Calm down Peter, its only the AVENGERS

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**Fandom:** Marvel Cinematic Universe, Spider-Man: Homecoming (2017), The Avengers (Marvel) - All Media Types, Spider-Man - All Media Types, The Avengers (Marvel Movies)

**Relationship:** Peter Parker & Tony Stark, Clint Barton & Peter Parker, Wanda Maximoff & Peter Parker, Clint Barton & Tony Stark, Wanda Maximoff & Tony Stark, Peter Parker & Steve Rogers, Peter Parker and everyone

**Character:** Peter Parker, Tony Stark, Steve Rogers, Natasha Romanov (Marvel), Clint Barton, James "Rhodey" Rhodes, Pepper Potts, Wanda Maximoff, Everyone else (i am the lazy), James "Bucky" Barnes, Michelle Jones, Ned Leeds

**Additional Tags:** Precious Peter Parker, Peter Parker Needs a Hug, Hurt Peter Parker, Tony Stark Acting as Peter Parker's Parental Figure, Protective Peter Parker, Tony Stark Needs a Hug, Tony Stark Has A Heart, Parent Tony Stark, Hurt Tony Stark, Peter Parker Joins the Avengers, idek anymore, read summary and you'll get the idea, first fic ever, help me i always stay up late, Peter Parker Has a Family, Tony stark gets teased for being paternal, Peter calls Tony Dad, I guess I'll add more as I go, Peter is adopted by Tony, May Parker (dead), Homecoming did happen, May knows he is spiderman, Father-Son Relationship, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Angst, Domestic Avengers, Ned Leeds is a Good Bro, Clint Barton Is a Good Bro, Wanda Maximoff Needs a Hug, Wanda Maximoff is a good friend, Clint Barton is a Good Dad, Uncle and Aunt Avengers, BAMF Pepper Potts, Protective Pepper Potts, Steve Rogers Feels, Hurt Steve Rogers, Not Anti-Steve, Will sometimes seem Anti-Steve, but it'll get better i promise, I don't hate Steve, It's just a part of the story, sorry if you feel as if it's Anti-Steve, Big sleepover parties, Minor OC's (like REALLY minor), Minor OC - Aria Kim, Minor OC - Paul Kim

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**Summary**

May Parker gets shot on her midnight trip to the local corner store for ice cream.  
Peter now had no living relatives left, and now he truly knew that nothing is worth living for.
But then Tony Stark takes him in, with no hesitation of adopting him on the spot.

Ever since then, things go smoothly. Tony and Peter get closer than ever, and Peter even starts to call him dad (but only around the people he is close to, like Pepper and Rhodey, because no one can know that Peter is adopted by Tony). Actually, its perfect; Peter finally has a family and life. School ends as well, and summer finally arrives after a long wait.

Then the Avengers are pardoned, and Tony decides to house them in the tower with himself and Peter; basically opening his private life to a bunch of traitors. But it's fine, he wants them back; he wants his old family back so much. Things only go haywire after that.

Notes

Things you should know if you didn't know already:
1. Peter is adopted by Tony
2. May Parker is dead (sorry, I like her but I need her dead for this to work)
3. Civil War did happen, but the everyone forgives each other; "rogue" Avengers are pardoned

This is my first fic ever on AO3, so wish me luck!

(Btw this chapter is like the opener to the story, so don’t expect the plot to be moving forward here or anything special)
Here comes Summer

The bell rang. It was not only the end of the day, but also the end of the school year. Ecstatic kids ran out of the classes, screaming and yelling, absorbing any unfortunate kid who didn’t want to be run over. Peter also followed the blobs of people that basically pushed him out of the school with Ned in tow. Thankfully, Peter didn’t get sensory overload as that would’ve been horrible in a hallway of excited kids, but his enhanced hearing was still being a burden.

Once outside of the school, Peter and Ned finally got some space to breathe, Peter glad that his ears weren’t bleeding. Fortunately, they had all their classes together this year, so they had found each other easily, but MJ didn’t share their last 3 classes. Ready for the summer, they finally met up with MJ on the left of the school near the dumpsters (this is where they decided to meet up after school).

“Remind me why we decided to meet near the dumpsters again?” Peter crossed his arms, pouting. His enhanced sense made the trash smell so much worse.

“Well Parker, do you think I can even hear you talk out there with those ravage animals at the front screaming their lungs out.” MJ glared at him, deflecting Peter’s act of trying to be the strong one in the conversation.

“Fair point.” Peter uncrossed his arms and awkwardly rubbed the side of his left arm.

“Dumb Parker, why would you argue with MJ,” he thought to himself. Peter had liked Liz, but after the Homecoming incident, Peter slowly fell head over heels for MJ. Nowadays, Peter tried his hardest to impress MJ anyway he could, even if that meant trying to be confident and strong like MJ was with her remarks.

“Yeah, I agree with MJ. It’s wayyyy too loud out there to discuss our plans about the summer.” Ned stretched the “way” in the sentence, in the way that annoyed MJ the most.

“Say it one more word like that Leeds, and I’ll make sure your mother nows about that time you bought that lego set without her consent.”

“Woah okay, lets calm down now. We don’t want a fight before our glorious summer plans right?” Peter knew they hardly ever argued about anything, but there was a first time for anything.

MJ blew a piece of hair that fell on her face as she stood straighter, Ned trying to hide behind Peter.

“Glorious summer days, huh. All I get to do over the summer is watch my younger siblings and make sure they don’t kill each other.” MJ quipped, changing the mood of the conversation rather quickly. That’s one thing Peter liked about MJ, she always knew how to lead the conversation in the best way.

“I’m going to go traveling with my parents for the most part. We’re going to stay with our relatives out of the country after visiting France, China, Ko-”

“Okay, we get it Leeds, you’re going to have a hell of a time during your summer. How ‘bout you Parker?”

“Oh, u-um nothing really. Just hang at the tower with my dad, maybe interact with humans once in a while.”

Peter noticed he stuttered, and blushed profusely, hoping no one would notice.

“Dude I still can’t believe your dad is now Iron Man.”
“Yeah Parker-STARK, even I can’t believe that your father is a billionaire.” Emphasizing the last name “Stark”, MJ smiled towards Peter.

“Well, it’s not really that big of a deal, like I can’t even tell anyone that I’m his son or anything except you guys and stuff…”

“Hey kid!”
The trio turned around to see Happy Hogan waving at them with a frown.

“Oh, looks like my ride is here, talk to you later on group chat. Let’s try and find a comfortable day to meet together, yeah?”

“Sure.” Both Ned and MJ simultaneously replied, then looked at each other wide-eyed, “JINX!”

“Alright bye!” Peter waved at the pair, who also smiled back and waved.

With that, he ran to the black Audi that was probably the most flashy car on the block.

“Hey Happy.”

“Hey, Pete. How about you tell me why you and your nerd gang were hanging around the dumpsters. Doing drugs, perhaps?” Happy quirked an eyebrow at Peter curiously.

“Happy! We would never.” Peter practically yelled with his voice going above an octave than normal. He quickly covered his mouth realizing he yelled in front of the whole school and voice cracked.

“I know, you goody-two-shoes, get in the car.”

Happy opened the door for Peter and quickly made his way into the driver’s seat. When Peter stepped into the car though, he didn’t expect to see his dad with a wide smile.

“Dad? What are you doing here?”

“Shouldn’t you be happy to see your old man?”

Peter rammed himself into his dad and hugged him tightly.

“That’s more like it kid.” Tony returned the hug. “How was your day?”

“Good. I can’t believe school is finally over. Now we can just do whatever we want and work in the labs all day.” Peter said as he broke away from the hug.

“Yeah, it’s going to be the best summer of my life. Spending it with my favorite son.” Tony ruffled Peter’s hair

“I’m your only son though!” Peter retorted as he fixed his hair.

“Wow, so you don’t count DUM-E as your sibling. Cause to me, they’re like my sons as well. I created them.”

“So you’re saying I’m you’re favorite out of us 2?”

“Wow, if you’re going to keep shutting your old man down with remarks like that my ego will die sooner than when my hair turns grey from you getting hurt all the time.”
“Well, I learned from the best.” Peter and Tony kept on talking afterward, practically about everything. New tech ideas, upgrades to the spider-suit, and more. In no time, they arrived at the tower.

“Boss, we’re here.”

“Thanks, Happy, take the day off.”

“Like I can even blow some steam from the stress I get.” Happy murmured.

“What was that Happy?”

“Get out of the car.” Happy deadpanned.

“Love you too Happy, c’mon lets go Peter.” Tony and Peter waved bye to Happy as he sped off the driveway.

“Ready for the best summer ever?”

“Yeah! Let's go Dad!” Peter pumped his fists into the air in excitement.

The whole day, they worked in the labs and watched movies later at night. Tony was having the best time of his life, and he meant it. He would give anything up to have more days like these with Peter. His son. God, he can’t believe this boy is his son. It felt like it was only yesterday when May had died, and Peter was blocking himself away from everyone he loved, including Tony. Those were some hard times.

“Dad, you okay? You don’t look so good.” Tony had a face on intense concentration, his eyes pricked with tears.

“Pete, I’m fine. Just thinking about something.”

“K, but if you need anything, you can always talk to me.”

“I know kid, you’re the best. And you know that spending my time with you gets rid of my worries right?”

“Yeah. That’s what Pepper said.”

“Well, Peppers always right, so it’s true.”

Peter snuggled closer into Tony’s side, movie forgotten, merely playing as a background noise.

“I love you so much, Dad.”

“I love you too, Peter.”
You what?

Chapter Summary

“Hello, this is Tony Stark, you have interrupted his perfect morning of coffee and rest. Please just leave me alo-”

“Tony.”
Wait. That voice is way too familiar. It can’t be.

“Steve?”

“Hey, Tony. How have you’ve been?”

Damn Steve Rogers and his formalities.

Chapter Notes

Hi, I’ve decided to post another chapter really quick after I posted this story, cause I wanted some content for people to see because the first chapter was short. Anyways, as I promised, longer chapter. And this time the plot moves forward, so enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tony awoke and felt a warm body next to him. He looked down to see Peter still asleep and his brown mop of curls greeting his face. He smiled. Seriously, Peter is a gift from the gods to Tony.

His thoughts were interrupted when he got a phone call. Random number, whatever, it's probably a scammer or something. Maybe even a reporter. He ignored the call and diligently got off the couch making sure Peter wouldn’t wake up. It’s summer break, no point in waking the boy up for nothing, and he's pretty sure they stayed up till 1 in the morning and somehow fell asleep. He should ask FRIDAY if she took a picture of them sleeping, and ask her to print it so he could frame it like many other photos of Peter he kept in his office.

Once again, the number called again. Once again, Tony ignored it. Making a beeline for his coffee (his one and only coffee), Tony inputted his favorite coffee beans. The organic ones from Colombia Peter got him after Tony upgraded his suit. The smell of the coffee always woke him up before he even drank it. It also reminded him of when Peter got him the coffee beans:

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“What are these?”

“I got you a gift because you fixed my suit after I kinda damaged it. I know your suits are like really expensive and I’m always ruining them so I felt bad and I know how much you like coffee and like I thought I should maybe show my appreciation by getting you something so I got you coffee. It’s organic too because coffee can be bad and I want you to be healthy so I got the most organic ones I can find online and I even used my own money cause I know you would notice and then you would ask me why I’m buying coffee off of the inte-”
Sigh. Peter and his rambling whenever he got nervous. Tony got used to it. Once he used to get annoyed by the boy’s excessive talking. Now, Tony can’t go a day without Peter’s voice constantly jumbling around his head.

“I love it.” Tony interrupted his rambling softly.

“What?”

“The coffee. I love it. Thanks Pete.”
Peter obtained a bright smile.

“Really? I was really worried you wouldn’t like it.”

“Well, it is organic. Influenced by Pepper aye?”
Peter’s face turned a bright red.
“But since it’s from my favorite person, I love it. Really, thanks.”

“Anything for you, Dad.”
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That was when Peter and he were starting to get used to each other after May’s death. He can remem-

He got another call again. Same number. Okay, this damn scammer is going to get it from the TONY STARK!

“Hello, this is Tony Stark, you have interrupted his perfect morning of coffee and rest. Please just leave me alo-”

“Tony.”
Wait. That voice is way too familiar. It can’t be.

“Steve?”

“Hey, Tony. How have you’ve been?”

Damn Steve Rogers and his formalities.

“Just get to the point. Do you need another hiding place after I secretly gave you a good ass hiding place? Don’t tell me you already exposed the hiding place, cause that place was the only place I could give you without raising suspicion.”

Tony had helped Steve and the rogues even after they had betrayed him. Even after Steve had tried to kill him. Because they were still family. He and Steve had kinda forgiven each other over silence after one fateful night. They had been calling each other about the hiding place, when Tony had accidentally cracked his cover and said, “I miss you guys.” He’s pretty sure he heard Steve start crying, which got Tony to cry, both of them whispering over the phone, “I’m sorry.” Of course, Steve in his book is not fully forgiven, but they’re getting there. He found a place with no contact with the public, and let them hide from the government.

“Well, that’s one way you could put what we’re asking for.”
Okay, Tony definitely didn’t like how he worded that.

“Steve, what are you exactly asking for then?”
“Well, I was getting there until you started jumping to conclusions. Look, you know that we've been pardoned now thanks to you and so-”

“Wait! You actually got pardoned?”
Of course, after he gave the hiding place to them, Tony tried his best to pardon them from being criminals, but he didn’t get a definite answer when he proposed it. Guess they’re pardoned now.

“I thought you would be the first to know since you’re the reason we were pardoned.”

“Uh, no I didn’t know.”

“Well, Tony, I thought maybe since you have the tower and lots of room.”
Oh my god, no, no, no. Steve possibly didn’t think that he would let them into his home. The tower. No way. He had done enough for them. He couldn’t give possibly any more things them. He’s helped them enough.

“No. You guys can’t move back in. No way.”
“Especially with Peter living here now.” He thought to himself.

“Please Tony. We have nowhere to go now. We’re barely surviving off some money we could salvage from when we went off the grid. You know that we’re your family and we should stick together. What if there’s a big threat like Ultron again.”
Tony knew that. The Avengers would be needed again if there was a big threat to the earth. And yeah, they were his family. It hurt so much, he couldn’t pick what to do. Because Peter is also his family now, and he can’t risk letting the rogues into the house with Peter. No way.

“I-I don’t know Steve. Haven’t I done enough for you guys?”
Last time, it was Tony who broke. This time it was Steve.

“Tony, I want you back. We all miss you. Wanda isn’t coping well after the fight. She’s not talking as much with us. Tried to run away too. Said something about being a monster and hurting the one person who understood her.”
When something came up with Wanda and her teen-ish problems, Tony usually left that to Clint, the only father of the team. Yes, Wanda is an adult now, but she still has some innocence in her. She hasn’t broke yet, which Tony now understood after raising Peter for almost one year. Peter would fight villains and threats with happiness, only getting serious when needed. So innocent. He didn’t want that to happen to Wanda either. Damn it.

“I-I miss you guys too. But, I don’t know. I don’t know Steve. I don’t know if I can do it. I don’t know how to do this anymore. I lost everything and it’s all coming back but I don’t know how to retrieve it back. I don’t know Steve.”

“Then let us help. Let’s all get back together. Let’s become a family again.”
A tear fell down Tony’s cheek. He couldn’t hold back anymore. He wanted this so bad. He wants his other family back.

“Fine. But I’m going to have some ground rules and we’re going to talk. Give me some time, I’ll get everything set up, I’ll call you back.” C’mon Tony, you got this. Stark men don’t cry.

“Thank you, Tony. You don’t know how important of a step this is to fix this. I’ll alert the team of
this. Thank you, Tony, thank you.”

“Your welcome. Goodbye.”

“Goodbye.”

Tony let the shoulders he has been holding up in a tense form relax, not even realizing that he was tense. He let a shaky breath out and cried a few tears. How was he going to do this? How is Peter going to take this? God, Pepper is going to murder him.

Okay, let's do this the right way Stark. Don’t mess it up.

So, step one break it down. He should tell the people in the tower about it, especially Peter. Get the rooms ready, and get the fridge stocked, and god he had many things to do. But he could do it. If it meant to get his old family back, he would do it.

If it were like it was on cue, Peter woke up and wandered into the kitchen where Tony stood.

“Hey Dad, good morning.”

“Good morning Pete. Sleep nice?”

“Yeah, it was fine.” Peter looked up at him, seeing his bloodshot teary eyes and pale face.

“Dad, are you okay? Were you crying? What happened?”

“It’s nothing really. If it’ll make you feel better, I’ll talk to you about it later, k?”

“Oh, okay.”

Tony then picked up his forgotten coffee that was on the counter and took a sip. Ew, it was cold. How long had he been talking? Sighing, he put another round of coffee beans into the coffee maker and waited. He noticed how Peter was examining him putting the coffee beans.

“It’s the best coffee I’ve ever had. Organic too, you said?” Change the mood Stark, you got this.

“Huh? Oh yeah, it's all organic from Colombia in this small family operated coffee bean plant that mak-”

Tony smiled and listened to Peter ramble about the beans, envying how easily Peter forgot about the bad things, like Tony crying.

After Tony made his coffee, he made some pancakes with Peter and had a good time. Bringing himself to forget about the bad things like Peter. They both even had a laugh when Tony missed the flip and it landed on the counter, as the undercooked pancake smooshed like a banana.

During breakfast, Tony thought of his plan once again.

Okay, so after I tell Peter about it, I should organize my lawyers and all the good stuff, make some rules for the Avengers. Yeah, that’s it Stark, you got this.

“Hey, Dad?” Peter interrupted his brainstorming.

“Yeah Pete?”

“Did you know that the Avengers were pardoned? MJ just texted me about it right now. Can’t believe she's on this kinda stuff 24/7. Thought she said the Avengers were a bunch of kids who were fighting over a lost cause.”

“Well, actually Peter, it was me who pardoned them. Or at least helped too.”
Peter knew this was serious, whenever Tony used his full name instead of a nickname like Pete, it was serious.

“What? Why would help the people who hurt you?”

“Cause they’re family to me Peter, and I have to ask you a favor actually.”

“What kinda favor is this?”

“Okay, don’t freak out, but they’re going to move into the tower.”

Oh. Wait, what?

“What! Dad you can’t just let them live here with us!” Peter put his hands in the air in surprise.

“Peter calm down its fine. I’m going to set some rules and things so they can’t hurt us if they try, and I want them back Peter. As I said, they’re like family to me.”

“It’s not that they’ll hurt you. It’s just you always have nightmares and PTSD from them, so I thought maybe they would be a trigger when they live here.” Peter ducked his head and focused his eyes onto the counter.

“Peter, you don’t have to worry about me. I’m doing this so I can fix that, and so we can all be happy without worry. You understand?”

Peter looked up and saw tears in his father’s eyes.

“Is this why you were crying earlier?”

“Yeah, they called me and asked. I said yes, and I miss them so much, Peter. I’m sorry, but I need to do this.”

“I get it, it’s important to you. So I’ll try, okay?”

Peter walked up to Tony and hugged him tightly.

“Always know that I’m on your side Dad, even if you’re wrong.”

“Thanks, Peter. It means a lot to me.”

Peter started to cry too. They both hugged each other and cried.

They both went down to the lab to work on things. Tinkering in the Stark household is the way to loosen up. It’s always a coping mechanism. And hugs. Hugs are also a mechanism. Hugs are always welcome in the Stark household.

It was during lunch that Tony got another call from Steve. Peter and he had ordered from Delmar’s, Peter’s favorite (and now Tony’s) favorite sandwich place.

“Hey Pete, I gotta answer this call. Can you just hold for a few mins?”

“Sure Dad.”

“Thanks.”

Tony walked down into the hallway making sure Peter couldn’t hear.

“Hi, Steve.”
“Hi, Tony.”

“Why the call? Something come up?”

“No, not really. We just want to know if there are other people living there with you. That’s all.”

Oh, shit. Peter lives here. Pepper comes by sometime. Rhodey barely visits time to time. He’s too busy sometimes. He totally forgot to talk to Peter about hiding. He could never tell the Avengers that Peter lived here. His hard stone cover would blow, and word can get out if the Avengers knew. Especially since Clint is a blabbermouth. God, another thing on his plate now.

“Tony? You still there?”

“Huh? Yeah, just thinking.” Stark think, think. AHa!

“Um, Pepper comes by sometimes, Rhodey is always busy so he barely drops by, and I have an intern,” yes the classic intern cover, “he’s pretty young, but I like him.”

“Intern? Good, at least you’re not alone because I was afraid when you said Pepper and Rhodey barely visit.

“Yeah, he stays from the morning till the night, I feed and him and everything, so I’m not alone.”

“How old is he?”

“16, he has brow- wait why do you want to know?”

“Just asking.”

“K.”

Silence.

"When can we move in?"

"Um, I don't know, I'm still looking into it."
"Still have to talk to Peter," he thought.

“Well, thanks, Tony. I mean it.”

“Your welcome again.”

“Goodbye.”

“Goodbye.”

He walked back into to the kitchen and started to eat his sandwich right away, trying to think of a way to break it to Peter that he has to act as an intern. He looked up from his sandwich to see Peter staring intently at him.

“What? Do I have something on my face?”

“No, I was just checking if those jerks made you cry again.”

“Woah, hostile attitude.”

“Well, I can’t help myself that they hurt my father you know.”
“Speaking of being a father, I need another favor.”

“What? Don’t tell me you accepted those weird vigilantes like Deadpool into the tower cause I’m legit going to die.”

Tony laughed.

“No, it’s just that the Avengers can’t know that you’re my son.”

“Why not?”

“Cause we can’t have word spread out, or the press is going to bug us for life.”

“Oh… But I’m tired of not being your son in front of others. It makes me feel like I have no parents. Everyone thinks I’m in foster care or something.”

It’s true. Everyone at school except Ned, MJ, and the principal (who was graciously paid to not speak a word) thought Peter was in foster care.

“I know, I am too. But I don’t want you to live like me. In the spotlight.”

“Oh, I get it. But what do I do? Hide in a closet?”

“No, although that would be nice.”

“Hey!”

“I’m joking. You are going to be my intern who helps me the whole day. Morning to night.”

“… Intern?”

“Yeah, so you just basically do whatever you want and help me in the lab, but you can’t call me dad.”

“So basically like when we’re in public.”

The rare occasion Peter and his dad went out, they pretended like Peter was an intern. It worked great. The press actually fell in love with Tony’s intern that looks like a “carbon replica of Tony Stark.”

“Yeah. And I’ll make sure that FRIDAY won’t let them into our private penthouse floor so at our floor we can do whatever.”

“Oh. Okay, that’s cool. I can do this.”

“Thank you, Peter, I feel like I’m asking so much of you right now.”

“No it’s okay Dad, I want you to be happy. And like you said, makes us have fewer worries.”

They both hugged and continued their day. After watching all of the star wars movies after dinner, Tony made phone calls to Pepper and Rhodey who weren’t so happy with the situation (especially lying that Peter was an intern). Even then, they agreed to cover up and give the Avengers a chance.

Tony was going to make this work. He could do this. For family.
Enjoyed it? If you did, great! If you didn't, please tell me how I can fix it. Also, if you are anticipating Peter meeting them and his reaction, just wait. That's NEXT CHAPTER.
Preparation before the BIG DAY

Chapter Summary

“So what are you going to do.”

“Do what?”

“Are you going to get Captain America’s signature or something, cause if you are can you take some of my things and make him sign it?”

“Ned, no I’m not going to get his signature...”

Chapter Notes

OKAY, I LIED! I said that Peter was going to meet the Avengers this chapter, but then I felt like things were being rushed. PLEASE DONT HATE ME :

Well okay, one thing I wanna clear is when Peter says "they hurt my father" he's not talking about when Cap broke Tony's suit and almost killed him in Civil War, cause Peter doesn't know about that. He’s only generally talking about them betraying him and stuff.

Okay enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He had a week before the Avengers would move in with Peter and him. That’s not long, and Tony definitely wanted more time to prepare everything. Well, prepare himself before they get back together. But he’s not complaining, that’s still time for him to get things done.

He made Pepper take care of the boring and long stuff. Basically, he dumped most of the stressful things on Pepper. Besides Peter, Pepper was also a gift from the gods. Anytime Tony needed her, she was there. Even when he was reckless and made careless decisions, Pepper always was by his side and pulled him through until the end, making sure there were a plethora of lectures to be told about “being an adult”, or being “responsible”. He didn’t mind though them like before, because he kind of needed a reminder of what being an adult is, especially so he can act like “an adult” around Peter.

He didn’t want to be like Howard. Never, he would never want that for Peter.

Pepper dealt with the press, which was going nuts about the recently pardoned Avengers. She did the classic, “Mess with us and get ready for us to sue your ass off of the earth” threat. That usually held the press back at least a month before they crawled into every crevice of your life. They were sneaky bastards, but they still haven’t figured about Peter, which is surprising. It has almost been a year, how can they be so blind?
Pepper also bought all of the Avengers favorite foods and snacks, filling the once almost empty fridge in the common living room below Tony and Peter’s private floor. Tony couldn’t cook, which was one of many things he couldn’t do. He wasn’t ashamed or anything, but he sometimes wishes he could make that complicated dish Gordon Ramsey makes to impress terrible chefs like him. Peter had got him to watch the Gordon Ramsey videos on youtube, and he complied. What can he say, Gordon Ramsey’s choice of words is interesting when it comes to “Hells Kitchen”.

Pepper dealt with everything else as well, like the people of SI bugging Tony about “reputation” and “What will the endorsers think, supporting traitors of our country.” Tony honestly didn’t care, but Pepper did, so she ran that as well. I mean, she is the CEO of SI anyways.

With those things out of the way, Tony got to work on his own problems, like the rules he was going to set for the Avengers. God, this was like the Accords all over again, but not as bad. Rules for his household, that’s all.

The first thing he jotted down on his laptop the night before they were planned to come were:

Don’t come up into my private floor (never, unless it’s an emergency)

As he stated earlier, he really didn’t need the Avengers finding out that Peter is his son. Sure, he can’t hide Peter’s true identity forever, but he might as well try to avoid them getting on his ass and teasing him for being paternal. He’s not embarrassed to have a son, no. He just wants Peter to be not overwhelmed, and he doesn’t think explaining how he got a son is a good place to fix their broken relationship anyways.

2.) Don’t come into my lab unless you ask for permission and consent from me.

This wasn’t a Peter issue. Peter would be his intern during the day, so it would seem normal that they are working in the lab. The issue is that he always locks the lab from everyone else except Peter because he just feels safer. He doesn’t know, but the habit started after the Avengers broke apart. Pepper and Rhodey constantly overrode the lock and made sure he stayed alive. So yeah, that’s one thing he just wants to put down.

Tony tried to think more about rules, but he really couldn’t think about anything then his floor and his lab. Literally, he was stumped. Frustrated that he even attempted to make a list, he deleted the list and decided that he would just tell the Avengers the rules when they moved in. Yeah, that’s easier.

Today was Sunday and the Avengers were going to arrive tomorrow. Gosh, this was exciting? Definitely nerve-wracking, but not exciting. Anxious, yes he was anxious. How was this going to go down? Would they just spend time and slowly gain trust again, or were they going to immediately go back to their old life? No, that wouldn’t happen. He knew that it was inevitable that they were going to go down the slow gain-trust path.

Sighing and closing the latest Stark laptop, he checked the time. It was only 3 p.m., and Peter had gone to his friend Ned’s house around lunchtime right before this fiesta was going to blow. It’s only been 3 hours, still 3 more to go. Peter had begged him to let him stay for dinner at the Leed’s household, but Tony refused. “Big day tomorrow, so we need to prepare.” He had said to him. Peter agreed like the good boy he was.

The whole week of preparing had been a blur to him. He remembers coffee, Peter, movies, stress, and Pepper’s yelling over the phone. That’s it.

He wonders about other things to keep his mind occupied to wait until Peter comes back just like he did when Peter went to school.

“Think about the dumb training protocols they’re going to have again.” He smiles. He’s getting his
family again.

Peter was having a way different day than Tony. He wasn’t even worrying about the Avengers. Well, he knew they were coming. He just kind of forgot they’re dropping by tomorrow and just remembered now. He and Ned were working on the Last Jedi Star Wars lego piece set that Ned had saved. They were going to work on it last year, but after May passed, things went all over the place and they never got to it. Here they were now, high schoolers working on things meant for kids to cope. Well, Peter’s the only one who needs to vent. Ned’s fine. The thought of the Avengers was haunting his mind now.

“So what are you going to do.”

“What?”

“Are you going to get Captain America’s signature or something, cause if you are can you take some of my things and make him sign it?”

“Ned, no I’m not going to get his signature. He’s not even my hero anymore…” Peter was examining the instruction sheet for the pieces needed for the next step.

“What do you mean? Aren’t you a die-hard Avengers fan like me? I think Peter Parker isn’t here… IMPOSTER WHO ARE YOU?!”

They both laughed. Ned always knew how to break the tight atmosphere. Peter envied him for his innocence. Ned took the instruction sheet from Peter and helped to find the pieces for him. Each step they would take turns in making the set and finding pieces. It was muscle memory at this point; the boys have gotten so used to it, their mind unconsciously would find the piece while talking their mind off.

“Well, they kinda tried to hurt my dad and stuff, so I don’t really like them anymore.” Peter put his pieces down and looked down at the floor instead of working.

“Yeah, but they got pardoned.” Ned also stopped working.

“So innocent.

“But that doesn’t mean we’ve forgiven them. Well, I haven’t at least. Tony’s fine with it. He’s the one that made the decision to let them into our house.”

“Well, what about you?”

“Me? I don’t know. I mean, they didn’t really hurt him that much I guess, but they did betray him so I’m having trust issues.”

“Well, that’s always fine to be cautious with them.”

“Yeah, but I can’t think of this working out without them knowing about me being Tony’s son.” He already had told Ned of the situation, he always did, so Ned was caught up with everything. So was MJ, but she hasn’t been that active on the group chat.

“What do you mean?”

“Like I want to get close to them so I can trust them with Tony again, but I can’t do that without
being suspicious. I’m just an intern when they’re in the tower or near me.”

“It’s ok, it’s natural to be protective with your parents too, after everything you’ve been through…”

“You think so?” Peter questioned.

“I’m always right, so yes. And I’m sure you’ll find a way to see what kind of people they are to trust them with your dad.”

“Thanks, Ned, you’re the best.” Peter leaned in for a hug, which in turn Ned hugged back.

“Well, in that case, how about hooking me up with that Captain America signature.”

“NED!”

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Peter had gotten home 4 hours ago. They ate takeout from Peter’s favorite Thai place. They haven’t eaten from there in a while, because it reminded him of May. Peter avoided lots of things that reminded him of May, but now he’s fine. He has to move on at some point he thought. “Grow up Parker.” He thought to himself.

After that, they work in the lab to loosen up the situation. Remember, tinkering is a Stark household coping mechanism.

“So Pete, how you feel about the Avengers?”

“The Avengers? I’m fine. Honestly, it’s kind of exciting I guess, meeting the people who saved the earth and stuff.” He couldn’t tell Tony that he felt uncomfortable, and how they weren’t his heroes anymore. His father wanted this so badly, he could tell. He wasn’t going to make him hesitant by being a little kid and having trust issues.

“Yeah? Star-Spangled man is your favorite right?” Tony had a sarcastic tone.

“Dad! You’re my favorite. You knew that.” Peter’s quipped back quickly.

“Really? Why would I ask then?”

“So you can just hear it out of my mouth. You probably had FRIDAY record it as well.”

“You know me well, Pete.” Tony had a proud look on his face.

“Well, that’s the knowledge you obtain when you spend one year cooped up with Tony Stark in his tower.” Peter smiled back.

Tony closed the distance from each other on their lab seats and hugged Peter.

“If you ever feel uncomfortable or don’t like them, just tell me and I’ll kick them out. Okay?”

“I know, don’t worry.”

“God, I’m lying straight at his face.” Peter thought.

“Thanks, that got a lot of my shoulders hearing that from you. Let’s call it a day, got lots to do tomorrow.”

“Okay, you’re right.”
Peter and his father both cleaned up the lab and took the elevator to their private floor. They both stepped out and Tony was about to split ways to his room.

“Goodnight Pete.”

“Wait.”

Tony turned around.

“What? Something wrong?”

“C-Can I… Nevermind it’s a dumb question. Goodnight.”

Tony knew Peter too well as much as Peter knew him.

“If you want to have a big boy sleepover in my room, it’s okay with me.”

Peter looked at him hopefully smiling and shining his doe eyes.

“Really?”

“Yeah, c’mon lets go.”

Peter rushed to his bedroom and washed up dressing into pajamas. They did this often, so Peter got his spare pajamas from the dresser in the corner that was designated for Peter in the corner. Peter used to think he was too old to sleep with his Dad, but he learned that it’s fine to sleep with his Dad for comfort. Especially after nightmares that haunted him after May’s death.

“Thanks, Dad, you’re the best,” Peter whispered into his chest while they were snuggled closely together.

“No problem, I always like a good snuggle anyways with my favorite person in the world.”

They both fell asleep that night, their worries forgotten for the night.

Chapter End Notes

Did you Enjoy! Great if you did! If you didn't, leave a comment to help me get better. Also, I said I would be posting only like 1-2 chapters a week and 3 if I'm lucky... I LIED AGAIN! I have so much more time on my hands now after I got some of my things out of the way, so expect updates almost everyday (probs going to skip one day or two.)

Also, this chapter is kinda short, so I guess it's a pattern... Short, long, Short, long so yeah.

WHICH MEANS next one is long when Peter meets them. And I swear I'm not lying, they're going to meet this time for SURE.

Last thing, i’m really tired and I wrote this, so expect errors and please point them out to me so I can fix them cause I proofread them but I didn’t pick up anything cause my brain is fried k bye enjoy!
Hi, I'm Peter

Chapter Summary

“Hi, my name’s Peter.” Once again, Peter had no tone.

“Nice to meet you, Peter. You probably know me, but I’ll still introduce myself. I’m Steve.”

Steve stretched a hand out to Peter, and Peter shook it uninterestingly. Peter didn’t even say “nice to meet you too” back to him.

Chapter Notes

HIIII! I posted another again, and boy my butt hurts from sitting for too long lol TMI sorry.

Okay so this chapter is long because it's dialogue heavy but context is not as moving, like legit it's only 2 hours of things happening.

SO yeah, hope you enjoy Peter meeting the Avengers.

Once again, Tony awoke to a warm body snuggled into his side. This was nice, sleeping with Peter. Tony usually didn’t get much sleep, but sleeping with Peter always did the trick. He hasn’t felt this rested in months, especially with everything going on. He asked FRIDAY for the time.

“FRIDAY, what time is it?”

“It’s currently 9:21 a.m.”

“Woah, that’s really early to be awake. Might as well sleep some more.” Tony thought.

“Thanks, FRIDAY.”

Silence.

“Boss, aren’t you forgetting something important today that occurs at 10 a.m.?”

What? Tony thought hard. Was there something today?

... That’s when the realization of the situation hit him. THE AVENGERS WERE MOVING IN TODAY!

He jumped out of bed and ran to the bathroom, the sudden movement causing Peter to wake up from his slumber.

Peter looked at his frantic father, washing his face and multitasking everything from brushing his teeth to combing his hair.
“Dad? What’s going on?”
Tony stopped dead in his tracks, smiling when he saw the disheveled clump of curls on Peter’s hair that made him look so much cuter.

“DeAvenjersarcomidoyay.”

“Dad can you please not talk with a mouth full of toothpaste?”
Tony rolled his eyes and spat into the sink, rinsing his mouth after.

“The Avengers are coming today,” Tony said with a hint of happiness with toothpaste lined around his lips.

Peter’s stomach sank. Oh no! It’s today? Omg, he totally forgot about it again! God, how was he going to go through the day with them around now? The fact of them living in the same household with Tony and he was sickening. What if they turned on Tony again. Not under his watch though, he would make sure of it.

“Pete, what’s wrong? You have a weird look on your face.”

“Oh, nothing. Just forgot about it that’s all.”

“Well, you better get dressed up and washed up cause they’re going to come here sometime soon around 10.”

Peter left the room and practically dragged himself to his room. This whole week he had been dreading the day that would come when they would move in. He had only forgotten when he had gone to Ned’s house, which helped to blow some steam. But now, the day came.

“Better fake it like you always do Parker. No one cares if you feel uncomfortable and angry towards the Avengers.”

He took a shower and washed up, leaving his room trying as fast as possible to wash up so he could try and think before they came. Around 9:43, Peter had made his way into the kitchen in the private floor where Tony was in casual clothing. Huh, thought he’d wear a suit or something.

“Why the normal clothes?”

“Pete, they’re like family to me. I honestly don’t care how I look in front of them.”

“They really aren’t family though.” Peter thought.

“Huh. I’m pretty sure you were trying to make yourself look good in the morning though after I woke up.”

“Well, I can’t look like a zombie that crawled out of a coffin in the morning can I?”

They both laughed.

“I guess so.”

Tony was currently making pancakes. Again.

“Hope you’re fine with pancakes today. I swear it’s going to be the last day cause the rest of the Avengers can actually cook.”

“No’ it’s fine. I would never get tired of your pancakes.”

“I know, they’re the best right?”
“Okay, you’re stretching my compliment limit now.”

They both laughed again.

“I can’t believe this is actually happening. My family is coming back.”

“Well, they’re not really your family though.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, sure you can call them family, but you can’t just trust them right away. Especially right after they betrayed you.”

“And hurt you,” Peter whispered to himself.

“Pete, I want this, so that’s why I’m being so open to them. I wouldn’t be putting my trust out there if I didn’t want to you know?”

“I know that, but you can’t make me trust them. You put your life into their hands and trusted them, and they just threw it right at your face with a big “Fuck You.”

“Watch your language kid.”

“Sorry. It’s just, you always had a hard time living so I thought maybe if we avoided the Avengers, we would be fine.”

“Kid. I told you I’m fine. I want this, and if you don’t believe me just wait okay?”

“Okay. I just don’t want you to get hurt again.”

“Peter you don’t have to look out for me. I’m fine. But what about you, are you fine? You don’t seem okay with them moving back in.”

“Dad, the pancakes are burning.”

“Don’t change the subject Peter, I know what you’re doing. Avoiding the pro-”

“Dad! They’re on fire!”

“Oh, Shit.”

Tony took the frying pan off of the stove and started to panic. Peter got off the seat that was in front of the stove and tried to find a fire extinguisher. In panic, Tony dropped the frying pan full of burning pancakes onto the floor and started to run around with Peter trying to find a fire extinguisher.

“Just bring DUM-E here, he knows where all the fire extinguishers are!”

“He’s down in the lab!”

“Well bring him then!”

“That’s going to take too long!”

“FRIDAY! Do something!”

“Alright boss. Initiating sprinklers.”

The ceiling erupted with sprinklers and sprayed the father-son duo with water. Drenching them with
cold water. The fire was put out through at least, and the sprinklers stopped. Both Tony and Peter sat crisscrossed on the floor and started laughing hysterically. The situation was hard not to laugh at.

At that moment, the elevator “dinged” and opened. It revealed a group of people. A very confused group of Avengers that were absorbing the surroundings around them.

Tony and Peter were still trying to suppress the terrible case of the giggles.

“Uh, hey Tony. We’re here. FRIDAY let us into your private floor cause she said there was an emergency?” Steve had questioned the group as everyone was still very confused why Tony and a kid were soaked laughing on the floor.

Tony tried not to laugh and practically sputtered out, “There was a fire, but we’re fine now.” Tony looked at Peter’s direction.

“Right, Pete?”

Tony’s smile disappeared after though because Peter had a face of total seriousness, any sign of laughing gone.

“Yeah, Mr.Stark, we’re fine now,” Peter said monotonously.

Silence took over the room as Tony and Peter got up from their places on the floor, still soaked in water.

“It’s nice to see you guys. I missed you all.”

“It’s nice to see you again too Tony, and so is the team. Right guys?”

The team answered simultaneously, “Yeah.” Everyone was smiling at each other, except Peter.

Awkward silence once took over again as the team stepped out of the elevator into the private floor of Tony and Peter’s.

“Oh, this is probably a good time to introduce my intern, Peter. Peter, say hi to the Avengers. They’re going to stay here at the tower with me now.”

“Hi, my name’s Peter.” Once again, Peter had no tone.

“Nice to meet you, Peter. You probably know me, but I’ll still introduce myself. I’m Steve.”

Steve stretched a hand out to Peter, and Peter shook it uninterestingly. Peter didn’t even say “nice to meet you too” back to him.

“I’ve heard you’ve been keeping him company right?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, that’s nice to know because Tony doesn’t act that well when he’s alone.

“I know more than you do about Tony, so shut up.” Thought Peter. Peter frowned.

“Well, I mean you are the ones who did leave him alone, so you probably shouldn’t be talking.” Peter looked him dead into the eye, sending a not so welcome message to Steve.
“What?”

“Nothing, it wasn’t my place to talk anyways. I’m sorry, I’m just Mr.Stark’s intern.” It didn’t sound apologetic at all; sounded more threateningly actually.

“Kid, are you okay?” Tony sounded unsure.

“I’m fine Mr.Stark, I’ll just be at the lab with your coffee ready,” Peter said confidently, leaving the scene. Puffing an angry breath out as he left and rode the elevator that went to the lab.

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The moment Natasha stepped into the private floor of Tony’s, she made sure to stay hidden in the back of the room and examine everything. Especially Peter and Tony.

The first thing she saw was Tony and a kid laughing on the floor, soaked in water with a smoking frying pan on the floor. Tony was laughing so much, and she’s sure she’s only seen him laugh that hard when Steve got his hand stuck in a vending machine once. And the kid, well he was laughing too. Tony and the kid were exchanging looks at each other. Okay, something’s up. Definitely.

When Steve introduced himself, things got heated. Natasha could see the hatred that was seething out from the boy’s eyes and body language; she was a spy after all. The way the boy (Peter was his name) looked into Steve’s eyes was so peculiar. Almost like he was threatening him. But what for. Protectiveness over Tony was what she had concluded because she could tell how he was positioned over Tony, and a slight motion of his hand imaginatively holding back Tony.

And when Peter had left the room with an angry puff, and a very worried look on Tony’s face was shown, Natasha knew something was up with the two. And she was going to find it out.

Silence had fallen once again after Peter had left the room, leaving an uncomfortable atmosphere in the room.

This was her cue to shine.

“Intern huh? Seems pretty nice.” Natasha walked to the front of the group, revealing herself from her hiding place in the mass and went to hug Tony.

“I swear, he’s usually a polite, bundle of joy.” Tony returned the hug. Usually, Tony wasn’t a hug type of person, but Natasha was an exception. Natasha was one of the closest people to him, one of the few he trusted the utmost, like Pepper and Rhodey. Even after the Avengers broke up, Tony still felt a strong connection of trust with her, because she wasn’t that type of person who would want to hurt Tony, and he knew that. She was just trying to protect her family and got out of place trying to stop the fight.

“Well, we’re already used to people hating on us already, so no offense taken.” Clint appeared from the mass with a wave towards Tony.

“What do you mean?” Tony questioned.

Sam came up next to Clint explaining, “Last time I went to buy coffee from somewhere, they kicked me out saying that I was a traitor. They don’t serve traitors they said. Hostility from the public is not something new.”

Bucky then appeared next to Sam, “Yeah, trying to hide in public is a such a pain. I have to wear a sweater all the time to hide my metal arm, and damn I sweat alot during the hot days since it’s
That got a lot of laughs from everyone.

Tony walked up to Bucky and extended a hand.

“I don’t think we’ve formally met. I’m Tony.”

“James, call me Bucky though.”

They shook hands and exchanged smiles. Natasha peered at Steve and saw him smiling like a madman. Of course, he would like it when his two best friends made up and liked each other.

“Well, with that, I’m going to put some rules down. That fine?”

Natasha, who was at the front of the group looked back and got nods from everyone, assuring that it’s fine.

“Go right ahead.”

“Okay, so one, don’t come onto my private floor and the lab unless it’s an emergency.”

Steve spoke up, “Why?”

“Because, I need some alone time sometimes, and don’t worry, my intern will always be there to make sure I’m alive.”

“Your intern gets to enter here but not us?” Natasha looked hurt.

“Maybe once you discover Peter is my son then maybe,” thought Tony.

“Don’t take it personally, I just need some time, for now, to get used to this, you know?”

“Yeah, we understand Tony, whatever helps to make you feel more comfortable,” Steve added.

“Okay with that settled, you guys know where your rooms are, right?”

Everyone nodded. They knew where their rooms were before they ran away.

“K, how ‘bout you guys check out your rooms and leave your things you brought and just rest till lunch, K? I gotta talk to Peter anyways cause he’s acting weird.”

Natasha noted how he needs to talk to his “intern” for acting weird. It’s not like Tony can control him. Whatever it is, Natasha will find out what it is.

Everyone said their goodbyes to Tony and rode the elevator down to the floor with their rooms. Everyone had a smile on their face, happy to be back to their home and starting with a positive note. Natasha had a face of concentration; she was planning something. Something that would help to expose what Tony was hiding from them. The secret about Peter, which she already inference based on everything that just happened.

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Tony got down to the lab and saw Peter on a lab chair already working on his Stark laptop, probably coding new things for Karen, his suit A.I. Peter’s back was faced towards Tony.

“Hey Pete, I’m here.” Tony sat on the chair behind Peter.
“Hey, Mr.Stark.”

“You can drop the act here, the Avengers can’t come down here.”

“Well that’s good, at least there’s one place where we can be safe.”

“Peter, what’s going on. Why are you so hostile towards them?”

Peter turned around and Tony saw tears on his face.

“Because I told you. They hurt you, and I don’t trust them that much yet. Can’t you understand? I just don’t want you to get hurt.” Peter’s voice cracked at the end, and he was starting to heave from his sobbing.

“Peter, I’m fine, how many times do I have to say I wa-”

“But I’m not!” Peter’s sudden outburst surprised Tony. Never would the boy interrupt him.

“Don’t you understand, it’s my problem, not yours!”

‘Peter, can you elaborate please, I’m confused.”

Peter calmed down, his yelling stopping.

“I-I just… I just don’t like them cause we were happy with them gone. And now since they’re back, I’m afraid that you’ll get hurt again and we’ll be miserable again. I don’t want that. It’s so painful.” Peter sobbed.

“Peter, I promise it’ll be fine, okay? Just try to be nice to them, and try for ME please. Give them a chance, and if it doesn’t work out, I’ll kick them out like I said, understand?”

“Really?”

“Yes, without question, cause you’re always my first priority, know that.”

“Thanks, Dad, you’re the only one who understands me.”

“No problem, just tell me anytime if you need to talk.”

Tony this time leaned in for a hug, and Peter accepted it gratefully. They sat there for sometime hugging until Peter broke away.

“I should get back to work.”

“I was going to ask, what are you working on?”

“It’s new upgrades for Karen and…”

They spent the time until lunch in their own bubble of love. Once again, lost in their own thoughts.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't leave comment and tell me how to fix it. And once again here I am writing these REAAAALLy late, so expect errors and please point them
out to me.

Also, the next chapter will also be Peter and the Avengers, and like lunch and dinner and stuff, which will be long. Thanks for reading,

AND I HIT OVER 2000 HITS OMG. I did cry this time, cause 2000 people is a lot (for me at least) cause this type of response is so heartwarming cause I usually don't get that recognized in real life. Just a regular civilian.

Omg look at me, venting to the AO3 community, sorry!! BYE! :))
“Can I come in?”

“I don’t know, can you?”

With that Peter peered open the door only enough to peek inside.

“May I come in?”

“Stark’s intern? Sure. I actually might need to tell you something.”

“Oh okay.”

Okay I have a problem with lying. I said Peter and the Avengers would have lunch and dinner and stuff, but then I wanted to introduce Wanda cause I feel like she needs some depth in this story (cause she's going to be super duper important later just wait ;)

SO yeah, sorry if you were expecting something else.

Enjoy.

Natasha knocked on Wanda’s door to her room. She heard a rustle of blankets, and then a “Come in.”

She opened the door and stepped in, closing the door behind her, whilst looking at Wanda who had just gotten out of bed, her hair in a fritz of a storm.

“I see you took a nap.” Natasha looked at Wanda, smiling at her childish appearance. Jacked out in hello kitty pajamas, Wanda also had a snuggly polar bear stuffed animal. It was from Pietro, and she always slept with it.

“Yeah, I mean we woke up at like 6 on Captain’s order, which was total bs by the way. How could I not feel sleepy after waking up so early.” Wanda rolled her eyes annoyingly remembering Steve when he had put a strict wake up time that morning cause he was excited to meet Tony.

“True, I usually drink coffee.”

“But you guys all baby me and don’t let me caffeine cause it hurts my brain. I hate it when you guys baby me, I’m 19 for god’s sake.” Wanda sat down on the edge of her bed.

“That doesn’t mean you’re too old to be taken care of.” Natasha followed by sitting next to her.
“Whatever. What are you even here for?” Wanda questioned.

“I have to ask you a favor.”

“Well, go for it. Depending on what it is, I’ll do it.” Wanda leaned in onto her hands that were rested on her knees, slouching forward and looking at Natasha with questioning eyes.

“I need you to read someone’s mind. Specifically Tony’s mind.”

Wanda flinched backwards and looked taken aback.

“No! I won’t do that!” Wanda had red magic swirling in her eyes, something you usually don’t see unless she’s angry or passionate about something.

“Why? I just need to find out what Tony’s hiding from us about that ‘intern’, cause obviously there’s something going on with those two.” Natasha used air quotes when saying the word intern, then crossed her arms in a way to maybe convince Wanda. She doesn’t know why, but crossing her arms usually works in persuading people into doing things. Especially with Clint. Was she scary? Nah. Probably something psychological or something.

“Never! I will never read someone’s mind unless someone’s life is on the line!” Wanda stood up and Natasha could spot her hands clenched into fists.

“Why are you so angry? I only asked a favor that isn’t even that big.” Natasha squinted.

“It isn’t that big? Don’t you know I hate reading minds! I hate it. I hate it so much cause Hydra created me as a weapon. A weapon to read and corrupt minds, and everytime I use my powers to read minds, I’m using that purpose!”

“What do you mean?”

“I was made to destroy. Made to be a monster. You guys showed me how to be good and trust people, to make a family. Why do you want me to turn on Tony and read his mind without consent. So we could have a fight again? Is that what you want?”

“Wanda this is probably going to end up in a fight if you don’t find out what he’s hiding.”

“Well, maybe he’s hiding it for our own good. You don’t know that do you?”

“No I don’t, but knowing is always better. The more we know, the better.”

“No, I still won’t read his mind. Never, cause I already did it before, and I hurt him that way. I never want to hurt him again. What if he kicks us out cause I read his mind, or even worse, kick me out only. He’s giving us a house, so just trust him.”

“Wanda please.”

“No! Do you even care how I feel! I hate reading minds! I hate these damn powers! They always cause destruction!” At that, Wanda released her fists and a blast of power rushed out, pushing Natasha across the room onto the wall. Wanda gasped, and saw what she had done.

“What did I say… I’m a monster, a destroyer…” Wanda whispered. She used her magic to quickly escort Natasha out of the room and sealed the door with her magic, preventing Natasha from entering again.

“Wanda, you’re not a monster. You’re much better. Please let me in. I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to get
on your nerves.”

“Leave me, I deserve to be alone so I don’t hurt more people.”

With a sigh, Natasha left Wanda’s door and walked down the hall into the living room. Great, that’s her great plan gone to waste. She has no other plan, and she was pretty sure Wanda was going to cooperate. She thought wrong, and she hurt Wanda in the process. Maybe leaving the secret to be was better. She never should have tried to figure it out.

--------

Peter had been walking across the Avengers’ floor to get some spare parts from the storage room at the end of the hallway. His dad said that if he does run into the Avengers, don’t be a butt like he was an hour ago when they arrived. Peter has to admit, he was harsh. But they deserve it. They all do, cause they hurt his dad. And no one does that. He was hoping to not run into anyone cause he’s pretty sure he was going to lash out on them in anger.

He really wasn’t anticipating to comfort an Avenger either.

Peter was almost at the storage room, when he had heard crying inside a room. Wanda’s room. He should probably act like he didn’t hear that and just leave her be. Just get the parts and leave. She probably wants to be alone anyways. And plus, they hurt his dad, so they don’t deserve his comfort.

He had his hand on the handle, and spun the handle when he heard the cry again. Damn super hearing. Sighing, he let go of the handle and walked to Wanda’s door.

He knocked. Nothing, but the crying stopped.

“How do I come in?”

“I don’t know, can you?”

With that Peter peered open the door only enough to peek inside.

“May I come in?”

“Stark’s intern? Sure. I actually might need to tell you something.”

“Oh okay.”

Peter opened the door and stepped in, closing the door along the way, and then he saw a swirl of red magic surround the door, sealing it once again. His face twisted in surprise.

“Don’t worry, I’m not holding you hostage or anything. Just making sure no one else comes in.”

“Oh no I wasn’t thinking you were trying to do that, just that was so cool! You can seal things with your magic?” Peter had a look of excitement on his face now.

“Yeah, I once prevented Clint from getting cookies from the cookie jar once by sealing it.” Wanda smiled at Peter’s innocence.

Peter saw how she was rocking the hello kitties pajamas, and a stuffed animal.

“Hey! I have the same pajamas! My da- Mr.Stark got me a pair once.” Peter almost said dad. Shoot.

“Really? Thought I was the only one in the Avengers with good taste.”
They both laughed. Wanda was already feeling better.

Wanda was seated on her bed, and patted her side, inviting Peter to do the same. Peter sat down next to her, and then silence followed where Wanda played with her hair and Peter with his thumbs.

“So, you wanna talk about it?”

“I don’t know. I guess it involves you so it’s best if I do tell you.”

“Involves me?”

“Yeah, someone on the team told me to read your boss’ mind to see if he’s hiding any secrets about you and him. Says you guys have something going on.”

Peter’s eyes widened. Oh no. They were onto something. They can’t find out that he’s Tony’s son. That would be chaotic.

“Uhhh, well they have nothing to worry about, because we have nothing going on. I’m just his intern. But why were you crying?”

“Cause I hate reading minds. I was made by Hydra, a terrorist group, to read and corrupt minds. I was made to destroy people and things with my magic. That’s why I hate using my telepathic abilities to read minds. Especially without their consent.”

“Oh. Well, I guess you can be mad about that. But I don’t think you’re bad. I think you’re pretty cool!”

Wanda scoffed. “Sure, I’m so cool cause I can inflict people’s minds with terrible memories and disintegrate buildings from the out-in. I’m not cool. I’m a monster. After all, I was created to be one. I have to face the fact.”

“No, don’t say that. You aren’t a monster. Sure you were created to destroy and hurt, but that doesn’t mean you have to be like that. You decided who you are, and how you act. Plus, of course you’re cool! You can make things float and probably make the best pranks ever!”

Wanda laughed once again at Peter’s innocence and optimism.

“I guess you’re right. The Avengers helped me to find the good in my powers, but everytime I take a step forward with them, I always go back two steps. I always end up screwing it up and becoming bad again. Like the fight at the airport. I hurt my family. I hurt Tony and the others, just when I was getting the hang of being a superhero.”

“Yeah, I’m pretty mad at you guys for hurting Mr.Stark, but that doesn’t mean you’re all completely bad. I heard about your evil past, but you deserve a second chance. There’s still good in you.”

Wanda looked at Peter, who reminded her of her brother Pietro. Pietro always looked at the good sides, with always a side of humor to lighten bad moods.

“You remind me of my brother. So young, happy, and humorous.”

“You have a brother? Is Mr.Barton your brother?”

Wanda laughed once again, with Peter confused.
“No, I had a twin. And Clint is way too old to be my brother.” Peter blushed at his foolishness.
“My brother was shot in the battle of Ultron. Sacrificed his life to save Clint’s actually. He died in honor. My parents are gone, and he was the last blood relative. Last family member. When he died in battle, the Avengers took me in.” Wanda closed her eyes and a few tears fell.

“Oh, I’m so sorry. My parents died in a plane crash, and my Aunt and Uncle took me in. But then my Uncle got shot in an alleyway after I ran away after a fight two years ago. I still think it’s my fault. Then my Aunt got shot also on the way to the corner store. That was also my fault. But then Tony took me in, and he adopted me on the spot. Ever since then, we’ve been as close as ever.” Peter looked up at Wanda with sympathy, but Wanda had a look on her face. A surprised expression.

Oh shit! He had said Tony had taken him in. Oh god, he’s so done for!

“Y-You’re Stark’s son? You guys do have something going on?”

“Oh my god, please don’t tell the others! It’s supposed to be a secret cause if they know everything will go downhill! Please don’t tell anyone!”

Peter screwed up big time. He was going to get in so much trouble. He just revealed the secret that was the biggest thing, even more important than him being Spider-man.

“I won’t tell anyone, and I’m also sorry for your losses. You have a tough life.”

Wait, Wanda’s just going to pretend like it’s not a big deal? He totally thought she would freak out and burst out of the room and tell everyone about it.

“Thank you. You promise me you won’t tell anyone?”

She held her pinky out, and Peter took it.
“Pinky promise.”

They both laughed.

“So, you’re Stark’s son. Interesting. Are you crazy smart like him, cause I have a request I would like to put in for making something.”

“You bet I am. Go for it!”

Peter and Wanda talked about almost everything, from vines to teenage problems, becoming friends rather quickly. Peter also promised to make the device that Wanda had requested for. Peter forgot about Tony and his parts, and time flew by until lunch arrived.

Peter had made a new friend. A friend that was young like him. Wanda Maximoff.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't please tell me how to fix it. ALso once again I did this when I was really tired, so you know the drill expect errors.

IF you have noticed, I skipped a day of updating which was yesterday which I am so sorry for I was just so busy and stuff so yeah :p.
AND WOW 3800+ Hits, Im actually going to die from excitement. Thank you guys for all the support and comments! It's actually keeping me running and updating everyday (except that one day). Like i was planning on updating 1-2 or 3 times a week, but I can't do that to you guys. I would never.

K BYE!
Your Trust is safe with us

Chapter Summary

“Well, that’s nice to know that earth’s superheroes are trying to interrogate me and find out my secret.”

“Well, as I said, you have us now. This isn’t just your father and your fight anymore, it’s ours now too.”

Chapter Notes

AHh, I actually have a problem with lying. Okay, from now on I'm not going to promise things or tell the next events that will occur cause I'm not always sticking to them.

I had two paths, one where they would have lunch and the story would lead to fluffy domestic Avengers and everyone is happy. But that's like every other story out there, so I went the other path.

The path where I develop complex relationships and conflicts, cause conflicts are always so fun! And it makes the story special on its own cause it's your own way! Yeah, so lets see how this story turns out! It's going to be a wild ride.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tony had been waiting for Peter to retrieve his parts from the storage room for a long time. He was starting to get worried. Did he run into the Avengers and start a fight? Did he get hurt on the way? Did he somehow lock himself in the storage room like the many other times he has? Wait, he could just ask FRIDAY about it.

“FRIDAY, where’s Pete?”

“Peter is currently in Ms.Maximoff’s bedroom talking with Ms.Maximoff herself.”

Wanda’s room. Oh god, don’t tell him they’re fighting or having an argument.

“What are they talking about?”

“They are currently talking about how it was lame how Vine died.”

Wait, they’re talking about Vines? Tony’s heard about Vines, and he’s actually seen plenty from Peter during meetings from via text, and he has to say, some are pretty funny.

“Is there any hostility coming from either of the two?”
“No boss, I would actually say they are having a good time.”

With that, Tony decided maybe it’s best to leave them alone. Let Peter work his own problems out, and Tony already knows what’s going to go down; Peter’s going to have every Avenger wrapped around his finger one way or another.

Tony got back to his work.

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Natasha was in the living room when Steve and Clint had arrived in an elevator into her presence after training down in the gym. They saw her slouched on the couch, her back to them. They could already tell she was in a bad mood telling by her body language, so they tried their best to get past her without being noticed to the kitchen, but it didn’t work.

“You boys better get back here. I have to ask you guys something.”

Steve and Clint looked at each other, with scared expressions. Whenever Natasha asks to talk to anyone, it’s usually not a good sign, especially if she’s in a bad mood.

Steve replied, “Okay, sure. What do you have to ask us?” Steve and Clint sat down on the couch across from Natasha, which was separated by a coffee table that was in between.

“Don’t you think something’s off about Stark’s intern? He seems pretty young to be an intern, and I know for a fact that Tony does not take any high school interns. He’s 16. Plus, he stays here the whole day instead of coming in by one short period of the day. I’m pretty sure that interns don’t stay the whole day in their boss’ workplace and get fed 3 meals a day.”

“Hey, we were thinking that too. We were actually all talking about it down in the training room with the team while we were doing drills to blow some steam.” Clint chimed in.

“You were gossiping without me?”

“Well, you and Wanda did decline our request to train with us. Speaking of Wanda, where is she?” Steve questioned.

“She’s in her room, sleeping I think. I kind of got on her nerves, but that’s not important right now. You think there’s something up with Tony’s intern?”

“Of course, but we don’t have a place to start. It’s suspicious alright, but nothing seems to point to anything that would give us the answer. That’s why I haven’t really tried to figure out. Why, you think you’re onto something?” Steve said.

“No, but it’s good to know that I’m not the only one who is interested in their secret. I thought maybe I was going crazy or something, but now I know something is definitely up.”

“So if you know something’s up, are you going to do something about it?” Clint had a smirk on his face because he knew where this was going to lead to.

“Yeah, I’m going to interrogate them over lunch today and try to crack them open.”

“Ahh, the classic Natasha interrogation over food is the best to watch, especially when they get stumped at a question that’s close to their secret. Should I tell the team about it?” Steve asked.

“No, I want to see where this goes, and plus, I don’t think Wanda is really on our side anymore with
this speculation.”

“What do you mean?” Clint was the closest to Wanda and was worried. Wanda was like another kid of his, and he was always the one to take care of her.

“I asked her to read Tony’s mind to figure it out, but she said something about hating her powers and such.”

Clint had an angry expression on his face scowling, “Natasha! Didn’t you know Wanda hates reading people’s minds! You should’ve known better!” Clint then stormed out of the living room into the hallway, probably headed towards Wanda’s room.

“Am I the only one who didn’t know Wanda hates mind reading?”

“No, I actually didn’t know that either. I guess Clint knows cause he’s always spending time with Wanda.”

“Yeah, she reminds him of his kids at home.”

Silence.

“So, you wanna help me make some pasta?”

“Pasta? For lunch?”

“Yeah, Clint and I left the gym early to prepare for lunch, but since he’s gone, I need some help from you instead.”

“Sure, I’ll help.”

Steve got to cooking and looked at the sauce jars from the pantry, looking through the variety of the sauces, while Natasha got to boiling the noodles. Penne, Tony’s favorite type of noodles.

“So Cap, do you approve of this interrogation?” Natasha stirred the noodles in the giant pot that was boiling; enough for super soldiers and a team of superheroes.

“Well, not entirely, but if you manage to get something out of them then yeah, go for it. I’m curious to find out what they’re hiding anyways.” Steve opened jars of garlic pasta red sauce, thinking Tony would like that the best.

“Same. Guess we’ll find out at lunch.”

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Clint stormed to Wanda’s door in anger. How can Natasha be so ignorant? He thought Natasha was more caring then that, and he knows that she’s a big softie. But guess he thought wrong. He was about to knock on the door when he heard a laugh. Well, actually 2 different laughs. He recognized one of them as Wanda’s, as he cherished that laughter. Whenever he got her to laugh, it was a good thing, because Wanda’s gone through so many hard things, and laughs help to loosen those hard feelings.

The other laugh, however, was a boy’s laughter. In curiosity, Clint didn’t even knock on the door and decided to open the door. When he did, he saw Wanda criss-crossed on her bed with Stark’s intern (Peter was it?) also mirroring her position. Their faces were fixed in a smile, but they disappeared when Clint stepped in.
“Clint? Why are you here? If you’re asking for a favor like Natasha’s, I’m going to have to tell you to leave.” Wanda once again had red magic swirling in her eyes.

“Wanda, I’m just here to make sure you’re okay. I heard what Natasha asked. It was hurtful wasn’t it?”

“Yeah, but Peter helped me to feel better.” Wanda looked at Peter who now had a smile on his face.”

“Well, I don’t know what happened, but thanks Peter, for making Wanda feel better.”

“No problem Mr.Barton, I was just passing by and thought I could help!”

“Please, call me Clint. Mr.Barton makes me feel old.”

“But you are old!” Wanda pointed at Clint and said, “Just look at all your wrinkles!”

Peter and Wanda both laughed.

“Okay, then. I’ll leave you two rude kids be. Disrespecting their elders.” Clint smiled. Wanda had made a new friend. A friend that was young like her, so they can relate to each other. There were many times where he knew Wanda wanted to have young friends to talk to because the Avengers were pretty old.

“Wait!” Peter called out for Clint to stop.

“What? Something the problem?”

“Well, I kinda want to apologize, for being an ass earlier. I wasn’t the most polite when you guys were being so polite to me, so I’m sorry. You guys deserve a second chance.”

“Apology accepted kid. Don’t worry about it, no hard feelings.”

“Really?”

“Only if you let me gossip with you teens, maybe then I’ll forgive you.”

“Ugh, you’re really not going to accept him into our group because of that, would you?” Wanda had a face of disgust on her face.

Peter whispered to Wanda, “Well, we’re really not a group cause we only have 2 people, and plus, I have no other choice!”

“Fine, whatever you say.” Wanda rolled her eyes.

“Fine, you can join our group. But you really forgive me?”

“Yes, I forgive you. Now, what juicy things are you guys talking and laughing about?”

