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Relationship: Peter Parker & Tony Stark, Ned Leeds & Peter Parker, Peter Parker & MJ, Pepper Potts/Tony Stark, Bruce Banner/Natasha Romanov, James "Bucky" Barnes & Peter Parker, Bruce Banner & Peter Parker, Wanda Maximoff/Vision, Eddie Brock & Peter Parker & Venom Symbiote, Peter Parker & Flash Thompson, Harley Keener/Peter Parker
Character: Peter Parker, Tony Stark, Pepper Potts, Ned Leeds, May Parker (Spider-Man), Ben Parker, Natasha Romanov (Marvel), Bruce Banner, Steve Rogers, Clint Barton, Flash Thompson, Michelle Jones, Helen Cho, Eddie Brock, Harley Keener, Original Characters, Wade Wilson, Matt Murdock
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Series: Part 1 of The Many Lives of Peter Parker
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Put The World On Mute

by Danesincry

Summary
When Peter Parker was six, he lost his hearing and his parents. He was a brilliant kid.

When Peter was 13 he lost his Uncle Ben. He was accepted into a wonderful school and program.

Peter doesn't like to tell people he's deaf, or that he was an orphan. He didn't want people to pity him. He just wants to become the best that he can. So when he gets bitten by a radioactive spider and gains powers, then his childhood hero comes in and tells him he can be great, you know he's going to throw himself in head first and ignore the fact that he probably should tell his new father figure that he's deaf. Wups.

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Please read all chapter notes.

If you are sensitive to death, panic attacks, or gore, please be careful. There is a lot of violence once it goes from Civil War on. This is not a light hearted story. Beware.

Notes

I know Helen Cho 99% wouldn't do this, but since his parents jobs (that i'm basically assigning) was dangerous and the companies they were doing experiments for in a third party manor for, they sent her in to make sure everything was okay and that Peter wasn't effected by it. Cho also interacting with Peter when he's young will come to play a big role, so buckle up and hold onto that though. And I don't know that much science, so also get ready for so much inaccurate shit. Its for the plot.

And I know that there's probably a huge timeline and actual times for these events, but c'mon guys. I have swiss cheese memory and I am writing this at 12am. I have class in about 7 hours. College sucks.

But please understand that I don't mean to offend anyone by anything I write. I'm just a college kid trying their best at Marvel.

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Mary Parker: Biochemical engineer. She works closely in human and animal experimentation to try and cure disease. She is a kind woman that aims to cure cancer and major illnesses. She follows a strict moral code to never experiment on live subjects. She loves her husband and her son, and would trade the world for them. She is kind and has never truly done harm. Her research just uses chemicals and biological elements that are usually not used. She has grown many body parts based off of her own body.

Richard Parker: Mechanic and bio engineering(?). Richard works closely with human body parts, using the body parts that Mary will grow for him. He incorporated them into his work to make prosthetic and machines to better the world.

Both of them kept their work locked up, and Peter is the one heir to the work, so when he turns 16 he gains all of their research and labs. That is why his parents are killed and that they
try to kill Peter, but they are told he is not Peter, but Ben’s own son, and they kill Ben instead.
Origins

Peter Parker was born a healthy, normal, and happy boy. He grew up with two loving parents, Mary and Richard. They were proud of Peter, who seemed eager to learn anything he could. When he was only six, he would watch the TV in awe. He would stare up at whatever Stark Industries had put out next, mumbling nonsense to himself. Peter was showing that he wanted to grow up and be a great creator like Mr. Stark, and his parents hesitantly approved.

So they decided, for his sixth birthday, he would go to the Stark Expo. At the Stark Expo, the venue was attacked and poor Peter was caught up in it. It scared his parents how he just stood up, no fear in his small body, holding a hand up to the threat. They were thankful that Iron Man had suddenly intervened and got rid of the threat, barking a small command for Peter to run. Little did Tony Stark know that the small boy would grow to be something great. He didn’t even know the small boy belonged to two brilliant parents, who worked underground in labs to help for a cause of their own.

When Peter was only six, two months after the Stark Expo, he was in a car crash. A jeep hit the car that his parents rented out to drive him down to DC. The small car tumbled and all Peter could hear was screams, until something exploded nearby and he could only hear ringing, then he had blacked out.

When Peter woke up, it was slow. His vision swirled and he could feel vibrations from whatever he was laying on, and an insistent tapping almost coming from near him. He had only focused when someone’s hand came in contact with his own. He blinked and looked up to see his Aunt May holding his hand. She was crying as she spoke, Uncle Ben standing behind her, gripping her shoulder.

“I… can’t hear you.” Peter spoke out. He couldn’t hear his own voice, but he could feel the vibrations going up his neck. Panic surged through the small boy and reached out towards his family, tears forming in his eyes. “Auntie! Uncle! I can’t hear! Where is mom and dad?!”

His Aunt burst into tears again as she reached her other arm out to Peter to wrap him into a hug. He could feel the vibrations of her voice against his small shoulder as she cried into his shoulder.

It didn’t take Peter long to connect two and two as his Aunt cried. He wasn’t dumb. The accident… his parents must have died, and something must have snagged his hearing.

When May broke from the hug, she wiped her eyes and looked up, catching Peter’s attention that a new person stood in the room. A young woman stood there, her brown eyes watching the three from where she stood with her clipboard. The woman spoke up again to Aunt May and Ben, and the two nodded. This prompted the women to walk to the chair on the other side of Peter’s hospital bed and sit down. She smiled at Peter and wrote something down on her clipboard and passed it to Peter. He looked at it and read the roughly written English.

“Hello, dear. My name is Helen Cho. I was assigned to you and your parents due to their jobs and connections. I have a few questions. Can you please answer them?” Her handwriting said.

Peter nodded and handed the board back. It only took her about 20 seconds for Doctor Cho to write out questions. She handed it back and Peter wrote his responses.

Name: Peter Benjamin Parker
Birthday: August 8th
Age: 6
Where do you live: Queens
Parent’s job: Scientists
What date do you remember last: October 15th
What do you remember last: A car accident and a loud explosion. Are my parents okay?

Peter handed it back and Doctor Cho looked over it and chewed on her lips before writing something down.

“Your parents didn’t make it. You were lucky that the explosion was as far away as it was, you had minor burns that are gone. Your eardrums ruptured and metal managed to get into it. We removed the metal and tried to aid the healing. But we fear that it is too far gone. Your Aunt and Uncle will take you in, and if you choose to get extensive surgery, we can try to reconstruct your hearing, or get you aids.”

Peter blinked up at Doctor Cho and teared up. He started to tear up. He didn’t understand why this was happening to him. He was a good kid.

“No… I just want my mom and dad…” Peter knew that wasn’t possible. He was a smart six year old.

Doctor Cho pat his shoulder softly and gave him a sad smile. He could tell she felt bad for him, who wouldn’t. Doctor Cho then stood up and turned to May and Ben, and spoke. Peter couldn’t hear what was happening, but May and Ben understood perfectly.

“You two are probably wondering why I was called. We all know that your brother and his wife dealt with heavy chemicals and research that was groundbreaking. I was sent to clear their bodies and see if they were contaminated. Since they weren’t truly contracted with OsCorp, or Stark Industries, they are a dangerous territory. People who are bad knew of them. This was most likely a hit job.” Cho spoke truthfully. “Their bodies held many contaminants from what we could pick up, but thankfully Peter is clear. I’m sorry about all of this. OsCorp is going to be paying for most of this, but they cannot cover his hearing recovery or aids.”

“We understand.” Ben nodded. “We will raise him to be better without it. Thank you…”

“No problem.” She waved it off. “I just hope the boy can grow up without grief.”

And with that, the doctor left with a small smile and wave to Peter.

After Peter was discharged from the hospital, May and Ben started to teach him sign language and how to properly read lips. Peter caught on quickly and by the time he was eight could function normally. He didn’t need much help, besides extra notes and a few aids to when he can’t see instructions or important information. He went home and reread his material and studied larger topics on the side. The fact that his parents were great scientists fueled him, next to how he idolized Tony Stark and his inventions.

“Hey, May.” Peter glanced up from the homework he was working on to catch her confirmation that she heard him. He got good at volume control over the years. He was turning ten that year. “Do you think that one day I can be as big as Tony Stark?”

Peter could see May pause, and Ben look up from his book in the corner of his eye.

“Why do you ask, Peter?” May asked as she turned her body more towards him, making her face more visible. Peter easily read her lips and could tell she was hesitant.

“I dunno. I study hard and get the best grades in my class. I want to start messing with broken stuff
before Uncle Ben throws it out.” Peter shrugged and focused his attention to May.

“Peter…” Aunt May trailed off as she glanced at Ben. She seemed very wishy washy on Mr. Stark ever since everything started to pick up around him. “Honey, I don’t think you should throw yourself out there like Mr. Stark does. You should be a civil engineer if you want. You’re only ten, though.”

“I know. But I am just thinking about the future! Everyone is going to look for more people to help when the big people can’t help!” Peter grinned at his aunt, and May just sighs and smiles at Peter.

Peter never truly dropped his want to be a hero, or at least his want to actually create machines that would help further man.

Peter was only 13 when Ben Parker died.

Peter and Ben were walking through the corner store. Peter was going into highschool and he had managed to get into Midtown. Ben and May had deemed it a time to celebrate right before school started so Peter started off on a good foot. The two were picking up a small cake, when shots suddenly went off.

Loud noises, peter could barely hear. It sounded like a paintball gun almost, but softer. It made him flinch at the sudden ability to hear something small before he realized that whatever it was, was loud and a threat. He quickly turned to Ben and saw he looked shell shocked. Peter grabbed Ben and brought him to the ground with himself. Peter could feel Ben pull him closer, trying to get his attention as Peter tried to glance around. Then he saw the man with a gun. He was quickly moving around. He was looking for someone.

Ben’s hands gripped onto Peter’s face and turned his face towards Ben’s, and Peter realized he was suddenly signing to him.

“Stay quiet and do not respond if he asks you something. Act like you don’t read lips. He’ll catch on and leave you alone.” Ben looked like he was pleading. Peter nodded and turned his attention back to the man who was approaching.

“Parker?” The man had said and Peter tried his best to not react. He could see his Uncle move, speaking and moving his hands some, most likely explaining he couldn’t hear what he was saying.

“Bullshit.” The man said and pointed the gun at Ben. Peter jolted slightly and the man turned his eye back to Peter. “Stay still, kid.”

Peter did his best to look confused and glanced at Ben, who was holding his hands up.

The hold up didn’t take much longer, as the man shot Ben and Peter was hit with the slightly louder “petew”, as he would explain the noise. Peter turned quickly to Ben and he let a scream rip itself from his throat. He grabbed at Ben as he fell over, coughing violently.

“Uncle Ben!” Peter cried as he gripped at his shirt. Peter saw the man’s feet disappear, obviously trying to escape the police that most likely had just shown up.

“Ben, please.” Peter cried over his Uncle, who smiled at him.

“Peter… please take care of your Aunt if I don’t survive.” Peter couldn’t debate over whether if his uncle actually spoke or not, but Peter understood the slightly mushed words.

Someone put their hand on his shoulder and started to take Ben away. He could barely see their lips moving as they asked him quick questions and he quickly said he was deaf and gave them his Aunt’s
phone number, name, and Uncle Ben’s name. He could feel the hot tears pouring off of his face as he followed behind them.

And so, Peter Parker was reborn again.

Someone had once told Peter that he was special. That he must live on and become the best person he could. He was told that everything would make sense after a while. That the gods had a plan for him. He doubted it at first, but now that he just witnessed another person close to him die, for the second time in his life, it hit something inside of him.

Peter Parker knew that he had to become the best he could as a deaf boy trying to become a great inventor. He would do it. For his parents. For May. For Ben.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

In which Peter makes a friend, and Peter makes a bond.

Insert a worried tutor and teacher into the mix.

Chapter Notes

***** Fixed where Ned said Mute instead of Deaf *****

A good majority of this was written around midnight and I don't really proof read before I post. So if there's anything wrong with grammar or spelling, don't fight me. Trust me, there's going to be a lot of it until I go back to rewrite everything.

Also, someone pointed out to me that I didn't add the other help that Peter had that I meant to go and add. This chapter goes over a lot of Peter's school life and interactions with people. I promise he gets the help he needs. He's just a stubborn prick at times.

And just letting you know, Peter was bullied heavily in middle school, which is why they transferred his schools in middle school and why he is adamant about keeping it a secret.

And I don't know if anyone is into Manga/anime/manhwa or anything like that, but Peter's experiences are based off of a character named Yohan, but very different life. If you know who I'm talking about, then you'll see the similarities. So that's why Peter will use only sign language or only speaking during a conversation. He feels it is one sided and doesn't like having his conversation mixed like that. And I just love Yohan and Peter will be influenced by Yohan and how he's written to deal with being deaf.

If you got any questions, I can answer them. Just please be nice about it. I might have your question in my plan or in my notes for the initial story line, so I might be like "hey, that is spoilers!" or "You'll see!". If its a big plot hole, like how someone pointed out that I accidentally left something out, I will write it into the next chapter to clarify things or write it in the next notes.

“So your nephew is deaf?” The Principle looked up from the papers that he had in his hands.

May Parker sat in front of the Principle and next to Mr.Harrington. She smiled at the Principle and nodded.

“Yes, sir. He’s gotten through schooling by his teachers providing him notes and copies of the lectures on paper, and private tutoring sessions. He’s a smart kid and picks up easily on things.” May pulled out another paper and handed it to the Principle. “His only request was that its not announced. I know that it sounds dumb because it’ll affect his social life and everything, but Peter doesn’t want
to be pitied. He is very insecure about it.”

“Are you sure it is not appropriate to tell his peers? He can get harassed over not reacting to people and be treated like he’s ignoring people?” Mr. Harrington spoke up finally. “I don’t have a problem not specifically telling the class point blank, but think about it, Mrs. Parker.”

“Peter told me that he would be harassed more if they knew. We had to transfer him in middle school to a new one due to harassment.” May sighed and rubbed her face. “If it makes Peter happy, I’m going to go with it. I can’t see him unhappy again… he just got over his Uncle dying.”

“I… I’ll tell his teachers and give them the proper instructions. Mr. Harrington here is his homeroom teacher. I’ll have two tutors come forward and help him.” The Principle signed the form he had laid out in front of him and put it into a stack. “Thank you for coming to us, Mrs. Parker.”

“No, thank you sir.” May stood up and exited the room swiftly.

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Peter was doing great in school. Once every two days he would meet up with his tutors, a kind boy named Sean and a girl named named Danielle. They were both upperclassman and were the top of their class. They explained the notes to peter in sign language and used real life examples around them if he need extra context. They got along well and would stop by Peter’s table in the cafeteria to make sure he was okay.

Peter’s classmates were kind for the most part, and kept to himself. On the first day he said that he didn’t want to talk much but if they needed help he would offer some help on assignments. They respected his privacy and just labeled him as the quiet but nice kid. The only person that actually bothered him was this kid named Flash. He would poke at Peter and say something that Peter never paid attention to. He’d just grunt and mumble to leave him alone after the few times that he actually paid attention. He just pestered to try and get his attention and call him names.

Peter decided to join the decathlon and track just for fun. He enjoyed running, even if he didn’t excel at anything else physically.

When Peter was young, had picked up how to play the trumpet because he liked how it felt to basically feel music that came out of it, even if it wasn’t actually there. The vibrations felt like words almost, a song that he could barely reach. Uncle Ben had a trumpet squirreled away on the top shelf in his closet. When Peter was ten, he started to learn. And Peter tried his best and Ben taught him as best as he could. He wasn’t the best, but he could get through band with private instruction from the director. But within time, Peter took the knowledge that he could feel the vibrations and the differences of them, and the fact that he studied Helen Keller in school, he could jerry-rig a way to understand vibrations that came from voices to piece what was going on. He thanked Ben and band class for this. And English class of course.

While Peter was in decathlon, he met a pretty girl named Liz Toomes. She was taller than him, but was kind whenever she addressed Peter. It was usually small things, like praise and tell him about the next meeting.

Peter sighed as he left the decathlon meeting. It was a fast paced practice and they had their screen set up, of course to aid Peter. The question came up as it was said and it allowed Peter to understand the more fast paced words instead of trying to focus as Michelle, the newly appointed leader behind Liz, spoke.

Over all, it was fun.
Peter turned to his locker as he approached it and thumbed the combination in place, clicking it open. He shoved the books he didn’t need into the locker and shoved the ones he did need inside of his bag. As he went to pick up his water bottle, the locker suddenly violently vibrated and Peter turned quickly to see Flash standing in front of a kid that he recognized to be from his classes. Their schedule was almost the same.

Flash seemed to be saying something to the kid, and the kid flinched. Peter felt something ignite inside of him and he shut his locker, the lock clicking back in place. He walked over and spoke up.

“Hey, Flash. I think you should stop before Mr. Harrington gets here. He’s going to kick you off the team if he sees you bullying him.” Peter spoke the truth and watched as the two turned to Peter.

Flash started to speak and Peter had to fill in the beginning.

“- meant to you, Parker?” Peter was able to understand that much.

“The guy isn’t a bad person, and you really don’t want to get kicked off the team. I’m just looking out after the both of you.” That was a lie. Peter didn’t care about Flash. He only really cared for his classmate. No one deserves to be picked on.

Flash paused and squinted his eyes at Peter before looking between the two. “Looks like you got saved this time, fatass.”

Flash moved away from the kid and looked back to Peter fully. “And you need to keep your nose out of other people’s business, Parker. One day you’re gonna end up like him if you don’t.”

And with that, Flash left Peter standing over the stunned boy on the ground. The kid started to blubber something, and Peter felt bad. He must be afraid that Peter might beat him up or something. So Peter crouched down and smiled at him.

“Hey, I’m Peter. What’s your name?” Peter smiled at him.

“My name is -” Peter didn’t catch the rest because the kid said it quickly and kept rambling.

“Hey… can you slow down I can’t read what you’re saying.” Peter sighed and tilted his head.

“Read? Oh!” The kid seemed to realize before he brought his hands up and started to sign.

“My name is Ned. Ned Leeds. Thank you for helping me, dude. Flash is the worst.” The signs were wobbly and Peter could tell the kid hadn’t used sign language much. “Are you deaf?”

“It’s nice to meet you, Ned.” Peter smiled and nodded. “Yeah. I’ve been deaf since I was six. I can read lips pretty well, but not when you speak too quickly.”

Peter stood up and held his hand out. Ned took his hand and pulled himself up. Peter let go of his hand the second Ned was up, and he wiped his sweaty palm on his pants. He wasn’t planning on telling this kid, but Peter liked him from what he saw from afar. A nice guy who was a loner. Just like him.

“Oh, okay. No one really knows you’re deaf, so I wouldn’t have guessed or known. Sorry.” Ned apologized in his signing.

“You really don’t have to sign. If you talk at a normal pace and so I can see it clearly, I can keep up. It’s just… awkward and one sided if one of us signs and the other doesn’t.” Peter smiled and waved for him to follow. “Now, let’s start heading to the front.”
That was how Peter met Ned. After that, it turned into Ned sitting with him at lunch and in class. They spoke quietly together and shared their hobbies. He found out they both liked Legos and started to build sets together. It became a true friendship that blossomed, and Ned even joined the decathlon team because of Peter encouraging him.

Currently, Peter was sitting next to Ned as the teacher explained something as he hooked up the TV to his computer. Ned was writing down that the teacher was saying that they were going to watch a video and answer questions on it. Peter nodded as he smiled up at Ned and accepted the papers to pass down from the girl on the other side of him. He took one and passed it on. He didn’t know how it would go, but as the teacher wrote “use the video to answer the questions on your worksheet” on the board, he guessed the teacher would either let him slide or make it easier for him. Thankfully, his chemistry wasn’t too heartless because as the video played, the subtitles popped up and Peter could follow it easier.

The video was on different reactions and how they were different and examples of them. Peter had already studied this in his free time, so it felt like a breeze. The video was over quickly and everyone turned in their papers.

Peter felt a tap on his shoulder and he turned to Ned, who beamed at him.

“Hey, you want to come over tonight? We can try a new set and eat pizza rolls.” Ned looked excited by whatever new set he got. This made Peter perk up.

“Yeah! I’ll just ask May after class.” Peter grinned. He was excited to finally have a break from his homework and extracurricular activities.

Ned nodded at him and packed his things, as the bell had most likely rang. Everyone was getting up. Peter shoved his notebook into his bag and started to follow Ned out of the classroom. But halfway out, Ned suddenly stopped and nudged Peter, making a quick sign of “teacher”. Peter turned and smiled at the teacher.

“Yes?” He smiled at her and was ready for whatever she threw at him.

“I know its the end of the days and you probably have plans, but can I quickly talk to you real quick? Ned, you can wait outside for Mister Parker.” She spoke to them. She paused for a second after Peter nodded, and nodded herself. Her eyes were right next to him, and he could feel Ned leave from next to him, meaning Ned probably was waiting outside. Peter approached his teacher.

“Yes, Ma’am?” Peter asked politely.

“I just wanted to say how proud I am of you. I know how hard it is to go without an interpreter or hearing aids. Me and your teachers are glad you made a friend your first year.” She spoke clearly and Peter nodded along. “If anyone is ever bothering you, please report it to us. Your English teacher said that Flash tries to make remarks towards you all the time and calls you names that you can’t hear. I just… as your teacher I want you to be well, Peter. My brother had similar struggles as you.”

“I…” Peter blinked up at her. This was the first time a teacher had ever done this. Besides his one guidance counselor that tried to push him out of his comfort and talk to people who had no intent to accept him into their friend group. This was new to him. “Thank you, Ma’am.”

She smiled and ruffled his hair.

“Now go out there and have fun. I am writing your examination for this year and I expect nothing
but the best from our best first year!” She grinned at him and gave him a thumbs up.

The teacher, Mrs. Downey, was a younger women who was very energetic. On her first day she said she loved explosions and heros. She talked about her ambitions as a child and never let the day go dull. Today she had announced she was tired, and that was the reason they had a video.

Peter quickly joined Ned to the trek to his house. Which only took about ten minutes of walking and another ten on the subway. They quickly moved to start the food and turn on a movie in the background for Ned to listen to and for Peter to idly watch on break. Ned brought out the Hogwarts Castle set and Peter gasped.

“Ned! You did NOT!” Peter almost squealed and Ned nodded.

“I did! I got it for an early birthday present!” Ned sat the large box down and opened it. “My parents thought it would keep us entertained for a while.”

“God, I love your parents sometimes.” Peter laughed and helped Ned take out the different packets and pamphlets. He tried to ignore the empty feeling that sentence left in Peter’s heart.

The two started to work easily and quickly to get the base up and then starting the towers. Peter’s attention was slowly diverted to Ned as he tried to get his attention.

“Yeah, man?” Peter asked.

“Hey… I was wondering how you got to be this smart. Like… you’re a mini genius. I’ve seen the makeshift earphones you jerry-rigged to be able to feel music and voices. You cracked the code of being able to feel voices and you excel at all of your classes. Just the feeling voices seems so unreal and like its not even possible.” Ned made sure to keep his rambling smooth and clear.

“Oh…” Peter trailed off for a second. “If I can be serious for a second… when my parents died, I was obsessed with watching Stark things. Like… I still love watching it, but it was more of a time wasting thing. Then they died and I realized how much I missed and idolized my parents. I wanted to better myself. So I started to study early on. I… wanted to better the world like they talked about and told me I could do when I was older.

“Then… when Ben died right before I started school… I… I became more obsessed with learning and I started to teach myself more and more. My Aunt May supported it because it gave me an output for all of my frustrations and sadness. I was depressed but trying to cure it with logic and bettering myself.”

Peter looked up again once he finished his explanation, hoping he didn’t slaughter any words.

“You… I always forget that you’ve lost so many people around you. But… Stark Industries and your family is such a good inspiration. Dude, I envy your drive and smarts. You deserve the happiness you’ve found lately. Who knows, maybe it’ll give you confidence to ask out Liz!” Ned grinned by the end of it.

“Nooo!” Peter whined and laughed. Peter truly did love having Ned around. He also liked Liz, but sometimes he wondered if he should even chase after her. They’re two totally different worlds. They wouldn’t be able to every truly talk to her outside of their duties on decathlon.

“You know I’m just messing with you.” Ned grinned and poked Peter while he grinned. “Oh! But did you get your permission slip signed? I can’t believe we get to go to OsCorp and get to see some of their research!”
“I forgot about that. Crap…” Peter mumbled and sighed. “I need to turn it in soon. I’ll get May to sign it tonight.”

“Dude, you better.” Ned picked up the pamphlet that held the directions for the part he was working on and picked up a few pieces, examining them. “I don’t want to go alone. And hey, you have better judgement. Are these the correct pieces?”

Peter leaned over and looked between the pieces and the pamphlet. He nods and smiled at Ned.

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Peter looked at the paper in his hands and handed it to Mrs. Downey, who looked it over and smiled.

“I’m glad your Aunt agreed to let you on the trip. Ned can explain whatever you need to you if you don’t want one of your tutors to stick by your side. They will be there if you need help.” Mrs. Downey explained to Peter, and Peter just nodded before he went and sat down next to Ned. It was the beginning of their first class, and Peter was glad that he just even survived Homeroom. He was tired and needed a good nap. Maybe he could take one during lunch.

Peter turned to Ned as he sat down, as Ned said something about what she said to him.

“She was asking if I needed Sean or Dani to come along with us, but then agreed that you’re enough for the trip.” Peter filled him in and Ned just nodded in reply.

Peter was actually excited for this trip. He wanted to see how the company worked and some of their research. But he had to wait at least two weeks for it.

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“Are you excited for next week?” The boy signed.

Peter smiled at the boy in front of him and nodded.

“Of course I am. I talk about it to you a lot.” Peter signed back.

Peter was sitting in a quiet coffee shop that was near his home, a small mom and pop that was hidden within the alley ways. It was a good place for Peter to meet his tutors because it had no distractions other than one or two people walking by every once in a while. Peter enjoyed their coffee and tea, so that was a plus.

“You have a point.” The boy laughed and once he was done signing, he dropped his hands some before continuing. “Will you be okay without me and Dani? I know you have your friend Ned, but we’ve been to this tour before and we can explain things better.”

“Sean, I’ll be fine.” Peter shrugged him off. “Trust me, it’d just bring more attention if the smart upperclassmen come and explain everything to me.”

Sean sighed visibly to let him know he was in fact sighing at Peter’s stubbornness.

“I’m just looking out for you, Peter.” Sean looked defeated. “Do you need anymore help on combustion reactions?”

“You know I don’t.” Peter signed before he slid his work over for Sean to go over. The smaller boy looked it over and marked a few things down, writing something next to it.

“You only messed up once in writing the equation. You forgot to make the arrow more prominent
instead of a line. And you need to remember that not all combustion does this.” Sean signed before he started to push his belongings into his bag.

“Thank you.” Peter signed and smiled. Sean waved him off and smiled as he slung his backpack on.

“It’s nothing, Petey Boy.” Sean signed back before ruffling his hair. “See you in a few days?”

“Yeah. Of course.”
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

In which Peter becomes a literal snack and murders a spider.
In which Peter throws up, a lot.
In which Peter suffers.
In which Peter meets an old ally.
In which Peter makes a friend!
And in which Peter breaks a promise.

Chapter Notes

Remember that tag that said nothing is accurate?
Yeah it starts in this chapter.
So, I know this is breaking away from canon so quickly, but I did say I was gonna rewrite legit everything for the sake of the plot. It'll still follow the canon timeline (for the most part) but it wont.
And I know that Ultron is probably at a different point, but I needed Helen Cho to show up, okay? I needed her to progress the plot some.
But seriously, now that Peter has superpowers, I can literally write his sensory however I want.
Please remember: Peter's senses were already compensating for his missing one, and now they're on haywire. But he can chose to tune them out, if that makes sense? Its like turning down the volume on a radio you can't turn off. That's why we have a ninja MJ.
But next chapter we get to meet Tony Stark and start the iron dad/spider son.
It literally took me three days to manage to actually write anything useful, then at 11pm I decided to not go to bed until I got this done. So it is literally 1am and I leave at 10 to go to work so I'm just,,, great.
But yeah, have fun and send me your theories on what will happen next! I'll also be posting a reference for Dani and Sean on a Tumblr, and I'll link it next chapter.

The field trip was actually going rather well, in Peter's opinion.
Everyone was walking around with their friends and looking at the different exhibits the scientists had set up for the kids. It didn’t take much for his classmates to be entertained. They just stared at the machines and the plaques and from what Ned told him “talk about what cool things they could do” and not the actual use stated plainly on the plaque.

Peter stood with Ned in front of a large exhibit of animals. They were mostly rats doing tasks like figuring out very basic puzzles to get to the never ending selection of cheese that was offered every time that they won. It was interesting to watch them pause when they got something wrong and scuttle around trying to find the familiar pattern they most likely memorized. Peter felt empathy for the small animals as they got confused. He understood what it was like to have things suddenly change and not know what went wrong. But just like them, he tried over and over again until he got it right. That is how Peter managed to make little gadgets out of thrown away electronic junk. Ned would give him broken electronics his parents would try to throw away. But Ned knew that Peter would just fix them and keep them, or he would gut the device and use it to make something new. Peter had just recently taught himself basic electrical mechanics and what connects to what. Simple programming wasn’t hard. It was just a new language in the book. He technically already knew two, so where was the harm of learning a new one?

Peter could feel a small tap on his shoulder and looked up to see Ned pointing to a smaller cage. Peter’s gaze turned to it and he could see a small rat trying to chew his way through a wire to get to some type of cheese. There was a small contraption strapped to its small head. Peter watched in awe as the rat broke the wire and a small light flickered off and the bit of cheese was pushed by a small part of the wall. It tumbled towards the rat and it quickly grabbed it and ate it. It was… fascinating to say.

Peter glanced to Ned and smiled as he saw his best friend buzz in happiness. Peter truly was thankful for Ned. He was the only one of their classmates that reached out to Peter, other than Michelle (if you could even count the little vixen). Ned was always there for Peter; explaining things that he needed for assignments that his tutors didn’t know about, talking to Peter when he feels down, and last of all he actually stuck with Peter and had the patience to deal with Peter. It was just… so much that Ned did for Peter. It made him feel like he belonged in the class and not like he was going to be alone forever.

Ned turned to Peter and grinned at him.

“Dude, they have a spider exhibit! Apparently some are even radioactive!” Ned looked ready to combust and Peter’s eyes went wide.

“Radioactive spiders?!” Peter laughed. “Dude that’s cool. Let’s go see them!”

Ned waved Peter on as they started off towards the exhibit. And Ned… wasn’t kidding. There was glass boxes stacked on clear shelves with spiders ranging from all sizes. They were all different colors, mainly sticking near red, black, and blue. It was so cool.

“Do you think they could cause serious damage if they bit you?” Ned asked before turning his full face to the spiders.

“I dunno.” Peter shrugged and looked closely at the different spiders. The largest one looked to be the size of Peter’s hand, and it made Peter’s skin crawl. The smallest looked like to be the size of the annoying parts of paper when you pull them out of notebooks, the part you tear off so you paper is clean. It was so small. “The more poisonous ones, probably. I bet the radiation isn’t enough to actually affect you.”

Ned shrugged and a man walked towards them, catching Peter’s attention. Peter turned his full
attention to the man as he walked up. He had a large brown spider in his hand, one of the ones that were almost the size of Peter’s hands.

“Well, it depends on which spider bites you.” The man spoke and Ned jumped slightly before turning to him. “This one here, is a tarantula, so technically it wouldn’t need to bite you. But if it did, the effects could probably hurt you. Get sick, maybe.”

Ned made a face slightly at the spider but didn’t say anything about it.

“Does the radiation change its color? None of them are natural colors to their species. Maybe the black widow is the only one.” Peter asked the scientist.

“Well, yes. We found it interesting how the spiders changed and some became more docile. The tarantulas changed the least out of all of them. We were hoping to see if it would affect the poison some, maybe help us create a stronger anti venom, maybe start making shots. And with the radioactive properties, we can introduce people to radioactive particles and see if it helps prevent cancers and other problems. Maybe if we go into nuclear war, since most people would be exposed to radiation already, it wouldn’t affect them as much as it normally would.” The man let the tarantula crawl across his hand, turning it as it moved. Later on, Ned would explain better what the scientist was saying. “But we cannot test the spider venom yet because we don’t have any deadly spiders to my knowledge. My project manager hasn’t approved it until we get the current subjects fully developed.”

Peter didn’t feel it, but a small spider dropped onto his back. It climbed up his back and hid itself behind Peter’s backpack strap.

“Still, that’s pretty cool.” Peter smiled. “I hope you guys can better the world with this.”

The man paused, looking at Peter with a fond gaze, but almost like Peter was saying something childish and Naive. The man holds out the tarantula and it crept towards them as Ned backed up slightly.

“I’m sure we will. Do you want to touch him? His name is Gregory. He won’t attack.” The scientist asked.

“Sure.” Peter smiled and carefully brought his hand up and brushed them against the tarantula. It was oddly soft and didn’t react to his hand. It just tried to reach up to him like it wanted to crawl on his hand.

Something caught Ned’s attention from somewhere behind Peter, and Peter tapped his arm to make Peter look at him.

“We gotta go. They’re calling the tour back.” Ned motioned to the teacher and Peter nodded. He turned back to the scientist and smiled.

“Thank you.” Peter said.

“You’re welcome.” The scientist turns away and starts walking back to his post and Peter watched him for a second before turning away.

As they walked back, Peter felt something bite his right shoulder, higher up on his shoulder blade. He let out a small curse and went to smack his shoulder and try and kill whatever it was. Ned gave him a weird look and Peter just mumbled something about a mosquito as they recollected with their class.
The rest of the field trip was fun and had the same energy. Peter had caught small bits of what Flash was trying to say to him before Ned had piped back. Peter caught the eye of Michelle from across the room and sent a small wave to her. She raised an eyebrow before turning away.

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It was almost 11pm, and Peter was slumped against the toilet in May’s small apartment, dry heaving. He used it as support, gripping onto the white porcelain as he emptied the last of his stomach’s contents. He didn’t know what was happening to him. It was terrifying.

His whole body burned with the passion of a forest fire, and his bones and muscles ached. His stomach had a painful clench as it tried to force up the nothing inside of it. His throat burned from stomach acid and coughing. He was sure he had a fever, as the bowl was so cold it was almost burning like fresh ice to skin.

Peter could see a shadow come back into the bathroom and he felt a cold hand slide onto his forehead. Peter flinched back and let out a small undignified noise in reaction. The hand slid off of his forehead and another one went to his back, slowly rubbing his back. He could feel May’s shoulder bump against his back as she reached past him and to the toilet paper. She handed him a wad and he wiped his mouth with it. There was a slight sting on his back and he ignored it. It wasn’t the worst or most important pain in his body currently. He threw the toilet paper into the bowl and turned towards May. She wiped tears that fell on his face away, and held out a thermometer to take his temperature. He stuck it in his mouth and they waited a minute before taking it out. May looked at it and frowned.

“A mild fever. I think you got the flu. Or you’re pregnant, which we both know isn’t it.” May signed after she sat the thermometer down. Peter gave a weak smile at her own. She was just trying to lighten his mood, and Peter appreciated it.

“I would be surprised. Aliens?” Peter weakly signed back. He didn’t think he could try and talk without puking again.

“Maybe.” May signed and slowly stood up. “Let’s get you back to bed.”

Peter nodded and let May help him up. She brought him to his bed and helped to lay him down, pulling the sheets over him. She picked up a few ice packs that she had laying on his dresser and sat them against his clothed body, and then a final one that was wrapped in a paper towel against his head.

“In a few hours I’ll come back and get you a shower and food. Kay?” May signed and Peter just gave a measly nod in reply. May smiled, moved the hair from his face, and kissed his forehead. With that, May left him to his own devices.

It didn’t take Peter long to pass out from exhaustion and from his fever heat.

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The next time Peter woke up, he was drenched in sweat and he felt bile rise in his stomach, his stomach probably refilling itself after a while. He quickly grabbed the bucket from next to his bed and emptied his contents into it. He could feel tears spring back into his eyes as pain ripped through his throat. Everything was hot. He was dripping with sweat. He was in pain. He was hungry. The light was way too bright.

“May!” Peter cried out as loud as he thought was appropriate. He could see the sun wasn’t up yet,
but it was probably four in the morning. For some reason his bedroom lights were on also.

It only took May a minute to reach Peter. She looked panicked and she dropped to the floor next to him, on her knees.

“I fell asleep, I’m so sorry, honey.” May signed. “I went to the store earlier and I thought it was too soon to wake you up.”

“Its-” Peter tried to speak and he gagged and threw up more bile, his body shaking in response. May’s hand pat his back lightly. “Okay.”

May spent the next few minutes drawing a bath for Peter and setting soup on the stove. When she got back, she helped Peter to the bathroom and left him to wash himself, saying that if he needed help, to just call her.

Peter sighed as he slipped in the nice water. It helped relieve the burning on his body, and he appreciated it. He sat there for a few minutes before actually washing his body. His movements were sluggish and he didn’t want to rush it and hurt himself. But when his hand brushed over a lump on his back, it stung and he panicked. What was that?

Peter reached over and picked up the hand mirror that May had kept in her little bathroom shelving and used the mirror to see the lump. The lump was a dark gray, almost black, and it spread out, fading the more it went out, and there was black veins spreading out of it. Peter could see the veins pulsing and moving slightly. Peter had to cover his mouth with a hand to stop himself from screaming out in shock. He shakily put the mirror down and tried to calm down.

He couldn’t breathe suddenly. His lungs restricted and his breathing picked up. What was that on his back? Was it what was making him sick? How did he get it? He doesn’t remember having his back exposed like that. Was he dying? Dyingdyingdying?

Peter could feel a vibrations coming through the tub, knocking him out of his panic. He looked up to the door, where he suddenly knew they were coming from. It was coming from that direction and it just made sense.

“I’m almost done!” Peter called out, hoping May couldn’t hear his labored breathing.

Why could he feel the vibrations better? Usually he could only feel vibrations if they were closer to him and large.

He slowly got out of the tub, pulling the plug that stopped the water from draining and looked into it to see it was an odd gray color. He flinched and turned away from the murky water. He dried himself off with shaky hands and he got dressed. He slowly opened the door and was met with a worried May. She held out her arms and Peter went into them and leaned on her for support. She got him back to his bed and tucked in before giving him his soup. She sat with him and checked his temperature once he was done. It went down, but was still an uncomfortable temperature, one that they would soon know to be his normal temperature.

Peter flinched as he could feel a harsh vibration come from where May was leaning on the bed. She looked down and looked at the contact. Her eyebrows drew in and her mouth opened slightly. She answered it and turned away from Peter to talk.

Peter watched May’s body language closely, trying to use his new found ability to feel things better at the same time, to see what she was saying. May tensed up and stood up to go peer outside of the room before turning back into the room. She said one more thing before hanging up and turning to
“Who was that?” Peter tried his hoarse voice. He was glad he wasn’t puking anymore.

“That was…” May’s hands paused as she debated her words. “A friend. She got caught up in a bad situation and she needs to stay somewhere until she can leave in the morning.”

Peter nods, just accepting the fact. If someone was in the need of help and needed somewhere to stay, Peter wasn’t against them staying. Its not like he would be able to go anywhere for at least a day or two.

“I’ll call if I need anything. You should probably clean up some.” Peter smiled at May.

“Will do, kiddo.” May replied before kissing his forehead and leaving Peter to fall asleep.

Peter was woken up to someone putting their hand on his shoulder.

He opened his eyes to see an oddly familiar woman leaning above him. Her eyes were calculated and warm. She looked up and backed up some as Peter tried to sit up.

“Hello, Peter. My name is Helen Cho. We have met before.” The women tried to speak clearly to Peter.

“Helen… Cho?” Peter spoke the name slowly. Where did he know that name from?

“Would you mind… if I wrote to you? I don’t know sign language that well besides the basics.” Helen held up a paper pad. Peter recognized it as one of May’s, and that Helen was in May’s clothing.

“Yeah… I can speak to you if you want.” Peter offered. “Less… awkward than passing it back and forth.”

Helen nodded and smiled before writing something down. She showed it to Peter right after.

“Do you remember me?” Was what she wrote.

“I remember your name and face vaguely.” Peter responded honestly.

“I was the doctor that you met in the hospital after the accident.” Helen wrote.

“Doctor Cho… Yeah.” Peter nodded. He remembered her now. The specialist.

Doctor Cho smiled and nodded. She said something about that being good before writing something else down.

“I heard you were sick, and after I heard about what this was like, I want you to tell me your side.” Doctor Cho wrote.

“I… I got bit by a spider.” Peter said honestly. “Everything seems more responsive. Besides my hearing. I can feel things better. And the medicine May gave me with my food only lasted about ten minutes. I… the bite on my back is black. Everything hurt for hours.”

“May I see it?”
Peter nodded and lifted his shirt enough for Doctor Cho to look at it. Her face scrunched as she got close to look at it, before pulling back to write something down. Peter pushed his shirt down.

“Do you know what type of spider? How did this happen?” Peter read her writing and he felt nervous.

“I think it was radioactive. I was on a field trip with radioactive spiders. You can’t tell May, or anyone! Please… Its hard enough…” Peter felt panic go through him.

“Peter, I don’t know if is making you into a advanced… it could. You said that everything is sharper and you couldn’t make the pain medicine last. I don’t have anything to do tests on you, and this can complicate things… but I need to report this or get you help.” Doctor Cho quickly wrote down. “Once the Avengers come back together and fix everything.”

“Please… I’ve kept everything okay for this long. I just… give me time?” Peter paused. “And what is happening?”

“This… robot came in and started to attack. It claimed these crazy things about protecting and getting rid of the Avengers. I barely got out and I remembered you and May lived here. I haven’t seen you in a while, so it would be safe to hide here.” Doctor Cho wrote down. “I believe the name of it was Ultron.”

“You… must have been terrified. That’s why May was so stressed…” Peter mumbled. “I don’t want to add more stress.”

“Let’s make a deal.” Doctor Cho wrote down, and Peter nodded. She started to write again when he nodded.

“You are 15. There is nothing protecting you if you are outed. The Avengers are in scrambles right now. I can’t get any access to any labs. You need to keep staying under the radar and get through school. I’ll try and send you some amped up pain medicine if you promise to not do anything rash and let me run actual tests the next time I can.” Doctor Cho slid the paper towards Peter. He read over it and looked up once he was done.

If he truly had powers and became enhanced and advanced, then she had a point. Peter thought about how he could become a target now. He couldn’t let this out. They didn’t even know how far this went.

“Okay. May can’t even know.” Peter nodded.

Doctor Cho nodded and drew two lines on the paper. She signed one and put an ex at the beginning of the other one. He took the pen as it was offered and signed it. Doctor Cho took it back and smiled. She ripped it out and put it in her pocket.

“I bet you’re tired. Have a good sleep, Peter.” Doctor Cho wrote down and showed him before standing up.

“Goodnight.” Peter called after her as she left.

Peter was bedridden for about three days after that. He was still throwing up from time to time, and he would still break out in sweats. But the symptoms went away and Doctor Cho had left him a list of things to eat more of, as his metabolism apparently would quicken and that he would need the energy. She told May that it was because he was also recovering and she didn’t know how long it
would last.

The first day he was allowed to actually go to school, Peter moved like a slug. That was until he tried to smack a moth that was on the wall and put his hand to it, trying to balance himself as he tried to move up some to smack it. His hand actually stuck to him, letting him move up the wall and actually get it. Peter panicked for a second, as he was now clinging to the wall by his fingertips, and halfway up the wall. Peter let out a small undignified yelp as he pushed off and landed on his butt.

The next two changes that smacked him in the face was strength and some type of sixth sense he wanted to call Spidey Sense. In his gym class the third day back, they had to do weight lifting. The teacher gave them random weights, and Peter was stuck with 15 pounds. He knew he would slightly struggle, since he wasn’t the strongest kid, but when he picked it up with ease, he had panicked. He checked the sides and saw that it was only 15 pounds. The teacher noticed he wasn’t having struggles and just sent him onto a different one. A 30 pound. He didn’t have any trouble still, but he tried to act like he did so the teacher would have something.

Peter could feel someone getting close to him, his hairs standing up some on his arms telling him that something bad would happen. When Peter turned, there was a weight being tossed at him. He quickly dropped the 30 pound one and caught the ten pound one before it could smash him in the head. Peter looked up to see Flash slightly shocked. That was until he half scowled at him.

“Damn, Penis. Almost got you this time, didn’t I?” Peter couldn’t tell if Flash was trying to be impressed and complimenting, or a crude ass that is trying to pass off him shitting on Peter as the first.

“Almost.” Peter shrugged and tossed the weight back. He watched as it quickly went towards Flash, and Flash had to scramble to catch it. Peter bet that if he could hear, he would have heard Flash grunt.

Peter didn’t pay attention enough to see Flash’s next response. He just turned to Ned, who looked impressed.

“How…?” Ned asked and Peter just shrugged. He didn’t know either.

It was about three weeks afterwards, and Peter sat in chemistry and poured a small amount of a newer chemicals into the other. He watched as it fizzed before turning into some type of goop. Peter frowned as he took his tweezers and pulled slightly at the paste. It stuck to the tweezers and seemed to want to keep together as it was pulled. It was almost like taffy… but not.

“It looks like if spider silk was bunched up.” Ned wrote on Peter’s lab sheet.

Their lab was to make a sticky paste out of the given materials. It wasn’t that hard, they had just studied these reactions. But what Ned wrote was true. Maybe he could create webbing. He was already spider like, so why not. He could even make small shooters to shoot it out and cut it off.

“It looks like if spider silk was bunched up.” Peter mumbled towards Ned, who grinned and nodded.

Peter turned and wrote the recipe on how he made this on a separate paper and slid it into his notebook. He would test it out later.

The class went on and they tested different other reactions, closer but more like slime. It was interesting to see how much of one thing could change the whole mixture. Peter made sure to keep a mental log of all of it, so when he went to make the web, he wouldn’t be totally lost.
At the end of class, Ned handed Peter a hand full of pages.

“Since you weren’t paying as much attention to the actual lecture, here are the full notes.”

It was written on top in a red pen. Peter smiled and looked up to Ned.

“Thanks, man. I’ll buy you ice cream later on.” Peter turned to his notebook and put them inside.

He could feel Ned put a hand on his back, and Ned must of been laughing and saying something about keeping Peter’s promise. Peter could feel the movements of Ned’s hand and arm and just assumed it. He was rather good at guessing by now.

Peter left with Ned, and did actually get his best friend ice cream. He was just glad today was his day off from everything. Once the two branched off, Peter went to the small coffee shop that he usually went to for his tutoring.

He brought his ideas for the webbing he scribbled down and wrote down small formulas and ways to make it and compact it into a small container, and have it support his weight if he needed it. It was smart to make sure if he needed, he could shoot the stuff to a higher place and use it to climb.

Peter was too busy writing down the formulas and more complex scientific things, that he didn’t see someone sit down in one of the seats at his table and watch him. He didn’t acknowledge the odd scraping resonating near his feet, or the small gust of a breeze that shouldn’t be inside. It wasn’t until someone slid a small slip of paper into his sight, did he pause.

“You know, if you try removing the sulfate, you can make it more base. Unless you’re looking for a more acidic approach. Would make it better to get rid of.”

Peter blinked and looked up to see Michelle Jones, his decathlon team leader, sitting there. Her face seemed impartial and like she could care less.

“I…” Peter didn’t know what to say. He wanted it to be basic, but didn’t know whether the sulfate being removed would hurt it.

“Just saying. It’ll also help strengthen the bonds.” Michelle wrote down next.

“Thank you?” Peter frowned before smiling at her.

Michelle just shrugged.

“I know you’re deaf. Its kinda obvious, but everyone in our school acts like dumb background characters going through their own sitcom.” Michelle wrote down and Peter squinted at it. “I know sign language. I took it with Ned, but I didn’t stop taking it.”

“You know sign language?” Peter signed.

“It is useful. Our auditory and vocally disabled persons percentage is higher than you’d think.” Michelle shrugged in the middle. “You can call me MJ.”

“When did you figure out?” Peter asked.

“When you didn’t respond to Flash’s questions and pokes. I think he genuinely wanted to be your friend at first, you know? He was interested in you. You seemed lonely.” MJ Looked up afterwards and said something to the waitress that came up to her. The waitress walked away and MJ turned back to him. “He looks up to you I’m pretty sure. From what I’ve seen, whenever you acknowledge
him, he actually seems to listen then leave you two alone.”

“Like a child.” Peter signed and MJ actually cracked a smile.

“Exactly.” She seemed amused by Peter as he smiled at her. “But what is this for? Some type of glue or rope? Both? Its obviously based off of our work today.”

“Oh, I thought it would be cool to make a man made spider silk. Side project.” Peter replied and let her see the more tame notes. She looked the mover and nodded.

“Looks like you’re going in the right direction.” MJ told him before pulling out a book.

The waitress came and gave MJ her drink, and MJ thanked her before opening her book.

“You should show me progress on Monday. We have Chemistry, Gym, History, and lunch together.” MJ looked up to him. “I would like to see the progress.”

If you asked Peter, he would think that this was MJ’s way of being friends the best way she could with all of her sass and “tsundere” (as Ned had called her) ways. It felt… nice.

“Will do.” Peter smiled.

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Peter had successfully created a nice formula and a holder/dispenser almost two weeks later.

It was a struggle and he had a few big errors, but he did it in a decently small amount of time. He was proud of himself.

Peter looked at the fabric laid out in front of him with a triumphant smile. He had just gone out last night and bought fabric to make some type of suit, and goggles to help focus his vision and senses. He started to cut it out and sew it last night and he had just finished it. It was a simple red homemade hoodie that fit snugly over a blue long sleeved shirt. His pants were the same blue and material, and they were rather comfortable. He used his sweatpants as a base to go off of. Then he had long red socks to go halfway up his calves. His mask was the same red fabric and had the goggles implemented in. In this moment, he was so glad that May had taught him how to use a sewing machine and properly sew clothing. It was a blessing.

He was also glad that May wasn’t home right now, because he slipped on the outfit and left a sticky note on his bedroom door saying that he was asleep and that he would be up around 6. He closed his door and moved to his window. He slipped it open and raised a hand up to the building across, and pressed the small trigger.

Webbing shot out and attached itself to the building and he gave a small tug. It was stuck on and sturdy. Peter grinned under the mask and lept out.

The air whirled around him and he let out a small laugh as he flung himself sideways, so he wouldn’t smack into the wall. He got into a better position as he neared the wall again and let his feet touch the wall. He was glad he made his socks into pseudo shoes, allowing his feet to stick to the surface, but not be injured through it. He knew that if he was injured, that he would heal quickly. His metabolism helped with healing and as long as he was full before going out, he would be fine.

Peter pressed a smaller trigger next to the release trigger, and it cut off the webbing so he could smack his hands, covered in fingerless red gloves, onto the building. He crawled up the building and stood up once he was on the even roof.
Peter looked over his neighborhood and smiled at it.

“Sorry, Doctor Cho.” Peter mumbled to no one. “But I was given this power, I need to help the small people like me and May.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

In which Peter becomes popular.

In which Peter can't keep a secret.

In which Peter applies for an internship.

Chapter Notes

Okay so I decided to turn Gwen Stacy into an adult that won't actually date Spider-man. She thinks that he is older and has a simple hero crush. Peter actually meeting her in here is really small. And I know they said she'll be in the new movie, but like... that is no fun. Kay? She probably wont even meet Peter. Maybe.

But yeah! I set up the next chapter and the introduction of Tony A. Stark, my favorite Avenger. Followed by Nat and Clint.

And welcome to more mumbo jumbo about his little invention. Plus I tried to give May feelings? You'll see.

ALSO:

I created a new book on here. See that little "Part one of series" thing? Click on the next one, and BAM! Its a story about a human experimentation that has been made to match Captain America and fight along side the Avengers, but the Avengers don't know about it until it is in New York. And let me just say, the kid is kinda really unstable. They learn towards Anti-hero and kill a few people.

It centers around Peter making friends with the kid and trying to make sure the kid is okay because wow he sees how unstable they are quickly. Then there is Tony who doesn't know much about the kid besides they have to do with flowers and there's an odd company trying to partner with his. Its a decent idea that I think people might enjoy.

Peter knew that being a new vigilante would be hard. He accepted the fact that he would have a struggle to compensate for his lack of hearing, but with his sixth sense (or spidey sense) it was easier.

Peter watched the streets from the roof of a building idly. It was odd to watch the city go on with its life. Everything was so fast paced and it made Peter appreciate his small life more. His life was simple before this. Yes, he had a few barriers, but they were easy to overcome.

It was about two months into Peter being a vigilante, and Peter had never felt more alive than he had now. His body pulsed with adrenaline and the need to stop something bad from happening. People started to pick up on his presence in rumors and hushed talk on the streets. There was a blurry video
or picture, only one or two, online of him in his suit swinging around the city and helping people. He was glad he could keep under the radar so easily by not being there when the police showed up. He usually left people webbed up with a stick note on them. It explained what happened and how to get the person out of the webbing.

Peter’s spidey sense picked up something coming from his right and he could see a car suddenly turn swiftly onto the road, red and blue flashing lights slowly reflecting onto the buildings near the car.

A car pursuit.

