"Damsel" In Distress

All Peter and Pepper wanted to do was have a simple day of watching t.v. as mother and son.

Thaddeus Ross didn't care.

OR

Peter gets kidnapped and taken to the Raft by Ross, and in the process, begins to believe Ross when he tells him that Tony won't come to rescue him and Pepper never loved him as a mother.

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This is #3 in Pepper Potts: mom of the year series, but you don't really have to read the others if you don't feel like it (though I highly encourage you to because I spent a lot of time writing :))

Notes

So this is #3 in the series, and I had a lot of fun playing with ideas and writing this one. It's
the climax of the series (I think idk how far it's going to go) so I hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.

Pepper lived for the small moments with her family.

Not the galas Tony takes them to or the fancy restaurants, but their picnics outside and movies and shows on the couch with half-burned popcorn.

Like right now, when Peter was laughing his butt off at Patrick asking Squidward if mayonnaise was an instrument.

She relished these moments, the moments with her son.

It felt so good to say it. Weird, but a great feeling nonetheless.

Much like her conversation with Peter earlier, she found herself reminiscing on how May was an idiot to give this ball of sunshine up.

“I don’t get what’s so funny about him being so dumb as to think mayo is an instrument.” She joked as she poked Peter in his ribs, knowing how ticklish he was.

He doubled over and laughed harder, responding, “That's why it's so funny! Because he's dumb!”

“Whatever you say.”

Of course, the most content times are when things decided to go go south.

Peter shot up, a terrified expression crossing his face.

“Something's wrong,” Peter said gravely.

“What do you mean sweetheart?”

“My senses, they're- they're just going insane!”

Pepper stood up next to him and called out, “Fri, what's happening?”

Nothing.

“This- this isn't good. Pete, head to the panic room NOW.”

“Not without you!”

“I'm your mother and I say you need to-”

Her thoughts were interrupted as the elevator doors opened and a fleet of guards piled out.

“We got eyes on him!” Peter heard one of them shout in their comm.

Just as they were about to grab onto him, he jumped out of the way onto the roof, and began to web them to the floor.

When he turned to his left, though, he saw one of the guards had Pepper in his hold, along with a
gun pointed at her head.

“Now, now, Peter. Come on down. You sure don’t want anything bad to happen to your mom, do you?”

He froze in his spot as he heard the chilling voice he always did his best to avoid.

Ross.

“Peter, don't listen to him, honey. Run and hide! Do you hear me-”

“Quiet woman!” The guard holding her shouted as he pushed the gun farther in her side.

“Oh you want to be like that, do you?” Pepper challenged. Just then, she used her right leg to kick the guy where the sun didn't shine. It resulted in him doubling over in pain, letting her go. She quickly grabbed his gun and pointed it at Ross.

“Get away from my son, creep.”

Ross rolled his eyes and made a gesture with his hand at the guards. Not a second later, the guns were all pointed at her.

“You didn't think I was that stupid, did you?”

“Yes. Still do,” she retorted with the quipiness she gained from her husband.

“You're greatly outnumbered, just drop the gun and we won't hurt you.”

She didn't falter. “I don't care what the hell you do to me. Just leave him alone.”

“Oh, you see, we can't exactly do that. This is an issue of the government-”

“That is bull and both you and I know that! You're just doing this because you're a sadistic ass wipe. In fact, the meeting you're missing right now is to finalize an end to YOUR additions on the Accords, therefore granting absolute freedom of every vigilante.”

“Yes, but it’s a finalization. Until I actually sign the papers, nothing is binding. Therefore, I can do anything I want with the freak.”

“That is in no means legal. You’re just looking for loopholes now. And so help me GOD if I hear you calling my son a freak again…”

“So what if I am? And I can call him whatever I want to. He’s MINE now.” He made another hand gesture, and the guards holding the guns forcefully ripped the one Pepper had out of her hands, and grabbed her harshly.

“See, now was that so hard?”

“Hey, get your hands off of her!”

But just as Peter was about to web guards again, two guards pushed guns against Pepper’s head.

