Just a Routine HYDRA Takedown

by notyoursherlock

Summary

It was supposed to be a routine HYDRA takedown. But when Peter comes in contact with a strange chemical it all goes downhill from there.

A few weeks later he's recovering within Avengers Tower. Everything's been going good, so what happens when his decathlon team shows up?

Notes

there is a slight description of violence, so if you don't like that its perfectly okay to exit this work
See the end of the work for more notes.
The Base

Peter wasn’t really having a great day. Or week. Come to think of it, it’s been a pretty shi-crappy, sorry Cap, past few weeks.

It all started when Peter and the team, Bucky and Loki included as they were now cleared of all charges and living in the tower, were lounging about in the Avengers living room. He was sprawled across one of the many worn-in leather couches with his head in Loki’s lap and legs in Bucky’s. Tony, his adoptive father, was sat in a loveseat conversing with Bruce who was on the armchair. Natasha was sat criss cross on the floor below Peter. Clint was on the footrest. Thor was on the couch to their left next to Steve, both of whom were comparing Earth’s politics to Asgard’s. Sam was in the connecting kitchen talking to Scott while making hot chocolate. Rhodey was on another couch with Vision, who was cuddling Wanda, all of whom were watching whatever TV program was on. (It was Dance Moms.)

It was a lazy day in SI - Tony ended up not selling the tower after the whole Homecoming fiasco and the team now lived there, but still regularly went to the compound (but don’t tell anyone it was mainly for Peter) - There were no missions, no school, and most importantly, no alien invaders.

Peter had his eyes closed, nodding off as Loki threaded his hand through his hair and Bucky had his cool metal arm across his legs. Just as he were about to fall asleep, a loud alarm rang throughout the room interrupting the soft chatter, and thoroughly startling the spiderling into a sitting position at which Loki gave a noise of protest.

Annoyed at the interruption, all present company looked towards the dining table to see a hologram that had popped up saying ‘INCOMING CALL: EYE PATCH’ Grumbling, Tony gave an exasperated sigh and said, “JARV, Accept please. May as well get it over with.” The hologram then gave-way to a rather, ahem, upset looking Nick Fury.

Glaring, the bald one eyed directer started to talk. “Avengers. We have a HYDRA threat that needs to be neutralized. All the information needed is being sent as we speak. Fury, out.” And with that, Nick Fury ended the call.

Giving an over-dramatized sigh, Clint threw his head back and stood from the footrest. “And here I was, hoping to get absolutely nothing done today.”
So here they were now, at one of the last remaining HYDRA bases. This one was on an offshore island. It was relatively small and not well guarded. Since it was so small, only a handful of Avengers had to come. Spiderman was to get in, disable the security system, and recover all files. Ironman was more or less back up, but he provided air support. Black Widow was to enter along with Hawkeye after the security system was disabled and take down any agents. Captain America and Ant Man stood guarding the main exit, also taking down any agents that somehow got outside. Bruce was in the Quinjet on standby for medical purposes.

It was supposed to be simple, Quick. In and out.

But then everything went wrong and shit hit the fan.

“Webs! Head in through the top window and disable the security.” Tony said through the coms. “Careful, there’s electricity two feet below the ceiling. Don’t want a fried bug.”

Giving a fake offended gasp, Peter started to crawl up the side of the brick building. “I am offended! Spiders are arachnids, not bugs!”

“Just get in and do the job!” Steve stated, not unkindly, as he just wanted to get everything finished and done. Grumbling, Peter followed the commands and went inside. He immediately felt the buzzing electricity underneath him that was making his senses go crazy.

Alarmed, Peter whispered into the coms, “Hey guys, this electricity is making my senses go crazy. I’m not gonna be able to detect any incoming danger”. At this, Clint gave a small curse and replied,

“Don’t worry bug. Tasha and I will be watching you.” Too on edge to correct the archer, Peter started to crawl across the ceiling as flat as he could go. All was silent over the coms as he made his way throughout the base and to the security room. Looking up (or was it down?), Peter saw three HYDRA agents below him, manning the computers. Luckily for him, there was no electricity in this room but his senses were still going crazy over it, so he was able to silently drop down behind the agents. Acting fast, he shot his arms to the sides and webbed the two agents on the sides and slammed their heads into the one in the middle. They all went down.