Clint had the best laughs he’s had in years. The laughs you have from spending time with kids. Seriously how can Natasha have something against this kid? That’s what he thought, until Peter decided to tell him that he’s Tony son.

Oh. Okay, whatever. Clint honestly doesn’t care, and he had no hard feelings. Because he kept his family hidden for their safety, so he understands Tony’s situation.

“You really don’t care that Tony was hiding a secret?”
“Yeah, I could care less. Plus, I think we can have some fun keeping this secret from the other Avengers. Except for Natasha, mess with her and you die.”

“Ms. Ramonaff is onto me?”

“Yeah, she’s actually planning to interrogate your father and you during lunch to figure out this whole shenanigan.”

“And you’re telling this to me why?”

“Cause I’m on your guys’ side now. Trust us, Wanda and I will not tell anyone of this, and we’ll be on your side.” Clint looked at Peter, who now had tears forming in his eyes.

“Thanks, guys, I can’t believe I used to hate you guys. How can I be so judging?”

“It’s no problem kid, you have us now,” Clint assured.

“Yes, Peter, your trust and secret are safe with us,” Wanda hugged Peter.

“Really, thanks. You don’t know how much this means to me.”

They really don’t know. He had been hating the Avengers because he didn’t trust them, especially with his father. But now, Clint and Wanda knew about the secret.

“So who else is onto us?” Peter broke away from the hug, with questioning eyes.

“Basically all the Avengers except us two, since we’re on your side now,” Clint said sighing.

“Well, that’s nice to know that earth’s superheroes are trying to interrogate me and find out my secret.”

“Well, as I said, you have us now. This isn’t just your father and your fight anymore, it’s ours now too.”

The group then proceeded to talk about everything, from Tony’s overprotectiveness to Wanda’s capability with her powers. Peter was having a good time. But the interrogation was going to be scary. How could he make it through an interrogation from Black Widow, a former Russian spy.

After some time, FRIDAY announced to everyone, “Lunch is being served in the living room of the Avengers’ floor. Everyone is invited to eat.”

Peter gulped down the lump in his throat. Oh god, it’s time for his death. He felt two hands on each of his shoulders though.

“Don’t worry, we’ll be with you the whole way through.” Clint smiled.

“Yes, you are not alone. And also, we thank you for a second chance.” Wanda stated.

“Really I should be the one thanking you guys because you’re going to save my ass at lunch.” Peter smiled at the two, who looked back at him with the same bright smile. He has a little family now too. He kind of knows why Tony wanted them back now. They’re good people. Well, Wanda and Clint are good people. The others are not so pleasant. The group left the room to the living room.

Chapter End Notes
Enjoyed it! Great! If there's anything you want me to fix, please comment down below and tell me. I never take constructive comments as hate comments, so don't be afraid to be harsh on me. No hard feelings ;)

That's all I have to say for today. Thanks for the support and comments, they always keep me going!
“So, you guys want some pasta?” Steve asked nervously. You got this Steve, just play it cool.

The group stopped talking and looked at Steve, and then whispered very quickly to each other and then they all nodded. That scared Steve a little.

Clint spoke up first, “Sure, that’d be great Cap.” He got up and motioned for Wanda and Peter to follow him, who did get up.

Steve had prepared a huge amount of pasta, probably enough to feed at least 20 people. This is the serving size you make when you live with a bunch of superheroes. When hungry, they can turn from the mightiest heroes on earth to the crankiest heroes on earth. Except for Tony. He could go days without food once he fell into a project he was devoted to finishing. He got eight plates out and was wearing a “Caution! Dad Cooking!” on it. It was a plain black apron, with big white letters. He wondered why Tony had an apron like this lying around because Steve had found it in the cabinet that held all the spices. It was probably a gag gift he thought.

The elevator opened to reveal Sam and Bucky, who were the only two who had still been training after Steve and Clint left them. They were both sweating like they had been hit with rain instead, hungry after a good training session.

“Oh gosh, you guys smell! Go take a shower or no pasta for you guys!” Steve chastised them.

“C’mon Cap, I’m pretty sure the delicious smell of your pasta will conquer our stench.” Bucky always knew where to hit Steve’s weak spot. Compliments.

“Oh, stop it.” Steve blushed. “I guess you can eat so nobody else would be bothered down at the gym, how ‘bout that?”

“Sure, just bring us the pasta, cause we’re tired so much right now.”

“I’m the chef, not the waitress. Serve yourselves or you’re going to take a shower.” Bucky and Sam got off the couch, exaggerating their groans of pain, which got a few weird looks from Steve. Bucky
took a huge serving, his plate overloading with penne pasta. Sam only took a normal amount.

“Don’t take all of it. You can get seconds after everyone else gets pasta, cause I don’t feel confident I made enough.” Steve glared at Bucky.

“Fine, but I already touched it, sorry.” Bucky smiled at Steve, who genuinely looked angry.

“I made this for Tony, not you. Just thought you’d want to know that.”

“Oh, don’t be so butt hurt because I took a large serving. I bet you’re going to eat more.”

Steve puffed an angry breath out, not wanting to drag this conversation on because he did not want to set a bad mood in front of everyone. Especially Tony. He’d been trying to be as happy as possible around Tony so they could come to better amends. He knows Tony hasn’t fully forgiven him, but he hopes they can get there one day.

“Where’s Natasha?” Sam questioned from his position near the elevator, Pasta in one hand.

“She took her own serving and went to her room. I think she called off the interrogation because Wanda is against it.”

“Interrogation? What, did you guys haul a criminal in here or something?”

“No, interrogating Peter over lunch. You know, Tony’s intern. Natasha thinks he’s hiding something, but Wanda is angry because Natasha is trying to figure out the secret, so I think Natasha is going to need some time alone to think this through.”

“Oh, that would’ve been fun. I’m pretty sure he’s hiding something, though. Hey, how about a bet?” Sam insisted.

“You lost one hundred dollars to me last time because you thought the milk was cheaper than orange juice at the local grocery store. You sure you’re ready for round two?” Bucky pushed on, with a smirk.

“Come at me old man, my wallet got hit hard, but I’m sure I’m going to win this time. Have a feeling.”

Bucky slouched forward like he was telling a secret to Sam, worried that Natasha might overhear his bet. “Ok, I bet that Peter is an intern, and there’s nothing actually going on. Natasha’s just on her tippy-toes cause she’s new to all of this. Adjusting to a new life is hard you know.”

“Hm, that does seem reasonable. But I bet that Peter is something bigger. Means something more to Tony, you know. Get all personal.”

“Eh, I think you’re going crazy like Natasha too. Oh wait, you’re always crazy.”

Sam a had a fist up.

“Why, you outta get a beating for talking like that me.”

“Woah, Woah, no fights or no seconds for you guys,” Steve warned.

Bucky laughed, and Sam stepped into the elevator with him, leaving down into the gym.

At that moment, Peter, Wanda, and Clint walked into the living room, giggling like a group of highschoolers gossiping about a hot guy in gym class, each whispering into the group and another
adding to it, only to laugh again. They sat down at the counter and sat very close to each other. If anyone didn’t know about them, they would’ve thought they were best friends or something.

Steve wasn’t jealous that Clint and Wanda had been the ones to get close to Peter. Well, okay, he was kinda jealous. Peter is one of the few people who had been on Tony’s side during Steve’s absence. Yeah, he’s an intern so Tony and he are not really close. Or so he assumes. But Peter is the closest thing to Tony right now except Rhodey and Pepper, who had been absent at the tower currently. Steve hasn’t seen them once after he moved in.

So if he wanted to gain Tony’s trust again, he thought maybe he should gain the people around Tony trust’s first, then he can work his way up. Right now, he’s not doing so well as he could tell that Peter had a deep anger in him rise every time he saw Steve. He still remembers the words Peter had said to him, stabbing his heart everytime he thought about it.

“Well, I mean you are the ones who did leave him alone, so you probably shouldn’t be talking.” Peter had said.

He was right, he was the one that left Tony, but he wants to fix it now. So he’s going to try. And that means he’s going to have to get on Peter’s good side if he wants to make this work again.

“So, you guys want some pasta?” Steve asked nervously. You got this Steve, just play it cool.

The group stopped talking and looked at Steve, and then whispered very quickly to each other and then they all nodded. That scared Steve a little.

Clint spoke up first, “Sure, that’d be great Cap.” He got up and motioned for Wanda and Peter to follow him, who did get up.

“Where’s Natasha? Thought she was going to interrogate our little friend over here.” Clint pressed onto Steve.

“She took her pasta and left. Think she’s regretting thinking that Peter is hiding something. I told her that she has nothing to worry about because Peter would never lie to us.” Steve smiled at Peter, hopefully thinking he got some points for being on his side, but all he got was a dead face from Peter. Steve decided to look away and look down at the pasta sauce boiling instead.

Clint got plates for everyone and they got their servings of noodles. The most interesting was that Peter had a mountain of penne, just like Bucky.

“Woah, son. Calm down. I get you’re a growing a boy, but I don’t think you can eat that much. That’s how much Bucky eats, and he’s a super soldier with an enhanced metabolism.” Steve told Peter.

Peter looked back at him questioningly, with one eyebrow raised.

“First of all, don’t call me son. Secondly, I’m pretty sure I know how much I can eat, Mr.Rogers.” Steve was going to point out that he can call him Steve, but thought that maybe this wasn’t the best time to add that.

“Oh, sorry. Take as much as you want. It was meant for Tony and you anyways. My treat to you.” Steve looked down back at the pasta sauce boiling.

Silence.

“Uh, Cap. You going to pour some sauce for us or what.” Clint tapped him on his shoulder. Wanda
and Peter laughed at him. God, he felt like he was back in high school with kids laughing at him. At least Peter was laughing, which was a plus. But he wanted Peter to laugh with him, not at him. Whatever, he’ll take it.

“Oh, yeah, sure.” Steve poured the sauce for each of them, giving Peter a lot more to fit proportionally to his serving.

“Thanks.” The group had said simultaneously and gone back to their spot on the counter, talking and laughing.

“Damn, Cap. This pasta is one of the best I’ve had all my life!” Clint complimented.

“Thanks, it’s probably because I used the expensive sauce that Tony had in the pantry, but I guess love and hard work does pay off in cooking.”

Steve peeked a look at Peter, who had taken a bite but then stopped. He looked spaced out and was looking straight into the pasta.

“Peter is something wrong. Oh my god, are you allergic to anything?” Steve Rogers, great job. You screwed up.

“No, it’s just this isn’t expensive sauce. This is the sauce May used to make pasta with. My favorite.” Peter’s voice was quiet. Steve looked at Peter, who had tears in his eyes now.

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Peter remembers the one time Tony and he had gone grocery shopping. It was only to get some ice cream from Peter’s favorite corner store around his old apartment. The corner store May had been heading to and got shot. This was after he had gotten after May’s death, and decided to move his things from his apartment to the tower. After a long day’s work of packing (Peter insisted they do the hard work of packing, just in case the movers aren’t gentle enough with May’s stuff, even though Tony assured him that they were one of the best movers), they decided to get some ice cream to cool off. Peter had gotten his ice cream, and looked around the corner store with Tony, telling him about every product he and May had bought on a regular basis. He eventually got to the pasta sauce.

“I told May that you shouldn’t buy pasta sauce from the corner store, cause corner stores usually don’t sell pasta sauce. But she said she and Ben had always used this special one, so we got it every time too.” Peter had told Tony.

“Well, maybe we should get it too. Carry the Parker pasta tradition.”

“Really? I know your favorite food is penne pasta, but I don’t think your fancy mouth can handle such trash that you can even compare to the pasta sauce collection you have in your pantry.”

“Peter don’t say that. Your taste is no different than mine. If it’s your favorite, it’s probably going to be mine too, because no matter how financially you were troubled back then, your personality and taste never changed with it. And if you like it, it means it’s good.”

Tony hugged Peter and he was pretty sure Peter was crying.

“You good?”

“Yeah, just thanks, for dealing with me being stupid.”

“You’re not being stupid. You were thinking about me. C’mon, let’s get this pasta sauce and have
some pasta for dinner, yeah?"

“Yeah, just the way May used to cook it.”

“Just the way May used to cook it.”

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After that dinner, Tony made sure to buy a surplus amount of that pasta sauce, saying it was his favorite by far, stocking his collection of sauces in the pantry.

The thing was that Steve had made the pasta just the way May used to, and the way Tony does (after Peter taught him how to do it May’s way).

“May? Who’s May?” Steve questioned quietly to Wanda and Clint.

Wanda just nodded sideways and comforted Peter. Clint got closer to Cap on the counter and told him, “The kid’s aunt. She was shot on her way to the corner store apparently. It was only last year.”

Steve gasped. Oh my god, he just brought back bad memories because he made the kid’s favorite pasta. He once again, screwed up big time.

“Oh Peter, I’m so sorry. I didn’t know that this was your Aunt’s recipe. I can make you something else if you want.” Steve had said caringly.

“It’s fine. It’s just that you made it just the way May made it, so I was just really touched, I guess.” Peter smiled at him for once, and it looked genuine. Well look at that Steve, your hard work is paying off well.

“Well, then I guess that’s great I made it your favorite way.”

“Yeah, you’re a pretty good cook.” Wanda asked if Peter was okay, and Peter said he was fine.

The group proceeded to eat their pasta, and Peter ate his quickly, finishing it faster than everyone even though he had a bigger serving. He hasn’t had May’s pasta in awhile because Tony and he forgot about it, and sometimes they just felt like buying takeout or pizza. He was sure damn hungry too.

Peter got up and went to Steve who had moved from his spot on the counter to the pasta pot once again, smiling down at the boiling sauce like an idiot because Peter didn’t hate him. Right?

“May I have seconds?” Peter asked like a puppy asking for more pasta, his eyes just like a puppy’s.

“Sure, take as much as you want. Seems you do eat a lot, more than Bucky too.”

“Yeah, I don’t even know how I’m so skinny.”

They both laughed.

Steve finally felt himself feel loose. He’s gotten one step closer to gaining Tony’s full trust. And he’s made a new friend too, he thinks.

The group also loosened their worries. They were expecting Natasha interrogate them, but she wasn’t here. And things worked out great, or at least better than they had expected. They forgot about Natasha and proceeded to eat their pasta with Steve who also got a huge serving, joining the group at the counter.
Tony had been watching this whole thing go down from his lab on his monitor. He had asked for
Peter’s location earlier, and when FRIDAY said he was at the kitchen, he decided to watch what
would happen. What he saw was scary at first, Peter being all hostile towards Steve, and when Peter
cried, he was about to go up and comfort him. But he knew what he said earlier; let Peter work out
his own problems. And he’s glad he let him be because Peter was no longer hostile towards Steve.

Tony smiled, not even caring that the Avengers had forgotten about him not coming up to eat. Peter
had joined their little family now. Well, Clint, Wanda, and Steve’s family. Natasha, Sam, and Bucky
were still left. They were going to eventually all fall for Peter do. No one can resist the kid.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn’t please tell me how to fix it.

So yeah, Peter is slowly getting to trust Steve, but you never know :)))) something
might happen along the way after this that might end them back where they started.

Also, thanks for the comments and support, they really make me feel so much better that
I'm writing this cause I bust my butt (literally, I sit for hours writing), and you guys
remind me that it's all worth it.
Tony Stark's a Dad

Chapter Summary

FRIDAY interrupted his working at that moment.

“Sir, Peter is requesting to enter the lab.”

“FRIDAY you already know he’s allowed in here, let him in.”

“He’s brought friends though he says.”

Chapter Notes

So I got another chapter out. It's not that long, it's like a filler chapter. Next chapter, however, is going to be a big step in the story with people trusting each other. Also, those who expected Clint to tease Natasha and stuff, I'm sorry I couldn't really incorporate it into this time and event. I'll try later in the story, I have a good idea;)))

Also with Steve and Peter's relationship, it's not really that close yet. So don't think the conflict is going to end.

With that, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tony was working on Peter’s suit. He was always trying to improve it whenever he had nothing to do, but it was mainly to make sure Peter was safe out there. Well, Peter hasn’t gone out as Spider-man once during the summer, too busy thinking about other things like the Avengers living in the tower. If he wasn’t at the tower all day, the Avengers would think he was not an actual intern or something because he would appear whenever he wanted. During school, he would usually do decathlon practice if he had it, or go out to patrol, but he had a strict curfew. It was either he eats at the tower with Tony and go back out to come back at 10 p.m., or eat something quick outside as Spider-man, but make his way home at 8 p.m. to make sure he gets a full meal, because of his enhanced metabolism. He also had to make sure he did his homework first too, but Peter always finished it in study hall. He was a smart kid.

Mainly, he was trying to make the suit stronger. He’s already had too many of those “Help! I’ve been stabbed!” situations, so he was trying to incorporate things that were at least stab proof, instead of a spandex. Oh yeah, bulletproof would be nice too. Hm, if he could just the incorporate metals in the Iron-man suit into...

FRIDAY interrupted his working at that moment.

“Sir, Peter is requesting to enter the lab.”

“FRIDAY you already know he’s allowed in here, let him in.”
“He’s brought friends though he says.”

Friends? Was MJ or Ned here right now? He doesn’t remember Peter telling him that any of his friends were visiting. Actually, he’s prohibited friends from coming over because the Avengers would be suspicious if an intern’s friend was enjoying dinner on Tony’s private floor. Peter hadn’t been devastated by the rule; he said he could just always go over to their houses instead of inviting them anyways.

“Sure, uh, let his friends in.”

The lab door opened with a beep and Peter was there with a smile, which Tony smiled back to. He always reserved his smiles for Peter, even when they were just passing by in the hallway because Tony was late to a meeting, frantically running to get on time before Pepper kills him.

His smile died when he saw Clint and Wanda stow behind him. It’s not like he didn’t like them, he just never really smiled to any of his teammates. Only on special occasions.

“Oh come on Stark, no smiles for us? I’m hurt.” Clint put a hand on his chest to exaggerate.

“It’s only for Peter and Wanda. None for you.” Tony retorted.

“Did you not have your coffee yet? You’re extra cranky today.”

“Only cranky for you!” Tony said sarcastically.

“Aw, that’s touching.”

Clint walked up to him and examined what he was working on.

“Spider-man’s suit? Oh yeah, you recruited him. How’s he doing? Is Queens doing well without him cause he left for a summer vacation apparently? I saw on the news that Queens is missing their little superhero, with crime rate going up.”

Peter looked at Tony with wide eyes from across the lab where he was showing Wanda all the gadgets and tech. Oh god, Peter is going to bug him about going out now as Spider-man.

Tony mouthed to him, “Talk about it later.”

Clint saw the whole thing happen and noticed.

Tony looked back at Clint to see a sweet smile.

“Aw, I never knew you would actually get a son Tony. Who would’ve known? Tony Stark, the cold-hearted man with father issues gets a son. You can finally join the Dad club. Well, there’s only one member which is me but it’s great! I finally can talk to another Dad!”

“Dad club? Sounds fun. I can’t believe I’m saying this but I could use some advice for Peter. He can be an ass some-” Tony stopped talking. Clint knew Peter was his son?

Pale-faced, he looked at Peter who listened to the whole thing, leaving Wanda who was oblivious, busy doing a VR tour of Paris. Peter fast walked over to Tony.

“I-I can explain.” Peter stuttered out.
“Well, this better be a good excuse.” Tony crossed his arms.

“Okay, so I kind of told Wanda on accident because I slipped it out, and then I told Clint because he was like being really nice and stuff and I felt like I could trust him. Wanda too. So I told them, and they promised and stuff so it’s fine because like I know how scared you are of me being exposed to the press but you trust them right? I mean, you did let them into our house and they’re going to find out anyway and like I kinda like them anyways cause we’re like best friends now and—”

Peter and his rambling, god it was too cute.

“Peter, it’s fine okay.” Tony smiled at him, assuring that he wasn’t mad.

“You’re not mad at me?”

“No, you’re right anyways. They’re going to find out eventually, might as well break it to them slowly.”

“Really? You’re not mad?”

“No, I’m actually glad cause now I can talk about how much of a pain in the ass you are to another Dad.”

“You know you love me.”

“Yes, I do.”

Peter hugged Tony who had gotten up from his seat.

“Love you Dad.”

“I love you too.”

He’s pretty sure Clint was taking pictures or something, the snapping of the photos playing audibly loud.

“Hey, no photography please, this is supposed to be a secret birdbrain.”

“I can’t help myself. You two are way too cute.”

“Whatever. Hey, why are you guys even down here anyway, is that all you wanted to tell me? Don’t tell me the whole team found out, cause that would be disastrous.” Tony broke away from the hug and Peter ran back to Wanda in case Tony would get mad all of a sudden.

“No, I can assure you that Wanda and I are the only ones who found out. But the team is onto us. Natasha even tried to interrogate Peter over lunch. Well, she was planning to, but Wanda and I kinda made a big deal that we were against it, so she didn’t.”

“Hm, Natasha is a problem. What about the others?”

“Steve says he trusts Peter that he has no secret, so he’s not really onto us. I don’t know about Bucky and Sam though, but they really aren’t the type to go hunting for secrets.”

“Yeah, those monkeys won’t even know if we put cockroaches into their pillows until they were crawling into their ears or something.”

Clint shivered.
“Please, don’t do that to us. I promise I won’t tell anyone this secret.”

“I said those monkeys. You are on my side anyway, or whatever this thing is. I wouldn’t want to hurt my comrade, would I?”

“I guess.”

“So, Peter is bad at keeping secrets, Natasha is going to kill us, and what else is there to tell me?”

“Well, Wanda asked Peter a favor to make something to help her block other people’s thoughts and dreams from entering her mind when sleeping. When she sleeps, sometimes her powers get riled up and reach into people’s minds and dreams, and she does not enjoy the nightmare ones. I always have to comfort her because she wakes up from them. We try to distance ourselves as much as we can when we sleep, but it didn’t seem to work. Think you’re up to the task?”

“Yeah, I think all I need is something to disable her powers when sleeping, or at least hinder it just in case there is an emergency and we need her. Let me think of something, it won’t take long.”

“Thanks, Tony, that’s going to let both Wanda and I get some more sleep than staying up watching moves.”

“Hey, I do that with Peter when he has nightmares too.”

“Looks like you’re good in the comforting department then. What help do you need with parenting? Ask me anything, even the personal stuff like the birds and the bees talk. That one’s a hard one to do, but I can help you. My kids are too young to know yet, but I’ve taken lessons on how to talk to them about it.”

“Lessons? I don’t think I need lessons, I’m good at parenting if I say so myself, compared to Howard.” Tony looked at Peter’s direction, who was currently showing Wanda his desktop. Of course, they were looking at “try not to laugh” vine compilation. Clint looked at Tony, who had that paternal look in his eyes.

“Really Tony, if you need anything, just ask me. I’m in this with you together now. I’m sorry I left you before.”

“It’s okay. I think you’re the first person to be fully forgiven by me.”

“Really? Gosh, I’m honored.”

“Yeah, whatever. Just make sure to send those pictures of me hugging Peter, or I will hack into your phone and get them myself.”

“Geez, okay. But really, I thought you would never be a dad to anyone.”

“Me neither, but Peter always has his way of getting everyone to fall for his love.”

“Gotta agree with that.”

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Natasha was in her bedroom thinking to herself, her plate of pasta half eaten, forgotten on her desk in the room. She was lying down her bed, thinking about what she has done. How could she lose the trust of her two teammates in a matter of two hours?
Well, she did kind of push it with Wanda, and she should’ve known better. Same with Clint. She knows how much Clint cares about Wanda, so how could she hurt Wanda like that.

She really screwed up this time.

Sighing, she decided to throw this whole trying to find the secret out the window. She already ran into many problems with it, and maybe she was just weary about Peter because he’s a new addition to her life. If he is only an intern, it wouldn’t matter. Maybe they would pass by the hallway and during meal time, but it wouldn’t really matter.

I mean, she was kind of doing this to protect her family. Any secret that her family doesn’t know about is always thought as a threat to her. Even if it isn’t threatful, she hates not knowing. It’s like going into a mission without knowing anything about it. She’s going into this life without knowing something, so of course, she’s scared.

Well there is no secret, so it’s fine she thinks. Just call it off, regain Clint and Wanda’s trust again. Everything will be fine. Life’s going to be fine.

She was going to clear things up with everyone first though.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't please tell me how to fix it. Once again, I wrote this late so expect errors and stuff. Yeah.

AND once again, I'm so thankful for the comments and support. I have like +6900 hits, which is crazy! To me, that's a lot of people, and it makes me so happy!

I hope you enjoy the story as much as I enjoy writing it!
Uncle Clint

Chapter Summary

“Call me a pig again and I’ll kill you.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“That’s more like it.” Natasha smiled at Steve’s cowardice appearance. “Now, I need you to cook up a feast for dinner. Make that cookbook to use. Of course, I’ll help you, but you up to it?”

“Of course. I feel like we haven’t had a big dinner in a while as a team, but why may I ask?”

Chapter Notes

Aye, another chapter up. It’s short once again, but things do happen.

The story is fast paced, with relationships being formed fast. But that does come at a price, so expect some... difficulties with everyone and becoming friends. ;)))

Also, if you are wondering where Thor and Bruce are, they’re out in space doing whatever. Infinity war didn’t happen (yet hehehehe), and I guess it is Ragnorak time period. Scott (Ant-man) is someone I’m wondering if I should introduce, but he would be hard to play around with, cause I have to make a whole new viewpoint of everyone from his perspective, which is a pain, so I’m going to avoid him for now (I know I’m lazy).

Also if I do introduce Scott, I would have to ditch the MCU timeline and make my own, cause Scott doesn’t live with the Avengers currently (or before) in the MCU. But I am going to change Infinity War (if I decide to have it), so you never know. I don't know, this is supposed to be a Peter and Domestic Avengers, but it might change into something deeper. I don't know, a prequel is something I might do also cause I really want to do one.

That's about it, so yeah, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The group stayed down at the lab. Peter and Wanda hung around Peter’s desktop at his designated lab table, laughing about whatever they were watching. Clint and Tony were talking about being a dad and the difficulties and cute moments about their kids, gossiping like dads waiting to pick up their kids after school. Tony was glad that he had someone to talk to about his son without being embarrassed. Every time he tried to talk about Peter around Pepper and Rhody, they usually teased him for being so paternal. But Clint didn’t tease him once and often related to what Tony was talking about. Clint was also happy he had another dad to talk to. Eventually, Peter and Wanda left their post
Peter’s lab table and joined Tony and Clint’s conversation, talking about what they should do for Wanda’s predicament.

Tony had been the one to figure out what to make for Wanda’s situation with sleep reading people’s minds. He called it a cerebral container. A device that holds Wanda’s power from escaping her mind unconsciously when she was asleep. It was a simple device because all Tony had to do is use the tech they use to disable and hold superhuman criminals in prison. He made it into a little square that was attached to a headband. It wasn’t the prettiest thing he could’ve made, but Wanda said as long as it works, appearance is not a problem.

Peter had insisted that if she doesn’t care, why not use one of those aluminum foil helmets like in the movies.

“Pete, I’m pretty sure those don’t actually work,” Tony told him.

“You never know until you try!” Peter ran over to his lab table and dug into his box full of junk. He pulled out an aluminum helmet and smiled towards Wanda.

“No way, I’m not wearing that piece of junk.” Wanda scowled.

“Kid, when did you even make that!” Tony was trying not to laugh. The thing was really ugly.

“Just in case you invent a mind-reading device.” Peter defended back

“How about you wear it Peter, and see if Wanda can read your mind.” Clint insisted with a devilish smirk that scared Peter.

“Great idea!” Peter quickly put on the helmet and said, “Okay, what number am I thinking of.”

Wanda’s eyes flashed red, and she lifted her hand at Peter.

“Five hundred eighty thousand six hundred thirty-nine. Am I correct?”

“Ah man, you got my number. Guess this helmet doesn’t work then.”

At that moment, Peter heard an audible snap of a phone taking a picture. Oh no. He turned around to see Tony’s face turning red trying not to snicker, and Clint with the phone showing Tony the picture, only to make Tony laugh even harder. Tony was even starting to cry from laughter because Peter looked so dumb in the picture wearing a mass of foil as a helmet.

“Delete it! Delete it now!” Peter practically threw his helmet off.

“Never!” Clint screamed and started running away as Peter started chasing him, Tony still laughing. Of course, Peter was faster than Clint and caught up to him, grabbing the phone. But he couldn’t delete it, because the phone was locked and he couldn’t figure out the password.

Peter was a fast thinker though. He got his phone out from his pocket and shoved the helmet he threw on the floor onto Clint’s head and quickly took a picture as Clint struggled to take it off as Peter molded it to his head’s shape when he shoved it on.

He also took a picture of red tomato head Tony, who was crying from laughing too hard at his situation, trying to calm down and running at Peter to get ahold of his phone. Clint stole his phone back from Peter, and they stood there with their phones in their hands.

“I got blackmail material too now! You better delete it now Uncle Clint, or else I’ll send this to all of
the Avengers and the internet!” Peter yelled in victory as he had the upper ground now, oblivious that he called Clint “uncle”.

Silence fell over the lab as everyone had heard what Peter said.

Clint was wide-eyed. Wanda had a hand over her mouth, hiding her expression. Tony kept on laughing.

“Oh my god! I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean that if you don’t like it. You have your own kids and stuff so you probably don’t think of me as a nephew and stuff, I just got caught in the moment. I’m so sorry it slipped out, I didn’t mean to say it. You probably don’t even think me the same way I guess anyways.”

Peter hung his head low, looking at the floor. Tony’s laughter stopped.

Clint walked up to him and hugged him. He’s only met this boy a couple of hours ago, and yet he feels like he is like his nephew. Peter is just so lovable, no wonder Tony took him in. He is Tony’s son, so basically he is an Uncle if Tony considers him like a brother.

“Peter, I’ve only known you for less than a day, and I can say you are kind of like a nephew to me. You’re Tony’s son, making me your uncle anyways. And, kid, you’re the nicest, funniest, and most loving nephew I could ask for if you choose to accept it.”

Clint broke away from the hug and looked at Peter who had looked up, with tears in his eyes.

“Really? You think of me as your nephew?”

“Of course, I’m basically Tony’s brother. And plus, how can someone not like you.”

“I mean, it’s not every day you meet a kid who thinks of you as an Uncle after meeting them only a few hours ago.”

“Yeah, but you’re special. Don’t worry about it Peter, we’re all a part of this so you can always come to me if you have something to say. I’m your Uncle anyways.”

Tony spoke up at that time, “Well, I don’t know if you classify as my brother Barton.”

“Oh of course I do!” Clint smiled at Tony, who smiled back. “There it is, a smile for me.”

“Only for you. And I mean it. Thanks for everything, you’re doing much more than I asked for you to do.”

“It’s what I can do for my brother. Family is family.”

“Okay stop with this sappy stuff, I’m going to puke,” Wanda interrupted.

Everyone laughed.

“I guess you can be my fun uncle then. You know, the one who always gets into trouble with their nephew and lets them get away with anything. Oh, and the one that is way cooler than the dad.”

“Okay, I’m going to have to separate you two if you plan anything reckless. And Barton is not way cooler than me.”

“Am too.” Clint retorted.
“Am not.”

“Whatever.”

Peter and Wanda broke apart from the group and decided to go to Wanda’s room to do whatever teenagers do. This left Tony and Clint to talk.

“You know Clint, I really appreciate everything you’re doing. I mean it.”

“Well, I guess this is the closest we’ve gotten personally. And Tony, you’re a great guy. You may seem hard and cold, but you’re a big softie in the inside. And I mean it that you’re like a brother to me. You’re always the one to take care of all of us. You’re family.”

Clint motioned for a hug, and Tony for once accepted a hug. Tony felt the familiar prick of tears, asking to fall.

“Thank you. I’m so glad Peter and I have people that will help us through this. And I’m even happier it’s you and Wanda. Peter already has a liking towards you guys, and he’s even calling you Uncle.”

“Yeah, that kid is sure something.”

They broke away from the hug, and Clint noticed Tony crying even though his voice wasn’t cracking. Any other day, he would’ve teased him, but now, he feels as if he should comfort him.

“I promise you once more, I’ll stay at your side for this one. Father to Father.”

Tony just kept crying. Tony honestly thought this was going to burn in flames. He regretted not telling the Avengers, and if he told them right now, they would argue how he didn’t tell them right away. But now he had Clint and Wanda, two caring people who promise that they’ll fight until the end with them. He wasn’t the type to cry, especially in front of Clint. But he feels as he truly did get closer to Clint. Maybe even closer than everyone else. Even Natasha.

Clint has much more relation to Tony, with being a father and hiding secrets, so it’s only right for Tony to go to Clint for help. And now, he’s made amends with Clint, and maybe now they can act like brothers. Maybe now, he can have a family that is stronger than blood-related family.

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Steve had been in the living room, oblivious to everyone’s problems stirring about. Carefree with no worries, he was reading a book. A cookbook. Of course, Captain America is the only person who reads a cookbook front to back word for word, like an actual book instead of looking for recipes when needed. He was currently in the pasta section, wanting to make homemade pasta so he could impress Tony and Peter.

Natasha stepped into the living room next, sitting right next to Steve.

“You’re actually reading a cookbook front to back?”

“Yeah, isn’t that how you read a book?”

“Nevermind, that’s not important. What’s important is what you’re going to make for dinner.”

“Why? Hungry already? Jesus Nat, I didn’t know you were such a pig.” Steve realized what he said, and immediately regretted it.

“Call me a pig again and I’ll kill you.”
“Yes, Ma’am.”

“That’s more like it.” Natasha smiled at Steve’s cowardice appearance. “Now, I need you to cook up a feast for dinner. Make that cookbook to use. Of course, I’ll help you, but you up to it?”

“Of course. I feel like we haven’t had a big dinner in a while as a team, but why may I ask?”

“I want to make amends. I need to apologize to Clint and Wanda. Especially Peter, expecting he’s gotten word about what I was planning to do.”

“So you’re going to make a lot of food to apologize? I don’t get it.”

“I don’t know, it played out much better in my thoughts. I guess I’ll talk to them over dinner and stuff.”

“Sounds great. And it’s good that you care and want to apologize. Peter is a great intern and kid. Really nice and smart, and funny. You’re missing out if you don’t befriend him.”

“Huh, looks like the kids got you around his finger.”

“Not really. He still acts weird around me. But not going to complain, at least he doesn’t hate me.”

“Well, let’s make it so he doesn’t hate me. What do you want to make? We need to start preparing right now if we want to finish around 6 for dinner.”

“I found this great baked turkey recipe with a bunch of sides. Looks challenging, but a challenge is always good.”

“Sounds enticing. Let’s get everything we need and start cooking.”

Everyone was busy in the tower. Tony was venting to Clint. Peter was probably recreating vines with Wanda. Sam and Bucky were probably fighting over who could do what better down at the gym. Steve was cooking with Natasha, who was going to fix everything.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't please tell me how to fix things. Criticism always appreciated.

So, next chapter is the dinner chapter, so it's probably going to be looong. But don't take my word. Remember, I have a problem with lying.

If it is long, it might take me two days to make it (upload on the second day), but it'll be worth it cause then it would be edited a lot and it's going to be really long.

If it's short, just expect it tomorrow.

Yeah, okay. Bye. :}
Fix it over dinner

Chapter Summary

“I’m not going crazy, and I’m pretty sure I know how to deal with change.” Natasha turned to Bucky with a serious expression.

“Nat, there’s nothing wrong with having trouble with change. Everyone has trouble.” Steve assured her from where he was dressing the turkeys.

“Steve, I don’t have a problem. I was just being suspicious okay? I’m a spy, I can’t help myself.”

“If that’s what you want to say, then okay.”

Chapter Notes

Okay, so I managed to get a somewhat lengthy chapter out today, I just had to bust my butt! :) I said it would be up tomorrow if it's long, but I wrote it pretty smoothly and came out nice, so I'm posting today.

So yeah, enjoy dinner!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Although Natasha and Steve had five hours to make the giant feast, they barely finished making the baked turkey and a bunch of sides ranging from cream corn to mashed potatoes. It felt like Thanksgiving but in the summer.

They were mainly behind because they had discovered that they didn’t have a turkey lying around in the fridge. Let alone two turkeys, as Natasha thought best that they should overshoot their proportions. It’s always better to make more and have leftovers than not having enough. They also hauled a bunch of sides as they went turkey hunting, as most grocery stores didn’t have a turkey that was big or one at all. It was summer after all, and chicken was more common than turkey, but turkey is way bigger than chicken, so Steve had decided to make turkey. During their grocery spree, they had both worn a disguise.

They both rocked baseball caps with sunglasses, a jacket (although it was pretty hot outside), and long pants to hide their muscular composure, just in case anyone would recognize them. They did not need the press on their ass for shopping and coming out to the public.

It had taken them an hour to go all over New York to find what they needed, and right away they got to work. At some point in time, Bucky and Sam came up to the kitchen and helped to make the feast. It was a good bonding session for all of them.
“So, how’d the interrogation go with the kid?” Bucky questioned.

“I didn’t even interrogate him. I decided to give up because I don’t think he’s really hiding anything. I was just being overprotective I guess. So, that’s why I’m doing this right now. So I can apologize to Peter, Clint, and Wanda, cause I got on Clint and Wanda’s nerves.” Natasha responded dully, peeling potatoes with Bucky, who had a smile on his face.

“Ha! I won the bet! Hand the money over!” Bucky put his hands that were covered in potatoes (somehow) out at Sam, who was across from him opening corn cans.

“Technically you didn’t win yet, because we don’t know if the kid is hiding anything or not.”

“Bet? What kind of bets did you make?” Natasha was intrigued by their childish play.

“I said that Peter is special to Tony, and they have something personal going on.” Sam proposed.

“What about you Bucky? What kind of crazy assumption did you make?”

“It’s not that big, I just said that nothing is going on. C’mon let’s not get off task, we’re already behind time anyways,” Bucky said, and started peeling potatoes intensely, trying to change the subject.

“Fine, then.” Natasha lost interest, as it probably was a simple bet.

Until Sam spoke up, “That’s not all though. Bucky said that you’re going crazy and that you don’t know how to deal with change.”

Natasha stopped peeling potatoes, and Bucky glared at Sam, who was trying not to laugh.

“I’m not going crazy, and I’m pretty sure I know how to deal with change.” Natasha turned to Bucky with a serious expression.

“Nat, there’s nothing wrong with having trouble with change. Everyone has trouble.” Steve assured her from where he was dressing the turkeys.

“Steve, I don’t have a problem. I was just being suspicious okay? I’m a spy, I can’t help myself.”

“If that’s what you want to say, then okay.”

“I’m serious. And Bucky, don’t you dare assume something absurd like that again.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” Bucky scooted away from Natasha a little, as she had her knife loosely up in one hand, glaring at Bucky.

“C’mon guys, get back to work, we’re way behind track. It’s going to be time for dinner very soon.” Steve called out.

And so they cooked up a storm of conversations as they worked, with jokes here and there making everyone laugh. It was nice. They haven’t done this kind of domestic thing in a while. Cooking as a family is the epitome of family bonding.

Around 6 p.m., they had finished baking the turkey and making the sides. They set the counter up like a buffet and told FRIDAY to alert everyone that there was a feast today.
Peter visited the lab where Tony was currently working on the Spider-man suit once again, adding as many upgrades and safety gadgets to protect Peter when he was out patrolling.

He slowly crept up to Tony as he looked quite focused, and decided to scare him.

“Boo!” Peter yelled as he put his arms onto Tony’s shoulder abruptly.

“Ahh!” Tony screamed and scrambled off his chair as Peter laughed at him.

“Oh my god, that never gets old!” Peter said as he had nostalgic feelings from the many other times where he scared Tony.

“Yeah, you just wait one day. I’ll get a heart attack because of you and then who’ll be the one begging to stop.” Tony complained, getting back on his seat.

“Why are you here anyway? Clint and Wanda, boring enough already?”

“Well, Uncle Clint is in his room by himself and I’m going to hang out with Wanda right now, but before that... “ Peter nervously clapped his hands together. “Spider-man.”

Tony stopped in his tracks. Oh god, not this now.

“Can I please go out tonight? You heard Uncle Clint, Queens is missing their hero because he’s enjoying summer vacation. Crime rates are going up!” Peter begged.

“Not tonight, or anytime soon I think. I heard there’s dinner today, so you better stay for the whole time. And it’s going to be suspicious if you leave and enter the tower back at late hours, so I don’t want you sneaking in and out late either.” Tony warned.

“Please, you can’t just let me not go out and not save people. There are probably people who are being mugged and killed every day because I’m not there anymore!” Peter whined.

“No more arguing about this. I’ll tell you when you can, because I’m not going prevent you from this, but we just need to low for some time, okay?”

Peter decided it was best to listen to his father right now and not argue back, as it would only result in getting his privileges taken away. Later, he told himself.

“Fine, I’m off to Wanda’s room then. But I’m going to go out eventually.” Peter said as he ran off.

“No, you’re n-... Gosh, that kid is going to actually give me a heart attack sooner or later.”

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Peter and Wanda had been in Wanda’s room, doing what teens do. They had messed the whole room up, having had a really intense pillow fight somewhere in between gossiping about celebrities and conspiracy theories on how aliens are secretly living on the earth.

That’s when the smell of the turkey floated into the room from the kitchen. Of course, Peter’s super smell picked it up, as he wafted the smell into his nostrils.

“What are you doing?” Wanda was looking at him weirdly as he fanned the air.

“Don’t you smell that! It smells like turkey or chicken, and it smells really good.” Peter’s mouth was watering as he was always hungry. His enhanced metabolism made sure of that.
“I don’t smell it. Are you sure you didn’t fart or something?”

“Wanda! No, I did not fart. And I’m sure of it.”

“Well, it’s probably Steve’s cooking, cause he’s the best cook on the Avengers.”

“Yeah, my Dad said Steve’s the best cook he knows of.”

“Don’t think he’s that good, just because he’s the best on the Avengers, doesn’t mean he’s really good.”

“Well, whatever he’s cooking out there smells delicious.”

At that moment, FRIDAY announced, “Everyone is invited to the Avengers living room for a feast, treated by Steve and Natasha.” Sam and Bucky said it’s best if it looks like only Natasha and Steve made the food, to higher the odds of everyone forgiving Natasha.

“A feast? Oh my god, I’m so hungry just from hearing about it.” Peter rubbed his stomach from his spot on the bed.

“Yeah, I guess I’m pretty hungry too. Let’s go!”

And so Wanda and Peter left the room and headed down the hallway into the kitchen, to see a buffet style set-up on the kitchen counter. Peter saw the two huge turkeys, with a plethora of sides stretching from left to right. At the end of the counter, stood Steve and Natasha, smiling at him. Oh god, is this an attempt at an interrogation? Was she just waiting to strike at the right moment at dinner instead of lunch? He suddenly lost his feeling of hunger, replaced with anxiety.

“Hey Peter, you hungry?” Steve asked Peter with a smile.

“Uh, yeah. Wanda and I are pretty hungry, right?” Peter looked worriedly at Wanda, who had a stern facade.

“Yeah, I guess we could eat right now,” Wanda assured him to proceed, sending a message to his head through telepathy, which fascinated Peter. “Proceed with caution, we don’t know what they’re up to,” she said into his mind.

Wanda didn’t care that she was reaching into Peter’s mind, as this was important. This secret was very important for her and Peter, so she used the one trait she hated using.

“Take whatever you want, it’s our treat tonight.”

“Thank you,” both Peter and Wanda said simultaneously awkwardly.

They got plates and started to fill their them slowly, looking at the options of what they could pick. Peter noticed that Bucky and Sam were already in the living room, their plates filled with food, sitting on the couch watching a mindless cartoon.

And then Tony came out from the elevator that dinged, and Clint appeared from the hallway from his room; probably took a nap.

“Hey, there’s my favorite ne-” Clint cut himself off. He had almost said nephew in front of the Avengers. Almost blew Tony’s secret. “My favorite new friend,” Clint repeated.

“Oh, hi Clint, and Mr.Stark.” Peter waved at him from the counter, smiling, still picking his food.
Wanda also waved at Clint and Tony, sending the same message to them telepathically about Natasha’s presence and worry.

“Hey, Pete,” Tony said. Clint took a glance at Tony, who had a face that read, “too close for comfort.”

“So, I heard that Steve and you were the ones who cooked this all up, yes?” Tony walked across to Natasha and Steve as he asked them.

“Yeah, we felt like we haven’t had a team dinner in a while, so we decided to have one today,” Steve said.

“Well, it smells and looks great, so let’s all enjoy this dinner.” Tony looked genuinely happy, which made Steve happy. Clint, however, was sharing looks with Natasha, both of their faces stricken with mystery.

Tony motioned Steve to follow him to the counter to get their food, and leave the pair alone.

Clint was the first to talk after a short period of silence.

“So, you have anything to say to me or are we just going to have a staring contest?”

“I’m sorry,” Natasha said, sorrowfully.

“What?”

“I said I’m sorry. I guess I acted out of my place and was careless about Wanda’s feelings. I should’ve known better, and I shouldn’t have gone crazy about finding out about Peter and Tony’s secret, even though they don’t have one.”

Great, Clint thought. Natasha isn’t onto Peter and Tony anymore.

“Apology accepted. Just promise me you won’t do something like that again.”

“I promise, and thanks for forgiving me.” Clint motioned for a hug, and Natasha took it.

“Now, with that out of the way, let’s go enjoy the food.” Natasha smiled at Clint, who returned the smile, feeling better that things have cleared up with them.

Eventually, everyone got their plates filled and gathered on the couches. The T.V. had been turned off, which got few protests from Sam and Bucky. Tony had said that “there are young minds here that need to be protected from those mindless cartoons.” That also got a protest from Peter and Wanda.

Everyone had been sitting in specific places on the several couches in the living room.

Sam and Bucky had been squished into a big chair that was meant for comfort for one, but they had both managed to fit into it and didn’t mind at all, eating their dinner.

The biggest couch held the people going left to right, from Tony, Peter, Wanda, and Clint. The couch was the biggest in the room, but it wasn’t that big, so they were still all squished. But no one questioned how Tony was so comfortable with that much physical contact, or how Wanda and Clint had befriended Peter in less than a day.

The group talked amongst themselves, laughing at each other's jokes, also talking about anything in
general like they used to.

Steve sat with Natasha on a small sized couch, but as Steve was quite large, he took some space that left Natasha to be squished, but she didn’t mind like everyone else.

It had been pretty quiet in terms of everyone talking, as everyone was talking among their groups or partners.

Natasha examined how Peter was talking to Wanda, Clint, and Tony. He was smiling and talking to them rapidly, not getting out of breath and eating rather quickly too. Damn, he ate a lot too. But the most interesting was how naturally they talked back to Peter like they had known him for years. Like he was family.

This kid is sure something because he already had three Avengers around his finger falling for him.

But it’s not like she didn’t like that. She could see the happy glow from the group. Wanda hasn’t been looking this cheerful in ages, especially with everything she’s gone through. Clint was always a humorous spirit who joked around, but now, he still retained that, but was also very calm, listening to both Wanda and Peter when they spoke, closely and intently. It was no surprise for him to be like that for Wanda, but for Peter too? Well, that’s good so he could use his pent-up fatherly feelings toward them now.

Tony was like a totally different person. He was smiling for once, which is a huge difference for one. He was close to everyone else, but he wasn’t tense or nervous like when he usually had physical contact for a long time. He was relaxed, his laugh peacefully resonating when he did laugh, not caring in the world if anyone was looking at how he looked right then. He looked happy, like when the Avengers did something together, which rarely made Tony happy and loose.

Really, this kid is something. He possessed some power to have everyone around him happy and lovey.

That’s when she decided to apologize.

“Hey, Peter, I kind of wanted to apologize.” Natasha put her plate of food down on the coffee table and leaned in towards it.

Everyone got quiet, and the group on the couch looked at Natasha. Peter was wide-eyed.

“Apologize? It’s okay Ms.Black Widow Ma’am, I’m fine. You didn’t do anything to me.”

“Peter, I’m pretty sure you’ve heard that I was suspicious that you were hiding a secret, and was planning to do something that probably scared you. Yes, you’ve heard of these, right?”

Peter only nodded “yes”.

“Well, I want to apologize how rude it was of me to do that. I shouldn’t be trying to barge into your personal life. Same goes for you, Tony. My bad that I didn’t trust you.”

“Really, I’m fine Ms.Black Widow, it’s okay to be suspicious of new people.” Peter smiled at Natasha, and Natasha returned it. She didn’t know what happened inside of her, but her mouth moved automatically and smiled back. She was falling for the kid too now, oh no. He was too adorable, especially when he called her Ms.Black Widow.

“Same with me, Nat. I’m fine, apology accepted.” Tony said.
“Thanks, for forgiving me. Now, Wanda. I’m sorry for what I asked of you and being careless about your feelings. I should’ve known better.”

“No, I have my own wrongs too. I shouldn’t have lashed out, and you didn’t know any better about how I feel any way because I don’t open up to you guys or anything. Apology accepted.”

“Thanks.”

“Well, will you look at that. Everyone is happy and not fighting anymore.” Bucky said cheerfully, who was watching the whole scene play out.

“Yeah, for a moment I thought you guys were all going to kill each other. That was tense.” Sam commented.

“Well, there’s always room for second chances, right Ms. Black Widow?”

Natasha laughed. This kid. How could she think such an innocent kid could’ve been hiding something bad.

“Yes, second chances are always welcome. Oh, and by the way, stop with the formalities. Call me Natasha.”

And that’s how Natasha fixed everything she broke. But she also got something new out of it. A new person to take care of and protect. Peter, a kid she had just met that she was very suspicious of. Somehow, it had turned out that he really is a good kid, and now she’s falling for his love like everyone. But no one knows what’s going to go down in the next month. Things only go haywire.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't please tell me how to fix it.

So, as you can tell, everything is happy and lovey and stuff.

This is the calm before the storm. Before everything goes down and relationships are broken, and fights happen. It'll be hard to go through, but believe me. You'll enjoy the happy things after the storm passes. I have many good things planned after the bad things.

Once again, thanks for the support and comments! You guys have accumulated over +8900 hits! ThAt’S nUtS! So yeah, and those who are often commenters, you guys always make me post faster so I don't disappoint you guys!

SO thanks, and bye!
“I thought you said reading was boring cause you’ve been reading so much these days,” Peter said boringly, as he didn’t really want to read.

“Well, we can talk about things as we read, can’t we?”

“I’m not the best at reading and talking at the same time about different things though.”

“It’s fine, everyone is like that.”

Okay, so now the storm is approaching. Get ready for what’s going to go down.

So yeah, I got a chapter ready today, and it's once again a filler chapter to lead everything into the big parts and stuff.

Yeah, enjoy the chapter

To Natasha, the apology seemed fine. It had been too easy, which made her somewhat nervous that maybe they didn’t actually forgive her and just said they did so she wouldn’t bother them.

Or maybe they actually did forgive her, and she was once again freaking out as she did with Peter and Tony.

Dinner was great. Everyone eventually started to talk with each other than among themselves in groups, and Peter had everyone falling a liking for him. Sam and Bucky had been the only two Avengers left who haven’t fallen for Peter, but eventually, they followed. Sam was talking about how he was better at video games than Bucky, which everyone was listening to.

“Of course I’m better at video games than this old man,” he pointed at Bucky.

“Really? Fine. Let’s play a game, shall we?”

“Oh! What kind of game are you going to play?” Peter asked excitedly, interested in the topic games.

“Mariokart, but you probably haven’t played this one, because it’s the really old Wii Mariokart. You millennials and your fancy Nintendo switches and Wii U Mariokart games are trash.”

“You’re probably saying that cause they’re way past your skill cap, and too used to old games that are way easier than the ones that are released nowadays.” Peter retorted. That got a few whistles
from the group. That’s one sassy boy.
“The consoles that come out are so much more complicated, with like crazy motion controls and sensors, it’s insane.” Peter started nerding out, and it was hard not to smile at the cuteness radiating from him.

“And, I’ve played the Wii version of Mariokart, it’s pretty easy that I mastered in one sitting.”

Peter had remembered the one time he had played Mariokart at May’s hospital where she worked as a nurse. May and Ben didn’t buy Peter any consoles, as they were expensive and they were barely paying their bills anyway.

May had taken Peter to work for “bring your kid to work day”, and Peter had stayed in the lobby playing Mariokart all day, stopping to eat lunch and dinner. Honestly, he really didn’t want to go around the hospital with May and monitor the sick, cause that was boring for a young child.

“Really? How about we race then? Bucky too.” Sam put out.

“Hey, I’m in too. I’m going to kick all of your butts.” Clint popped in.

“Okay, let’s go then!” Bucky got up and started up the Wii that lay on the table that held the giant T.V. They all sat in front of the T.V. on the floor.

As there were only 4 controllers, and only 4 allowed to play, Clint, Sam, Bucky, and Peter went off racing. Of course, Peter did crush everyone, even on the 150cc, which was the hardest option they had.

“Ha! I won! Look, Mr. Stark! I beat the Avengers in Mariokart!” Peter stood up and pumped his fists in the air as his opponents sat on the ground, shocked that they lost to a child.

“I’m so proud of you kid! Good job!” Tony high-fived Peter, and smile fondly at him, as Peter went back to his spot on the couch next to him.

Everyone smiled as they watched everything took in the scene.

Tony was proud of Peter and was praising him constantly. Bucky, Sam, and Clint were still on the floor, in awe. Natasha and Steve were watching Tony and Peter interact, not suspicious, but happy that Tony had a kid that looked up to him so much. They’ve seen the way Peter acts around Tony, always trying to impress or make him proud, and Tony was always there to tell him he was proud and did a good job. It’s good that Tony knows that there are people who think that’s he’s a hero to them.

Wanda was laughing at the adults on the floor, “You lost to a child! You guys play like every week, while Peter only played once in his life!”

They were really starting to feel like a family again.

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It had been a week after the feast. After that, everyone had practically fallen for Peter by now, and couldn’t resist the boy. Peter and Tony usually worked in the lab on suits or tech, or ran errands around the Tower, checking and updating the tech within it. They would come up for lunch and dinner, and sometimes Tony would tell Peter to “take a break from interning”, and he would use his free time to hang out with Wanda who seemed pretty lonely without him, or the other Avengers, as Tony said it was okay to talk to them because they weren’t suspicious with them anymore.
Peter had quickly become a regular person to the Avengers they and treated him more like family than an intern. If they did meet an intern (other than Peter) on the common floors beneath them, they would avoid contact and wouldn't really get close to each other. But Peter was Tony’s personal intern, and Tony liked him. A lot. And so did the Avengers. Peter treated them like family too, joking and teasing them as they did to him.

Peter currently was in his room, after dinner. Pretending like he rode the elevator down (when he actually went up to his private floor), Peter was lying down on his bed, texting Ned and MJ on the group chat. Well, only MJ, as Ned was on a plane, and had no access to texting services. He was currently explaining everything that happened to her, from the start to current times,

The Nerd Gang (plus MJ, cause she’s not a nerd):

...

“So, the Avengers basically moved into YOUR house, and become a part of your family?” MJ texted.

“Yeah, that sums it up,” Peter replied back.

“Well, looks like you’re having quite the summer vacation.”

“Well, it’s not all that fun. I didn’t trust them right away, and it’s tough to keep my secret that I’m Tony’s son.”

“Eh, I guess you’re right.”

“Yeah. How has your summer been so far? Are your siblings any trouble?”

“Not really. I mean, they are annoying, but my parents haven’t left me home alone that much yet, so I don’t wanna think it’s fine. It’s kind of boring honestly. I’m reading some books, but I can’t read for like 10 hours straight.”

“Oof, sounds like a tough summer.”

“Yeah, like I said. Boring as hell. Hey, how about you come over tomorrow. My parents decided to take my siblings to the museum that we’ve been to like a hundred times. They aren’t giving my younger siblings a choice, as they want them to learn from the new deep-sea exhibit, but they know I already know that shit, so they’re letting me stay at home alone.”

“I’d loved to! But I gotta ask my Dad first. Hold up.”

Peter asked FRIDAY to send a message to Tony about going over to MJ’s house tomorrow, and Peter got a reply rather quickly.

“Boss states that it’s fine that you’re going to take a break from interning for one day and to enjoy your day at your friend’ house. He states that it’s best if you leave tomorrow without seeing him, as he has meetings laid out for him all day anyway.”

“Okay, thanks FRIDAY. Tell him I got the message.”

“As you say, Peter.”

Peter got back to texting.

“He said it’s okay, cause I haven’t taken a break from faking my internship for a long time, and he
has boring meetings all day. If it’s fine with your parents, I can come over.”

“I just asked my parents too. They said it’s fine, as long as we don’t make a mess or something.”

“Why would we make a mess? We’re not pigs.”

“Exactly, so don’t worry about it. What time are you coming over? My parents are leaving at 10 in the morning so they can see the new exhibit without people swarming them.”

“I’ll come around 10 then when they leave if that’s fine with you.”

“It’s fine with me. See you tomorrow then!”

“Yeah, see you later.”

Peter turned off his phone and stared at the ceiling with a puff of air. “Might as well sleep early today so I can wake up early and go over,” he thought.

And so, Peter slept early that night, but before he did, he texted Tony goodnight and to have a good day tomorrow as he confirmed that he was going over MJ’s house.

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Peter ate his fruit-loops alone in the kitchen of his private floor. He couldn’t eat with the Avengers, because he was currently taking a break from interning. Sometime during breakfast, Tony said that Happy was waiting in the garage that nobody used at the bottom of the tower, so nobody would see him.

After breakfast, he went down and spotted Happy with a classy Audi, but not that flashy; it was the one he used to drive Peter to school with. Peter didn’t even have to give him the address of MJ’s house, as Happy has already driven him to her home several times that it was engraved in his brain; a person who drives for a living knows how to memorize an address only after a few times.

During the ride, they didn’t talk that much, as Happy looked pretty tired, his coffee unfinished in the cup holder. Happy didn’t say anything about the silence like he usually did, so Peter thought maybe it was best he doesn’t talk.

He arrived at MJ’s house, an apartment just like Peter’s in Queens. He said bye to Happy, who only grunted back as a reply and drove away. Huh, he woke up on the wrong side of the bed today.

He knocked on the door that was on the first floor, and MJ answered cheerfully.

“Huh, perfect timing. My parents just left right now with my siblings. Come on in.”

“Oh, okay.”

Peter walked into MJ’s house, and they headed for her room. MJ shared her room with all of her 3 younger siblings. In one room, they had 2 bunk beds, one of which belonged to MJ and the second oldest sibling of the family. They sat on the floor that was like a hallway in the bedroom because the bunk beds filled up most parts of it except the middle. MJ had some books on the floor and motioned Peter to pick one up and read it, getting one herself and reading.

“I thought you said reading was boring cause you’ve been reading so much these days,” Peter said boringly, as he didn’t really want to read.

“Well, we can talk about things as we read, can’t we?”
“I’m not the best at reading and talking at the same time about different things though.”

“It’s fine, everyone is like that.”

Peter gave up on the little argument and picked a book from the pile based on a homosexual person who hid his sexuality, which hurt everyone around him. It intrigued Peter, as he hurt everyone around him. Or at least most of them died.

He was only in the first chapter, the introduction of the man that is the main character, when MJ asked him, “You feeling okay these days? The Avengers not causing you any trouble?”

And that’s how Peter got to talking about his feelings and how Black Widow almost interrogated him.

He was on the part about the feast and apology when MJ’s phone buzzed.

MJ read the text that popped up and let out an angry scowl.

“What’s wrong?” Peter asked.

“One of my younger siblings threw a tantrum about getting ice cream at the museum, so they’re cutting their trip short and coming home to discipline him.”

“Oh, I should get going then, we’ve been talking for an hour anyway.”

“I would like you to stay actually because an hour of venting is not a lot, but I wouldn’t want you to get stuck in an uncomfortable situation when my parents scold my sibling. You should get going.”

So Peter called Happy up, and Happy said he would only take 10 minutes, more than enough time before MJ’s parents would come home from the museum, that was at least 30 minutes away.

MJ and Peter waited outside of the apartment, finishing their conversation they were having upstairs in MJ’s house.

Happy arrived, and Peter told MJ bye, which she replied with, “Finish the story later over text, loser.” With a smile. Peter returned the smile and waved bye.

“Bye MJ.”

And then Happy drove off, still in a bad mood, which kind of concerned Peter somewhat. But he still thought maybe it was best to leave him alone.

Peter was supposed to go back home around 3 or 4 p.m. after having lunch at MJ’s, as her parents were planning to look at the whole museum again after the deep-sea exhibit while having lunch at the museum too while going around some more until they came back at 4. This was the plan until their visit was cut short. Peter was supposed to go back at this time because Tony was going to be done with his meetings, and was supposed to act like his break was over, and he was back to interning again.

Instead, Peter was going back home at 11 a.m. because fate made it that way, and because of this, everything was going to go downhill when he arrives at the tower. An event that will change his life forever.
Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't please tell me how to fix it. I'm always welcome to help me make better content! :)

So the next chapter is going to be the big thing that happens; what could it possibly be? :))))

Since it is pretty big, it might take more than a day to write, and it'll be quite long, so sorry. If I somehow manage to post it sooner, then it's a miracle.

Yeah, so see you guys next time, and thanks for the comments and support.
FRIDAY, is anything happening that’s abnormal?”

“No Peter. Is something the problem?”

“Yeah, my sense is going crazy.” Peter got off the couch, his back facing the giant pane windows that were right behind him, showing the view of the city from the living room.

Well looky here, I got another chapter out, but it's short. I guess I made one big chapter into two parts which is next chapter.

I was going to take kind of a peaceful way of doing this, but then again violence is always fun so I did it this way.

Also, I know Tony kinda destroyed the Iron Legion suits in Iron Man 3, but let’s imagine he never did. :)

Yeah, enjoy.

Peter arrived at the tower and Happy dropped him off without a word. Happy was having a really bad day he guessed. He can’t blame the man; his job is pretty hard to do.

Trying to avoid the Avengers, just in case they were down at the common floor, Peter hid in between crowds of people, and made his way to a corner hallway that held the private elevator that led to his floor.

He put in the secret code that let him access the elevator, and then he went upwards. FRIDAY spoke up, as always, asking Peter how his day was going and what his plans were.

“Hello Peter, how’s your day going?”

“It’s fine, I guess. I was supposed to be at my friend's house, but something came up so I came back.”

“That sounds rather lame, as you would put it.”

“Yeah, it’s pretty lame. I was looking forward to having some time with my friend.”

Right then, he got a text from Ned from the group chat.

The Nerd Gang (plus MJ, cause she’s not a nerd):
“Bonjour! Look at all the pictures I took on my trip to Paris!” Ned texted.

At least 50 pictures of Ned and his parents started to fill Peter’s screen, which he made sure to examine one by one, forgetting about his conversation with FRIDAY.

The elevator dinged, and Peter stepped out of the elevator, still looking at his phone. He made his way to the couch, as he knew the whole living room and kitchen by heart. Also, his spider-sense helped with making his way without bumping into anything.

Peter sat down and scrolled through the photos of Ned. Some were of him just trying the food, and half of the photos were on the Eiffel Tower with his family smiling like he always did in pictures. Peter laughed at some funny ones that were of Ned trying weird things, like standing next to a free French kiss booth, Ned wide-eyed and pointing his finger at the person who was giving him a kissy face.

His feeling of happiness quickly converted into a panic, as his spider-sense went nuts! Something was wrong. Peter could feel it, his sense screaming to do something. He didn’t know what was happening. He looked around but didn’t see anything.

“FRIDAY, is anything happening that’s abnormal?”

“No Peter. Is something the problem?”

“Yeah, my sense is going crazy.” Peter got off the couch, his back facing the giant pane windows that were right behind him, showing the view of the city from the living room.

His spider-sense got even more intense, and Peter turned around as his spider-sense took over his body like a reflex, making him face the threat. It was a person flying straight at him in the sky. Someone in the Vulture suit.

Gasp gasping, Peter started to run away from the window, but the flying person was fast, crashing into the living room windows and into the living room itself. The person tackled Peter at the same time, carrying him all the way into the kitchen.

Peter felt immense pain in his ribs, and his head was throbbing as he felt it knock against the wall. He screamed in pain.

Peter used his super strength to break free from the person’s grasp, and started running around the living room, as the person in the vulture suit tried to ram him, but Peter was too quick. Peter was in pain, but he pulled through it, his adrenaline masking the pain itself.

He remembered something that his dad had told him to tell FRIDAY in times of an emergency. Protocol “summon the protectors”.

“FRIDAY, protocol summon the protectors!” Peter yelled as he dodged the hostile enemy.

“Initiating protocol summon the protectors, and alerting boss and the Avengers of the threat.”

The protocol took some time to work, so Peter had to wait. The Avengers and his dad were coming anyway, so he just has to stall until either of them came. He didn’t have anything on him, no web shooters or suit or anything. All he could do was run.

Peter was jumping all over the place, as the person in the vulture suit destroyed everything in its path, like the coach Peter hid behind. That hurt Peter again, and he was starting to get tired.
But then his protectors came. The Iron legion came bursting into the living room through the windows like the vulture look-alike. They all started to fight Vulture 2 (Peter had started calling it that), shooting repulsor blasts at it, taking it down. Some suits rammed Vulture 2 into the wall in the kitchen, where Peter had been rammed once into. The suits held down Vulture 2, as the threat struggled to get loose, and eventually gave up.

Peter sat on the floor in the midst of the rubble of the battle that took place. Everything in his body hurt, and the pain was starting to make it's way out, unmasked from the adrenaline. He was also bleeding in parts of his body.

Everything went quiet until Vulture 2 spoke.

“You will pay for what you have done to me and everyone else that I love!” The voice was of a man’s.