“Not again, freak. You’re coming with us to be… studied, for your powers. Now get down and come willingly or you’ll be one step closer to becoming an orphan again.”
Peter knew at this point that he was NOT bluffing. Peter let himself down from the ceiling, and with trembling hands, raised them into the air and got on his knees.

The guards quickly bounded Peter with cuffs as Pepper fruitlessly yelled at them to let her son go.

Ross walked up to Peter, yanked his hair, and pulled his head up so he could look at him straight in the eyes.

“We got state of the arc Vibranium cuffs especially for you. How special is that?”

Peter was clenching his jaw, attempting to hide his petrifying fear.

It worked only for a few moments.

“Oh, are you scared? It’s okay to let it show. After all, you’ll be with us for quite sometime and it’s going to be quite painful.”

That was when the fear shone through.

“There you go.”

“Stop it, you bastard? He’s a child! He’s MY child!”

“Well don’t worry, you’ll be there with him. You and Stark, actually. Well, you won't see each other, probably ever again, but you two will be close enough to Pete to hear his screams.”

Peter looked petrified at this point, and Pepper was doing everything she could to struggle and get out of their grips.

“When I'm through with you, you'll wish you were never born!”

He crept up closer to her and asked, “And how exactly do you plan on doing that? You're just a damsel in distress, waiting for you knight in armour to come rescue you. Well sweetheart, it’s not happening. He'll fall right into the trap and everything will be perfect. You can't do anything.”

“SWEETHEART?! Oh when-” Pepper's rant was cut off by a needle to the neck as she began to doze off from the drugs.

“It's kind of funny when she tries to be scary.” Ross chuckled.

“Don't disrespect her like that!” Peter spoke up feebly, terror still evident in his voice.

Ross crept his way towards Peter, still smirking. “Well I’m in charge here, so I can do whatever the hell I want to do to any of you.”

“J- just p-please leave her safe,” Peter said on the verge of begging.

“Sorry, can't do that. You see, if I let her go then she's going to come looking for you and your father when I grab him too, and I really can’t have her doing that, can I?”

“He's going to stop you.”

“Oh, I doubt it. If I were you, I would be worrying about other things. After all, you're going to be gone for quite some time.”

Peter began to tremble at that thought, and he didn't notice one of the guards bringing the needle to his neck.
He felt the pinching sensation, and drifted off into a dreamless slumber.

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Pepper woke up in a white room, hands cuffed to the table in front of her. It looked similar to an interrogation room in a prison.

She recalled the events that took place a few hours ago, and she was livid.

Her thoughts were interrupted, however, by Ross entering the room, accompanied by two guards.

“Ah, I see you’re awake.”

“You do realize people are going to get suspicious of the CEO of Stark Industries along with Iron man and his son disappearing out of the blue, am I right?”

Ross gave her his signature creepy smile, and responded, “I’m not stupid, sweetheart. Of course I have a plan-”

“Stop calling me that you bas-”

“The world,” Ross interrupted,”will be devastated to hear the news of the plane crash that killed Iron Man’s family. Quite ironic, is it not, that the kid’s REAL family died in a plane crash, and now his fake one will as well.”

That stung.

“We ARE his real family. And we’re going to get out of this because we’re strong and have hope.”

“Please, you sound like a Disney Princess now. And like I said earlier: you’re nothing but a girl who waits for her guy to do all the work. You can’t do anything.”

Her blood was BOILING now.

He began walking out the door and called out, “As soon as he comes to save you, we’re taking you both to the Raft to meet up with your freak of nature. And speaking of which, I have a plane to catch to go meet him.”

Pepper did not care she was supposed to be professional and set a good example. She screamed every word in the book at him until she was sure he was a good distance away from her pseudo-cell.

She took a few deep breaths to calm herself, then got to work.

The man was an idiot. How did he not think that the CEO of the greatest industry in the world, nevertheless the wife of Iron Man himself, wouldn’t have a fancy gadget up her sleeve. Pepper brought her head to her hands and rubbed the back of her neck, just to fool the cameras if there were any in the room.

