The Recovery of Light

by ShadowsAtNight

Summary
Everythings getting better. Sort of. With May still missing and Lord Death still plotting there's a lot to be desired. At least Peter has Ned back and his family behind him. Additionally, with the new hero on the rise, he has more time to spend hunting for his Aunt. But all isn't as it seems. Criminals that would normally turn up on the streets after a couple of weeks in prison were disappearing, and Peter is having to go further and push harder to follow Mays trail. There is only so much humans can do, can take.

But there is light there. More than before, and maybe with the help of all his new friends and family the little light will grow. Maybe, the darkness won't be a threat anymore. All they have to do is save May and keep Peter sane while doing it.

But there is only so much they can do and he can take.

(So pretty much Peter tries to do everything by himself to the point of exhaustion and everyone like WHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY He also makes new friends!!!! (because I have no self-restraint -_- :p :D) There's also lots of pain!!! :D )

{Book 2- If anyone is like "eh, stuff it, I just wanna read this one," I do include a summery :)

}
See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

~~~~~ Book 1 description~~~~~

Everything was fine until it wasn't. School became tough, not the work but the people. Monday morning Peter walked into class and bam, nothing was okay. Somehow the whole school seemed to turn into one giant Flash Thompson. Even Ned and MJ weren't talking to him. Spider-man wasn't fairing much better. The world was turning on Peter and there was nothing he could do. Trying to contain the darkness to himself, he hides behind a mask. A permanent one. Still, things only get worse. Until they don't.

(In other words, Peter Parker suffers and tries to hide it ... the key word being tries. :D )

Link if you're interested: https://archiveofourown.org/works/15363018/chapters/35647491

Or you can go to work 1 in the series! :)

~~~~~Summary~~~~~

Bad stuff happened and this is the result/what you need to know to start reading book two!

They waited in silence. The clinical white walls of the waiting room doing nothing to calm their nerves. They’d all been there before but not like this. Not for Peter. His ashy face was ingrained in their minds.

Loki sat next to his brother, his fingers tapping continually on his thigh.

Thor remained still, statue-like, mouth set in a grim line.

Tony paced.

Sam stood leaning against a wall.

Steve and Bucky were both seated hands folded in their laps, eerily similar to each other.

Natasha also sat motionlessly.

There was nothing they could too.

Clint fiddled with his fingers and Ned did nothing but stare at the floor.

The clock ticked away on the wall and still no news. Every minute felt all-consuming. All their minds looping the scenario. Surely they could have done something, anything, and it would be better than now.

The doors opened, and every head snapped in their direction, but it was only a cleaning lady. Still no news about their spider child.

Ned felt new tears slide down his face. He wasn’t sure how that was possible since it felt as though he had already used them all up. This was all his fault. He could have done something, his mind screamed, and then Peter wouldn’t be in there dying.

The doors opened a second time, and this time a doctor stood before them his face grim. It wasn’t Bruce and they weren’t sure if that was good or not. Bruce had been the operator after all.
“Peter Parkers family?” They all nodded, “well, he’ll live.” Everyone held their breath waiting for the 'but,' “but I’d advise you all to only see him one at a time. Especially when he wakes. You don’t want to overwhelm him. He’s in room 206”

Relieved smiles sprang to everyone’ faces. They completely disregarded the doctors’ suggestion and surged toward his room. Peter Parker would be okay.

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“Now then, let’s see. Did the boy live?” Lord Death, mumbled scanning through footage from the security cameras in the Avengers hospital wing. Sure enough, there was the spider child badly injured but still breathing tucked away in a hospital bed.

“Well, I suppose that’s why I made plan B.” The Lord sighed, “plan A, Isolate and destroy didn’t work so I’ll have to initiate plan heart breaker.”

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May shivered, time passed so slowly or quickly. It was hard to tell without windows. The cold seeped in, deep, deep inside her bones. The was no door, only a bed, some books, a fridge, and a Tv. She curled in on herself more. Why was this happening? She just hoped her baby boy was okay.

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She stood gazing across the city her hair being tugged in the wind. She could hear the shouts of all who needed her, and she did not wait to act. She was better than Spider-boy and she would prove it. To the world and to him. He had never believed in her but now he would. Now he would see.

“Don’t worry father, I’ll be better than him. I’ll be better than them all.”

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Peter woke up to a room full of tired sleeping superheroes and one awake and very sad best friend. “Ned?” Peters winced at the rasp of his voice.

“Peter!” Ned whisper-yelled, “I am so sorry, but if I didn’t do what they said they told me they’d kill you and my family.”

Peter shook his head, “Ned, it’s okay I figured it out while gunslinger was talking.” The Spiderling croaked. “I knew you wouldn’t betray me, I knew it couldn’t be true.”

Ned hearing his best friends voice hurriedly gave his best friend the glass of water that sat on the bedside table. Peter sipped it before ginning at the beaming teen. He had his best friend back.

Peter surveyed the room doing a head count of all the members of his family, his stomach sinking as he realised exactly who was still missing, “where’s May? Wasn’t she in the hall with you?”

Ned could only shake his head his smile falling. Peter closed his eyes and pulled together all the courage he had left. He had his best friend back after all.

