# The Serial Mentor

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**The Serial Mentor**

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### Summary

Tony Stark didn’t plan for his day to go like that. He didn’t plan for the people surrounding him to play with his nerves like one would with guitar strings. He didn’t plan to get angry, he didn’t plan to lose his cool and he certainly didn’t plan to go into that alleyway to find his next victim.

He didn’t plan it, but he expected it.

He expected it every second of every day since he murdered his first victim.

What he actually didn’t expect - was to find a boy.

A goddamn teenager.

A teenager that was being pinned to the alley wall by some blond woman.

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In other words: Tony saves Peter from being molested and he decides to stick along.

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**Notes**
I have exams in a month and a half that will decide my foreseeable future, but here I am.

YOLO, right?

See the end of the work for more notes
Chapter 1

It always began like this.

Always - as in he didn't plan for it to happen at all.

But here he is, in the basement of one of his multiple secret properties around New-York, with a woman tied to a chair in front of him.

He never planned to go out that night, to get sidetracked and exasperated, never planned to get so angry he had to turn into a dark alleyway where he hoped he would find a drunk or some other poor soul wandering and force them to meet their creator. He never planned it - true - but he expected it. He expected it every minute of every day, waited for somebody to play with his temper, to pull the strings that represented his nerves so harshly he had to restrain himself, both mentally and physically, not to do something he would regret later.

Why did they always have to make him angry?

Why?

It would be easier for everyone if they just left him to his own devices and didn't bother him with their casual talks and emotions that threatened to give him hives or worse - make him care.

Why didn't they understand?

WHYWHYWHY.

The urge to kill he was subjected to wasn’t some kind of joke or a stupid inconvenience he could brush under the carpet and forget about. He had to kill, it was a necessity, like food and water. It’s easy to say he should, or must stop, but it's only words, it's like telling a drug addict to just stop, which, of course, wouldn't work in the slightest. He can't just not do it. Not killing was agony. When the dreaded want appeared, every day that Tony ignored it he gave a piece of himself, of his sanity, away. And this game of 'How long can you last?' will go on until every cell in his body is trembling with pain, to the point he feels like the universe is trying to tear him into particles.

Ignoring the urge isn’t a joke, because he knows what it ends with, and said end isn’t pretty. It will go on until his head is filled with static, until he can't make conscious, rational decisions, until he isn't able to work, talk, act. No love. No boundaries. No consequences. Nothing. Just Tony, some poor soul that decided to smile at him, a long knife, and animal instincts on which Tony was acting.

He won't remember doing it, won't remember slaughtering his victim, hitting them with a knife so much that they resemble a pile of market meat more than a person. He won't remember how the blood appeared on his clothes, or how a disfigured body suddenly appeared in his bathtub. He will wake up leaning to a wall, his hands red, his suit red, the bathroom red, everything red, but the most important part is that he'll wake up feeling good. Satisfied. As if the world was whole again.

Tony knew that ignoring the urge brought a spell of temporary insanity upon him, one that he couldn’t control in any way. During that spell he might just hurt someone he actually didn't want to hurt.

So yes.
He didn't plan it.

But he expected it.

And so, while walking back from work (it was night. Tony actually hoped someone would try to mug him), he went into that alleyway, looking at the trash cans scattered around and searched for someone, like a predator. Tony hoped he would find a homeless person somewhere behind the cans and be done with it faster than he intended to (Yes, homeless people were like that to him, Tony actually called that type of killing a *quickie.*) but all he found were rats and stray cats that squeaked and ran away as soon as they saw him. Tony went in farther and was beginning to lose hope and go find some slut when he heard it.

A quiet shuffling coming from the farthest corner of the alleyway.

'Jackpot' was the first thought that sprang to the manical billionaire’s brain, who, already on his wits end, was practically shivering from the want, the urge, the desire to have his hands digging into someone's tender flesh, or having the knife in his pocket lunged *deep* in the person's torso, or chest, or neck, *God let it be the neck.* There's always more blood visible on the person - on *him* - when the knife hits the neck. But he wasn’t picky, he would take what he would get.

It always irked Tony that he had to get a shower after killing: with all the blood stuck on him. But he didn't feel disgusted by it, he actually enjoyed it quite much. He liked how it was warm at first, then it would get cold and sticky an eventually dry on his skin or clothes. He liked the way his skin tingled and stretched under the cover of the scarlet liquid, as if it wasn't blood, but motor oil, the one Tony used so often while building his machines or giving his bots a tune up. It reminds him of work, of home. Blood isn't disgusting, it's comforting.

Well...

At least to him.

But he, unfortunately, *has* to shower, because it wouldn't look good if someone caught him sitting in his penthouse or trying to sneak into his office covered in blood that wasn't actually *his*.

Tony walked along the cobbled ground that made his feet hurt, trying to be as quiet as possible. It was always better this way, he can cover the mouth of his victim before they would have the chance to scream and then going on with the ‘work’ would be easier that usual. Tony's hand went to his knife without his brain giving its consent.

Once more.

He didn't plan it.

He expected it.

But what he actually *didn't expect* was to find a boy.

A goddamn teenager.

A teenager that was being pinned to the wall by some blonde woman.

Now-now... Tony may be a *serial killer,* and he wasn't living in some kind of stupid delusion that he *wasn't a monster,* but he wasn't as heartless as to kill a child or a teenager, he was more of an adult men and women kind of guy. It didn't matter to him if the person he was going to kill was a good or a bad one, it didn't matter if they had children, loved ones or a loyal dog waiting for them
to come home that day. He had a need, he had to satisfy it, in the best of hedonist ways. Fire didn't care that it was burning trees, animals and humans. And that's what Tony saw himself as - fire. Untamed and wild. If fire didn't care, why should he? But killing children always seemed so wrong to Tony, as if if he did it, he would cross some kind of line that he had previously driven in the sand.

Consequently, seeing a grown woman looming over a defenseless boy in a dark alleyway didn't give him good vibes. The teen was leaning on the wall with his back, looking around himself in a blind hope that someone would come out and help him, but the only thing he could see were the dark and tight walls that loomed over him.

Was this woman, maybe, a colleague of his? Did this boy occur at the wrong place at the wrong time? He has very bad luck if he managed to appear in a place with not just one, but two murderers.

Tony may not be heartless enough to kill a boy, but he still wasn't going to interrupt the blond if she was going to kill the scared teen. What was the golden rule of Jesus? Do unto others as you would have them do unto you? Yes, he would be quite displeased if someone decided to interrupt him while he was in the process of unliving someone.

What if he just watched? Both of them hadn't noticed him, too far down their little scruffle for other things out of their bubble. Seeing the kid die by someone else’s hands may just please him enough not to act like a complete hotheaded psycho, but more like the calm an apathetic piece of shit he was.

That's the thing about Tony. He liked experimenting, killing his victims in different ways, dragging the process from a few minutes to days just to find what gave him the biggest dose of dopamine. Since the first time he killed and to this day he found out that killing with his hands, a knife, a scalpel or any other cold weapon was the most effective. Something about actual physical contact with his victim gave him chills, made him taste the purest form of euphoria there could be. And blood. He liked blood. He liked to cut his prey and show them their blood flow before the real pain would begin.

Killing with a gun was quicker, more clean in the area of leaving unnecessary evidence, but not in his top five. It was too cold, too detached. He used it mostly to get rid of witnesses quickly and efficient, but it never gave him the satisfaction that killing with a knife does. On the other hand, he actually liked the mess it sometimes left behind. All the contents of the brain spilling out of its housing (with the bits of said housing) and ornamenting the floor. Pink, red, brown and multiple shades of these colors mixing with each other, if the gun he was using was a strong one, he may even see an eyeball dangling somewhere in the mess. It was his own unique art. Art that was a bitch to clean up, so Tony usually tried to use the gun in places where he wouldn't have to get rid of the body.

Torture was another thing.

There was something magical in the screams of the others and the knowledge that he made them make those beautiful sounds. Tony didn't want to admit it, but it kind of turned him on.

He even befriended two of his many victims at first, just for kicks, and found out that somehow it actually enhanced his pleasure. Though, that trick was the barred fruit, he had to be as far from his victims as possible, or sooner than later people would wake up and start noticing things. Like the fact that some of his associates suddenly go missing. The first one was just an experiment at MIT, the second one was almost exactly before Afghanistan. He actually attended the funeral of the first one. It was one of the weirdest things he had ever done. Looking at all those people that were mourning his loss, shaking their hands, giving his condolences all while not feeling a thing himself.
He was reluctant to go at first, thinking that seeing all his close ones in pain may make him feel guilty for killing the poor guy, but he felt absolutely nothing.

It was the moment he discovered a new thing about himself. Apathy.

He shook himself out of his thoughts, and turned his attention where it belonged, he can't miss the moment he came all this way for because he suddenly fell into a nostalgia fit.

Nothing much had actually changed. The woman was still looming over the boy, and the teen was looking at the blond as if she was a big tsunami wave waiting to sweep him off of a beach.

Tony was beginning to get quite impatient when the woman shifted her head so her mouth was right beside the boy's ear.

"Well, Peter?" she purred like a cat that was scratching its back against a tree. When the woman came close to the boy's, 'Peter's', ear. Tony initially thought she was going to whisper to him, but her voice rang loud enough for him to hear it, so it seems she didn't feel the need to speak quietly, feeling no threat of anyone overhearing them, as they were in a place with no windows, and the road was quite far away.

'Better for me,' Tony thought 'It'll be easier to enjoy the show.'

Then something happened that Tony didn't expect. Again. Today was just full of surprises.

The woman came closer and licked the boy's ear, the action causing Peter to start trembling violently. This wasn't going the way Tony wanted it to.

"Why don't we taste you a little better?" Her voice was sweet... too sweet. So sweet Tony thought he would get diabetes just from hearing it.

'Ok, not a normal serial killer, a cannibal, maybe?'

"Please."

A single word, and Tony knew he was wrong. She wasn't a cannibal, she was a pedophile.

"Now-now, handsome," she leaned in, "we should seal those lips, shan't we?" and her lips were on his.

What the hell is wrong with her?!

No. No. No.

She was spoiling it!

What was she doing?!

She was wasting a perfect kill!

She was wasting it, wasting it!

They were in a dark area with no people around, her victim is helpless and completely at her mercy.

SHE WAS WASTING IT.
She was already at the teen's neck, while the boy seemed to shut down completely and try to block as much of what was happening as possible.

Tony couldn’t handle it anymore, the audacity of this woman! How can she even dare spoiling his fun? Tony shot out from his hiding spot and made a mad dash to the couple. With one swift motion he put his right hand on her mouth and squeezed her nose shut with the left.

The woman, obviously not expecting it, made a surprised yelp which got muffled by the firm grip on her mouth. Her hands shot out and tried to get his hands off of her, but noticing that her attempts won't do her any good, decided to use her body weight to her advantage. She tilted herself backwards, so that Tony would fall on his back, but, fortunately for Tony, the woman was as light as a feather, and he was much stronger than he looked.

Two minutes more of thrashing and her face was going blue.

Tony wanted to finish her right then and there, but remembered that he was holding someone who didn't appreciate what she was given.

He let her go.

Tony remembered reading somewhere that trying to stop drinking human blood for a vampire was absolute hell. He thought if this was the feeling that was meant in the book.

Her body slumped onto the floor like a sack of potatoes, and, most likely, hurt her head, but he didn't care in the slightest.

He would take her somewhere quiet, and play with her.

Tony looked at the boy.

He somehow found his way to the floor, and was looking at them with dull eyes.

He had seen him with the woman.

Shit.

Now, if she dies, the boy can put the blame on him.

It won't be enough to convince the police, but he would be more closely monitored from then on, and a couple of alike occurances might tip the police of what Tony had been doing for decades. He might just have to kill him. Not for enjoyment. But because he has to.

Tony his suprise the boy wasn't trying to sneak away and run. He was looking at the woman with the same dull eyes, as if afraid she would wake up and finish her job.

'Interesting'

There was something special about the boy. The way with which he held himself, didn't shed a tear even though he had almost been raped. Though, in other circumstances, that wouldn’t be enough to convince him to let the witness live, but he felt a certain familiarity connecting them.

'Very, very interesting'

"Hey, boy," Tony called out, hoping that the teen would snap out of his trance and answer him.

To his surprise, he did. He looked at Tony with those big brown eyes of his, confirming that he had
heard the man.

"What are you doing here in the middle of the night, won't your mother get worried?" Tony asked, aiming for the question sound either rhetorical or mocking, but the boy, seemingly, took his words seriously, and looked at the woman.

Tony didn't get it at first, but then— "*Oh.*"

*OH* indeed.

Was the woman his mother? A guardian? A step-mom?

It was obvious the teen knew her.

A hysterical cackle ripped itself out of his throat.

This was aiming to be very-very *fun.*

Something resembling joy and glee filled Tony’s stomach.

He noticed that the boy wasn't trying to find out if the woman was alive or if she hurt herself in the fall, although blood was beginning to pool underneath her head, he was just staring at her.

Maybe hoping she would disappear?

Then Tony did the worst thing he could've done

"Wanna come with me and find out what happens to her?"

Did she deserve to die? Absolutely yes. Did the boy deserve to see her die? *Absolutely yes.*

Did the boy want to see her die?

Peter gave a shaky nod.

*Absolutely yes.*
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

From Peter's perspective.

Chapter Notes

The one after will be full of torture, I promise. Though I have to do some research, and I have to borrow the computer from my brother, because writing on a phone is just frustrating.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The last couple of days were a grey haze more than anything. He can't quite remember what he had been doing that led him to this point, to this exact moment, where he had agreed to follow someone he didn't know, someone that had just almost made a fellow human suffocate.

Though, it wasn't just the last couple of days. Time moved like it was broken ever since Ben... ever since May.

Everything past the point where he lost them both has been filled with nothing but uncertainty. For himself and his future. There was nothing concrete for Peter to lean on, no one to give him a hand and steady his form that was dangling on the edge of a cliff. He had no attachments, no one that loved him and no one that he could love. Nothing to look forward to other than the school he wasn't attending anymore. Every night he went to sleep in his bed that changed too often for it to be healthy, looked at his old and beaten phone - the only thing he owned besides his clothes - and tried to go to sleep. When he couldn't, Peter would just continue staring at his phone, occasionally checking the time and putting it down again, thinking how unfair it was that other people could just put their heads on a pillow and fall asleep in seconds, how unfair it was that everyone in the damn city was asleep but him and the bats.

Peter changed foster homes like gloves. Nobody wanted a broken fifteen year old to hang over their heads like a sword. He met and separated with people faster than he was able to keep track of, so in the end he just stopped bothering with trying to form any kind of bridge with those that surrounded him. In the end it would just leave both ends hurt and sad.

People that he loved were ripped away from him so quickly that he didn’t know what to feel, how to feel, and if he was supposed to feel at all.

But there was one thing Peter sure as hell was feeling.

Loneliness


These are two drastically different things.
Peter's mind was slowly being ripped apart by his own thoughts, taken down piece by piece. His conscience was being tortured by himself and he couldn't do anything but watch it bleed and burn. Peter was not sure if he was alive or dead, or, more specifically, he hadn't been sure in that particular thing for over a year.

Even through all that madness and suffocating pain of loneliness - he still recalled what his uncle told him the day before he and May were shot in front of his eyes.

"With great power comes great responsibility."

The only thing that kept him from using his increased strength on those kids that bullied him in his foster houses. These words resembled the crappy duct tape that tried very hard to keep the sharp and jagged pieces of his mind somehow intact. Peter even thought about using his newfound abilities for good like the *Avengers* did, but he was too shocked and depressed by the death of the only family he had left to get out of the bed in the mornings, let alone find a costume, make equipment and become a vigilante.

A little bit later, though, things started to get better. During another routine foster house change he appeared somewhere good. Somewhere where people didn't push him in the hallways, where other kids didn't steal his food or clothes, where he wasn't beaten up or shun. On the contrary, there was no one but him and his caretaker. Nona. The beautiful, young blond that gave him food, clothes, made attempts at beginning a communication with him and never uttered a single sour word in his address.

Peter thought... *hoped* that things were beginning to look up, that not everything was as worthless and gloomy as he thought at first.

It had been a long time since he made a connection with anyone, but given time he could've made it work, he could've broken out of his depressive shell, could've gone to school again, made friends, could've felt something but misery...

*Could've, could've, could've...*

Many things could've happened, but his luck, his *Parker* luck just kept acting up.

Everything was fine for the first month or so, the bridge that Peter promised himself he won't build began forming with Nona. Said bridge was a little rackety, unstable, but at least it wasn't blocked on one side, and he allowed Nona to communicate with him freely, and, maybe, one day, it would become as firm as it was with Ben and May.

During the middle of the second month of Peter being with her, when the trust they shared was very prominent and durable, she asked him to come with her somewhere. Nona didn't really say where they were going, but that she had stuff to take care of, and she didn't want to let him alone in the house.

The first thing that set the alarms in Peter's head go off was the fact that it was the middle of the night, the second thing was that she never felt uncomfortable about leaving him alone in the house.

Though Peter couldn't just say no. Nona was kind, Nona was lovely, she would never do anything to harm him - but if she had stuff to take care of in the middle of the night, then it can't be anything good. What if she was in trouble? Maybe she was afraid of going alone, because Peter was sure that his coming wasn't about leaving him all alone in the house at all. It sounded wrong that an adult woman would take a teenager with her not to feel scared, but Peter had already lost one too many people, he would never forgive himself if something happened to her.
Peter got out of the bed quickly, got dressed and followed her out of the house. The old grandfather clock near the door chimed loudly, as if warning Peter to not go with her.

The eerie darkness of that night would never escape Peter's memory, it will stay burned in his brain and he would be able recall every detail he had seen there any time in the future. The night was a special kind of black that day, one that covered everything like a thick blanket but the full moon and the stars that shone in it like spilled jewels. Peter always thought that it was easier being yourself at night, as if the darkness would cover up all his secrets that he held close inside. The zephyr ruffled his hair quietly, petting his curls, somewhere far away he heard the bark of a dog and the ruffling of wings. The atmosphere was odd, like something was missing even though his senses were on high alert and he could feel and see almost every detail around him. Even then, it felt like even his senses were missing something very crucial. He knows now that he should've searched for that detail in Nona, but it's easy to say he should've done something after the deed happened. Hindsight bias is a bitch. Nona was acting... strange, so to speak. Her whole body was tense apart from the moments a small tremor would hit her shoulders. She was walking with determination and didn't feel scared at all, Peter could tell, but almost... giddy?. She was twitchy, that he knew for sure. He couldn't see her face from where he was standing, and maybe that was for the good, because there was an ear splitting, terrifying grin on her face.

Only a single look at her was making his insides twitch and his spider sense to go haywire, but Peter wouldn't run away, he promised himself he wouldn't. If he acted like a coward and then something happened to his caretaker... he wouldn't be able to handle it. At all.

"Where are we going, Nona?" his voice was a hushed whisper, as if afraid that there are other people surrounding them.

"You'll see, Pete, we are almost there" Her voice wasn't strained, it was almost childishly happy, and the way she said Pete felt wrong, it felt absolutely and undoubtedly wrong.

Here as it turned out was in some kind of alleyway. Peter knew it was long just by looking inside and not seeing an end. Only pure darkness.

Why were they going in there? Why? Why? Why?

What was going on? His spidey sense would split his skull in half if it kept hammering his brain any longer. It felt like an electrical storm was raging in his brain that, quite honestly, was painful. There was something wrong, there must be danger somewhere, but for all his genius, Peter couldn't guess that the danger was coming from the person standing right beside him. From the person that took care of him for 2 months, cared for him and looked after him. For all his doubtfulness Peter couldn't believe that Nona can be a danger.

"Follow me," came the sugary voice of the blond as she began descending into the alleyway.

And Peter followed, because he trusted Nona.

He was so desperate for someone to love him, to like him that he just couldn't not do anything that Nona told him to. It was illogical, he knew it, but he needed her in his life.

He didn't want to go back to trying to fall asleep and not being able to, he didn't want to go back to the choking sadness that had him in its grip like a snake, he didn't want to go back to the daily anxiety during which he would check all his belongings before going to sleep just to be sure that other kids hadn't stolen anything, he didn't want to go back to the melancholy and misery that occasionally became numbness. He didn't want it. He didn't. He wanted to be happy again, and the only way possible was through Nona. He refused to believe that something was wrong with her. It
must be something else. *It must be.*

He walked down the alleyway, not distinguishing his surroundings, not feeling the small stones and the pavement under his feet, not feeling his feet, either. He felt almost nothing at all, except for the darkness, which for some reason he felt with his skin, as if it was salty sea water, and he - the one that had long since drowned in it.

Peter felt like he was walking to his own execution and he had actually missed the trial, the crippling panic in his whole body was so intense it was almost rewriting the promise he had made. *Almost.*

After what felt like an eternity they came to a halt. Even in the sooty darkness he could see that they were at the end of the path. There was no one there. But him. And Nona. His consciousness finally pieced all the parts together. *But it was too late.*

The next thing he felt were two skinny but strong hands pushing him roughly onto the wall. Peter looked at her.

She was *smiling.* Her ragged hot breaths were reaching his face and spreading on it like lukewarm water, threatening to get his eyes wet. Her hand shot up and grabbed a fistful of his hair, a low groan escaping her lips while the dread in Peter's stomach kept growing. She wasn't here to kill him, that's for sure, but Peter began realizing that she wanted to do something much... *much* worse.

Now he understands why she dragged him here all the way from home. If they were home, Peter could've screamed and called the neighbours, but here...

His body began to tremble while her hands began caressing him everywhere, as if she had a thousand of them.

Peter knew, somewhere deep in his mind, that he can easily overpower her and run away, but he *just couldn't.* He was paralyzed from head to toe, his chest filled with so much fear it felt like his ribs would break under the pressure. The most important part, though, was the fact that even the *thought* of hurting her made his inside dance with something that resembled *glee,* and it scared him. Very much.

But she betrayed him! He trusted her, and what did she repay him with?

With trying to *rape* him?

All the steely resolve he had gathered crumpled away in seconds when she came as close as possible to him and opened her mouth

“Well, Peter?” Her voice purred, sending air vibrations to his ear that made him shake harder.

Peter thought he heard shuffling from the corner, but his attention was cut, once again, when he felt something *wet* trailing from his jaw to his ear.

It was absolutely disgusting.

“*Why don’t we taste you a little better?”*

Oh god. Oh god. Oh god.

In the midst of his panic Peter couldn’t manage to force something out but a quiet and broken “*Please.*”
His breathing was shot. His knees felt like jello. He was lightheaded. It felt like he had gone back, to the times when the spider hadn’t bitten him yet.

“Now-now handsome,” She was leaning in, her smile so sharp Peter was afraid Nona would cut her with it “We should seal those lips, shouldn’t we?”

She attacked his mouth, her tongue traveling all over his lips and teeth, trying to get inside.

‘Please, Please, Please’.

Her hand went to his zipper.

‘Somebody, please!

As if answering to his cries, he suddenly felt her eyes widen and her head jerk back.

Peter didn’t understand what was happening at first, too filled with relief to do anything but collapse on the wall and try to crawl as far from her as possible.

But the he saw two firm hands gripping her nose and mouth, not letting her take a breath.

She tried trashing and prying his hands off, but the man was stronger than her.

A little bit later Nona was going blue in the face, Peter silently hoped that the man, whoever he was, would kill her, but he didn’t.

He took his hands off and didn’t even try to catch her body as it fell onto the floor with a loud ‘thwat’.

Peter finally looked up to see the face of the man. And imagine his surprise when he saw him.

Tony Stark.

Iron Man.

But most importantly, Peter’s favorite avenger, and from now on, it seems, his hero.

Though, he wondered what the man was doing in a place like this. During the night.

It flashed in his brain at one moment that he was just walking around and somehow heard them, when his brain shot that theory down completely. There was no way he would’ve heard them if he wasn’t searching for something specifically in a dark alleyway, and, finally, it was obvious from Mr.Stark's face that he didn’t spare the woman to take her to the hospital or jail, but to do something to her later. And it felt like Peter knew what that something was.

