Summary

There's a science fair at M.I.T, and thanks to Tony's connections and influence (as well as Peter's genius-ness), Peter is competing! The two of them spend time together creating the project, driving to Cambridge and attending the science fair, as well as some adventures in between.

Notes

Hey! I honestly have no idea how long this is going to be but enjoy!
Peter was in his last period english class when he got the text. His phone buzzed, and after checking to make sure the teacher wasn’t paying attention, he looked down at it. It was a text from Tony.

**Tony Freaking Stark:** Tower, after school. Happy will pick you up.

Peter frowned. Obviously he was thrilled to be able to spend time at the tower with Tony. Ever since the disaster that was homecoming, Tony had been spending a lot more time with him. Most weekends he’d go to the tower and work with Tony on his suit, and sometimes Tony would let him help with the ironman suits, which was the best thing to ever happen to him. Some weekends, he’d stay over at the tower (he had his own room!!!) just to hang out, watch movies, and do some homework.

As much as he looked forward to going to the tower, Peter couldn’t help the feeling of dread setting over him, because it was Wednesday. He wasn’t supposed to go to the tower on Wednesdays, that was one of the rules May made when she found out about spiderman, because although she supports Peter going to the tower, getting trained, and, as she puts it, “Doing sciencey things” and learning from Tony, she wants to make sure he stays on top of homework and also has time to hang out with his friends. So, the week was for school and social activities, and the weekend was for hanging out with Ironman. Tony knew about these rules, he supported and respected these rules. So the fact that he was disobeying them must mean something was wrong.

Peter’s brain helpfully supplied him with reasons why Tony might be asking him to the tower today.

*It’s May, he thought, May is hurt, May is in trouble, May-*

He got another text. He checked it, and a wave of relief washed over him.

**Tony Freaking Stark:** Nothing is wrong. Stop freaking out. I checked with May, she said it’s okay.

Peter sighed. Sometimes it seemed like Tony could read his mind. He sent a quick text back.
“Ahem,”

Peter looked up from his phone. Standing next to his desk was Mr. Marsh, his english teacher.

“I assume you're on your phone because you’ve finished your essay, Mr. Parker?” he asked, glancing down at the notebook on Peter’s desk, which only had about a paragraph and a half.

“No, Mr. Marsh, sorry.” Peter said, pocketing his phone.

“Alright, Peter,” Mr. Marsh said, starting to walk away, “But if I see that phone out again, it’s going straight to the principals office, and you can pick it up at the end of the day.”

“Yes, sir,” Peter replied, and picked up his pencil to start writing.

The rest of the period passed agonizingly slowly, until finally the bell sounded, and Peter leapt out of his chair, and hurried to his locker to pick up his backpack. Ned was waiting for him when he got there.

“Hey Peter,” he said, with a big smile on his face, “I’m going to buy the millennium falcon lego set right now!!”

“Dude that’s awesome!” Peter said as he opened his locker, “Can I build it with you?”

“Of course! Do you want to come buy it with me?”

“Sorry Ned, I totally would, but I’m going to the tower today.”

“But… It’s Wednesday?” Ned said, frowning, “I thought you weren’t allowed to go during the week?”
Peter closed his locker, and slung his backpack over his shoulder.

“So did I,” he said, as they walked through the hall to the door, “But apparently May okayed it? I have no idea why, though.”

“Alright, well, call me later?” Ned said, holding the door for Peter.

“Yeah, of course.” Peter said, “Send me a picture of the box!”

“I will,”

“And don’t open it without me!”

“Of course not, have fun with ironman!”

Peter was about to respond, when he heard a laugh coming from behind him. Normally someone laughing wouldn’t stop him from talking, but this laugh was very distinctive.

“Ironman? Seriously?” said Flash, walking towards them, “You’re still trying to sell that story?”

“Get lost, Flash,” Ned said, pulling Peter away from him.

“Sorry, Fred,” Flash replied, “I just find it hard to believe that someone like Ironman would be seen with someone like… Penis Parker, over here.”

Flash gestured to Peter in disgust.

Peter, for once, had nothing to say. It was something that he had been wondering himself. Peter wasn’t that special, apart from the spiderman stuff, but Tony knew a bunch of superheroes, so why is he wasting his time on some kid from Queens?
“You’ve never even met Tony Stark, have you?” Flash asked, taking a step forward, “I bet you don’t even intern at Stark Industries. You just say you do, because you want to seem cool, but guess what Parker? No ones buying it.”

Peter stepped backwards, and hated himself for it. He could easily take Flash, he didn’t have anything to worry about, but somehow he has some deeply ingrained fear of the boy who’s been tormenting him for years.

“Leave us alone, Flash,” Peter said, his voice only wavering slightly, “It’s not our fault you’re so dumb that your application to intern at Stark Industries was denied.”

Ned started laughing, and Flash’s eyes widened slightly, causing Peter to smirk. He’d struck the right chord.

“Shut up!” he said to Ned, who did not stop, “How did you know that? Who told you?”

Peter felt his phone buzz, and he checked it quickly, holding up a finger to Flash, telling him to wait, something he had learned from Tony. It was a text from Happy, saying that he was waiting.

“Tony Stark told me,” he said, smiling, “Really wish I could stay and chat, but that’s him waiting for me,”

Peter gestured to the expensive Audi that had just pulled up, causing Flash’s jaw to drop.

“See ya, Ned!” Peter called over his shoulder to his friend, as he jogged to the car.

Before getting in the car, he turned back, to see Ned still laughing at Flash, who was at a loss for words.

“Hey Flash,” Peter called, “If you want I can put in a good word for you to Mr. Stark?”

“Really?” said Flash, hopeful.
“Nope!”

“What was that about?” asked Happy, as soon as Peter got into the car.

“What happened to hello?” Peter asked, buckling up.

“Huh?”

“You didn’t say hello. Some people consider that to be rude.”

“Alright, kid, hello.” Happy said, and Peter could practically hear him rolling his eyes,

“Hey Happy, how’s it going!” Peter replied cheerily.

“Good. Now, what was that about?”

“What was what about?”

“Peter!! You know exactly what I’m talking about! Before you got into the car! Who were you talking to?” Happy said, getting annoyed.

“Oh, just a friend.” Peter said, turning to stare out the window.

Happy looked at him. Ever since Peter’s homecoming incident, Happy had started to grow fond for
the boy. He drove him crazy, but he was really a sweet kid. And Happy had gotten to know him better over these past few months, so by now he could tell when he was hiding something from him. As he mulled over whether to push it or not, Peter interrupted his thoughts.

“Do you know what Mr. Stark wants?” Peter asked, leaning forward to turn up the radio volume.

“Do I ever?” responded Happy, turning the radio back down.

Peter rolled his eyes, but left the radio at the volume it was.

“So,” Happy said casually, “Who’s this new friend of yours?”

“Huh?”

“Y’know, the one you were talking with before you got in the car?”

“Ohhh. Why do you assume he’s new?”

“Well, you haven’t mentioned him to me, and you mention everyone, so I figured he’s new.”

“I don’t tell you everything you know.”

When Happy didn’t respond, he looked from the window to his face, and feeling bad after seeing that that had hurt him.

“Sorry,” Peter mumbled, looking at his hands, “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Alright kid,” said Happy, “How’d your science test go? That was today, right?”

And just like that, they were back to normal, with Peter talking Happy’s ear off and Happy pretending to be annoyed when really, he loved talking with the kid.
Twenty minutes later, they arrived at the tower.

“Bye Happy!” Peter called, getting out of the car.

He got in the elevator, and asked FRIDAY to tell Tony he had arrived.

Almost immediately she took him up to Tony’s penthouse, where he was on the phone with someone.

“Thank you for accommodating us so last minute,” he said into the phone, waving at Peter and gesturing him in. Peter grabbed an apple and sat down on the couch.

“Alright, I will see you soon. Goodbye,” Tony said, hanging up the phone, then turned to Peter.

“Hey kid, how was school?” he asked, walking over to the kitchen to get some coffee.

“It was fine,” Peter said, between bites of his apple, “You got me in trouble in English though,”

“What? How?”

“You texted me in class.”

“Why are you answering your phone in class?” Tony said, sitting down on the couch with his fresh cup, “Shouldn’t you be, I don’t know, learning?”

“Normally, yes, but it’s you! Tony Stark was texting me.” Peter said, and having already finished the apple, he tossed it into the garbage.

“Well, yes, that’s true. Anyway, aren’t you wondering why you’re here on a Wednesday?”
“Yes! What’s going on?” Peter said, sitting up.

“Well, I know that visits to the tower on a weekday are a big no-no, but this is time sensitive.” Tony stood up and started walking to the elevator, gesturing for Peter to follow.

“Oh my god. Is it an avengers thing? Am I going on another mission?”

“What? No, god no. Peter, you’re fourteen.” he said, “FRIDAY, take us to the lab.”

“I’m fifteen!” Peter said, as the elevator started to go down.

“Are you?” asked Tony, smirking in a way that showed he already knew.

Peter rolled his eyes, and they both stepped into the lab, which was surprisingly clean.

“What’s going on?” Peter asked, looking around, confused.

Instead of answering, Tony started to boot up his hologram computers.

“Peter, what university do you want to go to?” Tony asked, as he pulled some file up.

“M.I.T, you know this, why?” Peter said.

Tony smiled, then opened the file he pulled up. It was a web page for a M.I.T science fair.

“Oh yeah, I’ve seen this,” Peter said, slouching, “I wanted to do it but I’m too young. You have to be in at least grade 11, and also it costs like a fortune.”

“I pulled some stings.” Tony said, shrugging.
“Wait… what? What do you mean? Isn’t it too late to sign up anyways? It’s this weekend?” Peter said, confused.

“Again, I pulled some strings.”

“I… don’t understand.”

“You know, for a genius, you can be pretty dumb sometimes,”

“I’m not a genius,”

“You’re in the science fair, kid. I signed you up!”

“But…”

“No buts, kid, it’s time to get to work.” Tony said, shutting all of the pages down, “What do you want to do?”

“I don’t think we can afford it.” said Peter, in a small voice, staring hard at his shoes.

“Hey, Peter.” Tony said gently, “Look at me, buddy. I’ve got it all covered, don’t worry.”

“You don’t need to do this for me, Mr. Stark,” said Peter, “I’m just some kid from Queens, I’m not important,”

“Of course you are kid,” Tony said, “And you’re not just some kid from Queens. You’re Peter freaking Parker!”

Peter stayed quiet.

“Kid, I want to do this. Honestly,” Tony said, “and I want to drive you up there, and I want to stay
there for a weekend with you, and I want to see you present whatever awesome project you come up with!"

“You’re going to come with me?” Peter asked, shocked.

“Of course I am, kid.” Tony said, ruffling his hair, “I checked with May, she thinks it’s a great idea. It'll be fun!”

“Alright,” Peter grinned, “Let’s do it!”

Chapter End Notes

I hoped you enjoyed! I'll try to hurry up and get another chapter up if you want. Leave comments letting me know if you liked it/want more? Okay I'm falling asleep later gators.

One more thing- did you notice that "Why were u answering ur phone in class?" "It was u!" thing? Like from when rdj facetimes tom in an interview? hahaa
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Hey!!

Thank you so much to all the stuff on the first chapter! Thank you for the kudos, the comments, and thank you for reading!! I was shocked and thrilled at the response I got!

I don’t really love this chapter, but I wanted to get a chapter up, and also I didn’t want to rewrite this chapter. I hope you enjoy?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter and Tony were so busy working, that they completely lost track of the time, until they got a call from May at nine o’clock, asking if everything was okay and reminding them that it was a school night. After some negotiating, she agreed to let Peter stay over at the tower, as long as he did his homework and was in bed by ten thirty at the latest. Peter blushed slightly as May gave him a bedtime, but agreed nonetheless.

“Alright kid, go upstairs to do your homework,” Tony said, as he gestured for DUM-E to clean everything up, “I don’t need you to get distracted down here.”

Peter sighed, wanting to keep working on his science fair project, but didn’t argue. He trudged up the stairs, and got his homework out of his bag. After a few minutes of scribbling down some answers to his math homework, he decided to get a drink, just to keep him awake. He opened the fridge, and pulled out a coke, and was about to open it when a hand came out of nowhere and snatched the can out of his hands.

“Hey!” Peter said, watching Tony put the can back into the fridge, “I was drinking that!”

“Right before bedtime?” Tony said, raising an eyebrow, “I don’t think so, I don’t want an over caffeinated spider jumping off my walls in the middle of the night.”

Peter rolled his eyes and went back to his homework on the table.

“I can handle one can,” Peter said, picking up his pencil, “Spiderman, remember?”
“Sure you can,” said Tony, patting him on the back, “But I can’t. Goodnight spiderman!”

Peter threw his eraser at him as Tony walked away to his room, and then got to work. After awhile, his eyes were drooping and he was getting sleepy, and decided to just do one more page of math before turning in. He made a mistake on one of his equations, accidentally writing down that three squared equals six, so he used his webs to grab the eraser that was still on the floor from where he had thrown it at Tony.

“Peter, it is ten minutes to 10:30pm, your designated bedtime.” FRIDAY’s voice rang out from the ceiling, “I suggest you start getting ready for bed.”

“On it, FRIDAY, just going to finish this page,” Peter replied sleepily.

Two hours later, Tony walked into the kitchen looking for coffee, and the sight of a sleeping teenager with his head on the kitchen table made him jump.

“What the hell?” Tony said, clutching his chest, “FRIDAY, time?”

“It is currently 12:30am.” FRIDAY said.

“Alright kid, wake up,” Tony said, shaking his shoulder. When that didn't wake him, he shook a little harder, “Come on kid, you can’t sleep here. You’re gonna get a sore neck.”

Suddenly Peter’s eyes opened, and the next thing he knew, Peter was hanging from the ceiling.

“Whoah, there, Underoos,” Tony said, craning his neck to look up at him, “No need to be so jumpy, it’s just me.”

Peter hopped down from the ceiling, and rubbed his eyes. “What time is it?” he asked.

“Past your bedtime.” Tony said, leading him towards his room, “I thought we made it clear you had to be in bed by 10:30?”
“Uh, yeah,” said Peter, still groggy.

“Did FRIDAY not give you ten minutes warning?” Tony asked, pushing Peter into his bed.

“I told Peter to start getting ready for bed at 10:20, and he fell asleep midway through his homework at 10:38pm” FRIDAY answered, matter-of-factly.

“I just wanted to finish the last question,” Peter said, pulling his covers up and snuggling in.

“Alright, buddy, go to sleep.” Tony said, shaking his head, “And we won’t be telling May about this, right?”

Peter mumbled something about "fate worse than hell," and Tony chuckled quietly.

“Goodnight Peter,” he said as he left.

“Night Ironman,” Peter replied sleepily.

Peter was woken up at 7:30am by loud music coming out of the ceiling.

“FRIDAY!” Peter whined, “Turn it off!”

“I’m under instructions from Boss to leave it on until you get out of your room.” FRIDAY replied, with a hint of amusement in her voice.

Peter groaned, but quickly got dressed and left his room to go get breakfast. He found Tony in the kitchen, humming along to the music and buttering some toast.
“I thought it would stop when I left my room,” said Peter, grabbing a bagel out of the fridge and putting it in the toaster.

“What, are you saying you don’t like my music taste?” Tony asked, faking offended.

“Bon Jovi first thing in the morning isn’t really my style, Mr. Stark,” said Peter, rolling his eyes.

“Alright, FRIDAY, you can turn it off.” Tony said, taking a bite out of his toast, “Do you need a ride to school today?”

“I was thinking I’d just web there,” said Peter, buttering his own bagel.

“Um, no,” said Tony, “Way too risky. Don’t want you to get distracted on your way there, or seen changing out of your suit and walking into the school. Happy will drive you,”

“Okay,” Peter said, with a mouth full of bagel, and turned the TV on while he ate it.

Tony frowned. He’d had Peter stay over many times before, but this was the first school night/morning he had stayed over, so he didn’t really know the procedure yet. Should he be letting him watch TV right before school? Should he make him finish his homework? Probably no to the TV, and no to the homework, as well. He’d have plenty of time to do homework at school.

“TV off, kid. If you’re finished your bagel, get your bag ready for school.” Tony said, turning off the tv, “Happy will be here any minute.”

Peter sighed, but obeyed, walking into his room and coming out a second later with his bag.

“Come back here after school, your aunt said you can stay with me until the weekend to work on the project.” Tony said.

“Awesome! See ya later, Mr. Stark!” Peter called, running to the elevator.

Tony sighed when the kid left, and was about to go work in his office when he saw the state of his
penthouse. It was a mess. Peter hadn’t even been there for a full day, yet he still managed to trash the place. There was granola bar wrappers all over the floor, because for some reason, Peter seemed to be obsessed with them, the pillows on the couch were all out of order, and there were two sweaters lying around on the floor. He got to work cleaning up, and when he finished, it was just 8:30am. Peter had been at school for half an hour now, learning about who knows what, while Tony had been picking up after him. Tony shook his head. Teenagers.

He figured he could spend the rest of the morning working on the new Starkphone, and headed down to the lab. About two hours later, he got a text. It was from Peter.

Spider kid: Did I leave a blue binder on the kitchen counter?

Tony sighed, but got up to check. Sure enough, there was a blue binder, open wide on the counter.

Starkman: Yep. What is it?


Tony arched an eyebrow.

Starkman: Don’t lie to me. Do you need it?

Spider kid: Mayb? yes :/

Starkman: What time do you need it for?

Spider kid: It’s ok! I can manage w/o it dwbi

Starkman: Nope, I’m bringing it, now tell me what time or I’m telling your aunt what time you went to bed last night.

Spider kid: Ok! i need it 4 3rd period, after lunch at 11:30. don’t tell may pls
Starkman: See you at 11:30.

Tony shook his head, and gathered up all of Peter’s stuff. He didn’t mind bringing it to his school, he had a meeting in Queen’s at one o’clock anyways. He considered bring the ironman armour, just to embarrass the kid, but decided against it, not wanting to make a scene.

Meanwhile, at school, Peter was once again getting caught on his phone to his mentor, but this time by a teacher who wasn’t as lenient as Mr. Marsh.

“Parker,” said Mrs. Johnson, his history teacher, holding out her hand. “Phone, please.”

Peter sighed, but knew arguing wouldn’t get him anywhere but the principals office. He handed it over, and apologized to the teacher.

“You can get it back at the end of the day, but for now, why don’t you focus on your history textbook.”

“What? Can’t I just get it at the end of class?” Peter said, worried about Tony texting him again.

“Excuse me, Mr. Parker, but you know the rules in this class.” Mrs Johnson said sternly, “If you use your phone, you get it taken away for the rest of the class. If you have any problems with that you can take it up with the principal, if you like.”

Peter sighed, and heard a snicker from the back of the class. He didn’t have to turn around to know that it was Flash. He tried to ignore it for the rest of the period, and got to work taking notes from his textbook. Finally, the end of the period came, and he packed up his bags and left the class in a bad mood.

He went straight to his usual table in the cafeteria and waited for Ned to show up, anxiously checking his watch. It was 11:35, and Tony had said he’d be at the school at 11:30. Finally, Ned walked in and sat down next to Peter, and before Ned could even say hello Peter asked to use his phone and was typing in Tony’s number.

“Who are you calling?” Ned asked, watching him, “And why couldn't you use your own phone?”
“I’m calling Mr. Stark, and my phone got taken away in history.” Peter replied, anticipating Ned’s reaction, and sure enough, Ned’s jaw dropped.

“Oh. My. God!” Ned said, starting to freak out, “You’re calling Tony Stark on my phone!”

“Shhh, Ned,” said Peter, looking around, “I don’t want people to know I have his number!”

“Right, sorry.” Ned said, not looking sorry.

“This is Stark,” Tony’s voice came in through the phone.

“This is Parker,” Peter replied jokingly.

“What? Who’s phone is this? What’s going on? Are you okay?” Tony asked, getting worried.

“It’s Ned’s phone, my phone got taken in history class, and yes I’m okay.” Peter said, “I just thought I’d call you to let you know I don’t have my phone on me and also ask if you’re here yet and if you are then where should I meet you?”

Ned, once again, dropped his jaw. “Tony Stark is coming here?!” he yelled, causing a few people from surrounding tables to look over.

“Ned!” Peter said, then to keep up appearances, “No, of course not,”

He then whispered a yes to Ned.

“Kid, you still there? I’m about five minutes out, just come meet me wherever Happy normally picks you up from school, okay?”

“Got it, Mr. Stark, thank you!”
“Alright, I’m hanging up now.” Tony said, and the line went dead.

“I’ll be right back, Ned,” Peter said, getting up, “And I’ll explain everything when I get back,”

“Are you also going to explain why you didn’t call me last night?” Ned asked, with a hurt tone.

Shoot. Peter completely forgot about that, in all the excitement. Hopefully Ned would understand once he explained what happened. Ned doesn’t stay mad long, especially not at Peter.

“I’m sorry, Ned, but the explanation is going to blow your mind, I promise!” Peter said, turning and running off.

He had just walked through the door when he was stopped by Flash and a couple of his friends, blocking his way. Peter took a step back, and cursed under his breath.

“Hey, Parker, who were you texting in class today?” Flash asked, “Must’ve been important to risk your perfect track record.”

“Flash, I really don’t have time right now,” Peter said, glancing to the car that had just pulled up outside the gates. He knew Tony was a busy man, and had places to be, and couldn’t be sitting around waiting for some kid to pick up his homework.

“Really? Where are you going, Parker?” Flash asked, “Going to see your boyfriend, Tony Stark?”

Peter stared at him. “What?” he asked, confused. Ned’s phone buzzed in his pocket, and he checked it quickly. It was Tony, saying that he was here, and asking if he should come into the school.

“Well, you guys must be dating,” Flash said, grinning, “What other reason would he have to keep a creep like you around?”

Peter shook his head at the disgusting thought, and quickly texted Tony saying that he’d meet him by the car, when suddenly, his spider senses went off, and the phone was grabbed from his hands.
“Wow, still texting?” Flash said, looking at the phone which was thankfully locked, “You’re probably driving him crazy, I feel bad for the guy.”

“C’mon, Flash, that’s not my phone, give it back,” Peter said, holding out his hand. He could easily take it from him, but he didn’t want to risk people finding out that he was actually spiderman. He hadn’t been particularly coordinated before the bite.

Flash just laughed, and tried to unlock the phone. Peter made a grab for it Flash stepped out of his way.

“Listen, Flash, just give me Ned’s phone back, and I’ll let you have mine as soon as I get it back, alright?” Peter negotiated, glancing nervously to Tony’s car, where Tony had begun to step out, wearing dark sunglasses and a sleek dark purple suit.

“What kind of phone do you have, Parker,” Flash said, clearly bored with Ned’s out of date old phone.

“I’ve got the newest Starkphone,” Peter said, “And it’s yours at the end of the day if you just give me Ned’s back and let me go.”

“Alright,” said Flash, tossing Peter the phone “But if I don’t get a Starkphone by the end of the day…”

“You’ll cry?” Peter supplied helpfully, before running off to the car, “No worries, Flash, see you at the end of the day! Don’t throw any tantrums!”

He could practically see the glare on Flash’s face with his back turned to him, but he knew he wouldn’t follow him, which was good, because it’d be awkward to explain to Tony Stark why Spiderman can’t handle school bullies.

“Hey, Underoos,” Tony said as Peter ran up to him, “Where’s the fire?”

“What?” Peter said, immediately on alert, looking all around for a fire, “Fire? Where?”
“Calm down, kid, it’s an expression,” Tony put his hand on Peter’s shoulder and looked him in the eye, “What’s wrong, Pete? You seem jumpy.”

“I’m fine,” Peter replied, “Thank you so much for coming, you didn’t have to.”

“It’s fine,” Tony said with a wave of his hand, “Here’s the binder.”

“Thanks,” Peter said, grabbing it and putting it in his backpack.

“Alright, how much time do you have until lunch is over?”

Peter checked his watch. “About forty minutes.”

“Great. Let’s go.”

Tony held the car door open. Peter looked from the car, to Tony, to the school.

“You don’t have to take me out for lunch, Mr. Stark,”

“I know I don’t have to. I want to.”

“Well, I’ve sort of got Ned’s phone, and he’s waiting for me inside…”

“Well, go get him. We’ve only got forty minutes, so hurry up.”

“Ned can come too?”

“Of course. And invite that other boy you were talking to before you got here too, if you want.”
Peter stared at him in confusion, then realized he meant Flash.

“Oh, uh, it’s okay, I think he’s busy anyway,” Peter said, looking down at his shoes.

Tony frowned, noticing something was wrong. He was about to ask when Peter said, “I’ll go get Ned! Thanks Mr. Stark!” and ran off.

Tony didn’t know what to do. Was it his business? He liked to think he was starting to have a hand in raising the kid, but then again, he wasn’t the kids dad, or uncle, or anything, so did he really have the right to ask about things like this? Then again, he was responsible for the kids safety, so in a way, this related to that…

Peter and his friend Ned came running over, breaking his train of thoughts. They were racing each other to the car, bodychecking each other on the way over. Tony shook his head as he got in the driver seat. Teenagers.

Chapter End Notes

Hey!

How’d you like it! Feel free to leave any feedback in the comments, it's very appreciated!

I feel like there's too much dialogue in this chapter, and also I'm capturing the characters all wrong? Idk, but I'll try to improve!! also not alot happens in this chapter, its kinda a filler i guess? idk next chapter I'll try to make less dialogue and more of the other stuff.

I think the name is kind of misleading because we might have to wait until like the fourth chapter to get to the science fair. my original plan for this was a one shot hahaha that didnt happen! Anyways, thanks for reading, drop a comment if u wanna!!

xoxo
Peter and Ned had a blast at lunch. Tony took them to Delmar’s, upon their insistence, although he didn’t get what was so great about a little sandwich shop. Until he tried their sandwiches, and then he made sure that FRIDAY knew about Delmar’s for next time he asked her to order him a sandwich.

Afterwards, Tony took them for ice cream, and let them get all the toppings they wanted. Peter went crazy, getting every single topping there was, while Ned took longer to choose, but only picked two, both of which went very well together. Tony got a spoon, which confused the boys, until he started stealing from their ice cream, which resulted in him getting a clump of ice cream thrown right into his face. By Peter, of course, as Ned stared in shock. Tony chose to take the high road, and instead of covering the younger, less mature, boy, in ice cream, he threatened to never buy him ice cream again. After that, Peter was suddenly on his best behaviour, apologizing, thanking, and overall being a model child.

Peter and Ned, almost finished their ice cream, got into a heated debate about what kind of ice cream Yoda would like better. Peter was pulling for mint, “Because they’re the same colour!” which Ned disagreed with, pointing out that Peter wasn’t eating vanilla ice cream. Ned thought Yoda would like Rocky Road, but he didn’t have an explanation. He said it was just a feeling, and that he and Yoda were connected.

Tony rolled his eyes and tuned out the boys ridiculous conversation, and checked his phone to see when he’d have to leave for his meeting, when he saw it was one o’clock.
“Oh, shi—” Tony started to say, then noticed Peter and Ned had stopped arguing to stare at him, both grinning, waiting for the adult to swear.

“Oh, shoot,” He corrected himself, getting up, “What time does your lunch end?”

Peter and Ned’s eyes both widened, and it would’ve been funny had it been a different situation.

“12:30,” Peter said, standing up as well, “What time is it now?”

“It’s one! We have to go, now,” Tony said, turning around and half jogging to his car, with the boys close behind.

Tony was driving before Peter had shut the car door behind him.

“Okay, boys, it’s alright, we can figure this out,” said Tony, glancing back to see panic on both of the boys faces, “How long after they notice you’re gone do they call home?”

“It depends, but usually about ten minutes.” Ned said, “Oh my god my moms going to kill me!”

“No, she’s not,” said Tony, “I’ll just hack into the school and get rid of whatever messages they left, alright? FRIDAY, can you get on that?”

“Already am, Boss.”

Five minutes later, they pulled up to the school. The boys stayed glued in their seats. Tony turned around to look at them.

