, get out assassination. Then why could you not shake the feeling that something wasn’t right?

You could practically feel the eyes on the back of your neck. You turned, scouting for a sniper or spy. Anything out of the ordinary, but you saw nothing.

You shook your head, attempting to rid yourself of the unsettling feeling.

You stormed the house. Searching for your target.

He was asleep in his bed. Didn’t even feel the bullet that went straight to his brain.
You left the house, emotionless, beginning your trek back to the compound. You were almost there when a twig snapped behind you. You turned on your heels, immediately raising your weapon to an enemy. But you saw nothing.

Then, something shifted in the trees. Red? With a bit of blue. You started hearing voices so you stilled. It almost sounded like Karen. And Peter? There was no way. They didn’t know where you were and even so, why would they want you back after everything you’d done. It didn’t stop you from calling out his name though

‘Peter?’ you said, you wished it was him. You were close to crying at how much you wanted it to be him. So he could save you from this mess. But you were met with silence. Just your imagination.

You lowered your weapon in defeat and started crying for real as you finished your journey back to HYDRA

Third Person POV:

Peter couldn’t believe what he was seeing. It was y/n. She was alive. He was so busy celebrating, he almost didn’t hear the gunshot.

Was that from her? He didn’t need to wait long for an answer as she emerged from the house, gun in hand and blood splattered on her gear. However, had taken her had turned her into an assassin.

She walked into a forest and he followed. Quietly swinging from the branches

‘Should I alert Mister Stark that you have information’ said Karen suddenly, shocking Peter so that he missed a branch and almost fell, causing something to snap underneath him. He stilled for a moment, watching her react.

‘Um yeah let him know I’ll call him in a second’ he said to the AI

‘Whe will you be calling him?’

‘At some point, just hold on’ he said, trying to shut it up

He looked closely at her for a moment. She looked scared. Broken. Only when she lowered her weapon did he see the tears in her eyes.

Chapter End Notes

The plot in this chapter was suggested by TheSpiderling. I hope I met your standards for this chapter and I can't wait to post again soon. Thank you so much for all the suggestions and support on this. I love reading all your comments and all of your ideas have been amazing. So once again, let me know what you want to see more or less of or if you have any ideas
The Confrontation

Chapter Notes

I have been looking forward to posting this chapter for weeks. I'm not going to say anything but if your reactions so far have been anything to go by, you might be crying by the end. I certainly was

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘Listen, kid, slow down. Say all of that again’ said Tony through the phone.

‘It’s y/n, she’s alive’

He was met with shocked silence

‘Peter, are you sure. Because you know have been a little jumpy. It might have just been your eyes playing tricks on you’ Steve tried to reason

‘No I swear it was her’

‘But that would mean…’ said Clint

‘HYDRA got her’ finished Bucky. There was a pause as everyone absorbed this new information.

‘Well they were certainly quick this time’ said Bucky

‘She was there for four months’ said Natasha

‘It took me much longer to be trained. At least a year before they even let me into the field’

‘What are you implying Barnes?’ threatened Tony

‘I don’t think she’d been brainwashed’ chimed in Peter

‘And how exactly do you know that’ said Tony, becoming more and more agitated at the idea

‘She said my name’ he said, making everyone freeze. ‘I followed her for a little while then Karen surprised me and I made a branch snap. She must have heard me talking, or thought she’d seen me because she called out my name. Like she was asking if I was there. When she turned back to keep walking, I could see she was crying’

‘Maybe they just have a different method now’ suggested Tony. Everyone could hear the desperation in his voice as he tried to find an explanation. Any explanation other than his own daughter was willingly working for HYDRA.

‘Myabe it’s time we join you out there’

‘That would be nice’ agreed Peter.

‘We’ll be there by tonight’ said Steve before hanging up.
Everyone left the room but Steve grabbed Bucky before he could

‘What do you think’

‘I think after m, they realised they were going about it the wrong way. They're definitely not brainwashing her, but they’re not doing nothing.’

‘What could they be doing’

‘I don’t know. But she was there for four months. Sure they would have been horrible to her but they also would have been training her.’

‘So it’s like they were slowly breaking her down to be more compliant’

‘She probably sits in her cell every day, thinking that no one will ever come for her’ said Bucky bluntly

‘Well then, we better go get our girl’ he said, before leaving to suit up

First person POV:

‘We need you on one last mission for this week’ said your handler. ‘Another assassination. At this address. He will have some company most likely so you must also dispose of them. It is very important that this is don right so you will need to take the pill today. No arguments’ he said sternly, handing you the pill

You took the pill as he left you to get ready for your mission.

This walk wasn’t quite as far as yesterday so you were there quickly, the effects of the pill just starting to set in. Even if you had wanted to do something different. You had completely lost control of your body.

But that was a good thing. At least that’s what you told yourself. You became lost in your own thoughts as you trekked onwards to your target. You tried to think about your life before HYDRA, but it was kind of blurry. You could remember the faces, the names and you even had some of the memories if you tried hard enough. But that was it. It was like you knew of them, but everything else was gone.

Before you knew it, you were outside the door fo your targets home.

‘I’m in position’ you said into the intercom.

‘Remember, no one can leave alive’ he replied. You nodded, mostly to yourself, as you moved forward

You silently opened the door and proceeded into the house. You could hear talking in a room and guessed your target was talking to the visitors.

‘status update’

‘I am about to move in. All of them are in the same room so it will be an easy takedown’
You kicked down the closed door and aimed your gun at the first person you saw. Your target. And you didn’t hesitate to pull the trigger.

Once you were satisfied with the way he had fallen dead on the ground you turned to face the visitors. But you stopped upon recognizing the six figures staring at you open-mouthed

‘Dad?’

You lowered your weapon and he rushed over to hug you. But the annoying voice in your ear decided to speak up

‘No, raise your weapon. They cannot touch you’

You obeyed, taking the safety off your gun and tightening your finger on the trigger. Everyone’s eyes widened at your action and they froze

‘y/n’

‘I…I don’t want to hurt you guys. But it’s my mission.’

‘Your mission?’ asked Steve

‘HYDRA isn’t very understanding when you disobey them’ you saw Bucky tense up at what you said

‘How do you remember us’ he asked

‘They didn’t brainwash me. Just blackmail. If I didn’t then…’

‘Don’t tell them or Peter dies right in front of you’ said the voice. You glanced at Peter fearfully.

You were terrified and your explanation died in your throat. The pill was in full effect now. There was nothing you could do.

‘I can’t tell you’

‘Why can’t you?’ asked Peter. He looked so worried. You just wanted to rush over to him. Let him hold you in his arms and tell him everything would be okay

‘They make me take this pill before each of my missions. It makes me compliant. Whatever they say I do. So if this stupid guy in my ear says shoot each and every one of you right now, I have no control over my actions.’ You looked at everyone. Your dad, Peter, Steve, Bucky, Wanda and Natasha. They looked…scared.

‘Now, shoot them all’

‘No please no’ you screamed. But it was too late. With a shaking hand, you pulled the trigger on Steve before he had time to use his shield.

The others immediately flipped into action, trying to get you down but they couldn’t stop you. No one could.

You wacked the barrel of your gun into Bucky’s face with all the power you had, which was a significant amount, sending him flying, before you kicked Tash in the stomach onto the ground.

The two of them groaned in pain before making attempts to get up. But you knew the force and location of your hits had caused decent damage, if not internal bleeding.
Raising your gun once more, you found yourself aiming at Peter. You tried to fight the pill, and it worked for a small second, but it was pointless and ultimately only made everything worse.

It gave you longer to see and process the look of fear on his face.

Wanda was too in shock to use her powers to restrain you. You, the little girl who she had cried to. Who had cried to her. She couldn’t comprehend that this what you had become.

So, while her guard was down, you threw a knife at her stomach. Leaving her to bleed out slowly. Watching the light in her eyes die out like an ember from a raging fire.

The pill may have been able to make you slaughter your family, it couldn’t stop the tears from streaming out your eyes. You didn’t want this. Even if they managed to stop you before you killed anyone else, you had already done the unspeakable.

You’d killed your sister, cruelly so, just to add salt to the wound. You’d killed Steve, who often acted like your dad, before he’d even had a chance to defend himself. You’d looked your boyfriend in the eye, a person you loved so much, and shot him. Almost without hesitation.

But there was no time to feel remorse. Bucky was back on his feet and running at you. You shot at him many times and it took six bullets before finally fell at your feet. Dead. All the while, you screamed for them to stop. To just abandon you. You could take whatever punishment HYDRA gave you, but not this.

Anything but this.

Natasha and your dad were all that remained.

‘Please…please don’t make me’ you begged. Your voice getting caught in your sobs. You looked around and saw the massacre you had made.

There were bodies everywhere and blood pooled at your feet. Looking down at your hands, you saw the red liquid painted on your skin. You couldn’t even tell whose it was

‘please. You’ve already made me kill most of my family. Please….Please, I’m begging you let me stop. Do whatever you want to me. Just please let me stop’ the only sound was your laboured breathing as you waited for a reply.

‘While the offer is tempting, I think you've forgotten that we can do that already, and we want you to kill black widow and iron man. Now!’ you grimaced at his words. You cried becoming louder, harsher, and despite every nerve in your body fighting the effects of the pill, your arm still rose to face Natasha

‘Come on. Fight it. I know you can. You’re stronger than this’ She said, practically begging you now

‘GET OUT OF HERE!’ you screamed. Anything to keep them safe from you

‘Not without you’

‘Please, I’ve already killed everyone else. You can't stop me. I’m a weapon. I don't even know why you still want me, so please just go before I kill you too’ the last part almost came out as a whisper.

‘I already told you. Not without you’
‘Kill them. NOW!’ the voice hissed harshly in your ear and despite your sobs and laboured breathing filling your ears, the sound of evil incarnate was easy to hear.

You struck like a viper, throwing various knives and firing your guns at Natasha, landing blow after blow on her. You were fighting to destroy. But she wasn’t. and of course, it was hard to get her down, but she didn’t truly put up a fight against you.

Before you knew it, your hands were tight around her throat. Choking the life out of her until her head fell back. Her beating for the last time.

Your body forced you to turn to the only one left, away from her lifeless body. Your dad.

‘I thought I already told you to get out of here. Please, not you too. You know you can’t stop me. I’m not in control. They are. I can’t. I can’t lose you too. Please. There will be other chances but please go. Please’ You were screaming through your tears at your dad who hadn’t done anything since this whole thing had begun. Your voice was scratchy and caused you immense pain to even breathe. But you had to do whatever it took to get him to safety.

But still, he didn’t move.

‘Dad?’ you began to approach but he threw up his arms as if to attack you.

‘I don’t know what happened to you, but you aren’t my daughter’

That was when your world came crashing down. You couldn’t hear anything. Or at least you couldn’t register it, because nothing else mattered other than those words

He…he didn’t want you. He hated you. Your world came crashing down, as did your body, as he fired at you and you fell, blacking out. But before you did, one thought looped around your head continuously, echoing in the walls of your mind, like it was mocking you.

You were nothing to him.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys liked that. I start school again tomorrow so I don't know when I'll be posting next but I will try and make it soon because I know how much I hate cliffhangers. So once again, let me know what you thought, what you want to see more or less of, and if you have any ideas.
'What’s happening?’ asked Tony, crouching next to you as you fell to your knees, a whimpering mess. You occasionally whispered some kind of plea but no one could hear what you were saying. Your eyes were closed, but the pain was clear from your expression

‘I’m sorry for this Tony, I truly am’ said Wanda. Her eyes also closed as she used her powers on you.

‘Wanda, what are you doing to her?’ asked Steve, stepping close to the witch.

‘I have to do it. It’s the only way to stop her’ she was almost crying. Whatever she was seeing, it wasn’t pretty.

‘It’s okay, we won’t be mad. You just have to tell us what you’re doing’ said Natasha

‘I’m making her live her worst nightmare’ now she was crying. Everyone looked between you and Wanda. What the hell was she seeing in your head?

‘Wanda, I need you to tell us what you can see. Can you do that?’ said Steve. She nodded slowly, still shaken by the horrors in your mind.

‘It’s horrible. It leads on from this. Starts just after she told us that she has no control over herself’

‘what else’

‘there’s this voice. And it’s telling her to kill everyone. It was her mission to come here and kill us. But she didn’t know it was us, so she took the pill’

‘Okay. Is there anything else’

‘It’s so easy. So easy for her. She’s so strong but she’s sobbing while she does it. She can’t stop herself. Oh my God!’ she screamed

‘What? What is it? What can you see?’ said Steve. Wanda broke from the nightmare. Practically collapsing from the how much strength it took out of her. You fell into Tony’s arms, shaking as the nightmare looped in your head.

Wanda slowly began to focus on where she was before locking eyes on Tony. Almost glaring at him

‘Wanda?’ asked Steve worried about what just happened

‘I’m sorry. I forgot for a moment that it was just a nightmare.’

‘Why. What did you see’

‘Her worst nightmare is horrific. She is forced to slaughter us. She killed Steve first. You didn’t even have time to use your shield.’ She glanced at Steve.

Even though it was only a nightmare, whatever happens, has to actually be possible. That was one of the limitations. But now they couldn’t help but shiver at the thought of what HYDRA had done to
She killed Peter next. She did hesitate this time. But it only made it worse. She had that small window of time to see how scared you were and then pull the trigger anyway. She was broken. Racked with guilt by what she’d done. She was shaken by killing you the most I think’ she looked at Peter with pitying eyes. He too was crying now.

‘I was next. She was forced to watch me bleed out after she stabbed me. Then Bucky… took six bullets until you went down. You almost made it to her’ She laughed dryly.

‘What about Tony and I’ asked Natasha. What had become of them?

‘You refused to leave her. Despite everything. She begged you to run. To get away from her. But you just wouldn’t leave’ Wanda began to sob again before Steve gently calmed her to finish telling them what happened.

‘It ended in a fist fight. You were both as good as each other but you couldn’t bring yourself to stop her.’ It was quiet for a moment. Everyone was wondering what happened to Tony. Your own dad. How did you kill him in your worst nightmare?

‘Then you.’ Wanda looked up at Tony as if there was no one else there. ‘Her worst nightmare was not that she would kill you. But that you would give up on her. That you wouldn’t want her. That you killed her without worry or regret or hesitation. In her worst nightmare, she is your villain’

No one spoke for a long time.

‘Let’s get her home’ said Tony quietly. Everyone nodded silently, as he picked you up softly and the group walked back to the quinjet.

Half of the trip was silent. Until Peter decided to speak up

‘Why do you think she worked for HYDRA?’ he asked, voicing what they had all been thinking.

‘Well, I guess to answer that, you gotta think why you would work for HYDRA’ said Natasha.

‘I would do it to protect someone. Not just anyone thought. Someone I loved’ said Wanda

Everyone looked at Peter who went pale at the realisation. ‘She worked for HYDRA…to protect me?’

‘If it makes you feel any better, you weren’t the only one’ said Steve, walking over to the group, staring at a file.

‘What do you mean?’ asked Peter

He threw the folder onto the table. Inside was photos of Peter, Wanda, Natasha and Bucky. All of them taken within the last week or two. The four went quiet.

‘Why those four. Why not all of us’

‘they probably thought it was all they needed to manipulate her’

‘What… how… why her?’ said Peter. He looked like he was about to cry

‘She was their ideal target’
'Will they come after again?'

There was a pause. 'I'm not sure'

'But if they do, we sure as hell aren’t letting them take her’ Said Tony, standing up.

'What are you gonna do? Lock her in the tower? Stop her from living her life? And what happens when the day comes that HYDRA can infiltrate the goddamn tower. What if you don’t let her go on missions and while we’re all away saving the goddamn world, they come for her and there’s not one thing anyone can do about it’ Natasha shouted at the top of her lungs.

No one knew how to respond to that. 'We can’t do anything with certainty. We just have to keep living’ she said, calmer this time

A brief silence settled over the room before Steve spoke up again.

‘There’s more’ he sighed and started fiddling with a tablet. The screens in the quinjet lit up and security footage started playing. It was of y/n.

‘is that…’

‘this is some of the footage that was taken while she was with them’

It was black and white but the quality was so clear that you could see every detail of the room. They could see y/n coming into the room, covered in blood. Even in the footage, you could see her dead eyes.

Her body looked heavy as if she’d already given up. A man spoke to her in Russian and she responded fluently.

‘When the hell did she learn Russian’

‘She started as soon as she got there’ said Steve, reading over the file. ‘When she made mistakes, she went under physical punishment. She was fluent within the month.’

Everyone’s attention turned back to y/n, who was now unloading her weapons. Four handguns and seven knives. All varying in size and shape. They could see a space, as did the man she was talking to who pointed at it and screamed at her.

‘Nat? translation?’ Asked Tony

‘Where’s the other knife…I don’t have it…but where is it…in my targets back…Stupid girl. Did you not remember your lesson last time you left a weapon in the field…You dragged me away unconscious before I could retrieve it…even so, time to learn the lesson again’

The man clicked his fingers and several men strode into the room. Two of them tightly held her up the arms and the other began to kick and punch her. Relentlessly

‘You can turn it off now’ said Tony. Steve didn’t move. The only sound was the whir of the jet and y/n’s screams of pain. ‘Rogers, turn it off’

‘I think you should see this now before you see it later’

‘See what’

‘Just…please’
Tony turned back and watched his daughter get beaten to a pulp. He could see the bruises and marks of other punishments. He could hardly stand to listen to the screams. However, he almost wished she was screaming, when she stopped altogether. She was still conscious, but it was like she didn’t have the strength to fight it anymore. She just hung there in the arms of her attackers as they laid hand after hand on her.

He could feel the tears already coming down his face but he couldn’t look away. It was like a car crash.

Then the men stopped. But they didn’t let her go or drag her away. Just stood there. One of the men went over to the table and picked up a knife. She looked up and saw what was happening. Her screams again began to echo through the room as she used all her remaining strength to fight and get away.

But they were too strong. He made his way round to the back of her and lifted her shirt so her back was completely exposed. He used the knife to make a mark on her back as she screamed and thrashed about in agony. Now begging for them stop. The angle of the camera only showed her front, but everyone was fairly glad for that.

Then they stopped and the men, unceremoniously, dropped her on the floor on her stomach and left the room. There were scars on her back, with the fresh one making a river blood to the small of her back. There must have been about a dozen or so.

‘From what I could see, it’s like a tally. They marked her every time she made a mistake. This was after the first 6 weeks. She usually took the pills they gave her at this point’

Tony took a moment to analyse what he had said.

‘When did she stop usually doing it’

‘After the first two months’

He couldn’t breathe. When they had gotten onto the jet, they had handed her over to their medical team. He ran into where they had taken her and his breathing hitched.

She was lying on her stomach, her shirt off, as the medical team attempted to treat the what must have been hundreds of scars that littered her back. All he could imagine was every show of punishment that accompanied those marks. How many times she had screamed in pain, going through every single thing they put her through, to protect them.

As well as her shirt off, her trouser had been cut just above the knee so they could also treat the rest of her pain. All of her exposed body was painted like a canvas with bruises, ranging in colour and size, some of them almost black, some of them larger than a fist. Her ankle was swollen as if it had sprained and remained untreated and there was more scarring all over her. She was so thin. Her skin wrapped around her so tightly, that you could see her bones pushing at the flesh.

She could have gone to hell and back and not looked so bad.

His little girl. He could hardly bear to imagine all the pain she went through. He should have been there. Should have noticed sooner. Should have gotten JARVIS to get food. Should have done so many things differently. He blamed himself. And with that reasoning, he wandered out of the room like a zombie and left to God knows where until God knows when.
Okay so hopefully that was all clear but if it wasn't, here's a little mini explanation. Wanda used her powers to put the reader in her worst nightmare which was killing everyone except Tony disowning her. So all of that in the last chapter was not real and just a nightmare that Wanda made to kind of knock the reader unconscious except for some reason, this was the only way to do it without harming the reader. All of the other explanations will come in the later chapter. I hope you like how I did this and I thoroughly enjoyed reading all of your reactions to the last chapter. So again, let me know what you think and if you have any ideas
You woke up at the medical level of the tower. You recognised it instantly as the place where your
doctors checked your levels while your dad tested the limits of your power. The sight should have
made you relieved. That you were no longer being controlled by HYDRA. That you were safe. But
your location only filled you with dread.

Your dad would walk through those doors and lead you to a cell. Where you would remain for the
rest of your life for your crimes. You wouldn’t blame them. You did kill almost everyone you loved.
Looking down at your hands, you could see the dirt and sweat had been washed away. The scars
were less easily removed. You didn’t deserve to be cleaned. You were a monster and should be
treated as such

That’s when you heard the doors open. You turned to see the whoever was about to lock you up,
and your jaw dropped. Filing into the room was…everyone. Wanda, Natasha, Clint, Bucky, Sam,
Peter, Steve…your dad.

The shuffled over to you and sat around the bed.

‘I…I don’t understand’ you stuttered. ‘I thought…I thought I…killed you…all of you’

‘It was just a nightmare. I’m sorry it’s the only way we could stop you.’ said Wanda meekly

‘But it felt so real’ you whispered, more to yourself than anything else.

‘I know, but hey, look at me. I’m right here. You didn’t hurt me’ said Bucky. He moved his hand to
put it on your shoulder, but you tensed and he dropped it.

‘So…so you don’t hate me?’ you turned to your dad

‘Oh, honey. I could never hate you. Never’

‘You should lock me up’ everyone was taken aback by your statement

‘Why would…What?’

‘I’m a criminal. A Monster. You’ve seen what I’ve done’ you couldn’t even look any of them in the
eye as you spoke

‘It wasn’t your fault. We’re not doing anything of the sort so come on, It’s almost dinner time’ said
Clint cheerily.

‘is food all you can think about right now’ asked Natasha

‘Uh…yes. I’m starving so come on’ he practically dragged you out of the room.

Dinner was...normal. You didn’t speak, you were too shocked at how calm everyone was at having
a murderer sit at their table. Thankfully, dinner was quick and you retreated to your room before
anyone could stop you. You curled up on your bed and placed your headphones on your head.
Letting the songs drown out everything else.
Third Person POV:

Once y/n had left, everyone became quiet

‘I should go check on her’ said Tony.

Everyone nodded their head in agreement and started packing away the dishes.

He quietly knocked on the door but when he heard no answer, he opened it. She had her headphones on and hadn’t heard him come in. She glanced up and tensed when she saw him in the doorway. It broke his heart to see her fear. He moved to sit at the edge of her bed, but she didn’t move

‘Hey’ he said

‘Hi’

‘Do you want to…um…talk about what happened’ she didn’t answer. ‘It’s fine if you don’t want to-‘

‘I didn’t think you would ever find me’ she cut him off. ‘At first, I tried to just go along with what they said. I thought it wouldn’t last long. Just get it over with and then you’d find me. It was quite strange really. I lived like an asset but they treated me like some kind of fellow soldier. They told me the time of day. Let me shower. Clean clothes. Of course, they didn’t change their training methods. I know you saw what they did’

‘The first month I could get through. But then the missions they sent me on became worse and I started thinking you were never going to come. Slowly, I began to even forget who you were. Who you really were. It was a different kind of brainwashing. Like they were slowly chipping away at my sanity

‘By the third month, I gave up hope and tried to forget about you. Accepted you weren’t coming for me. I stopped taking the pills often then. I became the monster they told me I was. But I couldn’t really forget about you and by the time you did find me, I had convinced myself that you heard what I’d done and didn’t want me anymore’

He pulled her into a hug. Her tears started to fall and dampened his shirt

‘I would never leave you behind. Ever, because you are Ohana’

‘Really. You’re going to quote Lilo and Stitch now?’ she rolled her eyes and smiled at his cheesiness.

‘Yes, I am. Now tell me what ohana means’

‘It means family’

‘And family means no one gets left behind’

‘Or forgotten’

The two stayed like that for a little while, letting the tears fall
'Can I be alone for a while'

'no' he thought. ‘Of course’ he squeezed her before getting up and leaving the room once again.

Fucking HYDRA. Why the hell did they have to come along and mess everything up?

Two weeks later, y/n still hadn’t recovered. She locked herself in her room constantly and rarely ate. She said it was a habit from when HYDRA had basically starved her. Barely eating a few meals a month. But everyone knew it was also because she didn’t want to run the risk of seeing other people. Everyone gave her space, but by the end of the third week, Bucky decided that enough was enough.

‘Hey Doll’ he said, poking his head through the door. She barely acknowledged him. He sighed and sat next to her on the bed.

‘Let’s talk. You can’t keep up like this’

‘like hell I can’t’ he was shocked. It was the first words she’d said to him in these past weeks.

‘Listen. I know more than any of the idiots here about what you’re going through. I know what it’s like to be a monster. To not want to let anyone else in because of what I’d done. I didn’t think I deserved anyone. Then there was also the danger of hurting them. In fact, you helped me. When I came here, you didn’t look at me I was a monster. And I’m here to tell you right now that you’re not a monster either.’

She looked at him for a moment

‘Let us help you. Because you can’t keep up like this. You’re ignoring all of us. Your dad’s beating himself up over this and Peter hasn’t left the tower. Not even for school, in case you decide you’re ready to talk to him again and he’s not here’ she tensed up at that.

‘At least...think about letting people in again’ he sighed and got up to leave when she grabbed his hand

‘Okay,’ she whispered. A huge grin spread across his face as he pulled her into a hug, then took her to the rest of the team in the kitchen where she was greeted with smiles

Chapter End Notes

This is a nice little end to this section. I hope you guys like it and I hope you like where it continues to go. So as all of you kow, infinity war comes out this week, tonight in LA and varying different dates across the world and I might have said this before but I'll say it again. I will not be posting any spoilers for the film until it has been out for at least one month. I'll let you know the chapter before when I'm going to start using that content so you can tay away from the fic until you've seen it. I'm seeing it on Friday and I'm super excited. Also, i've started up school again and I have loads of things happening like DofE (and getting over the trauma of all my faves dying) so I don't know when I'll next post but it will be at some point. Anyway, let me know what you guys think and if you have any ideas
Sorry I haven't posted in so long, I just saw infinity war which ripped my soul out (don't worry I won't post any spoilers) and I had DoE. For those of you who don't know, DoE is this kind of expedition you can do where you have to walk an approximate total distance of 22km and sleep on the ground, cook food, set up tents etc. and it was super cold. So that's my excuse, but hope you enjoy this slightly happier but slightly angsty chapter

Everyone was welcoming. They were cautious of course. They didn’t want to say the wrong thing and set you off. But they didn’t treat you like some china doll either. Clint still made his sarcastic comments. Wanda teased you. Steve nagged you about eating healthier after you grabbed a chocolate bar and Bucky mocked him for being an old man.

‘Like you can talk grandpa’ he said defensively

‘At least I know how to work technology’ he retorted

‘Boys, can we just both agree that you’re both very old and I am the best looking person here’ Said your dad. You laughed at their antics. God you missed this.

‘So, anything you want to do now you’re back?’ asked Sam

‘Honestly, I want to start training again. Normal training. I’ve missed my regular routine’

‘Well I’m dying to see how you’ve improved. Let’s go little miss assassin’ he teased before walking over to the elevator.

‘Sure thing bird brain’

‘Hey! Respect your elders young lady’

*later*

You flipped Sam and he hit the floor…for the eighth time that morning.

‘Jeez girl. You’re really good’ he groaned

‘HYDRA will do that to ya’ you laughed, then looked down at the ground for a moment

‘Hey, you good?’ he asked. The question was casual but you could see the genuine concern in his eyes.

‘Never better’ he could tell you were lying but let it slide
‘Have you talked to Peter yet’ your silence was answer enough. ‘Don’t push him away y/n. He loves you and I can tell you love him. Tell him what happened. Everything. He should know because then he can help you’ he gave you a half hearted smile before leaving you to the empty gym.

He was right though. You should talk to Peter. And if you were going to tell someone, it might as well be him

You took the elevator up and gently knocked on his door before opening it a fraction.

‘y/n?’ he asked

‘Can we talk, please?’ you asked quietly

‘Yeah of course’ he quickly moved around to accommodate for you and the two of you sat on his bed

‘So, I know I’ve been really distant lately and that’s not on you and don’t worry, I haven’t come here to break up with you or anything. But someone told me that I should tell someone everything that happened to me. I thought you would be the best person to tell. Is that okay?’ you were hesitant.

You had half the mind to just get up and leave. You shouldn’t be doing this. What did Peter do to deserve you dumping all your problems on-

‘Of course’ he took your hand and smiled. ‘Tell me whatever you want, I’m here’

You sighed in relief.

‘okay. If at any point it gets too much for you just tell me to stop’ you took a deep breath and began your story

‘When I first got there, they tied me up. A man, who would later become my handler, came in told me I had to work for them as their new winter soldier. When I questioned why I would if they didn’t want to brainwash me, they told me they would kill you, Aunt May and some others.

‘Whenever I was hesitant or showed signs of rebellion, they simply shot your photos in front of me. Photos that they had taken that day. As a reminder of what they could do

‘They made me learn Russian and they would beat me when I messed up. I picked it up fairly quickly. They trained me with their best. Multiple of them too. Once they decided I was in peak physical condition, they started sending me on missions.

‘At first it was retrieval. Just picking up the odd flash drive. After the first month it started to become assassinations. Most of them I could do long distance, like a sniper. But soon I had to get up close and then they stopped caring whether there were family around that I had to kill as well.’ you took a deep breath, suddenly the weight of all your kills on your shoulders

‘When I messed up on missions they would punish me. Not with any weapons, thank God, but they were still obviously very strong and their blows hurt. Then at the end of my beat down, they picked up one of the knives I had just handed in and made a mark on my back. Like a tally or something.’ you took a shaky breath and he squeezed your hand. Reassuring you and during you to get it all out

‘Because of the pills, I rarely messed up. But I eventually stopped taking them. I took the pills because I thought if I did, then I could convince myself that it wasn’t me. That I wasn’t to blame and I was still the same innocent little girl I was before I went there.
‘When i stopped taking the pills, was when I accepted that what I was telling myself was bullshit. I was a murderous psychopath and it was high time I took responsibility. That’s when I started to mess up a lot more. Now, I don’t think I could even count up the tally on my back.’ It was silent for a moment.

‘I killed people. Slaughtered them. Their families. Children who could have grown up to cure cancer. I am a monster.’

You glanced up to see him staring at pitifully

‘Please don’t look at me like that. I don’t deserve you or your love. I killed hundreds of innocent people in cold blood for my own selfish reasons. I’ll just go’ you got up to leave but Peter grabbed your wrist and sat you back on the bed. He looked at your eyes, welling with tears and his heart broke.

‘Hey, look at me. You’re beautiful. So what, you’ve done bad things. Everyone has. You may think you don’t deserve love but that is exactly the thing you deserve to help you get past this. We all love you. Monster or not’

‘I think my scars might tell a different story’ you laughed dryly.

‘Can I see them’ he asked hesitantly. You were shocked.

‘Sure’ slowly you turned around and carefully lifted your shirt. Leaving you in just your bra. You tensed slightly when you felt his hand trace over your back slowly but eventually you softened and leaned into his touch.

he turned you back around to face him

‘You are beautiful. Even with these scars. There is nothing you could change to convince me otherwise because I love you and I will use the last breath in my body to tell you that’ You were crying now as you slowly leaned in to kiss each other. Both taking your time.

‘Can I stay here tonight’ you asked

‘Of course’ he smiled kindly and laid you down next to him. It didn’t take long for you to both fall asleep to the gentle sounds of each other’s heartbeats

Third Person POV:

Everyone was silent. Of course they had opened up the camera footage in Peters room. They shouldn’t have. They were all better off not knowing.

‘So that’s what they did to her’ said Clint dryly.

‘Yeah. I knew it was bad. But I didn’t know it was like this.’ Said Wanda

‘HYDRA got in her head. Made her do things and convinced her she was something vile’ said Natasha

‘We should do something for her.’ Said Steve
‘Well…her birthday’s coming up in a few weeks’ suggested Wanda

‘Let’s get planning. We’ll get Peter in on it in the morning. Let them sleep for now’ said Steve, smiling at the pair before turning off the screen and joining the planning.

Chapter End Notes

So I hoped you all liked that. The next like four maybe five chapters and happy so I hope you all look forward to that. This is also the time to suggest any chapters you want to see or things you want to happen before it gets back into the dramatic part of the plot. Also I'm super excited because I was one of the winners in Tom Hollands raffle which means that me and about a hundred other people get to watch Infinity war with him and have a Q&A session after, so I'll be sure to let you know what perfection looks like in real life.
Birthday Girl

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Two weeks after when you first talked to Peter, and you still slept with him in his bed. You tried sleeping in your own, but you just got nightmares. So explicit and horrific that you woke up in a cold sweat, screaming and Peter came to your room anyway.

*Flashback*

Screaming. All you knew was that you were screaming. You could still see everyone's blood, trialing down your arms. You could feel it in your throat. The heat burned your skin. There was darkness. Why couldn’t you stop screaming.

Adrenaline coursed through you, causing your entire body to shake with fear.

And still…you screamed.

You couldn’t get the sight out of your head. You couldn’t even remember the image. Just that it meant you were a monster. And it scared you.

You were vaguely aware of some kind of pressure around you but that only made you scream more. If you could have shaken more to get rid of the threat you would have. But you had lost control.

‘Shh…hey, y/n. Please. Stop screaming. It’s okay I’m here. You’re not hurt. You’re fine. Please stop screaming

Peter?

Everything began to fade away. Instead of feeling hot blood on your face, you felt tears. Your tears. You were still shaking but you could see your room. You were okay. It was a dream. Wait, Peter

One look at him and you fell apart. You cried harder than before if that was possible and clung to him as if he would disappear any second.

‘It’s okay I’m here’ he said, softly stroking your hair, until you breathing returned to normal. Then slowly, without breaking apart, he laid down and held you on his arms. You both stayed like that until the morning. Earning a few strange glances from the team.

But you didn’t care. All you knew was that you felt safe with Peter and you never wanted to leave him.

*end of flashback*

You had moved some of your stuff into his room. You know…for convenience purposes. However,
Today when you woke up. He wasn’t there. You quickly sat up, confused. He was always there when you woke up.

‘Miss Stark, your presence is requested in the kitchen’ said JARVIS. Still confused at the whole situation, you got dressed and went to the kitchen.

‘SURPRISE!’ shouted everyone. You screamed and dropped rather ungracefully to the floor. Steve quickly went over and helped you up

‘Sorry about that. Didn’t think it would scare you that bad’ he said, laughing

‘Yo JARVIS, you get that on camera?’ shouted Bucky to the air

‘yes Mr Barnes’

You groaned. He always made you do horrible things when he had blackmail.

‘What’s the surprise for anyway’ you groaned still rubbing your back from when you’d fallen

Everyone just looked at you confused

‘You know what today is right?’ asked your dad

‘Um…Thursday?’

‘Wow. I cannot believe it. Of all the people’

‘Why…what’s going on?’

‘It’s your birthday’ he doubled over laughing. Wow, time really flies. You hadn’t even thought about your birthday since the whole HYDRA thing.

‘I remember when you were little and woke me up at five in the morning every birthday to make sure you could celebrate for as long as possible.’

You laughed at the memory.

‘Well…we don’t have any time to waste. Eat this amazing breakfast capsical made and then we can begin’

They parted to reveal a huge buffet looking breakfast with pancakes, waffles and everything in between.

‘Oh my God, this is amazing Steve. Thank you’ you pulled him into a big hug before immediately digging into the assortments of food.

‘As soon as you finish your breakfast, you’re gonna go to a couple of surprise locations with me and the guys’ Steve, Clint, Sam and Bucky all wore mischievous grins on their faces. What were they planning?

‘Then Wanda and Natasha are gonna take you on a little girls afternoon out where they will treat you to an outfit, shoes, makeup, etc. for a fantastic party, thrown by yours truly’ He gave you his signature cocky grin.
'That sounds...amazing. Almost as amazing as this food. Seriously Steve, do you have some kind of superpower that just makes anything you make taste incredible'

He chuckled at your praise. 'I try. Now come one, we don’t want to be late for destination number one now do we’ you shoved the last bits of your waffle into your mouth before grinning and running towards the elevator

*later*

‘The first destination’ your dad announced, pulling to a stop at the docks.

You all tumbled out of the car

‘At each destination, is one of your presents from me. And here is number one. You’re gonna need this too. I got Wanda to pick it out’ you turned back to look at him. He held out a bikini, which only confused you. Then you noticed him smiling and waving at someone. You turned to see a man pulling up to the edge on a jet ski and hop off it like James Bond

‘Mr Stark’ he said, giving your father a firm handshake. ‘She’s all yours’ he tossed the keys to him and walked away.

‘Well actually’ said your dad, turning to you. ‘She’s all yours’ he said, holding out the keys. You thought you misheard him

‘You got me a jet ski?’ your face lit up and you leapt into his arms. ‘Thank you, Thank you, Thank you. You’re the best dad ever’ you squealed

‘Hey, remember this is only present one.’

‘Trust you to spend more money on my birthday presents than some people earn a year’

‘Well if you don’t like it…’ he grinned slyly

‘No I love it. Thank you’

‘Quick go get changed. I hired a few others so we’ll meet you out here and take them for a spin’

You ran off excitedly to get changed.

*later*

Jet skiing was a blast. You picked it up fairly quickly and made ripples all over to knock the boys off their vehicles. You were completely soaked but still couldn’t wait to come out here as often as you could. Maybe even take Peter with you. The image of him clutching fearfully onto you as you went at full speed came to your mind, making you smirk.

You all got changed but you had to make the extra effort of ringing out your hair because God knows you could never do anything so horrific to mess up your dads beloved sports car.
Eventually, you were allowed into the car and you began your drive to the next place. However it wasn’t very far. You probably could have walked

Your dad stopped in some kind of shipping place. Probably where people loaded things onto those cargo ships. But it was completely empty apart from a car in the middle of the space.

‘I know you take my cars out sometimes with Steve’ he said, looking accusingly back at Steve. He looked down at the ground sheepishly. ‘So I figured instead of you possibly wrecking my cars, you could have your own’ he handed you a set of keys and once again…you were speechless

‘You know you’re the best dad in the entire world right?’

‘I’ve heard it once or twice’ he replied cockily. You squealed and jumped out of your dads car to inspect your own. It was a rose gold, model X Tesla. You unlocked it and the car doors swung up. Not out. Up. You grinned at your gift and smiled mischievously back at the boys

‘Anyone want a ride back to the tower?’ you shouted. Clint and Sam grinned at the offer and gladly stepped out of the car. But Steve knew better and he grabbed Bucky’s arm before he could make the same mistake as the others

‘Trust me. She may be a good driver, but she’ll give you a heart attack before you even get on the roads. I’ll be surprised if they don’t die before they get to the tower’ Steve sounded like eh was joking, but his eyes were dead serious.

As if on cue, the screaming began. All three heads turned to see y/n doing donuts on the tarmac before speeding off towards the highway…well above the speed limit.

Tony’s jaw dropped and Bucky looked mildly traumatised at the fact he almost got in that death trap of a car while Steve just grimaced at the state they would be in later.

‘Well, we better catch up to them or she might start looping central park’ with that, Tony immediately burst into action. Chasing his daughter down the streets of New York.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys like this chapter. Thanks for all the support so far, I never expected so many people to actually like it. I'm going to see Tom tomorrow so I'm really excited, but then I have loads of exams so I'm not sure when I'll be posting next but keep sending suggestions. Also, to all the people have sent suggestions so far, I have them in the plan, you just won't see them for a little while.
‘What took you guys so long’ you teased as your dad, Bucky and Steve piled out of their car. And what they saw was a sight. There were skid marks all along the car park floor, while Sam looked like he was throwing up and Clint looked ready to pass out any second.

‘Never again’ you heard him mumble. Hey, it wasn’t your fault they couldn’t handle drifting.

‘Well, I was going to give you your third gift now, but I think that’s quite enough for today. Come on, I’m sure the girls are waiting for you upstairs’ he made a shooing gesture towards the elevator before tending to the still very nauseous Clint and Sam.

‘Hey, how’d the morning go’ Asked Nat

‘You knew exactly what he was planning didn’t you’

‘Of course. Who do you think you’re talking to’ she scoffed playfully. ‘So you ready to go?’

‘Yeah. Can I drive?’

‘Don’t let her drive!’ shouted Sam, perfectly timing his exit from the elevator

‘Fun sucker. It’s not my fault if you can’t hold your breakfast’ you teased. You would have patted him playfully on the back but he still looked ready to hurl any second. Amateur.

*later*

‘Oh my God, this is amazing’ you said, leaning into the magical touch of the masseuse rubbing your shoulders

‘I know right. We knew you’ve been under a lot of stress and this is what we sometimes do. Well that and gossip. So, anything you’d like to share with the class’ said Natasha, also looking very happy with the massage.

‘How about you guys go first’

‘I’ve got a mission in about a week. Get to go undercover as a Russian temptress’ said Nat

‘I bet you’re real seductive’ you teased

‘Oh, I am. The guys are dead before they even realise they were tricked’ she chuckled. ‘Wanda?’

‘Nothing to report this time around. What about you y/n?’ she said

‘Well, I hope I get to do something a little more interesting than just sit at home and wait for a team mission. You have no idea how boring it is’
‘Maybe, but the the actual chance of you dying is a lot lower so that’s a big plus’

‘But, I’m getting older and honestly I’ve been thinking about it for a while. You guys think you could get me to go on like, my own missions and stuff? Or even just one with just one other person’

‘Well, you’d have to ask your dad’ started Wanda. She seemed to notice your shoulders drop in disappointment. ‘But we’ll see what we can do. So, what about Peter. Are things going good’ she asked, as the masseuses left and allowed you to change.

‘They’re…amazing. He’s sweet and has been so nice, keeping me company all these nights. I haven’t had a nightmare in days. And when I did, he was right there to calm me down’ you blushed, thinking of the way you held you so often, close to his chest.

‘Sounds like you guys are getting pretty serious then’

‘Yeah. Oh my God, It’s our one year anniversary in a month’ you suddenly realised. You could not have repeat of your six month.

‘You gonna do something for him?’ asked Nat

‘Yeah, but I don’t have a clue what’

‘I have a good idea of what you could do that any guy would like’ she wiggled her eyebrows suggestively, which only made you cringe

‘God, get your head out of the gutter’ you gagged

‘Just saying, you’re both legal’ she shrugged as if she’s just said the time of day.

‘Okay, I am not having this conversation with either of you.’

‘Fine, we’ll move on from Peter. Is there anything else you want to talk about?’ said Wanda.

‘Nothing other than the fact that I love you guys’ you said with a wide smile. You all laughed and came into a hug. It was nice. One of the only nice moments you’d felt in a while.

‘Now, you need to get changed’ said Wanda, handing you a dry cleaning bag. You opened it to find a floor length, V-neck, burgundy gown. You looked up at her, half expecting her to laugh in your face and yell April fools. But she didn’t so you squealed and pulled her into a grateful hug before running to change.

It took a little longer than expected to change and by the time you were out, Wanda and Tash were changed to. Wanda wore an elegant silk green dress with silver stilettos and long dangling diamond earrings. Natasha had a pretty, short navy bodycon dress with stunning Smokey eye makeup and black platforms. Both looked effortlessly flawless.

‘Well aren’t you a sight for sore eyes’ said Natasha. You blushed hard at her compliment. She was always impossibly beautiful so any kind of compliment from her meant the world to you.

‘You really think so’

‘You’ll be the most beautiful birthday girl there’ she teased

‘Speaking of which, come one, don’t want to be late for your own party’ Wanda smiled and grabbed
your hand, dragging you back out to the car. Except the car wasn’t there anymore. Instead, a stretch
limo took it’s place, and a suave looking Bucky leaned up against it’s side, wearing his signature
smirk and a smart navy suit.

Seeing him like this made you understand a little more how he was such a ladies man back in the
40’s. You were about to compliment him when he just had to go and open his mouth

‘Now what are a couple of dames like you doing on the street’ he said, once you were in earshot.
You simply rolled your eyes. Trust Bucky to flirt with anything that looks pretty.

‘Waiting for a handsome guy to pick us up. You know where he is’ said Natasha, returning her own
smirk. He simply winked and opened the door for the three of you.

It was a pretty short trip back to the tower and once you got there, you were met with yet another
escort. Steve who wore a grey suit and showed the same confidence as Bucky when you had first
seen him.

‘Ladies’ he said, tipping his head slightly.

‘Captain’ you said.

‘Shall we’ he said, offering you his arm

‘We shall’ you responded, giggling, barely able to contain your laughter anymore. You were
significantly shorter than the super soldier, his elbow just below your shoulder, making you reach up
to properly grab a hold of him.

Half way up, you began to hear the booming of a classic Stark party. The doors opened to reveal
surprisingly, only the team. They all greeted you and sat you down pretty hurriedly. All excited to
give you their own gifts.

Once you were sat, Sam approached you

‘Okay, put these on’ he said handing you a pair of purple tinted glasses. Cautiously you placed the
on your face as he reached up and pressed a button on the side. Suddenly, an image of the living
room you were in appeared in front of you. After a moment you realised it wasn’t just a picture, but
actual live footage.

You turned around to find the source and saw a slightly smaller purple version of Sam’s redwing.

‘Is that…’

‘Sam tech as redwing, and all yours? Yes, yes it is’ he said cockily

‘Oh my God, I can’t believe it. Thank you so much’ you dove at him, pulling him into a tight hug

‘Yeah, yeah, I’m the best uncle in the world’ he said. You lightly punched him on the arm after
pulling away. He was right. Not that you needed to say it to inflate his ego even more.

Once you had released Sam from your death grip, Steve awkwardly shuffled over to you.

‘I know it’s not quite as flashy as the gifts from the others, but I remember you saying you loved my
drawings and stuff, so I kind of…’ he began stumbling on his words a little so you chuckled lightly
and took the leather book he was holding out to you. When you opened it, you gasped.

Every page was filled with beautiful drawing and paintings of skylines and landscapes. Each page
was different and the shading taking your breath away with every turn of a page. When you didn’t say anything, he started a stuttered apology

‘Sorry. I would have gotten you something a bit more—’ but you cut him off. Giving him a big hug.

‘It’s perfect Stevie. I love it’ you could feel him sigh in relief before you broke away, only to face Wanda.

She handed you a simple silver necklace with a blue pendant on it that glowed slightly.

‘I got this when I was very young from my mother. The story is that the reason it glows is because it’s a vial with the tears of God’s. Specifically the one’s who made the earth. They cry because they see the pain many of us go through every day. I personally don’t think it’s true, but it’s quite special to me and I hardly ever wear it anymore. I couldn’t think of a better gift to give you’ she said, starting to sniff a little

‘No this is too much. I can’t take something this precious to you’

‘Please. It will do you more good than it will do me and it’s not like it’s going far. If I want it back I’ll just take it out of you room. That’s what sisters do right’ the two of you laughed before you felt a tap on your shoulder.

You turned to see Natasha and Clint standing with their gifts and mischievous grins on their faces.

‘Ours kind of go together but you should open mine first’ said Natasha, thrusting her perfectly wrapped box into your hands.

You nervously ripped the wrapping paper open to find a briefcase of sorts. When you opened it, you grin widened.

‘Oh you guys are in for a treat’ you said. Everyone else craned over your shoulder to see what Nat could have possibly gotten you. Your dad was the first to see

‘A knife set! Waht the hell Romanoff’ he shouted

‘Not just any knife set. My first ever knife set’ you picked up one of the blades to admire it. ‘I take it you want me to teach you how to use them at some point’ she said, turning to you. Your shoulders fell a little

‘What’s wrong’ asked your dad

‘I...um...already know how to use them’

‘How?’ he asked

‘Part of the HYDRA training’ you said solemnly. As soon as the words left your mouth, a sombre mood settled on the party as everyone remembered what you’d gone through.

Then Peter cleared his throat, dragging you back to reality. He handed you a small, dark grey square. It looked almost like a coaster.

‘Put it on the table’ he said grinning with anticipation.

So you did. Almost instantly, you were surrounded by photos. Everywhere you looked, there was another photo. Like hundreds of holograms. Some of them were just of you and a few more were of you with the team. But most of them were you with Peter. You couldn’t believe it. It must be about
every photo you’ve been in within the past two years. Peter picked up the tile and suddenly, the photos disappeared. You turned to face him but before he could say a word, you kissed him. Hard.

You were vaguely aware of a few people whooping but you didn’t care. Eventually you could hear your dad call for you to break it up.

‘Well that’s an image I’ll never get out of my head’

‘What, of your little girl sucking face with a boy’

‘Please don’t, I would rather not have nightmares tonight’ he held his head in his hands before jumping straight back into the action.

‘Well then. Let’s get this party started shall we. Oh wait, my last gift. Drink whatever the hell you want’

This was going to be fun.

*a lot of drinks later*

‘Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots! Everybody!’ you sang at the top of your lungs. You were completely shit-faced. Clint, Sam and Wanda were pretty damn close to your level of intoxication and your Dad was well on his way. Bucky and Steve were completely fine as they only had a drink or two (not that they could get drunk if they tried) and Natasha decided to be the person to keep them out of trouble. Peter just wasn’t allowed to drink, so he did the next best thing. Pulled out his camera.

Peter’s POV:

‘Guess what I found!’ I heard y/n shout. I barely dodged her attack of water pistols which she found…somewhere. She was shooting everything in sight and quickly everyone was drenched except for her and those who were drunk became relatively sober. y/n, of course, was still yelling and dancing her way around the floor.

‘Dance party’ she shrieked, clicking play on her phone as the melody of Mr. Saxobeat blared through the sound system. She danced like it was nobody’s business and slowly, everyone joined in. But she quickly sought me out and latched onto me. Even grinding (!?!) ever so slightly when no one was looking.

Her playlist went on and on and people started to get tired. Most people called it a night until it was only me, y/n, Steve and Tony left. She didn’t let me leave the ‘dance floor’ at all so Steve and Tony went to sit on the sofas and have a little chat.

I didn’t know how she was so devious while she was this drunk but as soon as both their back were turned, she started playing ‘No Diggity’ and her dancing became a little more…interesting. I looked up to see if the other two had noticed but she quickly drew my attention back to her, kissing me hungrily. Her hands ran all over me and I couldn’t help but reciprocate that actions. I started at her
waist and slowly got lower and lower.

Eventually she broke away and leaned close to my ear. ‘Let’s get out of here’ she slurred. Before I had a chance to respond, she was pulling me and shouting her goodnights to Steve and Tony. The second we were out of sight again, she hungrily started kissing me, allowing me to pin her slightly against the elevator wall.

The doors opened and we somehow found our way to my room without breaking the kiss. We fell onto the bed before she rolled so she was on top of me. Slowly trying to take off my shirt.

Wait, Peter, snap out of it. She’s drunk and this is not the time or the place.

‘Wait’ I tried, but she kept trying to kiss my jaw, slowly working her way down to my chest

‘No, I want you’ she barely whispered

‘But not here. Not like this. Please’ I said, all the while, I was slowly pushing her off and onto her back, resting her head on the pillow. ‘Another time, I promise’ I said, before giving her a soft kiss on her lips. She didn’t put up much of a fight from then. Simply drifted her eyes closed and fell asleep.

I sighed with relief before I froze at the sight of Mr. Stark standing in the doorway.

‘Something was up with her so I figured I would come and check on her’ he said

‘Mr. Stark I…’

‘Don’t worry kid. I saw. I don’t have a problem with you…yet. Just be safe’

‘I won’t let anything happen to her’ I swore. He seemed satisfied and left with a sigh. I fell back on the bed and glanced over at y/n. She looked so peaceful, or more accurately, not like she had been super horny about one minute ago. How did I get so lucky.

Chapter End Notes

Okay...wow this was a super long one. I really liked the cut Peter thing at the end and I tried to make this as fluffy as possible (you know aside from the part where you basically jump Peter). Also, Tom Holland is even more amazing in real life. I legit died and I actually got to give him a side hug. the photos are on my insta which is the same as my username on here btw. But yeah it was amazing and I got to meet basically his whole family, including Tessa. Except for Harry and Sam because they were in Australia. Anyway, hopefully I'll update again soon and I hope you liked this chapter. warning, the next chapter is the last relatively nice chapter before the next story arc.
You woke up with a blinding headache. You rolled over in agony, only to be met with a shirtless Peter. You yelped in surprise and sat up quickly. You didn’t think you’d ever regretted something so quickly in your entire life.

‘Ugh, my head’ you groaned. You heard Peter chuckle

‘That’s what you get for how drunk you got last night’

‘This is not the time to mock my mistakes’ suddenly the wave of nausea hit you and you ran as fast as you could to the bathroom. Barely making it. Halfway through your vomiting, you felt Peter hold back your hair. You would have smiled if your insides weren’t currently making their way outside of you.

Once you had finished, you collapsed backwards, falling against Peter’s legs.

‘Did we do…anything?’ you asked, half scared to hear the answer.

‘Almost. But I knew that our first time shouldn’t be when you were drunk off your face. But can I just say, you’re a horny drunk’ he said. God you must have made a complete fool of yourself

‘I’m sorry for that. But thanks’

‘Don’t worry about it. Besides I’ve had the phrase ‘yes doesn’t mean yes if she’s drunk or drugged’ drilled into my head ever since I started liking girls by Aunt May’

‘Well I’ll have to thank her for raising such an amazing guy when I next see her’

‘Trust me, I don’t think you ever want to bring up last night again. Oh…um…by the way. Your dad saw us’

‘What’

‘Well you know, you were really drunk and he came to check you were okay and he kind of saw’

‘Oh my God, I can never show my face to him again’

‘Don’t worry I’m sure he didn’t see the footage of you basically giving me a lap dance behind him’

‘I what! Please tell me there’s hole I can crawl into and never come out of’

‘Nope, now come on. Time to face the music’ he helped you up before you both made your way to the kitchen.

‘Oh my God, she’s alive’ yelled Bucky

‘Please, not so loud. My head can’t handle it’ you groaned, making a grabbing gesture for your dad’s coffee.

‘No, no, no. Get your own.’
‘But my head hurts’ you whined

‘You should have thought about that before you drank till you literally dropped’

‘You’re the one who said that I could so really this is your fault’

‘I can’t believe you’re hungover and still winning arguments’ he sighed, handing you his mug. You drank it thirstily

‘So, you have fun last night when we went to bed’ asked Bucky

‘I can’t even remember’

‘I can’ your dad chimed in. ‘And I had a feeling you might not remember, so I got JARVIS to get the footage ready from last night. Oh JARVIS…’ your dad called as the footage began to play on every available screen in the kitchen.

At first, it played a few things you vaguely remembered. It was mostly drinking and taking shots and you kind of recalled shooting people. But that’s where it got fuzzy. Then it began to play what Peter was talking about earlier.

Your jaw dropped, watching you basically throw yourself at Peter. Jesus, you were really going for it. Everyone around you lost their damn minds as your face began to resemble the colour of your dad’s suit. They all got even more out of hand when they saw you lead Peter away.

They hollered and wolf-whistled as they watched the hot and heavy display you were putting on in Peter’s room. They calmed a bit when video Peter stopped and let you fall asleep.

‘Damn, I can’t believe you didn’t get any action like that’ said Bucky

‘Oh trust me, if she was on her way to getting any action I would have stepped in’

That was the final straw. You fled the room in embarrassment. Peter ran after you

‘hey, come on y/n stop’ he called. You did, your face still not any cooler or less red. ‘They’re just teasing’ he looked like he was about to ramble so you grabbed his face and pulled him into a kiss.

‘What was that for?’ he asked once you broke apart

‘Just needed you to shut up for a second. Don’t worry, I know they’re teasing. How about we go to the roof’ you asked

‘sounds good’ he grinned, snaking an arm around your waist and pulling you towards the elevator

Third Person POV:

‘Lay off her a little bit would you’ said Steve

‘Well it’s true. She’s young and not nearly old enough to lose it’ replied Tony

‘You know, she’s not so little anymore’
'Doesn’t mean that I, as her dad, am just gonna say ‘Yeah I’m totally fine with some random guy fucking you. You go girl’ God now I’ve got the image in my head'

‘Well, yes I did kind of mean that. She’s gonna do it someday, Don’t you want it to be with someone she loves and who loves her just as much back?’ Asked Wanda

‘How about we not discuss the sex life of the seventeen year old who is kind of like a sister/daughter to all of us’ said Bucky, putting an end to that part of the conversation

‘Wait, you said you kind of meant that. What else did you mean?’ asked Tony accusingly

‘Well’ started Natasha. ‘Yesterday, Wanda and I were talking with her and she expressed some desire to do her own missions as a spy. A bit like what I do’

‘No way’ said Steve, Bucky and Tony simultaneously.

‘Come on guys’

‘She’s too young. She could get hurt’

‘And besides, your line of work involves a lot of seduction. What if something goes too far?’

‘Steve Grant Rogers, you are in no position to talk about safety. Remind me how many times you’ve jumped out of a plane without a parachute’ Steve looked down sheepishly

‘And Bucky, yeah that’s my line of work, but I think we’ve all seen how well she can handle herself’

‘Well that doesn’t matter because I’m her dad and I say no’ said Tony. ‘I have had enough to worry about when you or any of the team go on missions. I will not worry about whether she’s going to make it back too’ he said, starting to walk away.

‘If that’s your reason, then how do you think she feels’ he stopped. ‘When you go out to save the city. When you flew into that wormhole. When you gave your address to a terrorist. You haven’t been in many life threatening situations when I’m here but it’s happened enough times for me to see how deathly afraid she is that you won’t make it.’ There was a pause as everyone took in what Natasha had just said. Then Tony walked away, without another word

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the later update again. I hope you liked this chapter again and the next chapter will be the start of the next story arc. I've got exams all of next week, revising the week after and exams again after that so the updates probably won't speed up but I shouldn't be later than this usually. Let me know what you guys want to see and what you like. I love getting requests from you guys.
The doors opened and you rushed forward to the edge of the roof, dragging Peter along with you. You looked down to the street below. Despite having lived there for most of your life, the view amazed you every time. You and Peter people watched, admittedly it was hard because you were so high up, but you made do. Laughing at the strange situations you made up.

At one point, however, you saw a proposal. It was in a local café across the street. You even recognised them from your previous rounds of people watching.

‘Good for them’

‘Do you know them?’

‘Sort of. I do this a lot and they’re two of my regular victims. I’ve seen them go through hell. One day, his ex-showed up and full on made out with him in front of her. He met her parents at that table. I thought the dad was going to punch him. Of course, I’ve never met them. I don’t even know their names. But in my head, she looks like a Melissa and he looks like a James. When I’m on the lower levels, I can see in both of their eyes how much they love each other’

Peter shuffled closer to you so that you were practically pressed against each other.

‘How did he look at her?’ he asked, making you turn your head. Your faces now centimetres apart.

‘like that’ you replied softly, staring deeply into his eyes, as you both leaned forward into a soft kiss.

Someone clearing their throat behind you made you break apart quickly.

‘Hey dad, what are you doing here?’

‘It’s my building’ he replied bluntly. ‘And I brought you guys some snacks and drinks.’ He said, setting the tray down on a nearby table. ‘And I came here to have a little chat with my girl’ he gave Peter a look. Thankfully, he got the message and scurried off.

‘So you guys are moving pretty fast.’

‘What do you mean by that?’

‘You were willing to have sex with the guy last night and you said that you love him’

‘It has been almost a year since we’ve been together’ he sighed and paused, before pulling into a strong hug.

‘I’m sorry. It’s just, you know, you’re my little girl. I’m not ready to let go of you yet’

‘Then don’t. Just because I’m interested in a guy and he makes me happy, doesn’t mean he’s the only one who can. I will always love you. You’re the best dad ever, even when you’re drunk off your face’ you chuckled

‘Hey it was one time’
‘More like one time every week’

‘Hey now, cut your old man some slack’

‘Okay, okay’ you said, holding up your hands in surrender

‘But in all seriousness, I did want to talk to about something’ he said, setting down his drink

‘Shoot’

‘Natasha mentioned that you wanted to do missions’ you grimaced a little, knowing this wasn’t going to be an easy conversation. ‘Yeah’ you replied quietly

‘Listen, I don’t want to be that guy, and I’m definitely not saying I don’t think you can handle it, I’m just saying that, well the things is-’

‘What is it, dad’

‘I don’t want you going on missions yet’ your whole body sunk a little at his words. He didn’t think you were ready

‘You know I can start missions when I turn eighteen, I just thought I’d get a little head start. Isn’t that the Stark way. All I need is your approval to be out there taking down enemies’

‘Yeah, and my approval’s also all you need to go out there and get a bullet in your skull. That’s the line of work you want to go into’ he shouted

‘It’s the kind of work Natasha does. And Clint. And hell most of the team. Why not me’

‘I can’t tell them what to do, but I sure as hell can with you. I won’t worry about whether you’re going to come home’

‘But you’ll let me’ that made him stop for a moment

‘I’ve lived my life. I’m an old man and my time probably isn’t that far away. But you’re a kid and I will not allow you to willingly put yourself in danger. Not if I can help it’ he started to walk away

‘But-‘

‘end of discussion’ he said, before the elevator doors shut, leaving you alone on the roof.