Was he going to kill him? Isn’t he a witness? It would look pretty bad for his reputation if he told on him. Almost nobody would believe him, though, he would be called a freak, a psycho. (as if you aren’t already), but rumors don't appear from thin air, and it will make people uncomfortable.

He was lost in thoughts when he heard Tony call out to him.

“Hey, boy.”

His voice was nicer in real life, Peter thought.

“What are you doing here in the middle of the night, won’t your mother get worried?”
It could’ve passed as worry if they weren’t in this situation, it was a mock question, he caught onto that, and prompted not to answer.

‘Won’t your mother get worried?’

What mother?
The one six fit under or the one six feet under?
Oh, and the one that’s bleeding on the pavement currently, how could he forget.

“Oh.”

He didn’t say anything, but the man understood. And was that a spark of happiness in his eyes?

Peter looked at Nona again. Oh, how he wished she just bled out and rotted in here, her face in dirt and rats all over eating her flesh.

He hated that woman.

But, somehow, he thought, the fate awaiting her must be worse than if she was left here.

No.

This death would be too easy, too merciful.

“Wanna come with me, find out what happens to her?”

He was so surprised at the question he thought he didn’t hear right at first.

But then he saw the sharp smile and the twitch of his eyebrows.

Tony was serious.

Is he, most likely, going to be killed by his hero?

Absolutely yes.

Will it be the most violent and gory thing he had ever seen?

Absolutely yes.

Does he want to hear her scream?

He gave a shaky nod

Absolutely yes

Chapter End Notes

My birthday is in 9 days, surprise me by leaving a comment. Pls. I’m really sensitive.

*Sniff*

P.S. I will correct all the mistakes you find. Point them out.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Enjoy, my dear readers. I’m gonna go crush from my euphoria rush in the meantime.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Was it right? Was it wrong?

Peter may be trusting and naive, but he wasn’t stupid. There were things in life that one shouldn’t do, and lines that one shouldn’t cross.

What he was doing went against everything that Peter had been taught all his life, everything that Ben and May preached to him. Peter couldn’t remember his parents, only little flashes of memories here and then. Even so, if his father was anything like Ben, he knew the man would be disappointed in him if the saw him now. His willingness to cover a crime. His unwillingness to save a woman.

At times like this, when he had to make a choice between acting from his conscience, or acting from his own benefit, between doing the right thing by putting himself in jeopardy, or staying away from trouble while watching injustice happen, a quote would rise from the pits of his conscience.

'With great power comes great responsibility.'

That particular quote was his curse and his blessing. It gave him a right moral compass, but in doing so - took away his happiness, his right to a normal life and personal worth. Sometimes he selfishly wished that Ben never uttered that sentence the day before that faithful night. The night that changed everything.

Even so, why should he follow them? What has this world done for him to be responsible about the things he does? The power is his. The spider bit him, not anybody else.


That particular trail of thoughts took him back a few minutes, to the moment her tongue pulled apart his lips, wet and sticky, found its way to his teeth and began caressing them, trying to find a weak spot that would allow her to enter.

He felt the hotness of her saliva that stuck to him like glue, her soft, but at the same time razor sharp lips that clung to his mouth like leeches... and that taste of strawberries that felt like it was still in his mouth.

Peter’s stomach tied itself in a knot, a bile ripping itself out of his throat and splashing all over the floor as Peter struggled to spit it all out, his body yearning to try and rid himself off of her as much as possible.

The taste of acid was actually somehow better than what her tongue tasted like.

After he was done heaving his guts out, that brilliant brain of his caught up with what he was
doing, or more importantly, in front of whom. Peter gripped his stomach. Hard. Teeth chattering from the force with which he was straining his jaw.

The scene was pathetic, what would Ben think if he saw him like this?

What would Mr. Stark think?

He should be angry, he should be furious, but... isn't that what heroes do? Help others even though they don't like the person they're helping. Shouldn't heroes be selfless? Forget their own happiness in favor of the other's?

Then what about Mr. Stark?

The man was - should be a hero, but the fact that Peter was seeing him drag his (ex) mother figure by her hand through the long alleyway, not giving a single damn that her skin was slowly piling off of her flesh, or when she would bump into trash cans, rocks, and other obstacles, made him doubt it.

His dragging her left a small trail of blood, that had accumulated and soaked her hair, drag half the way, coloring the cobblestone ground under her with red, until it gradually began losing its hue and stopped.

That uncomfortably reminded Peter of his tube paints and brushes. He used them quite often at school when he was still attending. The blood was the paint, her body the tube, her hair the brush, the ground the canvas. It was... disturbing and lovely at the same time. Peter liked red. Red and blue. A very interesting combination. Would more paint blood leak out if he squeezed the tube her body?

He watched as Mr. Stark manhandled Nona, who seemed to be nothing more than an empty doll with its strings cut, and threw her into the trunk of his car that was standing a little further down the lane.

Nona's limbs were motionless and dangled on the edge of the car in such a manner, that Tony could have cut off her leg and arm if he closed the trunk with enough force.

The man was rather silent, just looked at the girl like she was a gift from above, and smiled sweetly - Peter had thought that that kind of smiles were preserved only for the nicest of things.

Yeah. Many of his beliefs were being challenged.

Peter followed him like a ghost - imperceptible, but there, he studied all his movements, absorbed every grimace on the man’s face, every movement of his limbs, every tightening of his muscles, the professional way with which he was handling everything while not losing a bit of his elegance. Stark was moving with the grace of a ballerina, hyperaware of his limbs and their limits. Truly this wasn’t the first time he had done this?

He was too afraid to blink, what if he suddenly missed something important?

For the sole reason of being too busy admiring Stark, Peter did not notice that they were not the only ones that decided to go for a walk on this mortal night.

You know how it is in cartoons, when someone moves so fast they leave a blurred trail of color? That’s how it was when the sound of a foreign shoe hitting the asphalt reached Tony’s ear.

He spun around so fast the only thing Peter noticed was a blurred mixture of Stark’s jacket and the
background, even with his enhanced senses. The gun just... appeared in his hand, as if the man was a magician that suddenly materialized a bouquet of flowers out of his sleeve. It happened a lot like how a bolt of lightning would hit the ground, really. A flash of light first, and the sound of thunder a little later.

The blast of the gunshot was like a pin dropping in the endless sea of silence, a very loud, cracking noise, that made Peter’s oversensitive ears ring. The boy shuddered at hearing the unmistakable sound of a body falling down and smacking itself on the pavement.

His nose picked up the smell of the fired powder coupled with the thick aroma of metal, which, most likely, was from the blood that he hadn't seen yet.

Peter forced his legs to turn around.

There it was. Laying on the ground. Unmoving.

A body.

Because that’s what it was now.

An empty shell. Nothing more and nothing less.

There must have been a personality there once, a consciousness that had leaked out of its rightful place along with the liquid that had kept it safe and sound.

Peter looked at the shell man on the ground. He was middle aged, lying in a growing puddle of red, his limbs bent at a weird angle, that would’ve certainly been uncomfortable if he had the ability to care. His eyes were open, glassy, cold and unmoving. Dead. Staring at something only he could see. Or not see. But they weren’t scared. No. Mr. Stark took care of him too fast for him to even comprehend what he was seeing, let alone have the time to feel scared.

The image brought on a rush of sudden, unwanted memories of his aunt and uncle, that were hurt in a similar way. He remembered the warm and sticky blood that kept on flowing through his fingertips, coating his hand and his wrist in red, and no matter what he did, no matter how hard he pressed, it just kept flowing out, out and out. Watching the life, literally, drain out of their eyes was the worst thing Peter had gone through in his life, not even the experience of almost being molested by someone he trusted could compare.

What, for God's sake, was Peter doing? Had he completely gone mad? Did the loneliness and hopelessness infringe him so much, that he stooped down so low, teared through all his principles, and drowned Uncle Ben's words in the mud? Just the thought of such disloyalty to his ‘departed’ relatives made his body cover with pimples, and a strange shiver to pass through the arteries in his heart.

This may have been someone else's uncle Ben. Maybe there was a person waiting for him at home, alone and without a single soul in this mist-shrouded world. And he was involved in the fact that that soul, that person full of life and energy, was going to be turned into him? The lifeless, half-dead creature that he had become?

What the fuck was Peter doing?!

As if sensing his doubt a light weight settled itself on his shoulder, and turning his head he noticed that it was Mr. Stark's hand.

A hand in which there was no longer a pistol, a hand that had just killed a man. This was the hand
of an avenger, which stole the lives of many people, as well as gave the joys of technology and science to the whole world.

Maybe Stark counted on it being a comforting gesture?

It was on his shoulder. Sat there, pressed on his bones and muscles, causing him pain. And Peter understood that he would not have felt a drop of resistance on his skin, for Mr. Stark did not have the strength that would be necessary for this. It was not his strength ... it was the weight of his sins.

It should have been comforting. And it was. In some sick, twisted way it was.

"We’re leaving."

Two words said... in no way. The tone was not demanding or pleading, it was neutral.

The hand slipped from his shoulder, and with it went the stones that had accumulated in Peter’s heart.

Tony just turned around and went to his car, never turning around, as if knowing that Peter would follow him like an obedient dog.

And he was right.

After all, Peter went.

Why not? What did he have left? A life? A worthless existence that nobody needed, even him?

Mr. Stark will still probably get rid of him sooner or later, so why not make the last few days interesting?

No, he no longer valued his life.

The loud pop of the closing trunk drew his attention to the car in which he would soon be.

It was, of course, an eye candy, but not really on the level that Stark could afford. Although... it could be understood. Stark came here with a goal that was not, frankly speaking, legally praising, and having a very expensive car would drive more attention to it than needed.

Peter quickly opened the door and shuffled inside the passenger seat next to the driver.

The car smelt of leather. Peter always associated the smell with something expensive and authentic. It was cool and comfortable, the seat hugged his form better than all his beds combined, and Peter exhaled the air that he had kept in himself all this time, putting his heart at ease.

Stark was already beside him, and as soon as he put his hands on the wheel the car came to life with a silent hum. It didn't even need keys for ignition. The man didn't glance at Peter, just put his foot on the gas pedal and focused on driving.

It was very strange for Peter to look at the man, see the street lights reflecting in his eyes, listen to his even and calm heartbeat even though he had an unconscious woman in the trunk of his car. He remembered hearing somewhere that an even heartbeat, even when killing, was a true sign of a natural born murderer. The fact made Peter admire Mr. Stark more than he already did, while knowing and accepting that that piece of information shouldn't have had that specific effect on him.

"Aren't you scared, Peter?"

The sudden appearance of the silvery voice made Peter jerk his head in the direction of the older man, trying to guess if he heard him right, or if he had spoken at all. The fact that the man wasn't staring ahead anymore, but at him, answered his question.

"Why should I be scared?" Peter didn't even think of the answer until after it came out of his mouth, but he still made sure not to stutter accidentally, because, come on, evil or not, it was still Tony Stark, and he may be fanboying inside a little.

One of Tony's eyebrows went up.

"Well..." he gave a sudden and a very fake cough "Firstly: you were about to be molested when I came along, secondly: you just saw your mother," Peter's face scrunched up in disgust, "or whatever she was to you get knocked out and put into a very strange and shady looking fella's trunk," it was Peter's turn to raise an eyebrow "Thirdly: you're in the car with a dude that, if you haven’t guessed, isn't a pretty butterfly, and he's driving you to God knows where to do God knows what. So, take your pick, all of the options are scary."

Peter wanted to protest, say that none of the situations he listed were actually scary, when he understood that yes, they were, in fact, frightening.

*For a normal person, that is.*

"No," Peter decided to answer "Fearing - implies caring."

Yes. Of course. He has to care for something to be scared or worried about it.

He was scared when the first effects of the spider bite began. He was scared when May and Ben were being slaughtered in front of him. He was scared when the last person he had left in his life was trying to violate him.

But now?

What did he have to be scared of?

Tony’s eyes narrowed as the teen answered, the kid wasn’t lying, and he would’ve been worried that the boy lost his self-preservation instinct if it wasn’t such a good chance.

The boy was a clean page.

If he was broken to the point of not caring about his own life, then Peter was the human embodiment of a fresh start.

The best part is that Tony could be the one who will reshape the teen, he would be the one who will remold him, piece all the broken and jagged pieces together and create something new from something that was out of use.

He can get himself an apprentice.

But there was something that kept Peter back, something that didn’t allow him to reveal and use his potential.

Peter didn’t fight back when the woman was clearly attacking him.

Why didn’t he? That was the million dollar question.
When Tony came out of the autopilot regime that he somehow put himself in, he noticed that they had reached their destination.

It was a private house.

Peter didn’t recognize the district, and he noticed that the closest house was located fifty meters away or so.

He followed Mr. Stark out of the car.

Tony went to the trunk and opened it. The blond was still unconscious. Maybe the knock to the head she got from falling to the ground was a lot stronger than he thought?

Even so, without a care in the world, he took her by her hair, smearing some mixture of wet and dried blood into his hand, and forcibly threw her onto the ground, like she was nothing but a piece of garbage that wasn’t even worth picking up.

"Bring her inside," this time the voice wasn’t void of tone, it was a command, and Peter recognized it.

At that very moment, when Peter crouched to pick her up, it just aligned that Mr. Stark’s head eclipsed the full moon in the sky.

It looked like he had one of those halos that saint people had in the pictures he saw hanging from the walls in churches that May dragged him to.

It was just pure irony, and he couldn’t keep the chuckle that escaped his throat.

The sound brought a frown of confusion to the older man’s face, but he didn’t comment on it, deciding to turn around and go into the house instead.

Nona, actually, wasn’t that heavy as it turned out. He considered her for a moment. Her heartbeat that he so wished he couldn’t hear, the steady rising and falling of her chest, the way she made his skin crawl. All he had to do was squeeze lightly, and she would be gone.

It is all it would take.

Tony opened the door and Peter stepped in, holding the woman in his arms. The lights seemed to turn on themselves, not too bright to blind them or alert someone, as if accommodating to the situation they were in.

The house was modern. Not too expensive and not too humble. The golden middle between the two.

Nice creamy walls that had colorful pictures hung on them, an ebony table and chairs that, Peter was sure, cost more than his kidneys did. A couch, a TV, a carpet, and several doors.

Tony went to the one that was beside the long lamp on the corner, and turned the handle. It was leading to a stairway.

A stairway which went down.

Tony made a gesture with his hand, indicating for him to go in first.

Not wasting any time doubting if Tony was going to kick him in and close the door or stab him in the back, Peter went in.
And if he deliberately hit Nona’s head onto the doorway, Tony didn’t comment on it.

Peter went down, lights turning on as he went, and when he finally came to a halt he saw what they came in there for.

There was a metal chair in the middle of the room.

With straps.

A table full of scalpels and knives, shelves filled with bottles and books and other tools.

"Strap her in."

Oh. This was going to be interesting.

Chapter End Notes

Guys. I GOT INTO COLLEGE. YAS!

I was so happy I wrote this chapter in a day, cuz I took my last exam yesterday.

What do you think of the story so far? Good? Bad?

Do you have torture methods to suggest so I can use them on Nona?
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Let there be blood?

Chapter Notes

I sometimes don't write for a week when a sudden rush of inspiration hits me and I'm like 'Oh wait, it's been 2.5k words already?'

See the end of the chapter for more notes

That is how it happened.

That is how he ended up sitting in his basement with a woman tied up in front of him. The only difference is that the teen currently leaning on the wall beside him wasn't mentioned at the beginning.

The sharp, almost greenish light of the room was giving it a creepy clinical mood. It was reflecting in the boy's eyes, endowing his usually warm brown irises with a completely foreign and alien look, something that has never touched the boy before - coldness. His hands were crossed, one of his legs bent, making his leaning on the wall easier.

Tony took his time to marvel the girl.

There she was. Sitting in his chair. Her pretty tiny hands bound by leather straps. Maybe a little too tight, but that doesn’t matter now. She’s his. Her beauty, her sugary pinkish lips. And dear him, she had freckles that occupied most of her cheeks. She was perfect - a forbidden fruit for him alone.

Tony could feel the sweet scent of her skin and her perfume. Some may say that strawberries smell better, but it can’t topple the scent of body odor if you asked him. So sharp and nice and yummy. It drowned him.

Unfortunately for her. Nothing smells and tastes better than blood.

Tony's body was very tense with anticipation of what was to come, butterflies storming violently in his stomach while almost every muscle in his body seemed to itch with something that he just couldn't reach and scratch away.

The day has already gone for far too long, he was at his wits end, the want to kill someone, anyone, raging in his skull, screaming at him so-so loudly. It was tearing him from the inside, taking him to the point where the line between a friend and a stranger just blurs and silently vanishes into to the hellish pits of his soul - a place he won't be able to reach until it was splattered with blood, until the life of another person was added to the collection of stains that he has been collecting since his twenties.
Yes, he had killed the man on the street, but it wasn’t enough. He didn’t have time to play with him, he didn’t have time to stand and marvel what he had created. The kill wasn’t done for pleasure, it was done out of need, to get rid of an eyewitness.

It was taking Tony a huge amount of self-control and willpower not to just bounce of his chair and rip the woman’s hair off of her scalp clean with the tips of her roots leaking blood all over. He wanted to sink his teeth into that heavenly flesh and decorate her with his teeth marks, with evidence of her belonging to him. To taste her.

Just the thought of any violent act was making his fingers twitch subtly. Usually he was able to contain everything he was feeling inside of him and not give even a slightest bit of indication of what was really going on inside his head, but that particular tick he wasn’t able to tame no matter how much he tried.

This was ridiculous. It felt like he was the one being tortured. But he couldn't begin now, not while she was still unconscious, it won't give him the satisfaction he desperately needs, only buying him more time to find another victim.

Oh... he was going to punish her. Severely. He was going to make her beg for mercy and the reject the plea over, and over, and over. He was going to play with her until he watched the last bit of sanity leave her eyes, the last bit of hope crash under her feet, only then, maybe, will he let her become a part of his collection.

Soon... soon.

He just has to calm his excitement. He just has to wait. A little more. A little bit more.

He just has to cling to reality a little bit lo-

"How do you do it?" a voice filled the otherwise silent room. It was full of curiosity and some badly hidden awe.

He snapped his neck to the direction of the sound, almost having forgotten that he hasn't gone alone on this little adventure.

Tony didn't miss that Peter didn't ask the trivial and boring 'why' that everyone seems so kin on knowing. Oh no, Peter wasn't interested in the reason, he was interested in the method. Moreover, the teen interjected while he was busy drowning himself in his mind, as if trying to get him out of it. He had a lot of time to ask the question, and from the conversation they had earlier it became obvious that Peter wasn't scared. So why did he choose that exact moment to ask that question? Can that mean that he knows how it's like? Maybe he under-...

Tony blinked.

Peter was staring at him expectantly.

Oh, yes, the question.

A predatory smile split his face.

"What exactly interests you, Peter? My methods are invasive, reciting them all will take us the whole night." Tony answered, his tone slightly mocking.

"How did you not get caught?" Peter's brows furrowed, as if troubled by the question "This is clearly not the first time you're doing this, judging by the, uh... furnishing" the teen finished his
question, hands gesturing to the clearly not family friendly milieu.

Ah. That's what he wanted to know? A little disappointing, but not overall unwelcome.

The question wasn't an easy one to answer, either, because Peter had a point there. He was a public persona. His doing something out of the ordinary was bound to catch someone's attention. But there was a catch there. He wasn't acting out of the ordinary. Ever. Killing was a second nature. It was his ordinary. He may have acted a little strange when he had just began, but not ever since.

"You see, Pete" Pete? "I can tell you that I'm a careful man, that i never kill when it's daytime" not entirely true, but the only exception from that rule is when he's in a closed space with no people around "that all my properties either have garages or are located far from the properties of others" yes, if he has someone in his trunk, taking them out with people around will be dangerous. Having a garage is the best solution to that problem, but he just couldn't resist the temptation and drove them here. It was making him all the angrier. He risked driving them to a house without a place where he could safely take her out, and this is how she was repaying him? With making him wait? "I can tell you that I make sure never to be a close acquaintance of my prey, that i always make sure to get rid of the body and clean up the crime scene" not necessarily always, for example when he kills in a public place. In that situation he just makes sure not to leave any evidence linking back to him "that all my equipment; guns, knives, poisons are manufactured by myself" Tony put his hands together and placed them under his chin, making it lean on them "but that wouldn't be completely true"

"W-what?" in his confusion Peter stuttered "What do you mean, Mr. Stark?"

Tony's eyes sparkled with something that Peter could only place as excitement. Clearly taking all of this out of his chest was making the man happy. An artist without an audience or however the hell that saying goes.

"What do you think of when you say murderer?"

Well... it was obvious, wasn't it? Someone who has taken a life, made the existence of another man perish. But before he could voice his opinion, Tony went on.

"Ah, I know what you are thinking about, a murderer is someone who killed” the sentence was uttered with such a mocking tone that Peter doubted the meaning of the word for a moment “so tell me, Peter, what about people who kill in self-defense, do you consider them murderers?"

The boy’s eyes widened, because, yes, technically it was murder, but applying such a term to a man who didn’t have a choice but to take a life to protect his own… It felt wrong. He just knows that if Ben killed to protect May he wouldn’t have considered him a murderer, never would even think of it, even though he would have been one.

Murderer. The word felt vile. Filthy. The people it was applied to were villainous and putrid, that’s what he was taught. People that killed in self-defense were victims, not murderers,weren’t they?

“Or, another example, what about soldiers? They kill too, it’s their job, and, let me tell you, not everyone they kill are terrorists” Tony finished, a waspish chuckle leaving his throat, mocking Peter’s point of view.

“The truth is, Pete, that if people wanted to see what I really was, they would have done so long ago. It’s their mentality that doesn’t allow them to recognize what is under their noses” Tony spread his hands wide “Look at me. Everyone sees me as a hero, and the ones that don’t, see me as an irresponsible ass that thinks only about himself, but none of them, absolute no one suspects this”
his voice was getting tougher and louder as he neared the end of his rant.

“Nowadays… the term ‘murderer’ is reserved for psychopaths, if you took a life out of necessity no one thinks less of you. That is why it’s easier to hide in plain sight, Peter. Think about it. What is it that I do as Iron Man? I kill, but the ones I kill are mostly scum of society; terrorists, villains, thieves - people that others want gone, and no one bats an eyelash. I don’t even have to make excuses for doing what I do, people make them for me.”

At that moment Tony’s voice adopted a special scoffing tone, as if he was mimicking a child.

“Oh, but he didn’t have a choice! Oh, but he did it for us! Oh, but he’s drowning in guilt!”

Mr. Stark’s face scrunched up.

“Oh this, oh that! It’s sometimes so amusing to watch the expressions on their pretty faces when they understand that their little hero is about to smash their skull into smithereens.

By the end of it the older man’s chest was rising and falling viscously, his breathing out of control. Though, feeling that he was losing it, Tony closed his eyes, forcefully bringing himself under control. He knew that he was chained, but worst part about it was that he was holding his own leash. There was no one but him that could calm himself, and, not to alert anyone around him, Tony learned self-control to a fascinating degree.

If there were any doubts in Peter’s mind about the man being insane, there were none now. The last bit convinced him that he was bonkers. But Peter couldn’t help himself. The way that Mr. Stark just brought himself back from... whatever the hell was happening to him was so astounding. Peter relished in the man’s words, devouring every bit of information like a sponge. His logic, his way of thinking, it made sense. Come to think of it, Ben, his uncle, was a retired soldier. He had killed, but Peter never, and he means never, applied the term ‘murderer’ to his uncle. Ben was kind, peaceful, happy and forgiving. But... wasn’t Mr. Stark the same, from the outside? What if there was a rotten and hideous creature hiding under his beloved uncles skin like there was under Mr. Sta-

With great power comes great responsibility.

No-no... how can he even think about something like that?. It was just plain heinous! Peter was ashamed of such obnoxious and verminous thoughts that dared to cross his mind.

“What is it, Peter?!” Thundered the voice of the frustrated maniac close by “I see the familiar spark of madness slowly filling your eyes, but there is something that holds you back! What is it?!” The venomous glare on Tony’s face was almost scary “What's holding you-“

His rant was interrupted by a low groan that sounded from the chair.

Whatever irritation there was on Mr. Stark's face immediately melted away, replaced by a crazed grin. The game was about to begin.

