**Sweet Dreams are made of...**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org) at [http://archiveofourown.org/works/16361258](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16361258).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Teen And Up Audiences</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Graphic Depictions Of Violence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>Gen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>X-Men (Movieverse), X-Men: Apocalypse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Jean Grey, Erik Lehnsherr, Charles Xavier, Hank McCoy, Scott Summers, Kurt Wagner, Ororo Munroe, Raven</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>dadneto, Father-Son Relationship, Sickfic, Sick Peter, Erik Has Feelings, Charles knows everything, Jean knows everything, Scott is a good bro (maybe), Ororo is a Good Bro, kurt is kurt, Daddy Issues, Peter has daddy issues, I'm evil for doing this to Pietro, don't hate me, i don't know how to tag, Angst, Angst with a Happy Ending, I swear there's a happy ending</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Stats:                   | Published: 2018-10-21 Completed: 2018-11-01 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 34493 |

**Sweet Dreams are made of...**

by talkativefangirl13

**Summary**

Peter didn’t instantly jump into conclusion when he saw Erik from afar, he’s probably having a relaxing swim or a soothing ‘me time’ contemplating about life and his stupid choices while facing down on the water, literally not moving.

_Nope this guy’s dying._

or where Peter always saves Erik and that one time Erik tries to save him.
This was supposed to be a one-shot, but then I got lazy and made it a two part story. I just really wanted to post this trashy story of mine.

Peter knows a lot.

Basically because everything is so slow that he always sees it coming, or that everyone seems to talk loud that he ends up hearing everything while doing an early morning lap around the mansion (although, it only sounds like garbled messages because the conversations overlaps with each other, but after twenty-six years of experience, it’s pretty easy to decipher it now).

So it was a humongous surprise for him when he found Erik—Magneto, Magnus, Metal Manipulator, Mutant Terrorist, Presidents Killer, Dad or whatever nickname Peter has for him (personally he likes Dad way better)—through his bedroom window, floating on Professor Baldy Head’s pond.

Peter didn’t instantly jump into conclusion when he saw Erik from afar, he’s probably having a relaxing swim or a soothing ‘me time’ contemplating about life and his stupid choices while facing down on the water, literally not moving.

Nope this guy’s dying.

Grabbing his goggles on his nightstand, Peter dashed his way out of the school and straight towards the Professor’s pond, seizing Erik’s collar, he yanked him out of the water and jesus fucking christ was the guy freezing.

Peter is no scientist (Hank is), nor even a doctor (Hank is?) but he’s pretty sure he knows if a person is cold enough to undergo hypothermia. It’s like, the middle of October and if 6 am in the morning is still not cold for you then who are you and what kind of mutation do you have?

Not really knowing what to do in a situation like this, he did the most mature and smart thinking he had ever done for the sake of his estranged father’s life.

He screamed (either mentally or physically, maybe both) for the Professor.

He probably sounded like a girl.

And that’s how, Peter Maximoff, started his day.

Turns out, it was Hypothermia ("Oh my god I’m a fucking genius!" Peter screamed internally), and apparently Erik fainted out of blood loss. If Peter didn’t saw Erik right then, he would probably die out of drowning, blood loss, or coldness. Peter didn’t know which was worse.

It was strange how Charles and Raven acts around on an almost dying Erik because they literally seemed like they don’t care, either that or Erik getting shot is a normal thing, like, being injured and
stuff. Hank, on the other hand, doesn’t seem so keen to see Erik again after the Apocalypse disaster.

Peter knows this because he knows a lot.

Aaaand because Peter saw Hank grumbling while literally stabbing the IV on Erik’s vein. The guy had serious issues with him, thank the gods that he didn’t turn blue.

Peter liked to think that he wasn’t too obvious visiting his terrorist of a father, quite a lot, ever since he arrived (drowned?). But all of that went out of the window when Raven saw (more like sneak up on) him visiting the fifth time that day, and it wasn’t even lunch yet.

Peter liked to think that he didn’t scream a high pitched note, but rather a very deep and very manly one, although Raven’s eyebrow says otherwise.

“Dude, what the fuck?! ‘the hell are you doing here?’ Peter asked as he clutched his heart. This was the second time this day he got surprised, and he isn’t liking it.

“I should ask you the same question.” Raven countered folding her arms over her chest. “Just because you’re an X-man doesn’t mean you can go anywhere you want.”

Peter really wanted to say that he can and he will because he’s fast and awesome and that he could outrun every danger, although Apocalypse is an exemption, that dude is, like, a level 9999 while Peter’s a level 10 “Come on I’m his son.” Peter said instead.

She scoffed. “Don’t use that card on me.”

Peter can use that card on her because he could, and Raven is the only adult that knows about his relationship with Erik. He didn’t know about Hank and Charles though, maybe they knew but they just prefer to keep their mouth shut since Charles is a telepath and could hear every mind in the world, and Hank might’ve overheard it back when they were held captive at Stryker’s facility, but who knows right?

“If Erik wakes up and you freak out, I won’t tell you I told you so.” Raven said after a couple of failed attempts on telling Peter to back off because it’s off limits here, but Peter’s a dick, and ‘off limits’ is not part of his dictionary.

“Dude, how old do you think am I? Six? I won’t freak out, I swear.”

He freaked out.

Hank just finished checking up on Erik when Peter decided to take a visit while munching on a Twinkie, even though dinner just ended moments ago.

Peter got to admit, it was rather weird seeing Erik asleep, he was used to seeing him do normal stuff like; lifting a whole stadium, killing the president or helping a false god that looks more like a smurf to end the world. Yeah, normal Erik stuff.

Maybe it was part of his mutation, but Peter wanted to curse his 20-20 vision when he saw a lint on Erik’s shoulder. He kept telling himself that he won’t remove it, he won’t be a creep and remove it because he isn’t a creep and it’s just a lint, a harmless little lint.

But Peter is a hundred percent asshole that wouldn’t listen to anyone, even to himself. So he bent down and slowly (big mistake) reached out for the lint.

He was like, a millimeter close to it when a large calloused hand grabbed hold of his wrist that made
him yelped, for the third time that day, like a girl.

Peter found himself staring eye-to-eye with non-other than his father slash terrorist slash ex-horsemen (Peter have got to stop giving his dad nicknames). There was an agonizing five-second staring contest before Peter (yet again) screamed in a shrill voice, but this time, it was like a never-ending siren.

Peter wasn’t really scared of Erik, really, he isn’t. Just imagine yourself sneaking up on your parents while they’re sleeping trying to take some pocket money when all of the sudden your mother screamed at you. If you didn’t go batshit scared, then what are you and are you even a human? (mutant?).

Erik immediately let go of Peter to cover his ears, it was a common occurrence to wake up because of someone’s screams, but to wake up then have someone screaming isn’t really a good experience. However, as soon as Erik released his hold on Peter’s wrist, there was complete silence, only a disappearing silver blur was left.

The day pretty much started by Peter screaming like a girl and ended the same way after accidentally waking Erik up on his 10 hours coma. It wasn’t really a good wake up a greeting, especially when the last time he saw this guy was months ago.

Peter might’ve broken Erik’s hearing,

More reasons for him to lock himself up in his room.

But Peter’s an asshole so he continued his day, as usual, doing his morning laps, half expecting to see another body floating on the pond (a living one), god knows what he’ll do when he saw a dead body. After a couple of laps, students started doing their morning routines outside the mansion. Running while having kids on the field wasn’t an easy task, so he finished today’s lap and headed straight towards the kitchen, he felt like he could eat a mountain of Twinkies right now.

He was in the middle of stuffing his mouth with five Twinkies when Charles and Erik came inside having the most serious conversation Peter had ever seen.

“I’m telling you, Charles, they made this drug—” Erik immediately stopped talking when he saw Peter sitting on top of the island, having five unwrapped Twinkies beside him and five other more stuffed in his mouth.

“‘Sup,” Peter said, although it sounded more of a fshaf

“Peter, there you are.” Charles said rather too enthusiastic. “Erik, this is Peter, the person that saw you floating on my pond.”

“I remember,” Erik said which made Peter tense up, was he hearing this right? Erik remembers him? The Pentagon? The ‘I’m here for my family too’ talk? “You were the guy on crutches.”

Of course

The Pentagon incident was already ten years ago, how would he even remember? And the event with Apocalypse was too short to be memorable. Who was he kidding? Erik doesn’t remember his awesome stunts and mutation, what he remembers was his lame crutches, which by the way, isn’t awesome.

Peter couldn’t trust himself to speak so he ended up nodding.
"Peter, kindly swallow your food first." Peter didn’t know if the Professor was being kind or was being a jackass because he’s disgusted to see Peter stuffing his mouth with Twinkies. But who the hell knows? Even if the world is ending Professor Baldy still had the guts to smile as if he didn’t almost die.

Peter dashed out to spit it out instead.

“You’re not making any improvements, Peter,” Raven told Peter after a deadbeat training in the Danger Room. “Actually, you’re making it worse.”

Peter is pretty sure that his training went well, no, more like it went completely awesome. Not to brag about his age and all, but he’s practically the oldest in the team and had the most control over his powers, so when Raven told him that his not doing any improvements but was rather doing the opposite. Dude, that’s just… not cool.

“I’m pretty sure I just kicked Scott’s ass on hand-to-hand combat,” Peter replied by pointing his thumb at the Danger room.

Raven rolled his eye and gave a frustrated grunt “I’m not talking about training, I’m talking about Erik.”

Oh

To be honest, ever since Erik came, Peter has become a nervous wreck. It’s like Apocalypse all over again, and no, not the part where he tried beating the false god (a.k.a the smurf) senseless, but the part where he confronted Magneto when he was covered by a magnetic field or whatever.

He gets all stupid and tongue-tied whenever Erik is around. And that’s just not cool.

Peter decided to, you know, bond with him first before he could drop the bomb. He didn’t want to give Erik the impression that he was trying to replace his family and all that. But trying to have a father-son bonding with him was way easier said than done. Peter couldn’t even make a decent greeting whenever Magneto’s around.

“You plotting a new ‘how-to-end-the-world’ plan?”

“Sup dude, how’s the killing spree going on?”

“Man that was cool but kinda freaky. ‘You dreaming of taking over the world?”

“So, do you, like, recruit underage children now?”

“Hey! What about you? How’s the family going?”

The last one, by far, was the worst. Peter wouldn’t wonder if he wakes up one day having a metal beam stuck on his chest.

“Is it that bad?” Peter asked in a low voice.

Raven’s lips were a thin line, and by Peter’s knowledge, that’s not a good sign. “Is ‘Annoying Kid’ seems like a good nickname to you?”

Instead of smashing his head on the wall, he gave a long groan. “Kill me now, Raven.”

“I’d be happy to, but you’re too good of an asset on the team.”
Peter could actually count how many conversations he had with his mutant, terrorist, villain-ish(?) father. It was five, and none of those was a reason to be proud of, but was rather a good reason to dig a hole and die there.

I.

*Peter was doing his morning laps when he spotted Erik seated in front of the pond, the pond where he just drowned two days ago.*

“You plotting a new ‘how-to-end-the-world’ plan?” Peter said without thinking.

Erik slowly turned to look at him, eyes furrowed and obviously annoyed by the question. “Was that supposed to be a joke?”

Peter knew he made a wrong move, so he contemplated first before he could answer. “Maybe…” he should have contemplated more.

With narrowed eyes, Erik replied in a deep monotonous voice, “Well, it isn’t funny.”
Before turning to face the pond again, eyes closed.

Not really wanting the conversation to end too early, Peter opened his stupid mouth that would give him a bigger reason to just dig a hole and die. “Sooo, what’re you doing? ‘You practicing Tai Chi or something?”

If Erik gave a disapproving grunt, Peter didn’t notice it. “I’m meditating, Peter, and I would like to have peace and quiet.”

That was actually the first clue that he should have left, but not to Peter. He actually stayed there for a couple of seconds, as if waiting for something magical to happen, before he opened his unhelpful mouth to speak again. “So does meditating—”

“Why are you still here?”

Yup, ok, that’s when Peter got the message. So he left.

II.

Training just finished seconds ago and Peter and the team started heading out while covered with sweat and dirt, when the speedster spotted Erik talking with Charles at the entrance of Cerebro, the stupidity in him sparked to life.

He sped towards them and greeted Erik with “Sup dude, how’s the killing spree going on?”

Charles gaped at him while Erik stared, eyebrows raised.

Silence, you could literally hear a fucking pin drop if there was one.

“That sounded way funnier inside my head,” Peter added trying to recover from his idiocy, he even threw in a few (nervous) laughs just to lighten up the mood.

Charles (bless him) actually tried to laugh with him, but one look from Erik, he stopped “What? It was funny.” He replied trying to cover up for Peter.

If Peter could kiss Charles, he would have done it because this right here is how
Charles should be a fucking hero, but considering that his father was staring daggers at him, he chose not to. Plus it sounded so gay.

“I should leave, right?” Peter said instead, he could feel his face heating up with embarrassment.

“By all means.” Erik replied.

Peter left before he could hear what Charles have to say to Erik.

III.

It was at god-knows-what o’clock in the afternoon. Peter doesn’t really do well with time, everything seems to be too slow to him and keeping track on what period it was for the day gives him migraines, so he just based everything on his surroundings. If most of the students are snoozing their ass off in class, then it’s already noon.

Afternoon means chores, and chores means work. Since Peter wasn’t a student and wasn’t also a teacher, Professor Baldy Head actually promoted him as the school’s ‘Janitor’. The Professor didn’t specifically used the word ‘janitor’, he actually made it sound fancy, but Peter wasn’t stupid enough not to know.

Plus, his mutation was a large benefit so Peter couldn’t argue against it. He knows his mutation is downright beneficial.

So, here he was, in the middle of wiping the windows when weird shit began to happen.

His Walkman started floating.

At first he didn’t noticed it since every time he’s in his supersonic-speed mode, everything seems to look strange. But when your Walkman just ‘magically’ slides out from your pocket along with your headphones, then you know weirder shit is happening.

Time started to flow in a normal pace again, and Peter definitely knows he’s a genius because weird shit really is happening and he was quick enough not to assume that the world is ending. Judging from the yelps and screams coming from different directions, not everyone was quick enough to think that the mansion is crawling with mutants and occasions like this are Normal, with a capital ‘n’.

Small objects like coins, paper clips, hair pins were floating everywhere. A paper clip even flew out from one of his pockets, Peter was pretty sure that that thing was more than a year old in his pocket.

After marvelling the fact that the mansion looked a lot like that rad movie ‘Poltergeist’ he heard the Professor’s voice ringing inside his head, telling him that he should check on Erik at the library because, oh yeah, right, everything that’s floating were obviously metal, it’s a dead giveaway that Erik was behind it.

Dashing up towards the library was harder than expected, especially when small metal objects were hitting him on the face. It doesn’t really hurt, Hank already did some tests on him about the benefits of his mutation, turns out, his skin becomes literally indestructible when he’s in supersonic mode, which is just plain awesome for Peter.

When Peter finally arrived at the library while having bits of metal sticking on his hair,
He saw Erik and truth to be told, he’s having one heck of a nightmare, the guy was twisting and turning in his sleep and his hair was plastered on his forehead. The guy looks terrifying, he looks like he’s watching his family die again, which is what’s probably what’s happening.

Giving the metal bender a firm shake, blue eyes immediately met brown ones. Peter would be lying if he said he hadn’t freaked out, but at least he didn’t scream this time. It’s like waking up a grizzly bear for crying out loud.

When Erik doesn’t seem to get the message why Peter just woke him up from his nightmare (no ‘thank you’s? Ok, whatever), Peter pointed at the floating paper clips that were on his hair as he whistled a short tune.

As soon as Erik noticed this, his shoulder sagged, sending a chorus of coins and small metals falling down on the floor.

The job was done, no humiliating crap had happened, therefore, no thoughts of digging up a hole and dying there was happening. But this is Peter, somehow, bullshit’s always bound to occur especially when he opens his god-awful mouth.

“Man that was cool but kinda freaky. ‘You dreaming of taking over the world?” Peter really wanted to slap himself as soon as the words escaped his mouth.

Erik glared at him. “What is it with you and the thoughts of taking over the world?”

Peter shrugged, trying to mask his over-the-head nervousness “Dunno, it’s just a joke dude.”

“Jokes are half meant.”

Ok, now Erik just went deep right there. “So, it’s like, if a clown says to a beautiful girl ‘ugly’, then tells her that it’s a joke. Is the girl half ugly then?”

Real smooth Peter, real smooth.

Erik ran a hand over his face, as if keeping a conversation with Peter already gives him headaches (Peter wouldn’t blame him, he already lost count giving Scott a few, and also Raven, and the Professor, also Hank, ok maybe everyone that he knows) while grumbling about how he wished Hank woke him up instead of this immature adult (kid?) in front of him.

Not even planning to reply, Erik stood up and left.

IV.

Weekend just rolled in and Peter was pissed that Scott went to the mall while bringing the whole team, except for him. Granted, he could be there in a snap of a finger, maybe dump a cup of lemonade on Scott’s head if he wanted to, but he was too lazy (haha, lazy, since when?) to do so.

Peter decided to have a normal stroll on the open field while bringing a bag of Twinkies with him (Hey, low blood sugar plus fast metabolism is a gigantic pain in the ass) when he saw Erik, trying to make a conversation with one of the young students.
Peter had to blink twice.

Erik, the Erik that dropped a stadium around the White House, the Erik that killed the president, the Erik that got locked up in the Pentagon, the Erik that tried breaking the earth in half is trying to make a decent conversation with a twelve-year-old girl. Well, as much decent as it looks, Peter could literally sense the awkward tension around them.

He wanted to laugh at how stupid Erik looks like but he’ll just be a complete hypocrite to himself if he did. Well at least he knows where he got his involuntary awkwardness from.

When the kid happily got out from the conversation with Erik, Peter quietly dashed up next to him, accidentally catching a few grumbled words from the older mutant, something about telling Charles that coping with young students is a stupid idea.

“So, do you, like, recruit underage children now?” It was just a thought, really, it was just a very loud thought that Peter accidentally voiced out.

Erik’s mouth thinned before turning to look at Peter who was biting on two Twinkies at the same time. He didn’t know if he should be disgusted or amazed that for a guy so thin, he eats like a pig. “You again.” Peter knew it wasn’t a question.

If Peter noticed the discomfort in Erik’s voice, well, he absolutely ignored it. “Yup, me again, I’m literally everywhere dude, you should probably know that since I’ve been seeing you for a couple of times now in a span of three days, although you won’t be seeing me after classes since there’s this X-Men training shit going on which is totally cool if you ask me. I get to kick Scott’s ass without being sent to the Professor’s office.”

In the middle of Peter’s ramble, he noticed Erik looking at him with recognition, it was a short moment and short moments are Peter’s forte so he’s pretty sure that it happened, not some kind of hallucination after eating a bag of Twinkies, is that even possible? Peter should try it someday.

“You didn’t look like you grew up that much.” Erik said which made Peter unable to respond immediately, because, hello? Grew up? What grew up? Peter’s sure he was talking about the X-Men training program, not some stupid de-aging cream.

“What?”

“Ten years ago, from the Pentagon, I remembered you bailing me out.” Erik reminded him and HALLELUJAH for that because he finally has a decent memory of Peter that doesn’t involve anything with crutches. “I knew I heard that rambling voice from somewhere.”

Ok, not a cool memory for recognition but still better than crutches.

Out of common knowledge, the ball is now at Peter’s court, he just had to make a decent response that won’t make him look like a dick, because this by far is the most passable conversation that they ever had since day one. Just a simple, appropriate and convenient response would do. “Yeah, people tend to remember me because of my ramblings.” Ok good one, now he just had to keep it simple. “So, ‘you planning on recruiting Stacy back there? You do know she’s still twelve right?’”

WHAT THE FUCKITY-FUCK WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?! IT WAS GOING SO
SMOOTHLY MAXIMOFF! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

Erik’s lips thinned (for some reasons he always does that whenever Peter’s around) making his face either looks ‘why am I with this kid?’ or ‘One more word and I will punch this kid’. Peter doesn’t want to believe it, but he was pretty sure it was the latter.

Peter was waiting for the punch, which was kinda stupid if you think about it since he’s fast and he could outrun anything (well except for Apocalypse because that dude is freaky), but instead, he got a firm pat on the shoulder. “Okaaaay, it was nice talking to you, Peter, but I’ll just go and head inside now.” Erik said before turning on his heel and left.

Peter highly doubts that that was a nice talk.

V.

Scott and the team just got back from the mall while Raven secretly tags along with them (sneaky bitch). Peter knew it’s because of Kurt, but he didn’t bother getting to the bottom of it since he knew he’ll ‘accidentally’ overhear the answer one day because he’s cool and a dick and doesn’t care about the privacy of others.

