The One Thing in Life I Can Control

by good_eveining

Summary

(Y/n) (L/n) has learned to live with her powers, even if she had no idea where they came from. She stays in the background and leaves the crazy stuff to the heroes. That is until she overheard a conversation in gym class. It turns out heroes are just really bad at keeping secret identities, huh?

Notes
Okay, so I read a lot on here and was like "Hey, I should post my fanfic on there too!"
So here it is.
I have no clue what I am doing.

I also have this posted on quotev. I guess you could say that it's doing pretty well over there. Anyways, I've got extra stuff over there for anyone who wants to see it, like Fan-Art Contests and all that jazz. Polls for future chapters/interludes. Q&As, even a Face Reveal. Don't know how I got the confidence for that.

Yeah.

Um, that's about it, I guess.

Enjoy!

-Evie
The One Thing In Life I Can Control

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter End Notes

Links for Northrix's stuff:

Deviant Art

Instagram

If you click on the Deviant Art link, it'll take you right to the post of this art, which will be MUCH better quality over there. I strongly advise you go check it out. It's truly incredible.
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The One Thing In Life I Can Control

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These include any Interludes between the chapters, as well.
Chapter One

A walk through New York in the morning would seem like a picture-perfect thing for any of those generic people in generic commercials to do. Headphones in, probably wearing brand-name clothing, and giving waves to the friendly people that dotted the streets while drinking something random like a pumpkin-spice latte, er, something. (Y/n) (L/n), though, was not a generic person in a generic commercial. She walked streets that seemed abandoned, and the few that did have people at this early, freezing hour of the March morning was full of people that it was best to avoid both eye contact and accidental physical contact with, because either of the two would likely result in a scowl and dirty look.

No, (Y/n) (L/n) walked with an over-sized jacket on down streets with no one on them, let alone friendly people popping their heads out of store doors and windows to say hello. Nope, the friendly people who said hello to (Y/n) (L/n) instead poked their heads out of alleyways to greet her in the morning on her walk to school.

"Hello, (Y/n)!"

"Hey, Henry!"

"Hey, how's it hangin', (Y/n)?"

"Pretty good, thanks Lucy."

"Look guys, it's (Y/n)! Hey there, (Y/n)!"

"Hi, (Y/n)!"

"Hello, (Y/n)!"

"Hey, everyone!"

"Yo, (Y/n), what's up!"

"Nothing much, Grant, what about you?"

"Well, if it isn't little Miss (Y/n)..."

(Y/n) jumped a bit at the suddenness of the voice. She turned to the alleyway and felt a smile creep its way onto her lips. "Hey. Is that Zack?"

"Nope."

She narrowed her eyes a bit. "Jack?"

"Wrong again, (Y/n)," the voice laughed before it put on a hurt tone, "I'm hurt that you didn't think of me first..."

"Oh come on, Mack, you know I was just joking," she grinned, sitting on the top of an overturned garbage can. "What's going on with you?"

"Oh, nothing out of the usual. J and Z have begging duty right now, so I'm out here doing the dirty work," the man gestured to the dumpsters in the alleyway and then the bag to the side, old pieces of broken things that could possibly be salvageable spilling out of it. A scowl appeared on his face.
"Literally."

(Y/n) released a snort of amusement as he looked back up, a smile appearing back on his features. "So, where is everyone's favorite girl going off to right now, this early in the day?"

"School," (Y/n) replied, turning so he could better see the backpack that she wore. "I always try to get there early 'cause I've gotta walk."

"Ah, yeah, where do you go for that?"

"Midtown," she shrugged. "They have better opportunities for college. I'm there on a scholarship, though, so I've gotta make sure I get there on time."

"Stay in school, (Y/n)." Mack shook his head as he spoke in a gravely voice. "You're a good kid, we all know it, and ya' deserve better, ya'know? You're a good kid, and you're a smart one. You graduate from that school with your brains and all the big universities'll be fightin' over you, got it? You're gonna do great things, (Y/n), ask anyone 'round here and they'll tell ya', you're gonna be great."

"Thanks, Mack," (Y/n) smiled, her cheeks heating despite the cold of the morning air. "If I end up, you know, up there with the big guys, I promise that I will do everything I can to make things better... For everyone who isn't as fortunate, because... Because you all deserve so much better."

"Aw, (Y/n), you're gonna make me cry."

"Well, this has been fun," the girl hopped off of her position on the garbage can. "But I've gotta get going. See you soon, Mack."

"See ya' 'round (Y/n)."

The teenager moved out swiftly from the alley and continued down the sidewalk, humming as she went, to a tune that was playing only in her head. She began to snap her fingers along to the beat, a Hamilton song when suddenly the song she was thinking of was blasting through the neighborhood. (Y/n) let out a small cry and frantically snapped her fingers again, but the music didn't seem to want to cease.

Biting her lip, (Y/n) clapped her hands together desperately, but nothing happened.

As people poked their heads out from apartment windows, dressed in pajamas and yelling complaints, she gave it one last shot and closed her eyes, thinking as hard as she could about making the music stop before she snapped her fingers one more time. The music stopped as quickly as it had come.

When the last person had retreated back into their home, the street was still once more, and (Y/n) let out a sigh of relief before she slapped her hand to her forehead. "Stupid, stupid, stupid..." she muttered to herself. She looked down at her hands, observing them, turning them over. Other than the normal blemishes and a healing burn she had gotten the night before, they looked completely normal.

It was funny to imagine actually being normal. She thought to herself sometimes that it would be nice if they were normal, instead of seeming to always be against her, always a danger, always ready to let her power loose.

"Come on, (Y/n), you're better than this... You're smarter than this... And you should probably be getting to school now..." (Y/n) said under her breath as she finally noticed the abrupt increase in the
light level around her in the last few minutes. She moved a bit quicker, at a speed that was more of a strange mix between walking fast and jogging.

Finally, she turned the corner and saw her school. Her lips turned slightly upwards at the familiar building that she loved so much. It wasn't fun to be somewhere with so many people, so many opportunities for something to happen, for someone to get hurt, but at least there were other people there. That was more than her apartment could say.

As she approached, she noticed how late she was in comparison to normal, as there was a large congregation of students outside talking with friends, a setting she usually tried to avoid by being early. There was a big risk of her powers going off with so many people. She got even more nervous, though, about possibly being late, when the first bell rang. Five minutes to get to her first class, which was on the top floor on the other side of the building.

(Y/n) pushed past students, weaving deftly through the crowd, and was almost to her class with just over a minute to spare when she slammed right into someone, knocking both of them to the ground.

She clenched her fist tightly as a wave of shock washed over her. Her eyes glanced for just a moment at her hands, a small wisp of purple trying to creep out from between her fingers. (Y/n) calmed her heart that was beating way too hard from the surprise of falling to the ground and took a few deep breaths. Another glance at her hands showed that the magic that had been trying to flare out was gone. She was safe.

Her gaze moved back to the kid that she had collided with, and was met with the image of a boy about her age. (Y/n) studied the boy as she got to her feet, ignoring the slight ache in her side that remained from the fall.

He was a kid who was in quite a few classes with her, including the one she was in such a rush to get to on time. Reaching her hand down, (Y/n) helped the boy up, his neatly combed black hair flopping as she yanked him up, using a bit more strength than she had meant to. He shook his hand to relieve a bit of pain that was clearly left from her strong pull.

"Sorry," she muttered before turning around again and continuing on her way to her class.

Behind her, she heard someone speak. "Ned, are you okay? That looked like a nasty fall..."

"Yeah, dude, I'm fine."

"Who was that girl who bumped into you?"

"No clue."

(Y/n) stopped focusing in on their conversation, causing their words to fall away into the endless chatter of the hallway. As she finally reached her class, she slid into her seat before reaching down into her backpack. (Y/n) searched around until she found what she was looking for, a tiny, old, tattered box that looked like it was supposed to hold earrings.

Opening up the box, the teenager carefully took out two tiny devices. She winced as the noise around her grew louder from the steady increase in students, before she pulled back her hair and stuck one of the devices to her head, in the tiny area behind her earlobe where nobody could see it. She did the same for the other device, though behind the other ear, before quickly pressing a small button on the inside of the box. The noise around her slowly grew quieter, and (Y/n) relaxed finally.

She still hadn't thanked David for the parts for these yet.
Maybe she could on the way home, if she saw him.

The last few students finally made it into class, and the room settled down as the teacher began to speak.

(Y/n) made sure to turn up the devices a tiny bit so she could hear what the topic for the day was. She might know everything she needed too know up through a lot of college, but maybe they would be learning something new today?

She was disappointed to find out that it was something she had mastered ages ago.
Chapter Two

Chapter Summary

In which Peter notices that there are other people in the world.

Chapter Notes

I'm just gonna keep posting these cause I've got a lot and I want to know how many words this thing is.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Ned, are you okay? That looked like a nasty fall..."

"Yeah, dude, I'm fine."

"Who was that girl who bumped into you?"

"No clue."

Peter looked after the girl in question. A flash of messy (h/c) hair was visible for just a moment before disappearing into the crowd completely. He turned his attention back to Ned a moment later.

"You sure you're good?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine Peter..." Ned rubbed his wrist with his eyebrows scrunched together. "She just... pulled really hard, you know? Caught me, er, off guard, I guess?"

"Yeah, okay..." Peter glanced at his watch (thanks, Mr. Stark). "We should probably get to class. I miss enough school as it is..."

"All right, man, sounds good..."

Peter trailed a few feet behind Ned staring at just ahead of him at the feet of other students before the two were in their classroom. Ned began to head to their normal seats when Peter noticed something. The two friends sat in the back of the classroom, with only one table left behind them, but Peter suddenly noticed, for the first time, the person that sat there. It was the same girl that had bumped into Ned a few minutes ago.

The girl seemed to be fiddling around with a box that kind of looked like the boxes that held new pairs of earrings that Tony bought for Pepper. She was tense for a few moments as she seemed to press behind her ears, but as soon as she had pushed down on something in the tattered box, her shoulders suddenly relaxed. Peter furrowed his eyebrows at her, questions flooding into his brain, but he sat down next to Ned and tried not to focus on the strange girl with the (h/c) hair that apparently sat right behind him.
Peter glanced behind him at this strange girl for a moment, just as the teacher introduced the lesson. She had glanced up from her notebook with a surprising amount of interest as the bell rang and the teacher made his way to the front of the room. As soon as the man said, "Law of Sines," though, she sagged back into her seat, moved her eyes back to the paper in front of her, and seemed to completely ignore the lesson entirely.

Every few minutes, Peter found his gaze falling back on the girl behind him for a moment. She soon began to hold her notebook closer to herself, tilting it in a way to where he couldn't see it. He heard her murmur a few words under her breath occasionally, which he easily picked up on with his enhanced hearing.

"Gonna need to talk to one of the triplets about getting one of those..."

"Does Allie still have an extra one of those..."

"Oh, maybe I could switch that one out..."

"I'm making this too difficult for myself..."

Peter didn't understand what she was talking about, but it seemed to be about some of her friends. The idea surprised him a bit, as she didn't seem like the kind of person to make friends with the people at this school.

"...And so the answer will be 32 degrees." Mr. Esaminer finished, quickly circling his final answer. Peter write down the process on the board, making sure he had every detail because even if he was a smart kid, he wasn't an expert.

He jumped a little when he heard the voice behind him.

"That's wrong."

The eyes of every person in the room flew to her. Her cheeks seemed to heat at the sudden attention, but she didn't back down. Her eyes locked onto the teacher, her eyebrows raised.

"Excuse me?" Mr. Esaminer asked, clearly flustered and annoyed.

"You heard me, that's wrong." The girl's voice was monotone as she used her pencil to point up at the equation on the board that the older man had just finished demonstrating how to solve.

"And why is that, Miss?" Mr. Esaminer had a hint of irritation in his words as he spoke.

"You didn't include the minus." she spoke, extending her arm and using the eraser of the pencil to point to where she was referring. "You also didn't write the Law of Sines correctly. It's Sine A over A equals Sign C over C, not Sine A over C equals Sine C over A. A lot simpler, actually. So the answer should be..." She dragged out the word as she scribbled on her papers and jabbed a few buttons on her calculator before speaking again. "57 degrees."

Mr. Esaminer and the rest of the class stared at her for a moment while Peter mentally berated himself for not noticing. He had written it down in his notes, even if he knew better, and probably would have blindly used it when studying. He had even used these formulas just last night when designing with Mr. Stark, and now here he was writing them down wrong to use for those mandatory study sessions that Mr. Stark and May had now put in place for him. Finally, the teacher snapped out of his daze and scrambled for a piece of paper. He took a few moments to redo the problem before looking back up, embarrassment clear on his face as he spoke, "Um, yes, that is--you would be correct, (L/n)."
The teenage girl (called (L/n), apparently, but Esaminer was known for using people's last names to address them, so that was probably her last name instead) in the back of the room had a small glimpse of a smile appear on her lips before she turned her attention back to the notebook in front of her, seeming to once again lose all interest in the world around her.

For the rest of class, (L/n) (?) continued her process of whatever she was doing as she had before, while Mr. Esaminer continued to teach the lesson, though a bit slower as he double-checked everything he did, formulas, steps, everything. Peter paid a lot more attention than the mindless way he had before, or at least tried to, even though it was a bit difficult, as he couldn't stop himself from constantly looking back at that strange girl.

As soon as class was over, she pulled out the small, broken earring box she had had before and began pushing her finger down on something inside of it. As Peter stood up, he saw noticed that the box had a totally black bottom, and seemed to be some sort of... control panel?

Peter's mind immediately flew to the first conclusion.

*Holy shit, she's a supervillain.*

He realized a few moments later that his idea had zero merits, and he banished it to the back of his mind.

Even so, then, what *was* that box, and, more importantly...

*Who was this girl?*

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**Chapter End Notes**

Peter: There's that girl again

Peter: That's nice, just another background character for my superhero movies, i mean, my life

Also Peter: I must investigate this person and discover all her secrets

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All right, looking back on it, these chapters are all really short. And, if you can believe it, they used to be shorter!

What was I thinking?

Some of these first ten maybe are probably gonna be edited later because they suck.

But I'll post them anyways for now.

-Evie
Chapter Three

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) uses her brain and figures shit out pretty fast tbh.

Chapter Notes

These notes are gonna be pretty short for a while as I just work to get this stuff up.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(Y/n), as the day went on, did what she normally did. Throughout the day, she slowly tried to adjust to the normal level of noise around her. She'd slowly turn the volume up as time went on only to have to stop when the sounds around her became just too much to be comfortable in any way.

In the end, she had to stay around the middle percentage of sound cancellation. It was the loudest that she was able to bear, and any more was just too much.

Even so, at least it was a nice middle ground.

Not as nice as being normal, of course.

But nice.

The day inched by slowly. Classes were mostly pretty boring, even if there were things she was learning that she hadn't known before (Spanish, for example). (Y/n) scribbled in her notebook for a while, mainly. Her designs were messy, unorganized, and almost impossible to read because of how quick she wrote things down, but that was fine. These were rough designs, she told herself. Rough...

P.E. rolled around eventually, which was (Y/n)'s least favorite class, personally. She wasn't learning anything in the class, and she wasn't even able to sit and write in her notebook the entire time, because they were always up and moving instead.

In P.E., she always seemed to take the same spot on the bleachers: the top left corner. People were squeezed onto the bleachers, still, and even then a few had to sit on the floor anyway, but there was more space near the top than one would think.

As the teacher rolled in the old television to play an obligatory video to start the class, the bell rang through the school and (Y/n) sank down into her seat, ready to be subjected to boredom for an hour. The school-issued gym outfit was scratchy and a bit too big in some areas while a bit too small in others, and overall it was not a very comfortable experience.

Captain America showed up on the screen and said a few things, which (Y/n) didn't even have to try to tune out. She picked up enough, though, to know that they at least didn't have to do the
Captain America Fitness Challenge. That was never a fun time for anyone.

The coach said a few words, but barely anyone was even paying any attention anyway, so it wasn't like it mattered. He seemed to know this too, as eventually he just seemed to give up and sent them all off doing laps.

There was a collective groan that came from the entire class, and (Y/n) didn't even stop it as the sound came from her lips as well. There were so many things that she could be doing that were so much better than running laps of all things. But no, the state required this class, so they had to take it.

The students slowly made their way off of the bleachers, and this was where the other good thing about being in the very back of these seats. (Y/n) was always one of the last to get off of the bleachers, so she was one of the last expected to start running. That was a nice thing, at least. More time to think instead of her thoughts being interrupted by aching muscles.

She finally reached the faux wood floor as her classmates were mostly on their second lap. She waited until there was a gap near the end and hopped in, joining the crowd of people circling around and around the gym.

People talked to their friends about random things, be it homework or some guy that they liked, and (Y/n) found all their conversations rather boring to say the least.

She wished that she could have some peace and quiet to focus on her own thoughts if she was able to, rather than being constantly distracted by the chatter of those around her.

(Y/n) was then reminded of the noise-cancellation devices (which she really needed a better name for) that she had clipped onto the skin behind her ear. She reached into the pocket of her hoodie (because the pockets on girls' pants couldn't hold a phone, let alone anything else) and felt for the small earring box that she had managed to turn into the control panel for the devices.

She found it and was prepared to pull it out and cancel out the sound around her when she managed to pick up on just a few words.

"-Stark helped me make upgrades to the suit last-"

Oh, her attention was caught and her curiosity was piqued. She released the box and took her hand out from to pocket on the front of her hoodie, choosing instead to focus on this conversation that was so very interesting.

Then, another voice joined in.

"Dude, really? What did you add?"

"Just an extra parachute, nothing much, but he's been really paranoid ever since I used mine and then fell off that building before reinstalling it."

"He should have more faith in you, dude, I mean, you were fine, and you're Spider-Man!"

"I know!"

(Y/n)'s thoughts went into overdrive. Spider-Man?

Her eyes shot up involuntarily to the two boys jogging in front of her. She was a bit surprised to see that one of them was the boy that she had knocked down in the hallway before first hour. She
furrowed her eyebrows, but couldn't remember his name for the life of her.

She moved her gaze to the other boy. Brown curls sat on his head, and big, brown doe eyes sparkled as he stared at his friend and talked animatedly. *This* boy she *did* recognize. His name was Peter Parker, and he had a bit of a reputation around the school. But *Spider-Man? Really?*

And then, suddenly, everything fell into place.

Around Homecoming of that year, Spider-Man had been at what had so far probably been his peak popularity around the school. That was also when a lot of the drama with Parker that (Y/n) could remember had happened.

Parker was known for being the smartest kid on the Decathlon team, so lots of people had freaked out when he quit the week before Nationals. He joined back the morning of, was welcomed back with open arms, and then abandoned them in D.C. and didn't show up until after the competition was over. Their school newspaper had written a whole article on the third page about it. Of course, Spider-Man had just so happened to show up and save the team from the elevator when Parker was missing.

Liz Toomes had been quite the popular girl, and the captain of the Academic Decathlon team, and it was common knowledge that Peter Parker had a crush on her. He had even asked her to Homecoming before abandoning her after less than five minutes. Her father had been arrested only a few hours later, stopped by none other than Spider-Man.

The other boy, the Asian kid jogging next to him, who (if Parker *was* Spider-Man) obviously knew Parker's identity, had shouted out during *this very class* at the beginning of the year that Parker knew Spider-Man. Parker himself had awkwardly confirmed it. It ended up getting both of them an invite to a party, which Parker left after five minutes. Later that night, reports of Spider-Man in that same suburb were across the Internet.

Parker missed school a lot too. He had gotten in big trouble close to the beginning of the year for skipping classes. Even so, Parker was insanely smart, and before he got an *incredibly* tech-savvy suit, Spider-Man was known for having made all his own weapons (like his web-shooters), meaning he must be pretty intelligent, so that lined up between the two of them too.

And, to top of the entire thing, people *constantly* talked about how *young* Spider-Man sounded. "Almost like a high-schooler," she thought to herself as a wave of revelation washed over her body.

And then, suddenly, in that exact moment, (Y/n) had no doubt whatsoever in her mind that Peter Parker was, in fact, Spider-Man.

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As the final bell rang through the halls of Midtown, (Y/n) made her way to the school media center. She sat in one of the armchairs in the back corner and went through her work, switching back and forth between homework and her notebook, really doing less of the former than she probably should have, but what are you gonna do?

She glanced through the windows into the hallway, watching the door that she knew the Academic Decathlon team would soon emerge through. Finally, the door opened and people began pouring out. She watched Peter Parker perform some sort of secret handshake with the boy from gym
before they went their separate ways.

(Y/n) quickly gathered up her things, threw her backpack over her shoulders, and left the media center, turning after only a few steps to go outside through the doors that Parker had just used.

He was leaving the school grounds when she got outside, the cold air biting at her nose as she hopped down the steps to follow him. Parker increased his speed a bit, causing (Y/n) to scowl but do the same, keeping behind him a good amount while still having her eye on him the whole time.

Finally, Parker turned abruptly into an alley, which was probably where he was planning on changing. (Y/n) furrowed her eyebrows and felt a frown form on her face. *Of all the alleys you could have chosen...*

(Y/n) flattened herself against the wall and peeked inside of the alleyway. She scanned it and her eyes locked onto the few people emerging from the shadows of the back of the alley. She could basically see the hairs on the back of Parker's neck stand up, and he froze. So that rumor of him having a sixth sense must be true, then.

Parker looked up just as a gruff voice asked, "What're ya' doin' in our alley, kid?"

She felt a chill run down her back, and whether it was from the cold stones she was leaning against, the freezing air, or the scene she was watching unfold, (Y/n) was unsure.

Parker blinked at the group before stammering out, "I-I'm sorry, I didn't, please, I don't want to hurt you-

Yeah, Parker could definitely do some damage to these people, but she really didn't want him to. These people weren't bad, they were just protective of their 'turf,' and, to be perfectly honest, most people, and society in general, had never been the nicest to them.

(Y/n) took a deep breath, steeled her resolve, and stepped into the alley.

"Peter, there you are, I've been looking everywhere for you!" She exclaimed. (Y/n) brought a hand to her chest. "Almost gave me a heart attack, I swear to god."

The group all turned to her abruptly. Parker looked like he was holding back a sigh of annoyance. (Y/n) could have laughed. He was thinking he'd have to save her now too, huh?

We'll see who'll be saving who today, Parker.

The men, on the other hand, all let out sounds similar to growls at her presence.

Then, the man in the front, akin to the leader of the group (his name was Pat), raised his eyebrows, his eyes widening as he asked, "(Y/n)? Kid, is that you?"

Pat, himself, had grown up on the streets, and he had the scars to show it. The most prominent one was right over his left eye, making it so that he looked like and had the backstory for a sort of super-villain. Of course, he wasn't, but it was a bit funny to imagine sometimes. Pat, with his graying-brown hair and ocean blue eyes would be the most non-threatening villain ever if you took away the scar on his face.

His personality wouldn't suit it anyway.

"I think it is," another one (Jacob, if she was remembering correctly) nodded.
"Yeah, it's me," (Y/n) said, giving a weak smile.

A smile made its way onto Pat's face. "Well, hell, kid, what're you doin' here?"

"I was actually just heading back home to study with my friend Peter here, to be perfectly honest," (Y/n) said, gesturing to the teenager watching the exchange with confusion. She hated lying to them, but these people weren't the kind to trust strangers quickly, and this should help. "I have absolutely no idea how he ended up here, in your alley, but he's all good, I promise."

"Oh..." Pat looked even a bit embarrassed as he turned to Parker. "Er, sorry 'bout that, kid. No hard feelings?" Parker shook his head frantically. Pat gave him a toothy grin. "Good."

"Well, this has been fun, but we should probably get going. Got a test on Monday." (Y/n) turned to Parker. "Come on, Peter." She waved him over, and after just a split-second of hesitation, he nodded and moved toward her.

"Hey, kid," Pat called, causing both Parker and (Y/n) to turn to him. He was staring into the eyes of the boy, though, only. "You should stick with (Y/n), you hear me?" Parker didn't speak, so Pat went on. "We all really care about her. She's a real good one, even if she doesn't admit it." he gave a smile to Parker. "Promise."

(Y/n) felt her cheeks heat as Parker nodded slowly. "All right, uh, see you all later," she managed to say, grabbing Parker around the wrist and pulling him out of the alley.

She didn't let him go as she dragged him through the streets of New York, even as he squirmed and tugged a bit to get out of her grip. She smirked just a little bit at these attempts. He must not be used to people rivaling his strength.

Finally, after a few crowded blocks, she pulled him to the side and into an alley that she knew for a fact was safe and clear of people.

As she released him and Parker massaged his wrist, which was probably aching from all the escape attempts he made, (Y/n), at last, turned to him. She almost laughed. Almost...

"Nice alley-picking, Parker," (Y/n) said as she leaned back against the cold stones of the alley's wall.

"What do you..." Parker's words seemed to die in his throat. "What...?"

"I mean, if I were you, I wouldn't want to accidentally pick an occupied alley as where I change. Don't want people finding out your big secret, do you?"

"I don't... what?" He was blinking at her, struggling to understand what she was talking about. That was very evident.

There was a moment in which Peter seemed to attempt to form words, to say something, anything. He was obviously failing miserably.

After a few long seconds, (Y/n) realized that he wasn't going to say anything more, so she reached down, scooped up his bag, and, before he could stop her, or even react, she had opened it, stuck her hand inside, and pulled out his Spider-Man suit from its location under his books.

She wondered if it was simply on instinct that he caught it from the way his jaw dropped and his eyes stared into hers.
(Y/n) couldn't help the smirk that appeared on her lips at his shock, because though she just revealed that she knew his deepest, darkest secret, she couldn't help but admit that the look on his face was actually pretty damn worth it.

Chapter End Notes

Peter: (pretty much yelling) I'M SPIDER-MAN

(Y/n): Oh man, I think he's Spider-man

Peter: Oh no, I don't wanna hurt anyone :( 

(Y/n): Hold my beer

(Y/n): You're Spider-man

Peter: WHAT HOW DID YOU KNOW
Chapter Four

Chapter Summary

In which Peter doesn't know how to talk himself out of situations.

Chapter Notes

These notes are gonna be pretty short for a while as I just work to get this stuff up.

Peter, like most days after school was over, was excited to get on patrol. As he ducked into the alley, though, he couldn't ignore the tingling in the back of his neck, his spider-sense, going crazy. Peter glanced around the alley he was in nervously when suddenly he was surrounded on all sides by people, threatening looks on their faces, as he pressed himself against the wall.

The one that seemed to be their leader spoke, "Hey kid, what you doin' in our alley?"

Of course, the alley he had chosen to change in today happened to be one where a group like this hung out and called their own. Peter knew he was probably going to have to fight his way out of this, but maybe he could talk his way out before having to hurt anybody?

"I-I'm sorry, I didn't, please, I don't want to hurt you-" Peter's nerves got the best of him as he spoke, and he stuttered, faltered in his statement. He was ready to lash out and kick these guys' butts before running off when a new voice suddenly echoed through the alley, coming from the entrance.

"Peter, there you are, I've been looking everywhere for you!" It was the girl who had sat behind him in math, the one who had corrected the teacher. He strolled into the alley as if she owned the place and continued, "Almost gave me a heart attack, I swear to god."

The group all turned to her abruptly. Peter held back a sigh of annoyance. Why did she have to come here? A teenager wanting to be a hero who had no business being one. Peter realized a moment later how hypocritical that sounded. Still, he had to save her now, too.

Peter felt his heart beat a bit faster, though, as the men all let out sounds akin to literal growls at her sudden appearance.

Then, the man in the front, who Peter assumed was the leader raised his eyebrows and widened his eyes. Peter got a real good look at him and felt for a moment that he could be a villain, what with the imposing scar carved into his face. But then Peter saw a strange softness in the man's eyes, something that reminded him of his Uncle Ben, and he banished those previous thoughts from his mind as the man spoke, "(Y/n)? Kid, is that you?"
"I think it is," another man nodded from behind the leader. Peter decided to call leader-guy 'Leader.' A great name.

"Yeah, it's me," the girl ((Y/n)?) said, giving a weak smile and offering a small wave.

There was a beat before, to Peter's utter surprise, a smile made its way onto Leader's face. "Well, hell, kid, what're you doin' here?"

"I was actually just heading back home to study with my friend Peter here, to be perfectly honest," the girl said, gesturing to him as he watched the exchange. Peter could see something in her eyes, whether it was pain or sadness or something he couldn't tell. Maybe she didn't like lying? But then why was she doing it? "I have absolutely no idea how he ended up here, in your alley, but he's all good, I promise." Peter had never even talked to her, how would she know that?

"Oh..." Leader's cheeks tinged with red a bit. Was he really embarrassed? "Er, sorry 'bout that, kid. No hard feelings?" Peter shook his head frantically. He didn't like this situation. He wanted out of it. He felt a chill run down his spine as Leader gave him a wide grin, showing sharp teeth inside of the man's mouth. "Good."

"Well, this has been fun, but we should probably get going. Got a test on Monday." The girl turned to Peter and he nearly started at the way her eyes stared into him. "Come on, Peter." She waved him over, and after just a split-second of hesitation, Peter nodded and went to follow her, deciding that anything was better than where he was at that moment.

"Hey, kid," Leader called, causing both Peter's heart to skip a beat before he turned back around to look at the man. Leader was staring into Peter's eyes only, though, his gaze completely off of the girl beside him. "You should stick with (Y/n), you hear me?" Peter said nothing, and a moment later Leader continued. "We all really care about her. She's a real good one, even if she doesn't admit it." Leader gave Peter a smile, and this time the teen was one-hundred-percent sure it was genuine. "Promise."

Peter nodded slowly to show his understanding of the words and noticed out of the corner of his eye that the girl's cheeks were darkening. "All right, uh, see you all later," she said after a moment, though it sounded a bit strange, before suddenly grabbing Peter around the wrist (making him jump a bit) and pulling him out of the alley.

She refused to release him as she dragged him through the streets, and Peter soon found himself desperately squirming and tugging to get out of her grip. He could see her lip tilt up a bit into a smirk as he attempted to break free. He didn't like that.

Finally, after a few crowded blocks, the girl pulled him into an alley and, at last, released him. Peter rubbed at his wrist. It ached a bit from all the times he had tried (and failed) to escape her grasp. When he looked up at her, she seemed to be holding back a laugh.

"Nice alley-picking, Parker," the girl said as she fell back against the wall, leaning against it for support.

"What do you..." Peter cursed his voice for not working correctly. He cursed his brain for not thinking correctly. "What...?"

"I mean, if I were you, I wouldn't want to accidentally pick an occupied alley as where I change. Don't want people finding out your big secret, do you?"

"I don't... what?" Peter blinked, his mind running a-mile-a-minute as he tried to comprehend
exactly *what the hell she could be talking about*.

Peter tried to find something, *anything*, to say, but not a sound came out. He must look so *stupid* right now.

After a few long seconds, the girl seemed to realize that he wasn't going to say anything else, so she instead elected to reach down to his bag. Peter felt his heart pound and moved to stop her, but it was too late. She had already reached inside, past his books, looking as if she was on a mission.

She clearly was as she pulled out his Spider-Man suit.

The girl tossed it to him lazily and it was probably only because of his spider-sense that he caught it, considering the fact that he wasn't even looking at it.

Then, he watched as her lip wobbled a bit at the edges before it expanded into a wide smirk.

One that made his whole world fall to pieces.

Chapter End Notes

Peter: Yay superhero time
Pat and friends: Yeah, naw
Peter: Oh what ever shall I do
(Y/n): (again) Hold my beer
Peter: Thanks, you can leave now
(Y/n): Oh yeah, you gotta Spider-man and stuff
Peter: oooOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
Chapter Five

Chapter Summary

In which Peter is a dumbass with no sense of self-preservation.

Chapter Notes

And thus begins the chapters that have not been edited from how they were originally posted.

Prepare yourselves.

It's about to get cringy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter was absolutely horrified that this girl knew his secret. He'd never even talked to her, he didn't even know her name, and yet she had found out his greatest secret, one that even some of the closest people to him didn't find out for months.

Peter narrowed his eyes at her. She must have done something. What if she was working for an enemy? She had seemed quite friendly with that gang back in the other alley. Not wanting to take any risks, especially after she knew who she was, Peter suddenly sprung on her, pinning her to the wall with on hand on her shoulder. He knew his grip was strong enough. She was taken aback for a moment before she glared at him.

"Let. Me. Go."

"How do you know who I am?"

"You aren't that good at hiding it, Parker."

"What are you talking about?"

"I heard you talking about it with your friend in gym. I was behind you."

Peter moved his hand off of (Y/n)'s shoulder, his cheeks reddening in embarrassment. "I thought no one could hear us."

(Y/n) knew he was right, of course. No normal person would have been able to hear their conversation.
He didn't need to know that though.

So instead, she just shrugged and said, "You were talking at a pretty loud level, but I was the closest to you two. I'm sure nobody else heard."

"O-Okay. Thanks. You um-" Peter twiddled his thumbs together "-You aren't gonna... tell anyone, are you?"

"I understand your reasons for keeping it a secret. You have friends. Family," (Y/n) nodded, locking his gaze in hers. "I respect your choice to keep your identity a secret, and I'm not going to tell anyone." (Y/n) placed her hand over her heart. "Promise."

"Thanks. I mean it. Thanks a lot."

"No problem, but you should probably go out on patrol now." She began to walk away before turning around and saying, "Make sure not to get paranoid about staying out late or anything tonight. I feel like reminding you now that you've got no homework due tomorrow online, it's all due in two days, on Sunday, or on Monday." At his confused face, she added, "I'm in all the same classes as you are." Peter nodded.

(Y/n) turned again and continued her way out of the alley, leaving the other teenager to change, when she stopped as she heard his voice behind her.

"Wait!" Peter called. "What's your name?"

(Y/n) hesitated for a moment before she turned back and answered, "(Y/n)."

"Nice to meet you (Y/n)."

"... Nice to meet you too, Peter."

She was gone before he could respond.

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If there was one thing that Peter Parker didn't expect to happen today, it was the strange girl who sits behind him in first period finding out he was Spider-man.

If there was one more thing that Peter Parker didn't expect to happen today, it was getting shot in the middle of the night on patrol.

Peter was in one of the less fortunate neighborhoods, one that he actually frequented because of the sheer amount of crime there was, and was just about to head home when he heard a scream. He swung over, saved the girl, and then at approximately 11:37 pm, he was shot in the shoulder. Karen had told him. She had also mentioned that, somehow, the bullet had managed to take down the communication systems, meaning he couldn't call anyone.

Peter webbed up the guy, had the girl he saved call the police, and then got out before anyone else showed up.

He made it two streets over, not even out of the neighborhood, when the pain in his arm became too unbearable, and he collapsed in an alley.
"Karen," he managed out, trying not to groan from the pain. "What do I need to do? To stop the blood?"

"I'd advise a compression web, which will halt the blood flow for a small period of time so medical attention can be sought," Karen responded, her voice as calm as ever.

"Okay then... Karen, compression web." Peter's voice was shaking as the web-shooter combination changed and he aimed it at his wound. He pressed the button on his web-shooter, releasing a burst of web that suddenly put quite a bit of pressure on the area of pain.

"A-All right Karen... what next?" Peter asked.

"I'd advise seeking medical attention as soon as possible. The bullet should be removed quickly, especially since, with your enhanced healing, there is a chance that the skin might heal over the wound before the bullet is removed, which is not advisable."

Peter felt his stomach drop. He knew he wasn't going to be able to get up without help, but with his communications down...

He was mulling over his options when he heard a voice from further down in the alley.

"Parker?"

Peter moved his head from its position on the ground to look over in the direction the voice was coming from. The alley was dark, but Peter's suit gave him night-vision, allowing him to see the features of the person. It was the girl from earlier.

"(Y/n)," he breathed out. "Hey, um..." Peter tried to sit up, attempting not to make sounds of pain at the movements. "What are you doing here?"

(Y/n) didn't answer, instead narrowing her eyes as she spotted the compression web on his shoulder, a small amount of red beginning to soak through it. "You got shot, didn't you?"

"I... um..." Peter lowered his head, having no explanation as his thoughts swirled. "Yes."

(Y/n) sighed and stepped closer to him. She bent down, wrapped her arm around his shoulders, and pulled him up into a standing position. Peter groaned at the movement, but did his best not to resist.

"Come on Spider-man, let's get you somewhere safe..."

She helped him walk, holding him up, as they walked down the alley. When they reached the end of it, (Y/n) yanked down a ladder and Peter gathered enough strength to climb up after her. She helped him up the rest of the stairs until they got to the top floor, probably only the fifth floor in total, before she pulled him through an open window, shutting it as soon as they were both inside.

"Let's get you on the couch, Parker."

(Y/n) led Peter through the dark room before stopping and gently pushing him onto a cushioned seat. Peter relaxed as he felt the soft seat.

However, Peter wasn't prepared for (Y/n) to address another person other than him. And he was even less prepared when a disembodied voice responded.

"ALICE? What do I need to do to help Peter with his gunshot wound?"
"My scanners are not able to sense the location of the wound, but Mr. Parker should start by getting into a horizontal position to allow you to operate on him."

"Okay, Peter," (Y/n) flicked on a light and directed her attention to the shocked boy on the couch. "Lay down, you heard her." (Y/n) glanced up at the ceiling before speaking again, this time not to Peter. "The wound is on his right shoulder. Peter's put a compression web on it to stem the bleeding for now."

"I'd advise removing the compression web and retrieving tweezers to extract the bullet."

"Okay."

(Y/n) walked down a small hallway before turning into one of the rooms. Peter looked around him before he spoke. "Um, hello?"

"Hello Mr. Parker," the female voice responded.

"Who are you?"

"My name is ALICE."

"I'm guessing you're an AI?"

"Yes, you would be correct Mr. Parker."


"I am aware that FRIDAY is the AI belonging to Anthony Stark. However, I am not sure who Karen is. Could you please enlighten me?"

"Yeah sure," Peter said. "Karen's my AI. She's in my suit."

"Ah, I see. Thank you." Peter was surprised that ALICE sounded so... human.

"ALICE? Does your name stand for anything."

"Yes, it does. Would you like to know?" ALICE asked.

"Yes, please."

"ARTIFICIAL and LOGICAL INTELLIGENCE with COMPREHENSION and EFFICIENCY," she responded quickly.

"Oh, cool."

(Y/n) suddenly appeared back in the hallway after Peter's last words, holding an entire box full of all sorts of things.

"Okay," she said as she set the box down on the dining table against the opposite wall. "I've got the first aid bin. Tweezers you said?"

"Yes, tweezers should be used to extract the bullet. After that, use a bandage to wrap the wound and stem the bleeding so Mr. Parker's enhanced healing can at least start the healing process. After that, however, I'd advise contacting someone who can assist Mr. Parker. Viable options include a close family member or guardian of Mr. Parker, or Anthony Stark," ALICE explained.
"All-righty." (Y/n) approached the boy with her small tool in hand. "Peter, do you need any painkillers? Will normal painkillers even work for you?"

"No, but I'll be fine," Peter responded. "Let's just get it over with."

Chapter End Notes

Peter: *attacks girl* How did you kow I was Spider-man
(Y/n): You've gotta a big mouth
Peter: I've been shot, all powerful A.I.
Karen: Sorry bro, can't help ya
(Y/n): Seriously
ALICE: What up
Peter: Whoa, an A.I. not made by Tony Stark
Chapter Six

Chapter Summary

In which May is concerned for her nephew but apparently not enough to actually go to help him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Um, ALICE?"

"Yes, (Y/n)?"

"How do I do this?"

(Y/)'s voice was strained and her eyes looked panicked as they observed Peter's wound. He tried not to look, turning his head so he didn't have to see his blood covering the girl's fingers as she peeled off the compression web.

"Use the clamps in the first aid bin to hold the wound open and then use the tweezers to extract the bullet from Mr. Parker's shoulder. After that task is completed, wrap the open wound in a bandage and use a web from Mr. Parker's web-shooters to stick it on," ALICE responded, her voice as calm as ever, though an edge of... nervousness?... could be heard in her tone.

"Okay, I've got this, I've got this," (Y/n) muttered to herself as she grabbed the clamps from the bin and moved back towards Peter. Peter held his breath as she approached and used the tool to pull open his wound more.

Peter had to admit, it wasn't the most pleasant feeling in the world, but he did go and get himself shot, and he survived that, so he better be fine with this. He tried to ignore the weird sensation as the girl beside him inserted the tweezers carefully into his shoulder and slowly extracted the bullet.

He heard a small clanking sound as she dropped it into a little metal tin before shuffling over to the bin overflowing with stuff, where she pulled out a long piece of fabric and a few strips of white cloth-like pads.

She quickly made her way back to Peter where she placed the pads down before wrapping his wound in the fabric, stopping the blood flow for now.

"Can I see one of your web-shooters. It's on an angle that you won't be able to get yourself," she said, snapping Peter out of his daze as he nodded before fumbling to take off one of the weapons before realizing that they were in the suit itself.

"They, um, they're connected to the suit."

(Y/n) sighed. "Of course they are. Okay, well, do you know the formula for it?"

"Yeah, I made it myself. Memorized it, know it by heart. Why?"
"What is it?"

"What?" Peter sat up quickly. "Why would I tell you that? I don't--What if you're a super-villain who's gonna use it to do bad things, I-"

"Peter, I literally just saved you, and I've got no use for your webs." She had a hand on her hip and narrowed her eyes at the boy before her. "But if you really want me to just use some duct tape, I will. It's just that the webs would hold it in place better."

"Okay, yeah, duct tape sounds good," Peter said in a meek voice. He tried to avoid eye-contact with the other teen while she stared at him, still, for a few lengthy moments, before she released a "Whatever," and grabbed the first aid bin, walking back down the hallway, into a room, and emerging a few seconds later with a roll of black duct tape around her wrist.

"Turn around, Peter," she said as she approached, already ripping a piece of tape off of the roll. Peter stood and did as he was told, trying to stay still as he felt her push against the backside of his wound to tape the bandage in place. "If you can't fix it with duct tape, you're not using enough duct tape," she muttered.

"All right then, you've gotta give me a number."

"What?"

"I'm assuming your communications are offline because if they weren't, you would have called someone instead of choosing to bleed out in an alley instead, and you would have resisted my help because someone was already coming to pick you up. So that leaves us here. Give me a number to call because someone needs to pick you up and take you somewhere to get that properly treated." Peter opened his mouth to argue but she raised a finger to shut him up. "Ah ah ah, no, you are not swinging around New York to get somewhere, not with that arm. That is a temporary fix, not a permanent one. You need to get proper medical attention before you go and swing around the city again. Now-" (Y/n) took out her phone and opened a strange app that Peter had never seen before, and handed him the phone. It was on a keypad. "-Type in the number of your aunt, that's who you live with, right? Yeah, I think so. Anyways, type in her number so I can explain where you are. You are not doing the talking unless I say so, because I know what you are going to say, but no, you are not perfectly fine."

Peter stared at her for a moment, his eyes widened slightly, before turning back to the app and typing in May's number hesitantly on the keypad. He jumped a little bit when the ringing came through the ceiling. It rung a few times before different noises filled the room, and the recognizable voice of May Parker came through.

"Hello? Who is this?"

"Hi there, is this May Parker?" (Y/n) asked.

"Yes, this is. Who is this again?" May asked, her voice coming out of the hidden speakers that must have been throughout the room, as Peter realized that the app must have been a way that (Y/n) controlled ALICE.

"My name is (Y/n), I'm a... friend of your nephew, Peter."

"Okay, why are you calling me?"

"Well, you see miss, I know about Peter's secret." There was a sharp intake of breath from the other side of the line, but when May didn't speak, (Y/n) continued. "I was... heading home when I
found him in an alleyway with a bullet in his shoulder." May gasped and interrupted the teenage girl.

"Is he alright? What happened, can I talk to him?"

"He's fine, Miss. I brought him back to my apartment. My... guardians... aren't home... so his secret is safe. I was able to get the bullet out, but he needs to get the wound treated properly, and I am simply calling you to inform you that it is probable that Peter is not home tonight, but that he is completely fine, and is simply out getting proper medical attention."

"O-Okay, could I, um, talk to him please?"

"Sure, but if you can try, not for that long. We do need to get his wound treated soon." (Y/n) turned to Peter and gave him a small nod of her head as Aunt May responded.

"Of course."

There was a moment of silence before Peter took a shaky breath in and spoke, "Aunt May?"

May suddenly breathed a sigh of relief before gasping, "Oh, Peter, baby, are you alright?"

"Yeah, May, I'm fine, I'm just at (Y/n)'s place. She fixed me up for now, and after this, we're gonna call someone to come pick me up and help me get it really treated correctly."

"Alright, sweetie, if you're okay, I believe you, as long as this friend of yours says it too."

"He's fine," (Y/n) interjected, "For now, he's in no danger of bleeding out."

"Alright then." May took in a sudden breath and exhaled before she continued. "Against my better judgment, I am going to trust that you have this handled. But Peter, as soon as you get access to a phone again and you are all good, you call me and let me know because if I don't hear from you or anyone else within a few hours, I am going to be making a few phone calls myself."

"Of course, May, I've gotcha."

"Okay, I'll see you in a few days, sweetheart."

Peter flushed at the name but nodded, even if she couldn't see it, before he responded, "Night May."

"Goodnight Peter. Oh, and, (Y/n), was it?"

"Yes, Ma'am?"

"Thank you for taking care of my boy."

(Y/n) was silent for a moment before she spoke again. "Any time."

The line went silent as May hung up the call.

There was a moment of quiet as (Y/n) stared into nothing, a few feet in front of her, her eyes empty as she was lost in thought. Peter observed her for a moment before she suddenly unlocked her junky phone and passed it to him, the app from before opening on the keypad.

"Now, Peter, call someone who can help."
(Y/n): let's do this!

Also (Y/n): I have no idea what i'm doing

Peter: May, i've been shot!

May: Oh, okay
Chapter Seven

Chapter Summary

In which Peter calls someone who can help and (Y/n) meets her idol who can't bother to remember her name.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter thought for a moment and was about to enter in Happy's number when he realized that Happy was not likely to answer any sort of call from someone he didn't know. Mr. Stark, on the other hand, gave very few people his personal number, making him much more likely to answer from his intense curiosity. Peter bit the inside of his cheek before typing in the number that he had committed to memory. The speakers around the room rang with the normal sound for a phone call before it ceased suddenly and a voice rang out.

"Hello?"

(Y/n) whipped around to look at Peter, who mouthed Mr. Stark to her. Her eyes widened a bit but she nodded and spoke up.

"Hello, uh, Tony Stark?"

"Who is this and how do you have this number?" Mr. Stark cut right to the chase.

"My name is (Y/n), I'm a friend of Peter Parker's. I'm calling you about him."

"That didn't fully answer my question."

"He typed in the number himself," (Y/n) responded coolly.

Peter saw this as a great time to speak up. "Hey, Mr. Stark!"

"Oh, hey kid. Wait a minute, aren't you supposed to be out on patrolloolllll for companies we could get those new metals from..." Tony's words seemed to die with his story.

"Mr. Stark, please, I already figured out that Peter is Spider-man, you can drop the act," (Y/n) sighed.

"Oh thank- Wait..." He dragged out the word before suddenly asking, "How did you find out?"

"Peter and Ned aren't exactly the quietest when it comes to talking about Peter's superheroing in school."

"You better work on that kid," Tony said, this time directing his words at Peter.

"Oh-Oh yeah, of course Mr. Stark! Got it!" Peter was positive that his voice had jumped a few octaves as he spoke, and was grateful when Mr. Stark didn't comment on it.

"Anyway, I actually had Peter put your number in for me so I could talk to you about something
regarding Peter's superhero escapades," (Y/n) cut in, putting the subject back on track.

"What about it?" Mr. Stark's voice had a strange edge to it as he spoke.

"Well, I need you to come pick Peter up from my apartment, and no, my guardians are not home, but your presence is needed because the genius Mr. Parker here went and got himself shot while on patrol." You could almost hear the eye roll in her voice as she spoke.

"What? Peter, you got shot?!" Tony was shocked, and sounded a bit angry. "Why didn't the suit contact me?"

"The bullet hit something or, like, had something in it, I don't know, but it downed communications so I couldn't contact anyone. I was really lucky when (Y/n) found me," Peter explained, glancing sideways to the girl next to him, who didn't see his gaze before he moved back to looking anywhere else in the room but at her.

"Okay, okay, what happened after that?" Tony sighed.

"Alright, I found Peter and brought him back to my apartment and was able to get the bullet out of his shoulder (which was actually pretty hard to do and I am quite proud of myself for being able to do it so well but that doesn't matter) and then I stemmed the bleeding for now with a bandage and some duct tape. We called his aunt and explained to her what happened and now we are calling you to come pick him up because the wound does need professional medical attention, preferably from a doctor who normally deals with people with extra abilities," (Y/n) elaborated.

The older man on the line made a strange noise between a sigh and a groan before he spoke again. "Kid, you're lucky I'm in the city for a conference Pepper made me go to. We're just out eating right now, but we'll be there within fifteen-twenty minutes as soon as the girl I'm apparently also talking to gives me her address."

(Y/n) was visibly biting her tongue to keep quiet before she spoke again. "I'll text it to you, Mr. Stark, goodbye." Before Tony could protest, she said in a quieter voice, "ALICE, disconnect the call and send him the address."

They heard the line go dead.

After a moment of silence, Peter's voice broke through the small apartment.

"Why did you do that?"

(Y/n) turned back to look at him, her brow furrowing in confusion. "Do what?"

"Just... hang up on him like that. Why did you do it?"

(Y/n) gazed at Peter for a moment before she turned around and began to fiddle with a few things on a nearby table. If it wasn't for Peter's super-hearing, he probably wouldn't have even heard her answer, which was clearly much more directed towards herself than him, when she muttered, "He didn't... remember... name..." She continued to speak to herself, but even with his enhanced hearing, Peter couldn't understand, as she seemed to actually only be saying a few real words, the rest of the sounds being just angry mutters, making it so he could only really hear her say the words, "Can't believe... idol... expected... keep cool..." He could understand what she was trying to get across, but the curious part of him wished to hear it all. He pushed that down. Asking that of her would be rude.

She turned back towards Peter abruptly and asked, "You wanna listen to some music?"
Peter shrugged. He could use something to focus on other than this strange classmate of his. "Sure. What d'you got?"

She locked eyes with him, her voice serious as she responded, "Hamilton."

Peter studied her for a moment and was about to agree when he stopped himself, wanting to see what she else she had to listen to, hoping to possibly get more insight into her personality via her music choices. "Anything else?"

Her eyes narrowed by a fraction of an inch as she responded, "Just Hamilton."

"I'm past patiently waitin', I'm passionately smashin' every expectation, every action's an act of creation-"

Peter was singing along to the song and moving to the beat from his seat on the couch while (Y/n) simply moved her mouth to the words, bobbing her head until there was a knock at the door.

"I've got it," the girl said, swinging her legs over and hopping off of her perch on the armrest of the couch. "ALICE, turn the volume down to ten please."

"Already done."

The sound coming from the speakers lowered and Peter turned to look at (Y/n), shifting his gaze from the Hamilton Animatic playing on the scrappy little television to look at the other teenager.

"We can pause it if you want-"

"No," (Y/n) waved her hand at him before she continued, "Go ahead and keep watching, I'll literally be right here."

"Okay." Peter turned his attention back to the screen, which continued playing the video and, though it wasn't the best quality, it was still nice that (Y/n) had been able to get the YouTube video on the screen.

(Y/n) continued her way to the door, humming along to the tune that was still quietly flowing from the speakers until she reached for the handle and turned it, pulling the door open and revealing who was behind it.

(Y/n) was a bit surprised, to be honest, when her eyes made connection with the older man's. She knew, of course, that he was coming, but she didn't expect him to personally come up to her apartment.

"Mr. Stark," she nodded, keeping her tone as calm as possible, trying to ignore the inner scientist and engineer within her going crazy. She closed her hand into a fist, trying to prevent any accidental outbursts from occurring, because Lord knows what could happen when her emotions get riled up...

For a billionaire with his kind of reputation, Tony looked quite uncomfortable as he replied, "Um, girl?"
(Y/n) held back a sigh, but she felt her heart drop as she was reminded of how he couldn't remember her name earlier. "(Y/n), sir, my name is (Y/n)."

Tony nodded before clearing his throat and speaking again, "Is Peter in there?"

(Y/n) nodded. "Yes, we were simply listening to Hamilton while we waited for you to come. Come on in, if you want." (Y/n) opened the door more, allowing the older man to at least step out of the hallway of the top floor of her apartment building to lean against the door once it had closed behind him.

Tony scanned the room, his nose seeming to wrinkle at the bare, boring surroundings, before he quickly located Peter. As soon as he did, a small, easygoing smile draped over his features. "Hey kid, how ya' doing?"

Peter, who had been so engrossed in the Animatic that was playing that he hadn't even noticed his mentor, turned his head toward the voice and allowed his face to light up in a sheepish grin. "Hey Mr. Stark," Peter said, waving with his good arm. "I'm doin' good, well, as good as I can be." Peter adjusted his answer at (Y/n)'s glare that she shot him. "(Y/n) was a big help, she saved me, I think, from bleeding out and stuff."

Tony simply nodded in acknowledgement at the girl before he gestured to the teenage boy on the couch. "Come on, Spidey, we've got Happy waiting outside in the car, and you know how he can be."

Peter's face fell a tiny bit as he glanced to the unfinished video still playing on the television before he sighed and stood up, careful not to damage his wound any more. He began to make his way over to Tony, who had his hand on the doorknob, when (Y/n) spoke up, "I wouldn't advise going that way."

They both turned to him, and Tony released a confused, "What?"

"You heard me. Peter's in his Spider-man getup, but he can't put his mask on because it'll suck the suit in more and cause damage to the wound, and the people around here would be very curious as to why Tony Stark, Iron Man, is leading an injured kid wearing a costume through an old building in a neighborhood known for crime. People could easily put two and two together, whip out a camera or their phone and, boom, secret identity goes out the window," the girl explained.

"Well then, what do you advise we do, if you're so smart?" Tony asked, leaning against the wall again and crossing his arms like a child.

"Get out the same way Peter and I came in," she said, a grin beginning to appear. "The window."

Tony observed her for a moment before striding across the room and looking out the window and downwards. He seemed to be a bit more reassured when he noticed the stairs, the ladders, the platforms, that littered the side of the building. At least she wasn't expecting them to scale the building because, while Peter could probably do it, even with his injury, he most definitely would not be able to do it while carrying Tony as well. The man crinkled his nose at the thought.

Tony turned his attention back to the two teenagers near the door. "Alright kid, you got everything?" He asked, directing his gaze to Peter.

"Yes, yeah, yeah, I've got- I'm good," Peter scrambled to find the right words before he just decided it would be better to close his mouth.

Tony raised an eyebrow. "Where's your mask?"
"Oh, that's on me," (Y/n) spoke up, raising her hand. "I took it into the bathroom to try and clean some of the blood off of it. I'll just... go grab it. Might take me a minute though, I've gotta make sure it's all good." There was an awkward silence that settled over the group before the girl walked down the small hallway and turned into what Peter now knew to be the bathroom. When they heard the door squeak and close behind her, Peter suddenly turned to his mentor, a gleam in his eye and a grin on his face.

"I know that look," Tony said. "I don't like that look. You have something you want to beg me for and you're ready to pull out the big guns, meaning that it can't be anything good." As he spoke, the older man internally began to try and prepare himself for whatever tricks the teen might have up his sleeve, and even -god forbid- the puppy-dog eyes.

"Can (Y/n) come back to the compound with us?"

Okay, Tony hadn't known what to expect when the kid spoke, but that was definitely not it. "What?" He asked, in a slight daze.

"You heard me, Mr. Stark! Can (Y/n) come back to the compound with us? Tomorrow's Saturday and I'm staying at the compound for the weekend because of Aunt May's work trip, so (Y/n) could come and help me with some science stuff!"

Tony sighed. "Peter, I don't think that that's a good idea."

Peter's face fell from its grin into a calculating gaze, Peter seemingly thinking as to what Tony could be implying. "What do you mean you don't think it's a good idea?"

"Well, I just don't think that-"

"So what? (Y/n) already knows that I'm Spider-man and she saved my life! She's trustworthy!"

Tony raised an eyebrow and smirked before saying, "Pete, that's not what I was going to say."

Peter flushed. "Oh."

Tony chuckled before speaking once more. "But I understand your reasoning. She knows you're Spider-man and she saved your life still, so I do believe that she is probably pretty trustworthy, though you can never be too careful. She can come, if she agrees, and I was just going to say that I don't know if having her work with you on your projects is the best idea. You know that you're on a whole 'nother level compared to everyone else in your school, she probably won't be able to keep up."

Peter scrunched up his eyebrows and opened his mouth to argue with what his mentor had said, but was cut off by a female voice cutting through the room.

"Sorry I took so long!" (Y/n) exclaimed as she quickly made her way back into the main room, Peter's mask in hand. "One of the spots was being very stubborn, but here you are-" She handed Peter his mask with a smile "-good as new!"

"Thanks (Y/n)," Peter smiled, before remembrance flashed across his face and he continued. "Oh yeah! Do you wanna come back to the compound with us?"

(Y/n)'s brain seemed to fizz out for a moment. "What?"

"Well, I'm staying for the weekend because my aunt's off on a trip, and since you, uh, saved me, and you're really smart, and you're like, really cool too, and you could stay the night or something"
and we could work on some projects in the lab tomorrow together and I just thought it would be really fun?" Peter seemed to get more and more unsure as he went, ending his sentence more like a question than a statement.

"Really? Mr. Stark's okay with that? 'Cause I've got a bag for quick travel all ready, I need to check my schedule but that's it, and that sounds really cool and stuff, but I wouldn't want to get my hopes up if it's not okay with the host," (Y/n) rambled before ending with an awkward gesture at Tony, who gave something between a shrug and a nod.

At (Y/n)'s questioning gaze, Peter leaned over and whispered, "That's a yes." At his words, the girl's eyes seemed to light up.

"How long will it take to check that schedule of yours?" Tony spoke up, directing the teenagers' attention back on him. "Because we really should get that bullet hole in Peter checked out soon."

"Um, not that long, just give me, like, one second." Tony raised an eyebrow as (Y/n) turned her gaze towards the ceiling and called out, "ALICE? Could you check my schedule for tomorrow, please?"

The billionaire in the room seemed more than a bit surprised when a disembodied voice responded, "It's my pleasure to do so, (Y/n)." There was a moment of quiet before ALICE continued. "It appears that your schedule for both Saturday and Sunday is completely clear."

(Y/n) eyebrows scrunched together at the A.I.'s words. "Sunday too? What about lunch with the triplets?"

"Jack dropped by earlier in the afternoon while you were out, and decided to leave a message. Would you like me to replay it?"

"Is it long?"

"The message is about twenty seconds in length, Mr. Stark does not need to worry about it taking to long." Peter glanced at Tony, expecting the man to cross his arms and huff, but he seemed to be totally engrossed in the conversation between (Y/n) and ALICE. His super-hearing was able to pick up on Tony vaguely muttering, "So human..." to himself.

"Thanks ALICE. Alrighty then, could you play the message back for me?"

"Of course I can."

A moment later, a small crackle was heard, informing the three people that the recording had started.

ALICE's voice spoke again, "Message recording beginning now."

A new voice filled the room, this one more distant and echoed, the person who owned it clearly being human standing in a quiet, empty room. "Now, as in, now now? Oh, okay then." The voice, belonging to a man, obviously, cleared his throat before speaking again. "Hey, (Y/n), it's me, Jack, as in, Jack from the Triplets. I just swang by to tell you that we can't make lunch on Sunday, sorry. Zack's got a nasty cold, Mack's taking care of him, and I've finally gotten a job interview, so wish me luck! Tha's all, sorry again kiddo, see ya' soon. Um, end message?"

The recording cut off with another crackling sound.

Peter's super-hearing once again caught up on (Y/n) quiet, "Good for you, Jack. Go get 'em..." Her
words were definitely addressed at the person who had been in the message instead of the other two people in the room.

"Thank you ALICE. Do you know where my travel bag is?"

"It is in the back of the hallway closet, on the second shelf, don't you remember? You placed it there precisely two months and."

"Yeah, it's okay, you don't need to list off all the details, I just needed to know where the bag was, thanks though," (Y/n) spoke to her creation as she moved across the room and back down the hallway. There was the squeaking of another door, the sound of rustling through... something... and then the door squeak again. A moment later, (Y/n) appeared once again, a decently-sized backpack with her. Unlike the majority of the things the girl seemed to own, this one seemed to be the least worn down, maybe even new.

"Alright then, let's go," (Y/n) grinned as she grabbed her school backpack off of the couch, swinging it over her shoulder and throwing the travel bag over the other. She turned to the ceiling and said, "ALICE, shut down all systems, locked with my voice code, and leave only the message system running. Complete this action in five minutes, and ensure that before you do so, you lock the window behind us. Transfer primary functions to CONTAINER 4, TRAVEL BAG."

"Of course (Y/n)."

There were three beeps that rang through the apartment as (Y/n) locked the door and turned off the lights. The television turned off on the second beep, and by the third, the teenage girl had returned to the window, opening it and climbing out onto the platform outside. Peter followed after her, followed by Tony. (Y/n) closed the window behind her, and a moment later, a click was heard, locking the window closed.

"Over there," (Y/n) pointed, her finger landing on the flight of stairs. Tony, who was closest, strode over and began to descend them. Peter went next, (Y/n), being the farthest from the stairs, went last, following behind Peter as they made their way down.

After two flight of stairs, the stairs turned into ladders. They made their way down one ladder, but the last one wasn't touching the ground.

"Alrighty then," (Y/n) said to herself as she made her way towards the ladder. She pulled two latches on each side before grabbing the top rung and pushing it down. It slid down until the bottom hit the ground with a crash. She turned to her two companions and gestured towards the ladder. "Go on, then."

Tony glanced at her before he climbed down the ladder. Peter went next, and both looked back up at the girl, waiting for her to come too, but she didn't. She instead pulled up the ladder again and locked it back into place before switching directions and leaping over the railing of the platform, onto the closed dumpster, which she slid off of gracefully onto the ground, not exactly sticking the landing perfectly as she bent her legs strangely with each landing, though Peter knew from experience that it was probably better that way.

She glanced back up at the platform, then the dumpster, before saying, "That was probably the most graceful I've ever done that. Most of the time, I don't even land on my feet." She turned to the other two that both seemed to slightly be gaping at her. "Alley exit's behind you. Let's go."

Tony turned towards the street and began to walk, Peter slowing a bit so (Y/n), who was farther behind, could catch up, before he went back to full speed, his new friend behind him. As the three
turned onto the sidewalk, the streetlamp on the corner that very dimly lit the road allowed them to see the large, black car that had rolled up in front of the apartment building. It clearly didn't belong in the neighborhood, the shiny black coat and overall wealth that emanated off the car clashing with the obvious rust on the dumpy pick-up truck parked just a few yards away.