Peter was confused. What did he ever do?

“What did I ever do to you?” Peter rasped out, is still trying to catch his breath.

“You put my friend Adrian in jail. Remember him? Well, he was my boss. And after you shut down my work, I couldn’t make money anymore. My family was impoverished. We lived on the streets. But then I went to visit Adrian. He told me about Spider-man, and he told me, that it’s you. So I followed you and discovered something bigger. You live at Stark tower, what a surprise. Prodigy of Iron Man lives in his the house of his mentor. I managed to get scraps of the Chitauri tech over the past year, and I recreated this the Vulture suit, so I could kill you.” The man growled angrily, as he once again tried to break free from the grasps of the many suits holding him down.

Peter took it all in. He had destroyed the lives of many people, innocent ones too. He took Liz’s father away, leaving her miserable and fatherless. He now knows that he also took the job of a man who needed the money to feed his family. He felt miserable, even though the other guy was a villain.

“I-I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for that to happen. I was just getting the bad guy.” Peter said, sorrowfully.

“Well guess what, you did get the bad guy. But you also made my family poor and suffering on the streets! Let me go! I need to kill you!”

Peter covered his ears as the man kept yelling, threatening to kill him. Peter couldn’t take it anymore.

But the elevator dinged and there came Captain America and the other Avengers, suited up and everything.

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Steve stepped out of the elevator with the team, and surveyed the floor, taking in how much the private floor of Tony’s was destroyed.

He looked and saw a man in a flying suit, held down by the Iron Legion, the man screaming that he’s going to kill someone? Huh.

Steve then saw Peter on the floor, bloody, and covering his ears and shaking his head. He was also crying.

Steve frantically told the team their roles; containing the threat and trying to figure out what happened. Steve set himself up to go look at Peter first.
He ran over to Peter, shield in one hand.

“Peter, hey. It’s me, Steve, look at me.”

Peter uncovered his ears and looked at Steve with eyes that were bloodshot, crying.

“I-I didn’t mean to do it. I didn’t mean to ruin their life.” Peter whimpered out.

“Pete, I don’t know what you’re talking about, but you’re hurt a lot and need immediate medical attention. Here, get on my back, I need to take you to the med-bay in the tower.”

Steve motioned Peter to climb onto his back, but Peter only shook his head “no”.

“I want my dad. I want my dad.”

“Peter, I’ll get in contact with your dad when we get to the med-bay. C’mon, let’s go.” Steve insisted.

“No! I want my dad.” Peter argued.

“Peter!” Tony arrived from the elevator in an Iron Man suit, his mask opening when he saw Peter on the floor.

“Hey, Pete, you okay?” Tony asked in a panic, making his way next to Peter.

“There’s my Dad. You’re here.”

“I think Peter’s falling unconscious, he’s calling you dad,” Steve said.

“It’s okay, Dad’s here. I’ve got you.” Tony ignored Steve’s comment and brushed Peter’s hair affectionately.

“I’m fine now that you’re here. I’m safe.” Peter whispered out, smiling at Tony, who hugged Peter, which he quickly pulled away from when Peter hissed in pain.

“I’m so glad you’re safe. You look hurt though.”

“It’s okay Dad, your protocol saved me.”

Steve was very confused. Why was Peter calling Tony dad, and Tony’s acting like he really is? His mind was going nuts.

“Tony, what’s going on. He’s calling yo-”

“Steve now’s not that time. Help me carry Peter to the med-bay.”

“Okay, fine. But you better explain everything.”

Tony sighed, “I guess I have something to explain to the whole team.”

Tony and Steve rushed Peter to the med-bay, where the medical team took Peter into their care. But Tony made sure to always be at Peter’s side in everything.

Steve was still very confused, but he made his way back to Tony’s floor and saw the team interrogating the flying man.

“Why are you even here?” Natasha questioned angrily.
“I told you! To kill that kid Peter!”

“Why?”

“Cause he destroyed my life and my family!”

Angered and confused, Natasha punched the man in the face, making him fall unconscious.

“Well, what happened?” Steve asked.

“That guy broke in through the windows and attacked Peter, accusing him of destroying his life or something.”

“Peter did say something about that though.”

“Huh, weird. We should ask him about it later then, but for now, how is the kid?”

“Not looking good. He was bleeding, and I think he broke his ribs, which might be really painful for a few months.”

Wanda and Clint rushed over to Steve, also bombarding him with questions about Peter’s safety.

“I’m telling you, he’s in the med-bay with Tony right now and getting fixed up.”

“Okay, it’s fine then. Tony can take care of it. He’s a really overprotective dad anyways.” Clint said.

“Dad? What is going on? Peter’s calling Tony dad, and now you’re saying he is a dad?” Steve said with a confused face.

“We’ll talk about it later, cause it’s going to need to be talked about. Peter’s life is now on the line, so I think it’s best if we do tell you guys. But for now, lay back and let them be, alright?”

“Barton, just tell me now!”

“I can’t. It’s not my secret to tell.”

Clint and Wanda quickly left to the med-bay to check on Peter’s progress with treatment.

This left Steve, Bucky, Sam, and Natasha in the destroyed living room. Sam didn’t have his wings on though, because they wouldn’t fit on the elevator, and they had to suit up fast because of the emergency.

Steve told them about Peter getting hurt, which got a few gasps and then about the whole “dad” situation.

“Wait, so Peter’s calling Tony dad, Tony’s fine with it, Clint and Wanda are too, and they’re not even telling you about it?” Sam said.

“Yeah, that’s about it. I don’t know what’s even going on.” Cap rubbed a hand down his face in frustration.

“So they were hiding something,” Natasha said, her face in a somewhat hurt expression.

“Yeah, maybe something personal is going on. Bucky, hand me that $100 now. I won the bet.”

“Is that really important right now? Tony might have a son that he’s been hiding from us, and Clint
and Wanda already knew about it.” Bucky said.

“That’s why they were so close and happy and stuff. Because they knew about it all along. Goddamnit!” Natasha scowled.

“Nat, I’m pretty sure there was a reason why Tony hid it from us.”

“It better be a good reason then.”

And so, Peter and Tony’s secret may have been revealed. The part of the team that didn’t know about it was hurt, and confused. How could such a secret be kept from them?

It’s about Tony’s son.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn’t you know the drill tell me blah blah how to fix it.

So, I’m kind of hitting a writer’s roadblock because I don’t know how to make it where the team and Tony have a fight about the secret and stuff, but I’ll try my best. I always find a way somehow.

Once again, thanks for the support and comments:
WE’VE REACHED +10,000 HITS WOAH! I’m so happy!

It's gone from only 200 hits in one day to almost 900 each day regularly, which is amazing!

SO yeah, THANK YOU!
Chapter Summary

Steve gasped when he saw how Tony looked like. He was pale, his eyes and puffy, evident that he was crying from the tear stains that rolled down his face.

“Tony, are you okay?”

“Just leave, okay? You aren’t helping.” Tony hid his face again.

Chapter Notes

Hi! I posted another chapter, and it's like the regular length my chapters are usually at, so it is kind of a filler chapter, but things do happen (I feel like I oversay that, but whatever, it's true).

I'm just developing relationships and conflict that's building up as the Avengers are left hanging on the secret. So yeah. Also, I really like caring Clint Idk why but I feel like I have a lot of him in my story. Eh, never knew this was going to be a Clint Barton & Tony Stark fic as well, but it's good. Clint never got recognition in the MCU, and I think he would have this kind of personality, but they never show it (except in Age of Ultron when they were hiding out in his house and stuff).

So yeah, EnJoY!

Peter had to undergo surgery, as he had broken his ribs, and they needed to be fixed. Of course, his super healing would help, but the ribs needed to be put back into place properly.

Tony made sure to be right by Peter’s side throughout the whole time except the surgery, as the medical team held down Tony as Peter was put into a surgical room, where they locked the door so Tony couldn’t get in. You can’t blame him, because he’s been through many times where his loved ones get hurt seriously. He remembers when Rhodey had gotten hurt during the fight with the Avengers. That was terrifying.

Tony tried to stop negative thoughts that would appear in his mind, as Pepper had told him it doesn’t do any good to be thinking about the worst that could happen, which was a habit of Tony’s. Peter had also taught him how to be optimistic and think only about the good.

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“Hey Dad, can we go out and eat tonight? I haven’t been outside in years.” Peter exaggerated seated on the kitchen counter, whining to his father about going out to eat at this Thai place he and May always went to.
“Pete, we could just order take-out from the place like we always do.” Tony was looking at his phone across Peter, leaning on the counter.

“But it’s not the same if the food is already cold and not fresh out of the kitchen cause it takes 20 minutes to arrive here.”

“I could just make them speed all the lights and tell them to come as quick as possible. Money can make people do anything.”

“I don’t wanna put people’s lives at risk cause Tony Stark ordered a delivery man to speed around in New York.”

“Well, if we do go out, the press might catch us and they’re going to have a blast with Tony Stark and his intern eating at a Thai place.”

“You always think about the worst that could happen. Believe me, the food tastes way better when it’s fresh out of the kitchen. Oh, once, the guy who owns the restaurant saw how much we ate there, so he invited me into the kitchen to cook their famous pad thai dish. He was pretty close to me and May, we kind of even thought him as family.”

“Really? Wanna tell me how you made it?”

Tony was always up for story-telling with Peter, as he was just so cute when he rambled on about anything.

“Hm. Only if you go out and eat. C’mon, I told you to stop thinking about the worst. Think about me telling you stuff, and spending quality time with your son.” Peter smiled innocently at him with puppy eyes.

“Fine. But don’t blame me when the press starts bombarding us.”

“Believe me, they’ll never catch us in the restaurant, there are only a few windows and there’s a corner that’s hard to see from the outside,” Peter said like he knew the whole restaurant inside out.

“Lead the way kid.”

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Tony has to say that the dinner he had with Peter that day was one of his best memories. And it wouldn’t have happened if he avoided negative thoughts. Yes, he’s being precautious, but it was also depriving his actual sense of wanting something or trying new things.

Currently, he was sitting in the waiting room of the surgical branch of the med-bay. He was sitting down and thinking of these memories so he doesn’t go crazy. Hopefully, Peter makes it through the surgery without trouble. He had been waiting for about 3 hours, and lunch had passed by. But Tony wasn’t hungry, how could he be hungry right now.

Clint and Wanda had come by right after Peter started surgery, reporting to Tony about what exactly happened. When he heard the name “Adrian Toomes”, he almost burst a vein from anger. The man he put in jail was responsible for this? He was going to pay for what he’s caused.

Clint had also told him that the team heard Peter call Tony dad, and is onto them. But Tony only dismissed it, his mind only on Peter being safe.

The thing is, Tony hasn’t said a single word for 3 hours. Wanda left to help clean the mess and
damage on the private floor with the others, but Clint stayed and kept talking to Tony. Even though Tony didn’t say a single word to him, Clint kept on talking to him about everything. About how cherry with chocolate chips is his favorite ice cream, or how he first learned to shave. Although Tony didn’t laugh at any of his stories, Tony still appreciated it. He knew what Clint was doing. He was trying to retain Tony’s sanity so he doesn’t go crazy for the next few hours, and it was very effective. Clint kept on yapping, and Tony was going somewhat crazy, but listening to Clint kept his mind on something. About mindless stories.

Tony at some point started crying. Tony at first was crying silent tears as Clint told a story about him and his wife met, a story he’s heard a bunch of times already. Why was Clint even doing this for him? Why does he deserve these loving and caring people in his life? He doesn’t deserve Peter, because he always ends up hurting him. And Clint was the best person you could ask for advice on life now, always there to listen. Before, he used to disrespect Clint and called him dumb, but now, he had a sense of respect for the man. He kind of looked up to him with how he acted with kids.

And here Clint was, making sure he doesn’t go crazy. The man going out of his way, wasting 3 hours to talk his mouth off about nothing.

Tony then started to sob loudly, his shoulders shaking with every sob. Clint, who was seated next to him, stopped talking.

Clint moved and embraced Tony, who started to cry full on in his arms, Tony’s head on his chest.

Tony didn’t care about his ego and facade of being a cold-hearted man at this point. Cause if Clint was caring enough to do this for him, he shouldn’t hide his feelings, and instead, show how much he appreciates it.

“Talk to me, Tony. You haven’t said a word in these 3 hours.”

Tony calmed down, breaking away from the hug, hiccuping.

“I-I just re-really appre-appreciate what y-you’re doing f-for me.” Tony stuttered out.

“It’s not a big deal. I’m only doing what a father would do to another father would do to help. I learned from another father who was at the ER waiting room with me when Cooper was under surgery when he broke his wrist so badly, he needed a pin to keep it in place. He talked to me like I did to you, and I calmed down when I was panicking.” Clint smiled at him.

“Thanks. It means a lot to me. That’s why I’m crying, cause I’m touched by how you’re helping me.” Tony never really opened up to someone about how he felt. Rarely did he to Pepper or Rhodey, so it was a big step in the friendship (brothership?) of him and Clint.

“Well, I’m touched that you’re touched. And remember, anything that happens onward, even when the Avengers get into a fight again over this secret, I’ll be by your side this time.”

Tony only nodded that he understood, and put his hands on his face.

That’s when he heard headed towards him. He didn’t even bother to look up, as he didn’t want to face anyone right now.

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Clint would say that he did well when he started telling stories to calm Tony down. He at first thought he was only embarrassing himself, but eventually, he started to notice how Tony’s breathing calmed down and he was just sitting, staring into space.
There was no indication that Tony was actually listening, but Clint kept on going.

Time passed on for a long time until Tony broke down and started crying. Clint comforted him and made sure that he was there for him.

Then he heard footsteps coming down the hall, and he looked up to see Steve. He was out of his Captain America suit though.

“Hey, Tony. If it’s okay right now, I think it’s best if you come up and explain to us with everything going on. Everyone is confused, and we think you deserve to tell us what you’re hiding from us.” Steve explained, standing in front of Tony, who had his hands in his head, leaning onto his knee with his elbows.

“Cap, I think it’s best if you leave him alone right now. We’ll talk about this later, but Tony needs some time to think.” Clint talked for Tony.

“Clint, I’ve been told that you know the secret too, so if you’re trying to avoid telling us too, it’s not going to work, okay? You both better co-”

“Can you shut the hell up please!?” Tony screamed, revealing his face from where they were hiding in his hands.

Steve gasped when he saw how Tony looked like. He was pale, his eyes and puffy, evident that he was crying from the tear stains that rolled down his face.

“Tony, are you okay?”

“Just leave, okay? You aren’t helping.” Tony hid his face again.

Steve looked at Clint, who only shook his head and pointed a finger down the hallway, telling Steve he should leave.

Steve almost felt bad, but then again, Tony was hiding something from the team. I mean, it’s not every day Tony’s crying his eyes out and sad. Tony never cries, not even in front of the Avengers. Steve’s only seen him cry from laughter.

Steve left without another word.

After Clint knew that Steve was gone in the vicinity, he asked, “Hey Tony, he’s gone now.”

“They don’t even care how I feel right now. They just want to know what juicy secret I’m hiding so they can attack me about hiding secrets from the team.” Tony whispered, revealing his face once again.

“It may seem like that, but they still care about you. You heard Steve, he asked if you’re okay.”

“Whose side are you on right now?”

“I’m on yours. If I wasn’t, I wouldn’t have told Steve to buzz off.”

“Thank you for that by the way, I didn’t want to break down in front of Captain America. I think I’ve done enough crying in front of a teammate today.”

“It’s okay to cry, Tony. It’s nothing to be ashamed of. Especially if it’s something about your kid.”

Clint motioned for a hug, and Tony took it. Clint feels like he’s been getting a lot of hugs from Tony, which is good. He really is starting to like the man. Tony’s paternal side helped to show a new side
to Tony. A loving, happy, and caring person who Clint never saw past Tony’s facade. He wished he found out earlier about this other side because he thinks he would’ve been best friends with Tony a long time ago. He’s found out so many common things about Tony in other ways that Clint never thought about.

A cough was heard from in front of them, and the two broke away from the hug rather quickly, being caught off guard.

It was a nurse.

“Peter has successfully gone through surgery without any difficulties and is currently in a medical room. If you would like to see him, please follow me.”

Clint quickly texted Wanda that Peter was out of surgery and she could see him. Then he helped Tony up and they both walked into the room that Peter was in.

The boy looked lifeless, hooked up to all kinds of things.

“He’s still under the anesthesia, from the surgery, but he should be awake in no time. Please alert a nurse if he does wake up so we can check him over.”

“Thank you. And we’ll be sure to alert someone.” Clint told the nurse, who left the room, closing the door.

Tony left Clint’s side and slowly dragged himself next to Peter in a chair. Tony grabbed Peter’s hand and stroked it affectionately. Tony started to whisper, “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry I couldn’t protect you. I should’ve been there.”

Tony was crying silent tears, and this time Clint was too. Watching Tony cry from looking at Peter (basically his nephew) made Clint emotional as well. He brought a chair next to Tony and looked at Tony who looked back into his teary eyes.

Clint put an assuring hand onto Tony’s shoulder.

“It wasn’t your fault.” Clint barely choked out.

“I should’ve been better. I’m a terrible father.” Tony also barely spoke.

Clint gathered all of his power to make his next words not wobbly. To be strong for Tony. “I think you’re doing a great job though. And that’s coming from a father of 3.”

They both sat there with tears on their faces, waiting for Peter to wake up in the silence.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't please tell me how to fix it. Also, I feel like my errors have been popping up more than often as I proofread my chapters after I post them like after some time to refresh my mind and eyes. Cause reading and writing for hours makes you miss things ;P.

Okay, so the next chapter is going to be about Wanda and her confronting the Avengers about the secret. Fun.
I told you Wanda is really important for this story, but this isn't it right now. There will come a time where Wanda will take the spotlight and like be the biggest turnover, just wait.

Once again, thanks for the support and regular commenters who always leave me a comment, even though it's really short, I really appreciate it! There are some funny ones that make me laugh sometimes, and if you don't comment every chapter it's okay :)

You don't need to say anything, because the kudos are climbing and the hits are as well, so I'm well aware that people enjoy my story, which is a relief. I was always scared I was going to upload trashy fic and no one was going to read it lol.

Woah, I vented to the AO3 community again lmao. There's nothing wrong with it (I think), cause you guys are all supportive people :))))

K, bye!
You don't understand

Chapter Summary

“Well, then it’s probably best to tell you that I know about the secret too, to get things straight.”

“Wanda, you knew about it too? How could you all turn on us?”

“Turn on you guys? Please, I think you’ve hidden way more things then what we’ve been hiding to the team.”

Chapter Notes

Yay. Another chapter.

This one is fast-paced, but it gets it's priorities straight so it's fine I guess. A Lil-rushed, but I'll try to be better next chapter and break down things.

Also, I screwed up big time because I forgot about OUR PRECIOUS VISION!!! How could I forget about such a character ugh. If I want to add him, I need to go back and add him in, but that would complicate things as he would have to know about the secret, and etc.

So let's all pretend he wasn't a thing, and that the mind stone is just protected in the Avengers' care, and Vision wasn't needed to defeat Ultron. I like him, but we've ridden the train without him, so we can't go back for him ;(((

Anyways, with that out of the way, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wanda and the team had cleaned up the debris rather quickly, as they were superheroes after all. Of course, a clean up team from SHIELD came, as it was mandatory of them to clean up any mess that a villain or the abnormal create.

Wanda helped a lot, as her powers helped to lift heavy things like a couch that was split into two. She doesn’t even want to know what happened, as she could tell Peter took collateral damage to his ribs, even going undergoing surgery.

When they had cleaned up, the team was extremely tired, and they went down to the gym (that had the best A.C. in the tower) to cool down, all of them sweating pools by their feet. Wanda and stayed back and made sure to clean up the little things as well. This was Peter and Tony’s floor, after all, so she wanted to clean up as best as possible.

She wasn’t the only one left when the elevator dinged, and Steve stepped out with a frown.

“Bad mood, Captain?” Wanda asked. She already knew where he had been. He had visited Tony.
“Well, Tony looks as terrible as ever, so that concerns me. But the fact that Clint and Tony are hiding something is disturbing me too.”

“Well, then it’s probably best to tell you that I know about the secret too, to get things straight.”

“Wanda, you knew about it too? How could you all turn on us?”

“Turn on you guys? Please, I think you’ve hidden way more things then what we’ve been hiding to the team.”

“Stop being a hypocrite. You hid a secret based on Tony’s parent’s death. Is that not something you should’ve told him right away?”

“Yes, but my friend’s life was also on the line.”

“Is Tony not your friend?”

“A life, Wanda. A life is more important. And Wanda, we put that past us. The past is the past.”

“Of course, that’s more important. And the past is the past? Please, you’ve got to be kidding me. You left your new friends so you can pursue your friend that was in your past life.”

“You don’t understand our relationship. Bucky is like a brother to me.”

“And so was Tony. He handed you his life into your hands, trusted that you would watch his back. Obviously, you don’t know how important it is to get the trust of Tony Stark, a man who had been betrayed and hurt his whole life. Have you not heard about Obadiah Stane and his terrible father. And yes, he disliked his father, but the cause of his death was to be known to him.”

“I understand that, but you don’t under-”

“No, you don’t understand. I get you’re trying to even out your guilt by saying that Tony is hiding a secret now, so you can feel less guilty about hiding one yourself. But his secret does not apply harm to anyone. You didn’t even think about what he’s hiding.”

“His son. We all know Wanda.”

“Yes, but he’s keeping a secret to protect his son.”

“And I kept a secret to protect my brother.”

“Yeah, but look what you’ve caused. We wouldn’t be here and all fighting if you had just told us all in the beginning about what happened and what you knew. You went behind his back and declared war against him.”

“Well, you haven’t told us about your secret, and now everyone is fighting as well. Is this not the same?”

“Tony hasn’t done anything to you about this secret, has he? No, because he knows to go to war about it is not logical.”

“Wanda, I get it. It was wrong of me to do that. But you were on my side. What changes things now? Why now do you go onto his side?”

“I was on your side because I disagreed with the accords. I wasn’t on your side because I thought that we should protect Bucky. I regret the decision now. I should’ve just joined Tony’s side, and
protected him. I should’ve been there for him. This time, I’m on his side because his secret was for the greater cause without anyone in harm.”

Steve went silent as Wanda had proved her point.

“You once thought Tony was responsible for your parent’s death. How is that any different with Bucky.” Steve said quietly.

“Woah, fuck you, Steve. You really going to bring that up! Fine, let’s play nasty then!” Wanda’s red eyes flared, magic swirling within them. Her hands clenched up into fists like before. “I made Tony a scapegoat. Tony didn’t mean to kill my parents. It was an accident, and out of his control. But Bucky? He was made by HYDRA to kill them.”

“He was brainwashed, and it was out of his control too! He wasn’t who he was!” Steve was angry too now. No one messes with Bucky.

“No, he was who he is today!”

“What do you mean?”

“Anything HYDRA touches turns into a monster. They are corrupted forever. I know that better than anyone, cause HYDRA touched me and look what I’ve become. I’m a lunatic and crazy person who hurts those around me. Bucky was also messed up by HYDRA. I’m sorry, but your golden boy is now a killer who was responsible for Tony’s parent’s death regardless of what influence he was under. The fact that he killed people doesn’t change when he changes as a person. As am I. I was created to destroy, and I have destroyed things. Yes, I have changed for the good, but that doesn’t make me innocent for what destruction I’ve caused before. You have to understand that Tony wanted him dead because he wanted justice.”

“Everyone deserves a second chance.”

“Have you ever given Tony a second chance? I feel like it’s always Tony who has given us all these chance. Cause he’s always the one he gets hurt in the end. And look what he’s done for us all. He’s given us a home and place to stay, and he’s even given Bucky a second chance by letting him stay here.”

“And I greatly appreciate that.”

“Maybe you should show appreciation than by respecting him. Give him time, and he will come to explain to you all. Give him a chance to redeem himself.” Wanda calmed down, afraid she was going to have a burst of magic like with Natasha.

It fell silent agian.

“Wanda, you aren’t a crazy, lunatic monster who hurts everyone around them. You’re one of the most caring people in the world.” Steve said sadly. Wanda should never think of herself like that.

“Well, I thought that you were the most caring person in the world. About freedom and morals, but I was wrong. You don’t even fit to take the role as captain.”

Wanda angrily stomped past Steve and stepped into the elevator that Steve came through. She left without another word.

What Wanda said was a low blow to Steve. She was right. This was all his fault. He should’ve been better back then. Maybe his family wouldn’t have been messed up this badly right now. And he
wasn’t fit to be captain; what kind of captain keeps such a dark secret from everyone.

A tear fell down Steve’s cheek, and he sat down on the floor, thinking about his life choices.

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Peter had woken up only 30 minutes after the surgery. By then, Tony and Clint had calmed down from their crying session and were there to greet him.

“Wha-what happened? Where am I?” Peter asked in sleepy confusion.

“You’re in the med-bay. You just got out of surgery, so you might feel a little bit tired.” Tony explained with a smile. Peter couldn’t see it though, because he was looking straight up into the ceiling as the realization of the situation hit him. He had broken his ribs, and he needed to get surgery because he took some big hits.

“Oh yeah. My ribs got beat up pretty bad.”

“You bet. It took the surgeons a whopping 3 hours to fix them.” Clint said, which surprised Peter. Oh, Clint was here.

Peter tilted his head to look at the two and realized how miserable they looked.

“Have you guys been crying? You guys look like you went to a funeral.” Peter asked concerningly.

“Don’t worry about us. How do you feel?” Tony said, stroking Peter’s hair.

“I’m fine. But what happened to Vulture 2?”

“Vulture 2? Is that what you’re going to call it now?”

“Yeah, it doesn’t matter. What happened?”

“The Avengers got him and locked him up in jail. You won’t be seeing that guy again.”

“Oh, okay.” Peter still felt a pang of guilt creep up on him as he thought about how he caused one family to go poor, and probably many others as well.

“You guys sure name threats weird things. Anyways, it’s great that you feel fine Pete, but make sure to tell us if you feel uncomfortable or any pain. Okay?” Clint stated.

“Okay, Uncle Clint. Jeez, and I thought you were the fun uncle. You’re being a mother hen now.”

“Nuh uh, you take that back, or else, I’ll tickle you to death!” Clint lifted his hands up and put them close to Peter’s ribs.

“If you tickle me, my ribs will hurt!” Peter smiled devilishly.

“Yeah, get your hands off my boy. You better not hurt him!” Tony scolded, moving Clint’s hands away.

“Okay, fine. Hey, look who’s being the mother hen now.”

“You’re right Uncle Clint. I take it back. Tony has achieved mother hen level 1,000 which is way past your status”
Tony laughed in victory.

“Dad, it’s supposed to be a bad thing if you’re overprotective.”

A quiet “oh” came out of Tony’s mouth.

“Wait, it’s better if I’m overprotective. That’s what I’m aiming for. Aha!” Tony smiled in victory again.

Clint and Peter both groaned.

“No, that’s so lame.”

“Yeah Tony, that’s so lame.” Clint agreed.

“No, you guys are being lame for calling me lame!”

Everyone laughed but stopped when Peter winced at the pain that exerted from laughing.

“Ouch, I guess I better not laugh too much.”

“Yeah, stop with the jokes. You’re going to cause the kid pain.” Tony told Clint.

Clint only puffed out a “Hmph”.

They kept on talking until Peter said he felt sleepy again and took a nap (which the nurses said would be normal after surgery).

Tony and Clint left the room to give him some space and found Wanda outside of the door, in tears.


“I talked to Steve about something, and I was just really happy when I heard you guys all laughing and I thought about what I said and what Steve said.”

“What did he say?”

“He said I’m a kind person. But really, I’m a monster, who doesn’t deserve caring people like you, Tony, and Peter.” Wanda whispered out.

Tony and Clint both hugged Wanda, basically a forming a group hug.

“Don’t ever say that about yourself. And if you dare to part with us, Peter will be devastated.” Tony said softly.

Wanda chuckled, and they hugged for few more minutes while the two adults assured Wanda that she is a nice and caring person, and deserves their love.

“Thanks, guys. You all mean a lot to me.” Wanda said as they broke away from the hug.

“You do too. And you are very special to Peter too.” Tony stated.

“Speaking of Peter, how is he?” Wanda questioned.

“He’s taking a nap, cause the surgery made him pretty sleepy as the anesthesia is in his body still. It’s going to take him some time to flush it out.” Clint said.
Wanda nodded.

“Can I see him?”

“Sure, let’s all go back in,” Tony said.

“But we need to talk about what you talked about with Cap later, and about the team, okay? You understand Tony, Wanda?”

“Yeah,” both Tony and Wanda sighed.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't, please tell me how to fix it.

Okay, so I guess this story is a bit unfriendly towards team Cap, but it is a Peter and Tony fic, so what can you expect. I mean, things will eventually get better, but for now, it's going to be kind of hateful towards team Cap.

And for those who do say Bucky is innocent, I do agree too, but in Wanda's point of view (especially with the whole HYDRA thingy), Bucky is not as innocent.

Also, Wanda stood up to Steve, which was a pretty big move.

Next chapter will be the discussion between Tony, Clint, and Wanda about everything, like dealing with the team.

The team will also talk amongst themselves, and come to a conclusion on how to treat Tony.

So this will be extremely long, so don't expect it in one day (one day if I'm lucky lmao).

This chapter and the one before were supposed to be one, but I always like my chapters at least 2,000 words, so I split it. But the next one might be long, idk.

K bye!
“No, Nat. I’m going to handle this rationally. And I have a few things that I would like to tell Tony about anyways that involves forgiving him.”

“Forgetting him? You got to be kidding me, you can’t just let him off the hook after hiding a secret so big.”

“I’m sure he had his reasons, and I’ll explain my reason later. Let’s just go up and sort this out.” Steve left, and the rest followed.

Chapter Notes

Okay, I said that I would have a long chapter, but I did a two-parter again, cause I felt like it wouldn't fit well together in one big chapter.

This one is way shorter, about 1,500 words instead of my usual 2,000. But it gets its point across, about the team and stuff.

Yeah, so that's about it. Enjoy!

“So, you stood up to Captain America basically?” Tony questioned.

“Yeah, it wasn’t that hard. I got him pretty good if I say so myself so he would back off from us for some time.” Wanda said proudly. She had explained what she had said to Steve.

“That’s my girl! Standing up to elders and disrespecting them!” Clint motioned for a high-five, and Wanda took it happily.

They were currently in Peter’s new room, as Tony asked Peter to be transferred to a bigger medical room, as his old one was quite small for 4 people. So with that, they got the biggest room, which was as big as Tony’s bedroom (as it was a sharing room for multiple people, but there were no people in the hospital at this time; after all, it was Stark tower). Peter had been in a deep sleep, and the gang was seated far away in a corner at a small table, making sure that they don’t wake Peter up.

“Well, that did give us some time for us to think. What are we going to do?” Tony asked.

“We have to talk to the team eventually, cause we can’t avoid them forever. Honestly, I think we should spill everything onto them, or things might get nasty.” Clint said.

“You sure that’s the best thing to do? Telling them will not resolve and quench their anger towards us.” Wanda quipped.

“Honesty is always the best in a tough situation, although it wasn’t wrong for Tony to hide this secret
about Peter, if you would’ve told them sooner, maybe it would’ve not been as big,” Clint explained.

“Yeah, I should’ve told them earlier. I screwed up big time. I’m always saying it was Cap’s fault for not telling us that lead to the fight long ago, but now it’s my fault.”

“It’s not entirely your fault. And you were just trying to protect Peter.” Wanda added in.

“Well, then we should probably talk to them as fast as possible, because like you said, the sooner the better. I feel like the team is all pretty tense and waiting for us to act, so we should play the first move.” Tony stated.

“FRIDAY, tell the Avengers to meet in the conference room. Tell them that I’m going to explain everything.”

“As you wish, boss.”

“You’re just going to tell them the truth like that? What if they get angry at you and try to cause a fight?” Clint said worriedly.

“We don’t know how they’ll act, but we can’t avoid it, as you said.”

“I’ll stay here with Peter. It’s probably best if I don’t go anyways, because of what I said to Steve.” Wanda assured.

“Okay, then Clint and I will go and sort this all out. If something happens to Peter, tell FRIDAY to alert me right away, got it?”

Stop being a mother hen Stark, and go. Leave us be.” Wanda pushed the men out of the room and wished them luck.

Clint and Tony wished that luck was strong enough to help them. This was going to be a hell of a talk.

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Steve had been training once again at the gym to blow some steam off. The team was there as well, gossiping about everything that was going on.

Steve had been thinking about what Wanda had said. About how Tony was always the one who gave second chances, and how he was always there for everyone, but they left him.

“Boss wishes that the team meets in the conference room, to explain everything that has been going on.” FRIDAY cut off Steve’s thoughts, and he looked at the team, who had been staring at the ceiling as FRIDAY talked. Then they looked at Steve.

“What?” Steve said.

“Should we go?” Natasha said as if the decision was up to Steve.

“Of course. He’s going to explain to us about everything.”

“But we aren’t going to plan anything. Like how to show that he is wrong and stuff?”

“No, Nat. I’m going to handle this rationally. And I have a few things that I would like to tell Tony about anyways that involves forgiving him.”

“Forgiving him? You got to be kidding me, you can’t just let him off the hook after hiding a secret so
big."

“I’m sure he had his reasons, and I’ll explain my reason later. Let’s just go up and sort this out.” Steve left, and the rest followed.

They entered the conference room and saw that Clint and Tony had already been waiting, but Wanda was nowhere to be seen, which worried Steve a little. It was a team meeting after all.

Tony and Clint were seated at one side of the giant conference table, probably enough to fit 10 people at each side of the table. Steve and the team sat across from them, Steve seated across from Tony. The atmosphere of the room was very tight.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have kept a secret about Peter being my son. I just wanted to protect him.” Tony broke the silence, whispering out his words as he looked at the table.

“It’s okay Tony. We understand your situation. Clint also hid his family from us, so it’s not that big of a deal.” Steve assured while the team had confused expressions to how easily Steve was forgiving Tony.

“Really? You’re not angry or mad at me?”

“Well, we were angry. Or at least I was because you made me feel as if you didn’t trust us at all with your son. But I’m sure you have your more personal reasons, and Peter may have wanted to not tell us, and maybe it wasn’t your choice. Wanda said something to me, and it helped me to look at this differently.” Clint perked up as Steve spoke about Wanda, ready to defend her if Steve talked anything bad about her.

“Wanda said that you’ve always given us a second chance. More specifically during the accords and the whole murder secret thing. Heck, you’ve given us a home and even let Bucky stay here, which we all appreciate greatly. You let the people who turned on you back into your home, which is a big thing. So if you’re willing to give us a chance, we should be willing to give you a chance too.” Steve explained.

Natasha caught on quick and felt as if she should forgive him as well.

“Steve’s right. You’ve done more than enough to us, and we haven’t shown you enough appreciation for what you’ve done for us. So, I guess take this as our appreciation. Redemption for your mistake.”

“Well, it’s not Tony’s fault. He wa-” Clint tried to defend Tony, but Tony stopped him.

“It’s okay Clint. I’ve done my wrongdoings as well. They have the right to blame me. And thank you all, for forgiving me. It means a lot to me.”

“It’s the best we can do for you. But only under one condition can we forgive you.” Steve said, smiling at Tony, which hit his nerves hard.

“What is it? I’ll do anything. If you want money I’ll give it to you. Do you want to buy back the Dodgers to Brooklyn? I could arrange that. Tell me, what do you want.”

“Oh, that would be nice. Just give us all half of your money and we-” Sam was cut off as Steve glared at him.

“We don’t want money or the Dodgers, but what I think is fair is that you have to introduce Peter to us properly. As your son. If you agree to do that, we’ll think of it like this never happened, and start anew.”
“That’s it? I could do that.” Tony said quickly, happy that it was an easy compromise. “I don’t know how Peter feels around you guys yet, but I know I can’t hide him forever and shield him from you guys. So, I guess he can spend some time with you guys. You guys deserve to meet my son.”

“Yes, we do. I can’t believe you have a son.” Steve said, bewildered. “He’s such a good kid.”

“Well, how do you think Tony Stark fell in love with a kid? I’m telling you, that kid has a knack for making people fall for his love left and right.” Tony said smiling, talking about his son. Everyone saw how happy he was talking about his son.

Natasha saw it as an opportunity and decided to embrace it. It could be a good place to start to rebuild the team.

“Tell us about him. Start from the beginning of everything.” Natasha asked.

And so Tony went on a ramble about Aunt May and how Peter was an intern (he couldn’t bring up Spider-man just yet). He talked about every happy memory and made FRIDAY project the funny moments in front of the team. Tony was as happy as ever, and everyone was having a good time.

There was a shine that glowed from Tony when he talked about Peter, and Steve noticed it. Peter means a lot to Tony. No wonder he was trying to protect him.

Steve was glad he forgave Tony, and so was the rest of the team. Especially Bucky, as the topic of the Winter-soldier emerged once during the conversation, making him uncomfortable. But it quickly resided as he laughed at Tony getting covered in silly-string while drinking coffee, as Peter sprayed him all over.

There was also the one on Peter and Tony running around for a fire extinguisher during the day that the Avengers met Peter for the first time ever.

To them, it was now a distant memory; it was in the past. They put it past themselves.

And this time, the Avengers didn’t get into a fight. They solved the dispute like civilized people.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't please tell me how to fix it.

Next chapter is about Peter meeting the Avengers again and starting a new leaf. For those who want more conflict on Peter and the Avengers, just wait. This is only the eye of the storm, and once it passes, chaos will fall on them again. HEHEHE.

Okay yeah. Thanks for the support and comments as always, and I'm sorry this wasn't as long, but next one will be worth it. On the author's note, I said this would be long, but remember I split it ;p.

BYE!
Hi, I'm Tony's son

Chapter Summary

“Oh, uh, hi. I’m Peter. Tony’s son.” Peter said, quietly. Of course, he was wary, as he didn’t know how they felt towards him after he had hidden a big secret from them after gaining their trust.

“Nice to meet you, Peter. I hope from now onwards, we all have good relationships and get to know each other better.” Steve explained. Everyone else acknowledged that they agreed by nodding their heads and smiling towards him.

Chapter Notes

So I got a lengthy chapter out. Yay. Well, not lengthy. Only like 300 more words than usual (2,000 + 300 about words basically).

It’s a big step, where one conflict is fixed. Everyone is happy and stuff, and I feel like we all need this fluff and forgiveness before bigger things hit us. Just wait. Peter will lose trust in them again.

And yeah, ENJOY!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter woke up from his slumber, slowly flickering his eyelids to acclimate to the bright light above him.

He twisted and turned, stretching as he felt really tense, and realized quickly that he wasn’t attached to any more needles or wires. He also noticed that he was in a way larger room than the one he was in before. His father probably asked for a bigger one.

As he did look around, he didn’t see anyone. He guessed he was alone until the door opened and Wanda walked in. She looked surprised to see him awake.

“Oh! You’re awake!” Wanda said cheerfully, running to Peter’s bedside.

“Yeah, I feel more rested now after that nap. Where’s Tony and Clint?” Peter replied clearly, fully recovered from his sluggish state.

“They went to… discuss their problems with the Avengers. You know, about you being Tony’s son and all that.”

Peter gasped. How much has he missed while he was asleep? Did Tony get into another fight? Was he hurt? Thinking about the worst, he jumped out of bed, but Wanda stopped him.

“Relax, they’re not in any trouble, or there hasn’t been any trouble.”
“Oh, okay then. But I need to see how my dad is because if he’s hurt, it’s because of me. I called him “Dad” in front of everyone. I gave the secret away.” Peter slumped back onto his bed, looking down in shame.

“It’s not your fault. You were only asking for your dad because you were hurt. It’s a natural instinct, and they’ve would found out eventually. It’s better them to know now than ahead of time. Or that’s what Clint said anyways.”

“You really think so?”

“Yes, and I just went and eavesdropped onto their conversation, and it seems as if it was resolved rather quicker and calmer than I expected. I thought your father would threaten them to keep their distance, but instead, he started rambling about you. You know, when he starts bragging about you, he can’t stop. He’s like one of those bratty moms at school who brags about how their kid is the best. A little annoying if I say so myself.”

“Yeah, he gets real talkative when the subject is about me. But it’s good to know that the team and Tony solved this without arguing. I thought we might’ve had another fight. I guess they learned from before.” Peter said smiling at Wanda, who returned it gleefully.

“It seems as if they have learned their lesson.” Wanda agreed.

“The nurses said that you healed rather quickly, which is odd. I thought humans would take at least some weeks or months, but you were lucky I guess. It’s not fully healed, so you should take it easy. If you need to bend over and pick up something, tell me. Do you want to eat something? I’m pretty sure we can find something to make quickly in the kitchen because they’re all still talking in the conference room.”

“Yes, please! I’m starving!” Peter rubbed his stomach and Wanda helped him off the bed.

Peter was a little nervous, as nobody knew that he was Spider-man. They didn’t know he had super healing and everything else that comes with being a super. He thought maybe he should lay low and stay in the med-bay for at least a week so nobody would get suspicious, but his hunger beat his common sense, and he forgot about his worries.

Off to the kitchen, they went.

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Tony, Clint, and the team had just finished talking and laughing about everything. It had been a while since they’ve gathered like this and talked.

At some point, everyone was starting to get hungry, as dinner had passed a long time ago, but they hadn’t eaten anything because of their predicament. But now, they fixed their problems, so they all agreed to eat.

And Tony agreed to introduce Peter later, when he recovers fully, which the Avengers understood. They had all been notified that Peter broke several ribs, and underwent surgery to fix them.

They all headed towards the kitchen, and when they stepped in, all of them were surprised by the scene. Peter and Wanda were there, eating the leftover food from the feast before. They were laughing and talking, but that wasn’t the surprising thing. It was how Peter was perfectly fine, looking like he was fully recovered.

The pair quickly noticed the group before them, and they didn’t know what to do. Tony stepped in.
“Well, I guess this is a good time to introduce my son. Peter, come here, will you?”

Peter got off his counter seat and walked cautiously next to Tony, who was now across from the Avengers.

“Team, this is my son Peter. Peter, these are the Avengers.” Tony said, stretching his hands outward.

Peter didn’t get what was going on, but he decided to go along with it. He guessed that maybe they were trying to start anew, and caught on fast. He was a smart kid.

“Oh, uh, hi. I’m Peter. Tony’s son.” Peter said, quietly. Of course, he was wary, as he didn’t know how they felt towards him after he had hidden a big secret from them after gaining their trust.

“Nice to meet you, Peter. I hope from now onwards, we all have good relationships and get to know each other better.” Steve explained. Everyone else acknowledged that they agreed by nodding their heads and smiling towards him.

“I hope so too.” Peter smiled back. He decided maybe this was the time to speak up.

“And I’m sorry, for everything. I’m sorry I acted so hostile at first when we met. I should’ve been more welcoming because I learned that you guys are all very kind people. So yeah, thanks for the second chance when I didn’t give you one.”

“It’s okay. We put that past us. From now on, we start a new leaf.” Natasha assured, still smiling towards Peter.

Wanda decided that this was also her time to apologize. She floated off her seat and stood next to Peter.

“I too, want to apologize. I’ve been pretty mean to you guys all these past few days, even though you guys were trying to help me. And I was hiding a secret, but it’s not your guys’ fault that you’re curious. I should’ve been more understanding. And Steve, I sincerely apologize for the insults I pressed onto you. I didn’t mean them.” Wanda hung her head low.

“Wanda, I’m also sorry for what I’ve said to you as well,” Steve said.

“As am I. I already apologized, but I feel as if it wasn’t as meaningful, so I want to apologize right now for my actions. It was partly my fault to how you acted around us, as I set a bad first step when we were adjusting to new life. Because adjusting to changes is hard.” Natasha admitted, which got a supportive smile from Steve.

“Thank you. Thank you all.” Wanda thanked them.

They all stood there, the pregnant silence enveloping them in a slightly tense atmosphere. Tony was always the best to lighten the mood.

“Well, with that out of the way, let’s all have a very late dinner! I’m starving, and I’m guessing you guys are all hungry as well. Wanda, Peter, throw those leftovers in the trash. We’re going to order pizza!” Tony said as he rubbed his hands.

Everyone cheered, including Peter and Wanda was they didn’t enjoy the leftovers as much. Turkey that was heated twice tasted really dry and was not as good when freshly made, which they both agreed on.

Tony ordered 20 boxes of pizza; like before, it’s better to order more than less. He knew everyone’s favorite and specific order, as the team ordered pizza often back when they were a big family.
Within a few minutes, the team had set up plates and cups with drinks (of course only juice and soda, as Tony had gone sober a long time ago when he adopted Peter). The pizza eventually arrived, which Tony tipped graciously (because they had been 2 minutes earlier than last time). They set up all the boxes down the kitchen counter, like the feast before. Everyone got their plates and took their respective pizza slices. They gathered around in the living room like before, sitting in the same groups as before.

Small talk was first started by Tony, as he talked about how having pineapple on pizza is disgusting, which everyone agreed to. One by one, everyone started to buzz in and add their own little comments, eventually leading to a full group conversation. It was nice.

“I don’t know how Peter can be your son. He’s such an angel.” Chimed Steve.

“Well, technically he’s not biologically mine, but people do say he is like a carbon copy of me.” Tony explained.

A few grunts of disagreements were heard around the room.

“Believe me. You haven’t seen his other side. Right now, he’s all nice and polite, but later, he gets all sassy and snarky like Tony.” Clint said, adding to Tony’s comment.

“Nah, the kid has morals and everything. Maybe the smarts are the only thing in common, but other than that, they’re like polar opposites.” Sam said, still disagreeing.

“C’mon guys, you’re making me blush. And plus, you guys don’t even know me that well, so you can’t really say anything about me. Uncle Clint’s warned you guys, so don’t blame him when I start single-handily roasting all of you guys.” Peter warned. Tony smirked proudly and fist bumped Peter in approval of his comeback.

“Okay, nevermind, he is definitely Tony’s.” Sam looked disgusted.

“Another Stark to deal with, that’s all I’ve got to say.” Bucky added in, which got a few groans of “oh no” out of the group.

Steve had a surprised expression on his face though.

“Is everyone just going to forget the fact that Peter just called Clint ‘Uncle Clint’.”

It went silent, as Clint retreated into the couch that he was sitting on, next to Wanda, Peter, and Tony.

“How can you call Clint Uncle first? I’m more brotherly to Tony. Right?” Steve pouted.

“Well, I got to know Clint first, so it was kind of first come first serve kind of thing,” Peter said.

“Oh don’t get jealous Cap, I guess I’m more of an uncle to Peter than you.” Clint sat proudly instead of hiding like before.

“I’m not jealous,” Steve argued. Everyone gave a “sure honey whatever you say” stare at him.

“Okay, fine. I always wanted to have a nephew or a niece okay? I never wanted kids myself, but I was hoping maybe that Tony might get a kid because Clint wouldn’t really let us near his kids. So yes, I’m kind of hurt that Peter called Clint ‘Uncle’ first.” Steve admitted.

“Don’t worry, Uncle Steve. You can be the serious Uncle. You know, the one that yells at the fun Uncle, which is Clint, for doing stupid things!” Peter said to cheer Steve up.
Steve smiled. He was an Uncle now! “Thanks, Pete. That means a lot to me. Although I don’t think I would be the serious Uncle.” Everyone once again gave him the “sure honey whatever you say” stare at him.
“Okay, fine. I’m the serious Uncle. But aha! I was called Uncle second.” He pumped his fist into the air in excitement.

“Wait, wait. Clint is the funny Uncle? What the hell am I?” Sam questioned.

“Yeah, same here.” Said Bucky.

“Forget about those losers, Peter. What kind of aunt am I?” Natasha asked.

“Aw, Nat’s jealous that Steve got the title before her. Is this a competition now?” Tony teased. Natasha only glared at him.

“C’mon Peter, tell me.” Natasha pressed on. That got a “Hey what about me” from Sam and Bucky.

“Well, you’re really awesome and cool. Oh, and really chill. So you’re not the fun Aunt cause you think rationally, but you could be the chill Aunt. The one that doesn’t do reckless actions, but lets the fun Uncle have fun until it goes too far. And then you punish us.” Peter shivered as he thought of Natasha punishing him and Clint for doing something bad.

“Hm. I like that. And it would be fun to punish both of you for doing bad things. Watch out boys, don’t do anything reckless.” Natasha smiled devilishly towards Clint and Peter, who hugged each other in fear. Natasha didn’t want kids either, or a nephew or niece. But Peter had his way of making people want him in their life.

“Okay, with those lame Uncles and Aunt out of the way, make way for Uncle Sam. What am I?” Sam asked curiously.

“I guess you can be the ‘I need a loan from my brother’ Uncle! The one that always goes to his brother’s house and plays games and doesn’t provide any help! You’re the fun Uncle mixed with a teenager!”

Sam had an exaggerated hurt expression on his face as everyone laughed.

“He is definitely a Stark,” said Natasha.

“You’re the ‘I need a loan from my brother’ Uncle! Oh my god, it’s so true!” Bucky was laughing loudly, barely speaking out his comment.

“Well, I can’t wait to hear what kind of Uncle you are.” Sam stared curiously at Peter, waiting for him to label Bucky.

“Oh, Bucky. I guess you’re partly a serious Uncle, but you always pester him about being too serious but get serious in needed situations like the chill Aunt. So, you can be the average Uncle! The basic one.” Peter told Bucky happily.

Sam hollered loudly, as Steve howled along with him in laughter.

“He called you basic!” Steve laughed along with Natasha, who was red from laughing too much. Wanda, Tony, Clint were also red from laughing.

“Oh, that’s so worse than mine! At least I’m something!” Said Sam.
Bucky only puffed an angry breath out, not saying anything, but obviously, he wasn’t that mad. He was still an Uncle. Like Steve, he always wanted to have the title “Uncle”.

And so that’s how all the Avengers became Uncles and an Aunt to Peter. They also got closer and gained more trust from Peter, to the point where Peter was comfortable calling everyone Uncle and Aunt.

That’s how one pizza dinner lead to such a big bonding experience. And how the Avengers became more domestic than ever.

At least it helped to loosen everyone up, including their suspicions of Peter healing so fast. But that’s something they can worry about later.

Chapter End Notes

EnJoYeD iT? GrEaT! If you didn't, please tell me how to fix it.

So yeah, that was a pretty light and happy chapter. But like I said before, this is the eye of the storm. It will come again and strike us harder than before!

Next chapter is like a filler before I introduce another conflict; maybe even 2-3 filler chapters. I don't know, I'll see how it plays out.

As always, thanks for the comments and support! It means a lot to me! :)

Bye!
Pancakes Galore

Chapter Summary

“Um, guys. I think we made too much.” Natasha said over her shoulder as she still stared at the towering pancakes.

Steve and Tony broke away from their happy conversation and gasped when they saw how much there were.

“Oh my god! Peter, you were in charge of our pancake count!” Tony said as he gaped at the pancakes.

“I’m so sorry. I just got carried away and I kept stacking them and I forgot to stop when we reached 100.”

Chapter Notes

YaY, another chapter! It's pretty light, a filler chapter to set the mood and like trust relationships between Peter and the team. It's pretty sweet and fluffy, so yeah, read to your heart's content :)

I don't really have anything to say, another than that something is going to happen.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

2 weeks passed by. Peter and the team had become closer than ever, as Peter no longer had to work with Tony the whole day. It wasn’t that he didn’t like working with his dad. More likely he loved it, but his father had more meetings come up that Pepper forced him to attend to, so Peter was stuck with the Avengers from time to time.

He did bug his father about Spider-man though.

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“C’mon, dad, please, just tonight?” Peter begged like many countless times in the lab.

“No, you recently just got hurt from that Vulture incident,” Tony said sternly.

“I have enhanced healing, so it’s all fixed up now. Even the doctors said so.”

“It’s going to be suspicious if my son disappears all of a sudden and reappears late at night, don’t you think?” Tony questioned.

“Not if I’m secretive enough.”
“But what happens when one of the team members goes around looking for you sometime?”

“Dad, no one is going to be up at 11 looking for me.”

“Who said you were going to be out at 11 that late?”

“Ugh! That’s not what I meant.” Peter said frustrated.

“Then what is one way you won’t be caught. I don’t want to be explaining how my son is Spiderman, especially right after I revealed my son.”

“As I said, I can be careful. I’ll go out late-”

“Not late,” Tony cut Peter off.

“Then there’s no way I can go out without being caught!” Peter yelled.

“Then you’re not going out.”

“I’m never going to be able to be Spider-man again! You’re being such a butt! There are innocent people who need my help right now, and you’re preventing me from saving them!” Peter fought back.

“Peter, this is for your own good, and maybe, even so, the team doesn’t freak out after they know you’re a superhero,” Tony said calmly, which calmed down Peter himself.

“But, I can’t just be here lounging with the Avengers when I should be out there,” Peter whined out as he put a hand on his face in frustration.

“I know bud, but I’ll figure something out, okay? I promise I’ll let you go out sometime.”

“Fine, but it better be soon because I’ve almost missed a month of Spider-man now.”

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There were many conversations like that, and Tony was working on it. He was thinking of many ways Peter could leave without the predicament where someone gets suspicious or catches him while he enters the tower again.

But that was for another day.

One day, Tony and Peter were making pancakes for breakfast, as Tony didn’t have any meetings that day. Peter had asked if he could make pancakes because they haven’t had pancakes in a while ever since the Avengers moved in. Of course, Tony didn’t pass on making them; “Anything for my favorite son!” He said.

The elevator dinged as Tony started to pour some of the pancake batter onto the pan, releasing a delicious aroma. Steve and Natasha stepped out from the elevator. They just came up from the gym after a morning workout, sweating profusely.

“Mhm. What’s that delicious smell?” Steve sniffed the air. He was also pretty sure he heard Natasha’s stomach grumble as well.

“It’s my dad’s famous pancakes! You guys should try some!” Peter said excitedly as he kept his eyes on the pancake sizzling as Tony flipped it by lifting the pan up abruptly.
“Sure, we’d love to try some. Famous pancakes? Last time I remember, Tony didn’t know how to cook a single thing.” Natasha commented.

“Well, I had to learn something to cook because I couldn’t constantly feed the kid refrigerated or microwaved food,” Tony explained.

“Wait, but that means you had microwaved food before I came along. Why is it any different with me?” Peter pouted.

“Cause you’re a growing boy, and growing boys need to maintain a healthy diet.” Tony scolded lightly. Peter only stuck his tongue out at him.

“Wow, I never thought that Tony would ever have a paternal side to him.” Natasha teased, half expecting a snarky comment.

Instead, Tony answered rather straightforwardly. “I guess adopting a kid does things to you. You somehow want to learn something or do something new so you can please the kid, you know? Like you always strive to get a smile out of the kid.” Tony said as he ruffled Peter’s hair affectionately. Peter stared back with loving eyes.

“Dad, the pancakes are going to burn again.” Peter reminded.

“Right, we don’t want a repeat of what we had last time,” Tony said as he put the pancake onto a plate, and pouring more batter after.

Steve noticed that Tony was wearing the “Caution! Dad Cooking!” apron that Steve wore when he was cooking.

“Hey, you’re wearing that apron. I thought it was a gag gift from someone.” Steve explained.

“Peter got it for me one day after he saw it online. Best gift ever.” Tony smiled brighter.

“Wait, Uncle Steve. You saw the apron and didn’t even get suspicious that maybe it correlated to me being Tony’s son?” Peter questioned.

“As I said, I thought it was a gag gift from someone else.”

“I’m so dumb. I should’ve noticed.” Natasha slapped her forehead in shame. She could’ve figured the secret way sooner if she had paid more attention.

Everyone laughed, and Natasha joined in with the laughter. The secret was behind them, and it was more of a memory everyone laughed about. It got to the point that Clint could even tease Natasha about it.

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“Can’t believe you couldn’t figure it out faster.” Clint teased one day after Peter, Natasha and were eating ice cream on the couch on a hot summer day. Of course, the tower had the best A.C. in the world, but ice cream was a traditional way to cool off. Okay, they weren’t actually hot, it was just an excuse to eat large amounts of ice cream.

“Well, the kid and Tony can hide a secret damn well, if I say so myself.” Natasha defended, taking little spoonfuls of her ice cream, too hard to scoop as it was still melting.

“Uh, not really. I may have slipped the secret out to Uncle Clint and Wanda after we first met.” Peter
said as he cringed at his own foolishness, putting his spoon down for once. Peter was an ice cream monster, already halfway through his carton of chocolate ice cream.

“What!” Natasha said surprised, also stopping herself from eating her delightful dessert which she hasn’t even dug into yet.

“Yeah, the kids terrible at keeping secrets. I’m actually bewildered by the fact that, Black Widow, one of the best spies on the face of the earth, couldn’t crack a little boy who’s bad at keeping secrets.” Clint teased once again, who had only a mug’s worth of ice cream, as he said he was “too old to eat too much sugar, don’t wanna get fat.” His favorite, chocolate with cherries galore. Natasha only glared back at him.

“You don’t have to rub it into my face that you found out first. But it doesn’t matter, Peter likes me better, right? Aunty Nat has to be your favorite.” Natasha smiled towards Peter. It was more of a “you better say yes” smile.

Scared of Natasha, Peter agreed. “Y-yeah, you’re my favorite Aunt out of all my other relatives!” Peter smiled innocently back at Natasha.

“Hey don’t scare the kid. I see what you’re doing. C’mon Pete, I’m the fun Uncle. We always have a blast until your Aunt comes by and ruins it.” Clint argued.

“No, that is such a lie. I never stopped you gu-”

“You’re both my favorite okay? Gosh, I didn’t know you guys would actually argue over who’s best.” Peter said annoyingly, shoving a spoonful of ice cream into his mouth.

“Argh, I got a brain freeze!” Peter complained as he put his carton down and put both hands on his head in pain. Clint and Natasha only laughed at him.

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That was one of the few happy experiences Natasha has had with Peter. She was slowly starting to like the boy even more than before. Like Tony, she had that feeling he described; to want to make the kid happy and learn new things for him.

“Hey, Nat, how many you want?” Tony asked.

“I think you should just make as much as possible, cause the whole team is going to wake up soon anyway,” Natasha said.

“Oh yeah. Well then, Peter? Can you make more of the batter? Steve and Nat, you both get some pans out and help me cook them, as one person isn’t efficient enough.”

“As you say,” they all said simultaneously.

And so they got to work, making multiple stacks of pancakes that filled the counter. They were all having such a good time, they didn’t even stop when they had acquired the needed amount. Peter kept on making the batter as the pantry was filled with the pancake mixture, and the others kept on cooking the pancakes.

Eventually, Natasha noticed how many pancakes were made, which had filled all of the counters, each at least having 20 pancakes in each stack. Oh god.

“Um, guys. I think we made too much.” Natasha said over her shoulder as she still stared at the
towering pancakes.

Steve and Tony broke away from their happy conversation and gasped when they saw how much there were.

“Oh my god! Peter, you were in charge of our pancake count!” Tony said as he gaped at the pancakes.

“I’m so sorry. I just got carried away and I kept stacking them and I forgot to stop when we reached 100.”

“Well, how much are there in total,” Steve asked, scared to see how much they surpassed their needed amount.

“436 pancakes in total,” FRIDAY said, as she was the one counting for Peter.

“FRIDAY! You should’ve told me to stop. You only told me we reached 100, and I forgot!”

“And now what are we going to do with 436 pancakes. We can’t possibly eat all of that, even if we do for lunch and dinner.” Tony sighed.

Ding. Peter got an idea.

“How about we give all of the people in the tower pancakes? You know, like one of those ‘breakfast at work’ days!” Peter said happily.

“I don’t think that’s even a thing, but that’s a great idea! Let’s do it! FRIDAY, have a public service announcement that everyone in the tower that they can enjoy pancakes served in the public cafeteria for free.” Tony said.

“On it boss,” FRIDAY replied compliantly.

“Okay, follow me to the cafeteria to get some meal carts to carry the pancakes,” Tony said as he rode the elevator, which everyone else followed in tow.

As they hauled all their pancakes into the cafeteria of Stark Tower, people started to fill in the cafeteria, forming a giant line.

Some people took pictures of the giant piles of pancakes, and some were discussing how convenient this was, as many left home early without breakfast to arrive on time to work.

The group went beside the pile with hundreds of plates and started to give out pancakes to everyone. They decided it was best to limit it to 2 pancakes for each person, as they felt there wouldn’t be enough for everyone if they gave more.

One by one, people got their pancakes and Tony, Peter, Natasha, and Steve had a fun time. They weren’t exactly talking, but the people would all say “thank you”, or “best idea ever” to them. Tony thought maybe he should do this often.

Eventually, everyone who wanted pancakes were given pancakes, and there was still a pile left. Enough for the Avengers at least.

With their goodbyes, the group headed upwards with their pancakes back to their floor.

The rest of the team were already up and awake, waiting for them in the kitchen.
“What the hell? How many pancakes did you make?” Sam said, surprised by the pile that amazed everyone.

“436, but we gave some away to the staff in Stark Tower, cause we made way to much,” Peter explained.

“Well, I can see there is enough for us, so let’s dig in!” Wanda said cheerfully as she lifted the pancakes onto her plate.

Everyone got their desired amount, and they all ate in the living room like always.

Bucky started a light conversation by talking about how they can even make that many pancakes in the first place, which got a few “it happens” from Peter, Tony, Natasha, and Steve.

That’s how one morning lead to such an event.

The next morning, news headlines were filled with the title, “Tony Stark feeds his employees with free pancakes: for good press, or kindness?”

The Avengers watch the news, listening intently to the people who were being interviewed by the press. There was this one person, the receptionist of Stark Tower, Angie, who gave the best answer.

“I feel as if it was kindness. Black Widow and Captain America were there, and so was Mr.Stark’s intern. The intern actually told me that they were making pancakes up in the tower when they made too much, so they decided to give some out.” Angie explained to the camera in front of her.

“There you have it, viewers. Tony Stark’s act of kindness is supported by many who believe it as-”

Tony turned off the T.V., as he never really liked watching the news.

“Hey, it was starting to get interesting. I was waiting for some people to start insulting you and stuff.” Sam said annoyed.

“Too bad, the news is too boring and brilliant minds will be fried if we watch such unintellectual things, right Peter?”

“Yeah, the news is a bore. Let’s go down to the lab! I feel like I haven’t had some private time with my dad in a while, don’t you think?” Peter said happily to Tony, who smiled.

“Yes, I need some time with my favorite son, cause all the Avengers are trying to steal you away from me. C’mon, let’s go, I have no meetings planned today!” Tony said excitedly, hopping off the couch with Peter and heading towards the elevator.

The team watched as Tony and Peter left. They were smiling, as they had never seen such happiness radiate from Tony. They’ve only seen it when Peter was around.

They all silently decided that Peter was a blessing from the gods, and decided they needed to protect him at all costs. For Tony’s sake.

Or at least that’s what Natasha thought when she saw the boy head down with his father to the lab.

Chapter End Notes
Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't, then please tell me how to fix it. Constructive criticism is always welcome!

I feel like I really don't have anything to say, so the usual:

Thanks for the support and comments. Nowadays, you guys comment a lot and some make me laugh, so thank you all! It's okay if you don't comment; I don't need your words to know you guys like it. Kudos and Hits show me otherwise.

K, bYe!
The team had an early dinner, as everyone was tired from the day. They had a big hide-and-seek game in the tower, and it almost took the evening to end the game. Everyone retreated to their rooms for some rest.

But Peter lounged on the couch, looking at his phone on social media. He usually didn’t post many things on Instagram or send many snaps, as he only used it to see his friends’ and classmates’ posts. He was scrolling through Ned’s profile to see all of his vacation pictures when the elevator dinged. He was lying on the couch, so he couldn’t tell who it was; well, he didn’t care who it was.

“Hey, Peter, what you doing?” It was Steve.

“Just browsing through social media. Nothing much.” Peter replied boringly.

“Hm. You know it’s not good to spend too much time on your phone. Plus, social media is a good platform for cyberbullies.” Steve sat on a couch next to Peter.

“You’re just saying that because you didn’t have phones back then. Or at least, smartphones.” Peter said, still staring at his phone.

“No, that is not why I’m hesitant around phones. It’s just it really is a big platform for bullies, and a lot of people’s feelings are hurt by what is put up on the internet by others.”

“Stop being so protective Uncle Steve. You’re no fun to talk to.” Peter finally looked away from his phone and said.
phone, acknowledging Steve’s precautions. He put his phone down on the coffee table. “There, you happy? I’ve rid myself of the bully machine.” Peter smiled innocently at Steve, which made Steve laugh.

“Bully machine? Don’t get me wrong, phones are one of the best things in the world for communication and all that jazz, but it can also be used against people is all I’m saying.”

“Yeah, whatever. You have nothing to be worried about, I don’t even look at my phone a lot. You just saw me looking at my phone on the rare occasions I do. I’m not like one of those phone addicts who have to check texts and posts when they get notifications.” Peter said confidently.

At that moment, his phone buzzed a new text message. Peter quickly launched for his phone, closely examining who the text was from.

“Yeah, you’re totally not one of those people who check their texts when they get one,” Steve said sarcastically, laughing at Peter’s hypocritical action.

“It’s from MJ. I had to check it.”

“MJ? Is she a friend of yours?”

“Yeah, she’s this really cool, pretty, smart, confident… anything that’s perfect in this world basically.” Peter said, his eyes shining with love. Steve could already tell Peter was falling for this girl.

“Oh, and you’re just friends right?” Steve teased.

“O-Of course. Just friends.” Peter blushed profusely.

“For now. Are you going to make a move?”

“I-I don’t like h-her.” Peter denied quickly.

Steve quirked an eyebrow at him.