"W-what?" sluggish blue eyes tried to focus on their surrounding "Where?"

If the grin on Stark's face was crazed before, it was psychotic now.

Confusion, he liked it. It was good, so unbearably good. It meant that she didn't remember.

"Ma'am" Tony coughed, regaining his composure "do you recall what happened to you?"
The blonde's head lolled helplessly once, twice, before finding some strength to hold it upright, glassy eyes staring at him.

"N-no, I don't..." her eyes widened "Tony... Stark?"

Ah, she recognized him.

"The one and only"

"Why am I... are you here to help me?"

Tony fought the chuckle scratching his throat, it wasn't the time. It seems she still didn't understand that she was restrained.

"Of course I am, why else would I be here?" Sweet, sweet lies.

Her eyes suddenly filled with alarm.

"Petey!" she creamed, making Peter jump. He was standing behind her, there is no way she knew he was in the same room with her "the child under my care, have you seen him?" Peter gritted his teeth "He must be so worried, I should go back to him as soon as possible, he doesn't like staying alone at home.."

Peter's eyes blazed with hellfire.

*How dare she speak of him like she cares?*!

"Oh, don't worry" Tony looked at Peter with eyes that clearly said that if he ruined the man's fun he would be gutted alive "he's close by, you can see him whenever you want to"

The slight panic in the woman's eyes faded, a smile appearing instead. *I wonder why.*

"Thank you so mu-"

Her words of gratefulness were not destined to reach their end, as a fist brutally connected with her stomach, bruising her internal organs, especially her stomach, making Nona spit up bile. The sounds of her breath getting stuck in her throat were *music*, the choking made his skin crawl with the rush he remembered all too well. Tony didn't let her finish recovering and yanked her head up by her hair, slapping her face so hard she hit the arm of the chair. The action made her right cheek flush pink and her nose to start bleeding.

Yes-yes. Blood. Let there be blood.

Tony quickly leaned in and licked up the little waterfall of the scarlet liquid. *So. Fucking. Good.*

The honest confusion in her eyes was as good of a sight as one of Van Gogh's paintings. The blond tried to raise her hands and push the man away, but found out that she couldn't. It was at that moment that Nona knew, she was in *deep* trouble.

Chapter End Notes

*It was at that moment that Nona knew, she fucked up*
I actually really don't remember how the artist saying went, erm...

I have a Tumblr now! (I have no idea how to use the damn thing and there are, like, 3 posts there.)

[here it is](#)

Anyway, kudos, comment. I need that stuff like air. How does the story make you feel? I try to make it creepy, am i succeeding?

If you have any suggestions or criticism, feel free.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

‘You have to feel pain in order to understand how good it is without it’ P.S.

Chapter Notes

I did it! It cost me my eyes and sanity, but I did it!
The chapter is 4.5k words long as a penance for the long wait.
I actually wrote 1.5k words at first, then I felt that the chapter was shit and deleted it, deciding to begin anew. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pathetic.

The only word Tony could think of while looking at the vibrating form of the woman in front of him. Her head was down, half of her features hidden. He couldn’t help but scoff at the sharp beggarly noises she was producing with that puffy mouth of hers.

Has the guts to try and rape someone, but can’t handle a little pain?

It was obvious she was one of those people. People that thought misfortune won’t happen to them, that it will step them aside, that it will happen to another person. Unfortunately for her, life doesn’t work like that.

The blood he had licked up had already been replaced by another wave, running down her nose, through her lips and collecting on her chin.

Tony’s nonexistent heart skipped a bit when a drop fell down, staining her white shirt a dark and unbelievably beautiful red.

What a waste it was.

Why couldn’t people understand the importance of the substance flowing through their veins? Blood was the ultimate synonym of beauty in his eyes. If he were to decide, the glorious red would be used in every aspect of human life.

Wouldn’t it be lovely to marvel at paintings birthed by blood? Wouldn’t it be magnificent to drink it like juice? Wouldn’t it be amazing to just fucking shower in it like it was water?

His breath hitched for a moment at the thought of scarlet covering him whole. Just being... everywhere. Not an ounce of skin staying unblemished. The smell of metal filling his nostrils and ingraining itself there. The crimson filling his mouth with its sickly sweet taste, leaking around his teeth and drying on the walls of his throat. For him the thought was the equivalent of a teenager’s
wet dream about their crush.

He gulped down the spit which his glands produced during his little dream trip and instinctually came as close to her as he could, ferociously cupping her face with his hand, not giving a single fuck that it must’ve hurt like hell, and forcefully reoriented it so he could look into her eyes.

Eyes were the mirrors to a human’s inner world, after all. You could be a master at hiding body language, you could be a master at lying with a straight face, but you can never trick yourself into hiding behind your eyes. They *always* tell the truth.

What he saw made his insides curdle with pleasure, because he saw eyes that were wider than that of an animal caught in a death trap. Pupils blown, sclera bloodshot and teary - the unmistakable signs of panic flooding through her system.

Tony understood then and there.

*She was afraid of death*

Not just dying painfully, but afraid of death overall.

It wasn’t surprising, most of his victims were the same, only a chosen few he had met defied that statistic. One of those people was currently standing in the same room with him.

For all his genius, Tony *could not* understand fear of death. He threw himself into battle against every known and unknown foe of the avengers, being aware that he could get injured and killed. But a man that fears death, in his opinion, neither can live to full extent, nor has the right to. Fear doesn’t let you escape death, it only makes it longer, more torturous and full of agony.

Nona, in turn, had a five star view of Tony’s eyes, a clear window straight into his chocolate orbs. And she saw his eyes. Eyes that lacked a very crucial detail, fatal for every human. For a moment, for a very tiny period of time, all of her panic and terror slipped away, like water running down the drain, making her wonder, where, oh where, has the beauty gone? There’s no beauty in the eyes without a soul.

And she remembered.

She remembered being surrounded by those soulless eyes all her life.

The cold, *frosty* feel he had in his eyeballs made Nona shudder. Just one look was enough to understand - the man didn’t have a heart in his chest cavity, that it shriveled up and died at some point in his life.

Tony released her face from his iron grip, the freed flesh quickly changing its color from white to finger shaped red splotches, and decided to try her a little, see how her skin would feel under his touch.

Stark’s hand gently ran through her quickly bruising and swollen jaw, the action causing Nona to wince. He idly wondered if her face felt like the fires of hell were licking up her skin, because, if the afterlife existed, that is what was going to happen in a few hours or days. He doubted any of the people in that room would be embracing God any time soon. If ever.

The more his hand progressed, the shakier she got, Tony’s touch sending jolts of electricity everywhere Nona’s nerve endings could reach, as if warning her that they soon would be under viscous duress. He petted the shell of her ear and tucked the runabout hair behind it, then crept to her cheek, showing special attention to her freckles.
After getting tired of that particular area, Tony’s thumb trailed to her mouth, fondling with her lips at first, then forcefully penetrating them to get inside. Nona didn’t dare to bite him or deny him access via her teeth, so Stark didn’t have any problem getting where he wanted.

The man’s actions were freaking Nona the hell out. She knew that look on his face; eyes dead, face pretty, expression friendly, ill in mind. He was one of those people that hid behind the mask of friendliness and endless charisma, shrouding their inner emptiness with normal human emotions.

She knew, because she was one of those people.

So, while feeling the salty skin in her mouth do somersaults with her tongue, the only thing she wished for was for this to be a bad dream. She couldn’t have fucked up that badly. Everything was planned and perfect, but for the life of her, she couldn’t remember how she ended up here. As soon as her eyes were able to focus and show her where she was, her stomach became a dead weight, feeling like it instantly filled with lead.

There were tables around her, filled with knives, scalpels, syringes of all shapes and forms, ropes, needles, all kinds of sharp objects that she didn’t even know the name of. It didn’t take a genius to understand what was going on there.

Tony, eventually, took his finger out of her mouth, forming a little bridge of spit stretching from her lips to his thumb. He carefully brought his hand up and inserted his finger into his mouth, licking it clean of Nona’s fluids.

The action reminded her of how that...that psycho had licked up her blood off her face! The way his eyes lidded in ecstasy when he swallowed it all up reminded her of how men looked like during sex, as if the two actions were on the same level of pleasure.

As if it tasted Good.

Tony stood up from his crouching position.

Nona knew that there was no pressure being applied to her body, if you exclude the restrains, but the way Tony was circling her, going around her with smooth sliding steps, reminded her of how a python would wrap itself around its prey before it throttled it.

He was examining her, estimating her value, as if she was nothing but a doll he was going to buy to play with in his dollhouse.

“Our bodies are the biggest treasure one can have” the calm voice of her captor sounded through the room “and you’ve kept yours well, I’ll give you that.”

Or, maybe, she was wrong... maybe he had already bought her, and she already was in his dollhouse.

Stark sighed, he skin feeling like a million of needles were dancing on it, then he licked his lips, purposefully dragging it out and making a show of it.

“I’ll leave your pretty face alone for awhile” Tony pouted like a child “You have to feel what’s going to happen to you in perfect clarity”

The panic flooding her system reared it’s ugly head again, stronger than ever, and the blonde didn’t know what to be scared about; her life, her health or the way the man said ‘for awhile’. It meant that he was intending to do something to her face, just not now.
The blonde’s heart made a terrified staccato, blood rushing faster and faster through her body with each beat of the ceaselessly active muscle.

Nona tried to move her hands, knowing how futile her attempt was going to be, but the last, smallest bit of her hope died with the restraints not even budging.

She was tied up. It was bad. Not being able to move was bad, bad, bad! It meant no self-defense. It meant being at somebody’s mercy, and from the looks of it, that somebody was going to use her to her full extent.

She was thirteen all over again, tied to his father’s bed with her mother standing in the corner, watching the show.

Nona knew that begging, crying and wallowing in her misery would just amuse her captor more, it was confirmed with the glint in his eyes when she was trashing in her restraints and failing to get free, so she needed another tactic. Something to scare him, maybe? Stark was famous, more than his pleasure he must care for his status, mustn’t he?

“‘There’s a child at home waiting for me, he must have already noticed that I haven’t come back and called the police’ she, actually, didn’t have any idea what hour of the day it was and for how long she had been gone, but anything is better than nothing ‘when they find you, you will be in deep trouble, Stark!’”

They both knew it was an empty threat even before she opened her mouth, and Tony smiled like the most innocent of sheep in the herd.

“Oh. I’m aware, you told about him a few minutes back. Peter, wasn’t it?” His eyes trailed somewhere behind her back, to the spot she couldn’t see “Do you really think that anyone, let alone the police, can find you?”

Nona was about to growl in despair from her own helplessness when Stark’s eyes returned to her, and effectively, shut her up.

“Okay. Let’s pretend that we live in a prefect world where the police work like they’re supposed to, saving kittens from trees and helping grannies pass the streets” he clicked his tongue “are you sure that boy of yours would’ve called the authorities in the first place?”

"W-What do you mean?! Of course he would!” Nona bit out, scandalized.

“No” Came a cold voice from behind her “I wouldn’t”

_That voice_

Nona’s lungs suddenly decided not to bother with inhaling air. What was the point if she was going to be dead soon, anyway?

A couple of footsteps bounced of the tiled ground before a slim figure entered the field of her vision.

But... that couldn’t be Peter, could it? Peter was the synonym of happiness, kindness and endless enthusiasm - none of which she could see in his face. The boy standing in front of her was completely different. His happiness toppled by a heavy burden pressing on his shoulders, his kindness hanging by a thread in the boy’s eyes, his enthusiasm replaced by pacifism.

And that was the moment Nona’s brain made her remember the events of the night.
It hit her like a spurt of icy cold water in the face, almost making the woman physically recoil. Maybe she would’ve, if she wasn’t tied up.

He was here the whole time, it seems, and they both knew she was bullshiting from the very first word that left her mouth. The absurdity of the situation she found herself in was so strong she couldn’t help but chuckle at her own stupidity.

Yes. Stupid. And idiot. That’s what she was.

Everything would’ve gone perfectly if she acted according to the plan.

But she got greedy. Selfish.

She couldn’t resist taking him to the alley.

“Do you want to have the first go?”

The blonde’s head shot up in panic, immediately understanding what Stark meant, as did Peter, not expecting such an offer.

He turned his head, locking eyes with his ex-caretaker, feeling the molten lava of anger flowing through his veins just with one look at her disgustingly beautiful face and almost nodded his head, itching to take one of the scalpels and slash her to pieces, when -

‘With great power comes great responsibility’

- the stupid quote sounded in his head like a broken record.

His anger immediately put itself out, his resolve crumbling.

“N-no” Peter winced at the stutter.

Stark pursed his lips, eyes darkening for a millisecond.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I am”

Stark puffed air out of his nose to show his irritation at Peter’s hesitation. He still had a theory to test, the one questioning if seeing people hurt in real life by another’s hand would ‘turn him on’, so to speak, and the only way he can do it safely was with the help of Peter.

“Very well”

Tony wasn’t going to leave it like this - he decided - he was going to make Peter hurt her, whether he wanted to or not.

He clapped his hands together and came up to the table to examine its contents. Sometimes he looks ups different methods of causing pain, but he’s far from being an expert in that aspect. The hat goes to the medieval torturers. He hummed a little and picked up a thick and long needle.

“Hey, Peter” he called out while gradually approaching Nona “have you ever hit your funny bone?”

Peter crossed his hands and frowned, trying to understand what Tony was going to do with the needle.
“Yes, everyone has, I think.”

Hitting the funny bone was one of the most irritating and sharp pains he had felt in his life. If that’s what Nona was going to feel, he almost felt sorry for her.

“Let me educate you” Tony called out, crouching beside Nona’s left hand “the funny bone isn’t actually a bone” he rotated the woman’s hand in the restrains, enough to have a clear view of her elbow “it’s a nerve, the ulnar nerve, to be precise.”

Peter already knew that. He studied well while he was in school and biology was one of his favorite subjects along with chemistry and science.

Tony dug his thumb into her elbow, not enough to cause her pain, but Nona whimpered in fear nonetheless, trying to make herself go as far from Stark as possible.

“Human nerves are mostly protected by bone and muscle, but the ulnar nerve, near the elbow, is only protected by a layer of skin and fat, making it embarrassingly easy to reach”

That’s what the needle was for, then?

“Now” Tony took the needle “imagine the pain you feel when you hit your funny bone” He brought it up to her elbow, putting it on the skin “and dial it up by 10” he pushed it forward.

Nona thrashed in her seat, the pain still not enough to make her scream, but she could feel the needle slowly entering her body, approaching its goal.

“You’ll just make it worse if you thrash around.”

The words didn’t reach their destination. Or didn’t serve their purpose, who knew.

“Oh. The nerve of this woman” he said as he hit the spot.

An exhilarating cocktail of numbness, tingling and pain shot all the way through Nona’s hand and up to her neck.

That’s when the screams began.

And boy. What screams they were.

The first one made the hair on Peter’s back stand. It was loud and piercing, without the woman trying to restrain herself.

“Oh God, more! Make another one!” The maniac cried in pleasure at hearing the woman scream.

The alien feelings appearing in Peter’s gut from hearing the sound of another’s pain were exciting and thrilling and so much more that he couldn’t begin to explain them.

It was intriguing and horrifying. Freeing and binding. What if he just... gives in?

‘With great power comes great responsibility’

No. He won’t. Of course he won’t.

Tony left the needle where it was and stood up, stealing a glance at Peter.

He saw the same look the boy had when he was explaining himself. The charm of violence hypnotizing him and quickly disappearing.
Maybe a little bit more pain will finally convince him? What should he do to captivate him more?

“Did you like it?”

Stark obviously did, judging from his heated remarks during the process.

Peter didn’t know how to answer.

The obvious answer would be ‘yes, absolutely yes’, but it scared him. As if If he said it out loud, it will become reality, so he decided to fiddle with his hands and not answer.

“I asked you a question, Peter.”

“I-I... I don’t know...”

Tony just made a bored face and picked a pair of forceps from the table, giving the needle in her elbow a wiggle for good measure, causing her to scream again.

“I think you know what nail pulling is.”

“I do.”

“Good.”

Peter didn’t know why it was a good thing.

“No! Please! Stop!”

The woman, surprisingly, held on a little longer than Tony thought before she began begging. Her rational mind must’ve told her at some point that pleading with a monster was useless, but now, in the face of agony, rational thinking wasn’t really a priority.

“Pete! Petey! Help me, please!”

Peter scoffed, without realizing that he did it, and ignored her.

“You done?”

The chilling voice made Nona stop her attempts at asking for help and reduced her to plain hysterics.

She was thrashing and screaming, crying and whimpering, threatening and pleading. Everything was wrong and far, but at the same time too realistic.

Yes.

This situation was the purest form of reality.

Annoyed at her antics, Tony brought his foot up and kicked her right between the legs.

Nona made an almost animal sound and crossed them, trying to both shield herself and alleviate the pain.

“Lesson number two, a kick to the genitals doesn’t hurt just for men.”

He then proceeded to kick her again, this time to the tibia, earning a sharp cry in answer.
“Lesson number three, when I ask, you answer.”

The last exclamation was coupled with a look at Peter, to make him understand that it didn’t concern just Nona.

Deciding not to beat around the bush anymore, he crouched at her hand.

Peter watched Mr. Stark grasp each of her nails in turn and slowly pry it from the nail bed, tearing it free from the digit. By the end of it, there were a stack of nails under Stark’s feet when their lawful place was now open and exposed. He repeated the action on the other hand, Nona sounding more and more desperate on each finger.

Peter expected to feel horrified, scared or, at least, disgusted by what he saw.

but he wasn’t

His hand twitched involuntarily, longing to participate, but Peter restrained it.

“Oh, what is your problem?” Mr. Stark’s irritated voice accused him.

Peter averted his eyes.

“What do you mean?”

“Kid, you’re vibrating.”

Peter looked down to see that, yes, he was.

Everything is just so conflicting. He didn’t know what to do. Listen to his body that tells him it wants to experience more of this strange feeling or his mind that tells him he was doing very-very wrong things.

“It’s just... this thing my uncle told me, before, you know...”

The boy’s voice was filled with so much anguish that Tony immediately understood before what exactly.

“What did he tell you?”

Sharing the words Peter considered sacred with someone like the man in front of him felt like the ultimate betrayal to his uncle, but Peter decided to answer with the truth.

“With great power comes great responsibility”

That is what’s been keeping him back, huh?

Tony smiled a little.

He understood what kind of impact the words of a dying man can have on someone. He was a prime example of that. If only Yinsen knew whom he was helping. He shut down the weapons division of SI as an homage to the old doctor, but becoming Iron Man wasn’t for him. It was for Tony. More particularly - for revenge. After everything that happened with Obie and the Ten Rings, people, for some reason, began hailing him as a hero for killing terrorists and changing his ways. Tony just went with the flow. It was a free pass to kill people and call it heroism. Nobody ever brought up the civilian casualties in any of his missions.

“With great power comes great responsibility, correct?”
Peter shakily nodded.

“Then why aren’t you doing anything?”

“Huh?”

“Why aren’t you helping her?” Tony pointed at the drooling, bleeding woman on the chair.

“Can I?”

“No, you can’t.” He narrowed his eyes “But you don’t even want to try.”

If he wants the boy to stick along, he has to make him want to hurt her, not to force him. To educate someone you don’t need a lot of time, you just need to use the time you have in a productive way.

“You’ve already crossed the boundaries, kid. There’s no point in holding back.”

“No!” Tony’s eyes widened. “I haven’t done anything wrong!”

“Yet” it was said very quietly for the teen not to hear, but Peter’s super hearing caught it.

What did he mean ‘yet’?

“I’ve been meaning to ask her something” the subtle change of the subject didn’t go unnoticed.

“What exactly?”

“Why did she take you into the alley?”

“Because the neighbors would’ve heard and come to he-“

“Oh, don’t make me laugh!” Tony cut him off sharply. “There are so many ways of making you quiet and immobile while she rode you like a jockey!”

The brutal response was like a slap to the face.

“There was a purpose, and I’m going to find it out.”

He took a pair of pliers from the table and strode to Nona.

“Hello there~”

Tony put her nailless finger between the plier.

“Why did you take him into the alley?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking abo-“

Tony squeezed. Her finger compressing on itself, bone muscle and skin mixing with each other with a popping disgusting noise.

When he understood that there was nothing left to squeeze, her finger reduced to a pancake like state, he took another pair of pliers with a sharp edge, putting it where the other pair was a second ago.

“Why?”
She was too busy hyperventilating to answer.

He cut the finger of with a swift movement of his hand, then took the old, bloodied pair, and put
the second finger between it and repeated the action. As he was about to go for the third -

“Have you ever seen those pigs in farms?” The calm, almost numb voice of the woman surprised
Tony so much he almost jumped.

“They’re being fed, watered, cleaned and taken care of since the day of their birth. The farmers
cool them down on a hot day, feed them until their bellies are full, provide them with health care
and shelter.”

The static expression of her face got replaced with a toothy smile.

“The pigs get to trust them. Thinking that humans are doing it out of love.” She laughed
hysterically. “And they diligently follow them into the slaughterhouse. Isn’t it fun? Tell me!”

So that was the case.

“Wasn’t it fun, Petey?”

Peter bit his lip

‘With great power -

“The way I took care of you for two months?”

- comes great -

“The way I loved you and protected you.”

- responsibility’

“The way you followed me like an obedient pig.” like I did with my parents

‘With great power -

“I wanted to test if you really were so thick and attached to follow me into a fucking alleyway in
the middle of the night with no explanation whatsoever.”

- comes great -

“And i relished in the look of that naive surprise on your face when I pinned you to the wall!”

- respon
sibi
li
ty’

“Your mouth tasted so good on my lips, if this psycho hadn’t come along I would’ve tasted your
di-“

She didn’t get to finish as Peter, in his blind anger, kicked her in the tibia, successfully snapping it
in half with a loud cry of defiance. He didn’t stop there, the fury, the madness finally bursting out
of him in a big wave of desperate violence as he kneed her in the face, his very being tingling with
pleasure at the sound of her nose snapping.
He was about to hit her again when Tony put a hand on his shoulder, so much like the first time he did it.

“Stop, that hit might kill her too fast.”

Peter’s breath hitched. Stark must have noticed his enhanced strength, no human can snap a bone in half with a single kick. He slowly put his hand down.

“Listen to me, Peter.”

Tony didn’t expect such an emotional response. All he could do was to try and alleviate the situation.

“During all this years I’ve spent causing pain to people, I’ve come to understand that a human’s most painful spot isn’t on their body. It’s their memory.”

He tightened his grip.

“It reminds you of times that will never happen again, of faces you will never see again, of words you’ll never hear again, and lies that will never become the truth. And I know that your memory has been tearing you apart for a long time, that most of your pain comes from there.”

Peter didn’t dare move.

“You shouldn’t let your memory control you. You’ve got to let go. Only the fools are controlled by their past, the smart look into the future. Fools are born, live and die in chains, because they’re weak.”

The words were like a handful of water in a desert, and he quickly soaked them up, greedily filling the hole that suspiciously looked like the organ responsible for love.

“Which one are you?”

Peter’s side - his human side, having already cracked long ago, was finally crumbling like a child’s sand castle, piece by piece, being replaced by something dark and corrupting. And it was resisting, and it was screaming in agony, and it was telling him that something was not right, that he shouldn’t get rid of it, that it’s an essential part of who he is. Peter Parker is **DEFINED** by his humanity, always has been.

Always will be?

Chapter End Notes

Comment, leave kudos.

Good? Bad? Scary? Idiotic?

All kinds of criticism are welcome.

(You can leave suggestions for the next chapter of you want, if I deem it good I might even make it a reality)
You can write to me on my Tumblr.

here it is
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

‘You have to fall to understand what a good thing standing is’ P.S.

Chapter Notes

I, kind of, had a writer’s block this morning. I knew if I didn’t sit down and force myself to write I wouldn’t do it for another week, so here’s the result.

I’m not lying about the going blind part. My right eye doesn’t see right.

The end of their day’s ventures was announced by the ringing sound of a knife falling from Peter's hands. And just like it began, it was over. Nona was cold, mutilated and dead. Peter’s hand shook from the multitude of emotions and chemicals running through his brain, a sigh escaping his cold and dry lips as he closed his eyes to try and preserve more of the high he was feeling.