“I guess we know what the next step is.” Peter murmured.

Ned nodded, “kick the bad guys' ass so we can get May back.”

There was steel in their eyes and fires in their hearts. They would not lose.
So maybe this hadn’t been one of my best ideas, Peter thought as he went flying through the air and not in a good way. He could feel the heat licking at his back. His ears screamed in pain from the after effects of the explosion.

At least Aunt May hadn’t been in there. At least she was somewhere living and not in a million tiny pieces.

The Spiderling groaned as a piece of shrapnel embedded itself in his lower arm and his body crashing into the ground sending him sprawling. He felt like a rag doll. A rag doll with all the stitches torn and the stuffing pulled out; who had then been roasted over a fire.

Today had not been a good day.

Peter blinked. He can’t hear. There’s quite and a high pitch wine but that’s it. His brain started to catch up. So did his body. He could feel the trembling in his limbs, he could see the blurry outline of the flames and the rubble, he could sense he was speaking but he couldn’t hear it.

And no one knew where he was. The thought made him sick, it felt as though a weight had settled in his stomach damming him to the concrete ground forever.

Peter knew he was saying stuff or maybe he was saying nothing only making garbled noises. He coughed but he couldn’t hear it.

Peter isn’t supposed to be blown up, he thought half-heartedly. Some would argue he’s not supposed to be shot, stabbed, crushed, kicked, punched, and/or otherwise injured. The ‘isn’t supposed to’ doesn’t change the fact that it happened.

The Spiderling rolled over and sat up and the world danced. It swirled on the tips of the fire and laughed without sound at the pleasure of destruction.

Whoever did this was out to get him, and Peter didn’t know if he could take it.

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3 HOURS EARLIER

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The hospital sucked, a lot. Peter happened to believe it was designed to drive him crazy. The plain walls, the incessant beeping, the no Spider-manning rule. They didn’t even let him do maths. That was probably just their way of payback for almost dying though.

But today was the day. He finally was allowed to be released. Even if he wasn’t allowed to go out and kick butt yet, at least he could plan with the others. At least he could do something to help find May.

His fingers twitched. He needed to do something, unfortunately, he was under constant surveillance and not just by F.R.I.D.A.Y.

“Forget it,” Tony grumbled his eyes tracking the screen in front of him as he worked on the latest
STARK phone design.

Peter said nothing. If he could just-

"Nope, not going to work kiddo, you almost died and now you get to suffer the consequences. Namely boredom." This time the engineer looked up fixing the Spiderling with a glare.


"Enough, it is my watch." Peter screeched and flung himself onto the roof. There was Natasha standing in the door her face blank except for the raised eyebrow, “that can’t be good for your wound."

As a testament to her words, he could feel the stitches stretch, they were so close to snapping. He dropped back onto the bed. Apparently, when you don’t eat enough and don’t sleep enough your super metabolism slows down. Still only a few more however till release.

Tony groaned and stretched before leaving with a wave. Peter watched as he walked out the door revealing a pleasant surprise. The Spiderling gaped. Outside the room in the waiting area sat all the Avengers. They were all working on something, but they were also all sitting just outside. Waiting for him. Waiting for their Peter. Their Spider-Man.

Peter looked over at Natasha and she just winked.

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A nurse bustled in a moment later with a tray full of food and the statement, “I’m glad to see you’re all sticking to only one person in the room at a time rule. Peter will be released in another two hours.” And with that, she left leaving Peter with a tray of steaming food.

And that’s it. It feels kind of hollow and empty after everything. Like, wham, deal with all the awfulness and self-loathing and bulling and self-deprecation for it to come down to this. It feels too empty to mean anything.

As Peter ate the soup he didn’t really taste it, he didn’t even fully comprehend its existence. That’s probably why he could eat it. The issues go away but the mental habits remain.

Your fault occasionally starts up. Because according to his brain when is something not his fault?

And like clockwork, his mind started pointing out just that. Your fault Peter. It's your fault May gone, it’s your fault everyone hasn’t slept in-

“Ouch! What was that for?” The teen grumbled looking over at Nat, who had just flicked him on the head.

“You’re thinking too much. Eat.”

His mind droned on and he fought back. His eyes flicked over the tray when he noticed a piece of white paper. Picking it up he stared at the numbers on the front. Why would someone leave their phone number here?

Peter lifted the small rectangle and handed it over to Natasha. He had a bad feeling about this.

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“Look, it was given to Peter how do we know that they’ll even talk to us. This lead could be too important to waste.” That was Steve. He could hear them, I guess they forgot about the super hearing Peter mused as he continued to listen for a while longer before giving up.

Peter sighed. “Guys, I can hear you.”

The silence that followed was comical. Someone cleared their throat and the door opened. They looked like scolded children, all red-faced and shuffling feet. Except for Natasha, who looked like well, Natasha.

“Let me call the number, it was sent to me.” He could see them preparing to start arguing. “But,” the Spiderling stated raising his eyebrows, “I’ll put it on speaker.”

No one could really rebut that. It was a fair condition after all.

How did I end up the adult in this situation? Peter thought as he watched all the Avenger sulkily agree.