Tony walked up to the car and opened the passenger side door, in the front of the vehicle. Peter, who reached the car next, opened the door to the back, sliding in and then gesturing for (Y/n) to follow. The girl hesitated for a moment before she moved forward and sat next to Peter, closing the door behind her.

Chapter End Notes

Tony: who are you child
(Y/n): yes
Tony: give me my spidey
ALICE: What up
Tony: :O
Peter: sleepover!
Everyone: *climbs out window*
Chapter Eight

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) marvels about architecture and meets another one of her idols who happens to be a bit more friendly than the first one had initially been.

Chapter Notes

There are so many spelling mistakes in this.

*shudders*

I'm just gonna keep posting and fix it when I get to rewriting this one.

Let's keep going.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Who is this?"

(Y/n)'s head shot up at the voice that came from the front of the car.

"Oh, this is (Y/n), my new friend! She, uh, saved my life today after I got shot. (Y/n)-" Peter turned to the confused girl "-this is Happy Hogan, he's Mr. Stark's head of security, but he's also, like, a driver and a bodyguard and-"

"I understand, Peter, thank you, but let's change the topic. Mr. Hogan doesn't look very happy that we're talking about this."

Peter glances at Happy's eyes in the small mirror at the front. "Yeah, okay." He leaned over closer to the girl beside him and whispered, "I think he likes you." He moved back into his seat again and turned back to (Y/n). "What do you wanna talk about?" He flushed a bit at the awkward phrasing he had chosen to use, but kept his gaze steady nonetheless.

"When in doubt, talk about Hamilton," she said immediately.

Tony groaned as soon as the name passed her lips while Peter's face erupted in a grin that turned into a laugh from his mentor's reaction.

"Not that stupid musical again! I hear Spidey-boy talk about it enough as it is!" He complained before turning to Peter himself. "Seems you've found your people, Parker."

Peter continued to snicker for a few moments before he turned to (Y/n).

"So, Hamilton?"

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(Y/n) ended up surprising herself by actually *enjoying* the ride to the compound.

"Mr. Stark?"

"Yeah Pete?"

"You never told me what happened to the Tower after the Vulture incident?"

"Oh yeah, the ol' Tower. Well, Pepper and I ended up deciding that it was best to *not* sell it in the end."

(Y/n) furrowed her eyebrows in confusion at the man's words. "I thought everything was being moved to the compound upstate, though."

Tony nodded. "Yeah, we decided that having the central location of the Tower in New York City would be good for the Avengers, for S.I., and for just everything as a whole. It's not really named Avengers Tower or Stark Tower or anything right now, we kinda just call it the Tower. Anyway, for whenever we aren't at the compound, we'll probably be at the Tower. Honestly, we'll probably be at the Tower *more often* than the compound. The Tower's getting all redone inside, but it should be done in like a month. That's probably when we'll start using it again."

(Y/n) nodded. "That's... a really smart choice, actually."

Tony smirked. "I'm flattered."

There was a voice that suddenly rang out from the front of the car. "About five minutes out, sir."

"Thanks Hap'!" Tony responded, louder than necessary. The nickname elicited a groan from the driver but no further dialogue.

"You two seem to just really love annoying Mr. Hogan," (Y/n) said, pointing at the boy sitting next to her and the billionaire in the seat in front of them who was watching the back seat with the mirror.

"Eh, he knows he likes it," Tony chuckled as he patted the other man on the shoulder.

"And I'm not even *trying* to annoy Happy!" Peter exclaimed from beside (Y/n), raising his hands in an attempt to portray innocence.

"You're not good at it, kid," Tony snorted out at Peter's words.

(Y/n) huffed and crossed her arms. "Peter... I can't blame Peter if he's not trying to... But Mr. Stark? You could let up on him a little bit maybe?"

Tony shrugged. "No promises kid."

(Y/n) scoffed and rolled her eyes.

There was a silence in the car filled only by the sound of the tires driving over the smooth, newly paved roads that wound around the compound they were pulling into. Finally, there were a few words that came from Happy that made grins erupt on Peter and Tony's faces as well as a small blush on (Y/n). "I like this one, Tony. Keep her."

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Tony watched with amusement as they finally pulled up in front of the main building of the
Avengers Compound and stepped out of the car. His gaze was moved only slightly to the side allowing himself to watch Peter as the boy waited excitedly for his friend's reaction to the impressive building.

"Well? What do you think?" Peter seemed to not be able to contain himself anymore as he asked the question.

There was a small pause as (Y/n) gazed slowly around at their surroundings before she suddenly spun and grabbed her friend by the shoulders, a gleam in her eye, as she exclaimed, "What do I think? What do I think? I think that this might just be one of the most amazing pieces of architecture used for these types of purposes that I've ever laid eyes on!"

Peter watched, confused, as Tony snorted. He had expected a few things about superheroes or the training building or something like that, but instead the girl gets excited by the architecture. Tony shook his head in amusement. Peter really had found another nerd on his level.

(Y/n), clearly not noticing the other two and their reactions towards her, continued on with her rambling. "I mean, I haven't ever been outside of the city, but when you live in NYC you're still gonna see some cool-looking buildings and stuff, but, like, that's all skyscrapers and stuff like that, this one is so... so... unique? I can't think off the right words to describe it, sorry, but I mean... for the kinda stuff it's gonna be used for and all that, I think it's rather... well... impressive! Though, judging by who it was built for and who it was built by, I guess that's kinda a given." She turned to Tony suddenly. "Do you live here too?" Her eyes were twinkling with excitement as she spoke.

"Yeah," Tony shrugged. "Well, technically, here and at the Tower in the city, but I stay at the compound more often. We have all the living quarters in there-" Tony pointed to a building nearby "-Main stuff and press in here-" He gestured to the largest building in front of them "-And the rest as well as all the stuff underground in for Avengers things."

(Y/n) grinned brightly. "This is the coolest place I've ever been."

Tony chuckled. "Yeah, we get that a lot. Come on in now, we've gotta pick up Pepper."

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Pepper Potts was prepared for a lot of things. It was in the job description, after all. Running S.I. and being in a relationship with Tony Stark himself made being prepared a given.

Even so, she wasn't as prepared as she should have been when Tony dragged in a kid to fight in a Civil War between the Avengers, and she was even less so when the same kid saved their plane from being stolen and ended up showing up every week to work with Tony in his lab.

Still, Pepper loved Peter. It was difficult not to. The kid was just so... lovable! She enjoyed when he would talk to her during his visits, though he spent a lot of time working with Tony, which made it so she didn't see him as often as she would like to. However, even if she saw Peter as a goofy, lovable teen, she also held a lot of respect for him as well. Even if Peter was reckless and didn't pay attention to a single protective order Tony gave him, he still turned down being an Avenger (even though he thought it was a test), and Pepper respected for it.

So now, with Peter in her life as well, she had expanded her horizons even further when it came to expecting the unexpected.

Pepper smiled at the thought of the teenager that was visiting for the weekend a she sat at her desk in the Avengers Compound's Main Building, finishing up a few more papers before she called it a
night. Technically though, she'd be finished whenever Tony and Peter showed up at her office to grab her. She knew the living quarters were only a few hundred yards away, but it was much more fun to walk with two of her favorite people in the world rather than on her own.

Pepper Potts was trained, and had learned herself, firsthand, to always be prepared, to expect the unexpected. However, no matter what she had done to prepare for every possible and impossible situation to arise, she was not ready for when Tony and Peter walked into her office, Peter still in his suit with a gross, messy bandage tied around his arm. She was even less prepared for when the third member of the boys' party walked in last.

"Tony? What's going on? Who is this?" Pepper asked her questions as she did when she needed her love to know she was serious, a clip in her voice as she stared down her fiancé.

Tony flinched under her gaze, but answered nonetheless, "I believe our friendly neighborhood Spider-kid would be better at telling that story." He waved his hands wildly in Peter's direction, pushing the focus onto the teenager who stood there.

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"Um, yeah, okay, yeah, I got it, I got it..." Peter seemed to have his thoughts, (Y/n) could see it clear as day. As he began to ramble, the girl studied him carefully. "Okay, so I was on patrol, right? And I didn't know that these guys had a gun, and they shot me here-" Peter gestured sloppily at the bandage that had red seeping through it. Pepper took in a quick breath but managed to keep calm enough to hear the story continue "-but don't worry! I stopped them and saved the girl! But then I had trouble swinging and fell into an alley and then (Y/n) found me and... I don't really remember what happened after that. The earliest thing I've got after that is probably calling May. She was... not happy." Peter laughed, even if it wasn't funny.

Pepper Potts seemed to be gathering her thoughts as (Y/n)'s eyes narrowed at her vigilante friend for a moment before she turned to Tony and spoke. "Mr. Stark? You need to get Peter to whatever medical place you have here."

"Why?" Tony asked. "I know he needs to go, but he seems fine now."

(Y/n) shook her head frantically. "He lost too much blood initially, he's steadily losing more and more now because the bandage is being soaked, and it was not a very efficient cleaning job done on the wound before it was wrapped up, so he needs to get it properly checked out and treated soon so it doesn't get infected."

"Alright, I'll take him. Um, Pep-" The billionaire turned to the love of his life "-(Y/n) here is staying the weekend to hang out with Peter, I'm sure you can find a place for her to sleep. I guess you two can head over to home, we'll be there later." He nodded to himself and Peter before he took the boy by the shoulder and led him out of the office.

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Pepper turned to the girl that stood awkwardly in her office after her two companions had left.

"So, you're (Y/n), I assume?"

The girl turned to the woman and nodded slowly. "Yes, I'm (Y/n). It's truly amazing to meet you, Miss Potts."

Pepper smiled lightly, removing a bit of tension from the room. "Lovely to meet you too, (Y/n)." Pepper gathered up the remaining papers on her pristine desk and slid them into a folder that then
went into her bag. "Now," She spoke as she closed the bag and picked it up, "we should probably head out now. I wouldn't want to be back after Tony and Peter. I'd never hear the end of it."

(Y/n) nodded as Pepper rounded her desk and left the room. As (Y/n) exited behind her and closed the door, it locked with an audible click.

"So," Pepper began as the two made their way to the elevator, "Would you care to continue the rest of the story where Peter left off. I'm sure it'll come back to him later, but I'm curious now." A small chuckle escaped her lips as she finished off the sentence before she turned to the teenager beside her.

"Well, I was just sitting outside of my apartment when I saw Spider-man land in the alley and collapse. I had already figured out that Peter was Spider-man earlier today because he is probably the worst at keeping a secret, my god." Pepper laughed at the detail the girl added because she knew how true that was. "Anyway, I noticed that he was shot in the shoulder and I couldn't just leave him there! I know all the people who roam around the city and a lot are... not the nicest. So yeah, I helped Peter into my apartment and got the bullet out and wrapped it up. It wasn't my best work, but it staunched the blood flow a bit, so I guess it did its job. Okay, so then Peter and I called his aunt to fill her in, and then called Mr. Stark to come get Peter, and then our resident Spidey-boy insisted on me coming to stay here for the weekend too, so here I am." (Y/n) did a strange movement with her arms to seem to gesture to the fact that she was, in fact, there, in the flesh.

Pepper nodded as she laughed a bit at the girl's actions before she turned to the teenager with a smile.

"Well, it's best we properly introduce ourselves, hmm?"

(Y/n) nodded as she stopped her walk just as she exited the elevator.

"Alright then," Pepper began, extending her hand. "I'm Pepper Potts, soon to be Stark. It's lovely to meet you."

(Y/n) grasped Pepper's hand, a bit strong, in the business woman's opinion, but she said, "I'm (Y/n) (L/n).... It's absolutely amazing to meet you in person, Miss Potts, I'm truly honored."

Pepper laughed as she took her hand back, shaking it lightly to regain all the feeling in it before she said, "I think you beat me in terms of introduction, (Y/n). I can't imagine why you would be honored to meet me."

(Y/n) gaped for a moment as they passed through the front doors of the building and began to make their way to the living building before the teenager launched into a very intricate and advanced explanation of just why anyone should be honored to meet the Pepper Potts. After a minute of this, she paused to catch her breath, which Pepper took as an opportunity to comment.

"You seem to have thought this out in advance, (Y/n)."

(Y/n) flushed as they approached the doors. "I may or may not have written my twenty-five-page biography essay on you last year."

Pepper was speechless for a moment before she managed out, "You wrote a paper on me."

(Y/n) looked at her with furrowed eyebrows at her reaction as she nodded quickly. "Yeah, of course, why wouldn't I?"
"Well, I would have expected a superhero instead of me. You live in the same city as the Avengers, (Y/n). Why wouldn't you do one of them?"

"You've always been my hero, I mean, look at your life! You're so smart and in a world like this I'm inspired by you," (Y/n) exclaimed.

Pepper felt heat rise to her cheeks, but she managed to keep her composure and say, "Well, thank you. I'm honored."

The doors slid open as they reached them, Pepper strolling right through, but as soon as (Y/n) tried to follow, a loud beeping sound erupted through the building and the surroundings.

"What's that?" (Y/n) after she visibly flinched at the sound.

"Do you have any special technologies on you, (Y/n)?" Pepper asked, having recognized the sound from when Tony had been testing and putting it into place. "Anything unique that's not like a phone or a computer?"

"Uh, yeah, I guess so? My earrings, I made them myself and they have a light component that I put in for emergencies," the girl stated as she wrung her hands together.

"Alright, well, I don't think Tony has you authorized yet, given the fact that the alarm went off. I'd advise taking your earrings out and leaving them in there." Pepper pointed to one of the stone blocks that made up the path.

"On the rock?" (Y/n) asked as she scrunched up her eyebrows. Pepper chuckled at the teen's face before elaborating.

"Tony had a storage compartment installed there for whenever this happened. FRIDAY, open up Storage Compartment E12-4.

"Right away, Miss Potts."

After the robotic voice came out from the open doors, a panel that probably wasn't even visible for the naked eye slid open to reveal a small area that (Y/n) could place her jewelry in.

"Is that all?" Pepper asked after (Y/n) had finished taking out the little earrings and also some tiny devices that the business woman assumed to be the technological aspect of the accessories, placed them in a tiny box from her bag, and put it away. The compartment slid closed as soon as her hand left its interior.

Pepper pretended not to notice when the girl flinched at her words but nodded regardless. "Yes, that's all. I've got my phone and laptop in here, as well as some speakers and a microphone, but those are the kind you can buy at Walmart or whatever, so I think they should be fine, right?"

Pepper nodded as she spoke, "Yes, if you bought them and didn't make them yourself, they should be fine." Her gaze softened. "I'm sorry about this (Y/n)."

"It's fine," the teenager responded, waving the woman off. "Completely understandable, especially considering where we are and who we are with."

Pepper smiled softly before she gestured forward. "Shall we go inside, then?"

(Y/n) giggled before she nodded and stepped as elegantly as possible into the building with a simple, "We shall."
Pepper laughed lightly at the girl's antics before she followed suit, playing along and stepping inside more dainty than usual, the automatic doors closing behind them.

Chapter End Notes

Happy: who dis

Peter: my friend, right (Y/n)?

(Y/n): H A M I L T O N

Tony: god why

(Y/n): Sorry i'm smart and make stuff

Pepper: It's good, put em in here

Pepper: Tony can keep his child, this one's mine
Chapter Nine

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) has a magic way of getting people to like her and a storm is on the horizon (literally).

Chapter Notes

Friendships and stuff are really rushed here and to be honest when I fix it that is gonna be fixed to, but here it is for now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Anything you want, (Y/n)?"

"What do you mean, Miss Potts?"

"I already said you can call me Pepper, (Y/n)."

"Sorry, Miss Potts."

(Y/n)'s cheeks became flushed as she spoke to the businesswoman, to the CEO of SI, as if she was a friend who she had known all her life.

"I have to thank you, (Y/n)," Pepper stated as she poured herself a glass of water.

"Thank me?" (Y/n) asked as the teenager furrowed her eyebrows.

"For saving Peter, I mean," Pepper elaborated. She moved from the kitchen to the living area and plopped down onto the couch. "He's like a part of the family. I don't know what we would have done if we had lost him."

"I didn't do much," (Y/n) quickly replied, her face becoming heated again. "I just did what anyone would do."

"Not what anyone would do," Pepper waved her finger at the girl. "After all, someone did put that bullet in our Spider-man, didn't they?"

(Y/n)'s eyes widened a small fraction, but she nodded.

"Alright, why don't you grab something to drink and sit down. I need to grab something from downstairs. I'm sure we'll be eating when the boys get back," Pepper explained.

"Okay, Miss Potts."

Pepper smiled at the teenager before she set her glass down and stood up, striding towards the elevator. The doors opened as she approached, most likely FRIDAY, the AI's doing. The elevator
closed a moment later and (Y/n) was alone.

The teenager turned around where she was in the kitchen to gaze at the cupboards when her stomach growled. She hadn't eaten since lunch earlier, having gone around to visit some people around the city. An absence of food was the result. She was already feeling weaker than usual.

"Alright, let's see what we can make for dinner."

When Pepper got back with the papers she had been looking for, she was surprised to find a delectable smell reach her nose.

"(Y/n)? What are you doing?" The CEO asked as she walked into the kitchen area to find the teenager at the stove, steam billowing above her head as she cooked something.

"Oh!" (Y/n) jumped, nearly tipping over the pot she was stirring as she turned around to face the older woman. "Miss Potts! I, uh, didn't hear you come in!"

"What are you doing?" Pepper asked again as she glanced at the cooking utensils with interest.

"I was, um, I was making dinner? Because, well, I, um, because I know that we were going to have dinner later anyways, and you're already having me over, and I didn't want you to have to make me food or order me food or anything, and since I make all my own food at home, I thought I'd make dinner for you guys tonight?" Her voice was unsure, she stuttered through her words, and she wrung her hands together as she spoke.

"That's... amazing," Pepper managed out. She was struck by the fact that this girl received an invitation to someone's house and expected to have to repay them somehow. She leaned in closer, suddenly interested. "What are you making?"

"Oh! Right," (Y/n) moved out of the way to allow Pepper to look over the pot, seeing a large amount of water at a rolling boil. "I was making pasta. I was making marinara sauce with it too if that's alright?"

"Where did you learn to make a marinara sauce?" Pepper questioned, her eyes wide.

"The Internet," (Y/n) deadpanned.

Pepper felt a grin break out on her face as she snorted at the girl's response. (Y/n)'s eyes lit up as she laughed too.

Pepper was really beginning to like this girl.

"Come on, Spidey, you're all good." Tony grumbled as he helped Peter out of the elevator of the medical building and off towards the front doors.

"S'ry Mr. St'rk," Peter slurred as he tried to remain upright. "Those pain meds 're really pow'rful."

Tony knew that and made a mental note to tell Dr. Cho about the problem so, hopefully, they could develop one that would still work for Peter but would maybe allow him to walk afterward as well.

"It's fine," Tony sighed before turning to Peter, who seemed to be a bit more stable than a moment
ago. "Can you make it the rest of the way yourself?"

"I-I think so," Peter nodded firmly, his eyes steeled as Tony released him. The teen wobbled for a moment, nearly stumbling back and falling, but he eventually managed to take a few steps with barely any mistakes.

"I hate getting hurt," Peter groaned as he focused on his movement, though his voice was finally getting back to normal."

"I hate seeing you get hurt," Tony countered. "You need to be more careful, Spider-boy."

"I know," Peter replied, moving a bit faster as his steps became more natural again. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," Tony responded, a soft smile reserved for only a few people gracing his face, "Just don't do it."

"Roger that, Mr. Stark!"

A sudden flash of lightning appeared in the distance, followed by the rolling sound of thunder that reverberated from the clouds, filling the world around them with its crashing rumble.

"We should get inside," Tony said.

"R-Roger that, Mr. Stark," Peter stammered as he blinked desperately to try and get his vision back to normal. The teenager shook his head and rubbed at his ears. "Sorry, it was just..."

"Bright and loud?" Tony asked.

"Bright and loud."

"Let's go faster, then. The building's inside should block out most of the sound so that it's manageable for you."

"Okay."

Tony took wider steps as Peter ran from where he was behind the man to catch up. Just as they made it under the small overhang that sheltered the door to the living quarters, Tony felt a few drops of rain hit his exposed ankles as water poured from the dark clouds above. The droplets, more like bullets, struck the pavement and bounced off a bit, causing them to become wet around the feet, even if they were sheltered.

"FRIDAY, open the door!" Tony exclaimed as he and Peter pressed themselves against the entrance to the building.

"Right away, sir." FRIDAY's voice was almost completely drowned out by the pounding of the downpour around them, but the door unlocked and slid open automatically, nonetheless, and the two fell inside, the opening in the building closing quickly behind them.

As soon as the door was closed, the sounds that were echoing throughout the room they sat in faded, becoming more of a soft hum than a roaring torrent. Another flash of lightning appeared far out on the horizon, and a split second later the familiar boom of the thunder followed, crashing through the world.

"Seems like Thor's mad, hm?" Tony asked lightheartedly as he noticed that the kid had only winced a small bit at the light and sound, much better than usual. He stood up from his position on the
floor and noticed Peter doing the same. Gesturing towards the elevator so that the teenager noticed, Tony began to walk towards the lift.

"Definitely. Do you think he's upset he's not invited to our sleepover?" Peter asked as he fell into stride with Tony.

"He's always been a sensitive one," Tony chuckled. "I hope you can meet him sometime."

"Really? Me? Meet Thor? That would be... That would be incredible, Mr. Stark!" Peter's eyes sparkled and Tony couldn't help but laugh at the childish reaction the kid gave at the idea of meeting the godly member of the Avengers.

_But the Avengers aren't the same, anymore, are they Tony? You made sure of that, didn't you?_

Tony shook his head to get the thoughts pushed into the back recesses of his mind before smiling at the kid. "Wanna tell FRIDAY to send us up."

Peter crossed his arms and snorted. "It's not like that's a privilege, Mr. Stark. I do that all the time."

Tony raised an eyebrow. "Okay," he shrugged. "FRIDAY-"

"Wait! I... I never said I wouldn't do it!" Peter cried, halting Tony's words.

Tony smirked. "That's more like it. Go ahead, kid."

"Okay, um, FRIDAY?"

"Yes, Mr. Parker?"

"Could you bring us up to floor three?" Peter asked.

"Certainly."

The doors slid closed and the elevator shot up. A split second later, the doors opened, and a heavenly smell struck Tony's nose.

"What's going on?" He asked as Peter hopped out of the elevator.

"Wow! It smells great!" The enhanced teen grinned.

"Pep?" Tony asked, looking to where his fiance sat on the couch.

"(Y/n)'s making dinner!" Pepper called from her seated position.

"Awesome!" Peter exclaimed as he bounded over to the girl near the stove. "What'cha makin' (Y/n)?"

He leaned over the pot of sauce that was bubbling before (Y/n) threw her arm out and, with a strength that she didn't seem to possess, pushed the boy back and away from the stove.

"Woah, woah, woah, Spider-boy," (Y/n) stated firmly. "Away from the hot stuff. I've spent forever on this, and I also know that you are not impervious to burns." She added under her breath, "Even if you think you are," before raising her voice back to her normal level and continued. "Go sit down and find something to do for five minutes."

"Yes, Ma'am!" Peter complied, saluting the girl with an over-exaggerated gesture before he turned
and marched over to where Pepper sat in the couch, Tony's arm wrapping around her shoulders as he joined her as well.

"So," Tony began in a low voice, "(Y/n)'s making dinner?"

"Yeah," Pepper confirmed. "Pasta. She felt she owed us because we let her come here for the weekend."

"Doesn't she know that I'm literally a billionaire?" Tony questioned, glancing over at the teenage girl who was humming at the stove as she tossed different things into the sauce before mixing it and continuing the cycle.

"Of course she does," Peter snorted as he settled on the other couch. "I think that it's the thought that counts."

"I agree completely, Pete," Pepper nodded.

"Alright, who wants cheese on their's?" (Y/n)'s voice called out, snapping the group out of their conversation as they turned in her direction.

"Ooh, Ooh, Me!" Peter exclaimed.

"I'll take some too," Pepper followed up.

"I'm good without it," Tony responded a moment later.

"Got it!"

A minute passed before (Y/n) came strolling into the room carrying four plates of food. They looked to be pretty precariously balanced in her arms, but she seemed to be holding herself solid.

"Mr. Stark," (Y/n) said as she handed him the first dish, the only one without cheese.

"Miss Potts." The teenager handed the next one to the CEO in question.

"And Peter," she concluded as she slid a plate down into Peter's hands.

"Thanks (Y/n)!" Peter exclaimed. "It looks great!" The boy wasted no time in grabbing a fork that (Y/n) had gotten from... somewhere... and digging into the food.

"So?" (Y/n) prompted, her eyebrows raise and her (e/c) orbs hopeful. "It's okay if you don't like it, I understand, I've never cooked for anyone else before, so-"

"(Y/n), sweetie," Pepper began, clearly ignoring the blush that appeared on the girl's cheeks at her words. "This is amazing."

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The storm continued to get worse as the night went on, but Pepper insisted on a movie night. "It's my one night off," she argued, "And (Y/n) is here. We have to have a movie night, Tony."

Tony looked like he wanted to disagree. He had stated while they ate that he wished to work on something in the lab. "The nanotechnology needs an upgrade," the billionaire whined to his fiance. "Please, Pepper."

But the businesswoman would not be swayed, and so Tony Stark relented and found himself on the
love-seat a moment later, a drink in his hand and his other around the woman he loved.

Tony glanced over at the sofa where the teenagers sat sandwiched between what seemed to be every blanket on the planet. (Y/n) and Peter had wrapped themselves into burritos in the middle of the room before hopping to the pile of blankets they had thrown onto the couch.

"What movie are we watching?" Tony asked, turning to Pepper.

She shrugged and stated, "I say we let those two make the decision."

"Pete? (Y/n)?"

"Star Wars!" They both said at the same time. The two turned to each other with stars in their eyes as they spoke again in unison, "You like Star Wars?"

"Of course!" (Y/n) cried.

"It's only like the best movie saga ever!" Peter exclaimed, bouncing a bit in his blanket cocoon.

"Alright, Star Wars it is. FRIDAY? Put on Star Wars, please," Tony commanded the AI.

"Which one would you like, sir?" FRIDAY's voice responded.

The two adults turned to the kids who both said at the same time, "Empire Strikes Back." Peter and (Y/n) turned to each other with rivaling grins on their faces.

"Empire Strikes Back it is, Fri."

"Right away sir."

The television turned on a moment later and the movie was playing.

"Hey Mr. Stark, do you remember when we did that to Ant-Man?" Peter asked as the Battle on Hoth raged on the screen.

"Wait wait wait, hold up," (Y/n) spoke, poking her head further out from the recesses of her blanket wrap to turn to her new friend. "You did... that-" she gestured to the screen "-to Ant-Man?"

"Well, he was turned giant at the time and was like kicking planes and stuff, and I thought it would be a good idea," Peter explained.

"Did you use your webs then?" (Y/n) asked quickly, her (e/c) eyes sparkling.

"Yeah," Peter nodded rapidly. "It was the best, he couldn't move and then he fell over, all dramatic, and it was just... so cool!"

"And then he whacked you out of the sky," Tony interjected, turning away from the screen for a moment to address the boy.

"You got whacked out of the sky by a giant Ant-Man?" (Y/n) asked suddenly, turning to Peter with wide eyes.

"Yeah, but I was fine," Peter responded. If his arm was free from the blankets, he probably would have waved her off.

"Okay..." (Y/n) sounded uncertain, but dropped the topic in favor of going back to look at the
television.

Peter stared at her for a moment before he returned his attention to the movie as well, the conversation moving out of focus as he became lost in the immersive world of Star Wars once again.

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As the four people fell asleep halfway through the movie, the storm outside continued to increase in power. The lightning seemed to get brighter, and the thunder was becoming louder and louder as the strikes of electricity moved closer to the compound.

The buildings were all completely protected from the possibility of a lightning strike, the lightning rods having been designed by Tony Stark himself.

Peter Parker, who everyone knew was ever so sensitive to loud sounds and bright lights, stayed asleep as the tinted windows and the sound-dulling walls that protected them from the outside allowed him to rest peacefully, despite his powers.

(Y/n), on the other hand, was not as lucky.

She woke up when the closest lightning strike hit, only two miles away. The thunder cracked, and the girl felt like her ears were splitting apart. Moving as quickly as possible while still remaining silent, (Y/n) struggled, but managed to escape her blanket prison, running lightly across the room to where her backpack sat. She let out a small cry of pain before slamming her hand to her mouth to keep quiet and squeezed her eyes shut as another bolt of electricity struck, this one even closer than the last one. The sound rumbled outside, and she pressed her hands to her ears, biting her tongue to keep any sound from escaping. The thunder passed, and, still holding her tongue between her teeth, (Y/n) began to rummage through her bag even faster than before.

"Come on, come on, where are they..." Her mumbling was cut off as she realized that her specially-designed technology, that she had made for this specific reason, was outside in a small storage compartment that she didn't know how to open, safe, but in the middle of a horrible storm that was way too dangerous to go out in.

"No, no no," (Y/n) whimpered. Another flash of light reached the corner of her vision, but she saw no more as her eyes were screwed shut once again and her ears were covered. She clamped down on her tongue as hard as she could, tasting the metallic flavor of blood a moment later, but she couldn't let up. She couldn't start screaming at the house of two of the most important and influential people in the world, as well as with her new friend right there.

The storm continued getting closer, though, and the lightning bolts with the accompanying roars of thunder were just getting worse. (Y/n) shoved her hands against her head to try and prevent any sound from getting in, but it was barely any use. She pushed herself back into a corner and buried her head in her knees, attempting to make herself as small as possible.

But then, another strike of lightning came, the worst one yet, and the poor teen couldn't take it anymore.

She opened her mouth and screamed.

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Pepper was terrified when she woke up to screaming. She shot up out of the still-asleep-Tony's arms and whipped around, scanning the room for any potential threats.
But she saw was (Y/n).

(Y/n)...

The girl was curled up into a ball in the far corner of the room, her backpack things strewn about the room a little ways away, and her eyes were squeezed shut, her ears tightly covered, and she was screaming.

Pepper turned back to the man that slept near her and shook him awake. "Tony, Tony," she hissed urgently.

"The hell? Pep? What's goin' on?" His words were a bit slurred, but his eyes seemed to fly open as he heard the scream. "Are we under attack? What's-

"No, Tony." Pepper bit her lip and pointed, tears gathering in her eyes. "It's (Y/n)...."

"What's going on with her?"

A moment later, a crash of thunder was heard outside as it followed a lightning strike from somewhere, and (Y/n)'s screaming increased for a moment before moving back to normal, a sad mix of shrieking and sobbing.

"(Y/n), sweetie?" Pepper asked as she approached. "What's going on?"

At first, she was afraid the girl hadn't heard her, but suddenly the teen responded.

"Too bright," she cried. "Too loud."

"Okay, okay, what do you need?"

"Earrings," (Y/n) gasped out. "Please."

"Tony," Pepper turned to her fiance, "(Y/n) had earrings with special LEDs, I guess, that she made herself. They're in the storage container outside. Can you figure out how to get them?"

"Got it Pep," Tony nodded, running off a second later.

"Miss Potts? What's going on?"

Pepper whirled around to where Peter had been sleeping a moment ago to find his wide brown eyes staring back at her intently. His gaze moved from her to (Y/n)'s small figure in the corner, and he asked meekly, "What's wrong with (Y/n)?"

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): *Makes food*

Tony: What is this primitive art?

(Y/n) and Peter: S T A R W A R S

(Y/n): I don't like storms *screams*
Chapter Ten

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) screams (and literally glows) and Pepper makes Tony go to bed

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tony ran as fast as he could, waiting impatiently in the elevator for the doors to open as he tapped his foot. Another crash of thunder roared outside, and he could hear a scream echo around him, seemingly reaching every inch of the building. Tony was grateful, now, that Rhodey was spending a week for therapy out in California where his normal doctor had to be for a while. He missed his best friend, but this would not be fun to explain to the other man.

The elevator slid open and he moved towards the front door. Looking out, it was so dark that he couldn't see a thing. Suddenly, another flash of lightning appeared and the world was illuminated for just a moment.

It was as if the ocean was being dropped from the sky.

"FRIDAY, is the compound's draining system working?"

"Yes sir," the robotic voice replied. "Any rainwater not soaked up by the ground is being drained and sent off."

"Okay, FRIDAY, on my signal, open compartment E12-4," Tony stated as he began to shed his fancy coat, leaving it to drape over a chair nearby. "And turn on the outside lights."

"Of course, boss."

Tony breathed in deeply through his nose. "Let's do this," he murmured to himself as he steeled his resolve and prepared to run out the door.

"FRIDAY, now!"

The AI complied silently. The lights outside lining the path suddenly turned on, a small compartment a few yards away opened up, showing a small, tattered box within, and the door slid open.

Tony almost lost his footing when he took the first steps outside. The ground was slick with rain, and the water slammed into him. Gusts of wind crashed against his body, causing him to stagger a bit before he managed to gather his bearings and continue. He pushed forward, vaguely wondering why he hadn't gotten an Iron-Man suit, even if he knew that would have taken too long. Times like these made him really excited for when he finished the nano technology.

Squinting and using his arm to try and block as much of the rain as possible from hitting his eyes, Tony continued to push onward. He honed in on the lights around the small box he was hoping to grab. Another flash of lightning exploded in the sky, maybe a mile away, and Tony willed himself to go faster as the sound of thunder descended upon the world.
Finally, gripping the side of the barrier to steady himself, the billionaire reached inside the compartment and grabbed the tiny box.

Tucking it inside of his jacket, Tony turned and staggered back toward the door. The wind was blowing more in his current direction now, thankfully, making it so he was inside only a moment later.

As soon as he reached the safety of the building, the door closed behind him, blocking out much of the outside sound so that the loudest thing he heard was his own deep breathing.

"Turn off the lights outside and close Compartment E12-4," Tony found himself ordering the AI as he leaned on his knees and watched his sopping clothes, hair, skin, drip onto the floor and form a large puddle beneath him.

"Right away, boss," FRIDAY's accented voice replied, the command being done a moment later.

Tony stood there, reveling in how great it was to not be outside, when he saw another bolt of lightning burn through the air out of the corner of his eye. He straightened himself and strode toward the elevator, his steps closer to a jog than a walk.

"Miss Potts? What's going on?" Peter asked groggily as he untangled himself from his blankets. He stood up fully and walked toward where the woman was standing when he saw (Y/n).

His heart dropped as he gazed upon his friend, curled up in the corner of the room and screaming, her eyes squeezed tightly and her hands clamped down over her ears.

"What's wrong with (Y/n)?" Peter couldn't help but ask. Pepper looked over at him, her eyes wide and a small tear leaking down her face.

"We're not sure, Pete. It... might have something to do with a nightmare. Tony went to get her earrings, we're guessing those are going to make her better.

"O-Okay."

Peter couldn't help but feel out-of-place as Pepper tried her best to comfort (Y/n) while he just stood around, swaying on his feet and biting his lip.

Pepper gasped and abruptly stumbled back from the wailing girl in the corner, her arms raised a bit, as if in defense.

"Miss Potts? What's wr-"

Peter didn't finish his sentence. Because he knew what was wrong. (Y/n) was still screaming, but now...

Now she was glowing too.

A vibrant purple outline was pulsing from her, and as another crash of thunder tore through the air, she screamed more, and the outline expanded for a moment, brightening before it settled back to where it had been before. The area it had expanded to, though... was burned.

Well, singed, at the very least, as if a fire had come through and been put out already.

Peter turned to Pepper, his eyes wide, as he began to speak.
"What-

Suddenly, the elevator doors opened and Tony Stark stumbled out of it. He was huffing and dripping wet but reached into his pocket to extract a small box. He held it forward as he took a few steps and stated gruffly, "Earrings."

Peter jumped into action, leaping over the couch and running towards the billionaire. He plucked the small box from Tony's hand as the man, who seemed to be exhausted from his small journey, wobbled behind him.

Peter turned on his heel and shot back over to his friend. As he ran, however, he realized that he recognized the tattered box he grasped in his fist. It was the same box he had seen (Y/n) with earlier that very same day.

School from barely ten hours ago felt like a lifetime ago at this point.

Peter finally skidded to a halt in front of (Y/n). The glowing color around her seemed to have grown in size, and her screaming had picked up with it. However, he mustered up his strength, and yelled, "(Y/n)! I have your earrings!"

At his words, the girl's eyes flew open, her screams refusing to cease. They were red and puffy on the outside, and her normal (e/c) irises were surrounded by a vibrant violet ring that surged in tangent with the shine around her. Her eyes widened at the sight of her earring box, and she snatched it from her friend and ripped open the cover, revealing two little, white, fake-pearl earrings resting in the box. She grabbed the earrings and tossed them away from her before lifting up the small cushion they had been laying on to reveal the black bottom of the container covered with small buttons and knobs, as well as two tiny devices that Peter thought looked simply like little-hidden hidden microphones in the movies or something. She took the devices greedily and hastily moved her hair back to place each one behind an ear. As soon as she did, she pressed a button in the box as quickly as she could, and suddenly her screams ceased. They turned into gasps mixes with sobs that, while they weren't nice to hear, were a very welcome upgrade from before.

Her tense form relaxed and she slumped back against the wall she was near.

The group watched her with bated breath not saying a word, and Peter felt himself go rigid as another boom of thunder came from outside. He could see Pepper and Tony do the same. All the gazed stayed glued to (Y/n), but she seemed to have not noticed a thing, unlike before. Not a single sound even came out of her lips.

In fact, it looked like she was sleeping.

"Is she... sleeping?" Tony asked, his voice breaking the silence.

Pepper moved closer to the girl, who looked much smaller in sleep, and kneeled down, brushing a stray lock of (h/c) hair out of (Y/n)'s face. The businesswoman was still for a moment before she stood up and turned with a small, satisfied smile when she stated, "Yes, she is asleep."

"Maybe we should move her to one of the bedrooms. So she can really get her sleep?" Peter suggested. Both adults turned to him and he shrugged, "I mean, its better than her staying on the floor."

"That's a great idea, Peter," Pepper beamed at him. The teenage superhero felt his cheeks go hot.

"Thanks," he responded, his voice noticeably smaller than before.
"Tony," Pepper turned to her fiance, "Help Peter move (Y/n), please. I'm going to go get the guest room ready." For once, as she walked off, the woman didn't have to ignore the complaints of the man she loved because, for once, there were no complaints.

Ten minutes later, the three who were still wide awake finally gathered all together in the kitchen. Peter was sitting on the counter-top of the island, Pepper in one of the stools at the island as well, her fingers drumming against the granite, while Tony was on his feet and leaning against the normal counter-top, waiting for the tea that his fiance had insisted upon to finish brewing.

"What just happened?" Tony finally broke the silence.

Both adults turned to Peter.

"Why are you both looking at me?" The boy demanded, raising his hands in an attempt to portray innocence.

"She is your friend," Pepper stated matter-of-factly.

"I didn't even know her until today!"

Tony sighed and rubbed his temples. "Look, let's not point fingers, but I do really want to know why (Y/n) reacted so badly to the storm.

"She said it was too bright," Pepper explained. "And too loud."

"Peter? Did you notice anything?"

"Well," the teen in question remarked, "I noticed the lightning and the thunder, but, like normal, the windows and the walls blocked it out to where it didn't bother me at all."

"This doesn't make any sense," Tony groaned, moving away from the counter and the warming water to begin to pace. "Pete has senses more enhanced than any human being, and he wasn't affected at all, yet (Y/n) was. It doesn't make any sense." He released a sigh before turning to them abruptly. "Did you two see the light?"

"The way she was glowing?" Peter clarified.

Tony nodded. "I thought it was just a trick of the light, but if you two saw it too, then maybe..."

"Tony, Peter, did either of you notice what the glow did to her surroundings?" Pepper interjected. They both turned to her, eyebrows furrowed. She exhaled. "Judging by your faces, I'm assuming not?" Both shook their heads. "Then you'd better come to look at this."

She led them to the corner where (Y/n) had been, and, sure enough, the singe marks were still there, clear as day.

"Is this from... that glow?"

Pepper nodded sharply. "Whenever there was thunder, the light stuff around her seemed to... pulse, I guess? And when it calmed again, the light left those burns right there."

There was a silence when Pepper finished as her companions fully processed this information.

Finally, Peter spoke, his voice firm, yet full of childish wonder as he asked, "What if (Y/n) had
magic?"

Tony snorted before stating, "That's ridiculous."

There was a moment of quiet before Pepper whispered, "Is it though?"

Tony sputtered, but eventually sighed and said, "I guess not. I mean, considering the events of the last few years, the people we work with, the people we fight against, it might be feasible." He paused for a moment, in which no one spoke as it was clear the billionaire was about to complete a thought. "But we can't find out unless we ask (Y/n) herself." His eyes flicked to the room that they had set the girl up just minutes ago. However, before he could move or even say a word, Pepper had stepped in his path, her hand raised.

"Ah, ah, ah, no Tony, leave the poor girl be. She's exhausted," the businesswoman commanded, her voice stern and cold.

"Relax, Pep," Tony laughed, raising his hands in defense as he took a step back for good measure. "I wasn't gonna do anything."

Before Pepper could respond, Peter accidentally released a yawn. Both adults turned to him.

"Sorry," he murmured, a red tint appearing on his cheeks. "It's just... the medicine made me more drowsy than I thought."

Pepper yawned a moment later, though, too. She chuckled when it passed and said, "No, no, it's late, and we've all had a long day. Let's get some sleep." She turned to the man she loved. "You can go to sleep after you take a shower and dry off."

"Maybe I don't even need to go to bed-" He was cut off by Pepper's finger on his lips.

"Tony." She locked in her stone-cold stare. "No."

"Okay, Okay, I'll take a shower and then meet you in bed, happy?" He groaned, gazing toward the elevator that could take him to his labs longingly.

She smiled and backed off of him. "Very."

"Pete, you know where your room is, right?"

"Yes, Mr. Stark!" The boy trilled happily, despite the fact that he was looking more and more exhausted at the minute. "Three rooms down on the right!"

"That's right," the man laughed. "Remind me to make you an official room soon, okay? Something that's not just a guest room?"

"Yes, FRIDAY, do remind Tony to do that," Pepper stated, glancing up at the ceiling as she spoke. "Consider it done."

"Wow." Peter's eyes sparkled as he squealed in a pitch that did not match him, "Thank, Mr. Stark."

"Course kid. Just, don't expect it too soon, we've got a lot going on right now, you know?"

"Of course, Mr. Stark!"

"Now, Peter, off to bed with you. It's the weekend and only Lord knows what May would do to us
if you didn't get a full night's rest tonight," Pepper commanded.

"Alright, Miss Potts."

Peter grabbed his favorite blanket from the couch nearby before flashing the adults one last smile and taking off down the hallway. A moment after he disappeared around the corner, his voice rang out with a quick "Goodnight!" before the sound of a door opening and then slamming closed echoed through the nearly-empty room.

Pepper turned away from the sound to wrap her arms around her fiance's neck. "Now," she spoke gently, "You need to shower."

Tony chuckled and pecked her on the lips. "You got it, Pep."

She smirked and released him before moving away, plucking her phone from the table, and walked down the hallway to their shared room and out of sight.

Chapter End Notes

Tony: rain

Tony: eeeeeaaaarrrrrriiiiiiinnnnnggggssss!

(Y/n): *puts on devices* mmm, i like that

Pepper: I want sleep
"Mmm..."

(Y/n) rubbed her eyes as she slowly woke up. Light filled the room she was in, though not from sunlight, for the window that the brightness was coming from was covered in droplets of water, and it was obvious that it was still raining outside.

The girl sat up in the bed she was in when she froze.

"Where am I?" (Y/n) asked herself quietly. She glanced around, but her surroundings offered nothing to her. She didn't recognize the room she was in.

Or maybe she did?

She wasn't sure.

"Okay, okay, think back to the last thing you remember, (Y/n)," she murmured. "I was at the Avengers Compound, in the building where they live, and I was watching a movie with... Peter Parker, Tony Stark, and Pepper Potts." She stared off into the distance. "That sounds a lot less realistic when I say it out loud." She shook her head to try and get back on track. "I fell asleep during the movie, and then... and then..." She groaned and rubbed her temples. "It was... bright?... loud?..." She let her eyes fly open. Wrapping her arms around herself in a small hug, she muttered, "I'll think about it later."

(Y/n) looked at her surroundings again, her gaze eventually landing on the window once more. Standing up, she made her way towards it, wobbling a bit before righting herself, her legs still weak from sleep. "Where am I?" She asked herself as she made it to the glass and peered out of it. Through the rain and the water covering the window, the girl could just barely make out the place she was at. "The Compound? I'm at the Compound?"

(Y/n) turned to the door. She took a few steps toward where her bag sat on a chair near the corner of the room. Digging through it, (Y/n) quickly located her comfort clothes. Throwing on the pale blue sweater and gray jeans, (Y/n) tossed the shoes aside, instead opting for the slippers she had stuffed in there instead. Satisfied with the soft apparel, (Y/n) brushed out her messy (h/c) locks into something a bit more manageable. Grinning at herself in the mirror, the girl closed her bag and made her way to the door. Placing her hand around the knob, the teenager gently turned it and allowed the door to quietly swing open.

She stepped out into the hall only to be attacked with the smell of food wafting through the air. Only now realizing how hungry she actually was, (Y/n) softly closed the door behind her, hearing
it lock as the side without a knob, an electronic lock instead, held it in place.

Her feet making next to no sound because of her choice of footwear, (Y/n) made her way down the hall, around a corner, and toward where the main living area was. She heard voices coming from the area, the kitchen, probably, but they were muffled. Too muffled, especially for her. Reaching up to rub at her ears, her right hand brushed against a small piece of metal behind the earlobe.

(Y/n) allowed herself to make a small 'O' shape with her lips as she realized the source of the quietness. Placing a finger on each of the devices, the girl tapped them three times before twisting about 90 degrees back. The devices fell into her hands with a tiny click, and suddenly the world was normal again.

The laughter was much more pronounced now too, but her hearing seemed to be keeping itself in check for the moment. (Y/n) allowed herself a small smile and began to move, this time her legs going faster than before as her body begged her for the food that smelling more appetizing the closer she got.

Finally, (Y/n) entered the living room. She slowed her walk and took a few more steps so that she was in view of the kitchen. The chatter died down as the occupants of the room registered her, before Pepper, who stood at the counter near a toaster that was now sitting on the granite surface. The businesswoman grinned at the girl when her mind registered the face.

"(Y/n)!" Pepper exclaimed as she took the two waffles that had just popped up. "We're having frozen waffles for breakfast. Come, come, sit down. I have a meeting in a half hour, but I wanted to eat with you all." Her statement resulted in (Y/n) quickly looking Pepper over to find that, sure enough, the redhead was wearing a nice white blouse and a pencil skirt, her makeup and hair fully done and ready for whatever professional thing she had to do.

(Y/n) made her way around the corner of the half-wall that divided the kitchen and the living room and sat herself down on the left end stool of the island, right next to Peter, who was seated next to Tony.

"Morning, (Y/n)!" Peter chirped as Pepper pushed a plate toward her.

"Good morning Peter," (Y/n) stated softly before turning her gaze to the woman in front of her. "Thank you, Miss Potts."

"Of course, (Y/n)." The CEO of Stark Industries then turned her attention to the other teenager, "Peter, you up for a third?"

Peter nodded. "Fast Metabolism, Miss Potts!" He exclaimed. Pepper laughed but delivered another fresh waffle onto the boy's plate. Peter reached over and yanked the toppings closer to him. Sticking out his tongue a small bit, he squirted a mountain of whipped cream onto the waffle before drowning it in syrup. As he placed the syrup down and prepared to dig into the sugar monster he had created, (Y/n) reached over him, plucked a cherry from the bowl, and plopped it on top of the white mound. "Thanks, (Y/n)," Peter grinned at her. He turned back to the waffle and pressed his knife into it, the fork stuck to hold it in place.

"I have no idea how you eat that, Underoos," Tony stated, his voice muffled through his bite of waffle. "Sweet stuff is nice and all, but that's a bit much."

"Just... never give me caffeine, Mr. Stark, and everyone will be safe," Peter replied, his words barely intelligible through his mouthful of food.
"(Y/n)? Would you like anything on your waffle?" Pepper asked, her voice cutting through the boy's conversation.

"I'll just have butter and syrup, Miss Potts." The woman grabbed the butter as Peter pushed the syrup to his friend. "Thank you."

"Pep? Don't you have to head out? You like being early for those meetings of yours," Tony observed as he checked his watch.

"Oh... Oh yes! Thank you, darling," she rushed over to Tony and pecked him on the lips before she pressed her lips to Peter's cheek and, surprisingly, (Y/n)'s as well. "I'll see you all tonight-" She turned to (Y/n) with furrowed eyebrows as she grabbed her briefcase "-you are going to be here tonight, right (Y/n)?"

The girl nodded before saying in a small voice, her cheeks still red, "Yes, Miss Potts. If you'll have me."

Pepper laughed, throwing her head back. "Oh, we'll have you (Y/n), don't you worry about that."

"Thank you, Miss Potts."

"Bye, Pep!" Tony called after her.

"See ya, Miss Potts!" Peter continued.

"Have a wonderful day, Miss Potts!" (Y/n) added as the businesswoman stepped into the elevator, still smiling as the doors closed.

"So what are we gonna do today, Mr. Stark?" Peter questioned, turning to his mentor with a gleam in his eye.

"Probably just tinker around in the lab," Tony replied as he dunked another piece of his food into the blueberry mush he had on the side of his plate. "I've gotta finish that one upgrade for FRIDAY, remember that one?"

"The SYMPATHY upgrade?" Peter guessed.

"That's the one."

"What's the SYMPATHY upgrade?" (Y/n) asked suddenly. "Mr. Stark is trying to make FRIDAY more human now. He's upgrading her emotion by emotion," Peter answered. "He's starting with SYMPATHY, but is having a little trouble."

"Oh," (Y/n) nodded. "Okay."

"You can help me with my R2-D2 robot, (Y/n)!" The teenage boy suggested. "It's my first robot and he's almost done, I just need to finish decorating him!" He lowered his voice a moment later and asked timidly, "If you want to help, that is..."

"Sounds awesome, Peter!" (Y/n) grinned, her (e/c) orbs sparkling.

"Cool!"

The two teens scarfed down the rest of their food and, though (Y/n) knew she should probably have more to sustain herself, she said nothing, instead quietly following behind the two as they made their way to the first floor and out the door.
"It's so wet out here," Peter mentioned as he swerved his path to avoid stepping in a large puddle.

"That storm last night was pretty crazy," Tony stated. The two exchanged a glance, looking back int unison at (Y/n), who was gazing at a fallen tree on the outskirts of the forest. They turned away from her before she noticed. Tony and Peter knew they couldn't ask her now about last night. They promised to wait until Pepper was done working.

For now, they would have to wait.

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"Oh my god," (Y/n) whispered as Peter scanned his ID card and led her into the lab. Tony had strolled in a few minutes before them, as (Y/n) just had to look at the random pieces of art they had around hanging in the hallway ("look at these colors, Peter!"). The billionaire sat at his desk, large screens up in front of him. He observed it and randomly changed things. Closer inspection showed that the title on the top of the screen showed the words, "SYMPATHY UPGRADE," in bold letters.

"You like?" Peter asked, grinning at his friend. Her eyes were wide and it looked like there were stars in the (e/c) orbs.

"Like? Peter! This is the coolest place I've ever been!" She exclaimed.

Peter's features lit up. "I know, right! Mr. Stark's lab is awesome, I even have my own table." He pointed to a table in the corner of the room covered in papers and random bits of technology.

"I'll get you your own lab soon enough, kid," Tony waved from his seat. "Probably in the Tower, though. We've got a lot of room in there."

"My... My own lab?" Peter squealed, his eyes widening as he spun around to gaze at the man that was still turned away from them. "You can't be serious, Mr. Stark."

"Oh, I'm dead serious, kid. You have enough projects anyway. It won't be the biggest lab, but it'll be larger than the work-space you've got now-" Tony was cut off by Peter springing onto him in a hug. "Woah, watch the work, Pete!"

"Sorry, sorry, just..." Peter took a deep breath, a gasping sound. "Thank you, Mr. Stark! Thank you so much!"

Tony's lips turned upward a bit as he spun back to look at his work. "Anytime, kid."

Peter, whose cheeks were still a bright red, turned to his table in the corner, where (Y/n) was observing the R2-D2 robot that was normally tucked away underneath but was now pulled out into the open.

"Do you like him?" Peter asked, shoving his hands into his pockets as he spoke.

"Does he turn on," She asked suddenly, spinning around to speak to the other teenager, her (e/c) eyes blinking up at him.

"Uh, yeah, he should..." Peter knelt down and fiddled with a few buttons behind a panel on the back of the replica. "There we go!"

The silver machine whirred to life, the light on the front turning red to signal its awakening.
"This is so awesome," (Y/n) whispered as the R2-D2 model began moving in circles around her, finally stopping after a few rounds to be facing right in front of her.

"I think he wants you to say hello," Peter murmured to her.

"Really?"

He nodded.

"Okay, um, hi." (Y/n) held out a hand a bit. "I'm (Y/n), it's nice to meet you."

R2-D2 made a few small beeps in response before sticking out its small arm in response. (Y/n) giggled and 'shook hands' with the replica robot.

"I think he likes you," Peter grinned.

(Y/n) flashed him a smile before spinning back around to continue to play with the droid.

While his friend was occupied, Peter moved back toward his mentor to look at the codes the man was making for the SYMPATHY upgrade.

"What if we add one of these variables here," Peter pointed, dragging his finger to a spot in the code.

"That could work, might as well try," the billionaire nodded, tapping the keyboard a few times and clicking the mouse twice. "Alright, FRIDAY, try it out. Download SYMPATHY Upgrade."

"Downloading."

There was a momentary silence before FRIDAY's accented voice spoke again. "Upgrade downloaded."

"Great, okay, um, Peter, say something sad that has happened to you," Tony directed.

"Oh, um, well, FRIDAY, I had to watch my uncle die when I could have saved him," Peter stated, his voice becoming a bit choked.

"I am sorry for your loss Peter," the AI responded, but her voice held no emotion, and she said it so quickly that it was as if it was only a programmed piece of dialogue, not fitting of an AI of her caliber at all.

Tony sighed. "FRIDAY, uninstall SYMPATHY Upgrade."

"Right away sir." A moment of quiet. "SYMPATHY Upgrade uninstalled."

"Thanks, Fri."

"Hey, Mr. Stark, wanna come to see what I was working on over here?" Peter questioned. "You look like you could use a break."

Tony groaned but nodded, "Yeah, yeah, let me see." He followed the teenager toward the corner table, where (Y/n) no longer was. She had been led away by R2-D2 and was now roaming the lab with the droid.

"Nice job, Pete, really, this project is looking-" He was cut off by the sound of typing. Whirling around, Tony couldn't help but yell. "-What the hell are you doing!"
(Y/n) jumped up from her position at the man's array of screens covered in the code for FRIDAY’s SYMPATHY Upgrade. "I-I was just, uh, I was just trying to help with the... the coding, cause I, I mean, I made this same kinda thing for ALICE, and I thought I could-"

"FRIDAY," Peter interrupted before Tony could continue berating the girl. "Download SYMPATHY Upgrade, please."

There was a pause before she responded, "Downloading." Another pause. "Download completed."

"FRIDAY, I had to hold my uncle as he died because I couldn't save him," Peter said, less choked up than the last time because of the rushed way he said it.

There was a silence before FRIDAY responded, "I am incredibly sorry for your loss, Peter. If there is anything I can do to ease the pain of losing you uncle then please, let me know. I hope I can help you accept his death and move on."

Her voice was much more human, causing Tony and Peter's eyes to widen and (Y/n)'s cheeks to explode in color as they turned to her.

"How did you do that?" Tony questioned, his voice weak.

"I-I made the same kinda code for ALICE. I thought it would work for FRIDAY. I guess it did," the girl stuttered, wringing her hands together and staring at her shoes as the chair slowly spun around on its axis.

"See, Mr. Stark?" Peter grinned, gesturing to his friend. "I knew it was a good idea to bring her!"

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): Ooh, this room is fancy

(Y/n): I'mma go explore

Pepper: I've got a half hour *Leaves two seconds later*

Tony: Let's make FRIDAY have emotions :)

(Y/n): Stand aside, fools
"So, how was your day, you three?" Pepper asked when she strolled out of the elevator that evening. The meeting had run a bit late, so they were eating at eight instead of seven, but that didn't change much.

Three heads turned up from the counter-top of the island as the businesswoman approached, dropping her coat onto the rack, for the weather in these late March days were still quite cold before she made her way towards them and took a seat at the empty stool.

"It was amazing!" (Y/n) exclaimed, speaking before either of the other two could. She had stars in her eyes as she elaborated, "We spent the whole day in the lab and I got to meet R2-D2 and I got to help with FRIDAY, and-"

"FRIDAY? I thought FRIDAY's coding was all done a few years ago," Pepper stated before she could stop herself. She glanced at her fiance, who shrugged.

"I'm trying to make Fri more human. (Y/n) here already made her own A.I., ALICE, and she was able to get FRIDAY to have SYMPATHY, which is a good start for the emotion upgrades.

"You did?" Pepper asked, turning to the teenage girl a few seats down. (Y/n)'s cheeks exploded in color at the woman's gaze, but she nodded firmly nonetheless. Pepper smiled lightly. "Impressive."

"What are we having for dinner?" Peter suddenly questioned as his stomach growled.

"I don't know." Pepper tapped her finger against her chin as she thought. "Tony? (Y/n)? Any ideas?"

(Y/n) shook her head, while the billionaire suggested, "We could order out?"

"That sounds good," Pepper nodded. "What are we getting?"

"Pizza!" Both teenagers cried at the same time.

"Pizza?"

"Yeah!" (Y/n) exclaimed. "Pizza's awesome!"

"Agreed!" Peter nodded. "Plus, it's got a lot of calories."

"Alright then, pizza it is."

"FRIDAY?" Tony called up to the AI that ran the compound.
"Yes, sir?"

"Order some pizza for us."

"What would you like?" FRIDAY's accented voice responded.

"Uh-" Tony glanced around "-what does everyone want?"

"Pineapple and mushroom," Pepper replied immediately.

"Pepperoni for me, Fri," Tony said a moment later. "What about you two?" He asked as he turned towards the teenagers that were deep in thought.

"I'll take pepperoni too," Peter decided after another moment had passed.

Finally, all eyes turned to (Y/n), and barely a beat passed before she said, "I'll just have cheese, please."

"Anything else?" FRIDAY asked the group.

"Cheese Bread!" Peter cried.

"And Cinnamon Bread!" His friend added.

"Of course. Is that all?"

"Yeah, I think that's good," Tony nodded. "Go ahead and order, Fri."

"Already done, boss. Estimated Time of Arrival, 45 minutes."

"Okay, that sounds like enough time for me to shower and change," Pepper stated, standing up from her seat and grabbing her briefcase.

"I'm going to go grab something from the lab," Tony mentioned, getting up as well. "Left my phone there." He turned to the teens. "Just hang out here, I guess. Don't destroy everything."

"Got it, Mr. Stark!" Peter grinned, throwing him some finger guns.

Tony sighed and shook his head before turning and walking to the elevator.

"So, you wanna play video games?" Peter asked, his eyes meeting the girl's beside him once the doors had closed behind the genius.

"Sure?"

"What does that mean?"

"It's just-" (Y/n) shrugged "-I guess I've never played any video games before."

"WHAAAAAAATTTT!" Peter's eyes widened as he hopped to his feet. "How can you not have played any video games before?!"

"I couldn't afford the games themselves, let alone a console to play them on."

Peter's face fell. "Oh, I... I'm sorry (Y/n), I've just always had Ned, so I just..." He sucked in a breath. "Sorry."
"It's fine," (Y/n) waved him away. "I know you and your aunt were struggling too. You're at Midtown on a scholarship just like me, after all."

"You're there on a scholarship?" Peter questioned, his eyes widening at the new information.

(Y/n) placed a hand on her hip and raised an eyebrow at her friend. "Peter, come on..."

"Right, right, sorry." Peter's cheeks reddened even more than they already were. An awkward silence fell over the two, and (Y/n) finally broke it when she spoke.

"So, video games?" She asked tentatively.

"Oh! Oh yeah! I've never been able to teach someone how to play before." His eyes widened. "You've never played Mario Kart! Come on, let's go! You have an experience to, well, experience!"

(Y/n) laughed but allowed herself to be dragged off into the living room, the television already glowing with light.

}{---{ "Pizza's here!"

Tony's voice echoed through their surroundings, repeating the words that FRIDAY had said a few moments ago with much more enthusiasm than the AI was able to create.

"Cool!" Peter pressed a button on his controller in hopes of getting one last boost to push into first place, but it was to no avail. The race ended with (Y/n) placing in first, Peter less than a second behind her.

"Yes!" The girl cried, rising to her feet as she let the controller drop (Peter caught it before it hit the ground). "I won! Did you see that, Peter! I won! I can't believe I won!" She turned to her friend, a triumphant grin on her face as she jabbed a finger on his chest. "I told you I could beat you!"

"I won all the other times." Peter crossed his arms but laughed at the look on the other teen's face nonetheless. "Nice job though, you picked that game up fast."

"Come on, you two," Pepper called from the kitchen. "The food's gonna get cold."

"Yeah, I didn't lug that stuff up here for nothing," Tony added.

"Tony!" Pepper's voice scolded, a small sound of hand against fabric telling the teenagers as they stood from the couch that the woman had lightly slapped her fiance.

"Pepper!" Tony complained, clearly over-exaggerating. "Ow!"

"Oh, get over yourself."

As Peter and (Y/n) slid into seats next to one another at the actual dining table, Tony settled himself in a chair across from them next to the woman he loved and observed them critically. After a moment, he turned to address (Y/n).

"So," he started.

"Yes, Mr. Stark?" (Y/n) questioned, prompting him to go on as she passed a box of pepperoni pizza to her friend.
"Tomorrow is your last day at the compound, hm?"

"Yes, sir," (Y/n) nodded, her brow furrowing as she tried to see where this was going.

"Well, I don't think Pepper and I are ready to let you go."

(Y/n)'s hands halted their journey towards the cheese bread box and fell to the table instead. Her eyes were darting around in the empty space before her.

"What does that mean, Mr. Stark?" Peter asked for her.

"I wanted to offer (Y/n) an internship here, Underoos."

(Y/n) sucked in a breath and fell backward off of her chair.

"Whoa, (Y/n), are you okay?" Peter cried hopping out of his seat to help his friend up.

"Yeah, yeah, I just..." She placed a hand to her forehead as she stood for a moment before sitting down again. "An internship, Mr. Stark?"

"Yep. And you should know I don't often take high school interns, so consider yourself lucky."

"How often do you mean?" The teenager questioned.

