My Blood

by StarkTech19

Summary

It’s funny really. No one knew a thing about his family. He gave small hints, and even made quips about his father in vivid imagery. No one knew that he had a little sister.

Notes

Listen to Kitchen Sink by Twenty One Pilots on repeat while reading this!!!!! Hope u like it...drop a comment after
It’s funny really. No one knew a thing about his family. He gave small hints, and even made quips about his father in vivid imagery. No one knew that he had a little sister. No one knew that his little sister was 8 when his parents were murdered. No one knew that the playboy title was an act so that he could spend time with his little sister. No one knew that he raised her right along with their mother since Howard was too busy looking for good ol’ Cap. Not even S.H.I.E.L.D. knew. That was the only thing that his father did right. Hell, even Aunt Peggy was in on it and didn’t say a peep. She even brought her niece in on it all, and he helped raise her too, when his Godmother and her family were busy. They didn’t say it, but they were afraid that if they put her in the spotlight with him that she may end up acting like him. Not so much Aunt Peggy, Mom, and the Jarvis’, but more like Howard. In the end, it didn’t even matter. They became women after all those years. He raised her better than Howard ever could. They both got to experience a normal life, while still excelling in all categories. They loved science just like him, though his sister loved the science of the mind more than anything else. She achieved just like he did and more. While his cousin achieved her life dream of making a name for herself in S.H.I.E.L.D. like their Aunt Peggy and became known as Agent 13. He wasn’t even jealous. He was proud to have raised them into the women they were before his sister disappeared.

Yea, that’s right. Gone. Vanished. Never to be seen again.

It had been during the Battle of New York. She had been in the Tower when Loki came to bring the Invasion to New York. He doesn’t know where she went. He just knows that he had called her to ward herself off in the lab, when there was a screech of metal, glass, and a strange warping sound, and she was gone. He hadn’t taken it well. Neither did Sharon. They searched everywhere for her. He scoured the Earth and beyond for her. Sharon powered through the dark underworld for her. Nearly burnt their selves out to find her. It even caused Pepper to cheat on him, because she had thought he had been cheating on her after catching Sharon in his lab, office, and room a few times too many for her obviously. Which led him to both fire her and take back the CEO mantle of Stark Industries.

He had to deal with Aldrich Killian and his band of Extremis Soldiers with only Rhodey and Sharon as his back up, and in the end acquired Maya Hansen firmly on his side with the promise that her son was to be protected at all cost. He knew what it was like to protect your child, because in a sense, that’s what his sister and cousin was to him. It didn’t matter that they were only nearly half his age at the time of his Guardianship over his sister. They were his daughters in every sense but conception after his sister had been born.

Then the Fall of S.H.I.E.L.D. It turned out that HYDRA had managed to both infiltrate and manifest its following in the lower bowels of S.H.I.E.L.D. since the enactment of Operation Paperclip. Which had been allowed by the baby World Security Council earlier in the days of the SSR. The dynamic duo of Rogers and Romanoff decided to lone ranger this, and only brought in someone who hadn’t had anything to do with it, except for his undying loyalty in Captain America.
While they traversed through all this, Nick and Maria had called him in secret, hoping to get his help on the matter, before they fucked something up. Sadly, he had been busy with the Mandarin during this crisis, and wasn’t able to help until after dumb and dumber decided to dump all of S.H.I.E.L.D.’s data all over the internet, in an attempt to out HYDRA. It turned out to be one of the largest security leaks that the world had ever witnessed. He spent hours upon days, weeks, and months doing searches and rescues for the Agents that were undercover whom covers had been blown because of this, or targeted because of pass transgressions from missions of years pass on both Agents and their families. Redirecting each and everyone to safe houses, private islands, underground hideouts, the tower, and anywhere else he could find. Placing more than a few thousand under his ‘New’ Security division, that no one looked twice at. Changed names, past, and appearances so they may live risk free, and even giving the kids the best choices for their future by putting money in each of their bank accounts, based on how old they are and let it grow so they may pay for college or something else for them, later, when they were ready. They were thankful, and fully indebted to Tony stark, and not one of them cared. What they did care for, was Rogers and Romanoff continued existence.

