Peter's Big Brother

by all_things_fandom_and_stuff

Summary

Bucky Barnes finds himself stranded with our favorite friendly neighborhood Spider-man. Angst ensues.

Notes

Hey everybody! In my story, Peter is not part of the Avengers yet! Bucky does not know Peter. I hope you enjoy! Please leave me a comment to fuel my motivation to write!!

Best,
The author
It was cold and dark. The wind seemed to cut through his flesh. The skin that touched the cold metal of his arm had long since gone numb. His stomach was empty, and his mouth felt dry. Bucky was on the side of a desolate mountain with no recollection of how he had gotten there, and beside him was an unconscious teenager lying in the snow.

He couldn’t have been more than seventeen. Snow clung to the kid’s brown curls, and his cheeks were a bright red. His breathing was shallow, but otherwise he was not moving.

The last thing Bucky could remember was going out with Steve. Steve was insistent on celebrating their three month anniversary, so they had gone out to get Chinese food. They had gone to a place in Queens because Steve knew the owner. And then…..

Bucky was drawing a blank. What had happened?

Bucky looked around desperately, but the only thing he could see were mountains. He searched his person and found a pocket knife, his watch, and thirty-seven cents in loose change.

He looked at the kid once more. As far as Bucky could tell, the kid wasn’t injured. At least, not externally. He rubbed his hands together, trying to get warm. They needed to find shelter, and get out of this wind.

Bucky walked up the mountain side a bit to try and get a better view of their surroundings. About a quarter of a mile away there was an outcropping of rock.

He carefully made his way back down to the kid, careful not to lose his footing.

Bucky prodded the teen in the side.

“Hey, kid, wake up,” the boy did not stir. In fact, he didn’t so much as move a muscle. Bucky tried slapping his cheek lightly, but was unsuccessful in gaining a response.

Accepting defeat, Bucky gingerly lifted the kid up and settled him across his shoulders. It was a long walk through deep snow to get to the outcropping, but Bucky knew that they could not afford to stop. Hypothermia was probably already taking hold in their bodies. He talked to the kid to keep his mind off of the task at hand.

“...and that’s how Steve ended up getting the nickname Chewie. Not that either of us actually understand the reference. Tony says we should watch Star Wars, but we’ve got too much on our hands at the moment. Haha, well I guess that’s really true at this particular moment. Too true. I bet you’ve watched Star Wars. I think Steve and I are the only ones who haven’t actually seen it.”

Bucky set the kid down gently, propping his body against the exposed rock face underneath the small outcropping. It wasn’t much warmer here than it was out there, but at least there was no wind. Bucky would have given anything to be able to start a fire at that moment.

He looked at his watch. 8:23 pm. Yet, the sun was high in the sky. They weren’t in New York. That much was clear.

Bucky stared at the kid, now that they were out of the snow. He was skinny, but had a decent amount of muscle on him. He was shivering slightly, which Bucky took as a good sign.
Not knowing how long they would be stuck here, and seeing the kid’s small frame, Bucky took off the jacket he was wearing, and draped it across the boy’s frame. He then slid down next to him, and curled in on himself, trying to conserve heat.

The joint where his metal arm joined his body ached horribly, but Bucky had endured worse. He drove the pain from his mind by thinking of Steve. Steve must be so worried right now. Assuming he was alright. Bucky drove that thought from his mind as well. In the end, the super soldier stared aimlessly at the landscape, and prayed for rescue.

Bucky must have drifted off to sleep, because he awoke with a jolt when he heard a scream.

Bucky eye were transfixed on the now conscious boy. The scream had obviously come from him. The kid was looking at him with a mix of horror and fear on his face.

But this is not what surprised Bucky, nor was it the reason he couldn’t stop staring.

“What the f---”

The kid was on the ceiling. Twenty feet in the air.

Bucky’s day had just gotten a lot more interesting.
Bucky stood rooted to the spot, staring up at the kid. It was amusing, really. Bucky was baffled by a teenager suspended from the ceiling, but his own existence as a hundred-year-old man stuck in a twenty-eight year old’s body did not even cause him to bat an eye.

Recognition finally dawned on Bucky, when he remembered news clips that FRIDAY had been showing Tony.

“You’re that spider kid. The one that beats up petty criminals in Queens,” Bucky said matter of factly.

“Spiderman,” the kid corrected, his voice full of hostility.

“My mistake,” Bucky apologized while the corner of his mouth twitched into a small smile. The humor of the situation was lost almost instantly, however, as Bucky evaluated the situation, his eyebrows furrowing. Spiderman was obviously on the defensive, but why? What had happened in the past however many hours? He sighed. This wasn’t going to help them get rescued. They needed to be on the same side. They needed to be a team. Bucky swallowed his pride and his preemptive guilt and asked, “What happened?”

Whatever the kid thought Bucky was going to say, it was obviously not this. His expression changed from open hostility to extreme confusion.

“What?” he said. His muscles relaxed slightly as he realized that Bucky was not about to attack him right at that moment.

“What happened?” Bucky repeated patiently, “I seem to be missing some important information. For example, how did we get here?”

The kid dropped to floor, and his anger returned full force.

“How the hell would I know?! Your psychopath buddies knocked me out!” Spiderman yelled, waving his arms around to emphasize his point, “I was just trying to get dinner for myself and my aunt, when the whole place goes to shit! I tried my best to keep as many civilians out of it as I could, but…”

The kid trails off, but Bucky doesn’t need him to finish that sentence. He had heard those exact
words from Steve before, but that was back in the days of Hydra. The familiar feeling of guilt started to weed its way back into Bucky’s head. He took a few deep breaths, and began pacing, trying to work out what this all meant.

Had Hydra gotten back inside his head? Why was this kid involved? What had happened to Steve? Bucky slammed his metal fist into the side of the wall. He hadn’t had a blackout in almost two years.

“Do you really not remember anything?” The kid asked. His voice was softer now, but still guarded. Bucky shook his head. He glanced over at the kid who had now taken a seat on the ground, “Well, we’re going back to New York, right? We can’t be that far away. The Appalachian mountains, maybe? We’ll be back in Queens in no time.”

Bucky nodded, but did not say anything. He looked at his watch again. 3:13 A.M. and the sun was just starting to set. They weren’t in the States anymore. They were a long way from home.

“You do want to go back, don’t you?” Spiderman asked him.

“Yeah, I do, kid,” Bucky said, scouring the horizon, hoping that some plan would magically come to him.

“Peter.”

“Hmm?”

“My name is Peter. Peter Parker.”

Bucky smiled at Peter, who returned the gesture nervously.

“Bucky.”

Peter’s eyes went wide, and his mouth dropped open slightly before he came to his senses and snapped it shut.

“Bucky Barnes? A.K.A the Winter Soldier?”

Bucky grimaced at the sound of the name, and the memories that resurfaced along with it.

“Just Bucky,” he clarified.

An awkward silence followed before Peter got to his feet once more, and ran a hand through his hair.

“Well no wonder you don’t remember anything. Geez, man. Does this happen often? Blacking out, I mean? I mean, I remember when you were all over the news…. They said you were better now. The Avengers, I mean. Captain America said you were no longer a threat. But back at the restaurant….”

Yeah, well…” Bucky sighed, and turned away from the kid. That’s when he spotted them. Black figures about a mile away, headed their way. Something in Bucky’s gut told him they weren’t friendlies. He turned back to Peter with a sense of urgency, “We’ve got to move.”

“What?” Peter said cocking his head to one side.

“Now! Come on,” Bucky grabbed Peter’s hand, and dragged him back into the snow.

“Where are we going?!?” Peter yelled, before Bucky had a chance to put a hand over the kid’s mouth. His heart sank when he heard the dogs. Shit. He whirled on Peter.
“Look, Peter, I know we didn’t meet under ideal circumstances, but right now you need to trust me. We need to move. Now.”

Peter, who at this point must have also sensed something was wrong, didn’t argue. They both started moving as quickly as they could through the deep snow.

However, no matter how fast they moved, the figures kept gaining on them. They scaled the mountain higher and higher, until it became hard to breathe.

At one point Peter lost his footing, and began tumbling back down the mountain. He tried to reach out and grab onto something, but his adhesive hands were useless in the fine powder.

Bucky knew he only had one choice. He fell on his side, and slid after the kid. He managed to catch up to Peter, and with one hand he grabbed the kid’s arm, and with the other he plunged it deep into the snow, slowing their momentum.

They had slid back too much, though. Bucky was looking straight down the barrel of a gun.

“Evening, soldat,” said a voice with a heavy Russian accent, “Welcome home.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m no above asking for a comment, lol. They fuel my motivation to write, and make me a better author! Thanks for reading <3
Hydra

Chapter Summary

Old acquaintances reunite.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bucky glared at the man holding the rifle. An intense hatred for the man filled every ounce of his being. He knew this man.

“Don’t you recognize me, soldat? You will hurt my feelings if you say no.”

Bucky opted to say nothing at all. When he had been held at Hydra, this was the man in charge of “correctional behavior training”. Bucky wasn’t going to dignify him with a response.

The man grinned, and turned to his friend.

“Ooo, look at his scowl. He does remember. I’m glad. It will make things so much easier.”

The man signaled to his friend, and the friend advanced on Peter. Peter started to scramble back.

“Hey! What are you doing? Get back!” Peter yelled. He trashed as the Hydra soldier grabbed him, and threw reinforced handcuffs onto Peter. Meanwhile, the rifle never deviated from Bucky’s forehead.

The second man tossed Peter down into the snow, and started working his way towards Bucky with a second pair of handcuffs. Just before the metal hit his wrist, Bucky threw his elbow up, thrusting it into the chin of the soldier. Then, just as quickly, he dragged the man’s body in front of his own, shielding himself from the rifle.

The man holding the rifle looked unphased. Almost bored.

“I thought you might try something,” he said lazily, swinging the rifle in Peter’s direction. Peter was on his knees, struggling to get to his feet, “Let Mark go, soldat.”

Bucky looked desperately between the two soldiers and Peter.

It had gone on too long. Everyone flinched as the man fired warning shots that missed Peter by only a couple of inches.

“Let Mark go, Soldat!” barked the man. Bucky slowly raised his arms in surrender, yet the look of hatred did not leave his face. Mark roughly threw the handcuffs onto Bucky’s wrists, but Bucky didn’t so much as flinch. He was going to put on a brave face. This kid didn’t know where they were headed, but Bucky did. The kid would need all the courage he could muster.

The first soldier, who Bucky recalled to be named Anton, was talking into an earpiece. Bucky overheard enough bits of the conversation to know approximately where they were, and what was happening.
After being attacked in New York, the Hydra soldiers were able to recall Bucky’s programming enough for him to comply. They had been forced onto a plane bound for the North Eastern part of Russia. Somehow Bucky and Peter had escaped. That part was still unclear. Now they were waiting for snow mobiles to come and take them to the compound.

The weight in Bucky’s stomach continued to get heavier. There was still no mention of Steve. He pushed dark thoughts from his head.

“Psst. Bucky,” Bucky turned his head in Peter’s direction. They were tied sitting back to back, “Who are these guys?”

“Hydra,” Bucky whispered back, careful not to draw Anton and Mark’s attention, “Keep calm. I’m going to get us out of here.”

“Right,” said Peter, but he didn’t sound entirely convinced, “This is bad, isn’t it? Like really really bad. Like we’re going to die, bad.”

“We’re not going to die,” Bucky said. He could say this with certainty. Hydra wouldn’t be stupid enough to kill potential weapons.

It was clear that Peter had more to say on the subject, but at that moment four snowmobiles pulled up beside them, followed several moments later by six men accompanied by attack dogs.

One of the men dismounted his snowmobile and walked towards Bucky and Peter. Bucky prepared himself to be roughed up, but the man did not come over to him. He crouched in front of Peter.

He stayed there, staring at Peter, for several long minutes before rising once more. He gave a fleeting glance in Bucky’s direction, then turned to Anton.

“Bring them,” he said gruffly in Russian.

The next moment, Bucky and Peter were being shoved roughly apart, and hauled onto snow mobiles.

Bucky glanced over at Peter, expecting to see a terrified kid.

That’s not what he saw.

Peter’s eyes glowed with a defiant fire. He wasn’t going to go easily. He was going to put up one hell of a fight.

“Try and hurt me,” they said in silent mockery, “We’ll see who’s left standing.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!! Please leave me a comment letting me know what you think so far!! They are much appreciated <3
Chapter Summary

Let the games begin.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bucky rode behind Anton, much to his dislike. Anton liked to talk, and at that moment all Bucky wanted was silence. Some peace and quiet to work out their next move. Anton was like a buzzing fly. Irritating and distracting.

“I’m the big boss of the experimental division now, Soldat. Roman is head of the facility,” Anton thrusted his head in the direction of the man who was riding with Peter. The same man who had examined Peter upon the arrival of the snow mobiles, “Roman just recently joined us from a different branch located in Britain. You’re going to love him, Soldat. He really knows how to get people to talk,” Anton chuckled darkly.

Bucky grimaced. If Anton was admiring this man’s interrogation techniques, then they should be worried. Anton was cruel. What did that make Roman?

Bucky looked back over in Peter’s direction. He needed to get Peter and himself as far away from Roman and Anton as possible. Bucky’s eyes didn’t leave Roman for the rest of the trip. He analyzed every movement and every small detail he could make out through the blowing snow.

It wasn’t long before they were pulling up to an old brick building that seemed to be isolated within the mountain range. It looked familiar, but Bucky couldn’t quite put his finger on it.

Anton smiled at the confusion upon his face.

“Ah, I am honored, Soldat! You remember me, but you do not remember this compound. What an impression I must have left.”

“Where are we?” Bucky asked as his eyes scanned the building for any distinguishing features.

“Northeastern Hydra Facility. Home to Superhuman Experimentation.”

This meant nothing to Bucky. He had spent time in a lot of Hydra’s compounds. Most of them had been in Russia, but he had also been held in Germany, Spain, China, Hungary, and the States. Anton must have sensed his continued confusion, so he elaborated.

“You were held here during the turn of the century. Not that you would remember much. Most of the time you were kept in cryo. When you were awake...well, you were not yourself. We had--we had a very specific purpose for you being here. Not that it is my place to share with you. That is classified. You were very useful, though.”

Anton grinned as if this were some sort of inside joke. Bucky frowned. He could only imagine what mission he must have been given. More lives on his hands. It would be different this time. This time, he was ready.
“So, do you have a place for me and the kid, then?” Bucky asked, gesturing to the large compound as if it were a five-star hotel, “You’re beginning to bore me, Anton.”

For a moment, Bucky was sure that Anton would rise to the bait and hit him, but the blow never came. Instead, Anton put on a smile.

“You thought you were going to be roommates with our new VIP? Nah, Soldat. You’re being put back into cryo until you’re needed. No use for a deprogrammed soldat like yourself.”

Bucky seemed to stop breathing. If they put him back in cryo, he might not reemerge for decades. Would Steve look for him? Would he assume that Bucky had died? What would happen to Peter? But then--

“Hang on. Did you say VIP?”

Anton’s grin only got wider.

“Well why do you think the kid is here? We didn’t travel all the way to the States to get an old washed up nobody like yourself. This kid is the future of Hydra. He’s going to be a better soldat than you ever were.”

Bucky’s eyes found Peter’s. He was struggling against two guards as they tried to haul him inside. Bucky felt sick. All this time they had been after Peter. Peter was the one who was going to undergo programming. Not him. Peter was the one who was going to be tortured by those monsters. Not him. Peter was the one who was going to have to look in the mirror, only to realize he didn’t recognize himself. Not him.

And Bucky felt relieved.

He hated himself for even thinking it.

Anton, satisfied with his work, turned towards the building and started walking towards it.

“Come now, Winter Soldat. Come inside where it is warm. There is no use in running. We know these mountains better than anyone.”

Left behind in the bone-chilling wind, Bucky thought about turning and disappearing into the white landscape. Thought about embracing his name as the Winter Soldier.

But he knew he wouldn’t get far. Anton was right. They knew these mountains much better than he did.

And then there was the kid. Peter. Guilt filled him once more. He would not leave Peter to become a Hydra puppet. He would not abandon him to Bucky’s fate. They were going to get out.

He looked down at his watch. The watch face shone brightly in the dim light of twilight.

6:46 A.M.

Steve would have been up for an hour. Or did he sleep at all?

Would he forgive Bucky for what he was about to do? Would Steve ever look at Bucky the same way?

Bucky took off the watch, dropped it into the snow, and walked towards the compound.
Anton might have decided to play the game, but Bucky was here to win.

Bucky was about to be the best damn super soldier that Hydra had ever seen.

Welcome home, Prisoner #56898.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!

I appreciate any and all comments! <3
Chapter Summary

Grisly truths come out.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: THIS CHAPTER GETS PRETTY DARK AND COVERS TOPICS SUCH AS NON-CONSENSUAL HUMAN EXPERIMENTATION, REFERENCED ABORTIONS, AND IMPLIED ASSAULT.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bucky stepped over the threshold, into the warm foyer. He almost grinned when he saw that Peter had successfully knocked out two guards, and was in the midst of fighting off a third while he was still handcuffed. He stopped when he caught sight of Bucky.

For a fleeting second Bucky locked eyes with Peter with the hope that he could provide a feeling of reassurance. Whether that message was received was unclear, but Bucky could not afford to show any sympathy for Peter. He was Hydra’s soldier now, and he needed to act the part. He was playing the long game.

Many of the soldiers, including Roman had disappeared from the foyer, but Anton had hung back.


“Yes, Soldat?”

“You don’t need to put me in cryo,” Bucky said firmly.

“No?” Anton asked, intrigued.

“No. I’m going to be compliant. I’m going to be your soldier.”

Anton’s ever present grin grew. A small defeated noise came from behind Bucky.

“What are you talking about? I thought you were better. I thought you were part of the Avengers now. Captain America--” Peter’s hurt voice filled the foyer.

“Steve?” Bucky said, his voice dripping with distaste, “Steve abandoned me. Steve left me for dead. It was Hydra that rescued me from the train accident. Hydra that gave me my powers. Hydra that has given me long life. Steve gave me nothing but empty promises.”

It took everything Bucky had in him to spit those venomous words out of his mouth. Bucky didn’t turn to face Peter, but he didn’t have to. The waver in his voice made it clear that Peter was on the verge of tears.
“He trusted you,” Peter said in a quiet voice.

“He put his trust in the wrong person,” Bucky said with a certain finality. His attention shifted back to the soldier in front of him, “So, Anton? What’s my mission status?”

Anton had been looking at the dramatic scene with utter glee. There was nothing that Anton loved more than the emotional and physical pain of others.

“While I am very pleased with this declaration of appreciation for the work that we do here at Hydra, I am afraid it is not up to me to decide what happens to you. Don’t worry, though. I’m sure Roman will be very intrigued by this turn of events. In the meantime, you will be held in one of the basement cells until such a time that Roman is ready for you,” Anton turned to the soldier that had a firm grip on Peter’s upper arm, “Take that one to O.R. four.”

Bucky desperately wanted to inquire why they were taking Peter to an operating room, but he held his tongue. Good soldiers didn’t ask questions. They followed orders. Sacrifices would have to be made if he was going to be successful.

“Bucky!” Peter called out as he was dragged away, “Bucky, you don’t have to do this! Don’t become their pawn! Bucky!”

The door leading to the adjacent hallway slammed shut, and Peter’s screams were drowned out. I’m not their pawn, thought Bucky, trying his best to guard his emotions. This wasn’t a game of chess. It was a game of Russian Roulette. But whose bluff would fail first?

Bucky waited for what seemed like hours in the dimly lit holding cells underneath the compound. He had almost given up hope when Anton came into view, flanked by two guards.

“Roman is ready for you,” Anton said, putting the key in the lock.

“Can’t you take these off of me, Anton?” Bucky asked, holding up his arms to show his handcuffs.

“Like I said earlier, I’m not in charge of you anymore, Soldat. Roman is. If Roman thinks it’s okay, then he’ll remove the cuffs. Until then, they stay on.”

Bucky didn’t say anything. He got to his feet and followed Anton out of the basement, back into the foyer, and up some stairs.

“Third door on your left,” Anton said as they stepped onto the landing. Bucky followed the directions, and entered the room.

It was massive, and reminded Bucky of a room you might find in the Palace of Versailles. The room was nothing short of lavish. Roman sat in an armchair that faced a small television screen. He held a sketch pad in one hand, and didn’t even look up from his work when Bucky entered the room.

Bucky stood there, taken aback by the scene. He had not expected something so over the top in a building that looked like a dilapidated factory.

“James,” Roman greeted him, “Won’t you take a seat?”

Bucky, still in shock, did not move right away.
“I don’t bite,” Roman assured.

Bucky moved towards the empty armchair that sat across from Roman’s. It also had a view of the small television screen. Bucky nearly threw up when he saw what it displayed.

Bucky stared at Peter, who was being cut into like some sort of lab rat.

“Don’t worry. We have anesthetics readily available, unlike our American counterparts. Our scientists are highly adept at cellular biology research.”

Bucky sank into the armchair, his eyes still glued to the screen.

“Anton said you wanted to speak to me?” Roman asked. His pencil moved lightly over the pad he was holding. He occasionally glanced up to look at Bucky or the television screen.

“Ye-yes,” Bucky stammered, as he remembered why he was here, “I’m here to offer my voluntary services to Hydra.”

Roman didn’t say anything for a long time. Bucky thought that Roman might be purposefully ignoring him. He was about to elaborate, when Roman looked up from his sketch pad.

“Do you know where you are?” Roman asked.

“Anton said it was some sort of research facility.”

“You are in the Northeastern Hydra Facility, home to superhuman experimentation. It’s a wonderful institution. It’s the birthplace of some of Hydra's most accomplished experiments. You included.”

“Anton said I was here during the turn of the century.”

“You were, but that’s not what I’m referring to. After the train accident this is where you received most of your initial programming. It was this facility’s first major accomplishment. It used to be the only major accomplishment, but the past couple of decades have proved to be very fruitful. Under the current trajectory, this facility will have made greater strides in the field of biology than any other national government.”

Roman paused to stare at the television. His eyes darted back and forth as if he were trying to absorb every detail of the surgery in front of him. Then it clicked in Bucky’s mind.

“The other accomplishments… the research….they have something to do with Peter.”

Roman looked solemnly at Bucky.

“They have everything to do with Peter.”

Bucky was beginning to get angry with these vague confirmations and anecdotes.

“Why? What does Peter have to do with any of this? Why him?”

For a moment Bucky thought he might actually get some answers. Why did they get attacked in New York? What did Hydra want with Peter? What were they doing to Peter in that operating room? How did it all fit together?

But Roman simply turned back to his sketch, choosing to remain silent. Bucky wanted nothing more than to storm out of the room, or to scream at the man, but he reminded himself of why he was here. He must get in Hydra’s good graces if he was ever going to be able to break Peter and himself out of
here. He had to play the long game. He had to be a good soldier, and a good soldier did not leave until they've been dismissed.

More silence.

Bucky watched the television screen with silent horror.

The soft noise of lead against paper filled the room.

Bucky grimaced as a surgical knife dug into Peter’s arm.

You’re playing the long game, he reminded himself.

Bucky nearly jumped out of his seat when Roman spoke again.

“You really are a marvel, James. The things you did during the Cold War. It’s terrifying to even be in the same room as you. Obviously you made the Heads of Hydra very happy. Especially after the assassination of Howard Stark.

“You see, the scientists here were desperate to create the next super soldier. Someone who could rival you. The serum stolen from Howard was initially deemed a success, but as I’m sure you are aware, it ultimately failed. The soldiers were too wild. Too hard to control.

“The scientists were desperate. The Super Soldier Serum had failed. It took the cellular biologists almost a decade to figure out what to do next. How to make the next super soldier.

“Using information gathered from the Human Genome Project, combined with our own research, there was a breakthrough. The scientists here found a way to make DNA more susceptible to mutation.

“And so began the real challenge. The scientists worked day and night working towards creating the first genetically engineered super soldier children. They would take fertilized embryos and alter specific stretches of DNA in the hopes of making a super human child.

“Unfortunately, most of the embryos did not make it past the first term of pregnancy. Those that did, were weak and often died young. The project was deemed a failure. Most of the scientists wanted to terminate the remaining pregnancies early. They said the children would be a waste of Hydra’s financial resources. I refused.

“I was not convinced the project had failed. I was determined to see it through to the end. My colleagues thought I had gone mad. They sent the remaining children to go live where I would never be able to reach them. With my enemies. They sent the children to go live with S.H.I.E.L.D. families. I thought they would be out of reach forever.”

Bucky’s eyes were transfixed on the television screen. He had put two and two together.

“Peter,” He said under his breath.

Roman looked up from his work once more, smiling.

“Peter was the only one to survive out of forty-three embryos. What a perfect young man he has become. I could not be more proud of my work.”

“His family?” Bucky choked out, horrified.

“Well, of course his so called Aunt has no actual relation to him whatsoever. Her real nephew was
probably sent to an orphanage. The Peter Parker you see before you is an imposter. He’s lived someone else’s life,” Roman paused before continuing, then with a sigh said, “We haven’t come to the real reason I wanted to talk to you.”