She rubbed the back of her head, and inconspicuously pulled out a bobby pin out of the back of her ponytail.

‘Good thing Tony wanted me to wear this at all times after the Mandarin incident.’ Pepper thought thankfully.

She clutched the pin in her hands, and pushed the side with the ridges in half, turning on the tracker. She clicked it up and down multiple times, communicating in morse code.
It’s - - - a- - - trap- - - meet- - - outside.

She knew Tony would be there soon. Just enough time, though, to go through with her plan and prove Ross wrong. She was most certainly NOT a damsel in distress, and he messed with the wrong family.

She pushed the pin back, and an idea that would make this whole situation so much easier sprung into her head.

“Excuse me, HEY!” She called out.

“I need the bathroom.”

“Too bad, sweet cheeks, you’ll just have to hold it.” The frustrating voice of a guard called through the intercom.

Damn it.

Wait a second…

“You don’t understand. I need to go NOW.”

The door to the cell opened, and a guard stepped through.

“If you don’t stop whining about that, I’ll make this a whole lot worse for you,” he threatened.

“This isn’t going to be pretty if you don’t bring me to the restroom. I’m having a woman issue.”

“What the hell do you mean, a woman issue- oh. OH.” He stuttered helplessly as he realized what she meant as she gave him a knowing look.

“Yeah, ‘Oh.’”

“Okay, um, let’s go.” He un-cuffed her from the table and yanked her out of her seat and into the hall.

When they walked into a hallway that was vacant, she broke out of his grasp, and elbowed him harshly in the ribs. When he was doubled over in pain, she grabbed the gun out of his holster and hit the butt of his gun to the back of his head, knocking him out cold.

‘Okay, easy. One down, only a billion to go until I’m out,” she though, high on adrenaline.

She grabbed the taser and access card out of his belt as well, and sprinted out of the hallway.

She avoided any wallways with guards in them, but when she took a turn to have one bump right into her, she panicked and shot him with the tazer.

He fell on the floor, and she ran before he could get up and do anything.

She ran into a couple of others on her way out, and luckily never had to actually shoot anyone to escape.

Well, even if she did have to fire a few fake shots at their feet to scare them.

When she finally found the front entrance, which was surrounded by about six guards, the alarm began to go off.
ATTENTION: Potts has escaped. I repeat Potts has escaped.

Four of the six guards scattered, which solved that problem. She hid behind a column that was right next to her as one ran by. When he was gone, she got out from hiding and shot her gun at the floor, charging at the entrance.

Unfortunately, these guards didn’t scatter, just charged towards her as well.

“Don’t make us shoot you. Come quietly.” One threatened her at gunpoint. “Put down the weapon NOW.”

She placed the gun on the ground, but quickly got up and shot them with her taser.

Once they were on the ground, she ran to the double doors, swiped the card, and got the hell out of there.

Just as she ran out, she was met with the Iron Man suit landing right in front of her. She sighed a sigh of relief as Tony stepped out of the suit.

“Honey, are you okay? Ross called saying that you were kidnapped, but then you set off—”

“There’s no time to explain, but we need to get the hell out of here NOW. Let’s go.”

“What, I don’t—”

“NOW!”

He sure as hell wasn’t going to say no to that.

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Peter groggily opened his eyes to a pristine-white room that was so bright it caused his senses to freak out for a moment. He shut them for a minute, but when he opened them again, he realized where exactly he was.

And dread coursed through every vein in his body.

No, no no no not HERE.

They PROMISED to protect him from this place.

Peter’s breathing quickened, and he suddenly found himself hyperventilating.

This went on for a few moments, and he wanted his mom and dad to help him through this as usual so bad. But he knew that wasn’t going to happen, so he began to work on slowing his breathing down.

It took him a couple of minutes, but he got it.

He leaned his head against the wall when it was over, and willed himself not to cry.

He had to be strong. For his dad. For mom.

Oh God, they were going to get caught too! He couldn’t let that happen. He would stay in this place
for the rest of his life if it meant they were safe.

He scrubbed his hands over his face— a trait he received from his adoptive father— and brought his hands to his neck.