You could feel the tears prickling in your eyes. You picked up a drink and practically downed the thing. The adrenaline from your fight was still pumping through you, so you did the only logical thing you could. You launched the glass at the wall with all of the energy you could muster. A scream leaving your lips as you did.

Then you began to sob uncontrollably. Sinking slowly to the floor, onto your knees, as you curled in on yourself.

Why now. You just got your dad back. You just got your life back and now it was going to shit again.

Maybe the universe just hated you. You wouldn’t be surprised. After everything that had happened, you just really wanted a break from the drama.

You glanced over to see more glasses of the alcohol.
Screw it.

You dragged yourself over and took the first glass. Drinking it slower this time, savouring the taste as it went down your throat. You drank the next one a little faster. As you kept drinking until all the glasses were empty.

But still, you couldn’t stop crying.

You hadn’t noticed the time slipping away and before you knew it, it was dark. The wind was picking up and you could hear the night-time buzz. You stood up and walked over to the elevator but stopped.

The city lights had illuminated your feature just enough to see how much of wreck you looked like. Your hair looked more like a birds nest, the way it was tangled. Your face was puffy and red and the makeup that you had on was smudged all over.

The t-shirt you were wearing was wet all down the front from your tears.

You couldn’t go down like this. You were a mess. The definition of a walking disaster.

So you simply slumped against the wall of the elevator. The alcohol was hitting you now. Perfect timing. You were probably going to pass out on this roof. No one would find your body. Left up here to die.

Okay now you were just being straight up dramatic

‘JARVIS, does my dad hate me’

‘No, I promise that sir loves you very much’

‘If he loved me so much then why is he holding me back’ you slurred

‘From what I can see, it is because he doesn’t want to lose you’

‘Well, he’s done a great job at that. Where is he anyway’

‘Sir is in the kitchen’

‘Who else is there’

‘The whole team is there, they are eating dinner’

‘Do they even know I’m gone’

Silence

‘That’s what I thought’

‘Miss, do you wish for me to inform sir that you are heavily intoxicated’

‘Don’t worry, he probably knows that I’m drunk as hell by now’

‘No, miss, It’s something more. I’m detecting some kind of drug in your system’ just at that moment, your vision began to darken

‘JARVIS, what’s happening to me?’
‘I have notified Mr Stark of your condition. Your heart rate is slowing dramatically and–‘

‘JARVIS?’

Nothing

Then you blacked out

Third Person POV:

‘Sir, miss Stark is currently in a critical condition on the roof’ said JARVIS, making everyone stop.

‘She’s probably just drunk, I left the drinks up there’

‘She also presumed that, however, I believe those drinks may have had an intense sleeping drug in them. She is unconscious.’

Then the lights went out. When they came back on, the whole team had someone behind them, with a gun aimed at their head.

‘I think we’ve got it under control here. The rest of you. Go get the asset, she’s on the roof.’ A few men ran off towards the elevators. ‘Just so none of you get any ideas, if one person tries anything, you all get a bullet in your brain’ the man chuckled under their glares.

‘Sir, the commanders wondering what you want to do with them’

The man thought for a moment, then smiled darkly

‘We’ll take them with us. They’ll be a good audience to her disciplining’

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, you thought you were done with HYDRA, didn't you? Well you thought wrong, didn't you. I hope you like this chapter and again, send me suggestions of little one-shot style chapters for after this is all done.
When you woke up, you were in a metal chair, ropes around your wrists and ankles, tying you tightly to it. You tried pulling against them, but you were still weak. After your third try, you heard a deep chuckle from the corner of the room. You looked up to see your old supervisor.

'Мы снова встречаемся. Какое совпадение' (we meet again, what a coincidence) he said, his signature smirk never leaving his face

'Я думаю, мы оба знаем, что это не совпадение' (I think we both know that this isn’t a coincidence) you spat back.

'все еще злющий, я вижу, может быть, нам следует сбить это с вас.' (still feisty I see, maybe we should knock that out of you.) Before you could comprehend what was happening, he brought his hand down on your face, hard. You fell forward before his rough hands pushed your shoulders back up, landing numerous blows on your stomach and chest. He was relentless. You began to sob from the pain, but he didn’t stop.

'Это то, что вы получаете за то, что являетесь подлой маленькой сукой. Вы действительно думаете, что видели последнего из нас’ (This is what you get for being a sneaky little bitch. Did you really think you’d seen the last of us) he hissed.

He punched you in the stomach again, making you cough and splutter, blood flying out of your mouth and staining your shirt. He saw the damage and stopped, smiling at his handy work.

'Look up at that camera' he said. But you didn’t move, you couldn’t, you were in too much pain.

He sighed, grabbing your hair and forcing your head upwards, making you cry out in agony, choking a little on the blood that didn’t quite make it out of your throat.

'Say hi to your little avenger buddies’ you froze. ‘Oh yeah, didn’t I mention, we got all your friends. They’re in another room here. Watching this. I’ve heard their screams are pretty loud. Maybe even louder than yours’ he smiled, letting go of your hair.

'So here are your options right now’ he said, pulling out a gun. ‘You can come back. Work for us. Everything will go back to exactly how it was and all will be forgotten’ he leaned against the wall casually, as if talking about what he was going to get from the store.

'or you can deny that, we beat some sense into you, and take you away. You stay on that pill for the rest of your pathetic little life and while we’re at it, why don’t we make life generally just that little bit worse for you’

He chuckled. 'Or there’s option three, which I will do in front of all your friends’ he gave a small wave to the camera before turning back to you and aiming his gun at your head. ‘and trust me, I don’t think anyone wants option three’

You thought for a moment.

‘Do it’
‘What?’ he asked, confused by your statement.

‘Option three. That’s one I choose. It’s better than any life you could give me’

‘Oh, you poor, stupid, helpless little girl’ he said, lowering the gun, laughing as he did so. He reached for his walkie-talkie, whispering something into it that you couldn’t hear, then turned back to you

‘You forgot to ask what option three was. You didn’t actually think it was me killing you was it. No, no, no’ he tutted. Just then, the door opened and a guard came in, dragging along a struggling Peter, who threw him in another chair opposite you.

‘It was killing him’

You froze, No, this wasn’t happening. It must be another dream. Please no. You looked at Peter, whose eyes were wide with fear, flicking between you and the gun now aimed at him.

‘But you know what, I’m feeling pretty nice today. I’ll give you another shot. You have to the count of three to change your mind. One’ he said. Staring you down. You began pulling at the ropes

‘Two’ He turned his head as you struggled more. You could feel them beginning to rip.

‘One’

Snap.

You broke free, quickly kicking the gun out of his hand and giving him a hard punch to the face. He tried to defend himself but was pretty taken aback and went down easy. He fell to the stone ground with a thud and backed to the wall. You picked up the gun and aimed it at him.

‘No please, please’ he whimpered

‘Give me one reason I shouldn’t’ you growled

‘Y/n, don’t kill him. Don’t get his blood on your hands.’ You heard Peter say behind you, but you didn’t break eye contact with the man. You paused for a moment, then got down and held the point of the gun to his chest, getting close to his face

‘I’m going to leave now. You’re not going to follow me. You’re not going to call for anyone. And when I do leave, you’re going to leave me the hell alone, or I’ll make sure I do worse than just kill you’ you hissed as you moved away from his face and glared. ‘understood?’ he could only nod his head.

You wacked the barrel of the gun to the side of his head, knocking him unconscious. You stood up and shot his leg as well.

‘That’s for everything you did to me, bastard’ you glared at him one moment longer, before turning to Peter. The adrenaline in you helped you to move quickly, untying the ropes and getting him up.

‘Come one, we don’t have a lot of time. Where are the others?’ you said as you dragged him out of the room and into a pretty familiar corridor.

‘They’re in there’ he said, pointing to the door just opposite you. You went to, kicking down the door and shooting the two guards where they stood

‘Hey, guys. Who's ready to get out of here’ you grinned, grabbing a knife off a dead guard and
swiftly cutting the ropes around all their wrists.

‘Now, if we want to make it out of here alive and relatively unharmed, you gotta listen to everything I say. And don’t question anything I might say or do. I’m your only hope and right now, I’m in soldier mode, not naive little girl mode. Got it?’ You finished your work and ran out of the room with the few weapons the guards had before they could respond. At first they were stunned, but after a moment, the followed you out of the room.

‘y/n, you’re not a soldier. Let us do this’ said Steve

‘Cap, last time I checked, none of you have any weapons and you don’t know these hallways like the back of your hand’ you said, not even looking back

‘y/n, we’re not gonna have this discussion’ he said firmly. You turned on your heels sharply and launched your knife, narrowly missing Steve’s shoulder and landing in the middle of a guards chest.

‘No we’re not. Now come on and shut up’ you growled. You had two fully loaded handguns left. You turned a corner and walked with power in every step

‘This way if you want to live’ you yelled behind you. Guards started rushing down the hallway ahead of you but you didn’t stop. Shooting them down quickly, never missing a target. Soon, they were all down, but you were out of ammo. You tossed the guns and got ready for a fist fight.

‘I hope you guys are ready to physical’ you said. Turning the last corner. There were about ten guards between you and the door to freedom. You could feel yourself losing strength again but you couldn’t stop now.

You started running at them and didn't check behind you to see if the team was following.

You got the first blow, hitting a guy square in the jaw, knocking him out instantly. You kept pushing forward, harshly shoving people out of your way. You could hear grunts and cries of pain behind you, thankfully none from the team. You reached the door and turned just in time to see Natasha hit the last man down.

You were almost completely unstable now, gripping onto the door handle for dear life.

‘let’s go’ you growled, opening the door, the cold air hitting your face. You were exactly where you remembered the base being. The middle of nowhere

‘Well this is great and all but how do we actually get out of here?’ asked Clint

‘You didn’t think I’d get you out only to get this far did you?’ you teased and started running towards the garage. It was close by and before you knew it, you were standing in front of a long row of motorcycles.

‘Who here can ride’ thankfully about half of the team raised their hand. The half being Steve, Bucky and Natasha. ‘Good. Clint with Natasha, Dad with Steve, Wanda with Bucky and Peter with me.’ You said quickly, jumping into action. You were out of the garage about thirty seconds before anyone else, but they caught up.

Peter clung to you, clearly having never ridden a bike before. He nuzzled his face into the side of your neck and you grinned, suppressing a giggle as his hot breath tickled you.

You hit a button on the bike and shouted slightly ‘Everyone good?’
‘All good here’ replied Steve

‘Same here’ said Bucky

‘we’re good’ said Natasha.

‘Okay then. Anything you guys want to talk about, we have a kinda long ride ahead of us.’

There was a moment of silence.

‘Did they teach you that stuff’ asked your dad

He didn’t specify, but he didn’t need to. You knew he was talking about how you attacked the guards without mercy and probably had a kill number in the mid-thirties just from that little breakout

‘Yeah, they did. Drilled it into me damn near every day’ you said

‘Do you feel…guilty’ he asked

Your breath hitched a little.

‘You saw what they did to me. Would you regret killing people who did that?’ no response. ‘That’s what I thought’

‘It’s just that it’s different’

‘How the hell is it different’ This conversation as starting to remind you of the one you had before everyone was kidnapped

‘You’re a kid. You should be innocent and not have this no regrets attitude.’

‘HYDRA took that away when they turned me into their personal assassin and there’s no going back so either yell at me and send me to mum’s when we get home or shut up and deal with it’ you spat. You instantly regretted what you’d said, but your pride stopped you from apologising.

You felt the tears slide down your cheek and just prayed that Peter didn’t feel them.

You could feel yourself shaking from the adrenaline crash you were experiencing.

‘come on y/n, one more minute’ you thought to yourself, dipping through the New York traffic.

Exactly one minute later, you pulled up in front of the tower. You didn’t wait to see if the others were behind you. But turns out you didn’t have to. They started calling after you. All of them.

But you didn’t stop. Your vision was going dark. You just had to get to the elevator. Then you could go to the medical floor and get checked out. You practically feel the internal bleeding. Your breathing was getting heavier and still, you kept walking

They kept shouting at you. You could hear them running at you. You tried making it to the doors but passed out before you could. Fading into unconsciousness.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry, this has been posted a little later than usual AND I left you guys on a cliffhanger last time. I made this chapter long because I thought I should get this part over and done with rather than have two shorter chapters. Do you guys like being badass like this. I personally do but I'm not too sure. Tell me what you guys want to happen. Do you end up regretting being murderous or do you have no remorse? Also thank you so so so much for all the amazing comments about the emotional rollercoaster you've been on and that I've distracted you from your maths quizzes. It means the world to me (I feel kinda bad...but still)
Everything Has Changed

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Third person POV:

‘Crap’ yelled Tony as everyone started running for her. Peter managed to get to her first, with him being the closest. He caught her moments before her head would have smashed into the ground.

They laid her on the ground and checked that she was relatively okay before Peter picked her up and they headed towards the elevator. It was a pretty silent ride up. When they got to the medical floor, the doctors rushed over upon seeing an unconscious avenger as well as a few others who looked drained and a little battered.

They checked her vitals and attached her to a drip, then moved on to make sure everyone else was okay. Once they had all been cleared, they left for the kitchen solemnly.

It was silent again until Bucky spoke up

‘Don’t you think you were a bit harsh on her, stark?’

‘No. Something was different with her this time. Before, she was regretful. This time, it was like she was following a routine. It wasn’t her’

‘I think I have to agree with him here Buck’ chimed in Steve. ‘I hate to say it, but that was definitely not the y/n I knew’

There was a pause.

‘Natasha? Wanda? Please tell me you agree with me’ Bucky looked at the two ladies pleadingly. But they only looked away, ashamed.

‘I’m sorry but they’re right. She’s changed and maybe it’s not in a bad way-’ said Wanda, but she was cut off by Natasha

‘You saw how she killed all those people. It’s definitely very bad’

‘She has a higher kill count from today than I did in the war’ said Steve. ‘I’m not sure what we could do’ he said sadly

‘Well we have to get that HYDRA out of her head’

‘Listen to yourselves!’ shouted Bucky. ‘Don’t you see that this is her nightmare. What are you gonna do. Lock her in a lab and experiment on her. Refuse to see her as your daughter, only as the monster I know you all see in her but are too afraid to speak up about. Yes they may have made her deadly, but she’s still y/n. She can still be saved’

He looked directly at Steve. ‘You never thought it was too late for me. Why not her?’

No one knew how to respond to that. He was right. But that didn’t change the fact that she had most definitely changed.
‘Let’s leave finding a solution until the morning’ said Tony. Everyone nodded in agreement, but they knew they wouldn’t be getting a minute of sleep. Still, they went and they tried. Some got more than others, but all Peter could think about was how she wasn’t there next to him.

*in the morning*

Everyone had assembled in the kitchen again, thinking up ideas.

‘We could try where we all go in together’ suggested Steve

‘Too confrontational’ said Bucky

‘Okay then one by one’ said, Natasha

‘She’ll suspect something and start hiding things. Might even get a little defensive’

‘Then we pick one person’ said Clint. Bucky seemed to not hate the idea

‘It would have to be someone she trusts a lot’ said Bucky. ‘No offence, but that rules out half of you guys’

‘Okay so, Peter, Tony, Wanda and Bucky?’ asked Natasha. She rolled her eyes at everyone else’s reaction at not being chosen.

‘It also has to be someone she’s not mad at right now and someone who she knows will actually listen to her without getting mad, interrupting or reacting in a negative way somehow’

‘Well that rules out three of us then’ said Tony, sighing and looking at Peter

‘Me?’ he asked, suddenly nervous at the task

‘It won’t be hard. Just go to her and lend an ear. Tell her you’re not there to try and do anything. Just to hear her side of the story. Make up some romantic crap that you guys like’ said Bucky, shooing him towards the elevator.

Before Peter could process what was happening or reply, he was shoved into the lift and sent down to the medical wing.

She was with her knees to her chest on one of the medical beds. She saw him enter and looked up quickly as if she wanted to run to him but was restraining herself.

‘Hi’ she said

‘Hi,’ he replied. He walked over and sat next to her

‘They really do think I’m a monster now, don’t they?’ she said, more of a statement than a question.

‘Not Bucky, you should have seen the way he defended you.’ she seemed to smile at the thought of it, but it faded quickly

‘I don’t deserve any kind of defence. It’s different now. I’m different. I’d love to pretend that I’m still my dad’s little girl and stay in the tower all the time. But I’m not. HYDRA made me like that, but
‘I’ve accepted that part of myself.’

‘What do you want’

‘I want them to accept it too. I want to do what all of you do. Go on missions. God knows I have the training. And I don’t want it to get worse. I figure that if I can use my new skills to do good then I won’t wander down a bad path. Then you won’t have to end up fighting me for real one day’

‘So you do regret killing those people’

Silence.

‘All of those people hurt me. Or they threatened to hurt you. I don’t regret it because, in that moment, it came down to us living or them living. I know which one I prefer’

Now it was his turn to be silent.

‘I understand if you still think I’m a horrible person. Or if you want to break up with me’ she said the last bit quieter.

He softly placed his hand on hers which caused her to look over at him in surprise

‘Just because you chose my life over the life of a bad person, doesn’t mean I’ll stop loving you’

‘Not even from seeing all the horrible things I’ve done? All the things I’m capable of?’ she hissed, almost trying to convince him that she was a monster

He put his hand on her cheek so that she was looking him in the eye

‘Not even then’ he said, almost in a whisper. If she was any further away, she wouldn’t have heard it.

‘You know, what I can do isn’t the only thing that changed. I don’t think I can quite go back to what we were’ she said

‘That’s okay, you take your time on yourself and I’ll be here when you’re ready’ he said, placing an arm around her and pulling her close to his chest.

They didn’t break apart until Tony cleared his throat. Upon seeing him, y/n tensed a little and grabbed Peter’s hand. Tony motioned for Peter to give them a little privacy and reluctantly, she let him go. Once he had left, Tony sat down next to y/n.

‘Was that true? You don’t regret killing those people’

‘That pretty much sums it up’

There was a moment of silence. She waited for him to react. To scream at her that she was a disappointment and a monster. To pack her bags and move back with her mum, if she would even still accept her. She was so wrapped up in her own thoughts, she almost didn’t notice her dad pull her into a tight hug.

At first, she stayed still, unsure of how to respond. But she quickly eased into it and just felt happy to that all seemed okay again.

‘I’m just glad you’re okay. How about we let everything settle down for a few days, then we can have a chat about missions’
‘That would be nice’

They parted begrudgingly and greeted the rest of the team.

‘So you want things to be normal but don’t treat you like nothing changed?’ asked Clint

‘That sounds about right’ you said, looking at them all. Thankfully they nodded their heads before someone announced they should order pizza for dinner.

The look on the pizza delivery guys face as the winter soldier collected the 14 pizza’s they had ordered was priceless

You all quickly dug in, all previous tension fading away into the delicious melted cheese

‘So’ your dad started through a mouthful of pizza. ‘I suppose you better start school again’ he said.

You heard Peter groan at the thought, but the possibility of going back and being slightly more normal excited you

‘Can’t wait’ you smiled.

‘Good’

‘Tomorrow’s the first day back’ said Peter glumly. Now you could see why he was groaning.

‘Still, it’ll be fun. You’ve got me to protect you remember’ you smirked as you got up to get refill your plate.

‘Awww’ said Sam exaggeratedly, earning him a middle finger from you.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, sorry for the longer update again, life has been a whirlwind at the moment and I have exams starting again tomorrow but I’m posting this instead of revising. But hey, I hope you liked this and just letting you know, school is about to become very bad for you. But until then, have a good Summer guys and happy pride month. In the spirit of that, I thought I’d include some Stucky? just as a background relationship and to like do double dates and stuff. What do you think?
You danced around the kitchen, blasting your morning playlist as you cooked up your famous pancakes. The smell and sound quickly attracted most of the team.

‘Why the hell are you up at 6:30 am’ groaned Bucky who immediately sat down to be served.

‘If I have to get up early for something I don’t actually need to go to then so are you. Besides, do you want pancakes or not’. Soon, everyone had gathered in the room except for Natasha, Clint and Bruce. Bruce had probably fallen asleep in the lab and as for the other two, well if they were asleep then no force on earth could wake them up.

Peter was the last in and you kissed his cheek before moving him to the table and placing his pancakes in front of him.

‘Morning’ you smiled sweetly

‘You’re awfully cheery this morning’ he said, still not fully awake

‘Well if you remember, I wasn’t the one who drank and stayed up extremely late knowing full well I had school the next day’ you teased.

‘Yeah, yeah, you told me so’ he said, digging into his pancakes.

‘Well get ready because we’re gonna go in early so I can catch up with Ned and MJ’ you smiled, bouncing away happily.

It was a short ride to school and because you were in such a good mood, you let your dad drive the two of you. But he had to stop two blocks away so as not to draw too much attention.

When you spotted Ned and MJ, you ran over, waving excitedly

‘Hey guys’ you said, beaming

‘This is school, you’re not meant to be happy’ said MJ

‘Yeah but I’ve been away and I’m definitely excited to be back’

‘I’ll bet, Peter told us where you were. I’m so sorry’ you faltered for a moment.

‘Uh yeah, that place was horrible’ technically you weren’t lying. HYDRA was definitely worse than school. Where had Peter said you were?

‘So what did you learn?’ asked Ned excitedly

‘Not much really, I knew most of it already’ you laughed awkwardly, hoping they would drop it. But of course, luck was not on your side

‘You already knew Scandinavian’ he asked, amazed. You tried not to look confused, you really tried, but MJ noticed everything
‘Okay, where were you really?’ she asked bluntly

‘What do you mean? I was in Scandinavia’ you said, but she simply raised an eyebrow and you knew you were caught

‘I was captured by HYDRA for four months’ you said, looking down at the floor in embarrassment. The two of them gasped

‘So you were like the…’

‘The winter soldier? Yeah,’ you sighed. They probably didn’t want to be around you now. Thought you were dangerous or something.

‘So did you learn German?’ asked MJ. You stared at her in confusion

‘No, Russian…’ you said

‘Cool, and I bet you’re way better at like...everything now’ said Ned, launching back into full fangirl mode. Why weren’t they running in terror, hissing at you for your crimes? Thankfully Peter came to save you

‘If you’re going to tell us a fake story, at least make sure you’re on the same page’ snickered Mj before sauntering off to first period. Peter looked at you in worry

‘I told them, but I think they’re cool with it' you smiled nervously at Ned.

‘Totally, if anything it makes her more epic. I mean, escaping from HYDRA, you’ve got to be crazy’ Ned practically shouted, making multiple people stop and stare. Of course, Flash just had to be walking past at that exact moment

‘Wait, HYDRA. As in, murdery, nazi HYDRA?’ he asked. You nodded. ‘So you’re like the Winter soldier or something? I mean they must have done something to you if you were there for four months’ he said accusingly

‘I’m not the new winter soldier-’ you started

‘So you were a prisoner?’

‘Not exactly’ he looked like he wanted to say something else but the bell rang and you scurried away with Peter. By the time you got to the classroom, you were breathing heavily, practically crying.

Before you could run in, however, Peter grabbed you and put your face in his hands, making you look into his eyes

‘Hey, look at me. Don’t listen to him’

‘But you saw how he reacted. I’m a monster. I shouldn’t be here. Everyone’s just going to hate me. I’m pretty sure it will be hard to find another 17-year old who can relate to my murderous life experiences’ you said, still hyperventilating

‘They don’t see a monster. They see what I see and what I see. You want to know what I see’ he said, brushing your cheek with his thumb. ‘I see a beautiful strong girl who just went through hell and back. Trust me, everything seems worse when you can’t see it from the outside’ you nodded. You understood what it said, but it didn’t change the fact that now you had to face everyone after your hallway screaming match with Flash.
You pulled him into one last hug for support before going into class. It went fairly quickly and before
you knew it, you were heading to the gym. It was fair to say you were nervous. Would Flash and
you have some kind of public spectacle or would everyone avoid you. Scared of what they
thought...what you had become. You couldn’t help but laugh at the fact that you, a trained deadly
HYDRA assassin were scared of a greasy teenage boy.

Today really was just your lucky day because you were back to fighting.

You felt all eyes on you as they began to partner up on the mats around the gym.

‘Surprised you decided to even show your face here’ shouted Flash from the other side of the gym.
Peter grabbed your hand and tried to distract you from his taunts

‘Why are you even here. Shouldn’t you be off shooting some poor guys brains out? How did the
school even let you back in? Aren’t they scared you’re going to go crazy and try to kill everyone’

‘Come on man, keep this up and she’ll kick your ass’ said Peter finally.

‘Go ahead. It will only prove my point’ he smirked. Peter shook his head and turned away.
Thankfully, Flash got the hint and left it alone for the moment.

‘Okay, don’t go easy on me. No matter what. and I'll make sure to show that I'm absolutely fine in
between. It'll prove how you have control and other stuff...hopefully’ you didn’t have a lot of faith
but it was your only plan for the moment.

You kissed each other quickly and began the fight. You hadn’t trained with him yet, so it was safe to
say he was quite surprised when he suddenly found himself face down on the mat.

He jumped up quickly, showing he was fine and smiled for good measure. You and he ran it like that
a few times, slowly increasing the time between the fight starting and Peter going down. But he
started to get dizzy so left to get some water.

The class was almost over so you decided to just go and get changed. You made your way to the
locker rooms, unaware of the figure following you.

You didn’t notice it until he had knocked you forward and shoved your back into the wall, pinning
you there.

Sure it would have been easy to knock him off but you needed to prove you weren’t some violent
monster

‘Did you really think you could just waltz back in here and everything would be fine?’ hissed Flash.

‘Please just get off me and no one has to get hurt. I don’t want to hurt you’ you tried to plead.

‘No, I need to tell you something and I need to make sure it gets past all of your HYDRA
programming. Stay the hell away. You’re not normal. You’re a killer and should be treated as such.
Locked up for the rest of your life.’

‘Shut up’

‘What did you do to Peter? Get HYDRA to brainwash him too? That’s the only way he would
actually stay with you’

‘Shut up’ you said, more viciously this time
‘You think you’re special but you’re nothing more than a piece of trash that needs to be disposed of’

‘Why do you hate me’

‘Because you made me look like an idiot. And you don’t work for anything. You just get it. It’s not right and I intend to make you pay for it with every second of your life here’

You finally got the courage to shove him off you and try to walk away but he grabbed the back of your shirt.

Then...RIP.

With the strength that he was holding onto it and your strength trying to pull away, the shirt was ripped off you. You were left in your sports bra, the tattered remains of your shirt in his hand.

Your scarred back exposed to him.

You turned in shame and fury, grabbing your shirt back form him while he was distracted.

Of course, it was this moment that classes ended. Students poured out of classrooms everywhere. Many of their eyes widening at the sight of your scars. You were like a deer caught in headlights. You could feel your tears dripping down your chest, onto the shirt that you clutched. And you ran.

It just drew even more attention to you at this point but you didn’t care. You ran to the nearest bathroom, pushing into Mj in the process. She looked on in confusion but followed you.

It seemed that in return for the load of bad luck you had gotten today, the universe had at least given you the bathroom to yourself. You locked yourself in a stall and sobbed until you heard a hesitant figure enter

‘y/n?’ you heard MJ say

‘Yeah?’ you replied attempting to make yourself sound calmer

‘I saw what happened. Don’t worry, I locked the door, can you come out?’ she asked. You hesitated for a moment. You didn’t really want her to see you like this, but what were your other options.

You opened the stall door and stepped out, holding your now very ruined t-shirt in your hand. She sighed at the state of you, but you could only look down in shame

‘Do you think you could get my stuff from the locker room. I think I might just go home’ you said quietly

‘Do you want me to get Peter?’ she asked

‘No!’ you replied quickly. ‘No, I don’t want to worry him. I’ll just change my shirt and go. I don’t belong here anyway’ you said as you began to sob again. You retreated back into the stall and MJ knew not to push you as she went to get your things

She was quick and before you knew it, you were changed and on the doorstep of the tower. You still hadn’t stopped crying since you left the school. You quickly got into the elevator, avoiding the stares of the business me and women, staring at this mess of a child that had just walked straight through their lobby.

‘Hello Miss Stark, your father has been alerted of your presence. You’re home from school quite early’ sad JARVIS. You loved the AI very much but right now, he was causing you a lot of trouble.
‘Yeah, there was an incident with another kid’ you chuckled at your understatement of the situation.
The doors opened and you walked onto the level.

You couldn’t help but think about how shitty a day it’s been as you saw the entire team on the level,
clearly confused as to why JARVIS had said you were home.

You had intense tear streaks down your face and bloodshot eyes. Your clothes were damp with all
your tears and you still held your ripped shirt in your hand. You looked at everyone for a moment
and even opened your mouth to say something. But you knew you wouldn’t be able to speak
without breaking down sobbing again

Even now, you could feel yourself beginning to cry. So you shut your mouth and ran to your room,
ignoring the shouts from the others.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, I haven't updated in ages but to make up for it, I'll update another chapter in a bit.
I personally quite like this chapter and I hope you guys like it too, Please let me know
what you think and if there's anything you want to see more or less of.
Never Doubt My Love For You

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Third person POV:

‘What the hell happened to her?’ asked Bucky

‘Miss said there was an incident with another child at school, sir’ said JARVIS.

‘Who could it have been. Who dislikes her that much?’

‘Well, there was that kid she was telling us about from her first day. What was it? Frank?’

‘Flash’ corrected Natasha.

‘But I would have thought he’d be too scared to stand up to her’ said Steve

‘Did you see her shirt’ asked Clint

‘Yeah it had her tears all over it, what’s your point?’ replied Tony

‘No, the one in her hand’

‘It was ripped’ said Natasha

‘You think someone ripped her shirt off her back?’ asked Tony

‘Maybe accidentally and…’

‘They saw her back’

‘She would have had some explaining to do’ said Steve

You think they found out about her time with HYDRA?’ asked Tony

‘I think they ripped her shirt off her for it’

There was silence as they took in the gravity of the situation

‘Where’s Peter?’

Natasha glanced at her watch. ‘It’s lunchtime for him. I take it he wasn’t around when this thing went down, so we should be expecting a phone call from him any second’

As if on cue the phone rang. Tony went and picked it up

‘Hello?…yes he’s in my care at the moment…He what?…okay, I’ll be right there’ he hung up the phone and pinched the bridge of his nose

‘So?’

‘I have to go pick up Peter for punching another kid in the face’ he said, tiredly
‘I’ll go with you’ said Clint

‘We can check in on y/n’ said Wanda, motioning to Natasha.

*earlier*

Peter sat in the lunchroom, waiting for y/n to come back from her physics lesson with MJ. When she came alone, his spidey senses started tingling. Something was very wrong. He stood and started walking towards MJ

‘Where’s y/n?’ he asked

‘Listen sit down, I got to tell you some stuff, but you need to keep calm’ her words only made him more worried, but he sat down reluctantly.

‘After you left, I think Flash must have cornered her in a hallway or something. She didn’t want to fight him off because she would be the bad guy so she let him pin her there’ Peter could feel his blood start to boil

‘He said some really bad shit to her Peter. She finally pushed him off but when she tried to walk away, he accidentally ripped her shirt off. She was relatively decent underneath but everyone got an eyeful of her scars. I think saying she’s insecure about them is an understatement’ she sighed

‘I followed her into the bathroom and she asked me to get her stuff. She went home before she went to the next class with me’ enraged, he got out of his seat and searched for Flash, he had searched for bad guys before, but this time was different. This time, he was out for blood.

He spotted his head above the sea of people in the crowd of the hallways

‘Flash!’ he shouted, grabbing the attention of everyone, causing them to part like the red sea. ‘What the hell did you say to her!’ he shouted, walking quickly towards him.

‘I only told her what was true. That she had obviously done something to you for you to stay with a monster like that. That she’s trash. She shouldn’t be here. I wanted to make sure we got rid of her now before one day she had a relapse and killed us all’ Peter got faster with every word. He was sprinting now and before he knew what was really happening, his fist had collided with his nose, sending him flying.

There were a few screams and then silence. Peter turned to go back to his lunch and go home to check on y/n, but he was met with the stern eyes of the principal. He was in big trouble now

*later*

‘y/n?’ asked Wanda, knocking softly on the door. She opened it slowly to see you sobbing into your pillow. The two of them made their way into the room and sat down on either side of the bed.

‘Can you tell us what happened?’ she asked. You started speaking but your words were muffled in your pillow more then you intended. You forced yourself to sit up and lean into Wanda.

‘You know Flash right? I told my friends about my time with HYDRA and one of them said it a little too loud and he heard. He made a big scene in the hall and then after gym, he pinned me to a wall
and…’
you tried to finish the sentence but it was cut off by your sobs.

Natasha rubbed your back comfortingly

‘it’s okay, take your time’ she said

‘He called me trash. That I was manipulating Peter because there was no way he would actually
want to stay with a...a monster like me. He told me he would make my life a living hell if I came
back’ you sobbed more violently now as Natasha and Wanda took in what you’d said. ‘He’s right. I
am a monster. I should just stay here for the rest of my life. I was an idiot to be excited about this’

‘You're not an idiot. You were just hoping that maybe this could help you move past this really
horrible point in your life’ said Wanda

‘At least I had MJ. She seemed to be the only one who helped me instead of staring at my back. He
ripped my shirt off me and my scars were on display. It was like the universe telling me that I
couldn’t hide what I was’ you said dryly

‘Where was Peter?’

‘He was getting water. He probably doesn’t even know I’ve gone home yet’

‘I wouldn’t be so sure about that’

‘What do you mean?’ you asked

‘Tony and Clint have just gone to pick him up because he punched a boy in the face’

‘He what?’ you gasped. He was probably going to be suspended for a few days for fighting. For
you. You felt responsible for this next way at messing up his life, but you also felt oddly comforted,
knowing that you really did have him.

‘Come on, he’ll be here any minute, you should go thank your knight in shining armour’ grinned
Wanda, pulling you by your hand towards the living room

Just like she’d said, they appeared less than a minute later. Peter looked sheepish but lit up quickly
when he saw you.

You ran to each other. You clutched him and whispered a small thank you in his ear. You didn’t let
go.

‘So Peter’s suspended for three days for fighting, but that jackass kid who bullied you got it for a
week so that’s good’ your dad said, grinning. You had a feeling he had something to do with Flash’s
longer expulsion time.

‘But I have a feeling he’ll leave you alone. A certain archer decided that he would have a little chat.
By the time I intervened the poor kid looked like he was about to die of a heart attack’ he chuckled.

‘What, I can’t protect my little sister figure’ he grinned, pulling you into a side hug before whispering
in your ear

‘If he does give you trouble, tell him you’ve got me on speed dial and I can be there in less than five
minutes’

‘What happens when you’re away on missions’
'He doesn’t have to know that you’re bluffing’ he said, winking at you before going, presumably to get more food.

‘Well since you’ve got so much time off, I might as well teach you to fight a little better’ you said, turning to Peter and poking him in the chest a little

‘Hey, I wasn’t that bad. You were a trained assassin, I was never even going to get close to beating you’ he defended. You laughed at the worry in his voice before pulling him off towards the gym.

When you entered the elevator, you gave him a huge hug.

‘Thank you again. For defending me like that’

‘It’s what people do when they love each other’

‘You mean that?’

‘Mean what?’

‘That you love me’

‘If I didn’t, would I do this?’ he asked, pulling you into a deep kiss, his hands landing on your waist, and your arms wrapped over his shoulders.

When you pulled away, he rested his forehead against yours.

‘Never doubt my love for you again’ he said, smiling

‘Never’

Chapter End Notes

so as promised, another update, I hope you like this and let me know if you want anything to happen before the next story arc. Is there anything you want to happen, any people who you want to spend a particular amount of time with, an activity you want to do, you name it (please I am so starved for ideas right now)
'Okay, you’re getting better, but try having a bit of a sharper elbow this time’ you said, demonstrating the motion to the imaginary attacker behind you.

You had been training Peter for a few hours now. All the content that HYDRA had done with you. Not the same methods though. Obviously

He was definitely improving a lot and the fact that his sense helped him anticipate your movements helped a lot.

It quickly became a battle of similar strengths even if he would ultimately end up on the floor every time.

‘You’re doing great. Let’s go one more time then we can stop for today’ you smiled, also mildly out of breath. You both took your stances before throwing fists.

You both landed a fair few punches before you used your feet to trip him up. However, he was quick and pushed your legs so you fell backwards. You only stumbled backwards a little but it was enough time for him to get up.

It continued like that for a few minutes until Peter tried using his elbow. You misjudged his height and tried to duck it. Unfortunately, he was aiming for your stomach and because of your movement, he hit you very hard in the nose.

You fell backwards and didn’t get up. Your nose in too much pain for you to process anything else

‘Oh my God, y/n are you okay?’ he said, worriedly rushing over to you.

‘Well at least I know you’ve got a sharp elbow’ you joked, still clutching your face. ‘Did you hear a crack? I think I heard a crack’

‘Shit, you’re bleeding. Come on let’s get you sorted’ he said, helping you up and guiding you into the elevator. By the time you’d made it up to the medical level, the front of your shirt was drenched in your blood as well as a fair bit of Peter’s shirt.

The nurse’s rushed over to you but you assured them that it was nothing but your nose. They did a few scans and confirmed that it was broken. It would normally take a few weeks to heal but for you, it would probably be relatively okay by tomorrow morning. You thanked them for their help and took Peter by the hand, back up to the living room

Upon seeing your state, the whole team jumped into action, ready to attack an intruder.

‘Hey, guys, it’s fine. Just a broken nose’ you laughed

‘JUST a broken nose? That’s pretty serious’

‘It’ll be fine by tomorrow morning’ you told them

‘Still, that’s a lot of blood’
‘Which is why I’m going to go change into pyjamas. It’s dinner soon anyway isn’t it’ you said, looking at your dad. It was his turn to cook tonight, but judging by the guilty look on his face, he had completely forgotten.

‘Shwarma?’ he suggested

‘Sounds good’ you laughed, before dragging Peter away with you to get changed.

When you got to his room, however, you noticed that you didn’t have any of your own clothes. You didn’t really feel like walking past everyone again to go get changed so you simply grabbed one of Peters

‘Is it okay if I wear this?’ you asked, holding it up

‘Yeah sure. You can have some pants too if you want?’ he said smirking. You looked down and noticed that some of the blood had soaked into your jeans. You looked back at him sheepishly and nodded.

He got you some and you hesitated for a moment before lifting up your shirt. He quickly turned around at your action.

‘It’s okay, you can look if you want’ you said, still undressing. Slowly he turned around, very cautiously. You smiled at each other before finishing dressing. The two of you sat on his bed, you cuddling up into his side.

‘Are you ticklish’ he asked. Your worried silence was answer enough. He immediately began attacking you with tickles, moving to get on top of you so you couldn’t get away before you playfully fell on top of you

‘Ugh, you’re so HEAVY. You way like 5,000 pounds. I’m dying’ you shouted exaggeratedly, earning a hearty laugh from him before he raised himself up a little

He kissed you lightly on your nose, making you giggle.

Of course, this had to be the one moment that Natasha had to come in

‘Hey guys dinners-woah’ she said, stopping at the sight of Peter on top of you on his bed.

‘It’s not what it looks like’ you both shouted at the same time

‘Sure it isn’t’

‘Hey what’s going on-Oh my God’ said Bucky, opening the door a little more. He quickly began laughing at the situation as both of your faces turned red. Peter thankfully got off you before anyone else could come and see.

You scurried past the still laughing Bucky and into the living room

‘What happened to winter?’ asked your dad.

‘Nothing’ you said quickly. Bucky started calming down so followed you into the room. However, he made the mistake of standing very close behind you.

‘They were-’ you cut him off with a swift elbow to his gut.

‘Bucky didn’t see anything. Everything is perfectly fine and if it wasn’t then that is a later
conversation with me Bucky and all of his very precious 1940’s memorabilia’ you said in an unnaturally calm voice.

‘Got it...anyway. Dinners ready’ said your dad, wanting more to move away from the subject than get into it.

The rest of the team was called to the kitchen where you were met with a literal mountain of food. You would have said you were surprised, but you’ve seen what Bucky, Steve and Thor can eat.

As if on cue, the three men started piling the food onto their plates, taking at least one half of the food

Once you had finished, you all relocated to the living room. You all sat down on the various couched and talked about what film you could all watch.

‘We should watch a classic. Jurassic Park’ said your dad

‘Get with the program old man, Jurassic Park is out, love Simon is in’

‘What are they about’ asked Steve

‘One is about an idiot on an island who makes a bunch of dinosaurs and is surprised when things take a turn for the worst and the other is about a gay kid coming out and is a huge step forward for the LGBT community’ you said before your dad could answer.

‘But we need to get these guys caught up’ said your dad.

‘We should start by showing them how much more accepting we are’

‘Wait so it’s okay to be gay?’ asked Bucky

‘You can be whatever the hell you want to be Bucky’ you said with a smile on your face.

‘If you’re not gay or straight then what would you be?’ he asked

‘Well, there’s bisexual which is liking two or more genders, and pansexual which is liking all genders. Oh yeah, we’ve also changed in the fact that there are more than two genders. There are loads. I’ll give you a lesson some time’ you said, smiling. You were super passionate about this kind of stuff

everyone just decided to just let you all watch love, Simon. It was a great film and almost everyone was crying by the end.

You curled a little more into Peter’s side and heard him sniffle

‘You okay?’ you asked through your own tears

‘Me? Yeah, I’m fine’ he said, trying to brush off his emotions. You laughed at his poor attempt and kissed him on the cheek.

‘I just want everyone to know that I am not crying and that I am totally fine if any of want to come out to us. This is a loving and accepting family’ said your dad, loudly and attempting not to break down sobbing.

You chuckled a little at his equally hard attempt to not show his emotions. As did everyone else. You noticed Steve in deep thought at your dad’s words but brushed it off as you went to give him a big hug.
‘It’s okay dad, we love you too’

‘Group hug!’ shouted Clint. Everyone laughed and tackled you and Tony. Natasha, of course, made the wise decision to stay far away.

You weren’t quite sure where you ended and the jumble of limbs started but you were happy to have a nice moment like this.

Eventually, you all clambered off each other, laughing from the crazy mess.

‘Let’s agree to never do that again’ you said

‘Agreed’ said your dad. ‘But, there is a conversation I promised you’

You looked at him. Was he ready to talk about you going on missions?’

‘So I’ve been thinking about what you asked me and I’m ready to talk conditions’

You screamed with excitement on the inside while you kept a cool and calm exterior

‘How about we talk about when I’d be allowed to start’

‘It wouldn’t be for a while. You need to get trained by SHIELD. You need to meet Fury. That will be fun to explain. And you definitely won’t be allowed to go on your own for at least the first month and never anything too serious.’ he warned

‘Fine, how about, I go to school and finish up this year. There are only a few more weeks left anyway. And while that’s happening, I can get trained. I should probably meet Fury tomorrow’ you grimaced. You’d heard a lot of stories and you were not looking forward to this meeting. But if that’s what it took.

‘That sounds...reasonable’ he sighed. ‘Are you sure you want to go back to school’

‘Yeah. If I’m going to be an agent. I need to get tougher skin. Can’t let a silly high schooler get to me’ you grinned, lying through your gritted teeth. ‘Besides, it was just that one guy’

‘Okay, if you’re sure. But I’ll let you stay home until Peter goes back. Just in case’

‘Thanks’ you said, smiling and hugging him. You got up and started walking towards Peters room.

‘Hey y/n, can I talk to you for a second?’ called Steve from the kitchen. You motioned for Peter to go on ahead as you went over to Steve

‘What you were saying, about all the different things you can be now’

‘Yeah?’

‘Well I kind of want to know a bit more’ he said, almost embarrassed. ‘I was going to just try and look it up on the internet but I’m still not great at using it’

‘Hey, it’s okay. Definitely do not look it up, with your luck, you’ll stumble upon gay porn or even worse, Tumblr fanart of yourself’ you shuddered at the thought

‘Tumblr? What’s that?’ he asked

‘Something you should stay far away from’ you warned. God help you the day Steve found Tumblr.
'I can give you a crash course in that stuff and some modern-day terminology tomorrow if you want’ you suggested. ‘God knows I’ve got enough time on my hands’ you laughed

‘That would great. Thank you’ he smiled and gave you a hug. ‘Good night y/n’

‘Night Steve’ you said before continuing back to Peter’s room.

You thought a little about Steve. He seemed a little too interested to just want to catch up with modern day life. Did Steve think he was bi or pan or something? Why would he think that? Does he like someone on the team? Oh God, what if it was your dad. Please don't let it be your dad.

You weren’t sure you could handle that level of dad jokes.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, it's been so long since my last update. I thought I published it on Tuesday but I obviously didn't. Better late than never though. Btw I hope I made it clear I'm not like oh god homophobia Tony's not gay. in my opinion Tony's probably bi or something, maybe pan, but yeah I just kinda wanted to get that joke in. The next chapter will be more stucky and a bit of an actual crash course in all things LGBT. I think I got everything right but correct me in the comments if I'm wrong. I hope you like this chapter and where it's going, also everyone who made some kind of request, your ideas are currently in the works so don't worry : )
You woke up bright and early the next morning. Since you knew Steve was always the first up by a long shot, you could get in your crash course before the others were even up.

‘Morning Steve, want to start your lesson now?’ you asked, walking into the kitchen.

‘Didn’t expect you to be up for another few hours. Yeah, sure. Tell me everything,’ he said smiling.

‘Okay, so how about we start with something easy...ish...sexuality. So as you already know, there’s gay and straight. However, now there’s also this thing called bisexual and pansexual. Bisexual is liking two genders, typically boys and girls. Pansexual is liking anyone, they care about the person, not their gender or anything else.

However, there are some people who aren’t attracted sexually to anyone called asexuals. Or there are people who will only have sexual attraction if there’s a romantic attraction first called demisexuals. Are you following so far?’ you asked. He looked a little confused so you grabbed a piece of paper and a pen.

On the paper you wrote:

Homosexual - fuck this
Heterosexual - fuck that
Bisexual - fuck this and that
Pansexual - fuck everything
Demisexual - fuck you in particular
Asexual - fuck no

‘Oh, I get it now. Also, language?’ he said, raising an eyebrow.

‘Do you want my help or not?’

‘Sorry, continue,’ he said

‘Okay. Here’s where things get a little trickier. Just a tip: boy and girl are the genders. Male and female are the sex’s. Everyone is either male or female, but not everyone is either a boy or a girl. Not all males are boys and not all females are girls...if that makes sense.

‘So people can be male for example, like you, but feel like a girl. So they would dress and act like a girl. They would change their pronouns to be she/her and sometimes they will also get surgery to become female.’

‘Now it gets even more complicated. There is not only boy and girl. Gender is best described as a spectrum. There are loads of different genders but in my opinion, the big ones are, boy, girl, agender and gender-fluid. Agender people don’t associate with being a girl or a boy and most of the time use they/them pronouns. There are loads of other options but typically that’s how it is.

‘Gender fluid people are a little harder to explain, for me at least because I’m not gender fluid. Someone who is would probably find this a lot easier, but here goes nothing. So it’s like they identify with either boy or girl, not at the same time but it’s like some days they feel like a girl and other days
they feel like a boy.’ you said. You stopped and noticed Steve’s very confused expression.

‘Okay, maybe this was a bit too much. Do you have any specific questions?’ you said. God... maybe you broke him.

‘So bisexuality…’ he started. ‘Someone who likes boys and girls could call themselves bisexual?’ he asked.

‘Yeah.’

‘And that’s totally okay, in this generation I mean.’

‘Well there is some biphobia but very little and it’s mostly things like guys saying they’re ‘not gay enough’ and general homophobia but it’s absolutely nothing like it was back in your day,’ you assured him.

‘So, say, for example, I had a boyfriend, it would be totally okay for me to go out in public and do relationship things with him?’ he asked. You were getting the same feeling from last night that this was more than just a hypothetical situation.

‘Steve, is there something you want to tell me?’

‘Would it be okay to do that?’

‘Yes, it would be fine.’ He was silent for a moment. ‘Thank you.’ He smiled and left without another word.

What the hell just happened?

Before you really had time to process, Peter came in.

‘Your nose okay?’ he asked.

‘All better,’ you smiled.

‘Good’ he said, as he leant forward and gave you a quick kiss on the tip of your nose. You giggled and kissed his back in response.

‘Get a room’ yelled Sam playfully, picking the perfect moment to walk into the room.

‘Well, if you insist.’

‘At least I’m getting some action’ you teased

‘Yeah I’m not talking about my sex life with you’ he shook his head and got himself some water.

You chilled in the kitchen for a little bit after that. It was mostly just you and Peter but other people would come in and out, occasionally joining in on your conversation.

About an hour passed before Jarvis spoke up.

‘Miss Stark and Mister Parker, your presence is requested in the living room’ said the AI.

You looked at each other, confused, before getting up to see what was happening.

Upon getting to the room, you saw everyone already there, except for Steve and Bucky, all of them looking as confused as you felt.
Just then, Steve and Bucky came in. Steve looked nervous and Bucky simply looked at him in a comforting manner.

‘Good, you’re all here’ said Steve. ‘So after last nights movie and the talk I had this morning with y/n’ he looked at you gratefully, ‘I decided there was something I...we, needed to tell you guys’ he said, taking a deep shaky breath and taking Bucky’s hand.

‘I’m bisexual’

‘And I’m gay.’ said Bucky. ‘We’ve been together since before Steve became a super soldier’ the two of them waited with baited breath, terrified as to how you would all react. You got up and went over to hug Steve

‘Thank you for telling us. I for one am very supportive’ you smiled at him kindly and he released the breath he was holding.

‘None of us have a problem with you guys being together. And if they did, they can leave’ said your dad, giving everyone a pointed look. But they only smiled

‘Ooh we can double date sometime’ you exclaimed happily. The two of them chuckled at your enthusiasm.

‘Yeah sure’ chuckled Bucky. ‘Now come on, what movie are we watching tonight’

‘Jurassic Park’ said your dad. You totally would have suggested something a bit more modern but you figured you’d let him have this one. It was a great film anyway.

You took a look around, and you realised that as long as you had these people around you, everything would be okay.

The film was just as good as you remembered it to be, even though you knew the theme tune would be stuck on a loop in your head for days.

‘Well, I’m going to bed. Night everyone’ you called out, quickly pecking Peter on the cheek before going off to your room.

You were vaguely aware of Peter joining you later on but you were half asleep by that point.

You did wake up to him wrapped around you which was a pretty good feeling if you did say so yourself. You looked at him sleeping and admired the way his chest was rising and falling with each breath. He looked so peaceful.

He must have noticed you move because he slowly opened his eyes and smiled when you saw yours staring back at him

Before he could say anything, you kissed him. ‘Did I ever tell you how much I love you’

‘I don’t know, it’s been a while. Probably a good few hours’ he joked. You slapped him playfully.

‘Come on, let’s go get breakfast’

‘I’m not hungry. I wanna cuddle’ you said, tackling him into a bear hug

‘Not all of us can survive without food for days’ he said, dragging you on the slippery floor to the elevator and down to the kitchen, where he continued to drag you over to the fridge and toss an apple down to you before grabbing himself some waffles off a plate Cap had cooked.
He then picked up easily due to his strength, threw you over his shoulder and tossed you softly onto the couch before joining you as you both dug into your food.

Everyone simply stared at your wordless interaction in confusion.

‘Um...what was...huh?’ stuttered Steve

‘What?’ you looked at him innocently

‘He just dragged across the floor is what’ said Clint

‘I couldn’t be bothered to walk’

‘I was hungry’ said Peter

‘Mutual agreement’ you both said at the same time

‘Well, get ready to do a lot of walking cause we’re going to coney island’ said your dad excitedly

‘Why?’ you responded

‘Cause I feel like it and I said so, now go get dressed, we leave in thirty minutes, anyone who’s late isn't coming’ he said before making his usual grand and dramatic exit.

40 minutes later and JARVIS was insisting that you make your way downstairs to the car or your father would leave without you.

‘No he won’t, he loves me too much and would know that I would just take my car. And God knows he doesn’t need another one of those incidents’ you said

You put the finishing touches on your hair before heading downstairs

‘Let’s get this show on the road’

‘We were gonna leave you’ your dad warned

‘No you weren’t’ he sighed

‘No, we weren’t’

‘Come on let’s go. I need to ride some roller coasters’ you said hopping into one of the cars, followed by Nat, Bucky and Peter.

You get settled for the hour-long ride.

‘So what’s it like being in an open relationship’ you asked Bucky

‘It’s nice to not have to hide it’ he smiled, more to himself than anything else. ‘I remember when me and the punk came here in the forties. I tried doing little romantic things and he kept getting so scared that we would get caught that by the time we got to the cyclone, he threw up. Of course, it didn’t help that his health was pretty bad to begin with’

‘Well his health certainly isn’t bad anymore’ you said, making a suggestive face, making Peter give you an ‘I’m right here’ look

‘You’re good looking in a different way’
‘Is different better?’

‘Beauty is in the eye of the beholder’ you teased. He rolled his eyes, but still put his arm over your shoulder.

‘Oh my God, an I thought Steve and I were Cheesy’ remarked Bucky, causing Natasha to laugh in agreement.

‘There still in the honeymoon phase’

‘No, we’re just in love’

‘Have you fought. At all’ you almost looked guiltily at her. ‘Honeymoon phase. It will wear off soon’

The conversation continued, but you were still stuck on what Natasha had said. Would you and Peter fight. You hadn’t yet and even you had to admit you were super cheesy and big on the PDA. You also knew the relationship was real if you fought and stayed with each other.

Were you just two teenagers in young love

You were pulled away from your thoughts before you had time to answer yourself by the car pulling to a stop.

The day was amazing. You all got hotdogs, with Clint putting a bit too much mustard and ketchup on his

‘You’re a mess’ you said

‘No, I’m a hot mess’ he said, mouth still full of hotdog

‘You may be a hot mess, but you also have a ketchup and mustard stain on your crotch and forehead.’

‘How the hell did you manage that birdbrain’ asked your dad

‘It’s my superpower’

‘I thought your superpower would be archery’

‘Nope, just a hobby that I happen to make a living out of’

‘Whatever, let’s go on the Ferris wheel’

‘Nah kid, I think it’s time to head home. We’ve been here for hours’ sighed your dad

‘Since when are you the responsible one of the group’ You asked

‘Since I said so, now come on. I’m not as young as I used to be’

‘Fine’ you groaned exaggeratedly. Everyone went back to the car and once you were inside you realised how much energy that day had taken out of you, almost instantly falling asleep against Peter. You were vaguely aware of someone picking you up but you were too tired to stir from the person’s warmth.
Hey, I'm sorry this took so long. I really keep meaning to post another chapter, just I get distracted and I've been fighting with my parents a lot recently. I hope I got that bit at the start right, I know someone corrected me on something from my last chapter and I hope I got it right this time even though I didn't mention omnisexual (sorry about that by the way) and I like 90% sure I didn't quite get the bit about genders right but I did my best and let me know if there's anything unforgivable. Also Heathers the musical is amazing and you should all go see it if you ever get the chance
'So, Fury doesn’t actually know you exist yet, so I’ll talk with him before you meet him’ said your dad. He was just as nervous as you were.

You heard the ding of the elevator in the distance and scurried out of the room. The heavy footsteps of a man entered the room

‘Fury’ you heard Steve and your dad say

‘Captain, Stark’ he replied. ‘Why am I here?’

‘There’s a matter we need to discuss, something happening for many years now but we’ve kept it from you’ started Steve

‘I have a daughter’

‘I see. And you kept her from me to keep her safe I presume. But what would I want to do with her’

‘She is what you could call, a new generation of super soldier’

‘I’m not following, is she also Steve’s kid?’

‘No, experiments were done and she got caught in the crossfire. She’s a super soldier, but more like super soldier 2.0’

‘Fair enough, I see why you kept this a secret Stark, but why are you telling me now’

‘Well, we thought, that would be better for her to explain to you’ he turned to the doorway you were hiding behind. ‘y/n?’

You walked confidently into the room. He would never let you train if you looked like a shy little girl

‘y/n Stark, it’s a pleasure to meet you Director Fury’ you said, shaking his hand. He looked very shocked

‘You sure she’s yours Stark. There’s not enough sarcasm and sass’ he said

‘I wanted to talk with you about letting me officially joining SHEILD and going on missions’ you said confidently, ignoring the way he completely ignored you

‘Well, we’ll have to assess you before we can even consider training and assessing you for missions’

‘Not to sound cocky but I think I can handle whatever you throw at me’ he cocked an eyebrow and you could hear your dad trying to stifle his laughter

‘Is that so? Well then, you won’t mind doing the assessment today I presume’

‘You presume correct’ He simply sighed and walking away, gesturing for you to follow him
You went to the roof where his helicopter was waiting for him. It was a short ride to SHIELD headquarters and an even shorter journey to the training area. Fury must have called ahead when you were leaving the tower because you were greeted by some kind of scientist and a line of SHIELD agents. The whole area had also been set up for you to presumably be tested on each area.

‘These are four of our best agents’ said Fury, gesturing to the men. ‘And this is a member of our physical researcher team. She’ll be analysing your assessment. Usually how this would go is you would complete four physical activities and do combat with these agents, but because of how confident you seem, I have a proposal’

Oh God, you just had to open your big mouth and challenge the director of the company you wanted to work for

‘You complete the activities while fending off the agents. All except one, Smith, who no one has ever beaten in combat’ he said, nodding his head in the direction of who you presumed was Smith

You were quiet for a moment, then you turned to Smith

‘Prepare to lose your winning streak’ you said, turning to Fury. ‘Tell me when to go’

He looked almost impressed for a moment before nodding to the scientist

‘Okay, work through the activities from left to right. Knife throwing, gun shooting then meeting Smith in the middle. Get ready to begin’ she said, stepping back. ‘Begin’ she said.

The three men immediately launched at you. You sprinted for the knives, giving one of the agents a kick to the gut before grabbing a blade and landing it dead centre on the target.

You turned to fend the other two agents away, punching them in the jaw and tripping them by sweeping your foot below them.

In the few precious seconds you had earned yourself, you threw the last four blades, elbowed the first agent in the face and ramming into another agent which in turn made him fall into the third agent.

You ran to the guns, firing three bullets. Before you could fire the fourth, however, an agent grabbed you from behind, flipping you backwards. You managed to flip onto your feet and force him to stay on the floor. You heard another agent run at you from behind so you stepped to the side and used his arm to flip him so he landed on his back on top of the first agent.

The third agent wasn’t far behind so you grabbed his arm, twisted it behind his back and shot the final bullet over his shoulder before shoving him forward, making him trip on the other two agents and falling face first to the ground.

You put the safety on the gun before throwing it over to the table it was on and turning to face Smith.

He tried throwing punches to your face and chest put you blocked them. You noticed he kept his left side relatively exposed so grabbed his wrist when he next tried to get a hit on you and moved him so that you could turn and land a hard blow on his side.

He fell a little from the blow and allowed you to send your knee to his chin, sending him back up before you finished with a hard kick to the stomach which sent him a few feet away as he hit his head on the wall and blacked out.

You turned and smiled smugly at Fury
'Is that good enough for you?'

'You cut yourself on a knife’ he said, looking down at your arm

Sure enough, you saw a cut. More than a scratch but it wasn’t too deep

‘Eh, give it an hour’ you shrugged. ‘Are we done here?’

‘We’ll be in touch’ he smirked before leaving and allowing your dad to lead you back up to the helicopter

‘I don’t think anything could prepare me enough for the pride I felt right then’

‘What when I took down Smith?’

‘When you sassed Fury’ he said which made you laugh

‘Well, let’s just hope that didn’t cost me the job’

‘Oh trust me, that was his impressed smirk’

‘So basically the smirk he never gave you’

‘Hey, I may be old but that does not mean I can’t ground you’ he warned

‘Sure dad’ you said, curling into his side as he put a protective arm around you

‘Love you kid’

‘I love you too dad’

*later*

You were sitting on the couch, with your head resting on Peter’s shoulder. Someone, probably your dad, had the brilliant idea of playing Jenga and seeing as Steve, Bucky and Thor hadn’t played, your dad insisted it was a good game to keep stress levels low.