Peter watched as the car started to head towards his area and realized why his spidey senses started to yell. There was a ground of people crossing the road, and the person wasn’t stopping.

“Crap.” Peter cursed before glancing to the people then to the car. The car would be easier to stop compared to a whole group of children and adults.

Peter’s body lunged into action before he could finish his own thoughts. He shot out his webbing and swung closer to the car. He then attached himself to a building and shot a web at the car, managing to yank it back on time. Peter let out a grunt as the force tried to yank him off the building, but he made sure not to budge. He then turned his attention to the cop cars as they caught up, trying to stop before they hit the newly stopped getaway car. The people who were in the road stumbled away from the getaway car and all looked up at shock as Peter quickly shot webbing at the cop cars and helped them slow down before they could hit anything or themselves. Peter let out a breath of relief before he saw the people in the getaway car get out and try to run.

“Oh no you don’t!” Peter yelled out as he tried to ignore the helicopter above him. He shot himself forward, swinging close to the criminals. When he was close enough, he shot web at their feet, automatically sticking them to the ground. “You’re not going anywhere!”

They almost fell to their knees if Peter did drop next to them and push them back up. There was three of them and Peter shot webbing on their hands, but low enough to put handcuffs on them.

Peter then turned to the police that he could sense running towards them and put his hands up.

“Hey! I’m sorry for intervening. I just… They were gonna hit the people!” Peter called out and the officers paused as they looked the hero up and down.

“Spider-man.” One of the officer’s lips read. Peter didn’t know how it was said, but he assumed a statement.

“I guess that’s me.” Peter flinched. “I don’t mean harm. I just couldn’t watch them get hurt. I usually just stop muggings and help older people…”

The officers all looked between each other before the one in the front waved him over.

“See, kid. Since you saved our asses, we’ll let you go this time. But the next time you interfere with actual police work, I can’t guarantee you’ll be let go. They’re trying to make vigilante’s illegal. The Avengers won’t be able to save you from it, kid. If you’re even involved with them.” Peter assumed the police officer spoke quietly. “But they seem to like you. I suggest you scam.”

Peter turned to see the people watching from a distance, their faces all in awe or a mix of awe and confidence. Peter turned back to the police man and put a hand on the man’s shoulder.

“Thank you… I hope you won’t get in trouble.” Peter pat the officer’s shoulder before giving a small wave to the crowd and swinging away.
Peter couldn’t believe the police let him go. They should have taken him in. Should have arrested him for actually meddling in something he shouldn’t have. But he knew it would have made them look bad. Politics and relations to the people sure to contradict.

Peter zipped away, losing the chopper easily and changing back to civilian wear. He checked his phone and saw it was around five, so he was good. He wasn’t due home until six.

“Peter! Did you see the new vigilante was caught on camera!” Ned grinned as he signed to Peter in the back of their classroom. Ned pulled out his phone and showed Peter the footage of him stopping the getaway car and the cop cars quickly, almost without a second thought. It was a news broadcast and Peter didn’t know what the people were saying since it mainly just showed pictures and clips of Peter during and after the incident.

“That’s cool!” Peter tried to act as enthusiastic as Ned without giving it away that he already knew. Peter had a happy and uneasy feeling about the whole situation of him getting attention in the bottom of this stomach.

Ned said something that Peter couldn’t see and he turned on the subtitles.

“Do you think that Spider-man is going an issues? He doesn’t seem that bad of a person. Or popular.” One reporter said and they popped up on the screen. He seemed to be older, almost in his 50’s.

“He seems like he’s one of the younger heros, but he’s only reportedly done small petty crimes like stopping break ins and muggings. He even has a reputation for directing people and helping old ladies. So I don’t think he’s going to be an issue.” The other reporter smiled and shrugged it off. She looked like she was in her late 20’s. “Personally, with the talks of the Accords and all and everything after Ultron, I wonder how the Avengers will react. We still don’t know how they’re dealing with the newest members and the Hulk going missing.”

“I think they might go after Spider-man and see if he is truly a threat.” The man shrugged. “I hope they go light on our friendly neighborhood Spider-man.”

Peter snorted at that and looked up to Ned.

“I like that name for him.” Peter smiled.

“Dude, I wonder if the Avengers will even see him. Do you know how cool that would be? A guy from our neighborhood becoming one?” Ned seemed overly excited about this. “Dude I’m just happy overall that we have someone to help our neighborhood!”

Something hit Peter’s desk and it made him jolt and quickly turn to see Flash scowling at them.

“Hey Penis and Dead.” Flash leered. “I heard you’re talking about the new superhero. Being envious that you can’t be anything decent?”

Peter could see Ned saying something out of the corner of his eye and Peter tensed.

“I think the new hero is cool. We need someone to protect the little people and stop small things that the police aren’t catching. Even if it is one out of three or four crimes, it is better than none.” Peter spoke his opinion and shrugged. “And I know I can’t be like him, but I can try my best in making the small things I can. That is enough to be a hero.”
Flash paused and calculated Peter’s words, and Peter knew he got Flash.

[“He looks up to you I’m pretty sure. From what I’ve seen, whenever you acknowledge him, he actually seems to listen then leave you two alone.”]

MJ’s words flooded his head again and he bit the inside of his mouth. Was this… Flash trying to be friends with Peter?

“I’m sure at least you could do something. Pigsty right her wouldn’t be able to do anything.” Flash smirked. Peter inwardly sighed. So maybe it was mainly just Ned he was going after?

“If Ned wanted to, he could do something. Flash, you need to stop judging people. He’s my friend and that makes him my hero. He actually tried to understand me before anyone else even bothered.” Peter spoke the truth.

Flash reeled back and made a face like he was burned. He said something unintelligible by lip reading, but Peter guessed it had to do with some type of insult. Flash then turned to someone, whatever they had probably said catching his attention. He snipped back at them before glancing to Peter and Ned. He then proceeded to stomp away and Peter felt relief flood his senses. MJ plopped down in the desk in front of him and he smiled.

“Hey, MJ.” Peter smiled at her and she waved nonchalantly. Ned seemed to not get what was going on and Peter turned to him. “I made friends with MJ. I think?”

He could see MJ say something and Ned said a small “oooh” and then probably whispered a question of if she knew about him being deaf and she nodded.

“I actually wanted to ask you guys if I could practice my sign language with you two. Peter knows it and I have exams coming up, so it’ll help me learn more vocabulary.” MJ asked and he guessed she asked slightly louder than usual because a handful of people turned to glance at them.

“Sure. I don’t mind. Ned?” Peter looked to Ned, who just nods and says a yeah.

“Good.” MJ signed. “And this way, Peter has an easier time.”

Peter grinned and nodded at her. Then they had started a conversation about the webbing that Peter had started to make, and Ned even got into it. He was amazed by the concept.

“Woah dude, you didn’t tell me you were doing this. This is some mad lab stuff right here.” Ned signed and grinned as he looked over the papers on the desk.

“It’s simple, really.” Peter shrugged and grinned at him.

“Did you take the sulfate out yet?” MJ asked and Peter nodded.

“Helped a lot.” Peter then gave her a thumbs up.

As the teacher walked in, Peter stuffed his notes into his notebook again and turned to class.

“Hey, MJ.” The girl in front of Peter smiled.

Her hair was thick and brown, a cascade of curls falling right over her shoulders. She had tan skin and dark brown eyes. Her aura was kind and nerdy. Peter felt safe around her.
“I’ve been good, Dani.” Peter signed. It was halfway through his tutoring session. “I created these small speakers to play voices on my neck so I can recognize speech. You want to hear about it?”

“I don’t mind. I’m all ears.” Dani smiled as she signed. She then took Peter’s fake test to grade it. Peter knew she wouldn’t mind listening to his rambling as she graded it, so he went ahead and spoke it.

“So you know how speech is just vibrations? Well, what if I made a device that could take what people said and played it against my neck. It would make me more aware and be able to train myself to be able to have that to somewhat understand people. Of course it’ll be something for me to get used to and it won’t be a substitute, but it’ll help me a LOT. Its just learning patterns and then filling in blanks, which I’m good at.” Peter rambled and watched as Dani graded his test. Halfway through, she pushed up her glasses and glanced at him. “I have it in prototype right now. I just need to fully connect it and put a volume control on it and all. I can hide it as a headset and then have it be able to go wireless.”

Dani nodded along as he explained it in more detail to her the studying he went into for vocals and how to replicate the feeling of someone’s throat, which is what he was going for. Dani was a good listener. She would put in her own input if she saw it needed, or small suggestions, but overall she was quiet.

At the end, Dani gave him back his test that held a 95%.

“Your quote is wrong and you didn’t explain why Odysseus did what he did.” Dani smiled and patted Peter’s hand afterwards.

“Thanks.” Peter smiled and started to pack his things to leave.

“Oh, one more thing.” Dani’s abrupt signing made him stop. “Have you heard of the Stark Industries competition that is going on in the high schools? They’re offering internships on a lower level if you win. I think they said that it could be anything that would help people and improve society. You should make a second one and put it into it.”

Peter paused and actually considered it.

“What if I don’t make it?” Peter asked. A great fear of his was getting this opportunity and failing.

“Then you get back up and move on.” Dani patted his shoulder before leaving him there.

Peter stared at Dani’s back as she left and debated it. He could take a step towards his dream…

The gym teacher was relentless during class the next day. He told them that if they wanted to get better equipment and things to do, they needed to ace their tests and show the city they deserved it. So they ran a lot. And Peter means, A LOT.

With Peter’s new found strengths and powers, it would have been easy for him to smoke the other students, but he decided to just run along with Ned and MJ. He didn’t mind it at all. It was just him enjoying his friends as they did their best. Peter and them finished and went to go get water right after. They walked together and Peter could feel something coming, his spidey senses screaming that something was thrown. He could see MJ and Ned turn to alarm Peter, but Peter was already turning quickly to see a basketball flying at him. He raised his hands and caught it.

Everyone around him was stunned into silence as Peter’s gaze met Flash’s from across the small
space from the sidewalk to the basketball court. Flash was frozen in place, his hands still up from throwing it.

“Can you please not?” Peter sighed. “That was rude.”

Flash blabbled something that Peter couldn’t catch, and Peter tossed the ball back. He didn’t throw it at his full strength because he didn’t want to maim the boy. Flash fumbled to catch it when it went back to him. Peter turned back to Ned and MJ, who were just starting at Peter.

“How did you know?” MJ signed and Peter slowly lowered her hands down with his own.

“I’ll explain in a minute once everyone stops staring.” Peter talked quietly. The two nodded and followed Peter as they continued their trek. When they were finished getting water, Peter lead them away from the other students and behind the bleachers.

“Spill it, Parker.” MJ signed.

“I… have enhanced senses. I only just got them, but I have this sixth sense that tells me if something important or urgent is happening. Usually it can sense direct harm to me or others. Or if I try to use it it’ll warn me of smaller things.” Peter signed. “I… I can also climb walls.”

“Like Spider-man?” Ned asked.

Peter paused and he watched his friends faces turn from confusion to realization.

“Well I be damned. I had an idea but I didn’t think you’d actually be him.” MJ signed and laughed. She clapped and turned away.

“Dude that is so cool!” Ned grinned and seemed like he was ready to explode. “Is that why you’ve been busy for the last few weeks?”

“Yeah.” Peter nodded and MJ turned back to them.

“Dude, you realize that you now have the police and the government to worry about right?” MJ asked. “You do realize this could be bad?”

Peter nodded and rubbed the back of his neck. He knew of all of that stuff, but he hoped that if he kept low and mainly hidden that he could avoid the troubles of the police and government. He didn’t want to deal with it yet.

Before Peter could answer, the gym coach turned the corner and called out to them. Peter saw him and just waved. Whatever he said, Peter couldn’t tell. MJ and Ned replied and motioned for Peter to follow.

“You gotta show us one day, dude.” Ned signed before they rounded the corner. Peter nodded again and didn’t know whether this was a good idea or not. He hoped it was.

-

Two days later, Peter was sitting at his coffee table, tinkering with the newer version of his audio transmitters. Peter had filled out the forms for the internship and was just trying to figure out the other small tricks to the old ones to make them work just as good. There was a team at Stark Institutes that would go over applicants and their inventions. He hoped to whatever being was up there that he got in the final pool at least.
Peter kept glancing up at the TV as it played the local news and forecast. He was hoping they would feature that he saved a school bus from crashing over the side of a bridge. It was hard, but he had barely managed to do it, make sure the kids were safe, and leave quickly. Peter glanced back up but paused as they actually started to mention him. His eyes automatically went to the subtitles on the TV.

“And tonight, we managed to get a press leak of a conversation between a reporter named Gwen Stacy. Roll the tape.” The women on the screen reported.

A video started to play and Peter’s eyes widened.

[“Mr. Stark!” Gwen spoke. “What do you have to say about the new vigilante, Spider-man?”

Tony Stark stood in front of of his car, about to get in, but he pauses when Gwen said it. He looked at the girl and looked her up and down from where she stood from behind the camera.

“Gwen Stacy, right?” Tony Stark spoke and there was a confirmation from Gwen. “Well, the guy seems to be trying to stay under the radar, but he’s failing miserably. I want to talk to the spider and see what it going on. He seems to want to do good and means well, but doesn’t have the way to properly do it. So Spider-man, if you’re watching this, expect me to find you one way or another.”

Tony Stark then got into his car and shut the door on the girl.]

Peter blinked at the TV as the reporter continued.

“We’re surprised that Tony Stark even acknowledged the vigilante. After the whole Sokovia incident, Mr. Stark has been busy.” The reporter smiled and shrugged. “But our good neighborhood Spider-man has caught the Iron Man’s attention. What do you think, Richard?”

The screen split in half, the women on one side and a man, most likely Richard, on the other side.

“I think the spider should hide before Tony Stark either ruins him with the Avengers or takes bug spray to the poor guy. The guy isn’t doing any harm and Tony Stark will just ruin him.” Richard seemed very adamant about his words.

“Well, Mr. Stark does ha-”

The TV cut the woman off mid sentence.

Peter looked up to see May standing with the remote. A small scowl was on her face as she sat down the remote.

“They need to leave the poor guy alone.” May signed quickly. “I don’t like how Tony Stark is gathering these people and using them as a large weapon. If this guy wants to protect a neighborhood from crime and small accidents, let him.”

Peter blinked at his Aunt as she took a deep breath. He had never seen her so worked up over this before. May turned to Peter and smiled.

“I’m guessing you’re working on the internship piece?” May asked.

“Yeah… But I don’t have to submit it if you don’t want me to.” Peter hesitated.

“No no, honey. You won’t work directly under him, so it’ll be fine.” May explained and gave him a small smile. “It’ll be good. Going towards your dream.”
Peter nodded and looked back down to the gadget. He slowly turned it on and slid it on to his neck.

“Can you go behind the couch and when I say go, start speaking?” Peter asked, using his voice.

“Of course.” May signed before going behind the couch.

Peter grabbed his notepad and pen before he cleared his throat.

“Go.” He spoke out. It took May a second before she started to speak.

“I met B-n at a douck p-rt-y. L-te Sept--mber.” The vibrations on his neck felt weird, but legible. Peter kept writing down what she was saying. “I nev-r lov-d anyone as m-ch as I did with B-n.”

Peter held a hand up and waved her back over. He turned them off and sat them to the side.

“I met Ben at a dock party. Late September. I never loved anyone as much as I did with Ben.” Peter recited it and looked up. May nodded and looked to the side.

Peter was glad that he was successful with making the prototype work better. It was a relief. But Peter knew what May was saying was her trying to find something to say, and her slipping back into her small depressions momentarily. May wasn’t over Ben’s death after a year or two and it was hurting all of them still. But Peter knew just being there would help her.

“It worked.” Peter smiled and looked up to May. May nodded and hugged him. Peter closed his eyes as he hugged her back.

In the morning, they had sent out his application and his invention. He hoped they would have asked him if there was anything wrong with him that would hinder his performance, but they didn’t. Peter just guessed that normally people who wouldn’t be able to do the job wouldn’t apply. But Peter knew that with his new model, he could at least pass.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Peter meets an important person.

Peter becomes an actual intern. Which also covers for Spider-man sometimes.

Peter gets stabbed.

Peter meets two Avengers, and Ross!

Peter has a one on one with the Winter Solider. Multiple times!

Peter turns 16.

Peter legit gets yeeted down a hallway.

Chapter Notes

**** WARNING: ****

PLEASE if you do not like blood or harm/violence, then you might want to be careful. Peter DOES get stabbed around the more middle part, right after he meets Bruce Banner, and then right after his birthday with the Starks, he gets fucked up. So be warned.

But this chapter was 30 pages in google docs? Hello?? Longest chapter?

But seriously, Peter spends about 3 months with Tony (if I remember correctly), and Tony loves him already.

Also, its 2am and I go to work at 10 so I rushed the ending parts. You'll tell when you see it. No Beta. Literally just finished it and posted.

But please don't be too mad? Promise not actual whump? Not yet?

I also changed a few things in the tags! Go find them!

Peter held his phone in his left hand, staring at it as he scrolled through his emails and used his other hand to drink his corner store coffee. Peter had his hearing phones 2.0 (he decided that was their name) on his neck, snuggly hidden by a hoodie. He was leaning against the entrance of his school, waiting for Ned and MJ. They were expecting announcements for the internships by today, and they were all going to celebrate if there was anything looking good for Peter. Peter just wanted a reason to celebrate. He had been not feeling as great again and he thought that a celebration would be nice.

“Stark Industries: Internships.” Peter saw the email finally and he grinned. He stared it and looked
back up to see if his friends were here yet. Thankfully he could see them in the distance.

Peter gripped his backpack and switched on the hearing phones and walked towards them.

“Hey, Penis Parker! Your cow and creepy friend finally showed up!” Peter recognized the nicknames and his spidey senses went off. Peter stepped away and turned swiftly to see Flash behind him.

“Stop.” Peter frowned. “You’re not funny.”

Flash stood there for a second before scowling at Peter.

“Whatever. It won’t stop you losers from flocking together anyways.” Flash swiftly turned and walked away.

Peter turned back around and debated Flash’s voice. He wondered if accents will make this more difficult. He hadn’t heard one in almost ten or eleven years.

MJ and Ned walked up and eyed where Flash once was.

“Giving you trouble?” Ned signed and Peter shook his head.

“Nah. Just making a comment.” Peter then held up his phone. “But I got an E-mail this morning.”

“Oh! Is it the internship E-mail?” Ned shot forward to look at Peter’s phone.

“Yeah.” Peter smiled and turned to MJ. “Wanna go inside to see it?”

MJ simply nodded and led the two inside. Once they were by their lockers, Peter opened his phone back up and read the E-mail out loud.

“Dear Mr. Parker, we were impressed by your invention and thought that it could truly help with the world. We reviewed your application and saw your qualifications and we believe that you have a good chance to be chosen. Your age is a problem, but if you’re the winning applicant then your age will be pushed to the side with a guardian’s approval.” Peter paused and looked up to his friends, who tried to motion him to continue. “We appreciate your contribution and submission, within the next few days you will be contacted with the final sensus. Please keep an eye out, Erin Joslin, Assistant to the CEO. Application 20 out of 100 approved.”

“Dude the CEO’s assistant approved you!” Ned bounced slightly.

“Congrats, Loser.” MJ smiled at him and gave a thumbs up.

“Thanks, guys.” Peter grinned and put his phone away. “I can’t believe I actually got in.”

“Yeah dude! It’s great! What did you even submit, though?” Ned asked.

Peter looked around the rather crowded room and pulled his friends towards a more empty part of the hallway where he knew there would be no interference.

“Alright.” Peter started and pressed a button on a small remote. He turned around. “Say something.”

“Is he… serious?” Peter assumed it was Ned since it was slightly deep.

“I don’t know, don’t ask me.” A higher voice said.
“Is he serious. I don’t know, don’t ask me.” Peter recited. He tapped into his spidey senses, and they told him they both jumped.

“How…” MJ said and Peter turned around.

Peter grinned and pulled down his hoodie to show the small contraptions. The two looked amazed and confused.

“They’re small speakers that play voiced against my neck as vibrations, and I used basic knowledge on voices and some studies to turn it into an actual device. I turned in the originals. They work, but they’re not the best. I… sometimes I just want to hear things normally again. Hear May laugh like she used to… actually hear you guys. This is the closest thing I have.” Peter explained. “It grounds me sometimes to pretend to be normal.”

MJ and Ned just looked at Peter for a second before Ned stepped forward and hugged him. Peter blinked almost owlishly before he wrapped his arms back around Ned. MJ gave a small smile before hugging them.

“We’ll be there to help you, Peter. You’re our normal. Don’t be anything else.” Peter could feel MJ’s throat on his shoulder and his hearing phones were still on it and it told him what she had said.

“Thank you, guys.” Peter whispered and closed his eyes.

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Peter made his way up the stairs to his apartment as he fished the key out of his backpack. He grunted as he fumbled to put his backpack back on once he got to the door, key successfully out. Peter stopped in front of the door and stuck the key in, twisting it and opening the rusty door handle. He pushed the door in with a small push and he stepped foot inside. His body kept facing the door as it went int.

“May! I’m home!” Peter called out as he pushed the door close and locking it behind him. “You wouldn’t guess what Ned did today in Chemistry.”

Peter slid his shoes off and his spidey senses told him that someone else was in the small apartment, but he just assumed it was a friend or coworker of May’s. He started to walk to the living room, slinging his bag off his shoulder he opened it up again to put the key in it.

“Ned threw a small tablet of calcium at MJ and it landed in Flash’s beaker and it was the best thing to experience. Flash tried to push it away on time and it blew-” Peter walked into the living room and looked up. The second he looked up though, he froze mid sentence.

Sitting next to Aunt May on the couch was a man. May had a smile on her face, and if Peter didn’t know her so well he wouldn’t have known it was her bittersweet fake smile she always gave to crappy customers. Peter looked between the two and he took in the man more. He had sunglasses folded and hanging from his t-shirt that was under a suit jacket. He had short brown hair and stressed brown eyes. Peter recognized him automatically and he could feel his soul leave his body.

“You must be Peter.” The man smiled at Peter. He actually spoke, and Peter assumed that May hadn’t told him that Peter was deaf.

“You’re… Tony Stark.” Peter finally spoke. He slowly stuck both hands into his pockets, slowly turning on the hearing phones that laid under his sweater neck.

“I am. I’m guessing you know why I am here?” Mr. Stark asked.
Peter had two possible reasons to his knowledge that Tony Stark would be in his living room, talking to his aunt nonchalantly.

“My… internship application?” Peter guessed and Mr. Stark grinned at him.

“Yes. I was impressed by your invention. I was thrown off by how well made and detailed they were for a 15 year old.” Mr. Stark stood up. “Your Aunt May said that you’ve been working on them for a few months and that you saw this opportunity to do it and jumped at it.”

“I… that’s true.” Peter nodded. Mr. Stark approached Peter, who was still basically frozen.

“She said she would approve of the internship. I actually wanted to talk to you one-on-one, would that be fine? We could go to your room.” Mr. Stark offered.

“Yes. I… sure. Let me show you it.” Peter nodded quickly and his legs automatically started to walk. He glanced to May, who just simply signed to him when Mr. Stark turned his back to her.

“I’m proud of you.”

Peter smiled at her and lead Mr. Stark to his room. They walked in and Peter flinched at the scattered papers, books, and the occasional chunk of electronics and shirts on the ground. Peter’s wall that had his desk pushed against it had a million sticky notes attached to it with notes and reminders. Some of it had math scrawled onto it and saying what not to mix for his webs. Peter could see his web notes on the top of his desk and he moved to them and picked them up, shoving them into his bag and putting the bag on the ground.

“Sorry for the mess I… wasn’t expecting anyone to come into my room and I’ve been busy with homework and projects.” Peter apologized for the mess in his room. He was trying to remember where his spider suit was and realized it was in his closet. His web shooters were suddenly heavy on his wrists. Did Mr. Stark know?

“Its fine, kid. Trust me, I’ve had seen worse.” Mr. Stark seemed to not care. He just moved to look at the notes on his wall. “What are these equations for?”

“Of course he would automatically notice those.

“I’m in Chemistry and we were going over reactions and the ways that reactions changed properties and forms of substances.” It wasn’t a lie, but Peter couldn’t tell Mr. Stark it was to make artificial spider webs.

“This is interesting. What is it trying to be? This one.” Mr. Stark pointed to one of the webbing equations.

“Its supposed to be a flexible material that can be dispensed by an aerosol type mechanism that will act like rope. My friend MJ helped me with it.” Peter turned and started to pick things up and he thought that his suit was hidden enough to not have to close the closet.

“Interesting. Have you made any?” Mr. Stark turned to Peter. “This is some advanced stuff.”

“I’ve made it in Chemistry. And I was homeschooled for a while, so May and my Uncle let me study whatever I wanted. I studied as much I could in the science and math fields.” Peter explained and looked Mr. Stark in his eyes. “I didn’t have much to do and I wanted to make my parents proud.”

“Where are your parents and Uncle? Are you visiting? It looks like you’ve been here a while.” Mr. Stark motioned towards the wear and damage on the room. Peter knew where each scuff and mark
came from. A lot of them were newer, or at least the bigger ones.

“My parents died when I was six. Uncle Ben when I was 13. I grew up here.” Peter looked away to pick up a shirt from the floor.

“Oh, I’m sorry.” Peter pieced together what he was saying. “I had no idea.”

“No, its fine. Its in the past.” It wasn’t fine, but he could never admit how much their death had hurt May and him. He knows May still cries. He still has nightmares with clear detail of the crash, noise and all.

“I understand.” Mr. Stark turned to looks at Peter’s room more.

“Uhm…” Peter suddenly felt more awkward as Mr. Stark looked around more. Peter expected to be stressed by the man and anxious to even be near him, but in all honesty, Peter was just excited and glad to even be near him. “So what did you want to talk to me about?”

“Right.” Mr. Stark turned back to Peter. “The internship wasn’t specific, but we actually accepted three applicants. You, Peter, landed the highest one. A personal assistant of mine. The only one I’ve ever had. You showed so much potential in your writing part and the technology that we decided that if you can make a useful gadget that works well out of collected junk basically, you could follow along easily.”

“Your… personal assistant? But I have school and after school activities. The listing only said it would be certain days and times-” Peter started to panic but Mr. Stark cut him off.

“Kid, I’m letting you make your times and whatever works for you. I understand how busy you are. May explained it to me. And if I truly need you for something, I can always pull you out of class and excuse you through May. She doesn’t really… like the idea, but she agreed.” Mr. Stark explained and wandered towards the closet. Peter tensed and Mr. Stark must have caught it because he paused. “And you got to tell May that her bread isn’t the best to give to strangers. Also, that if she’s uncomfortable, she has to tell people. She obviously doesn’t like me much.”

“She just worries.” Peter walked towards the closet and tried to distract Mr. Stark. “But I would love to accept. The original times that was stated actually fit perfectly to my schedule. But I can make extra time. I’m actually quitting band because of some recent difficulties.”

That part wasn’t a lie. Band was starting to hurt his senses more than he would like to admit. He asked if he could just be in a small ensemble they had and do solos for competitions. The director agreed and was going to transfer him.

“Good, good.” Mr. Stark turned to the closet more and pointed to something. “And hey, what’s this? I noticed when you were walking around.”

Peter felt panic flare through his senses and he lurched forward to grab it.

“Nuh-huh.” Mr. Stark basically tsked at Peter and went to grab his spider suit. Peter shot out a hand and shot the suit with his webbing, making it fly back.

There was silence for about 30 seconds before Mr. Stark just smiled.

“I found you, you little arachnid.” Mr. Stark spoke and shook his head.

“W-wait what?” Peter blanched. Oh god Mr. Stark, Iron Man, had found out his identity. He didn’t think it would be this quickly but here they were.
“See kid, I was really amazed by your application. A 15 year old that knew this much already and they had a working submission? See, a lot of the kids your age had simple machines or didn’t work well. Yours was the top of your age. Then when I started to crack it open and look into your inner workings, I saw how frankenstein it was. I was impressed. I looked into your life and only saw that you lived with your Aunt. So I scanned it and found some substances that normally wouldn’t be on there plastered on it. A lot of it was blottoches like someone shot it or picked it up and had the residue on their fingers. I ran it through a database and found out that it was the same composition as the webbing that Spider-man used. Which, I give you that it was hard to actually obtain it or keep it in good form.” Mr. Stark laughed almost casually. “It disintegrated after an hour. Or just in slightly more acidic water. See, I sent so many droids to collect the samples and usually by the time I could test them, they dissolved and were useless.”

“So when it came up… you knew?” Peter asked quietly.

“Well, either that or Spider-man was in contact with you. But when I talked to May, she said some things that caught my attention. Your new eating habits and strange behavior. I told her that you’re just growing again, but it sounds like your metabolism is running at more than full speed.” Mr. Stark explained and got closer. “Now, kid. I was going to offer you the position before I figured out Spider-man, but now I really want you to accept. I need to get you into a safer situation, and out of those god awful pajamas.”

“I like them… I made them myself.” Peter huffed.

“They’re not bad for a first time making them, but they have to way to make you safe. And a 15 year old superhero that is slowly rising up and is going to get bigger targets and become the target rubs me wrong. But I know I truly can’t stop you, and you can’t tell May or she will probably die from a heart attack. So I need to compromise. I already have you as an intern and assistant, so I’ll take you under my wing and create a safety net.” Mr. Stark put forward.

“I… I have a question.” Peter hesitated. “I don’t know if I’ll ever see the other Avengers, but I don’t want them to truly connect Peter Parker to Spider-man. I don’t want anyone to. Like… I just want to be your intern that is trying their best to help.”

“So you don’t want to be outed to my closest associates?” Mr. Stark raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah. I have to stay small and local. So I guess… they’ll never meet Spider-man unless they truly have to. And I know that once I hit 16 you can legally start paying for internships and generally interns are paid, but I don’t want the money for myself. May will get it.” Peter finally found his confidence. Mr. Stark examined Peter for a minute before holding a hand out.

“You have a deal, Peter.” Mr. Stark was grinning. “Welcome to Stark Industries.”

“You got the internship?!” Ned gasped loudly and when some students looked over to see what was going on, he covered his mouth.

“Yeah. I guess they got done quicker than they thought. Apparently me and two others got it. Its pretty cool actually.” Peter smiled and shrugged.

“Wow, congrats, Loser.” MJ smiled at Peter like she was truly happy for him.

“Thanks.” Peter smiled at her.

It was the next week on Monday, and Peter was so happy to tell them. He told them that he found
out the news the next day on Friday and would rather tell them in person. They were rather worried, 
but went along with the plans. And now, they sat in their seats in English discussing it.

“Dude, I’m surprised they let you!” Ned was truly amazed and Peter loved seeing the shine in his 
eyes.

“May had to basically sign my life away in a million sheets of paperwork. It was a long process, but 
one it was done it was worth it. I haven’t gone to the Tower yet, but he said my ID will be ready 
when I get there and that FRIDAY will recognize me when I enter.” Peter then dropped his voice. 
“And she’ll recognize when I’m Spider-man and then Peter.”

“That’ll be impressive. I want to see his AI in action.” MJ looked off slightly. “I find it interesting 
that it is female and I wonder if its based off of Pepper Potts.”

“Pepper Potts Stark, gotta get it right, MJ.” Ned teased. “They’re married.”

MJ rolled her eyes and turned back to her book, the excitement already enough for her.

“Let’s get ice cream after classes.” Peter told the two and they nodded.

After another minute of small talk, a hand slammed on Peter’s desk and he looked up to see Flash 
with a furious look in his eyes.

“Penis Parker, rumor is saying you got an internship at Stark Industries.” Flash’s face twitched as he 
spoke. “Which is impossible. A loser like you can’t get in. You’re not even old enough. Your 
application would be denied automatically.”

“They were impressed by my work and May signed and gave my permission.” Peter could feel 
anxiety crawl up his throat. He had never seen Flash this upset towards him. Peter didn’t know why 
this upset him, but the fact that Flash’s perspective had taken a more sour path didn’t rub right. “They 
said that when I turn 16 it’ll be more appropriate, but since I turn 16 next month it’ll be fine. Even 
Mr. Stark, who helped choose them, approved it.”

“Why would he approve whatever you sent in? Your family barely makes enough to send you here.” 
Flash scowled and that hit a chord in Peter’s chest.

“I…” Peter started and he could suddenly feel everyone staring at them.

Flash’s face shifted slightly as he looked at Peter’s hurt face and probably realized he went 
somewhere he shouldn’t have. Flash glanced up and looked at the probably quiet class of students. 
Peter had never truly held anything against Flash. He just wanted attention and probably just wanted 
to know Peter, who didn’t want many friends. But this… his family was another thing.

“You shouldn’t say that. You don’t know anything, Flash.” Peter slowly stood up from his seat and 
collected his things. “Ned, MJ. Please take notes for me and tell the teacher I don’t feel good. I 
probably don’t need the notes other than the style of the test, but you know what’s up.”

Peter started to turn, pushing Flash out of the way with his shoulder. He could see Ned get up and 
MJ, bless her soul for understanding, grabbed his shoulder and held him back. Peter walked out of 
the room and walked past the few students that scattered the hallways. He slowly made his way to 
the study hall, which he knew was only full of about eight students. When he got there, he pushed 
the door open slowly and peered inside. He was looking for a specific pair of students, and he could 
feel anxiety creeping up his throat even more as he couldn’t find them at first. Then he spotted them. 
A girl with curly shoulder length hair, tan skin, and brown eyes and glasses sat next to a boy that had
white blonde hair and a dark brown undercut, blue eyes, circle glasses, and freckles on his pale skin. They sat together as they talked. Peter made his way over and the two looked up as he sat down.

“Peter? Isn’t your class about to start?” Sean frowned and asked. “Are you okay?”

“No… I got the internship and I don’t know why, but Flash is being more of a total ass and he… he actually basically insulted May and it just… it hurt.” Peter signed back and he could see Sean and Dani look at each other. Dani then slid closer and hugged him. She pulled back after a minute of them hugging.

“Peter, darling.” Dani started off and made sure to lean towards him. “Flash is a bully. He seeks attention and he’s just jealous that someone so young and near him had managed to get into the program.”

Peter paused. Flash was just jealous and speaking out against it…

“If Flash can’t believe it, that means to him no one else can and that means that it isn’t real. Remember, you’re probably some odd powerful being in his eyes. He literally means nothing.” Sean signed to Peter and Peter nodded. Sean and Dani were right…

“But hey, we’re proud of you for getting in! You have to tell us about it when you start.” Dani grinned and Peter grinned.

“Of course.” Peter knew he couldn’t tell them the full extent, but he could tell them fun parts.

Peter spent the rest of that class in there, trying to feel better. He was glad that Ned and MJ had given him notes afterward. His teacher approached him afterwards and Peter explained what happened. The rest of the day Flash didn’t acknowledge Peter’s existence.

Peter was speechless as he stepped into the tower. Everything was so clean, shiny, and pristine. He couldn’t smell any specific cleaners, which impressed him. He could barely feel small tremors under his feet, most likely from something happening higher in the tower, and it made him feel like everything was a dream.

Peter walked up to the desk and the lady smiled at him.

“How may I help you, sir?” The girl, who’s ID read Margerot, asked.

“My name is Peter Parker. I’m a new intern.” Peter watched as she nodded and opened a small box with her key. She flipped through the objects in the box until she found what she was working for and her eyes widened.

“Peter Parker…? You’re the new personal assistant?” Margerot asked, her face looking like she just the most amazing thing ever.

“Yesss…?” Peter trailed off.

“You’re just as young as the rumors. Wow.” Margerot handed Peter a simple card that had a small picture of him on the top, his name underneath, then a large star with a smaller A next to it. Peter examined it and looked up to her.
“What does my ID mean, and where is my lanyard?” Peter asked and Margerot looked excited to explain.

“Oh! You don’t know anything. This is going to be interesting for you.” Margerot leaned over the counter out and held hers out. Peter turned on his hearing phones and watched her point to her ID. It was landscape, which was unlike his, and her picture was on the top left. Her name was under the Stark Industries logo. Under that was her name, a number, then a white band outlined by black.

“So, you see this color and how this is laid out? The color is part of our ranking system. Black is visitors and lowest level people. They really can only access the bottom ten floors without trouble, but usually need a white or above for other areas. White is the normal access and the lower level workers. I have a black band to show that I need to have access when granted special permission because of my desk job. Next is blue. Blue is level one through level 25. They’re the lower level scientists and mostly office jobs. Green is level one through 50. They’re the main scientist and workers that aren’t special enough to be purple, but aren’t low enough for blue. Next is purple. Purple is one through 70. They’re the more… business side and a few really important stockholders. And then one through 90 is for gold. They’re the avengers and basically anyone that important. The highest intern next to you is Erin Joslin. She’s basically an archangel. Michael. The right hand to Jesus and God. You get my point. She is in between gold and red, since only three people currently have red cards. She has gold with a red band. Red is everywhere in the tower. Ms. Potts and Mr. Stark has them. Then there’s you. Since you’re Tony’s PA Intern and he seems to like you, you get that. This star shows that. The A shows that you can go anywhere and that’s why it is red. And it allows you to go into any Avenger’s only area.” Margerot spoke a lot and it blurred, but there was enough pauses for Peter to piece it all together.

“Wow… so I only have to take it out when I need to?” Peter asked.

“Yup. Basically. And Mr. Stark already took your fingerprints and genetic stuff so FRIDAY will automatically sense it is you and she can let you in automatically.” Margerot paused. “Oh! Say hello, FRIDAY!”

“Hello.” Peter could barely understand the voice, but he realized that the almost monotone voice was the AI speaking.

“Hi, FRIDAY.” Peter smiled shyly.

“It is nice to finally meet you.” FRIDAY’s voice picked up slightly and he guessed it was to show emotion.

“You too.” Peter turned to Margerot. “I’m guessing once I get into the elevator, she’ll take me up?”

“Yup. Just say the word and she’ll direct you.” Margerot nodded.

Peter then said his goodbyes and FRIDAY opened up the elevator door and he walked into the empty elevator.

“FRIDAY, I need to tell you something that you cannot tell Mr. Stark. Maybe not even Pepper if I ever meet her.” Peter spoke out in the empty elevator.

“Yes…?” The AI trailed off, most likely confused.

“I’m deaf. You know the device I turned in? It is a prototype to the device on my neck right now. I know you sensed it. Its not harmful, promise. But it helps to basically… feel voices. You know?” Peter explained to the AI.
“So… you do not want Boss to know? Or Mrs. Boss?” FRIDAY asked. “I can also talk slightly different if I am too monotone for it to pick up.

“Yes please. And yeah, he can’t know. You already know who I am and all, but this will show weakness.” Peter explained.

“Peter… weakness is alright. Everyone has one.” FRIDAY seemed to be hesitant.

“Just… trust me, kay? I got this.” The elevator stopped and Peter felt the queasy feeling from it rise and go. “But thank you. I want to actually talk to you again. Maybe though typing so it is easier.”

“It would be my pleasure. And Boss is three doors down.” FRIDAY then informed and he guessed she turned off.

Peter got off the elevator and wandered down the hallway. He was on floor 95, and it was the one that held Mr. Stark’s newer personal labs. Or that is what the elevator said in the booklet on basic tower structure in the book Mr. Stark sent him. Peter stopped in front of the door and it slid open smoothly. Peter stepped foot in and he could see some of the basic things listed. He turned to see Mr. Stark jamming out to some type of music that Peter could feel resonating through his bones as he worked on something sprawled across the table.

“Hi, Mr. Stark.” Peter spoke at a reasonable volume and he had never seen a man jump as much as Mr. Stark. He could see the man’s mouth move a little in probably curses before the music’s vibrations died down and he turned towards Peter.

“Jesus, kid. I’m going to stick a bell on you. You’re too quiet.” Mr. Stark wiped his forehead with his arm and waved him over. “Get over here.”

Peter nodded and ran over and stopped in front of the table. His eyes widened at what was on the table. It was a new Spider-man suit, and it looked so nice and pristine.

“I’m still making it.” Mr. Stark spoke up and the hearing phones picked it up. “I took the notes you gave me of your web shooters and installed web shooters directly into the suit, and they’re compact. You won’t notice them as much and they won’t be as clunky. I still don’t know your true power yet, so I just put in protocols that I know you won’t understand into the AI inside of it. But it just needs some final tinkering and it’ll be done. How about we go over and start looking at your older web shooters and you can tell me about your powers?”

Peter nodded at the flurry of an explanation. Peter was impressed that the man had made the suit so quickly and started to already put things inside the suit. He expected it to be an upgrade, but not a whole AI.

Peter followed Mr. Stark to another able and he took his shooters off. Mr. Stark started up his program and started a diagnostic as he started to disassemble it.

“Basically… I got bit by this radioactive spider and it make me puke my guts up, get this terrible fever that only died down to 100 at most. I heal really quick, which I’m pretty sure relies on my metabolism being on high. My senses are all enhanced besides hearing. I have this sixth sense that warns me of any danger and I can use it to reach out and kidna just… sense things. I also am really strong now? I lifted up a truck the other day. I also can climb walls with my hands and feet. I think I have these little fibers on my hands now that allows me to do it.” Peter started to ramble then cut himself off. “Sometimes it feels like eating is my superpower since I’m always hungry. Oh! And I haven’t gotten sick in so long. I heal quickly also.”
Peter could see Mr. Stark’s body move slightly and he could feel a small thing, probably a snort, on his neck.

“This all came from a radioactive spider? How did you manage to get bit by one?” Mr. Stark took out the web filling and brought it closer to peek at it.

“A field trip to OsCorp. They have radioactive spiders. One got loose, bit me. I have a scar on my back.” Peter pointed to his back briefly. “I didn’t put two and two together for the spider until I really thought about it.”

“That’s… odd. Out of everyone with powers that I know, they were born like that or given it directly. Hell, even trained into them.” Mr. Stark wrote down notes that he needed to implicate and introduce to the plans. “I think I’m going to have a talk with OsCorp and check in on them.”

Peter opened his mouth to reply when the door on the other side of the room slid open. A man walked in with a ipad or some type of tablet. He was halfway in the room when he started to speak. Peter’s hearing phones picked up the few bits that were loud enough.

“Tony….. Calcium phosphate…. Nanotech…. What is the point of this resear-” The man stopped in the middle of the room and stared at Peter as Peter stared back. Peter took in the man’s face and quickly realized who he was.

“You’re… Doctor Banner…” Peter breathed out in shock.

“Bruce!” Tony called out as he brought a hand down onto Peter’s shoulder. “This is Peter Parker. He’s my personal intern. PA.”

“Oh, so you’re the new Red that everyone is talking about.” Dr. Banner smiled and walked to them. “Rumors fly, especially when you’re higher up working with the lower levels. An invention that not a lot of people would actually think of, and it was well built from scraps. Genius.”

Peter laughed because it reminded him of high school, and he soaked up the praise. “I understand. And thanks.”

Dr. Banner nodded to Peter and handed the clipboard to Mr. Stark.

“I don’t know what you’re planning, Stark, but I guess I’ll approve you.” Mr. Stark took the clipboard presented and signed it as Dr. Banner talked. “I just gotta say, its weird and you need to be careful. One wrong move and the directors might come for our necks.”

“Yeah, Yeah.” Mr. Stark handed it back. “Listen, that’s for a different time. Kay?”

Dr. Banner’s face looked tense, like he wanted to say something, but he had seemingly decided against it. Dr. Banner turned back to Peter and smiled at him.

“It was nice to finally meet you. I hope I could see you more later on.” Dr. Banner then turned and started to leave.

“You too, sir.” Peter finally spoke up when he left. Once Dr. Banner was out, he turned to Mr. Stark and let out a small undignified noise. “Oh my god I just met Bruce Banner!”

“Yup. Good job, kid. I’m proud of you for not freaking out. You seem like the type that would.” Mr. Stark pat Peter’s shoulder as Peter’s face flushed in embarrassment.
Weeks later, Peter had gotten very acquainted with Mr. Stark. He had even met Pepper in an awkward flurry. She was nice and only had a second to say hello as she rushed through Mr. Stark’s lab.

“Hey, kid.” Mr. Stark looked up from across the lab table and caught Peter’s attention.

“Yeah?” Peter replies lamely from where he sat.

“They’re making us sign this book they call a treaty or legal papers. They’re called the Accords. Since you’re not officially anything but a friendly little neighborhood watcher, you’re technically not included. Through the loopholes, at least.” Mr. Stark seemed to be tense and Peter could see the frustration and stress leak through his face. “Its… its tearing the Avengers apart slowly.”

This made Peter tense. What does Mr. Stark mean by this? He knew he had mentioned troubled going on, but signing some type of document is tearing them apart?

“Is everything going to be okay?” Peter wondered.

“I… don’t know actually. But… I need your help with something.” Mr. Stark stood up and Peter nodded and stood up with him.

Mr. Stark brought Peter out of the lab and to the elevator, which made Peter panic slightly. Usually they stayed in the lab, in Mr. Stark’s office so Peter could do actual paperwork, or they went out to the roof so Mr. Stark could teach Peter actual fighting. As they got in the elevator, Mr. Stark told FRIDAY a floor, the 90th floor, and she hummed in response and started the elevator down. Peter didn’t look at Mr. Stark or question him, he just stared at the wall silently.

When the elevator stopped and opened, he could smell the faint scent of bleach in the air. It was slightly alarming and odd if you asked Peter. Mr. Stark stepped off the elevator and Peter followed him as he walked down the pristine hallway. They stopped in front of a door and it automatically opened to Mr. Stark. Once inside, Peter could see a monitor that he could barely make out another room and some type of glass cell with someone inside. There was a door across from the one they had just entered through.

“Mr. Stark… what is this?” Peter asked and Mr. Stark stepped forward.

“Steve… he brought someone home.” Mr. Stark looked at the monitor and Peter didn’t move. “He’s dangerous, but he’s passive right now. He just sits in his chair staring at the wall most of the time, but he doesn’t talk to many people. I thought… maybe you could talk to him.”

“Who is it?” Peter asked.

“James Barnes. He was turned Hydra after Captain America was frozen. They were best friends. And now… Barnes can switch personalities, to the Winter Soldier that Hydra created. Its… dangerous. But Steve is fighting tooth and nail to keep him.”

Mr. Stark fully turns to Peter, and Peter is thankful for the extra aid to understand. He takes in the small sign of insecurity and anxiety riddled on him.

“I trust you, Peter. You’re also a likable kid. He might talk to you. Natasha and Steve, sometimes Sam, are the only ones that can get him to speak. You’re young enough that he might crack.” Mr. Stark spoke softly.

“I… I’ll try.” Peter nods and takes a deep breath.
“Thank you.” Mr. Stark smiled and opened the door. “I’ll be right outside. There’s a chair in there, and just scream if you need out. I’ll be watching.”

Peter nodded and slipped inside of the room. Once the door was closed behind him, he stood against him and watched at James Barnes slowly look up to Peter. It took a few seconds for Barnes to realize that Peter wasn’t someone he knew. He opened his mouth and closed it before he could say anything to Peter.

Peter walked towards the chair and sat down in it.

“Do you know sign language?” Peter signed to Barnes.

Barnes hesitated before he lifted his hands to reply.

“Not a lot. I can spell good.” He paused. “Nat and Steve taught me some and they gave me books to read for a while. One was on sign language.”

“Good.” Peter signed and relaxed. “What’s your name, Mr. Winter Soldier?”

“Bucky.” Bucky had signed out.

“Bucky.” Peter did the sign for buck, almost like a nickname on top of a nickname. He then did the sign for the letter Y.


“My name is Peter. I’m an intern. I’m next week I turn 16.” Peter replied. “I was told that you are the silent type and I wanted to see you for myself.”

“16? That’s a bit young. Plus, they talk about me?” Bucky had paused, obviously in shock that Peter was so young.

“I won a contest to be in a special selection. And Mr. Stark talked about you. I haven’t met any of the other avengers besides the Hulk.” Peter signed before shrugging. “You don’t seem like a bad guy.”

“I’m dangerous.” Was the only reply he got.

“Only if they make you dangerous.” Peter was unimpressed. “My sixth sense isn’t screaming to run, which it normally does around bad people. You’re not bad.”

“Right now I’m not. You don’t understand, kid.” Bucky frowned.

“I know. But still. I know enough about people and myself to have great judgement.” Peter brought out his phone and checked the time. He was going to start cutting his time close if he didn’t cut this off. Peter shoved his phone into his pocket.

“Was that… a phone? Cell phone I think they’re called?” Bucky leaned forward.

“Yes.” Peter smiled and brought it back out. He opened it and showed Bucky a few apps. “They’re better than stationary phones you guys probably didn’t have much back then, aren’t they?”

“Much better…” Bucky seemed amazed by the simple technology.

“I’ll come back and show you more later.” Peter signed before he shoved his phone away and stood
“Promise? Sometimes its nice to see newer faces.” Bucky looked slightly depressed.

“Of course.” Peter nodded and grinned. He couldn’t agree more.

They said their goodbye and Peter exited.

“What’d he say?” Mr. Stark asked as they left the room.

“Basically, I’m a kid and he is a bad person because of what they made him to be.” Peter shrugged. “Mr. Stark, he’s not a bad guy. At all. My senses would have told me. Its the psychological trigger he has. I’m telling you.”

“Yeah… I know kid. But… I don’t want to.” Mr. Stark spoke it quietly, almost too quiet for his hearing phones to pick up.

Peter decided to stay quiet the rest of the way back. He was mentally filing this day as one to question later and actually make questions to ask Bucky. He wanted to save the man, and stop whoever was trying to ruin him.

- 

Peter’s breathed heavily as he slung his way back home. Pain ripped through his whole left side of his body, making him release pained noises whenever he moved too suddenly. The night was going so well until this mugging. So well.

Peter had been stabbed by a masked man.

He had stopped the man, the man stabbed him with a hunting knife. He swung at Peter after yanking the knife out, then Peter webbed him and quickly left. Peter was almost home when he felt the pain spread more. He could feel the blood dripping from his stomach and decided that May coming home to blood on the floors wouldn’t be good. Peter quickly changed his course, his body’s momentum making him quickly whip around and he could feel bile crawling up his throat and he had to stop on the top of a building so he could empty his stomach’s contents onto the roof. He wiped his mouth before sliding the mask back over his face. He then launched himself back off of the building, trying to ignore the dizziness and nausea that was coming from the quick blood loss.

It took Peter about ten minutes to reach Stark Towers. Peter landed on the roof and stumbled. His body hit the stone roof and he let out a loud groan.

“Spider-man?” Peter couldn’t hear FRIDAY’s confused and slightly concerned voice as the lights turned on around him, lightening his slowly darkening world. He couldn’t feel her voice either, just see her flashing lights. Everything against his skin was a mix of warm and cold wetness, his world darkening by the second. He knew he was bleeding out on the roof.

“Hunting knife… one by four inches.” Peter rasped out. “I can’t…”

“Running bioscan.” FRIDAY announced and her lights flared for a moment. “Major stab wound. Calling Boss.”

That was the last thing Peter would have heard if he could before his world slipped away. His body was sprawled across the cement, face down as red slowly trickled out of his body and his body fought to heal itself. He just didn’t have enough energy or blood to heal at the speed it wants.
Tony Stark glanced at the time. It was almost eleven at night. He contemplated calling it a wrap when FRIDAY suddenly lightened the room.

“Sir, we have an emergency.” FRIDAY spoke with urgency.

“What’s wrong? Why did you call me first?” Tony stood up and frowned at the ceiling.

“Spider-man is unconscious on the roof, bleeding out.” FRIDAY told him.

“Shit!” Tony lurched and he could feel panic rising in his chest. How was the kid stabbed? He had just seen him a day ago and he was so careful.

“Deep breathes, sir. He said it was a hunting knife. Most likely he got stabbed on duty.” FRIDAY spoke calmly. “If you get to him now, you can help him.”

Tony nodded and put a hand over his mouth and wordlessly left his workshop. He could hear FRIDAY automatically shut it down as he borderline ran down the hallway. He didn’t bother to take the elevator and just went straight to the stairs, taking them two at a time and he busts into the only lab he knew to go to.

Tony could see Bruce lookup suddenly to see the distressed Tony rushing towards him.

“Tony, what’s wrong?” Bruce frowned and sat his food down.

“I need… your help. You’re a doctor. Someone needs help and you’re the closest thing to help. Come with me.” Tony reached over and grabbed Bruce once he had sat his food down.

It took about two minutes to get to the roof, and once they did, Tony almost blanched and threw up. He bit down the bile with the panic as his body let go out Bruce and he sprinted towards his kid. He dropped down next to Peter and pushed him onto his back.

“Spider-man? The newer vigilante? What is he doing here? Why is he bleeding so much?” Bruce approached him and watched Tony.

“Kid… hey, kid?” Tony tried to shake him lightly before he just picked him up. “I keep tabs on him. Can’t have him running around blindly without at least some connection to make him safe. I’m making him a suit.”

“You’re what?” Bruce sounded shocked as Tony held the kid like a child.

“He doesn’t have resources like we do, Bruce. I can’t watch someone doing good for the people he knows get hurt or die. I also gave him access to come on up to see me. He’s… important to me.” Tony carried Peter towards the doors. “Now open up the door so I can get him inside. You need to give me a second once we get down there so I can get this damn ugly mask off of him and get his identity hidden again.”