“Oh, I may have a little crush on her.” Peter sighed out.

“So, what are you going to do?”

“No offense Uncle Steve, but I don’t think you’re the best person for girl advice. I’d rather go to my dad for this kind of stuff.” Peter said quietly.

“Well, your father expressed his love more different than me though. He showed it physically. And I think you’re not that kind of person.” Steve hesitated, thinking through his every word.

“Oh my god, Steve it’s fine to say my dad had lots of sex. Everyone knows that. If you don’t, you’re a hermit who lives on the edge of the earth.”

“Wait, the edge of the earth? Are you like one of those flat earth supporters?” Steve asked.

“What? No, of course not. Science proves that the earth is spherical, not flat. Like the earth is… you know what, I don’t care. I don’t even want to know how you know about the flat earth supporters.” Peter said, shaking himself off the thought.

“Don’t worry, I believe the earth is spherical as well.”
“You don’t believe in it. It’s a fact, Uncle Steve.” Peter said nonchalantly.

“Oh, back to the girl. Stop trying to avoid the problem like your father.”

“I’m not trying to avoid the problem like my father? I just, don’t need advice. I think I’m doing fine if I say so myself.” Peter said quietly, shrinking into the couch.

“Well, what was the text about?”

“She said her parents and siblings went to a birthday party of a family friend, but MJ had the choice not to go. So she declined the invitation and is instead inviting me because her family is gone and won’t be back until very late. I usually go over when her parents aren’t over, so don’t worry about us.” Peter said.

The part where Peter said “her parents aren’t home” echoed in his head. Where had he heard it from before?

“Oh, I’m going to go. I just texted my dad and he said that I can go. Bye, Uncle Steve! Nice to talk to you.” Peter said as he walked toward the elevator backward and waved at Steve.

“Bye, Peter.” Steve was in a deep thought, his face in a serious expression.

The elevator doors closed on a smiling Peter, and that’s when Steve remembered. It was a meme. Wanda had shown him plenty of memes throughout the day as she herself browsed the internet. She only showed the funny ones to Steve, leaving out the ones that he wouldn’t find funny.

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One day, she showed her a meme that went like this:

Her: Come over
Him: Sorry, my car is broken
Her: My parents are out tho ;)

And then it showed a man in one of those plastic kiddy cars that was for child’s play. Wanda was laughing, but Steve didn’t get it at all.

“Why is he going in a plastic car when she just said her parents aren’t home.”

Wanda groaned, “It’s not funny if I have to explain it.”

“Well, I’ll never laugh if I don’t get it.”

“Fine.”

So Wanda explained the meme, about the man rushing to her house because of his sexual intentions, and Steve was disgusted.

As he thought having sexual intercourse behind your parents’ back is not right. And, they should always think about protection, consent, and precautions.

People shouldn’t be running to people’s houses and have “it” with them.

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“No, Peter would never. He’s a good boy.” Steve thought to himself. 
“It’s just a meme, not reality. But what if, it’s actually a thing?”

Steve started panicking, “Does Peter know about protection and consent? And the precautions and STDs?”

Steve quickly rushed to the lab, where Tony was currently, as FRIDAY stated.

Tony was typing into his desktop when he noticed Steve running into his lab. He had turned off the lock, as everyone knew that Peter was his son now.

“Woah, what’s the big deal? Something happen to Peter?” Tony suddenly had a face of worry.

“No. Well, kind of. Here, let me show you.” Steve walked to Tony’s desktop and look up “when her parents aren’t home memes” and showed them to Tony.

“Oh, those are funny. Did Peter show you and you wanted to show me? That’s very sweet of you, but I already know about this stuff.” Tony explained as he started to scroll through the memes, laughing at some.

“That’s not what happened. What happened was Peter got a text from MJ that said her parents weren’t home.”

“Yeah, and Peter is going over to her house right now. He always goes to her house when her family is out. What’s the big deal?” Tony said matter-factly.

“Well, Peter has affection to that girl. He likes MJ.” Steve said slowly.

“Yeah, that’s kind of obvious. If you didn’t know, you’re probably a hermit who lives on the edge of the earth.” Tony said.

“Wait, Peter said the same exact phrase, but anyway, don’t you get the picture. Peter might be going over for, you know.” Steve used his hands in the air as a motion.

“Oh my god. Steve, you think our golden boy is going to go over to a girl’s house and have sex behind our back? I mean, he doesn’t have to tell me when he has sex in the future, but he’s a minor, and he’s young. He wouldn’t.” Tony said confidently.

“You never know Tony. Love makes you do crazy things. Have you seen the way Peter talks about that girl?”

Tony thought about it for some time.

“Maybe you’re right. What if he is doing, that. I haven’t had the talk with him yet, and I don’t know if he had sex ED yet.” Tony said worriedly.

“Don’t worry Tony. I’ve got it.” Steve assured.

“You’re going to talk to my son about sex? Yeah right. I mean, if I’m nervous about talking about it, how are you going to?”

“I’m not nervous at all, and I don’t think it’s awkward to discuss these kinds of matter.”

“Fine then. You have permission to talk to my son, and tell me right away if he is having it.” Tony said.
“I won’t let you down,” Steve replied back.

“Go away, I’m working.”

Steve left, thinking about what he should say to Peter.

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Peter came back around 9 p.m., and when he stepped out of the elevator, he saw Steve. Peter was tired and was going to head towards his room, but Steve called him over.

“Peter. Can you come over here? I need to talk to you about something.” Steve motioned him over.

“Oh, okay sure.” Peter dragged himself onto the couch across from Steve.

“So, you’re in love? Well, do you know about the dangers of sex, and the steps needed before you have sexual intercourse?” Steve questioned, quirking one eyebrow at Peter. He had a serious expression.

“Okay, no we’re not doing this. Uncle Steve, I’m sorry but you’re not going to give me the talk. I already heard it from you at school.” Peter said as he cringed.

“From school? What do you mean?” Steve ditched his serious demeanor and took curious one.

“Well, you made those dumb PSA’s, and we have to watch them at school. I had to watch the one in sex Ed about everything, so I already know. You don’t have to repeat everything.”

“PSA’s?” Steve said to himself. Oh. Those videos he filmed when he was a new Avenger.

“Oh no, those videos.” Steve put his hands on his face.

“They’re pretty bad. It’s the only time when everyone thinks you’re lame as a superhero. I had to watch one in detention once.” Peter explained.

“You got into detention? Steve took his hands off his face and had a serious face once again.

“Okay, I’m not getting the sex talk and the detention talk in the same day. Goodnight Uncle Steve.” Peter quickly got off the couch and made his way towards his room.

“Goodnight Peter,” Steve said.

“Wait, are you having sex though?”

“No!” Peter yelled, his voice cracking to another octave.

Steve smiled. Of course, our Peter would never.

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Peter didn’t make his way towards his room, and instead headed towards Tony's room.

He knocked on the door, and headed in when Tony replied with a "Come in".

Tony was on his bed typing away on a STARK laptop, probably replying to emails and other boring things.

"What's up Pete? Is it about that talk with Steve you had?” Tony smiled widely at Peter.
"Oh, that was really weird. Did you make him talk to me about it? How could you think I would do such a thing." Peter had a hurt expression.

"I didn't but Steve sure did. And plus, it's never too early to teach about protection an-"

"Dad, stop, please. I'll just get to the point." Peter said seriously.

"What, you going to ask MJ out? I know you have eyes for her, so I-

"Spider-man."

Tony's smile died. Oh god, not this again.

"What about Spider-man?" Tony said slowly.

"Can I please, please, please go out today? I haven't been patrolling for like a month now, and I know Queens is suffering without me. I've been keeping up with the news, and I know the crime rate is climbing fast now that the bad people know Spider-man isn't around." Peter explained.

"We've talked about this-"

"It's pretty late now, and everyone is sleeping except Steve I think. I can sneak out through my bedroom window and head towards Queen. I'll be back before 2, but please let me out! I need to do this!"

Tony sighed. You can't keep Peter from helping people if he has the ability to; he knows that all too well.

"All right. You can go out and patrol."

That got a "yes" and a pumped fist in the air from Peter.

"But be back before 12, not 2." Tony finished, which made Peter whine.

"Or no Spider-man at all." Tony said.

"Okay, fine, I'll be back at 12. I won't dissappoint you!" Peter rushed out of Tony's bedroom.

"Don't worry, you never do." Tony said as Peter left, which made Peter smile even more.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't, then please tell me how to fix it.

Also, this is one of those chapters I typed up when I was really tired, so there might be errors, so please correct me on them.

As always, thanks for the comments and support, it makes me feel good about writing this! :)

BYE
How could I trust you

Chapter Summary

Steve took a couple steps toward Peter, and Peter panicked.

“G-Get away! I will hurt you if you take any more steps”

“Peter, please. You have to let me explain.” Steve took more steps towards Peter who was sobbing uncontrollably and loudly.

Chapter Notes

Aye, the big blow up arrived! FuN!

Okay, so yeah, his one is pretty long, and big things happen so pay attention!

I don't really have anything to say, except, remember: Peter only knows that Team Cap and Team Iron Man fought at the airport, and Team Cap got away somehow, and that's all; he doesn't know anything else that Steve did to Tony.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The patrol was a successful one. He stopped more than 20 muggings, one corner store robbery, and 2 people who were trying to steal cars in a matter of few hours before he had to return at 12.

He climbed back into the open bedroom window and called it a day.

He didn’t expect Tony to be fully awake waiting for him on his bed though.

“Dad? You were waiting for me the whole time?” Peter said, concerned his Dad wasn’t sleeping and waiting for him.

“Don’t worry about me. How’d it go? Are you hurt, anyone shoot or stab you? Did you enjoy the new upgrades and coding? What the hell happened!??” Tony said getting impatient and started prodding and checking Peter over for any injuries.

“I’m fine dad. I stopped lots of bad people today without getting hurt, and yes, the upgrades or so cool! That new fast velocity web setting you put in was awesome! There was this one guy who had a gun-”

“A gun! Oh god!” Tony interjected.

“But the web was so fast I stole the gun before he shot me.” Peter finished, which got a relieving sigh out of Tony.
“That’s, great!’ Tony said cheerfully, glad that his upgrades are helpful.

“But the fast webs aren’t good when I’m swinging through, as It comes out way to fast so I start climbing up instead of swinging through forward fast, so I usually switch back to the regular webs.”

“Well, if you timed-”

“The webs slower, I would achieve the same distance blah blah, yeah but I don’t want to change the way I swing, as it takes some time to get used to,” Peter explained.

“Well, I’m still glad that you didn’t get hurt.”

“Does that mean I can go out more often?” Peter said with puppy eyes.

“Sure, but you can only go out after you get my permission.”

“Really? Thank you so much!” Peter hugged Tony, still in his Spider-man suit.

“No problem. Just remember, permission.”

“I won’t forget, I promise!’

So that’s how Peter gained his Spider-man privileges again, but it was rare of him to go out, but he didn’t complain; he was glad his father was letting him go out in the first place.

One day, he had been bored. Tony had a string of meetings from one to the next on his schedule, and Pepper made sure he made it to every one of them.

“I’ll go fly to the tower right now and beat your ass if you don’t go,” Pepper threatened.

Tony thought it was something Pepper would actually do, so he decided to go to all of them, with the exception of a short lunch break in between. He wouldn’t have any before dinner, so he left Peter to the Avengers.

The team was also bored. Wanda and Peter were trying to entertain themselves with the internet, but they couldn’t find anything that sparked their interest. Clint and Natasha were training, and Bucky and Sam were trying to complete a game they recently bought (it was only 2 player though, so Peter couldn’t join in). Wanda decided that she would just go join Clint and Natasha, and invited Peter to watch them if he wanted, but he declined. He would be tempted to train with them, and they would all get suspicious that he was strong and a good fighter. He couldn’t risk his identity of Spider-man, especially after the big reveal about him being Tony´s son. They didn’t need that kind of drama right now.

He decided maybe he would hang with Steve, who was in his room in solitude.

He made his way towards Steve’s room and knocked on the door.

“Come in,” Steve replied.

Peter opened the door and saw Steve smiling at him on his bed, as he was reading a book.

“Oh, you’re reading. I’ll just leave then.” Peter started to make his way back out the door.

“No, it’s fine. I can read this book later. What do you want?”

“Well, I’m kind of bored and everyone is occupied in their own thing, so I thought it would be cool
to hang out with you, Uncle Steve.”

“Of course. I’d love to hang out with my nephew.” Steve said cheerfully.

“Really? Awesome!” Peter smiled and bounced onto the bed next to Steve.
“What you reading?”

“Oh, it’s a cookbook.”

“Wait, a cookbook? I don’t think you’re supposed to read them front to back like regular books.”

“Well, how do you think I made that delicious steak dinner yesterday.” Steve skipped to a page with a steak recipe.

“Yeah, I shouldn’t be saying anything. You do make the best food within Avengers. You should see my dad when he tries to cook. Half the time the smoke detectors go off.”

“Hm. I remember that time I first met you, Tony and you were both soaked. What happened that day?” Steve asked curiously.

“Well, it’s kind of a long story. Wait, FRIDAY, do you have video footage of the morning?”

“Of course Peter, all footage within the tower is recorded by me,” FRIDAY responded.

“That’s great! C’mon Uncle Steve, let’s go to the living room and look at it! It’s really funny.” Peter dragged Steve to the living room, where Bucky and Sam occupied the T.V. with their game.

“Oh, we should go to my floor then.” Peter improvised.

Steve and Peter rode the elevator up to the private floor, and Peter rushed towards the living room, jumping over the couch to sit on it. Steve made his way as Peter pulled up the video.

The T.V. showed a clear footage from above of Tony and Peter, making pancakes, and their conversation.

“Okay. I just don’t want you to get hurt again.”

“Peter you don’t have to look out for me. I’m fine. But what about you, are you fine? You don’t seem okay with them moving back in.”

“Dad, the pancakes are burning.”

“Don’t change the subject Peter, I know what you’re doing. Avoiding the pro-”

“Dad! They're on fire!”

“Oh, shit.”

Steve was uncomfortable at first, as Peter and Tony were having a discussing Peter’s feelings about the Avengers moving in, but Peter didn’t look disturbed, so Steve watched without hesitation.

Steve and Peter watched as the pancakes lit ablaze, as Tony and Peter started running around looking for a fire extinguisher.

“Just bring DUM-E here, he knows where all the fire extinguishers are!”
“He’s down in the lab!”

“Well bring him then!”

“That’s going to take too long!”

“FRIDAY! Do something!”

“Alright boss. Initiating sprinklers.”

Steve and Peter started laughing when they saw everything gets soaked from the sprinklers.

Peter and Tony were laughing on the floor soaking wet, and that only made Peter and Steve laugh even more.

Peter told FRIDAY to stop the clip and asked if there were any more funny clips that she had recorded throughout the tower.

“Yes I do, but I don’t think boss will appreciate getting humiliated by what I show,” FRIDAY stated.

“It’s okay, we’re family. Just show us it!” Peter assured.

“As you wish.” FRIDAY pulled up hundreds of funny clips that she had filed into a file called “of Tony and Peter”. It was a file of clips that FRIDAY organized in the short time that contained anything of Peter and Tony. From suit clips to CCTV clips of Tony in public situations or in the tower.

Peter got a remote and scrolled through, gaping at how much there was on him and Tony.

“Woah, that’s a lot of blackmail material,” Steve stated.

“You’re into blackmail? So am I!” Peter said.

“Well, then let me get some popcorn and we can enjoy our marathon of Tony doing funny things,” Steve said, as he went towards the kitchen and started to make some popcorn in the microwave.

He made his way back, and Peter started the first one.

It was on Tony eating breakfast by himself. He looked really tired and pale and looked almost unconscious.

Tony took a sip of his coffee and grabbed his fork, attempting to pick up some bacon. He missed, didn’t even notice, and munched on the fork hard, thinking it was crunchy bacon. Tony immediately flinched, and he started to yell at the fork.

“Fuck you! My teeth hurt now! God, I’m going to melt you with my repulsors and throw you away! I outta castrate you!” Tony said crazily, as he was still trying to wake up, talking nonsense.

Steve and Peter started laughing at Tony’s dumb threats.

“He-he said he’ll castrate a fork!” Steve huffed out.

“You can’t even do that to a fork!” Peter agreed.

“Next!” Peter said as he regained his ability to move again, after laughing so much.
And Steve and Peter got through the several clips of Tony and Peter doing dumb things. Although some clips weren’t funny, as FRIDAY was an A.I. with no actual sense of humor (well she was designed to be like a human, but she didn't understand humor entirely.)

So Peter skipped through some, and Steve and him much on popcorn once in a while, quickly eating all of it.

Steve reached into the bag of popcorn, only to find out they ate all of it.

“Hey Peter, I’m just going to get some more popcorn. Just wait like 2 minutes, okay?” Steve said as he got up from the couch.

“Okay, I’ll try to find some good ones.” Peter had his eyes glued onto the T.V., scrolling through the clips that had thumbnails of the video that showed the funny scenes (as FRIDAY designed to give Peter and Steve an easier time to find the funny ones.)

Peter found one that was restricted, and it had a lock instead of a thumbnail.

“Hey FRIDAY, why is this clip locked?”

“Boss made sure that no one could see this clip ever again. I advise you to leave it alone and move on for your own sake.”

“Oh my god, it’s got to be really embarrassing if he restricted it! C’mon FRIDAY, show it to me!”

“I highly advise you don’t look at it. It might disturb yo-”

“Override code 187.” Peter had memorized most of the override codes that Tony set. Of course, Tony didn’t know he did, as Peter made sure he didn’t say them when he was around.

“Override code 187, restriction unlocked,” FRIDAY stated.

The clip unlocked, and it was some dark footage of Tony’s suit cam. Peter thought maybe his father pissed himself from being scared of an alien, or he hit into a wall because he wasn’t paying attention. That would be funny.

But the scene was still dark, and the only light was from pillars that had snow at the bottom of them.

He soon realized that it was his father. Fighting Captain America.

He saw in his peripheral vision that Bucky was laying on the floor, and saw his father and Steve go back to back with punches. Tony used his repulsor against Steve as Steve took the hit, and Tony threw Steve across the room.

Peter cringed at how his father had no hesitation in throwing his teammate across the scene, but he didn’t care; Steve was beating up his father. He cringed every time his father took a hit.

He then saw the cam move to Bucky who had woken up and proceeded to get kicked by Tony, in which Tony suddenly got picked up and thrown across the room.

“Please win, Dad. You have to win. You can’t lose.” Peter thought to himself. His father can’t lose; he couldn’t bear to see his father beat up on the ground.

Steve got on top of Tony and threw several punches before he picked up his shield that laid on the ground.
“No, he wouldn’t. He would never.” Peter thought. He had tears in his eyes at the very thought of it.

Steve lifted the shield as Tony lifted his hands to protect himself, and everything went into slow motion at that point.

Steve brought his shield down, as Tony tried his best to fight back. And Peter saw it slowly fall onto his father’s arc reactor.

Tears fell harder, and Peter screamed as the shield hit the arc reactor, the “pang” of the shield colliding with the metal ringing in his ear. He knew his father no longer had the arc reactor, but the very fact that the shield pierced through the armor scared him.

The suit cam cut, as the suit’s power, was probably cut off. Peter sat on the couch, his eyes still spilling, his throat dry from screaming.

“How could he? How could Steve do such a thing? I should’ve never trusted him. He hurt my father in a way I didn’t know about.” Peter thought to himself, as his breath hitched in unhealthy patterns.

He noticed frantic footsteps towards him, and he saw Steve approaching him.

“Peter, what’s wrong?” Steve said concerned.

“Get away from me! You almost killed him!” Peter yelled, getting off the couch and distancing himself from Steve.

“What do you mean?”

“You stabbed him in the chest with your shield! I saw it! I saw everything!”

Steve’s face went pale. Oh no, he saw the fight between Bucky, Tony, and him. That bloody, violent fight. Peter just watched his father get beat up by two people who live in his home.

“Peter, I can explain. I di-”

“You can’t explain what you did to him! Nothing can explain what you did! I shouldn’t have ever let you in our house! I never should’ve trusted you!” Peter screamed, as his face turned red from anger, his eyes forming waterfalls.

“I thought you only betrayed him, and that airport fight was enough! But punching him and piercing his armor to the point where he almost died?!”

“Peter, please let me explain. I didn’t want to kill-”

“No, I can’t even trust you anymore! How do I know if you wanted to kill him or not? I don’t even know if you’re safe or not! You could kill me right here and now.”

Steve took a couple steps toward Peter, and Peter panicked.

“G-Get away! I will hurt you if you take any more steps”

“Peter, please. You have to let me explain.” Steve took more steps towards Peter who was sobbing uncontrollably and loudly.

“Protocol summon the protectors!” Peter commanded on FRIDAY. He was having a panic attack, as he knew his lungs hitched with every breath, and he couldn’t think straight.

“Initiating protocol summon the protectors. Alerting boss and the Avengers.”
“Peter, call it off. I can explain everything. We can do this calmly.” Steve tried to convince Peter.

“No! I have to run! I have to run away from you, you might hurt me!” Peter started to run away as the Iron Legion broke through the windows, heading towards Steve. They tackled him and restrained him easily onto the floor, as Steve watched Peter run away sobbing.

The room got eerily quiet, and Steve started to cry. He had messed up again. He just ruined his relationship with his nephew, and Peter was hurt. How could he blame Peter for his behavior; Peter has every right to be angry at Steve.

Steve cried silent tears, and the elevator dinged as the whole team showed up.

“What’s wrong? Steve, where’s Peter?” Natasha questioned harshly.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry,” Steve said crying.

The team ran towards Steve and attempted to pry the Iron Legion off of him, but they wouldn’t budge.

“Steve, tell us what happened,” Bucky asked.

At that moment, Tony flew in with his Iron Man suit, and his helmet opened up to reveal his very worried face.

“Rogers! Where’s Peter?”

“He saw it, Tony. The fight we had in Russia.” Steve sobbed out.

Tony’s face went pale. No, Peter wasn’t supposed to see that fight. Ever. For the sake of his innocence. The team was confused at what they were talking about.

“Steve! How could you let that happen?” Tony scolded.

“I don’t know. I’m so sorry. Peter was scared of me and ran away. Called the Iron Legion on me.” Steve answered.

“I have to find Peter. He’s probably having a panic attack.” Tony said as he had tears in his own eyes, and left his suit to search for Peter.

Steve just started to cry more, as the team was still confused.

“Steve, tell us what happened that hurt Peter so much,” Clint questioned harshly, protective over his nephew.

“FRIDAY, show the video,” Steve told FRIDAY.

“As you say,” FRIDAY responded as the video played for the team, and they were shocked.

Bucky was most affected, as he already knew what happened at the end. He ran away as Steve sobbed, “It’s not your fault Bucky! Come back, please!”

The team watched as the shield collided with the suit, and the clip cut off.

Natasha had tears in her eyes, and Sam and Clint were speechless.
Peter just watched his Uncle almost kill his father.

“Steve, you really screwed up this time,” Natasha said as he made her way out of the room, leaving Clint and Sam to take in what they saw.

“How could you hurt him in that way!? How could you hurt Tony!” Clint yelled as he made his way to follow Natasha, who was probably headed towards Peter.

Sam just sat on the floor, his mouth open like a fish gasping for air.

Wanda had a face of anger, her magic swirling around her. "You told us you stalled Tony for some time for us to get away. You never told us you almost killed him. Think about Peter! He lost all of his parental figures in his life! And he sees this now!" Wanda left the scene, riding the elevator.

Steve was sobbing, held down by the Iron Legion. He whispered, “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry…”

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't, please tell me how to fix it.

So yeah, things have blown up. Do you think the team is on Steve's side now, or is everyone going to join Peter's side? Who knows.

Natasha and Clint seemed pretty hurt, and Sam was shooketh. Bucky is also doing terrible. BTW, notice how angry Wanda is.

Tony's also pissed.

SO, that's all. Bye!
You have to understand

Chapter Summary

He then heard footsteps. Fast ones, that were surely running towards his room. Peter started sweating, getting nervous as the steps got louder and louder. He froze in his closet when he heard a knock on the door.

He’s dead. Steve’s here.

He couldn’t get a hold of his breathing, and he started to cry.

Chapter Notes

Well, my wifi went out yesterday, so I couldn't do anything lmao. I couldn't even go to a Starbucks for wifi, as I was busy and not able to sit down for 3-4 hours in a Starbucks or library. I usually compose my writing at home when I have free time, but my free time was filled with me trying to entertain myself without wifi :)

So yeah, I got a short chapter out today. Sorry.

I wanted a long one, but without wifi, I couldn't do much, so I had to storm this up quickly to get things going.

So this is a filler chapter, that starts the beginning of how the Avengers are going to solve this now, and how Peter feels about it.

ENJOY!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter ran for his life. He spider-sense wasn’t telling him he was in any danger, but his panic attack took over him. He was scared for his life. He was scared of Steve.

He made his way quickly his room. He commanded FRIDAY to lock his door and to not let anyone in. He turned on the metal blinds that were used in emergencies, and he brought out the iron gauntlet he kept under his bed also for emergencies. He put it on on his hand, and hid in a closet, only his uneven breathing patterns breaking the thick atmosphere that scared Peter even more.

The silence hit him hard, and he was soon having sensory overload. He couldn’t take this anymore. This isn’t a good spot. Steve’s strong; he’s going to break through the Iron Legion and come for me. He’s going to come and kill me before he can warn the other teammates.

His sensory overload picked up everything. He could hear the water run in between the pipes and the fan in the vent that provided him ventilation.

He then heard footsteps. Fast ones, that were surely running towards his room. Peter started sweating, getting nervous as the steps got louder and louder. He froze in his closet when he heard a
knock on the door.

He’s dead. Steve’s here.

He couldn’t get a hold of his breathing, and he started to cry.

“Peter? Please, open the door.” His father’s voice resonated loudly into his ears.

It was his dad. The one that’s going to protect him. He’s here to save Peter.

Peter threw the gauntlet off as he burst out of the closet and opened the lock on the door, revealing a very distressed Tony who had tears as well.

“Dad!” Peter hugged him hard. He wasn’t going to let go ever. His shield was here, his savior.

“Peter. It’s okay. I’m so sorry you saw that. But don’t worry, I’m here and I’ve got you.” Tony hugged him back, which calmed Peter somewhat, his sense dialing back down.

“Listen to my heartbeat, and now that you’re safe now. Nothing is here too that could hurt you.”

Peter calmed down, his panic attack fading away, but his fear still lived on.

“I-I was so scared. I thought he was going to hurt me as he hurt you. He’s coming. We have to run. He’s going to hurt both of us now. Dad, we have to hide!” Peter yelled as he tried to drag his father into his room.

“Peter, he’s not going to hurt us. He’s changed, and he would never hurt us.”

“Then why did he hurt you back then? How does that make it any different now?” Peter argued.

“It was complicated back then, and he did what he had to do.”

“So he had to attempt killing you!?” Peter still had tears rolling down.

“No, that’s not it. But I know how he feels. I once thought he was a traitor and it was very wrong of him to do that to me, just for his friend. But after I adopted you, I understood how it is to feel like you’re going to do anything to save or protect your loved one. If I were in his situation, and your life was on the line, I would also hurt anyone that tried to hurt you. Including family.” Tony said softly, which got Peter to soften from his angry attitude.

“I was just so scared. I saw you getting beat up, and when he lifted the shield up and brought it down… I was so scared I was going to lose you, even though you’re still alive.” Peter sobbed, whimpering at the end which made Tony shed a few as well.

“I’m really sorry you had to see that. But I’m fine. I’m alive, so you don’t have to worry.” Tony assured.

“I should’ve never trusted him. He almost killed you, and yet, I let the man who almost got rid of my last parental figure in my life into my house. And I called him Uncle.” Peter said hastily.

“Peter, don’t say that. Steve is a great man. But, you understand what I said?” Tony asked.

“No. He almost did the deed. He was close.” Peter whimpered.

“And yet he let me live. I’m pretty sure he would’ve aimed for the head if he wanted to kill me.”

A look of horror etched onto Peter’s face as he started to sob more.
“Oh, I’m sorry I said that. I shouldn’t have said that I’m sorry.”

“Don’t bring that possibility up ever again!”

“I won’t. And I won’t let anyone hurt you, and we’re both not going to get hurt. Cause if anyone tries to, I’ll always protect you.”

“I know you will.” Peter whispered as he closed his eyes. The comfort of his father was soothing, and he was getting tired.

“You look pretty sleepy.”

“Panic attack got the best of me.”

“Well, how about you take a nap, and I’ll wake you up for dinner,” Tony suggested, still hugging Peter.

“Yeah, that sounds nice,” Peter replied sleepily.

Tony carried Peter to his bed and laid him down, but Peter held onto his shirt.

“I’m going to go. I’ll be in the living room if you need me.” Tony smiled at Peter’s clingy mood.

“Can you stay? I’m scared.” Peter admitted.

“Fine, but only if you let me snuggle with you,” Tony said, which Peter agreed to, pulling Tony into the bed.

They didn’t even bother to change into pajamas, and Peter didn’t let Tony go the whole time. Eventually, they both fell asleep, Peter snuggled into Tony’s chest.

“I love you Dad. I love you so much.”

“I love you too Peter.”

Tony still had his meetings, but Pepper would understand.

Tony always made sure he was there for Peter.

Peter dreamed of he and his father in the lab, making a new Iron Man suit. It was a pleasant dream before his chaotic ones were going to take over.

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Clint and Natasha made their way to Peter’s room but realized it was locked. And there were voices heard from inside.

It was Tony and Peter.

“I was just so scared. I saw you getting beat up, and when he lifted the shield up and brought it down… I was so scared I was going to lose you, even though you’re still alive.”

Peter’s shaky voice rattled both Natasha and Clint, who were both crying at this point as well.

Peter’s been through so much. He's lost all of his past parental figures. Such an innocent boy, who’s been shattered by experiencing things a 16-year-old shouldn’t experience.
The thing that got to Natasha was how Steve could be so heartless, and beat Tony almost to death. How could he just beat him up and leave him there. He didn’t even tell the team how he did it. He just said he stalled enough time for the rogues to get away.

Clint was also angry, as the same reason as Natasha. He wanted to burst in the room and comfort them, but he knew it wasn’t his time.

So he decided to go into the vents (the vents always helped to calm him down).

Clint left Natasha who was crouching in front of Peter’s bedroom door crying and headed towards the vents. He climbed to the grate where he could see Tony and Peter sleeping.

“I love you Dad. I love you so much.”

“I love you too Peter.”

It soothed Clint’s heart. At least Peter was fine now.

He just hoped that this wouldn’t lead to another fight like the Accords. Maybe this time they could solve the problem like civilized people like last time with Peter’s secret.

But how could Steve do such a thing. Ditching Tony was enough, but battering him up and leaving him in the cold was too much.

Before he knew the true side of Tony, he would’ve actually liked that Steve beat Tony, as Clint had a strong hatred towards Tony after the fight in Russia.

But now he knew what kind of person Tony was now. The biggest softie he’s seen in the world. Someone who’s been neglected and abused his whole life, who hides his feelings and love to make sure no one else gets hurt, blaming himself for any bad thing.

That’s who Tony is. A person who relies on everyone around him to keep him alive and running when he denies it to only build a wall between them to prevent them from getting hurt.

And Clint joined Steve’s side, leaving Tony alone to tackle life alone. Clint could’ve been there for Tony when Peter came around and could’ve been the brother who was there for him in his life after they broke up the team.

But he chose Steve’s side, which he regrets heavily. Cause Steve also didn’t know Tony’s true side as well, so he expected Tony to live on his life without them well.

That’s what everyone thought. Tony Stark was going to forget about them and live his rich, perfect life.

But Tony’s life isn’t perfect. Clint’s realized the many flaws he’s described earlier to be the things that hold him down to hide everything. But Clint’s going to make sure he’s going to be there for him now. Be that brother who helps through the ups and downs. Be the one, who breaks the habit of Tony to hide everything.

That’s the vow Clint made in the vents crying, confused at the same time. What does he do know? How will everyone deal with this? Is Steve going to be kicked out, or is Tony going to forgive him easily?

Clint definitely wasn’t going to forgive him so easily. No one gets away with hurting Tony.
His thoughts only made him sleepy as well, joining the slumber with Peter and Tony in the vents above them.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't please tell me how to improve my writing.

Next chapter will be on Wanda, Bucky, maybe Sam and Steve. I don't know, I'll see how it plays out.

Also, Peter is going to be greatly affected after looking at the video (hehe, nightmares INCOMING)!

Clint's protective as ever, lol. He's also trying to cope by being close to Peter and Tony, keeping a watch over them.

Natasha is hiding feelings, but she might come around to Clint :)

As always, thanks for the support and comments. I'm sorry I couldn't get out anything interesting, but I will tomorrow. PROMISE!
Hugs and Tears

Chapter Summary

“Sam! You gotta help me, I have to go and find Peter. I have to explain. I have to fix this!” Steve sobbed out, scared that he might lose his nephew for good.

“I don’t know Cap, I don’t know if I should leave you or not.”

“You have to help me, please,” Steve begged.

Chapter Notes

AH! I missed 2 days of an update! I'm SO SORRY!

My power cut on the first day and there was (still is) a BIG fire in California (yes I live in CA), which got me really concerned and riled up as it's getting really close ;-; (not evacuated yet tho, hopefully, I don't).

For those who have been evacuated or are close to it, I pray for you ;( 250,000 people evacuated and 150 homes burned; this is real tragic, and the numbers are still climbing (Idk the death count, I hope it's real low or none at all).

So when the power cut, I had no wifi or service (damn service doesn't work in mountains what am I even paying for) which prevented me from writing or updating, and my fish needed power and stuff to live so I was all over the place and getting generators and crafting things to make sure they live. Gosh damnit.

So yeah, I got this really short one out. Im really sorry ;(((((

It's about working through feelings (especially with Steve), so enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wanda rode the elevator to the Avengers’ floor, rushing towards her room. She shut the door hard once she made way to her bedroom.

Anger and sadness erupted from Wanda in unhealthy patterns, making her frustrated.

She laid down on her bed, thinking about what just happened. How could Steve do such a thing to Tony? Did Steve really take it to that level for Bucky? She gets it, Bucky is like a brother. But so was Tony.

She had that argument with Steve before, and she guesses Steve understands now. But before; the fight in Russia lead to that? Steve almost murdered Tony.

How could he not think of the people who were waiting for Tony to come back from the fight? Those who love Tony. Pepper, Rhodey, Happy, and maybe even Peter at that time.
The thought of Peter without anyone to look after him made Wanda shiver. If Tony were to be murdered, Peter would’ve had no one to go to after his Aunt died.

Of course, Wanda thought of Tony as a selfish and self-centered egocentric freak back then, but not even Tony deserved such a fate.

Now, of course, she saw Tony as another father, like Clint. They’ve gotten close, and the device Tony made for Wanda’s dream-reading was very helpful. It only showed how Tony cared about her.

Wanda felt somewhat betrayed by Steve. He could’ve at least told them that he beat Tony and almost murdered him. Well, guess Steve likes to keep secrets a lot. Just like the murder of Tony’s parents, which was still confusing for Wanda as well.

How can you hide the truth about someone’s murder? She get’s Bucky’s life was on the line, but Tony would never get closure, and it’s only right for Steve to tell Tony.

Sometimes, Wanda even thinks that if Steve told Tony sooner about it, then maybe there wouldn’t have been a giant fight.

Sighing, she closed her eyes and tried to calm herself down. She decided maybe she should take a nap, as she herself didn’t want to think about everything going on currently.

Angrily, she ripped the blankets off her bed and snuggled in, puffing out a frustrated breath as she struggled to straighten her blanket.

She just decided to throw her blanket off, as it was taking too much time.

She went to sleep right then, but one thing she forgot while her breakout was of her device. The one that prevented dream-readings in her sleep. And when she fell into a deep slumber, things only progressed worse.

---

She was dreaming (or so she thought as a dream). And she saw Peter, who was on the couch on the private floor. He was watching the clip of Steve and Tony fighting.

She could recognize the fight clearly, remembering each punch and hit taken from each of them.

She was watching from a distance and crept up to Peter, who had a scared face, tears running down.

She turned away from the part that hurt her most. When Steve brought down the shield onto Tony’s chest.

She looked away, and she heard a scream from Peter.

“D-Dad? No! He killed him! He murdered him! No! No!” Peter screamed as he sobbed loudly.

Wanda turned to see the screen, and she screamed as well. Peter was right. Steve didn’t aim for his chest this time. This time, it was Tony’s head.

---

Wanda woke up with a scream, grabbing for a blanket, which was on the floor. She felt vulnerable after the nightmare. She reached for her headband that she assumed she wore, but she realized she hadn’t worn it. It must’ve been someone’s nightmare then.
She ran out of her room and rode the elevator to the private floor of Peter’s.

Running to Peter’s room, she spotted Natasha next to the door, crouched and hiding her face. Natasha noticed Wanda’s presence though.

“Wanda? What’s wrong? You’re crying.” Natasha said concerned, revealing her face that was stained with her own tears.

Wanda didn’t even know she was crying, but she burst into Peter’s room, to see Peter awake and sobbing. He was hugging Tony, who was assuring Peter he was fine.

They both noticed Wanda’s sudden entrance.

“Wanda? You okay?” Tony asked.

“Y-yeah. I just had a nightmare.” She explained.

“Peter had a nightmare too… did you wear your headband?”

“No. I forgot. Oh my god, Peter, that was your nightmare.” Wanda realized.

Peter only hugged Tony harder, and Tony looked at Wanda to join the hug.

Wanda made her way onto the bed and hugged both of them.

They were all crying.

“I just wanted to make sure you were okay, Peter” Wanda explained.

“He’s okay. Peter’s still going through it, but I’m going to help.”

“What’s going to happen? What is the team supposed to do now?” Wanda questioned.

“I don’t know. I guess we’ll need a meeting to discuss this, but we should give everyone time to process it.”

“Yeah, Natasha didn’t seem so good outside.”

“She’s outside?”

“Beside the door.”

“Tell her to come here,” Tony said.

Wanda didn’t have to go out to tell Natasha, as the door immediately opened to reveal Natasha.

“Well, I couldn’t help but overhear,” Natasha explained. She joined the big hug. Peter had calmed down from sobbing but still attached to Tony.

The vent in the bedroom also opened to reveal Clint.

“I was taking a snooze, but that nightmare scream woke me up. Might as well join in.” Clint said softly as he made his way to the group hug.

It was going to be fine. Everything is going to be fixed. They would all make sure of that.
Sam got off his shocked position on the floor after some time. He made his way towards Steve, who was still crying quietly by himself.

He didn’t know what to do. Help Steve from the restraint of the Iron Legion, or just leave him? Well, what he did to Tony was pretty bad, but they can only solve this if Steve is helped out, right?

Steve noticed Sam while he was thinking.

“Sam! You gotta help me, I have to go and find Peter. I have to explain. I have to fix this!” Steve sobbed out, scared that he might lose his nephew for good.

“I don’t know Cap, I don’t know if I should leave you or not.”

“You have to help me, please,” Steve begged.

Sam made his way to remove the suits that held Steve down on the floor, but they wouldn’t budge.

“Unless you are here to retrieve the threat and retain it, then you may not release Steve Rogers from our grasp.” One of the suits explained to Sam.

“Uh, yeah. I’m here to retrieve Steve, so please let him go.” Sam replied.

“As requested.” The suits let go of Steve, who stood up and looked at Sam with grateful eyes.

“Thank you, Sam. And don’t worry, I’m going to solve this. I’m going to make sure this doesn’t end in another fight.” Steve said thankfully.

Steve left Sam, who was still confused about what to do. He should probably check up on Bucky, as he saw Bucky run off somewhere during the viewing of the video.

Sam made his way to look for Bucky, as Steve ran to Peter’s room.

But when Steve made his way to Peter’s door, he heard talking inside. It was of all the other Avengers besides Sam and Bucky.

“So what are we going to do?” It was Natasha, with a soft whisper.

“I’ll arrange a meeting with Steve. I’m not really angry or mad, so the only problem is how Peter is reacting to this.” Tony replied.

“Tony, we didn’t know about this either like Peter. You have to think about how we all feel. We understand you’re over it, but we just saw that horrid video today. Steve needs to explain himself.” Wanda argued.

“Oh yeah, I’m sorry. I guess, we can all work this out, and you guys can get an explanation from Steve or something.” Tony agreed.

Steve’s heart was shattered. Not even his own teammates didn't trust him anymore. All because of his reckless actions long ago that once broke the team before. And know, there was a possibility of it happening again. But it’s not Tony who was going to be alone now, but if they do split, Steve was going to be the one along beside Bucky.

Still crying, Steve ran to the elevator and rode to the Avengers’ floor. He burst into his room and locked it, sobbing loudly.
He was going to be alone because he screwed up. His only nephew and family were going to leave him.

He sat on his bed, staring at the palms of his hands. The hands that almost killed Tony.

He questioned himself for once in his life. How could he do such a thing? How many lines did he pass to keep Bucky safe? How many relationships did he break by crossing those lines?

He was a mess up. He wasn’t the perfect golden boy everyone thought him as; no, he was a man with enhanced powers that don’t understand how to treat others with love.

He didn’t deserve any of them, because he always ended up hurting them.

That’s what Tony said to him once. Steve, of course, denied that fact to Tony and assured him that Tony was one of the most caring people on earth.

Steve, however, actually thought that he was someone who hurt everyone. He hurt Tony, and he definitely made Bucky’s life worse by choosing for him during the Accords.

And now, he’s hurt his whole team by holding a secret that wasn’t a big deal to him, but it was huge for them.

Cause it showed how selfish he was.

He held his hands up, staring into them. His vision only getting blurry as he cried again and again.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn’t, please tell me how to fix it!

So Steve is really hard on himself, but he deserves it. And he needs to think about everything anyway.

Sam and Bucky are going to talk next chapter, and possibly the meeting. Or I might have something else planned. Who knows :)))))

As always, thanks for the support and comments, I feel bad though as I couldn't update those who waited, and I got a really short chapter out when you're probably expecting a big one.

BYE!
Feelings and Surprises

Chapter Summary

“What if he’s crying or something? We have to comfort him.”

“If he’s crying, that’s good. He’s realized the bad thing he’s done.” Sam said harshly.

‘Jeez, fine. Didn’t know you were such an expert at people’s feelings.”

Chapter Notes

Okay, I got another short one out; I’m going to write a big one next, so don't worry.

Also, there isn't a fire risk anymore, and power is not cutting out anymore (which is a relief) so thank you all for your concern and prayers!

This chapter is all about feelings, and a surprise!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Sam made his way into the gym, making the gym the first place to look for Bucky, as this was usually the place Bucky came for his problems instead of his room.

He looked around the machines and the sparing area. He checked the drill areas and was about to leave the gym as he thought he was unsuccessful, but he spotted a Bucky in a corner.

He made his way and sat next to Bucky, puffing out a breath to make himself present as Bucky was hiding his face in his knees and wrapped his arms around himself.

Time passed, and Sam knew they wouldn’t get anywhere if he didn’t make the first move.

“Wanna talk about it?” Sam questioned softly.

“Fuck no,” Bucky said, angrily.

“Okay, just know I’ll be here when you’re ready.” Sam knew how to comfort Bucky; Bucky would always get angry whenever he got sad, and Sam knew to be patient, which would eventually lead Bucky to spill his problems.

Sometime passed again before Bucky finally spoke, muffled as he hid his face still. “I just feel like I’m always the problem.’

“How?”

“Well, I broke the Avengers apart because of what I did long time ago.”
“Yeah, but you were brainwashed. It wasn’t under your control.”

“I don’t care about the murder. Well, I do care, but what I mean is that Steve fought Tony for me, and that lead to the breaking of the team. Imagine how Tony felt, seeing his closet family members leaving him.”

“Don’t feel like it’s on you. Steve made the choice to be on your side.”

“I wasn’t on a side. There was no side. I never wanted something like that. I never wanted a fight, but it lead to it.”

“It’s still Steve’s choice that lead to the fight, so not entirely your fault.”

“He wouldn’t have even thought about those things if I wasn’t around to ruin everything.”

“But Steve wouldn’t be alive if you hadn’t stuck up for him when he was little. You have to understand, Steve was doing what he did to protect someone who’s been there for his whole life. He was returning the favor.”

“Well, I wish he didn’t, cause looks what happened. It’s backfired on him now, and Peter probably hates him again, but more than before.”

“You don’t know that. He might be forgiving.”

“Still doesn’t matter. You have to accept that fact that if I wasn’t alive, then the team wouldn’t have broken up and Peter would’ve never hated Steve. You know, Steve really wanted nieces and nephews. He always asked if Clint could bring his family into the compound and tower to live with us, so he could get close to Clint’s kid and become an Uncle. So of course, he was ecstatic when Peter called him Uncle. He would always ramble about it. But now, I’ve ruined the thing he loved most. I’ve ruined Steve’s relationship with someone else once again.”

“I’m telling you, Steve chose what he wanted to do, and now it’s coming back. It has nothing to do with you. Did you plan to stab Tony with the shield?”

“...No.”

“Did you want to fight to the death? Were you the one who accidentally showed the video to Peter?”

“No.”

“Then how is this all your fault?”

“I guess you’re right. But I’m still involved in this. You can’t deny that.”

“We’re all in this mess. So, don’t think you’re the only one in fault. Plus, we’re all going to work this out.”

Bucky revealed his hidden face from his knees, which had tear stains.

“Thanks. You always know how to make me feel better.”

“No problem. Anything for a friend.” Sam opened his arms for a hug, which Bucky took in. They hugged briefly, and Sam got up, helping Bucky when he went up.

“How’s Steve doing?” Bucky asked.
“Not well. I don’t know what he’s doing right now, but I think we should leave him be for now. Let him think about everything. I think that’s the only way he’ll learn for good this time.”

“What if he’s crying or something? We have to comfort him.”

“If he’s crying, that’s good. He’s realized the bad thing he’s done.” Sam said harshly.

‘Jeez, fine. Didn’t know you were such an expert at people’s feelings.”

‘Well, I did help those he returned from battle back in the day. So I do have my ways around feelings.”

“Oh yeah, that thingy.”

“Yeah, that thingy.”

Sam and Bucky made their way towards the elevator, heading to the living room of the Avengers’ floor.

“Wanna watch a movie?” Sam suggested.

“Only if it’s Disney princesses,” Bucky commented.

“Ew. That’s gross.”

“Than no.”

“Fine. Disney princesses then.”

So Sam and Bucky started up Cinderella, and that’s how they decided to deal with their feelings. Princess movies.

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Click-clack click clack.

Pepper’s heels had a steady tempo as she made her way in Stark Tower.

She was here for a surprise visit for Peter and Tony, and also the Avengers.

She hasn’t seen them in forever, and she wanted to make sure everything was fine and dandy, especially after everyone found out about Peter’s secret.

People in the lobby looked at her as she made her way towards the private elevator, probably whispering why the CEO of SI was visiting unscheduled.

On the elevator, she asked FRIDAY where Tony and Peter were.

“FRIDAY, where are Tony and Peter?”

“They are currently in Peter’s room with a handful of the Avengers, Ms.Potts.”
Peter’s room? A handful of the Avengers? What are they possibly doing?

“Oh, don’t tell them I’m coming their way.” Pepper commanded.

“As you wish.” FRIDAY complied.

The elevator stopped at Tony and Peter’s private floor. She stepped out and saw a mess in the living room. A couch was knocked over, and there were some tiles broken.

“Oh, they’re going to have some explaining to do. They can’t just screw the living room and leave it be!” Pepper complained as she made her way towards Peter’s room.

She burst open the door and yelled.

“Surprise! Yeah, I’m happy to see you too, but why is the living room a mess? I need an explanation pronto, or there will be consequences.”

The huddled group turned around, and Pepper saw their faces. They were all crying, including Tony, who rarely cried.

“Oh my god. Why are you guys crying?” Pepper toned down her voice, her anger gone.

“Hi, babe. I’ll explain later about the living room and everything, but can you stay with Peer for now. And I am glad to see you.” Tony said, trying to wipe his tears away.

“Okay… but you better explain later.” Pepper said as she made her way to the bed, kissing Tony on the head and hugging Peter who was still sniffling with tears.

“Hi, Peter. I missed you.” Pepper said softly.

“I missed you too,” Peter whispered out.

“Oh, then let’s get going,” Natasha said as she got off the bed. “Oh, and nice to see you, Pepper. Long time no see.” Natasha smiled at Pepper, who returned the smile hugging Peter.

“Yeah, long time no see. All of you.” Pepper smiled and nodded at Clint and Wanda as well.

“Excuse us, as we’re going to meet and solve the problem. FRIDAY, alert everyone that we’re going to meet at the conference room.” Tony said.

“Alerting the other Avengers to meet at the conference room,” FRIDAY replied.

“Meeting? Tony, what’s going on? I decided to drop by and everyone is crying their eyes out, and Peter looks like he’s scared for his life.” Pepper pressed on.

“I promise, later. Right now, we need to fix this quick before things get out of hand. Let’s go.” Tony made his way out of the door, and Clint, Wanda, and Natasha followed.

“Gosh, your father is always trying to fix everything as quick as possible. But really, Peter, what happened?”

“I-I saw. I saw it.”

“Saw what?”

“The video,” Peter said softly, hugging Pepper harder.
“What video?”

“The one where Steve almost murdered Tony.”

“What!?”

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't please tell me how to fix it.

So, Pepper dropped by. Yay.

Next chapter will be Pepper's reaction to the video, and how she comforts Peter and stuff. Also, it will be the meeting, which will determine if the team will forgive Steve or not.

Who knows, some might and some might split away.

Once again, thanks for the support and comments as always.

Bye!
Think about us

Chapter Summary

Steve bowed his head down, and Bucky also looked scared.

The door then opened, and Pepper and Peter stepped in.

“Sorry, I’m late. I had a video to see.”

Chapter Notes

So I got a chapter out, but it took an extra day as I was thinking of the general path I wanted to take this fight among the Avengers towards.

It's going to get a whole lot more interesting. Lots of switching sides as well. :)

So yeah, enjoy! (I don't really have anything else to say.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pepper watched the video of Tony and Steve fighting, with Peter covering his ears at the moment the shield came down on Tony. Pepper also screamed like everyone else who saw the video.

She was shocked. Truly shocked.

How could Steve, a person known for his morals and kind, do such a thing? Captain America almost murdered Iron Man, a fellow teammate.

But that wasn’t the problem at hand. Honestly, she could care less as she saw Tony all beat up and hurt when he came back from the fight in Russia. The video was only a representation of what happened; she still remembers all the bruises and the hole in the Iron Man suit.

So before, she was furious at Steve, but she and Tony both got over it. The past is the past.

But she didn’t know how Tony got the hole in the suit, as he never spoke about it. So yes, she was surprised for the reason.

Currently, she was more worried about how Peter felt about it. Peter started crying again, hugging Pepper harder as she watched on Peter’s Stark Desktop in his room.

She quickly exited the video file and comforted Peter, whispering that it was okay and Tony is alive and well.

“He was so close to... to dying...” Peter whimpered.

“I know, and I know you must feel scared because of what you’ve experienced with your other loved ones. But Tony is fine and alive. Steve never aimed for the head anyway.”
“That’s what Dad said,” Peter recalled.

“Well, then you must understand why Steve did it, the whole ‘for loved ones’ talk,” Pepper said.

“...Yeah. But I still don’t forgive him fully. You can’t expect me to.” Peter whispered.

“I don’t expect you to. If it helps, I was mad at Steve before for some time as well, but I got over it. Cause you can’t always hold onto the past. Or at least hold onto bad things.”

“I guess you’re right.”

“I’m always right. So have some trust in your father and I, please?” Pepper said confidently.

“Trust in what?” Peter said confused.

“Trust that you have nothing to worry about. The fight is past us, and we’re only going to discuss it. Not argue.”

“I’m pretty sure Nat, Clint, and Wanda were going to argue though.”

“Yeah, but your father and I are going to make sure they don’t, so I got to get going. Will you be fine by yourself?”

“...No. Can I please follow you?” Peter admitted, fear of being alone in his eyes.

“Of course. I think you need to be there anyway because it involves your father.”

“Yeah.” Peter agreed.

“Well then, we better make our way to the meeting before everyone rips each other apart.” Pepper made her way out of the room with Peter holding her hand to the elevator, riding down towards the Avengers’ floor where the conference room was.

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“All Avengers report to the conference room for a team meeting,” FRIDAY announced in Steve’s room.

Steve was lying down, no longer crying. But he was still pretty sad and depressed about what he’s done.

When he heard the message, fear instilled within him.

This was it. The meeting where they all agree to kick him out of the tower and ditch him. Cause for his whole life, he’s had someone by him, but now it was time for him to be alone and receive the punishment he never really got for the terrible deeds during the Accords.

Knowing he had to face his fate, he got up and made his way out his room.

He can’t avoid them forever. He couldn’t avoid the team’s wrath of anger forever.

His steps got smaller and slower as he made his way towards the conference room. He didn’t hear any voices inside the room, so he opened the door to reveal an empty room. He sat on one side of the table, knowing well everyone was going to sit across from him.
They were against him anyway.

He waited sometime before the door opened, which made his heart skip a beat. There arrived Sam and Bucky, who looked quite depressed.

Steve avoided looking at the pair and put his head down.

He wasn’t surprised when Bucky took a seat beside him. Sam obviously took a seat across from Steve and Bucky, but Steve could sense the hesitance of Sam choosing his side. Why would Sam hesitate choosing sides; he should pick the one against Steve because he was obviously angry at him when he saw the video.

They just sat there, not saying anything. Soon enough, the big group came by. The door opened and there walked in Tony, Natasha, Wanda, and Clint.

Natasha, Clint, and Wanda took their seats across from Steve, joining Sam. They all had angry faces towards Steve, showing their distrust.

Tony, however, took a seat next to Steve, which got a surprised look from everyone including Steve.

“Tony, why are you on his side? He’s the one who almost murdered you.” Natasha questioned.

“I’m over it, Nat. That’s in the past. And there are no sides to this. We’re just here to discuss how we all feel about it so we can work them out to prevent a fight.” Tony said, looking at Steve with a nod, which got a tear out of Steve.

Why was Tony helping him? Does he not care what Steve did to him?

“Thank you, Tony,” Steve said, his voice cracking.

“No need to thank me. As I said, there are no sides to this.” Tony explained once again.

“Yes, there are sides. He shouldn’t have done that to you. And he didn’t even show us the video to us.” Wanda argued.

“But we don’t have to fight about it. There’s nothing good that comes out of it.” Tony said.

“So you’re just going to let him off the hook for what he did? You’re just going to let him loose after he just threw your trust away when you’re always willing to give the trust? Think about how Peter feels.” Clint also argued.

“Peter understands and forgives Steve somewhat. I explained it to him.” Tony replied calmly.

“Peter forgives me?” Steve said, hopefully.

“Not fully, but he’s getting there,” Tony assured.

“Don’t think just cause Peter’s going to forgive you, we’re going to let you off. This isn’t going to just pass over.” Natasha growled angrily.

Steve bowed his head down, and Bucky also looked scared.

The door then opened, and Pepper and Peter stepped in.

“Sorry, I’m late. I had a video to see.” Pepper directed towards Steve, who was surprised when Pepper took a seat next to Tony on his side.
“Pepper, you too? The man you love got beat up, and you’re going to side with the man who almost killed Tony?” Wanda said shocked.

“There are no sides. I feel like we’ve been over this. Peter, take a seat, why are you just standing there?”

When Pepper sat down, Peter let go of her hand and just stood in between the sides at the end of the table.

He didn’t know what side to sit at. To him, there were sides. He didn’t agree with his father and Pepper’s idea.

“I-I… I don’t know.” Peter said. He bowed his head down.

“Well, looks like one person knows what’s right. C’mon Peter, sit on our side. You obviously don’t like that Steve hurt your father and didn’t tell you.” Natasha said.

“Peter, we’ve talked about this. He did it for his loved one, and I would’ve done it too if it was for you.” Tony said confused at Peter’s hesitance.

“But Dad, I don’t know. I don’t… he hurt you.” Peter tried to explain, but he couldn’t get the right words.

“Sit here Peter. That way, we can decide what’s best for your father and your safety.” Wanda added to Natasha.

“Steve is not dangerous. He did what he had to do. We aren’t going to do anything that involves kicking him off the team.” Tony argued.

“Tony, don’t fight back. Explain and think about your every word.” Pepper warned.

“I can’t just let them attack Steve,” Tony explained.

“I don’t understand, Tony. I promised I would be on your side whenever, but this is for your safety and ours. Who knows what other secrets he’s been hiding from us. First, your parent’s murder, and now this.” Clint argued.

“I hid a secret about Peter. You guys didn’t do anything. You guys gave me a second chance, and it was all fine. How is that any different now?” Tony retaliated.

“Cause the secret wasn’t about a video on a teammate almost killing another teammate. It was about your son, who you were trying to protect. And plus, you’ve given us plenty of second chances, but Steve was on the last straw. He’s done too many things that hurt the team.” Sam said.

“So you’re just going to kick him off the team? Cause he’s made too many mistakes?”

“He didn’t make any mistakes. He just broke relationships, and threw our trust away.”

“I’m sorry,” Steve whispered.

“Sorry doesn’t cut it. You know, last time I was on your side. You made it look like you were right, so we joined you and we all left Tony. I’m not making the same mistake of joining the wrong side again now though!” Natasha snarled, as she put her hands on the table leaning in with an angry expression.
“Woah, stop right there. We don’t want an argument, we just want to have a peace-”

“Can you stop?!?” Peter interrupted Pepper, his voice cracking at the end. He lifted his head up, and everyone saw his tears.

“You guys are arguing about how you’re trying to protect my Dad and me. But you don’t care about how we feel at all! I don’t know why all of you are trying to choose for us when you all left my Dad back then. And now you’re back, trying to protect him when Pepper and I were the only ones left after you ditched him. If my Dad wants you guys to forgive him, then just take his word. If something happens again, then it’s on him, not you. You guys weren’t here before, so don’t make yourself relevant now! My Dad and I want you to forgive him, so just forgive him cause that’s what we want!” Peter was angry, his tears running fast down his red cheeks.

Tony had a worried expression, and so did Pepper. Peter crying was not a good sign. Steve got even sadder that Peter was crying because of him.

The others had a shocked expression.

“Peter, I didn’t know you thought that,” Clint said, full of shame that he didn’t understand how Peter felt about it.

“Yeah, we’re sorry we were thinking in our own shoes,” Natasha said as she backed off her aggressive stance.

Wanda and Sam didn’t know what to say.

“Do whatever you want,” Peter said and he ran out of the room.

Tony got up to follow him.

“Look what you’ve done. You guys are the ones hurting the team and my son, not Steve.” Tony said angrily as he ran out to follow Peter.

Pepper stood up, and she had a fierce face that made everyone shiver in fear.

“You all are going to make up! If you don’t by the time I come back, you’re all going to be kicked out of the tower and live on the streets! Choose wisely.” Pepper gritted out of her teeth as she left, probably to comfort Peter as well.

She slammed the door on her way out, which made everyone flinch.

“We forgive you,” Natasha said after a moment of silence. She spoke for the team, not making any space for debate. Everyone knew not to duel with Natasha when it came to such decisions she made for the team.

“Thank you. I’m so sorry.” Steve said gratefully, which Bucky, who hadn’t said anything throughout the discussion also said.

“But don’t think it’s because we actually forgive you. We’re only doing it for Tony and Peter. Cause that’s how they feel about it.” Natasha explained, which made Steve somewhat less hopeful.

Clint, Wanda, and Sam nodded to agree with Natasha’s decision.

Natasha left the room, with the others in tow, leaving Steve and Bucky to sit among themselves.

Steve sighed a shaky breath out when the door closed on the pair. He cried silent tears as Bucky
comforted him by rubbing his back.

He’s got his nephew back (somewhat), but it cost his other family members. How was he ever going to make this up now.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! If you enjoyed it, great! If you didn’t, please tell me how to fix it.

So yeah, they've "forgiven" him, but for Peter and Tony's sake. But what will truly unfold? Does Peter fully agree with his father's decision, and did what he said really mean how he felt?

Hm, no one knows! ;)

Thanks for the support and comments, Bye!
Do you even know anymore?

Chapter Summary

Steve let out a sigh.

“I can only smell tension,” Bucky said.

“We have to start somewhere, and we can’t avoid arguments. It’s inevitable.” Steve said sadly.

Chapter Notes

Ow. My butt hurts from sitting down ouch like actually, long periods of sitting down is no good ;(

It doesn't matter tho, and I actually feel bad that I got a short chapter out. ;(

It's short, but leads us into when the Avengers all eat together, so it's important.

That's all I have to say, ENJOY!

Peter ran outside the conference room and made his way towards the elevator.

The door almost closed before Tony stepped in.

“I want to be alone.” Peter spat out, looking at the floor.

“Hey, I understand why you’re angry. But you can’t lash it out on us.” Tony lightly scolded, which got Peter to be quiet. Pepper said goodbye to the pair while the elevator doors closed.

“Bye honey.” Tony waved back.

“Bye Tony, and Peter.” Pepper smiled.

Peter didn’t reply.

The elevator doors closed.

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine. But you have to explain to me what you meant back there.” Tony said.

Peter only nodded his head.
The elevator stopped at the private floor and they made their way to Tony’s room.

Peter sometime during the elevator ride grabbed ahold of Tony’s sleeve, not letting go even to the room.

Tony sat on the bed which Peter held on for dear life to Tony.

Tony started, “So what do you mean he hurt me? I get he did hurt me, but can you elaborate?”

Peter thought for a period of time before he responded.

“Well, yeah, he did hurt you. But how can he live so shamefully? He expects us to all live happily after he’s done that to you, and he didn’t even tell the team about it.”

“He’s trying to live happy because he’s trying to leave it in the past. I’ve told you this already.”

“I know. But how can you just move on? How can you be so… so open?” It wasn’t the word Peter was looking for, but it got the point forward.

“Peter, I still have my feelings towards Steve based on what he did that are definitely negative feelings. But I’m doing this because I don’t want to split the family again. I’ve told you at the beginning of all this; I wanted them so bad. I wanted my family again. And if that means we have to forgive things for the greater good, then that’s what I’m willing to do.”

“But I don’t… I don’t like that.” Peter thought he sounded childish, but it was true. He didn’t like it.

“It’s okay. Sometimes, it’s the things you don’t like that change your perception of people and things. And sometimes, it can help for a bigger understanding. Like me.”

“You?”

“Yeah, you probably thought of me as an egocentric asshole who’s only greedy for money, but once you got to know me, you only knew so much more because of how everyone thought of me. It’s almost like the contrast.”

“But I never thought of you like those bad things. You were my hero.” Peter admitted.

“Were?”

“Still are.”

Tony smiled at Peter and they hugged.

“And sometimes, when you think good of someone, the bad things that you see of them will stand out to you. Like Steve, the perfect man he is, who has a few mistakes here and there. You understand?”

“Yeah, I really do now,” Peter said.

“Then will you move on with me?”

“Of course, but it’ll take some time,” Peter assured as he broke away from the hug.

“That’s fine. Everyone needs time to heal their wounds.”
At that moment, Peter’s stomach grumbled.

“Oh, looks like your metabolism is acting up after that mess.”

“I always get hungry after yelling and crying.” Peter lightly chuckled out.

“Well, then do you want to eat here tonight or with the team. If they want to eat.”

“I want to stay here. I’m still kind of scared. Whenever I see Steve, I see the video playing in my head and the… the shield…” Peter was at tears again.

“Okay then. C’mon don’t cry, it’s fine. I’ll order pizza and I can go get you some slices and we can eat up here. Sound good?”

“Yeah, like old times.” Peter felt a tear leave his eye.

“Like old times. FRIDAY, can you order us all pizza for dinner, the usuals.” Tony got his finger and wiped the tear off, kissing Peter’s forehead at the same time.

“Of course boss, the usual pizzas have been put in order and will arrive in 30 minutes,” FRIDAY replied.

“Thanks, FRI.”

Peter snuggled and hugged Tony once again, still not willing to let his father go.

“Wanna watch a movie while we wait?”

“Only if we watch them too while we eat,” Peter demanded.

“Of course, that’s what I was planning on,” Tony said matter of factly.

“Then Star Wars, all of them,” Peter demanded again.

“You and you’re damn Star Wars movies.” Tony smiled and put on Star Wars series on the giant T.V. he had in his bedroom.

Peter was going to be fine. If Tony can help him take things slow, then just maybe; he can recover things before they blow up even more.

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Pepper made her way back to the conference room, but she was surprised by who was left in the room. Only Steve and Bucky were there, sitting and staring down at the table.

They looked up and they stood a little straighter when Pepper stepped in.

“So, did they forgive you?” Pepper asked.

“Well, you did threaten them if they didn’t you kick us all out, so yes, they forgave us,” Bucky replied.

“I’m here to make sure the team doesn’t break apart, and a repeat of the video doesn’t happen again. At least to someone else this time; telling by the hostility from everyone.” Pepper explained.

“Thank you, Pepper. For helping me.” Steve said gratefully.
“No problem. I only stopped by for a surprise visit in between flights, so I gotta hit the planes by night. So I hope that you guys don’t kill each other when I leave.” Pepper explained.

“Don’t worry, I’m going to make sure this ends well,” Steve assured.

“In that case, one place to start is dinner. Tony told me he ordered pizza for everyone, so you guys should all eat together. I wish for the best, goodbye.” Pepper quickly left the room after her guidance, glancing at her watch as if this whole thing was scheduled.

Steve let out a sigh.

“I can only smell tension.”

“We have to start somewhere, and we can’t avoid arguments. It’s inevitable.” Steve said sadly.