Shaking his arms out and jumping Peter gave a relieved sigh. “Phew! I thought I would never get out of there!”
“Good job kid. Now get those security systems down.” Tony commanded, as they had to hurry to attract minimum attention.

“Right! Right.” He darted forward and his finger started flying across the keypads. Only a couple minutes later did he get them down. Throwing his arms up he exclaimed, “They’re down!” He then started to hack in and retrieve the files onto a flash drive.

That was when the chaos started.

A few minutes later as he was distracted while webbing the drive to his hip, he did not notice the HYDRA agent sneaking up on him from behind until his senses went off at the last moment. He whirled around and was met with a face full of chemicals. Spluttering, he waved his hands around to try and disperse it, but he inevitably breathed it in. When his sight cleared, he saw the agent still in front of him, and quickly incapacitated the man.

“Spider-Man! Are you alright?” Natasha’s concerned voice came through his coms. He could hear fighting in the background and assumed that she and Clint were now inside the base.

“Ye-yeah! Yep, all good. Im on my way right now!” He quickly assured her as he darted out the doorway. Running down the hall, he heard Clint grunt in pain, and right as he turned the corner, saw him stumble a bit, holding a hand to his side as a woman stood in front of him. Jolting forward, Peter ran and threw a fist at the woman, which she quickly parried. They exchanged a few blows before Peter managed to get her feet out from under her and knock her unconscious. Spinning back towards his teammate, he saw Clint with one hand on the stone wall with the other on a quickly reddening spot on his side. Alarmed, Peter ran forward to support him.

“Im fine!” Clint attempted to protest. “Just a little scratch.” Raising an eyebrow, even though Clint couldn’t see it, and ignored his teammate’s poor protesting.

“No, Barton, you’re not. Spidey, get him to Bruce.” Tony’s voice came over the coms just as he blasted a group of agents. Bobbing his head even though the genius couldn’t see it, Peter slung Clint’s right arm over his shoulders as they made their way out of the base. On their way out, they encountered Natasha battling three agents. Noticing Peter hesitate, torn between getting Clint out or helping Natasha, she quickly shocked him out of his stupor by yelling at him.

“Go! Get him to safety, I’ve got this!” Knowing that she was right and not to protest, he quickly continued making his way out of the base. Approaching the exit, he pushed open the door an was blinded by sunlight. As he blinked to clear his vision, he saw Iron Man flying high in the sky, looking over the base. He hobbled pass Steve and Scott, the former who was waving him towards
the jet, the latter shrinking and re-enlarging randomly to confuse enemy agents and throw them around. Giving the captain a nod, he quickly made his way into the woods where the jet was sitting in a clearing. He made it to his destination, seeing the back opened and Bruce running out, slinging Clint’s left arm over his shoulders and putting pressure on the wound with his left hand.

As they made their way into the jet, Bruce began gathering materials and interrogating both heroes. “How’d he get injured?”

Breathing out, Peter answered as honestly as he could. “Not sure. Wasn’t with him. I only heard him after he was hurt and when I rounded the corner he was holding his side.”

“How long ago?”

“Ah, I’d say, fifteen minutes give or take.” Just as he finished the sentence, Bruce had peeled Clint’s vest off of him, and gave a low whistle.

“Stab wound. You’re quite lucky,” the doctor remarked as he quickly cleaned the wound and disinfected it, “any higher, and it could have pierced your lung.” Clint only gave a grunt in return and hissed as he started to stitch it up.

“We’re coming in. Base has been cleared out. Spidey, you got those files?” Steve’s voice came over the intercoms.

“Oh! Yeah! Ye-yep, they’re right uhh, right here!” He quickly raised his hand after patting down his form, having forgotten he’d webbed the flash drive to his hip.

“Good job kid. How bout we blow this popsicle stand, huh?” Tony questioned as he landed in the jet, suit retracting, Natasha and Steve not far behind.