“Alright, here’s what’s going to happen” He said, taking off his glasses to look them in the eyes, “FRIDAY is currently hacking into their systems, the message saying you were late will be gone, and no one will know what’s happened. I’m going to walk you in there, and say I had to take both of you on important Stark Industries business, and use some of the Stark charm. And here’s the most important part: You are, under no circumstances, going to lie to May, or your mom. When you get home, tell them that Tony Stark took you out for lunch. You don’t have to tell them you were late, but I don’t want you keeping any secrets from them. Got it?”
The two boys nodded, and Tony, satisfied, put his glasses back on, hopped out of the car and started walking towards the school, with the boys on his heels. The plan worked perfectly. Better than he could've hoped. All he had to do was pull the Tony Stark card. Ned and Peter both got notes and were sent off to their classes with no arguments.

Tony said goodbye to the boys, then started off towards the car, feeling like a weight had been lifted off his shoulders.

Until a new one got dropped right where the old one had left. His meeting. It was at one. And it was now almost one thirty. Tony sighed. The fun never stops when you’re Tony Stark.

Peter was in his last period class, woodwork, but he was not at all focused on the birdhouse he was supposed to be making. Instead, he was trying to figure out a way to get out of this sticky Flash situation. Obviously, he wouldn’t be giving Flash his phone, but he had to figure out a way to avoid him, at least just for today. It wasn’t easy, since to get to the place he got picked up from by Happy, he had to go through the place Flash likes to hang out with his friends. He could ask Happy to pick him up from somewhere else, but that would make Happy suspicious, and the last thing he wanted to do was reveal to Happy—who would then blab to Tony—that Spiderman was getting picked on by some regular kid.

Peter tried to think like Tony Stark. He had come up with an efficient, easy plan so quickly and had executed it perfectly, while Peter and Ned had been too panicked to think. Spiderman can usually keep a cool head during a panic, but for some reason, Peter Parker’s mind works differently, especially concerning school related things. That was probably the difference between a friendly neighbourhood spiderman and an avenger. Being an avenger means you can handle any situation, whereas being a friendly neighbourhood spiderman meant you can only handle situations related to your superpowers.

With ten minutes left of the class, had just come up with one, pathetic plan. Get his phone, walk fast, keep his head down. Hopefully he’d make it to the car without any altercations. If he did happen to bump into Flash, he would pretend he forgot about the whole thing, and wing it from there.

Nothing wrong with winging it. Peter thought, It’s almost like webbing it, and that’s what I do best.

Peter shook his head. Now he wasn’t even making any sense. This was ridiculous, he fought actual criminals nearly every day. He had stolen Captain America’s shield! He could handle some kid. And
if he couldn’t get physical, because of the risk of him actually hurting Flash, or someone connecting the dots, he’d talk his way out of it. Speech is powerful, if you use it right. Like the Doctor, from Doctor Who. He could get himself out of a bunch of sticky situations with just his words, or at least buy himself some time, so why couldn’t Peter?

The bell rang, breaking Peter’s train of thoughts, but Peter was feeling a bit more confident now.

_Think like the Doctor_, Peter told himself, walking into the english room.

“Alright, Mrs. Johnson,” Peter said, in a terrible english accent, and then after realizing what he did, his face turned red.

Mrs. Johnson looked up from her desk, confused.

“Sorry, I don’t know how that happened,” Peter said sheepishly.

“That’s… alright, Peter, I assume you’ve come for your phone?” Mrs Johnson said, opening a drawer in her desk.

“Yes,” Peter said, “and I’m sorry about what happened in class today, it won’t happen again.”

“Alright, Peter, thank you,” Mrs Johnson said, handing Peter his phone. As soon as Peter got it, he darted out the door, shoving his phone in the deepest corner of his backpack.

“Hey, Peter!” a voice called from behind him. He turned around, relieved to see it was only Ned.

“Hey, Ned, I have to go, like fast,” Peter said, looking around for signs of Flash, “But as soon as I get to the tower I’ll call you and actually explain everything, okay?”

Ned looked confused, but nodded. “See ya later, Peter.” he said, turning to walk in a different direction.

Peter started out the door, speeding up as soon as he saw the car waiting for him, when he the hairs
on his neck stood up. He looked up, trying to find what could be a potential threat that was causing that, when he saw Flash and a couple of his friends walking towards him. Peter went through his options in his head, and came to the conclusion that his best option to avoid any kind of confrontation would be to just gun it to the car.

He quickly looked for the fastest and safest route, through the group of boys coming towards him. Going around would take longer, and give them more time to intercept. He couldn't exactly go over them, without revealing his identity, so the only option short of turning around and running back into the school, therefore trapping him, would be to run straight through them. The biggest opening was between Flash and his friend Westley, which was risky, considering they could just stick their hands out and stop him, but he was counting on them not expecting him to run, and being too surprised to react quickly enough.

“Hey, Parker,” called Flash, “Where’s my phone?”

Peter didn’t respond, instead waited for an opportunity to go, and just before Flash was going to say something else, Westley stumbled, leaving him off balance, and giving Peter a perfect path to get away. Without a second thought, Peter dashed through, and the expression on Flash’s face when he saw Peter running towards him would be something he’d cherish for a long time.

“Wha-” said Flash, turning as Peter ran past him, “Get back here!”

Peter didn’t look back, until he got into the car, and he saw that Flash had decided to give up, knowing he couldn’t touch him in the car. It wasn’t over, though, and Peter had a feeling that tomorrow was not going to be easy for him. Peter put his head in his hands, more angry than scared or anything like that, because he shouldn’t have to run to the car every time Flash was bothering him.

He lifted his head up when he noticed that they still hadn't moved, and looked beside him to see Happy staring at him, concerned.

“Hey Happy,” said Peter, faking a smile, “So are we going to go, or…”

“We’ll go as soon as you tell me what the hell that was all about.” Happy said, gesturing to the school yard, where Flash stood with his friends, watching the car.

“Oh, it was nothing.” Peter said, waving a hand, “Don’t worry about it. Let’s go.”
“Try again, Peter.” said Happy, still staring at him, “That did not look like nothing.”

Peter sighed, and refused to look at Happy. “I don’t want to talk about it, and I need to pee, so unless you want to sit in a smelly car, let’s go.”

Obviously not thrilled with that answer, Happy nonetheless started the car and drove off, but decided to mention something about it to Tony.

The drive was painfully silent, a drastic change from Peter yakking Happy’s ears off. Happy kept glancing at Peter, which Peter pretended not to notice. Finally, they arrived at the tower, and Peter mumbled a thank you and left.

Happy sat in the car, and sent a quick text message to Tony.

**Superhero's Bodyguard:** Hey boss, I think Peter is getting bullied. Ask him about a kid named Flash.

**Boss man:** Got it. Thanks, Hap.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Let me know what you thought of this chapter in the comments!! Next chapter we will probably have a confrontation between tony and Peter about flash!! and also probably some chatting with ned and peter! so we have that to look forward to! I might not get the next chapter up quite as quickly as i have been with these other chapters but I'll make sure it's good!

xoxo
Hey! Sorry for the long wait, I've been super busy recently! also I had some trouble with this chapter but I figured it out!! I hope you enjoy!!

Also!!! thank you so much for all the kind comments and kudos!! those keep me going!!! thanks everyone!!!

Peter stepped into the elevator, and told Friday to take him up to Tony’s penthouse. He was angry about the situation with Flash, and feeling bad about how he handled Happy. The man was just worried about him, which was completely reasonable, because Peter was not very good at acting okay. But he couldn’t tell Happy about Flash, for two reasons. The first one was that he was embarrassed that he couldn’t handle some ordinary kid at school, when he could take on criminals like the Vulture. He did not want Happy to think he was weak. The second reason was that he knew if he told Happy, he would tell Tony, and he really didn’t want that to happen, for the same reason he didn’t want Happy to find out. If Tony thought that Peter was weak, he might take away his Spiderman suit so he doesn’t get hurt fighting actual criminals. And he couldn’t lose his suit, not again.

Peter had planned to go straight to his room when he got up to the penthouse. He had to call Ned, because he’d been neglecting him recently, considering everything that had been going on in his life in the past day. Normally they hung out or talked on the phone pretty much every day, and knew every detail of each others lives, so missing one day was a bigger deal than you’d think. He also had to call May, because he was supposed to check in with her everyday, and also, he missed her.

However, when he got up to the penthouse, he found Tony on the couch, going through some files.

“Hey, Mr. Stark,” said Peter, heading to his room, “I thought you’d be in the lab.”

“Just about to head down there,” Tony replied, “I was just looking through some new intern files,”

Peter stopped on the way to his room. “But, I thought you didn’t handle that kind of stuff,” He said, turning to follow Tony, who had gotten up and walked to the kitchen to get himself a cup of coffee. “You don’t even have any contact with the interns except at the annual Stark Industries Employe Appreciation party?”

“Wow, nerd,” Tony said, confused about how much Peter knew about his company, “How did you know all that?”

Peter shrugged, with a smug smile. “I’m Spiderman,” he said, “It’s my job to know things.”

“Um, no, your job is to web criminals up, and stick to low level crime. The truth, please?” Tony said, with an equally smug smile.

“Okay, I kind of did a project on Stark Industries in grade 5.” Peter said, blushing.

Tony smirked, and Peter could tell he was trying to hold in his laughter. “Wow, I knew you were a
fanboy, but I didn’t know you were that hardcore about it.” he said, his eyes glinting with amusement.

“Shut up! I was like, 10!” Peter said, glaring at him.

“Do you still have it?” Tony asked, with mock interest, “I’d love to read it. Who knows, I just might learn something.”

“I do, but you’re never going to see it.” said Peter, sticking his tongue out at Tony.

“Oh come on,” Tony said, “I need to know how much you know about my company, to make sure you aren’t secretly trying to steal it.”

“Why would I want to steal Stark Industries,” Peter said, with a teasing tone, “If I wanted to steal a powerful company, I’d obviously go for Oscorp.”

Tony’s eyes widened. “You little shi-” he started, but was interrupted by Peter.

“Go ahead,” he said, holding his phone up, “I’m recording this, and I’ll send it straight to May if I need to blackmail you!”

“I was going to say, you little shimmering rainbow,” Tony said, his tone upbeat but his face threatening, “Why don’t you come have a slice of this pie I bought this morning, just for being so funny.”

Peter dropped his phone back into his pocket at the mention of food, and practically sprinted the short distance from where he was standing to the fridge, which Tony was pulling something out of.

“What kind of pie is it?” Peter asked, licking his lips.

“I actually don’t know, maybe you could tell me!” Tony said, and on the “Me!” he had shoved the whole pie into Peter’s face before he could even react.

Peter’s jaw practically dropped to the ground, but then he licked his lips, and decided that a pie to the face wasn’t so bad. Then, he got an idea, and his face turned into a mischievous grin as he looked up at Tony.

“That was so nice of you, Tony,” Peter said, putting as much fake sincerity as he could into his words.

“What? No it wasn’t.” Tony said, clearly confused. He could tell Peter was up to something, but he didn’t know what.

“And because of how nice you were to me,” Peter said, slowly walking towards Tony as Tony stepped back, “I’m going to give you a big hug!”

Peter dashed towards Tony and wrapped his arms around Tony, wiping his face on his suit. Tony peeled him off, then grabbed another pie.

“You little piece of sh-” he started, raising the pie.

He was interrupted by the sounds of heels clicking towards them. Slowly, he looked up to where the sound was coming from and froze when he saw it was Pepper walking towards them, not looking pleased at all.

“Piece of what, Mr. Stark?” Peter asked, innocently, not noticing Pepper, “Did you mean to say
“Hi, Peter,” Pepper said, causing Peter’s eyes to widen. Tony laughed at Peter’s terrified expression, which earned him a frown from Pepper.

“What? It’s funny,” Said Tony, grabbing a dish towel, “You’d laugh too, if you could see his face.” Peter’s back was still to Pepper, so she couldn’t see what his face looked like, but even if she could, she probably wouldn’t be as amused as Tony was.

“Here, kid,” Tony said, tossing Peter the dish towel, “Make yourself presentable for Her Highness, Pepper Potts,”

Peter hastily wiped his face and turned to Pepper, with the most innocent smile he had. “Hey, Ms. Potts, it’s lovely to see you, sorry about-” he gestured to his face, “-this, and sorry about what you saw when you came in, Mr. Stark started it, I was just acting in self defence, really, so I can’t really be blamed, and it’s just-”

Pepper cut him off by holding her hand up in the air for silence. “It’s fine, Peter,” she said, smiling, “You’re not the one in trouble here.”

“Wait a minute, does that mean I’m the one in trouble?” Tony said, eating the pie he had just gotten out of the fridge with his fingers, “Because that doesn’t track at all, you should’ve heard what this kid was saying to me before you got here, then you wouldn’t think he was so innocent. In fact, Friday, playback the conversation we had where Peter was being rude to me.”

“Please don’t, Friday,” said Pepper, “And might I remind you, Tony, that you are the adult in this situation?”

“Taking the kids side,” Tony said, shaking his head, “Big surprise. The kid always wins.”

“Okay, Tony, enough,” Pepper said, rolling her eyes, “We have to go, like, five minutes ago.”

“What?” Tony said, confused, “Go where?”

Pepper sighed, but before she could say anything, Peter, who had been silently trying to wipe the pie out of his eyebrows, interjected.

“I’m just going to head to my room now…” he said, walking away slowly, “It was nice to see you, Ms. Potts!”

“Yes, you too, Peter,” Pepper answered, before turning towards Tony, “Don’t tell me you forgot about the very important meeting with the shareholders today?”

“Oh, right, the shareholders, important, yeah,” He said, walking towards his room, “Remind me again why I have to go? Last time I checked, you were the CEO of the company, not me.”

“They have demanded specifically to see you, saying they have unfinished business with you, whatever that means,”

“Alright,” Tony said, “Lead the way. I’ll have to tell Peter we won’t be able to work on his science project until I get back,”

“Nope,” Pepper said, putting her hand on Tony’s chest to stop him from leaving the room, “You have to change first,”
Tony looked down at his pie covered shirt. “Yeah, I guess so.” he said, starting to change, “Can you tell Peter we’re going to a meeting and we’ll be back in a couple hours?”

“On it.”

Chapter End Notes

hmmm... unfinished business? fishy...

I hope you enjoyed this chapter!! Leave comments n kudos if you like!! Sorry they haven't spoken about flash yet, but I figured if they just rushed right into it peter would be all denial-y. They will soon, I promise!!

Thanks for reading everyone!!!! let me know what u thought! (also sorry its so short)
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Things are spicing up!

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone, thanks for the continuous support! I love reading your comments! Let me know what you think of this chapter!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter was alone in Tony’s penthouse, but he didn’t mind. He had things to do. The first thing he did was call May, and they spoke for awhile. He told her about the project he’s working on for the fair, and she told him about her friend Stacy’s new dog, which was a mistake, because it led to Peter begging to get a dog. After about an hour of talking about everything and nothing, May said she had to get back to work, so they said their goodbyes and hung up.

Peter walked out into the kitchen to get some water, and then remembered about Ned.

“Hey Friday,” Peter said, grabbing a water bottle from the fridge, “Is it possible to FaceTime someone from the big TV?”

“Of course, Peter,” Friday replied, “Who do you want to FaceTime?”

“Ned Leeds, please!”

Peter jumped onto the couch and waited as it rang. Suddenly Ned’s face showed up on the TV, looking confused and shocked.

“Mr. Stark, hi, wow, how did-” Ned rambled, until he saw Peter. “Peter?”

“Hey Ned,” Peter said, grinning.
“How did-where are-what???” Ned stammered, looking around the screen at the penthouse.

“I’m at Mr. Stark’s penthouse, and Friday hooked up FaceTime to the TV!” Peter said excitedly, “So what’s up with you?”

“Hold on, I have so many more questions…”

“Shoot.”

“Why are you at Ironman’s penthouse?”

“I’m entering a science fair at MIT, and he’s helping me with the project I’m doing.”

“Okay, what?”

Peter explained what had happened in his life the past few days, and Ned listened, fascinated. After Ned learned everything about Peter, they went on to discussing different subjects, like the millennium falcon they had yet to build, star wars theories, until eventually they decided to do their homework together. After awhile, Peter noticed the time. He realized Tony still hadn’t gotten back yet. He’d stayed at the penthouse before, and he knew that his meetings sometimes ran long, but Pepper had said that they’d be back in about an hour, they were just going over a few things and signing some things, but it had been two hours since they had left. Ned asked him a question, something about the formula for a circle, and Peter, not paying attention, answered absentmindedly.

“Base times height divided by two.” he said, twirling his pencil in his hand and wondering if he should check in with Mr. Stark.

“What? Dude, that’s a triangle.” Ned said, looking up at Peter worriedly, “Are you okay? Do you want to stop math now?”

“What?” Peter said, looking up, “Oh, sorry, right. Pi times r squared.”
“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine,” Peter said, “It’s just… Mr. Stark has been gone for longer than he said he’d be…”

“His meeting probably just ran late,” Ned said, checking the time, “Oh damn, it’s already six? No wonder I’m hungry.”

“You should eat, Ned.” Peter said, laughing, “And you’re probably right. If he’s not here in an hour, then I can start to worry.”

“Sounds good,”

“Alright, well I should let you go eat now.”

“I guess so. Thanks for face timing me from Tony Stark’s house.”

“Anytime, man! See ya later.”

“Bye!”

The call disconnected, and Peter noticed how quiet the penthouse was, so he decided to check out the rest of the tower. There was a common room a couple floors below him, and sometimes some of the avengers were there, if they were staying in the tower at that time. Peter was pretty sure a couple of them were here, but everyone’s so busy so he hadn’t seen anyone recently.

When he got to the common room, he saw Sam and Rhodey playing a very intense game of ping pong, and Clint was watching “The Office” with Steve. Peter walked over to them, and sat down on the big chair next to the couch.

“Hey, spider kid!” Clint said, pausing the show, “When did you get here?”

“It’s spiderman, first of all,” said Peter, sticking out his tongue at him, “And I’ve been here since
Wednesday.”

Steve looked up from his sketchbook.

“Hey, Peter,” he said, nodding at him, “Did Stark get too boring for you?”

“No, he’s at a meeting.” Peter said, then thoughtfully added, “So, yeah, I guess he did get too boring for me, by not being there.”

“How could you have been here since Wednesday,” Clint interrupted, “I went up to steal some food yesterday and I didn’t see you anywhere.”

“I was probably at school,” Peter said, “It’s kind of a requirement of being a teenager.”

“Right, I forgot you went there.” Clint said, grabbing some cheetos out of the bag next to him.

“Can I have a cheeto?” asked Peter, holding out his hand.

“Nope,” said Clint, unpausing the show.

Peter frowned, and then decided that he wasn’t going to take no as an answer. He waited for a bit, until Clint was completely distracted by the show, and then decided to strike. He shot a web towards the bag, pulling it towards him and accidentally spilling a few on Clint.

“What the-” Clint looked down at his pants, which were now covered in cheeto dust.

“Thanks, Clint,” Peter said, sticking his hand in the bag, “I knew you’d come around.”

“Cap! Did you see what this delinquent just did?” Clint whined.

“Peter, it’s not nice to steal food.” Steve said, not really paying attention.
“It’s not nice to hog food either.” Peter pointed out, which earned him a look from Steve.

“Fine,” Peter said, tossing the bag back, “You can have your food back.”

“Thank you very much.” Clint said, and then he threw a cheeto at Peter, “Here you go, I felt bad.”

“Gee, thanks,” Peter said, rolling his eyes and getting up. “You guys are boring today. I’m leaving.”

“See ya, Peter-man.” Clint said, not looking at him.

“Bye, Pete.” said Steve, also not really paying attention.

Peter started walking out of the room, then got an idea. He checked to make sure no one was paying attention, then climbed up the wall to the ceiling, so no one would notice him. Slowly, he crawled over until he was above Clint. With one swift movement, he shot a web at the cheetos, grabbing them out of Clint’s hands and quickly crawled over to the elevator.

“Hey!” Clint yelled, looking up to see Peter crawling towards the elevator. “Get back here!”

He jumped off the couch and ran after Peter, who was yelling at Friday to open the elevator. Peter used his webs to pull him the extra distance into the elevator, and told Friday to close the doors. The last thing he saw was Clint diving towards him, and the last thing he heard was Clint crashing into the closed elevator doors. Peter smiled, and tossed a couple of cheetos in his mouth.

“Take me to the lab, Friday,” he said, forgetting all about Tony and how long he’d been gone.

Tony had just arrived at the meeting with Pepper, and after apologizing to the shareholders for being late and making a few jokes, he started zoning out, thinking about Peter. Tony wasn’t exactly surprised when Happy told him about this Flash kid. He could tell Peter had been having problems that he wasn’t talking about, but the kid is way too proud to admit it.
But not anymore, because now that Tony Stark knew about it, no one will be picking on the kid. He knew he recognized the name Happy had told him, it had been one of the names of teenagers in the top running for the internship program. Usually he doesn’t deal with the internships, but Pepper had thought it’d be good to have someone else work with him, like Peter did, but he shut that down quickly. One teenager is enough for him, thank you very much. However, he did flip through the files she had given him. Flash Thompson was one of the names, but he only skimmed his files at the time. Once he got that text from Happy, though, he did some research of his own on this kid, and found out pretty much everything. When you’re Tony Stark, no information can hide from you.

“Tony!” Pepper kicked his leg, jerking him out of his thoughts.

“Hmm?” Tony said, looking over at her, then noticing the whole group was staring at him. “Oh, sorry everyone, what were we talking about?”

“I was just saying, Mr. Stark,” one of the shareholders said, “Is it really the smartest idea to have all the avengers living in the Stark Tower, after the whole accords incident?”

Tony frowned, feeling himself get annoyed, but took a deep breath and asked calmly, “What do you mean?”

“I—we just don’t think it’s a great look for Stark Industries,” he replied, “I mean, half of them are basically war criminals, and you’re letting them freeload in the tower, which is the face of the company?”

“Okay, first of all, they’ve all been pardoned, so they are not war criminals,” Tony said, still trying to keep his cool. He felt Pepper put a hand on his arm. “And secondly, I don’t think where my friends live have anything to do with you.”

“Mr. Stark, we’re just trying to think of what’s best for the company,” said another shareholder, “We’re not trying to attack you here.”

“I’m sorry, who are you?” Tony said, looking at her. Then he looked at the other shareholders in the room, and realized he didn’t recognize any of them. Sure, he wasn’t on a first name basis with many of the Stark Industries employees, but he knew the shareholders, from charity events and other stuff Pepper had dragged him to. “Wait a minute, who are any of you?”

He looked at Pepper, who seemed to just be noticing that she hadn’t met any of them before. She
looked at him, panic in her eyes, and he stood up.

“Okay, who the hell are you guys, and where are the regular shareholders?” Tony asked loudly. The ‘shareholders’ all looked at the guy who was sitting at the other end of the table, who nodded at them. Before Tony could reach for his watch to activate his wrist gauntlet, he was tackled by two of the men who were supposedly standing guard at the door. Next thing he knew, him and Pepper were tied up, and his watch was roughly taken off his hand.

“Careful, that’s priceless,” Tony said to the man who had taken it off.

“Alright,” said the man who seemed to be in charge, “Now let’s get down to business. My name is Gordon Shaw,”

He paused, looking at Tony. Tony stared back, confused.

“Am I supposed to introduce myself too?” he asked, letting out a snort, “You know who I am.”

Gordon grunted, then opened up his briefcase, “Now, I have a list of demands—”

“No thanks,” Tony said, looking out the window, seeming disinterested, but really he was looking to see if his suits were coming, “We’re not interested in your business.”

Tony’s wrist gauntlet was programmed so that if it was ever taken off, Friday would send his armour over to him, but he might’ve turned off that programming after a disastrous date night which involved him taking off his watch and being flanked by his armour in the middle of dinner.

“Well, it doesn’t really matter if you’re interested or not,” Gordon said, “Because we’re the ones holding the guns.”

“Guns?” Pepper asked, looking around, “I don’t see any guns.”

The two men who had tackled them pulled guns out of their coats.
“But don’t worry, I’m sure we won’t have to use them, as long as you follow our demands.”

“Alright, I’ll humour you.” Tony said, rolling his eyes, “What do you want?”

Peter was in the lab, working on the project for the science fair. It was pretty much finished, but he was trying to add some cool extra features to it, to surprise Mr. Stark.

He frowned, looking at the time. Tony should really have gotten back by now, and if the meeting was running late he’d probably call. Last time Tony had been in a meeting and Peter was waiting at the tower for him, he sent him a message saying when he’d be back, then thirty minutes later called to tell him he was running late. Peter figured it couldn’t hurt to give him a call. Worst case scenario, he ignores it because he’s busy. Actually, worst case scenario would be he doesn’t answer because he’s dead, but Peter pushed that thought out of his mind. He didn’t need to spiral right now.

He dialled the number into his phone, then waited as it rang.

Gordon was about to read from his list, when they heard a ringtone.

“What’s that?” Gordon asked, looking at his men accusingly.

“That would be me,” Tony said, nodding towards the desk where his phone was sitting, “I’m getting a call.”

Gordon looked at the phone, thought for a second, then seemed to come to a decision.

“Okay, Dan, on her.” He said, gesturing to Pepper. The man named Dan nodded, then pointed his gun to Pepper’s head.

“Whoah, whoah what are you doing?” Tony yelled, straining against the ropes. “Get away from her!”
“Calm down, man.” Gordon said, walking towards them, “It’s insurance.”

“What are you talking about?” Tony asked, glancing worriedly at Pepper every few seconds.

“You’re going to answer the phone, incase it’s some bodyguard or something who’s gonna bring all the avengers in if you don’t answer, and you’re going to pretend everything’s okay, or we’ll shoot Ms. Potts.”

Tony looked from Gordon, to Dan, to Pepper.

“Alright, untie me then.” he said, glaring at Gordon.

“Nope, we’re just going to hold it on your ear. Can’t risk you pressing any emergency buttons.”

One of the other men picked up the phone, held it to Tony’s ear, who jerked away at the next ringtone.

“You have to hit the answer button, moron.” he said, still glaring at Gordon.

The man hit the button, then held the phone up to Tony’s ear.

“Stark.” he said into the phone, hoping it was somebody who’d be useful.

“Hey, Mr. Stark, I know you’re probably super busy and stuff and I shouldn’t be calling when you’re in a meeting but you’ve been gone for awhile and I was just kind of worried cause Pepper-I mean Ms. Potts- said you guys would be just an hour so-”

Tony, despite the situation he was in, smiled at the sound of Peter’s voice. “Hey Pete, don’t worry about it. I’m fine.” he said, “Meeting just ran a little late, I’ll be back soon.”

The line went silent for a few seconds, until Peter’s voice came out again, this time sounding very
small and scared, like a child. “Okay, Mr. Stark, got it. See you soon. Bye.”

Peter hung up, and Tony nodded to the man holding the phone, letting him know the call was over.

“Who was that?” Gordon asked, smiling mockingly, “A new boyfriend?”

“Get the gun off her.” Tony growled back.

Gordon nodded at Dan, who put his gun back in his jacket and stepped back.

“Alright, back to these demands of mine…”

Peter hung up the phone, then rushed over to the elevator, knocking some papers over on the way there. Once he got in, he told Friday where to go.

When he got to the common room, the only avengers in there this time were Clint and Bruce. Clint looked up from the cereal he was having (at night?) to Peter.

“Well, if it isn’t the cheeto thief,” he said, “Coming to ask for forgiveness? Well too bad, it’s not going to happen.”

Peter wasn’t listening, he was scanning the room to see if there was anyone else.

“Hey, Peter,” Bruce said, looking up from his book, “What’s going-”

“Mr. Stark is fine!!!” Peter cried, expecting them to jump up. Instead, they stayed where they were and stared at him.

“That’s… good for him?” Clint said, looking at Bruce to see if he understood, who shook his head.
“But-don’t you guys-” Peter said, looking frantically at both of them.

“Peter, are you okay?” Bruce asked, worried. “Why don’t you come sit down.”

Peter shook his head. “No!! Fine! Mr. Stark is fine! That’s the code!!!”

“What code?” asked Clint, standing up now.

“Take a deep breath, calm down, and tell us what’s going on, Peter.” Bruce said, walking over to him and putting a hand on his shoulder.