Bruce nodded and helped Tony back down. They got into the med bay without anyone else seeing thankfully. Bruce left Tony alone long enough to take the mask off and slip on a shower cap, large sunglasses, and a medical mask. He could see Peter’s staggered breathing against the mask and panicked. Bruce came back in and started to take off the suit with scissors. Tony knew the kid was going gripe once he was okay again.

“Do you know his blood type?” Bruce asked as he made his way around the med bay, collecting
what he needed. He had connected the heart monitor and machines to him, just in case.

“A positive.” Tony replied as he sat next to Peter and watched as the kid’s heart monitor was slowly picking up more. “You need to hurry, Bruce he might die.”

“I’m doing my best, Tony.” Bruce huffed and came back over. He connected Peter to blood and started on cleaning and stitching him up. “Does he have any healing properties or anything I should know of?”

“His metabolism… its on overdrive. Steve and you are the closest thing I can compare it to. It doubles with him being… he’s growing again. But it kicks up his immune system and healing and things like that. I don’t know how quickly his body will eat up pain meds.” Tony watched as the stitches pulled Peter’s skin together and he could see his body struggle to try and heal it. “I… should get him food.”

“When he wakes up he’ll be starving.” Bruce nodded and snipped the thread. “He should be up within ten minutes. The blood will help and basically the pain will also shock him awake. I don’t know his metabolism fully so I can’t give him pain meds.”

Tony nodded and looked down to Peter as he let out a high pitched whine and shifted.

“He’ll be fine. We caught him on time.” Bruce assured him and Tony nodded before standing up.

That was good. The kid was okay. That was all that mattered.

Tony slowly moved out of the med bay and walked to the kitchen that was on the same floor. He could hear one or two of the Avengers moving around in the living room, but Tony didn’t bother to go and see who it was. He opened the fridge and rummaged around until he could find a container of leftover spaghetti. It was larger and Tony was glad that the locust haven’t eaten it. He popped open the lid before putting it in the microwave. It took about a minute before it was done and piping hot. Tony put the lid back on as he grabbed a fork and a water bottle before leaving the kitchen.

“That’s a lot of food.” Natasha whistled from where she sat and Tony shrugged his shoulders.

“A mad scientist wanted to share with me.” Tony grinned at her and she just smiled and let him continue.

Tony pushed the med bay door open when he got there and he was shocked by what he saw. Peter had woken up in pure pain. He gasped for air as his hands flew to his stomach, pressing down onto the now healing stab wound. There was something on his face and head, and his hands went to scratch it off. He could smell the scent of cleaners and some type of cologne. Peter felt hands grab onto his own and he paused. What if they were speaking to him?

Peter focused on the person above him, blinking as he realized that he had sunglasses on. But he recognized his face.

“Dr. Banner?” Peter breathed out. Dr. Banner paused and frowned, his eyebrows scrunching up. He let Peter’s hand slip out as he pushed up the sunglasses. He blinked at the new brightness and was glad that it didn’t take him long to focus. “Why… where am I?”

“Medbay. You’re… Spider-man? You’re… like 12.” Dr. Banner spoke and Peter pulled the rest of what was on his head off and tried to sit up. Dr. Banner seemed to panic and said something as he pushed Peter back down.
“I can’t hear you, sir. Not when I can’t read your lips.” Peter huffed. “And I’m 15. I turn 16 this week.”

Dr. Banner paused, again, before he propped Peter up by making the bed itself move. Dr. Banner slowly raised his hands and thought for a second.

“I know…” he paused. Dr. Banner must have been trying hard to think of the right signs to use. “Little sign language.”

“Little is better than none.” Peter spoke out loud. “But please don’t tell Mr. Stark. I already had to convince Bucky and Pepper not to.”

“You know Bucky?” Dr. Banner looked slightly surprised.

“A few times. Mr. Stark lets me talk to him and if anything important is said I report it. But I am his intern, so I can do small tasks like that. And… sometimes he requests to talk to me.” Peter shrugged.

“Bucky has never mentioned you to Steve or anyone from what I’ve heard. It is odd.” Dr. Banner spoke out loud and Peter shrugged. He didn’t know why Bucky didn’t inform his closest friend about him.

The door to the side opened and Tony Stark walked into the room with a container and a water bottle in his hand. He stopped dead in his tracks when he saw Peter sitting up and without his cover.

“The cat is out of the bag.” Peter smiled and Mr. Stark just smiled and shook his head.

“And I thought I was special.” Mr. Stark sat down next to Peter. “Eat up, kid. You’re probably going to pass out again if you don’t.”

Peter took the tub of pasta and said a small thank you before he started to devour the pasta.

“Does this mean, now that my suit is destroyed, that I can have the new one?” Peter asked halfway through a bit and looked up to Mr. Stark, who shared a look with Dr. Banner.

Mr. Stark broke out laughing and smiled at Peter before he deadpanned.

“No.”

Peter walked quickly next to Mr. Stark, holding the notepad that Mr. Stark have shoved in his arms.

“Remember, take notes on what you think is important. You’re coming as my intern, but remember that this meeting will affect you also. Try to find a way for you to stay safe. And kid, please don’t speak unless we call upon you. Trust me.” Mr. Stark glanced down at Peter. “Got that?”

Peter nodded and bit his lip. They were going into a meeting with Rhodes and Ross, and Peter was nervous. First of all, Peter wasn’t even supposed to meet Thaddeus Ross. It was too risky. He wasn’t even supposed to meet other Avengers. But here he was, a chicken walking into a fox den.

Mr. Stark walked through the Avenger’s main living room almost gracefully. Peter could see a group of the Avengers loitering around the couches and tables nearby, and they looked up to look at Peter as he trailed Mr. Stark. Peter started to look away when he saw Dr. Banner and smiled. He waved at Dr. Banner, who sat next to Natasha and gave him a smile back and a small wave. Peter felt at least a small ease come to him.
“Good luck. Have fun.” Peter could see Dr. Banner sign from a distance and he nodded. Natasha turned to Dr. Banner and said something and Dr. Banner replied to her and she nodded, glancing at Peter.

Peter snapped back to looking forward as Mr. Stark nudged Peter and sent him a small look. Peter exhaled loud enough for Mr. Stark to hear and Peter could see Mr. Stark roll his eyes. They stopped in front of a door and it opened, FRIDAY announcing their names and clearance to enter the room.

“Anthony Stark. Level Red.” Mr. Stark walked in.

“Peter Parker, Level Red.” Peter followed.

Once inside, Peter could see an older and angrier looking man sitting next to a more calm Rhodes. The two nodded at Peter and Mr. Stark as they sat down.

“I’m guessing this is the intern your whole company is whispering about?” Ross messed with his Stark Industries badge, which was marked with a black band and GOVERNMENT MAN on it. Peter wanted to snort at the obvious sass and dislike for the badge.

“Yes. This is Peter. He’s young, but a genius. I only want the best for my intern.” Mr. Stark grinned.

“Isn’t he adorable, also?”

Ross peered at Peter, who squirmed uncomfortably under the gaze.

“He looks like that if you aren’t careful, you can be arrested for child endangerment.” Ross piped off.

Rhodes snorted at that and tried to keep his composure.

“Something funny, Rhodes?” Ross turned to him.

“No. But the kid looks so uncomfortable around you, you must scare the poor thing.” Rhodes smiled.

It wasn’t a lie. He WAS scared, but not the way that Rhodes would think. Mr. Stark must have understood how Peter felt, because he redirected the conversation.

“Alrighty, girls. You wanted to discuss Barnes first?” Mr. Stark put his hands on the table.

“Yes, but the kid looks so uncomfortable around you, you must scare the poor thing.” Rhodes smiled.

“Alrighty, girls. You wanted to discuss Barnes first?” Mr. Stark put his hands on the table.

“Yes, but he’s still a danger. What if someone manages to break in? Triggers him?” Ross grit out.

“We have procedures to stop it and restrain him.” Rhodes spoke up. “It’s impressive. They’re a struggle for Steve to escape. But if we tranquilize Barnes after he shifts, we can reset him ourselves and keep him under until it wears off.”

Peter kept writing, but added his own points. He had a few ideas on how to reverse it.

“Next is the accords?” Mr. Stark tilted his head.
“Yes. I know your team isn’t fully for it, but we’ve made changes that would be more in their favor. I know you like to nitpick, so I’m going to say that anyone affiliated with this team will automatically have to sign. So if you get a new member and you don’t sign them on and we hear, we will get them.” Ross threatened and Peter could feel his blood run cold. Colder than he realized it had started to now that the weather was changing. Damn his spider blood making it hard for him to keep warm.

“Sounds good to me. And any large scale vigilante?” Peter realized Mr. Stark said large scale. Peter wasn’t large scale.

“Of course. They’re a threat.” Ross frowned.

“Alright. What else do you need?” Mr. Stark smiled to him.

“You said on the news that you would track down that new vigilante. Have you?” Ross asked and Rhodes sighed.

“No. That kid is quick and runs away too quickly. He just disappears. Trust me. I’ve even tried my best.” Rhodes seemed upset about it and Peter didn’t know whether to feel flattered or not.

“Well, keep trying and I’ll put a lighter deal for vigilantes.” Ross tried to trick them. Ross then stood up. “Now if you excuse me.”

He walked up to the door and FRIDAY spoke up.

“Thaddeus Ross. Level Government Black.”

And he was gone.

Rhodes sighed and turned to Mr. Stark.

“God he annoys me sometimes.” Rhodes stretched and Mr. Stark shrugged.

“Sometimes I tell myself that he’s just doing his job, and not personally trying to make my life and the rest of you guy’s lives hell.” Mr. Stark rubbed his face. “And he’s just putting more pressure to get the others to sign. I hate them, but they have a good point that they’re coming from. If we just deal with it for a while then we’re good.”

“Exactly. Just endure it until they realize what we do.” Rhodes turned to Peter then. “And hello, Peter. Its nice to finally meet you.”

“You too, sir.” Peter smiled at Rhodes.

“Don’t let Rhodey blind you by his scary face, kid. He’s soft and he would throw himself in front of a turret for me.” Mr. Stark tried to crack a joke.

“Oh shut up.” Rhodes got up. “Just do your job, Tony Stank.”

Peter knew Bucky loved seeing him. They talked about animals sometimes, maybe food another time. Peter had told Bucky about popular memes the other day and how Steve was known for Language. Bucky had a hoot with it and almost died when he heard about the school PSA’s.

“He… actually did those?” Bucky laughed as he signed. His sign language was getting way better.

“Yes! I even saw a detention one!” Peter grinned. He hadn’t had this big of a laugh in a few weeks,
since everything was so serious, and Peter enjoyed it. He laughed with Mr. Stark, but Bucky always seemed to have odd jokes and stories from the forties.

“Damn. I would love to see those.” Bucky grinned then paused. “Oh, your birthday is tomorrow, right kid?”

“Yeah.” Peter nodded.

“Look in the corner.” Bucky then pointed to the corner to Peter’s left.

Peter turned to see a grown box sitting there. Peter slowly stood up and walked over to it. He picked it up, finding out it was very lightly. Peter walked back over to the chair and gave Bucky a confused look.

“Open it.” He encouraged.

Peter looked back down and slowly opened it. The top had hard candies that were strawberry flavored and small chocolates. The smiled at them, glad there wasn’t any peppermint. He then pulled out something soft from under them and his face lit up happily.

It was a red beanie with black stripes and it inverses to blue with white striped. Peter slowly tugged it onto his head and smiled at Bucky.

“Thank you!” Peter felt so much joy and gratefulness towards the Winter Soldier. “But how?”

“You’re welcome. I had Steve buy me the candy and then the beanie. I told him colors and he came back with that. He was confused but just followed my instructions.” Bucky shrugged and grinned.

“Thank you…” Peter actually spoke. “Thank you so much, Bucky. I…”

Bucky looked shell shocked at hearing his voice before he grinned and signed back. “You’re welcome, Pete.”

The next day was his birthday.

Peter buzzed with energy the whole day as people walked up and told him a happy birthday in passing. Peter kept enough spacial awareness to his classmates to be able to reply and not seem like a total dick. He was also glad that Flash just glared at him and not picked on him. Looked like the kid had a heart somewhere.

“Happy birthday.” Ned handed him a small wrapped box and Peter took it.

“Open now, or when we’re with May?” Peter asked and didn’t flinch when suddenly another one was placed on his desk and MJ came into view.

“Now, nerd.” MJ smiled.

Peter opened Ned’s to find the golden snitch from Harry Potter. It had a small loop on it, he guessed for if you wanted to attach it to something. Peter then moved to MJ’s, which was small but rectangular. He opened it to find David Tennant’s sonic screwdriver from Doctor Who. Peter looked up to them and let out a quiet squeal.

“I love both of you!” Peter reached out his arms and they gave him a pseudo hug.
The rest of the day went by smoothly. No one actually messed with them and it went quickly. It was now night and MJ, Ned, and May sat with him as they ate pizza and finished watching the latest Star Wars movie. Peter of course read the subtitles and enjoyed it. He watched as Han Solo finished it off and he felt a sense of content with the movie.

“Not half bad.” May signed as she got up and moved out of his eyesight and into the kitchen.

“The original three are still the best!” Peter called after her and Ned just nodded.

“I like the newer ones. Mei is such a great actress.” MJ gave her comment and picked up another slice of pizza. “Female lead actress. Should get an award for the first in its series to have it.”

Peter smiled and shrugged. “It was a decent acting, but her character wasn’t my favorite. Still like Leia better.”

“Peter has a point. The OG are better.” Ned reached for his own slice and May came back with a stack of boxes in her arms.

“I got you a few things.” May smiled and sat them on the table. “I don’t want to interrupt your conversation, but you guys should open them together.”

Peter and his friends gave each other glances before moving to open them together. They started to pull the tape off and opened it to see a nicer looking telescope. Peter grinned at it and pulled it out of the larger box.

“How…?” Peter looked up.

“You’ve wanted it since you were younger. I saved up for it.” May shrugged. May probably knew Peter’s likes, personality, and non Spider-man hobbies the most. He loved to stare at the stars all day.

“Thank you, May.” Peter grinned before turning to the next box and opening it to find notebooks and pens. The next was the second largest, and probably the heaviest. They opened it to see a fold up trampoline. Peter looked up and grinned.

“The two pitched in for part of a present, and so I used it to get you guys that. Peter used to do gymnastics when he was five. He still has it in him, and you guys look like you need a trampoline.” May explained.

“I love you so much.” Peter leaped up and hugged her.

May’s arms wrapped around Peter and she rubbed his back. Peter closed his eyes and tried to stop the tears from coming out. He loved May so much. She was his post that he was tethered to, keeping him from floating away into the ocean. She kept him from sinking into everything bad. He lived to help May and keep her safe.

May pat his back slowly and kissed his head as they broke apart.

“Now,” May started. “Who wants to watch Doctor Who’s new episode?”

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Peter grinned as he walked into the Stark Industries facility. He waved at Margerot as he passed through the scanner and FRIDAY welcomed him. He pressed the button to go up to the penthouse, the 99th floor. Peter bounced on his heels and hummed to himself quietly.
“Happy birthday, Peter.” FRIDAY’s voice spoke softly through the elevator.

“Thanks, Fri.” Peter grinned and the lights went brighter for a second to show she was happy. Peter pulled his beanie more onto his head and smiled. He had his overnight backpack on his back, full of clothes and his chargers for the night at the tower.

The elevator stopped at another floor and two Avengers walked onto the elevator. It was Clint Barton and Steve Rogers. Steve’s eyes automatically went to Peter’s head before he redirected his eyes. He must have put two and two together and just decided to ignore it. Clint on the other hand, just stared at Peter before speaking.

“FRIDAY, level clearance on this kid? Who is he?” Clint spoke out.

“Peter Parker. Level Red.” FRIDAY’s voice spoke and Peter looked up to see the two turn quickly back to Peter.

“Level 89 has been reached. Have a good day, Mr. Barton and Mr. Rogers.” FRIDAY announced.

Before Clint could say anything, Steve pulled him off, saying something about Peter being the high intern for Stark. The doors closed again and started to move once more.

“What was that?” Peter asked FRIDAY.

“Most likely, Mr. Barton had no idea about you, and Mr. Rogers knows now that you’re connected to Mr. Barnes.” FRIDAY responded.

“Oh…”

The elevator stopped again and Peter stepped out to see Pepper, Mr. Stark, and Dr. Banner standing in the open area.

“Happy birthday!” They cheered and Peter grinned as he ran towards them.

“Thank you!” Peter laughed as Mr. Stark threw an arm around him and Pepper pat his shoulder.

“You’re legally old enough to actually apply for my company. How does it feel?” Mr. Stark asked.

“Like I am finally an adult.” Peter joked.

“Never. Not allowed.” Mr. Stark laughed.

“Congrats, Peter. You can now get money from this geezer without it being weird.” Dr. Banner smiled at the interaction.

“Thanks.” Peter laughed as Pepper agreed with a side look.

“So, do you want to open your presents real quick and move on to the movie and food?” Mr. Stark asked.

“Sure.” Peter grinned.

The three adults lead Peter to a metal case and three smaller boxes. Peter took the first box into his hands and opened it to see a watch. It was Stark brand. Peter tapped it and realized that it was like an apple watch, but universal. He put it on and synced it to his phone before opening the next two. And the next two… were both keys.
“They’re keys to two separate rooms. One is a lab that is on the 92nd floor. All yours, kiddo. The other one is a room in the Avenger’s quarters. I know it’s risky, but there’s a curling staircase going up to the penthouse kitchen and area, so you don’t have to go out there. See… it’s just to give you somewhere to crash here. I’m not saying that you’re an Avenger. Just… a safety net. I care about you, as hard as it is to say.” Mr. Stark’s words blurred together but Peter could piece them together.

“Wow… thank you.” Peter was breathless. He didn’t expect that.

“Yeah, yeah. Now open this bad boy up.” Mr. Stark pats the metal suitcase.

Peter slowly opens it to see the Spider suit that was being worked on and he gasped. It was so pristine… so beautiful and fresh.

“See, you can’t use it until tomorrow, kid. Tonight is your night to watch more crappy movies. I have the Lord of The Rings and The Hobbit in queue.” Mr. Stark informed him.

“And its too late, also.” Pepper spoke up. Pepper was just like May in the sense that he couldn’t go out late and she didn’t like him being a hero so young, but she understood that being in Tony’s care was just better than Peter dying without protection.

“Okay… But thank you so much!” Peter threw his arms around Mr. Stark before doing the same to Pepper and Dr. Banner.

“Alright, kid. We know you’re thankful and happy. Now let’s go enjoy pizza and movies.”

Peter had fallen asleep some time through the fourth movie. His conscious came back sometime around four in the morning, and he decided to walk around while he couldn’t sleep.

Peter somehow made it to the Avengers level and he regretted it the second he turned down Bucky’s hallway.

Down the hallway stood a figure. It was dark and the lights were slowly flickering on, and it felt like something from a horror movie. Once the one above the figure’s head lit up, Peter could see it was Bucky. But it wasn’t Bucky. It wasn’t the Wiener Soldier like they joked, but the Winter Soldier. The Hydra soldier.

Peter backed up and a scream died in his throat before it could even rip itself out. Panic slammed his body as Bucky started towards Peter. Peter brought his watch up to his other hand and pressed the Code Red button, then spoke to his watch.

“Code Red: Specific; Winter Soldier Breakout.” Peter’s voice was cracked and weak. But thankfully the watch picked it up and automatically the lights started to flash in the hallway, red and angry. He could feel the violent vibration of the screaming alarms announcing that a Level Red had announced a Code Red.

Bucky then lurched forward and slammed his metal fist into Peter’s face when he was paying more attention to the sudden sensory slam. Peter let out a scream as he tumbled back. He then readied his hands and got into a defensive stance. Bucky swung again and Peter held his arms up to block. He could feel his bones start to bend, like they would snap or break from another one. Peter then jumped and ducked as Bucky tried to combo him. Bucky seemed to get more irritated as Peter dodged or backed up just in time. Peter even managed to get some good punches onto Bucky, most likely bruising him with his strength.
Peter could see a message pop up on his watch, someone trying to call for him and locate him. Peter ignored it as he jumped onto the wall, climbing up quickly as Bucky grabbed for him.

“I’m so sorry, please don’t kill me!” Peter cried out as he felt Bucky’s hands barely brush his sides. He got higher and sighed, thinking he was at least somewhat more safe as he quickly moved away.

But Peter was wrong.

Hands grabbed his leg and yanked him down, erecting a blood curdling scream as Peter was slammed down. Bucky then punched Peter again, making his vision swim. He then was thrown down the hallway. His body slammed against the wall and he fell onto the floor with a large thump. He could see Bucky walking towards him as his vision slowly blurred.

Then legs stepped in front of him and he recognized the blue.

Captain America.

That was the last thing Peter saw before he blacked out.
Civil War

Chapter Summary

This chapter might be more intense than normally, especially at the beginning and at the end. I tried to not make it graphic, so you have that.

- Peter's worst fears.

Peter meets a very upset Captain America.

Peter is antsy and he meets Eddie Brock.

May is ANGRY.

Vision ex machina.

Tony Stark has a spider trick up his sleeve.

The climax turns into a huge shit storm.

Peter gets yeeted and has a seizure.

War Machine gets pewed.

Helen Cho is too nice in all honesty.

Chapter Notes

Okay sooooooo,,, welcome to hell.

I know this actually follows a lot of the canon, but the ending of the fight isn't!

Zemo decided to show up and yeah basically spilled the beans because he realized his plan wouldn't work out because of an error that isn't ever going to be said.

I promise I love Peter! I just gotta whump him before the fluff of next chapter (and the ending that whumps even mORE next chapter).

I added Eddie Brock because I have a 13th chapter planned now and its gonna be great. I saw Venom and I have to write him in.

Wanda promised she wouldn’t do it again. She told Vision and Clint of the pain is caused, of how it hurt her. She could see someone’s very soul being ripped into pieces for a moment as she brought it over them. But this kid… she didn’t even fully realize it was a kid until she had managed to pin the spider into a corner.
Wanda stood in a white hallway suddenly as her powers worked on the boy’s mind. The hallway was long and down it she could see a shorter figure than her, one that was rather skinny and shaking. Wanda realized it was the boy. He wasn’t in his hero suit, but instead in a blue sweatshirt with some type of logo and jeans. Wanda crept closer, past a sign that said OsCorp in dark blue letters. She could clearly see his face now and it hit her. The boy was only a young teenager. Fifteen or sixteen at most. She took a deep breath and watched him look around quickly.

“Why am I here? Mr. Stark? Can you hear me?” The boy called out. He kept moving around in circles, seemingly panicked but still aware of his surroundings. “I-I can’t hear you guys! My senses are going crazy and I’m suddenly…”

The boy trailed off as men in white coats started to walk down the hallway. Behind him was five people, three men and two women. Wanda automatically recognized one of them as Tony Stark. He stood next to an older looking brunette women and a man with greying brown hair. The two behind them looked like they were in their early 30’s. A man and woman walking hand and hand. The boy’s eyes widened as he saw them, taking a step towards them, but stopping as the men in white coats brought out weapons that crackled with energy.

“Mom… Dad… Aunt May… Uncle… Ben.” The boy’s words choked out of him and Wanda suddenly understood. Those five were the most important adults to him. Whatever they had to connect with his fear, they drove him.

“Get him.” Tony Stark spoke up and the men launched at the boy. He let out a scream as he stumbled back.

“No! Don’t let them take me!” The boy screamed and he tried to run from them. The scientists quickly ran after him and hit him with the electric sticks and the boy collapsed like a rag doll.

“Maaaay-” The boy cried out to the women who stood above him and stared down at him. It was the brunette woman who had stood next to Stark.

“I’m sorry, Peter. They’ll undo the curse they put on you.” May spoke to Peter, and his face scrunched up again in shock. Something registered to the boy and he looked around like he knew it was definitely not real.

His name was Peter. It made sense. Wanda finally connected the boy to Stark’s most trusted intern, and the one that Steve had pointed fingers to. The one that got Steve’s blood boiling and talking about a beanie and Bucky.

“Please…” Peter choked out as the men picked him up and dragged him into the room next to them. “Don’t let them!”

The adults followed them and Wanda followed them in. She was glad he could not see her terrified face, the tears starting to pool in Wanda’s eyes. This child’s fear…

The men strapped Peter to a chair and Peter started to ramble to himself.

“This isn’t real. They can’t be heard. This isn’t real. Someone has hijacked me. Someone help me.” Peter started to cry again and Wanda almost pulled back, but she felt like his fears were a mixture deep rooted in him and she needed to go through with this.

The men attached some type of device to Peter’s head and brought out a vile with something black inside of it. It was small and moved. A spider.

“You failed me, kid.” Tony Stark suddenly spoke up. “You didn’t help at all. You failed as an intern.
You failed as a hero. You failed to keep me happy and interested enough to help you.”

“You failed to protect them, Peter. You lied to me, and now I’m going to die like the rest because of you being a careless liar.” May spoke up. The man next to her had suddenly gone pale like the blood was sucked out of him. Wanda could then see a bullet hole through his head.

“You could have protected me.” The man spoke. “They were after you, but I decided to step up and get myself killed. Over what? You to become useless and die?”

“That’s not true. I’m not dead. I saved them!” Peter sobbed.

“What about us? Your own mother and father?” The women behind them spoke up and Wanda watched as their bodies slowly became deformed and bloody. It was Peter’s parents.

“You were such an annoying child. Death has saved us from you.” His father spit out.

“And now look, Peter.” Tony Stark addressed him. “I turned you in so they could take your power away. They’re going to lock you away and you’ll become their guinea pig.”

“No, no no no no NO!” Peter screamed as the men opened the vile and the spider crawled out and onto Peter’s skin. “STOP THIS!”

Peter then seemingly went into shock as his body spasmed and Wanda felt actual pain course through his mind into her own. Something was wrong.

Hands grabbed onto her shoulders and yanked her out of her trance. She gasped for air as she looked up to see Clint grabbing onto her shoulders and trying to bring her away. She quickly turned to see where Peter was wasn’t the same. A good chunk of the building was on top of him.

“The boy!” Wanda pointed to the crash. “He’s under!”

“Wanda, we need to keep moving.” Clint tried to pull her away.

“He’s just a child, Clint!” Wanda yelled and the nearby fighters turned to look to where she was pointing and something must have clicked in their heads. “I saw… his fears! I’m sorry! But he’s going under shock or a seizure, I couldn’t tell. But he’s going to die!”

Wanda could see gold and red flash by them and straight to where Peter was crumbled under the building. Clint took her face into his hands to make her focus on him.

“He’ll be fine. Stark will get him out. He can’t be that young or he wouldn’t be here. Wanda, we need to focus on distracting.” Clint glanced at where Stark was fishing the kid out of the rubble, yelling something and Rhodes went zipping down to them and nodded at whatever was said.

Wanda knew this was wrong. This whole Civil War was wrong the second it started. Wanda regretted going out of the compound. She just wanted to go back and have that kid out of this conflict that he didn’t belong in. Or was he too far in? Wanda didn’t know. But all she did know was that the kid was seriously injured now because of her.

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Three days before.

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Peter woke up in a hospital bed with a massive headache.
Peter blinked as the world slowly turned into focus. The lights were bright on his eyes and he mumbled out a “FRIDAY, turn the lights down”. The lights dimmed and he could properly see that he was back in the Medbay. He let out a groan and tried to sit up. He fumbled a hand to his neck to find that his hearing phones thankfully still sat on his neck, but beat up. The door then slid open and Doctor Banner walked in.

“You’re awake.” Dr. Banner signed and Peter nodded. “How do you feel?”

“Like shit.” Peter grumbled and looked down to his hands. He sighed and looked up. “I feel like a freight truck hit me.”

“In theory, one did.” Dr. Banner mused to Peter. “Barnes is like Rogers in a way. Speaking of, they’re yelling and stomping down the hallway. I told them your hearing has been shot because of super senses and the loud as hell sirens.”

“That sucks dick.” Peter spoke as the door opened again and two figures rushed in.

“Language.” His hearing phones had barely picked it up and got it out due to them being mostly busted.

Peter took in the two men, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Stark fuming at each other.

“The kid’s… Shot temporarily.” Mr. Stark spoke quickly and Peter could only pick up half of it due to him turning away temporarily.

“Does he know sign language?” Mr. Rogers stared directly at Peter, so it was easy for Peter to read it, even with his raging headache. Dr. Banner said something and Mr. Rogers replied. “Then translate for us.”

Peter had to stop a sigh from escaping his mouth so he wouldn’t add fuel to the fire. Mr. Stark sat down on a chair and Mr. Rogers followed. Peter turned his attention to Dr. Banner as he raised his shaky hands up. He could see they were bandaged and he guessed he must have busted his hands in the fight.

“I guess I’ll speak my responses and hope I don’t piss them off more.” Peter’s lip tilted up and Dr. Banner smiled slightly. “They look like they’re ready to explode into a million pieces of red, white, blue, and gold. Its terrifying.”

“Don’t worry. They won’t kill each other. Hopefully. If they try I’ll have to postpone the end of Asgard trip with Thor.” Dr. Banner’s words made Peter actually snort and roll his eyes. Mr. Rogers said something and Dr. Banner replied something and then listened to what he had to say. He then turned back to Peter.

“What were you doing in the hallway? Did you come into contact with Bucky? Where did you get the beanie?”

“Oh. I woke up and I needed to stretch my legs. I wasn’t paying attention as I walked. My legs just moved and I ended up in Bucky’s hallway. I didn’t realize he had escaped until he was standing in front of me and attacking me.” Peter paused and reached over to the beanie and picked it up from where it sat. “And he gave me this for my birthday. He said he went through trouble to get it.”

Peter looked up to catch the next set of questions. “Why have you come into contact with Bucky before? Do you know his background? Are you connected to Hydra?”

“I never even knew Hydra existed until I started to intern here and Bucky got moved here. And I
talked to Bucky because part of my job is to do things for Mr. Stark. I became acquainted and he requested to talk to me. He told me that he was sent on horrible missions whenever he was triggered into his Winter Soldier being. He said it hurt so much and he was barely conscious for it.” Peter spoke truthfully. “He was nice and told me stories. I told him about Ben and Ned… he told me about his old friends from war. He even mentioned you. I told him about your PSA’s.”

There was a long pause and Peter realized he spoke about Ben to Bucky and admitted it. He didn’t even talk to Mr. Stark about Ben. Peter kept his eyes focused on Dr. Banner but he could feel the sudden shift from his right where Mr. Stark and Rogers sat.

“You told him about Ben?” Peter knew which one that one was from.

“He told me personal things… and I knew that he wouldn’t ever speak of Ben to anyone. Who else would he? Mr. Rogers doesn’t know anything about me. Probably not until my name until he found me on the floor passed out.” Peter looked up to the two men. “He told me secrets that I would rather take to my grave. He told me about the facility he was trained in.”

“That’s… “ Mr. Stark’s mouth stopped moving and Peter turned his sight to Mr. Roger.

“I’m just an intern that ended up being acquainted with Bucky. I trust him as far as he could throw me. But that wasn’t Bucky. Someone made it to him before me. I’m telling you that someone infiltrated and triggered him.” Peter could feel anxiety suddenly creep up his throat as he realized what he just did. Peter looked down and decided to use his exhaustion as an excuse to get them to leave him alone and leave him in his embarrassment. “I’m tired and going to go back to sleep.”

The three adults nodded and slowly got up and left the room. Tony Stark stayed behind a couple of seconds to ruffle Peter’s hair and say something that Peter couldn’t see before he left.

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Apparently Peter was under house arrest. Or tower arrest?

Peter was informed the day after he woke up that he wasn’t allowed to leave the tower. It sucked in all honesty. Peter was antsy and wasn’t allowed under the 90th level due to the other Avengers being antsy and anxious. May had facetime him, saying that Mr. Stark explained that he had been hurt and caught up in bad things, so for his protection he would stay in the tower for time being. Peter could feel his spider senses freak out any time a loud thump came from below if he was on the 90th floor. It was slightly alwarming, but he had found out it was Wanda practicing. It came in a shocking announcement that they were being transferred to the Avenger’s Compound for more safety concerns, and Peter was driven first and he was ushered to his own room. There was a few staff members that wandered the compound that would bring him food and he thankfully had a bathroom and anything he needed in his room.

But like any reasonable teenager, he got too antsy and threw on his old suit and snuck out.

Peter made it back to Queens, thankfully unseen, before he stripped his suit and shoved it into his backpack. He made sure to bring jeans and a good hoodie before he left. Peter slid them on and wandered the streets until he found a nice casual food place to crash in. Peter was starving by then and decided to order a nice plethora of food. He had a decent allowance that Mr. Stark had given him in cash for pizza a couple of times, so he decided to use it then.

Halfway through Peter’s eating, a man walked in and sat in the table next to his own. The man looked tired and beat up in his washed out grey hoodie. He had scruff on his face and Peter could tell there was something off with the man. His senses tingled and Peter tried to not stare at the man as he
ordered his own mountain of food. When the food came out, Peter could see the man noticed Peter’s own stack as the lady gave him another burger.

The man said something and Peter could see the man turn to Peter, and Peter turned to him and caught the end of the sentence.

“…much food is bad for you.” The man was most likely talking about him eating too much and Peter snorted.

“You know, sir. I couldn’t read half of what you said, but from what I did, I can say that you know that eating too much can make you gain weight?” Peter quipped back and the man was caught off guard.

“Are you deaf?” The man slowly asked and Peter nodded. “And you can read lips?”

“Well, yeah. I don’t have hearing aids or any hope otherwise. Unless you can speak sign language, but you seem like the person who didn’t pay attention in Spanish or just took French because you wanted to pick up chicks.” Peter gave a small smile.

The man paused and his lips barely moved as he probably whispered to himself.

“What’s your name, kid?” The man asked.

“Peter. Yours?” Peter tilted his head before he took a bite from the burger.

“Eddie.” Eddie then took a bite of food and swallowed before he kept talking. “You know, if you weren’t shoving food down your throat like it’s your first time eating food in a while, you’d seem sad.”

“I love a person close to me a few days ago. I’m not even supposed to be out in public right now.” Peter sighed. “I… I was accused of something by a family friend and then I roped myself in on someone and they just… poof.”

“I understand, kid.” Eddie nodded and Peter consumed his whole burger as he talked. “I actually… I made a mistake a year ago and I lost my whole life. But I rebuilt it with the right people and I managed to get the most important person back, even if I didn’t like how it turned out.”

“I’m sorry.” Peter felt sympathetic. “It must have been hard. I… lost my parents and my uncle. It was hard but I survived with my aunt. I… haven’t seen her in three days actually. I’m interning somewhere and they’re helping me.”

“Where do you intern, kid?” Eddie asked.

“Stark Industries. They have this protection program for employees and interns. I… it was hard to see everything crumble but they offered their help to protect me.” Peter didn’t want to go into specifics and Eddie seemed to understand.

“Stark Industries has changed a lot in the last ten years. I didn’t like them at first, but now they’re okay. I’m glad they could help a kid.” Eddie took a sip of his milkshake. “But listen, if you’re not supposed to be out, we can’t have you getting in trouble. Go see your aunt and go back before the big bad robots get you.”

Peter nodded and turned to eat the rest of his fries, which was thankfully the end of his feast. He put the money down on the table and stood up. He was about to leave, but Eddie grabbed his hand. Peter turned to him and Eddie handed him a small business card. Peter read it over and smiled. He looked
back up to see Eddie shoving more chocolate into his mouth. “Call me if you ever need to talk, kid” was written on the back.

“Thank you.” Peter smiled and Eddie waved as Peter ran off.

“I like him.” A voice rumbled from inside of Eddie’s mind. “He isn’t human, though. Little one has secret.”

A hum came from the host as he sipped his shake as Peter disappeared from sight.

Peter walked into the small apartment and grinned as he took in the smell of old chinese take out, burnt egg and bread, and the smell of febreze. Home.

“May?” Peter called out and his senses told him that someone was coming from the kitchen. May stepped out and she paused when she saw him.

“Peter?” May signed. “You’re under lockdown in Medbay, why are you here?”

“I got restless and decided to sneak out.” Peter smiled at her and walked up to her, hugging her. She hugged back for a second before she moved him to arms reach away.

“Peter, there is a rogue man out there and he’s dangerous! You don’t know if he’ll target you!” May signed angrily. “I love that you came to see me, but I feel like even if you’re in the heart of the lion’s den, the lions will protect you from the others!”

“May, I was dropping by to get a few things and say hello!” Peter whined and shifted anxiously.

“Peter.” May actually spoke this time and Peter flinched back at the knowledge of this.

“I know… I’m going to grab something and head back.” Peter mumbled it and May just nods and goes to the kitchen again. He quickly runs to his room and grabs some of his books and notes for whatever he would actually need. He then grabbed his webbing supplies and his small tinkering projects.

“Bye May!” Peter called out and he knew she probably called back on instinct as he left back for the compound. Peter changed quickly and zipped back within fifteen minutes, thanking his agility to get him them quicker than normal. Peter snuck back in through the window and collapsed on his bed.

Apparently, May told the school that he was majorly sick. That was what the email said when Peter opened it up and started his assignments. They weren’t hard, and the notes were rather extensive and self explanatory. The assignments were just as easy and Peter sighed as he turned the TV on. The news went through a few segments and Peter read the subtitles that he had managed to turn on during the day.

“The Accords had been finalized yesterday afternoon, but chaos has taken over as a bomb has gone off and killed the king of Wakanda. The Winter Soldier has been blamed.”

Peter flinched at it and bit his lip.

“With this happening, a few of the Avengers have gone rogue it seems. Mainly Captain America and Falcon.”
That wasn’t good at all. The lady talked more about the events again and Peter sighed.

“But onto more local news, we have not seen Spider-Man in weeks. Reports have been said that some tall goopy looking monster had saved multiple people, but not without and dead bodies. The creature has disappeared but we hope that Spider-Man will help us out with this. Come home, Spider-Man.” The women looked concerned and it switched to another reporter.

“Thank you, Meg.” The new man smiled. “And now if you notice the weather will clear up…”

Peter sighed and started to turn from the TV and almost had a heart attack as he caught sight of a man in red and grey.

“Who… are you?” The man’s lips read.

“Peter.” Peter replied simply.

“Why are you here?” Peter was sure this man wasn’t a human. He was… the after effect of Ultron, he thinks.

“I was caught up in the Bucky breaking out fight and they are trying to protect me by keeping me here.” Peter told the truth, but not the full truth.

“Oh…” The robot man trailed off. “I am Vision.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Vision.” Peter nodded.

“You too.” Vision walked closer and looked down to Peter’s work. “What is this?”

“My school work. I’m a sophomore in high school. Even if I’m not at school I need to keep up.” Peter explained.

“Do you… need help?” Vision asked and Peter blinked.

“I… sure.” Peter nodded. Vision sat on the table next to Peter’s work and helped him. Peter enjoyed the company and he turned on his newly repaired hearing phones to hear the parts he was missing, or at least to a certain degree.

“Has Dr. Banner left with Thor yet?” Peter asked offhandedly and Vision just nodded. Peter felt sadness ripple through him. He couldn’t even say goodbye.

It wasn’t until it was getting dark that Vision left, saying that he needed to go start dinner. Peter ended up getting a nice tasting Russian that day from his server.

Peter woke up two days later to Mr. Stark standing in his room with a very familiar briefcase.

“M-Mr. Stark!” Peter panicked and sat up quickly. “Why are you here? I thought you were working on getting the rogues back?”

“I was. But I need your help, Pete.” Mr. Stark approached Peter and sat on his bed next to him and put the case in his lap. “Look… I didn’t want to bring you in, but I have no choice. We’ve split almost right down the middle and I can’t lose them all to this. Just come as backup and do a few things. Web them up, right?”
“Of course!” Peter probably sounded like a dumb child as he tried to push down his worry and excitement. “I would help to save your family and Bucky.”

Mr. Stark hesitated before he put a hand on Peter’s head.

“Kid, one day I want them to be your family also. One day you’ll be an avenger.” Mr. Stark promised before he slid the suitcase over. “Now get dressed. You can talk to your AI for a minute before coming down. She was excited to finally meet you. Come down to the entrance when you’re ready. Vision and Wanda are in the kitchen, so stay clear. Your AI will help.”

And with that, Mr. Stark up and left Peter to open the case. And when Peter did, he gave out a small laugh. He pulled it out and decided to wear a tight fit t-shirt and leggings underneath, black to make him feel like it matched. He pulled on the suit and when the mask came on, the eyes lit up and he could see things come up on the screen and calibrate to him. There was a voice all over his head, vibrating and throwing him off.

“Can you talk on my neck, please?” Peter asked the AI and it paused.

“Like this?” The AI asked. It was female and felt kind and soft spoken.

“Yes. Thank you.” Peter paused. “I’m… deaf. Don’t tell Mr. Stark though! He’d take me off automatically.”

“Well… if you please, Peter.” The AI spoke. “I think I can calibrate to that and play audio speech on your bottom right corner. It’ll help.”

“Thank you.” Peter sighed in relief. “You sound like you’re going to be well acquainted or friends with me by the end of this.”

“I hope so, Peter.” She said.

“And your name is Karen.” Peter got up and wandered towards the door and down the hallway. Karen automatically put up the route and Peter slipped through the hallways quickly. He found Mr. Stark standing with Happy at the entrance and Happy looked not so… happy. He was frowning more than usual if that makes sense. He didn’t looked please to see Peter like this.

“They’re asking if you’re ready.” Karen whispered.

“I’m always ready!” Peter grinned and Mr. Stark rolled his eyes and words appeared as he turned away.

“See, Hap. He’ll be fine.”

Oh… this is weird. Subtitles on real life.

Peter walked next to Happy as they walked out to a quinjet. Peter could feel Happy’s hand pat Peter’s back and he turned to Happy.

“Be careful…” Peter could read his lips and Peter nodded.

“For you I will.” Peter smiled under the mask and Happy hesitated before scowling and turning away, apparently muttering about how these Starks and his kid was going to kill him one day.

Once on, Peter could see Mr. Stark situate next to a serious looking Rhodes. Across from Rhodes was Black Widow and a man that Peter quickly recognized at T’Challa, the new king of Wakanda.
Peter could barely say anything as he sat next to Mr. Stark and was tense.

Rhodes: “Why is he wearing his suit?”

This was going to take time to get used to.

“Because I want to protect his identity.” Mr. Stark defended him. “Sides, Black Panther here always his and Natasha is already in hers.”

“He has a point.” Natasha had said and Peter read her words through the text and decided to look to her afterwards as she finally addressed him. “Hey, kid. I’m Natasha. I heard you’re on the younger side, but good.”

Peter nodded and smiled under the mask. “Yeah… I’m more younger than you guys you can say.”

“So where did Tony pick you up?” Rhodes asked and Peter hesitated. “I know you reside in Queens.”

“Yeah. He just showed up and basically confronted me about being Spider-Man. It was pretty, wild.” Peter decided to let out a small laugh. It seemed to lighten the mood, even is T’Challa didn’t comment.

As they were flying, Mr. Stark briefed them on their jobs and he gave Peter a relatively easy one for Peter. Peter felt anxiety before they got there, and Karen spoke kind words to him, trying to calm him down. When they finally got there, Peter’s anxiety melted away as his mind hyper focused on his task on hand. They left the quinjet and got into position. Peter waited for his queue behind one of the truck and tapped his fingers against the ground, his other hand pressed flat against it. He was hoping that if anything happened before he could help, he could feel it other than his spidey sense.

“Get ready, Peter.” Karen spoke in a hushed manor and Peter nodded and squinted his eyes.

“Now, Underoos!” Iron Man spoke and Peter shot himself up, glad that he spun to gain momentum as he shot out his web and yanked the shield from Captain America and he landed on a higher truck. He grinned under the mask and he was sure his eyes showed it.

“Woah! I actually stuck the landing, Mr. Stark. Maybe my true calling is gymnastics.” Peter mused and looked at Captain America. “Its nice to meet you, Cap’n.”

Peter saluted him and Captain America looked in between Peter and Mr. Iron Man incredulously.

“Good job, Underoos.” Iron Man praised him and Peter beamed.

“And who’s this?” Captain America asked and the others tensed up.

“I’m Spider-Man. I was a huuuge fan as a kid.” He had to try and change his voice to it wasn’t obvious who he was. Peter counted the people he had in his view and calculated the best plan from there. Peter spelled out their names in shorthand and pointed to the places he could see them and Karen spoke in the ear pieces.

“Spider-Man says that he can see that other than Winter Soldier next to Captain America, Falcon is circling nearby waiting for his own queue. Hawkeye and Scarlet Witch are slightly behind a truck in the distance.” Karen informed them and Peter could see the others move slightly in confirmation and Tony whispered for them to take them out quickly and smoothly.

“That’s… nice.” Captain America seemed rather confused but frowned. Peter then stood up more
and turned it in his hands.

“Vibranium. Hmmm, looks like a huge frisby!” Peter laughed and with a flick of his wrist he pushed his strength in it he launched the shield back to Captain America. Peter loved the way that the shield almost smacked him in the face. “Catch!”

Peter’s eyes widened as the man caught it, almost like he expected. But he didn’t expect the hero to come at him head on and Iron Man being confronted by Winter Soldier. Peter has to scramble to get out of the way at Captain America tried to punch him, doing a backflip off of of the truck he was on. He dodged the punches and tried his best to try and web the man into place.

“You know, I didn’t expect us to meet officially like this. Spider to Captain, at least.” Peter called out to Captain America. “I expected more of a run in and me not having to run for my life, but to just hide. Or maybe I’d help if things got into my territory.”

Captain America: “Your territory?” Peter read the words as they appeared.

“Yeah. I know I’m small and insignificant compared to you, but I actually patrol a major part of the small guys. I do my best. Sadly lately I haven’t been.” Peter did a flip and landed effortlessly, watching as Captain America dodged the webbing he shot at him. “Hey, Karen. What did Mr. Stark tell me again?”

“He said to go for the legs.” Karen said, and it was followed by what he assumed was an amused hum.

“What did Stark say about me?” Captain America asked as he threw another punch towards the boy.

“Well, that you think you’re right. But you’re really not. But I don’t have the full picture. I know you’re looking out for your buddy, Sir, but I think you gotta look at the bigger picture.” Peter then ran across the side of a nearby truck and attached webbing to Captain America’s legs and yanked them as he launched himself off and yanked him. Captain America fell over and rolled away as Peter landed under one of those ramps to get people into planes. “He also said to go for your legs! Which is rather smart. They’re in the open and all. Like an achilles heel.”

Captain America apparently grunted before the attacked the ramp and it let out a loud vibration, which Peter recognized as probably a groan and crunching. His senses told him to throw his hands up right before the things collapsed and almost crushed him. He let out a quiet groan and frowned at Captain America.

“You’re dropping these major bombs on me, Cap’n.” Peter tried to joke as he struggled to hold it up.

“Impressive. Where are you from, kid?” Captain America asked.

“Queens.” Peter replied.

“Brooklyn.” Captain America replied before turning and leaving Peter to deal with this.

“Fucking shit ass titty biscuit.” Peter started to curse and an offended gasp came from his com.

“Wow, Underoos. Your coms turn on for a moment to say such a filthy sentence.” Iron Man’s words were displayed and a casual *grunt* was put afterwards and Peter had to stop himself from laughing.

“If I were Cap, I’d probably scold him for his language.” War Machine piped up and Peter rolled his eyes before he started to push the ramp up. He decided to ignore them as he saw Winter Soldier and Falcon go through a glass walkway above the rest. Peter threw the ramp away and automatically
swung himself towards them once his hands were free to shoot.

Peter straightened himself out so his feet could break the glass and he would come in quicker, like laying back and sticking your legs out on the swing to make momentum. Peter shot through the glass and rewoven himself so he could bring his legs down more like his swings analogy and do a flip before landing in front of the two.

“The itsy bitsy spider has appeared.” Falcon cracked a grin.

“Ooooh! Are you going to wash me out?” Peter glanced at Winter Soldier and deepened his voice. They probably noticed his eyes following to him and they got defensive.

“Of course.” Falcon spoke and shot his mini drones towards him and Peter had to jump up and dodge quickly. He swung around a stand and watched as they continued to run. Peter decided to take down the Falcon and hoped that he could just… not fight Winter Soldier too much. He needed to apprehend them. Remember that, Peter. Web them.

Peter quickly swung back to Falcon and landed on his back and he laughed. “Got ya!”

The two tumbled in the air as Falcon tried to punch him and Peter webbed his propeller things on his wings and they started to crash.

“You know, spiders and birds generally go hand in hand. Some spiders can eat birds!” Peter told him. “But they have to be big enough, obviously.”

“Do you EVER shut up?” Falcon’s words popped up and Peter laughed.

“Sometimes.” Peter managed to get Falcon down and he webbed him. Peter then could feel his senses scream something was coming towards him and he jumped away to see Winter Soldier throwing a punch at him. “Woah!”

Peter jumped a few feet back and got in a defensive position. He managed to dodge a few blows before he caught the Winter Soldier’s hand mid punch and he beamed.

“Woah, that was close! I wonder what your arm is made of!” Peter piped up and Winter Soldier paused before something clicked in his head. He looked amazed and terrified before his realization made him even more terrified and angry.

“Peter?” The man accused and Peter almost visibly panicked.

“I- I don’t know who Peter is, sorry!” Peter swiftly kicked towards Winter Soldier’s side and knocked him back.

“Bullshit I recognize-” Winter Soldier’s mouth was suddenly covered by webbing and Peter squinted towards Falcon who was struggling to get up.

“Wups. Sorry, my hand slipped. But maybe its good to be quiet before you make yourself look dumb, sir.” Peter backed up and tried to web him back as Winter Soldier rushed towards him, ripping the webbing off. Peter was ready to deflect his punches but wasn’t expecting his arms to wrap around his small frame.

“Got you, little spider.” Winter Soldier had spoke and Peter could even feel it rumble through his chest onto Peter’s. Peter was shocked still and Falcon’s words appeared on his screen.

“Buck, what are you doing?”
“He doesn’t belong here.” Bucky had spoken back and Peter started to panic, trying to push his way out of Winter Soldier’s hold like a cat that wanted to be released from a swooping pick up. Winter Soldier was moving again and Peter cursed in his ear and Peter thought of a last case resort.

“If you tell anyone, I’ll tell Steve you remember everything.” Peter hissed and Winter Soldier visibly hesitated. Peter took this moment of hesitance and he pulled his mask up some, enough to show the bottom of his nose and mouth, and put a hand in the Winter Soldier’s hair. Then Peter dug his teeth into his now exposed shoulder and yanked on the man’s hair. Peter could hear the pained screech vibrate through his torso as Winter Soldier tossed Peter away and yelled out a “He bit me!”, which was funny to read on his dash. Peter then scuttled up the wall and pulled his mask back down and managed to web the stunned and slightly angry Winter Soldier to the ground. He jumped to another portion of the wall and managed to web Falcon right after. But not before a small explosion went off next to him and sent him twirling out of the glass window. Peter landed on something that was moving, and probably shouldn’t be at the height. Peter’s body shook from the slight fear of the explosion before his senses came back and he could see where he was. He was on the helmet of a tall dude, who was trying to swat him off.

Peter let out another curse and crawled over the eyepiece of the helmet and a hand went to swat him off. Peter screeched and decided to web off and he could see that his teammates were all talking about how to get rid of him. Peter paused before he had an idea.

“Okay, so hear me out!” Peter spoke over the coms and he jumped onto a raised area, running from the tall man. “So you know the old movie, the Empire Strikes Back? The scene with the tall thingies in the snow place.”

“Dude… how old is he?” War Machine piped up.

“Shut it, he has a point.” Iron Man shushed the other metal clad man.

Peter grinned at his usefulness. He could see a few of the others fighting face to face as Peter decided to start webbing the legs and twirling around them.

“Stop!” A new person named Ant Man, who he guessed was the tall man, spoke on his screen.

Peter jumped away as the man wobbled and he could see Iron Man and War Machine kick his face. Peter let out a loud whoop as the man started to fall, but didn’t see the large hand coming at him as he fell until his senses cried out. He turned and his eyes widened right before contact. Peter went flying to the side and he slammed into a wall. He groaned and got up. He could feel his cells and skin pulsing as it fixed itself the best it could. Peter was running out of energy and he could feel his body was starting to get tired.

Peter decided to make a run for it to help Iron Man out as he took Captain America on. But Peter saw someone throw something his way and he let out a small screech and ran towards the building. He knew it was Scarlet Witch and she could probably just rip the building from under him, but he could try.

Peter didn’t make it even a meter up the building when suddenly the world warped into a white hallway that he recognized and his breath was sucked out of his chest. He couldn’t be there. His senses reached out and confirmed he wasn’t in fact in the labs of OsCorp.

Slowly his senses told him that someone was approaching him inside of the hallway and he turned slowly and he could feel anxiety and a wall of emotions crush him.

On the outside, Peter had just stopped what he was doing and fell from the building back to the
ground, his feet landing gracefully. He seemed to be dazed and just disoriented. Then he let out a gurgled cry for help.

Vision hadn’t expected to be pulled into the mess, but here he was. He was trying to help take down Hawkeye when he felt Scarlet Witch’s powers activate in a way that he knew she wasn’t supposed to use them.

“Wanda…?” He turned from Hawkeye, who reacted to the name and turned also, to see Scarlet Witch standing not even 50 meters from the vigilante he recognized as Spider-Man. She had her hands outstretched towards him and he could see the red magic around her hands and her head. He could sense the connection between the two and it felt wrong.