Tony handed over his phone and Peter dialled the number. One ring, two rings, “is this Peter Parker?” The voice was scrambled, the kind you heard in horror movies in the bits where you scream don’t do it! And then the character does it anyway.

Peter felt like that idiot character, but he carried on anyway, “yes. What do you want?” Out the corner of his eye, he watched Tony try to trace the call.

“If you want to see May Parker alive you will come to the warehouse on the corner of 37th in three hours. Come alone and don’t be late.” The voice hung up and Tony let out a frustrated growl.

Then there was chaos.

“I have to go save her. If I don’t go then she’ll die.” Peter murmured his eyes staring at a faraway place only he could see.

“No.” The engineer didn’t even hesitate.

“She’ll die.” Peter hissed.

“I agree with Tony, we don’t know enough Pete, she might not even be there.” Steve murmured he could feel Bucky’s presence at his back, giving him strength.

“It’s obviously a trap.” Clint pointed out not looking at the spider teen.

“You’re not listening! She’ll die!” Peter yelled.

Tony stepped forward, so he was standing right in front of the teen. “We would never let that happen, kid, not if we can help it.”

Peter looked him dead in the eyes. “You can’t save everyone.”

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2 HOURS BEFORE THE EXPLOSION

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So, it might not have been the best idea he’s ever had but sneaking out the bathroom window sure
gets the job done. He could feel the stitches tugging at his skin but even if they ripped the wound was close to fully healed anyway.

He scuttled up the building and changed into his normal clothes. Now all he had to do was stay hidden for two hours. No problems. There was only a couple of spies and an engineer who could track anyone with technology after him.

As he climbed down the building and onto the sidewalk he could hear the alarms blare. He grinned and took off into the street. Time to blend in.

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“How did he get out?!” Tony growled marching back and forward across the room.

Nat opened the door to the bathroom and pointed to the window. Everyone groaned.

“You know what to do gang.” They split up and began looking for their spider kid.

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Peter sat in the one place they would never think to look, the coffee shop across the road. Why? Because it is his favourite place so him going there would be too obvious, hence they wouldn't loo. Peter felt smug as he sipped his mocha.

Every so often one of the superheroes would shoot by the window and no one noticed him. Not once.

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30 MINUTES TILL THE BIG BANG

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Peter quickly typed in the voices number again. The payphone was just out of sight of the security cameras, so he should be fine … in theory.

Two rings and the voice picks up.

“what do you want?”

Peter could feel the hairs on his arms stand on end, “look unless you move the location I won’t be able to come on my own. The Avengers know.”

The voice was silent before it made its move, “go to the harbour. She’ll be there.”

And that’s all Peter needed to hear. Because soon May was going to be safe.

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Tonys’ fingers drummed across the countertop as he flicked through footage all across the city. “Where is he? We’ve looked everywhere. He can’t just disappear!”

Everyone was silent. Even Bruce had been helping comb the streets. No one had seen him and he wasn’t wearing his spidy suite so they couldn’t track him.

“I feel like I’ve lost years of my life because of this kid.” Grumbled Clint as the other Avengers
gathered. The murmured agreements coming from all parties said enough.

Loki was seething. Peter was even avoiding Lokis’ magic. On that point, no one was quite sure how. Something strange was going on.

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10 MINUTES TO GO UNTIL OUCHIES TIMEEEEE

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The warehouse was clean. Completely empty. No May, no trap, no Peter. Which meant their little lovable pain in the neck had rearranged the meeting place. Because he was both the worlds biggest idiot and a genius.

“Okay, how would a spider think?” Clint asked and promptly received a slap over the back of his head from Natasha.

Loki hissed and stalked the length of the warehouse. In moments like this, his likeness to a cat was quite unbelievable. Thor watched his brother. Tony shoot into the air bursting through the roof when a shout brang him back down to earth.

“Tony. My brother has found something, and it is quite worrying.” Only the god of thunders voice could still reach him without comms when he was so high in the air like that.

The engineer walked over to where Loki’s stood and felt his stomach drop. The trap was a bomb.

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Peter realised it was a mistake as soon as he walked into the warehouse. No May, a strange ticking noise, and his spider-sense was blaring.

“Glad you could make it.” The voice was disguised still even as the figure stepped out of the shadows. They grinned. “Know why you’re here?”

Peter stared at the figure and starts backing away, “the only reason I’m here is for my aunt and seeing though she’s not here I’m gonna go.”

With each second, his spider-sense got stronger. “Not so fast Spider-Man” and because the spiderling is only part idiot, he kept moving. But not fast enough.

Peter squealed as a net tumbled from the ceiling just above where he was moving and stuck to the floor. Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, was the only thing going through his mind. He could feel his lungs struggling to draw air.

“Have fun, Peter!” The voice called before the figure dissolved into the shadows.

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“There only five minutes left! Has anyone got anything?!” The sunset was beautiful but tainted because if they didn’t act fast Peter would be dead very soon.

“Sorry Tony.” That was Clint.

“No.” Loki
“Sorry, Tony.” Steve

The apologies went on as their search became more frantic they were running out of time.

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Peter yanked at the cable as hard as he could. It wouldn’t budge. The ticking got faster. He gave it one last tug and by some miracle, the net released him and sent him tumbling across the cement.