He had later been mind-raped by the psychotic little witch Wanda Maximoff, which led to him reopening the program Ultron that his sister and him had been working on before her disappearance. Which turned out to become a catastrophe in itself. The lives lost. The homes destroyed. The families broken. It was all because a child couldn’t cope with the truth of the matter on how their parents died. Well one at least. The oldest had ‘died’ in the Battle of Sokovia, but in reality, it only took a small concentrated completed version of the Extremis Virus, and he was brought back from the doors of Death. He had asked to not inform his sister of his survival, citing that she had no hold on him now that she thought him dead. Turned out the Speedster had been ready to leave HYDRA after the manifestation of their powers and witnessing the Witch torture and kill those she thought inferior in order to train herself. She hadn’t wanted him to leave and captured him in her malevolent cloud of red. Trapping him in his head, left to watch the world go ‘round and his twin’s spiral down for the next 3 years.

After being told of this, Tony couldn’t help but adopt the kid. Yea, he was 25 years old, but he couldn’t help but see a broken child asking for help when he looked into the Speedster’s eyes. He saw his sister when he looked in those eyes, and offered a way out. Utilizing the power of Extremis and The Cradle, Tony, Dr. Cho, and Dr. Hansen were able to manipulate Pietro’s genetic makeup and lower his age to that of a 15-year-old, so that he could do over the last ten years of his life. It was hit and miss a few times, but they accomplished the age regression and had the being known as Vision, use the abilities of the Mind Stone and disassociate the last ten years of his life with the current body he had. He could still recall them like memories, or that of a movie, but didn’t feel anything personally but a strong dislike for his former twin sister.

After those events Tony enrolled him in to school and put him under an alias of an old friend of his. He was to be called Peter Lehnsherr and went to Midtown High: School of Science, and Xavier’s School of Gifted Youngster’s. Where he honed his powers and socialized with peers his age both baselines, enhanced, and mutants alike.

It was during the year of distance from the Avengers where Tony met her. Her being Pietro’s new older sister figure Petra Parker. She was a Senior in High School and had taken him under her wing immediately after he started. He looked up to her for everything, just like he looked up to Tony. He had also found out about her moonlighting as Spider-Women, convincing her that she didn’t have to do it all on her own. He even told her about who he really was and brought her to the Tower, introducing her to Tony. It didn’t take long for Tony to be taken with her, and her the same. Though they did keep it in the circle of just Pietro, Sharon, Rhody, Vision, Dr. Cho, Dr. Hansen, Erik and Professor Xavier. They kept it PG throughout the year, though as soon as she was on path for Graduation, they brought in her Aunt May, who wasn’t impressed. She even tried to
call him a cradle robber and say that it was statutory rape, until Petra shut that down by citing that she was of age when she met him, and that she was of age when she started dating him, and that if she had a problem, she needed to just deal with it. Though she did it in the nicest way possible at first until she just snapped at her Aunt in exasperation and annoyance.

It was then that Tony sat those in his inner circle down and told them of his sister, and asked them for their help. It didn’t take too long to convince them after everything they had been through. After weeks of deliberation and the induction of Jane Foster, Darcy Lewis, Heimdall, Thor, and reluctantly-Loki, that they were able to theorize that during the Battle of New York, and from the input that Loki didn’t even know she was there, that she had tried to disable the Tesseract before the arrival of the, at the time, mind-controlled God of Mischief. Which backfired and shot her into an alternate reality as a whole. Stranding her in this reality fully intact with no way home, if she didn’t do it herself. However, just knowing that she was alive was a blessing in and of itself. Hell, Tony and Sharon cried and embraced one another.