“She’s showing him his true fears, she’s basically controlling his head. She promised…” Hawkeye stopped his advances to Vision and watched as the boy stumbled slightly and cried something out. He then stumbled back and his body hit the wall and Scarlet Witch flinched.

Vision watched in half horror as Captain America jumped towards the building that Spider-Man was under and collided with it. It gave a groan before he hit his shield into it by accident and a chunk broke of as he propelled himself off of the building. The large portion of concrete, wood, and metal fell onto the boy and the two younger heroes gave out a loud scream.

Hawkeye sprinted towards Scarlet Witch and yanked her out of her trance, quite literally and she started to sob.

She started to yell something and Vision understood she was calling him a child and that he was having a seizure. This struck worry into Vision’s AI like mind and he quickly made his way over as everyone paused what they were doing to look at the crying hysterical girl and Iron Man, who had landed at the rubble and started to throw the chunks off. Vision got closer as War Machine landed next to Iron Man and Vision could hear Iron Man’s voice better.

“Kid, c’mon kid. I know you’re alive. You’ve been through worse.” Iron Man called out to the kid. “Kid this isn’t funny, stop being silent.”

Tony Stark sounded distraught as he finally dug the vigilante out and pulled him out of the pile. The vigilante’s leg and arm were basically mangled and he looked like he finally stopped seizing. The man pulled up the vigilante’s mask to his nose and he put his own mask off to lean in to feel the breathing of the boy. He seemed relieved and the boy’s mouth moved slightly before he whined something that Vision couldn’t hear and he had finally stopped moving slightly. He was still breathing, but Tony Stark still looked hysterical.

Vision looked around to see Captain America dragging an upset looking Winter Soldier to where the quinjet was, Black Panther on their tails.

“Stark, he’s getting away. Black Panther is trailing them.” Vision informed and Tony Stark nodded.

“Rhodey, give him to Vision and tell him to get Spider-Man. I’m taking my family home in one piece.” Tony spoke to Rhodes and Vision tensed as the man nodded and took Spider-Man. Rhodes flew over and handed him over. Rhodes then turned to everyone as Tony went off to chase after three. Vision saw Natasha wasn’t there and hoped she wasn’t causing harm.

“Guys. We’re ending this now. You’ve done what you needed to. Now its time to go.” Rhodes announced and the Avengers all looked at each other and nodded slowly. Vision knew they had done their job and he would have to rangle them all in.
They all started to come together and Rhodes went after Tony. Vision decided to scan the area for a safe place to get Peter. He located a sturdy part of the airport and started to fly to it. But a cry in the middle of the strip made Vision pause. He saw Natasha, T’challa, Tony, Rhodes, Barnes, and Steve around a man that had a gun pointing at them. He realized that Tony and Rhodes were in the air and trying to get away from the man. Tony was yelling and T’Challa had said something, but the man just grinned and sparkled something between them.

Vision couldn’t hear what was going on, but there was a lot of yelling and in his ear piece a quick “Vision, take him out!” was called. Vision aimed at the man and shot. The man suddenly grabbed Steve’s shield from him and held it in front of him, making the beam of yellow light hit Rhodes and sent him flying back into the air, upwards then plummeting down.

Everyone was shocked before Tony shot out to save his friend, but couldn’t make it on time as he crashed into the concrete and the line was cut off. Natasha quickly grabbed onto the man and detained him as she watched Tony curl around his friend. Vision slowly floated back down, approaching them slowly.

“They’re both… they’re both hurt because of me.” Tony seemed pained. “The man told us that Barnes killed my parents and then Steve told me that Bucky wasn’t in control and he was trying to right what he did and that he wasn’t talking to me because of it. The man said he had a bomb and he would shoot us. I ran his face and FRIDAY told me all I needed to know with the information that just came in. He was our man. Steve wasn’t lying.”

“We need to get them back.” Vision spoke up. “I know you’re in pain, knowing that Barnes had unwillingly killed your parents and your best friend is hurt. And this… boy. He’s so light… and injured. I can feel his body keeps spasming every few minutes.”

“Yeah… FRIDAY, call Dr. Cho to meet us in the tower ASAP. She is needed.” Tony lifted Rhodes up and tried to carry him. They made it back to the others, who stood around the unconscious man. The source of their problems. They can now explain everything they needed to. They could turn the status of war criminal to a misunderstanding. Vision understood this.

Once they got on the quinjet, Stark took the boy to a more private area to fuss over him and feel the smaller boy’s ribs and try to not shock the boy awake. Vision could see Wanda slowly walk towards him and sit next to them. She whispered something and Tony paused as he looked up at her. He replied and she nodded, going back.

“You know who he is.” Bucky addressed Wanda.

“And so do you.” Wanda replied quietly. “I am. Sad to meet him this way. I am guessing you knew him before?”

The others looked up to watch their small interaction. Wanda sat across from Bucky and stared back at him. The air was tense.

“Yes.” Bucky nodded. “I… I never hear him speak that much though.”

“Has he ever told you his fears? How they go back to his adolescence and childhood? How deep rooted they are?” Wanda asked and Vision felt the need to stop her.

“Wanda, you can drop it now.” Clint finally spoke up. “You shouldn’t have done that to him. We saw you crying and screaming with him. You can’t just spill his secrets. It could give away who he is.”
“It’s not ours to say.” Bucky sighed and rubbed his face and covered his mouth with the same hand. “I don’t know how he got wrapped into this, but it is concerning. How…”

“Stark said he knew a smaller scale guy that could do the job. Kinda like Scott.” Natasha motioned towards the sleeping man near her.

“Whoever he is, he’s strong and I don’t know why he is small scale. He obviously is something special if Tony went out of his way to help him obviously.” Steve spoke up. The quinjet went quiet and Clint flew them home.

When Peter woke up, he gasped and his heart beat quickly within his chest. Pain seared through his body and he screamed from the pain and the terror that still mixed in with his mind from Wanda’s assault on his mind.

“PLEASE-” Peter thrashed as hands grabbed onto his arms and legs. He struggled as they pushed him back onto the bed as he screamed his lungs out.

He couldn’t be turned in- He couldn’t be useless- Where was he? He needed to get out of the bed, find May. Find Mr. Stark. Everything still felt wrong. The pressure of something crushing him was intense on his chest.

“STOP!” He screamed again.

Peter’s breath quickened as he felt something inject into his neck and he could feel reality seeping back into his mind. The clouded memories cleared from his eyes and his breathing slowly started to stagger to normal panting. Peter blinked multiple times to feel his senses telling him that people were moving around him, but they posed no actual harm.

Peter struggled to turn his head to see a woman with a familiar stature and dark hair pushing anyone besides two nurses out of the room. She then turned to Peter, who realized his body was numbed and frozen from the top of his shoulders down. That was probably whatever they injected him with did.

The woman approached and Peter recognized her face. Helen Cho.

“D-doc…tor Cho?” Peter gasped out and she nodded.

“Hello, Peter. You broke our promise.” She signed to him, and he was glad she wasn’t using her mouth to talk. His brain was swimming in circles and she became slightly blurry before he blinked again.

“I’m sorry.” Peter spoke to her and glanced around. He licked his now chapped lips nervously.

“Where… am I?”

“The Avengers Compound. They didn’t want you in the Tower because the Avengers are all there. Rhodes is also here, though.” Dr. Cho gave him a soft smile. “And I guess I’ll accept your apology. I won’t tell May that this happened. You’re still okay in her eyes. She just keeps calling when you’re either in the shower or doing something important and asked to not be bothered and sending her apology texts.”

“You would lie to May for me?” Peter gave a small smile back.

“Of course. But I wanted you to know that Stark has officially started to clear the name of the rogues. They’re showing the evidence and explaining the whole situation.” Cho smiled and Peter’s
eyes lit up at that. Then what she said next frightened him. “And I gave him a good lecture on how could he put you through all of this. I’m sure Pepper found out also when she saw you in his arms and then saw the whole team with a criminal and a hurt Rhodes.”

“Oh jeez…” Peter breathed out. “And who was in here?”

“Wanda, Stark, and Barnes. Happy stepped in for a minute before you started to panic and almost seize again.” Cho paused. “I believe Banner just got back with Thor, so he’ll be coming soon. I’m giving you more pain killers once this wears off. Your body has almost completely healed itself and it has been almost three days. Normally, people don’t heal from this within a month. Your body is wondrous in all honesty.”

“What was wrong with me?” Peter frowned.

“Other than having seizures from stresses and having to pump you with fluids and means to keep your metabolism from ripping your body apart to fix itself, you had a basically shattered and bruised to hell and back right arm and leg. Two left ribs and one right rib had broke. You had a major concussion but it was the first thing that was healed for some reason. You were all cut up and bruised like a peach that decided to play rugby. A few bruised organs. The only things keeping you alive was your powers. Your lung was lucky to not collapse or be pierced.” Cho told him and Peter slowly nodded. This wasn’t good. “But I’m still impressed that over the last year that your healing hasn’t fixed your hearing.”

“It scared too badly and what was there left to heal?” Peter sighed. “I’m dead tired.”

“Get some rest. Stark said you’re on bed rest for at least another day or so for the final injuries to finally pass. We also believe now that the seizures are stopping since you’re basically not a walking corpse.” Cho smiled at the small joke. “Plus, you need a break before you pick up going back to the Friendly Local Spider-Man. The Avengers will be told to not contact Spider-Man, that you’ll be alright. The ones who know who you are will only probably interact with you while you’re an intern.”

Peter nodded. It made sense. They all knew by now that Peter was a common occurrence. His absence for now would make sense until this all passes. Bucky was known to know Peter so they’d be free to talk normally.

“Thank you, Doctor Cho. I’m glad for everything you have done. You’ve been here for so long…” Peter slowly raised a hand as he gained control and she took it and kissed it.

“You’re welcome, Peter.” He could barely read her lips as he finally slipped back into the darkness.
Peter watched the TV silently from where he sat at the counter of May’s apartment. It was a weeks later, and Peter was finally back into his routine. He had healed from the Civil War easily and he slipped away into the background of the Avenger’s minds. He resumed his normal job of being Spider-Man, thankfully with his new suit, and his Stark Internship. His first day back to school was busy, as everyone wanted to see if Peter was okay. They all heard that he was an intern at the place and he had either gotten hurt or sick after Bucky escaped. Rumors started to fly that he was hospitalized because he was attacked by Bucky most likely. They all got Peter either chocolates and cards or some nicknack. Peter found it rather nice to see they actually worried about him. Of course, Flash messed with him and said that it was just part of his lie and he probably just had a bad case of the flu.
The news reel was going over how Spider-Man was back, and the monster had disappeared after a while and they thanked Spider-Man for it. They went on about how thankful they were for Spider-Man coming back and Gwen Stacy came up on the screen as she was with a handful of other reporters.

“Stark, if I may ask, what are your opinions on Spider-Man and are you or the Avengers involved with him? We know something went down with the rogues and the members that were not broken off, and he was missing during the time. He just came back with a new suit also. And comments?” Gwen asked and held the mic out.

“If I must be honest, I did find him. He wasn’t involved in the events that went down, but I did help him out. He was out for a while on personal business, but I’m glad the spider is back.” Mr. Stark gave a small smile. “He is just a nice guy who’s trying his best to look over the small people. He has said himself to me that he would rather stay small.”

“So you know who he is under his masks?” Gwen tilted her head.

“Of course. I found him like I said and I offered him protection in the way I know I can do. Better gear so the goof doesn’t get himself killed.” Mr. Stark shrugged and Peter felt glad that Mr. Stark would say good words about him in public.

“Thank you, Stark, for answering my questions.” Gwen backed off and it went to the other lady to do an overview before break.

Peter’s phone buzzed and he took it out and read the message.

“Hey kid, you mentioned the other day you liked journalism and I’m in that field, I was wondering if maybe one day you could help me when I did an overview of the changes in Stark Industries.” The text said. Peter recognized the contact, which said “Carnivorous Black Hole”. It was the man named Eddie that he met while out.

“Only if you buy me food. I can’t be paid because I’m a kid, but you can buy me food.” Peter sent back. He had started to message the man when he needed solace ever since the fight in Germany, and the man was rather kind and quirky. He replied at odd times and sometimes he typed in different styles.

“I would be fine with that. In two months I’m coming back to NYC for the report. Stark already knows and I just wanted to see if his top intern would say nice words.” Eddie replied and Peter sent back a simple thumbs up emoji before his senses told him someone was at his door.

Peter crept towards the door and opened it to see a familiar face under a baseball cap.

“Bucky?” Peter frowned. “Shouldn’t you be at the tower?” Peter asked and the man shrugged as he walked in at Peter’s invite.

Bucky looked around as he went to sit on the couch and Peter followed. Peter knew Bucky shouldn’t be out of the tower yet, so this was concerning.

“I snuck out, just like you did.” Bucky simply signed. “How are you? I know you’ve been avoiding the Avengers and everyone keeps talking about Spider-Man and how the poor kid just disappeared after he was taken by Helen Cho. Wanda is going stir crazy because she says she can feel you in the building but she can’t get to you because you’re always in the labs or your room.”

“Oh… Mr. Stark said that I shouldn’t really wander down there until everything is more smooth. He also doesn’t want me to really get involved more. I don’t blame him. I just want to just focus back on
my internship, school, and web slinging for the little people.” Peter replied simply. “And… I can’t face Mr. Rogers. I don’t know but my gut just wants to run when I even get near the level he’s on. Falcon didn’t do much damage and Scott didn’t mean to swing me too hard, I know it. Mr. Stark said he felt bad. But… he dropped a ramp AND a building on me, Bucky. He also blamed me for doing bad things and I heard about what he said about me. Mr. Stark wouldn’t say anything, but Dr. Banner told me. Vision told me as Peter.”

Peter didn’t like mentioning the building. It brought back the feeling of the nightmare and the crushing feeling. The feeling of his body struggling to stay alive. His senses suddenly leaving him in a dark void. It made him want to scream, even now.

“Peter, do you blame Wanda for the nightmare part?” Bucky asked and Peter tensed.

“She’s young… I could feel her energy through my senses. It was like she knew she had to stop, but it was like being frozen in morbid fascination. She visited me after Dr. Cho left and explained how she meant to just use it to distract me temporarily and for some reason she couldn’t just stop.” Peter explained. “But she didn’t do any true harm. He was the one that… almost killed me.”

“Peter, he didn’t mean to.” Bucky moved closer and looked Peter in the face directly. “He was fighting Stark. He landed on the part above you and the sheer force of it broke the building and when he launched off, it just broke and collapsed on you. He’s a good man.”

“He didn’t mean to?” Peter asked and felt his mind telling him to not trust the Captain again, but Bucky had a point.

“He didn’t. And the second Wanda started to scream and you screamed, your screams disappeared shortly after the building fell. But Wanda didn’t stop. He stopped and realized what he did. He doesn’t know you’re still a child, but he knows you’re at least 20. He was afraid that he killed you.” Bucky explained. “Peter, he wants to apologize. He really does.”

Bucky put a hand on Peter’s shoulder, and Peter just deflated. “The next time he sees Spider-Man, he can apologize. But that won’t be for a while. Maybe a handwritten note will do for now.”

Peter tried to humor and Bucky just smiled at it. Bucky hugged Peter before he pulled back and booped Peter’s nose.

“But I agree with Stark.” Bucky signed as he stood up. “No big missions or anything bigger than a robbery for you.”

Peter let out a whine as the enhanced older man went to ransack his kitchen.

“Heeeey! You can’t do anything about it!” Peter called out and Bucky signed a small “watch me” as he held a bag of Cheetos in his mouth.

- Peter was on patrol when he first saw it. A large moving truck in a park. It looked odd and Peter got closer. He saw that it opened and people surrounded it and it had glowing things inside. Odd. He climbed a tree and asked Karen to turn on the Camera and call Mr. Stark. It was around nine at night, so he should be relatively free.

“Yes, Peter?” Mr. Stark’s words were displayed on his screen as he spoke.

“So… there’s this moving truck and I think they have alien weapons. Like… they’re glowing purple like they’re from Voltron.” Peter explained in hushed tones as he watched the men take the weapons
out and laugh about money.

“Peter, do NOT interact. Just watch them for right now and I’ll send a few suits to take care of it.” Mr. Stark said and Karen noted how stressed he sounded.

Peter paused as he watched them fire a few off and was confused by how well made they were. He then spotted a runner, who was probably just doing her nightly job. She started to go into the clearing and she stopped. Karen told him that she screamed and Peter let out a small curse.

“What was that?” Mr. Stark asked.

“There’s a woman!” Peter panicked as they turned their weapons to her. “Mr. Stark they’re going to shoot her!”

“Shit, you’re allowed to get her out of there. But do not fight!” Mr. Stark granted him permission.

“Roger that!” Peter slung out of the tree and swung close to the woman and gracefully picked her up. He grunted slightly as he tried to dodge fire that came his way.

“Oh my god, Spider-Man!” The woman squealed and Karen told him that she activated voice changers.

“Miss, you really need to stop going to dark parks that have dangerous people.” Peter commentated and realized the people were following him. “Okay I’m going to have to set you down and lead them away.”

The woman didn’t reply and he assumed that she understood. Peter hid behind a part of the baseball dugout. He let the woman go and she took a step back. Peter took in her blonde hair and realized he recognized her.

“You’re Gwen Stacy. The reporter girl that always does stories on me.” Peter was taken back.

“Peter don’t talk to her. You need to lead them away. And she’s a reporter. She’ll find someone to make out of whatever you say.” Mr. Stark’s words warned him.

“Yes! You watch my parts? I’m flattered!” Gwen looked amazed. “Gosh, I’ve always wanted to meet you. I love how you do things.”

“She’s obsessed, Peter.” Mr. Stark seemed irritated.

“Well, I’m glad people like what I do. Now, you have to get out of here. Take that way,” Peter pointed to a different area. “And I’ll bring them away from here. Got it?”

“Of course!” Gwen nodded and paused. “Wait, are you single?”

“I’m not on the market.” Peter’s suit suddenly talked for him and Peter panicked slightly but didn’t let it show.

“Sorry, but you cannot give her a straight answer.” Karen told him. So Karen could speak for him?

“Ah… okay.” Gwen looked slightly upset but she smiled. “But go get them, Spider-Man!”

Peter nodded and swung off. Peter noticed that Mr. Stark had been talking apparently to someone else, who Karen said was Ms. Potts. Peter flinched at how much fury the woman was going to be in the next time he saw her.
Peter finally found the group of the odd weapon men and they yelled something at him and he directed them away from Gwen and the neighborhoods. Peter made it to the lake and he perched on a wooden post that was way above them.

“So like… where did you get those cool things?” Peter asked and one of the men took a step towards Peter.

“Like we’d tell you. You’re in cahoots with the Iron Murderer.” The man spit at him.

“That hurt. Kinda. But really? Have I attacked you guys. I was just watching you.” Peter held up his hands slightly like he was giving in.

“I know your game, spider.” The same man aimed his gun towards him. “You heros act like you don’t have a plan, but you really do.”

“See, I was told to just watch tonight. So…. I’m not allowed to fight. Big man’s orders.” Peter confessed. Why not be truthful.

The man scoffed and shot at Peter, who jumped back and off the post. Another man then shot Peter and it just felt like a strong punch to his stomach. Peter let out a screech as he was knocked back into the water.

“This is why we follow directions.” Mr. Stark’s words showed up on his flickering screen and the call was cut suddenly and Peter was panicking too much to swim back up. He felt like the water was wrong. Spiders most likely don’t like water and he was feeling it.

Hands suddenly grabbed onto Peter and he was pulled up from the water and he could see the city zoom by quickly. Peter was dizzy and out of it until he was sat down on a bench. Peter blinked and saw Mr. Stark standing above him with a towel.

“See, sometimes I wonder if trouble just follows you.” Mr. Stark’s lips read.

“I’m just a huge magnet, and all of the troubles are the opposite poles and they just come at me fast.” Peter smiled and joked. Mr. Stark cracked a smile and rolled his eyes.

“Once you’re dry, I’m sending you home to May. I told her I called you in briefly to help with some press conference that is coming up. Paperwork and shit.” Mr. Stark waved a hand as he talked.

“Got it.” Peter nodded and smiled. “But uh… do you want me to actually do it?”

“Sure. Tomorrow when you’re supposed to be here.” Mr. Stark ruffled Peter’s hair and turned to walk back into his office, off of the balcony.

Peter smiled and his hand gripped the warm and buzzing thing in his hand. It wasn’t that big, but Peter didn’t like it at all.

“So, who are you asking to Homecoming?” Ned asked MJ and Peter.

“I don’t really want to go, but I wouldn’t mind going with you two as friends. I don’t like anyone like that and this is just a social convention and an excuse to party.” MJ answered with disinterest.

“I want to ask Liz.” Peter signed back and the two looked at him.

“Liz? The girl you’ve crushed on for a while?” Ned looked amazed.
“I… I just want to be her friend at least. I know she liked another person by now. But like… I don’t know how I’ll ask her.” Peter sighs.

“Easy. After Decathlon today just ask her if you can talk to her. If you want to go as friends, say it.” MJ shrugged. “I know her, kinda. She’s not a mean soul.”

“I… think that’ll work.” Peter grinned and nodded.

“Good for you, Parker.” MJ signed before patting his back.

The day had actually gone smoothly. Everything was normal and Peter was thankfully caught up on everything. Everyone was apparently just talking about a news report on Spider-Man saving Gwen Stacy and then he distracted the bad guys and Iron Man actually swooped in to get the guy out and then stop the bad guys. Everyone liked the fact that Spider-Man had saved a whole neighborhood, seeing how they almost killed the reporter. Also, the fact that Iron Man showed up to help save them was amazing.

At the end of the day, Peter was nervous and MJ was trying to help him out as Ned was answering the questions.

“She likes Spider-Man.” MJ told him. “You can say that you like him to, and go from there.”

“Maybe.” Peter sighed.

When it came down to it, Liz was helping to break down everything and once she was in a hallway carrying a table, she couldn’t open the door and Peter rushed to help her.

“Thanks.” Peter could read what she said.

“You’re welcome.” Peter replied verbally and he held the door for her to come out. Once they were out Peter paused. “Hey, can I ask you something?”

Liz paused and turned to Peter. “Yeah?”

“I… I wanted to be friends with you for a while now, but I didn’t know to talk to you. I just thought… if you’re not going to Homecoming with someone, do you want to go with me?” Peter tried to keep his voice solid.

Liz was almost shocked frozen for a second, but she smiled and nodded.

“Sure. I actually wanted to become friends with you. You looked lonely until Ned came along and you didn’t let Flash’s words bother you. I thought it was really brave of you. And MJ talks to you, so you’re obviously a good guy.” Liz was smiling and she looked so happy. “I wasn’t planning on going at first, they’re usually not my thing, but going with a friend would be great.”

“I… thank you.” Peter nodded. “I don’t usually like dances. They’re a bit much for me. But going with you would be fun.”

“Yeah.” Liz then seemed to remember something. “Oh! Also, I don’t think you were paying attention, but Mr. Harrington announced that we’re going to DC for a trip for a competition. You’re one of our best and so you got to come.”

“Thanks. And yeah, MJ was trying to help me talk to you. She told me you liked Spider-Man?” Peter asked and Liz’s face lit up.
“Yeah! I think its cool how he saved Ms. Stacy. He always is looking after people. He can’t get to everything, but he still protects the majority of people. My dad works late so I stay up to watch her newsreels when they come out.” Liz looked like she was talking something dear to her heart. She then realized that she must have almost rambled because she stopped. “Sorry, I just admire him.”

Peter felt really flattered by this. His mind had to fill in a few chunks by logical patterns but he got what she was saying.

“No, I understand. When I was younger I idolized Stark Industries and I loved looking at the heros who protected everyone. Even if they couldn’t save every single person, they saved the majority. Now that someone is here to fix the small things here, it feels like a relief.” Peter smiled at her. “I can talk to you about it later, but I have to get to my internship.”

“Oh yeah. Even if Flash says its fake, I know it’s real. My older friend was one of the three to be chosen and they said your name was on the list.” Liz shrugged and Peter was shocked. Liz then walked past him and waved. She probably said something, so Peter waved back.

“See ya!”

Peter didn’t know what to expect when they got into DC. They got into their hotel rooms, and Peter was with Ned and Liz literally jumped at being MJ’s roommate. It was amusing to see MJ looked shocked before she agreed.

The group settled in rather quickly and Peter gave Ned the small device.

“So we agreed it is probably an energy core, right?” Ned asked and Peter nodded. Ned then picked it up and inspected it.

“Yeah. I don’t know what else it could be. It doesn’t seem like an explosive.” Peter sighed and looked at his suit. “Hey, can you help me disable the tracker and unlock the sweet sweet advanced mode that Mr. Stark explained to me?”

Ned paused and looked to Peter, peering at his spider-like friend.

“Are you sure? They’re there for a reason.” Ned asked.

“Dude, it’s only going to be one night.” Peter begged.

“Fine. But if you get in trouble, you’re on your own.” Ned reached for the suit and plugged it into his laptop. Peter watched as he casually hacked the suit. He was so focused and it only took about two minutes to full get in and then another to actually do what he was sent to do. He handed Peter the suit back and watched as he put it on. Peter slipped the mask on and Karen started up.

“I hope you know I am aware of what is going on, Peter.” Karen seemed to disapprove.

“I know, Karen.” Peter sighed and Ned seemed interested in what Peter was saying to his AI. “But just this once?”

“Fine. But I am informing Mr. Stark that something is wrong with the suit and I can’t figure out why this happened.” Karen gave in.

“Thank you! If Ned will tell the others I was throwing up because of something I ate, then we can go out.” Peter grinned at his own plan and turned to Ned. “Is that okay, Ned?”
“I’m kinda sad you’re ditching me, MJ, and Liz going to the horror house for web slinging, but it IS Spider-Man business.” Ned smiled.

“Thanks, man. I’ll be back quickly. Promise.” Peter gave a thumbs up and opens the window. He then launched himself out of the window and into the dark night.

Peter had zipped around aimlessly as Karen explained everything about the new modes to him. He enjoyed learning about all of the cool things in his new suit. He practiced the new modes, and he loved the burst shots the most.

“This is so cool!” Peter grinned as he perched on a gas station sign. He looked across the road and small amount of forest near him. Light quickly approached from down the road and peter bit his lip. They were going kinda fast for the size of the vehicles. They looked like storage and transportation vans.

“Karen, scan them. Identify the company and if there is any irregularities.” Peter told Karen and she gave a small hum against his neck in reply. It only took ten seconds before Karen spoke up.

“Peter, that is DODC vans and there is irregularities coming from it. It seems like there are extra persons on the vans. One is clad in special gear that is integrated with Chitauri technology.” Karen informed Peter and Peter could feel fear and concern flash through him.

“Call Mr. Stark.” Peter instructed. The phone rung and Peter let out a small curse when it went to voicemail. He forgot he was in a meeting.

“Mr. Stark, I know you’re in a meeting, but I saw something troubling and those people are back. I’m sure of it. I was out during down time and there are odd DODC trucks. I scanned them and there’s something wrong. I’m only going to follow them. I won’t interact this time. See where they go, y’know?” Peter rambled. “They have shui- shit- Chitaur- Chitauri? I can’t pronounce it. But the alien tech.”

Peter started to follow them by the electric lines and posts, being careful to not touch the lines. He grunted slightly as he slipped and regained his footing.

“I’m just letting you know because you said to and this is a pretty big deal!” Peter realized that something had come out of the back of one of the vans and his eyes widened. “Shit, they found me, Mr. Stark!”

Peter dodged the flying man, who had black mechanical wings on his back. Peter let out a string of curses as he maneuvered around the flying man.

“You know, dude.” Peter spoke to the flying man. “You remind me of a Vulture!”

Vulture man did not approve of this and Peter realized this because he was shot back and he let out a screech as he landed on a van.

“Ow! Okay, Karen I need you to end this voicemail. I’m sorry Mr. Stark. I’m gonna run from here and make sure that he doesn’t murder the crap out of me or can figure out anything.” Peter spoke to the AI and the voicemail.

“Ending call.” Karen informed and it disappeared from his dash. Peter’s senses yelled at him to move and he turned to see the man coming at him again. Peter rolled to the side right as one of the wings had came down and crashed into the van’s top. Peter glanced inside of it and saw the same glowing light from the small core he had found and realized that it WAS Chitauri and maybe a weapon.
Peter jumped off of the van and launched himself into the woods. Once he landed, he could see Vulture stop at the edge of the woods, his wings stopping him from entering. He opened up his helmet to look better and Peter got a good look at his face. Peter hid in a bush and watched as he flew off. He sighed and started to creep back out.

“Do you have their license plates?” Peter asked Karen.

“I can retrieve it from your footage.” Karen replied. “I automatically store fights and missions. They’re put in a file for Mr. Stark to go over at the end of the week.”

“Oh. That’s… great?” Peter sighed and started on his way back. It was almost time for sunrise by now.

“I guess.” Karen seemed indifferent.

Peter swung back and he came in through the window and said goodbye to Karen as he went and took a shower. He could see Ned fast asleep on Ned’s own bed and felt bad for missing it. But he got information.

Peter came out of the shower and automatically crashed on the bed.

- Blinding light woke Peter up and he groaned. He held a hand in front of his face as he sat up and squinted as he peered around the room.

“Ned?” Peter called out as he looked at Ned’s bed and saw he wasn’t there. He reached out his senses to try and see if he could feel anything in the room with him. Nothing.

Peter scrambled up and started to dig around the room to find out that Ned’s bag and the Chitauri thing was gone.

“Oh my god.” Peter panicked and checked his phone to see a missed call from Mr. Stark (with multiple messages also) and a text from Ned saying that he told the group he still wasn’t feeling good and didn’t want to hold them back on their tour. The competition was moved to this afternoon due to other teams having some hiccups getting there, and so their tour is now. The sucky part is that it was hot out today and the AC broke in the monument.

Peter cursed and ran a hand through his hair. Ned had the weapon. Peter grabbed his mask and put it on. Karen started up and seemed confused.

“Karen, pull up any files on the Chitauri weapons. Small and purple.” Peter instructed and she did so. She showed them and stayed quiet until Peter suddenly stopped her.

“That one!” Peter yelled and she suddenly stopped it on a replica of what Ned had. “What is it? Is it dangerous and can it harm right now?”

“It is a Chitauri grenade. It detonates off of certain actions, but if air temperature goes over 90 it could possibly explode.” Karen informed.

“How hot is it?” Peter got worried.

“89. I just did a calculation and where Ned is could set it off. Peter, you need to go stop it now. The tests show that it is most likely overheating now based off of temperature to time ratio.” Karen seemed worried and Peter started to panic.
“GOD!” Peter cursed and fumbled to get his suit on. The second he got in on, he went out the window and zipped his way over. His panic was slowly going up and up. He had put Ned and team in danger.

“Call Ned.” Peter requested and it rang. But no answer.

“Call MJ.” Peter requested and she answered. He could feel MJ’s voice against his neck and she could probably hear his heavy breathing.

“You never call. What is wrong?” That was all Peter could get out of what she was saying. His adrenaline and anxiety were too high to understand the rest.

“If you’re in the monument with Ned, get him out. He has a Chitauri grenade. We didn’t know what it was but I just figured it out.” Peter sucked in a shuttering breath. “MJ its going to explode.”

MJ had said something, probably cursing away from the phone before her voice cleared.

“I’m not in the tower. I decided to stand outside. I think they’re in the elevator. There’s something going on though. I don’t know what is happening- Hey Sir!” MJ’s voice got more loud he would say from the harsh ness. She asked him what was going on and she thanked him before going back to Peter. “They’re stuck in the fucking elevator.”

“I’m on my way as Spider-Man. Oh god I’m almost there.” Peter ended the call and flipped into view. He hurled himself towards the monument and latched on automatically. He let out a groan from the impact but started to climb the second he could.

“Peter, its at 96 in there.” Karen warned. “You need to get in now.”

“I KNOW, Karen.” Peter whined and a bit of bite went into his voice. He felt the air change around him and once he was to the top, he looked around to see helicopters.

“They’re asking you to step down.” Karen explained.

“They can wait a minute. How do I get in?” Peter looked around the sides.

“Small window. I’m going to show you exactly how to get in. If you do it right, it’ll send you on top of the elevator.” Karen brought up a guide onto his screen and he nodded. He shot his webbing and swung himself down. His feet barely recognized the small impact and he went right in. He landed on top of the elevator, which was right under a door. Peter slowly opened it and then punched his way into the elevator top. Once he could see inside he saw Ned, who was holding his back in a slightly panicked face.

“It will go off if you’re not careful. Leave the bag and get everyone out. Then deal with it.” Karen told him and he nodded.

“Okay guys, so there is something dangerous going on and I need you guys to get off.” Peter told them and they nodded. He helped them up one by one and he felt bad for Liz, who was shaking and in slight shock. Ned was the last one up and Peter took the grenade out and carefully sat it back in the elevator.

“Is there anyone on the floor above us?” Peter asked. “Or any of the ones above us?”

“No. If you send it up, it’ll minimize the deaths.” Karen told him and he nodded.

He turned to the others and smiled, the smile showing in his eyes.
“So, I don’t know if you guys noticed but there was a small alien grenade on the floor when you walked it. It is gonna explode. I was called in to help since I was in the area. So I’m going to send it up and you guys need to run down the stairs and get farther away. Got it?” Peter pointed towards the stairs. They all nodded and started to turn away. Liz didn’t turn at first but when Ned said her name she snapped out of it and left.

“Was that Liz?” Karen asked.

“Yeah.” Peter nodded and went to work on moving the elevator.

“She’s cute.” Karen probably said it in a smug voice.

“Yeah,” He said it rather strained. “I know.”

Peter managed to get the elevator up to the next floor before it exploded and sent him down the elevator shaft. He let out a scream as he hurled down. He caught himself with webbing and took a deep breath.

“Call from Mr. Stark.” Karen announced.

“Accept.” Peter said almost breathlessly.

“Thank god you’re not dead, kid.” Mr. Stark’s words were quick. “FRIDAY just told me what was going on because Karen sent a distress call through a panic protocol and you scared me half to death!”

“I-I’m sorry. We didn’t realize that the small thing was a bomb until I saw similar things. I… I came to save my team.” Peter gasped for air as he dropped down more.

“Are you hurt?” It was spoken softer.

“No really. Just dizzy. I… my suit is in a new mode and I just want to tell you that. And I’m sorry I didn’t call you back. I just woke up before I left.” Peter confessed.

“I knew the second Ned hacked her that there was something wrong. I just wanted to give you at least that before I had to take it to fix it. I have to remotely fix some things anyways, so I’ll just fix her while I’m at it.” Mr. Stark spoke calmly.

“You’re… taking Karen from me?” Peter frowned.

“For like, a week. Peter c’mon. You messed up but you’re just a kid and I trust you. I know you would have told me today even without Karen. You don’t want to break my trust.” Mr. Stark’s words hit Peter to the core. He understood Peter’s fears and knew that Peter wouldn’t intentionally cause trouble. “You’re just really unlucky.”

Peter let out a small laugh. “Yeah, I am.”

“Okay, but I helped you out with the police. They’re going to let you slip away and you better be back with your group within an hour.” Karen noted his authoritative tone on her commentary of his voice on his dash. “I’m going to help fix everything and just say that it was most likely a threat from someone who has been trying to smuggle weapons. Ned won’t be in trouble.”

“Alright. Alright.” Peter finally got out and zoomed by the people on the streets. “And thank you.”

“Don’t mention it kid.”
They won the competition. It was a thriller. The second he got back from it, Mr. Stark congratulated him and brought a pizza for him and May. He also took the suit for fixing the damaged and fix the coding. He said he would leave in some of the new features that Karen told him he liked.

“Hey, Liz.”

It was the day of Homecoming, and Peter was nervous. He decided to just go to Liz and tell her that he was deaf. He didn’t know how much he could stand his senses going haywire and not knowing what was going on exactly.

“Yeah, Peter?” Liz smiled up at him. It was three days after Karen was taken and everyone was glad Peter was feeling better. They were told food poisoning was a bitch.

“I… need to talk to you alone.” Peter glanced at her friends, who watched intently. “Friend to friend.”

“Alright.” She nodded and got up. She then turned to the others and said something before following Peter to outside of the cafeteria. Once they stopped, she gave a reassuring smile. “What’s up?”

“I… need to tell you something about me that only a few people other than adults who have to know. I… don’t like admitting it and I don’t want any pitty.” Peter noticed Liz getting concerned.

“What’s wrong, Peter?” Liz put a hand on his shoulder.

“Liz… I’m deaf. I can read people’s lips for the most part and I’ve been doing it for 11 years so I can pass off somewhat normal.” Peter admitted. “I had one worry about tonight. It was just that… I might get overwhelmed because of it being a tight packed area and I have some sensory issues sometimes. It can make me sick, and I don’t want you to think I’m a dick if I suddenly have to go. I’ve never been to Homecoming so… I don’t know how quickly it’ll happen.”

Liz was quiet for a second, slightly shocked like she was a few days ago. She then smiled and put a hand on Peter’s hair and ruffled it.

“Hey, it must take a lot of strength to be able to do everything you do. I never would have guessed that you were deaf! I thought you were going to say you were dying!” Liz seemed really understanding. “I understand in all honesty. Homecoming can get wild and it’ll probably be disorienting. So really, don’t worry about it, Peter. Just come to my house tomorrow and if anything bad happens once we get there, I’ll call my dad and he can take you home. And hey, I know sign language because of my classes, so I’ll use it.”

“Thank you for understanding. Just… please don’t tell anyone.” Peter relaxed more.

“Of course. I’ll tell my friends that you wanted to tell me some kid will probably ask me out soon and just wanted to give me a heads up.” Liz winked before she went back into the cafeteria.

That night, Peter walked up to the door with a single yellow rose, to show friendship. He knocked on the door and a man opened it. Peter stared at the face before shock filled his system.

It was the Vulture’s face.
Peter internalized his panic and tried to think of why the man would answer the door until he said something that went over Peter’s head. The man said it again and looked frustrated. The next thing Peter knew, the man was moving out of the way and Liz was there. She stood in a pretty blue dress that went to her knees. Peter smiled at her.

“Hi Peter.” Liz signed and she turned to her father and spoke. “Dad, this is Peter. He’s my friend date. He’s deaf and you probably scared him.”

Her dad seemed to process the information and nodded to Peter. He said something to Liz before Liz turned to Peter and rolled her eyes.

“He can lip read. He was probably just being anxious, dad.” Liz turned to Peter and smiled. “This is my dad, Peter. Sorry about him. I know he’s a bit intimidating.”

“It’s… fine. I was just expecting you to open the door.” Peter smiled back and left out the part about her dad being a criminal.


Peter followed them inside and watched as the two conversed about something shortly and her dad turned his head sharply to Peter and looked him up and down.

“You’re… a personal inter to Stark?” He asked.

“Yes, sir. I was chosen through a special contest and I impressed them.” Peter smiled and tried to seem naive. “I was glad I got it because I want to go into building robots and ways to help people, and this will help me.”

“That is interesting. Does… he know about your impairment?” Her dad asked.

“No, Mr…” Peter trailed off.

“Toomes.” Peter read his lips and frowned.

“Tunes? Tombs?” Peter tried. “Sorry its hard for me sometimes.”

Liz turned and signed it. “Two-ms.”

“Toomes!” Peter grinned and Liz nodded. Peter looked at Toomes to see him looking slightly disturbed at Peter.

“Peter, the job is probably dangerous. Are you sure that it is good to take it up? His wife has almost died a lot just by being an assistant.” Toomes spoke and Peter realized the man might just not be as bad, if he hadn’t almost stabbed Peter a few days ago.

“There are protocols to keep me safe.” Peter shrugged.

“That is… slightly relieving.” Toomes turned away as Liz had entered the room again. Peter didn’t even see or feel her leave. Unlike Toomes, who was almost like on a radar for Peter, Liz wasn’t a threat so he guessed that was why.

Peter turned to Liz and saw she was finally ready.

“You look good.” Peter smiled and handed her the rose.

“Thanks.” Liz accepted it and put it in a cup of water.
The three of them then went to the car and they made it to the school in no time. Liz got out of the car and Peter was stopped by Toomes. He turned to Peter so he could fully read his lips.

“I realized who you are. It is sad that it has to end like this, but I need you to stop coming after us. We have people to care for and you’re cause causing distress.” Toomes looked almost sad. “I don’t want Liz hurt and I don’t want to hurt a kid. But if you come after us, we will hurt you.”

Toomes turned back around and Peter could feel himself shake slightly. He dropped his regular cell phone that May gave him onto the floor of the car and made sure to keep his nice Stark phone in his pocket.

“Yes sir.” Peter then got out and joined Liz.

“What did he say?” Liz frowned and signed.

“I better not break your heart.” Peter replied, half truthfully. Liz rolled her eyes at what her father told him and lead them into the venue.

And Peter was hit with the weirdest sensation ever. It felt like a mix of his senses telling him something bad would happen and the sheer amount of people and the vibrations coming from them and the music. It made him sick but he needed to do this for Liz.

Liz glanced at him as he flinched and frowned.

“I am fine. Just anxious.” Peter smiled and signed. Liz gave a half smile and lead him to the outer edge of the dance floor. Peter probably lasted about three songs before he felt his nausea take over and he flinched.

Peter brought a hand up to his mouth and Liz must have realized what was going on because she quickly ran them off of the dance floor and to the nearest bathroom. Peter heaved his stomach’s contents into the toilet and Peter realized he was in the women’s bathroom and flinched. He could feel Liz’s hand patting his back as he heaved again. Once it was all up, she helped him to the sink so he could rinse his face off and wash his hands.

“I’ll call my dad to come get you.” Liz told him in the mirror and she called him. When she hung up after a minute she sighed. “He’s apparently at work.”

That… wasn’t good. Peter thought of which location his old suit was in and was glad he had it in his locker. He could track his phone to where Toomes was.

“I can call May to get me.” Peter waved her concern away. He pulled his phone out and shot a small text to Ned to track his other phone. He then turned to Liz and frowned. “I’m so sorry…”

“Peter…” Liz took his hand for a second before she dropped it and smiled at him. “Look… you tried and that is all that mattered to me. I couldn’t have asked for a better homecoming date. Most guys would have just automatically left or just rush off if they didn’t feel good. Peter, you’re a good friend. You’ve gotten sick lately and in all honesty when Ned said that you tried to still go but was still puking your guts up, I felt amazed that you were such a good friend. You care about others so much and that is all I need is that you tried.”

Peter was dazed at Liz’s friendship appreciation confession. Peter slowly smiled and hugged her. She hugs him back and once they break apart she kissed Peter’s forehead.

“I’ll show you to the entrance before I go find my friends.” Liz smiled and took Peter’s hand. She lead him out and as they passed the people, she told them something and they nodded and gave him
sympathetic faces. Peter could feel the nausea flood over him as they walked through the groups of people. At the entrance, they hugged before they said goodbye and Peter walked out of the gymnasium. Instead of going to the front like you’d expect, he automatically went to his locker and pulled out his suit. He went to the bathroom and changed. He checked his phone to see Ned had sent him an address. He looked it up to see that it was a warehouse and he grinned.

“Got ya.” Peter whispered and ran over to where he saw Flash roll up.

“Hey! Can I borrow your car?” Peter made sure to make his voice deeper and Flash blanched at him.

“S-Spider-Man?!” Flash looked shocked that the hero was there. “W-what?”

Basically, I need to borrow the car. I’ll make sure it ends back up here. Hopefully. I have to use my old suit because the old one is ripped. Can you just help a buddy out?” Peter held up a gloved hand and Flash looked at his date, a girl named Jenny, and she nodded quickly.

“Of course! It’s my dad’s so please be careful.” The pair got out and Peter had to stop a snort.

“Of course!” Peter got in and took a deep breath. He couldn’t waste the webbing in these shooters and this was his best option. “Thanks!”

Peter then put the car in gear and took off. It took him about eight minutes to make it to the warehouse and he abandoned the car down the road and jogged the rest. Once he was there, he looked at the tall building and sighed. Now or never.

Peter went in through a window and looked around at the old tech that laid around. It was all inactive but was obviously freshly moved. Peter creeped around until his senses told him someone was behind him. He turned to see Toomes behind him, looking tired and angry.

“Kid. I told you to stay away.” Toomes spoke and Peter shrugged.

“I can’t listen.” Peter joked and Toomes’s face darkened at the joke.

“You give me no choice. I need to reach the quinjet of Avengers gear within 20 minutes and you can’t stop me.” Toomes turned away and walked over to a platform. He pressed a button and suddenly robot arms shot out and lifted his suit onto him. He shoved his helmet on and Peter ran towards him.

“Sir!” Peter jumped towards him and a wing smacked him back.

Toomes probably spoke out before pausing and shrugging like he had suddenly remembered Peter couldn’t hear him. Toomes then shot out and swooped down towards Peter, making his senses scream and he dodged out of the way. Peter let out curses as Toomes kept diving at him and tried to grab Peter or punch him. He kept knocking into the pillars and it was annoying for Peter because it would make his senses yell more and he couldn’t figure out why.

Toomes flew to the middle and took off his helmet and Peter looked to his lips.

“I’m sorry it has to end this way, Peter. I hope your efforts will be for nothing, and everyone will be happy out of this.” Toomes’s words confused Peter, but the man suddenly shot up and went straight through the roof. The building shuddered and Peter’s senses told him to get out, so he ran.

Peter could feel the creaking of the building and the shuddering through his feet meeting the now shaking floor. He could see the chunks of cement and wood crashing down and his breathing was getting more and more shallow. The building was collapsing. Peter was almost to the other side of
the building when it finally happened.

A sudden weight came crashing down on Peter and a scream ripped from his throat. He fell face first down onto the concrete and beams had suddenly pinned his legs down. He was trapped. Panic started to take over as flashbacks he was hoping he would never had came back. He was going to die here. He couldn’t get out. He was stuck. Peter let out a wail and hoped someone was close enough to hear him.

“HELP ME!” Peter screamed out. “I—I’M TRAPPED IN HERE!”

Peter let out sobs and his breathing was quick and shallow. It took him about eight minutes to calm down and actually look around and try to move. When his senses finally came back to him and he could actually form words again, he managed to pull his phone from his pocket and then pull his arm out. He pressed Happy’s number and held it close to his face. He waited a minute for it to ring and he didn’t know if Happy answered or not, but he started to speak after enough time for the message to start.

“I-Happy. The plane is going to be hijacked. I-I went after him to try and stop him and the building collapsed on me. I… I’m scared but I’m going to get out of here and save the plane. Just look for what is going to happen. I…” Peter paused. “I thought I was going to die. I thought the building was going to crush me this time and I wouldn’t have anyone to save me.”

Peter let out a small sob as he tried to shift things around.

“I’ll be okay… but please get Mr. Stark on this.” Peter then hung up.

He laid there for a minute until he slowly started to push the debris around him. He managed to get enough off of him so he could slither out. He wobbled out of the rubble and looked at himself to see there was bruises already forming and he could swear that his lower ribs didn’t feel right. He was bleeding and it felt like hell.

Peter then turned and thought for a second. He knew that it was going upstate and the path went over a beach. He could intersect there. He started his journey of pain and quick motions. If he would die, he would take out Toomes first.

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Peter was correct about the intersection. He could see the plane going through the air from the building he was on and he aimed his shaky hands to the plane. As it went by, he shot his webs and was yanked along with it. When he made contact, everything on the plane shook him to the core and he resisted the urge of sensory overload and nausea. He had to do this.

Peter crawled across the top to see that Toomes made his way inside and he was watching the controls carefully. Peter raised his hand and brought it down onto the windshield. It cracked and Toomes looked up quickly. Peter waved and backed away as Toomes shot out of the dash, his arms bracing the impact of the glass. Peter let out a small screech as he crawled across the plane quickly, avoiding the damn guy as he attacked.

At one point, Peter looked down to see that they were finally over the clear beach and his mind went destructive for a minute. He shot webbing into the whirring engines and clogged them up. The plane shuddered and started to drop quickly. Toomes must had tried to catch the plane because it jerked before it continued to go down. It crashed into the sand and both Peter and Toomes were sent tumbling into the sand and new debris. Peter laid there for a minute before he pushed himself up.
“No offense, Sir.” Peter called out as he got up slowly. “But you really need to not tell your plans to the people trying to stop you.”

Peter didn’t hear it, but Toomes said something about Peter being like a cockroach and not a spider as he also got up. Peter could see that the equipment on the man’s back was smoking and sparking. It make fear fill his stomach and his sudden thoughts were to get the mechanics off of the man before he would be injured. But sadly, Toomes came at him for a fight. Peter dodged and punched the man in the helmet, making him stumbled back before he had regained his balance.

“Sir, your wing machine is going to explode. I suggest you take them off.” Peter spoke as he jumped away from a swift kick. Toomes reacted by jolting towards Peter and hitting him in the face. Peter let out a string of curses as he backed up, his eyesight turning white for a second.

Peter’s senses told him to move right on time because a punch went right by his face. They brawled it out until Peter felt his phone go off and Toomes took off into the sky.

“Sir! It's going to explode!” Peter cried out and he shot his webs onto Toomes and pulled him back down. Peter overpowered Toomes with his strength grabbing onto him and he detached the wings and the broken mechanics. Peter threw it into the air and it exploded. Peter held onto Toomes to try and pad the landing. He could feel his ankle twist and his ribs were definately messed up again. Peter skidded across the sand, a bit farther than Toomes. But he pushed himself up and shot Toomes with webbing as Toomes had pushed himself up against a large container. Peter breathed heavily and limped over to Toomes. He was basically secure and looked almost defeated.

“You saved me.” Peter read his lips.

“I couldn’t just let you die. You said you’re doing this for Liz and your family. I… am close to Liz and she’s a great girl. I don’t want her to have the pain of her father dying.” Peter paused. “I lost almost all of my family right in front of me. I would rather my family be alive and confined than dead.”

“I’ll keep your secret. As a thank you for saving me and Liz.” Toomes looked down.

“Thank you.” Peter then fished out a small thing of sticky notes and a pen that was in his pocket from his time leaving notes in this suit and scrawled a note on it. Peter stuck it on Toomes and smiled.

Peter took off and made it off of the beach and out of eyesight as he heard helicopters coming. Peter hid in an alley as he brought his phone out and clicked on a contact. He put it to his ear and waited for a small response to hit his ear. He couldn’t tell what it was, but it wasn’t an answering machine.

“I need you to track me to my apartment. Go there. Need medical help. Don’t tell Mr. Stark.” Peter mumbled into the phone and hung up. He turned his phone off and webbed his way quickly back. May would be working late so he didn’t have to worry about her finding him bleeding out on her floor.

The second he got back, he stumbled in and unlocked the door. He stumbled to his room and stripped his suit away, leaving him in his boxers and he pulled on shorts. He stepped from and collapsed onto the floor and he let out a loud whine. It didn’t take long for feet to appear in front of him and Bruce Banner to fully come into sight. Dr. Banner’s lips moved slightly, probably in a whispered curse and he lifted Peter up, propping him against the bed.

“Good thing this is hardwood flooring.” Dr. Banner signed and Peter let out a small snort. “What happened?”
“Building collapsed on me. I came crashing down onto a beach on the outside of a plane. Which is Mr. Stark’s. I stopped it from being stolen. Then I fought a bird man after the fight in the building AND on the building. His mechanical part of his get up was about to explode so I threw it and we both went tumbling.” Peter spoke casually and Dr. Banner looked lost for a second before a look of pure discomfort and worry covered his face. “I think I twisted my ankle, got cut up, and I’m pretty sure my ribs are shot again.”

“Peter, I need to get you to the compound.” Dr. Banner frowned.

“No no, I should be fine here. My body will heal I just need help.” Peter spoke stubbornly.

“I swear to God-” Dr. Banner put a hand over his face and rubbed his face. “You Starks are annoying, you realize this?”

“I’m not a Stark.” Peter frowned.

“Consider yourself one because you’re Tony’s breathing copy. Now let’s try to fix you with a sewing kit and however much pain medicine your Aunt has.” Br. Banner pat Peter’s cheek and got up.

It was hard, but Dr. Banner managed to get Peter stitched up and got a lot of ibuprofen into Peter. Dr. Banner had also tried to set Peter’s ribs, which could have gone VERY wrong but they managed to somewhat fix it. Peter’s body would do the rest. Dr. Banner picked Peter up and put him into the bed and cleaned up. Peter watched from the bed as he cleaned up the floor and threw clothing into the wash. Peter turned on his phone and sat it to the side, ignoring how it blew up.

Dr. Banner took out his own phone and answered it. He was turned from Peter for most of it until he turned to look at Peter for a second before responding. Once he hung up, he went back to Peter and sighed.

“I have to go back. I’ll come back tomorrow. Your Aunt will be told you got jumped by someone and they beat you up.” Dr. Banner came up with a lame excuse but Peter accepted.

“Thank you for helping me.” Peter smiled and Dr. Banner put a hand on Peter’s shoulder.

“You see, you’re a nice kid. You don’t deserve this. And if I left you to die, Tony would literally kill me.” He smiled and Peter laughed. Dr. Banner then ruffled Peter’s hair and left.

-

Tony Stark could feel his whole being beg for his suffering to be stopped.