Tony, on the other hand, was staring in awe at Peter. Who knew that such a young and tiny body contained this enormous amount of destructive energy? His every movement, at least in the beginning, was rash and inexperienced, but it all served the purpose of channeling everything the kid was feeling out in the open. As if he was painting a canvas - not slashing someone to pieces.

His first kill was more of an act of impulse than a desire, and Tony hoped he could change that. He wanted to change that. Watching Peter do the deed made him feel intoxicated, filled with sheer thrill. Every gasp of pain and every cry for mercy made his synapses flare up. If his brain was MRI-ed at that moment, he was sure it would’ve looked like a bunch of fireworks were going off inside his skull.

Peter, finally, opened his eyes to look at the mess he had made. Pupils blown vide, still feeling the effects of knife hitting bone.

“What are we going to do about her?”

The words were flat, devoid of any emotion. People that knew Peter would never believe that such a thing could happen if he was the one talking.

Tony hummed at the question, clasping his hands together behind his back while his body swayed like a pendulum, channeling his inner nervousness into the outer world. The only time he has been bothered by the clean up was the first time he had done this, because he had no idea how to get rid of a body.

Now, though, he knew a plethora of different methods to make someone disappear. As if they never walked on Earth in the first place.
Sometimes he thinks about all the people he had killed. Their friends, their parents, husbands or wives, maybe children. He thinks about how they came into the light, how their parents raised them, how they struggled with the hardships of life and fought for their chance at life and living. Only for him to swipe in and end it as suddenly as it began. Years of life just... end. Vanish.

‘We are born abruptly, live in astonishment, and die in longing’ he read once.

Words so simple, but so genius at the same time.

Death is a strange thing indeed.

“I’ll show you.” he said while taking a black bag from the top shelf on his left side “I will take the body, you take the other...” his sight wormed to the diversity of body parts decorating the floor “...stuff.”

Peter raised his eyebrow, but took the bag from Tony’s outstretched hand, while the older man’s attention turned to the corpse rapidly going cold on his chair.

Some things Peter did to her surprised even him, a proficient murderer. For example, she was missing her lips, (which was a shame) displaying her straight and bloody teeth like a museum exhibit.

After calming down enough to think about what he was gonna do and how he was gonna do it, Peter noticed Nona try and take a breath through her nose, which failed horribly and ended up making her breathe in her own blood. Understanding that she couldn’t breathe through her nose, she quickly switched to trying and inhaling air with her mouth. Seeing her do this made an imaginary light bulb appear above his head.

“Can you pass me the scissors, please?” He said almost robotically, numbness lacing every word as he stretched his hand to one amused Tony Stark.

He was a little surprised by the choice of the tool, but complied nonetheless, taking a pair of sharp metal scissors and passing it to the kid. Peter grabbed the woman's lips with his left hand, stretching them out enough for her mouth to look like a duck’s and cut off Nona’s lips with the right. It made every breath that passes her mouth agony. He also did it slowly, applying minimal pressure to stretch the pain out, relishing in the sight of her choking on her own blood.

Tony thought that the boy would at least be hesitant at first, but he jumped head first into the game without a single hint of doubt. It felt like he was holding a huge baggage of repressed feelings that found a way out in the form of violence, but none of the turmoil burning inside him showed on his face.

Just his hands, his movements and the glint in the eyes.

The glint was a good thing, because if Tony knew anything, it’s that that glint appears only when you do something you’re passionate about.

He tucked the woman’s toeless feet with his right arm, the left trailing to her waist as he picked her up bridal style. Nona was lighter than she was in the alley, maybe due to the several parts of her body missing.

Peter cut off what remained of her fingers and toes with a different tool each; knives, scissors, different variations of pliers, a saw. He even used nails, hammering them all along one of her fingers, taking them out to leave big gaping holes and then proceeded to pull the finger with a plier so it would dislocate and rip off.
The smell of burnt fragrance still floated in the room, making Peter’s oversensitive nose itch.

Peter tried some of the sharp objects Tony had in his arsenal on Nona as a test, to see what they do, how deep they cut, how much blood leaks and how much pressure he should apply to get the best result. The woman’s skin became his training polygon. After going through half of what he could see, Peter decided to believe and go with his guts.

“Do you have matches?”

“Yes, in the first drawer on your right.”

“And fuel?”

“Do you want to ignite her or something?” Tony inclined his head.

Peter screwed up his left eye, a small smirk tugging his lips.

“No fully.”

Tony made an understanding sound and gestured Peter to open the drawer with the matches. He himself took a bright orange metallic bottle that had ‘fuel bottle’ written on the side with small white letters.

“What exactly do you want to do?” He said, unscrewing the lid and passing it to Peter.

Peter took it from him, a pack of unopened matches in the same hand.

“Give her a new haircut.”

It tugged at his heartstrings a little. Whenever he has someone to torture, there are two things he never touches; Hair and eyes. The maximum he would do is cut some hair off his victim to keep it as a trophy, but he considered those body parts too beautiful to blemish. It’s Peter’s turn now, though, he could do whatever he wished and Tony wouldn’t interfere, only give advice here and there.

Peter didn’t empty the liquid fuel on her head as he thought he would, but only soaked the tips of her hair. He liked slow burn, didn’t he?

Peter lighted the match.

Oh, this was going to be painful.

Her hair caught on fire. It immediately spread wherever Peter had put fuel on, but went slower from then on, the burnt hair becoming ash and falling from her head like sooty water drops.

Nona screamed and thrashed and screamed again, her nonexistent lips causing her immeasurable pain as she did so. The fire didn’t stop no matter what she did. It spread, it spread and spread, burning the skin on her scalp.

Tony and Peter simultaneously felt electricity go up their spines, one’s heartbeat increasing while the other’s almost stopped dead in its tracks. Peter felt like he would break or blow up into smithereens. The realization that he wanted more hitting him like a train. To hurt her more, to hear her scream more, to please the man in front of him more.

The fire died down after all of her hair vanished, leaving her bald and shaking from pain, the top of
her head nurturing third degree burns. There was still a streak of smoke floating above her head, half of the skin nonexistent.

Peter sniffed, probably satisfied with the result and turned to his... mentor?

“Do you keep lemons down here?”

“Uhh...” Tony scratched his head. “Not here, but I must have some upstairs. I’ll go check.”

With those words he turned around and all but ran towards the staircase. He had used lemons to increase the pain of the injury before, but he didn’t bother to stack all of his houses with it. Now he was very much regretting it.

Tony ran through the living room and opened the door to the kitchen, immediately rushing to the fridge.

If he didn’t have lemons he would just grab salt, no big deal.

But wouldn’t Peter be disappointed?

Crap. Please be there.

His heart sagged with relief when he opened the fridge door and saw three medium lemons lying right in front of him. Not bothering to cut them, they had knives downstairs, after all, he took them and went back.

Seeing Peter throw the used lemon slices in the bag, it won’t be hard to guess what happened after. But there was one thing he threw in too, along with nails, fingers, toes, a piece of the woman’s tongue and a cut ear.

It was an eyeball.

Peter did something Tony never even thought of.

Tony was milking everything he could out of the show, trying to find angles to soothe himself, telling Peter what nerve to hit to make it more painful. The amount of blood on the floor was so plenty he almost slipped on the slick, tiled floor as he was about to change his location to have a better view of the fun.

”Mr. Stark.”

Tony turned to Peter, embarrassed by that little incident, waiting for him to continue with his thought. He just hoped the kid won’t refer to what happened a second ago.

“... do you mind going upstairs again?” he fidgeted with the hem of his shirt, clearly uncomfortable “I just don’t know where anything is, or I would’ve gone myself.”

Tony hummed “Of course, what exactly do you need from upstairs, though?”

“A spoon.”

Stark blinked.

“A spoon?”

Peter nodded.
“As in ‘The horribly slow murderer with the extremely inefficient weapon?’”

That comparison cracked Peter up. It was a fine sight. Hands and clothes covered in blood, a bruised and barely conscious person behind him and a smile on his face. Tony snickered at his own thoughts. The scene suited the kid. Indeed.

“Nothing that long, I promise.”

“Okay, I’ll be back in a second.”

Staying faithful to his promise, he fetched a tea spoon from the kitchen drawer and came back as soon as he could.

Peter’s eyes lit up more than they already had when Tony passed him the spoon. He took it from his hands, carefully, like it was something precious, and proceeded to stare at it for a minute, silently contemplating.

“What are you going to do with it?”

The kid looked at Nona, back at the spoon and again at Nona.

Deciding not to stretch things long he approached her, brutally grabbing her by the chin and redirecting her face to be horizontal.

“Kid?”

Tony was beginning to have a very good idea of what the boy was going to do.

“Now I know, Mr. Stark.” Peter all but growled out “Those stares she was giving me when she thought I couldn’t see.”

Tony was expecting anything but this. Did Peter really decide to share with him about something bothering him?

This... this was a good thing. Peter needed to let some of the things choking him out, whether with violence or words because no matter if the boy understood or not, he was under a lot of stress at the moment. His whole world was turned upside down in a span of a single night. Again.

“At the... at the time I thought it was because she was worried about me. Concerned, you know?” Peter’s voice cracked a little at the word ‘concerned’. “But now I know,” a stray tear found its way down his cheek “It wasn’t concern. She was checking me out.”

Another one fell down, and another, and one more.

“Now, though... now I’m going to make sure she’s never able to look at anyone that way again.”

With those words he sunk the spoon straight into her eye, not holding back and giving her any mercy. Nona was thrashing so hard Tony had to pin her ankles down and lean on her stomach with his knee, aggravating some of the injuries she had there, making her scream harder.

Her voice was already hoarse from all the shouting, but it felt like she found her voice again at every new thing Peter thought of.

The kid pried the eye out of its socket. It fell down, still staying connected by the optical nerve. Whatever was left in her socket leaked out of it like egg yolk. She was blinking viscously, still able
to see from the eye, but why was it suddenly looking down?

Peter wasn’t done yet, though, the previously bloodied scissors that came close and personal with her lips and fingers now would acquaint with her eye.

Tony swallowed just remembering it, that part was disgusting and no one will convince him otherwise. The way in which Peter was utterly unbothered by the gore scared Tony a little. The minute he let go of the only moral compass he had complete anarchy took over, which was not good. He would get caught too fast.

Peter finished her off with a direct stab to the heart.

"I’m going to do to her what she did to me." he said.

According to his words, Nona killed him. He didn’t necessarily say that, but it was heavily implied.

He waited until Peter finished collecting the body parts and gestured with his head to the stairs, telling him to go up. The blood and skin residue on the floor he will mop up after he got rid of her.

Tony took Peter to the bathroom where a black 120 liters plastic bin was sitting in the corner along with a bathtub, sink, mirror and some toiletries.

“Open the lid.” It was obvious he was talking about the bin, and Peter complied.

Tony threw her in.

“Are you gonna just keep her there?” Peter scrunched up his eye. That seemed stupid. He would get caught faster than he’ll say ‘murder’.

Tony only smirked, petting the lid.

“Stay here, I’ll be back in a minute.”

With those words Tony went to the lab section of his house and took several canisters of sulphuric acid. He always kept them in his lab. It wouldn’t look good if someone went into his bathroom and saw canisters of acid just laying around, while in the lab no one will look twice at it.

Getting back into the bathroom, Peter saw what was written on the lid and immediately understood what was going on.

“We are going to dissolve it? Like in ‘Breaking Bad’?”

The childish happiness on Peter’s face at the prospect of dissolving a body was something to die for.

“Yes kid, that’s exactly what we’re going to do.” he opened the lids of the canisters “They used hydrofluoric acid, though. This is sulphuric acid.”

Peter understood what Tony wanted without him saying it and opened the bin. Tony began to pour in the canisters.

“If boiled this thing can dissolve a body in 2 hours, but we’re not in a hurry. We’ll do it the old fashioned way.”

“Isn’t the old fashioned way burying the body somewhere the police wouldn’t find?”
“Well... yes, but you have to add some solid chlorine so the dogs don’t smell the corpses.”

Was he really teaching a kid how to bury a body right?

“Yeah, that makes sense.”

“Does she have a family? Friends, siblings old husbands?”

“No. From what I know, she didn’t have anyone but me.”

And isn’t that sad? She tried to molest the only close person she had.

“That’s good. They won’t notice she is gone until either the CPC tries to contact her to check on you or you go to the police. I would rather you go to the police, that way there will be less suspicions.”

Peter wilted in a blink of an eye.

“B-but they will put me in the system again.” It didn’t take a genius to see that the boy was terrified at the prospect.

“Don’t worry about that.” He finished pouring the last canister in “I will help you with it.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

Peter almost hugged the man, without realizing what he was doing, and thanked all his lucky stars that he didn’t.

“What are we going to do now?”

Tony looked at his watch. 3:27pm.

“Now we go for breakfast.”

Chapter End Notes

‘The realization hit him like a train’

See what i did there?

Peter and Tony still don’t realize, do they? There’s no universe in which Tony abandons Peter. That’s my canon.

Kudos. Comment. Show me my mistakes.

You can write to me on my Tumblr, I swear i don’t bite...

...okay, maybe a little.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

‘It’s just that death has fallen in love with us.’ P.S.

Chapter Notes

I spent 4 hours on this thing, if you tell me you don’t like it i will find you and tear you apart.

Okay, kidding, I enjoy criticism.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It felt a bit surreal; how the tables can turn in such a short amount of time; how those kind of radical changes can happen overnight. If you look at it from Peter’s perspective, the time passed in Tony’s basement felt like an eternity, but it hadn’t even been a day. It’s understandable. We live our lives - day by day - without any kind of change, like robots programmed to do a certain task. Not many people break out of the comfortable little box society has prepared for them, but those who do, either become famous for their skill in the area they’re specializing in, or become infamous for their slightly crooked outlook on the world.

Life is a gamble, it deals you different cards whenever another breath reaches your lungs. One minute you follow the morals and code of your beloved uncle, the other minute you’re tearing someone’s eye out of its socket with a spoon.

Peter always wondered what the daily life of criminals was like. He, like everybody, enjoyed watching TV, and there were many news, TV shows, documentaries about cunning criminals, many of whom were serial killers. The hosts explained their twisted ways, their lack of empathy for other human beings, the horrible crimes that they had committed... and Peter would look, and he would wonder how anyone can do something so vile to another person.

He didn’t understand it until he did it himself.

Nobody can know if they are going to be a criminal. People that condemn never really try to put themselves in the position of the person who committed the crime. They never tried to understand what they had felt at the moment of truth: Pain? Hurt? Thrill? Guilt? Nothing?

He himself knew what he was feeling - satisfaction. Peter didn’t even remember a moment in his life when he felt this liberated, this free of an invisible burden dragging him down like a ball and a chain.

The reaction, if applied to all rules of common sense, after torturing someone to death and putting them in a bin to dissolve their body wasn’t quite... appropriate.

More inappropriate was his growing hunger, the fact that he would be able to eat without any sight
of remorse at what happened.

Many people will drown in guilt over what they had done. They won’t be able to sleep; won’t be able to eat; or shower; or do any other normal activity without feeling like they don’t deserve it.

But not him.

He won’t be repulsed by the memories of her terrified face, which, now, was burned inside his retina. Those memories, instead of bugging him, will bring him comfort in the face of other challenges. They will remind him that he can win, that the worst is behind. He will keep and cherish those memories, like the biggest treasure.

His stomach growled at hearing the word ‘breakfast’ leave Tony’s tongue, and the man gave him an amused smile.

“Excited, are we?”

“I just... realized that I’m really hungry.” Peter answered sheepishly.

“That’s not surprising,” Tony put his hand on Peter’s shoulder “You haven’t eaten today at all.”

With those words he pushed him towards the bathroom exit.

“The dissolving process will take a day or two, for that time being, we shouldn’t be seen around this house, in case there is evidence leading back to us.”

That’s a sound idea. Stark has lots of properties all around the world, the police wouldn’t know where to search if they are not sighted anywhere close.

“I’ll clean the basement after her body is gone, and you will help me.”

Peter’s face scrunching up showed that he wasn’t really happy at the idea, but he needed to be taught some discipline, however horrifying that discipline was. It will both set Tony’s authority over Peter and teach him the basics of clean up, a very important part of their...job.

Peter was eager to get something to eat, so he complied without any objection when Tony told him to get in the car and put on his seatbelt.

“Whether you’re a disgusting person or not, seatbelts save lives, including yours. Plus, if a cop stops us near the house with a dead woman in it because you didn’t put your seatbelt on...” his voice went impossibly cold at the end, leaving Peter’s imagination run wild over the blank space Tony left.

Everything was so friendly with him that Peter forgot whom he was dealing with for a little while. Thinking about it brought him to another trail. Was that how Tony hypnotized his victims? The man was irresistible. He smelt nice; he looked nice; he had money; he was smart; he was elegant; he had his way with words. Everybody approached him like mice would approach cheese. The only problem was that the cheese was on a mousetrap, and it closed its jaw when the curious mouse decided to feast on the appetizing meal.

Tony put his hands on the wheel, and the car hummed to life, the vibrations it caused passing through both their bodies.

Peter sank deeper into his thoughts for the duration of the drive, walking down the lane of his consciousness as a tourist that discovered a new place. He saw many things that he had ignored
prior to this moment, a certain rot that had accumulated in his brain and brought a dozen of corpse
eating worms with it. This infection, seething with nervousness, slowly ate away at his sanity,
digging mole holes for years until his brain looked like Swiss cheese. Why did he allow this to
happen? How did he allow this to happen?

The answer is simple: Ignorace.

Blissful ignorance.

He didn’t address the issue until it killed him.

Peter blowed air out of his nose in frustration.

Almost.

It almost killed him.

While Peter was busy munching over the philosophy of what happened to him, Tony thought about
the events of the night as he drove.

More particularly, Tony went to the moment when he said Peter should eventually report Nona’s
disappearance to the authorities. The boy looked scared. Any normal person would look scared at
the perspective of going back into the system after such an experience, but Peter was numb until
that moment, not even caring about what would happen to him.

He wasn’t afraid because he didn’t have a reason to be afraid.

But now he has one.

And Tony gave him it. He put him on a path to follow. Now he just has to navigate the kid so he
wouldn’t do anything stupid when he’s not there to supervise.

He drove to the nearest McDonalds drive thru, nudging Peter on the shoulder to wake him up as he
approached the order screen.

“Order anything you want. Don’t worry about the money, just take whatever your heart desires.”

Peter looked mildly embarrassed at someone else paying for him, but his stomach was ready to eat
itself.

“Do they have krabby patties?”

“Peter.” Tony warned him, but there was no heat behind it, the comment even making him smile.

“Uh... I’ll have three Big Macs, large fries, and a coke please.”

Tony raised an eyebrow at the kid’s appetite, but guessed that whatever gave him the powers he
displayed in his basement must have also given him an enhanced metabolism like Cap’s.

Tony ordered what the kid asked him, adding his own order - two cheeseburgers with fries - and
when they reached the pickup window their food was done, bagged, and waiting for them.

Tony didn’t go into the restaurant because people would see; and people would talk; and they
would take pictures which will lead them to Peter; and that will lead to Peter being recognized;
police finding out about Nona disappearing sooner than needed; maybe even the messy threads
would lead back to him if the detectives were good.
They just have to play it safe for a bit.

Taking the bags he drove to a parking place, somehow managing to fit his car there, and turned it off.

“This is quite unhealthy for a breakfast-“

“It’s 3pm, Mr. Stark.”

“- but I couldn’t resist getting a cheeseburger, I hope you don’t mind.”

He tried to show irritation at the kid interrupting him, but didn’t quite manage it because, in reality, he was proud. Expressing his thoughts; joking with him freely was a big step. Living the life of an exemplary student is boring, you have to be principal from time to time.

Tony passed the bags containing Peter’s food to him, opening his own.

They ate in silence for awhile, Peter going through half of his food while Tony managed to eat a cheeseburger and a half. When Peter opened his coke and took a swing of the sugary liquid, Tony, too, opened his mouth.

“How did you get your powers?”

Peter almost choked on his drink, coughing a few times for good measure.

Right.

He noticed.

Lying wouldn’t do him any good, the man would see right through him. There was no way out of this but the truth.

“A year ago I went to a field trip to Oscorp with my class. It was really interesting because I like science and it was Oscorp and there’s a lot of science there,” Tony smiled sweetly, the kid was babbling, wasn’t that cute? “So I get sidetracked and separated from the group without meaning to. I, obviously, panic, and run door from door, trying to find them. So I open this door to a room full of spiders, and I freak out because spiders,” Peter seemed to shiver just at the thought of the eight legged creatures “and one of them falls on me, and then it bit me, and after a night of feeling either high or drunk I wake up like this.” The kid put both of his hands up, rotating them in the air.

“Like what? What do your powers do, exactly?”

“I can stick to walls.”

“You can stick to walls?”

Peter nodded “Yes.”

“Only with your hands?”

“No. With hands and feet both, but no other body part.”

That... that was great. It was strange, yes, but it was also very-very good. Peter doesn’t understand the scale of things he can do just with that single thing. The amount of steals and ambush missions he can accomplish are enormous.
“I also have enhanced strength,” Peter went on “and all my senses are dialed up to ten, I also have this thing, like a sixth sense, it warns me when something bad is about to happen.”

Without realizing he did it, Peter cited all the needed physical qualities of a professional spy. The only thing left to give is the knowledge needed for the job because Peter is gonna need a job, he’s not gonna allow him to become a slob.

The kid was an emotional and impressionable young man, kinda like hot metal, ready to be molded, and Tony will fill in the place of the hammer. He won’t let him go to waste.

The information also bothered him. Did Oscorp manage to create a type of Super Soldier Serum? No, if they did, and it actually worked, someone would’ve noticed. The media; the military; the avengers for gods sake. Something has to be up with the kid, he wasn’t lying, nothing in him indicated that he was lying, but there has to be some hidden factor in the boy. Something that made him the one that passed the modification.

“It also increased your metabolism, I presume?” He said, showing the amount food Peter devoured while he was busy thinking over what he had said.

Peter’s neck went red a little as he rubbed it in embarrassment “Yes, I eat twice or thrice the necessary amount, and even then, sometimes, it’s not enough.”

Tony looked sad at hearing that piece of information. It meant that the kid had gone hungry since he was bitten, or at least since he went into the system.

“No, if they did, and it actually worked, someone would’ve noticed. The media; the military; the avengers for gods sake. Something has to be up with the kid, he wasn’t lying, nothing in him indicated that he was lying, but there has to be some hidden factor in the boy. Something that made him the one that passed the modification.”

“Okay, listen up,” Tony petted Peter’s shoulder, the action already quite familiar and comforting “I need to set some things if you’re going to live with me.”

Peter’s eyes went so wide Tony feared they would jump right out of their sockets, this time without the help of a spoon.

“L-live with you?” He managed to croak out somehow, voice laced with surprise.

“Of course. We will have to buy you new clothes, hygiene utensils, deal with the CPC. I also insist that you tell me whenever you’re hungry, there’s nothing to be embarrassed about.” Seeing Peter’s gobsnacked face brought him down from the cloudy skies he was flying in “Or would you like I rent an apartment for you? That probably will make things less awkw-“

He almost yelped in surprise when the kid practically rammed himself into his chest, hugging him clumsily, not even caring about the burgers and fries falling out of the bag. The warmth that spread through his chest was such an alien feeling for Tony he didn’t even recognize it at first. Then he remembered warm feminine hands trailing through his hair, soft lips kissing him on the forehead and wishing him good night, a silky voice reading ‘Sherlock Holmes’ to him in a low volume. And he remembered the feeling long forgotten and lost in the depths of his cold and sticky soul. The feeling of love and being loved.

He hugged him back.

After staying like that for a while, Tony broke the hug off and looked at Peter, whose face was showing intense embarrassment at what he had done.

“I’m so sorry, Mr. Stark, I didn’t mean to, I swear!”

The kid almost bowed his head as an apology.
“Don’t worry about it,” Tony waved his hand dismissively “let’s just go on with what we were talking.”

He cleared his throat awkwardly. Obviously Peter wasn’t the only one embarrassed by the open show of affection.