Though that all changed when The Accords were introduced to the Core Members of the Avengers, excluding both Iron Man, Hulk, War Machine, Thor, and Vision. The first two retiring from the group, but not their status of heroes. Though the latter is currently lost to the world at the moment, until either Thor or Loki find him. The latter three of the five had already known of them after being told by Tony of their creation. They fully supported the oversight, though like all things, shit hit the fan. Aunt Peggy had finally fallen to her illness. The funeral being held right after Thunderbolt Ross had bullied his way into Secretary of State. Steve having the nerve to just show up and bully his way into the funeral and ‘helping’ hold up and walk the coffin down the aisle like he was a part of her life longer than that of 6 months 70 years ago. Completely ruining her funeral and making it seem like he was the one to suffer a great loss. Ross trying to gain control of The Accords, with little success, until Cap’s Team decided to say ‘Fuck You!’ to 117 countries and go one about their way. That is, until the bombing of Vienna, where someone who look suspiciously like Cap’s butt buddy, Barnes’, was caught on camera.

It was actually very funny how fast Cap scrambled to find his precious ‘Bucky’ right after. He ‘enlisted’ Sharon’s help in the matter, where she was assigned to be a mole of Team Cap by the CIA, being coached on it by one Erik Stevens Code Named Killmonger in the art of infiltration better than she had ever been at S.H.I.E.L.D. She pretended to follow all of Cap’s cues, and even kissed him for good measure of where her alliances lied. Which in turned help his Team track them down later to Leipzig Airport. He had decided to bring in both his girlfriend, son, cousin, and her mentor in on this, and was rewarded when he was met later by pure coincidence, Petra and Pietro had managed to catch Rhodey from his dive of death and he found out that Killmonger and Agent 13 had apprehended The Widow when she attempted to turn sides after she had electrocuted the soon to be King T’Challa. Whom he later found out was the cousin of Erik by Erik himself when he couldn’t keep it to himself any longer since King T’Chaka was dead and gone, and so was his chance of revenge and redemption.

It was after those events that he finds himself later on in Siberia. It turned out that Barnes was being framed, and maybe, just maybe Cap was on to something. Though that small hope was diminished when he later found out what he was really in Siberia for from Zemo.

He knew that road. He knew that car. He knew that license plate. He knew that date. That is what went through his mind the entire video. He watched out of the corner of his eye as Barnes put his head down in shame, and Rogers puff his chest defensively, not surprised in the least. His parents.

**HIS MOM! OH, HIS BEAUTIFUL, UNDERSTANDING, STRONG MOTHER! THE WOMEN THAT ESTABLISHED HIS WELL-GROOMED ITALIAN ROOTS!**

He had known.
That lying son of bitch *knew*!

After that bullshit lecture called ‘Sometimes My Teammates Don’t Tell Me Things’.

He couldn’t help himself. There was only one thing he sadly gave his sister and Sharon that he truly regrets. And that is his all-encompassing RAGE. It was truly a sight to behold. It’s worse because even clouded with rage their brains were thinking multiple ways to destroy you both mentally, emotionally, and physically. And that’s when they’re not thinking of ways to kill you. So, you can only guess what he did next.

He fought them. He wasn’t aiming to kill, just maim.

And he still lost.

They had left him in the abandoned Siberian HYDRA bunker.

**Alone**

**Cold**

*BETRAYED*

*IF ONLY HARLEY COULD SEE HIM NOW*
Fall Away

Chapter Summary

It was like a game of tag, that I had came to adore. The thrill, the chase, the kill! No, I
did not kill innocent people, if that’s what your thinking. I knew that, but that didn’t
mean others did. They deemed us criminals. Partners in Crime. I was his Bonnie and
he was my Clyde. He became The Clown Prince of Crime, The Joker, while I was his
Queen, Harley Quinn. It was borderline romantic, with a slice of insanity. People
thought they knew our story. The Crazy Clown Duo. It was just two best friends doing
what these superheroes never could. We killed the rapist, killers, and traffickers, while
beating the rest. It seems a little unhealthy, and something Sharon would do, but in
hopes to get my ass home, this is all I’d do. All those years learning martial arts, all
those years in gymnastics, all those years learning under Nio’s hand and now I can
finally use it!