You would have interjected but you really wanted to see who would be yelling in frustration first.

So far, everyone was keeping their cool, of course, you weren’t that far in the game yet.

Clint slid the out a side block on the bottom, leaving only one. But it remained standing. Steve was up next and all the middle pieces had already been taken out. So, with no other option, he moved to remove the final bottom piece.

Everyone waited with bated breath as he expertly flicked it out of the way. The structure wobbling, but not falling.

‘How in the hell did you do that?’ asked your dad, who has now up next.

‘With great skill, old man’

‘You’re like fifty years older than him’ you interjected
‘Well then, he should have no trouble with this task’ he said, patting him on the shoulder and sitting down.

The game went on and no one made the tower fall yet. That was until it was your turn. In your defence, there were no other options but it still was soul-crushing to see the wooden blocks topple dramatically onto the glass table.

‘No fair. That was completely impossible’ you shouted. Everyone chuckled and Peter pulled you into a small hug.

‘There, there. It’s okay’ he said, trying to stop his own laughter

‘Don’t patronise me’ you huffed which only made everyone else laugh even more

‘Come on, it’s late’ said Steve, getting up

‘Okay. Give us a minute’ you said yawning and sliding back underneath Peter’s arm

The rest of the team left and you turned to Peter

‘I wanted to ask you if you wanted to do what you promised we would do when I was sober’ you said, hoping he would understand what you were referring to.

His eyes widened a little. ‘It’s okay if you don’t want to, I just was wondering’

‘Have you got—’

‘I’m on the pill and I’ve got a few condoms in my room, which I expect you to wear if we do it’ you said warningly. ‘I will not be able to handle the embarrassment if either of us gets an STD somehow’

He chuckled ‘As long as you want to, I’m fine with doing it’

You smiled and pulled him to your room. You sat him against the headboard and straddled him, kissing him passionately, carefully undoing and taking off his shirt.

The second it was off, he pushed you back so now he was on top of you, also taking your shirt off. It wasn’t until your pants were also off, that you rolled so you were once again straddling him, now only in your underwear.

You lightly grinded against him, earning you a soft groan as you did it again. That was the tipping point.

He flipped you back over and took off his own trousers. He started trying to take off your bra and struggled to say the least. You chuckled at his difficulty and easily reached behind your back and undid the clasp.

He pouted at you, but you smirked and pulled him back in for a kiss, letting your bra fall off your chest. Peter began to slowly kiss down your jaw, then neck. Working his way down to your chest.

That’s when the door opened.

Shocked by the newcomer, you shoved Peter off of you. However, you were closer to the edge of the bed than you remembered and he fell off it, not having noticed the intrusion.

‘Uh...What the hell- oh’ he said, spotting an extremely red Steve in the doorway as you desperately tried to cover up your exposed body
‘I...just wanted to-um, say goodnight. I’ll go’ he said, quickly retreating and closing the door.

You groaned and flopped back onto the bed.

‘If you don’t mind, I’m not really-’

‘In the mood? Yeah, me neither’ you said, sighing

‘Hey’ said Peter, climbing up onto the bed next to you. ‘There will be other opportunities. And now that I know you’re in THAT kind of mood, I might just have to tease you a little’ you smirked.

‘Just know that if you do, Parker, I will flirt right back. Is this really a war you want to start?’ you challenged.

‘You’re so cute when you’re trying to be intimidating’ he said, making you hit him on the arm

‘Jerk’

‘Love you too’ he said, lying down and turning off the light

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this is late again. I had a premiere on Friday and I went to pride yesterday (WHICH WAS AMAZING) so as an apology, I'll post two chapters today. Also, I've been told this relationship is a little too perfect so unfortunately, you guys are about to have a little falling out (but it's not for another few chapters so don't worry)
There were certainly other opportunities, but maybe the team was just determined to keep cockblocking you.

You were in the main area the first time it happened. You were sitting on the couch, arguing with Peter over who would win in a fight, a giant octopus or a mega shark (props if you get that reference).

‘The shark, it’s a top predator and could literally shred anything with its teeth’

‘Yeah but the octopus would be clever and outmanoeuvre that shark. Brains over brawn.’

‘Shut your whore mouth Peter Parker’

‘Make me y/n Stark’

You grinned devilishly, placing your hand on his thigh and leaning in close.

‘You’d like that, wouldn’t you Spidey’ you whispered seductively.

Peter merely sat there with a heavy blush creeping up his face. Suddenly you felt big arms wrap around your torso and throw you over their shoulder.

‘Nope. Not here and not ever.’ you heard Clint say. He turned and started walking away. You lifted your head to see a laughing Peter so you gave him the middle finger before you were tossed onto the furthest sofa possible.

He walked back to the kitchen for his coffee and shouted over his shoulder.

‘I don’t think we didn’t hear about what Cap saw you almost do’.

Now it was your turn to blush.

It happened again a few days later. It was movie night again and Steve had picked a Disney one he hadn’t seen yet. Peter decided this would be an excellent time for retaliation.

About halfway through the film, he leaned in closer and continued to do so until you could feel his hot breath and his lips ghosting on your neck.

‘What are you doing?’ you hissed quietly. Thankfully no one noticed.

‘Just showing you how much I love you’ he said, before kissing your neck, almost definitely leaving marks.
He slowly worked his way between your jaw and collarbone and you had to fight back a moan as you squeezed your legs together. Thankfully the film ended and you tried to get up and move to your room quickly with Peter, but your dad just had to speak to you

‘Hey, I did up your room and made JARVIS change the atmosphere in your room to fend off nightmares. It’s been ready for a while but-’ he stopped, his eyes falling on your neck

‘What is that?’ he asked calmly

You desperately tried to hide it with your hair but Bucky had noticed and moved it out of the way

‘It’s a freaking hickey’ you shouted for everyone to hear. You closed your eyes and prayed for some force to strike you down where you stood.

‘Who gave you the hickey y/n’ teased Wanda. ‘Steve?’

Steve began stuttering at the accusation. ‘Sam? Clint? Bruce? Bucky? I didn’t know you were into older men’ she continued. God, you could strangle her right now.

‘Well, that only leaves sweet little Peter’ she said, getting up and hugging him. Peter turned red as you saw your dad stare him down.

‘I’ll sleep in my own room tonight’

‘No, you sleep in your own room, period’ he said, before storming out of the room

You groaned and glared at Wanda before leaving to your old room.

You tried, you really tried to stay in your own room but it was still hard to sleep. your body began to anticipate whatever precautions your dad had put in the room and was adapting to work around them. The nightmares becoming more violent and graphic. Then to wake up and see no sign of familiarity, no Peter, it took even longer for you to calm down. You had three panic attacks in the one week you had slept alone. So a few days later, you tried waiting an hour after everyone had gone to bed and sneaking off to Peter’s room.

Just as you turned the last corner, you saw Bucky standing outside his door, facing you.

‘Why are you up so late y/n. And, this isn’t your floor, is it?’ he said

You couldn’t even be bothered to reply, simply turning around and going back to your room.

The next day, you were back to training again. You headed down to the gym for your one on one with Nat, only to find Peter there too.

‘Hey, what are you doing here?’ you asked

‘We decided that he should get up to your level, especially since you’re on my level’ said Nat. Your eyes widened in shock. You had waited years to hear those words, that you were on the same level as the famous black widow.

So the session began, and once again, it was clear Peter was improving, slowly increasing the time it took to take him down. By the end, you were both out of breath and sweaty.

‘Okay, you’ve done enough for today, go shower’ she said, waving her hand to shoo you away.

You took the opportunity to grab Peter’s hand and run to one of your rooms. You didn’t know when
you’d get a chance like this again, so you ran like your life depended on it and it wasn’t long until you were pressed up against Peter’s door.

Of course, Nat mustn’t have been as distracted as you thought, because, at that moment, the fire alarm went off.

You rolled your eyes at the timing but still evacuated the building just in case it wasn’t a drill.

When you were out, you saw Nat smirking at you

‘You thought you were slick didn’t you?’ she said

‘Whatever’ you grumbled, standing around and waiting for the all clear.

It came about 10 minutes later, by which point, you were once again, not in the mood so you just went and showered in your room before heading to the lab.

‘Hey, whatcha working on?’ you asked cheerily, jumping to sit on a workbench opposite Bruce.

‘Just trying to figure out how to reverse this polarity, I don’t usually work with this kind of substance but it’s what Tony asked for one of his latest inventions’ he said without looking up from the many wires in the metal casing.

You hopped down from your seat and went to take a closer look.

‘Cut this wire, that red wire, the green wire and all those three yellow wires, then fuse those four together. It should be easy to work out from there’ you said as looked at the casing, checking your instructions

‘Thanks’ he said, immediately getting back to his work.

You were about to move back to your seat but a body pressed up behind you, their hands running up and down your sides.

‘Hey beautiful’ said Peter

‘Hey, Pete’ you whispered. You tried looking down t Bruce’s work and focusing on what he was doing, but Peter quickly became distracting as he allowed his hands to roam all over your body, pressing his entire body against you.

You grabbed his hands and slowly moved the two of you away from Bruce. You spotted your dad’s office and lead Peter into it, gesturing for him to be quiet. As soon as Peter closed the door, you leaned against your dad’s desk

‘So, what’s the plan?’ he asked

‘Well, we could try and leave and risk getting caught’ you started

‘Or?’ he asked

‘We could make out right here’ you said, running your hands across the expensive oak desk.

Peter breathed in sharply at your suggestion and almost looked nervous, but he quickly shook it off and walked over to you, once again pressing you to the table.

‘Are you sure?’ he whispered, leaning in close to your ear before he starting kissing your jaw
‘Absolutely’

And with that, he kissed you passionately as he reciprocated his intensity. He lifted you so you sat on the desk and you wrapped your legs around him.

He started caressing your body and you could feel him fighting the urge to push you back and go all the way with you right here, right now. You were almost worried he wouldn’t have the restraint but you remembered that you just had to trust him and that you could always tell him to stop if you wanted.

Then Bruce’s voice came over the speaker

‘I’m not sure your dad would appreciate you having sex on his desk, and yes, I’m currently broadcasting across the whole tower’ the two of you froze. You were completely caught red-handed. You could practically hear your dad screaming in rage from three floors up.

You grimaced at the “conversation” that was to come before Bruce started speaking again

‘By the way, you need to go upstairs now, there’s a visitor’

Great, so not only were you about to be murdered but now you probably just made the worst first impression imaginable

You let your head fall against Peter’s shoulder

‘Come on, let’s go face the music’ he said. You sighed but got up and headed up to the main floor.

You were more than a little shocked to see that the visitor was Loki. You hadn’t met yet and you weren’t very affected by the battle of New York, just that Loki was involved and he wasn’t exactly defending earth.

‘y/n, this is Loki. You’re in trouble but I don’t really care at this point, but I’m a little bit preoccupied.’ he said, smiling before glaring at Thor. ‘What in the hell do you mean he has to stay here?’

‘The allfather has declared Asgard unfit to imprison Loki, due to his various schemes and our mother’s “constant interference” as he put it’ he said, speaking sadly.

‘So your dad said, hey why don’t we just give my problem to the people that my problem caused the most problems for’ he shouted, exasperated at the God’s logic.

‘He believes Loki can be humbled by your people and that this different environment will throw him off his rhythm’

‘STREET SMARTS’ you shouted, causing Peter to laugh loudly. You also noticed Loki stifle a laugh under his breath. You would bring that up with him later

‘What?’ asked your dad, completely confused at your outburst

‘You’re clearly too old to function right now’ you said, stepping between him and Thor. ‘Has he got his powers’

‘No’

‘At all’
‘He can do simple things that any being could learn given the right amount of practice, but no godly powers’

‘Still relatively immortal?’

‘Yes’

‘Where would he stay?’

‘On my floor and I can request constant surveillance from JARVIS’

‘What happens if he messes up’

‘He returns to Asgard where he will spend his time in a cell for the rest of his days’

‘How does he feel about all this’

‘He has not been allowed to make a statement’

‘So you don’t know if he feels remorse for his actions’

‘No’ you sighed and turned to Loki

‘Well then, out with it, or cat got your silver tongue’ you said smirking

‘I don’t think I need to take orders from someone who was about to have sexual intercourse on their father’s desk’ he replied snarkily.

‘I would like to remind you that I currently hold your fate in my hands. You don’t have any powers and you’re in my home court. If you think I’m a goody two shoes who will be too compliant to stop you from getting away with shit, you’ve got another thing coming. Now answer the question. Do you feel regret?’

There was a stunned pause from the God as he processed your words

‘When I did what I did, I was being controlled by a titan named Thanos. Even during the act, I started to feel regret and while I detest living among you, I do feel regret. So, if you’ll have me your highness’ he said sarcastically with an exaggerated bow

‘Then I think we’re done here. Don’t mess up and I won’t stab you like I know you’ve done to Thor on numerous occasions. You may not be able to die, but I’m guessing you can still feel pain’ you said, turning around.

‘Wait so we’re just—’

‘Did you not listen to a word of that. I just debated and one against two gods about peace treaty conditions. Now, am I excused’ you said with the same tone Loki had used with you a moment ago

‘Oh no. You’re still in trouble for almost having sex on my desk. One, if you’re going to do it, please do it literally anywhere else, and secondly, you’re not doing it’

‘Oh my God, can you guys stop being such cockblocks!’ you shouted, stunning everyone into silence. ‘Literally, I am so sexually frustrated right now because Peter and I have been trying to fluster each other in front of you guys and trying to get away, but every time, someone calls over the loudspeaker or pulls the fire alarm. God, you’ve all done it. Why can’t I’ you shouted, completely forgetting the presence of the Gods behind you
You heard Clint try not to laugh (and fail) behind you. You snapped your head back and sent him a look everyone was sure would kill him where he stood. Instead, you stormed off to your room and slammed the door. However, not before hearing Loki say ‘I think I might just enjoy living here’

Chapter End Notes

Life's been crazy guys. First, my (ex) friend literally interrogates me for names on a secret I had talked a bit about which a) was to people who already knew and b) wasn't really a secret as such and then another friend asked me if I did something I said no because I genuinely thought I didn't then it turns out I did and she thought I was lying. Then my favourite teacher, the last adult who understood and empathised with my mental health problems leaves and I literally sobbed in front of him for 20 minutes. Anyway, hope you enjoyed this chapter, I'm looking forward to the next chapter so I'll probably post it soon. Let me know if you have any suggestions for things or one-shot styles ideas
A week later, and you were still no less sexually frustrated than before and lots of little things were irritating you.

But there was one thing in particular that bugged you and unfortunately, it was Peter.

He was nice enough and he didn’t have PTSD so it was understandable that he didn’t understand how the trauma of an event can stick with someone like it did with you. But you hadn’t been getting better. You weren’t getting worse but now as the event got further and further, a new problem arose. You had started getting anxiety attacks.

Loki had been surprisingly okay and you two had quickly become “friends”. Your dad was not happy, but he didn’t dare bring it up when you were in this mood.

You often locked yourself in your room, only him and Peter being able to entice you out without almost getting a lamp to the head.

Peter usually promised that they would ease up on the teasing and you could cuddle, or he would make you some food (cause damn could that boy cook). The second day, Loki had attempted. However, he was smart enough to see that now was not the time to be bothering you. So instead he left the room before returning with two books in hand. He gave one to you, sat down on a chair in the corner of your room, and began reading the other.

You were confused at first but you got the hint to read the book.

It was very good and eventually, there was an unspoken agreement that whenever you were annoyed at something, Loki would find you a good book to help clear your thoughts.

It was just over one week from when you’d met him when you realised you barely knew anything about him.

“So, what’s Asgard like” needless to say, he was shocked that you were trying to engage in conversation

“It is quite beautiful, but beauty is in the eye of the beholder and I can’t imagine a prisoner admires the architecture of his own cell” he said rather solemnly

“I’m sorry, did you have anyone?” you asked

“My father clearly favoured Thor and made no effort in hiding that. There was my mother, his mother, Frigga. She was the only one who treated me with kindness instead of fear. She’s gone now. And I was responsible for her demise” he paused and if you looked closely, you could see tears in his eyes. “But it’s the past now. Thor was...Thor. Incredibly annoying, the favourite child, generally favoured by the people. He never saw me as anything other than something in his way”

“You’d be surprised. He talks very highly of you” you said. At this, Loki looked up in shock

“He talks of me?”
'Oh yeah, all the time. Lot’s of stories from when you were younger, mostly of times you stabbed him. But always positively. He loves you’ you said. He thought about your words for a moment before looking back up at you.

‘And what of you, what is your life like’

‘Well, I lived with my mum when I was younger because my dad was kinda volatile. I was eight when I was sent to live with him. At first, I saw her often, but slowly, she stopped coming. I think she couldn’t stand being around my dad, but I never ask. Then about a year later, I got in the way of one of my dad’s experiments and became this kind of super soldier’

‘Like the captain’

‘Yeah. Anyway, life went on and the Avengers became my family. I wasn’t around when you attacked New York, I became close with them just after. Time went on and then when I was fifteen, I became an Avenger myself. I met Peter and went to school for a bit. Then one day, I was captured by this Nazi organisation called HYDRA. They trained me to become their weapon and I was there for a couple of months

‘I started giving up hope and became this...monster. Eventually, they found me but it wasn’t pretty and I thought I killed them. I didn’t but then time went on again and I got recaptured, except this time, so was everyone else. I used some horrible methods to get out and got lots of worried disappointed and even fearful looks from everyone. Then, I went back to school and this kid who was this huge bully heard that I was HYDRA and gave me a shit time for it. He ripped my shirt off me and exposed these scars that HYDRA gave me whenever I messed up on a mission and had a complete public meltdown. Peter punched him in the face, and here we are’

‘We’re quite similar then’ he said quietly. ‘Can I show you something?’ you looked up and nodded. He then started shifting before your very eyes. Turning a shade of blue as his eyes turned blood red

‘Just a couple of monsters then’

‘I suppose we are’ he smiled weakly before returning to his normal shade. ‘However, I do believe there was one detail you missed out in your tale. That day you met me’

‘But you were there, you already know about- oh’ you turned red

‘You know, using my limited powers, I can still make illusions and rooms outside of this dimension’ you looked at him with your eyes wide as he smirked. Was he saying what you think he was saying?

‘So if Peter and I were to go to one of these rooms, you could make it look like we hadn’t?’

‘Precisely. Besides, who would I be to not help out a fellow monster when she’s so...how did you phrase it? Sexually frustrated?’ he smiled mischievously and snapped his fingers.

You looked around to find Peter and yourself in a large room, your eyes immediately landing on the large king sized bed

‘Son of a bitch, he actually did it’ you laughed

‘What’s going on, where are we?’ asked Peter frantically

‘Don’t worry darling, we have all the time in the world and not a soul is going to disturb us’

‘Loki?’
‘Loki’

He smiled ‘Better get to it then’

Third person POV:

Tony knocked on y/n’s door and opened it when he heard no reply. What he did not expect was to find it empty, aside from Loki, lounging on the bed and reading book

‘Where’s my daughter’ he asked accusingly

‘She should be back any moment now’ he said without looking up from his book

As if on cue, y/n appeared with Peter by her side. She smiled gleefully before kissing him quickly

‘That was amazing. I love you’

‘I love you too’ she smiled. ‘Thanks Loki. Who would have thought you’d be one of the best people in this bloody tow-’ she was cut short by her dad staring accusingly at her. ‘Hey dad, we just went on a little trip’ she stuttered

‘I know damn well where you went young lady’ he shouted. ‘Are you kidding me y/n. You were way too young for this. And we all said no’

‘You can’t dictate my life and you were younger, I’ve heard the story plenty times of you and Becky. Or was it Sandra. Can you even remember?’ you challenged

‘You know what. Screw whoever you damn well please but no one will let you hear the end of it by the way’ he said, leaving the room

‘Well that was interesting, to say the least’ Loki chuckled

‘Shut up you ass’ You said, jumping next to him and chucking his book across the room

‘Hey I was reading that’

‘And now you’re not. Thanks though dude, seriously. You will always be good in my books, no matter what you did’ you smiled and squeezed him quickly. You hopped up and joined Peter at the door, making your way to the kitchen

‘What did you talk about with Loki?’ asked Peter

‘Just some shared life experiences. We’ve both done things we hate and have made us hate parts of ourselves. We still have nightmares about those things’

‘You still have nightmares about HYDRA?’ he asked. You couldn’t tell if he was surprised that you were having nightmares or that you hadn’t told him

‘Not just HYDRA, sometimes it’s Flash’ you admitted, your heart already beating faster just thinking about your most recent nightmare which was a combination of the two. It was the day you were in HYDRA for a second time, except instead of your handler almost killing you and Peter, it was Flash. And instead of overpowering him, you both died.
Thankfully, before he could push any further, you entered the kitchen

‘Hey, so everyone knows that you two boned but I have way more exciting news’ said your dad. He was not wrong when he said no one would let you live this down

‘What is it?’ you asked

‘Pack your bags everybody, we’re going to Wakanda’

Chapter End Notes

I was so tired and thought I posted last night but forgot that my wifi was being shitty so I didn't. Life's been insane since I last posted. I saw Everybody’s Talking About Jamie, I think it's just in London but let me know if anyone else has seen it and I saw Incredibles 2. I hope you like this chapter and you're excited for what's about to come. Let me know if there's anything you guys want to do in Wakanda or things for when they're back
'What do you think Wakanda will be like?' asked Peter

'I don’t know. They’ve never released a photo of their actual city before so who knows how advanced it will be'

'You think it will be super advanced?'

'Why else would they hide from the world. It’s fairly logical’

'Whatever, come on. I can’t wait to get some alone time’ he smiled, pulling you into a hug

The jet was obviously not as long as a ride as a normal aeroplane would take them, but still, it took eight hours until the announcement was made that you were about to enter Wakandan airspace.

You and Peter travelled to the front of the jet to see the whole thing about to fly into the side of a forest infested mountain

'Uh...Steve?’ you asked

'Don’t worry, just keep looking’

Then suddenly, the illusion disappeared before your eyes in a shimmer of light, leaving a thriving and very modern looking city in its place.

'Woah’ you and Peter said

'I know right. We’re about to meet the royal family so get ready’ he said, you could practically hear the smirk in his voice. You laughed and quickly got out of your long flight clothes and into your skinny jeans and a black shoulderless top while Peter got into jeans, one his science pun graphic t-shirts and a blazer because apparently what he had picked out ‘wasn’t good enough to greet a king in’

You pecked him on the cheek and made your way to the ramp of the jet as you felt the whole jet vibrate from it being lowered.

Everyone walked out and you saw a man and four women standing there with a large cluster of uniformed women behind them with some kind of spears.

Your dad went up to the man and shook his hand ‘What’s new pussycat?’

It physically pained you to not sing the next part of the song. One of the women, however, didn’t hesitate, making you turn to her. As did everyone else. Damn, she was really pretty

The eldest of the women looked sharply at her ‘Shuri!’ she scolded

‘I’m sorry, but it was too hard to resist mocking the sad white man’ she continued to laugh

‘I know the feeling’ you chuckled, now all eyes were on you and the faint blush appearing on your cheeks as you saw Shuri smirk at you.
‘Perhaps we should introduce ourselves, my name is Ramonda’ the elder woman said, nodding her head to the group.

‘I am Okoye, leader of the Dora Milaje’

‘Also the king’s ex’ shouted Shuri, earning her another warning glance from Ramonda.

‘Speaking of the king, that would me, T’challa, I know some, if not all of you, have met me but I hope this new environment will be a new beginning between us’ he said kindly. ‘And my wife, Nakia’

‘A generally amazing person and current queen’ she said, looking into T’challa’s eyes with gooey love. You smiled, recognising the sight in your own eyes.

‘Princess Shuri, the king’s sister. Pleased to meet you’ she said, approaching you and holding out her hand. You were taken aback with her directness but shook her hand anyway. She looked to your left at Peter and spotted his t-shirt. ‘I will also greet you because of your t-shirt which I will find a way to steal from you’ she said, also extending her hand to him which he took. She then retreated back to the line.

‘Shuri, are you not going to greet the rest of our guests’

‘They are the only two, of the many which I have not met, that I know I will enjoy the company of mother’ she said, mocking Ramonda’s regal tone. The woman pursed her lips then turned to Peter and you.

‘I take it you will want to explore a little. Perhaps Shuri will take you down to her lab’

Your eyes grew a little. She was so young and had her own lab?

‘Yeah, I can show you all of my inventions’ she said excitedly as she walked off and gestured for you to follow her.

You and Peter quickly followed her and you heard your dad shout for you.

‘Where are you going?’

‘To have some fun’ you shouted back.

The Dora Milaje stifled their laughter at how similar the two teen girls were. Also at the slightly dumbfounded expression on Tony’s face.

You scurried down the amazing halls of the palace, slowly noticing how you were heading down into the ground. After about ten minutes of walking, you thought you’d never get there, until Shuri opened a door, revealing a lab larger than your dads.

Your eyes widened at the sight.

‘This is...Amazing’ you said.

‘Thanks, here let me show you some stuff. I take it you know what vibranium is’ she said gesturing to the giant window, revealing an abyss of purple glowing rocks.

‘Wait is that all’

‘Vibranium? Sure is. We have the world’s largest supply. We knew if we shared it then it would get...’
into eh wrong hands and things would go wrong. The city thrives on the stuff” she said nonchalantly.

She flicked her wrist and a bead on her bracelet created a projection. You couldn’t help but stare in awe. It looked like a table of stats and she nodded her head approvingly before making it disappear.

With another wave of her hand, a table of some sort appeared and something that looked like black sand came to life and formed the city.

‘So here’s the city’ she said proudly.

‘Is this vibranium?’ asked Peter.

‘Yeah, like I said, the city thrives on it. Wanna have a tour?’ she asked, a playful gleam in her eyes.

‘Sure’ he said. You began walking to the door but she called out for you to stop.

‘Don’t you think it would be much easier to drive’ she said, pushing a few buttons as a black and purple structure of a car manifested in front of your very eyes. ‘Shotgun’ she shouted hopping into the passenger’s seat.

‘Guess that means I’m driving’ you said to Peter, his expression turning from glee to worry.

Once you were in you realised it was exactly like any regular car and suddenly, the view of some kind of car garage was created around you.

‘It’s the vibranium. Like a simulation, except it’s real. This is a real car in the wakandan archives right now that’s available for driving. If you crash it, no worries. You have a totalled car, but no one’s hurt. We use this kind of tech for missions mostly’ she said, pushing a button or two as the car came to life.

You slowly started up the car and she directed you to the exit of the lot you were in. As you saw the light of outside you grinned mischievously.

‘Why are you smiling like that?’ she asked, an equally excited grin on her face.

‘You definitely shouldn’t have let me drive this thing’ you said. Then, before she could reply, you sped off. There were no other cars so you quickly sped around the wide space, Shuri squealing with delight and Peter with fear.

You saw a field and made a sharp left for the area, throwing everyone to the side. Once you were there, you started making doughnuts on the grass, obviously leaving marks. You drove to one end of the field and drifted to face the other end before stopping completely.

‘Oh no’ you heard Peter say.

‘What’s the worse that could happen’

‘We could die!’

‘Well...we’re not technically in the car. So I say go for it’ said Shuri. ‘I’ve always wanted to see just how fast this thing can get’ and with that, you put the pedal to the metal.

You were shoved back into your seat as the car lurched forward dramatically. You heard screaming, possibly your own, but still, you continued, noticing your speed entering triple digits. You’d didn’t think that was possible in the space of three seconds.
You kept going until 200 and you felt Shuri trying to get your attention. You figure it was her way of telling you that you needed to stop or you would definitely crash, so you slammed on the brakes as hard as you could without full-on lurching you three out of the car.

You finally stopped centimetres before an old abandoned hut, all three of you panting.

‘That was so fun!’

‘I know right! Peter, what did you think?’ you said, turning to face the spiderling

‘I think, I know how Tony feels now’ you smiled at him. Ugh, he was so dorky. You were too involved in your own lovey-dovey thoughts that you were scared out of your skin when Shuri tapped on your shoulder

‘You can go back there with him if you want, it’s self-driving too’ you blushed before very ungracefully clambered to the back seats, basically falling onto Peter. Shuri promised the ride back would be very relaxed so you didn’t bother with seat belts, instead cuddling into Peter’s side

‘Hey, I was wondering if I could talk to you about something?’ you asked cautiously

‘Of course, what’s wrong?’ he asked

‘I’ve been having panic attacks. And nightmares’

‘I know. You’re not exactly subtle when you leave a room’

‘I just didn’t feel comfortable’

‘It’s okay’

‘Just that if it does happen-’

‘It’s okay. I know what to do. I did my research. And you’re not the only one’

You looked at him confused

‘Before I met you, I had this kind of rival who just so happened to be my girlfriend's dad. Well, ex now. He dropped a building on me and I didn’t have my suit. I couldn’t be in enclosed spaces after that and sometimes I would get nightmares’ he took a deep breath ‘But I’m better now. Don’t worry about me, just make sure that you do loads of self-care. Does anyone else know?’

‘JARVIS, but other than that, no’

‘Okay’

You sighed, a little dissatisfied with how that went because you weren’t really sure he knew how to handle you if it all went to shit, but you didn’t bring it up again. Not until later that night anyway

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys liked that chapter. I'm not sure I got all of it right so correct me if I got a name or fact wrong or something. I hope the chapters will come a bit faster now because I'm on holiday but I'll probably keep forgetting to update so we'll see what happens.
Also It's kind of all about to go to shit so if anyone has any requests for a fun chapter BEFORE that happens comment the idea before this coming Friday (27th) or I won't be able to write it in time. (please request because I love writing those kinds of things)
You got back as the sun was setting after Shuri had taken over and given a very in-depth tour of the whole city and then some. You also all had a load of inside jokes and discovered that you were all fluent in vines after seeing a road sign

‘Road work ahead?’ said Shuri, staring at the sign confused before typing in new directions for the car and muttering ‘Uh, yeah, I sure hope it does’ under her breath at the same time as you and Peter.

You all burst out laughing

The day was spent, laughing and just kind of enjoying life. For once, HYDRA didn’t even cross your mind

‘Come on, we should get to dinner’ she said, dashing out of the car and running towards the smell of food

‘I think we’re having chicken strips’ she said wiggling her eyebrows before going through yet another door.

Unbeknownst to you, however, this door led into the dining room where all of the Avengers and the entire royal family were. The same royal family and Avengers that stopped what they were doing in complete shock as you barrelled into the room shouting ‘fuck your chicken strips!’

‘y/n!’ shouted your dad

‘Back off thot!’ you shouted back

‘Oof, wig’ said Shuri

‘I’m weak. Where’s the chicken strips fam’ shouted Peter to Shuri who was at the buffet style table of food

‘Over here’

‘Lit’

‘I would low key die for chicken strips’ said Shuri, already digging into her own plate

‘This chicken is straight fire’

‘Wig snatched’

‘What are they saying’ said Tony to T’Challa

‘Don’t be salty bruh’ said Peter

‘Oi, scrape out’ you said, swatting Peter's hand away as he reached for a bit of your food

‘I speak 35 languages but this is not one of them’ said T’Challa, equally confused.
‘Okay, can I get a translation?’

‘Can I PLEASE get a translation’ shouted you, Peter and Shuri all at the same time, cackling

‘Okay, come on now. Let’s start simply. What’s a thot?’ said your dad frustratedly

‘You bruh’

‘Is bruh like...another way of saying bro. So friends or whatever’

‘He’s learning!’ said Shuri in proudly

‘Why am I salty though?’

‘Just some classic gen Z culture’

‘Right...of course’

‘How about we just eat’

‘Yeet’ you said, sitting down and digging into the many different foods

‘I have never felt more my age’ said Bucky quietly

‘So what did Shuri show you guys’ asked your dad

‘Her lab and a whole load of her vibranium tech. It’s amazing’

‘Better than an iron man suit?’ he joked

‘My toothbrush is better than your iron man suit’ said Shuri, making you choke on your drink with laughter

The dinner went on, with Shuri making multiple hilarious comments that often left your dad at a loss for words as you and Peter laughed at her boldness.

But eventually, it had to end, so Shuri showed you to your room. She opened the door to reveal a suite with high ceilings, a king size bed and one of the walls made completely of glass, the light from the sunset causing the room to glow.

The floor was black marble and the same red you saw the Dora milaje dressed in was splashed all over the room. You saw stairs that ran up to a second floor in a style where it was like there was a balcony overlooking the first floor.

‘There’s a chilling out area up there. Lots of drinks and food. I pulled some strings behind my brothers back after I found out you two were together. This isn’t meant to be your room, and you’re not supposed to be staying in the same room, but I figured you guys are my friends. Also, I love this room, so if you’re staying here, I get to come a chill here’ she added, making you chuckle.

‘Thanks, Shuri. It’s amazing’ you said hugging her

‘Oh, yeah before I forget’ she said, reaching into her pocket. She grabbed to beaded bracelets, similar to her own she wore and tossed them to you.

‘Don’t tell the others this but these are for you. They’re komoyo beads. It works kind of similar to your JARVIS except without the voice. I always thought it was a bit pretentious. I’ve programmed
them so they’ll tell you if anyone is outside your door too if you need to compose yourselves’ she said winking as she started towards the door

‘Goodnight’ you shouted before she sent you a smirk and closed the door behind her.

Peter had started to unpack his things for the week or so you were going to be here, but you stood still in the middle of the room, thinking about earlier. You didn’t want to, but you needed to talk to him about your situation

‘Hey, can we talk?’

‘Yeah, what’s up’ he said, adopting a serious tone and sitting down on the bed.

‘I know you said you get the whole PTSD thing, but I was also wondering if I could talk to you about it. What it feels like’

‘Well whatever it is, I’m sure it’s not something I can’t help with’ he gave you a small smile, placing his hand on yours comfortingly.

Then it was black

You blinked before finding nothing to have changed as you jerked your hand away

‘Sorry, just I...um’ you stuttered, your beat quickening its pace

‘It’s okay, you were telling me about what it feels like?’ he asked cautiously

‘Um...yeah’ you said. Pain. You felt a stabbing pain in your back. Hands on your arms, holding you in place. Were you screaming? It felt like you were screaming.

You blinked and you were back. You were fine. But you couldn’t sit still and abruptly got up to start unpacking. ‘Maybe, this wasn’t such a good idea’ you said, avoiding eye contact as you hurriedly began to grab various items of clothing and shoving it into a drawer

‘No, please don’t shut me out. I want you to feel comfortable talking to me’ he said. He got up and stood near you but didn’t try touching you again as you continued to avoid eye contact. You stopped and took a deep breath, trying to regain your composure.

‘I don’t know, it’s just...sometimes, I just feel like I’m back in that stupid cell. And not just in a PTSD kind of way, or metaphorical or even just in dreams. Like I will legitimately think that I’m there.’ you were breathing heavy again but you kept going.

‘Or sometimes, if someone just kind of says the wrong thing, or touches me the wrong way, I’m launched back to a memory of when I was HYDRA and it makes my heart beat faster and everything is just dialed up but in the worst way’ you said, now feeling like you were on the verge of a panic attack. And God you loved Peter but this was not the place or the time for him to see you having a panic attack.

You turned and headed straight for the door.

And that’s when everything exploded.

He must have made a run for you, but quickly he found himself reaching out... But all he could grab was your shirt. He clutched it briefly, innocently, an expected response to any normal person. But you weren’t normal. The moment imitated the time with Flash and you couldn’t take it anymore.
You screamed, the horrors, shame, and fear of the memory soaking into you. Taking a hold of all of your sense. You couldn’t feel anything.

You dropped to the ground and clutched yourself, shaking in an attempt to distract yourself from the emotions. You were going back, reliving the moment. You screamed for it to leave you alone, but it wouldn’t. It wasn’t going anywhere so you simply screaming. You thrashed about. You weren’t sure why, but you just kind of were.

You couldn’t think about anything else, you couldn’t feel anything else. Only the fear.

And you spiralled.

The picture took you back to when you had received those scars that were oh so cruelly exposed to the world.

And suddenly, you weren’t in your room in Wakanda anymore. You were in that briefing room. Your handler behind you as he scraped the metal down your back. And you screamed, just as you did when it happened as if it was actually happening to you in real life. Maybe it was. Maybe you were back there.

You couldn’t tell what was happening anymore. You sobbed and cried and screamed for anything to happen.

FRIDAY, you could usually hear her voice. Even if you couldn’t comprehend what she was saying, or follow her instructions if you could, she was always there. It was a comfort and it usually helped you calm down a little.

But she wasn’t there. And it made you even more scared.

You were in this new place with new people, none of which knew how to handle what was happening to you right now, and here you were, shaking on the floor, filled with memories and screams.

You could feel nothing and everything as the pain looped in your head. Looping and looping and looping.

And then it went black

You woke up a few hours later. Your eyes fluttered open and you were greeted to the nightlife of Wakanda outside your window. You took a deep breath and saw a clock reading the time of 2:48. You sat up, slowly. You remembered what had happened, or at least what you were seeing when it happened. You still weren’t sure what you looked like while you were freaking out.

Peter either stood there like a floundering fish or went to get your dad. If he did the latter, he would be here in the room with Peter. But he wasn’t anywhere in sight. Peter was though. He sat passed out on a small sofa on the other side of the room.

‘Peter?’ you called out and he groggily woke up

‘Hey y/n...are you okay?’

‘What happened to me?’
‘You just started screaming. You dropped to the floor and cried. I caught a few words, mostly you screaming out no or asking something to leave. But you mostly shook bout and wouldn’t let me get close to you. and you uh...’ he said, trailing off and rubbing his arm. When you moved his hand, you saw a large green bruise. Did you do that?

‘Did I cause it?’

‘Cause what?’

‘The panic attack’ he said hesitantly, almost nervous to call it what it was

‘You just...triggered a memory’

‘By grabbing your shirt?’ he asked sceptically

‘Yeah, the whole Flash thing. I know it’s not really...um-like...a...’ you said, unsure of how to phrase it

‘I can’t believe you didn’t tell me about this’ he said quietly. So quiet you almost didn’t hear him

‘What?’

‘I said, I can’t believe you didn’t tell me. I thought we loved each other. You know I love you despite anything you could ever do, but that means I want to help you through these things. And you didn’t tell me’ he said, betrayed

‘I don’t think I can do this right now’ you said, gesturing to the whole room. I think I might go and talk to someone’ you said, not meeting his eye. He got up to go after you but didn’t actually move as you walked out and closed the door.

You sighed and the tears started to come down, slowly at first, then like there would no end.

Who could you go to? Not your dad, he couldn’t know about it because then he would put it above his own. Not Bucky, Clint or Sam, they would kill Peter. Not, Natasha, you didn’t really feel comfortable sharing that with her. Maybe...Wanda. Even then you were hesitant.

You were so lost in thought that you didn’t notice Shuri, come up behind you until she tapped you on the shoulder

‘y/n, are you okay?’

‘What? Oh yeah...I’m fine’ you stuttered, still shaking a little.

She looked at you, almost sadly, before taking your hand and leading into a room to your right, which you presumed to be her own bedroom.

She sat you on the edge of the bed before closing and locking the door and getting you a glass of water.

‘Want to tell me why you were out in the hallway like that at three in the morning’

You thought for a moment. She wouldn’t go crazy and kill Peter, as far as you knew, there wasn’t any similar or major PTSD issues with her and you trusted her for some reason, also you doubted you would see her again after this trip. So you took a deep breath and a leap of faith.

‘Peter and I got into a fight’ you tried to keep talking, but your mouth dried up
‘What was it about?’

‘I don’t know how much you know, but I was captured a while ago and turned into a weapon for this agency called HYDRA. Things happened because of that and now I have anxiety attacks and FRIDAY diagnosed me with PTSD’ she sighed and put her hand on yours for comfort

‘I had an attack a few hours ago and up until that point, nobody knew. I almost kept it that way too. I tried to leave our room but Peter grabbed me. It was the same way another kid did to me which ended up giving me a fairly traumatic memory and all of the sudden, I was back there. Alone and afraid. Not knowing what was happening next.

‘And I spiralled. That memory triggering one after the other until I couldn’t breathe and I didn’t know what was real anymore. I woke up about twenty minutes ago and Peter asked what happened. When I told him that he triggered it, he just got mad that I didn’t tell him before’ you said, tears calmly slipping down your cheeks

You sat with her for a moment. It was quiet. But not the kind of uncomfortable silence that you knew all too well. No, this was a mutual understanding that you had said what needed to be said, and she could speak or she could simply listen and understand the information. Either was okay.

However, after a moment, she chose to speak

‘Then he shouldn’t get to have you. You deserve better than some guy who won’t even listen to you long enough to understand that not every situation is the same. I’m not gonna lie, you guys are really cute together, but you can stay here until you figure out what you want to do. Don’t worry I won’t tell anyone’ she said, breaking form your embrace to open up the covers on her bed.

You hopped in and drifted to sleep surprisingly quickly

Chapter End Notes

Don't Shoot! I swear, I didn't mean to post this so late. I've been doing a coding course and going to like five different theatre's in the evenings. Speaking of which, I saw Hamilton on Monday, which was AMAZING. I saw my friend in a musical and I coded a snake game. It also means I haven't been writing so unfortunately, I can't apologise with an extra chapter but I will get the next one up as soon as I can. Also, sorry this is so long, there just wasn't an appropriate time to stop and I kind of liked where it ended. By the way, the whole panic attack thing and talking about it was based on an actual experience of mine. I'm just saying so that other people with PTSD don't think I don't know what I'm talking about or anything. Also, this is not the only kind of situation that can come from PTSD and it's different for everyone.
You felt heavy the second you woke up. All your limbs felt like lead and as if you hadn’t slept a moment all night. You shuffled to find that your pillow was actually more Wakndan princess shaped than it should be.

You opened your eyes, finding yourself curled into the Shuri’s side, her arm around you protectively.

You sighed, slowly moving away so as to not wake her up.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, you gathered your thoughts

Not too long after, Shuri woke up

‘Morning. Want to grab something to eat?’

‘Why am I not surprised that’s your first thought int eh morning?’ you teased

‘Do you want pancakes or not’ she asked, holding open the door for you. The pair of you laughed as you made your way to the where you presumed the food was.

When you opened the door, however, Peter was already there, as were the rest of the team and all of the royal family. You froze for a moment before Shuri grasped your hand comfortably, giving you a small smile and leading you straight to two seats at the other end of the table from Peter.

You smiled gratefully before silently eating your pancakes. You didn’t notice the silent conversation between Shuri and your dad

Third Person POV:

The fact that y/n hadn’t come in with Peter was the first red flag to the Avengers. The two had been inseparable recently. Then when she sat as far away from him as she could, they knew something was up.

Tony caught Shuri’s eye and tried to ask what was going on, but she only shook her head, telling them not to ask.

The rest of the meal was silent, only the sounds of cutlery scraping against plates filled the room.

Then Tony spoke up

‘What are you kids going to do today?’

‘I think we should go down to my labs again, I know I have lots of projects that you can get on with’ She said, giving a pointed look to y/n. Whatever she was trying to see, she seemed to understand

‘Sounds good’ she smiled, glancing at Peter as he nodded silently. Still not having said a word.
‘Cool, let’s go’ she said, quickly trying to defuse the situation by pulling y/n out of the hall, not bothering to see if Peter was following.

As soon as the door was closed, the room launched into confusion.

‘You guys all saw that right?’ asked Tony

‘She wouldn’t sit near him’ said Steve

‘She wouldn’t even look at him’ corrected Natasha

‘Do you think they go into a fight?’ suggested Bruce

‘That’s the only explanation isn’t it?’ said Bucky

‘I’m sorry, what seems to be the problem’ interjected Ramonda, before she could get any more confused

‘Peter and y/n are in a relationship. They’ve been attached at the hip for months, and I mean that literally. She once latched onto him like a koala bear and he carried her around all day’

‘They never have any kind of petty squabble, let alone have a fight that ends up being this big’

‘Perhaps you should talk to your daughter, instead of talking about her behind her back’ said T’Challa to Tony. He looked a little taken aback by the accusation, but took a breath, knowing that sassing the king of the country he was a guest in was not a very wise idea

‘You’re right, I’ll go talk to her now’ he said, nodding to the team before making a swift exit to try and find Shuri’s lab

How hard could it be

Your POV:

You entered the lab with Shuri and Peter, still not having said a word to the latter.

‘Okay, I’ve got two projects. Making a hoverboard, or making new mission tech’ she said animatedly.

No one spoke for a moment before Peter shrugged and said, ‘I guess I’ll do the hoverboard’ Shuri nodded and lead him over to one of the workbenches, after telling you where yours would be and that she’d come and join you in a second

You walked into a closed off room, despite all the walls, save for one, being glass. You walked over to the different blueprints and sighed. You were not going to let what happened with Peter stop you from having a good time. You would just push it to the side of your mind and finally, work with some vibranium.

There wasn’t any data around on the vibranium you’d be using, which confused you. Then a thought occurred. You flicked your wrist like you’d seen Shuri done and sure enough, you had a message. The data on the vibranium and what you presumed were other little anecdotes of what and what not to do.
You laughed at her preparedness but then quickly got to work. You had been given some of their weapons already to base the designs off of. You analysed the gun. It was like some kind of glove except without anything that made it a glove. The only way it was similar was that it went completely over your hands.

You put it on and fiddled with a few things before it whirred to life. You smiled and looked around, seeing the only non-glass wall. You went over to it and confirmed your suspicions. Vibranium.

You stepped back and aimed at the wall before firing. It threw you back a little, but no other damage. Where you had hit the wall, it was glowing purple before fading into its regular black.

The gun wouldn’t have been efficient enough in a battle. The firepower wasn’t strong enough to take anyone out and wasn’t big enough for more than one target.

So you set to work on your first update.

Unfortunately, that would mean practically taking the whole thing apart.

About two hours later, halfway through your update, Shuri came in. She stopped, confused at why you were taking the gun apart.

‘What are you doing?’ She asked

‘I’m just updating the firepower behind this gun’ you said, only glancing up at her before continuing joining different wires together.

‘That’s my gun. I must have left it here by accident. That’s what you were supposed to be working on’ she said, pointing to the other side of the table, chuckling.

Lo and behold, there were some earpieces, small metal balls and a little metal spider looking thing, which you presumed could turn into the ball beside it.

‘Oh’ you said sheepishly

‘That’s my own design too. I can’t decide whether to be mad at you for fiddling with my stuff or mad at myself for not doing what you’re doing first’ she said, walking over to look over your shoulder

‘So, what are you doing?’ she asked curiously

‘Well, I fired it and noticed that it wouldn’t do enough damage when it hit something and wasn’t big enough to hit more than one thing. So, I’m going to give it a dial. On one end, it sets off a huge pulse in front of you that sends the same amount of damage as normal, maybe a little less, simply because of the size. And on the other end, it will be a little smaller than it is now but have twice the kick. Firing once will knock them out. Firing twice will take them out.’

‘Wow, that’s great’ she said, looking over your calculations. ‘And you know how to do that?’

‘Well, I learnt everything I know from my dad and a bit of the internet. I’m struggling, but I’m sure I can do it eventually. To be honest, I have always been a bit more of a ‘think of the execution and how to do it’ guy than ‘the actual execution’ guy.’ you said, now staring at one of the wires, unsure of where to place it next.

‘Well, I have a proposition for you. I can finish making this since all of your instructions and stuff are here and you can get started on the actual project. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure to give you 12% of the
‘Really? Thanks’ you said, more than a little relieved. You hurried around the table as the two of you continued to work in silence.

You were right in thinking the balls became the metal spiders, and upon further inspection, you discovered that they had cameras in them. You synced it up to your kimono beads as an idea came to mind.

You quickly noted it down before moving onto the earpieces. It was normal enough. Much smaller than the ones you used but you noticed that the sound quality was even better.

‘Hey what do you use these for?’ you asked Shuri, who was starting to finish up with the gun

‘ Mostly undercover missions, but sometimes it will be for rescue missions’

You nodded before you had another idea and noted it down.

You began to think of what the steps would be and made the necessary calculations. As you finished up the last equation, Shuri closed up the gun.

‘Cool, I’m done, wanna test it out?’

‘Me?’

‘Yeah dude, you’re the reason this is happening, go for it’ she smiled, handing it over.

You grinned widely, before taking the gun and aiming it at the wall again. Switching the dial to wide, you fired. The entire wall lit up purple. Your grin grew wider as you turned to dial to the other end. This time, a small portion of the wall lit up, but it was far brighter, glowing like a light bulb.

‘Oh my God, it worked’ you squealed excitedly

‘Never doubted you for a second’ she smirked. ‘Alright, what ideas have you got for the rest of this’ she said, looking over to the tech

‘Well, I was thinking for these little spider cams, if you turn the cameras into 360 cameras, making sure you don’t miss a second of anything, it’ll also be super useful when looking back at stuff. Then for the earpieces, you could combine the tech that surrounds this place with it, so they can put them in their ear, and it looks like it’s not even there. That way, you can make it slightly bigger and put different parts in too. Like for interrogating, a program that analyses speech patterns and helps you figure out the truth from the lies or a rescue mission, you can get it to analyse the area and search for body heat or other things that could be useful’ you said, rambling animatedly. Shuri looked on in awe

‘I’ll get straight on it’ you took a seat on the side and decided to test out your komoyo beads

About half an hour later, you saw your dad wander into the room. Jumping up, you left your little glass bubble and ran over to him.

‘Oh my God, dad, it’s amazing. I’m working on some weapons for the Dora Milaje and I was meant to be working on some mission tech but I thought I was supposed to upgrade Shuri’s gun, which I didn’t know was Shuri’s at the time, but still. I made it better and she likes it. I’m having so much fun’ you said quickly in one breath.
‘Well, I didn’t get a lot of that except for the part about you having fun, so I’m just gonna say cool’ he said, giving you the finger guns, making you laugh. ‘Hey, can we talk?’

‘Yeah sure’ he sighed and took you to the side a little

‘Is everything alright, with you and Peter I mean. You didn’t say a word to him and sat at the other end of the table.’ he said, worry on his face.

‘We just got in a fight. It was nothing, really, it’s fine’

‘A fight about nothing doesn’t end with giving each other the cold shoulder. Especially not you two. Now tell me what’s wrong’

You sighed in defeat

‘I’ve been having nightmares. And nightmares that don’t just happen when I sleep’

‘Like a flashback’

‘Kind of, except I really think I’m there, making me have a panic attack’

‘Why didn’t you tell me?’ he said looking mildly hurt

‘You had your own issues about this stuff to deal with. And I didn’t really feel comfortable telling anyone else. FRIDAY always helps me through it anyway’ you said, brushing off the issue

‘But FRIDAY won’t always be there. Like now, what if you had a panic attack on this trip’ you looked down. ‘You’ve had a panic attack on this trip. Is that what the fight was about?’

Pause

‘Yes’ you whispered

‘Did he hurt you, tell you it was stupid. What did he do?’

‘Nothing, not on purpose at least. He triggered an attack, I hit him while I was having it, so I can see that he probably wasn’t too happy, but when I came to, he was angry that I didn’t tell him. I was the one to walk out because I didn’t want anything else to happen’ you said, shaking slightly

‘Oh sweet heart’ he said, pulling you into an embrace which you gladly accepted. ‘I’m sorry, you felt like you couldn’t come to us, for whatever reason that may be. I won’t make you tell me what you don’t want to, but I will be making sure FRIDAY notifies me when you have an attack’

‘Okay,’ you sniffed. Not because you were upset, but because it was like a weight had been lifted off your shoulders. You had been so worried about how your dad would react that you didn’t really consider that he wouldn’t be angry or make you tell him everything. He respected your privacy.

Eventually, you had to pull away.

‘So what are you going to do about Peter?’ he asked

‘I’m just going to get through this trip. We’ll talk when we get home. The situations a bit too volatile right now, and in a strange country, just best to leave it until we get back to normal’ you said, walking back to the glass room before he could respond.

As you walked in, you passed Shuri
'You can just keep experimenting, I’m going to get a bite to eat, want anything?’

‘You got any burgers around here?’

‘Coming right up’ she grinned, leaving the room

Third Person POV:

Shuri walked straight towards Tony

‘Get Barnes and Rogers’ she said sternly

‘Excuse me?’ he said

‘Go get Barnes and Rogers, they’ll know how to sort this out’

‘How on earth could they help?’ scoffed Tony

‘Get Sergeant Barnes for y/n. They’ve been through the exact same thing, from HYDRA to PTSD to relationship issues. Captain Rogers knows what it’s like to have PTSD, but not intensely but be in a relationship with someone who does have it intensely. Honestly, the two couples are exactly the same in every way’ she rolled her eyes at Tony’s obliviousness before walking out to get a bite to eat like she had promised

Tony stood still for a moment, dumbfounded

‘I gotta get Barnes and Rogers’ he said, before racing out of the room

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, I hope you liked this chapter and you're excited for the next one. I've been writing no stop so I'm back on track with everything and I promise that the next chapter will be cut and fluffy and happy. I can't guarantee when the next chapter will be as my life is a little volatile right now but I promise the next update will be in less than a week. Also, comment down below how you found my fic. Like what tag were you searching for or was it something else. I'm really curious. Also comment what you want to see after all this blows over, like fun little one-shot style chapters. You know, before the next storm, which unfortunately isn't that far away
I listened to the song 'If I Could Fly' by One Direction when I wrote this so give it a listen if you want

Third Person POV:

‘Avengers Assemble’ shouted Tony, barreling into the throne room where everyone had moved to.

Thankfully, there wasn’t anyone else there

‘What’s going on Tony?’ asked Nat

‘Listen, I know what’s up with Pete and y/n. She’s been having some anxiety issues but she’s been keeping it a secret because she didn’t feel comfortable with telling us’

‘Then why are you telling us if she didn’t want us to know’

‘You guys are just gonna have to help her but pretend you don’t know. FRIDAY’s been helping her but I’m gonna change it so that I’m notified if something’s wrong. If I’m away then Barnes will be the second point of contact’

‘Why Bucky?’ asked Wanda, mildly offended at having not been chosen

‘Because of this whole situation. I can’t believe no one saw it before but Steve and Bucky are the exact same as Peter and y/n. Think about it. Both were in a relationship before HYDRA stepped in and took one of them to be brainwashed. The other played a key role and getting them out. The brainwashed person had PTSD and relapses and though the other had PTSD, it wasn’t as bad. The only difference is, you two have worked past that, these two are stuck.’

‘Wait, did Peter-’ asked Bucky, anger flaring in his eyes

‘No, I’ve been told that he didn’t do or say anything to hurt her on purpose. Not sure if that’s good but we’re gonna go with it. Come on you two, time to be marriage counsellors’ said Tony, walking away as quickly as he’d come in, forcing the two super soldiers to sprint after him.

Your POV:

Shuri had come back with the burger and some drinks like you’d asked for and you two set aside the tech and quickly ate. Just as you were finishing up, you turned to see Steve and Bucky come into the lab

‘Hey Shuri, we’re here to talk with Peter and y/n’ said Bucky, waving hello.
'I’ll go get him’ you sais as you started walking over to where you saw Shuri take Peter earlier.

‘No, I need to talk to him alone first, and you need to talk to Bucky’ said Steve, patting you on the back and following Shuri, who led him to where Peter was.

You turned back to Bucky

‘Let’s sit’ he sighed

He turned to grab two nearby chairs, gesturing for you to sit on one as a flopped into the other

‘So, Tony just came and talked to us. You’re alright with that?’ you nodded silently. You didn’t want them to know, but you knew deep down it was ultimately good if they knew. Like your dad said, FRIDAY wouldn’t be around forever

‘Why didn’t you tell me. I understand not telling the whole team, but me? I get your situation more than anyone’ he said, placing a comforting hand on yours.

‘That’s exactly why I didn’t tell you. I know you’ve gotten better, but you still suffer from these things. I didn’t want to make you neglect making yourself better so that you could help me.’

He nodded. He wanted to argue and say that it was a silly reason, but to be honest, he often thought the same things.

‘Okay, well if I promise I won’t neglect my health do you promise not to neglect yours by shutting us out?’

‘Yes, but if it’s okay, I don’t quite think I’m comfortable telling everyone, everything right away’

‘It’s okay, you can take your time. Why don’t you just start with me?’ he suggested, smiling kindly at you. It gave you the strength to tell him

‘Ever since HYDRA, I’ve been having nightmares. They’re bad enough on their own, but sometimes, randomly, it’s kind of like having some kind of virtual reality headset on, I guess. And all I can see is the memories from when I was there. Except more often than not, I forget it’s not reality. It makes me freak out and I have a panic attack usually. I get kind of violent but not in a relapse kind of way, more like I’m subconsciously trying to protect myself if someone gets ’s close, so I hurt them’

He nods in understanding, absorbing everything you just said.

‘What do you normally do?’

‘FRIDAY can usually talk me through it. Or if I can’t quite comprehend what she’s saying, her voice kind of grounds me. Reminds me that I’m okay’

He sighed and you knew he was about to ask the inevitable question

‘And what happened with Peter?’

‘I had a relapse in front of him last night. He didn’t really know what was happening. I tried to tell him and he said he got it, but I could tell there was nothing I could do to prepare him for what he saw. I hit him, passed out and when I woke up, he got angry that I didn’t tell him’

Bucky’s hands clenched and he gritted his teeth.
'How dare he hurt you' he thought, 'after how vulnerable you were'

'Bucky, it’s okay now’ you said, drawing him out of his rage

He paused

‘You know, it wasn’t always smooth sailing for me and Steve either. We had our fair share of fights. Even one that was pretty similar to this. At the time, I was feeling what you are now. Anger, hurt, betrayal. Upset that the person I loved didn’t support me as much as I thought they did.’ he sighed, reliving the memory.

‘But we talked. He explained, I explained. We both apologised to each other and we kept going. We had gone through thick and thin and we weren’t about to let an argument over miscommunication get in the way of that’

‘You think it’s all just miscommunication?’

‘Of course. Neither of you has had a proper chance to communicate how you feel to each other. And it’s going to be hard and it will try your patience, but if you want to move past this, you need to actually talk to him.

‘Steve is explaining what he can to him right now. Like I am to you. How he should go about the whole thing, what to say, what not to say. And what he needs to apologise for. Because he remembers our conversation and what it felt like for him. And so do I. Which is why you need to go to him as soon as we’re done here. Tell him what’s been going on and how it feels, let him explain his reaction. Then you’re going to apologise for not telling him sooner. He deserved to know, as did I and the rest of the team, but I’ll settle for this for now. Then you should tell him how to handle it if you have another relapse. And make sure that boy listens’ he said jokingly, pointing a finger at you.

You smiled at how caring he was and pulled him into a tight hug

‘Thank you’ you said into his chest as he returned the embrace

Third Person POV:

‘Hey, Pete’ said Steve as Shuri left him alone with the boy. He looked up from his work in surprise

‘Uh...Hey Mr Rogers, what are you doing here?’ he said nervously

‘We all heard what happened’ Steve admitted, taking a seat on the other side of the workbench. Peter groaned and put his head in his hands

‘So you all heard about how I fucked up?’

‘Language, and yes. But that’s why I’m here. Bucky’s taking to y/n now. The team thought we’d be a good option because of how similar us two are to you’ he said. Peter thought about that for a moment.

‘So, the first question is, what happened?’

‘I’m still not too sure. One moment, we were talking. She seemed a little zoned out but not distracted? I don’t know if that makes sense. Then she started literally zoning out like she was
somewhere else, and when she came back, she jumped a little and looked scared. Became more on edge. I tried getting her to talk about it, but her breathing got a little heavier and she turned to leave. I touched her shoulder, and that was the tipping point. Her legs gave out from underneath her. She was screaming for a long time.

Then it was words. At first, it was just her crying out for ‘no’ or for someone to stop, then it became coherent. Not much, I just heard FRIDAY, my name, Flash’s and some stuff about how she was confused. Wherever she was, it was dark. She just repeated that over and over again.’ he paused

‘I tried to get close to her to try and snap her out of it or something, you know? And she hit me really hard’ he said, lifting his shirt sleeve to reveal the now almost healed bruise. ‘I don’t think she did it consciously, some kind of defence mechanism maybe? Anyway, she passed out for a few hours, I put her on the bed and decided it might be best if I took the couch until she woke up.