Everyone was huddled at the den, surprisingly, even Erik was there considering he’s not really having a good time whenever Peter is around. The only one missing was the Professor who was too busy since exams just finished and checking papers is easier said than done. Erik was probably there because Raven snatched him or something (again, sneaky bitch).

"I think I won’t be staying for Thanksgiving," Scott suddenly said, leading an abrupt halt to the conversation, not that Peter was even listening, he was pretty sure they were talking about the possibility of flying penguins, but he’s not really sure anymore.

"Why not?" Jubilee asked, she’s not really an X-Man, but she might as well be.

"Mom wants me to visit, she’s been wanting to see a lot of me ever since…” He trailed off as that fateful day with his older brother was reminiscent.

Peter felt a pang of something in his chest and he didn’t like it, he never really liked it in the first place. ‘If’ is a very strong word, and his whole life revolves on the word ‘if’. What if he had saved Alex? What if he had known that Erik was his father much earlier? What if he had told Erik he was his son back when they fought with Apocalypse? What if he got to Poland earlier? He’s really hating the word ‘if’.

And he’s awesome, he shouldn’t even be hating anything.

Except for racists.

And murderers.

And rapists.

You get the point.

Not one for dramas in the first place, Peter opened his mouth before even thinking of what to say. Which, looking back, was never a good thing with him, doing without thinking was going to kill him someday. “I think I’ll take a page from your book, I could
visit my sister on Thanksgiving.” Then he turned towards Erik, really, he just wanted
the guy not to feel left out, if he has any reasons, it’s that he’s just trying to be nice.
“Hey! What about you? How’s the family going?”

Peter blinked at his own words.

Everyone was suddenly staring at him, and Peter, even after reaching adulthood,
doesn’t have a fucking clue on what to respond towards this, curse himself and his god
damn mouth. What’s worse was Erik was blatantly glaring daggers at him, and holy
shit he feels like a total asshole right now, the dude’s family just died months ago and
here he was asking about them.

*Peter should probably write his last will and testament right now.*

To Peter’s relief, Erik didn’t thrust a knife in his chest, rather, he stood up and left the
room without a word.

“Dude, what was that?” Scott asked Peter as soon as Erik was out of earshot.

“Me being so uncool.” Was what Peter replied instead.

Yup, he should just probably dig a hole and die, it really sounds like a good idea right now so Peter
quickly dashed towards the garage in search of a shovel. He knew Hank placed it somewhere near
the lawnmower because he saw him gardening just a week– oh, there’s the shovel, just right behind
the shelf. With one successful pull, Peter got it out.

Proud that he got the shovel without ruining everything, he smiled closed teeth to himself, but just as
he was about to leave, Peter didn’t notice that there was a rope attached to the handle, that was
attached to the shelf, next to the lawnmower, beside the counter, right below the toolkit and in front
of the Professor’s car. Well everything went mayhem from there.

Peter’s fast, but for a guy as fast as him, he always seems to be too late.

Even now, he was too late to realize that a sneaky metal pole was about to flatten him, thank god for
Raven’s Reflex Enhancement training that he was able to dodge it in a nick of time, that and the fact
that he can technically manipulate time (or whatever it is the professor calls it). And boy was that
close, being killed by Apocalypse now sounds way better than being killed by a metal pole.

There are now two bad news and one good news.

Good news is, Peter got the shovel.

Bad news is a.) he took a wrong step that might’ve did something to his right ankle because it hurts
like hell and b.) the Professor’s garage looks like Cairo all over again.

At least he got the shovel.

There was a lot of footsteps and the sound of electric wheels coming his way, running away seems
like a majestic idea right now because *holy fucking shit* the Professor will totally kill him
telepathically if he sees this, and Hank will dance around his grave while chanting scientific formulas.

But right now, Peter is a slow ass motherfucker that couldn’t register what was happening when the door opened to show Hank and the Professor. Digging his own grave became like a necessity now because, a.) Professor Baldy Head found out that his precious car is broken along with all of his garage stuff, b.) he looks like shit sitting on his ass because— oh right, he fell down while dodging the metal pole and c.) Peter have the shovel now.

“You, what, happened?” Charles asked eyeing the disaster around the place.

This is the part where he would joke about what had happened because nobody gave him a manual about ‘how to deal with crap when you know you’re in deep shit 101’, this is why jokes became his coping mechanism ‘cuz it’s easier and gives less drama to deal with. But fate seems to hate him right now because his coping mechanism is a total bullcrap “Does the place looks like Cairo to you guys? Because I feel like I’m Magneto right now.”

And guess who was with them that isn’t part of Peter’s field of vision because he was behind the door frame, the mother fucker just showed himself up when Peter just finished talking. Clue: he ruined Cairo months ago and could manipulate metal.

*Is this day getting any better or what?*

“Peter, in my office.” Charles said.

 Turns out, the Professor doesn’t really love his car that much, so that’s actually a good news. But his goggles are temporarily confiscated which is annoying as fuck because a.) his eyes gets dry without his goggles when running, b) when it’s dry it became itchy, c.) when it’s itchy it became irritated and d.) it hella fucking hurts when a fly hits your eye and dies there.

So if there’s no goggles, then there’s no running.

And that’s just… no.

Running is basically a necessity to him because, duh, ADHD is a bitch and staying in one place is worse than crucifixion. He remembered having that cast for weeks and it was pure torture because he couldn’t run and everything was just sooooo slow. Now everything’s still slow and he *can* run but couldn’t because he’d rather have two functioning eyes than none at all.

But Peter just can’t, he just can’t stop running not just because everything is so slow but because running was what defines him, it’s what make’s Peter, Peter… and he can’t burn all of those bags of Twinkies that he always eats without running, he’s not risking to look like one of those fat dudes on fast food restaurants, especially when most of what he eats are foods from fast food restaurants.

So he’s going to steal his goggles back from the Professor.

Peter’s really trying to get all of those kleptomaniac days behind. Note; ‘trying’.

He waited until midnight where Hank would probably be asleep while drooling on his work table, Erik hanging out at the kitchen while reading a newspaper (or whatever a retired terrorist does on midnight), or the time Charles would finally retreat back into his room after checking another pile of exam papers.

Peter headed straight towards the Professors office as quietly as possible, he had to endure the slow
and loud way because, nope, he’s not running and have an itchy eye after this.

Peter grinned happily when he found that the office was empty, so he headed inside and proceeded his search for his goggles. It was annoyingly slow since he chose not to use his mutation because, duh, his eyes (also because the Professor doesn’t seem to know what a duster is, god, and he runs the school). So you didn’t know how happy Peter was when he finally spotted his familiar silver colored goggles sitting on top of one of Charles’s bookshelves.

Of course when everything is going too well, some shit is bound to happen.

“—you don’t understand, we need to act now, Charles.”

“I’ve already sent Raven, Erik, we just have to wait for her to come back. Let’s not act first when we still don’t know what lies up ahead.”

Ok, well shit, Charles and Erik are still awake and they seemed to be discussing something private. Sure he already has his goggles so he could just run and be on his merry way, but he can’t because they would notice the air whizzing past them. So heading in the closet it is then.

As soon as Peter zoomed inside one of the closets, the door to Charles office creaked open where Erik and Charles came in, thank the heavens that they didn’t noticed it was slightly ajar.

“I already know what lies up ahead, that’s why we should act now.”

“Erik, I will not send my team if I am not sure on what danger lies in there, not you.”

Peter has a bunch of reasons why he should have just waited for tomorrow to get his goggles because of 1.) This is a top-secret conversation that he’s not supposed to hear, 2.) he’s already at the bad side of Erik, he really didn’t want to make it worse and 3.) the Professor’s closet is so dusty and cramp.

“They’re no longer children, Charles”

A sigh “One is no longer a child, the rest of them are far still young.”

“One? Charles, he’s the one that acts like a child out of all of them.”

And oh shit they’re talking about him and if that didn’t just made Peter nervous then he didn’t know what will, and he already have a huge hunch that this won’t end well.

“Give him a chance, Erik, you’ve only known him for a short while.”

“Oh so you’re telling me that I should spend time with him? Charles, you do know that whenever I’m around, he always seems to have a way to offend me.”

“Because that’s what he is, I’m not going to lie but the first time I met him, he was this huge gigantic pain in my arse—.”

“Then why did you still kept him? He’s not even a student, Charles,”

“Erik, there is more to a person than meets the eye.”

“I’ve known quite enough.”

“But not enough to judge him.”
There was a long pause. “Why does it feel like you’re defending him too much?”

“I’m not defending him, I’m just telling you that you shouldn’t be too hard on the boy. He did save all of us back when the mansion exploded—”

“One heroic act and you think everything about him is sunshine and rainbows?”

An exasperated sigh. “Erik, Peter aided us back then, when Apocalypse was at large. It wasn’t just one heroic act, I kept him because he’s part of the X-men.”

“You kept him because he’s an X-man? I thought this is a place for mutants students—”

“It is, and it will always be.”

“—well I guess this is a place for mutant students and homeless mutants that have no future.”

That statement felt like a sucker punch to the gut. There was no joke that could help him cope up with this. Peter’s not a student, he’s a student drop out of high school, at age twenty-six he still lives at his mother’s basement and when he left, he only became another problem in the school, he’s not a teacher here, he doesn’t have a job (cleaning the school doesn’t count), he steals food, he gives everyone headaches, he’s nothing but a problem to everyone.

It hurts to think that everything that Erik said was true, he didn’t have a future, he’s already pushing thirty and all he did was steal food and ruin the garage. Charles’s a liar, he didn’t save everyone from the explosion (he forgot Alex), he didn’t aid back then at Cairo, he was just another guy that tagged along with them and made a stupid decision that broke his leg.

Peter is just a pathetic twenty-seven-year-old guy that gives shit to everyone.

_Geez, thanks for reminding me, dad._

“Charles, what is it?”

A long pause. Peter was found, he knew the Professor knows he’s here. “Erik, be honest, is this the only reason why you dislike Peter?

“… What are you—?”

“He reminds you of her doesn’t he?”

Another long pause, but this time there was tension, a very very thick and obvious tension. Peter should know because even when he’s hiding inside this dusty cramp closet, the aura is radiating around them like a burning furnace, it’s like Jean lighting up from Kerosene again.

A growl. “Get out of my head, Charles.” Then stomping, then a door banging shut.

Silence for five seconds, then “You can get out now, Peter.”

Yup, the Professor does know he’s here, no point on hiding then. So Peter slightly opened the closet, slowly peeking outside which is stupid since the Professor was the only one left and there’s no point of getting embarrassed because of a.) he didn’t say anything to feel bad b.) point ‘a’ is stupid because he feels like hell right now because c.) his dad just told him that he doesn’t have fucking future, which he totally knew but still hurts when somebody says it.

So ok, Peter definitely has a good reason to feel like crap right now.
But of course, Peter doesn’t know how to handle shits like this, so here comes the cringe train. “You should really clean your closet man, it’s dusty as hell, do you know how hard I tried not to sneeze in there?”

Charles as being Charles, he ignored Peter’s comment about his closet. “How long have you been there?”

At first Peter wanted to lie that he just got here and all, but curse telepathy, there’s no point on lying to the Professor. “Long enough to find these,” Peter said raising his goggles for the Professor to see.

The Professor made an exasperated sigh that says of course. “Peter, Erik’s a good man, don’t think of this as a—”

“How long have you known?” Peter asked instead because no man in his right mind would still act like everything is normal, as if what he heard was just news about the sky being blue when hearing a groundbreaking one. Well, Peter would like to think it’s groundbreaking, his father is Magneto for crying out loud.

“… Quite long enough.” The Professor replied. Peter was about to ask when but Charles continued to talk, wheeling his chair towards his table. “At first I had a hunch back then when you still had crutches, but everything got crystal clear when you found Erik at the pond. Then your thoughts just became too loud for me to block from there, it was fast and was usually the cause of my headaches.” The professor chuckled from the thought. “It’s harder when you’re zooming around the mansion, your thought’s where just, everywhere.

Oh, no wonder the Professor always seems to be massaging his temples. “Huh, well, I guess… thanks for not telling him… I think?”

“Well, it wasn’t my secret to tell in the first place.” He replied smiling but then it became sad. “Don’t hate him, Peter, you're the only one he has left.”

Now that’s just plain bullshit, why? Because a.) he have Charles and Raven, and b.) Erik doesn’t have Peter because he doesn’t want Peter.

“I understand what you feel—” no you don’t “I do Peter, I know what it feels, but the difference from you and me, you’re his family, a real blood related one.”

Peter snorted. “Dude, you do know he hates me.”

“Everything takes time.”

“Then what? When the time comes, then what? He’ll just leave again because that’s what he does best! Even if he finds out, will that change what he thinks of me? Maybe he’ll just hate himself for having me!” Peter feels weird, this was the first he felt different other than nervous.

“Peter, you’re in distress—”

“I’m not! I’m totally not,” He lied but Charles just stared at him, not the ‘I’m reading your mind’ stare, but more of an ‘I pity you stare’. “I’m never gonna tell him, Professor,” And Peter realized that he wasn’t lying.

If Charles was about to reply, Peter didn’t get the chance to hear it because the door creaked open revealing the mother fucker that created Peter without knowing he did. “Charles, one of your student’s awake and her cries are driving—” It was cut short when he saw Peter in the room. Talking to the Professor. At 1 a.m. in the morning.
Aw, crap.

Not really knowing what to do, like, come on, Erik just found out that Peter was in the same room with them this whole time and he definitely knew that Peter heard him talk about how he hates the speedster. There’s really no other choice for Peter but to get the hell out of this room.

“I-I’ll handle that.” And then he zoomed off. Not really curious on what Erik or Charles would say.

Apparently Peter gave up on having at least one decent conversation with his estranged father, it’s like a flipped off a switch that he suddenly lost interest, sure he’s still that asshole that would ruin your day and won’t let you forget about it until you die. What happened back there at Professor’s office, stays at the Professors office.

He didn’t let Erik’s words hit him that much, although he did applied as a gym teacher the very next day, but Peter doesn’t count that.

The Professor thought he applied because of what had happened, pshh, no way, Peter applied because he’ll have greater chance to make Scott do twenty laps around the mansion and he won’t be able to say no. Really, that’s the only reason, but Charles doesn’t seem to believe him, for a telepath, he’s so stubborn…. That doesn’t really make any sense but you get the picture..

In the meantime, Erik was, well nothing really changed towards them, he just stopped trying on reaching out for the guy, but all in all nothing really new happened. Well that and the fact that Peter can usually feel Erik’s skin prickling gaze on him. To be honest, Peter didn’t know if he should take it negatively or positively.

He ended up taking it negatively.

But everything’s fine, everything’s still good, he’s just waiting for Charles approval on his application form.

Until Raven got back.

You see, the day when Peter ask Erik about how his family is doing at the den two days ago, it was the same day when Charles assigned Raven on a mission, well more like Raven made a whole speech about how she’s not a child anymore and threw in some points about feminism so that Charles would let her go on this quest or whatever they calls it.

But no one was expecting for her to come back in just two days looking devastated like the world is ending in just moments.

The first and last words that Peter heard Raven say to Charles when she arrived was “It’s worse than I thought, Charles.”

Next thing he knew, the whole team was gearing up for their mission. Not really knowing what the mission was all about and why the hell Erik was with them, Peter piped up a question while everyone was changing on their uniform.

“Ok, not that I’m complaining because going on a mission is cool, but I honestly have no idea what’s the purpose of this. I mean the only thing that I know is to get there and get someone out, which doesn’t really gives enough reason.” Peter should have finished his sentence there, but he didn’t, “And why the hell is Erik coming?”

Ok, that was definitely Erik’s eyes staring at him from behind, but Peter’s pretending not to notice it
while looking over at Raven and the Professor.

“Peter, this will be a dangerous mission, we need as much help as we can get—” The Professor started Peter cut him short.

“But isn’t Erik also dangerous?” He knew it was a bad idea saying that, because, wow, everyone was suddenly staring at him, especially Ororo and Raven that looked a bit (very) surprised from his statement.

Peter’s not angry, really, his not. He’s just itsy-bitsy-tiny-winsy pissed, and it doesn’t have any connections about what had happened last night. Totally no connection at all.

“You know what, never mind, just tell us the reason for this mission.” Peter paused. “Hey it rhymes.”

Jean just stared at him which made Peter wonder until—oh yeah, right, telepath. So basically she also knows that Erik’s his asshole father, and there’s a great chance that she’s inside his head right now, trying to find out what happened last night. Man, keeping secrets in this school sucks so bad.

If Raven noticed the sudden change of treatment that Erik receives from Peter, she didn’t mention it, instead, she just told the team to meet her at the jet when everyone’s all dressed up before leaving the room. Charles on the other hand stared blankly at Erik (Peter didn’t care to know whatever the guy was doing), probably speaking through him telepathically.

“Peter,” Ororo called walking straight towards him. “Is there something wrong?”

Peter playfully scrunched up his face. “Wrong? Nothing’s wrong, why would there be?”

She didn’t believe him though, great another stubborn person, “You know I’m close friends with Jean now, if I found out you’re lying, I’ll make sure a tiny rain cloud is permanently stuck over your head.”

“You wouldn’t,” Peter replied dramatically it was obvious it was meant for mockery.

Ororo groaned. “Cut the crap Peter, what was that all about? You’re suppose to be the last person to say that Erik’s dangerous. Aren’t you trying to know the guy?”

“Dude, Erik is dangerous.” Peter replied emphasizing the word ‘is’ as he pulled his goggles up over his forehead before lowering his voice to add, “Just because I’m related to him doesn’t mean I should turn a blind eye at what a big jerk he is.”

Ororo stared at him, narrowing her eyes painstakingly (for Peter) slow “What happened?”

Nothing happened, why is everybody asking him that?

Yeah, keep telling that to yourself Maximoff, your ability to deny the truth is taking a whole new level.

“Shut up Jean! No one likes a know-it-all!” Peter yelled as Jean pretended like she didn’t know what he was yelling about. Another sneaky bastard. Returning his attention back to Ororo, he zipped his suit shut. “Look, man, the thing is, I found out that…” Ororo stared, eagerly waiting for Peter to continue, “—Erik’s Jewish, so does that mean I’m half Jewi—?”

She smacked him right on the top of his head. “Why do I even bother?” Ororo groaned before walking away.
“Good talk! Let’s do that again sometimes!” He called out before closing his locker shut.

Peter didn’t mean to make a quick glance at Erik before he leaves, but when he did, he found out that Erik was looking at him, and he had no idea what it meant.

Ok, so here’s the summary of Raven’s adventure at somewhere-far-away (Peter didn’t pay much attention on where the location was, because he was too busy thinking if a vegetarian became zombie, do they eat people? Or still vegetables?).

So basically, Peter’s asshole of a father got captured into a badass horror-themed laboratory where other more mutants at any age were taken captive. Apparently, some freaky scientists that works at the horror-themed lab made some sorta drug that temporarily surpasses a mutation in a period of time. Surprise, surprise, the drug was made after studying some samples of the mutants x-gene, and Peter didn’t want to know what Raven meant by ‘studying’.

Erik the asshole only got out when the effects of the drug were starting to wear off, but not completely, hence the reason for his bleeding shoulder, that might probably be the reason for his death at Charles’s pond if it weren’t for Peter (still a total bummer when he didn’t got any thanks though, which is a totally good idea right now considering he perfectly hates Erik’s goddamn presence (not that Peter’s admitting it) and thanking him will… well it won’t do any good but at least it’ll boost his ego). Then when Erik woke up from his dreamland, he went and told Professor Baldy Head about the situation who he told to Raven who went to inspect the place and found out that the drug doesn’t originally dampens the mutation but kills the x-gene, so it’s like a cure per se, but apparently, after a few tests on a couple of mutants, instead of only destroying the x-gene, it also destroys the cells, DNA, body tissues and other science stuff that Peter doesn’t know. Erik was actually lucky that the drug wasn’t a hundred percent complete yet when it was injected to his system.

So basically, those freaky scientists created a new deadly chemical that even the Wolverine won’t survive from.

That’s 1980’s for you guys.

Then after the short story, Raven did a few speeches about bravery and how they’re no longer children and stuff (does a ten-year-old boy in a twenty-seven-year-old body counts as a child?) and that death isn’t suppose to be their biggest fear now, losing is suppose to be their biggest fear because the fate of mutant kind is on their hands.

Which Peter thinks that it’s too dramatic and also freaky because, duh, fate of the mutant kind on your hands? That’s a bit big of a step from being a gym teacher.

“Dude, death by drugs is not a really cool headstone,” Peter said, as usual, lightening up the mood.

Peter should really start thinking things through because a.) he’ll probably die if he won’t start doing it b.) he’s twenty-seven already which is actually a good time to be mature now and c.) did he already said that he’ll probably die?

Before things could get jumbled up, it started when they finally reached their destination and Peter’s first task was to take a quick run through around the building.

Easy right?