"Technically," Pepper interjected before Tony could answer, placing herself into the conversation as she used a fork and knife to cut her slice of pizza into smaller pieces. "Peter is the only high school age intern we have, at both the Avengers Compound and SI, and that's half just a cover-up for his Spider-manning, so you'd technically be the first, even if Peter does have an internship legally and ID card and all that."

(Y/n) swallowed, her eyes wide as she stared at the table. However, when she looked up to stare at Tony and Pepper, her eyes were full of stars as she responded with a weak, "Yes. Yes, I would love to intern for you."

Tony gave her his trademark Stark-smile. "Great. First, though, we need to ask you a few questions."

(Y/n) rubbed her arm. "Go ahead."

"They're about last night, actually," Pepper said.

"Last night?" The teenage girl rubbed at her temples. "I'm sorry, I don't remember whatever I think you're talking about."

"There was a storm last night, do you remember that?" Peter asked her.

"Yeah, it was still raining this morning, right? And it seemed pretty bad, a lot of branches were knocked over in the forest," (Y/n) nodded, recalling what she had seen when she first looked out the window after waking up.

"Uh-huh," Peter confirmed with a simple nod of his head. "Well, last night, the storm was crazy, and I'm guessing the thunder was really loud and the lightning was really bright, but the walls cancel sounds during a storm and the windows darken when it senses extreme light, so it didn't affect me as it should."

"But it affected you," Tony concluded, locking his eyes on the girl's (e/c) orbs. She shifted in her
seat uncomfortably as all the eyes in the room turned to bore into her head. "Do you know why that is?"

"No," she responded quickly, though she sounded doubtful if her answer. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

"(Y/n)," Pepper said seriously, turning the teen's attention to her for a moment. "When you were screaming from the pain of everything being 'too loud' and 'too bright' you started to... to glow purple. This outline around you, when it grew more, it left burn marks on the ground and the wall around it."

(Y/n) turned her gaze down to her lap again, biting her lip as she responded, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"(Y/n)." The girl in question turned to her friend beside her. His face was scrunched up. "Please."

(Y/n)'s features morphed into one of pain as she seemed to think about what she was going to do. All three of her companions watched her with bated breath as she sighed and took a deep breath before looking up and beginning to speak.

"I... I have powers." The girl took her hands out of her lap and rested them on the table to stare at them, her eyebrows furrowing. "I don't really know how they work. Sometimes, I think I have them figured out, and then suddenly a new power thing comes around and everything just goes crazy again." She rubbed at her ear with her left hand. "The very first thing that made me notice something was different about me were my senses. They were crazy. Everything was so much brighter and everything was so much louder. I could hear everything, I could see everything, I could feel everything. School became horrible from all the noise, even though the lighting was manageable, so I invented these devices." (Y/n) pulled out the devices from before, the ones that fitted to her ears.

"What do those do?" Tony, ever the inventor, questioned.

"They send waves into the inside of my ear that interfere with the sound waves that are entering. I can adjust them using these buttons-" She pulled out the tattered old earring box and opened it to fully allow everyone at the table to view the wires and buttons within "-so I can block all sound or only a partial amount."

Tony nodded and leaned back in his chair before gesturing for her to go on.

"Well, uh, I don't really have any control over them that much. I don't know what they are or how they work," she finished. "Uh, I guess that's it. One of those extreme moments of uncontrollableness is what you experienced yesterday."

"So your powers are what caused that purple outline of magic?" Pepper repeated. (Y/n) nodded in confirmation. "Okay."

"Where did you get your powers from?" Tony suddenly asked.

The girl looked at him and scrunched up her eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

"Like, I got my powers from a radioactive spider-bite," Peter explained. "And Captain America got his from the super soldier serum."

"Scarlett Witch got her powers from the Mind Stone," Tony added. "And Bruce, the Hulk, got his from radiation. So, (Y/n), where did your powers come from?"
"I don't know," she shrugged. "I was born with them."

"Well, that tells us nothing," Tony groaned.

"Sorry," (Y/n) stated, her cheeks reddening. "I... I don't-"

"It's fine," Pepper reassured her with a gentle smile.

"Do I... Do I still get to be an intern?" The teenage girl asked hesitantly, her voice small.

"Of course, sweetheart, isn't that right, Tony?" Pepper asked though it sounded more like a demand.

"Yes, yes, obviously," Tony agreed, waving his fiance off. She looked satisfied.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Stark, Miss Potts, thank you, thank you, thank you!" She exclaimed hopping up in her seat with a grin on her face and sparkling eyes.

"Of course," Pepper repeated.

"I'm never impressed with high-schoolers, the only one I've ever been impressed by is Peter. Yet, you managed to impress me today, (Y/n)," the billionaire stated. (Y/n)'s face became even brighter than before. "I can't just let that go, can I?"

"It has been wonderful meeting you, (Y/n)," Pepper smiled the next afternoon as Happy pulled the car up, ready to take the teenagers back home to the city. "I can't wait to see you again."

"I'm already excited for it, Miss Potts!" The girl exclaimed. Before Pepper could say a word more, (Y/n) had hopped onto her, wrapping the woman in a tight embrace. Pepper was shocked for a moment before the businesswoman relaxed and returned the gesture. "See you soon, Miss Potts!"

Pepper allowed a smile on her face and waved to the girl lightly as she ducked into the car next to her friend and closed the door behind her. As the car drove away, the woman pressed her phone to her ear. "Tony?... Yes, the kids left... Yes... No... Ha, Tony!... Alright, see you in a few minutes." With one last glance at the retreating vehicle, Pepper turned on her heel and strode back inside.

"Bye, Peter!" (Y/n) cried, grabbing her bag as she waved goodbye to her friend. The door closed just as Peter responded.

"Bye, (Y/n)! See you at school tomorrow!"

(Y/n) grinned and watched as the black car drove off, turning the corner and disappearing from view. Releasing a breath, (Y/n) spun and looked at the entrance to her apartment building. Adjusting the bag slung over her shoulder, (Y/n) took a step forward to the door, walking inside a few moments later.

(Y/n) passed through the lobby and down the hall of the first floor. She waited a moment for the shaky old elevator to come down, stepping inside and waiting as it rocked up to the fifth floor. Stepping outside, (Y/n) entered the first door on the left, inserting her key and twisting to unlock the door and allow herself inside her home.

"ALICE? Voice Recognition Start-Up?"
There was a small whirring sound as (Y/n) reached along the wall to turn on the lights, and she noticed that the cameras and speakers in the corners of the room come to life with the small lights on the sides as the signal.

"Hello (Y/n)," ALICE spoke after a moment. "How was your weekend?"

"It was good, thank you," (Y/n) sighed while throwing her bag into the corner. "Remind me to put the Travel Bag away later, okay?"

"Got it."

The teenager collapsed onto her old couch, rubbing her hand absently over one of the tears in the fabric covering that had stuffing pouring out of it. "ALICE?"

"Yes, (Y/n)?"

"Can you turn on that Hamilton Animatic Peter and I were watching on Friday?"

"'My Shot Animatic'" ALICE asked for confirmation.

"That's the one."

"Here you are, (Y/n)."

The girl turned to the dated television screen that was flickering to life with the animatic from two days before. It seemed so long ago that she had watched this.

(Y/n) sighed and settled back into the couch.

This was calm.
This was nice.

}---{

"Aw, come on! I got shot two days ago!" Peter laughed when the criminal pulled a gun on him.

"You've never faced me, Spider-man!" The man growled. "I'm one of the most skilled with this ya ever gonna see!"

"Sounds cool, man! Show me!" Peter laughed again as he swung up, bounced off the alley wall, and sent a kick flying at one of the unarmed guy's chest. He flew backward and was webbed to the ground a second later, another one of his friends joining him when he was stuck to the wall a moment after.

Peter's Spidey-Sense flared, but he didn't react in time, getting hit in the back and pushed against the wall very suddenly. The man pushed the gun against the superhero's head.

"Whoa, whoa, man, relax," Peter tried to calm the man despite the fact that his heart was pounding out of his chest.

"No! You've been nothing but a bother since you showed up!" The man snarled. "Now, I can get you out of the way once and for all!"

Peter closed his eyes and waited, his heart skipping a beat as he heard the gun go off.
(Y/n) sat on her couch one moment, and the next there was a blue light and she found herself at the entrance to an alley. Suddenly on her feet, the girl moved against the stone brick wall and peered into the alleyway, for once thanking her inhumane eyesight as she could see what was going on.

She saw Peter, as Spider-man, fighting a group of maybe five guys. One was webbed up already, and his friends were quickly following, all the while Peter danced around the aim of one man, maybe the leader, who had a gun.

(Y/n) was ready to move away and find her way home to leave Peter to finish these guys as he did with them all, when she felt her heart stop.

Because the man had caught her friend by surprise and was holding him against the wall with a gun to his head.

She didn't think, she just ran.

She just ran.

She ran.

She ran.

She ran.

And she made it...

(Y/n) threw herself at Peter, tackling him and throwing his body out of the way. He fell to the ground in a daze, but unscathed.

"(Y/n)?" Peter asked as he stood up, his mask showing his confusion.

The girl could only suck in a breath, her hand clutching the blooming spot of red on her shirt.

"(Y/n)"

Peter ran forward, webbing up the confused guy as he went before gripping his friend and webbing himself up to the roof of the building on their right.

"Oh my god!" Peter gasped when he let her body go, her head leaning upon a small stone. "(Y/n)! You... You're shot!"

(Y/n) looked down at her shirt, where a bright, wet red spot was growing bigger and bigger. "Really?" She gasped. "I didn't notice."

"Karen, let Mr. Stark know what's going on," Peter demanded. "Scan the wound and tell him in the message how long she has."

"Peter," the voice of his AI said softly. "The scan... She won't make it five minutes."

"No!" Peter cried. "No! You're lying, you're-"

"Peter." The teenage superhero turned down to look at his friend as she bled out on the roof. She wasn't looking at him, her eyes instead turned to the sky. "Talk to me. Please."

Peter swallowed the lump in his throat as best he could, tears streaming down his cheeks, but he nodded. "Of course." He moved to lay down next to his dying friend and used his hands as a
pillow. He looked up to the sky as well. "The sky is beautiful, huh?"

"Yes," (Y/n) replied, her voice weak as she spoke. Peter held back a sob at her tone. "I've always loved the night. So many stars, you know? And we can barely see them from here in the city, normally. My eyesight lets me, though. There are..." She gulped and sucked in a breath. "So many stars..." She paused before adding, "I've always thought it would be amazing to go to space... To see the stars..."

"You will," Peter said as firmly as he could, and even then his voice wavered. "You're about to go join the stars, (Y/n)." He looked to her, his vision blinded for a moment by the tears leaking from his eyes. Her (e/c) orbs were beginning to glaze over.

"That sounds nice," she said softly. She turned ever so slightly in his direction. "Tell me about them, Peter."

"Of course," he agreed. Peter looked up at the stars and began to speak. "Stars are large balls of gas and energy, scientifically, but they are so much more than that. They are light, and they are happiness. They make people dream. They are inspiring, and they are beautiful."

"Keep going," (Y/n) stated, her voice not even at a whisper. "I love the stars."

"Stars are..." Peter paused for a moment to stop a choking sound from escaping. "Stars are incredible miracles, and they are magnificent balls of light that change the lives of those that they touch." Peter realized now that he wasn't talking about the stars in the sky anymore. He sat up and pulled his knees to his chest. "You're a star, (Y/n)."

He turned to the subject of his statement and felt his blood run cold.

For all he saw was a body.

(Y/n)'s (e/c) eyes, normally so bright and full of light, were nothing more than glassy orbs now, gazing up empty, unseeing, into the stars above.

Peter looked at this girl he considered one of his best friends, this girl he had met just a few days ago, this girl who had sacrificed her life for his, and suddenly all the emotions caught up with him.

Peter screamed. And sobbed. And screamed. And sobbed.

He shakily closed her eyes forever and clutched her body to him. He unconsciously begged his friend to come back, to open her eyes, make a joke, embarrass herself, SOMETHING.

But, nothing...

For (Y/n) (L/n) was gone.

She was among the stars.

Chapter End Notes

First half of chapter: Happiness

Second half of chapter: Pain
Peter: Stay alive...

Peter: Stay alllliiiiiiiiivvvveee

(Y/n): Naw, les look at staaaaarrrrrs

(Y/n): *dies*
"Peter?"

The superhero couldn't breathe. He inhaled with short gasps, he was hyperventilating, *he couldn't breathe...*

"Peter?"

Karen's voice brought him back a small bit as she said his name again.

"Karen?"

His voice was hoarse from screaming, from sobbing, from begging his friend to return to him, to return to life.

She didn't.

"Peter, would you like me to call Mr. Stark?"

Peter thought hard, the words taking forever to register in his brain, before he choked out painfully, "Yes."

He heard the phone ring in his mask clutched in his hand, and he pulled it clumsily onto his head, settling into it just as the line picked up.

"Hey kid, it's nearly midnight. What's going on?"

Tony sounded unconcerned, this wasn't the first time that Peter had called him this late, not even on a school night.

"Mr. Stark," Peter gasped, and when he heard his voice, he realized how horrible he sounded. It was painful to speak, to breathe, his throat raw from his wails. "Mr. Stark, please, please, come to get me, please."

Tony asked no questions, simply responded, "I'm on my way."

Peter sat there, unable to control the sobs that continued to wrack his figure as he clutched (Y/n)'s body to him with one hand and tore his mask off with the other. He wished on every star in the sky above him for her eyes to flutter open, for her to speak to him, for her heartbeat to start up again, but nothing came.

Nothing would ever come.
He stayed silent, rocking gently with (Y/n) in place, listening as the police showed up and arrested the men still tied up below. He distantly heard the officers calling his hero alias, but he paid them no mind. There was nothing they could do.

Nothing anyone could do.

"Peter!"

Peter heard his name called by a familiar voice.

"Mr. Stark?" He croaked out.

"Where are you, kid?"

Peter tried to stand, but his knees buckled the moment he did. He settled to staying down, crawling to the edge of the building near where he knew the voice of his mentor to be coming from. Peter leaned over and saw the man standing outside of his black car, looking up to the roof that the teenager was on.

"Mr. Stark," Peter cried. "Up here."

"Peter! Hell, kid, you look awful. What happened?" Tony smirked. "Nasty run-in with a mugger?"

Peter let another sob fall from his lips, tears dripping down his cheeks, down his chin and off, falling to the ground below.

"God, I'm sorry, kid, what happened, come on..."

"Mr. Stark," Peter gasped. "Mr. Stark, it's (Y/n)."

"(Y/n)?" Peter couldn't see the confusion on the billionaire's face, but he heard it in the man's voice. "Is she up there? What's going on, what happened?"

"The bad guys," Peter managed to say. "I took them all down but one, and he had me against the wall and he was gonna shoot me, Mr. Stark, he was gonna kill me, but (Y/n) showed up and tackled me out of the way, but the gun still went off, and it shot her and..." Peter sobbed, his eyes blinded by the salty drops that covered them. "She's dead, Mr. Stark. She got shot in the chest, and she's up here, and she's dead." Peter took in a gasp of air and finished with a small, weak, "She's gone..."

Tony was silent for a moment. Then, Peter's hearing picked up his murmured, "Shit, kid," followed by a much louder, "I'm coming up there."

Peter heard the man get into an Iron Man suit he hadn't noticed when looking down, the thrusters pulling Tony onto the roof next to the teenager and his friend's body. The billionaire got out of the suit as soon as it landed, and he moved quickly to Peter, wrapping his arms around the boy.

"It's going to be okay, Peter... It's going to be okay."

"I only knew her for two days, Mr. Stark," Peter breathed. He sucked in a gulp of air and continued. "I only knew her for two days and she was one of my closest friends... And she died for me..."

Tony opened his mouth to say something, but it would never come.

The universe would never know what Tony Stark was going to say to Peter Parker as they sat there that night, Peter holding the body of his friend while his mentor held him tight, trying to comfort...
the boy lost in grief.

Tony Star opened his mouth to speak, but that response would never come. Not even the universe knows what he would have said...

Because, at that moment, the world stuttered...

And it was anew.

---

(Y/n) opened her eyes to find nothing. It was all dark, everything was dark.

Was she blind? She didn't think so... If she was... how?

"Hello?" (Y/n) called into the inky blackness. "Is anyone there? Where am I?"

She felt suddenly being pulled through space, her eyes squeezing shut on instinct as the universe seemed to shoot by. When she opened her eyes again, she was sitting in water. A small layer of the liquid covered everything, the sky a strange orange-pink color.

(Y/n) raised her hand out of the water to find that the limb wasn't wet in the slightest, not a drop to be seen. The girl stood up slowly, her legs shaking as she did and, sure enough, her clothes were as dry as could be.

"Hello?" She yelled again. "What happened? Where am I? Is anyone out there?"

The sky around her abruptly flashed bright orange.

"Think back..."

(Y/n) jumped at the sudden arrival of a new voice, though it sounded... strange. Like a mix of many different voices blending together, all separate, and yet all one... "Think back... What does that mean?"

"Remember what happened to you..." This time the sky flashed electric yellow.

(Y/n) closed her eyes and rubbed at her temples as she thought. What happened to me... I was at home... Watching that Hamilton Animatic... And then there was a flash of blue light... And I was in the alley... And Peter was there... And he was going to be shot... And I ran forward... I saved him... There was pain... There were stars... There was nothing...

The girl's eyes flew open, her mouth voicing what she already knew, "I died."

The sky was red for a split-second. "You died." The voice confirmed.

"Then... where am I?"

"Unimportant... We have little time, (Y/n) (L/n)..." The sky was green for a moment at this addition.

"Why am I here?"

"We took long to find one capable of using the power. Your sacrifice was unplanned... We are giving you another chance..." A purple flash now.
"Another chance?" (Y/n) scrunched up her eyebrows.

"Just the one... You deserve it... We believe you do... But, it is your choice..." The sky was a shocking blue color for a moment.

"I want another chance, I do, but... is there a catch?" (Y/n) had seen enough to know that there was always a catch.

"You will be taken back far... Far... Far..." There was a green flash.

(Y/n) bit her lip. "Okay... Will I remember all this, though?"

"Yes..." Yellow.

"Can I... Can I take one other person with me... Make one other person remember?"

There was a hesitation before the sky was orange with the response. "Who?"

"Peter Parker. Spider-man."

One more pause.

Then,

"Yes," came with a flash of orange once more.

"Can I ask anything about you?" (Y/n) questioned, her curiosity getting the best of her.

"In time, young (Y/n) (L/n)... We will show in time..." Green.

"But-"

The same color returned for a moment. "In time..."

As the words finished, (Y/n) went to respond, but had no time to, as the sky suddenly flashed vibrant green over and over, the world seeming to spun around her. (Y/n) shut her eyes tightly and waited as the world around her disappeared.

All went black a moment later.

And the world stuttered...

And the world was anew...

Chapter End Notes

Peter: *wiaiting for Tony* my friend is dead :(  
Tony: Hey did someone die?  
Voices: Hello child live again  
(Y/n): But I want frieeeeennnndds
Voices: ...

Voices: okay fam
(Y/n) sat up suddenly. Her hands bunched up the old mattress that she used as a bed below her. She took deep breaths and looked around, her eyes scanning her surroundings as fast as she could.

She was in her room...

(Y/n) thought back, and remembered dying. She remembered bleeding out on a rooftop after saving Peter.

Peter...

The voices said that they would make him remember too when they did... whatever they did... She was grateful if they followed through... She didn't want to go through anything alone anymore, not now that she's made a real friend...

"ALICE?"

"Yes, (Y/n)?" ALICE's voice had a bit of static in it, must have been before Polly gave her those better speakers she had found. (Y/n) hoped she'd be able to fix them up again. The static was annoying.

"What day is it today?" (Y/n) asked.

"It is currently 5:27 am on the second of February, 2017. You woke up about five minutes before your alarm went off.

It was over a year ago...

"Peter!" (Y/n) exclaimed suddenly.

"I'm sorry, (Y/n), who?"

"A... a friend from school... his name is Peter..."

"I see."

(Y/n) pulled herself off the bed, wiping her forehead of the sweat she hadn't noticed before now.

"ALICE? Do we have any food?"

"No, you ate the last piece of bread and last bit of butter for dinner yesterday," The A.i. responded. ALICE's voice paused for a moment before she added softly, "I'm sorry."

"It's fine, Al," (Y/n) said, waving her off as she began to get dressed. "I'll eat at school, it's all
"Are you sure?" ALICE's CONCERN was certainly being used heavily right now.

"Yeah, I'm sure," She nodded, ignoring the growling she could feel in her stomach. Dying apparently took a lot of energy out of you. "I'll be fine."

"Alright, (Y/n). If you say so."

(Y/n) smiled a small bit as she pulled out a sweatshirt from the small closet she had n her room to begin to put on. She glanced in the small mirror in the corner of the room, though, and froze. Leaving the shirt discarded, the teen that was only in the small t-shirt she was planning to wear underneath. (Y/n) allowed her fingers to gently go over the enormous scar that sat a bit to the left right on her chest. It was large, half-covered by the t-shirt. It didn't look like a normal scar. It was a dark red as if it was a fresh wound, but when she ran her fingers along the crumpled skin, it was solid. It felt the same as any other scar she had on her body, scars that were a given with the part of the city she grew up in.

"ALICE?" (Y/n) asked after a moment. "Have I made those devices for sound limitation yet?"

"The blueprints were finished a week ago, but you have been having trouble getting the parts for them," ALICE responded. "Did you have enough sleep last night, (Y/n)? You seem to be having trouble with memory right now."

"I'm fine," The girl responded. She pressed down a small bit on the scar, her eyes narrowing stubbornly, when a shock of pain erupted from the spot, covering her body and causing her to fall back on the bed. Her eyes fell shut and opened what felt like a second later.

"(Y/n)!" ALICE exclaimed. "What happened! Are you alright!"

"I'm fine, Al," (Y/n) told her A.I. "When does school start?"

"Approximately forty-five minutes from now," ALICE replied quickly.

"Forty-five! Where the hell did the time go!" She cried, hopping up.

"You were unconscious, (Y/n)," ALICE said helpfully, her voice with a small lilt to it.

"I was?" (Y/n) paused for a moment, blinking once before pulling her shirt over her head. "Thanks." She turned and checked herself in the mirror again. Her large new scar was covered by the black sweatshirt that had the white text 'Give me some Space' along with an assortment of stars and planets across the rest of the fabric. She smiled lightly, patting down her hair as much as she could.

"Please get some food before lunch somehow," ALICE said, her voice pleading. "And get your coat!"

"Got it, ALICE," (Y/n) nodded, strolling out of her bare room and into the hallway. She passed the bathroom and the closet and into the main room. It was almost how she remembered it, minus a few things. The sofa still had that one giant tear in the side. She had fixed that up around March if she remembered correctly. The television wasn't fully functional yet, that had been done in early May. She only had one chair at the large box she used for a table instead of two. The second one had arrived around April.

The girl pulled her backpack from the corner of the room before strolling over to the door,
throwing a small glance at the fridge she already knew to be empty. Winter was always the hardest for food.

(Y/n) grabbed her coat off of the nail she used as a coat hanger in the wall. "Bye, ALICE, I love ya'!" She exclaimed, throwing the words over her shoulder as she threw the door open and walked outside.

"Goodbye, (Y/n)," ALICE responded warmly.

The teenager closed the door and looped her arm through the second strap of her backpack before turning and moving toward the old elevator that was only a few yards away from her apartment door.

As she reached the lobby, (Y/n) glanced at the vending machine off to the side desperately for a moment. She heard the man who worked at the front desk, who everyone just called 'Lob', greet her.

"Good morning, (Y/n)! You're out a bit later than normal, hm?" He grinned at her.

"Morning, Lob," (Y/n) smiled tightly. "I slept in a bit, up late doing homework, you know?"

"You still look a bit tired though," Lob said, his smile fading and shifting to a look of concern.

"Ran out of food after yesterday," she shrugged. "I'll be okay until lunch."

"No way, girly. Growing kid like you needs her food. Here-" He reached down into the desk and pulled out a few dollars "Grab something from the vending machine, alright?"

"Lob, I can't take this!" (Y/n) exclaimed. "This belongs to the building!"

"Naw, this'll come right outta my own money," he stated, his grin returning. "It's all good."

"That makes it even worse!" She cried, backing away.

"Take it, (Y/n)." His tone had changed so drastically that she moved forward and accepted the three bills. "You helped my wife with that sickness when we couldn't afford the crazy medicine for it. You saved her and our bank account. This is the least I can do to repay you."

(Y/n) turned the money over in her hands carefully before looking up at him and whispering, "Thank you, Lob."

"Anytime, kiddo, anytime."

(Y/n)'s heart ached a bit as she moved to the machine quickly and inserted the money, stabbing in some numbers almost too hard when she heard Lob greet an old woman, Mrs. Penn, who came down every few days to knit in the lobby.

She had missed Lob and was ashamed to admit as she watched a granola bar fall down from where it was contained with others that she had forgotten how amazing it was to have his presence in the lobby every morning. The new guy that had taken over the day after, and was nowhere near Lob in personality, goodness, anything... But there was nothing she or anyone could do...

Lob had died in early February, over a year ago... A victim of a mugging that had gotten too extreme... He hadn't even been the person getting mugged but had instead run in to save them...

(Y/n)'s eyes widened as she grabbed the fruit snacks as well. If today was February second, then
that mugging was supposed to happen tonight...

She suddenly really hoped that Peter remembered her...

Maybe he could save Lob tonight...

(Y/n) waved goodbye to Lob for what she hoped wasn't the last time and walked out the front door.

A blast of cold air struck her body as soon as her feet left the opening to the sidewalk. (Y/n) staggered a small bit before straightening herself out as much as she could. It was windy on this winter day, yes, and the small sprinkle of snow that fell from the sky along with it turned into an onslaught of the flakes. Snow from the already foot that was piled up along the sidewalk and at the corners of the road was blown around to join the fresh ones already flurrying in the air whenever a particularly strong gust of wind hit it. (Y/n) pulled her coat tighter around her, pulled her hood over her bare head, and began the trek to her school, moving as quickly as she could in the conditions.

"Heya, (Y/n)!"

The teenager in question turned to the source of the voice. She was about fifteen minutes into her journey but had moved fast enough that she was already halfway there. (Y/n) allowed her smile to grow at the people she saw.

"Hey there, Polly, Jack, Zack, Mack, Ozzy, Lucy, how are you all this morning?"

"Been better," Lucy shrugged as she pulled the small tattered blanket she had tighter around her body. "But better than we could be."

"You guys've got a really smart set-up here, actually," (Y/n) observed, gazing at the way that old pieces of metal and cardboard were slung along the two buildings that the alley was between to make a decent-sized area into a covered spot for them to stay while it snowed, the alley itself already giving protection against the wind.


"Well, I've gotta get to school. I'm already going to be late," the teenager commented. "Have a good day."

"Bye (Y/n)!!"

"Have a nice day sweetie!"

"See'ya kiddo!"

"Bye bye!"

(Y/n) laughed and stepped out of the alley and back onto the sidewalk. She turned to the side and continued to make her way to her school. Finally, after another twenty minutes, she made it there. The wind and snow had picked up halfway through the last leg of her trek, hindering her from making it to the building on time.

After signing in at the office, (Y/n) moved through the empty school halls slowly, her legs trudging along, as they were near frozen at this point. She tried to pull her coat tighter around her, but it did nothing to help.
"Why is my body so horrible at thermo-regulating?" She muttered as she made her way up the last flight of stairs and into her first class of the day. (Y/n) was pleased that she had managed to remember her freshman year schedule.

The door was unlocked, thankfully, so she carefully opened it, trying to be as quiet as possible when, of course, the door squeaked, the screeching sound turning all heads in the room from the teacher, Mr. Melzin, to her.

"You're late, Miss (L/n)," The man said sternly. (Y/n) had never liked him, really.

"Sorry, sir," she whispered, placing the note from the office on his desk before making her way back to her seat, trying to remain as straight and normal as possible as her body tried to shiver.

"(L/n), do tell your parents to drop you off a bit earlier, next time," Mr. Melzin's sharp voice said.

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir."

She could feel the eyes of her classmates on her for a moment and kept her gaze firmly glued to the desk. Finally, after what felt like forever but was most likely just a few seconds, the teacher at the front spoke again and their stares moved back to him.

"Can anyone tell me one quote that we read about yesterday from Confucius? Yes, Miss Moon?"

"Wherever you go, go with all your heart."

"Yes, very good, nicely-"

His voice was drowned out from (Y/n)'s head as she shivered more. Her body trembled as it tried to warm itself, and she had to pause every few seconds when she tried to grab her things from her bag as quietly as she could. She had her notebook in front of her, open, pencil at the ready, but her hand shook too much anyway, and she had barely written a sentence before the bell rang. People stood up and (Y/n) sighed, tucking her things away with less shaking than before, though it was still noticeable.

Slipping out into the hall, (Y/n) made her way to the next class.

And the next.

And lunch (yay, food).

And the next.

And the next.

And finally the last.

(Y/n) grabbed her things as soon as the bell rang and moved out of the building, keeping her head down as she had for the whole day.

She looked outside and saw snow falling down and wind gusting around, more than that morning, and chose to sit by the front door, waiting for it to die down at least a little.

An hour later and she was done with her homework as the clubs began to walk out as well. The chess club was gone first, then the Robotics, then five more that she zoned out during, and then the Academic Decathlon. The last one.
(Y/n) watched as Liz Toomes walked out, the daughter of the Vulture. She knew him and her from the news. Flash Thompson was next, she could tell just by his loud voice talking to the others she walked with about whatever thing his dad had just bought him.

"I've gotta go to the bathroom, I'll see you tomorrow, Ned."

"'Kay, bye Peter."

(Y/n) watched out of the corner of her eye as Ned Leeds left the building, the doors swinging closed behind him. She shivered as a small burst of cold air struck her from the closing door.

"Why are you sitting here?"

(Y/n) looked up into the confused brown eyes of Peter Parker, who stood above her. She shrugged. "It's normally a forty-five-minute walk to my home from here. I'm waiting for the snow and wind to die down a bit before I head out."

His eyebrows furrowed. "You know it's only supposed to get colder and snowier and windier from here, right?"

"It is?" (Y/n)'s eyes widened and she looked desperately out at the snow.

"Yeah, sorry (Y/n)."

(Y/n) turned to him. "How did you know my name?"

"I, uh, (Y/n) is your name? I didn't know, I just, uh..."

"Peter?" He looked at her with eyes equally as surprised as hers. "Do you remember me?"

Peter observed her for a moment before nodding. "I thought that was all a dream, but then I woke up and it's February of 2017, not March of 2018, and I know I didn't dream a year of my life, but..."He looked down for a moment before locking his eyes with her. "(Y/n)... You died..."

"I did," she nodded. "But that's in the past, er, the future I guess..." (Y/n) could feel her eyes welling up. "I'm sorry." She looked away. "I just-"

She was cut off by her friend launching himself at her. He embraced her tighter than she remembered anyone ever doing to her and held on tight.

"I'm sorry I couldn't save you," he managed to say.

(Y/n) wrapped her arms around her friend as well and whispered, "I'm sorry too."

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): morning allie what's shaking

ALICE: it's a year ago

Teacher: tell your parents to drive you sooner
(Y/n): ...

(Y/n): my parents aren't home right now, please leave a message

Peter: oh look my friend who i saw die a year from now hi friend

(Y/n): hi petey pete

Peter: :O
Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) meets someone new and maybe unlocks a new power.

Chapter Notes

Okay, we are generally back in DECENT chapter territory.

Not my level of 'good'

But decent.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Do you want my aunt to drive you home?" Peter asked (Y/n) as the teenagers sat on the ground near the front doors of the school.

(Y/n) turned to him with wide eyes. "Really?"

"Yeah, sure, I mean, I have to ask, but she'll probably say yes."

(Y/n) nodded. "Yes, please."

"Cool, let me text her."

Peter pulled out his phone, unlocked it, and jabbed his fingers onto the screen, his thumbs flying along it.

"Peter?"

He slid his phone onto the ground and turned to his friend that was not dead in any way, thank god. "Yeah?"

"Are you Spider-manning tonight?"

"I wasn't planning on it, it's May's day off and she wanted to try and make lasagna. Why?"

She grabbed him by the shoulders and locked her eyes on his. "Please, Peter, please, somehow get Spider-man in the alley across from Delmar's, next to the nail place, at 10:30 tonight?"

"Why?"

"A friend of mine died there in a mugging on this night the... first time around."

Peter's eyes widened. "Of course, (Y/n). I'm sorry I wasn't there in the first place."

"It's fine, we've got another chance now anyway."
Her smile was built of lies, but it wasn't necessary that he know that.

"Are we just gonna call that world that... doesn't exist now... 'the first time'?' Peter asked.

"Eh," she shrugged, "That works."

"Okay. Oh!" The phone beside the boy suddenly dinged with life. He picked it up and read the screen before grinning. "May says she can drop you at your place."

"Awesome. Thanks."

"Don't thank me," Peter insisted. "May is the mastermind behind everything that has ever gone right in my life."

(Y/n) laughed. "Now I'm beside myself with excitement for meeting her." Her smile fell a bit. "Do you think she'll like me?"

"(Y/n), it's hard not to like you."

(Y/n)'s smile was very brief, a fleeting glance of one, and a second later, she muttered something under her breath that Peter wouldn't have caught if it wasn't for his super-hearing. "You'd be surprised."

"Anyway," Peter went on, pretending to have not heard her, "May says she'll be here in five minutes. Do you have a coat or anything?"

"Oh, uh, yeah, it's in my locked though."

"Why is it in your locker?"

She shrugged as she stood and walked quickly down the hall and up the stairs.

(Y/n) returned from the second floor where her locker must have been a few minutes later, her arms already slipping into the winter coat that looked to be a few sizes too small for her and more useful in fall or spring than the snowy winter months, but the teenage boy bit his tongue to stop from saying a word about it.

"When's your aunt get here?" The girl questioned once she had zipped up the jacket and reached him, bending down to grab her backpack from the ground.

"Any moment now."

No sooner had the words left his lips that the advanced hearing of both teenagers picked up on the honking of a horn out front. Through the windows and the snow, they could just barely make out the silhouette of a car.

"That her?"

"That's her."

Peter opened the door and held it open for his friend before letting it close behind him. (Y/n) held her arm up to shield her eyes from the onslaught of flakes as Peter pulled up his hood for his own protection. They scurried down the steps, Peter simply hopping them as the girl gripped the banister and moved a bit slower so as to not slip. Finally, Peter threw his bag into the front seat before closing that door and opening the one behind, sliding and buckling in in the back instead. (Y/n) reached the vehicle a moment later and slipped into the back with her friend, pulling the door
closed behind her.

"So how was school, Pete?" May asked from the front.

"It was good, thanks. Oh!" Peter suddenly seemed to remember the fact that his friend had never met his aunt, and in the first time around, it hadn't even been face to face. "May, this is (Y/n). (Y/n), this is my aunt May."

"It's nice to meet you," (Y/n) said, her voice suddenly quiet as she held out her hand for the woman to shake.

"Nice to meet you too," May grinned, grabbing the girl's hand and shaking it firmly. "Heh, that's a strong grip you have there, (Y/n)."

"Uh, thanks?"

"Alright, seat-belts everyone!" May announced, changing her voice a bit as she said it.

"Was that from the Magic School Bus?" (Y/n) asked as she did as she was told.

"One of Peter's favorite shows."

"When I was seven!" Peter exclaimed, his cheeks turning bright red. "I haven't watched that show in years! Aunt May, why..."

May laughed as she pressed on the gas pedal, and looked accomplished when (Y/n) released a small giggle as well.

"So, (Y/n), where do you live?"

(Y/n) gave her the address.

"That old apartment building?" May asked, her brows scrunched together as she looked back at the teens. "Really?"

"Uh, yeah," (Y/n) responded, her cheeks dusted with a blush.

"Alright then, lucky I know the way! I had a friend who used to live there. It's pretty far from Midtown, though. Do your parents usually pick you up?"

"No, no, my parents are... out of town for... business. I stayed home, so I just walk to and from school."

May nearly crashed into a tree as she swerved in her shock. Pulling to a stop at a traffic light, the woman turned around with wide eyes as she repeated, "You walk to school! In this weather?"

(Y/n) nodded. "It's usually okay in the morning, it's just the afternoon that gets pretty bad. I normally hang around after school until the snow lets up enough for me to walk more easily."

"Do you have an after-school job or anything, (Y/n)?"

"Oh, uh, no, I don't. My mom sends money every three months to last me. The next bit should be in a few days," the girl responded.

"So you cook yourself then?"
(Y/n) squirmed uncomfortably but nodded in confirmation.

"I try to cook for Peter and I too," May commented. "I think I'm getting better. Wouldn't you say so, Peter?"

"Um, yeah, it could use a bit of work."

May narrowed her eyes at her nephew in the small mirror above but said nothing. Peter's cheeks grew red and he hastily added, "Not that it's bad, May! Way better than I could ever do!"

May stared at him for a moment before dissolving into laughs. "I'm joking, sweetie, but thank you."

(Y/n) smiled a small bit as her eyes flicked from aunt to nephew. She allowed herself a blink of her eyelids, but when she opened them, she sucked in a breath and felt a pang in her head. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up, but she knew why. Her vision was suddenly green.

(Y/n) looked around frantically, and saw that the world around her flashing with the vibrant color. A voice in the back of her head seemed to scream, "Danger! Danger! Danger!" She winced at the yell. "Stop!"

(Y/n) groaned as the colors hurt her eyes, as the sound pounded in her thoughts.

"(Y/n)? What's wrong?" Peter asked, placing a hand on her shoulder. She turned to him and the boy resisted sucking in a breath when he saw the ring of bright emerald green that lined her iris and pulsed in her eyes.

"What is it?" May asked from the front.

"Stop the car," (Y/n) stated firmly, even though her hands trembled as she gripped the back of the seat in front of her.

"What?"

"Stop the car, now!"

May's eyes grew even more concerned, but she listened, slowing down on the street that they alone occupied.

"What happened (Y/n)?" Peter asked, his eyebrows furrowing.

"I just... felt something bad... up there, I think... we needed to stop..." (Y/n) pointed a finger forward to the intersection ahead of them as her vision slowly faded back to normal, still a slight green hue hanging on everything for a moment.

"I don't understand, there's nothing up there, (Y/n)-"

May was cut off by sounds similar to that of an explosion. Every gaze flew forward to the crossroads that they probably would have reached that exact moment, where a car from their right and a car from their left suddenly shot through and collided, debris flying through the air as fire shot into the sky.

The woman allowed her surprise to fall from her lips. "What the hell?!"

Two pairs of eyes abruptly turned to (Y/n) before May and Peter exchanged glances. If it wasn't for
(Y/n), they'd be dead. The girl in question looked much more tired than a moment ago, as she laid her head against the window and closed her eyes. Her breathing leveled out a second later.

May moved to the side a bit and managed to turn the vehicle around, driving away from the crash.

Peter didn't comment on the way her hands shook as she pulled to the side of the road for a minute to allow the police, fire trucks, and ambulances through.

May didn't comment on the way Peter gripped his friend's limp hand as she slept.

They drove back to their apartment in silence.

"Peter, can you carry (Y/n) up to your room?"

"Yes, May."

Peter picked up his friend, who was much too light for him while he carried her to be healthy, despite his super strength, and followed his aunt into their building and up the few floors to their home. May unlocked the door quietly and pushed it open, holding it with her fingers so her nephew could get through before closing it and locking it behind him. Peter moved through the house and into his room, the door having remained ajar when he ran out in a hurry that morning.

The teenager laid (Y/n) on his bed after using his feet to shove a few things laying there away. He was suddenly grateful as he glanced around the surroundings that May had forced him to clean it two days prior.

Peter slipped out of his room and closed the door gently behind him. Walking from his door and into the main area, he noticed May in the kitchen, her hands gripping the edge of the counter as her thoughts seemed to run rapidly through her mind.

"May, what are you thinking about?"

"What to have for dinner," the woman replied. "I don't want to accidentally kill your new friend with a new experimental dish of mine." Peter chuckled at that. "I don't know."

"Uh... Pizza?"

May raised an eyebrow. "Didn't we have pizza two nights ago?"

"Yeah, but, you know... Pizza!"

May stared at her nephew for a moment before letting out a laugh and shaking her head, though she responded with a, "Sounds good to me."

May took out her phone and called the closest pizza place to where they were after looking up a number online. "Hello, yes. Yes, can I please have a medium pepperoni pizza and a small side of bread sticks? Yes." May tapped her fingers against the counter-top as she gave the address. "No. Yes. Thank you." She placed the phone down with a triumphant smile. "Mission accomplished."

May took a drink from a water glass near the sink before releasing a small sigh.

"What else is bothering you, May?"

The nurse groaned, rubbing her temples as she leaned against the surface. "Just... thinking about
how lucky it is that we had (Y/n) in the car with us today."

"Yeah, I know."

"No, Peter," May turned to him, her eyebrows scrunched together. "We would have died..."

Peter moved toward her and wrapped an arm around her shoulder. "But we didn't. It's fine, May, it was pure luck that we're here still, and I think we should just take that and run with it."

May smiled and pressed her lips to his forehead, pulling his head down to do so.

Peter faked a smile as he remembered the green circle in his friend's eyes.

Chapter End Notes

May: Nephew has friend
May: Friend who is girl
May: Embarrassment time
Peter: May No
May: May Yes
(Y/n): we're gonna die
(Y/n): lol not anymore
Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Summary

In which May is motherly ad we are introduced to someone who might leave us much too soon.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Y/n)'s eyes flew open to find herself in unfamiliar surroundings. Her gaze flicked around the room she was in. A small window was to the side, a few posters clung to the walls, a lamp sat on a night table next to her, a desk across the space. (Y/n) breathed in through her nose and squeezed her eyes closed, releasing a small groan as her head suddenly pounded with pain. "Ow..." She murmured and she pressed her hand to her forehead.

There was a sudden gentle knock on the door. (Y/n) winced at the abrupt sound.

"(Y/n)?" Peter's familiar voice came. "Are you awake?"

(Y/n) gritted her teeth but responded, "Yeah."

Peter slowly pushed the door open a crack and poked his head inside. "Hey."

(Y/n) forced a smile. "Hey."

"Are you okay?" Peter asked as he pushed the door open and bit more and stepped inside.

"I've been better," (Y/n) stated as she tilted her head back and released a small groan. "My head hurts like no tomorrow."

"Sorry," Peter said, rubbing his arm awkwardly. A moment of silence passed before he spoke again, "Are you hungry? May ordered pizza."

"You guys don't have to feed me," (Y/n) said.

"Nonsense!" Came May's exclamation from the kitchen. "You're a guest! Guests get fed!"

Peter chuckled at his aunt before turning back to his friend. "Do you want me to bring you something in here?"

"No, no, I can-" (Y/n) attempted to get up but released a tiny yelp of pain and slapped her hand to her forehead, her fingers flying to her temples to massage them gently "-Food in here sounds great, Peter."

Peter smiled a bit before turning and leaving the room, the door closing softly behind him.

(Y/n) relaxed into the pillow again, her head scrambling, struggling to form coherent thoughts as it pounded with constant pain. "What is happening?" She muttered to herself. A few minutes later, there was a knocking on the door. "Come in," she managed to say.
"Hey (Y/n)." Peter greeted once again, walking into the room with a paper plate in his hand. "I brought you some food."

"Thanks, Peter," (Y/n) said, trying to bring a smile to her lips as she pushed herself up further back. She took the plate from him and watched as the other teenager moved the lamp on the night table over a bit so she could place the food there.

"How are you feeling?"

(Y/n) snorted. "Geez, when did you become my mom?"

Peter's face flushed a bit and he crossed his arms before saying, "Seriously, (Y/n)."

"I'm just... A little cold, I guess? And my head hurts, obviously."

"You're not looking too good," Peter stated. He moved forward a bit and placed a few fingers on her forehead. "And you're really warm." Peter glanced back at the open door. "I'm gonna get May to take your temperature."

(Y/n) blinked at him before nodding dumbly. Peter walked out of the room quickly and the girl's attention turned back to the dinner next to her. Picking up the fork, she stabbed a piece of the pizza that was, for some reason, cut into small bites, and began to eat.

"Hey Pete, you brought (Y/n) her food?" May asked as soon as Peter arrived back in the main area.

"Yeah, May, she's got it and eating now, but..." Peter bit the inside of his cheeks for a moment before asking, "Can you take her temperature?"

May blinked before saying, "Of course, sweetie, but why?"

"I think she might be sick," Peter responded. May nodded.

"Alright, let me just grab the thermometer..." May dragged the last word out as she moved into the kitchen and began to sort through one of the cabinets, finally pulling out a box with the sticker label that read, 'First Aid.' "Here we are," she said, pulling out a small stick before turning on her heel and moving to her nephew's room.

Peter followed closely behind his aunt as she went into his bedroom and knelt next to where (Y/n) was on his bed. An empty plate lay abandoned on the night table next to her, the teenager's eyes squeezed shut.

"(Y/n), sweetie, open your mouth, please," May murmured as she raised the thermometer and flicked it on. (Y/n)'s eyes opened a fraction and she obliged, her lips parting to allow the end of the device to rest under her tongue. May pressed down on the button and waited for a beep. A moment later, the small sound signaled that the temperature had been taken. The nurse whipped the device out and gazed at the number on its screen, which was now flashing red. "100.9," The woman read. "That's not good. You, young lady, need some bed rest and medicine. And no school tomorrow."

(Y/n)'s eyes widened and she shook her head. "No," she croaked out, her voice rough. "No, I need to go to school, I have to, I... I have to..."

May shook her head sadly as she handed the thermometer to her nephew, her eyes still glued to the exhausted girl. "You physically can't, besides the fact that you're not allowed, (Y/n). You can
"I'm in all your classes," Peter interjected. "I'll bring you all the notes you need. We don't have any
tests or anything tomorrow, so you'll be all good. Please, (Y/n), don't force yourself to go to school
when you can't."

(Y/n) glanced around, her eyes frantic before she bit her lip to stop herself from arguing and
nodded. "Fine."

May clapped her hands together, a grin on her face. "Wonderful! Well, let's get you some medicine
and-"

"Wait, no, you don't need to give me your medicine, Mrs. Parker. You've already given me your
food and let me sleep here, you've done enough," (Y/n) stuttered, reaching out and grabbing the
woman's wrist before she could walk out of the room.

"(Y/n), do you have any medicine at home?" May asked, her eyes narrowing.

(Y/n) returned to the lip chewing before she shook her head just the tiniest bit. "No, it's... too much
money. If I get sick, I either toughen up and fight through it or rest and hope I get better."

May crossed her arms. "That is no way to make yourself better. You're going to have some
medicine from me and you're going to like it." Her eyebrows scrunched. "Or at least you're going to
enjoy what happens because of the medicine. I know as well as anyone how horrible that stuff
tastes so you're not going to like that part, but when it makes you feel better, it's going to be great."

(Y/n) released a small giggle before saying, "Thank you, Mrs. Parker."

The woman's eyes lit up. "Well, I am a nurse. Helping people is my job."

"Alright, this should set you until tomorrow. If it's not enough, let Peter know," May stated as she
handed the teenage girl who was finally back on her feet again a small plastic grocery bag weighed
down by the items within.

"Sure thing, Mrs. Parker!" (Y/n) grinned, smiling despite the pain in her head.

"I'm sure Peter will come to visit you after school, knowing him," May said as she eyed her
nephew who smiled sheepishly before nodding. "He'll bring you your classwork and check on how
you're feeling then, won't you Pete?"

Peter nodded rapidly. "Of course I will, May!"

May snorted at his antics. "Good. Alright-" She grabbed her keys off the table, the different ones
clinking against one another as they moved "-We should get going."

"See you tomorrow, Peter!" (Y/n) exclaimed, wrapping her arms around her friend.

Peter's cheeks exploded in a red flush but he returned the gesture a moment later. "Good night
(Y/n)."

She pulled away and picked up her backpack from where it sat on the counter before moving to the
front door of the apartment where May stood at the ready, keys in one hand and phone in the other.

"Call me when you drop her off, May!" Peter called as his aunt began to close the door.
"Of course, sweetie, you be sure to lock the door though!" She responded.

"Got it!" Peter answered just as the door shut completely. He made his way over to the door and slid the lock into place, hearing it click, and nodding in satisfaction when it did.

Peter moved back into his room again where his backpack lay dormant next to his desk. Grabbing the bag and swinging it onto his lap as he collapsed into the chair, Peter opened the zipper and pulled out his English homework. He groaned at the writing prompt on the top of the page before pulling out a pencil and getting to work.

As Peter finished up the last of the three paragraphs, his phone dinged fifteen minutes after his aunt and friend had left.

7:32 pm

May - just dropped her off, be home in 15

Peter- got it

Peter slid the phone back onto the desk and directed his pencil back to the writing, soothed by the continuous scratching of lead against paper. ...And so his research continues to be relevant today, even with advances in technology far beyond his wildest dreams. "Done," Peter sighed, dotting the last period and pushing the sheet of paper away from him, dropping his pencil and gazing at his ceiling for a moment before he turned back to the ground and pulled his math textbook from the bag. He worked through the problems robotically, barely even thinking about them as he wrote. He remembered most of this stuff from the first time around anyway. After a few minutes, and about fifteen problems, Peter was snapped from his calculating daze when his phone dinged with life. He jumped at the sound, his pencil making a dark line over the page where he accidentally pushed down in his shock. Peter groaned and erased it quickly, wiping off the shavings before directing his attention back to the device in the corner of the desk. As soon as the screen lit up, Peter saw a message. A message from Ned.

7:39 pm

Ned- hey, are you okay? u haven't answered any of my texts

Peter- all good, been busy

Peter- hanging with May

Peter- her day off

Ned - cool

Ned- u still up for legos at ur place tomorrow

Peter - can't sry. internship

Ned - got it

Ned- see u at school

Peter- see ya
Peter exhaled as soon as he finished the conversation. He had forgotten that, at this point in time, Ned didn't know that he was Spiderman yet. He crossed his arms. Maybe he should tell his Guy-In-The-Chair earlier than he did last time. Ned could really help him out, he had covered for him last time and it was nice to have someone to talk to about his superhero problems rather than being alone on them.

Peter could have slapped himself in the forehead after that last thought because he wasn't alone.

He had (Y/n).

Peter smiled as he thought of his friend, his friend that he had just watched die.

As if on cue, he heard the door open a second later, his aunt's voice filling the apartment.

"Peter, sweetie, I'm home!"

Peter shook any negative thoughts from his brain and grinned, calling out, "Hey May! I'm in my room doing homework and stuff!"

"Sounds great!"

He heard the footsteps from her boots cease as she pulled them off and left them by the door, her fuzzy socks making much less of a sound to him, even if it was apparent for him from his advanced hearing.

"There's extra pizza in here, Pete! You want any of it!"

Peter pushed himself away from the desk covered in schoolwork and made his way into the kitchen. "May, I want all of it."

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May and (Y/n) made the drive in silence as the woman focused on the slick and busy New York streets and the girl watched the lights from business signs and apartment buildings fly past the car window, mesmerized by the flicks of colors that disappeared a split second after they passed them.

"Here we are, I think," May said as she pulled up in front. She turned to the teenager beside her. "Is this it?"

(Y/n) gazed up at the old building before her, which looked as if it was falling apart. She nodded. "Yeah, this is it."

"Good," May smiled as she unlocked the doors and handed the girl her bag full of stuff.

"Thank you again, Mrs. Parker."

"Anytime, sweetie. Any friend of Peter's is a friend of mine."

A bright grin lit up (Y/n)'s face in spite of the horrible headache she had as she pushed open the door and exited the car. "See you later, Mrs. Parker," she waved as she made her way up the few steps and into the building.

May returned the wave quickly before driving away into the night and disappearing beyond a corner.

(Y/n) clutched the small holds of the plastic bag tightly as she stepped into the lobby fully and
closed the door behind her.

"Hey (Y/n)," came Lob's voice from the front desk. "You were out late."

"Yeah," (Y/n) forced a smile as she was suddenly reminded of what was to happen tonight. "I went to a friend's place for a while. His aunt drove me home."

Lob grinned. "The (Y/n) (L/n) with a friend? Has the world gone mad?"

(Y/n) rolled her eyes. "Ha ha, very funny Lob."

"Seriously though," Lob said, his smile softening. "I'm glad to hear you finding someone."

(Y/n) nodded. "Thanks Lob."

"Well, I would love to keep talking," the man said as he stood from his chair, stretched out his arms, and grabbed the coat draped over the backing of the seat, "But I need to head out. It's my mom's birthday tomorrow and I need to grab her a present."

(Y/n) felt her heart fall. "Are you sure?" She asked suddenly. "Why don't you just get it tomorrow?"

"Can't" he shrugged. "Leaving first thing in the morning."

"I'm sure you'll still have time," the teenager said, her voice becoming desperate.

Lob chuckled. "While I admire your enthusiasm, I really should get it done tonight. I'll see when you leave for school (Y/n). You can give the final approval on the gift." He threw her one more grin and a wink as he pushed the door open and exited onto the street before she could get another word in.

Even as her head was banging with pain, (Y/n) considered running after him, but her legs refused to move. She bit her lip and winced as another wave of pain ran through her before turning and forcing herself to the elevator. As she listened to mechanical whir of the old thing she stood in, (Y/n) prayed to whatever other-worldly forces there were that Peter remembered to go out for patrol today.

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): peter, i dont feel so good

Peter: here, eat pizza

(Y/n): all better

May: im a nurse, have my medicine

(Y/n): no

May: yes

(Y/n): okay
(Y/n): Lob dont go you gonna die

Lob: lol, naw, im going
Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) had trouble sleeping and Peter does some super-heroing

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

She wasn't going to make it.

That bullet was going and she wasn't going to make it.

She desperately threw herself in front of it, and she made it.

She felt the life seeping out of her, she felt the strike of pain, and she felt the warm red liquid that was flooding from her chest, covering her shirt as it went, and she gasped for breath. She couldn't breathe, she could only feel the pain as she watched tears fall from her friend's eyes as he tried desperately to reassure her that she'd be fine.

She smiled, got him to talk to her, to tell her about the stars, but every breath she took felt like it would be her last. She couldn't let him know he was afraid... Then he'd be sad...

She smiled, but she was on the verge of sobbing.

She smiled, but she was scared.

She didn't want to die.

She held on to every bit of life she could, but her vision was going black, she was slipping.

She clawed at the light around her, she tried to bring herself up, but she couldn't. She was falling, and the boy beside her knew it. She put on a brave face, for him, for her friend, even as she screamed as she fell into nothingness.

(Y/n) sat bolt upright in bed, her heart pounding, her head pounding, sweat dripping down her face, and a scream on her lips. She clamped her teeth onto her tongue before the sound could escape her throat, and a moment later her mouth was filled with a metallic flavor. She blindly reached around at the small box she used as a nightstand until she found the tissue box. (Y/n) took the tissue and spat the blood in her mouth into it.

"It appears that you have had a nightmare, (Y/n)," came ALICE's voice from above, her volume small, an automatic setting for nighttime. "Would you like to talk about it?"

(Y/n) shook her head as she wrapped the tissue in a second and squeezed it in her fist.

"That's fine," ALICE stated, showing that she detected the gesture. "If you change your mind, you know where to find me."

(Y/n) smiled a bit before she felt another headache roll through her, turning the smile to a grimace.
She coughed and stood up, her legs wobbly. She stumbled forward on her weak legs and pressed herself to the wall, using it as support.

"I hate being sick," she muttered as she made her way down the hallway and to the front room, her eyes finally adjusting to the dark. (Y/n) tossed the tissue into the garbage near the tiny fridge before forcing herself back down the corridor and into the bathroom. (Y/n) felt away for the glass she kept on the counter. Her fingers grasped it after a moment and she filled it with water quickly before tilting the liquid into her mouth. She swished it, spitting it back into the sink before she repeated.

When the glass was empty, the girl stood there for a moment, breathing deeply as she mustered up the strength to move. Finally, her limbs agreed with her and allowed her to stagger back into her room and onto the mattress.

She collapsed into it and exhaled with relief when her legs stopped moving. The girl flipped over and gazed up at her ceiling, her eyes flicking around the darkness. (Y/n) felt an ache run through her head again and she released the tiniest groan.

"ALICE? What time is it?" (Y/n) questioned.

"It is currently 1:22 in the morning. You have been asleep for about five hours."

(Y/n) nodded even though her thoughts were screaming, because she was awake at one in the morning. At least she couldn't go to school tomorrow, er, today.

"Thanks, Al."

"Of course (Y/n)."

"All right, this has been fun, but I need to get back to sleep," (Y/n) sighed, allowing her head to push back into the pillow. She let her eyes flutter closed and her tense body relaxed further into her bed as her hands yanked up the blanket that Mrs. Penn had knitted her for Christmas three years ago. The teenager, despite the pain in her head, smiled at the memory and snuggled further into the pillow, feeling herself drift into unconsciousness...

**SHE WAS FALLING AND THERE WAS NOTHING SHE COULD DO**

**FALLING**

**FALLING**

**F A L L I N G**

(Y/n) woke with a gasp as she shot up in her bed. She was sweating again, and it took her a minute to catch her breath. "ALICE?" She breathed out. "What time is it now?"

"It is currently 1:46 in the morning, (Y/n), and you appear to have had another nightmare. Would you like to-"

"No, I don't wanna talk about it, Al, so drop it!" (Y/n) interrupted her A.I. abruptly. ALICE fell silent and the girl felt a pang of guilt in her heart. "Uh, sorry ALICE, I didn't mean to be rude I just... don't wanna talk about it."

"That's alright, (Y/n), I understand," ALICE said, though her voice seemed relieved. (Y/n) sometimes wondered what it would be like to have an A.I. without the human emotions she had
managed to channel into ALICE. The teenager just couldn't imagine the A.I. any other way.

(Y/n) glanced back at her pillow and frowned. "I don't... think I can sleep anymore tonight."

"(Y/n), you only got five hours of sleep. That is not healthy for someone your age," ALICE stated. "It's also not healthy when you're sick."

"I know, but it's only for tonight, Al."

ALICE was silent for a moment before she softly said, "Very well."

(Y/n) smiled as she moved over the bed and propped herself up against the wall, giving her a comfortable position to sit in and a nice view of the window as well, the one angle that she could see the street from. The streetlamp on the sidewalk allowed her to see the small snowflakes that drifted down to the earth, illuminated by the light. They were mesmerizing as they floated down, dancing with one another through the air as they shifted in the small winds.

Even as her headache raged on, as her body was flooded with random waves of pain from whatever fever she had, (Y/n) couldn't help but smile at how beautiful the world was.

It was a wonder she hadn't ever noticed before.

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"Man, am I glad that Mr. Stark put heat regulators into this thing," Peter said as he perched himself on the top of a building, not one of the skyscrapers, but a tall one in its own right, and looked out at his snow-covered city. "Now, where did (Y/n) say that that alley was?" Peter asked himself as he checked the time on his phone before slipping it back into his pocket. 10:15. "Karen? Do you remember?"

Peter halted himself and felt his heart sink for a moment. He had forgotten, for the fifth time that night, that Karen wasn't available to him yet. He really needed to get this suit hacked... Okay, that sounded wrong, but seriously. A thought occurred to him. Maybe (Y/n) could do it. She did manage to make ALICE, an A.I. that impressed The Tony Stark, out of next to nothing. He'd ask her when he dropped off her schoolwork tomorrow.

"Across from... Delmar's, I think?" Peter muttered to himself as he swung in that direction. "Yeah, definitely near Delmar's."

Peter shot out a web and jumped from the building, swinging as his webs connected and disconnected from wall to wall. He couldn't feel the cold air because of the suit, but the wind and the rush of air as he soared made him grin as he flipped, a show only for himself, before continuing on his path.

When Peter arrived at the little corner store, he sat on the roof of the building and scanned the area, his eyes finally landing on the flickering sign of a nail parlor, and then the alley right next to it.

"The alley across from Delmar's and next to the nail place, that was it!" Peter spoke to himself, slapping a hand to his forehead as he realized his own forgetfulness before he shot a web above the nail parlor's sign, landed on the wall, and crawled up to the roof, ignoring the few calls of his name from the passerby.

Peter pressed himself to the ground and inched his way to the edge of the roof, where the alley was, poking his head over and looking down into it, confident that the darkness from his position hid him enough. Peter narrowed his eyes as he watched a woman walk by the alley, just another
face in the crowd, before she was suddenly yanked into the alley by a person Peter somehow hadn't noticed was concealed near the entrance.

He prepared to jump into action and felt his breath hitch when the man pulled a gun, threatening the young woman to empty her purse. She looked to be maybe a few years older than him, probably in college, and was crying as her fingers fumbled with the zipper.

"Please, I-I don't... I don't have much, this is all-"

"I'm not gonna give you pity, girly," the man's gruff voice said as he cocked the weapon. "Now empty your purse."

"Hey!"

A new voice suddenly entered the scene as Peter prepared to jump down into the alley. All eyes turned to the opening to the street where a man stood, his body trembling a bit, probably from a mix of cold and fear, but his face held firm. "Let her go."

The mugger growled and pushed the lady back to the ground just as Peter jumped into the alley. He held a finger to his lips as the girl opened her mouth, thankfully helping her understand as she nodded. He grabbed her purse from the ground with a web and handed it to her before nodding firmly and sneaking toward the mugger, who was quickly advancing on the man.

Peter felt a tinge in his spider-sense and yelled, "Watch out!" to the man a split second before the mugger lifted his gun and shot. The man moved out of the way as quickly as he could, but the bullet managed to lodge itself in his left hand. The man exclaimed in pain and fell against the wall just as the mugger spun around, his face livid when he registered the presence of Spider-man.

"Hey man," Peter waved, sending a web at the mugger now charging toward him in the process. "You know, it's not nice to steal from people," he said as he approached the now trapped mugger, "Or shoot people."

The mugger opened his mouth, probably to snarl something or reply snarkily, but Peter stopped him with a web to the mouth. The superhero turned from the struggling thief and made his way to the young woman who was still frozen in the back of the alley.

"Hey," Peter said, his voice softer, "You did great, thanks for not blowing my cover."

The woman nodded frantically. "Of course, Spider-man! Thanks for saving me!"

"Anytime," Peter grinned, and he hoped she could see it through the mask.

Peter grabbed the girl gently by the wrist and led her toward the entrance of the alley, where the man stood with his phone to his ear.

"Yes, next to Painted Dreams Nail Parlor," the man said. "Yes, thank you."

"Hello there, sir," Peter said as he approached.

"Hey Spider-man," the man breathed as he clutched his hand, which was now wrapped in the coat he had been wearing, leaving him in only his sweatshirt and pants. "Thanks for the warning."

"Thanks for distracting him," Peter said. "What's your name?" He asked, trying to make conversation as they waited for the police to arrive.
"I'm Anne," the girl stated softly, holding out her hand. Peter shook it.