“Mr. Stark was at a meeting for a really long time-oh and Pepper was there too-and he was supposed to be back awhile ago so I called him and he said he’s fine and that’s the code for in trouble Mr. Stark is in trouble and he needs help and I don’t know where he is-”

Clint was already sending a group text to the rest of the avengers who were in the tower, telling them to come down, in their gear.

“Alright, Peter, calm down, we’re going to find him.” Bruce said, leading Peter to a chair and sitting him down.

“Friday, can you track Tony’s phone, please?” Bruce said.

“Already on it.” she replied.

“I’ll go get my suit on.” Peter said, getting up.

“Nope, not happening,” said Steve, coming out of the elevator in his suit, followed by Sam and Rhodey.

“Oh, come on!” Peter whined, trying to inch his way over to the elevator. “He asked for me
specifically! Basically! I was the one he gave the message to!”

“Yes, and you told us, which was exactly what he wanted you to do.” Steve said, catching Peter halfway and turning him around, “And now we’ve got the rest of it handled.”

Peter flopped back onto the chair dramatically. “What’s the point of being a superhero if you can’t even save people!” he said.

“Alright, Peter, that’s enough.” Steve said.

Peter pouted, but kept his mouth shut.

“Alright, I got his location, and Clint has already started up the Quinjet.” Bruce said, “He’s waiting for you on the roof. I’ll call if I can find out more information.”

“Thanks, Banner,” Cap said, nodding at him, and then turned to the two behind him, “Let’s go.”

Chapter End Notes

Oooh drama!! Crazy! Let me know if you enjoyed this chapter!

Also, I'm not sure if it's still doing it, but my "End Note" from the first chapter is on every single chapter and I don't know how to get rid of it? Any ideas?
Hey guys!! I'm getting chapters up super quick! Go me!!

Hope you enjoy this one, as always thank you for all the support!

They had only been gone for about five minutes, probably hadn’t even left the tower yet, but Peter couldn’t take it anymore. He couldn’t sit here and wait when Tony was in trouble.

“Hey Bruce?” Peter said, glancing at him.

“Hmm?” Bruce replied, eyes glued to the computer.

“I’m going back to the penthouse, I should probably finish my homework,” Peter said, walking slowly towards the elevator so he wouldn’t raise suspicion. “Let me know when you hear something.”

“Sure.”

Once Peter got in the elevator, he asked Friday to quickly bring him up, and then ran into his room to grab his suit. He had just pulled on his mask when he got to the balcony.

He started climbing up the tower wall, praying that they hadn’t left yet. Once he got to the roof, the jet was just about to take off. He sprinted over and stuck on underneath.

It wasn’t a long ride to the building Tony was at, but it felt way too long for Peter. He kept losing his grip and having to find a new place to hold on, sliding further and further back. Finally, they hovered over the building, about to land, so Peter jumped off and hid behind a shed that was on the roof.

Captain America came out first, followed by Falcon, War Machine, and Hawkeye bringing up the rear.
“Alright, Clint, you come with me. Rhodes and Sam, you guys are on surveillance. Check all the windows to see if you can see him.”

Steve and Clint went running into the building, while Rhodey and Sam flew off to do their jobs. Peter decided his safest bet was to go with the Captain inside the building, because there's more places to hide there.

Once he got inside, he climbed into the vents, instead of following Clint and Cap down the stairs. He could get around without being seen in the vents, and he could hear better.

“Hey, Karen?” he whispered, hoping no one could hear him.

“Yes, Peter?” his AI answered.

“Can you find out where Tony is in the building? He has his phone on him.”

“He waited a minute as Karen checked the building, making a ball out of his webs and bouncing in against the vent wall.

“Found him, he’s two floors down. Mapping out the quickest route now.”

“Thanks, Karen.”

Peter crawled through the vents, freezing everytime he heard someone outside, and holding his breath whenever he heard Cap’s footsteps. Finally, he was over the room Tony was held in, and he could hear faint voices arguing.

“No, there is no way I’m giving my armour to you!” Tony’s voice came out, sounding amused, “I am Iron man. Not any of you low class criminals.”
“We have a gun!” a new voice shouted, sounding exasperated, “How can you say no to someone with a gun!”

“Like this: No.” Tony said.

Peter rolled his eyes. Of course Mr. Stark would be mouthing off to the bad guys.

“Alright, alright stop!” Tony’s voice shouted, panicked this time. “Don’t touch her!”

Peter remembered that Pepper was in there too, and he saw red as he realized the scumbags who had kidnapped them were hurting her. He figured now was as good a time as any to come down. He forgot all about the fact that Cap, Hawkey, Rhodes and Sam were also on the case, and he originally planed to lay low until they needed an extra man, so he kicked the vent under him down and jumped down, shooting his webs at the two men who had guns and pulling them out of their hands, before punching the guy who had supposedly hit Pepper right in the face.

“Kid? What are you doing here!” Tony asked, looking a mixture of surprised, relieved and angry.

“What do you think I’m doing?” Peter said, untying first Pepper, then him. “I’m saving you!”

“Okay, we’ll talk about this at home,” Tony said, not looking pleased, then grabbing his watch, then rushing over to Pepper to make sure she was okay.

Peter was just about to get going on the other guys, who were just registering what happened, when Clint and Steve burst through the door. They stopped when they saw Peter.

“Spidey?” Clint said, making sure not to give away his identity, “What are you doing here?”

“Uh, no time to talk,” Peter said, kicking a man who was running towards him with a chair. “On your left, Cap!”

Steve shook off the surprise of seeing Peter, and looked to his left just in time to see one of the men running towards him. He lifted his shield and knocked him down before he could get to him.
In seconds, every single one of the bad guys were either knocked out, or webbed up. Just then, Falcon and War Machine burst through the window, ready to fight.

“Well, better late than never, I guess,” Tony said, walking towards the main guy, who was webbed up against the wall. “Alright, Gordie, I’ll let you have one of my suits. You deserve it.”

One of his suits flew in through the broken window (he must’ve called it during the fight) and opened up. Tony got Peter to unweb him, then shoved him in the armour.

“Take him to whoever does the law stuff. I’m too tired to think about it right now.” Tony said to the suit, which took off.

“Rhodes, can you deal with all these other guys?” Tony asked his friend, “I need to get a certain teenager home.”

Peter gulped. He was in trouble. Tony had gotten mad at him before, for going out as Spiderman when he wasn’t supposed to, or some other regular teenager thing, but that didn’t mean he enjoyed it.

“Let’s go, Spiderman.” Steve said, putting a hand on his shoulder.

Great. Now not only was Tony mad at him, so was Captain America! And probably Bruce, once they got home. Clint walked by them, and shot Peter a wink. At least he wasn’t mad.

“Peter, go down to the penthouse, I’ll be there in a few minutes.” Tony ordered once they had landed.

Peter sighed, because he wanted to be there for the debrief and learn more about these guys who wanted Tony’s armour, but he knew better to argue.

He trudged over to the elevator, riding in awkward silence with the others. Once they got to Tony’s floor, he said bye to the others and walked into the penthouse. Now he was all alone in the
penthouse, but this time he did mind. It was fun, going to save Tony, and it made him realize he hadn’t gone out as Spiderman in awhile, he’d been so caught up with school and the science fair. For a second he considered going on patrol now, since the others were probably going to be talking for awhile, but he figured he shouldn’t risk it.

Instead, he ordered pizza, since he hadn’t had anything to eat for a couple of hours. He could’ve gotten Friday to order it for him, but he liked ordering pizza, and choosing out what kind you want on the website, then watching as it went from “Your order has been placed” to “Your order is on it’s way.” He ordered a large, partly because he was really hungry and partly so he could offer a slice to Mr. Stark as an apology. Now that he thought about it, though, he didn’t really have anything to apologize for. He saved Tony. He was just doing his job, being a superhero. No problem with that.

After about ten minutes, he got a notification on his phone saying the pizza was five minutes away. He ran over to the elevator, hitting the down button to go meet the pizza guy, but nothing happened. He tapped it a few times, still getting nothing.

“Friday,” he said, still tapping at the elevator, “Can you please bring the elevator down?”

“The elevator is locked for you per the temporary “Stay in your room, Parker” protocol from Boss, issued twenty minutes ago.” Friday replied.

“I’m only going to get pizza!” Peter whined, still pressing the button, “I’ll be right back!”

“Sorry, Peter, but I can’t unlock it.”

“Fine.”

Peter gave up, but came up with a different idea.

“Boy, is it ever hot in here?” he said, walking over to the window. “I’m just going to crack the window a bit.”

Friday didn’t protest, so he opened the window, and then, since he was still wearing his suit, pulled on his mask and crawled down the building, proud of himself for thinking outside the box. Until he found himself right outside the window of the room that the avengers were debriefing in. He froze, wondering what to do. As far as he could tell, no one had noticed him, so maybe if he was extra
quiet as he crawled-Too late. Clint had seen him, and instead of keeping his mouth shut, had started laughing.

“Your kid has broken out!” he said, in between breaths.

Everyone looked at the window, with a mixture of amusement, shock, and anger. Tony pressed a button on his watch, and the window opened.

“Peter Parker, what do you think you’re doing?” Tony said, with his arms crossed.

“Uh… I’m not Peter… I’m, uh, an impersonator?” Peter stammered, trying to deepen his voice.

“Get in here.” Tony said, taking a step back from the window to let him in.

Peter sighed in defeat, and crawled in, pulling off his mask.

“I was just going to get my pizza!” he said, checking the time on the clock in the room, “It’s going to be here in two minutes!”

Clint burst out laughing, again, until Steve glared at him, which made him stop immediately.

“You… ordered pizza?” Tony said, frowning in confusion.

“I was hungry.” Peter replied, shrugging.

“Kid, I’ve got a fridge stocked with food in the penthouse.”

“Yeah, but I was craving pizza. Fresh, not frozen.”

“Alright, we’re going upstairs, come on. And take your suit off, there’s people out there.”
Peter looked down at what he was wearing. “I’m not wearing anything under this.” he said sheepishly.

Tony rolled his eyes, but pulled out some clothes from a closet in the corner of the room.

“You just…” Clint said, staring, “Have clothes… sitting around?”

Tony ignored him, and Peter changed quickly into an old Stark Expo sweatshirt and some sweatpants. Then he let Tony lead him out of the room, waving bye to everyone. The walk to the elevator was silent but embarrassing, as they passed a bunch of Stark Industries employees working on that level. Once they got up, Tony sat Peter down in a chair and took out some plates.

“What are you doing?” Peter asked, confused.

“We’ve got food coming, we may as well eat it.” Tony said, “I got Friday to bring the pizza guy up here.”

Just then, the elevator doors opened, and a very starstruck looking pizza guy stumbled out.

“Uh, hey, I’ve got a pizza for a Mr. Solo?” he said, staring at Tony.

“Really?” Tony said, looking at Peter, “Mr. Solo?”

“Han Solo,” Peter muttered.

Tony walked over and paid for the pizza, tipping generously. Then he asked the guy to put it on the table. The pizza guy walked back into the elevator, seemingly in a daze.

“Thanks, Mr. Stark,” Peter said, “I was going to pay for it, though, I’ve got the money right here-”

“It’s okay, kid,” Tony said, waving his hand, “I’ve got it.”
They ate in silence, Peter glancing at Tony every so often to try and see how mad he was. Finally, after Tony finished his first slice, and Peter was halfway through his third, he spoke.

“So.” Tony said, looking Peter in the eye, “First of all, I want to thank you. You got the message, and sent everyone into action quickly and efficiently. Good work, and thank you.”

“No problem-” Peter quickly swallowed his food, remembering his manners. “No problem, Mr. Stark.”

“But, following them there was exactly what I didn’t want.”

Peter looked at his feet.

“Steve told me he had already told you not to come. Do you know how worried Bruce was when he realized you weren’t here?”

“Sorry, Mr. Stark-“

“You can’t do these things, Peter!” Tony said, a little louder than he meant to, standing up. “It could’ve been dangerous! You could’ve died!”

“So could have Cap! Or Clint! Or Sam, or Rhodey!” Peter protested, “How is that any different!”

“Peter, they’re professionals. You’re just a kid.”

“Oh, an enhanced kid! And not even a kid! I’m fifteen!”

Tony rolled his eyes. “Peter, enhanced or not, you’re still a kid, and vulnerable. You’ve had barely any training. This wasn’t just like going patrolling in Queens! These guys could’ve been terrorists!”

“But they weren’t! They were just-just-” Peter tried to remember what Tony had called them, “Low
“You didn’t know that, Peter.”

Peter didn’t reply, just slumped down in his seat, and took another bite of his pizza. It was quiet for a minute, then Tony seemed to come to a decision.

“Alright, no more suit for a week.” He said, closing the pizza box and putting it in the fridge.

“What!” Peter yelled, “That’s not fair!”

“It’s completely fair, considering what you did,” Tony said, walking towards the elevator, “I’m going down to the lab, I have to adjust the settings on my wrist gauntlet.”

Peter didn’t say anything, he was too busy giving Tony the silent treatment.

Tony sighed. He hated when Peter was mad at him, although it didn’t happen often. But if he didn’t punish him, he’ll just keep doing stupid things, and that is not good for Tony’s heart. For a second he considered sending him to his room, but then figured that was too much.

“Wanna come?” he asked, turning around to look at Peter, who’s face lit up.

“Yes!” Peter answered, completely forgetting about the silent treatment and following him to the lab.

Tony glanced at Peter. They had finished with the wrist gauntlet, it hadn’t taken much time, and now they were just tinkering on various things around the lab. Peter was adding more features to his science fair project, even though it didn’t need any more and was probably going to win.

“Hey, Pete,” Tony said casually, twirling a screwdriver in his hand.
“Hmm?” Peter said, not looking up from what he was doing.

“Me and Happy were talking, and he mentioned you were acting kinda weird on the ride home yesterday.”

Peter froze, trying to figure out what to respond. He did not want to tell Tony about Flash, but he also knew he was a bad liar. He chose to take his chances with lying.

“Uh, I was just tired.” he said, not looking up from his project.

“Tired, really?” Tony asked, not buying it at all, “But not too tired to beat up some bad guys?”

Peter mentally kicked himself. It was a weak lie and Tony saw right through it.

“Peter.” Tony said, waiting for him Peter to look up at him. “Peter, look at me.”

Peter looked up at him, and Tony felt his heart break in two when he saw the scared look in the kid’s eyes.

“What’s going on, Pete?” Tony asked, putting his hand on his shoulder and looking him in the eye, “Who’s Flash?”

Peter looked away. “He’s just some kid at my school.”

Tony didn’t say anything, just waited for Peter to elaborate. When Peter realized Tony was waiting, he reluctantly continued.

“And he’s kind of a dick I guess.” he added, picking up one of his tools to start working again.

Tony grabbed his wrist, stopping him. “Does he hurt you?” he asked.
Peter dropped the tool. “I mean, sometimes?” Peter said, shrugging, “But not a lot. It’s mostly just teasing and mocking.”

Tony sighed.

“But it’s okay, I can handle it. You don’t have to worry, Mr. Stark, I’ve taken on worse guys than him as spiderman and you don’t have to think I’m weak I just don’t want to actually hurt him or anything and if I fight back people might find out about spiderman-”

“Peter.” Tony said.

“And he’s not even that bad he just says some stuff a few times a day and honestly it’s fine-”

“Peter!” Tony said, startling Peter out of his rambling. Peter looked at him. “I don’t think you’re weak, Peter.”

“You don’t?”

“Nope. But I do know that kids can be dicks, and you don’t have to handle this alone.”

“Oh it’s okay, Mr. Stark I don’t want to take up any more of your time with my stupid problems.”

“Nope. First, you’re going to stop saying things like that about yourself. I want to help you, and when people try to stop Tony Stark from doing what he wants, it doesn’t end very well.”

Peter let out a weak laugh. “Like when you wanted coffee but Clint had finished it so you nearly punched him?”

“Exactly like that.” Tony said, putting his hand on Peter’s back and leading him out of the lab.

“Where are we going?” Peter asked, confused.
“To bed. It’s late.” Tony said as they got in the elevator, “But first, we’re going to have a little talk, come up with a plan.”

They got to the penthouse, and Tony sat Peter down on one of the chairs at the counter, and grabbed two ice cream tubs, sliding one to Peter and keeping one for himself.

“Now, the thing about bullies,” Tony said, digging in to his ice cream and gesturing for Peter to do the same, “Is that all they’re looking for is a reaction. You take the reaction away, and soon they’ll go away.”

Peter nodded, his mouth too full of ice cream to respond.

“And yeah, I know that sometimes, if they strike the right chord, it’s not easy to ignore them. But you just have to remember that they’re just insecure little kids looking for attention.”

Peter nodded again, already a third of the way through the ice cream, then froze as he got a brain freeze. Tony just chuckled, and continued talking.

“If this loser kid does try to hit you though,” Tony continued seriously, “You need to protect yourself, don’t just let him push you around.”

“But I could really hurt him,” Peter protested, worried, “And people will get suspicious if I’m suddenly super strong!”

“I thought you might say that, so I have a solution. Starting next week, Cap is going to be training you on how to control your strength.”

“Superhero training? Cool!”

“And if people get suspicious, just say you’ve been working out. It’ll be fine.”

“I guess.”
“Alright, you should go to bed now, tomorrow we’re driving down to Massachusetts.”

“Sick! Night Mr. Stark!”

Peter left to go to bed, and Tony sighed a breath of relief. Hopefully Peter will listen to him, and this kid will leave him alone. And if he isn’t left alone, Tony was completely ready to come crashing down on Flash, his parents, and the entire school.

Chapter End Notes

Soooooo did you like it? Tell me what you think!!

Also, what do you think Peter's science fair project is? It will be revealed soon, but I wanna know what you guys think!

Thanks for reading everyone!!
Peter woke up the next morning feeling excited for the day ahead of him. He got some good advice from Tony about how to deal with Flash, he was driving to Massachusetts tonight for the science fair, and he was going to have ice cream for breakfast!

Okay, maybe not that last part. It was a bit of a reach, anyway. He got dressed quickly, wanting to get to school early to talk to Ned. Without thinking, he grabbed his Spiderman suit and dropped it in his bag.

“Morning, Mr. Stark,” Peter said, walking out of his room and plopping down on a chair, “What’s for breakfast?”

The dark haired man standing at the kitchen turned around, pulling off his wig.

“Son of a bread churner!” Peter yelled, jumping out of his chair.

It was Clint, who looked very unnatural in a suit. He was doubled over laughing.

“What the hell, man!” Peter yelled, climbing back on his seat. “Not cool, not at all.”

“Son of a…bread…churner?” Clint asked between laughs.

Peter turned red, then noticed the camera sitting on the counter.
“What the hell…” he said, then realizing what it was, his jaw dropped. “You filmed me! Delete it! Delete it now!”

Peter reached over for the camera, but Clint saw that coming, and beat him to it, running out of the penthouse.

“See you on Youtube, spidey!” he yelled, laughing.

Peter would’ve ran after him, but he was out of breath after that scare. Tony came walking out of his room, rubbing his eyes.

“What’s going on out here?” Tony asked, still waking up.

“Clint pretended to be you then scared me and filmed it all and now it’s going on youtube!” Peter cried, gesturing wildly with his hands at who knows what.

“Alright, kid, calm down,” Tony said, waving his hand and walking towards the cupboard, “I’ll get that tape back, and it will only be watched within these walls.”

“No! I don’t want it watched at all!” Peter protested, even though he knew this is not a battle he could win.

“If you don’t want embarrassing videos about you, don’t do embarrassing things. Here, pour your own cereal.”

Peter pouted but took the box from Tony and poured his cereal.

“Have you packed?” Tony asked, digging in to his own breakfast.

“For what?” Peter said, still thinking about the video.

“Our trip!”
“Oh! I figured I’d pack after school, what time are we leaving?”

“I was thinking around five. Sound good?”

“Obviously!”

Peter finished his breakfast and got up to leave. However, as soon as he got into the elevator, an alarm went off, making him jump.

“Back in.” Tony said, standing up and walking towards him.

Peter hopped back in, not knowing what was happening.

“Bag, please?” Tony said, holding his hand out. Peter was one of the only people who could hand him things.

Tony pulled out the spiderman suit, then gave Peter a look. Peter looked from him to the suit and back again, until he remembered last night.

“Ohhh, Mr. Stark I forgot, I promise,” he said, feeling kind of frustrated at not having the suit.

“It’s okay, kid.” Tony responded, getting something out of his pocket, “And here, take this. We don’t want a repeat of homecoming.”

Tony handed Peter a watch. “Uh, no offence Mr. Stark, but I did know the time that night.”

“It’s not a regular watch, Pete.” Tony said, rolling his eyes, “It’s for emergencies; you press this button, and it sends a message to me saying you’re in trouble, and I’ll be there as fast as I can.”

“Oh, sweet, thanks Mr. Stark!” Peter said, “I really should get going, now…”
“Alright, kid see ya later.” Tony said, waving, “Happy will pick you up after school.”

Peter’s morning was great. He hadn’t seen Flash, he got paired up with Ned to do a science project and the girl who sat in front of him in one of his classes sneaked her cat in! They had to call her parents to bring it home but he got to pet it!

He was waiting for Ned to come sit down with him at lunch so he could tell him all about the day before, when Flash and two of his friends came up to his table. Peter felt himself freeze up, but remembered what Tony taught him. Don’t let them know they’re bothering you. Think like Tony Stark.

“Hey Parker,” Flash said, leaning on the table, “Remember when you told me you’d give me a Starkphone?”

Peter leaned back and made a face. “Remember when your mom told you to brush your teeth this morning?” he shot back.

Flash frowned, not expecting that response.

“Get out of here, Flash,” Ned said, coming from behind Peter.

“This has nothing to do with you, Leeds.” Flash growled, “Stay out of it.”

Peter turned to Ned, who had sat down next to him. “So I’m leaving at five tonight, but next week do you want to hang out?” he asked him, “I’ll be less busy.”

Ned looked from Peter to Flash, confused. “Uh, sure, man, I’m down.” he replied.

“Hey, I’m not done with you, Penis!” Flash said loudly, banging his fist on the table, causing a couple of kids to turn and look at what was going on, hoping for drama.
Think like Tony Stark. Peter thought to himself.

“Oh, no thank you Flash,” Peter said, glancing at him, “We’re not interested in your penis.”

A couple kids chuckled, and Peter could practically feel the steam coming out of his ears. One of the lunch monitors came over to their table.

“Is there a problem here?” she asked, with her hands on her hips.

“No ma’am, no problem,” Flash said, backing off, “We were just saying bye.”

Once Flash and his friends were out of earshot, Ned turned to Peter.

“Dude!” he said, shocked and proud, “That was awesome! Where did it come from?”

Peter just shrugged. “Mr. Stark and I had a little chat.”

“That was great man. So cool.” Ned said, then after taking a bite of his sandwich, asked, “So when do you want to do next week?”

“I dunno, maybe a movie?”

Peter’s afternoon was just as good as his morning. For history class, he had a supply teacher who let them do whatever they wanted, as long as they finished a tiny worksheet, and in gym, they went outside and played ultimate frisbee. Peter had to pretend to be bad, but it was still fun.

Once the bell rang, signalling the end of the day, he went to his locker to get his stuff, when he got a text from Happy.

**Grumpy Hogan:** Hey kid, running a little late. Be there in ten.
**Spidey:** No worries, cu soon.

**Grumpy Hogan:** What does “CU” mean?

**Spidey:** y r u txting n driving?

He didn't get a response, which he had expected. He figured he could use the extra time to go tell MJ in person why he couldn't make the Saturday decathlon practice, when he was stopped by Ned.

“Hey, so I forgot to ask,” Ned started lowering his voice to a whisper, “What happened with Mr. Stark last night? I know you were worried, did his meeting just run late?”

Peter pushed him into the bathroom, checking to make sure every stall was empty.

“Dude, it was so crazy!” Peter said, “Mr. Stark and Ms. Potts got kidnapped at his meeting, and called me telling me he was in trouble using our secret code word that I can’t tell you because it’s a secret and then Captain America and the Falcon and War Machine and Hawkeye went out to save them and I followed them and ended up saving them first and then I got in trouble cause I wasn’t supposed to be there then I scaled the building to pick up some pizza but got caught (because I was grounded in the penthouse) and then Mr. Stark grounded me from spiderman for a week but gave me this awesome watch-”

He froze as he heard footsteps walking towards the bathroom.

“Wash your hands!” Peter yelled, pushing Ned towards the sink, and then washing his own hands.

The door opened, and it was just Gordon, a boy in their grade.

“Hey, Gord.” Peter said, “I met a guy named Gordon last night.”

“Oh, sweet.” Gordon replied, “I’m just gonna…pee now.”
“Oh yeah, of course, we were on our way out.” Peter said, dragging Ned out as Gordon pulled out his cigarettes.

“But…” Ned said, reaching towards the bathroom, “I needed to pee…”

“Not in there you don’t.” Peter said, “It’ll be so smoky you won’t be able to breathe.”

He gestured to the two other boys heading in there, not even trying to hide their lighters.

“Good point.” Ned said, “But dude! That’s so sick! Sucks you got grounded though.”

Peter shrugged. “I guess, but it’s not like I was planning on using it, at least not until Monday. Maybe I can charm my way out of it.”

Ned shook his head, laughing. Peter got a text from Happy, saying he was five minutes out.

“Alright, gotta go, see ya later,” Peter said, doing his handshake with Ned.

“Okay, good luck man!”

He ran outside, then spotted Flash walking towards him with his group of friends. Peter gulped, this was not going to be pleasant.

Think like Tony. He thought to himself, Don’t let them know they’re getting to you.

“Hey, Flash!” Peter called out, much to Flash’s confusion. Peter usually tried to avoid him, never calling attention to himself, even if he’d already been spotted.

Flash walked up to him, and didn’t even say anything before swinging and punching Peter in the face. He’d had enough of this new Peter, with attitude, and wanted to put him in his place.
Peter could’ve easily blocked it, he saw it coming, but decided to take it instead, so as to not raise suspicion. It was a weak punch, so it wasn’t too bad.

“Who taught you to punch, Flash?” Peter asked, shaking it off, “A five year old?”

Flash didn’t say anything, just got angrier, and swung again. Peter dodged it easily, and punched him in the stomach, as lightly as he could while still making him double over. He bent over so his lips were beside Flash’s ear.

“Let’s not do this, man,” Peter whispered, giving him a chance, “I don’t want to hurt or embarrass you.”

He meant it. A crowd had gathered, and Peter beating up Flash wouldn’t look good for any of them.

Flash stood up, and looked around at the crowd that had gathered. Panicking at the thought of losing his reputation, started grasping at straws. He turned back to Peter.

“What?” he yelled, feigning shock, “You took steroids?”

Peter laughed. “Whatever, Flash, my ride’s here.”

Peter started to walk past him, when Flash kicked him in the legs, causing him to topple over.

“Should’ve seen that coming.” Peter muttered to himself. He looked up, seeing that a couple kids had their phones out, and were filming. He groaned. How many people were going to get embarrassing footage of him today?

Then he noticed Happy walking over, not looking very “Happy” at all. Uh oh. Peter loved Happy and all, but he was a bit of a hot head, and super overprotective. He didn’t know if he was above hitting teenagers.

Peter jumped up, trying to figure out what to do. He turned to Flash, and decided to try and help him.
“Flash, turn around now.” he said, pleading with his eyes and his hands, “Just leave, it’s okay, you’ve won, you knocked me down, good work, now leave.”

Flash laughed. “Look at him,” he said, “He’s begging!”

Peter turned around, seeing that Happy was getting closer. He tried a new strategy.

“Well, this was fun!” he yelled, loud enough for Happy to hear it, “Good times with good friends. I sure wouldn’t be Happy if someone came and ruined it! Because it’s UNDER CONTROL.”

If Happy heard it, which he probably did, he paid no attention. He came barging through the crowd, shoving kids out of the way.

“Move it, out the way, ‘scuse me, get outta here!” came his angry voice, and the crowd parted at the sign of an adult. Flash, oddly enough, didn’t move, and looked like he wanted to hit Peter again.

“Peter Parker, get in the car.” Happy said, not even looking at him, instead glaring at Flash.

“Okay, Happy, but you’re coming too, right?” he asked, grabbing his arm and trying to pull him.