Just as Peter opened his mouth to reply, he was hit with a wave of nausea. Stumbling to the left, Steve quickly caught his arm, brows furrowed. “You okay son?”

“Yeah I just-“ he stopped himself by keeling over and breaking into a fit of coughing. Alarmed, Tony and Natasha rushed over, followed by Bruce who had just finished cleaning Clint’s stab wound up. Ripping off his mask so he could breath better, Peter put his hands on the ground and struggled to take a breath.
“Kid! Peter! What’s going on?” Tony asked, quite concerned and worried for his kid. Natasha reached forward, putting her hand on his forehead when the coughing stopped before retracting with a hiss.

“He’s burning up. We need to cool him down, now.” Scott ran to the back of the jet and returned with a cool washcloth, putting it on Peter’s head. Just as he was about to protest that he was fine, when his muscles suddenly locked up and started to spasm.

Tony cried out in alarm as Peter fell to the floor, fall broken by Bruce shoving his hands under his head.

“He’s having a seizure. Scott! Start timing it. Tony, get us to the tower. Nat, call Cho. Steve, help me move him.” Each hero scrambled to follow his instructions, worried for their youngest member. When Steve got Peter into a better spot, without harming him, Bruce set him on his side so he could breath better, and pulled off his jacket, putting it under Peter’s head so he didn’t cause any head injuries.

As the Quinjet was speeding toward New York, Bruce worriedly looked down at Peter who was still seizing.

“Scott. Time.” Scott looked down at his watch and with an alarmed look replied,

“Four minutes thirty seven seconds.” This was bad. The seizure didn’t look like it was stopping soon, and if it surpassed five minutes, they were in serious trouble. As soon as Scott’s timer hit five minutes, he alarmed the scientist who then turned towards Tony, who was piloting the jet, in the most terrified voice any of them had ever heard.

“Fly faster!”
Back in New York

Chapter Notes

Sorry this one is so short, it's the only way I could make it more than two chapters.

They arrived in New York in record time. The seizure lasted a whole eight minutes and fourteen seconds, much longer than it should have. When they landed, a medical team along with Doctor Helen Cho were waiting at the landing platform. As soon as the jet opened, the team rushed in, grabbed Peter, and rushed back into the tower followed by Bruce, securing an oxygen mask and checking his vitals.

Exhausted, the five all walked in, Clint supported by Steve, and were immediately bombarded with frantic questions and worried looks.

Not wanting to deal with at the moment, Natasha rubbed her forehead and yelled, “BE QUIET!” Not a sound was heard. “You wanna know what happened?” They nodded. “Here’s what happened. We were at the base. Peter got the security systems down and retrieved the files. As I was taking down agents Clint got stabbed and Peter brought him to Bruce. When we finished with the base, we walked inside the jet and Peter swayed a bit on his feet then just started coughing out of nowhere. Then he started to have a seizure.”

Stepping forward with the most heartbroken expression, Wanda quietly asked the question on everyone’s mind. “How long…?”

Tony hung his head and quietly said, “Eight minutes, fourteen seconds.” Immediately every present Avenger gave out either heartbroken cries, blank looks, or worried gazes. Stepping forward, Steve brought Clint the the couches and gently laid him down, sitting next to his feet. Everyone followed example. No-one noticed the two figures slip away.

“How long…” Everyone looked towards Sam who had asked the question everyone wanted answered, but were too afraid to ask.

“I don’t know.”

Just then, was their attention brought to the two missing Avengers. “Wait, where’s Bucky and
Turns out they were in the med bay, worried out of their minds for their adopted brother. They were all like peas in a pod. Inseparable. Peter and Bucky met first. Peter was visiting Wakanda and was so excited. When they first landed, T’Challa, Shuri, and the queen were standing there, with Bucky lingering in the background. After meeting the three, he could barely contain his excitement as he ran over to the reformed assassin. Bucky was skeptical at first, but when he saw that Peter wasn’t afraid of him, his past actions, or his metal arm, they quickly became friends.

Next Peter met Loki. Thor had brought the remaining Asgardians to Norway, where they built New Asgard, and was now bringing his younger brother to meet his teammates. At least not in battle. The moment they got there, arguments broke out and Loki slipped away, not wanting to deal with it. As he was looking out the window in an empty room far from the others, he heard a rather young voice from behind him.