Scrambling to his feet Peter ran as fast as he could. The tick got faster still. He burst through the doors and out of the warehouse he made it four warehouses away. The ticking stopped.

“Oh shit.”

Everything exploded in a rain of heat, fire, noise, and rubble, the shock wave sending Peter flying through the air.

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“What was that?” Tony yelled into the comms. Everyone turned as stared at the smoke that was billowing into the horizon.

Clint gaped, “guess we found Peter.”

Everyone started moving at once, Loki portaling, Tony flying, the other jumping on motorbikes and into cars. Their kid better be okay.

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As Peters’ brain got it’s self together Peter watched as his family came running over. They were all blurry, their mouths opening intermittently as they came to stand around him. Peter Pushed himself to his feet.

There was lots of arm waving and frantic gestures. Peter couldn’t help but grin, that seemed to make them wave their arms more. They all stilled for a moment as if waiting for something before Tony threw his hands up in the air and stormed off to cool off.

There was more hand waving before Peter timidly raised his hand as if he were in class, “I can’t hear.” Is what he hoped he said.

Peter watched as their faces morphed from angry and worried to fearful and panicky. Bruce stepped forward and inspected the Spiderlings ears before sighing in relief. Peter watched as Bruce announced something to the others before to the others causing them all to calm down too.

Bruce then turned back to Peter and began treating his arm where the small piece of shrapnel was lodged. They were quiet, as far as Peter could tell, while they waited for what he assumed would be transport.

Today hadn’t been a good day but at least he was still alive. At least May was most likely still alive. And he still had his family to pick him up even when he was a rash idiot. He wasn't looking forward tomorrows conversation though. He hoped they wouldn't tell Ned.

Peter didn't particularly feel like dying.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Ned is a badass :D

Chapter Notes

WARNING: May contain triggering content, for specifics please read between the asterisks just below.
WARNING: May contain coarse language

*Possible Triggers: bullying, depression, intrusive thoughts, violence, temporary loss of hearing, explosions, sadness.*

Hey!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :D I'm back and late as per usual!!! Hope you guys enjoy!!!! we have slight momentum!!!!!!!!!!! Hope you enjoy!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Sorry for my awful grammar and spelling!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I DONT OWN MARVEL OR ANY OF THE CHARACTERS!!!!! I hope you enjoy this chapter and I hope you have a spectacular day/night!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They told Ned. The non-super powered teen was not impressed. His arms crossed in front of his chest and he looked more threatening then all the Avengers put together. Apparently, they’d forgotten to tell him about the hearing loss though.

There was no hand waving only an unimpressed glare, a tapping foot, and an opening and closing mouth, followed by worry and understanding. One of the Avengers must have updated him.

The older teen sighed and said something to the others before Peter was once again shuffled along.

It was surreal, normally he would hear every footstep, conversations from the street below if the window was open. Even the constant thum of electricity that wrapped around the tower. It threw him off balance and he hated it.

His mind jumped to their faces when they had found him and winced. Their fear made his heart hurt. He let out a controlled breath as the hate coiled in his gut and spread poisoning his thoughts.

His arm throbbed, and his almost full healed stab wound aching just as bad as his head thumped. He figured the slight blur to the room was normal after an explosion. He knew he should tell them but he couldn’t he had burdened the enough already.

Bruce sat him down at his usual spot with a group of unimpressed spectators watching their every move. Banner carefully looked in Peters’ ears with an Otoscope and sighed with relief. Peter flinched, as his eyes widened. He had heard that.
Bruce flashed him a grin before getting the teen to remove his shirt, so he could teat the stab wound. With each passing second, he could hear slightly more noise. Even his eyes began to clear up. Not by much though, everything still sounded on the underwater side of things.

Bruce must have said something because the Avengers and Ned all left the room. Bruce tapped Peters' shoulder and held up 3 fingers.

“Days?” Peter hoped he asked. The scientist shook his head, “hours?” Banner nodded his face grim.

There was something missing from this equation and Peter didn’t know what. Bruce mimed sleeping and the spiderling obliged.

It was weird, they didn’t make him eat anything.

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Bruce stepped out into a corridor filled with an overprotective superfamily.

“He’ll be okay?” Tony asked as soon as Bruce entered the hallway.

The grim look on the scientists' face didn’t look promising, “he’ll be fine, getting to fine however won’t be so painless.”

Tony’s brows furrowed, “operation?”

This time Loki stepped forward, “think stark, he has enhanced senses that are dialled up to 11. It is why I could not help him, this way at least the gradual adjustment back up to 11 may help him ease into his abilities with less pain.”

The engineers face dawned with understanding as he leant back against the wall.

“He’s asleep now but I’ll have to wake him in two hours because of his concussion. If we’re lucky the concussion will disappear before he has to deal with his super hearing coming back.” Bruce looked exhausted.

“Okay that gives us time,” all the Avengers turned to be met with the stern face of one Ned Leeds, “we need to figure out who we’re up against.” The unspoken ‘or things could get sticky, fast,’ hung in the air.

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Instead of moving from outside the door where Peter was sleeping the Avengers went and got beanbags and other less comfy chairs. The less comfy chairs were for those who thought sitting in the hospital wing in bean bags was 'unprofessional'. Translation, Steve was the only one not chilling in a bean bag.