Bucky frowned and locked eyes with the man.

“And what is that?” he said in a very grave voice.

“Well, you see, the scientists couldn’t use just any germ cell to fertilize the egg of the embryo. They needed cells that were already partially susceptible to mutations. They needed cells from a superhuman.”

Bucky stopped breathing as his brain worked out what Roman was implying. His head was spinning, and he felt like he might pass out. He hardly even registered the next words.

“He’s your son, James.”

Bucky stared at the helpless, unconscious teenager. This couldn’t be true. It was another one their lies. This poor, innocent kid could not be his. They wouldn’t. They couldn’t.

“Unfortunately for you, a reunion is going to have to wait,” Roman continued, “Try as you might, your whole obedient soldier routine is fooling no one. You will be going back into cryo until this facility has need of you.”

Bucky wasn’t even registering what Roman was saying anymore. His mind raced.

He flinched as something pricked the back of his neck.

“You’ll have to forgive me. We don’t want any unsavory altercations on the way to the cryogenics storage room.”

Bucky was starting to feel very woozy. He stumbled from his chair, and leaned against the television screen.

“I’m going to kill you,” Bucky growled in a murderous undertone. A rage was building in him.

“I don’t think you will. Not after the surgery is complete. But we can talk about that later.”

Bucky tried to lunge for Roman, but his legs gave way, and he toppled to the ground along with the television, which shattered.

Roman remained unfazed and seated. He turned his sketch pad around to show Bucky.

“Do you think I captured his likeness? I think the nose might be a little big.”

Bucky’s eyes bore into those of his son’s as he laid eyes on Roman’s drawing.

His eyelids started to droop.

“Sleep well, James. And don’t worry. I’ll take good care of Peter.”

Bucky felt a tear slide down his cheek. He hated how Roman had gotten to him. How Roman had used him. How Roman had used Peter.

But most of all, Bucky hated himself for being too naive to see it. Too naive to recognize his own son.
He had been too naive to recognize the manipulation.

Anton had been right.

Roman was a game master, and Bucky had been his puppet.

A feeling of self-loathing filled Bucky as he slipped into unconsciousness.

Chapter End Notes

Leave me a comment! I would love to hear your guy's feedback!
Chapter Summary

Bucky wakes up.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

...Automated wake up sequence initiated. Please remember....

...Beep....

....Beep....

...Beep...

....This Cryogenics chamber has been in operation for...

....To stop automated wake up sequence press 5, 9, 3, 8, 4. For more infor....

....Automated wake up sequence will be completed in thirty-seven minutes...

....Automated wake up sequence will be completed in twenty-one minutes...

....Automated wake up sequence will be completed in fourteen minutes...

...Automated wake up sequence will be completed in sixty seconds...

...Automated wake up sequence is now complete. Welcome back! We hope your time in the cryogenic sleep chamber was pleasant. If you have any inquiries about your time spent in stasis, or any questions concerning the associated risk of the cryogenics sleep chamber, please feel free to
Bucky’s head was pounding, and his muscles had never felt so stiff. He kept his eyes closed, allowing his body to become accustomed to breathing again. It was oddly quiet. Too quiet.

Slowly, he opened his eyes, expecting there to be bright fluorescent lighting, but there was none. There was no lighting at all. The only reason the entire room wasn’t pitch black was because of the small flashing lights on the sleep chamber.

Bucky stumbled forward. His muscles were not accustomed to this much strain. His stomach clenched as he realized his muscles had started to atrophy. How long had he been kept under?

He found the wall, and started to run his hand against it searching for a light switch. When his hand found it, he immediately tried flicking it on. Nothing happened.

He tried several more times, but got the same results.

“No, no, no, no, no…” He whispered to himself, as he continued into the next room.

Pitch black.

He nearly fell over a fallen, discarded wooden chair.

“Shit.”

Again, Bucky searched for a light switch. Again, he flipped the switch. And again, nothing happened.

His breath was becoming ragged as panic set in. Where had everyone gone? Where was Hydra? Where was Peter? How far into the future was he this time?

A week? A month? A year? A decade?

He found the stairs that led up into the foyer. Gripping the railing with both hands, Bucky struggled up the stairs on his weak legs.

Bucky cursed as he reached the top. Sunlight bathed the foyer in light. He sunk to his knees, defeated.

The windows were shattered, and snow had accumulated on the rotting wood. Furniture lay destroyed and forgotten on the stairs to the second floor. Bucky recognized the once vibrant chair that Roman had been sitting in, but it was now faded and the paint was chipping. A cold draft blew threw the building, sending a chill down Bucky’s spine.

There was no question about it. Bucky was alone, and he had been for quite some time.

He sat there for a long time just staring at the wall, his mind blank. Only when his fingers started to go numb, and his shoulder started to ache, did Bucky stand up once more.

He aimlessly climbed the stairs up to the second floor. He walked down the same hallway that he had walked down what seemed to be only an hour before.

The door to Roman’s room had been ripped off of its hinges, and layed abandoned on the floor.
Bucky didn’t really know what he was looking for. Closure? A way home? Revenge? His son? He felt tired. Just really, really tired.

He ran his finger along a windowsill. His fingers gathered the thick layer of dust. Besides the door, this room was relatively undisturbed.
Bucky started opening some of the drawers to the cabinets that were placed in the far corner of the room.

Most of them contained files on personnel, enemies of Hydra, or prisoners like himself. Bucky searched the drawer labeled “P”, but there was no file labeled Parker.

Fueled by a sudden frustration, Bucky slammed the cabinet shut with all his might, letting out a visceral yell. However, the cabinet only partially closed.

“Fuck!” He yelled when he realized that he couldn’t even shut a cabinet correctly. He threw it back open, looking for the source of the problem. Buried deep within the files, his hand grabbed onto something thick and sturdy.

Roman’s sketch pad.

Bucky sat down in an armchair that had remained untouched. A small cloud of dust floated into the air as he sat down.

He tentatively open the sketch pad, flipping through the first few drawings before landing on the one he cared about.

Peter.

Emotion welled within him. He held his hand to his mouth as he silently sobbed.

This was his son. Something he had never thought he would say.

This was his son, and he didn’t even know his favorite color, or his favorite place to get ice cream, or any of the little mannerisms that made him, him.

This was his son, and he didn’t know where he was, or if he was alive.

This was his son.

“I just want to go home,” he mumbled to no one in particular, feeling especially lonely and afraid in that moment. What he would give to have Steve there by his side. Steve always knew what to do. He always had a plan.

He stayed there for a while. The shadows that were casted around the room elongated. The air became colder. When it became too dark to see much of anything, Bucky finally moved.

He tore the portrait carefully from the book, folded it into quarters, and placed it deep into his pants pocket.

He then went back into the hallway, throwing open doors. An office. A kitchen. Another office. Then, finally, a bedroom.

“Jackpot,” Bucky whispered with a renewed sense of accomplishment.
He tore through the closet, finding the warmest clothes and laying them on the bed. When he had finished, he quickly changed into his newly assembled outfit. Then, he moved towards the nightstands.

He grinned at his luck. A reading light was nestled into the back corner of the drawer. It wasn’t much, but the light was quickly fading, and soon he wouldn’t be able to see.

Grasping the light in one hand, he hobbled back down the stairs into the foyer, and stopped at the bottom of the stairs. Left or right? He chose left and headed through the closest door. It was a gym. He turned around, walked out, and tried the next door. He grinned.

He had found the garage. Two snowmobiles sat off to one side. Bucky rummaged through the garage until he had located the keys. He moved as quickly as he could to the snow mobile, hopped on, put the key in the ignition, and sent a silent prayer.

With great apprehension, he turned the key.

A short sputter of the engine filled the air before it became quite once more.

“No, no, no. Come on baby,” He patted the front of the snowmobile, “Come on. I really need you to work.”

He turned the key again.

The engine roared to life.

“Yes!” Bucky shouted. He was going to get out of here. He was going to go home.

He rushed back upstairs to the kitchen, grabbed some stale crackers, three bottles of water, and some matches, and threw them in a bag he had found under the sink.

Back in the garage, he threw his supplies onto the snow mobile, turned on the headlight, and made his way out into the dark, cold snow.

As he rushed across the desolate mountain sides, he only had one thought on his mind.

Peter was out there somewhere, and Bucky was going to find him.

Chapter End Notes

As always, thanks for reading!

Poor Bucky! D:

I would love to know what you guys thought! Comments are much appreciated!
Bucky finds his way home.

Hey! Sorry for the slow update! I was traveling! I hope this comfort chapter makes up for it!! <3 <3

The snowmobile ran out of gas after the first four hours. Not that it mattered. He had traveled far enough down the mountain that there wasn’t any snow left.

The food had lasted him three days. The water ran out a day after that. It had been four days without either.

Worst of all, Bucky was lost with no signs of human civilization in sight.

He spent most of his days walking south, always on the lookout for his new shelter. During the first few days, he had been exhausted by the end of the day, but still mentally alert. As the days progressed with no food or water, Bucky’s clarity slipped from him.

Everything was a blur.

He started to lose track of the hours.

Multiple times he caught himself walking too far to the west or the east, slowing his progress.

He was so mentally and physically drained, that when he heard someone shout “Identify yourself!” in Russian, he thought he must be hallucinating.

It wasn’t until they jabbed him in the ribs with the end of the gun that Bucky realized that he had finally stumbled upon other people.

He was so stunned, he just stood there gawking at them.

“Identify yourself!” They yelled again, raising their weapons higher.

Bucky raised his hands very slowly.

“James Buchanan Barnes. Prisoner #56898. The Winter Soldier,” He rattled off all of the aliases that seemed relevant, as he swayed back and forth slightly from exhaustion.

“James Buchanan Barnes?” said one of the men like he couldn’t believe it.
“That’s right, sir,” Bucky replied with a cheeky smile, while his eyelids drooped. It gave him a slightly inebriated look.

“My God, you’re alive.”

The men that had stumbled upon Bucky turned out to be retired veterans hired by Tony. They had been given orders to patrol the area surrounding the Hydra base, just in case Bucky had ever turned up.

“How did you know it was here?” Bucky asked as he and the four patrols boarded a plane bound for New York State. He leaned heavily on one of them before they gently placed him into a seat.

“After your capture, Cap kind of went a bit mad,” said the woman sitting across from him, “He spent all of his time looking for you. Not that we didn’t help. We all helped...in the beginning,” she averted her gaze, and stared at her shoes.

Bucky prepared himself.

“How long?” he asked.

“Nineteen months,” the man next to him replied.

A year and a half. He had been missing for a year and a half. He let out a large exhale, and closed his eyes, trying to process the information. The others sat in silence.

“How long has the base been like that?” Bucky asked softly.

“Like what?” The woman asked.

“Destroyed. Abandoned.”

“It’s been like that since we got here,” she replied.

“And when was that?”

“About eighteen months ago. We stumbled upon it when one of our Hydra sources slipped up. We figured he had given us the information because Hydra was no longer using the facility. We never expected to find you here. We thought it would have been one of the other bases under our surveillance.”

“And you didn’t think to check what was inside?” Bucky snapped, anger starting to well inside him, “I was stuck there for nineteen months! Do you know what it’s like to have the world move on without you, while you sit frozen against your will?”

The woman looked embarrassed, and did not respond. The man next to Bucky spoke up, nervously.

“No we can’t, Sergeant Barnes, and we’re sorry that we didn’t do a more thorough search, but the satellite data showed no heat signatures,” he said apologetically.

Bucky rubbed his eyes in exhaustion.

“No, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have snapped. You did your job well. Thank you.”

The woman gave him a half smile, and a nod.
“We’re just happy you’re going home, Sargeant.”

Bucky remained silent for the rest of the flight, choosing to listen to his new companions talk about landing procedures, ex-lovers, their kids, and every other random topic that came up.

When Melissa, the woman, told him they would be landing soon, Bucky started to get nervous.

“Is he here?” Bucky asked her, “Steve?”

“Captain Rogers is waiting for us, yes,” she replied with a small smile.

Bucky took a deep breath. For Steve, everything had changed. Nineteen months had gone by. How would this affect them?

“Are you alright, Barnes?” Melissa asked, undoubtedly noticing how tense he was.

He nodded, but didn’t say anything. He wasn’t sure if he was about to throw up or not.

“Well you better hold on tight! We’re headed down to the ground now.”

Bucky knew Melissa was right. He could feel the odd shift in his body as they descended. Bucky lurched as the plane hit the pavement.

Then it slowed.

Then it stopped altogether.

“You stay here,” Melissa instructed, “I’m going to go get a wheelchair--”

“You really don’t need to--” Bucky started, trying to get up.


Bucky nodded, and stayed put. He watched Mellisa’s small figure run across the tarmac, as she left in search of wheelchair. He smiled. Melissa had a kind soul that filled you with an infectious happiness.

“Bucky.”

The smile faltered at the sound of his voice.

Bucky turned away from the window to face the aisle, and there was Steve. He looked older. His beard had grown out. It looked like he hadn’t slept in the past year. There was something in his eyes that wasn’t there before.

But it was Steve.

And suddenly, the weight of the whole situation seemed like too much to bear. A small sob escaped his lips as he looked into Steve’s tear-filled eyes.

“Steve,” he said.

Without another word, Steve was by his side, embracing him in the tightest hug Bucky had ever received.
“Don’t leave me again,” Steve whispered into his neck, “Please don’t leave me.”

Bucky’s tense form melted into Steve’s embrace.

He felt home. He felt safe.

Guilt radiated within him.

Peter wasn’t home. Peter wasn’t safe.

Bucky pushed Steve away. Steve looked at him, concerned.

“What is it? Too much, too fast? I’m sorry, I’m just-- it’s just been a living nightmare, Buck. I thought…..I thought I might never see you again.”

“It’s not--It’s not, that…” Bucky said slowly.

“Please, darling, will you tell me?” Steve asked, crouching beside him.

“Steve--I--I have a--” Bucky gulped loudly, running a hand through his hair. His eyes darting back and forth, searching the floor, “I have a son, Steve.”

Silence.

Bucky looked up to see Steve’s reaction. He had a look of puzzlement on his face.

“What?” he said softly.

“I have a son. Peter.”


“Hydra. They, um, they did this experiment,” Bucky frowned, and averted his eyes, “The kid from the restaurant… Do you remember him?”

Steve nodded. Bucky could tell that Steve was fuming at the mention of an experiment and how uncomfortable it made Bucky, but Bucky was grateful that Steve kept it contained, and let him continue. His eyes never left Bucky’s face.

“That’s him. That’s Peter.”

“He’s a teenager...” Steve said, confused.

“It happened in 1999. I--uuumm-- I didn’t know. I just found out back at. back at the base.”

Bucky bit his lip, trying to hold in his emotions. Steve rubbed his hand gently on Bucky’s back.

“Do you know where he is?”

Bucky shook his head. Silent tears started to make their way down his face.

“Hey! Hey, hey. It’s okay. It’s going to be okay, Buck,” Steve pulled him in closer. Bucky relaxed slightly as he took in Steve’s familiar scent. He felt like he was coming home from Hydra all over again, which in a way, he was.

“He can’t end up like me, Steve,” Bucky whispered into Steve’s sweater, as Steve’s stroked his hair in a soothing manner, “My son can’t end up like me.”
“Don’t worry,” Steve whispered into Bucky’s hair, as he kissed the top of his head, “We’re going to find him. You’re home now, Bucky. You won’t have to do this alone. You’ve got the whole team. You’ve got me.”

There was a soft clanking as Melissa returned with the wheelchair.

“Cap,” she said, greeting Steve.

Bucky felt him nod a greeting in return.

“Can we have a minute?” Steve asked.

“Of course,” Melissa replied, and she left them alone.

Bucky was extremely grateful to Steve. He needed a moment to process everything, without the stress. He needed a moment of silence, just nestled here against Steve.

He had done it.

He had made it home, and Steve was going to help him find his son.

As he sat there, exhaustion overtook him. The warm embrace of Steve’s arms lured him to sleep.

He dreamt of Steve and him laughing as a gangly teenage boy waved at them from the ceiling. It was nice. It was a strange feeling. Something he didn’t feel often.

It was home.

Chapter End Notes

POOR BUCKY AND STEVE AND PETER!!! AAAAAA!! My heart was crying as I wrote this.
Chapter Summary

What happened to our poor boy Peter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

6 Months Later

“Come on, Pete! This is crazy! Not even you can pull this off!” Ryan yelled, jogging after his tall, lanky friend, “You’re going to get yourself thrown in prison, and then where will that leave me? Don’t you care about your best friend at all?”

Pete grinned mischievously.

“Of course I do, Ryan! This is a big score, though! The guys down in the tunnel need this. Anna needs this!”

“Don’t bring Anna into this,” Ryan said, catching up to Pete. Pete leaped into the air, grabbed onto the edge of a fire escape with his left hand, then, using the side of the building, he hauled himself up and onto the metal landing. He turned to lower the ladder down for Ryan, “You don’t even know Anna.”

“You talk about her enough,” Pete said with a grin as he started to climb the stairs.

“Of course I talk about her. She’s amazing,” Ryan retorted, blushing.

“Wouldn’t you like to get her out of the tunnels, Ryan? With this next job, you could rent an apartment in Manhattan for years. I’m sure Jerry would help you forge the necessary documents,” Pete stepped onto the roof, and started walking towards the opposite edge.

“Of course I would like to help Anna get out of the tunnels. I want all of us to get out of the tunnels, but I don’t want to risk my best friend. What if things escalate? What if you get hurt? What if you get shot?”

Pete stopped at the edge of the roof, and crouched down. He surveilled the street below.

“I’m resilient,” he replied with a slight edge to his voice.

Ryan sat down next to him.

“I’m not saying you can’t handle it, Pete,” Ryan said in a softer voice, “I just think it’s a little high-risk for us.”

“I’m sick of living on the streets. I’m robbing it. Tomorrow night,” Pete said, examining the building across the street.

There was an awkward pause before Ryan got to his feet.
“Yeah, well, I’m not going to stick around and watch you get yourself killed. I’ll see you back at the tunnels, Pete.”

Ryan walked back the way they had come.

“Oh, come on! Ryan! Ryan, please!” he disappeared from view, “Dammit!” Pete said under his breath.

He turned back to look at the Avenger’s warehouse across the street. Then, he pulled out a small note pad, and started to write down everything that he saw.

Pete returned to the tunnels after the sun had set. He said hello to a few familiar faces, and then went down a small service branch of the abandoned subway line. Ryan was huddled in a tattered blanket reading his worn copy of Great Expectations. He didn’t say anything as Pete sat down.

“Mind taking the first shift?” Pete asked hesitantly. He was almost sure that Ryan would tell him to get lost, but he just nodded without taking his eyes off the page. Pete gave him a grateful smile, before finding the most comfortable piece of concrete he could. He fell asleep to the sounds of dripping water and turning pages.

His dreams quickly turned to nightmares. He dreamt of a white-hot, scalding pain in his arm and his abdomen. He dreamt of a bitter cold. He dreamt of a haunting face, shrouded in shadow. A hand reached out to grab him, and--

He stayed perfectly still, as a voice startled him awake. He had learned to control his movements, even when transitioning to wakefulness. Pete kept his eyes closed.

“This is where you stay?” a woman’s voice echoed off the sides of the tunnel.

“Shh… you’ll wake him,” said Ryan’s hushed voice.

“Who is he?”

“This is the friend I was telling you about. Pete.”

“The one who’s always getting you into trouble?”

“He’s not all bad. He’s had a rough go of it,” there was a pause before Ryan continued, “See his right arm? It’s a little hard to see because of the blanket,” Pete suddenly became very self-conscious of his mangled, scarred arm.

“Oh my God. What happened to him?”

“He doesn’t remember. I always figured he’d had a bad run in with the mafia. He gets himself into a lot of tight spots. Anyway, he can hardly use it anymore. He mostly wears it in a sling to keep it out of the way. He has similar scars covering his torso, but he does a better job at hiding them. I don’t think he really cares what other people think, but I can see that it bothers him. Not remembering, I mean. He gets bits and pieces, every once and awhile. That’s actually how he ended up in New York. He knows he has family here, he just can’t remember their names, or where they live.”

“That’s horrible,” the woman said.

“It can be, but he has me. We’ve got each other’s back.”
“How did you two meet?”

“We got recruited to work the same job. We stole a few hundred dollars from some rich diplomat.”

“Wow. To think you guys have been on the streets for, what was it? Six months? And he can’t even remember what happened to him.”

“Don’t go giving him too much pity, now,” Ryan said, “He may have a dud arm, and shit for memory, but he’s the most capable person in these tunnels. I’ve never seen anyone move as well as he does. I tell him he has the grace of a ballerina with the bite of a nasty dog.”

“Have you ever tried figuring out who he is? I mean there has to be some record of him somewhere.”

“We’ve tried,” Ryan said with a certain tired quality to his voice, “The problem is that Pete doesn’t know much about himself, or when he went missing. Or even if he went missing. We’ve spent some time looking through missing persons, but we haven’t had very much success. To be honest, it’s really draining for him, I think. He’s happy with who he is. I think he’s also a bit scared to dredge up the past. Scared of what he’ll find.”

Pete nearly jumped when a voice cut through the whispers, and bounced off the walls.

“Anna!”

“Oh, shit,” said Anna in a slightly fearful voice, “It’s Connor”

“You’re ex?” Ryan asked.

“Anna, where are you? Anna, I just want to talk!” Connor’s voice echoed.

“I have to get out of here. If he finds me here--”

But it was too late. Pete heard the heavy footfalls enter their small tunnel.

“What are you doing here, Anna?” Connor’s voice growled.

“I’m visiting my friends, not that it’s any of your business,” Anna retorted in a strong, even voice.

“Well I’ve come to get you. Come on,” Connor ordered.

“No, I won’t. We’re not a thing anymore, Connor. You’ve got to stop following me.”

“I’m trying to help you, Anna. Your family is worried about you. Look where you are! You’re in an abandoned subway tunnel with these weirdos. This isn’t like you, Anna. Now come on.”

“I said no, Connor.”

Pete felt Connor advance. He braced himself.

“I said come here--!”

Pete struck out his leg causing Connor to go sprawling onto the ground. Peter had Connor’s arm twisted behind his back in less than a second.

“The lady said no, creep,” Pete said into his ear.

“What the f--”
Pete twisted the arm further. Connor let out a squeal of pain.

“Listen closely. You and me, we’re going to get up, and walk out of here, okay? Then you are going to go home, and forget all about Anna, and my friend Ryan over there, okay?”

“Fuck off.”

Pete pulled harder. Connor let out a scream this time.

“Alright, alright! Just let me go, freak!” Connor wailed. Pete got up, but kept himself between everyone. Connor looked like he might cause more trouble, but with one glance at Pete, he turned.

Pete led him up and out onto the street, before returning to his makeshift bed.

When he got back, Anna was gone.

“Thanks, Pete,” Ryan said. All of the anger that had been in his voice earlier in the day was gone.

“Anytime,” Pete responded, settling himself back under his old blanket.

“Pete?”

“Hmm?”

“I’ll do it. I’ll go with you on the job. I want to get Anna out of here. I want to get us all out of here.”

“Are you sure?” Pete asked.

“You’re my friend. I’m not going to let you take a beating from Iron Man all by yourself. We’re in this together. Skittle?”

Ryan stretched out his arm, holding a bag of Skittles. Pete smiled. Ryan never shared his Skittles. They were hard to come by, and Ryan’s most treasured possession.

“Thanks, man,” Pete said, taking a small red candy.

“Anytime.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the support guys! I really appreciate all the lovely comments and kudos! I'm having a lot of fun writing this, and I hope you're having just as much fun reading it!

Happy Winter Solstice!
“And that is why after the whole liquid-nitrogen-tennis-ball-incident, I will no longer be visiting undergraduates in a classroom setting,” Tony complained, tossing a wrench to the side, and admiring his work.

“You’re being overdramatic,” Bruce commented, glancing up from a report.

“Am I?” Tony asked, picking up a screwdriver.

“Yes,” Steve concurred.

“You know, I was never like that at that age,” Tony said.

Steve snorted.

“Uh huh. Sure. I believe that,” Steve said sarcastically, walking over to where Bucky was sitting. Bucky had earbuds in, and was reviewing video footage of their most recent assignment.

“What are you doing here anyway, Steve?” asked Tony, “I thought you were headed down to the gym.”

“Just came by to check in on all of you, and to remind you that psych evaluations are scheduled for tomorrow afternoon. Building C of the compound. The quinjet is departing at 1300 to take all of us there.”

“Psych evaluations…” Tony mutters under his breath, clearly not thrilled with the idea.

“It’s for your own safety as much as ours,” Bruce commented.

“Hm..” Tony replied, not wanting to start an argument that would break his concentration.

“Well, I’m off,” Steve said, squeezing Bucky’s shoulder causing him to glance up and smile at Steve, “Let me know if anyo--”
“Boss?” FRIDAY interrupted.

“Go ahead,” Tony said wiping his hands on a rag.

“There has been a breach in security at warehouse D-4. Two unauthorized individuals on the premises. Shall I put Happy on the phone with you?”

“Put Happy on the phone, and send all pertinent information to my tablet, FRIDAY.”