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry!!! I know!!! I've been busy with my move and everything. School is in
session again and I've been just out of it sick. Had to stay in Chicago cuz I was so sick.
So I had to spend my 2nd Xmas here and it's my 1st Christmas in my year of College
away from home without family, if you can understand. Wow, that was dark. Okay.
So I spent some time trying to get better only to come back to a mess of classes. We
only had a week out. Like what the hell!!!!!!
Anyway...

Please listen to Fall Away by Twenty One Pilots on repeat while reading this
chappie!!! It helps set the mood and gives an understanding on what Harley's really
feeling. Drop a comment down below and tell me how you feel after.

~Harley’s POV~

It’s funny really. No one knew a thing about my family. My origin story other than my meeting
Mistah J. I gave small hints, and even made quips about how my father was barely in my life, and
how my big brother was my real dad. No one knew that I had a big brother. No one knew that my
big bro has been raising me since I was 8, after our parents lost their lives in a car accident. No one
knew that the playboy title was an act so that he could spend time with his little sister. No one
knew that he raised her right along with their mother since Howard was too busy looking for good
ol’ Cap. Not even S.H.I.E.L.D. knew. That was the only thing that their father did right. Hell, even
Aunt Peggy was in on it and didn’t say a peep. She even brought her niece in on it all, and he raised
her right along with me, when our Godmother and her family were busy. They didn’t say it, but
they were afraid that if they put her in the spotlight with him that she may end up acting like him. Not so much Aunt Peggy, Mom, and the Jarvis’, but more like Howard. In the end, it didn’t even matter. We grew into the women we were meant to. **He raised her better than Howard ever could.** We both got to experience a normal life, while still excelling in all categories. Sharon and I love science just like him, though I was fascinated with the science of the mind more than anything else. I aimed to achieved just like he did and more. While our cousin achieved her life dream of making a name for herself in S.H.I.E.L.D. like their Aunt Peggy and became known as Agent 13. He wasn’t even jealous. He was proud to have raised us into the women we were before I disappeared.

Yea, that’s right. Gone. Vanished. **Never to be seen again.**

**It happened during the who Loki situation.**

~~Flashback~~

I had been helping Tony from the tower with their search for the Tesseract. When I heard the doors to the Lab being pushed opened. My phone had begun to vibrate when I noticed some people in black and an older man in a blue plaid button up and dark grey slacks walk in with the Tesseract and some other tech.

“Get this equipment to the roof. I need these monitors to help keep up with and start the process for the portal. And someone needs to go check that this floor, the Penthouse, and the roof is clear of any distractions or problems. I don’t need to remind any of you what our Lord will do if we do not succeed.” The plaid man spoke.

It was during that when my phone began to buzz again. Tony. I was scared of what would happen if the portal was to open over New York, so I had sunk down and snuck my way to where the man in blue plaid was standing once the others went off to fulfill their tasks. He had the Tesseract in a case A case that I needed to snatch away from him in the hopes that that stops this all. This is really Tony’s point of expertise when it comes to Superheroing. I picked up the phone when I placed myself under a desk right across from the supposed scientist.

“Harley! I’ve been blowing up your phone! What the HELL are you doing?!! And where the HELL are you?!” Tony bellowed through the phone. Causing me to lower the speaker some so the man wouldn’t notice me.
“You know what, fuck it. What I have to say is way more important right now. Loki has escaped. He took Thor and the Hulk out of the race by having one dropped from his ex-cell and the other attacked by S.H.I.E.L.D. agents on the Command of Natashalie. The good news is that I know where he plans to set up. The bad news is that I need you to lock yourself in the lab ’til you see me come to it, okay? Okay? Kid, I need you to tell me you understand…Harley?” Tony frantically rebutted. Now letting the weight of the situation settle in his chest, right above the Arch Reactor. As the thought of Loki finding and hurting Harley physically pained him.