‘She woke up a few hours later, not remembering anything except for what she was seeing. I...I got angry. Because she didn’t tell me. I said we were supposed to tell each other everything. God, I messed up Mr Rogers’ he said, looking at Steve nervously and wringing his hands. Steve sighed

‘Okay, I guess that’s the first step, knowing you messed up. Y/n is gonna come out in a bit. She’s gonna say some stuff, but then so will you. I get how you’re feeling. Betrayed, lied to. She kept something important from you, and she’ll apologise for that. But you have to apologise for not listening, or at least not listening to the right things. She tried to tell you before, right?’

‘And I just brushed it off’ Peter said quietly, not meeting Steve’s eyes

‘Well, you should apologise for that. And for reacting how you did. You know you were the first person she ever had an episode in front of, and you hurt her while she was scared and vulnerable to your reaction’ Peter’s eyes widened.

‘Oh God, I’ve got to go apologise’ he said, going around the workbench before Steve stopped him.

‘You’re also gonna get a second chance to hear how she feels and what to do if it ever happens again. Don’t mess it up’

He nodded as he walked briskly out of the room to where he saw a nervous y/n

Your POV:

You saw him take a deep breath and walk towards you

‘I’m sorry, for everything. For brushing you off when you tried to tell me yesterday, then for not being as understanding as I should have been last night. For not helping you or seeing the signs sooner, for triggering the relapse, for blaming you and hurting you for getting angry. I wish I could go back in time and tell myself and make sure I do things right, but I can’t. I only have now and whatever comes after. I know it might take time, but I really hope you can forgive me for how I acted and help me help you in the future’ he said, sincerity dripping from his voice and tears prickling in his eyes.

The apology almost made you tear up too

‘I’m sorry too. I should have told you sooner. I was just scared about change. I didn’t know if you
would be able to help me through that, or if you even wanted to. Maybe you just wanted to keep things how they were. I get it’s kind of silly, but that was just my mindset. And things were going...not awfully, with FRIDAY helping me so I just used that. I get that I should’ve turned to you or someone else, I just didn’t want to burden anyone else with my problems, especially when some have it worse than me’ you admitted

He went to hug you but hesitated. Looking into your eyes like he was asking if it was okay. You nodded before he embraced you tightly. You felt...safe.

‘Never think your problems are less important just because they might be smaller. They’re valid and so are you. I will always love you and will always be willing to help you through these things and anything else that happens. You deserve so much more than what you got, and it isn’t fair, but one thing you have got is me. And you will never lose me. Ever. Even if you shouted in my face and told me I was the worst person you’d ever met. I would still follow you to the end of the earth’

You broke. You began to sob violently into his shoulder, clutching at him, trying to hold on as tight as you could. Like a lifeline and if you let go, you might never get back.

He held on just as tightly.

It was a long time until you finally let go, even then you didn’t want to

‘So, think you could explain it all to me again? And tell me what I’ll need to do’ he said, smiling sheepishly

‘Yeah’ you said, your voice cracking from dehydration.

‘Let’s get you some water first’ he said. He put an arm around your shoulder protectively as you looped an arm around his waist.

Your lifeline

Chapter End Notes

okay...so I know I said the next chapter would be less than a week away but in my defence, I was really busy. I'm on holiday now so There's nothing to really fill up my day for me to forget updating or anything. I hope you liked this chapter. Unfortunately, this is the end of the Wakanda story arc, but you will return, I promise since you all love Shuri so much also I already have big things planned. I'm really excited and I hope you guys are too. Comment down below what you want to see more (or less) of, or little story ideas because I love writing those things. (like seriously, I have never seen a bad idea, and I have seen a lot of ideas).
You had explained to Peter, and he repeated what you said, checking to make sure it was right. He asked questions filled with what if’s, making sure he was ready for whatever situation happened.

You had talked to the team too. You hadn’t told them everything, but you had told them enough. What a relapse looked like, to get Peter and to give you plenty of space. They didn’t need to know anything more for now.

Unfortunately, the amount of time you were off school was coming to an end, and you had to go back if you ever wanted to go on a mission. Everyone had packed their things and you all stood outside to say your goodbyes.

‘We can come to visit right?’

‘Bitch I hope the fuck you do’ said Shuri loudly.

‘You’ll be a dead son of a bitch I’ll tell you that’ replied you and Peter, cackling.

‘Language!’ you heard Cap shout behind you.

‘Oh don’t mind him. Now you too better not get into any more misunderstandings, you hear me?’ she said sternly. You laughed and pulled her into a hug.

‘I promise. Bye Shuri, see you soon’

‘Yeah’ she said, giving you a squeeze before letting go and hugging Peter.

The two of you begin to walk away to join the rest of the team on the quinjet.

‘Wait!’ you heard Shuri shout behind you. You turn to see her running towards the two of you with two giant bags. She stopped, panting.

‘I almost forgot to give you guys these.’ she said, finally catching her breath and smiling, handing over a bag to each of you.

You looked inside curiously to see Shuri’s guns that you were modifying, a black box, the tech you helped update and what you assumed was the hoverboard Peter was working on.

Your eyes widened as you looked up at her for an explanation.

‘You guys helped with these things so I stayed up all night to remake the things you did for you. It’s only fair. And I copied my guns for you too’ she said looking at you. ‘Also, the black box is filled
with vibranium. All the stuff needs it to run but it lasts a long time. There’s enough in it to fuel until your next trip, but just in case’ she shrugged.

You paused before you and Peter hugged her tightly at the same time

‘You are the best friend I’ve ever had’ you laughed

‘Don’t let Ned hear you say that’ chuckled Peter

You eventually said your goodbyes and boarded the quinjet for the long ride home

The second you stepped out of the elevator on the communal floor, you and Peter got out your hoverboards and set them up. He talked you through it, and eventually, you were flying through the whole tower. Shuri had even let you keep your komoyo beads.

Your dad tried to convince you to give them to him so he could replicate or improve his own work you but simply shook your head. Saying he’d just have to work with Shuri if he wanted the tech.

He immediately refused and dropped the subject

You showed Peter the guns and he was amazed at what you had done. And you showed him the spider cams and earpieces.

The afternoon back at the tower was amazing and honestly have never been happier. The team ordered some shwarma to the tower and you settled in for the night, curling up on the lounge between Natasha and Wanda.

You finished and placed your plate on the table before curling up again. The film was one you had seen before so you zoned out and put your legs over Natasha before curling into her side. The film was one you had seen before so you zoned out and You were the only person allowed to get this close to her. You felt Wanda play with your hair behind you, making you slowly drift off to sleep

Third Person POV:

Natasha looked down to see y/n had fallen asleep as the credits rolled.

‘She’s been through so much’ said Bucky, looking at her.

‘I still can’t believe she didn’t want to tell us. And that her reason was that she didn’t want us to get hurt for her’

‘What safety measures have been put in place?’ asked Steve seriously

‘If she has a panic attack in the tower, FRIDAY will alert Peter and me. If I’m not there then he’ll also alert Bucky and Wanda. Bucky for the reasons we’ve already discussed and Wanda so she can affect what she sees if necessary’ said Tony grimly

‘And you know what to do now?’ said Steve, turning to Peter

‘Yes. and I’m prepared for every possible situation’ he said, more to himself than to anyone else.
‘Someone should take her to bed’ said Natasha sadly, not wanting to let go of the girl

‘I’ll do it’ said Tony, getting up from his chair and picking up his daughter.

*At school, the next morning*

You walked into school, practically shuffling behind Peter.

You could feel everyone’s intense stares and hear the whispers that grew in volume with every step. You just tried to keep your head down and get to your locker where you could hide before the first period.

You got to your locker alright, but unfortunately, you weren’t going to have the same luck with the rest of your plan. Half a moment after you had opened your locker, Flash was tapping on the shoulder.

You turned but froze in fear when you saw him. At first, you were angry. How dare he think he could talk to you after what he pulled the other day.

Then you saw him look scared, almost to the point of tears.

‘Can I talk to you?’

‘Why do you need to talk to her Flash?’ interjected Peter, before you could answer.

He sighed. ‘I just wanted to apologise. For my behaviour and for what happened because of it. And for how I’ve always treated you. Both of you. I know you probably won’t ever be able to forgive me or even be able to tolerate me, but I just wanted to make the effort to apologise’ he said

He paused for a moment, seeing if you would respond, but when you didn’t, he nodded and walked away slowly.

‘Are you okay?’ Peter asked you quietly. No. The guy who literally tore off your shirt and bullied you for something that was out of your control just apologised to you.

‘Yeah I’m fine, let’s just get to class’

The day was okay. You got a lot of looks. Some of them sympathetic. Some of the pitying. Others more disgusted than anything else.

How dare a monster like you walk these halls with them.

You were probably just overreacting. Being paranoid.

You left physics with MJ and went to find Peter as fast as you could. When you found him, he was talking to Ned. You guessed it was about what to do if you had an episode, seeing as he stopped the minute he saw you approaching.

‘Hey,’ he said sweetly, grabbing your hand. You looked shaken

‘Hey’ you said, attempting a smile. You could feel your heart beat quickly like it had for the past half an hour.

You tried to shake the feeling as the all the sounds of bustling students racing to lunch overloaded
your sense. Going to your locker, you tried to focus on your books and find a moment to compose yourself.
Your breathing got shallow as you became overwhelmed

Black

It was black.

You shook your head and shoved yourself away from your locker in a panic, making you slam into a student.

In return, he shoved you away

It was black again.

You could feel yourself panicking. You looked around. You had no clue what for but it was for something. You could hear everything and see everything. But you couldn’t make sense of it. It was just sounds.

There was so much sound

It was black again.

You could still hear the sounds. Why could you still hear the sounds?

You put your hands to your ears and tried to block everything out, staring at the ground

You looked up and saw not darkness, but your cell. You backed up and felt a wall against your back. It felt so real. Maybe it was.

Maybe you were back there.

You screamed in pain. Not necessarily physical, but more in anguish. You thought you got out. You killed your handler, didn’t you? Maybe you didn’t. Maybe you had a new one

Your senses were overloaded. You couldn’t feel anything. You couldn’t feel your legs give out from underneath you.

You couldn’t feel anything except anguish. And pain

‘Peter?’ you whispered

Then it went black again and you passed out

Third Person POV:

‘What’s going on?’

‘What’s she doing?’

‘Is she good?’

‘What the fuck?’
Peter heard the voices all around him. But he was only focused on y/n.

‘y/n, listen to me. You’re having an episode. Cna you hear me?’ if she could hear him, she didn’t show it. Instead, opting to put her hands over her head and looking around frantically. It was too late to stop it, he just had to help her through it as safely as possible.

He saw the principal walk through the crowd

‘What’s going on?’ he saw y/n panicking and took a step toward her before Peter shouted

‘Stop! You need to stay back. She’s having an episode and when she get’s like this, she hurts people if they get too close. It’s not her fault but you need to stay back.’ he shouted frantically but firmly

Thankfully, he got the message, allowing Peter to turn his attention back to y/n

She had started crying and screaming. Every time she sobbed, it felt like someone had stabbed him int he chest.

‘Y/n, it’s okay. I’m here. Y/n, it’s not real. You’re not back there. It’s okay. You’re safe’ he said, not caring about what anyone else thought. All he knew was that the person he loved was in pain and he was the only one who knew how to help.

She looked up, not at him necessarily, but around. He could tell she wasn’t seeing the school hallway they were in. Her eyes were glassy and frantic. She was seeing her HYDRA cell.

‘No, y/n, you’re not back there. You’re safe. Come on. Please. You’re safe. He’s gone and he’s not coming back. You’re in school. You’re safe. It’s okay’ he said

She wailed louder this time, crying harder as she curled in on herself. Hands going back tot he side of her head and bringing up her knees to her chest. But she didn’t put her head down. Like she was searching for something to make sense of it all.

Peter knew what to do now. He placed two hesitant hands on her legs

‘It’s okay, you’re safe’ he said, calmer now. She stopped looking around frantically. She calmed down, but still looked scared. He could see her hands shaking. He could see her becoming tired. Almost passing out, but not before he quietly heard her whisper ‘Peter?’

She flopped to the side, but thankfully, he caught her

Earlier, Peter had enlisted the help of MJ and Ned if something like this happened. One of them was always around.

They took her passing out as their cue and quickly jumped into action. MJ went to her other side and helped Peter support her and stand her up as Ned forced a path to the nearest bathroom through the thick crowd of students.

They arrived quickly and Ned locked the door behind them as Peter and MJ placed her with her back against the tiled wall of the bathroom.

‘She’ll be out for an hour or two, and even then, she won’t have her full strength back for a while’ he admitted to them

‘But she’ll be alright?’ asked Ned

‘Yeah, she’ll be alright’
‘I knew what happened to her was bad, but I didn’t realise it was like this’ said Ned worriedly

‘She has nightmares every night about her old handler. Being back at HYDRA. She hated it there and they did awful things to her. I wish the others could see that’

‘They might after today’ said MJ

Peter nodded silently

‘Call Mr Stark, I’ll wait here with her since you guys shouldn’t really be in the girl’s bathroom. Text me when he’s here and I’ll hand her over.’ Peter looked reluctant to leave, but after receiving ‘the look’ from MJ, he agreed, pulling out his phone before going to get some food with Ned

Michelle took a seat next to y/n. She looked at the girl. Really looked at her. Her eyes were sunken like she hadn’t gotten much sleep, but not so much that she looked like a mess. The skin around them was red from crying and she could see the tear streaks easily.

Y/n began to stir, she looked...confused, or in pain. MJ couldn’t tell. She quickly started to comfort her back to sleep, saying soothing things to her and braiding her hair. The action seemed to work and since MJ was bored, she continued until she had had two new fishtail braids.

As she put the final touches on the last braid, she got a text from Peter, saying Mr Stark was outside. She checked the time and noticed that she was significantly late for her next class. Well, at least the halls would be clear.

MJ got up and picked up the still sleeping girl, carrying her through the halls to the outside of the school, where just as Peter said, Mr Stark was waiting in front of a flashy sports car. When Tony saw her, he rushed to her, taking her off her hands. However, MJ being the polite girl she was, still helped him get her strapped in.

‘Thank you. What’s your name?’ asked Tony

‘Michelle, but my friends call me MJ’

‘Well, thanks. I don’t know how much you know about her situation, but I appreciate you helping her. She talks about you. What happened?’

‘Peter told us what to do if she had an episode. He could handle the whole getting her through it part, but when she passed out, I would help him carry her to a more private location and Ned would clear a path. She’s probably one of my best friends and although I don’t know much about why she has these episodes, I would help her through anything she was going through. Could you tell her that for me?’ she said.

Tony smiled. ‘Of course’ he said, putting on his shades before turning around to get back in his car.

‘Hey, MJ?’ MJ turned around. ‘How about, after school, I pick up you Peter and Ned. You can come to the tower and tell her yourself.’ he suggested.

Now it was MJ’s turn to smile.

‘I’d like that. See you later Mr Stark’

‘Please, call me Tony’
oom, okay. I hope you don't hate me for this chapter. I just kind of needed to get in the fact that Peter's all good with this now and it's a huge set up for the next few chapters. Also two things. I just realised I haven't been putting trigger warning or warnings in general for chapters so I will be doing that from now on. And I also realised that the age of consent in England is different from other countries/states which might have confused some of you guys in the earlier chapters. It's 16 here and while I don't judge people for fully consensual underage sex, I wouldn't write it. So anyway, I hope you guys are still liking this so far and I can't wait to update again
When you woke up, you were confused to feel the softness of your own bed. Looking at your side, you saw your clock read the time ‘4:00’. Did someone bring you home?

You groaned, sitting up as you heard a knock on the door

‘Come in’ you croaked, surprised with the pain that accompanied your attempts to speak.

‘Hey sweetie’ said your dad, coming in and sitting on the end of your bed

‘Hey, dad. What happened?’

‘You had an...episode at school. Peter helped you through it and then he had to go to class but your friend MJ waited with you until I came’ MJ had stayed with you while you were unconscious? Wait, did that mean the whole school had seen it? God, you were going to be even more humiliated when you went back tomorrow

‘I actually invited them here to hang out. I figured they’re the kinds of friends you want to keep close to you. They’re playing Mario Kart at the moment’ he said, smiling and patting your knee before leaving.

You quickly changed into something more comfortable before making your way down to where your dad said your friends were.

True to his word, Peter, MJ and Ned were sitting on the couch playing Mario Kart when you arrived. Peter was very into the game, making his concentration face as he helped his character, baby peach, avoid several bananas. Ned wasn’t quite as obsessed but was still pretty intense. MJ had draped herself over the couch and was very calm, despite being in first place.

‘Hey, guys’ you said, making your presence known as the race finished. They instantly turned at the sound of your voice.

Ned hopped up and ran over to you, pulling you into a tight hug. Peter was next, squeezing you tightly before giving you a kiss on your temple. MJ was more laid back in her PDA but hugged you happily nonetheless.

‘Are you okay now?’ she whispered in your ear so that only you could hear

‘Yeah I’m fine’ you whispered back

‘Well now that everything’s all good, there’s something we gotta tell you’ said Ned, suddenly quite serious and nervous.

The four of you sat on the couch and the boys looked to Michelle for her to speak

‘As I was walking back in from passing you over to your dad, Flash caught me’ she said

*Flashback*
‘Hey, MJ, wait up’ Flash shouted after MJ down the corridor

‘What Flash?’ she said, more than a little irritated

‘I messed up. I’m going to tell y/n that again if she gives me the chance but I thought I should let you know too. I fucked up real bad and I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to fix it but I’m trying’ he said, pausing to finish catching his breath

‘What do you mean?’ asked MJ suspiciously

‘I talked to as many people as I could and helped clear up the whole situation as best I could. That what happened to y/n wasn’t her fault and the whole thing that everyone saw is a result of the awful things she’s gone through. They’re all gonna back off. Stop glaring at her I the halls. Everything’

‘Wow Flash’ she said, honestly surprised

‘And, I didn’t manage to convince quite as many, but I did get quite a few to help out. If she has another episode, they’ll help Peter and you guys. Either by getting her through it, getting her out of the situation or turning away prying eyes. I can’t imagine what she goes through every time something like that happens, but the best thing I can do is make the whole event easier for her to live with and get past’

There was a pause

‘And this isn’t just me trying to get her to forgive me either. I genuinely feel bad and this is to make it up to her as well as having the human decency to treat her normally’

There was another pause

‘I’m seeing her after school. I’ll let her know what you’re doing for her’ she said, ending the conversation and walking away

*end of flashback*

‘He really did that? For me?’

‘As far as I know, yes’ she said

‘Guess that’s that then’ you said, still slightly taken aback.

‘Hey, wanna join Mario Kart’ suggested Peter

‘Only if you’re prepared to lose’

‘Yeah right’

Three games of Mario Kart later, you danced happily around the room after your third win. The boys sulked on the floor, while MJ grinned at your joy.
There were two weeks left of school and the four of you were inseparable. For the most part, it was normal. You continued with school, doing well in all your classes, but also making sure to keep a low profile.

True to his word, Flash had made sure you didn't get any more looks from other students. You even made one or two friends in some of your classes. People were wary, but you suspected it was just your average teen awkwardness rather than the fact that they were scared of you.

After a few days, you even felt welcome enough to be out in crowded places again. The cafeteria was the biggest milestone.

You took a step into the cafeteria and you were immediately overwhelmed with the noise. You took a deep breath and steadied yourself.

You walked with Peter, Ned and MJ to one of the tables and started eating lunch. You could hear everything. There were people screaming and shouting at their friends. The sounds of cutlery scraping across plates invaded your ears. Chairs and tables scraping on the floor pounded in your head.

Your breathing became shallow.

‘Peter. There’s too much noise’ you said, slightly in pain

‘Y/n, it’s okay, just try and block it out’

‘I can’t there’s too much. It’s so loud’ you cried

You closed your eyes and tried to ignore everything. You felt careful hands around you as they guided you somewhere. It was away from the noise, but you still felt overwhelmed. A door shut and you were lost to the darkness.

You later found out that it was Flash and another random student he had enlisted to help out. He had seen you panicking and had grabbed a freshmen nearby, instructing him to help Peter and him get you away from the noise and into an empty classroom.

Peter had been apprehensive at first, but quickly realised he was helping and allowed it.

The next day, you decided to try the cafeteria one more time. Your friends liked to eat there and it wasn’t fair if they couldn’t because of you.

However, when you entered, instead of being attacked with noise, the noise was average. There was no shouting. Those you passed smiled at you.

There wasn’t another incident at school.

Peter was always cautious, making sure he was with you whenever he could, just in case you did have another episode. You didn’t mind because you loved how caring he was and you knew he would never forgive himself if something happened and he wasn’t there to help. He made your life at school as easy as possible and you found it incredibly sweet.

You had no idea what you’d do without him.

Ned was...Ned. He asked a bazillion questions but his curiosity was cute. The questions were innocent enough, like the coolest weapon you’d ever had, or the weirdest thing you’d ever used your powers for. Besides, you welcomed the distraction.
He was kind but didn’t treat you like you were made of glass like Peter did. You appreciated the attentiveness, but it was certainly a refreshing change and one you thoroughly appreciated. It was easy for him to help change a subject he could see was bothering you or stop you from dwelling on something by keeping the conversation fast paced.

MJ acted indifferent towards you. But as you paid more attention, you noticed her constantly watching you out of the corner of her eye. Checking your body language. If she sensed something was up she would begin to braid your hair until you were more relaxed again. She said she needed the practice, but you could tell she knew the feeling would calm you.

She kept a laid-back exterior 24/7, but deep down she was just a huge sweetheart who loved her friends.

One day in the cafeteria, Flash came up behind you.

‘Hey Flash’ you said, smiling at him awkwardly

‘Hey um…’ he started

‘Before you say anything, I just wanted to thank you. For all of this. I know you were responsible for how everyone’s treating me now. And helping me when I had that episode. And you haven’t been a jerk to me or Peter so that’s a plus too’ you joked, the tension slipping away

‘Yeah, I just. I felt awful after what I did to you. And, I heard that you won’t be coming back next year.’

‘Yeah, I won’t be’ you said, thinking about that for a moment. ‘I forgive you’ you said before you could stop yourself. He looked at you wide-eyed. ‘For what you did. You made up for it and I can tell you regret it, so I forgive you’

‘Thank you. So, uh…the reason I came over was to invite you to a party?’ he said hesitantly. ‘It’s just an end of the year kind of thing, and since like, you won’t be coming back, I just figured. But it’s all right if the noise will be too much or something’ he rambled

‘I will come on one condition’ you said, he looked hesitant. ‘You also apologise to Peter for when you bullied him’ you said firmly, crossing your arms. He thought about it for a moment.

‘Hey Parker!’ he shouted. Peter rolled his eyes, but got up and went to see what he wanted.

‘Hey Parker!’ he shouted. Peter rolled his eyes, but got up and went to see what he wanted.

‘What do you want Flash?’ he sighed

‘I just wanted to say sorry, for all the times I called you Penis Parker and did all that other shit to you’ said Flash begrudgingly

‘Okay? I accept your apology?’ said Peter cautiously. Flash immediately turned back to you

‘Will you come now?’ he asked hopefully

‘Yeah, I’ll come’ you said. He looked pleased with himself as he walked back to his own friends

Everything was good. Life was good.
Are you guys still enjoying this? I'm gonna keep writing no matter what the answer is but I just haven't been getting loads of feedback recently. This isn't trying to guilt you into saying you like it but if maybe you aren't enjoying it as much anymore, could you let me know what you liked about it before. Or even if you do like it, let me know what you want to see more of. But if you don't want to, that's fine too. Like I said, I'm still gonna keep writing but I just wanted to check. Anyway, see you next time which will hopefully be very soon : )
Graduating From Junior Year

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The final days of your junior year flew by and before you knew it, it was the last day of school. You had made an agreement with your dad that because he had been so low profile so far, he could pull out as many of the stops as he wanted to when he came to pick you up and Peter.

You had made the comment jokingly, unaware of how seriously he took it until you exited the school to see a giant helicopter blaring AC/DC. You instantly turned bright red.

Your dad was standing in front of it, wearing an iron man red suit, holding a microphone.

‘I’ve got a ride ready for y/n Stark, Peter Parker, Michelle Jones and Ned Leeds’ he said. The words being amplified by a speaker you were just now seeing on the side of the helicopter. No one moved, not believing that the actual Tony Stark was standing there.

Finally, you came to your senses and began walking towards the helicopter. You searched for your friend's eyes in the crowds of students that had no gathered there. You saw them and motioned that you didn’t know what was going on either.

You all eventually made your way to your dad, stepping into the helicopter.

‘Oh my God, hi Mr Stark, I’ve heard a lot about you’ said Ned excitedly, raising his voice as the helicopter began to start up

‘Of course you have, I’m iron man’ said your dad smirking. You rolled your eyes, already strapping in and showing Ned how to do the same.

‘Tony’ said MJ, nodding her head politely.

‘MJ, talkative as ever’ said your dad in return

‘My words hold a lot of value and are only given to those who can afford them’ she shot back

‘Nice, mind if use that?’

She only chuckled in return, sitting down opposite Ned, leaving room for Peter to sit across from you. Your dad sat on the other side of you and motioned for you all to put on your headsets as the helicopter began ascending.

‘Don’t worry, I’m not kidnapping you. I’ve spoken to all your parents and as a treat from me, I have some surprises for you guys back at the tower.’ he looked around mischievously as the ride continued on in silence, the others taking in the bird's eye view of the city.

The helicopter winded down on the landing of the tower. Your dad hopped out first, then you and your friends, who followed him, curious to see the surprises.

‘I did some hacking and managed to find all your grades for the year. And although it’s not my place, I figured that you guys are good people and you’re good to my daughter and Pete so…’ he said, pointing upwards. ‘FRIDAY?’ he prompted

‘Welcome back Peter and y/n. I heard school was well. How are you Ned and MJ?’ asked the AI.
Ned looked shocked while MJ looked impressed and possibly...happy?

‘You guys are now in FRIDAY’s database. She knows where you are in the tower, and when you are, she knows if you require medical assistance, can give you access to anywhere these two have access to, and basically gives you the same access to everything that they’ve got as well, unless informed otherwise’ he warned. He turned to grab four boxes

‘And as a graduation present, even though you’re not really graduating, four, brand new, unreleased, Stark phones’ he said, tossing all of you one. It was probably your seventh piece of unreleased Stark technology but you weren’t any less excited.

‘FRIDAY will also be able to track you through those if need be and it does the whole when you last used it and more features, designed purely in case of emergency and cannot be used by anyone other than me and you four.’

You went and hugged him

‘Thanks dad’ you said softly, but you both knew you weren’t just thanking him for the gifts.

‘And, there is one more thing’ he said, walking away and gesturing for you all to follow him. ‘So I also got FRIDAY to do your basic analysis of all of you, and requested for her to essentially…’ he said, pausing at a door which you had surprisingly never been through before.

‘I got you a new wardrobe for you to pick from for that Party tonight’ he said, grandly opening the door to reveal each corner fo the room with a different racks and piles of clothes, shoes, bags and the rest of it as well as the option to close off each section for changing.

All four of you rushed to what you could tell was your area of the room. You had a huge assortment of skirts, jeans, t-shirts and tank tops as well as heels and the new Stan Smith Adidas trainers you had been eyeing. You grinned gratefully at him, before turning to look at the rest of your goods.

Then your eyes landed on something that stood out quite heavily from the rest of our casual wardrobe. Upon closer inspection and found it to be a slim, navy, floor-length gown with long, off the shoulder sleeves made of lace. Directly below it stood some simple white strappy heels.

You looked around to find the others all also had some kind of formal outfit.

Ned and Peter both had suits. Ned’s was a classic black and white one with a sharp and probably very expensive cut while Peters was a deep navy that matched your dress. MJ had a flared cocktail dress with a light pink skirt and a black bodice.

As you looked to your dad for an explanation, all you were met with was another mischevious grin.

‘Well, you needed new outfits for your party tonight, but you didn’t think I would let you come in to your first stark party did you?’

‘Wait for real? Asked MJ

‘Of course. It’s just a simple fundraiser, but the guest list is filled with people that can help you all get good connections for your futures. And who knows, you just might get to meet y/n’s new boss’ he laughed. ‘Well, I’ll let you get to it. Let me know if anything doesn’t fit, pick your outfits then you can chill upstairs until the party’ he said, heading towards the door. He stopped just as he was about to leave.

‘Oh and there’s one more surprise for the girls through that door’ he said, pointing to a door you
hadn’t noticed yet before shutting his door behind him.

You and MJ went to the door hesitantly and opened it to reveal two piles of makeup and standing in front of it was your mum, Pepper.

You ran towards her, leaping into her arms and giving her a tight hug.

‘Mum!’ you shouted

‘Hi sweetheart’ she said, returning your hug

‘What are doing here?’ you asked, pulling away

‘You didn’t think I wasn’t going to be here to help my daughter get ready for her first party?’ she said. ‘And I want to hear about everything, and I want to meet your friends’ she said, looking toward MJ.

‘Oh right’ you said, snapping back to reality. ‘Mum, this is one of my best friends, Michelle Jones, but everyone calls her MJ. She’s on a first name basis with dad’ your mum’s eyes widened

‘Well that is certainly an achievement, nice to meet you MJ, I’m Pepper’ she said, extending her hand.

‘It’s nice to meet you Pepper’ she said, shaking her hand.

You walked out of the room to Ned and Peter

‘And, this is Ned, one of my other best friends. He’s hacked one of dad’s suits’ your mum's eyes widened again

‘You’re so young, where on earth did you learn to do that?’ she said, impressed

‘I just kind of picked it up in IT classes’ he shrugged

‘Well, I’m glad my daughter is friends with such an intelligent young boy’ she smiled. Ned blushed, then looked shocked

‘Wait, you’re y/n mum? Pepper Potts?’ he said excitedly

‘The one and only’ she laughed

‘Wow, I love your work as CEO of Stark industries’ he said

‘Well it’s good to meet a fan’

‘I have another friend in Wakanda who you can’t meet now, but hopefully one day. Her name’s Shuri and she’s the princess there. Oh, I have to show you all the tech I have. But, sorry, I’m getting sidetracked’ you took a deep breath and went over to Peter. ‘Mum, this is Peter, Spiderman and my boyfriend’ you said nervously

‘Spiderman? Wow, I see why Tony likes you so much then’ she said. You sighed in relief.

You talked with her for about half an hour while the others looked through their new clothes. Eventually, you had caught her up on everything that had happened and she left you to get ready so she could have a drink with your dad.
‘Your mum’s really cool’ said Ned from behind his curtain

‘Yeah, I haven’t seen her for a long time, so this was nice’

‘Why don’t you get to see her often?’ asked MJ

‘Well, she needs her space from my dad for one so most of the time, she doesn’t come around for holidays or birthdays. And it’s hard to find a time outside of those seeing as she’s CEO for such a huge company and I’m an avenger. We made it work at first, but about three years ago, it just became too much of a hassle’

There was silence for a moment

‘Well, hey at least you get all of this cool stuff all the time’

‘Actually, my dad was pretty good with this stuff. I didn’t get it when I lived with my mum so my dad said I wouldn’t get it here unless it was a special occasion. Birthday’s, Christmas, something that went well for me. It means I’m not a spoilt brat and anyways, he always goes all out like this to make up for it’

‘Then you’ve got the actual Avengers for your family’

‘You know, you guys are as good as family to me, so really, you have the Avengers for your family too’ you said, there was a pause

‘You think of us as family’ said Ned

‘Well, yeah. You’ve always been there for me in more ways than you’ve needed to be and I think my immediate family see how much you mean to me’ you admitted

‘We think of you as family too y/n’ said MJ

You all finished changing in silence. Eventually, you settled on some light ripped jeans with a loose white tank top and long gold necklace with some casual white heels

‘Okay, I’m done’ you shouted, hearing a chorus of ‘me too’ as you pulled back the curtain.

The others pulled their back too, revealing the others all in similar casual party clothes. You all went up to the communal floor together. The Elevator doors opened to Natasha hastily snapping a photo of the four of you before you could protest

‘Hello, дорогая. You look beautiful’ she grinned, pulling you into a side hug and pulling you towards the kitchen

‘Oh girls, let me help you both with makeup’ said your mum, abruptly putting down her glass of wine. ‘I think this lot want to talk to you boys anyway’ she said, patting them on the back and leaving them in front of Bucky, Sam, Wanda, Natasha, Tony and Steve, who all looked alarmingly serious

Third Person POV:

‘So boys, we’ve got a few questions which will be followed by a few rules’ said Ton, gesturing for
them to take a seat. Peter was heavily reminded of when they found out he was in a relationship with y/n

‘Would either of you like a drink?’ said Tony holding a bottle of scotch up

‘No, we’re underage’ said Ned. Tony grinned

‘Right answer’ he said, popping off the lid and pouring himself a glass

‘You know what one of her panic attacks look like and what to do if she has one, and how to avoid her having one at all?’ asked Steve

‘Yes’ the boys said at the same time

‘Good, questions are over. Time for some rules’ said Sam

‘We know there are going to be drinks there and you are both allowed to have one alcoholic drink. The girls can have two. You two are responsible for everything that happens to both of them so I suggest you stick to them like glue. I know this party’s being hosted by the kid that hurt y/n and I’m not convinced his all goody goody now so even though I know they can both protect themselves, this isn’t a perfect world and unfortunately, they’re more desirable targets for bad people. Do you get what I’m saying?’

The boys looked slightly confused

‘Watch what they drink. Don’t take opened drinks from anyone and don’t let them. You put your drink down or it leaves your direct line of sight, you get a new one. And the same goes for the girls. If either of them is acting funny text one of us’ said Natasha sternly

‘And absolutely no drugs. If drugs are found on any of you, you will all be in big trouble. I will come get all of you from the party at midnight and I’ll drop you off as soon as the girls are ready. Can I trust you to follow these rules?’ asked Tony

‘Yes sir’ said Ned and Peter in unison

‘Then we’re all good. Have fun’ he smiled, getting up to grab himself another drink

‘We’re ready’ said MJ as the elevator doors opened. Pepper was proudly showing off her work on the girls as they grinned with delight.

‘You look more and more beautiful every time I see you’ said Peter once y/n reached him

‘Even in the morning, when I have morning breath and bedhead?’ she asked

‘Even then’ he said, kissing her on the cheek and intertwining their fingers

‘Let’s head on out’ said Tony, grabbing a set of keys

‘Not the helicopter dad’ said y/n

He sadly put down the set and grabbed a similar one beside it

‘And not the jet, it’s literally a fifteen-minute drive’

‘You’re no fun’ he said, grabbing the final set of keys. ‘This is all I’ve got on hand so you’re just gonna have to deal with it’ he smirked
‘What are those the keys to’ asked Peter

‘The gold Ferrari’ groaned y/n

Chapter End Notes

yay, a long chapter. And, what's this? Foreshadowing? I would never. Anyway, I hope you guys are excited, thanks for the feedback on the last chapter too. I'm genuinely so excited for this fic and I've also had an idea for another fic which I'm about to put in the works, so I'll let you know when that's up. School starts for me next week but I probs won't let that stop me and I'll procrastinate by writing and stuff, so until next time
‘Bye dad’ you shouted over the noise of the engine, shooing him away. Thankfully he only stayed for a quick goodbye before speeding away.

You made your way into the house with the rest of your friends and were quickly greeted by Flash

‘Hey, you made it. I wasn’t sure if you were still going to come after your grand exit’ he said, mostly to you

‘No way in hell was I going to miss my first and last high school party’ you joked

‘Well hey, drinks and food are just over there, I’m gonna start djing in a bit and go wherever you want except upstairs and you break you buy it’ he said, giving your group the finger guns before walking past you to greet some more guests.

You smiled happily as you turned to see Peter with a sour look on his face

‘What’s wrong?’ you asked

‘I still don’t trust the guy’

‘Well, I do. Now come on, let’s dance’ you said, pulling all three of them closer to the speakers where other partygoers were dancing.

You danced mostly with all three of them at first, but Ned and Peter began to get pushed away from you and MJ until eventually, you had lost them.

You figured it was fine because none of you were alone and you knew most of these people from school.

However, it wasn’t long before you also got separated from her. You looked around desperately for someone you knew. You could see Flash making his way to the Djing booth and quickly tried to fight your way through the crowds.

Your attempt was futile however as more people joined in on the fun and you found yourself being suffocated by bodies.

All of the sudden, you felt a hand on your ass. You passed it off as a simple accident but turned to find whoever it was when you felt the hand grope your chest. You turned to find a boy, a few years older than you towering over you. He had hooded eye and a smirk that sent ice down your spine

‘What’s your problem’ you shouted over the music

‘Loosen up, it’s just fun. Here, you don’t look too good’ he said, suddenly a tad too attentive as he grabbed your arm and pulled you out of the crowd and outside.

You were grateful to be out, but still cautious of this boy who you had definitely never seen before.

You staggered, feeling light-headed from the sudden change in location.
‘Woah, hey. Take a seat. Here drink this’ he said, offering you a cup. You took it gratefully and was about to drink it when you heard someone shout your name

‘Y/n?’ it was Peter

‘Peter! I’m over here!’ you shouted back, setting down the drink next to you. Peter, followed by Ned raced towards you and quickly gave you a once-over to check you were okay

‘Are you hurt, You’re not going to have another episode? How many drinks have you had? What happened to you?’ he asked, his mind racing with worries

‘Peter, I’m fine now. I just got separated from you two and eventually I lost MJ too and this guy helped me outside’ You said, giving him a hug and leaning in close to his ear. ‘He groped me and offered me this random drink and I don’t trust him’ you said quietly leaning back and smiling as if nothing was wrong.

He seemed to get the message

‘Okay, as long as you say you’re alright. Let’s find MJ and call your dad’ you nodded, still shaken from the experience.

‘Oh, I didn’t catch your name’ you called out

‘Alex’ he grinned before Peter pulled you back inside

The sound of the music hit you immediately and you the whole room felt like a blur. All you could trust was Peter’s hand around your wrist as you searched for MJ.

‘Hey guys, over here’ you heard her shout, turning to see her over by the drinks. You rushed over to her to check she was alright.

‘Hey, I’m fine, I just lost you so I figured I’d grab a drink’ she said calmly.

‘We were thinking of getting out of here. There’s some sketchy guy that tried to give me a drink and had his hands all over me’ you shivered at the memory

‘Okay, let’s go’

Suddenly a scream rang out through the house as the music stopped

Everyone turned to the sound. Then more screams echoed through the party. It wasn’t until after people began running away from the front of the house did you hear a gunshot

You turned to the others.

‘I’ve gotta go help’ you said without hesitation. Ned looked at you like you were crazy.

‘You’ll get killed’ he screamed as you began to get pushed back by the terrified people. Suddenly you heard gunshots behind you as well. Men dressed head to toe in black had surrounded the house, stopping anyone from leaving

‘We don’t have a choice’ you said as you started making your way through the people frantically trying to get away.

You saw the man who must have been the first person to fire. You ran at him, slamming your entire body into him, making him topple over before he could react. But he wasn’t alone. You narrowly
dodged the bullets of two of his friends before grabbing the gun out of one of their hands and slamming it into his face.

The motion caused you to turn back to the onlookers for a moment. They were staring in fear and awe.

‘Clear a path!’ you shouted. You turned back to face the men before you could see if they had moved. You snapped the man's arm just as the third one punched you square in the chest.

You grunted, falling backwards but rolled out of the way before he could make another blow, causing him to break the floor from the impact of his punch.

You kicked him in the side, making something crack badly as his hand got caught in the hole he made.

They weren’t down for good, but it would give you enough time to deal with the other mean near the back.

You snatched one of the guns from the men and charged through the crowd as they parted like the red sea.

One of them spotted you before you could get close, making you duck for cover behind a wall. You hopped out three times, landing decent shots on all your targets. Your gun was empty, however, so you tossed it to the side before noticing you were in the kitchen.

You grabbed a couple of the closest knives to you before running out from behind the wall.

Rolling out of the open back door, you threw two of your knives at two men either side of you. One of them landed on the floor with a thud, but the other ripped the knife painfully out of their chest and threw it back at you with what little strength they had left.

It grazed your arm and quickly drenched most of your shirt in blood. Ripping some of your shirt off, you deflected attacks of the man who had just injured you. He was in more pain so it wasn’t too hard, but nothing you did lasted too long.

Eventually, you managed to stop the bleeding, giving the man a hard and forceful hit to the face before he was out.

You panted from the physical exertion but continued nonetheless. From what you could tell, there was only one man left.

His gun was out too and you only had one knife left. He ripped his own knife from his side before running at you. Barely fending him off, you analysed his fighting style.

Suddenly, just as he was about to run his knife into your face, you blocked him. He looked confused, but you simply grinned. From then on, the playing field was even, until his lack of stamina was beginning to show. You forced him backwards until his back was on the fence. You forced your arm on his chest, trapping him as you stabbed half the knife into his leg.

‘Why are you here? Who do you work for?’ you shouted angrily

‘Why would I tell you, bitch’ he spat back. You forced the rest of the knife into his leg, earning you a scream of pain.

‘Hail...HYDRA’ he whispered with his last dying breath. You ripped the knife from his leg and
stepped back, making him topple to the ground. You tossed the knife to the ground and made your way back inside to see everyone with their jaws on the floor.

No one said anything, so you made your way to Flash

‘They were here for me. I’m sorry about the mess and that I can’t explain much more, but I’ll pay for everything I broke or damaged and a bit more for the inconvenience’ you said, still trying to catch your breath.

To your surprise, he hugged you tightly

‘Thank you’ he whispered. You could hear the fear in his voice

‘It’s okay, it’s my job’ yous aid, hugging him back. He let go and you took out your phone

‘Get Fury and a cleanup team down here ASAP, HYDRA agents, multiple fatalities but no civilians were harmed. I’ll tell you more when you get here’ you texted your dad

‘There’s a cleanup team on the way, but I suggest you all go home’ then you turned to Flash. ‘I’m sorry I ruined your party’ you said apologetically

‘It’s alright, you helped us, which is all that matters. You guys can chill here until your dad gets here. Might as well put the rest of the food and drink to good use’ he shrugged, leaving you, Peter, MJ and Ned to sit on one of his sofas while everyone else shuffled out of the house

‘Why were HYDRA agents here?’ asked Peter worriedly

‘I don’t know. I remember leaving a pretty clear message last time they got involved with me’ you said. MJ raised an eyebrow but didn’t say anything.

‘When Mr Stark gets here we’ll tell him, but let’s not worry about it for the rest of the night’ said Peter as Flash came back with a tray of all the good food and drinks that were still there

‘Okay, so most of the alcohol is gone but there’s two beers and loads of coke and Doritos’ he said, setting it down and sitting next to Ned. ‘Are you guys okay?’ he asked

‘Yeah, we’re fine, just kinda shaken’ said Ned

‘Well, was it at least a good party?’ he joked

‘It was fun until that guy showed up’ you said, rolling your eyes

‘What guy?’ asked Flash

‘Some guy called Alex groped me and tried to give me a drink that I’m pretty sure he drugged’

‘I didn’t invite anyone called Alex. What did he look like, maybe you misheard him’

Before you had a chance to answer, your Tony and Pepper came rushing in. Your mum raced to you and hugged you tightly, quickly checking you over and panicking at the sight of your blood-stained torso and arm. Your dad checked the others were alright and surveyed the situation before reporting to Fury then coming to check on you

‘We need to get that check out’ said your mum

‘Get what checked out-oh my God. Medic! We need a medic over here!’ shouted your dad. A medic
quickly rushed over to you and began fixing up your arm

‘It’s not too bad’ he said, wiping away the blood. ‘It doesn’t need stitches, it only grazed your arm. Thanks to your quick thinking by stopping the blood loss and your advanced healing, there won’t be any long-term damage either. I’ll just bandage it up and you can be on your way’ he smiled kindly, getting supplies out of his bag.

You muttered a thanks before turning back to your dad

‘We were just about to call you to come get us when we started hearing gunshots. I was the only one who could help so I started fighting them off. There were three at the door which I knocked out with their guns after I got them off them then I tried to go to the back because they had surrounded the place’ you explained. ‘I used their guns and when they ran out I went after them with some knives from the kitchen.

‘There were another three at the back. One went down easy but the other used the knife I threw at him and did this’ you said, gesturing to the wound which the medic had almost finished with. Eventually, he went down too and I managed to get the last guy against the fence. I asked him who he worked for and he said Hail HYDRA and died’ you summed up, nodding your head in thanks to the medic as he walked off to check for more damage.

‘Are you okay?’ he asked

‘Yeah, just a flesh wound’ you shrugged

‘You know what I mean’ he said, looking at you seriously. ‘Are you alright, now that you know HYDRA’s back’

‘I’m actually not worried. They know what happens when they mess with me’ you said, and you did truly believe it

‘Well, I’m proud of you. You've come a long way. Let’s go home, you’ve had quite the day’ he said, putting his hand on your shoulder and going outside. Then you had a thought

‘Hey, dad. Can Flash stay for the night too? I just kind of ruined his house and I feel bad’ you said honestly he sighed and frowned. ‘Please, I swear he’s good now. Also, it would mean a lot to him and I won’t see him at all after this’ you pleaded

‘Fine, we’ve got some room’ he groaned

‘Thank you’ you said, giving him a grateful hug before running off to go tell Flash the good news. He was very happy and the night went on without a hitch.

Chapter End Notes

I know this is a long chapter again, but I hope you like it because it's the set up for a really long arc in the story. I'm starting school in two days so I won't be able to post as much but I'll do my best. Also, I've started my new fic. It's not up yet but I've written like 10 chapters so I'm really excited for that. Let me know what you think about the story so far and maybe if you have a theory about what's going to happen next. Also, any suggestions or prompts are very welcome.
You had all slept in the communal area that night because your dad wasn’t comfortable with having Flash in your room but you didn’t want him to sleep in a completely separate room. It was quite a sight the next day to see Flash sitting open-mouthed, staring at the Avengers in their casual tracksuits, milling around the kitchen.

‘And this is just your average life?’ he asked, not tearing his eyes away from the spectacle

‘Yep, although to me it just looks like my aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters etc. doing their usual morning routine’ you shrugged ‘coffee?’ you asked

‘Yes please’ still no less starstruck

You made your way to the coffee machine and poured four mugs of coffee, making all the others’ coffee how you knew they liked it and grabbing a glass of apple juice for Ned

‘Sugar?’ you asked

‘Uh...yes please’ he honestly looked like a deer caught in headlights.

‘So, you’re Flash’ said Bucky, giving him a cold look.

‘Um...yes, Mr Winter Soldier-sir...uh’ stuttered Flash, looking terrified

‘What are you doing these days? Still attacking people for things they can’t help’

‘Um...no, sir?’ said Flash hesitantly

‘Bucky, leave him alone’ you said, not taking your eyes off the drinks you were making

‘No, I think we can ask him a couple of questions considering he’s staying where we live’ interjected Sam, coming to stand next to Bucky. Flash looked terrified

‘I could always take a look into his mind for you boys’ threatened Wanda without looking up from her own cup of coffee.

‘That won’t be necessary. Already got a file on him’ said your dad as he too walked into the kitchen.

‘Which none of you will be reading’ you said, intercepting him and taking the file out of his hand. ‘Leave him alone. He already knows all the very descriptive ways you’d kill him if he ever hurt me again. You have Clint to thank for that’ you rolled your eyes and went back to the drinks.

‘I don’t know, he looks like he needs a reminder’ said Bucky, seething. You gave him a look that said ‘do you really want to do this?’

‘What, excuse me for not trusting a guy who discriminates against ex-HYDRA people seeing as I am one of those people’ he said

‘Well, I’m sure you can take up your concerns with him another time. Flash can you grab the last two glasses’ you said to him sweetly. You walked away so he couldn’t see you smirk at the complete
and utter terror on his face. Yeah, you’d technically forgiven him, but that didn’t mean you didn’t want to get some good old fashioned revenge.

You made your way back to where everyone else was still sleeping and set them down before giving Peter a kiss and shaking him awake

‘Petey, I’ve got coffee’ you offered. He groaned, blindly taking the mug out of your hands and drinking the whole thing. You rolled your eyes

‘Okay there, no more coffee’ you said, carefully extracting the mug from his lips

‘Coffee cures depression’ he mumbled

‘That’s not how it works, sweetheart’ you said, petting his head and putting down the empty mug

‘More espresso, less depresso’ he said almost incoherently before drifting back to sleep

You went over to Ned before gently shaking him awake too

‘Hey Ned, time to wake up. I’ve got apple juice for you and waffles on the way’ you said. At the mention of his favourite breakfast food, he perked up

‘I’m up, I’m up’ he said, making you laugh. Then you made your way over to MJ

You shook her slightly, then she spoke

‘Unless you’ve got the cure for idiotic people, you are about to die for waking me up’ she said, refusing to open her eyes

‘I have the next best thing, coffee’ you said, holding it near her nose

‘Fine, I will allow you to live’ she said, opening her eyes and taking the mug carefully into her hands

‘Bold of you to assume I want to live’ you said, earning a small laugh from the rest of the group.

‘Hey, wake Peter up again in about fifteen minutes’ you said to Ned before getting up and gesturing for Flash to follow you. ‘Wanna help me make waffles?’ you asked

‘Yeah sure, it’ll give a chance to say I cooked breakfast in the Avengers’ kitchen’ he said, still not quite wrapping his head around the situation

It was silent while you made the batter and asked Flash to hand you various ingredients or utensils. You could both feel Bucky and Sam’s glare on the back of Flash’s head.

At one point, Natasha came in, bearing a multitude of swords, knives and guns before she began cleaning them. You looked at her accusingly and she simply shrugged.

‘The fact that I am cleaning some of my deadliest weapons in the same room as you is completely coincidental’. You gave her another look and she groaned, collecting her weapons back up and leaving, meaning it was silent once again.

Then Flash spoke up

‘So, what are you doing if you’re not coming back to school?’ he asked

‘I’m going to work for SHIELD. I just have to do the mandatory training then I can go on missions
with the rest of the Avengers’ you smiled, pouring some batter into the waffle iron

‘You don’t get to do that already?’ he asked

‘Well, I get to go on the simple stuff, and only if the whole team is needed. My dad doesn’t really want me to be an agent because it increases the chance of me getting hurt, but I think this whole HYDRA thing showed us all that there are bigger things to worry about’

‘Wow, you live a very interesting life’ you said

‘Yeah’ you replied, taking the waffles out and pouring the new batter in

It went like that for a while, just talking as you kept making waffles as everyone else began to file out until you considered there to be enough to feed everyone, stacking them on a plate and taking them over to your friends.

Peter was finally up and was sitting talking to Ned while MJ scrolled through her phone

‘Food’ said Peter excitedly, hopping up to get closer to the coffee table where you set down the plate

‘Hold on let me get some plates and stuff’ you laughed

‘I’ll do it’ Flash offered, disappearing towards the kitchen before you could reply

He was back about a minute later, carrying plates, cutlery and various other things to put on the waffles

‘I could have helped you know’ you said quietly to him as he began unloading

‘I know, but I knew my way around the kitchen and it’s kind of as a thank you for all of this. Plus it’s just polite really’ he smiled before sitting down.

Everyone dug into the breakfast foods, and after Flash had his first one, he stood up

‘Well, I should probably be on my way now’ he said

‘Are you sure, because there’s still loads of waffles and there’ the whole day for fun’

‘No, it’d fine. I’d just impose. I’ll let you guys have a fun day’ he said, before waving and walking towards the elevator. ‘Have a good Summer’ he called out before the doors closed.

‘Well okay then. What do you guys want to do today? Go out or stay home?’ you asked

‘Well, how many opportunities are we gonna have to see you this Summer’ asked MJ, finally looking up from her phone

‘Plenty, training won’t last too long and missions only come every so often. Oh but something that won’t take up too much energy because we have the gala tonight’ you reminded everyone

‘Shit, that’s tonight? I didn’t think it would be for like another few weeks’ said Ned

‘Nope, but don’t worry, this isn’t going to be some kind of super formal interview, more of a practice and a chance to casually get to know people’

‘Well, in that case, let’s stay in tonight and go out some other time’ suggested Peter
‘Ooh, let’s prank everyone’

‘Prank the Avengers?’ asked Ned nervously

‘Yeah, I’ve been dying to for ages but I’ve never had enough manpower. But now....’ you said, gesturing to your friends and smirking

‘Fuck it, let’s prank the Avengers’ laughed MJ.

You all quickly devised a plan so that after you pranked one person, they would join you in pranking the others. So to start with you needed someone who would be a good ally, but not too hard to get.

Which is how you ended up hiding in your dad’s lab. Peter had a moment of inspiration, remembering when he found his suit had the training wheels protocol on it, so had suggested eh change the names of all his protocols to memes and vines to simply confuse him.

‘FRIDAY can you zoom in on this picture’ he said, looking at some kind surveillance footage

‘Old Man Bifocals protocol activated sir’

‘What did you just say to me?’ he said, stopping in his tracks as you all tried to hold back your laughs.

‘Nevermind, just decrypt these files’ he said shaking his head

‘Activating the Fr E Sh A Voca Do protocol’

‘What the actual fuck does that mean. Maybe it’s just a hallucination. FRIDAY when was the last time I slept?’

‘39 hours sir, I recommend you don’t operate any of your suits. Chance of death is 29%’

‘I’m a bad bitch you can’t kill me’ said Tony quietly before freezing, realising what he’d said. ‘What have those two done to me’ he said, rubbing his face before stepping into one of his suits.

He started up the thrusters before they stuttered, making him fall to the ground.

‘You seem to be in distress, would you like me to activate the Bone Hurting Juice protocol?’ asked FRIDAY

‘The what’ he groaned, half in confusion, half in pain. ‘No, no, my thrusters just aren’t working, can you do anything for that?’ he asked, standing up’

‘I will activate the I’ve Fallen And Can’t Get Up protocol’ she said as the thrusters came to life once more

‘Can you just...engage autopilot’ said Tony tiredly.

‘Activating Jesus Take The Wheel protocol for you sir’

‘You know what nevermind, just get me out of here’ he said, as the suit wined down and allowed him to step out to see you four rolling on the floor and laughing

‘I take it that was your doing’ he said

‘FRIDAY, please tell me you recorded all of that’ you said, wiping tears from your eyes
‘Yes I did y/n, would you like me to save it to your encrypted file marked ‘Blackmail’?’ replied FRIDAY

‘Yes please’ you said

‘FRIDAY, delete that footage!’ shouted your dad

‘I’m sorry Tony, only Ned, MJ, Peter and y/n have access to that file and I have explicit instructions to deny them access if they do not open the file willingly’ your dad groaned at that

‘But don’t worry, we want to make that file grow a lot more by the end of today, but we need your help’ said MJ

‘You want me to help you prank the rest of the team?’ you all nodded hopefully. ‘I’m in’ he smirked.

And that was how you ended up in Clint’s room. You put bright pink hair dye in Clint’s soap, before making his shower frequently switch between freezing and boiling temperatures.

‘Ah! What the fuck! Jackass shower! AH HOT, HOT, HOT! Oh my God what is wrong with this this- IT’S LIKE ICE IS SCRAPING DOWN MY BACK!’ He shouted painfully and during his confusion, your dad snuck in and stole all his towels while the rest of you stole all of his clothes.

‘What the fuck, where’s my towel. Where are my clothes!’ you heard him shout as you ran away to discard them all around the floors.

Although you weren’t complete assholes, you did allow him to keep some of his modesty and it was even better to see him attempt to have some dignity when he bent over to collect the items of clothing in a metallic gold thong.

Eventually, he was done and returned to his room

‘We’re here to talk to you about the elite prank force initiative’ you said

‘Is that what this bullshit is’ he chuckled, starting to put his clothes down and change. ‘You haven’t gotten anyone else yet?’ you all shook your heads. ‘Okay then. Who’s up next’ he sighed

‘Wanda’

Chapter End Notes

Wow, I actually quite liked this chapter. It's another long one. I might have to stop saying they're long because they're all long at this point. It's gonna continue so they prank the whole team and though I already have ideas for the pranks, some of them aren't great so tell me what ideas you guys have. Also, I just wanted to say thank you so much for all the comments I got. I'm gonna be actually replying to them from now on instead of saying 'I'll get to that eventually'. Also, I don't know if you guys think about it but I do and I wanted to let you know that I do recognise accounts that leave comments often and you don't have to worry about feeling annoying by commenting loads because it always seriously makes my day. (and I'm gonna need that with school starting). I'm not sure if other people think this but I do so hey might as well. Okay, thanks for reading and I'll see you next time
‘We’re here to talk to you about the elite prank force initiative’ you said

‘Is that what this bullshit is’ chuckled Clint, starting to put his clothes down and change. ‘You haven’t gotten anyone else yet?’ you all shook your heads. ‘Okay then. Who’s up next’ he sighed

‘Wanda’

You decided to spare Bruce of your antics and just enlisted Natasha on your team without pranking her. You wouldn’t survive her getting back at you.

It was hard thinking of one for her, but you got it done thanks to Ned’s brilliant idea of giving her a bit of a scare.

‘Hey Wanda’ you said, walking into her room and looking around a bit

‘Hi, what brings you here’ she said, eyeing you suspiciously.

‘Oh, nothing. Just saying hi’ you said cheerily as you made your way over to the window

‘You never come in just to say hi’ she laughed, turning half her attention back to her book

‘You’re right, I’m not here just to say hi. I’m also here to do this’ you said, throwing open the window and falling out of it and straight onto a trampoline net that your dad was using his suits to hold up

You obviously didn’t stay to see her reaction, but by the time you had reached the net and had been catapulted upwards again, she was standing with her arms crossed, looking very unimpressed.

Before she could say anything, however, you had grabbed her arm and pulled her back down with you.

Needless to say, she screamed, but after about a minute of enjoying the bouncing, you told her your plan and who else was involved. She laughed and agreed to help you prank your final victims. Thor, Bucky, Sam, Steve and Loki.

Now with the help of her magic on your side, you were excited to get her help in pranking Loki.

Thankfully, he wasn’t a morning person and still wasn’t up so you helped Wanda make him think he was still in his room while you moved him into the basement, right on the other side of the room so he was as far away from the door as possible. The others were blowing up balloons and you and your friends made masses of slime.

You coated as many of the balloons as you could with some of it before spreading the rest on the basement floor, filling the entire room with balloons when you were done. You allowed Tony to do the honours of blowing the air horn to wake him up.

‘What is wrong with you mortals and waking up before noon’ he grumbled, rubbing his eyes wearily. ‘Where is this. What have you done!’ he shouted, the noise bouncing off the walls and echoing around the room
'Have fun getting out, we put some cuffs that block your magic temporarily. You get out of there, they come off' you smirked

'You mewling quim. Release me now!'

'Not gonna work here Loki. Get out without harming any of us when you do and we'll let you help to prank Thor' he was silent and you left without allowing him to bargain.

It took him a full hour to actually get out of the room, quickly giving up on trying to keep away from the slime and you saved the footage to your file before he could stop you.

But after you apologised, he was more than happy to help you prank his brother. Before anyone could suggest an idea, he smiled and without saying a word, went down to Thor’s floor.

You would later find out he had covered his floor with Legos and using his magic, had taken away anything that could help him avoid stepping on them with bare feet, insisting that your dad needed him for an important meeting. It was quite the spectacle as you watched the footage of a God crying obscenities as he slowly made his way across blocks of Lego

Loki didn’t wish to help you any further and Thor deemed himself to be unuseful but would come along and watch the fun unfold. Natasha and Wanda decided to do the same, leaving just Clint, your dad, Peter, Ned and MJ.

You needed to get Sam next and you needed to do something to really get him. So the six of you racked your brains. Suddenly, Clint had a stroke of genius as he explained his idea of convincing Natasha to join in for just one brilliant role in the prank.

So you went to Natasha, begging her to join your elite prank force for one last mission. You ended up all having to owe her one favour which you agreed to, even if you were quite apprehensive about it. But soon, the plan was set in place as you went to Sam in the kitchen, tablet in hand.

'Hey Sam, just a heads up, but you may want to hide. Natasha is not happy with you' you said, fake grimacing

'Cut the crap, I know I didn't do shit. Trust me, I've been on her bad side before and I know how to avoid that happening again' he said, shuddering at the memory.

'Well, not according to this security footage she found of you eating her food' you said, bringing up the fake footage Ned had made while you were enlisting Natasha

He watched the footage, to see him take out a container of Chicken Ceaser salad with Natasha's name marked on it clear as day. He instantly set into a panic, picking up the bowl from the food he was eating and practically throwing it into the sink. He may be a dead man but he wasn't an animal.