“Do you want me to go check it out?” Steve asked. Bucky had taken out his earbuds, and was now listening to the conversation, intrigued.

“Hmm..yeah. I think that might be good. Anyone who's skilled enough to bypass FRIDAY’s security…” Tony trailed off, completely engrossed by the screen of his tablet.

“I don’t mind,” Steve added, “I wasn’t doing anything.”

“I’ll go, too,” Bucky said, standing up, “The computer is giving me a headache.”

“Let me know if it’s a code green,” Bruce chimed in before turning back to his papers.

“I think I’ll stay here, if you don’t mind,” Tony said, still not looking up, “I’ve got this to work on,” he pointed in the general direction of the machine he was building.

“No worries,” Steve said, “I’ll fill you in on the situation when we know more, Tony.”

“Thanks.”

Bucky screeched to a halt as they pulled up next to warehouse D-4. Steve jumped off the back of the motorcycle.

“I’ll do a perimeter sweep. You want to go inside?” Steve asked, starting to walk towards some on-duty guards.

“Yeah. Be careful, Steve. Holler if you need something,” Bucky said.

“Same goes for you,” Steve smiled.

Bucky walked slowly into the building, with his hand gun raised. Whoever had entered, hadn’t bothered turning on the lights. Bucky reached for the light switch without looking. When the lights flickered on, Bucky frowned. Hundreds of crates stacked one on top of the next lined the warehouse.

“What does Tony store here?” Bucky whispered into his earpiece.

“Umm, give me a second….according to FRIDAY, warehouse D-4 stores weapons seized by S.H.I.E.L.D or other organizations in association with Avenger related activities.”

“Shouldn’t this stuff be more heavily guarded?”

“Well, it is. I assume that’s why FRIDAY contacted Tony directly, verses dealing with the matter by herself.”

“Hmm.”
Bucky rounded a corner of crates. Nothing moved under the bright fluorescent lights. He slowly prowled down one of the aisles, occasionally checking behind him. He heard nothing besides his own footsteps.


“I’ve got movement!” Steve said into his ear, “North wall, third window in, your P.O.V.”

Bucky pivoted, and raised his weapon to face up towards the windows that lined the tops of the walls.

“Moving in,” Bucky whispered, “They must be jumping from crate to crate.”

“Do you want me to move in?”

“No, hold your position. I’m going to climb the crates to get a better angle. I need you on the ground.”

“Copy.”

Bucky started to scale the closest twenty foot stack of crates. Struggling for breath, he pulled himself up onto the last one.

“I’m on top of a stack. Searching now,” Bucky informed Steve.

“Copy.”

Bucky scanned the north wall, looking for any sign of movement. Seeing none, he scanned the remaining walls, as well as the tops of the inner stacks.

“Anything?” Steve asked.

“Negative.”

Bucky turned to climb back down, when his eye caught something green pass behind a stack a little ways away on the ground.

“Wait….”

Bucky leaped carefully onto the neighboring stack to try and get a better view.

A young man ran towards him, before catching Bucky’s eye, and stopping dead in his tracks. All the color drained from the man’s face.

“Oh my God…”

“Status report,” Steve ordered.

“It can’t be…”

“Bucky, status report! Talk to me, Buck! What is it?”

A hand shot from behind one of the crates, pulling Peter away from view.

“This way, you big idiot!” A voice echoed, bouncing off the crates, “Come on! We gotta move!”

“WAIT!” Bucky shouted, moving frantically towards Peter as he slowly recovered from his shock,
“PETER, WAIT!”

“Repeat! Did you say Peter? What is going on, Bucky? Status Report!”

“Steve! West Entrance! Now!”

“Moving into position!”

Bucky scrambled down the stack he was on as quickly as he could, and started sprinting towards where he had last seen Peter.

He was gaining on them. He could feel it. He had finally found him. After six months of checking every lead he could get his hands on, here he was. Peter.

Bucky burst through the west entrance, and--WHAM!

Steve and Bucky were thrown to the ground as they collided. Steve rubbed his head, as Bucky quickly scrambled to his feet again.

“Where are they?” Bucky asked frantically.

“Where’s who? Talk to me, Bucky!”

“Peter! Where’s Peter!?”

Steve’s eyes went wide.

“So it was him?”

“Yes!” Bucky shouted, getting more distraught by the second. He ran back inside, running up and down the aisles. “Where did they go!?”

“I can’t believe it! I can’t believe we actually did that! We’re rich, Pete! We’re frickin’ filthy rich, man!” Ryan whooped, as they slipped into the nearest alleyway, “Oh my God! Wait until I tell Anna!” Ryan caught sight of Pete’s face, “Hey what’s the matter? You don’t look so good. We did it Pete! You should be happy.”

“He was there…” Pete murmured to himself. His knuckles were turning white as they clutched the bag full of Chitauri blasters.

“Sorry, pal. I didn’t quite catch that,” Ryan said with a concerned look in his eyes. This behavior was very out of the ordinary for Pete. Typically Pete was daring, and bold, and carefree. This Pete was scared, confused, and guarded.

“Remember that face I told you about?”

“The one from your nightmares?”

“He was there. At the warehouse,” Ryan’s eyes went wide.

“Shit. Do you mean Captain America? He did this to you? This is some high level conspiracy bullshit.”

“Not Captain America. The other guy…”
“Oh, him. I recognize him from the papers. Oh, what’s his name…..The Winter….The Winter….The Winter Soldier? Is that right?”

“Sounds familiar…” Pete sighed.

“Look,” Ryan said, placing a hand on Pete’s shoulder, “After we make the deal with the Irish tomorrow, we’ll head over to see Mrs. Rodriguez at the library. Okay? We’ll find out all we can about this Winter Soldier guy. Sound good? Can’t go chasing after this guy in the dark. We don’t want to push our luck.”

Pete nodded.

“You’re talking tomorrow, by the way. Your uncle terrifies me,” Pete said, some of his personality coming back to him.


“Last time he threatened to gouge my eyes out with a spoon!” Pete protested.

“He says that to all my friends. It’s nothing personal.”

“Your family’s got issues, man,” Pete said, crossing the street.

“Part of growing up in organized crime. Why do you think I left?” Ryan threw his arm around Pete’s shoulder, “Let’s celebrate! First round’s on me!”

“We’re not legal, Ryan.”

“Pshhh! I know a place! Come on! It’s this way!”

Ryan ran ahead turning the corner.

“Wait up! Ryan!”

Pete chased after him, the thought of the mysterious man driven from his mind.

Chapter End Notes

Ryan?! Nephew of an Irish mob boss!? I couldn't resist. XD

I hope those of you who recognize Ryan from my previous work enjoyed this little twist to his character!
Finnegan

Chapter Summary

Ryan goes to see his uncle...........

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the love and support, you guys!!! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Stop fiddling with it! You’re making me antsy!” Pete said in a hushed voice.

“It wasn’t closed all the way!” Ryan argued, tugging at a strap on the bag of Chitauri blasters.

The door to the back room swung open.

“’Ello, boys. O’Connor said you had something for me.”

“Nice to see you, Uncle,” Ryan said to Finnegan in a professional voice, “We got our hands on some merchandise that might interest you.”

“Well, are we going to sit around here all day, and waste my time, or are you going to show me?” Finnegan asked while he checked his watch.

Pete pushed the bag of Chitauri blasters across the table. Finnegan motioned for one of his men to investigate.

“So?” Finnegan asked.

“Twelve of those alien pistol things, boss. The ones from that invasion a few years back.”

Finnegan looked in the bag, and then pursed his lips.

“Five grand,” he said without skipping a beat.

Pete’s mouth dropped open.

“Five grand? If I wanted five grand, I would have gone to the Italians! This is alien technology, Finnegan! This isn’t some piece of trash made by so-so companies. You’re trying to rob your nephew blind! We deserve hundreds of thousands of dollars, if not millions!” Pete shouted, waving his hands in the air.

“Ten grand.” Finnegan said, unphased by Pete’s outburst.

Pete looked livid. He balled his good fist. Ryan stepped hard on his foot.

“Come on, Uncle! People would kill for these!”
“Maybe we will. What’s stopping us? No one would miss two young guys such as yourselves,” one of the thugs standing behind Finnegan said.

Pete looked around warily at all the guns in the room, but Finnegan held up his hand.

“Enough, O’Connor. Listen, boys. These blasters that you got here, I’m assuming you didn’t just stumble upon them in the street. You took ‘em. Gotta say I’m impressed. I know that O’Connor wouldn’t have the guts to face those crazy ass freaks up in Stark Tower. But the fact remains that these are stolen goods. S.H.I.E.L.D goods. I should chuck ‘em right now. I don’t need any of those guys crashing down my door, and disrupting my business. Fifteen is as high as I’ll go.”

“Fifteen it is,” Ryan agreed with a plastered smile, while Pete shoved his hand in his pocket and muttered something about robbery.

“Get the boys their cash, O’Connor,” Finnegan instructed.

“Yes, boss,” O’Connor left the room.

“I wish you would come back home, Ryan,” said Finnegan.

“So you can beat the shit out of him again?” Pete asked, getting defensive.

Finnegan didn’t respond to the accusation.

“Still got your room all set up for ya. If you want it.”

“No thanks, Uncle. I’ve got my own place.”

“You’re calling that hole in the ground your home, now?” Finnegan asked.

Ryan blushed a deep crimson.

“Maybe if you paid us a fair amount for those blasters…” Pete muttered.

O’Connor came back into the room carrying a briefcase.

“Fifteen thousand,” he said, plopping it down onto the table.

“You won’t mind if I check?” Pete asked, although it was more of a statement, rather than a question.

“Knock yourself out, kid,” Finnegan said, waving his hand for Pete to continue.

Pete opened the case and looked through it thoroughly.

“Next time we’re going to the Italians,” Pete said, closing the case, and pulling it off the table.

“Uh, uh, kid. You go to the Italians, I don’t care who you two are. You start dealing for them, and there are going to be consequences.”

“You’re going to kill your own nephew, Finnegan?” Pete asked while staring down the gruff, old mob boss.

“Nah, but I’ll kill his girl. Got to set an example. Don’t want people to think I’m soft.”

At these words Ryan bristled.
“You’ve got some real nerve,” Ryan growled. Pete pushed the case into Ryan’s arms, and then started to steer him towards the door.

“C’mon, Ryan,” he said softly in his friend’s ear, “We got the money. Let’s just bail.”

But Ryan wasn’t about to let it drop.

“If you come anywhere near me or Anna--” Ryan started as Peter held him back by wrapping his good arm around his friend, and digging his heels into the floor.

“You’ll what?” Finnegan jeered, “You’ve already shown you don’t have the balls to do what we do, kid. Aghh,” Finnegan sighed, waving his hand dismissively at his nephew, “Run on back to your hole in the ground. You aren’t worth the trouble.”

“Come on!” Pete hissed, “Let’s go!”

Finally, Ryan turned, and they walked out of the pub through the back entrance, and into a dimly lit alley.

“Old, balding, narcissistic, scamming, evil, disgusting, piece of trash!” Ryan spewed, “I just want to punch something!”

“Shh! He’ll hear you. Come on! Let’s get this in the bank before we get jumped,” Pete said, motioning towards the briefcase.

“You have a bank account? You don’t even know your own name,” Ryan said. He was completely taken off guard.

“It’s under Roman Petrov. I set it up several months ago.”

“Why a Russian name? Does it mean something?”

Pete shrugged.

“First thing that came to mind.”

“Huh. Well, we might not be rich, and we won’t be affording an apartment in Manhattan anytime soon, but at least we won’t starve,” Ryan said holding up the case, “The first thing I’m going to do is get is a four course meal at that one Italian place. What’s it called? Oh, you know which one I’m talking about. As long as it’s not Irish.”

“I thought you were going to say skittles,” Pete said grinning. Ryan let out a laugh.

“Well, those too. My supply is running low.”

“Are you sure you’re alright?” Ryan asked plopping a few more skittles into his mouth, “I can stick around, if you want. Help you look.”

“Nah. Thanks, though. Say hi to Anna for me.”

“See ya, Pete.”

“Bye,” Pete said as he waved goodbye.
He walked into the library with his hand in his pocket. The other arm was tied neatly against his chest.

“Hey, Mrs. Rodriguez!” Pete said jovially.

“Hush, kiddo! How many times do I have to tell you? Indoor voices!” the older woman said, rushing to give Pete a hug. “How are you holding up these days? Hmm?”

“Can’t complain,” Pete said, “I actually need some help with something, though.”

“Of course! How can I help?” She asked, moving behind the library desk.

“Well, I need some information on a public figure.”

“And who might that be?”

“The Winter Soldier.”

“Ohh, yes, the Avenger! You and Ryan trying to follow in their footsteps? I hope you’re not getting into too much trouble. Sometimes I feel like you boys might give me a heart attack!”

“We promise to stay out of trouble, Mrs. R,” Pete said, even though he knew it was a lie.

“Well, we have all of the New York Times, of course. Then there are news clips stored on our servers. I think there are a few books, if you want me to pull those from the shelves as well.”

“The papers will suffice for now, thanks,” Pete said, moving to sit down at a nearby table.

“Alrighty. Let me go and get those out of storage for you. I’ll be back in a jiffy!”

Pete gave her an appreciative smile. He could always count on Mrs. Rodriguez for help. She never tried to pry too deep.

“Here you go, Pete! These go all the way back to about five years ago” She said as she came back. She had a large stack of newspapers cradled in her arms, “Let me know if I can help you with anything else!”

“Thanks, Mrs. R.”

Pete turned to the towering stack of papers, and took one off the top of the pile.

The headline read: Avengers Stop Mass Casualties.

Pete skimmed the article, but the Winter Soldier was only mentioned once in passing. He had saved a young girl from drowning after a bus had managed to drive off of the Brooklyn Bridge.

He flipped to the next paper.

And the next.

And the next.

Pete had made it halfway through the stack when a headline caught his eye.

Avenger’s Search for Missing Teen

He took a deep breath, and started to read the article.
Avenger James B. Barnes (previously known to the public as the Winter Soldier) returned home yesterday night after he had been missing for just over a year and a half. Sources tell us that he had been found wandering alone near a Hydra compound in Eastern Russia. Hydra, as some of our readers might remember, is a militaristic group that rose to power during WWII, but continues to remain active. While Mr. Barnes’ connections to this organization remain unclear, his past record is not in his favor. More than once Mr. Barnes has been seen in combat with other members of the Avengers organization.

While many thought that Mr. Barnes would take some much needed rest and relaxation after his trip back home to the states, major news outlets were shocked when the Avenger called for a press conference. Journalists had their recording devices ready, waiting to hear where he had been for the past several months, but this was not the reason Mr. Barnes wanted to talk. The super soldier asked for the public to come forward with information regarding a missing teenager named Peter Parker.

Parker went missing from the same restaurant that Barnes did all those months ago, according to our sources at Stark Tower. Inside information from Barnes tells us that Parker is a New York City native who grew up in Queens with his Aunt, May Parker. While the police and the public search tirelessly for the missing teen, no new information has come forward. If you have any information regarding eighteen-year-old Peter Parker, please call the number listed on page seventeen of this issue.

Pete set the newspaper down, and stared at the article. His mind raced. Was he Peter Parker? Did he have an Aunt in Queens? If all of this was true, how did Bucky fit into all of this? Was he trying to find Pete so that he could finish his work?

Pete rolled up the issue carefully, and tucked it into his sleeve when Mrs. Rodriguez wasn’t looking. He walked up to the desk, where the kind old woman was working on a crossword puzzle.

“All done, dear? Find what you needed?” She asked when she caught sight of him. He smiled.

“Yes ma’am!” Pete said, walking out into the brisk New York air.

He walked a few blocks over. An old telephone booth remained standing on the street corner. He walked inside, pulled out a quarter, and placed it into the slot. He dialed 4-1-1.

Ring.

Ring.

Ring.

“Hello, my name is Joe. Welcome to directory assistance. How can I help you?”

“Hey, Joe. I was wondering if you could give me some information regarding a May Parker. She’s from Queens.”
“Hold please.”

Chapter End Notes

 ............. Aunt MAy?
May

Chapter Summary

Peter finds himself in a sticky situation.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: This chapter depicts a panic attack.

I hope everyone has had a merry Christmas Eve/ a wonderful December 24th!!

Do you know what Christmas Eve needs? MORE ANGST! :D (sorry not sorry)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ring….

Ring….

Ring….

“Hello?”

May’s voice drifted through the phone almost as if she were distracted by something else.

Pete didn’t recognize it.

He had built up this moment in his head for months. He had had dreams about finally reuniting with his family. Finally remembering something about his life. It was all gone in an instant.

An empty, hopeless feeling filled his chest.

“Hello? Who is this?” May’s voice said again, “Hello??”

Pete rubbed his eyes vigorously, pushing away the tears. He was about to hang up, but he stopped frozen in place when he heard her voice again.

“Peter?” May whispered almost as if she was afraid of what she would hear in response, “Peter is that you, honey?”

Pete didn’t say anything. It felt like his heart had stopped beating.

“Peter, if that’s you, I love you, and I miss you very, very much. Please..” May paused, and Pete could hear her trying to stifle a small sob, “Please come home, Peter. You’re all I have left. I’m worried about you.”

Even though Pete didn’t recognize her voice, his heart ached. He wanted to comfort her, and tell her that everything was going to be alright. He wanted to tell her that it was him. That he had finally
come home.

He opened his mouth to say something, but no words would come out. He was paralyzed with fear. What if he had come all this way to figure out that he wasn’t Peter Parker? What if Peter Parker was some other kid? He didn’t think he could face that.

He could still hear May’s sniffles through the phone. They both stayed there, listening to the other’s silence, neither able to hang up the phone. Her breathing was soft and soothing. He could hear distant voices in the background. She must be in public. Maybe she was in a café. It was a nice thought.

Pete jumped when an automated voice filled his ear.

“If you would like to add another fifteen minutes to your call, please insert an additional twenty-five cents.”

Before he had even realized what he was doing, he had another quarter in his hand. He couldn’t let her go. She could be his aunt. His family. He inserted the quarter.

He took a deep, rattling breath. He hadn’t even realized that he had been crying. Silent tears had made marks on his cheeks. He took another deep breath.

“May?” he choked out.

May let out a loud sob.

“Oh, God, Peter!” she cried, “Peter, please come home, sweetheart! Please come home.”

“I--Uh,” Pete cleared his throat, and wiped snot onto the back of his hand, “I-uh- I don’t know where home is,” he said softly, his brow knitting together.

“I’ll come get you! Just tell me where you are!”

Pete froze at these words. Suddenly he felt trapped. He knew that May meant him no harm, but he didn’t feel in control of the situation anymore. He always went where he wanted. He never told anyone where he was. It was a good way to get yourself mugged or worse when you were friends with the mob. He could feel his heart rate rising. His breath quickened. The telephone booth seemed awfully small all of a sudden.

The tension rose, as a few seconds elapsed in silence.

“Peter? Peter, what’s wrong?” May’s voice said, but it felt distant. Peter felt as if he were under water. As if he were drowning.

Panic attack, he thought.

“I’m--I’m sorry,” Peter said into the receiver, “I’ve got to go.”

He felt like he was about to pass out, and have a heart attack at the same time. The phone slipped from his hand, and swung on the end of its cord.

“Please don’t go, Peter,” a faint pleading voice filled the booth, “Please don’t hang up. We don’t have to meet, just please…”

Peter slid down onto the dirty floor, and put his head between his knees, trying to catch his breath. His vision was swimming before him.
This wasn’t the first time this had happened. Peter had panic attacks all the time. The funny thing about panic attacks, though: every time feels like the worst experience you’ve ever had, even if you’ve had them hundreds of times.

Someone knocked on the door, and asked him if he was alright. Peter didn’t respond. He just sat there, trying desperately not to die. Because that must be what’s happening, right? He’s dying. Why else would his chest ache so much? Why else would he be suffocating?

He closed his eyes and focused on his breathing, trying to regain control.


After a few minutes the stranger stopped pounding on the door. Peter assumed that they must have left.

Slowly, Peter’s breath came back to him. His head stopped spinning, and his heart rate evened out.

He tentatively picked the phone back up, and held it to his ear.

She was still there. She still clung to hope that he was Peter. Peter closed his eyes, and took a long slow breath.

“That little Italian joint in Queens. Right off of the subway on Woodhaven. Tonight at seven.”

He hung up before she had a chance to respond. He looked out of the box, and down the street. A police officer was walking towards Pete, followed by a man who was pointing at the telephone box and speaking quickly.

Pete assumed it had been the man banging on the box a few minutes prior, and decided he didn’t really want to stick around to explain what he was doing. He opened up the door, and took off down the sidewalk, walking quickly. It wasn’t long before he had ditched the officer and the kind, but unwelcome stranger.

After a long walk, he finally made it back to his section of the abandoned subway line. He collapsed onto the ground, picked up a tennis ball that he had bought himself a few weeks prior, and began throwing it against the wall.

“That rough, huh?” Ryan said. Pete hadn’t even noticed his friend’s presence.

“Hmm,” was all Pete responded with. Ryan didn’t need more of an explanation.

“Yikes.”

“You said you wanted Italian food right?” Pete asked, stopping momentarily to look at him.

“Yeah.”

“You free at seven?”

“Yeah,” Ryan said, practically salivating.

“Good. You and me. Don’t bring Anna.”

Ryan didn’t argue. He could tell something was up.
By 6:45 Pete and Ryan were already seated at a small table at the back of the restaurant. Pete had combed his hair, and had put on his nicest clothes. They weren’t much, but they were better than his dirt covered t-shirt, and ill-fitting jeans. Ryan, following Pete’s example, had also made more of an effort than usual.

“Are you going to tell me what we’re doing here, Pete?” Ryan asked while stuffing his face full with the free bread. Pete shook his head. He hadn’t even looked at the bread. His eyes were scanning the crowd. He had no idea what May might look like. He tapped his fingers nervously.

“Maybe this was a bad idea…” Pete muttered, checking his watch. His heart was pounding hard in his chest.

“What is? Will you at least give me a hint?”

“Peter?” a soft whisper came from behind them. Pete whirled around.

And there she was. May Parker. But again, Peter didn’t recognize her. He only knew it was her because who else could it be?

She moved to give him a hug, but Peter flinched back. He didn’t trust strangers. She withdrew.

“Peter it’s me. Don’t you recognize me?” Her voice quivered.

“Who is this, Pete?” Ryan asked, eyeing both of them. They both ignored him.

“What happened to you, sweetheart?” May asked, her eyes lingering on his arm, and the state of his clothes.

Ryan’s eyes widened in understanding.

“Is this your…?” Ryan trailed off when Pete gave the faintest of nods.

May looked over at Ryan as if just noticing his presence.

“Is this your friend?” she asked. It was clear that she was desperate to get some sort of response out of him, but Pete just sat there, unsure of what to say.

Ryan sensed the tension.

“I am, ma’am,” he held out his hand for May to shake, which she took, “His best friend, actually. My name is Ryan. And what is yours?”

“May,” she said, confused, “May Parker. But surely Peter has told you about me.”

Pete sat their awkwardly. Ryan looked at him, unsure of how to proceed. Then he turned to May, and offered her a kind smile.

“Do you want to sit down?” he asked gently. May took a seat with her eyes fixed on Pete. He was doing a good job at avoiding eye contact.

“Pete, or I guess Peter, he um--” Ryan hesitated, but with a look from Pete continued, “he doesn’t actually remember you. Well, really anything from the first fifteen or so years of his life,” at this news, May made a small choking noise but didn’t say anything, “He remembers bits and pieces. For example, he knew he was from New York. He knew he had a family here. A lot of it is still missing, though.”
Pete chanced a glance up at May to see how she was taking the news. She looked overwhelmed. Pete felt guilty. He knew that it wasn’t his fault that he had left her. Or at least, he didn’t think it was his fault, but the guilt built within him anyway.

“So--so you don’t remember what happened? Your arm, Peter….” She looked as if she desperately wanted to give him a hug.

This time Pete spoke up. He hated getting pity for his arm. It had always been this way in his mind. He couldn’t remember a time when he could fully use both arms. He made life work with just his left. He didn’t see why it should bother other people when it didn’t bother him.

“I don’t remember how it ended up this way, but it doesn’t bother me,” he said simply.

May dropped the subject, and switched gears.

“So where have you been for the past two years? Why are you just reaching out now? If you couldn’t remember me, how did you get my number?”

“Umm, well the first memory I have is in Russia,” Pete paused. He hadn’t even told Ryan about this. Was he really about to tell this woman about himself when he felt that he hardly even knew her? “I uh-- woke up in some sort of facility. It had been trashed. I was lying on the ground when I woke up, covered in blood. The place had been abandoned. After that there’s a bit of a blank spot. The next memory I have is Budapest. I guess I was making my way west. Eventually I realized I needed to get back to New York. I saved up some money by doing odd jobs, or by… or by stealing,” he added, unsure of May’s reaction. If she disapproved, she didn’t say anything. He pressed on.

“I finally got to the city, and started setting up a name for myself in the homeless communities and among other communities. A couple months after I got here I met Ryan. We’ve been friends ever since. We both had no place to go. I had no family, and well, Ryan’s family is less than inviting.