“Let’s go over what we know.” Natasha started as Tony flicked up a hologram to make a list.

“The ‘Gunslinger’ character is a robot controlled by someone who is the self-proclaimed Lord of death.” Loki started.

“And whoever ‘Lord Death’ is, found out Peters identity somehow,” Steve added.

The room fell silent, “is that all you guys know?” Ned asked. It was hard to remain cool and collected in front of the awesomeness that was the Avengers, but right now he needed to help his friend and Aunt May.
More silence followed Neds’ question, the teen sighed, “okay, I might have someone you can ask. He had the most contact with ‘Lord Death.’”

Deep down Ned knew this was a really, really bad idea but he didn’t have much choice. Flash might know something.

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Flash shrieked when Iron Man landed in front of him. “Kid, we need to talk.” And that was how Flash ended up in a café sitting across from Tony Stark discussing Peter Parker the kid he’d bullied for years. Which by some miracle, the avengers had no clue about.

“So you agreed to the superpowers over the phone and the next morning you wake up super strong?” and to say Mr Stark looked done was the understatement of the century. “And why did you think that was a good idea?”

“Well, it didn’t seem possible, Mr Stark Sir. So, I figured why not?”

Mr Stark looked physically pained as he observed the teen, “and then after that point, you were blackmailed like the rest of the school?”

Flash nodded his head his eyes glued to his idol. “Do you know if anyone at the school leaked peters secret identity?”

Flash shook his head. They had all signed the forms and knew the consequences. Plus, most of them genuinely liked Peter of felt guilty enough that they’d probably do anything for the Spiderling when he returned.

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Bruce slipped into the hospital room where Pete lay. Banners eyes skimmed over the kids sleeping form.

“You’re the smartest idiot I know Pete. Wish this wasn’t your burden to bear.” Bruce murmured as he watched the rise and fall of Peters’ chest.

Bruce shuffled around the room tidying bits and pies, before checking over Peters cuts and bruises. Every time he watched the kid heal he was left amazed and saddened. No one should have to go through that.

As Bruce moved back toward the door their spider kid let out a small whimper that had Bruce’s hair standing on edge. Glancing back, he watched as Pete trembled in his sleep. Bruce considered waking him up but knew right now the kid was in deep sleep. He wouldn’t’ remember this horror.

As Banner left the room he could feel his heart breaking.

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“You know, I don’t think it was just ‘Lord Death’” Sam muttered as he thought back to the scene, “it doesn’t seem like his M.O.”

Tony entered at the same time as Bruce, both men just catching Sams’ thoughts. Tony rolled the information around in his brain for a moment before shaking his head. “it’s possible, but I think it’s more likely that ‘Lord Death’ just got sick of waiting. We’ll have to wit for Pete to wake up and recover to find out more information.”
Natasha stood and moved to the door announcing she was going to hunt through traffic cameras and any cameras around the dock area.

After a moment of stillness, the others decided to be useful to, or if they couldn’t be useful they were going to wait outside Peters room for him. He was their glue.

What this meant was Tony went to engineer stuff to keep people safe, Bucky went to cook for everyone and Sam went to make sleep schedules and other schedules to ensure that the team wouldn’t lose their collective shit and Loki went to go... Loki things.

The god of mischief wouldn’t say that only that it might help peters mood. And that did exactly nothing to stop the other worrying about what exactly he was up to.

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The first thing Peter noticed as Banner woke him was the bass drum in his head, the second was the noise. Everything was loud. He could hear the breathing of the people sitting outside the supposedly soundproof room. His own heart slammed in his ear, Banners only quieter.

Then the feelings came. His skin hurt. The fabric of the thin hospital blanket felt like someone had taken a sander to his body. Everything was too much.

Banners voice sounded too loud yet far away at the same time. He couldn’t open his eyes, the light on the others side of his eyelid already too bright. He could hear as people rushed into the room and item after item placed over his hears to no prevail.

His chest burned. He couldn’t remember the last time he breathed. He couldn’t remember anything. It was too much.

Something pushed into his ears and shoved over his eyes. Someone was moving him without touching him, he didn’t know who it was but right now he could cry with joy because he wasn’t hurting anymore.

He drew in a deep breath and let his body pull him back into darkness. Back into safety. Back to sleep.

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Loki closed his eyes for a moment as he fought back the urge to cry. Hovering in the air, suspended by his magic was Peter. He was so small. Too small. He felt grateful to Thor who stood by his side in silent support.

“Will he wake up like that again?” whispered the winter soldier whose eyes were wide his face ashen.

“No, this was him re-calibrating he should be fine next time.” Was all Bruce could manage to say. That had been torcher. “Loki please place him onto the bed again.”

The god of mischief lowered the Spiderling and place the blanket over his curled form removing the earplugs and sunglasses. Bucky curled into Steves’ side burying his face into his boyfriends’ neck, memories screaming back into his brain.

Ned dropped back into one of the chairs scattered around the room. He tried to dispel the images of Peter writhing in pain but couldn’t. He ran his hands down his face, not for the first time wishing he could do something for his best friend.
This time no one left the room. Not even to get beanbags. All resuming their projects in the small space.