Happy shook out of his grip. “In a minute, kid,” he said, still looking at Flash, who suddenly looked very scared, and also unable to move.

“Happy, please, it’s okay,” Peter said, standing between him and Flash. “He’s just a kid! Only 16! It’s okay!”

Happy looked at Peter in confusion. “What, you think I’m gonna hurt him?” Happy said, laughing a little, “We’re just gonna talk.”

“That’s worse!” Peter said, turning to Flash, “Get out of here, man! You don’t want a Happy lecture, I promise you that! Run!”
Flash turned around and sprinted away, and Peter turned back to Happy, who was scowling at him.

“I was just gonna talk.” Happy said, turning around and walking to the car.

“That’s what I was afraid of.” Peter said, following him.

The drive to the tower didn’t take long, but Happy and Peter were back to normal, with Peter talking the whole drive long and Happy pretending to be annoyed.

When they got to the tower, Peter decided there was something he needed to do. He walked into the common room, hoping to find Bruce or Steve. Instead, he found an empty room. Next he checked the gym, and found Natasha and Clint sparring. They hadn’t seen him yet, so he decided to sneak up on them, scare Clint, and get it on tape, as revenge for scarring him earlier. He set up his phone to film the whole thing, then slowly snuck up to them, hiding behind the various pieces of equipment strewn about. He heard them coming closer to where he was, so he waited for a few seconds, and then jumped out, yelling.

Peter learned never to sneak up on two spies in fight mode. Before he could figure out what was going on, he was pinned to the ground with a gun pointed at his head.

“It’s just me!” Peter cried, covering his face with his hands. “It’s Peter! Sorry!”

Natasha got off him, put her gun back in her pocket, and offered him a hand to help him up.

“Why the hell would you do that, Peter?” asked Nat, crossing her arms sternly. Clint, as usual, was trying to hold in his laughter.

“I was just trying to get back at Clint for scaring me this morning!” Peter cried.

“Oh,” Natasha said, “The ‘Son of a bread churner’, yeah, that was funny.”

Peter turned red, then glared at Clint, “You showed her?!” he said.
“Sorry, sport, it was too funny to keep to myself!” Clint replied, laughing.

“Whatever.” Peter said, still angry, “Do you guys know where Steve or Bruce is?”

“Yeah, I think Bruce is in the lab and Steve is in his room.” Natasha answered.

“Alright, see you guys later.”

Peter waved goodbye and left, going to find Bruce first, because he forgave easy and wouldn’t give him a lecture, like Steve would.

Peter walked into the lab, seeing Bruce mixing some chemicals with his back to him.

“You’re supposed to be wearing goggles in the lab,” Peter joked, causing Bruce to jump.

“Peter!” he yelled, putting down the beakers, “Don’t sneak up on people like that!”

“Sorry, Bruce,” Peter said, “I didn’t even mean to scare anyone this time!”

“This time?”

“Never mind. What were you doing?”

“Just fooling around.” Bruce replied, turning to look at Peter, “What’s up?”

Peter looked down at his feet for a second, then made himself look Bruce in the eye. He did the crime, and now it was time to do the time.

“I’m sorry I went out yesterday when I was told not to and I’m sorry for scaring you I probably
won’t do it again.” Peter blurted out quickly.

Bruce arched an eyebrow. “Probably?” he asked, with a hint of amusement in his voice, “You should probably leave that part out when apologizing to Steve.”

Peter laughed. “Yeah, that’s a good idea.” he said, then tentatively added, “So…we’re good?”

“Yeah, kid, we’re good.” Bruce said, patting him on the back.

“Great!” Peter said, glad to be back in Bruce’s good books, “Well, I’ve got to go talk to Cap, so I’ll see you later!”

“Hey Peter,” Bruce said, as Peter was halfway through the door, “Good luck at M.I.T.!”

“Thanks!” Peter said, running out of the room.

Next up was Steve. This was going to be slightly less enjoyable, but again, you do the crime, you do the time.

“Hey, Steve,” Peter said, hesitantly knocking on the half open door to his quarters.

“Hey, Pete, come on in.” Steve replied, putting down his book.

Peter walked in, and Steve gestured for him to sit down, which he did.

“What’s up?” Steve asked, looking as if he knew exactly what was up. Peter would have to ask him how he did that one day.

“I just wanted to apologize for following you guys to save Mr. Stark the other day… I know it was dangerous and I’m sorry for worrying you.”
Steve didn’t say anything for a minute, just sighed. Peter sat awkwardly, waiting for him to say something. Finally, Steve spoke.

“You know, Pete,” he said, looking at him, “I know how it feels. To want to help, and save everyone. And how frustrating it can be to not be allowed to.”

“Like when they wouldn’t let you into the army?” Peter asked, always up to hear stories from superheroes.

“Yes. Knowing that there were men dying and I couldn’t do anything about it…it was awful.”

“So then you understand why I had to follow you guys!”

“I understand, Peter, we all do. But what we need you to understand is that sometimes… you just have to sit it out.”

“Why? I can help!”

“Peter, you’re fifteen. Your biggest worry should be failing a science test, not the fate of the world.”

“So now you’re saying I can’t even be spiderman?”

“No, you can be spiderman. But you don’t have the same training or experience as us, so taking on bigger criminals, such as people powerful enough to kidnap Ironman, is not what we want you to be doing. Being a superhero takes more than a spider bite, or a super soldier serum.”

Peter opened his mouth, but Steve held up his hand.

“And I’m not saying you don’t have what it takes to be a superhero,” he continued, “I’m saying that you don’t have to. Not at your age.”

“I guess.” Peter said, still not super convinced.
“Anyway, apology accepted.” Steve said, getting up and walking to his kitchen, “Do you want some food?”

“No thanks,” Peter replied, hopping over the couch, “I’ve got to go pack for the trip.”

“Oh, right,” Steve said, pulling out some bread, “Good luck with that, I’m sure you’ll do great.”

“Thanks, Cap!” Peter said, heading towards the elevator, “See you in a couple of days!”

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought of this chapter!

It was fun to write! Peter and Flash had a little showdown, Happy got a bit of dad mode (dw we'll see dad mode Tony soon) (and maybe we'll see Peter with a...female interest?? ooh) and we got a nice chat with Steve. I'm actually really happy with this chapter.

If you guys have any MCU characters you'd like to make an appearance, let me know in the comments and I'll try to write them in!

next chapter: road trip! (probably)
Hey guys! I hope you enjoy this new chapter! and I hope you are currently enjoying your life.

Thank you as always for all the kind comments and leaving kudos, I think you're really going to like this chapter. I like it.

“Alright, you got everything?” Tony asked Peter, who had just entered the garage of the tower with a duffle bag hanging off each shoulder and a backpack on his back.

“Yup, I’m all set!” Peter said, plopping everything but the backpack in the trunk of Tony’s Audi.

“Do you really need all that stuff?”

 Uh, yeah! This bag here has my clothes and toiletries and chargers, this bag here has my books, money, homework and camera, and my backpack has my computer, phone, water bottle, snacks and a couple more books!”

“Okay, well hand over the backpack, there’s still plenty of room in here.”

“No! The backpack has my car activities, in case I get bored!”

Tony put his hand on his heart, pretending to be hurt. “Bored?” he asked, “Of me? How dare you.”

“I didn’t mean it like that!”

“I cannot believe you Peter. I thought I was fun.”

“You are fun!”
“Whatever, kid. Get in the car, and try not to break my heart more while you’re at it.”

Peter rolled his eyes at Tony’s drama queen act, but got in the car.

They pulled out of the garage, ready to hit the open road, listen to some tunes, see some beautiful scenery, when they turned the corner right into…traffic. A whole load of classic New York traffic. Tony sighed, leaning back in the seat, while Peter stuck his head out the window, trying to figure out what was causing the jam.

“Get your head back in the car, Pete.” Tony said, grabbing him and pulling him back in.

“But I hear sirens…” Peter replied, sticking his head out the window again, as soon as Tony let go.

Tony rolled his eyes. “We’re in New York, kid.” he said, “There’s always sirens.”

“No, I mean like, close! Like, a few blocks away?”

Tony strained his ears. “I don’t hear anything.”

“Yeah, well you haven’t been bit by a radioactive spider.”

Tony chuckled. He sometimes forgot about Peter’s enhanced abilities.

“I think there’s something going on down there causing the traffic jam.” Peter called into the car, with the whole top half of his body outside of the car.

“Well, I’m sure the cops have it taken care of.” Tony said, pulling Peter in again.

“What if they don’t? Maybe I could check it out…” Peter said, practically bubbling with excitement at the thought of getting some crime fighting action before they leave for the weekend.
“That would be great, if you weren’t grounded.” Tony replied, determined not to look at him, because if he looked, he’d break right away.

“C’mon, please?” Peter begged, “It’s just one job!”

Despite his better judgement, Tony turned to look at Peter, who was putting on his best puppy dog eyes and had his hands folded in front of him. Tony sighed.

“Friday, what’s going on over there?” he asked his A.I, which was built into the car.

“There seems to be a low level burglary going on, with five hostages.” Friday responded.

“See? Low level! Hostages! I could help!” Peter cried.

“What would you rate these guys in terms of danger, Friday?” Tony asked.

“Somewhere around a five, boss.” Friday answered, after considering for a moment.

Tony looked at Peter, who was still making that face, and after a long pause, of Tony going over some pros and cons, he decided to give the kid a break.

“Okay, kid, save the hostages, web up the bad guys, then come right back here, got it?” he said.

“Yes! Thank you Mr. Stark! I’m on it!” Peter said, already getting out of the car and turning towards the sirens.

“Peter!” Tony called out. Peter turned around and walked back to the car, leaning in the window.

“Yep?” he asked.
“You don’t have a suit.” Tony stated, causing Peter to look down at what he was wearing.

“Oh…I guess I shouldn’t bring my backpack, either, huh.”

“No, bringing a backpack that says ‘Property of Peter Parker’ is probably not the best idea. Leave it here.”

“So…should I go back to the tower to get my suit?”

“Nope, not necessary.” Tony pulled something out of his pocket that looks like a little mechanical spider.

“What’s that?” Peter asked.

“Your new suit. Stick this on your chest-it works on clothes as well-and tap it twice, it will activate a nano tech suit for you.”

“That’s…the coolest thing I’ve ever seen!! Thank you!!”

“No problem, kid. Go kick some butt.”

Peter grabbed the spider from Tony, and ran off to the nearest alleyway, and after making sure no one had seen him go in or was watching him, he put the spider on his chest, taped it twice, and a spiderman suit started forming around him.

“Oh…my…god…” Peter said in awe right before it covered his face, “This is so awesome!”

After taking a minute to admire the new suit, he climbed up the wall of the building next to him, and scanned the city for the burglary.

“Karen?” he asked tentatively, not knowing if she was in the new suit.
“Hello, Peter.” Karen replied, “Welcome to the new suit.”

Peter smiled. “Thanks, K. Can you map a route to the burglary happening a couple streets down? I don’t know exactly where it is…”

“Found it. Mapping route now.”

Peter took off, waving at some kids who watched him in awe on the way. When he got to the bank, about two minutes later, he saw a whole bunch of police cars parked in front, and a small crowd forming outside the police tape.

“Hey, captain.” He called out to the man who looked to be in charge.

The police officer looked around, confused, until he saw spiderman on top of a parked ambulance.

“Oh, for pete’s sake…” the officer started, but Peter interrupted.

“What’s the deal? How can I help?” he asked, and by now most of the police officers were looking at the kid in a red and blue suit.

“You can help by going home, we have this under control.” came the reply, although Peter could tell it was not. The police all looked like they were scrambling.

“Sir, I can help,” Peter pleaded, “Just tell me what to do.”

“I already told you, son, you can help by going home.”

“Alright,” Peter muttered to himself, “I prefer working alone anyway.”

He hopped off the ambulance, webbing himself on top of the bank. One of the lower ranking police officers saw him, but Peter put his finger to his lips, telling the cop to keep quiet. The policeman nodded, whispering a “Go get ’em, spiderman”, and then spoke into his walkie talkie, saying spiderman has left the area.
Peter nodded at him, then left to look for a way to get into the building without being noticed. He saw a small window on the side of the building, near the back, that he could probably fit in. He checked with Karen just to make sure, and she said that it is possible for him to slide in.

Slowly, he pushed the window forward, glad that someone had left it unlocked, and silently slid in, climbing up to the ceiling to assess the situation.

There were five people sitting on the ground, two who seemed to be employees, and three customers, a mother and son, who was about six years old, and an elderly man. There was a man standing near the hostages with a gun, presumably guarding them, and another man on the phone with the police, facing the other way. He didn’t see anymore, but he could hear more people in the vault, which was behind an open door. He heard two sets of footsteps. That means there were five hostages, four bad guys. Easy. He could do this in his sleep.

*Ok, he thought to himself, save the hostages, web up the bad guys, get back to the car.*

He figured the biggest risk to the hostages was probably the guy with the gun, so he would take him out first, taking his gun and webbing him up. If he could do it silently, it'd be easier to get the hostages out of there without alerting the other guys.

He crawled on the ceiling until he was above the guard, and quickly, silently, shot a web on his mouth so he couldn’t talk, webbed his gun out of his hand, and kicked him in the stomach, sending him flying against the wall, where Peter webbed him up.

The hostages were all looking at him, and Peter could tell they were about to start making noise, so he shook his head and put his finger on his lips to tell them to keep quiet, then motioned towards the door. They all stood up at once, making noise, so Peter started waving his hands, and whisper-yelled, “Slowly! Quietly!”

“Karen, can you let the police know I’m sending out the hostages?” he whispered.

“On it, Peter.”

Peter took a deep breath. The man on the phone hadn’t noticed yet. He waited for all the hostages to get out, who were met by police officers in heavy equipment, and then turned to face the guy on the phone.
“Hey man,” Peter called out to him, “You probably shouldn’t turn your back on your hostages, they could run away.”

The man turned around quickly, and pulled out a gun. He got one shot out before Peter tackled him, knocking the gun out of his hand. He webbed his hands and feet together, jumping up and waiting for the other two to get out of the vault.

“Hey boss, what’s going on?” a voice came from in the vault.

“Wow,” Peter said, “I’m honoured, but I don’t really think I’m up to being the boss.”

“What the hell?” a man came running out, holding a gun, and shot at Peter twice, who jumped out of the way easily.

“I’ll take that.” Peter said, grabbing the gun out of his hands, “Shouldn’t have a gun if you can’t even aim properly.”

He tossed the gun to the other side of the room, webbing it up so no one could grab it.

The man came running at him, with his fist ready to punch, and Peter tried to shoot a web at him to stop him, but nothing came out. He glanced at his wrist, panicked, seeing that he was out of webs. As he looked up, he got punched in the face and fell to the ground.

“Joe, get in here! Bring your gun!” The man yelled, kicking Peter.

Peter started crawling away from the men, and at the same time reaching for a new web cartridge, but got grabbed by the ankles and pulled back. Now there were two guys standing over him, one with a gun pointed in his face.

“Alright,” Peter said, sighing, trying to keep cool, “Guess I’ll have to do this the old fashioned way.”

He kicked the legs of the guy with the gun, who fell over. Peter grabbed the gun, tossed it across the
room and punched the other guy, hard, sending him flying across the room. He slumped against the wall, unconscious.

“Sorry!” Peter said, “I didn’t mean to hit that hard!”

The other guy, Joe, got up, and headed for the back door, which was behind Peter. Peter tripped him easily, then held him down with his knee as he put in some more web cartridges.

“Sorry, hold on a sec.” Peter said, shoving them in, “Alright, here we go.”

Peter webbed up the last two guys, then started to head out the door.

“See you, guys,” Peter called behind his shoulder, “Sorry I had to stop your robbery!”

He walked out the door, to a whole bunch of cops pointing guns at him. He threw his hands up in the air.

“Woah, woah,” Peter said, stopping in his tracks, “It’s okay, it’s just me, they’re all webbed up in there!”

“I said we didn’t need your help, son,” The captain said into a megaphone, “You trespassed on my crime scene, and that’s a crime. Stand down.”

“What?!” Peter yelled out, incredulous, “I did you guys a favour! I saved the hostages!”

“Take aim, boys.” the captain said, ignoring Peter.

“Uh, Karen?” Peter said, still with his hands on his head, but sling himself away.

“Already called him, Peter.” Karen replied, “He’s almost here.”
“Take the mask off, and turn yourself in, and I’ll call my boys off.” called the captain.

Just then, Ironman landed in front of him, with his arms outstretched towards the cops.

“Put your weapons down.” came the mechanical voice.

“Ironman, sir.” The captain said, saluting. The rest of the policemen slowly put their weapons down and did the same.

“You should be ashamed of yourself. This kid just saved all of your asses, and this is how you repay him? This is how you repay heroes?” Ironman said, not lowering his arms.

“We told him we didn’t need help, Mr. Stark.” the captain replied.

“Well, you obviously did, or else you would've had them out by now. You’ve been here for over an hour ordering pizza for the criminals while Spiderman actually went in and did something.”

“We followed protocol, sir.”

“Well, good thing Spiderman was here to ignore it.” Tony turned to Peter, “Get out of here, Spidey. Six three.”

Peter nodded, understanding immediately. He turned around, and webbed himself the opposite way, yelling a thanks to ironman as he left.

Tony turned around to face the police again. “We done here?” he asked.

“Yes, sir.” the captain replied, defeated.

Tony flew away, in the opposite direction that Peter went, without another word.
Peter got a couple blocks away, and went into an alleyway he made sure was empty, tapped the spider twice, and the suit started to peel off of him, back into the spider.

“So cool.” he whispered.

Once he was back to looking like a normal kid, he shoved the spider in his pocket, and started heading for the playground a couple blocks away, where Tony had told him to meet. It was another code they made, after Homecoming. “Six” meant he had to turn around and go the opposite way, and three was one of their ten meet up places around the city for when something happened and they couldn’t head back to the car together.

He got to the playground and sat on the swing, waiting for Tony and watching all the little kids play. Then he got a text on his phone, from Ned. He had just beaten a level on the video game they had been stuck on for about a week. Just then, a little girl ran up to the swings, and pulled herself up on the seat. Peter looked up from his phone and glanced at her, to see that she was staring at him.

“Hey,” Peter said, smiling.

“Can you push me?” she asked him.

“Sure.” Peter got up and walked behind her to start pushing. “What’s your name?”

“Amy.”

“I’m Peter.” Peter started pushing her, and she kept yelling for him to push her higher and higher, and Peter complied.

After awhile, she stopped asking to go higher, and said she wanted to do something else now, so Peter stopped her.

“Alright, now you have to push me!” Peter joked, lifting her off the swing.

She giggled. “You’re too big!” she said.
“Okay, that’s fair.” Peter replied, laughing also, “What do you want to do then?”

She didn’t say anything, just took Peter’s hand and pulled him over to the sandbox, where she sat down and started digging.

“I’m looking for treasure.” She stated matter-of-factly.

“Oh, alright, I can help.” Peter said. She grabbed his hands as he was about to start digging.

“No. You have to make the castle to hide the treasure in.”

“Okay. Are you going to be the princess of the castle?”

“No, I’m the queen. You can be my…my…horse man!”

“Sure, I’ll be your horse man.”

Peter got to work building the castle, while Amy started digging for treasure. After a few minutes, a woman came walking over.

“Alright, sweetie, it’s time to go.” she said, grabbing her wrist. “Say goodbye to your friend.”

Peter’s spider sense went off. Something was wrong. He looked from Amy to the woman, not seeing any resemblance, but then again, she could be adopted, or look more like her father.

Amy turned to him sadly, looking a little too scared for a kid going home with their mother.

“Bye, Peter.” she said, waving goodbye and the giving him a hug.
“Hey, Amy?” he said, grabbing her wrist, “Is this your mommy?”

“How dare you? Of course this is my child!” the woman said, trying to pull Amy away, but Peter’s spider sense was off the charts, and he knew something wasn’t right.

“Amy, you can tell me the truth.” he said, looking in her eyes, and seeing tears.

She shook her head, tears now streaming down her face. “I want my mommy and daddy!” she cried.

“Don’t be silly, Ally, I am your mommy!” the woman said, not sounding convincing at all, then turned to Peter angrily, “Look what you’ve done! You’ve confused her!”

“Her name is Amy.” Peter said, standing up and lifting Amy up, “Let go of her.”

But the lady didn’t let go of her, and started pulling, which just made Amy cry more, and made Peter angrier.

“You are screwing everything up!” the woman cried, then called behind her, “Albert! Come take this kid out!”

Peter saw a man, presumably Albert, coming out of a vehicle on the other side of the playground, carrying a bat, and heading for them. He had to act quick.

He grabbed the lady’s hand, and peeled her fingers off of Amy, trying his best not to hurt the little girl. Once the hand was off, he noticed red marks on Amy’s arm where she was holding her. He pushed her back with a little more force than he meant to, but it’s not like she didn’t deserve it. She was abducting a child. How low and cowardly could you get? The other man was coming up fast. Peter weighed his options. He could put Amy down and fight, but then one of them could grab her. Or he could hold her while holding them off, but that made her more vulnerable. The only choice left was to run, which meant he’d miss Tony when he came to pick him up. Oh well, he could come back.

Peter took off, with Amy in his arms, still crying. He rushed through the city, going way faster than a boy his age should be able to, and finally stopped once he got to the tower. He walked in, still carrying Amy, who was now crying silently, with her face buried in Peter’s shirt. He said hello to the receptionist, Carly, and asked her to call Mr. Stark and let him know he was here.
Finally, Peter turned his attention to Amy. He sat her down on one of the couches, and wiped some tears off of her cheek.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay.” Peter said softly, “Everything’s alright. You're safe now, and I’m going to get you back to your mommy and daddy, okay?”

She looked up at him, and nodded.

“Alright. Do you like ice cream?” Peter asked. Amy perked up immediately, nodding her head.

“Let’s go, then.” Peter said, holding her hand and walking towards the elevator with her, and then asking Friday to take them up to the penthouse.

“W-who’s Friday?” Amy asked, looking all around for the voice.

“Friday’s my friend,” Peter replied, “She’s in all the walls, and ceilings. She’s runs this entire tower. Do you want me to introduce you?”

Amy nodded, shyly.

“Hey Friday,” Peter said, “This is my friend, Amy. She wants to say hi.”

“Hello, Amy. Welcome to the tower.”

Amy giggled. “Hi Friday.” she said, waving her hand.

The doors open, and they walked out into the penthouse. Peter helped her up on one of the chairs, and got some ice cream out of the freezer.

“What’s your favourite flavour of ice cream?” he asked her.
“Chocolate!” she said, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. Peter slid across the tub of chocolate ice cream and a spoon.

“My favourite flavour is cookie dough.”

“What is cookie dough?”

They went on like that, discussing ice cream, and their favourite flavours, and their least favourite flavours, until they were full, and Peter put Amy in front of the TV and flopped down next to her, exhausted. They watched Thomas the tank engine and forgot about everything.

“He was met by a “Shh!” which baffled him, because Tony Stark is rarely shushed. He looked at the kitchen counter, and saw two tubs of ice cream, still open, and two different spoons. He looked over at the couch, where the shush was coming from, and he saw Peter, watching Thomas the tank engine, which wasn’t that abnormal, but what was weird was the fact that there was a little girl, sound asleep on his chest.

“Uh…who is…when did you…where…what?” Tony said, lost for words, for once.

“It’s a long story.” Peter whispered, “and I don’t want to wake her up.”

“Put her on my bed, and I’ll have Friday call us if she wakes up or something.” Tony said.

Peter stood up, carrying Amy in his arms and started towards Tony’s room. It was cute, the both of them. Peter was really good with the little girl, which wasn’t surprising because Peter is just generally a good kid.

Tony put away the ice cream boxes and the spoons, then made himself a coffee. He was going to
need a coffee for this. Peter came back out, running his hands through his hair.

“Alright, kiddo, what’s going on? Did you adopt a child?” Tony asked, jokingly, but also slightly suspicious because he wouldn’t put it past him.

“No, I did not adopt a child.” Peter replied, rolling his eye, “But I guess I… kind of…saved one?”

“Explain.”

“Well, I was waiting for you at the playground-”

“So you didn’t forget what three meant.”

“No. I was waiting at the playground, and this girl came up with me, and wanted to play with me, so we played for a bit, but then this lady comes up, and my spidey sense is jumping, but I didn’t know why, and she looked so scared, so I picked her up and ran, and she was crying so I got her ice cream, and I don’t know-“

“Peter. Slow down. Details. Go from where the lady came up. Tell me what happened.”

“The lady came up to us, and I knew something was wrong, and she grabbed Amy-that’s the little girl, Amy-and she was telling her they were leaving, but Amy turned to me and looked so scared, and I asked her if she knew the woman, and she said no and started crying, and the woman called her Ally, so I picked her up and shoved the woman, and her husband or partner or whatever is coming towards us with a bat, and I didn’t want Amy to get hit in the cross fire so I just ran, and she kept crying and was so sad so I gave her ice cream and let her watch tv and eventually she fell asleep and I don’t know what to do and I’m so angry and sad and scared and tired I don’t know what to do and-“

He was stopped by Tony pulling him in for a hug. Peter crashed against his chest, and felt tears start to form in his eyes, and he hugged Tony back, tight. He hadn’t even realized how many emotions he was feeling until now, he had been so busy trying to protect and cheer up Amy, but now he realized that he was so…drained, and tired, and he had no idea what to do with an abducted child.

“It’s okay, kid.” Tony said, rubbing his back, “I’m here now, it’s all going to be okay.”
After awhile, Peter pulled away, wiped his eyes, and asked Tony what they were going to do.

“Well, first we have to find her parents. I can handle that. Do you want to go check on her?”

Peter nodded. He had to see her, and make sure she was still there, and okay, and no one had come and taken her, although he knew no one could’ve, they’re in one of the most secure buildings in the world.

He walked in, and saw her sound asleep on the bed, looking so tiny. He made sure she was still breathing then lay down beside her, just for a minute, just so she doesn’t feel alone. She slid over towards him, still fast asleep, and slung an arm over him. He hugged her back, swearing to himself never to let anything bad happen to her, before he fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

So! How'd you like it? Kind of crazy! We saw some spiderman action, we got some Peter man action, we've got a new character, a bit of a detour from the road trip and science fair! anyone have any predictions for what's going to happen next? Let me know!

Also, feel free to leave any feedback, constructive criticism, or just tell me how your day is going! Thanks for reading, see you next chapter!
hey everyone sorry this chapter is so short, i had some technical difficulties and had to keep rewriting and also i've been really busy. Thanks for the love and comments and stuff!

Tony walked into his room after getting some coffee, seeing Peter fast asleep on his bed, with the little girl in his arms. Good. He deserved some rest. He closed the door, and headed down to the lab, setting down his coffee and rubbing his hands together. He had to find this kid’s parents, but it was going to take awhile. He didn’t know how long she’d been abducted, where she’s from, or really anything about her. He knew her first name and what she looked like, so he’d have to work off of that. Easy.

“Friday, pull up all the missing persons reports in New York.” Tony said, and the room filled up with blue light. There were so many missing persons reports that it was impossible to read any of them.

“Oh, that was my bad.” Tony said, dragging his hand down his face, “Pull up all the children’s missing persons reports.”

Most of the files disappeared, but it still left a bunch of files left.

“Drop the ones that have been found.” Tony said.

There were less files projected, but still too many. Tony thought for a minute, trying to figure out how he could narrow it down.

“Alright, only the ones of girls named Amy”

That left two, and neither looked remotely like his Amy. One was about nine, with dark coloured hair. The other one seemed to be around fourteen years old. Amy was around five years old, and had bright red hair.
Tony sighed. That meant she was either from out of state, or didn’t have a missing persons report running for her.

“Friday?” he called.

“Yes, sir?” she answered.

“Pull up missing child reports from each of New York’s bordering states, starting with Jersey. It’s gonna be a long night.”

“Understood, sir.”

Peter woke up to the feeling of fingers through his hair. He slowly opened his eyes, confused for a second when he saw Mr. Stark’s closet looking back at him. Then he remembered what happened.

He turned around to Amy, who had stopped playing with his hair and now was just looking at him.

“Hey, Amy.” Peter said, yawning, “How long have you been awake?”