“Anyway, I saw your name in the paper--”

“--and you recognized it?” May asked hopefully. For a moment, Peter thought he might lie to her and say yes. But he shook his head.

“I recognized someone else.”

“Oh,” she said, slightly dejected, “May I ask who?”

“James Barnes,” Peter said.

“Bucky?” Her face brightened slightly, “Oh, he’ll be so happy to hear that!”

“You know him?” Pete asked, horrified. Ryan had stiffened beside him. However, if May had noticed the boys’ reaction to her response, she didn’t let on.

“Of course! We’ve become really good friends. I mean we were both looking everywhere for you.”

“You shouldn’t go near him, May,” Peter said. A slow anger was churning in his stomach. The man who had hurt him... the man who had taken away Peter’s life from him...he was now associating himself with Peter’s aunt?!

“What’s the matter?” May asked in a worried voice.

“He did that,” Ryan told her, glancing in the direction of Peter’s arm.
May’s eyes went wide.

“What? But he just wants to help Peter! He was trying to protect you back in Russia, but that other man--oh what was his name--Oh! Roman!– Roman was the one who hurt you, not Bucky.”

Peter looked at her with a disbelieving look.

“This was a mistake,” Peter said, getting up, “I’m sorry for wasting your time, Ms. Parker. Clearly there has been some sort of mistake. I hope you find your nephew.”

How could she not back him up? If she were truly his aunt, she would listen to him. Barnes was to blame. He knew it. He had been dreaming about it for months. There was no doubt in his mind that Barnes was the villain here.

“What?” May said looking at him in disbelief.

“Ryan are you coming?” Peter asked.

Ryan stared at him, his mouth hanging open in shock at Peter’s sudden change of heart. He didn’t move. Peter sighed.

“Fine, suit yourself. Goodbye, Ms. Parker.”

He left the restaurant as quickly as he could. He shuffled between people as he made his way down the busy street. He felt overwhelmed. Too many eyes. He turned onto a quieter street. And then another. And then another. The sounds of the busy neighborhood slowly left him behind.

What had he been thinking? Like he would ever find his family. It had been stupid to go there. Stupid to get his hopes up. Stupid, Stupid, Stupid.

Peter knocked into someone, causing the man to go stumbling to the ground.

Stupid, he called himself, feeling guilty for not watching where he had been going and knocking the man over.

He put out his hand. The man took it, and Peter hauled him to his feet.

“Sorry about that,” Peter said sheepishly.

“Oh, that’s quite alright,” the man with a heavy accent said in return, brushing off his coat, “It’s my fault. Should have been looking at where I was going. Let me buy you a cup of coffee as an apology. It’s the least I could do.”

“Oh, you don’t have to, really. It was my mistake,” said Peter.

“I insist! I’m in no hurry! What’s your name?” The man held out his hand.

“Peter,” he said without thinking, taking his hand.

“It’s nice to see you again, Peter. My name is Roman. Roman Petrov,” he grinned.

“What?” Peter said confused. And then it all made sense as bit and pieces of his memory started to stitch back together. His eyes grew big, and he tried to pull his hand away, but Roman gripped it tightly.

His abdomen started to grow ice cold, and his head started to rush. There was so much going on
around him. So many voices, so many smells, so many sounds, so much information. It felt like his head might burst. He wanted to scream.

His bum arm started to burn and itch. He ripped his hand from Roman’s grip, and clawed desperately at the fabric that bound it.

Roman smiled.

“Ahh yes, well, we did anticipate that the return of your powers would be….traumatic.”

Peter tore off the fabric, and stared at his arm. It was still scared and misshapen, but it had turned pitch black.

“It’s wonderful, science, really,” Roman mused.

“What did you do to me?” Peter clutched his head, trying to stop the searing headache.

“We brought back your powers...and then some. We made you whole again.”

“What?” Peter said, before dry heaving into the bushes that lined the sidewalk.

“Welcome back, Spiderman. It’s been awhile.”

Chapter End Notes

SPIDEY BOI IS BACK.....but so is Roman....sooooo.... this will be interesting.....
Missing

Chapter Summary

Tensions rise higher as the search for Peter continues....

Chapter Notes

I hope those of you who celebrate Christmas had a wonderful holiday yesterday! I hope you all got to spend time with your family, and that you will get some R & R before starting the new year! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Twenty-Four Hours Ago...

Bucky stormed into Tony’s workshop with Steve close on his heels. Tony flipped up the visor to his welding helmet, when he saw them coming. Natasha and Bruce looked up from the document that they were both looking over.

“Bucky…” Steve said, trying to get Bucky’s attention, while still trying to be sensitive about the situation.

“FRIDAY!” Bucky yelled into the room. Bucky was furious at himself for letting Peter out of his sight, and even though he hated to admit it, he was also angry at Steve. Steve should have seen the boys leave. He should have been able to stop them.

“Yes, Mr. Barnes?” FRIDAY’s cool and collected voice filled the air.

“What’s going on?” Bruce asked as he looked between Steve and Bucky, “What happened?”

“Pull up all CCTV around Warehouse D-4,” Bucky commanded as he stared at the screens that Tony used when tinkering in his workshop.

“Well, I guess I’m done with this for now,” Tony sighed, and put his welding tools on his workbench, “Want to tell us what this is about, Barnes?”

If Bucky heard Tony, he didn’t bother responding. The super soldier was too engrossed with the screens. Steve spoke up for him.

“We finally found him,” Steve said in a hushed voice, as if he didn’t want to disrupt Bucky. He watched Bucky anxiously, not sure how to approach his angry partner.

“Peter?” Natasha asked, straightening up a bit at the developing story. Steve nodded silently.

“There!” Bucky yelled, jabbing a finger at the screen, “There he is!”

Bruce looked over Bucky’s shoulder to see the playback of the security footage.
“FRIDAY, enhance and rewind,” Bruce asked. FRIDAY complied. The image grew larger on the screen. Two dark fuzzy outlines entered the frame. One had a large bag flung over his shoulder.

“Pause,” Bucky ordered.

The image of the two outlines froze in place.

“FRIDAY, run through facial recognition,” Tony said. He had already picked up a tablet, and was swiping through information as fast as it could arrive on the screen.

“Facial recognition identifies the individuals as Peter Parker and Ryan Collins, Boss.”

“You found him,” Bruce muttered with his eyes transfixed on the blurry picture.

“What direction were they headed, FRIDAY?” Bucky asked.

“As of the time of this recording, they were headed south of warehouse facility D-4,” FRIDAY informed them.

“Is there anymore footage of them in the area surrounding that CCTV camera?” Bucky inquired, tapping his foot anxiously.

“No, Mr. Barnes. It appears that the two individuals disappeared from all known recording devices after they passed this part of the street.”

Bucky didn’t waste time. He started walking back towards the elevator.

“Where are you going?” Steve asked with a look of worry in his eyes.

“To find what you lost,” Bucky said bitterly. Steve stood there at a loss for words. Bucky’s words were a knife that cut deep. The elevator opened, and Bucky walked inside. He turned and locked eyes with Steve. There was no remorse in his face for the words he had spoken. The whole room was tense.

Natasha walked up behind Steve, and placed a hand on his shoulder.

“Don’t worry, Steve. I’ll make sure he doesn’t do anything stupid,” she said in a low voice so that Bucky couldn’t hear.

Steve gave her the smallest of nods while maintaining eye contact with Bucky. Natasha jogged into the elevator right as the doors were closing.

“He didn’t mean it,” Bruce said in his usual soft, caring voice. Steve knew better, though.

“He did.”

“That was a crappy thing you did back there,” Natasha said as they walked towards the garage of the tower.

“He let him go, Nat. He let my son get away.”

“And you think that he did on purpose? You think this is what he wanted? He was trying his best, Barnes. It was a cruel thing to say. You know how much he cares about you. How much he cares about finding Peter,” Natasha pulled no punches as she lectured him.
“I just...I just need to find him, Nat. We were so close.”

“You will, Bucky. You’ll find him. You can’t take it out on Steve, though, when things go South. He’s your rock. Don’t push him away. You’re going to want to have him around when Peter finally comes home.”

Bucky climbed onto the back of his motorcycle. Natasha followed suit, and wrapped her arms around him. He started the bike.

“He looked so different, Nat. Not just older. I knew he would be older. He looked… He looked tired. He had that look in his eye. The look we all had after returning home from our own torments.”

“He’s a tough kid, Barnes,” Natasha did her best to console him.

“I just wish he didn’t have to be.”

“Where have you been?” Steve asked Natasha nearly twelve hours later as she entered the communal sitting room, “Did you find him?”

Natasha shook her head.

“Nope, he just seems to have vanished.”

“Where’s Bucky?”

“I forced him to come home to get some sleep. Just for a few hours. After that I promised we could go back out and keep looking. To be honest, I don’t think we’re going to find him. He’s good, Steve. The kid knows how to cover his tracks.”

“We’ve got to find him, Nat. It will crush him if we don’t,” Steve got up from the couch, “Want some coffee? I think I need a cup. I didn’t get much sleep, either.”

“Yeah, that would be great. Thanks.”

“Captain Rogers?” FRIDAY’s voice filled the room, “Sergeant Barnes has an incoming call from May Parker. Since he is currently asleep, I was wondering if you would like to take the call?”

Steve nearly dropped the coffee pot.

“You don’t think Buck told her about seeing Peter, do you?” Steve asked Natasha.

“I don’t see when he would have been able to. He hasn’t been alone since the warehouse.”

“Captain Rogers?” FRIDAY politely interrupted again.

Steve bit his lip, and weighed his options.

“I’ll take it,” he decided, “Keep it on the loudspeaker, though,” he met eyes with Nat who looked equally apprehensive.

There was a soft click as the call connected.

“Bucky?” May’s voice echoed off the walls. It sounded as if she had been crying.
“No, May. It’s me, Steve. Bucky is asleep right now. Is everything okay?”

“Oh, hey Steve. Um-- well I don’t really know how to say this, so I guess I’ll just come right out and say it--but--well, I heard from Peter. I thought Bucky might want to know.”

Steve and Natasha looked at each other in surprise, then Natasha bolted over to the table where there was a tablet. She opened up a document so that she could transcribe the entire phone call. Steve ran a hand through his hair, and exhaled loudly.

“What do you mean you heard from Peter, May?” Steve inquired.

“I mean just that. He called me just a few minutes ago.”

“What did he say?” Steve’s heart was pounding with adrenaline. Did they finally have a tangible lead?

“Nothing much. He seemed scared, Steve. Scared and confused. He said he didn’t know where he lived. How does someone forget something like that? I thought he was going to hang up on me. He didn’t, though.”

“Did he say where he was, or where he was going?” Steve asked. Natasha tensed, waiting to write down everything that was about to come out of May’s mouth.

“He didn’t say where he was calling from. It was a payphone, though, because it told him he needed to insert more money to stay on the line. Right before he hung up, he gave me an address. He told me to meet him there tonight.”

“I’m going to need that address, May,” Steve said. It was a statement, but Steve tried to make it sound more like a question.

“I’m sorry, Steve. I can’t,” May’s voice sounded resolute.

“May, I really need it. I just want to help Peter. I want to bring him home,” Steve rubbed his wrists anxiously.

“He sounded so lost, Steve,” May said quietly, “He sounded afraid. I need to bring him home. He needs his home, don’t you understand?”

“We’re going to bring him home, May,” Steve tried to reassure her.

“What if he gets scared? What if you all frighten him away? I’m sorry, Steve. I need to see him. I can’t tell you where we’re meeting. I left my cellphone at the apartment. There is no way to track me--”

“Please, May. We need the address,” Natasha spoke up in a clear, steady, authoritative voice.

“I’m sorry.”

The line went dead.

24 Hours Later

“Bucky!!” May shouted as she rushed into the communal Avengers’ room from the elevator, closely followed by a worried looking young man, “Steve! Tony! Is anyone here!!”
Clint’s head popped out from around the corner. A spoon was dangling from his mouth, while he held a tub of ice cream in his hands.

“Everything alright, May?” He asked taking out the spoon while his eyes wandered over to the man standing next to her.

“Clint! Oh, thank god! It’s Peter!”

“What about him? I’m sorry. I just got back. Thor and I have been out of town for a few days. We haven’t been debriefed yet,” Clint explained. He set the ice cream down on the table.

“Well, go on!” May said frantically, turning to the man beside her, “Tell him what you told me!”

“Um...hi, Hawkeye. Big fan. My name is Ryan. I’m Pete-- I mean Peter’s friend. I--uh-- went to go see May yesterday with Peter. He seemed really anxious and on edge, which isn’t out of the blue, but, I don’t know, he seemed...off. He stormed out of the restaurant we were meeting at before we had even ordered anything. I was so shocked--I, uhh-- I didn’t follow him,” Ryan looked down at the floor, ashamed, “Anyway, I haven’t seen him since. He didn’t come home last night. He always comes home. No matter how upset he is, he always shows up. Wandering the streets at night is dangerous, especially considering the guys we do deals with. I think-- I think something happened to him.”

Clint pushed a button on his watch that discreetly sent an alert to the rest of the team. He examined May and Ryan. Both looked like that hadn’t slept at all, nor changed out of their clothes from yesterday.

“Any ideas on what might have happened?” Clint asked.

“It might have been my uncle, Finnegan,” Ryan said, “He got upset when Peter and I went to go sell him...” Ryan trailed off nervously.

“Sell him what?”

“It’s not really that important,” Ryan muttered.

“It’s okay, kid,” Tony said as he strided into the room, “We know you robbed me. I just want to know how. But that can wait until later. You were saying...?”

“Uncle Finn got really mad because Peter wanted to start dealing for the Italians. Finn said he would kill my girlfriend, Anna, if I left the Irish, but I’m starting to think he jumped Peter to make an example out of him. I can’t stop thinking of him lying in a ditch somewhere bleeding to death. I didn’t know who else to turn to. Peter is all the family I have. May had given me her card, so when I couldn’t find Peter, I called her.”

“You did the right thing, Ryan,” Clint said, putting a comforting hand on Ryan’s shoulder.

Bucky walked into the room looking tired and disheveled.

“Clint called? What’ve I missed?”

Ryan shifted uncomfortably at the sight of him, drawing Bucky’s eye.

“Who’s this?”

Ryan cleared his throat.
“Do you want to hurt Peter?” he blurted out, before he could stop himself.

“What?” Bucky asked, all eyes on him.

“You heard me,” Ryan said, gaining confidence, “Do you want to hurt Peter?”

“Why would I want to do that? God. Is that what he thinks?! No, I would never hurt him. I just want to make sure he’s safe!”

Ryan nodded, satisfied with the response.

“I just had to be sure.”

“What’s going on?” Bucky asked again. He finally noticed May’s presence, “May? What are you doing here?”

“Peter never made it home last night,” Clint said gently, “He’s gone missing, Buck. Like actually missing.”

A sharp sting on Peter’s face jolted him awake. He blinked several times trying to adjust his eyes to the naked bulb that hung from the ceiling. He appeared to be in some sort of cellar.

“Evening, Peter,” Anton’s face loomed in front of him, but it wasn’t how he remembered it. Over half of his face was covered in scar tissue. It looked as if the skin had started to melt off of his face. He was also missing an eye, “Lovely sight, isn’t it? You did this to me, you piece of shit,” Anton swung a punch that connected directly with Peter’s gut. Peter sucked in air like a dying fish, and doubled over as much as his constraints would allow. He had just realized that he was tied tightly to a metal chair.

“Hurts a lot more, doesn’t it, when you don’t have those freaky healing abilities?” Anton taunted.

“What–are--you--talking--about?” Peter wheezed.

“Still missing crucial bits of information, I see. You don’t remember your powers, Petey? I’ll make a mental reminder to inform Roman of that.”

“What are you going on about?” Peter groaned. His head was spinning.

“You’re Spider-man, Peter,” Anton said with a grin.

“What?” He felt like he’d woken up into some sort of bizarre nightmare.

“I know. Shame some puny kid like you got powers. Not that I don’t admire Roman’s work. I just wish it had gone to someone more worthy.”

“I can’t be Spider-man. I can’t climb walls, or lift cars, or swing through the air. I’m just some kid from Queens.”

“Oh, Peter. Oh, Peter, Peter, Peter. When Roman comes back, oh baby, just you wait and see. You’re a monster, Peter. A freakin’ powerful bat-shit crazy beast. Just look what you did to my face! You can’t control yourself. It’s like a modern day take on the werewolf. Only the wolf is a spider, and Roman is the moon. And don’t look now, Petey, but the full moon is about to dawn.”

Peter stared at Anton like he was crazy. What the hell was he saying?
“Boy, oh, boy, Peter. You have no idea how much I’ve missed this.”

Chapter End Notes

OOF WILL PETER EVER GET TO BE WITH HIS DAD?!?!!?! (The answer is yes....but the question is when.....???)

Sorry not sorry.
“You’ve got your spare hearing aids?” Natasha asked Clint as she grabbed a spare magazine clip from the shelf, and put it into her pocket.

“Check.”

“Good. One less thing for me to worry about going wrong.”

“It’s going to be fine, Nat. You’ve got Steve, Bucky, and the kid! Nothing is going wrong on your end. And I’ve got Tony and Thor coming with me to go investigate the home invasion downtown. Plus, we all have Bruce as backup if we need him.”

“That doesn’t mean that I don’t worry,” Nat said while holstering her pistols, “Don’t tell Stark that I said that.”

Clint smiled at her.

“Wouldn’t dream of it.”

There was a knock on the armory door, and Thor poked his head in.

“Are you ready to go, Barton?” He said in his deep, booming voice.

“Yeah,” Clint replied, grabbing his bow from the wall. He stopped at the door, before following Thor out of the room, “Good luck, Nat. I hope you guys find him.”

“Thanks, Clint.”

Clint left, leaving Natasha to pack her supplies alone.

“Okay, take me through the plan one more time,” Natasha said as she double checked that the wire was securely in place on Ryan’s chest.

“I walk in, and tell my cousins that I want to speak to Finnegan. I stay as calm as I possibly can. There’s no need to start a fight. Once I’ve got an audience with my uncle, I try to get information about Peter. At all costs, I must keep Finnegan calm. If things start to go south, I press the button on my watch, which will signal for you guys to come in. At this point, I should take cover, and get out of the line of fire,” Ryan repeated. He was sweating a bit from nervousness.

“Just keep a cool head, and you have nothing to worry about,” Bucky reassured him. He handed Ryan his jacket.
“We’ll be here if you need us,” Steve said in his usual chipper voice.

“Okay, well I guess this is it. Here I go,” Ryan muttered tensely.

He jumped out the back of the van that they had all been sitting in, and started walking down the street. He had to keep reminding himself to stop looking around so much. This was just an average trip to see his uncle. He kept telling himself there was nothing to worry about. His uncle wouldn’t kill him. A nasty little voice in the back of his head kept whispering, “he has no problems kicking the crap out of you, though.”

He entered the little pub, and immediately spotted his cousin, O’Connor, behind the bar. O’Connor gave him a mean stare. Ryan approached the bar, not breaking eye contact with the large, red-headed man.

“Hey, cuz! What’s up?” Ryan said in a friendly tone. He leaned casually against the bar.

“What do you want, Collins?” O’Connor said gruffly.

“Is Finnegan here? I’ve got something I want to talk to him about,” O’Connor’s eyes narrowed, but he grunted and jerked his head in the direction of the back room.

“Thanks, man,” Ryan said as he jumped the bar and headed towards the back.

He knocked firmly on the door.

A voice from within shouted, “Come in!”

Ryan took a deep breath, and entered.

Clint landed the quinjet on top of the the high-rise apartment complex. After shutting off the jet, he joined Thor and Tony on the roof.

“What was the apartment number?” Clint asked, pulling open the roof-access door.

“It’s the penthouse,” Tony responded.

“This woman, she was someone of great importance, was she not?” Thor asked.

“Yeah, she was. She was actually a really good friend of mine at one point. We worked together in college on a bioweapons project. She became one of the leading scientists in her field. I always thought she would be the person to cure cancer,” Tony said with a somber note in his voice.

“What happened between you two? Why didn’t you stay in touch?” Clint asked.

“It’s not important,” Tony said with a guilty look.

“Slept with her sister?” Thor jested.

“Her best friend,” Tony admitted.

“Tony!” Clint yelled in disapproval.

“It was a different time! A different me! I’m a changed man!” Tony yelled, defending himself.
“Thank God you found Pepper,” Clint sighed. They had reached the penthouse, “This is it right?”

“Yeah,” Tony said, pushing open the door.

They all froze in the doorway.

“May the All-Fathers grant me strength…” Thor whispered. His eyes were wide with horror.

The room was covered in blood. Hardly any surface remained untouched. The remains of a body laid slumped against the wall in the entryway, although there wasn’t much of a body left.

Tony let out a shaky breath.

“Maybe you should sit this one out, Tony,” Clint suggested.

Tony closed his mouth, and shook his head, unable to speak or take his eyes off of the horror within the penthouse.

“I’m starting to understand why they called us in,” Clint said, “Whatever did this…”

Tony was the first to step into the room. He was careful to avoid stepping on any evidence, even though forensics had already been there.

“Marlene, what were you up to…” Tony muttered as he got a closer look at her corpse, “What would someone want to kill you for?”

Ryan pushed open the door, and walked inside. Finnegan was sitting behind his desk, with a wad of cash in his hand. He flipped through it, counting. He held up a finger to tell Ryan to wait silently.

Ryan stood there watching. He could feel a bead of sweat run down the back of his neck. He tapped his right index finger against his leg as he waited. Finally, Finnegan finished counting, and jotted down a number in his ledger. He then opened up a draw, and stowed the money inside.

“Hello, Boyo. What have you got for me today?” Finnegan said before taking a large drink of beer.

“Um, that’s not actually why I’m here, Uncle. I’m ready to follow your advice. Family should come first. I want to move back home.”

Ryan expected his uncle to show some excitement at the news, but his face remained guarded. Ryan had successfully captured his attention, however.

“You’re leaving Pete behind? I thought the two of you were inseparable. Last time you were in here your bond seemed damn near unbreakable.”

Ryan gulped.

“Well, consider it broken. I walked in on him and Anna. We’re through.”

Finnegan leaned back, and finally rewarded Ryan with a small grin. Ryan let out a small sigh of relief. Their plan was working.

“I always knew that kid was a good for nothing waste of space, and a cheat. No one is that good at thievery. It will be a shame to see him go, though. He’s earned me a fair sum of money.”
Ryan faltered a bit at the last words.

“You haven’t seen him then?”

Finnegan paused. It looked like he was reevaluating the situation. Ryan didn’t break eye contact.

“No,” Finnegan replied, “Why would I?”

“He said he wanted to make one last deal. I thought he must have already swung by,” Ryan improvised. He could feel himself walking on thin ice. One wrong step…

Finnegan grinned.

“Well, as far as I’m concerned, the kid is dead to me. No one steals my nephew’s girl. If he steps foot in here again, or if any of my guys runs into him on the street—well, I don’t have to explain to you how I do business, do I? Unless you’ve got a problem with that? There’s no reason why you would want to help the man who slept with your girl, is there, Boyo?”

“No, sir,” Ryan said, hoping he wouldn’t come to regret those words, “You’ll tell me, though? If you see him, I mean. I want to watch him suffer.”

“Aye,” Finnegan said after a beat, “I’ll tell you, Ryan. Now, is that all? I’ve got papers that need signing.”

“Yes, Uncle,” Ryan turned to leave.

“One more thing, Ryan.”

“Yes?”

“I better not find out that you’ve been lying to me. I hear liars are statistically more likely to end up in fatal accidents. If you lied to me, I would be very worried that you might end up as a number on a spreadsheet. How tragic that would be. It would break my heart.”

“Don’t worry, Uncle. I’m not going anywhere,” Ryan replied with a note of confidence that masked how he truly felt. He closed the door softly behind him as he left, and then walked out into the bright sunlight, glad to be out of his uncle’s presence.

“Tony? Forensics has already been here, haven’t they?! Clint shouted so that Tony could hear him from the other room.

“Yes! They left shortly before we arrived!”

“ Weird…” Clint muttered to himself, examining the desk. Based on the splattering of blood, it was clear that papers were missing, but there was no identification marker to say that evidence had been cataloged by the forensics team, “What was on those papers?”

He started to search the desk. He pulled open drawer, after drawer, but they were all empty. He glanced around the room, looking for any sort of clue about what the papers might have contained. That’s when he noticed something off about the aircrat in the corner. There was something white wedged in between the cushion and the arm of the chair. Clint went to go retrieve it. It was a note that looked hastily put together. It read:
They’ve done it. They’ve successfully taken my work to the next level. I never thought it would have been possible. It was all just a dream in my head, but Roman somehow made it a reality. I warned him how unpredictable the subject may be. How he might easily be enraged and lash out. It seems that Anton has paid the price for Roman’s neglect.

I fear that my knowledge of his work might make me a threat in his eyes. I know how to stop the cycles that change the boy’s cell morphology.

I must go into hiding, for my own safety. If anyone reading this has to face the monster that I have helped create, God help you. The only way to stop him is if you can access---

The note filled the entire page, making Clint think that the rest of the doctor’s note must be on the missing pages from the desk.