I had one shot at this. I had to use what has been taught to me through the years since I was a kid to bring that man down and obtain the case. What I didn’t intend on, was getting shot and busting the case open while still holding the phone with tony hearing it all. I’m glad the gun was muffled, but he sure as hell heard the rest. The Tesseract had fell and knocked into one of the open Badassium Arc Reactors. It caused everything to slow down, as if time itself had stopped. Things in the lab levitated a bit, and others was knocked somewhere else. When I finally had the strength to look at the two, a portal like the one Loki appeared opened up. I tried to get up and run like any sane person, but instead of backing me up for once, Fate decided I needed to get shot again for reassurance and be pushed back through the already closing portal with nothing but my Starkphone and the Arc Reactor that caused it all.

“HARLEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!” I heard from Tony as the phone lost connection.

I looked around and about to see where I was, until I noticed everywhere I looked, it was blurry. My eyesight was working perfectly, what’s wrong now?! I had to blink a few times, but it did help some and noticed I was in a dark alley. It appeared darker than usual, since last I checked, it was daytime for the East Coast. There was smog in the air, people walking by with the wariest expression stuck to their face, with suspect people are prowling through the shadows, waiting for some vulnerable prey. I looked over the side walk for a newspaper stand and found one a few blocks down. It was a simple but wary trek to the stand in hand, and plucked the newspaper from it. On it read …

GCPC on the rise for new deputies after another raid by The Joker! If the GCPC isn’t safe from The Gotham Prince of Crime, what says we are?

• Friday, May 5th, 2012

Where the FUCK is Gotham?

~Flashback End~
It was after that, that I made an educated guess as to what happen. I’m in my time, just NOT MY EARTH!

It was like being in an episode of Supernatural! When Dean had jumped from his world, to reality by mistake! What if this is permanent! I don’t even want to think about how Tony and Sharon will react. Oh Nio, I hope you don’t lose it because of me.

I had to learn about this new world I’ve found myself in. Turns out crazy exists everywhere. There were aliens, vigilantes, meta-humans, superheroes, and more! Though, even with all that, I had to make a new, no matter how much I didn’t want to. It was rough. Without Tony guiding and encouraging me along the way, I was lost. I didn’t know WHO I wanted to be here. Did I want to be Harlee Stark? Genius, Billionaire, Playgirl, Philanthropist, like Tony? Did I want to be Harleen Carbonell? Billionaire Philanthropist, like mom? Or did I want to make a name for myself in the field I had been fully determined to head in due time? Harleen Quinzel, like mi abuela’s before she married into the Carbonell family. It had a nice ring to it. Dr. Harleen Frances Quinzel, PhD. Harlee Quinz, Harley Quinn. Ha! Harlequin!

All jokes aside, since I hacked my way into existence with the phone that fell with me, I’ve took on the appearance of said alias Dr. Harleen Quinzel, PhD. I had gotten a place in Gotham Heights when I was able to break the dimensional barrier that had all but blocked me from my Stark heir funds. It was one of few things that went right. And instead of following Gotham’s dark, dreary, and rather Gothic Style of architecture, I decided to go with rebuilding the mansion we have in Malibu. The only differences between the two were, the colors and window protection. Where the one in Malibu was various creams, browns, and whites? My home was black, red, and gold, with a bright neon blue lining the walls in a techno like fashion, in the effort to follow the color scheme of my brothers alter ego. I even got a place in the Narrow’s to throw others off and kept my home unknown. Wouldn’t do for things to go south and have to leave everything in a rush to go.