Until his ankle started bothering him.
The ankle that fell incorrectly on the ground when he tried to run away from the metal pole, the ankle that he thought would heal up immediately because of his super healing mutation, his ankle that he didn’t give any flying fuck whether he overused it rather than let it rest because it certainly needs healing.

But Peter is such an asshole to everybody and even to himself that he didn’t tell it to the Professor nor to Raven, he just shrugged it off so that Jean won’t be able to read his mind.

Such a complete asshole.

So ok, everything was still fine, especially since they have Jean and President Killer on their side, nothing should go wrong.

HA HA! WRONG!

Turns out they where expecting for Erik to come back and take his revenge, that means every one was armed with plastic guns, and if a buck load of crap isn’t already happening, him and Erik got separated (talk about awkwaaaard) from the others because a.) Ororo got shot and Kurt teleported her back into the jet b.) they’re running out of offence since Erik is useless if the bullets are plastic, his surroundings was his only main weapon (which doesn’t help much because if he made a wrong metal move then the whole building would collapse) and c.) they need to get the imprisoned mutants out and get a sample of the chemical now because time is running out and if they won’t finish the mission now, then Peter’s headstone will be ‘Death by his Father’s Stupidity’ because sooner or later the building will collapse and it’s all Erik’s fault.

But then, Peter’s stupidity sparked to life. Bravo Peter.

He wanted to say it was stupidity: stupidity to notice that there was another armed asshole behind them while Erik was busy trying to open the damn door to free the mutants, stupidity that he saw the asshole shot a tranq dart towards Erik, stupidity that made him shot to his feet trying to catch it, stupidity that he ignored his throbbing ankle, stupidity that instead of catching the dart, he slipped, stupidity because the tranq dart went an inch deep in his arm before he pulled it out and it was stupidity that caused him to slam on the wall.

Why the fuck did he just save Erik?

Erik noticed the sudden commotion before conjuring up a metal from who-the-hell-knows-where and slamming it on the enemy’s head.

Peter stared at Erik.

“He’s not dead.” Erik said before returning on opening the thick metal doors.

Peter didn’t bother to reply, he just stood up holding the tranq dart on one of his hands, staring at the opaque weird ass liquid inside it. He wondered if he was quick enough before the drug went into his system, he was quick enough right? He should be quick enough.

When Erik successfully demolished the door open, they immediately went through. The dart hidden protectively inside Peter’s pocket.

You know for a guy who moves as fast as me, I always seem to be too late.

The whole building exploded and Peter liked to think that it wasn’t his fault.
Which is so not true.

Apparently, Peter really is a dumbass motherfucker that doesn’t know which of the switch should be pushed to open up those weird cells with transparent walls (totally not a glass because when he tried vibrating it, he got electrocuted). So instead of working those rusty screws in his brain, he just pushed every button he could see.

And it was a fucking bad idea.

The next thing he knew, a female voice was counting down before the building explodes, so ok, the explosion was really his fault. But at least he got the cells open, so that’s good.

Ignoring the throbbing of his ankle, Peter dashed out the building in search of Kurt because hell no he won’t whiplashed those imprisoned mutants when he doesn’t even know if he could handle himself to run properly.

So skipping all those awesome details on how Kurt saved the day and how Peter jeopardized fifty percent of the plan by activating the self destruct button within the facility, which is just… so not cool.

Also, Raven and Erik aren’t too happy about it.

“You just ruined everything, Peter!” Raven yelled, her voice ringing at every corner of the jet, it was very embarrassing for Peter’s part because he’s a twenty-seven years old adult while a forty-something mutant that looks way younger than supposed to yells at him in front of all the mutants that they just saved.

Not really a good impression.

While Raven rambles about how he should think first before acting, Erik, on the other hand, stayed quiet at the other corner of the jet, which is fine by Peter because he had enough hearing how much of a disappointment he is from that guy.

“—now we’re back to square one. Great! Just great, Peter! Fantastic!” At this point, Peter really hoped that he brought his Walkman with him. “How are we to suppose to find another sample of those if you ruined everything before I could even reach—”

Peter stopped listening because of three things, 1.) he suddenly realized that Raven was talking about the drug, the drug that could possibly exterminate the mutant kind, the drug that suddenly felt heavy inside Peter’s pocket, 2.) he could just show her that he have it, that he have the sample right here and everything so no need to scream her head off, but 3.) everything suddenly felt wrong.

He couldn’t pinpoint what it was, but he just knew something was wrong,

So Peter just stayed quiet. Jean noticed it, because Jean always notice things, soon the Professor will too once they get back.

You know for a guy who moves as fast as me, I always seem to be too late.

Peter wants a drink.

And he have a lot of good reasons why, 1.) he’s a total mess when in face-to-face with his dad, 2.) his dad hates his guts and Peter have no idea how he would change that, 3.) he just ruined their mission because of his stupidity, 4.) he have a huge case of ADHD and kleptomania that’s why the professor
couldn’t approve his application (it’s just GYM class! What does my ADHD and Kleptomania has to do with it?!) and 4.) Peter have this super cool metabolism that burns through everything (even alcohol) so that’s a plus.

Peter knew that the Professor has a stash of tequila somewhere under the pantry if you just look for a bit longer, guess now you know what his midnight snack would be.

When the meeting about the mission earlier finished (it didn’t turned out well, even after it was finished, Jean kept looking at him as if he was hiding something, which he isn’t, so Peter just gave her a ‘what the fuck?’ look) and everyone decided to hit the hay, Peter made a beeline towards the kitchen and pulled a bottle under the pantry and a small shot glass inside the cupboard.

Peter doesn’t really drink much because of how her mother turned out, but he does drink a couple of beer on certain occasions. So, yeah, it burns like hell when he downed a shot in one go, but by the fourth shot, it turned quite nice.

Everything around him started to swirl and… why the fuck do I feel so hot? Did someone turned on the heater? Is this what it feels like to get drunk? That’s not suppose to happen right? I have fast metabolism, so what gives? then he felt the familiar bump in his pocket.

Oh right, I’m dying.

He didn’t know why, but the thought seemed to be funny so he laughed, and laughed and laugh. It’s so weird that he just said he wouldn’t have ‘Death by Drugs’ scribbled on his headstone but the likelihoods of having that was very high now.

He knew the moment they landed back, something was wrong with him. The part where he got hit by the dart was inflamed, and even if he’s stupid enough to believe that he was quick to pull out the dart before it could mess with his system, his not that stupid to keep believing that lie when everything just feels so wrong.

After the sixth shot of tequila, Peter felt his throbbing ankle went… well less throbbing. Maybe that’s a good sign that he could run again without hitting face first on the ground? Nope! He tried standing up but everything suddenly became a swirling pinwheel of death.

Come on Maximoff! Right foot first! Then the fucking left foot!

But he fell on the ground instead, his face on the floor while his back’s facing the ceiling and my god does the floor feels good, he could lay there all night long and no one could remove him there. He should marry the floor, now that’s a good idea, but he’s going to die anyway, so maybe not a good idea after all?

That’s suppose to be sad right? So why is it funny? And he really should check the heater because jesus was he hot or what? Haha hot, is he going to burst into flames like Jean? Probably not, she didn’t drink tequila when she killed Apocalypse, or maybe she did? Who knows right? It would be pretty awesome if he burst into flames, and maybe call himself the Flaming Torch. But then he’ll die in the water, guess dying by drugs is way cooler than drowning, right?

“What are you doing there?” Oh shit, when did Erik came here? He must have some cool sneaking ability, how come he didn’t inherited that?

“Contemplating about my life choices.” Peter replied a bit muffled because—oh right he’s facing head down on the floor.

There was a short silence before Peter heard a deep sigh. “How much did you drink?”
Six shots “Why do you care?”

Another short silence, then calloused hands took him by the armpits before hoisting him up and Peter just went haywire, because first of all he’s not a kid and second, who the fuck does Erik think he is? He’s in love with the floor! No one can bring them apart even if it’s his dad! “Dude what the fuck get off of me!” He yelled struggling before successfully slamming beside the island.

“Peter, you’re drunk—“

“Ha ha, wrooooong! I don’t get drunk, fast metabolism dude.”

“You look pretty drunk to me.” Then Erik stared at him, why is he staring? Is he commencing a staring contest? Bummer, Peter’s not good when it comes to staring. “You should probably have a check-up with Hank.”

Ok back the fuck up! Since when did this asshole even cares if his metabolism isn’t working well? Much less, when the fuck did he care to tell him to have a check-up with Hank? This dude have major bipolar issues.

“Dude why the fuck do you care? And you don’t get to tell me when I’ll get a check-up, I’m a fucking adult. A. Fucking. A-D-U-L-T!”

“I think I got the memo.”

Peter ignored Erik’s comment and continued to hiss at him “I hate you,” Erik stared, but didn’t flinch, man this guy really doesn’t give a fuck for Peter, he should totally have the best Dad award. “Feeling’s mutual man. You hate me, I hate you.”

“You think I’ve—? You think it was—? Pshh! No way dude, I’ve heard a lot of those from different people to live a lifetime! What makes you think that hearing it from you makes it so special?” Liar, liar pants on fire.

“Charles told me differently,”

“Man, just because Charles’s a telepath that doesn’t mean he knows EVERYTHING” And my god Peter should really think before he speak.

Running a hand over his face, Erik seemed to look way older now, stress? Maybe. “Go to bed Peter,”

Peter stood up, trying to look intimidating but the way Erik raises one of his eyebrow says otherwise “What are you? My dad?” Okay, even Peter was surprised that he said that, he was actually going for the ‘make me’ kind of come back, but he thinks this works as well. “And why are you still here? Mission’s done old man! You can leave now! Come back after another ten years, maybe by then you’d have another family that wouldn’t die!”

And then his back hurts because Erik shoved him with much force, which isn’t suppose to happen because he was suppose to see that coming, he always see things coming. Because he’s fast, he’s suppose to be fast. But Erik shoved him, Erik shoved him because he’s mad, he’s mad at Peter. Again.

So Peter shoved him back, though he’d like to think that he shoved him. Because of the alcohol in his system, rather than giving Erik a hard push, his head fell face first onto Erik’s chest in which Erik
quickly pushed him away with less force than earlier, *but still harsh though.*

“This is ridiculous.” Erik said once Peter successfully leaned on the island. “I will not have this argument with you, not until you’re sober.”

“And then what? I’ll have to break you out of Pentagon again?”

Erik glared at Peter before letting out a frustrated huff. “Can we have at least one decent conversation? And I’d rather have that when you’re not drunk.”

If Erik only knew. “I’m trying dumb ass! You’re the one that always growls and leaves!”

“You think *those* were decent?!”

“I’m trying okay!? I’m really trying! You think it’s easy for me?”

“Oh so now you’re blaming me, is it because I’m an ex-terrorist?”

“Goddamnit! You’re missing the whole point! Can’t you just see that I’m trying to get to know you? But everything that comes out of my mouth ruins everything! But you! You, not even once, tried to talk to me. It was always me trying make up a conversation!”

“And why should I?” Those four words felt like a knife that stabbed Peter in the gut. “Who are you to think that I should give my time of day for you? You saved me from drowning, I appreciate that, but what makes you think that after all those insults about my dead family and about my old life would make me want to know you? You’re not Charles, Peter, and you’re certainly not someone special.”

The knife that Peter felt embedded in his gut twisted. He wanted to scream, he wanted to inflict pain to Erik, he wanted him to feel lost like he did when he first found out, he wanted him to feel how confused he was when he realized that his father was the guy that almost killed Nixon. He wanted to hurt Erik.

He wanted, so bad, to scream, to retaliate anything, to tell him that he was nothing to him. Make him feel like his someone worthless. But something was wrong. Something was definitely wrong, like a parasite crawling up his throat, like worms creeping around his veins, he felt like he was going to vomit.

So he did.

*Oh, right, I’m dying.*

Peter found himself on all fours, staring at the goopy red liquid on the floor. For a moment, he wondered what it was, then he felt like throwing up again. That’s when he realized *Oh, I’m vomiting blood, that’s cool, sorta disgusting though.*

His arms shook from the strain of holding himself up as another wave of blood forced its way out of his mouth. Then like a switch got turned on, his entire body shut down, sending him face first on his own blood.

He tried to push himself up, but his body wouldn’t cooperate. All he could see was the floor, Erik’s feet, and his blood. Who knew he could vomit this much? And look, he’s still going at it. He should probably win an award or something.

*I feel like dying…*
wait, I am dying…

The it clinked.

He is dying.

He knew, from the moment they got back from the mission, he already knew. But there was a
difference from knowing something, and finally facing it. He felt like the world was crashing down
on him, and he couldn’t do anything to stop it. He’s dying, and the last thing he did was fight with
his biological father.

Erik.

Somehow, he ended up lying on his back, blood still trickling from his mouth. It wasn’t as severe as
the first ones, but he was still retching blood, what’s the difference?

Erik loomed over his face, but he couldn’t really read his expression, his brain wasn’t coping well
with him at the moment. Well, most of the time it never did, but this time it was different. Like Peter
lost his control in everything. He felt like his body was the mask, and he’s behind it, looking through
the slits. You couldn’t really control the mask’s face right?

“Peter!” Erik’s voice rang, but it sounded so far away, the Professor should give him a mic or
something. When’s his birthday anyway? He was pretty sure he’s not going to reach Father’s day,
and besides he doesn't have enough pocket money.

He registered someone screaming, maybe it was Erik, maybe it was him. He’s not really sure
anymore.

Then Erik was looking at him again. When did he turn away? And he realized, he can’t leave just yet
when his parting actions was being a drunk idiot and screaming at his father who doesn’t even know
he was arguing with his son. He couldn’t leave when all he did was be an ass to Erik. With as much
force as he could muster, he grabbed one of Erik’s sleeves and tugged.

He choked a bit, he never really tried talking when his mouth is full of water while lying down Pro

“I’m calling Charles, just hold on!” Erik was panicking. It was a new look on him, but it wasn’t a
good one. Peter didn’t like Panicking Eric. He wanted Grouchy Erik back. Where’s his Grouchy
Erik? “CHARLES! HANK! ANYBODY!”

He knew he was kneeling right besides him, but Erik really sounded so far. His hold from Erik’s
sleeve slackened, so Peter pushed himself, he’s losing time. “Dude,” he choked, “Erik, Erik” god,
everything hurts “I’m sorry,” should I cry? I should cry right? But why can’t I? “I’m really, sorry.”

Peter hates himself for dying in front of Erik. Another family dead in front of him… so not cool.

Then everything went black
When Peter woke up, he felt like he got run over by a truck again and again before doing a thousand
pirouettes.

He didn’t really open his eyes, he just immediately registered that his whole body was sore and that
his ankle felt like it was flaming. His head feels like it was going to explode any minute, and Peter
would rather close his eyes for the rest of his life. Opening them felt like it’ll cause him years of
endless migraine.

Is this how hangover feels like?

Then he realized he’s not supposed to have hangovers.

Or that his days old broken ankle should have been healed by now.

Or that he’s supposed to be dead.

Peter’s eyes shot open.

“Jesus Christ!” Someone screamed and Peter reeled back from the loud voice. Everything just seems
so loud and it fucking hurts.

He blinked a couple of times, and waves and waves of nausea crashed on him. He suddenly bolted
right up, sending in another wave of nausea and what felt like a shot to the head. Someone thrust a
small bucket in front of him and Peter would like to say that he was not proud of what he did next.

Vomiting bile sucks.

Peter slumped back down as the bucket was taken away from him. He didn’t know when he closed
his eyes, but he found himself opening them up again.

He was greeted with Scott’s glaring face, well, Peter assumed he was glaring considering that he
seem to have that scowl on his face again (it’s usually there whenever Peter screwed up some shit up
in the Danger Room, or when Peter blamed him for the things that he did). It was really hard trying
to read Scott’s expression when he got that thing on his face twenty four seven.

“You’re face is too close,” Peter said, his voice hoarse. “Jean, get your boyfriend’s face away from
me.”

It was sheer luck that Jean was there, in fact, even the others were there. He was really expecting
Hank, or the Professor, to greet him once he wakes up. But this is better, the longer he doesn’t have
to explain, or hear an explanation about his situation, the better.

“What the hell Maximoff?” Scott exclaimed.

Peter winced, god his heads hurts. “Dude, calm your tits, hungover teammate over here.”

If possible, Scott looked even more pissed. What more if that thing’s off of his face, he must be an
open book. “Will you stop that? You scared the shit out of everyone.”

Including Erik?
Jean shot him a strange look. Peter did everything to ignore it.

“If it helps, I’m fine now, stop being such a mother hen,” Peter said, rubbing his temples.

There was a pregnant pause that even the most dense person on the planet would notice.

Looking up, Peter registered the sullen faces everyone was wearing. It didn’t really work that well with Kurt, he was used with seeing the blue mutant looking like everything around him was a site to see.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” Ororo asked, and Peter remembered the little tranq that was on his jacket pocket.

“Say what?” Peter asked, feigning ignorance.

“Oh cut the crap Maximoff,” Scott exclaimed, Peter should really remind him that he’s about ten years older (physically, they’re the same age mentally) “Erik saw the dart inside your pocket.”

Peter stared. “That… that doesn’t really makes any sense.” He lied, Jean knew he lied, because she’s a know-it-all and she’s giving Peter this ‘off’ look.

Scott screamed in frustration, hands hovering over his face as if wanting to claw it apart. If he does do that, Peter would film it in a heartbeat “When where you planning to tell us? When you’re dead and rotting six feet under?!?”

He should probably tell the truth now, but his stubborn head tells otherwise “Dude, I really don’t know what—”

“We already know Peter, everyone does.” Jean replied calmly

“Ja, afvder vhat happened to you vack in za kitzen, everyone startedh vreaking out.” Kurt meekly added.

Of course, of course Raven knows, of course Hanks knows, of course the Professor knows (it’s the freaking Professor for god’s sake, that bald headed guy on wheels knows everything!). Everyone. Fucking. Knows. Even Erik.

Peter should reply, but what would he say? Should he say something sappy? God no, that’s just dramatic. “Surprise?”

Silence.

“FUCK YOU MAXIMOFF!” Scott screamed before stomping his way out, such a drama queen.

“Don’t worry, Scott cares for you, he just doesn’t know how to show it.” Jean reassured Peter.

“I have no idea if I should feel happy about that or not,” Peter replied staring at the door where Scott just left “And that’s the truth.” He added while raising his left index finger which made him noticed an IV sticking at the back of his hand, what’s strange is that the fluid wasn’t transparent like those watery substance he usually sees at the schools infirmary. No, this was blood, red actual blood coming from an IV bag of 250ml. Peter stared at it long enough for everyone to notice.

“You lost quite a lot, Peter, and the school isn’t actually a hospital to have a stock so Hank had a hard time finding… finding a donor on the spot.” Ororo said as if trying to find the right words.

“Who—?”
“I think it’s best to ask questions when Hank or the Professor’s here.” Jean said cutting off Peter before he could even finish his sentence. “And besides, you need rest.”

Peter scrunched up his face. “Dude, you do know I was just asleep moments ago right?”

“We’re not asking.”

Then he was off like a light.

*Freaking telepaths*

The next time Peter woke up he was greeted by Hank and his stupid clipboard and his stupid glasses and his stupid nerdy shirts, and his stupid hair. You know what, everything about McCoy is stupid. Even his shoes are stupid.

“I don’t want a lecture,” Peter immediately said.

Hank glanced up at him, stared a couple of seconds, before exhaling and jotting down something on his stupid clipboard. Peter waited for the other man to say anything, but he did nothing but to write down whatever stupid facts he just gathered from Peter’s slowly dying body.

Finally, Hank pocketed the pen he was using and stared back at Peter. “Erik freaked out”

Peter frowned, “And you’re telling me that because?”

Hank just shrugged. “I just thought you’d like to know,” He said. “I mean, from what I saw, you’ve been trying to make him notice you.”

Peter scoffed. “Dude, I’m way past that stage.”

Hank nodded, then stared at the clipboard he was holding. “Why didn’t you tell anyone, we could have done something.”

Peter groaned. “Seriously, you too? I think Scott’s tendencies to Mother Hen is enough to last a lifetime, thank you very much,” He said.

“Peter I’m serious,” Hank almost growled, and Peter swore he saw a hint of fur on his arms. *Why is everybody so angry?* “That drug in your system is multiplying, we still don’t know how to neutralize it. Do you seriously think that you’re supposed to be joking right now?”

That’s where he’s good at right? To make a fool of himself when things aren’t meant to be treated as a joke. Just look at his stupid interactions with Erik. “What do you want me to do then? Cry my heart out? Make a tantrum?”

Hank stared at him, and Peter hated the fact that he couldn’t read whatever expression the older man had on his face. He's supposed to know a lot of things, and yet he couldn’t read whatever Hank looks like. Was it pity? Frustration? What is it?

“Do you even know how severe the situation is?”