“Mr. Loki?” When Loki turned, he saw a short, brown haired teenager looking at him with something shining in his eyes that he assumed to be fear.

“Yes, child?” When the teen opened his mouth, he expected questions about New York, Asgard, and him being evil. But what came out of his mouth pleasantly surprised the god.

“Do you like pranks?”

Those four words marked the beginning of an era of pranks. No-one was safe. Hours later, the Avengers found the two in the living room, mashed together on the couch watching vines.

Next, Peter introduced Bucky and Loki. They bonded over the fact that they were both controlled by terrible people, as HYDRA had done to Bucky, and Thanos had done to Loki. They also bonded over the fact that they would give their life if it meant that Peter was okay. The three quickly became inseparable and were more often than not found together.

Later they adopted each other as brothers, not legally of course.

Back to the present. Both men were in front of the window, watching as the medical team rushed
to figure out what was wrong. A few hours later, they were cleared to enter the room. The two quickly ran inside and sat at either side of Peter. Days had passed, and neither moved. They were brought food which they occasionally ate, and only got up to use the bathroom.

One day, when Loki was reading a book and Bucky was watching the TV that was in the corner of the room, Peter woke up.

“Mmmm… L-ki? B-ck…?” At the sound of Peter attempting to speak, both their heads whipped towards Peter, to see him blearily blinking his eyes. Grabbing the water that was on a nearby table, Bucky brought it to Peter who drank it slowly.

“What… what happened?” Not wanting him to worry, Loki answered his question.

“You came in contact with a strange chemical while you were on your mission. You, uh, you had a seizure.” At this, Peter’s eyes widened, and he reached up to the back of his head to check for any lasting damage. There was none. Relieved, he put his hands back in his lap and looked at his brothers.

“M’sorry I made you worry,” Bucky immediately protested.

“It wasn’t your fault! You’re fine now. That’s all that matters.” Satisfied, Peter looked at Loki and asked,

“Can I see the others?”

Not long after he uttered those words, Loki called for the others saying that he was awake, and they immediately came barreling in through the doorway.
A few weeks had passed, and Peter was getting better. He would still break out coughing and have an occasional seizure, but they never lasted longer than four minutes.

Peter was currently in the Avengers living room with Loki and Bucky. He was starting to nod off, as Loki was threading his hand through his hair, and Bucky was quite warm. Just before he did, an idea came to mind.

Sitting up quickly, startling both males, he threw his idea out into the room.

“We should train!”

Neither liked this idea.

“But you’re still healing!”

“What if you get hurt?”

Peter gave them the dreaded puppy eyes and replied, “But I haven’t had a seizure in a week! I’m fine! Plus, I’m not getting anything done just sitting here. We can go easy if you want!” After looking at him for a few more seconds, both gave in.

Giving a dramatic sigh, Loki said, “Fine. But if you get hurt, I’m blaming you and Barnes.” At this, Bucky gave an affronted noise and they started to bicker in good-nature. But Peter knew he wouldn’t do that. Just as he knew Bucky wouldn’t follow through on the death threat he gave Loki.

Throwing his legs off Bucky’s lap, he stood and walked to the elevator. As he went, he threw over his shoulder, “You coming?” They both stood and ran into the elevator after him, still bickering. They had to go down into the public training room, as the Avenger’s training room was still being cleaned up from the last prank war. (Clint set off glitter bombs and somehow managed to set everything on fire.)

Before heading to the training room, they had stopped and changed into workout clothes. Peter had a grey tee and black sweats, Bucky had a white tee and grey sweats, while Loki had a green t-shirt and black sweats. When they exited the elevator, they walked down the hallway and through the double doors, and saw Natasha sparring with Steve, as Clint shot arrows at targets. They watched as they exchanged blows, at a stalemate until Natasha swept Steve’s legs out from under him, grabbing his arm and pulling it behind his back into a painful position.

Leaning down she growled, “Yield?”