It was hard, but I was finally able to establish myself as a newly moved in doctor, rather than a universe hopper. Though I would’ve preferred it if they hadn’t assigned me to Arkham Asylum as one of their psychologist-but hey! What can you do?

It was there that a plan began to form on what to do and how to do it when I met ‘The One and Only’, Joker. In a world like this, the good are crucified, and the bad succeed. It’s sad but true, and if I wanted to go home, I was going to have to break a few eggs and step on a lot of shoes, and it seemed like Mr. J was the way to it. He knew what I was doing. He knew I was playing at. He knew exactly what I was planning to do with him, and he knew what would happen should he not play along. It wasn’t like he couldn’t get out of it. He just stayed to see how this would play out. I wasn’t there for sentiments. I wasn’t there for love. I wasn’t there for power. I was there for resources, ones he could provide, without anyone looking any the wiser.

After breaking J out of prison, I made sure my home was off the grid. I activated every protocol installed and kept it that way until I knew it would be fine. J stayed there with me, quietly impressed. We toured the entire place, and he still would look into it for more. I could tell this was
going to be a regular occurrence and decided to lay down the rules. Hell, we even found a way to make me almost indestructible. He took my shiny purple Lambo and I took my favorite bike, raced down the street until passed him up and waited for him to get there. J was slightly annoyed but the smile on his face told otherwise. He was chattering about how he was keeping my baby when this was all over- HA! He was sooo funny! We had gotten into an argument about one thing or another, and I honestly forgot what it was about. All I know is that someone decided to pull up behind us and had hopped out of the cab of the truck with an attitude as large as Cap’s, with an ugly mug that made him look like a fat and scruffy Justin Hammer. He had cussed us out for stopping in the middle of the road and called us psychos. We had been prepared to just ignore him. Until he stepped into my personal space, told J he needed to learn how to control his bitch or he would, and grabbed my apex with his middle finger lodged firmly against where my entrance was, even with clothes in the way. That’s what snapped. I’ve always dealt with disgusting people before this, but never to this degree. I honestly had no problem taking J’s pistol and burying it in his skull. It’s not the first time I’ve killed, but that moment is what gave way to how I was going to play this until I could get home. That night I would jump into a vat of chemicals mixed with some personal ingredients I added to help me survive. J would jump in after me as planned, to make sure I lived too. From there, it would begin for Joker and his Harlequin.

It was like a game of tag, that I had came to adore. The thrill, the chase, the kill! No, I did not kill innocent people, if that’s what your thinking. J knew that, but that didn’t mean others did. They deemed us criminals. Partners in Crime. I was his Bonnie and he was my Clyde. He became The Clown Prince of Crime, The Joker, while I was his Queen, Harley Quinn. It was borderline romantic, with a slice of insanity. People thought they knew our story. The Crazy Clown Duo. It was just two best friends doing what these superheroes never could. We killed the rapist, killers, and traffickers, while beating the rest. It seems a little unhealthy, and something Sharon would do, but in hopes to get my ass home, this is all I’d do. All those years learning martial arts, all those years in gymnastics, all those years learning under Nio’s hand and now I can finally use it!

Though I really should’ve learned by now how to swim.

Nio and Shar would die of embarrassment if they saw me now.

Stuck in my baby after sending J out to get away.

Waiting for the moment that ‘Walmart Andy Black’ Bruce Wayne sshhhhh!!!! “Batman” took me to custody.

Hoping that J got away so that he could break me out, since I’m so close to being finished.
It’s been 4 years since I saw my big brother and cousin. I just hope that when I go, J will come with me.

And that Nio won’t think less of me.

“Oh Antonio, what have I got myself into now?”
They had tried wiping my mind before whatever test they planned on committing. Though, with big lug upstairs, that’s incredibly impossible. Which they seemed to not have noticed after I just played along in hopes to find a way out. Then, they juiced me up. It was honestly one of the most terrifying moments in my life. It traveled from my head to my toes. And my pain ranged from up, down, and sideways. Thank God it's Friday cause Fridays will always be better than Sundays 'Cause Sundays are my suicide days

Chapter Notes

Been busy with classes!! But here we are. Short but there is still more to come pplz!!! Listen to Blood//Water by Grandson and Migrain by Twenty Øne Pilots. In that order while reading this chappie. Enjoy!!! Comment below on how it was! Thanx Frens!!!