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When Peter awoke again they greeted with the teen they all knew and love. The first word from his mouth being sorry at which everyone groaned.

“It’s really simple, spider child, do not get injured and we will not be in this situation.” Peter couldn’t help but grin as Loki towered over him because on the god of mischiefs cheek was a streak of glitter glue.

“Do you think this is funny? This is the second time in a week that you have ended up in hospital for serious injuries.”

Peter shook his head attempting to look guilty before the giggles bubbled out, “sorry, sorry, on your cheek.” The god of mischief glanced in one of the blacked-out windows and huffed his face burning red as he swiped the glitter glue away.

Peter felt his stomach roll as he turned his attention to the rest of the room. Each face filled with worry. Loki might have spoken first, but they were everyone’s thoughts.

“I really am sorry.” Peter muttered his face falling as he rubbed his arm, “I just … she’s May, y’know?”

Shoulders slumped, and each face turned tired. “We know kid, but your Pete, y’know?” Tony tried giving him a grim smile, Peter gave him one back.

“Yeah, I guess I do.”

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The Spiderling put on clothes and everyone marched up to the common room for food, made by Bucky.

Peter stared at the food and then at Ned, and then back at the food and back at Ned. Ned shuffled closer to Peter before whispering, “dude, this is so cool, we’re eating with the Avengers! Can you believe it? That right there is Captain America! And there’s Iron Man and The Black Widow!”

And with those words, everything was okay with the world. Peter looked at the food one last time before taking a big mouthful. It still tasted a bit like ash and made his stomach churn. But it wasn’t so bad anymore. Ned was there.

“Okay, Pete while we eat can you tell us what happened and where you were before you went to the meetup?” Steve asked gaining everybody’s attention.

Peter smirked, “I was at the café across the road.” The whole room groaned, of course, he was. Pete then moved on to the rest of the timeline.

“So no details? They just looked ‘like a shadow’ and their voice sounded ‘disguised?’” All Peter could do was nod and shrug.

Natasha sat back against the back of her chair, “looks like we’ll have to go back to the crime scene. Tony’s people secured the area for us. And then I guess we fan out and contact our resources.”
“Underworld gossip.” Glint grinned his body vibrating with energy.

“Can I come?” The Spiderling asked his plate nearly empty. The Avengers observed the teen for a moment, he’d almost eaten an entire plate of food and if they said no he’d go anyway.

“You can come provided you listen to us and eat one more plate,” Tony answered looking ten years older. Peter went silent his eyes widening. This hadn’t happened before, they always said no.

“Really?” He whispered his voice filling with awe.

Steve answered looking physically pained, “really.”

Peter shared a grin with Ned. He was going on a mission with the Avengers and they were going to get May back together.

~~~

“Ned, how did you find out and get into the tower for that matter?” Peter asked as they walked together back to the Spiderlings’ room to get his spidy suite.

His guy in the chair smirked. “When the Avengers were acting all weird, flying all over the city and not in the hospital with you, I thought something might have happened to you. So, I hacked their comms. One thing led to another and bam here I am.”

Peter watched Ned for a moment before turning his attention back to where he was going, “you’re really scary sometimes you know that?”

Ned grinned, “yup!”

F.R.I.D.A.Y certainly did.

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR SUPPORT!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :D YOU GUYS ARE AMAZING!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Thank you all so much for your continued support!!!!!!! Please feel free to leave kudos and comments, as long as they are nice and/or constructive!!!!!!!!!!!! THANK YOU ALL AGAIN!!!!! YOU GUYS RULE!!!!! :) Hope you all have a super awesome day/night!!!!!!!!!!!!! :)”

P.S M.O= Modus Operandi: someone’s habits, way of working (https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/modus-operandi, Accessed on February 2nd 2019) I give you this definition cause for ages I understood what M.O meant without actually knowing the lengthened version so I thought some other people might be interested too!!!! ☺️
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

and one, and one, and one, one, one, one, one, one, one, one, on-

Chapter Notes

WARNING: May contain triggering content, for specifics please read between the astricts just below.
WARNING: May contain coarse language

*Possible Triggers: depression, intrusive thoughts, violence, creepy vibes.*

I HAVE RETURNED!!!!! :) Also, quick news flash for those who like stuckony I have been working on a series of one shots, as in a series that is made up of one shots, for stuckony!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :) My usual deal so sadness with sadness and cuteness and happiness and more sadness :P :) I expect it to be more fluffy then sad though!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :). Additionally, I may or may not have another series in mind. I've been busy, you guys just don't have the results yet :p :) I'll keep you posted and let you know when I upload the first works in each series!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :) I hope you've all been well!!!!! Still super psyched for this fic, I think I just needed the break I should have taken between writing the first work in this series and starting this one :) Thank you all for your endless support and patience!!!!!!!!!!!! Hope you enjoy!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Sorry for my awful grammar and spelling!!!!!!!! I DONT OWN MARVEL OR CINDERELLA OR ANY OF THE CHARACTURES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :D Thank you all again!!!!!!! Hope you enjoy this update, and all the updates to come!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Hope you have a super fantastic day/night!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :) See the end of the chapter for more notes

The city looked beautiful at sundown. The hues of the sun dancing on the windows of skyscrapers and painting the world in golds and pinks and oranges and purples. There was silence across the coms as the others moved into position. Peter felt at peace, just for a moment everything felt still and warm.

“Everyone knows who they’re after, and/or where they’re posted?” Tonys’ voice sounded older, and even though the Spiderling knew why, he couldn’t wipe the grin off his face.

Mummers of affirmation ran around the group, “alright then, you all know what to do. Check back in an hour and coms off.”

Peter breathed out as his family went silent, or more correctly, their coms went into silent mode. They were still technically on in case of an emergency and to record each meeting, but other than that they couldn’t hear each other.
Spider-man bounced on his heels as he surveyed the scene. His Avengers trusted him enough to let him do this, and he wasn’t going to screw up.

The instructions had been simple, each member had been given a person to talk to and then from there they’d start building their webs of information. They were to follow leads and get as much information as possible. Then they’d meet back home at 12 am and discuss findings.

Peter watched and waited energy spiralling out of him through the constant tapping of his fingers to bouncing on his toes. He hated waiting. He needed to do something but that something wasn’t there yet.

One check-in passed and then another before he finally arrived. Peter decided he was a skulker. Tony had called him Banjo, Steve had called him Fred, and Clint and Natasha both called him Roach.

Apparently, he was a slippery ex-spy who only talked to people he liked and had a billion different names, allegedly no one knew his real one. He also didn’t like Tony, Steve, Nat, or Clint, so they sent Peter.

There were also rumours stating that he was a vampire, a werewolf, had served in the army, fought three dragons, brought down twelve underground crime syndicates by himself, and wrangled a crocodile with his bare hands.

Clint also had an infallible belief he could read minds, Natasha said that Clint was an idiot and that roach was just observant.

Peter waited until the skulker skulked into the nearby ally before swinging in to introduce himself and start his web making. What he was met with was not what he expected.