“Tony!” He shouted. He froze. “Tony?” He said again. He touched his ears. His hearing aids were gone. His heart started to race, as he reached for his spare set, but they were gone, too. Clint backed himself against the wall, and drew his bow. Someone had been agile enough to sneak up and pickpocket him. Clint cursed under his breath. How long had he been deaf to the rooms around him?

Slowly, Clint rounded the door, always keeping his back to the wall. He stepped carefully around Marlene’s body, temporarily distracted.

Something touched his shoulder, and he whirled around ready to shoot. He nearly had a heart attack before realizing it was Thor. The god was sporting a very nasty looking head wound, and what appeared to be a stab wound to his abdomen. He held a finger to his lips, signaling for Clint to be quiet. Then, he motioned for Clint to go into the next room, while Thor stayed back to cover his six.

Carefully, Clint moved forward into the sitting room. His eyes found Tony quickly. The man was slumped against a wall unconscious. Clint couldn’t see the extent of his injuries, so he started to move along the wall toward his fallen comrade. The vastness of the room made Clint uncomfortable. He felt vulnerable. He felt exposed.

He glanced down at his watch, and was pleased to see that either Tony or Thor had been able to contact Banner. It was some small comfort knowing that the Hulk would soon be joining them.

Thor moved around the room. Clint could tell that Thor knew exactly what he was searching for. He had obviously seen their attacker.

Clint looked at Tony once more. He looked alright, besides the fact that he was unconscious. There was a little bit of blood trickling down his forehead, but it was nothing compared to Thor's wound.

Clint glanced back in Thor’s direction, and was about to tell Thor Tony’s condition, when Thor’s eyes grew wide, and Thor whipped his hammer straight at Clint.

Clint’s reflexes took over, and he ducked right in time. He caught sight of a person clinging to the walls, before he was body slammed to the ground.

There was an intense light immediately followed by tremendous heat, and then he was suddenly free falling.

He was still falling when the pain overtook him, and his mind shut down, forcing him into unconsciousness.
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all of your support! I really appreciate all of you! <3
Broken

Chapter Summary

Peter learns the truth.

Chapter Notes

I'm sure you are all wondering at this point: WHAT HAPPENED TO CLINT?
And I am sorry to inform you that you will have to wait until next chapter to find out!
XD
Because for now you will be getting Peter whump.
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter awoke to a giant headache. It felt like he had been hit by a truck, backed over, and then hit again. He groaned and rubbed his head. Peter sat up straight when he realized he could rub his head. Why wasn’t he restrained?

Then he realized that he was locked up in what seemed to be a high-end prison cell. All of the walls were white, except for one which was a wall that was made entirely out of reinforced glass. Peter had been changed into what appeared to be a hospital gown.

The only things in the room with him were a toilet, a sink, and a bed. The door that led out of the room was made of metal, and had slots that were probably meant for pushing in trays of food.

Behind the glass wall sat a table, two chairs, a computer, and some filing cabinet.

Peter got up off of the bed. His bad arm had been wrapped neatly against his chest, and Peter could see that it was back to its original fleshy tone, instead of the jet black from the other night. Or at least, what he assumed was the other night. Peter wasn’t actually sure how much time had elapsed since he had had dinner with May and Ryan.

He walked over to the glass wall and started banging on it.

“Hey!” he shouted at the top of his lungs “Hey, assholes! Let me out of here! Let! Me! Out!”

He kicked the wall for good measure, only to instantly regret this decision when his toes started to throb.

His efforts did not go unrewarded, however. Anton walked into the room on the other side of the glass, and was closely followed by Roman.

“Good morning, Peter. I trust you slept well?” Roman greeted him through a hidden loudspeaker.
Peter ignored the question, and glared at the two men.

“Where am I?” he asked.

“You’re at a secure location. The last place we had you at was temporary while we arranged these accommodations,” Anton said.


Roman smiled patiently.

“You aren’t blacking out, Peter. You are letting your true self rise to the surface. You’re letting Spider-man out.”

“I don’t understand! What do you mean I’m letting Spider-man out? Like I’ve said before, I’m not Spider-man. I’m just some kid from Queens. You’ve got the wrong guy! Let me go!” Peter yelled, banging his fist on the glass once more. Roman waited until Peter was done before continuing.

“You are Spider-man, Peter, whether you like it or not,” Peter opened his mouth to protest, but Roman held up his hand and continued, “In your current form you lack the enhancements that are coded for in your genetics, it’s true. Right now you would have as much success scaling that wall as Anton would. But with the right trigger mechanism, I can change the morphology of your cells. I can induce the change within your cells that will force your cellular machinery to build the necessary proteins and sugars that are needed for your enhancements.

“Of course, this has its side effects. For one, it greatly changes your neural pathways, which causes you to have temporary lapses in memory, and your aggression levels are dramatically elevated. I’m afraid that is the reason for your arm. You started to attack our medical staff while you were still on the operating table. We were able to repair some of the tissue damage but a significant amount of the damage was irreversible.”

Slowly, bit by bit, it was all coming back to Peter. May and him at the restaurant. Bucky and him on the mountain. The hydra base. The fact that he was Spider-man. Everything.

He was finally remembering everything, but in the most horrible way he could imagine.

“So basically you control when I get my powers back, and when I do, I essentially ‘hulk out’ and don’t remember anything?” Peter asked.

“Precisely,” Roman confirmed, “Although, the science behind your ‘hulking out’, as you described it, is much more fascinating and ingenious than the transformation that Dr. Banner undergoes.”

“Why me?” Peter asked, starting to pace, “Why not Thor, or Captain America, or—um I don’t know — Bucky!? Last time I checked, the traitor was on your side! Why didn’t you turn him into your little puppet? Or is he too busy being your spy? Are you getting all the intel you wanted? Learning what time Iron Man eats his Froot Loops?”

Anton smiled, and leaned back, enjoying the show. Roman remained much more composed.

“You are part of this project, Peter, because you’ve always been part of this project. You were part of this project before you were even conceived,” Roman informed him calmly.

“What are you saying?” Peter stopped dead in his tracks.
“You were born a Hydra test subject. You’ve always been a Hydra test subject. You mother was a voluntary surrogate. You were born in a Hydra base. You were taken away from me by my clueless colleagues. But I kept tabs on you. Until two years ago, that is, when you finally returned home, and were reborn. You became what you were always destined to be. The next generation of super soldiers.”

Peter looked at Roman with a disgusted expression.

“You’re mad!” he stated, “You’ve completely lost it! I wasn’t born in a Hydra compound! My parents are Richard and Mary Parker! I’ve got Uncle Ben and Aunt May, too! I’m not your weird fucking experiment!”

“You’re a lab rat, kid,” Anton laughed.

“Anton,” Roman warned, then returned his attention back to Peter, “Peter, your parents were not Richard and Mary. After Richard and Mary’s demise, you were switched with the real Peter Parker, and given to Benjamin and May Parker.”

Peter felt his reality slowly coming apart.

“What?” He lowered himself into a sitting position, trying to understand the information that was being given to him, “You said my mother was a voluntary surrogate. Who is my father, then?”

“A good for nothing piece of crap,” Anton muttered bitterly.

“Out,” Roman ordered, without looking at Anton. Anton muttered something obscene under his breath, but he rose out of his chair and exited the room. Roman smiled apologetically, “Your father worked for Hydra almost longer than anyone. He did a lot for this institution. Regrettably, he did not agree with all of our principles. He left us not long ago.”

Peter felt sick. His dad was a Hydra employee? Was this all true? He didn’t know what to believe anymore.

“What is his name?” Peter asked, not sure if he really wanted an answer.

“James Buchanan Barnes.”

Peter almost stopped breathing. Bucky, the man who had left him to these monsters, was his father? His mind raced trying to find any reason why Bucky couldn’t possibly be his father. What father abandons their child? What father betrays the Avengers? What father...

“I’m sure that is a lot to take in,” Roman said almost sympathetically.

“I want to see him,” Peter growled. He had so many questions that needed answers, and the only person who could answer them was Bucky.

“I’m sorry, but that is unlikely to happen.”

“Why not? I’m sure he’s lounging in your sitting room right now reading magazines!” Peter shouted with a rage that only came from being hurt so deeply.

“You seem to be under the impression that we still have some amount of association with Mr. Barnes. I assure you that we do not. That ended when you destroyed the facility we were storing him in, and nearly killed Anton. We had to evacuate and leave Mr. Barnes behind. In fact, we had to leave you behind as well. We were still testing the organic compound that triggers your abilities. The
test was unsuccessful. We were unable to retrieve either of you after that event due to the high presence of Mr. Stark’s operatives in the area. That is why it took us so long to track you down again. We were only able to find you after you contacted May Parker.”

“What do you mean you were storing him?”

“I mean exactly that. Mr. Barnes was an unnecessary asset at that time, so we put him in a cryogenics chamber. He’s never been exactly willing to cooperate with Hydra. Surely you know his history. Although, I guess the Avengers never made it wide spread knowledge,” Roman said, almost to himself, “Mr. Barnes acts on Hydra’s behalf after he’s had a fair amount of persuasion.”

“What? Like you were threatening him?!”

“We made him more…suggestible.”

“Mind control? You used mind control on him. What are all of you? Is Hydra just one large group of evil scientists?!” Peter yelled, starting to lose it.

“I would hardly call ourselves evil, Peter. We are trying to create a better future. You are going to help create world peace. You just need to rid the world of a few select individuals.”

All the color drained from Peter’s face.

“I’m not murdering anyone.”

“My dear Peter, you already have.”

That was the exact moment Peter broke.

Chapter End Notes

You know what fuels my motivation to write? Comments. :D

(You all are wonderful humans!)
Chapter Summary

Peter gets a new assignment.

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone! I just want to let you know that I won't be posting again until after the New Year! I hope every has a great end to 2018, and that 2019 starts off on the right foot! See you all in the New Year!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clint woke up feeling like he was choking to death on dust. His head was spinning, and his leg was pinned underneath something heavy. He tried to move, but a large green hand pushed him back down.

The Hulk was lifting debris away trying to get to something. When Clint caught sight of a piece of bright red metal, he realized what the Hulk was trying to uncover. Tony. Clint thanked what ever god that might be listening that Tony had had at least some sense to bring the suit with him. Still, he could feel the anxiety creeping into his chest, as the Hulk kept shifting stone. Tony hadn’t been in great shape before. After what had happened… what had happened? Clint could remember the light and the heat, but everything had moved so fast.

Suddenly there was a different figure looming over him. Long blond hair dangled in front of Clint’s face. It took Clint a minute to realize that Thor was trying to talk to him. Thor was still in the process of learning sign language, so Clint had to rely on his ability to lip-read.

“And I saw him place the device, and then the Hulk came out of nowhere and ******** himself on top of you and Stark. The ******** was massive, and destroyed the top half of the ********. You’re lucky to be alive. I don’t believe your mortal bodies could have ******** the damage if the Hulk had not arrived.”

Clint got the gist of what the Thor was trying to convey to him. At this point, Thor was leaning heavily against a wall that was still standing. Clint motioned to his leg. Thor looked down, and saw that it was pinned underneath a heavy beam.

“Apologies, my friend!” Thor grunted as he lifted the beam, freeing Clint. Clint felt relieved. Somehow he had escaped the encounter with nothing more than a few bruises and cuts. Tony and Thor seemed to have taken the brunt of the damage from the unknown assailant.

“Do you know who it was, Thor?” Clint asked. The look on Thor’s face looked so pained, that Clint whirled around thinking that something was wrong with Tony. Thor’s large hand landed on his shoulder, causing Clint to refocus his attention on Thor.

“It was the Spider-guy. Peter.”
“What?” Clint asked in disbelief, thinking that it must be one of Thor’s jokes that didn’t quite stick.

“The son of Barnes. Peter,” Thor enunciated thinking that Clint was having trouble reading his lips.

“I understood the first time…” Clint said. His mind was reeling. Ryan seemed like such a nice kid. Was Peter really capable of the carnage he had seen upstairs? Did he really just try to blow up the Avengers?

Clint followed Thor’s eye line, and saw that the Hulk had finished unearthing Tony. Thor picked up Tony with extreme care.

“We need a lullaby. Can you ******* Romanoff? I’m going to take Tony back to the *****.”

Clint nodded. Thor raised his hammer towards the sky, and then Tony and Thor were gone, leaving a very deaf Clint with the Hulk who seemed to think there wasn’t enough rubble, and was throwing large pieces of concrete against the ground.

Clint took out his phone, and opened up Natasha’s contact.

“Need a lullaby. My location. Bring hearing aids.”

Clint slid down the closest wall, and babysat the Hulk.

Thunk. Thunk.
Thunk. Thunk.
Thunk. Thunk.
Thunk. Thunk.
Thunk. Thunk.

Peter stared straight ahead, oblivious to Anton throwing a tennis ball against the glass.

Thunk. Thunk.
Thunk. Thunk.
Thunk. Thunk.
Thunk. Thunk.

“Damn it,” Anton cursed. He rose to his feet to retrieve the ball that had rolled under the desk.

He tossed the ball into the air while he pulled out his phone. Peter shifted slightly.

Thunk.

“Damn it,” Anton spoke into the phone, “I’m bored to death. Where are you?…Could you hurry up? Peter isn’t talking, isn’t moving, isn’t eating, hell I’m surprised he’s even breathing! Whatever you said to him really fucked him up, man… I understand… yes…bye.”

Anton turned to Peter.

“Well, Peter! Looks like it’s your lucky day! The ambush on Stark and Barton did not go as planned, however the information you retrieved from the late Doctor was invaluable to our research! The
good news is that we might have a way to control your violent impulses now. The remaining part of my face is very excited about that news. The other good news is that we have your next target.”

Peter shifted while his eyes remained focused on the wall.

“This is exciting Peter! You should show more enthusiasm! Don’t you want to know who your next target is?”

Peter blinked.

“Hmm… Roman took away all the fun in this. Ever heard of a guy by the name of Ryan Collins?”

Peter twitched. Anton smiled.

“So you’re not all gone. Good to know. We picked Ryan for a very specific purpose, Peter. We need to see just how far you’ll go. At the same time, we’ll frame the murder on the mob, and create an all out war in New York. Hopefully by this time next week, the two groups will have eliminated one another. I’ve heard the Avengers have grown quite fond of Ryan over the past few days. I for one can’t wait to see how they avenge his death.”

Peter was shaking.

“Don’t fret, Peter. You won’t remember a thing.”

“What happened? Nat said to rush back here as soon as possible! Where’s Clint, and where the heck is Bruce? Shouldn’t he be here? How bad is it? Who did this?”

Steve walked quickly beside the gurney, while Thor wheeled Tony into the medical wing of the tower. There was always at least one nurse on duty, but thankfully at the moment there were four, and a surgeon on call.

“Barton is watching the Hulk to make sure nothing else happens. Romanoff went to go give the Hulk a lullaby. As for Stark, I don’t think any of his injuries were life threatening. That’s not the real problem, though, Steve,” Thor said. He whispered the last sentence, and gave a wary look at Ryan who was following behind them. Steve got the hint.

“Hey, Ryan, this could get really bad. Maybe you should go help Bucky with unloading the van. It will help keep your mind off of things, yeah? Better than sitting around waiting for news. Trust me. I did enough of that during the war.”

“Um, yeah,” Ryan said awkwardly, “I’ll just go then?” He turned and walked back down the hallway.

Checking to make sure that Ryan was out of ear shot, Steve turned back to Thor.

“So?”

“It was Peter, Steve.”

“What was?”

“The murder of your Earth sorcerer—”

“Scientist.”
“—that was Peter!”

“But how do you know? Are you sure, Thor?”

“I saw him. He was right there. He had set up a trap for us, like he knew we would be there. He detonated an explosive device right above Barton and Stark. If Banner hadn’t shown up when he did…”

“It can’t be,” Steve whispered, clearly searching for other explanations in his head.

“Do we tell the others? So far the only ones who know are myself, you, and Barton. Maybe Bruce.”

“Not yet. Let’s get our heads above water first. Let’s get Tony into surgery, and honestly Thor, you should see a doctor, too. You’re leaving a blood trail through the tower.”

“Ahh,” Thor sighed dismissively, “I’ve seen much worse. It is nothing.”

“It would make me feel better.”

Thor put a comforting hand on Steve’s shoulder.

“If you think it wise.”

“I do.”

Nurses came to meet them as they wheeled Tony into the medical wing.

Ryan walked back down the hallway with his hands in his pockets. He was bitter about being kicked out of the conversation, and while he had agreed to help Bucky, he had no actual intention on doing that.

He trusted that Bucky had Peter’s best interests at heart, but Ryan could tell he was still hiding something. In fact, he was pretty sure he was the only one who was out of the loop. He could tell that people were being careful about what they said around him.

He didn’t argue. He knew he was an outsider, and was lucky to even be in the Avenger’s Tower. He didn’t want to get kicked out by putting his nose where it didn’t belong. However, that didn’t mean he was happy about it.

“FRIDAY?” Ryan asked when he had returned to the communal area.

“Yes, Mr. Collins?”

“Do you have any Skittles?”

“Would you be referring to Hawkeye’s Super Fun Secret Stash of Sweets? I have been told to inform anyone that tries to access this drawer of the kitchen that Hawkeye will personally make their life a living hell.”

Ryan let out a dark chuckle, both for Clint’s similar addiction to sweets, and for his situation.

“It’s too late for that, FRIDAY. It already is one. Where is this stash of sweets?”

“Second drawer to the right.”
Ryan pulled the drawer open, and found a mini candy shop. He searched through the bags until he found the Skittles.

“FRIDAY?”

“Yes, Mr. Collins?”

“How do I get to the roof?”

“The roof has elevator access. All you have to do is press the button labeled ‘Top’ inside the elevator.”

“Thanks.”

Ryan made his way into the elevator, pressed the button, and shoved a large fistful of Skittles into his mouth.

When the elevator doors opened, he walked out.

“Sure is beautiful,” he said to himself, admiring the view. The city never grew old for him.

He plopped down onto the cold concrete, and just stared out into the city. It made him think of Peter, and their heists. Peter always preferred doing reconnaissance from the tops of buildings. They had spent many evenings just watching the city go by them.

Now, Ryan watched alone. He wondered where Peter was, and if he was okay.

Someone moved behind him.

“Okay, okay, you caught me!” Ryan sighed, “I didn’t go help unload the van. I just needed a minute to myself, you know? But I’m going to go help—”

Ryan turned around and was face to face with Spider-man, only it didn’t look like Spider-man. Instead of the spider on his chest, there was a skull and some tentacles. His suit was also darker. It was no longer a vibrant red and blue, but a deep navy, and crimson.

“Hey…uh…Spider-man…can I help you?”

He didn’t say anything, but slowly started to walk towards Ryan. Ryan backed up, before realizing that if he took another step, he would fall 95 or so stories to his death.

“Look man, I don’t know what I did—” Ryan held up his hands in surrender. Spider-man still walked forward. A foot away, the hero’s arm shot out and gripped Ryan firmly by the neck, forcing him to lean precariously over the edge.

Ryan clung for dear life.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry not sorry for leaving you all on a cliff hanger for a few days!!
“Do you want me to make you a drink? You look like shit,” Natasha said as she pressed the up button in the elevator.

“I’m fine. Honestly. It’s just a headache,” Bruce tried to reassure them. He rubbed his temple and winced.

“You need a drink,” Clint sided with Natasha.

“I’m fine! I just need to get to that operating room.”

“Uh, uh, Bruce. You’re going straight to bed. You’ve earned it. Let the doctors handle it. Tony is going to be fine,” Clint argued.

“But it’s my fault that Tony—”

“It’s not your fault, Bruce. It’s someone’s fault, but it’s not yours. Clint’s right for once. Get some sleep. You look like you could use some. You’ve been on edge recently. There’s been a lot going on, and it’s been getting to you. Some sleep will do you some good. Don’t worry, we’ll wake you up if anything happens,” Natasha said. As soon as the doors to the Avenger’s floor opened, she scurried out and made a beeline for the medical wing. Clint also exited, leaving Bruce alone in the elevator so that he could take it up to his private floor.

“Sleep, Bruce,” Clint gave one last command, pointing his finger at his friend before the doors shut.

Before Clint could take two steps into the common area, a voice filled the room.

“Mr. Barton,” F.R.I.D.A.Y. addressed him, “you instructed me to inform you if anyone ever took anything from Hawkeye’s Super Fun Secret Stash of Sweets.”

“God damn it! I told Thor to keep his thieving hands off of my—”
“Actually, it was Mr. Collins. He took a bag of Skittles after I informed him of your warning.”

“Ryan?” Clint was baffled, but still annoyed. That was his personal stash of food. Clint was very protective of his snacks, what with Tony and Bruce’s health campaigns, “Where is the kid?”

“The last video footage of him shows him leaving the elevator to go out onto the roof.”

Clint smiled. He either had a protege on his hands, or the kid was trying to steal his life. First his snack stash and now the kid was hanging out in Clint’s favorite spot of the tower. Clint didn’t even put down his bow. He marched right back into the elevator. He was going to get to the bottom of this.

“Please!” Ryan wheezed as he clung to Spider-man. His toes tried to grip the edge of the building as best as they could. Spider-man’s fingers clenched harder against his throat.

Ryan couldn’t breathe. His lungs burned and ached, desperate for air. His instincts took over, and he started pulling at the strong hands, even if it meant that he would plummet to his death.

Little stars started to form in his line of sight. He could feel himself slowly being deprived of oxygen. His legs gave out, but he did not fall. The hand that gripped his throat was too powerful to let him fall.

As if in the distance, Ryan heard something metallic followed by a man yelling. The fingers lightened their grip slightly, letting just enough air in to keep him from passing out.

“Don’t do it!” the voice yelled, but it was muffled and distorted as if he were underwater, “I’m warning you, Peter! Don’t do it! He’s your friend! You don’t want to do it!”

Friend? Thought Ryan. Peter? Ryan wanted to shout at the voice. No! This is Spider-man! Peter was still missing!

Ryan didn’t get more time to dwell on this thought, however, because the fingers loosened, and suddenly he was gasping in air as fast as his lungs would allow.

He was also free falling.

The ground was moving very fast towards him.

Impossibly fast.

He was going to die. Spider-man had killed him.

Ryan was just about accept his death, when something hit him with unbelievable force, and knocked him through a window and into a room across the street.

He rolled roughly several times, but came to a stop when he hit the back of a desk.

Ryan coughed and wheezed while he massaged his throat. Tears were streaming out of his eyes. He couldn’t tell if it was the fear, the pain, or the sudden introduction of oxygen back into his system that were causing them.

“You okay?” A voice asked. Ryan registered it to be Clint’s.

Unable to speak, Ryan just nodded. That was good enough for Clint, who hauled Ryan onto his feet.
“Come on. Let’s get you back to the tower. I’m sure the medical wing could spare a nurse to look at those bruises.”

Ryan didn’t move. His mind was playing catch-up, but it wasn’t that far behind.

“You said Peter.”

“What?”

“When you were talking to Spider-man you called him Peter.”

“Ryan…come on. Let’s just get back to the tower…” Clint tried to avoid the conversation. He wasn’t good at talks like these.

“Is my friend— has my friend been Spider-man all along? I mean, it makes sense. Spider-man disappears, and a couple months later Peter shows up. Peter goes missing, and now Spider-man is back. The only thing that’s not adding up is Peter. Because, you see, Peter is a good guy. A really good guy. And I just always assumed that Spider-man was a good guy, you know? But like, who dangles someone off of a roof? Who does that? Because it sure is hell not the Peter I know. But you called him Peter. I heard you say it.”

“Ryan, listen—”

“Why didn’t you guys tell me?” Ryan’s voice was getting dangerously high, and it was still raspy from being choked, “Obviously you knew. I knew that everyone was hiding something from me. Did you know that my lead on Finnegan would be a dead end? Did you know that I risked my neck going in there? Did you think that I couldn’t, like—I don’t know— handle the truth? Do you think I haven’t had my fair share of shitty things happen in my life? Finding out my best friend had a secret identity is nothing!”

“Ryan,—” Clint tried again, but Ryan was on a roll. Everything he had been bottling up was pouring out of him.

“Like I couldn’t handle it!” Ryan scoffed, “I’ve had terrible stuff happen to me, Agent Barton. Horrible things. My uncle used to kick the crap out of me. Sometimes my cousins would join in. It happened for years until Peter showed up and threatened to murder the lot of them. I was so scared, I told Peter to leave. I told him I could handle it. I thought that they would tear each other’s throats out, and I would end up in the middle. I thought we would all end up in one giant pool of blood. But Pete, he’s a smooth talker. He got me out. He knew that if he tried to cut off all contact, though, my uncle would have skinned us both alive. Literally. My uncle has eyes everywhere. It wouldn’t have been too much trouble for him. It would have been like ordering groceries. Pete’s a smart guy, though. He protected me. Protected us. He somehow knew everyone’s weak spot. One time, I asked him how he was so good at taking out the bad guys. He just shrugged, and said that he must just be lucky. But nah, he’s fucking Spider-man! Did Pete know who he was? Was he lying to me just like everyone else? Has everyone just been fucking lying to me this entire time!?”