Steve sighed. “I yield.” With that she stood up and caught sight of the trio in the doorway.
“Бэби паук! What are you doing here?” (Baby spider) Rolling his eyes at the nickname, Peter replied,

“Ней Мама паук! Just here to train a bit.” (Mama spider) Seeing her open her mouth to protest, he quickly said, “But we’re gonna go easy! I won’t get hurt. Promise.” Giving him a calculated look, she pondered for a second before nodding.

Cheering, Peter gave a fist pump and ran over the the sparring mats and started to stretch. Watching, Loki and Bucky followed his example.

“Jesus kid!” Bucky exclaimed as he watched Peter fold himself in half, “I have no idea how you’re that flexible. Its creepy.” Snickering, Peter righted himself, promptly bent backwards, and started to crawl faster than he should have been able to at Bucky. Giving a very undignified shriek, Bucky started to run away, Loki cackling in the background.

After chasing Bucky for a bit, Peter stood laughing, and walked back over to Loki, who was thinking of the blackmail he just got and all the pranks they could do.

Huffing, Bucky walked back over and shoved Peter gently. “Don’t ever do that again. Not natural.”

Laughing, Peter got into a defense position and motioned for them to start. Both Loki and Bucky quickly got into defense position, and they lunged at the teen.

From the outside, it looked like they were dancing, they were moving so fluidly. It was because they were so in tune with each other and had sparred enough that they knew each other’s moves and style, that they were able to follow each other so well. They went on like that for roughly seven minutes, before Peter surprised Bucky by jumping up and wrapping his legs around his head, using his momentum to swing them both down, effectively pinning him.

Breathing heavy, Peter leaned down and asked, “Do you yield?”

“Never!” And with that, Bucky planted his feet and grabbed Peter with his hands, throwing him towards Loki so the two went down together. Giggleing, Peter fell on top of Loki who then began unsuccessfully attempting to hide his laughter as Peter rolled off him. Hearing Peter’s contagious laughter, Bucky started to chuckle which quickly grew into a full blown laugh. As the three were a laughing mess on the floor, they didn’t notice the group of people that were previously looking in through the window, enter the room and begin to talk to Steve, Natasha, Clint and Sam, the latter who had just entered the room.

As the laughter subsided, they all began heaving for air. Once they all stopped they looked at each other and promptly began laughing again. Through his laughter, Peter heard a very familiar, yet unwelcome voice cut through the air.

“Parker?!!?”

As soon as he heard this, his laughter came to an abrupt stop and he whipped his head around to see his whole Academic Decathlon class. Flash was at the front with a confused, and angry expression, MJ looked indifferent, Ned had a guilty and apologetic face, while the rest were confused as to what was going on. Standing up, Peter wrung his hands and looked at Natasha with a panicked expression. Glancing between the two groups, Steve asked,

“You know him?” At this, Ned stepped forward and waved.

“Hey Mr. Rogers.”
“Hey Ned.” Right as he said this, a look of realization came over his features, and he shot Peter an apologetic glance. “Oh. These are your teammates, correct?”

Peter nodded, still panicking slightly. He head snickering and looked over at Clint and Sam, who both found his predicament hilarious. Shooting them a glare, he turned back towards his AcaDec team, and saw Mr. Harrison looking like a gaping fish.

Opening and closing his mouth a few times, Mr. Harrison gathered his composure and started to scold him. “Peter. What are you doing here? You’re supposed to be at school! Is this where you’ve been the past month?” Suddenly feeling guilty for something he didn’t do, Peter hung his head and was about to walk off when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

“I’m afraid you are mistaken. Young Peter is exactly where he is supposed to be.” He heard Loki’s voice come from his left. Looking up, he saw Loki staring at his classmates, who had taken a step back, save for Ned and Mj, in fear of the man who had tried to take over New York. (Him being controlled by Thanos wasn’t public knowledge yet.) He then felt Bucky’s metal arm that was on full display come to settle on his right shoulder.

“Now, what are you doing here?” Instead of Mr. Harrison answering Bucky’s question, Natasha answered with a curt, “Tour.” Nodding his head, Bucky looked down at Peter, dismissing them and said, “Now how about we finish sparring?” At this, Peter perked up visibly and nodded so fast it looked like his head was about to fall off and seemingly forgot about his classmates. Just as he were about to turn around, he heard Flash, who must of had a death wish, shout.