“A hundred hours!” she yelled, giggling, causing Peter to wince, not used to that much noise when he had just woken up. He checked the time. It was around nine o’clock.

“Why don’t you go back to sleep?” He asked her, sitting up and swinging his legs off of the bed.

Amy mimicked him on her side of the bed. “No, I want to play!”

She ran over to Peter’s side of the bed, jumping up on his knees. Peter picked her up and put her back down on the bed, and tried to tuck her back in. She pushed his hands away and got back up, and started to jump on the bed.
“C’mon, don’t you want to get a little rest?” he half asked, half pleaded with her. He wanted to see how Tony was doing with finding her parents, but he didn’t want Amy going with her. He wanted to keep things with her light and breezy so she doesn’t get scared.

“No! I want to jump! Jump with me, Peter!” she grabbed Peter’s arm and tried to drag him up on the bed.

“How do you have so much energy?” Peter said, genuinely curious. He had just woken up, and was still pretty tired, while she was ready to party.

“That’s generally what happens when you give a kid a bunch of sugar.” came a voice from behind them, “That’s why we try to hide the sugar from you.”

Peter turned around to find Tony leaning on the doorway, with a coffee in hand and looking tired.

“Friday told me you guys were awake, so I figured I’d check out the party.” Tony said, shrugging.

“Help. Please.” Peter said, folding his hands into a begging position.

Tony chuckled. “Hey, Amy,” he said gently. Amy, who had been watching him since he came in, stepped behind Peter and grabbed his leg.

Tony sighed, bending down to her level. “It’s okay, Amy, I’m Peter’s friend.” he said, smiling.

“Yeah, Amy, this is my friend, Mr. Stark-” Peter started.

“Tony.” Tony interjected, shooting a glance at Peter.

“He’s nice, you can trust him.” Peter continued.

Amy still said nothing, just stared at Tony.
“How bout you go back into the nice cosy bed, close your eyes, and when you wake up, I’ll make you an extra special breakfast?” Tony said.

Amy just stared for a moment, but then nodded. She looked up at Peter. “Story?” she asked.

“Sure, I’ll read you a story.” he said, tousling her hair, “Get into bed, I’ll go get a book and I’ll be right back.”

Amy climbed into the bed, and Tony and Peter both stepped out.

“So, where do you keep the children’s books?” Peter asked Tony, who just looked back at him with befuddlement.

“Why would I have any children’s books?” Tony responded.

“I dunno, maybe you saved some from when you were a kid?”

“We weren’t really the story book kind of family, kid.”

“Oh.” Peter looked dejected, trying to figure out what to do.

“Tell you what,” said Tony, stopping Peter before he comes up with a dumb idea like going out any buying a children's book as spiderman, “Scott and Clint both have kids, maybe they’ve got some books here.”

“Alright, I’ll go ask them. Are they allowed to know about Amy?”

“They don’t have to know. It will probably just complicate things.”

“Okay, I’ll be back soon!”
“I’ll be in the lab.”

They each took off in different directions, Tony heading for the lab while Peter peeked his head back in the bedroom door.

“Hey, I’m just going to get a book now, I’ll be back in around ten minutes, ok? Stay in here.” he said to Amy.

Amy nodded sleepily.

________________________________________________________________________

“Hey, Scotty!” Peter called out, knocking on Scott’s door, “Open up, I need help!”

He waited a minute, and after not getting a response, knocked again, louder. “Scott! Open the door you lazy-”

The door opened, interrupting his insult, and behind the door was a very grumpy looking Scott, dressed in a fancy suit and holding a wine glass in his hand.

“Hey man, I’m not gonna judge what you do when you’re alone,” Peter said, suppressing a laugh at the thought of Scott getting all dressed up to drink wine alone.

“Peter, this is not a good time-” Scott started, but Peter brushed past him.

“I’m not staying, I was just wondering-” Peter stopped in his tracks when he noticed there was a woman sitting on Scott’s couch, looking at him just as baffled.

“Um, hi…” Peter said, turning back to look at Scott, completely bewildered.

“Pete, this is Hope. Hope, this is Peter.” Scott said, glaring at Peter.
“Hi, Peter.” Hope said, smiling politely at him, but still looking insanely confused.

“Peter was just leaving.” Scott said, grabbing Peter and trying to push him out.

“Wait, wait!” Peter said, wiggling out of Scott’s grip, “I just need to know if you have any children’s books?”

“What? No! Get out, man!” Scott said, shoving Peter out the door.

As Peter let, he heard the woman ask who he was, and Scott replied, “He’s Stark’s kid.”

Peter felt a strange sense of pride in being called Mr. Stark’s kid, and an involuntary smile rested on his face. He shook his head. He was on a mission. He headed to Clint’s room, but on the way was stopped by Steve.

“Hey, Pete, weren’t you supposed to be at the science fair by now?” Steve asked, grabbing Peter by the arm and stopping him as they passed each other in the hall of the tower.

Peter blanked for a minute. He completely forgot about the science fair, with everything else going on. For a second he was sad that he was going to miss it, but brushed it off. He had more important things to worry about.

“Uh, yeah, I don’t think we’re going anymore.” Peter said, not really knowing if that was true.


“Something came up.”

“What came up?” Steve was suspicious now.

“Nothing. Gotta go, bye!” Peter turned away and ran off, wincing at the way he handled that. He
probably could have been less cryptic.

Peter got to Clint’s quarters, and knocked loudly on the door. He didn't hear anything, so he knocked again. After a while, he got bored of waiting, and tried to open the door. It was locked, because for some reason Clint was worried that the avengers (who were the only ones apart from Peter who had access to this floor) were going to break into his room.

Peter shrugged, and pulled out the lock picking kit Natasha had given him from his pocket, and got to work on the lock. He had almost unlocked it when Clint came walking down the hall, wearing his pyjamas, carrying a piece of toast in one hand and a cereal box in the other.

“What the hell are you doing?” Clint called out, mouth full of toast.

“Picking your lock.” Peter replied nonchalantly, still working.

“Why?” Clint asked, pushing Peter away from the door with his foot. Peter gathered his stuff and stood up, sighing.

“I almost had it!” he said, shoving his kit back into his pocket.

“It’s ok, I’ve got a foolproof pick right here…it’s called a key.” Clint opened the door and walked inside, with Peter following.

“Do you have any children's books?” Peter asked, looking around the room.

“Yeah, hold on.” Clint said, walking into another room.

He came out holding “Green Eggs and Ham” by Doctor Seuss, and handed it to Peter.

“Perfect, thanks!” Peter said, grabbing it and walking away.

“Wait, why do you need a kid’s book?” Clint called out.
“What?” Peter said, pretending not to hear him, “oh, alright bye!”

And with that, Peter was out of Clint’s quarters, leaving Clint confused and tired, and was racing back to Tony’s penthouse. When he got there, he quietly snuck into Tony’s room with the book, only to find her asleep. He put the book down on the bedside table, fixed her blanket, and left the room.

Five minutes later, he was walking down to the lab, to help Tony find Amy’s parents. When he got down there, he saw Tony standing in front of a bunch of blue projections, filing through them, and occasionally running his hands through his hair in frustration. He opened the door and walked in.

“Hey, Mr. Stark, any luck?” Peter asked, trying to decipher all the files.

Tony turned around. “Not yet, kid.” He said.

“Oh. Well, Amy is asleep and I don’t really feel like sleeping right now so maybe I could help you out or something?”

“Yeah, sure. I’m just about to go through the missing child reports from Massachusetts. We’ll split the load.”

“Alright, what am I looking for?”

“The name Amy or Amelia, or a picture of her face.”

“Cool. I’m on it.”

They sifted through the files in silence, occasionally sighing in frustration, having no luck. Peter hated going through all these files, seeing how many kids were missing. Some of them have been missing for years, while others have just been gone for a few days. Either way, it was overwhelming, and incredibly sad, to see how many little innocent children were taken from their families. But Peter pushed through, because he knew he had to find Amy’s parents. He couldn’t help them all, at least not now, but he could help Amy.
Finally, Peter found a file, from four days ago, of a little girl named Amelia Rose, who lived in Cambridge. He clicked on it, and it opened into a bigger file, which had the age, what she was last seen wearing and…jackpot. A picture of the very girl who was sleeping on his mentors bed.

“Mr. Stark! I found her!” He cried out in joy, jumping up and down like a little kid.

Tony walked over, looked over the file then smiled at Peter. “Good work, kid.” he said.

Tony closed down all of the other files except for Amy’s. He rubbed his neck. “Guess I gotta call the parents now.” He said, looking for the contact number. “You should get some rest, Pete. We’re hitting the road tomorrow morning.”

“Hitting the road where?” Peter said, confused.

Tony looked at him quizzically. “For the science fair? I figured since Amy’s parents are there we could drive her as well and drop her off on the way.”

Peter scratched his head. “We’re… still going to the science fair?” he asked.

“Of course, buddy. You thought we were skipping it?”

“Yeah, I mean so much has come up, and we were supposed to be there like a couple hours ago…”

“The actual fair part doesn’t start till tomorrow, and we just handled the whole Amy situation. There is no way you are missing this science fair, not after all your hard work.”

“Are you sure? It won’t get in the way of everything? Cause there’s always next year-”

“Nope, we’re going. End of conversation. Go to bed.”

Peter smiled. “Alright, thanks da-Ton-Mr. Stark!! Thank you Mr. Stark!” Peter turned red, realizing
that he almost called Tony dad. That was the most embarrassing thing he’s ever done. Tony must be so weirded out right now, what had he done! There’s no way Tony would want to spend a weekend in Massachusetts with Peter now that he made everything awkward! He had ruined-

“Anytime, kid.” Tony said, smiling and clapping a hand on Peter’s shoulder.

Peter sighed with relief. Maybe he hadn’t heard Peter. That was a close one. He said goodnight and headed to his room.

“Friday?” Tony said, once Peter had left.

“Yes, boss?” Friday replied.

“Call Mr. and Mrs. Rose, we’ve got something that belongs to them.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the chapter! As always, feedback or comments or whatever are welcome. also i know i said the road trip chapter is coming up and it is for real now its next chapter. probably. ok enjoy ill try to shoot another one out quick!
Chapter 10

Peter woke up to the sound of an airhorn and a little girl shouting “Wake up!”.

He considered throwing the closest thing in his reach (his shoe) at the source of the sound, but decided against it, as he didn't want to anger it more. Instead, he reluctantly opened his eyes, rubbed them, and sat up, seeing Tony at his bedroom door, holding Amy in his arms, and they both had airhorns in their hands and ear plugs in their ears.

‘Alright, alright, I’m up!’ Peter yelled, throwing his hands up in surrender, “Please stop with those airhorns!”

The noise stopped, and Peter breathed a sigh of relief. That was too loud, too early in the morning. Tony put down Amy, who ran away giggling.

“Get dressed and washed, we’re leaving in like ten minutes.” Tony said, turning on Peter’s overhead light, “And I’m gonna need help with Amy. I have no idea how to get a kid in a car seat.”

“You have a carseat?” Peter asked, scratching his head.

“Yeah, I ordered one last night.” Tony replied, then clapped his hands together, “Alright, get ready, we’re leaving in five!”

Tony left the room, leaving Peter alone to get dressed and ready. He grabbed a few of the little toys he had around the room, such as Rubix Cubes, and his old Nintendo DS, just incase Amy got bored in the car.

Meanwhile, Tony was pouring a bowl of cereal for Amy.
“Can we do-can we make more noise at Peter again please?” She asked Tony politely, although she had a devilish smile on her face.

Tony chuckled. “I don’t think so, kiddo. Once is enough. Here, eat some Froot Loops.”

Amy dug in, and Tony sat down beside her, checking his phone. Amy noticed Tony wasn’t having any food, so naturally, she offered him a spoonful.

“Tony! Eat!” she exclaimed, trying to push it into his mouth.

Tony pushed the spoon away. “I already ate today, Amy. I’m okay.” He said, smiling.

Amy shrugged and continued eating, and Peter came out of his room, still looking exhausted, his hair a mess, but at least he was dressed.

“Hey, Pete,” Tony called, “You managed to piss off one avenger, and completely confuse two others last night. I got three texts asking what was wrong with you.”

Peter turned red. “Oh yeah, I may have been a little cryptic last night when I was looking for a book for Amy…” He said, rubbing the back of his neck.

“It’s okay, bud, I sorted it all out.” Tony said, pushing a bowl of cereal towards Peter, who had just sat down next to Amy, and ruffled her hair in greeting.

“Really? What’d you say?” Peter asked, scooping up some cereal.

“I told them the truth,” Tony said, shrugging, “Steve says he’s proud of you.”


Five minutes later, they were all packed up and in the car, ready to go. Peter was typing away at his phone, while Amy was in the carseat behind them, singing to herself and colouring in a colouring book Tony had given her. Tony pulled out of the garage, and they were off.
Not even ten minutes later, Peter was asking Tony how much longer the drive would be, and Amy was loudly stating that she needed to pee, and Peter had spotted a McDonald’s and had gotten Amy to beg for some McDonald’s with him. Tony already had a headache.

“Peter, stopping at McDonalds will only make the three and a half hour drive longer.” Tony said, driving right past it.

“I need to PEE!” Amy screamed, then giggled at how loud her voice got.

Peter looked back at Amy, then to Tony, smiling smugly. “The yelling will just continue if she doesn’t get to a bathroom soon.”

Tony didn’t say anything, just kept driving. After the third proclamation of Amy needing to pee, he turned the car around and pulled into the McDonald’s parking lot, as Peter and Amy cheered.

“Alright, take Amy to the washroom, I’ll get some food for the ride.” Tony said to Peter.

“Quarter pounder with cheese, please!” Peter said, hopping out of the car and helping Amy get out of her seat.

“Amy, do you want me to pick something for you?” Tony asked her.

“Happy meal!” she shouted.

“You got it, kid.”

They walked into McDonald’s, and Tony got into line while Peter led Amy to the washroom, and after opening the door for her to let her in, noticed how dirty it was, so he walked in and lined the seat with toilet paper for her. When he went to leave, she grabbed onto his hand and asked him to stay with her, so he locked the door and waited for her to do her business.

Meanwhile, Tony was third in line, checking his phone to figure out the best route to take, when he
heard a faint “Oh my god!” and the sound of a camera clicking. He whipped around, and saw a young girl, around twenty years old, lower her phone.

“Hi,” Tony said, putting on his most charming smile, “How are you? You look beautiful. Listen, I know you took a picture of me, and that’s fine, but could you hold off posting it or maybe an hour or so?”

She said nothing, just gulped.

“You’ve already posted it, haven’t you?” Tony said, sighing.

She nodded.

Tony looked out the window. The press hadn’t arrived yet, but more people inside were starting to notice.

Finally, it was his turn to order.

“Chicken McNuggets and chocolate milk in a happy meal, quarter pounder with cheese, and a black coffee.” He said, and put a fifty on the counter, “Make it fast.”

The cashier looked starstruck, but after a few seconds she got to work with his order. Tony kept checking the window, the bathroom, and the counter, praying to whatever god there was—maybe Thor, that might work— that the order would come out quickly and so would Peter and Amy.

However, he was not so lucky, and the food came out but Peter and Amy still hadn’t shown up. And now some vans were pulling up to the McDonald’s parking lot, and paparazzi and reporters spilled out, with cameras, microphones, and recorders. This was bad. If the press sees him with two kids, they’re going to start asking questions, and if those questions don’t get answered, they’re going to start some rumours. The best course of action would probably be to just avoid the reporters altogether. He texted Peter.

**Stark:** What’s taking so long?
Spidey: sry, b out in a min.

Stark: Take Amy and walk out-don’t acknowledge me. Get in the car, it’s unlocked, and wait for me there.

Spidey: what’s going on? need help?

Stark: Just the press, kid. Tons of cameras.

Spidey: got it. we’ll be out in a min.

Tony put away his phone, and asked the cashier for a bag. He saw Peter casually walking across the restaurant with Amy, then he noticed what had taken them so long. Both of them had their hair spiked up with water. Peter had two spikes on either side of his head, whereas Amy just had one, straight up, but as she walked it flopped over to the side, so she picked it up and held it up. Tony rolled his eyes, but felt a fondness in his heart he did not see coming. He pushed it to aside as he mentally prepared to face the cameras.

He saw Peter and Amy get into the car, ignored by reporters, who were all trying to get a glimpse or photo of Tony. Tony took a deep breath, then stepped outside, holding a bag of food. Instantly, there was a flurry of flashes, microphones in his face and questions.

“Tony, what are you doing at McDonald’s?”

“Mr. Stark, who are you wearing?”

“Is it true you ended things with Pepper Potts?”

“Are you really in love with Steve Rogers?”

Tony had planned to walk straight through, smiling for a couple of pictures, and answering one or two questions, but that question made him stop.
“What?” he asked, truly confused. “Where did you hear that?”

The reporter who asked the question suddenly looked shy, but answered, “The twitter of an inside source”

“What’s the username?”

“@peterman” the reporter replied.

Tony rolled his eyes. It was obviously Peter. He’d have to check this out, see what other things he’d been saying about him.

“Are you recruiting for the avengers?” The questions started up again.

“Will Spiderman be joining the avengers?”

“We all saw your interaction with the Spider-Man yesterday. Who is he?”

“Are you cheating on Pepper with Spider-Man? Is that why you guys broke up?”

Tony had heard enough. He pushed his way through the crowd, and got into his car, which thankfully had tinted windows, so no one noticed Peter or Amy.

He pulled out of the parking lot, nearly hitting a couple reporters, and drove off, leaving them behind in the dust. He handed out the McDonald’s meals, and everybody ate in silence. Tony cringed as Amy dripped some of her chocolate milk onto the seat, but figured he could find somebody to clean it.

After everyone had finished, and they were sitting in some traffic, Tony turned to Peter.

“So, Peter-man. Has somebody been spreading rumours?” Tony said.
Peter’s eyes widened. “How did you find out about my twitter?” he asked.

“One of the reporters said that a certain ‘Inside Source’ told them that Steve and I were dating.”

Peter snorted. “I didn’t tell them that, I just retweeted something I saw about it.”

“How come they’re calling you an inside source?”

“I guess it's 'cause put in my twitter bio that I’m an intern for Stark Industries.”

“What else have you been saying about me?”

“Green.”

“What?”

“The light! It’s green!”

Tony looked up, and sure enough, the light had turned to green. He put his foot on the gas and they drove in silence for a minute.

“How long have you had this account?” Tony asked.

Peter shrugged. “Around a year?”

“A year? You’ve been tweeting about me for a year?!”

“Not just about you. It’s my twitter! I put all kinds of stuff.”
“Such as?”

“I don’t know, memes, vines, stuff like that!”

“Sorry- did you start talking in another language?”

“What?”

“What is a meme? Or a vine? I’m assuming you’re not talking about the plant?”

“Oh my god, Mr. Stark, you don’t know what a meme is?”

“Should I?”

“I mean, I guess you're a little old for it…”

“Old??” Tony yelled, looking at Peter, shocked.

“Old!” Amy repeated, happy that there were people yelling.

“Sorry, Mr. Stark, I didn’t mean it like that…” Peter started, but he was hiding a smile.

“I need to get a twitter.” Tony decided.

Amy needed to pee. Again.

“Are you sure you need to pee, Amy?” Tony asked, looking at her through the mirror. “You don’t just want to spike your hair up again?”
Peter snickered.

“Yes!” She shouted. “I need to pee!”

“Alright, alright, we’ll stop at the this next rest stop.”

He pulled out one of Peter’s headphones as soon as they stopped.

“Hey, Amy needs to pee.”

“It’s your turn, Mr. Stark.” Peter said, putting the headphone back in.

Tony shook his head. Teenagers. He got out of the car, helped Amy out of her carseat, and lead her to the washroom.

Peter, on the other hand, was on his phone, and listening to the Bill Nye theme song. He texted May, and told her about what had happened yesterday. She said she was proud of him for what he had done, she loves him, and good luck with the science fair. Then he texted Ned, and told him what had happened, and they were mid conversation when Tony and Amy got back.

“Okay, half an hour to go.” Tony said, after he got Amy in the carseat and had buckled himself in at the front.

“I spy!” Amy said, once they had driven off.

“Alright, Amy, I’ll play I spy with you.” Peter responded, putting away his phone, “Do you want to go first?”

“Tony can play too!” Amy said, “Tony goes first!”

“Okay, fine.” Tony said, then looked out the window for something to spy, “I spy something
“Barney!” Amy yelled, clapping.

“No, Amy, we’ve been over this,” Peter said, rolling his eyes, “it has to be something you can actually see—”

“Peter.” Tony said.

"-not just something you want to see-"

"Peter."

"What?"

"There’s some guy dressed as Barney right over there.” Tony said, pointing across the road.

Peter turned to look. "Well that's a first." He said, and then forced Tony to stop the car so he could get a selfie with Amy and Barney.

Then they loaded back into the car, again, and took off, playing I Spy, eating the snacks Peter had brought in his backpack, and shouting along to the music from the radio.

Finally, they arrived in Cambridge, at Amy’s parents house. Peter got Amy out of her seat, and Tony and Peter both held her hands, walking up to the door. Before Tony could even knock, the door opened, revealing Amy’s parents, with tear stained and tired eyes. When Amy saw them, her face lit up, and she flew into their arms, shrieking in joy. The family hugged and cried for a few moments, while Peter and Tony stood politely, not intruding on their moment. After awhile, the mother whispered something to the father, who nodded, and took Amy inside. The father wiped his eyes, then turned to look at Tony and Peter.

“Hi,” he said sheepishly, although he had nothing to be sheepish about, “My name is Mark.”
“Tony.” Tony replied with a smile, sticking out his hand.

The men shook hands, as Peter stood by awkwardly, trying to figure out the best place to put his hands, when Tony put his hand on his shoulder and pulled him forward.

“This is Peter,” Tony said, with a hint of pride in his voice, “He’s the one who found Amy.”

“We can’t begin to describe how grateful we are, Peter.” Mark said, pulling Peter in for a hug.

“My pleasure, sir.” Peter said, patting him on the back awkwardly, “Amy is a great kid.”

“Would you like to come inside?” Mark asked them, pulling away.

Peter looked at Tony, pleading with his eyes, because he was not ready to leave Amy yet. Tony winked back.

“Why not?” Tony said.

Mark and Janice—that was the name of Amy’s mother—were nice people. They gave Tony some coffee, and Peter a mug of hot chocolate, and repeatedly told them how thankful they were, to which Peter humbly answered that he was just trying to do the right thing, which caused Tony to roll his eyes, although he was (not so) secretly incredibly proud of him.

Mark, it turned out, was an engineer, and had lots of questions about the science project Peter was doing once Tony told them about the science fair. They engaged in a long conversation, with Peter explaining his project and how it works, and Mark listening in awe, asking questions here and there, and making a few suggestions.

Meanwhile, Janice and Tony were talking about their kids. Janice told Tony all about Amy, and her artistic talents (she was very good with a paintbrush, for her age) and Tony gushed about Peter and how much of a genius he is.
After finishing his very interesting discussion with Mark, Peter left the adults to go play with Amy in the next room.

“Peter!” Amy called once Peter walked into the room.

“Hey, Amy!” Peter said, sitting down next to her, “Whatcha got there?”

He was referring to the doll that had been in her arms since she came down from upstairs and went to play in the other room. Neither Peter nor Tony had been able to see it because she was hugging it so tightly.

She turned it over in her hands, and Peter laughed at the sight of it.

“You have a Captain America doll?” he asked her, “Is Cap your favourite avenger?”

Amy nodded enthusiastically. “I love him!” she shouted.

“Oh, Mr. Stark is going to love this,” Peter said, grinning, “Why don’t you go show him your doll? Tell him it’s your favourite avenger.”

“Okay!” Amy said, beaming. “Tony!”

“Yes, dear?” Tony replied from the other room.

Amy marched towards him, holding her toy behind her back.

“I want to show you.” Amy said.

“Show me what?” Tony asked, kneeling to be at eye level with her.

“My favourite avenger!” She said, bubbling with excitement.
Peter had his phone out to discreetly film Tony’s reaction.

Tony smiled, as if he knew exactly what was behind her back.

“Alright, let’s see it.” He said, confidently. Peter had to hold back a snigger.

Amy whipped out the toy and presented it to Tony, who was just about ready to put on a big “I’m so flattered” act. Once he saw that it was Captain America, he froze, with his mouth hanging wide open.

By now, Peter couldn’t hold back his laughter, and Tony’s head whipped up to look at him. Once he put together what was going on, he glared at Peter.

“I don’t want to see that video popping up on your twitter,” Tony said, pointing his finger at Peter.

Then, he turned to Amy, and in a much more gentle tone, said, “Did Peter put you up to this? Do you know who Captain America is?”

“Yes! Captain America is my favourite!” Amy said, stomping her foot for emphasis.

Tony turned around to look at Mark and Janice, who were politely holding back their laughter.

“Cap has always been her favourite.” Mark said apologetically,shrugging.

“I see.” Tony said, nodding, “Well, that’s fair. He’s a good man.”

“Amy, honey, did you know that Tony is Iron man?” Janice said to Amy.

Amy just laughed. “No he’s not.” she said, shaking her head in amusement, “He’s not made of iron, silly!”
“The iron part is just a suit,” Tony said, “But I am, Iron man.”

“Technically, it’s not iron-” Peter started, but Tony cut him off with a look.

Amy’s eyes were getting wide as she realized that Captain America’s best friend was standing in front of her.

“You.. know Captain America?” She asked in wonder.

“Yup,” Tony said, “I have the great honour of knowing his majesty, Steve Rogers.”

“Wow…”

“You know what, Amy?”

“What?”

“Since you’re such a cool girl, I’ll bring you and your parents come down to New York anytime you want and come meet Captain America.”

Instead of saying anything, Amy crashed into Tony’s arms, hugging him.

Tony picked her up and turned to Mark and Janice.

“I mean it, you know.” He said to them, “Visit us anytime.”

“Me too!” Peter said, “Visit me!”

Tony rolled his eyes, “That’s why I said us, kid.”
“We’d love to.” Mark said, smiling.

Tony put Amy down, and then checked his watch.

“Well, we better get going, if we want to get to M.I.T on time.” Tony said.

The adults shook hands, and Janice gave Peter a hug.

“Thank you for taking care of her.” she whispered into his ear. He smiled back.

“Here’s my number,” Tony said, passing them a card, “Call me anytime.”

“Thanks again, guys.” Mark said, “And good luck with your science fair!”

“You’ve got a great kid, Tony,” Janice said, gesturing to Peter.

Peter turned red. “Oh, uh, he’s not my-”

Tony cut him off, putting an arm around his shoulder, and said to Janice, “Yeah. I do.”

Peter looked up at Tony in shock.

“Let’s get going, kid.” Tony said, smiling at him.

Chapter End Notes

thanks for reading! leave any feedback or comments u want in the comments if u wanna! also i have a question for u crazy kids: should i...
1. Finish this story with the science fair plus a little wrap up and make a second story that follows this one, about peter and tony and maybe more avengers and amy will probably return

OR

2. Prolong this story, bringing in some new villains or villains that appeared earlier, with a whole new plot and the science fair and lead up to that just being the beginning or whatever

comment which one u think i should do!
hey everyone! okay, couple things to say:

1. thank you so much for reading! you guys are so supportive and i love reading ur comments!!
2. sorry for the slow update! my computer wasn't working and it kept crashing and i kept losing my work but its fixed now!
3. I think I'm gonna go with option one, from last chapter, and make this story a bit longer! i have some plot ideas! which also means i'll change the name of this story and description, so if you need to find it again, just look for my username, this is the only fic i have!
4. comment ideas for a new title for this story!
5. I've never been to a science fair or M.I.T. so i have no idea what it's like i was just guessing here
6. enjoy! <3

The building was packed. There were parents, judges, people with cameras, and students who were definitely older than Peter. As they walked through the big room featuring all the different projects that were presented, Peter got less and less confident with his own.

“Don’t worry about it,” Tony said to Peter, “You’re gonna blow them away.”

Peter gave Tony a grateful smile, but he wasn’t convinced. He was younger than everyone in the room, and he only had about three days to assemble his project. The people here had probably been working on these projects for years. One girl had a picture of her as a kid, maybe ten years old, testing out the first design of her project. It was stupid to come, he was going to be humiliated, they would never let him-

“Tony Stark!”