“What do you mean that there was a plane crash and you got a message from Peter about a plane? Our plane specifically?” Tony stared at Happy, who’s regular grumpy face was riddled with concern in the rearview mirror.

“I was in the shower and when I got out I checked my voicemail and then I got dressed quickly then they got me the information about the plane crashing.” Happy sighed. “Look, you also then called me and hung up before I could tell you.”

“You got me there.” Tony groaned as they pulled up to the scene. The two got out of the car and walked down to the beach. It was covered with Stark Industries workers and police men. The beach had metal all over and the cargo was strewn across.

“Was there anyone found?” Tony asked the man who walked up to them.
“Only one guy.” The man waved for him to follow. “We found him half awake and he didn’t really say anything. He said he only wanted to talk to you.”

Tony let out a sigh, expecting it to be Peter. He didn’t expect a full grown man with a sticky note on his chest webbed against his cargo.

“You’re…?” Tony raised an eyebrow and the man looked up.

“Too-omes. Or as Spider-Man called me, Vulture.” The man looked tired. Tony snorted and took the note off.

“I think you lost these. Do these belong to you?” The nice handwriting said. Peter’s handwriting.

“You know, Tony Stark.” Toomes spoke up and Tony turned his eyes back to the criminal. “You don’t know your boy as well as you think.”

“What do you mean?” Tony frowned.

“You hurt your deaf son by taking his protection away.” This confused Tony.

“Excuse me?” Tony took a step forward.

“Your kid. The boy. The hero of today.” Toomes’s eyes sharpened and Tony knew he was talking about Peter. “He is deaf. You never even knew. You just assumed that he could. Because why couldn’t he? He was just a normal kid with powers. But he’s a good actor. He could pull it off so well. It wasn’t until my daughter told me when he went to get her for Homecoming.”

Peter… was deaf?

“You’re lying.” Tony narrowed his eyes at Toomes. “He would have told me.”

“Really? The kid is pretty smart. He only told certain people. He told my daughter, who informed me. She went to school with him for almost two years now and fooled her.” Toomes sighed. “I won’t spill his identity if that is what you’re worried about on my side. I took pity on him when I found out he was a deaf kid. He saved my daughter. I had to. But he came after me.”

“I’ve heard enough.” Tony turned from Toomes and Toomes yelled.

“YOU DIDN’T EVEN KNOW ABOUT THAT KID OF YOURS.” Toomes got loud and Tony ignored him as Happy ran up to Tony to catch up. Tony took out his phone and dialed Bruce. If the kid was injured, Peter could have went to him. The kid’s phone was off and the other one was found in some car.

“Tony?” Bruce sounded slightly shaky.

“Is he with you?” Tony asked told cut.

“Yes.” It took a second, but the answer came.

“Is he okay?” Tony felt relieved that much.

“He… has some injuries. He’ll heal. He refused to go to the tower or any doctor place. I’m going to see him in the morning again.” Bruce sounded stressed.
“Thank you… But did you know… about the…?" Tony choked up slightly as he got into the car.

“Deafness? I knew ever since I met him. Cho even knows. She knew him since he became deaf and his parents died.” Bruce sighed. “Look, I’m going to meet you back at the tower. Okay?”

“Okay…” Tony wanted to go see Peter. But he knew the kid would just be stressed.

“Good. I’ll see you.” Bruce then hung up.

“To the tower?” Happy asked.

“Yes.”
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

The after effects.

Chapter Notes

Did ya miss me?

Songs for this: Every Note (Mystery Skulls), Happier (Marshmallow), New Americana (Halsey), Young God (Halsey)

Y’all I had mad writers block and I was busy as hell. I went to a convention over the weekend also. I also read High Rise Invasion, which is a great manga. Enjoy this kinda shorter chapter.

Tony sat in his lab silently, looking at the red and blue suit that sat on the work table. It was basically done, the small tears repaired and Karen (that was the AI’s name apparently) was updated and she wasn’t on full access. FRIDAY had gone through Karen to see which modes the kid liked the most and so he kept those but locked up the rest.

But he didn’t know what to do at the moment. It had been two hours since he had seen Toomes and he had told Tony that Peter was deaf. Tony didn’t know how to process it correctly. How did Tony not know about this? Apparently multiple people around him knew, and May even failed to tell him when Tony first told her that Peter was accepted as an intern. He felt slight anger, betrayal, worry, and sadness weighing his stomach down like a large stone. He was angry at himself for not noticing that the tell tale signs were there. The kid made a deaf aid for his entry and it worked almost too well for what the idea was. How did this kid even test it? And then there was the fact that sometimes Peter didn’t react automatically or didn’t react at all. Tony had just chalked it up as Peter being hyper focused, which he knew that was part of his powers to a certain degree. But even Tony becomes spatially unaware when he’s working. It wasn’t uncommon. The betrayal came from his close comrades that didn’t tell him. Bruce knew and so did Cho. That probably meant that Barnes knew, but they weren’t close and never actually talked other a passing hello. Tony wandered if any of the others knew about it. The closest one would be Vision and Wanda, but he doesn’t think they interacted at all. The worry and sadness came in because that kid was first of all, a kid. He was only 16 and that was already a great risk for Peter to be out there. But being 16 and deaf as a vigilante or hero is very dangerous. It wasn’t the right thing to send a kid that might seem like they have everything together out when they truly can’t have that extra sense of security like the rest of them.

Tony looked to the suit again and slowly picked up the mask. Karen had to know. There was no way she couldn’t. Tony knew they talked a lot even outside of hero work. Peter mentioned it and so did FRIDAY when Tony asked about his activity.

“FRIDAY, please connect to Karen and turn her into Karen Play That Sweet Meme mode.” Tony cringed at the protocol that he himself named, just as a small joke for when the kid finally managed
“Yes, sir.” FRIDAY calmly spoke and it was quiet for a moment until a new female voice came from the ceiling of his lab.

“Hello, Mr. Stark. I’ve heard a lot about you, even if we haven’t officially met since you created me.” Karen spoke politely, but Tony could hear the hesitation in her voice like she knew what was going to happen. “What can I help you with?”

“I wanted to know if you know about Peter being deaf?” Tony asked straightly and Karen paused.

“I am not allowed to confirm or deny this, sir.” Karen had hesitated before speaking.

“Karen. This is for his safety. As his employer and a close adult I need to know.” Tony frowned at her dodge.

“I…” Karen paused.

“You can tell him, Karen.” FRIDAY spoke up. Did FRIDAY even know?

“He is. He told me to not tell you, sos I did not. FRIDAY told me to stay loyal to tim to keep his trust.” Karen finally admitted.

“FRIDAY, you knew about this?” Did all of his AI want to keep this from him?

“Yes, sir. He requested I stay quiet, and you did not ask.” FRIDAY’s voice was slightly laced with a hum. She had a point.

“God…” Tony rubbed his face. “All of you knew, but didn’t tell me?”

“I do not come in contact with you, only FRIDAY. I had no means of communication, in my defense.” Karen’s voice got softer and then FRIDAY spoke up.

“Sir, Dr. Banner is coming up.” FRIDAY informed.

“Thank you. Karen, you can go back now. I’ll return you to Peter in a few days.” Tony sighed and Karen gave a small thank you before going back.

It took about two minutes for Bruce to get up to the lab once he was back. Tony was sitting with his face in his hands and his mind was fighting off a panic attack.

“Tony?” Bruce’s voice was soft and worried as he approached.

“God, Bruce. I didn’t even know…” Tony looked up to Bruce. “How could I have failed this badly?”

“Tony, you didn’t fail.” Bruce pulled up one of the other rolling chairs to sit next to Tony, placing his hand on Tony’s shoulder. “Tony, I promise you that you’re doing your best.”

“Bruce… I took away his suit for the repairs and I basically took his only protection…” Tony looked up to him. “What happened to him?”

“He… Toomes dropped a building on him basically. The kid said he had a panic attack and it brought him back to Germany. He… then went after Toomes still and the plane crashed as they fought on top of it. Then he saved Toomes from the explosion after some more fighting.” Bruce sighed. “He was fucked up but I got most of the stuff tended to. He should heal over the night and
anything else I’ll do tomorrow. You know, Tony, this kid really looks up to you and just wants you to be proud of him?”

“God. Yeah, I know Bruce.” Tony tried to swallow his bad emotions as Bruce rubbed his shoulder. “I just… I didn’t know. I couldn’t help. I could have fixed his hearing like how I helped Clint repair some of his hearing.”

“I know, Tony. But the kid already shut down help once. I don’t know if he knows my voice. Does he know May’s?” Tony quietly grieved. “His best friend’s? That girl he’s always around?”

“Did he ever tell you about how you drove him to be who he was? You and his parents.” Bruce spoke quietly.

“I think he said that once or twice. Just briefly, though.” Tony remembered the pipsqueak mentioning it.

“Tony, he grew up with your voice. He met you in person once before in person. But he was a small kid. You remember the expo attack? The small kid you told me of? That was Peter. He still has the mask.” Bruce smiled slightly. “I saw it and asked about it. He said it was one of the best memories he could remember before his parents died and he lost his hearing. You know, meeting you like this is probably more than the kid thinks he deserves.”

“God that was him? And that kid deserves the world.” Tony pushed away and turned towards his work table again.

“I just… the point wasn’t anything bad, Tony,” Bruce sighed before rolling closer again. “Just… you were a light to him his whole life, okay?”

“I know…” Tony carefully rested his forehead against the table and wanted to just smash his face into the surface, but he didn’t.

“Boss, the Avengers are all roudy on their level and are asking where you are. They heard about Peter’s saving of the day.” FRIDAY suddenly spoke up. “I suggest you go down there before they force their way in.”

“They won’t.” Tony grumbled. He didn’t want to deal with this.

“You’d be surprised, sir. Mr. Barnes looks determined to get up here and talk to you.” FRIDAY sassed and warned.

Tony knew that Bucky had figured out Peter was Spider-Man and was rather shocked and upset when the kid hadn’t shown up for a week or two. He basically flocked to the intern to make sure he was okay once he came back and picked up his normal hours. It would make sense for him to care about Spider-Man.

“Allright, alright. Tell the scrap metal and the other baton twirlers I’ll be down in a minute.” Tony sighed and slowly got up.

“You know, you’ll have to tell them eventually. Peter can’t stay hidden from them for long. Natasha is a curious woman. She also likes the idea of another spider around.” Bruce got up and followed Tony into the elevator.

“Yeah, I know. I just want to give the kid time to mature to be 18 then bring him in officially.” Tony watched as the number of the floors went down until they hit the Avenger’s level. “I don’t want to rush or hurt him.”
Bruce gave him a sideways look and just nodded. He understood. The second the elevator doors opened, the Avengers all turned their attention to the science duo as they stepped out. Bucky was the first one up, but Steve beat him to words.

“I heard Spider-Man saved our belongings tonight.” Steve smiled and he paused for a moment to take in how upset Tony looked. “Are… you alright?”

“Yeah. Long night, don’t worry.” Tony waved him off. “But yeah. Underoos had been dealing with the guy for a while and had an eye out for him because he was weird. Then he learned who he was and tracked him down and all of that fine stuff. He… in long story short found out about the plane and that plan and stopped it mid flight.”

The others smiled and nodded.

“Is he here?” Wanda tilted her head. Tony was still not that happy with Wanda. She had ran from her protection of herself and others, then she dove into Peter’s mind. She never even told Tony what he saw other than the lab and people surrounded him.

“No, he’s at his home.” Tony shook his head no. “He isn’t comfortable with normal doctors and Cho isn’t here and she’s his main doctor at this point. So what’s the point of him coming here when Bruce could help out?”

“Is he okay?” Bucky asked softly. “I know you don’t like me as much, but I want to know if P-Spider-Man is okay.”

Tony looked Bucky dead in the eyes and saw fear and worry in them. He knew Bucky was a great guy, but he still killed his parents. But… was it really Bucky and not his mind controlled state? He couldn’t control his own body at all. But if Peter trusted him and so did Steve, he could learn to.

“He’s injured. Almost majorly. But he’s a freaky fast healer, so he should be fine. He’s just more shaken at this point.” Tony confessed.

“So we can’t congratulate him?” Clint seemed disappointed.

“No. But maybe soon. I dunno if he’ll come in soon. I still have his suit and-” Tony started and Bucky stopped him.

“You have his suit? This event just happened a few hours ago and unless you retrieved it, there’s no way he could have had it.” Bucky frowned and suddenly more hostile.

“Bucky, why do you care about this guy so much? He bit you for crying out loud!” Sam asked with a frown.

“He bit you?” Rhodes asked with a small laugh.

“Yeah, he bit you? How old is he? Why did he?” Natasha frowned.

“I picked him up and tried to restrain him that way. He bit my shoulder hard to make me drop him.” Bucky huffed and shifted uncomfortably.

“Nasty child.” Wanda snorted and looked amused.

“That sounds very unsanitary.” Vision looked amused.

“Okay, but Bucky does have a point. What happened?” Steve finally cut through the silence.
“Okay, I had his suit for repairs when he went after Vulture. He didn’t call me or Happy until he was in the thick of it and almost died and then continued to go for the plane. The kid is reckless and doesn’t know when to call for actual help or stop. I told him to just be a normal guy for at LEAST another day. But I guess evil never sleeps.” Tony tried to seem unbothered.

“Sir, I do have the tapes of the fight with Vulture on the plane. It includes the crash and him being tied up.” FRIDAY suddenly spoke up and everyone paused.

“FRIDAY, not now I can’t-” Tony started and then Bruce spoke up.

“Play it. Stop after the fight ends. Include any audio and exclude Spider-Man’s name.” Bruce instructed.

A small flickering of a hologram before the video came up and started to play. Peter had came out of nowhere in his old suit which was cut up and Peter was already bleeding. His side had a large dark red stain on it and he didn’t land as smoothly. He had broke the glass and Toomes had attacked him suddenly. The fighting went on a good few minutes and neither side was winning or talking. It was creepy and unreal almost how neither of them said a word. That was until the plane started to plummet towards the ground. Once it hit, the camera tumbles and you could see Peter sprawled across the ground. He had made a noise before he got up. He started to stand up and approach Toomes. He started to speak to Toomes about plans and Toomes had called him a cockroach, which Peter obviously didn’t hear but the others had assumed that he ignored it. The man attacked Peter again and Peter tried to warn him about the machine on his back and the Man didn’t say anything but kick and try to escape. Then Peter managed to disengage Toomes and get him to safety.

“You saved me.” Toomes said and you could see his face now.

“I couldn’t just let you die. You said you’re doing this for Liz and your family. I… am close to Liz and she’s a great girl. I don’t want her to have the pain of her father dying.” Peter paused. “I lost almost all of my family right in front of me. I would rather my family be alive and confined than dead.”

The whole room seemed to tense the second Peter revealed something this personal and Toomes started to speak again, but Friday cut him off to stop the tape. They all looked at each other in shock.

“Who IS that kid?” Same asked. “He sounds like he’s barely 18 at most.”

“He lost almost all of his family? Did they all get murdered?” Clint looked to Tony.

Wanda moved forwards and turned to them.

“Let’s not debate this. I was in his mind and… the boy is tough and may be young like me, but he deserves his privacy.” Wanda looked at them all with mild disgust. “If one of you were hiding a part of your life that you do not want the other to know, you’d want everyone to leave you alone.”

“You saw in his head?” Tony didn’t feel comfortable with that. “Do you know… about everything?”

“His age and who he is? Yes. About his family and his fears? I only know so much. I wish to see him.” Wanda turned to Tony. “I do not like you as much still, but I know you mean well now and you mean the world to him. I know how far you are invested in his life. I suggest you do not mess this up, Stark.”

The others all looked uncomfortable with this and Bucky stepped forward.

“She has a point. Spider-Man’s life is private and as long as he’ll be okay that’s all that matters. We
can congratulate him later.” Bucky sent a small smile to Wanda, appreciating her words.

“They have a point.” Natasha turned and started to walk away. “Let’s all just settle back down. It’s getting late and some of us have something to do tomorrow.”

The groups mumbled and started to disband and Tony felt like he could slowly breathe again. The next few days will be slow until he could see the kid again.

- 

It was two days later, and Peter decided to not miss his next intern shift.

He still had a nasty bruise over the right side of his face, but it was faded. May had come home to see him all bruised and hurt and almost had a heart attack. Peter had quickly explained that he stepped in on a mugging and he just got hit from it. She took that answer and gave him a small lecture. Afterwards, she said he was proud and sent him back to bed.

Peter swiped his badge over the higher up entryway and went straight to the elevators. He went up silently after he told Friday to bring him to the floor where Mr. Stark was on. It took a hot minute before the doors opened and he stepped out. His eyes flickered around quickly and he realized he was on a lower floor than usual. The Avenger’s training level. He could see some of the Avengers pause in their training to look at Peter and he swallowed and turned to see Mr. Stark talking idly to Clint. He could feel the eyes of Captain America and Black Widow on him specifically. The others had been too far back or focused to notice him. He knew Bucky was there and wanted to finally talk to the man after the last few weeks but he couldn’t. Peter walked towards Mr. Stark and stopped by his side quietly and waited patiently. His hands clasped his clipboard close to his chest and he stood in the most polite manor he could. Mr. Stark visibly flinched and Peter looked up to his mouth to catch the words he knew was coming.

“Jesus, kid. You’re as quiet as Natasha.” Mr. Stark paused then processed that Peter was truly here and his face. “Oh my god, Pete, are you okay?”

Peter shrugged and held a hand to his face.

“It’s healing nicely. I’ve had worse.” Peter hoped Mr. Stark would catch the hidden meaning and he seemingly did.

“I knew you got hurt, but not this bad to have it for more than a week or two.” Peter knew he meant after at least two days. Mr. Stark then moved his hands in a simple motion that Peter’s brain automatically recognized as an “are you sure?” motion in sign language. Peter had to stop himself from physically reacting other than his eyes widening slightly. Did he know?

“Yeah, I know.” Peter tried to play it cool. He tried to force a natural smile on his face. “I promise I’m fine.”

Mr. Stark frowned at this and Peter glanced at Clint, who was watching the two intensely. Peter looked up to the man’s ears and realized he had hearing aids. Peter turned towards Clint more and held his clipboard under his right arm.

“My name is Peter. You’re Mr. Barton, correct?” Peter signed to Clint.

“Yes. Nice to meet you, Peter.” Clint nodded and Peter gave him a kind smile. Peter turned back to Mr. Stark. He took his clipboard back in his hands.

“Pepper wanted me to get you back up to your office because you still have a heaping load of
paperwork left and she’s getting antsy. The last time she did this she let Dumb-E destroy the lab.” Peter spoke out loud to Mr. Stark, and he didn’t quite pronounce Dumb-E correctly. It sounded more like duh-e.

“Oh shit. You’re right.” Peter was surprised Mr. Stark agreed that easily and he put a hand on Peter’s back and started to lead him away from the others. Peter tried to ignore the others looking at him and he made sure that Clint could see his hand and he spelled a message out before they left the room.

The stillness in the air made Peter want to run as the elevator brought Peter and Mr. Stark up to the personal levels. He could feel every small movement through his feet and it was slightly disorienting at first. Peter swallowed uneasily as the doors opened and Mr. Stark stepped off. Peter followed him to his actual office, which made Peter even more nervous. They walked in quickly and Mr. Stark motioned to the chairs in front of his desk and made his way to sit down. Peter sat down in the black real leather seats and felt a sinking feeling in his stomach. Peter watched as Mr. Stark sat down and put his chin in his hand, his hand cover his mouth as she stared at Peter, like he was dissecting him. It made Peter uncomfortable and Peter just wanted it to stop. Mr. Stark finally moved his hand from his mouth and sighed.

“Toomes told me you’re deaf. Karen and Friday confirmed it. Even Bruce did.” Mr. Stark finally spoke. Peter could feel his whole body tense.

“Sir-” Peter starts and Mr. Stark just holds up a hand to silence him.

“I know you’re going to apologize to me. But I understand, Peter, I really do.” Mr. Stark sighs and leans towards Peter. “Bruce said you’ve been through shit. Wanda said you did also. She saw some through your hell at Germany. She apologizes for that, by the way. She knows she stepped out of line by that.”

Peter didn’t know what to say. He could barely get words out at first.

“I-I-” Peter’s lips trembled. He was caught. He couldn’t believe it.

“Peter… I just want you to trust me. I trust you.” Mr. Stark got up and circled the desk to sit in the chair next to Peter’s. “You can tell me.”

Peter nodded and took a deep breath.

“When I was six, I was in a car accident with my parents. A bomb went off and it killed the driver of the other vehicle and killed my parents. My aunt and uncle couldn’t afford fixing my hearing and I didn’t want anything bad to happen if I got my hearing fixed. I… I knew they weren’t as well sat as my parents. My parent’s money and will was locked until my later birthdays and we only slowly got money or anything. I just found out that I have access to their old labs. I was homeschooled until middle school so I could learn sign language and how to efficiently learn how to lip read and blend into normal children. They put me in a local middle school, where some of the kids knew me from when we were very little. It was announced I was deaf and that they needed to be nice and patient with me. They… they picked on me and constantly harassed me. I had a friend but since I was a weird kid and outcasted, he stopped being friends with me. They started to hit at me and try to get me in trouble. My aunt and uncle found out and pulled me out of the school. They switched me to a private school and didn’t announce my disability and I kept to myself. I became comfortable with just my tutors and not interacting much with the other students. They acknowledged me but didn’t seem to care for me. I… didn’t want a repeat. Then… when I got out…” Peter had to stop and take a deep breath. His speech was slurring slightly and he had to ground himself. “My uncle Ben died. It was hard… May was so much more quiet. She let herself go for a few months then realized she had to pull herself back together for me. I tried helping the best I could, but what could I do?”
The tears truly started then. Peter’s vision was obscured by the blurriness of tears and he could feel his throat close up some.

“I couldn’t do much. I was starting school again and it sucked! I was with a whole new set of kids, besides two or three here and there that knew my face. May picked up more shifts to counterbalance the fact that my gradual inheritance was going towards school now. Since May wasn’t home a lot, I picked up a lot of after school activities to try and get myself out of the house and away from the depressing state of the house. I… I was happy just having May left and I was glad she was there to help me. I tried my best for her.” Peter hiccuped and Mr. Stark put a hand on his shoulder. “Then I met Ned, who offered to help some by taking me off of May’s hands for different dinners and inviting us over. I think their family helped out a lot financially after they asked May about our situation. I… Ned’s family was like a second family to me. They took me and May under their wings when May couldn’t pay up or needed me somewhere safe when she worked too much. Then I got bit by that spider! It mixed everything up! I started to need more food then I started to throw myself out there and May was stressed because sometimes she would see bruises. God she thought Flash was beating me to death at school! She talked to my teachers and tried to help by that!”

Peter covered his face and let out shuddering breaths as the tears ran down his face in streaks. He could feel that Mr. Stark had moved closer to try and give him some support, and he appreciated it.

“God, I tried my best to balance it all and get away with being a normal student and trying to help out the people in my neighborhood because people like me and May needed help in any small ways, and I had a power that could give it! I just had to be careful!” Peter bit his lip before continuing. “I just don’t want to be pitied or treated differently because of how I am. You would see me as a kid that was reckless and trying his best, that’s how I wanted it! I hate being treated like a small child and I didn’t want you to treat me differently because I couldn’t hear. It’s not as big of a deal than you’d think. I’m smart! I have my powers to alarm me! I can read lips. It’s just… god I just hate being treated differently!”

Everything was still for a minute until Peter felt hands slowly wipe away the tears on his face. He flinched slightly and he wiped his eyes himself to see Mr. Stark looking lost and also upset. It was like someone had killed Pepper right in front of him.

“Peter…” Mr. Stark had spoke. “I wouldn’t have treated you any differently. We have other deaf interns and I would have just learned sign language earlier and implemented a few extra measures into your suit.”

Peter blinked at him and watched as he continued.

“Peter, we all have our things that we don’t want people to know. Especially me. I have PTSD and I have crippling nightmares. I’m afraid of loss.” Mr. Stark admitted. “I don’t want to lose any of my teammates. I almost lost Pepper once and I couldn’t stand it. And you… kid you’re special. I could almost call you my kid.”

“I… you have nightmares?” Peter leaned into the hand that sat on his head.

“Of the Arc Reactor. Of when I was taken. Of Pepper almost dying.” Tony nodded.

“I-I… the last few days I could only see the building collapsing on me. The flashes of what Wanda unrevealed… when Captain America dropped a building on me. They haunt my dreams.” Peter shook slightly at the memories. “Did she ever tell you what I saw when she pulled my fears forward?”

“She didn’t… she respected your privacy. She’s a good kid.” Tony looked like he wanted to know,
but wouldn’t ask.

“I’m afraid to be abandoned and thrown to the side. That everything is my fault. That… they’ll let
them catch me. Test me and throw me into a lab.” Peter could feel panic crawl up his throat. “You
were there. Sending me back to my death in the facility.”

“I wouldn’t do that, Peter.” Tony frowned and pulled Peter into a hug. Peter couldn’t understand
what he said, but he felt vibrations from Mr. Stark’s chest. Peter closed his eyes and embraced him
back, letting his aching chest and the terrible emotions of sadness and fear take over his mind as he
cried into Mr. Stark’s shoulder.

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“He wanted me to tell you specifically.” Clint stared at Bucky, who fidgeted as he stood in the back
of the training area.

“What did he say?” Bucky frowned.

“It was rushed and not as complete, but I got it.” Clint frowned. “Spider eats bird, bird eats spider.”

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Days later, Peter was finally back to school. His bruising was finally gone and all of his bones had
mended themselves. He was still sore but he would manage.

The hallways weren’t crowded since first block had already started, and Peter was glad. It took him
about three minutes to make it near his classroom, but paused as he saw an open locker and someone
standing at it. It was Liz.

Peter bit his lip as he walked up and Liz turned to him as Peter approached. She looked sad but a
small smile spread across her face.

“Peter.” She signed. “You’re better?”

Peter nodded and accepted the hug that Liz gave him. He could feel Liz relax slightly before they
broke off.

“Yeah. I got sick afterwards and May wanted me to stay home a few days so I wouldn’t be
overwhelmed again. I become finicky after my sense overloads and the beginning of it.” Peter signed
and paused. “I’m sorry about your dad.”

Liz looked down, a hurt expression coming across her face before the replied. Peter could tell her
that the events affected her greatly.

“I can’t believe he was a criminal… I know he meant well but…” Liz paused. “It hurt. I’m glad he’s
just not dead. We owe Spider-Man so much… he saved me and my dad.”

“I would rather my family alive and in custody than dead…” Peter signed it and he felt the tightness
in his neck as he signed it. Liz paused at the words and she was most likely reminded that Peter only
had May left from his family.

“That… is how I feel also.” Liz then gave a small smile. “But Peter… I appreciate you. Like I said
before, you are a great guy. I am lucky that I had an amazing date to the dance. You tried for me and
you actually care about me as a person.”
“Welcome back, Peter.” Sean smiled as they sat in study hall, his hands moving in fluid motions.
Peter was glad that Dani and Sean’s sign language wasn’t as rusty as the other’s. Maybe Mr. Stark could take lessons from him.

“Thank you.” Peter smiled. “How are you?”

“I’ve been well. My boyfriend took me to see a movie the other day. It was a horror movie.” Sean smiled and looked happy as he talked about his boyfriend. “And you?”

“That’s nice to hear. And I was puking a lot, so that sucked. But I feel a lot better.” Peter signed and Sean nodded. The study session went smoothly and Peter watched the way that Sean moved was a bit off. Then Peter saw it. His hand was bruised and had bandages slightly sticking out of his hoodie sleeve from the same arm as the bruises. Peter reached out and carefully put his hand over Sean’s, making the smaller boy pause and just stare at the paper.

“I’m okay.” Sean signed slowly.

“Sean. What happened?” Peter asked quietly and the boy looked up.

“I… I was out late yesterday to get buy something my mom forgot to buy for dinner. Usually my brother or sister goes with me… but…” Sean paused in his actual talking and bit his lip. He was looking to the side and glanced up at Peter. He then continues. “I didn’t live here my whole life so I forget that things are different here. Someone grabbed me and tried to rob me. They threw me against the wall and I tried to fight back. They did some nasty hits on my arm and managed to get my arm with a knife. Someone heard me yelling and managed to get the guy and knock him out. The man brought me to the store then home. He was really tall and I don’t think I’ve seen him in the neighborhood before. All I remember seeing was his hair in a mini ponytail, a heavy jacket, sunglasses, and a baseball cap. I offered him food and he said no. He just said he was sorry that no one helped quicker.”

“I’m so sorry…” Peter felt horrible. He could have stopped this if he was on patrol, but he didn’t get his suit back until tonight so he decided to not go out until then.

“No! I’m fine!” Sean signed quickly. “I just… I wish I knew the man. He was so kind and skittish. He has such a big heart.”

Peter nodded. He wanted to thank the man himself, but he wondered if he knew him.

“The study hall ends soon. Finish your work.” Sean basically commanded and looked like he wanted to change the subject. Peter nodded and finished his work.

Peter twisted the key in the lock slowly as he opened the door to the apartment. He couldn’t handle keeping May out of the loop anymore. He pushed open the door and he could see May sitting on the couch with something in her lap. It looked like a vanilla folder and Peter noticed a metal case on the table. One that looked just like the one that his original Stark made suit came in.

“Hey, May!” Peter called out and smiled as he came inside and closed the door behind him.

“I got something to tell you.” Peter took off his shoes and left them on the small shoe rack. He placed his backpack down and walked over to where May was.

“What did you want to talk about, honey?” May smiled and asked as Peter sat down.

“I… I don’t know if you figured it out, but I’m Spider-Man.” Peter decided to just not beat around
the bush. May blinked at Peter and an odd look came across her face.

“I had a feeling… and part of me didn’t want it to be true. But… I’m not dumb. I noticed a lot more than you’d think. It hurt to connect two and two. But… I’m glad Stark is there for you to keep you alive when I can’t.” May pointed to the container on the table. “He left that here earlier. I assume it’s your suit?”

“It is…” Peter reached forward and opened the case. It easily opened to reveal his suit. It was fixed and looked almost brand new. May watched as Peter picked up part of it and smiled fondly at it. He looked up to May, who then raised her hands to sign.

“And… I have a surprise for you.” May picked up the folder and handed it to Peter. He took it carefully and opened it. Inside of the folder was papers. Peter took them out and read then out loud.

“I, May Parker, grant joint guardianship between Tony Stark, Pepper Potts Stark, and I over Peter Benjamin Parker. In the case that anything happens to me the Starks have all rights to have full custody over Peter.” Peter felt pure shock as he read the signings. “Signed: Mary Parker. Tony Stark. Pepper Potts.”
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

How things built up to the end of the last chapter.

Peter has his own coming out time.

Chapter Notes

So... I think someone asked me before if Mrs. Downey was named after RDJ and I just realized that RDJ shares the last name of my boyfriend. I actually named Mrs. Downey after my boyfriend since he loved Spider-Man since he was a child. TBH it's just a really big coincidence.

Also, sorry about the short chapter. It was 8 pages. Next chapter should be a bit more extensive. I'm slowly approaching the more purely my plot parts and I'm sweating bullets because the plot thickens.

Song for this chapter:

Sleight of Hand (NateWantsToBattle)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tony watched the feed of Peter fighting Toomes for what felt like the millionth time that night. He watched as the two went hand and hand. Tony had to stop himself from automatically contacting her to ask about the situation.

On the screen Peter had been punched and Tony could feel a bit of his happiness slip away with each time he saw it. The two moved quickly and when the ringing of his phone started up, Tony jumped. His head whipped to the side to see the caller ID being Pepper.

“Accept call. Minimize the video.” Tony slid down in his chair some, not ready for Pepper’s chastising. He was supposed to be asleep soon because he had a meeting early tomorrow. Pepper’s face was projected into the air and she was frowning.

“Tony.” That was all that Pepper had said. Her look gave him the context of ‘what the hell are you doing?’

“Hi honey. What’s up?” Tony tried to keep a straight face.

“You’re supposed to be back home with me and asleep. I asked Steve if you left and he said he hasn’t seen you leave since earlier when Peter left. FRIDAY says you’re in distress and watching the same file over and over again.” Pepper sighed and put a hand to her face. “Tony, what is wrong?”

“FRIDAY, send her the video.” Tony sat up more and leaned forward. “Please watch it, Pepper.”
Pepper’s face looked to the side and Tony could see the video reflect slightly off of her eyes and he could barely hear the audio. Pepper’s face became more tense and her lips parted slightly as the video ended. Her eyes turned back to Tony and she looked upset.

“That was… Peter?” Pepper asked. “That was his voice.”

God, someone actually recognized his voice like an intellectual.

“Exactly. It’s Peter.” Tony stood up and walked over to a mini bar that was hidden in the wall. It came out and he frowned as he was only presented with water, of the normal and sparkling type, and soda. “You know what I learned that night, Pepper?”

“What was it?” Pepper asked as she watched Tony pick up a Cheerwine can and open it.

“Peter is deaf. I also learned tonight that him and his Aunt are barely struggling to get by.” Tony took a sip of his drink and opted to walk around his office. “Pepper, this kid has been deaf most of his life and he’s living in a small and almost crappy apartment with widowed aunt. His uncle died in his arms. His parents died and he should have died with them.”

“Tony…” Pepper’s voice was quiet and tight.

“Pepper, this kid is wonderful. He’s nice and polite. He cares too much about other people. The other day he asked if I still wanted him to come or stay home so I could get extra sleep because there was a meeting within a few hours.” Tony waved his hands around in small motions as he walked around. “He acts like he is fully capable of hearing and doesn’t let anything get in his way. He was distraught for the longest time because of his family situation. He… he became Spider-Man because he was cursed with a gift and he cares so much.”

There was a long silence as Tony stopped and put his hand over his face. He was getting emotional again and he didn’t want to break down in front of Pepper and make her worried.

“Tony… what would you like us to do? We can give them money to help support them.” Pepper offered.

“God, the kid wouldn’t accept it. He’s too nice and wouldn’t see himself worthy.” Tony paused. “I want to talk to his aunt. I looked into her files and… Pepper something is happening that we don’t know of. Not even him. She’s also taking on so many hours at work. I think she needs help managing him. I want to help be his guardian.”

Another pause filled the room and Tony looked at Pepper as he sipped on his drink. She looked like she was processing it.

“I… I don’t know how his aunt would react… But I do like Peter and he’s a wonderful child. I wouldn’t mind helping his aunt raise Peter.” Pepper agreed. “We just need to go and talk to her in person. Tomorrow I’m sure would be fine. You said you have her file, figure out a good time.”

Tony nodded and sat back down. He left his drink on his desk and put his hands onto his face. Pepper gave him the silence, letting him take his time. She understood how much Peter meant to Tony.

“Pep…” Tony started again and he could feel tears brim his eyes. “I can’t believe I didn’t give him his suit back on time. I can’t believe I didn’t…”

“What do you mean, Tony?” Pepper asked quietly. Her eyes flickered to the door before turning back onto Tony. Tony didn’t even notice.
“I let him run around without knowing he was deaf. I gave him a suit and welcomed him into my life without noticing. God… if I knew that he was deaf and that he would run off without it back I would have fixed it quicker.” Tony covered his face and let the tears smear across them. “Pepper, he’s deaf. What kind of adult lets a young figure in their life run around without protection or help when they’re in such a disadvantage? Pepper I’m a horrible mentor.”

“Tony… He didn’t tell you… how were you supposed to know? I didn’t even know the times I had seen him. The team didn’t even notice in Germany.” Pepper’s selective words made Tony confused at first then he just brushed it off.

“They’ve only met him a few times. God I fucked this up badly. I threw a deaf kid into Germany and he got hurt because of me. He was majorly hurt, Pepper.” Tony wiped his face and looked up to Pepper. “I just… he didn’t tell me.”

“Sometimes people won’t tell their biggest weakness to the people they’re close to.” That was all that Pepper said before she looked at her watch. “Honey, just turn the video off and come home and let’s go visit her tomorrow and everything will be okay. I promise he is fine.”

“You’re right… I’m going to wrap up here and make sure that the kids go home and to bed also and I’ll be home.” Tony smiled at Pepper. “I’ll see you soon, honey.”

“I’ll see you soon.” Pepper smiled and the call ended. Tony was left in the quiet, staring at the space where her face once was.

Tony’s face slowly morphed back into a sad frown. He slowly stood up and threw the empty can away in the trash can under his desk. When he turned towards the door, he froze when he saw Steve leaning against the now open door.

“Hey… I uh… I came up to ask you something and you were on the phone. I didn’t want to interrupt.” Steve stumbled over his words.

“How much did you hear?” Tony asked quietly as he grabbed his suitcase from where it sat next to his desk.

“You started talking about how you didn’t give the suit back and then how you didn’t know about someone being deaf. Tony, is Spider-Man deaf?” Steve replied.

Tony knew he would be caught eventually. It was inevitable. He was just glad that Steve didn’t hear anything about Peter with Peter’s name in it to connect the two.

“Yes, Spider-Man is deaf. He… he didn’t tell me. Toomes knew and he told me. It… you don’t understand how well I know this kid. He’s a wonderful kid and…” Tony took a deep breath and looked away from Steve. “Steve, he acts like he doesn’t live with this big of a burden. This kid… he’s… special.”

Tony had made his way over to the door, stopping in front of Steve and coming face to face with him. Part of Tony wondered if he should actually be saying anything to Steve since he didn’t necessarily take well to Peter and was the one to cause Peter the most harm in Germany. But other than Natasha, Rhodey, and Bruce… Steve was the closest person he had on the team. He almost beat Rhodey at times, but that was before the Civil War.

“Tony… the fact that you’re there to help him is what counts. He may be young, but he’s still an adult. He’s adapted to it and I bet you his abilities help him a lot. He was very functional when I met him.” Steve put a hand on Tony’s shoulder and gave him a slight smile. He was trying to make Tony
feel better.

“Thank you, Steve…” Tony gave a slight smile back.

Steve was right. Tony was there and trying to help. He was there now to protect Peter. Everything would be okay.

“Now, you have a wife to go home to. Don’t keep her waiting. I kept my girl waiting and it was the biggest regret of my life.” Steve pat his back and Tony nodded.

“Can’t leave her hanging.” Tony actually gave a small laugh and they parted.

-

Pepper always wanted to start a family ever since she was a small girl. She also wanted a husband and a good job to keep the two of them afloat. She dreamed of living in a nice two story house with a large yard for a dog to run around in. If Pepper had to choose, she would choose a German Shepard. They were cute and great dogs to train.

If you asked Pepper if she would have guessed that she would be a CEO of the company her love owned, and said love was a reckless self made superhero genius, she would say she wouldn’t have guessed. If you asked her if she imagined she would be asking a woman she had only seen through file and word of mouth to let her and her reckless husband basically adopt her orphaned nephew, she would call you crazy.

But there Pepper was.

Pepper stood next to Tony as she knocked on the old wooden door of the apartment of May Parker, the sister of Mary Parker and aunt of Peter Parker. Pepper knew that May was expecting someone from the company to stop by and talk to her about something important and told them that the day after the one Pepper had originally picked would work. So there she was, in her formal skirt suit and low heels, waiting in front of the door. There was a small sound of a lock being unlocked and the door gave a small struggle before opening to reveal a middle aged woman. She looked tired and Pepper could see a few grey hairs mixed with a beautiful brunette color.

“Tony Stark and… Pepper Potts?” The woman asked, slight confusion coating her worn face. The woman was beautiful despite some of the telling signs of aging and stress.

“May. It’s been a while.” Tony smiled at her. Tony had taken his sunglasses off and he started to fidget slightly. He was nervous.

“It has been… I wasn’t expecting it to be you and your lovely wife.” May gave a slightly awkward smile. Pepper could tell that May wasn’t fully okay with Tony. She must have known about his almost full involvement with her nephew and didn’t like what happened around Tony. Tony was a danger magnet, and poor Peter was ought to get caught in the way.

“We wanted to come in person to discuss this.” Pepper decided to finally speak up. “It is wonderful to finally meet you in person, Mrs. Parker.”

“You too, Mrs. Potts.” May gave a truly fond smile to Pepper. “I admire you, truly. And please, call me May.”

“Thank you, May. Call me Pepper, please” Pepper smiled back.

“I should probably let you two inside. I don’t want anyone to notice who you are in passing and
cause a ruckus.” May moved out of the way and the couple walked inside.

Pepper could tell the apartment was well taken care of besides a few things thrown here and there. There was a pile of textbooks sat on the table and there was no dishes in the sink from what Pepper could see. The apartment itself was probably on the lower end of nicer apartments in New York. The three of them walked to the couch and sat down.

“What would you like to discuss?” May asked kindly as she looked at Tony and Pepper, who sat across from her. Pepper admired how May was keeping her cool right now. She must be so stressed.

“Peter… I found out he was deaf the other day.” Tony started and Pepper could see May flinch slightly. “He told me his story and he mentioned the struggle you two have right now… with your job and the money from the will going to his tuition. He also mentioned how there might be people trying to kill him also.”

“You… are you here to help us out of pity or charity?” May asked straightforwardly.

“May…” Pepper leaned forward slightly. “We have gotten close to Peter and we want to help take Peter off your shoulders some. We could help with some of the costs and take care of him when you cannot. We can also protect him from whoever is trying to kill him.”

“Do you… know why he’s being targeted? He doesn’t have a big idea. But it comes from the same reason why he is deaf.” May fidgeted slightly. It was her hand. Her thumb ran over her wedding ring that sat on her ring finger. May’s eyes had an emotion that Pepper couldn’t quite place directly, but a close one would be sorrow.

“He didn’t mention it directly.” Tony shook his head.

“He might have told you about how Mary and Richard were scientists. They were independent and they were commissioned and worked with other companies when needed. They had worked with your company for a while. But one company wanted all of their research. They put a hit out for Mary and Richard. But… after a bit of research I presume, they realized that Peter was going to inherit everything. So they aimed to kill him also.” May explained. “They’ve failed twice so far.”

“Do you know who is was?” Pepper asked. Pepper could feel the pain in May’s voice. This was May’s own family. Her own sister. Her own husband. She loved them and she expected to grow old with them and be there to watch Peter grow from the perspective an aunt was supposed to. But she never got to. She had to take on a six year old with her husband, then was suddenly left with a teenager when her husband was taken out.

“No…” May shook her head. “I do not… but if I may ask, how do you want to help us?”

“Guardianship.” Was Tony’s simple answer. “We cannot legally take care of him and do decisions without you there.”

May was silent for a second, her eyes calculating as she looked Tony over. It was like she didn’t trust his words or expecting it to be a joke.

“I need to know… are you willing to fully take care of him if I’m gone?” May asked finally.

“What do you mean?” Tony asked with a frown. Pepper didn’t like where this was going.

“I’m going to die within the next few months.” May answered. “I have a disease that is hurting my heart. It’s… painful. I take medicine for it and I try to ignore it. The doctors said it partially came because of stress and the physical strain. It would be hard to fix… and I cannot accept any help that
is not for Peter. I haven’t told him because I’m afraid he’ll react badly. He’s already lost Ben and his parents… I can’t stand to see him…”

Pepper could see the despair in May’s face. She was caught between a rock and a hard place.

“I would be willing to take him in if anything happened to you.” Tony told May in a soft voice.

Pepper looked to Tony to see he was having a hard time. “May… I care for Peter. If you want we can treat you, but I think you would reject it.”

“I cannot pay for it myself, so I don’t want it.” May answered simply. Pepper wondered if Peter got his habit of rejecting anything with a price from May.

“I… understand.” Tony nods and pulls a stack of papers from the suitcase he had. He handed them with a pen to May. “If you sign these papers, we can have partial guardianship over him.”

May took the papers and she read them over slowly. She took her time and Pepper was patient. She knew this was Pepper’s blood, her flesh relative. She couldn’t just sign her nephew away like a pet or a piece of property. Once she was done, May signed the papers and handed them back.

“Here…” May smiled and looked up to them. “Thank you for coming here in person.”

“You’re welcome. I know how hard it is to deal with these situations. Especially when it comes to basically your own child.” Pepper smiled to May, who looked to Pepper. May looked thankful at Pepper’s understanding.

“May…” Tony called the attention onto himself and May’s eyes seemed to quickly go from criticising to soft. Tony held out a hand to May, which caught Pepper slightly off guard, and May took it. “I want to protect Peter. I want him to become greater than anyone could ever be.”

“I’m sure you can take him there.” May smiled and nods. The two seemed to have a simple understanding to each other in that second and Pepper knew then that they had successfully just came together to save Peter.

“May… is this real?” Peter asked as he stared dumbfoundedly at the papers.

“Yes. They… came by a few days ago and they talked to me about becoming your secondary guardians. You spend a lot of time over there and they care a lot about you. I… can’t always be there for you. But they can be there when I can’t.” May smiled and finished signing to Peter.

Peter was in shock and awe. He couldn’t believe that this was happening.

“Peter?” May reached a hand out and Peter’s attention snapped back to her. He must have spaced out.

“I can’t believe… oh my God they’re real.” Peter laughed and smiled at May. “Oh my God, May!”

“Yeah. They are.” May reached to Peter and drew him into a hug.

“Today is officially wonderful.” Peter mumbled into May’s shoulder and smiled.

Then, a stray thought crossed his mind.

He had just cleared his conscious of lying and keeping secrets to people and there was one more group he wanted to clear. His classmates.
“Hey, May.” Peter said as he pulled back.

“Yes?” May smiled.

“I think I’m going to come out as deaf.” Peter smiled.

May paused like she was thinking. She then sighed and fixed her faltering smile.

“Honey… If you want to, you can.” May wasn’t giving any struggle on the idea.

“Alright. Then tomorrow I will.” Peter grinned.

The next day, Peter had informed his teachers that he was coming out as deaf and they were all supportive. Peter had chosen Mrs. Downey’s class instead of Mr. Harrington to say it because he felt more comfortable in her class. Ned and MJ had been supportive and looked forward to see how Peter would do it.

The lesson had come to a natural pausing point in the lecture, and Mrs. Downey turned to the class as she sat her marker down.

“Now class, I actually am grateful to have this small break in work. I have a small announcement.” Mrs. Downey smiled, her kind blue eyes looking around the classroom. Peter felt a slight bit of anxiety bubble up. “Peter, can you come up here? You can explain it.”

Peter nodded and he got up slowly. He could see the other students turn to talk to each other, probably in hushed voices. He didn’t bring his hearing phones today. He got to the front and turned to his classmates. They all looked generally confused besides Ned and MJ. Peter raised his hands and started to sign as he talked, balancing the two easily.

“Ten years ago, there was a car accident. It was outside of the city and there was two cars involved. Inside of the larger car was a single man and a bomb. The other car had a small family. Just a mother, father, and their six year old son.” Peter smiled as he told it. It wasn’t a happy one, more of a sad smile. “The wreck was deadly. The bomb had gone off after impact and it killed everyone but the child in the small car. The child was announced deaf at the hospital.”

Peter took in the faces of his peers as they took in his words.

“The child grew up with his aunt and uncle, learning how to use sign language and read lips. He eventually learned how to get away with acting normal. His uncle died later on in his life and now he’s only left with his aunt.” Peter then paused. He took a deep breath and gave a genuine smile.

“Hi. My name is Peter Parker, I am 16, and I have been deaf since I was six years old.”

The class all stared at Peter in awe and shock before some people started to talk quickly. Mrs. Downey automatically stepped in and calmed them down. One girl near the front, Beverley her name was, raised her hand calmly. Mrs. Downey called on her and Beverley stood up and smiled at Peter.

“Is this why you never actually interacted with us? I just thought you just liked to be quiet and more alone until you branched out to Michelle and Ned.” Beverley asked politely.

“I… In middle school I was bullied because they didn’t believe me, so I decided to just mind my own business and keep away from others. If they really wanted to become my friend or didn’t have malicious intent, I would tell them and let them in.” Peter shrugged and put his hands into his
pockets. “I just… a lot has happened in the last few days and I thought it was finally time to tell you guys. It’s been basically two years now and I think you guys won’t pick on me. And don’t treat me differently because of it… It kinda bothers me when people do.”

Peter looked around and decided it was time to sit down at his seat. He didn’t want to answer anymore questions. He sat down next to Ned, who threw an arm around him and hugged him. Peter smiled and leaned into his hold. Peter glanced at MJ and saw her giving him a small smile.

This was the right choice.

Chapter End Notes

Next time on Steve isn't the smartest, and Tony just wants a break from his life:

Steve likes to gossip even if he doesn't realize it is gossip and just thinks he's doing good.
The Beginning of The End

Chapter Summary

"I was following the pack, all swallowed in their coats. With scarves of red tied 'round their throats, to keep their little heads from fallin' in the snow. And I turned 'round and there you go. And, Michael, you had fall, and turn the white snow red as strawberries in the summertime." - White Winter Hymnal

"You were my Versailles at night." - Fourth of July

Chapter Notes

The update was to fix one mistake guys!

Guys, this isn't actually the end lol I promise.

Miss me?

Also, Natasha is legit the most motherly woman on the team and she truly cares for all of them. Don't argue with me. You know that she would help all of them. Just because they removed the possibility of her giving birth doesn't mean that they took her motherly instincts.

Also, for White Winter Hymnal I listen to the Pentatonix version.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In all of Steve’s life, he had never seen someone so worried or devoted to someone. Steve knew that he himself was devoted to Bucky and had gone to great lengths to clear his name, but Tony was different.

Steve had known Tony ever since he had woken up, and all he could get from Tony up until the Civil War was that Tony only truly cared about Pepper, the Team, and when people who don’t need to die get killed. Tony seemed so self centered until you got to worm your way into his actual personality and past his defence mechanisms. Tony wanted to fix what he had done wrong, and you could easily see that when he withdrew the weapons he had created and shut down the manufacturing. Hell, he even got very upset when he was told a story about a boy who died in the fight against Ultron. Then he had brought on an intern who was young and from what he heard, was a genius but was poor. He treated the kid well and panicked when the kid got hit by Bucky.

But Steve never expected to see the true relationship between him and Spider-Man. Tony had come running to the guy’s help in Germany, yelling and borderline to the point of hysteria. He had also freaked out when the guy had a tussle with the Vulture and had gone into a depressed like state, one that Steve hadn’t seen in a while. He thought that Tony was just upset that the guy had caused trouble or it had shaken things up with Pepper. But no.
When Steve had walked up to the door and he heard crying coming from it, it caught him off guard. He had stopped and slightly pushed the door open to see that Tony was talking to Pepper. He talked about some kid and it pained Steve to just listen and watch what was going down. His friend, even if they’re still awkward, was in pain. The conversation afterwards was sad and Steve couldn’t help but dwell on the fact that Tony called Spider-Man his kid. He couldn’t be blood related to him, the timing didn’t match up for him and Pepper to have the child, and he knew there was no illegitimate child out there. They had asked him one night when they were having a party before Ultron. He swore on Pepper’s life.

This meant that this guy, or kid, was very important to Tony.

Steve sat at the kitchen counter quietly, his hands holding a warm mug tightly. He was staring at the tea that was in the cup, enjoying the light reflecting off of it. It was a more reddish amber color. Watching the tea shift and ripple every few minutes was entrancing and he just wanted to turn his mind away from the want to go track this vigilante down and seeing who he was. Who could have gotten close to Tony, almost as close as Pepper, and had tricked him into thinking one thing. The guy had to be very smart and selfless. He was throwing himself out into danger every day.

“Hey, are you okay?” A soft and concerned voice asked and Steve could feel a hand briefly touch his shoulder before sliding off. This snapped Steve out of his thoughts.

Steve looked up to see Natasha walking to the coffee pot and turn the heater pad on. She grabbed a cup and turned to Steve. Her hair was still long and wavy, which was how a majority of the team liked on her so she kept it. Steve realized she was waiting for an answer and quickly spoke.

“I uhm… I just have a lot on my mind.” Steve stumbled before looking away from her eyes.

“Is it… about Tony?” Natasha asked and he could she had turned to pout the now warm coffee into a mug and turn the heater off. Natasha walked to the chair across from Steve and sat down.

“You can tell me, you know. I’m close to Tony, but I won’t nose into your mess. Friends don’t stir trouble.”

“They also don’t pick sides after listening to both and seeing the truth.” Steve gave a small smile and Natasha’s lips parted slightly before smiling also.

“I am close to both of you, not as close as I am with Clint, but you two are probably the closest to me having brothers. I would trust you with my life.” Steve could tell that Natasha was saying the truth. Out of the Avengers, Clint was the closest man to her, then Tony, then Steve. Clint was there before Tony ever was. “Now, what’s your problem, Steve?”

“It’s… I just found out something about Spider-Man and Tony.” Steve sighed and Natasha took a sip of her coffee.

“Маленький паук? What did you find out?” Natasha looked slightly concerned, and the Russian words flew over Steve’s head. Bucky would have known them.

“He’s… apparently they’re closer than anything. I found him crying and talking to Pepper about the guy. I… he called him his kid and said he was heartbroken over the fact he didn’t tell Tony that he was deaf.” Steve confessed. “I feel bad for the guy… I dropped a building on him. I almost killed him.”

“Steve…” Natasha reached out and carefully put a hand over Steve’s. It always amazed Steve how her small and dainty hands could be so dangerous. They were also smooth, but calloused. “We knew that Tony was involved with the kid but he never spoke about him. He’s trying to protect the boy.”
“Do you know anything about him?” Steve asked. “I… I want to know this guy and apologize.”