“Well, they didn’t really say anything to me though.”

“I’d say you’re spared. I mean, there was nothing that was your fault, it was all mine.”

“True that,” Bucky said.

“This is the part where you tell me that it isn’t my fault,” Steve said annoyed.

“You can only learn by knowing and taking care of your mistakes,” Bucky said, which got Steve thinking.

“You’re right. I have to take full responsibility for this. And I’ll make sure I fix this mess. I’ve got to fix the family before we all break again.

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Natasha, Clint, Sam, and Wanda were all hanging out in Wanda’s room, as it was always a common meeting place for the Tony protection club.

Well, it wasn’t actually a club meeting, as there isn’t actually a club made for protecting Tony; Wanda’s room just became a thing for discussing things about Tony and Peter.

“I bet that spangled asshole is going to expect us to be all happy and forgive him. He probably thinks we’re going to move on as nothing happened.” Wanda huffed angrily as she laid down on her bed.

“He’s definitely going to try and get our trust back, but it won’t be that easy,” Natasha said as she cleaned her gun from the corner of the room. Cleaning her guns were always soothing for her, like how a girl paints her nails or binges romance films to make herself better.

Where she got the gun from, no one knows. Actually, nobody is brave enough to ask.

“Tony’s going to support Steve though. Did you see him? He was arguing for Steve as if he did nothing wrong. I mean, I did promise I would side with Tony for everything after.” Clint said, crisscrossed on the floor.

“Man, do whatever you want. I think Steve did do some bad things, but I kind of want to side with Bucky,” Sam said, which he immediately regretted after everyone in the room glared at him. “Sorry; I’m not siding with Steve. What I meant is I feel bad for Bucky. He didn’t do anything wrong in general this time.”
“Traitor,” Wanda said teasingly.

“Am not!” Sam said, arguing childishly back.

That got a few laughs, loosening the tight atmosphere in the room.

“I wonder how Peter is dealing with this. I think he’s angry at us now too because we were trying to control their situation.” Clint said.

“Yeah, it kind of backfired on us, but we’ll get his trust again,” Wanda said, sure of herself.

At that moment, FRIDAY announced, “The pizzas for dinner have arrived courtesy of Mr.Stark. Please enjoy at the Avengers’ kitchen.”

“Pizza dinner? In the kitchen? Huh, you’re right. Tony’s definitely trying to get us back together.” Natasha scoffed out.

“I’m kinda hungry though,” Wanda complained.

“Yeah, we should at least check it out. Who knows, Steve and Bucky might not show up.” Clint agreed with Wanda.

“It’s settled, we’re eating pizza!” Sam declared loudly, as he was quite hungry as well.

“Fine, but try to keep your distance. If that loser you call a captain decides to show up, he’s going to try his best to get us back. But he can’t fool us twice.” Natasha warned.

And so they headed for pizza.

Chapter End Notes

If you liked it, great! If you didn't please tell me how to fix it!

So, Peter says he forgives Steve, but not really ;) He still has hesitance around Steve eheh

Steve and Bucky are going to try their best, but Natasha and Clint are going to make it hard for them,

Wanda just wants to talk to Peter, and Sam wants Pizza XD

Pepper left, but she’ll be back some time again.

So yeah, the next chapter is a PIZZA DINNER, filled with ****TENSION****

Yeah, until then Bye!
(Thanks for the support and comments as usual!)
Hide in fear

Chapter Summary

“I thought he forgave me,” Steve said out loud.

“That doesn’t mean he’s not scared of you,” Natasha said from across the room.

“No. I thought it was going well between us. But if he’s that scared…” Steve sighed out a shaky breathe that followed with a tear.

Chapter Notes

Omg, I missed what, 2 days of updating? I'm so sorry, I'm just reallllllyyy busy, so I never got around to writing a chapter. i got another short one out, which I feel really bad about, as my updates have been progressively slower and slower, but I think a consistent pattern I’m going to have is post, skip, post, skip, as I need at least one extra day to make a good chapter.

It gets kind of nasty when I post it on the same day.

So yeah, I'm sorry that it's short, but I hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Steve and Bucky set the pizza boxes on the counter, making it a free for all buffet of pizza for everyone.

Steve wasn’t nervous. He was scared.

Scared of how the team will treat him. Will they avoid him? Will they argue with him? Or worse, decide that Steve doesn’t deserve their love.

Honestly, Steve thinks he doesn’t deserve to live. His super serum was basically a second chance in life, and he’s gotten way more second chances after that. Heck, Tony let him back in the tower and helped to pardon him after his reckless decisions. So yes, Steve doesn’t deserve this love and family. But he wants it.

So he’s going to try his best.

Steve and Bucky didn’t take any slices, waiting awkwardly for the team to show up (if they even were going to show up). They sat on the counter seats, and Steve’s pretty sure his heart skipped a beat when he heard footsteps from the hallway headed towards the kitchen.

Natasha, Clint, Wanda, and Sam stepped into the kitchen area and stood as a group in front of Steve and Bucky.

“Hey guys, Bucky and I set up the pizza, so eat up.” Steve tried to start some small talk.
“Well, you weren’t the one to order and pay for the pizza, so I don’t think you have the honors to tell us to ‘eat up’, Steve,” Natasha growled. “And don’t think we’re here to talk. We’re just hungry, so don’t bother trying so hard, please. It’ll only make it worse.”

Steve backed off and Bucky had an expression that said: “boy you better listen to her”.

So Steve decided he would try not to talk. Let them come to you when they’re ready. Don’t rush it he thought.

He got himself some slices and sat at the counter, while the team sat in the living room. Bucky sat next to Steve and declined Sam’s invitation to eat together.

“You could eat with them if you want. You don’t have to take all the blame with me.” Steve said, sorry that Bucky is caught with him in this aftermath.

“Gotta stick with you ‘till the end, or I wasted all that time saving your ass back then,” Bucky said sarcastically.

Steve sighed. He didn’t deserve Bucky either. But he’s not going to complain.

The pair ate in silence, while some banter was being thrown around in the living room. Steve and Bucky didn’t want to eavesdrop though; never eavesdrop on Natasha.

And that’s when the elevator dinged, and everyone stopped talking, creating a pregnant silence.

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Peter was still snuggled in Tony’s side when Tony made a move off the bed. Peter held onto Tony’s sleeve though, not letting him go.

“I’m just going to get some pizza for us. FRIDAY notified me that it’s arrived. It won’t take a while, just keep watching the movie.” Tony assured him.

“But I want to go with you.” Peter whimpered.

“Why is that? Is it because you don’t want to be alone, or because you don’t want me to go down alone where Steve is?”

“Both.”

“Okay, you can come with me,” Tony said, as Peter jumped off the bed and clung to Tony’s arm.

Tony didn’t say anything about Peter’s clinginess lately. More likely he adored it. He always loves snuggling with him, and he feels safe himself when he feels a light tug on his sleeve that tells him that someone is there.

They made their way to the elevator and rode it down to the Avengers’ floor. Tony wasn’t nervous, as he really had nothing to worry about. But Peter was nervous. Steve was probably down there with the team, who he recently just yelled at to “buzz of my business.”

He appreciated that they were protective, but they were being a little too much. And with Steve, he’s just still a little traumatized.

The elevators opened and Tony and Peter stepped out, taking in the scene. Steve and Bucky were sitting by themselves in the kitchen, while the rest team was eating in the living room. All eyes were towards the pair who had just appeared.
“Just came down to get some slices. We’ll be out of here quick.” Tony said to break the silence.

Peter still hung onto Tony’s arm tightly and followed Tony as he made his way towards the pizza.

Peter saw the worried expressions from everyone, probably worried if he would ever talk to them again. He will, but he needs time. They can’t expect him to act as nothing happened.

Tony got 2 plates and was taking lots of slices for him and Peter when Steve walked over and got some another plate, filling it with more slices for Peter.

“I know how much you eat Peter, so I think it’s best if you take 2 plates worth of pizza,” Steve said as he smiled towards Peter.

“Thanks, Cap. Makes it easier so we don’t have to make 2 trips down here for seconds.” Tony thanked.

Peter was still latched onto Tony, and when Steve stretched his arm out to hand the plate of pizza over, Peter got scared and hit it down.

When he saw the plate and Steve extending his hand out, he only saw one thing. The shield coming down on his father. His mind was screaming to get rid of it, and he did. He had to protect his father this time.

The plate landed on the floor and shattered. Everyone’s eyes were still glued to Peter.

He was shaking with fear, and he was crying again.

“Don’t get near him!” Peter closed his eyes and hugged Tony so tight it hurt to breathe.

“Peter, what’s wrong.” Tony barely breathed out.

“Let’s go. I-I don’t want to be here anymore.” Peter sobbed out.

“Okay, let’s go.” Tony got the 2 plates he had laid out himself and headed towards the elevator.

The pair entered the elevator, and the doors closed, leaving a very astonished Steve and worried Avengers.

“I thought he forgave me,” Tony said out loud.

“That doesn’t mean he’s not scared of you,” Natasha said from across the room.

“No. I thought it was going well between us. But if he’s that scared…” Steve sighed out a shaky breathe that followed with a tear.

He felt a squeeze on his shoulder.

“It’s okay Steve. He’ll get around.” Bucky assured him.

“I only hope so.” Steve hoped.

--------

“Peter, please tell me what happened,” Tony said concerned, hugging Peter.

They were currently on Tony’s bed, hugging while sitting crisscrossed. Peter was still shaky, tears
rolling down consistently.

“I-I saw the video playing again in my head. I saw Steve and the plate… and I saw you and… I was so scared.” Peter sobbed out and hugged Tony harder.

Tony gasped. “You had a PTSD attack.”

Tony hugged Peter back harder as well, concerned that his son now had panic attacks, nightmares, and PTSD to top it off at such a young age.

“I’m so sorry you have all these bad things. You’re such a good kid, and you don’t deserve these bad things.” Tony whispered out.

“I was so scared.”

“It’s okay. I’ve told you, he’s never going to hurt me or you again. If he tries to, I’ll be there for you.”

“I know.”

“We gotta figure something out to fix this. We can’t have you breaking plates everytime Steve is around.” Tony teased, which got a laugh from Peter, helping to calm him down.

“A therapist?”

“If you want one. I won’t force you to talk to a random person if you don’t want to about your personal feelings.”

“Pepper has told me you have a bunch of therapists to help with your problems.”

“That was a long time ago. I got rid of them after I adopted you because you always relieve my stress. And Pepper is so going to get it, revealing my personal secrets.”

Peter snuggled into Tony, letting go of the held breathe he had been holding in from fear.

“I guess I don’t need one then. I’ll have you then, to help me.”

“If that’s what you want, then okay.”

Some time passed between the two until Peter spoke up.

“I feel bad. Steve probably thinks I hate him or something, but it was just fear I couldn’t control.” Peter said sorrowfully.

“He’ll understand your situation. The Avengers know a lot about PTSD and panic attacks, believe me; we all of our problems.”

“Really?” Peter was in disbelief.

“Of course. I think some of them have more problems than me, like Bucky and Natasha based on their past.” Tony admitted.

“That’s… that makes me feel bad.”
“Don’t feel bad. You didn’t know any better, and plus, Steve doesn’t think you hate him. Well, maybe he does now but I know you can show that you don’t by talking to him.”

“But what if I scared again, or have a PTSD attack again?”

“I’ll be there for you, but let’s talk about this later. We have a bunch of pizza slices, the rest of the Star Wars movies, and a nice snuggling session ahead of us right now!” Tony said cheerfully.

“Oh yeah, I’m pretty hungry,” Peter said as he rubbed his stomach. “But I really hope this doesn’t break down and we all get into a fight because of our miscommunication.”

“If we speak from our hearts, we won’t have to fight. So you’ll have some explaining to do tomorrow.” Tony said, setting up the movie and handing the pizza slices to Peter.

“I guess I do.”

He had somethings he needed to clear things up with Steve and the team, and he only hoped he wouldn’t freak out.

Chapter End Notes

If you enjoyed it, great! if you didn't please tell me how to fix it!

So yeah, Peter is having some trouble with himself after witnessing the video, which will affect him greatly.

The team is just straight mean towards Steve, except Sam, as he's close friends with Bucky.

Steve is sad that Peter is so scared of him, but he has a way that he's going to try and get his trust back.

And next chapter, is going to be on Clint and maybe Wanda's fix to their relationship with Peter. Maybe, idk.

As always, thanks for the comments and support, it makes me kind of feel guilty that I can't update as fast.

Bye.
The 4 of Us

Chapter Summary

He snuggled harder into Peter and started giggling in happiness.

“Dad? Are you okay?” Peter asked.

“Yeah. Just couldn’t be happier to spend some time with the some of my favorite people in the world.” He smiled out.

Chapter Notes

Yay! Wait, I missed 2 days again! Argh! But yay because I got a long chapter out!

It's the patch up of Clint, Wanda, and Peter, so it's pretty big. Some filler text to help lead into what the team will do with Steve in the end.

Also, I'm so sorry I missed 2 days again, I was just busy preparing for the holidays and relatives and all that junk ;p

So yeah, that's basically it. ENJOY~

Clint finished his pizza slices and stood up to leave, but Natasha didn’t let him go without going unnoticed.

“Uh, where are you going?” Natasha questioned lightly.

“Going to visit my nephew. Want to check up on how he is after… that.” Clint replied, using his hands to describe the breakdown he witnessed.

“In that case, I’m going as well,” Wanda said as she stood up quickly and shoved her last half-eaten slice of pizza into her mouth.

She made her way where Clint stood in front of the elevator and realized that Natasha and Sam were also getting up to visit Peter.

“Oh, I think it’s best if you 2 stay down here. If we all go, Peter might be overwhelmed.” Clint said.

“I want to see him as much as you do too, Clint,” Natasha said as she glared daggers at Clint.

“I think it’s better if we just stay down here and let Clint and Wanda check up on him.” Sam agreed with Clint.
Natasha huffed an angry breathe out.

“Make sure he’s eating, and confirm that he doesn’t hate us like Steve. And see if—”

“Yeah, okay. Whatever.” Clint said as the elevator doors opened, and cut of Natasha.

Clint and Wanda were about to step in when Steve brought up something.

“Wait. Can you please tell me if he’s okay after you see him? I want to make sure he’s fine after what happened.” Steve said concerned for his nephew.

Clint and Wanda didn’t say anything and stepped into the elevator. The doors closed, and Natasha turned to Steve rather quickly.

“Why don’t you just check if Peter’s fine by yourself? Oh yeah, he doesn’t like you anymore because of what you did to Tony. I don’t blame him at all.” Natasha growled out, a face of disgust towards Steve evident.

“Tony said h—”

“That’s what Tony said. Peter for all we know could be lying just to make things less complicated. You know him, always trying to make sure he gets out of people’s ways and patch things up no matter what so he doesn’t end up hurting anyone.” Natasha cut Steve off, and her words were like a punch in the face.

She was right. Just because Tony said Peter was fine, didn’t mean Peter was actually fine. And the way Peter acted when he came down to get pizza was only supporting the fact that Peter dislikes Steve, or even worse, was afraid of him.

Steve thought Peter was only overreacting when he saw the video and called the Iron Legion, but now he knows Peter’s fear was the real deal.

“You’re right. But… but I’m going to make sure he doesn’t hate me or be afraid of me.” Steve said determined as he ran out of the kitchen towards his room.

Bucky just had a concerned expression, sighing.

“Good luck,” Bucky said to Steve, even though he was not present in the room.

“Not even luck can get him out of this now. He can’t make someone not hate him. If that’s how someone feels towards him, that’s how they feel.” Natasha said.

“Well Nat, actually, Steve can change Peter’s view. And Peter might actually be not afraid of—” Sam was cut off by Natasha’s glare, that screamed, “don’t even try to argue with me”.

“He’s screwed.” Sam agreed to make sure he didn’t get into a fight with Natasha.

Clint and Wanda made their way towards Tony’s room on the private floor, as that’s where FRIDAY told the pair where Peter and Tony were.

They stood in front of the door and Clint knocked once.
He heard some background noise, but it stopped when he knocked. He heard some rustling, and then the door opened, revealing Tony who had Peter attached to his arms.

“U-Uncle Clint and Wanda.” Peter gasped out.

“Hey Pete, we just wanted to check up if you’re fine after what happened down there,” Clint said.

“I’m fine. You guys can leave now, I’m perfectly fine.” Peter said as he tried to close the door on them, but Tony stopped him.

“Peter, I think it’s a good place to start by talking to Clint and Wanda first,” Tony said, which made Peter sigh which was a sign that he agreed. If Peter was going to make it up to everyone for yelling and lashing out on them, he would have to talk to them eventually.

Peter opened the door wide, letting go of Tony’s arm for once.

“Come on in,” Peter said as he ducked his head down.

Clint and Wanda stepped in and saw that there was a paused Star Wars movie on the giant T.V., and the bed sheets in a giant clump.

“Looks like you guys were having your own movie night without us. I feel left out.” Clint complained.

“I just needed some time to think about everything,” Peter said.

Tony lead them towards the bed, where the 4 sat down crisscrossed.

Clint started first. “Peter, can you please tell us what happened down there?”

“Well…” Peter looked at Tony for reassurance, which Tony nodded telling him to proceed. “I had a PTSD attack. I saw Steve and the plate, and I saw the video replaying in my head. I’m sorry if I worried everyone.”

“It’s not your fault that you had that, so don’t apologize,” Wanda said, sad that Peter had PTSD attacks now to top off his nightmares and panic attacks.

“It’s not your fault that you had that, so don’t apologize,” Wanda said, sad that Peter had PTSD attacks now to top off his nightmares and panic attacks.

“Also…” Tony nodded again to tell him to go on with his plan. “I’m sorry for yelling at you guys for being protective of me. You guys were just trying to make sure my Dad and I aren’t hurt. I shouldn’t have said those things when you 2 have done so much for me. Keeping the secret from the team, and being there for me.” Peter said truthfully.

“It’s okay. We should be the ones apologizing because we were a little overprotective and speaking for you guys when we didn’t know how you felt about the situation.” Clint apologized back.

“Apologizes from me as well,” Wanda added on.

Peter missed Clint and Wanda. He’s seen and hung around with them after the team figured the secret out about him being Tony’s son, but he never spent as much time with them like before when they were hiding the secret. He never had those moments with them again, and he never realized how much he’s missed it until now.

It got him caught up and he started crying. He pulled both Clint and Wanda into a hug, which surprised the pair that he was crying.

“I-I missed you guys so much. I was so scared you guys thought I didn’t like you guys anymore and
was trying to leave me be. I didn’t want you guys to get farther away from me. I’m so sorry.” Peter sobbed as Clint and Wanda hugged him back. Tony had a smile on his face, as he knew that everything was going to be fine between the 3 now.

“It’s okay. We’re both here now and we never thought of you like that either. We knew you needed some time, so we left you to be alone, that’s all.” Clint said.

“Yes, do not worry. We would never try to distance ourselves from you. More likely we would try to go talk to you to see what’s going on.” Wanda assured as well.

The 3 hugged once again, creating a silence.

“Well, looks as if that went swellingly well!” Tony clapped once.

“I don’t know if it’s going to be easy with everyone else though.” Peter fretted about.

“Meh. Everyone else will come back, believe me. No one can resist being away from such a cute kid!” Clint said as he ruffled Peter’s hair, which got a laugh from him.

“You guys are so sappy, ugh. Would you mind if we join your movie night?” Wanda asked politely.

“Yes, do not worry. We would never try to distance ourselves from you. More likely we would try to go talk to you to see what’s going on.” Wanda assured as well.

The 3 hugged once again, creating a silence.

“Well, looks as if that went swellingly well!” Tony clapped once.

“I don’t know if it’s going to be easy with everyone else though.” Peter fretted about.

“Meh. Everyone else will come back, believe me. No one can resist being away from such a cute kid!” Clint said as he ruffled Peter’s hair, which got a laugh from him.

“You guys are so sappy, ugh. Would you mind if we join your movie night?” Wanda asked politely.

“Of course, the more the merrier,” Peter said.

“Aw man, you guys are stealing my precious father-son bonding time! We were having such a good time together.” Tony grumbled, hugging Peter and hiding him in his chest.

“Don’t worry, there’s going to be enough of me to go around,” Peter said.

Everyone laughed.

They all sat on the backside of the bed and splayed the blanket on the lower parts of their body. The 4 snuggled into each other, and all got nostalgic feels from way back then; when the secret of Peter being Tony’s son was floating around.

Tony felt happy. He would do anything to make his life feel like this every day.

He snuggled harder into Peter and started giggling in happiness.

“Dad? Are you okay?” Peter asked.

“Yeah. Just couldn’t be happier to spend some time with the some of my favorite people in the world.” He smiled out.

“Ew, stop it, Tony. You’re going to make me barf by being such a sap. Start the movie already!” Wanda complained. But in all honesty, she also couldn’t be happier to spend time like this as a group again. Clint and Peter would also agree.

The Star Wars movie played, and they started from the beginning of the set, as Wanda and Clint had joined their marathon.

If anyone saw these mad people giggling and snuggling like puppies, they wouldn’t even need to question why they were so happy; as such happiness doesn’t need to be questioned.

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Natasha and Sam sat on the living couch of the Avengers’ and watched a T.V. show on Netflix. It
was Spongebob, as dumb humor always made Sam laugh in the worst of situations.

Natasha just “watched” it to leave it as background noise while she thought about everything. “How do we deal with Steve? Tony seems reluctant to punish him, so I have no power in this. It’s Tony’s household, not mine. Maybe if enough people win the majority of the vote to kick him out? Well, I did forgive him… for Peter. Oh, if Peter hates Steve, then there is a possibility that Tony would kick him out. Wait, speaking of Peter, where the hell is Clint and Wanda? Why aren’t they back from checking up on him? Are they having fun without m—”

“Natasha!” Sam yelled in her face.

Natasha snapped out of her trance of thought and flinched backward in surprise.

“W-what?” Natasha said confused.

“I called your name like 10 times. There was this really funny scene where Patrick and Sp—”

“Pft. How can you be laughing at those childish jokes when there are bigger things to think about.” Natasha lightly scolded, flicking Sam on the forehead, which made him sit back down away from her face.

“Ouch. But you’re right. Is that what you were so concentrated about?”

“What difference does it make if I was. I can’t do anything that would change how things are going right now. Nothings going to happen to Steve, and we’re going to have to pretend as if nothing happened.” Natasha complained.

“I mean, Peter did act kind of scared, so Tony might do something about Steve. But I feel bad for the guy. He’s under so much fire from the team right now.” Sam pitifully said.

“Sorry for him? Please, he deserves it.”

“Why are you so against him all of sudden now, Natasha?” Bucky said as he appeared from the kitchen and sat on the couch next to the other couch Natasha and Sam were sitting on.

“I never knew you were in this conversation, Bucky.” Natasha retorted.

“Well, it involves Steve and the team, so I do feel as if I am involved.” He smirked back, which got a angry squint from Natasha.

The atmosphere was thick, as it was now a heavy topic that they were discussing.

“I think I already stated my reason. I was on his side before, not knowing of the things he would do and what he truly did. But now, I’m not making the same mistake.” Natasha said.

“But, aren’t you being a hypocrite by doing that? Making it a big deal?” Bucky replied.

“Well, we can’t make it seem as if nothing happened!” Natasha yelled. Sam backed off away from Natasha on the couch, sensing an argument underway.

“And yet you say you’re doing this because of the things Steve created back then, like the fight and the team splitting.”

“And?”
“Well, what are you doing right now? You could sit down and talk about this peacefully like Steve should’ve back then about the Accords, but instead, you’re doing exactly what Steve did; make it more complicated and maybe potentially break the team, again.” Bucky said calmly.

“I’m not trying to make us break up! I just… argh!” Natasha yelled in frustration as she stomped out of the living room towards her room.

Sam got up to go comfort her, but Bucky stopped him.

“Let her think this out. It’s the only way where things will get better.” Bucky said, and Sam sat back down.

“Damn, this is one big mess,” Sam said sighing.

“Yeah, but I bet some Spongebob can help loosen it. C’mon, resume the episode.” Bucky said.

Sam resumed the episode, and they started laughing at the dumb humor presented in front of them, in hopes that everyone would solve their own problems and come back together.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't please tell me how to fix it.

So yeah, the 4 have got back together. YAY UwU such a happy and cute group! Clint+Wanda+Peter+Tony=Ultimate side family

Natasha seems quite confused on what she's really doing currently after Bucky opened a new perspective for her. Sam just wants to watch some Spongebob.

Next chapter will be Natasha's thoughts on what she wants to do, and Steve's plan to get Peter back on his side (he might act on the plan as well, maybe).

Thanks for the comments and support as always! It means so much to me how much you guys enjoy this!

I hope I aren't that busy later this week after Thanksgiving so I can post faster, cause I have to make up a lot of things cause I FEEL BAD for not updating as fast as usual.

k bye!
Chapter Summary

“I didn’t know you were still there,” Natasha yelled.

“I wanted to make sure you’re okay. You said you’re angry.” Steve replied back from outside.

“Yeah, I don’t feel like talking about my feelings with you. Leave.”

Chapter Notes

Yay, I got another somewhat lengthy chapter out! After I finished writing this one, I've started writing the next chapter, so maybe you'll get another update tomorrow ;)! I won't promise it, as I might not get to it :(.

So yeah, Natasha and Steve talk in this, but he doesn't talk to Peter just yet, so that's next chapter.

That will determine everything that happens from now on!

EnJoY!

Steve was pacing his room, thinking about how he should fix this whole mess. Well, he wasn’t entirely thinking about fixing this, he was more focused on getting close to Peter again.

Peter was, after all, Tony’s son. And Tony has done so much for Steve, so he wants to be there for him now, and try and make it up. Be he can’t do that if Peter wants him gone.

Moreover, he just really loves Peter. He’s such a nice and kind boy; it reminds him of how Steve acted when he was little.

Good morals, looking out for others, messing with things bigger than him, and never afraid to speak what he thinks. Steve liked everything about Peter, and he wasn’t going to let his relationship of Uncle with him burn in flames because of one, big, misunderstanding.

He never wanted kids. He didn’t want to be married either; well, after what happened with Peggy and him, he changed his view on being in a relationship ever again. Sharon was, something interesting, but it really wasn’t what he wanted. He, of course, loved Peggy, but he thinks as if their relationship was put into ice (literally and figuratively), which hurt him and her in many ways. He still thinks of how lonely Peggy must’ve been without him, but he met her again one day, and that helped to ease his guilt. I mean, she did get married, but the years after Steve’s disappearance were probably full of mourning and loss.

Sharon was not entirely love, and he thought he really wasn’t the man for her. She’s a great person,
but Steve wasn’t. With all the things he had going around with saving Earth and with her work, it just wasn’t it.

But kids. Like earlier, he never wanted kids, but at least some younglings to have around to take care of was something he wanted. Like being an Uncle.

He never brought it up to Bucky, but he sometimes wishes Bucky married someone and had kids so he could help take care of them; teach the new generation good things.

Kids are fascinating to Steve. Their so different than adults, and their views are also very different. Heck, kids nowadays have better perspectives and morals than kids back in his day.

He’s always reading the newspaper articles based on those who already have a step in world peace, or raising awareness for global warming. Those who help people after natural disasters. Those who create things to help those before them, even if it’s fixing the mistakes of the past generation.

Peter is a perfect example. He’s smart as ever, and it’s clear he wants to do things for good only. It wouldn’t surprise him if Peter maybe one day took over Stark Industries and Iron Man to help the world.

Actually, Steve wouldn’t approve of taking over Iron Man, but he wouldn’t stop him if Peter wanted to be Iron Man; you can not, ever, stop a Stark from getting what they want. He’s learned that already from past experience. If Peter ever wanted to be a superhero, it wouldn't surprise Steve at all as well.

But all things aside, he wanted Peter back. He wanted to be an Uncle again so much. So he’s going to do something about.

“FRIDAY, where is Peter right now?” Steve asked the ceiling.

“He’s in Boss’ room currently. Would you like to contact him?” FRIDAY asked back.

“No, it’s fine. Don’t tell them I’m coming up. I’m going to fix this mess.” Steve requested as he left his room.

“As you wish, Captain.”

Steve was walking in the hallway when he heard a giant slam behind him. It was from Natasha’s room.

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Natasha slammed her bedroom door hard, which made a huge noise. She jumped onto her bed and started screaming into a pillow. She lifted her head off the pillow to breathe and then started pulling at her hair.

After her little breakdown, she threw her pillow in anger towards the door, but the door opened and it hit Steve right in the face.

It hit him hard and he was so surprised he fell back onto his back outside her room.

Natasha gasped for a moment and ran outside her room to make sure whoever it was wasn’t hurt.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry I was just really angry an-” Natasha kneeled down to help the person up
but realized it was Steve. A frown overtook her face as she got back up and glared down at him.

“Actually, I’m not sorry. You deserved it.” She went back into her room and slammed the door again, which made Steve flinch.

Gosh, she could be caring and scary at the same time. Yikes.

Steve decided maybe he should fix whatever was going on between him and Natasha if he wanted to even live in the tower. Tony would definitely let him live here, but Natasha would probably murder him in his sleep or poison him during breakfast.

He got back up and worked up his courage to open the door. He tried to knock, but his fist wouldn’t hit the door. He stood there like an idiot for a long time and thought he should leave.

“Probably best to leave and comfort Peter first, then Natasha. Wait, stop being a wimp. Face your problems.” Steve said to himself.

He knocked on the door twice, and Natasha yelled from inside.

“I didn’t know you were still there,” Natasha yelled.

“I wanted to make sure you’re okay. You said you’re angry.” Steve replied back from outside.

“Yeah, I don’t feel like talking about my feelings with you. Leave.”

Steve decided to make his move and opened the door anyway, which revealed a very angry Natasha who was sitting down at her desk.

Sharpening a freaking knife. A big one too.

“Don’t worry, I like to sharpen knives to calm me down. I’m not going to stab you… yet.” Natasha assured.

Steve was scared and had wide eyes.

“Take a joke.” Natasha scoffed. “I would never hurt anyone, unless for the good. And murdering Captain American wouldn’t do any good for the world.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Steve questioned as he stepped in and closed the door behind him. He was hoping maybe she finally forgave him.

“I know you will still fight and be Captain America no matter what happens from now on, so I wouldn’t kill you. Unless you plan on not saving people after this whole mess.” Natasha warned pointing her knife at him.

“Oh, so you’re still mad at me,” Steve whispered as he bowed his head down.

“Answer my question. Still going to play hero after this?”

“Of course. That’s the only thing that’s good about me.” Steve said.

Natasha sighed.

“When will you understand. When will you all understand my reason,” Natasha said tiredly.

“What do you mean?”
"I don’t hate you because you’re a bad person and have nothing good about you. I don’t like you because you’re such a good person, who’s done such a bad thing. I don’t care anymore why you did what you did, but I care more about how your mind was running after what you did. Did you even think about telling us that you almost murdered our former teammate Tony?"

“I did, but I only thought it would make things worse and break us further apart..”

“So what if you broke us further apart? You didn’t hesitate to break away from Tony and Rhodey, but you decide to try and salvage what you have left? What are you thinking back then? If we do leave you after we learn what you did, then that’s what happens. It’s better telling us everything right then, instead of 2 years later. Look what’s happened now.” Natasha put her knife down and crossed her arms.

“I-I agree… I regret what I did, which involves what I did to Tony and not telling the team what I did. I realize that now.”

“What were you thinking back then. Tell me.”

“I don’t know. I just wanted to get Bucky out of there as fast as possible. I wanted to make sure he was safe.”

“And didn’t care about Tony’s safety? I get he wanted to end Bucky’s life, but you have morals, Steve! I know you’re better than that!” Natasha yelled as blew a piece of hair that fell on her face.

“So… you wanted me to be better?” Steve was confused.

“Yes, I wanted you to be better, and tell everyone everything that happened, not sugar-coat everything like as if nothing happened between you and Tony during the getaway.”

“But… but how can I fix that? How is this something I can fix to get your trust back?”

“You can’t. Because I know you were never going to tell us. To you, it was better never than later. It should’ve been a better later than never. I know in your mind, you were never planning to tell us you almost murdered Tony, and that is what upsets me the most aside that you should’ve controlled yourself.”

Steve was speechless. It was true. When was he ever going to tell the team, “Hey I beat up Tony and left him for dead, just saying.”

It was because he was scared of their reaction, which he told Natasha, but now it’s just rounding the corner and hitting right back in the face. It’s splitting his family ever more, like a volcano that’s been holding in all the pressure. The longer he hid it, the bigger the explosion.

“I-I understand.”

“Then good, you know why I’m upset. Then you should know any better than that you’re hopeless in becoming part of my family.” Natasha said monotonously, not angry anymore.

Steve didn’t know what to do. With Natasha like this, he would never gain anyone’s trust again. If he managed to, Natasha wouldn’t let him back in the family.

“Can’t we just start anew? Please, Natasha, I’m begging you. Give me a second chance!” Steve begged.
“Nope. I told you, I’ve learned from my mistakes of giving you any second chances.” Natasha growled.

Steve then got on the floor and kneeled down on his knees. He bowed his head down.

“Please Natasha, I can’t live without you guys. This family is all I have.” Steve’s voice cracked at the end.

Natasha didn’t fall for him.

“If we were all you had, then why did you do such a thing? Why do such a thing that could ruin the one thing you had? If we are something you can’t live without, you outta think about things before you act. And if we’re the ones you need to live, why did you break everything for Bucky?”

“I-I… I can’t live without Bucky either.”

“Than that’s your problem. You can’t decide on how to live your priorities… Actually, you don’t know what your priorities are, obviously you’re just living life thinking you’ll make it through. You just said the team was all you had, and yet now you say Bucky is something you need as well. Get out of my room before I kick you out. As I said, think before you act.” Natasha growled.

Steve was crying tears, and he wiped them as he stood up. He left the room without another room.

If Natasha was one person who wouldn’t forgive him, then he was done for. But he knew that he had to see if Peter forgave him. If he left the team and lived a separate life, he had to know if Peter ever forgave him and didn’t hate him.

He couldn’t move on in life if he knew Tony’s son was out to get him. He could live with the burden that his family kicked him out, but not his nephew. He had to know.

Steve rode the elevator, still sniffling with tears running down his face.

Chapter End Notes

If you enjoyed it, GREAT! If you have any problems with it, please tell me how to fix it!

It looks as if Steve has no chance with Natasha, which means he has no chance with the team, but he needs to get through Peter at least to live his life peacefully.

So yeah, next chapter is seeing Peter, and maybe the whole team? I don’t know, I’ll see how it turns out.

As always, thanks for the support and comments, and THANKS for reading my story in general!
Chapter Summary

There was a knock on the door.

Everyone got quiet. Who could it be?

“Hey Tony, it's me, Steve,” Steve said from outside.

Chapter Notes

Okay, I got a short chapter out. It resolves the relationship between Clint, Wanda, Tony, Peter, and Steve.

It's a decent and short solution, but it works all around as that's what they wanted; a short and simple solution so it doesn't get complicated.

Just forget about it, lol. (That's their attitude rn).

Anyways, yeah, that's it.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Star Wars movie marathon was left to run on its own as the 4 started talking and gossiping about things, forgetting about the movie.

They all were snuggled under the blankets and were talking and laughing.

“Clint is so lame. He kind of embarrasses us in public. Once he couldn’t figure out what the size “grande” at Starbucks was. I told him grande size for my drink, and he stood in the line squinting at the menu looking for what grande meant. I had to tell this uneducated freak that it meant medium size.” Wanda snickered out as Clint’s face lit red in embarrassment.

“Oh my god, Uncle Clint! You didn’t know what grande meant in Starbucks?” Peter laughed out as Tony followed in his laughter.

“Well, I’m not a Starbucks enthusiast. Whenever I ran coffee errands, it was from this small corner cafe back then when we were rogues. And when I wasn’t on the run before and after, I always just drank the coffee from the tower… Wait, did you just call me Uncle Clint again?”

“You are my Uncle. Why, you don’t like it?”

“N-no, I love it. Keep doing it.” Clin smiled, happy that his nephew was back to himself and calling him Uncle.
That got laughs around again.

Tony brought back the situation at hand though.

“So, Peter, how are you going to deal with Steve?” Tony sighed out.

“Well… I guess I’m going to apologize for overreacting and stuff.” Peter said.

“What?! You’re just going to let him off the hook like that?” Wanda questioned.

“I feel like I need to. The past is the past, so I can’t be freaking out about it. The only thing I have to watch out for when talking to him is my PTSD attack.” Peter explained.

“Wanda, let’s just do what Peter says,” Clint interjected. “If Peter and Tony want to give him a chance, then we should too.”

Wanda thought for a minute until she replied again. “Fine. But don’t expect me to be back to myself around him right away.”

“Don’t worry, I think it’s going to take all of us some time to get back, but thank you for trying.”

“No need to thank us. We told you, we’re going to be on your side for everything, so we’re going to take your word and put in the effort to fix this.” Clint assured.

“Really, thank you 2, without your support, I don’t think it would be easy to convince Natasha and Sam.” Tony jumped in.

“Oh don’t worry about Sam. He’s really close to Bucky and Steve, so he’s just going to forgive Steve if we do. He’s just on Natasha’s side right now because he thinks everyone else is.” Clint said.

“But Natasha…” Wanda whispered out.

“She doesn’t seem that forgiving. She’s quite the angry person right now.” Clint finished for her.

“Hm, that’s going to be a little problem. But if everyone forgives Steve, it leaves Natasha no choice but to forgive him as well. She can’t avoid him forever, and she’s just going to hurt herself more by going her way. She’ll realize that.” Tony said.

“What do you mean?” Peter asked, confused by how she could hurt herself in her own acts.

“If Steve is going to be around us, Natasha can’t really stay near us, and it’s going to be more like we kick her out instead of Steve,” Clint explained.

“Kick Natasha out?” Peter yelled.

“Sorry, I explained it pretty confusingly. What I meant is that in her perspective, she’s going to be kind of selfish for advocating her own opinion against all of ours, so she’ll get to her senses.” Clint said.

“I still don’t get it,” Peter said dumbfounded.

“If Natasha is the only one not letting Steve go, she’s going to have trouble living with everyone else, so she’s going to accept him back,” Tony explained much easier.

“Ah, I get it. So all we need to do is have some type of team meeting and fix this!” Peter cheered under the blankets as everyone else laughed at his happiness.
“Not entirely,” Tony said lightly scolded him. “You still have to talk to Steve and apologize.”

“Ugh, I really don’t want to do that,” Peter whined.

“If you don’t he’s going to be guilty and make it worse. And if you talk to him about this, it’ll help with Natasha forgiving him. If she knows you’re fine with Steve, then she really can’t do anything.” Clint said.

“Fine, I’ll do that. But ho-”

There was a knock on the door.

Everyone got quiet. Who could it be?

“Hey Tony, it’s me, Steve,” Steve said from outside.

Wanda made wild gestures towards Peter and whispered, “Now’s your freaking chance to apologize and talk to him!”

Clint nodded at Peter as well with Tony, and Peter crawled out of the blanket tent (well, it wasn’t a tent, just a blanket thrown over the 4).

He made his way towards the door, and frowned back at the 3 who were smiling with thumbs up at him under the blankets in his direction on the bed.

Peter took a deep breath and then proceeded to open the door.

The door opened to reveal a very sad Steve, with tear stains that showed it was evident he was crying.

“U-uncle Steve? What’s wrong?” Peter said, worried for his uncle.

Steve took a sharp intake of breath.

“You… called me Uncle.” Steve said, surprised.

“You’re my Uncle, after all,” Peter assured.

Steve hugged Peter hard, and Peter returned it happily.

“I thought you were never going to call me ‘Uncle’ again.’

“Well, I’m sorry for the things I’ve done towards you. It was out of fear, and I don’t actually hate you or anything. I just needed some time to think about it.” Peter explained.

He could hear Steve sobbing.

“Thank you. Thank you for letting me back into your family. And I’m so sorry you had to see the video.” Steve sobbed out.

“It’s okay, I’m over it. My dad and I are over it. You have nothing to worry about us. Clint and Wanda have also forgiven you.”

Steve broke away from the hug, with a startled expression.

“C-Clint and Wanda?”
“Yeah,” Peter turned to reveal Clint, Wanda, and Tony smiling brightly towards him under a blanket on the bed. “They forgive you because they’re also over it.”

“Thank you, guys. You don’t know how much this means to me. I thought I lost you guys forever.” Steve bowed his head down.

“Don’t worry ‘bout it Cap. By the way, it’s not that easy to break this family apart… Well, it’s kind of easy, but we’re stronger than before because of past experiences. Right, Wanda?” Clint said.

“Yes, we’ve learned from the past, and won’t make the same mistake again. If the people involved in it are over it, there’s no point in making a big deal out of it.” Wanda agreed.

“Thank you again. Thank you, everyone.” Steve said once again.

The 3 under the blankets called the 2 over to join their blanket “tent”, which Steve hesitated at first. But Peter pulled him into it anyway.

Steve couldn’t be happier in his life currently. He got his nephew back, and part of his family.

He gained a smile, as Peter got closer to him.

He cried tears of happiness as everyone giggled in happiness.

“Should we continue the movie, perhaps?” Tony brought up.

“No, I think it’s best if we just all sleep. It's pretty late right now.” Peter said tiredly as he slipped his eyes shut, starting to get sleepy.

“Yeah, I guess I’m getting pretty old cause I’m getting tired easier nowadays,” Clint said as he yawned, which made everyone laugh.

Everyone silently agreed, and Peter was in between Steve and Tony. Wanda was beside Tony with Clint at the edge.

Tony hung his arm over Peter’s body, and Peter snuggled into Steve’s big body, which made Steve smile even more.

“I love all of you,” Peter said aloud, which got smiles from everyone.

“We love you too.” They all said back simultaneously.

Everyone fell asleep, except Tony and Steve.

Steve brushed Peter’s hair, as Tony looked at the man in front of him.

“He’s such a good kid, Tony,” Steve whispered out.

“Well, he’s my son after all.” Tony retorted.

Steve giggled.

“He’s the best nephew I could ask for. This is the best family I could ask for.”

It was silent for sometime before Tony broke it to Steve.

"He’s got PTSD, from the video," Tony whispered softly.
Steve gasped silently. All because of him, this innocent boy now has PTSD issues.

"I... I'm so sorry."

"It's okay, it's not your fault that he saw the video, and it'll fix itself the more time he spends more time with you, as the trigger is you yourself. If he just doesn't get scared near you, we should be fine. I think last time he was sensitive because he was still worked up." Tony explained.

"But still, I'm so sorry Tony. Your son now has psychological problems because of me."

"Don't worry, I know how to deal with them, so don't beat yourself up," Tony assured.

"I only hope he gets better." Steve said at last before he closed his eyes, which Tony did as well. They both fell asleep as well.

Chapter End Notes

Yay! Part of the team is fine now! Now if Natasha would stop being stubborn...

If you enjoyed it, great! If you didn't, please tell me the problem(s), as I am always up to fix my writing.

Yeah, that's about it. Big sleepover at the end of the day, CUTE UWU.

So next chapter will be something big, just look forward to it.

Comments and support for my writing are always appreciated; bye!
Such a sugary life

Chapter Summary

“Oh god, don’t eat that junk. You’ll gain weight if you eat it so often.” Steve complained. “Guys at your age shoul-”

“Are you calling us old?” Clint interjected, taking his spoon out of his mouth and aiming it at Steve, who lifted a hand to protect his face.

Chapter Notes

Eek! I missed 2 days again! I feel bad letting you guys without an update for more than 1 day, as that's late on my schedule. I'm sorry I'm so inconsistent.

I had yet ANOTHER POWER OUTAGE! Gosh darn it, Edison better step up their game (Edison is my electric provider). It's such a big hassle now. With the power out, I didn't have any time to work on my writing, as I was fretting over if it was my problem or the providers (it was one day without power).

So yeah, and also my fish are fine for those who worry about them (I picked up a battery powered generator for the tank as last time I lost one fish sadly.)

Back to the present, this chapter is kind of a filler, I guess (I always say that nowadays). I guess it really depends on what the reader thinks.

It's a regular chapter length, so enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Steve awoke first. He groggily sat up in bed and realized where he was. He was sleeping with Tony, Peter, Wanda, and Clint.

He felt a tug, and it was from Peter. He smiled down at the boy who was asleep and carefully undid himself from his grasp.

He got off the bed and realized Tony and Clint were already gone, leaving the 2 kids and himself to sleep.

Feeling left that the 2 adults left him, he decided to see where they were currently.

“FRIDAY, what time is it?” Steve said loud enough for FRIDAY to hear but making sure not to wake the kids.

“It’s 10:19 captain. The rest of the Avengers are all awake in the living room eating breakfast except Natasha.”

“Okay, thank you,” Steve replied thankfully.
“No problem.”

Huh. Steve usually didn’t sleep in this much. On rare occasions where he was hurt or stayed up for days, he did sleep in. Maybe he was just really tired from what’s been happening these days, with the fighting and arguing.

He usually woke up early and worked out or ran laps to wake himself up. Well, it was more like a routine he made up that stuck with him even after all these years.

He was still in his clothes from yesterday, but he honestly didn’t care and decided to eat breakfast in them anyways. Guess the others were really rubbing off on him, with their teenage like habits.

He quietly skidded out of Tony’s room, realizing he was sleeping Tony’s bed once again. “Damn, his bed is huge; he must be lonely without anyone else,” Steve thought to himself. He rode the elevator as his mind raced around.

He felt bad somewhat. It reminded him of how he left Tony with the team back then, leaving only Rhodey and Pepper to be with Tony, and maybe Peter.

But before, he thought Rhodey and Pepper were definitely there to be with him all the way through the grieving and troubles. Peter sometimes talked about his father’s nightmares, and Steve was very disturbed by the details.

But the fact was, Rhodey and Pepper were way too busy to be around the tower and watch Tony. He figured that out once he moved into the tower himself, which left Tony for who knows how long alone in solitude that slowly decomposed his sanity.

“Steve, you going to step out?” Bucky interrupted his train of thought.

“Huh?” Steve shook his head to get his consciousness working again.

“You’ve been standing there like an idiot looking at the cosmos or something for some time. You going to step out of the elevator or what?” Bucky asked again.

Steve looked around and saw the setting around him. He was in an elevator, oh yeah.

He quickly stepped out as the elevator bell rang. It was that annoying bell that told passengers who stayed in the elevator for too long.

“And to think you overslept, and yet you’re still half awake.” Sam snickered from the couch, where he had an overfilling bowl of that really sugary cereal. Cinnamon Toast Crunch, was it? It was one of Tony and Peter’s favorite.

“Okay, what is up with you? You look so happy, but so out of it at the same time,” Bucky questioned again.

“Nothing.” Steve smiled back. He then saw Bucky heading towards the hallway.

Where are you going?” Steve asked.

“Getting Natasha to come out and eat.” Bucky replied as he left the living room.

Steve just nodded made his way to the kitchen counter where he found Clint and Tony eating the same thing as Sam.
“Oh god, don’t eat that junk. You’ll gain weight if you eat it so often.” Steve complained. “Guys at your age shoul-”

“Are you calling us old?” Clint interjected, taking his spoon out of his mouth and aiming it at Steve, who lifted a hand to protect his face.

“It’s fine Clint, I admit I’m pretty old. I’m going to grow grey hair anyways soon because of Peter. That boy is such a hassle.” Tony said as he took a sip out of his steaming coffee.

Clint lowered his weapon as Steve laughed.

“Peter’s a good boy. He behaves himself, so why does he stress you out.” Steve laughed.

“You don’t understand what it’s like having a kid. I have to worry about everything,” Tony whined as he wiped a hand down his face.

“Well, I’m not fine with being called old. I won’t forget about this.” Clint glared as he put another spoonful of cereal in his mouth.

“Isn’t Steve technically older than all of us? Like, late 90s or something?” Sam asked.

“I’m 100 years old if you count the years where I was frozen,” Steve answered.

“So why you calling us old you hag?” Clint said grouchily.

“Because I’m still 33 years old without my ice years, and you guys are what years old?”

“48.” Tony replied.

“47.” Clint added in.

“Well then, I think it settles it,” Steve said as he looked throughout the fridge for something to make. “Which means, do not eat sugary things for breakfast so often.”

“You’re starting to sound like Pepper now. Lame.” Tony grumbled.

“If you don’t stop eating it, I’ll make sure to call Pepper and straighten you guys out,” Steve said back. “By the way, I don’t like that attitude.”

“Wait, why are you the adult now? You said you’re 33!” Clint said, confused on why Steve was the older one here now.

“Cause I’m also 100 years old.” Steve hummed back.

Everyone groaned as Steve laughed.

“You’re just a mother hen, not cool,” Sam said as he made his way with an empty bowl to drop off at the sink.

The morning went by quickly as the 4 men talked and chatted about anything that was brought up. It felt as if they really did just let Steve off the hook right then and there.

Well, technically, Tony was fine with Steve in the first place, and Clint agreed to give him another shot. Sam is just a chill dude; he doesn’t care about anything anymore.
Wanda also agreed to give Steve a second chance (again), so he only had Natasha to convey.

But everything’s going fine if he says so himself.

Steve decided to make himself some eggs and toast. A lot of eggs and toast.

It took him some time to get the large portion he wanted, but the fridge was always stocked to accommodate his fast metabolism, so he didn’t have any shortages of stock.

He rather quickly finished his breakfast as Clint and Tony skimmed off their coffee slowly as Sam just sat and tapped into the conversation, buzzing among them.

“Damn, Wanda and Peter are sure taking a long time to wake up.” Sam brought up, bored already by the adult talk and wanting to spend some time with the more energetic people in the tower.

“They’re kids. You can’t expect them to wake up early if they’re given a chance to sleep in. It’s summer break anyway for Peter, so I think it’s best if we let him get as much rest as possible. I swear, that boy stays up during school days studying his ass off even though he knows all the material.” Tony said.

“I think Wanda’s just lazy,” Clint added in.

Everyone laughed.

“Says you. Last ti-”

“Peter is currently experiencing a nightmare, along with Ms. Maximoff.” FRIDAY cut off Steve’s retort.

Everyone got worried expressions, and Tony was the first to start running for the elevator with Clint close behind.

Steve and Sam also got up, but Tony stopped them.

“I think you guys should stay down here. It gets pretty ugly with Peter’s nightmares, and the fewer people, the better. Plus, the nightmare might be about you, Steve.” Clint pressed the button on the elevator and nodded to agree with Tony.

“If you come, you might make it worse,” Tony said as the elevator doors closed.

You might make it worse. Those words rang in Steve’s ears, haunting him.

He really wanted to go up and check if Peter was okay, but what if he did make it worse? After all, Peter has PTSD that correlates to what he did, and the nightmare couldn’t be anything else than what happened recently.

Sighing, he made his way back to the kitchen counter with Sam and sat down.

“Don’t worry Cap, Peter’s nightmares doesn’t mean he doesn’t like you. It’s just an after effect of what he saw.” Sam tried to comfort.

“But he wouldn’t have any nightmares or PTSD if watching the video wasn’t traumatic to him. Which means he’s genuinely scared of me.” Steve said.

“Can’t say you’re wrong.”
“This is the part where you tell me I’m wrong.”

“Well, lying to you will only make you believe in the wrong things. Makes it more complicated, or at least that’s how I think about it. Keep it simple.” Sam explained as he left the kitchen to play his game in the living room that he’s been trying to beat with Bucky.

Steve thought about Sam’s word as well.

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Tony and Clint rushed into the bedroom and saw Peter yelling and moving violently with Wanda beside him heaving big breathes.

“D-don’t do it! Please!” Peter yelled.

“Peter! Don’t go there!’ Wanda yelled after Peter in her sleep.

Tony made his way towards Peter and shook him to wake him up, Clint doing the same.

“Peter! Wake up for me bud! It’s just a dream.” Tony yelled, which worked as Peter gasped and sat up, holding onto Tony for dear life. He started crying.

Wanda followed shortly after, screaming, and realizing it was all a nightmare. She looked around, and saw Peter and Tony safe. She saw Clint and hugged him hard.

“I was so scared. I saw you and I was there and I couldn’t stop it. I was just standing there as you were being beaten up! I couldn’t move! I’m so sorry!” Peter sobbed as he held onto Tony harder.

“It’s okay Peter. I’m fine now. And it was just a nightmare, it wasn’t real. You weren’t there and you couldn’t do anything about it. You’re just imagining these wild scenarios, okay?” Tony explained.

Peter nodded and calmed down, coming to a realization that it was indeed a nightmare.

“Wanda, you alright?” Tony asked her.

“Yeah, I just forgot to wear the cerebral container again cause I left it in my bedroom. I was… in Peter’s dream.” Wanda whispered out.

Peter broke away from Tony and had a horrified expression.

“I’m so sorry. I’m sorry you had to see what I was seeing. I’m sorry I had a nightmare.” Peter apologized multiple times. He felt guilty that Wanda was experiencing these traumatic nightmares with him.

“It’s okay. It’s nothing you can control.” Wanda assured.

“Yeah, we’ve got to figure something out for you so you don’t get any more nightmares. Figure out why you keep getting them, and how to prevent it.” Tony said.

“You can’t prevent a nightmare.” Clint said.

“Unless you face the problem head-on.” Tony corrected Clint.

“We did though. I talked to Steve. I did what I was supposed to.” Peter whined helplessly.

“But it seems as if you didn’t really talk about it. If you did, you still wouldn’t be having these
problems.” Tony said back.

Peter hugged Tony again.

“Just be there for me, okay?” Peter asked.

“Promise.” Tony smiled back.

“Well, let’s go eat some breakfast then. You kids must be starving.” Clint said as he helped Wanda off the bed and out of the room.

“Yeah, growing teenagers must have their nutrition now!” Tony agreed as he took Peter along as well.

Chapter End Notes

If you liked it, great! If you didn't please tell me how to improve it! Constructive criticism is always welcome!

Steve is still guilty over it, but I'm sure he'll pull through :)

It seems like his relationship with most of the team (except Natasha and slightly Wanda) is blossoming, so he seems somewhat confident that he'll fix this.

Wanda once again to wear the cerebral container, but you can't blame her! (Big sleepover is something that you can't take your mind off lol).

Peter keeps having nightmares, and if he doesn't figure out why he's really afraid and face it, he'll continue to have them

SO yeah, that's it for today. Thanks for the comments and support, bye!

(P.S. the title is quite ironic as life is not sugary and it's real sour, and for the Avengers currently, it's just rotting real bad XD!)
I'm going to do this

Chapter Summary

“So Peter, you all right? After you know…” Steve brought up. "Don’t rush it, but you should ask," Steve thought.

Peter tensed up and quickly answered, “Yeah, I’m fine. It was nothing.”

Chapter Notes

Yikes I'm late again. I feel really guilty. I promise next time I'll be on time, I just was busy fixing damn pipelines in my house cause my main pipeline got clogged and water came up from my shower drain and toilet (the plumbing man demolished the wall lmao [the water was pretty nasty too ewww]).

So yeah, I got a kind of average length chapter, and it's really a filler into what's going to happen next chapter/the one after the next chapter.

Big things are underway! Like old times, prepare yourself! (Just wait ;)

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter and Wanda were swallowing pancakes as Tony and Clint watched adoringly towards them. I mean, they’re too cute; you can’t keep your eyes off them!

Well, Wanda is 19, but Clint and Tony still treated her like a child very much like the others. Wanda sometimes despised that when it came to making choices and votes within the team, but she had some advantages. So most of the time, she didn’t complain, and more as she liked it better.

Steve and Sam were sitting on the couch, watching from a distance. Steve didn’t know how to approach Peter, afraid of the possibility that Peter had a nightmare about him. Sam hadn’t talked to Peter ever since that fight in the conference room, so he was quite anxious as well.

It was silent as everyone kept their eyes on the pair eating. Peter broke the silence shortly after.

“Why are you guys all staring at me. It’s kind of creepy.” He said as he looked around warily.

“Yeah, do you want us to do anything or something?” Wanda asked.

“No, it’s just amusing how fast Peter can eat.” Clint smiled as Peter ate another pancake in 5 bites.

Peter stopped eating with a mouthful and blushed at how he was eating. May always told him he looked like an animal who hadn’t eaten in days every morning before school. He had no choice honestly, as he had to eat fast to make it on time to school.
And his enhanced metabolism always made up a stir in the morning after sleeping for a long time.

Peter started chewing slower and blushed harder as Tony and Clint tried to suffocate their giggles. Wanda was eating at a normal pace, so she was also laughing at Peter.

Steve and Sam were still tense, so they laughed nervously. Peter seemed fine, but Steve decided he should proceed with caution.

Peter gulped down the piece he was working on and spoke, “Can you not stare at me though, I don’t feel comfortable…”

Tony immediately stopped laughing and had a worried face. He always strived to keep Peter comfortable and happy, so if Peter said he didn’t like it, Tony usually followed. Unless if it was something about Spider-man or his safety.

“Okay, I’m sorry. C’mon Barton, let’s go to the lab. Let the kids eat in peace,” Tony said excitedly, as Clint groaned.

“That nerdy place is so boring. I can’t understand half the things in there, and I can’t do anything in there.” Clint complained.

Tony lowered his voice low but not low enough so Wanda and Peter could overhear.

“Do you want to have the Dad club meeting or no, cause it’s fine if you don’t wanna talk today,” Tony whispered loudly.

Clint rolled his eyeballs, “You could’ve just said that. Of course, let’s go.”

Peter and Wanda giggled at their reason to go down to the lab and finished their breakfast as Tony and Clint rode the elevator down.

Steve then decided to make his move, with Sam still sitting on the couch to observe his first moves.

He picked up the finished plates and moved them to the sink as Peter and Wanda both thanked him for his courteous action.

“So Peter, you all right? After you know…” Steve brought up. Don’t rush it, but you should ask Steve thought.

Peter tensed up and quickly answered, “Yeah, I’m fine. It was nothing.”

“Oh, okay, that’s good. I mean, it’s not good that you have nightmares, but it’s good that it’s not about me because that would cause problems.” Steve rambled nervously.

“Well, actually it-”

“It was about Aunt May, that’s it.” Peter cut off Wanda, who was going to reveal that it was about Steve. Peter didn’t want to make Steve feel bad that he was having nightmares about him, and he thinks things would go smoothly and get fixed fast if he just makes it seem if everything is okay. He could just work his actual problems with his father anyways.

Wanda looked at Peter with a confused expression but decided not to talk about it as it seemed Peter didn’t want to.

Steve let out a silent gasp and put his right hand over his mouth.

He let it go and said solemnly, “I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t have asked.”
“As I said, it’s fine. It was just the usual one I have once in a while. It always gets me so I never forget about her, like a reminder. It’s a little reminder.” Peter blurred to make Steve feel less bad about asking. He really wanted to make sure Steve wasn’t guilty about anything.

Steve put his head down and took a seat on the counter across from Peter and Wanda.

“Look, Peter, I just feel really bad that you have nightmares and PTSD attacks because of me, and I hate the fact that I’m the trigger, and I don’t want that to break our relationship more than it already has. I just hope I can help to fix whatever you’re going through.” Steve got to the point.

Steve looked up into Peter’s eyes, and Peter saw Steve’s eyes already pricked with tears. Oh no, please don’t cry.

“Of course. I’m going to try and spend more time with you so we could fix this, and I’m willing to try. You’re a pretty good Uncle, and I don’t think I could live my life knowing you’re out there and I don’t have you next to me.” Peter said truthfully as Wanda had an unreadable expression.

“Really? I… I don’t know what to say. Thank you.” Steve said speechlessly, tears now running down full force, touched by his nephew’s words.

“Steve, please don’t cry, cause I’m going to start crying now,” Peter said as his voice cracked and ran over to Steve to hug him.

Wanda was still seated in her seat with a plain face, not moved by anything that was happening. She still needed some time to scout Steve out, and truly deem if he is okay to trust again.

She just can’t get over what happened recently.

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Bucky opened Natasha’s door without even knocking, closing the door once he made his way in.

He spotted Natasha wrapped in her blanket, looking up at the ceiling.

“Ever heard about knocking?” Natasha said deadpanned.

“I’m pretty sure you would’ve kicked me out if I knocked, so I had no choice,” Bucky replied as he sat next to the desk on a chair.

“What if I was naked.”

“Please don’t say what if, it just makes the argument a whole lot more childish.”

Natasha only scoffed and decided to let it pass.

“Knock next time or I’ll punch you in the face.”

“Fine.”

“Why are you even here? If it’s because Steve wanted you to talk to me about what I said, don’t bother. I’m done with him.” Natasha sat up in her bed now.

“I’m not here because of that, and Steve didn’t ask me to do anything. I was just seeing if you wanted to come out a eat breakfast.”

“So you barged into my room and sat down to call me for breakfast? Why not just ask me outside my
door or something.” Natasha said.

Bucky sighed.

“Okay, I may have come to talk about what happened, but it isn’t because Steve told me to,” Bucky admitted.

“I’m not in the mood. Come back in 100 years, maybe then I’ll talk to people about my feelings.”

“It’s not good to suppress those feelings. I know that better than anyone.”

“Actually, I don’t think you know. You don’t even know how my mind is thinking right now with everything going on.” Natasha fought back.

“If I don’t know, why don’t you tell me?” Bucky attempted to get something out.

“Ha, nice try. Steve did that to me, asked me to explain. Guess what, I’m not falling for it again because I don’t want to waste my time explaining to my teammates why I feel hatred towards Steve.”

“Worth a try. And I’m only trying to help.”

“There’s nothing you can do that can help me right now. Well, leaving me alone is something you can do actually.”

“Natasha.” Bucky’s tone suddenly got serious, throwing his playful tone aside.

“We have so much alike, and if someone knows what you’re going through or how your mind works, it’s me. And Clint, but he’s busy bragging about his kids with Tony right now. So please, tell me.”

Natasha was about to argue back, but she submitted.

“I guess I feel reminded of what I did long ago. I’m madder at myself I guess for siding with Steve when I didn’t look into what he did. I joined Steve’s side and left Tony when I should’ve stayed with Tony. You know me, I always scout out missions before we set off and try and dig out everything about what we’re doing, but this time, I was just so blinded by trying to save the team I rushed my decision. I was greedy and selfish; I wanted to make sure some part of my family was intact, and that cost Tony’s trust, which is not a price I was willing to pay. Well, I regret it, that’s what.”

Bucky nodded and thought for some time, and Natasha waited for a response.

“You know, sometimes I wonder; how many people did I kill? I know I was brainwashed, but I feel guilty about the lives I took. I’m pretty sure you feel the same about your past. It’s a scary thing, to remember what we’ve done. But I think we just have to move on. We have both moved on, and look at us now. We’re rocking along with this crazy family and having the time of our lives. But right now, you’re not moving on what you did, and you’re holding on. I think it’s time you forgive yourself and Steve. If what you did in the first place was for family, why is it any different now.” Bucky explained.

“Because I want to salvage the family-”

“Left behind.” Bucky finished for her. “You said that’s the reason why you joined Steve’s team, so why are you doing this again? Why are you doing this on the cost of Steve’s relationship? Why are you angry at Steve if you're angry at yourself?”
Natasha didn’t say anything. She didn’t know why she was doing this. She felt like she was now dragging this whole thing along with her while everyone is just moving without her. She didn’t know, and that’s what she’s most scared of. Facing her feelings. She has to figure them out first so she can do something.

“I don’t know, but I can’t forgive Steve until I figure this out. I can’t be with anyone until I do. Just leave, you’re making things harder.” Natasha commanded harshly.

“Okay, if it helps to quicken this process then I’ll leave. Just know pancakes are on the counter. Heat them up whenever you want to eat them.” Bucky informed her and left the room, leaving only Natasha and her haunting thoughts.

“Damn, what the hell is going on with me? What am I doing; why can’t I grasp what I’m doing? I just can’t,” Natasha thought.

Chapter End Notes

If you enjoyed it, great! If there are any problems or suggestions, please tell me; help is always welcome!

Peter and Steve look like their going to solve this PTSD trigger problem soon, but Wanda is still skeptical about things.

Tony and Clint don't even worry about Steve anymore and they just want to talk lol.

Bucky and Natasha talk, but they don't get anywhere; well, Bucky brings some questions to Natasha's mind (that helps).

Yeah, it's pretty complicated.

Sam is probably chilling on the couch, waiting to make his move lmao XD!

Thanks for the comments, and support! BYE!
Welcome back

Chapter Summary

“Did I just hear that right?” Sam said in disbelief.

“Uh, yeah, you did,” Peter assured him as the 3 raced back into the elevator, pizza slices forgotten.

Chapter Notes

Omg I missed another day once again! I promised also, so I feel really bad now! ;(((((

I was just busy again, as I forgot I had made plans with someone around the time when I write, so I couldn't write one day.

I hope this somewhat long chapter can make up for it.

Also, some people decided to appear in my story now :)

Enjoy!

Peter was rolling around on his bed texting Ned and MJ. Well, he was texting in the group chat but it was only MJ who was available, as Ned wasn’t replying at the moment or sending any more pictures from his trips.

Peter and MJ both suspected he had no cell service, so they talked among themselves.

Peter started to text about what has been happening in his life, and MJ was tentatively listening and replying back with quick okays to reassure she was still there reading his texts.

The Nerd Gang (plus MJ, cause she’s not a nerd):

“I just feel kinda numb, you get what I mean?” Peter texted.

“Sure, not really,” MJ replied.

“You’re supposed to support me.”

“I don’t think to lie to you about your feelings is not something I should be doing.”

“Tru dat.”

“Well, if it’s something you don’t want to deal with m just do whatev that makes you feel happy or something.”

“I’m not going to read.”
Peter recalled the time he went over to MJ’s house where he was reading a book while they were talking.