~Tony POV~

I never did make it out of the cave. I never came back from the Palladium Poison. I never did come back from that Portal. Especially after losing Harley. My soul weeped when I found the Keener kid, only to break when he said his name was Harley. My mind cracked when I witnessed Potts fall into the fire, and I couldn’t catch her in time. A piece of me chipped off after the witch fucked around in my skull. My heart and soul screeched in betrayal when the team sat by and did nothing as the GOD OF FUCKING THUNDER yanked me into the air by my throat. My very being shook at the mere shock of the team ABOLISHING, ACCEPTING, AND INTEGRATING THE BITCH WITCH INTO THE FUCKING TEAM I’M PAYING OUT OF POCKET FOR! My mind shattered when STEVE ‘BITCH HYPOCRITE’ ROGERS beat me down- though I didn’t even try- and left me for dead in the ‘Abandoned’ HYDRA Bunker in the bum fuck of nowhere, cold as shit Siberia!

It was there that I realized I wasn’t alone. Turned out that the whole Merchant of Death title is a thing. Huh, who would’ve thought. I had been found by HYDRA and taken to another off the grid bunker in the dessert…………ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME??!!!

They had tried wiping my mind before whatever test they planned on committing. Though, with big lug upstairs, that’s incredibly impossible. Which they seemed to not have noticed after I just played along in hopes to find a way out. Then, they juiced me up. It was honestly one of the most terrifying moments in my life. It traveled from my head to my toes. And my pain ranged from up,
down, and sideways. Thank God it's Friday cause Fridays will always be better than Sundays 'Cause Sundays are my suicide days (If you know that reference???? You’re my new Fren!!!) It took all my strength not to really lose my mind in the midst of it. They even took my goddamn biological code and warped it. My eyes now glow a deep blood coated red. My facial hair grew to new lengths when I was in pain, engulfed in rage, or on the brink of insanity. My nails became claws, my jaw outgrew me, my teeth right along with it, turning into fangs. At one point I even changed into the beast itself. I wasn’t able to see what I looked like, but I know what I felt. The pulling of ligaments, the tearing of muscles, the breaking of bones, the fire that wove through me in desperation, pain, and rage. It was at that point I broke. Something in me snapped. I tore though the ones around me, and any that tried to stop me. The scientist, the guards, the other assets, and any other interlopers in the way of my desperate escape to freedom, to my family, to Pietro, to Rhodey, to Petra, to…Harley.

So, I ran. I ran, ran, and ran. I didn’t give a shit where that was, but as long as it got me away from HYDRA, I didn’t care. It took me what felt like weeks, when it was only 3 days, until stumbled upon someone you wouldn’t expect in the middle of the woods, in what looks like a field, or preserve. It was a boy. Of that he was certain. He could smell his hormones from here and he hasn’t even revealed himself from the tree line leading to the previously guessed preserve. He was still in his beastly shape, which helped immensely. He looked wrecked. Skin paler than normal humans. Moles surrounding his face and whatever skin that showed. Hair looking lifeless and nothing but a mop of brown on top of his head. He couldn’t see his eyes, as his back was turned to him, but he could tell that his countenance from the side angle he could see was that of deep pain.