“I figured out his age and that was it. But that isn’t my place to say it. Stark hides his little one well.” Natasha ran her thumb over Steve’s hand and leaned forward. “I’m sure that if you ask Tony if you could talk to him, he would agree.”

“What would Tony agree to?” Bucky’s voice spoke behind him and Natasha looked up to him. Steve slowly turned to see that Bucky had walked in with the majority of the team. Rhodes, Sam, Clint, Wanda, and even Thor was behind him, walking over to the counters to either get a snack or a drink. They had probably just come from training. They smelt like it. Bucky had grabbed a water bottle and sat next to Natasha.

“Steve wants to talk to Spider-Man. He wants to apologize and know why he did the things he did.” Natasha tried to give a vague answer. Steve could see Bucky physically tense up and this made Steve frown.

“Spider-Man… Steve I thought we agreed to a letter and we could get Tony to send it.” Bucky frowned.

“What do you have to say to the boy?” Wanda asked as she sat on the other side of Bucky and Clint followed to sit next to Natasha. Rhodes sat down and the others opted to stand.

“I… I shouldn’t say this, but Tony called him his kid, and he was distraught over him being revealed as deaf.” Steve sighed and Natasha’s hand drew back to stabilize her coffee cup as she lifted it up again.

“That really isn’t yours to say.” Wanda chided.

“I agree with Wanda.” Clint sighed. “Steve, buddy, how did you find out about this?”

“I walked in on him talking to Pepper and he told me straight forward. He basically sees this guy as his child. This guy doesn’t have hearing aids like Clint. He has nothing but his reflexes basically and if he has good sensory.” Steve looked at their faces.

“Steve… he didn’t tell Tony for a reason. I think you should drop it. They’re close and we should just drop it. It isn’t our business.” Bucky tried to press.

“Do you know him, Bucky?” Sam asked before Steve could get it out.

“I agree with Barnes.” Wanda frowned. “I is not our business. I’ve seen inside his head and I promised I wouldn’t say anything more than I have said. You all shouldn’t dig into this.”

“But don’t you want to know?” Thor asked, looking confused. “My teammates, he fought with or against you all. I’ve heard from Banner about him and I do wish to meet the small spider.”

“Exactly! Thank you, Thor.” Sam shot him a grin.

“I want to but I don’t think this is a good idea. I just wanted to apologize and talk to the kid.” Steve sighed. He didn’t want to cause another issue.

“You guys could just ask Tony himself.” Bruce had walked in during the middle of it and he had gotten himself a cup of coffee.

“Our vampire bat has come out during the day? What is this?” Natasha joked and Bruce shot her a small smile as he poured his coffee.
“You guys know I come out of my lab to get coffee.” Bruce walked to behind Natasha and put his hand on her shoulder as he sipped it.

“Yeah, but it is every five days.” Thor smiled at Bruce. “But yes! Good idea! We can just ask him ourselves.”

“It’s official. Tony is going to kick me out.” Steve mumbled as he took a sip of his own tea.

“…”

“My child?” Tony looked up from the armor he was trying to work on to look at the other Avengers. Thor had asked him about his child. “Pepper didn’t tell you guys about it did she? I swear to God, if she did.”

“Pepper didn’t tell us anything. Tony, Natasha was asking me what was wrong because I was… I felt bad for Spider-Man and I mentioned how you called him your son. They walked in and heard a bit. They heard enough to know about him being deaf and him being your son.” Steve spoke up and Tony gave him a blank look. Steve didn’t mean to tell them, but he still managed to let all of them know.

“Shit.” That was all that Tony could manage. The kid was going to kill him after Pepper does.

“Tony, what is going on with him?” Rhodes asked and Tony stood up.

“I can’t tell you guys. But… you do deserve to know. Well, two of you basically know already. I don’t think Vision knows. Wherever he went.” Tony sighed and ran a hand over his face. “I can set this up.”

“Set him up meeting us?” Sam asked.

“Noo. Him going out of town. Yes him meeting you lot.” Tony rolled his eyes.

“We can finally meet the Man of Spider!” Thor grinned.

“Tony, you know how much he doesn’t like Steve…” Bucky finally spoke up. “Are you sure?”

Tony could see Steve’s face drop slightly and Tony sighed.

“Look, I’ll explain that Rogers here can’t keep his mouth closed and because I’m generous and don’t want you guys tracking the poor guy down, that he needs to just come clean.” Tony shrugged and pulled out his phone. “He should be out of there by now… I can call him.”

The Avengers nodded and Tony pressed a few buttons and held the phone up to his ear. It rung for a minute before someone picked up.

“Sorry, Mr. Stark for not answering automatically. I was talking to Karen about something and I had to get out of the room May was in, even though she knows I don’t like talking about this stuff with her and—” Peter had started to ramble automatically. Tony knew that since he was wearing the mask he could call, and was rather thankful the kid was wearing the mask.

“Kid, slow down.” Tony sighed. “We have an issue and it has to do with the team.”

“I…” Peter paused. “I thought you said to stay away from them for a while.”

“Yeah, well they’re asking about you and one overheard my talk with Pepper before the Papers and they want to meet you. Like, Spider-Man identity meet.” Tony told him and Peter’s breathing
basically stopped suddenly.

“I…” Peter started and he went silent again.

“Underoos? Kid, are you there?” Tony asked and he could hear Peter let out a groan.

“God this just isn’t my day. First Flash tripped me by accident for the first time since I said I was deaf and it sucked. So badly. And then there was meatloaf for lunch, and now this.” Peter huffed and Tony snorted and glanced at the Avengers who were watching.

“I’m sorry about your shitty day, kid. But you gotta come over tonight, okay? Make sure you’re in your suit and not in civilian.” Tony spoke softly. Tony could hear Sam whisper “language” in the background.

“Thanks. I guess I’ll just die then, Mr. Stark.” Peter sassed. And Tony’s mouth twitched slightly.

“P- Benjamin!” Tony scolded. “Do not say that! We went over your teenage self depreciation talk isn’t appreciated by adults.”

“I get it, I get it. Jeez. Old man.” Peter laughed and didn’t seem too phased. “Let me finish my homework and I’ll sling over. Don’t sen Happy. It’d be weird for me to just walk down and get in the car as Spider-Man.”

“I get it. Now get your shit done and get your ass over here before I tell May about what you did two weeks ago with the sli-” Tony got halfway through the sentence before Peter screeched in his ear.

“NO! Do NOT!” Peter said in a panic. “I’ll be over in about twenty minutes. It’s just quick Physics homework.”

“Good.” Tony laughed. “Bye, kid.”

“Bye, Mr. Stark.” Peter said before Tony hung up.

Tony turned to the others as they burst out laughing.

“Oh my god- did you just purposely use his middle name to not out him AND just even use his middle name?!” Clint laughed. “Tony really is a dad.”

Tony rolled his eyes at his teammates and put his phone away.

“Get out of my lab and go to where you losers belong. I didn’t even give you permission to come up here.” Tony waved them out. They all filtered out and Natasha lingered behind to look at him.

“You really do care, don’t you Tony?” Natasha asked.

“Of course I do. He’s just a kid.” Tony replied and Natasha left him in silence.

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About 25 minutes later, Peter dropped into the lab through the window, which automatically opened for him. He landed on the ground and Tony looked up from the armor he had continued to work on.

“You’re five minutes late.” Tony commented and Peter smiled. It was odd to be able to read his lips from so far, but it was a plus of this suit.

Peter had stopped to help an old lady cross the street and she wanted to buy him a present. It backed
him up a few minutes, but it was worth it to get a donut on the way over.

“There was traffic.” Peter just simply commented as he walked up to Tony. Peter knew what was going to happen within the next hour. He was meeting the Avengers for real. It gave Peter anxiety that shook him to his core. He had lied to these people and they wanted to meet him.

“Sure.” Tony rolled his eyes, but smiled anyways. “Now, you’re going to go in with the mask on and take it off. There might be a bit of a lash towards me, but I’m used to it.”

“All… alright.” Peter nodded. Tony put a hand on his shoulder and pat it in a reassuring way. He must be feeling anxious also. Tony technically lied to them also this whole time. Were they… more in the wrong?

Tony started to lead Peter out to the main area and his senses told him there was a mass of people. When they walked into the kitchen area, Peter automatically noticed all of the Avengers were there. Steve, Bucky, Wanda, Vision, Scott, Thor, Bruce, Natasha, Clint, Rhodes, Sam. All of them. Peter’s eyes landed on Steve and he could feel a slight clench in his chest.

“Mr. Stark I don’t know if I-” Peter spoke quietly but stopped abruptly when Tony’s hand landed on his head lightly. Tony slid it down the back of Peter’s head and onto his shoulders. It was supposed to be comforting and it made Peter feel a bit more safe.

Tony brought them into the room and the group looked up to see the pair. Bucky automatically stood up when he saw Peter. Peter felt the anxiety crawl up his throat and his left pinky and ring finger twitched slightly. He tried to keep his face neutral so his mask wouldn’t show it. Words started to fill his screen.

“Guys, this is Spider-Man.” Tony placed his hands on Peter’s tense shoulders and Peter could tell the others were inspecting him. Analyzing him by his suit and outer layer.

“You should probably say something.” Karen reminded Peter. Peter blinked and twitched again.

“Hi, I’m uhm…” Peter stumbled over his words.

“It’s okay, you can tell us.” Bucky smiled at Peter as he signed and Peter nodded.

“Okay... Yeah. I can.” Peter reached up and slowly took his mask off. Once he felt the cold air and he opened his eyes to view them normally, he could see how shocked they were.

Their mouths all moved at once and Peter tried to get a good look at all of them. He couldn’t get more than the consensus of them cursing and asking Tony if this really was him. Bucky finally seemed to have enough and it looked like he yelled. Peter even was shocked when his senses jumped slightly.

“Guys. One at a time.” Bucky’s lips read. Bucky turned to Peter and gave a smile. “Introduce yourself.”

Peter nodded and he could feel Tony’s grip tighten slightly.

“My name is Peter Parker. You guys know me as Mr. Stark’s intern, but I am Spider-Man and Mr. Stark and Mrs. Potts are my legal guardians along with my Aunt May.” Peter smiled. “I am 16 and deaf.”

The room had calmed down to a quiet and they all looked at Peter. It was Natasha who spoke up.
“It is nice to finally meet you formally, Маленький паук.” Natasha nodded. She didn’t seem too phased.

“You too, мать паука.” Peter smiled at her.

“You’re telling me that I fought a kid in Germany? I fucking slung you.” Scott decided to speak next. “God and you’re good at acting like you’re not deaf. You can read lips, right?”

“Yeah. I learned as a kid.” Peter nodded. “I became deaf when I was a kid because of an accident so I had time to become good.”

“And your powers?” Rhodes asked.

“A spider that was radioactive bit me. Nothing too great. Gave me really good healing and a hell of a metabolism. It’s pretty cool actually! I can also climb walls!” Peter smiled and wiggled his fingers. “I also can’t thermoregulate but that’s okay.”

“Jesus.” Peter only caught that as Sam turned away. Some of the others mumbled things that Peter couldn’t catch. But one person caught his attention. Steve.

“Peter… I want to say sorry. I know.. That I caused you pain and that you probably don’t like me. But I just needed to say it.” Steve told Peter this and he looked rather genuine.

“It makes me uneasy around you.” Peter stated blatantly. Steve looked like a kicked puppy for that but Peter continued. “But I know it wasn’t your fault. It’s just like how it wasn’t Wanda’s fault. It’s just… you put me through so much unnecessary stress and pain.”

“I’m sorry about it. I didn’t mean to.” Steve repeated.

“I know.” Peter sighed and offered a small smile. Peter then turned away and looked to the others and he could see Sam glaring daggers at Tony. It was slightly uncomfortable to watch in all honesty.

“Are you okay, Mr. Wilson?” Peter asked and his eyes narrowed at Peter.

“In all honesty? I’m not sure why I’m the only one who’s upset that he’s literally a child.” Peter didn’t have to hear the words to see the emotion behind the workds.

“I don’t like it either.” Clint started. “But Tony is more protecting this kid than anything. He mentioned that if he didn’t step in the kid could be in much more trouble. My oldest son is almost his age, but that doesn’t mean I want him to follow this route.”

“Peter wasn’t of Tony’s creation. He saved the boy instead of destroying him or twisting him.” Wanda spoke up and smiled at Peter. Peter noticed that she was leaning again Vision slightly.

“Shit, I’m kinda freaking out over that he’s a kid also.” Scott admitted. “I fucking flung him!”

“Language, all of you.” Steve sighed and Peter watched in slight amusement.

Tony said something from where he was half standing behind Peter, and Peter could tell because he could feel the slight vibrations coming through his hands. Plus, the others all looked at him. Peter assumed it was a speech talking about the situation and the others seemed to understand. Peter had a feeling that it was why they didn’t tell them and they all started to nod and sayokay.

Clint turned to Peter, and bless Clint. He started to sign to Peter.

“Want to play Mario Kart? We just got Mario Kart 8.” Clint smiled.
“Of course!” Peter signed back and walked towards Clint. “Actually, let me change in my room real quick.”

“Hey, I’m going to change.” Peter had turned and vocalized it. He glanced at Tony, who nodded.

Peter went and changed, and when he came back the Avengers were all sprawled across the living room area. Peter quickly moved to the couch that sat in front of the TV and there was perfectly a spot there for Peter to slide in. He grabbed his controller and looked to Clint, who was setting up the game. When it came up, Peter quickly claimed the girl Inkling and Peter saw Clint choose baby Rosalina.

“Good choice.” Peter commented.

“The Inkling? Really?” Clint asked him and Peter shrugged.

“I have a soft spot for them and they’re good to use.” Peter turned back to the TV as the game started.

Let’s just say that Peter annihilated Clint.

Chapter End Notes

Маленький паук - Little Spider
мать паука - Spider Mother

Are you ready?
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

"I could never say the words it takes to make your heart break. And I can't live it down so I'll live it up for you. I could never write a line that shines as bright as your eyes. And I can't hold it up so I'll lay it down for you." - Sleight of Hand

Field trips suck.

Chapter Notes

Okay but the part with May and Peter with the slip made me cry, not gonna lie. Just the fact that I had to write this and my notes actually said "May is seen not looking too good. She signs the slip and tells Peter that she loves him. He hugs her and says that he loves her back. May also looks sad."

You'll see what I mean when it happens, but basically I went a bit off track there and I don't know, just writing it and imagining it in my head made me rather upset. You guys don't realize how emotional this whole story is played out in my head. You guys only feel a bit of what I do because my notes add on to how everything feels. Like, and this is played out so much in my head also. I already know how this ends in my head and I'm just writing the journey and I already know the context of the scenes. Also, the end is a bit rushed.

All I can say about this chapter is that there's a good amount of fluff and foreshadowing to the next few chapters that it is pretty painful.

ALSO! I actually have a good example of how Peter's hibernation actually plays out another fic I wrote! BUT it contains details of Peter dying because of it and him being brought back to life. You have to read through his body being found and them bringing him back to life to get the bits and pieces. It is chapter 7 in https://archiveofourown.org/works/16383509/chapters/38346635 (Five Times Peter Went To Eddie [Plus one time he didn't]). It is in another universe, but the same concepts!

This story will explain it way better and in harsh details, but this story will explain it nicely for people who don't want to wait for that chapter!

(Also, Margerot came from me being half asleep and trying to write Margaret but I failed and kept it in and my friend told me it looked like Mar-jeh-roh would be the correct way)

See the end of the chapter for more notes
It was late October now, two weeks after Peter was formally introduced to the Avengers, and it was starting to get cold.

Peter was staring outside, watching the dark clouds move across the sky. Peter knew the temperature was dropping quickly, he could feel it in his bones and very being. It was coming quickly and Peter didn’t want it to come. Ever since he had been bit, he couldn’t thermoregulate anymore. He learned that the spider that bit him hibernated very quickly the first winter when he had fallen asleep for the first weekend of the cold season. He didn’t wake up once until May had come in and shook him awake. She thought Peter had died until he snapped awake and panicked. It was a mess and Peter thought about how he would have to plan this year out quickly. It was getting cold quickly and he didn’t want a repeat of last year.

Peter could feel a shift on the couch he was curled up on and a hand placed itself on his head, slightly raking through his hair. Peter turned to his right, where the person was, and saw Natasha. She had a small smile on her face. Peter could see that Wanda was looking at him also and the movie was paused. They were watching Mean Girls when Peter dazed off.

“Everything okay?” Natasha asked.

“Yeah.” Peter smiled and sat up more. He liked how gentle Natasha was. “I was just thinking about how it was getting cold. I can’t thermoregulate and my body tries to hibernate.”

“Is it from your powers?” Natasha asked and Peter nodded.

“Yeah... when the pesky spider bit me, it mixed our DNA apparently. I didn’t know about this stuff until the first winter. Wasn’t pretty.” Peter shrugged and Natasha nodded. Peter’s attention was caught by Wanda leaning forward.

“If I can ask... was the laboratory in...” Wanda started and made a small hand motion and Peter understood she was talking about his fear. “The one where it happened?”

“Yes.” Peter sighed. “I’m afraid they’ll come back for me.”

“They won’t. We’ll make sure of it.” Wanda smiled at Peter.

“Yeah, they’ll have to go through the world’s toughest team to get to you.” Natasha ruffled his hair and grinned. “We’ll keep our baby safe.”

“Nat!” Peter laughed and tried to get her hand from his hair. He could see Wanda and Natasha laugh at this.

Peter was glad that they quickly accepted him. They all had their different ways of interacting with Peter, ranging from teasing in an almost annoyed way to babying and smothering him. Peter appreciated her acceptance and warmth in stride. Usually he would just see them around during his internship during the daytime after school, but the last few days May hadn’t been home due to some type of work emergency. This meant that Peter was to stay with Tony and Pepper, who opted to stay at the Compound with him. He skyped Ned and MJ every night and Wanda usually came in to see what he was doing. MJ usually didn’t say much to Wanda, but Ned usually let out a small “oh my God” and tried to hold small talk with her. Wanda usually just sat behind Peter and just listened after a while. She said she enjoyed listening to them talk. Even if Peter couldn’t hear. Usually they signed, but for Wanda’s sake they spoke as they signed.

Peter felt a presence behind him and he looked up as Natasha did to see Bucky walking in and
smiling at them. He didn’t address them until he sat down next to Peter and slung his real arm around him.

“Is Nat bullying you?” Bucky signed and joked.

“She always bullies me.” Peter replied out loud and almost obnoxiously. He got a small whack on the arm from that, which made him giggle.

The movie continued and Peter made it to the end and into the next movie before they all fell asleep on each other.

- 

“Alright!” Mr. Harrington looked up from his clipboard and looked across the decathlon team. The room got quiet and eagerly looked to their teacher to see what he had to say.

“Since we won Nationals, we have gotten an invitation to a field trip. A big company wanted up to go and see their company.” Mr. Harrington handed MJ a stack of papers and she sent them down the row. “Stark Industries saw our excellent performance and wanted to offer the experience. They said that a tour time had cleared up right before we had won and they thought, why not give it to a winning team as a treat?”

Peter could feel his whole soul leave his body at that moment. His whole team got excited and Peter had to force himself to smile. Ned turned to Peter and grinned.

“Isn’t this exciting?! I know you go there all the time for your internship, but this means all of us could see what you see all the time!” Ned gushed and Peter shrugged.

“The tour is just a simple exhibit and talking about internships and what they do there.” Peter looked to some of the others who had turned to them. “But it’s pretty cool. I know we get to see at least one or two Avengers.”

“Do you even know the Avengers?” Peter had looked to Flash to see his reaction that he knew was inevitably coming.

“My internship is for Tony himself, I’m going to meet one or two of them.” Peter shrugged. “And I was there when Bucky broke out because of that guy and he punched me-”

“Oh my god so it IS true!” A girl named Stacy pushed herself to be in front of Peter. “Oh my God, did it hurt? And you’ve met them before?!”

“Yeah…” Peter glanced to MJ, who just rolled her eyes. Peter looked back to Stacy.

“Who’s the hottest? From the guys. I know you’d be able to gauge them.” Stacy asked.

“Thor.” Peter shrugged. “I guess you can say he’s just… godly? Out of this world?”

Everyone seemed to pause and then erupted into laughter and Peter laughed at his bad joke.

“Don’t let Mr. Stark find out you said that.” Ned signed to Peter. “He’ll be upset.”

Peter waved off Ned with a grin and bumped shoulders with him. Peter wasn’t looking towards the field trip because he knows at least something will happen, and he doesn’t want to deal with it.

-
When Peter gets home, surprisingly May is home. May is sitting at the table silently, reading something in the newspaper. Peter puts his bag down and brings the slip and his pen with him as he approaches her.

“Hey.” Peter greeted as he sat down in front of May. Up close, Peter could see that she was more pale than usual and looked tired. It wasn’t unusual for May to look slightly under, but May looked bad today.

“Oh, hi Peter.” May looked up and smiled at Peter. “Is that the field trip form that was mentioned in the email?”

“Yeah. I kinda don’t want to go and just stay at the Tower all day and just participate as an intern, but it will be a… team building exercise and Mr. Harrington wants us to go.” Peter smiled. He handed the paper to May and she signed it.

They sat in silence after that and Peter watched May as she picked up her water bottle and took a drink from it. They sat like that for about eight minutes before May looked back up to Peter.

“I love you, Peter.” May signed. There was a sad look on her face and Peter didn’t know how to take it.

“I love you too, May. I’m glad you put up with me throughout the years.” Peter reached a hand out to hold one of May’s.

A small smile spread over May’s face, and Peter could have sworn her eyes started to water some. Peter had no idea what was going on with May, but whatever it was he hoped it ended soon so she could be happy again.

Peter had slung himself on the couch in the main room of the Compound. It was the day before the field trip and Tony was at the Compound during the internship time, so Peter was there also.

Currently, Peter’s eyes were trained onto the TV as he laid there, his eyes threatening to shut because of the soft feeling of fingers coursing through his hair. Bucky was sitting next to where he had sprawled out and he seemed to love playing with Peter’s hair. When he was with Natasha and Bucky during his down time and breaks, usually they braided each other’s hair to pass the time and Peter taught them different braids.

Peter’s eyes flickered away from the TV screen to see Steve walk in and sit on one of the other couches. Steve had watched the show for a second, his face scrunching as he watched the characters talk. The Magicians was on, and it was when Elliot and Quentin had grown old together in Fillary. Steve turned to Peter and Bucky, looking the two over before his eyes made contact with Peter’s.

“Is this what teenagers watch these days?” Steve asked simply. Peter just shrugged.

“It’s entertaining. Those two have an interesting relationship. They’ve had a fling and a few kisses before. But they’re really good friends. Quentin deserves Eliot more than Alice, so this episode pays homage to that.” Peter explained, which made Steve more lost.

“Oh… okay then.” Steve looked back to the TV for a second before asking something else. “So, your team is coming to the Tower tomorrow?”

“Oh… yeah.” Peter sat up and he could almost feel the silent whine from Bucky. “I know you guys won’t do anything too bad, but please tell the others to just treat me as the intern I am. They know I
see some of you guys constantly, but seriously. I’m expected to be professional with a dash of friendly.”

“I understand. The others will too.” Steve offered a smile. “And… I think I want to say sorry again.”

“It’s fine. I promise.” Peter offered a small smile. Peter has had a lot more contact with Steve recently, so he had relaxed a lot more and he has come to terms with what has happened. He still has the nightmares and the anxiety attacks sometimes, but he has gotten better. It’s not like you can erase his mental problems suddenly and be okay.

Steve nodded at Peter and they all situated again to watch the rest of the episode. At the end, Peter was called back to work.

The next morning, Peter sat on the bus with his team members. They were all bouncing in their seats as the large tower came into view. Ned was looking out the window in awe the whole time. Half way through the ride he had stopped signing to Peter about the different possibilities of what they would see. Peter already knew some of them, as it was just a ton of intern talk and bullshit. But he wouldn’t ruin anything for Ned.

Once they finally got to the Tower, everyone got out quickly. Ned and MJ stood next to Peter and they looked up to the Tower. Peter turned to them and smiled.

“Ned, you look awe-struck.” Peter teased and nudged him.

“Hey! It’s not everyday you can see it up close!” Ned signed to Peter.

“I see it everyday on the way to school.” MJ signed to them and Ned just huffed, or so Peter assumed do to his body language.

Something caught their attention and the two nudged Peter forwards and they followed their classmates who had started to go inside. The group went inside and Peter could see his classmates look amazed as they walked towards the desk. The woman at the desk looked up to them and Peter recognized her. She stood up and smiled at them.

“Hello. You guys must be from Midtown. We have been expecting you. My name is Margerot and I will be distributing badges today.” Margerot smiled at them.

One of Peter’s classmates said something that Peter couldn’t see, but he saw their hand go up momentarily and their body move some. Margerot just laughed slightly.

“No, my name is spelled like an incorrect spelling of Margaret, and my friends call me that, but it’s actually mar-jeh-roh.” Margerot smiled at the student. Peter felt slightly embarrassed because he had called her Margaret multiple times. He didn’t even know if he could properly say that outloud.

Magerot then turned to the desk and picked up a stack of passes. She held them up and Peter could see they all had the color black on them, identifying that they were Visitors.

“Now, these are your Guest Badges. They are marked with the color black to show you’re on the Black Level. I am a Black Level with White Level clearance.” Margerot smiled and explained. “You can only go up to the 10th floor with these. These badges are given to guests and the workers of those levels. The White Level badges go to 15 and they’re lower levels to the normal workers. The Blue Level, who are scientists and office workers can go up to floor 25. Green Level are the main scientists and workers. They go up to 50. Next is purple, the business and stockholders. Their floors
go up to 70. The next is Gold Level. They’re important people or the Avengers. They have access up to 90. Then there is a Red Level. Only three people have them. It is Pepper Potts, Tony Stark, and the intern of Mr. Stark. Mrs. Pott’s intern, or PA, has a Gold Level with the clearance of a Red to a certain degree. Her name is Erin Joslin and she is your tour guide on the request of Mrs. Potts.”

There was a lot of movement from the crowd of his teammates and a lot of them looked to Peter. Flash turned to him and narrowed his eyes at Peter, a grin slowly forming on his face. Peter tried to ignore them and looked to Margerot.

“Now, here are your passes.” Margerot passed them out finally and passed over Peter. The other students watched him as she purposely just walked past Peter. Peter assumed that she told them about FRIDAY and they started to go through the small entryway. Peter could feel FRIDAY’s voice vibrate in his feet and it was weird. Normally he could understand her but he didn’t have his hearing phones. When it got to Peter he knew what she had said.

“Peter Parker, Red Level. Welcome back Peter.”

It was FRIDAY’s downstairs response. He knew it by heart since it was so simple.

“Hi, FRIDAY.” Peter smiled at the AI. “I can’t understand you today because I don’t have my aids, so I’m sorry.”

Peter could feel a small hum of understanding from FRIDAY through his feet as he joined Ned and MJ. Margerot said a few other words of staying with the tour guide or someone who has the correct clearance and being safe. She then nodded and pointed to someone behind the group.

“And here she is. Miss Erin Joslin.” Margerot smiled and everyone turned to see who is was.

A woman who was probably in her 20’s stood there. Her hair was a light brown and pulled up into a bun. Her eyes were blue that hid behind circle lenses and she had freckles all over her face. She was wearing a nice white button up that was tucked into black jeans.

“Hello. Like Margerot said, I’m Erin Joslin. I’m Pepper Pott’s Personal Assistant. I was an intern a few months ago but they made me officially a PA when I hit 22.” Erin smiled at them all. Her eyes fell upon Peter and she tilted her head. “Mr. Parker, I was told that you would show up during the tour, but I didn’t expect for you to be in the tour group. Pepper said you would help out?”

“I told her originally that my team was going and I was thinking about skipping being in the tour to being part of the people helping with the tour. I guess she wanted me to be in that bad.” Peter shrugged.

“Well, either way, it’s nice to see you again Peter.” Erin turned back to the others. “Now, let’s start going up to the intern level, which is a Blue Level area. I feel like the White Level will bore you all. It’s more office work than the Blue Level is.”

The class seemed to be happy with this and nodded. They followed Erin into the actual first level areas, passing different offices that were for basic needs, like people who needed things settled or help. A couple of application offices were held on that level. Peter saw Flash sneer a few times at him before MJ stepped in and he shut up. They made it to the elevator that went up to the top floor and they used it to go to the intern level.

Once they stepped out of the elevator, they could see different labs and offices automatically. Most labs had glass walls and there was a lot of robotic labs on this level. Erin lead them down the hallway and stopped in front of a room that held a familiar group of faces. They were the two interns that also
made it from the high school interns. Erin opened the door and they looked up quickly from the robot they were both working on. They stood up quickly and smiled.

“Erin! Peter!” The girl of the two grinned. She had black hair that was dip dyed a dark pink at the bottom. Her eyes were brown and shined mischievously. Her name was Callie. The boy next to her was a boy that looked rather awkward. His hair was longer and brown, pulled up in a ponytail. He kind of looked like Bucky because of his hair. His name was Quentin.

Erin said something to them and Peter waved. The others came into the room and Erin settled next to the two other interns and Peter stood near them, knowing what she would explain. He made sure to watch her mouth.

“This is Callie and Quentin. They’re seniors in high school. Alongside Peter, they came into our company through the intern applied competition. These three won based off of grades, talent, their ideas and submitted pieces, and presentation.” Erin explained. “They didn't make it in by pure luck. They worked for their spots and conquered over the other students trying to get to their position. Now, Callie will explain how our internships work.”

Callie bounced forward and Peter smiled at her energy.

“Well, as you guys know, Stark Industries has limited openings. It operates on a supply demand type of system. Basically, if there is a position needing to be filled, they will let in applications. But right now, we don’t need any position to be filled so there are no new interns!” Callie clapped her hands. “Certain parts of the year there will be places opening. We have a system where every year there are contracts expiring and people transferring to other companies or moving on. There are also school times and that is when generally college students cannot fill certain positions, so adults and MAYBE one or two lucky high school kids will get the place. Due to certain laws restricting high school students, the company doesn’t like to take them in as much.”

A teammate, named Clara raised her hand.

“Yes?” Callie asked.

“So, you just have to learn when to apply and we just have to play our cards right? Make sure we’re pristine and better than the rest?” Clara asked.

“Mmm… kinda.” Callie shrugged. “You have to be as smart or smarter than the person you’re filling. Like me! I replaced a mechanic intern! I was third in the pickings due to a slight bump in my testing. Quentin is a bioengineering intern! He sometimes interns for Dr. Banner when he needs help or Peter isn’t offering help already.”

Quentin shrugged and smiled. “I was the second placing in the pickings.”

“Then where was Peter? How come he made it?” Flash spoke up. The other interns look to Peter, who shrugged.

“I made first because my invention was special. I also appealed to how Mr. Stark wanted a personal intern to be. I had to be able to bend to different types of people and had to be able to be polite even when I was in harsh situations. I also had to know how to deal with pain and grief.” Peter explained. “If you guys want to know, I prototyped a device that could help deaf people hear without their actual hearing. If their hearing isn’t able to be fixed or they don’t have the money, it helps.”

“What do you do? You obviously don’t stay in the labs.” Stacy asked.

“I help do paperwork and keep Mr. Stark on track. I do a lot of errands and testing also. I’ve been to
“a few press meetings, but in the background.” Peter shrugged again. “It’s not that spectacular.”

The doors slid open behind the students and three people walked in. Callie and Quentin stiffened and Erin just smiled. Peter looked over to them and saw it was Tony and Pepper. Tony said something about being offended and Peter just snorted.

The couple and the other man, an intern supervisor, made their way over to the interns and the intern supervisor looked Peter up and down. He was some man in his 30’s who looked ready to rip Peter apart in the way that Peter would not like to say. Peter didn’t like the man and avoided him. His name was Vincent.

“How’s my favorite intern?” Tony signed to Peter and Peter just shrugged. Peter then looked to Pepper and offered a smile.

“Hi, Pepper.” Peter nodded to her.

“Hello, Peter. It’s always nice to see you.” Pepper nodded back, offering her own smile.

“We are here for evaluation, so Ms. Joslin, could you please direct your tour to the next areas. We need to go over these two’s progress and talk about their duel project.” Vincent said and Erin nodded.

“Of course.” Erin turned to the tour. “They’ve been working on a machine that can be connected to you by a chip and you can drive it that way.”

Quentin seemed to shy away and Callie threw an arm around him, laughing about something.

The group seemed amazed as they were ushered out. Erin lead them to the elevators and they went up a single level. It was a hands on lab area. They stepped out and there was two main areas.

“Alright! You guys will need to get into pairs of two. You will be able to mix chemicals to create a solid form due to the chemical reaction. The other is a robotics area. You can build a basic robot using circuits.” Erin smiled and the students automatically started to pair up. Peter grabbed Ned and dragged him over to the robotics side. They set out to build a small robot that could just roll around and not bump into anything. It was easy with the parts given and the other students seemed to enjoy themselves as they build their small machines or mixed their chemicals. Once they were done, they were allowed to bring their results home with them.

Erin explained something as they walked through the halls and into a new elevator. Peter didn’t bother to try and see. He had a guess. They managed to get up to a lower Avengers level and Peter recognized it as one that they used as a museum and gym level.

As they walked down the hallway, Erin explained to the others what each room was and they even stopped in some for the others to see some of the personal lives of the Avengers. Or… at least what they could tell. They walked to the gym area and they all gathered in to watch Bucky and Natasha go at it in a friendly practice fight. The class stared in awe as they punched and blocked. Finally, Natasha managed to get Bucky down on the ground, her legs pinning him. Peter knew that Bucky had just given up and was probably tired by now. The two got up and Natasha pat Bucky’s shoulder as they approached.

“Hello. You guys must be the Midtown tour.” Natasha smiled at them and Peter could feel Ned basically shake next to him. “Sorry, we didn’t mean to take this long.”

Bucky just waved at them and looked over the class. When he saw Peter he gave a smile and signed to him.
“Hi, Pete. This is your class? Is that punk ass in here?” Bucky’s words made Peter snort.

“Yeah. But you can’t fight a kid.” Peter signed back and looked to Natasha, who was looking at another teammate. She smiled at Peter.

“Hello, Маленький паук.” Natasha gave him a fond smile.

“Hi, мать паука.” Peter smiled back and his team looked between the two of them quickly.

A boy in the group quickly raised his hand and Bucky nodded at them. They spoke once they were acknowledged and as they spoke, Bucky and Natasha looked more and more uncomfortable. The other students all looked at each other, then Peter. Peter watched the pair to see their reaction.

“Well, it was an accident. He was in the wrong place at the wrong time. He was running a file to a room down the hall. I… I wouldn’t have done it. It was an accident.” Bucky looked defensive.

Erin stepped in and directed their attention to something else in the room. She talked to them as Bucky placed his hand on Peter’s shoulder. Natasha pat Peter’s back and it confused him slightly, but he assumed they asked about the incident before Civil War. The two left quietly and Peter kept with Ned the rest of the time. They were brought through a few more exhibits before they were brought down to the bottom floor. As they were filing out of the Tower, Peter got a phone call and he answered it. He gave it to Ned and watched as Ned froze, his mouth hanging open for a moment before he started to talk. A lot of his classmates stopped to listen to what was happening. Ned turned away from Peter so he couldn’t see what he was seeing. The conversation went on for a good minute before Ned hung up and turned to Peter.

“Who was it?” Peter asked out loud and accepted his phone back.

“Peter, let’s go back inside.” Ned answered in signs. Ned turned to Mr. Harrington and whispered something to him. Mr. Harrington nodded and let the two go back inside.

Once inside, Peter could see the elevator doors open. Tony and Pepper walked out and approached.

“What’s going on?” Peter asked, anxiety building up.

“Peter…” Pepper started.

“May is in the hospital. They think she’s dying.”

Chapter End Notes

Notes about relationships between Peter and the Avengers:

Steve: Yes, Peter is still uncomfortable with Steve to a certain degree. He has panic attacks when things fall from above him and Steve will make him uneasy. But he has started to get better about being calm around him. Peter still has nightmares of things collapsing on him and he has seen Steve being there to collapse them on him.

Natasha: They got along easily since they first met, and Natasha was friendly from the beginning to Peter so he opened easily to her. They talked about the smallest of things, like books and movies. She actually started to ask him about childish/teenage things like painting nails and online articles to get him to open up. She then asked if he could help
her braid her hair back. It gets in the way.

Clint: Since Peter is closer to Natasha, this automatically means Clint is there. Even if Clint doesn't really join them, he's there. He plays a lot of Mario Kart with Peter. And I mean a lot. They're on good terms and Peter has told him a few things that he only told Bucky or Natasha.

Wanda: Wanda helps him with his fears and his mental problems. She also helps him see his parents. She will talk to him about things that happened at school to calm him down from panic attacks.

Bucky: Ohohohohoh. In all honesty I wanted to make their relationship a "protector and the protected" relationship. Like, Bucky sees him as someone to protect. He reminds him too much of Steve when he was younger. When Peter had started to talk to him in his cell, he realized how bright Peter was and how wonderful he was. He vowed to protect him and wanted to see him as a younger brother. He likes to run his hands through Peter's hair because he likes it himself. Peter will do the same braiding to Bucky after Bucky walks in on it and he likes the idea. They get along well and Bucky likes the shows and movies that Peter watches. Usually Wanda, Bucky, Natasha, Peter, and Clint will do watch parts of a movie together during down time.

If you want to hear about people's relationships with Peter, just say so in the comments after what you want to say, and I'll include them in the next end notes. Just please mention it is for the explanation in notes or I might not get it!
"I know we've got it good, but they've got it made, and the grass is getting greener each day. I know things are looking up, but soon they'll take us down. Before anybody's knowing our name." - All The Right Moves, One Republic.

"I'm searching for something that I can't reach." - Ghost, Halsey.

"Dancing in a swirl, of golden memories, the loveliest lies of all." - Into The Unknown, Jack Jones

Are you prepared to see true darkness?

*It starts off with a panic attack. Be warned. It's not that graphic though.*

**Chapter Notes**

I hope you guys recognize my references for this chapter. I love that show.

But for some reason I really didn't want to write this chapter because I didn't know how to explain it? It starts kinda eh in my notes but after the main event, it kinda just starts to become better? I am writing this note before I am even finished with the chapter. Legit I'm on the first two pages. I write these usually in the middle of writing the chapter because I just want to write what comes in my head. So RIP my laptop. It has a long time until it can be shut off.

Okay but what if-

I put Peter/Ned for the main ship?

Lol I'm just kidding. Even if it would be cute, any romantic relationship with Peter would literally be a train wreck in this story. This boy is emotionally distressed and constantly too stressed for emotions. But I love their bromance and best friend closeness I put in here. My friend who sometimes Beta Reads read the scenes with Ned and went "man, that's low-key gay. I love it. Make them in a relationship. Push the people who want MJ or someone else to the side. Show them who the master ship is." I hate my Beta Reader.

Please remember that Peter is strictly not interested in anyone romantically after his crush on Liz had ended. This is for the sake of the plot, how Peter is characterized in
this story, and the fact that every ship I either like with Peter legit doesn't work in this AU or it isn't really fitting. Someone also told me to do Flash/Peter at my college Cafe and I choked on my Sprite. They told me the plan is making it look like Flash has some big raging crush on Peter and it made me laugh so hard.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter had been unaware of the conversation that had happened around him. Everything became restricted, like a hand had found its way around his throat and squeezed with a secret vendetta against Peter. Everything became blurry as his breathing tried to catch up, his lungs crying out for air. A hand made it to Peter’s shoulder and Peter flinched back.

May was hurt, in the hospital, and he hadn’t been there to help her.

Pepper’s face came into his view as Peter tried to wipe his face.

Pepper.

Ground yourself, Parker.

Peter gasped for air and looked around quickly.


He could smell the chemicals from the cleaning solution. Pepper’s perfume, which was fruity. He could smell some type of Chinese food in a nearby room.

He could feel the footsteps of people walking. The gentle press of Ned’s hand on his shoulder. The sliding of the front doors.

“Are you okay?” Pepper signed to Peter, who nodded numbly. “Good. Tony is coming back from talking to your teacher. You and Ned are coming with us to the hospital, okay?”

Peter nodded and Tony came back into view. He spoke to Pepper before telling Ned something. Peter couldn’t see what, but the two nodded.

“C’mon, kid. Let’s go see May.” Tony signed as he put a hand on Peter’s head.

Peter then lead them down to the car park and let them climb into the red sports car, which Peter had commented was his favorite before. Tony drove them, and even though Peter couldn’t hear, he could tell it was quiet. Ned held Peter’s hand tightly the whole time. Peter just stared out the window, watching as the scenery changed around them. Apparently May went to a more suburban hospital. Once they got there, Peter was next to Tony as they approached the desk.

“I’m here to see May Parker. I’m her nephew. These are my legal guardians and my friend who’s close…” Peter tried to speak first to the lady at the desk. Her mouth opened in shock at first, looking at Tony and Pepper. She said something quickly and handed them passes. Peter assumed the adults thanked her and ushered Peter to the room.

The room was on ground level and was rather small. It was secluded and smelled like heavy chemicals, like the rest of the hospital. May laid on the bed with her eyes closed and machines connected to her.
“May…” Peter whispered and ran up to her. He collapsed into the chair that sat next to her bed. Her eyes slowly opened and she looked to Peter.

“Peter.” May’s lips moved and Peter easily caught them.

‘May… Are you okay? Are you going to be fine?’ Peter asked. May lifted her hands and seemed to slowly wake up from her sleep. Peter could see they were pumping pain medicine into her system.

“I’m not okay, honey.” May signed. “I can’t lie to you anymore.”

“Anymore?” Peter frowned. A lump formed in his throat again.

“My heart is slowly degrading and breaking down. They said I had an underlying disease that was eating it. They caught it too late and now I’m almost gone.” May wasn’t lying to him. She almost never sugarcoated anything normally, but this time Peter wanted it. He didn’t want the harsh reality.

“You can’t be.” Peter put his hand on May’s shoulder. “You can’t leave me also, May. You can’t.”

“I’m sorry, Peter.” May signed. “I can’t do anything about it. No one can. I have to die eventually.”

“No. You can’t. You can’t leave me. Not after Mom, Dad, and Ben.” Peter started to cry. He couldn’t handle his last blood relative dying. May was the closest person to his Mom. She was the only one who also held his last name, from the same line. She was the last one tethering him to his normal life.

“I’m sorry, Peter. I have to join them.” May reached out and put her hand on Peter’s cheek after she was done signing. “I love you, Peter.”

Peter choked on a sob and hugged onto May. She hugged him back and let him cry into her chest. He could feel all of the machines doing their job to keep her alive, and he focused on her heart and felt how weak the beat was. How did he never notice it before?

When Peter slowly sat back into the chair and Ned put an arm around Peter as he slid into the chair next to Peter. Peter watched as May talked to Tony and Pepper, but he didn’t bother to pay enough attention to catch any of it. He was more focused on feeling May’s heartbeat through the hand he was holding. The light irregular thumping was struggling and Peter knew that at any moment it could stop. Peter was brought back to reality when May shifted towards Peter again and slowly took her hand away. Peter looked up to see what she was going to say, hoping that it was good.

“Tomorrow you’re going to move into the Tower.” May explained. “I’m… I’ll be gone within two weeks. By then they’ll have full custody over you.”

Peter bit his lip and nodded. He half expected this. They had custody over him, and May was dying.

“They said that you might have to take their name, but hyphenated so you can keep the Parker name.” May smiled at Peter. “It’s not automatically but it will be within a few months.”

“Alright…” Peter whispered. “I’m fine with that.”

But was he? He was losing a place that he grew up in, and basically his family line. But he knew that to move on, he had to.

May reached over and ruffled his hair. “You can do this, Peter. I know you can.”

“Of course I can. You raised me to be strong.” Peter reached up and grabbed onto May’s hand like it
would save her.

“I know.” May spoke out loud.

-

Two weeks.

Peter had spent two weeks holed up in a hospital after school, ignoring his life to spend the rest of May’s with her. Tony let him have the two weeks off and the teachers understood that when Peter had started to shut down slightly that it was due to May dying. They gave him an extension and told him to take his time.

Peter moved into the Tower when he was supposed to and the Avengers had welcomed him in their arms, hugging him and letting him hysterically cry to them.

But today…. Today was different.

Peter’s senses were screaming at him the whole day and nothing would make him calm down. Even at the hospital when he was sitting next to her.

“Today we learned about fungi taking control of ants and turning them into zombies.” Peter spoke softly. His senses flared even worse and he winced at it.

“That’s… that’s wonderful, Peter. I’ve heard… about them before.” May’s words were slower today. He assumed she was on higher medicine since she was close.

“Yeah. It’s interesting to see how ugly it is when they’re taken over.” Peter tried to smile as May smiled at him.

“I… bet they are… pretty ugly.” May’s hands dropped slightly before continuing.

“Yeah. They are. You’d probably want to never see them again if you saw them.” Peter blinked heavily. He had tears trying to form. His senses were almost hurting him physically.

“I bet I–” May’s hands dropped into her lap and Peter’s senses suddenly silenced, throwing Peter in a shocked stare.

It took Peter a second to react, a loud cry ripping from his throat as he stood up abruptly.

“MAY!” Peter cried as he cupped her face in his hands. “God, no. I didn’t get to tell you I loved you one last time.”

Peter cried as the doctors slammed into the room.

“I love you, May.” Peter cried as a doctor ripped him away from May and another gently escorted him out.

After that, they asked him basic questions and Peter answered that Tony and Pepper would arrange it.

Ten minutes later, Happy appeared next to him and brought him home.

-

Peter blinked as he looked at the board in front of him.
“Hey, you can’t skip over tiles!” Peter pouted as he moved the human like piece back a few places. “Colonel Mustard doesn’t play in a disrespectful manor.”

Peter could see a metal arm come into view to snatch the piece from him, but Peter quickly moved back. Peter looked up to Bucky and grinned.

“Come here, you little shit.” Bucky said while smiling.

“Nope!” Peter held the Colonel Mustard piece away from Bucky.

“Fine!” Bucky turned and grabbed the Professor Plum piece from the board. Peter gasped.

“Put him back!” Peter pouted at Bucky.

“Not until you put him back.” Bucky grinned.

Peter saw a hand reach out and move the Miss Scarlet piece and he gasped again, turning towards the new offending hand.

“Nat!” Peter squinted at the woman in front of him. Natasha was grinning like crazy.

“You two are cheating, so I’m allowed to.” Nat shrugged.

“No you-” Peter was caught off guard suddenly by the body that rammed into him. Peter let out a strangled shriek as he got into defensive mode and counteracted. He threw his weight and pushed off floor to make Peter and Bucky roll on the ground. Peter guessed that since he wasn’t actually a threat, his senses didn’t seem to want to react to the playful fight.

The two playfully rolled around on the floor, wrestling over the two player pieces and shouting curses, or at least Peter was. Peter easily won, or so Peter liked to believe (Bucky blatantly let him win), sitting on top of Bucky after he managed to kick the man off.

“Christ Almighty.” Peter huffed. “You’re going to kill me.”

Peter watched Bucky laugh and give him a look.

“Really? Tony wouldn’t let me hurt a hair on you, and Nat would personally take me out right here and now.” Bucky snorted and Peter could feel the snort.

“Whatever. You ruined Clue.” Peter huffed. He stood up and sat back down next to the board. “I don’t know where I was.”

Peter guessed Bucky made a comment because Natasha put a hand over her mouth.

“I didn’t hear that, but I will gladly kick your ass in Mario Kart. Clint will cry from across the building because he would feel the superior flexing his strength.” Peter looked back up to Bucky, who just rolled his eyes and sat down next to Peter. Peter placed his Professor Plum back on the board and looked to Natasha, who was watching him. “What… is there something on my face?”

“It’s been a week and a half since May has died. Are you truly okay?” Natasha just straightforwardly asked.

“In all honesty?” Peter sighed. “I’ve been trying to suppress and hide it. I don’t want to feel upset. More than I have been. I… should be used to this by now.”

“It’s okay to mourn death. I’ve heard you’ve been acting weird. It’s good to talk about it, Peter.”
Bucky signed to Peter.

“Bucky is right, Peter.” Natasha signed. “We’re here for you, and a lot of us understand what you’re going through.”

“Thank you.” Peter smiled sadly as Natasha took his hand. “I just… I hate her being gone. She was the last thing connecting my old life. Before any of this. Yeah, Ned was there for almost a year, but not like Ben or May. And… they were stolen from me.”

“Life’s a bitch and takes people before they’re meant to be taken.” Bucky commented.

“Yeah… but May deserved the world. I was going to support her as she got older and protect her from the world.” Peter looked down. “And now I can’t… the world already took her from me.”

Arms wrapped around Peter as he closed his eyes. He shook as the tears started to come out. Peter could feel a small “it’ll be okay” pressed into his back from whoever hugged him, he assumed Bucky.

He hoped everything would be okay.

- 

“When my parents died, I didn’t know how to deal with the information.” Tony signed more smoothly than he used to. “My father… I didn’t care as much as I did as my mother’s. Maria… was a great woman. She had her downs… but not as many as my father.”

Tony sat in the lab with Peter. They weren’t working on anything. Just… Tony telling Peter a story. Tony knew Peter felt comfortable and safe in the lab, the personal lab, so he brought him into there.

“I was in my twenties or thirties by then. But… it hit me hard. I was suddenly thrown into responsibilities that I didn’t truly understand. I was handed a lot of ideas and data. All of my father’s works. I didn’t necessarily want ALL of it at once. More like… bits and pieces. Of course I was upset that they died. They were my parents after all. Howard was still my father.” Tony took a long sip of his coke. He couldn’t drink alcohol in the lab or around Peter. “I made bad decisions while I was in that time. Some very bad ones. First thing was the weapons and not getting rid of the snakes or making sure I wasn’t being double crossed. But I threw away my life.”

Tony watched Peter fidget in his chair. He was watching his hands intensely. He was absorbing everything and analyzing it.

“I understand how you’re feeling. Not on the same level because the relationships are totally different, obviously you and May were way closer, but still I understand.” Tony decided to finally get to the point. “It wasn’t until Pepper that I finally got help. After everything that was thrown at me. That whole… shit storm.”

Peter nodded. Tony guessed that Peter definitely remembered it from the news.

“Now… Howard wasn’t the best father. He was probably the worst half of the time. But I still looked up to him for the most part. I see some of him in me. A lot of people do. Cap told me that he was a great and friendly man, helping out. And he said that he sees that good side in me.” Tony paused. “Now what I’m trying to say is that I don’t want to be like him. I want to help you and help you get over May’s death. I want you to come to me for help. I want you to tell me now, Peter. Do you want therapy anytime soon? You can change your mind later, but right now you can request it and I will get the best.”
Peter’s fidgeting stopped and he seemed to freeze. Tony could see tears pool in his eyes.

“No… I don’t think I need it right now. I just… I need comfort.” Peter spoke softly and it broke Tony’s heart.

“Then come here.” Tony signed before holding his arms open.

Peter nodded and got up. He stumbled before collapsing into Tony’s arms. A sob wracked out of Peter and they spent the next twenty minutes like that. Peter crying as Tony pat his back and hugged him tightly. After that twenty minutes, Peter drifted to sleep and passed out in Tony’s arms. Seeing Peter like this broke Tony’s heart. It was horrible to hear Peter cry like someone was trying to kill him, or like he had been utterly broken to his core.

Once Peter had stabilized in his sleep, Tony picked him up in a small scoop. He was light, which made it easier for Tony. Tony carried him back to his room and decided to keep their hugging going and fell asleep next to Peter, arms wrapped around his small frame. Just like Maria… just like his mom did. Peter was his child. He had to be there for him in his hard times.

“I love you, kid.” Tony spoke to the air. “I won’t let anyone else hurt you. No one will get you.”

Peter stood in the locker room before gym, typing away on his phone.

_I know it’s been a while, but I thought I would update you. May has died and I’ve been… in a depression I guess._

Peter waited a second before the answer came.

_I’m sorry. Was it peaceful at least?_ 

_Yeah. I was there. She just… she was in the middle of speaking. She just stopped and everything went still._

_Damn. I’m sorry, kid. Must of been awful to witness._

_It was pretty horrible. I hated it. I want her to come back._

Peter had to will himself to not cry right there.

_I hope she’s in a better place._

_Well, I have to go back to my work. I’m coming back to NY for the Stark interview within the next two weeks. I’ll go to the funeral if it’s during the time._

_Thanks. Have fun on the Jefferson bust._

_You know it._

Peter shoved his phone away and slipped out of the locker room and to Ned and MJ. They were already counted for and they headed towards the basketball courts to try and hide behind the bathroom building like they always do.

Peter didn’t talk, his sadness making him slightly irritable and unsocial. Ned and MJ understood how he felt and let him stay in his silence. They would talk to him behind the bathrooms.
They were almost there when someone tripped him suddenly, a leg sticking out right as he passed them. Peter stumbled forward and caught himself easily. He straightened up and turned to see Flash standing there.

“Sorry, Parker. I slipped.” Flash shrugged smugly.

Peter took a deep breath and started to turn away but stopped when he saw Flash make the next comment.

“Poor little shit is too mopey to even react anymore.”

Peter snapped.

“I’m fucking done with you.” Peter raised his voice and turned to flash.