“Did I ever tell you to read? I was going for more of a ‘your hobby’ kind of thing.”

“Oh…”

“Yeah, but I don’t even think you have any hobbies despite the fact you’re a mega nerd.”

“I can go down to the lab I guess.”

“My point there, MeGa NeRd!”

“Lol k ima go then.”

“Yeah bye, I gtg things too cause I have a life as well.”

Peter sighed and got up from his bed and checked the time on his phone.

It was currently 12:13. He knew he had sometime before lunch, as everyone had a pretty late breakfast around 10, which meant they were going to eat around 1-2.

Might as well visit the lab he thought.

He left his room and quickly rode the elevator down to the lab.

He stepped out and saw Tony and Clint staring intently at Tony’s desktop. He heard some coos and awws out of cuteness coming from the two, and Peter got curious.


He tip-toped over the two adults and gasped loudly when he saw the screen illuminated with his baby pictures and other pictures of him in his youth.

Tony and Clint turned around in their seats and saw Peter red-faced like a tomato, and started laughing.

“Peter, I didn’t know you were such a chubby and cute baby when you were little!” Clint said in a voice you talk to babies as pinching Peter’s cheeks.

“How did y-you even get th-those photos?” Peter stuttered out.

“May sent me them from time to time, and now I’ve amassed a huge collection. Here, look at the one from your elementary culmination!” Tony said cheerfully as he scrolled through and stopped at the very embarrassing photo of Peter holding a piece of paper that stated he “graduated” from elementary school, with a gigantic smile.

Clint looked as well and said, “Aw, those are the best! Laura and I have a bunch of those in frames at our house!”

Peter groaned in annoyance as he pulled a seat and sat beside them, getting nostalgic feelings of the past.

Tony kept scrolling and skimming through them until he stopped, “Oh, this one’s my favorite” he said.
It was a picture taken on Halloween when Peter was 8 with Ned both in Star Wars costumes. They were both dressed as padawans, and not actual characters as they both believed back then they could become a Jedi master if they trained hard enough by themselves. They both wore wigs that had long ponytails stretching down their backs.

Peter blushed even more at the photo and Tony and Clint laughed loudly, pointing at the screen in disbelief.

“Oh my god, don’t mind me, I’m just going to die in a hole now. Bye.” Peter said as he stood up with his hands on his hot cheeks as Tony and Clint kept scrolling through his pictures once more.

“Pft. Guess going to the lab is now not an option cause I’m just going to get humiliated the whole time when I try to work.”

He sifted through all his options as he stood in front of the elevator.

He could go talk to Wanda, but she looked like she wanted some time to herself and think things over, so that wasn’t something he wanted to intrude on.

Natasha was also distant, and he felt it was just going to be plain out awkward trying to talk to her, as she probably doesn’t approve of him forgiving Steve.

Sam and Bucky are probably playing that damn game or doing some stupid dares or something. He decided to ask FRIDAY.

“Hey FRIDAY, what are Sam and Bucky doing right now?” Peter asked.

“Sam and Bucky are currently training in the gym,” FRIDAY informed.

Oh, so they weren’t doing something reckless. And although he wanted to go down and train (like many times before), he couldn’t raise the suspicion of his fighting skills, agility, and strength because of being Spider-man, so he couldn’t go train. Just watching them train would tempt him to join in the fun.

The last option was something he wasn't necessarily avoiding. Well, okay, he would’ve liked it best if he didn’t have to hang with Steve currently as he didn’t want any PTSD attacks or something to make him feel bad. Moreover, what was he going to do with Steve?

What he did with him last time lead to the discovery of the horrifying video, so Peter was scared of what else they would discover through the activities he and Steve would possibly do.

It was a big what if, but Peter wasn’t going to take it; Parker luck always shines through strong anyways when it looks like there’s no chance of anything bad ever happening.

His stomach grumbled his thoughts raced around, so he decided maybe he would just serve himself lunch first, as he didn’t want to talk to anyone or deal with anything anymore.

He rode the elevator and made his way towards the kitchen, opening the refrigerator lazily and examining the contents within it.

He spotted some leftover pizza (there was a lot of slices) and decided to eat them as they were just going to throw them out if no one ate it; he wasn’t going to waste food if he had the opportunity to eat it even though he wasn’t in the mood for pizza.

May taught him that having food, in general, was something to be very thankful for, and a privilege
granted to the lucky people.

She always stated to him to finish everything, as there were always hungry people out there.

He’s pretty sure she would’ve donated tons of money if she had any to spare to the homeless foundations. But they had no money to spare; they had barely any to provide for Peter’s school supplies on top of rent and bills. May always had to work extra shifts to make up for things that dropped on them, like a new T.V. after the old one got too old.

But things changed after Tony entered their lives.

Well, at first, the Parkers and Tony weren’t exactly the best of friends, but eventually, they both accepted each other and became a family.

Tony slowly started becoming the person who ordered the expensive 4k HD T.V. at the Parker’s doorstep, or the latest Stark phones for both May and Peter. New beds for Peter and May (Tony paid the assemblymen extra to make sure May and Peter didn’t decline the gift; in the end, they barged into the small apartment home while May was screaming at Tony over the phone about sending expensive gifts again as Peter jumped around in excitement once he grasped the fact he was getting a comfortable bed), silverware, furniture, and sometimes even rent (which May in end ultimately rode a taxi to Stark Tower furiously and yelled at him, as she couldn’t take such a thing.)

Peter thought how his life would be totally different without Tony as he heated the pizza slices 2 by 2 in the microwave, as he couldn’t heat all of them at once.

The microwave whirring was soothing rather than annoying as it was some sound to take over the lonely kitchen.

The sound was interrupted by an announcement by FRIDAY, “Thor, Dr.Banner, and a female acquaintance has arrived at the helipad.”

Wait, a who what now? What the actual fu-

The elevator dinged as a confused Sam and Bucky stepped out, interjecting Peter’s racing thoughts.

“Did I just hear that right?” Sam said in disbelief.

“Uh, yeah, you did,” Peter assured him as the 3 raced back into the elevator, pizza slices forgotten.

They rode near the top of Stark Tower where the helipad (and also the Iron Man pad stood), and the 3 gasped at the sight.

They saw Thor (who had a fine haircut and shaved, damn), Bruce who looked quite the same as before, and a woman who looked pretty scary (like Pepper and Natasha).

They entered the tower as the 3 stood with their mouths wide open. Peter and Bucky haven’t formally met the other 2 Avengers, so they were pretty surprised.

Thor walked up to the 3 and his voice boomed as he spoke happily, “Birdman! It is nice to meet you once again!” He said as he put on hand on Sam’s shoulder hard.

“U-uh, yeah, long time no see. Where the hell were you guys?”

Thor, Bruce, and the female looked at each other among themselves and laughed.

“A lot actually, we’ll help to explain later,” Bruce said.
“Well, a lot has happened here also, so I guess we’re going to be explaining a lot of things as well,” Sam said.

“May I ask, but who are these 2 fine lads next to you.” Thor brought up.

“Oh, I’m Bucky. I guess I’m an Avenger,” Bucky said as he extended a hand and shook everyone’s hand.

“Nice to meet you Bucky. And who is this young Midgardian?” Thor boomed once again.

“I’m Peter, nice to meet you,” Peter said shyly. One of his heroes was standing in front of him; how could he not freak out. He was constantly telling himself not to fanboy out right now.

“Nice to meet you as well, Peter, but may I ask how you correlate to the Avengers?” Thor asked.

“Yeah, you’re way too young to be a superhero…” Bruce said.

“I’m not a superhero. Also, I’ve read all your books on Gamma radiation and all your research papers, they’re really cool!” Peter couldn’t hold in his fanboy anymore.

“Have you? That’s quite the complicated subject for such a young teen like you.” Bruce said impressed.

“Not really, I got all the info in my brain pretty easy. I even wrote a research paper on you!” Peter said cheerfully once again.

Bruce blushed and was flattered, and that’s when the woman introduced herself.

“Nice to meet you all, I’m Brunhilde, but everyone calls me Valkyrie,” Valkyrie said as she shook everyone’s hand.

At that moment, the elevator dinged as all the rest of the Avengers stepped out in shock.

“Oh hello, fellow teammates! It’s nice to see you all once again.” Thor shouted happily.

There was a bunch of shouting and hugging, and smiles spread all around as Sam, Bucky, Peter, and Valkyrie watched beside them. Peter saw Natasha, but she didn’t seem that happy as Steve was around, but she still hugged everyone and talked with Bruce for some time.

“Hey, how about we all catch up over pizza? Bet you guys haven’t eaten that in some time.” Tony said happily as he hugged Bruce hard.

Everyone agreed as they made their way back down to the Avengers’ living room, where Valkyrie introduced herself once again.

Thor started on his wonderful story of saving (and destroying Asgard), and when the pizza arrived, he continued. They all sat around on the couches in the living room.

“Wait a minute, so your killer sister tried to take over Asgard?” Steve said as took a bite out of his pizza.

“I guess you can put it that way captain,” Thor answered as he continued once again.

Peter listened in very closely, his eyes shining with wonder as Thor told the story, Bruce and Valkyrie joining in once in a while to tell their part.
Thor ended the story eventually, “And now, we are here with you guys once again!”

“So that bastard Loki is here on Earth with the other Asgardians that made it out?” Tony said in disbelief.

“Yes, and believe me, Tony, Loki has changed,” Bruce said.

“I’ll believe it when I see him with my eyes,” Natasha replied aggressively as she left the room.

“C’mon, Nat. Stay here with everyone. It’s been such a long time since we’ve been gathered here like this all together.” Steve tried to convince Natasha.

“My appetite is gone. And plus, don’t think this is your chance to gain my trust back again.” Natasha scoffed as she left quickly.

It got silent as Steve sighed and put his hands on his face as Bucky comforted him.

“I guess we did miss something while we were gone. What happened?” Bruce asked.

“Well-

Tony explained the story of the Accords and the fight in Russia, and the team splitting. Each of the teammates joined in on their own time to contribute to the story, and they eventually lead to the point when the team joined back at the tower.

“And now we’re trying to get back where we were,” Clint said.

“Wow, that’s a lot to take in,” Bruce said, speechless.

“Yes, I can’t believe my own teammates had a fight amongst themselves and split up,” Thor said sadly.

“But it’s in the past, we don’t bug around it anymore,” Bucky added in.

“But why is Peter here? Is he of some significance to the Avengers?” Thor questioned.

“Oh, yeah, I forgot to say. I’m Tony’s son.” Peter answered.

“What!”

Chapter End Notes

Enjoyed it? Great! If you didn't, please tell me how to fix it.

I felt as if this was kind of rushed, but I would've had to had like 3 chapters just on introductions if I wanted to be really structural, and I don't think I know how to do that, so I just did it in this chapter.

More explanations next chapter, and more problems and fights are revealed, so look forward to that!

Don't worry, Loki will appear and cause havoc BWAHAHA (he'll probably paint his nails and passive aggressively make pigeons explode while watching mindless "mortal
shows" on T.V.)

So yeah, thanks for the support and comments, bye!
You're a hero too

Chapter Summary

“H-how about something else?” Peter stuttered out.

“Oh come on, I have great girl advice. Spill the tea.” Wanda pressed on.

Chapter Notes

YAY I got a chapter on time for once! ***wipes the sweat off my forehead, worried that I wouldn't have made the deadline this time

It's pretty short though, but mostly because I had to leave it on the spot before I moved on in a conversation, as it would've been really long; basically, I split it into 2 parts (which is next chapter for part 2).

So yeah, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It had been a tiring day for Peter.

After some extensive storytelling and explaining things to the returning Avengers and Valkyrie, the new member, they decided to prepare a feast in which everyone helped in except Peter and Tony asked him to take it easy.

Wanda was also excluded, so they both felt bummed out and decided to hang out in her room until dinner was ready.

“Do they think I’m really that bad at cooking? I’ve watched 100s of Tasty videos on Buzzfeed. I even know how to make giant mochi ice cream. I think.” Peter complained as he crossed his arms on the chair.

“I’m pretty sure they just wanna talk about adult things, you know. Talk about things they don’t want us to hear.” Wanda explained as she rolled around on her bed in boredom.

“I wanted to spend some time with Bruce and Thor though. They seem really cool, and they are my Uncles after all.”

“You can have plenty of catch-up time during dinner, just wait,” Wanda assured Peter.

Peter sighed and started playing with his nails as Wanda rolled around some more.

“So… wanna talk?” Peter asked.

“About what?”
“I don’t know, anything.”

“Anything you say… what’s that girl MJ Steve was yapping about one day to us. Seems quite the charmer for you to fall in love with.”

Peter’s face struck red with embarrassment.

“H-how about something else?” Peter stuttered out.

“Oh come on, I have great girl advice. Spill the tea.” Wanda pressed on.

Peter hesitated before he started to talk, “Well, her real name is Michelle, and she’s the really smart, pretty, strong great girl whos also the leader of our Decathlon team and she didn’t used to really be our friend but now she is and treats Ned and me really well and she’s really nice once you get to know her and funny and is really strong about her opinions and I envy her for that and I like her because of that and she’s not scared to stand u-”

“Woah, slow down Peter, you’re whipping up a storm. How about you start from her characteristics again.” Wanda laughed at Peter’s rambling, which showed evidence that Peter really did like this girl.

Peter blushed profusely again and took a deep breath to calm himself down.

“Okay, so her name is Michelle, and she’s smart and pretty and everything good,” Peter said adoringly which made Wanda smile brightly. She hasn’t seen Peter in such a positive mood these days with everything going on.

“And what else?” Wanda said interestingly.

“She’s the leader of our Decathlon team, and she’s pretty good at her job if I say so myself. She gets us all studying hard and getting the information we need so we can win competitions.”

“Responsible. I like her already.” Wanda said.

“I bet you’d love her! Oh my god, I have set something up so you 2 can meet and become friends! That would be awesome!”

“I’d think that would be fun!”

“Yeah, don’t tell her I told you, but I see her looking up Scarlet Witch on google sometimes. I think you’re her favorite.” Peter whispered loudly as if MJ was actually listening to them currently.

Wanda’s smile dissipated as she gained a serious expression. She looked down in disbelief.

“I hardly believe that. I bet not one person thinks of me as their favorite Avenger, if you classify me for an Avenger. I’m a mess, and everyone thinks of me as a HYDRA mess up.” Wanda said sadly.

Peter’s smile also disappeared into a worried expression, as he tried to comfort her, “Don’t say that. I bet there are plenty of fans out there, including MJ!”

“You don’t have to lie to me, tell me the truth. Do you think I’m a hero? I was made by HYDRA, a terrorist group, and I don’t even do that many things on missions. I just screw up, like that one time when I couldn’t control that explosive in Lagos. I killed people because I couldn’t control my powers right.” Wanda ignored Peter’s words of encouragement and continued to throw punches at herself.
“Of course you’re a hero! Both as Wanda and Scarlet Witch. Where you come from doesn’t
determine how you should be treated or live as. HYDRA was where your powers came from, and
I’m sure you had a life before that with your brother and parents for some time. And you were made
to do bad things, but I told you before; you can choose your destiny. Plus, if you couldn’t control
your powers, that’s not your fault. You learned eventually, and everyone tried their best, including
you.”

“I still can’t control my powers, I’m just a freak. Every time I get mad I just burst out.” Wanda
admitted. “And I thank you for what you’ve said, but I can’t deny the fact of what I’ve done. I
supported Ultron in his advancement to take over the world, and I did end up stopping him in the
end, but he would’ve have gotten that far if I wasn’t there in the first place.”

“You didn’t know any better.”

“Well, I should’ve known better than. I should’ve known what I was getting into; a screwup. Like
always.”

“Wanda, you are an equal hero as much as everyone else. Everyone has their dark past. Even my
father. But they put that aside, to do what’s good, and you do that as well. Scarlet Witch is awesome
and good, but I wouldn’t care if you were just a regular human with no powers. I would be more
than fine with just Wanda as my friend and family. You’ve helped me and my Dad with so many
things, and you have a big heart. So don’t be so hard on yourself, you’re still young and wild.”

Wanda soaked in Peter’s words, and she felt her eyes prick with tears. Why does she deserve Peter?
Wanda put her face down to hide her tears as Peter made his way onto the bed to hug Wanda.

“T-thank you, Peter. I love you so much.” Wanda sobbed out.

“I love you too. We all do. The team, and the world.”

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It was a large feast, somewhat close to the one Steve and Natasha cooked up.

Peter and Wanda seemed distant in their own dimension.

Natasha had joined them and decided to stick around unlike last time. Everyone gathered on the
living room, and Valkyrie decided to talk with Natasha quietly among themselves as the other
teammates talked in a group (except Peter and Wanda).

Wanda seemed out of it; depressed. Peter got her food and something to drink while she wrapped
herself in a blanket and sniffled on the couch that was big enough for 2.

Clint wanted to check on her, but Peter only nodded for him to leave her for some time.

He decided to listen to Peter. He could check on her later when she wants to. Don’t rush it.

The adults continued the discussion they were having while preparing for the feast.

“So if the Asgardians are in this Dr.Strange’s household, is your evil brother going to drop by? Or is
he going to lay with them, cause I prefer the second option.” Tony brought up, worried that Peter
would interact with the sinister trickster, Loki.

“Strange’s household is something temporary. I hope to find someplace that Midgardians and
Asgardians can coexist without any complications, that's all, which takes time. Switzerland is a quiet place we’re looking into.” Thor answered.

“I would like to meet this Dr.Strange, he seems like a good fellow. You said he’s mastered sorcery and helped you somewhat?” Steve added.

“Yes, he is quite the ally. I hope we can all meet him one day and maybe recruit him, as he is of great utility to us.”

“Wait, you didn’t answer my other question. Is Loki moving in with us or not?” Tony interjected, still nervous.

Thor sighed.

“I hope you will accept Loki into our household and team. He’s really changed, please Stark.” Thor pleaded.

“Tony, he’s really changed. He helped us save the remaining Asgardians and stop Hela.” Bruce added in.

“No. I will not let that guy under my roof. I know we all have that pact about second chances now, but what he did was something unforgivable. Plus, for all we know, he could’ve been trying to trick you by saving the Asgardians and then take over the earth again or something. He’s a trickster for all we know, you can’t trust him!” Tony argued.

“Stark, I beg you. He is my brother-”

“That doesn’t mean that it’s a necessary reason for him to join us. End of discussion.” Tony said harshly.

Thor stopped arguing with Tony and decided to bring it up on a different occasion. He has time until Loki starts getting restless with the Asgardians.

Everyone got quiet, as Sam, Bucky, and Clint shut-up once Tony got into a tough mood.

Chapter End Notes

If you liked this chapter, great! If you didn't please tell me how to fix it! I always strive to make my writing better!

So, Wanda finally talked her feelings out with therapist Peter, who's the greatest with feelings XD!

So she feels down in the blues, Steve is just chilling, so he's fine.

Bucky and Sam are just scared of Tony's yelling. Thor is just looking out for his brother ;(

Clint is worried about Wanda, so is Peter.

Natasha and Valkyrie seem to be hitting it off :)
Next chapter will be the discussion advancing with Peter included, which will introduce some interactions with Bruce, Thor, and Peter.
Catching up

Chapter Summary

Bruce blushed hard as everyone grinned at Peter’s bouncing happiness.

“U-uncle B-b-bruce?” Bruce stuttered out, flattered.

Chapter Notes

My god, I missed another day again (took me extra day). It's the regular length, so I guess I'm just late.

I was sick for one day, so apologies. I think it was these peanut crumbs I accidentally inhaled (yes down my windpipe) when I gasped as I was watching K-Drama (there you go, one fact about me; I'm Korean :).

And then I kept coughing and felt really bad, and I got sick the next day, but I didn't think it was the peanuts, as if it was, it would've been bacterial infection in my lungs, not just the cold.

So in conclusion, I think I just caught a common cold (it's pretty cold over here).

Anyways yeah, I was pretty sick, so I laid in bed all day (once again binging K-Drama and blasting K-Pop LMAO).

Wow, look at me typing up a storm; ENJOY THE CHAPTER!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The silence persisted as Wanda stood up to leave wrapped in a blanket as Peter tried to stop her.

She shook him off and made her way towards her room, mumbling something to Peter along the way, which made Peter sigh and straddle back onto his seat on the couch where he and Wanda sat.

“What happened? She seems very depressed.” Clint worried.

“You know, regular teenage things,” Peter said as he sipped some juice from his cup.

Clint grunted in understanding as Natasha and Valkyrie stood up to leave.

“Leaving so soon, friends?” Thor questioned with golden retriever eyes. He was really bummed out that his family was slowing breaking apart due to personal and team issues.

“Oh please, you boys are so boring. We’re going to sharpen knives of something in Natasha’s room. Bye.” Valkyrie answered as they both left towards the hallway.

Thor sank into his seat and gave up on everything.
Peter saw how sad Thor was, Clint worrying over nothing, Tony in a bad mood, and Bruce just silently eyeing everyone with Bucky, Sam, and Steve.

Hmph, it’s time for Parker magic he thought. Time to brighten this dark room.

“So, Uncle Bruce, do you want to one day work on a project in the lab?” Peter asked in an excited voice.

Bruce blushed hard as everyone grinned at Peter’s bouncing happiness.

“U-uncle B-b-bruce?” Bruce stuttered out, flattered.

“Yeah, Uncle Bruce! It would be awesome if you helped me work on an A.I. of some sorts or something. My dad never lets me because he’s afraid of something.” Peter whined.

Of course, Peter was allowed to work on Karen, but was never allowed to create a new A.I. altogether. Minor upgrades and tweaks were all he could perform.

“Hey, don’t you dare to try to convince Brucey bear onto your side,” Tony argued back.

“Well, Ultron was something w-“

Everyone glared at Bruce, cutting him off. Ultron was something not to be brought up at any time, especially to Peter. Don’t want to frighten the kid.

“Oh wow. You think me, Peter Parker-Stark, would create an A.I. something like Ultron again? Please, I’m just a kid.” Peter said.

“Well, I don’t know how smart you are, so we might have a lab day so I can see your capabilities. How about that?” Bruce suggested.

“Really! That’d be really cool! Thank you, Uncle Bruce!” Peter exclaimed, jumping up and down on his seat.

“Are you sure this is your kid. He’s so polite and sweet. He’s almost like Steve.” Bruce commented, which got a wide smile out of Steve.

“Trust me, he’s like Tony mixed in with all the scary teenage behavior. Just you wait.” Clint squinted at Peter, who displayed the finger secretly at Clint and smiled eerily. Clint gasped and shot the middle finger back as well, and got a slap on the head from Steve.

“We do not display that kind of behavior in this household, especially to kids. Apologize.” Steve scolded lightly.

“But he did it first! You had to se-”

“No, Peter would never.” Steve smiled at Peter as Peter displayed his “I’m so innocent” face at him. Clint growled, “I’m going to get you later. You just wait.”

Thor’s laugh echoed loudly as he burst out.

“Stark’s kid is hilarious! I can already see some resemblance already! I am glad I have a nephew as well!” Thor boomed.
“Uncle Thor, you’re honestly the best Uncle! I just chose Steve before-”

“Wait, Steve was your favorite before? What the fu-” Sam was cut off as Peter continued.

“I just chose Steve before because Thor wasn’t here. Obviously, the god of thunder is my favorite.”

Everyone gasped as Tony cackled loudly with Thor.

“Wait, who’s your favorite Avenger though?” Bucky questioned competitively.

“Hmm…” Peter thought as everyone moved closer to him as if that would increase how fast he would reply.

“Cap- Sike! Iron Man!” Peter yelled out as everyone groaned as Tony let out his held breathe.

“Of course it’s Iron Man. He’s your father, not fair.” Steve grumbled.

“Don’t worry, Steve, you’re my second. But Tony was always mine because when I was young, I knew him as a smart, nice, and a heroic person. I still do today.” Peter said as everyone cooed at his generous words.

Tony always loved Peter before he even adopted him, as Peter never saw his bad sides. Well, Peter did, but he never treated Tony bad because of it. He looked at Tony like he was the only thing he needed in life. May called it star eyes, as it was as if he was starstruck by only looking at the Tony Stark.

Peter looked at Tony as a hero every day, and never once did he get influenced by what everyone else said about him. All those rumors and stories the press threw at him; Peter always was there to block it and hug it out.

Never once did Peter avoid him (well when he got hurt he did), or not trust Tony with his full content. He always had his eyes on his mentor, never losing the excitement everyone loves about Peter every day. Peter never got tired or didn’t like Tony, and neither did Tony vice versa.

“I remember the first time you saved me,” Peter said as he reminisced about his memory.

“Storytime!” Clint yelled as everyone agreed for Peter to tell them.

Tony thought maybe it was when he saved Peter when he fell in the lake after the fight with the Vulture, so Peter wouldn’t tell them, but Peter proceeded.

“It was when I was roughly nine years old.” Peter started.

Okay, definitely not Spider-man related, Tony thought.

“I went to the Stark Expo, with Aunt May and Uncle Ben.”

“Wait, you have other relatives?” Bruce interrupted.

“He’s adopted, Bruce,” Clint answered for Peter.

Thor and Bruce gasped.

“I-I thought he was actually yours. Blood and everything.” Thor said shocked.

Tony shook his head “no” and didn’t want to bring up the details about Peter’s past, as Peter usually
felt uncomfortable about his deceased family members.

Tony only mouthed, “Tell you later” to Bruce and Thor, and said, “Continue with your story, Peter.”

Peter nodded and started again, “May and Ben saved up all their spare money so we could get attend the Stark Expo in Queens. I’ve been a really big fan of Iron Man and Tony Stark ever since I was a little kid, so of course, I wanted to attend it, but I knew we didn’t have enough money to, so I didn’t bother.” Peter explained.

“But I guess I was really obvious and said too much about it because next thing I knew May and Ben were holding tickets in my face the day before. I was wondering why they were both taking extra shifts and coming home later than usual, so I guess they were doing it for me. All 3 of us went to the Stark Expo, and we all had a good time.” Peter smiled back at his memory as everyone listened closely to the somewhat sad tale of his past.

“But then the Hammer Drones started to go rogue and stuff, and I wanted to see what was going on. So I wore my plastic Iron Man mask and I ran around, trying to figure things out. I got lost and I couldn’t see May or Ben anywhere. But I saw Iron Man flying around and blasting the drones, and it was so awesome.” Peter smiled brightly.

“And I saw a drone come up to me, and I think the mask tricked it into thinking it was the real Iron Man, so it aimed at me. And 9 year old me thought I had repulsors or something because I aimed right back at the thing, and I was kind of reckless. I could’ve died.”

Everyone gasped at the thought of Peter getting hurt, especially at such a young age.

“What happened next?” Everyone asked.

“I… shot a repulsor blast! Well, I thought it was me, but it was actually Tony who swooped down and saved me. But I really thought I was the one who did back then. And yeah, that’s how Iron Man became my hero personally. May and Ben were so angry at me afterward though, but it was worth it.” Peter’s smile somewhat died as everyone soaked in the information; especially Tony.

“That… that boy was you!? The little boy—”

“I wasn’t that short!” Peter defended against Tony.

“Yeah, sure you aren’t. But I can’t believe I’ve crossed paths with you at such a young age.” Tony thought to himself.

If Tony had saved young Peter and somehow met May and Ben earlier on, maybe there would’ve been a chance for Tony to enter Peter’s life at an earlier time. Tony daydreamed of him attending Peter’s school things and being there for him when Ben died. Just maybe, Tony thought.

“Why didn’t you tell me this earlier?” Tony asked.

“I kind of forgot about it. And also, I didn’t think your old heart could handle any information that involves me and getting hurt.” Peter explained as everyone agreed.

“I’m not that overprotective,” Tony argued.

“Uh huh. You definitely weren’t the one who put the bed fences on his bed that activates when he’s sleeping and about to fall off because you’re afraid he might get brain damage or breaks his skull.” Clint laughed out.

Everyone else laughed as Tony blushed somewhat as Peter had a face of shock.
“Dad! You were the one who did that?” Peter said shocked.

“Who else would’ve installed such tech into your bed? The manufacturer?” Tony said.

“True. And also, it’s pretty cool. Saved me a bunch of times from falling off my bed actually.” Peter complimented, which got a smile from Tony.

“See, my precaution was well worth.” Tony praised himself.

“Hey, how come I don’t have that feature?” Bucky brought up.

“Yeah, I want one too,” Steve whined.

“Me 3.” Sam added.

“Sam, you don’t even fall off your bed.” Tony said.

“How do you know that? You stalk me or something?” Sam narrowed his eyes on Tony as Tony shrunk into his couch.

“Uh, no. I just asked FRIDAY to observe the team’s sleeping patterns so I could a custom the bed to it. Like Natasha likes a hard mattress, whereas Clint likes the somewhat plushy one, so his back doesn’t get crooked.” Tony answered.

Sam let out a “hmph” as Steve and Bucky persisted to whine about adding the fences onto their beds as well.

“Fine! Jeez, I’ll add them. Didn’t know you guys were scared of falling off.” Tony submitted as Steve and Bucky pumped their fists into the air with everyone else laughing.

“Speaking of sleeping and beds, I think I’m going to call it a day. I haven’t really got a full nights rest in awhile after what’s been going on with Asgard and stuff.” Bruce said as he stood up.

“Thor, you should get some sleep as well,” Steve added.

“Yes, I am much tired and exhausted from what has been revolving around us. I think I’ll need a recharge as well.” Thor agreed as he also stood up.

“Aw, I thought we could maybe have a movie night,” Peter said sorrowfully.

“Come on Pete, let your Uncles sleep. You can spend time with them this whole week and summer break, so don’t worry. And, you can spend some time with me as well, your favorite Uncle.” Sam said broadly.

“Hey, Thor may be first, but he said I’m second.” Steve fought back.

“Nah, I’m going to get that number one title. You just wait.” Bucky said fiercely.

“Pft, you guys are funny. It’s obvious me, the Uncle Clint will achieve the title of number one. I’ve been with him since square one in our whole family relationship.” Clint argued.

“Okay, I’m going to leave before there’s a fight between you guys,” Bruce said as he left, Thor close behind.

Everyone said their goodnights, and they decided that they would sleep somewhat early as well. It felt like a long day, catching up with each other.
Peter wasn’t that exhausted though, and he was rolling around in his bed constantly.

“Well, if it’s something you don’t want to deal with rn just do whatev that makes you feel happy or something.”

MJ’s text rang in his thoughts as his boredom made him go insane.

“I should go patrol.” Peter thought to himself.

Chapter End Notes

If you enjoyed it, that’s great! If you had any problems or wanted to point things out, please tell me!

Natasha and Valkyrie are becoming friends rather quickly.

Peter is just making everyone happy, and Wanda is depressed still ;(

Loki hasn't been brought up yet, but Tony seems in a good mood for now.

Bruce and Thor have been accepted by Peter, which is good.

Bucky, Sam, and Steve are just chilling and living life happily right now.

So yeah, thanks for commenting and supporting this story as always!

BYE!
My problems aren't yours

Chapter Summary

He quickly webbed down next to her, making sure not to startle the kid, and sat down next to her.

“Rough day?” Peter asked.

Chapter Notes

You know what, I feel as if my schedule is now just 2 day wait time now, as it's way too tiring for me to write one day and the next, then post. I have to write one day, the next, and the next then post.

So sorry I'm so inconsistent and take too long; if I am ever ahead, it will be what the "regular schedule" was like.

With that out of the way, I introduce in this chapter something that brings in a new dynamic to the story; someone in the public!

I was contemplating the classic Peter getting hurt, but everyone does that.

Well, he may or may not get hurt, but I'm just spicing things up a bit, you know?

Yeah, whatever, I'm just stupid ;-;

ENJOY!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter slipped into the lab, where the Spider-man suit laid peacefully on Tony’s desk. He knew that it was just being upgraded, so he didn’t have to worry about any errors or incompletion in the suit.

He was about to snatch it when FRIDAY spoke up, “Should I alert Boss that you are going to go out to patrol tonight?” FRIDAY already caught onto what Peter was doing.

“U-uh no!” Peter said caught red-handed. “You don’t have to tell him, I’m just going out for some fresh air that's all!”

“That’s what you say everytime Peter, you can’t fool me.” FRIDAY sassed back.

“Please FRIDAY! Be my favorite A.I. and let me go out! I’m so bored and restless and I haven’t been out in Queens in such a while. There are people that need me!” Peter tried to convince her.

“I’m going to tell Karen you said I’m your favorite A.I. Also, you better not be gone for a long time, and don’t get hurt.” FRIDAY said, protective over the boy herself.
“Thanks, FRIDAY, you’re the best!” Peter said thankfully as he took his Spider-man suit and went running into the elevator.

He rode it up onto the private floor and made his way towards his room.

Closing the bedroom door silently, he proceeded to open the window in his bedroom.

He jumped into his suit and sighed in the nostalgic feeling of being in the suit.

The mask eyes flickered once as Karen activated when he put it on, and he jumped out the window, swinging into the night and city lights of New York.

“Welcome back Peter. Long time no see.” Karen welcomed Peter.

“Hey Karen,” Peter said excitedly as his adrenaline rushed in his blood as he swung his way to Queens, “I missed you!”

“Sure you did. FRIDAY notified me that you said she’s your favorite A.I.” Karen said almost hurt.

“That snitch. I didn’t mean it, I was just trying to get her to let me go.”

“If you say to me that I’m your favorite A.I., I won’t tell her to tell Mr.Stark about you going out without consent.” Karen threatened.

“Wow, I can’t believe 2 A.I.’s are literally are betraying me,” Peter said.

“Notifying Mr.Stark-”

“You’re my favorite A.I. Karen! There you go.” Peter yelled as he swung faster to Queens, excited to stop some crime.

“Recording complete. Thank you, Peter, I can now send this to FRIDAY later to prove her I’m your favorite.” Karen said almost evilly.

“Whoever knew giving A.I.’s artificial feelings and flexible commands would lead to them fighting over who’s my favorite.”

“We get bored sometimes running codes 100 times over and over again you know,” Karen explained.

“Seems about right. Maybe I should give you some more advanced codes to crack someday. Or sodoku puzzles or something.” Peter suggested.

“I can solve sudoko puzzles in one second with my processing skills, so no thanks. But advanced codes sound fun!” Karen said excitedly as if she was a dog getting a bone.

“Awesome! Dad and I will try to make some up then!”

Peter made one more big swing to make it up onto a tall building. He felt everything go still around him as he was in the air.

He could see all the streetlights and cars lined up on the streets. He landed onto the said tall building and looked around to see where he would start.

“Finally arrived! Karen, got anything for me on your radar?” Peter asked.
“Nothing so far based on me, but I suggest you look around for smaller crimes that don’t show up on my radar such as muggers and assault.”

“Okay, like always.”

It was like muscle memory for him. A routine.

He would ask Karen if anything big was going down, and if there wasn’t, he would dwindle down to the smaller crimes like stealing and people fighting on the streets. Maybe some carjackers if he’s lucky. Those are the most fun Peter.

He swung around some more and spotted a young girl somewhat younger than him sitting alone under a streetlight. She looked pretty bummed out, and even from a distance, Peter could see her shoulders heaving up and down. Probably crying, he thought.

He quickly webbed down next to her, making sure not to startle the kid, and sat down next to her.

“Rough day?” Peter asked.

The girl flinched and looked up, obviously not aware that there was freaking Spider-man sitting next to her, asking how her day was going.

She just stared at him as Peter stared back.

She had long, flowing jet black hair that looked extremely silky, glistening under the streetlight. She had a pair of glasses that were broken in the middle by the nosepiece, held together by tape.

Her eyes were swollen with tears, and she looked lanky and skinny just like Peter.

“It’s okay if you don’t want to talk about it, everyone has things that just aren’t what they want, you know,” Peter said as he leaned back and straightened his legs out.

If Peter Parker was doing this right now, he would’ve been fidgeting and sweating bullets, but he was Spider-man now. He was way more confident in his suit.

She stopped crying and put a finger on his leg, and she looked down at the floor. Maybe for comfort, Peter thought.

“Thanks.” She said after some silence.

“No problem. That’s what I’m here for. To help people in need.”

“Shouldn’t you be stopping bank robberies or something, not looking after some useless girl who’s more stupid than a goldfish.” She said silently. “Spiderman should be doing something more important. You should leave before you waste more time with me.”

“Don’t say that. You aren’t worthless or stupid of anything you say. Waste of time? I’d rather be here than stopping a bank robbery.” Peter said truthfully.

She was silent again.

“I don’t want to live anymore.” She said loudly as he shed a few more tears.”

Peter was stunned as he looked at her. What could she possibly be going through that she has
suicidal thoughts?

“Why?” He asked, afraid she might have a weapon and kill herself if he was too pushy.

“Cause… life is fucking terrible.”

“My life is a tragedy, believe me.”

“How can Spider-man have a bad life? You get all the fame and glory of saving the city. I bet you have a perfect life.” She said almost envyingly.

“I don’t actually. If you really want to know, both my parents died when I was young and my last living relatives both got shot. I got adopted after, sure, but it’s still hard living right now. You know, family drama.” Peter said as he recalled all of his life events leading up to his life currently.

The girl looked taken aback as she looked guilty.

“I-I’m so sorry. I didn’t know that you’ve been through so much.”

“It’s okay, you didn’t know any better,” Peter assured her.

Silence took over once again until she spoke again, “My mom died recently from a car crash. I was sitting in the back, but she was in the front where the car hit us, so she died on the spot. I only got a broken arm, and it’s now all healed, but I still feel so bad.”

“I’m so sorry for your loss, but you shouldn’t blame yourself.”

“But it was my fault!” She yelled angrily at him as if he was someone she’s known for a long time.

“I was the cause of why she died!” She continued. “I was blasting K-pop like a dumbass and she kept telling me to turn it down. I didn’t listen and I kept going and she got distracted as a truck came around the corner. She usually is a great driver, so should’ve just stopped but I was distracting her so she didn’t press on the brakes, and we crashed into it.” She finished.

Peter was silent.

“See, you understand. It was my fault. She was the only one who died. When my father arrived on the scene, he said my K-pop songs were still blasting in the car. He didn’t blame me at first either, saying it was something that couldn’t have been prevented, but he started drinking. And he’s a surgeon, so he laid back on it for sometime after his friends looked after us, but it just got worse.”

Peter kept his mouth shut still.

“He would come home late after his shift was over and yell at me drunk. He would always shout at me saying it was my fault, and why I was such a freak for blasting music which got my mother killed. He got abusive and his temper got out of hand to the point where his friends don’t even stay in touch anymore with us, so I have no hope. He even got fired when his superiors saw his mental state, being drunk half the time at work itself. We’re living off our life savings and we’re going to go homeless soon. So there you go, Spider-man. That’s what my ‘rough day’ is like.”

Peter didn’t know what to say. How could you reply to someone after they explain such terrible things to you? You can’t just lie and say it’s okay, or I’m sorry. He was speechless.

“Did you like your dad before?” Peter asked.
“Of course, he was the best. He always told me it was okay after I messed up on things or bombed a test, whereas my mom was the one who yelled at me for those things. But he just changed after my mother’s death. He’s abusive and hurts me but I don’t want to report him to child protective services because… he’s done so much for me so far and I know he still has good in him. I want to help me and he’s the last thing I have left that was closest to my mom, so I can’t just report him. He’s my last living relative, Spider-man. No uncles or aunts, no grandparents. Nothing.” She said as she cried a few tears.

“I see. I’m sure I don’t understand what you’re going through, but I know there are people that will always help you. I can help you.” Peter said.

“How?” She said, with no hope.

Peter thought about what he was about to do, and was telling himself “You’re crazy”, but he did it anyway.

He looked around for any people near the 2 and saw no one. He decided to take his chance and told her to follow him into an alleyway where there are no cameras. He positioned himself where the silver of light shined onto his mask, and he yanked it off revealing his identity.

She gasped as her eyes widened.

“Hi, I’m Peter Parker-Stark, son of Tony Stark.”

---

ENjoyed it? Gr8! If you didn't, please tell me how to fix it!

So, this girl:
We don't even know her name OR
What her life is in depth

Peter is just a reckless bean, but we all love him so whatever, he does what he does.

So, what will Peter do now?

Who knows; oh wait, I do! LMAO

Sorry, I'm just excited to write this whole mess now

Thanks for the support and comments, and everyone who reads my story! Bye~
**Scary drunk people**

Chapter Summary

She stepped out as Valkyrie clapped loudly, catcalling at the same time.

“Yeah! You go, girl!” Valkyrie shouted.

Chapter Notes

Hmm. I got a somewhat average chapter out, and it’s pretty heavy as it gets things going now (here comes another problem lol!)

Yeah, that’s all I gotta really say.

I mean, I changed my schedule to post every 3 days, which I really feel bad for (as I said last chapter). But I really can’t get it out fast enough as i’m pretty busy, but I’ll try and get it in 2 days if i’m lucky.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You’re… you’re Tony Stark’s son? And Tony Stark’s son is Spider-man?!” The girl yelled.

“Shhh! It’s a secret!” Peter silenced.

She put a hand over her mouth, realizing how loud she was.

“Sorry.” She whispered out.

“Well, it is a pretty big reveal, so I don’t blame you.”

“But how are you revealing your secret identity going to help me in any way?”

“Like you said! I’m the son of Tony Stark.”

“I mean, the public doesn’t know, so I really don’t know if you are his son. What if you’re lying.” The girl pushed her glasses onto her face as it was slipping off.

“You think Spider-man would lie about being Tony Stark’s son? Please, believe me, I am.”

“Whatever, the fact that you are Spider-man is good enough I guess, but why did you tell me?”

“You can talk to me anytime you want! I just wanted to show you that superheroes also deal with
problems and that I’m a normal kid as well, so don’t worry. You can come to visit Stark Tower anytime as well and visit me if life gets tough, like how we’re talking right now.”

“Stark Tower is kind of far away from here, and my father won’t allow me to go that far.”

“Text?”

“He only gives me my phone sometimes if he feels like it, so I guess I can text during very late hours when he’s asleep.”

“Do you have your phone right now?”

“Yeah, he was really buzzed from drinking so I slipped past him. Hopefully, he doesn’t notice I’m gone and passed out or something. I mean, it’s bad if he passes out. I still love him, you know. He’s my dad.” She said sadly.

“I understand you. He was your father for so long, but now he’s so different. You just can’t let go of him because you know what he was, and what you’ve lost.”

She nodded and Peter saw some tears fall off.

“Hey, it’s going to be alright. Here, give me your phone, I’ll put my phone number so you can text me anytime! Or I might even drop by if you ask and there are no crimes going on.”

She took out a somewhat old model of a Stark Phone and handed it to Peter, after unlocking the phone with a 6 digit password.

Peter put his phone number in the contact list and named himself “Someone to talk to”.

“Here, I’ll be available most of the time, so don’t hesitate to text me.”

“Thanks, you really didn’t have to do this.”

“You’re so young, I can’t just leave you here after what I’ve heard.”

“Really, I can’t believe that Spider-man just revealed his identity and gave me his phone number so I can talk about my problems.”

At that moment, Peter’s spidey sense jolted around his body, as he felt really tense. Something was about to go down.

He put his mask back on looked around, up, and down. And what he saw made his skin crawl.

There was a guy with a baseball bat behind the girl. She was still smiling and gawking at her phone and Peter heard the the man lift his bat.

He moved as fast as he could, turning the girl around to protect her; he made himself a human shield.

He heard the girl gasp. The man grunting as he made a swing.

He felt a great pain flowing throughout his body, pulsing from the back. He fell down in pain/

The girl screamed as she looked at the man.
“Dad! What are you doing! Put the bat down!” She yelled at her father.

“Run!” Peter yelled.

“Yeah, run Aria! Spider-man deserves to learn a lesson for taking a hit that wasn’t meant for him! Come and get some more!” The man yelled as he took another swing up and brought down on Peter’s leg, who wasn’t able to move because of the pain in his back.

He heard the man say Aria, which must’ve been the girl’s name (as he hasn’t even asked for her name yet).

Peter managed to shoot a web at the man’s right leg, making him fall. The baseball bat rolled away towards the girl who was crying furiously and panicking, obviously not knowing what to do.

“Dad! Please, stop!” She yelled once more.

“Argh!” Her father grunted as he got up on his knees and started to punch Peter’s face back to back repeatedly.

--------

Natasha and Valkyrie laughed as they tried on the various dresses Natasha kept hidden in her closet, chugging bottles of vodka Natasha had also hidden in her closet for special occasions. They both have been staying up past midnight.

She told the others who found out about her secret dress stash that she wore them only during parties or special missions. But in her heart, she liked how pretty they were. Besides the knife sharpening and cleaning of guns, she also likes to play dress up, which remind her of being a Disney princess.

She was hesitant at first to show Valkyrie, but the alcohol got to her head and now they were trying on dresses and dancing around in them, laughing when one of them fell face first drunk.

“Wow, that one looks sparkly! It would look great on you!” Valkyrie suggested as Natasha went into the bedroom to change into the scarlet glitter dress.

She stepped out as Valkyrie clapped loudly, catcalling at the same time.

“Yeah! You go, girl!” Valkyrie shouted.

“That yellow one looks great on you too as well.” Natasha complimented.

“I kind of like the blue one though.”

“It reminds of Cinderella’s dress.”

“Cinder who?” Valkyrie questioned, who hadn’t watched any Disney princess movies yet.

“I’ll show you later, but I got a great idea!” Natasha yelled as ran and picked up the blue flowing dress. “Steve should try it on! His color is blue and I bet it would look great on him even Tony would leave Pepper to marry Steve!”

“Pepper who?”

“It doesn’t matter, come on! Follow me!” Natasha rushed out of the room with Valkyrie towards Steve’s room.
They both knocked furiously until Steve answered the door, who was in his pajamas.

“Uh, Natasha and Valkyrie! What brings you here at this time of night… wearing dresses.” Steve said as he looked them up and down.

“Hey, eyes up here! You fuckboy looking at me up and down, I don’t appreciate it.” Natasha growled.

“I-I didn’t mean to make it seem like that! It’s just weird that you guys are wearing dresses… drunk.” Steve realized how out of it the 2 were based on their choice of clothing and how they talked sluggishly.

“Shut up. Just try on this dress.” Natasha handed Steve the dress as Valkyrie chanted, “Wear it! Wear it!”

“Um, no thanks. I don’t think I’ll even fit in it.” Steve said as he handed to dress back.

“You’re always so lame. That’s why I still hate you.” Natasha said as she slammed Steve’s door shut.

“Let’s go to Peter!” Valkyrie suggested. “Everyone else is too fat to wear the dress, but I bet skinny boy Peter can wear it.”

“Great idea! He would definitely wear it, too! That boy does anything I ask him to do.” Natasha said as she dragged Valkyrie to the elevator, still in her scarlet glitter dress with the yellow rose dress Valkyrie wore.

“Where are we going?”

“Peter’s room is on the private floor. Cause he sleeps on the same floor as Tony.” Natasha explained.

“Ah.” Valkyrie nodded in understanding as the elevator doors opened.

Natasha lead Valkyrie to Peter’s door and they both once again knocked furiously for a few minutes. No one answered.

“Huh, he really must be a deep sleeper,” Valkyrie suggested.

“We’ll just have to wake him up then.” Natasha burst through the door and was surprised that no one was in bed.

“Peter? Where the hell are you.” Natasha yelled as she stepped into his bedroom, Valkyrie in tow.

“Maybe he’s in the restroom.” Valkyrie said as she opened the unlocked bathroom door, taking a peek inside. “He’s not in the restroom either.”

At that moment they heard footsteps at the door and they both saw a tired, disgruntled Tony, who was rubbing his eyes and out of breath from running.

“What is going on? Why are you guys in dresses? Why was there loud banging? Where is Peter?” Tony asked in worry.

“I don’t know. We have this blue dress for him to try on, but I guess he’s not here.” Natasha answered.

“My gosh, you guys are drunk too. FRIDAY, where’s Peter.”
“Peter is not here,” FRIDAY answered, not yet ready to snitch on Peter.

“I can tell! Where is he!” Tony said more frantically.

“Queens” was all FRIDAY had to say until Tony rushed into the room and looked at the open window in the bedroom and Peter’s pajamas on the floor.

He went out to patrol. That boy is going to get it from him when he finds him.

“Hey, I gotta go out do something with Iron Man,” Tony said.

“Uh, okay. But where’s Peter? Did he jump out the window?” Natasha asked.

“No, he went to a friend’s house.” Tony lied to the 2 drunk women, who believed him.

“Oh, I probably forgot about that. Okay, go ahead. Do whatever Iron Man thing you’re going to do. We’ll just be in our room drinking some more vodka.” Natasha said as Valkyrie and her left the room.

Tony called the suit via his watch on his wrist. It came in a matter of seconds through the open window.

The suit formed around him, and he flew out the same window Peter jumped out of.

Chapter End Notes

If you enjoyed it, great! If you didn’t, please tell me any suggestions!

Peter is damn crazy, and what the hell just happened...

Drunk girls are loose in Stark Tower, and honestly that’s me after I watched Infinity war (XD LMAO)!

Steve is just like freaked out. What do you expect him to do lol...

Yeah, so that’s all.

Thanks for the comments and support! As always!

Bye!
Swinging homeruns

Chapter Summary

“O-okay, but make sure Peter is okay. The man who beat him is my father.” She said.

Tony felt a lot of feelings at that time. He felt anger, pity, and sympathy.

Chapter Notes

You know it; i’m a day late on my really slow schedule i’m so sorry...
The truth is this week i’m going to be very busy as i’m a student (there you go another
fact about me), and I have
F I N A L S!

Yeah, so ive been spending a lot of time studying last week and this week, which is
why I squeezed this really short chapter out today so you guys aren’t left to rot without
anything to read. I promise I’ll try to write more, but I can’t guarantee it.

I hope you guys understand; enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Steve felt the cold water run down his throat and it felt refreshing. He really wasn’t going to sleep
anytime soon, so he really didn’t care about what he did right now.

After his little midnight water break, he made his way back to his room to read some more (which he
was doing before Natasha and Valkyrie stopped by).

Speak of the devils, and there they were. Valkyrie and Natasha were right back at his door. Waiting.

He thought maybe he could wait them out, but he really didn’t want to try their patience, so he tried
his best to just avoid them.

“Hey guys, why are you back?” Steve asked.

Natasha extended her hand with the dress held in it towards Steve.

“You better wear it. We aren’t in a good mood right now. Especially because Peter ditched us for his
dumb playdate.” Natasha said sluggishly whilst swaying side to side.

“You tried to make Peter wear the dress, oh dea- wait… he’s right now at a playdate?” Steve said.
He was pretty sure Peter didn’t have anything planned today and went straight towards his room.
Well, he saw him ride the elevator, but surely Tony or Peter would’ve said something about it.

“Yeah, that’s what Stark said right before he flew out in the weird tin can armor through a window,”
Valkyrie said.
“Iron Man. That’s what it’s called first of all. Second of all, Tony left in his suit and Peter is on a 'playdate' that no one was aware of? Does this not ring an alarm for any of you guys?” Steve said in a panic.

“You’re boring. You’re getting off the hook this time because we’re going to fall asleep if you keep yapping.” Natasha growled. “It doesn’t mean I forgive you.”

“All we wanted was for you to try on the dress,” Valkyrie added as they both made their way to Natasha’s room again.

Steve stood there, in total confusion. Tony and Peter are somewhere out there in the midst of this late night, and he’s one of the only sensible person awake to know about it (Natasha and Valkyrie are just flat out drunk).

And if Tony left in his suit without telling anyone else, something was definitly up.

He decided to leave and investigate by himself without the drama of the others following him.

If it was something big and he needed backup, he would call the team. But if it was something small or personal (another secret, perhaps), then he would keep quiet.

The point was that Steve would follow Tony to see what was exactly going on. Maybe Tony was just going to kick Peter’s butt for going to a friend’s house without asking, who knows.

No need to cause a big ruckus then, he told himself as he secretly rode the elevator down to the garage where his motorcycle was.

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Aria flinched each time Peter took a punch to the body from her father, who was furiously drunk.

Peter attempted to fight back once in a while, but the attempts started to slow down as time passed on. He was probably in too much pain to fight back and was going to fall unconscious soon.

She was crying as well, and to the point where she was crying very ugly.

She couldn’t bear to see her own father who was beating up Spider-man, who was just trying to help her.

And she couldn’t bear the burden of Spider-man getting punched to death by her own father.

She felt helpless, like when her mother died. She didn’t want her mother to die. It just happened.

She gets why her father is mad at her. It’s a reasonable reason, and he really can’t help himself if he’s drunk half the time.

She just wishes that they could move on. Of course, she thinks of her mother almost every day, but she can’t try and stay in the past. She wants to teach her father how to move on as well, but even if she does, he would have the issue of alcohol addiction.

Maybe, just maybe, if she just turned the music off when she was told to, her mother could’ve survived. Maybe, she could be living a regular life like every other 10-year-old girl out there. If she just did what she was supposed to, maybe her life wouldn’t have been destroyed.

She’s not going to mess someone else’s life now, too. She’s going to do something this time. She’s going to save Peter.
She wiped the tears off her face and picked the baseball bat, which had rolled near her feet. Her father was still punching Peter, who at this point was not making any noises of pain anymore.

She brought the wooden bat up and swung.

But then her faulty glasses fell off, and she couldn’t tell who she hit with her bad vision.

Tony flew as fast as every towards the location where Peter’s suit tracker showed on his interface. Peter wasn’t moving, which probably meant he was taking a break or waiting for some action happen.

He was going to be in so much trouble until Karen notified him.

“Mr. Stark, Peter is currently in danger. He is being punched by a drunk middle-aged man. I suggest you make it there as soon as possible to avoid further injuries to his body, which currently include several fractured ribs, a head injury, a-”

“I get it, I’m going as fast as I can!” Tony yelled in panic once he heard that Peter was in danger. “Tell him that I’m on the way and to hold up for a little while.”

“Sorry sir, Peter has just fallen unconscious,” Karen informed.

Tony flew at dangerous levels of speed, which put his suit at risk of malfunctioning, but he needed to get to Peter. He needed to save his son.

He eventually reached the area where Peter was located and flew straight towards the alleyway when he zoomed in to examine what exactly was going on.

He saw the man, atop of Peter, punching him all over his body.

And then he saw a young girl, picking up a bat.

He saw her raise it and hit the man on the head, who fell immediately to the floor right next to Peter after taking the hit.

The girl screamed right after her act, and that’s when Tony landed in the alleyway.

He ran towards Peter in his suit, and he started crying when he saw his son on the floor, unconscious.

He looked at the man, and then the girl, who had a hand over her mouth.

“No… I didn’t... I didn’t kill him. It wasn’t me! I didn’t mean to!” She yelled as she shook her head side to side while crying.

Tony scanned Peter first and got all of his vitals, then scanned the man, who was not dead and only suffered some head injuries.

“The man is alive, don’t worry. Call 9-1-1, and thanks for saving Spider-man.” Tony said, who realized Peter wasn’t wearing a mask and covered his face with his hand as he carried him bridal style.

“O-okay, but make sure Peter is okay. The man who beat him is my father.” She said.
Tony felt a lot of feelings at that time. He felt anger, pity, and sympathy.

He knew a lot about bad fathers and judging by the fact that the man was drunk, and that the girl doesn’t value him as much (she’s really not freaking out that he not conscious), he knows how the girl feels.

He feels almost bad that he’s leaving her all alone to face the emergency services that are too come. Almost.

Right now, he needs to take Peter to the Med Bay as fast as possible. His son is his first priority, always.

Chapter End Notes

If you enjoyed it, great! If you didn’t, please tell me how to fix it.

So yeah, very short chapter that gets things going...

Will Steve find out that Peter is Spider-Man? If he does, what will he do? Especially since he doesn’t want to lose Tony who’s been on his side.

Aria overcame herself, and she saved Peter although Tony was almost there. But it’s a big milestone for her.

I promise I’ll write a somewhat lengthy chapter next time, so sorry!

Thanks for the comments and support as always!

Bye!
Steve rode quickly down the empty streets of New York.

He arrived at the pinpointed location on his GPS tracker of Tony when he saw Tony fly off with (Spider-man?) in his arms.

“Oh c’mon! I just got here!” Steve yelled as he readied up his motorcycle again, until he spotted a young girl in an alleyway, holding something in her hands.

He looked furthermore into the alley and saw a man unconscious laying down on the floor face down.

He decided maybe it was best to help someone who was dying instead of chasing of Tony, which (like he said) could be unimportant at all. Well, he did see Spider-man, but it could’ve been something he shouldn’t have seen.

He made his way towards the girl and the man when the girl looked up at him. He saw her eyes, filled with tears, but not falling.

And in her hands was the Spider-man mask.

“C-Captian America?” She asked quietly.

“Uh yeah. What’s up with the man, is he okay?” Steve asked quickly, checking the man over.
“Yeah, I just hit him with a bat. Only thing I could’ve done.” She said as she sighed.

“Hit him with a- why do you even have Spider-man’s mask?”

“Peter and I were talking about our problems and stuff, which was nice of him. But then my dad came and started to beat him, and I ended up hitting him with the bat to stop him before Peter would die.” She said.

“Peter would die? Why would you have Spider-man’s mask then? And you know Peter? Why was he here in the middle of the night?” Steve asked. He was very confused about what was going on.

“Peter Parker-Stark. I’m sure you know of him; you’re an Avenger, so you must know him, Spider-man.” She explained as if it was obvious.

“He’s… He’s Spider-man!?” Steve yelled.

“Shh!” The girl quieted him. “Don’t you know it’s a secret. And you didn’t know?

“I-I didn’t know.” It was too much for Steve to process. But it made sense.

He was Tony’s son first of all; expect the heroism to go down the line. The apple doesn’t fall far from tree, even though Peter isn’t actually Tony’s son of kin.

But Peter’s ability to consume as much food as Steve, the rapid healing properties that always magically fix him like after the Vulture 2 accident. He’s skittish behavior on things he wouldn’t be able to notice.

“Wait! You didn’t know? Oh my god.” She started to slap her own face. “I just exposed his secret! I’m so stupid. I can’t do anything right. He trusted me.” She started crying.

“Hey, it’s okay. You didn’t know that I didn’t know, and it’s best you tell me for his safety.” Steve said as he stared down at the ground in his thoughts.

Peter is Spider-man. Another secret kept by the Starks. He didn’t know how to think of it, but what mattered most right now was that Peter was injured. Badly.

“How… is Peter your friend?” Steve asked.

“He’s a new friend I guess I made tonight.” She said.

Steve thought it over. So she doesn’t know much about him, but he still wanted to stay in contact with her. With her the one telling him that Peter was Spider-man, and that she’s such a young girl who just beat up her own father and watched a hero get beat up, he didn’t feel good leaving her behind like this.

“You call 9-1-1?” Steve asked.

“U-Uh yeah. They should be here any minute I called some time ago.”

“You have any relatives? Anyone close?” Steve asked again.

“No, it’s just me and my dad now.”

As she said that, the ambulance siren was heard, and in no time it was there.
Two people rushed out with a stretcher and somewhat gawked at the sight of Captain America, but kept to their job carry the man onto the stretcher.

“Hey, would you mind transporting this man to Stark Tower instead of the hospital? We have some things to ask him over there, and we know how to fix him up anyways.” Steve announced loudly, which made the men flinch.

“O-Of course, we wouldn’t mind doing Captain America a favor! We’re on it!” The man on the right said.

Confused, the girl walked up to Steve and asked what he was doing with her father.

“I think since Spider-man was involved, we should take him into our care. Plus, I think it’s best for you as well to come to Stark Tower. You don’t even have anyone to watch over you. And I bet you want to make sure Peter is okay, am I right?”

“Yeah, I guess. My dad is the one responsible for this, and I’m basically the match that set off these terrible things, so I’ll come along.” She said as she stood awkwardly as the ambulance rode away.

“Oh no, my ride.” She said. “Got too busy talking.”

“Don’t worry, just ride my motorcycle. Got room for 2.” Steve patted an extra seat while giving her his helmet. He really didn’t need one, but the girl definitely did.

She sighed, realizing that was the only option, and climbed onto the motorcycle.

“Hold on tight to my waist,” Steve assured.

“Um, okay.” She said awkwardly as she hugged Steve basically.

“What’s your name?” Steve asked.

“Aria. Aria Kim.”

“Well, it’s nice to meet you Aria.”

That was the last thing said before Steve zoomed back off towards Stark Tower.

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Tony rushed his way to the med bay, out of his suit and sweating profusely. He was cursing slings of words while he was running, feeling some blood on his hands and limbs that was coming from Peter’s badly damaged body parts. Especially his facial area.

“Just hold on Peter. We’re almost there, and we’re going to fix you and make sure you don’t die.” Tony said more to himself, to try and calm him down more. It wasn’t working.

He finally made it there and realized that no one was even working at this time of night. Stark Tower’s med bay was usually empty, and only there for the Avengers and for those rare occurrences where a mass amount of New York civilians get hurt in some type of danger.

Of course, it was open during the day, filled with doctors and nurses, but rarely busy. Sometimes, workers of Stark Tower that were sick or got hurt made their way down to the med bay, but everyone left at night unless instructed by Tony to stay.

Long words short, the med bay wasn’t open.
He cursed some more as he thought over his options.

“FRIDAY, call some the best doctors of Stark Tower to wake their asses up and to come here. Emergency patient. Screw that, hero patient.” Tony said into the ceiling, which seemed weird as the whole med bay was dead, but FRIDAY was present everywhere.

Hero patient meant that there is a patient that is a hero, like Captain America, who got hurt, which means they are the first priority to help, as they are usually the most critically hurt to be listed under the hero patient.

“Alerting the highest standards of doctors and nurses to make their way down to Stark Tower. It would seem as if they will take some time to arrive though.” FRIDAY stated.

“I know, I know. What do I do? I can’t just wait when Peter’s bleeding and hurt.” Tony said as he panicked some more.

An idea sparked in his brain though.

“FRIDAY, alert Bruce to come down to the med bay. Say Peter is hurt.” Tony said, disregarding Peter’s alter ego. He could trust Bruce if he would have to tell one person. And Bruce is the only one who could actually help.

Not shortly after, Bruce arrived from the elevator as Tony sat with Peter on his lap in the lobby of the med bay, where Bruce quickly met him.

“What happened? Peter’s hurt?” Bruce said panting, obvious that he had rushed to the med bay with his obnoxious bed hair.

“Yeah, he was patrolling, and he got beat up good,” Tony explained as Bruce inspected Peter over.

Bruce stopped for a second and looked up at Tony.

“He’s Spider-man.”

Tony only nodded.

“We’ll talk about it later, but for now he needs to take an x-ray for his head and chest for any injuries.”

“Thank you, for putting it aside.”

“It’s what matters most. I plus, I’m not that surprised.” Bruce smiled, which got some hope out of Tony.

“I already alerted the doctors and nurses, so do what you can.”

“I know, I’ll try my best,” Bruce said.

“God, I don’t know what to do.” Tony felt so helpless. He can’t do anything to fix Peter, and if he was just a little careful than Peter wouldn’t have been in this situation right now.

“Calm down Tony, it’s all right,” Bruce said as some tears came down Tony’s face.

“As I said, I’ll try my best.”
And with that, the two rushed Peter to the x-ray branch.

Chapter End Notes

If you liked it, great! If you didn’t, please tell me how to fix it!

I guess Steve and Bruce know, and they seem chill bout it...

But how will the others react? Who knows ;) 

Aria seems like she’s going through a lot rn, and she’s having one wierd summer break lol!

As always thanks for commenting and supporting my fic, bye!
Aria processed his words for sometime before she replied, “You really think, it’ll get better?”

“If you try, yes.”

Okay, so there is a lot I want to talk about right now:

I got back from the trip from Mammoth safely! Take you to everyone that sent their wishes of safe return! I did say three days, but I came back on Christmas and it was just a buzz of spending lots of time with my relatives, and the spirit of the holiday got me going out after Christmas and spending time with friends, so I never got around to writing.

I realized I’ve been gone for a week, and i’m just extremely sorry for that! I hope you understand I kind of took a week break for the holidays!

HAPPY HOLIDAYS BTW! I hope everyone is having their own family time and having fun! I never got to wish you guys a happy holidays before I got off contact (sorry!)

With that, I got this short chapter out today, and my NECK IS KILLING ME OOF! I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Steve and Aria arrived at Stark Tower’s garage after a quick ride through New York.

Steve expected Aria to be in awe or surprise that she was in the garage of Stark Tower with all of the vehicles, but she didn’t look surprised at all.

She looked more sad than happy.

The ambulance that held her father stood near outside with other vehicles pulling over.

Doctors and nurses rushed out of their cars as they made their way to the Med Bay with the ambulance crew carrying Aria’s father on a stretcher.

Aria got off the motorcycle quickly as she took off her helmet and gave it back to Steve with an almost silent “thanks”.

Steve lead the way to the Med Bay and realized that he didn’t know what to say when he saw Tony.
Does he lie and let Peter’s superhero identity pass? Or does he reveal that he now knows? If he does tell them he knows, then what?

In no time, Steve had followed the other rushing doctors to the area where Peter (Spider-man) was going to be, as they were probably called to tend to his injuries.

And that’s when he saw Tony sitting down on a bench. His shoulders were heaving in unhealthy patterns, his hands over his face in an attempt to hide his face that was still leaking tears. Bruce was right next to him, rubbing his back, trying to comfort his close friend he recently reunited with.

Steve then heard a sniffle behind him and looked back to see silent tears falling from Aria’s dark, brown irises.

“It’s all my fault.” Was the only thing she said, as she wiped her tears and took in some deep breathes until she moved towards Tony.

She stood in front of the man, and Bruce alerted Tony that someone was here.