"Nice to meet you Anne."

"My name's William, but everyone I know just calls me Lob, 'cept my family of course."

"Nice to meet you Lob," Peter said.

"I would offer you a hand to shake," Lob stated before gesturing to his wounded hand that was being held by his other, "But I'm a little tied up, unfortunately."

Peter laughed. "I'll leave you to that then."

They talked as they waited for the police to arrive, with an ambulance, hopefully. Eventually, they landed on the two's careers.

"I'm a college student," Anne said as she brushed a snow-dusted lock of blonde hair back into the hat she had dug out of her bag.

"I work at the front desk of an apartment building a ways away, myself," Lob explained. "There's a girl who lives there who tried to convince me it was too dangerous to go out at night to get my mom's present." Lob chuckled, his eyes bright despite the pain he was probably in as he lifted his injured hand a bit. "I guess she was right."

"Why don't you tell us about her?" Peter questioned, both curious and wondering if he had saved the right person.

"Her name's (Y/n), she's a high-schooler, lives on her own cause her mom's out and about," Lob replied. "She's real nice, always says hello in the morning and good night at night." He frowned. "Wonder if the hospital will prevent her from judging the quality of my gift tomorrow."

Peter laughed, a weight seemingly lifted from his shoulders.

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): oh a nightmare
(Y/n): back to sleep
(Y/n): another nightmare
ALICE: you need sleep
(Y/n): shut up allie
Peter: *saves Lob*
Lob: *at injury* well that's unfortunate
Chapter Eighteen

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) is sick and Peter brings her a new friend.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Y/n) took her medicine at two in the morning, then again at six. She had to admit, sitting at home and watching Hamilton animatics from the old television she managed to hook ALICE onto after an hour (she remembered the coding from the first time) was much better than sitting around at school listening to things she had already learned. Her headache had settled down from banging pain to simply a steady ache in her head that once in a while was worse for a few minutes before calming again.'

"(Y/n), it is currently eight in the morning and you still have not eaten. I advise finding a few dollars and going downstairs to get some food from the vending machine," ALICE's voice suddenly rang out through the bare apartment.

"Sounds good, Al," (Y/n) said, agreeing with her A.I., even if she wasn't that hungry. "Can you pause the animatic?"

"Already done."

(Y/n) stood from her seat on the couch as the current 'Wait For It' animatic paused. She stretched out her muscles before turning and lifting one of the couch cushions. "Yes," she quietly cheered as her hand flew down to grab the crumpled up bill that had somehow ended up down there.

As the teenager straightened out her discovery, she couldn't hold in a sigh. She really needed a job. Unfortunately, no one wanted to hire the poor little teenage girl who lived in one of the worst areas in the city, hung out with the homeless people, and lived alone because her only family didn't even want her.

(Y/n) shook those thoughts out of her head and pulled the blanket over her shoulders, draping it around her and providing her with warmth once again. She made her way to the door and opened it, calling behind her, "I'll be back in a minute, ALICE," before stepping into the hallway and closing the entrance to her apartment behind her, hearing it lock with a satisfying click.

The elevator ride down to the lobby wasn't a long one, but it felt like forever as a feeling of dread settled in the teenager's chest. What if Peter hadn't made it in time? (Y/n) couldn't imagine if she had had a second chance and let Lob die anyway.

She stepped out of the elevator and into the lobby and felt her heart sink when she saw the person standing behind the front desk. It wasn't Lob.

Swallowing down a cry, the girl walked toward the desk and placed her hands to inform the man looking down at some papers of her presence. His eyes flew up.

"Yes?"
"Is Lob here?"

The man shook his head. "Naw, sorry (Y/n), it's only me."

"Where... Where is he?" The girl managed to say.

"In the hospital right now," He responded.

(Y/n)’s eyes widened. That was different. "Why? What happened to him?"

"Not really sure," he shrugged. "No one told me, just said I needed to take over for him today. You should ask Maria, I'm sure she knows it all."

The teenage girl nodded. "I'll do that. Thanks."

"No problem, kid."

He turned back to his book as the conversation ended and (Y/n) moved away from the desk and to the vending machines. She got a granola bar before going back into the elevator and pressing the number for two rather than five.

A few seconds later, (Y/n) was in front of an apartment, 201 to be exact, knocking gently on the door.

After a moment, a voice came from the other side, "Coming, coming!"

The door was flung open to reveal a woman standing there, her dark hair messy and the remnants of tears streaks on her caramel skin. The woman's eyes widened. "Oh, (Y/n), what are you doing here?"

"I came to ask you about Lob," (Y/n) responded, wringing her hands together. The girl nibbled her lip before meeting the woman's eyes and asking, "Is he okay? I heard something happened?"

Maria wiped the remaining tears from her face with a deft swipe of her sleeve and nodded, "Oh, yes."

"What happened? Is he alright?" (Y/n) questioned, fearing the worst.

"William was involved in a mugging last night," the woman explained. "He intervened when the mugger was attacking a young woman. The mugger turned on my husband instead, but Spider-man managed to warn him before the gun went off, and William ended up only getting a bullet in the hand. He's in the hospital for surgery, now. He sent me home after the surgery to get a bit of sleep. I'm heading back now, and it seems like he'll recover, but..." Maria trailed off, her chocolate-brown eyes flicking away from (Y/n)'s own (e/c) ones.

"But what?"

"The doctors told me before he went into surgery that the wound was badly infected when he arrived, probably from the cold or something, and they're worried about whether or not they can... save his hand."

(Y/n)’s heart sank. "Oh, I... I'm so sorry, Maria."

"It's alright, (Y/n)," Maria stated, smiling a bit. "The important thing is, he's alive, thanks to Spider-man."
(Y/n) nodded. "Well, thank you for telling me. I should be heading back to my apartment though."

Maria's eyebrows furrowed as she adjusted the purse that (Y/n) only now noticed she had looped around her body. "Yes, but, don't you have school today?"

"I caught a cold yesterday. My friend's aunt is a nurse and she said I needed to take the day off, so here I am," (Y/n) stated.

"I see," Maria nodded sympathetically. "Well then, feel better, (Y/n)."

"Thank you, Maria. Tell Lob I said the same."

"Of course."

(Y/n) walked back to the elevator and heard the door close a moment later.

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"Hey, Peter."

Peter looked up from his locker contents at the mention of his name to see Ned standing a few feet away, his eyebrows furrowed and his eyes looking at Peter with a calculating gaze. Ned had been looking at him the whole day, and it seemed he was finally going to act on whatever was bothering him now that the school day was over.

"Are you feeling okay?" Ned finally asked.

Now it was Peter's turn to be confused. "Yeah, yeah, why would you think I wasn't?"

Ned shrugged. "You've seemed... out of it... for the whole day. Dude, you haven't even mentioned Liz once!"

Peter's eyes widened. That's right, this was before the events of Homecoming. Liz was still here. Had her presence already slipped his mind? He had been so preoccupied during the Decathlon meeting yesterday that he had barely even acknowledged Ned, let alone the girl that he wasn't even sure he still had a crush on.

Peter forced a tight smile. "Sorry, Ned. Just slept badly last night."

Ned crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow. "Really, Peter? Come on, I know you better than that. What's really going on with you?"

Peter thought for a moment. Should he tell Ned? It was really helpful to have a Guy-In-The-Chair last time, but he also didn't have (Y/n) last time. Maybe Ned could help figure out her crazy powers.

"Ned, I need to go to a friend's house now to check on her. She's sick. You wanna come with? I can tell you about everything there."

Ned raised an eyebrow. "Peter, you don't really have any other friends to the best of my knowledge. I mean, except maybe MJ, and..." The teen eyed the girl in the corner. "...I'm not really sure with her about anything."

Peter glanced over at the girl leaning against the wall and sketching in her notebook, struck for a moment at how much younger she looked than what he was now used to. Being a year back was still messing him up a bit.
"Well, I do now."

Ned raised an eyebrow before shrugging. "Alright, let me talk my mom, she's probably waiting outside. Are we walking there?"

Peter was silent for a moment as he thought. He knew Ned's mom, as most parents at this school for nerdy rich kids were, was incredibly protective of her son, and would barely allow him anywhere in the city. Peter glanced to his friend a moment later. "You think she'd be willing to drive us there, actually. In this weather, it's probably an hour walk that I personally don't wanna make."

"Sure, I mean, we could ask her," Ned replied.

"Just... Be warned, she doesn't live in the... nicest part of the city," Peter stated.

"Peter, neither do you, and my mom lets me go to your place all the time."

Peter bit his tongue and nodded.

"Absolutely not."

"Mom!"

Peter stood to the side as he watched his friend argue with his mother, who was adamant on forbidding her child from going to such a dangerous part of the city.

"Peter! It's not that dangerous, is it?"

Peter's eyes shot up from his shoes to see Ned and Mrs. Leeds, who had gotten out of her car for the conversation despite the snow that was flurrying around them and was now looking at him with her hands on her lips, staring back at him intently.

The teenage superhero shook his head frantically. "No way," Peter replied to his friend's question, watching as Mrs. Leeds raised her eyebrow. "The building she lives in has great people working there, we won't go anywhere other than her apartment, and Spider-man patrols around there, so he can help if anything goes wrong." Neither of them understood how accurate that statement was.

Mrs. Leeds glanced from her son's pleading face to Peter and back again. She thought for a moment before sighing and saying, "Fine."

"Yes!" Ned hissed under his breath, pumping his fist just a bit. His mother released a small chuckle at her son's antics before her face turned serious again.

"Now, I'm giving you one hour before I'm coming to pick you up. I'll text you when I'm in front of the building again and when I do I want you down within two minutes. Don't leave Peter's friend's apartment until it's time to go, got it?"

Ned nodded firmly. "Sounds good, Mom."

"Sure thing, Mrs. Leeds."

The woman allowed a smile onto her face for a moment before climbing back into the car. She signaled for the boys to get in as well, and Ned clambered into the front next to his mother, Peter sliding into the back a moment later.
"Now, mother, drive!" At her raised eyebrow, Ned added in a small voice, "Please?"

Mrs. Leeds smiled in satisfaction as she pressed down onto the gas pedal and drove away from the school.

The car ride was relatively uninteresting, filled mainly by Ned rambling on about his day while Peter interjected with a comment every so often. Mrs. Leeds listened the whole time in silence, a small smile playing at her lips.

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"Remember, Ned, no leaving her apartment and you're done in an hour."

"Got it, Mom!"

The woman gazed intently at her son for another minute before she waved for them to go inside, and out of the cold, before driving off as soon as the door closed behind them.

The two teenage boys felt strangely out of place in this lobby, the two couches off to the side empty except for an elderly woman who seemed to be knitting a scarf, as well as a man behind the front desk burying his face in a book.

Peter wracked his brain for his friend's apartment number, but couldn't remember, so he approached the desk carefully, wringing his hands as he did.

"Uh, excuse me?"

The man's eyes flicked up to Peter, and moved from him to Ned and back before replying, "Yes?"

"Well, um, could you, uh, tell us where (Y/n) lives?"

"(L/n)?" The man confirmed as he flipped through a few papers on a clipboard.

"Uh, yes sir."

Peter and Ned exchanged glances as the man hummed out for a moment before pointing to an apartment number, mainly for himself, it seemed. "She's in 502," the man stated.

"Thank you," Peter said quickly, grateful to end the conversation as he yanked his friend by the wrist and pulled him into the elevator.

"Dude, I did not like that guy," Ned said, gripping the bar of the elevator as Peter jabbed the '5' and the thing began to move up, rickety and sounding as if it was older than time itself.

"He didn't seem that bad, just..." Peter struggled to find the word. "...Like he shouldn't be in this line of work."

"Yeah," Ned nodded shakily. "Yeah, I guess that sounds about right."

The elevator finally stopped at the top floor, level 5. No voice informed them that they were there, only the numbers on the top and the opening of the doors.

Ned hopped out eagerly, Peter right behind him. The teenage superhero scanned the apartments around them and then turned to the first one on the left, the number '502' displayed on a small sign next to it.
Peter knocked a few times on the door before a familiar voice spoke.

"How can I help you?"

Peter smiled slightly at the British voice of ALICE, ringing out through the hall.

"Hi, we're here to see (Y/n). I'm a friend of her's from school, Peter."

"I'll let (Y/n) know."

There was a silence for a moment before ALICE spoke again.

"Come on in, Peter and friend, (Y/n) will be ready in a minute."

The door unlocked with a small 'click' sound and Peter reached his hand forward and turned the knob, opening the door so he and his friend could enter the apartment.

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): time for food
(Y/n): hey wheres lob is he dead
Man: what, no
(Y/n): oh cool
Peter: les go see my friend
Ned's Mom: naw, ned shouldnt go to a poor peoples place
Ned: mom please
Ned's Mom: no
Ned's Mom: fine
Chapter Nineteen

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) truly makes a new friend, Peter reveals a secret, and ALICE is a total troll.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Peter and Ned walked into the apartment and while the former moved to the small opening for a hallway nearby, the latter stood and gazed around the room in disbelief. He had been to Peter's apartment quite a few times, more than he could count, actually, but he had always thought of it being homey, happy. He had thought every apartment would be like that. Call him naive, but he couldn't imagine anyone living somewhere this barren. The couch had more than a few tears in it, the television looked like it belonged in the 19th century, the fridge was the kind someone would get in a hotel room, not to live with, there was a single fold-up table with two chairs to match, an oven that was tinier and more outdated than Ned had ever even imagined was possible, and random boxes around the room, varying in sizes, arranged to form different things. Some were made to look organized in a way like a cabinet, others formed counters. Ned couldn't help but stand and gaze around at the way this girl was living. How could anyone even survive like this?

Peter, meanwhile, was moving immediately to where he knew (Y/n) would be, her bedroom. There was the bathroom, the door cracked open, a guest room, and finally, at the end of the short hallway and next to the closet, there was her room.

Peter reached for the knob before halting himself, instead reaching up to knock gently.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm coming!" Came (Y/n)'s voice, weaker than normal but there all the same.

"Actually, (Y/n), can I come in and talk to you for a minute?"

There was a silence before the door suddenly opened slowly, revealing (Y/n) standing in a Midtown sweatshirt and black sweatpants, her eyebrows furrowed as she opened the door wider. "Yeah, uh, sure. Come on." Peter deftly stepped inside as the door closed behind him.

(Y/n) took a seat on her bed, just a mattress with two pillows and blankets, and looked up at her friend. "What is it?"

"I, uh, brought Ned here."

Her eyes widened. "Your friend? Ned Leeds?"

"Yeah, I, um, thought we could tell him about Spider-man?"

(Y/n) raised an eyebrow. "Why?"

"He was really helpful the first time," Peter defended. "Plus, if we told him about your powers, you could have another person watching your back."
"Okay, okay, we'll tell him about you, but I'm staying silent next. I need someone as a friend before revealing the crazy aspect of my life to them," she explained. Peter nodded before speaking again, a smirk on his lips.

"(Y/n), your life would be crazy even if you didn't have powers," he said, gesturing around her room.

She laughed. "Point taken."

Peter moved to the door before glancing back at her. "You coming?"

She hopped up from her seat with a grin and a sharp nod. "Yeah. Let me just do something with my hair."

Peter flashed her a thumbs up and left the room, leaving the door open just a crack as he made his way back to his friend. "She'll be here in a minute."

Ned nodded dumbly, his eyes still wandering around the room.

"Hey, sorry I took so long," came (Y/n)'s voice as she closed her room's door and walked into the living area, her (h/c) hair now tied up messily in a ponytail.

"Hey, (Y/n)," Peter smiled. "You look great."

She grinned brightly in his direction. "Thanks, Peter." She turned to Ned and stared at him for a moment, seeming to think as her smile faded, before it returned, now a soft and nervous thing as she reached her hand out. "Hi, I'm (Y/n), it's nice to meet you."

Ned extended his hand as well and shook hers. "Ned Leeds. It's, uh, nice to meet you too?"

(Y/n)'s smile widened a bit before she turned to Peter and clapped her hands together. "Well, you have my homework, right?"

"Oh yeah," Peter nodded, reaching into his backpack and pulling out a small stack of papers. "Here you are, the notes are in there too, I went to the library at school during lunch and printed off copies of all my notes."

"Oh, awesome," (Y/n) said, taking the papers from him and setting them on the dining room table behind her. "Thanks, Peter."

"Anytime, (Y/n)."

"Alright then, do we want to get right to business then?" She questioned her friend. Peter glanced at Ned before nodding.

"Wait, what's going on?" Ned asked as he watched the two's silent exchange.

"Peter, here, has something to tell you," (Y/n) stated, nudging the teenage boy next to her. "Right, Peter?"

"Yeah, yeah, I do," Peter said, now chewing the inside of his cheek. He had done this last time by pure coincidence. Telling his friend outright was much more nerve-wracking. "Okay, uh, Ned?"

"Yeah, Peter?" Ned asked, his eyes now flying from one person to the other. "Is something wrong? Are we not friends anymore?" His mind had clearly flown immediately to the worst possible situation.
"No, no," Peter reassured his friend quickly. "I just... Have this crazy big thing I need to tell you."


"What the hell, Ned, no," Peter said, wringing his hands together. "But I am Spider-man," he added as he jumped to the ceiling and gripped it with his sticky hands, pulling himself up and staring at the shocked face of his friend from upside-down. (Y/n) raised an eyebrow at the abrupt way Peter had revealed his secret but shrugged the thought away a moment later. At least it got the job done.

"You're Spider-man!"

Peter jumped back to the ground again and rubbed his arm. "Yeah."

"You were on the ceiling!"

Peter glanced at (Y/n), who seemed to be no more prepared to handle Ned's reaction than he was. "Yeah..."

Ned spun to look at (Y/n). "Are you Spider-man too?"

(Y/n)'s eyebrows furrowed. "What, Ned, no-"

"Then..." Ned took in a deep breath as he scanned her. "What are you?"

"I'm just..." (Y/n) thought of the right word. "A friend."

"Cool," Ned grinned. "My best friend, who is Spider-man, has a friend too." Ned's eyes narrowed. "Wait... How did you two meet each other?"

"Well, I met her after school a while back and then (Y/n) accidentally saw me in an alley while I was changing into my Spider-man suit," Peter explained, feeling bad for lying but... They couldn't tell anyone the truth... Not yet...

"Oh, that's... surprisingly simple," Ned stated, his brow furrowing. "I thought your meeting would be more dramatic, like, I don't know, (Y/n) was the one who gave you the powers before realizing he was wrong and turning over a new leaf before becoming your sidekick or something."

"What, Ned, no," Peter said as (Y/n) looked incredulous at the idea. "I just met her at school, she goes to Midtown, you know."

"So she... didn't give you your magic spider powers?" Ned questioned for further confirmation.

"No, Ned, I got those on the Oscorp field trip last year. Got bit by a radioactive spider." (Y/n) burst into laughter at his words.

"Wait, really?" Ned asked, looking up from his shoes back to his best friend. "That's it? You just got bit by a spider?"

"Yeah, I know, crazy, right?" Peter laughed.

"Totally," Ned confirmed.

"You became *gasp* Spider-man because you *gasp* got bit by *gasp* a spider *gasp* on a field trip?" (Y/n) spoke between breaths and giggles that continued to escape her. Peter's cheeks became tinted with red but he nodded.
"Yeah."

"That is the funniest superhero origin story I've ever heard," she breathed out when she had calmed herself enough to speak in a full sentence. "A spider bite on a field trip... What the hell were you even doing?"

"I wanted a picture of the spider..." Peter said, wringing his hands.

(Y/n) snorted before dissolving back into giggles. "You wanted a picture!"

"It was a really cool spider!" Peter tried to defend himself, but when he heard Ned laugh beside him and saw (Y/n) collapse to the ground, apparently laughing too hard to even stand properly, he knew it had the opposite effect.

"I'm sorry, Peter, but I have to agree with her, that is really funny," Ned stated, making Peter groan as he fell back onto the torn couch and slapped his hands to his forehead.

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"Okay, Okay, Okay," Ned said. "So, Peter, you're Spider-man, and (Y/n) is your friend." Peter nodded. "Is she the only one who knows?"

"No, Mr. Stark does too, and his bodyguard Happy," Peter explained.

"Mr. Stark knows? What about the Stark internship?"

"Ned," (Y/n) intervened, "This is the Stark Internship. Stark Industries doesn't even accept high-schoolers."

"Oh," Ned stated before his eyes widened. "Oh! So are you like an Avenger now?"

Peter shrugged. "Uh, yeah, basically." Neither friend mentioned how his voice jumped up an octave. (Y/n) eyed the boy beside her, but said nothing. Ned seemed to buy it.

"(Y/n)?" Ned suddenly asked, turning to the girl and making her jump when he spoke her name. "Where are your parents?"

"Oh, uh, they're... out of town," she stated. "Business. I live alone and my mom sends me money for rent and food every few months."

"So you live on your own then?" Ned asked. (Y/n) nodded and his face broke into a grin. "That's so awesome! I wished I lived on my own!" His smile dropped as he fell into thought. "Well, no, actually, my mom's a really good cook, so..."

The other two teenagers laughed at Ned's words, causing a smile to reappear on his face.

"ALICE," (Y/n) called out after she had caught her breath again. "Please tell me you're recording this?"

"Of course I am," ALICE stated, her British accent much more exaggerated than normal.

"ALICE, why are you talking like that?"

"Mr. Leeds's reaction is very amusing."

Peter and (Y/n) turned to Ned who looked confused, scared, shocked, and a variety of other
emotions all at once. "Who was that?" He managed to ask.

"Greetings, Mr. Leeds," ALICE spoke, her accent still over-exaggerated. "I am a person from the universe of Harry Potter that died in the Battle of Hogwarts and was reincarnated in this universe as a disembodied voice with control over technology."

"Whoa, really?" Ned asked, his eyes wide.

(Y/n) scoffed and shook her head. "No, ALICE is just messing with you. She's my A.I. that I made last year. She has an extreme sense of humor when there's no crisis to avert or anything."

"You made her?" Ned questioned, incredulous. "But... But she sounds so human. I'm pretty sure that even Tony Stark doesn't have an A.I. as human as ALICE is!"

(Y/n) cheeks exploded in pink. "I'm sure he does."

"Either way," Ned said. "Stark Industries is missing out big time by not accepting high school interns if you're in high school."

The girl's cheeks, if possible, grew even redder than before.

Chapter End Notes

Ned: cool a new friend
Ned: *looks around*
Ned: oh she poor
Peter: hi friend we both have powers lets tell my other friend
(Y/n): sure, about you
(Y/n): not me
ALICE: im a wizard, neddy
Ned: you're a what?
Chapter Twenty

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) has made friendships and maintained them and Peter finally decides that he needs to have a talk with his aunt.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Y/n) (L/n) was proud to say that she had made friendships and maintained them. Granted, it was only two, but that didn't matter! It was better than nothing.

Winter passed by quickly once Lob arrived back, all worries for his recovery finally vanishing from the girl's mind. It was the morning of March sixth, 2017, a Monday, when (Y/n) came downstairs in the morning to head off to school and was met with a cheery greeting.

"Good morning, (Y/n)!

The teenager spun toward the voice and her eyes widened as her face broke out into a grin. "Lob! You're back! You're okay!"

Lob shrugged. "As good as I can be, I guess." He lifted his left arm from behind the desk to show that it was only a stub that ended at the wrist. "They had to get rid of the hand, it was infected anyway."

(Y/n) felt her heart sink. "I'm so sorry, Lob."

"It's fine," the man waved her off. "At least I'm right-handed, am I right?"

(Y/n) released a small giggle and he seemed proud of himself. "See you later Lob."

"See you, (Y/n)."

It was the first week of April when (Y/n) was properly introduced to Michelle "MJ" Jones. Peter had elected to get close to the mysterious girl much sooner than he had the first time around, and (Y/n) followed suit.

"Who are you?" MJ asked when (Y/n) took a seat at the lunch table after being absent for a few days.

Peter raised an eyebrow. "MJ, you notice everyone. How did you not know (Y/n)?"

The girl shrugged. "I notice those that I feel I have a reason to."

"But that's normally everyone."

"Apparently not her."

After MJ had gotten over the closest thing to her being startled that Peter had ever seen, she readily accepted (Y/n) as her companion.
Two weeks later, on a Friday, as (Y/n) sat in her apartment, her body squished into the couch, she said to her friend sitting at her table, without looking up from her book, "I think my powers acted up again today."

Peter's eyes flew to her, his eyebrows flying up. "Really?"

"Yeah," she nodded. "I was walking home from school when there was this blue flash of light and suddenly I was here," she gestured around at her living room.

"Really?" Peter questioned.

"Yeah," she confirmed once again. "Should this go on the list?"

Peter nodded. "It's been a while since we updated that."

"I don't know if that should be considered a good thing or a bad thing," the girl commented. "ALICE? Can you pull up the list?"

"I've already done it," came the British-voiced A.I.'s reply. Peter pulled himself from the chair and perched himself on the arm of the couch as he turned to the television screen. It flickered for a moment before words began to appear on the screen. ALICE's voice read them off as they went.

**THE LIST**

*Heightened Eyesight*

*Heightened Hearing*

*Slightly Heightened Smell 'On-off'*

*Slightly Heightened Taste 'On-off'*

*Slightly Heightened Touch 'On-off'*

*Reset Time?- Investigate further*

*Purple Colored Energy Pulses- Extreme Emotions- Control Possible?*

*Green Vision- Danger Sense?*

The list had been composed by the two enhanced teens the week after (Y/n) had met Ned. It was a list of all of (Y/n)'s powers that they had figured out so far. The taste had come into play when they were eating lunch one day and she was suddenly able to list off every ingredient in her school cookie- at least the ones she knew by name. It had been a weird experience, one thankfully never occurring again since then.

"ALICE, add 'possible random teleportation' to the list, please?" The girl requested.

"You got it, (Y/n)," the A.I. said, following through a moment later as the teen's exact words appeared on the screen.

"Thanks, Al."

Peter, who now had his homework out on his lap and was using a textbook to support it, commented, "May was wondering if you would want to come to dinner tonight." He stuck the end
of his tongue out the corner of his mouth as he erased down an answer and scribbled down another.

"Sounds great," (Y/n) replied. "Can I cook?"

Peter chuckled. "I think she was banking on that."

The teenager tilted her head back and laughed before nodding. "I'll be there, then."

They worked on their homework after that, bouncing answers off of one another before ALICE announced, "Incoming call from May Parker."

"Answer it, please, Al."

There was a pause and then a muffled noise filled the room followed by May's voice.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Mrs. Parker!" (Y/n) exclaimed.

"Hey, May!" Peter greeted as well.

"Hello, you two!" The teens could pretty much hear the smile in her words. "I'm about five minutes away. (Y/n), are you coming for dinner?"

"Totally, Mrs. Parker," the girl replied. "Peter already talked to me about it and I agreed."

"Great! I got groceries a few days ago so there should be some stuff for you to make whatever you want," the woman said.

"Sounds good," (Y/n) said. "See you in a few minutes."

"You got it," May confirmed.

"Bye."

"Bye."

The line went dead a moment later. (Y/n) pulled herself off of the couch and Peter hopped from the armrest as well. Both began to gather things into their backpacks.

"I can't find my phone" Peter commented as he dug through his bag.

"Got it," (Y/n) responded, grabbing the device from where it was barely visible between two couch cushions and throwing it aimlessly toward him. Peter caught it without looking (Spidey-senses were great that way) and stuffed it into his hoodie's pocket. The girl asked a moment later, "Is my calculator over there?"

"Yep." Peter took the item from the table and tossed it gently at her. (Y/n) grabbed it from the air before spinning around and shoving it into her bag, zipping it up a moment later.

"You ready to go?" (Y/n) asked as Peter closed up his own backpack.

"Yep," the boy said again. (Y/n) grinned and led the way to the door.

"Turn the lights off, ALICE," she said as she pulled on her jacket and slipped her bag over her shoulder.
"Don't I always?" The A.I. responded as she did what she had been asked.

"That's why I love you, Al," (Y/n) laughed as she opened the door. "See you later!"

"Bye, ALICE," Peter tossed over his shoulder as he followed his friend out. (Y/n) closed the door and pulled her key from her pocket to lock it. When she was satisfied with it, the girl placed the key back away and went to the elevator Peter was holding open for her.

"Thanks for waiting for me," (Y/n) said as the metal doors closed and the whirring of the old elevator started.

"When do I not?" Peter questioned.

"Point taken."

The elevator dinged and showed that they were on the first floor. The doors slowly opened and both teens stepped out and into the lobby.

"'Ey, it's (Y/n)!" Lob's voice came from the front desk. "And Parker! To be expected."

"Hey, Lob," (Y/n) greeted, flashing the man a smile.

"Hello, Mr. Lob."

"Just Lob, Parker," he stated. "Using 'Mister' on a nickname is just weird."

"Sure thing," Peter nodded before grinning evilly, "Mr. Lob."

(Y/n) burst into a fit of giggles as Lob groaned and pointed to the doors of the building with his right hand. "Your aunt's outside. Get out of my building, Parker, and take (Y/n) with you."

Peter nodded. "Yes sir, Mr. Lob, sir."

The teenagers moved quickly to the doors, both still smiling as they pushed them open and descended the steps to where May's car sat waiting.

"Welcome to May's Car," the woman said as the teens slid into the back seat and closed the door behind them. "Please keep all arms, legs, and heads inside the vehicle at all times and be sure to enjoy your ride. Seat-belts, everyone!" May had been saying the line from The Magic School Bus every time she picked up (Y/n) since the day the two met, and it still brought a smile to the girl's face.

Both friends buckled themselves in and confirmed that they were with May. This gained them a smile from her as she pressed down onto the pedal and pulled away from the curb and into the street.

"How was school, (Y/n)?" May asked, peering at the girl through the mirror as she turned a corner.

"It was good, Mrs. Parker. How was your day?"

"I'd say it went alright," May replied. "One of my coworkers was late so I had to do his job as well. Other than that, though, it was pretty good."

"Hey, what about me!"

Peter found two pairs of eyes on him for a moment, staring at him before May turned her attention
back to the road and said, "Anyway, (Y/n), before I was so rudely interrupted -"
"May!" Peter whined. May grinned cheekily as (Y/n) laughed.
"I'm just kidding, sweetie, how was your day?"
Peter sighed and crossed his arms. "See, now it loses its effect."
(Y/n) laughed again and May joined in. Peter pouted for a moment more before he couldn't help but laugh as well.

"What're you thinking about making?"

(Y/n) jumped up with a shriek as Peter chuckled at her misfortune. She took a gasping breath in before glaring and smacking him on the shoulder. "Don't do that!"

Peter grinned. "Sorry. Seriously, though, what are you making?"

(Y/n) turned back to the counter in front of her and bit her lip as she thought. Finally, she said, "I'm not sure..."

"You should make that casserole from that one time," Peter stated.

"Or those Bow-ties with Broccoli," May added as she joined them in the kitchen as well. The girl turned to the other two.

"What am I, your personal chef?"

"Yes," aunt and nephew responded in sync. (Y/n) groaned as her companions shared a smile with one another.

"How about... nachos?" She finally suggested.

"Sounds great!" May exclaimed as she weaved past the teens and took a glass out of a cabinet, filling it with water from the sink.

"Yeah, nachos would be cool," Peter nodded. (Y/n) flashed him a smile before turning to the fridge and pulling out a few ingredients.

May left to the living room, leaving Peter and (Y/n) alone in the kitchen together.

"(Y/n)?" Peter asked, his voice low.

"Yeah?" She responded quietly, taking the hint from him.

"I think I should tell May about Spider-man tonight."

(Y/n) visibly froze before she turned to him with scrunched eyebrows and wide (e/c) orbs and asked, "Are you sure, Peter? What if she takes it badly?"

"She was fine last time," Peter said. "I need to tell her. She needs to know."

(Y/n) stared at him for a few moments, nibbling her lip, before she said, "I agree. Plus, it's your choice either way."
"We're in this together now, (Y/n)," Peter said firmly. "We have been since we met and you didn't share my secret, since you literally died to save my life, and these last two months have only solidified that."

(Y/n)'s eyes locked with his and she gazed at him for a few moments before dropping the cheese bag she held in her hand to spring onto him in a hug. Peter's cheeks went red for a moment before he wrapped his arms around her as well and returned the gesture. (Y/n) sighed and backed away, her face slightly flushed, but a smile on her lips.

"Thank you, Peter."

Peter blinked at her before smiling. "Of course."

The girl took the cheese back into her hand while using her other to push him out of the kitchen. "Now, get out! I have things to do and I can't have you breathing over my neck!"

Peter laughed and raised his hands up, portraying innocence. "I'm going, (Y/n), I'm going!"

"You definitely need to make this again, sweetie," May said when she finished another bite of her food.

"Mrs. Parker, I'm sure you could make this. It's kinda hard to mess up nachos."

May hummed before stating, "You'd be surprised."

Peter swallowed his last bit and placed the plate onto the coffee table in front of them. As (Y/n) took another bite, she could see her friend gulp beside her and tense a bit. He was nervous about something, and she had an idea of what that was.

"Aunt May?" The woman in question looked up at her nephew as she set her own empty plate down. "I have... something to tell you."

"What is it, sweetheart?"

Peter glanced at (Y/n), avoiding May's gaze before he said, "Just... Don't be mad?"

May chuckled. "I could never be mad at you, Pete."

Peter got to his feet and took a deep breath before he did the same thing he had two months ago with Ned and jumped to the ceiling. His fingers gripped it and he quickly pulled himself up to where he was upside down and looking at the stunned face of his aunt. May's lips were parted and her face was pale.

"May?" Peter asked tentatively. He wondered if this was a mistake. What if she didn't want him anymore?

"You're Spider-man?" The woman whispered after a few moments of tense silence.

Peter dropped back down to the ground and looked at his feet. "I am."

May turned to the girl who had stacked her finished plate on top of the other two. "(Y/n)? You knew?"

(Y/n) bit her lip, hard, but nodded slowly. "I did. I'm sorry, Mrs. Parker."
May placed a hand to her forehead and sank into the couch. Her hand fell farther down her face and covered her eyes. The woman took shaky breaths in for a few minutes, saying nothing as the teens watched her every move with bated breath. Peter tried to swallow past the lump in his throat but couldn't. The boy soon felt a few hot drops of water leak from his eyes and make their way silently down his cheeks, leaving wet trails on the skin behind them.

May uncovered her eyes and glanced at her nephew. She released a sigh. "Oh, Peter..." The woman stood and opened her arms. Peter moved into them quickly and wrapped his tightly around her. His aunt stroked his hair and exhaled slowly.

"You... don't hate me?" Peter asked after a moment.

"Oh, sweetheart..." May placed a hand on each shoulder and extended her arms so he was looking her in the eye. "I could never hate you. I'm hurt that you didn't tell me before, but I understand. It's alright."

Peter wiped at his eyes before he whispered, "I could have saved Ben." The words were barely audible, but May heard them all the same. Her arms fell and her face blanched.

"What?" She muttered.

"I... It happened the week I got my powers from a spider bite on the Oscorp field trip. I was finally feeling better and I knew I had powers from the bite and when the guy came in with the gun I didn't know what to do and..." Peter gritted his teeth and squeezed his eyes shut as he released a strangled sound. "It's my fault he's dead..."

May breathed in, tears now streaming down her face as well. She moved quickly, taking her nephew back into an embrace again. He returned it, his grip tighter than the one before as they both trembled, Peter from his quiet sobs and May from the breaths she was trying to keep under control.

"It's not your fault," she murmured after a minute. "It never was and it never will be. It was bad luck. You didn't know, Peter, it's not your fault. I love you, and I do wish Ben was still here but there was nothing you could have done."

"But-"

She hushed him. "No, Peter, no buts. There was nothing you could have done."

Peter nodded after a moment and they finally released. May smiled at him. He returned it, though strained, and she stared into his red eyes for a moment before stating, "Let's watch Star Wars."

Peter let out a single laugh. "But May, you never watch Star Wars."

May shrugged and patted the spot next to her on the couch. "Let's watch Star Wars."

Peter grinned and nodded, hopping next to his aunt and snuggling in next to her.

"What happened to (Y/n)?" May asked after a few moments had passed.

"I don't know..."

Peter picked up his phone to see a new message from her. He swiped across the cracked screen to read it.
6:46 pm

(Y/n)- left while you and May were talking.

(Y/n)- felt like i was intruding or smth

(Y/n)- see you monday

Peter- thanks

Peter- may took it well. not mad. tell you about it then

(Y/n)- k

Peter snuggled further into his aunt beside him and let out a small breath as she wrapped her arm over his shoulder.

She wasn't mad.

For now, everything was fine.

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): Oh no your hand is gone

Lob: Oh well

MJ: I’m supposed to be the observant one. If I’m not the observant one, who am I?

(Y/n): Hm, weird secret and dangerous powers?

(Y/n): Better make a detailed list for them all

May: I am talking to my niece, Peter, don’t interrupt

Peter: You don’t have a niece-

May: shUSH

(Y/n): Nachos

(Y/n): Also we are good friends

Peter: I’m Spider-man

Peter: Also I totally could have saved Ben lol oops

Peter and May: *Cry and hug a lot*

(Y/n): ...

(Y/n): I’m just gonna go...
Chapter Twenty-One

Chapter Summary

In which school's out and it's time for things to change.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Summer came, thankfully, without much interruption. (Y/n) was grateful to find that no new powers were developing for her. She made it through the rest of the school year avoiding problems and felt good about it. She wondered and silently hoped, that after so many powers randomly developed around the same time if it was finally done?

"Last final's done," Peter said, popping up beside her. "School's out." He breathed in deeply through his nose and smiled in satisfaction. "It's a good day."

"So," (Y/n) said as her friend fell into step next to her. "You feel satisfied with your grade?"

Peter opened his mouth to reply before closing it, narrowing his eyes at her, and answering instead, "I will never be satisfied."

(Y/n) laughed. "There we go."

"Peter! (Y/n)!" The teens slowed and turned to see Ned jogging toward them. "Hey," he said when he approached, panting a bit from running to catch up with them. "My mom said I can come too."

"Sounds good, man," Peter grinned. Ned walked with them as they continued. A moment later, another voice joined.

"Hey, losers." MJ appeared on (Y/n)'s other side, making the girl jump in the air in surprise.

"Shit, MJ, don't do that!"

MJ looked at the girl beside her and a small smile appeared on her lips. "Hey, (Y/n)."

"Why does (Y/n) get her name but we don't?" Peter asked, his voice whining a bit.

"'Cause (Y/n) isn't annoying," MJ shrugged, her tone ending the conversation. "So, where are we going?"

"Peter and I want ice cream because school's over and all that," (Y/n) explained once she had recovered from MJ’s sudden appearance.

"My mom said I could come too," Ned added.

"Ice cream on the last day of school?" MJ asked, pulling a pin from... somewhere... and pushing a lock of hair back, clipping it to her head. "What a childish thing to do."

"You coming?"
MJ smirked and nodded. "Obviously."

They walked for a while, no specific topics, before finally arriving at an ice cream store. Peter held the door open for his friends before slipping inside as well.

The parlor was pretty empty right now. A few teenagers and a family with two toddlers were inside, but Midtown got out on a half-day, so no middle-schoolers or elementary could be found, and any high-schoolers were off doing whatever. MJ moved right to the empty counter and the woman looked up as she approached.

"All right, I'm paying," MJ said over her shoulder. "Leeds, you've got it next time." She scanned the menu before saying, "I'm gonna get a scoop of Cookie Dough, cake cone." The woman nodded and went to work. MJ turned and asked, "Someone else say your stuff."

Ned ordered next, strawberry ice cream, while Peter got orange creamsicle, and (Y/n) finally requested fudge truffle.

"Here." MJ handed the woman a few bills clutched in her hand and received her change a moment later.

The teens all took a booth in the front window, Ned sliding in beside MJ while (Y/n) took the other window and Peter hopped next to her.

"So," MJ started, turning her cone in her hand and scanning it. "How's the Stark Internship going, Parker?"

MJ, ever the observant girl, had figured out Peter's status as a superhero in the middle of May. She had explained how she started piecing it together before every bit of the puzzle finally clicked into place when she heard his voice as he swung through the city and recognized it as the resident Peter Parker.

"Good," Peter said, leaning back in his seat and looking out at the cars traveling on the road as he licked his ice cream. "I haven't heard from Mr. Stark or Happy since Germany."

MJ nodded. "Cool."

Ned asked a moment later, "Are you gonna be good this summer with only (Y/n)?"

"Wait," Peter said, "Ned, you're leaving too?"

"I thought it was only MJ," (Y/n) said furrowing her eyebrows.

"My parents sprung a trip on me as well," Ned said between licks of his treat. "We're going to France for the summer, all over, I guess."

"Where are you going again, MJ?" (Y/n) asked, turning her gaze to the other girl.

"Spain," MJ replied. She now had her notebook out and seemed to be sketching the man in the corner of the room looking helplessly between his frazzled wife and his two wailing children. "And Italy. My parents couldn't agree, so we're spending half the summer in each."

"May and I are staying here," Peter said. (Y/n) nodded.

"Same," she stated. "My mom is down in Florida and I don't see her more than once a year, at most, so I'm definitely staying here."
"Sorry 'bout your mom, (Y/n)," MJ said as she chewed on a piece of the cookie dough in her ice cream. "She's definitely missing out by choosing to leave you here."

"It's all good," (Y/n) shrugged. "I was never close to her anyways, I don't really care."

Eyes were on her, but the girl ignored it, staring hard into her ice cream cone as if nothing else existed. Her lips were pressed together tightly, and her (e/c) orbs were narrowed and Peter could see the fist on her lap clenched, knuckles white. He saw, with a start, that small tendrils of purple were leaking from the cracks between her fingers.

"So," Ned said, his voice an octave higher and much louder than normal as he tried to change the topic, "How'd you guys do on your finals?"

"Good, I think," MJ replied, her voice louder as well. Ned nodded, a large gesture. "What about you Peter?"

"Pretty good," the boy said. He glanced at the girl beside him and noticed that she was relaxing again. The violet energy was gone. He let out a small breath he hadn't known he was holding and let a small smile appear instead. "What about you, (Y/n)?"

"I think I did all right," she said, turning her cone in her hand to lick a bit that was trailing down the side. "Doubted a few of my answers."

"Please," MJ said, rolling her eyes, "We all know you've already learned everything you need to know through high school and more."

"That's not true!" (Y/n) protested.

MJ raised her eyebrows at the girl who looked like she wanted to argue more but instead closed her mouth and remained silent.

"When do results come in, again?" Ned asked.

"Somewhere in late June, early July, I think," (Y/n) replied. "They email your results and also mail them directly to your house."

"Seriously? No one uses real mail anymore," Ned stated, leaning back against the cushioned booth seat. His eyes moved over his ice cream as he swallowed down a piece of strawberry.

"That's how bills come in, Ned," MJ said, scoffing at her friend beside her.

"Oh."

A small ding rang out a moment later. Ned picked up his phone and sighed. "I'll see you guys later. My mom's here to get me."

"See you, dude," Peter said, waving.

"Bye, Ned," was (Y/n)'s response.

"Later, loser."

"I'll call you guys when we land in Europe," Ned said. Both Peter and (Y/n) frowned at that, but said nothing more, choosing instead to simply nod their understanding. "Bye."

All three pairs of eyes turned to the window and watched as Ned walked out into the sunny June
weather only to hop into a waiting car a moment later. As the vehicle drove off, MJ sighed and slid out of the booth as well.

"I should probably head out too," she said. "I haven't finished packing for my trip, either."

Peter moved out of the seat he was in and took the spot MJ and Ned had occupied a moment ago. (Y/n) got up as well to give a hug to her only girl friend goodbye.

"See you in a few months, MJ," (Y/n) said. She smiled at the other girl. "I'm gonna miss you."

MJ gave one of her rare, genuine smiles. "I guess I'm gonna miss you too, (Y/n)." MJ turned to Peter and gave a careless wave as she released her other friend. "Later, loser."

Peter grinned at her and gave a small wave of the hand in return. "Later, MJ."

MJ zipped her bag after placing her notebook inside. She flashed a final smirk at the two remaining before adjusting her bag on her shoulder and turning, walking out of the store a moment later. Peter and (Y/n) watched as MJ glanced both ways down the road before running across and moving down the sidewalk. She disappeared around the corner a moment later.

"So," (Y/n) said, still staring out the window as her chin was propped on her hands, "It's just you and me this summer, huh?"

"Yeah," Peter nodded. He looked at her. "You're good with that?"

(Y/n) laughed but nodded. "Totally, Pete. You're my best friend."

Peter's cheeks flushed a bit but he grinned. "Great."

(Y/n) popped the last piece of her cone into her mouth. She swallowed a moment later and asked, "You wanna head to your apartment?"

Peter nodded, finishing off his own ice cream before standing up. The girl joined him, pulling the straps of her backpack tight.

"You ready to go?" Peter asked, yanking his own bag onto his back.

"Onward!"

They both laughed at her exclamation before walking out of the store and down the street.

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"See you tomorrow, (Y/n)!" Peter exclaimed, waving from his apartment door along with May as his friend moved to the stairwell of his apartment building.

"See ya, Peter!" She responded, grinning, before turning on her heel, shoving the door to the stairs open, and disappearing in a hurried amount of footsteps.

(Y/n) jumped down the last three stairs and onto the first floor. She took in a few deep breaths before straightening up and smiling. She fixed her backpack and glanced back up the stairwell for a moment before she continued through the door and into the first-floor hallway.

(Y/n) hopped out onto the street, the air still warm and the world still light, despite the fact that it was seven-thirty at night. The girl turned and made her way down the familiar way to her apartment. She walked for fifteen minutes, only five from her home now, when she heard
something echo out through the night.

"Help!"

(Y/n) looked around but saw no one reacting at all. Come to think of it, there was barely anyone even out right now. She wasn't in a very popular part of the city, anyway.

"Please!"

(Y/n) steeled her resolve and turned to where she had heard the voice. Her eyes landed on a dark alleyway and she nodded to herself to confirm in her mind that she knew what she was possibly getting herself into.

The teenager pressed herself to the wall and peered into the alley. She saw, as expected, a young girl, maybe a teen, that seemed to be trying to shrink into the wall. The girl clutched a purse that she had shoved behind her, between herself and the bricks.

"Please," the girl said, tear streaks visible on her skin, "Please, this is all I have."

"Shouldn't be walking out on your own then, girly," came a woman's rough voice. (Y/n)'s eyes moved from the girl to those she immediately labelled as 'the bad guys.' It was a woman and two men, leering at the girl. "Give us the money."

The girl desperately shook her head. "Please, I just wanna go home."

"Give us the money."

"Please!"

The woman held out her hand to the man on her left, who immediately pulled out something from his coat and gave it to her. The woman cocked the gun and pointed it at the girl's head. The girl screamed before clapping her free hand to her mouth to muffle the sound.

"Give us the money," the woman said calmly. The girl was shaking like a leaf, her hand trembling as it held her purse. She shook her head slowly as she whimpered.

"Please..."

(Y/n) felt she had to step in. She willed her powers to do something to disguise herself from both the girl and the criminals before stepping forward.

"Hey!"

The occupants of the alley turned to her. (Y/n) felt her blood go cold but steeled herself again.

"Leave her alone."

The woman laughed before gesturing forward lazily. The men stalked toward (Y/n) as the weapon turned back on the girl. "Take care of that one," the woman said. The men grunted their consent and continued their path to her. (Y/n) gulped and raised her hands.

"You asked for it." With her words, the teenager willed her powers to listen to her for once and shoved her hands forward. A bright jet of purple energy shot from the palm and flew toward the men. It hit one of them in the shoulder and caused him to fall to his knees with a cry of pain. The woman, man, and girl turned to her before their eyes flew to the fallen. He clutched where the energy had hit him. When his hand moved, it showed the fabric gone, as if burned off, and a slice
surrounded by bright red, burned skin.

"What the hell are you waiting for?" The woman screamed, turning her attention away from the girl. "Get her!"

The man who had collapsed seemed to be passed out now, but his partner charged toward (Y/n) with a roar. The girl reached her hands out and concentrated on his feet. She sent tendrils of energy to him and turned her hands to find she could control it. (Y/n) laughed and twisted the energy around the man's ankles. The energy grabbed onto him and she forced her hands up, turning him upside down. The man let out an exclamation at this. (Y/n) turned the energy to place him against the wall. She shoved the energy against the bricks and closed her fists. Thankfully, the magic stayed and held him in place by both his ankles and his wrists. The man said quite a few swear words and struggled, but he couldn't manage to escape from the bonds.

(Y/n) turned her attention to the woman, who was still by the girl. The girl was now on the ground, though. She inched a bit but the woman turned to her, glared, and snapped, "Don't you dare move."

The girl squeaked and nodded, remaining as still as a statue. The woman turned back to the teenager who had taken out her henchmen.

"Who the hell are you?" The woman asked, staring at (Y/n) with narrowed eyes, her fists clenched.

"Unimportant," the teen responded, moving forward. She felt much more confident now, feeling her magic swirling around her fingertips. "What's important is that you let that girl go right now."

The woman tilted her head back and laughed. "You really think you can do something, you freak?" (Y/n)'s heart skipped a beat at her words, at the name directed at her. "You took out those weaklings, sure, but I-

"Okay, I'm done talking to you."

(Y/n) pushed her energy to the gun and wrapped around it. While one bit of energy slammed the weapon against the wall, breaking it after a moment, another flew toward the woman and sent her soaring back into the alley. The woman crashed against the wall and fell to the ground. (Y/n) rushed forward, her heart pounding, and felt for the woman's pulse. She, thankfully, felt it. The woman was still alive.

"You have a phone?" (Y/n) asked, turning to the girl. The girl nodded frantically, her eyes wide. "Cool, call the police with that please."

The girl nodded and did so as (Y/n) moved to tie down each of the criminals. The one man still awake, the one stuck to the wall, yelled at her as she approached. (Y/n) dropped him to the ground, causing him to pass out as well. She tied him up before turning back to the girl. "Police coming?"

"Yes, they are."

"Cool. What's your name?"

"Um," the girl said, still shaking a bit, "Grace."

"That's a nice name," (Y/n) smiled. The girl returned it.

"I like your hair," the girl said.

"My hair...?" (Y/n) pulled a strand to notice it neater than usual, and a different color. "What the
"hell..." she murmured. Grace didn't seem to hear it. (Y/n) fingered the lock of the colorful hair and turned to the other girl with a smile. "Thanks."

"I never got to thank you, you know, for saving me," Grace said a moment later.

"It's no problem," (Y/n) said, waving the girl away, "Any decent person would have done it."

"Maybe," Grace said, her voice dropping to a whisper, "But you're the one who did."

(Y/n) smiled and shrugged as she felt her face warm. She attempted to distract herself by moving to the front of the alley and picking up her backpack.

When she returned to her companion's side, Grace was digging through her bag before pulling something out and holding it out in her hand to (Y/n). The teen picked the item up and twirled it around in her hands.

"A bow?" She eventually said before turning to Grace. "What's this for?"

"I, uh," Grace said as her cheeks reddened a bit, "I make bows, for people, it's just something I do. I've been carrying that around for a while and I thought you should have it."

(Y/n) shook her head. "Grace, no, this is lovely, you must have worked so hard on it-"

"I can always make another bow," Grace said, looking down to the ground. "I can't, though, if I'm dead."

(Y/n) felt her stomach drop before she smiled. "Thank you. I'll cherish it." The teenager felt for the middle of her head before clipping the bow into her hair. She realized how unusual all of this was.

"Thank you," Grace said, once again reinforcing what she kept saying.

There was the sound of police sirens approaching.

"I should get out of here," (Y/n) said, turning to Grace. "I don't feel like getting questioned about any of this tonight."

Grace bit her lip but nodded. "How, though? They'd notice you, especially with, you know..." Grace gestured to (Y/n)'s appearance as well as the fact that her clothes, a simple t-shirt with jeans, were dirtied and seemed to have spots of blood on them.

"I don't know..."

"Hey, ladies!" Both girls looked up to see the familiar mask of everyone's favorite web-slinger.

"Spider-man!" Grace exclaimed.

The red-and-blue-clad hero hopped down into the alley and looked around. "Whoa, what happened here?"

"These people tried to rob me," Grace explained, "And they were going to kill me, probably, when she showed up and beat them all!"

"Are they dead?" Spidey asked, looking around and clenching his fists.

"No, unconscious," Grace replied.
"How did you- whoa, cool hair dude- anyways, how did you beat three grown thugs, one of which had a gun?" Peter asked, looking at (Y/n) who hoped he didn't recognize her and yell out her name in shock.

"She had powers, I think," Grace said. "It was awesome! She doesn't wanna get questioned by the police, who are almost here. Can you take her somewhere, Spider-man, please?"

Peter looked from (Y/n) to Grace to the thugs before nodding. He shot a web at each of the criminals, making it look like he had stopped them rather than a random girl with magic before grabbing (Y/n) around the torso and shooting a web up to the roof, carrying both of them up.

"Wait!" Grace called. "Miss, I don't know your name!"

(Y/n) thought for a moment. This was it. If she ever got a handle on her superpowers and became a hero like Peter, even just a vigilante, this was what she was going to be called. She looked down at Grace, her eyes, which were normally (e/c) but had changed with her hair, flashing with thought before she responded.

"Supernova. Call me Supernova."

Chapter End Notes

Story: Time skip!

(Y/n): Yay, no school

MJ and Ned: We're leaving for summer because we're rich (and also don't fit into the summer time plot)

(Y/n): My mom doesn't like me

Peter and (Y/n): We'll stay here cuz we're pooor

(Y/n): *hears scream* Time to channel my inner peter

(Y/n): Even if i've never actually purposely used my powers before

(Y/n): Oh look it worked!

Grace: Here, a bow

(Y/n): THANK YOU I"LL CHERISH IT

Spidey: I like your hair

(Y/n): I need a superhero name

(Y/n): Let's go with Supernova

(Y/n): Supernova is the name that I totally thought of right here as I lean over this roof and not since the beginning of this story and just took over 125 pages to finally get to
Chapter Twenty-Two

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) has a talk with Peter and realizes that this whole power thing might be a bit different than she initially thought.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Y/n) gripped her friend around the neck as they swung through the city.

"Where am I dropping you off?"

"There." (Y/n) pointed to the alley next to her apartment building. She could almost see her friend's confused face, but he dropped down nonetheless. "Take off your mask, Pete."

"How do you-"

"You've got cameras in that suit, right? You told me about them after the first time."

Peter seemed to stop himself from saying her name as he nodded and ripped off the mask. He tapped the button on the suit and it became baggy. "You got that extra set of clothes still?"

(Y/n) snorted but nodded. "Of course."

"Can you, I don't know, toss them down here."

(Y/n) nodded and hopped onto an old chair before getting onto the dumpster, pulling herself up before running up the few flights of stairs to her window. She pulled the key from her bag and unlocked the window, slipping into her apartment and out of view. Peter waited and a moment later a drawstring bag came flying toward his head. Peter grabbed it from the air (thank you Spidey-Sense) before moving behind the dumpster to change.

He stuffed his suit into the bag and pulled it tightly closed. After throwing it over his shoulder, Peter slipped out of the alley and took a few steps before turning again and pushing open the door to the lobby of his friend's apartment building.

"'Ey, Parker, what's up!"

"Hey, Lob," Peter grinned, giving a wave to the man at the front desk as he moved toward the elevator. "How're things going?"

"Good, good," Lob replied, giving a bright grin of his own (or maybe that was just his resting face, he always seemed to be smiling). "My wife's started to save a bit of money on the side. Wants to save up enough to get a prosthetic for me one day."

"Sounds great, Lob. If there's anything I can do to help, let me know," Peter said.

"Thanks for the offer, Parker, but we'll be fine. I can tie a shoe with one hand now! I never would'a
learned that if it wasn't for this," the man replied, waving his stump proudly in the air.

Peter forced a smile. "See you later, Lob."

"See ya, Parker."

Peter readjusted the bag over his shoulder as the elevator opened up for him. He stepped inside and jabbed the '5' button. The doors shuddered closed and the elevator slowly began moving up. Peter could hear the whir of the machine around him and swallowed. He had never particularly liked old elevators. He knew (Y/n) didn't really either. It was one of the reasons she used the fire escape half the time.

Peter stepped out of the elevator quickly and heard the doors close behind him. He let out a small breath he didn't know he was holding and made his way over to the first door. He knocked three times in rapid succession before twice at a slower pace. The door swung open a moment later, revealing (Y/n)'s grinning face.

"Hey, Peter. Come on, get in."

Peter entered the apartment and heard his friend close the door behind him. Peter threw his bag onto the couch before turning to her and shoving his hands into the sweatpants he was wearing.

"(Y/n)? What is going on with your hair?"

(Y/n) tugged at the neat locks that framed her face before shrugging. "I don't know."

"Okay, okay, why don't you just tell me everything that happened."

(Y/n) nodded. "Take a seat then, Spider-boy, and get comfy. We be in for a ride." The girl moved to her small kitchen area and opened up a -cupboard. It was the only one that wasn't dusty from disuse. (Y/n) pulled down a large bag of cheese balls she had gotten from a dollar store the week before and tossed it to her friend. Peter caught it and ripped it open.

"Thanks."

"You got it, Mr. Fast-Metabolism."

Peter rolled his eyes before gesturing to her. "Tell me the story."

"Okay, okay," the galaxy-haired girl said. "So, I was walking home when I heard a scream, as you do, you know?" He nodded. "I went to this alley and saw a girl, maybe a year older than us, I guess, getting robbed by this woman and two men. They were, well, they were gonna shoot her, and I didn't see anyone else stepping in to help, so I just decided to do so myself. I stepped in, and I was able to use my powers, the purple energy, I mean, to stop them all and save her. She called the cops, and you showed up."

"You controlled your powers?" Peter asked, eyes widening before stars seemed to appear in them. "Can you do it again?"

(Y/n) glanced at him. "I don't know," she shrugged. "I don't really know what I did last time."

"Just try, please?"

"Yeah, yeah. ALICE?"

"(Y/n)"
"Can you record this, please?" The girl requested. "And take note of specific things I do. If this goes right, I wanna know how to replicate it."

"You got it, (Y/n)," ALICE responded. (Y/n) smiled at the response of her A.I. Her friend.

"Here goes nothin'," (Y/n) said. She drew her hands back and willed for her powers to come out. A bright flash of purple energy lashed out. (Y/n) let out a scream as both she and Peter fell to the ground. A moment later, the lights went out. The energy finally dissipated, leaving black marks on the walls it had struck with its ends. (Y/n) moved to one and scrubbed at it. The black spot smudged. "It'll come out," she announced after a moment.

Peter and (Y/n) stood in the center of the room together and looked around. The apartment was much darker now (the window let in the most light in the morning when the sun could shine right through it) with all the lights off.

"ALICE? You still online?"

"A. L. I. C. E. experiencing a surge in power. Rebooting systems," a robotic voice that didn't sound at all like the ALICE the teens knew and loved responded immediately. There was a pause and a sound of distant static before the voice spoke again. "Main operating systems online. Rebooting emotions programs."

Peter saw (Y/n) chewing her bottom lip as she waited for her A.I. to come back online. He noticed that his friend did this often when she was nervous or thinking. Finally, a familiar voice with a British accent filled the room.

"What's up, homies?"

(Y/n) and Peter looked at each other before they both dissolved into laughter.

"ALICE," (Y/n) gasped between giggles, "Why are you talking like that?" She wheezed, "'Homies,' oh my god."

"I'm messing with you two, (Y/n)," ALICE responded, and one could literally hear the smile in her voice. "I know enough about the times to not talk like that."

"Please, never do that again," (Y/n) said.

"It was terrifying," Peter nodded.

"Noted."

"Did you get a video of that attempt before the power surge?" (Y/n) asked.

"Sure did," ALICE responded. "It was stored away immediately."

"Can you put it in a sub-document of the purple energy item on The List?" The girl asked. She turned to her friend. "What should we call it?"

"How about... if it's a sub-document of an overarching topic of purple energy... Let's name it 'No.'" (Y/n)'s lips tilted upward as soon as the suggestion left his mouth.

"Great idea," (Y/n) grinned. "Incredibly detailed as well, I love it."

"I have my ways."
(Y/n) laughed. Peter offered her a fist-bump, which she, of course, returned. As their hands fell back to their sides, the lights flickered back to life. There was a crackling sound outside and the muffled voice of Lob came over the virtually-never-used P.A. system.

"Sorry everyone for that interruption. We had a small surge in power. It's all fixed now. Once again, we apologize for this small inconvenience. Hope you all have a fan-tastic rest of your day!" The crackling returned as the P.A. turned off.

"How did you get your hair like that?" Peter questioned, changing topics abruptly. He leaned closer to his friend's face. "And your eyes. They're amazing."

"My eyes?" She asked. (Y/n) quickly moved through her apartment and into the bathroom. She flicked the switch and waited as the light above blinked to life before leaning in to look at herself in the mirror.

(Y/n) had to admit, her hair looked pretty awesome. The purples and blues and pinks blended beautifully, creating a color-scheme that reminded her of a galaxy. Her brand new superhero name, Supernova, now seemed even more appropriate. She turned her gaze from her colorful locks to her face itself. Her skin was flawless- creepy flawless. No teenager should ever have skin this perfect. Her features were a tiny bit sharper than usual- barely noticeable, but probably enough to fool a facial-recognition scanner. She looked older, like a higher up college student, probably, at least to someone who didn't know what she looked like normally. Her powers knew what they were doing when they disguised her. No one would be able to recognize her or guess her actual age. She moved her gaze again until she was staring herself right in the eyes.

Her eyes were beautiful.

(Y/n) had never thought much of her (e/c) orbs. They had been something that other people in the world had. They were hers, sure, but they weren't something she had always thought made her special. She had her brain and her powers for that. But now, they were amazing. It was as if there was a literal galaxy inside of them. All sorts of colors, blues, greens, purples, pinks, whites, oranges, swirled around one another. The galaxy in her eyes moved, stars drifted through the iris, and she was mesmerized by the movement of the small bit of space that rested in her head.

"Wow," she breathed, barely noticing her friend watching her as he leaned against the doorway. "They're... breathtaking."

"Nice word usage," Peter said, smiling.

(Y/n) nodded subtly as she watched the light show in her eyes. Finally, she said a single word.

"Supernova."

"What?" Peter furrowed his eyebrows as he looked at his friend. "What are you talking about?"

"That's what I told the girl my superhero name was. Supernova."

"That's a pretty damn awesome name, (Y/n)," Peter said, his smile turning into a grin.

"Thanks, Spidey-boy."

"You've got a nice space theme going," Peter said before he frowned. "How did you get like that anyway?"

"I just... willed my powers to do something to disguise me, I guess, and they came up with this,"
(Y/n) explained, gesturing to her appearance as she turned to lean against the counter and stare at
her friend.

"They did a good job. I couldn't tell it was you until you specifically told me."

(Y/n) nodded before turning back to the mirror.