~~~

The man was wearing a rainbow cloak. He wasn’t when he walked into the ally, but now he was. He was definitely still the same man but now he was even more terrifying. And that wasn’t all, it was so much worse, he had de-aged by about twenty years.

The man raised his eyebrows, then while Spider-mans eyes were still glued to his he began to change once again. The Spiderling felt his jaw hit the floor. The now wrinkled 80-year old grinned and moved to dart away.

“Wait!” Spider-man yelped, “that was so cool!!! How’d you do that? Can I do that? Is that some new technology? Or do you have abilities like me?”

The old man laughed, and Peter had a feeling he knew how all the rumours were started. “You can call me,” the man thought for a bit before his eyes lit up, “Rainbow! How may I help you, young man?”

The Spiderling buzzed as Rainbow made himself comfortable on top of a dumpster. “I was told you know a lot of things, and that you might know who’s behind Gunslinger or a lead to who’s behind Gunslinger.”

The Spiderlings eyes couldn’t stop tracing over the man in front of him. Watching each little change to his face, one wrinkle would disappear as a new one appeared somewhere else. Rainbow swung his legs in thought, “and what if I do?”

“Could you please tell me? He’s a danger to the population and to my family, he must be stopped.”
At that moment Peter felt like a little kid impersonating an adult as the technicoloured covered man watched him with the wisdom of decades.

“I only do things for favours kid, and as I don’t need anything right now you’ll have to agree to an ‘I owe you.’”

Neither party was an idiot and they both knew how much the information meant and how much weight an unspecific agreement held. It was dangerous to both agree or not agree.

“If I say yes you also have to tell me if your age changing is technology or inherent.” Spider-man sighed, it wasn’t ideal but it could be useful later.

“Very well, do you agree young one?” Rainbow enquired staring the spiderling in the eye.

“I agree,” Spider-man responded.

They shook hands, their deal was struck.

~~~

“Has the kid checked in yet?” Tony asked he was taking the upper-class scene as opposed to the streets.

His thing was to find the fancy parties and ask around. Sometimes the high-class places were where you needed to be. He sipped his champagne as he waited for a response. It was check-in time, the Spider kid wasn't reponing.

After another moment of silence Clint responded, “not that I know of, do you want me to check it-“

“Hi! Sorry, sorry, just got too caught up chatting to Mr Rainbow sir. He’s incredible, he was telling me about the change rate of his appearance, did you know-“everyone waited, “sorry can’t talk about it anymore. Anyhow, I’m okay I’m going to start following up my new lead. Bye!”

“Should we ask? Or is this like an independence opportunity?” Clints’ voice was tinged with worry and curiosity.

“He’s in a good mood and making progress, I think we should let him be?” Tonys’ voice taunt, no one joked as they thought of their Spider kid and everything he’d been through.

Steve sighed, “If anything happens we’ll hear over coms.”

Even steves reassurances didn't make the thought any easier, still, they let their Spider kid be. If it helped his mental health who were they to stand in the way of that?

Didn’t make doing it easy.

But sometimes the right thing wasn't easy, the real question running through their heads though was just that.

Had they done the right thing?

~~~

Peter waited, a sense of deja vu settling in his stomach. Once again, he was perched atop a building, this time listening instead of watching. Listening for the word rainbow.
And there it was, the word bounced off walls and echoed through open windows, and it lead him straight to his lead.