“Ryan, we were going to tell you—”

“Is he okay?” Ryan’s voice broke and his eyes glistened from the tears. He looked like someone had just broken his heart, “What was wrong with him? He’s all I got, you know. He’s my best friend. He’s—He’s like my brother. I can’t lose him, Agent Barton. I can’t— I can’t lose him.”

Clint went over and embraced the young man. He rubbed small circles on his back, and let Ryan’s breath even out before talking.
“I’m sorry all that stuff happened to you, Ryan,” Clint said in a soft, soothing voice, “If we had known, we would never have sent you to see your uncle. And I’m sorry we didn’t tell you about Peter sooner. That was a mistake, and I deeply apologize for it. As for Peter, I’m not sure what happened to him, but we’re going to make him okay again, alright? I sent out an alert as soon as I got to the roof. With any luck, Peter is back at the tower right now with the rest of the gang. We’re going to make it right, kid. We’re going to make it all alright again.”

Ryan gave a small nod against Clint’s chest.

“Can I take you back to the tower now? I would really like it if you got those bruises checked out.”

“Okay,” Ryan said in a small voice, untangling himself from Clint. Clint smiled, and plopped something into Ryan’s hands.

“You dropped these, by the way.”

Ryan’s hands clutched the bag of Skittles gratefully, and he followed Clint towards the elevator.

Chapter End Notes

Ryan is my sweet baby, and I may or may not have cried while writing this.....
Mission

Chapter Summary

Bucky confronts his son.

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone! I'm so so so sorry for going MIA. I had a bit of a life emergency, and then I got really sick. I'm on the mend now though, and I'm back to writing! I probably won't be doing daily uploads, but I'll try to get at least one chapter out a week at the very least! Again, I really apologize for the delay!

Best,

The Author

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Spider-man watched as the young man’s body plummeted towards the pavement. He smiled with glee underneath the tight mask. He had done it! He had completed his mission.

Then there was a movement behind him.

The smile turned into a frown when the archer swooped down and saved him.

Anger seethed throughout Spider-man. That was his kill! The meddling archer had stolen it from him.

He held out his right arm. He could feel the machinery moving around just under his skin. He could feel the chemicals coursing through his veins. He was almost ready to shoot the embedded web fluid when a noise made Spider-man turn.

“Peter,” a tall, muscular man with a metal arm said.

Who was Peter? The archer had mentioned the name as well. Then Spider-man remembered. Peter was him. Peter was his weaker form. Peter was broken, lifeless, and boring. Spider-man was better than Peter. Spider-man was whole.

He looked at the man. He was broken, too, he realized. There were bags under his eyes, his hair was messy, and the look he was giving Spider-man was filled with regret and sorrow.

Spider-man wondered if he could kill this man. Would he get in trouble? Not that he really cared. The people back home annoyed him. It’s why he had blown off half of Anton’s face. He’d deserved it.

“Peter, why are you doing this? You can fight whatever it is. Stay here. Please. Let me help you. Your friends need you.”
Friend? Spider-man laughed out loud, causing the man to stiffen slightly. Spider-man had no friends. Friends made you weak.

“What did they do to you?” The man’s voice was full of grief.

Spider-man rolled his eyes. This was getting tiresome.

“Peter’s gone. You can stop looking for him because you’re never going to find him. It’s just me in here.”

“And who are you?”

“Spider-man.”

There was a pause as the man considered him. Spider-man thought about abandoning the mission, but he could still see his target, and he waited patiently for a better opportunity to strike. He would have much room to move around once the target left that cramped office space.

“Will you come inside with me, Spider-man?” The man said in a low, but non-threatening voice.

Spider-man scoffed. The man grabbed his left arm, and tried to gently guide him towards the elevator.

It was as if Spider-man had been electrocuted. He stiffened, then threw the man against the elevator doors with all of his might. His right hand curled tightly around the man’s throat.

The Avenger’s eyes stared at his limb in shock.

“Your arm,” he gasped, as he fought to free himself,” It’s— It’s—”

“—working properly? Not a sad excuse for a limb?” Peter hissed, cocking one eyebrow, “Part of the perks of being Spider-man. Peter doesn’t have the same luxuries. Enhanced healing has its benefits.”

Spider-man threw a quick glance over his shoulder, and cursed under his breath. His target had escaped while he had been preoccupied with this man.

“Something the matter?” The man said, struggling to free himself.

Spider-man grimaced.

“Nothing that concerns you,” Spider-man said, distracted by his failure. He let go of the man’s throat, and took a few steps towards the edge of the roof. He raised his right arm, and felt the gears working just beneath his skin, readying themselves to release the web fluid.

“Oh no you don’t” growled the man, and suddenly Spider-man was being thrown down onto the concrete with the weight of the man on top of him, “You’re not leaving, Peter. You’re. Staying. Right. Here.”

Spider-man twisted his leg around the man’s body, forcing them to switch places. He tried to punch the man’s face, but the man grabbed his fist with his metal arm, and forced Spider-man off of him.

Once again Spider-man tried to take off, but this time a hand grabbed his ankle, and he fell to the ground again.

“I won’t let you leave! FRIDAY! WHERE THE HELL IS MY BACK-UP?!”
Spider-man kicked the man in the face, sending him reeling, and freeing his ankle. He pushed himself to his feet, and sprinted towards the edge for a third time. This time he stumbled as his ankle swelled, probably caused by a sprain.

A woman came out of nowhere and blocked off his path.

“Sorry I’m late, Bucky! Thor passed out in the medical wing. I had to help shove him onto a gurney. The idiot kept refusing to get checked out.”

“No worries, Nad” Bucky said as he clutched his nose, which was gushing blood, “Can you ged ‘im?”

The woman smiled at Spider-man, and moved toward him slowly. Her hands were raised in a non-threatening gesture. Spider-man backed away slowly.

“Hey, Peter. We haven’t met yet. My name is Natasha. It’s nice to meet you, even though you did just blow up half of my friends. Do you want to come inside, and maybe talk about it? You’re good friend Ryan will be there.”

Spider-man stopped dead in his tracks. Maybe his mission hadn’t failed. If he could get to Ryan… If he could finish the job… He wouldn’t have to go back to being Peter. He would get more of the drug. He wouldn’t have to go back to the pain… to the emptiness… to Peter.

“Alright,” he said simply. Both of the Avengers looked taken aback by his response.

“Alright?” Natasha asked in clarification.

Spider-man nodded, and waited to be led downstairs.

He would find his target.

He would succeed.

Ryan would die.

And hopefully, so would Peter.

Chapter End Notes

If you would like to talk to me between uploads, please check out my group chat at https://discord.gg/GcXnGwJ

I hope you all enjoyed this new chapter!! <3
Ryan shuffled into the common room with a hand still tightly clutching his beloved skittles bag. Clint wasn’t far behind. He was favoring his left side. He had taken quite a beating between the attack on the apartment and the mid-air tackle that preceded a less than graceful entrance into the neighboring building. At this rate they were all going to end up in the infirmary.

“I want you within eyesight at all times, Ryan,” Clint said, “I didn’t see where Peter went after he attacked you, and we still don’t know his motivation. Until then, I think it’s best that you weren’t left alone.”

A hand fell on Clint’s shoulder.

“That won’t be necessary, Clint,” Natasha said coming from out of nowhere and giving him a look. “Bucky and I just locked Peter up in one of Banner's containment cells.” She grimaced, and gave Ryan an apologetic look.

“Did he say anything?” Ryan asked. His eyes searched Natasha’s for answers before she could speak. She shook her head.

“He agreed to come down to the tower, but he hasn’t said anything since then. Bucky is with him right now.”

Clint shot Natasha a warning look. He didn’t think it was wise to leave an emotionally distraught father with his potentially lethal son.

“FRIDAY is monitoring the situation,” Nat said in response to his look.

“Why do you think he did it? Attack me, I mean,” Ryan said, still trying to wrap his head around the situation.
“Wouldn’t we all like to know,” Clint replied, “I’m headed off to the infirmary, Nat. I think I busted a couple of ribs. Watch the kid?”

“I don’t need babysitting,” Ryan replied sheepishly.

“Your best friend just tried to murder you,” Nat said a little harshly, but continued despite the expression on Ryan’s face, “Don’t you want to see him, and ask him why?”

Ryan did want to know why. He was desperate for answers, but he also couldn’t shake a bit of hesitation. He was still shook up from being dangled off the side of a building by someone he thought would never hurt him.

“I guess you can tag along,” Ryan laughed shakily.

Nat smiled.

“Come on, let’s make sure Bucky hasn’t done anything stupid in our absence.”

Bucky stared at his son in disbelief. His worst nightmare seemed to be coming true. Peter was starting to resemble him more with each passing encounter. What had happened to him since he had last seen Peter? He couldn’t be in his right mind. If he was, he never would have tried to hurt Ryan. Guilt grew in the pit of his stomach, and he pressed a button on the control panel that would allow him to talk to his son.

“Peter,” Bucky said. The boy raised his head as if expecting to see Bucky, but all he could see were the four walls of the containment unit. “Why did you attack Ryan, Peter?”

Peter didn’t answer. The young man shifted his weight, clearly deliberating with himself on what he should say.

“I need to see him. Please, I need to see Ryan. Please.” The pain in Peter’s voice hurt Bucky on multiple levels, but he also knew not to be so naive as to believe Peter was back in his right mind. There had been many times when Bucky had feigned innocence in order to complete a mission. He knew how easy it was to prey on people’s emotions. He had to detach himself from the situation if he was going to make any progress.

“You can drop the act, Peter,” Bucky said. Peter grinned. It was creepy to say the least. Peter’s eyes slid in and out of focus, and he gave a small chuckle.

“It was worth a shot, and the name is Spider-man.”

The door to the small room opened, and Ryan and Natasha joined Bucky. Bucky shut the intercom off.

“Any progress?” Nat asked. Bucky shook his head.

“I’ve only just started.”

Ryan had his eyes glued to the monitor that displayed Peter.

“Who did this?” he whispered.

“My guess would be Roman, Anton, or a combination of the two,” Bucky said with a grimace, “Which only means they made it out of that hellhole back in Russia.”
“So, what’s our plan?” Natasha asked.

“I want to talk to him,” Ryan said, his eyes still transfixed.


“What! Why?” Ryan shouted, turning to Natasha, “He’s my friend! I know him better than either of you! I should be the one to talk to him.”

Bucky stiffened at that. Natasha and Ryan didn’t seem to notice, however. They were too caught up in the disagreement.

“He just tried to murder you, Ryan,” she argued.

“He’s not himself. Please just let me talk to him.”

Nat studied him for a second, sighed, and then turned to Bucky.

“Your call,” she said. Bucky shrugged.

“Couldn’t hurt,” He moved to switch the intercom back on. When the red light flickered on, Bucky motioned for Ryan to speak.

“Hey, Pete,” Ryan said with a slightly shaky voice, “It’s me. Ryan.”

This caught Peter’s attention. He sat bolt upright, and his face contorted.

“Ryan? Is that you?” Peter sobbed. Bucky shook his head in disbelief. Did he really think Ryan would fall for this pity act? “Ryan, I’m so sorry I tried to hurt you. They’ve got me so confused. They’ve been drugging me with something. You’ve got to help me! Please, Ryan. They’re lying to you. There is no Roman. There is no Anton. It’s the Winter Soldier! It’s always been the Winter Soldier! He’s the one that did this to me. Please! Oh, please Ryan, you’ve got to get me out. I don’t know… I don’t know how much more I can take…”

Bucky had to admit that Peter’s performance was impressive. But that’s all it was, a performance. There was no truth to the words. Surely Ryan would see past that. But as he looked at the kid he could tell that there was doubt in his eyes. Ryan’s shoulders were tensing. He was going on the defensive.

Bucky reached for the intercom, shutting it off.

“Ryan, he’s playing on your emotions. Your connection. He’s trying to get to you,” Bucky tried to explain calmly.

“Ryan, please,” Peter begged, his voice breaking. “I really need my friend. I don’t think I can escape without you. The drugs… My mind is so foggy. You have to get me away from that man. Ryan I found out who I am. I’m… I’m his son, Ryan. I was their lab rat. The Avenger’s. They kept me drugged up, and exploited my powers for their gain. I was their puppet, Ryan. I escaped, and that’s when I found you. The pills they’ve been forcing down my throat make my brain all fuzzy. That’s why I couldn’t remember anything. Please, Ryan! You’ve got to believe me! They’re going to do it all over. I’ll be a mindless zombie if you don’t do something! PLEASE!” Peter sobbed loudly as he pleaded with the camera.

All the color had drained from Bucky’s face. He knew. Peter knew that he was Bucky’s son. He stood there in shock unaware of what was happening around him. How long had he known?
“Ryan, you can’t listen to him. Bucky’s right. He’s trying to mess with your head,” Natasha said in a level voice.

But it was clear to her that Peter’s words were having an effect on Ryan. He was starting to lose faith in his new friends. Who was lying to him?

“I don’t—” He shook his head, “Is it true? Are you his father?”

Bucky nodded, solemnly.

“But, I only want to help him. He’s not in his right mind, Ryan. This is Roman’s work. Anton’s work. Not ours.”

“Ryan, please! Are you still there? Help me…”

“Let me talk to him,” Ryan said as calmly as he could, “Let me reassure my friend. I believe you, I just… I just can’t bear seeing him like this.”

Bucky nodded, and moved to turn on the speaker.

Ryan didn’t believe them, though. He believed Peter. The person who was with him through it all. The person who had saved him from his family. The person who never let him down. These strangers meant nothing to him compared to Pete.

“Don’t worry, Pete. I’m going to get you out of this. Everything is going to be alright.”

Chapter End Notes

If you would like updates, you can come join my discord!
https://discord.gg/GcXnGwJ

Leave me a comment if you enjoyed the new chapter!!
"You know that he was lying, right? When he said he believed us,” Natasha said as she led Bucky to the infirmary. His injuries were minor compared to the others, but with almost everyone injured except Natasha, Steve, and Bruce she didn’t want to take any chances. She had made sure that FRIDAY was monitoring Ryan before she started to drag Bucky away.

“I know,” he replied.

“I don’t blame Ryan. Peter is a damn good liar.”

“Do you think they’re going to try and leave?”

“Definitely, and we should let them.”

Bucky looked at her with concern.

“He almost murdered Ryan, Nat. Do you really think that’s a good idea?”

“If he is going to try and attack Ryan, he’ll do it the first chance he gets. He’s desperate. He wants something. You can see it in his body language. He’s constantly shifting. He can’t stay still. It’s like he’s an addict, and if that is the case he won’t be thinking clearly. If his goal is to hurt Ryan, he won’t wait. When Ryan frees him, we’ll be right here in this tower, watching. However, if his goal has changed, letting the two of them go could be our best chance of finding Roman and Anton and ending this once and for all.”

“It’s a risky plan, Nat. A risky plan that involves Peter going back to those monsters. A risky plan that puts Ryan in danger.”

There was a silence before Nat spoke again.

“You know what they’re capable of Bucky. We both do. Roman won’t give up. He’s been after Peter since he was born. If we don’t act then we are just sitting ducks waiting for him to make his move. Who knows when that will be. And if he takes Peter when we aren’t prepared, when we aren’t expecting it, we may never find him again. We know where Peter is now. We know he’ll take us back to Roman. I’ll understand if you disagree, but I think this is our best shot.”
Bucky weighed the options in his mind before slowly nodding.

“Alright,” he said, “But we put a tracker on one of them.”

Nat gave him a reassuring smile.

“Already done.”

That evening seemed to drag on forever. Almost everyone was out of the infirmary with the exception of Iron Man. He had gotten a pretty bad concussion, and was under surveillance for the next few days. With everyone out, Bruce had decided to make dinner. Under normal circumstances Ryan would be overjoyed for a nice home cooked meal, but all of his thoughts were on Pete. He needed to get him away from these lunatics. He should have never done the heist job with Pete. If he had just hung out with Anna, none of this would have ever happened. Despite what he had threatened to do, Pete would never have gone on the heist job without him. He would never have seen Bucky. They wouldn’t be in this damn mess.

“Ryan?” A voice brought him out of his thoughts. It was Dr. Banner.

“Huh?” Ryan said stupidly.

“I was wondering if you wanted me to pass the potatoes. Are you alright?” Banner said with a look of concern.

“Hmm? Yeah,” he gave a forced laugh, “long day.”

“Yes, I heard. That must have been tough, seeing Peter like that. I’m sure he’ll be back to his normal self soon,” Banner smiled kindly. Ryan gave a half smile back. Did Dr. Banner know that he was working with a psychopath? He seemed like a nice guy, but maybe it was all an act.

“I think—I think I’ll just go to bed, if that’s alright. I’m not really that hungry,” Ryan stammered. Bucky was giving him a calculating look, and Natasha was having a hushed conversation with Clint. Did they suspect him?

“That’s fine,” Steve said with a smile, “Do you remember where the spare rooms are? I can show you if you don’t.”

“I think I remember. Thanks, though. Night,” Ryan said awkwardly as he rose from the table.

“Sleep well, little one!” Thor shouted after him.

Ryan had no intention of sleeping, though. In a few more hours everyone would be asleep, and he could sneak back to the containment room and free Peter. He paced in his room staring at the clock on the wall.

Tick…

Tick…

Tick…

Tick…

Only a little while longer now…
The hours seemed to crawl by for Spider-man. With each passing moment he could feel himself getting weaker and weaker. He was slowly reverting back to Peter fucking Parker. He needed the drug, but he didn’t think killing Ryan would get him what he wanted now. It wouldn’t start the mob war that Roman wanted. He couldn’t frame Ryan’s murder on the Irish if the Avengers were watching. He would have to find a different way to eliminate the mob. To give Roman the power to start a new Hydra faction here in the heart of New York without the interference of turf wars. He just hoped that idiot had bought his sob story.

Spider-man made a hammock out of web fluid while he waited. If the guy was going to come, it would probably be tonight when everyone was sleeping.

He nearly fell asleep when he heard a soft click as the locking mechanism disengaged. He grinned. “Fucking finally,” he heard Ryan whisper, “I thought I was never going to get past that encryption. You’re lucky I’m a kid genius when it comes to this stuff, Pete.”

“Ryan, thank god you’re here!” Spider-man pretended to weep.

“Hey, what are friends for, right?” Ryan gave him a reassuring smile, “Now, come on! Let’s get out of here. You look fucking awful. Don’t worry though, I’m sure you’ll be back to normal in no time.”

Spider-man gave him a smile. God he hoped not, he thought. He didn’t think he could handle being Peter again. The despair. The guilt. The weakness. The fear.

Ryan took his hand, pulling him from the hammock, and they started off down the hall.

Spider-man had been expecting some sort of retaliation from the Avengers, but they were not interrupted as they made their way down to the ground floor. He frowned. They were letting them go. Why?

“Come on! Hurry!” Ryan whispered as he dragged him into a closet located near the entrance to the building.

“What are we doing here!?!”

“Quick put these on!” Ryan shoved a pile of clothes into his arms.

“Wha—?”

“Well you can’t go walking around Manhattan as Spider-man without your mask! Hurry up and change! They might have noticed you’ve left already!”

Not wanting to slow them down by arguing, Spider-man changed into a t-shirt and jeans. He threw the suit into a bag that Ryan had also provided.

“Pete…your arm…” Ryan was staring at the jet black arm protruding from the sleeve.

“Not now! Let’s go!” Spider-man hissed, taking the guy’s hand and dragging him out onto the street.

“No where are we going, Pete?” Ryan asked trying to keep up with Pete’s long strides. They turned a
corner, and Ryan could just make out his Uncle’s pub a few blocks ahead of them. “The turn for the subway was on the last block! We’re heading into Finnegan’s territory. Pete, we can’t—”

He was cut off mid sentence. A hand grabbed Ryan’s shoulder, tossing him roughly to the ground. Ryan looked up and was terrified to find the faces staring down at him.

“O’Connor? Anna?”

This was all he could get out out before O’Connor started driving his foot into Ryan’s abdomen repeatedly.

“You’re a dead man! You hear that Collins? DEAD! Lying to Finnegan! About Anna! About precious-- perfect-- pretty-- pete! We had you followed you piece- of- shit-! Working for those idiots up in Stark’s tower? Double crossing us, Ryan? It’s worse than working for the fucking Italians!”

“STOP! STOP! You’re killing him!” Anna yelled trying to pull O’Connor off of her boyfriend.

“Stay outta this, little miss, unless you want to go the same way as this trash,” he spat on Ryan as Ryan clutched his stomach, curled up in pain.

“Pete, do something!” Anna yelled as she put herself between Ryan and O’Connor.

Ryan glanced up at his friend, and was surprised to see a twisted smile on his face. There was something truly evil in his eyes that Ryan had never seen before.

“I knew coming down here would be beneficial,” Pete whispered.

“Pete?” Ryan gasped.

Pete walked straight up to O’Connor, and grabbed the gangster’s face with his blackened hand. He proceeded to drive the back of O’Connor’s head into the brick wall that was behind him.

And he did it again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

Blood covered Pete’s beaming face.

Anna screamed.

Ryan stared horror stricken at his cousin’s brains that littered the sidewalk.

“I’ve made a horrible mistake,” Ryan whispered as silent tears streaked down his face, “You’re not the friend I know.”

“Glad we cleared that up,” Spider-man said wiping O’Connor’s blood from his eyes, “Now, Anna, isn’t it? Would you be so kind as to go back to the Irish and tell them that the Avengers send their regards?”

Anna took off without a second look.

“Now, Ryan, in order for this little ruse to work, you will need to come with me.”
Ryan flinched as Spider-man hauled him to his feet. He didn’t even bother asking where they were going.

He knew he was about to meet Roman and Anton.

Chapter End Notes

If you want updates on when I post, or just want to come and chill, join my discord! <3
https://discord.gg/GcXnGwJ

I'm being so mean to these boys...... oops.
“Pete— Pete I don’t feel so good,” Ryan stumbled up the stairs of the apartment building. He was leaning heavily on the rail.

“We’re almost there,” Peter said, “just suck it up for a few more flights.”

Ryan’s breathing was becoming very labored. He tightened his arm over his stomach and took another step. A sharp pain radiated from his right side, and the pain overwhelmed him and he stumbled. He caught his fall with his left arm right before his head hit the stairs.

Peter rolled his eyes and sighed. He jogged down half a flight, crouched down, and slung Ryan’s arm over his shoulders. He hauled Ryan to his feet.

“Come on,” Peter grunted as he bore most of Ryan’s weight, “that’s it. Shift your weight—There you go.”

Ryan gagged at the smell of blood that was coming off of Peter.

“You reek,” he grumbled, and then added as an afterthought, “more than usual.”

Peter grunted.

“My bad.”

Ryan stopped, and almost caused them to topple over.

“Who even are you?” he asked. An anger was building inside him.

“What do you mean?” Peter asked, staring down at him from the higher step.

“I mean— I mean you’re not you! You’re not Pete… or Peter… or even the Spider-man that I’ve read about! You have so many identities I can’t keep them straight anymore! Were you ever even my
friend? Were you always this way? Or is it like Bucky said— are you brainwashed? Is my Pete still in there somewhere under all of that anger? I mean Christ, Pete! You just murdered my cousin! It’s not like I was close with the guy, but that was my family!"

“It was convenient.”

Ryan had had it with this bullshit. He slammed his forearm against Peter’s chest driving him into the wall. Peter didn’t retaliate. He just stared at the fuming teen.

“What does that even mean!? What’s convenient? How is it convenient to murder someone?”

“Well, that guy with the bow and arrows— Hawkeye?— he messed up my mission objective. You were supposed to die. Then Roman would frame it on the Irish. The Avengers would retaliate, and eliminate your family leaving unclaimed territory for Hydra to move into. But Hawkeye screwed it all up. The Avengers would know if it was me who killed you now. So, I killed your cousin. Now, with any luck, the Irish will start the battle, and the same result will occur.”

“I’m going to move past the part where you were going to KILL me. But why do you care so much what happens? What’s in it for you?”

Peter smiled and leaned forward slightly. His nose was inches from Ryan’s. He stared his former friend dead in the eye.

“As long as I deliver, I’ll never have to go back to being that sad excuse for a human being— Peter Parker.”

Ryan lowered his arm, and took a step back.

“If you’re not Peter, than who are you?”

“Like I’ve been saying, I’m Spider-man. Now, come on,” Peter took Ryan’s arm roughly, and dragged him forward, “Roman’s waiting.”

He balled his fists which caught Ryan’s eyes.

“Pete— your arm—”

Anton had seen it too. He barked out a laugh.

“Empty threats my friend— Empty threats—”

The black flesh was slowly fading back to its original pigment. The desperation in Peter’s voice grew. He started moving around the apartment, tearing it apart. He threw open draws, ripped cushions off of chairs, pulled books off of shelves.

“Where the fuck is it, Anton?!” He growled.

“Sorry, Petey boy,” he said unapologetically, ”It’s not here. Roman has it.”

“No…” Peter said moving towards Anton and grabbing the front of his shirt. His voice wavered with anger, desperation, and fear, “NO! You can’t fucking do this to me, Anton! We had a deal! I finish the mission, I get the compound. We had a fucking deal!”