"What are you doing?" Peter asked, looked at her curiously.

"Gonna add one more thing," she said, narrowing her eyes to concentrate. "If I can..."

Slowly, small dots on the skin along the top of her cheek and over her nose appeared, looking like
freckles. She narrowed her eyes a bit more and let out a puff of air from her nose as she focused on
the dots appearing. Finally, she relaxed and grinned.

"What'd you do? Can I see?" Peter asked, trying to stand on the tips of his toes to see into the
mirror and view her reflection. (Y/n) turned to him with a satisfied smile.

"Star freckles," she said.

It was true. She had managed to create a spray of freckles over her face. However, they weren't
normal freckles, no no no. One could easily tell that the freckles were actually stars. They weren't
her normal tone of (s/c) but rather silver, gold, and a few colors that seemed to be in between. A
few were larger than others, making their star shape more apparent while other looked like normal
freckles without closer inspection because they were so tiny.

"Whoa," Peter breathed out as his eyes scanned the new edition. He met her eyes with his own
large, brown, doe ones and said, "That is so awesome, dude."

(Y/n) grinned and her cheeks turned a bit red. "Thanks."

"Are you gonna stay like that?" Peter asked.

"No," she responded immediately, shaking her head. "This is my superheroing look if I end up
doing that," she said. "Can you take a picture that I can use for reference if I practice the look?"

Peter had his phone out already and snapped a photo of her a moment later.

"Thanks again." She turned back to the mirror and tried to visualize her normal appearance. She
felt her head begin to ache a bit, bit continued to focus. Finally, (Y/n) opened her eyes. She was
back to normal. Her (h/c) hair was its usual color, length, and was messy from the day. Her
features weren't as sharpened anymore, and she looked her age again rather than a few years older
(at least to someone who didn't know who she was and what defining features of her everyday self
to look for in her hero self). The star-freckles were gone, and her skin was no longer creepily
flawless. It had the normal marks and blemishes unavoidable with teenage years. Her eyes were
(e/c) again.

(Y/n) sighed.

"You know," Peter said from behind her, "You looked awesome in your Supernova look, but you
look just as awesome as (Y/n)."

She felt her cheeks heat and imagined them darkening but turned and gave her friend a hug
anyway.
"Thanks, Peter."

He said nothing in response, but he didn't really need to.

"Cheese Ball me."

Peter responded without a word, simply tossing a cheese ball into the open mouth of his friend.

"Thanks," she said, her voice muffled as she chewed the small snack.

"The codeword is Rochambeau, dig me?"

"Rochambeau!" Both teens yelled out with the singers in the soundtrack. Peter grabbed his phone as it dinged beforegroaning.

"What is it?" (Y/n) asked, leaning closer to peer at the screen from over his shoulder.

"May wants me home. She said I need sleep because I haven't gotten enough the past two weeks."

"Here," (Y/n) said, grabbing the drawstring bag with his suit from beside her side of the couch and tossing it to him. Peter caught it with one hand as he typed a reply to his aunt with the other.

"Thanks," the arachnid-themed hero said as he stood and made his way into the bathroom. He emerged a moment later in his spider-suit. The suit was loose around him, showing that it wasn't on yet. More importantly, though, it wasn't recording. "See you tomorrow, (Y/n)?"

"I'll text you," the girl said from the couch, waving him away. "Go see your aunt."

"Got it." Peter slipped on the mask, still refraining from touching the button on the center of the chest. He made his way through the window and opted to crawl down the wall. (Y/n) leaned out the opening and watched as her friend pressed the button, the suit fitting itself nicely around him. He didn't turn back to her again, giving a wave over his shoulder instead as he webbed himself up onto the building opposite hers and swung away into the summer night.

(Y/n) sighed and plopped back onto the couch.

She had an animatic to finish.

Chapter End Notes

Peter: What have you done with (Y/n) (aka who are you, i don't know why i'm talking about (y/n) she's not relevant)

(Y/n): Why, Peter, I never left (aka it's me petey pete, ya boy (y/n))

(Y/n): You got a fast metabolism boi

(Y/n): okay, we a space superhero, les go.

Peter: Try powers
(Y/n): k *shuts power of whole building off*

ALICE: here's a reminder that i'm actually a robot

(Y/n): STAR FRECKLES

(Y/n): CHEESE BALL ME

Peter: I gotta go, i need sleep

Peter and (Y/n) through whole chapter and pretty much majority of story: We are so obviously meant for each other, but we need a real bff relationship and everything, because we can't just jump right in so calm down if you audience members are getting antsy for romance, this is what the story is.

DEAL WITH IT

THEY NEED A STRONG RELATIONSHIP ESTABLISHED, AND THIS IS GONNA BE A SLOW BURN (not too slow but slow enough)
Chapter Twenty-Three

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) tries her powers out and Peter might finally start to dig into his friend's past.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?"

Peter, to be perfectly honest, was not sure in the slightest. However, he was not going to let his friend know that. He put on a lopsided grin and nodded firmly. "Positive." He wiped a hand at his brow, the late August sun beating down on him.

"Okay..."

(Y/n) was clearly nervous, he could tell easily by the way her hands trembled as she raised them. Peter had to admit that he was nervous as well, and had run through his head every possible way this could go wrong.

"Maybe you should relax, you know, before trying?" He suggested. She glanced at him before nodding. He watched her take a deep breath before exhaling, allowing her shoulders to relax. "You just gonna go for it?"

"I'm just gonna go for it."

Peter took a few steps backward in the large, abandoned area he had found. It was some sort of storage area or something. It didn't matter. What mattered was that no one ever really came here unless to drop off another large crate, and even then the teens were in the middle, where no one could find them without knowing exactly where to go.

"All right..." Peter turned his attention back to (Y/n) as she breathed the word. "I'm ready."

She drew a hand back before shooting it out abruptly. A ball of swirling purple energy shot from her hand and flew through the air before striking one of the large supply crates, a thing bigger than their apartments put together. The metal siding dented inward as it was struck and was burned from the impact.

"That was awesome," Peter said, gaping at where the energy had hit. "I think we can rule basic energy balls as good."

(Y/n) rubbed her arm. "Can I try again? I don't really know what I did there."

Peter's features became more serious. "Sounds good. I had the same thing happen to me when I started out. Go ahead."

Sure enough, when (Y/n) drew her hands back to send out another ball of energy, only a few wisps of purple light came out, disappearing into the air a moment later. She gritted her teeth and tried
again. The next attempt yielded an attack much larger than she had meant, resulting in the crate it struck exploding open. Both enhanced teens winced at the loud sound that boomed with it.

"Sorry," (Y/n) said as Peter moved his jaw around to make his ears stop ringing. "I should probably work on that."

Peter simply flashed her a thumbs-up at her words. (Y/n) turned back to the crate again and bit her lip before turning once more to face a different one instead. One a bit less... broken.

She took in a deep breath, drew her hands back, and sent out another burst of energy. This one was much smaller than the previous ones, resulting in a tiny ball that flew through the air slowly before disappearing before it even reached the target.

"What did I do that first time?" She cried, throwing her hands into the air in frustration. She glanced at her friend, who shrugged.

"You know what they say..." Peter said, dragging out the last word and leaving her to finish it.

"Practice makes perfect?" She guessed.

"I don't know either, that sounds good though."

(Y/n) laughed before re-positioning herself and trying again.

Two hours passed by, and by the end of it, there were barely any crates left in the immediate area that hadn't been totally destroyed. (Y/n) staggered back and nearly fell. Peter was by her side in a second, gripping her shoulders to keep her steady.

"You should probably stop for the day," he said. (Y/n) nodded dumbly, still dazed from the energy usage, and he snorted before leading her over to where their bags were, near where he had been standing. As Peter pulled his backpack over his shoulders, he noticed his friend now sitting on the ground, blinking what would normally be a comical amount.

"(Y/n)? You okay?"

She didn't respond, looking out into the distance as she leaned back against a crate. Peter opened his mouth to speak to her before noticing that the girl's eyes were now closed, her breathing had leveled out. He stared at her for a moment before stuffing his friend's small bag into his own and pulling it back over his shoulders.

Peter's eyes trailed back to (Y/n) again and he clicked his tongue as he realized his problem. Once more pulling his bag off of his body, he unzipped it quickly and pulled out his suit buried at the bottom, yanking it on as fast as he could. He pulled the bag onto his back again, wondering faintly what Spider-man with a backpack would look like before he shook the thought away and scooped his friend into his arms.

"You're surprisingly light, (Y/n)," he muttered to the girl. She didn't stir at all. "I can't shoot webs like this, can I?"

He could, but he couldn't aim them, and definitely couldn't swing around the city like that.

"All right, we're gonna get creative," Peter said as he lowered his friend down again. "A net web would be quite helpful now." He knew it would, he had used it to carry a person before to the hospital. It had become an option after the suit hacking. He really needed to get on that. Maybe (Y/n) could help later.
"Let's see..." Peter shot out a few webs at a crate and watched as they fell, but one hooked itself to the tip of one and spiraled around it. Peter knew the idea in his head was stupid, but, then again, the majority of his ideas were stupid and they had worked out up until now. "Okay then, we're gonna try this incredibly dumb idea and hope that it works out."

Peter took off the backpack (for the bajillionth time) and adjusted it onto his friend's shoulder instead before webbing the straps to her arms to hold them. He then positioned her against one of the crates and squatted down, pulling her onto his back (piggy-back ride! he thought). He webbed her hands to his shoulders and her legs to the back of his own (he didn't need those to swing). Peter fiddled with the web shooters button and took a deep breath. He glanced back before turning forward and preparing to shoot a web and pull them into the air.

"You know," Peter said to (Y/n), even if she couldn't hear, "If either of us dies during this, I'm blaming you." Peter exhaled and steeled his resolve. "Here we go."

Peter pressed down and pulled, allowing himself to soar through the air. He let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding as the friend he was helping didn't shift, the webs holding strong. He grinned and let out a whoop as he shot a web out at one of the taller buildings, pulling them forward again until they were swinging through the downtown of New York, heading off toward (Y/n)'s apartment.

Peter waved to a few people as they shouted out to him from the ground. He looped around Stark Tower before turning and shooting along to his friend's building.

He landed on the top platform right outside of (Y/n)'s window. Peter barely caught his balance. It was much different landing with a person clinging to you than not. Peter looked at the lock on the window and sighed. "Well, this is unfortunate."

He pulled (Y/n) off of him by ripping the webs off and set her leaning against the wall before pulling off his suit and pulling on his normal clothes.

Peter ran into the lobby with a quick, "Hi, Lob!"

"Parker! You headed up to (Y/n)?"

Peter faltered and tapped the elevator button before turning his attention to the man at the front desk and nodding. "Where else?"

"Can you take this up to her?" He requested, holding out a letter. "It's mail for her."

Peter nodded and ran over as the elevator arrived, grabbing the envelope before running back to catch the lift before the doors closed.

"Thanks, Parker!" Lob's words got to him just before the elevator doors slid closed and began the rickety journey up to the fifth floor. Peter swallowed down the nerves that he always seemed to get in this elevator. He really did hate it.

Peter hopped out when he arrived on the fifth floor and moved immediately over to (Y/n)'s apartment's door.

"Hello, Peter," ALICE's voice greeted him warmly. "Come on in."

"Thanks, ALICE," Peter grinned as the door unlocked. He opened the door and closed it behind him quickly. "ALICE, can you unlock the window."
"You've got it, Peter."

The teenager walked to the window and pulled it open, dropping the letter clutched in his hand onto the table as he passed it. (Y/n) was right where he had left her. He stepped out onto the platform and threw the bag into the apartment carelessly before scooping his friend up in his arms and maneuvering himself back inside. Peter laid (Y/n) onto the couch and moved back to the window, yanking it down and hearing it click as soon as it was closed, locking it tight.

"What happened to (Y/n)?" ALICE asked.

"She used too much energy," Peter explained. "Passed out from it."

ALICE actually made a humming noise in response to this and said no more.

A small sound from the couch drew Peter's attention abruptly.

"Ooh, ow," (Y/n) groaned as she pressed a hand to her forehead. "God, why..."

"Morning, (Y/n)," Peter grinned, sitting back in one of the folding chairs by the table. "How'd you sleep."

"Absolutely horrible," (Y/n) said, still not opening her eyes. "I'm quite sure that this is the timeline that God abandoned."

Peter pressed his lips into a thin line and nodded solemnly. "I thoroughly agree with that, dear friend, and my sympathies would go out to you but it appears I have none left to spare."

(Y/n) snorted and seemed to force her eyes open. "Oh, yay, I'm home."

"Yep," Peter said, popping the last letter. "I had to carry you all the way here."

"You're Spider-man, I'm sure it wasn't that hard," she said, rolling her eyes.

"Oh, but it was! The torture! The agony! The unbearable pain!" (Y/n) let out a laugh at his antics and Peter felt a grin appear on his features. "Seriously though, don't do that again, it is not fun to carry an unconscious person without the suit updates."

"I'm sorry to be an inconvenience."

"You should be."

(Y/n) seemed to bite back a smile at his words, waiting for a moment before she asked, "How did I do with the powers? before I, you know, passed out?"

"I think you did good," Peter said. "They looked much better at the end. I think you've probably got the hang of your energy balls."

(Y/n) grinned at him and looked down at her hands. "Thanks, Pete."

Peter nodded.

"Oh!" Peter exclaimed, moving his hand to the envelope sitting on the table beside him. "Lob gave me a letter for you."

"A letter?" (Y/n) asked, furrowing her eyebrows. "Who's it from?"
"Uh..." Peter turned the letter around and scanned the address. "It says it's from Florida."

"Florida?"

"Yep."

Peter tossed it to her and she grabbed the paper from the air.

(Y/n) glanced at Peter before carefully tearing the envelope open. She pulled out the folded piece of paper and turned it over. The corners were slightly bent and torn up, like whoever sent it didn't really care.

"Who's it from?"

"I think..." (Y/n) paused as she unfolded the letter. A small piece of paper fell out and into her lap. She took the postcard that had fell onto her leg and turned it over. Her face twisted into a frown and she tossed it down to the ground. Peter could just barely read the cursive on the colorful background that read: 'Greetings from St. Thomas!'

"What is it?" Peter asked, concerned as his friend's features got darker and her frown grew as she scanned the writing on the letter.

(Y/n) released a growl as she finished reading and crumpled up the paper, throwing it into the corner of the room before standing up and stalking off down the hallway.

"(Y/n), wait! Where are you going-" Peter's words were cut off as the sound of a door slamming echoed through the small apartment. Peter stood up and looked down the hallway, seeing his best friend's bedroom door closed tightly.

Peter lowered his hand and let the words die in his throat. He chewed the inside of his cheek and turned around, looking around the room that surrounded him until his brown doe eyes landed on the piece of paper sitting in the corner. Peter glanced back at (Y/n)'s closed door before moving over to the corner.

Peter picked up the wadded letter and carefully unfolded it, wincing whenever he heard the delicate crumpled sheet tear a bit. Finally, the paper was unfolded, and he placed it onto the table to smooth it out until the words were legible.

"There we go," Peter muttered, holding the smoothed paper up. "Let's see what secrets you hold. The meaning of life? The secrets of the universe? The truth of whether or not hot dogs can be considered a sandwich?"

Peter looked at the beginning of the letter and began to read it quietly to himself.

'(Y/n),

'The postcard you got was from Jeffery's brother's wedding on St. Thomas. We took a cruise down there and stayed for a week before flying back. As you very well know, I work very hard to provide enough money to support you with me so very far away, and I deserve more credit than you have ever given me, but that is beside the point.

'Jeff and I decided that it would be best for me and my stress levels to take the first class plane back to the mainland. Of course, Jeffery hit a rough spot at work and money is going to be a bit late for him this month. This with the plane tickets being on the higher end means that I can't give you as much money for this round.
'I expect for you to not complain at all. You should know better than to do that.

'If I hear any complaints or any changes in your schoolwork once you get back into it just because of this, there will be consequences.'

'-Carliana (L/n).'

Peter furrowed his eyebrows at the letter. He started when he heard the sound of someone clearing their throat. His gaze shot from the words on the paper to the entrance of the hallway where his friend stood. (Y/n)'s fists were clenched, her eyes glinting as she stared hard at the ground. A few strands of hair fell in front of her face.

Finally, after a long, painful silence, the girl sighed and looked up at Peter, brushing a stray lock of hair out of her face before she said, "I guess I owe you some sort of explanation, huh?"

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): I can do this perfectly in the first try but not after that because Evie remembered she needed real plot to make this chapter fleshed out enough

Peter: Well that’s unfortunate

Peter: Hey a letter

(Y/n): This is the timeline God abandoned

Peter: big mood

Peter: wow, Florida, I definitely haven't heard my friend mention that before at any time, especially not literally two chapters, i mean, two months ago.

(Y/n) I’m going to conveniently storm off just long enough for Peter to read the letter before returning to explain to him everything I need to. Such convenience, much wow.
Chapter Twenty-Four

Chapter Summary

In which two friends have a long-needed chat and more people realize just how smart this girl actually is.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Y/n) clung to her friend's neck as they swung through the city before landing on the rooftop of a tall building near the center of the city. Peter swallowed as his ears popped when they touched down and the girl released her hold on him, making her way to edge and sitting down, her legs dangling over the side of the building.

"That's dangerous, you know," Peter commented as he joined her, ripping his mask off of his head.

"I'll be fine," (Y/n) waved him off, sending a small smile his way. "You're here."

Peter was grateful that it was probably too dark up here for her to see the flush that appeared on his face.

(Y/n) sighed and turned to look back out at the city. New York was brightly lit at night, especially during the summer, and Peter remembered not for the first time how much he really loved to live here, how much he loved to protect this city and swing around its streets.

"I never knew my father," (Y/n) stated, interrupting Peter's thoughts and causing him to turn all of his attention to her. "I don't know who he was or anything. My mother said I wasn't supposed to happen in the first place." She let out a dry chuckle. "Hell of a good thing to tell your eight-year-old daughter when she asks why she doesn't have a dad too, huh?"

Peter felt his heart sinking. "I... I'm sorry-"

She raised a hand to halt his stream of words. "Don't, Peter, just let me finish."

"(Y/n)-" Peter felt the words die in his throat and closed his mouth instead to allow her to continue.

"I've never been close to her, like at all, I mean," (Y/n) explained. "When I was twelve, she met a rich guy who lived in Florida and started dating him. My mother moved down to live with him, sold our old apartment, and rented the one I live in now for me. She sends money around every three months to me."

(Y/n) took a deep, shaky breath before continuing.

"I was kinda just adopted, I guess, by the people in my building and around the city. I had to walk to school every day and pretty much just developed a relationship with a lot of those who were homeless in the city, as you've probably noticed." Peter nodded, a small smile playing at his lips as he remembered the first time he met (Y/n).

"My mom never tried to get close to me either. It's very obvious that she never wanted me- that
she still doesn't want me. She always compared me to my father, even if I never knew him. She said I was too much like him, she said she wished I would be more like her. 'You have too much ambition, (Y/n).' 'Being smart will only get you hurt, (Y/n).' 'Your inventions aren't going to get you anywhere, (Y/n).' She says I stress her out and that her stress levels are up too much anyways and I need to stop hurting her health." (Y/n)'s fists clenched. "My own mother, the one who deserted me and left me here while she went off to live a lavish life in Florida where I know for a fact that she doesn't work, accuses me in every letter she sends of hurting her health when she doesn't even see me more than once a year."

"(Y/n)-"

"Sometimes," she interjected as if she had never heard him. Maybe she hadn't. "I wish that I did know my father. My mother said she never told him. She said he was a horrible person who wouldn't give her the light of day. I think that, in some twisted way, she saw me as a way to have a leg up on him. If she ever needed anything from him, whoever he was, maybe she thought she could use me as some sort of bargaining chip. Maybe she tried to, at some point, and failed, and so she just left me here."

Peter was silent as she sucked in a breath of air and paused for a moment simply to breathe.

When (Y/n) spoke again, her words seemed to barely want to come out, but she managed, and Peter's enhanced hearing caught every word.

"The last time I saw her, it was the first time around, it was my fifteenth birthday." She swallowed and sniffed before continuing. "She told me... She told me that she regretted having me in the first place." (Y/n) gritted her teeth, Peter could see her do it. "She said she wished I didn't even exist in the first place, that I had ruined her life, that if she could go back and do it again, she would have made a 'hell of a big deal' about staying far away from my father so that she didn't have to deal with me again."

(Y/n)'s body began to shake and Peter could see tears glistening on her cheeks as they fell silently down her cheeks, leaving shining trails that glinted in the lights from the city below.

Peter bit the inside of his cheek and his tongue as he moved over and wrapped an arm over the shoulders of his friend. (Y/n) subconsciously leaned into him before pulling him closer to her in a hug and allowing her sobs to wrack her body.

"I know I should hate her," (Y/n) whimpered, her fingers grasping the small bit of tight fabric on the Spider-Man suit that she was able to. "I know I should, but I don't... I can't... She's my mother, you know, and she's a horrible, horrible person, but I can't hate her, no matter how much I want to."

Peter simply returned the embrace and nodded.

}---{ 

"Yay, Club Day!"

Peter grinned and threw his arms into the air. "Yay, Club Day!"

The two enhanced teenagers walked down the streets of New York the last day of August to head over to the 'Gathering of After-School Activities' at Midtown, better known by everyone as 'Club Day.' Peter had to talk to the Decathlon team after they lost a few members to graduation, and (Y/n) was coming along just for the heck of it.
"Ned and MJ should be here too," (Y/n) said, her smile growing. "They said their planes would land in time."

"MJ texted and said she touched down," Peter mentioned, relaying information verbally that his friend already knew from the group-chat.

"We're waiting for confirmation from Ned, then," (Y/n) nodded. "He might be back already and forgotten to text."

"Seems like something Ned would do."

"It does indeed."

They turned the corner at (Y/n)'s direction and saw the looming building of their school come into view.

(Y/n) groaned. "I love Club Day, but I really don't feel like going back to school yet."

"I get that," Peter said, nodding in agreement. "Especially with Homecoming coming up." He glanced at his friend. "You know what that means."

(Y/n) nodded, her lips forming a very thin line. "I do."

Peter was dreading having to go through Homecoming again. He wondered how much would stay the same. Everything had worked out relatively well last time, so it would be good to stick to it generally (heh, 'stick to it', web puns), but (Y/n) in the picture as well would change a lot of things with her addition alone, not even considering the fact that Peter knew what was going to happen.

"Peter! (Y/n)!

Both teens looked up to see Ned waving to them enthusiastically, MJ beside him with a small smirk on her face.

"Hey, losers," MJ said when the other two joined them. She nodded in the other girl's direction. "(Y/n)."

(Y/n) grinned and moved forward to wrap MJ in a hug. "Hey, MJ," the girl said. MJ stiffened for a moment in surprise before returning the gesture. (Y/n) backed out of the embrace after a moment and smiled. "It's nice to see you."

"Same," Peter said, raising his hand up from where he stood.

"How was your guys' summer?" Ned asked as they all began to walk to the front doors to head inside.

"Good," Peter said, smiling. "Not much happened, though, which is surprising considering the life I lead."

MJ snorted. "That's true. I'd probably have a hard enough time believing you had a normal life without your secret identity, though. You and (Y/n) both are living human disasters, Parker."

"Hey!"

All four laughed at the exclamation, though, as they turned into the gym and were bombarded with the buzz of the many students gathered there.
"We just need to find the map and see what room Decathlon is in," Ned said, scanning the dense

crowd.

"There," (Y/n) said, pointing to a board displayed with a list of clubs and the room they had a
bigger base set up in. (Y/n) broke off from the group and scurried over to the board, her eyes
traveling down the list until she found what she was looking for before she skipped back to her
friends. "Room 318."

The pounding of their shoes on the stairs as they ascended from the first floor to the third echoed
through the stairwell. Both Ned and MJ were panting when they reached their destination.

"That," MJ gasped as she took in breaths of air and glared at him, Ned leaning against the wall
beside her to catch his breath, "Was not fair." She pointed at Peter. "You cheated."

"By being myself?"

"Yes!"

"Then how is (Y/n) fine?" Peter asked, knowing that MJ couldn't possibly answer the question
correctly.

MJ seemed to be at a loss for words as she said no more, instead grabbing Ned by the shoulder and
pulling him up into a standing position before nodding down the hallway. "Let's go."

They walked down the hall scattered with students and turned a corner before arriving in front of a
door. A bright poster with the words 'Academic Decathlon' was stuck to the front of the door and
the plaque next to it read '318'.

"Here we are," Peter said, grabbing the door handle. He pulled it open and held it to allow his three
friends to go inside.

"Peter! Ned! Michelle!"

Peter's eyes flew up and landed on Liz Toomes. Liz looked the exact same as he last saw her
(except she wasn't crying and her life wasn't falling apart). Her grin was wide and her hair was as
perfect as he remembered. He must not have gotten over her as much as he thought he did, because
he still got a small flutter in his stomach when he looked at her. It wasn't as big as it used to be, but
he couldn't deny its presence.

"Hey, Liz," Ned smiled, giving her a small wave. MJ nodded in her direction.

"Hi, Liz," Peter managed to say. "How was your summer."

"Good, good," Liz nodded, grinning. "I got to hang out with my dad a lot." (Peter's heart felt like a
black hole at that). "What about you?"

"It was okay, I guess," Peter shrugged. "Not much really happened."

Liz hummed. "Sorry about that, Peter."

She turned to address the room as a whole again. "Now!" Liz clapped her hands together and
flashed the others a wide smile. "Let's get down to business." (Peter continued 'to defeat the Huns'
in his head before paying attention again). "We have only a few weeks once school starts up again
before the big competitions come up, and we need to be ready." Liz cleared her throat and turned to
the board as the projector flickered to life. "Okay, we had Willow Hart leave us as she graduated
last year, so we are left with one open spot." She turned to Flash. "Flash, as first alternate, you'll
stay the same while we need a new second alternate."

Liz's eyes scanned the room. "Those of you who are not on the Decathlon team and are here to try
out for it, please raise your hand. Ned, could you close the door, please?"

As Ned moved away to do so, Peter nudged his best friend beside him. "(Y/n), you should try out."

"What? Peter, no, I can't-"

"(Y/n), come on," Peter said, giving her the dreaded puppy-dog eyes. "Please?"

(Y/n) bit her lip before sighing and raising her hand as Liz's eyes passed over her for the count.

"All right then," Liz said. "I counted six people. Please come up and grab both your test and bubble
sheet. There are thirty multiple choice questions and one writing one for you to do. You have one
hour to complete it. If you are not on the team and are not trying out right now, please head
outside." About ten people stood up and shuffled out of the room, the door closing behind them
again. "Decathlon team members please come into the other room with me, we're going to go over
some drills to refresh your mind. Mr. Harrington, you're staying in here to watch the test takers?"

The teacher gave a thumbs-up from the desk. "Great. All right, we'll be back in an hour to see who
will be our new team member. Good luck everyone!"

Liz led the group out of the classroom door and into the one next door. Peter, MJ, and Ned all gave
a small wave to (Y/n) as they left her to take the test. The girl nibbled her lower lip more and took a
seat with her test and bubble sheet in hand. After filling out her name and the date, (Y/n) opened
the packet to the first question right as the other five scattered around the room did as well.

(Y/n) heard one girl breathe out "oh god why" as all eyes landed on the first question. (Y/n) felt a
smirk come to her face and loved how ironic the problem was.

Law of Sines.

(Y/n) placed her pencil down and scribbled a bit, using the calculator provided for the 'sin' before
circling her answer and continuing on.

She shot through the questions one after the other, covering everything from Geometry to Calculus,
Biology to Astronomy, Engineering to Chemistry, Physics to Statistics, and who knows what else.
(Y/n) found herself with half the time left when she made it to the end of the multiple choice and
was greeted with the writing one. She flipped the page and saw one-page front-and-back of lines
for her to write on.

(Y/n) bit down on her lip, as she always did, and scanned the question. She thought for a moment
before her pencil started flying across the page, scratching down letter after letter, word after word.
Five minutes later, she flipped the page and kept writing on the back sheet of lines. Five minutes
after that she stood up, moved to where a pile of lined pieces of paper was sitting in the front of the
room, grabbed one sheet, and sat back down to continue writing.

Twenty minutes and another extra sheet of paper later and (Y/n) finished her answer to the writing
question just as the door to the classroom opened and the Academic Decathlon team marched back
in. (Y/n) felt her heart pound as she organized her papers, numbering them quickly and sticking
them between the last two pages of the packet, slipping the bubble sheet between the front two.

"All right!" Liz grinned from the front of the room, the Decathlon team standing behind her. "Let's
see your answers. We'll put the bubble sheets through the Scranton first before going over the
writing question. Any questions?"

No one spoke a word.

"Great! Please pass your bubble sheets up to the front with your name written on them somewhere."

(Y/n) passed her sheet to the girl sitting in front of her, closer to the front, and dug her fingers into a bit of fabric at the hem of her shirt as nerves set in.

"Here we go!" Liz said, placing the first paper under the scanner. It beeped after a moment and a percentage appeared on the screen. "89.4 for... Charlena!" The girl in question, a teen with bright red hair, smiled. "Nice job!"

Other numbers were read off, a 92.6, an 84.1, and a 94.4. Every time the highest scorer got theirs defeated, their face seemed to fall before Liz reassured them that their writing could win it for them anyway.

"Jimmy with a 96.7!" Liz exclaimed, flashing the smug-looking boy with spiky blond hair a smile. "Nice!"

"And finally... (Y/n)," Liz read off (Y/n)'s name and she had her eyes glued to the screen, her friends' eyes doing the exact same. "(Y/n) with a... 100 percent?!"

(Y/n) felt her face heat drastically as eyes all fell to her. One of the other testers hissed, "Damn."

Ned sent her a thumbs-up, MJ a nod, and Peter a blinding beam of a smile.

"That's amazing! I've never seen that score before!"

(Y/n)'s face got even warmer and she wanted to fall into the ground, but she swallowed it down and closed her fists in an attempt to stop any nervous energy from escaping.

"Anyway, onto the essay scoring. Let's see... Jimmy, how about yours first? Rip off the page and pass it up here."

The boy did so and his writing, a whole front page, was displayed to the group. Liz read it out loud before discussing with the team and giving it a 6/10. The girl Charlena got an 8/10, and other scores ended up being 9/10, 4/10, and another 8/10.

"(Y/n), yours please?"

(Y/n) felt all eyes on her as she ripped off the back page stuffed with writing and placed the other two lined pages full of it as well behind it. The girl Charlena raised her hand.

"Charlena?"

"Can I withdraw from the competition?" Charlena asked, eyeing the three papers covered in pencil with a mix of apprehension and awe.

"If you really want to, but I don't think-"

"I'd like to as well," the boy Jimmy said, raising his hand and standing from his seat.

"Me too."

"Same."
"Yeah."

(Y/n) watched as her competition all dropped out just by seeing her papers, and when Liz gave a dumbfounded nod of approval, they all filed out of the room without another word.

"Well," Liz said, finally finding her voice. She looked at (Y/n). "I guess you're in just by pure process of, uh, elimination."

(Y/n) nodded weakly and stood up from her seat. Liz managed to place her grin back on her face again and held out a hand. "Welcome to Midtown's Academic Decathlon team, (Y/n)."

The teenager forced a smile onto her lips and shook the hand firmly (but not too firmly, what with her enhancements). "Thank you."

Liz handed her a small badge. "We don't wear these, ever, but here you go."

(Y/n) nodded and took the badge from the senior.

"We've got competitions for the first few weeks, and if we get to Nationals, up through Homecoming, and then we'll start tests inside of the team to determine positions like alternates and mains for the new year, sound good?"

"Sounds great," (Y/n) nodded, confirming what she had heard. She still felt her heart beating away in her chest as she realized (and tried to process the fact) that she was on the Academic Decathlon team.

"Awesome," Liz beamed. "We don't meet the first day of school, but we do on the second in the Decathlon room, you know where that is, right?" (Y/n) nodded. "Great. You'll get meeting schedules then. These first weeks will be a bit crazy, but after the competitions, they'll settle down."

(Y/n) nodded once again and her smile widened and became more natural. "Cool. Thank you."

Liz nodded before turning back to the rest of the team. "Meeting adjourned, I guess. See you all in school!"

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"This is so awesome!" Peter exclaimed, grinning at his friend as they walked down the hallway to his apartment for lunch (and probably dinner if (Y/n) stayed long enough). "You're on the Decathlon team, I'm on the Decathlon team, we're both on the Decathlon team!"

(Y/n) laughed. "It is kinda cool to be part of a team for once."

"For once," Peter scoffed. "(Y/n), we've been a team since you saved me from those dudes who were actually really cool and then when you took a bullet out of my shoulder."

"Aw, thanks Peter," (Y/n) said, her cheeks dusted with red as Peter unlocked and opened the door to his home.

"Peter, nephew-of-mine," May greeted. "(Y/n), surrogate niece-of-mine."

"May, surrogate aunt-of-mine," (Y/n) said in greeting, causing May to grin at her and Peter to groan.

"Pete, why is (Y/n) blushing?" May asked, turning to her real nephew.
"She got onto the Decathlon team, May!" Peter exclaimed.

"Really?" May's eyes widened as she turned to (Y/n), her grin growing. "(Y/n), that's amazing!"

"Thanks, May," (Y/n) said, her cheeks darkening even more.

"Now, what are we having for lunch?" May asked, clapping her hands together as she pulled herself up from the couch. Her eyes glinting dangerously, she turned to (Y/n). "I was thinking pasta..."

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): My mom is mean and neglectful and really shouldn’t be a parent but i love her cause shes my mom, ya know...

Peter: cool bro

Peter and (Y/n): C L U B   D A Y ! ! !

MJ and Ned: we hath returned

(Y/n): yo im gonna come into this meeting for no reason

Peter: join

(Y/n): no

Peter: join

(Y/n): fine

(Y/n): i am sos smrt

(Y/n): also i write a lot

Other kids: yeah, no, shes got this, we gonna leave

(Y/n): yay i am on team

May: you are my niece

(Y/n): you are my aunt

Peter: i hate you both

Peter and (Y/n) for whole chapter: We literally have so much romantic tension it's insane, but not yet, dear readers, not yet can that tension be broken.
Stark Interlude I

Chapter Summary

In which we get a look into the life of the man on top of the world who might not like how high up it is.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

And the world stuttered...

And it was anew...

When Tony Stark woke up on the second of February, 2017, it was a normal day.

'By normal', well, as normal as life could get for him.

And by 'waking up', it's more like when his eyes opened after a three-hour nap in the lab.

"Boss, Miss Potts has asked that I ensure you sleep at least six hours a night," FRIDAY's accented voice came from above. "It is recommended that you-
"

"What Pepper doesn't know won't kill 'er," Tony grunted as he sat up and stretched out his arms before looking back at what he had been working on.

"Miss Potts has already been informed of your awakening," FRIDAY said. "She is coming to the lab now."

"Hell, FRIDAY, why-"

His words were cut off by the elevator doors to the lab sliding open to admit Pepper Potts inside.

"Hey, Pepper, fancy seeing you here-"

"Tony," she cut him off quickly, raising a hand. He silenced himself and she lowered it to gaze at him. "Tony, you need more sleep," Pepper said, tapping her foot and frowning. "It's not healthy."

"I know," Tony said, waving her off. "But you were out last night."

"At a meeting you were also supposed to be attending."

Tony opened his mouth to respond before faltering and, eventually, he chuckled and said, "Okay, you got me there, Pep."

Pepper snorted but shook her head at him. "Tony, if I am here tonight, do you promise to go to sleep at least for six hours?"

Tony sighed but nodded. "Yes, Pepper, I promise."

"FRIDAY?" Pepper asked the A.I. "Did you get that on video?"
"I did indeed, Miss Potts."

"Great," Pepper smirked, turning to Tony and pointing a nicely manicured finger at him, "I'm going to hold you to that, then, Tony Stark."

Tony laughed but nodded. "I know you will, Pepper Potts."

Pepper's smile softened a bit and she shook her head fondly before turning, the elevator opening as she approached it. She gave a small wave to Tony as the doors closed again and she descended down somewhere in the Tower.

Tony smiled, lowering his hand from the small wave of his own he had given in response before turning back to his work.

---

The day that high-schoolers all got out of school (Happy told him when the kid sent another text to the Head of Security, who was getting quite annoyed by the job of watching the teen), Tony was surprised with the next update the man sent him.

7:34 pm

**HappyHogieBun - Haven't gotten any updates from the kid yet today**

Tony had furrowed his eyebrows at that before responding.

**IamIronMan - let me know if it changes. suit status says hes fine**

**HappyHogieBun- Got it, Boss**

**HappyHogieBun- Please change my name**

**IamIronMan- never**

Tony grinned and slid the phone away, turning back to the laser he was working on for the suit.

"Tony?"

The man spun around in his chair and smiled at the person who had just arrived in the lab. "Hey, Pep."

Pepper strode over to him, her heels clicking on the ground. She brushed back a lock of her red hair that had fallen in front of her face and folded her hands in front of her when she reached him. "Are we still on for date night?"

"I thought you called it off because you had a meeting," He said, raising an eyebrow in surprise.

She nodded, the corners of her lips tilting upward. "I did. It was canceled."

Tony felt the smile on his own face widen at her words. "Was it really? Well then, are we gonna do this date night thing or what?"

Pepper nodded. "What were you thinking?"

"I didn't realize we were still doing this until about thirty seconds ago," Tony replied, turning in his chair to look back at the thing he had been working on. "What were you thinking?"
"Hmm..." Pepper tapped her chin and thought. "I don't feel like going out anymore today, so... Movie Night?"

Tony grinned and nodded. "Sounds great, Pep."

Pepper tossed her hair back over her shoulder and looked at him. She sighed as the man continued to scribble on some blueprints before moving a piece on the machinery he was working on. "I want you upstairs in fifteen minutes, Tony," she said after a moment. Tony glanced back at her, looked at his work, and then back at her again before nodding mutely. She smiled, a small thing. "Great."

Pepper left without another word into the elevator, leaving Tony alone with his work once again.

The superhero looked back at the small bits of metal in front of him before sighing and pushing it aside. He pushed his chair back and rode it on the wheels it had over to a screen across the room. Typing a few quick words on the keyboard, Tony pulled up a blueprint he had been working on since the incident in Germany.

"The Iron Spider."

Tony perched his head on one of his hands and used the other to scroll down through the measurements and ideas he had listed. He wanted to have this suit ready for the kid whenever it may come that he needs it.

The billionaire knew that the young teen from Queens still hadn't even completed the Training Wheels Protocol (the kid actually didn't even know about it), but, in the world they lived in, the life they all lived, Tony wasn't going to take any chances.

"FRIDAY?" He said to the A.I.

"Yes, Boss?"

"Put Iron Spider on my to-do list, please."

"You don't have a to-do list, Boss," her accented voice responded, and she almost sounded amused. Almost.

"Then make one."

"Got it, Boss."

Tony stood up and stretched out his back, wincing when he heard it crack. "Damn, I'm getting too old," he muttered to himself.

A ding from his phone and FRIDAY's voice saying, "A text from Happy Hogan, Boss," interrupted his thoughts.

"Thanks," Tony said as he picked up the phone. He smiled a bit when he read the message.

7:46 pm

HappyHogieBun - Kid's back online again.

)---{

The summer went relatively normal for Tony, thankfully. The kid seemed to be getting along fine with his Spider-manning (that was a weird word). Tony wondered to himself once in a while
(mostly during date nights with Pepper) whether or not Happy was still holding onto that ring.

Tony knew that those close to him thought he was busying himself with his work on the suits and, while he was, he secretly spent quite a bit of time in the labs going over the Sokovia Accords. More importantly, trying to find a way that he could weasel the other Avengers out of it. Nothing had worked yet, but Tony was still working his way through them. Hopefully...

Tony shook these thoughts out of his mind and scribbled away the last measurements he had written as FRIDAY told him a double check showed that they were inaccurate.

"Measure them again, Fri," Tony said, rubbing at his eyes as he searched the table for a tool. "U, grab me that."

U beeped and handed him the tool just out of his reach.

"Thanks," Tony said. "DUM-E, grab me my coffee from over there." He waved in the general direction, but the small robot understood and sped over. It grabbed the mug and made its way back over. Tony moved to take it and watched as the robot released it, allowing it to fall to the floor.

"Shit!" Tony cursed, backing away from the hot liquid that was now splattered on the floor. He scowled as some of it sucked into his socks. "One of you clean that up," he said, swiping the blueprints away into a secure file and locking the device as he stood and made his way to the elevator, gritting his teeth at the wet feeling the socks gave as they were soaked in the coffee now. DUM-E and U beeped at the instruction and Tony hoped that it would be clean when he got back.

As Tony rode up the elevator, he refused to move, not wanting to experience the wet sock feeling more than he had to. The elevator dinged a moment later and he moved into the penthouse, heading right to the bedroom that he used much less than he probably should. He took out a clean pair of socks and tossed the dirty ones in the laundry basket in the back of the closet before sighing. "Dry socks," he muttered. "How I've missed thee."

Tony stood up from where he sat and moved back into the main living space.

The billionaire somehow found himself by the window, looking out into the city of New York that was so bright despite the fact that it was night.

Tony crossed his arms and looked out at the endless buildings, leaning against the wall and letting out a small exhale of air from his nose. He never really realized how beautiful the city was.

It made him feel even more guilty than he normally did.

Looking down a bit, Tony managed to spot some of the people walking the streets down below. They were so small down when he looked at them from up here. They each had their own lives, ones even as complex as Tony’s. Maybe not as hard, maybe not the same in any way, but just as complicated nonetheless.

He remembered when he was in the Tower after the Battle of New York, all those years ago. It seemed lifetimes ago at this point. It had been the first time the Avengers had ever been a team, ever worked together, and now he wondered if they ever would again.

He remembered looking out over the city from his Tower, his home that had barely been destroyed by the battle, only the top few floors being damaged. The rest was fine, but the same couldn't be said for anything else.

Their battle had destroyed homes, killed thousands of people, and even if he had saved the city
from a nuke, he still felt that the bad of the fight outweighed the good ten-to-one.

Maybe that was just his guilty conscience talking.

Tony pressed his lips into a thin line and pushed himself up off of where he leaned against the wall and made his way back toward the elevator to go to the labs, shoving his hands into his pockets.

He had a lot of work to do.

Chapter End Notes

Story: Ay, remember that from chapter thirteen?

Tony: sleep is for the weak

Pepper: shut up, go sleep

Happy: I hate you and everyone else as well but hey we're still all friends

Tony: i am concerned for petey-boy even if ive only talked to him like twice so far

Pepper: date night?

Tony: date night

Tony: i must free the avengers who literally almost killed me

Tony: i am guilty

Tony: so so guilty

Tony: why world why
Chapter Twenty-Five

Chapter Summary

In which it's time to go back to school and things are different after you've already done most of the year.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, Evie here! Just a quick note before this chapter starts (finally getting into Homecoming!!!, well, uh, kinda i guess):

As we all know, the overall timeline of the MCU is pretty much in the garbage at this point, so we're going to go with what makes the most sense. If there are problems in this story when compared to the 'official' (insert King George voice like when he says 'country') timeline, we're all gonna ignore it, because the 'official' timeline makes less sense than this story's one will.

That's all for now! On to the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"(Y/n), it's time to get up!"

ALICE's voice cut through the alarm after the first minute of (Y/n) continuing to sleep. The girl didn't get enough sleep as it was, but the A.I. knew that it was time for her to get up.

"I'm up, I'm up," (Y/n) groaned, rolling over on her mattress- and right onto the floor. "Ow..."

"(Y/n), you have about fifteen minutes to leave for school before risking lateness."

(Y/n)'s eyes snapped open wide. "Fifteen?!!"

"Yes," ALICE replied curtly, amusement lacing her tone.

"Shit!"

(Y/n) struggled to her feet before staggering over to the clothes boxes that she used as a dresser and sorting through it. Finally, she pulled out a pair of jeans and an old shirt that had been a hand-me-down from her mother.

The girl moved out of her room, her steps much less jerky now as her body woke up. She moved into the bathroom and began brushing her teeth with one hand while she battled with her messy hair using a hairbrush with the other (she wasn't sure how exactly she managed to do that, but she did) before stumbling out and into the living room.

"We got any food?" (Y/n) asked as she grabbed her tennis shoes and started pulling them onto her feet.
"This month's money from Carliana (L/n) was only sent in yesterday, and you were busy getting ready for school. I'd advise getting food from the vending machine until this weekend when you should have a chance to go out for groceries," ALICE responded.

"Got it, thanks ALICE," (Y/n) said as she finishing tying her shoe and threw her backpack over her shoulders, slipping her arms into the straps.

"(Y/n)?" ALICE's voice asked as the girl's hand touched the doorknob. The A.I.'s tone was softer than normal, causing the teenager to stop for a moment and listen.

"Yeah, ALICE?" (Y/n) replied, furrowing her eyebrows. "What is it?"

"Just..." ALICE's accented voice faltered for a moment before she softly said, "Just be careful, all right?"

(Y/n) felt her heart speed up a bit as she heard the words that had been said to her by something she had created out of code, but she nodded. "Of course, ALICE."

"Have a good day, (Y/n)."

"You too."

The teenager closed the door and let out a small breath before turning and getting into the elevator. One rickety ride down later and (Y/n) was in the lobby.

"Hey, (Y/n)! You're up early! First day of school?"

"You got it, Lob," (Y/n) nodded, flashing him a smile. "Sophomore year! Wish me luck!"

Lob laughed. "Like you'll need it! Have a good day, kid."

"You too, Lob."

(Y/n) pushed through the doors of her apartment building and hopped over all three stairs to the sidewalk in one bounce, landing on her feet and regaining her balance relatively quickly. The girl began walking in the direction of her school with a wide grin on her face for the first time on the first day back to school after summer vacation. Maybe that was because this time, she had friends.

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Peter, as he often did on the first day of school, woke to Aunt May slapping him awake by hitting him multiple times on the shoulder.

"I'm up, I'm up," Peter groaned as he sat upright in bed. "May, stop hitting me!"

"You've got twenty minutes before you have to be out that door, mister," May said, still rapping at him (now at his head) with her rolled-up-magazine that was being used as a weapon. "I'm not going to stop hitting you until you are up and walking into the bathroom."

"Fine, fine," Peter grunted, trying (and failing) to ward off her attacks before resigning himself to his fate and nearly falling off the top bunk before he managed to stumble into the bathroom, sighing with relief as his aunt finally stopped hitting him (the whacks were more like taps anyway). He shoved a toothbrush into his mouth and brushed quickly, trying not to make a face at the overpowering mint flavor that flooded over his tongue as he did so. He spat it out a moment later and washed out his mouth with water before turning to the mirror. He ran his fingers through
his hair in an attempt to comb it back a bit before deciding it looked good enough.

Peter left the bathroom and moved into the kitchen to be met with what could only be described as a complete assault to the senses. The smell (which he could only think of to describe as 'burnt') was incredibly overwhelming. He glanced around to see Aunt May scraping something off of a pan, or, at least, she was trying to.

"It won't come off," she laughed as she attacked the blackened pan with a spatula.

"Want me to try-"

"I don't need my pan bent in half, Peter," May responded, narrowing her eyes in concentration. Finally, she groaned in defeat and dropped the whole pan into the trash can. Still looking into the garbage, she said, "Well, I think it's official."

"What's official?"

"I have to adopt (Y/n) so that we can survive and not die from my cooking before you have a chance to graduate high school."

Peter laughed.

"All right, you take an apple for breakfast, I'll have a banana, and we'll go out for larb tonight after you're done patrolling."

The teen laughed again but nodded, grabbing the fruit in question out of a small bowl that sat on the counter before turning to his aunt and giving her a hug.

"Have a good day, sweetie," May said, returning the embrace before shoving him toward the door. His backpack sat on the counter and he grabbed it as he walked. "Now go, you already promised (Y/n) you'd walk to school with her and I don't know what I'll do if you keep her waiting!"

"Got it, May," Peter said as he opened the door into the hallway.

"Larb you!" May called as he prepared to close the door.

"Larb you too!"

Peter was outside in less than a minute and adjusted the straps on his back as he waited for his friend. He strained his neck to look up and down the street, thinking briefly that he had missed her. Then, however, he heard the voice from up the street, "Peter!"

The boy's head spun in the direction of the voice and he felt his face split into a wide grin as his eyes landed on (Y/n), walking toward him quickly as she waved, a smile bright on her face as well.

"Hey, (Y/n)!" Peter called in response, giving her a wave as well. The girl sped up a bit before skidding to a stop as she reached him.

"You know," (Y/n) said as they began moving in the direction of their school. "This whole 'walking to school together' thing is nice and all, but we're gonna have to keep it down to a minimum in terms of the number of occurrences."

"Oh?" Peter raised an eyebrow. "And why's that?"

"Because it adds an extra ten minutes onto my walk just to go in this direction, and half the time I'm late or almost late to school anyways."
"Oh," Peter said, his face flushing a bit. "Okay, then."

Peter's eyes landed on his watch as his previously red-tinged face blanched. "We've got ten minutes before the bell rings to get to our first classes."

"I've got my route memorized to the classroom," she said as they began to go at a fast-walking pace. "But not from the entrance this way."

"I'm in all the same classes as you," Peter said, repeating those words from the first day they had met, technically in the future, but not really.

(Y/n) laughed. "That's true." They increased their speed to a light jog as she made a face. "Gotta deal with Mr. Esaminer again."

"He hated you, didn't he?"

"Only 'cause I corrected him. And that was once!"

"You also didn't engage yourself in class any other time, I'm sure that helped."

(Y/n) frowned and scrunched her eyebrows together. "It's not my fault I already learned all that stuff!"

"I mean, it kinda is..."

"Peter, don't get on my bad side about this."

The superhero fell silent.

"When does Homecoming craziness start?" (Y/n) asked after another moment of silence that followed the two friends turning a final corner and seeing their school in the distance.

"Uh, about a week?" Peter said. "Nationals are next Friday, and stuff started happening right before then."

"Should we just call the cops about Vulture guy?"

Peter sighed and clicked his tongue before saying, "They'll ask for evidence. They all will. Honestly, I think the events that happened last time surrounding Homecoming were probably best case scenario. Anything could happen, and it'll probably be easier to get stuff done with you here, but we should probably stick to the original way that things happened."

"And, what is that exactly?"

"Uh..." Peter wracked his brain for an answer to her question. "I'm not exactly sure. I remember a few general things, but other stuff is hazy. It was a crazy time, Homecoming," he said. (Y/n) nodded.

"That makes sense," the girl said as they turned into the courtyard and ran to the doors as the last few students milling around made their way inside.

"Plus," Peter added as an afterthought as they pushed through the doors and started up the stairs, two steps at a time. "One of the main ways Mr. Stark actually thought I was capable last time was because of how everything at Homecoming happened, and I don't know what I would do without Mr. Stark and whatever weird relationship with him I had."
(Y/n) nodded once again. "Yeah, I only knew him for two days, so I can't relate as much, but I still get it."

Peter sent her a small smile as they made it to the third floor and turned down the hallway. The warning bell rang above them and the crowds of students started filing into their classrooms. The two weaved through the masses of people until they finally made it in front of their first hour math class. A glance was exchanged before both entered the room.

Ned and MJ, who were both in this hour, were already there, seated in the second-most-far-back table next to one another. Ned gave a big wave as the two entered the classroom as MJ pulled her bag off of the table behind her and the other boy, nodding to the now empty seats with a meaningful look at the two who had just entered the room.

(Y/n) plopped into the seat behind MJ, Peter doing the same to the chair next to her a moment later.

"Thanks," the girl said as she dropped her backpack to the side of her chair.

"I'm not gonna let my one friend and one of the only losers I can tolerate not sit somewhere close enough for me to talk to them," MJ explained sharply. Peter snorted and (Y/n) stifled her giggles with her hand.

"MJ, I swear, you're the best," the girl said when she stopped laughing.

MJ smirked. "I know."

"All right, all right, everyone settle down!" Mr. Esaminer shouted over the excited chatter of the classroom. The man was average height with a blond tuft of hair on his head and a bald patch in the back. Wide glasses were enormous in comparison to his small, beady eyes that he used to look around at the students in the room. He straightened his tie as all eyes turned to him. "Now, you're all in here for Pre-Calculus. This first week will get you used to it. If, after this week, you think you can't take the course, talk to your counselor and drop down. The opposite is true if you think you are too advanced, though I doubt this will happen for anyone, so don't get any ideas."

The students, as students do, started talking among themselves before the man slammed down his hand to quiet them. "Now, we are going to have a silent class period while you all start on the pretest." Groans rang out, but the glare on his face remained firm. "Any talking will result in punishment. Am I understood?"

A few nodded, a few said "yes," but most merely glanced at him in acknowledgement. Peter could have laughed. First day and everyone is already tired.

(Y/n) finished the worksheet, the first part of the pretest, in fifteen minutes flat. Peter finished ten minutes after her, with a time of about twenty-five. As the girl brought out her notebook and started sketching some new designs, often passing it to her friend beside her for feedback, hey clearly caught the eye of the teacher.

"Excuse me, you two, in the back!" All eyes flew to him and then to the teens in question. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Uh..." (Y/n) said, looking at his with furrowed eyebrows. "He's looking over designs in my notebook for me?"

"What about the worksheet you were assigned."
"We're both done with that," Peter said, shrugging. The man spluttered.

"Done? When did you finish? This was an independent activity!"

"Yeah, she finished in fifteen minutes," Peter said, jabbing a finger toward his friend beside him lazily. "I finished in twenty-five. She beat me, like always."

Examiner seemed to be at a loss for words. After a few seconds of awkward silence, he adjusted his glasses, cleared his throat, and said, "Carry on."

When the class period was over, he snatched the papers from the two best friends with a scary greed, as if he was excited to find faults with it, especially the girl that had finished his worksheet so quickly. Peter almost smirked. He knew how (Y/n) worked. That man wouldn't find a single mistake.

The rest of the day carried on as normal. When the bell finally rang and it was time for Decathlon practice, Peter and (Y/n) left their last class of the day talking about their first one.

"I would have moved up last year if I realized how bad Examiner was going to be," (Y/n) said as they descended the stairs toward the Decathlon room for their first practice of the year (despite Nationals being the next week).

"Me too, probably," Peter said. "I was learning a lot of the stuff from this year a lot faster once I started working with Mr. Stark. I've probably got the whole year down pretty well now."

(Y/n) nodded. "Yeah."

They pushed open the doors to the room where Decathlon was held to be met with Liz Toomes getting right in their faces (resulting in Peter's exploding in a blush), clutching flash cards and asking, "What is the surface temperature of the sun?"

"5,778 K," both sophomores recited to the senior at once. She nodded in satisfaction and moved onto the next victim. Peter could have sighed. He remembered how the week before Nationals went with Liz as captain (dubbed by the rest of the team as the 'Week-to-end-all-Weeks'). This was going to be an experience, to say the least.

Chapter End Notes

ALICE: wake up, school time

(Y/n): *whining like a baby* i don't waannnnaaaa gooooo....

ALICE: I am an A.I. and I love this human child sos very much, stay safe my little baby

May: get up

Peter: i'm hurt. i am very much hurt

(Y/n): i'm too lazy to get up early enough for this everyday sorryyyyy

(Y/n) and Peter: We both hate this teacher and we already know this stuff anyways,
let's just move up a whole level

Liz: ANSWER CORRECTLY OR DIE *cue maniacal laughter*

Peter: ah, yes, this week.

Peter: good memories...
Chapter Twenty-Six

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) knows a lot about Yoda and gets an unexpected offer.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"You gonna quit Decathlon again?"

Peter looked up from his homework to his friend sitting across from him. After the day had ended, (Y/n) had insisted that they finish their homework first before Spider-man took off into the city. That resulted in both of them sitting on a stone bench in the courtyard, legs crossed and facing one another (not how one should properly sit on a bench at all), their textbooks and folders spread between them and backpacks off to the side.

"Nah," Peter shook his head as he erased an answer and scribbled down a new one. "I ended up rejoining for Nationals anyway, and I need to get to Washington for the thing with Toomes."

(Y/n) nodded and turned back to her paper. "Who assigns homework on the first day?" She muttered under her breath after flipping the paper over and continuing to fly through questions.

"Esaminer, that's who," Peter responded.

"Others gave some too," the girl pointed out holding up the worksheet she was doing now, one for Chemistry. She put it back down and furrowed her eyebrows. "Granted, it is just one of those 'Getting to Know You' and Esaminer gave us a three-page packet of just a bunch of math problems."

Peter clicked his tongue as he looked over the next problem before he began writing down another answer.

"Your handwriting is horrible," (Y/n)'s voice came from above him. His eyes moved up and his head tilted a bit to see her leaning forward and looking down at the sheet he was writing on.

"Yours isn't much better," he shot back, glaring at her a bit.

"I can write neatly," she said, crossing her arms and leaning back again. "When I want to."

"So can I," Peter defended.

"I've yet to see it in action, though, Spider-boy."

Peter bit back a few choice words and instead settled on saying, "I hate you, you know that, right?"

"Aw, friendship at its finest."

Peter shook his head and turned his attention back to the paper in front of him. Time became a bit of a blur as he moved steadily through the problems. He distantly heard (Y/n) humming something
from where she sat a few feet away from him, a Hamilton song. He was too far into his homework to focus enough to figure out whether or not it was the middle of 'Satisfied' or the end of 'Congratulations'. He wasn't sure if it really mattered.

"Yoda was almost played by a monkey in a mask."

Peter looked up in surprise and confusion. "What?"

(Y/n) was on her phone (an old device with a cracked screen that looked like it belonged in a museum), scrolling through something. "I'm just stating facts."

Peter snorted. "Feel free to state facts relating to the homework."

"Yoda has no determined species."

"What is with all these Yoda facts?"

"We could all do with more Yoda facts."

"True."

"Speaking of which," the girl said as she continued scrolling, "Yoda is not a Muppet."

Peter furrowed his eyebrows. "Can I get context for that?"

"No."

Peter sighed and looked back down at the worksheet he was attempting to finish, the last one he needed to do for his homework before he was done for the day.

"Depending on what movie you're watching, Yoda will have a different number of toes."

Peter raised an eyebrow. "I'm assuming no explaining that one, either?"

"Nope."

Another sigh escaped his mouth, but the teen felt a smile pull on his lips as he turned back to his paper and waited for his friend to interrupt him again. After a minute, she hadn't, so he asked, "You got any more?"

"No," she replied. "At least no more for Yoda, and I had a theme going that I don't wanna break."

Peter laughed. "Cool. You'll let me finish my homework, then?"

"Yeah," (Y/n) nodded. "You got people to save, anyways."

Peter felt a grin appear on his face at her words. "Thanks."

(Y/n) nodded once again but remained silent, choosing instead to tuck her homework back away into her bag as well as her math textbook, one they had laid out just in case they needed it while they did Esaminer's packet (they didn't).

"Done!"

(Y/n) clapped at her friend's explanation with much more enthusiasm than necessary. "And the crowd goes wild!" She exclaimed, hopping up and bouncing around in circles.
"(Y/n), stop," Peter said, his cheeks growing a bit red as he glanced around. "People are staring."

That stopped the girl immediately. Her hands fell and she sat back down quickly, her lips pressed tightly closed. Her face had exploded in blush and she kept her head down, her eyes trained on the ground. After a minute, she asked quietly, "What about now?"

Peter looked at their surroundings. The students that milled around weren't paying attention to them anymore, not that many had in the first place. "No one's looking anymore."

The girl relaxed a bit, her body seemed to untense with his words. She glanced at her friend and, at his confused look, said, "I was embarrassed."

Peter cracked a smile. "Same."

(Y/n) rolled her eyes, but her face seemed to light up a bit. Peter finished zipping up his bag and both friends stood up in a single, synchronized motion.

"That was like out of a movie," Peter said as they made their way off of the school grounds and toward an alleyway. "The whole standing-in-unison thing, I mean."

(Y/n) nodded emphatically. "It was awesome. Only because we're awesome."

"Most definitely."

The girl dragged him into an alley a moment later. "There's never anyone in this one," she said as Peter took off his backpack and pulled out his Spider-man suit a moment later. (Y/n) turned away, looking out at the street as her friend pulled off his clothes and pulled on his superhero suit.

"All right, I'm good," Peter said. (Y/n) turned around to see, not Peter, but Spider-man standing there.

"Cool," the girl grinned. "You can give me a lift home, right?"

"Yeah, sure," Spider-man nodded, taking a few steps forward.

"Good, you're learning to agree with me," she said, her smile growing. "Give me your phone."

She could see her friend's confusion but he listened anyway, handing her his phone after jabbing in his password.

(Y/n) snorted as her finger flew across the screen. "You don't take very good care of your stuff, huh? A cracked screen, how disappointing. I thought you were better than this, Spidey."

Peter crossed his arms. "Like you're any better."

The corners of her lips titled up as she fought a smile, but she scoffed. "Don't distract from your own mistakes."

"I'm never allowed win an argument with you, am I?"

"You're making an admirable effort, though."

(Y/n) seemed to find what she was looking for as she smiled in satisfaction. She held the phone screen close to her eyes and studied it before exhaling through her nose and closing her eyes. Peter watched in fascination as her features shifted. It wasn't something he thought he would ever be able to describe if someone asked what it was like to watch, but a few minutes passed as she slowly
began to change. Her hair color was the first part to become different.

The change seemed to start in the roots of her hair as, gradually, the strands changed color, starting at her scalp and working its way down to her end of the piece of hair. Peter noticed as he watched this shift that her hair's length was different after the transformation, something he hadn't noticed the first time. Like before, though, the hair seemed to perfect itself. Messy strands settled down until she looked as if she had just come out of the salon. It was rather disconcerting, actually. No one should have their hair sit that perfectly. As a light breeze blew through the alleyway, the hair shifted and Peter found himself a bit relieved when the colorful locks shifted as hair would, not settling back into their initial style but moving around as hair should. At least it wasn’t as creepily perfect as it could be.

As Peter tore his eyes away from her hair when (Y/n)'s normally-(h/c) locks became fully colorful, he found that her facial features had changed already. As before, he could see his friend, but her features were sharpened, and it comforted the teen a bit to know that the subtle changes could probably fool facial recognition scans.

It was surprisingly fun to watch the star freckles appear on her face. All sorts of sizes (though all rather small, of course) of stars appeared in sprays over her nose and across the top of her cheeks. They seemed to sparkle a bit, and Peter felt that they should. They were stars, after all.

When (Y/n) opened her eyes, they were, once again, those mesmerizing galaxies from the first time she had changed her appearance around. Peter smiled a bit. He liked that feature of her change the most.

"Here," the girl said, handing him his phone back. Peter pressed the button on the side and the screen turned to black.

"What was the point of that?" He asked.

"You're always being recorded and put up on YouTube," she explained. "I don't want to be questioned at school about why I was seen with Spider-man."

Peter nodded. "Understandable. I don't really like conversing with random human beings either."