He never missed the feeling of swinging through the city, his emotions amplified by the thrill of the chase. Sure enough just as Rainbow had said his new lead was at the end of the sound. He was also being beaten up by a girl in a mask.

Spider-man grinned elated at the prospect of a new superhero/superheroine. Instead of joining the fight he let her finish kicking ass, unsure of the etiquette of joining fights you weren’t first involved in with people you don’t know.

He watched as she delivered another hard punch to the thief’s face. He admired her speed and accuracy as she took him down with a final blow to the ribs. The spiderling grinned, she’d make an awesome sparring partner.

Scuttling down the wall he began introductions, “hi! I’m spider-man, and you are? Other than extremely cool that is.”

She arched one eyebrow before turning around not bothering to make nice. The Spiderling could feel himself deflate it would have been nice to meet some cool new supers. Its cause she knows, his mind whispered. The spider kid grimaced and moved forward, an empty mind is the devils’ workshop.

Spiderman turned his attention back to the bound ski mask wearing thief. “I really thought you guys would start choosing better disguises. I mean, everyone does the ski mask, you can be original and unidentifiable.”

The crook made muffled noises around the duct tape.

“Fair is fair I guess,” and with that, he could speak.

“I don’t know nothing, I swear! All I was doin’ was gettn’ some cash for, uh, for my ma’s birthday. This was always mine.” The spiderling could feel his brain cells melting.

“So, this pearl-encrusted purse is yours, and you decided it would match your ski mask, which you have to ware due to the freezing cold tempura of 28 degrees? (Australian temp mesurements)”

“Yes.”

“Righttttttt, okay, I just need to know if you know anything about a villain named Gunslinger and then I’ll disappear.”

The spiderling waited as the thief thought and squirmed trying to loosen the ropes, they were well tied, he wasn’t going anywhere.

“Okay, look, I’ve been hearin’ around the streets, ya know, that The Masks are huntin,’ huntin’ for someones special. A little boy in a pretty red suit and a couple of tricksters. I think they, er, they met a special lady, a while back, the tricksters did. They learnt something they shouldn’t’ ave’,” the thief gave a toothless grin.

“They be huntin’ but I know somethin’ too now. The boy in the pretty red suit be huntin’ em’ too. A word of advice Spider-man” his giggles made the spiderlings tummy roll, “you’re playin’ a game of masks. Is almost like hydra, one falls two take their place? This time its remove one, and one, and one, and one, one, one, one, one, one, one, on-“ tears dribbled from his eyes as he laughed.

“Spin your webs spider-man, but careful you don’t tangle you self in all those sticky threads. You
saved em’ before, but can you do it again? Try askin’ around in something less red and ya might find somethin’.”

The spiderling shuddered as he turned away, they had heard about the masks before, even the name sent his spider-sense blaring. Peter wasn’t sure he wanted to pull the thread that would lead him there. He didn’t know what that thread held in.

But there was aunt may.

And there we the Avengers, and ned, and all of Queens. If the thread wasn’t pulled what would happen.

Which was worse?

Which was right?

Aunt May.

~~~

“The clock strikes twelve, and where are all our little Cinderella superheroes?”

As if summoned by the sound of Tonys’ voice from all the possible opening in the room stumble the Avengers. The Avengers that hadn’t already arrived that is. Thor, Tony, and Sam all watched the idiots arrive. Peter through the window, Loki through a portal, Nat and Clint via elevator. Bucky and cap through a door.

“Okay kiddos, pizza is on its way, now what do we know.”

The words haunted Peter as they discussed the new information or lack thereof. After adding his bit no one came up with anything new, they’d all heard of The Masks but that’s all there was to it. No one could find any depth.

Peter rested his chin on his hand, could he save them again? Honestly, he didn’t know. It made him feel like before, small, weak, stupid, not worthy. He growled as his mind fought back as he attempted to secure a mask of his own, the irony was not lost on him.

~~~

No one missed the change, especially Loki. Not bothering to walk he instead chose to transport both himself and the spiderling into Peters bedroom.

“Peter, you do realise that once people recognise your ‘I’m not sad’ look it is easy to notice?” The god of mischief pointed out calmly sitting beside his friend, “which number are you?”

Peters shoulders slumped, “only about a six.”

Loki nodded wrapping his friend in a hug, “it still is not fun.”

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Suffice to say each pizza was coated in something very different to what the Avengers expected.
Tony being the only one able to stand the heat, raising his eyebrows at everyone else.

Peter and Loki couldn’t stop laughing as they watched their friends chug milk attempting to stop the burn. Popcorn always tasted better when you were watching the chaos you created.

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU ALL FOR YOU SUPPORT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I hope you guys have loved reading this as much as I've loved writing it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :) Kudos and comments are always wonderful, provided they are kind and/or constructive!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Thank you all so much!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I hope you have a beautiful night/day!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :) 

End Notes

THANK YOU ALL FOR READING AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THIS CHAPTER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Chapter two is gonna be better though!!!!!!!!!!!! :) Like by 100% :) I love receiving kudos and/or comments provided they are nice and or constructive!!!! No mean stuff!!!!!!!!!!!! Thank you all again!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Have a wicked day/night!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :) 

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!