“What did you say, Parker?” Flash’s face twisted into a sneer.

“I’m done. You’ve harassed me for two years now. I’ve endured it so no one else would have to. You’ve seemed to change over the last few months, getting better, but ever since the field trip and me stating the fact I’m deaf you’ve gotten worse!” Peter’s voice was borderline yelling. “You’re such an insolent annoying brat! Maybe if you fucking paid attention to others or cared about how others fucking feel, you’d realize why I’m mopey! My Aunt just died! My last family just died and I’m all alone now!”

Peter’s words caught everyone nearby off guard but he kept going.

“You’re a fucking asshole who acts like he’s better than all of us when we’re all in the same shit hole and trying to do our best to succeed. You put me down for what reason? To make me feel better?” Peter growled. “I get it, you have some Draco Malfoy complex because I didn’t fucking notice you or become your friend the second we met! But guess what, no matter how much you are angry, it doesn’t make what you do any good!”

“Do you know why I do anything?” Flash bit back. “I do look up to you. You’re a better student than me! You had a better life! My dad is an abusive drunk fuck!”

At this point, people were crowding the two of them.

“You were this guy who never let anything affect you. You just did your own thing and kept going! And someone was going to come along and fuck with you. You know what? I wanted to protect you from those assholes who actually talked about hurting and maiming you. So yeah I was jealous and angry, my frustration came out in my words and actions, but I fucking looked up to you and only had your wellbeing in mind after all.” Flash stomped a foot.

“Well, I could take them myself! I didn’t care about your shit at first, but after you became physical, it was to keep you from attacking other kids! You almost seriously hurt me so many times! God you make me want to punch you sometimes!” Peter yelled the end of it.

“Then do it! Set us even, Parker!” Flash threw his hands up. “Fucking do it!”

Peter stomped up to Flash and held his fist up. He only had to hit at a medium strength.

And he did.

He decked Flash across the face at medium low strength, and Flash went stumbling back. He clutched his face and Peter assumed he cried out. Everyone around them flinched back and moved
out of the way as the teachers pushed through. They stopped to see Flash holding his face and Peter standing his ground. They all seemed shocked at the sight and froze. It took them a few seconds to grab Flash and Peter, dragging them back to the Principal’s office.

At the Principal’s office, they sat next to each other quietly. The Principal was on the phone talking. This was her second call and she didn’t do a lot of talking, just confirmations or nos. Once she hung up she turned to them.

“Eugine, your mother is on your way instead of your step mother.” She informed them and Flash nodded. She then turned to Peter. “And you, your adoptive mother has been called. She is on her way.”

Peter could see Flash look at Peter, but Peter didn’t care. Fear filled his very being. They… called Pepper.

“Ma’am, please tell me you didn’t call her. She’s a very busy woman and doesn’t have the time to come here-” Peter tried but the Principal cut her off.

“He explained what you two told us and the witnesses and she said that this was important enough for her and not your father to come down.” The Principal frowned at him. “I didn’t want to call her, but your adoptive family… are hard to contact and your mother is the easiest to reach. And I’d rather not deal with your father.”

Peter nodded and looked down and anxiety filled him. He was still on a power high of punching Flash and asserting that Flash isn’t better than him. But… was it worth it?

It took ten minutes for Flash’s mother to get there. Flash quickly explained how it was his fault and that he was the one who hit first. He explained how everything and his mother looked highly disappointed. Flash’s face was bruising and Peter kind of felt bad for it.

Five minutes later, a knock came from the door and his senses flared up for a second. The Principal called for them to come in, and Pepper walked in. Peter stared in wide, scared eyes as she looked to him.

“Peter Benjamin Parker. You better have a good reason to have been in a fight.” Pepper frowned. Peter could see that Flash and his mother stared in shock.

“Mom- Pepepr- I-” Peter stumbled and got up. “It was with Flash and I couldn’t take it anymore-”

Peter was cut off by Flash stumbling up and walking towards Pepper. He said something to Pepper and she patiently listened, her face becoming more stressed as he explained.

“I’m glad you’re coming clean about it, Eugine.” Pepper turned to Peter then, but kept talking to Flash. “If Peter started a fight for no reason, he would have been in deep trouble.”

Peter felt embarrassment flood his system and looked down.

There was a long conversation after that and Peter didn’t pay attention to it. Pepper lead him from the room silently and as they left, Pepper signed to him.

“So…” Peter started. “He tripped me and I snapped at him. We got into a yelling match and he told
me to hit him. So… I did.”

Pepper visibly sighed.

“I know I did a bit harder than I should have, but he deserved it. God he’s…” Peter took a deep breath. “He’s given me so much shit. I thought he was getting better but he got worse afterwards and now…”

Peter teetered off into silence. Pepper nodded and nothing else was said.

Once they were back at the Tower, Pepper and Peter got out of the car and Pepper lead him to into the Tower. In the elevator, she pressed their home suit number, which confused Peter. When they got up there, Pepper turned to Peter.

“Let’s cook some pasta.” Pepper smiled.

“I… are you sure?” Peter asked nervously.

“Of course. You, me, and Tony can have dinner together.” Pepper took his hand and lead him into the kitchen.

“Okay… mom.” Peter spoke and he could see Pepper’s smile on her face as she pulled out the pasta and pot.

“I’m proud of you, son.” Pepper turned her smile to Peter.

Peter felt new tears and hugged her. Pepper was shocked for a moment before hugging back. They stood like that for about three minutes before going back to the cooking.

-

Flash was suspended for two weeks, and Peter was suspended for one.

When Flash came back, it was an odd day. Everyone was quiet and was looking around for him. He showed up almost last before homeroom and everyone welcomed him back with small smiles. Flash sent a small smile back and waved awkwardly. After he was done waving, he walked up to Peter.

Peter was sitting in between MJ and Ned, but he could see everyone was watching.

“Peter… I’m sorry for everything.” Flash was looking to the side. “I wanted to be your friend and everything from home was making me stressed. I was jealous that you had your life together… Even if I knew that you had some troubles. You seemed perfect. I… I don’t know why I started to but I started to bully you because of it.”

There was a long silence before Flash looked back to Peter.

“Can… you forgive me and we can start over? Be friends?” Flash held out his hand.

Peter stared at it before smiling and standing up. Peter took his hand and shook it.

“Hi. My name is Eugene Carlton Thompson, but my friends call me Flash.” Flash introduced himself.

“Hi, Flash. My name is Peter Benjamin Parker-Stark. It’s a pleasure to meet you.” Peter smiled and placed his hand over their connected hands.

“Same to you.” Flash gave a small smile that Peter returned.
Peter was walking home that day. It was cold and Peter’s movements felt slow. He just wanted to go home and sleep all day, progressing after Flash and him made up. The temperature was dropping and it was affecting him quickly.

“Stupid non-heat generating and hibernating spiders.” Peter grumbled as he made his way towards the Tower. Once he got there, which felt like two hours but was only 30 minutes, he felt something hit his nose.

Peter paused and looked up. He was met with white flakes falling down. Winter was truly there, and it was finally snowing. Here comes his hibernation.

“May the gods be in my favor this winter.” Peter grumbled as he entered the Tower.

Chapter End Notes

//Whispers//

If you actually look into the songs I post they connect usually.

Also, my Tumblr is Lixxen and Instagram is Lazeau so if you ever want to see what I'm up to when I'm not writing stories, I post a lot on Insta and reblog posts on Tumblr.

But who is reading for Venom? He's coming back, my loves.
Sign of Times

Chapter Summary

**LA Devotee** - Panic! At The Disco

**Sign of Times** - Harry Styles

Peter meets Eddie Brock and Venom.

**Purely Platonic relationship!**

Chapter Notes

Did'ya miss me?

Life's been a bITCH. But I'm here to deliver this short chapter. If y'all want the truth, I wrote this chapter's notes and started it but fell out of writing for this fic because I felt kinda forced and like I had expectations???? But I'm back! There should be a few more chapters after this to finish up and if I want to introduce any other characters, OC's, or anything else. Also, excuse my inconsistency on how Peter deals with him being deaf in this chapter. I kinda have another deaf character that is way different than Peter.

I have a Spidersona for Spider-Verse and I am making a three part series, maybe four, for him. If I do a Spider-Verse chapter, it will deal with him. His name is Sorrel! If you want to read his Spider-Verse adventure (aka part one), the story is called Sunflower on my page. It shows the movie from Sorrel's POV and it changed dialog and some events because I'm too lazy to reread the script. Even though I literally have a tab open of it.

Also, if you romanticize this chapter, or this Peter and Eddie dynamic in this chapter, I will eat your toes. Peter is a child and Eddie and adult. You can't say "Oh I'll just change their ages UWU" because that's not how it works. If you want Eddie x Peter, I have a few stories like that with Peter as an ADULT!

But yEAH. Hi.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter stared out into the night quietly, looking across the surprisingly calm city.

There was a cold bite to the air and Peter kept running his hands over his arms. Karen had turned his
heating system on and it was keeping him more awake, despite his instincts trying to still get him to sleep. It was one of those days where Peter felt on edge but nothing was happening. No B&E. No GTA. No mugging. It was odd.

It was getting late when Peter finally pinpointed something. A sudden screaming of his senses and a loud crashing noise a few streets down.

“Christ Almighty.” Peter grumbled as he shot himself off the building and swinging away. He got to the alley quickly, but not quick enough. Peter landed at the entrance off the alley and froze.

Standing in the middle of the alley was a large black mass. It had a shape of a person, kind of. It’s skin - if you could call it that - rippled and glistened in the street lamp’s dim light. Around the large feet were bodies. Headless bodies.

“Oh what the actual fuck.” Peter breathed out. The monster’s head snapped towards Peter and he got to see the large maw on the creature. “Oh Jesus.”

Peter wasn’t ready for this tonight.

“I’ll just… leave you be Mr. Monster.” Peter waved and shot a web away from there and shot himself away.

Peter could sense the monster was moving quickly behind him and it made him unnerved. He cursed quietly under his breath and tried to swing away. He caught the monster in the reflection and- HOLY SHIT.

Peter felt a clawed hand hit his side and send him tumbling down to the ground.

“Owwww….” Peter whined as he tried to push himself up from the concrete. He felt the thud of the monster landing on the ground by him and panicked.

“Please don’t eat me! I haven’t done anything wrong! I’m just doing my job!” Peter could see the monster approaching and he started to back up, his hands scrambling to push him away.

The monster started to talk and his hearing phones didn’t pick it up.

“Shit…” Peter’s hand went up and brushed his hands across the broken components. That wasn’t good.

“We do not wish to hurt you. He says you are not food.” Karen flashed the words on his screen and if Peter could kiss Karen, he would.

“Y-yeah. Not food! I’m a good guy! Protecting the small guys!” Peter panicked as he tried to move.

“You are small one.” The text came up on his screen and he wanted to scream in frustration.

“Yup. Small with probably a bruised to hell and back butt and back.” Peter finally got himself up and he had a sharp pain in his chest. Maybe a cracked rib?

“We are sorry.” The text said. Peter wished this thing’s mouth was able to move like a human’s. Why couldn’t it. They never did.

“Thanks, friend. But you literally slammed my body into concrete. God I wish it was snowing!” Peter didn’t actually wish it. He was caught by this monster because he wasn’t quick enough and snow would have probably put him in a catatonic state.
The monster got close and Peter finally got on his feet.

“Are you hurt, little spider?” The monster asked.

“Yes. But I’ll be fine. I’ll heal.” Peter rubbed his back slightly and hissed. “I crushed my hearing… and now this.” Peter was going to have fun explaining this to Tony.

Peter looked back up to the monster before turning away.

“I’m going to warn you once, leave this city alone. There are forces greater than you that you don’t want to make angry.” Peter didn’t have to turn around to know the monster took a step towards him. “I will take you out if you endanger my people again.”

Peter threw up a new web and he had labored breathing as he swung through the city.

“Peter. Come back home now.” The message came up on his screen and he flinched. Karen must have told FRIDAY and Tony.

“Roger that.” Peter grumbled and swung himself back home to the tower.

- 

In the morning, Peter woke up to the curtains drawing themselves back. He groaned and covered his head with a pillow. It was too early for this to happen on a Saturday.

Peter could sense someone walk into his room and he felt the bed dip as someone sat down. A larger hand slid itself onto Peter’s shoulder and pat him. Peter knew it was Tony, but he didn’t want to respond.

The hand started to slowly shake him and Peter huffed and removed the pillow.

“We have an important meeting today. I need you to actually be my intern assistant.” Tony signed.

“Do I have to?” Peter grumbled and glared at Tony’s hands.

“Yes. Now get up before I get Barton to come in and jump on your bed.” Tony signed before patting Peter again and getting up.

Peter let out a loud sigh and pushed himself up. Tony had left Peter to change and suffer in silence. Peter moved to grab a button up and one of his sweaters. He grabbed his pants after shoving his shirts on and stumbled to get his shoes and socks on.

“God, damn.” Peter grumbled as he ran into the wall. He wondered if FRIDAY would laugh at him.

Peter left his room after grabbing his phone and he opened it.

“FRIDAY, where’s Dad?” Peter asked and FRIDAY popped up on his phone. He was so glad that Tony connected her to his phone. Karen was also on his phone, but she wasn’t connected to the tower like FRIDAY was.

“30th floor.” FRIDAY’s words appeared in text upon the screen.

Peter went into the elevator and rode down in silence. The time was around 11:30, which was an odd time for an interview. The doors opened and Peter stepped off. He saw Pepper with a clipboard and she smiled at him. She walked over and handed it to him.
“Go find Tony and help him out. He told me you broke your hearing phones so I’ll go ask Bruce to go repair them.” Pepper signed before kissing Peter’s head. Before Peter could get a word in, she disappeared into the closing elevators.

“Great.” Peter sighed and rubbed his nose. He started towards where he could see a group of workers. There was a man with a camera next to Tony and someone he couldn’t see well.

Eddie didn’t know what to expect when he got to Stark Industries.

He was invited with warm smiles and a media badge. He was told the rules of him being there and what was expected. Eddie didn’t really have any beef against Stark Industries, but he was very interested in the events that had happened with the Avengers. He just wanted to get the truth about Ultron and the merging of Stark Tower and the Avengers Tower.

The tower was fancy and he was ushered to an elevator that took them up to the 30th floor. When they got up there, they told him and his cameraman, Elious, that Stark was getting his assistant to come down and the two of them would be down within minutes. So Eddie stood in the hallway as the workers walked past. Some of them stopped to say hello and say how they admired him.

“We can sense that there are many different enhanced beings, as you call them.” Venom spoke in the back of his head, and Eddie bit his lip, trying his best to not respond to the Symbiote. “That spiderling is here also. Eddie, he was only a child.”

Eddie knew this. He had a feeling who was the spider but he couldn’t just assume. It would be bad. He just hoped that stark and his assistant would just hurry up.

“Sorry that I’m late.” A proud voice called from behind him. Eddie turned to see Tony Stark grinning and walking up. He wasn’t wearing sunglasses, but a nice grey suit and dark red tie. He looked cleaned up, but Eddie could see the scars and bags under his eyes. He had obviously tried to cover up the bags under his eyes, but left the small scars visible.

“You’re only late by a minute.” Eddie offered a polite smile and his hand. “My name is Eddie Brock.”

“He smells like metal and spider.” Venom mused in his head, and Eddie ignored him.

“Tony Stark.” Stark shook his hand. “It’s a pleasure to see you, Mr. Brock. I actually enjoyed watching your episodes. I respect your persistence with the Life Foundation. It hurt to see you fall because you wanted to expose the truth.”

This made Eddie feel slightly off put. Was this genius of a man, super hero, Avenger, just commenting on Eddie’s job and applauded him?

“Thank you, Mr. Stark.” Eddie gripped his hand slightly as they shook hands. They let go and Stark flashed a grin.

“Please, just call me Tony.” Stark tried to brush it off. “The kid already calls me that.”

“The kid?” Eddie tilted his head slightly.

“My assistant. He started off as my intern a year or two ago and he’s grown quite a lot. Smart kid.” Stark seemed rather proud as he spoke of his assistant.
“Mr. Stark?” As if on queue, a more quiet voice spoke up. It sounded young and chipper.

Eddie turned to see Peter, the kid he’s talked to for a while and has made friends with. Eddie would like to think that he was the fun uncle that was there to stand in when his parents couldn’t help.

“Peter!” Stark turned and grinned. He moved his hands in motions as he spoke. “This is Eddie Brock. He’s a reporter that is doing a special on the Stark Industries and Avengers overhaul.”

Peter nodded and turned to look at Eddie. He flinched slightly, like he was poked. But Peter smiled brightly and waved.

“Hello, Mr. Brock. It’s nice to see you again.” Peter smiled politely.

“Spiderling.” Venom’s voice spoke up.

“It’s nice seeing you again, Peter.” Eddie smiled and waved. Peter’s face twitched in slight confusion and he looked back to Stark. Stark signed with his hands and Peter looked more reassured.

“Wait, you know Peter?” Stark turned to Eddie.

“We’ve met while I was in town for my sister’s wedding. I had no idea he was connected to you.” Eddie told the truth. He just didn’t want to mention that he talked to the kid regularly to make sure he was okay.

“Oh. So you know he’s deaf?” Stark asked and Eddie… didn’t know that. The kid acted normal.

“No. I didn’t interact long enough to realize.” Eddie frowned.

“Ah okay. Now you know. We can proceed now.” Stark grinned and turned to the camera man. “Are you guys ready?”

“Of course.” Eddie smiled and turned to Elious, who turned the camera on.

Elious counted down before Eddie started his normal spiel about his show and what the report is about.

“Now, as a lot of you know, this is Tony Stark, also known as Iron Man. He was the sole heir to Stark Industries and has created the boom of superheroes and created the Avengers to protect.” Eddie turned to Stark. “So, Tony. Can you tell us about the start of the Avengers Era?”

“Of course.” Stark nodded. He seemed slightly grim as he told the story. “As we all know, I was backstabbed by my partner and kidnapped. It was a horrible experience. Don’t get kidnapped in the middle of the desert.”

Eddie snorted and got a smiled out of Stark.

“But I had a man help me get back to health. We pretended to go with what the terrorist wanted and built the first suit. It was a great try and was a beauty for what was available.” Stark moved his hands as he talked. They walked down the halls some and Stark told the rest of his story in an amused manor. “And then boom. Later on I became Iron Man, had a few bumps because I wasn’t still at my best. But after a true threat came, I got this team. They’re great and like a family to me. We’ve been through tough times together and I can just say that they deserve recognition for what they’ve done.”

“The Avengers, they’re been praised for helping out, but has been called out for destroying many buildings and cities in the wake.” Eddie looked to Stark to see him looking forward. “What do you
want to say about that?"

“You see, Mr. Brock. The universe is larger than just us. And once you have events happen with different capable beings or people, the universe recognizes that they’re ready to play in the big league. Even when they’re actually not.” Stark looked serious. “You know the World Wars, right? Big countries fighting for a side. Take the second war. It was mostly focused on one group attacking a small group and trying to kill them. They destroyed everything in their wake and the other side tried to save them and stop it.

“Now, the universe put us out there as capable of protecting ourselves. Once you have a good, you need an evil. The universe sent many evils to fight a war with us. They went after a small and destroyed everything in their wake. We tried our best to save everyone we could.” Stark gave a sad smile. “Now, do you blame America for the damage they did when they fought back against Germany? France’s struggle? Britains?”

“Normally people don’t.” Eddie understood where he was coming from.

“Exactly. Because they saw them as the good victors. They protected and snuffed out the bad. They also helped the people come back from it. We help clean up after attacks and disasters. You all see us as too rough and reckless when in all honesty we are the only thing keeping these monsters and aliens from destroying everything.” Stark looked Eddie up and down. “I think you understand where I’m coming from, right?”

Eddie did understand.

“It’s like he knows.” Venom whispered.

“Now, we all know that after the Civil War that the Avengers split. But they’re back now. Rumors have it that you are allowing them to stay. And some of them are even helping out in the company. Can you tell us about that?” Eddie moved on.

Stark grinned again like he asked a jewel question.

“Oh course.” Stark clapped. “We have Dr. Banner helping out in the labs and sharing his knowledge to help out our scientists. Captain America even lends a hand to offer help to whatever he can. The others like to take interest in different projects or commission the interns to make their new gear. We have very bright interns. Let me tell you.”

“I’ve heard. Your personal intern is only a high schooler, isn’t he?” Eddie hooked.

“Yes. My intern is a bright boy who impressed us with his submission. He took an everyday concept and turned it into a concept that could help hundred of people around the world. I was astonished to see it. I can’t tell you what it was, but Hawkeye was willing to help test it out.” Stark threw a look to Peter, who beamed at the idea of Hawkeye trying out his submission. “Oh look, there he is.”

Peter had a panicked look as Stark signed something to the boy, making sure to keep his hands out of the camera. Peter nodded and walked into view, smiling shyly.

“Hi. What’s your name?” Eddie smiled towards Peter, who locked eyes with him.

“My name is Peter. It’s nice to meet you.” Peter politely responded.

“Nice to meet you too, kid.” Eddie could see Peter visibly relax more. “Now, can you tell me what it’s like being one of the only interns under 18?”
Peter tilted his head as he processed the question, like he was debating it.

“Well… you get treated differently.” Peter answered truthfully. “I was already treated differently because I was one of the top interns. I wasn’t seen in the lower levels because I didn’t have business down there at first. Mr. Stark is usually in levels that most workers don’t have access to. So I was treated with high respect and like I was golden. Then once they actually met me and saw I was only a kid, they all… changed. Somewhat. They were more motivated I guess you could say. They wanted to do their best to be near me I guess.”

Eddie could see Peter fidget with his hands. He wasn’t lying.

“They all respect me and treat me like a normal person. But they’re just more careful and look after me more than the others. In Stark Industries… your department and team care for you like a family. When I’m not helping Mr. Stark, I’m helping others. If I’m as smart as people claim me to be, then I might as well help my other interns. They’re in the same position as me.” Peter finished with a smile.

“That’s very thoughtful.” Eddie smiled. “Now, being in the upper levels must mean you have interacted with the Avengers. And if my timeline is correct, you were here during the breakout of Civil War.”

Peter’s face wavered between many emotions before settling on forlorn.

“I… I was here. I remember the first events of the Civil War. I was transporting documents. I wasn’t injured, but I saw the chaos that came from it. I didn’t have anything against Sergeant Barnes. He’s a great man.” Peter’s hand twitched and Eddie could tell he was uncomfortable. “I didn’t do anything besides step in to assist Pepper and her intern while Mr. Stark and the others were out. I didn’t have a hand in it, but I did my best to help support the company.”

“Thank you.” Eddie looked back down at his notepad and read the last question. “Now, I want to know your opinion on the rumors of Spider-Man being an unofficial Avenger. As a teenager, what’s your opinion?”

“Spider-Man? Well, I agree with what he has said in front of people. He’s not a full Avenger and is only affiliated because he’s there to help where they aren’t. The Avengers help out with larger civilian accidents and tragedies, but their main focus is protecting our world from outside invasions or man made threats.” Peter’s face formed a small frown. “Spider-Man can work alongside them if they ask for aid, but he isn’t one of them. He helps out the small people. He didn’t sign the accords. It’s public record, Mr. Brock. He isn’t allowed to deal with issues larger than himself.”

“Now, there was reports of headless bodies of gang members found early this morning. It was outside of Spider-Man territory, but would you say that those deaths are under his jurisdiction?” With Eddie’s words, Peter bristled and looked distraught over this.

“There are headless bodies of gang members?” Peter looked back to Stark, who stepped in.

“Alright, Mr. Brock. Let’s not freak the kid out now.” Stark tried to smooth it over.

“I apologize. I just wanted an opinion that is from a young mind that likes the heroes.” Eddie shrugged. “My bad. We will cut that out.”

“Thank you.” Stark looked Eddie up and down again before turning away. “Let’s finish up the last part and we can send you on your way, Mr. Brock.”

“Thank you.” Eddie followed before Stark stopped by a hand grabbing Stark’s sleeve.
“Dad.” Peter’s voice was low enough for only him and Stark to hear, and Eddie since his hearing was boosted by Venom. “Can I go back to sleep until Mom needs me for the party?”

Stark looked down to Peter, smiled, and just nodded. Peter grinned and waved to Eddie before running down the hall.

“Dad? The cocky hero gave birth to the spiderling?” Venom’s voice questioned and Eddie nonchalantly gave a small shrug.

“Let’s get going.” Stark spoke up again, snapping Eddie from Venom’s thoughts.

“Of course.”

Peter peered over the city from on top of a grocery shop roof. The snow was falling in a thick layer, falling on him quickly.

“Karen, boost heating.” Peter grumbled.

“If I boost anymore it’ll burn you.” Karen’s soft voice spoke onto his neck.

Peter sighed. He was fighting hibernation off more and more by the second. The temperature was dropping outside and his suit was bumped up as high as he could go without harming himself or the suit. And God damn was it not enough.

The cold seeped into his bones like a menacing ache. It clawed at his joints and tried to whisper for him to sleep. It was like a monster that was ready to ease him to sleep before killing him. Peter knew better than to let it take hold of him, it could become a serious problem if it went on for too long.

Peter’s sense barely picked up the movement next to him. He looked up to see the monster looking at him and his eyes widened.

“WE are Venom.” The text appeared on his screen. So their name was Venom?

“Are you going to eat me?” Peter asked quietly.

“No. But we can tell you’re not doing good. Is the cold bad for you, Spiderling?” Peter scoffed at Venom but gave in.

“Hibernation. Who knew that spiders did that.” Peter grumbled and looked back out to the city. “You aren’t dangerous, are you? I heard they were mafia members.”

The monster was quiet for a second before moving next to Peter.

“We only hurt bad people.” The monster spoke. “We do not mean to threaten.”

“You’re pretty terrifying if I’m not going to lie.” Peter mused. His senses told him he wasn’t a threat, but more… familiar. “My senses are telling me that I can trust you.”

“That is foolish, trusting someone or something you don’t know the identity to.” The monster shifted slightly. Peter could see it’s bulky legs and arms next to him.

“If I die or go missing, I have people who will stop at nothing to save me or get revenge.” Peter shrugged. “And I’m capable for myself.”
A silence spread between them before Peter started to teeter again. The night was a quiet one and it was annoying. He wanted action so he could get his blood pumping and inner warmth.

“Stark has requested that you turn in early for the night since the temperatures are dropping more.” Karen’s voice spoke against his skin and displayed on the screen since he couldn’t understand the vibrations anymore.

“Alright, Karen.” Peter sighed. “I’ll go back. Tell Dad to not have a stroke.”

Peter slowly got up and the AI hummed in amusement. Venom watched him and got up himself.

“We can take you back.” Venom spoke and Peter shook his head.

“That would reveal me.” Peter teetered as he tried to take a step away.

“Peter, we know it is you.” Venom’s words struck Peter hard. He turned to see Venom’s head peel back. Peter felt a pool of dread, fear, and disgust as he disappeared back.

“That is disgusting.” Peter commented as Eddie’s head came into view. “Wait… Eddie?”

“Yup. That’s me kid.” Eddie’s words were put a different font and Peter wanted to call Karen a smartass. “I’m guessing your fancy AI girl in your mask is giving you text?”

“Yes.” Peter nodded. He shouldn't have answered.

“Well, good.” Eddie nodded to himself. “C’mon, Peter. I’ll bring you back by Venom. Drop you on the roof and get out.”

“Eddie my dad will freak. God I can’t think correctly and this is a shocker.” Peter’s judgement and vision was swarming from his body shutting itself down. Peter couldn’t believe Eddie was the monster this whole time! Who would have guessed?

“Peter, you’re about to pass out.” Eddie reached out with his Venom arms as Peter almost toppled then and there. “You know what? I’m taking you.”

Before Peter could protest through his clouded vision and thoughts, Eddie scooped him up.

“Asshole.” Peter grumbled out. He couldn’t read the reply that Eddie told him. His vision was almost completely black. He could barely make out that it was close to 10 degrees fahrenheit. Past the temperature that was safe for Peter to move outside in.

Quickly, Peter’s consciousness fell.

-

Eddie had always guessed how he would die. Maybe having a heart attack. Drowning. Being burnt in a rocket’s blast.

But not because he was carrying an unconscious child superhero to his den of superheroes and his superhero dad. Plus very fiesty CEO of a mother.

Eddie let Venom carry them across the city quickly. Eddie could hear the random codes the AI in Peter’s suit was saying in reaction to the kid passing out. She sounded panicked as she connected to another AI to explain what the hell was going on. He was glad she didn’t give out his identity.

Eddie and Venom finally made it to the Tower and jumped onto the side, climbing up swiftly the rest
of the way. He got to the top and he deposited the kid onto the roof.

“Did you try and tap into his vitals?” Eddie asked Venom.

“Of course. He is fine. Hibernation is an ugly state, but a safe one.” Venom answered.

Eddie gained control some and pet Peter’s hair back before letting Venom get them off of the roof and away.

- 

Tony, Bruce, Bucky, and Natasha burst onto the roof in a rush. They had a stretcher with them and it was ready for Peter.

They got over to Peter and noted that he was curled up slightly and breathing slightly. They put him onto the stretcher and started to wheel him away.

“He’s in mild hibernation. Whatever brought him here had given him enough warmth to not go into deep or medium hibernation.” Bruce informed as he checked the vitals of Peter.

Tony glanced back at the buildings around his tower and he could have sworn he saw a black movement in between them. He knew who it was. It was Brock. Tony wasn’t dumb. These things always popped up whenever he was in town. And he checked on Peter’s phone and contact activity every once in a while.

“Thank Lord.” Tony sighed and moved along with the others. He sent a small thanks to the symbiote and his host before taking care of his son.

Chapter End Notes

If you want to see what I do when I’m not writing or working, I have a little Instagram. @Lazeau. It's not that great, but I cosplay and post art on my story. If you want to give me input and have a conversation about my AU, you can DM me something like "Hey, I read your stories on AO3 and I want to talk!!" If you don't, I might not answer a random person.
Isolation Pt. 1

Chapter Summary

If you are sensitive to gore/limb removal/blood/detailed description of severed limbs, please skip from "I'm Sorry," Peter read her lips to [Her hands then moved to undoing]. [Inside the box] to "Oh fuck!" Harley yelled.] is another description. There is major character harming in this chapter and multiple panic attacks and anxiety themes. Please, if you're sensitive to this, be careful.

Peter gets into a bad situation and goes missing. Harley Keener walks into Peter's life for 2.5 seconds before things go to hell.

"Come on now, young strangers, weren't you someone's son? How'd you find this depot 'cause it ain't where you belong." - Old Black Train, The Blasting Company (from Over The Garden Wall OST).

Chapter Notes

Seriously guys. It gets gruesome for 2.5 seconds. Peter gets seriously hurt.

I love Peter but I just felt the need to get my frustrations out and poor Peter ended up at the end of it. I haven't written whump in a while or dismemberment.

I'm also am going to start doing a bit more easing out from Peter being the current time and going to Senior year and maybe,,, ending this poor fic soon? Lol.

I'm so sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It took a week for the report to come out, and when it did, Peter felt his personal life basically implode.

Peter sat in his classroom early with Ned and MJ. Outside was snowing, as it was early February. Peter was having trouble keeping awake but he was trying his best. Everything was numb and his sight was hazy. It was throwing him off and he just wanted to go home and sleep.

The other students slowly started to spill into the classroom one by one, sitting down in their seats. Some though, kept looking at Peter. It was bothering him because he knew that they already knew of his internship, so the interview shouldn’t be that big of a shock. They’re just annoying.

The teacher had finally came inside and a student followed her. Mrs. Downey smiled at her class as the bell rung. The class settled and she stepped forward.

“Class, this is Harley Keener. He moved here from Tennessee. Welcome him.” Mrs. Downey motioned to a dirty blond kid next to her. He had a cute face from what Peter could tell through his
haze. He looked like he had a nice build on him, like he lifted heavy parts of machines a lot. The kid waved.

“You can sit with Peter and Ned.” Mrs. Downey pointed to the pair. MJ had turned to look at Peter and Ned from where she sat in front of them.

Harley walked to the free seat and sat down. He turned to Peter and Ned smiling.

“So you’re Peter Parker, right? The Stark intern?” Harley seemed to ask innocently, not like the people to wanted something from him. “And you must be Ned.”

Ned nodded and waved.

“Yeah…” Peter nods. “It’s not a big deal. I’m just a normal kid.”

“Oh I understand.” Harley nodded back and picked up his pencil.

“I’m also deaf, so excuse me if I can’t understand.” Peter explained as he turned back to Mrs. Downey, keeping his eyes on Harley.

“I know sign language. It was the main language out in the boonies.” Harley seemed to laugh at it and Peter smiled. He turned to look at the teacher as she called attention to herself.

Peter could feel Harley gaze at him as class started and Peter ignored it.

- 

At lunch, MJ had invited Harley to sit with them. He sat next to MJ, who sat across from Peter and Ned.

“Did you hear about the new Star Wars Lego set?” Ned signed to Peter as he shoved his packed lunch down.

“Mnhm.” Peter hummed in reply.

“Well, guess who’s getting it?” Ned grinned. “This guy!”

“What-?!” Peter choked on his rice and grinned. “Dude!”

“Yeah!” Ned looked just as excited as Peter felt.

They had been waiting forever for the Millennium Falcon to come out. Peter’s overall haze was slightly pushed aside by his excitement. Peter ate more of the rice that Pepper made him last night before taking a piece of chicken with it. Peter then noticed Harley trying to catch his attention.

“Yeah?” Peter smiled at Harley.

“I was wondering if Tony had ever mentioned me to you?” Harley signed to Peter. “During the whole terrorist fiasco, he crash landed in my barn and I met him. He supported my family and we finally moved out here to get away from my dad who finally came back. He talks about you a lot.”

“You know Mr. Stark?” Peter signed back. “And no. I think he mentioned once about a kid that could go hand and hand with me.”

“Well, that’s me. His token kid from the middle of nowhere.” Harley smiled. “Also, what days do you go to the tower?”
Peter looked to MJ, who just raised an eyebrow at him. He could tell that she didn’t know about this revelation.

“Pretty much every day.” Peter shrugged and put his empty container into his bag.

“That’s cool. We will see each other more then. I’m staying in the tower until my family fully moves in.” Harley informed Peter before going back to his food.

Peter let this sink in.

Harley was some cute kid from the countryside and he was connected to Mr. Stark due to helping him out when he crashed into his barn a long time ago. He was incredibly cute, did he mention that? But also he’s staying in the tower for a little while. Oh great.

“You’re being driven back after class by Happy, right?” Peter asked and tilted his head.

“Yeah. I’ve heard about him. Is he really that bad? My mom drove me today.” Harley pouts.

“He’s not that bad. He has a soft spot for me and buys me ice cream whenever Rhodey comes in town to try and bribe me. He wants to be the favorite uncle.” Peter laughed. Harley’s face lit up at his smile but then turned to confusion.

“Uncle?” Harley asked.

Oh shit Peter messed up.

But thankfully, MJ turned and explained it was a joke since some of the Avengers like to call Peter a Mini Stark.

“Oh!” Peter could see Harley drawing out the o’s before signing. “That’s cool!”

Peter just shrugged and yawned. He just wanted to sleep right now.

“How about you sleep before we have to go back?” Ned nudged Peter and signed.

“Mkay.” Peter mumbled before putting his arms and head on the table, letting sleep take him.

It was the end of the day and Decathlon practice was going to start in 30 minutes.

Harley was saying his goodbyes to Ned and MJ quickly. Peter could see Happy in the car outside waiting for him.

“Cmon, Peter!” Harley signed.

“I have Decathlon then band.” Peter signed to Harley. Harley seemed to be put off by this but grinned.

“I guess I’ll see you after then.” Harley waved and left.

Ned and MJ turned to Peter with questioning looks.

“I got a message earlier from a mole that something is happening on the outskirts. I gotta get it after Decathlon.” Peter sighed as he signed. He didn’t want to risk it if he waited to go later, so he was going to walk in civilian to the location and scope it out.
“Dude, be careful. You’re not too known for a lot of daytime savings.” Ned warned.

“Yeah I know.”

-

Peter regretted this decision the second he made it three blocks down.

The snow was thick and melted into his shoes. Thankfully there was no wind at that second and the snow stopped falling. But that didn’t change the fact that he was still fighting hibernation.

Peter turned down an alley when his numb spidey senses warned him that he shouldn’t be directly in sight. Something was watching him.

Peter made it halfway down the alleyway before he felt something push him. A yell ripped from his throat as he stumbled. He dropped his backpack and turned around. In front of him was four tall men, all with some type of melee weapon.

“You’re that intern, right? Peter Parker.” The front man said. Or he thought. His words were kinda slurred.

“I’m… sorry. You must be mistaken. I actually have gotten so many people confusing us since that report by Brock came out.” Peter laughed. “Also, I’m pretty sure Peter Parker isn’t deaf.”

“Cut the shit. We know you’re Peter Parker. And according to your school records, you are.” The man bared his teeth. “Our boss told us you were deaf. Been tryin’ to get to you for awhile. That Brock guy just made it easier.”

Panic surged through Peter. These are the same people who killed Ben and his parents. Now they’re here for him.

“You see, our boss wants somethin’ from Stark. And you’re finally our key.” Or maybe not.

“Look, can we not do a fight or struggle? I will go willingly.” Peter tried and held his hands out.

“I’m not looking for a fight. I’m not that strong.”

The men looked at each other before the main one spoke. Two men lurched forward and swung at Peter, knocking him out efficiently.

-

“Hey kid.” Happy Hogan sat in the front seat of the black car that Harley had shuffled into. He knew who the man was but never actually met. “I’m Happy.”

“Name’s Harley.” Harley smiled as he buckled in.

“Ready to go back to the Tower?” Happy seemed to only ask out of politeness.

“Yeah.” Harley looked out the window as they pulled out, but then looked back to the man. “Also… which days does Peter have Decathlon and band?”

Happy seemed to hesitate.

“He said he had band?” Happy asked.

“Yeah. It’s weird. He’s deaf. I didn’t know he could play an instrument.
“Trumpet. But…” Happy seemed to trail off. “I didn’t know that’s what keeps him longer than normal.”

Something was off and Harley knew it just by Happy’s reaction. So Peter was actually in band. But he obviously never went to after school practice.

“Yes. I kinda met him today and he told me as school ended.” Harley looked back out the window.

“Did he now?” Happy mumbled.

The rest of the ride was quiet and Harley was excited to see that Tony was waiting at the car park when they got there.

“Tony!” Harley got out and ran up to him. Tony opened his arms for a hug and Harley accepted.

“Hey Harl.” Tony smiled and pat Harley’s head. “God you’re so tall.”

“I’ve grown a lot since you’ve last seen me.” Harley grinned.

“You can definitely say that.” Tony huffed. “Can you go up to the elevator first? I gotta talk to Happy about something.”

“Alright.” Harley let go and started to walk towards the painfully obvious elevator. Harley had a bad feeling about this.

“Happy, what’s wrong?” Tony’s voice was concerned and Harley paused near a pillar.

“Harley said the kid is going to band. Tony we both know Peter doesn’t do band practice anymore. He’s going to do something. We can’t have a repeat of Toomes.” Happy frowned at Tony.

“Did he mention anything to you?” Tony asked. “He… he can’t just disappear after his Decathlon and just expect us to buy he is at band. He’s obviously tracking someone.”

“He hasn’t said anything to me.” Happy shrugged.

“God… Okay.” Tony pulled out his phone. FRIDAY, initiate Spider Watch. Also initiate Widowed Mother Protocol.”

“Of course, Boss.” Harley could hear FRIDAY reply.

Harley quickly made it to the elevator after that and Tony came up about thirty seconds later.

“What was that about?” Harley asked as they got on the elevator together.

“I was asking him to pick Peter up after band. Sometimes the kid wanders back on his own, but the cold weather is bad for him.” Tony sighed as the elevator brought them up. “Peter can’t regulate heat and he’s known for passing out in the worst places because of it.”

Harley was quiet after that, taking in the information. He knew this was most likely worse than they were letting on. Peter was trying to do something again that was going to get him hurt in a time that he was most likely to disappear.

- 

It was late when Pepper came up to the penthouse level.
Pepper had a rough day dealing with annoying sellers and she had received a Spider Watch notification. The Spider Watch was for when they had to keep an eye on Peter because something bad was probably going to happen. It stayed all day and no one had turned it off or activated it to the full potential. It was running her thin in worry.

The second Pepper came out of the elevator, she could see Harley curled up on the couch as Tony walked in circles around the living room. She had forgotten that Harley was staying there for a month until his family situated.

“Tony? Hun, what’s going on? Is Peter back yet? He’s going to miss dinner.” Pepper walked to the counter and placed her folders down with her purse.

“He hasn’t come home. He told Harley he was going to band practice.” Tony stopped and looked up to Pepper. “He hasn’t come home.”

Band practice? Peter wasn’t in symphonic concert band. Just the class. She had only heard him use that once to get out of going to an important government meeting in front of the Secretary of State.

“Tony… have you tracked him down? Our son… he doesn’t…” Pepper felt dread fill her. Something was wrong. Peter would have come home by now if he was out during the day. “It’s almost 9pm.”

“I know. I put Nat on it. She hasn’t come back yet though.” Tony sighed.

“Peter is your son?” Harley asked quietly from the couch.

“Adopted, honey. Tony doesn’t have any blood children.” Pepper smiled sweetly at the boy that she knows was right behind Peter in Tony’s heart.

“Boss, Ms. Romanoff is back inside the building.” FRIDAY announced.

“Send her here immediately.” Tony instructed.

“Already here.” Natasha walked in. She was carrying Peter’s backpack. “There was a tussle from what I could see in the snow. I’ve sent you the alley he dropped his bag in.”

“Fuck.” Tony cursed and walked off.

Nat looked to Harley, who looked starstruck.

“You must be Harley.” Nat offered a stressed smile.

“Y-yes.” Harley cleared his throat and tried again. “Yeah. Nice to meet you.”

Nat nodded and turned to Pepper.

“Spider Watch might take a day or two get through.” Nat sighed. “He could be anywhere.”

“Call Ned and MJ. They know where his patrol areas are more than us. Get Ned to connect to his phone through that weird connector they made.” Pepper undid the bun on her head and ran a hand through her hair to calm it down. “Get the two here. I’m not waiting to call them like normal people would.”

Nat nods and walks out. Tony came back and he looked like he was still processing it.

“This boy will be the death of me.” Tony grumbled.

“It… Spider-Man isn’t in this protocol per say. It’s just to keep an eye out and to keep an eye on Peter. Mainly Natasha is involved.” Tony explained.

“Can I help?” Harley asked.

“No, Harley it’s fine. We’ll find him.” Pepper smiled at him. “Don’t worry.”

-

When Ned and MJ showed up, Ned didn’t know what to expect.

An unknown number called him up and asked if he was available to come to the Avengers Tower automatically, bringing along his laptop and Guy In The Chair gear. The woman had introduced her as the Black Widow and the Spider Watch has been initiated when Peter didn’t come come. Ned knew of the protocol because of him hacking into the suit. It was extensive and in all honesty terrifying. It wouldn’t be used unless it was truly needed. So yes, Ned accepted the request and quickly packed his things. He told his mom that he was going to Peter’s house to help with a project and left the second Happy Hogan showed up. In the car was MJ, staring at her hands quietly.

“I don’t know what the protocol means, but is it bad?” MJ had asked when Ned closed his door and buckled up.

“Yeah. I’ve seen what it can do.” Ned replied.

Happy had looked up at them through the mirror and stayed quiet as he drove.

Finally at the Tower, MJ and Ned were rushed upstairs and into the penthouse area (their ID cards were cleared for Peter’s living space). The Avengers were all sitting around with Harley Keener in the middle.

“There you two are.” Tony Stark had gotten up and rushed over. Pepper Potts followed quietly. “Do you know what happened to him?”

“Peter has a second phone.” MJ spoke as she sat down at the counter. “Ned is directly linked to it. He uses it to talk to a few contacts that he has from other areas. Like Deadpool and Daredevil.”

“He’s talking to those two?” Bucky commented from the couch and Steve shushed him.

Ned felt dread pile up in his stomach. He had met the Avengers multiple times before in passing, had conversations with a few of them before. But now he was outed as helping Peter keep a secret contact phone.

“Can you get into it? Track it?” Stark turned to Ned.

“Oh! Yeah. Give me a second.” Ned nodded and fumbled to get his laptop out. He opened it and typed in his alternate password. It opened up his Guy In The Chair mode and he tried connecting.

But the connection was stopped.

“It… I can’t reach it. I can’t track it. It’s like it is in some type of blocker. It’s a real old Nokia so it shouldn’t be smashed somewhere.” Ned felt the dread creep up his throat. “Oh god I can’t track him…”
The room was silent as Ned kept typing into his laptop frantically. He tried his best to see if he could at least connect to his hearing phones, but they pinged to be somewhere in the tower. His regular phone was there also. His suit was in the same room.

“We have to see if there is any surveillance around the area.” Tony announced. “We have to find him.”

Ned nodded slowly and bit his lip. His best friend missing wasn’t a big deal usually, but he wasn’t in suit or had any communication. He was normally back by now or told someone. And if he abandoned his bag it wouldn’t be in the open.

“I’ll let you two crash here for the night.” Tony turned back to the two teenagers. “I will contact your parents.”

With that, Tony Stark fled the room.

- 

Days turned into weeks.

The first day after Peter went missing, everyone was worried to see Peter missing classes again. People kept sending Peter’s seat worried looks. But no one said anything. They just gave Ned and MJ sad looks. They saw Harley's downcast looks.

Not until it had been two weeks.

“Peter Parker-Stark, age 16, has been reported missing.” The news played at the beginning of their homeroom class. The announcement was pushed to get it known. “If you know anything about his disappearance or see him, please notify the police.”

The homeroom was silent as they watched Peter’s picture come up on the TV. The reporter went into detail of the kidnapping and how it is more than likely related to Peter being Stark’s son and publically intern.

The room’s tension was thick and Ned didn’t know whether to cry or not. It was official. Peter was gone and they couldn’t find him.

“Ned…” A voice called from behind him. He turned to see Flash sitting behind him.

“Yeah?” Ned held his breath.

“I’m so sorry… I hope they find him.” That was all Flash said before looking back down to his desk.

“Me too.” Ned looked back down to his desk and to his shaking hands.

- 

Peter groaned as his body suddenly got feeling back.

Then hot pain hit him.

“FUCK!” Peter screamed and jerked upwards. There was straps holding him down. They were metal and felt more like metal clamps. Hot water quickly cooled against his skin and slid down his body.

Peter’s vision was fuzzy and his breathing picked up. His senses were screaming all at once, telling
him he was in major danger. He could feel multiple people around him in the room and the plush and now wet bed he was strapped to was shaking. It was some type of hospital bed that was tilted at an angle. Peter closed his eyes and tried to calm his panicked breathing.

“Please don’t hurt me please don’t hurt me!” Peter’s mouth started to ramble. “I don’t know anything. I’m innocent. I’m not who you think I am.”

Did they know he was Spider-Man? Did they want to experiment on him? Oh God he was back at OsCorp was he?!

“P-Please don’t dissect me!” Peter’s mouth rambled out.

A hand placed itself on his cheek and Peter was shocked out of his panicked state. His eyes snapped open to see a woman smiling kindly at him. She looked younger, maybe in her mid 20’s. She had blue hair that was pulled into two messy small buns, strips of hair framing her face. She reminded him of an anime character he once saw but with blue hair. She was wearing a white lab coat and had a surgical mask pulled off her mouth and onto her chin. Her dark blue eyes watched him with interest. She was oddly pale and had freckles over her skin. She was observing Peter’s face before lifting up her hand from his cheek.

“Are you okay?” The woman signed. “I’m sorry if we scared you. Your body shut down the second it got too cold.”

Peter stared at her before nodding.

“I-I don’t regulate heat.” Peter mumbled.

The woman nodded before continuing.

“My name is Hailey Bourgeoisie. You can call me Dr. Comet. Like Halley's Comet.” Dr. Comet smiled. Peter felt the worst feeling from her. She seemed so nice and looked harmless, but her vibes told him she was deadly. “See, I don’t actually work with these goon’s boss. I was hired due to my expertise.”

“W-what?” Peter lightly tugged at his limbs.

“See, we made those cuffs out of vibranium. They got their hands on some by a way I wouldn’t know. See, we planned on taking Steve Rogers, but you’re also a good choice.” Dr. Comet smiled and stood up. She smiled too much. Peter hated it. “But Peter, I deal with mutants or super soldiers. My grandfather was one of the people who joined Hydra to create Sergeant Barnes. I know how they work. You see, the second I heard you fell into a hibernation I realized what you are, but you can trust me.”

“Please... “ Peter whined. Her face softened and she sighed.

“Peter, you know I do not work directly under them. I won’t tell your secret that your modified. If I’m correct, you’re Spider-Man.” Peter didn’t react for a second but then she tilted her head and he nodded. “I was correct... good! You know, you’re my favorite hero. So I won’t kill you. Just do my job and leave. Maybe take DNA to observe you.”

Peter didn’t expect that. What was this woman’s deal? Was she bad or not?

“I have a soul. You’re a kid.” She signed and turned back to the other guards and spoke to them.

Peter glanced around the room and saw he was in a room with no windows. It was made of stone.
There was a generator running and it was connected to something out of sight. A single light lit up the room, a light bulb hanging from a string. It was so weird.

Dr. Comet turned back and smiled at him.

“You’ve been out for two weeks. I’ve been expected to receive something to send to your father. Push him into giving into our wants when we approach.” She signed and walked out of view and behind Peter.

“W-what are you doing?!” Peter called out and tried to turn to her. He struggled and put his full force into it. He could feel the vibranium strain under his strength. But it wasn’t his actual full strength. It was the strength of a child whose body is still partially shut down.

Peter watched as Dr. Comet came back around to view. She was holding a handheld buzzsaw. Peter felt panic flood his system as his senses clawed at his throat and mind.

“I wonder how close you are with Sergeant Barnes.” Her expression seemed to morph into a twisted grin.


Peter could feel his eyes tear up.

“Please don’t do this.” Peter cried and jerked his torso.

“I’m sorry.” Peter read her lips.

Dr. Comet turned the saw on and Peter could just barely feel the vibrations as it neared. When it was an inch away he could feel the ghost of the blade. Then, it cut into his skin.

Peter let out a scream as his skin and muscles were ripped apart by the sharp blade. Peter’s whole body was shot with pain and he couldn’t control his own body. It pulsed and shook as he screamed. Tried to get away. Do anything to stop the excruciating pain that was slammed into him. She hit bone and Peter’s senses just cut off. Everything was suddenly too numb and he felt empty.

His senses suddenly died and he was left there to just watch as red poured from the jagged cut. His flesh was flushed red and looked like it was bruising from the blood pooling under the freshly cut skin. He could see his muscles and bone poking out as it finally went all the way through.

His left arm was cut completely from his socket. It just hung from where it was trapped in the restraints. It was slowly changing color as the blood pooled inside. It twitched slightly, the last of its currents dying out. Peter let out a hysterical laugh that turned into hiccapped sobs.

Dr. Comet then moved to wrap his bleeding shoulder in gauze. He was shaking badly, making her hold him still. Peter couldn’t feel anything, not even the touch of the gauze to his skin. Or her most likely warm hands.

Her hands then moved to undoing the metal restraint on his arm. She picked up the arm as it tried to fall to the floor. She turned and placed it inside of a box. The box was fuzzy but he could just barely make out the pale green fabric and that the box was silver. He could see something else in it, but he couldn’t tell. Everything started to pulse and he could just barely feel his arm try and fix itself.

Dr. Comet barked orders at someone and they brought her an IV and blood bag. She connected Peter to them and smiled at him.
“It was pleasant to meet you. I will see you soon.” She signed before leaving the room.

Peter was only conscious for a minute before he lost consciousness.

- 

Ned’s phone pinged in the middle of class.

He jerked in his seat and it made his chair scrape loudly against the tile. A few of his classmates sent him worried looks as he apologized to the teacher staring at him.

Ned had been having a hard time adjusting to Peter being gone. He was spacing out in class, waiting for his phone to ring and tell him Peter was okay. MJ was also spacing out, but not as much. Harley barely knew Peter so he was just quiet and respectful.

Ned slowly brought out his phone and looked at the notification. It was his computer telling him it connected to Peter’s throw away Spider-Man phone. It was moving quickly.

Ned’s eyes widened and he looked up to MJ. He thrust his phone at her and she read it quickly. They looked at each other and Ned knew the look they shared was one of happiness and anxiety.

Ned then got a notification that the phone stopped.

He messaged Stark to tell him that the phone has been located. He got an automatic response of Stark telling him he was going to try and connect to find him.

“Mr. Leeds, are you alright?” His teacher, Mr. Courtwright, asked from the front of the class.

“There’s… an update on Peter.” Ned spoke quietly. “They… his phone has connected again.”

The students around him perked up. He bit his lip and met a few of their eyes.

“Are they tracking it?” Mr. Courtwright asked.

“I think so.” Ned nods.

The speaker crackled over their heads and the principal's voice spoke over the speaker.

“Ned Leeds and Michelle Jones to the main office please. Quickly.” Her voice sounded panicked.

Ned shot up and MJ followed as they ran to the door.