That’s when he felt the cold, circular clamp around it, and almost had another panic attack because oh my God he was wearing a shock collar.

“I wouldn’t touch that if I were you,” Peter heard that chilling voice call out.

“It would be rather painful if you made one of the guards set it off.”

Ross walked up to the glass separating him and Peter, and stared down at him creepily. Peter attempted to glare at him, but he knew that all Ross could see was the fear in his eyes.

“You’ll warm up to me eventually. After all, you’ll be in here for quite some time.”

“I don’t care how long I’ll be in here, just leave my parents alone.”

Ross, getting the upsetting call only moments ago that both Pepper and Tony had slithered out of their grasp, decided to use this as an advantage.

“Oh, you don’t have to worry. I sent them back to the tower.”

Peter looked at him like he didn’t believe him— because he didn’t— and Ross rolled his eyes at him.

“I know you don’t believe me, but I mean it. After all, wouldn’t I be taunting you if I had them?”

He had a point there.

Peter visibly relaxed, but was quickly interrupted.

“It was quite easy, actually. I told Potts we would let them be if they decided to keep the Accords the way they were supposed to be and keep you instead. She was rather thrilled about the deal.”

Wait, what?

Amused by the confused expression on his face, Ross continued. “Yeah, she told me it was a relief to let you go. It’s exhausting lying to you that she loved you. She said she only kept you because it made Tony happy, but she had a feeling he would be just as relieved as her.”

Peter shook his head with disbelief as tears threatened to spill. “No, no that’s a lie. Y- y- you’re lying to m- me,” he responded. It sounded more like a question, though, than a response.

“I’m the one telling the truth. They were the liars. No one wants you Peter. Your new “Parents” were relieved to see you go and your own aunt kicked you out. Actually, she was the one who gave us the tip about where you were now. Gave her quite a large compensation.” He piled on cruelly.

The floodworks finally broke as Peter began to sob brokenly, shaking his head. He didn’t want to believe it, but he KNEW Pepper didn’t actually love him. It was too good to be true. And May actually ratted him out. He didn’t know what to do anymore.

“Wow, we didn’t even get started yet and you’re already crying like a wuss. Well, we probably should get going. Take him to the labs.” He instructed to the guards in the hallway.

He was too devastated to be scared and too out of it to actually walk, so the guards ended up
basically dragging the broken boy to the labs.

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When Tony and Pepper arrived safely on the launchpad on the tower and walked into the living room, Tony snapped.

“Okay, what the hell is going on and where is Peter?”

Pepper promised herself when they grabbed her and Peter only hours ago that she would remain strong. If not for herself, then for her family.

But this, she couldn’t bear it.

Tears filled up her eyes quickly as she embraced her husband in a large hug.

“They took him.”

“What? What do you mean?”

“Our son, they- he-”

Tony pulled away and looked her straight in the eyes, terror evident on his face.

“No, no you don’t mean…”

Pepper nodded gravely as the tears rolled down her face.

Tony stumbled out of her grasp and leaned over the couch, attempting to catch his breath.

“No, no- no- no- NO!” He bellowed. “We promised him, Pep. We PROMISED him nothing would happen!” He shouted brokenly as he kicked the small coffee table next to him, causing the lamp to fall and break.

He leaned back against the couch and put his head in his hands, trying to stop the tear ducts from overflowing.

Pepper went up to him and took both of his hands and squeezed them until he was looking at her.

That’s when he broke.

Tony leaned against Pepper as they cried together.

“We promised. God we promised him! Our baby.” Tony whispered out brokenly.

“I know, I know. Who knows what- what those monsters are doing to him. We need to get him out NOW.” Pepper responded as she wiped her remaining tears away.

Tony did the same and responded, “You're right. We need to get going,” immediately after saying that, Tony began to walk briskly towards his labs, Pepper following quickly in pursuit.

“Do you think you need to call… them for help?” Pepper asked cautiously.