“Ah, yes. You’re moving in with me, judging by your reaction. We will have to restore your education, what grade were you in when you stopped going to school?”

“I was in the ninth grade, but you don’t have to worry about me falling behind my classes, I already know the education program a few grades beyond. Some of my teachers offered me to jump grades, but I refused because I didn’t want to leave my friends.” At the last word his sight trailed to the window, eyes blanking. “Friends... I didn’t want to leave them, but they left me.”

Tony’s heart clenched... wait. His heart... clenched? For someone, for someone’s pain?

“Hey-hey, it’s okay.” He said when he saw Peter’s eyes becoming red and floaty with unshed tears. The kid just snorted at his clumsy consolation attempt, some of the tears finding their way to his cheeks.

Logically, he knew that Peter’s friends couldn’t have done anything, that they didn’t know where he went or what happened to him as he stopped going to school, but it wasn’t the time for that.

“Hey, can you smile for me?”

The request was strange, but Peter complied nonetheless. Or tried to comply, at least, giving a tight, sad smile.

“That’s better, see?” Tony pointed at the rearview mirror.

The sight of himself just made Peter sadder. He looked pathetic. How could Mr. Stark even waste time on him?

“You know, Pete, there are many theories on how serial killers are born,” if he can’t distract him with comforting words, he will give him something to think about instead “Some think it’s a defect people are born with; Some think it’s the way they’re brought up; Some think it’s the mix of both.” Peter’s ears perked up at that. If he had to chose, he would go with the mix of both, but there are always exceptions “Most agree that serial killers are made... I disagree.”

Was Mr. Stark one of those people that believed in genetics? That if your father was a killer then you should be too? That’s just not fair, you can’t judge a person because of the people that helped them come into the world.

“Serial killers aren’t made Peter, they’re unmade.”

And wasn’t that the bitter truth?

“When you go back to school; back to society - smile, always smile. Act like they want you to, tell them what they want to hear, but not enough to differ from the normal guy next door. Be eloquent and cultured, attract people to yourself, make them biased towards you, make them loyal to yourself. Everybody will see your charm and elegance, and no one will look back at the hell you went through.”

Peter looked up, the same sad smile still clinging to his face.
“Smile Peter, smile always.”

Chapter End Notes

Comment, kudos. Please?

Eh... I'm gonna go get some coffee, you want some?

Write to me on my Tumblr if you want. If you don't, don't.


Tumblr
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Peter’s gonna kill off some bitches, mwahahaha.
It’s just my first day of college tomorrow, I have to vent. Sowwy.

Chapter Notes

This took a damn long time. Excuse-moi.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter’s heart skipped a beat, muscles tightening in, what could only be, anticipation. The silver moon illuminated him, kissing his curls, and showering them with cold whiteness. For Tony, who was standing on an opposite roof to the one Peter was on, it looked like the kid was under a spotlight. Everything around him fogged and blurred, becoming unnecessary. Just runabout details that interfered with the main show.

Peter’s show.

Because this was his stage, and he was the main character.

Tony gulped down the nervousness collecting in his throat and tried not to lose his attention

Today was the day.

The day where Tony would understand what Peter was made of.

Sorta like and exam that he had been preparing Peter for like crazy.

During the month they’ve been living together, Tony had dealt with the CPS: somehow becoming his legal guardian, made Peter report Nona’s disappearance to the authorities, and they spent the rest of the time both training and getting to know each other.

Soon Tony understood that the kid took his mutation to a completely another level, trying and succeeding in acting like a real spider. He felt a strange allure to poisons, especially the ones that paralyze the prey without killing them; he crawled up the walls, leaving Tony angry with the footprints decorating the ceiling; didn’t like cold because spiders, apparently, don’t thermoregulate; his joints, as they found out when Tony caught him eating cookies in the upper corner of his room... on a perfect twine, could bend like a professional gymnast’s would.

That particular ability of his removed some limitations that Tony himself had, and gave Peter more advantage. People usually look in the directions they think a threat could come from - left, right, front, behind, and most of the time it doesn’t include above.

Peter could jump from enormous heights and not utter as much sound as a leaf falling onto the
surface of a lake would. He could chase a rabbit in a forest in such frozen silence that the poor thing wouldn’t be fast enough to understand what was going, why it couldn’t move, and why the ground was suddenly all bloody.

One more thing that made Peter similar to a spider was how he preferred to lure his victim into a trap, a web of sorts.

Peter did feel guilty after killing the animal and asked Tony never to train him on them ever again. That fact, maybe, should’ve tipped him that Peter wasn’t ready, or that he was too weak-willed for this kind of occupation, but that wasn’t the case.

Peter felt bad because he killed an animal. A defenseless, fluffy, innocent thing.

People, on the other hand, were scum.

Tony let it slide because he got it. He understood the sentiment.

Apart from physical abilities, Peter had the patience of a lion, and the calmness of a blooming Sakura tree.

During his stay at Tony’s, after learning that the kid was a baby genius, he allowed Peter access to his lab - the toned down version so he wouldn’t blow himself up - and to his utmost surprise, Peter came up with a peculiar web formula, which he also used to catch and subdue.

Since that moment they began working together regularly, bouncing ideas off of each other, making the process of creation more interesting and satisfying than it was before. It came as a surprise to Tony that he actually enjoyed the kid’s company. Peter was a bright, shy, and embarrassingly sweet person when he wasn’t busy thinking about murder. There was a certain allure to him that Tony couldn’t quite decipher. Maybe it’s the similar tastes in hobbies...

Aside from the web formula, Peter asked if they could work on some gear that would be useful to whatever they were doing, and Tony agreed - he himself had small gadgets on the occasion that something went wrong, besides the suit, of course, but he tried using it as scarcely as he could.

Peter came up with a new brilliant idea a few minutes after suggesting they make gear: Web Shooters. It was a small device that latched to his wrist, and could shoot the webs that he designed when he pressed the button in the middle of his palm.

After that, Tony provided him with a tactical belt that stored all of Peter’s poisons of choice, some knives, web cartridges so he wouldn’t run out, smoke bombs, (the kid watched too many Batman cartoons) and other useful stuff. Then came the gloves, boots with hidden knives because, apparently, “Have you seen what Joker can do with those?” is a good damn argument.

The day of Peter’s first mission, or hunt, or whatever the hell they were calling it, approached silently.

And the kid was anxious. Scared by the prospect of failing Tony.

It would have seemed to any other person that in the dead of night nothing could be heard, but not for Peter. For him the air was torn by sound. The rustle of trees, the quiet crawling of insects, the sound of fridges and other electrical devices working in the apartments nearby, the sound of cars driving by several streets up, even his mentor’s heartbeat.

He would never say it out loud, but he focused on the rhythmical thumping of Tony’s heart, harder than on any other detail, to tone down his anxiety. It made him believe that Tony could, in fact,
Shaking the unnecessary thoughts away, he inhaled, filling his lungs with sweet and crisp night air, then shifted his body in the direction of his prey, locking his sight with the small, shadowy figure walking down the road.

When the subject of Peter’s first hunt was breached, Tony asked him if there was anyone in particular that he wanted to kill. His asking the kid, of course, had an ulterior motive, it being the fact that Tony wasn’t sure if Peter could stomach killing someone innocent in his eyes. He killed Nona out of rage and hurt, out of emotion. Tony just had to get the kid’s hand used to the job at first, preferably on people he not only didn’t see value in, but had an aversion to, too.

Peter’s first suggestion was going after the abusive bastards he got the displeasure of meeting before being passed on to Nona, but Tony shot the idea down as soon as it left his tongue. Too suspicious, the police would take notice of one of his guardians disappearing and the other being found dead in some dumpster.

That is when Peter suggested the local alcoholic of Queens - Mike Sanders. Mike was a 53 years old amoral, violent, unemployed jerk that terrorized the occupants of Queens. Peter met him a couple of times before the deaths of May and Ben, all of those encounters were rather unpleasant. The worst one was when May went to throw the garbage in a bin outside, and met that thing calling himself Mike. The man jumped her, and, Peter was positive, would’ve raped her right there, in broad daylight by the dumpsters if Ben didn’t see and tackle the fucker down.

Peter also met him a few times after. In the foster houses he was send to there was a lack of food, plus the other kids stealing half of what he had, leaving his stomach so empty he felt there was a black hole forming there. His enhanced metabolism made him crave food like an addict would crave drugs so he had no other choice but to go dumpster diving. That is where he met Mike again, the man seemed to be roaming beside garbage. The most interesting part was that Mike didn’t need to dumpster dive, he had money. Not a lot, but he did. God knows where from, the man was unemployed.

He hit Peter a couple of times, seemingly hurting his hand more than Peter’s face, but that didn’t stop him from trying again the next time.

Mike changed apartments like gloves because landlords didn’t want a slacker like Mike wrecking their livelihoods.

It made it harder to actually predict where he was gonna crash at night. They watched him for a couple of weeks, learning the pattern of his day. It made it possible to find the exact moment when it would be the easiest to take him down without much hassle, and, ironically, it turned out to be beside a dumpster.

After following him for quite some time, Peter understood how the man got money, and why he seemed to roam beside dumpsters so much.

Drugs.

Mike was a dealer, and most of his check points were beside garbage containers.

The most convenient place for Mike to meet his end was his last check point. He would go into an alleyway, a dark and narrow one, and wait there for his client. After selling the last little package containing white powder, most likely cocaine, he would wait until the client leaves and have a
smoke. He always had that smoke. Never missed it. Not once.

Exactly as predicted, Mike went into the alleyway to meet his last client. Soon a middle aged man approached him from the dark part of the alleyway, where the light from the lampposts didn’t reach, and handed Mike some cash, getting the precious, and left Mike without saying a single word.

The man took a cigarette out of his pocket and leaned on the dumpster the other hand, already with a lighter in it, putting it on.

He could smell him... even from the roof Peter could catch the awful odor of alcohol reeking from the man. It was hitting his nose in waves and making it itch with the need to get rid of it as fast as possible.

Usually, he wasn’t bothered by the smell of alcohol, it even smelt good at times, especially at Tony’s because his stuff was expensive stuff, but he couldn’t say the same about Mike. The whole bottle of cheap vodka he had that day made him smell like something inside of him was burnt. That coupled with the cigarette made him want to run in the opposite direction, but having to tolerate this would be a little obstacle he will have to pass to get to the prize.

He let Mike enjoy his last smoke before he decided to act, lazily putting his hands on the wall of the building and beginning to crawl down face downwards.

His thin and slick body merged with the environment; every movement soft and calculated; senses that caught even the slightest intake of breath; smoothness that put a buttered surface to shame.

Peter fantasized about this moment from the very first second he and Tony chose Mike as a victim. He wondered how he would do it. Will he do it fast, or will he stretch it out? Will he let Mike know it was him, or will he finish him off with a single hit? That would be quite boring... if he was doing this, might, at least, make it dramatic.

His face lit up at the thought of delivering a one-liner before killing Mike, like in those epic, action filled movies where the main protagonist said something cool before either dying or murdering his enemy.

Peter tried to stay in the shadows as much as he could, pressing his chest to the brick wall. He took a poison cartridge out of his belt and put in in his web-shooter which he modified to work as a gun too.

Positioning his hand so it was pointing right at Mike’s neck, Peter hit the button. A small dart flew out of the device on his wrist with a silent woosh of it cutting through air, but instead of hitting him in the neck it hit him in the shoulder.

Damn it! His aim was off.

It was sheer luck that the only thing Mike was wearing was a shirt, so the dart went through it and reached his skin. If he was wearing a leather jacket or something thick, Mike would’ve been alerted.

Peter thanked all his guardian angels for preventing his Parker luck from acting out when he saw Mike slowly lose feeling in all his limbs and slump on the ground.

With a small sigh of relief he jumped down, his feet touching the ground with minimal noise. As he approached Mike all kinds of ideas flooded his head, from cutting him to pieces to just smashing
his skull with a super-powered hit right between the eyes.

Peter looked down at Mike. He couldn’t move, but he still could feel, see, and understand everything that was going on with him... and it seemed he recognized Peter as the boy wasn’t wearing any kind of mask.

The man’s eyes rounded up like saucers at the sight of the boy, the red tinge and veins becoming more prominent as he did so.

They were bloodshot...

...bloodshot

A small smile graced his lips. He knew what to do.

Tony watched from the opposite roof, with his super glasses that could zoom in everything, because he was cool like that, relishing in the kid picking up a small knife from his belt. He didn’t know that Peter had modified his web-shooters so they could also shoot poison darts. Very fascinating. He was so glad the kid didn’t feel like Tony had to take him by the hand and lead him everywhere like a small child, Peter was mature enough to make his own decisions. That made him like him more.

He was expecting the kid to do something very disturbing with that knife; cut the man’s face open, tear his dick off or something, but Peter just lightly nicked him in the neck with it and put the knife back in his belt.

Tony frowned. Did he change his opinion? Did he want to use a different weapon? Or, maybe, he didn’t want to kill him at all...

His suspicions were proven when he saw Peter take the man by his wrist and haul him ungracefully into the open dumpster, shutting it after himself.

Something resembling lead slowly began filling his stomach, making it stone hard. His throat suddenly felt like he had been crying for an hour.

Did he screw up? Did he rush things? Was the kid not ready?

If the kid decided to go and tattle about him to the police he wasn’t sure he will be able to kill him. The kid grew on him like fungus the last month.

This was a mistake.

Why did he think that taking a teenage boy and making him kill people will end well? What the fuck is wrong with him?

Well... apart from the obvious.

He was so immersed into his self-deprecating thoughts he almost fell off the roof when a hand shook his shoulder. Would’ve fallen off if the hand didn’t catch him, actually.

“Whoa-whoa, Mr. Stark,” The hand brought him back from the ledge, “Easy there.”

Peter. It was Peter. Why did he come back if he didn’t want to be like him? He didn’t understand. Did he miss something while he was dumpster diving in his head?

“Mr. Stark, you okay?” Peter’s voice was so soft and concerned, it amazed Tony how the kid could
allow himself to show so much emotion.

“Why didn’t you kill him?” Deciding not to beat around the bush, Tony straight out asked Peter.

Peter raised an eyebrow at his mentor, eyes roaming his face for something.

“I did,” he frowned “Well... I will, in a few hours.”

The confusion just doubled on Tony’s face.

“But we made a plan, we calculated everything from start to finish, why did you paralyze and throw him in a dumpster if you are going to kill him anyway? We can’t just sit here for hours until you feel like it! If you don’t want to kill him just say so!”

Seeing the anger on Tony’s face he got scared at first, thinking he did something wrong, but after listening to his words it dawned on him.

He chuckled.

“Oh my God, Mr. Stark,” the chuckle progressed into a full blown giggle fit, “You didn’t notice, did you?”

“What?”

“I-he... I he-he-he,” he was clutching his stomach at that point, tears prickling in the corners of his eyes.

“Peter!”

The semi-serious shout from Tony seemed to sober him up a little.

“You thought I chickened out, didn’t you?” Peter said, cleaning the tears from his eyes.

“Didn’t you?”

“No!” The word was said with such defiance Tony immediately knew he missed something.

“What did you do? I’m confused.”

“I pricked his carotid artery.”

It seemed like the sun itself went on above his head because a light bulb would be mild to describe the realization Tony felt.

“Carotid artery...”

“Yes.”

“You killed him, but he will die in a few hours.”

“Yes.”

“Slowly bleeding to death through his neck in a fucking dumpster.”

“Yes”

Tony let out a nervous chuckle.
"My little baby off to destroy people"

It was the reference to Mulan that set them both off. They spent minutes on that roof clutching their stomachs from the force with which they were laughing their asses off. It was only cut short with a drop of water falling right on Peter’s nose, then another, and another, and soon the sky was making love to the ground.

Both of them stood under the rain, soaking wet and dripping water everywhere, looking at the wet roads reflecting the light from the lampposts, as Tony put his hand through Peter’s already wet hair and gave it a light ruffle.

“Let’s go home.”

“Let’s go home.”

Chapter End Notes

Comment/kudos.

The word of the chapter - dumpster.

Don’t say the chapter is crap, I know it already, folks.

Write to me if you want, I will be very happy to answer you.

Tumblr
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

I liiiiiiiiiiiiiive!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The night was beautiful. A kind of pleasant and peaceful that Peter hadn’t felt for a long time. Darkness tightly embraced everyone that walked into its arms, throwing a blanket of grey and black on the buildings, like a caring mother tucking its children to sleep; only the colorful lights from the city's neon signs gifted reality with different hues: Red, green; purple, orange; blue, white; they mixed together, reflecting off the wet ground, looking like someone clumsily dropped a pack watercolors.

They walked to Tony’s penthouse while the sky told its woe to the ground, spilling thousands of tears that hit it with a splash. Ozone polluted the air with its sweet and crisp smell, silver puddles forming and posing an obstacle to the couple along with the slippery ground.

It never really registered in both of them why they decided to walk to Tony’s penthouse. The initial plan had a paragraph dedicated to their escape, and for that exact reason they had a modest, dry, and warm car parked near the place where all of the fun happened, but neither of them addressed it: not wanting to disturb the amicable feeling of accomplishment and calmness, letting their minds sow good thoughts, good feelings, and good chemicals.

Tony looked in awe, and a little bit of admiration - though he was still reluctant to admit it to himself - at how Peter frolicked happily, jumping from puddle to puddle, giggling every time he did it, spattering dirty water around him like a misbehaving child. The kid seemed to like the rain a lot, seeing something majestic in this incarnation of nature.

He put his tongue out: hoping that raindrops would fall on it, licked his face in an attempt to catch the raindrops rolling down his cheeks, treated every drop of water like something holy, something to be cherished.

It took Tony off guard when Peter began repeatedly jumping from side to side like a headless chicken, and it took the man an embarrassing three minutes of the kid’s strange behavior going on to guess that Peter was attempting to dodge rain.

After that realization, Tony snorted quietly under his nose, both amused and concerned.

Concerned because he began wondering how good of a childhood Peter had actually had.

After all, Stark had no idea if such behavior was normal for a fifteen-year-old.

Maybe it was, or maybe the kid was overcompensating for the time he had lost: his parents’ and guardian’s deaths having put ‘fun’ in the back drawer.

Come to think of it, Peter had been goofing around a lot when they were home. Things like pranks when Peter jumps off the ceiling and scares Tony to the brink of a miniature heart attack, or that one time when the older man woke up with half his goatee gone (Tony punished Peter for that one
because *his poor goatee*) do happen.

He didn’t get mad at Peter for most of that, on the contrary, Tony was happy the kid felt safe enough around him to do these kind of things. It was good. Warm. Domestic. He had never thought that something so normal would feel this... fine.

That was a dangerous edge he was tittering on. The last month his emotions resembled charging horses pulling in opposite directions. The need to love and the need to cause pain constantly clashing in his head.

Every emotion he felt was a part of him, all of them leashed to his very soul, and them going in different ways slowly teared it apart. He couldn’t take one emotion and kill it, the same way he couldn’t unleash the metaphorical horse and set it free. If he didn’t find a solution soon, if he couldn’t find a way for all of the horses to charge in the same direction, he might make a mistake he would have to pay dearly for.

With those thoughts in tow, two pairs of dirt caked shoes reached the doorstep of a penthouse. Peter and Tony, clothes still dripping with water, cleaned their feet on the doormat, though they both knew it wouldn’t help them in the slightest, and entered the house, effectively smearing mud all over the thousand dollar per square parquet.

Tony’s house was nice. It was spacious, well-furnished, and didn’t give Peter the feeling of being a dirty trash bag in the middle of a room filled with gold.

“Go get out of your clothes and take a hot shower, wouldn’t do you getting sick on your first day of school tomorrow,” Tony adviced Peter.

In order to return to school in the middle of the school year, without any records of Peter finishing the 9th grade, exams were required.

They planned Mike’s execution long before they knew when Peter could return to school again. The kid had aced all his exams, and the Midtown school of science and technology administration told them Peter could begin his studies Monday, which was today: it was 4am already.

"If you spread your germs around I’m kicking you out.”

Tony told Peter he was allowed to skip the first day as it wasn’t his fault their plan aligned with his first school day. Postponing would be bothersome, while missing a day of school wouldn’t hurt him much.

They went to their respective rooms to get rid of their wet clothes and put on new ones.

During his tour of the house, which Tony so generously provided him with on his first day, Peter was shown everything he needed to see. The marbled, elegant kitchen; wooden, homey living room; bathrooms, Tony’s room; most importantly, *his* room.

It was totally bigger and lighter than his room at Nona’s, or May’s, for that matter, but, unfortunately, didn’t have the same feeling of comfort and peace the other two had before everything went to shit. It changed with time, he just had to make the space his own as much as he could.

A lot has changed since he moved in.

At that thought his imagination ran wild, munching over different visions of his new and old room. For starters, it was nice to open the wardrobe and see clothes instead of moths flying in emptiness;
to see the walls decorated with Star Wars posters and other popular pop-culture franchises instead of being bare and depressing like they were at first. The bed was the same: nice, silk blue covers with a mattress that probably cost more than he had spent in his life. The desk near the bed had a laptop and phone on it. The bookshelf above it will soon have his textbooks and copybooks.

Tony didn’t mind what he did with his room as long as he kept everything clean and tidy. The man hated it when Peter threw his clothes left and right instead of tucking them nicely in the wardrobe. He also always lectured Peter about cleaning the table and putting the plates in the dishwasher after he ate.

It was fair. Peter basically piggybacked on Tony, if the man said not do something in his house, he didn’t have the audacity to say no.

With a hearty sigh, the kid took his clothes off, including the soaking wet socks and boxers, and threw them in the laundry bin, another thing that Tony insisted he do as soon as he took his dirty clothes off.

His whole body smelt like rain.

He smiled at the fact, but he was also quite cold, and the thought of a hot shower seemed like something magical.

His room had an en-suite bathroom. Another perk of living with a billionaire.

As soon as he stepped under the hot stream he knew he was right: it was magical. Damn enchanting. He felt too good for it to be true. His soul bloomed like a tree on a cloudless spring day. It was quiet, relaxed, and at peace. The water warmed his skin like the rays of the morning sun.

Peter stood like that, not moving, letting the drops hit his body repeatedly, loosening the tension he felt in his muscles.

Mesmerizing.

A shower had never felt this good before. Was it the fact that he had just taken a life, or that he was... happy?

Killing Mike felt amazing. More amazing felt knowing that the bastard died alone and terrified.

Deciding not to waste anymore water, a thing he knew he didn’t have the need to do anymore, (old habits die hard) Peter washed his hair with shampoo and scrubbed his body with soap, turning off the shower.

As he put on his clothes, a grey t-shirt and sweatpants, a kind of tiredness fell on him. The rush that accompanied him all that time withered away, bones feeling like they were filled with static.

But it was a good tiredness. One that people feel after they’ve accomplished something, after they tackled everything that day, week or month threw at them.

The bed called out to him, and Peter considered that call irresistible. Soon he was tangled in sheets, the fresh smell of silk lulling him into Morpheus’ lap. With a last moan of pleasure, his eyes closed.

Tony, on the other hand, went into the living room after his shower, expecting to see Peter there. When the only thing he saw were empty sofas and silence, a small smile graced his lips, eyes
twinkling with moonlight.

If he wasn’t here, then...

Quietly opening the kid’s door as not to wake the him, Tony looked inside.

His heart leapt at the sight of the boy clutching the bed-sheets like a one would a teddy bear, his quiet snores making their way to Tony’s ears.

Peter looked so peaceful in his sleep: Not troubled by any of the crap life had thrown at him. Looking almost... *normal*, like a typical teenager.

Whether he wanted to admit it or not, Peter Parker was an integral part of his life; has been for awhile.

It’s quite fun. The fact that a single decision of offering the boy to come with him had such results. If he hadn’t done that, if he had just left Peter there, none of this would’ve happened, his fate would’ve been written differently.

Calmly putting his feet on the ground, Tony approached the sleeping teenager and kneeled in front of his bed.

Peter’s curls were already a mess, his guess was the kid didn’t comb them after showering. And if someone says he couldn’t resist sinking his hand into that tornado Peter called his hair, it couldn’t be proved, and he will deny it.

“G’night, kid.” Tony uttered softly, every letter laced with an emotion even he couldn’t pinpoint.