A man walking towards them cut off his spiralling thoughts.

“Dominic Edmunds!” Tony replied, shaking the man’s hand.
“And this must be… Peter?” the man said, gesturing to Peter.

“Yes,” Tony said, putting his hand on Peter’s shoulder, “Peter, meet Dominic Edmunds, he’s the coordinator of, um, things and the man who let us in here on such short notice.”

“Thank you, Mr. Edmunds,” Peter said nervously, shaking the man’s hand, “It’s very nice to meet you, sir.”

“You’ve got a strong grip, son.” Dominic said, letting out a booming laugh and pulling his hand away, “I admire that. Show your strength upfront. Good on you, boy.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, sir, I didn’t mean to-” Peter rambled, but was cut off by Tony.

“Peter’s a little nervous,” Tony said to Dominic, ruffling Peter’s hair, “Although he has no reason to be.”

Peter hastily fixed his hair. He wanted to look neat and proper, just like all of the other people who were here. Then he noticed what he was wearing. It was a Space Jam shirt, with a blue flannel over it, and some worn jeans. He mentally groaned at how unprofessional he looked, compared to all the other students wearing nice suits.

“Well, good luck out there,” Dominic said, “I’ll be looking forward to seeing what you’ve made!”

Dominic walked away, leaving only Peter and Tony. Tony looked at Peter, and seeing that he looked miserable, took him aside, outside of the showing room.

“Alright kid, spill. What’s wrong?” Tony asked.

“Nothing, this is great Mr. Stark, really. I can’t wait.” Peter faked an enthusiastic smile.

“Uh huh.” Tony said, not at all convinced, “Now do you wanna try the truth?”

Peter sighed.
“It’s just-I’m not-my-I just don’t really feel like I fit in!” he said, throwing his hands up in the air, “These guys, they're all older than me, and better dressed, and have been working longer, and I’m just some kid who got in just cause I know Tony Stark and-”

“Okay, I’m gonna stop you there.” Tony said, putting his hand up, “First of all, you did not get in ‘Just cause you know Tony Stark’. I may be influential, but they don’t let just anybody in. I sent your report cards, your science project from last year, and I told them about how smart you are. I didn't have to lie once.”

Peter didn’t say anything.

“Peter, you are the smartest kid I know. They wouldn’t have let you in if you weren’t.”

“Oh, but still, these guys have been working for years on their projects. I have no chance at winning.” Peter said, “And look at them! They’re all so confident and professional! I’m wearing some old jeans and a t-shirt from an old movie.”

“Okay, first of all, that movie came out in the nineties. That does not make it old, and I’m offended you think that.”

Peter managed a smile.

“But if this clothing thing is really bothering you, we can sort that out.”

“Mr. Stark, all I’ve got apart from this is some pyjamas.”

“You didn’t bring something to wear tomorrow?”

“I’m wearing it.”

Tony looked Peter up and down.
“Okay, you don’t have to start setting up for another hour or two, so we’ve got time.”

Tony turned around and started walking, leaving Peter jogging to catch up.

“Where are we going?” he asked once he had caught up.

Tony didn’t answer.

They got back half an hour later. This time, Peter was decked out in a sleek new suit, an expensive watch, and his hair was slicked back and professional.

“Thank you, Mr. Stark,” Peter said as they navigated to their designated table, “You really didn’t have to do this.”

“Don’t worry about it kid, I’ve got you covered,” Tony replied.

They arrived at the table and Peter pulled out a tablet from his pocket, set it down on the table and a few clicks and swipes later, they had a whole presentation in front of them, projected from the tablet.

“I’m gonna go get a coffee,” Tony said, after making sure everything was in order, “You want anything?”

“Nope, I’m good,” Peter said, not really paying attention, and examining his projected prototype for any improvements that could be made quickly.

“Okay, I’ll be back soon,” Tony said, shaking his head.

Two minutes after Tony had left, Peter noticed he was gone. He tried to remember when he had left, and where he went. After a minute, he remembered. Tony had gone to get coffee, and had asked if Peter wanted anything, to which Peter had replied no. Stupid. He pulled out his phone.
Spidey: heyyy, r u by any chance still at the coffee place?

Tony freaking Stark: Already got you a donut, kid.

Spidey: thx!!

“You know,” a voice behind him said, “Projection technology has already been invented.”

Peter spun around to find the source of the voice. It was a girl, around a year older than him, who was studying his project closely.

“Uh, yeah,” Peter said, hastily shutting down the projections, “That’s not my project, it’s just the presentation software.”

She looked Peter up and down. “So what is your project then, Peter?” she asked.

“How do you know my name?” Peter asked back, confused.

“You’re wearing a name tag, genius.”

Peter looked down. “Huh. I guess I am,” he said, noticing the name tag he had forgotten about.

“So?”

“So what?”

“What’s your project?”

“Well, I guess you’ll just have to wait and see.”

Peter tried to lean back on the table, but it was farther back than he thought, so he ended up falling
onto the ground, hitting the table with his arms as he tried to get a grip somewhere to hold himself up, and knocked over the tablet. At the exact same time, Tony returned with the donuts, just in time to witness the whole thing and laugh at him.

“Lost your footing, underoos?” Tony said, reaching his hand out to help him up.

Peter took the hand and Tony pulled him up, still laughing.

“Here’s your donut, kid,” he said, handing him a brown paper bag.

Peter looked at the girl, hoping that somehow she missed that whole thing, but unfortunately, she had not. She was observing the scene with not-so-subtle amusement.

Tony saw that he was looking at something behind him, and not taking the donut (which was an absolute first) so he turned around to see what Peter was looking at, and noticed the girl for the first time.

“Oh, hello,” Tony said to her, shooting a knowing grin to Peter, who turned red and glared back.

“I’m-”

“Tony Stark, yes, I know,” The girl interrupted, only just now realizing who it is, “You’re the man who has nearly destroyed the world multiple times.”

Tony didn’t miss a beat, and replied easily, “I’m also the man who’s saved it a couple of times, if that counts for anything.”

“Does it really count as saving, though, if you caused the problem in the first place?” she said.

Before Tony could say anything, Peter stepped in.

“I think you should go now.” He said, trying to control his anger.
“Why? Because Ironman can’t handle the truth? That he’s the most useless avenger?”

“The most useless-” Peter started in disbelief, his voice rising, “I’m sorry, do you not remember when he risked his life flying a bomb into space? All the times he’s saved us from alien invasions or weird guys who breathe fire? When he found a new element? When he saved thirteen people falling out of an airplane with a suit that can only carry-“

“Okay Peter, that’s enough.” Tony said, putting his hand on Peter’s shoulder, “Sit down, cool off, eat a donut.”

Peter didn’t move, just stood there glaring at the girl, who looked like she regretted insulting Tony.

“Peter, go sit down.” Tony said, more firmly this time. “It’s not worth it.”

Peter looked up at Tony, then back at the girl, who he realized looked terrified. He looked down at his hands, and noticed they had curled up into fists.

“Sorry.” He mumbled to the girl, and turned around to find somewhere to sit down.

Tony stared the girl down until she walked away, mumbling something about her mom waiting for her. He rolled his eyes. He was constantly having people come up to him and tell him how much he had screwed up, it didn’t bother him that much. You learn to have thick skin, growing up as a Stark. He hadn’t expected Peter to react that way, though, which is why he didn’t stop him sooner. He was stunned. He knew Peter looked up to him, but he didn’t realize it was that intense, that he was totally ready to start a fight with some kid who said something bad about him.

Tony walked up to Peter, who was dejectedly eating his donut.

“Sorry for embarrassing you.” Peter said when he came up.

“Don’t apologize.” Tony said, sitting down next to him. “Thank you. For defending me, and all that.”
Peter shrugged. “Yeah, she was a-”

“A smart looking girl, who had some strong opinions.” Tony interrupted, giving Peter another one of his looks.

Peter snorted. “She wasn’t smart. She’s probably just here cause she’s rich, I saw her project coming in. It was…not M.I.T. worthy.”

“How do you know she was rich?” Tony asked, looking back at her, but she was too far for him to see.

“I saw her materials. They’re significantly better than most peoples here, except for ours of course.”

“Of course…” Tony said, staring at Peter. “You know, kid, you’re pretty observant.”

Peter shrugged. “It’s a habit. When I get nervous, my senses start to go a little crazy, and I start noticing every little thing. It came with the bite.”

“You never told me that.”

“You never asked.”

“I shouldn’t have to ask my kid about negative side effects to his radioactive spiderbite, he should know to tell me!”

Peter was silent for a minute. He didn’t know if he had meant to do it, but Tony had called him ‘My kid’. It was probably just a slip of the tongue.

“Uh, I guess you’ll probably want to know about the breathing thing too…”

“What breathing thing?”
“Well, sometimes, I’ll start to have a lot of trouble breathing, and then pass out sometimes, I think my record was about 45 minutes.”

“What? Why is this the first time I’ve heard about this! Peter, you can’t-” Tony was yelling, his eyes were widening, he was gesturing wildly and was red in the face, but then froze when he noticed Peter was hiding a laugh.

“Peter…” Tony started, with an extremely stern look on his face.

“Pranked! I got you!” Peter said, laughing and showing Tony his phone, which was recording.

“Parker, you give me that phone right now or so help me god-”

“Oh yeah, you can have it in a minute, first I’m just gonna send this video to Clint, Cap, Natasha, Rhodey, Bruce, you know, all your friends.” Peter said, stepping out of reach from Tony and giggling like a kid.

“Peter Parker, you will not send that video to anyone! Peter? I mean it, kid!”

“Here you go, Mr. Stark, there’s my phone, just like you asked.” Peter said, smiling like he was an angel and holding the phone out to Tony.

Tony grabbed it from him, but when he looked at the screen he saw the damage was already done. Clint, Natasha and Bruce had somehow already gotten it, and had sent back tons of laughing emojis. Tony groaned, he was never gonna hear the end of this.

“Ladies and gentleman, the judging will start in five minutes. Good luck.” A voice said over the P.A system.

Peter started walking back towards his table, to set it up again, but Tony grabbed him by the shoulder.

“This is not over, kid.” He said, “This means war. Oh, and good luck!”
Tony sat back down, with Peter in view. Peter started reorganizing his things, getting his project ready to be presented. Tony wasn’t going to retaliate, and both Peter and Tony knew this. It was an empty threat. Someone sat down to Tony and started talking to him, but he didn’t realize until he heard the words “Spider-Man”.

“What?” Tony said, turning to face the source of the voice. Tony almost laughed, this guy was the dictionary definition of “nerd”. He looked to be about thirty years old, was covered with spots, wore huge glasses, and was talking extremely quietly. He flinched when Tony spoke.

“I was just saying, sir, what an honour it is to meet you.” He said, not meeting his eye, “I’m a reporter for the ‘Daily Hero’, and I would like to ask you some questions about the Spider-Man.”

“Sorry, what paper are you from?” Tony asked, trying to wrap his head around what was going on and keep an eye on Peter at the same time. Some kids had walked up to Peter, and they seem to be engaged in some friendly conversation. He was safe. Tony could give this reporter kid his full attention.

“Oh, it’s not a paper, it’s my blog.” He replied with pride, “And we have some reason to believe that you know the Spider-Man.”

“Would that reason be that I was talking to him? In front of a bunch of cameras?”

“Uh, yeah, that’s it. At the robbery? Yeah. That’s the reason.”

Alright, listen, I don’t know him personally. I’ve seen him around a couple times, and he helped me out during the whole accords thing, but he never took his mask off, and we never braided each others hair while talking about our crushes.”

“What about when the ferry got split and you came to help him? Why did you do that, if you don’t know him personally?”

“People were in danger, I helped them out. It’s what I do.”

“Okay. That’s fair. We have some more questions though, if that’s okay.”
Tony looked around. “We? Who’s we? Are there more people on your blog? Are they here?”

“Oh, uh, no. It’s just me. I don’t know why I said that.”

“It’s fine. People say stupid things in front of me all the time. Go ahead, ask away.”

“Okay, um, who’s the boy we…I… I mean, the public-see with you a lot?”

“I don’t know who you’re referring to.”

“Um, we’ve got his name off his twitter, it’s Peter Parker.”

“Well, it looks like you just answered your question.”

“No, but who is he to you? Is he your son? Did you and Captain America adopt him?”

“What is with all these me and Cap rumours? No, he is not my son, he’s an intern.”

“I thought you didn’t let interns in until they graduated high school, and you don’t work closely with them at all.”

“Well, our rules have changed.”

“Where can people sign up to be high school interns?”

“Nowhere. The position has been filled. You’ll have to excuse me, I have to go.”

Tony stood up and walked away from the man. He was asking too many questions about Peter, and Tony couldn’t risk Peter being in danger. He was going to have to come up with some story about
Peter to tell the press, so he doesn’t have to keep hiding him, and they can control what gets out.

“Hey, you ready?” Tony said, patting Peter on the back. The kids who had been talking to Peter were gone now.

“Yeah, just about.” Peter said, surveying his presentation.

“Who were those people speaking to you earlier?”

“Oh, just some people coming to say hello and check out my thing. They said it looked really cool.”

“It is really cool.”

“Yeah, they also invited me to a party, and they’re staying in the same hotel as we are, but I told them that it’d be rude to leave you all alone.”

“Kid, go to the party. I’ve got some work to do, anyway.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, of course.”

“Thanks, Mr. Stark!”

Tony ruffled Peter’s hair.

“Oh my god, they’re coming here. Do I look okay?” Peter said, turning to Tony, and fixing his hair again.

“You look great, except for that big pimple right there.” Tony said, pointing to Peter’s head and grinning.
“Ha, ha. Very funny.” Peter deadpanned. “I can’t get pimples.”

“You can’t?”

“Mr. Parker!” One of the judges said, walking up to him.

“Blow them away, kid.” Tony said, leaving to let Peter do his thing as he watched from afar. Parents or guardians weren’t supposed to be hovering during the judging.

Tony left and sat down, watching as Peter started talking to the judges, gesturing wildly with his hands. He knew he wouldn’t have any trouble, once he started talking, because he’s so passionate about what he’s doing, that his passion just takes over. He watched as Peter showed them several diagrams on the projectors, and the projected model. The judges nodded, asked a few questions, and examined the model closely.

“This is very good, Mr. Parker,” he overheard a judge saying, “But facts and figures are one thing, the actual prototype is a whole other.”

“Oh, no problem, sir,” Peter said, bending down to pick up the briefcase-box that was below the table, “I’ve got the actual, working prototype right here. It’s a very basic model, and there’s lots of room for improvement, but I find that’s the case with everything. If there’s no room for improvement, you’re just not trying hard enough.”

He pulled his prototype out of the briefcase, as the judges and small crowd that had gathered ooh’d and ah’d.

“Here it is, the Parker Board, Mark one.” Peter said, “A fully working hover board, that uses no harmful fuels or gases, and can float up to a foot off the ground.”

Peter placed the board, which was red, blue, and had hints of gold in it, on the ground, and tapped a button on the remote control. The board floated up in the air.

“The weight limit for this model is about 200lbs, which was achieved by…” Peter said, hopping on the board, but trailed off in thought. “Actually, maybe if I change a couple of things…”
He was getting sidetracked with plans to improve it, which is normally fine, but in this situation, not ideal.

“Well, anyway,” Peter said, snapping back to reality, “This is the Parker Board, designed and made by myself.”

The crowd was quiet for a moment, taking it all in, and then they broke into applause.

The judges all shook Peter’s hand as he beamed, and he got lots of high fives, back pats, and hand shakes from the other students as well. Once the crowd had dispersed, Tony approached Peter.

“You killed it, kid.” Tony said, patting him on the back, “I’m proud of you. You did great.”

“Thanks, Mr. Stark.” Peter said, smiling, “But I don’t think it was enough to win. Maybe if I had added-”

“Peter. Take a break.” Tony said, shaking his head. “Let’s get ice cream, then we’ll come back for the awards ceremony to see how you did.”

“Ice cream! Awesome! I’m in!” Peter said, quickly packing up his stuff.

They left to the nearest ice cream shop, and there, Peter told Tony all about the updates he could add to the Parker Board, and Tony made comments and gave advice here and there, but mostly let Peter talk himself out.

After ice cream, a bathroom break and a social media check (by Peter, Tony hasn’t gotten twitter yet) they returned back to M.I.T., right in time for the judges to announce the winners.

“Good afternoon, ladies and gentleman,” one of the judges started, addressing the crowd that had gathered in front of the stage, which had three trophies on it, “We’ve seen some amazing projects today, and in our eyes, you’re all winners.”
Tony mentally groaned. That was the cheesiest line in the book.

“But, unfortunately, we must pit you against each other and choose some winners. So, without further ado, can the following please come up on the stage: Kent Bailey, Trevor Collins, Joyce Sharp, Peter Parker, and Natalia Baker!”

There was some cheering as the students walked up on the stage, the loudest being from a group of boys cheering when Trevor’s name was called, but Tony made sure to cheer extra loud for Peter. Peter didn’t seem to appreciate it, though.

“Students, you five have showed us you have the most creative, intelligent, and ambitious minds. All five of you will be going home with a prize.” The second judge said, “We will have two honourable mentions, who will get a certificate and a fifty dollar iTunes card.”

“The third and second place winners will both get partial scholarships to M.I.T., provided they have marks strong enough to get in.” The third judge continued, “The first place winner will get a full scholarship, provided they have marks strong enough to get in.”

“Are you ready? The two honourable mentions are…”

Chapter End Notes

hey! I hope you enjoyed! feel free to comment anything! also leave ideas for a new title for this!

fun fact: shuri almost made an appearance in this chapter!

also hehe slight cliffhanger what place do u think peter is gonna come in? thanks for reading!

mucho love,
me


Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

thanks for all your kind comments! enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Are you ready? The two honourable mentions are…”

The sound of gunshots filled the air before he could announce the winners. Suddenly everyone was screaming and running wild. Tony’s suit started forming around him, and he surveyed the area for the shooter.

“How many, Friday?” Tony asked, flying up high.

“Five, sir. Two shooters in this room and three in the building.”

“Alright, call the police, tell them what’s going on. I’ll take out the shooters.”

“Yes, sir. And what about Peter?”

Tony turned around. Peter looked like he was ready to start fighting.

“Nuh uh. No way.” Tony said, flying over to him, “Get everyone out safely, do not engage, understand?”

Peter nodded, knowing there was no point in arguing, and started to help people get out.

He was knocked forward as a bullet hit his back. He turned around, to see that both of the shooters had their guns trained on him and were shooting. That was good, it meant they weren’t shooting at the actual vulnerable people. It also meant they were dumb, therefore easier to take out.
“Boys, you have to know that won’t work?” Tony said, amused by their efforts.

“He’s right, George.” One of the men said, lowering his gun. “It’s not going to work. But it’s a damn good distraction.”

“What?” Tony said, panic setting in, “Friday, what exactly are they distracting me from?”

“I don’t know, sir.”

“Check on the other shooters, what are they doing?”

“Looking now, sir.”

Tony raised his arm and blasted both the men easily. It wouldn’t kill them, but they wouldn’t be able to do anymore harm.

“Okay Friday, where are they?”

“The south side of the building sir, leaving in a white van.”

An alarm went off in his suit.

“Friday? What’s that?”

“It’s the Fallen Baby alarm, sir. Peter has pressed the panic button on his watch.”

“Where is he.” Tony said, feeling his heart start beating faster.

“He’s in the van, with the three other shooters.”
Tony took off, pushing his suit to go faster, and landed on top of the van as it was moving. He punched the top of the van making a hole, and tore it apart with his hands, jumping into the van.

Once he was in, he saw Peter immediately. He looked half asleep, and there was a man holding him up and holding a gun to his head. Tony took a step forward, but froze when the man cocked the gun.

“Make a move and I kill him, Stark.” The man said, smiling.

“What did you do to him?” Tony asked, trying not to let his panic show.

“Nothing too bad, we just gave him a shot of a special substance we created for Stark Interns.”

Tony opened his suit so his face was showing.

“Let him go, he’s no use to you, he’s just some intern at my company.”

“Obviously he’s more than that, especially since you’re escorting him to science fairs and buying him ice cream? No, I think we’ll keep him.”

“Anything you need him for, I can provide! Just let him go, and take me instead.”

“You know what? You’re right. You probably can do better. Jeff?”

Jeff? Tony thought. Oh, fu-

There was a blinding pain in the back of his head, and then the world went black.

Peter heard faint voices, but he couldn’t see anything. Why couldn’t he see anything? Were the lights off? Wait, no, his eyes were closed.
How do you open eyes again? he thought, Oh, right. Okay, opening the eyes.

The first thing he noticed was light, blinding light. Once his eyes adjusted to the light, he saw that he was definitely not on the stage at M.I.T. He tried to remember what had happened. Gunshots, shooters, helping people get out of the building...some creepy reporter asking if he knew who Spiderman was...

Who is Spiderman? Peter thought, furrowing his brow, Oh, of course. Me. I am. Okay.

There were two men sitting at a table in front of him, with their backs to him. They were typing on laptops. Peter was lying on the floor, with his hand bound behind his back. He then realized that he could potentially be in some real danger here. Slowly, without making noise, he shifted his head to look around. He saw Tony on the floor a couple feet away from him, his suit nowhere to be seen, out cold. Maybe dead. No, why would they kill him? They probably needed him alive for information or money or something. Okay good. His crisis brain was taking over, and it was getting better at handling crises.

No one had noticed he was awake yet, which was good, but Tony wasn’t awake, which was not good. What should he do? Find out where they are. He looked around the room with his eyes. It was pretty cliche. It was a cold, damp room, with concrete walls, and on one side there were stairs leading to a door. Okay, exit number one. There was also a window, but it was pretty high up, and small. Outside, he could see a front lawn, which meant they were in the basement, if they were below the level of a front lawn. Possible exit number two, perfect. Those seemed to be the only two exits, which was fine. They could deal with that.

Next step should probably be figuring out who these guys are. There were only two in the room, and no one was watching Peter, which meant they didn’t know about Spiderman, good. One of them looked familiar, but he couldn’t put his finger on it...The other one was the man who had grabbed him and injected some kind of liquid into him. What was that? Whatever it was, it was wearing off. Peter was feeling less woozy every second. Thank god for that radioactive spider.

“Did you record your conversation with Ironman?” One man said to the other.

“Yeah, obviously.” The familiar looking one said, and Peter recognized his voice immediately. It was the creepy reporter who was asking him questions about Spiderman for his ‘Blog’.

“Can you send me the sound file? I’m gonna put it on the blog.” The guy said.
“Yeah, sure, I left it in the front room though,” the reporter said, standing up. “I’ll go get it.”

He walked off.

When the door closed, Tony jolted awake.

Peter looked over at him, and they locked eyes. Tony surveyed the room like Peter had, and saw his suit in the opposite corner, unreachable. He looked back at Peter.

“You okay?” He mouthed to him.

Peter nodded. “Are you?” He mouthed back.

“Could be worse.” Tony mouthed.

Peter would’ve laughed, if they were not in immediate danger. Of course Tony Stark would say that.

“Oh goodie, you’re awake.” The man sitting at the desk said, “I’ll be right with you, I just have to finish up this blog post.”

“So you’re with that creepy reporter, then?” Tony said, trying to figure out what this guy’s plan is.

“Uh, you mean Carl?” The guy said, “Yeah, he’s my buddy.”

“So you kidnapped me and my intern so you could, what, get some information to put on your blog?”

“We didn’t want to do it, Mr. Stark,” came a voice from the top of the stairs, “But when you didn’t tell Carl who Spiderman was, we had to take some… drastic measures.”
Peter and Tony looked up to the source of the voice. It was a short, older man, with a big stomach, using a cane to walk. Carl, the reporter, stood behind him.

“He’s like a cartoon villain,” Peter blurted out, then realized he was still supposed to be out. Oops.

“Oh, and the little boy is awake now. Perfect.”

“Hold on, who exactly are you?” Tony asked, trying to keep the attention off of Peter, “How do you fit into this?”

“I’m the son of the creator of the Daily Hero.” The man started, “My name is Cornelius Crane, and I’ve been in this business since I was a little boy.”

“No offence, Corn, but I don’t think there were such things as blogs when you were a kid.” Tony said.

“There weren’t.” Crane said, slowly walking down the stairs, “The Daily Hero started out as a newspaper, run by my father, during the Captain America days. It was the first Superhero ‘Gossip column’.”

“What gossip did you get on Cap?” Peter asked.

Tony shot him a look.

“I’m just curious!” Peter said, defending himself, “You’re allowed to ask questions when they’re telling you about their backstory!”

“You watch too much TV, kid.”

“It was hard to get gossip on Steve Rogers, but we found some things.” Crane continued, ignoring Tony and Peter, “We always prided ourselves on getting the truth out for the public, and most of the time we’ve succeeded.”
“So, you need me to tell you who Spiderman is? Is that the truth you’re looking for?” Tony asked, already bored of the situation. “Why the hell did you bring in my intern, then?”

“We figured you’d be uncooperative, so we needed some…leverage.” Crane said, nodding to Carl, who tossed the hard drive he was holding over to the guy at the computer, and then left the room. “If you do not cooperate, the boy will suffer.”

“What do you mean, suffer?” Tony asked, trying to keep his voice steady. He wasn’t sure he wanted to hear the answer.

Two muscular men walked in, one holding a baseball bat, the other one holding a gun. Carl walked in behind them, locking the door.

“I trust you understand, now?” Crane asked.

“Yeah. I get it. What do you need?”

“Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Stark” Carl said, once Tony had been seated across from them, with a camera pointing towards him, “I really didn’t want to get the information this way, but I gotta do what dad says, ya know? Family business and all that.”

“He’s your dad?” Tony asked, pointing at Crane.

“Yep, been working for him since I was young.”

“I get it. Dads can suck.”

“Let’s just get on with it, please.” Said Crane, rolling his eyes, “Would you like anything before we begin?”

“Uh, yeah,” Tony said, glancing at Peter, who was now being held up by one of the men, his hands still binded behind him. He looked like he was trying to put on a brave face, but Tony knew he was
afraid, not of the men and the weapons, but of his identity being leaked. It could spell disaster for May, his friends, anyone he’s ever known.

“I would just like to know the time.” Tony said, putting some emphasis on the word time, “I forgot my watch, which is, you know, fine, but if I don’t know an estimate of the time at all times, I get a little dizzy. I’m like a *bird*, or *hawk*, who can’t find any food, and I feel like I’m going, like, green from dizziness. I mean, if time were *frozen*, and I started out, I don’t know, in the *40s*, then woke up around a hundred years later, yeah, I’d be freaked out, you know? Time, man. It’s crazy.”

“Stop stalling, Mr. Stark,” Crane said, “We are going to get this information out of you eventually. Do not delay the inevitable.”

Peter knew Tony wasn’t stalling. He was obviously trying to tell Peter something, using their codeword for trouble (‘fine’), putting emphasis on weird words, rambling on about things that don’t make sense. Tony didn’t ramble, Peter rambled. Tony was always cool, and collected, and everything he said was (usually) well thought out.

What was he trying to say, though? He mentioned time a lot, and also made an obvious reference to Captain America and Hawkeye. Peter knew Steve would be of use right now, but he didn’t know how they could reach him. Was Tony telling him he was coming? And it was just up to time now? Or maybe-

Suddenly Peter’s spidey sense started to go off, but before Peter could react, he felt a sharp pain in his stomach, and doubled over. He had just been hit with the bat, by the big guy standing next to him.

“What was that?” Tony’s voice yelled, sounding angry and panicked, “I answered the question! I have not met Spiderman without the mask on! That is the truth!”

“Mr. Stark, if we believed you, you would not be here today.” Crane said. “Would you like to try that again?”

“You know, I feel like my *hands* are tied!” Tony said, hoping Peter would understand, “Every time you ask me that question, my answer will be the same!”

Peter stood back up, not letting them have the satisfaction of seeing him hurt. Then he figured if Tony’s code meant help was on the way, and it was up to time, he should probably try to stall for as
long as possible.

“Is that really the best you can do?” Peter said, grinning up at the guy, “My four year old cousin can hit harder than that!”

The man’s eyes widened.

“Hey, kid?” Tony called.