After the war everyone still stayed in contact, but chose to go off in their own direction, at least for the time being. After all, they needed their family and personal time, along with time to pull themselves together. Bucky was one of the ones who needed it the most, though, for he was simultaneously grieving along with attempting to take the new mantle of Captain America…
“That’s a no for now. But it’ll be alright. If Steve can break a bunch of rogue Avengers out of that tin can then me and Rhodey sure can save an innocent boy.”

Pepper stopped walking and gave him a look.

“What?”

“Bold of you to assume I wouldn’t be joining you too.”

“Honey, I need you to stay safe, this is ROSS we’re talking about—”

“And this is out SON we’re talking about rescuing. He needs us. You need me,” a light just shine across Pepper’s eyes as she thought of a brilliant idea.

“I haven’t used it in a while, but what if I pull out the old—”

“Oh uh. Nope. Not having it. That was a one time ordeal for desperate measures.” Tony argued.

“Tony, love of my life, if you don’t give me permission to come with you, I’ll duct-tape you down and go on my own. We both know I’m not bluffing.”

She didn’t even have to say that last part for Tony to realize she was dead ass serious.

He scrubbed his hands over his face, let out a groan, and replied, “Go get it.”

She wore a satisfied expression as she walked quickly towards Tony’s shop. Tony looked up to the ceiling and muttered, “I know you’re amused at this right now, so just can it up there Rogers.”

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Peter was curled against the corner of his cot and the cold metal wall, trying to find some sort of comfort to his burning skin. He was in there for a total of about three days, and he was miserable. He wanted to go home so badly, but even the thought of it brought tears to his eyes, because the message was made loud and clear by Ross: Pepper doesn’t want him, so neither does Tony. He shook the thought out of his head quickly, though, for they already saw him crying too many times, and out of complete honesty, he had enough of the guard’s cruel jokes.

He positioned himself to where he was just curled in a ball on the cot, lying down on his side. He let out a small whimper of pain, for he hit a sore spot. That had to be the moment Ross walked to his cell.

“Oh, quit being a baby about this. You know, hundreds of people would love to be helping out the government with research.”

Peter was so angry with that comment that he didn’t even care about the rules given to him when they put him in the labs.

“Love to help with the government? I don’t think many people would be thrilled to be kidnapped, tortured, and cut open by Colonel Sander’s evil twin!”

Boy did he regret saying that.

His body shook in anguish as high volts of electricity coursed through it. Peter fell off of his cot painfully, and willed himself not to scream and cry consecutively.
When it finished a few seconds later, he was left panting as he looked up at Ross. He was NOT happy.

In a loud voice, he called out, “How dare you disrespect me like that? And what is the rule about speaking back to me? You aren’t allowed! You know what,” he started with a sadistic grin, “No more talking in general. Period. I know how hard that’ll be for you.” Peter looked up at him with disbelief as Ross continued.

“So no more complaining, no more whining, and no more of those useless little prayers you do at night. They’re obviously not helping.” Peter was left heartbroken by that statement.

“And if you break the rules, well, let’s just say that what you just got is a picnic compared to what you will get in the future. Well, I think as a second punishment, you can get DOUBLE lab time today.”

Peter looked up at him and horror and quickly shook his head no. He couldn’t do this anymore.

“If you disagree just SAY SOMETHING,” he smirked.

Peter just kept nodding his head, tears brimming his eyes.

“No? Nothing? Well, I better tell the guys to set the station up again. See you in a few.”

He walked away as Peter’s tears fell down his face for what seemed like the billionth time that day. He curled up on the floor as he waited for the worst.

He stayed in his fetal position, tears dried on his cheeks, when the guards came back to his cell to get him for round 2.

Peter feebly shook his head ‘no’, realizing how cowardly he seemed, but he didn't care anymore. He just never wanted to go back in that room.

One of the guards let out a chuckle and responded, “Too bad if you don't want to go, Secretary Ross is waiting for you in the labs. Busy schedule, after all, Freak.”

The two guards laughed at the joke as they gripped each of Peter's arms. He did his best to try to struggle out of their grasp, but the threat of electrocution again along with his weakness caused him to give in.