He didn’t want to know, he didn’t want to find out what kind of shit worthy situation he got himself in for all the screw ups that he did. “No,” he said, and because he like screwing with himself, he said: “Be my guest.”

Hank closed his eyes and exhaled, “Try going in speed mode.”
“it’s Super—”

“Just do it,” Hank said cutting him off.

So Peter did.

Only, he can’t.

Then he noticed it, how Scott and the others seem to talk faster, how Hank seems to move a little quicker than how Peter was used to, how everything wasn’t so slow anymore. A sick feeling started spreading inside the pit of his stomach and he didn’t know if he should laugh or not.

Peter wasn’t fast anymore.

He felt like his throat was closing up, and yet he wanted to laugh. “I—I can’t.”

Hank opened his eyes looked at Peter with this other expression that was the total opposite of the previous one. But Peter hated it more. “The drug is targeting everything Peter, and it’s basing itself on your metabolism. The faster the metabolism, the faster you die. And I couldn’t do anything, it’s targeting everything inside you, and if I don’t get you enough replacement from what you lost, you’d be dead by tomorrow morning.”

“So I just need blood?”

Hank pinched a bridge of his nose and exhaled. “It’s not just blood, it’s a lot more complicated than you think, Peter. You’re body needs, not a hundred percent, but a similar DNA that has the x-gene to replace what your body is lacking. Not to mention you’re blood type is negative O, meaning you can only receive the same blood type in your system.”

Oh, Peter didn’t know it was that complicated, and the funny part was, he didn’t know what to do, what should he feel or react, there’s no manual for this. Was he supposed to make a joke? He’s good at jokes, he should make a manual. “When I die, I want my coffin silver.”

Hank just stared at him, a full ten-second stare before running both of hands through his hair, as if trying to sustain himself from turning into a blue furry hulk. “You are one— kind of—piece of—YOU!”

Peter wanted to laugh seeing Hank act like this, that is, if the situation’s different “Does he know?”

Hank immediately stopped rambling, he knew what Peter meant, it wouldn’t take a genius not to know what it was. Peter needs a similar DNA that has the x-gene, and from what Ororo said earlier, the donor was somewhere here in the school. It’s a total give away, Peter’s not stupid not to know who the hell gave him enough blood to survive ‘till daylight.

“No,” Hank replied and Peter suddenly felt relieved “like you, Erik’s a universal blood donor, he doesn’t know that you needed more than, that.” Hank added pointing at the IV sticking on Peter’s hand.

Peter just nodded while staring down at his hands, because come on, what the hell would he reply to that?

“Sooner or later he’ll start to question why I keep coming to him.”

Peter nodded, and that was it. Maybe in normal circumstances, he would’ve said something to lighten the mood, a joke or something, but right now he couldn’t think. Somehow, a part of him
finally accepted that, *hey, this is it, your life ends here*, and that doesn’t bother him.

But with Erik finding out, he can’t really say he isn’t bothered by it.

Erik’s going to find out, and there’s nothing to stop it. Maybe he could delay it for a couple of days, but that’s not going to change anything. Even if he’s long gone, he’s going to find out one way or another. Either from Charles or Raven. Knowing them, they’ll go on and on about Erik deserving to know.

But that’s not really the worst part. Even if Erik finds out about it when he’s still alive, or long dead, it doesn’t change the fact that he’s losing another family. And even if Peter’s an asshole, he couldn’t do that to him. Not again.

Maybe it was better that he did nothing but be an ass to Erik. That way, once he finds out, he wouldn’t be that crushed. Because, how could you feel pain when someone you hate dies?

Peter suddenly had that strong urge to laugh again. Fate was helping him after all.

“Peter?” Why was Hank sounding so concerned? *Oh wait, I’m actually laughing, he's probably thinking I'm crazy which is probably true, it runs in the family.*

Peter brought his hands up to cover his face and laughed some more, but even to his own ear, it sounded so wrong. It didn’t take long before he realized that he was crying as he laughs. He didn’t even know that he was crying, he just likes laughing and yet his eyes just keeps spouting out tears. Who knew he’s so good at multitasking.

“Peter,” Hank called again, this time a soft hand landed on his shoulder.

Peter wiped his eyes and looked up at Hank. “Don’t worry doc, I’m feeling fantastic,” Hank didn’t look convinced, not that Peter was even trying to convince him. “For a moment there, I thought you beat me to the punch.”

That was a lie. Right now, telling Erik will never be on his to-do list, getting Erik to hate him so much was suddenly on top of it.

Hank looked at him long and hard, “It’s not my secret to tell, Peter.”

Three hours, it took three hours before Peter was heaving out blood from his mouth again.

Kurt and Jean were the ones with him at that time, Scott, even though he’s still pissed, was out getting a box of Twinkies when Peter demanded him that he was craving for it. Everyone was ignoring the elephant in the room: the fact that with a metabolism like Peter, he only had a few days left, if he even have a few days.

Kurt was retelling a story about one of his circus experience when all of a sudden Peter was staring at his white bed sheets, now soaked in blood. Something sticky was dripping from his mouth, and he was feeling floaty. And it was definitely not in a good way.

Kurt immediately teleported, whether to get Hank or some adult, he didn’t really care to be honest. Jean was, well, Peter never found out what she was doing, he was too busy screaming. Did he mention that he was suddenly in pain? Well, yeah, he felt like his skin was being ripped apart.

At some point, he knew he was screaming “Make it stop,” but he’s not really sure anymore. Voices were inside his head, maybe it was Jean, or was it the Professor? Again, he’s not really sure
anymore. But look at the bright side, the voices forced him to go to sleep.

He woke up feeling worse than ever as if someone took every anatomy in his body and replaced it with shards of glass.

He groaned before realizing that it was probably a bad idea. Every part of his body screamed at him to stop moving, so he did. Except, he did open his eyes because he’s stupid like that.

The first thing he registered was Hank scribbling furiously on his clipboard, then at Professor Baldy Head staring at him, before traveling at Raven who was reading a magazine sitting next to… Erik?

Erik, like the Professor, was looking at him with this expression Peter still couldn’t read. And he didn’t like it, the last time he had that expression he was practically dying in front of him. Then he registered the IV tube on Erik’s left hand. Frowning, Peter followed the end of the tube, which was plugged in on his right hand.

Oh.

“So, can I manipulate metal now?” Peter asked.

Erik glared, Raven ripped the page of the magazine as she was turning it, and Hank’s pencil snapped in two. Only the Professor stayed collected.

“Not a good time, Peter,” Professor Baldy Head said.

“When is a good time? When I’m six feet under?” You could hear a pin drop with how silent everyone became.

“That’s not going to happen,” The professor reassured. “We’re doing everything we can.”

“You’re taking an hourly does of the suppressants that I take. It temporarily subdues your mutation, thus subduing your metabolism,” Hank piped. “It could give me enough time to study and create a contradicting drug.”

Peter stared at the IV tube on his right hand before looking back at Hank and the Professor, “Mind explaining me why my blood bag is a walking ex-terrorist?”

Raven shot him a look of disapproval, and if possible, Erik’s glare intensified. He felt a little guilty, Erik was helping him and here he was spouting of insults again. But, haven’t he made the decision to make his father hate him? It’s the only thing he could really do to help his old man.

Peter, stop.

I’m sorry, but I can’t.

“You lost too much,” Hank said, a disapproving expression on his face. “We already finished off the last supply, and hooking you up to Erik was the only thing I could do. I didn’t had enough time to do the normal procedure, your body was shutting down. Erik agreed anyway.”

Peter bit his lip, Erik’s not supposed to help him, he’s supposed to hate him. Why is that guy making everything so much harder? “I see,” he said. “You can take it off now, I’m fine.”

Erik shot up from where he was sitting, tugging at the IV tube and causing Peter to wince. Everything’s just so sensitive. “Listen here—”
“Erik,” The Professor warned.

Erik ignored him. “Will you stop acting like a little brat for one minute and be thankful? We’re trying to keep you alive and you couldn’t even give a little gratitude.” Erik exclaimed.

Peter half expected Raven to do something, but the moment they locked eye, he realized that she was respecting the decision he made. Peter’s not sure if she’s even aware of his decision, but it was enough to push him to continue this shit. Erik’s going to find out he’s his son, and it wouldn’t hurt him that he’s dying, or dead. It’s the only way Peter could really help Erik.

Peter stared right back at Erik. “I don’t want help from a crazy person who got locked up in Pentagon.”

*Peter*

Peter was expecting for Erik to yank the tube out of his hand, to scream at him, but he didn’t and it frustrated him to no end. Erik should hate him, he shouldn’t help him anymore, why the hell isn’t he doing any of that. Peter wanted to scream. Instead, the older man let out a frustrated growl, and it appears that he would rather punch Peter on the face.

Okay, maybe Peter would rather not like to be punched.

“How did it happen?”

Everyone turned to Raven, who hadn’t said anything until now.

Peter frowned. “Why does it matter?”

Raven shrugged. “You’re supposed to be fast right? You should have seen it coming.”

Turns out, Raven did *not* respect his decision. That blue traitor actually had something under her sleeves. Her eyes glanced at Erik, so fast no one would have noticed it, but Peter did. How she knew it was about Erik, Peter doesn’t know. Maybe he should stay clear from Raven from now own. Stupid sister of that stupid telepath.

“It doesn’t matter,” Peter said. “It already happened.”

“Was it because of the ankle?” The Professor asked.

“How did you… oh, telepath,” Peter groaned. “Yes, it was because of the ankle, no big deal, I told you it doesn’t matter.”

“You were able to run around the facility with a throbbing ankle, I don’t see it being a burden,” Raven said, and Peter was debating whether he should throw his pillow at her.


“Peter, if this ha—” Hank started, but Peter wasn’t having it anymore.

“Look, it’s either me, or Erik lying on a deathbed. Choose your pick,” Peter blurted, but immediately regretted. *Shit.* “I mean, either me or, or— some guy—mutant—a prisoner, some mutant.” And ok, that was definitely Erik’s eyes boring holes on him. In what universe does making Erik hate him does he not understand? “Dude, stop it, you’re creeping me out.” Peter told Erik because he isn’t kidding.

“Peter,” The Professor started and Peter just had enough of shit to deal with in one day, they want
answers? Fine he’ll give them answers.

“Oh my god, alright! Fine! Erik was busy doing some metal bending shit or something when this
guy out of nowhere shot a dart at him, of course I saw it coming because, duh, I always see things
coming. Everything was going smoothly until my ankle betrayed the shit out of me so I tripped and
the dart went this deep into my skin before I could pull it out, at first I thought it was nothing since I
was quick enough to remove it, but guess what? I’m not, I’m too late, I’m always too late!” Peter
didn’t notice that he was screaming, and for the first time he found himself exhausted. “So who’s
next for storytelling? Sorry about the lack of bonfires and marshmallows. Man I’m so out of shape.”
Peter added finding himself out of breath.

Everyone was silent, if Peter didn’t knew better, he’ll think that this was a staring contest and there’s
no way in hell he’ll be winning at this.

“Thank you for telling us, Peter,” Charles finally said. “Now, I think you should rest.” He added
wheeling himself with Hank in tow.

Peter started. “I literally just woke up.”

Raven shrugged and grabbed the magazine she was reading earlier, including the ripped page, and
stood up.

Peter felt a tug from his IV tube and turned to look at Erik, who was looking at the other three as if
he had just been betrayed. “Hank,” he called, gesturing at the tube that was connecting him to Peter.

Hank turned to look at Erik, looking very guilty, which was not a good look on him, because this is
Erik. Hank freaking hates Erik. “Give it another hour or so, and if you’re feeling a little loopy,
there’s a Twinkie box at the drawer.”

“You’re seriously leaving me here?”

Peter’s eyes bulged out from its sockets. “You’re leaving me with him?!”

The Professor just shrugged and Peter realized that only Erik inside the room doesn’t know about
Peter’s parentage. Peter’s late on the uptake, but something about the situation seems like a
conspiracy.

Nope, it is a conspiracy

“Hey, Prof, I change my mind, let me sleep,” Peter called out.

“You can sleep all you want, Peter,” The Professor called back, almost out of sight.

“Hey—no, no, no! Like the force-mind-sleep thing you do! Professor! Prof! Prof! JEAN! JEAN I
NEED HELP! JEEEEAAAAN!” Peter was screaming mentally and physically at the last part.

When the door closed, Peter couldn’t helped but feel betrayed. Professor, when I die, I’ll hunt you
until the end of time Peter did his best to put as much venom in his mental voice. Either Professor
Baldy Head ignored him, or Peter wasn’t projecting enough.

Then the awkward atmosphere settled in.

Peter had three options: a) He could ignore Erik and pretend he’s not even in the room, which would
be really hard because the guy can bore holes with his eyes b) Pretend like nothing happened, talk
and do the typical shit with Erik, but never mention anything close to being his son, the fact that
Erik’s literally sharing his blood to him, or the fact that he saved him twice, or c) he could always smother himself with his pillow.

But Peter never had the chance, in fact what he did was not even in the three options.

“You should really eat something,” Peter said, glaring at the sheets of his bed. “You’re pale.”

Erik nodded, but he didn’t do anything remotely similar to grabbing a Twinkie, instead he just sat there, not really looking at Peter. Well, it seems like there’s another thing Peter inherited from his father, the fact that they can’t seem to apologize, and the fact that they can completely ignore the giant elephant inside the room like a pro.

“If you die because of blood loss, don’t blame me.” Peter added trying to make a decent conversation which is stupid because isn’t he supposed to make this guy hate him? Smooth, real smooth, now make some stupid comment asshole “But I guess that’s a good thing right? Less crazy world dominator for a better future.”

Still no reply, if Peter didn’t knew better he might actually think that Erik’s deaf.

Ok, so he gotta have to up his game in pissing the hell out of this guy, but giving shit to people is Peter’s middle name, so this should be a breeze, like come on, they just had a freaking argument before he almost puked himself to death.

“You know last night, you just told me that you’d rather have a conversation with me when I’m sober,” Peter spread his arms, slightly tugging the IV with it. “Do I still look drunk to you?”

Erik’s scrunched eyebrow eased a little, and didn’t know if he should feel positive or not because as far as he knew, pissing Erik meant a wrinkled forehead. “I was expecting that you’d forget everything about last night.”

“Dude, I was drunk, but not that drunk to have amnesia.”

There was another wave of silence and Peter almost gave up and just pull the covers over his head to try and hit the snooze button, but Erik spoke to his surprise because, shit, was he quiet. “Even before you blacked out?” Something tells Peter that Erik debated if he should ask that question or not.

“Yes, even before I black out, why would I forget something that freakishly scar—” and he slapped his mouth shut with his none-IV hand because god was he stupid. It was so fucking obvious that Erik was talking about the apology that Peter blurted out before he thought he was dying. The freaking ‘Death Apology’. “Dude, I was drunk.”

“More reasons for me to question your apology.” Erik stated which makes a point because drunk people do shits because that’s what they deeply wanted to do, not the other way around… unless it isn’t? Peter never gets drunk and the only living organism that he’ve seen do shits was his mom, and if her mother gets drunk, ohohoho, shit happens.

“I’m not accountable for my actions when I’m drunk, I don’t even know what I do when I’m drunk. So chill your magnets because I might’ve said that because, duh, death is knocking on my door and the last thing I did is ask for a fight, which is, believe me, isn’t really a good ‘last moment’ thing and an entrance to heaven.” Peter rambled which made him want to remind himself that his mutation is shit right now and that having to catch his breath sucks.

“You saved my life twice, and the second one is, apparently, costing your life.”

Peter scoffed. “Big deal?! I saved a terrorist, so what? At least he had more chances of condemning
his sins and try to choose, I hope, better life choices, like, I don’t know, not take over the world?”

Erik pursed his lips and closed his eye before he inhales *(meditating? Whatever).* Peter wasn’t stupid, he knew he made Erik irritated by *something (?)*, but the guy was actually composing himself to stay relax, which is not going to happen because this is project: Make Erik hate Peter. “Say that to me when I’m not giving you life support.”

“Then don’t, be my guest and remove this— whatever this thing is,” Peter pointed to the blood transfusion device “There are hundreds of other people out there with a negative O blood type, I don’t need your help man.” He lied, Erik’s the only person right now that could give him body fluids (god that sounded so wrong) that his body wouldn’t reject, if he could use his mother, then he would, but she isn’t a mutant so fuck life, right?

Erik was silent, (he was doing that quite a lot, well he isn’t really the talking type, so Peter must’ve took that from his mother) before he fiddled the device that connects him to his son, he wasn’t removing it per se, he was oddly using it the way Peter fidgets when in a tight spot. Huh, that’s one for similarities. “Peter, I’m not stupid not to know the difference from being an accidental jerk and purposely being a jerk.”

That shut Peter up, was he that obvious? Obvious enough that even the great and stupid Magneto saw through his plans on being a total ass? Damn, Peter should have just stayed being himself, he tends to piss people more by just being alive.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” was what Peter replied instead.

Erik didn’t press on with the topic, but what he said next took Peter in a whole hundred and eighty degrees, he did not see that shit coming. “You scared me.”

Well damn, what should he reply to that? Was Charles behind this? Peter’s pretty sure he is, if not, then was he imagining this then? Because last he checked, Erik was yelling at him that he’s not someone special to be wasted his so-called ‘special hours’ on, and now what? Peter scared him? What kind? Good or bad? NOBODY GAVE HIM A MANUAL FOR THIS!

“Who wouldn’t? I mean, if I was in your position and I was a stranger— like a stranger was having this, whatever this is, and I was there to witness it all instead. You get the picture, right? Right. Anyway, I would totally freak out.” He paused, realizing that he was literally rambling and it was far from making Erik hate him. Far from it. “Then again you killed a lot of people back then, I bet you didn’t even bat an eyelash,” he said but Erik wasn’t budging. “Okay, you know what, I know it’s the month of Halloween, but I was pretty sure I wasn’t scaring the shit out of you for candies.”

He blinked

*What the hell are you saying? You’re not making any sense you dipshit silver-haired mutant! Where the fuck did the candies even come from?*

Erik chuckled, though a bit sad, but the point is, he freaking chuckled. Wasn’t Peter suppose to make him mad? Angry? Irritated? Obviously this was the complete opposite, *What the hell Maximoff? Is this what you call Project: Make Erik hate Peter? ‘Cuz this looks more like a Project: Rainbows, Unicorns and Fixing Unresolved Daddy Issues!.*

“Dude, you’re suppose to hate me.” *Good job asshat, you just flushed all hope down the toilet, ya dumb asshole.*

“And why is that?” Erik asked sceptical.
Peter stared. “Believe me, it’s better that way.” And if he raised a whole new wave of questions for Erik, he just shrugged it off and stupidly changed the subject when everything went too quiet again. “You’re pale, you should eat, not the Twinkies, those are mine. We should call Hank.”

Peter was deep inside Dreamland Paradise when Hank removed the blood transfusion thingy, because of his absent mutation and the present virus slowly killing him inside, Peter has high tendencies of suddenly hitting the snooze button at unexpected occasions, though his body would only automatically wake him up when he needs to vomit.

It was oddly strange when he woke up and no one was beside his bed, no eyes glaring at him, and no IV needles sticking at the back of his hand. At first he freaked the fuck out because, what if he vomits and no one was there to make him sleep? He’s not planning on enduring hell while awake, no thank you, he’s good not feeling the virus slowly kills him on the inside… like cancer?

Hearing voices just outside the door gave him a sudden wave of relief, and also a thought of disgust because what is he? A baby? The only thing left was he should wet the bed and the title of being a ‘Kid’ suits A-Okay.

“… it was too complex, I-I-I just need more time.”

Was that Hank?

“Peter doesn’t have enough time, Hank.”

Raven?

“I know damn it, what do you think am I doing?!”

“Hank, relax, there’s no—”

Was that the Professor? Did someone hold a meeting or something that he’s not aware off?

“I can’t!” The voice was loud enough that Peter didn’t need to strain his ears. “I can’t relax! Charles, can’t you see? I can’t find anything, I don’t know what to do and when I thought I finally had a lead it’s only a dead end, then I’m back to square one! And even if I’m able to find something, anything, do you think he’s still alive by then?”

“Yes, he will be,” Something tells Peter that Charles was trying to be positive.

A frustrated groan. “How can you be so sure?”

Silence.

“I’m not.”

There was a yell that was obviously trying to be stifled before a pair of feet stomped away, signalling that a person left. Probably Hank, ‘cuz he’s the one with the anger issue at the moment.

“How much time do we have?”

There was silence, contemplating whether to answer the question or not. “From, what I’ve seen, three days would be a blessing, and that is if Erik’s still capable of donating blood.”

Charles sighed, definitely frustrated.
“Charles, Erik can’t keep doing this,” the voice was low, as if defeated. “He’s not questioning why it always has to be him, but he’s not immortal.” Tension befell that even Peter felt like he couldn’t breathe. “We can’t lose two people.”