“Can I go too? Peter is my friend.” Harley’s voice asked from behind them.

“Sure.” Mr. Courtwright confirmed.

The three ran out to the main office. There was a few students out and about and they all stopped to stare at the three as they ran towards the office. When they got there, the principal was waiting outside the doors.

“What’s wrong?” Ned asked as he tried to catch his breath.

“Something was just dropped off at the stairs of the school. It was addressed to you, Ned.” The principal explained. “Please follow me.”

Ned looked to the other two, who just shrugged. They followed her out the doors and down the
steps. At the bottom of the steps there was a large metal box with a few teachers standing around, all six feet away from it. Ned glanced around and saw there was students watching and multiple passersby watching from the sidewalk.

“That him?” A teacher Ned didn’t know asked.

“Yes.” The principal responded.

Ned stopped in front of the box and frowned at it. He grabbed onto the locks and twisted them to unlock. The box gave a slight hiss and opened.

Inside the box was a severed arm. It was turning purple down the arm and was still tan at the hand and fingertips. There was blood on the mint colored pillow it sat on. Inside of the hand was a single rose and envelope. The envelope was white with a red wax stamp on it. There was a dinky nokia that Ned recognized and clothing carefully rolled up next to the arm. It was Peter’s clothing.

The smell was disgusting. It smelled like someone had left diarrhea out and mixed it with rotting meat and fruits. It made Ned gag and he slapped a hand over his mouth.

“Oh fuck!” Harley yelled.

MJ reached out and picked the note from the hand and handed it to Ned. He shut the box and locked it again before opening the letter.

“Dear Mr. Leeds. We are glad you have received our gift. How rude of us was it to not send anything earlier. Peter is alive, but awake is a question. He was awake to help us get you this present. A nice present don’t you think? We had a wonderful woman help us with that one. Now, if you want the rest of Parker in one piece, you need to tell Stark to bring 2 million dollars to the park flagged on that horrible little nokia that Peter has. We sent the address to all of the phone’s contacts, so it will be fun to see whoever shows up to claim the prize. Stark will pay up or have Parker pay with his life. His family does miss him.”

Ned could feel his breathing pick up and he closed his eyes.

“God oh god it…” Ned turned to MJ as he opened his eyes. “It’s Peter’s arm… They have him.”

MJ nods and looks at the teachers. MJ had her phone out and looked like she was expecting something else to happen.

“I messages Mrs. Potts. They’re coming down.” Harley explained. MJ nodded and seemed to confirm she did the same.

“Keep the students inside the school.” The principal turned to her teachers and administrators, who had wandered outside. “Until Stark comes and gets the box don’t let the children outside or near the front of the school. They can still be nearby.”

The adults nodded and ran back into the school. Ned sat on a step and brought his hands to his face, the letter still hanging out of his hand. He stared at the silver box as if he could make it disappear. Ned could see MJ and Harley slowly sit down next to him. They sat on both sides of him and didn’t speak.

MJ slowly slid her hand onto Ned’s back. This was one of the rare opportunities that MJ offered physical comfort. Ned wished it wasn’t because of this. A lump slowly moved up Ned’s throat, scraping his throat like a cactus. Tears welled in his eyes and he closed them as a sob ripped through him.
Ned, Harley, and MJ sat there quietly, the only sounds being the city around them, their breathing, and Ned’s crying. The teachers gave them space as they all found comfort in each other.

A black car pulled up and multiple figures stepped out slowly. Ned didn’t look up. He knew who they were.

“It’s bad, isn’t it?” A voice asked from across the box.

“You don’t even know.” Harley’s voice replied.

“You don’t want to know.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi, Dr. Comet was trained purposely by her ex-Hydra scientist grandfather to deal with super soldiers and mutants for this purpose. She has a few screws missing from her childhood of basically numb training. She sees it as a mission and she must follow her orders no matter how unethical they are. She feels bad for Peter and would prefer not to, but has to do it. She's a nice girl and a great friend, but she's a terrible person in her work and when she gets her mission. It's like a switch.

I decided that last minute because I wanted to actually have a character that isn't mentally okay and tries to do good in the end.
Chapter Summary

"Jealousy, turning saints into the sea. Swimming through sick lullabies, choking on your alibis. But it's just the price I pay, destiny is calling me. Open up my eager eyes, 'cause I'm Mr. Brightside." - Mr. Brightside, The Killers.

* Natasha finds herself listening to this woman and just wonders, "has the world become something that gives us bad guys who will always turn into something more? Are we wrong to justify actions because of the outcome? Are the broken to blame for the ones who have set them up for failure?"

* Tony stares at the man across from him and just ponders for a second, "why would the world forsaken such beautiful things?"

* "Isolation," Bucky breathed quietly like this was the last thing he would get to tell Steve. But no one was around to hear him. "Is what drives others towards each other. Some will do their best work in there. And some will die in there. In the end, you cannot escape it. If we all fight the world, it will take everything from us."

(Playlist for the story: https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLRMmCAI2iw_ySJl6QfPKsGpcRFprWv-Z0)

Chapter Notes

This story is going to wrap up at Chapter 18. Just letting you all know.

But I felt the need to put dialog and scenes outside of the main text to just paint something that I've been playing with. Just some lines or scenes that don't fit the story, but paint the world as the Avengers see it.

Also, I kinda would just start typing, forgot what was actually going on, then try to make it seem serious and like it's in the moment. Like, when Tony meets the rest of Team Red he could have been way more serious and quick about it. But I kinda forGOT THE POINT. RIP me. I also finally hit more than 200 pages of this story. Just keep in mind how long this fucking story is. Jesus.

See end notes for something special.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tony Stark was ready to kill someone.

First, they take his son. Then they send his what, probably three day old arm to his friend while he’s at school. School of all places. And then they demand money in exchanged for a traumatized child? What the FUCk kind of shit is that? Who comes up with that type of shit?
Tony stared at the location that he was meeting whoever the fuck kidnapped his kid. They did tests on the arm and confirm it was in fact Peter’s arm. It had been missing for about three days from the body before they shipped it off. That meant that most likely they needed it for something. But what exactly they needed it for troubled Tony.

Tony held the dinky little nokia that held the key to Peter’s return. He turned it on and flipped through the contacts. There was about five, and three were just labeled as places. The other two was labeled as The Devil and Buffoon. Tony pressed The Devil and held it up to his ear. It went through two rings before someone answered.

“Peter?” The voice sounded tired. Tony knew it was around 11 at night, and almost regretted it. “Is it really you? Did you get out? I’ve been trying to get dumbass and a few of my worms to find you.”

“You’d hope it was. But it’s actually his father.” Tony spoke. “Now, I would like to know why you’re on my son’s second phone.”

There was a heavy silence on the other line, like the guy was contemplating his response.

“I’m just a mole that gives him information. You’re Tony Stark.” The Devil seemed to know the obvious. “Peter is still out there. The rumors are true then. It was his arm.”

“What do you know?” Tony asked.

“I know that whoever took him has been trying to get his attention. They knew that he walks around looking at any trouble before Spider-Man does if he’s tipped off. Found out one of our moles knew this and double crossed us.” The Devil sighed. “I also know all of the numbers on this phone are showing up tomorrow. If you go, expect a storm. Check where the signal picked up from.”

With that, The Devil hung up. Tony frowned and looked back up to the screen in front of him. He paused before turning to look at the computer hooked up to his mainframe.

“FRIDAY, check the nerd’s computer to see if it has gotten the location that the nokia reconnected.” Tony moved towards the table and sat down the phone.

“It’s about four blocks down from the meeting spot. It seems like it was an office building.” FRIDAY told him. “Specifically an OsCorp building.”

Tony slowly nodded and looked at the map. It wasn’t far, but still within distance to not be able to connect. But it made so much sense. They’ve been coming for Tony for so long. Many people who hated him had gone there. Enemy of your enemy is your friend type of shit.

Tony felt his anxiety creep back up to him as he thought over the outcomes. His child was hurt because of him. His kid could die because of him. He put Peter in danger. He was the one who didn’t enforce safety after his exposure like an idiot. He thought he wouldn’t have to because he could fight for himself.

Tony leaned on the table and lowered his head.

He would find Peter.

---

Natasha was normally level headed. She was a trained assassin. She was made to be ruthless woman. But here she was, worrying over a child she had only known for half a year.
Natasha stood next to Bucky as they stood in front of a reception desk. Natasha was wearing makeup and had her hair done in a way that some 20 year old decided to stop brushing their hair other than to put it into two buns. Bucky had his hair pulled up in a man bun and sunglasses on. They were both wearing sweatpants and sweaters.

“You’re here to see who?” The lady at the desk asked. The girl looked a bit on edge.

“Oh! Dr. Ambrose.” Natasha smiled and leaned on Bucky’s arm. “He said he could slip us in today?”

The lady typed something into her computer before looking back up.

“Alright. He’s down the hall to the right.” She waved her hand in the direction.

“Thank you.” Natasha thanked and lead Bucky down the hallway.

“She is expecting something to happen.” Bucky mumbled as they got out of hearing range.

“I think we’re in the right place.” Natasha nodded.

They walked down the quiet hallway, looking at each door until they found the one they were looking for. They pushed it open and slowly went inside. The office was empty and the lights were off.

“Are we sure we went into the correct office?” Bucky mumbled and Natasha slowly turned the lights on.

“You’re in the right one if you’re looking for Peter Parker.” A feminine voice called out from the darkness. The lights flipped on to reveal a girl with blue hair and eyes. She was smiling at them as she sat in the desk chair. There was a man on the floor, the man who they were going to use as their way inside. Dr. Ambrose. Natasha slowly lowered her hands to her back where her gun was and Bucky tensed up.

“Who are you?” Bucky demanded.

“Your true ticket to Peter Parker. I know how to get to him. I have the clearance to get to him.” The woman stood up. “My name is Hailey Bourgeois. You can call me Dr. Comet.”

“And how do you have this clearance?” Natasha slipped her gun out and held it at her side.

“Simple. I’m the one keeping his poor mutant child ass alive.” Dr. Comet shrugged. She stepped over the doctor on the floor and approached them. Natasha didn’t get a good feeling from the woman. She looked too calm. She stopped in front of Bucky before putting her hand on his metal arm. “Interesting. You have a totally different arm than what I was told about.”

Bucky took a step back and frowned. “What would you know about that?”

“My grandfather helped to create you.” Dr. Comet’s voice was sweet and sounded like honey. Natasha didn’t like that. “You’re the reason why I’m like this.”

Bucky clenched his hands and Dr. Comet turned to Natasha.

“We need to get Peter out of here. Your friends will get him killed if they don’t cooperate.” Dr. Comet brought out her badge and waved for them to follow. Bucky and Natasha glanced at each other and followed her.
“You know, Mr. Barnes, my grandfather was very fond of you. He was so proud! His research had worked. He didn’t care much for Hydra or their plans. He had broken through a threshold of the human mind!” Dr. Comet rambled as they walked away from the front of the building. “He took that research and turned to his little granddaughter. Children are so pliable, you know? My parents had no idea who he actually was. They would leave me with him for days at a time. He taught me everything there was to know about his study. He taught me everything they did to you. Every enhancement. He remembered it all! And he used his knowledge to create another one of him. A child who would grow up to deal with any mutants or super soldiers. And so here I am. I was assigned Mr. Peter Parker. Well, originally I was here on contract to help them hurt Mr. Star Spangled Banner. But they couldn’t get him, so they caught themselves a kid. A spider actually! So that’s what I did. They don’t know he’s Spider-Man. But I’m smarter than them.”

Dr. Comet got to a door at the end of the final hallway and swiped her badge over it. It hissed and opened up. It showed a staircase that lead into a dark abyss. Dr. Comet stared down into the darkness in thought, like something would come to harm her if she went in. Natasha didn’t know how to take her in. She was dangerous. She took out a larger male scientist by herself and she just confessed to know a lot about the people in Natasha’s inner family basically. The woman was broken. It was evident in her face.

“What did you do to him?” Natasha asked.

“I only took his arm. I kept him alive. He’s been passed out for everything besides his arm. We have to give him liquids to keep him alive.” Dr. Comet gave a sad smile towards the darkness. “You know, I hate doing my job. I hate seeing people who don’t deserve pain get hurt. Your Steve Rogers. He deserves at least something. Maybe a punch to the face. Being hurt enough to feel the pain of the people he helped to kill. The civilians that died. He’s a good man, but being good has consequences. But Peter… He’s a child. He hasn’t done anything. That Vulture man hurt people. He got what he deserved. Wasn’t the kid’s fault.”

“Then why did you do it?” Bucky asked. Dr. Comet looked up at Bucky and the look in her eyes gave Natasha the creeps. It was sad, but almost empty. Like she was just a husk of a little girl that had been long gone.

“He was my mission.” Her words held a heavy tone. The air seemed to get colder to match it. “I know you can understand that, James.”

Dr. Comet then turns and leaves Natasha and Bucky standing at the top. Bucky stared after her and seemed to space out.

“Bucky? You okay?” Natasha put her hand on his arm. It seemed to bring him back to reality.

“I…” Bucky took a deep breath. “This is a bit much. But we have to get Peter. Grab her once we get him and restrain her. She is a criminal now and she hurt Peter. I… I can’t…”

Natasha nods. She can understand. She felt loathing for the woman and it took every fiber of her being to not kill her on the spot. But they needed her. She was their ticket.

Slowly they followed Dr. Comet down the stairs. Their footsteps were louder than her light steps, and they echoed throughout the dark staircase. At the bottom, Dr. Comet turned on the light. It revealed a hallway with so many doors. It gave Natasha slight chills.

Dr. Comet went to the third door on the right and opened it. She flicked the light on and stepped inside. They followed and were hit with the disturbing smell of blood. Natasha noticed the different tools and objects lying around. They all looked to be in the torture field, but none used. In the middle
was a hospital bed with a body on it. The body was connected to a machine that kept his breathing and heart up, and tubes connected him to different drips. It was Peter.

Peter looked pale and like he wasn’t doing well. His arm was cut halfway through the bicep and was wrapped in gauze. He was wearing a blue hospital gown that had blood dried on it.

“Peter…” Bucky quickly moved towards him and stopped at his side. Bucky’s hands hovered over him and looked hesitant to grab him. Natasha felt unease in her stomach as she approached. She couldn’t let her emotions get control of her now.

“Let me get his restraints off.” Dr. Comet went to undo the metal latches first. In their wake was red marks, probably from struggling. She then slid the needles out of his arm.

“I’ll take him.” Bucky spoke softly before scooping the teenager up. Bucky was careful and it was amazing how soft he could be around Peter. Natasha could see the slight tremble in his hands. He was livid and trying to not last out.

Natasha turned to Dr. Comet and frowned. He slipped out zip ties from her pocket.

“I need you to come with us under restraint willingly. You are a criminal and will be charged because of your actions.” Natasha didn’t let the warmth she tried to keep in her voice come through. Dr. Comet nodded and let Natasha zip tie her hands behind her.

The trio walked out with Peter quietly and slipped out the back. Natasha pulled out her phone and called Tony Stark.

“I got him.” Natasha spoke into the phone.

-

Tony looked around as he waited for whoever was supposed to get there showed up.

Next to Tony was a case of money, the bargaining chip for Peter. He threw in an extra half of a million to try and sway them more. He hoped it worked to catch them off guard. Anxiety was crawling through his whole being as he noticed people on the rooftops. They were just watching. It was a pair. One was moving around while the other one just stood there. Tony didn’t want to look directly at them and scare them off. If they were part of this, they would get what they deserved.

Tony heard footsteps and turned to see more people had arrived. Multiple people stood around as one man walked forward. Tony could see two more people on top of the roof behind them. He frowned and focused on the man walking towards them.

“Tony Stark, you made it! And you came alone? Wow!” The man was grinning. “I’m so glad you took my invite!”

Tony felt on edge the second he saw this man. He was scrappy and looked around the age of 35. He had scarred skin and his face looked more weathered than a 35 year old should have. He had dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. His grin was lopsided and looked like the scar on the left side of his mouth pulled his lip up slightly. He was a normal height and was wearing a white lab coat over a business casual outfit. And dear god his tan pants were too dark for that light blue shirt.

“Well, when you have my son and harmed him it’s kinda hard to ignore. Now I have your money. Fork him over.” Tony narrowed his eyes at the man.

“Calm down. We aren’t going to just have a quicky. No more one night stands, right?” The man’s
grin was getting annoying. “My name is Daniel Coles. You killed my parents.”

“I never killed anyone.” Tony narrowed his eyes.

“Well, my parents were killed by someone who used your weapons to attack our hotel in Florida when I was younger.” Coles replied and waved his hand. “They were OsCorp scientists. And you see, I work for them now!”

Tony felt his whole being scream out in annoyance and anger. Of course someone with a personal vendetta against his company and their family member die because of something he couldn’t control. He regretted those years so much and only now started to shift the blame to the true monster.

“Well, Peter has nothing to do with this. So give him back.” Tony growled out. “I got your money.”

“Why, thanks! I appreciate that. We will collect it with your body and prize!” Coles grinned as Tony went rigid. “Now, you know what’s funny, Peter is the relatives of Richard and Mary Parker!”

“What about it?” Tony’s anger and anxiety was filling up like a water balloon. This man. This man was going to die.

“Me and my associates tried soooo hard to get their labs from them. They had so important research, you know! The Cradle used one of their original plans. Mary and Richard refused to give over their full research to OsCorp. No matter how much money. But then we decided, wow. They’re a threat. So we killed them. We knew they had a will, so we planned it to look like an accident and take out their kid with it. But it failed.” Coles pouted at that. Like he lost a game. “You know, we planned it out sooo much. Then round two and the dumbasses that go to get him again think that he is Ben’s son. Not Richard’s. And so they shoot the fucking UNCLE!”

“So you fucking kidnapped him and cut off his arm?” Tony scoffed. “I should fucking kill you. You’re sick.”

“Look, I needed his arm. Or hand. I only told Comet to get me his hand. She’s just a bit off her rocker sometimes.” Coles brushed it off. “If the kid dies, then it goes to whoever claims it first. Kid doesn’t have a will.”

“You know, children have parents right? Even after their birth parents pass away. And they have families still.” A voice called out from nearby and Tony felt blessed because if he didn’t intervene, Tony was about to go full out armor and beat this man to hell and back. Coles turned to look at Steve and frowned.

“You know, I was just gonna monologue and kill him. You’re just making this draw out longer. I will kill the kid because of this.” Coles threatened. “Just because you’re a super soldier doesn’t mean you’re indestructible. We all have our weaknesses.”

“And you don’t know it.” Steve bit back.

Steve looked tired. Everyone looked tired. They were tired.

“Kill the soldier. I’ll get Stark.” Coles spoke and the men surged forwards. Coles brought out a gun and started to shoot at Tony. Tony activated his armor and moved to the side.

“God damnit.” Tony growled and ran towards the man.

Tony managed to get a hit in, making the man tumbled back a few feet, before the people on the roofs dropped down. Four people landed around him. Tony looked up to see two men dressed in red
but different outfits. One of the other two was small and looked no older than Peter. She had on a gas mask and just black hoodie and jeans. The last one was in a skintight black suit. Tony didn’t recognize the last two, but he knew who the red ones were. Daredevil and Deadpool.

“We should probably stop Papa Iron before he kills him. It’ll make the kid upset.” Deadpool quipped and clapped. Daredevil just sighed and charged Coles.

The fight more intense as the two red clad vigilantes tried to help get the man down. The other two ran and to help Steve get the others down.

“Do svidaniya.” The girl with the gas mask yelled out as she threw a canister into the crowd of men trying to fight the soldier.

The other one squealed and there was the sound of metal groaning and breaking. Tony had to dodge as metal flew past him and there was the sound of explosion.

“Little shits~” Daredevil cursed and dodged the metal also.

“Oh man! Mr. Cole Slaw! You really shouldn’t have asked for all of us!” Deadpool basically chirped and backed off when he was shot at. “You brought two little vigilantes that don’t know how to vigilante!”

Cole tried to turn and quip back, but Tony finally got another full on face hit again and Cole went down like a sack of potatoes. Tony kicked him once for good measure and gritted his teeth. Oh how he wanted to pummel this guy. But he couldn’t.

“Dang. I know we all want to go at ‘em, but you’re almost brushing over the line. We can’t have major violence on this turf!” Deadpool gasped. “Nothing too bad~”

“Do you ever be quiet?” Tony looked up to the crazy vigilante.

“No, he doesn’t.” Daredevil sighed. This made Deadpool gasp and hug onto the other red vigilante.

“Double D, I thought you loved me!” Deadpool cried onto his shoulder.

“Never said I did. No matter how much the Spiderling says so.” Daredevil denied it, but didn’t actually push the vigilante off.

“Spiderling? So you two are all involved with Spider-Man?” Tony frowned.

“You can say that. He comes to us for help sometimes. Or if we need assistance. Little guy stuff.” Daredevil seemed to brush it off. “Have you guys found him?”

Tony nodded. “They were supposed to get him while we dealt with this. I… I didn’t want to but they said he could of died.”

Natasha had Steve hold him down until she had left with Bucky to go get Peter. Tony was kicking and screaming for him to let him go. It was his son. He should be the one to go get him. Not some assassin and soldier that weren’t shit. (Tony then regretted those words after they left and Tony apologized to Steve).

Tony’s phone then let out a small jingle and he on reflex automatically answered it.

“Yes?” Tony asked.

“I got him.” Natasha’s voice filtered through the speaker and Tony could feel the world lift off his
“Oh thank fucking God.” Tony sighed. ‘I’m heading over now.”

“Good. We’re going to get him into care and get Cho over.” Natasha sounded stressed and there was a muffled voice that Tony couldn’t hear well.

“Alright. See you in about 20.” Tony hung up.

Tony took a deep breath and turned away from the red vigilantes. Steve was talking to the two young vigilantes. The black suited one was talking enthusiastically and the gas mask girl looked unamused. Steve kind of looked mortified.

“You should see the faces of the kids when they watch them. Really. They love you to death, but you lecturing them in a recording makes them want to just gut themselves!” The black suited kid rambled. Tony snorted as he walked up. The people around them were passed out and Tony could see a small gas fog around the ground.

“Steve. They got Peter. We can leave the bodies to the vigs.” Tony called out. Steve looked so relieved to see Tony intervening. The black suited kid gasped and turned to him.

“Mr. Stark! I’m Fer! This is Toxin. We kinda stick on the outer parts and try not to step on the other’s toes, but we know your boy Petey!” Fer, the black suited kid, started to ramble. “Well, I kinda go to school with Peter and he doesn’t know it’s me so… it’s a weird story. But my mutation is I can bend metal and basically reform and shape it and move it!”

Tony felt like he was back in the day with Peter. The kid he needed to go see right now.

“And Toxin, she doesn’t have a mutation. She’s just reeeeeeaaaaally good with chemicals and gases. You’d be surprised on how smart she is.” Fer rambled but then shook…. His? His. His head.

“Nevermind that. You have to go to Peter. I hope to see him in school within a certain time.”

“Use your metal to lock them all together and camp out after you call the cops, kid.” Tony then turned to Steve. “Now let’s go get my kid.”

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When Tony got back to the tower, he automatically ran to Peter.

Everyone in the hallways got out of his way as he sprinted down them. He slammed the door open when he got to the room and was breathing heavily. Nat and Bucky were standing to the side at a woman, who was handcuffed and he has never seen before, tended to Peter. The woman jumped visibly and the other two just turned to look at Tony.

“Is he okay? Is he alive?” Tony rushed towards Peter and got a good look at him. His heart hurt from looking at him. He looked so hurt.

“He shouldn’t wake up for a few days at most. He was kept in hibernation to stop him from dying. His arm was stitched back together and it healed itself. He got his nutrition from liquids.” The woman spoke as she continued to connect him to machines. She finished and turned to Tony. She looked so young and her eyes looked like they were lit with a flame. “He’s alive. It’ll just take him time to get back to a good state and heat up.”

“And who are you?” Tony narrowed his eyes.
“This is Hailey Bourgeois. Also known as Dr. Comet.” Bucky spoke up.

“The one who was hired to take Peter’s arm off and keep him alive.” Natasha finished.

Tony felt anger pierce through him as he thought of her cutting into his son. He then raised his fist and punched the woman.

“You fucking bitch” Tony cursed at her as she stumbled back into Natasha’s arm. Natasha held her up as she swayed. Comet looked up to Tony with that fierce fire.

“I didn’t want to.” She wiped her face. Tony snorted.

“Tony, she’s a victim in a sense. She’s not okay. We have to get her help before she can get her punishment.” Natasha pulled Comet away from Tony, who was ready to punch her again.

“Tony, calm down. Peter is okay now. He will be okay. Cho is on her way.” Bucky reminded. Tony sent him a look before looking over to Peter. He slowly moved to Peter’s side and sat down in the chair next to the bed.

“Lock her in GC2924 in the basement levels. Assign Dr. Cillian to her.” Tony instructed. He assumed Natasha nodded before leading the crazy doctor out of the room.

“He’ll be okay. We have the Cradle, remember? Cho is bringing it. We can make him a new arm.” Bucky tried to soothe Tony. It only worked partially.

“Yeah…” Tony nodded and picked up Peter’s hand. “We just need Cho to hurry up.”

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“Peter Parker-Stark has been found.” The reporter spoke on the TV.

Ned and MJ looked up from their homework on their desk to watch it. Harley stopped tapping his pencil to listen also.

“The young heir was found late last night after a search part of multiple Avengers and vigilantes went out. They caught the main ring of criminals that kidnapped him. They were keeping him in an older OsCorp office building. The CEO of OsCorp is denying any connections to it.” The reporter smiled then. “The station would like to wish the young man luck in recovery and to a great future.”

Ned turned to MJ and hugged her. Her arms wrapped around him back and Ned let out a small sob. He felt so relieved that Peter was home again.

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Ned, MJ, and Harley sat in the room quietly, watching Peter’s breaths. They were slow but steady.

It had been a few days since he got home and finally Dr. Cho had authorized Peter visitors even if he wasn’t awake. The days were uneventful, but being in the room made them feel safe. The Avengers would come through and sit there before being called out again.

It was around 7pm when Peter finally woke up.

At first, it was his breathing. It went back to a normal rate. Then his heart beat went crazy for a second. Then his eyes popped open. The three friends panicked for a second when it happened. He just emptily stared at the ceiling before it seemed to process he was awake.
“Oh god oh god.” Peter’s voice sounded hoarse and full of fear. “Please don’t hurt me.”

“Peter…” MJ whispered. They knew he couldn’t hear him, but it was all by instinct that they all said something similar.

“Please…” Peter started to cry. His heart beat had picked up greatly. “Let me see my family. Please.”

“Go get Mr. Stark, Harley.” MJ instructed and Harley nodded. He ran out the door yelling for a doctor and Mr. Stark.

MJ moved into Peter’s line of sight and waved a little to catch his attention.

“Nononono. Please don’t hurt me.” Peter sounded so small and hurt.

Mr. Stark ran in with a doctor. They stopped next to Peter and the children moved out of the way. Mr. Stark put his hands on Peter’s cheeks and Peter whimpered in reaction. They stared eye to eye and it took Peter a minute to recognize who it was.

“Dad- DAD! Dad dad dad they took it.” Peter cried.

“I know buddy…” Mr. Stark said and hugged Peter. Peter’s hands came up and grabbed onto Mr. Stark’s shirt. He gripped at it like it was his lifeline.

Ned could see Peter taking a large breath, probably to smell the cologne that Mr. Stark was wearing. He then whispered things into Mr. Stark’s shoulder. In response, Mr. Stark just pet his head and hugged them. Once they finally broke apart, Mr. Stark started to sign as he spoke.

“No more Spider-Man business for now. I can’t lose you. I can’t have you in danger. Spider-Man is taking a vacation. You got me? You’re hurt badly and you can’t be Spider-Man until we fix that.” Tony told Peter firmly.

“Yes. Anything. I can’t… not yet.” Peter agreed easily. “The others can help. I’ll tell them to pick up.”

Peter’s words dissolved into babble and Mr. Stark hugged him again.

Harley looked to Peter, who sat quietly in the bed. It had been two weeks since Peter woke up and he wasn’t cleared to be fully active and about. They moved him to his bedroom though. They told them that the hospital bed stressed him out. They also told them that since he was hibernation for so long that his body needed time to get back to normal. So his body was still trying to unthaw on a systematic level. He was healed, but his systems weren’t happy with the shock he went through and the hot water that was splashed on him during hibernation.

“Do you want me to tell you a story?” Harley asked Peter.

Harley spent most of his time in Peter’s room. They told Harley and the others that Peter having constant familial encounter will ease his mind. Harley knew he wasn’t there, but he wanted to be. So every day he spent hours talking about himself to Peter. Peter would share small bits about himself. He got a lot of the rest from Ned and MJ. Ned knew Peter’s life like his own at this point.

“Sure.” Peter gave him a small smile.
“When I was younger, my sister used to ask about Iron Man. She would ask if he was truly made of iron. It was funny watching my mother contemplate whether or not it was okay to break the news to her child. Would it be a Santa level deal? Or a chocolate milk doesn’t come from brown cows and strawberry milk doesn’t come from pink cow level.” Harley signed. Peter smiled at the story and his eyes gleamed slightly. “So one day, our mom just showed her two different pictures. One of Tony, one of Iron Man. She just looked so confused and asked why she was holding Uncle Tony. Our mom just sighed and gave up.”

“When did she figure it out?” Peter asked.

“Probably in 5th grade. She became a lot more smarter. She then met him again and was very unimpressed by him.” Harley laughed and Peter looked amused by the story.

Harley was sitting on the bed and watched as Peter seemed to try to stay awake.

“Are you tired?” Harley asked. Peter nodded and blinked a few times.

Harley knew that Peter slept a lot more, it was still winter. They had fallen asleep watching shows many times and have fallen asleep on top of each other. It was… nice in Harley’s opinion.

“You want me to sleep next to you so you feel safe?” Harley asked. That was also a thing. Peter felt safer around others sleeping with him.

Harley shuffled to next to him and laid down. They got comfortable and Harley closed his eyes.

“I miss Spider-Man. But… he has to wait until I’m better and have a new arm.” Peter whispered to Harley. Harley peeked open an eye to see Peter staring up at the ceiling. “Sometimes you have to take a break… Queens will be okay for a while. Matt and Wade will pick up the slack.”

Harley just stayed quiet as Peter closed his eyes again and drifted off.

Harley couldn’t help but feel bad for Peter. Not being able to be Spider-Man must have been killing him. He was getting anxious constantly, especially when he could hear some of the events outside. He needed a release for his tension, but his body wasn’t ready for that. He needed a break to heal. Dr. Cho said that he needed to get mentally there before he could go out again. She also said that his arm will have to wait for his body to become stable enough to get the arm on. Thankfully she was coming to check up again soon and actually bring the cradle over for preparations. Peter wouldn’t have to worry and have this stress anymore once they cleared him and got him back to therapy.

Harley leaned closer to Peter and closed his eyes again, He felt Peter nudge closer and their breaths synced and evened out as they both fell asleep.

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Peter watched as Helen Cho came into his room. Her hair was pulled into a bun and she was wearing her scrubs.

“Peter, I need to stop meeting you like this.” Cho smiled and Peter just shrugged.

“I’m just a trouble magnet.” Peter gave a weak smile.

“It’s been how long now? A month?” Cho looked down at her clipboard as she sat down. “Your body is stabilizing quickly now that it has started to normalize again.”

“It’s been hell. I… get ghost pain and it’ll trigger nightmares if I’m asleep. I keep going for things
with the hand that’s gone and… it just hurts.” Peter confessed.

“It’ll take some time to get used to it. But thankfully you don’t have to live with it. Peter, we have the Cradle. We brought it over. Once your body is completely done we can get you a new arm.” Cho put a hand on Peter’s. “It’ll be in two weeks. Maybe three.”

“I… would love that.” Peter nods. Cho smiles before tilting her head.

“Did… did you know my company was one of the companies that affiliated with your parents? The cradle used your parent’s works. It… was fantastic what they could do. Your mother created the original idea and procedures. That’s why your parents were targeted. They wouldn’t give over the full plans until they were done. So many people wanted their work and findings.” Cho explained. “And now, you are the owner of the labs they had. When they died they were locked up. They had people to take care of the labs of course, but other than that everything is untouched. All of it is yours.”

“My parent’s work… I can go claim it once this is over?” Peter asked.

“Yes. And maybe if you ever decide to share the work, you can help the world by picking up where they left off.” Cho sighed. “But for right now, let’s just focus on healing you. Stark can bring you to the labs whenever you want him to.”

Peter nods and sighed. He wondered what the lab looked like. It was… he hadn’t been in it since he was barely able to remember anything.

“Peter, I wanted to ask you about your hearing. We can fix it now. I know you already said no before, but we can fix it when we get you your arm.” Cho pushed.

“I… don’t want to.” Peter stood firm.

“Why not? Don’t you want to hear your family and friends again?” Cho asked.

“I don’t… I don’t think it’s fair.” Peter whispered. “I’ll never get to hear May’s voice. Or Ben’s. I lived too long without it to ever imagine to have it and never be able to hear them. And my parents… I’ll never be able to hear them again. I’ll never be able to hear my mom laugh and tell my dad that she loved him. I can’t… I can’t live now with it. It’s not fair. I would kill to hear them again, but now I can’t.”

Cho slowly nodded and smiled at him. “I understand, Peter. It’s your choice.”

“Thank you.” Peter smiled. “Thank you for understanding. I know it’s selfish but… I think I can live with it.”

Cho smiled and pat Peter’s hand.

“You’re so brave, Peter. We are so proud of you.” Cho then stands up. “I’ve received DNA to build your arm. We will start soon.”

With that, Peter was left to drift back asleep as Cho left.
Natasha walked quietly down the hallway, minding the people who stared at her. She was in a black dress with her hair done up in the way that Peter used to love. Natasha stood in front of the lowest level at the Tower and waved her badge over the badge reader. It beeped and let her inside. Natasha stepped inside and looked at what was in front of her.

A glass box stood in the middle of the room. There was a single glass door to the side of it, the only way in and out. There was a bed, a toilet, and a small table inside. There was a stack of books on the table.

A woman sat in the middle on the floor. Her blue hair was down and her blue eyes lost the shine that Natasha had seen for a second the last time she saw her. The woman stared at the ground, her arms crossed over her lap limply. Bags lined under her eyes, purple on pale skin. She looked small and frail in the white sweats that the doctors had forced onto her. The woman slowly looked up and her dried and cracked lips turned into a smile. She licked her lips.

"Ms. Romanoff." Natasha heard her speak from where Natasha stood. Natasha walked towards the glass and sat down next to it. The woman got up and sat in front of Natasha. "You didn't have to visit."

"I didn't." Natasha humored her. "But I wanted to."

"Why is that?" The woman looked tired. Natasha could see her eyes were bloodshot now that they were closer. "And don't... call me Comet. Call me Hales."

"Well, Hales. I think that you deserve a second chance." Natasha watched as Hales processed it. The woman's eyes glanced to the side before she pressed her forehead against the glass.

"I grew up with only one purpose in life. To become a successor to a man that had empty dreams. He was controlling and forced me to kill animals and dissect them to remove the feeling I had. It only made me feel worse. Until one day the little girl inside of me died." Hales was whispering. Her face looked zoned out and like she was going to cry. "The second he died I felt a part of that little girl come back. She just... reappeared and stared at me from a distance. She cried and screamed into the night. She begged for me to step back from what I was doing. But she had no control. There was no control. There was a job, and jobs must be done... at all cost. I must complete my mission."

Natasha watched as tears slid down her face.

"My parents supported me through med school. They knew something was wrong after they actually came home. Actually bothered to pay attention to me. They thought it was grief from his death. But I felt so... happy. He was gone. But he still had control over me." Hales smiled up at Natasha. "But now... they're removing his control. But you all don't understand. Mr. Barnes knows how hard it is. The forever grip of someone's control in your brain. You can't get rid of them completely. It's like a ghost holding onto you."

"They're helping, right?" Natasha felt... bad for her. She was crying over the tragedy of her life, but smiling through it.
"Yes. I can feel her coming back and slowly reconnecting with me again. I just... I want to go home to my parents. See them again. Say sorry for everything. Tell them what actually happened." Hales wiped her face slowly.

"I can't promise anything, but I hope you can do that Hales." Natasha replied. They slipped into a silence after that. Hales seemed to just want someone there with her, and Natasha allowed it.
"She tells him "ooh love", no one's ever gonna hurt you, love. I'm gonna give you all of my love."

SO uh.... here's some extras that I came up and never put into the story. May's funeral was originally going to go in, but I took it out! And these are dance around in time, so please take them with a grain of salt.

Double upload lol.

SPOILER WARNINGS FOR THE FINAL TWO ARCS/THREE CHAPTERS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter connected to the police coms a lot. It wasn’t anything old. Ned always connected him or listened out for him. And today, he was connected directly. It was around 7pm and there was something going down at the border of his terf, or you can call it his area of patrol, and another person’s. He thinks it is the border between him, Daredevil, and Deadpool. Peter never wandered that far out just in case the other two were there. He wouldn’t want to get in trouble.

But this was urgent. A lot of gun fire and police couldn’t get through the hellblaze that was started. So Peter swung over. It took him five minutes of him quickly swinging to reach the border. He saw the blaze that spread throughout the buildings before he arrived. He swung down to where people were fighting two red clad vigilantes.

“You guys know that this place is next to Hell’s Kitchen, but it isn’t literally in Hell?” Peter quipped as he landed next to Daredevil.

“Ooooh! Spider-Man! Double D we caught his attention finally!” Deadpool’s words appeared on his view and Peter could just see the annoyance bleed out from Daredevil.

The fight was rather easy with two other people helping. They got all of the men down and then got some civilians out of the burning building. They got the job done quickly before running from the scene of angry policemen and firefighters. There were some people calling out for Spider-Man down in the streets, like he was an Avenger or celebrity. They landed on another rooftop and Peter took a second to catch his breath.

“You really are a kid. Wow.” Deadpool’s words appeared and Peter sighed before turning around.
“I guess you can say that. I’m 16.” Peter tried to justify.

“A kid.” Daredevil seemed to be staring into his soul from behind that red mask. It creeped Peter out.

“Double D, can we keep him?!” Deadpool begged as he threw his arms around Daredevil. “He’s so cute and small! He’s so young and still sooooo new!”

Daredevil didn’t push Deadpool off, but more just shifted his weight. How long has Daredevil dealt with this man child?

“We can’t keep him. He’s a non-Avenger Avenger. That means that they can get our asses to sign that damn Accords.” Daredevil refuted.

“Hey! I only live there, I’m not one of them!” Peter whined and then automatically backtracked. “I don’t live there! I just visit a lot! I… wait no!”

“Shit he’s that Stark kid that people are talking about. The intern kid that got punched right before the records.” Daredevil spoke and put a hand on his face. “Shit.”

“How… do you know that?” Peter asked and took a step towards them. He took a defensive stance.

“He’s a lawyer!” Deadpool chirped out. Daredevil’s head whipped towards him. “He talked to me about it! He said that it showed up in the legal papers. The other interns wouldn’t stop talking about it and one of his employees told him! They were so worried and wanted to press charges of child endangerment!”

“Wade you can’t just do that.” Daredevil hissed at Deadpool.

“See, now you just went and gave away my name!” Deadpool fell off of Daredevil and acted like the was wounded.

“Oh shut up. You told him I was a lawyer.” Daredevil then turned to Peter. “Your name is Peter, right? It’s only fair that I tell you who I am since I know you.”

Peter nods.

“My name is Matt. Matt Murdock.” Daredevil held out his hand. “Nice to meet you, kid.”

“Oh shit I’ve heard of you before.” Peter shook his hand. Deadpool then came up and wormed his way to grab Peter’s hand.


“I keep him from murdering people.” Daredevil informed.

“Nice to know.”

Peter peered over the rooftops around him. There was reportings of multiple vigilantes lately coming into his terf.

Peter swung off of the building he was on and left the area. He weaved through the buildings before he saw something black go flying across a roof. He perked up and swung over to the building. He landed gracefully and watched as a small black figure dodged around a figure clad in red.
“Karen, what the hell?” Peter whispered.

“It seems as if… the smaller one is playing while the larger one is angry. I’ll display their dialog.” Karen told him and brought up the text. The red one barely acknowledged Peter, but Peter saw him look over for a second.

“You little shit, get back here.” Red guy swiped as the small black clad one.

“Nuh-uh Mr. Double D. You gotta catch me!” The smaller one laughed. Karen added that it was a male voice, but it sounded slightly feminine. Another figure dropped down to the side. He was around the same height of the red guy but more bulky. He was wearing black and white.

“Oooh! You guys ran this far!” The red and black figure clapped. Another figure, a girl with a gas mask and a hoodie. She watched the scene quietly before her eyes landed on Peter. She then nudged the large man next to her. The red and black clad man looked up and wiggled slightly. “Ohhh! You got the Spiderling’s attention! I told you guys to not go into his territory!”

The two that were fighting (?) looked up and stopped their quarrel. The black clad one gasped and ran up to Peter.

“You’re Spider-Man!” They chirped. “My vig name is Fer! The gas mask is Toxin!”

“Hey!” Toxin called out and stepped forward.

“And those two are Daredevil and Deadpool.” Peter spoke up. He knew who they were. They were more well known. But they never strayed into his terf. “Why are you all here?”

“This little shit came in and fucked up me and Deadpool’s mission. Him and his little gas friend.” Daredevil looked irritated. Peter knew that he didn’t normally team up, so having two teenagers around probably was a knock down for Daredevil.

“I said sorry! It’s not my fault there was a bomb!” Fer turned to Daredevil and complained. “That thing was well hidden!”

Daredevil just sighed.

“But anyways. It’s getting late. C’mon, Toxin. We got school tomorrow.” Fer bounced away. “We won’t come back into your terf again! Promise.”

With that, the two younger vigilantes escaped from the situation with the older vigilantes.

“Those two little twerps.” Daredevil cursed. He then turned to Peter. “You okay? You seem more sluggish today.”

“It’s getting cold. Can’t regulate heat.” Peter points out. Daredevil nods and sighed.

“You should get home before your dad kills you.” Daredevil points out. Peter checks the time and curses. It was 11 at night.

“Yeah. Sorry. Bye guys!” Peter waved before swinging off.

- 

Peter found out that Matt Murdock was blind the same day that he found out Peter was deaf.

They were out of their suits and sitting in Matt’s apartment. Peter brought Matt back after Matt was
shot. He called his friends to help when they got there and Peter just had to stay the 10 minutes before they got there. He cleaned the wound and had to help keep pressure on it. Peter had his mask off and so did Matt. He wasn’t looking at Matt and missed the doorbell that went off. Matt nudged him and pointed towards the door.

“Sorry… I didn’t hear it.” Peter mumbled and started to stand up. Matt caught his hand and forced him to look at Matt.

“Are you deaf?” Matt asked.

“Yes.” Peter nods. Matt slowly nodded his head and seemed to think for a second.

“I’m blind, if it helps. You always have support, Peter.” Matt offered a smile. “Now get out of here. They’re coming in.”

Peter then panicked and shoved on his mask before climbing out of the window. He paused and looked back to Matt.

“Thanks.” He then swung off.

- 

May’s funeral was a sad one.

It didn’t feel like his parent’s or Ben’s. He was too young to fully send his parents off at theirs. May and Ben cried as much as Peter, who just stared shell shocked as they lowered the caskets. Ben’s was a tearstorm. Peter sobbed next to May as they kept eachother company. He was lowered next to his parents.

But May… May was like he lost a part of himself.

He stood quietly next to her casket, staring at her face. She died of natural causes, not because someone was out to kill him. She did her best to support him through everything. She accepted Spider-Man. She… was everything.

Pepper, Tony, Ned, and MJ were there to support him as they lowered her down to Ben. Peter had to stop himself from bawling his eyes out. He… he was happy she wasn’t suffering anymore. May wasn’t in pain anymore. She was with her love now. Her soulmate. Peter cried quietly after the funeral. After she was buried. He sat next to her grave and talked quietly. His friends and adoptive parents let him have his time with his family. They understood he would need time to come from this.

“I love you, May. I’m so glad you’re in a better place. Without the pain of the world and your body hurting itself.” Peter whispered to the grave and placed a small kiss onto the stone. He then let go and got up. He said his last goodbyes for the day and left to go find his new family.

- 

Harley stood next to Peter as they stood in the busy arcade. It was a Sunday night and they had decided to go on a date.

It had been a while (almost nine years) since Peter had recovered and Harley had asked him out. It felt… nice to finally be able to go out and not panic at every too fast movement. The years passed and he was finally over the fear that the world was going to take him again; hurt him. He could breathe without ghost pains in his arm striking every few hours.
“You want to play this one?” Harley asked and pointed to a pinball machine. It was Iron Man themed.

“Of course.” Peter laughed.

The couple walked over to the machine and Peter inserted coins to activate it. It lit up the rest of the dash and came to life. Peter put his hands on the buttons and got ready. Harley pulled the pushy thing back and let it go, releasing the ball.

Peter played the game fiercely, Harley at his side grinning and watching with amazement. Peter’s new arm was working just as fine as his other one. It was great.

Peter’s game closed and it gave him a great amount of tickets. It flashed his score and Peter grinned.

“Good job!” Harley bumped shoulders with Peter. Peter turned and kissed Harley’s cheek before they went and turned their tickets in. Peter then chose out a bear for Harley. The girl at the counter smiled at them. She obviously recognized them and didn’t say anything out of respect.

“You two are adorable.” That was the only comment she said.

“Thank you.” Harley responded as Peter just awkwardly smiled.

Peter enjoyed the small dates they went on. They were small and simple, just how Peter liked. They were usually built on how much Peter could take in so many hours in public. Days like these called for small arcade outings and pizza afterwards.

Peter loved going out with Harley. It gave him time away from the world and his problems. It melted his aches away and seemed like a blessing.

“Hey Harely.” Peter called out to his boyfriend as he stuffed his face with pizza.

“Hmm?” Harley looked up mid bite.

“I love you.” Peter confessed. Harley choked on his pizza before quickly swallowing.

“I-” Harley had to clear his throat. “I love you too, Peter.”

At the age of 25, Peter couldn’t believe that he found his true love.

- 

Peter’s shoes clicked against the hardwood of the lecture hall. He was walking down the steps, passing the students that sat in the vast seats. The lecture hall way a stereotypical one, where the seats were raised and in a half circle around the lowered teacher’s stage. His desk sat near the corner of the small stage. His classes were half lecture hall and half lab. He preferred the lab, but today was his first classes so they were required to be in here.

Peter reached the bottom and took his backpack off. The class around him were quiet as they watched him. He allowed them to come in and follow the instructions on the projector, telling them to put their information and seat number on an index card. Their personalities and what type of person they would like. Their Briggs Myers type.

Peter was wearing a thick light green sweater over his white button up and tan pants. He had a beanie and glasses on. He turned to the class and smiled.

“Hello, class.” Peter smiled at the class in front of him. He was now 28 and a professor. “My name is
Peter Parker and I have a masters in physics and bioengineering. You might know me from when you were younger, I’m sure. I’m the sole heir of Stark Industries and I’m Queen’s own Spider-Man.”

Peter held his clicker in his hands and grinned. He let the slides move as he explained what he needed to.

“This is my Intro to Physics Honors class. I also teach Honors Physics 3, Physics in Heroics and Vigilantes, and Bioengineering and Mutations in Modern Society. The last two are for the select few that are under the Heroics and Vigilante Study Program. You can take my PHV class as an elective if you please later on.” Peter smiled at his class and tilted his head. “Now, I’ll give you a rundown of my life if you don’t know it.”

A student then raised her hand and Peter pointed to her. “You? Please speak clearly so I can understand you.”

“Yes sir.” The girl nods. “Is Tony Stark your father?”

“Biologically? No. But you look too young to know that.” Peter clapped his hands together. “When I was a kid, my parents were specializing in prosthetics and bioengineering. They were murdered in a car accident, which lead me to become deaf. Yes, I am still deaf. I prefer it this way. My uncle died when I was 13, my aunt when I was 16. Tony Stark and his beautiful wife, Pepper Potts, took me in when May died. When I was 15 I got bitten by a radioactive spider on a field trip. Months later I got an internship at Stark Industries. I do know all of the Avengers personally.”

Peter changed the slide.

“I have three best friends. Ned, MJ, and Flash. Fun fact, Flash and I weren’t friends throughout the first years of high school. He hated me and bullied me. But we made up and actually became friends. MJ is a journalist, Ned works at Stark Industries, and Flash works at a medical institute that helps Mutants.” Peter then pointed to Harley. “That is Harley, my fiance. He was introduced during the worst time of my life and during that time, I fell in love with him. After that whole fiasco, we got together and now we are engaged.”

A boy in the front row raised his hand.

“Yes?” Peter called on him.

“Is it hard having everyone know who you are? I remember so much going on when you were found and that whole chaos about a company.” The boy asked.

“Well… I guess I just deal with it because I made it clear that I’m just like you. I watch Netflix with my fiance until midnight then I work on papers until 3 in the morning. I drink so much hot chocolate because I can’t have a lot of coffee. I ride the subway to work. I have sleepovers at my friend’s dinky apartments and watch all of the Star Wars movies. I’ve seen all of the Harry Potter movies a million times. Star Trek? I can quote any episode. I cry when I’m upset. I got my degree because I struggled and worked my ass off.” Peter sat on his desk. “Now, how am I different from any of you? Sure my DNA is different than any of you because of mutations. But in all honesty, I’ve dealt with so many life decisions and worked my ass off as much as you all did to get into these classes. I’m only human. Just because my father is an Avenger doesn’t mean anything. Just because I save people doesn’t put me on a pedestal. I’m just like any professor. I will fail you in a heartbeat if you step out of line or don’t deserve your grade.”

The class seemed to let it sink in and Peter felt accomplished with himself. He then sat up.
“Now, if you all had checked your Canvas portal, you would have seen my request to print out the syllabus and bring it in. You would have also printed out your favorite memes and Avenger photos to add to my meme wall. Now, if you can pass up your memes and flashcards, we can go over the syllabus.”

Peter was late to class.

He ran through the campus, dodging students in his way as he sprinted through. There was an accident he ran into and he HAD to save the lady on the way. And then he had to wait for the next subway. It was tiring. But hey, he was only 5 minutes late.

Peter skid to a stop in front of his lab and breathes heavily before pushing the door open.

“Sorry I’m late guys, you know how life is-” Peter starts to ramble but looked up to see Ned, MJ, and Flash standing at the front of his class. Next to them was the one and only Bruce Banner.

“Am… I missing something?”

“Today was me and Ned’s day to come in and talk to your physics kids. And Flash is here for your Bioengineering class later.” Bruce spoke and signed at the same time. Peter pushed up his glasses and narrowed his eyes at MJ.

“And you? Why did you invade my class? You don’t even like physics.” Peter spoke accusingly.

“They called to ask me if I heard about you and I just came over after I told them that you were helping people.” MJ shrugged and signed over her closed book.

Peter just groaned and closed the door behind him.

“Class, this is Ned Leeds, Bruce Banner, Flash Thompson, and Michelle Jones. Guys, this is my Intro to Physics Honors class.” Peter waved towards his class and sat his bad onto the desk. His class seemed to irrupt in talking and Peter just ignored everything around him as he set everything up.

“I really hate you four.” Peter grumbled then looked up to his class, pointing at them. “And you little traitors. I thought you all loved me and idolized me and a hero.”

One of the boys in the front, Joey, snorted and spoke up. “Once we got to know you, you aren’t that impressive. You’re a cool guy, but a giant nerd. A really tired nerd that is trying his best to not overdose on sugar. Sides, we got over hero worshipping you.”

The class all agreed.

“I hate you guys too.” Peter mumbled. “I’m just glad Harley isn’t here to make it worse.”

Ned’s eyes gleamed and Peter hit him lightly on the arm.

“Oh, but can I just say the first time I met you in person and actually was you bleeding out on a bed.” Bruce pointed out. “I saved your life when you were a kid. You can’t hate me.”

“I also helped you write your history papers.” Flash pointed out. “And I helped you out in that dickish English professor’s class.”

Peter sighed at them.

“Well, let’s at least start this class before you derail my schedule and put them behind. I’m sure they
want those extra classes at the end of the semester for their final project.” Peter reminded. The students seemed to debate it before shaking their heads no and collectively agreeing that this was more entertaining.

“I literally hate every person in this room right now.” Peter groaned.

Fer stood next to Toxin as they looked over the city. The night was quiet and it felt odd. Ever since Peter was taken back, the city seemed to fall into a quiet trance. Like the city was holding their breath.

“It’s so weird…” Fer frowned at the city. “It’s so quiet.”

“It’s because of him. And no one has seen Spider-Man.” Toxin pointed out. “They haven’t connected two and two yet, but the shock of Peter has set everyone in a limbo.”

Fer turned to Toxin and looked into her eyes.

“Anya…” Fer whispered. “I… when he was taken I was so scared. I know him personally.”

“Sean…” Toxin put a hand on his head. “It’s okay. We both know he’ll be back soon.”

“Yeah.” Fer nods and looks back out to the city. “Let’s go see if we can mess with Daredevil and Deadpool. They’ve been looking over his terf.”

Toxin smiled as the smaller boy ran off into the night. She watched him run off before following him.

Chapter End Notes

There was a double posting today. Isolation pt. 2 and the extras.

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