He froze in pure terror when he heard Natasha call out his name.

He sprinted away

He put up quite a fight to avoid his fate, but in the end, Natasha found him, hiding in Wanda's closet of all places.

'Oh no, please don't kill me! I didn't know it was your I swear' he said, shutting his eyes and bracing himself for some kind impact from a physical blow. But none came

Instead, Natasha stepped close to him and leaned down. She got close to his face so that her mouth
was right next to his ear.

'If you ever take something of mine again, I will tear you apart, slowly and make sure you feel every bit of it' she whispered sweetly before standing up and smiling widely and walking away.

After you had saved the blackmail footage to your file, you went to Sam and gave him an apology with absolutely zero sincerity. He was pretty offended that you would really put Natasha against him, but once you said you hadn't gotten Bucky yet, all was forgiven. After about a minute of thinking, Sam had asked if any of you could hack into Bucky's metal arm.

'It would take me maybe ten minutes or something but yeah, I could do it'

'Great, we want it just "malfunction" at some the worst times' he said, grinning like a madman. Never had you felt prouder of how you'd eventually rubbed off on the man.

five minutes later, Ned told you he was in. You got up the footage of where Bucky was and smiled evilly when you saw Natasha was right next to him

'Get him to elbow her really hard in the side' you said quickly, not wanting to lose this opportunity. Ned typed furiously and seconds later, Natasha had been lightly flung against the kitchen counter by Bucky's surprisingly strong metal arm.

His eye widened in shock and fear before he grabbed the plum he'd been cutting and ran out of the room before he could feel her wrath. He sighed once he deemed himself out of the danger zone and took a bite from the plum.

'We're going to need to talk about you hacking my tech like this, but in the meantime, think you could make that plum smash into his face' asked Tony eagerly. Ned nodded and once again began typing.

Just as Bucky went in for his second bite, the arm moved faster than he anticipated and his mouth didn't open his time, making the entire plum go straight into his face harshly, practically exploding on impact.

However, he didn't have time to yell in confusion, as Natasha had found him. He ran away quickly and Natasha let him go, not having actually come int eh room to hunt him down. Bucky ran back to the kitchen where he found Steve. He chuckled the smushed plum in the bin and sighed, coming up behind his boyfriend and slipping his metal arm around the super soldier's waist.

You wanted to admire how cute the pair looked, but Bucky was really just making this too easy.

Ned began typing before he had even been given an instruction, seemingly knowing what to do.

You all watched the screen in anticipation and realised that Ned had locked Bucky's arm in place.

They were trapped together in a state of confusion and it was fifteen minutes before you decided to let them go, deciding enough was enough when Steve had said he'd need the bathroom maybe six times in the last two minutes.

After Steve had run desperately out of the room, you snuck in and beckoned Bucky to your prankning headquarters

'So that was all you guys, huh?' he asked, rather unimpressed

'Yes, but we don't have time to talk about that right now. Besides, it was Sam's idea' you said as Sam threw his hands up in the air at the way you threw him under the bus like that.
'We need your help to get Steve. We've been saving all our best ideas for last and you are key to getting him. So, want to help us prank the symbol of our nation' you asked, grinning excitedly

'Of course, anything to get back at the punk for everything he put me through back in the forties' he laughed

It was an hour after you had recruited Bucky. Steve had long gone for his daily workout and everything was ready. Clint, Tony and Peter knew their roles. Bucky and Sam were in position. You were ready to orchestrate the entire thing over the comms and Ned, MJ and Peter were ready behind the scenes

‘All right everyone, let’s get operation God Bless America on the road’ you said.

Steve stepped out of the elevator, coming back from his daily workout at the exact same time he always did and just as planned, Ned began to play the American National anthem through FRIDAY. It was only the shortened version but it meant you could play it right through to the end

‘Hey is someone playing the national anthem’ called out Steve.

‘In here Bald Eagle’ responded your dad from the kitchen

‘Bald eagle?’ muttered Steve, walking into the kitchen

‘How’s it hanging stars and stripes?’ asked Sam

‘Why are you guys-’ he started, before his phone ringing cut him off.

Except it wasn’t just ringing. It was blaring a man screaming ‘America! Fuck yeah!’, startling everyone. Steve jumped and fumbled for his phone, narrowly avoiding dropping it. He turned around to take the call and was met with a giant explosion of red, white and blue confetti that Bucky had dropped from the vents.

Steve looked around in bewilderment, but he had already slipped away. Silent but deadly

‘Well, listen up Barack Obama, we’re heading down to the park to give some children the happiest day of their life. You in for some freedom and patriotism?’ asked Tony

‘I-what...um-sure, I’ll go. Let me just change’ he said, walking away. As soon as he entered the elevator, he was once again attacked by Bucky’s confetti and the National anthem played viciously.

All you heard was a scream of confusion before the doors closed

‘Clint, did you set up phase two?’ you asked through the comms

‘Oh, it’s set up alright’ he said cockily

Twenty minutes, three lots of confetti and six plays of the national anthem later, Steve returned to the floor with Tony and Sam, now with Peter.

However, he was dressed completely in the American flag.

He had a tank top with the American eagle on it with American flag shorts. He even had blue socks with white stars and red and white striped trainers. Truly, the picture of America

‘I feel like it should be ill-eagle to wear that shirt Mr Rogers’ joked Peter as the American anthem faded out for what felt like the hundredth time that day
‘Oh, we thought we’d just stay here actually. Sound good to you Mr White house?’ said Tony before sitting down on a couch

‘I got some jokes for you too’ said Peter, sitting down as well. ‘Like I feel like Lincoln was the least guilty president’ he said

‘Why would you say that’ said Steve intrigued and completely unaware that it was the set up for a pun

‘Because he’s in-a-cent’ said Peter, holding up a one cent coin. Steve did not look impressed

‘Oh come on, lighten up a little Lady Liberty’ said Sam, also taking a seat.

Steve looked defeated and took a seat in a chair nearby. Unfortunately, Bucky knew he would sit there and he was once again, he was attacked by the colourful confetti.

Steve stood up in a rage

‘Who the hell keeps dumping confetti on me and why are you calling me things like Lady Liberty?’ he shouted

‘ ‘Tis but a simple prank stars and stripes. You can stop it though’ said Tony mischievously

‘Please, what do I have to do’ begged Steve. Wow, this might be easier than you thought

‘You gotta go to the roof and shout ‘I’m Captain America and I don’t think you should vote’ as loud as you can’ said Sam

‘No, absolutely not, no way’ said Steve firmly

‘Well then, I think Pete has a few more jokes to share with you. Like, hey Pete, what do Canadians say when they meet n American?’ asked Tony

‘You’re from the US, aye’ said Peter before dropping to the floor and howling in laughter.

Ned played the American anthem again, this time louder and on a loop as Bucky chuckled out what felt like endless amounts of red, white and blue confetti. You called Steve’s phone, allowing ‘America! Fuck yeah!’ to ring out throughout the floor as well.

‘Fine! Stop! I’ll do it!’ Shouted Steve, making everything stop. He went to the elevator, followed excitedly by Tony, Sam and Peter.

They went to the roof and Steve stood in the middle of it, which thankfully also happened to be in the middle of the shot from the security camera.

‘I’m Captain America and I don’t think you should vote!’ Shouted Steve at the very top of his lungs.

You grinned excitedly as he turned away ashamed. Then he spotted the camera

‘FRIDAY, save all of that footage to my file’ you said quickly, half a second before Steve also asked FRIDAY to delete the footage.

She told him it was impossible and he gritted his teeth before going back to the elevator.

‘Delete that footage’ he said, storming into your lab
‘Sorry, no can do’ you said with zero regrets in your voice

‘Delete it or I’ll get you back’ he warned

‘Excuse me if I’m not scared of someone who looks like they’re cosplaying as the American flag’ you said, brushing some of the confetti out of his hair. ‘Beside,s if it makes you feel any better, I got everyone else already too’ you said

‘Yeah that does make me feel kinda better’ he sighed and laughed, looking down at his outfit

‘See, all’s well that end well. Let’s watch a movie, your pick, I promise’ you said, putting your hand over your heart. He laughed and made his way upstairs with you.

Chapter End Notes

I quite liked this chapter and I hope you guys liked it too. And I swear, I will properly get into the story arc, but this is just kinda the setup and introduction to important plot points for later so you have to wait for a few more chapters. I hope I can update again soon but if I can't, I hope you all have a great week
‘Oh, you guys should get ready, the gala starts in about an hour’ said your dad abruptly after checking the time

‘Do you want me to help you guys with makeup up again?’ asked your mum hopefully

‘Yeah sure, just give us twenty minutes to get ready’ you said, walking towards the elevator

‘Also, unfortunately, you guys will have to go back to your parents tomorrow, even you Peter. So if you have time, pack up what you can into some boxes I put in their earlier. I’ll have someone drop them there while you’re out tomorrow’

‘Okay,’ you said as the doors closed and took you downstairs.

*later*

‘The limo’s are here. You guys ready?’ he said, fixing a cufflink

‘Limo?’ asked Ned

‘Key Tip number 1 for parties, always arrive in style’ he grinned, taking you all down to the lobby where two stretch limo’s waited.

You got in one with Peter, MJ, Ned, your dad and your mum while the rest of the team filed into the other limo

‘Okay so just mill around and talk to people. If I see someone who you should talk to I’ll let you know but for the most part, the important people already know you’re coming so they’ll go to you. Try not to make a scene or cause trouble and no drinking. I’ll know if you do because I know the bartender personally’ he smirked. ‘Any questions’ he asked and you all shook your heads

‘Let’s get started then’ said your mum, stepping out of the car. You were all quickly attacked with the flashing of cameras and reporters shouting things

‘Mr Stark, are these all your children’

‘Did you know you had them?’

‘Are you getting back together with Pepper?’

‘What will happen to the company?’

Your dad didn’t answer any of the questions, only smiling and waving before starting to walk into the building. With him gone, the reporters began attacking you and your friends

‘What is he like as a father?’
'Is this your first Stark event?'

'Why come now?'

'Are these your friends?'

'Do you have an interest in any of them?'

'Are they Avengers who want to keep their identity a secret?'

'What’s your relationship with Miss Stark?'

They were loud and the constant flashing was setting you on edge. Your mind was going a mile a minute, forgetting how your dad a had handled the shouting and trying to answer each question but being cut off with more yelling.

Peter slipped an arm around your waist and leaned close to your ear

‘Come on, let’s go inside’ he said. Your legs had stopped co-operating so he pulled you with him, going after Ned and MJ who had already immersed themselves in the party.

Inside was still quite loud, what with the all the people and the music, but it was certainly quieter than outside.

Peter still had his arm around you as you made your way around the party. He spotted Ned and MJ already talking to what looked like college professors, so made his way over to them

‘Well you shouldn’t use other people’s programming but you could use your own so far as a template and have a look at how others did theirs. I’ve been working on a similar thing for a while now’ said Ned cooly. The professors looked impressed

‘Interesting method. And can you offer a solution to the predicament?’ they said, turning to MJ

‘I think you should take a new approach altogether. Don’t get me wrong, it’s a great program, but it’s been done before and yes you could bring new things to the table, but I say make something completely new. Something that other people will try and replicate or improve’

‘Well said. Tell me, have either of you thought about what university’s you would like to attend?’ one of them asked

‘We’ve had a think but…’ started Ned

‘Nothing’s set in stone yet’ finished MJ.

‘Well, I’ll be sure to look out for your applications at MIT next year’ they said, walking away to talk to some other party goers

‘Oh my God, did you see that. MIT people are gonna look out for us’

‘Yeah that was dope’ grinned MJ

‘Well, I guess you should catch up’ you said playfully to Peter

‘Oh no, I want to meet your new boss’ Peter teased back

‘I had no idea people wanted to meet me’ said a voice from behind you, making you all turn to look
‘Nick, how you doing?’ you joked

‘Doing good Miss Stark, doing good’ he smirked. ‘Are you prepared for training tomorrow?’

‘Oh, that’s tomorrow. Yeah, it’ll be fine. I’ll be an agent in no time’

‘Oh, I don’t doubt that. Well then, I will see you at nine am tomorrow. Hopefully not hungover’

‘Yeah I imagine it would look pretty weird if the boss came in hungover’ you called as he walked away. ‘So that was mister tall, dark and scary. Any questions?’

‘He was…’ trailed off Ned

‘Terrifying beyond belief? Yep, he does that to people’

‘Wait, what did you mean you’ll be a real agent in no time?’ asked MJ

‘Well, tomorrow is just the training. They train you and they either deem you worthy to go on missions or you get kicked out and you probably have your mind wiped of the whole experience’ you shrugged

‘And you’re...cool with that?’

‘Yeah, I know I’ll be fine. And he knows what I’ve done so not only will he not let me get wiped, my dad won’t let him do that either. I am bulletproof’ you smirked

‘How about we get some drinks to celebrate then’ said Peter

‘I’ll try and bribe the bartender’ you laughed before walking away int he direction of the bar

‘Oh crap’ you said as you approached the bar to find Natasha behind it

‘Language. Did you think you’d be able to get a drink for you and your friends’ she grinned, cleaning some glasses with a cloth

‘Maybe’

‘Fine, but don’t tell Tony. And this is it. Nothing else’ she warned, but there was no real malice in her voice.

A minute later she placed four cocktails on the bar

‘Four mojitos, I’ll have them sent over’ she said, grabbing the attention of a waiter. He came and took three fo the glasses over to Ned, MJ and Peter, leaving you one glass to walk back over to them with.

‘Thanks, Nat, you’re the best’ you grinned

‘You know it’ she said, letting you walk away.

You started back towards your friends but got a little sidetracked, having to manoeuvre around everyone else and you ended up losing them.

However, you didn’t freak out because you could still see people like Bucky and Steve scattered
around the party.

Then, out of the corner of your eye, you see an unfortunately familiar face.

Alex.

You locked eyes with him before he smirked and started walking away slowly.

Before you could lose him, you went after him quickly, making sure he never left your sight. Then he stopped and held up his hand, telling you to stop as well.

You looked at him suspiciously and he looked away from you to a giant marble statue in the middle of the room. You looked over at it then back at him in confusion.

He balled his hands into fists and made an exploding gesture with them while mouthing the word ‘boom’. He looked down at his watch and held up ten fingers. Nine fingers. Eight fingers. Seven fingers.

By the time you realised what was happening, there were six seconds left.

‘Everyone get out, the statue’s a bomb!’ you shouted at the top of your voice. Everyone quickly launched into screams and shoves, trying to get out or at least away from the statue.

You noticed someone had fallen over in the panic and couldn’t get up, so you rushed over and tried to get him away from the blast as much as possible before realising it was futile, and standing over him to block the damage that you could.

One second.

Boom

The sound left an intense ringing in your ears and you felt rubble hit you. The ground shook and you almost fell but you used all your strength to keep upright and protect the man from getting hurt.

Then you felt a large piece of marble hit your head which knocked you out.

You must have woken up hours later, lying on a hospital bed in the infirmary of the tower, a place which was unfortunately recognisable to you.

You sat up in less pain than you thought you’d be in and saw most of the team instantly stand to attention at your movement.

‘Are you okay? What happened?’ said your dad, checking your vitals attentively.

‘I’m fine, just some rubble’ you groaned.

‘How did you know there was a bomb?’

‘You know how there were HYDRA agents at Flash’s party? Before that happened, this guy kinda tried to drug me and I saw him here tonight. I followed him but then he stopped and motioned towards the statue and kinda made an explosion with his hands. Then he started counting down and that’s when I shouted for everyone to get away’

Everyone thought worriedly about what you said.
‘What did he look like, we can get a scan going’ said your dad

‘He was kinda tall, maybe just a bit taller than Clint and he had hair that was like Peter’s but a bit longer. Oh, he looked like a guy called Jamie Muscato’ you said

‘Who’s that?’ said Peter scrunching up his nose

‘He plays JD in the musical Heathers in London. But yeah, he looks like that’

‘Okay, we’ll have a look’ sighed your dad. ‘You should get some sleep. You have training tomorrow. Unless you just wanna call the whole thing quits and I don’t have to worry about you dying all the time’

‘I’m gonna go, dad. Besides. It’s clear I’ve got enemies. Training will help me not die if anything’ you said hugging him tightly. You walked away to your room and settle in for sleep. Quickly exhausted from the earlier events

Third Person POV:

‘She’ll be okay Tony. She’s been to hell and back’

‘Just because it hasn’t gone wrong yet, doesn’t mean it won’t’ he said, head in his hands

‘If it all goes to shit, then we’ll do something, but until then, let’s get a drink’ said Steve, patting his friend on the back

‘You’re right’ said Tony, getting up and walking with Steve upstairs

Peter tried to stifle a yawn but failed. Nat turned to look at him and looked at him sadly

‘Go to bed. It’s been a long day for you’ she said

‘I should stay up, in case something happens’ he said, tiredly

‘If something happens, FRIDAY will let us know. Your job isn’t to sort out this stuff. It’s to be there for her right now. And if you want to be there for her, you also have to look after yourself. That means getting enough sleep. Now go on. We’ve got it under control’ she said, lightly helping the boy out of his chair and towards the door.

He allowed the persuasion and slowly made his way to his room

‘That was sweet’ said Bucky behind her

‘Tell anybody and I’ll kill you’ she said

‘Sure’ he said, walking over to her

‘I can make it look like an accident too’ she said as he got closer and wrapped his arms around her

‘I know you can. You should learn to take your own advice’ he said

‘What do you mean?’ she asked
‘Go to sleep. Me and Sam have got it covered and we’ll call you if anything happens’ he said

‘Sure you two won’t kill each other?’ she joked

‘Go get some rest’ he said. She left the hug and begrudgingly went off to go sleep too.

Chapter End Notes

Oh wow, I actually like this chapter. Also, if you don't know who Jamie Muscato is, that's fine. Basically just imagine someone who's really hot in a phsycopath kind of way (also if you don't think Jamie is one of thos people then just think if someoen good looking in a dark way). This is partly becasue it's what I imagine and one of my friends is weirdly attracted to bad hot people (fictional only of course) but it was kind of a request. I hope you like the chapter and like where this whole bit is going. Also in a few chapters time, there's kind of a good place to include some smut. It wouldn't be the whole chapter and it wouldn't be REALLY graphic but it wouldn't be like super vaniall either so I just wante to know if youg uys would be interested in that because obviously I know people in real life who read this so I'm not going to right it unless the you guys want it so let me know (also what you would want instead of it if you don't want smut)
First Day Of Training

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The next morning, you finished lacing your combat boots as you tucked in your the tracksuit from your SHIELD uniform into the leather. You looked into the mirror, fixing the fishtail braids that you asked your mum to do for you.

You looked around and saw all the people around you, making you grow nervous. The youngest person there was probably about 25 at least. There were maybe three girls out of the roughly thirty agents in the room. They gave you a soft smile, but no other interactions were initiated.

You felt small. They looked like they had years of experience doing good things. Being in the army or other respectable jobs. You were an ex-assassin for a Nazi organisation. Did they know?

No, there was no way. You shook your head. You belonged here. You were just as good as them, if not better than some. You needed to get out of this mindset before you became the only thing in your way from missions.

An official agent came in and instructed you to go gather in the gym. Once there, one of the men you had seen earlier grabbed your arm. Not very forcefully but enough to get your attention.

‘How old are you?’ he demanded. Rude

‘17’ you replied

‘Do you even know anything about fighting. What’s a little girl like you gonna do if this place gets attacked by someone like HYDRA’ he sneered. You wanted to laugh and tell him exactly what you’d do, but Fury’s voice interrupted you

‘Is something the matter Jones?’ he said, directing his question to the man who was still holding your arm. He let go and stood to attention

‘No director Fury’ he said. You smirked at his switch in personality.

‘What’s up, Nick’ you nodded your head in his direction casually. It made a few heads turn to you in shock.

‘Acting more like your father with every passing day I see’ he sighed. ‘Alright, line up’ he barked and you fell into line with the rest of the agents.

‘One of you will be leading the class until you all pass. Another will be trained more in-depth but briefly and immediately begin missions. While I have temporarily decided who these people are, I think I should give everyone a fair chance’ he smirked.

‘So, if you think I’m talking about you I invite you to step forward. I also invite you to step forward if you think you’re worthy of either of these two opportunities’ he stopped pacing and allowed the people to step forward.

You stepped forward and saw in your peripheral that Jones and one of the girls had stepped forward too.
‘Well this is going to be interesting’ you heard Jones mutter.

‘Yeah, it is’ you said, turning to look him dead in the eye.

‘Jones, Milligan, you’re going to fight. The winner will take on y/n’ he nodded and stepped back to Maria Hill.

‘Sir, why are you calling Stark by her first name?’ she whispered to him

‘Becasue of events that you are about to see unravel before your very eyes’ he said, a mischievous gleam in his eyes

You watched the fight. Memorising both of their fighting techniques and while the skills were relatively evenly matched, Jones seemed to have more stamina than Milligan. He won the fight after ten minutes

‘Well done Jones. Everyone take a break. We’ll see the next fight afterwards’ he said, dismissing everyone. You went over to Milligan.

‘Hey, that was a great fight’ you said. She was one of the younger candidates, most likely in her very early 30’s. She was latina, her long brown hair tied up into a high ponytail.

‘Thanks. But I’m not stressed. I know Fury will give me the job, even though I just lost’ she said smiling at you knowingly. ‘Fury knows who he wants for the jobs and I think you’re one of those people. I haven’t seen you fight but I know that if Fury likes you, then you’re pretty good. If you don’t mind me asking. Why are you here? You do seem awfully young and I’m just wondering what on earth you did to get on Fury’s radar at your age?’ she asked innocently

You thought for a moment. Then realised you should probably be up front with her. She’d been kind to you and who knows, you might be working on the same team one day. Maybe even against HYDRA.

‘Yo heard of the winter soldier?’

‘Yeah, from what I hear he’s all good though now, right?’

‘Yeah, he is. What about the more recent addition to HYDRA’s little squad. The Assassin.’

‘I know of her. It’s crazy. Don’t know who she is though. I hope she’s okay’

‘Yeah, she’s fine. She’s actually sitting right next to you’ you said not meeting her eye, but you could see her turn to you in shock. She opened her mouth to say something before Fury spoke. Impeccable timing as always

‘Y/n! Jones! You’re up’ he ordered. You hopped up before Milligan grabbed your arm.

‘Kick his ass’ she said, before letting you go. You smiled at her assuringly and made your way over to the mats.

Jones stood cockily at one end, smirking at you

‘You’re up. Do you really think you have a chance?’ he scoffed. You were reminded of the time Flash had challenged you before he knew who you were and you tried to hold back a laugh.

However, you didn’t quite do it in time. To say he looked insulted would be an understatement. ‘What’s so funny?’
‘Nothing, it just reminds of this time one of my friends challenged me to a fight, not knowing what the hell he was getting himself into’

‘Well, I’m sure I can take you. This ain’t middle school kid. Now let’s go’ he said, running at you. He lunged and you dived to the side, rolling before hopping up and punching him square in the chest. He fell back, mildly winded and you took the opportunity to get in some more hits.

You landed three more before he grabbed your wrist and twisted it, manoeuvring your body to allow him to throw you to the side. You landed harshly but quickly rose to your feet.

He swung a fist before you caught it easily. He tried to get out of your grip but you held strong. Suddenly, you pulled the fist out to the left and kneed him on the right, causing him to be launched to the side. However, you also snuck your other foot underneath his ankles, causing him to trip and face plant.

He tried swinging his legs to trip you up too, but you gracefully did a walkover over his body. You turned to see him getting up slower this time. You kicked him in the stomach, causing him to collapse again. You raced over to him, grabbing his left arm and right leg, twisting both behind his back until he yielded.

‘I’m done!’ he shouted, making you smirk. He groaned, getting up and walking away in defeat.

‘Hold on, just a minute. Now, I know I said I would give others the chance to prove themselves but that was a lie in all honesty. Milligan was going to be your new instructor no matter the outcomes of these fights and y/n would always receive the other position as an immediate official agent. I knew those two would step forward because I had hinted at their separate things to them and had practically told them what was ‘going down’.’ he said

‘These fights were for a much different reason. To teach you a lesson. You see, y/n here is one of the best. I haven’t seen her for long, nor did I even know she existed until a few weeks ago. Or so I thought. You see, this is y/n Stark, daughter of Tony Stark, Avenger, ex-HYDRA assassin and the person who saved my life in an explosion last night’ your head snapped to him at that. Was he the man you had protected from the rubble at the party?

‘She’s been through more in the past few years than some of you will ever go through in your entire lives. So imagine my surprise when I hear one of our agents telling her she doesn’t belong, simply because of her age. That he judged her very harshly while only knowing one thing about her. This lesson has two parts. Firstly, the obvious, don’t judge a book by its cover and don’t be a dickhead. And also, never misjudge your opponent. Jones paid that price today in training. I don’t want anyone to pay it on a mission’

There was silence for a moment. Some looked at the ground, some at Jones, others at you. But no one dared to speak

‘Milligan, I believe you can take it from here. Stark! With me’ he shouted, walking away quickly, forcing you to break into a short sprint after him.

You walked in silence for a little while before you couldn’t hold back your questions any longer

‘Were you the man I saved from the rubble?’

‘No, but I was one of the people standing closest to the statue that exploded. If you hadn’t said anything, I would certainly be dead right now.’

Silence again
‘But I did see what you did for that man. I’ll be honest, I wasn’t going to quite do this until I saw what you did last night. I knew you could fight, but protecting an innocent and making sure others got to safety, that was what sealed the deal for you’

‘Thank you’

‘Now, I’ve pulled a few strings and you’re going to have two mentors. Normally, you’d have one, but your dad was very particular about who was going train his precious little girl and the condition was that it wouldn’t just be his pick,’ he said, opening the door to a huge training gym filled with other agents. Most of them were doing one on one combats with other agents but some were doing workouts or doing laps around the gym.

That’s when you spotted Natasha and Clint

‘Natasha was his first choice but given your relationship, I said there would also have to be someone else present. Unfortunately, he would only allow Clint’

‘He’s pretty strong-headed isn’t he’ you joked as you approached them

‘You ready to train’ said Clint

‘I wouldn’t be here if I wasn’t’ you shot back

‘I’ll let you get on with it then’ said Fury, walking away

‘Okay, training or sparring first?’ asked Natasha

‘Let’s train’ you decided

‘Okay, we’ll start with weights’ said Clint, leading you over to the equipment.

You lifted what you could, which was pretty high for your age and general build and then they tested your speed and stamina on the treadmill. They told you that they would train you in each workout so you got stronger and faster for longer, not that your current situation was bad. Just that there was always room for improvement

‘We’ll be teaching you in three different areas of missions. Firstly, deception. For your missions, you’ll need to deceive a lot of people to gain their trust or to just get into places.’ said Natasha

‘Secondly, mission sense. Knowing when to get out, what to use against people. Just generally, how to know when something is bad and how to not make it worse. Most people die because they don’t have that set of skills’ warned Clint

‘And lastly, how to get out of a bad situation. I know you pretty much know how to do that already though’ she smirked

‘So basically, step one, two and three of a mission’ you said

‘Basically’ she replied.

‘You’ll practice these skill sets on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays but Saturdays you can ‘work from home’’ said Clint

‘Sundays, we’ll put what you’ve learnt to the test and if you haven’t learnt something well enough, we’ll revise it the next week. It’ll repeat like that until you’re mission ready. Last chance to back out’ said Natasha
‘I’m not backing out. I’m ready for this’ you assured her

‘Okay then. It’s your first day so we’ll let you go but remember, just cause you’re family doesn’t mean the rest of this experience will be easy’ she warned before nudging you to the exit with her.

You three went home and you watched a film with the rest of the team. Something called National Lampoon’s vacation.

It was a pretty awful film but had a few good jokes and a pretty hilariously odd ending. There was even a sequel called National Lampoon’s European vacation. You thought you might skip it though.

You went to bed with Peter and he told you about his day.

‘I made some new tech with your dad and he even let me make some suggestions for one his iron man suits’ he said excitedly as he changed for bed

‘Oh that’s so cool Peter’ you said

‘I’m not sure if he actually used any of the suggestions, but it’s a step in the right direction’ he said cheerily hopping under the covers. You joined him a moment later. ‘What about you, how was your day?’ he asked, looking at you lovingly

‘It was good. A guy assumed I was inexperienced because of my age and I kicked his butt. And Nat and Clint are going to be my mission mentors so that’s exciting’ you said that last part through a yawn

‘Sounds like you’ve had a tiring day’ he chuckled

‘No, I could talk for hours’ you said through another yawn

‘Go on, go to sleep. We can talk in the morning’ he smiled and kissed your forehead and despite your wishes, you were asleep in seconds.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked the chapter. Sorry, I haven’t posted this earlier, schools been a bitch, I’ve had play rehearsals and the usual family drama. So the next chapter is going to be just a fun little chapter and there will be maybe one more light chapter before I get right into the angst and actual plot. So I hope you enjoy and if anyone has any suggestions for a light chapter or anything else, let me know in the comments section
You woke up with a groan and began to roll over away from the light in your face. But a something wet ‘down there’ made you freeze. You lifted the covers ever so slightly and saw red had begun leaking into your pyjamas. You bolted out of the bed as fast as you could without waking Peter before it could touch the covers.

You instantly regretted the fast movement as a wave of disgust washed over your body.

God, you hated periods.

You grabbed the closest clothes and ran to the bathroom. Why the hell did it have to happen now? You had been so happy up until this exact moment.

You cleaned yourself up as quickly as you could and had just walked out of the bathroom when a painful wave of cramps hit you. It took everything in you not to collapse to the ground with a thud, in agony. You looked up and saw that Peter still hadn’t woken up so as soon as the wave passed, you moved groggily to the kitchen.

You grabbed a litre bottle of water, some painkillers, your emergency chocolate and a heating pad. You chucked that last one in the microwave and focused all your attention on keeping the pain at bay, not noticing people starting to come into the kitchen.

Third Person POV:

Tony walked into the kitchen, so absorbed in his phone that he almost ran into his daughter on the way to the coffee. She hadn’t even looked in his direction. Confused at the situation, he backed up and went the long way around the kitchen island as Clint and Bucky entered too. They caught his expression before a similar one appeared on both their faces.

‘What is she doing?’ mouthed Bucky

‘I don’t know’ responded Tony

Thor then came in, shortly followed by Loki. Thor approached y/n for a hug but stopped short at her unresponsiveness. He looked around the room to try and find out what was happening, Loki was equally as confused.
Thor was about to speak when she suddenly moved, snatching the huge water bottle, treats and heating pad. She stalked past them all, nearly bulldozing over Steve. She flopped onto the couch before curling up, nibbling at the chocolate and occasionally sipping at her water.

All the men had huddled in the kitchen behind the island and were staring at her, perplexed

‘What’s going on?’ asked Clint

‘I don’t know. Is she having an episode?’

‘No, she’s usually upset when having a PTSD episode, she seems angry, or...disgruntled’

‘Do you think she got in another fight with Peter?’

‘Then why the heating pad?’

‘What are you guys talking about?’ said Natasha with Wanda by her side, making them all jump. They hadn’t noticed the assassin approach with their suspicious whispering.

‘Do you know what’s wrong with y/n?’ asked Loki

Wanda looked over and smirked

‘You see, girls do this thing, typically once a month, where they bleed’ started Wanda

‘Lady y/n is injured, we should take her down to the med bay immediately’ said Thor, starting towards her.

‘No, it’s completely normal. Do they not teach you this stuff on Asgard?’ asked Natasha

‘There are servants who attend to these feminine matters. And as royalty, I suppose it just wasn’t important for us to know’ said Loki

‘You mean to tell me that women bleed once a month. I can’t imagine bleeding for an entire day every single month and having to do all of my battles and other daily activities’ said Thor, shaking his head

‘Oh, Thor...Poor, sweet, naive Thor. Women bleed for about a week every month. And there’s not just bleeding. We’re moody and we get super painful stomach cramps. It’s actually very similar to giving birth’ said Wanda, laughing at the look of horror that slowly came over Thor’s face.

‘I have no doubt that women are the strongest beings to ever exist’ he said, walking over to y/n again before Wanda stopped him.

‘I think it might be best if we all just stay out of her way and do whatever she says’ she said, making direct eye contact with all of the boys as the nodded in fear. ‘She’s scary enough when she’s not on her period’

They all milled around the kitchen, instantly jumping a little whenever y/n moved at all. The girls couldn’t help but laugh at the fear of girls on their periods that had been instilled in all of them.

Just then, Peter came barrelling into the room in a panic.

‘Do you guys know where y/n? I just woke up without her and I saw some blood on the floor’ he said worriedly
‘Peter, look at me’ said Wanda, taking a hold of both of his shoulders. ‘She’s fine. It’s just her time of the month’

He looked at her confused

‘I don’t…under-’

‘What the hell is wrong with men and not knowing about very basic female anatomy’ she said, throwing her hands up in exasperation

‘Can someone just tell me if she’s okay?’

‘Well the answer to that is complicated’ said Natasha earning another confused look from Peter. ‘She’s on her period Pete’ she said, pointing towards the still curled up y/n.

‘Oh, God’ he said, rushing over to her. ‘Hey darling, are you doing okay?’ he said softly.

All he got in return was a grunt of discomfort

First Person POV:

‘She’s not even speaking to me. Maybe we should get her checked out, I’m sure she’s not meant to be in this much pain’

‘Peter I love you but you really need to learn a bit more about periods’ you said finally

‘Some women feel intense pain because of infections but don’t go to the hospital because they’ve had cramps that are worse. Have you ever had a foot cramp?’ asked Wanda. Peter nodded

‘It’s like that but in your stomach for an entire week’ you said

‘Is there anything I can do?’ he asked

‘Make me feel less gross’ you suggested

‘I could run you a bath’

‘Ah yes, a still body of water and me, someone who is currently bleeding’ you said sarcastically.

‘Okay, how about a scented shower and a big fluffy fort with Junk food, blankets and movies. Just like our anniversary’ he said, nuzzling his nose into your neck. You thought for a moment

‘I guess that doesn’t sound awful. Painkillers too?’ you asked as another wave of cramps hit you

‘Sure. Give me ten minutes’ he chuckled, before running off. You instantly missed him

‘Ugh, why am I being such a little bitch about my feelings’ you groaned

‘Language’ said Steve

‘Suck my dick Rogers’ you shot back. Needless to say, everyone was shocked into silence. You pretended not to see Wanda mouth to him ‘told you so’.
What felt like five hours later, but was probably only ten minutes, Peter came back and suddenly lifted you up, making you squeal in surprise

‘I figured you wouldn’t want to walk so I’ll carry you there’

‘What did I do to deserve you’ you mumbled

He lay you down on the bed and turned on the shower, the soothing smell of peppermint instantly filling your nose.

‘Okay, do you want to shower on your own?’ he asked, ever the caring bean he was

‘Normally I’d say no, but I don’t want to scar you’ you joked, slowly getting up and walking into the bathroom.

It smelled even stronger of peppermint in there and you noticed a few candles were the source of the scent. He had started playing your ‘period playlist’ through FRIDAY and the soothing tune of ‘heartbreak fiction’ by Luke Christopher filled the bathroom.

You saw dark fluffy pyjamas folded neatly in the corner with your favourite pair of uggs and a whole load of lotions and face masks. You really did not deserve this boy.

You got out of your clothes and quickly got into the shower before you made too much of a mess. You relished the warm water down your body and felt far more cleansed than you had a moments before.

A few minutes later, you got out and cleaned up again, grabbing the face masks and exiting the bathroom to see Peter sitting patiently on the bed. He had changed into his own pyjamas and sat staring at a photo of you tow together next to the bed when he turned to see you enter the room.

‘Hey, you done?’ he smiled comfortably. You nodded

‘I thought we could do these while we watched the films’ you suggested

‘Anything for you’ he smiled and wrapped an arm around you as he lead you out to where he had made the pillow fort last time. It was significantly more low key but still filled with fluffy blankets and fairy lights

‘Your a huge fan of the fairy lights still I see’

‘You always look so happy when I get them out, and they make it easier for me to see your beautiful face’ he said smoothly. God, this boy was going to be the death of you.

You sat down with him and saw all the deliciously sweet treats in front of you. Then you turned to look lovingly at Peter

‘What is it? Is there something on my face?’ he asked

‘No, just think it’s funny that I’m getting all these sweet treats from a sweet treat’

‘Now who’s being the flirt’ he smirked at you.

‘Come on, do you want the minty wonder face mask or the citrus burst’ you said, offering him the two face masks

He laughed and grabbed the closest one to him. You applied the masks as the first film started,
laughing at his inexperience.

‘I love you’ you said lovingly to him as you cuddled into his side.

‘I know’ he replied, making you hit him lightly on the chest

‘Don’t Han Solo me’ you said

He chuckled and playfully bumped your shoulder as he began helping you apply your face mask

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I hope that wasn't too awful. Also, I don't' know if you could tell but I had no idea how to end that chapter. But the next chapter will be the official start of the angsty story arc so you guys have that to look forward to. I'm sorry this is so late but school has been way more draining than I anticipated so it's been difficult to keep up with all of that, let alone do all of my other commitments as well like this fic. I hope you guys understand. Anyway, as I said, I'll be posting again very soon though to make up for it and for anyone who didn't want to read this chapter :) (Also, seconds before I was about to post this, take a wild fucking guess about what happened. Hint: I talked about it a lot in this chapter)
‘Go again’ said Nat. You stood there like a panting mess, though you quickly recovered your breath and stood up, wiping the slowly building sweat from your forehead.

It was two months after you had finished school and joined SHIELD and since then, Nat and Clint decided the normal workout routine wasn’t difficult enough for you. So they combined activities.

A normal workout and training session would consist of a light warm up and a one-mile jog. Afterwards, they would work on your skill with various weapons, ranging from a simple knife or gun to some prototypes for alien looking weapons.

Then you would spar, either with a punching bag or one of our mentors. All the while, you had to dodge long distance attacks from whoever you weren’t fighting. You, of course, were very covered in protective gear seeing as you weren’t great at dodging the various blades and bullets flying in your direction.

Peter had long since returned to school for his senior year, meaning you trained more and more to keep yourself distracted. Almost every day, all day.

But the push was certainly worth it. At first, you had slimmed down a lot. So much that Natasha considered simplifying your training seeing as your weight was so low. It wasn’t even unhealthy that you were like that, it was just how your body reacted to how suddenly you had amped up your workouts. However a few weeks later, you began to build up with muscle again.

Eventually, they stopped you working on weights and focused on stamina, seeing how that was probably the skill you were more looking for in your line of work.

So there you were, evenly matched against an assassin as you almost expertly dodged Clint’s snipes.

You pinned Nat to the floor and stood up to notice not a single scratch on your gear.

‘Miss Stark’ you heard Fury call out. You turned to see him stood, tall and brooding as ever.

‘Director Fury’ you acknowledged.

‘I think you’re ready for your first mission. You’ll be going with Agent Romanoff to collect some intel and take out a couple of enemy soldiers. You’ll be debriefed more en route. I’ll allow you to go home quickly and let Tony know. I’ll message you the details’ he said, saying the last part to Natasha.

Your eyes were wide with excitement and disbelief.

You couldn't comprehend it. Your first ever real mission

‘Dad! I’ve been called in’ you exclaimed excitedly. He hugged you back and laughed nervously, you could feel him look at Natasha and you saw her nod reassuringly in the reflection of the glass.

‘Are you sure you’re ready? Not that I doubt you or anything, I just- Well you know, I don’t want-’ he said before you cut him off
‘Dad, I’ll be fine. I’ll be with Nat the whole time and I’ve improved so much. Please, anyone who’s ever seen me before could tell you I’m ready’ you begged. He pursed his lips for a moment but sighed and looked at the ground

‘Fine, Just hurry back. Please’ he said, hugging you one last time.

‘Of course, I will’ you said softly, giving him a quick squeeze before dashing out to the quinjet with Natasha.

About half an hour later, she deemed it time for her to debrief you.

‘There’s a guy called Anton Krevatski. Russian intelligence but he’s working very closely with some very illegal American corporation. He’s meeting with them today and we need to watch from a distance. See what happens, and if things start to go South, we need to be prepared to step in, but I will make that call.’ she said sternly.

You nodded quietly. You loved Natasha and you knew it wasn’t her fault, but you suddenly felt like you had back at HYDRA. How they had given you your mission and would speak in your ear. Giving you instructions without the will to deny them.

Block it out and just do whatever they say without messing up. That was a motto you lived by and you could feel yourself slowly slipping back into that.

You shook your head. What were you thinking, this wasn’t HYDRA. This was SHIELD, this was Natasha. You were safe and you had the free will to do whatever the hell you wanted. You were safe.

You were safe.

You repeated in your head until you felt the jet begin to wind down, signifying that you’d reached your destination. Natasha grabbed a few weapons, mostly some handguns, throwing knives and sniper rifle.

She walked until you found an odd looking shed and then walked around until she deemed your vantage point to be good enough. You set up the sniper rifle while Nat checked surveillance. You waited in silence for the most part for almost an hour before you heard the distance rumble of cars.

Less than a minute later, five, black jeeps rolled in and out stepped countless of HYDRA agents. They made their way out with their various defence weapons, but nothing too aggressive.

A few minutes later, two more jeeps came out of the woods into the clearing and outstepped more agents. American.

Again, nothing that was too much for you to handle. However, you were frozen in place when you saw Alex step out of one of the cars. You flinched back a little in shock and knocked something behind. You couldn’t tell what though as you ducked so he didn’t spot you and blow your whole operation.

He stepped inside and there you waited for another hour. During that time, Nat did a little recon and tagged all of the cars with trackers. You waited at ‘base’, still trying to comprehend that Alex was working with an illegal American corporation, that was working with HYDRA.

An hour passed, then the door opened abruptly and agents began filing out of the shed which it was safe to assume was just the front for some underground bunker. They were all HYDRA and drove off as Nat checked her tablet to check the trackers were still active and functioning.
But you were focused on the other American agents that now were coming out of the shed. There were a fair few less than before. Had they stayed? Did HYDRA kill them? They all managed to fit in one of the cars except for Alex who waved them away.

The first car had pulled away when Alex turned to exactly where you were hiding and smiled. He gave a mock salute and you could have sworn he was making direct eye contact with you.

But that was impossible, how on earth could he know where you were. How-

‘I know you’re there y/n’ he shouted. Natasha froze and slowly looked up from behind her tablet. ‘It’s alright, I’m not gonna try anything. You remember me right? From the party, and the gala? I take it you know quite a bit about all of this. You know, it’s mostly about you, we all have some unfinished business, but hey, don’t stress about it. We’ll come and pick you up in a few days’ he smiled before hopping into his own car and driving away.

Neither of you moved.

‘We should get going, we got quite a bit of intel’ you said, snapping out of the trance and desperately trying to think about something else.

‘Y/n, was that-’

‘Yeah it was, but don’t worry about that. It’ll be fine. Let’s just focus on the...um...data and locations...and stuff’ you mumbled, collecting your equipment and heading back to the jet.

She thankfully got the hint and collected the gear and went back to the jet with you. You had been flying for less than ten minutes when she spoke up again.

‘What do you want to do?’ she asked.

‘Ignore it, think of something on my own. This doesn’t have to be big’ you brushed off. Natasha sighed and pressed a button that you presumed put it on autopilot. She stood up and sat opposite you, staring coldly at you.

‘This is serious. HYDRA is after you again and this time they have back up. Back up that managed to find you at a high school party and blow up a high-security event. I want to help you and I’m sure the others will too.’

‘You can’t tell the others’ you practically shouted, startling both of you. ‘I’m telling you, I can handle it. I’m an agent now and you’ve seen me take down all of HYDRA and that was before my training. Even if there is a real threat behind his words, I can handle it and telling them will only make them worry. Dad will never let me go out of the tower, let alone out on a mission and everyone else will be crazy protective’ you rambled.

‘I understand. I won’t tell them’ she said slowly as if she herself didn’t believe what was coming out of her mouth. ‘But you won’t be going on any missions without me and I make the call on whether you’re in danger, not you’ she said sternly.

‘Yes,’ you said quietly. She sighed and looked at the ground and you wanted to say something to try and convince her that you were right, but she simply stood up and took the jet off autopilot.

After what felt like forever, you landed back at the tower and you put on your best smile as you walked past everyone.

‘How’d it go?’ asked your dad nervously, clearly looking you over for injuries.
‘I was fine dad, it was pretty routine, nothing out of the ordinary’ you lied. He smiled in relief and hugged you before you saw Fury standing behind him. ‘Right, debriefing’ you remembered and went over to him quickly with Natasha into a conference room.

‘So, what happened?’ he asked.

‘Well, five cars of HYDRA agents showed up and made their way into a shed that we believe is a secret bunker then the American organisation showed up’ started Natasha.

‘One of them was the man who tried to bomb the gala and tried to drug me the night the HYDRA agents attack the high school party’ you said. Fury raised an eyebrow.

‘What happened afterwards’ he asked.

‘They all went in and about an hour later all the HYDRA agents came out and half of the American agents. We don’t know if they were eliminated or are still there’ continued Natasha.

‘But the man, Alex, knew where we were. He didn’t try anything, just waved in our general direction. I think it was from when I hit something in my shock when I first saw him’ you admitted. You were terrified at what his reaction would be and you couldn’t figure out why for the life of you. You even braced yourself to be hit for your error.

‘Alright, we’ll look into it and we’ll look over the data you collected and the locations of those cars, even though they’ve most likely been abandoned by now, dismissed’ he said, not looking up from his papers.

You exited the room and was immediately tackled by Peter making you laugh in surprise.

‘Oh, my god, Peter. You can’t just tackle people like that’ you laughed as he playfully attacked you.

‘You didn’t tell me you were going so you just left me on my own’.

‘I’m sure you were bored out of your mind without such an amazing person like me around.’ you joked.

‘Well it gave me plenty of time to think of ideas for things we could try’ he said.

‘Oh yeah like what’ you challenged, only now noticing how he had pinned you on the floor and was extremely close to your face.

‘Some fun and slightly more…adult, activities’ he said suggestively. A deep blush came over your whole face and you shrunk away from.

‘We are still all here you know’ said your dad rather disapprovingly. That quickly made Peter get off of you before he offered a hand to help you up as well.

‘Anyway, yeah the mission went well and I can’t wait to go on more’ you smiled.

‘Well then, in celebration of your success, you get to pick the movie and the takeout tonight’ announced your dad.

‘I was gonna do that anyway and we both know it’ you shot back.

‘That’s fair’ he shrugged and the whole team laughed.

‘Okay, can it be a show?’ you asked hopefully.
‘I don’t see why-’ started Steve before you cut him off

‘Brooklyn nine nine and pizza’ you said. ‘Okay, I’m gonna go clean up’ you said and walked away to your room. You stripped as the water heated up and quickly, the whole bathroom was full of steam. You hopped in and less than a minute later, you heard the door open

‘Y/n?’ called out Peter

‘I’m in the shower’ you chuckled. It was really hard to see with all the steam in there. You heard him chuckle before the sound of various items of clothing hit the floor. You felt a presence behind you as you rinsed the soap off your body.

He wrapped his arms around you and lightly kissed your shoulder, before spitting out the suds he basically just made out with.

‘You like the taste of mango body wash?’ you teased, rinsing it off your shoulder.

‘It’s okay, but you know, there’s something else I like the taste of more’ he said. He turned you around as you washed the last of the soap off you.

‘Oh yeah, what would that be?’ you asked playfully. ‘Is it my lips by any chance’ you laughed

‘Ding, ding, ding’ he said before kissing you lightly. The hot water washing over both of you and the heat of the room quickly making you lose yourself int he moment. Your breathing became shallower and the kisses became shorter and short as you both began to get worked up.

Then suddenly there was a knock at the door

‘Hey y/n?’ called out your dad

‘Don’t come in!’ you shouted back suddenly. Half because you know...you were naked and also if he came in and saw you and Peter like this he would freak and probably never let you be alone with him again.

‘Don’t worry I’m not. I was just wondering if you know where Peter is. I wanted him to check out some upgrades on his suit’ he said

‘No, I haven’t seen him’ you said, looking straight at him, both with terrified expressions

‘Okay then. Tell him to head down to the lab if you do’ he said and you both sighed with relief. However, Peter stepped back and must have stepped on something because all of the sudden, he slipped and wacked his head on the wall, letting out a rather loud ‘fuck!’ on the way down.

You were half concerned and half trying to hold back your laughter

‘Everything okay in there?’ you heard through the door again

‘Uh, yeah...I just slipped’ you said

‘Are you sure. You’re that didn’t sound like you and you don’t sound very hurt right now?’ he replied

‘Yep, all good. Probably just the healing factor’ you said quickly, begging him to leave it alone

‘Whatever, try not to die while you finish your shower’ he said. Once you heard him shut your bedroom door, you giggled hysterically as you helped Peter up who was groaning as he clutched his
‘This is not funny’ he groaned

‘Eh, it’s a little funny’ you said. ‘Here let me take a look’ you said, motioning for him to turn around. It had already swelled up quite a bit but there wasn’t any blood which was good. You got up on your tiptoes and kissed the top of his head.

‘There, all better. How about no more shower make-out sessions that could lead to more until we don’t have to sneak around like teenagers’ you suggested

‘Agreed’ he said, still groaning in pain slightly. You chuckled as the pair of you hopped out of the shower and dried off.

A minute or two later, you walked out of your room, hand in hand. However, you stopped dead in your tracks when you saw your dad with his arms folded

‘You slipped huh?’

‘We’re gonna go now’ you squeaked, grabbing Peter tighter before running away from your dad to a room you knew had a vent straight upstairs. You didn’t really know how to get around them properly, but you weren’t worried

Couples you get lost in vents together, stay together.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, this was a really long chapter, so, unfortunately, the next chapter is gonna be kind of short, but it’s full of drama so don’t worry. It’s going to start picking up from now on and trust me when I say, you are not ready for it. Anyway, I don’t know when I’ll next be able to post so it’ll happen when it happens I guess, but I just wanted to say how thankful I am for all the love and support I get from this fic so thank you all so much for that
It was dark. Your cell. Your breathing became heavier as you examined the walls you knew better than the back of your hand. The large metal door with a window smaller than our head, but glass thicker than it.

You quickly moved over to the corner and sat down, curling your knees up to your chest and locking your eyes on the door. Waiting for something. You felt like this could all be fake right now, but there was no way to tell.

As more and more time passed, you became increasingly anxious that it was real.

Then someone unlocked the door.

You waited to see Flash or your handler or just a black faceless figure. But instead, in walked Alex. He smirked at you locking the door behind him and dragging a knife along the wall, making an incredible scraping noise as he stalked towards you.

The prey and the predator.

He leered over you and his grin was sickening, stretching further than should be possible with evil intentions dripping from his mouth.

The entire room seemed to get colder just from his presence and the heavy clunk of his boot echoed around the room with each and every step

He got closer and closer until you could feel his breath on your face. His dead shark eyes felt like they were piercing you. Until you realised it was actually his knife in your middle.

You screamed in pain. He ripped the weapon from your abdomen and laughed maniacally.

You looked down to see blood trickling out of you, swiftly drenching most of you and spilling across the stone floor. Every single one of your cells screaming in pain, so much that you wished for death.

Then you woke up

You sat up, panting heavily, hands flying to your stomach to check for damage, convinced the knife was real and you were going to bleed out. There was a buzzing in your ears that caused you pain from its intensity.

It was dark and you couldn’t tell if your hands were wet from blood or sweat.

Shaking, you tried to compose yourself, bringing your heart rate down, little by little, latching yourself onto the sound of FRIDAY’s voice.

FRIDAY. FRIDAY was here. There was nothing to worry about. You were fine. You were safe. You were fine. You were safe. You were fine. You were safe.

‘Y/n? Can you hear me? Look at me if you can hear me’ you heard Peter say. You looked up to see him seated as close as he dared, seeing as he knew you could attack people when you were like this.
His eyes were frantic, searching for any sign of recognition in your face.

He didn’t show it much, but even in this state, you could tell he was scared for you.

You focused in on him and inched closer to him, making him wrap his arms around you. As you listened to the gentle beat of his heart, he rubbed your back and stroked your head. You focused on the actions, your heart rate slowly returning to normal.

You sighed and curled even closer to him if that was even possible.

‘Are you okay now?’ he asked. You could only nod.

‘It’s six in the morning. Do you wanna talk about it, or just go get some hot chocolate’

You thought about telling him, but then you remembered you didn’t want to worry him about Alex.

‘Just some hot chocolate please’ you said. The two of you got up and you sat on the couch, wrapped up in a blanket as he made you two some delicious hot chocolate.

He quickly returned and offered you a mug as a FRIDAY activated protocol nightmare. A random Disney film began playing on the screen in front of you and sent alerts to all of the team for when they woke up.

By the time the film was over, the sun was shining directly through the windows and into your face. Steve had come in briefly after his morning run but left shortly after.

‘I don’t really want to move’ you joked, very content with the way you were. Your legs over Peters as you curled into his side and his arm wrapped around your shoulder and a fluffy blanket draped across both of you.

‘Don’t worry, me neither’ he laughed. The tower was quiet, only the occasional morning bird breaking the silence. You once again listened to the gentle beat of his heart.

However, Natasha decided now was a good time to ruin it

‘Hey, y/n. I know you’ve had a bad morning, but we’ve been called in for a mission. There are hostages from the American agency we were watching the other day’ she said nervously. You nodded, knowing you had to go or people would ask questions.

‘Okay, give me ten minutes to get ready’ you said, hopping up and quickly putting your gear on and packed a bag. You were worried something bad might happen on this mission os you packed a few essentials, just in case.

You looked at yourself in the mirror. You wore classic black army pants and a long black thermal. The shield logo emblazoned on your back and a utility belt filled with a large range of weapons on your waist.

Your hair was in fishtail braids. You had made them so often that now you could get them practically perfect, even on your own. Your eyes had sunken into your skull from exhaustion and your many nightmares. Your face was pale and there were cuts on your hands from when you had clenched your fists so hard that the nails pierced your skin.

You sighed and wished there was something you could do, but simply got the rest of your things ready and met nat in the quinjet.
Fifteen minutes later, the quinjet was taking off and Fury was video calling you on your way to the location.

‘It’s an old SHIELD bunker. The agency broke in hoping to get some intel we might have left behind and they might find what they’re looking for. We’ve sent agents already, but many of them have been taken out. We have more on the way, but we needed to use our response team. Multiple hostages but even more casualties. We don’t think they’ll increase that number though or they’ll have no leverage against us. Free the hostages and destroy any intel you can. Take out as many soldiers as you see fit’ he said before the call cut out.

You took a deep breath, noticing the jet begin to slow down. You were there.

You grabbed your bag and placed somewhere you could reach easily and packed various weapons onto your person.

The jet stopped and opened, letting you and Natasha out stealthily. You both quickly made your way inside the building to find lights swinging vicariously, flicking on and off, occasionally plunging you into darkness for a few moments. Broken furniture was littered around the rooms and hallways and glass spewed out of smashed doorways. You saw blood on the walls and wiped along the floor, but so far, not a body in sight.

You were in a very long corridor with multiple doors on either side. Each one leading to more hallways and more doors. It was a maze that you could easily get lost in if you weren’t careful.

You both looked to your watches which said they detected heat signatures lower down in the bunker.

Using the blueprints also on your watches, you found the door that led to the stairwell and silently went downstairs.

That’s when you saw them. As you turned the corner, you were met with the sight of SHIELD agents bodies everywhere. A massacre.

‘Do you think this is all of them?’ you asked

‘No, they have hostages remember’ she said solemnly

Suddenly, a gunshot was heard from the next room along with muffled screams.

‘Go’ hissed Natasha. The pair of you sprinted towards the door and threw it open, taking down six of the seven American agents. However, one of them had time to react and shot you in the leg.

You hissed and collapsed to the ground in pain. You saw the blood already draining out of your body as it pooled dangerously fast onto the floor.

You could feel your energy flowing out of you as fast as the blood. Your vision became dark much faster than it should have started losing feeling in your toes.

With your dwindling strength, you went over to the four hostages. You cut the ropes using one of your knives for two of them but found it took too much effort and simply shot the rope for the other two.

They quickly retrieved their weapons off the now dead soldiers just as Natasha finished off the soldier who shot you.
The room was spinning and you knew you had to do something about your wound before anything else could happen.

As painlessly as you could, you badly removed the bullet from the hole in your skin which you had also gradually ripped open more in the process for saving the hostages.

Once it was out, you panted heavily. Your heart rate incredibly high from the adrenaline and nerves. You ripped a bit of fabric off your thermal, but before you could do anything, strong hands wrapped around you and over your mouth.

All of the agents and Natasha aimed their guns at whoever was holding you.

‘Don’t shoot me, and I won’t shoot her’ he said. Alex. That’s when you felt the gun to the side of your head.

He began walking backwards, practically dragging you along with him considering your current state and closed the door.

Now the bullet was out, you were losing blood faster than before.

Okay, come on quick thinking. You had already lost lots of blood but standing up like this was the worst possible thing right now. Wounds stopped bleeding after ten minutes which meant you probably had seven more minutes to go. You need to try and stop the bleeding.

You elbowed him in the stomach with as much of your strength as you could before you used the fabric still in your hand and made a loose bandage for your leg. However, mere moments after you’d done that, you felt his slightly more angry hands on you.

‘Why can’t you just stop being such a hassle bitch’ he hissed in pain.

He stuffed some fabric from god knows where into your mouth, then using both hands to restrain your arms and dragging you out more forcefully.

Five minutes later, you were out in the open again, him dragging you to a truck. He threw you on the ground and began opening up the doors.

‘You know you can never escape us. Not even if by some miracle, you get away this time, you will win the battle but we will win the war.’ you met him with silence.

Obviously

‘Basically, there is no situation here where you are safe. You will spend the rest of your days being tracked. Hunted. Prey, predator. Got it?’ he said, pointing to you then at himself. You could only nod. He was right. Not only was his agency clearly very powerful, but they were teamed with HYDRA. He was unstoppable right now. He had found you so many times and because you didn’t really have a clue how there was no way to stop him.

You wouldn’t even be able to hide from him if you stayed in the tower and never left.

You needed to go somewhere where no one knew where you were. Not SHIELD, not Natasha, Not your dad.

That was if you escaped

He was about to throw you into the van when the sound of helicopters began in the distance. He
waited a moment before he noticed they were the SHIELD back up. Finally.

He threw you on the ground, knowing he would never escape if he took you with him

‘No matter. As I said, we’ll find you’ he grinned, jumping into the van and driving off as fast as he could.

He was right. There was no escaping.

Then you noticed a motorbike they had left.

You had an idea. An awful, dangerous and very risky idea, but it was all you had.

You ran and grabbed your emergency bag, suddenly very glad you packed one and rode the motorcycle as far away as possible. You needed to take down HYDRA, the American agency, Alex. And you couldn’t do that from where you were.

You needed to go off the grid

Chapter End Notes

What will happen next I wonder? I’m so excited to finally be getting to this part of the fic cause I’ve been planning it for so long. Again, sorry I couldn’t post earlier. I’ve been going through the stress of deciding whether I want to go to another school or not and my Godfather got hospitalized so this will probably happen again. But anyway, comment down below if you have any theories about what will happen or if you have any suggestions cause I love hearing from you guys
A/N

Chapter Summary

Just a quick note.

Hi this is is Hannah (NearlyNormal) and first of all I want to say thank you so much (even if I’ve been pretty absent recently) and this story is 100% not on hiatus. I don’t think Grace could give it up even if she wanted to but the problem is she and I are both going through some stuff and her’s has hit pretty bad recently plus she has limited time on computer which she has to use for her homework so won’t have time to update for a bit. I know she’ll be back asap she just didn’t want to leave you guys hanging hence my miraculous reappearance. Thank you so much and hope you have a new chapter soon.
Natasha walked quietly into the tower. She didn’t look or speak to anyone as she slowly crossed the room. Tony stood up and stopped her.

‘Hey, everything okay?’ he asked. She stopped. Still not looking up.

‘No’ she practically whispered before falling into the billionaire's arms.

‘What happened on the mission? Is y/n okay?’

‘I’m sorry Tony. I’m so sorry. I tried, but there was nothing I could do’ she whimpered as she began to cry into his shoulder. This caught the attention of everyone else and eventually, Sam, Bucky, Clint, Wanda, Peter, Thor and Loki were stood looking at Natasha. Worried expressions on their faces.