Yes. If he had made a different decision, his life wouldn’t have turned out like it had. And that wasn’t a good thing, because, right then, at that moment, *Tony Stark felt complete.*

Minutes passed, then hours, a full day. Peter was sitting in Mr. Stark’s luxurious car, feeling like if he made a single step out of it something bad would happen. The anxiety had his heart in its poisonous grip, slowly squeezing the little enthusiasm he had had about going back to school.

Peter remembered school. And those memories weren’t good.

He remembered being ridiculed day after day, stepped on both mentally and physically, shamed for being the smartest guy in the room, disliked by teachers for sometimes correcting them.

If school was bad before May and Ben’s deaths, it was *hell on Earth* after. Everybody knew about the poor, foster kid whose all relatives died just to get away from him.

“Something on your mind?”

Peter’s head snapped up at the older man’s voice, eyes blinking rapidly, trying to formulate a non embarrassing answer.

“Oh, no... no. Everything’s fine,” Peter answered noncommittally, lips forming a straight line.

“Don’t brush it off, if something’s bothering you, I will listen,” It felt as if Tony already knew what the case was, but was trying to get Peter to open up.

“I...”

The boy swallowed, fingers clasping together in obvious discomfort.
“I’m a little afraid,” he admitted, “school was never a place I liked being at: Not because I didn’t like studying, but because of the people I had to meet there.”

“Bullies?”

“Y-yeah.”

Tony hummed understandingly, fingers drumming rhythmically on the wheel.

“Not only?”

“Not only.”

Tony didn’t say anything else, deciding to wait for Peter to elaborate whenever he was ready.

“There were these... rumors,” Peter swirled his finger in the air, “it wasn’t as bad physically as it was mentally. Whenever I entered a packed corridor, everyone would stop whatever they were doing just to stare, then turn to whoever they were talking to and begin whispering,” his hands tightened to the point of becoming white, “I hated it.”

“I was some little freak from the circus everybody liked to hate... and I’m just afraid of a repeat.”

His grip relaxed, the anger he felt a minute ago replaced by the familiar anxiety.

“You’re not the person you were a year ago, kid,” Tony began, “that person who would just stand aside and let everybody make fun of him is dead,” he looked Peter straight in the eyes, “isn’t he?”

At those words, the last remnants of Peter’s confidence rallied against the anxiety currently occupying the kid’s mind, and after a brief battle - took over.

Peter’s eyes hardened.

“He is.”

The older man just stared for a few seconds, scanning for signs of residue anxiety; finding none, his sight returned to the road.

“Good.”

A few more minutes of driving in comfortable silence and they were at their destination.

“Education is very important, I think you’re not the person I should be telling this to, given that I’ve seen your passion towards knowledge, but I wanted to say it. Just in case.”

“Of course, Mr. Stark.”

“Also. Don’t shy away from making friends, but don’t make enemies either. If you don’t like a person, just ignore them or agree with them, don’t disagree if you don’t know you can win an argument with them.”

“Friends?”

“Of course. You don’t think I don’t have friends, do you?” Tony humored, “Even people like us need friends, kid. We aren’t made of stone.”

“Makes sense.”
“Of course it does, I’m the one saying it,” Tony delivered dramatically.

Peter opened the car door, and was ready to leave when -

“Wait -“

He turned around in confusion, thinking he forgot something.

“Good luck, Peter.”

And if it wasn’t one of the best things he had heard in his life.

Peter beamed happily, his smile brighter than the sun.

“Thank you, Mr. Stark!”

He left the car feeling a lot better than he did when he got in it.

Tony drove away, and there were already a bunch of people looking his way, but not because they felt repulsed by him, but because a really fancy car had just dropped him off and drove away.

Mr. Stark told him to be cultured, so he vetoed the idea of smiling cockily, acting like a cool guy or whatever.

It wasn’t for him, anyway. If he decided take that act, he would get disgusted by just being in his own skin.

He already had the schedule, the first lesson was science, so Peter went in the way he thought the right classroom was in, but ultimately got lost. The bell was about to ring, and he didn’t want to be late on his first day, especially after he had skipped said first day.

Trying to draw as little attention as he could, Peter gently tapped a person that stood in front of him on the shoulder. His peer was large, and Peter began speaking even before the other kid turned.

“I’m so sorry for bothering you, I was just lost and I would be really thankful if you -“

“Peter”

The teen choked on the words that were about to leave his mouth, and looked, really looked at the boy in front of him.

“Ned?! 

Chapter End Notes

I’ve got stuff lined up! Stuff to come! Stuff to happen! Stuff to go to shit! Yay!

Comment/Kudos.

Every comment gives me a little bit of that mythical thing called motivation.

Write to me, ask me anything you want, but be warned, you may get scared of my awkward social skillz.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

WASSUP, MY DUDES! I’M ALIVE!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

She opened her eyes, slowly, head throbbing, confusion wrapping itself around her throat, to find herself lying on cold ceramic tiles. Her mouth was dry; felt like the whole Sahara desert had been somehow stuffed inside; the taste of sand still lingered in the back of her throat, spilling down to her lungs, and burning, burning her from the inside out.

Her nails touched the ground with a clink; only then did she understand the tips of her fingers were numb. The coldness of the floor radiated everywhere, spread like a thousand of small sharp needles all over her back. Her imagination, for a fleeting moment, showed her a funny image of herself, lying on her belly, needles used for acupuncture sticking out of her back, making her look like a human-hedgehog.

The image wasn’t to her taste, so she flipped herself onto her back, and glanced upward, her mouth pursed but slightly open and loose; eyes unfocused, looking at the ceiling as if seeing right through it, then she blinked, focused, her heart beating inside her rib cage like a trapped butterfly.

Adrenaline flooded her system. It pumped and beat, as if trying to jump out of her skin.

She didn’t know where she was, and her head felt like it’s been stuffed with cotton.

A man was standing over her; In his hand... a rope.

He’s short and handsome; the one she went out with last night. But... he looked different. His face scrunched up like paper, in an expression that should’ve resembled a smile, but didn’t quite manage to. His eyes as chilly as the cold tiles she was lying on.

It wasn’t long before she guessed the situation didn’t look good. She was a woman, an untrained one, and the man was definitely stronger than her. She couldn’t attack him and get out of that encounter a winner.

It was scary, knowing you’re helpless, knowing you’re at somebody’s mercy.

The flight or fight instinct kicked in, everything became sharper and cleaner in a span of a second, adrenaline surging so fast she felt vomit crawling up her throat. Her eyes roamed the room for an escape, searching for even the smallest opportunity, and there it was! A door! Like a beacon of hope in darkness, just a few feet away.

She made a mad dash for it, but the man noticed the way she had been glancing at that corner, and was on her in seconds. He used his weight to his advantage, smacking her savagely onto the ground, pinning her down by her hands, and tying them tightly behind her with the rope.

He stepped on her with his knee, pushing her chest down to the point it hurt to inhale. Rough breathing and other sounds of struggle filling the space around them.
The woman couldn’t look at him. She lay there, paralyzed, both by fear and the man pinning her down; Her body wanted to escape, it wanted to run for the hills, to safety, but she knew it was useless. There was only one thing she was empowered to do. Pray.

Pray for this to end differently than she was imagining. Pray for the man not to rape her. Pray for the man not to kill her.

As if deciding that he didn’t like the current position, the man sighed frustratingly, urgently turning her around so he could face her.

Brown eyes, burning with desire and vivid savageness, looked down on her, almost burning a hole through her skull.

Those same brown eyes that seduced her the previous evening, those same brown eyes that fooled her into believing she was safe with him. How could’ve she been so blind?

He made himself comfortable on top of her, his hands circling her neck when, finally, she screamed.

“Stop! STOP! For the love of God, Stop!”

But the man didn’t stop, on the contrary, the woman’s pleading seemed to excite him more.

His hand went to his belt, and her insides turned to ice in seconds, but instead of unbuckling it, he took a jagged knife out... 

...and chuckled.

* * *

This was definitely a hallucination. The boy in front of him couldn’t be Ned.

Ned - the loyal and loving best friend; Ned - the boy who stood by his side whenever he was being bullied or looked upon on; Ned that protected him, cherished their friendship like a holy thing, that played video games with him until the first rays of Sun sparkled on his room wall.

Peter remember the countless nights during which they watched Star Wars until both of their eyes almost bugged out of their skulls, just because Peter couldn’t go to sleep. Just because Peter had frequent nightmares he was afraid to tell May and Ben about. Just because Peter asked him to.

The warmth that bloomed in his belly at the sight of his friend was something genuine, something pure and honest. His muscles automatically relaxed; somewhere in the back of his mind he remembered that Ned was safe, he remembered the calm breeze his friend brought with himself whenever he was around.

The warmth in his gut soon became unbearable - too all encompassing. He tried to gulp it down, but it roared upwards, filling his stomach to the brim and crawling up his throat. A familiar sting burned the back of his eyes, the walls of his chest.

“My-I’ve been searching for you, Peter!”

As the bigger boy spoke, Peter noticed that Ned’s eyes mimicked his own: they were floaty, drowning in tears that had yet to be released.

“I-I was so w-worried, I thought I would never see you again, that you were gone, that something
b-bad happened to you.”

Ned wasn’t screaming. Not a bit of accusation visible. His tone was calm, filled with sorrow and happiness, making a light crack when he said he thought something bad happened to Peter. They boy didn’t even let the though of Peter leaving him without a good reason come close.

They did stay in contact after Ben and May died, but as Peter changed foster houses and guardians, which also entitled changing schools, Ned lost contact with Peter.

Yes. Only Ned. Because Peter knew Ned’s address, he knew what school Ned went to, he could’ve gone to his house, could’ve said where he was currently living, could’ve given him his new phone number... but he didn’t.

At the moment, it felt right. He was a hazard, and Ned didn’t deserve a burden like him always pushing him down. Though now, looking at Ned, Peter understood that breaking contact with the bigger boy like that only brought him more misery.

“I tried everything,” Ned went on, gesticulating wildly, “I talked to everyone I could get my hands on, foster house administrations, your previous guardians, the children you stayed with, but—“

But he didn’t get to finish as Peter embraced him in a bone crushing hug, which, taking into account Ned’s weight, was a lot of force.

“I missed you too, man.”

The absolute loyalty that Ned felt towards Peter baffled him. Maybe because he thought he wasn’t worthy of it. But this was Ned, the boy he grew up with; the boy with whom Peter fanboyed over science and Tony Stark; the boy with whom he learnt to drive his first bike, with whom he went to see the new movies they’ve been waiting for for months, or sometimes years.

“And I’m so sorry.” He let go of his friend, noticing the fresh tears running down Ned’s face, “I’ll make it up to you, I promise.”

“You don’t have to make up for anything,” Ned interjected almost immediately, “The fact that you’re here is enough for me.”

Peter bit his lip.

“We’re going to go to the new Star Wars movies, and hang out with each other, build legos, go for walks, eat junk food, just like the old times.”

At that even the bitten lip couldn’t hold the broken sob Peter let out in.

“Yes, we are. God yes, I’ve missed it.”

This time it was Ned that hugged him.

As it turned out, after their small breakdowns, they both had science as their first lesson on Tuesday. Ned showed him the way to the classroom and they had a great time goofing around all class long: neither of them could concentrate on the actual lesson, which irritated their teacher, and eventually she separated them. Though, even that couldn’t stop them from texting through small papers they were throwing to each other when the teacher wasn’t looking.
Ned and Peter squeezed everything they could from their school day, but eventually had to say goodbye. The bigger boy invited Peter over to his house, saying his mother would get over her head from happinesses at seeing him again, but Peter, with a heavy heart, refused the offer.

He had to get home, to Tony.

Ned, of course, couldn’t know about it, so he just said he had other stuff planned that couldn’t be canceled or postponed.

As soon as he did it, he understood that he absolutely hated lying to Ned, especially when he saw the poor kicked puppy expression he made after Peter said he had other stuff to do.

They bid their goodbyes, and promised each other to meet the next day.

Peter went home, to the penthouse, his thoughts plagued by the day’s events. Everything was going good for once, and Peter felt as light as a feather at that moment, his mind singing in satisfaction.

As he arrived; opening the door and stepping in; he noticed that Tony wasn’t home. If he was, his shoes would be on the floor near the wardrobe instead of the house slippers he always wears inside.

Sighing with disappointment at his mentor not being home, Peter changed his shoes and went inside. That, too, was a rule of Tony’s.

Peter went straight to his small lab, to see what he could do about improving the accuracy of his poison darts. After doing some tests, he found out that they worked perfectly fine in the lab, which could only mean one thing.

Wind.

He didn’t take into account that it could be windy outside, which would sidetrack his dart.

He was an idiot. This little lapse could’ve cost him a lot. It was pure luck Mike’s shirt was thin.

For further tests, Peter brought ventilators in, and put them all the way to the target, from both left and right.

To improve the dart’s accuracy, he changed the material he used - iron, to a denser one - lead, and increased the speed at which the dart was being released from his web shooter. After some time of trial and error, Peter got it just right. No wind could sidetrack it now.

Tony still wasn’t home, and having nothing better to do, Peter did his homework, watched some TV, surfed the internet and fell asleep on the couch. He didn’t want to go to his room without meeting Tony first, but it was already 2am, and he was very tired, so his eyes closed without his consent.

He slept peacefully for 3 hours, and suddenly jerked awake at a loud bang. His whole body convulsed on the couch and went on the defensive the same second. Peter grabbed the first thing he could see and aimed it at the intruder, breathing heavily, his groggy minds still not catching up with whom was standing at the door.

“Uh, kid, maybe you’ll put the poor plant down and tell me what horrible atrocity it committed?”

Peter’s ears perked up. That voice, he knew it. His eyes cleared up, and only then did he understand who was in front of him.
“Oh my God, Mr. Stark!” He said, waving his hands around like a scared monkey, “I didn’t notice, I’m so sorry!”

“Stop waving that damn plant at me, Peter, please!” Tony fake pleaded with his hands covering his face, as if afraid Peter would accidentally throw it at him anyway.

Only then did Peter notice he was still clutching the pot with a plant he snatched from the table in his blind panic. He squeaked, and immediately went red in the face, mouth half open from the realization that this was really happening.

Hurriedly putting the poor plant down, and tiding the table up, even though he didn’t know why, Peter looked back at Tony, and all his good humor went away in a second.

In his hurry to neutralize the possible threat, Peter didn’t take a good look at Tony. And he should’ve.

Because Tony was covered in blood.

From head to toe.

He was dripping with it. Droplets of crimson running down his hair, in other places stuck to his skin: dry.

Blood coated him like a grotesque scribbling of a madman.

Pallor was poured across his face, surprisingly well visible even there, amid all the crimson. It can be said that his cheeks and face shone - but, like the moon, they shone with an inanimate, dead light.

Why... why was he covered in blood? Was he hurt? Did somebody hurt Tony?

At the mere thought of anyone laying a hand on his mentor Peter’s fingers curled up in fists, squeezing to the point it was hard for blood to circulate. If anyone had hurt Mr. Stark, he would squeeze the life out of them with his own two hands.

But then his resolve eased, remembering who Tony was and what he enjoyed doing.

“Something on your mind?” The older man asked as he strolled through to room to his bar, taking a bottle of whiskey and a cup out, effectively smearing blood all over both.

Peter just inclined his head and asked, “Why are you red?”

Tony just raised an eyebrow at Peter’s question.

“Right-right, a stupid thing to ask,” he swallowed, and the smell of copper hit his nose, “Don’t you want to take a shower?”

“No.”

The boy hummed, contemplating if his mentor was a secret vampire.

And at that moment, while looking at Tony who was clutching the cup full of whiskey in his hand, occasionally sipping from it, not being bothered at all by all the blood that must have gotten into the liquid, he began thinking.

Why?
What drove him to this?

Himself, he knows. The crappy life he had had brought him to this point.

But Mr. Stark?

From what he knew, Tony had a great life. He was rich, his family, though taken from his too soon, weren’t killed in front of his eyes. He partied and drank, enjoyed life to its fullest.

The only traumatic thing that he could recall about Tony ever being shown was Afghanistan. And he doubts that was it. This kind of... dedication to his hobby must have had stronger roots than 5 years.

And Tony said it himself. They weren’t made, they were unmade, so there must be something that brought him to this.

“Mr. Stark...” Tony looked at him questioningly, “Why did you become a serial killer?”

Chapter End Notes

Hey. Happy to see you! So, about why it took me so long to update. As you must know, if you follow my Tumblr, I was sick. Like, really fucking sick. For the whole month. I’m not even joking.

It took us a lot of tests, and needles going into my arms to the point I looked like a heroin junkie, for the doctors to find out I had extreme Vitamin D deficiency. Coupled with the flu, it gave me a hard time. Now I take medication for it. I’m still not ok, but I can function, that’s enough for me.

I’m happy I finished this episode, finally! Hope you enjoyed it!

Write comments! Leave Kudos!

It gives me life. Till the next time!

Tumblr
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Hey, as you can see, I’m not dead! Enjoy the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

”Why did you become a serial killer?”

One question, and Tony stiffened. His whole being had frozen. The pale moonlight from the window illuminated half of his face, lighting up the red splattered on his cheek like a neon sign for everyone to see, but it couldn’t reach the other half that was plunged in a sticky darkness, only letting the iris reflect some of the cold whiteness.

He stayed like that for a few seconds, not moving a muscle, to the point Peter assumed some old ancient magic waltzed unnoticed into their house, and turned Mr. Stark into a statue, but that theory went out of the window when he saw Tony’s lips twitch slightly to the right. Almost nervously, like a tick.

The cup still clutched in his hand changed its location to the bar stand, and Stark shifted his body to the side, his Adam’s Apple bopping nervously as a low and scratchy chuckle, almost like a growl, left his lips.

”Why...”

The word was uttered with noticeable wonder, as if the man himself didn’t know the answer to the question Peter had asked. The absurdity of whatever happened to him must have been very funny as Tony accompanied the first chuckle with a set of other chuckles that gradually got louder, turning into a full blown laugh. He clutched his stomach and leaned on the bar. The laugh was a strange mix of bitter and sweet, a kind of terrible laugh that sounds when you play a cruel joke on yourself. Seemed like the man couldn’t get in control of himself, which was a first for Peter.

And then... it stopped as abruptly as it had began, Tony’s happy expression melting away like a lit candle, eyes looking helplessly at the parquet, until they turned to Peter.

Goosebumps covered the kid’s arms, his stomach jumping as he felt an immediate change in the older man. Peter tensely waited for something, sensing an inevitable change about to come. And he was right. After a fraction of an instant it was as if an invisible shadow swooped in above them and it became cold and very uncomfortable, wiping away all the feelings of peace and confidence Peter had felt while asking the question.

Peter shuffled nervously from how cold his mentor’s sight was, and he suddenly felt trapped in a room with a wild animal that could tear him apart at any moment. He hadn’t seen Tony look at anyone like that, with this... savage eyes that should’ve belonged to a bear that has been poked awake from its slumber with a stick.

Memories surfaced above Tony’s consciousness, digging into him and feasting on his misery like an invisible beast, and the only thing he was able to do was to shut his eyes and try to ease his racing heart.
Peter was already ready to run if things turned sour, cursing at himself for asking that question in the first place, but Tony inhaled sharply, exhaling in the same fashion, and opened his eyes again.

There was nothing left of the previous distress that filled his eyes to the brim. Instead, they were back to the calm indifference that was usually visible.

What wounds did Peter just reopen? Did he even have the right to ask something so personal? He has been living with the man for some time, but it didn’t mean they were best buds all of a sudden. The history they shared wasn’t as elaborate and deep as it should’ve been for Peter to comfortably ask that, but his curiosity ran his mouth before he could think everything over first. He really wanted to lift the veil over some of his mentor’s mysticism.

The storm settled down, and the calm and restrained Tony was again in front of Peter. However, the reverse transformation would only take minutes, Peter felt it with his skin.

Tony turned around and shuffled to the couch without uttering a single word. He fell on it with a quiet ‘oof’ and called Peter to him with a gesture of his hand.

He hesitated.

The couch was facing the other direction, and Peter could only see a little bit of Tony’s goatee from his foreshortening. He couldn’t make out what Tony felt, if he was angry with him. The only way for him to find out would be to look in the man’s face, and he just couldn’t make himself move.

“Don’t be scared... I don’t bite.”

Such a simple sentence, but it still sent shivers down his spine, like the sound of chalk screeching on a blackboard. It didn’t encourage him to move, on the contrary, it rooted him to his spot more.

Tony seemed to notice that, as his head turned a bit to Peter’s direction.

“When it comes to serial killers, people search this clear cut signs of something having gone wrong in their lives, a thing that made violence and death a normal thing for them. It’s only fair for you to want to know.”

The kid swallowed the rock that had seemed to have grown in his throat, and forced his knees to bent. He asked the question because he wanted answers, and was determined to get those answers, it’s too late to back off, he should just show as much confidence in his stance as he could muster.

Tony accepted that, and turned his face back.

He thought about the woman he had killed a little while ago. And it was, harsh... almost savage. He literally ripped the woman apart.

Since meeting Peter, and dealing with Nona, Tony hasn’t touched another human being. For some time, it was weird, how the familiar want didn’t make and appearance, and he was both very happy and anxious about the new development.

Killing was a routine, the change sat heavily on his nerves.

The reason for all of that, without a doubt, was Peter. Everything changed from the moment he set his eyes on the kid’s curly hair.

But... the moment Peter killed Mike, something vile, dark, and very familiar awakened in him.
He sent the kid to school, and, while blessing Pepper in his mind, drove to the Galla she had organized and forced him to attend.

People often think that they never could feel what serial killers feel, that they never can feel what ‘bloodlust’ is, but it’s not true. Everyone has felt thirst, everyone has felt hunger, because that’s what it bows down to. A basic human need. And Tony was hungry.

He was, of course, all smiles, jokes, and unquenchable charm. All the women swooned as soon as he batted his perfectly constructed eyelashes, showing the sparkling bambi eyes hiding under them, while he, himself, looked at them like one would look at products in a grocery store, sight glossing over them prudently.

There was no rush. He wasn’t far enough in his desires to completely lose his head and choose the first person he met. He would take his time and decide carefully.

That’s when he met her... Blond with blue eyes, her slim figure hugged by the red backless dress she wore, hands encompassed by long silk gloves of the same color. Her lipstick shone like a big ‘stop’ sign, and it just drew him to her more. He wanted to dip into it and suck it off her completely.

She was almost flowing in scarlet. Her dress, her gloves, her lipstick, earrings, bracelet, nail polish and accessories.

Even the make up.

Such a beautiful color. She managed to make it look not vulgar, and he loved her more for it. He immediately wanted to see how her own blood would decorate her in the same manner. It would be so much more beautiful.

The arousing thoughts clouded his brain, the decision has been made.

The situation was amusing. He was hungry, and the girl represented a sweet, tasty and mouthwatering piece of steak that he wanted to cut to pieces and devour.

And, after putting a small smile on his lips and correcting his red bow tie, he marched to her.

Eyes... He had never touched the eyes. Absolutely cherished the helplessness collecting in them, and the tears swirling like in a whirlpool. They made it all the better, exposing the terror more prominently, almost bringing it up to the surface.

Even in his blind rages he had never touched the eyes.

But this time, he hadn’t cared, as long as he got what he wanted, and it frightened him because he was in perfect control.

Tony noticed Peter standing in front of him expectantly only when the image of her split eyeball reached the forefront of his brain.

The kid was trying to look confident when he could perfectly well see his fisted hand that turned white from how strongly he was squeezing it.

Where does he begin with this? Is there a place to begin, anyway? Does he even know when it all began? When you analyze people like him, trying to understand what went wrong in their lives to
make them such fiends, the first thing they look at is upbringing - parents.

And that’s true, isn’t it? It all began with Howard.

Tony really wasn’t happy with the fact that he decided to open up to a fifteen year old of all things. But he’s never told anyone this. Ever. It’s been collecting in his chest since the day he killed the first time. If he’s doing this, he may as well be honest.