Peter's anxiety spiked as they inched closer and closer to the horrid double doors. When they were a little more than halfway there, a giant eruption shook the building.

The guards turned around to face the noise in confusion, and the guard who made the joke to Peter let go of his arm and walked towards the noise. For a moment, there was silence.

Until the sound of suit blasters made its way down the corridor.

The familiar red and gold suit barreled into the guard down the hall, taking him down, as War Machine stopped in front of Peter and the guard, aiming his repulsor at him.

“Put the kid down, or you’re going to be limping out of here with one leg.”

The guard, frightened by the obvious fact that he was not bluffing, dropped Peter on the ground. The second Rhodey heard the groan of pain that came from the boy, though, he shot his repulsor at his
Peter vaguely believed he saw another, odd-colored suit fly by ever so quickly, but he was too busy focusing on the fact that his dad actually came to rescue him to notice.

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When Tony looked up from where he attacked the guard, the first thing he saw was Peter’s large, soft eyes staring up at him hopefully. He rushed over to his son, not even noticing that he practically shoved Rhodey out the way.

He wrapped his arms around Peter, and cradled him ever so carefully, as to not disrupt any unseen injuries.

“Peter, oh Peter. I’m SO sorry! We both are, my boy. You’re okay, you’re okay.” He mumbled in one sentence.

Peter began to cry and shook his head, turning away. He remembered what Ross said. Tony can’t have him if Pepper doesn’t want him.

“Peter, what’s wrong? Hey- look at me, kiddo.” He spoke softly as he he gently cupped Peter’s chin and turned it towards him.

Peter finally looked up at him with red-rimmed eyes, and just nodded again.

Tony was heartbroken, but tried again with a different tactic.

“Peter, you can speak. You’re not going to get in trouble for speaking, sweetheart. Anything Ross told you is WRONG, understand?”

Peter, still looking at him, finally spoke his mind, “He- he told me s- since mom- Pepper doesn’t want m-me, y-you won’t. I- I’m not leaving b-because you two don’t l-love me.”

Okay, NOW Tony’s heart was shattered.

“Oh, buddy. We could NEVER not love you. Ross is an ass hole and just trying to get in your head. I love you so very much Peter, and I know for a fact that your mother does as well.”

“I- it sounded t-too true though!” Peter sobbed.

Tony sighed and tucked Peter back into his chest, giving him a kiss on the head.

“When Pepper gets back I’ll have her show you how much she loves you.”

“W- where is she?”

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It felt weird, but good to suit up in her own specially-made Iron Woman suit, because she hadn’t worn it since Thanos.

When everyone arrived, they had a plan: Tony and Rhodey go after any guards in there way, and Pepper go straight for command with Ross.

It was her request of course.
So when she flew past her son on the ground, injured, it broke her heart. But she had to go on with the mission.

The sensors in the suit detected that Ross was in the main lab, so to the main lab she went.

She barged through the double doors, and shot down any guards in her way until she was face-to-face with Secretary Ross himself.

She was pleased to see his face held a mixed expression of anger, fear, and frustration.

It was mostly fear, though.

She aimed her repulsor at his face as she grumbled out through the suit, “Hands in the air NOW, bastard.”

So slowly, he did so.

She raised the faceplate of her helmet, smirked at him, and went, “Who’s the damsel now?”

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After a few minutes of successfully tying Ross up and requesting for Rhodes to take care of him, she finally made it back to her family.

Tony was still cradling his son as Peter kept his face pressed against his father’s chest, with a look of pain etched on his face.

Pepper hurried her way over to them and stepped out of her suit.

She kneeled down next to them and looked at Tony, who mouthed to her, ‘You two need to talk.’

Tony carefully handed Peter to his mother, who cradled him just as gently.

Peter started to panic, however, as Tony got up to walk away.

“W- where are you g- going?”

Tony leaned down and ruffled his hair, responding, “I’m just going see your Uncle Rhodey to see if everything’s under control. I’ll be back before you know it, promise. Until then, you have mom.”

He turned and began to walk through the double doors at the end of the hallway.