‘y/n is gone’ sobbed Natasha. Everyone froze. Gone? As in dead? Or as in missing?

‘Nat, what do you mean gone?’ asked Bucky carefully

‘I wanted to tell you all, but she made me promise. I could have stopped this. Today, after her first mission. I could have done so much more, but now she’s gone’ She sobbed harder into Tony’s shoulder.

‘What could you have told us?’ asked Steve, trying to move the group over to the sofas so she could sit down. Natasha breathed heavily and tried to compose herself.

‘During her first mission, the guy who blew up the gala was there’

‘Alex?’ asked Wanda, shocked. Natasha nodded

‘He’s with the American organisation who’s also working with HYDRA. After everyone left, he stayed behind and somehow, knew exactly where we were. He said they both had unfinished business with her and he would come and get her in a few days’ she said, slowly beginning to lose her composure again.

‘It’s okay, take your time. Why didn’t you tell us?’ said Clint, feeling nothing but pain for his best friend.

‘I really wanted to, but she was convinced she would be fine and she didn’t want to worry anyone. So I promised I wouldn’t say anything. But today, we were called in again because SHIELD agents were down. There were dozens dead and hostages. We got the hostages free but just before that, she got shot in the leg. After everyone was safe, I turned my back and Alex grabbed y/n. I couldn’t react or he’d kill her. I don’t know what happened after that and I won’t know any more until Fury gets here, but all I know is by the time I got out, all non SHIELD vehicles were gone, and so was she’ said Natasha, barely managing to get the last part out before she broke down crying again.

Everyone stood frozen.

Clint clutched Natasha. The information that you were gone having not sunk in yet as he tried to
comfort her. It wasn’t like her to show how upset she was and it was throwing him off. He tried ignoring the intense panic and distress bubbling inside of him in vain as tears also began to roll down his face. He remembered her laugh. Her smile. One he realised he might not see again.

Bucky’s ears rang loudly. After Natasha stopped speaking, he couldn’t hear anything else. His little sister was gone God knows where because of God knows who and while it happened, he was sitting here laughing with Steve. He could have been out there. He could have done something. But he wasn’t and he would never forgive himself if something happened to her.

Wanda felt only pain. Like when her brother had died, she felt then news shake her to her core. Wreaking havoc on her emotions as they spiralled inside of her. Anger at whatever had been done to her, anger at herself for not being able to step in sooner. Sadness at the thought of part of her family gone. Panic at the thought of never finding her. What if she died but they never recovered her body so they never had any form of closure. Just a constant state of worry, living life nervous and on edge that she would appear and it would not be good news. She looked down at her hands and saw small tendrils of red begin to wrap around her hands.

Sam looked around at all his friends. His family, noticing the intense grief on all of their faces. He thought of his own grief. He teased y/n a lot, but he still loved her. He didn’t know what he would do if he never saw her again.

Steve was also looking around at everyone. His captain instincts beginning to kick in. He wanted to raise morale, find out what was happening, make a battle plan. Do anything to help the people around him. But he was at a loss. The first time where he had no idea what to do. How to go forward. It was terrifying.

Loki looked rather unaffected by the news on the outside. But on the inside, he was back to feeling like the isolated monster that he was. Y/n had been there for him when no one else was, helped him get past the barriers in his mind and tethered him to the real world. Made him think there was more to life than power. Now that she was gone indefinitely, would he fall back into his previous state? Make rash decisions? Or face new emotions altogether. There was no way of knowing in this unfamiliar scenario.

Thor could feel the panic radiating off his brother. He placed a strong arm around his shoulder, and instead of being met with a grunt and having his arm shoved off, Loki almost leaned into the familiar touch. Thor sighed. It was a loss that had shook them all and he was no exception. Y/n was a kind girl who’d shown him the ways of Midgard and all the other wonders of the world. There was so much light in her eyes. Now that he knew that light might be extinguished as they spoke, he didn’t know how to go on.

Peter was sat right on the edge of the group. On the floor with multiple feet between him and the nearest avenger. He’d never felt more alone than in that second. Sure he had Tony and the rest of the team. But you understood him in ways no else did. You didn’t talk to him like he was a teenager, you loved him like there was no tomorrow. He realised that now there might not be. And his heart broke. He stared at the floor, ignoring everyone else, knowing they were too caught up in their own heads anyway as he made no effort to stop the fountain of tears that poured from his face.

And then there was Tony.

He was numb. Empty. He had been so worried that his daughter would get hurt, he didn’t even consider something so terrible as her completely disappearing. And if that wasn’t bad enough, he had no idea what happened to her, let alone how to find her and if she was okay. They knew nothing. And it scared Tony more than words could describe. She was the light of his life. Someone who always brought joy to him when he was caught up in his mind, who reminded him to take care of
himself and genuinely meant it. She had saved him in so many ways, both big and small. The possibilities of what could happen no were endless. Like staring into the black and empty void as it told you whatever happens next it won’t be good for a long time.

So they sat there. All of them. Thinking about their own emotions and quickly everyone had shed tears.

Then Fury came in

They all stood up in a hurry, desperate for any kind of news that told them the situation wasn’t hopeless. He stood before them solemnly, not daring to meet any of them in the eye

‘We managed to finally get access to some incredibly old security cameras and it revealed that after she left your sight, she managed to stop the bleeding in her leg, but that was all she managed to do before she was recaptured and taken outside. We can’t clearly make out what happened next, but we know from our thermal cameras that she left the scene after he did, so she hasn’t been captured yet as far as we know’

Everyone sighed in relief

‘But then where is she?’ asked Tony, voicing what everyone was thinking

‘We believe she has chosen to disappear for the time being’

‘Why’ Peter practically shouted in a panic.

‘They’ve already found her more than three times in these past few months alone and always have almost managed to achieve outcomes with multiple casualties. The most logical reason is that she deems her current situation is unsafe to not only her but those around her. We can’t tell you anything else right now, because we don’t know anything, but we’ll let you know if there are any developments’ he said and everyone nodded quietly.

Having nothing more to say, he left as quickly as he’d come and no one moved for a long time

‘So what should we do?’ asked Peter finally

‘I want to look for her, but after hearing that…’ Tony trailed off, severely conflicted between his urge to find his daughter and his desire to trust that this will be best to keep her safe.

‘How about we try and find her, but don’t go to any lengths necessary and if we do find her, it’s just to keep tabs on her’ suggested Steve, still not having wrapped his head around the situation.

‘Good idea’ mumbled everyone, walking off to their respective rooms to think about everything in private.

One month later, and there was still no sign of her. Absolutely nothing anywhere. Tony rarely slept, convinced that if he did then he’d miss his chance to find her. Pepper tried to steer him away as often as possible, but it was difficult as she was also worried for her daughter’s safety, beginning to slip into some of Tony’s unhealthy habits of not sleeping or even eating until it became a worry.

One day, FRIDAY got a 55% facial match to someone in Russia, but it just turned out to be a doppelganger. That was a sad day for the tower. A heavy reminder of the situation, how close they could come and how far they could fall. How easily they could lose everything as their hope at ever
finding her begin to slip away from them.

Peter hadn’t gone to school. Rarely even getting out of bed most days. Steve and Sam tried to busy themselves. Constantly making food for the people in the tower who had begun to forget to eat. Cleaning the whole place as much as they could to the point where Tony just gave the actual cleaners paid leave. Natasha said she was fine and had begun training again.

She rarely left the gym, only ever for a few hours at a time to eat and try and sleep before failing and going to train some more. Trying to make herself forget about the role she played in these events. She had tried so hard to redeem herself, but this felt like her ledger was filled with red again.

One more than one occasion she had simply passed out from exhaustion. On those days, Clint would come and get her. Placing her into her bed and lying next to her so that when she woke up, he could force her to stay and finally get some proper rest before inevitably starting the whole process all over again.

Loki didn’t leave his room once through the entire month. Thor was often called back for Asgardian duties but never for more than a day or two. He brought his brother meals and asked FRIDAY to check his health whenever he was away. On the days that were particularly bad, when he would find his brother sitting quietly on his bed with blue skin and red eyes, he sat with him through the night, reading him books that he had read when in y/n’s company, or other passages that reminded him of her. It happened at least once a week.

Wanda took the whole experience badly. It reminded her too much of when she lost her brother and she went through all the emotions of the others. For the first week, she didn’t leave her room or even speak to anyone that tried. Not that many did. After that, she discovered her anger, going down to the gym to train her powers. She improved greatly but she was never satisfied, knowing she could never inflict enough harm on those who caused y/n pain. She pushed herself harder and harder, until one day, she fired a huge ball of energy which ricocheted off something and barreled into her shoulder. The energy blast combined with all the power she’d just lost almost killed her. After that, she would sit in the lab with Tony. Sometimes she would make comments and suggestion, but more often than not, she was sat quietly on the side.

So quiet that Tony sometimes forgot she was there and people began to not notice that she never left the room once. Not for anything.

Another month after that, Peter had returned to school. Some people asked him what was wrong, but he blamed it on school and his tiredness. Not many people followed up. Except for MJ and Ned. They talked to him every day. Made him feel less alone. They made sure he kept up with enough of his work that he didn’t get in trouble because they both knew no one needed that right now. Sometimes, they came over to help out with things.

It was actually useful because the team tried to make an effort to appear normal. They tried to come around as often as they could, just to bring a sense of normality into the team’s lives, but eventually, it began to fade and even the two teens became wrapped up in their thoughts over the loss of one of their best friends.

It was now five months after y/n’s disappearance and the press were not letting up about getting information on the recent step out of the light the whole team had taken.
Pepper had fended them off as long as she could, but they now had no other choice than hold a press conference and explain the situation.

The whole team had gathered for emotional support as they stood behind Tony. He was in front of a podium, with more reporters than he’d ever seen at one conference.

‘Five months ago, one of the newest Avengers, recent SHIELD agent and my daughter, y/n Stark, went off the grid after an attempted kidnapping on one of her missions. The attempt was made by the same man who had infiltrated my gala and set off a bob and has found her in other locations prior to that event. The unknown but very illegal organization is working with HYDRA, who has most of you know, has a history with my daughter. She went off the grid for both her own and our safety and we haven’t heard anything since. We say this to you now, hoping that this globally broadcasted message will help us in our investigation and I hope that the entire world can help us find her before it’s too late’ he concluded, beginning to choke up.

He stepped away from the podium into the arms of his family and they helped him keep it together. The press exploded into questions and while Tony composed himself, Pepper did her best to answer them. However, they ran out of time and the security quickly ushered the reporters out of the building.

The team retreated back to their previous state. Over the course of the next few weeks, they got numerous calls. Sightings or people who made be relevant turning up dead. It all turned out to be helpful, but they still didn’t have a location on her.

Eight months after the initial disappearance, everyone had almost completely lost hope. Most of them had to begin missions again, but those who didn’t had started to return to their normal routines, trying to keep at the pain at bay.

Peter and Tony were still in no less grief from the whole affair, but the support from everyone else was immensely helpful, and very slowly, they were returning to their happier selves. Days were still dark, but there was hope to move past it all.

Then a miracle happened.

Three members of the unknown illegal American organisation showed up dead. The crime scene looking like a massacre. A block away, five minutes after the police said they would have died, FRIDAY found an 89% facial match in a nearby camera.

And they found her DNA at the crime scene. She was in northern Canada and they had to pay off the police to stop them from pressing charges.

So now they had a location, a time and a rough update on her progress with reassuring her safety once again. It was a huge success in their books and because of it, everyone became much happier, almost completely returning to their normal lives. Becoming more relaxed about finding information. They knew she was alive, safe and doing her job. That was enough for now.

Three months later, they had had three confirmed sightings, each one accompanied with a higher kill count than the last.

However, the one year mark was approaching fast.

One night, Peter lay in his room, thinking about the last year. How close they’d come and wondered if they would ever come closer. Then he heard a tap on his window.
His sixteen storey window.

He turned and almost had a heart attack when he saw an ominous black figure at the window, because of the dark, it was hard to see, but it didn’t take him long to figure out it was y/n.

He ran to the window and practically threw it open, needing to see if it was actually her.

She stepped into the room, wearing a long dark trench coat. She was dressed in all black combat gear and he could tell she was heavily armed from a simple glance.

He immediately launched questions at her, hugging her tightly like if he didn’t she would disappear completely.

‘Where have you been? I’ve been so worried. We all have. We saw you’ve been killing off the bad guys. Are you back for good? Did you see the news? The conference we did? How? Why now? Why me? Why like this?’ he rambled, but she held a finger up to his lips, quickly silencing him.

‘The others can’t know I’m here. Not yet. FRIDAY will have already told them I’m in the building and we have approximately three and a half minutes until someone gets here. Pack a bag of tactical gear and any weapons or things you would consider useful to take. We might be gone a while. And give any tech to me while you do that so I can take the trackers out’ you said quickly. He hesitated, but then started into a packing frenzy of black clothing, his spider tech and chemicals.

He gave you his phone, his suit and some other weird piece of tech. By the time he’d finished packing, two minutes later, the trackers were out. She grabbed Peter’s hoverboard and made her way outside where her own board was waiting. She clicked a few buttons and changed a wire or two and suddenly it functioned the same.

She placed it onto the air before getting on her own board and letting him get on his. They rode off into the night seconds before Toyn and Steve burst into Peter’s room, shortly followed by the rest of the team.

‘Where is she?’ asked Tony

‘Where’s Peter? Asked Steve

‘FRIDAY, were you recording any of them talking’

‘Yes I was, here is an audio recording of miss Stark talking with Mr Parker before they left the building’

FRIDAY played their conversation back to the team and they stood there confused.

Why couldn’t they know she was here.

Was she still in danger?

So many questions that they now had to wait even longer to answer. And now Peter was gone too to God knows where.

They looked around, but no one felt like they could helpfully contribute, so the filed out of the room in silence, slowly sinking back into their previous hopeless state.

Chapter End Notes
Hey guys. I'm really happy I had a chance to post this, also sorry (not sorry) for any feels you got. Basically, I'm going through a lot right now and I really desperately want to write and to post, but into issues meaning that it get's me in trouble when I do, so not only am I going to be posting far less frequently, I won't be able to write as much. So while I have the next few chapters written already, it's going to become even slower when I eventually run out. I just want you all to know that this is not my choice and if I could, I write and post every day. It's all very volatile at the moment so I can't promise when I'll next post, just that this fic is far from over. (Also OMG FIFTIETH CHAPTER!!!
*6 months earlier*

You had been off the grid for almost half a year now. It was driving you insane and at first, you thought you’d never manage on your own. But one fateful afternoon, you were jumped on by a HYDRA soldier. He almost had the upper hand but suddenly, a strange man came to your rescue. Throwing the man off you and completely obliterating him with two...katanas?

The attacker lay on the floor, not that he had much choice in the matter seeing as he was dead and the man turned to you. He wore red spandex, but nothing like Peter’s. It seemed thicker and had more places for weapons which he seemed in no way trying to hide.

You had been in eastern Europe, collecting data and finding things out about the people who sought you. You were close too, but the rest of the intel you needed you would need to find in America or Canada.

However, you had not been in the states longer than one week and you had already been attacked. And here you were, standing before this...person who had just sliced your attacker in half

‘I’m sure you could have done that by yourself, but I thought I’d save you the trouble. Besides look at it. Don’t you just want to take a photo and put it on your mood board?’ the man sighed, looking down at his...masterpiece.

‘Who are you again?’ you asked

‘Deadpools the name, murder’s the game m’lady. I was tracking this one for a while, even had him on a gold card a couple of times but I was bored and didn’t see reason enough. But for attacking a lady like you, well what other outcome could there have been really’ he laughed.

‘Wait, Gold card? And why were you tracking him?’ you asked

‘It’s when someone writes someone else’s name on a gold card and gives it to me, a mercenary and we take care of them. He’s involved with HYDRA you know’ he said, far too cheerily

‘Yeah, I know. He was after me’ you groaned. This guy was really getting on your nerves

‘Well slap me across the face and call me Tina, you must by Tony’s kid. A lot of people have been worried about you, don’t ya know’ he said, slowly turning southern as the sentence went on.

‘Yeah I know’ you said sadly

Deadpool looked at you and paused, noticing the shift in atmosphere.

‘You’re really young’ he stated

‘So I’ve been told’ you sighed

‘And I take it you’ve been trying to take down the people after you’

‘Ding, ding, ding, we have a winner’
He paused

‘Come with me, I know some people who can help. But you have to sign a full disclosure agreement that you will not speak of the crimes you see’ he said holding up his pinky finger. You laughed at his antics and pinky swore

‘Sure, I won’t talk about anything bad I see’

‘Alright, well it’s right here’ he said, gesturing to a door on your left.

‘Really? Okay,’ you said hesitantly before following him into the building.

You were immediately met with the loud noise of a bar. People playing snooker and other well past drunk. You followed Deadpool closely, careful to avoid eye contact with anyone who would start a fight with you. You really weren’t in the mood to deal with something like that right now. He made his way up to the bar and got the bartenders attention

‘Two blowjobs please’

‘Coming right- Wade what the fuck! Is that a kid?’ shouted the barman, promptly dropping the glass he was cleaning.

‘Yeah it is, now keep your fucking voice down’

‘I’m technically eighteen’ you muttered quietly but neither of the men heard you

‘Why the fuck would you bring a kid in here?’ berated the still very stunned and now bleeding bartender

‘I have a very good reason thank you very much. But we can’t talk here, back. Now’ ordered Wade. The man sighed and lead them through a service door to yet another back alley which you couldn’t see a way out of anywhere.

‘It’s Starks missing kid’

‘You kidnapped Stark’s kid?’ Shrieked the man, running his hands through his hair in panic

‘No I didn’t fucking kidnap Starks kid. She needs a little help in this game and I figure I kinda want to be on Starks good side now, you know. After what happened last month’ Wade shuddered

‘What did you do to my dad?’ you asked cautiously

‘Let’s just say there was an incident with a gun and some gasoline. On an unrelated note, did you know that army weapon bunkers are actually super flammable’

‘How about we keep on topic, what do you mean she needs a little help’

‘I’m not missing, I’m on the run from people which you seem to know an awful lot about’ you said.

‘And we should help you why, cause I know who’s after you and I do not want them after me’ he shouted, still panicking.

‘This is a very illegal bar and merc company whatever that you run here right?’ you asked

‘well...I wouldn’t say I run it...but sure’
‘And a lot of these guys have criminal records?’

‘Yes?’

‘But you kill bad people’

‘For the most part’

‘Well I’m sure my dad could play a part in making sure the police are kept off your tail and you can continue your work here in peace’ you offered

‘Really?’

‘For sure. And all the other Avengers could help’

‘I like her’ he said to wade

‘So is that a yes?’ you and Wade both asked

‘Yeah, fine’ he said, throwing his hands up in the air in defeat

The three of you talked for a little while longer. You learned a bit about their past. How Wade was immortal now because of experiments people did on him but he was part of the business before that and the bartender’s name was TJ. You agreed to come in just before the people who only came to get drunk arrived so you could go over information and tactics.

The next day, you arrived at around 11 in the morning, careful to not let anyone spot you and find out all the different routes you could go so you never had to go near the same place twice.

‘Hey, boys, who’s ready to kill some people?’ you said oddly cheerfully, sitting yourself down at a table they were sat at and downing the three shot glasses

‘Hey, those are for everyone’ said TJ in protest

‘If you wanna go get me coffee, I will stop doing shots but otherwise, I am a nightmare to deal with. This is for you’ you said, throwing the last glass back

‘Okay, from my time over in Eastern Europe, I managed to get the names of every single relevant and threatening person to me. Plus a few others who I thought I’d might as well tick off my hit list. There were twenty-four people to start. I’ve killed two already who I passed in Britain on my way back. You killed another one yesterday, thanks by the way’

‘No problem’

‘These three are the big guys and I need more information from the other targets before I go after them’

‘What are their names’ said Wade

‘Anton Krevatski, Misha Vanhugen and Alex Walker. Alex is the main guy after me. My Francis, I guess. Misha used to be called Elsa before she changed teams and betrayed the German agencies to become a Russian spy. Anton Krevatski is the guy who made the trade deal between HYDRA and the American. If there is anyone in this business who knows everything I need to know, it’s him’ you said

‘Okay, what about the rest then’ asked TJ
'There are eleven here in the states and the rest of them are located around Canada, according to my sources’ you said. ‘We can track down these six men first. They’ll be easy to find because they’re needed for matter here in New York anyway so it’s just a matter of time before information starts popping up’ you said, handing a sheet with a picture of the six men to TJ and Wade.

‘All of these guys have been in here at some point. Four of them are regulars’ said TJ. ‘This guy comes on Mondays, these two on weekends and the other guy just kind of shows up at least once a week’

‘Good, is there a place we can take them to get rid of them quickly and quietly’ you said without batting an eyelash

‘I’d say use your humour but it might be a bit blunt’ remarked Wade

‘You’re one to talk’ you shot back

‘You did just ask where the best place to get rid of a body was’ he argued

‘Yeah cause I have people to protect so either help me or fuck off’

‘Ooh, feisty. You know, for a teenager, you have quite the personality. Although I have only ever met two other teenagers. One of them had the coolest name I’d ever heard, but the attitude of a wet potato’ you glared at him. 'I think you would get along’

‘Focus Wade. I may only be eighteen but I knew the worst ways to kill a man by the time I was fourteen. When I was fifteen I was forced into putting that to the test. When I was sixteen, I lived through thinking I had killed my own family when I wasn't in control of myself. Later that year, I killed almost a hundred people in cold blood and my family couldn't even look at me. Now those people are back and trying to capture and kill me for revenge and if I slip up for even one moment I’m dead on my father's doorstep, so excuse me for wanting to take this seriously’ he hissed. You had stood up and walked over to him, towering over him and you felt proud to see even the tiniest bit of fear in his eyes

‘I’m sorry. But remember, I’m not the enemy here. These people are. I got a lot of respect for you though. Not many people can make me pee my pants in fear’

You made the mistake of looking down and sure enough, he had.

‘So, are you ready to take some bastards down?’

‘You bet your mouldy avocado ass I am’ you shot back. He threw his hands up in question

‘What was that for?’

‘You gotta admit you do look like a mouldy avocado’ said TJ quietly. Wade shot him a look but sighed and went back to staring at the guys on your hit list.

‘Okay, so it’s Sunday today. We’ll keep a look out for the weekend douche’s today and then next weekend if they don’t show and then Monday motherfucker we'll get tomorrow. I've always wanted to visit Canada, plus you're going to need backup so we'll come with you to get these guys' said Wade, gesturing to the Canadian agents.

‘Then come back for the last few’ you finished

‘Exactly. Now, not that I doubt you but I think you should handle getting your intel and we'll handle
the killing of the other guys’ said Wade

‘Who says I can’t do both?’ you accused

‘It’ll be a lot easier for you’ he offered.

Just then, a man walked into the bar. You had only seen his face for a split second before your hand was on your gun and he had a bullet in his head. Dead centre. Perfect shot

‘Why the FUCK WOULD YOU KILL HIM!’ shouted TJ

You grabbed your knife out of your holster and stabbed it on the photo of the man you just killed

‘Zako Vanzetti. Italian intelligence and the man I wasn’t sure I’d ever find’ you said smugly

‘But you only saw his face for less than a second, how did you remember him?’ asked TJ, still in a panic from the dead body on his bar floor

‘Because I never forget a bitch’ you said, smiling sinisterly and walking out of the bar

Chapter End Notes

Apologies for those of you who either are too young to watch Deadpool or just don't like him but there's going to be quite a bit of him in the next few chapters. Also, everything going to become a bit more graphic so it's going to be a 15 rated film but in fanfiction terms. No smut still, but implications of it, more swearing and way more graphic depictions of violence. I'll put disclaimers at the start of just how graphic but this is a warning in advance. Things have been getting a little better at home so I will hopefully be able to post regularly now, but it still won't be as often as I used to do. Thank you for all the support you've given me though and I am absolutely astounded by the love I get every single time I post a chapter, so thank you all : )
It was Monday afternoon, just as everyone was starting to drip into the bar and begin their night of drinking. You sat at the bar, nursing a scotch and surveying everyone. It was barely nightfall, and they were already rioting.

A tall, beefy man kept glancing over at you accusingly. The third time it happened, you glared right back at him.

‘Do you have the balls to say whatever’s on your mind or are you just gonna sit there having the conversation in your head’ you said coolly. He quickly became quite angry at that and stood up.

‘Me and my boys just thought you looked a little young’

‘Age doesn’t equal skill’ you shot back. You were not in the mood to be dealing with these baffoons. You just wanted to get your criminal, get some info, maybe kill him and be on with your day.

‘You probably couldn’t take down any of us, let alone kill anyone’

‘Is that a challenge?’ he raised an eyebrow.

‘I’m not scared of you’ he grunted back. Okay, now you were ready to shut this down. You picked up your scotch and walked over to his table, quickly noticing how it became silent. You downed the rest of the liquid and threw the glass behind you. It smashed on impact, making everyone watch with anticipation.

You could hear a pin drop.

You grabbed the gun from your right hip holster and unsheathed a dagger from your boot.

‘Pick your poison’ you said calmly, dropping the weapons on the table, unaware that TJ and Wade were now also watching you.

He scoffed, ‘He doesn’t need anything to defeat you. He could crush you under his thumb’ one of his buddies shouted.

‘Okay then, let’s go’ you said taking back your gun and dagger.

‘Hold on, how do I know you won’t fight dirty. Get rid of all your weapons’ said the guy, stalling and beginning to look visibly a little scared. You sighed and walked over to the bar where TJ now was.

You put the gun and dagger on the bar. Then the gun on your left hip holster. The dagger in your other boot. The knife near the top of your t-shirt on your back. The three miniature bombs in your bra. The bottle of poison in your left sock. The smoke bomb in your right sock. Even the pocket knife you managed to get in your hair.

You turned around and greeted the shocked faces.

‘Ready?’ you grinned. Everyone parted quickly, leaving only you and the jackass in the middle of the bar.
You lunged wildly at him, startling him and getting in a fair few hits before he could react. However, they weren’t doing enough damage because of his build, so you needed to get him on the floor.

You backed away slightly, letting him come to you, even letting him get one punch to your jaw. Did some damage, but overall pretty weak. You let him build up some confidence, even letting him almost back you into a wall.

But you ran past him and jumped onto a table. Formulating a plan as you looked up and saw the wooden beams.

He turned angrily and started for you. But you were quicker. You jumped and swung off the beams, going straight for the wall, but instead twisting so you pushed off of it and slammed into his back.

He fell into the table and you kept him on his stomach, twisting his arm so every move he made caused him pain

‘Now that that’s over with!’ you shouted, grabbing everyone’s attention. ‘I want to make a few things clear. Yes, I am young, but as I have just shown, I can take down any of you without a single advantage in minutes. Now, jackass who just got his ass handed to him, what’s your name?’ you smiled

‘Jerry Mcduff’ he said, trying to sound tough.

‘Oh no, not that name. Your real name’ you prompted. He hesitated and pushed down harder on his arm

‘William! My name’s William’ he cried out

‘There we go. Now William, would you like to tell everyone here if you now think it was a good idea to challenge me?’

‘No, it was a mistake’

‘Very good. Now, I am going to let go of you, and you are going to sit on the floor and stay there until I'm done, or I will pull a knife on you faster than you can blink’ you threatened. He nodded meekly and you released him. He collapsed onto the floor in pain and you looked up to address the whole room again

‘I go by many names but you can call me the assassin. If you need to contact me, don’t bother cause only one person knows how and even they have to go through many other people, who barely know anyway. I’m off the grid for a reason and if you think I won’t find out who you are if you betray me, you have another thing coming.

‘I believe in an eye for an eye. That can mean two things. One, if you put anyone on my side in a hospital, I’ll put one of your in the morgue, and let’s just say if any of mine die, there won’t be any of you left to brag about it within the day. However, it also means you do me a solid, I’ll repay you. I’ll remember you in years to come. I can make your life heaven or hell. Whether that happens tomorrow or in five years time. And if I ask for any of your help, nothing truly bad will definitely come for you if you decline, but you will be protected if you say yes. I’m going to be here for a while so if you don’t like this new system, get out now’ you glared at each and every one of them.

Nobody moved.

‘Good, continue your business. And speaking of business, I’m gonna need two guys to help me with mine.’ One woman stepped forward, smiling smugly. Shortly after, another guy stepped forward.
You nodded at them and gestured for them to follow you.

‘What are names? And real names, not McDuff or hurt locker’ you asked as you walked

‘Vanessa’ said the woman

‘Micheal’ said the man

‘I’d give you my real name but that would be putting all of us in danger’ you said, opening the back door and stepping out. ‘I have a client of sorts, coming in later this evening. In fact, hopefully, any minute now’ you looked at your watch. ‘When he gets here, one of my other associates is gonna lead him back here. The second he gets out here, I need you both to get him in that chair and restrain him. I don’t care how as long as I can torture information out of him if I need to’ you said calmly

‘And this is a client?’

‘Of sorts’ you finished. ‘Don’t ask questions though, because you don’t want to know the answers. And anything you hear doesn’t leave this alley’ you said, taking a seat you put opposite the chair.

‘I like to keep my word, and my word is that you will get some kind of payment for this job. So, if you had to tell me then one thing you wanted from this, what would it be? Be it money, safety, protection for a loved one, you name it’. Micheal stepped forward

‘I need money for some surgery for my son. I won’t have to take as many jobs and I can be there for him’ said Micheal. ‘About $800 to pay off the rest of it’

‘How much does the whole surgery cost?’ you asked

‘$1300’

‘I’ll pay all of it. Make sure you’re there for your son thought’ you warned. He looked happy and grateful and it almost made you smile. But then you remembered why you were here. ‘What about you?’

‘Can I do more of these jobs and “save up” for some slightly bigger payment’ she asked

‘I don’t see why not, as long as the payment equals the work’ you said. ‘What do you have in mind?’

‘I want my own role somewhere in taking down bad guys. Not as a merc, or in the police department. X-men, or Avengers. And a good role too. Someone who could actually do good’

You thought for a moment. You’d be able to do it, possible, but the question was would she be able to help you enough to deserve that

‘What are willing to do for me?’ you questioned

‘As long as the reasons justify the means, anything’

‘Done’ you said. You sighed and ran your hand through your hair

You were about to ask them more questions, but the door opened quickly, and as promised, Michael and Vanessa jumped to action. They grabbed him by his arms and kicked his legs out from under him, forcing him to fall into the chair.

They tied up his legs but decided it might be best if they just hold onto his arms.
Shortly after, you were sat back down calmly in your own chair while your guy struggled against the two of your employees.

‘Hi Jasper, long time no see’ you smiled sweetly

‘You!’ he hissed, finally taking a moment to really look at you

‘Afraid so, and let me just say, it is so good to see you alive right now. I assume you like seeing yourself alive too?’ you asked, revealing a gun and pointing it at him

He nodded in fear, now having stopped struggling

‘Good, now this is how it’s going to work. I’m going to ask some questions. Some of them I know the answers to, others I don’t. If you lie to me, or if you refuse to answer, I shoot you, right here. Right now. If you comply, I’ll still probably kill you…’ you started, standing up and moving closer to him so he could feel your breath on his face. ‘But I’ll leave your wife out of this’

His eyes widened dramatically

‘Good, I have your attention’ you smiled and sat back down. Then you looked to Michael. ‘Guard the door’ he nodded and moved away.

‘Okay, question number one, have you ever worked for an organisation that has tried to harm me?’

‘Yes’ he said quietly

‘Was it HYDRA?’

‘No’ he whimpered

‘American?’

‘No’ he was practically crying. You sighed and shot him in the foot

‘I thought I told you not to lie. That was strike one, strike two is your other foot and strike three is Sandra’s head’ you threatened

‘No, please. I’m sorry. I’ll tell you the truth. I’ll tell you anything’ he cried

‘Who do you work for?’ you hissed, growing impatient

‘I’m part of the organisation PACS, Private American Crime Syndicate. It’s like the National Crime syndicate, but more secretive and does far more damage with lots of other organisations. I reported directly to our Regional director, Alex Walker’

‘Where is he now?’

‘I don’t know. Last I heard he was in Russia but then someone thought they saw him on the move in France’

You passed him your hit list which he took with his one free hand.

‘Is there anyone else who knows about me who isn’t on this list. Or anyone who knows anything about Alex Walker’ you urged. He looked over the list carefully then shook his head

‘I don’t even think all of these people know you exist’ he said, handing back the sheet’
‘Good. I think we’re done here’ you said, standing up

‘So you won’t hurt my wife?’ he asked

‘I was never going to hurt her, it was just an easy and efficient threat. I’m not so low that I would actually hurt innocent people’ you glared accusingly at him

‘Oh, thank you so much’ he began crying again

‘However, I won’t be sparing you’ he froze. ‘You’ve been useful to me though, so I’ll make it quick’

Then before he could respond, you shot him in the head. He slumped forward and Vanessa let go of him.

‘But he told you everything you needed to know?’ she asked, more curious than taken aback that you had just killed a man

‘He was a coward, but when he had power, he wielded it maniacally and without mercy. I received the brunt of that for three months a few years ago. He was also the leader of the sector that conducted child soldier experiments that resulted in no survivors’ you sighed and glared at his limp and quickly paling body.

‘Don’t speak of any of this to anyone and find some way to clean this up. Don’t worry about trying to cover it up’ you said matter of factly, walking away.

‘How’d it go’ asked Wade, intercepting you on your way in

‘Good, one more name off the list and some info on who else we need to check off. Also a rough location on Alex’ you sat down at the bar and grabbed a bottle of vodka.

‘I don’t know why you drink that stuff. And so easily too’ he said

‘It’s the only thing that can get me drunk these days. And it helps me move on from the “horrors”’ you chuckled

‘I’ll drink to that’ said Wade, taking the bottle out of your hands and drinking some as well. You laughed

Over the next week, you managed to kill off the rest of the people you had stayed for. You didn’t have much, except a confirmation of the rumour that Alex was finding his way to America and a few more precise locations on your marks in Canada.

Which you were now heading to in the trunk of Wade’s car with him sitting up front with a hello kitty duffle bag of weapons. It wasn’t that you were a criminal, just that you couldn’t risk showing up on radar of any sort.

You knew your dad well enough to know he would be looking internationally. And so would HYDRA

You only stopped once, when you assumed you had made it to the border, but quickly moved on.

About an hour later, the car stopped again, but Wade also turned it off and you could hear him get out and walk around to the back.
He opened the trunk

‘Well hello there sunshine. Have a nice trip?’ He grinned

‘Shut up’ you said, with no real hatred in your voice as you clambered out of the car. Your legs practically falling out from under you having been stuffed in that small space for so long.

‘It smells like I’m not your first body in there though’ you said, raising an eyebrow.

‘That is nothing, wait till you get inside’ he said gesturing to the cabin you had arrived at

It looked fairly rundown, but you could tell it was all a show. There wasn’t a single bit of decay that ran right through to the inside.

‘Lovely’ you smiled, grabbing your own duffle you had shared the boot with and making your way inside.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if parts of that were a bit dark for some of you but I think that might be as dark as it gets except for like emotional angst obviously. I hope you guys liked it and I’m really sorry this took me so long to upload. But my whole situation s getting better which means more frequent updates. Let me know if there’s anything you didn’t like in this chapter, because a lot of it’s very new and I’m just trying out this whole new super dark and badass reader vibe so let me know if I went too far or not far enough, etc. or if you just have any suggestions about something else because I love hearing from you guys. So yeah, until next time : )
A Trip To Canada

Like you had thought, the inside of the cabin was in pristine condition. You found out Vanessa came up here a lot, sometimes for fun, other time as a safe house. He was more than happy when he found out he could invite her up.

She would be good for work and she had a debt to pay off if she ever wanted her role with the Avengers

‘Remember, she doesn't know who I really am. So only refer to me as assassin or she’

‘As long as you’re okay with hearing loud passionate sex’ he said, grabbing the milk from the fridge and drinking straight from the carton

‘Can I join in?’ you joked. He choked on the milk.

‘Aren’t you like twelve?’ he spluttered

‘Eighteen....’ you looked at the date. ‘Nineteen’ you whispered

‘We didn’t celebrate your birthday. When was it, I’ll whip up a cake, you like...meatloaf cake right?’ he said, looking up from the fridge

‘I turned nineteen today’ you said. You had been so busy taking down syndicates and whatnot, you had forgotten.

You thought about what you might be doing, had you been home.

Your dad would be ridiculous, giving too many expensive gifts, showering you in love which he had forgotten to show during the days he’d locked himself in his lab. The other guys would be teasing you, joining in on the festivities and threatening you on one thing or another. Whatever they deemed a threat at your age. Sometimes boys, other times villains. Once it was puberty. That was an awful conversation

The girls would pamper you in whatever way they could. And there was always a party. It didn’t matter if it was just the team or every contact your dad had on his phone, it was still fun. Peter would make you feel special. Let’s be honest, when did he not. But your birthday would be extra amazing.

Time had flown and while you missed them, you hadn’t had time to be sad, or even think about how long you’d been gone.

But now you were sat there, with time standing still, you let the tears fall.

It was slow at first like you were scared to show that kind of weakness. But slowly, your wall broke down and you were sobbing into your knees.

You were gasping for air by the time Wade had made his way to you cautiously.

‘Hey what’s wrong’ he seemed very awkward in this situation, but you had to give him credit. At least he was trying
‘I haven’t seen any of my family in six months. It’s happened before, but back then, I didn’t think about it. And now that it’s my birthday, all the memories are coming back and I’m just thinking about what I might be doing if I wasn’t in this god awful situation.’ you sobbed harder

‘Is there anything I can do?’ he asked after a moment. You looked at him curiously, now having calmed down a little bit.

‘Um, no...it’s alright. But if it’s all the same to you, I might just crash here. We can start tomorrow, and Vanessa will be here soon hopefully. You can have your loud passionate sex’ you laughed sadly.

‘No joining in though’ he warned playfully

‘No, I won’t’ you laughed, tears still streaming down your face. You lay down and the second you stopped sobbing, you were out

Third Person POV:

Wade looked down at the girl who totally just crashed in front of him. He kind of knew what she was going through. He remembered being without Vanessa for so long. But he knew she had more family, closer family. A better family. Which meant it hurt ten times more.

He went to a cupboard and grabbed one of Vanessa’s favourite “Winter reading” blankets. She used it to wrap herself up in and drink hot chocolate like the Pinterest photos. He also went to the kitchen and made some really awful cake, before just calling Vanessa and asking her to bring some.

He went over to y/n and put the blanket over her, putting a glass of water on the coffee table for when she woke up.

About two hours later, Vanessa showed up

‘Hey, why did you ask me to bring cake?’ asked Vaness, placing the small chocolate cake on the countertop. That’s when she spotted the sleeping girl with tear stains on her face

‘What did you do?’ she whisper-shouted

‘Nothing, for once, this isn’t my fault’ Vaness gave him a disbelieving look. ‘I made a comment about how we were gonna have really loud sex-’

‘You were going to have sex with her?!’ hissed Vaness

‘No, no, no, no, no, you and me. And she joked about joining in. I asked her how old she was, and she realised that today was her birthday and it’s the first time she’s realised just how long she’s been away from her family’ he explained. Vaness looked around the kitchen and saw the complete mess along with Wade’s fuck up of a cake, with nineteen candles

‘she’s only nineteen?’ asked Vaness, more than shocked

‘You didn’t know?’

‘The way she was when she was talking to that guy, and how she talked to everyone really, I assumed she must look young for her age. I’m guessing you know who she is too then?’ she asked.
‘She’s Stark kid’ said Wade eventually. Vanessa stared at him open-mouthed.

She promptly shut it started setting down her things.

‘Well, then we won't be having any loud or passionate sex tonight. We have work to do’

‘What we can’t even have quick, quiet sex’ pleaded Wade

‘You mean a quickie. Like a prostitute?’

‘Well it is how we met’

‘No, how we met was when you took me to put balls in holes as you so eloquently put it’ she teased.

You began to stir, which was when Wade noticed they had been talking for almost an hour.

Your POV:

You sat up groggily and looked around you. You spotted Vanessa standing next to Wade who was looking at you differently. Then you looked at Wade

‘You told her who I am didn’t you’ you said blankly

‘Actually, a little birdie told her. Yeah, came right up to the fucking windowsill and started screeching about it, gave us a heart attack, but I— you cut him off with your signature death glare.

‘Yeah, I told her’

‘Whatever, it’s her funeral’ you said, looking at Vanessa apologetically. ‘Let’s get started shall we?’ you said.

You got up and walked over to the two, not spotting the cake until you had made your way over to them

‘Wade told me it was your birthday today and asked me to get something after his own fuck up of an attempt’ you looked to the left and spotted what could indeed be referred to as a fuck up of an attempt.

You looked at her sadly, trying to fight back your tears

‘Thank you. It’s probably the nicest thing anyone’s done for me in a long time. Although, it isn’t hard since I’ve isolated myself for six months except for the people I killed’ you laughed sadly but quickly snapped yourself out of it. The faster this was done, the sooner you could go home and see your family again.

‘What’s first?’ you asked Wade

‘I’ll take you to the surveillance room’ he said, walking away. It was pretty amazing. Lot’s of screens, all with cameras in different places.

‘I’ve been monitoring them for a while and we have rough locations on all of our marks’

‘Let’s get on it then, who’s closest and/or easiest to get’ you said, already walking out to suit up
‘There’s actually three in the same area and I managed to get the numbers of all the burners they have on them right now. Don’t ask how it’s very illegal’ grinned Wade

‘Don’t worry, I know full well it’s better to not ask questions. Send out a message with a time and location’

‘You’re the captain’ he joked. And you smiled for the first time in a while.

Thirty minutes later you were equipped with a dangerous variety of weapons as you waited for the three men to arrive. It was nearing on nightfall and you needed to get this done fast.

You perked up when you heard the heavy metal door to the back alley you were in open

‘Gentlemen, so good to see you again’ they instantly became fearful and looked to turn around and run, but Wade had already shut the door, agreeing just this once to let you handle them on your own.

‘It’s been a long time, how have you been after you brutally scarred me for life’

None of them answered

‘That’s alright, I just need you to answer some questions and this can be painless if you cooperate, but if not, let’s just say I’m gonna have to pay off some police to turn their head from a triple homicide. Now, tell me where Alex Walker is’ you said in your most threatening voice, slowly pulling out a knife from God knows where

‘We don’t know, we weren’t told’ said one of them

‘Well then who can tell me’ you said, stalking towards them

‘There are other men here, they can tell you’ he said, with only a slight tremor in his voice

‘You’re careful. Smart. Not smart enough to know I can tell when people are lying to me’ You looked at the other two men who hadn’t said a word. One was looking at your knife, the other between your face and the other man.

You began laughing hysterically

‘Oh, God, sorry this is very unprofessional. Just that, come on dude, you’re being so obvious’ you said between laughs. They looked at you, confused

‘Sorry, I should explain. Just you, your whole body language and vibe. Like either you’re in a relationship with this guy, or you’re crushing hard. But either way, you’ve made a grave mistake’ you said, suddenly becoming deadly and quickly pulling a gun on the first man.

‘I know you know where Alex but you’re not telling me so time to get tough. Tell me or I shoot him. Three’ you counted, loading the gun. The second man looked around frantically. You’d cornered him. And he was terrified.

‘Two’ He started opening and closing his mouth, so tempted to give away everything, despite the consequences. ‘On-’

‘Alright, I’ll tell you!’ he shouted. ‘He’s in Germany right now. Meeting with business partners. He’s going to meet some in France in two weeks then come over to America looking for you in about two months. Please don’t shoot him’ he pleaded
'I won’t shoot him’ you said lowering your gun. But then, you pulled your gun on the third man and shot him where he stood. At the same time, another gun went off and the first man also fell. Dead

‘You said you wouldn’t shoot him’

‘And I didn’t, I shot that guy, my associate shot him’ you walked closer. ‘I had to kill him. He has done horrors which you don’t even know about and trust me, I was saving you from a world of hurt’ You reached down and took out a vial. ‘Drink this. You’ll forget everything from the past twenty years. You can live and walk away from this’ you urged

He stopped. Thought. Then walked closer to you so you were inches apart

‘I’d rather die’

Then without warning, he grabbed the knife out of your hand and turned it on himself. Quickly pushing the blade in and out.

Then he too fell and died.

Moments later, Wade opened the door

‘Oh great, they’re dead. We gotta go, the police are coming’ he said quickly

You ran out of the door, too shaken by what had happened to care that you had left your knife. Too shaken to care, three blocks later, that there was a security camera on the street opposite you. Too shaken to care that you’d gotten the information you wanted from this.

When you got to the cabin, you locked yourself in your room. But you didn’t sleep, too shaken, knowing you would only be awoken by memory’s later in the night.

After about an hour of crying and trying to pull yourself together, you finally remembered what the guy had said. Alex was coming for you in two months. Time to get a plan together.

Chapter End Notes

Finally, another chapter. Honestly, I haven’t even had time to open my computer for like a week and same can probably be said for next week. I have dance nationals tomorrow so hopefully, that’ll go well, but I also have a production to rehearse for (opening nights next Thursday!!) and that’s pretty draining. Then I have exams in two weeks. It’s just been one long whirlwind, but I’m halfway through. I hope you guys liked this chapter and if you have any suggestions or requests, let me know because I love to hear from you guys. Also, omfg, Stan Lee died and I am literally so broken over it. I guess I always knew ti was coming but still, for it to happen is tragic and I hope the community and come together and put any differences we’ve had aside to mourn and thank him for the incredible things he’s done for us
After the news of your quickly approaching deadline to mark names off of your hit list, you made a plan. You would kill of the rest of the men in Canada by the end of the week so you could get back to the states.

You took them down fairly easy and it even almost get repetitive by the end of the week. But they were all dead nonetheless.

‘Come on, we don’t have a lot of time’ you urged Vanessa and Wade who reluctantly broke apart to help pack up their things. Well, Wade was reluctant.

Soon, all the things were in their respective cars and the house looked untouched as you clambered back into the boot of Wade’s car. It was a long ride again, but you were at least occupied by your thoughts. You were undecided on whether that was a good or bad thing.

You thought about how far you’d come and how close you were. To being able to go home, and see your dad, see Peter. See literally anyone you didn’t have to kill.

Then, before you knew it, you had stopped and Wade was opening the trunk for you. It was night but you knew the bar would be filled with life.

You strolled in, knowing you needed to look confident to keep up their respect.

The second you entered, however, the bar became deadly quiet.

‘You didn’t think I’d left forever did you?’ you joked. No one moved. ‘What are you all staring at?’ You looked around. The you saw something on the back wall where lots of people had crowded around.

You pushed your way through the men until you came face to face with it.

There was knife. Intricately decorated with the HYDRA symbol. Pinning a photo to the wall Peter.

You reached up to put your hand on the photo’s face. Looking at longingly before you remembered where you were

‘Who did this’ you hissed quietly, trying to hold back tears of fury.

‘We don’t know, but this letter was with it’ said one man, handing you an opened envelope

‘Did you read it?’ you snapped

‘No I didn’t’ he reassured. At least he had the decency to still be terrified of you.

You took out the letter and dropped the envelope to the ground. It read:
Greetings from Paris y/n,

I bet you’re wondering why I’m writing. Well, I just wanted to let you know I’m onto you. I’ve heard about the work you’ve been doing and what you know about me.

I’m very impressed and I wish I didn’t have to sell you to some very high paying buyers, but alas, a man has to make a living in this world.

However, like I said, I admire your valiant effort. I’ll take my time coming over to the states, let you try and stop me. In vain of course.

But I do need a bit of insurance. Your boyfriend, Peter is my insurance. If you try anything dirty, I send men to go and...retrieve him. I’m sure you can imagine the rest.

So don’t be stupid, and I’ll see you soon

Sincerely,

Alex

You finished the letter and promptly tore it up. You grabbed a lighter from your belt and set fire to it as well as the photo of Peter. You ripped the knife from the wall and slid it into you boot.

You watched the paper curl in on itself and blacken into ash.

Then without warning you stalked towards Wade and ripped the files from his hand. You raced over towards the back wall again and stood up on a chair.

Then, one by one, you grabbed one of your knives and violently pinned one of the photos with the names of the rest of the people on your hit list. You did this until all of them were stabbed into the wall.

‘Anyone who can bring me any of these men, get’s whatever the fuck they want’ you said to the rest of the room. ‘I have some business to take care of’

You went back to your back alley apartment as fast but as discreetly as you could. As far as you could tell, no one knew you were there. No one even knew what area you might be in.

You started up a new laptop. You had bought lots of cheap ones. They were like burner phones and as far as you could tell, there were only two stores that sold them. You needed to get Peter out of there.

You didn’t want to bring him into this world, but you didn’t have a choice.

However, if you were going to do this, you needed to do this right.

As soon as the computer booted up, you got to work on hacking FRIDAY so that she wouldn’t alert the team of your presence for as long as possible. It was fairly simple as you’d done it before. Back when you were bored and wanted to see how far you could push the boundaries before your dad took away your computer privileges for a while.

However, being a burner computer, it wasn’t great quality. It took you far longer than usual and you
knew the lousy technology wouldn’t hold the virus for long enough, so you’d need to be quick.

You also used the computer to hack into everyone’s schedules and cameras. Since the software wouldn’t hold, you needed to give yourself as much time as possible between them finding out you were in the building and them getting to you. If you timed it right and had as many people on different floors or in meetings as you could, it could give you almost three times as much time to extract Peter.

You stopped. You were slipping back into the assassin. Talking about Peter like he was a mission. Talking about extraction or rescue. Then you thought.

What would Peter think of your new world.

Would he understand you had no other option. Would he wish he could go back or would he welcome your help. Would he look at you with trust or hatred.

You had been gone almost a year after all. No messages, no promises, nothing to wait for. You had dropped off the face of the earth and you really expected him to just follow you blindly?

No, Peter trusted you more than that. If you said something was up and you would explain later, he would trust you to do that. And you would. It will be okay. It will be okay…

You put the finishing touches on the virus and found a time where the whole team would be in a very long meeting. Then you went to bed. You had a long day ahead of you tomorrow. Thankfully, sleep came quick.

The next day, you went to the bar early in the morning to tell Wade about your plan

‘Ooh, I’m finally gonna get to meet the elusive boyfriend’ he smirked

‘What’s that smile for?’ you asked cautiously

‘Oh nothing, just can’t wait to hear all about the deadly assassin when she was a drunk, loved up young fool’ he laughed

‘The only time you’ll get any information on me is at my funeral during the eulogy’s’ you joked.

Wade laughed and raised his glass of whiskey to cheers you. He swallowed it and quickly coughed in disgust

You shook your head in laughter. That’s when there was suddenly a loud commotion at the front of the bar near the entrance. About seven men and women were dragging three other men through the bar to the back of the room. Everyone was shouting.

They made quick work and sat each man below one of the photo’s you’d pinned up yesterday. You instantly recognised the men in their photos. One of the men who’d dragged them in approached you, out of breath

‘We found them lurking a few blocks away. Talking about their boss and when he was getting to the states’ he heaved

‘Thank you…’ you started

‘Vermont’
‘Well then Vermont, thank you. We can discuss payment after I deal with these three’

‘With all due respect, the only payment I want is to kill that one’ he said, pointing to the man on the left. ‘A few years ago, he mugged and killed my only son. I’d like to repay the favour’ he said gruffly.

You nodded, thinking it over.

‘Hold on a moment’ you said, walking over to face the three men. ‘Okay, I only need information from one of you, so who has the most’ you asked bluntly. They sat in silence.

‘Okay, the hard way. I know one of you has far more information than the others. And that means you’re closer and you’re being paid more to keep quiet’ you looked at their shoes and clothes. ‘Your shoes are torn and ripped and I can see three holes in your jacket. None of your clothes are ironed and I can see many rips. You only have some dirt on your clothes. So, I think I’m done here. Thank you for your cooperation’ you smiled and aimed a gun at the man in the middle. Shooting him where he sat. You moved to the man on the left and aimed your gun.

But then you stopped, and lowered your gun.

‘I’m not going to kill you’ you said softly. He looked relieved but still terrified.

‘He is’ you said, handing over your gun and a knife to Vermont. He looked at you in disbelief, but then snapped out of it and moved quickly towards the man. You kept your back turned as you heard the blood curdling shrieks from the man as you heard him being hacked apart by Vermont.

Once it was silent, you turned around again. It was a bloody mess, but you didn’t look at it. Instead you looked at the third man.

‘Someone take him somewhere secure. I’ll question him tomorrow. And don’t worry about feeding him, he can have a glass of water whenever he wants it’ you instructed and quickly he was removed from the room, screaming.

The rest of the day was a blur and before you knew it, it was nightfall, and time to get Peter

‘I’m heading out for the extraction’ you said to Wade. He nodded, before making a circle with the fingers from his left hand and repeatedly sticking one of his right fingers through the hole. You gave him the middle finger as you strutted out of the bar.

You had never been more thankful for taking your hoverboard with you. In your spare time, you had tweaked it so it didn’t just hover, it flew.

It had taken you a while to get the hang of it, but you ended up being a natural.

You were at Peter’s window in less than twenty minutes, thanks to being able to fly over the New York traffic. As you flew above the skyline, you saw the Avengers tower in the distance. It made memories of being in there play in your head.

Until you almost fell off, then you kept focused.

You flew up to Peter’s window and knocked. He was very shocked to say the least, but you saw his eyes widen in recognition before he quickly ushered you into the room, asking you thousands of questions.

‘Peter, I can’t answer everything right now, get some things and show me your hoverboard so I can
fix it. Be quick, we don’t have much time’ he hesitated for a moment and you thought, that’s it, you’re done for.

But then he showed you his own hoverboard and instantly started packing his own bag. As soon as you’d finished changing some wires, he appeared by your side with a duffle.

You climbed out the window, onto your own hoverboard and beckoned him to get on his. You had seconds now, but thankfully, he had more courage than you thought as he quickly hopped on and followed you as you flew away.

It wasn’t long before you were in your own makeshift apartment and he was panting with fear from the ride.

‘Are you okay?’ you asked, concerned

‘Uh...yeah I’m fine. But do you think you can explain what’s happening’ he asked in a dazed state

‘I’ve been after the people who’ve been after me for almost a year now. I’ve gotten all of them except three big guys and I’m question someone tomorrow...with you’ you said hesitantly. When he didn’t object, you continued. ‘Alex is coming in less than two months and he threatened to kill you if I began getting too close to getting to him. And I need your help in taking down the rest of them. I’ve had the help from some people who you’ll meet tomorrow, but right now, I’m very tired and I’ve missed you so much so can we please lie down’ you said, your voice beginning to break as you finished.

‘Yes, yes of course. As long as you never leave again’ he smiled, his own tears beginning to appear in his eyes. You both stood still for a moment, before it became too much and you ran to each other. You threw your arms around him and almost fell. He clutched you tightly and made sure you didn’t. You both sobbed into each others shoulders, only now registering how much you had missed each other

‘I didn’t know where you’d gone. I didn’t think I would ever see you again. All of us did’ he said through sobs

‘I will always come back to you Peter. Hell will freeze over before something keeps me from you’ you promised. ‘I missed you so much. I missed everyone so much, but I’m jut glad I can see you for now’ you said, squeezing him tighter.

You eventually broke apart and he finally had a good look around the room

‘You’ve been living like this for almost a year?’ he asked in disbelief.

‘No, I was moving between caves when I was in Russia and the middle east was spent in between homes. I was on the move a lot then so I didn’t really need shelter or anything then. Especially with my ability to go without sleep for days. Which reminds me, I’ve broke all of my records’

‘What records?’

‘How long I can go without things. Food, water, shelter, sleep, air. And I’m stronger now, faster, smarter. This whole experience has just been one long year of improvement you know’ you said sarcastically

‘Eventually, I got here and found this guy called Deadpool. He showed me to his buddy TJ. They run this centre for mercenary’s and they helped me track down the rest of them. Got a few of them and made quite an impression. Went to Canada. Stayed in a cabin with Deadpool and his girlfriend.
Celebrated my nineteenth birthday. Killed some more guys. Came back and found the note about Alex and his threat about you. Killed two more guys yesterday and got the other guy locked up to question tomorrow...with you’ you summed up. You looked up at him

‘Don’t look at me like that’ you said

‘Like what?’

‘Like you pity me. I don’t want your pity and it’s going to make this a lot harder’ you paused. ‘Like I said, I’m a different person now. You know back when we got out of the HYDRA base. I killed people ruthlessly and without regret. That’s who I am now. You don’t have to like it, but I like you and so long as I do, you’re staying with me and staying safe’ you said. Completely ready for him to break up with you

He stepped towards you and cupped your face in his hands, making you look at him

‘I’ve said this before and I’ll say it again. There is nothing in this world that you could do that would make me hate you, dislike you, or love you any less. You’re stuck with me. And hey, this might give me a chance to let out my badass side’ he smiled. You smiled back.

‘I don’t think you could be badass to save your life’

‘I can be badass, I've just never had the opportunity’

‘Okay, well I hope Mr badass likes sharing a single bed’ you smirked.

'Anything for you Mrs badass'

'is that a proposal?’ you laughed

'get out of this alive with me, then we'll talk marriage'

Chapter End Notes

Woo I'm alive (barely). I have mocks next week so I might have to miss an update, but the second they are over, I'll e posting so much that you lot won't know what to do with all this new content. My play's finished and it went really well and dance nationals went great too. We came fifth which is super incredible and I ended up hosting the play after party last night which meant me getting super drunk while seventy 15-19 year olds trashed my house which my parents were thrilled about. But yeah, I hope you all enjoyed this chapter, I know there's not much actual content, but hey, you're re united with Peter and you have some real fun times coming up soon
The next day came far too quickly. You had slept perfectly fine, especially now that you had Peter again. However, you had developed some...habits. Like breathing maybe once every hour and lowering your body temperature to be undetectable, you know, the usual.

You had forgotten to inform Peter of this and he was currently shaking you awake, believing you were dead.

‘What’s wrong is there someone in the apartment?’ you asked quickly, ready to strike at the first sign of danger.

‘I thought you were dead’ he said worriedly, his eye still wide with fear.

‘Peter, it was just a nightmare, it’s fine I’m here’

‘No, it was real, you weren’t breathing and you were cold’

‘Oh, right, that. Don’t worry, it’s a trick I picked up a few months ago’ you reassured him. Unfortunately, it only made him more concerned.


‘It was so I didn’t die Petey, now come on, we’ve got a big day ahead of us’ you kissed his nose and hopped up. ‘Change into something dark and scary’ you chuckled. He rolled his eyes and got up.

You picked up so black combat trousers, tank top and leather jacket. As well as your regular number of weapons. You picked up some spare knives and guns and walked over to Peter. Randomly placing them on his person before he had a chance to protest.

‘What are you doing?’

‘Arming you. Where we’re going is dangerous. Plus a good number of weapons is pretty intimidating. And you’re gonna need it, especially with those’ you said, standing up to look at him.

‘With what?’

‘Those adorable puppy dog eyes’ you teased and he pouted. ‘Oh God and that pout is gonna have to go’ you scolded playfully.

‘I thought you liked my pout and puppy dog eyes?’ he said, pulling by the arms to wrap his arms around your waist.

‘I love them. It’s one of the reasons I fell in love with you. But what I don’t love is you dead. If people see that I love you, but you can’t defend yourself, they’re gonna come for you. So rule number one out here is never let your guard down for anything. You don’t show any emotion and if you do, it’s only anger or power. Anything else can wait until we’re in complete privacy’ you said sternly.

‘Rule two, you always pull the first weapon, and you always pull a knife. Don’t let the other guy or girl get to you first and a knife is more threatening at first anyway. If things continue not to work,
then you can show your gun, and feel free to show off just how many you have’

‘And Rule number three, if I tell you to do something, you do it, with zero hesitation. It doesn’t matter if I say stab that guy in the leg or to run and leave me, you do it. I make the shots, you got it?’ he could only nod. ‘Good, let’s go, I’ll tell you about Wade on the way there’.

You had to take a slightly more obscure route today, so the journey ended up being almost thirty minutes. Wade was waiting outside for you

‘Hey sugar plum, how’s it hanging’ Peter almost made a face at that, but then remembered rule number one, plus everything you’d said about Wade

‘Hey Wade, is the guy still alive?’