He went to move away and let the human grieve, mourn, or think in private. Though, when he went to back up the leaves beneath his paws crunched and the humans head snapped up to his direction. All signs of grievance and depression bottled back up, and a look of apprehension and curiosity melted in place of it. I was frozen. I didn’t want to be seen yet by anyone but my family, but one look in the humans’ eyes and it was like his mind snapped back in place. All his memories came flooding back. His reason for escaping became clearer, along with his senses. Which caught onto a very faint, but very familiar scent of what he was. Wolf. His mind supplied. Along with some other creature like spells as well, like death, ozone, and blood. His eyes looked a deep whiskey amber. They also sparked with something unreadable, but determined and broken all together. What unnerved him though about this whole thing was that something in his very being clawed to come to the surface and cuddle the boy into his very being. He wanted to shift back into his human form for him. Show him his true self. Mate! Mate. Wait what?!

“Stop with the borderline rapist look of hunger already, you great big bag of dicks!” That snapped him back to reality. He hadn’t even realized that the kid-a kid!-was speaking to him.

He thought for a moment on what he should do. The kid obviously knew what he was, and wasn’t afraid to confront him if how he stood was anything to go by. So how would he react to seeing his face, and then recognizing him for who the world knew him as? Well, only one way to find out.
He reached deep within himself and felt for his usual appearance. Tried to get a read on his human counterpart. It was a rough process, but he could feel it working once he pressed against that ‘humanity, button. Though, this time he didn’t feel uncomfortable due to the change. No, he felt fluid, like water. It didn’t hurt, it didn’t burn. He knew he was back to ‘normal’ when he heard the gasp of surprise escape the boy in stuttered awe.

“H-Holy Shiiit!!!! W-What the absolute fuck?!! Y-You’re-You’re Tony Mother Fuckin’ Stark!!!! Genius, Billionaire, Ex-Playboy, Philanthropist!!! Iron Man!! CEO of Stark Industries!! Leading expert in all things engineering and physics!!! Y-You’re an ALPHA WEREWOLF??!!!! A-AN- AND WEREN’T YOU MISSING??!!!” The kid began with enthusiasm. Babbling and looking at his with such a reverence that that feeling from before tried to claw to the surface again. His chest rumbled in appreciation of the praise, and he didn’t know what to think. So, he didn’t. He cut that thought process from his mind and instead chose to speak to the kid, before he fainted from the mere amount of breath he was holding to grin unrepentantly at him with both hunger and curiosity, like he wanted to find what made him tick in various ways and situations. He blushed thinking about what that grin could mean. Damn! He was getting soft.

“Yea, I get that a lot actually. Though, question isn’t who I am anymore. It’s more like, who are you, how are you freaking over my persona rather than my monster, and why are you in the middle of the woods, preserve, whatever the hell you want to call it, by yourself? Though, I’d also like to know where I am, what’s the date, and if you have a phone on you, could I use it?” He rattled off in rapid succession. The kid seemed to realize that his activities weren’t exactly normal for those his age, so I decided that I’d be okay with whatever answer he gave me. If he didn’t want to say, he wouldn’t. Fair is fair.

“Uh. Yeah, um, I’m not too big on just telling people about myself all willy, but I can tell you that my name is Stiles Stilinski. I am actually 17. We’re in Beacon Hills, Beacon County, California. Uh-” He looked at his phone for a second, and then snapped his eyes back up to mine again as he finished with a “It’s currently 5pm, the date is October 31st, 2016. That makes it officially 5 and a half months you’ve been missing, u-mhmm-sir?” The kid-Stiles-recited as if things like missing people is a usual occurrence for him. Maybe it was. He wouldn’t know, didn’t mean he didn’t feel heat burn at his chest in indignation for such a cruelty to be desensitize at such an age. He wouldn’t judge.

He went to open his mouth to answer and ask some questions, when he felt the adrenalin from before leave his body. He froze in shock, then the world tilted back and forth in rhythm with his mind. He heard a voice ask if he was okay. And all he could slip out was, “Hydra. Can’t…go… back. Help. Me. Pleas-” Then all he knew was darkness.

However, the last thought that ran through his mind made him cringe in despair and utter embarrassment.
Did I really just talk to a kid while bare ass naked??

*GOTS* to be more careful.

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