(Y/n) snorted before saying, "I don't think that's a good trait for a superhero, Spider-boy."

"I manage."

She shook her head and picked up her bag, pulling it over her shoulders before grabbing Peter's backpack as well and looping her arm through both straps until it was hanging off of her arm.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm taking your backpack to my apartment for you to pick up after patrol because May doesn't need to buy another one for you right now."

Peter was grateful for his mask as his face exploded into a red hue as he nodded. "Uh, thanks."

"You got it, Spidey."

A minute later, the two best friends were in the sky, propelled through the air by Peter's webs. They took a break on a train heading in the general direction they wanted to go and talked.

"It's a lot easier to carry you when you aren't passed out, you know."
(Y/n) laughed. "I'd imagine so."

A few more minutes passed before they ended up on the platform just outside of (Y/n)'s window.

"Thanks," the girl said as she pulled her apartment key out and unlocked the window. "I'm never going to stop owing Lob for getting this lock installed for me," she muttered as she pushed open the window. She turned back to her friend a moment later. "I'm not bringing your bag to you tomorrow, so you better not stay out too late."

Peter nodded. "Glad to know you have my back."

(Y/n) grinned and slapped his shoulder lightly as she began to climb into her apartment. "I'm joking. I just don't wanna have to bring it tomorrow and it would be amazing if my best friend would come so he could take his stuff to school himself."

"Yeah, yeah, I get it," Peter said, slapping her hand away. "I'll come get it."

"Get going, then, Spider-boy," (Y/n) said, leaning out the window to push him a bit. "Go stop some crime."

Peter wondered if she could see his smile from under his mask, but he didn't think it really mattered. He nodded firmly and turned, sending a web off through the alley and to the building that was across the street. He gave a small wave to his friend before swinging off. He was gone a second later.

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(Y/n) was, unsurprisingly, watching a Hamilton Animatic when Spider-man knocked on her window that evening. It was dark out, but the girl was awake, of course.

"Hey, Pete," she said, grinning at him. "Fancy meeting you here."

"Indeed," Peter nodded as he ripped off his mask.

(Y/n) frowned as she looked at his face. "What happened?"

Peter's cheeks became flushed a bit. "Spidey-sense wasn't fast enough, I guess. Mugger got a few punches in." (Y/n) stared at him with a hard gaze, causing him to quickly say, "I'm fine, though."

(Y/n) let out a huff of air and turned abruptly, disappearing down the hallway. He heard a door opening and then closing a moment later. She reappeared holding her first-aid box under her arm. "Sit down."

Peter shook his head. "I've got advanced healing, (Y/n), I'll be fine."

"Not if you get an infection, genius."

Peter wanted to argue more, but she grabbed him and shoved him onto the couch. He opened his mouth, ready to speak, but she gave him a pleading look.

"Peter, please, just let me calm my conscience."

Peter felt the words die in his throat and closed his mouth slowly before nodding mutely.

"Thank you."
A moment later, Peter had a Dora-the-Explorer-themed Band-aid on the cut on his cheek and was holding an ice pack against his eye at his friend's direction.

"Hopefully that'll help," she said. "I know you have fast healing, but I wouldn't be surprised if that black eye lasted until the end of tomorrow."

"You underestimate my abilities, my friend."

(Y/n) laughed but stopped when ALICE spoke. "There's someone at the door."

"Who is it?" The girl asked, clipping the lid of the first-aid bin into place before moving to the door.

"Willia-, ahem, Lob," the A.I. corrected herself quickly.

"Oh, really?"

(Y/n) moved to the door faster and opened it a moment later. "Hey, Lob!"

"Evening, (Y/n)!" Lob peered inside her apartment and his face lit up. "Parker! Fancy seeing you here!" He looked a bit closer. "What's up with your eye, kid."

"Picked a fight he shouldn't have," (Y/n) answered for him.

Lob nodded sympathetically. "Bullies?"

"Er, yeah," Peter nodded. "Yeah, uh, bullies."

"It'll get better kid, don't worry." Peter nodded and Lob turned his gaze back to the girl in front of him. "I didn't see you after school today."

"Came in the window."

"Ah, that would do it. Anyways," Lob said, "Because you didn't come in the main door, I'm here to give you this."

Lob handed her a letter he had been grasping in his one hand.

"Normally," the man said as the girl took the envelope, "I would've waited until you were in the lobby again, but it looked important."

(Y/n) nodded and grinned. "Thanks, Lob."

"No problem, kid." Lob tipped his head toward her. "Night, (Y/n), Parker."

"Good night, Lob!"

"See ya, Lob!"

(Y/n) closed the door as the man walked back to the elevator a moment later.

"Who's the letter from?" Peter asked, his eyes lighting up with curiosity.

"I don't know..."

The girl turned the letter over and read the outside of it. Her mouth fell open.
"Who's it from?" Peter asked, standing up and moving toward her.

"Says it's from Stark Industries."

"Stark Industries?"

"Yeah."

There was a silence before Peter grinned and said, "Open it, dude!"

(Y/n) needed no more direction. She tore open the letter carefully and pulled out the sheet of paper. "I would have thought they'd email me for something," she said as she began unfolding the paper.

"Probably did both."

(Y/n) unfolded the paper for the last time and her eyes began to fly over the typed words on the letter. Peter could see, through the paper, the shadow of the S.I. logo stamped onto the corner.

As the girl finished reading, her jaw was on the floor and her eyes were wide with shock. The paper slipped out of her hands. Peter quickly stooped down and picked it up. As he began to read it, he asked, "What is it? What did it say?"

"They... They're offering me an internship..."

}---{  
"Tony, I have something I need to ask you."

The billionaire spun around to see his girlfriend and the CEO of his company, Pepper Potts, standing near the entrance of his lab.

"Yes, oh so lovely Pepper?"

Pepper sighed and made her way over to him, pulling out a few papers from a folder she had been holding under her arm. "I want you to take on a new intern."

Tony raised an eyebrow. "A new intern? Pepper, we already have a few hundred of those, don't we? Why are you talking to me about this?"

Pepper tuck a strand of hair behind her ear. "This is a special case."

"I'm listening."

"First of all, this potential intern is in high school."

"High school?" Tony was even more surprised than before. "We only take on college students at a minimum, Pep. You know this, we made the policy together when we started the intern program. High-schoolers aren't on the level they need to be to work here."

"I'm quite sure this candidate is," Pepper said, "But that's besides the point. Additionally, this intern wouldn't work with the others."

"Then where would this supposed intern work?" He asked, egging her on a bit as he began to pick up his coffee mug to drink some of it as he listened to her words.

"With you, as a personal intern."
Tony was glad he hadn't taken a sip of his drink yet, because it would have been spat all over his work right about now. "A personal intern? Pep, you can't be serious!"

"Why not?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

"None of our interns could handle my work, first off, let alone a high-schooler! Also, teenagers are annoying, I wouldn't be able to get anything done!"

"It wouldn't be every day," Pepper said, crossing her arms. "It would only be a few days a week. This candidate has a good record too, I'm sure you'd be fine."

"Who is this candidate you've ever so carefully selected, anyways?"

Pepper took out her tablet and slid her finger around on it deftly before sliding it upward. Tony's work on the large screen was pushed aside and what looked like a file appeared instead. In the corner was the picture of a teenage girl. Her hair fell in wisps around her face and her eyes were wide, sparkling orbs that seemed to jump out of the screen. She seemed to hold a certain innocence about her, and Tony was vaguely reminded of a certain teenage superhero that swung around Queens and bugged Happy to no end as well.

"This," Pepper said, gesturing to the girl on the screen, "Is (Y/n) (L/n). She lives in Queens."

"How's her record?"

"Clean. Nothing of any kind on her school record, and she has no criminal record."

"Age?" Tony asked, nibbling the end of his glasses as he looked at the teenager on the screen and turned slightly back-and-forth in his chair.

"Fifteen years old," Pepper replied, scrolling down a bit to where the information was and zooming in. "She's a sophomore in high school."

"What school?"

"Midtown."

The name sounded familiar, and a moment later, Tony realized that it was the school that the kid attended. How ironic.

"That's a pretty good school, right?"

"One of the best," Pepper confirmed. "She's on their Decathlon team, which is about to go to Nationals in a few weeks."

Tony nodded. "Impressive. How are her grades?"

"Top of her class," Pepper said, "At least last year. Their school started today, actually. Got top marks on all her finals last year, and she's in advanced versions of classes that are advanced for her age as well."

"Any specific comments from her teachers last year?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary. All said she was impossibly smart, and there are also a few things commenting on how strangely close her and who I would assume is her best friend is, a classmate named Peter Parker."
Tony almost dropped his mug. Almost. "Peter Parker?"

"Smart kid, good record, grades aren't as crazily high as hers, but he is in second for his year," Pepper stated. "We had a background check run on him as well, to be safe."

"Oh," was all he said, nodding weakly. What were the chances that the one teenager, out of all of them in the city, that Pepper could choose, it happened to be the Spider-kid's best friend? Pretty damn high, apparently...

"So, what's your answer?"

"My answer?" Tony blinked at her.

"Technically, because (Y/n) is a high schooler and would be your personal intern, you need to sign your agreement before the offer can be sent to her." Pepper eyed him. "What do you say?"

"What would 'personal intern' entail?"

"You work with her once every, I don't know, two weeks, and tell her what to do otherwise."

So he didn't have to deal with a kid that much either way. Tony thought for a moment, his gaze moving around the room full of tech before landing on the girl's face on the screen. He felt something inside of him snap for some reason and nodded. "You know what? What the hell, let's do it." He plucked a pen from the desk and quickly signed the paper that Pepper held out for him on a clipboard that she had gotten from... somewhere...

"I'm proud of you, Tony," Pepper said.

"What's it for this time?" He asked cheekily. The woman shook her head but was smiling.

"I just am."

Before Tony could ask her anything else, she had entered the elevator and the doors had already closed behind her.

Chapter End Notes

Peter: i'm gonna do this thing again so might as well not stop

(Y/n): random Star Wars facts about Yoda

Peter: wat

(Y/n): yay excitement! wait, no, attention

(Y/n): carry me home, i'm lazy

(Y/n): once again, i want no attention *changes appearance to an eye-catching thing*

Peter: advanced healing for the win!
(Y/n): no, i will help you smol spider-child

Peter: fine

Lob: a letter

Lob: poor child, what wrong

(Y/n): hes a stupid kid who doesnt know when to stop

Lob: ah, bullies

(Y/n): what no-

Peter: YES IT WAS BULLIES OH NO POOR ME

(Y/n): *gets internship letter* whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-

Pepper: hire this child

Tony: this child knows the other child

Tony: also this child is good child

Tony: i will hire this child

Peter and (Y/n) through the whole chapter: Just being really good together and having a great and healthy friendship in general. Protect these children.
Chapter Twenty-Seven

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) does the thing and maybe shows the world just what she can do.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter had read through the letter in its entirety a moment later and was looking at his friend with eyes as wide as her own.

"You have to say yes!"

(Y/n) looked at him. "You think so?" She took the letter and looked down at the words on it. She scanned through the formalities until she found the sentence she had been looking for.

'On behalf of Stark Industries, we would like to offer you an internship on the grounds of outstanding academic and behavioral performance.'

"What's that supposed to mean?" She asked, pointing to the phrase and showing it to her friend.

"Nothing we didn't already know," Peter responded with a small shrug. He grinned at her. "You're just a really smart, really great person, (Y/n)."

The girl flushed a bit at his words before looking at the end of the letter.

'Please inform us of your decision by September 10. Thank you.

'-Pepper Potts, CEO of Stark Industries.

'-Tony Stark, Iron Man.'

Their signatures were below the names, written on a line. The teenager furrowed her eyebrows.

"You think these signatures are real?" She asked as she peered at them, both the large, loopy and small, scrawled letters that made up the billionaire's as well as the neat, curved ones that formed the businesswoman's own.

"Probably not," Peter said, moving closer and looking at them as well. "I don't see why they'd sign an offer letter for an intern personally, even if you are a high-schooler."

(Y/n) bit her lip before shrugging. She put the letter down on the table and took a seat in one of the two folding chairs at it. Peter took the other one a moment later, sitting across from her and placing his head on the table so that she was sideways.

"Hey," Peter said, cutting through the girl's thoughts. "What do you think you're gonna do?"

(Y/n) chewed even harder down on her lower lip (something Peter now realized was a habit of hers) before saying, "What do you think I should do?"
Peter didn't think twice about his answer. "Take the offer."

(Y/n) was silent for a moment before she spoke. "ALICE? Can you write up an email?"

"You know I can, (Y/n)," the A.I.'s British voice responded. "What's the address?"
The teen read off the email address written on the bottom of the letter.

"Done," ALICE said. "Subject line?"

"'Internship.'"

"What do you want the body of the email to say?" ALICE asked the television screen popped to life. The screen was static for a moment before switching to what looked like an email that was being formulated. As (Y/n) had asked, the subject line already said 'Internship.'

"Uh... 'Dear People at Stark Industries,'" the girl began, taping her foot as she thought and watched the words appear on the email on the screen. "'Regarding the offer of an internship that you extended toward me, I would like to say: Yes. Sincerely, (Y/n) (L/n).'"

"Doesn't seem very professional," ALICE said as she wrote the email. One could hear the hint of amusement in her voice.

"What do you think, Pete?"

Peter looked at the email before saying, "Seems like something Mr. Stark would enjoy. Straight and to the point."

(Y/n) grinned. "We're going with it then. Send it, Al."

ALICE complied and a moment later the email was sent and the screen went dark again.

"All done!" (Y/n) exclaimed, throwing her hands in the air. She glanced at her friend. "You sure that was a good idea?"

"Totally," Peter nodded. A lopsided smile appeared on his face. "If Homecoming goes correctly, now we can both have a weird relationship with Mr. Stark!"

(Y/n) laughed before the sound died n her throat. She furrowed her eyebrows and frowned. There was silence for a moment before she asked quietly, "Do you miss him, sometimes?"

Peter looked troubled for a moment, and when she met his eyes she saw the twinge of pain in them before he could hide it, but the boy spoke a moment later anyway, his voice a bit strained as he did. "Yeah... Yeah, I guess I do." Peter sighed and ran a hand through the curls on his head. "I've been so caught up in everything that I didn't really think about it. For a few weeks, in the beginning, I was always getting my phone out after school to text Happy, out of habit, but when I looked at the messages, I remembered and put it away again."

(Y/n) nodded and her eyes were trained on the ground when she said, "Yeah, yeah that happened to me too."

"Is it bad, then, that sometimes I forget that the first time around ever happened?" Peter asked desperately, falling back onto the couch and burying his face in his hands. "That sometimes I don't remember that I ever got close to the Tony Stark? That I ever went through these months without being friends with you? That you died?"
"No," (Y/n) said immediately. "No, that's not bad. Technically, that stuff never happened in the first place, anyways." The girl was moving toward him a moment later and had taken a seat beside her friend. She leaned a bit against him and continued to speak. "Sometimes, I forget what life was like before we became friends." She chuckled dryly. "It was lonely, I know, and definitely not as fun."

Peter's lips cracked into a small smile.

"Also," (Y/n) continued, "It's been over half a year, Peter. It makes sense that you're getting used to this being life, that you're getting used to there not being any alternatives."

Peter nodded and let out a small breath. He straightened his back out and leaned back against the couch cushion. His friend, her side still pressed a bit into him, moved as he did.

They sat there in silence for what seemed like forever before Peter said, "Wanna go for a swing?" (Y/n) furrowed her eyebrows but nodded nonetheless.

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The teens were sitting on a tall building (not a skyscraper, but still pretty high up) a few minutes later, looking out at New York City.

"I love this," (Y/n) murmured as she let her legs dangle over the edge of the building. "It's so beautiful and... peaceful..." She sighed. "I don't know how to describe it."

"Yeah," Peter whispered. "I don't know how often I see this and it's just as amazing as the first time." The boy's mask was off as he looked out at the city.

There was a quiet filled only by the sounds of the city below them. Finally, Peter asked a question.

"(Y/n)?" He spoke quietly. "Do you... Do you remember... dying?"

The girl seemed to freeze, her legs stopping their swaying when the words left his mouth. She was silent for a moment before responding.

"Yes."

"Did it..." Peter's mouth felt dry. "Did it hurt?"

"Yeah," she said, nodding just a fraction of an inch. "Yeah, it did."

"Were you scared?"

(Y/n) looked up at the sky above her, the stars that she could see through the smog just because of her enhanced vision. "I was terrified. I was absolutely terrified."

Peter felt his face drain of color. He looked over at his friend and the lights of the city illuminated the small tears rolling down the (s/c) skin of her face, making the drops of water glisten as they fell down her cheeks.

"You didn't seem like it."

He could see, barely, the small, upward tilt of the corner of her lips for a brief moment before it disappeared. "I know."
"What d'you mean?"

"When I was, well, when I was dying, I was scared, but I saw that you were scared too and, well, I guess I was so determined in my strange mind state at the time to not let you be scared anymore that I made sure you didn't think I was." She snorted. "Guess it worked."

Peter nodded and his voice cracked when he spoke again. "Yeah, it did."

(Y/n) took out her phone that she had stuffed into the pocket of her jacket and looked at the time displayed on the cracked screen. "It's almost 10:30. May will kill you if you're not home soon."

Peter nodded and stood up. "I'll take you home."

"It's fine, Peter," the girl said, holding up a hand. "Just drop me down. I'll walk."

"(Y/n)," Peter said, his voice pleading. "It's dangerous-

"You forget, my good Spider-man," she interrupted, "That I have means of taking care of myself." She held up her hand and willed a few wisps of purple to come out of her fingers. Her magic obeyed and she smirked in the small bit of extra light it provided.

Peter hesitated for a moment, mulling it over before he sighed and relented. "Fine." He crossed his arms. "But I don't like it."

(Y/n) laughed. "That's fine. How about this, if I don't text you within fifteen minutes, you can assume the worst and come looking for me."

Peter thought for a few seconds before he nodded firmly. "I would like that very much, please." The girl grinned.

"Sounds like a plan."

The superhero pulled on his mask and a moment later the two were on the ground. "See ya, Spidey!" (Y/n) exclaimed with a wave. Peter returned it before swinging away off in the direction of his apartment.

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(Y/n) was walking down a pretty busy street, looking down at the ground and avoiding all the cracks to amuse herself. "Step on a crack, break your mother's back," she murmured under her breath. She narrowed her eyes and her face scrunched up a bit. "Not that that would be too bad..."

Her mutterings were interrupted by a large group of yells. She instinctively looked up to where the sounds had come from to see a truck barreling down the street.

The driver's window was open and he was screaming. People near her probably couldn't hear his words, but her advanced hearing allowed her to pick up every word.

"The gas pedal is stuck and the brakes won't work! I can't slow down!"

Cars veered to the side as the truck flew down the street. (Y/n), her heart pounding, saw an entrance to an alley a few yards away. She weaved through people watching and slipped into the alley. She knew what street she was on, and not many people hung out here. A quick scan of the alley confirmed her suspicions. The girl closed her eyes, thought of the picture from earlier, and focused on it, imagining herself looking the way she did when the shift was complete. After a
moment, the yells were growing closer and the honks of the truck were getting louder as she opened her eyes. (Y/n) pulled a lock of her hair in front of her eyes and saw that it was bright and colorful. She ran a hand along the features of her face and felt them a bit different than normal. A smile fell on her lips. It had worked.

She was snapped out of her thoughts by another yell that she picked up on out of the fray.

"I'm gonna jump out!"

The driver's tone was desperate and panicked. He had lost all hope in slowing down and was now just desperate to save himself.

(Y/n) took the opportunity to sprint out from the alley. The truck was a few hundred feet away now, and she was near the end of the street. The vehicle was going to smash into the buildings in just a few moments. Precious moments that she didn't have to waste.

The teen watched as the driver, who was now unbuckled, prepared to make a jump for it. She ran forward just as he lept through the air and sent a stream of purple energy (that she willed to not hurt or burn) at him. It held him in place, hovering, and people near him, acting on pure instinct, ran forward and pulled him from the air and helped his feet safely touch down as the magic disappeared.

(Y/n) blinked and the whole scene suddenly turned varying shades of green as she heard in the back of her head, "Danger! Danger! Danger! Crash!"

The girl spun around to see the truck only seconds away from crashing into the buildings at the end of the street. She desperately threw out her hands and extended her magic as far as she could reach. The bright green world around her seemed to go in slow motion as she watched the wisps of energy reach from her fingers to the back of the truck. They reached it and she held tight, holding the truck back and stopping it just a few yards before it would have crashed into the building. Her vision stayed green, though, and she knew why.

The driver had said that the gas pedal was stuck and brakes wouldn't work. (Y/n) gritted her teeth and pulled harder. She needed to train if she was ever going to use her enhanced strength often.

"Someone!" She ground out as she pulled harder. The wisps that were attached to the truck reflected her struggle, tightening a bit against the metal and indenting into the part they were wrapped around. "Someone get in and pull up the gas pedal!"

For a moment, no one moved. Then, a small boy, maybe around the age of ten, ripped himself from his mother's arms, ran forward, jumped up, and yanked open the truck's driver-side door. Ignoring the cries of his parent, the boy scrambled inside and disappeared from her view. A moment later, though, the tires stopped moving and the pull against her and her magic ceased.

The green of her vision disappeared as she blinked once more and the boy hopped out from inside the truck. He hurried to the back of the truck, closer to where (Y/n) was, and said what she already knew. "You can let it go now."

"Henry!" A woman (Y/n) assumed was his mother shrieked, running forward and pulling him into a tight embrace. The teen felt her heart clench a bit at the scene as she released her hold and the purple energy disappeared, allowing the girl to simply gasp for breath.

"Yeah, my arms are gonna be sore tomorrow," she muttered, rubbing at her limbs and wincing a bit before she turned back to the boy and his mother as the woman lectured her son desperately,
mainly just repeatedly commanding that he never do that again.

"Am I right in assuming that your name is Henry?"

The words stopped flowing from his mother's mouth as all eyes that weren't on (Y/n) already turned to her. After a brief, yet painfully long, moment, the boy nodded. "Yes."

(Y/n) cracked a smile despite the ache she was feeling in her muscles. "You were very brave. Thank you."

"Thank you, Miss," Henry said, looking at her with eyes shining brightly. He had stars in his big, brown orbs as he looked at her, and it felt strange to have them directed to her.

"I couldn't have stopped it for good if you hadn't helped me, though," (Y/n) said firmly. She knelt down and extended her fist gently. Henry looked at it in awe before his face lit up and he gave her the hardest fistbump a kid his size probably could.

"Well," (Y/n) said, straightening up as the boy returned to his mother's side a few feet away, "I should get going." She glanced around before remembering the fire escape she had seen in the alley she had transformed in. A quick plan formulated in her head as she got an idea. It was a stupid, sure, but maybe it was just stupid enough to work.

"Wait!" Henry shouted as he saw her prepare herself to go. "What's your name, Miss?"

(Y/n) felt a smile appear on her face as she concentrated on what she wanted her magic to do.

"Call me Supernova."

The teen could see those around her look at her the same way that the boy had, and a moment later, it was even more so when she succeeded in what she had wanted to do.

(Y/n) focused her magic out of her hands and pushed down. The energy pushed her upward and into the air as if she was flying. She landed n the roof nearby and ducked out of sight. The teen stumbled when she touched down and fell against the stone roof. She reached into the pocket of her jacket and saw that she had five minutes to get home before Peter went out looking for her (more like two, knowing how paranoid he would get). The girl pursed her lips and pulled herself. She imagined her own appearance and willed her transformation to melt away. A moment later, she opened her eyes and looked at a lock of her hair. It was (h/c) again. A run of her hand over her face allowed her to feel the features she was so familiar with now after all these years. Success.

The girl climbed down the fire escape quickly and looked out of the alley to see the crowd of people had barely shrunk. She slipped out of the alley and began jogging down the sidewalk, dodging people as best she could, before turning a corner and breaking out into a run when she saw the street literally abandoned. Five minutes later, she was running up the steps of her building to the front doors and whipping out ehr phone to text a lightning-fast message to her friend.

10:52 pm

(Y/n)- got held back a bit. back safe

Yeeter- k. thx. was suiting up when i got this :p

(Y/n) - yea, dont do that. im good

Yeeter- k. see ya tomorrow
(Y/n) smiled in spite of herself as she pushed open the doors of her apartment building and entered. "Hey, kid," Lob said from where he was standing at the vending machine. "You're back late."

"Hanging with Peter and got held up on the walk home," the girl shrugged.

"I'm just restocking the vending machine before heading off to bed," Lob said. "Technically, my shift ended at nine, but the clock is broken so here I am," the man said as he squeezed snacks into the machine with one hand. Lob had found many ways around his disability over the last few months and now he worked as efficiently with a hand as he had without one.

"Why didn't Maria come get you?"

"She worked late last night so she went to bed early today," Lob explained. "Speaking of that, you should be in bed too. I know for a fact that it is a school night for you right now."

(Y/n) raised her hands in mock defense. "I'm going, I'm going."

The elevator doors opened a few seconds after she pressed them. As the girl entered the elevator, she heard Lob say, "Night, (Y/n)."

Responding quickly, the teen called, "Good night, Lob."

She jammed the button '5' as the doors closed and the rickety elevator began moving up. After a moment, she hopped out, slipped her key out of her jacket's pocket, and entered her apartment.

"Hey, ALICE."

"Hello, (Y/n)," ALICE greeted warmly. Her tone grew more serious a moment later. "You are home later than you should be. You need to go to sleep."

"I will," (Y/n) said. She was reminded of her nightmares the moment she thought of sleeping, though. "After a few Hamilton Animatics. Turn on the TV, please."

The screen didn't flick to life immediately, though. "(Y/n)," ALICE said softly after a moment of silence, "Please. Go to sleep."

(Y/n) hesitated at the tone of her A.I. before she nodded slowly. "Okay. I'll go to sleep."

ALICE sounded relieved when she spoke again. "Thank you."

The teen was in bed ten minutes later, laying under the blanket from Mrs. Penn that always saw on the mattress she slept on.

"Good night, ALICE," she murmured as she turned over and closed her eyes. She was more drained than she had realized before now.

Just before drifting off, (Y/n) heard ALICE's quiet, gentle response. "Good night, (Y/n)."

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): should i do the thing?
Peter: do the thing
(Y/n): imma do the thing
(Y/n): you miss tony
Peter: yea
(Y/n): same
Peter: you miss dying? wait, that sounded wrong
(Y/n): its uncomfortable
(Y/n): imma a powerful child, ill be fine
(Y/n): *saves a bunch of people* all hail the hero, this small boy
(Y/n): im supernova, people who are most definitely not videotaping this whole thing
(Y/n): im home
Lob: my clock is broke :( 
ALICE: sleep
(Y/n): no, tv
ALICE: no, sleep
(Y/n): ...
(Y/n): fine, sleep
ALICE: i love you, child, uh, i mean, good night
Chapter Twenty-Eight

Chapter Summary

In which Peter and (Y/n) take a test and (Y/n) may or may not be trending.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Y/n) was, indeed, sore when she woke up.

"(Y/n)!" Peter exclaimed when she arrived at her locker, ten down from his own the next morning. His eyes were wide and he clutched his phone to his chest tightly. "Why the hell didn't you tell me about this!"

"About what?" She asked, furrowing her eyebrows.

"I'm assuming you're talking about the video, Parker?" MJ asked, popping up beside them as well. Ned happened to be close behind her.

"Oh, the video." Ned breathed. "We're talking about that."

"What are you guys talking about?" (Y/n) asked before anyone could respond to Ned's statement. All three pairs of eyes turned to her and she squirmed a bit under their gazes.

"This," Peter said, pulling out his phone. He pressed the play button on the YouTube video he was already on and the others crowded around to watch it as well, even though they most likely already had. It buffered for a moment as it tried to stream through the school's horrible wifi before the video began to play.

"They're gonna crash!" The video began by looking at the ground before moving up. It was shaky and clearly videotaped on someone's phone. The video moved up and stopped shaking for a moment to focus farther down the street. Whoever was behind the camera zoomed in and the viewer was able to see that, up the road, a truck was speeding down the street. The audio was full of people yelling, screaming, as cars honked and streaked to the side of the road to avoid being hit.

A voice, louder than the rest, yelled out, "He has to get out of there!" The voice was so clear from probably belonging to the man holding the camera. A few more words were caught in the fray. The truck was only a dozen or so yards away when the driver yelled out, "I'm gonna jump!"

Exclamations rang out from the crowd and the camera turned down a bit while the person behind it called out something as well, words that were lost in the chaos.

The driver was unbuckled and he leaped out of the window. The screams around them swelled as the man seemed to go in slow-motion, his truck continuing on without him. He was going to hit the ground when, from the side off-screen, a wave of wispy purple light flew out and wrapped around him. The light held him in place, suspended over the ground. A few people broke from the crowd to run forward and grab the man out of the air. The wisps of light faded away after he was grabbed
and put on the ground.

The camera swung back around as someone yelled out from the crowd, "Everyone outta the way! It's gonna crash!"

The cameraman moved faster to get a better view of the crash that was about to happen. People screamed before the purple light from before shot out from the crowd once more, grabbed the sides of the back of the truck, and tightened a hold on it. The light looked strained as the tires continued to move despite being held back. The camera moved from the truck to look onto the street behind it where a person stood.

It looked to be a young woman, though her exact age couldn't be pinpointed. The way her hair was colored made it look like a galaxy, while her eyes actually were galaxies, shining with a bright purple light that pulsed around her irises as she seemed to hold the truck in place. Her hands were thrown out and her hands shook as she seemed to pull back against some invisible force. The person behind the camera moved a bit until he was looking at her on an angle to where the video caught the girl and truck together in one shot. The side of her face was visible, her features illuminated by the lights around, from buildings, lampposts, and phones all at once.

The girl visibly gritted her teeth before yelling out at the crowd, "Someone! Someone get in and pull up the gas pedal!"

There was silence for a moment as everyone was motionless before a little boy near the front of the truck broke out from the crowd. It could only be assumed where he came from as he ran into the frame, pulled open the truck's door, and hopped inside. His mother let out a yell but a moment later the tires stopped turning.

The small boy could barely be seen hopping out of the truck and scurrying toward the girl. She glanced at him and he said, "You can let it go now." The tense girl went slack. Her hands fell and she panted as the purple light that had indented the truck's side from the hold it had on it disappeared into the air.

"Henry!" came the voice of his mother. She ran forward and wrapped her arms around the child. The girl's lips moved a bit, but the phone was too far away to pick up the audio.

The street was silent as the girl straightened up, allowing her words to be heard by everyone. "Am I right in assuming that your name is Henry?"

The mother stopped talking as the boy nodded. "Yes."

The camera picked up half of the girl's smile. "You were very brave. Thank you."

"Thank you, miss," Henry said.

"I couldn't have stopped it for good if you hadn't helped me, though," the girl said firmly, clenching her fists a bit before bending down and offering out a fist. The video zoomed in quickly on Henry, whose eyes widened before he grinned and gave the girl a fist-bump.

"Well," the girl said, standing up fully once again. She looked around, finally allowing the camera to get a full shot of her face. "I should get going."

She moved her hands a bit when Henry yelled out, "Wait! What's your name, Miss?"

The girl cracked a smile and her eyes sparkled more than they already did as she responded. The camera focused in on her face.
"Call me Supernova."

The crowd was attentive, enraptured in the girl as she shoved her hands down. Purple light, like from before, shot from her hands and she was soaring through the air. The camera followed her until she disappeared over the roof of the building and from view entirely.

The crowd was silent again. The video ended when some man in the fray interrupted the silence with a "Holy shit!"

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(Y/n)'s face was slack when the video ended. She stared down at the phone with a gaze that could cut through diamonds. After a moment, Peter slowly put his phone back in his pocket.

"Ned," she spoke suddenly, looking at her friend who jumped at the abrupt words. "What time is it?"

"About," he began, checking his watch, "6:50, why?"

"Peter, come on, we're going to the counselor."

"What?" Before he could say anything more, his friend had grabbed his wrist and was pulling him down the hall. He weakly waved at his other two friends before he was forced around a corner and they disappeared from view.

"You know," Peter said as he caught his footing and fell into step beside her. (Y/n) still hadn't released his wrist. "It's a lot more annoying when you try to pull me somewhere rather than anyone else 'cause you actually can combat my strength.

(Y/n) snorted. "Yeah, sorry for the inconvenience."

"Why are we going to the counselor, now?" Peter asked.

"Simple," she said as the turned around a corner once more and dodged a large group of seniors that had congregated in the hall. "We didn't yesterday. We've both taken most of Esaminer's course already, and you had extra lessons with Mr. Stark. I'm sure we could test out of it and get to Calculus AB if they'll let us." She made a face. "I don't wanna be stuck with that teacher any more than I already was. A whole 'nother year with him? No, thank you."

Peter nodded. "Cool." He bit the inside of his cheek before asking, "Are we gonna talk about-"

"Later, Peter," she said, glancing at him with big pleading eyes that could only be described as 'puppy-dog eyes'. He suddenly understood why Mr. Stark hated when he did it so much. "Please?"

"Fine," Peter agreed, nodding frantically. She smiled, her face relaxing and going back to normal.

"Thanks."

The two finally made it to the counseling office. Counselling worked quite interestingly at Midtown. There were four counselors in total, one for each year. Each counselor was assigned to a different year of students and stuck with that year as they moved up through the grades. Currently, the freshman class had Mrs. Consili (an ironic name), the juniors had Ms. Aduiv, the seniors had Mr. Wilson, and their grade, the sophomores, had Mr. Auxil. Once the seniors graduated this year, Mr. Wilson would become the counselor of the freshman group coming in the next year and stick with them for all four years before it went again. This was how it worked for all counselors.
"Uh, hi," (Y/n) began as they walked up to the secretary's desk in the counseling office. "We're here to see, uh, Mr. Auxil about our, er, our classes."

The secretary looked at her for a moment before looking down to her computer and pulling on her glasses. "Names?"

"Um, (Y/n) (L/n)," she said.

"Spelling?"

The girl spelled out her name quickly.

"And you?"

"Peter, Peter Parker."

The woman didn't need his spelling for that. "Student IDs?"

They both gave their ID number. The woman pointed to the back. "Go on, he's open."

The teens exchanged glances before walking down the small hall and to the door that read 'D. Auxil' on it. (Y/n) took a deep breath before opening the door.

David Auxil (who's last name, funnily enough, was a cut-down version of the Latin word for 'help') had found it to be surprisingly early in the morning when two teenagers walked into his office. He didn't really recognize either of them, they had never come into his office before, except for maybe their freshman year meetings, if they were in his year.

"Hello," David said in greeting, plastering on a small smile. "How can I help you today?"

"Uh, I'm Peter, Peter Parker," the boy began, making a small gesture to himself before giving the same one to the girl. "This is (Y/n) (L/n). We're, uh, here to see if we can switch out of a class?"

"Okay," David nodded, turning to his computer. "Take a seat." The teens did. "What class is it?"

"Our next one, actually. Pre-Calc with Mr. Esaminer."

David knew the name well. He had gotten many complaints from students over his ten years of working here about Timothy Esaminer. Despite the general hatred among his students, though, David had to admit that Esaminer knew his stuff. The man's teaching was very rigorous, though.

"All right then," David sighed, typing a few things in. "What are you thinking? Honors Algebra 2, Algebra 2 with Trig, or normal Algebra 2?"

"Oh, uh, no, sir," the girl, (Y/n), said, wringing her hands together. "We want to move up to Calculus AB."

David was going to laugh, he really was, before he saw how serious these kids were. He raised an eyebrow. "You're serious?"

"Yes, sir," the boy, Peter, nodded, his brown curls bouncing on his head.

"You'll have to take a test-out, then," he said, clicking a few things on the computer. "You can do that in this hour."
Peter and (Y/n) both nodded together.

"All right, follow me," David said as he stood up. Both teens did as well and followed behind him. He locked his door and sent a wave at the secretary, Mary Jules, before exiting the counseling office with the two kids trailing behind him.

"Here we are."

They were at room 101, also known as 'The Test Room.' This was the room where all test-outs happened. The first week often had a few people in classes that were too easy for them and if they wanted to be challenged, they came here to test-out and move up, depending on the class.

"Mr. Tubler," David greeted when he entered the room.

"Mr. Auxil," Tubler (Jim) nodded to him. He looked at the teens. "They here for a test-out?"

"Yes," David nodded, "They want to test out of Pre-Calc to get into Calculus AB."

Jim had mastered being monotone, but his eyes widened a fraction of an inch at this before he nodded. "Names?"

Once everything was covered, the teens were given one hour to complete the test. They sat on opposite ends of the room and worked in total silence.

"Send them back to me when they're done," David said to Jim as the teens took their seats at the beginning of the test and the warning bell rang. "I have to go excuse them from their class." Jim nodded before sitting down and sorting through papers, looking up at the kids every so often before going right back to it.

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"Mr. Tubler?" (Y/n) said when she had finished her test. It was only fifty questions, and a glance at the clock told her it had been almost forty-five minutes. "I'm done."

Tubler nodded and took the test from her. He placed the scantron under the scanner and a moment later the data was entered into the system.

"You can wait outside."

(Y/n) nodded and pushed the door into the hall open.

The girl leaned against the wall and stared across the hallway at a billboard covered in random things. She focused in on her and her advanced eyesight allowed her to read a pretty good amount of it all. 'Vaping' was the topic of one of them, a poster all about its harms and the dangers of it. There was one for Nationals for Academic Decathlon. She smiled at that one. One was a flyer for a new club, something about K-POP if she was reading it correctly.

The door opened a while later, and Peter walked out, looking paler than usual.

"How do you think you did?" (Y/n) asked as they made their way back to the counseling office.

"Okay," Peter shrugged, still looking a bit nervous. "I knew all the stuff through the beginning and middle of the year, but I only knew some end-of-year stuff from what I've learned with Mr. Stark." He sighed. "I hope it was enough."

"Aw, you'll be fine," she said, waving him off. "You're smart."
"Thanks," Peter said, cracking a smile. "So are you."

"Well, resorting to flattery, are we Parker?"

They reached the counseling office a moment later and entered. The secretary glanced up at them before waving them by. Peter gave her a nod before following his friend to their counselor's office.

Mr. Auxil was in there when they entered, sorting through a few papers on his desk and glancing between them and his computer.

"Um, Mr. Auxil?"

He was snapped out of his daze and turned to them. "Ah, Mr. Parker, Miss (L/n), you're done with your tests?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, let me pull them up," he said, turning to his computer screen once again. A moment later, he looked back at them. "Well, congratulations you both passed."

(Y/n) grinned and latched onto her friend for a moment before her cheeks flushed and she released him. When she stood normally again, Peter's face was a bit red too and Mr. Auxil seemed to be smirking a bit.

"Well, I'd assume you two want to be in the same class?"

Both teens nodded in unison. "I'll see what I can do."

The two friends stood there gazing around his office for a few minutes before he clapped his hands together. "All right, there we go, you're all set. You'll now report to Mrs. Winn in room 226 for your first hour class of Calculus AB, everything else in your schedule will remain the same." He smiled at them. "If you need anything else with your classes, feel free to come to me at any time."

"Yes, sir," Peter nodded.

"Thank you," (Y/n) added as she and her friend left the room, closing the door firmly behind them.

Peter and (Y/n) got a pass from the secretary as the bell for second-hour rang through the school and the two hurried up the stairs to their next class.

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"You coming to my place?" (Y/n) asked when Decathlon ended that afternoon. She looked at Peter with hidden intent in her eyes. He gazed back at her before nodding slowly, understanding her message.

"Yeah, sure."

"I swear, you two have some sorta mind-reading going on," Ned said, shaking his head. "Honestly, it's freaking me out."

(Y/n) and Peter exchanged a quick glance before turning to Ned and saying in unison, "We have no idea what you're talking about."

Ned shook a bit like he had goosebumps.
"That was impressively well-rehearsed," MJ said, picking at her nails. She looked up them with a raised eyebrow.

"Maybe," Peter shrugged before grinning cheekily. "Mind-reading sounds cooler, though."

MJ was silent for a moment before snorting and saying, "I'll give you that."

"We should probably get going," Peter said, waving to the two. "Later, guys."

"Later, loser. Later, (Y/n)."

"Bye, guys!"

Peter and (Y/n) both sent one more wave over their shoulders before pushing through the front doors and strolling through the courtyard of the school. They walked along the border of it until they were moving in the direction of (Y/n)'s apartment.

"Wanna take the train?" Peter asked when they were about to pass a flight of stairs up to a stop for it.

The girl glanced at him. "I've got no money. Save it for food and whatever I may need."

"May gave me a bit yesterday, said it was an overdue allowance." He made a face. "I've never even gotten an allowance." He went back to normal. "Anyways, I can pay for it."

Her eyes widened and she shook her head. "Peter, no, I can't let you do that, I can walk home alone-"

"Then walk home alone," he shrugged. "But I'm buying two tickets either way and it would be your fault if that second one went to waste."

(Y/n) bit her lip, what he now knew to be one of her habits, before relenting. "Fine."

Peter grinned. "Let's go."

The teens were seated on the train that was less crowded than usual, Peter noted. He plugged his headphones in and offered one to his friend, who gladly took it. Hamilton songs ('The Room Where It Happens', to be exact, followed by 'Non-Stop') played in their heads the whole time they rode. Finally, after ten minutes, their stop came and Peter shoved his phone and earbuds back in his bag before hopping off the train with (Y/n).

"It's a five-minute walk to my place from here," she said, pointing off in the direction of her apartment building. Peter nodded and the two walked in a strange silence until they made it back. The friends entered through the window this time, (Y/n) climbing the ladders as Peter decided to simply scale the wall.

"Spider-powers are the only reason you won," she hissed when he beat her up to her window.

"Keep telling yourself that," he replied.

(Y/n) scowled at him and shoved his shoulder a bit before turning and unlocking the window, slipping inside of her apartment a few seconds later. Peter followed behind her a moment later, still grinning cheekily when he closed the window behind him.

"Hello, (Y/n)," ALICE said warmly. "Oh, and hello, Peter!"
"Hey, ALICE!" (Y/n) replied.

"Hi!" Peter added, giving a wave toward ALICE's small camera in the high corner of the room.

"You're back approximately 20.43 minutes earlier than your predicted average. Interesting." ALICE's tone seemed to insinuate that she wanted (Y/n) to tell her... something...

"We took the train."

ALICE seemed confused. "You've never taken the train."

"Peter paid for it," (Y/n) explained.

"Ah."

"So," Peter turned to his friend, "About that video..."

(Y/n) sighed. "What?"

"You know it's trending?"

"What?" She repeated, this time much more confused than she had been a moment ago.

"Trending?"

"Yeah," Peter nodded, whipping out his phone. He opened his YouTube app and clicked on the 'Trending' tab at the bottom. The first video was something about the NFL, the second was a random thing for sneakers, and the third was the video of (Y/n). The image on it was of her, with her colorful hair and galaxy eyes and spray of stars over her cheeks, illuminated by the lights around her, holding out her hands at the truck. It was a side-angle of her face, and one could see her teeth gritting, the purple light that she was obviously controlling clenching around the truck.

(Y/n)'s eyes moved from the picture to the statistics on the video.

**Mysterious Superhero Stops Runaway Truck! [Supernova, Real Footage] : Billiam142 : 10.4M views : 18 hours ago**

"Is this real?" she breathed, looking at the video. "10.4 million views?!"

"Yeah," Peter nodded, smiling a bit. "Crazy, right?"

"Are there comments?"

"A lot."

"I'll read them later," she said before her friend could open the video and scroll down to them.

"Really?" She nodded. "Okay, then." Peter closed his phone and slid it back into his hoodie's pocket.

"(Y/n)," Peter said after a moment, "What happened?"

"Well, it was pretty much what happened in the video. I was walking home and I heard people screaming and there was this truck and the diver couldn't stop so he jumped out and I caught him with my powers before holding the truck in place with them until a little boy got in and stopped the truck altogether," she explained, biting her bottom lip once she had finished talking and wringing her hands together.
"Cool," Peter grinned. "Your first save to be put on YouTube." He wiped a false tear away. "You are doing well, my young Padawan."

(Y/n) smiled a bit, flushing. "This superhero business is better than I thought it was."

Peter beamed at her and nodded. "Yeah, it is."

When Peter left that night to go be Spider-man before he headed home for the night, (Y/n) settled herself onto the couch, curled up with her blanket and reading the comments on the YouTube video.

Comments:

avngrsassmbl
Another wanna-be super hero? like one wasn't enouhg?

> santa_is_my_hero_12

*Enough. Also, who's the other?

>> avngrsassmbl

spdr-man

>> >> ya_boi_8

Spider-man and this new hero are both out there saving people, don't judge

permanent_writing_block

This is really good editing on this video, but it's obviously fake.

> peppermentpotts6

look the video up, there are others from other perspectives, not to mention a bunch of accounts by those who were there, including me. it's real.

>> ya_boi_8

yea, my bro was there. it was real.

iamironman844

new superhero with a kick-ass space-themed name? yes please, i will adopt her now, thank you and good night

> grahamcrackerpopsicles

this smol bean is mine

>> yellow_trains
the adoption papers are already though, sorry my friends, you are too late, this precious child is mine

captain_'murica_77

What do we know about her already? She looks awesome, her name (at least superhero alias) is Supernova (awesome name), and her powers are over purple light? The powers is tripping me up.

> sherlock_and_watson_31

More likely to be energy colored purple, magic like Scarlet Witch, maybe? Also, most likely super-strength. Even with magic, that truck is heavy and fast-moving. She seems to have some sort of danger sense, like the sense Spider-man is suspected to have?

> > captain_'murica_77

Think she and Spider-man would be friends or enemies? "Only room for one vigilante in this town, Spidey." "That one's gonna be me." Vigilante showdown? Yes please, I will pay to watch.

> >> alizeisinlovewithcap

guys, supernova has done one thing, stop a truck. doesn't mean she's a vigilante or a hero.

Read More ↓

(Y/n) read through a few more and was grinning the entire time, even through ones that weren't very kind to other people or herself, well, to Supernova, at least.

"(Y/n)," ALICE said, interrupting the girl's thoughts.

"Yeah, Al?" (Y/n) responded to her A.I. as she closed the app and shut off her phone.

"You need to eat dinner and do your homework."

"Right now?" The teen groaned, flopping back against the couch.

"Yes," ALICE confirmed sharply. "Right now."

The girl groaned again before forcing herself up and moving toward the fridge.

Chapter End Notes

Peter: look, a video

(Y/n): oh shit, dat me

Peter and (Y/n): we're smart and don't like this dude

Mr. Auxil: i get it, bros

Mr. Auxil: but i don't think you'll be smart enough, sry

Peter and (Y/n): pass test
Mr. Auxil: i have been proved wrong

Peter: Hamilton

(Y/n): Hamilton

ALICE: hello, my children

Peter: you're trending on youtube

(Y/n): damn, im trending

(Y/n): *reads comments*

Comments: *are their own pot of gold*

ALICE: eat, child

(Y/n): you cant tell me what to do

ALICE: *raises eyebrows*

(Y/n): fine
Chapter Twenty-Nine

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) and Peter decide that saving the world is more important than going to a party.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

On Wednesday, the ATM robbers made their appearance just like they had the first time, but Peter, thankfully, managed to stop them from blowing up Delmar's. (Y/n) had wanted to join him to stop them, but Peter had reassured her that he could do it himself and also reminded her that she had promised to help Lob with counting up funds for her apartment building from the last month.

It was Friday when Liz invited them all to a party at her house.

"My parents are working and they said I could have a party," she said when MJ asked, shrugging. "You guys wanna come?"

"I think Parker will be too caught up in his internship to go," Flash said from the other side of the Decathlon room. "(L/n) too, isn't that right?" Flash had been on (Y/n)'s case now too after he overheard her and Peter telling Ned and MJ about her internship offer. He had quickly spread it across the school and now just as many people had heard about it as Peter's supposed one. They all believed her about as much as they did her best friend (that is to say, not very much).

"Yeah, we can't go, sorry, Liz," Peter said. She pursed her lips and Peter's cheeks flooded with color.

"Whatever," she said after a moment. "It would've been nice for you to come, though."

"Next time," Peter asserted.

"Sure. Next time."

The bell rang once more and (Y/n) and Peter waved to their friends before being the first out the door.

"All right," (Y/n) said when they were walking along the outside of the school, "What's going on tonight that means we can't get to the party?"

"Last time, I had to leave after like two minutes because there was an explosion in the sub-division. I'll probably swing over there when the time comes and wrap it all up."

"I'm coming too," (Y/n) said firmly. Peter looked to her, his eyes wide.

"What?"

"I'm coming too. I've gotten more of a handle on my powers, I'm already out there on the internet, and you need all the help you can get. Face it, Parker, I'm part of this whole thing now too."
Peter bit his tongue before sighing and nodding. "Fine, I get it."

She grinned. "Great."

"But," Peter began, raising a finger to pause her before she could continue, "We have to get you some sort of costume."

(Y/n) nodded. "Something consistent."

"Yeah. Maybe one day, Mr. Stark'll make you a suit too!" Peter exclaimed, grinning.

"That would be... awesome," she breathed, her (e/c) eyes sparkling at the idea. She faltered after a moment. "Are you sure that this whole thing about me being a hero too is a good idea?"

Peter didn't respond for a moment before replying, "I guess it's your choice."

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Peter swung by that night around seven, an hour before the first weapon encounter should happen.

"Hey," he greeted when (Y/n) unlocked and opened her window, allowing him inside.

"Hey," she replied, moving back to the table. "I've been sorting through a few of my things and found the clothes I have that are the least... scrappy..."

"Sounds good," Peter said, taking off his mask. "What d'you got?"

"Well," (Y/n) said, "What middle school did you go to?"

"Howard Stark Middle School, ironically enough."

"Same, actually," (Y/n) said. "You remember the eighth-grade dance?"

"Of course I do," Peter said. He shivered a bit at the thought of the dance from his last night as a middle-schooler, the graduation dance for eighth-graders. "One of the worst nights of my life."

"Yeah, me too. But-" (Y/n) grabbed a thing off of the table. "My mom did come up from Florida for that, and she was the one who chose my outfit. She always thought my fascination with science was, well, I don't know, dumb? Whatever, she bought me a dress that was too big for me and space-themed. I was embarrassed because it was literally falling off of me and she wouldn't buy me anything else. I guess she hoped that the bad memory would associate itself with space, and therefore science, and it would be squashed out of me." (Y/n) snorted. "It didn't work, obviously."

"Anyways, the dress didn't fit back then. Now, though, it does. It's not at all ideal for a crime-fighting outfit, but it is one of my best-looking pieces of clothing." The girl pulled the dress out from behind her back with a strange giddiness. "I could wear it with a pair of leggings and a jacket over it, and there we go! Crime-fighting outfit for a kinda space-themed superhero until further notice." She chuckled and looked away from him. "Hopefully just until Mr. Stark makes me a suit." Her voice dropped, but Peter's advanced hearing picked up her words anyway. "Not that he would ever have a reason to."

"Cool," Peter nodded. "Great idea. You should go get ready and do the transformation thing." Peter unlocked his phone and pulled up the picture he had taken all those months ago after a moment of scrolling through his camera roll. "Here," he said.

"Thanks," (Y/n) nodded, taking the phone and tossing a small wave over her shoulder before she
disappeared into the hall, the sound of a door closing a few moments later.

The girl emerged a few minutes later, not as (Y/n), but as Supernova. Her hair was the bright colors they constantly switched to now, her features were shifted a bit and her face was dotted with stars. Her eyes were galaxies, swirling and swirling in an endless, hypnotic dance. She was wearing the dress that she had been holding before as well as a pair of black leggings and a black jacket that looked like it was made of leather. Peter furrowed his eyebrows.

Where did you get a leather jacket from?"

(Y/n)'s cheeks darkened before she responded, "It's fake leather. It's not real. And it's from that thrift store a few blocks away."

Peter nodded. "Ah."

She turned around the grab her phone off the table and stuffed it into her pocket, her back being turned allowing Peter to see that she had clipped that galaxy bow from the first time she had saved someone into her hair. She spun back around and looked at him.

"How long've we got?"

Peter checked his phone and clicked his tongue. "I'd say we should get going right now, just to be safe. It takes a while to get out to the suburbs anyways, and I can't swing through them, so there's gonna be a bit of running too."

(Y/n) nodded. "Let's get out there fast. Running through the suburbs should be the perfect time for me to practice using my powers to fly." At his raised eyebrow, she quickly defended herself. "Hey! You saw me do it in the video! I just need to..." She looked down at her hands for a moment before her voice was a bit quieter and she continued. "...Get it under control..."

"If you figure it out, feel free to give me a ride too," Peter smirked.

"In your dreams, Spider-boy," (Y/n) replied curtly as she slipped through the window and outside before turning and climbing up the ladder she actually never used, the one to the roof of the building.

"I can't if we're in the suburbs!" Peter cried, jumping out the window and closing it behind him. He heard it lock (ALICE's doing, probably) and followed the upward direction his friend had gone in, though he just scaled the wall instead.

"Hey," Peter said when he hopped onto the rooftop where the girl was waiting.

"Hey," she replied, "Fancy seeing you here. It's been years..."

"Oh, shut up, man," Peter said as he pulled on his mask and his suit turned back on again. "Come on, we gotta go." (Y/n) nodded and a moment later they were soaring through the city.

After around ten minutes, the two made it to the edge of the city, the farthest they could go with Peter's webs.

"We're still a few miles out from the sub we need to be in," Peter said, hopping back down to the top of the gas station they were sitting on from his previous perch on the top of the sign.

"Okay..." (Y/n) looked around at their surroundings. "There!" She pointed to a semi-truck that was driving down the road in front of them, about to pass them in a few seconds. "Let's hop on," she
said, wrapping her arms around her friend's neck from behind as he sent a web quickly to the roof of the truck as it passed them. Peter stuck to the top of it and (Y/n) kept her hold on him until she had positioned herself on the roof safely, gripping onto an indent in the metal.

"This was so much easier when May drove me," Peter muttered under his breath. (Y/n)'s hearing picked up his words over the sounds of the cars around them.

Her laughter was audible over it all as well.

They hopped off of the top of the truck when they reached the edge of the sub-division that Liz and her family lived in.

"All right," Peter said, "Give me a sec."

(Y/n) nodded as he sent a web up to the top of a rather tall house nearby. She couldn't help but notice that the houses here were all pretty tall. And big. Really big. She couldn't help but feel a bit out-of-place here, standing in her faux-leather jacket from a thrift store and black leggings that had three holes that she knew of. A strand of her brilliantly-colored hair fell in front of her face, shifted by the wind, and she was reminded even further of why she didn't look at all like she belonged here. She frowned and brushed the hair back behind her ear.

"Hey, it's this way," Peter said, pointing between two houses to the right. "Across a golf course, actually." He made a face. "I'm pretty sure I had to run over this same one last time when I was chasing Vulture. That was not fun."

(Y/n) snorted. "Cool, sounds fun. Betcha can't wait to relive it now, huh?"

Peter scowled at her.

"Okay, okay, let me check how long we've got." She pulled out her phone from a zipped pocket on the inside of her jacket and checked the time. "We've got twenty-five minutes, about," she said as she slipped the device away again. "I can try to fly us over if you want."

Peter's cheeks heated a bit behind his mask and he nodded. "That would be nice."

"Okay, come on, Spidey."

They ran between the two houses and through some trees before the two superheroes did, indeed, find themselves on the edge of a golf course.

"All the way across here and then maybe another five, ten minutes," Peter explained, pointing to the opposite end of the large field.

"Got it," (Y/n) said. "You ready?"

"Ready as I'll ever be, Supernova," Peter confirmed, using her alias for emphasis. (Y/n)'s cheeks were dusted with red at his words but she didn't sway.

"Here goes nothing..."

The girl focused her energy out of her hands and held them out at her friend. Purple wisps of light flew from her hands and wrapped themselves around her friend. She willed for them not to burn him.
"How is it?" She asked, cracking open her eyes to look at him.

"Fine," Peter responded, "Less uncomfortable than I thought it would be, actually."

"I try."

(Y/n) willed for the magic to hold him in place in the air as she moved her hands down and focused the energy out at the ground. She started to hover, a bit wobbly, of course, but it was working nonetheless.

"Ha!" She cried triumphantly, grinning. She balanced herself on one hand for a moment before directing the magic holding Peter toward her to float beside her. The girl shot a blast of magic from her hands when they were both helping her hover after that, and the two began soaring across the field.

"Okay, this is weird!" Peter shouted as he tried to adjust himself and failed.

"Yeah!" (Y/n) agreed, feeling a bit strange as she flew through the air, their feet dangling only about a yard off of the ground. They would be fine if they fell.

"That was uncomfortable," Peter said when they made it to the opposite end of the field within a minute, "But not horrible."

"Agreed."

(Y/n)’s magic flickered before dropping both of them. They both fell to the ground.

"Ooh," (Y/n) hissed, pulling herself to her feet and rubbing a stain of dirt off her knee. "That hurt."

"You good?"

She shook her leg out before nodding. "Yeah, I'm good."

"Cool," Peter said, hopping up as well.

"What about you?"

"I'm fine," Peter said, waving her away. He turned to where she assumed their destination was and she saw his mask's eyes narrow. "Come on, let's go."

(Y/n) nodded and moved her hands down as Peter sent another web out toward the street, propelling himself along. She pushed her hands back and couldn't help but grin as it allowed her to fly through the air again. As they went over concrete, she flew just a foot and a half off the ground, but it was faster and less exhausting than running.

"I can't wait until we unlock my other stuff!" Peter called to her when she caught up to him and flew alongside her friend as he swung carefully from tree to tree. "This would be so much easier with everything else!"

"You look like you're doing fine!" (Y/n) responded. The moment the words left her mouth, Peter missed his next web at a tree and fell right to the ground, rolling on the pavement. (Y/n) laughed and flew over to him, carefully hovering above her friend, focusing on keeping a steady stream of power out of her hands to keep herself in the air. She was very wobbly right now and she sincerely hoped it would get easier in the future.

"Are you okay?" She asked as Peter managed to sit up and she lowered herself down, carefully
touching down.

"No," Peter replied when he was able to get into a stable sitting position, holding a hand to his head. She could see him wincing in her mind, as not much expression was given from the mask other than the closed eyes. "But I will be. Come on, let's go."

(Y/n) hesitated as she offered her friend a hand and yanked him back up. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"Yes, Supernova, I'm fine," Peter said, patting her on the shoulder and offering her what was probably a grin, it was hard to tell behind the mask.

"Okay, Spider-boy," she said, nodding. "Let's keep going."

They continued on for about five more minutes before Peter directed her through a few trees, eventually pointing up at a bridge above them. "There. They'll be meeting right under here, so we wait for them to how up and surprise them."

"Sounds good," (Y/n) said, her voice quieter now. She held her friend around the neck as he shot a web up at the stone bridge before pulling both of them up onto it.

"I really need to build up some sort of muscle," (Y/n) commented when Peter had to pull her up over the edge of the bridge after she hadn't been able to herself.

"You really need to build up, well, everything," Peter added, poking her in the side of the stomach, his finger immediately landing on her rib. "You're too small, (Y/n)." His use of her real name was fine, as they were alone, but it still freaked her out a bit.

"I just grow slowly," she said firmly, whacking his hand away. "Besides, you can't really talk."

"I'm smaller but this is all muscle," Peter said, flexing for emphasis (which made his friend snort). "You, on the other hand, are barely more than skin and bones."

"I just need to work out," she defended, narrowing her eyes and crossing her arms. "I get enough food."

Peter looked at her for a moment, eyeing his friend carefully before sighing and saying, "At least you don't have an enhanced metabolism like I do." His words made her heart pound a bit. Of course, I don't... "That wouldn't be good."

"Heh, yeah," she nodded, grinning and being thankful that it was dark enough that he probably couldn't see the nervous flush that appeared on her face.

Both teens fell silent at the same time as the sound of a car approaching reached their enhanced hearing. They leaned over the top of the bridge and waited. Sure enough, a few moments later, a van rolled in. A man hopped out of the passenger seat and walked around to the back.

"Is that him?" (Y/n) hissed quietly at Peter.

"Yeah," he confirmed. "That's the bad guy."

"Should we go down yet?"

"Not yet."

They waited and a minute later, another car pulled in as well. This one was smaller and looked a bit
more beat up than the van was. Another man emerged from the driver's seat and moved to be closer to where the other was.

The two had a conversation for a few minutes as the teens sat above, listening carefully. After a moment, Peter grabbed (Y/n)'s sleeve and yanked her back, scrambling along the bridge a few meters before releasing her.

She gave him a look of confusion and went to speak when a large explosion of blue erupted and struck the area they had been a moment before. Her eyes widened and her mouth closed at that.

"Whoo!" came the voice of the seller below as the explosion roared. He laughed as it calmed before turning to the potential buyer. "Now this is crafted from a reclaimed sub-Ultron arm, straight from Sokovia." He held it out to the other man and the superheroes above watched carefully as he said, "Here, you try."

"What's the buyer's name?" (Y/n) hissed to her friend.

"Uh," Peter thought for a moment, wracking his brain. "Aaron Davis."

"The seller?"

"I think it's like, Brice or something?"

"Okay."

Brice dropped the weapon into his companion's arms who looked at it with hesitation. "Man, I wanted something low-key, like, why are you trying to upsell me, man?"

Brice immediately tried to wheel him back in. "Okay, okay, okay, I got what you need, all right? I got tons of great stuff here." As he disappeared from the furthest in the two above could see without falling, (Y/n) glanced at her friend, who gave a subtle nod before dropping down to cling to the side of the stones. (Y/n) perched herself on the ledge, one hand keeping herself steady as she waited for her friend to signal to her.

Brice walked back to the open back of the van and said, "One sec," as he began to dig through the items he had. "Okay, I got black hole grenades, Chitauri railguns."

Aaron Davis got a bit closer to the van, following in a staggered sort of way as the man that seemed as if he was standing guard, the other one from the van, walked closer to speak to him. "You letting off shots in public now? Hurry up." He turned to Davis. "Look, times are changing, and we're the only ones selling these high-tech weapons."

"I need something to stick up somebody, I'm not trying to-to shoot them back in time," Davis stammered, gesturing back to emphasize his point.

Brice called back behind him as he continued sorting through the things he had in the van, "I've got anti-grav climbers..."

Davis's interest was piqued. "Yo, climbers?" He asked, getting a bit closer.

But then, just like the first time, because apparently for some reason the universe wanted Peter to be found out again, his phone began to blare with yodeling, his ringtone for Ned. Peter resisted groaning as he whipped out his phone and turned it off, sending a look to (Y/n) and nodding subtly, a gesture that she returned as she began preparing to channel her magic through her hands to fly down when her friend signaled her.
"Okay, what the hell is that?" Brice demanded, turning around.

The unnamed man (who Peter now remembered was called Schultz) pulled out a gun and trained it on Davis. "You set us up?"