“Yep?” Peter replied, still staring down the man.

“Not a good time.”

“Sorry, sir, I just thought someone as creepy as this Corny guy could afford some stronger henchmen. I guess not.”

Tony shook his head. This kid did not know when to quit.

The man with the bat raised it again, but Carl stopped him this time.

“Hey, Jeff, you’re only supposed to do that if Stark doesn’t answer.” He said.

Tony nodded at him somewhat gratefully.

“Yeah, listen to mommy, Jeff.” Peter taunted.

“Peter!” Tony yelled, begging Peter to stop.

He was too late, though. Jeff dropped the bat and punched Peter in the face, making him fall out of the other guys’ arms and onto the ground. Peter jumped back up and shook it off. He’d been hit harder than that before. He was fine. But the fist came again. And he fell again. This time, though,
the punch must have shifted something in Peter’s brain. All this talk about time was referring to his watch! All he had to do was press the right button, and the avengers would come running! So the taunting was pointless. It was still fun, so no big deal.

Before getting up this time, Peter rolled onto his back, groaning and feigning pain. The satisfied look on Jeff’s face made him want to kick him in the balls, but he knew this was the safer option. Behind his back, he felt around for the button on the watch, and then pressed it. Help was officially on the way.

“Get him up.” Crane said, “We’re not done yet.”

Tony had given them a fake name. They had asked him repeatedly who Spiderman is, he had denied knowing his identity, but eventually he pretended to give in, and said that Spiderman’s real name is Rick Hills. They believed him, and Peter and Tony were left alone with Jeff while the others followed up on this lead. Jeff was under strict instructions not to kill them.

“So, Jeff, how’d you get into this business? Was McDonalds just not doing it for you?” Peter asked him.

“Peter, knock it off before you get killed.” Tony said, exasperated with Peter’s cocky attitude.

Tony was impressed with Peter though. He didn’t get hit too much, Tony made sure of it by dancing around all of the questions, but every time Peter fell, he got right back up again, and he never showed any pain. It was admirable.

“I killed some people. Five, to be exact.” Jeff said, taking Peter’s question seriously, “I was on a death sentence, but Crane got me out.”

“How?” Peter asked, actually interested now.

“I guess money can get people off the hook for a lot of things,” Jeff said, turning to Tony, “Isn’t that right, Tony Stark?”
Tony ignored his comment. “So how exactly will they be contacting Mr. Hills?” He asked, trying to figure out how much time they had.

“I don’t know, I’m just the muscle.” Jeff said.

“Steroids?” Peter said.

“What?” Jeff asked.

“Is that how you got your muscles? Steroids?”

Jeff just rolled his eyes, not wanting to get in trouble for accidentally killing this mouthy kid.

“Peter, are you wearing your watch?” Tony asked, trying to find out if the avengers were on their way, “Do you have the time?”

“Yes, I am wearing my watch.” Peter said, then nodded at Jeff, “I’ve been wearing it since this doofus whacked me in the face.”

Message received. The distress call went out when Peter got punched, the first time.

“Alright, kid, I’m under strict instructions not to kill you, but it’s getting real difficult.” Jeff said.

“I bet a lot of things are difficult for you. Reading, big words, finding your head when it’s so far up your-”

Peter was cut off by a blow to his face, knocking him on the ground, again. He spat out some blood.

“Hey!” Tony yelled, standing up, “That was not part of the agreement! I gave you Spiderman! You’re not supposed to hit him anymore!”
“That punch wasn’t business. It was personal.” Jeff said, laughing.

“It’s okay, Mr. Stark,” Peter said, standing back up, “If beating up teenagers who’s hands are tied behind his back makes him feel strong, we should let him do it. What’s that thing you’re always saying? Everyone needs a hobby.”

Jeff laughed. “I once killed three men, all armed with guns, wearing nothing but a pair of boxers. I think I can take you, kid.” He said.

“Okay, first of all; I want to hear that full story.” Peter said, “Secondly, if you really think you can take me, why don’t you prove it? Take these ropes off and we’ll go a few rounds.”

Tony smiled faintly. Peter reminded him of Steve. It was sweet. And his plan was actually starting to make sense. Anger the guy into taking off his bonds, then beat him up. He had no doubt that Peter could take him.

“I can’t. Company policy.” Jeff said, looking genuinely sad he couldn’t fight him.

“That’s okay.” Peter said, shrugging. “I didn’t want to hurt you, anyway.”

Jeff didn’t say anything, trying to ignore him.

“I know you’re already in a lot of pain. Emotional pain.”

“Pfft. I’m a man. I don’t get emotional.”

“That’s crap and you know it. You know what murder is? Emotions gone wild.”

“I like to see it as more of a distraction, or a hobby.”

Tony’s eyes widened. Distraction! Peter was distracting Jeff, so Tony could use the computer! Slowly, Tony spun around the computer. He used it to contact the avengers.
“What do you need a distraction from, Jeffrey?” Peter asked.

Tony looked over at him, and saw that, shockingly, Peter wasn’t putting on a show. He was genuinely trying to help this man who had hit him repeatedly. Honestly, this kid was a wild card.

“I don’t need a distraction from anything! Stop asking questions!” Jeff yelled, but Peter was persistent.

“Your emotions? Are you sad, Jeff? Are you covering that up with anger, or violence?”

“Enough! You aren’t allowed to speak anymore!”

“It’s okay, Jeff. We won’t judge you.”

Peter and Jeff went on bickering, and Tony was finding out more about the Daily Hero. They were small, but they were smart. It looked like they were getting close to finding out who Spiderman was. They knew that he was a teenager, and a genius, and were looking at three high schools he might be going to, one of them being Midtown. Too close. Way too close.

Tony went to work dismantling the blog, deleting their files, and sending some stuff to himself to check out later, such as their sources who had apparently been leaking things to them.

He had been able to get a hold of the avengers, who said they were about five minutes out. Which was good, because it was only a matter of time before Jeff lost his patience.

“I’M NOT A COWARD!” Jeff yelled, snapping Tony back to reality.

“If you’ll only fight a kid with his hands tied,” Peter said, “That makes you a coward.”

“Alright, that’s it.” Jeff said, getting up. “Let’s go. Turn around.”
Peter smiled, and turned around so Jeff could untie his hands.

“Hey, guys,” Tony said, “This isn’t necessary. Why don’t we sit here for a few minutes until the others get back.”

Peter understood. That meant the avengers would be here in a few minutes. But he didn’t care. The rope was starting to hurt his hands and he wanted to move around.

“There, now you’re untied.” Jeff said, “I have to tell you, this was a mistake. Now I’m not gonna hold back.”

“I’m really scared now, Jeff.” Peter said sarcastically.

Jeff swung at Peter, who dodged it easily, and grabbed Jeff’s hand.

“Jeff, buddy, you said you weren’t going to hold back?” Peter said, “That punch was weak, man. Come on, you can do better.”

Peter released his hand and took a step back. He was mostly just stalling, not actually trying to hurt Jeff. Every once in awhile Peter would let a punch connect, as to not raise suspicion. He was dancing around Jeff’s punches, making a few comments, making Jeff angrier and angrier. To be honest, it was kind of fun.

“Where did you learn to fight?” Peter asked, laughing.

Jeff stopped for a minute, breathing heavily and sweating. “At least I’m actually fighting, not just avoiding every shot. That’s not fighting, boy.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, you want me to hit you back?” Peter asked.

“I don’t even know if you know how.”

Peter laughed. “Alright, here we go then.”
Peter advanced, this time on the offensive instead of defensive. He swung at Jeff, who blocked it at the last minute.

“So, you’re all bark and no bite?” Jeff said, laughing.

“I’m not gonna bite you, dude.” Peter said.

Jeff moved forward to punch Peter, thinking Peter was done attacking, but with Jeff’s guard down, it was easier to hit him. He punched him right in the nose, causing him to topple backwards, holding his nose.

Jeff pulled his hands away from his nose, and looked at him, seeing they were covered in blood. He glared at Peter and made some sort of growling noise.

“What are you, a Furry?” Peter asked, laughing.

Jeff charged at Peter, who stepped to the side and tripped Jeff. He walked over and offered his hand to help Jeff up.

“Sorry, man, I didn’t think you’d go down that hard.” Peter said, genuinely feeling bad.

Jeff took Peter’s hand, but instead of using it to get up, he pulled Peter down onto the ground beside him, and holding his arms down with his knees, started punching Peter repeatedly in the face.

Tony looked up to see what was happening, and once he saw that Peter was currently helpless, he jumped into action, tackling Jeff away.

Jeff and Tony rolled on the floor, landing as many punches on each other as they could, when there was an explosion sound, then a shield hit Jeff in the head, sending him flying.

“Need a hand?” Steve asked Tony.
“You’re late.” Tony replied.

Chapter End Notes

crrazy turn of events! thanks for reading! :)

(also yes I'm aware peter doesn't have a cousin he was refering to amy but calling her
cousin is easier than saying "my four year old friend who i saved from being kidnapped
can hit harder than that!" so that is whats up)
hello everyone! i am sosososo sorry for taking so long to update! ive been super busy lately and i kept rewriting bits of this chapter cuz i was like never happy about it! but now its up to a standard that is ok i guess idk kinda ok. anyway as always thank u so much for ur comments n kudos n reads!!! i hope u enjoy this one!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The avengers were not pleased when they heard how Peter had handled his first hostage situation. Even Clint, although he found it funny, had scolded him. To be fair, though, at the time, Tony had given him the okay. Kind of. He didn’t try to stop him, and it helped everyone out! Tony got to use the computer without Jeff knowing! And Peter thought he had helped Jeff look inside himself and maybe find some answers as to why he was such a violent man. At least, he thought he helped him. Until he let his guard down, and got pummelled for it. Overall, he didn’t think it was a mistake, provoking the guy like that. It gave Tony some time to do a little research and find out more about these guys. But, the avengers were full of overprotective and fussy superheroes.

“Hey, kid,” Tony said, walking into Peter’s area of the hotel room, which was almost as big as the penthouse at Stark Tower, “How’s the bruises healing?”

“Fine, it doesn’t even hurt anymore.” Peter replied, checking out his wounds in his phone camera, “And the swelling is going down pretty quickly.”

“It’ll go down quicker if you actually use that ice we gave you.” Tony chastised, looking around the room, “Where is the ice?”

“Oh, uh, I didn’t really feel like I needed it for my face, so I tested how many I could fit in my mouth at once without them melting. I got up to maybe six and then got a brain freeze so that game was over.”

“You’re a weird kid, you know that?”

Peter just smiled and turned his attention back to the show that he had playing on the television, Brooklyn Nine Nine. Then the screen went black, and Peter frowned, turning to look at Tony, who was holding the remote.
“We aren’t done talking.” Tony said, sitting down on the bed.

“I know, I know,” Peter said, exasperated, “I didn’t react properly to the situation and I should’ve just hung back, etc etc.”

“That…wasn’t it. We already had that talk. Are you having some memory loss problems now, with all these head injuries?”

“What? No! Sorry, that's all I’ve been hearing the past hour since we got back.”

“Alright, well, anyway. I called Dominic, my friend who’s running the science fair, and he said that we’re going to redo the whole winners thing tomorrow.”

“Oh, great!”

“Yeah. Now you can watch your little show.”

“Oh, um, Mr. Stark?”

“What’s up, kid?”

“Can I still go to that party I was invited to? Normally I don’t really do parties but these guys are like really smart and seem like good people and-“

“Yeah, you can go.”

“Yes! Thank you!” Peter stood up and jumped on his bed, “I can’t wait! These guys are like… geniuses, Mr. Stark! You should’ve seen some of their stuff!”

Tony grabbed Peter’s leg, making him stop jumping.
“We need to set some rules, though.” Tony said.

Peter slumped down. “Of course we do.” He said, sarcastically.

“Okay, rule number one,” Tony said, ignoring Peter’s sarcasm, “You have to be back here by midnight, and if, for whatever reason, you can’t make it here at twelve on the dot you have to call me and tell me how long you’ll be, ok?”

“Yep, sounds good.” Peter said, not too upset with that rule. He hadn’t planned to stay later than that anyway.

“Rule number two,” Tony continued, “No Spiderman. Spiderman is not going to make an appearance at this party, and Peter Parker is not going to be climbing on any walls.”

“I don’t regularly show off Spiderman, Mr. Stark.” Peter said, rolling his eyes.

“Final rule.” Tony said, ignoring Peter, “No alcohol, no drugs. Got it?”

“Yes, Mr. Stark,” Peter said, sighing, “This isn’t my first ‘big kid’ party.”

“Alright.” Tony said, ruffling Peter’s hair, “You better get ready, then.”

Tony left, leaving Peter alone, with half an hour to get ready. Easy. All he had to do was shower, choose something to wear from the two outfits he brought with him, and prepare some icebreakers, so that he could actually talk to people. No problem.

Forty five minutes later, Peter was in the living room area of their huge hotel room, where all of the avengers had gathered, none of them wanting to leave, when they can stay in a five star hotel room, ordering room service to their hearts desire.
“I’m leaving now,” Peter said, then realized Tony wasn’t in the room.

All the avengers turned to look at him.

“Oh. Where is Mr. Stark?” Peter asked, somewhat awkwardly.

“Where are you going?” Clint asked, with his mouth full of pizza.

“Um, a party this kid is throwing.” Peter said, looking around for Tony.

“Oh, cool, can I come?” Clint asked eagerly.

“No way,” Peter said, shaking his head enthusiastically.

Clint threw a pillow at Peter and pouted.

“Tony went to get coffees,” Steve said, “He’ll be back in a minute.”

“Thanks, Cap.” Peter replied, nodding at him, then sat down next to him on the couch. “What are you guys watching?”


Peter chuckled. “So, it was Scott’s turn to pick a movie?”

“It’s a fun movie!” Scott defended.

Tony walked into the room and handed out everyone’s Starbucks orders.
“They’re making you their coffee runner now?” Peter asked, grinning, “I thought that was my job, you know, being an intern and all that.”

“You’re not really an intern, Pete, it’s a cover.” Tony said, rolling his eyes, “But I’d be happy to let you get the coffee next time.”

“That’s fine, you’re doing a great job.”

“Uh, no he isn’t.” Scott said, frowning into his drink, “I said a pinch of sugar and I can tell there is at least a spoonful, maybe more.”

“Here, switch with me, I got black but I’ll have anything,” Bruce said, offering his coffee.

“That doesn’t help at all, I need my sugar and milk!”

“Okay guys, cool it.” Cap said, perfectly content with his tea, “If you can do it better, you can get the coffee next time.”

“No, I’m pretty sure spider boy over here volunteered,” Sam said, gesturing to Peter.

“I didn’t volunteer! I don’t even drink coffee!” Peter protested.

“Pete, you’re gonna be late.” Tony said, looking him up and down, “Stark style. I like it.”

Peter looked down at his outfit, which wasn’t that impressive.

“What’s Stark style, my outfit?” Peter asked, confused.

“No, being late.” Tony replied, winking.
“Okay, well I’m going to head out now, so see you guys in a couple of hours?” Peter said.

“Nope, we’re taking the jet back to New York as soon as this movie ends,” Steve said, as the rest of the group groaned, both at having to watch through the entire movie and having to go home.

“Alright, see you guys when we get back I guess.”

“Bye Peter!”

“Have fun!”

“Be safe.”

“Go crazy!”

Various avengers called out as farewells.

“Do *not* go crazy.” Tony said sternly.

“Yeah, like I’m going to take Clint’s advice. See you later!” Peter called, leaving the room.

Peter nervously ran his hand through his hair as he walked up to the hotel room, which had loud music that he could hear getting off the elevator. He raised his hand to knock, but then lowered it again, wondering how anyone could hear his knocking through the door. Maybe he should just walk in? Or would that be considered rude? Was the door even unlocked? He reached out to grab the handle, but when he was inches away, the door flew open, startling him.

“Hey!” the boy who had opened the door yelled over the music, “Parker, right? C’mon in, man! Thanks for coming!”
“Thanks for the invite!” Peter yelled back, not quite remembering his name, and stepped inside.

He looked around. The room was big. Not as big as his hotel room, but still bigger than any room he’d been in before this weekend. And it was full of teenagers, dancing, sleeping, making out, drinking and eating. The usual.

“Come get some beer, dude!” The guy said, and Peter realized it was Kent Bailey, one of the five who were in the running for first place, and the one who had invited him to the party.

“No thanks,” Peter said, waving his hand, “I don’t drink.”

“That’s cool man, want some soda?”

“Sure.”

Peter followed Kent to the kitchen area of the hotel room, which had a fridge that was full of assorted drinks. Kent pulled out a coke and handed it to Peter, who smiled appreciatively.

A loud crash noise came from somewhere in the huge hotel room, and Kent groaned.

“I’m gonna have to go make sure nothing too expensive broke,” he said to Peter apologetically, “Or else I’ve gotta pay for it.”

He turned and ran off towards the source of the noise, leaving Peter with his coke, surrounded by people he didn’t know, who all seemed to know each other, somehow. He slowly sipped his coke as he looked around for a familiar face, and tried to figure out what he was supposed to do. He concluded that he knew no one in the building.

A girl walked past him carrying three cans in one hand very precariously, and her phone in the other. She tripped on a pair of pants (???) someone had left on the ground, but before she could fall, Peter, whose spidey sense kicked in, swiftly grabbed her with one hand so she wouldn’t fall, and caught two of the three cans with his hand, and somehow caught the third one with his foot, balancing it perfectly.
The girl didn’t say anything, just stared at him in shock as he handed her the drinks. He bent down to pick up her phone, which had flown out of her hand, and handed it back to her as well.

“Do you want me to carry one of those for you?” Peter asked, pointing to the drinks in her hand. “I mean, I’m sure you can handle it, but I thought I could, uh, I don’t know, help out a little?”

“Oh. My. God.” The girl finally said, her face breaking into a huge grin, “That was amazing!!”

“Oh, yeah,” Peter said, blushing, “It’s not a big deal, I’m just glad you’re okay and stuff.”

“Come meet my friends!” She said, handing him two of the cans, and pulling him towards a table in another area of the room, which seemed to keep getting bigger.

The girl’s friends happened to be really nice, so he spent most of the night with them. They spoke for awhile, about lots of things, ranging from what had happened the night before (No one knew Peter got abducted that night, and they were trying to keep it a secret.), to what their favourite movie was. After awhile, Julie (the girl who he had caught earlier) got up and pulled him over to where everyone was dancing, and Peter let himself be pulled, although he was a little worried about his dance moves. He knew he wasn’t the best at dancing. However, Julie thought his dancing was hilarious, and his newfound ability (thank you spider bite) to do flips and such also helped him out a bit. Mr. Stark may have said no Spiderman, but plenty of people can do flips, so he didn’t think this counted.

“Hey, Peter,” Julie yelled into his ear, “A bunch of us are going to an after party, you wanna come?”

“Uh, sure,” Peter said back, not really sure why there had to be an after party when there was already a perfectly fine party going on.

“All right, follow me!” Julie replied.

Peter followed her out of the room, into the much quieter hallway, and she led him to the elevator, where two other kids were waiting, one of them Peter recognized as Ketch, a kid who had made a super cool computer software program for his project. The other guy he didn’t recognize.

“Jules, who the hell is this?” The other guy said, “I didn’t say you could invite anyone.”
“Chillax, Trevor.” Jules said, rolling her eyes, “He’s my friend. He saved my life earlier.”

Trevor narrowed his eyes. “How did he save your life?” He asked suspiciously.

“Well, uh, I didn’t really save her life…” Peter started, rubbing his neck, “she was falling and I managed to, um, catch her at the last minute. It’s really not a big deal.”

Trevor didn’t say anything, just stared.

“Oh, I’m Peter by the way,” Peter said, smiling and holding out his hand for a handshake. Trevor didn’t take the hand, and Peter shoved it into his pocket awkwardly.

“So, uh, where’s the after party?” Peter asked, after a long pause, as the elevator rose to the top floor.

“It’s in the most expensive and nicest room in the hotel,” Julie said excitedly, “Some really rich guy is staying here, and Ketch has figured out a way to find out when they’re in the room or not!”

“They made reservations at the hotel restaurant, so they’ll be there for awhile,” Ketch said, pretending to sound bored, but Peter could tell he was proud of himself for figuring it out, “I’ve made sure their service will be extra slow tonight.”

“That part isn’t that impressive,” Trevor said, rolling his eyes, “All you had to do was bribe the waiters.”

Ketch scowled. “Whatever.” He said.

The elevator dinged at the top floor and they all got off.

“So just to clarify,” Peter said, feeling nervous, “We’ll be breaking into someone else’s room?”

“Oh yeah,” Ketch said nonchalantly, “But don’t worry, I’ve made a key that gets into every room.”
“No, I stole the skeleton key from the hotel manager.” Trevor corrected.

“Yeah, then I lost it, so I made a new key.”

Trevor and Ketch went on bickering as they walked, with Julie piping in here and there but mostly texting, and Peter was starting to panic. He was breaking into someone’s room. Spiderman was breaking and entering. This was a bad idea. He should just leave, go back to his room. They might laugh at him and call him names, but it wasn’t like he wasn’t used to stuff like that. They were about to pass his and Tony’s suite, and Peter opened his mouth to make some excuse like saying he didn’t feel good or something, when they all stopped outside his door. Peter frowned. Did they know this was his room? Did they get the wrong room?

Ketch bent down and stuck the key in the lock, and Peter understood. This was the room they were breaking into. The super rich guy was Tony Stark. Of course he would get the most expensive room, Peter should’ve realized earlier. Now he really didn’t know what to do. Should he tell them this was his room? Should he play along?

Peter was lost in his thoughts when Ketch nudged him. The door was open, and the only two left in the hallway were the two of them.

“You gonna go, dude? Or are you getting cold feet?” Ketch said, a crooked grin on his face.

“Uh, no, I’m down,” Peter said, stepping in to find his hotel room full of maybe ten or fifteen people.

They were sprawled out across the couch, watching TV, talking, eating, and a couple of them were drinking beer. Peter really had no idea what to do. If he called Tony, he probably wouldn’t be very happy with a bunch of teenagers trashing his room. Also, if he called Tony, none of these kids would like him anymore, and he kinda liked being part of the cool group, who went to secret after parties. It was cool. It made him feel accepted. But also it was a crime. And he was spiderman. He wasn’t supposed to be committing crimes. Not that he was. Technically this was his room, and he was here so…it was kind of his party? He was throwing a party? Cool.

“Peter, come over here!” Julie called. She was sitting on the couch with Trevor, Ketch and two other girls he didn’t know, but who looked a lot alike. Sisters, probably.

He walked over to them, and Trevor moved so Peter couldn’t sit next to Julie. He didn’t mind, he wasn’t planning on sitting anyway.
“Hey dude, want a beer?” Ketch said, from his position on the floor, with a pillow under his head.

“I’m fine, but thanks.” Peter replied.

“How old are you?” Trevor blurted out.

“Uh, fifteen.” Peter said, shuffling nervously. Something about Trevor made him nervous.

“Aren’t you a little young to be here?” Trevor said, glaring at him.

“Yeah, I guess so.” Peter replied, not really knowing how to answer that.

“Trevor, leave him alone.” Julie said, and Trevor got up and stormed away.

Julie patted the couch next to her. “Come sit down, Peter!”

“Uh, won’t your, uh, boyfriend be mad?” Peter said, gesturing to Trevor.

“Boyfriend?” Julie said, disgust evident on her face. The two girls next to her giggled.

“That’s her brother, dude,” One of the girls said.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry!” Peter said, sitting down, “I just thought-”

“It’s okay,” Julie said, laughing, “A lot of people do. He’s super overprotective.”

“Yeah, I can see that.” Peter said, finally relaxing, “I was feeling a little intimidated.”
“Don’t worry about it, he’s really a big softie,” one of the two girls said, “My name is May, by the way.”

Peter’s face lit up. “No way? That’s my aunt’s name!” He said, smiling.

“Is your mom’s name April?” The other girl asked, “Cause that’s my name, and May is my sister.”

“Uh, no,” Peter said, his face falling at the mention of his mom, “Her name was Mary.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” April said, “I didn’t realize she was-”

Peter cut her off before she could continue. “It’s okay, it happened when I was young.”

“How did it happen?” April asked softly.

“April, you’re being rude.” Julie said, “Leave him alone!”

“No, it’s, uh, it’s fine.” Peter said, standing up, “I’m just gonna go get some water or something.”

Peter walked away towards the kitchen. He didn’t expect to get emotional tonight. Honestly, it was kind of embarrassing. It was so long ago, he only had vague memories of his parents.

Suddenly his spidey senses went off, and before he could react, he bumped into Trevor-or, rather, Trevor bumped in to him- and got beer spilled all over him.

“C’mon, man.” Trevor said, trying to appear angry, but there was a hint of amusement on his face, “You made me spill my beer!”

Peter looked up at him, and he could tell that it wasn’t an accident, Trevor purposefully bumped into him. He got angry, suddenly. Something inside him snapped. Maybe it had something to do with the excitement of the night, or the mention of his mom, or the confusion of breaking into his own room, but he got hit with a wave of anger and aggression. He was sick of everyone pushing him around, and he knew he had done nothing to Trevor, so his dislike of him was completely baseless.
“What’s your problem, man?” Peter said, brushing himself off.

Trevor’s eyes narrowed. “Excuse me?” He said, shocked that someone was actually talking back to him.

“I’ve done nothing to you,” Peter said, fed up, “So why are you being a dick?”

Most of the people at the party had stopped what they were doing to watch what was happening. Except for Ketch, who was on the phone, facing the other way.

“Did you just call me a dick?” Trevor said, stepping forward.

“Oh, guys?” Ketch called out, putting his phone in his pocket.

“Not now, Ketch.” Trevor said, not taking his eyes off Peter, who was matching his glare with one of his own.

“Yeah, I did call you a dick. Are you unfamiliar with what that is? I wouldn’t be surprised, honestly.” Peter replied, mentally kicking himself for making a dick joke.

“Guys!” Ketch yelled, desperately trying to get their attention, “This is great and all, but—”

Ketch may have continued talking, but no one was listening, for Trevor had just punched Peter in the face.

Peter fell back, but managed to stay on his feet. To Trevor’s credit, he threw a good punch. He probably worked out, although anyone could tell that from his huge arms. Peter lunged at him, tackling him and pulling him to the ground. They each rolled around, landing punches on each other as the kids watching pulled out their phones, shouted encouragement, and made a few small bets on who they thought would win.

The fight was pretty equal, mostly because Trevor was strong and Peter was pulling his punches, like
he usually did. Still, Peter didn’t have to pull them that much. And a couple of times Peter had to pull a little less, if Trevor got him pinned down.

Peter jumped up, and so did Trevor, and Peter was winding down, realizing the fight was getting out of hand. He put his fists down, and raised his hands in a surrender position.

“This is dumb, man.” Peter said, “Sorry for tackling you, and calling you a dick.”

“Shut the hell up, dude,” Trevor said, lunging at Peter, and connecting a punch on his unprotected jaw.

Peter retaliated, figuring that Trevor was just a little drunk, and Peter had to tire him out, throwing easy punches and letting Trevor wear himself out. It was better than letting him take out his frustrations out on some other kid who can’t defend himself like Peter. It was pretty much a foolproof plan, until the door opened (which neither Trevor nor Peter had noticed, each being invested in the fight), and all of the kids got really quiet, some of them gasping. Peter looked up, and noticed the sudden change in atmosphere, and before he could begin to wonder what it was, he saw Tony Stark, Steve Rogers and Bruce Banner standing at the hotel door, looking angry, disappointed, and shocked.

“Oh, crap.” Peter said, grabbing Trevor’s arm before it could connect with his stomach, and twisting him around so he could see what had made everyone stop. Trevor’s jaw dropped when he saw Ironman, Captain America and the Hulk.

“What the hell is going on here?” Tony said, and everyone looked at each other, not knowing what to say, and extremely surprised that Tony Stark was staying at the same hotel as them, and they had broken into his room.

Peter stayed quiet as well, wishing he could melt into the floor.

“Parker, you better start explaining.” Tony said, crossing his arms and glaring at Peter.

Everyone spun around to look at Peter.

“Dude, you know Tony Stark?” Trevor said, his jaw practically on the ground.
Peter ignored Trevor. “Mr. Stark, it’s, uh, not what it looks like.”