“How the hell did you manage to do this Parker? Is this your fake internship? Huh? Who’d you pay?” At this, every Avenger looked murderous, but before they could say anything MJ butted in.

“Shut it Flash! Just because you couldn’t get an internship here doesn’t mean Peter couldn’t. Even if you were smart enough to get one, which you aren’t, they’d kick you out the moment they discovered that you’re an arrogant ass who thinks he’s better than anyone.” At this, Flash grew red with anger and embarrassment, and snapped at her.

“Shut it weirdo!” At this, Peter grew quite angry. No-one insults his friends.

“Hey Flash! Leave her alone. This is between me and you, not her.” Sneering, Flash replied with, “Hah, defending your girlfriend?” Before Peter could deny that, a loud voice was heard throughout the room.

“BABY BOY!”

At this, a man in a red and black suit burst through the doors followed by a frazzled Tony Stark. Eyes widening, Peter braced himself just in time for Deadpool to come barreling into him.

He felt himself being picked up and spun, and quickly coming over his shock, he tightly gripped his boyfriend of nine months. Wade had previously been on a long period mission, so they hadn’t seen each other in a month.

“Wade! I missed you!” In the background he heard Tony grumble ‘I didn’t.’ But he ignored that. Pulling back, he looked up into the white eyes of the mask and rolled it up so he could give the other teen a kiss.

Squawking, Tony waved his arms around like a mad man. “Why are you dating him of all people?!!? He’s so much older than you and he kills people!”
After being set down, Peter turned towards his mentor-turned-father and replied, “Okay first of all, 
he’s TWO years older than me. And he hasn’t unalived anyone in like, nine months!” At Tony’s 
eyebrow raise he added, “HYDRA doesn’t count.”

“That’s right Tin Can! Anyway,” his boyfriend chirped, “I gotta go to SHIELD for a meeting with 
Fury in like, fifteen minutes, so imma get tacos and be ten minutes late.”

“But you just got back!” Peter protested, not wanting to be separated from Wade any longer.

“I know pumpkin. I’ll be back!” And with that he ran out of the room.

Grumbling, Tony rubbed his eyebrows and rubbed his hands over his face. “Anyways, come on kid. 
T’Challa sent some vibranium over for us to play with.” At that, Peter’s eyes lit up and he ran over to 
Tony from Loki and Bucky, eager to start tinkering.

“You’re dating Deadpool?!?” Flash’s voice rang throughout the training room. Not really caring 
anymore, Peter simply nodded. “What are you even doing here?”

Thinking for a second, Peter smirked and replied, “Find that out in the press conference.” When he 
said this, all the present Avengers gave him questioning looks, to which he dismissed with a look that 
said ‘I’ll tell you later.’

Furrowing his brow, Mr. Harrison took the time to ask a question that had been on his mind for a 
while. “Peter, why haven’t you been in school?”

He looked at Tony and asked, “Can I tell em?” Shocked that the teen wanted to do this, he simply 
nodded. Turning back towards his classmates he answered, “Got sprayed with a dangerous chemical 
during a routine HYDRA base takedown.”

Everyone excluding the Avengers reeled back in shock, including Ned and Mj as they had only been 
told he got sick.

“Wait,” a boy named Abe piped up from the group, “wouldn’t that have to mean you’re an 
Avenger?”

Humming Peter walked over to the wall, and promptly started to walk up it once he got to the high 
ceiling, he flipped off it and landed beside Bucky, who snorted at his dramatics, and Loki who rolled 
his eyes.

“I am Spider-Man.”

Later next week on Sunday, it was announced that Peter Benjamin Parker-Stark was Spider-Man. 
The world went nuts.

(He imitated Tony’s ‘I am Ironman’ identity reveal.)

Chapter End Notes

And that concludes this fanfiction. I hope you enjoyed it!
Constructive criticism is welcome

End Notes

Cross-posted on Tumblr at 'notyoursherlock'

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