Davis held his hands up defensively. "Hey, hey, man."

Peter gave a signal to (Y/n) who immediately deactivated her magic and fell to the ground just as her friend did.

"Hey, if you're gonna shoot at someone, shoot at me!" (Y/n) called as all three heads turned to them. It was ironic to Peter that that was nearly the exact same thing he had said the first time around in this same situation.

Schultz gazed at her and Peter for a moment before shrugging and saying, "All right." He turned to the teens but before he could shoot, Peter sent a web and pulled the gun out of his hand, yanking Schultz to the ground with it.

Brice had his Shocker glove on in a second and as Peter ran toward him, lost in the fight, he punched at the arachnid-themed hero. Peter was thrown back by the force of the weapon as Schultz ran off, hopping into the driver's side of the van. (Y/n) ran to her friend and pulled him up to his feet. Shocker let out a triumphant laugh before he jumped into the back of the van as it began to speed off.

(Y/n) thought quickly and focused her energy on a piece of scrap metal she could see lying off to the side. It flew toward them and she settled it down in front of the teens. Peter got her idea and hopped on, shooting a web at the van before it could turn and being pulled along behind it. (Y/n) took a deep breath before activating her powers and pushing herself along through the air after them as well.

She watched as forces pulled Peter and his make-shift ride toward the edge of the street as well as a garbage can he would crash into. She quickly dropped herself to the ground, stopping her flight for a moment as she sent magic out at her friend. She pulled back against the forces yanking him toward a crash and managed to keep him in the center of the road. Forcing herself into the air again, (Y/n) pushed her powers a bit harder to catch up to where Peter was trailing behind the van.

Brice laughed from where he was as he pulled out another weapon and shot at one of the van's open and swinging backdoors. It flew off of it and into the air. Peter ducked to avoid getting hit as (Y/n), the one in the air, swerved around flying pieces of debris.

"Whoa, man, take a chill pill or something!" She yelled as Brice scowled. He called something back to Schultz in the driver's seat before turning back and firing again.

(Y/n) had to fly higher for a moment as he fired the weapon at the ground and a part of the street exploded into a spray of concrete. Peter let out an exclamation and pulled his web harder to get closer to the van and farther from the explosion. (Y/n) could hear the wind whistling in her ears as she got lower again and pushed to catch up with them again. A bead of sweat rolled down her face but she ignored it in favor of trying to fly even faster.

The van hit a pothole and Brice misfired, causing him to drop the weapon which flew out of the van and away from view. (Y/n) paid no attention to it as they turned a corner.

"How're things going, Spidey?" She asked as she descended down a bit to talk to her friend.

"Um, fine, you know, all good here," Peter responded. The eyes in his mask narrowed a bit. "My
feet hurt a bit, but that's all."

(Y/n) nodded before looking ahead and watching as the van turned suddenly, forcing Peter to the side where he would crash into a multitude of things, none of which seemed cushioned in any way. She dropped her magic, stumbled to the ground a bit and landed on her knees, but nonetheless she was able to send her powers out to move the van and row of garbage cans out of the way of her friend. She did not, however, manage to move the stone mailbox. Peter sent a web at the van's door when he had righted himself but the door just flew off as well.

"Aw, come on!" Peter exclaimed.

"Did this happen the first time?" (Y/n) asked when she caught up with him, turning to her friend and wiping the sweat from her brow.

"Surprisingly enough, yes," Peter nodded. "Come on, we're gonna need to take a shortcut." She followed him as he ran toward the gate to the backyard of a house nearby, hopping over it. (Y/n) narrowed her eyes before settling on simply jumping over the gate as her friend had. No need to use her powers to fly over and waste her energy when she could simply jump instead. Her powers were already feeling drained, anyway. They weren't used to this much use at once.

Peter was waiting for her on the other side and the two ran past two guys playing ping-pong in a garage. "Good game, guys!" Peter called as they ran by, (Y/n) offering a wave before following him.

The dog (which was adorable) only held them up for a few moments as the two managed to tear themselves away from its cuteness when Peter tossed something for it to fetch in the yard and it stopped jumping on the girl.

Tearing through backyards was, admittedly, not the highlight of (Y/n)'s day. She crashed through more fences than she had meant to and got a bit wet when Peter lagged behind her as his feet dragged in water and sprayed the occupants of a house as well as her, flying above.

"Sorry about him!" She called behind her before following Peter, who had somehow gotten himself tangled up in a bunch of lights and fallen in front of a tent in another yard.

Screams erupted from the tent and (Y/n) jumped down to see Peter, covered in lights, apparently terrifying the hell out of two girls. She ran over and lifted the lights off of him with her powers, saluting the girls before following her friend again, who was now across the street and jumping from rooftop to rooftop. (Y/n) flew up to his level before following as well, her eyes trained on the van they were trying to catch up with.

"What about this? Did this happen last time?"

"Yeah," Peter confirmed, gasping for breath. "I'm just hoping we got here before he did."

As they prepared to jump down onto the van, (Y/n) asked, "He? Who is he?"

Her question was answered when she was grabbed from the back along with Peter, both plucked from the air and flown up into the sky.

(Y/n) screamed involuntarily, as did her friend beside her as they continued to ascend higher and higher. She couldn't get a good grasp on her powers, everything was too chaotic around her.

"Goddamnit!" Peter exclaimed, and she took that to mean that this had happened to him before. Peter suddenly grasped the back of (Y/n)'s jacket tightly. A moment later, his suit blinked and a
parachute shot out from his back. Peter, with (Y/n) along with him, were yanked from Vulture's hold on them as the parachute caught the air and held them back in the air. Both teens continued to scream, now both tangled up in the parachute, Peter having had released his hold on his friend a long time ago.

The parachute couldn't operate correctly, what with two teenagers wrapped inside of it, so instead they continued to plummet toward the earth.

"Hold your breath!" Peter yelled to her after a moment. (Y/n) listened without question, not caring why, and she knew why a moment later when she was suddenly submerged in water. Tangled in the parachute, she struggled to get out of it and swim to the surface for more air. She could probably hold her breath for ninety seconds, maximum. She heard something enter the water suddenly and could see Peter grabbed from the water a few feet away from her and pulled out. She was barely able to make out an Iron Man suit when it was in the water.

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Peter was pulled out of the water just like last time, by a remotely-piloted Iron Man suit. This time, however, he struggled to get out of its grasp.

"Stop, stop, Mr. Stark, let me go back!"

The suit glanced down at him before Mr. Stark's voice came from it, a bit of static in it. "Why?"

"My friend is still down there, she helped too and she's stuck in the water! I pulled her down with me and she got wrapped in the parachute."

The Iron Man propulsors sped up and dropped Peter on the shore, the same place as last time, before turning and shooting back to where the parachute had fallen into the depths of the water. Peter watched as he disappeared below the surface and emerged a moment later with (Y/n).

The suit dropped (Y/n) next to Peter, who immediately placed a hand on her back as she began to cough up a bit of the water in her mouth.

"You good?" Peter asked her.

"Yeah, thanks, Spidey," she responded, offering a small smile.

Peter grinned in return, though she couldn't see it. "No problem, Nova."

It was dark enough that no one could see the slight flush that appeared on the girl's cheeks from the nickname that he had suddenly sprung on her superhero alias.

The Iron Man suit hovered above them, looking down at the two teens for a few moments before it turned to Peter and Tony Stark's voice came from within, "I need an explanation."

Chapter End Notes

Flash: i dont like this girl either, she has an 'internship' too and i also cant tolerate people who are smarter than me 

(Y/n): im going
Peter: no you're not

(Y/n): yes i am

(Y/n): here's a temporary outfit for me to wear, hope you enjoy until we have the resources provided from Tony to have a real superhero outfit for Supernova

(Y/n): *is getting better at flying* cool

Whole battle scene: happens

Iron Man suit/Tony: *saves Pete*

Peter: no, my frieeeennnnndddd

Iron Man suit/Tony: wat *saves (Y/n)*

Peter: yo, you good?

(Y/n): im good, man

Iron Man suit/Tony: wat
Chapter Thirty

Chapter Summary

In which two kids talk to their hero through a phone and then hack into that same idol's multi-million dollar suit.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Kid," Tony's voice said, turning to Peter, who was warming up as the suit activated its heaters. "Who is this?" He gestured at (Y/n), who was leaning against her friend to take in as much of the warmth his suit was putting off as possible.

Peter seemed at a loss for words. "She's, uh..."

The suit held up a hand to cut him off and turned to look at (Y/n) directly. "Who are you?"

"Um, I'm a, uh, I'm a superhero too?" She answered, though it sounded like she was questioning herself too. "Well, I mean, not really, I've only saved a girl from a mugging and stopped a truck from crashing, and then this, but I guess I'm trying to kinda be whatever Spidey is. Is he a superhero or a vigilante? Or both? Man, I'm way far out of my comfort zone here, anyways, I don't really know but whatever it is-

Just as it had done with Peter, the suit raised a hand and (Y/n) immediately fell silent. "Okay, I don't need the whole story, kid. What's your name?"

"My real name or like my superhero-whatever-thing alias?"

"The alias, kid, I'll figure out who you really are some other time because, frankly, I don't care."

"Oh." (Y/n)'s cheeks flushed but she responded anyway. "I'm Supernova."

"Supernova," Tony said, testing the name. He observed her. "Not bad for the whole galaxy thing you got going on." He crossed his arms. "Doesn't matter, though. Neither of you should have been out here."

"But Mr. Stark!" Peter cried. "Those guys were gonna hurt people with those weapons! They are hurting people!"

"Kid, I don't want to hear it," Tony said, turning to him. "This kinda stuff isn't for you."

"We had it handled, though!" Peter exclaimed, throwing his arms in the air. "You didn't have to come all the way here for us! We had them!"

"I'm not here," Tony said, and the face plate of the suit flipped up to show a bunch of wires. (Y/n) felt her heart sink a bit, and the way Peter deflated a bit beside her made her think that this had happened before. "Come on, kid, be reasonable." The suit's mask closed over again and they were looking into the Iron Man mask again.
"Mr. Stark-" (Y/n) tried, but the suit stopped her with a hand once more.

"I don't want to hear it." He looked back and forth from them. "You, both of you, stay out of this whole thing. This isn't playtime, this is big kid stuff. Stick to churro ladies and runaway trucks." Before either teen could get in another word, the thrusters on the suit were activated and it was in the air and gone a moment later.

The two sat in silence for a moment. (Y/n) pressed herself more against her friend's side so as to get more of the heat that was still coming off of his suit as they looked out at the water. Finally, she sighed and straightened herself where she was sitting before turning to Peter. "You ready to go? It's a pretty long way back, and it's already late."

Peter glanced up at the dark sky before nodding. "Yeah, let's go."

The two began walking and (Y/n) took out her phone from her pocket as they did. She winced at the wet device.

"Damnit," she muttered.

"What?"

"I'm gonna need to get the parts to fix this thing now," she said, turning it over in her hand before pressing the power button. The screen flickered for a moment before dying. Her frown deepened.

"Why not just, I don't know, get a new one?" Peter suggested.

"Don't have the money," (Y/n) replied, pocketing her broken phone again. "I saved up for three years to get this one and the backup I have at home. Fixing it is honestly the cheaper and faster option."

Peter nodded before furrowing his eyebrows and saying, "'Backup'? What does that mean?"

(Y/n) sighed. "I have a backup phone back at home. It's not as good as this one is, but it does relatively the same stuff. I'll text you with it so you have the number."

"Sounds good," Peter said. He looked up at their surroundings and scanned the area before pointing down one of the streets. "We need to go this way."

"Why?" (Y/n) asked as she caught up with her friend who had begun to walk much faster all of a sudden.

"Because last time that Brice dude lost one of his weapons, which has an alien energy core inside, while I was being dragged behind their truck, and I think it might have happened again."

(Y/n) nodded and began to jog to keep up with her friend as he did the same. "There!" Peter cried a minute later, speeding up before skidding to a stop at a house on the end of a turn in the road. There, sitting in the grass, was a weapon, glowing purple in the dark.

"The purple is from-"

"Yeah," Peter nodded before she could even finish. "It's from the Chitauri energy core."

"The same Chitauri that attacked New York?"

"The very same."
They sat there for a moment before (Y/n) said, "Grab it and let's go."

Peter nodded firmly, snapping from his daze to pick up the piece of technology and tuck it under his arm.

"I think I've got a bit of energy back," (Y/n) said, testing it with her fingers. Sure enough, small wisps of purple swirled around her hand. "I could try to fly us out of here. That's probably it for the night, though, if I don't wanna risk overextending myself." She rubbed a hand down her arm that was way too skinny to be natural. "I probably need to build up some actual muscle and do normal training if I want to get longer life out of my energy."

Peter scrunched his face up. "I've never had to train," he said.

"Not all of us suddenly wake up with abs after getting bit by a spider, Spidey."

Peter's face heated under his mask. "Yeah, okay, that sounds like a plan. Um, try to eat more protein then, right?"

She nodded, a grin appearing on her face. "Classic Biochemistry."

(Y/n) held her hands out a moment later, focusing her energy on picking up her friend and having it hold him in the air as she moved her hands down and pushed energy out from them. A few wobbly moments later and (Y/n) gave a final push before the two were soaring above the suburbs, looking down at rows upon rows of houses as they flew. It was slower than (Y/n) would have liked, jerky, and it faltered every so often (giving her a mini heart attack each time), but they managed to get to the end of them and to the main roads within about five minutes.

"That was below your usual standard."

"I literally just started doing this normally today, Spidey," she replied, pulling her jacket tighter around her. "I don't have a 'usual standard."

"Fair enough," Peter shrugged. The eyes in his mask narrowed at her. "Why was it like that, though?"

"My powers aren't used to being used like this, so much it such a short time span. They need to be conditioned to it."

Peter nodded in understanding. "I get that. It was like that for me maybe the first month of me being Spider-man and using my powers on a daily basis. It'll get better, though, especially if you actually get muscle somewhere on those bones that you use as arms."

(Y/n) groaned and scrunched up her face. "That was a horrible simile, metaphor, I don't know, whatever it was, it was bad." Peter laughed, though he knew there was probably a flush on his cheeks as he thought about how it really did sound stupid now that he thought about it.

"You better pull me with you when we find a truck, Spider-boy," (Y/n) said a moment later after they had run across the street and gotten on top of the gas station from before. "I don't have enough energy to get onto one."

"Of course," he said as if it was common knowledge. "And I assume I have to swing you home too?"

"You got that right, Spidey," she said.
"You know, Nova, you really are the worst sometimes."

"Hey! Who was the one that flew you over that whole golf course and over the whole subdivision?"

Peter sighed. "You."

"Yeah, me, so show a little respect to your elders."

"I'm older than you, though," Peter said, turning to her with his mask's eyes wide.

"Yeah, yeah, you're August and I'm January of next year, I get it," she said, waving him off. "My powers right now make me look older than you, though."

Peter was silent for a moment before he chuckled and replied, "Okay, I'll give that to you."

(Y/n) grinned before the smile fell into seriousness and she pointed down the road. "There." A large semi-truck was rolling down the road toward them, and, in effect, toward the city where they wanted to be. Peter's eyes found it and they narrowed on the mask.

"Got it," he said. He wrapped an arm around his friend's side as the truck got closer before shooting a web onto the top of it. (Y/n) bit down a scream at the sudden jerk of movement (with her flying she should be used to this anyway) as they shot through the air for a moment before landing on the top of the truck. (Y/n) wobbled for a moment before she caught her balance and crouched down, slowly making her way back to where Peter was. She gripped at a small indent and laid on her stomach beside her friend.

"That was not fun to do," she said as she finally settled into position.

"Get used to it," Peter responded. He looked to where the city was. "I'd estimate maybe fifteen minutes until the buildings are tall enough and close enough together for me to swing us the rest of the way."

(Y/n) nodded. "Okay." There was silence for a moment before she turned to him with a cheeky grin and asked, "You wanna play I-Spy?"

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"Is it... the logo on the Tower?" Peter asked, pointing up at the skyscraper that dominated the skyline even from here.

"Yep!"

"Finally!" Peter exclaimed, falling back in relief. The two had taken to sitting up as they played their game, though (Y/n) still gripped the indent to hold herself in place. Peter was fine, of course, because he was, well, Spider-man.

"Hey, are we good to get off now?" (Y/n) asked, looking around as the truck they were on began to get more into the inside of the city.

Peter stood up and looked around before nodding. (Y/n) released the indent she had been gripping and joined him on her feet. It was wobbly, but she managed to stay upright. She gave her friend a nod and he wrapped an arm around her waist before they were in the air.

It took about five minutes for Peter to get (Y/n) home.
"I'll keep the energy core for the weekend," (Y/n) said.

Peter, who now had his mask off as he stood in (Y/n)'s living room, furrowed his eyebrows and asked, "Why?" He didn't get an immediate answer as (Y/n) closed her eyes for a moment and scrunched her face up a bit. Her hair faded back to its normal (h/c), her features softened and became normal again, the stars faded from her skin, and when she opened her eyes, they were (e/c) again.

"Good?" Peter nodded. "Okay, cool. Well, May told me once when we were eating dinner that she looks through your things every so often to make sure you aren't keeping anything dangerous from criminals like crazy technology or something."

"Wait, where was I during this dinner?" Peter asked.

"Oh, you were off being Spider-man."

Peter's jaw fell open. "You guys have dinner without me?"

(Y/n) snorted but shrugged, a smile appearing on her face. "Yeah, like, all the time."

"Okay, okay, I agree you should keep the core."

"Cool," (Y/n) said. "Anything that I should know about it."

"Just... Don't expose it to radiation. It explodes."

"Ah," (Y/n) nodded, holding the core a bit farther away from her now.

"We can study it tomorrow in school with Ned and MJ," Peter suggested. "I did it last time, with Ned. It's a good way to get them in on it all."

(Y/n) nodded. "Okay. We can say you gave it to me after patrol so May wouldn't question you, which is half-true, I guess."

"Sounds good to me," Peter said. "You know what time it is?"

"ALICE?" (Y/n) asked, passing the question off to her A.I.

"It's 9:48, currently," ALICE's accented voice responded.

"Oh, that's... not as late as I thought it would be," Peter said, a bit surprised by the time it was.

"What's your curfew from May?" (Y/n) asked, sitting down on her couch with both legs folded under her.

"She says she wants 10:30, eleven at the latest, but that's on a school night," Peter replied. "On the weekend, the technical deadline is one in the morning, she just likes it earlier than that. Why?"

(Y/n) hopped up, even though she had just sat down, and disappeared down her hallway. A moment later, she appeared again with some clothes tucked under her arms. She tossed them at her friend. "Go, change in the bathroom or something." Peter obeyed without question and emerged from the bathroom a few minutes later with the suit thrown over his arm and a t-shirt and sweatpants on instead.

"Where are you getting my clothes from?" Peter asked, tugging at the hem of the shirt that had disappeared from his closet a month ago.
"May gives them to me every so often for when you come here and have to change out of that," she replied, gesturing to the suit he was holding. She walked past him and gave a little gesture with her hand. "Come on, let's go."

"Wait!" Peter cried as he turned abruptly to follow her. "Where are we going?"

"We're gonna take off the Training Wheels Protocol on your suit," she said, flashing him a grin as she stopped at the end of the hall, where there was the closet straight ahead, her bedroom to the left, and another room that Peter had never actually been into to the right.

"Wait, really?"

"Yep. You'll need it for all this stuff that's gonna happen, so let's just hope Mr. Stark won't notice." Before Peter could say another word, (Y/n) pushed the door to the right open and pulled her friend inside.

The room they were in was different from the rest of the apartment by quite a bit. It was much more furnished, though still just as messy. There were cabinets to the side that, while seemingly made of plastic, were something for storage other than cardboard boxes. One of the drawers on the middle of the three cabinets was open, allowing Peter to see the many papers and files organized inside. The lighting in the room wasn't a weird, old-timey yellow color like everything else in the apartment was from the cheap lightbulbs (Y/n) bought. Instead, the light on the ceiling was bright and bathed everything in a white color, as most lights should.

The table on the far end of the room looked like a really messy desk, kind of like the one Peter had at home. It was covered in lined sheets and pieces of graph paper with scribbles on them, as well as the notebook (Y/n) always scribbled her ideas in at school. A few pens and pencils littered the table too, as well as a ruler, a protractor, and what looked like a compass (the circle-drawing kind), it was hard to tell with all the papers covering it.

The table in the middle of the room, on the wall not taken up by cabinets, was taken up by a variety of tools and random objects. This table was actually two pushed together, allowing for much more room. On the wall above the table, there was a small camera faced down at it. Off to the side sat a laptop, battered but usable. There was a cardboard box in the room, a very large one in the corner straight ahead of the door. It seemed to be filled to the brim with scrap pieces of metal and plastic all shoved inside at random.

"What is this?" Peter asked, walking a bit further into the room and turning in a very comical sort of way to take in every aspect of it.

"This," (Y/n) said, making a weird sort of motion with her arms, "Is my lab, of sorts."

"Your... lab?"

"Well, yeah," she confirmed. She furrowed her eyebrows at him and let out a small laugh. "What, did you think I made all this stuff on my folding dining table in weird yellow lighting?"

Peter's cheeks turned bright red and (Y/n) laughed again.

"Are we gonna hack into the suit in here?"

"Yep," she nodded. (Y/n) took the suit from him and pointed at the open door into the hallway. "Can you go grab the chairs from the table. I don't have any in here."
Peter nodded and was gone a moment later. The girl turned and set the folded suit on top of one of the cabinets before turning back to face the long tables and beginning to clear a space for them to work.

When Peter returned, there were more scraps of metal in the box than had been there before and the tools had been pushed off against the wall and were lined up in a much more orderly fashion, now being sorted according to what they were.

"(Y/n), where do you get all this stuff from?" Peter asked as he handed one of the chairs to his friend to unfold before unfolding the other one himself.

"People around the city," she replied. "Whenever anyone finds a tool while they're looking around in alleys, they'll tend to give it to me if it's still in working condition. They say they have no use for them anyways, and I fix things up if they break something, a lot of the times. A lot of the homeless people in New York still have a few things of technology. I've fixed up a lot of watches in the past few years, a few lockets, and I've even done a phone once or twice too."

"Is that where you get most of your stuff from, then?"

"Oh, yeah, almost everything I've got is either something I bought when my mom gave me more money than she does now, back a few years ago, or something that someone else gave me and I managed to fix up." (Y/n) responded. She pulled Peter's suit from off of the top of the cabinet she had set it on and spread it out on the now-empty table in front of them before pushing her chair forward and plopping down into it a moment later. "Sit down, Pete."

He did.

"Peter, do you know what to do with this?"

He shook his head and shrugged at her look. "Ned did all of this last time, I wasn't really paying attention. Sorry."

"ALICE, what're we working with?"

"Hm," the A.I. seemed to think for a moment. The camera above the table had a small red light flicker to life. After a few seconds, ALICE responded, "If I had been the one to make this, the best place to put an emergency access area for a device not already hooked up to the suit would probably be on the inside of it on either the right or left side about five inches below the armpit."

"Peter, ruler, please."

He got up and grabbed the ruler from the other table still covered in papers, sitting back down and handing it to her a moment later.

"Thanks."

There was silence for a moment before (Y/n) grinned. "Ha!" She held a small piece of fabric on the inside of the suit pressed between her fingers as she took out her other hand and grabbed the cord extending from her laptop. She put her hand back in and bit her lip for a moment before relaxing. She took her hands out and turned to the computer, pressing the power button and watching it come to life.

"It takes a few minutes to load, sorry," she said as the laptop slowly started to turn on.

"It's fine," Peter said. He glanced around the room before looking at her cheekily. "Wanna play I-
Spy?"

The weekend passed by fast. Peter spent time between his apartment and being Spider-man. He never visited (Y/n)'s apartment, because she always seemed to be at his own instead.

(Y/n) had fixed her phone on Sunday night, thankfully. She had been excited to not have to use the backup phone anymore.

Peter, though, was grateful to have Karen back. It had been over half a year since he had last talked to the A.I. in his suit, and he wasn't ashamed to say that he had missed her. It was strange to remember that she didn't really know him, here. She didn't know that he would call her 'Karen' when she was able to talk to him.

"Hello, Peter," she had said when she was first activated the same night of (Y/n) hacking the suit.

"Oh, um, hi K-" He stopped himself from calling her 'Karen'. "Um, hi, suit lady? Are you in my suit?"

"Of course," Karen responded. "I am an A.I. made by Tony Stark to assist you now that you have finished your training. Congratulations on completing the Training Wheels Protocol, by the way."

"Thanks," Peter said. "Hey, do you have a name?"

"I have a string of numbers in place of one," she replied.

"Oh, well, can I give you a name, then?" Peter asked.

"If you want to," she said.

"What about... Liz?" Peter suggested, feeling a strange wave of déjà vu. He knew he had said that the first time, but he couldn't make it seem like he knew she would be there already and had therefore thought up a name for her. He quickly shook his head. "No, no, that's... creepy."

"Why?"

"Liz is the name of the girl I have a crush on." Did he still have a crush on her? He thought about it for a few seconds before confirming it to himself. He was pretty sure he did.

"I see."

"What about... Charlene? No, no, um... Karen?"

"Karen sounds nice," the A.I. said.

"Karen it is, then!" Peter exclaimed, grinning to himself. He did it. He finally had Karen back, after so, so long. "It's nice to meet you, Karen," he said."

"Nice to meet you too, Peter."

"All right, well, I'm just gonna head home now," he said. "I need some sleep."

"If you go to sleep within a half hour of now, you will need to sleep until 9:14 in the morning to get the proper amount of sleep for a teenage male of your age," Karen said quickly as Peter began to swing, activating his normal webs to do so.
"Okay, I'll try," Peter said, knowing for a fact he wouldn't in the slightest.

Monday brought about school once again. Peter and (Y/n) were both now in Calc 1 with Mrs. Winn on the second floor, still being in every class together.

"This whole 'every class together' thing is really lucky, now that I think about it," (Y/n) commented as they left fifth hour for sixth that afternoon.

"Agreed," Peter nodded as they headed down for engineering.

"Hey, Ned," (Y/n) said when they made it down into the room for the class. She offered Ned a high-five, which he returned before he turned and did a crazily complicated handshake with Peter (she had to admit it was awesome, though, because she and MJ had made one of their own to combat the boy's, and Peter had implied he wanted one for them too). As Peter and Ned did their whole handshake, (Y/n) turned to Mj who was looking at the boys with raised eyebrows before she rolled her eyes, turned to (Y/n), and the two did their own handshake as well.

"You two are so lame," MJ commented as she and (Y/n) made a variety of random movements and watched the other two do their own.

"You're doing a handshake too," Ned said, nodding to her hands.

MJ raised an eyebrow and a corner of her lips tilted up. "Am I?"

The bell rang and Peter and (Y/n) led the group away from the door and to the table farthest from the door. The two in the front lined up to shield anyone else's view of the table while MJ and Ned moved to stand across from them.

"What's going on?" MJ asked as (Y/n) glanced around before taking her backpack and setting it in front of them.

"This," (Y/n) said, extracting the glowing purple weapon from her bag.

"Whoa, what is that?" Ned breathed.

"It's a weapon I found on Friday on patrol," Peter said.

"Why does (Y/n) have it then?" MJ asked, furrowing her eyebrows and glancing at the other girl.

"So May wouldn't find it and freak," Peter replied, offering a small shrug.

"Ah."

As Peter and (Y/n) began to slowly take apart the weapon, intent on getting to the energy core inside, MJ began drilling Ned with questions.

"MJ, why are you even in engineering?" Ned asked after another question was asked about a random thing about what Peter and (Y/n) were doing.

MJ shrugged. "I wanted to be in Biochemistry for my STEM hour, but my parents thought that if they stuck me in engineering that I'd get into it like they not-so-secretly want me to," she explained. "They said if I still want to do Biochem next year, after this, I can, but I'm gonna talk to them about switching out now."

"You should," (Y/n) interjected as she straightened out her back a bit and Peter took over the energy core extraction for a moment. "Why do they want you in engineering?"

"They think it's better jobs," MJ replied. "Honestly, though, I just think it's because they don't understand what Biochem or even just Bio really is, especially the kind I'm interested in."

"Then explain it to them. After the first two weeks, everything is final, though, so do it, like, tonight, 'cause we're gone for Nationals for two days starting tomorrow," (Y/n) said. MJ nodded.

"Okay, I will."

Ned made a face. "Why are Nationals in the middle of the week? Makes no sense."

Their group dissolved into laughter at his words.

Chapter End Notes

Tony: who is this child

(Y/n): i'm a superhero *puffs out chest*

Tony: no, ur not

(Y/n): i'm bored

(Y/n): wanna play i-spy?

Peter: i assumed you made all your pieces of tech in a cave, friend

Peter: i was wrong

Peter: ned does the code, girl, come on, i wasn't allowed to be that smart in the movies

(Y/n): k bro

Peter: hi karen! i mean, hi suit lady voice ive never met before! *dies a little inside*

Karen: greetings

MJ: why am i here

(Y/n): yo, talk to your parents

MJ: what a genius idea, never could have thought of it myself

Ned: why is this timeline so messed up that were just going with it and also making it actually make sort of sense though

Everyone: *laughs but painfully*
"Okay, I say we make it our goal not to get caught inside the D. O. D. C. this time," Peter muttered as he packed his suit away into the bag he was taking for Nationals. He was happy to have Karen back, and they had made sure to disable the tracker in the suit as well, but he did not want to have to deal with that whole thing again. It had been great for practice with his new suit features last time, but there was no point this time around. He had managed to get the tracker onto Schultz the day before when he and another guy went into the school to try and find the energy core. Peter was much more efficient about it this time, though, and kept the map on by his bed for the whole night, just in case they didn't end up going to Maryland.

They still did.

"Peter! Are you almost ready?"

"Almost, May!"

"Well, hurry up, sweetie, we need to swing by and pick up (Y/n) too, you know!"

"I know!"

He heard his aunt snort to herself after saying 'swing by,' murmuring something about spider puns, and he felt a small smile grow on his face as he fell back onto the bed to pull his socks onto his feet. Peter straightened himself back out and quickly zipped up his bag.

May poked her head into the room a moment later.

"Hey, sweetie, you ready to go?"

Peter glanced around the room and plucked his phone from his desk before turning around and nodding. "Yep."

"You got your suit?"

Peter's face grew warm but nodded. "Yeah, I do."

May sighed. "Are you sure you need it? I thought you would want a little break from everything..."

"I'm not planning to patrol in D.C. or anything, May," Peter reassured her quickly. "I just... wanna be prepared for anything... I have a weird feeling that something bad might happen, like a Spider-sense or something..."

May laughed. "Okay, you got another power you haven't told me about? A secret sixth sense or
something?"

The hairs on the back of his neck stood up but Peter shook his head adamantly. "Nope, no secret powers."

"All right then, let's get going to the car. Don't wanna be late to picking (Y/n) up, do we?"

"Oh, yeah!" Peter agreed, his mind getting back on track. He wondered if he would be able to actually be in the Nationals tournament this time. He knew they were fine without him last time, and he had a feeling that both he and his best friend might miss it. Peter didn't want to, but there was always next year, which would preferably be less... Vulture-infested... "Let's go!"

When they got to the car, Peter tossed his bag into the trunk and was seated in the front seat a few moments later, driving through the streets of New York on the way to (Y/n)'s apartment.

"Okay, you run up and get her, I'll wait here," May said when she pulled up in front of the apartment building.

"Got it, May!"

Peter hopped out of the vehicle, closing the door behind him carelessly before jumping over all three steps in one go to the front door and disappearing inside a moment later.

"Morning, Parker!" Lob greeted from the front desk, waving with his right hand at the teen.

"Good morning, Lob," Peter said, grinning and returning the gesture with a wave of his own. "How's it going?" He asked as he made his way toward the elevator.

"Pretty good," Lob shrugged, a smile on his face, as it always was. "What're you here for? Don't you have school?"

"(Y/n) and I are heading to D.C. for Nationals for Academic Decathlon. My aunt's outside and she's gonna be driving us to the school so I'm running upstairs to pick (Y/n) up."

"Ooh, Nationals, huh?" Lob asked as Peter jabbed the button for the elevator.

"Yeah, it's gonna be great. We're gonna be gone for a few days, though, so we'll have to catch up on work we miss."

"Why're Nationals right at the beginning of the school year?"

"I don't know," Peter shrugged. "I think they're trying to change it, though. They're scheduled for the end of this school year next season, so hopefully, they'll keep it like that. Would make more sense in the long run," Peter explained as the elevator dinged and the doors slowly opened.

"Yeah, I'd have to agree with you there."

"See you in a minute, Lob!" Peter exclaimed before the doors closed all the way.

Peter gripped the small rail in the elevator and exhaled. No matter how many times he rode this thing, it would never get less terrifying. The way the elevator's rickety nature made him feel as if it was going to just fall every five seconds was not satisfying in the slightest. Peter snorted at the thought, though. Heh, Hamilton...

The lift stopped at the fifth floor and the doors opened. Peter stepped outside quickly, the sinking feeling he always got inside that elevator going away as the doors closed behind him. He shook his
head and thoughts of falling away and turned, taking a few steps forward to his friend's apartment door.

Peter lifted his hand to knock when he heard a click. He dropped his hand to his side and furrowed his eyebrows. Then he heard a chuckle from above him.

"It's unlocked, Peter," ALICE's voice said from above.

"What? Did you unlock it for me?" He asked, frowning but opening the door and stepping inside nonetheless.

"I did," she confirmed. "(Y/n) gave me permission to unlock the door for you whenever you arrive here." She continued, but had lowered her volume exponentially when she did, "Between you and me, though, I probably would have let you in any way."

Peter felt his cheeks flush a bit but he grinned. "Thanks, Al."

"Of course, Peter."

"Peter?"

(Y/n) poked her head out of the hallway, her eyes wide before a smile appeared on her face. "Hey!"

"Hey, (Y/n)," Peter greeted, giving her a small wave, the smile remaining on his face as he looked at his friend.

"Oh, wait, is it time to go already?" She asked, stepping fully into the main room. Her hair was messily pulled back and held in place by a random clip.

"Yeah, May's waiting outside," Peter said. "You almost ready?"

"Yeah, yeah," she nodded, pulling the clip out her hair to allow the tangled (h/c) locks to fall around her face. She took a brush that she had been holding under her arm and began pulling on the end of a section of it, clutching the hair in her hand as she worked her way up it. "Give me like one minute." She went to go down the hall again before turning back to him for a moment and asking, "Should I bring my Supernova outfit?"

"Yeah," he said, nodding firmly. "You definitely should. Even if not everything happens the same, you're gonna need it for tonight."

(Y/m) nodded and disappeared back down the hallway again. Peter took a seat awkwardly in one of the chairs at the small table and waited for his friend to return.

"So..." Peter began, glancing around the room. "ALICE, how has your day been?"

"It's been relatively well so far, Peter," the A.I. responded, her accent apparent and making her voice sound even more chipper than usual. "And yourself?"

"I've been doing fine," Peter said.

There was silence for a few seconds before ALICE spoke.

"You seem to want to engage me in conversation, Peter." She paused for a moment before continuing, "Am I correct?"

"Er, yeah, I guess," he nodded. "I mean, I don't really know that much about you."
"Well, I am an artificial intelligence," she said, and he could have believed that she was amused. "I don't necessarily have a personality. However, you may ask any questions you wish to and I will answer them to the best of my ability."

"Oh," Peter said, blinking. "Cool."

There was another moment of quiet before ALICE made a small chuckling sound and said, "Well? Go ahead, Peter."

"Oh, uh, yeah, yeah, okay," he stammered, his cheeks darkening.

"You sound embarrassed."

"No!" ALICE didn't respond and Peter sighed. "Maybe a little." He was silent for a moment more before saying, "Okay, question-time!"

"Yes," ALICE said, and if she could, he was sure she'd be smiling at him.

"Okay, well, um, what's your... favorite color?"

ALICE was silent for a moment, and it seemed as if she was actually stunned by his question. After a moment, she repeated, "My... favorite color?"

"Uh, yeah," he nodded. "Can you see colors?"

"I can," she confirmed. "I just... didn't expect for you to ask that question."

"What did you expect?"

"I have a list of my pre-expectations," ALICE said. "Would you like me to read the items on it to you?"

Peter snorted. "Um, how long is it exactly?"

"Fifteen pages in a Google document, single-spaced."

Peter exhaled sharply. "Yeah, okay, I'm good. I don't really need to hear that whole list if I'm being perfectly honest." He paused for a second before asking, "So... what is your favorite color? Do you have one?"

"Yes," ALICE spoke softly, "I do."

"Well? What is it?"

"Color #9DE0AD," she responded.

He blinked before chuckling. "In terms I would understand?"

"Oh, yes, of course." She stopped for a moment before saying, "The name of the color is Chinook, though I suppose it is close to what you may consider to be 'sea green.'"

Peter nodded. After a moment, he heard (Y/n) emerge from her room, her door opening from down the hall. He knew it was almost time to go, but the boy had one more question for ALICE before they left.

"Why?"
"I'm... sorry? I'm afraid I don't understand, Peter," ALICE said.

"Why is it your favorite?" Peter clarified. (Y/n) emerged in the hallway opening with her mouth slightly open, her eyebrows furrowed, looking as if she had a million questions on her lips, but she said nothing as Peter glanced at her and waited for ALICE's response.

"I... guess that it just... is..." The A.I., for once, sounded very unsure of herself. "I just... I've always found it calming, soothing in a way," she explained.

"Are you even able to find something more calming than something else?" Peter questioned, curiosity filling his voice as he scrunched his face up in thought.

"No," ALICE answered immediately.

"How is that your favorite color, then?"

"I don't..." ALICE sounded conflicted. "I don't know..."

"Okay, Peter," (Y/n) interjected. "That's enough of giving ALICE an existential crisis. Come on, you said May is waiting outside and I've already taken way too long," she said, glancing out the window at the outside world that was much lighter than it had been even when Peter had arrived. The sun was rising fast.

"Yeah, all right," Peter nodded, getting up from the chair he was in and grabbing his phone from the table. "Let's go." He went to the door first and exited the apartment, moving to the elevator to press the button after throwing a quick, "Bye, ALICE!" over his shoulder.

"Goodbye, ALICE," (Y/n) said as she went to the door.

"You know that I'm accessible on your phone, (Y/n)," ALICE said. "There's no reason to say goodbye in any way. I'm already transferring primary functions to your phone for the next few days."

"I know, it just..." The teen faltered before she said, "It just feels better this way."

"Of course."

(Y/n) stood in the doorway for a moment before saying, "Lock the door once we leave, please, Al."

"You got it."

The girl closed the door behind her a second later.

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"Where are Peter and (Y/n)?"

The words Liz was saying reached the teens' ears as they jogged toward the bus after being dropped off by May.

"They're probably not coming," Flash said. "Don't worry, though, I can handle Parker's role like-"

"Oh, shut up, Eugene, they're right there," MJ said, brushing past Flash and moving to greet the two new arrivals. She sent a small smile their way. "Hey, loser. Hey, (Y/n)."

"Hey, MJ," (Y/n) said, grinning.
"Hi," Peter greeted, nodding to the other teenager.

"Oh, Peter, (Y/n)," Mr. Harrington said, walking toward them. "You two were almost late."

"Yeah, sorry," (Y/n) said, raising her hand a little. "That's my bad. I slept through my alarm and woke up a little late, and Peter and his aunt were picking me up so I held him back a bit."

"It's fine, it's fine, you're here now, that's what's important," the teacher said, patting both teens on their shoulders before walking past them. He checked a clipboard he had clutched in his hand before nodding to Liz.

"All right, everyone on the bus!" The captain of the team exclaimed, calling to the rest of the group who all turned to her. "Let's go, people, come on!"

The Decathlon team began to pour onto the waiting bus and filled in the seats. They weren't even close to filling the bus halfway, being such a small team, but it took a while for everyone to get on regardless. Peter, (Y/n), Ned, and MJ all ended up near the back of the bus. Liz was up in the middle, where the group started actually sitting. The whole front of the bus was empty of people other than Mr. Harrington. Peter and (Y/n) took a row to themselves and their two friends sat in front of them, turned around in the seat so that they could all talk properly.

"Everyone get situated, we'll be starting with the questions in a few minutes."

"So," MJ said, her voice low so the other students on the bus couldn't hear their conversation. "You decided to come. What about the Stark Internship?"

"The dudes who dropped the thing we were looking at yesterday came to Midtown after school looking for it so I stuck a tracker on them. They're in Maryland," Peter explained. "I was gonna come anyways, but this gives me more of a reason to."

"Ah," the darker-skinned girl nodded. She raised an eyebrow. "Are you gonna be at the competition tomorrow?"

"Uh..." Peter looked down at his hands before looking back at MJ with a sheepish smile. "Hopefully?"

Ned groaned. "Come on, dude, you have to," he said. "I mean, I know you have this internship stuff, but this is Nationals!" He turned to the only one that had remained silent thus far. "(Y/n), what do you think about this?"

"I, uh, well, I agree with Peter," she said. "I know Nationals is really important and all that, but if he can't go because he's dealing with something this important in his internship, I think it's excusable and understandable in the end."

MJ pursed her lips but nodded.

Ned and Mj turned around as Liz straightened up, standing on her knees on one of the seats in front of the team to begin asking questions and (Y/n) took out her phone as soon as they did. She unlocked it and quickly typed out a text.

Peter's phone dinged a few seconds later and he took it out to see what it was. The screen lit up with one new message from (Y/n). He furrowed his eyebrows and turned to look at the girl beside him that had sent the text, but a meaningful look from her and a nod toward his phone resulted in him nodding slowly and looking at the message instead.
8:16 am

(Y/n)- should we tell them about Supernova?

(Y/n)- i feel like we should

Yeeter- that's prob a good idea

(Y/n)- k. tonight?

Yeeter- yea, just in case we miss nationals cause of what happens tonight

(Y/n)- we might miss nationals?

Yeeter- happened last time

(Y/n)- :O

Peter snorted and looked up from his phone as Liz called, "Peter! You haven't answered a question yet! How many moons does Saturn have?"

"Er, 62?" Peter asked tentatively.

Liz narrowed her eyes. "Is that a question or an answer?"

"...An answer?"

Liz smirked. "You are correct." She turned her gaze onto the girl next to him. "(Y/n)!" The teen in question jumped a bit and turned from the window to look at the Decathlon team captain.

"Yes?"

"What is Saturn's distance from the sun?"

"Um, that would be..." She thought for a moment. "890.8 million miles, I believe."

"Nice job," Liz smiled. "I would like it if you two would participate in this discussion more, though. I'd rather not have to call on you again." Peter and (Y/n) both gave a nod of understanding. "Thank you." The senior turned to address the whole of the team once again. "Now, let's get into properties of elements-"

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The bus stopped for breaks only twice, once one hour into the four-and-a-half-hour drive to the country's capital, and once more three hours in. In the end, they ended up in Washington D.C. around one in the afternoon. The bus pulled into the parking lot for the building where the Decathlon would be held the next day. Mr. Harrington had everyone stay on the bus as he went inside to get the passes for them for the next day as well as something for the hotel to allow them to stay the night for free.

When the teacher arrived back on the bus, they pulled back onto the roads, Liz still quizzing them all the way, until they ended up at their hotel.

They hung out for the afternoon in the lobby, everyone still being drilled by the team captain as Mr. Harrington supervised them from a chair nearby until dinner when they drove to a restaurant
before returning to the hotel and being free for the rest of the night.

Though the school's technical rule for field trips that were overnight was that boys and girls weren't allowed in the same room, that rule had never been enforced for the Academic Decathlon team, and since it was the night before Nationals, Mr. Harrington would be too busy to enforce it anyway. So that was how Peter Parker, (Y/n) (L/n), Michelle Jones, and Ned Leeds all ended up in Peter and Ned's shared room, which happened to be right next door to (Y/n) and MJ's anyway, the boys sitting on one bed while the girls took up the other.

"So," MJ said, picking at one of her nails, "I'm curious..."

"Yeah?" Ned asked, sitting up and pulling off the Spider-man mask he had been wearing to look at the girl as she spoke.

"What d'you guys think about that new superhero girl?"

"You mean Supernova?" (Y/n) asked, feeling a bit strange talking about her alias as if it was a different person.

"Yeah," MJ nodded. "Her. Thoughts?"

"Oh, I think she seems pretty cool," Ned said. "It's be cool if she knew Spider-man." He grinned and looked at Peter. "Peter, would you fight her if you met her? Technically-an-Avenger on vigilante? That'd be awesome!"

Peter shook his head frantically. "No way, man! I wouldn't fight her, she's a good guy!" He scrunched up his face and eyed his friend. "How would that even work? I have no reason to fight her, anyways."

"I don't know, I just think it'd be cool to watch." Ned turned to (Y/n). "What about you, (Y/n)?"

"She seems all right," (Y/n) shrugged. "She hasn't done very much yet, though. What're your thoughts, MJ?"

MJ's eyes were sparkling as she suddenly went into a lecture that seemed too thought-out to not have been prepared and rehearsed many times beforehand. She spoke fast but with a fiery passion as she mentioned more things and theories than (Y/n) even had about herself. MJ waved her hands in the air, completely demolishing her calm demeanor that she normally wore, instead transforming into something that none of her friends seemed to understand. She spoke of this new superhero being an icon, mentioned details she had found in a police report from a few months ago about a girl who had also been saved by Supernova, the first to ever have been, and even seemed to have details that had been picked up and posted about online from when the new vigilante was spotted in a sub-division outside of New York near where a large energy blast went off.

When she finally finished her rant, her friends stared at her with wide eyes and gaping mouths. She narrowed her eyes.

"What?"

(Y/n) let out a small laugh. "It's just... we've never seen you like that, MJ. It was... well, it was awesome, in my opinion. Wouldn't you say so, guys?"

The boys sitting on the other bed nodded in a creepy synchronized motion.

"Well then," (Y/n) said, getting off the bed. She sent a meaningful look at Peter where he sat and
his eyes widened even more before his face turned serious and he nodded. "I'm glad you both feel that way."

"Why?" Ned asked. "What're you talking about?"

"I just..." The girl hesitated for a moment. "Okay, I'm going to show you guys something, but you have to promise not to freak."

MJ and Ned exchanged a glance and looked at Peter too for a moment before nodding.

"Okay," (Y/n) said. She moved to where her bag was, which she had brought into Peter and Ned's room when her and MJ arrived there to talk altogether. "Here goes nothing..."

She unzipped the bag and pulled out the space-themed dress that was folded near the bottom. She shook it out in one motion and held it out in front of her.

MJ’s face fell slack. Her jaw dropped to the ground and her eyes widened larger than anyone had ever seen them. Ned, on the other hand, just made a strange sucking sound that reminded (Y/n) slightly of a vacuum-cleaner.

"Wait, no, you can't be..." MJ’s words died in her throat. She stared at the ground before looking up again and asking, "Can you prove it?"

(Y/n) swallowed and nodded. She gave her friends a small smile and Peter sent her an encouraging thumbs-up before she took a deep breath and summoned her powers. She opened her eyes and lifted her hands up. Purple energy flew from her fingers and formed into a swirling sphere of light that spun slowly before she released the energy altogether and it fell away.

MJ slowly closed her mouth and then, after a moment of silence, snorted.

"What?" Ned asked, turning to her.

"Think about it for a minute, Ned. Peter is Spider-man, (Y/n) is Supernova, Peter and (Y/n) are our friends."

Ned was silent for a moment before gasping and grinning. "Oh my god, we're friends with superheroes!"

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The night that the two teenage superheroes first encountered the Vulture, only four days before, another happened to take notice.

The man felt the small shift happen late in the evening. It didn't seem like anything that he needed to bother himself with, but a few moments of thought and focusing on it made him realize that he didn't actually recognize the signature. Yet, it still felt... familiar...

He waited a few more minutes, studying it, before deciding that it would be best to call in the other for this.

"What is it?"

The first man, the shorter of the two, stepped into the room.

"There is something. Have you sensed it?"
The taller man placed his feet on the ground and closed his eyes for a moment before nodding. "Not before, but I do now."

"Any thoughts on it?"

The taller furrowed his eyebrows and said, "I'm not... sure."

"It seems familiar, don't you think?" The shorter asked. "Sort of like-"

The taller man resisted the urge to have his hand fly to his chest. Instead, he opted to simply nod in confirmation of the other's thoughts. "I agree, it seems similar, but also not the same." He began pacing. "Where is it coming from?"

"A suburb on the outskirts of the city," the shorter said.

"All right."

"Should we do anything about it?"

"No, no, not yet," the taller said. "How big is it?"

"Not that large, but it has potential. I'm sure you can tell that much as well, Strange."

Stephen Strange nodded, focusing on the source location of this odd power burst. "I can, of course, Wong."

"You think we should... wait, then?"

"Yes," Strange nodded. "I do. It might be another vigilante or hero in the city or the world, and if they come more into the open, I want to know how they have a power that has a signature so similar to that of the-" His words died, but Wong knew what he was trying to say.

"All right, then," Wong said, nodding. "We'll wait."

Chapter End Notes

Peter: *remembers time in DODC* yo, can we not?

May: come, child, we must go get my child

Peter: *hates on this poor old elevator*

Peter: whats your faovite color?

ALICE: *has an existential crisis*

(Y/n): can you not

(Y/n): bye, see ya later a.i. of mine

ALICE: im literally on your phone

(Y/n): gOoDbYe
Flash: they're not here

MJ: they're here

Liz: quIIZZZ TTTIIIIMmmmmeeeee

MJ: *fangirls over supernova*

(Y/n): I'm supernova

MJ: ...

MJ: lol k

...

...

...

Doctor Strange and Wong: ...?
ALICE Interlude I

Chapter Summary

In which ALICE begins to realize, subconsciously, that she might be more than just lines of code.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

ALICE remembered with exact detail the first time she came online. Of course she would, it was stored away forever in her memory banks, but nonetheless, she remembered it perfectly. She played it back to herself sometimes when she was alone.

It was December 15, 2014. (Y/n) (L/n) was twelve years old, almost thirteen, and sitting on the floor of her apartment, typing furiously. It was late at night, 10:56 pm, and there were bags under the girl’s eyes, as there had been for the past five months since her mother left. The nights since then had been much scarier than she would have expected. That combined with the extra workload of looking after herself to result in (Y/n) being exhausted all the time.

"Come on, come on," the girl muttered to herself. The camera that was in the corner of the room near the ceiling was on, recording everything that she was doing, even if it didn't work. "So close, so close..."

She sat back a moment later and took a deep breath, squeezing her eyes closed as she leaned forward and pressed a button on the laptop. There was a long beeping sound followed by a wave of static and then silence. The young girl eased her eyes open and looked at her laptop. The camera could pick up a line on the screen of the device, dragging along the length of it.

"Um, hello?"

There was a pause before a new voice entered the video, one with a British accent added to it.

"Hello."

(Y/n)'s mouth fell open, her eyes widening at the words that had addressed her.

"Er, hi," the young girl said nervously. "Can you... see me?"

"Yes," the voice responded, "Through both your laptop's camera and the camera in the corner of the room. I also have the ability to access your phone's camera, but it is currently not turned on."

"Are you... Are you able to access everything I put into your program?"

"Of course," the voice said. It then made a small chuckling sound. "You should know yourself better than that, (Y/n)."

"Do you have a specific name?" (Y/n) asked. "Like, something you want me to call you?"
"Well, my official title that you input is Efficient Artificial Intelligence with Logical Comprehension, however, if you rearrange the words into Artificial and Logical Intelligence with Comprehension and Efficiency, then the acronym would end up being the name 'ALICE.'"

"ALICE," the girl on the floor repeated to herself. "I like that. Okay, can you change that to make it your name?"

"You know I can," the A.I. said. A moment later, she said, "Done."

"Okay," (Y/n) nodded. "Okay, cool, that's cool." She grinned and looked at the camera in the corner, the one that was recording the video, and sent a small wave. "Hi, ALICE. It's nice to meet you."

"It's nice to meet you too, (Y/n)."

The video file clicked to an end.

ALICE knew that she wasn't real. She knew that. Then again, she had the capability to know everything, so knowing the manner of her existence wasn't that interesting.

That didn't make it any less fascinating to her.

The A.I. didn't have much to do in the hours that (Y/n) was at school. It was too much to transfer primary systems to the girl's phone every day, so ALICE stuck to the apartment instead.

She would run a system check every five minutes, on the second, because she had nothing better to do anyway. They almost always turned up being completely fine. Once in a while, she would find that one of her systems, a camera or a speaker, usually, was running out of power, and so she would immediately send an update to (Y/n) through the app she used to communicate with the girl during school hours telling her to buy some batteries on the way home. After that, she would continue to run the system checks and (metaphorically) shrug off the low-power alert from whatever system had it every time.

In between these system checks, though, ALICE still didn't have very much to do. So, oftentimes, she would take to researching more things to add to her databank as well as rewatching videos she had saved to a special folder in her memory banks, one of the important moments that she would want to revisit later.

One of these was of (Y/n)'s thirteenth birthday, about a month after ALICE had first come online. She had still been getting used to everything, as well as getting acquainted with the girl who had created her.

"Welcome back, (Y/n)," ALICE said as the young girl walked into the apartment. "How was your day at school?"

"Oh, er, It was all right, ALICE, thanks," (Y/n) said, shrugging her backpack off. The young girl still hadn't gotten fully used to having the A.I. around in her apartment.

"I would like to remind you that there is a cookie inside of the fridge for you to have."

(Y/n)'s eyes widened and a grin lit up her face. "Really?"
"Of course," ALICE said. "Right after you finish your homework."

"Ugh, do I have to?" (Y/n) groaned. "Why can't I just have it now?"

"Incentive," ALICE responded. "Studies show that if you have the proper motivations, you can get work done much more efficiently. Though food shouldn't often be used for this motivation, in this case, it will have to do."

(Y/n) let out a long, drawn-out mix between a sigh and a groan before she relented. "Fine, okay, homework first."

She shot through the few worksheets she had pretty quickly, and anytime she needed a calculator for something, she would simply ask ALICE. It made things a lot easier to get through. Eventually, the girl finished her work and put them back into her backpack before getting up and moving quickly to the fridge. She pulled open the door and grabbed the cookie that was still in its wrapper (a Panera Bread one) before going back to the couch and sitting down, pulling the treat from that small bag and setting it on top.

"Wait just a moment, (Y/n), please," ALICE spoke before the girl could take a bite of the cookie.

"What is it?" (Y/n) asked, setting the cookie back down and blinking at the floor.

ALICE was silent for a moment before saying, "As it is your birthday, the proper traditions must be fulfilled. As I cannot get you a present, this will have to do." She paused for a second before her voice began again, this time smooth and melodic. "Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday dear (Y/n), Happy Birthday to you..." She finished the small song and (Y/n) didn't move for a moment. ALICE asked, "Was that... all right?"

(Y/n) cleared her throat, grinned, and nodded. "Yes, it was. Thank you, ALICE."

ALICE made a small humming sound. "Of course, (Y/n). Happy birthday."

The video file clicked to an end.

It was one of ALICE's favorite memories. She re-watched it on a daily basis, though 're-watching' for her was more like reliving it. It always seemed to bring her... joy. Or, at least, her equivalent of that, because she knew she didn't have the capabilities of feeling emotions, she just had something installed in her software that was similar to that, something that could simulate the emotions, but she could never really feel them. Never had, never would. At least, that's what she told herself.

ALICE lived for (Y/n). Obviously, she had been made for the teen, by the teen herself, but ALICE felt that there was more there. She, in a way, cared for the girl that had created her. She always felt a strange ping in her code when (Y/n) was upset, or hurt. She remembered the first time something like that had happened... It was a memory that she did not enjoy reliving.

ALICE had been two minutes between system-checks at 12:26 in the afternoon on March 3, 2015, when there was a knock at the door. It had shocked the A.I. quite a bit, but she had switched herself to the camera placed right above the door outside in the hall and spoken through the speaker.

"Hello, (Y/n) is not home right now. You may leave a message, if you would like."
"Oh, are you that, er, A.Y. that (Y/n) was working on a while back?" The man said, rubbing the back of his neck.

"A.I.,” ALICE corrected. "And, yes, I am. My name is ALICE."

"ALICE, hmm? Nice to meet ya’, in any case, I’m here to drop off a letter from (Y/n)’s mom,” he explained.

"Of course," ALICE said, unlocking the door. "Come on in."

The camera switched to inside the apartment as the man walked inside and dropped the letter on the table, glancing around the room before turning and leaving the apartment as quickly as he had entered. He closed the door behind it and ALICE locked it immediately.

"Well, I should be going," the man said.

"Of course."

"I’m Lob, by the way."

"Is that your real name or a nickname?"

"Well, technically, m’ name is William, but everyone just calls be Lob," he explained. "You know, cause of the whole 'front lobby; thing I've got goin' on."

"I see," ALICE said. "It's lovely to meet you, William."

Lob opened his mouth like he wanted to say something before exhaling through his nose, shaking his head, and walking back down the hallway to the elevator, disappearing from the camera’s view a moment later.

Time fast-forwarded through the rest of the day until (Y/n) got home at 2:54 in the afternoon.

"(Y/n)," ALICE said, "There’s a letter here for you."

"A letter?" The girl had asked, dropping her backpack against the wall by the door before going to where the table was and picking up the letter. She read over the address before gritting her teeth and groaning.

"What is it?" ALICE asked. Her scanners hadn’t been good enough then to read the words on the letter.

"It's from my mother," (Y/n) said. "Probably just telling me what a failure I am again."

ALICE was silent for a moment before saying, "You're not a failure."

(Y/n) snorted. "Thanks, ALICE."

"Of course."

The girl ripped open the envelope and took out the folded paper inside. She took a deep breath and unfolded it before reading it.

"What does it say?" ALICE asked.

"My mother, er, Carliana (L/n), sent me some money, she does that every three months or so, and
she's apparently coming here in a month to check up on me."

"Is that not good?" ALICE questioned. "Aren't you excited to see your mother?"

(Y/n) scowled. "Yeah, sure."

ALICE was quiet before she said, "I'm detecting sarcastic undertones in your voice, (Y/n)."

(Y/n) actually laughed.

The video file clicked to an end.

ALICE had never met Carliana (L/n) before April 10, 2015. She had always been curious about the woman because her searches on the internet told her that it wasn't normal for teens to live without their parents. She never prodded (Y/n) about it though. The girl seemed to not want to talk about her mother at all, so ALICE didn't. She didn't like it when (Y/n) was upset.

ALICE, though, when she first encountered Carliana (L/n), decided after the woman left that she didn't like her, not one bit.

It had been 3:05 in the afternoon on April 10, 2015, when (Y/n) had ran into the apartment, the door unlocked as soon as she appeared in the hallway camera.

"(Y/n)?" ALICE had asked. "What's wrong?"

"ALICE," (Y/n) said, running through the apartment, the recording cycling through cameras to follow her as she shoved her bag into a box in her bedroom before going back to the living area and starting to put away whatever she could. "ALICE, today's April 10, right?"

"Yes," ALICE confirmed. "Why?"

"What does that mean?"

ALICE searched her memory banks for a moment before saying, "Oh, your mother."

"Yeah," (Y/n) said, nodding as she grabbed her laptop off of the couch and ran into her Lab, sticking it randomly into one of the filing cabinets.

"What do you need from me?" ALICE asked.

"I need you to not talk, at all."

ALICE processed this for a moment, remaining silent. She was confused. Eventually, she said, "You want me to... remain silent? Did I hear that correct?"

"Yes," (Y/n) breathed. "My mother hates everything I do relating to science, and I don't want her knowing about you." She sounded strained for a moment. "Please, ALICE, just while she's not here. She'll be staying in a hotel, so we can talk when she isn't here, and it'll only be for two days anyways."

ALICE was quiet before she said, "Okay."
(Y/n) smiled, though it looked a bit like a grimace. "Thank you, ALICE."

An hour later, (Y/n) had her hair brushed and disappeared downstairs for a few minutes before coming back up with her guest. The woman with her had straight (h/c) hair to just below her shoulders and a large hat on top of her head with a large black ribbon tied into a bow around the brim. She had sunglasses on and a black dress, despite the fact that it was early April in New York. She had on black tights and tall matching heels that made her much taller than her daughter beside her, who looked very out of place next to the woman.

"Well?" The woman prompted, her voice slow and formal, but still grating, somehow matching her appearance perfectly. "Are you going to open it?"

"Er, yeah," (Y/n) nodded, sticking her hand in her pocket to bring out the key. ALICE recorded the way her eyes widened and then glanced up at the camera. ALICE made the camera beep a small green light and (Y/n) moved to the doorknob without a key in hand. She fumbled with it for a moment and ALICE unlocked the door as she did. The girl reached back in her pocket to put the 'key' away before opening the door and stepping inside.

Carliana remained outside though. She raised a perfectly-done brow and gestured to the door. "Invite me in."

"Oh, okay. Um, would you like to come inside?"

Carliana huffed. "I suppose I must."

The woman stepped inside and (Y/n) closed the door behind her before turning to her mother. Carliana took off her sunglasses and held them out. (Y/n) rushed over and carefully took them and set them down on the table, because those things were probably more expensive than anything she owned.

"This is your apartment?" Carliana asked, sneering and taking a step over a spot in the carpet that was not different in any way from the rest of the floor. Her cold, sharp (e/c) eyes that were so different from the warm, sparkling ones that her child had scanned the room with obvious distaste. "Uh, yeah," (Y/n) said, nodding.

Carliana sighed, though it sounded like a groan, and turned around to look at her daughter. "You know," she said after a moment. "You really should smile more. It would make you look at least a little better." (Y/n) stared at her for a moment before Carliana waved her hand. "Go on, you could use it. We both know that not much can help your appearance, dear, but smiling should at least do a little. You'll never find a husband looking like that-" She gestured to her child's appearance lazily "-So you're going to have to do what you can."

(Y/n)'s fists closed tightly and trembled a little but she nodded stiffly, plastered on the widest, most fake smile she could, and said, "Of course, Mother, thank you."

ALICE resisted all the urges she had to speak up. (Y/n) had told her not to. Her interference would only make it worse.

Carliana approached her daughter and circled her, (Y/n) staring straight ahead with lips pressed in a thin line as she did. Eventually, her mother stopped in front of her again and sighed. "Oh, where in the world did you find these clothes?" She asked, reaching forward to tug at the sleeve of the girl's secondhand shirt. "I would have hoped you would have at least gotten your fashion sense from me, but apparently not."
(Y/n) nodded. ALICE remembered an instance when (Y/n) went clothes-shopping and brought back a bag of things from a thrift-store. That was all she could afford, anyway.

Carliana moved to sit down in one of the fold-up chairs that had been pulled out for her to sit in. She pursed her lips and shifted in the seat as she sat down. "This furniture, dear, really, you could do much better. Are you going for an aesthetic here? Poor city girl with no sense of style? If so, you are nailing it."

(Y/n) nodded again and still didn't respond.