“I know,”

“We have to tell Erik,”

“That’s for Peter to decide, Raven,”

“But Cha—”

“If he did know,” Charles intervened, his voice (for the first time since the Apocalypse) was firm and strict that Peter had to rub his ears clean, making sure that he was hearing Charles and not Raven. “What do you think would he do?”

Another long silence, (this suppressants are total bullcrap) “You and I both know who knows Erik better, telepath or not,”

Silence.

“Rest, Raven, you still have classes to teach in the morning.”

Then they were gone.

Honestly, Peter didn’t know what to react from that, maybe he should just make the most out of everything? It’s not like hearing that made him feel worse nor better, it just reassured him that death’s already at his doorstep and Project: Make Erik hate Peter is far from successful.

It scares him though, not the thought of death, but the thought that if Erik knew, what would the guy do?

The next morning, Peter thanked the heavens that he didn’t puke his guts out when he woke up, guess Hank’s suppressants works like magic, though it pisses him off that they still need to hook him up on an IV for nutrient purposes. Starting from now, Peter had decided to hate hospitals with every fibre of his body because of this. And he’s not even in a hospital.

But what took Peter at a sudden edge was Erik— the President Killer, the infamous Nazi hunter, the world’s most Crazy Terrorist, the great and useless father (even worse than Darth Vader)—was sitting at the visitors chair while flipping through a book called ‘Rider’s of the Purple Sage’. Peter could feel himself cringe just by looking at how old the book was.

“Dude, ever heard of comics? At least those have pictures in it.”

Erik only gave him a second glance before returning back to his book. “Good morning Peter.”

Sitting up, Peter leaned his back against the headboard. “So… you’re still here,” It wasn’t a question.

“So it seems,” Erik replied making no means of eye contact.

Tapping his fingers against his thighs, making weird chorus of rhythms, Peter added another statement “I was expecting to see Hank when I wake up.”

“In the lab, busy”
Oh yeah, that dude’s pretty stressed right now.

“The Professor?”

“Teaching,”

“Raven?”

“Also teaching.”

“Ororo?”

“In class.”

“Jean?”

“Also in class,”

“Kurt?”

“Still also in class.”

 “… Scott?” Did he really just chose Scott’s presence rather than Erik’s? Apparently, yes.

“Probably training alone in the danger room,” Erik replied flipping another page from the book. Peter didn’t bother asking why Scott was training, he had a huge hunch that he would rather not know it.

Peter was suddenly digging his memory for other more familiar faces inside the school, “Ok, hooooow about—”

“Busy,”

“Dude, what are you? A telepath? I didn’t even said a name yet,”

“Will you even say a name?” Erik flipped another page, still maintaining not to make any eye contact.

Ok, Peter had to admit that that was a good one, “I might say Jubilee,“

“Face it, Peter, you’re stuck with me until school hours’s over.”

There was another silence. For a moment there was just the sound of Erik turning the page of the book he was reading, that was how quiet the room was. Which pissed Peter off, if his mutation wasn’t suppressed at the moment, the unproductivity of the situation must’ve killed him already.

“So,” Peter drawled. “Any messages for your dead family when all of this is over?” Peter knew it wasn’t completely an insult, sure he just mentioned that his whole family’s gone, but he did mention him dying. Then again, those were two facts that seem to make Erik furious, so maybe he’s still on the right track.

Erik stiffened. Yet, it was so apparent that he had taught himself not to be easily read by others, that was why if Peter had not been paying attention he wouldn’t have noticed Erik’s reaction. Peter waited for a reply, or even an acknowledgement. It never came, well, not for the next twenty minutes. “That’s not going to work anymore.”

Peter whipped his head to look at Erik, not really expecting the older mutant to say anything after
almost half an hour of silence. “Huh? What, what?”

Erik didn’t look up, his eyes continued to stay glued at what he was reading, but it was obvious he’s not even paying attention to the book. “On the first few days, all you did was offend me or my dead family. I knew it wasn’t on purpose, but I couldn’t help but think, maybe that is what you really are, an asshole by heart.”

*Wow, thanks for the motivation*

Erik licked his lips. “Then, you started deliberately being an asshole. So, you can say that *that* certainly supported my opinion about you.” He paused. “Then this happened,” he looked up at Peter and Peter found himself looking away to stare at his sheets. “This wasn’t the first time you saved me, if we add the part in Pentagon, you already saved me three times.”

"Dude, I just broke you out,” Peter said, cutting in. He didn’t like where the conversation was heading, not even a bit. If he had to choose between being the receiving end of Raven’s killer feet or face Erik’s awkward confrontations, he’d rather choose Raven’s feet. “Don’t act so special.”

Erik just stared, Peter wanted to shoot himself when every part of him was itching to fidget. “There you go again,” he said. “It doesn’t make any sense, any of it, why you suddenly act like you’d rather live at the other side of the universe than talk to me, so I can’t help but think that there’s a lot that I’m not seeing.”

Well, what the hell was he supposed to reply to that? Trust Erik and Charles to make every conversation to mankind be awkward as hell. No wonder they’re still friends, both of them can’t maintain casual conversations, they just had to make it difficult. Thank god he wasn’t able to inherit that aspect.

In the end Peter didn’t say anything, hell if Erik can go for twenty minutes without replying to Peter, Peter could go longer. It’s not a competition, but for the sake of not feeling like a complete asshole when he’s being an asshole enough, he’s going to think that it is. Honestly, Peter never like competitions. Still, desperate time calls for desperate measures.

Peter unconsciously tapped a beat on the mattress, not that it’s even going to make noise or anything — it’s a mattress for crying out loud. But then Erik’s gaze should really be some sort of a curse or a blessing, because Peter found himself hiding behind the covers like a freaking nine-year-old hiding from the bogey monster.

Then the door banged open.

Peter jolted up as he was face to face with Scott’s red face.

“You’re father’s Magneto?!” He asked as if Peter was at the other end of the universe.

Peter felt his mouth dry up and avoided himself from turning to look at Erik, who was sitting nowhere near Scott’s line of vision. *Motherfucker.* “Ha ha ha!” Peter laughed nervously, and just hearing his voice makes him want to kick himself into next week. “Very funny Scott!” What the hell is wrong with him, why the hell does he sound so constipated?

Scott didn’t seem to register that Peter was screaming at him to stop with his eyes, seriously does the visor not even help? “No, nonononono! You don’t get to give me shit, Maximoff.” He declared. “I went down at Hank’s lab and EVERYTHING was there! God, I thought I discovered something new but apparently everyone knows but me!”

The asshole’s overreacting, Peter’s pretty sure ‘everyone’ is not five people.
Peter casted a nervous glance at Erik, who was sitting way too rigid on the chair. *Fuck.* “Ha ha ha very funny, Scott, you ain’t really fooling anyone.” Peter was pretty sure he wouldn’t be able to close his eyes for the next three days with how much strain he was putting in to it. His eyes would be screaming at Scott to stop if it was even possible.

“Oh my god,” Scott ran both of his hands through his hair. “Now it’s so clear why Erik’s the only one capable of blood transfer, the drugs where attacking your fucking DNA you need something similar. GOD DAMNIT! IT’S SO FUCKING OBVIOUS IT HURTS! OH MY GOD! THIS JUST ANSWERED AND MADE A WHOLE LOT OF QUESTIONS!

Peter glanced another look at Erik, and he was sure he lost the little color he had left on his face as he saw his father looking at him. The worst part was, Peter couldn’t read what kind of expression Erik had plastered on his face. If he dies, Peter would hunt Scott for the rest of his life. “Dude, you can reeeeeeally drop the act now!” Peter replied while his eyes tried to give a message saying ‘dude, if you don’t shut up I will totally hang you up the flagpole and let the crows eat your flesh’.

“No! You drop the fucking act!” Scott yelled pointing a finger at Peter. “Where you even going to tell him?!” There was a very short pause, so short that Peter didn’t got the chance to speak up. “OH MY GOD YOU’RE NOT GOING TO TELL HIM!”

“STOP PUTTING WORDS IN MY MOUTH!” Peter yelled back instead, which is stupid and also not helpful. He likes to think that the suppressants made him stupid.

Scott ignored him. “A-and then you’re dying! OH MY GOD YOU’RE DYING AND YOU STILL HAVE NO PLANS OF TELLING HIM!” He screamed.

Turns out, even without his mutation, his mouth runs faster than his brain. “You got that one covered already you dipshit!”

At the corner of his eyes, Erik could rival a statue. Jaws clenched, eyes unmoving, and all he did was stare at Peter. The moment the words were out of his mouth, Peter wanted to kill Hank, or maybe Scott, yeah definitely Scott. The room suddenly felt too small, too tight, too hard to breathe. And yet the asshole in front of him couldn’t seem to grasp the situation.

Then again, you don’t discover that your teammate is the son of an ex-terrorist who almost destroyed the world everyday, like, come on, what are the odds right? But if Peter was betting on anyone who would end up spilling the beans, he had his whole wallet on Kurt. He should practice on his betting skills.

Scot frowned. “What?”

Peter ran a hand over his face and growled. “Turn. Around.”

The moment Scott turned his head, the words was out of his mouth. “Oh shit.”

Silence. A whole ten agonizing seconds of silence before Scott had the audacity to try and retreat his fucking ass off away from the sudden awkward family bonding, *(is this even a family bonding?)* “I-I’m just gonna go and head to cla—”

“NO!” Peter screamed so loud that he thought his voice box shattered. “You’re not leaving! You’re staying here because it’s your turn to to to to—YOUR TURN!”

“I have biology class—”

“This is biology—”
“How is this biology class?!—”

“Bio-fucking-logical family issues!”

“That’s not how biology class works!”

“That’s how this biology class works yo—” Peter didn’t have the time to register what happened next. His once white clean bed sheets were now tainted with murky dark blood, he felt warm liquid drip from his chin and nose, nose? That’s new.

Peter had enough time to think _Man, when can I have a break from all of this shit puking shenanigans_? before the train of ‘Pure Fucking Pain’ hit him in a full blast.

Peter didn’t pay much attention with what happened from there, it became a total bummer that whenever he vomits the more painful it gets and the harder it was to notice his surroundings, talk about annoying. Though he was sure Scott was screaming for the Professor, maybe it was Erik screaming for Hank? Maybe it’s the other way around? No idea, as long as someone hit his snooze button for him, then hallelujah ‘cuz he’d rather get hit by Scott’s plasma beam than endure this bullshit.

The next time he woke up he immediately noticed an IV tube sticking on the back of his hand. He instantly thought of Erik’s useless efforts in donating his blood to Peter, it’s useless because he’s going to die no matter what anyway, and if Erik keeps on doing this, then what the fuck was the point of saving Erik’s ass twice if he’s going to die along with him? Totally stupid, that’s what it is.

Using his free hand, Peter was about to pull the IV off when everything from his body froze, no, actually, more like his brain was suddenly restricted to do anything at all, and you all know who can do shits like that, moving his eye to the right, he saw the Professor, also reading the same boring book that Erik was reading earlier.

“I will only let go of you if you promise me not to remove that,” The Professor said without making any eye contact.

Ok, Peter has a lot of reasons why everything was so stupid, a.) he’s going to die so what’s the use for this IV shit? b.) when was the last time he peed? It’s either he’ll die of blood loss or UTI from this, c.) how the hell would he reply if the Bald dude on the wheelchair restrained him from it? And d.) can people die from UTI? He hadn’t stayed that long in high school to find out.

“No, a person can’t die from UTI, Peter,”

Peter really have to remind himself to shut his brain up whenever he’s around the Professor or Jean.

_You can let go now._

The Professor just continued on reading his book.

_Dude, I promise_

With a sigh, Peter was released and he gasped, his head immediately slumped down on his pillow. Peter was surprised at how heavy his body felt, was he getting fat? But his pale and skinny (not bony, just skinny, _very_ skinny) fingers says otherwise. He just feels so tired, very tired, and sleeping ‘till next year seems like a great idea right now.

“Dude, I feel so heavy,” Peter groaned.
The Professor didn’t reply, he just stared at him with pitiful eyes and, yup, that’s definitely irritation that Peter is feeling. What is he? Some dude in a wheelchair?

The pity turned into a glare.

*Oh… right.* “No offense,”

“None taken.” The Professor replied putting down his book and wheeling himself to get closer to Peter. “Although I must say you gave Scott a fright, he’s currently at the nurse’s office right now.”

Peter’s eyebrows scrunched. Him? Frightened Scott? If there’s one thing he’s capable of making Scott, which was to rile him up real bad, “I’m sorry, but are we talking about that same Scott who was just yelling at my face moments ago?”

“I believe so.”

Well that’s hard to believe, “What? Did I shit on his face or something?”

“Close enough, you threw up on his face.”

*Oh.* Peter did not remember that.

He stared at the Professor, mouth shut tight, thinking of what to respond. Either the suppressants are really doing a pretty good job at turning Peter’s brain into goo or that he just have no idea what to say. “I got nothing,” Which was the absolute truth, usually Peter would call him a complete pussy for going straight at the nurses office just because someone puked on his face, but the puke was blood so Peter had no means of calling him a pussy there.

In retrospect, Peter would’ve shit his pants and be scarred for life if someone threw up blood on *his* face, like, come on, who wouldn’t? And to think Scott's just a tiny-winsy seventeen years old dude with a funky looking visor.

“Should I feel like I owe Scott an apology?” Peter added when he felt like saying that he got nothing doesn’t seem to settle good on his stomach.

“If that’s what you feel, but I do say it’s quite the other way around.”

Peter’s whole face scrunched up this time, then he saw the book that Erik was reading earlier before Scott came crashing open the door yelling shitz like …

*Ohhhhhh…*

“Oh shit,” Was what Peter said instead.

“Oh shit it is,”

Groaning, Peter slammed both of his hand over his face. “Why can’t I just die in peace?!”

Charles was not happy with Peter’s choice of words, not happy indeed. “Peter, death is a very serious issue, I suppose it isn’t a good joking material.”

“Who says I’m joking?” Ok, Peter didn’t meant to say that, it just slipped, it just fucking slipped. The Professor just kept on staring at him, reading his mind? Who knows, you can’t really feel if some telepath is taking over your privacy right?

After maybe five seconds (not that somebody’s counting) the Professor sighed and ran a hand over
his face. “You were supposed to be asleep, Peter,”

At first, Peter was like what the hell is he talking about? But then he remembered Hanks stressed voice last night and thought, *Ohhh he was talking about last night.*

“Hey, it wasn’t my fault that you guys went serious mode in front of my room,” He defended.

“Fair enough, but that’s not enough reason for what you were just about to do earlier.”

“Not enough reason?” Peter’s right eyebrow arched up, oh he’ll give him enough reason. “Dude, I know I didn’t finished high school, but I’m not stupid, Erik can’t just donate this much blood everyday just because I need it. What’s the point of saving his ass twice if in the end I’ll just drag him in the grave with me? I should just have killed him myself then, at least we don’t have to go through this shit.”

Charles inhaled. “Peter I know you’re in distress—”

“I’m not in distressed! I’m just pointing out the mere fact that I’m going to die in the end so there’s no need for any of this crap!” Peter wants to think that he didn’t have to catch his breath after his… well, this isn’t an outburst, it’s not, it’s really not.

The Professor didn’t argued with him, he just intertwined both of his fingers over his stomach and replied in his usual soft voice, Peter started to wonder if the old hippie drunk dude ten years back was the same person in front of him, because, man, this guy changed in a whole 180. “He wanted to talk to you, straighten things out,”

Peter didn’t have to ask who the Professor was talking about.

“Should I say that you already beat me to it?”

“This isn’t a problem that I should meddle in, Peter, I haven’t told him anything,”

Peter groaned. “You know, everything would be way easier if he just left, no, better yet, if he just never came back here,”

“Peter—”

“No I’m serious, at least if that happened, he never have to find out that he have a disappointing son with no future, and guess what, who is actually dying because of him,” He paused, then like a switch flipped, he talked with no jokes “You know the funny part is, everyone in his family died because of him, his mother, his wife, his daughter and now me, at least before I die he wouldn’t have to burden another death of a family because he’s not suppose to know. And now what? He knows, and I’m dying, and if I die in front of him like everyone else in the Lehnsher family then what would he think of himself? I can’t, I-I-I just can’t do that to the guy.” He took a deep breathe, and exhaled. “And that’s what’s actually happening right now,”

And fuck Scott because he can’t keep his mouth shut for once.

The Professor stared at him, it wasn’t a long one, but Peter was sure he was choosing his words well. “You’re right, that is what’s happening, so what are you suppose to do now?”

And Peter got nothing to say.

Or maybe he does.
“Where is he?”

If the Professor smiled, Peter didn’t notice it “Let me call him,” He said before wheeling himself out of the room which is totally unnecessary because he could have just called Erik telepathically, like duh? It’s not like Erik’s wearing his goofy helmet right?

As soon as the Professor on wheels left the room, Peter had enough time to think this through, is this really the right choice? By all means, everyone thinks it was. Well, originally Peter was going to drop the bomb but since the thing with the closet happened and the whole ‘Everyone in Erik’s family die’ curse kicked to life again, things went into shit from there. Now what?

Now what.

What in the name of virgins will he do once Erik enter the door? Peter did not think this one through.

Going to tell Erik that he’s his son? Got that one covered from Scott. Tell Erik that he’s dying? Everyone already knows that. Tell him that Raven and the others already knew for so long? That’s not really necessary.

Or maybe just straighten things out, Peter, no stress on that.

Dude, you gonna teach me a lesson about stress? Coming from a guy who’s whole hair fell off.

If the Professor replied, Peter didn’t heard it because good ole Magneto was suddenly in front of him looking like a panda because, dude, his bags got bags, how come he didn’t noticed this earlier?

“How long was I out for you to look like that?”

Erik just stared at him, obviously planning on having a long and formal speech for Peter and Peter isn’t going to live long if he hears another boring lecture… or speech. So when Erik was about to say something Peter beat him to it.

"When I was four, I thought I’m old because of my grey hair, turns out it’s not gray, it’s silver.”

Erik did not expect that. “W-what?”

"When I was five I was diagnosed with ADHD because I can’t seem to sit still. When I was seven, I was bullied in school because of my hair that’s why I always skip class which earns me a five hour long lecture from my mom. When I was eight, I got my first fist fight that earns me a tooth, so I guess that’s good, at least I got a dollar under my pillow.”

“Peter, I don’t see how—”

“Shh, I’m still talking.” Peter replied raising his finger, ignoring the fact that it suddenly felt tiring. “When I was ten, I realized that I like the sports track and field because I don’t need to sit still and that I have the chance to run around the school. When I was eleven, my classmates started calling me gay because my hair grows way faster than usual that’s why I look like a girl. When I was twelve, I started to think I was gay but then I got my first kiss from a girl who’s my P.E. partner and realized I wasn’t. When I was thirteen, my mother finally gave me younger a sister, her name’s Wanda and she always gives me headaches, but I love her very much. When I was fourteen, my mutation manifested and it freaked the fuck out of me because everyone suddenly stopped moving, it took me quite a while to handle it pretty well, then I realised I can actually steal stuff without getting caught, so behold the kleptomaniac in front of you. When I was fifteen, I got my first girlfriend, also lost my virginity and the girl at the same time, bummer right? Then I dropped out of school because, who
needs school? It’s boring and stupid, you study so you can have a job, you have a job so that you can earn money, so why need money when I could just steal stuff from others? When I was sixteen, cops that weren’t actually cops turns up in our house. One guy looks like a drunk with hair that can rival a rockstar, one looks like a person who graduated Harvard and the last guy, well he’s kinda scary and pointy bones were coming out of his knuckles, so he’s cool. Then these three weirdos asked me to get someone out from Pentagon, and being the ADHD kind of person I am, went along with them. So we got this guy out and turns out, he wants to kill Nixon, which is not cool especially in front of live television, so then my mother saw it on TV and she went full-on creepy mode because she told me to turn the TV off and that she have something special to tell me, which isn’t really a good sign, she told me that the guy was my father then I locked myself inside the basement for four weeks before finally going out trying to search for him.”

Erik just watched as Peter ramble about his life, was he eager to hear it? Peter didn’t know, so he continued.

“And then ten years later, his new family died in Poland, which is enough reason for him to join the freaky looking Smurf named the Apocalypse. I joined the Professors team so Go Team Telepaths! Then I got the chance to tell him that I was his son, but I realized that I’m a complete pussy so I backed out. Six months later, I tried to be close with him before I drop the bomb but turns out I’m a freaking mess whenever he’s around, then I found out I was dying so maybe it isn’t a good idea to tell him after all, because, come on, who does that right? So instead, I might as well continue on being an asshole to him, because at least when I die, and if he ever finds out after this, he didn’t have to feel bad.” And then he was done, the story was done, but Peter decided to add one more stupid comment “Well those are the highlights of my life, in case you wanted to know. I mean, that’s usually what long-lost relatives ask right? You didn’t really miss anything.”