‘That guy is barely hanging onto life, you might want to get in there quick. And what’s your name baby boy?’ he asked, turning to Peter

‘This is my boyfriend Parker. He has a code name but we can’t use it for confidentiality reasons, so you get his last name. Where’s Vanessa, I’m gonna need her’

‘She’s inside, by the bar’ he gestured to the door and you nodded, stepping inside. It was busy, as was the usual at almost four in the afternoon. You spotted her quickly and walked over to her

‘Vanessa!’ you called out. She spotted you and smiled.

‘Hey, how goes it, time for the interrogation?’ she asked, for too cheerily for what was about to go down.

‘Yeah, we just need one more guy inside I think’ you said, looking around at the people already in the bar. You stood up on one of the stools and whistled to get their attention

‘Who wants a quick job?’ you asked. You saw one of the guys who’d helped bring the last three in yesterday step forward

‘I will’ you nodded and jumped down from the stool and faced Vanessa again. ‘This is Parker the way, boyfriend’ you said simply before the guy approached you

‘My name’s John’ he said calmly. You nodded and made your way to the room you knew they were keeping your guy. You opened the door and Vanessa and John took their places at the back of the room, whereas Peter stood at your side

‘I’m gonna question the guy. If I give you the signal, hurt him’ you instructed before he nodded and you turned back to your criminal

‘So, what’s your name?’ the guy barely managed to lift his head up enough for you to hear him speak

‘Christian’

‘Get him some water, we need him to be able to speak for this’ you said to John. He was back within thirty seconds and you were back to interrogating

‘And how closely have you worked with Alex Walker’

‘I was his lackey until he went off the grid’ he said, voice still hoarse
‘And what information about Misha Vanhugen and Anton Kravtski did he give you that could still be of relevance?’ he didn’t answer. You gave Peter the look and he full on punched him int he face. You certainly did not expect it but you kept your composure

‘Now, answer me before i have to get involved, and I bite hard so I suggest you start talking’

‘Alright, but I should warn you, I’m the only one with this information’

‘Oh honey, if there’s one thing I’ve learnt in this business, is that everything can be uncovered if you get enough people to confess. That is a poor attempt to get me to spare you and it’s only making me more annoyed so answer the damn question’ you hissed

‘The woman, she’s here in Brooklyn. She’s staying near the Avengers tower, I think she’s watching your boyfriend, but that’s all I know. But Anton, he’s coming here, to make sure everything’s ready for the boss, he’ll be here in less than a month’ he gasped out

‘And where are the rest of the people from your organisation. Tell me and I’ll spare you’ you said, slightly kinder

‘I don’t know who else. I thought you killed everyone’ you sighed

‘Oh, John. I’m disapointed you lied’ you said standing up and drawing your gun on him. ‘But, I’m not that mad. I did too’ you said before pulling the trigger. He slumped forward and you could tell Peter was trying his best not to react

‘What do you want?’ you asked, not looking up from the body

‘I want my criminal record wiped. I’ve only killed two guys back when I needed the cash, but now I’m looking for a respectable job’

‘Done’ you said, finally looking up at him, then jerking your head to the door, signalling for him to leave.

‘That was quite a punch Parker’ you grinned

‘Rule number one’ he said, giving you a small grin

‘Maybe you are Mr Badass after all’ you chuckled before turning to Vanessa. ‘You only need to go on maybe three more jobs before you get your wish. Go on, and get a clean up crew’ you said. She nodded and also rushed out of the room

‘How are you really?’ you asked, knowing he would have also followed rule number three

‘Oddly enough, I’m actually okay. He’s a bad guy, I know that much. And if all this means that one day you can go home, that we can go home, then it’s worth it. Besides, I really like being badass’

‘It suits you, Clyde’

‘Clyde?’

‘Your new codename. You can be Parker to them, they already know who I really am, but to everyone else, you’re Clyde’

‘Does that make you Bonnie?’ he grinned

‘You bet it does, now come on, let’s get a drink’ you said, walking out of the room as the clean up
team was about to go in.

‘Hey girlie, what can I get you two?’ asked TJ as he cleaned a glass

‘The usual please TJ’

‘You ever gonna pay your tab’

‘Watch your mouth, don’t be getting too familiar. Besides, you know I’m good for it’ you warned as you picked up the glasses of whiskey he just placed in front of you

‘So we’re taking a little trip for the next day or two. Very top secret business, but I need you to keep this lot in line and keep Vermont and Micheal around as long as you can. They’ve proven their loyalty and I’m gonna need them soon. Our time is hopefully coming to an end’

‘Well then, it’s been a pleasure working with you, you know except for the times you trashed my bar and killed probably twenty or more people in it, so every single time you were in here. But other than that, it was good’ he smiled. ‘I’ll miss you’

‘Oh, you know I’ll still be coming around here, where else am I gonna get this amazing circle of informants and lackey’s’ you joked

‘Very true. Well hey, if there’s anything else you want me to do in the meantime, let me know

‘Hey, are you still living in that shithole’

‘Well I wouldn’t call it a shithole’

‘I would’

‘Yeah, I am. But it’s fine. Money’s just a little tight what with the bar getting trashed every night

‘Just remember, karma’s a bitch, but she’s also other people’s godsend. Just keep doing your work here and I’m sure everythign will work out’ you smirked. Then you turned to Peter

‘Trip?’ he asked, raising one of his eyebrows.

‘To find the woman who’s been watching you. She’ll know a lot. Plus, we’ll for sure find some other bad guys a long the way’ you grinned

‘I can’t wait’ you picked up a beer and finished the bottle, but before you could put it down again, some jackass came up behind you and slapped your ass.

You were about to give this guy a piece of your mind, but Peter reacted faster, probably because of his spidey sense. He grabbed his shirt and pinned him to the bar, instantly pulling a knife on his throat.

Not wanting to miss out on the action, you smashed your bottle on a stool, turning it into a weapon and pointed it at the jackass. At the sound, everyone else had stood to attention, developing a crowd behind you, ready to fight whatever kind of danger you were up against

‘Apologise. Now’

‘You’d accidentally cut yourself before you got a scratch on me kid’

‘I would speak before you think. Look around you. Does it look like we’re powerless?’ you taunted
‘Bitch’ he spat. Literally. A drop landed on your boot and you sighed

‘I can see you’re new around here. Listen, apologise and I’ll make this as painless as possible. Might even just let you off with a warning’ you offered

‘Like I said, I’m not scared of you. Either of you’ he scoffed

‘You should be’ you said dangerously. His eyes flickered with fear for a moment. ‘Didn’t your mommy ever teach you it’s rude to hit girls’

‘Yeah but you ain’t just a girl are you, assassin’ he smirked

‘So you know who I am’

‘Oh I know a lot more than that sugar’

‘Too bad I don’t care enough to keep you alive to hear it’ you took out a gun and aimed it at his head. But he only smirked

‘How many others?’

‘We’ve got the block surrounded’ you let out a frustrated sigh before shooting him

‘And here I was hoping to ease you into this’ you joked to Peter

‘We’re going out there?’

‘Not up to it?’

‘The opposite’ he grinned, sheathing his knife and loading one of his guns. You smiled at him and made a start for the door. Then you stopped.

You turned around and kissed him hard

‘I love you’ you said after breaking apart

‘I know’ he whispered

‘Jackass’ you joked. Then you looked behind him. ‘You keep on using your eyes to look, you won’t have them for much longer’ you warned, making everyone quickly go back to their business.

You went to the door and paused, before running out with Peter. There were about eight soldiers waiting outside in the alley. As you ran towards them, you shot down two before full on jumping at a third.

In the corner of your eye you saw Peter taking on the other four, only managing to take down one before doing combat with the other two. But you were distracted by someone pulling at your hair roughly.

You kicked the guy you had leapt up and he crumpled like a lawn chair. You got out your knives and fended off the fourth guy as you tried your best to get one of your smoke bombs

You eventually unlatched it from your belt and chucked it in Peter direction. It would buy him some time and his spidey sense could help.

In the meantime, the guy who you’d kicked was getting back up again. You now had incoming from either side.
You did your best with your knives before they picked up their guns and half a second before you would have been shot in the head by both of them, you ducked and they ended up shooting each other.

You laughed at their stupidity but was reminded of Peter all too quickly.

When you turned around however, the final guy fell down with a thump. The rest of them either dead or out cold

‘Holy shit’

‘Told you I’m badass’ he smirked, putting away his now empty gun

‘You know you’re pretty sexy when you’re badass’

‘Well, I’ll have to go on killing spree’s more often then’ he joked. You laughed and went to him. You both went back to your apartment as the natural light began to disappear and the city lights began to glow in the streets.

Over the course of the week, you continued to go out and hunt down all the bad people, but you couldn’t go back to the bar. Not yet.

You both ended up having such a high kill number, that you were starting to get on people’s radar in bad way. But you knew for a fact that no one knew who you really were yet.

You did recon for the most part, not wanting to get the wrong place and risk having to go to square one and get a whole new load of information.

But one week later, you had a full proof plan.

Chapter End Notes

Wow I really went full cringe with that Bonnie and Clyde thing. Not to worry this more where that came from. Sorry again for the late post but exams have been both a nightmare and pretty good. Spanish was so awful I legit cried in the test but other than that it's going well and I'm gonna be posting more now because I just have another week and a half and I've gotten all the ones I was worried about out of the way. I would say this part of the story full of angst and pain is almost over, but it's not and you're in store for a SUPER angsty chapter soon. On another note. What the fuck was the Avegers endgame trailer. End me
The Avengers waited. For anything. Anyone showing up dead, any slightly odd occurrence, anything.

But for three days, nothing.

Then suddenly, almost ten criminals were pronounced dead, all found in the same area and all belonging to the same gang. But there was no connection to y/n or Peter, so they were still lost. They had been getting word of someone else, however. A modern-day Bonnie and Clyde. Literally. They were a couple who had been killing people recently. At least that’s what they heard. There was nothing tying them to anything, not even a motive or a list of people they’d killed. Just chatter from the street about a couple that apparently was so feared and so dangerous, that some people killed themselves to avoid being at their mercy.

But it was all rumours. Fury had contacted them, asking for them to keep a lookout if they heard or saw anything, but so far there was nothing.

One day, however, they were notified of a source that was coming up to speak to them.

‘What? A source for what? And who gave him permission to come up?’ asked Tony to no one in particular

‘Maybe it’s on y/n and Peter?’ suggested Bruce

‘We haven’t heard from them in days. It’s unlikely’ said Steve glumly

‘What about those two that Fury told us to look out for?’

‘Also unlikely, no one’s ever seen them and lived to walk away and talk about it’ said Natasha. She didn’t know who had trained them, but they had her respect...so far. They sounded very badass

However, the team didn’t have time to ask any more questions before the elevator doors dinged and revealed a beefy looking man

‘You the guy who’s going to give us some information?’ asked Tony from a distance

‘That’s me. I got some stuff on those Bonnie and Clyde guys you’re looking for. Not much, but it’s more than anyone else’s got’ he said gruffly

‘What can you tell us?’ said Steve, standing up, now curious.

By this point, most of the team had gathered as well.

‘I’ve only seen both of them once, but I’d seen her around a couple of times. You see, I work at this joint, right? And a few months ago, she comes in all high and mighty, but no one believes she’s got a bite to her bark. Teaches this guy a lesson and starts recruiting people to do jobs for her. But she’s
threatened everyone with death if they say a word about anything, whether it be the jobs she has them do or just anything about her’

‘Why are you here then?’

‘She hasn’t shown up for a while, so I figured it’s safe’

‘What else?’ asked Clint, looking sceptical

‘So the other day, this guy shows up with her and it’s simple enough when suddenly, this guy assaults her and it gets pretty out of hand. He goes crazy and she follows suit and they end up killing the guy. I take it he’s Clyde, but I can’t say for sure. Anyway, they left and I haven’t seen them since but there’s been talk all around. These two left and killed probably almost fifty people over the next few days. Not a soul can tell you what they look like, but when you see them, you know. They say your blood turns cold and just their stares can send you to the brink of insanity. Some people try to run, others do the deed themselves. Some have gotten on their knees and wept, begging for mercy. But that’s the thing about Bonnie and Clyde. The only emotion they know is vengeance’ he finished

‘Thank you, for that wonderful and probably fake story but can you give us anything useful. You said you’d seen them, what did they look like?’ said Natasha, patience growing thin

‘I can’t say for sure, but he had brown hair and looked kinda like any other guy you might see on these streets. Average build and height. Nothing really stood out about him. She had y/h/c hair, might have been brown. I don’t know it was kind of hard to tell in that light. Again, nothing really stood out. There was some scarring on her shoulder. I think. Sorry, that’s all I got’

‘Do you know anything about where either of them will be?’ said Tony, exasperated

‘She said they’ll be back in a few days but that was just under a week ago so I don’t know when they’ll next show up’

‘Okay, well thanks for that, you should get going now. Bye’ said Sam, leading him back to the elevator

‘Well that was a bit of a bust’

‘Well we know they’re real now. And they’re a real threat. We need to keep a better look out for them’ said Bruce

‘No what we need to do is look harder for Peter and y/n’ insisted Tony

‘Tony, I know you miss her. We all do, but the world is still spinning and more threats are appearing every day. We know she’s fine and she can handle herself, and now she has Peter with her. We just have to get on with our jobs and hope it all turns out okay’ reasoned Steve

Tony sighed

‘You’re right, I’m sorry. It’s just been so long’ he said, beginning to tear up. And all their hearts broke. None of them knew what it was like to have a kid, save for Clint. The closest they got was y/n. That broke them so they could only imagine what he was going through.

‘It’ll be okay Tony. She’s strong, they both are. They’ll find a way back’ said Steve

The Next day, Steve went out to get some eggs. Tony said FRIDAY could get them delivered but Steve insisted the fresh air would do him some good. He went down to a supermarket but opted to
He thought about years ago. When everything was simpler and y/n was just starting to test out her powers

*Flashback*

‘You think you can outrun me?’ challenged Steve

‘I can give it a shot can’t I?’ said y/n

‘Hey, why don’t you wanna race me?’ asked Sam

‘You’re slow birdman’ she joked. Sam looked dramatically offended

‘Oh, I see how it is princess. You got powers and now you think you’re too good for people like me. Unbelievable. Power has changed you young lady’ he jokingly scolded. y/n only laughed at his antics

‘Sure thing Sam, well hey the day you can beat Steve at literally anything, give me a shout’

‘I’m better than that block of ice at stuff’

‘Oh yeah, I’m so sorry. I forgot about all your talents. Like coming last, generally being second best, loyal sidekick’ you listed

‘Sidekick? How dare you, such slander. I have never been hurt more in my life’ he started, but she quickly cut him off

‘Okay, okay, I’m sorry. You are a valuable member of the team, now can you judge the race’

‘Yeah, okay’ he chuckled as the three separated in different directions

‘You know it’s not too late to back out’ said Steve

‘No way, I’m gonna win this’ laughed y/n

She got into a running stance beside him.

She won easily

*end of flashback*

He remembered that moment like it had just happened. He remembered her cocky grin. How happy she’d been just generally. It was maybe a month after she’d gotten her powers and she’d practically latched onto Steve for training. Then did the same to Bucky when he showed up.

He laughed, remembering how confused he’d been when she’d looked at him with wonder and admiration. Admiring his arm and asking for pointers. He’d been so confused to find out she’d
wanted to learn all the things he thought made him a monster. He had a feeling that her acceptance, or encouragement rather, of it, made his recovery even faster.

If she hadn’t of shown such a liking towards him, well, they might still be working on him getting better to this day.

Steve hadn’t even noticed that he was crying, or the fact that it was slowly beginning to get dark. So he stood up and began slowly making his way back to the tower, still lost in his head. Until he heard some commotion coming from an alley. He probably would have walked past, had it not been for the words he heard

‘No, please. Don’t kill me. I’ll tell you anything you want’

‘It’s too late for that. But, you can tell us what you know and we can make it fast’

‘We know everything about you and all the other crimes you’ve done and if you think for one second you might be getting out of this alive, then you have another thing coming’

‘No, you don’t understand. I never meant to burn down those orphanages. I didn’t want to kill them, but I didn’t have a choice’

‘Now that’s where you’re wrong. I’ve done things in the past and that was true without choice. Did you have people take control of your limbs and use you like a puppet to do those things? Because I did. Don’t talk to me about not having a choice because you have no idea. You had a choice and you chose wrong. Take him out Clyde’ it was a woman. He could tell that much. And Clyde? Was this the same people they’d been looking for.

Before Steve could continue his thought process, however, there was a gunshot. He didn’t have any weapons on him, but he could sure as hell fight his way through this.

‘Are you okay, baby?’ asked the guy

‘Yeah, I’m fine. Now that he’s dead’

‘We didn’t get any information out of him through’

‘Yeah, but we got plenty out of her’ he could practically hear the smug smile in her voice

‘You made sure to leave no trace of us being up there right?’

‘There isn’t even a skin cell in that apartment’ she chuckled

‘I love you’

‘I love you too. Now come on, let’s get out of here and do something I know you’ll like’

Steve peered around the side of the alley and prepared himself. There was no other way out of it except where Steve was currently standing. They’d pass him and he’d apprehend them.

What he didn’t expect was the woman to wrap her arms tightly around the man, as he shot something into the air and literally swung away onto the rooftops.

Steve could only stare dumbfounded at the spot where the couple just were.

Then, he snapped out of it and ran towards the man, who by some miracle (or perhaps punishment) was still alive.
‘Those two, they were talking about a woman and an apartment, where is it’

From what he heard, this guy was a criminal so he wasn’t too concerned about how he was doing and from the wound, he knew there was nothing he could do to stop the man's death. He probably had seconds left

However, with his dying strength, he lifted a wobbling finger to a window above them in the alley. It was the only one with a light one.

Steve looked back down at the man, only to find he had taken his last breath.

He sighed and got out his phone, texting Tony the location and telling him to bring the team. Then he turned back to the window. It wasn’t too high up, so he attempted parkouring up a nearby fire escape and quickly jimmed the window open and rolled into the room. And there, in the middle of the floor, was a woman, who upon closer inspection was dead.

Steve tried to figure out any kind of clue as to what happened but found nothing.

About a minute later, the whole team stormed the building and broke through the door of the apartment

‘Talk to me Cap’ said Tony

‘I found Bonnie and Clyde’ he said numbly

‘Where are they?’ asked Natasha

‘They’re gone. I saw them in an alley and they killed a guy down there. From what I heard, he’s a criminal so don’t be too concerned, but they were talking about a woman. Her’ he gestured the dead woman on the floor. ‘They got some kind of information from her and killed her. Without leaving a trace. I thought I’d be able to catch them when they came out, but the guy used some kind of grappling hook thing to get them up to the rooftops and they got away’

‘You didn't think…’ started Clint

‘It could have literally been a grappling hook, not necessarily webs’ said Tony

‘I wouldn’t be so sure’ said Steve. There was silence as they waited for him to continue. ‘The guy tried to say he wasn’t in control, and she went off about how he had no idea what it was like to not be in control. Then after they killed the guy, he had to comfort her. It almost sounded like how y/n was when she was on the verge of a panic attack’ he said solemnly

‘So it was them. The people who have been going around New York and killing hundreds of people, and striking fear into the hearts of any criminal that sees them, is y/n and Peter’ said Tony, almost unable to let the information sink in

‘Well, it means that everyone they’ve been killing has been for HYDRA or some other organisation after them. Which means she was with hem too. What made her so important thought?’ asked Natasha, gesturing to the woman on the floor

‘She can see the Avengers tower from this window. Specifically Peter’s room, and I don’t think it’s a coincidence that there’s one of those cameras with a huge zoom on the desk less than a foot from that same window’ said Same, picking up the camera and going through the photos

‘What’s on it?’ asked Wanda
‘Nothing. There isn’t even an SD card in this’

‘But it will be around here somewhere. Search the apartment’ commanded Bucky and everyone quickly got to work.

About half an hour later, they had barely anything

‘I think she came through the door. They were let in though. No sign of forced entry but the door was closed very forcefully’ said Clint

‘Peter came through this window. I found some web fluid on it. He must have webbed it shut so if police came round, they wouldn’t be able to open it and would rule it out as a point of entry. But then I came and ripped it open’ said Steve

‘Everything after that happened right here, no sign of a struggle anywhere else’ said Wanda

‘They injected her with something into her blood through her neck. Not even FRIDAY knows what it is. Wait, no. Two things. Truth serum, into the veins so it worked fast, but then something else through the back of her neck. Would have been much slower, so they questioned her while she was dying’ said Tony as he scanned the corpse with his suit

‘They didn’t take all the papers, but if you look closely, you can tell some things are missing. Must have been only very important things they didn’t want anyone to get their hands on. Also, the SD card from the camera’ said Natasha as she returned with Sam

‘What did she know?’

‘She was keeping surveillance of us for the past three months. Specifically Peter, but she has files on everyone. She’s also high up because there are multiple reports of contact with Alex Walker’

‘Is there anything else that we can use to find them?’ asked Tony. All he got was silence

‘Wait, I’ve found something’ called out Wanda

‘What is it?’

‘It’s one of her notebooks, I thought it was blank, but it turns out she writes really hard. I took rubbing and it’s got a time and location. In two days at five in the morning. It’s only a few blocks from the tower I think’ she said, handing the notebook around.

‘Okay then. Do we tell Fury?’ asked Steve

‘No, we got this and he’ll want us to bring a whole load of SHIELD agents. Also, I don’t think all of us should go’

‘I’m too close to the situation so I’ll stay behind’ said Tony reluctantly.

‘Are you sure?’

‘Yeah, just...pick someone before I change my mind’ said Tony dismissively.

‘It should probably be Wanda and someone else. Her powers will be useful and Peter and y/n see her as more of a sister than an aunt or parent’ said Natasha, also reluctantly.

‘Can I take Bucky?’ said Wanda meekly. Steve was about to ask why but she gave him a look as if to say ‘don’t ask’
‘Yeah, that’s fine. Just remember, it’s a recon mission, not an extraction’ he advised. Wanda and Bucky merely nodded before the whole group waited for the police to arrive.

They gave them a rundown of what happened and how to go about it to keep the whole thing under wraps before heading home.

Chapter End Notes

Long chapter after a long wait. I’m so sorry for just going MIA like that but I had exams which were intense but they're over now thankfully. I also had a hella fun party where I had my first cigarette and my first kiss after getting completely hammered so just fun times all around. I know this chapter isn't really massive in terms of content and plot but the next chapter is super angsty and fun and I'll probably post that in the next few days because I'm on holiday!!! Anyway, if you have any predictions, suggestions or feedback, let me know in the comments because I love to hear from you guys
It was 5:00 in the morning and you were incredibly unimpressed

‘What’s with the sour face?’ laughed Peter

‘If a guys going to be doing some illegal shit, he can at least have the decency to show up on time’

‘Give him a few more minutes, he’ll show’ you sighed. ‘What else is up?’

‘Nothing’ you said curtly. Now it was his turn to sigh.

He stepped in front of you and pulled you close to him

‘You know you can talk to me about whatever’s wrong right? I think I am the most qualified person to listen to all your troubles’ he chuckled

‘I just miss them. All of them. What was it like, when I left?’ You realised you’d never really considered the effects of your actions

‘They were all pretty messed up for a while. Your dad and Wanda started not eating or sleeping unless someone made them. Others became angry, not at you, at themselves I guess. Some people even got hurt becasue they used training as an outlet and pushed themselves too far. But after a few months, when we heard about you in Canada, we started getting better. There was more hope among us. By the time you came and got me, everyone had returned to normal pretty much. But not a day went by when we didn’t think about you’ he assured

You could feel tears in your eyes but tried to push them back.

‘Anything interesting happen?’ you sniffed

‘Not much to be honest. Or at least that I can remember. It’s been a long year’

‘Tell me about it’ you stayed still, hugging in silence. You felt like if you let go then he might disappear again. Forever

However the sound of footsteps forced you to go back on high alert.

‘There’s someone here’

More shuffling

‘Multiple people’ said Peter. The two of you instantly hid behind a street corner

‘They’re here, I can hear them’ said a woman. ‘They can see us, but they don’t know it’s us’ what? What does any of that mean?

‘Peter, y/n, it’s Bucky and Wanda’

‘What are they doing here’ you asked yourself before stepping out and rushing to them quickly.
‘Wanda?’ you called out. She turned to face you and you both rushed to each other. You clutched
her tightly, your mind running a thousand miles a minute

‘What am I chopped liver?’ joked Bucky. You looked to your left and there he was. You held him tightly too.

You stepped back and studied them, knowing you could be dragged back to your fugitive life at any moment. You could feel the tears returning

‘How-Why are you...where is...You’re here?’ you stuttered

‘We’re here’ said Wanda, also beginning to cry. ‘Why did you leave? And why couldn’t you say hello when you came and got Peter?’ she asked. You could hear the hurt in her voice

‘I couldn’t. It was too dangerous. I risked enough just getting Peter, I couldn’t do that to you as well’ you said. ‘God, I missed you so much. I want to go home so much...but I can’t. Not yet, I’m sorry but this is how it is for now’ you said quickly

‘We get it. We don’t like it, but we get it’ said Bucky gruffly

‘How did you find us?’ you said, the fact only now dawning on you

‘Steve saw you the other night, when you killed that woman, whatever her name was. We found the details of this morning and some other stuff. Not enough though, and i’m sure you got more’

‘He didn’t even know it was you at first. You’ve gotten a bit of a reputation. You got on SHIELDS radar under an alias with no evidence that you actually existed’ chuckled Wanda.

‘Wait, so why are you here?’ you asked, suddenly nervous

‘We’re here to get some info, maybe help you?’ said Wanda hopefully

‘No, you can’t. It’s not safe. I know you guys think you know what to do and that you’re powerful enough, but you’re not. Not here. You guys get in brawls with aliens and fight your way out of anything and everything. That’s what your good at, but this is my territory and you don’t know how to get out of this. You need to get out of here, I’ve already told you too much’ you said hurriedly

‘Y/n, we’ve got incoming’ said Peter

‘Let us stay, we can help’ insisted Bucky

‘No, as much as it kills me to say this, you need to leave’ you said, now pushing them slightly. But they wouldn’t budge

‘Who the fuck are you?!’ you heard a shout behind you. You whirled around to see Anton staring at you

‘Sorry, the person you were meant to meet with is a little held up right now’ you tried, already seeing the anger and hesitation as he looked betwene you and the two Avengers.

‘You bitch. You set me up!’ he spat

‘Now there’s no need for that kind of language Anton’

‘How do you know who I am. No one knows that name’

‘I know everything. I even know that you can direct me to Alex Walker’ you threatened
‘Over my dead body’ he said, unsheathing a knife

‘If that’s what you want’ you shrugged, trying to just ignore Bucky and Wanda. You took out your own two knives and saw Peter also take out one of his own

For almost a minute, it was just one long stand off.

Then without warning, he broke off into a run towards you. Peter jumped in front of you moments before, but then you noticed he didn’t come alone.

Three men came out from the shadows and stalked towards you.

‘Shit’ you said to yourself. You glanced between them and Wanda and Bucky

‘Y/n, let us help’ tried Bucky

‘No! That’s enough. Get out of here’ you shouted before racing towards the nearest attacker.

You ran at him before dropping and sliding across the ground, stabbing one of your knives into his leg in the process.

He fell but lunged behind him the process, landing a long but not too deep gash on your arm. It made you drop one of your knives in pain but you quickly jumped on top of him and grabbed a gun out of your holster.

You shot the guy in the head and looked up to get the other two.

However, you were seconds too late because as soon as you looked up, one of them hit the gun out of your hand and lunged for your knife. You kept it out of his reach, but in your moment of defense, you left your middle open. He moved to stab you with his own knife but you moved out of the way just in time.

You elbowed the man in the head and he collapsed to the floor in pain. You knew you were strong enough to give him a concussion at least.

The third attacker began moving towards you and you ran at him quickly. You jumped and kicked him backwards, then before he could recover, you leaped at him, jumping on top of him and twisting to bring him to the ground. As you sat on his chest, you locked your legs and began punching him in his jaw, his nose and finally a blow to his temple. Then he was out. Or dead. Either was fine.

Suddenly, you felt a hand on your arm (the one that wasn’t currently bleeding) and you turned to see Bucky looking at you concerned

‘You’re hurt, let us help’ he tried, more worried than anything else now

‘No, I’m fine and I’ve had worse’ you said, now being drawn back into memories

‘Y/n!’ you heard Wanda shout behind you. You turned around to see what was wrong when you felt a sharp blow to the stomach.

You stumbled backwards in confusion, looking up to see no one right in front of you. But then the pain became worse and you looked down to see your clothes becoming blood soaked and a bullet whole in the middle of your stomach.

You had been shot enough to know the next few stages and how to survive them, but it didn’t make it any easier.
You began going into shock, feeling numbness spread throughout your body. You fought it and tried to stay upright, focusing on some sound or feeling around you. Bucky’s arm that was still clutching you. As you gasped for air, you tried to fight all of your sense screaming at you.

You choked a little before regaining your conscious. You knew the pain that the shock was fighting was about to come but while you were still relatively okay, you felt your back.

No blood or wound, so the bullet didn’t go all the way through you. You needed to fight but you knew that if you did end up falling, it would be fine as long as you didn’t take out the bullet yet and you didn’t fall forwards.

Then the pain hit. You screamed out in agony and you were sure that if Bucky’s arm wasn’t made from vibranium, you would have crushed it. You didn’t know how long it took you to get through it, but eventually it began to pass.

You took some deep breaths then looked up, seeing it had been maybe seconds since you got shot. Your shooter was still standing, watching you, waiting to see you fall.

But you stood up taller and walked towards him, picking up pace as you went.

You grabbed a grenade from somewhere on your person and threw it at him. He narrowly dodged the explosion before you were on him again. You grabbed knife after knife from every place you had one stored. You didn’t put all of your energy into killing him, but you figured the persistence would wear him out and you’d get a hit in.

Eventually, he grew tired and sloppy, allowing you to stab him in the stomach. He gasped in shock and you leaned in close, getting another one of your guns out.

‘If you’re going to shoot someone...’ you said as you pulled the trigger. ‘Shoot to kill’

You stood up harshly, now forgetting the pain in your abdomen, walking over as fast as you could to Peter who was finishing his face off with Anton.

Without hesitation you grabbed a knife and held it against his neck before getting right in his face.

‘Now listen to me, it is way too early for this shit and I’m very done with all of it right now so how this is going to work is we’re going to bring you in. Then we’re going to leave you there for a few days without food or water or any contact of any kind while we get our affairs in order. Then I’m going to come and get information from you and the I’m going to kill you. Sound fair?’ you said through gritted teeth. He glared at you, but didn’t respond.

You opened your mouth to speak again, before you were inconveniently reminded of the wound you were currently bleeding out from. You cried out in pain and your knees buckled before completely giving out and you toppled to the floor.

You looked up at Peter and he seemed conflicted. You knew he needed to take in the perp, but he didn’t want to leave you and there was no way you were walking in your state. Then you heard a voice behind you.

‘Let us help’ said Wanda. Peter pursed his lips and looked at you. He knew they were part of the reason you got shot in the first place but he was looking for your permission, as it was your best option

‘We have a second location, they can take me there while you take him and then meet us there’ you wheezed, knowing you were barely audible but Peter heard you nonetheless.
He nodded sadly and glanced at you for a moment longer before grabbing the guy and dragging him away quickly.

‘Mind helping a girl out now?’ you said, closing your eyes and trying to keep your breathing steady. Then you noticed you weren’t on the ground anymore.

You opened your eyes to see Wanda had used her magic to lift you up and carry you along with ease.

‘Show us the way’ she said solemnly.

About ten minutes later you arrived at an abandoned warehouse. There was a room in it with medical supplies, food and water in case you needed an emergency get away, but you figured you would have to abandon it now that those two had seen it.

She set you down on a mattress at the side and you quickly reached for a medical kit.

‘I’ll keep a look out’ said Bucky before turning and walking back near the entrance. You lifted your shirt and took it off to stop it restricting your movement and it was soaked in blood and sweat.

‘Shit’ you hissed looking at it.

‘What’s wrong?’ asked Wanda concerned. You almost had the nerve to remind her you’d been shot but held your tongue.

‘I tore the tissue and I’m gonna need more stitches than I first thought’ you replied. ‘Can you make me feel less pain but still give me a clear head to do this?’ you asked.

‘I can try but I work more with visual so it might not be very effective’ she said apologetically.

‘Anything will help’ you said before unloading your supplies.

Moment later, you felt the pain slipping away, so you grabbed a mirror and some tweezers.

You placed it in front of you and looked to dig the bullet out of your wound. The second it made contact with the wound, every nerve cell around it felt like it was on fire. You bit your lip to keep from crying out in pain and soon felt some of it begin to dissipate but it was still almost unbearable.

When you kept fighting, you must have also pushed it in deeper, as it was much further in than it should be for a simple bullet wound, especially with all the muscle in its way.

You searched as fast as you could and thirty seconds later, you pulled out the piece of metal, chucking it onto some tissue and grabbing some medical sponge.

You held it to your stomach and breathed through the pain.

‘What now?’ asked Wanda. You practically jumped, having forgotten she was there.

‘I wait for my white blood cells to start clotting up the hole. That takes ten minutes, and then I’ll do the stitches or if Peter gets back in time, he’ll do them. It’s not good to do them on yourself, but sometimes I had no choice’ you grunted.

‘I’m sorry’ she said meekly.

‘About what?’ you asked, genuinely confused. Yeah you got hurt partially because they were there, but it wasn’t their fault.
‘For everything. For not being able to protect you enough, for not leaving when you told us to, for not doing more I guess’ she said

‘It’s alright honestly. I’ve been hurt far worse and I’ll heal, I always do’ you said with a smile that didn’t quite reach your eyes

‘How many times have you gotten hurt like this?’

‘Too many times to count, but it’s nothing now, I’m just grateful for the basic medical training I got before I fled. It was hard for the first couple of months, but it all worked out in the end. Kind of’ you said looking around you

‘You call almost bleeding out in a warehouse where no one is meant to know that you even exist at five in the morning ‘all worked out’’ she asked

‘No, it’s far from over, I know that. But every day I get closer to being able to coming home’ you said quietly. ‘I did miss you. No matter how much I screamed at you earlier, I missed you. Everyone, nothing will ever change how much I love you guys and every day I question if it’s all worth it, but I know I’m doing this for you, to put an end to all of this pain and me being in constant danger from enemies I thouht were ten feet in the ground’

‘What do you still have to do?’

‘I need to get Alex and maybe a few other people who get in my way or I need information from. But after that, I can come home. And as much as it pains me to say this, you’ll need to leave again and forget about all of this. You can’t help me because you lot are not exactly inconspicuous’ you laughed

‘I understand’ she laughed back. ‘But we all missed you as well you know’

‘I know, Peter told me about what the past year was like for all of you. He told me you kept in the lab and didn’t leave. Not even to eat or drink’ you said worriedly an she looked down, ashamed

‘It seems silly, what with you running around and giving yourself surgery after taking down three men with guns but it was painful when you left. We all took it hard, but the whole experience reminded me too much of Pietro. I went through plenty of coping mechanisms and I got hurt because of it. Locking myself away just seemed best’ she said that last part quietly. There was a heavy silence.

‘So, when you said it was hard at first, what happened?’

‘Are you sure you want to know, it’s not pretty’ you grimaced

‘Tell me what you want to know, it’s not pretty’ you reassured you

‘I started in Russia for about two months. I think I slept maybe three times and ate only a few times more than that. This whole experience has just been one wild trip for me experimenting what I can do. I’ve got plenty of new records’ you laughed sadly. You opened your mouth to continue, but Peter came in hurriedly

‘Y/n are you alright?’ he asked, quickly going to your side to inspect your injuries

‘Just a bullet wound, and I’m handling it. Can you do the stitches though?’ you asked

‘Of course’ he smiled and kissed you lightly on the head before getting the supplies ready
‘I’ll tell you more when I come home. I tell everyone, I’d just rather repress it all right now until the job’s done’ she nodded and Bucky came in less than a minute later. You had covered up what you needed to with one of Peters spare shirts and was just lifting the hem of it enough for Peter to start stitching you up.

‘I think this will take ten’ he said grimacing at the state of it. He wiped away what blood he could before grabbing an antisepetic wipe and the medical alcohol. You winced at the sting of the chemicals but fought through it as he began threading the needle through your skin.

‘So, how’ve you been Bucky?’ you asked, looking for a distraction

‘I’ve been okay, but I’ll be honest, it’s been tough without you around to crack jokes all the time. Sam’s started to tease me because he doesn’t have the right outlet for it anymore’ he joked. You laughed at that.

‘Any new life ending crisis?’

‘Just two people called Bonnie and Clyde. You got anything you want to say about them?’ he asked pointedly.

‘They sound pretty badass. What did they do to get on SHIELD’s radar?’

‘Murder’ he said bluntly

‘I’m sure they only people they murdered were criminals who had super bad crimes outside of the ones they did to get themselves onto those two’s hitlist’ you said, breathing in sharply at a particularly painful stitch.

‘Well, I’m actually kind of proud of them, so if you could pass that on that would be great’

‘I’ll let them know’ you smirked.

There was a moment of silence before Peter finished doing your stitches.

‘You’re all better now’ he smiled.

‘Did you get hurt’

‘A couple of bruises, but I’ll be fine. Besides, you should be worried about those. Even with your healing, it’ll be a day or two before you can do much without undoing them. We’ll have to put a pause on all of this’ he said solemnly.

You hated the thought of having to spend more time away from everyone, but you knew it was for the best.

‘Okay, but the second I can fight, we’re going to finish this’ you agreed. He nodded and began tidying up the room in silence.

‘You two should go’ you said to Wanda and Bucky, not meeting their eyes.

‘Fine, but come back soon’ said Wanda quietly. You didn’t answer.

Bucky walked over to you and pulled you into a hug and whispered in your ear. ‘If you ever need our help, we’re here’

You nodded and he pulled away. Wanda clutched you tightly and you could tell it was killing her to
leave you again. She kissed you on your head and begrudgingly released you as Bucky led her outside and away

‘What was that like, seeing them again after a year’ asked Peter

‘Hard. wish they didn’t have to leave’ you chuckled and sniffed, trying to fight back tears. Peter turned and saw your inner conflict. He went to you and held you as you fell apart.

You sobbed into his shoulder as he rubbed your back

‘You don’t have to be so strong all the time. It’s okay to cry. It’s going to be hard, but one day, you can live your life without fear of just living. We’ll be back to joking in the tower, and all of us living our best life. I’m sure you’ll grow to bicker and hate and scream at all of them again’ he joked. You laughed sadly through your tears and sighed.

Your eyes grew heavy and before you knew it, you were asleep

Chapter End Notes

Merry Christmas everyone, even if i’m A few days late. I’m sorry again for not posting but I do have some good news. For Christmas I got a Bluetooth keyboard so now I don’t have to wait until I have my computer to make posts, I can do it whenever, even when i’m Abroad for the next week, so i’ll Have plenty of updates for you. Also, here’s a really long chapter (angst I know) to say sorry for constantly dipping. Anyway, until next time :(
One week later, your stitches had fully healed and there was no danger of them opening.

‘So how are we going to do this?’ asked Peter

‘I think get Wade to weigh in. This is his job, so I think it will be okay to get his input’ you paced worriedly around the room.

Something felt off, ever since you’d gotten Anton, nothing felt right, like it was too easy. You were waiting for something, anything to happen.

‘Do you feel like something’s off?’

‘No, why? What’s wrong?’

You didn’t reply

‘Tell me about what happened with Anton again’

‘I took him to the place we agreed then I came straight to you. When I went the next day, he was dead. Poison’

‘Suicide by poison, how...HYDRA’

‘You think there’s something more to it?’

You sighed and got up and walked around, feeling the energy pulsing through your veins

‘Maybe, I mean, if he was going to off himself, why not when you first got him. And why not send you a message. Also despite being high up in an organisation that is partners with HYDRA, he hates them with a passion. So why choose one of their methods?... Was someone with him at all times?’

‘I can’t be certain, but we can go and ask TJ’ suggested Peter

‘It all just seems off’ you said, walking over to the window. It was beginning to get dark, perfect for you to make your way over to the bar. There was a man on the street spray painting on a wall

‘It’s probably just all this waiting’

‘I don’t think we’re gonna have to wait much longer’ you said. ‘We’ve gotta get out of here’ you said, rushing away from he window and grabbing what little you couldn’t afford to leave behind. This consisted of almost all your weaponry and a spare change of clothes or two. While you did this, Peter walked ot the window and saw the man walking away, leaving a HYDRA symbol in his wake

‘We’re going to have to leave, they know we’re here which means Alex does and that message means he’s here. We have to move quickly’ you rushed. Peter grabbed a few of his things too and then suited up quickly.

At this point you didn’t care about people seeing you leave because you were never coming back so
you accepted his offer to swing you both over there.

You arrived quickly and ran inside before anyone could catch sight of you. You both dumped your respective duffel bags behind the bar, causing TJ to call out in objection

‘They found us, we need to crash here or any other safe house you got’ you glared, very not in the mood for dealing with any attitude

‘Where’s Wade?’ Asked Peter

‘Right here sweet cheeks’ said Wade from across the bar, you walked over to him quickly

‘Alex is here somewhere and we need your help to find him before he finds us’ you said while looking around the bar nervously for anything that looked out of place. You didn’t see anything suspicious so you turned your full attention to Wade.

‘Okay, can you leave this bar?’

‘Not until we know it’s completely safe. If we lose this hideout, we’re as good as dead’ you said worriedly

‘Okay, I’ll call Vanessa and get her down here. She’ll deal with what you’re gonna do next. I’ll scout and get some guys to willingly give me whatever information they know’ he smiled

‘And when that doesn’t work?’ you raised an eyebrow

‘Eh, I’ll probably use some new torture tactics I saw in a youtube tutorial. You’d be surprised how detailed they are’ he joked

‘Go on get out of here’ you laughed and he gave you a mock salut before heading out.

About half an hour later, Vanessa arrived

‘Talk to me, what’s the situation’ She said the second she was within earshot

‘They found us, Alex is here, don’t know where, Wade’s gone to look for him and at the moment, we can only stay here’

She thought for a moment

‘Okay, okay we can work with this. You don’t need sleep right, or many resources at all really, so it’s just you. Food and water can come from here but…’ she trailed off

‘If there’s a room or cupboard or something, I can make a hammock in their for when I need to sleep’ he jumped in.

‘Then it’s all sorted, now we just have to wait for Wade’

So you waited, on edge, for three hours

Then there was a bang of the door being slammed against the wall from being opened

‘Wade!’ shouted Vanessa, running over to man who was dressed in red in more ways than one. He had almost ten bullet holes in him and you could easily see where they’d gone straight through. It was a gory sight to say the least. The three of you rushed over to him and began patching him up despite knowing full well that he could heal himself.
‘What happened?’ you asked nervously

‘Let’s just say that your buddy wasn’t too pleased to see me’

‘You saw Alex?’

‘Kind of. Met one of his buddies who delivered the call for me. Pretty douchey way to say hello if you ask me’

‘What did he say?’

‘Well, he wants you to meet him alone where I was just shot ten times in about two hours and he wanted a bottle of scotch’

‘Scotch?’ you looked at him oddly

‘Well, he didn’t ask for it but it’s always nice to bring a thank you for inviting me gift to these kind of things, you know, dinner parties, funerals, homicides. And he seems like a scotch kinda guy’

‘Okay you idiot. Anything else happen?’

‘No, it was a breeze’

‘You got shot ten times’ you deadpanned

‘Yeah, but I can heal so it’s fine. Don’t worry about me sweet cheeks’ he grunted.

Eventually, he had almsot completely healed himself and you were in a side room, getting your ammo together.

‘I don’t want you to go’ said Peter from the doorway

‘I have to go. This needs to end’

‘Even if it only ends because you’re dead? And what happens if you do die? Do I go tell your dad, the rest of our family? Do I go deeper into hiding? Just please don’t go, I can’t lose you’ he had walked to stand in front of you and taken your hands in his own. You could tell his voice was breaking and he was holding back tears

‘I know you love me a lot and this is hard, but I love you a lot too, and believe me this isn’t easy. I won’t die, but if the unspeakable does happen, it won’t be a silly mistake, it will be my life traded your freedom and safety. For everyone’s’

‘You’re going into this ready to die’ he looked at you in what you could only describe as horror or disgust

‘I would die for you at any given moment. I would die for my dad, my family. It’s not a hard decision for me to put the people I love above myself. I’m not going to die, but this is going to be hard and if I think that sacrificing myself will be better for you, then that’s the option I choose’ you said firmly

‘But you can fight him, I’ve seen you fight off armies of men and win with barely a scratch. You can do this instead of running away and leaving me at the first sign of danger’

‘You think I really wanted to do this. Do you think this was easy. I trained my body to appear dead on command, I went months without food or water or shelter, exposed to things that would have
killed you within days. I lied, stole, killed with mercy or regret in the name of love and sacrifice. I left you to keep you safe and it hurt every single day I was gone, and waking up and facing each new day without you may be the hardest thing I’ve ever done but I did it because it was my job’

‘But you still left me!’ he shouted. ‘You say this was hard, but you still left. You still ran off to do this when you could have asked for help, or brought me with you in the first place, or even just reassured me you were okay but you didn’t. And now you’re asking me to go through all of that again. You’re asking me to give you up. I don’t know if he’s going to kill you or use you for HYDRA and I’ll never be able to know until we find you dead in a ditch or against us on the battlefield. You’re asking me to step into the unknown again so you can protect something I never asked you to protect in the first place!’ he shouted

‘This is my choice Peter. I’m going, and whether you want possibly our last conversation to be a screaming match or a heartfelt goodbye where we say anything we didn’t get a chance to before is up to you’ you said this much quieter, but still firmly, standing your ground to make sure he knew you were serious about this. He sighed and looked at you. You were both crying

‘I’m sorry, I just don’t want to lose you’ he hugged you tightly, as if it were your last.

‘I love you. Maybe last time I did have the choice to do more to get your help, but now I don’t have that choice, I can only hope it doesn’t come to me giving myself up for you. Not because I wouldn’t want to, but because I know how much that would hurt you. I’m sorry’ you whispered, sobbing.

‘I love you more than anything in this world y/n y/l/n’

‘I will love you forever Peter Parker’ you sniffed and stepped out of the embrace reluctantly.

You picked up the last of your weapons and headed towards the door. Then you stopped and turned to the shelves of alcohol. You grabbed a bottle of scotch and walked out of the door without looking back

Chapter End Notes

HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYONE. I hope everyone had a great Christmas and New Years. I dropped my phone in the bath and have been without one for a couple of days now, so that’s where I am currently. Also I have an announcement. Part of my English gcse is writing some original fictional writing and what a lot of people do is publish their piece on sites like this and then continue it since we can only submit about 800 words. Next time I update, it will be up and so will some of my friends if you wanna read theirs. I can’t tell you much, just that it’s based off the song girls like girls by Hayley Kioko so it’s hella gay
Dusk had almost completely settled over the city. The only source of light were the scarce streetlights and orange haze from the setting sun.

This was it, this next moment would make or break everything you’ve worked for, everything you’d sacrificed, everything that damaged you.

‘Alex, I’m here to talk’ you shouted across the empty street. No answer. ‘A pal of mine told me to bring some scotch if that’s your kinda thing’. Again, no answer. ‘Listen it’ totally okay if you’re getting cold feet, it’s pretty common and we can postpone this whole murder or sell me as a slave thing’

‘But why would I postpone when I could have so much fun torturing you’ you heard Alex shout from the shadows

‘Let’s get this over with’ you growled.

‘But I want to talk a little more, let you get to know the man who will be your undoing’ his voice was surrounding you now, you had no idea where it was coming from and your eyes scanned the area frantically.

‘The way I see it, there are two options’ his voice echoed through the empty streets ominously. ‘You can do a bit of negotiating with me now and I’ll be more lenient, let you have some perks to your capture, and you come with me willingly’

‘Sounds tempting, can one of terms be I get to walk free?’ you shot back

‘If you can give me the right stuff in return you can get whatever you want and let’s just say I believe in a life for a life’

‘What’s my other option?’

‘You fight for your freedom. I know it was always your end goal to find me and kill me, but I’m not really up for that. You might win, but you might not. And if you don’t win and I capture you, you get nothing and you end up being forced to agree to all of my terms’

‘How do I know you’ll hold up your end of the bargain if I agree to option one’

‘I may be a bastard in your eyes, but I am also a man of my word. It’s all you’ve got to go on really. So what do you choose?’ he taunted

‘Show yourself, then we’ll talk’ you demanded. You heard a deep chuckle

‘How do I know you won’t fight dirty or call for help?’

‘I may be a conniving bitch in your eyes, but I’m also a woman of my word. It’s all you’ve got to go on really’ you responded. You heard him chuckled again. Then, a dark silhouette began to form in the shadows, it’s form slowly having gaining more detail with each passing second until you it morphed into Alex as he stood under a lamppost.
'So, which do you choose?' he grinned

'Let’s talk options first. If I fight you, what terms will I be forced to comply with?'

'If you fight me and lose, I will take you and sell you to the highest bidder'

'I thought you’d deliver me to HYDRA?’

'That’s what they think, but you’re a formidable weapon and people like to pay endless amounts of money for power. It could be HYDRA, it could be someone else, it could even be me’

'You?’

'Well, you’ve caused me a lot of trouble recently. Yes you’ve been a nuisance to track down but you’ve landed me in hot water with some people. Controlling the person who once caused me so much trouble with a single word is the most satisfying kind of justice I could think of’ he smirked, even going so far as to put his hand on your jaw and smooth his thumb over your skin. But you didn’t move a muscle

'How would you use me differently to HYDRA?’ you shuddered at the connotations of your question

'You know what HYDRA would do to you. They’d use you as an inhumane weapon and use you on the people you love, the people you once protected. They would bare to the world for judgement before making you pull the trigger on everyone who tried speaking out. But not without a worthy punishment for escaping and being a bit of a bitch in general.’ he paused and looked at you. You could have sworn his eyes turned even darker

'You’ve killed everyone that you knew from that place, but they still remember you and the damage you caused. I’ve met the man who would be buying you actually. He’s told me about the things you would do. Wipe your mind like they did with the Winter soldier. Put you in cryo for years and take you out every now and again. Your punishment would be being out of cryo long enough to remember the people you left behind, maybe even see them live their lives without you before putting you back under. You’d become practically immortal with the cost of love’ he got quieter and his voice became more threatening and husky as he spoke

'And what would you do?’

'With them you’d work for a company, in the world on missions that change and shape history, possibly for the worse. With me, you’d work for me, on mission that I set that only benefit me and only shape my life. You get bitchy I’ll put you in cryo, but you’ll have a place, you’ll have rights. My requests would be personal, killing personal enemies, scaring my competition, but you’d be very locked away from the outside world. You wouldn’t see anyone except for the people I demand you see ever again and you won’t be immortal’

'You know when I die?’ you asked blankly

'When I get snuffed from this world, so will you’ he grinned at you evilly.

'And what about my family?’

'Now that’s a bit of a variable. If you don’t come with me, I’ll kill probably just over half of them, but if you do... I will have a range of requests, some of them gruesome. If you refuse a request, I will kill one of them and give you some kind of reminder. Or you give me something else in return for the life, but we’ll discuss that when we get to that. But they will stay safe for the most part...so what do you choose?’
‘I have one term. You leave Peter and my dad out of your little threats. The others will be enough to make me do whatever you want, but they mean the world to me and I don’t want you to threaten, hurt or kill them under any circumstances’ you gritted your teeth, unable to believe you were possibly agreeing to this.

‘If that’s your only term’ he held out his hand. Was this it? If you shook his hand right now, you were his property and there was no promise of rescue, not even a chance of it. You’d have to do God knows what which would leave you with God knows how much humanity. You’d never see any of your family again. You’d never see your dad again, You’d never see Peter again.

If you went with HYDRA, you might be rescued. They had logs and details and communication. Files that your family could find and use to help you. But you wouldn’t be human when and if they did. You wouldn’t remember them and it would be Bucky all over again. You couldn’t do that to them. You would rather they lose you completely and move on than spend years tracking you down only to find you’d forgotten them completely.

So you shook his hand

‘y/n!’ you heard a shout behind you. You turned to see who it was but before you could get a good look, Alex got an iron grip on your hand and twisted it behind you back, pulling a knife on your throat

‘I came to see how you were doing’ he said coolly

‘I’m doing fine but you should go now’ you replied before you felt the blade being pushed further into your throat

‘You’re not looking too hot. But you on the other hand, holy shit. Why is it so many of the super villains in this franchise are hot’ both you and Alex looked at him like he’s grown another head. ‘Oh, you see the author was talking to her friend about this story and the friend has this weird thing where she’s attracted to the villains. Like you know Hans Gruber from Die hard? She loves him, it’s so weird. Anyway, yeah the villains are hot, like have you seen Hela, and don’t even get me started on Loki. Huh, maybe it’s just asgardians’ he shrugged

‘What the fuck are you on about?’ said Alex

‘You know, the author who’s writing this right now and has no idea what the fuck she’s doing but felt like she wasn’t using my ability to break the fourth wall enough. She had loads of plans for this and actually this was all going to end with a big fight where good triumphs over evil but there’s been a turn of events and she thinks that this plot twist she wrote in thirty minutes will add another three chapters to this story arc so she’s under a lot of pressure right now to get back on track. Man, we should get her a muffin basket or something. She kinda thinks she’s using my ability a little too much now, so I’m gonna shut up’ said Deadpool happily

‘Okay…? Well, I don’t know what you’re doing here, but it’s too late. We’ve made a deal so you can leave and tell others of this’ you could hear the smirk in his voice

‘Wade’ you shoted, grabbing his attention. The knife pushed further into your throat, but you continued. ‘Tell Peter this is for the best, and he’s safe, he can go home. I’m with Alex and I won’t be coming back. But he’s safe and so is my dad and so is everyone else and they won’t have to fight me one day, they won’t see me ever again’ you said slowly and carefully

‘But you need to…not do that. What am I supposed to tell Peter, the author doesn’t think she can go through writing another emotional chapter like the one your asking me to do. And V, you still gotta
do stuff for her and what about me? Your family. There’s promises yous till need to keep’ he said. You could tell he was trying to keep cheery but the facade was fading with every word

‘It’s for the best Wade’ then before another word could be said, you felt a sharp pain in the side of your neck and the world began to fade. The last thing you registered was Wdae screaming for Alex to stop. He was running at you, but then there was a gunshot and everything went dark

Third Person POV:

Wade had been shot in the chest. He was fine within a minute, but it was enough time for Alex to drag away an unconscious y/n. There wasn’t much more he could have done, but he still blamed himself. Peter would blame him, he knew that much. It was why he still stood at the door of the bar.

Finally, he knew he would have to face the music at some point, so he stepped into the bar.

‘Wade, are you okay, where’s y/n, is she hurt?’ Peter instantly started asking questions frantically. Wade looked at him apologetically. ‘She’s gone?’ Peter asked slowly, like he couldn’t comprehend it.

‘Let’s sit down’ said Wade softly. Peter had gone into shock so was easily goaded into sitting down on a bar stool

‘Yeah, Alex got her. I could there after thay’d made some kind of deal. What I presume was included in that deal was an agreement that all of you would be safe. You can go home. I’ll tell you more there, but for now, get your things’ Peter could only nod numbly

Eventually, the pair of them arrived at the tower after a long walk in silence. FRIDAY let them into the lift and it was pandemonium when they arrived on the floor with the whole team.

‘Peter! You’re back!’ shouted Wanda, running and hugging the silent boy. The team passed him around, each of them hugging him until they all looked around at each other in confusion

‘Where’s y/n?’ asked Tony, confused

‘I think you should take a seat’ said Wade. The Avengers paused, instantly concerned, but quickly became seated so they could hear what had happened.

‘Earlier tonight, y/n met with Alex. I didn’t hear much, and only intervened after they’d finalised their deal, but I can guess what most of the terms were. She went with Alex, and she’s not going to HYDRA, she’s staying with him as his personal assassin. In return for her cooperation, none of you will be harmed and Peter can come home. She made it clear that there would be no way to find her. You would all be safe, but you will never see her again...I’m sorry’ finished Wade

‘And you didn’t intervene because…?’ asked Tony

‘Stark’ warned Natasha

‘What can’t I ask why he was just listening to my daughter negotiate away her human rights instead of helping her fight ehr way out of it’

‘She went in knowing she would lose her rights’ said Peter, still staring blankly at the wall

‘What?’ asked Bucky
Before she left, she warned me that she might not come back. She was going into that fight knowing she would lose, so she wanted to discuss her options with him and get as much of our safety guaranteed as she could, even if it meant compromising herself. We fought about it and she told me that I should choose what I say next carefully because it might be the last thing I would ever say to her. I guess she was right. She didn’t think about herself through all of this. It was always about us and whether we would make it out alive’ said Peter, tears slowly trickling down his face.

‘Well then we need to find her’ reasoned Steve

‘She’s not going to be found Cap, you know that as well as I do’ said Natasha softly.

‘So we’re just supposed to sit here and forget about her. Say ‘oh yeah, she’s really important to us and was some peoples only reason to get up int he morning for loads of years but I guess she’s really gone now so let’s just move on and act like she never existed’. If you guys want to give up that easy, fine, but I’m not giving up, because that’s my kid’ hissed Tony. ‘She can’t have disappeared off the face of the earth and it’s not like she’s in hiding so we must be able to find her. We have to’ Tony said defeatedly. He looked around but no one met his eye.

‘I’ll help you Tony’ said Steve standing up

‘Me too, I really miss that kid’ said Clint, also standing up

‘I’ll do my best to get her back to us’ said Wanda

‘I’ll help find her too’ said Natasha

‘We’re not giving up this easy’ said Sam

‘I can start on some new algorithms’ said Bruce standing up hesitantly.

‘Then it’s settled, we’re not giving up’ said Tony firmly as he stared Wade in the eye. He sighed

‘If you need any of my manpower or immortality abilities, Pete knows where to find me’ he said, already out the door as the elevator doors closed on him.

Chapter End Notes

Woo update time. I realised I hadn’t used some of dead pools traits enough so that’s why I had that massive fourth wall break there but hope you like this funky harrowing stuff. Next chapters definitely on it’s way and trust me, it’s not that good because I was going to end the arc here, but then this happened and so I had to make a fast bullshit chapter to actually finish it off which has even more damage. But that’s what y’all want or something so...

Also, my coursework is up, link is below. Please check it out and my friends stories when they add their own ones because we all worked so hard on them. Anyway, that’s all folks, see you next time :)

https://archiveofourown.org/series/1247408
You awoke groggily. You looked around to see yourself in a relatively spacious room with no windows, but plenty of lamps. You could tell the whole room was designed for practicality not comfort. There was a bed that had a duvet that was too small and there was a huge array of mismatched colours splayed across the room in such a way that it almost hurt your eyes to look around for too long.

In the corner, you could see a cryo-chamber.

You got up hazily and walked around the room. Before you could really explore the shelf of knick knacks and dusty books, the door behind you opened.

‘Ah, you’re up finally’ said Alex as he walked in and closed the door

‘How long was I out’ you responded

‘About a week, but I expected as much’ there was a pause as he lounged comfortably on a sofa by the wall.

‘So what do you want me to do first?’ you asked defeatedly. You might as well get all of this over with

‘You don’t have a mission as such for a while. I need to...break you first, I suppose. You’ll stay here until I decide you’ve got no hope left. Until you’re begging for something to do’

‘Why? You know I’ll do whatever you ask’ you said angrily

‘Yes, but isn’t this just so much more fun. Think about it. You almost killed me, unravelled all my hard work. Now, I’ll unravel your sanity. I will make you forget what made you you with every passing day until you’re left with fading memories and only an idea. You’ll be empty, shaped by your past, but made of your future here. And if you try to escape your fate? Let’s just say, i’m not afraid to pick up pieces fo shell when I’m done’ he grinned and smoothed his thumb over your jaw. ‘Do we understand each other?’ he said, grabbing your chin and making you look at him directly in the eye.

‘Yes’ you whispered weakly

‘Good’ he grinned, bathing in his new power. ‘I might bring you some food, might not. Depends what kind of mood i’m in’ those were his last words before he shut the door again, leaving you alone in the room.

You had next to no concept of time passing, but the next time he came in, was some time between two weeks and on month later

‘Good, you’re up. I brought food’ he said cheerily as if he wasn’t coming to give rations to his prisoner. You still had retained some of your dignity, but you were starving, so you calmly reached towards the plate to grab the nearest edible thing. But your hand was slapped away before you could grab a small piece fo meat.