“My father...” he began ominously, the word father jumping heavily off his tongue, “I mean, you know him, everybody knows him,” Tony licked his lips, stealing a quick glance at Peter, “He was one of the main figureheads in Project Rebirth, and he helped Steve out however he could, you probably already know that too, but what most don’t know is that after Captain America went under, taking the Valkyrie with him, dad didn’t stop helping the army, and I’m not talking just about weapons.”

Tony’s eyes became obsidian dark, the smell of blood reeking off him screamed ‘dangerdangerdanger’ at Peter, but the kid was already deeply intrigued by how things would play out in the story.

“Father’s favorite pastime with me was telling me a lot of stories about American soldiers fighting heroic battles against the nazis, and I often imagined myself to be one of them, to be among them. Running through a field with a uniform and a pistol in my hand, chasing the imaginary enemy to take them as captives.” He swallowed, “The part my father was most fond of was the interrogation part. He would set it out perfectly, explain everything in vivid detail. The smell, the fear, the look in their eyes. How they would tie the soldier up, what tools they would use to get the right response. How they would mentally derange him to make sure the information given to them wasn’t false.”

That must’ve left a big impression on a young and brilliant mind like Tony’s. Peter could see the connection between the story and the current reality they were in, obviously the idea to make a torture room full of different tools made specifically for breaking a person wasn’t initially his idea.

“The worst thing he’s ever told me was how they caught a woman saboteur one day. She infiltrated facilities Howard worked at for a third part country, to gain information on the current situation and their further steps. During her stay in the facility, and she was undercover for a long time, she managed to fall in love with a fellow soldier that impregnated her.”

Peter really didn’t like where this was going.

“It was on her sixth month of pregnancy that she was discovered, ratted out may be more appropriate, and taken to the torture room. And Howard...” Stark gripped the couch as if his life depended on it, “He made the soldier, the one that fell in love with her, watch, as they opened up her stomach, and took the fetus out.”

Peter felt something crawl up his throat. Maybe it was disgust, maybe it was vomit caused by said disgust, he didn’t know.

“He dropped it at his feet. The woman was still alive, albeit not for long, screaming... trashing... he did it to make everyone in the room understand and tell everyone else that they had no right for such lovey-dovey things in the army.”

Howard Stark was a walking disaster. What did he think would happen when he told his genius child such things? Couple that with Tony’s vivid imagination and you get a foundation for future psychological problems. But Peter felt with his skin that it wasn’t just that.
“Though Howard wasn’t necessarily physically abusive. The worst he’s ever done to me was pushing me down the stairs,” Peter raised an eyebrow at that, *not necessarily physically abusive?*, “I broke my hand and bruised my body a little bit, but it was a one off occurrence, the most he would do after that was slapping me when I did something he didn’t like.”

And he did things that Howard didn’t like on a daily basis.

“I would often get nightmares about the stuff Howard told me. After the story with the woman..., “ Tony paused, “I would dream about it so vividly... like I was the soldier watching my love be cut open, my child be taken out of the womb of said love and thrown at my feet like some kind of trash.”

Stark said it all so calmly, his chin resting on his fisted hand, eyes almost foggy, like it was one of the most normal things a child could dream about.

“Those things... they made me antisocial, especially with women. Like any other teenager, I wanted to be close to women, have a date, kiss, have sex, but most of the time... I couldn’t even get out my name, and just pretended that they knew it because of how famous I was. It’s embarrassing to admit, but I had severe masculinity problems. Those were the times when bisexual people were blamed for spreading HIV, and I was terrified of finding out I wasn’t attracted just to women. If I approached a man, I, for sure, was going to be shamed and rejected. Rumors would be spread, I would be made fun of. I saw what happened to people like me, they were separated from society, hated and ignored. And if I liked men, how could I approach a woman, and hold a conversation with her? How could I expect them to respect me, let alone like me? With time... I became driven, obsessed with inadequacy.”

That is where most of his college ‘playboy’ rumors have come from. He tried to act tough, as if sleeping with a girl was as natural as breathing for him. In reality, he hadn’t had sexual contact with a single person, the most he could do was sit in front of a picture of a celebrity and jerk off because he was too afraid to approach anyone with that mindset.

“I was quite depressed at that time. It was usual of me to just wallow in misery and nightmares, thinking I was some kind of mistake, that I wasn’t whole, wasn’t *right*.”

The last word left his mouth harder than shards of glass would.

“And then came her...” Tony’s eyes met Peter’s directly, “Sunset Bain.”

The kid thought that he, maybe, should’ve reacted to the name, but he didn’t have the slightest idea who that was. It’s because he wasn’t even born at the time when Sunset Bain’s story became a big scandal.

“She just approached me one day, and asked me if I wanted to go out with her,” Stark shrugged, “Me, being my naive 16 year old self, didn’t dare let this chance go to waste. A girl came up and asked *me* to go out with her. I was so excited I can’t convert it to you with words, felt like all of my insecurities didn’t matter anymore.”

The thoughts that she could be doing this because of his ‘reputation’, that she was *older* than him for 4 years crossed his mind, but he got rid of those thoughts faster than they could give roots in his brain. He just wanted it to be true.

“Sunset Bain was... perfect. Blond, blue eyes, red lips. I fell for her, *hard*. I would’ve done anything she asked of me, I was like those little lap dogs that followed their owner whenever they went, and barked in happiness at every little thing they did.”
Sunset Bain was also the person that took away his virginity. Tony didn’t complain, though, he wanted to experience that for a long time, he just hoped that it had happened not for another reason...

“We were together for over 7 months, I’ve turned 17 and got my first degree, grew careless, “ Tony frowned at the last sentence, “I was coming back early to my dorm, the last lessons were cancelled due to some idiot blowing up a machine in the lab, and when I was about to open the door I heard her voice, talking to someone on the phone, her father,” he chuckled, “She was talking about sending my recent blueprints over to him, and trying to make me tell her a formula for an explosive I was working on.”

He remembered his insides turning to a icy cold tundra in a millisecond.

“I was so... angry,” he said, his voice shaking in silent fury, “I remember my sight just whitening, nothing else mattered but her and I. I opened the door and went in, didn’t say a word just put my hands on her neck and didn’t let go until she stopped moving.”

It sounded so personal to hear about Tony’s first kill and why he did it. He, like Peter, did it out of hurt, out of emotion.

“I dumped her into a river. She was found soon, her body eaten by fish, rotten and vile, nothing of her previous beauty was left. When the police began the investigation, some people pointed at me, knowing she was in sexual contact with me. But I didn’t fit the idea, the carcass of a killer, so their eyes fell on a local pervert. I was a respected son of a capitalist leader, investigating me would have risen eyebrows from the military, and the other guy... not a saint. Several rapes at the age of 19, attempted murder, repeat offender, poverty stricken, mentally deranged, and, let’s say, he didn’t stand a chance of proving his innocence. He was executed soon after.”

Peter’s breath hitched a little at that. The thought of an innocent paying for his crimes didn’t appeal to him even now.

“Part of me... part of me was so terrified of what I’d done, not because I felt guilty, but because I was horrified of being caught. It could’ve been me who was arrested, it could’ve been me who was executed, I looked at other people and saw them silently condemning me, I felt like everyone knew what’s up, what I’ve done and who I was, but the other part... it came alive, it knew I won’t be able to resist the temptation. I fought the urge for two and a half years, my head filled with thoughts of how her breaths reached my chest, slowed and stopped on my skin. Then I met Tiberius. So different, but so alike all the same.”

He made a pause and swallowed.

“I knew what I wanted.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it. Please leave kudos and comments, that stuff keeps me going.
Express yourself freely!

I tried to make Tony’s backstory look believable, did I succeed? One thing I wanted to ask, where did you find my fic from? Tags, main page, etc.
Talk to me if you want via Tumblr, I’ll answer!

Tumblr
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Peter gets angry af

Chapter Notes

Hi

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The snow came slowly. The snow came lightly.

The snow had waited long to sing its song. It had waited long to tell its tale. The stubborn autumn didn’t want to yield to winter’s cold touch, but in the end, its struggles were fruitless as, suddenly, in the inky night, something rang like a bell, the voiced faded, and snowflakes polluted the air.

Silver butterflies, ripped from blue tales, dancing like crazy covered the dirty sidewalks of New York in a warm blanket of white, bringing soft calmness to the dreamy rooftops of the skyscrapers.

The little white crystals crunched under the footsteps of pedestrians that dared to get out of their houses this late at night, in a city such as New York no less.

The absolute whiteness of the ground shone brighter under the lights of street lampposts, it shone like the sky in a place that wasn’t affected by light pollution, where you can clearly see the more than a million burning little dots, stuck in it like fireflies.

Though something was wrong... the scenery of a perfect winter night seemed off, as if something dark, something that didn’t belong there at all, pushed itself into it, and infected it with sickening alarm. It coated the few people that were outside of their homes, filling their lungs with dread each time they inhaled. The mysterious aura was hectic, almost violent, it seemed to shake and sizzle in the air like electricity.

In the middle of this little evening tornado, a man laid on the white ground, surrounded by soft snow, as if in a bed from a long forgotten fairy tale. But contrary to what Tony often did, the man wasn’t hidden in the dark.

No.

He was out in the open, like a museum exhibit for all prying eyes to see and enjoy. He put him exactly under a lamppost, so the light shone on him from above. Lighting up the glory of what he’d done, and everything that surrounded said glory.

The thing about snow is that it made such a great canvas. It soaked up every liquid that fell on it, as if understanding that they were of the same kin. You may not notice it in the dead of the night, but the lamppost gave the stains away. Especially if they were a bright and noticeable color.
Like red.

Red that surrounded him like blooming roses and tulips.

That little trail of flowers stretched from where the mysterious man was and to somewhere far, somewhere where the warm light of the lamppost didn’t reach, fading away in the dark.

The scene, that morning, was going to be filled with hustle. He could imagine it. Paramedics and policemen would be surrounding it, checking the scene for every little detail, messing up the carefully constructed art he wasted so much time and effort on. Because, at the end of the day, he was still a showman, and he liked when people saw his best side.

The footprints that ideally matched the boots of said artist and his apprentice, would be covered by the morning with a fresh layer of crispy snow.

Nobody would know who tucked the man to sleep, nobody would know who constructed the snow grave he was in.

Every artist strived for an audience, but he was very satisfied with just having Peter, he’d rather stay anonymous so nobody would stop the further exhibits he was planning on showing.

The lightness that settled over him, after he sent another person to the great beyond, was expressed by a soft smile on his lips. He missed the deep satisfaction that came with his occupation. Doesn’t matter that he had felt it hundreds of times before, every kill was followed by something new. A new kind of rush, a new kind of emotion, bordering on sultry, that burned and bubbled in his belly.

Tony reached out and straightened the mask on his head. Peter had convinced him that doing the things he was doing without a mask could have dire consequences if he made even the slightest of mistakes. It had almost happened to him with Mike, and, well... Tony was a man that learnt on the mistakes of others before making them himself.

The mask was white, given a slightly oval shape, bulging in the direction opposite of his face, so his nose and mouth could move freely. It had two perfectly shaped black circles that represented his eyes, and it covered just his face, leaving the back of his head and hair visible. The mask itself was made out of a hard but light material that won’t let any bullets through, but will probably give him a concussion due to the backlash - the design of the mask ended with those.

The technological aspect, though, had just began. It was equipped with a HUD display that immediately scanned everything around him and provided him the information he needed. Things like trackers, a voice modifier, and the ability to open and close his eye slits were also there. It was kind of difficult to fit everything in such a small mask, but not as difficult as putting some of that in his glasses, so he wasn’t complaining.

Peter’s mask, on the other hand, covered his whole head. He also decided not to just wear a mask like Tony did, who wore a simple suit underneath because he still had his nanites in the arc reactor clinging to his chest.

Peter decided to go with a full set of body armor.

As they made their way back to their home, Tony took his mask off. No need to wear it now. His inner happiness at the successful night, though, was being slowly spoiled, as he could feel the doubt and worry coming from the kid like heat from a radiator.

It’s been another long month since the conversation they had. Tony occasionally went out to find
himself something to hunt, not taking Peter with him, as he thought the kid had to sort out his life and gain understanding in himself first and foremost. The bodies piling on his conscience would just distract him from finding friends and making connections like a normal human being, and he was speaking from experience.

Killing Mike was a test, to know if Peter was willing to take a life, if he had it in him.

The thing was, Tony knew he would. On the day he found the kid, Tony shattered the moral compass provided to Peter by his uncle, and he quickly filled that void with himself. If he said something, the kid was going to follow it like a Bible commandment.

Peter was practically glowing on the days following Mike’s death. It was hard to miss the deep satisfaction at what he had done.

Then why...?

Why didn’t he like it this time?

Peter walked with confident steps, trying his hardest not to show his displeasure, while knowing perfectly well that Tony could read him like an open book.

He couldn’t help it... he couldn’t help his mind drifting back to the scene they had just left.

The blood on the ground, the blood Tony spilled, the blood Peter helped Tony spill.

The blood that soaked the snow, melting it with its warmness.

That blood felt like a mistake.

A mistake he could push back into the man and make it all better.

That was a stupid thought. The deed was done. There was no coming back, but that little thing in the back of his head, like an itch he couldn’t scratch away, kept nagging at him since he heard their victim’s heartbeat come to a violent stop.

And he knew what that thing was. He had felt it many times before, he had lived with it for years. Guilt.

And Peter knew that Tony knew he didn’t like it. He always did. The question was, did he know why?

Peter doubted it.

He himself didn’t.

The feeling didn’t take its claws out of him for the whole day, and the day after, and the day after that. He knew Tony kept an eye on him from the sidelines, but he didn’t know if it was from concern or doubt.

Peter absolutely hoped it was the former, because he didn’t know if he could handle another person being disappointed in him because they had inflated expectations. Though the man never once addressed it, probably because he preferred Peter sorting everything out in his head himself.

It was on a Monday that he finally understood what was up with him.
He woke up as usual, taking a shower, cleaning his teeth, greeting Tony in the kitchen and having breakfast with him. Tony always gave him more food, because he didn’t want his ‘Spiderbaby’ to starve without him being any wiser about it.

The ‘Spider’ thing was an inside joke they had with Tony. He, out of the blue, began calling him a ‘Spiderbaby’, ‘Spiderling’, ‘Spiderboy’ and other variations of that. Peter thought it was fair, taking into account that he had webshooters and could stick to walls, and not to let Tony be the only one with nicknames, he opted to call him ‘Old man’ or ‘Iron Grandpa’ when he got too old fashioned and 1980s.

The nicknames never got annoying.

After the breakfast was done, Tony gave Peter his lunch, and drove him to school.

Peter wasn’t able to see Ned over the weekends, choosing to tell his friend he was busy just because he didn’t feel ok, and now he felt how much he missed him.

Their friendship grew in the past month, stronger than ever, better than ever.

He also met MJ when he was accepted into the Decathlon team. She was the leader, and he sometimes felt intimidated by her, but they made good friends...

...though, Peter, deep down, hoped for something more.

As Peter approached his locker he immediately was engulfed in a hug by someone, and he didn’t even have to guess who it was.

“Neeeeed,” Peter whined playfully, chuckling under his nose, “people are gonna think the wrong thing.”

Ned went tomato red at that, probably because he imagined himself having a romantic relationship with his best friend, but didn’t let go of Peter, because he liked to spite him like that.

“Nobody’s gonna think anything, I missed you, lemme hug you properly.”

As Peter raised an eyebrow at his friend’s playfulness someone cut in.

“Hello, lovebirds, how are you on this nice day?”

Ned let go of Peter faster than lightning and, if possible, became redder. The scene was so humorous Peter couldn’t help snorting, even though Ned gave him a betrayed look.

“Come on, Ned, it’s just Michelle, she won’t judge us.”

The evil smirk on Peter’s face could as well have been cut out from a Bond villain.

“It’s nothing like that!”

“I’m kidding, Ned,” Michelle cut in with her calm tone before the boy combusted, “Calm down!”

“I’m calm!”

“No, you aren’t.”

“I am!”
Michelle let out an exasperated sigh and turned to Peter.

“Teach your boyfriend some manners, Peter.”

The whole group, including Michelle, burst out laughing, not able to hold it in anymore.

It was a nice moment, a moment in which Peter forgot most of his troubles. The killing, the blood, the disappointment, the anxiety. It seemed to vanish the moment he was in the vicinity of these guys... erm... guy and girl.

The only friend Peter ever had had been Ned. They had been together through thick and thin, and Peter knew Ned would’ve been with him during his worst moment if he had allowed him to. Just the thought of having another friend was enough to make his mind go haywire, and yet it happened.

Peter hadn’t known Michelle for long, but he already knew she was as loyal as Ned. The girl had a hard shell on the outside, but was a sweet marshmallow on the inside. Smart, interesting, and absolutely gorgeous.

But, as all things good, it had to come to its end.

“Well, well, well...”

Peter knew that voice, down to every last Herz. He knew and despised that voice with every cell in his body. Whenever he heard it, the only thing he could think of was cold-blooded murder.

“What do we got here?”

It was Flash.

“Oh, I know, Penis Parker!”

It seemed like the sound of his teeth crunching against each other could be heard in the whole hallway.

“His little... oh, sorry, big lapdog, and the emotionless bitch”

Why was the little bastard so full of smugness? Why did he think insulting people close and precious to him was a good idea?

This kid...

...this kid made his blood pressure rise to levels Peter didn’t think were possible. The absolute hate he felt towards Flash ran through his veins like acid, burning him all the way up and down.

Just the thought of that piece of garbage insulting his friends seemed to kick him right into a rage filled trance. Screw himself, the fucker was insulting his friends.

Flash was flunked by a couple of thugs five times bigger than himself. Was that why he felt so self-confident? Why he thought Peter wouldn’t shatter his teeth and send his jaw out of his filthy mouth with a single punch?

“Such a circus of freaks you’ve got here, Parker, even I with all my money wouldn’t have been able to collect all those exhibits you’ve got here.”

Ah... money. That’s why he felt confident. He knew these two bulls would protect him because
they were dependent on his money.

Big mistake.

People that need your money aren’t really loyal to you, they wouldn’t risk their lives for such pieces of shit.

Peter looked Flash right in the eyes. Eyes that were completely empty, transparent. Devoid of any reasonable mind. Stupidity and malice, that’s what those eyes emitted. Peter felt how the hatred and disgust towards the thing living behind those two round, glassy balls grew each passing second he looked in their direction.

“What, Penis, Michelle got your tongue?”

Oh... the desire to kill him was so strong. And then, be whatever happens, screw the consequences, the important thing was ripping Flash apart, washing him with his own blood.

Though he wasn’t a mindless creature like Flash was, he remembered the things Tony told him, what he taught him about being smart and calculating, not acting on provocations, not losing his head in fury.

And Peter was an apt pupil.

“Flash, can we have a talk?” He began out of the blue, eyeing the two wardrobes behind him, “In private.”

Flash’s eyes scrunched, and Peter could clearly hear his heartbeat quicken.

“Peter, what are you doing, man?”

Ned’s concern was obvious, but he just had to do this.

“Don’t worry, Ned, I’ll be okay.”

“I don’t worry for you, I worry for him.”

Peter startled at that. They were whispering, so thankfully the idiots didn’t hear them, but it seemed that both Ned and Michelle, according to her face, felt the deathly aura he was emitting.

“It’ll be fine.”

Peter prompted to end with that, and his friends felt that whatever they say wouldn’t be effective. Peter was on a mission.

“How do you think I’m afraid?!”

The way Flash spat those words out was meant to look cool, but even his little leashed bulldogs looked at him sideways.

“Of course not, you’d be afraid if you declined, and you aren’t declining,” Peter looked him straight in the eyes, “are you?”

He loved, loved, loved dropping people into his traps.

Flash just seemed to mumble something under his breath, his heartbeat becoming faster, and followed Peter into the boys room. There was only a single student washing his hands, and after he
left, Peter closed the door and turned to Flash.

He might as well try to take this calm at first.

“Why did you insult my friends?”

Flash’s face turned into an amused one, he probably thought that Peter didn’t have the guts to hit him, so the smugness came back full force as his eyebrow shot up.

“Did I hurt their feelings? Oh I’m so sorry, maybe if that fat pig would eat a little less and that depressed cunt would show some more emotion I wouldn’t—“

He didn’t get to finish as he was savagely thrown in the direction of the bathroom wall. Flash hit it with his back and head, and immediately slid down, not able to stand due to the shock.

As it turned out, he didn’t have to stand up, because Peter took a handful of his shirt and brought him up to his eye level, making his feet dangle in the air.

Peter’s face didn’t show the animal rage he felt inside, instead it was apathetic, as if Flash wasn’t even worth the pinching of his eyebrows.

“What the fuck are you do—“

The sentence wasn’t destined to come to an end as Peter punched the wall, a few millimeters away from Flash’s face, with such force the tiles on the wall shattered and fell down with a loud clink.

“Listen to me...”

It was at that moment, at that tone that Flash knew, death was near. If he opened his mouth, if he uttered the littlest of sounds, the black vortex would overtake him and tear him into particles. In a single second he would cease to exist, his screams and cries would mix with the moment death takes his soul away.

This person in front of him wasn’t Peter. It wasn’t the kid that would blush when he swore in front of his friends and laughed at every stupid joke they said. No. This was someone filled to the brim with malice, and hatred, and irritation.

“If you ever, and I mean ever, say another sour word, utter another stupid joke, insult my friends in any way,” he came close to the quivering boy’s ear, so close he could feel Peter’s breath, “I will tear your heart out of your chest.”

Flash couldn’t do anything, not even nod, he was paralyzed from head to toe.

“Are we clear?”

A sob tore itself out of the boy’s chest. He didn’t even know why, it just did.

“Are we clear?!.”

“Y-yes.”

“I didn’t hear that.”

“YES.”

Peter left the boy’s shirt, and snorted in disgust at him not even being able to stand on his two legs.
Pathetic.

Peter understood right then and there, that he didn’t enjoy killing the man a few days back because he was innocent while Mike and Nona weren’t. As isn’t Flash. And he was enjoying seeing him about to piss himself in fear.

Though, Flash was a kid. He didn’t fully understand what he was doing. Didn’t understand how much he was hurting the people around him. He would give him one more chance. One more chance to prove he wasn’t the garbage he thought Flash was.

And, suddenly, the danger disappeared. Vanished entirely. It happened to suddenly that Flash’s consciousness was left unusually empty, like the gap after a pulled tooth.

Peter kneeled down and patted Flash’s cheek to check if the boy had passed out.

He hadn’t.

So he silently gave him his hand and pulled him up.

“Nothing happened here, we talked, you understood your mistake, got it?”

Flash was quick to send a chain of nods in Peter’s direction.

In a way it was true. They talked, and Flash understood his mistake.

“Let’s go.”

As they left the bathroom, Flash’s ‘friends’ immediately flunked him, and went away with quick steps, most probably because Flash told them so, and Peter was greeted by Ned and Michelle.

His friends.

“What happened to your hand?”

Peter looked down at his knuckles and noticed them bleeding. He didn’t even register the pain when he punched the wall, not until Michelle told him he was injured.

“Nothing of importance.”

Her eyes squinted suspiciously, but she let the topic die.

“Dude, did you see that?!” Ned butted in with his enthusiasm, “Flash ran away with his friends like a chicken! I don’t know what you did there, but you probably were very badass!”

Peter flashed a true happy smile in their direction.

“We just talked.”

Chapter End Notes

To be frank I’m losing the motivation to write this. I have a feeling you don’t like where the story is going, and it’s getting too boring to read. I will try my best to finish the fic, there are just a few chapters left. I hope you liked the chapter.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Peter keeps on chewing ass and kicking gum.

Chapter Notes

Hey there, I had inspiration suddenly hit me today, and I stole my brother’s computer to write this, so I hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Heart.

What an amazing organ.

It pumped blood, it kept our bodies running and us alive, it never stopped working unless we’re dead, but the heart is also responsible for many other things. Responsible for so many feelings, for so many tragedies.

At a single call of their heart people have destroyed friend, foe, anything in between, and even themselves; Because of a single flutter of their heart people have sacrificed their relationships, their place in society, their status and respect.

The heart has made so many people kneel before it. The ones who fell under the poetic charms of love have led themselves to self-destruction like obedient slaves. Be it because even the single thought of living without the person your heart has stuck to is unbearable, or because your love is forbidden - like the brilliant fruit of Eden that has been plucked from the tree by Eve. So wrong, but oh so tempting.