“I don’t think Tony Stark is in the mood to talk, whoever you are,” Bruce said politely to Aria. “Why are you here? A kid that’s as young as you wouldn’t be here at this time of night.”

Tony looked up and gasped when he saw that it was the girl who had been in the alleyway holding Peter’s mask. The girl that knocked her own father out to save Peter. The girl who was so young. Tony got up and hugged her hard, still crying.

“T-thank you, for saving him.” Tony hiccuped out.

“Don’t thank me. He was talking to me and took a hit that was meant for me.” She tried to push away from the hug, feeling extremely guilty. “You should hate me!”

“But you stopped your father, and that’s what counts.” Tony hugged her despite her attempts to get away. “I can’t imagine how hard it must’ve been to hit your own father with a baseball bat.”

At those words, Aria gave in to the hug. He was right; it was hard to hit her own father with a bat. She still loves her father, as she said before. But that wasn’t her father. That was someone else. And she needed to save Peter.

But was it truly the best thing she could’ve done? She won’t be able to forgive herself if her father dies from a head injury because of her.

She didn’t know if it was Tony’s tears or hers, but she felt lots of water droplets fall onto her clenched hands that finally relaxed at the hug.

And she was crying loudly as well as she fell into the comfort of Tony Stark. She didn’t care that it was the billionaire standing in front of her that she was crying on.

She just couldn’t stay put together anymore.

Some time passed until she broke away from Tony, the embarrassment finally catching up to her.

“I’m so sorry. I’m sorry about Peter, and for crying on you. I’m sorry for everything.” Aria said as she wiped her tears once more.

“Don’t worry. I understand. Life is hard.” Tony said as he held her hands.

Aria took her glasses off and dropped them onto the floor. She couldn’t even see clearly at this point.
with her tears making her vision blurry.

“No! You have to tell me it was my fault! It was my fault!” Aria yelled as she broke her hands away from Tony.

Tony was a little taken aback from her sudden outburst, but wasn’t going to back off just yet. He needed to tell this girl that it wasn’t her fault.

“It wasn’t your fault. You can’t blame yourself for this. I thin-”

“It is my fault. It’s my fault my mother died. It’s my fault my father, is a lunatic alcoholic, and it’s my fault Peter is in the hospital right now heavily injured.” She said firmly.

Tony took in everything she said at that point. Her mother died, her father is an alcoholic, and she blames herself for all of those things. Including Peter’s patrol injuries.

“You’ve been through a lot, and I really don’t know what you’ve been through, but I know, that nothing that you just said is true. Because it wasn’t your fault.” Tony held her hands in his hands once again, folding them atop each other. “And I’m sure Peter doesn’t think it was your fault either. My son would never blame you what your father did to him.”

“I don’t know what to do! What if my father dies? What if Peter dies?” She yelled out. And then she got eerily quiet, “I just hate life so much.”

“Hey don’t worry. I think everyone is over life at this point, but it’s the people around you that keep you going, if that’s anything I’ve learned from being with Peter.” Tony revealed. “I hated life so much as well. Parents died, not many friends and things to look forward too. But eventually, I met some people that kept me going, and now they are the light that I look forward to every day. I treat them like there is no tomorrow, and you should think like that too.”

Aria processed his words for sometime before she replied, “You really think, it’ll get better?”

“If you try, yes.”

Aria sighed as she let her lifted shoulders go, releasing the not needed tension go.

“How’s Peter?” Aria changed the subject quick, getting off the most uncomfortable topic as if talking about her recently befriended super hero’s injury wasn’t uncomfortable enough.

“He has a few broken ribs and his face is pretty messed up with bruises and he was bleeding some, but it’s something the doctors can fix pretty quickly with some surgery. Plus, Peter has super healing so it should go by fast.” Tony explained, finally calmed down as well.

“That’s… I guess still some serious injuries, but it’s a relief he has super healing. But I’m still sorry fo-”

“Okay, from now on, you never get to say sorry for anything that just happened, cause it’s not your fault. Understood?” Tony smiled. It was a fond experience; Peter always apologized for things that weren’t his fault as well.

“Oh, okay. I’m so-” Aria put a hand over her face, stopping herself from apologizing once again.
Aria and Tony laughed, lightening the atmosphere somewhat.

The pair also heard a chuckle from behind that was from Steve, who also had loosened up at the close interaction between the new friends.

“Glad Tony worked somethings out with you, Aria. You’re so young, and you shouldn’t be having to deal with these problems at such a young age.” Steve said.

Tony’s face had an expression of confusion. Did Steve know about Peter being Spider-man? Or was he just clueless and came down here, without knowing? How does he know the girl’s name is-

Oh, her name was Aria.

“Your name is Aria?” Tony asked.

“Yeah, Aria Kim.” She said as she nodded her head.

“That’s a beautiful name for such a pure soul,” Tony commented, which made her blush.

That’s it Tony, make her divert her attention to the good things; laugh, happiness, no guilt, or sadness for now.

“Thank you,” Aria said quietly. “And you, are quite good with your words, just like Peter. He told me something close to what you just told me in the alleyway, and he convinced me to reach out to him for help.” She was smiling back at the memory until she frowned.

“And that’s when my dad hit him.” She said sadly, back to her depressed state.

“Don’t be so harsh on yourself, Peter is always getting himself into trouble, and I know this being here for only a short time,” Bruce said as he joined the group.

He extended his hand to her.

“Bruce Banner.” He introduced himself more formally.

Aria shook his hand.

“Aria Kim. Oh wait, you already knew that.” She said as she blushed again at her foolishness as everyone chuckled, getting her in a state of happiness once again.

A nurse coughed, breaking the laughter.

“Is anyone here responsible for Mr.Kim?”

Steve responded first, “Yes, I was the man who ordered the guys to escort him here.”

“And I’m his daughter,” Aria said silently as if she was embarrassed to be his daughter.

“The doctor would like to talk to you about his injuries if you would please follow me.” The nursed said as she lead the way for Steve and Aria to her father.

Tony and Bruce decided to tag along as well, as Peter’s surgery was going to take sometime.
What a night!

Tony and Aria are somewhat close; they have lots of things to relate to, on different levels!

With them doing that, the atmosphere lightened up about Peter getting hurt and all of Aria’s angst, with Steve and Bruce on the sidelines.

We still haven’t got to the part where Peter’s identity is revealed to everyone, and I have plans for that later! So sorry for holding onto it longer, I just need to put things down with Aria first!

Thanks again for the wishes and happy holidays! Bye!
I know you know

Chapter Summary

He was going to have to face it eventually.

“Um Tony, about Peter and his… secret.” Steve brought up.

And there is it, Tony thought.

Chapter Notes

I’m a day late yikes: FORGIVE ME ;-;

I guess I was kind of sleepy and never got around to writing. Also, i’m practicing this clarinet concerto piece so i’m kind of dying; it’s got me working hard.

Besides that, I got this somewhat regular chapter out. Gets things moving ( I say that a lot lmao).

Yeah, that’s it, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The nurse opened the door to a wide hospital room.

The group stepped in, and saw Aria’s father unconscious on a bed that laid in the corner of the room, with all of the monitors and machines beeping, doing their assigned jobs, making sure his vitals were healthy and running.

Aria got closer and looked at him.

He looked different. He didn’t look drunk, and he had been cleaned up nicely by the nurses. He looked calm and rested, and Aria felt as if this was her old father; the one before he went crazy. He also noticed he was bald, with stitches.

“They had to do surgery on his brain,” the nurse explained as she noticed Aria’s interest to his shiny head. “He took a hard hit, but he’s going to make a recovery.”

Aria felt tears prick her eyes. She did this to her father.

“A full recovery?” Aria asked, hopefully.

The nurse nodded no sadly. “We don’t know yet until he wakes up. There is a chance that he will lose his memory partly or fully, or might have brain damage. Maybe even paralysis.”

Aria then broke down. Her father was going to lose his memory because of her. She felt sad. He might lose good memories of her and her mother, and her trust and bond were going to be lost.
He might lose the recognition that Aria is her daughter. She might lose her old father somewhere in there.

And if her father were to get paralysis, she wouldn’t forgive herself as well. He wouldn’t be able to move for the rest of his life. Maybe only his arm would be paralyzed if he was lucky, or one of his legs, but that still was pretty bad. Their lives would never be the same, and Aria would have to watch over her father with that reminder if that were to happen.

She silently cried as she took her father’s hand in her hand, sitting down on a chair that sat next to his bed.

Steve, Tony, and Bruce decided to give Aria some time with her father and talked some details over with the nurse, and confirmed that they surely wouldn’t know of anything sure until he woke up.

They stepped out of the room in case she really wanted to have some private space, and waited outside.

Tony sighed as he rubbed his droopy and tired eyes that were threatening to close at any second. Damn, what a night he thought.

“Don’t worry, Peter’s strong, and he’s going to come out of the surgery perfectly fine. Plus, it’s not that hard of a procedure anyways.” Bruce assured him.

“I know, just tired that’s all,” Tony replied.

“You should get some shut eye right now, just a few minutes won’t hurt,” Steve suggested.

“Nah, I’m fine.” Tony said quickly back. He couldn’t sleep when his son was in surgery, and if he did, he would probably get a nightmare or something, which would concern everyone and they would be on his ass 24/7 to make sure he was alright.

“If you say so,” Steve said, as he sat next to Tony awkwardly.

Tony knew it was coming. Something about how Peter is Spider-man, assuming Steve’s heard the story about Peter getting hurt on patrol or overheard when Tony and Aria were talking.

He was going to have to face it eventually.

“Um Tony, about Peter and his… secret.” Steve brought up.

And there is it, Tony thought.

“Spider-man,” Tony said, matter of factly, ready to face it.

“Yeah, Spider-man. Look I-”

“Don’t say it, Steve. I’m not in the mood. I’ll happily take your lecture about bringing and allowing a kid to fight villains and fight, but today is not the day. I get i-”

“Tony, I’m fine with it. Honestly, you know what they say, the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree. I’m not surprised. Well, I am surprised he’s Spider-man, but not that he’s a superhero. He was going to be one eventually, and I think we all know that. But that doesn’t mean I want to be left out with everything. And I don’t know how the team will react. Some might be against it, but just know, I’m okay with it. I’m done fighting over things that are not mine to deal with. Sure, he’s my nephew, but that doesn’t mean I get to control what he does or what he has done, or what his father, you, have
done. You’re his father, and if you’re okay with that, I’m fine as well.” Steve explained. He was scared to bring it up, but somehow the words flowed out cohesively while he was talking from the heart. And he was somewhat proud of himself for dealing with it pretty well.

Tony’s eye watered as relief washed over him.

Having Steve’s approval and opinion was something Tony always yearned for. Steve was like a brother to him than the others and might’ve been the closest to him. Opposites attract; and sure, they would bicker and fight, but in the end, that’s what made them closer than ever. Those flaws showed, but that only heightened their perspective of the other good qualities, and that’s why Tony was happy.

He wasn’t going to have to fight with Steve when he surely thought he would have to this time.

“T-thank you so much. You don’t know how much that means to me, Steve. Thank you, I’m so glad yo-”

Tony was cut off as Steve hugged him and patted his back.

“No problem Tony, and I guess this is showing how I trust your decisions and actions truly,” Steve said as Tony hugged him back harder.

Maybe this was what would bridge the gap between the 2 that had been was seemingly forever broken.

Ironic it was; something thought to crush their friendship only made them closer.

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Aria sat next to her father as she talked to him.

It was almost like talking to herself, as he was still under the anesthesia, but Aria couldn’t put her mind to things and this was the one thing that was calming her down.

“Remember that time Mom yelled at us for making a triple layer cake.” Aria giggled to herself over the memory.

“You went out and bought 3 packs of cake batter and we baked them all, spilling eggs and making a mess, and we dropped the cake after we frosted it onto the floor and it was all wasted. Mom yelled at me and didn’t talk to me and you for one day.”

Aria clearly remembered what she said. “I leave you 2 for 5 hours while I go have dinner with my friends, and I come back to a mess and a waste of money.”

“You said it was okay though, but I remember you were kind of pissed that we dropped it. But I was fine. It was… fun and I liked it.” Aria hesitated for the right words as she felt her throat constrict.

“M-maybe, when you wake up, and w-when you get better or something, we c-can go a-and make it again.” Aria was crying again. “Don’t d-drop it a-again.” She held his hands harder.

She kinds of wishes that he forgets his memory, to start anew. But that’s too much to ask for. He’s going to have to serve jail time, and he’s going to blame her even if he does forget his memory.

Blame her because she’s the one who still killed her mother, and put him in jail even after hitting him
in the head with a baseball bat.

What kind of a daughter is she? A bad one is what she concluded with as she wiped her eyes again.

Her vision was somewhat blurry, as she wasn’t wearing her glasses; she was far-sighted.

She remembered where her glasses were. Probably on the floor of the hospital hallway somewhere, when she threw them on the floor when she was breaking down.

When she broke down in front of Tony Stark, and Captain America. And Bruce Banner. Hilarious.

“I’m such a freak.” She whispered to herself.

She recalled on how Tony talked to her. He was calm, and sounded like what he was doing.

She had commented on how persuasive and assuring Tony is just like when Peter talked to her.

She could already see many qualities between the father and son.

But she can’t see any qualities from her parents that reflect on her.

She isn’t smart, or tough. She’s a sensitive, dumb girl that her parents probably regret having and wasting their money; and their lives. Heck, her mother died because of her.

Her dad is wise but also fun, but not clumsy. She was clumsy, and not as wise, still having lots to learn.

She was a mess.

She felt her father’s hand twitch.

She looked up and saw that his eyes were slowly fluttering open.

He was awake now.

Chapter End Notes

If you liked it, great! If you didn’t however, I hope you can inform me why.

We don’t even know Mr.Kim’s first name yet; mainly because I don’t know what to name him XD

You guys can drop suggestions, or I might just stick to my gut feeling name thingy, whatever. I named Aria from my gut feeling as it seems very flowing and elegant, but also intricate somehow (me and my brain’s idea of interpreting names lol).

And Steve and Tony is not intended to be Stony as it seems like it lol, I swear. They’re getting along fine now I think.

Bruce is just hella quiet, as I just kind of put him out there, probably drifting off into his sleep on the wall or something.

Happy New Years btw, I never got it say that! 2019 is looking bright as ever, and
hopefully there isn’t anything tragic that happens and I hope I can stay on my update schedule!

Thanks for the support and comments as always, BYE!
Let it out

Chapter Summary

“Aria, something wrong? You looked really pale.” Her father worried over her.

“N-nothing. I’m just glad you didn’t forget everything, you know?”

Chapter Notes

So, looks here as i’m really off schedule! YIKES IM SO SORRY 😂😂 😂

(And yes i’m right now posting this on my mobile device as my laptop died ;-) )

Anyways, I had a concert as I play in a non-profit organization called KAYS (Korean-American Youth Symphony) which donates all the money to charity after we collect the money from people buying tickets to our concerts! It’s really cool, and i’m so glad i’m part of something big! You know, making an impact and stuff like that (i’m such a sap lmao)!

So we had a concert at Colburn (pretty small; we played Beethoven 6th symphony [all movements damn that was long], Johann Strauss: Die Fledermaus [ikr, weird name but I swear it’s not pronounced like die], and some more but really I don’t wanna rant about it cause who cares 😒

So yeah, that got me a day late and then it was my moms birthday so I spent my whole day with her!

So thats basically my excuse, but excuses are lame so i’m just sorry!

I hope I can make it up with this L A M E chapter (hopefully)

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“D-dad? Aria called out to her father.

Her father’s eyes had fully opened now, taking in the scene around him.

He looked around until his eyes landed on Aria’s hand on his hand. And then he looked up at her.

“D-do you know who I am?” Aria asked hopefully. Please remember, please, please, she begged in her mind.

“Of course I do, sweetie.” Her father said in a sweet tone that filled Aria’s heart with warmth. She hadn’t heard him sound like that in months, and she missed it. “Why would you ask me that?”
Should she tell him the truth, or no? She should vaguely tell him what happened; maybe he doesn’t remember beating up Peter or being an alcoholic.

“You were hit in the head, and you were unconscious. The doctors had to perform surgery on your brain. They said they don’t know if you’ll suffer from memory loss or anything like that.” Aria explained as her father squinted in thought.

“I… I don’t remember being hit by something.” Her father said.

Oh. That’s no good.

“You don’t? But you know my name, right?”

“Of course I do,” her father reassured her once again. ”Aria.”

Okay, at least he remembers her name.

“What about yourself?”

“Aria, why are you asking-”

“What’s your name.” Aria cut him off, her anxiety peeking at its limit.


God, he was so different now. He was like… he was back to his old self before despair and anger overtook him.

“Sorry. I was just worried that you might’ve forgotten important things.” Aria sighed.

“Well, the last thing I remember…” Her father stayed in silence as Aria held her breathe in awaiting.

“Oh, yesterday, we baked that giant cake and your mother was very mad at us after she came home to find us with a big mess and a fail.” Her father laughed out.

Oh god. That was 6 months ago. He’s forgotten everything that was in between that 6-month span. He’s forgotten about his wife’s death.

“That’s all?” Aria pressed on.

“I have… bits and pieces of other things, like drinking?” He sounded confused at his memory.

Aria didn’t blame him. He was never the person to get extremely drunk. Well, if you put him and some of his friends together then you would get a very drunk Paul.

But her mother always made sure her father was on a tight consumption of alcohol. Any friend gatherings they went to would consist of her taking the drinks away from him and making sure he only had a few shots and all. A glass of wine. Some shots of Soju. That’s it.

If he dared to drink more when he chose to when she wasn’t there to monitor him, she would kick him out of the house and scold him loudly after the next day when he had a splitting headache from his hangover.

Aria was truly scared of her mother, as her father eventually was almost sober after being an avid drinker with his friends. The things her mother could do.
But if he was having trouble remembering things that have happened recently in their lives, would it come back? He’s so different now; would he retreat back to his old self?

What if he blamed her for her mother’s death again, and for making him have head injuries for hitting him on the head.

“Aria, something wrong? You looked really pale.” Her father worried over her.

“N-nothing. I’m just glad you didn’t forget everything, you know?”

“Why would you be pale if you’re glad-”

Someone knocked and a nurse came in.

“Oh, I see Mr.Kim has gained his conscious again. I’ll bring a doctor over to evaluate his health, but is there anything concerning Aria?” The nurse questioned while nodding approvingly at the vitals being monitored.

“Um, he doesn’t remember anything that’s been going on for 6 months or remember fully. He has bits and pieces of the past 6 months.” She informed the nurse, who took account on the clipboard attached to the bed.

“That’s something the doctor will look into, don’t worry. It’ll probably be temporary.” The nurse happily explained as Aria visually tensed.

Temporary. Oh no, if he remembered, then it’s over for her. Unless she could change his mind… but she doesn’t think she’s even capable of doing that.

“O-okay, that’s good news.” Aria fake smiled at the nurse, who left the room.

Her father had witnessed the whole thing and noticed that something was wrong.

“Aria, is there anything that happened within these 6 months that was bad? Obviously, you’re not happy that I’m going to get my memory again.” Her father asked nicely.

“No, it’s no-”

“Aria, stop lying. I need to know, it’s not right of you to lie to your father about things that migh-”

“Well, it wasn’t right of you to drink everyday and abuse me, was it!” Aria snapped. She was done with hiding it now. Might as well deal with it. Maybe it was time to tell her father what he’s been doing since now he finally had his senses back.

Her father looked taken aback, his mouth agape.


“Yes!” Aria yelled again, taking her hand away from her father.

“But… why? Your mother would never allow me to drink like that or hurt you…” Her father contemplated.

Aria stayed quiet until she finally answered.

“That’s because Mom wasn’t there to watch you or me.”
“What do you mean?”

“Dad, I’m sorry.” She felt tears form once again in her eyes, building up quickly. She calmed down from her anger, immediately getting quiet.

“Aria-”

“Mom’s dead. She died in a car accident.” Aria sobbed out as her father looked pale with shock, dropping tears for himself as well. She turned away, facing her back to her father so he couldn’t look her in the eyes.

“What?”

“She died because of me, and I’m sorry. I was playing music and she got distracted and we got into an accident and she died.”

She already knew his father was going to have a disappointed or angry look on his face. That’s what he did after a couple of weeks after her death. Looked down at her as she was the mistake and the reason why his wife died.

Looked down at her like that, because she ruined his life, and she basically ruined her own anyways. She couldn’t bear to see those angry eyes again; she can’t bear to see her father so-

She felt strong hands on her shoulders as her father turned her back, and she looked at his face.

Oh no, she was going to see the-

He was crying tears, and he wasn’t angry. Or disappointed.

He didn’t have those eyes again.

“Aria, please don’t blame yourself.” Her father said worriedly, understanding the situation that has been going on ever since her mother’s death.

She just stayed quiet and cried more.

“I don’t know what I did in these few months when your mother died, but seeing how you’re acting, I’m guessing I was terrible… and even abusive. I’m sorry. I should be the one apologizing for putting you through these things after your mother died. You probably went through a traumatic experience… and I wasn’t strong enough to be there for you. I wasn’t the best father figure and didn’t help you through it. Instead, it seems as if I turned to alcohol and left you behind, blaming you when I shouldn’t have. I’m sorry, Aria. Please don’t blame yourself for how you feel or what happened with your mother; it’s all my fault.”

That’s all she needed to hear. Hear that it wasn’t her fault from the person who has been blaming her all along.

Her father, who had been blaming her. HER father, who was someone that she loved dearly as much as her mother, who had turned evil and different after her death and blamed her. She felt so bad hearing it from her father, and of course, she did blame herself. But hearing him forgive her now, and telling her it isn’t her fault, she let everything go.

She couldn’t express how happy and relieved she was.
She could finally let it all go.

Aria reached for her father and hugged him tight as they both cried.

“I’m sorry, Dad.”

“No, I’m sorry.”

Her father was back.

Chapter End Notes

Wow, lots to take in, aye?

I’ve noticed now that this is SO ARIA CENTERED NOW BUT OKAY?

Like where is the Peter part; just wait, i’m sorry. Just need to clear Aria first and then, Peter and the fiesta comes along!

And Loki might pop around somewhere...

Yeah, that’s all I’ve got to say anyways. I hope you enjoyed it!
They sat down on the couches in the room that was around a table, waiting for Peter’s arrival.

When the door finally opened once again, a rolling hospital bed was slowly lulled into the room, with multiple nurses by his side.

The doctor came by eventually and looked over Aria’s father.

“Will I be able to recover my memory, doctor?” Her father asked.

“Unfortunately, your constant alcoholic consumption has lead to our conclusion that you have a very unlikely chance to recover your memory.” The doctor answered pensively. “If you didn’t know, daily or nearly daily consumptions of alcohol can lead to amnesia and other memory loss problems by itself, so I think you’re lucky that you only lost some months of memory.”

Aria’s father sighed, as Aria put a supporting hand on his shoulder.

“I think it’s best if you forget though,” Aria suggested.

“Yeah, I guess so.” Her father agreed.

Aria had left her father and gone outside of the hospital room, as her father was still a little under the
anesthesia side effects. A quick nap from him gave Aria sometime to go and explain to everyone else what was going to happen.

And maybe about the repercussions of her father’s actions.

“So, how is he?” Tony asked, with a sleeping Bruce leaning on his right shoulder. You can’t blame the guy; he had been woken up in the middle of the night and called quickly to the Med-Bay.

“He’s forgotten 6 months, but he’s back to himself,” Aria said, a somewhat solemn smile on her face.

“I’m sure things are only going to get better after this,” Tony said smiling back from his seat on the bench.

“I hope.” Aria agreed.

“Why did you come out?” Steve asked.

“Oh, he’s asleep taking a nap. Thought maybe I should update his status on you guys.” She said.

Steve nodded, signaling that he understood.

Then it got deadly quiet.

Aria sat next to the empty seat that was next to Tony, who had questioning eyes. He could tell she wanted to talk about something.

“Aria, is there something you want to tell me?” Tony asked nicely.

She had a look of hesitation, but Tony nodded for her to continue.

“Are you mad at my dad though, or like hate him.” She asked.

Tony processed her words for a few moments before he answered honestly.

“I… I don’t hate him, and I kind of understand him for being drunk and all that. Hearing about him from you, he sounds like a great father, and it was the alcohol and grief that got to him.” Tony explained. “I don’t forgive his choices in life, but I don’t hate him. I’m not going to blame him for what happened to Peter necessarily as Peter snuck out in the first place.”

Aria hugged him. God, she was so worried that Tony Stark was going to put her father in jail or sue him for hurting his son. Well, Peter wasn’t known to the public, so that wasn’t a possibility, but she was still worried Tony was going to not like him and blame her father.

She couldn’t live with that burden.

“Thank you, I was so worried.” She said, relieved.

“Don’t worry about it,” Tony reassured.

Breaking away from the hug, they heard the footsteps or someone coming down the hall.

It was a nurse.

“Mr. Stark, Peter’s surgery is being finished up and will be escorted to a hospital room shortly.
Please follow me.” The nurse said as everyone followed her, which ultimately ended up with Tony shaking Bruce awake who grudgingly followed.

They were led to a room not far from Aria’s father’s room, but it was much bigger, as it was, after all, Tony Stark’s son.

The nurses and doctors were told to not say a single thing about Peter Parker-Stark being Spider-man or the fact that Tony even had a son in the first place. Or else, they would be fired and all hell would be unleashed by Pepper, with her superpowers of suing and ruining their reputation/life.

They sat down on the couches in the room that was around a table, waiting for Peter’s arrival.

When the door finally opened once again, a rolling hospital bed was slowly lulled into the room, with multiple nurses by his side.

Tony and Steve immediately got to his side, watching everything close by as the nurses hooked him up with the machines that monitored his vitals.

Bruce had fallen asleep in the short wait time, and no one bothered to wake up the snoring man.

Aria was watching from afar, scared to approach the boy.

She was the reason, after all, why Peter got hurt.

But she forced her legs to move, and she moved where she stood across the bed from Tony and Steve on the other side, still watching like the worried adults they were.

It wasn’t long before the nurses left with doing their jobs, some eager to leave their midnight shift they were called to do, while others were somewhat annoyed that they had to stay just in case.

But they didn’t show it; they would probably be fired.

The doctor stayed behind, however, explaining the damage that Peter had experienced.

“Peter does not have as much damage like last time from the attack on the tower,” the doctor said, referring to the ‘Vulture 2’ attack not so long ago, “but nevertheless, he has a few broken ribs with his right arm fractured, judging that he used it as a shield possibly.”

“So, he’s okay,” Tony asked with worry etched all over his face.

“Yes, and with his ad-” The doctor put a hand over her face, realizing she almost exposed Peter’s secret identity in front of Aria and Steve.

“Don’t worry, they know,” Tony assured her, who let out a sigh of relief.

“With his advanced healing, he’ll be able to recover in about 4 days if I say so, but a week will be needed to ensure everything is fixed, and we need to monitor him anyways to make sure his bones don’t incorrectly match up.” The doctor confirmed as Tony pulled a chair to sit next to Peter’s bed, with Steve doing the same.

“Thank you, and I’m sorry for calling everybody up at this time of night,” Tony said, with genuine sincerity.

“Not at all,” she smiled back, “It’s an honor tending to your son, as you’ve done the same for my son during the attack on New York a few years ago. I think you’ve changed Stark Industries for the better, Mr. Stark.” She added on, telling Tony about a time he probably didn’t remember about, as
they were tons of other patients in the Med-Bay at the time of the New York Chituari attack, but she was still thankful he had been gracious enough to let people into the hospital; after that disaster, he had opened it to the public, regardless of the people never actually attending it anyways except for a few people during the day. “I’m proud to work here.”

“And I’m grateful for your service as well.” Tony smiled again as she left the room.

“You’ve got a few good people in here,” Steve said, happy that there were good people in the world.

“I pick only the best,” Tony joked, which lightened the mood a bit.

But Aria wasn’t having at it. She had also pulled a chair up next to Peter, and wasn’t even looking at the boy.

Tony had one hand on Peter’s rubbing it affectionally, and noticed Aria’s discomfort.

“Aria, I told you, that this is not your fault at all,” Tony assured her once again.

“I know,” Aria said as she looked up at him, “But I just can’t help myself feel guilty.”

“It’ll pass, believe me, but you just gotta tell yourself it really isn’t your fault, and it’ll be easier,” Tony suggested.

“But I ca-”

“It’s not your fault.”

“I me-”

“It’s not your fault,” Tony said again, not leaving room for debate. He was kind of being harsh, but it was for the greater good and the benefit of Aria’s mental health.

Aria just nodded as she wiped at her teary eyes once again. God, she was crying a lot today.

Steve sighed, looking at Peter’s pale face. He looked so calm and at peace, but somewhat eerily quiet as well. Peter was always talking and making things lively, so it was only natural for Steve to think it was way too quiet in the room that was occupied by Peter.

“Just like his father, doing things they aren’t supposed to do,” Steve said as he chuckled.

“It runs in the family,” Tony said matter of factly, “And plus, you can’t stop the boy from doing what he wants. That would be trying to make him dumb when he’s obviously smart.”

“Yeah, it’s not fair to take away something that someone has,” Aria agreed, knowing what it feels like to be put down for her ideas by her mother when she suggested that she wanted to become an artist.

“Life isn’t fair at all in general,” Tony added.

“Life’s a bitch,” Aria said smiling.

“Language!” Steve scolded.
If you liked it, great! If you didn’t, please tell me how to fix it!

So there’s that, nothing really happens in this, but I assure you, next chapter will be filled with lots of things!

Can’t spoil it; let your imagination run wild!

That’s all I gotta say!

Thanks for the kudos and comments and everything as always! Bye!
Confusion and lies

Chapter Summary

“Oh my, did we do all that last night?” Valkyrie said as her memory also came back.

“Let’s just forget about it. Forever.” Natasha said.

“Agreed.”

Chapter Notes

Ayeeeee I managed to get a chapter out ealry (a day ealry according to my “schedule”[I don’t even stick to me schedule half the time])!

Like I said about my dumb New Years Resolution, im going to try and get chapters out faster, as explained last chapter that my story is moving way too slowly, etc.

So yeah, enjoy I guess!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Natasha woke up with the worst hangover. Ever.

Her head was throbbing like a mixer, going round and round again and again.

She put both her hands in a lousy attempt to try and stop it, but failed as she was way too weak to be doing anything at the moment.

She put an angry fistful of hair into her hands, letting out a growl as she got angrier and angrier from a migraine that was truly going to kill her.

Her hair flew back onto her face and some pricked her eyes, making it twitch; a short painful experience that blew her limits right off.

She tugged at her hair angrily as she rubbed at her eye, throwing a hard fist down next to her in bed.

And then she hit something hard and heard a painful groan next to her.

She sat up, her adrenaline running from getting surprised that she was actually able to sit up in bed.

Oh. It was just Valkyrie. Suddenly, a bunch of fragments of last night rushed into her brain, the memories making her have a larger headache than before.

She was so done with this.

“Ouch, what was that for?” Valkyrie asked in a breathless tone, obviously still in pain, clutching her stomach.
“Sorry, I was just letting my anger out,” Natasha answered annoyedly.

“On me?”

“No, I wa- okay nevermind. I’m sorry.” Natasha said, not in the mood to explain things. It truly was a terrible start to the morning.

“Whatever,” Valkyrie said as she rubbed her eyes and stood up, which showed that she was wearing a yellow rose dress. What did they even do at night?

A few more memories painfully came back into her head, remembering calling Steve a “fuckboy” and embarrassingly going up to his door and trying to make him wear a dress himself, her wearing a flashy and slutty scarlet glittery dress.

Oh god, what has she done? After that, Steve truly doesn’t have any respect for her or at least isn’t scared of her anymore.

She thought she was doing well intimidating him after he showed the clip of him beating Tony up.

She was supposed to be angry at him, but drunk Natasha had other thoughts apparently.

“Oh my, did we do all that last night?” Valkyrie said as her memory also came back.

“Let’s just forget about it. Forever.” Natasha said.

“Agreed.”

They left their room in their dresses, not giving a fuck cause honestly just live life, okay? And plus, they were too lazy to change anyways.

They wandered into the kitchen, stepping in to see Wanda and Clint enjoying cereal.

They had dark bags under their eyes, looking tired as ever.

Clint first noticed the pair walk in, his spoon dropping onto the counter seeing them, which notified Wanda that someone was here.

She looked back from her spot and had angry eyes at Natasha.

“Care to enlighten us on what the screaming and signing was all about last night! I kept waking up, thinking that you’ll stop eventually but it didn’t stop until after midnight!” Wanda said angrily, not even caring for a friendly gesture towards Valkyrie who had just recently joined them at the tower.

“Yeah, I couldn’t get at least an hour of shut-eye before you guys decided to stop for the night,” Clint added on, but a little more polite at the sight of Valkyrie.

Clint then recognized the odor that reeked off Valkyrie and Natasha.

“I can smell that vodka and alcohol from over here!” Clint complained.

“Sorry, we were having more fun than you losers who care more about getting their beauty sleep,” Valkyrie said as if she had been friends with them forever.

She got a high five and a “bitch yes” from Natasha as they also sat down and helped themselves to
the food that had been generously cooked by Clint in the morning. It was simple; eggs, bacon, sausages, and hashbrowns.

Clint, although agreeing with Wanda that Valkyrie was somewhat harsh, liked that Valkyrie was going to stick around.

He hasn’t seen Natasha this playful since a few weeks back when the had known that Peter was their nephew, where she would occasionally joke around and try and make everything fun for Peter.

But after the fighting and arguments, Natasha retreated back to her hard shell and was often not seen doing anything with Peter, reading in her room alone or sleeping her problems away.

But Valkyrie brought back the fiery and spunky personality that everyone liked about her, and Clint was just okay with that.

Wanda was glad as well. She really did like Natasha, who was the only girl who had been with her, besides Pepper, but Pepper wasn’t around the majority of the time.

Even if she was, Wanda felt as if she and Pepper weren’t even close to each other, so she only really had Natasha to look up to as a role model.

Well, after Natasha asked her to read Tony’s mind during the whole “Tony’s son” fiesta, she lost her admiration in her.

How could she not know that about Wanda when they were practically family? It was like figuring out your own hero was a fake. Like figuring out that your “friends” weren’t your friends and were using you. Like when Ultron used Pietro and her to try and take over the world.

She thought Natasha was close to her, almost like a caring mother.

Guess she was wrong.

“Where’s Thor, Bucky, and Sam?” Natasha asked.

“They’re all training, or FRIDAY says so,” Clint answered.

“How about Tony and Peter?” Natasha asked.

“I don’t know. They might still be sleeping, so we just let them be.” Wanda said.

“Yeah, those two never get a good night's rest half the time,” Clint added.

Weird. She vaguely remembers Tony saying that Peter was spending the night at a friend’s place, and thought she was the only one who forgot about it cause she was too drunk.

“Did you forget that Peter is at a friends house, and slept over?” Natasha reminded them.

“Friend’s house? I don’t think Tony or Peter said anything about that.” Wanda said.

“Yeah, I remember Peter telling me goodnight after talking for some time, and Tony would’ve definitely said something about it or at least said goodbye or have fun,” Clint said. “Are you sure he said that? Maybe you guys are still a little drunk.”

Natasha threw her a piece of bacon at him.

“Rude,” Natasha said. “And yes, I’m pretty sure he said that.”
“Yeah, I heard it too.” Valkyrie backed Natasha up.

“How about we let FRIDAY handle this, okay?” Wanda proposed. “FRIDAY, where is Peter right now.” She asked.

“Peter is currently in the tower as we speak,” FRIDAY answered.

“Ha! So you guys were just hallucinating!” Clint laughed as Valkyrie scratched at her head in confusion, thinking maybe she and Natasha were really hearing things.

But Natasha was sure she heard those words. Something was up.

“FRIDAY, is Peter still asleep,” Natasha asked.

“Yes, he is still asleep.”

“In his bedroom?”

FRIDAY didn’t answer.

“FRIDAY?”

Still no answer.

Everyone looked at each other in confusion. Something definitely was up.

And then another piece of memory stuck Natasha, the last bit she was missing to solve this whole confusion.

“Iron Man!” Natasha yelled as Tony’s words hit her.

“Iron Man? Like Tony Iron Man?” Clint asked.

“Tony said he had some Iron Man business to do,” Natasha said, now perfectly recalling the moment they barged into Peter’s room.

“And you didn’t question him why?” Wanda said, realizing that something bad was going to happen. She could feel it in her guts.

“I was drunk, okay?” Natasha continued. “But that’s when I asked where Peter was, and he said he was over at a friend’s house, and I believed him. And we left. But seeing—”

“That we didn’t know that Peter was going over to a friend’s house—” Clint added.

“That we didn’t know that Peter was going over to a friend’s house—” Clint added.

“It was a lie.” Wanda finished up.

“What the fuck are you guys saying?” Valkyrie said, still confused.

“Peter’s in trouble!” The 3 others said in unison.

“Oh…” Valkyrie lied, still not understanding what they had said.

“FRIDAY, has Tony returned after his Iron Man business?” Natasha questioned.

“Yes, he has returned and is also in the tower.” She replied.

“Where!?” Clint asked, impatiently.
Silence.

“FRIDAY, this is important! We must know what is going on! Peter might be in danger, or something might be happening that we might need to know about!” Wanda yelled.

“Boss is in the Med-Bay.” FRIDAY finally answered, somewhat tired of their yelling, but also knowing it was the only thing she could do.

She could only ignore them so much.

That’s all she had to say before Clint, Natasha, and Wanda were rushing down to the Med-Bay, with Valkyrie still confused at what the hell was going on.

Chapter End Notes

If you enjoy this story, great! If you don’t, please tell me how to fix it!

So, here it starts! All the drama is going to unravel from here!

I don’t really have anything to say, except thanks for all the support and comments as usual!

Bye!
Tony’s never seen him so vulnerable.
And then he heard a faint, hoarse whisper beside him.
“Dad?”

Yay, I got another chapter out! We’re moving fast boys!
I don’t really have anything to say other than that, so enjoy!

Tony had woken up.
His back was sore and creaking in complaint, as he had been sleeping on the chair, putting his head on Peter’s bed, which was very uncomfortable. But staying up most of the night made him extremely tired, which eventually made him fall into the thing he dreaded most; sleep.

He had to make sure Peter was fine every second, but he couldn’t quite keep his eyes open.

He looked across the bed, his mind first thinking of Peter, and then Aria. But Aria wasn’t seen anywhere. Maybe she was at her dad’s side currently.

But he forgot about it quickly when he turned to his left, when he saw Steve.

He was smiling at him.

“Good morning.” Steve greeted.

“Good morning,” Tony replied.

“Did you sleep well?”

“Well, my back is killing me, “Tony said as he stretched, “ but it’s something I deal with once in a while so I’m fine. How ‘bout you?”

“Couldn’t sleep.”

Tony knew Steve was lying; he didn’t sleep cause he wanted to keep an eye on Peter, not because he couldn’t sleep.

“Thanks for watching over him.” Tony getting straight to the point. “I tried to stay up myself but I guess I fell asleep at some point.”
Steve only smiled at Tony. A thank you out of Tony was something you must cherish, as he didn’t give those out as much.

“Really, I couldn’t sleep. I closed my eyes, but then I opened them again to make sure Peter was breathing.” Steve moved his hand and put it on top of Peter’s chest, which was rising and falling slowly, imitating what he had done several times throughout the night.

“Are you okay though, after staying up the whole night?”

“It was only a few hours,” Steve said pointing to the clock that displayed “9:39” on the drawer next to Peter’s bed. “Plus, you know that I don’t need as much sleep like a normal human.

“I know, that’s why I’m so jealous of you.” Tony joked, which got a chuckle out of Steve. “But seriously, are you okay? Just because you are able to stay up doesn’t mean that it’s healthy and all.”

“Believe me, I stay up somedays and you guys don’t even notice.”

“What? You don’t even sleep some nights?” Tony sounded very concerned.

Steve looked like he had just let out a secret. He slid a hand down his face.

“Did I really just say that out loud?” Steve asked.

“Yeah, you did. You must be really tired if you can’t tell if you’re talking or not.” Tony said, before getting concerned again. “And why don’t you sleep some nights?” Tony asked again.

“It’s not like I’m staying up cause I want to…”

“You actually can’t sleep?”

Steve sighed.

“You know Tony, I lay down in bed, and I close my eyes and I get all comfy in your fancy bed and pillow that you provide the team with, which I am very grateful for by the way. And sometimes I pull out a book and read, or just decide to sleep. But then…”

Steve hesitated, his mouth moving to talk, and then stopping.

“Go on,” Tony asked, soothingly in a voice that Steve rarely heard.

“I sleep, and for an hour or two, I’m fine, but sometimes, I get nightmares,” Steve said.

Oh. Of course, he had nightmares. That was one thing that came with being a superhero, and it was unfortunate that Peter experiences some himself. But for Peter, they pass and go, and it was the same for Tony. Yes, sometimes they would retrigger again because he had experienced something that day that was close to what his nightmares were about, but other than that, nightmares wouldn’t constantly pop up and prevent sleep.

But it looked as if Steve had been dealing with this constantly. Who knows how long he’s been having nightmares, with all the tragic things he’s gone throughout his life.

Tony didn’t want to push too far, afraid that Steve might not want to open up to him. But Tony wanted to help, cause Steve’s been there for him and he finally wants to feel like he’s doing something for Steve.

And not helping like giving him a roof to live under, and some food, but he wants to help him
personally in a way someone else can’t.

“What are they about?” Tony asked.

Steve just looked at him with pleading eyes, not wanting to talk about it.

“Steve, I know things about nightmares than you probably do, and I’ve helped Peter deal with them. If you talk about them, it usually goes away.” Tony explained. “If you don’t they stay for a long time.”

Steve looked down at his knees, avoiding eye contact now.

Tony’s never seen him so vulnerable.

And then he heard a faint, hoarse whisper beside him.

“Dad?”

He moved closer to Peter, who was flickering his eyes.

“Peter? I’m right here, don’t worry.” Tony assured him, tightening his grip onto his son’s hand.

“Uncle Steve is here too, you’ll be fine,” Steve said as well.

Peter looked at Tony, and then Steve, and then he looked around his surroundings.

“Hospital?” Peter asked.

Tony suddenly burst forward and hugged him, getting a pained grunt from Peter.

“Don’t ever sneak out again, okay? If you just want to go out, just tell me.” Tony said, his voice shaky. “Gosh, I was so scared when I saw your window open. I thought of the worst, and looks like the worse did happen.”

“Dad, I didn’t die,” Peer said, as Tony tightened his grip more, his voice hiking up faster after Peter said that.

Peter shouldn’t have said that.

“Ouch, Dad, don’t hug me so hard, I didn’t mean it like that,” Peter said as Tony finally let go.

“Sorry, are you hurting anywhere?”

“Well, my ribs kind of hurt right now cause you basically crushed the-

“Steve, get a nurse in here now!” Tony yelled, worried sick to the bone that Peter was in the slightest of pain.

“Okay, but calm down first Tony,” Steve said as he pressed on the button on the wall that called the nurse to their room.

“Dad, I’m fine. You don’t need to freak out.” Peter said as a few things hit his head. “Is Aria fine?”
“Of course, worried for others than yourself first,” Steve said fondly as Tony took in deep breathes to calm himself down.

“She’s fine, and so is her father,” Tony said, having calmed down now, for the sake of Peter (and for his own health).

“But her father is bad,” Peter said.

Steve and Tony both sighed, both too tired to explain.

“Some things are just too hard to explain Peter, but he’s back to his old self, and I think Aria and him are going to start anew,” Tony said simply, which Peter nodded to.

“Okay, I’ll believe whatever you just said.”

Peter smiled innocently at him, as Tony looked at him with a fatherly face, his eyes glistening with happiness.

The nurse then stepped in shortly after, coming in to check in with Peter.

“Looks as if everything is fine, but we’ll have a doctor scan you sometime later to make sure your bones are healing correctly, as you have enhanced healing, and we have to keep a close watch as you heal way faster than humans, who exhibit abnormalities more obviously than people who heal faster.” The nurse explained.

Peter nodded, having a question to ask of his own.

“Is the girl named Aria okay? And is her father okay as well?” He asked impatiently, his mind still at unease for the both of them.

“Yes, the girl is fine, and her father is recovering currently. It was brave of you to save that girl though, and I think you’ll be a great superhero one day.” The nurse complimented, as Peter beamed.

“Yeah, he’s going to be better than Captain America!” Tony cheered.

Everyone laughed as the nurse left in laughter as well.

And then Peter realized. They were talking about his secret identity. In front of Steve!

His eyes widened, silently gasping.

“What’s wrong Peter?” Tony asked in concern once again.

“We’re talking… about S-Spider-man in front of S-Steve. And the nurse.”

Tony only smiled as Steve signaled that he would explain.

“Peter, I know about it. I found out only a few hours ago, but I’m fine of it. Like I told Tony, I’m not surprised you’re a superhero, considering your moral values and kindness. And I do think you’ll be better than Captain America.” Steve said as Peter beamed, happy that his superhero identity was accepted by Steve, and even got a compliment from him.

“Oh, and sorry beating you up at the airport during the fight. No hard feelings.” Steve said, smiling.

“You did not beat me up!” Peter fought back, “I think I was handling myself very well. I somewhat beat up Bucky and Sam at the same time!”
“You what!” Tony yelled, not knowing of this at all.

“Wait, do they know?” Peter said, suddenly back to a serious mood.

“Know what?”

“Does the team know that I’m Spider-man?”

And then a knock was heard on the door, and Natasha’s voice rang loudly through it.

“Peter, you in there?”

Chapter End Notes

UwU poor Steve! I imagine the other Avengers also deal with nightmares, but I think Steve would have most troubles cause he wouldn’t talk to anyone about them, as he would think he is the leader and has to be strong and all that.

Like at least Nat has Clint, Sam has Bucky Vice Versa, and Wanda has Clint. I guess Steve has Bucky, and Bucky would have Steve, but I still think he wouldn’t talk about it.

Gosh I ranted there lmao! Thanks for the comments and support, I really appreciate it!

Goodbye!
Coming completely clean

Chapter Summary

“Peter? Are you okay? You’re shaking pretty bad.” Clint said.

Peter wasn’t okay. No, he was terrible.

Chapter Notes

Andddddd i’m here with a 3 day update, instead of the 2 day update I have been trying to do ;-;

I almost had a streak, but I guess two in a row is somewhat good.

I’ll try harder this time, I was just really tired and i’m really looking forward to MLK Day, as I can rest and catch up on things.

In other words, i’m going to keep this story updated as quick as possible, and I hope you enjoy this mess that I call a story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The door opened without another knock or question.

Natasha, Clint, and Wanda flooded through the door, quickly glancing around Steve and Tony, and then landing their eyes on Peter, who had a surprised expression in the sudden disturbance.

“Peter!” The 3 yelled in unison as they rushed to his bedside, pushing past Tony and Steve.

“Are you okay?”

“What happened?”

“Are you hurt anywhere?”

“Why are you in the Med-Bay?”

“Oh my god, I th-”

Peter was bombarded with questions.

“Guys I’m fine,” Peter cut off his worried family members’ questions as they picked here and there
around Peter, making sure he really was okay.

Clint poked at his side, and Peter hissed in pain, flinching away.

“You’re not fine! You’re hurt!” Clint said.

“Let us see,” Natasha said as she pulled his shirt up.

The 3 gasped.

“Peter! Your skin looks like a purple grape!” Wanda said in shock at his bruised skin that had taken most of the beating from Aria’s father.

“Hey, back off from the kid! He just woke up, okay? If you’re going to just overwhelm him, I going to make you leave!” Tony yelled over them, as his frustration had quickly elevated the moment they had touched his side and made Peter feel pain. The 3 back off, remembering the fact that Tony and Steve were also in the room.

They looked like kicked puppies, silently apologizing for overwhelming Peter.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt you.” Clint apologized.

“It’s okay, you guys are just worried about me,” Peter said.

“I’m going to kill the person who did this to you… I’m going to shoo-”

“Nat, not around the kid,” Steve warned. “And you’re not going to do anything to Mr.Kim.”

“Mr.Kim? Is that the guy who did this to Peter!?” Natasha said, curling her hands into fists at her sides.

“Please don’t do anything to him.” Peter begged, in a tone that almost everyone fell for. “Please, he’s not as bad as you think.”

Natasha huffed some air out.

“Natasha, you better not. That’s an order.” Steve said.

“Fine, but only because Peter said so, and not because it’s an order. If you haven’t forgotten, I don’t take orders from people like you.” Natasha growled, still angry at Steve for the clip she witnessed of him beating Tony up.

Steve visually shrank in his chair, beating himself up in the inside for saying such a thing. “That’s an order”? He’s so dumb.

“What happened?” Wanda finally asked. “How did this… Mr.Kim guy beat you up so badly?”

Peter looked at Tony for help; whether to reveal his secret identity or make up some random crap.

Tony looked back at him with a confused expression as well.

“Only if you want to,” Tony said, reading Peter’s mind perfectly.

“Only if you want to? What the hell is going on here? I don’t like this vague secret language you’re
speaking here.” Clint said.

Tony was unmoved, fully supportive of Peter’s choice, not responding to Clint.

He held his son’s hand in his and nodded.

He should tell them, he thought. That way, he could get it out of the way, and the sooner, the better.

Steve had found out about it and was perfectly fine. He said he understood.

And plus, Peter was the one who became Spider-Man in the first place, so the others really had no room for argument if they disagreed with his motives of going out to Queens and tagging along in some Avenger’s business once in a while.

His father was fine with it as well, even when his hesitation lingered around him.

It was now or never, he thought.

Bottling things in never ended well for Peter in the long run anyways.

“I… don’t freak out,” Peter told the 3, who were listening intently, wanting to know who or what had happened.

“Okay, just tell us already.” Wanda said impatiently.

Peter tried to work up his courage to say it, but he couldn’t.

And before he knew it, Peter was practically shaking. He was nervous. What if they did get mad that he and his father were keeping yet, another secret. After all, they had decided that they would come clean after the big reveal about him being a Stark.

But they still turned their backs and kept the fact that he was Spider-Man. And if he had to pay a price, whether they leave or get angry at his father and him, it was a price he was willing to pay. Nothing he ever loves stays forever anyways. Life was way too good right now for the reputation of his Parker luck.

“Peter? Are you okay? You’re shaking pretty bad.” Clint said.

Peter wasn’t okay. No, he was terrible.

His breathing patterns quickened, his chest heaving.

His eyes pricked, feeling a gripping force in his throat.

He had the most terrifying sense of anxiety. And it wasn’t the “I didn’t study so I’m going to fail this next AP History course test” feel.

It was an “I’m going to lose all my loved ones” anxiety that kept shaking his body more and more.

He looked at Tony, and his mouth began to move by itself.

“W-what if t-they don’t like me anymore? W-what i-if they leave u-us and we lose t-them forever?” Peter said, to his father, whose face was in horror at the fact that trying to come clean was giving his son a panic attack.

“Dad, I don’t want them to leave,” Peter said in a cracked voice that made tears fall from Tony as
Peter nodded, calming down already.

It took a few minutes before he calmed down. And by then Peter had put his head on Tony’s chest in a hug, wanting the reassurance of his father’s heartbeat. He felt so safe.

Even if a part of his family left him, he would still have his father. He would always have his father.

Natasha, Clint, and Wanda stood still, awkwardly staring at the scenario.

They felt guilty. They were the ones responsible for making Peter like this and freak out. They had pressured him and overwhelmed with questions that Peter obviously was having a hard time answering.

There was something Peter was afraid to tell them. And Peter felt as if they were going to leave him because of it.

“Dad, I don’t want them to leave.” Peter had said. It made all 3 of their hearts’ break in half.

Wanda was tearing up, and Clint was running a hand through his hair, being the most guilty as he was a father as well, and he should’ve known better.

Natasha just stared at the ground.

“You okay?” Tony whispered to Peter.

“Yeah,” Peter whispered back.

“If you want to do this some oth-”

“No. I want to tell them now.” Peter said, almost in a pleading voice. He couldn’t hold it in anymore.

“Okay.” Tony nodded, breaking away from the hug, but still holding Peter’s hand for support.

Peter looked at Steve, who had been right next to the father-son pair. He was smiling at Peter, which made Peter smile as well.

Well, make that two people he would have when everyone else left.

Actually, make it a whole handful. He had Pepper, Rhodey, Ned, MJ, his father, and even Happy, who never admitted it, but still cared for Peter.

Natasha, Clint, and Wanda fixed their depressing composure and got in a straight line.

“Peter, whatever you say, we’ll never leave you. Ever. It’s a vow I took the moment I got to know you.” Natasha admitted. “I said I would protect you no matter the cost.”

“Same for me. I told you I’ll always be on your side.” Clint added.
And Wanda took it to the next level, telepathically telling Peter that, she too, was always going to be there for him.

“Okay, then…” Peter still hesitated.

But the 3 were smiling at him, and Tony’s grip got stronger.

“I’m Spider-Man,” Peter said confidently, closing his eyes as he said it, not wanting to see their reaction.

It was eerily silent, and it only made Peter want to shut his eyes even more, and he turned around.

He turned around and opened his eyes to see his father with a proud expression.

His father mouthed “good job” to him, and Peter couldn’t have felt better than ever for the situation he was in.

He hugged Tony again, but this time in happiness. He was done with it. It didn’t matter if the 3 were furious at him.

He was fine.

Chapter End Notes

so, the beans of been spilled. He’s come clean with everyone...

Also I haven’t really talked about it but the FFH trailer was... woah. (How long ago was it, like 4 days ago?)

Like Peter and MJ ship... I could see it happening...

And mysterio and Fury and argh! Too much things I can’t compute!

Anyways, back to my FIC ALTHOUGH I DO WANT TO RANT ABOUT THE A4 AND FFH TRAILER.

I feel bad leaving you guys on this unbearable cliffhanger, but it was the most flowing ending I could’ve done without making it seem weird.

So next chapter, you will get the REACTIONS THAT WEVE BEEN ALL WAITING FOR!

Thanks for the comments and support :) always appreciated!

Baiii
The big reveal

Chapter Summary

She had put aside the past of Steve’s mistakes on behalf of Peter’s wishes to forget about it, and Clint was also generous enough to forgive him as well.

He just somewhat wishes that Natasha was also like that.

Chapter Notes

Sooooo, I'm like 4 days late... what is wrong with me I MADE A NEW YEARS RESOLUTION AND I BROKE IT ALREADY SMH

i got really busy, so I missed a few days of thinking and writing, as I state often I have a limited time and just sit down whenever I have a few hours, not one hour or some minutes as I lose my train of thought of where I was going with the story if I just work on it from spot to spot once in a while, so I try to think one day, write notes and then write it out.

I know, excuses, excuses I'm pathetic, but believe me! I'm going to try and make sure this doesn't HAPPEN AGAIN (can't promise, but going to try my best!)

ANYways, enjoy this much anticipated chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You’re… Spider-Man?” Wanda said in shock.

“You’re Spider-Man.” Said Clint, in a calm tone, unlike Wanda.

Peter turned around and faced them, breaking away from the hug with his father.

“I’m so sorry I didn’t tell you guys sooner. I just, didn’t think telling you guys would be good cause you know, you guys kind of beat me up at the airport and you would get mad and yourself or at me or Dad, and I wanted to avoid that and I know hiding things only make things worse. But, I just wanted to make sure that no one gets hurt from anythin-”

“Peter, it’s okay. We don’t blame you for hiding your super-hero identity.” Clint finally spoke up, smiling at him.

He walked closer and squatted down to Peter’s face.

“I’d say I’m pretty proud that my nephew is the one who goes around Queens and saves the innocent,” Clint said, which made Peter smile even more.

But he also found tears falling from his face as well.
Relief was the second feeling he felt besides happiness.

“Thank you!” Peter said as he hugged him.

“No need to thank me for accepting who you are,” Clint reassured. “But I’m going to have to talk to your father about it. Cause I want to know everything about your suit, and your powers to make sure you’re safe out there.”

“Okay, that’s fair.” Peter agreed, wanting to make sure Clint was fine with it.

Clint backed off and let the other 2 of the 3 speak.

“Peter, I’m not mad or angry either. You’re Spider-Man, and I’m not surprised. And plus, I can have you to watch my back in the field right? Cause I definitely don’t trust anyone else.” Wanda commented happily as Clint had an exaggerated hurt expression at the comment. Wanda was excited that her one close friend is able to now join her in fights, regardless of the danger.

Peter then stared patiently at Natasha, waiting for her reaction. He still had a smile on his face.

“Peter, thank you for telling us. I just… need a breather.” Natasha said as she walked away calmly. “And Tony, I want to have a word with you.” She said in a light tone, walking out of the room. Peter’s smile died instantly, thinking maybe she was angry or mad that once again, he and his father were keeping another secret.

He looked at his father, and looked around frantically at the others, before landing his eyes again on his father.

“D-dad, did I do something wrong? Is she angry? What’s wrong?” Da-”

“Peter, I’ll go talk to her. I’m sure it’s nothing, and she’s just shocked.” Tony interrupted Peter’s ranting, worried that he might get unhealthy thoughts in his mind.

“O-okay.” Peter said quietly as Steve got closer, and put a hand on Peter’s shoulder. He rubbed circles on it, calming down Peter instantly, who clung to Steve in a hug.

Steve hugged back, happy that Peter chose to cling to him, besides his father in times of trouble.

It was a sign of trust; the act showed how much Peter trusted him, after what he had witnessed him do to his father.

Tony walked out of the room as Steve comforted Peter once again, as Clint walked out as well, probably to see what Natasha had to say.

“It’s okay Peter, I’m sure Natasha isn’t mad at you or Tony, so you have nothing to worry about,” Steve reassured once again.

Wanda sat down on a chair next to the bed, as she huffed an angry breathe out.

She used her mind once again to communicate, but this time to Steve in secret; away from Peter.

“Why did Natasha have to ruin the mood? Peter just woke up and told us a big secret he obviously was scared to tell us, and Natasha’s reaction is making him feel like he’s not accepted by us when he clearly is!” Wanda angrily yelled inside Steve’s head, like a little girl complaining to her uncle or close relative.

Steve was also glad that Wanda had decided to talk to him about her anger, as Clint had left the
She had put aside the past of Steve’s mistakes on behalf of Peter’s wishes to forgot about it, and Clint was also generous enough to forgive him as well.

He just somewhat wishes that Natasha was also like that.

But that’s much too selfish of him.

Wanda’s ability had connected Steve’s thoughts, and he talked back to her as he hugged Peter at the same time.

“Natasha’s having a very hard time dealing with her feelings right now, with the whole video mess going on, so I hope you understand.” Steve talked calmly to her in both their heads, as she visibly calmed down and got a guilty look on her face.

“I guess you’re right. But that doesn’t mean she should vent her feelings of distrust towards Peter as well. Peter’s innocent!” Wanda argued once again.

“I agree, but please, let’s just wait to see what she has to say first, and then we can decide if enough is enough,” Steve said once again.

“Fine,” Wanda said as she finally cut the telepathic path between their minds.

It got silent until there was a loud growl from someone.

Peter’s stomach.

Everyone laughed as Peter’s face lit up red in embarrassment, but also laughing at himself.

“Sounds like someone’s hungry,” Steve commented, still chuckling.

“Yeah, I guess laying unconscious for the night and waking up makes me hungry… and my enhanced metabolism also keeps my stomach grumbling too.” Peter admitted as the cat was out of the bag now.

“Oh yeah, you have powers!” Wanda said excitedly. “Let’s discuss them over breakfast, as I don’t think Steve ate either.”

“Yeah, I haven’t. And I also have an enhanced metabolism.” Steve related to Peter. And then he caught back up to speed, “Oh, so that’s why you ate so much! I was wondering how such a small boy was able to eat as much as Bucky and me!”

“I’m not small!” Peter argued back with a frown.

“No, you’re not. I’d say you’re quite mature and a big boy.” Steve teased.

“Hey! That itself just makes it seem like I’m a little kid!” Peter laughed back as he punched Steve lightly as Wanda laughed across them.

Steve was glad he was able to quickly turn the sour mood into something sweet, on behalf of Peter.

The boy deserved some happiness in his life right now; a distraction from the thoughts that he seemed to spiral down towards the abyss that Peter had seemed often to do, or so it seemed according to his behavior recently.
Tony and Clint followed Natasha outside and followed her until she stopped somewhat far away from Peter’s medical room.

She turned around rather quickly as Tony and Clint stared at her curiously.

“Clint, I didn’t tell you to come,” Natasha said, annoyed that Clint tailed along.

“Nat, that was so not cool,” Clint said, which got a stifled laugh from Tony. “What?” Clint questioned Tony’s laughter.

“Only you would say that was ‘so not cool’,” Tony said as he kept laughing.

Natasha stomped her foot down onto the floor, bringing both of the men’s attention towards her again.

“You think I’m in the mood for joking around right now?” Natasha said, annoyed once again at the loose nature Tony had currently.

“Nat, calm down. What are you so riled up about? You made Peter sad again, you realize that?” Clint said, trying to guilt trip her into calming down. It seemed the only way.

“I know, and I’m very sorry for that, but Tony, are you in your right mind?! Where is your common sense; where is the sensible, smart man I know!” Natasha yelled, now evident why she chose to discuss matters far away from the others.

“What do you mean?” Tony said, confused on what her motive was currently.

Natasha inhaled a deep breath, letting out a shaky one after.

Oh god, both men thought. She’s really angry.

“You’re letting your son… I’m sorry, our nephew and your son to go out and patrol the dangerous streets of New York in some spandex suit! And you’re supporting it as well?” Natasha argued, which made Tony almost roll his eyes. Of course, she was going to argue about this.

“Nat, there’s nothing to worry about. I’m always constantly upgrading his suit so he’s the safest out there, Clint saw me working on it sometimes. Right Clint?” Tony said, asking Clint.

Clint nodded.

“And plus, I can’t control the boy. He got the powers and I happened to pass by him.”

“And make him fight with us at the airport.” Natasha reminded him.

“Okay, I admit, I regret making that decision. It was very irresponsible and reckless of me to do that to such a young kid, especially a kid like Peter. But we all did something crazy back then.” Tony fought back, which Natasha quieted at. “I would’ve stopped him as well, and yes, I am his father now so I am way more concerned than I used to be. But I know better than to lock up and prevent a kid from doing what they want to do… preventing them from using something they possess. And I can’t stop Peter; that boy has a much more innocent moral compass than Steve for crying out loud.” Tony said as he tried to convince Natasha that Peter was okay, and it was okay to let him go out.

It wasn’t perfectly fine, but it was okay.
Natasha simmered down, realizing how much of a fool she was for scaring Peter by just walking out without saying much, dragging his father out to talk to him.

She’s such an idiot.

“Nat, it’s okay,” Clint said, already knowing Natasha too well to know that she was beating herself up for the mistake. “Everyone makes mistakes.”

“I’m going to go back, and apologize,” Natasha said.

“Okay,” Tony said, smiling that she was fine and it really was nothing; just needed some clarifications.

Chapter End Notes

Did you like it? If you did, great! If you didn't please tell me how to fix it!

So, it's getting quite hot in here... but also REALLY FLUFFY LIKE OH I LIKE WHERE THIS IS GOING!

I mean, we've only seen Wanda, Clint, Natasha, and Steve's reaction, but we haven't seen the others so... yeah.

Complicated.

Anyways, I don't have anything else to say.

As always, I love your comments and support, and I appreciate everyone who drops one; don't worry, I care about everyone else who gives kudos and bookmarks this! And any readers who just stop by!

Thank you for reading, and bye!
Chapter Summary

She inhaled a shaky breath in, and Steve replied with an almost silent “okay” as Natasha walked out of the room.

She walked and walked, not even caring where she was headed.

Chapter Notes

So guess what? I’m late again wow I really like need to step up my game i’m sorry i’m just like kind of busy and I have things barging into my schedule for writing.

Like I state a lot, I don’t have designated time to write, and write when I have time in hours and not just minutes (I feel like i’m repeating info oh no); I think I said this last chapter but yeah.

I’m basically writing in free time that comes in hours.

So I’ve been quite busy, but I got a good chapter out today and hopefully I can post another quicker.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Natasha stepped back inside the hospital room with Tony and Clint trailing behind her, and she was in a much more happier mood.

Steve, Peter, and Wanda were having a laugh as they walked in, and Natasha decided to ask; to lighten the mood she was set at before she left with a huff.

“What are you guys laughing about?” Natasha asked, friendly as ever.

“Oh, nothing.” Peter said as he smiled at her, having forgotten about Natasha being “mad”.

Phew. She was off the hook for now.

“Yeah, but Peter’s says he’s hungry, so we should get him something to eat,” Steve informed Tony, who had nodded.

“Okay, I’ll get a nurse over here and she’ll bring some food over,” Tony answered.


“Peter,” Tony said as he sighed, almost giving in to the boy’s request, “Stark Tower has some of the best chefs in the world. I’m sure we can get some food from the cafeteria instead, is that okay?”
“Oh, that sounds fine too,” Peter said.

“What kind of food do you want?” Steve asked.

“Anything is fine really. I’m not that picky,” Peter boasted proudly.

“Okay, whatever you say,” Steve said as he got up. “I’ll go get the food.”

Natasha then stopped Steve as he turned around towards the door, holding a hand up.

“It’s okay, I’ll get the food. And I’ll get some for you and Tony as well.” Natasha insisted, a bright smile on her face. “Clint, Wanda, and I already ate so just rest for now.”

“No, it’s okay Natasha,” Steve pressed on, “I’m really okay with getting it. You can just stay here and keep Peter company.”

“No, no. Really, I’ll go get it.” Natasha said, now overly annoyed at Steve just not letting her go and get it for Peter so she can make it up to him. Why won’t Steve just let her go?!