Erik just stared at him, was it out of pity? Regret? Peter had no idea what. Erik just pulled the visitors chair closer to the bed, sitting down, he took a deep breath and spoke. “I didn’t know about you.”

“No shit Sherlock, my mother freaking hates you, do you really think she’ll tell you about me?”

Erik suddenly had this pinched off look as if debating whatever question he have inside his head or not. “And your mother’s?”

“Magda Eisenhardt, though she goes by the name of Magda Maximoff now.” A though “Dude, not to be rude, but do you have a thing for people named Magda?”

If Erik was offended, Peter totally noticed it. The dude’s wife just died not a year ago and now he’s yapping about her, he should really start thinking before speaking. What’s worse is that, Erik seems to be preventing himself to be angry with him, which is so not cool.

“You don’t have to answer that,” Peter immediately added. “You know, if you’re mad at me, you can show it, it won’t really do much damage since you sorta already made a point back then at the Professors office and the kitchen.” Ok, wow, now Peter just made Erik look guilty. “I’m not really making any good progress am I?”

Erik opened his mouth to say something, but it seems like Peter’s not even aware that his father was trying to say something. “Listen, dude,” Peter said as Erik shut his mouth, his jaw audibly clicking, and yet Peter still didn’t notice it. “You don’t have to do anything, if you can’t eat, or sleep because you think you have this obligation you need to repay, you can forget it, alright. I had ten years to realize that maybe you knowing about me isn’t a good idea, but it didn’t take until now for me to realize it—okay, that was totally out of topic. Okay, the thing is… fine, you’re my father, but if it helps, you were never my dad.
“So, don’t feel guilty. Let’s put it this way instead, I’m just some kid that have similar DNA with you, nothing else.”

Peter paused, thinking of anything else to add, but found that he already said enough. For some reasons, it didn’t really feel anything, like the weight-being-lifted-off his-shoulder-kind of feeling, maybe it was the fact that he was obviously giving Erik an out when for ten years Peter searched for the guy and he feels like all his hard work was for nothing. Which was a stupid thing to feel, he chose this, he decided this days ago, and yet he’s acting like he got betrayed.

“You know,” Erik finally said. “You’re just like Scott.”

Peter’s brows furrowed. “What?”

“You’re putting words inside my mouth,” Peter still had this look that he wasn’t getting any of what the older mutant is saying, but using the part where Scott freaking Summers spilled the beans as a reference left him a little fuzzy. “You’re kicking me out when I still haven’t told you what I feel about this. What makes you think I want to ignore this?”

“Why would you even—”

“Let me talk, you had your turn,” Peter bit his tongue shut so Erik took this as an opportunity to speak up, “While you were unconscious, I-I had a lot of thinking.”

“Did Raven—”

“Let me finish… Yes Raven had something to do with it.” Peter clamped a hand over his mouth to prevent himself from laughing. “As I was saying I had a lot of thinking, I would be lying if I took the news quite well, to be honest, it almost made me leave.”

There was huge sinking feeling deep down at Peter’s gut, but he stayed silent.

“You can say I wasn’t yet ready, it hasn’t been a year since I lost someone precious and now this. You’d say I was scared, and you’re right, I am. Finding out that I have a son through that way wasn’t easy, it was like a bomb exploded in front of my face. While Hank and Charles was busy over you, I had half a mind to just leave and be on way when Raven tried to make sense out of me.”

“She didn’t have to make a huge speech about it, she just told me to think this through and I did. And I realized how selfish I would be to you, here you are dying because of me, and what did I do to repay you? I would be lying if I wasn’t irritated every time I see you, and if I remembered correctly, twenty years ago, I met a similar loud and garrulous mutant just like you, and I was rather fond of him. So how come it’s different when it comes to you? Then Charles answered that question for me, you reminded me of her, my daughter, Nina.”

If Peter’s eyes weren’t bulging out of his sockets then it’s definitely wide as saucers. Okay, that just happened right? Erik just said that right? He’s not hallucinating right? Because it’s kinda hard to believe that Peter reminds Erik of his dead daughter, like come on, Peter is a lot of things but a sweet little girl isn’t one of them.

Erik, took a deep breath and continued. “Both of you likes to talk a lot, she also have a very sweet tooth which is similar to your love for Twinkies, she likes music, though in her case, she makes her own music, sometimes out of sticks and woods she would create her own drum set. She’s also very blunt, it might not look like it but if you heard her talking to her animal friends, you’d be surprised,” Erik told the story with such affection that Peter couldn’t find the will in him to make another snarky comment. “She is very just like you, and you brought me a lot of memories of her, painful memories
of her. And maybe, just maybe, hating you was the easy way to deal with what I feel.”

Erik tipped his head down, staring at his calloused fingers. “But it wasn’t.” He said in a low and deep sad voice. “I don’t know what I should feel when I saw you at Charles office, but I know I wasn’t happy. And when you almost died on me at the kitchen, I remembered my family and how it felt to lose them.

“Peter if there was one thing you made me think while you were lying on this bed, is that I hope I was a better person rather than a guy that told you, you would never have a future.”

Peter knew that Erik was asking for a chance, it wasn’t said but it was implied, and Peter just realized how he badly wanted it, but there are things he have to consider. “Man, as much as I wanted to, I’m dying, you would only—”

“I know, but I’m not doing this for me,” Erik intervened while putting a hand over Peter’s skinny (definitely not bony) ones.

Peter took a shaky breathe. “Look man, after what happened with uhh—with your family, I really don’t want to die in front of you.”

“I’d rather have that than die not knowing you at all.”

“Dude, you said so yourself, I’m an immature jack ass who gives shit to everyone, I’m pretty sure you already know me,” By this point, Peter’s just really trying to push Erik away, which was stupid because the guy seems to be persistent, at least Peter now knew where he got his stubbornness. “Aren’t you suppose to be, I don’t know, be somewhere else, fighting about mutant rights and stuff?”

Erik gripped Peter’s hand and Peter does not know what to react from it, though it feels nice, odd, but nice. “I think I’m more needed here.” He said while sparing a short glance at the IV bag containing his blood. “And I don’t care if I turned pale, I’m not leaving.”

Peter had nothing to say that, he felt his eyes burn so he stared at the ceiling instead.

Erik gently rub Peter’s backhand with his thumb before speaking in a low and weak voice. “I’m sorry, for everything.”

And now he just couldn’t stop it, Peter fucking Maximoff, a twenty-seven year old adult is about to cry over his fathers very boring speech and it’s just so not cool, using his other arm, which is where the IV was hooked, he covered his eyes to prevent himself from crying, though it didn’t really did much justice. Curse those sneaky onion cutting ninjas.

"Peter?"

“I am not crying!” Peter defended, but who was he kidding? He’s obviously bawling his eyes out like a spoiled kid. “You’re pale, you should eat, you have the exception to eat one of my Twinkies,” He did not sniffed, “Now eat it before I changed my mind!”

Erik didn’t left the room afterwards.

Sure it was awkward as hell because what the fuck are you supposed to do in situations like this? Acting casual doesn’t seem to be an option since, hello? For the past few days Peter made a terrible relationship with Erik, a lot terrible than Peter’s history exam. Just days ago the guy was fuming red smoke from his nostrils whenever he sees Peter, and now… Well he’s currently reading a book, so
that’s an improvement.

But Peter doesn’t like it, ok, sure, he likes that Erik doesn’t think shit of him anymore, or that fact that Erik stayed because of him but awkward plus thick tension multiplied by quietness isn’t really his forte. And thank god that Peter’s mutation is currently shit and also suppressed right now or he’ll probably just kill himself if the game ‘Who can Stay Silent the Longest’ continues for another hour.

Ok, granted that they came with an off start, (even if you consider the Pentagon scene because what part of the ‘busting your estranged terrorist dad’ was a good start?) and making a decent conversation was probably one of the hardest procedure in ‘Spending Family Time with your Fucked up Relatives’.

“I like silver,” Peter suddenly announced while staring at the newly cleaned sheets that his hands where fumbling with.

Erik snapped his head up staring at Peter, obviously surprised “I-I see,” Ok the dude was not obvious that he’s also having a hard time. Note the sarcasm.

“How about you? What’s your favourite color?” Peter asked question.

If Erik swallowed tensely before closing the book, Peter decided not to notice it. “I-I don’t have a preference,”

No favourite color? Really? So you don’t like bloody-red, at all? That’s highly doubtful Was what Peter’s supposed to say, but he’d rather not be an asshole anymore, “uh-huh, okay then, now it’s your turn to ask me a question.”

Erik only raised an eyebrow.

“Dude, this is like basic ‘how to converse method 101’, and I’m pretty sure reading a book isn’t really a conversation starter, unless you’re telling me a story telepathically, but we all know that neither of us is the Professor soooo, hit me.”

Erik tilted his head to the right and stared at… well he’s probably thinking so he’s staring at—nothingness? These suppressants are really making his brain turn into goo, “Any games you consider your favourite?”

This is the part where Peter should say he likes chess because Erik likes chess and it would be an awesome father and son bonding if they both play a game, but Peter hates chess and it won’t be an awesome father and son bonding because Peter would ruin it, so he didn’t say chess but a game rather similar to himself. “Ever heard a game called pack-man?”

And that’s probably the start of their not-so-awkward-but-also-not-that-good conversation that almost lasted an hour before Jean came in with a tray of food for Peter and Erik to eat, after taking a couple of bites from his sandwich Peter zonks out with his head falling loudly on the bed table, a sandwich in-between his mouth.

So this is what Hank means by suddenly falling asleep on unexpected occasions.

The next time Peter woke up, it was night and Erik was not in the room.

Erik was gone.

And Raven was pissed, also Scott, maybe Hank too (though he hides in the lab a lot so Peter’s not
really sure), also Ororo’s probably pissed, ok maybe everyone’s pissed well except for Jean and the Professor, you do not question what they feel about this. Telepaths are weird.

What gave it away?

Peter was in a middle of playing a card game with Kurt, and since he’s dying and all, his body feels heavy and lifting a deck of cards seems to take most of his energy that’s why he always loses his grip and let it sprawl on the bed, bless Kurt because not even once did he tried to cheat. They were almost finishing a round when both heads snapped towards the door, and boy, did they heard a lot of yelling and cursing from Raven, something about Erik being a selfish bastard.

Well at least Raven had the decency to not yell that kind of topic in front of Peter. Scott, on the other hand was being a complete jack ass and kept on telling Peter how Erik should just die for leaving his only son, who’s also going to die sooner since the only person making him live longer was, well, gone.

And Peter?

Peter secretly knew deep down that this would happen, though it still hurts ya know? He did just wasted his fucking tears on a guy he barely even knew, okay maybe quite knew, they did just spent most of their time yesterday talking about random stuff that they like and despise.

But at least that had to hold some meaning to the guy, right? Just what the fuck? What in the hell was the use of Erik saying he’ll never leave if it didn’t took the guy twelve hours to ship his ass off the mansion? Total jack ass, that’s what he is.

Never trust a Lehnsherr, they’ll either let you believe that they care for you before they betray you (ehem, Charles, ehem) or steal from you.

Peter knew he should be angry, he should mope or yell and just hate everyone around him, but he’d rather not waste his remaining moments being angry at his not worthy of a father.

Instead, he made everything a joke because that’s what he’s good at and that’s what he only know.

They didn’t tell Peter, but he knew the moment he woke up after another episode that there’s no chance of him living, a.) his only blood support decided to disappear from the face of the Earth b.) Hank looks so stressed when he hooked Peter up in an IV fluid c.) he looks like a guy from the undead when he saw a glimpse of himself at the bathroom mirror to take a dump after three days of lying in bed, and d.) Raven is a blunt bitch that couldn’t sugar coat anything even if it would cost her, her life.

“Ya know, me and Kurt are getting bored playing Go Fish, we should play monopoly next time, the whole team and all,” Peter suggested one time while Raven reads a magazine.

“If there will be a next time,” She replied and the sudden widen of her eyes pretty much told Peter that Raven hadn’t meant to say that. The next thing he knew, Raven was stomping out the room saying that she can’t deal with any of this shit at the moment.

To be honest, Peter just wanted everything to be over, staying in bed and feeling like every day is your last was just too tiring. He just wanted to take a break from, everything. And since the whole fiasco with Erik was now officially over (and ended up in fucking flames, thank you very much) Peter found himself wishing for his break to come early.

That was until the Professor told Peter one time that his mother’s on the phone and would like to speak with him.
And just like reality slapping him full force on the face, he just noticed how selfish and inconsiderate he was being from his mother, his mother that took care of him even when he turned into a useless twenty-six year old bastard, his mother that never abandoned him even when he’s mutation manifested, his mother that loved him and his younger sister so much even if he always ruin the carpet, his mother that doesn’t know shit about anything, his mother and sister that he will soon abandon, and realizing that hurts way worse than his daily episodes..

It sounded so childish and immature, but Peter cried over the phone while her mother asked him if he’s planning to visit for Thanksgiving.

He said yes of course, and hearing his mother’s excited voice just made him feel like a complete asshole, the sad part was knowing that he really is. But he just can’t tell her, he didn’t want her to worry, plus he can’t deal with her mother’s ‘I told you so’ rant, she did already gave him the heads up that nothing good ends with Erik.

Well he did tell her that he’s not afraid.

And look where his ego got him.

When the call ended after her mother telling him her usual ‘bye, Peter, love you’ and Peter replying his usual ‘I know,’ but this time he told her he loves her too, and he means it. When the phone clicked, signalling that the line ended, Peter let everything loose, he screamed, cried and tried pulling his hair out, and for a moment, it felt nice.

Though things went worse when Scott came in on him in the middle of his breakdown.

“If you told everyone that you saw Peter Maximoff crying like a girl, god forbid, I will sew your mouth shut.”

He didn’t told anyone, he just called the Professor because Scott fucking Summers does not know how to deal with any of this drama.

“Peter,” The Professor said once he was inside Peter’s room (Scott didn’t came back, such a wuss).

“Don’t,” Peter started feeling tired and angry from everything, “Don’t tell me that you understand because you don’t! You fucking don’t know what I feel! Just because you’re a telepath, what? You already know shit? Bullshit! You don’t know everything!”

“You’re right, I don’t,” The Professor calmly replied, wheeling himself closer to Peter’s bed “I know how it feels to be left behind, but I don’t know how it feels how to leave someone behind.”

Peter didn’t replied, he was too busy catching his breath after crying then screaming. He’s so going to die soon, everything seemed to be so tiring to him.

“I’m sorry,” And Peter just wanted to scream at him because he has no right to be sorry, Charles was a good man and has been doing his best to keep Peter alive, and now what? He’s sorry? Why? He didn’t do anything.

“I’m leaving them Prof, and I just, I can’t just—I don’t want, I—” I don’t want to be like Erik.

Professor Baldy Head definitely heard his thoughts, the deep intake of his breath told him so. “Peter, Erik is a man with many names, but he would never let anything happen to his family.”

Peter scoffed, “Really? Then he doesn’t consider me as a family then?”
“Peter—”

“No, I get it—”

“No, Peter, you don’t,”

“Then tell me goddamnit!”

Silence, it was obvious that Peter was surprised by his own anger, not one in his life did he ever yelled like that in front of the Professor, it was louder and much more frustrating than before. If Peter didn’t knew better, he’d probably think that he was on his monthly period, but given that he’s a boy, that’s highly doubtful.

Professor Baldy head just stared at him, hesitating. Why? Was he hiding something? You never know when it comes to this guy, the Professor had a really convincing poker face that could win a lot of games in the casino, no joke. “He may not seem capable, but I swear my life, he cares, Peter.”

Peter scoffed, but he stayed silent, tired of the conversation.

Peter woke up feeling light, and not in the bad way. He wondered if this was how people felt when in drugs. He tried knowing once, ended up burning the drugs to quickly.

But somehow, he felt different, like he just feels… happy. Like he wasn’t going to die, he felt like he could smile all day and run a thousand miles and never get tired. Which was ironic because he couldn’t even lift his arm without feeling like he just tried lifting Hank in his beast form. But nonetheless, he felt really good, as if he had just woken up from a really nice dream.

A dream he couldn’t really remember.

He glanced around, wondering who was keeping an eye on him, and saw Raven sitting crossed legged on one of the chairs as she read the morning newspaper. “Morning Raven,” He chirped.

Raven turned her gaze at him, her eyebrows pinched. “Morning,” she greeted back. “Feeling good today?”

Peter hummed. “Yeah,” he stated.

Raven closed the newspaper she was holding. “How so??”

Peter smiled, it was small, but a genuine smile at the least. “I had a dream,”

Raven waited, but when realized that Peter wasn’t going to elaborate, she sighed and placed her elbows on each of her knee. “What kind?”

Peter’s smile disappeared, but he still looked… well, happy, as he pursed his lips, deep in thought. “I can’t remember,” he said. “But I know it was nice, it was very nice.”

If Raven thought that Peter was acting weird, she didn’t showed it, instead she stood up and rumpled his hair “Good to know, I’ll just go and bring you breakfast,” she said before walking out the door.

Usually, Peter would frown at Raven whenever she rumples his hair, as if he was a kid who woke up at the wrong side of the bed, but Peter surprised himself that he didn’t mind it, it actually felt good.

And as if an idea just popped out, Peter knew what day it is.
Peter noticed how everyone was taken aback by his sudden optimism, especially Scott, like duh, Peter just fucking smiled at him when they greeted each other that morning, he gave a fucking SMILE, and they all know that Peter smiling at Scott is a whole new level of weirdness.

Raven held a monopoly game as soon as classes were over. Yes, you heard it right, she held a monopoly game ("Aww, you do care for me," "Shut up,"), it was surprisingly fun, and unexpectedly strange because Peter hadn’t even tried cheating. The team thought he’s gone crazy, but Peter likes to think that you can’t cheat when Jean’s the banker.

They didn’t notice the time until the Professor told them that’s already late and it’s time for bed since they still have training tomorrow (except for Peter, duh). Scott was told to stay since it was his turn to look over Peter, both of them didn’t mind though, which took Ororo and Raven by surprise because, dude, what the hell is happening lately? Kurt on the other hand was glad that they’re no longer bickering like an old married couple.

Scott didn’t press on that topic.

A couple of hours had passed and Scott was seated at the visitors chair, his arms crossed over his chest, when Peter asked him a favour.

“Hey Scott? You asleep?”

There was an annoyed groan “Almost, why?”

“Could you get me my Walkman? It’s been a long time since I last listened to music,”

“Four days isn’t really a long time—”

“Dude,”

“Oh, okay,” Scott replied standing up, “I’ll be right back,” He added heading straight towards the door.

Peter knew he had to say something before Scott leaves the room, he wasn’t sure why, but he knew he just had to “Hey Scott,”

Scott grunted “What?” sheesh, Jean was right, Scott’s grumpy as fuck when sleepy.

“You do know that I don’t really hate you right?”

It was quiet after that, Scott wasn’t moving, oh shit, did I break him?.

“Me too,” He replied in such a low voice, and thank god that it was night and quiet or else Peter won’t be able to hear it. Then Scott jerked and faked a cough, “I’ll just go get your Walkman, I’ll be right back,” then he was gone leaving Peter alone in his room.

As soon as Scott was out of view, Peter doubled over, clutching his chest. He knew what was going to happen, and for some sick reasons his brain decided to make him feel happy, even though it was his last day. Maybe it’s because his brain is a sick bastard, or maybe it was his coping mechanism that got used regularly it became normal. Or maybe it’s the damn drugs, so that no one would think twice that the person’s dying.

But honestly, maybe it’s because he’s just plain crazy.

He knew it’ll traumatize Scott once he comes back to see a dead teammate, but dying in front of him
is worse. The Walkman was his only choice not to give the poor guy a heart attack.

Something painful crawled its way up his throat, and Peter found himself retching dark mushy blood. Hell, everything hurt, like knives opening every inch of his skin, his intestines feels like it’s being pulled from his mouth, and he felt tears run down his cheeks.

Every part of his body burns in pain, and he just wanted it to be over.

He fell from his bed, feeling his throat burn him from the inside, he retched another wave of blood out of his mouth. Pushing his face off of the floor, a wave of nausea washed over him and he puked all over. He tried not to scream or to call for help because he didn’t want anyone to know, to see what was happening to him.

He felt his arms give away, his upper body falling face first on his mess, he spasmed and threw up again. His head hurts, his throat burns, he felt weak and he wanted to cry.

But he only stared through the window, looking at the moon above.

*Please.*

Peter didn’t knew what he was asking for.

So he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

I know I know, my writing skillz is shit, and angsty scenes aren't really my forte so have this crappy story instead. Look I'm in need of Erik&Peter stories and the sudden change of the release date of X-Men The Dark Phoenix did no help whatsoever! I was sooo looking forward to it! If they move the release date AGAIN, I will seriously flip a table!