Pepper turned her attention to her son, who wouldn’t even look at her.

“Peter, baby? Are you alright?”

No response. After all, why should he respond? She doesn’t care for him.

“Honey, I am so sorry this happened. I know we broke our promise but we did our damn best to try and keep it. We love you so much, you know.”

Peter looked up at her with more tears in his eyes, and responded to her, “Ross told me the truth. You don’t love me, you were only keeping me around because Tony wanted me. You- you don’t have to p-pretend to love me. I won’t bother you an-anymore,” he finished with a sob.

Pepper almost broke down again at these words.
“No, no Peter, that’s not true at all! Ross was lying to mess with your head. I have NEVER pretended to love you. I do love you, so very much.” Pepper finished choked up.

“No, he said that you d- didn’t want me. I knew finally having a mom again was too good to be true-”
“IT is most definitely not too good to be true. Please, look at me Petey.” Pepper urged, the tears finally flowing.

Peter hesitantly looked up at Pepper, tears falling from his face at well. Pepper cupped her shaking hands on the side of Peter’s face and swiped away the tears, as she had done many times before.

“Please, believe me when I say that I want you. Me and your father can’t live without your constant sunshine. You are my whole heart and I love you with all that I have. I’ve said it once, and I will say it again: I always have and will always will love you, my little spider-baby,” She let out with a watery chuckle. She leaned forward and kissed Peter’s forehead. She didn’t know what she would do if her precious adopted son still believed that she was faking her love for him.

She brought his face into her view again, and she was relieved when Peter began to lean into her touch.

“You- you promise?” Peter asked shakily. Pepper didn’t even need to ask before she responded with an immensely confident, “Yes, baby. I promise my whole heart and soul.”

Peter basically lunged into her lap and wrapped his arms tightly against her middle. Pepper placed an arm around his back that was just as tight as his, and brought a hand to the back of his head. She began to card her hands through his when she heard the stifled sobs coming from her son.

“Shh, it’s going to be alright, sweetheart. Mom’s here, mama’s here.” She whispered.

Right then, Tony and Rodes flew to them, an unconscious Ross’ arms in their grasp. His face was a mess of black, blue, and red, and his right leg was bent in a completely different angle than it was supposed to be. They landed and dropped Ross on the ground harshly. Peter inched his way farther from where he was, and Pepper placed herself in between them.

Tony hurried to their position on the ground and wrapped his arms around the two.

“D- dad?”

“Yeah, buddy?”

“I- I’m sorry f-for not being brave. I- I tried to be like y-you.” He sputtered out.

Tony kissed the top of Peter’s head and whispered into his curls, “You did perfect, Bambi. You pushed through, and that means you were so, so brave. I’m proud.”

Peter relaxed in their hold, and the small family stayed that way until Rhodey interrupted. “Sorry to break this touching moment, but Peter needs medical assistance and we have to get this piece of junk in prison.”

Tony perked up and said, “Oh, right, that’s probably important.” He stood up, got into his suit, and gently picked up Peter from Pepper’s arms. Peter was asleep at this point, exhausted by today’s endeavor.

Pepper went into her suit as well, and when everyone was about to get the hell out of that place, Tony spoke, “Wait, Pep. I just wanted to point out that when I went into the lab, Ross’ face was
mutilated. Same for Rhodes…”

She let out a humorous chuckle and replied, “Well what did you think I was going to do? He took our child and made me seem helpless. He messed with the wrong mother.”

****

Two months after the kidnapping, things were still rough, but going back to normal.

With every flashback, there was family movie time.

With every nightmare, Peter had a spot between his mom and dad in their bed.

Even though there was the good and bad, one thing remained constant: Peter never doubted Pepper’s motherly love for him.

End Notes

Yeah I really hate Ross if you haven’t already figured it out.

I really hope you enjoyed this one! It may be my last one in this series for a little while, because I’m working on other stories for now. But fret not, I’m not finished with this series. I have more stories to tell of this mother- son relationship. I love them so much!

Also, I am not physically and emotionally prepared for Endgame. Just wanted to put it out there.

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