“Looks like a party to me.” Bruce mumbled, looking around at the mess the place was in.

“Okay, so, it’s exactly what it looks like…” Peter said sheepishly, rubbing his neck.

“Okay, everyone, on the couch.” Tony ordered, and all the teenagers sat on the couch.

Peter tentatively followed everyone else, and sat down at the end of the couch.

“Nope,” Tony said, grabbing his shoulder and making him stand up, “You’re going to your room, with Cap. I’ll be dealing with you separately.” Tony said, and Peter stood up and started walking, with his head hung low.

Steve nodded, then led Peter to his room. Once they got there, Peter sunk down on the bed and rested his head in his hands. It was going to take a lot of explaining to get him out of this situation, which, to be fair, was barely his fault.

Steve just stood there, leaning on the wall with his arms crossed. He didn’t say anything, which, in a way, was worse than a Captain America Lecture™. Bruce walked in and inspected Peter’s injuries.

“You’ll be fine,” he said, nodding at him, “Nothing worse than you usually get.”

“I could’ve told you that.” Peter mumbled, feeling angry at being blamed for this situation.

“Peter, show some respect.” Steve said, frowning at him.

“It’s okay, Cap,” Bruce said, waving a hand.

“No, it’s not. You’re helping him out, making sure he’s okay, and he’s giving you attitude.”
“Steve, give the kid a break. He’s already in enough trouble, and as soon as Tony smells that alcohol on him-” Bruce paused, shooting a pointed look at Peter, “He’s gonna have it a lot worse.”

“Alcohol?” Peter said, confused, then he remembered Trevor spilling the beer on him, “Wait, no, it’s not what you think-”

“Really Peter? Drinking?” Steve said, looking disappointed and angry, running his hand through his hair as he paced around the room.

“Listen, Steve, really-”

“Save it, Pete.” Steve said, shaking his head.

Peter groaned, loudly. He was extremely frustrated that no one was listening to him. And that everyone was mad at him. And that he had gotten in a fight. That was stupid. He shouldn’t have done that. He shouldn’t have let his emotions taken over like that.

The door to his room opened, and Tony walked in. Peter looked up, and all he saw in his mentor’s eyes was disappointment.

“Rogers, Banner,” Tony said, nodding at them, “I’d like to be alone with the kid.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey hey hey!! angry dad tony coming up! even tho it wasn't rly peters fault tbh but whatever!! i guess they'll talk!!

thank u so much for reading! leave comments n kudos if u want!!! luv u xoxo

one more thing! how do u feel about the length of my chapters? r they too long? too short? i never rly know but i try to keep them consistent. let me know!
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Hey kiddos, im so so so sorry about the long wait!! i rewrote this scene so many times n hit so many blocks w it but i'm pretty glad with how it turned out!! thank u for all ur feedback n support, it means so much to me! i probably would've abandoned this by now if it weren't for all the support im getting! u guys make me want to do better so thank u for that!! (more comments at the end)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bruce and Steve filed out, with Bruce giving Peter a nod of encouragement. Tony closed the door behind them, and turned to Peter.

“I thought they were leaving after the movie.” Peter mumbled.

“Steve and Bruce decided to stay for dinner,” Tony said, rubbing his left hand and gazing at the floor.

“I’m sorry.” Peter said, ducking his head.

“Rule number three.” Tony said softly.

“Huh?”

“Rule number three. No alcohol, no drugs.”

“I wasn’t drinking!” Peter cried out, throwing up his arms in frustration.

“I’ve been drinking since I was younger than you, kid.” Tony snapped, “I think I’d know what alcohol smells like. So the question that’s going around in my head is, are you lying to me?”

“No! It’s not-” Peter paused, realizing no matter what he said, no one would believe him. “Forget it.”
Tony looked down at the young boy, seeing how frustrated and angry he was, and all of Tony’s own anger left immediately, replaced with sympathy.

“Move over.” Tony said.

“What?” Peter didn’t look at him, but his tone was harsh.

“I’m gonna sit down, so you’re gonna move over.”

Peter moved over, leaving enough room for Tony to sit down, but still wouldn’t look at him.

“I was a kid once too, you know.” Tony said softly. “Back in my old college days, I was pretty out of control. I remember this one time, it was the night before a big test. So I go to my dorm, decided I’d have a little bit to drink, you know, for the nerves, then do some studying.”

Peter didn’t say anything, but Tony could tell he was listening.

“Next thing I remember, some guy was shaking me awake, and I had an awful headache, just terrible, and I open my eyes, and find that I’m in a barn, surrounded by empty beer bottles and kittens, wearing nothing but a sock.”

Peter let out a noise that sounded like a laugh, but stifled it quickly, remembering he was mad at Tony.

“Turns out I had somehow gotten all the way to Montreal, without my passport or any money.”

“How did you get to Canada without your passport?” Peter asked, turning to face him, giving up on his anger and giving in to curiosity.

“I have no clue, kid.”
“Well, what did you do?”

“I borrowed some clothes from the guy who owned the barn, wandered to the nearest town, and used a phone in a restaurant.”

“Couldn’t you have just used the farmer’s phone?”

“He didn’t have one.”

“Who did you call, then? Your dad?”

Tony let out a humourless laugh.

“Howard? No, definitely not. He probably would’ve laughed at me, and told me I had it coming.”

“Oh.”

There was a silence that hung in the air, for a second, then Tony took a deep breath and continued.

“I called Rhodey. He was mad, though. Furious. Apparently he came into our dorm room, found a note on my bed that said ‘Gone leavin’, and called me a bunch of times. Obviously I didn’t have my phone on me, so I had no idea.”

“Why was he mad?”

“Cause he was worried. He thought I died or something, which, if you ask me, is a bit dramatic. Anyway, he drove all the way to Canada, brought me my passport and some money, and I treated him to some coffee as a thanks, and we headed back.”

“So, moral of the story, it’s okay to get wasted, as long as you’ve got a friend like Rhodes to pick you up?”
Tony looked up at Peter, seeing a mischievous grin on his face, and rolled his eyes.

“Don’t even joke, kid.” Tony said, “The moral of the story is don’t get wasted, it may make a for a great story, but it sucks.”

“I don’t really see any downsides to your story, apart from the headache you had.” Peter said, being completely genuine.

“No downsides? I missed my test, and the teacher refused to let me redo it, Rhodey didn’t talk to me for like, a week, and I have no memory of what happened between drinking a beer and waking up in a farm. I do know, however, that whatever I did while drunk resulted in me losing a couple of friends, somehow.”

“Oh.”

“Also, drinking that much leaves you with a bunch of health problems, and addictions, which suck. I’ve seen what it can do to people, I’ve experienced it firsthand, and I don’t want anything to happen to you. What I’m trying to say here is…don’t end up like me, kid.”

Peter looked down at his feet. This was the second time Tony had told him not to be like him, or to be better than him, which Peter couldn’t even comprehend. In his mind, Tony Stark was the greatest man ever. Sure, he had a rough past, but so does everybody. Ever since he was a little kid, Peter had looked up to him, and wanted to be just like him. He didn’t know how to communicate that with him, so he decided to just tell him the truth about tonight.

“I wasn’t drinking.” He said quietly, after a pause.

“You’re still sticking to that, huh?” Tony said, but he wasn’t being accusatory. He was starting to wonder if he had made a mistake, getting angry at him before hearing the whole story.

“Yeah. Some guy bumped into me and his beer spilled all over me. You can smell my breath if you want.”

Tony wrinkled his nose. “Gross, no thanks. I believe you.”
Peter looked up. “Really?”

“Yeah. I was just worried before, that’s why I snapped at you. I’m sorry.”

“I think Cap is mad at me…”

“I’ll talk to him. Don’t worry about it.”

“I’m sorry for worrying you guys…and ruining your night.”

“It’s fine, underoos. You didn’t ruin anything.”

Peter yawned.

“You better get some sleep, you’ve had an extremely long day. But tomorrow we have things to talk about, okay?”

“Yeah, I figured.”

Tony got up and walked towards the door, and Peter slid under his covers, fully clothed. Tony chuckled, then whispered a goodnight before leaving the room.

“Night Ironman.” Peter whispered back, already half asleep.

Tony walked into the living room, which was an absolute mess. Bruce and Steve were trying to clean up, which was nice, but unnecessary. Tony had just planned to tip the maids extremely generously. They’d probably seen worse.

“You guys don’t have to do that.” Tony said, walking to the kitchen to pour himself a cup of coffee.
“How did it go?” Bruce asked, walking over to the kitchen counter and sticking his hands in his pocket.

“Fine. Good. He wasn’t drinking.” Tony said, sliding a cup to Bruce.

“Yeah, he told that to us, too.” Steve said, walking up to them with a garbage bag, “What made you believe him?”

“Easy. I looked into his eyes and into his soul and I saw no alcohol inside of him.” Tony said, shrugging, “Coffee?”

Steve shook his head no. “The truth, now?”

“I don’t know, Rogers. I guess I just know my kid.” Tony replied.

Bruce and Steve glanced at each other when they heard Tony say ‘My kid’, but didn’t comment on it.

“Well, we better head back to New York now.” Bruce said, standing up, “Thanks for the dinner.”

“Yeah, alright. Sorry about… all of this.” Tony said, gesturing around the room.

“It’s no problem, Tony, we were glad to help.” Steve said, heading towards the door, “Tell Peter good luck for tomorrow!”

“Tell me yourself.” A voice mumbled, making everyone turn.

It was Peter, walking out of his room groggily.

“You’re supposed to be asleep, kid.” Tony said, crossing his arms, “You’ve got a big day tomorrow.”
Peter rubbed his eyes and continued towards the kitchen. “I was thirsty. And snacky.”

Steve laughed, while Bruce shook his head, amused. Tony rolled his eyes.

“See ya later, Peter!” Steve said, stepping out the door, “Good luck tomorrow!”

“Good luck to you too, Tony.” Bruce said, chuckling.

The door closed, and Tony turned around to find Peter standing at the fridge, with the fridge door open, looking inside.

“C’mon kid,” Tony said, walking towards him, “Get some water and go back to bed.”

Peter turned to look at him. He looked like he was half asleep. “Water?” He said, blinking.

“Right over there, buddy.” Tony said, handing him a glass and pointing to the sink.

Five minutes later, Peter went off into his bedroom, equipped with a glass of water and a belly full of crackers. Tony shook his head and laughed, quietly, to himself, then headed into his own room. He had some paperwork to fill out, and he had to do some research on these guys who had kidnapped them, make sure he got them all.

“Mr. Stark! Wake up!” Peter said, shaking Tony.

Being in Tony’s room probably was a violation of some boundaries, but at this point he didn’t really care. If they didn’t leave immediately, or in at least five minutes, they were going to be late. Peter had been debating whether or not to wake up Tony all morning, but eventually he figured Tony would appreciate getting woken up, and had not meant to sleep this long.

Tony slowly started waking up, and opened up one eye, to see a very eager Peter in front of his face,
upside down.

“What the hell are you doing on the ceiling, kid?” Tony said, rubbing his eyes.

“We have to go! Like now!” Peter said, flipping onto the ground.

“What? What time is it?”

“Ten a.m.!!!”

“What??”

Tony sat up, and grabbed the clock on the bedside table, which read 9:58am.

“Yeah, so, can we go?” Peter said, shifting from foot to foot.

“Yeah, just give me a minute to get ready.”

Twenty minutes later, Tony came out of the room, looking still tired, but definitely presentable. He had showered, shaved, changed, the works.

“Ready to go?” He asked Peter, already heading towards the door.

Peter bounced after them, and they went downstairs to the parking garage, and got in the car. The crowning of the winners for the science fair and the celebratory cake had been moved to a different location, for safety reasons. A location that was exactly half an hour away, according to google maps (and Karen, who Peter had checked with briefly just to make sure google was accurate.) It started at 10:30am, and although Peter knew who he was dealing with, and it was inevitable to be late with him, he planned for the best. And it had gone perfectly to plan. Peter set Tony’s clock thirty minutes fast, so really, when he woke him up, it was 9:28am, not 9:58am. He was hoping that Tony would be too rushed to check his watch, because he forgot that some people actually wear watches. And it worked. Tony thought it was currently 10:28am, when in reality, it was 10:08am. They would arrive there early, and all would be fine.
“Don’t worry, Peter, we’ll get there by 10:30.” Tony reassured Peter.

“Yeah, I know.” Peter said, hiding a laugh.

Tony looked at him. “What’s going on? Why are you laughing?”

“Uh… Full disclosure? It’s 10:08am. I changed the time on your clock.”

Tony stared at him. Then looked at the time display on the car. “You little…” he started.

“What? You’re late! It’s in your nature to be late! I had to do it!”

“I was going to say genius. That’s pretty smart. Good work.”

Peter beamed at the praise from his mentor that should’ve been a scolding, and they took off.

Chapter End Notes

hey! i hope u enjoyed!! i had alot of trouble writing the tony and peter scene, but all of your comments were super helpful- especially faedra's comment (idrk how this works so idk how to like tag accounts or anything) but yeah faedra's comment gave me some inspiration about what to write so thank u for that!!

so what do u kiddos think? did u like it? did u hate it? r u looking forward to anything? what do u think is gonna happen next? whos gonna win the science fair? leave comments if u want! thanks for reading!!

xoxoxox
“Welcome students, parents, and friends.” Mr Edmunds said into the microphone, to the crowd that was significantly smaller than the one at the actual science fair, and far more nervous. “Thank you for returning to hear the results. What happened last time was unfortunate, and I understand why you would be nervous, but we can assure you there is no risk of any danger this time. We have Tony Stark’s personal security team here, keeping us safe.”

Peter turned to look at Tony. “Your personal security team?” He asked, wondering why Tony hadn’t told him before.

“Yup, Mr Serious Business is watching over us right now,” Tony replied, nodding towards the door on the other side of the room, where Happy was standing, with a no-nonsense expression.

Peter’s face lit up upon seeing him, and considered going over to say hi, but figured it wasn’t the best idea. Happy hated to be interrupted when he was working, especially when it’s some serious business like protecting lives or whatever.

“After the awards ceremony, there will be a small reception down the street, which will also be surveyed by security. There will be live music, drinks and food, and I hope to see you there.” Mr Edmunds continued. “Now, without further ado, may the following please come up onto the stage? Kent Bailey, Trevor Collins, Joyce Sharp, Peter Parker, and Natalia Baker!”

The group lined up on the stage, Trevor and Peter giving each other a wary look, but not saying anything.

“First of all, the two honourable mentions. These two students have demonstrated intelligence, creativity and ingenuity, and we are thrilled to have them here today. Natalia Baker and Trevor Collins, please come and accept your awards!”

There was polite applause from the crowd, which was still nervous, despite the added security. Mr Edmunds shook Natalia and Trevor’s hands and handed them each a certificate and an iTunes gift card. Natalia then turned and walked past Kent, Peter and Joyce, shaking each of their hands on the way off the stage. Trevor followed suit, not meeting Peter’s eyes when he shook his hand.

“Now, for our third place winner, we have a student who came here with strong ideas, and a go-getter attitude. Ladies and gentlemen, please give it up for Kent Bailey!”

Kent Bailey walked up to Edmunds, beaming with pride. A couple cameras flashed, and a man who Peter assumed was Kent’s father whistled. Edmunds shook Kent’s hand and handed him an envelope and a small trophy. Kent, like Trevor and Natalie, shook Peter and Joyce’s hands as he
walked off stage, and whispering a good luck to them both.

Peter was bursting with nervous excitement. He had honestly never expected to get this far. And he was overjoyed to be sharing the stage with such geniuses. He looked over at Tony in the audience and could see the pride in his eyes. He also noticed Happy in the back, pretending not to watch, but Peter could tell he was proud of him as well.

“In the second place, this student is a creative genius, who is revolutionizing the way we get around. Please put your hands together for Peter Parker!”

The crowd applauded, politely, which Peter expected, since he only had Tony with him. Peter walked towards Edmunds, grinning from ear to ear, and heard Tony whistle for him, and heard a cheer come from the back of the room, no doubt from Happy.

“Congratulations, Mr Parker,” Edmunds said, handing him a trophy and an envelope, and shaking his hand.

“Thank you, sir,” Peter replied, beaming.

Peter shook Joyce’s hand, saying congratulations, and walked off the stage towards Tony. As he navigated his way through the crowd, Mr Edmunds was talking about Joyce’s amazing project, and how much it would be contributing to science. Peter agreed. He was completely okay with Joyce beating him out for first, her project was definitely superior. She had made a recyclable water bottle that filters dirty water, making it completely drinkable. He’d have to find her later to talk to her about it.

Peter found Tony, who immediately brought him in for a hug.

“Nice job, kid,” Tony said when they broke off, ruffling his hair. “You deserved first if you ask me.”

“Are you serious? Did you see what Joyce made? She’s a genius! She definitely deserved first place, but to be honest I don’t think she even needs to go to college!”

“Alright, fanboy, calm down. Ready to head to the reception?”

Peter nodded and followed Tony outside.

“So, you live on your own?” Peter said, mid-conversation with Natalie Baker.

“Yeah, I moved out of the house when I was fourteen, and lived with my friend for about a year, saving up some money, then I got a place of my own. It’s small, and kind of crappy, but it’s a home!” Natalie replied, shrugging.

“But…why?” Kent asked, standing beside Peter, a cookie in one hand and a pizza slice in the other. Peter didn’t know where the pizza had come from, they weren’t serving it at the reception.

“Oh, you know. My mom just kind of left, said she was going to get some magazines then never came back. My friend’s parents took me in, but after a while, it was getting cramped, and I had saved up enough money, so I moved out.”

“Wow. Is it hard?” Peter asked.

“I mean, yeah, sometimes. Juggling school and working is kind of difficult, but I manage.”
“That’s wild, dude.” Kent said, mouth full of pizza. “What about you, Peter?”

“What about me?” Peter asked, still trying to get his head around Natalie living on her own.

“You’re a year younger than us, you’re here with Tony Stark, and you managed to come in second place. What’s your deal, dude?”

“Uh, well, I guess I got in cause of Mr. Stark, but he says that I got in because they were really impressed with my previous grades and work and stuff.” Peter replied.

“Okay, how do you know Tony Stark, then?” Natalie asked, then gasp and whispered, “Is he your dad?”

“What?” Peter said, turning red, “No! No, he’s-um, well…I’m an intern at Stark Industries.”

“Stark Industries doesn’t offer internships,” Trevor said, who’d been listening to the conversation but not contributing until now. “I know, because I’ve applied a bunch of times. So what’s the real deal, man?”

Peter opened his mouth, but no words came out. “Uhh…” he said, trying to figure out what to say.

Suddenly, he felt a hand on his shoulder.

“The ‘real deal, man’,” the owner of the hand said, who happened to be Tony, “Is that Mr. Parker here is my protégé.”

Trevor looked up at Tony, trying to appear tough, but Peter could see he was intimidated.

“But I thought Stark Industries didn’t offer internships, at least not to high school students.” Trevor replied.

Without missing a beat, Tony replied confidently, “It’s a new program we’re trying out. We pick who we think the brightest kid in the area is, and bring him into work alongside me, get a fresh view on things. So far, it’s been extremely successful, right Peter?”

“Uh, yeah, totally.” Peter said, fascinated by how easy this was for Tony.

The rest of the kids nodded, accepting the explanation.

“Well, Pete, we better get on the road.” Tony said, patting Peter on the shoulder, “I’ll let you say goodbye, and I’m going to start the car up.”

Tony walked away to start the car, and Peter and a couple of the other kids exchanged numbers, before Peter jogged off to meet Tony in the car.

As he was leaving, a hand grabbed his shoulder and stopped him. Peter looked up to the owner of the hand, who turned out to be Happy.

“Hey, Happy, working hard or hardly working?” Peter asked, grinning.

“Funny.” Happy said curtly, looking around, alert. “Good work, Peter. I’m proud of you.”

“Thanks, Hap.” Peter replied, slightly surprised at the blatant display of emotion from Happy, who was currently on duty.

“Yeah, whatever.” Happy was clearly embarrassed. “Get going, kid.”
Happy gave Peter a shove, and Peter jogged off to the car, chuckling.

“How much longer till we get home?” Peter whined.

Tony glanced at him. “We’ve been driving for ten minutes.” He said.

“It feels like forever. Let’s stop at McDonald’s.”

“You just ate!”

“McDonald’s isn’t about the food, Mr. Stark. It’s about the experience. Also, I’m still hungry.”

“You’re ridiculous.”

Ten minutes later, they pulled out of the McDonald’s drive through with a happy meal for Peter and a black coffee for Tony.

“Mr. Stark. You are the bomb. The bomb.com. The baguette.net. The-” Peter said, wracking his brains for more rhymes.

“You don’t need to go on, kid. I get it. I rock.” Tony said, waving his hand.

Peter beamed, then started on his food.

“Y’know, Pete…” Tony started, glancing over at Peter, “You don’t have to keep calling me Mr. Stark.”

Peter looked up, eyes wide. “What do you mean?” He asked, “What am I supposed to call you?”

“Probably just my name. It’s Tony, you did know that, right?” Tony replied, teasing him.

“Oh! Tony, right, of course.” Peter said, looking half relieved, but also half dejected.

“Yeah…what were you thinking?” Tony asked, arching his eyebrow.

“Uh…Iron…Anthony. I thought you meant Anthony. But obviously it would be Tony, no one calls you Anthony.” Peter rambled.

“Right…”

They drove in silence for a while, Peter blushing slightly.

“Hey kid, are you ever gonna share those fries?” Tony said, reaching over and sticking his hand in the happy meal box.

“Hey, hey, hey!” Peter cried, pulling the box away from him. “You’re supposed to wait for an answer before actually taking it!”

“Who paid for it?”

“When you buy something for someone, it becomes their property! Just because you paid for it doesn’t mean it belongs to you. You paid for it then gave it to me, therefore it is now mine.”

“Alright, Mr. Therefore, just hand me over some fries.”
Peter poured a couple of fries into Tony’s hand.

“Thank you. That wasn’t so hard, right?”

“It was the most difficult thing I’ve ever had to do. Ever. In my life.”

Tony rolled his eyes.

---

Peter was fast asleep when they arrived at his apartment building. Tony checked the time. It was 4:00 pm. Not even close to his bedtime.

“Alright Spiderman, time to wake up.” Tony said, shaking Peter a little.

“Huh?” Peter said, rubbing his eyes.

“We’re home.” Tony said, stepping out of the car.

Peter hopped out of the car, and ran to the doors of the building, no doubt excited to see his aunt.

“Hey, Pete!” Tony called out, “I could use some help here?”

Peter stopped, turned around, and jogged back to the car, smiling apologetically.

“Sorry, I just haven’t seen May in a few days, and, you know…”

“You miss her.”

Peter smiled, and reached for his bag, but Tony grabbed his hand.

“Go see your aunt, kid.” Tony said, nodding towards the building.

Peter smiled and ran off into the building as Tony watched.
Peter sprinted up the stairs to his apartment, not bothering to take the elevator, because it was broken, as usual. Once he got up to his apartment, he dug into his pocket for the key and unlocked the door as fast as possible.

He stepped through the door, and was immediately filled with a warm feeling at the sight of his aunt, cooking and humming softly in the kitchen.

“May!” He said, running over to her with his arms outstretched.

“Peter!” She cried out, equally excited, and opened her arms to welcome his hug.

They held each other for a minute, each one breathing in the familiar smell of home.

“How did it go!” May asked, after they had let go, “Tell me everything!”

“I will in a minute, but first I have to help Tony with the bags.” Peter said, kissing May on the cheek.

“Okay, but hurry back!” May said, turning around to face the oven, “I’ve got a walnut loaf almost ready to come out!”

Peter grimaced, knowing how bad May’s cooking can be.

“Can’t wait, May!” He said, fake cheerfully, then sprinted out the door.
“What’s the matter?” Tony said when he saw Peter sprinting towards him.

“Nothing.” Peter said, stopping right in front of Tony. “I just thought you could use some help with the bags.”

“Peter, I think I can carry a few bags the short distance to the elevator.”

“Elevator’s broken.”

“What?”

“It’s broken. I don’t know if it’s ever worked, to be honest.”

“So the whole time you’ve lived here, you’ve had to walk up a bunch of flights of stairs?”

“Yeah.”

“Even when you broke your leg in seventh grade?”

“Yeah… Wait, how did you know about that?”

Tony grinned. “May and I talk, you know.”

Peter made a face, knowing May’s personal feelings about Tony Stark. “You do?”

“Yup. Anyway, May must be wondering where we are. Let’s go.”
“Uh…the bags?”

“Okay, fine, if you really think I’m so weak I can’t even carry a couple of bags-”

“Well, you are kind of short…”

Tony looked shocked. “I’m going to pretend you didn’t say that. As I was saying, we’ll compromise. You take one duffle and the backpack, I’ll take the other duffle. Deal?”

“Sure!” Peter said, scooping up the heavy duffle bag like it was nothing.

Once they made the long journey up to Peter and May’s apartment, May greeted Tony with a hug. When Peter saw his mentor and his aunt (who claims she doesn’t even like his mentor) hugging, he was extremely confused, and couldn’t hold it in any longer.

“Okay, what the hell?” Peter said, shocking both May and Tony.

“What’s the matter with you, Peter?” May asked, her brows furrowed.

“What’s going on with you two? You talk now? You hug now? What is this? Is Tony going to be my new uncle? I thought you didn’t even like him, May!”

They were all quiet for a minute, absorbing what they had heard.

“You don’t like me?” Tony asked May, a grin tugging at the corner of his lips.

“Calm down, Tony. That was before we became friends. And no, Peter, Tony is definitely not going to be your new uncle. That is- thats just- well, no.” May said, waving her hands around to emphasize her point.

Tony looked at her quizzically. “You were pretty enthusiastic about that.” He noted.
“Oh my god Tony. First of all, you aren’t even my type! At all! Second of all, you have a girlfriend!”

“I know. I’m not saying I’m into you, I’m just saying you seemed disgusted at the mere thought of us going out.”

“Okay, can someone please explain this sudden friendship to me?” Peter asked, thoroughly confused by the whole situation.

“Well, Peter,” May started, “I saw how much you looked up to him, and I figured that anyone that cares about you as much as he seems to is okay in my books. And also, because you two have been spending so much time together, I was kinda forced to talk to him.”

“Oh. Okay. Sorry for freaking out. It’s just kinda…weird? You guys are like two separate parts of my life so…it’ll just take a little adjusting.” Peter said, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Would it make you more comfortable if I left?” Tony asked, looking dejected.

“No!” Peter said, “Stay! May just made a walnut loaf!”

Tony made a face. “Uh, on second thought, I actually do need to leave…”

“Stop it, guys.” May said, gesturing with a knife, “I looked up some cooking lessons online, and now I’m actually a master loaf maker!”

“I think the fact that you have to threaten us with a knife says different.” Tony joked, earning a snicker from Peter.

“You are both going to eat this, and you are going to like it!”

The evening proceeded like that, the three of them laughing, teasing each other, and talking about the trip. Tony brought up the party Peter accidentally had, and Peter spent a very awkward ten minutes explaining what had really happened, as two adults glared disapprovingly at him. Once he explained the whole thing, they were laughing again, and talking about everything and anything, and Peter was filled with a warm feeling. This was it. This was his family.
A few days later, Peter came home from school to find his elevator not only fixed, but upgraded to a much faster and smoother elevator. He grinned, knowing exactly who was responsible.

Peter’s family had changed. He now not only had an Aunt May, he also had a whole crew of (mostly) responsible adults looking out for him, a group who called themselves the avengers. He also had a little sister, now, who lived in Cambridge, and he got to visit every month. Best of all, he had a Tony Stark, who he spent as much time as possible with, and became one of the most important figures in his life.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! So this will be the end of this fic, but! I may be writing a sequel! It might not be ready for a little while because I am working on another project right now, and on top of that I have school!

But anyway, thank you so much for all of the love on this fic! I never expected all the attention that this fic has gotten, and I appreciate it so much! I thought I'd write about two or three chapters and give up, but your support has kept me going! So thank you!

check out my tumblr if u wanna? https://timetravelspider.tumblr.com/

Thank you for supporting me on this journey!! xoxo!!

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