“Pete…” Ryan whispered softly. His voice shook as he watched his friend unravel, “Pete, what did
they get you addicted to? Meth? Coke? What is it?”

“Hahah,” Anton laughed, “Nothing so… pedestrian.”

“Pete, let me help, please. We can get you help. Whatever it is, you don’t need it.”

Peter turned to face Ryan. There were tears streaming down his face. He looked so lost and hurt by the world. Ryan stared at him not sure what to do.

“You don’t understand…” Peter whispered as he started to come back to himself, “You don’t understand who I am… What I’ve done… What they’ve done… AGH!

Peter’s arm jerked as the final jet black coloring seemed to be absorbed into his arm. It was back to sitting at an odd angle as if a break from many years ago hadn’t set properly. He nursed it as if it was freshly injured.


“He’s not weak!” Ryan growled, moving to stand beside his friend, “He could kick your ass, with or without that drug you’ve given him!”

Anton cocked his head.

“Yeah? Collins says you got some sweet moves, Petey boy. Come on let’s see ‘em!”

Anton lifted his arms and shifted his weight back and forth between his feet.

“Ryan…” Peter said softly with defeated eyes.

“Don’t look at him!” Anton shouted, “Come on! Hit me! Hit me!”

Peter paused and then lunged at Anton with his good arm. Anton dodged easily, and then swung his fist hard into the side of Peter’s face. Peter went down hard.

“You bastard!” Ryan screamed, and tried to lunge towards Anton, but a searing pain in his abdomen caused him to stop and grip the back of the couch for support.

“Hmpf, like I said, weak. Now, come on boys, we have a plane to catch.”

Anton grabbed Ryan by the collar of his shirt, throwing him forward towards the door.

“Let’s go, Petey Boy,” Anton commanded, “Maybe if you’re good, we’ll give you a hit and you can forget all about your miserable life again.”

The three men stumbled out of the apartment, down the stairs, and into a waiting car.

Chapter End Notes

If you want updates on this story, or you just want to meet some chill people, come check out my discord! :D

https://discord.gg/GcXnGwJ
Hope I'm not writing too much. Hurt lol. <3
Peter

Chapter Summary

Ummmmm.... Big Oof?

I would apologize, but I enjoyed this chapter too much, sooooo.........yeah. ;)

Chapter Notes

WARNING: ADDICTION and VIOLENCE

Love you all <3

Bucky drummed his fingers against the dashboard.

“Now?” He asked apprehensively.

“They’re still moving,” Natasha responded, “I think that they’re going— oh, God— FRIDAY reduce tailing distance by half a mile.”

“Increasing velocity to 45 mph to reduce tailing distance to half of a mile,” FRIDAY said through the SUV’s speakers. The car was driving itself as Bucky and Natasha watched a screen displaying the boys’ location.

“What is it?” Bucky asked.

“Buck… I think they’re going to JFK.”

“If they get out of the country…” he whispered. His eyes were wide with fear.

“Already on it,” Natasha reassured him, “FRIDAY call ground control at JFK International Airport. Tell them to ground all planes until further notice. Clearance number 9283754. Tell them to be on the look out for two 19 year old Caucasian males. One of them is 5’ 7’’, brunette, brown eyes and the other is 6’ 1’’, brunette, blue eyes. They may be accompanied by other individuals. Under no circumstance are they to be engaged. We just want eyes on them.”

“Calling JFK International Airport now.”

Ryan stared down the barrel of the gun defiantly. Anton sat in the front seat, keeping a close eye on the two teenage boys in the back. Peter was staring at the blood that covered his entire body. There was complete silence.
Minutes ticked by. No one but the driver moved.

The silence only broke when Ryan saw a street sign saying they were headed to JFK.

“Where are we going, then?”

“Huh?” Anton grunted while his eyebrows furrowed.


“None of your damn business is where we are going,” he grunted again.

“London,” Peter said as he rubbed his hand on the car seat in order to try and remove some of the dried blood, “We’re going to London. I overheard them talking about a secure base in London where a biochemist works. They need to make more… more of the drug.”

Peter swallowed loudly, and looked out the window. He had gone even paler than he already was.

“And here I thought you were essentially comatose without our little boost from the drug.”

Peter didn’t respond. He continued to look out the window.

“What did you do to him?” Ryan growled before shooting Peter a worried look, “What are you giving him?”

“A little of this. A little of that. Honestly, we’ve done nothing to contribute to this emo phase of his. It is all self inflicted.”

“What do you mean?” Ryan asked while studying Peter.

“Well, sure we gave him the drugs, the implanted web shooters, and a synthetic organ or two, but all of that only makes him stronger. Better. He started acting this way when he found out that he killed that poor scientist in the apartment the other day. He has a moral code, or something boring like that. Didn’t take to the idea of being a serial killer at nineteen. What’s your count to now, Peter? Six? Seven?”

Peter shifted uncomfortably. Ryan tried to show no reaction for Peter’s sake, and he reigned in his anger.

“What do you mean, when he found out?”

“Well, before we got the dosages right, the drugs made Peter a wild animal, essentially. No impulse control, limited thought, and an impaired memory. He couldn’t remember a thing once he got off of his high. Now we’ve got the right dosage and a tweaked formula. He remembers everything now. Every. Grisly. Detail. Did you enjoy it, Peter? Feeling that skull break beneath your hands?”

“Fuck off,” Ryan said, feeling Peter tense. Anton raised his free hand in mock surrender.

“Just making conversation. Anyway, he’s addicted to the compound now. Dependent on it. Not only does his body crave it, but it helps him forget.”

“You said you gave him synthetic organs?” Ryan asked taking full advantage of Anton’s loose tongue.

“Not me personally. They’re used to help metabolize the drug. A normal body would shut down if
they were given even a tenth of a dose. They also secrete DNA regulators that suppress his powers in the absence of the drug. Makes it more effective when trying to control him. This was all done during the initial surgery in Russia, of course. Before he unkindly blew half of my face off."

“You never— You never tortured him then?”

Anton smiled.

“No need. The drug was motivation enough. With it he became a suggestible psychotic killer looking for his next hit that only we could provide. Without it, a broken crippled boy. Desperation and self loathing goes a long way in my line of work."

“Sir, we’re pulling up to terminal B, now,” The driver informed Anton. It was the first thing he had said the entire trip.

“Thank you, Greg. Now, listen carefully, boys. No talking to anyone when we go through the terminal. If I hear so much as a peep out of you Collins, I start open firing.”

“You wouldn’t even be able to get a pocket knife through security,” Ryan countered.

“Money moves mountains, my friend. Money moves mountains,” Anton flicked the gun in the direction of the door, then shoved it into the pocket of his jacket “Out. And remember, one false step...”

“Come on, Pete,” Ryan said gently to Peter, who seemed oblivious to the world around him. Ryan took his hand, and coaxed him from the vehicle, “Don’t worry. I’m going to get us away from these lunatics. We’ll go somewhere great. Somewhere remote. Just the two of us. Doesn’t that sound nice?”

“Get a move on,” Anton snarled in Ryan’s ear.

The walk through the airport seemed to fly by. No one stopped them, no matter how much Ryan pleaded with his eyes at passing strangers. When they got through security, a guard pulled Anton aside. For a moment Ryan thought they were going to be saved. That this guard would arrest Anton, but he just leaned over, and said in a gruff voice, “This way to the private jets, sir.”

Ryan’s insides seemed to disappear. He had hoped he would have been able to flag down a flight attendant or something if they were flying commercial. Ryan would bet anything that the staff aboard their private plane would be made up of only Hydra employees.

“This way to our plane, children,” Anton said with a smile as if he was their father, and they were about to go on a relaxing vacation to some tropical island.

They walked down a corridor that was clearly reserved for people employed by the airport. The guard walked quickly, and with determination.

“Any trouble getting here, Sir?”

“None at all,” Anton replied cheerfully.

“Wonderful, Sir. Alright, it’s just down this hall, and then a left when you can’t go any further. It will be the first plane you see. Safe travels.”

“Thank you,” Anton said, leading Peter and Ryan forward.
Ryan tried to walk as slowly as possible. The pain in his abdomen was only getting worse, and he was staring to feel woozy. Just a little longer now, he thought. He recognized his chance in this secluded hallway, and took it.

Ryan turned, ready to attack Anton. He was going to give it everything he had. If they got on that plane, it would be the end of him. They had no more purpose to keep him alive. They would dump his body somewhere in London, and no one would be the wiser. He had to act now while there was still a hope for him. For Peter.

But someone had beat him to it. Anton was on his back clutching his nose, which was gushing blood. Peter was standing over him, fist still raised, a mad glint in his eye.

“Peter…” Ryan stood there at a loss for words. He had thought his friend was gone. Had thought that he had been so messed up by whatever they gave him that he could no longer function. But he had been wrong. So wrong.

The Peter that stood before him was stronger than he ever was. He had fire in his eyes, and he wasn’t backing down. It was his Peter. It was Pete. The tough kid from the streets who didn’t let his bum arm stop him from doing anything. The tough kid from the streets who rescued Ryan from his family. It was Ryan’s Peter.

His best friend.

And then the shot rang out.

And Peter crumpled to the floor.

Chapter End Notes

UMMMMMMMMMMMMMM........... sorry?? <3

If you want to yell at me, feel free to leave a comment or join my discord lol
https://discord.gg/GcXnGwJ
Dreams

Chapter Summary

Who is ready to FINALLY get a look at things from Peter's perspective???

Chapter Notes

WARNING: DRUG ADDICTION (Don't do drugs, kids! <3 )

Hope this chapter makes sense. It made sense in my mind, but I don't know how well it translates. It is supposed to be intentionally confusing to some degree. Anyway, I hope you all enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was like having one of those dreams where you’re falling through empty space just waiting to hit the ground, but you always wake up before you do. Because Peter never hit the floor, or at least he doesn’t remember it. But the falling— that went on forever. The blood covered terror on Anton’s face. The look of horror, disbelief, and anguish on Ryan’s face. Peter always thought getting shot would hurt more. Was he in shock? Is that why there was no pain?

He couldn’t breath! God, he couldn’t breath! What was this metallic taste in his mouth? He was going to drown. What he wouldn’t do for just a hint of oxygen. At least it felt warm, like a nice summer day in Central Park. Sitting on the grass with Ned. God, he hadn’t seen Ned in forever. Was he in college now? Would he remember Peter?

“No, no, no… Peter… Stay with us Peter… Please… Oh God, please…” Who was making all that noise? Couldn’t they tell that he was trying to sleep? It was too early to get up for school. He just needed five more minutes. He’d been having a really weird dream. What was it? There had been this really goofy guy— Irish maybe? And he had forgotten he was Spider-man… that was weird. He had forgotten Aunt May. That just seemed implausible. But then— then it became a nightmare…

“Blood pressure is 70 over 50 and dropping! We need more O-, people!” What episode is this? Peter hoped it was an earlier episode of Grey’s Anatomy. He liked them better. Not that he would EVER tell MJ that. She refused to admit that the show had gone downhill. It was her favorite, although she would never admit it in public. Peter didn’t see the problem in liking Grey’s Anatomy. It was a decent show even with its flaws! She said it messed with her image or something like that. When was the last time he’d seen MJ? It was weird—he couldn’t remember.
“No heartbeat! I need the crash cart!…Charging!… Clear…” Peter yelped as he withdrew his hand from the door knob. Damn that hurt. That must have been the largest static shock he had ever gotten. Ryan was laughing his ass off, of course. Mrs. Rodriguez shushed him, and Ryan apologized while trying to suppress a giggle. He whispered about how it was Thor punishing Peter for not helping Aunt May with the dishes. Peter found that a bit unfair. Ryan hadn’t helped Roman with the dishes. Wait— Who was Roman, again? Oh, right, he was the piece of shit uncle that Ryan had. Peter would give anything to kill the bastard.

“No heartbeat! I need the crash cart!…Charging!… Clear…” Peter yelped as he withdrew his hand from the door knob. Damn that hurt. That must have been the largest static shock he had ever gotten. Ryan was laughing his ass off, of course. Mrs. Rodriguez shushed him, and Ryan apologized while trying to suppress a giggle. He whispered about how it was Thor punishing Peter for not helping Aunt May with the dishes. Peter found that a bit unfair. Ryan hadn’t helped Roman with the dishes. Wait— Who was Roman, again? Oh, right, he was the piece of shit uncle that Ryan had. Peter would give anything to kill the bastard.

“Sir? Sir! You can’t be in here! SIR!” Why was everything so cold? Cold and wet. Peter shivered, and looked around. Was he on a mountain? How the hell did he end up here? Peter jumped when he sensed movement beside him. He stared transfixed at a giant white wolf that stood beside him. Weird, he thought, it has a prosthetic limb. He should be afraid of it, but there was something oddly calming about its presence. The wolf walked slowly forward, and lowered its head. Peter hesitated, and then reached up to place a hand on the creature’s nose. He gave it a few pats, and the wolf closed its eyes lazily. It moved forward once again and curled up around Peter’s shivering body. He could feel the wolf’s pulse and the deep strong breaths it took. It felt nice, nuzzled up against all this fur. It felt safe.

“Blood pressure is up to 90 over 60 and rising. Looks like he is going to pull through. Sir, now I really must insist you leave my O.R. The kid needs rest. We’ll let you know if anything changes.” And suddenly the wolf was leaving. Where was it going? Peter chased after it, but it was impossible to run in the deep powdery snow. ‘Come back!’ he shouted, but he couldn’t even hear his own voice over the howling of the wind. He didn’t give up, though. He kept struggling forward as the snow kept falling. It was burying him alive.

“Can you stitch him up, Molly? I’ve got to go check on the progress in O.R. 4.” He wasn’t in the snow anymore. Peter’s arms and legs were strapped down to a table, and someone was hacking into him. He wanted to scream, but his mouth wasn’t working. He caught snippets of conversation—the benefits of embedded web shooters, something about synthetic organs, and something about the sun? No, not the sun… a son. Whose son? Peter didn’t care. The pain in his arm, the pain in his stomach, those were things he cared about. He needed to get out of here. He needed to flee.

“Damn it! I knew these sedatives wouldn’t be enough. Hold him down! Help! We need help in here! Keep him steady!” Everything seemed to happen so fast. He had inhaled something. It was sweet, but it also burned, and his head screamed with pain. He tore through the restraints with a strength he didn’t know he had. When he looked down his right arm was bent at an odd angle. It had a large incision, and surgical tools still clung to the flesh and muscle that were oozing blood. He could see the broken bone protruding from a mass of torn muscles and ligaments, and he shoved it roughly back into his arm. Everything started to become hazy. People were screaming, and running from something. Peter looked over his shoulder, but he didn’t see anything. What were they all running from? There was a loud explosion, and Peter found a familiar looking man on the ground. He was writhing and screaming while clutching his face. Weirdly, Peter felt no desire to help the man. He should get back to that wolf. Where was the wolf?
“Don’t you have anything stronger that you could give him! Look at him! You’re torturing him! You aren’t doing enough! Do something!” No, no, no, no, no. He didn’t kill that woman. He couldn’t have killed her. It wasn’t him. It wasn’t him. It wasn’t him. But then why did he remember her face? Why did he remember the pleading look in her eyes? Why did he remember tearing her apart violently— gruesomely— with his bare hands? If he didn’t do it, then why did the Avengers, his heroes, come to stop him? He did it. He took an innocent life. He was a murderer. He wanted it all to stop. All the feelings, the emotions, the guilt, the pain, the images flashing before his eyes that never showed the full picture. It all had to stop. It NEEDED to stop. And it did. Peter inhaled the fine powder deeply, letting it carry him into bliss.

“Hey, Peter. May came by today. I think you will really like her. She cares a lot about you, and she is funny, and kind, and… well she’s great, Pete. Also, this guy named Ned showed up, and oh my god he brought Skittles and a Nintendo Switch. Have you ever heard of the Zelda games? I can’t wait to show you. In other news, still no Anna. I think she fled the city after… well after what happened. I don’t blame you, of course. I could really use you, man. I really need a friend right now.” Ryan. OH GOD RYAN. Why was he doing this? He was going to kill Ryan. Don’t let go. Don’t let go. Don’t you dare let go, you piece of trash, Peter Parker. His friend held on to dear life as he dangled him over the edge of the tower. But the drug was stronger. He didn’t want to feel anymore. He didn’t want to care anymore. He NEEDED it. And his fingers relaxed as he sent his best friend to his death.

“Hey, Peter. I know you don’t know me, but I thought I’d come visit. My name is Steve. You probably know me as Captain America. Umm— I don’t really know if you can hear me— I just wanted to let you know that we’re all here for you. Especially, Bucky. He’s taking this really hard. He keeps saying if he had only been thirty seconds faster— that he was right there. I keep telling him that it’s not his fault, but he won’t listen. Anyway, we’re here with you, pal.” Peter looked at Ryan who looked as if he had seen a ghost. Ryan was staring at his cousin who was slumped against the side of the building. Peter looked at his hand, and felt nothing. No remorse. No guilt. No pain. And then they got to the apartment, and Anton said there were no more drugs, and Peter already had that itchy feeling coming back to his brain. The itch that begged to be scratched. Feelings. He need more. But there were none, and it just kept coming, and coming, and coming. All the guilt. The self-hatred. The fear. And it was so much. Too much. He wanted to scream, but he didn’t have the energy. He could hardly even look at Ryan without feeling overwhelmed. But then other feelings started to come back as the drug was flushed from his system. Feelings that he hadn’t had in a long time. Anger. Loneliness. Compassion.

And suddenly Peter cared deeply what happened, and they were being marched away to be enslaved by Hydra or worse. And Peter looked at his friend, his best friend, and he didn’t want Ryan to go through what he went through. Didn’t want to see him hurt. But he realized it was too late. Ryan was already hurt, because Ryan cared deeply about Peter, and in his eyes Peter was gone. And he saw a desperation in Ryan’s eyes that seemed to mirror his own. Peter had never been more furious in his life than he was in that moment. They did this. Hydra ruined so many lives. Too many. And so Peter turned, fist clenched, and drove it hard into Anton’s nose.

It felt so fucking good.
The bright fluorescent lights of the hospital hummed, and Peter could hear the unintelligible voice of a women speaking over a PA system. He opened his eyes, blinking several times to adjust his eyes. He was staring at a small bedside clock that read 4:12 AM. He turned his head to face the other way, and found a man sleeping in the chair next to his bed. Bucky Barnes. He had a half eaten sandwich sitting in front of him on a small tray table, and there were huge bags under his eyes. It was strange… Peter thought he would be more upset to see the super soldier, but he found the man’s presence weirdly relaxing.

The door to the room swung open, and a nurse walked in. She had her nose buried in paper work, and only looked up when she was a foot from the bed. Upon realizing he was awake, she smiled.

“Good morning,” she said in a soft, soothing voice, “glad to see you’re awake. People were starting to worry. This one has hardly left your side,” she poked her head in Bucky’s direction as she changed the IV bag.

“Really?” Peter asked, perplexed. His voice was scratchy from the lack of use.

“For goodness sakes he barged into the O.R. during your operation. Said he didn’t trust operations where you were concerned. We tried calling security, but… well he’s an Avenger. He makes our security guards look like children. That’s some dad you got there.”

Peter didn’t say anything. The nurse left soon after, saying that she had other patients to tend to.

Peter stared at Bucky trying to think through all of the interactions he had had with the man. Trying to understand him, but only one thought kept crossing his mind.

As Peter stared at the sleeping man, he couldn’t help noticing the resemblance.

Bucky was the white wolf.

Chapter End Notes

THE COMFORT IS COMING AAAAAAAAAAAAAa

Discord: https://discord.gg/ds7vdyb
Regardless of the fact that Peter had been in a coma for the past several days, he soon drifted off to sleep once again. This time his sleep was dreamless and peaceful. When he finally woke up again, Bucky was gone. Instead there was a smiling face. Ryan was sitting at his bedside holding a beer.

“Where the hell did you get that?” Peter asked as if he hadn’t almost died and spent the better part of a few days in a coma.

“Steve got it for me,” Ryan replied, grinning broadly.

“Steve got it for me,” Ryan replied, grinning broadly.

“Captain America— hold on, let me get this right— rule following, Captain America got you, a nineteen year old child, a beer.”

“Yes!”

“How in the world did you manage that?” Peter chuckled. It didn’t even cross his mind that this was the first time he had laughed in a long time.

“Well, I suspect he thought I should have a beer, seeing as we are celebrating,” Ryan stated as if this explained everything.

“And what exactly are we celebrating?”

“Old man Finnegan is behind bars awaiting sentencing on attempted murder, battery, conspiracy, fraud, and several other charges. Oh, and you waking up, of course,” Ryan raised the bottle, and took a deep swig.

“Finnegan got himself arrested?”

“Just this morning,” Ryan grinned, “Along with most of my family and their associates. You missed quite a bit, Pete. The Irish attacked the tower, and all hell broke lose. Bruce Banner even turned into the Hulk. There was this huge battle, and I thought we were all going to die. But than Iron Man, Mr. Stark, he did this ‘whoosh’ thing with his arms, and the Irish retreated. They all went into hiding. We thought they had fled the city, but then Clint and Natasha found them this morning hiding in a
factory in Brooklyn. It was wild.”

“Sounds like it,” Peter replied with a half smile, “Is um— Is Bucky around?”

Ryan nodded, and stood up.

“Yeah, he’s just in the hallway talking to Steve. He hasn’t left your side since you got here, Pete. He’s a good guy. I think he just wants the best for you, which is more than you can say about any of my family. I think you should hear him out. I can get him, if you want.”

“Before you do that… Ryan, are you okay?”

There was a beat before Ryan burst out laughing.

“I’m-- sorry,-- I shouldn’t laugh. But am I okay? Peter, that is the question I should be asking you! You’re the one who got shot. You’re the one who went through all that crap with Hydra, which I still don’t really understand, by the way. I’m fine, Peter. I’m good. I’ve got my friend back.”

“But you were really hurt. You could barely stand.”

“Some severe bruising, but I’ll live. Really, Pete, I’m okay. Are you okay?”

Peter paused to consider before he answered.

“I will be.”

Ryan smiled.

“Alright, one broody Avenger coming up?”

Peter nodded, and Ryan left the room. A few seconds later Bucky slowly entered the room as if Peter were a skittish deer animal that might be afraid of him.

“Morning, Peter.”

“Good morning.”

There was an awkward silence that followed as Bucky took his seat. What did a father say to the son he had failed? What did a son say to a father he had mistrusted for so long?

“Is um—” Bucky cleared his throat, “is Ryan always this happy?”

Whatever Peter had been expecting, it wasn’t this. He barked out a laugh before clutching his side in pain. That’s when he noticed it.

“My arm—”

Bucky gave him a soft smile.

“When you were on the table, I told the surgeon that they had to take those organs out. I said, under no circumstance were they to sew you up without removing them. Without them, your superhuman immune system returned back to normal. The doctors were able to reset your arm, and your body did the rest. Your arm is back to normal, or as normal as it ever will be as the friendly neighborhood Spider-man. Unfortunately, they didn’t remove the web-shooters. They said you had lost enough blood already, and they refused to operate.”
Peter stared at his arm as he bent it back and forth, flexing the fingers. He didn’t no what to say. Thankfully, Bucky kept talking.

“I’m sure Ryan told you the Irish were taken care of. He’s practically skipping. Anton is behind bars to, and has had the misfortune of um… falling down some stairs, or at least that’s what the report says.”

Peter nodded his head at the news, and then looked Bucky in the eyes.

“Roman?” he asked. Bucky’s eyes betrayed him at once.

“In the wind. We reached out to MI6 and the rest of the British police force. No one has seen or heard from him. We’ll find him Peter.”

Peter didn’t say anything. He stared at his hands, thinking. They sat for several minutes in silence.

“I guess we should talk about us,” Peter said while he picked at his nails anxiously.

“Peter, we don’t have to, if you don’t want to. Neither of us knew. I’ll understand if you don’t want me in your life. You’ve already had two father figures. I don’t want to be a burdensome third.”

“You’re right. I don’t want you to be my dad,” Peter said matter of factly. Bucky’s lips went thin, and his fist clenched, but he nodded. He knew it was a real possibility. He had prepared himself for rejection.

“I understand.”

“I don’t think you do. I don’t want you to be my dad, but I do want you in my life. You’re my family. In fact, you are the only blood relative I have, to my knowledge. Like you said, I’ve already had two dads. No one can replace them. But you don’t have to be my dad.”

“Older brother, then?” It had been a joke. Bucky had been trying to deflect his disappointment, but Peter nodded.

“Older brother, then.”

“Really?” Bucky asked, taken aback.

“Why not? Besides are you even old enough to be my dad? What are you 30? 35?”

“T’ll have you know that I am 102, thank you very much. I age like a fine wine.”

They both smiled at that one. And for a moment everything was normal. But Bucky knew what lurked just beneath the surface. He had been in Peter’s shoes. He knew what it was like to carry the guilt around. But right now was not the time to delve deeper into that pit.

Right now they would tell jokes and have fun because if they didn’t celebrate their victories how the hell were they supposed to get over their defeats?