Peter didn’t know why he, while knowing all of this, still didn’t cage his heart, didn’t bind it by thick chains so tight that his blood flow slowed down. This has already happened, maybe not in a romantic setting, but love has once made him soft, made him… illogical. He succumbed to promises of love and affection, believed to the sweet words telling him they would never hurt him in any way, and then had gone and done it anyway.

He remembered the times when his heart was as open as his life, it held no secrets and knew no boundaries. His heart spilled love like old wine, filling the cups of people surrounding him with the enchanting drink.

Times change, with them people.

And Peter did too.

But not his heart.

It may have grown colder, may have surrounded it by walls not to be hurt again, but it never
stopped loving and giving love.

That is the main reason he was sprawled on a soft cotton blanket that lay on wet spring ground. Fresh green grass covered it like a light stubble, and the smell of it whirled the heads of the two young lovers currently enjoying this little spring morning.

It was still chilly as the Sun didn’t have enough time to warm the Earth after the long night rain, and Michelle was sitting with a sandwich in her hand, wrapped in Peter’s wine red jacket. The two teenagers were smiling to each other like dorks, not exchanging words, but opting to communicate with their eyes, trusting their hearts to translate whatever the other one wanted to say correctly.

Two days ago Peter had the gall to finally ask Michelle out, and she agreed. He approached her in school, after the ring had rung, so nobody interrupted them. Peter, of course, asked her beforehand to skip, or at least be late for her next lesson. He hoped she wasn’t mad at him for that, as Michelle adored studying. His hands had gone wet when he saw her approaching him in the corridor near the lockers, and as he was about to tell her if she would agree to go out with him, she answered yes. At his question of how she knew, she answered.

“How do I know you want to ask me out? From your face, loser. Those puppy eyes give you out.”

He was afraid at first, afraid of messing up the beautiful friendship they’ve built. But when he asked Tony for advice, the man just shrugged and said.

"Friendship interferes with love, that’s true, but friendship can also bring to love."

Michelle was amusing, smart, beautiful, perceptive: she was perfect.

And the thought of having something more with her overrode the thought of their friendship becoming awkward in case of rejection.

She came like an earthquake and shook his life up. Though Peter better remember that earthquakes bring disasters.

The blanked they lay on was covered with many different snacks, such as fruits, chips, nuts and chocolate. Peter wasn’t a big fan of romance, but he wanted at least the first time to be special. It was his very first date, and he was going to make it unforgettable both for her and him.

The sun shone at them from the cracks that the leaves of the trees surrounding them formed. Peter raised a kiwi slice to his mouth, and as he was to devour it a thought crossed his mind. He rose from his position and made himself comfortable on his knees.

“Hey, Michelle, open your mouth.”

It was silly what he was thinking about doing, but it was worth a shot, even if she didn’t agree.

“Really, Parker?” MJ still often used his last name when speaking to him, but it was their little inside thingie, where Peter would call her Michelle more often than MJ, and she would call him Parker instead of Peter. It may sound more formal for other people, but to Peter, hearing his last name coming out of her lips, it was magical, it filled his belly with fireworks to the brim.

“Really, really!”

Peter smiled brightly, bringing the slice closer to her.

“Do I have to convince you like a little baby?”
Michelle made a unamused face before giving a low “Ah, whatever,” and catching the slice from Peter’s fingers with her teeth.

The action sent a set of tingles from Peter’s hand to his shoulder, electrifying him, filling him with this strange energy he hadn’t ever felt before. He had never felt how it’s like to be drunk or high before, but he was sure it felt something like this.

After the little display of affection they both sat close to each other, noses almost touching.

“Hey, Peter,” the boy’s insides suddenly made a strange flop, she was so close her breath reached him when she spoke, “What do you think, what’s born when love and friendship are mixed?”

He blinked.

“Romance?”

“Interesting version, but I think it’s poems.”

“Poems?”

“Unrequited love makes you spill your words on paper, or you’ll blow up, don’t you think?”

“It’s only in case the love is unrequited.”

Michelle smiled brightly at that.

“Exactly, I’m glad you didn’t chicken out and finally asked me on a date.”

If you think about it, yes, Peter was very lucky his feelings were answered. Before the moment he heard MJ utter a simple ‘yes’, he didn’t know that a three letter word could sound so good.

“Wanna read some?”

Peter’s head flipped to the side.

“Some what?”

“Poems, you doof.”

“No.”

Michelle raised an eyebrow at his rejection. It wasn’t like Peter didn’t know any poems, and he certainly didn’t want to sadden her or reject something MJ asked of him on their first date, he just didn’t feel like a bunch of fancy words would suit the mood.

“You know, Michelle, we’re in the lap of nature, the very same thing that many poets tried to interpret with their words,” he shut his eyes and took a deep gulp of fresh air, “some failed, some did good, but nobody did it just right. Let’s not mess the beauty we’re in with poetry and just enjoy our surroundings.”

“Didn’t think you’d give me such a serious answer.”

“I’m not a doof all the time,” the boy joked, filling his words with as much enthusiasm as he could muster, just for the sake of not making things weird.

Peter opened his eyes as a blue butterfly flew by his head, heading to a flower.
“Come closer, I want to tell you a secret.”

A secret? Peter would lie if he said he wasn’t intrigued by that. Does this mean MJ trusted him more now?

He automatically came closer, wanting to shift his head in a way that would make his ear closer to her mouth, after all, secrets are whispered, aren’t they? But he wasn’t fast enough, as two petite hands grabbed him by both sides of his head and drew his lips closer to hers.

As they met, mixing perfectly like coke with whiskey, Peter felt… he felt.

She made his world blow up with such a little action. Peter never knew he was so thirsty for her. He felt like he would become a shooting star and fly up high, to meet her siblings, because she was an angel.

Guess he was wrong. Secrets aren’t whispered.

As the twilight began playing with the adventuring clouds, Peter and MJ cleaned everything after themselves, and headed out of the park they were in. The day went beautifully, nothing could describe it as good as it had really felt, and certainly not poems.

From the corner of his eye, Peter noticed Michelle shivering slightly, probably cold as the Sun had left them and changed its heat with the evening chill. His jacket was already on her, so, both to be a jerk and not let her catch a cold, Peter wrapped her in the blanket they had brought with themselves to sit on.

They both giggled like little children as Peter kept on covering her up in the blanket like he was getting ready an Egyptian Pharaoh for his burial.

“Hey, will Tony be mad if you’re late a little?”

The question didn’t startle him, because Peter had already told both his closest friends, Ned and MJ, that he was kinda adopted by the man, but they were keeping it a secret so the press doesn’t follow him everywhere.

Ned believed him instantly, but MJ didn’t until the moment she met Tony in person. It hurt a little, but Peter wasn’t stupid enough to think that friendship somehow made everything anyone said true, so he didn’t hold her disbelief against her. He, deep inside, even hoped that Ned didn’t believe him also, because his best friend was very easily fooled, and it was bound to hurt him one day. Not by Peter’s hand, never by Peter’s, but the boy could one day naively trust someone he wasn’t meant to, and get in trouble. Ned was more emotionally vulnerable than he was, and he would be absolutely crushed if someone used him.

“I don’t know,” Peter answered reluctantly, “I guess he’ll be okay as long as I tell him I’ll be late.”

The sentence ‘will Tony be mad’ wasn’t to Peter’s taste at all, her thoughts on Tony being ‘mad’ and his were completely different scenarios.

The man hadn’t taken him out on a hunt again ever since the night they killed the man and left him under a lamppost, even though it’s been months since then. Maybe because Tony had felt the inner conflict going inside Peter’s mind.

Tony still occasionally went out for his ‘hunts’, he didn’t try to cover up the fact he was going out
to kill someone, not from Peter. It was only once that Peter ever felt scared beside Tony. He came home angry, practically seething with fury, and it spoke volumes that Tony wasn’t able to contain the emotion inside. He wouldn’t answer to anything Peter asked him, wouldn’t look him in the eye, wouldn’t acknowledge him in any way. It felt like if he shifted his attention to the kid in his house, he wouldn’t be able to hold himself in check, and when Peter finally got that, he just scrambled into his room silently and closed the door, not getting out till the next morning when Tony brought pancakes with syrup into his room. That certainly was a form of apology from the man, because he hated it when Peter ate in his room.

Even though Peter had understood what was wrong with him long ago, he didn’t have the gall to tell Tony yet.

It wasn’t like confessing his love to MJ at all, because the consequence for being rejected by Michelle wouldn’t be as dire as being rejected by Tony, who, at that moment in his life, was the only, should he say, parent he had. Only the thought of being rejected by Tony was enough to punch all the air out of his lungs, it just couldn’t happen.

“Why, what do you want to do?”

“Evening stroll through the streets!”

Peter groaned, “Are you serious?”

“What, want to get rid of me sooner, Parker?” the playful tone tipped Peter that she was just teasing him.

“No, I though you were gonna say let’s go to a café or something.”

“C’mo-o-o-o-n, it’s going to be fun, have you ever walked through New-York streets while it’s night time?”

A flash of him and Tony walking through the rain blinked into his mind for a second.

“No, I haven’t,” the lie jumped from his tongue easily, it was always easier to lie when he had to cover for Tony.

“Then let’s find out together!”

Her childish enthusiasm at a simple night walk was baffling him, but he plastered a smile on his face and nodded.

As they began walking, hand in hand, Peter used the other hand to send a quick text message to Tony and tell him he’d be a little late. The only answer he got was, “Don’t forget to use protection.”

Peter went tomato red. Thankfully MJ didn’t notice because of the cold.

10 minutes into the walk Peter began enjoying it as much as Michelle, it was relaxing, even though he was cold. The light conversation they were having shut Peter’s brain off, making a mess of lovesick jello out of it. Maybe that’s why he didn’t notice the hand reaching for Michelle.

It grabbed her so suddenly, sudden enough for neither of them being fast enough to scream for the other as they both were silenced by hands on their mouths and guns pointed at their heads.

Peter didn’t dare move as the hands took them both away into a dark corridor, he didn’t dare touch any of the people currently holding them hostage as he was seeing the gun pointed right at
Michelle’s brain. He was superhuman, but even he wasn’t faster than a bullet.

As they reached wherever their captors had taken them, Peter was hit hard on the back of his knees, making them buckle as he fell onto them.

Michelle’s terrified eyes looked at him, so young and innocent, never having seen such violence before, and Peter’s eyes met Michelle’s, terrified for her, scared these people might hurt her, horrified they might take her from him.

Peter somehow tore his eyes from her, trying to look around, and he noticed they were in a…

In an alleyway.

Does everything SHITTY in his life have to happen in this place?!

His chest tightened in anger, he had already lost one loved one in here, he wasn’t going to lose another.

Their captors were talking, screaming over each other, not giving the other a turn as spit flew from their dirty mouths. They were demanding everything they had. Money, jewelry, watches, phones, everything.

One of the scumbags brought his filthy hand close to the watch that Tony had given Peter as a gift, and the other PIECE OF SHIT slapped MJ.

Peter’s world had whitened out.

He shot a web at the gun that was aiming at his girlfriend’s head, pulling it towards him, and snatching it from the air. How dare this man think he has a right to hurt someone precious to him, how fucking dare he think he can take someone he loves away from him?!

The moment he knew Michelle was safe, Peter caught the hand that was going towards his watch and crushed every bone in that part to such small pieces he would never be able to move it again. How dare he think he can take away the gift of his mentor from him?

The screams began. Peter held the gun in one hand, but never used it, he kicked, and punched, and kicked, and crushed, and tore, more, and more, and more, attacking them like a rabid dog that had gone insane. He didn’t stop when the screams went silent, he didn’t stop when he felt the skull of one of the men crunch under his foot, he didn’t stop when blood covered his shirt and face, he didn’t stop when he noticed a fist shaped hole in one of their heads.

He stopped when the terrified voice of Michelle begging him to stop reached him.

Chapter End Notes

Did you like it? Did you hate it?

Your comments on the previous chapter really made me want to write a new chapter, and when the opportunity presented itself I did it. And omg, this fic is almost a year old, can you imagine it?
Have you guys been here from the start? Where did you find my fic from? Anyway, I hope you all are in good health and happy, if you are, stay that way, if not, I hope you get better!

Have a nice day! <3

Tumblr
A black cobweb full of poisonous spiders knitted itself out of nothing, dripping with a black and dark essence, so evil it would’ve scared Lucifer, so hopeless it would’ve depressed death itself, all because he heard the pained voice of the one he held in his heart. And, really, nothing could scare one more than the scream of a dear one.

And Peter was scared, so scared.

The hands that just disconnected tender flesh from sturdy bone shook like crazy because their owner was terrified. Sane people might think it’s because he had just ordered them to erase the existence of two people from the face of the Earth, but, in reality, it’s because his actions may just cost him a price he wasn’t ready to pay.

“Peter?”

He wasn’t ready to let her go, not in the slightest. Michelle had become such a big part of his current world that imagining it without her hurt like a six inch sword plunged in his chest cavity would. The nerdy talks in school, the random coffee breaks Michelle would organize for him and Ned, somehow knowing how they liked their coffee best, the coming over for Star Wars marathons even though she didn’t have a clue what was going on. He wasn’t ready to give all of that up yet.

She had become a very important cogwheel in the mechanism of his life. Having her walk out of it wasn’t an option, and he was refusing to even think about it. Even if she was disgusted by him after this, she won’t be able to leave his life, maybe he will leave hers, but he’ll always be around her, watching from afar, even if she didn’t know about it.

“Peter!”

Michelle was leaning on a wall… she was crying… and sobbing… uttering his name in panic… and he was the one that made her so scared, and the realization squeezed his heart painfully. His poor girl was disoriented, and looked at him with such a face, like she was afraid of him, of what he had done. But doesn’t she understand that he’ll never hurt her? His actions were justified, he had been protecting both himself and her, doesn’t she get that?

“M-Michelle…” there was nothing to be ashamed of, he had been defending someone dear to him, standing up for his girl, but he couldn’t help the tremor and stutters that disoriented his speech, ‘I-I-I… I had to… they were trying to—to hurt you… hurt me! I did what I had to!”

Peter took a step in the direction of Michelle, not noticing how she pushed herself into the wall more.

“I did this for you! Can’t you see it?” he said pointing to the disfigured bodies laying freakishly close to them. There was blood, so much blood, as if someone painted the ground with dark red
paint. It may have fooled people if not for the horrible smell that made the two teenagers’ faces scrunch up in disgust. Felt like someone had just cut up swine.

“They were going to take everything we had on us,” he took another step to her, “and who knows what else were they going to do,” the steps continued, as Peter reached Michelle and kneeled before her, “what if they killed me? What if they killed you?, what if they tried to take advantage of you?.

Someone had already tried that on him once, he wasn’t going to let anyone succeed, not on him, and especially not on someone he considered a friend.

He didn’t know why he did it, maybe on instinct, trying to comfort her, but he reached his hand out and was about to cup her cheek when the girl shrieked and shuffled away from him like he was some monster.

“Why… did you—“

“Peter, your hands!”

“Huh?”

He didn’t get it at first, but then he felt the wetness that he somehow ignored until then. Peter brought them up to have a good look. His hands were half sticky and coated in cold blood, like the hands of a butcher that had just finished the slaughter of the cattle he owned. Red and irritated skin marred his knuckles, even with his super strength, he was so out of it he didn’t notice how his punches went through the offenders and hit the concrete. It was at that moment that Peter thought something should’ve happened, maybe his breath should’ve hitched, or an instant regret should’ve covered him like a blanket, coupled with choking guilt over taking lives so savagely, maybe Peter should’ve given at least a minute of thought to the fact that he literally became an animal a few minutes ago, but Peter knew better. He knew better…

That particular trail of thoughts opened up another road for them to travel, one leading to the back of his mind where a fierce tiger resided in, representing a very specific thought he hadn’t thought about, or simply, didn’t want to think about.

_He looked like Tony._

And, what’s more interesting, he thought like Tony.

As Michelle’s beautiful face scrunched up in fear more, Peter took his eyes away, stepping back from her.

Looking at the bodies one more time Peter touched the surface of his watch with a secret combination Tony taught him, he was told to use it only when strictly necessary, as it would send him a distress signal. Peter didn’t have time to use it when they were attacked, but he was sure Tony would help him with the aftermath of it too, after all, _clean up_ was an essential part of their job.

As his watch buzzed two times, in confirmation that the combination was right and the distress signal had been sent, he still couldn’t bare to lift his face up and look at Michelle.

The day began _so well_, how did he let this happen? A situation like this had already taken place a few years back, when he was high from his Spider bite. He got too cocky of his recent successes, so much his indirect actions led to the death of the most important people in his life. He hadn’t learnt. He hadn’t sown lessons from his previous mistakes.
Speaking of the devil, he heard the sound of repulsors approaching their destination. Tony was using a stealthier version of his suit if Michelle hadn’t noticed what he had thanks to his super hearing, but she, of course, couldn’t miss the loud clank of the iron man suit landing on the ground. Her head shot up, breathing getting quicker as she noticed the menacing blue eyes of the suit look at her coldly and calculatingly.

Peter immediately ran up to the man, as Tony opened up the suit and walked out of it, still looking in the direction of MJ with an impossibly blank stare which would’ve made the insides of anyone churn. He wasn’t playing around. Not now that everything he had was on the line. When Peter was on the line.

As the boy reached his mentor, like moth fire, he, without any shame and reluctance, threw himself into the man’s embrace, the blood on his hands smearing into Tony’s very clear and white suit. The man didn’t seem to mind as he hugged him back and opted to whisper soothing nothings into Peter’s ear.

“Hey-hey, it’s okay, I’ll take care of this, don’t worry, it’s okay-it’s okay.”

“They deserved it.”

“I’m sure they did,” his sight silently wormed to the mutilated bodies sprawled one the cold ground, “you did a bang up job, kid, maybe try to be a little calmer next time?”

“I’m not sorry.” Tony’s ears perked up at that.

“You’re not?”

“No.”

He paused.

“Not even a little?”

Peter shook his head which was still buried in Tony’s chest.

“Huh.”

That was something Tony had to look into, or, more probably, talk with Peter about, because this seemed like a big damn thing that should’ve been mentioned from the very beginning. He wanted the trust between him and Peter be on such a level that the boy would be brave enough to confront him about anything he didn’t like, or, in this case, did like.

“Did you come out of a meeting for this, did I interrupt something?” Peter asked worriedly, probably referring to Tony’s formal attire.

“Don’t worry about it, I will always choose you over anything.”

Tony’s voice was laced with mind numbing comfort, and Peter melted like wax that was exposed to fire at hearing the words leave his mentor’s mouth, automatically leaning into him more.

“JARVIS.”

“Yes, sir.” came the mechanical noise from the suit that whirled to life the moment Tony mentioned his electronic butler’s name.

“Clean up all evidence that may lead back to me, Peter, or the girl, erase all security camera
footage around the whole block that the kids may have been caught on, call another suit for both of you to take the bodies to a lake at least a state away.” That may sound a little extreme, but with the speed these little monstrosities were going it wouldn’t take them even an hour, “Don’t just throw them into the lake like that, they would soon decompose and begin floating on the surface, tie something heavy onto them before throwing them in.” Even if the bodies are found, it will take a long time for the police to identify them. Peter had seen to that, they were so disfigured it brought a smile to Tony’s face just looking at what his protégé had done, “The blood may need a little more attention, but bleach would work out just fine, don’t pour it onto the blood, the concrete may change color if too much is applied, just sprinkle it directly on the blood and leave for five minutes before cleaning.”

He was ordering Jarvis to deal with the clean up the first time in his life, simply because he now had to deal with Peter and his little problem of a girlfriend. That’s why he had to explain everything to him in detail, not that he doubted Jarvis already knew all of this and would deal with everything perfectly even without his guidance, but he couldn’t afford being careless.

“Understood, sir.”

“One more thing,” he looked at Michelle from under the corner of his eye, “send a text message from Ms. Jones’ phone to her parents that she won’t be coming home today.”

MJ’s eyes widened, her heart dancing wildly in her chest as she understood she wouldn’t be getting out of this one easily.

“Done, sir.”

“I-Is that really necessary?”

“Yes, it’s not negotiable, Pete.”

“I can just talk to her.”

“I said,” Tony quickly brought Peter’s head up from his chest, to look him right in the eyes, “it’s not negotiable.”

The boy released him and took an intimidated step back, which hurt Tony like nothing else would, making him realize that he was contradicting himself. He can’t just expect the kid to share with him whatever he thought about if he knew Tony was going to get mad at him for it. He should probably just explain to him why he was doing what he was doing.

“Look, Pete,” Tony rubbed his forehead furiously, “I know you’re attached to the girl, and if push comes to shove, you won’t be able to make a decision that will be required of you to keep yourself and those around you safe.”

Peter wasn’t stupid, he could read between the lines, push comes to shove was Michelle deciding to snitch on them, the required decision was him hurting MJ, and those around him is Tony, who got mixed in this mess because of Peter. And, really, Peter didn’t have any ground to lean on, he brought this on his head, it wasn’t like Tony killed these people and wanted to get rid of Peter’s girlfriend to hide what he had done. No. He was doing this for Peter’s sake, and it spoke volumes that he was ready to harm a kid to protect him.

When Tony told him his story, about how he came to be who he was, Peter became bolder, their trust grew, and one day he asked him why he didn’t just get rid of him the moment he made Nona pass out, after all, he was a witness, and leaving him alive would be a huge pain in the ass to deal
Tony answered his question. It turned out he hated hurting children. Didn’t hold anything against the people that did, but won’t do it himself if not strictly necessary.

“I never touched children. It may be stupid as they are smaller... weaker... and don’t know better. Excellent targets, but... I was a child myself when I went through all this shit.”

As much as Peter wasn’t stupid, twice as much wasn’t MJ, and she got it too, all the color draining from her face like she just had a freshening shower under a stream of bleach.

“Y-you, are you... go-o-ing to kill me?”

Peter took a deep breath and hung his head in shame, crossing his arms.

“No-no, of course not, of course not…”

The words sounded weak and unsure even to himself, and he winced slightly.

“That solely depends on you now, Ms. Jones,” said Tony menacingly, coming close to Michelle, looking at her from above with brown eyes that glistened with unknown mirth, “we can do this the easy way and the hard way, and I know you’re a smart girl, Peter wouldn’t have it any other way, so I know you understand me and sincerely hope you’ll choose the easy option.”

He raised an eyebrow at her.

“It’ll be better for all parties involved.”

Michelle, seemingly having more balls than most of the men Tony had met, looked at the bodies and retorted, “Oh, even these guys?” She huffed, “yeah, I can see they’re having a fun time, but maybe we should cover them with blankets, the ground must be cold.”

Tony looked at her for a moment. A few seconds passed in which Peter tried to remember all the prayers Aunt May had taught him to recite and beg for whatever it was that resided in the heavens to _please, please_, not let Tony get mad at the girl.

Maybe someone did hear his prayers, as Tony let out a chuckle that turned into two and then into a full blown laugh.

“I get why you keep her around Peter,” he said breathlessly, “maybe I should get myself one too, hehehe.”

Peter let out the breath he didn’t know he was holding.

“I know you have eyes on Ms. Potts, don’t even try to deny.”

Peter said it in good humor, knowing that whenever Mr. Stark looked at ‘Pepper’ his eyes seemed to fill with all the starts in the galaxy, but Tony didn’t take it so lightheartedly, and all the fun immediately vanished from his face.

“You,” he turned to Michelle, “chop-chop, get up, we don’t have all day.”
Oh, poor Michelle ;-; what am I going to do with her... hihihihhi.

So this fic is officially one year old. I wanted to have the chapter ready for yesterday, on the day I published it last year, but I just couldn’t think of anything, so we’ll go with today! Love you all that stuck with this story for so long!

Any thoughts on why Tony got so tense when Peter mentioned Pepper? Share your thoughts.

Btw I have a Tumblr account that I’m too lazy to link here, so just go a chapter back if u wanna write to me, ask me something etc

That’s all, ok bye!

End Notes

Please comment and leave kudos.

You can criticize me and point at all my mistakes in any manner you want to. Feel free!

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