Anyway, my English is shit since it's not my first language and I'm still in highschool (not that anybody's asking), so I don't have enough idea about cells and blood donation and other nursing stuff that was written in this story, I really did my best doing some research about how much blood can a person donate but I'm stupid so I have no idea if I did enough justice.

And HOLY SHIT this story is so long, it took me four weeks to finish this part (I started this on my exam week, so don't ask me why it took this long). This was my first time writing a supposedly one-shot story, but I'd rather end this part on a cliff hang before I continue (please don't kill me), plus I still have a different story that I have to continue so maybe it'll take time before I post the second part (though if I'm in a good mood I might finish this first), expect that the second part is WAAAAAAY shorter than the first part, because as I've said before, this was just supposed to be a one-shot and I'm really that evil to split this story into two parts.

ANYWAY KUDOS AND COMMENTS IS MUCH APPRECIATED LUV YA!
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

When Peter woke up, he didn’t immediately think that a thin white sheet of blanket was covering him from head to toe, no, he instantly concluded that he was blind.

Chapter Notes

AND HERE’S THE SECOND PART AS PROMISED! GET READY TO FEEL THE ANGST TRAIN!

I’m serious when I said that this part is way shorter than the first.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When Peter woke up, he didn’t immediately think that a thin white sheet of blanket was covering him from head to toe, no, he instantly concluded that he was blind.

You can’t really blame the guy, he came from total darkness to immediate brightness. Peter was already in the middle of asking for forgiveness from all of those insults that he did to Scott when he blinked.

Huh.

There were two things that made him doubt his sudden blindness 1.) his eyes burns so fucking bad as if the Sahara Dessert relocated from Egypt to there, and b.) sometimes stupidity can make you think you’re blind when you’re supposed to see black and not white, okay maybe not, who knows? The only person he met close to being blind was Scott.

But the point is, his sense of sight is not gone and there are other more important details that are needed to be noticed like:

1. Why was he covered from head to toe with a white sheet?
2. Why is he laying on a gurney?
3. Why is he stark naked?
4. And why the fuck is he at Hank’s lab?

But, ha ha ha, he ignored those screaming questions when he sat right up from the gurney, he did, in fact, noticed how fucking hungry he was and that there should be a house of Twinkies at the kitchen or he’ll make a petition about the importance of food storage.

Using the blanket, he covered his naked ass and put on his goggles (which was surprisingly around his neck) before dashing up the stairs in search of one of the kitchens here in the mansion. Peter’s alarm bells were ringing loudly by now, something was off and not supposed to be happening, but
the sound of his grumbling stomach was way louder so questions later, food first.

He’ll probably figure out whatever problem there is when he’s full and had a decent mind.

It was dark when Peter reached the kitchen, and since he’s known to have unpredictable food urges, he didn’t think that it was weird, though he got to admit, his food cravings usually happens in the day, not at night.

But Peter’s a stubborn fucker that ignored all the weird feelings or signs screaming in front of his face, instead, he rummaged the cupboards for Twinkies, though it doesn’t really matter what kind of food he could find anymore as long as it’s edible, Peter’s not picky especially when he’s this hungry.

After noisily opening and closing down the drawers, fridge, cupboards and other more places that he could get his hands into, Peter successfully found five Twinkies, a bowl of leftover pasta and a box of pizza, it’s not totally satisfying but he’s not one to complain.

Peter was happily stuffing his cheeks with two Twinkies and a rolled up piece of pizza.

That was until Scott came.

Screaming.

Holding a bat raised over his head.

Peter was lucky that he couldn’t shit his pants, because, well, he has no pants in the meantime, instead, he also let a scream of his own, although it sounded very high pitched, girly and scared.

Due to the sudden ambush of none other than Scott fucking Summers, Peter tumbled sideways almost falling on his bare ass if it wasn’t for the dining table.

Suddenly conscious with his absence of decent clothing, Peter tightened his hold on the blanket covering him. “Dude what the fuck?! Can’t a guy eat in peace?!”

Scott only gaped at him, open mouth, his bat still raised over his head before his arms fell limply on his sides. “Peter?”

Again, weird, that should be a full give away that shit was happening, but either Peter was too stupid to notice it or too dense to even care.

“No, I’m President Nixon,” Peter deadpan with a roll of his eyes, “Of course I’m Peter!”

The bat fell from the floor with a loud thud, and as if things weren’t weird enough, Scott started walking up to him which put Peter on edge, because, uh hello? He’s practically naked and Scott must have lost his marbles because he’s suddenly running both hands over Peter's face. “You’re Peter.” It wasn’t a question.

“I’m pretty sure that’s my name,” Peter replied though sounded a bit muffled because one of Scott’s fingers got inside his mouth, it was dry and very salty, what the hell does this guy do? Wash his hands with salt? “Uh, dude, what’re you doing?”

Scott ignored Peter’s question “It is you,” He breathed before suddenly falling backwards.

Unconscious.

Okaaaaay, what the fuck was just all about?
Scott was definitely acting weird, if Peter hadn’t known better, he might have thought that Scott hit himself with a bat making his brain go cuckoo, which is, hey, might be true, you never know what people do at night.

Peter picked up the bat and to his surprise it was his bat. He perfectly remembered stealing it from a team at some baseball game which was sorta famous at that time. Though how Scott had it was beyond him, was he in his room? Now that shit would just be too weird because why the hell would Scott be in his room? He’s pretty sure kleptomaniac tendencies isn’t contagious.

Again, Peter should’ve got the memo that something stranger than flying turtles is raining on him..

A ton of footsteps were suddenly coming its way towards the kitchen, the next thing Peter knew, the whole team were standing at the doorway, looking very surprised especially Jean, she had her hand over her mouth as if someone had died or something. This girl tends to make everything dramatic.

Then Peter stared down at the unconscious Scott lying on the floor, then at himself wearing only a thin blanket with a bat on his hand. “It’s a lot less weird than it looks.” Peter reasoned. “But before I could explain and let Jean burn me to flames, can I get a pair of pants? Also a shirt, it’s getting chilly.”

Nobody moved, the whole team only stared at him as if they’ve seen a ghost, well, Peter’s ghost to be exact. After a couple of awkward silence, the Professor was the first to break the tension asking Kurt to fetch Peter some clothes, telling Hank to bring Peter back to the lab and sending the others back to bed.

“Hey wait, no— I’m not going back—” Ororo started but was cut off by the Professor.

“Back to bed Storm,” And, yup, Peter knew that real shit was happening because for once the Professor used his ‘Commando Voice’, and it had done a pretty good job for all of the team to go back to bed, well, except for Raven.

Red heads, you gotta love them.*

Peter, being the fastest man alive, was too slow to understand the fucking Lazarus effect that was currently happening to him, even after being dragged back to Hank’s lab (with Scott in tow by a blue furry scientist), giving him decent clothing and feeding him a couple of sandwiches (due to Peter’s countless complaints about his grumbling tummy). Yap, still no idea what the hell was happening.

As soon as Professor Baldy head sent Kurt to bed after handing Peter some clothes, Mystique settled herself at the doorway while Hank did a couple of tests on him, asking some basic questions about what he’s currently feeling: still hungry, and bit agitated, it was like, his body had stayed still for quite too long and that he needed to stretch his muscles and other shitz people do when they slept for too long in bed.

While Hank made Peter his lab rat— sticking those electric thingy on his chest to monitor Peter’s heartbeat, taking a couple of blood tests and other medical crap that Peter doesn’t need to know—the Professor was staring at him like a puzzled question or a chess board and he didn’t know what kind of move he’ll do next.

It was hella awkward, and sitting on top of a gurney while waiting for Hank to give the signal that everything’s A-okay was pure torture for Peter. Hank was just too damn slow and with Peter’s mutation everything’s just, soooo boring, and the Professor looking at him that way wasn’t making him feel better.
And Peter, well, Peter just found out that his mind was currently in shambles and he had no idea what to say, do, or joke about it. It was strange how Peter knows everyone, knows where he is or who he even is, but couldn’t remember any decent memory about it. It was like, he knows Scott, he knows why he wears a visor, he knows his girlfriend’s Jean, he knows Scott had a dead brother named Alex and he knows that Scott’s his friend-ish(?). But, he didn’t know how he knew Scott, he had no memory, no, more like his memories are in a blurry, and if he stays awake a bit longer, maybe he’ll be able to see it clearly.

“Surprisingly, everything’s stable,” Hank suddenly announced after eyeing his computer for forty-five minutes (yes, Peter counted it). “Your brain doesn’t seem to show any damage, maybe it’s just taking its time after shutting dow— I mean after w-what had happened.”

Peter took a bite on his Twinkie, “How about Scotty there?” He asked jabbing his thumb behind, pointing at Scott’s unconscious body lazily placed down on one of the beds, “I don’t see you checking his vitals,” Something about the words ‘after what had happened’ had suddenly put Peter on edge, and he’s not going to ask about it.

Hank was about to reply but Professor Baldy Head beat him to it, “You don’t have to worry about Scott, Peter, he’s just… In shock,”

“Why would he be in sho—?”

“Let’s head to my office, shall we?”

Okaaay, Peter was definitely taken aback by that sudden avoidance of topic. “Uhhh, sure?”

This was the part where Peter started to notice the weird shit he’s been ignoring since he woke up.

He finally started taking notice of it as soon as they entered Professor Baldy Head’s office, because, for some strange reason, Peter hated this room, he can’t pinpoint what or why, but he can definitely tell that this room is a bullshit room, and he hates bullshit rooms, because it’s bullshit.

After settling himself in front of the Professor's table, Hank was still placing his stethoscope all over Peter’s body as if the check-up earlier wasn’t enough reason that Peter’s ok and perfectly functioning. Raven, on the other hand, had her arms crossed over her chest, still quietly watching everything from behind, she got this serious bitch mode on her face that Peter started to wonder if Raven thinks of him as a threat. He’d rather not dwell on it.

“Ok, dude, spill,” Peter finally said after the silence went far too long for his liking. “All of you are staring at me as if I’m a ticking time bomb that’s about to explode any minute now. And Hank, dude, what the hell? I thought you said I was stable? That shit is cold.” Peter added pointing at the stethoscope over Peter’s chest.

“You’re worse than a time bomb,” Raven suddenly spoke which surprised Peter.

Also, what the hell was he supposed to reply from that? “I’m a grenade then?” Peter asked instead.

“Peter,” The Professor suddenly called, and something about his voice says ohhh real shit is about to happen! Buckle your seatbelts bitches! “Tell me the complete details on what you felt when you woke up.”

Peter’s face scrunched, okay, his not really expecting something as stupid as that question, “I told you, I felt hungry,” then he paused, and realized something, something that he should’ve taken notice of it way earlier. “Like, my body was empty for ages, and no, it’s not an expression, it’s more like,
my system was turned off, then, it restarted, and that my body just needed something,” Peter replayed what he said over his head. “Okay I know it doesn’t make any sense, but that’s what I felt.”

“No, it makes sense,” The Professor replied still eyeing him like an unbeatable chess game.

Peter wondered how his statement made sense since he himself couldn’t even make sense out of it, was he in a different timeline? Cuz he felt like he traveled into Weird Shit Universe.

“You sure you can’t remember anything?” Raven asked though it sounded more of a demand than a question.

“Raven—” Professor on wheels warned.

“No, Charles,” Raven countered before returning her attention back to Peter “Anything at all?”

Ok, Peter just completely lost the plot, what in heaven’s name was exactly happening right now? It’s frustrating and scary how he doesn’t have any idea what the hell Raven or the Professor was talking about, don’t get him started on Hank, what is wrong with these dudes? Did he missed something? Well the messed up memory lane that Peter was currently having says so.

“Okay, look, as much as you guys looks frustrated, and not to mention freaky, I’m just as frustrated as you guys, whatever question you have, I certainly don’t know the answer because I myself have a gazillion questions of my own,” Peter rambled, and to his surprise, was the complete truth, it’s just so strange hearing it verbally. “Why the hell did I woke up naked? On a gurney? And why was a blanket covering my whole body? Why the hell am I at Hanks lab? Why did Scott fainted? Out of shock? What shock? Is my face that hideous that he just had to faint? I don’t think I’m that ugly, why was everyone so surprised when they saw me? Was there something on my face? I haven’t checked the mirror since I woke. And why the fuck is Hank still sticking his stethoscope on—”

Peter didn’t got the chance to finish his supposedly one hour ramble when metals started to morph randomly, it was freakishly terrifying and also strange because Peter knew who was doing this.

_Erik._

But whose Erik?

_His dad._

Erik was his dad, but how come he feels strange knowing it, like he was relieved and also angry that Erik was somewhere here in the facility.

_Out why?_

He knows he’s not in good terms with him.

_Out why?_

Because he left him.

_Out why?_

Because, because, because… why exactly? The memory was there, just blurry and vague, it just needs a little dusting and it’ll be clear. Frustration, Peter was feeling frustrated and he just wanted to bash his head on the wall, because he’s supposed to know everything, he knows a lot, but how come it felt like he doesn’t know anything at all?
But why does he need to know a lot?

I DON’T KNOW WHY GODDAMIT!

“Erik! Calm down!” The Professor suddenly yelled and damn, Erik must’ve had a hard head since he made the Professor scream, bonus points because he didn’t do it mentally, and Peter knew well that if the Professor started talking while speaking telepathically is a serious problem. “He’s not missing, he’s here! His here…”

And Peter just zoned out because he had his own problems to handle, Amnesia is such a bitch, wait, is this even amnesia? It doesn’t feels like it.

His head started throbbing.

Flashes of different scenes started running through his head, and none of it makes sense, what the hell happened? Peter knew he didn’t just woke up from sleep, he woke up from what then?

The next thing Peter knew, the doors flew open showing Erik looking like heaven and hell fell on him and world war three just happened.

“Dude you look shit. How long was I out for you to look like that?”

And then like a train on full speed, it hit Peter right on the face.

“You plotting a new ‘how-to-end-the-world’ plan?”
“Why are you still here?”
“Sup dude, how’s the killing spree going on?”
“What is it with you and the thoughts of taking over the world?”
“Oh so you’re telling me that I should spend time with him? Charles, you do know that whenever I’m around, he always seems to have a way to offend me.”
“Dude, you do know he hates me.”
“But isn’t Erik also dangerous?”
“Dude, death by drugs is not a really cool headstone,”
“What are you doing there?”
“What are you? My dad?”
“I’m really, sorry.”
“I think it’s best to ask questions when Hank or the Professor’s here.”
“It’s not my secret to tell, Peter.”
“Look, it’s either me or Erik lying on a deathbed. Choose your pick. I mean, either me or, or—some guy—mutant—a prisoner, some mutant.”
“You saved my life twice, and the second one is, apparently, costing your life.”
“How much time do we have?”
“You’re father’s Magneto?!?”
“I didn’t know about you.”
“I’m sorry, for everything.”
“Peter, Erik is a man with many names, but he would never let anything happen to his family.”
“Really? Then he doesn’t consider me as a family then?”
“Hey Scott? You asleep?”
“You do know that I don’t really hate you right?”
“Me too,”

Everything was too much, too fast and for the first time, he’s not fast enough to handle this, so he dashed towards the nearest trashcan and vomited, his hands gripping the sides of the bin while his body retched every ounce of food that he just ate. And it just hurts, because the last time he did this.
He died.

Hank was suddenly, but not surprisingly, beside him, massaging Peter’s back, as if that’ll help anything right? But the moral support was comforting.

“Man, that sucked,” Peter breathed as soon as he finished puking, leaning his upper body on the wall and his lower part lazily lying down on the floor. “No, everything sucked, that was so not a cool way to remember everything.”

“Peter?” Raven said slowly walking her way towards Peter as if he suddenly became fragile and advancing towards him would break him into pieces.

But Peter wasn’t looking at Raven, he was looking at Erik.

Erik, the guy who left him, the guy that broke a promise, the motherfucker that made him think that for once Erik cares for him only to leave the very next moment. And Erik stared back, standing on the doorway looking, devastated?

Avoiding his father’s pitiful eyes, he stared at Raven, “How long was I dead?”

Five words, but it made a lot of tension. Hey, it’s not every day somebody comes back from the dead, that only happens in, like, comics, and this was real life, or maybe not? Maybe all of them are in a storybook and someone was writing them, or worse, a fanfiction from a lousy author.

“Twenty-four hours,” Hank finally said after an intense battle of a five-way staring contest. “You’ve been de—gone since last night,”

Huh, so it wasn’t that long, Peter was really wanting it to be a bit longer, for, ya know, it just sounded way cooler when you’re dead for more than half a month then you’d be back to life and then everyone will go, like, crazy over you because you’re not really dead, that’d be just awesome ya know?

Hey, if something as scary and cool as shit like this happens in your life, might as well make the most of it.

“Ok, good to know that I didn’t die that long for worms and maggots to crawl in my body,” Peter joked but nobody laughed, which was just a total bummer. Then, very slowly, Peter turned to look at the Professor, and it was an odd angle because he’s at the side of the Professor’s desk and the view was pretty hard down there on the ground, “When did he came back?”

Everyone knew what he meant, and ho ho ho was Peter killing this awkward conversation right now.

“Moments after your heart flat-lined,” Raven replied in such a chill manner that Peter had to doubt which of the two was the real cold-blooded killer.

Hearing that his heart flat-lined gave Peter the chills, though it didn’t stop his mind run a hundred meter thinking why the fuck did Erik came back when he’s dead? Was he really that scared seeing his so— family member die?

Everything sucks, everything just sucks so bad right now, you might think that being back to life was such a blessing, but Peter can’t feel the blessing, he feels like shit. His brain stopped working, his heart stopped pumping and then suddenly, like a flip of a switch it magically turned on, and it just feels strange. A small part of him suddenly just wished that he should’ve stayed dead, and it horrified him.
“Peter?” The Professor calling his name suddenly pulled him back to reality, the reality where he’s sitting on the floor beside a trash bin because god knows what’ll happen for another ten minutes without it.

“And I need, like, a mountain of Twinkies right now, I feel like I’m going to die out of hunger again.”

Ok, joking about death was not cool, it just made things worse.

“It’s just an expression, chill,” Peter added trying his damn best to lighten up the mood. “Though I am really hungry,”

The Professor turned to Raven, they stared for a couple of seconds, signaling that they’re having a telepathic communication, though it looks more like a battle to the death than a conversation. With an exasperated but also defeated sigh, Raven uncrossed her arms and left, scooting Erik (strangely a bit too harsh) to make way at the door.

“Please tell me when she comes back, there would be a giant burger with her,” Peter said expectantly.

“Not a giant burger, but she’ll be back with foods,” The Professor replied finally returning to his calm and composed persona that Peter had grown used to, not the hobo dude with long hair or the puzzled chess player.

“I can work with that,”

Feeling that he won’t be heaving his guts out anymore, Peter hoisted himself up and dragged himself on one of the Professor’s chairs, Hank tried to give him support but Peter declined it because as much as everything was currently shitty, he will not let himself be manhandled, he still have some self-dignity left thank you very much.

Erik, well, Erik just watched everything silently from the back, and that’s according to Peter’s corner vision because there is no way in hell that he could look at Erik right now, things are just way too complicated and damn straight weird.

“Peter, if I may ask—” Prof on wheels started but Peter beat him to it.

“It was horrifyingly scary,” He said remembering the pain and the burning feeling while dying alone in a dark room, “Grade A horror film dude, way worse than The Shining,”

“I was rather concerned about your last favor to Scott,”

Oh.

“Wa-was he, uh, did he took it well? You know, when he saw me, uhh, not breathing and all?”

The Professor looked at him, “I am in no position to tell you the exact details, but no, he didn’t take it too well, Peter, he is, after all, as you can see, still a teenager.”

Peter grimaced.

Ok, not cool on Scott’s behalf, Peter should really apologize to him first thing in the morning. “I felt it coming, you know, death, and I don’t want Scott seeing me die, so, I didn’t really have a choice,”
“But you could have told someone,”

Peter snorted “And what? Bring stress to everyone? No offense Prof, but I think my methods are way preferable,”

Professor Baldy Head sighed, “I’m just glad you’re okay,”

Okay, Peter’s okay, he’s not dying, right? So he should be okay.

“We’re all glad you’re okay,” And Peter just froze because Erik fucking Lehnsherr just spoke after hovering at the door for, what? After a couple of ages? And what would Peter say to that? He had no idea, so he ignored him instead.

Then Peter asked the question that was nagging him since the moment his memories flushed inside his head, “H-How, why am I, h-how come I’m alive?”

If the Professor suddenly stiffened, Peter ignored it. “I’m not the best person to tell you that,” Then for a brief moment, Peter saw Charles stare at Erik as if conveying a message before suddenly wheeling himself out while Hank in tow “Hank if you mind giving them some privacy.”

Peter’s mind reverted back to the part where Charles and the others left Erik and Peter alone to let him rest, and this is exactly what is happening like before. But this time, Peter didn’t complain, instead, he stayed quiet and waited until the doors closed with a soft thud.