Chapter End Notes

Yayyyyyy BIG BROTHER BUCKY!!! <3
discord: https://discord.gg/GcXnGwJ
The next few days passed without much incident. Peter had been on strict bed rest while his wound healed. Bucky and May spent the most time in his hospital room. Ryan came when he could, but he was still trying to get in contact with Anna to make sure she was alright. Peter had also received visits from Natasha, Steve, and Clint. One person he hadn’t expected to see was Bruce Banner.

It had been a quiet afternoon. Peter was eating some chocolate pudding while while watching Stranger Things when Dr. Banner knocked on the door.

“Hey,” he said as he poked his head around the door. Peter paused the show right in the middle of one of Joyce’s rants, “I hope I’m not interrupting,” Banner said.

“Nah,” Peter replied, perplexed at why the scientist would be here, “I’ve seen it all before. Is there something you need?”

“Oh, um, not exactly. I just thought I would come and say hi.”

Peter blushed in embarrassment. He was cool now, right? Like THE Dr. Bruce Banner wanted to say hi to HIM. He couldn’t wait to tell Ned about this.

“Um, hi,” Peter laughed nervously.

“Honestly, I just wanted to check in. You may not realize it, but um— well I’ve been in a very similar position as you.. You know, with the other guy.”

Peter’s fanboy anxiety changed into PTSD anxiety in a blink of an eye. He laughed nervously as a defense mechanism.

“Well, to be honest, Anton called my drug induced state ‘hulking out’”

Bruce ruffled his hair uncomfortably.
“Oh, I see. Well, I just wanted to let you know, if you ever want to talk, I’m a really good listener. I’m one of the few people who probably has a sense of what you went through. Bucky and Clint would listen as well. They would understand. Hell, even Nat to some extent. My point, I guess, is that no one expects you to go through this by yourself. You haven’t said much since you woke up. You have resources… if you want them.”

Bruce cleared his throat, and stared at the white tile flooring. There were a few moments of silence, before Bruce stood up.

“Right, well, I think Bucky gave you my number if you change your mind. No pressure, Peter. I’ll be here when you’re ready. Until then, I’m sure we will see each other around. It was good to see you, kid.”

Bruce walked to the door.

“Wait,” the word escaped Peter’s mouth before he even knew what he was saying.

Bruce turned.

“I— um—I want to talk. I just—I don’t really know how. I don’t know where to start. I don’t know what to say.”

Bruce came back to his bedside and sat down.

“Just say whatever comes to mind.”

“Umm—Well… I guess what has really been bothering me is that I— that I—” Peter stared at the ceiling, fighting tears. He sniffed, “God, why is it so hard to say?!”

“You hurt people,” Bruce supplied gently.

“I killed people,” Peter corrected, “I murdered them, Dr. Banner.”

“Bruce, and it wasn’t your fault, Peter. You had no control over what you did.”

“That’s the thing, though. I did. I knew what I was doing, even in the beginning. I might not have remembered it later, but I had complete control over my actions. I just needed the drugs, Bruce. I really, really needed them. It felt like the world would end without them. But I still had the choice. I could have let the world end. Jesus, I almost killed my best friend. Do you know what that feels like?” Peter rubbed his eyes furiously.

“I do, actually. I’m sure Natasha could tell you a scary bedtime story about me. But that is irrelevant. What is relevant is that you didn’t have a choice. Did you take the drug voluntarily?”

“Not the first time… but then I— I begged for it,” Peter said, ashamed.

“Because you were high. Because you thought the world would end. That you, yourself, would die without it. Peter it was never your fault. You were acting out of self preservation after being non-consensually drugged out of your mind. It will never be your fault. Those deaths are all on Hydra’s hands, not yours. I’ve killed people, Peter. Lots of them, and I’m not proud of it. But I can’t blame myself. It was the other guy. And just like I can’t control the other guy, you can’t control yourself when you’re drugged.”

“It’s not the same—”
“Peter if we blamed ourselves over every death that occurred on our watch, the Avengers would have disbanded long ago. Things happen, Peter. Things beyond our control. We have to accept them and move on.”

“How do I move on when I almost killed Ryan?” Peter said hopelessly.

“Have you talked to Ryan about what happened?”

“No— not exactly.”

“Talk to Ryan, Peter. Ask for his forgiveness. It will be a weight off of your conscious.”

“Did Natasha forgive you?”

“She did. In fact, she reassured me that there was nothing to forgive.”

“But what if Ryan’s different?”

“Has he been avoiding you? Has he been acting differently around you?”

“No.”

“If he was holding any sort of grudge, he would have distanced himself. Trust me, Ryan forgave you the minute he was out of harms way,” Peter wiped away a few stray tears that had managed to roll down his face, “Everything will be okay, Peter.”

Peter nodded. Everything would be okay.

After a few more minutes of quiet conversation, Peter resumed his show and Bruce stayed to watch it.

Chapter End Notes

Awwww Papa Bruceeeeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

discord:https://discord.gg/GcXnGwJ
Chapter Summary

The return of Uncle Ben?! :O

Chapter Notes

Note: I have no experience with seizures and drug withdrawal, so I apologize if this is a poor depiction.

Hope you all enjoy this new chapter! :)

I don't know when the next chapter will be up, because my schedule is a bit full rn, but it shouldn't be more than a few days! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything hurt.

It had been several hours since Bruce had left Peter, and it was now well into the early morning.

Peter stared at the ceiling, hyper-aware of everything around him.

Tic…

Tic…

Tic…

Tic…

He tried to cover his ears with the hospital pillow, but the sound of the clock still found its way into his head. It had to be the loudest sound Peter had ever heard.

Tic…

Tic…

Tic…

He sat up, and pulled at his sweat soaked t-shirt. Why was he so sweaty?

“Mr. Parker, I really must insist that you lie back down. You still have a recommended 29 more hours of bed rest,” FRIDAY chimed in.

“I’m fine, FRIDAY.”
He swung his legs over the edge of the bed. The room spun, and he swayed a little bit. Peter gripped the side of his head as a sudden headache shot through his skull.

“Not looking so good there, Petey boy.”

Peter’s head shot up.

“Anton?”

“Believe me, I wish I was somewhere else, too. I’m getting sick of playing the babysitter.”

“You’re in jail. The Avengers arrested you. You’re in a maximum security prison!”

In his panic to get away from Anton, Peter found himself half way up the wall.

“Do I look like I’m in prison?”

Peter was trying to focus on the question, but his muscles felt like they were ripping in half.

“What did you do to me?!” Peter said desperately to Anton.

“He didn’t do anything. You did this to yourself. You just had to take the drugs, didn’t you Peter?” a new voice chimed in, “I expected more from you, son.”

“Un—Uncle Ben? But— But you’re dead.”

Uncle Ben leaned casually against the window.

“So what if I am?”

“I don’t understand? What’s going on?” Peter’s heart was racing so fast he thought he might be having a heart attack. He dragged his arm against his forehead, wiping away the sweat.

“Peter? Are you going to come down from there, or do I need to come get you? You really are such a hassle,” Anton complained.

Peter shook his head violently, and scurried further up the wall.

“Uhh—” Anton grunted, “Fine. What if I do this?” He pulled a revolver from his jacket, and pointed it at Uncle Ben.

“Oh dear! I think I know how this one ends,” Uncle Ben chuckled, raising his hands lazily in self-defense.

“No—” Peter whispered, and then more forcefully, “No, no, no! You can’t—”

CRACK!

The scene dissolved as Peter fell seven feet to the ground in a fit of spasms.

Beep.

Beep.

Beep.
“Ugrwf—hmm—What is it, FRIDAY?” Bucky asked while he rubbed the sleep from his eyes. Steve rolled over, and snuggled up against him.

“Sirs, Peter Parker is out of bed, and is unresponsive. He seems to be hallucinating.”

Both men leapt out of bed, and hurriedly pulled on pants. As soon as they were on, the two of them sprinted into the hall.

“Play-by-play, FRIDAY!” Bucky demanded.

“Also, have you contacted anyone else on the team?” Steve asked.

“I have woken Dr. Banner up to assist in any medical emergency that might occur. I have also woken Peter’s physician and surgeon. Currently, Mr. Parker is near the ceiling of his hospital room, and I believe he thinks he is seeing the Hydra operative known as Anton.”

“Shit,” Steve said under his breath.

They rounded the corner towards the medical bay where Peter was staying.

“Keep talking, FRIDAY!” Bucky growled, “Is there anything physically wrong with him?”

“He is experiencing an accelerated heart-rate, a fever, and probably muscle aches.”

“Infection?” Steve asked trying to keep the fear out of his voice.

“Given Mr. Parker’s symptoms, I would say that there is a high probability that he is currently experiencing the symptoms of drug withdrawal.”

“I thought we checked for that. Right?” Steve panted, looking at Bucky whose eyes were focused forward, “Doesn’t the most serious part of drug withdrawal happen within the first few days?”

Bucky didn’t say anything. FRIDAY stepped in to answer.

“All drugs act on the body differently. In addition, there is no way to know how a drug would affect Mr. Parker’s body without Mr. Parker experiencing it. In all likelihood he doesn’t react to most drugs the same way that the gener—”

There was a pause.

“What? What is it FRIDAY?!” Bucky yelled.

“Mr. Parker has fallen off of the wall due to a seizure.”

Bucky moved even faster. Finally, they made it to Peter’s hallway, and sprinted into the room. Peter was spread eagle on the tile floor, but it appeared that the seizure had stopped, and he was slowly coming back around. He had a cut on his cheek that was slowly oozing blood, but other than that Bucky didn’t see any obvious injuries from the fall or seizure.

Bucky and Steve raced to his side, and slowly helped him sit up.

“What—what happened?” Peter asked, bringing a hand to his head.

“You had a seizure. Now, come on, let’s get you back into bed.” Steve said as he gently hoisted the
boy off of the ground, and set him onto the bed. Bruce sprinted into the room, closely followed by the doctors.

“Is— Is he alright?” Bruce panted, doubled-over.

“I’m fine…” Peter said, his brow furrowing, “I guess I do feel a little warm, though.”

The doctors came over and checked his vitals, as well as checking for a concussion.

“You didn’t hit you head, thankfully, but you do have a pretty high fever. With that, the hallucinations, and the seizure, I believe you are suffering from drug withdrawal. I want you on bed rest with lots of fluids until you’re better,” the physician instructed.

“He’s alright, though?” Bucky asked. He was gripping Steve’s hand hard.

Suddenly Peter’s eyes went wide as he recalled what had just happened.

“Anton was here! And my Uncle Ben! He— He killed my Uncle Ben!” Peter had drawn his knees up to his chest.

Bucky leaned over and gently pushed Peter’s hair out of his face.

“No, no, Peter. Shh… There is no one here but us. Everything is okay. It’s just us.”

“But— But I saw him! He was right there! You have to check the prison!— Wait, no! He’s right there! He’s right behind you!”

Peter sprang to his feet, standing on the bed with his finger pointed to the far corner of the room. Bucky leapt to his feet, hopped up on the bed, and embraced Peter, shielding him from his demons. He cradled the teen’s head against his chest, and whispered words of comfort into his ear.

“There’s no one there, Peter. You’re hallucinating. It’s alright. No one is going to hurt you, anymore,” Bucky lightly kissed the top of Peter’s head, and rubbed small circles into his back.

“I— I don’t want to go back. Please don’t make me go back.”

“You’re staying right here, kiddo. Right here with Steve and I. No one is making you go anywhere.”

“I’m so tired.”

“I know. Why don’t you lie down?”

But Peter stayed rooted to the spot.

“Bucky?”

“Yes, Peter?”

“Why did you leave me?”

“I didn’t. I’m right here, kiddo. I’ve got you.”

“In Russia,” Peter clarified, his voice breaking “You could’ve stopped it. You could’ve stopped all of it. I can still feel them digging into my flesh. I can remember the smell of it burning. Why didn’t you do anything. Where did you go? Why did you leave me?”
Bucky’s heart broke, and he didn’t know what to say. How could he explain that he thought it was their best chance? That if he didn’t play the obedient soldier they would have forced him into cryo? That he wasn’t good enough— wasn’t convincing enough— and they had put him in cryo anyway? How does he explain all this to Peter who could barely understand what was going on around him at the moment?

“I’m sorry, Peter. I wasn’t good enough.”

Steve placed a hand on the bed, letting Bucky know that he was there if he need him. Bruce and the doctors looked on, not sure what to do.

“It’s alright. I forgive you,” Peter mumbled into Bucky’s chest.

“Peter… I—I don’t deserve it. I messed up. I should’ve stuck with you. I should have fought harder.”

“Mmm… nope. You deserve it,” Peter said dreamily, “Bruce taught me all about forgiveness. I’m outta harmsssway, right?” his speech slurred. “Therefore, I’m going to forgive you, because you’re my b—brother, and you deserve it. You’re a good big brother.”

Peter patted Bucky on the shoulder. Bruce blushed in embarrassment, but gave Bucky a small smile.

“Alright, little brother, I think you need to lie down now. You’re really sick, and we need you to get better.”

“Mmkay.” With the help of Bucky, Peter slowly lowered himself back down again. As soon as his head hit the pillow he was asleep again.

“That must be one high fever,” Bruce let out a low whistle.

“Mr. Parker’s temperature is 103 degrees Fahrenheit,” FRIDAY supplied.

“He’ll need to be monitored,” the physician stated.

“I’ll stay,” Bucky said, “Steve, can you go get me some washcloths and some cold water, please?”

“Of course,” Steve said, and he gave Bucky a quick peck before he got up from Peter’s bedside.

The doctors and Bruce followed Steve out of the room.

Bucky brushed back Peter’s sweat soaked hair, once again.

“You’re a pain in my ass, Parker,” Bucky teased him in a whisper. He rubbed slow circles against Peter’s head with his thumb, “but what would I do without you?”

Chapter End Notes

awwwwwwawwwwwwwwwwww <3

discord: https://discord.gg/GcXnGwJ
“How high do you think an ant can fall before it would die from impact?” Ryan was staring at his worn copy of Great Expectations, but he hadn’t actually read anything for the past hour. He had been hanging around Peter’s hospital room after his confrontation with Anna. Unsurprisingly, she had dumped him. Murder wasn’t the best thing for a relationship, apparently. Ryan had taken it fairly well, especially considering he had been convinced that Anna was the one. He was still rather downtrodden, however.

“Are you high? Because that would be in bad taste,” Peter said with a half-grin. Ryan looked offended.

“No, I am not high! How could you even think that? No. I am just concerned for the well being of the ant that I just flicked across the room. And then I thought that the flick was actually probably more detrimental to the ant’s health than the fall. And then I just got curious about how high up they could fall before they would die a horrible death. And THEN I was like, OMG, what if I just flicked Ant-Man off of my arm? I mean we are in the Avenger’s tower! Can Ant-Man survive a flick and/or fall from this height? Would I go to jail for involuntary manslaughter if I accidentally murdered Ant-Man? Or maybe I just killed one of Ant-Man’s closest ant friends! Can I go to jail for murdering an ant?”

“So, you are high. And a liar, “ Peter clarified now with a huge grin on his face.

“You wound me, Peter Parker. I would never! I am just naturally curious about the finer and possibly irrelevant details in life. But, like seriously, what do you think?”

Peter rolled his eyes dramatically.

“I think you would get a life sentence. He is an Avenger, after all. America would hate you.”

“Not about the Ant-Man stuff! About the ANTS!”

“Oh, well that’s easy. They could fall from practically any height because their maximum velocity would be slow enough to where they wouldn’t die on impact.”

Ryan grinned.
“That was a very fast answer… you’ve thought about this before, haven’t you, Parker?”

Peter feigned innocence.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

As Ryan was about to call bullshit, Bruce and Bucky walked into the room.

“Afternoon, gentlemen,” Bruce said.

“Peter. Ryan.” Bucky gave both of them a smile. They both said hello back.

“How are you doing today, Peter?”

“I’m starting to feel like my old self again. The headaches are way less frequent, and I haven’t thrown up in about a day or so.”

“That’s great,” Bucky said with a warm smile.

“Well, I’ve talked to you physicians, and they think you are officially fit for discharge. You will finally be able to leave this room! On the downside we are insisting that you stay on the tower’s premise until Roman is located, or you may also leave if you are accompanied by at least one Avenger.”

“I wouldn’t call being in the coolest place in Manhattan a downside,” Ryan said, shamelessly fanboying over the Avengers. Peter silently disagreed. While he appreciated everything that the team had done for him and Ryan, Peter hadn’t been home in nearly two years. He desperately wanted to see his bedroom in Queens, eat take-out with May, and go to his favorite deli that was down the street from their apartment. His disappointment didn’t go unnoticed.

“Peter, I don’t want to overstep, but I am very curious to see where you grew up, and was wondering if you would be up to showing me your home? Maybe I could even stay the night on the couch? Get the true, full experience of being a Queens resident,” Bucky asked.

“You really want to stay in our run-down apartment?” Peter asked in disbelief.

“I’m sure it is lovely, and of course I would love to see it! You deserve a change of pace, and I would like to spend time with you. Get to know you better,” Bucky replied, blushing while ruffling his hair.

Peter turned to Ryan.

“What will you do?” Peter asked, concerned that Ryan was destined to go back to the streets.

“He’s more than welcome to stay here,” Bruce said. Ryan’s eyes went wide.

“Really?!”

“Yeah, why not. I need a good lab assistant, and you seem like a very intelligent young man. How would you like a paid internship courtesy of Stark Industries? That goes for you too, Peter. Only Tony’s lab assistant, instead of mine.”

Ryan and Peter looked at each other as if they had just struck gold.

“Yes.” They said in unison.
“Wonderful! Well, Ryan, I’ll see you in my lab in twenty! Peter, Tony expects you tomorrow at 2 pm, but honestly I would wait until around 5 pm. That’s when he typically makes it to his lab, and if you come at two, you will just be waiting around for hours. He can be a bit frustrating in that regard. Anyway, Ryan, my lab is on floor 83, room 8392. See you there!”

Bruce waved goodbye at them, while their jaws hung open in disbelief. Bucky chuckled at their stunned expressions.

“Do you want to leave in twenty, Peter?” Bucky asked.

Peter nodded, still unable to process words. Bucky chuckled once more.

“Alright then. I’ll be back then to get you.”

Bucky walked out of the room, following Bruce. The boys stood in silence for a few seconds. Then, Ryan opened his mouth.

“Omgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomgomg— O M G! I’m working for Stark Industries. WE’RE working for Stark Industries. I think I’m going to faint.”

Peter had a huge, goofy grin on his face, and he jumped out of his bed and pulled Ryan into a large hug.

“OH MY GOD!!!” Peter bellowed at the top of his lungs, jumping up and down.

His life was finally back on track.

He had his family, his friends, and an amazing new job.

Nothing could ruin this for him.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoy my weird ramblings lol! And I hope you all are having a lovely day!
<3

Discord: https://discord.gg/NEXTU7x
Bucky, Peter, and Aunt May

When they pulled up to the curb, Peter was all too happy to get off of the death trap that Bucky called a motorcycle. Not to mention the fact that Bucky had a blatant disregard for the rules of the road.

“Home, sweet home!” Bucky grinned placing a hand on Peter’s shoulder. Peter stared at the apartment complex. Had it really been over two years since he had been here? It seemed like just yesterday that he was doing his pre-calculus homework in his room with Ned. Now Ned was going to college out West. He wished he could go back to that simpler time.

“Aren’t you going to invite me in?” Bucky jested. He ran ahead and knocked on the front door to the Parker’s apartment, “May? It’s Bucky and Peter!” Peter shuffled up behind Bucky, hesitant for some unknown reason. What was there to fear from an apartment? This is what he wanted more than anything. Right?

The door swung open to reveal May covered head to foot in flour. All Peter’s anxieties washed away as he burst out laughing.

“What?!” She demanded, waving around a wooden spoon covered in some sort of uncooked pastry.

“You’re baking, now? Where is May, and what have you done with her? My May doesn’t cook or bake. Last time she tried, she had to call the fire department,” Peter teased while giving her a hug.

“I’ve been practicing!” May protested, “Plus, I wanted to bake you a welcome home cake.”

“I’m sure it tastes lovely, May,” Bucky reassured her.

“Well, don’t just stand there like a bunch of statues! In! And take your shoes off! You can leave them by the door. I have to go finish getting the cake in the oven.”

May dashed off back towards the kitchen while Bucky and Peter removed their shoes and placed them on a mat that sat in the front hall.

“Well, I guess you’ll be wanting the tour,” Peter laughed nervously.

“That would be great,” Bucky said with a smile.
“Alright, let’s go this way first.”

Peter slowly led Bucky around the apartment, saving his room for last. It seemed to be as much a tour for Bucky as it was for Peter. May had changed the apartment a lot in the past couple years. As he approached his room, Peter couldn’t help but worry. What if everything was different? What if May had given up hope after his disappearance, and thrown out all of his belongings? What if it looked more like a guest room than his bedroom?

As Peter swung open the bedroom door, he held his breath.

“Wow, Peter, I love it.” Bucky said as he strode into the small room. He slowly walked around the room examining trophies, posters, old action-figures, and more. It wasn’t until he got to the Lego Death-Star that he noticed Peter was still standing in the hall with silent tears making their way down his face. Bucky immediately set the small Lego figure that he had been holding down on the dresser, and went over to Peter. He wiped away the tears with his thumbs, and looked Peter in the eyes.

“Hey. Hey, hey, hey. What’s the matter? Is it too much? We can go back to the tower if it’s too much. Just say the word and we’re gone.”

Peter shook his head, and the corner of his mouth turned up into a small smile.

“No, it’s not that. For a while I thought I’d never see this room again, and then when I knew I was coming back, I thought maybe it would have changed. But it hasn’t. It’s exactly how it was when I left to get take-out two years ago— Except the bed is made. I have a bad habit of not making my bed. May must have done that.”

Peter finally entered the room, and started running his fingers lightly over things. Bucky watched, leaned up against the door frame. Every once and a while Peter would pause, and stare at something, lost in a memory. While Bucky was happy that Peter finally got to be at home, it made him sad. He had never been a part of those memories. He had never taken Peter to little league games. Never seen him perform at a concert or a play. Had never had summer barbecues with him and the neighbors. He was never given the option to be a father to his son, and it hurt him. It was selfish, he knew, but he wished that Peter had grown up in his care rather than the Parker’s.

“Excuse me. Bathroom,” Bucky mumbled, and left Peter to reminisce over memories that he had no part in making. He walked quickly down the hall, and pulled the bathroom door closed behind him. He shut the lid to the toilet, and plopped down. He ran his hand through his hair slowly.

What was he doing? Why was he so determined to insert himself into Peter’s life? Any time he had been involved everything had gone to shit. None of Peter’s memories of him were happy ones. They all involved lies, fear, and pain. There were no memories of happy camping trips or walks along the beach. He was just going to make Peter’s life harder than it needs to be. It is too late for him to be a father now, or even a big brother. Peter is nineteen. An adult. He doesn’t need his hand held.

Bucky balled his fists, and looked out the small window beside the toilet. It wasn’t much of a view. All he could see was the brick exterior of the apartment complex next to him.

“What?” he whispered furiously to himself. What did he do now?

He dug the old flip phone from his pants pocket that Steve had given him for his birthday. Tony had made a fuss because flip phones were a thing of the past, but the past comforted Bucky. It felt familiar.

3:47 pm -Bucky
Stv?

3:47 pm -Steve
Hi Buck! Evrything ok?

3:48 pm -Bucky
No. I think I made a mistake

3:48 pm -Steve
???

3:48 pm -Bucky
I dont think I should be in Peters life

3:49 pm -Bucky
Ill just f it up even more

3:50 pm -Steve
James Buchanan Barnes— that kid needs you, and you need him. I refuse to let you distance yourself.

3:51 pm -Bucky
He has May and Ryan and Ned and MJ. He doesnt need me.

3:51 pm -Steve
Buck, I love you, but sometimes you can be so stupid. He cant talk to any of them about what happened. He needs someone who... (1/2)

3:51 pm -Steve
knows what it feels like. He needs someone to talk to. Thats you. (2/2)

3:52 pm -Bucky
Youre right. Of course youre right. Im being stupid.

3:52 pm -Steve
No youre being a parent. All parents worry that they arent good enough.

3:53 pm -Bucky
Thanks stv. I luv u.

3:53 pm -Steve
Luv u 2, my big softie

Bucky got up and splashed some water onto his face. He leaned against the sink, and stared at his reflection. He could do this. He could be there for Peter. He already felt guilty for his momentary doubts. So what if all his memories with Peter were full of doom and gloom? He could change that. He would change that.

There was a soft tapping at the door.

“Bucky? Are you almost finished up? I need to get something out of the cabinet in there,” May’s voice came through the door. Bucky pulled it open.

“Sorry, I just needed a moment. It’s all yours,” Bucky said softly, hoping that Peter was out of earshot.
“No, worries,” May gave him an understanding smile, “Does Pizza work for you for dinner?”

“Pizza sounds lovely, May.”

“Pizza it is!”

And with that she left Bucky standing by himself in the hallway. Bucky took a deep breath, and walked back to Peter’s room.

Chapter End Notes

*My evil side pokes her head out from around a corner and whispers, "I'm waiting..."*

:D

If you want to come hang out with some cool people and talk about nerdy things, check out my discord!

https://discord.gg/NEXTU7x

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