‘Did I say you could eat? You life revovles around my commands now. Is that understood?’
‘Yes’ you said weakly. Incredibly hungry. He grinned again before leaving you the plate.

‘Go on, I’ll let you eat in peace’ and once again, he was gone. You knew he probably had cameras in your room so you didn’t give him the satisfaction of letting him see you cry. Instead, you ate the rest of the food slowly, savouring every bite. Then you slept.

This happened three more times over the course of what you guessed was about two weeks. Despite getting next to nothing, you were slowly building up your strength again.

You sat and stared blankly at the wall in front of you as you sat on your bed. Then you heard the door open. You didn’t look though, you knew it would be nothing different.

‘You’re improving. So, you’re going to need a little more sustenance. You’ll be going on missions again soon. Here, eat it all’ he dumped an entire plate of various foods in front of you. You wanted to stare at him in shock, but you fought the urge to step out of line.

‘How long have I been here. Can I get clock or something to tell me the date?’ you asked numbly.

‘Mighty brave of you to ask for something like that, guess you’re not as ready as I thought you were. Another month might do you some good, but since I’m not a total monster, I will tell you that you’ve been here for almost three months’ he started towards the door and you started doing an exercise when you felt yourself forgetting your previous life.

You began reciting as many of your family members’ names and something about them.

‘Clint, showed me how to climb through vents within the first month of me meeting him. Natasha, trained me, Bucky-‘

‘What are you doing?’ asked a very angry Alex. His eyes were wide with rage. ‘Are you trying to remember, honestly, if I didn’t know any better, I would say you were asking for this’

‘asking for what?’ you asked in a panic

‘Maybe I should try cryo for you’ you stepped quickly towards you and grabbed your arm. You tried screaming but he was only just stronger than you. He threw you into the chamber and you began thrashing against the glass.

You could feel it beginning to crack under your force, but you also felt yourself becoming weaker and the world becoming dark as the air became cold.

Then it was dark.

When you awoke next, you were confused. The glass chamber you were in opened with a hiss and you stepped out. You looked around and spotted Alex. You opened your mouth to ask him...something. But you realised you had no idea what you didn’t know. You couldn’t remember. You went to speak but something in your gut told you something bad would happen. You had the same feeling when you thought about doing anything other than standing there and waiting for Alex to say something.

He only grinned.

‘Let’s try some things out shall we? Sit on the bed’ he dismissed you and you felt obligated to move yourself to sit down.

He opened his mouth to say something, but then he stopped himself and only smiled as he walked
away. You looked at him, confused, but you remained still. After what you guessed was thirty minutes, you spoke up

‘Do you need me to do something?’ you asked and he sighed

‘Oh, y/n. I thought you were a smarter than this. You don’t speak, you don’t move, you don’t even think, unless I tell you that you can! Do you understand?’ he screamed, getting right in your face

‘Yes, I’m sorry’ you said on reflex.

‘I wish I could just take your word for it, but I think you’re going to need a permanent reminder’

‘Now, to teach you not to speak’ he said, grabbing a pack of matches. ‘I’m going to burn you for however long I see fit and every time you make so much as a sound, I’ll start again’ your eyes lit up with fear, but you had no other option.

He began lighting the matches under your skin and it took you six matches before you learnt to control your whimpers, simply trying to focus on the discarded matches littered on the floor, just like how the burns littered your body. You panted from the pain, but your lesson was far from over because suddenly you felt a sharp kick to your abdomen.

‘Now, you’re not allowed to move, no matter how much I hurt you’ he smiled widely and before you had time to react, he was kicking your forcefully.

An eternity later, he stopped kicking. You had simply stopped feeling it, which was why you assumed you must have stopped reacting to his punishment. You heard him mummering, something about not thinking. You felt your body react to whatever he was saying, somehow getting up and moving around despite the beating you.

You saw yourself pick up various objects and move around the room before he said something to you and you went to sit back down on the bed.

You had no idea what was happening, but suddenly, you had control over yourself again, kind of. You were aware of your movements again, but you were...scared. Like your body knew it could shut down again at any moment.

This went on for weeks. Sometimes you would wake up, to find that you were already awake and whatever loss of control Alex had invoked inside of you had made you get up.

Slowly, your realised that he wasn’t using code words to put you into the state, it seemed to just occur in his presence, and even taking minutes to leave you after he “released you”. You eventually figured out that he released you by literally telling you that you were in control of your own body again.

But now you were facing different problems. You remembered...people. Before you had come here. But you couldn’t put names to faces, you could barely put faces to faces. They were only shapes and colours. Some of them were only sounds. A laugh. A scream. Some had completely disappeared from your memory. You knew they had been there had some point, but there was nothing you could recall anymore. It all felt wrong but you couldn’t articulate why.

Sometimes he would hurt you again, but you learnt quickly and those times became scarce. Eventually, it had been perhaps six months since you’d exited the cry-chamber for the first time. You had forgotten everything from before, the sounds, colours, shapes. There were only holes where you knew there should be something, but you didn’t know what.
You stared blankly at a wall when you heard the door open beside you. You didn’t look though.

‘This is why I wasn’t worried about you lot showing up’ you heard Alex say

‘What did you do to her’ growled a voice

‘Just a bit of therapy, teaching her lessons to make sure she was good. y/n, get up’ he commanded. This time it felt different. You weren’t really in control, but you were conscious and could process things. You got up and turned to him and whoever he was talking to. You turned to see seven people, all staring at you. The man closest to you had short brown hair and looked a little like you. At least you think he did, you hadn’t seen yourself in a long time.

There were two women and the rest were men.

‘Now, how should I do this. Well, first, you need to step to the side. Part of the bargain was you and her little boy toy wouldn’t get hurt’ Alex dragged the man to the side. ‘You’ve got your first mission now y/n. Are you up for it?’ you turned to him blankly

‘Yes sir’ you said reflexively.

‘These people tried to steal from me and what they tried to take was very important so their punishment will be death.’ You nodded and reached for the handgun he was holding out.

Calmly, you raised the gun and aimed at one of the women, but as soon as you met her eyes, something changed. You began gaining a small amount of consciousness and despite every nerve in your body telling you to just shoot her, you instead spoke up

‘What did they try and steal?’

‘What?’ he asked dangerously

‘What did they try and steal?’ you repeated

‘How dare you defy me! Shoot them!’ he screamed. He stepped towards you and out of the corner of your eye, you saw one of the women flick her hands and a flash of red light before your mind was filled with images words and sounds

There was the man Alex had moved to the side. Laughing. the colour red. the whir of an engine.

The woman you had been looking at. The red light you’d seen. Sokovia.

One of the other men you’d seen. A red star. Flashing metal. HYDRA.

A boy who was not here. Red and blue. Spiders. Love.

Alex. He was there at a party. HYDRA. American Intelligence. Russia. The alley he’d taken you in. Every single time he had hit you. Danger.

Your eyes flashed with realisation and you acted on instinct. As Alex took another step towards you, you turned and shot him head on.

He fell heavily to the floor, blood leaking onto the stone floor and spreading rapidly.

You stared at the body in shock and disbelief. He was dead. He was dead. You could remember everything he’d done, everything he’d made you do. Clearly, like someone was showing you the memories like a movie.
Then, you noticed everything you’d begun to remember had started to disappear. You tired holding onto anything. The sounds, the shapes, the colours. You even tried remembering which words you associated with who.

But it would have been easier to hold onto air.

Within seconds, it was all gone again and you were left staring at the group of people before you

‘Am I free?’ you asked quietly

‘Yes, he’s dead, you can come home’ she said, taking a step towards you but you flinched, making her freeze.

‘Where’s home?’ you asked

‘With us? Peter’s missed you a lot you know’

‘Y/n?’ asked one of the women, making you look up at her

‘Who are you?’ you asked, scared. You could see their hearts break with your words. They knew you, but you didn’t know them.

Not anymore

Chapter End Notes

okay I am so so sorry for the long haitus. I've been stressing with my parent teacher evening and I have a month to complete three lots of 2000 word essays that count for almost 30% of my final GCSE’s. It's all just been a bit manic and my birthday party is this Satruday and all in all my life is just a bit of a car crash right now but I am back and I hope this chapter kind of makes up for the time. I'll actually be posting again soon and I'm going to try and keep to the routine of posting once a week. Also if you haven't checked out my english coursework yet, I've posted the second chapter (technically a prequal chapter) so go check it out : )
You sat in some kind of advanced jet completely on your own. If someone moved to sit next to you, you moved away. Mostly to find a window. You wanted so desperately to ignore everything inside the jet. You thought that if you tried hard enough, you could imagine you were outside, with fresh air. Not here.

Here felt too much like HYDRA. Like Alex. You had to admit, they held a different energy around you, but you were still on edge. Scared it was just a cycle. That these people would take you away and lock you from the outside world, only to be used for their own purposes. They might disguise it as freedom, but it will still be the same. The cycle never breaks. While no one was looking, you grabbed a knife.

‘We’re here’ said one of the blond haired men. You felt the jet slow to a stop but you didn’t dare move, testing them to see how they would react to your disobedience.

Would they ask you again until you followed? Shout at you? Threaten you with death? Maybe they would actually hurt you.

‘Do you want to stay on the jet?’ Asked the man with the metal arm. He seemed awkward, but confident. Like he wasn’t used to asking such things, but he knew it was the best thing to do in that moment. You registered his question. You looked around and thought. No matter how much you wanted to hold onto every option of escape you had, the thought of being alone in this metal coffin scared you onto your feet, so you could slowly follow the group. You didn’t miss the wary glances sent your way.

Suddenly, a boy was running at you, shouting something. You thought he was running towards one of the other people but he flung himself at you. You hit him away, contorting your body to twist around him, bringing him to the ground and holding the knife to his neck.

The others reached quickly. Most of them rushed to stop you but the metal armed man held them back

‘He wasn’t going to harm you y/n’ you heard him say. You continued to stare daggers at the boy below you. You scrunched up your face, your inner thoughts fighting with each other.

‘You don’t know him, but he knows you. He didn’t know that you wouldn’t recognise him. He’s not going to hurt you. No one is’ he said slowly. You looked at the boy closer. He was scared. Terrified. You suddenly remembered how he had looked happy when he saw you. But it could be a trap. You grew frustrated with the uncertainty of it all. Your grip on the knife became tighter until your knuckles were white and it was shaking against the boys skin.

You knew him.

Did you?

You felt like you did but nothing came to mind. No shapes, colours, sounds. Nothing.

But he couldn’t hurt you. You could let him go. So, slowly, you lifted yourself off the boy and stepped away. He sighed in relief, as did everyone else.
‘Can we have the knife please?’ Asked the blond haired man. They wanted to strip you of your weapons. Your defence. Your eyes became frantic and scared. The metal armed man seemed to notice because he stepped between you and the man.

‘That’s not a good idea. That knife is all she has to protect herself. She’s already assumed that we’re going to hurt her, just let her keep the knife’ he tried to reason. The man nodded. Slowly, the metal armed man turned around.

‘I don’t have any weapons on me anymore’ you stared at him, then glanced at the others. ‘They can get rid of theirs’ he prompted and after a moment, they all unloaded all of their weapons. ‘Now we need to talk. Can you tell us anything we might find useful to help you’.

You racked your brain furiously, desperate to find some evidence that you had a life before Alex.

‘Are we sure-’ started one of the men.

‘Clint, she’s thinking’ hissed the red haired woman. Suddenly, a memory hit you.

‘Clint’ you whispered, making every head in the room turn to you.

‘Yeah, do you remember anything about him’

‘When I was...there, I did something that got me in trouble. It made him put me cryo and...and’ you trailed off, drifting into your only memories of that place. How he beat you, tortured you, brainwashed you.

‘It’s okay, take your time. What do you remember?’ Asked the man in front of you.

‘Clint...Clint, showed me how to climb through the vents’ you said, remembering the exercise you did. ‘There were people, that I knew before. Alex told me I would forget them. Turn me into a shell, a shell of who I was before, but filled with what I will be. What I am. I said their names. Something about them. I tried to remember but it was so hard’ you broke down sobbing. As you fell to your knees, the man went to catch you.

‘It’s alright, it’s alright’ he comforted, rubbing small circles on your back as you sobbed in on yourself. ‘Listen, I know it’s hard, it can you remember nothing else?’ He asked.

‘You said the name and I remembered. Maybe, if you say...more names?’ You said through sobs.

‘Natasha’ said the man.

‘She trained me’ you said almost instantly before throwing your hands over your mouth. ‘Is she HYDRA? Did she hurt me. You’re with her. You’re HYDRA!’ You began shrieking and scrambling to get away from them, but the man grabbed you and held you still until you stopped screaming so he could talk.

‘No, we’re not HYDRA. She trained you after HYDRA, and a bit before. You fought against people like HYDRA before they took you. She was a mentor to you. A mother’ he said quietly, glancing behind him at one of the women. Was that her?

‘Let’s try someone else. Sam, Sam Wilson’ you thought for a moment. You could feel something. Like there were memory’s fighting to get out, but they had been locked away too long. ‘It’s alright we can try someone else-’

‘No, I can remember something. But it’s impossible. I just see a figure flying. Was Sam a bird?’ You
asked in confusion

‘He sure has the brain of one’ quipped the man

‘Hey!’ Said one of the men, clearly taking offence to the comment

‘Sorry, anything else’ he said, turning back to you. You shook your head. ‘Okay, what about Steve Rogers?’

‘He’s...blond. And big, blue. There’s the colour blue. He was protective. Mother hen’ you said absentmindedly, simply repeating whatever word or thought ran through your head.

‘Yeah, you could call him a mother hen’ chuckled the man with the metal arm. ‘What about Bucky’ he said, almost nervously. Without realising it, you smile fondly.

‘Metal. Red star. HYDRA’ you said, staring blankly ahead of you. If you had been looking, you would have seen the mans face fall. But there were more thoughts that had been opened, like a floodgate. ‘He was nice, he was like me, I think. Brother’ you said slower

‘Yeah doll, that’s right. Brother’. Doll. That was familiar somehow

‘Bucky...Bucky called me doll. Was he really my brother, how does he fit in with HYDRA. I don’t understand...I-‘ but you were cut off by the man in front of you shushing you

‘It’s alright, you’ll remember, what about Peter’ he prompted

‘Red and blue. Spiders? And...love. I loved him’ you said, more of a question rather than a statement. ‘Where is he?’ You Asked frantically

‘Woah, hold on, just try a few more people, then we’ll fill you in. Wanda?’

‘She...she has red light. Sokovia. Sister’ you glanced upwards and met eyes with one of the women. ‘You’ you pointed at her. She din’t speak, only nodded as tears began to prick in her eyes

‘And-‘

‘Tony’ you finished, looking straight at a man with short dark brown hair. He looked like you. You think. ‘You’re Tony and when I think of you, I see red. I hear this whirring sound. Metal. But I don’t know who you are. I don’t know who any of you are. I can tell you your names, and that you meant something to me. But...I can’t...remember’ your breathing slowly became more laboured with every word. The world was spinning and going dark. It was too hot. You were out of cryo. You’d never been out of cryo this long.

And with that final thought, everything went dark

Third Person POV:

‘What’s happening Bucky?’ Shouted Tony, rushing to his daughters side

‘I don’t know, I’ve never seen this before’ he said, fear evident in his voice

‘Get her to Bruce, he’s down in the med bay’ shouted Steve. The team quickly jumped into action,
almost all of them grabbing a limb or part of the girl who had just collapsed, getting her into the elevator as quickly as they could. As soon as the doors opened, Tony was running.

‘Bruce!’ He shouted. ‘Bruce. We need immediate medical attention’

Bruce looked up from his work and instantly went to one of the gurney’s

‘Put her on, what happened?’ He asked, running along with the bed towards another team of doctors

‘He was asking, getting quite stressed out, she doesn’t remember much. And she just passed out’ Bruce checked the girl’s pulse as best he could

‘Her pulse is slowing. Looks like a coma. All staff needed at bay 16’ shouted Bruce as he ran towards an area where he quickly connected the bed to various wires. Five seconds later, a slowing heartbeat could be heard across the floor.

‘We’re losing her, what’s causing this’ shouted Banner

‘It’s some kind of state she’s in. I’s a routine her body does, but something in her environment changed so that the routine is now putting her in danger’ shouted back another doctor as she scurried away to find some readings on the girl’s vitals.

‘Cryo, she said she was put in cryo a lot’ exclaimed Tony

‘Then we need to put her in cryo. Prepare cryo station three!’ Shouted Bruce, already unhooking the bed

‘But what if she comes out again and she’s forgotten everything’

‘Tony we’re losing her. You can get back a few minutes of memory therapy, you can’t get back her life’ Banner stopped, waiting for Tony to allow the procedure to continue

‘Fine. Just save her’ he said defeatedly

‘I will Tony’ he assured him before going straight back into work.

A whole twenty four hours later the team waited worriedly for news. Tony paced around the kitchen

‘She’ll be fine Tony’ said Steve

‘But what if she forgets us again. I mean, you saw her, she could barely recognise us as we were, let alone after going back into cryo again. What if she comes out and she doesn’t ever remember, or worse yet, we never find a cure for this and every time we make a little bit of progress it goes down the drain. We have to start again.’

‘Tony’ tried Steve, but Tony wasn’t done

‘Maybe we could try again and again, either in hope that one day she doesn’t forget or either just to give us something to keep us going. But what if one day we just give up. We decide it’s too late, she’s never going to remember us. Do we leave her in cryo for the rest of her life and let her live on to a new world where were all gone, like with Cap and Barnes? Or do just take her out from time time and ignore her, enough to age but we can’t do anything else for her. She can’t ever go and be free. Not if she has to come back to fucking cryo and start over every few days at most’.
‘Tony!’ Shouted Steve. Tony turned. ‘We’ll figure that all out together. Once she’s out of cryo again’ there was a pause, before Tony nodded wordlessly and as down

‘She’s awake’ said Bruce, walking into the room, quickly making everyone stand up. ‘She’s just repeating all of our names over and over again, not actually saying anything, or responding to any questions

‘What happened when she actually woke up’ asked Bucky

‘She was very calm. She looked confused at first, but then she just walked around the room. It was like she was shut off, but not dangerous in any way’

‘Do you know how we can help her get her memory back’ asked Tony

‘We have some ideas, but we need more data’ Bruce looked at Tony, once again, like he was asking for permission

‘When will she have to go back into cryo?’ He asked

‘We’re not sure, but we’ll have her close to a chamber, should she need it. Then, it will give us an idea for the future’ Bruce assured. A moment of silence passed

‘Fine, just keep us updated?’ Asked Tony

‘Of course’ Bruce gave a small smile before walking away.

She went back into cryo four days later

‘Tell me what you got’ said Tony, walking hurriedly into the lab, only sparing a quick glance at his daughter, frozen in the cryo chamber.

‘I think we have enough data to start trying things. We need her to tell us things about what happened, both with Alex and the year she was away. I don’t think there was any real brainwashing or serums involved with her conditioning, it’s just extreme ptsd which is far easier to fix. Depending on how deep the conditioning is’

‘What do you mean how deep?’ Asked Tony nervously

‘PTSD can sometimes leave people completely, but sometimes it can’t. In this case I’m guessing the latter and whether that means she has nightmares every couple of weeks or she transforms into this shell of herself every couple of days, depends on what was done to her and how effective our methods are’

‘But there’s a chance she’ll be relatively alright again? And what about cryo, will she need it forever?’ Rushed Tony, desperate for answers.

‘Yes there’s a chance, and we’ve started developing methods to counter act her body’s anticipation of the cryo chamber. Each time we take her out, we hope to condition her to leave her out for one more day. It will be a long process for sure, and there may be a time when we can’t extend her time outside any longer, but at the moment, I can’t say anything for certain’ sighed Bruce

‘It’s alright, you’ve already done so much’ Tony only stared at his daughter. His daughter that did not know him and might not know him for a long time. Bruce checked his phone

‘We can take her out now, if you want to be here’ Tony nodded. Banner walked over to the chamber
and pressed a few buttons before the machine let out a hiss and y/n began to stir

‘Dad...Peter...Sam...Wan...Wanda’ she mumbled

‘Did she do this before?’ Questioned Tony

‘No, last time she came out, she didn’t remember a thing. We got as far as colours, sounds, linking words, but this is good. This is great’ smiled Bruce

Three months later:

‘Let’s go again y/n, tell me what you can remember and then we’re all done if it goes well’ smiled Bruce

‘My name is y/n Stark. I was a soldier for HYDRA before I went underground for one year in search of a man named Alex Walker. Alex walker is dead. My dad’s name is Tony Stark, my mothers name is Pepper Potts. My boyfriends name is Peter Parker. I love him. The rest of my family are Wanda Maximoff, Natasha Romanoff, Steve Rogers, Sam Wilson and Bucky Barnes. They rescued me from Alex. He abused me and conditioned me into becoming a shell of myself. I am alright now but may experience relapses every so often. I have not been in cryo for one month and six days.’ You recited, struggling with some of the names, but then quickly breezing through he rest.

‘Well y/n, I am happy to say that you can rejoin society properly. You can move into your old room but no missions until you’ve had at least one month of a clean streak’ smiled Bruce

‘Thank you Dr Banner’ you got up and hugged him before walking towards the elevator to go and say hello to your family properly, completely unaware of the surprise party waiting for you.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys. I am so so sorry for being so late with this update. Basically life is hella stressful right now and I really hate being late constantly with these updates and I do't think I'm going to get better at it so I've decided to do something a little different. I have loads of chapters ready to go, so what I'll do is I will post them weekly but I probably won't write. Once I have no more finished chapters to post, I'm going to take a break until the end of my GCSE's (they're big exams here in England). I am definitely not leaving for good but the exams won't finish until mid June so I will be gone for a while. But I am coming back because I love this story and I love all of you guys. :)
Four months ago, you had killed Alex Walker.

You repeated it to yourself that he was dead about fifty times a week. Sometimes it was to stop yourself from relapsing or having a panic attack, other times it was to recover from one. Like tonight for example.

You were dreaming but you didn’t know that yet.

All you knew was that you could see the room Alex had kept you in. The cryo chamber in the corner, the bed on the side, Alex standing over you, sporting his signature grin of pure evil.

He moved closer until he was practically on top of you.

Then it all went dark. It took about a minute to realise the sounds of screams was coming from you. That the voice trying to calm you down was Peter. That Alex was dead.

‘Y/n, can you look at me. Y/n!’ Peter tried desperately to get your attention. You looked at him, still processing everything. Where you were. Who you were. ‘Hey, tell me the thing. Do you remember?’

You thought. There was something you had to remember, what was it?

‘My name. My name is y/n Stark. Tony Stark is my dad. Pepper Potts is my mum. Alex Walker is dead. Alex Walker is dead’

‘That’s right. He’s gone. He’s not going to hurt you anymore. You are safe here. With your dad, with me’ he repeated that over and over until your heart rate had slowed to its normal pace. ‘Are you okay now?’

‘Yes, I’m fine. Thank you’ you said, practically collapsing into his side

‘It’s alright, I’ll always be here for you, you know that right?’

‘Yeah, I do’ you yawned, exhaustion asking a hold of you again

‘You can go back to sleep if you want’ he suggested

‘What if I forget again. What if I wake up from a nightmare and this time, I have a relapse and I forget again’ he whispered

‘You haven’t had a relapse in over a month and even if you did have one, I’ll be here. We’ll all be here. Ready to give you back your memories again. We’ll do it over and over too. I promise, now sleep, you need the rest, I’m sure Shuri’s got lots planned for our visit to Wakanda tomorrow’

‘Today’

‘What?’ He said, confused

‘It’s four am. So the trip is today, in six hours’
‘Then that means you get five more hours of sleep’ he insisted, even pushing you slightly so that you would lay down and despite your protest, you were asleep in seconds.

Later:

You quickly rushed out of the jet the second it touched down in Wakanda and quickly jumped into Shuri’s arms for a tight hug.

‘I’ve missed you y/n, where have you been?’ She laughed

‘Oh you would not believe the year or two, I guess that I’ve had. No one told you?’ You said, becoming slightly more serious

‘No, what happened, Peter didn’t hurt you did he, you know I can have the Dora milaje kill him for you’ she promised, making you laugh

‘No, nothing like that, but there were very big things that happened’ before you could continue, Peter rushed over to the pair of you

‘Shuri, how are you?’ He asked happily. They got caught up quickly, talking animatedly to each other. You decided now was not the best time to ruin this moment of pure joy, untouched by your troubles, so you gave Shuri a look, telling her you’d talk to her about it later

‘So what’s up first?’ You asked excitedly, ready to be distracted.

‘Well if I told you, it wouldn’t be much of a surprise now would it’ she scolded, chuckling as she began walking inside. ‘All you need to know is it’s in my lab’ she said, barely able to contain her excitement.

You shared a look with Peter before rushing after her.

‘Here it is’ she announced, opening the doors to her lab. As you walked down the ramp, you noticed three poles, maybe about a foot long with black markings on each one.

‘Is that what I think it is?’ Asked Peter, his eyes wide

‘What is it?’ You asked him

‘I was bored one day and decided these could be the perfect things to use on your next visit. So here you go, your very own lightsabers’ she tossed you one, as it switched on. The blue energy protruding out of the handle.

You looked over to see Peter had a red one and Shuri’s was green.

‘Do they work the same as in the movies?’ You asked

‘Who do you think you’re talking to. Now come on, I’m only allowed to use these outside’ she said, switching her lightsaber off and running out the doors.

Third Person POV:
The Avengers stood by the windows, watching the teens dance about with the lightsabers

‘Are those…’ said Tony

‘Yep’ replied Natasha

‘And they’re…’

‘Yeah’

‘And you’re all fine…’

‘It would seem so’

‘Right then’ said Tony, only looking for a moment longer before walking away. Unable to deal with all of it.

Later that evening, the team and the royal family were seated for dinner. They were finishing up when the unthinkable happened

‘Hey y/n, pass me your plate’ said Peter casually, but when he didn’t get any kind of reply he turned to ask her again ‘y/n?’

But she was blank, staring ahead of her.

‘Is she alright?’ Asked T’Challa

‘I don’t know? Does she need cryo?’ Tony asked Bruce

‘She’s not showing the regular signs’ replied Bruce

‘Signs? What do you mean signs? Why would she need cryo?’ Questioned Shuri

‘She didn’t tell you?’ Asked Wanda as Tony got up to get a closer look at his daughter

‘No, she said she’d tell me later. What happened?’

‘Shuri, y/n went off the grid for over a year then got kidnapped and brainwashed through cryo’ said Peter, almost apologetically. Before Shuri could reply, however, Tony placed a hand on y/n’s shoulder.

Without hesitation, y/n grabbed her knife and twisted around Tony pushing him so that she stood above him, holding the knife to his neck. Her eyes were blank but murderous.

‘Y/n, can you hear me?’ Asked Peter quickly as everyone jumped from their seats. The Wankandans rushed to apprehend the girl, but Wanda shouted for them to stop

‘She’s not herself right now. It’s a relapse. She’s a soldier at the moment but she will hurt you if you become a threat. If we prove we’re okay, then we might be able to get her somewhere safe’ assured Wanda. The Wakandans stood down a little but were still on edge.

‘Where am I?’ Hissed y/n. ‘Who are you and why am I here?’
No one knew how to respond, do they tell her the truth and a half lie so she can get out fo the relapse. Apparently, they were taking too long, as y/n began searching frantically for an exit. After seeing the doors heavily guarded, she looked at the only other place of escape, the window.

Before anyone could anticipate her movements, she had grabbed two more knives from the table and sprinted for the window. She threw one at the glass, causing it to smash dramatically.

However, before she could jump out, Wanda used her magic to create a shield where the window used to be. Y/n ran into it and was shot back by a pulse of energy.

Growling, she quickly launched a knife at Wanda. Thankfully, it only grazed her arm, but the barrier was down. Though in the chaos, some of the Dora milaje had stepped between the window and her, their spears pointed threateningly.

Y/n eyes flared and looked around frantically. Fearfully.

‘Y/n we’re not going to hurt you’ said Steve

‘Then why are all your weapons drawn’ she shot back. Peter tried taking a step towards her, but she threatened him with her knife. He froze.

‘Stay back. All of you stay back!’ She shouted.

‘Y/n please, it’s me’ said Tony carefully, slowly stepping towards his daughter

Then they noticed y/n’s breathing had become more erratic. Her eyelids were fluttering shut and she stumbled backwards, away from Tony.

She looked as if she was fighting with herself, she threw her head about in a crazy manner as she staggered towards the wall. She clutched her head and let out a scream

‘What’s happening to her?’ Shouted Shuri

‘I don’t know. This is...new’ said Bruce

‘Get her to my lab, I can help’ she insisted

‘No, we can’t risk intervening. She’s a trained assassin that doesn’t know us and will kill if provoked. We have to wait until it passes’ said Bruce, holding his hand out to stop Shuri from running to y/n

‘But she’s in pain, can we really do nothing’ she shouted, becoming angry at their incompetence

Before anyone could reply, however, y/n stood up, becoming more composed but swaying.

‘Y/n? Are you...back?’ Asked Steve

‘It hurts’ she mumbled, making the team share glances of concern

‘What hurts?’ Replied Steve

‘This. Everything in here is fighting with each other. I’m really tired’ she said, before completely collapsing. Without hesitation, the team ran to her, Tony managing to catch her before she hit the floor.

‘Get her to my lab, then you’re going to explain everything, including why you didn’t come to me
sooner’ scolded Shuri, already running through the halls and leading the way for the others

Later:

‘So despite my incredible help in fixing one of your broken white men, you completely forget about me when trying to fix almost the exact problem!’ Shouted Shuri to the very sheepish looking avengers.

‘This could have killed her, had you not brought her to my attention sooner, do you understand that’

‘We did have some solutions’ said Bruce meekly

‘Those solutions were short term and becoming less effective every time you used them. Why didn’t you think to reprogram the reprogram by reconfiguring the neurons, therefore getting rid of the need for cryo and the brainwashing she’s been put through

‘We didn’t have the right technology for that and-’

‘That’s experimental at best. We couldn’t risk it’ said Tony firmly

‘I understand that, but what you’ve done has. Only inflicted more damage. You’ll need to leave her here for maybe two months if you don’t want her to die within five. Alone. I do not want a repeat of having a sad white man wander around the city and constantly check in while I was trying to fix his boyfriend’ she said, giving a pointed look at Steve

‘Put we can still call?’ Asked Peter

‘Three calls a week’ she said. They were about to argue before they realised it would have been pointless. They were lucky to get three.

They left hours later, broken. They just got her back. And now they were losing her again.

But they knew they had to unless they wanted to be the death of her.

However, they never expected her to accidentally find herself with one of Shuri’s inventions. An invention that would transport her far, far away...

Chapter End Notes

HELLO!!! I'm not dead! I'm so glad to finally be back. My exams...happened, but they're over now and I've got a ton of fucking time to write as well as do things that actually make me happy. I genuinely can't believe it's been four months since I last updated, so much has happened. I got a girlfriend, broke up with that girlfriend about a week ago so that's fun. Got involved in not one but two dancing shows, choreographing
and performing in both. I've gotten into teaching again (dance) and I practically live at my dance school, but it's fine because I love it there and I love feeling like everyone's big sister (and I get paid in money/chocolate). Also for the past almost year I've been working on this project. I've designed and in some cases made outfits for some of friends and THIS WEDNESDAY they're coming over and we're shooting numerous videos so I'm excited to see all my hard work pay off. I've also begun a snapchat story teaching people about issues my school has refused to teach us about despite me asking numerous times (LGBT, mental health etc.) and it's gotten really popular and I've has great feedback so might end up putting the videos on youtube (Would y'all wanna see that?) Anyway, I really hope you liked this chapter, and as the title suggests, this is only the beginning. There's a big shitstorm to come, some fluff chapters and then we're getting into infinity war territory, so buckle up and get ready :)
You sat up a little straighter

‘I’ll say it again. Who are you and how did you get on this ship’ said the man aggressively

‘I...um...my name is y/n y/l/n and in all honesty I don’t know how I got here. One minute I was with my frien and she was telling me about her new invention and...' you glanced down to your hand to see a small device. 'I guess it was a teleportation device'

The man still looked at you slightly aggressively but as you looked around at the others, they didn’t seem to bothered. There was some kind of alien lady with antennae standing next to a blue-ish man with red tattoos all over his chest. There was also a hybrid racoon with a baby tree. And then, closest to the man, a green woman with black and red ombre hair looked at you with soft eyes as she lowered the man’s gun, her eyes never leaving yours.

‘I don’t think she’s a threat’ she said.

‘Do you have some kind of GPS system’ you asked hopefully. You really needed to figure out where you were.

‘Yeah, I’ll show you’ she smiled, gesturing for you to follow her. So did the others, but more like they were observing you.

The tech looked similar to one you had made a few years ago, so you fiddled with it a little to find the closest Sun. You were definitely a far way from any planets you would recognise

‘Do you mind if I fiddle a little. I just know how to make it run a little faster’ you said. Before the man could interject, which he was by the look on his face, the woman nodded sweetly.

You quickly got to work, exchanging a few wires and typing in a few lines of code, pretending you didn’t see the silent conversation between the man and woman.

You scrolled through the list of suns near you until you spotted the Alpha Centauri star

‘You don’t happen to be going past earth at the moment. It’s where I’m from and I really need to get back

‘How old are you?’

‘17’ you answered

‘We’ll get you back. But it will take a little while. W’re gonna have to do one or two trading stops on our way. No longer than a month’ said the man begrudgingly

‘Well then, I guess I should probably ask who you guys are then’

‘Guardians of the galaxy at your service. Peter Quill, AKA star lord’ said the man smugly, extending his hand which you took

‘I’m Gamora’ said the woman
‘This is Drax and Mantis’ said Peter, gesturing to the alien lady and blue man. They smile and waved at you excitedly.

‘This is Groot’

‘I am Groot’ he said, also extending his tiny hand to you. You chuckled before bending down to shake it and nod your head.

‘Pleasure to meet you too’

‘And I’m rocket, the real leader of this crew’ said the hybrid racoon, giving you a mock salute. You looked over to Peter who shook his head, silently mouthing ‘no he’s not’. You looked around and spotted a cockpit.

‘Wow, you’ve got a cockpit and everything’ you said, rushing over to inspect it. Peter sauntered over.

‘Yeah, the Milano’s pretty great. Got all the bells and whistles’

‘Wow,’ you said, as the ship drifted to reveal a supernova. One of those cool colourful space dust pictures you find on google images. One that you’d never think you’d actually see in real life. ‘A supernova. I never thought I’d see one’

‘Oh, that? We see that kind of stuff everyday’

‘Do you have any idea what kind of scientific discovery this would be on earth. I might even get to meet the president again.’

‘You’ve met the president on earth?’

‘Well, not the current one. Not that I want to. But I met the last guy yeah. He was great. My dad discovered a new element and I was a large part of that discovery so even though I wasn't in the papers, I got to meet and talk with him’ you sighed sadly. You had only just got back and now you were away for a month.

‘You okay?’ asked Gamora.

‘Yeah, I’m fine. Just, on earth, I just got back from some...stuff and I just miss my dad’ you paused. ‘When’s the first trade point’

‘We should get there tomorrow’ said rocket, throwing you a blanket. ‘We’ll wake you up bright and early so you can get anything you need. God, you humans are so high maintenance, all I need is this protection on my chest and a bit of food every now and again.’ he said in a huff, walking away. ‘First door on the right’ he shouted behind him.

You turned to Gamora and Peter. ‘Thanks for letting me stay. Good night’ you smiled before finding your temporary room and settling in for the night.

Rocket woke you up early, only to find you already awake. You hadn’t slept at all, not that it was a huge problem or anything considering you probably wouldn’t need to sleep for weeks if you tried hard enough.

‘It’s pretty simple, we just get in, get the cheddar cheese and bounce’ said Quill cockily, making you scoff at his slightly outdated slang.
They made their way through the planet, with you in tow as you slowed, gawking at all the alien races, technology and architecture. Before you knew it, you were standing inside what seemed to be some kind of palace.

‘Have you got the cash?’ asked a man who you hadn’t noticed sitting

‘You got what we agreed on?’ shot back Quill. The man signalled to one of his servants, who quickly rushed out of the room

‘I don’t think I’ve ever seen your newest addition when you’ve done business with me’ said the man, looking directly at you with a look that you didn’t like one bit. ‘Where’d you get her’ he grinned

‘It’s a long story’ said Gamora, attempting to end the conversation.

‘So you’re saying you can’t tell me where I can get one of my own. She looks like she’d be a fine asset to my staff, what do you say, hand her over and I’ll give you double the loot?’ he offered. Was he seriously trying to bargain for you?

‘I am not someone’s property’ you said, attempting to keep your cool

‘Oh, feisty. That’s really something I’m looking for’ he laughed

‘I don’t give a damn. I just escaped being someone's slave and I’m not going back’ you hissed. The man looked disappointed and looked over at Quill who looked conflicted

‘It’s up to you star lord’ he said simply. You waited. For him to say no. But there was only silence

‘Peter, you’re not actually-’ started Gamora

‘She’s yours, but I wanna see the loot first’ he said carefully, looking at you like there was some unspoken plan that you both knew about.

Oh.

He was certainly a trickster, you wouldn’t be surprised if he was trying to tell you to go with them until they had the loot then he’d help you escape. You would have been hesitant if you didn’t know that you could probably take down everyone in the room.

So you silently observed your surroundings as the man prepared all the loot for Quill and the crew. Three guards, two of them lethally armed, and the man they were doing business with.

After they had all the loot in their arms, they began walking out of the room and you slowly walked over to be close to the man. You saw Quill whisper to Gamora and her hand went to her sword.

Well, here goes nothing.

As Quill and Gamora began to turn around, you elbowed the man in the stomach as hard as you could (which is pretty damn hard and could probably cause internal bleeding) before running at the closest armed guard

‘Run!’ you shouted, before jumping on top of the guard and dragging him to the floor using your body weight. You ripped the weapon from his arms and used half it’s full power on him so that he would remain unconscious.

You shot at the second armed guard and down he went. Then, before you could find him, the third guard hit you from behind, making you tumble forward, but thankfully not dropping the gun. You
fell on your stomach, acting hurt, then quickly flipping around and hitting the guard square in the chest.

He went down and you sighed in relief.

Then the alarm went off.

You knew you had seconds before more guard came flooding through so you got to your feet and sprinted out of the door where the guardians were still standing, dumbstruck.

‘What you waiting for?’ you laughed, running past them and shooting more guards running at you. Seconds later you had taken out five guards, only using the gun on two of them before it ran out of bullets.

You arrived about half a minute before everyone else, even Gamora, not even panting, unlike Quill who looked like he was having an asthma attack.

‘How...the hell...did you...do that’ he said between gasps

‘There’s a lot you don’t know about me’ you smiled sadly, then went deeper into the ship to think. Minutes later, you took off and you could let your mind wander about the stars outside the window you were looking out of.

‘You’re thinking very hard’ said Gamora, who had come to sit next to you by the window. Her brow was furrowed like she was analysing you

‘So are you’ you said, turning back to the window. ‘You’re wondering about what I meant. Earlier, I mean’ you said. In response, she turned towards you, waiting for you to explain.

‘I’ve had a stressful couple of years. I’m enhanced, kind of. I don’t really need things that most people do. Food, water, sleep. I’m faster, stronger, smarter, the whole package. And that was before
the shit hit the fan’ you laughed dryly. ‘One day, I got captured by these people who wanted to enhance my abilities. Turn me into a soldier. They succeeded for a little while and I was under the control in a way. It was tough, but it kept my family safe. Then they came looking for me. The people who had control of me didn’t like that so they ordered me to kill them and I had no choice. I still remember it clear as day. The different ways I forced life from their eyes. Then I wake up and find out it was a dream. The killing them part, not anything else. The rest of it was real

‘Until one day, I fight with my dad about how I want to protect people as he does. While I run off, I get captured again, and so do my family. This time though, I get out using my new abilities. And my family was horrified by what I had become. I was a monster. I am a monster’

‘How long ago did this happen?’ she asked with concern

‘A few years, but that wasn’t the end. Eventually, I got into the field when I meet this man who’s intent on trying to take me back to the people who once held me captive. I try to fight it, but then I realise they only way I can keep everyone safe is if I disappear. So I left my family for an entire year, surviving on only the bare necessities. I killed hundreds of people until I finally took everyone down. All that was left was to take down the man who started it all. But I found out it was pointless. He threatened my family yet again, so I gave myself up and in return, he said they wouldn’t come to any harm. For three months he broke me down to the point where I didn’t know I was. I forgot everyone more and more every day and he helped me along by beating his messages into me and conditioned my body to be unable to survive or function right. My family finds me and I spent three more months breaking free of his mind games. I only got back to them a week or two ago, and I had a relapse
about two days ago. I tried to kill them, but this time, it was all me’ you said. A single tear trailing down your cheek.

Gamora swiped her thumb over the tear and brought you close to her

‘I’m sorry for your pain. I was turned into a soldier at your age as well. I know the feeling of losing everyone you love and for it to be replaced with hatred and fear’

‘Thank you’ you whispered, holding her tighter.

Eventually, you released each other, both sniffling.

‘Also, I should probably warn you about my relapses. Before my most recent one, I hadn’t relapsed in a long time so I suspect I’ll be fine. But if it does happen again, it can get ugly. It will start with me completely zoning out. I won’t react to anything. Then, more often than not, someone will get my attention and I guess I see them as some kind of threat. If this happens, I don’t know you and I will kill you if I see a reason to. Whenever I see a hint that the people around me might threaten me, I will attack you and I will attack to kill. So get away from me, keep your weapons out of sight, both so I don’t get provoked and I don’t’ try to get them off of you. And get away from me. It wears out eventually and I pass out. If I start convulsing…’ you trailed off. You hadn’t seen a cryo chamber around here and if you needed it but couldn’t get to it, it would not be good

‘What do we do then?’ she asked

‘I don’t think there’s anything you can do. Just know that if it happens, I’m probably going to die, but don’t worry. There’s nothing you can do to stop it.’

‘Well, can we at least try and prevent the relapses’

‘There’s nothing you can do’ you said quieter.

Chapter End Notes

Finally, I have returned, a long chapter to make up for it. It's been a couple of long and very trying weeks but GUESS WHAT!!! I had work experience last week at this quite high-end real estate agency in London and I got to meet Scarlett Johansen (is that how you spell it???) and the director Cate Shortland because they're here filming the black widow film for the next nine months!!! It was genuinely soooo insane and I got to talk to them about the film and how much I loved marvel for a bit but then I had to go back to being professional and stuff but it was so crazy and I even found out where they're filming but it's a little while away and I'm pretty sure there are no trains that go there. But it was great getting to meet her cause she was so nice and the director seemed super cool so that was dope. Anyway, until next time
Third Person POV:

‘What if she didn’t understand your plan, or she didn’t have those abilities and we couldn’t help her escape’ shouted Gamora

‘Look, it all ended up fine in the end, what’s the big deal’ sighed Quill

‘Yeah, besides, it’s not like she’s that important to us. We met her yesterday’ Rocket rolled his eyes

‘Rocket, be quiet or so help me, we’ll trade you in next time’ threatened Gamora. Rocket muttered something along the lines of not wanting to be in the stupid crew anyway, before wandering off

‘Baby, it’s all fine now, so why don’t we just take a deep breath and you tell me what’s actually bothering you’ Gamora huffed and looked away. Quill stepped towards her and placed his hands on her shoulders.

‘She just reminds me of me when I was her age’

‘I am Groot’ said baby Groot with a dopey smile on her face

‘I like her too Groot. Which is why I’m mad at Quill for threatening her safety. That’s all’ she said in a sweet voice as she patted baby Groot’s head

‘I sense much anguish and pain from her. It comes from her past, but she also worries about something that clouds her mind, even now. It’s something dark’ joined in Mantis worriedly

‘What else can you see in her?’ asked Gamora

‘She is very happy. She goes through much effort to appear like she is joyful. But there is much weight on her shoulders. Something deep within her that she’s fighting to keep hidden, from...herself’

‘Well what the fuck does that mean’ scoffed Quill

‘Peter!’

‘Well, can you blame me. All Mantis has told us is that she’s an angsty teen with some issues and a dark past’

‘What she told me, it’s different to anything I’ve seen before. The closest thing is my own upbringing. Now think for one second about what that means she’s been through and have some fucking compassion’ hissed Gamora before stalking off past y/n.

Your POV:
You walked into the cockpit and instantly felt the tension in the room. You decide to ignore it, guessing you’re the reason for the arguments and instead walked straight over to baby Groot.

‘Hey, there little guy’ you smiled, sitting down next to him. He smiled brightly and held up his arms.

You laughed and held out your arm for him to run up and sit on your shoulder.

‘Do you want to put on some music?’ you asked

‘I am Groot’ he said excitedly so you moved over to the sound system and shuffled through the tapes. God, Quill really hadn’t been to earth in a while if he was still using cassette tapes.

Eventually, you found one with a few songs you recognized and slid it into the machine. Soon the vibrant beat of Mr blue sky filled your ears and you got up to move around cheerily.

You threw your head around on the classic four beats before losing yourself in the lyrics and doing improvised dancing. You moved around happily to the song with Baby Groot still on your shoulder.

You lightly threw him around so he could dance along to the music too. He laughed happily as he copied your dance moves, jumping across you and parts of the ship to have even more fun.

Before you knew it, you were singing the words loudly with Groot singing them too, sort of. It was really just lots of ‘i am Groot’ to the melody of the song, but it was a good effort nonetheless.

As the song faded out, you fell to the floor, laughing and soon, Groot had joined you.

‘Did you have fun then?’ you managed to get out

‘I am Groot’ he replied animatedly

‘You want to do it again?’

‘I am Groot’

‘Fine, how about we chose a different song though’ you suggested

‘I am Groot?’

‘Yeah, you can pick, just make sure it’s something good’ you called out to him as he ran to the box of tapes before you had even finished the sentence.

‘You can understand him?’ asked Rocket from the doorway

‘Not at first, but his facial cues give enough of it away and eventually I just kind of picked it up I suppose’ you shrugged. Groot pushed a tape into the machine and the starting notes of ‘the chain’ began echoing through the hull of the ship

‘No one else here can understand him really’ said Rocket, still getting over his shock as he took a seat.

You noticed scars of some kind poking out from behind his clothes on his back

‘If you don’t mind me asking, what happened to you?’ you asked cautiously
‘Nothing you need concern yourself with’ he dismissed

‘Was it experiments? Cause I’ve been there’ you admitted, an attempt to actually connect with him

‘What would you know about what I’ve been through’ he said gruffly. You sighed and turned around, lifting your shirt enough so that your tally mark scars stood proud on your back.

‘This happened to me after their experiments on my mind didn’t go the way they planned. Helped it stick I suppose’ you said quietly

‘Just a couple of freaks then’ he joked then sighed.

You heard the bass of the song begin to pick up its pace and baby Groot tugged hopefully on your shirt

‘Do you want to dance again?’ you laughed

‘I am Groot’ he said, nodding vigorously

‘Okay then, climb on’ you smiled, extending your arm again as he scrambled up onto your shoulder.

You bounced around with the little tree happily laughing as he threw himself into the dance with childlike passion.

The song faded out and you set Groot down gently. He extended his arms to you sadly and looked at you pleadingly

‘I’m sorry, I’m beat. We’ll do it again someday though, I promise’ you patted him softly and he seemed content with your promise

‘You seem good with him’ remarked Rocket

‘It’s just a little bit of love’ you sighed.

‘So, your family. Where are they at these days’ he asked nonchalantly

‘They’re back at home, kind of. My dad’s probably blaming people. They’re not really my family, except for my dad, just that we’re so close that they may as well be my sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles. I even got a guy’ you smiled

‘Big family then? Close?’

‘We’re close, but they can be set off easily. It kind of comes with the job description. They help fight evil I suppose. Politics gets involved and that makes a clash of opinions. The situations have been pretty dire on more than one occasion.’

Rocket sighed and nodded like he understood

‘And these guys, are they your family’ you asked

‘I don’t need no one except me’

‘What about Groot’

‘Yeah, the kid’s pretty important to me. And yeah, I guess you could call this bunch of idiots my family. We look out for each other if that’s what you mean?’ he replied gruffly
There was a moment of silence as you both became lost in thought

‘Well, tomorrow we’re getting to the next trade stop. Gamora thinks it’ll be best if it’s just her that goes so we’re gonna chill out on the ship till she gets back’ he got up and walked away, leaving you alone in the grey hull of the ship.

The ship landed a few hours later and Gamora gathered her swords and a gun, taking enough units with her

‘It’s been hours, should someone go look for her?’ said Quill worriedly

‘Look, Quill, your girlfriend can handle herself. She’ll be back soon so stop crying like a baby’ groaned Rocket

‘I am not crying like a baby, I’m just deeply concerned about the safety of a friend, dickwad!’ he shouted.

You stood listening to them bickering loudly, you felt that you wouldn’t be able to escape the sound no matter where you went, so you just stayed put and admired the landscape of the second planet you were now on.

Then, you don’t know how it happened, or what caused it, but you felt yourself slipping away.

Chapter End Notes

I'm back. I went to pride on Saturday which was dope, I've been talking to this guy and I really like him (and hopefully he likes me) finished school, had my LAMDA exam today which was hard, but not as hard as next year where I'll have three 12 minute monologues to learn in five months...so that's where I'm at. I'm getting into teaching dance again which is fun. Anyway, I hope you like this chapter. There's only going to be two or three more chapters with the guardians then it's back to the 'fun' chapters...then infinity war and endgame stuff so that will be fun. Also Far from Home anyone???? No spoilers but it was genuinely incredible, in my personal opinion one of the best MCU films ever, just in terms of plot, cinematically and acting (also two trans actors was cool)
We Let Our Battles Choose Us

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Third Person POV:

‘Well y/n agrees with me, don’t you?’ shouted Quill at Rocket angrily, then looking over to the very still girl. She was overlooking the planet, peaceful and unaffected by what they were saying

‘y/n?’

Still no response. Rocket and Quill looked at each other in confusion and hesitance before Quill slowly stepped towards the girl.

‘Everything alright?’ he asked again, now directly next to her, but still, she didn’t react. He tried to turn her by the shoulder but was very unprepared for what happened next.

She grabbed his arm and twisted it harshly, grabbing his gun in the process, turning it on the rest of the crew.

‘Woah, woah, woah, y/n it’s us, chill’ tried Rocket but he was met with a cold, dead stare. ‘Y/n?’ he asked again, confused and hurt. She remained an unmoving wall, showing no sign of any emotion behind her eyes.

Drax moved his hand slowly and carefully unsheathed one of his knives. The sound drew her attention however and she noticed the weapon.

Abruptly, she turned the gun on Quill and everyone froze

‘Drop it’ she commanded. ‘Drop it now or I shoot him’

‘I don’t care about his life’ he said

‘Hey’ protested Quill, but he went ignored

‘What about your own?’ she asked, turning the gun to the control panel. His eyes flickered in panic for only a moment, but it was enough for her to know she’d won. He begrudgingly placed the knife on the ground. ‘Now tell me who you are and where I am’ she demanded but was only met with the crew glancing curiously between each other

‘Answer me or I shoot!’ she shouted

‘You met us a few days ago, you’re in Xandar’ interrupted Quill

‘Where the hell is Xandar and I do not know you’ she responded

There was a pause

‘Well, where the hell am I?’ she spat

‘Xandar is another planet’ said Quill meekly, deeply afraid of how she might react. But she only released her grip on him and stepped away, eyes wide with fear.
They were about to say something, but she put her hands to her head and started screaming. Screams that were beyond terror, screams of pain.

Before they even had time to react, Gamora came running back onto the ship

‘What did you do’ she screamed accusingly at Quill

‘Nothing, she just started going crazy’ he said, putting his hands up.

‘Mantis put her to sleep’ she said quickly to mantis

‘But, I might- ‘ she started

‘Please, her life is at stake’ Mantis’ eyes went wide as she ran to the screaming girl, putting her to sleep as fast as she could. Her limp body fell to the floor and an eerie silence filled the ship

‘What...was that?’ asked Quill after an age

So Gamora launched into a brief explanation unaware of Mantis creeping curiously closer to the sleeping girl. She hadn’t touched her for long, but when she did, she felt something she had never felt before. She couldn’t even be sure what kind of emotion it was, she just had to feel it again. So slowly she reached out and pressed her palm against the sleeping girl’s skin. Then her scream tore through the ship

‘Mantis, what are you doing?’ Shouted Gamora, diving for the alien. The girl lay perfectly still but mantis lay a shaking mess, curling in on herself as she wept from the pain. The pain, why wasn’t it gone. She wasn’t touching her anymore so why could she still feel her emotions.

‘What’s wrong?’ she heard Gamora say

‘Pain...There is so much pain. I can still feel it. I’ve never felt anything like it’

‘Can you try an describe it?’

‘She was at war with herself. Fighting to remember but another part of her fighting to forget. I felt bloodlust and love, betrayal but also trust. Belonging and isolation. Incredible joy, but also unimaginable sadness’ the group looked at her, laying peacefully as if nothing had happened. As if she was perfectly fine, merely a child with a dream dancing through her head. But they knew now that there were only nightmares of her reality in her head tonight

‘Let’s get her into bed. We can talk about this in the morning’ said Gamora, reaching for her as Quill and Drax helped.

Your POV:

You awoke very jerkily, ready to strike at any sign of danger. But you were in your temporary room, a blanket covering you, still dressed in yesterday’s clothes. Before you had time to process anything, Peter entered, awkwardly holding a hot drink.

‘Gamora told me to bring this to you’ he said quietly. This was...different. You’d never seen him so drawn in on himself. What on earth happened
‘Thanks’ you said, taking the drink and sipping it quietly. But he didn’t leave. ‘What happened yesterday?’ you asked eventually

‘You mean, you don’t remember’

‘Did I forget you and go full assassin on you?’

‘Yeah’

‘Then no, I definitely won’t remember. I never do’ you said the last part more to yourself but he still heard you

‘You didn’t remember us. Or anything for that matter really. Pretty angry too. We had no clue what was going on until ‘mora came and stopped us from hurting you’ he rubbed his neck nervously

‘It’s okay. I wouldn’t blame you. If it happens again, just do what you need to do’ you sighed. ‘So what damage did I do anyway?’

‘Nothing actually, we got you incapacitated before you could hurt anyone’ your eyes shot up

‘How? How did you...I don’t feel like I have a concussion or anything. How did you even get close enough to do that?’ you began to ramble, checking yourself for any pain

‘We didn’t hurt you don’t worry. Mantis put you to sleep’

‘You...made me drink something? I don’t understand’

‘No, it’s part of her powers’ he laughed, taking a seat on the foot of your bed. ‘She can put people to sleep and wake them up and...feel people’s emotions when she touches them’ he glanced down

‘You’re telling me there’s a way to stop me from hurting people without putting me in a coma?’

‘Wait you have to go into a coma!’ you asked

‘Yeah. It’s a long story’

‘Well I got the time and Gamora said I needed to find our your story from you so…’ he got comfortable and gestured for you to talk

‘I come from a complicated family. Not only was I raised by my mother then given to my dad, but I also have family who aren’t related by blood who have abilities. They’re these amazing heroes of the world I’m from. Some of them, like my dad, have manmade abilities that came from incredible intelligence and traumatic experiences and a whole load of other things. Others have it running through their blood. I’ve got a God for an uncle, an assassin as a stand-in mum, a witch for a sister and a mutant for a boyfriend. My powers are like if you made a super-soldier 2.0. I’m faster, stronger, smarter. And then I was captured. People who wanted to hurt my family, but also wanted to use my abilities for their own gain. They turned me into what you saw yesterday and made me do things to innocent people. To my family. Shortly after I had to leave my family and disappear. I didn’t see them for over a year while I tried to escape someone trying to kill me. In the end, I gave in and he kept me as his...pet. Did something to me so that now every so often I become what I was and it only stops when I pass out. From then on, I crash and if I’m not put in cryo, I die. Until yesterday. Thank you’

‘It was nothing’
‘You saved my life, so it definitely wasn’t’ it was quiet for a moment

‘Mantis can feel emotions too. I knew she might feel anguish when she touched you but I never expected the pain and conflict that washed over her when she did. It was petrifying, seeing you lie completely still and then seeing your unfiltered pain through her. I’m sorry if I ever made you feel bad. We’ll get you home when we can, but if there’s anything I can do until we can do that, let me know’ he gave you a small smile

You reached forward and pulled him into a tight hug. He was hesitant at first, but then leaned into it and hugged you back

‘Tell me more about your family, they sound really interesting’ he laughed

‘I guess my dad first. He’s my actual dad and his alias is ‘iron man’. He didn’t even know he had me until I was, maybe eight. A few years ago, shortly after he found out about me, he became part of this group called the Avengers. There were six of them, and they were the mightiest force in the world. Loved by most and the six people who overpowered a God who is actually all good now, but they’re wary of him. His name is Loki’

‘Oh I’ve heard him, no one out here likes him. Never met the guy though so who knows’

‘Anyway, the others were a God named Thor who was Loki’s brother. He’s a bit daft at times but he’s a huge sweetheart. Another was Clint Barton, Hawkeye. Skilled archer and master prankster. He taught me how to climb through ventilation shafts and scare people. There’s Dr Bruce Banner, known mostly for being a mutant called the Hulk which is literally like another person being inside him, but he’s also a world-renowned scientist. There’s my stand-in mum assassin, Natasha Romanov, or the black widow. She’s been through hell, originally one of the bad guys before my uncle Clint recruited her. Now she’s one of the best and terrifies everyone. Except me because I’ve seen her bake me cookies when I was ill, but that can be our little secret. Finally, there’s good old Captain America—’

‘Wait a second, Captain America? The Captain America? Didn’t he kind of...die?’

‘Wow, you’ve been away for a while. He was just frozen in the ice but he’s very much alive and an absolute goof. He’s got a boyfriend with a metal arm—’

‘Captain America is gay!’ Quill’s eyes widened in shock at all the new information

‘Bi technically but yes he likes guys as well as girls’

‘And he’s definitely taken’

‘Yeah, sorry bud, but don’t worry there a lot of other good looking men on earth’

‘Nah, I’m fine with Gamora. I’m gonna marry her one day, at least I want to. But even if she doesn’t want to get married, I would still go everywhere with her. As long as she lets me’

‘You really love her’

‘I do’

‘Well then I’m sure everything will work out’

‘I hope so’ he sighed. ‘Well, the others are upstairs, we wanna have a chat’ he left quickly and left you to get ready. You were upstairs quickly and thankfully none of them seemed too tense
‘Morning, we thought we’d show you Mantis’s powers while you weren’t unconscious, just so you know what should happen if you…’

‘Become an amnesiac killing machine, got it’ you jumped in. Some of them looked a little unamused at your wording but Gamora continued anyway

‘Is it okay if Mantis touches you?’

‘I heard what happened yesterday so only if she wants to do that again’ you looked at Mantis and she gave you a meek nod of approval before sitting opposite you as the others came closer.

You attempted to calm yourself and conceal as much of your painful emotions as you could, but the second her hand came in contact with your skin, it was like they were being pulled to the surface and you began to feel all of it even more. It didn’t affect you too much because you were used to the dull pain, but Mantis fell apart.

She began sobbing, even when the tears stopped coming. She screamed with anger and agony between the sobs. The others tried to stop her but she held on tight, determined. You began to panic, confused as to why she would put herself through this. Then you felt it. First, you felt the anger begin to fade. Then the anxiety and fear. It melted quickly like ice in the sun. Suddenly you both felt incredible sadness and you were both crying, you reliving painful memories of isolation and distance from your family. But then even that faded and you noticed a small feeling in the back of your head.

It was so small you knew that you would have never realised it was there, but here you sat, smiling contentedly, imaging times of comfort and love and acceptance. And with that, she released you

Chapter End Notes

I don’t know what this chapter is...probably just lazy writing. Don’t worry the plot is absolutely gonna pick back up again soon because I can’t handle writing one more ‘she has a freakout, everyone is confused then she opens up about her past and everything is all fine again and they move on from the experience, never to think about it again’. I do love this fic, I just don’t like this part and writing it isn’t as fun for me right now, so this part is gonna be quite short cause I wanna get to the good stuff again. Hope non of y’all mind too much <3

End Notes

So that’s the fic. Again, sorry if you hate it but I swear it get's better. I'll try to post a new chapter either once or twice a week and I seriously want to hear where you want me to take this. Thanks

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