He knew Erik was still in the room, but Peter couldn’t look at him. He felt the older mutant took a hesitant step, then another, and then another, then the next thing he knew, Erik was sitting on a chair in front of him, still, Peter couldn’t look and for a moment, he thought Erik reached out his hand to hug him, but he didn’t want to assume, he hates this guy.

He's supposed to hate this guy.

*Supposed to.*

“I’m sorry,” Erik finally said, but still, Peter didn’t look up. “I didn’t want to lose you,”

Lose Peter? He died, what part in the universe, when a person dies, was not gone? The point was, Erik left, Erik left when Peter needed him the most. Erik broke a promise, and Peter was too stupid to believe that Erik fucking Lehnsherr was a decent enough guy to keep that promise.

“But you just did,”

Erik took a deep intake of breath. “No I didn’t, you’re here, you’re fine—”

“Dude, could I drill the words ‘I Just Died’ in your head? Because you can’t seem to get the memo,” Peter snapped, “Does that sound fucking fine to you?”

Erik didn’t replied, and ok, Peter knows how weird it was to suddenly have this kind of conversation when one person was supposed to be dead, but right now he’s a selfish dickhead with a lot of questions that needed answers.

“Is this a family thing? Leaving without even saying goodbye? Making shitty promises then break it as soon as it was made?”

Erik stared at him and Peter just noticed that his eyes were bloodshot “I have no regrets leaving you,” and ok, that just put Peter in a whole new level of betrayal. If Erik’s going to push him towards ‘Pure
Fucking Pain’ train, then at least give him a fucking heads up first because that wasn’t cool.

Peter wanted to blame that it was the effects of being back to life, but he knew it was out of anger and adrenaline when he grabbed Erik by the collar and slammed him on the opposite wall, “You left! You said you won’t leave! You promised! You promised! WHY?”

Erik didn’t fight back, but he was holding Peter’s wrist for support because, oh cool, Erik was on his tiptoes, Peter didn’t really expect to have that kind of strength. Adrenaline’s cool.

“I had no choice, I can’t—”

“Lose me? Is that it? You left you jerk!” Peter was shaking all over, his face so close at Erik’s he could see the pores of his skin.

“Let me explain—”

Peter’s hold on Erik tightened, making his knuckles turn white. “WHAT? WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN? THE FACT THAT YOU’RE FULL OF SHIT?!” He immediately felt the soreness of his voice due to the exertion, but he couldn’t care less.

“Peter, I had no choice, Hank can’t save you, Charles can’t save you—”

“And you expect that you can save me?!” And even though he wanted not to believe it, it was something Erik would definitely think.

“But I did!” Erik screamed but immediately regretted it when Peter’s hold tightened even more “I did, you’re alive because of me, I-I stopped it, I saved you.”

Peter should feel better, knowing that Erik left to find a way for Peter’s condition, knowing that he left for Peter. But Peter didn’t feel any better.

“I DON’T CARE!!”

“Peter—”

“What if you’re so called cure didn’t work? Different story right?!” Tears were streaming down his face at that point, and Peter couldn’t stop it, and he wouldn’t. He was angry, and nothing really bothers him at the moment, in fact, he couldn’t care less if he wakes the whole damn school.

“But it di—”

“FUCK YOU BECAUSE YOU LEFT ME! FUCK YOU BECAUSE LIED TO ME! FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU! I HATE YOU!”

The truth was, Peter was scared. Erik disappearing terrified Peter so much he pretended he was fine with it. Maybe it was a coping mechanism. He told himself that he wouldn’t tell Erik about their relation because he wouldn’t want to hurt him again, but the truth was, he didn’t want to tell Erik because he knew he would hope.

Hope that Erik would stay by his side, hope that he’ll let him in even in his last moments, hold him like a father would to a son, hope that he wouldn’t leave because of him. So when he left, Peter couldn’t help but feel crushed. When he died, he knew what he was begging, he was begging for Erik. It hurts so much, that even in his last moment, Erik left him.
That was why he hated so much for hoping. He hated Erik for letting it happen.

Peter was still shaking from anger as Erik stared at him. And Peter’s vision was too blurry with tears to make out the expression Erik had plastered on his face. It took him by surprise when Erik pulled him into a very tight hug.

And Peter wanted to push him away, wanted to punch him, to kick him, but he couldn’t. So he cried even more, this time without the anger, without the fury, just the pain. And just like that, he gave up and let Erik in.

It was pathetic, really, Peter’s already in his late twenties and all he did in response was sob like a little kid as his father held him tightly.

“I was scared, I was so scared,” Peter said in a low voice, repeating as if it was a mantra.

Erik knew what he meant, so he tightens his hold as if letting go of Peter will kill the boy.

Peter couldn’t really remember what happened after his heated conversation with Erik, but he did remember Raven bringing him the promised burger, although it wasn’t really a giant, so that sucked. Then the part after that was just a blur, he knew that Erik was beside him throughout the night, but he didn’t remember falling asleep then waking up inside his room like a normal weekday morning, the difference was, he didn’t know what day it was.

Hey, it’s not like Peter had enough time to check the calendar, he did just died. And that excuse was really getting old by now.

Since Peter didn’t really have any idea what to do after the ‘Coming back from the dead’ shenanigan, he immediately did his morning laps around the mansion like everything was a normal school day morning, though it wasn’t normal, he knew everyone had seen him lifeless or overheard it from the others. And the hundred pairs of eyes following his every move says that news travel way too fast.

Peter tried his best

He could hear a few whispers here and there, but nonetheless, everyone in school seems to be doing a great job and at not making Peter feel like some freak. Sure, a few would feel a little fidgety when Peter was close by as if he had brought death with him (which was kinda stupid since Peter escaped death, damn that sounded so cool), but no one brought his experience with dying, or asked him questions about it.

And he was fine with that, thankful actually.

He wanted to ignore it as much as possible, sure the first few days were hard, but it was nice that no one was poking him about it. Even though everyone was obviously on their wits end with the whole situation.

But even when everyone was trying their best to make it normal, Peter couldn’t help but feel like everything isn’t right with himself. Sure, it was his idea to ignore everything that had happened, and it was his decision never to bring it up. But every night, he couldn’t help but lay awake, and think what if?

God, he really hated the word ‘if’.

He died, he was dead, and he was actually being sent to the morgue in the morning. And the fact that even himself is not bringing it up, it’s driving him crazy.
He didn’t want to acknowledge it, but acknowledging it just scares him so much.

And then, there’s Erik.

He haven’t had the chance to talk to Erik. Nope, scratch that, he couldn’t find it in himself to talk to Erik. He still needs to clear his head, adding Erik to Peter’s messed up of a brain is just a recipe for another bald person in the group. And even though Peter hates his hair, he would rather not be the next bald person, stress is not a good thing on Peter.

It was these kind of nights where Peter lay in bed for hours, thinking about other possibilities that should’ve or might’ve happened if he’s still dead. It frustrates the shit out of him and wished that he could just forget everything and moved on with his life when there was a knock on the door.

With a grunt, Peter zoomed and opened the door revealing Scott standing on the doorway. Peter would be lying if he was surprised to see Visor Dude, they’re not really on a stable friendship-ish relationship after the ‘Coming Back From the Dead’ shenanigans was a lot to take in, especially when Scott’s the first one to see him die and also the first that saw him alive.

“Please tell me that you didn’t knock on my door at two in the morning just to tell me that Kurt is praying in his sleep again.” Peter said in a casual tone.

“Nah, it’s actually a bunch of worship songs now,” Scott replied just as casual. Peter’s right eyebrow shot up to his hairline, which made Scott add, “Kidding, come on, Jean and the others are waiting.”

Ok, this time Peter’s both eyebrows shot up to his hairline.

“Oh stop being such a ass, come on,”

“Remind me again how I got stuck with a bunch of drunken underaged X-Men members at three in the morning,” Peter stated staring at Kurt’s upside down body hanging on the chandelier.

Honestly, it was Peter’s idea.

Scott’s original plan was for them to hang outside the mansion, lay down on the school’s open field, talk about life and shits but Peter’s all like Dude, that’s so fucking boring and depressing, so being the responsible adult he is, he managed to influence the whole gang to drink beer and let loose, he had no idea how he persuaded Kurt though, that kid’s like full of sunshine. Sometimes, Peter tried to splash some water on Kurt and see if he could conjure rainbows.

“Oh fuck you,” Scott slurred while lying on the island, face head down with a bottle of whiskey on hand.

Scratching his head, he turned to look at Ororo and Jean who had their faces pressed down on the table, snoring very loudly. “Okay, guess it’s time for bed,”

It was easy dragging both girls inside their room since they’re too knocked out, Kurt was a bit of a jigsaw puzzle since he’s hanging upside down and Peter have no idea he would get him out of there without bringing the chandelier down like that freaky play Phantom Of the Opera. Scott, on the other hand, was a whole different mess because he’s still conscious and he’s being stubborn as ever.

“I will never surrender!” Scott screamed.

“And I will seriously let you succumb to whiplash if you don’t let go,” Peter warned while yanking Scott's ankle, though it didn’t do much justice since Scott had a vice-like grip on one of the pillars.
“Whiplash me and I’ll laser shit you on the face!”

“It’s time for bed, Scott, let go.”

“Nooooo! Fuck bedtime! I’m the leader of this group and I will not go to bed!”

And, ok, wow, Scott’s definitely way worse than Peter when he’s drunk, not only did he fell in love with a pillar, he also became a spoiled nine-year-old kid “When the fuck did I became a mother?”

Scott scoffed, “When you start having a vagina,” and then he laughed repeating the words ‘vagina’ over and over again.

With a defeated sigh, he let go of Scott’s ankle and facepalmed himself. “Next time, we should stick with your idea,” He said while watching Scott laugh his heart out.

Pathetic, really, watching a high school kid roll around the floor while laughing at his own joke, it’s kinda depressing and also very stupid. At first, Peter was all like, giving him a judging look, but as soon as he noticed that Scott’s tears weren’t because of laughter, he sorta went into panic mode since, well, he’s not used to drama ok?

“Hey Scott?” Peter asked crouching in front of him, “You okay dude?”

Scott sniffed, and shit was Peter not used to this.

“No.”

And, ok, woah, what the hell was Peter supposed to reply from that? Joke around? Not really a good option if he didn’t want a plasma beam on the face. “Uhmmmm” Peter cursed himself for sounding so useless right now.

“I had you’re Walkman you asshole, I even fucking took the time to choose which song you would prefer, then what? You died you fucker! Do you even know how hard it is to choose between Pink Floyd and AC/DC?”

“Uh—”

“Fucking hard! It’s like answering a fucking math exam, and it’s not even math! It’s a freaking band.”

“Well if you look—”

“Shut up I’m talking!”

And ok Peter zipped his mouth shut.

“You’re so fucking unfair! I thought it was a start you know?” Peter tried his very best not to laugh at that part, because dude, that just sounded so fucking gay. “You saying all those shit of not really disliking me, then when I came back, you just have to be dead, like blood all over your face! Do you even know how shit terrifying that was?!”

“No—”

“Shut up I didn’t asked you!”

Peter mentally rolled his eyes.
“I-I thought we’re finally okay, you know,” Again, Peter tried not to laugh because damn it, never let Scott drink again, he can make everything sounds so gay, it’s like they just went through a nasty break-up “So maybe from then on, I could be a decent friend before you leave. BUT NO! You just got to be a selfish jerk and leave us just like that! I could have done something, you dickhead! You shouldn’t let me leave! You freaking— fucking— You piece of—” If it weren’t for the situation at hand, Peter would’ve laughed watching Scott having a hard time on choosing what swear word to use at Peter.

“I think we both already know that I’m a fucking selfish asshole,”

“Damn right you are!” Scott screamed before giving Peter a bunch of baby punch with every word he spoke. “I. Didn’t. Even. Had. The chance. To. Apologize! Goddamnit!” Scott just gave Peter a bunch of baby punch by the last part.

It didn’t hurt, well, physically, but it gave Peter a pang of guilt because this is Scott telling him that he’s a selfish jerk for suddenly giving him false hope. And just like that, he realized how much similarities he had with Erik.

He couldn’t say that he was sorry from what he did, Peter knew back then that those where the right words to say to Scott. He didn’t care if it would give him false hope, he just knew that it was for the better.

Peter grabbed Scott by the shoulders, and also to prevent him from giving him an upgraded uppercut because, ow, those punches started to hurt. “I didn’t know Scotty cares that much for me.” He teased. Great, now Peter’s sounding gay.

Ok, wrong words, definitely wrong words because Scott just growled. Peter waited for any sign of attack, but surprisingly, nothing came, only a disgusting sniff before Scott held his chin up high, “Yeah, yeah I do, so what?”

And, boy, Peter didn’t what-so-ever tried to stop himself from laughing, he totally forgot the fact that Scott was currently drunk. He’s so not going to let him forget this. “You have no idea how fucking stupid you are right now,”

Just like a switch had been flipped, Scott’s demeanour changed from being sad to ‘eh, I don’t give a flying fuck’ before trying to take another sip from his whiskey which took Peter by surprise because, where the fuck did that came from?

“I think that’s enough of that big guy,” Peter said taking the bottle away from Scott earning him a glare.

“Fuck you, you’re not Alex,”

*What are you? My dad?*

And Peter just stared because, oh my fucking god did he just realized something. And no, not that he’s assuming, but Peter had a small hunch that Scott might’ve accidentally made him a brother figure which to Peter’s horror because, what the shit? He couldn’t even make himself a decent older brother to his younger sister, Wanda. To be fair, Peter don’t really know what kind of person Alex was (other than the fact that he was send into solitary confinement, which was just so rad) so for Scott to suddenly chose Peter for the role was a bit of a surprise.

Ok, who was he kidding, it’s a fucking humungous surprise, Peter is a lot of things but a brother figure is not one of them, he’ll just probably bring them into the path of kleptomania if that happens.
So, yes, he was internally freaking out, and not that he’s totally blaming Scott on this, but, dude, can he just pick a much more mature thinking adult? Hank is practically screaming with maturity! (except, well, with dating, that guy’s a total virgin to everything).

“Scott I’m—” Peter stopped when Scott turned to look at him and right then, he thought, *what could go wrong in trying?* “You know what? You’re right, I’m not Alex, but half of his life Alex lived in a jail, and I’ve been sent to jail more than you can think that even I lost count. So pick your ass up because I’m the closest one you’ve got,”

And Scott just laughed, it was different, but nice, a different kind of nice.

With one strong pull, Peter successfully got a snoring Scott (who disgustingly smells like vomit) on the bed, well as much successful as it looks, Scott had most of his lower body on the bed while the upper part was hanging mid-air at the side. Peter debated if he should position him on a more comfortable pose, but considering that he smells of alcohol and the dinner from last night was enough reason for him to leave the room.

Peter learned two new thing; 1.) at least have a fifty feet distance away from Scott when drunk, and 2.) he’s like a fountain of youth when he vomits, less youth, more puke.

A warm and soothing bath seemed to be a lot appealing right now.

Dashing up towards his room, Peter had a quick glance through a random window where he saw a jaw-dropping corvette was being pulled out from the garage by none other than the Master of Metal himself. And, ok, Peter didn’t really jump into conclusion that Erik woke up at god-ass o’clock just to steal the Professors newly fixed car and vanished on the face of the earth.

No he didn’t concluded to that thought.

He seriously didn’t.

Having no fucking idea what to do, because really, what the hell? Was he supposed to run after him? Stop the guy from leaving? Is the guy even leaving? Maybe he’s just doing some errand to buy coffee or whatever the mansion was low in stock. Who was he kidding? Who the hell buys coffee at the crack ass of dawn?

Peter went outside and leaned on a circular pillar with his arms crossed over his chest. “Sweet ride,”

Erik wasn’t expecting to see Peter, so consider the surprised call of his name was satisfying. Well, at first, because as soon as Erik’s right brow shot up, Peter just realized he’s technically covered in puke.

Damn, and to think he just made an awesome appearance like he’s in some kind of movie, this is just so not cool. “Well you’ve got to admit that you’ve seen me look way worse than this,”

Erik’s lips slightly tug upwards, but it looks sorta, sad? Maybe. Peter didn’t had a Master’s degree on reading emotions so don’t blame him on being dense “Yeah, indeed I have,”

And Peter just can’t handle it, he’s a curious asshole so no point on beating around the bush right? “You going somewhere?”

And, oh cool, Peter just made a great job on making everything worse, if the tension isn’t thick enough then he’s probably drowning from all this heavy atmosphere “Aren’t you supposed to be asleep?”
Peter scoffed. “Yeah right, dude, if you know me well, you should probably know that everything about me is fast, especially sleep.”

Erik stared, Peter got to admit how the older mutant was slaying that grim reaper get up and how the hell did he not inherited that? He’s pretty sure if he ever tried wearing a black coat and fedora hat, he’d look more like a guy ready for trick or treating... or maybe a flasher.

“I don’t think the Professor will be all too happy if he found out that his newly beloved Corvette has been stolen,” Peter added when Erik took long enough to reply, don’t blame him and his inability to remain patient.

“I don’t think he would mind if I could borrow it for the meantime.”

And ok, Peter is currently beating around the bush which is just so not cool, he currently smells like shit and it’s fucking freezing out here, so no, Peter doesn’t have enough patience to deal with this guy. “No goodbyes? Really? Again? You know you could’ve given me a head’s up if you’re leaving. And, dude, come on, I know it has already been three days but you just got here, at least have enough decency to stay until New Years.”

“You’ve been distant, I thought—” Erik tried to explain but Peter had enough of excuses.

“Dude I just died, I’ve been dealing with a lot of shit for the past two days, it’s not like there’s a book about ‘What to do When You’re Back to Life’ or ‘Five easy steps on how to forget you’ve been a corpse’, so sorry if I’m a bit too distant.”

Erik, stared, again, he’s really good at staring you know? There should be an award about this. “Aren’t you mad at me?”

Peter scoffed, “Mad at you? Dude you just left me a day before I died after promising shits about not leaving and all, then now that you’re back—and also I’m quite thankful that you brought me to life—you’re leaving again. So if you ask me if I’m mad at you, then yes, I’m fucking mad at you.”

If Erik didn’t look hurt enough, Peter continued.

“But that doesn’t mean I want you to leave,”

Silence, an ear-deafening silence and Peter could feel his face heating up because, oh god, oh god, oh god! What the hell was just all about? If he’s turning like a goddamn diva like his father, then he’ll seriously hang himself and have no regrets.

Erik just held his head low, like the ones that Peter does whenever he tries to hide his smile. Good, another similarity. “Good, because I didn’t really want to leave,” He said before stretching out his hand making the garage door and open while the car magically floats its way in.

Peter whistled. “I’m guessing that you don’t need car keys when you’re driving?”

“Aren’t you scared? Nothing ends well with me, Peter;” Erik said completely ignoring Peter's question.

And yes, nothing really does ends well with Erik, the Professor’s paralyzed lower half say so. But if you think about what had happened for the past weeks, sure it was horrifying and traumatic, but if it weren’t Erik, Peter wouldn’t be standing here in front of the school. So if you ask him, no, he’s not scared, he never will be.

“Well it’s a good thing that things haven’t even yet started,”
Peter brought Erik home for Thanksgiving, momentarily forgetting that the guy was actually Jewish.

His mother wasn’t happy about it.

But at least the turkey was delicious, too bad Erik can’t have any.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, before anyone asks, I'm just gonna put this right here:
1. Peter had his goggles because Scott placed it there when he was announced dead. It's sorta kind of like, a parting gift per se.
2. Erik was angry and started deforming every metal because Peter's dead body was gone, which was supposed to be at Hanks lab, not walking around the mansion.
3. Scott have Peter's bat because he was currently visiting Peter's room, because, ya know, accidental brother figure and stuff.
4. Scott immediately concluded that Peter was a burglar because he's damn too noisy to be considered as one of the students searching for a midnight snack.
5. Peter didn't got drunk by the last part because of his mutation.

So basically I had my twin sister read this part of the story first, and she made a lot of questions about this and that so I decided to put these details here.

(Yes I have a twin sister, and yes she have an account here with a user name @FandomsMadeMe. She's more in the Avengers side of Marvel fandom, while I'm in the X-men side.)

Why I didn't put it in the story was because I didn't think it was necessary to put it there, it'll just make the story longer and (to me) boring.

Anyway, I so love the feedback that all of you have been giving me and it just boosts my ego to post this story. I know that I said that I'll be posting the second part next month, but then why not post it on the day of the dead, since, well, Peter did just came from the dead. (hahaha get it? get it?) And HOLY CRAP FINALLY I'M FINISHED! I just went through a gigantic pain in the ass writers block, and seeing that I've finished this just put me to tears!

tears i tell ya!

FUCKING TEARS!

Anyway, kudos and comments are much appreciated! luv ya!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!