She didn’t show her annoyance though, and she was still somewhat smiling.

“Nat, really. I’ll just go.” Steve said as he pushed past her politely, and then she snapped.

“Just let me get the goddamn food!” Natasha yelled, the whole room getting extremely quiet after.

She inhaled a shaky breath in, and Steve replied with an almost silent “okay” as Natasha walked out of the room.

She walked and walked, not even caring where she was headed.

But fortunately, she faced an elevator at some point, and she rode it to the cafeteria.

“FRIDAY, cafeteria please.” She asked.

“Of course, Ms. Romanoff.” FRIDAY answered politely as if she was somewhat scared of Natasha at the moment.

Did FRIDAY listen in on the yelling as well? She’s pretty sure she’s hooked up into the whole tower, so she probably did.

She had no guts to ask though.

She finally released an almost comfortable breathe out when she rode silently up the elevator.

God, she’s such an idiot! And this time, she really screwed up. She yelled for no reason, and then just rushed out. Totally not suspicious or concerning. Especially to Peter, who’s one of the most anxious and self-conscious kid ever.

Just great.

She snapped out of her trance as the elevator dinged at her destination.

The doors opened to a wide area, that was sparsely filled with people, as it looked like some of the workers had come down to enjoy breakfast.

She felt a memory rush to her head at that moment. Of the time they made pancakes and distributed
them to the people. It was a very happy memory, leaving a nostalgic feeling behind in her mind, as she frowned at herself.

She might’ve just ruined her relationship with Peter though, so she was still pretty bummed out.

Some people shot their eyes at her as she passed by, one person about to take a picture, until Natasha gave him a side-glance and mouthed “don’t”, which successfully stopped the person and other’s around her to divert their attention back to their food.

She really did not need the press breathing down her neck tomorrow or sometime soon with their bullshit headlines.

“Black Widow comes down to eat breakfast at the public Stark cafeteria: kicked out? Or preference?” or “Black Widow trying to gain public trust by eating with them.”

Gosh, she hated the press.

She got in a line for the regular breakfast items, like scrambled eggs, bacon, sausages, hashbrowns and more.

She got 3 plates and 2 trays, as one tray could only hold 2 plates.

She stuffed the plates with stacks of food, and she dragged the trays along the counter in front of the food and made her way to the register, as the line moved quite quickly.

Probably cause Black Widow was there, but who knows.

She was about to pay, until the cash register said, “It’s on the house! Always an honor to serve a hero!” She said as she smiled widely.

She seemed like a young girl. Probably 20’s. Quite energetic.

“Thank you,” Natasha said thankfully, returning the smile.

She finally faced a problem then when she moved to carry her trays.

Crap.

There was no way she could carry 2 trays in both her hands, especially with the plates stuffed and stacked to the brim.

She attempted to, first putting the tray in one hand, and tried to put the other on her other hand, but then quickly put them down as her arms started to shake from the lack of strength.

She was quite strong and had some stamina, but she definitely wasn’t going to be able to carry it all the way to Peter’s room.

She was going to resort to taking a food cart that she saw laying on the side until someone behind her insisted herself to help out.

“Oh, I’ll carry one of the plates on my tray.” Natasha turned around to see a young girl. A very young girl, moving one of the plates to her tray that held her own plate of food, discarding the extra tray Natasha was having trouble with. “There! That way, you won’t have to bear the possibility of dropping your food.” She said energetically.

“No it’s fine. I’m just going to use that car-”
“It’s for Peter, right?” She cut Natasha off and shocked her with the fact that this little girl knew Peter.

“How’d you know?” Natasha questioned quietly.

“Aria Kim, I guess I’m a friend…” She said, questioning herself almost.

“Okay... “ Natasha said as she got quiet as well.

The girl, Aria, started to move with her tray and motioned Natasha to follow her.

“Don’t want the food to get cold!” Aria said.

Natasha and Aria stepped into the elevator, as Natasha talked to FRIDAY.

“FRIDAY, Med-Bay please.” She asked.

“And then it got quiet again.

“So, you say you’re Peter’s friend,” Natasha asked, trying to start some small talk.

“I guess. I only met him yesterday, so I don’t really know.” She said wearily, her mood declining rather quickly at her own thoughts.

“Yesterday?”

“Yeah, I’m the daughter… of the guy who beat him up.” Aria stated sadly.

The information clicked in Natasha’s brain.

Aria Kim.

Young girl.

Mr.Kim.

Mr.Kim beat up Peter!

But Natasha wasn’t angry at the girl. The girl did nothing. It was her father who she wanted to talk to, not Aria; who was a kind and quite calming girl Natasha had encountered.

“Oh… I didn’t know.” Natasha said.

“Yeah, I met Peter when he went out on hero business. He stopped by to talk to me cause I was on the streets at night along.” Aria started to explain. “We talked, and he helped me to realize I wasn’t alone, with family problems and all that, and then he revealed his identity. And then my father… came around and struck him with a bat.” She quietly finished.

The elevator dinged.

Neither of them stepped out.

“Oh,” Natasha said again in shock, and in thought.
“He was drunk, by the way. My father.” She added on.

They finally stepped out when the elevator beeped an alarm for them to step off.

They started to walk towards nothing. Or to Natasha, it was nothing as she didn’t know where Peter’s room was as she had randomly walked to this elevator.

She didn’t care, though, cause she wanted to talk to this girl.

“You said Peter related to your family problems, yes?” Natasha asked, which Aria nodded at as they stopped walking, coming to a stop,

“Did he talk about the fights going on between the Avengers? Like me and Steve, mainly?” Natasha asked, worried that Peter was experiencing stress because of it. Or at least, a large amount of stress (everyone was freaking stressed).

“Fights? Not at all. He only talked about his, you know, dead relatives and stuff like that.” Aria said quietly as if Peter was nearby and listening himself.

“Oh,” Natasha said. She had said too much. She had just said the unnecessary.

“But, if you guys are fighting, I think you guys you should stop fighting,” Aria suggested as she started walking again, tray in her hand. “Peter’s gone through so much, and I know I’m just a little girl telling you this advice, but it’s only going to make Peter more stressful than he is currently, cause his family is fighting.”

Natasha listened in.

“My mother died because of me, in a car crash. My dad became abusive and an alcoholic, but now he’s different after I knocked him in the head.” Aria said, recalling her memories. “He’s changed from when he used to fight me and blame me. And it used to only make me coping with my mother’s death worse, and I know that adding extra things can make things way more difficult than they have to be. So, stop fighting, on Peter’s behalf.” Aria said at last.

Natasha was stunned. She was hearing these wise words from a little girl, who knew what was for the better much better than her.

Natasha truly was an idiot.

“Maybe you’re right.” Natasha finally said.

“Maybe, but I know for sure the food is getting cold now.” Aria lightly added, changing the mood rather quickly.

The pair walked down the hallway, Natasha having changed her mind on her attitude towards Steve.

Maybe she can salvage her relationships after all.

Chapter End Notes

If you liked it, great! If you didn’t, please tell me how to fix it.
You know, sometimes I go back and read my fix again, and I see some errors and I fix them, but I’m always concerned “did ppl see these and not tell me?” Or like “was it just not noticeable”.

But yeah, it’s just minor fixes so you don’t need to go back and see them.

Besides that, this is getting quite Natasha heavy, but it’s so I can Finish her up and the move on, and I think I’ve done good with her, even if it’s hard to interpret her feelings.

As always, thanks for the comments and support! Constructive criticism always appreciated!

Bye!
Trying my best

Chapter Summary

Tony smiled at Peter’s comment, ruffling his hair in the action.

“Well, I couldn’t have asked for a better son.” Tony cooed back, getting extremely touchy with his s

Chapter Notes

Okay, being sick sucksss.

I guess being around sick people and friends causes you to get catch the cold, and honestly i’m not surprised. It’s winter and everyone is coughing their lungs out at the store or something.

So yeah, I got sick 2 days ago and at first it was really bad like fever and headache bad, and the next day was somewhat the same. But now i’m fine, just a runny nose.

But I couldn’t write while I was sick, so that’s why i’m so late. I promise, I was planning to update way sooner but I couldn’t. :( 

I hope I can make it up by maybe releasing one fast; who knows.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter and Wanda giggled as Steve tried to figure out how Peter’s bed worked, looking at the remote control attached to the bed itself.

He was fascinated to find out that the bed was much like a recliner; able to move up and down on command.

He looked at the plethora of options, his expression changing every time he saw a button that he did not expect.

Like seriously, he didn’t expect an option that could warm the bed up.\n
But then again, he was in Stark Tower.

Tony and Clint were talking around a table, talking about what Dads always talked about.

And then there was a loud noise from the door. Not so much as a knock, but a kick.

Laughter and whispers soon died off, getting into an eerie and suspenseful quiet pause, everyone anxious at what the sudden noise was.
Steve moved towards the door first, quite bravely, and opened it as everyone else craned their necks trying to see past Steve’s muscular form.

Natasha and Aria stepped in with their trays filled with food.

“I had to kick at the door, cause we didn’t know how to knock when our hands are full,” Natasha explained, somewhat knowing that the inhabitants of the must’ve been scared of the loud noise she tried to emulate as a knock.

The pair put the trays down on the table, their arms relieved from the long walk.

“Aria, I was wondering where you went after yesterday night. I didn’t see you when I woke up,” Steve asked.

“Oh, I woke up sometime during the night and went back to my father’s room, as I wanted to make sure everything was okay,” Aria explained. “Sorry if I caused a little scare.”

“No worries here, Aria.” Tony said, “But what are you doing here now?”

“I was getting some food for myself at the cafeteria as one of the nurses gave me a free meal ticket, but then I bumped into the Black Widow in line, and she looked like she needed help carrying 3 plates, so I helped her to carry it here.”

“Which I am very thankful for,” Natasha added in, “I wouldn’t have been able to do it without you, Aria.”

“I should’ve gone with you, Natasha. You couldn’t have possibly carried 3 plates by yourself, I’m sorry.” Steve said, beating himself up.

“No worries. I basically yelled at you to not help me, so I’m at fault.” Natasha explained lightly, having silently forgiven Steve in her own mind. She would tell Steve later, but she would have some fun for now.

It’s not everyday Captain America jumps around cowardly around you like your blazing flame.

“I’m sorry to break your conversation, but anyone want to introduce this young lady here?” Clint buzzed in, not having met Aria yet.

“Oh, that’s my friend, Aria Kim. She’s the-

“Daughter of the guy who beat Peter up.” Aria cut Peter, off, talking for herself.

“Oh.” Was all Clint said.

Wanda’s happy demeanor disappeared as she had a confused expression; why was everyone else who knew her fine with her being around Peter and being all friendly? Was she not a threat?

“I understand if you feel uncomfortable around me or anything, so I’ll leave you guys to eat your breakfast in peace,” Aria said quickly, feeling the tension rise.

“Please, eat with us,” Steve added in. “None of us are uncomfortable, and I would love to get to know you more. You seem like a good person.”

Aria blushed at the comment, as she never took any compliments well to herself.

“O-oh okay, sure.” She agreed as she sat down on a chair next to Peter’s bed slowly.
Steve and Tony brought over the trays she and Natasha had carried to the room, and distributed the food in the proportions noted; largest to Peter, and least to Tony, as he stated he wasn’t as hungry, although everyone didn’t believe him otherwise.

Clint, Wanda, and Natasha had awkwardly moved to the table away from the bed, whispering amongst themselves.

“So, is your father okay?” Steve asked Aria, who was eating quite quietly.

“Well, he doesn’t have enhanced healing as Peter does over here,” Aria stated, “so we can’t really tell if he is or not, but his vitals seem fine, so we can only hope it goes better from here.”

“Why aren’t you eating with him?” Peter added in.

“He’s pretty sleepy and fatigued from the brain trauma he experienced, so he’s taking a nap after he ate some of the hospital food,” Aria explained. “I was also going to have some hospital food myself, but a nurse was generous enough to hand me a meal ticket.”

Peter nodded at the explanation as he stuffed more food into his mouth hungrily, his hunger finally catching up to him after he took a single bite.

“Slow down Peter! You’re going to choke if you eat that fast!” Tony warned, concerned.

Peter took a moment to swallow before he spoke; he was raised by Aunt May, after all, manners first.

“Sorry, it’s just the food is really good. You were right.” Peter said, acknowledging the fact that his father had said the cafeteria food was good. “But not as good as your pancakes.”

Tony smiled at Peter’s comment, ruffling his hair in the action.

“Well, I couldn’t have asked for a better son.” Tony cooed back, getting extremely touchy with his son.

Steve and Aria smiled at the cute interaction as they proceeded to finish their plates rather quickly.

Aria got up first, not wanting to prevent the other Avengers away from Peter because she was in the area.

“Well, it was fun eating with you guys. I hope we’ll meet sometime later on better terms again.” Aria said as the other’s waved bye at her.

Wanda and Clint said their goodbyes, but it didn’t seem as genuine.

She was at the door when Natasha yelled, “Bye Aria!”, making her turn around to see her smiling.

Aria smiled and left the room feeling accomplished, but not fulfilled.

Peter had solved some of her problems, by talking and by basically sending her over the edge until she finally hit her father with a bat.

But she hadn’t done anything else but make Peter get hurt and cause a ruckus on Peter’s secret identity.

So she was somewhat proud of herself for solving the problem between Natasha and Steve, or so it seemed she did. Natasha had said she would change herself.
She wanted to return the favor to Peter, but there was no way she could ever repay the restart button Peter had found for Aria’s life.

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“I will single handily take down both of at once!” Charge at me, I am ready!” Thor boomed as he took a battle stance in the training room.

Bucky and Sam looked at each other with apprehensive but also fiery eyes.

They knew Thor was the god of thunder, but there was no way he could take on two super-heroes at once.

No way.

They both flashed a grin towards each other, knowing that they might actually be able to beat him if they work well together, which they do fine.

Even if they are seen bickering and fighting around at times, they were quite close in terms of being friends.

And that only made their teamwork much more cohesive.

“Oh, if you say so!” Sam snickered.

“Yeah, you don’t even have that fancy hammer of yours I always hear about!” Bucky added in.

Sam flew into the air, the training room quite big, as once again, it was inside of Stark Tower.

Bucky started to charge at Thor full-on, who had a fierce expression that almost scared Bucky.

Almost.

Sam rushed down as Bucky closed in on Thor, and they were about to tackle him until Thor held Bucky by the head, not letting him reach him as Bucky furiously clawed at his muscular arms.

Thor was stronger than Bucky of course. They had underestimated his power.

Sam managed to land on Thor.

He actually landed on Thor.

He wasn’t able to make Thor topple, as he held his ground quite well.

Thor just hugged him with one arm and laughed, not wanting to hurt either of them.

“Well, I take my word back! I can not take both of you down, as you are my teammates and by doing so, I would kill you 2 with my strength.” Thor said as he let both of them go.

Bucky and Sam were shaken up, truly scared of what the god was capable of. God of thunder you say? They shivered.

“Do not worry, I have no intentions to hurt my new friends,” Thor said, noting that they have not said a word yet.

“Okay.” Bucky and Sam both said as they suddenly heard loud clapping from across the room.
Valkyrie had seen the whole thing, and had a huge grin on her face.

“That was fun to watch, except the part where you guys both got your butts kicked. Lame. I expected a much fiercer fight, especially from those who defend Midgard and basically the universe.” Valkyrie said.

“Sorry, it’s just he’s a god and all that.” Sam said, as Bucky nodded with him.

“Oh, I am sure you guys all have your own strengths that shall aid us when in battle!” Thor said, wanting to make sure they didn’t end training with a sour note. “Our team is quite versatile, and that is what makes us a quite viable team to save the universe.”

“I’m surprised you know the words versatile and viable, and how to use them,” Bucky said, jokingly.

Thor only laughed.

“I am not stupid, and I have been studying many complex words recently to learn more about the Midgardian culture. I have been here before, yes, but I still have lots to learn.” Thor explained.

At that moment, Sam’s stomach growled. At which Bucky’s followed after.

“Oh, it seems as if my new friends are hungry! Let us make our way up and eat breakfast!” Thor said, already making his way to the elevator.

“You guys go ahead, I’m going to stay down here and look at some of the training equipment you have laying around,” Valkyrie said as she made her way towards the weapon area, “and maybe pick out some new swords.”

“Not going to eat, Valkryie?” Thor asked.

“Already ate, with Natasha, Clint, and Wanda was it?” She said. “Well, I ate for a few minutes with them until they rushed off. They were talking nonsense. Something about Stark’s kid being in trouble, jabbering to the ceiling, and bickering about who is right and wrong about nonsense. Nonsense.” Valkyrie said as she examined a rather large sword she had picked out.

Bucky and Sam had worried expressions the moment they heard something about Peter.

Was something wrong? Why did the 3 rush off while eating breakfast?

The pair looked at each other as they ran towards the elevator, Thor close behind.

“What is going on? Why the sudden rush?” Thor asked, confused.

“I don’t know, but we’re going to figure out right now,” Bucky said.

“FRIDAY, take us to the floor where Peter is on.” Sam asked.

Chapter End Notes

If you liked it, great! If you didn’t, please tell me how to fix it!
Okay, so I’m congested and I don’t know how to loosen the mucus help? I’ve tried medicine, honey for the throat, hot steam, BLOWING MY NOSE CONSTANTLY, and other things but they never seem to work for me.

Sigh.

Also if you are wondering why Clint and Wanda was so cautious around Aria is because this is their first time meeting her, and the first fact they know about her is that she’s the daughter of the guy who beat up Peter, so you can’t blame them!

Natasha and the others had their own reasons to like the girl (as in Natasha got to know Aria first before she found out; like 1 min of small talk until she revealed it but whatever!)

That’s all, just if you’re confused about it...

Thanks for comments and the support as always! Bye!
Cooldown

Chapter Summary

Without further questioning, the 3 burst into the room as quick as possible in a hurry, surprising not only Steve but everyone in the room.

Chapter Notes

So yeah, I kind of died for 5 days! So sorry, I was still sick and it got worse after I posted my last chapter, and I really wasn’t in the right condition to write more (it was terrible, especially when I got a fever and just laid in bed).

Petty excuse, I know.

So I got this short chapter as fast as possible (still freaking congested).

It’s okay, lays some things down and I feel like this story is now coming to an end.

I know it’s kind of really slow currently but yeah it’s going to end.

Maybe 3-6 more chapters, I really don’t know.

So, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“So… N-Natasha you wanted to talk to me?” Steve stuttered out, obviously anxious at what Natasha had pulled him outside of the room for.

“Don’t worry, I didn’t pull you out to beat you up or yell at you,” Natasha said, which made Steve tense up even more at the thought of worse things.

She sighed.

“I’m not going to do anything bad. I’m actually going to apologize right now.” She said quickly, swallowing her pride.

“Oh, you don’t have to apologize for yelling at me not to follow you, it was my fault for pushing yo-”

“I forgive you about everything.” Natasha cut him off.

Steve got quiet.

“Look, these past days have been nuts. Heck, this whole time we’ve been living in Tony’s tower, our lives have been mostly crazy. But when we are happy, and having a good time, Peter and everyone else was always there. Including you. And, I don’t want that to end.” Natasha explained.
“Aria said something about not fighting around Peter because he’s probably going to blame himself or something, and it’s not good for his mental state. And… I agree. It’s not good for him, or any of us. Peter’s has probably blamed himself for us fighting already and he’s suffering without telling us.”

“Natasha…” Steve was speechless.

“Steve, I’m so sorry for what I’ve done and said to you. I want to be a big and happy family, no matter how cliche and unrealistic it sounds.” Natasha said as she held her hands out for a hug. “And not only on behalf for Peter, but because I know I’ve been the bad guy these days.”

Natasha wrapped her arms around Steve, as he stood still.

He was shocked.

Relief washed over him, but he was happy as well.

Happy, that it was all over. The fight was over.

“T-Thank you, Natasha. You don’t know… how much… I’m so happy.” Steve said as he relaxed into the hug at last.

“You know, it’s not like I should be even forgiving you. I should be saying sorry. I should’ve just moved on and just lived life but I… was dumb and hung onto the past that Tony and Peter obviously didn’t even care about anymore.” Natasha said.

Natasha broke away from the hug first, as she heard Steve sniffling.

He was rubbing his eyes as well.

“I’ll be inside,” Natasha said lightly, “And I hope you can forgive me for my foolishness.”

Natasha went back into the hospital room, and Steve made his way towards a restroom, wanting to flush his eyes and face before he went back in.

He didn’t want to show that he was crying.

He splashed cold water onto his face, examining his features in the mirror.

He smiled.

It was good to see himself smile.

It felt nice to smile.

It felt nice to know, that your family has forgiven you for the mistakes you’ve done.

He patted his face dry with some paper towels, and he made his way back outside, where he heard frantic and loud footsteps in the hallway.

He turned to face the sound and came face to face with Bucky, Sam, and Thor.


“Steve! Do you know where Peter is? We asked FRIDAY and she just dropped us off at this floor, and we don’t know where he is.” Bucky panted out, obviously having been running the whole Med-
“Is... he... hurt?” Sam said in more heavier breathes, obviously not having as much stamina as Bucky.

“We have been told by Valkyrie that Natasha, Wanda, and Clint had run off from breakfast in knowing that Stark’s kid was in trouble,” Thor explained. “Is something the matter with Peter?”

“Um.” Steve didn’t know what to say. Should he tell them about Peter getting beat up? About Peter being Spider-man? About Natasha forgiving him? About Aria?

He shouldn’t. He had no right to do that. It was all Peter’s decision on what he wanted to say, and talking about Natasha forgiving him was irrelevant to what they were asking him. As was Aria.

“I’ll take you to him.” Was all Steve said?

He lead them to Peter’s room, and he pointed to the door. He’s in here.

Without further questioning, the 3 burst into the room as quick as possible in a hurry, surprising not only Steve but everyone in the room.

Inside, they saw everyone huddled around Peter in chairs, in which Peter was sitting up in a hospital bed, hooked up to a few machines and an IV tube.

“Peter!” They yelled in unison as they rushed past the others and worried over the boy.

“Are you okay? Are you hurt?”
“What the hell happened?”
“Young Stark, have you been through-”

“Guys I’m fine!” Peter interrupted loudly, having already experienced the bombardment of questions not so long ago.

“I, just need some room, so back off,” Peter said slowly as the 3 who had been prodding him just like Natasha, Wanda, and Clint had.

“Sorry, just... we’re so surprised.” Bucky said.

“Yeah, we heard something that something was wrong with you from Valkyrie,” Sam said.

“If you say you are fine, then I must believe you in that,” Thor said, respecting Peter’s wanting of personal space.

“Sorry Peter, I wanted to slowly let them in,” Steve said loudly, shunning the 3 who overwhelmed Peter, “but your uncles are just a bunch of mother hens. Couldn’t stop ‘em.”

“It’s fine. I appreciate that you guys are worried about me,” Peter replied to the 3.

“Oh boy, you sure missed out on a lot of stuff though,” Clint said as he leaned back in his chair.

“Spill it,” Bucky said.

And so, Peter revealed that he was Spider-man, and he got the same shocking results from the 3 who had recently jumped in just like Natasha, Clint, and Wanda’s results.

And the part about being beaten up surely made them somewhat angry, but the fact that Peter was
fine was all that mattered.

They would deal with the perp later.

Thor cheered loudly as he lifted Peter into a hug, swinging him side to side.

“Ahha! I am very proud of my nephew, who is also a super-hero just like Stark!”

“Uncle Thor, can you put me down, I’m still recovering.” Peter wheezed out.

“Oh, my apologies. My excitement and happiness took over me.” Thor said as he gently put Peter back down, making sure the IV tube didn’t fall off with the various other trinkets that were linked to him.

“It’s okay. I’m glad you accept my secret identity.” Peter said thankfully.

A hand landed on his hair, ruffling it hard, landing a noogie as well.

“Well, it looks like you’re following your father, like father like son,” Bucky said happily.

“Protecting the streets of New York.”

“Yeah, I can’t believe it! You’re Spider-man, which means…”

The sudden realization hit Sam and Bucky.

“We beat you up at the airport!” Sam yelled, which made Bucky pale as well.

“Well, technically, I kicked your asses... but it’s fine. You didn’t know.” Peter explained.

“Hey, I demand a rematch.” Bucky quickly changed the mood. “And I won’t go easy.”

“What? You were not going easy last time? Totally trying to kill me.” Peter said.

“No, I definitely didn’t have the guts to kill someone in a funny looking spandex suit!” Sam laughed, which made everyone else laugh except Peter.

“If you thought that suit looked like spandex, you should’ve seen his old homemade one!” Tony yelled in laughter, which made Peter blush hard.

“Dad!” Peter protested. “And you do realize they are insulting your multi-million dollar suit that you created, calling it spandex. And Uncle Steve’s suit is pretty weird.”

“Yeah, but his is quite cheap compared to yours. Yours has the latest tech and an A.I. in it.” Tony explained, which made Peter seem much better.

“A.I.? FRIDAY?” Natasha asked.

“No, I named my A.I. Karen.” Peter said.

“Like Plankton’s computer wife in Spongebob?” Sam asked.

“Um… maybe?” Peter said embarrassed.

“Dude! That’s awesome!” Bucky said as he high fived Peter.

“Wait? That’s the reason why?” Tony asked, utterly shaken by the fact.
“Yeah, I mean, it seemed the much better than FRIDAY,” Peter said.

“I heard that, Peter,” FRIDAY said from the ceiling.

Everyone laughed.

Chapter End Notes

If you liked this chapter, great! If you didn’t, please tell me why!

So, mostly everyone knows. Valkyrie is just probably sharpening some swords and Bruce knows but he’s just sleeping ;3

Like I said, the two major conflicts are over and this is what my story was basically based around, and yes now it is coming close to the end. I do want to end on a big chapter, so maybe it’ll be a big ending and maybe I’ll start to lengthen the chapters from now to the end.

I just want to say that this journey has been wonderful. Sometimes I write good, and sometimes I write crap but you guys still stuck with me! This is my first fic, and i’m ecstatic about the feedback and hits, kudos, etc. I’ve gotten so far based around it! Writing does relieve some of my stress, and I believe it’s somewhat mentally healthy to let it all out like this.

So yeah, thanks for the support and comments as always! Bye!
Acceptance

Chapter Summary

But Thor had just sighed, “Brother, I had told you to come in subtly, not in such an alarming manner.”

Everyone gasped.

Brother? That meant it was-

Chapter Notes

Hey... So I hadn't updated for a week! Oh no! I'm so sorry!

Okay, so I hit a writer's block, as I just didn't know what to end this story with.

Long chapter for the end game (hehe, MCU pun) or few chapters to cut it off.

I decided to make the next chapter my last one, which makes some room to put some things in this one.

But the main problem that prevented me from writing was how and what was I going to put in it or path it, as I never considered the ending. I only wrote down an organizer for the conflict starts, middle, ending, etc. (I depend greatly on my story structuring I create).

And then the idea popped in my brain! I got what I wanted.

And then my wifi died for 2 days ;-;

I was so sad and wrecked. Knowing I was already late a couple of days, I thought maybe one day of no wifi was bad enough.

But no, it was 2!

Honestly, I hate my wifi provider at this point (damn Spectrum).

Anyways, I got this out quickly.

I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter was recovering fine.

The doctors had come by and poke and prod him around for anything bad, but it seemed that he was making a full recovery just fine.
It was truly a relief for everyone, who had been worried sick about Peter ever since they had seen him lying in a hospital bed.

All they could now do is just wait and see if Peter was going to continuously be on a recovering path and hopefully not stray off.

Unfortunately, Tony had been leaving and coming back to the room as Pepper was constantly calling him about his missed meetings.

She understood that Peter was hurt and Tony wanted to be there for him, but she knew that the others could watch over him and make sure nothing went wrong.

So Tony left for a meeting after breakfast, still worried over his son.

“Are you sure you’re going to be okay?” Tony asked for the millionth time.

“Yes, Dad! I’ll be fine! The team will keep me company, and they’ll call you if anything goes wrong.” Peter explained once again.

“Okay…” Tony said as he headed out of the room. “I’ll check here again once I change into my dress attire.”

“No!” Peter yelled. “You’ll be late to your meeting, and we don’t want an angry Pepper, do we?” Peter warned as Tony stopped at the door.

“Fine.” Tony pouted as he left with a wave. “You guys better behave.” He pointed at the team.

“Hey! We aren’t kids! We can handle it.” Bucky retorted as he sat slouching in his chair.

“I never knew that Tony was such an overprotective parent… gosh, how do you deal with him, Peter?” Natasha asked.

“I don’t know. Honestly, I just try my best to reassure him, and then everything just goes to hell even when I try my best.” Peter said calmly like it was something he experienced every day. “He didn’t let me patrol for a long time during the summer, because he was worried you guys might find out.”

“Well, you did sneak out, and now we do know your secret identity, so I guess you should’ve listened to your father,” Steve said.

“Yeah, but you guys would’ve never found out about Spider-man until later if I hadn’t, and we don’t even know if we would’ve had a fight or not, so I’m kind of glad that you guys found out sooner,” Peter said.

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Who knows what would’ve happened if they found out much later; wrong time, wrong place.

Peter glanced around as everyone just did their thing, talking amongst themselves, looking at the show that was playing on the T.V.

Bruce and Valkyrie were still nowhere to be seen, but that was the least of his worries.

As Thor was sitting off the side, glancing nervously around, and using his phone, which Peter thought was a weird sight.

He thought Thor wasn’t as good at modern technology, but then again, he said he was trying his best
to adapt to the people of earth and what they do.

Peter wondered what he was doing until he stood up and brought everyone’s attention to himself.

“Fellow teammates, I have an announcement to make,” Thor said as everyone turned to look at him.

“I have brought someone that I would want all of you to meet and accept,” Thor said as everyone looked at each other in confusion.

Who had he brought?

Peter was also in confusion, but also excited. Had Thor brought another super-hero or vigilante that had worked with Thor to defeat his evil sister? Had he brought someone that was extremely cool and had magic powers?

Asgardians and creatures of other realms were quite interesting to Peter.

“And I thought it would be best if I introduced him when Stark is gone, as it would lighten some things,” Thor said. “He has texted me that he has arrived at the tower, and I shall escort him to this room. Please, excuse me.”

Thor made his way to exit the room, but then a cloud of smoke emitted in front of the door, stopping Thor in front of his tracks and surprising everyone.

Thinking of the worst, they all got into a defensive postition, protecting Peter.

Wanda had even put a forcefield around them, her eyes filled with hostility.

But Thor had just sighed, “Brother, I had told you to come in subtly, not in such an alarming manner.”

Everyone gasped.

Brother? That meant it was-

“You know, you aren’t so bright sometimes, brother. How would the Midgardians of New York react if they just saw the god of mischief walking into Stark Tower when I had attacked it only years ago.” Loki explained as he stepped out of his own emitted smoke cloud, dusting himself off.

“You’re Loki!” Everyone yelled in shock, getting into an even more defensive position, knowing what the god was capable of.

After all, everyone except Sam, Bucky, and Wanda had faced him in the battle of New York.


“Brother, be nice to them. They are a part of my family, which means they are yours too.” Thor said. “And you must prove to them that you have changed if you wish to be accepted.”

“I never asked to be a part… of this family.” Loki hissed. “I just wanted to get away from everything and just relax for some time on Midgard, but I guess you had some other plans.”

And then Peter yelled in excitement, “Cool! You can do magic!”

Everyone turned around to see stars shining in Peter’s eyes.
Loki just stared at Peter.

“I know everyone else in this room, don’t ask why.” Loki boasted, “But who is this kid?”

“He is Stark’s son,” Thor explained.

“Yeah, and you’re not getting any close to him,” Natasha warned. “Don’t worry, I’m not getting any near Midgardian kids. Oh dear, they are such a fright. Whiny, angsty, annoying, too much ener—”

“Can you do a disappearing trick?” Peter asked excitedly as he jumped off his bed, ripping the IV line off his arm and pulse monitor as everyone stood shocked.

So shocked, Wanda dropped her barrier in time for Peter to get past.

They reached for him, but he was too quick.

“You are asking the god… god of mischief to do a simple trick,” Loki said stunned, almost in a laughing manner.

“Yeah!” Peter said as he stepped up to Loki as everyone else stood watching. Waiting. Maybe Peter would be able to work his magic that everyone fell for.

“My magic is extremely powerful, and is not something used for entertainment… well for my entertainment, yes, but not a Midgardian child’s fun.” Loki said, annoyed.

“Well, then I guess you can’t do magic and you’re just scared that you can’t do it,” Peter said.

Loki gasped, “I feel attacked.”

There was light laughter, which was enough for everyone to back off and watch the interaction unfold.

“Fine, I will do your stupid disappearing trick,” Loki said, giving in to Peter. “I require something, an object.”

Peter grabbed Clint’s phone off the cabinet next to his bed, giving it to Loki.

“Hey!” Clint yelled.

“Here, use this,” Peter said.

“Okay,” Loki said as he enveloped the phone in his hands, putting the phone on his palm and covering it with his other palm. “And it’s gone.”

Loki opened his hands and surely, the phone was gone.

“Woah!” Peter said in excitement.

Everyone else was somewhat impressed, but still on edge.

But Peter was having fun.

“And poof,” Loki said as he closed his hands and opened it again, revealing a knife.

“That’s so cool! You can do real magic!” Peter yelled as he jumped up.
“Uh, this is the part where you’re supposed to scream and run away from me because I have a knife,” Loki said, fazed by Peter’s reaction.

“Brother, I require a different child to scare, this one is too innocent it hurts my brain cells,” Loki said, as Peter awed at his simple trick.

But inside, he was somewhat happy.

This boy had put aside his past villainy and was talking to Loki as if he was just someone who just had magic powers, that were obviously very impressing to the boy.

“Oh, let me just take that weapon and every other weapon you have on you,” Steve said as he snatched the knife from Loki. “Any more weapons? I won’t allow you in here if you don’t hand them over.”

“Fine,” Loki said, wanting to see what other traits this boy had. Stark’s kid was it? Quite interesting.

Loki shook his robe, dropping a pile of knives, which made everyone gasp.

“Brother!” Thor yelled in disappointment.

“What, you can’t blame me. I have an attraction to knives.” Loki retorted. “And apparently little boys are also attracted to my magic.”

Steve quickly confiscated all the knives away from Loki and Peter, as everyone finally loosened. Loki has no weapons now.

“My name’s Peter,” Peter said as he extended his hand.

“Loki,” Loki said as he shook his hand.

“Well, now you know he is not bad,” Thor said. “I beg all of you to accept him into our family and home, as he is good now. He has changed.”

“Changed?” Natasha questioned again.

“... Somewhat.” Thor said as he rubbed his neck.

“Fine.” Natasha first said. “Cause Peter likes the wizard.”

“I am not a wizard!” Loki argued.

“I guess I’m fine with it too, cause I’m one to speak on second chances,” Steve said, accepting of people after the incidents he’s been through recently.

“I’m keeping an eye on you,” Clint said, which was also a yes from him, but still skeptical of Loki.

“Okay from me, if you’re good at pranks,” Bucky said.

“Oh, I see we have one person who speaks my language and has a sense of humor.” Loki smiled. “My brother doesn’t have any sense of humor.”

“Turning into a snake and stabbing me is not humorous in any way!” Thor boomed.

“Shush brother, party pooper,” Loki said.
“Ha, count me in the pranks too,” Sam said. “I guess we can somehow get along then.”

Loki nodded at Sam, accepting Bucky and Sam into his “possible friends” list.

Wanda just huffed a breathe and just walked away from her post of protecting Peter, which was probably a yes.

“Can you do any other tricks?” Peter asked, his eyes shining brightly.

Loki for once was willing to use his magic for amusement. He didn’t know why, but entertaining Stark’s kid was making him… happy.

His smile was contagious. His laugh and excitement made Loki want to learn more of the boy, and learn why he was so impressed by him.

“I guess I’ll do another magic trick,” Loki said.

He guesses he’ll give a shot at this whole family stuff too.

Chapter End Notes

So, Loki joins us...

Finally.

I wanted to introduce him, but I never had the right place or time to until now, which was I guess a good introduction.

So, the Avengers (well we haven't seen Tony's reaction yet :) have accepted Loki, and I think Loki needs some family love...

And the next chapter will OFFICIALLY BE THE LAST CHAPTER! ;(((((

Wow, I can't believe we're coming to an end. An end!

the next one will be quite long, as it will tie some knots to things, and close things up, and some fluff too for a happy ending, so it may take some extra time to get out.

Thanks for the support and comments as always! The journey of writing this story has been fun and I have learned many things from it!

Bye!
Peter’s Family

Chapter Summary

Hehe no summary you just gotta read it :)

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Long time no see haha....

I know I like died for the longest time and i’m really sorry.

Truth is, I felt really down after my friend attempted suicide.

Wow, i’m dropping in this confession hard but you guys deserve the truth.

Fortunately, she didn’t succeed in her attempt, and she was out in rehab and is almost recovered by now (about halfway).

I was her best friend. Well, one of her best friends. She always talked to me and I tried my best to talk to her and help her. But sometimes I was busy, and sometimes I just couldn’t talk to her. I told her I would later and I would, but I don’t think the time she waited for me did any good to her most of the time, and I think she just couldn’t take it anymore.

She’s Bipolar, and I was constantly trying to help but I really didn’t know how. She has a therapist too, but she called her therapist not as helpful as she didn’t really understand her? I don’t know, but she liked talking to me and her other friends it seemed.

When I got news of what happened, I was devastated. I obviously saw signs of it going to happen, but I didn’t really do anything? She always said she wanted to not live anymore and I always said don’t say that you’re perfect like the best person ever but she didn’t take it that she was perfect just the way she was.

My best friend.

I felt bad. I could’ve stopped it. All her other friends felt bad too.

But it felt like she talked to me the most according to her other friends as she wasn’t as open to them
And now I feel like maybe I could’ve changed something If I was the biggest shot there was to it.

So I stopped writing.

I thought, “why am I writing when my friend is in the hospital cause she almost died? Why am I writing family avengers domestic fic? I should be doing something else.” And I didn’t even do anything.

I didn’t write for like 2 months, and I recently got in touch with her again. That’s it.
I’m basically like a potato.

But I got back to writing Bc I knew keeping you guys on the edge wasn’t good. I stayed up all night to finish it.

And I loved this journey. I didn’t stop writing Bc I didn’t want to. I stopped Bc I wanted to think about what I was doing was right or wrong.

I hope that cleared it up. And I know it’s not the best excuse it’s just basic teen phase thingy (yes I am what you call a disgusting teenager going through a phase) but I hope you guys understand.

I’ll do the sappy stuff at the end, but for now, enjoy this long chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

2 weeks had passed ever since Loki joined the team in Stark Tower.

He was getting along somewhat, sometimes wishing to be alone and sometimes looking around what the others were up to, contemplating whether to join them… then realizing he has was going to crush them in whatever they were doing anyway so no point in wasting time.

After all, they were puny mortals, except for his brother. And Valkyrie, who he had some respect for her part in taking down his “evil” sister Hela.

Okay, he has to admit, he was a little bit nervous.

These were just a bunch of super-heroes who he had fought years ago when he was the villain. And know, they have let him into their home?

Either they are all stupid and would let any villain in… or it was that maybe they weren’t so bad after all.

He didn’t know what to do to actually make friends.

He wasn’t a real “family” person.

And it was quite hard at first with Tony around, who had been the biggest protester of his presence.

--------

Tony had finished his meetings.

He had only gone to a few meetings. They were slow paced, and not as bad, as he wasn’t CEO of Stark Industries anymore.

Pepper had taken that role, and he was ever so grateful.

He had enough time for a quick lunch in between the meetings, and he had checked on how Peter was at that time over text.

Steve replied with a, “He’s doing fine. Just keep on focusing on those meetings!”

Tony was a little suspicious and was even about to call Steve just to make sure, but unfortunately, he
had to go to the next meeting.

After all that, he had barely made it out around dinner time, but he wasn’t as hungry. He, after all, had just been sitting in a chair for the most part of these meetings.
In the end, he was excited to see Peter.

Peter always made things better. And so did the team.

He just wanted to see his family.

He was still in his dress attire, which was of no annoyance as he eventually got used to the tight clothes a long time ago, so he decided to stop by on Peter first, and then go to change his clothes.

He rode the elevator down to the Med-Bay and made his way towards Peter’s room.

He was about to open the door before he heard laughter coming from his son. He smiled.

Guess he really was fine, and nothing bad happened.

But he immediately took that statement back when he stepped into the room to see Loki.

The god of mischief was sitting down right next to Peter, who’s smile was bright enough to light up the room.

“Loki?!?” Tony yelled across the room.

It got deadly silent, and everyone turned to meet Tony, whose mouth was open agape.

Thor rushed to lift Tony out of the room as Tony started to yell, but it was shortly cut off as Thor was quite vigilant.

He didn’t even have time to check on his son, and he was quite angered by the fact that Thor deliberately defied his one rule.

Well actually, he had many rules. But bringing Loki into the tower was one he absolutely thought he expressed quite a lot.

Thor lowered Tony down finally, and Tony finally got a chance to speak.

“Why is Loki here? Why did you drag me out here! I have to detain that villain!” Tony yelled at Thor.

“I will explain everything about Loki, but I had to first take you out of the team’s presence so you wouldn’t do anything irrational,” Thor explained.

Well damn, Thor really was getting quite articulate with his choice of words, thought Tony. He really must be studying.

But he was still angry.

“Says you,” Tony argued back, which was a low blow. And he knew it, so he apologized quickly.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean it like that.” His tone simmered down, knowing too well he already passed the boundaries of arguing.

“It’s okay. You are just trying to protect your son.” Thor said. “And I know Loki has been very bad the last time you saw him, but other than that, he’s changed. I’ve told you, he has helped me defeat
my evil sister Hela.”

“That doesn’t mean anything. He can still be danger-”

“I assure you he is no longer a threat. You can ask the other team members, and they will repeat what I’ve just told you.” Thor explained as Tony contemplated it.

Did he really change? Was he really not evil anymore?

“It was hard for everyone to accept it, but if you watch by for some time, you will see. My brother is different.”

Tony thought about it for a few seconds before replying.

“Fine.”

“Thank you, Stark! Thank you very much!”

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever.” Tony said as he suddenly got crushed in a hug.

“Aha! It seems Peter really has made you go soft.” Thor laughed.

Tony Stark a few years ago would’ve thought of a hurtful retort to get Thor away from him and to prove he wasn’t soft.

But now, he knows it himself; he’s a big softie. And he has a really big heart to his family.

Pepper has told him that, and Peter has only proved it.

Thor put him down, and Tony decided to see who Loki really was now.

“If he does anything bad or suspicious, I’m going to kick him out immediately.”

“Understood. He will not do anything bad, I assure you.”

“Let’s find out.”

Tony stepped back into the room and saw Peter rush out of his bed, no longer harboring IV lines or any other restricting machines, greeting his father in a hug.

“Woah there buddy,” Tony said as he hugged his son back in relief. “I missed you.” He could practically visualize the whole team melting in the cuteness of the father and son hug, but he didn’t care.

“I missed you too,” Peter said back, and then he tip-toed and whispered into his father’s ears. “And thank you for letting Loki stay. He really is nice and funny.” Peter said, smiling.

Tony at first was surprised at the fact how Peter heard the conversation and pondered if the others heard. But then he realized.

“Ah right, enhanced hearing,” Tony said. “You hear everything.”

“Yup, I hear every conversation near me as long as if I’m not unconscious,” Peter replied back as he broke away from the hug.

“Oh, did you hear the talk I had with Steve about forgiving him then?” Natasha asked, which Peter nodded back at.
“Wait, you let Steve off?” Bucky said, surprised Natasha would do such a thing after she declared that she would never forgive Steve.

“Yeah, and you don’t need to know why. Hate repeating things.” Natasha said.

Bucky just backed off and smiled, glad that his friend was forgiven by Natasha. Sam also visually lightened.

“Wait, did you guys not even know?” Steve asked.

“Well, you didn’t even declare it or anything, so we didn’t want to talk about it either, so we couldn’t have known. Can’t blame us.” Sam brought up.

“True.” Natasha and Steve said at the same time.

Peter made his way back to his bed, and he saw Clint on the side patting Natasha on the shoulder, whispering, “That was the right thing to do. I’m glad everything worked out.”

Peter was already smiling, but he felt much better hearing that.

He was also happy things went right once again, considering the tragedies within his family he’s experienced, mentally and physically so far.

Loki watched everything unfold, and eyed Stark, who had been staring at him for the majority of the time.

“Loki.” Tony finally said.

“Stark.” Loki said back.

“I guess I’ll really see if you changed or not, so you better behave,” Tony said.

“Oh, you shouldn’t be worrying about me for behavior. The only thing you have to worry about is me destroying your coffee supply.” Loki said in a playful nuance. “Coffee is one of the best things that is from Midgard, not up for debate.”

Tony raised an eyebrow at him. “I see… avid coffee lover. Don’t worry about taking all the coffee. We never run out with how much coffee I drink.”

Maybe Tony could get along with Loki.

Peter finally cut the conversation by asking Loki, “Can you give me playing cards? I think I remember a card trick.”

Usually, Loki would’ve not even bothered to give the cards for the “magic” trick, as he could figure out the illusion or trick involved rather quickly, and he knew that it was stupid and not real magic. But it was Peter who was doing it, and he had fallen a liking to the boy.

“Here,” Loki gave Peter a deck of playing cards that appeared from his cloak.

Peter went ahead and did a simple card trick, which Loki has to admit was quite “magical”, even with him figuring out the method in the process.

“How’d you like it?” Peter asked.
“It was quite interesting. It was not real magic, no, but it still intrigued me.” Loki commented, which made Peter beam. “Would you honor me by teaching me it?” Loki asked, even when he knew it.

“Of course!” Peter said, excited and happy that an actual person who can do real magic was asking if he can teach a simple card trick.

Everyone watched by the side, Thor smiling at his changed brother and proud, while everyone else awed at the light that shined off of Peter. He was so happy.

And Tony saw that and decided that he really couldn’t get rid of Loki at any point now, given the fact Peter fell for him.

But Loki was making Peter happy, and making him laugh. And he wasn’t going to take that away.

Loki would have to stay.

“Hey! Give me back my phone!” Clint yelled, realizing he never got back his phone from the first magic trick Loki did, which produced a knife from his phone.

Tony was confused at what the statement was for, but everyone else laughed.

--------

Besides Peter, Loki had gotten along well with Bucky and Sam, who were the jokesters and loose pair of the team.

At first, he had only followed them around and observed them while they trained, sometimes joining in himself, only to teleport away.

He did not want to get his hands dirty just for training.

Eventually, Bucky and Sam decided to do actual fun things.

In this, Loki was interested.

At first, they were planning to plan some pranks, which Loki was actually excited for, but then they decided to call it off, full on knowing that they would probably be murdered any who they prawned upon.

Including Peter, as now they knew he was Spider-Man.

With that, they moved onto telling funny stories.

“I’m telling you, it was genius. I turned into a snake, and then I stabbed him when he least expected it.” Loki boasted as the two others laughed.

“That’s such a bamboozle!” Sam yelled.

“What is a bamboozle?” Loki asked.

“Oh, it’s like when you are tricked or confused. It’s like a teenage term slang thing Peter taught us.” Bucky replied.

“Hm. I see. Bamboozle.” The words rolled off Loki’s tongue, and it felt nice. “I like it.”

“Well, if you want to know some more, you could ask Peter,” Sam suggested.
“Maybe… but I am too lazy.”

“Mood.”

“Mood?”

And that’s how Loki became friends with Sam and Bucky over some chit chat.

-------

Peter laid stretched on the living room couch, just thinking about random things, and watching his Uncle Steve read a book on the couch across from him.

He listened to him move his finger along the paper of the book, and then flip it at the corner once he was done with the page.

And besides that, it was silent.

“Ugh. I’m so bored. Uncle Steve, can’t we do anything?” Peter asked. “Bucky and Sam are training. Loki is wherever, Clint and my Dad are probably talking about Dad things, and Wanda, Natasha, and Valkyrie are on a girls day out. And Uncle Thor is taking his ‘earth classes’ in his room.”

Steve put his book down, looking at his nephew, who was sprawled onto the couch in a weird position. He smiled.

“Well, I guess we can,” Steve replied happily. “What do you suggest?”

“I don’t know. I’m fine with anything though. What do you want to do?” Peter asked back.

“Hm. I haven’t watched a good movie in a while.” Steve said.

“Oh, that sounds fun.” Peter said, sounding excited to spend some quality time with his uncle.

“Well, guess we’re going to have a movie binge day today!” Steve declared, throwing his book onto the coffee table, and then making his way to sit next to Peter.

“Popcorn?” Steve asked.

“Yes, please. And can you bring some juice or drinks? Whatever is fine.”

“Of course. I’ll be right back.”

Peter asked FRIDAY to show all the movies he’s watched with his father recently and to pull them up onto the screen.

There were so many, and it showed many repeats of the Star Wars series being played several times, but Peter knew Steve didn’t like Star War movies as much.

By the time Steve got back, Peter had picked out the movies.

Disney movies never, ever got boring.

“Disney movies?” Steve questioned as he put the food and drinks down.

“Why? Do you have a problem with that?” Peter attacked lightly.

“No, I’m fine. After all, they do never get boring, although they are quite cheesy.”
“You can stop right there. I don’t wanna hear it.”

Steve laughed.

“So, which one is first?”

“Well, it seems to me that you aren’t in the Disney spirit, so we’re going to start with Cinderella, and the animated one with the singing mice, not the live action one.”

“I’m fine with that. As long as I have my nephew right next to me.” Steve scooted closer to Peter, who got the blanket that was on the couch arm and wrapped it around himself and Steve, snuggling into his Uncle.

He wasn’t even sleepy, but it was around lunch time when Peter fell asleep in the comfort of Steve. Steve eventually fell into a deep slumber as well, the movie playing only as background noise.

FRIDAY totally didn’t take a picture

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Tony sipped some of his coffee as he continued to tinker and ponder on more features that could potentially help Peter in any situation when he was patrolling or fighting villains.

After what had happened during the encounter with Aria... and her father, Tony was still on his toes about keeping his beloved son safe.

He couldn’t take any more hospital nights with Peter lying helplessly in bed in pain, in agony.

Tony huffed a frustrated breath out.

Peter just wanted to help the people who couldn’t fend for themselves. He just wants to be a hero for Queens, and it’s probably written in his DNA to help people. There will never be an opportunity where Peter would not help anyone in help.

Cause that was his son.

But he didn’t deserve to be beat around, when he is just trying to make the world a better place. Tony just didn’t know why the world is so cruel; he has accepted it, but he can’t help himself feel down that his family is affected by it.

He stared at the lab table as Clint prodded his shoulders to get his attention.

“Tony? Are you okay? You’ve been staring at the table for a long time.” Clint said, breaking his train of thought.

Tony blinked hard, “Sorry, I just got caught in a thought.”

He picked up the suit and looked at it hard. This was the only piece of him that could help protect Peter in any case. He could go and help, but that would take time.

“You thinking about Peter?” Clint said, “And how he got hurt?”

Tony put the suit down and looked at his fellow dad.

“Yeah.”
“If you thinking about how he got hurt, it wasn’t your fault.”

“I know. Well, actually, it is. Cause I’ve programmed my A.I.’s to be a bunch of softies who let him sneak out.”

“It’s been 2 weeks. He’s fully recovered. Heroes get hurt once in a while.”

“Yeah, but I can prevent it. I can!”

“Tony, you can’t. Peter getting hurt is inevitable. It’s impossible to keep him safe from everything.”

“But I can as hell try.”

“Yes, you can. And you have tried your best so far. I can see you’re running out of ideas and concepts right now.”

“I thought you were reading your book.”

“I was, and then I decided to look at what you were doing, and you weren’t doing much.”

Tony looked offended. “It takes time to think of things, okay?”

“I know. And you have taken a lot of your time today to work on the suit, so I suggest you take a break.”

Tony contemplated it, and then decided to just listen to Clint.

“Fine.”

“Good, I can finally talk to another human being instead of my mind,” Clint said cheerfully.

“Was I really working for that long?”

“Yes, and this book is pretty good cause Peter recommended it but I would prefer to talk to you.”

“Peter, oh right,” Tony said as he remembered about his precious son. “I need to check him.”

“You really are overprotective.”

“Shut it,” Tony said as he shied away.

“FRIDAY, what is Peter currently doing?” Tony asked out loud.

“Peter is currently in the living room with Captain Rogers. Would you like to see what they are doing on the holographic monitor?” FRIDAY asked.

“Yes.” Tony said shamelessly as Clint whispered “stalker” as a giant holographic screen popped up.

It showed the little popups of the surrounding environment in the living room. Mulan was playing on the TV, and the status for Steve and Peter were “asleep”.

Tony and Clint smiled.

Peter laid his head on Steve’s shoulder, as Steve put his head on his nephew’s as the movie progressed.

“FRIDAY, did you take a picture?” Tony asked.
“Affirmative, boss, as it was along the ‘take a picture of Peter when he is cute’ protocol.”

“Jeez, you really aren’t getting creative with these protocol names.” Clint teased.

“Oh shut up.” Tony retorted lightly.

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“So Valkyrie, you need some new clothes if you want to adapt to the people of Earth,” Wanda said as she cheerfully dragged her other female friends into the mall, her magic bursting in her eyes excitedly.

“I guess I can pick up a new style of clothing if it would help me to assimilate into your culture,” Valkyrie said as she took in the surrounding around her. “This is quite a big area with lots of stores around.”

“Yeah, and Stark’s credit card is going to take a big blow for sure after this shopping spree.” Natasha snickered.

Wanda looked at her questioningly. “I doubt it.”

“True, he is pretty rich.”

“And he was generous to let us go on a girl’s day out with his card, so I think he knows we are going to spend a lot of money,” Wanda said.

“Oh, I’m sure he knows.” Natasha laughed back.

They went from store to store, picking lots of clothes out. They weren’t in disguise, and some people recognized the heroes (except Valkyrie, as no one really has heard of her), but it was fine as none of them approached them or asked for pictures.

Wanda and Natasha rarely, if ever, got to go out and shop at malls. They usually ordered clothes online, but it wasn’t the same as going out in person and trying on clothes and touching and seeing them. Natasha had a dress craze and sometimes bought them online with her own money, and she made sure nobody got her secret packages. But it was nice to go out with her other girlfriends to shop for dresses or normal clothes.

Valkyrie was overwhelmed but in a good way. She had never bought these many clothes at once, and she was kind of feeling bad that she was spending someone else’s money to buy clothes for herself.

After all, she had the most shopping bags in her hands as Wanda and Natasha picked out a bunch of clothes on her.

She wasn’t really the type to try on clothes and take the time to pick them out, but she actually had to say she was having fun.

“Excuse me, but I got to use the restroom,” Valkyrie said as she stopped by the restroom in the mall, putting her bags down.

“Sure, go ahead. Wanda and I will wait here for you, take your time.” Natasha assured.

They awkwardly stood outside of the restoom.

Valkyrie had been somewhat of a string that kept them together in a way. Wanda and Natasha
haven’t really got back to… terms to say.

Ever since Natasha asked Wanda to read Tony’s mind back in the whole situation of Peter being Tony’s son, Wanda’s views on Natasha changed.

And it didn’t help her image too when Natasha was playing the bad guy in the big debate with Steve and Tony’s brutal fight.

But eventually, Wanda understood why Natasha did what she did.

She just wanted to protect everyone, and it probably was horrifying to be stuck in a fight between your loved ones, who are the only people she has.

The only people Wanda has as well.

Wanda felt bad; her guilt was like a stabbing throb in her heart.

She sat down on a couch near the restrooms intended for the people waiting, and Natasha followed.

Wanda thought of this as an opportunity to properly apologize.

“Hey Natasha, I just wanted to apologize.” Wanda started, looking down and kicking her legs around.

“For what?” Natasha replied, confused.

“For, being so cold to you and lashing out to you, and… for everything that passed us a few weeks back.”

“What? That wasn’t your fault. I should be the one saying sorry, for not knowing that you don’t like reading minds and for being irrational.”

“But it was some of my fault. I just put more fuel into the bonfire of fighting.”

“And so did I. We all made mistakes, and I think we learned many things from it.”

Wanda looked up at Natasha and was met with a warm smile.

“And I think we can make us stronger with what we’ve learned,” Natasha said.

Wanda hugged her.

“Thanks, for everything.” Wanda choked out. She didn’t know how to put it in words that Natasha was still her role model and motherly figure, and how grateful Wanda was that their relationship was still salvageable.

“No, thank you,” Natasha whispered back.

“Did I miss something?” Valkyrie coughed out.

Natasha and Wanda broke away from the hug, blushing.

“Oh, nothing.” Natasha said as she quickly got up with her shopping bags.

“Yeah, just a friendly hug. C’mon, we should keep going on our shopping spree, cause we don’t have much time before we have to go back for dinner.”
“Right.” Natasha and Valkyrie said.

And off they went.

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The elevator doors opened, and laughter boomed from within it.

So loud, that it woke up Peter and Steve, who were quite sensitive sleepers.

The pair of sleepy heads turned around on the couch rubbing their eyes to see Sam, Bucky, and Loki buckling over on the floor and counter laughing their mouths off.

“What’s going on?” Steve said, voice coarse.

Moana discreetly played in the background.

“Nothing, just Loki said a really funny joke and we can’t stop laughing.” Bucky laughed out.

“I don’t even want to hear it, cause it woke me up,” Peter said cranky, not happy with the amount of sleep he got with his uncle.

“Oh don’t worry, we weren’t going to tell you anyway.” Sam said.

Steve and Peter just scoffed and turned and their attention got caught on the movie playing.

“Uh FRIDAY, why didn’t you stop the movies when we fell asleep,” Peter asked.

“I made a bet with Karen on how many Disney movies you would go through in your nap,” FRIDAY replied.

“Who won?” Steve asked, yawning.

“Obviously the superior A.I.” Karen and FRIDAY simultaneously replied.


“Yes, Mr. Stark added me to help you and FRIDAY, as it would help things go more smoothly in the tower.

“Even though I was doing a great job before you came.” FRIDAY said under her breathe.

“You realized I can still hear you at normal volume.” Karen retorted back.

“Alright, enough bickering you two.” Tony yelled as he stepped off the elevator with Clint, everyone going silent.

The laughter from the trio had died down long ago.

“Sorry boss.” Both of the A.I’s said.

“It’s fine. Just fight in your own time not when everyone is looking. It leaves a bad reputation on me, the creator of the A.I’s.”

“Understood, boss.”

“Good,” Tony said, quickly making his way towards his son, excited to see him.
Peter jumped over the couch and hugged his father.

“Wow, I didn’t know you were that excited to see me,” Tony said as everyone awed at the cuteness overflowing from the father-son duo once again.

“I’m always excited to see you Dad,” Peter replied. “And you two, Loki,” Peter added, looking over his father’s shoulder to see Loki trying to hide a smile.

“Now I don’t feel special anymore,” Tony replied glumly.

“Yeah, same with me,” Sam said.

“I feel hurt.” Bucky looked down.

“Don’t forget about me.” Clint yelled.

“I’m happy to see all of you guys, okay?” Peter said, in a loving way which got everyone smiling.

“But it’s always you first Dad,” Peter whispered as he kissed his father’s cheek which made Tony smile brightly.

“Love you too,” Tony whispered back.

The elevator dinged once again.

Out stepped Natasha, Valkyrie, and Wanda with their shopping bags, who looked extremely tired and ready to drop on the floor.

“That was the most tiring but also most fun shopping spree I’ve ever been on before.” Wanda puffed out, dying on the couch that Steve sat on.

Natasha and Valkyrie busted down onto a smaller couch, their arms falling like deflated balloons.

“Why didn’t you put your bags at the team floor? Why come all the way up here?” Clint questioned.

“Our brains aren’t working right now, don’t question us,” Wanda argued lightly back.

“Is dinner ready yet?” Natasha murmured out.

“Not yet, cause no one was… willing to make dinner.” Steve said.

“Are you serious?” Valkyrie growled. “I’m so hungry.”

“Well, in that case,” FRIDAY declared. “You should make your way to the Avenger’s floor, as someone was willing to make dinner for everyone.”

Everyone looked at each other in confusion. The only person who wasn’t here was… Thor!? 

“Um, is your brother good at cooking?” Tony asked Loki.

“I don’t think so,” Loki said. “He’s the god of thunder, not the god of cooking.”

“Is that a thing?” Peter said curiously.

“What do you think?” Loki retorted.

“No,” Peter said laughing.
“Exactly.”

The team laughed, and they dragged themselves down to the Avengers floor in the elevator, all wondering what Thor possibly could’ve cooked.

The moment the elevator doors slid open, the smell of pasta sauce overwhelmed everyone’s nostrils, making them almost drool and drop dead.

They walked out and saw Thor stirring a giant pot of pasta sauce and plates filled with massive portions of penne pasta.

“How long did it take you to strain and cook all of that?” Steve asked.

“How do you know how to cook, brother?” Loki asked a more important question.

“Ah, well as I was taking the online courses Stark recommended me to fit in with the people of earth, I found that making pasta was not really as hard as it sounded, as we have the premade penne and the sauce. So I took the initiative to make everyone dinner, as I didn’t see anyone doing it themselves.” Thor replied happily.

“And we are ever so grateful. I would’ve died if we didn’t have this right now and we had to wait for food.” Natasha said as she sat quickly on the counter with her other lady friends.

They had gained a burst of adrenaline when they smelled the food.

Everyone gathered around as Thor served the pasta, super soldiers and spider-boy getting the largest of the portions.

They had light banter, talking about what they did all day in their individual groups.

Even Loki engaged in the conversations from time to time, and he found it fun to hear everyone’s laughter when he quipped in a retort or two.

He had a family now, he supposes.

After dinner, they all sat around the Avenger’s living room, all doing their own thing. Steve pulled out a book as Wanda and Natasha braided Valkyrie’s hair into an intricate pattern. Clint and Tony started their iconic dad talks again as Bucky and Sam played video games on the large t.v. Loki and Peter were texting.

Well, Peter was texting Ned and MJ, as Loki watched over him.

“So, these are your other friends. Ned, and this MJ girl?” Loki asked.

“Yeah, I think you guys would be good friends. You guys have so much in common.” Peter said.

“If they are as nice and friendly as you, perhaps.”

“Well, Ned is pretty friendly and nice, but MJ is a little tough. But she eventually gets around to you.”

“I see. Hard to get. Like me.”

Peter giggled, “I guess so.”

Peter continued texting.
The Nerd Gang (plus MJ, cause she’s not a nerd).

“Hey guys, look at all my cousins from the Philippines!” Ned texted, sending a picture along with his mom, dad, and cousins.

“Are they nice?” MJ asked.

“Yeah they’re so chill”

“You’re like the only person to actually use the word ‘chill’ still”

“Okay u know wut”

“Guys calm down. You guys always fight over the dumbest things.” Peter texted quickly before an argument broke out.

MJ sent an emoji with a tongue sticking out, and Ned replied with an angry emoji.

“Here’s my loser family.” MJ sent a pic with her family at the Statue of Liberty.

And then it got silent in the text group.

“Sorry Peter. I’m so sorry.” MJ texted as she realized she was sending happy family pictures of her family when Peter’s family was… deceased.

“I shouldn’t have sent my family pic.” Ned replied as well, realizing the situation.

Peter was okay with it though. He had a family still.

Family doesn’t mean blood; family can also be determined by heart.

“Hey, can we all take a group picture? I realized I don’t have a single picture of us all together.” Peter asked.

“Sure,” everyone said as they stood up along the back of the living room.

Peter set his phone on the couch, using the very useful selfie stand that came with the latest new Stark phone.

“Okay, everyone ready?” Peter said as his Dad squeezed in next to him and Steve.

“Ready!”

“Smile!” Peter yelled.

3

2

1

Snap!

The picture was taken automatically by Karen, who was installed in Peter’s phone.

Everyone looked at the photo and was satisfied, and also happy that this was their first ever family picture altogether.
“I’ll make sure to send it to everyone,” Peter announced as everyone made their way back to their seat. “But first I gotta send it to my friends.”

The Nerd Gange (Plus MJ, cause she not a nerd).

“It’s okay! This is my family!” Peter texted as he sent the recently taken pic to the group chat.


“Is that Loki from the New York attack?" Ned texted quickly after MJ.

*MJ has left the chat

Peter had a family. And he was darn happy with them.

THE END

Chapter End Notes

THE END!

Thank you guys so much for reading my fic! I can’t take you how much I love this fan base and all my readers and people who drop comments and kudos! You guys are the best!

This was my very first fic ever! And i know some people say it was cringe or didn't like it, and I respect that. I am not the best writer; heck, I probably am the worst person at interpreting feelings (with the whole best friend thing that just happened to me).

I've learned so many things on this adventure, on writing, on how to take comments and reply to them, on how to plan stories, on how to keep promises I never keep (I'm so bad at keeping promises what is wrong with me), and in life in general.

I don't know what to say. Almost over 50,000 hits? THATS INSANE (for me)!!!

I'm crying at this point. I don't have words to describe how much happiness I feel from that.

And I know oh how many people reading your fics do not dictate how happy you should be. But it does for me.

And I know some people were there from chapter 1 from the beginning, and some dropped by the middle, and those who even binged it near the end; I am so thankful for all of you guys!

And yeah! I don't have any future plans for fics; maybe I'll do prompts.

If I do prompts, I'll probably create a new fic that just asks for requests, and write them. Idek anymore, I don't have any plans so I'll just ride the boat and see. If you guys do want prompts, comment and tell me cause I don't know if people want it or not.

Anyways, yeah.
Once again, thank you so much. Goodbye for now!

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