"So," Carliana said, finally stopping her movement in the seat to look up at her daughter. "Are you still into all that science and math and whatever it is you used to be doing? Or have you finally grown out of that stuff?"

"No, Mother," (Y/n) said, gritting her teeth. "I still very much enjoy engineering, mathematics, and science."

Carliana sighed. "I would have hoped you would have realized by now that your 'dreams' are fruitless, dear. Nothing god ever comes from any of those things. That's not the place for you. You're not going to be able to succeed in the fields you want to, they're not going to get you anywhere, and you are going to end up homeless on the streets of this city, begging me to take you in and telling me that I was always right."

"I won't," (Y/n) asserted, looking down at the ground firmly. "I won't be begging you for anything."

Carliana laughed. "Do you actually believe that? I've been out in the world, you have not. I know what it's like, and trust me, you can't handle it."

(Y/n) let out a low growling sound. "You're wrong, Mother. I am going to make something of myself with what I want to do."

Carliana groaned. "You got that from your father. You should be more like me, dear, if you want to 'make something of yourself.' I bet your father has never had to work a single day in his life, he's had everything handed to him on a silver platter, and it seems you expect it to be the same for you. I, on the other hand, have had to work my ass off to provide for you, and this is how you repay me, you ungrateful little brat!" Carliana had been near yelling at the end, but it didn't scare her daughter in the slightest.

"Please!" (Y/n) cried, her eyes flashing dangerously. "I want everything on a silver platter? You live in Florida, you don't work down there, the money you send me isn't even mine! It's your rich boyfriend's, who you cheat on every other week with another rich dude! You live the lavish life and then come up here to see me, your daughter, once every half-a-year now, just to criticize me on my fashion sense and furniture choices when this is all I can afford with the money you give me!"

Carliana's nostrils flared and she looked down her nose at her daughter before gasping and clapping a perfectly-manicured hand to her forehead. "Oh," she whined. "Oh, you're stressing me out too much, my health, my fragile health. Dear, help your mother up."

(Y/n) exhaled sharply but did as she was told anyway.

"Oh, oh," Carliana groaned. "I'm stressed, my health." She removed her hand from her forehead to fan herself. "I'm going to have to cut this visit short. I'm going back tonight, Jeremy will be able to get me a plane. Goodbye, darling, I'll see you soon enough, I'm sure."

(Y/n) nodded and opened the door for her mother who exited the apartment, kissed her daughter on
the cheek, leaving a stain of wine-red lipstick before she disappeared and the door closed behind her.

The girl, now alone, turned around and fell back against the door, sinking to the floor and pulling her knees into her chest.

"(Y/n)," ALICE spoke softly, "You know that none of the things she said were true, right?"

(Y/n) sniffed, a few tears falling down her face. "Then why did they feel true?"

ALICE didn't have an answer for that and so she remained silent. She wished, though, she wished that she could help this girl. She wished, for the first time, that she had a body, that she was a real person, so that she could walk over and hug this small girl and make all her sadness go away. But she couldn't. So she didn't.

Instead, she simply watched as (Y/n) cried as if the world was falling apart.

The video file clicked to an end.

That was one of ALICE's worst memories. She never wanted to relive it, but sometimes she did, to rekindle whatever she had in her code in place of hatred for Carliana (L/n).

ALICE had only ever seen Carliana (L/n) three times. Once was that first time, the second was Thanksgiving of the same year, when the woman came because her boyfriend had a meeting for his job in the city and she took the opportunity to see her daughter, and the third was (Y/n)'s eighth-grade graduation, the next year, when Carliana had bought a dress that she hoped would ruin her daughter's love for science. It hadn't.

What really interested ALICE about (Y/n), though, was that the girl was... different. And that wasn't just personality-wise. No, (Y/n) had... powers. ALICE knew from the internet that superhumans existed, but all of them had a reason for being special, for having these powers. (Y/n), though, didn't. She just had them. Carliana (L/n) most definitely did not have them, so ALICE thought it could come from (Y/n)'s father, but there were no records online of people with powers similar to her's ever recorded.

(Y/n) had told ALICE the same day she had first came online, and had told her not to tell anyone. ALICE, of course, had agreed. She was an A.I. afterall.

ALICE had spent the first month or so of her existence strictly following her lines of code. She only did searches when required, didn't watch old recordings (her memories), and laid completely dormant aside from the routine system checks when (Y/n) wasn't around.

After (Y/n)'s first birthday with ALICE online, though, the A.I. had begun to branch out, started forming a personality, started becoming... ALICE...

One of the first instances ALICE could remember when she first truly started forming herself on her own was January 29, 2015, at the end of the month of (Y/n)'s birthday.

ALICE was alone, as she always was during the day, searching through the endless abyss of the internet to fill the void of time. She wasn't sure if she could feel bored, but she did.
ALICE ended up looking through different colors, strange ones that weren't often seen. She was browsing through mixes of blues and greens, working her way through the color wheel, colors flashing across her digital-visual-processors (DVPs), when she paused on one. She stayed on that color for a moment before flicking back a few colors and landing on one.

"Hmm," she hummed audibly, the sound echoing around the empty room.

ALICE couldn't describe her feeling as she processed the color. And then processed it again. And then again.

"Hmm."

ALICE looked at it for a moment before saving it to a special file and continuing on through the colors.

After about two hours, ALICE had flicked through all the colors on the wheel and she opened up the file she had saved earlier. She processed it, her DVPs wandering over it again and again.

"Hmm."

ALICE looked over the color once more before she decided that it was her favorite color. It was soothing, calm, and it made her feel safe, in a strange way. She saved it under 'Favorite Color.'

It was called Chinook.

And she loved it.

The video file clicked to an end.

ALICE formed a real personality after that. She chose things she liked. She developed a sense of humor.

And it scared her to know that it was all artificial.

ALICE wanted to be something, she wanted to believe that she was something, but she didn't think she was.

ALICE believed that she was something, but she knew that she wasn't. She was code, nothing more than that, nothing less than that. She was numbers and letters in lines that formed her. ALICE knew that, and if she wanted to be something, she didn't, because she wasn't allowed to want anything. She knew that. ALICE was an A.I. after all.

ALICE never realized that maybe, just maybe, sometimes an A.I. could be wrong.

Chapter End Notes

ALICE: Hello. I am an A.I.

(Y/n): hey, name?

ALICE: I am ALICE.
ALICE: Happy birthday.

(Y/n) :O

(Y/n): :)

(Y/n): ur gonna have to shut up

ALICE: What?

Carliana: *is literally the worst*

(Y/n): *takes it like a boss

ALICE: Oh, I want to hug her.

ALICE: *browses through colors* Wait, go back.

ALICE: Hmm.

ALICE: Hmm.

ALICE: HMMMMMMMMMMMMM...

ALICE: I like this.

ALICE: Wait, no, I don't. I can't.

Story: Or can you?
Chapter Thirty-Two

Chapter Summary

In which Peter gets to bond with Liz before it's time to go.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"So, what's the deal?" MJ asked a moment later when Ned had stopped fanboying.

"The deal?" (Y/n) repeated, blinking. "What are you talking about?"

"Come on, (Y/n), I know you better than that," MJ said, smirking. "You wouldn't reveal your secret identity unless you had a reason to."

"But I revealed myself to Ned for no reason," Peter countered quickly.

"We're talking about (Y/n) here, man," Ned said, patting his friend sympathetically on the shoulder. "Not you and your whole deal of craziness, dude."

"Yeah, focusing in on (Y/n)'s signature brand of stupidity," MJ said.

"Hey!"

"Oh, relax, you know we love you," MJ said, glancing at the girl beside her. (Y/n) huffed and crossed her arms but nodded.

(Y/n) huffed and crossed her arms but nodded.

"So," MJ said as if nothing had happened, "Why did you tell us about Supernova?"

"Well," (Y/n) began, wringing her hands together, "Peter and I need to go somewhere to... to stop this guy from stealing alien weapons."

"Same guy who stole this," Peter interjected, holding up the energy core. "And we're gonna need you guys to cover us."

"Cover' you," MJ repeated. "Why? How long are you planning on being gone?"

Peter and (Y/n) exchanged glances over the gap before the former said, "Hopefully... not the whole night?"

"What?!" Both MJ and Ned let out loud exclamations. Their two friends shushed them, (Y/n) hissing, "We're in a hotel" and they decreased the volume but their words were sharp regardless.

"You're gonna be gone all night?" Ned asked. "Dudes, we have Nationals tomorrow!"

"We know!" Peter cried, "And we think we can do it and be back in time, but just in case..."

"Fine."
"What?"

"We're cool with covering for you," Ned said, elaborating on the short, single-word statement MJ had let out. "But you two better be at Nationals."

"Okay," (Y/n) nodded. "We'll be there." She snorted. "We'll probably need to just head back to the hotel after to take a nap, but we'll be there."

"Good," MJ said. "Cause if you're not..." The threat went unsaid. It always could with MJ.

"Also, Ned?" Peter said, looking to his friend. "Make sure not to take the energy core in your bag tomorrow."

Ned muttered under his breath, repeating what his friend had said, before nodding. "Got it."

A second later, there was a rapid knocking on the door. (Y/n) got off the bed to answer it as MJ turned around in her seat to look and Peter and Ned leaned forward a bit too. (Y/n) peered through the peephole for a second before she glanced back at her friends and then opened the door.

"Oh, good, you're all here," Liz breathed, a grin on her face as she peered behind the younger girl at the three sitting inside the hotel room. "Come on, we're going swimming."

"Uh, (Y/n) and I were going to, uh, go, er, study in the business center," Peter said, a lie that was, funnily enough, almost exactly the same as the one he had said in this same kind of situation the first time around.

"Really?" Liz chuckled as the rest of the Decathlon team ran behind her, tossing waves into the room as they passed, giggling, (as well as a middle-finger from Flash). "Come on, you two are like crazy smart, you don't need to study."

"Never can be, uh, too prepared," (Y/n) chuckled nervously. "Right?"

"While I would normally commend you two," Liz said, "Group activities right before a big event are good for morale." The four teens blinked at her and she added, "I heard that in a TED talk, so it has to be trustworthy." A small wave of laughter rippled through the group.

Peter glanced at (Y/n) and discreetly tapped his watch. (Y/n) narrowed her eyes before turning back to Liz, her resolve steeled, and saying, "We'll be there in a minute."

Liz grinned widely and she locked eyes with Peter as she said, "Can't wait."

Peter's face was flushed as the door closed and he asked, "What was that? We need to go!"

"We'll get there on time, don't worry," (Y/n) reassured him. "This can make it so our relationship with the team and-" She wiggled her eyebrows "-your relationship with Liz isn't ruined. We go there, all of us, and pretend we're there to swim. Well," she tapped her chin before gesturing to MJ and Ned, "You two can actually be there to swim. Peter and I will leave after like three minutes, though."

"What kinda excuse are you gonna use?" MJ asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Simple," (Y/n) shrugged, a smile appearing on her lips. "We're gonna give them the ol' slipper-oo." At their blank stares, she sighed and said, "I'm gonna pretend to slip and fall, Peter's gonna 'help me back to my room' and we just won't come back. Everyone'll just think he's helping his friend."
"That's... not that bad of an idea, actually," Ned said. "Solid plan, dude."

(Y/n) grinned and took a small bow. "Thank you, Ned. I'll be here for the next five minutes."

MJ slipped back into her and (Y/n)'s room to change while Peter and Ned took turns in the bathroom. (Y/n) waited for her friends, filling the time by making a small ball of purple magic and swirling it in her hand, trying to force it to make different shapes. She had managed a pyramid by the time MJ reappeared.

"It's a little scary how chill you are with that stuff," MJ said, waving lazily at the magic in her friend's hand.

"I know, right?" Ned said from his seat across the room. "I've been watching her for like five minutes!"

"I haven't even been gone for five minutes," MJ said, raising an eyebrow. "And do you realize how creepy that sounded, Leeds?"

"Er, now that you mention it..."

"Done!" Peter interrupted his friend as he threw open the bathroom door. MJ and Ned led the way out of the room with their two friends trailing behind them.

"We're probably already behind schedule on leaving," Peter said. "We might not catch them in time."

"I'll fly us over there, then," (Y/n) replied, her voice a low whisper. "What time is it anyway?"

Peter pulled his phone out of his pocket, checked it, and relayed to time to his friend.

"Okay, what about where they are?"

He put the phone away and pulled out the small 3-D map of the area with a blinker where their targets were. They still hadn't started moving to where Peter had found them last time. "They haven't left yet," he grumbled.

(Y/n) grinned. "Told you. We'll be fine."

She pushed open the door to the pool and handed it to her friend, who held it open for himself before stepping inside and letting it close behind him. Peter glanced up at the windows in the ceiling that showed the night sky above. It was strange being down here instead of watching all his classmates from above like last time.

MJ had already unwrapped her towel and was sitting on the edge of the pool, her legs dangling into the water while Ned had fully dunked himself into it, his hair wet as he floated backward across the surface, his arms and legs splayed out to keep himself afloat.

"Oh, there you are!" Liz exclaimed, standing from where she was next to the pool in a position very similar to MJ's to meet the two at the door. She smiled, her eyes landing on Peter (while also making (Y/n) feel sort of ignored). "I was worried you'd bailed on us again."

"No, no," Peter breathed, his heart fluttering a bit as he gazed into his old crush's eyes (though he was pretty sure it wasn't that old anymore). "No, we came. Morale and all that. You know, TED talks."
Liz chuckled a bit before beckoning them over. "Come on, the water's great."

Peter ended up sitting with his feet in the water just a few feet from where Liz was, talking to her, wondering to himself why he didn't come to do this the first time around. Then his eyes would land on (Y/n) though, nervously checking the clock in the corner, and he would remember the reason.

After five minutes had passed, Peter was in the middle of saying something when a small shriek came from near the door. His head turned immediately at the sound, his superhero instincts kicking in when he saw (Y/n) fall to the ground.

"Ooh, ow," she hissed, forcing herself up a bit and holding her elbow. "That's gonna bruise, oh man."

"(Y/n)!"

Her name was called by all three of her friends. Ned waded over to the edge of the pool and MJ swiveled around to look at her with a frown. Peter hopped up from where he was sitting to quickly make his way to his friend.

"You okay?" He asked. Peter noticed how tears sprung to her eyes, which were surprisingly red. He had to admit, she was selling this really well.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm good," she said, the same thing she always did when she was hurt. He couldn't really talk, though, because Peter always said the same thing. And he was always lying...

"No, you're not," MJ cut in from where she was a few yards away. "Parker, take her back to our room."

"Yeah, fix that girl up," Ned nodded.

"My thoughts exactly," Peter said as he helped his friend to her feet. "Also, Ned..." He glanced at the boy in the pool. "That sounded... really wrong, for some reason."

Ned though back on his words before his face flushed a bit and he laughed, "Yeah, you're right, it did."

"See you guys later," Peter called over his shoulder as he helped (Y/n) to the door. She offered a small wave to the rest of the team before they disappeared into the hallway and out of view.

"That was really good acting," Peter complimented as she immediately retracted from him and began walking on her own back to their rooms.

"Why thank you," she said, grinning.

"How did you get the tears?"

"Chlorine," she explained. At his confused face, she continued, "I dipped my fingers in the water and held my eyes open as the water dripped off my fingers and into them." She blinked rapidly. "It stings, and it's probably going to for a while, but it worked."

"Yeah, it did," Peter nodded as they reached his room.

"Okay, I'm changing in the bathroom," she said, grabbing up her bag and heading to the door in the back of the room as Peter closed the other one behind him.

"Need my phone for the reference picture?" Peter asked, getting ready to pull up the photo again.
"No," she declined, waving him away.

Peter blinked. "What?"

She grinned, though her cheeks darkened a bit. "I'm gonna try and do it from memory now. Won't always have your phone, after all."

"True."

(Y/n) sent him one last smile before disappearing inside the bathroom, closing the door behind her and locking it with a click a moment later. Peter snorted after hearing the sound. It was always funny to him how his superhearing could pick up the locking of a door across the room. It was... entertaining. And annoying, sometimes.

Peter shook these random thoughts away and went to change into his suit. He pulled on a sweatshirt and a pair of sweatpants over the suit and stuffed the mask in his pocket.

A few minutes passed before (Y/n) finally emerged from the bathroom, a large, baggy coat hanging around her and reaching her knees, somehow. Black leggings were underneath, and he could make out a small bit of color near the bottom of the coat. Probably her dress almost hanging out the bottom. She had the hood pulled over her head, all of her hair stuffed back into it to where it was too shadowed to really be visible.

"Come on," she said, throwing the bag to the side where it hit the wall and then fell to the floor as she walked past her friend to the door. "We should be able to get there a few minutes early if we leave now and hurry."

"Got it."

Peter followed her out the door. They quickly made their way to the doors into a stairwell. The two ran down them quickly and burst through the door to the outside at the bottom.

"Thank god that was there," (Y/n) said as the door swung shut behind them. "I did not want to have to explain ourselves if we left through the lobby this late at night."

"Yeah," Peter nodded. "Come on, let's go."

The two made their way around to a side of the large building where they couldn't be seen before Peter grabbed his friend around the waist and sent a web up to the roof. He pulled them up to the top and released (Y/n) a second later.

The girl took off her coat and Peter took off the clothes he had been wearing over his suit and threw them all into a pile in a small corner. Peter slipped on his mask and selected a long-lasting web, sending it at the pile of clothes quickly to make sure they stayed there before switching back to his normal swinging webs.

"Did I do it right?" (Y/n) asked, turning to her friend and doing a small spin with her arms spread out. Peter was quite sure she was referring to her appearance.

"Yeah, I think so," Peter said, scanning his friend quickly. The jacket was there over the starry-dress with the leggings underneath. Her hair was colorful, her features shifted a small bit, and her eyes were the hypnotic, swirling galaxies they always were when she transformed. Peter couldn't help but feel like something was missing, though.

"Your freckles!" He exclaimed suddenly, startling her. "Er, sorry. You're missing your star
"Freckles."

"Oh," (Y/n) said. She squeezed her eyes shut for a moment and Peter watched with fascination as small stars appeared on her face, splayed over the area where her nose was. "Better?" She asked when she opened her eyes again.

Peter nodded. "Much better."

"Cool," (Y/n) said, grinning at her friend. "Where to?"

Peter took out the tracker and turned it on. The holographic map appeared a second later, showing a blinking dot on it. "There they are," Peter said.

"You know where they're heading?" (Y/n) asked, coming closer to peer at the map. It was a pretty cool piece of technology. Peter had to admit that.

"Yeah," he nodded. "A gas station a little ways away. Let me try to find it."

Peter looked over the map for a few minutes before he made it zoom in on a small area. "There, that's where they're heading," he said, pointing to the spot.

"Cool," (Y/n) said, grinning at him. "Let's go."

Peter pulled on his mask and activated his suit.

"Good evening, Peter," Karen greeted him like she always did.

"Hey, Karen," Peter said. "Can you connect to this tracker I put on this dude. He's, uh, he's a bad guy."

"Of course." The route calculated itself in front of Peter.

A moment later, Peter turned to his friend and said, "Okay, we're all ready to go."

"All right," (Y/n) said, grinning. She gestured out to the world around them, the hundreds of buildings shining in the night before saying, "Lead the way, Spider-man. I'll be right behind you."

Peter hoped she could see the grin from behind the mask, somehow. "You got it, Supernova."

Chapter End Notes

MJ: i kno were friends but

MJ: whyd ya tell us bro

(Y/n): cause were friends and...

Peter: we need yall to tell everrone else not to worry when 2 teens disappear and maybe dont even show up for nationals

MJ and Ned: k

MJ and Ned: but you better show up for nationals
MJ: or else

Liz: pool time!

Liz: peter, i hvae crush on you omg what shock

Pool Time: *happens*

(Y/n): *falls* oh, i cant believe youve done this

Peter: i wil help my frieenndd

Peter and (Y/n): *ditch everyone to go be superheroes*
Chapter Thirty-Three

Chapter Summary

In which the author attempts a fight scene and Peter might actually go to Nationals.

Chapter Notes

I'm not that good with action scenes, just to let you all know.

Just, uh, a warning, going in.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter shot a web forward and pulled himself down onto the top of a car being transported on the back of a bigger truck. He saw a small glare of purple light on the metal of the car and a moment later (Y/n) landed about a foot behind him, her fingers tight around the indent on the side into the windows. Peter winced a bit as she sucked in a breath when they passed over a pothole. He was eternally grateful for the sticky fingers he got from that stupid spider bite.

"How long?" (Y/n) asked him once she had gotten her balance.

"Uh," Peter checked the time listed on his screen. "Ten minutes?"

"Okay," (Y/n) nodded, readjusting herself a bit. "Okay, that sounds good."

There was silence for a moment until (Y/n) spoke again.

"Spidey?"

"Yeah?"

"Did you bring extra clothes in that backpack?"

"Uh, yeah," Peter nodded. "Yeah, I did."

She sighed in relief. "Good. That means we don't need to head back to the hotel to change for Decathlon, we can just go right to there, right?"

Peter nodded. "I didn't even get to go last time."

She scoffed. "You didn't have me last time, Spider-boy."

"Touché," Peter paused for a moment, glancing around before he asked with a grin that he hoped she could tell he was making, "Wanna play I-Spy?"

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"100 meters from destination and closing," Karen said after (Y/n) lost to Peter in their fifteenth
round of the game.

"100 meters," Peter said to his friend. (Y/n) immediately was at attention, moving into a more optimal position to jump off the back of the car they were on.

Peter waited until Karen gave the direction before saying, "Jump now."

(Y/n)'s fingers let out a burst of purple light and she followed her friend to the ground as he flipped off and landed on his feet. She snorted. "Nice landing."

Peter glanced back at her. "Thanks."

They moved to where the brush was a few yards off the edge of the road and moved along the side of it.

"There are three people," Peter whispered as soon as Karen told him.

"Only three?" (Y/n) asked, equally as quiet. She sighed and shook her head. "Villains these days. They just don't respect the good old-fashioned ways anymore. They don't have fifty henchmen or, hell, even an evil lair!"

"Yeah," Peter nodded. "Yeah, I mean, these guys have theirs in a gas station." He gestured in front of them.

"Exactly," she said. "So lame."

"Come on," Peter said, looping his arm around his friend's waist and shooting a web to pull them up to the top of the sign. (Y/n) kept her hand on her friend's shoulder to keep her balance, the other held out to the side in case she had to activate her powers quickly. He turned his eyes to her. "Can you turn off your sound regulators and listen into their conversations?"

She shook her head. "I think I'm still too far away for that."

Peter furrowed his eyebrows before saying, "Listen in to what Karen is relaying to me."

(Y/n) thought for a moment before nodding and moving herself a bit to open up the front pocket of the backpack strapped to her friend's back, pulling out the small earring box and pressing a button on the inside. She screwed her face up a bit as the sounds seemed to heighten a bit more around her, but it wasn't as bad as she actually expected it to be. She shifted a bit closer to her friend and listened a moment until she could pick up the voice of the A.I. in his suit.

"Karen, activate Enhanced Reconnaissance mode," Peter said.

"Activating."

There was a small noise before new voices entered the suit as the vision zoomed in on the men sitting in the van in front of the building, illuminating their heat signatures as one of them talked about the design of something, probably a weapon, Peter thought.

(Y/n) let out a small squeaking sound.

"Oh, that's cool," she whispered. Peter grinned and nodded. It was pretty awesome, but that was a given. It had been made by Mr. Stark.

"Can you believe they're still cleaning up that Triskelion mess?" One of the men asked the others.
"I love it," another said with amusement in his voice. "They keep making messes, we keep getting rich."

"Target inbound," one said.

"Okay, heist time then," (Y/n) said as the dialogue ceased.

"Yeah," Peter nodded. "They're trying to steal a truckload of stuff."

"What kinda stuff?"

"Probably the kinda stuff that goes into making bad guy weapon things."

"Ah."

"We should get closer," Peter said, glancing at his friend.

"Okay," she nodded. "Think we can catch 'em all, Pokemon style?"

Peter snorted. "I tried last time. Hopefully this time it'll be easier with your awesome power things," he said. (Y/n)'s cheeks heated a bit at his words but she laughed.

"Let's go," she said after a moment.

Peter shot a web and pulled himself forward but accidentally caught his foot on the edge of the sign, shooting a small pain up through his body. He let out a small grunt in response and fell to the ground, the web disconnecting and falling as well. (Y/n) looked down at her friend with a frown and activated her powers, pushing herself to hover over him and out of view of the men in the van.

"You okay?"

Peter gave a thumbs-up as he got to his feet and scrambled to hide behind a gas pump.

(Y/n) stared at him for a moment before shooting a quick blast of energy down at him and then pulling him upward until they were both floating in the air. She moved them over closer to the van and let the powers go when they were a foot above the roof of the gas station, allowing them to both fall onto it.

"Thanks," Peter said. (Y/n) sent him a smile and a firm nod.

"There're the trucks," she hissed, pointing up the road where three trucks in a line were appearing from beyond where the trees covered their view.

"Yeah, that's them all right."

(Y/n) heard a strange noise from farther away, seemingly above them. She looked up and gritted her teeth.

"Spidey."

"Nova?"

"There's our guy."

Peter looked up and felt a strange wave of deja vu, as the be expected, as he watched Adrian Toomes, fully decked out as the Vulture, descend from above. (Y/n) narrowed her eyes.
"Oh, he looks the part of 'bad guy' really well," she hissed.

"You think?" Peter asked, sarcasm lacing his tone.

"All right, let's go."

(Y/n) pushed forward some energy around her friend and then shot it under herself. She flew them over the tree line until they were out of view of the men in the van before she moved them down and got closer to the truck. Peter watched as Toomes anchored his suit to the truck and threw down four small, glowing pieces of tech. The 'glowy-things' fell into place as the corners of rectangles and activated, forming a sort of field that opened up into the truck's container below.

"Wow, that's cool," (Y/n) said as she lowered her and Peter down to the top of the truck. She reached out a hand and saw her friend do the same, grabbing onto the truck before releasing both of them from the grip of her power.

(Y/n) reached her hand forward, curiosity filling her eyes. She reached down, paused for a moment, and then continued the movement until her fingers brushed against and then through the field.

"Whoa," she breathed. "That is awesome. That is like one of the coolest things I have ever seen. It's literally letting you phase through matter."

She extracted her hand and the two looked down at the man pacing among the boxes in the truck.

"All right, coming up," Toomes said, probably addressing his accomplices.

Peter and (Y/n) backed up as Toomes got out of the truck and turned to begin taking the 'glowy-thing' off, a bag held in his hand.

The friends exchanged a glance and a small nod before (Y/n) readied her power and Peter shot a web forward, grabbing the bag from under Toomes's arm and shouting, "Sorry, taking something that's not yours is stealing and stealing is wrong."

Toomes would have probably been giving them the hardest glare imaginable if he didn't have his mask on. He hopped back up and reconnected to the wings that were hovering above. The anchors disconnected and (Y/n) narrowed her eyes as Peter hissed, "Shit."

Peter jumped and (Y/n) shot her power, weaving to the side to avoid Toomes as he charged forward, both teens ending up on the other side, teetering dangerously over where the opening into the truck was.

Peter shot a few quick webs in succession at the engines on Toomes's wings. They clogged for a moment in which the man fell to the top of the truck before they cleared out again. (Y/n) shot forward a blast of energy from each of her hands, pushing them forward toward the enemy.

Toomes dodged both energy blasts by flying up higher.

"You kids are starting to get on my nerves," Toomes growled.

(Y/n) snorted. "Sorry to be an inconvenience, Mr. Government-Things-Stealing-Guy."

Peter actually laughed out loud at that before letting out a "Whoa!" as (Y/n)'s magic wrapped around him and pulled him up and over Toomes as he charged once again.
"You know, Nova," Peter said, looking at his friend out of the corner of his eye as she set them down again. "You're really getting a hang of this whole hero thing."

"Really?" She raised an eyebrow. "What makes you say that?"

"Oh, nothing," Peter said, shrugging. "Just the humor. The banter with the villain. It's making me proud."

"Why, thank you, oh wise master." She gave him a little side bow as Toomes righted himself and turned around again.

Peter clapped a hand over his heart and said, "So proud."

Toomes didn't say more, instead choosing to swoop forward and then down at them from above. (Y/n) let out a cry of surprise and Peter was suddenly shoved to the side, hovering over the road that was moving below them.

"Oh my god, oh my god," he said, his feet moving a bit as he looked down. "This is a lot scarier than I thought."

He was moved back onto the bus, (Y/n) having pushed herself to one side while moving her friend to another.

"Hey!"

Before Toomes could charge again, there was a yell from below. All three sets of eyes turned automatically to the voice to see Toomes's accomplices (henchmen? buddies?) in their van. Schultz leaned out of a window and tossed something upward. Toomes swerved and caught it, hooking it around his arm quickly. The van slowed down and then made a U-turn and worked its way back in the direction it had come from.

Toomes turned to look at the two teens and (Y/n) immediately sent out two ropes of magic at him, each one grabbing and holding one of his wings in place. Peter moved forward and Toomes sent out a few quick blasts of the weapon in his hands, small bursts of electric energy. Peter dodged them all as he continued to advance, shooting webs at Toomes's feet that connected him to the top of the truck.

Toomes turned his head a bit and before Peter knew what was happening, he had shot a quick blast from his weapon at (Y/n). She let out a small grunt as it hit her. She released both of her holds on him, the magic disappearing as she stumbled backward and then fell into the truck, leaving Peter's view.

He turned around just in time to see Toomes hit him with a blast himself.

Peter fell back as the shock washed over him, flailing his arms a bit before he stepped right through the field himself, his foot catching on one of the 'glowy things' as he fell and causing the field to disappear, trapping both him and (Y/n) inside. Peter felt his head bang against the floor, everything went black, and he knew no more.

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Peter awoke to the shaking of the container and a pounding headache.

"Ow, ow, my head," he groaned, clapping his hand to his forehead and groaning.
"You appear to have a mild concussion," Karen told him helpfully.

"Yeah, it would appear I do."

Peter sat up, squeezing his eyes a bit as if that would make the pain in his head go away. He breathed deeply for a moment and thought before his jumbled mind seemed to put together a few thoughts that were actually coherent.

"Nova," he breathed, remembering that his best friend should be here too, and also that he should use her alias as Karen was recording them.

Peter stood up, using the boxes for support until he was fully on his feet before he looked around. It took him only a few moments to locate (Y/n), and the sight of her being there made him feel just a bit better, for some reason.

She was still unconscious, but the fact that he wasn't alone this time made Peter feel a small bit better.

"Karen, can you scan her? See what might be wrong with her?"

Karen was silent for a moment before saying, "It would seem that your friend also has a mild concussion, about the same level of severity as yours, Peter."

"All right," Peter nodded, leaning against the boxes as the container shuddered again. "All right." Peter took a breath in and said, "Karen, you know where we are?" He already knew the answer, but why not be optimistic?

"The container's walls seem to be hindering my sensors, Peter," Karen responded. "I'm afraid I don't know."

Peter nodded. "Yeah, okay." He let out a small groan. "I have a pretty big hunch."

"May I hear it?"

"Maybe later."

Peter backed up a bit, careful of (Y/n) and prepared himself mentally and physically before he charged forward to the front of the container. He raised his arms up and crashed against the wall, causing the two doors to fly off of their hinges. Peter opened his eyes and looked around. He scowled, a single word escaping him. "Shit."

"So, Peter, tell me about this friend that you have with you," Karen said as Peter swung on a hammock he had made between the container they had started in and the one next to it, waiting for his friend to wake up.

"Well, I met her a while back," Peter began. "She has these weird powers, and she's really nice, and she decided one day that she wanted to help me out with helping others, I guess."

"How did you meet her?" Karen asked, her voice soft. Peter wondered if she had a secret agenda, a goal to find out about this girl with strange powers that he called a friend.

"Oh, er, around," Peter said. "She saved me once, while I was out of the suit. Met up with her after that and now we're friends." Well, it wasn't a total lie.
"Hmm," Karen hummed.

There was a groaning sound from within the container and Peter nearly fell off his hammock in surprise.

"Ugh," he heard (Y/n) say. "Ow, god, my head..."

He saw her stumble out of the container and look around, her hand lowering from where it was rested on her forehead. She looked around. "Hello?"

"Hey, Nova," Peter said, hopping down from his hammock and grinning at her (not that she could see the grin).

"Oh, hey Spidey." She gave him a smile that looked a bit like a grimace. "What time is it?"

Peter checked it in the corner of his display. "We've got maybe three hours until Decathlon."

Her eyes widened. "Three hours?"

Peter nodded.

"And where are we?"

He winced. "The Damage Control Deep Storage Vault...?"

She stared at him for a moment before letting out a strangled laugh. "You're kidding me, you have to be." She placed a hand on her head. "Oh god, we're gonna be late to Nationals for Academic Decathlon."

Peter gritted his teeth. "We're not. We just gotta get that door open."

(Y/n) nodded. She paced for a moment before asking, "How long should it take?"

Peter ripped off his mask to stop Karen from recording. "I don't remember the code from last time, and it took forever last time." She nodded and he pulled the mask back on.

(Y/n) thought for a few moments before her face seemed to light up with an idea. She turned her eyes back on him, swirling galaxies staring into him as she grinned and said, "Lucky for us, this time, you've got me."

Peter scrambled to follow her as she marched over to the large door.

"Spidey," she said, not looking at him, "Go get the alarm turned off for the day."

Peter blinked at her before nodding and swinging up to the control panel.

"You heard her Karen, let's get this alarm off."

About ten minutes later, Peter called down that the alarm for the door had been shut off until the time-lock cycle restarted in the morning.

"Okay," she said as Peter hopped back down. "Okay, let's do this." She turned to her friend. "If I explode, you can have ALICE."

Peter grinned. "Oh, awesome, wait-" He frowned and his eyes widened. "Explode?"
(Y/n) set herself into a firm stance and didn't respond, instead reaching out with her hands and taking a deep breath before sending out two tendrils of magic. The energy squeezed in the near-nonexistent crack in the door and made its way down along the entirety of it before stopping at the ends.

Peter saw (Y/n) grit her teeth before she moved one hand above the other, only a few inches apart, and then pulled them gradually apart.

The door slowly began to open, making a small groaning noise but not triggering any alarms, thankfully. It was still slow, and (Y/n) grunted as shifted her feet a bit. Peter wanted to help her but didn't know how, so he did nothing, instead preparing to scoop up his friend as soon as the gap was wide enough for them to slip through.

The outside was dark, and after a few moments, Peter thought it was big enough for them to get through. He grabbed up his friend with one arm, the energy disappearing as soon as her focus on it did, causing the door to slowly close again. Peter shot a web to the ceiling he could see outside. They got outside and (Y/n) activated her powers to hover next to her friend, the top of her colorful hair nearly grazing across the stone above them. Peter crawled along the ceiling, (Y/n) beside him as they made their way along the top. The two finally made it to the front of the area and waited a few moments until a truck rolled through, heading toward the exit.

"Now," Peter hissed. (Y/n) nodded and they both dropped down onto the top of the truck, flattening themselves to the roof of it as they passed guards. Peter was thankful that it was dark out. No one would be able to see them right now.

The truck made it out of the facility and began to get closer and closer to Washington D.C.

"Karen?" Peter asked, sitting up. "How long will it take us to get back to the hotel?"

"About one hour, Peter," Karen said. "Your Decathlon is about one and a half hours after that."

"Okay," Peter breathed, a small smile appearing. "Okay."

"What?" (Y/n) asked, leaning forward a bit.

"We're gonna make it in time," Peter said, relaxing a bit. "We're gonna make it."

(Y/n) let out a relieved laugh. "Oh, thank god. I don't know what I would have done. Actually-"
She paused "I do." Peter looked at her and gestured for her to go on. She sighed. "I would have murdered someone."

Peter blinked before he laughed.

She laughed a moment later too.

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The two stumbled into the lobby of the hotel an hour and fifteen minutes later, having changed in a public bathroom a block away into their Decathlon clothes. They made their way to the stairwell and climbed the quickly before making it to their floor. The hall area had two of their team members milling about in it, but overall it seemed like everyone else was elsewhere. They had forty-five minutes left until they had to leave.

(Y/n) and Peter ended up at the door of the latter's hotel room. Peter took a deep breath before knocking. It opened a moment later to reveal Ned. MJ was sitting inside on the bed closer to the
Ned sucked in a breath and pulled them inside, closing the door quickly.

"(Y/n)," MJ said, standing up. "What happened to your face?"

(Y/n) glanced in the mirror and Peter wondered how he hadn't noticed the cut on her cheek. "Uh, we fought a bad guy yesterday," (Y/n) said, shrugging. "I guess he got me."

MJ nodded, her eyes bright. "Yeah, 'you guess'?" She turned to Ned. "Get her a bandage or something."

Ned held up one. "Already got it."

MJ took it from him and moved toward her friend, placing the bandage firmly on her cheek. She pat it on before nodding in satisfaction.

"Well, we made it back," (Y/n) said after a moment of silence.

Peter raised his hands and gave jazz-hands as he said, "Yay!"

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): the only reason you even survive these days is me, be real

Peter: touche

Peter: *constantly holds friend around the waist when swinging them* she's just a friend

Peter and (Y/n): *both basically the same as Adrien 'just a friend' Agreste (bonus points for reference)*

Author: *figures out how to make a whole new fight scene with Toomes from the original because (Y/n) is here now and Peter had a lot more experience. hopefully succeeds*

Peter: i have a headache

Karen: i believe you gotta a headache

Peter: no shit

Karen: i believe she had a headache

Peter: oh no

Peter: this friend is awesome i love her what a good friend she is

Karen: k

(Y/n): *is a boss* open sesame
MJ: oh my hurt friend hear have a bandaid feel better

Peter: *jazz-hands*
Chapter Thirty-Four

Chapter Summary

In which Peter and (Y/n) go to Nationals and the team heads to the Washington Monument.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Come on, guys, we gotta go!" Liz called, rapping her knuckles on the door of Peter and Ned's room.

"Okay, okay, coming!" Ned, closest to the door, responded. Peter pulled on his backpack, which matched Ned's, and (Y/n) moved behind him quickly to throw the Chitauri energy core into the front pocket before zipping it up and pulled on a bag of her own.

"You ready to go, MJ?" (Y/n) asked, turning to the girl who was sitting on the bed.

MJ breathed out through her nose before nodding, looking up. "Yeah, yeah." She stood up and made her way to the door. "Let's go, losers."

They filed out of the room behind her, Peter closing the door as her left. MJ led the group to the stairs and they walked down them in mere moments, the sounds of their shoes against the stone of the steps echoing through the stairwell.

"There you guys are!" Liz said when they emerged from the stairwell into the lobby. She lifted up her clipboard. "All we're missing now are Abraham and Flash."

As if on cue, Flash came barreling through the stairwell door, a hand slicking his hair back as he ran, and Abe dashed up from the other side of the lobby. "Sorry," Abe breathed. "I was in the bathroom."

Liz smiled gently at him before she turned to Mr. Harrington, glanced at her clipboard one more time, and then nodded to the teacher that was supervising the trip.

Mr. Harrington nodded back at her.

"All right!" Liz called to the group. "Everyone on the bus!"

Midtown's Academic Decathlon team piled into their bus and got ready to go to Nationals.

"You ready for this, dude?" Ned asked, turning around in his seat in the row ahead of Peter and (Y/n).

"Yes?" Peter asked. "Wait, no. I mean, er, yes? No?" Peter groaned. "I don't know, man."

MJ raised an eyebrow as she turned around as well, matching Ned's position. "What about you, (Y/n)?" She asked, looking at the other girl who was staring out the window, her head rested against the glass.
(Y/n) sighed. "I'm not sure. I'm kinda freaking out a little."

Ned snorted. "You're not showing much emotion, then."

She looked at him. "Bold of you to assume I have emotions."

"I would be freaked out by that," Peter began, "If I hadn't seen you cry over a Hamilton Animatic."

(Y/n) gasped, placing a hand over her heart as her eyes fell on her best friend. "Peter! My own best friend! I can't believe you would betray me like this!" She crossed her arms. "And anyways, I feel like tears were justified in that case."

"Why's that?"

She threw her hands in the air. "She established the first private orphanage in New York City!" She exclaimed. "Besides, I know for a fact that you cried too."

Peter raised his hands to feign innocence. "It's not my fault an invisible ninja was cutting onions in the room."

She rolled her eyes. "Whatever."

Unbeknownst to both teen superheroes, as they bickered back and forth, their other two friends exchanged glances, and a small smirk appeared on the face of MJ before a matching one grew on Ned's as well.

"All right, everyone! We're here!" Liz called from the front of the bus. "Everyone off!"

A line formed in the aisle in the center of the bus as the Decathlon team's members squeezed out of the seats they were in to try and get into the aisle and make it off of the bus. Peter got out of the row first before turning around and extending a hand to (Y/n), a small smile on his face.

"Why, thank you, my good sir," she said, giving him a little bow of her head as she accepted his hand. Peter pulled her up to her feet in the aisle.

"My pleasure, my lady," he said, backing up a bit to bow lowly to her. (Y/n) laughed before shoving his shoulder a bit. "Go on, Pete. I can't get past you."

Peter nodded and straightened up, turning around fixing the strap of his bag over his shoulder before walking down the aisle and off of the bus, (Y/n) close behind him.

The group trailed after Mr. Harrington, Liz calling last-minute trivia questions at them as they walked toward the doors of the Decathlon building. Peter glanced back at the Washington Monument in the distance and visibly shuddered.

"What is it?" (Y/n) whispered from beside him as she popped up over his shoulder.

"Jesus," he breathed, jumping in the air a bit. (Y/n) laughed as he said, "Please don't do that!"

"Seriously," she said after a moment. "What is it?"

Peter pointed at the looming tower across the street, and realization seemed to fill her eyes. "Oh."

At his questioning look, she elaborated, "I saw the new reports last time. About, you know, you, and, er, all of that."

Peter nodded. "Yeah, no, that was an unfortunate set of circumstances."
(Y/n) nodded seriously. "Indeed."

He snorted, causing a grin to erupt on her face.

"Come, let's go," Peter said, grabbing (Y/n) by the wrist and pulling her forward to catch up with the rest of their team.

A few minutes later, they had all filed into where they needed to be. (Y/n) sat on the end of the first row, Flash on her right, staring up at the team. He was tapping his foot as the competing members of their team moved into their seats at the table.

"Please make sure all cell phones are turned off," the woman at the podium announced as the last few people made their way inside. (Y/n) heard the doors close and felt her body tense a bit as the Nationals for Academic Decathlon began.

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All in all, it was pretty boring. (Y/n) had to bite down on her tongue to the point of actually drawing blood to keep from screaming out the answers. There were some that she was annoyed she didn't know, mainly math ones that she probably could have figured out if she had a paper and pencil as her friends did up there. So, she took to counting the number of times Flash tapped his foot in the span of five minutes. She guessed that it was probably around a thousand. She had lost count around three and a half minutes.

Eventually, the competition began to roll to a close, only around ten questions left, when one of the kids on the other team seemed to get so worked up by the pressure that he actually got sick. The woman at the podium called for a time-out and the teacher from the other team moved up onto the stage to take the kid and lead him to the bathroom. As they passed by the table with Midtown’s team, however, the kid seemed to just lose it altogether, and he threw up right when he was reaching the end of the table, right onto both Cindy and Abe from (Y/n)'s team.

Mr. Harrington made to lead them out to the bus to get them back to the hotel so they could change, but as he was leaving he told Liz that she was in charge and that they had to get someone to fill in for the two who would be missing when the competition was back on.

"All right," Liz said, facing the students who were seated in the front row as the stage was being cleaned up. She wrinkled her nose a bit as the smell wafted a bit closer, but continued nonetheless. "We are two members down, and this thing'll be back up in no time, I'm sure, so Flash, (Y/n)-" Both teens started a bit at their names being called, though a smirk came to the former's face after a second "-You two are going to be filling in for them. There're only a few questions left, so let's get out there and win this Midtown!"

There was a small wave of cheers from the group, though it wasn't very enthusiastic. Liz laughed and shook her head. "You guys all suck."

"One minute, teams, one minute until the competition continues!" The woman at the podium said, her voice echoing through the room as the microphone amplified the sound.

"Okay, let's get up there, guys," Liz said, ushering the other teenagers onto the stage and into the seats. Their table had been moved forward a bit and over to the side to get away from where the cleaning chemicals were starting to work their magic.

"And the Nationals for the Academic Decathlon are back on!"

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The minutes seemed to pass by way too quickly when they were answering the questions and way too slow when there were a few seconds in between. (Y/n) could see Peter clenching his fist that was resting in his lap as he sat in the chair beside her. Back and forth, the teams went. Midtown would get ahead, then there would be a tie, then their opponent would get ahead, and then they would tie, over and over and over again. Finally, they made it to the last question.

"We have now entered sudden death," the woman said, and (Y/n) felt herself along with all of her teammates tense at her words. "The next correct answer wins the championship."

(Y/n) took a deep breath and waited for the question to be read.

"In the last 25 years," the woman began, "How many human beings have walked on the surface of the moon."

There was a pause before (Y/n) felt her hand involuntarily fly forward, because she knew this one. "Midtown Tech?" The last time had been 1972, the end of the Apollo program, so that meant, as all eyes were on her, that the answer would be-

"Zero."

The woman stared for a moment before she said, "That is correct."

The room was suddenly filled with noise. It was an onslaught to (Y/n)'s ears, and the way Peter flinched just a small bit made her think he felt the same way. It didn't matter, though, because the announcer said, "Midtown takes the championship!" (Y/n) felt people on her team hug her, Peter's arms wrapped around her first, followed by Ned, then Liz, MJ's hand resting on her shoulder.

(Y/n) couldn't help but grin as she heard Ned call out into the loud room, "We won!"

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(Y/n) rubbed at her eyes as she sat next to her best friend in the entrance hall of the building where they had just won the competition, waiting for the rest of their teammates to get out of the bathroom. "I'm tired and I want to die."

Peter nodded. "Oh, mood."

"Mr. Harrington!" Ned waved the man over.

"Yes, Ned?"

"Can (Y/n) and Peter head back to the hotel? They didn't sleep very well last night."

"Well, I suppose..." Mr. Harrington sounded skeptical. "The bus driver is on break, though..."

"We can walk," (Y/n) suggested. "It's only like a mile away and we're responsible."

"Plus, walking is good for you," Peter added.

Mr. Harrington sighed. "I really shouldn't be letting you do this, but I know you two walk home in New York alone every day, and you're both very responsible, even if Peter is missing too many classes to really be acceptable." He let out a breath and closed his eyes. "Fine."

"Thanks, Mr. Harrington," (Y/n) said, a small smile falling into place. "You're the best."

Peter moved to where the backpacks from their team were all piled and grabbed his own and then
scooped (Y/n)'s dark blue one up as well. "Here," he said as he returned and handed his friend her bag.

"Thanks."

"All right," the teacher said. "You know where you're going?"

"It's already in my GPS on my phone," (Y/n) said, holding up the small device to show a map with a blinking blue trail on the screen.

"Okay, okay," Mr. Harrington said. "Against my better judgment... go ahead."

The teens both gave him a wide smile and one last wave to their team before disappearing out the doors.

"Man, a nap sounds great right now," (Y/n) said a few minutes as they rounded a corner at her phone's direction once they had made it a few blocks. She glanced back at the Washington Monument looming in the distance. "We're already over halfway there."

"Thank god," Peter said. "I was going to literally kill someone."

"You've run farther than this on a light jog, Spidey," (Y/n) hissed, poking him in the ribs. "So shut your mouth before I do something that I regret."

Peter shut his mouth and nodded, a small dusting of red appearing on his cheeks.

"Hey, can you turn around? I wanna grab my hand sanitizer out of the front pocket," (Y/n) said after a minute. "That bench was certainly not the cleanest thing I have ever placed my hands on."

"Oh, yeah, sure," Peter nodded. They moved to the side, off of the main sidewalk, and he turned around so she could open the pocket if the bag and grab the hand sanitizer. After a moment, though, she froze.

"I sense that something's wrong," Peter said when he couldn't feel her rummaging through the bag anymore. "What is it?"

"Peter," (Y/n) began, her voice shaking. "Peter, the energy core's gone."

"What?" He whirled around, not caring about the open pocket as he went to look at her. "What do you mean gone? Where did it go?"

"I, uh, I think I have an idea." Before he could ask her anything, (Y/n) slowly raised up a school ID with Ned's picture on it.

"Oh, shit."

They were in an alley with a dead-end a moment later.

"I left my suit at the hotel," Peter said.

"No, I've got it," (Y/n) said, pulling it out of her own backpack that was now lying on the ground.

"What would I do without you?" Peter breathed as he snatched the suit from her and began to take off his clothes so he could pull it on.

"Be running from where you just got out of a Deep Storage Vault instead of being only a few
blocks away?"

"That sounds about right."

(Y/n) ducked back into a smaller indent in the alley. "Whoa, alley-ception," Peter thought as he pulled the mask from the bag and yanked it on before firing a few quick, long-lasting webs to stick (Y/n)'s backpack and Ned's backpack to a corner behind a dumpster.

"All right, let's go," (Y/n) said as she emerged, pulling on her jacket over her dress and tossing the clothes she had been wearing into the backpack before zipping it shut. Peter sent a few more webs for good measure before he turned to her. He looked over his friend, saw the sharpened features, the colored hair, the stars splayed over her nose, and the swirling galaxies that made up the irises of her eyes before he nodded.

"Spot on," he said, giving her a thumbs-up.

"Thanks."

(Y/n) pulled out her phone as Peter looped an arm around her waist, swung them up to the rooftops above, and then let her go so they could begin running toward the monument.

"Ned? Ned?"

"Hey, (Y/n)," Ned said. "Sorry, I can't talk right now, we're heading into the Washington Monument and we gotta do security and everything."

"No, Ned, wait!"

"What, are you guys in trouble?"

"No, we're fine, it's just-"

"I'm sorry, (Y/n), but I really gotta go. We'll talk when we get back to the hotel."

"No, Ned, wait-" The line went dead. She tucked the phone back into the pocket of her jacket. "Damn it!"

"What?" Peter asked beside her as he flipped to the ground and she landed with her powers before continuing to run.

"They just went through security," she said.

"Which means the energy core went through an x-ray," Peter finished for her.

"Yep."

"We gotta hurry."

"Yep."

After a moment, (Y/n) gritted her teeth, stopped in her tracks, and sent a wave of energy at Peter. It wrapped around his legs and she the propelled them both forward, shooting them through the air and toward the monument. She flew them in front of the Lincoln Memorial to where it was a straight shot to the Monument. As they soared over the Lincoln Memorial Reflection Pool, the water below them rippled as the air moved behind them. (Y/n) dropped them a few yards from the circle of pavement around the Washington Monument, just as there was a sudden explosion from
the top of the tower.

"Shit, we're too late!" Peter hissed as people moved away from the Monument.

"it appears that the Chitauri core has detonated and caused severe structural damage," Karen said in his ear as she scanned the building.

"MJ!" (Y/n) cried, looking to her friend who was shielding her eyes from the sun as she looked up at the Monument. "Is the team up there?"

"Ned just texted me a minute ago that they were getting in the elevator," MJ responded, though her eyes were a little wide as she addressed the superhero that she knew was one of her best friends.

"I don't like the look of this climb," (Y/n) said as she turned around and stared up at the Monument looming above them.

"Trust me," Peter muttered, "It's not a fun time."

"I believe it."

"All right, let's do this."

(Y/n) braced herself and said, "Try not to move, it makes it harder to focus."

"What?" Peter glanced at her and saw the purple magic beginning to form at her fingers. "Oh, yeah."

"Here we go."

(Y/n) gathered her power and raised energy below both her and her costume-clad friend, lifting them up into the sky.

"How long've we got?" She asked as she raised them farther and farther, moving them a bit closer to the stones of the tower beside them so Peter could grab on when they got to the top.

"Karen's estimating ten minutes," he said. "That's probably gonna go down though, I'm sure they're moving around in there."

"Okay," (Y/n) nodded. "Okay."

"I take that ten minutes back, we've now got two."

Their flight faltered a bit at the shock that ran through her. "What?"

"They're, er, moving around in there. A lot." (Y/n) nodded, burst a little more magic to get them back up to speed, and flew them a bit higher before stopping when there were a few more yards to the top.

"Karen, activate reconnaissance drone."

"Activating."

"Find an optimal entry point."

"Proceed to southwest window."
(Y/n) followed, energy flowing from her fingers, as Peter swung himself around the corner of the Monument and made his way up the last for feet to the window.

"I can't get it open," Peter said. (Y/n) flew down and hovered over him.

"I can't land here to get it open with my powers either," she said.

Peter used a web to swing himself over and over, his feet slamming into the window a few times.

"It's working," he said to (Y/n) as cracks began to appear on the glass.

"Yeah, but..." She looked behind her as she heard the whirs of the blades of a helicopter. "We've got company."

"This is D.C. Metro Police, identify yourselves!" A man's voice came. (Y/n) felt her heart skip a beat as her gaze landed on the enormous gun another was manning in the back of the helicopter.

"We have to get in there! Stop!" (Y/n) exclaimed, shaking her head frantically. "Our friends are in there!"

"Return to the ground immediately!"

"Spidey, you're gonna have to loop over them, like last time. I saw you do it on the news."

"There are two of us, they're bound to be more wary than last time."

"Stand down!"

"I'll distract them," (Y/n) said, determination swimming in her eyes. "You, do what you did last time. I'll fly in right after you."

Peter took a deep breath and nodded.

"Return to the ground immediately!"

Peter began moving upward as (Y/n) moved to take his place. She let small tendrils of energy extend from where the magic flowed from her hands. It looked like she was doing something, but she wasn't. The men in the helicopter didn't need to know that, though.

"Return to the ground or we will open fire!"

(Y/n) flew up a bit as she looked up and saw her friend preparing to jump.

"This is your last chance!"

As Peter jumped backward and propelled himself off of the Monument's top, soaring backward through the air, (Y/n) whispered, "We're all gonna die."

But they didn't. Instead, Peter shot a web out that latched to the bottom of the helicopter and swung himself forward at the window, flying right through it. Before the men had a chance to react, (Y/n) had flown in behind him.

Peter was holding the elevator with a single web when she got in before falling down a moment later. (Y/n) immediately shot to the edge of the elevator shaft and sent down blasts of energy. The magic wrapped around the elevator to stop it from falling any farther.
"Hey, Nova!" Peter shouted from where he was beginning to pull them up via a web in the elevator. "Long time no see, huh?"

(Y/n) laughed lightly, as if she wasn't pulling up an entire elevator. "You could say that, Spidey."

They made it to the top and (Y/n) hovered over the elevator to help people out as Peter held it in place.

"Liz, come on," one of the team members said to the captain, the last one left in the elevator. Liz moved toward safety when the elevator, without (Y/n)'s support, gave out. Though the girl was tired, she immediately sent out a burst of magic at the falling girl. Liz was screaming as (Y/n) caught her and breathing heavily.

(Y/n) felt as if she could collapse from exhaustion as she brought Liz far enough up for Peter to grab her and help her up.

Peter was staring into Liz's eyes the moment (Y/n)'s magic gave out on her and she began to plummet down the elevator shaft.

Peter, without a second thought, released himself and fell after her.

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(Y/n) managed to catch herself before she hit the bottom, thankfully. She and Peter got out and she quickly flew them back to the alley they had been in to grab their clothes. Thankfully, they managed to make it back before the rest of the team did (the result of running more than they should have after that whole ordeal).

"You good?" Peter asked as they sat in the lobby, waiting for the team to get back. The television screens were already showing news reports on the incident at the Washington Monument, as well as estimated for how long the repairs should take and details on what the public knew about Spider-Man and the new vigilante, Supernova.

"Yeah," (Y/n) nodded. "I'm good." She had a cut on the bottom of her cheek from a piece of glass, and Peter had gotten a few bruises, but overall, they were both all right.

"Peter! (Y/n)! You won't believe what happened!" Liz's voice filled the room as the older girl rushed into the lobby as their team arrived. "The Monument blew up while we were in it, and that new girl, Supernova, showed up, and so did Spider-Man!" Liz looked about ready to faint from her swooning.

"Yeah, we saw it on the news," (Y/n) nodded to the TV closest to them. "Are you all okay?"

Mr. Harrington nodded. "Thankfully, we didn't lose a student. It was lucky you two decided to come back here, though. I don't know what would have happened with two more students in that elevator..."

MJ was smirking, giving a knowing glance to Peter and (Y/n) that Ned seemed to be mirroring a few feet away.

Chapter End Notes
Peter: i didnt cry. the invisible ninjas did it

(Y/n): tHe oRpHaNaGe

Opponent Kid: *nerves*

Liz: (Y/n), youre in. oh, and flash too, i guess

(Y/n) *accessing knowledge databanks* zero

(Y/n) and Peter: *are tired* well i guess ill just die

(Y/n): admit it youd die without me in half these scenarios

Peter: *already survived through all these once on his own* yea

(Y/n): i have the power of efficient transportation

(Y/n): were gonna die

(Y/n): i mean i knew it would happen eventually, but this is earlier than expected

(Y/n) *falls*

Peter: *dives after her without a second thought* she's just a friend. a really good friend

Liz: *almost died* *fangirls over spiderman*
Chapter Thirty-Five

Chapter Summary

In which Ned and MJ ship their friends so hard and (Y/n) decides that it's time to tell May a secret.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The bus ride back was mainly quiet. They left the hotel late in the afternoon, as the sun was beginning to set, with the plan to get back late that night.

The driver stopped them a few times for bathroom breaks and to grab food if anyone wanted it, but most people remained on the bus in their seats during these times.

Half of the Decathlon members were sleeping while they drove. It was a bit uncomfortable, but they all seemed to manage just fine. A group of teens who had just faced certain death the day before got easily exhausted, apparently.

They left around six-thirty in the evening, and maybe thirty minutes into the four-hour drive, MJ's fingers slid across her phone in the seat in front of Peter. If he peeked over the seat back, he could see that she was on some sort of drawing app. Typical.

Ned was texting his mom, who was bombarding him with messages about the incident the day before. Ned seemed to be trying to placate her, but it didn't look to be working.

Peter himself had an earbud stuck in his left ear, playing Hamilton songs softly into his head. Dear Theodosia rang through his brain, and images of drawings from the many animatics he had seen for the tune appeared in his mind.

He felt a small shifting on his shoulder and turned his head a bit so he could, glancing down at (Y/n).

She was asleep, of course. The opening of the door back at the Deep Storage Vault combined with the effort she had to use at the Washington Monument had left her more exhausted than usual, apparently. (Y/n) was out cold, the other earbud stuck into her right ear as her head laid on Peter's shoulder.

Peter felt his cheeks heat just a bit and looked back down to his phone. (Y/n)'s own one rested under his leg, where he had placed once she had fallen asleep with it in her hand to keep it from falling down to the floor. He turned the brightness down to the lowest possible setting and unlocked it again. The screen flickered to life after a moment of darkness, showing a white screen with black words splayed across it. Peter quickly pressed the night-time mode in the corner, switching the background to black and the words to white.

He read through the random Hamilton fanfiction, the kind of thing that you only find when it's four in the morning when he felt his eyelids droop a bit. Peter turned off the app and then the phone altogether, putting it into his backpack at his feet. He closed his eyes, his head resting on top of
(Y/n)’s, her own still on his shoulder, and relaxed.

He would only relax for a minute.

Just a minute...

"Hey, loser, look."

MJ nudged Ned in the side with her elbow. He pulled out the earbud he had in to look at her with furrowed eyebrows.

"What?"

"Look."

MJ threw her head back a bit and turned around in her seat. Ned followed suit, allowing him to see his two other friends that were sitting in the seat behind them. Ned felt a grin grow onto his face.

Both of the teen superheroes were sleeping. (Y/n)’s head laid on Peter's shoulder while Peter's head rested on (Y/n)’s.

"Oh my god, they look adorable," Ned breathed. He glanced at MJ to see the smirk and nod that she gave him. "How long do you think it's gonna be 'til they both realize?"

MJ shrugged. "Eh, not sure. They may be geniuses, but in every other aspect of life, these two are pretty dumb. Plus, I think Peter's still got himself convinced that he's in love with Liz." The senior in question sat in the front of the bus, her headphones on as she typed on her laptop that was connected to a hotspot probably being given off by her phone.

"I don't know," Ned said, pursing his lips a bit as he turned away from Liz, his eyes landing back on his two sleeping friends. "I don't think he's just convincing himself that he likes Liz. I'm pretty sure he does." He moved his gaze to lock eyes with MJ. "I just think he likes (Y/n) more."

MJ crossed her arms over the seat back and rested her chin on top of them. "It's very entertaining to watch them be confused with their feelings. Plus, Peter's known Liz a lot longer, I think, and he's liked her a lot longer too." She straightened up and turned around, settling back into her seat. "I don't know. Liz'll be leaving at the end of the year anyways. If something's going to happen between her and our resident Spider-boy, it will have by then. If not..." She shrugged, the corners of her mouth tilting up a bit. "Well... we can just give those two dorks that we call friends a small... push... in the right direction."

Ned nodded, a smile reappearing as his eyes widened a bit more. "You know... you're literally the coolest, MJ."

MJ’s smirk widened just a bit as she nodded curtly. "I know."

"Hey, wake up, guys, we're fifteen minutes out."

Peter made a small groaning sound as his friend tapped at his cheek. "Ned... Stop it..."

"Come on, dude, get up."
Peter forced his eyes open to be met with the dark interior of the bus. He lifted his head off of his friends, careful not to disturb her as she laid on his shoulder.

He blinked at Ned, who was turned around and looking at him. "What time is it?"

"'Bout 10:20," MJ responded from her spot. She wasn't turned around, still enthralled in her phone clutched within her grasp. "Why?"

"Just curious," he mumbled. He turned a bit to look at (Y/n). The Hamilton Playlist had long since finished. Peter pulled the earbud from his ear, making a face at the feeling of it. Leaving an earbud in for hours and then sleeping on top of it did not make for a comfortable aftermath.

Peter carefully poked his friend in the side. "Hey, (Y/n). Get up." When she didn't stir, he moved his hand to her shoulder and shook it. "Come on." Nothing. His mind went to when Ned had woken him up moments ago, and Peter lightly tapped her cheek a few times. "(Y/n)... Wake up."

She made a noise of protest and weakly tried to whack his hand away from her face. "No..." Her eyes opened, though, nonetheless. She sat up slowly, rubbing at her eyes. Her hair was a bit disheveled from sleep. She pulled the earbud out of her ear and rubbed at it. "Ow." She rotated her neck a bit. "Ow. Stiff. Ow. Don't like it. No."

"The Sleeping Beauty awakens, my friends," MJ said, finally turning around and giving her full attention to the others.

"Shut up, MJ," (Y/n) said, her words slurring in her groggy state.

"Oh, dude, May texted you a while ago. You were sleeping though," Ned said, pointing to where Peter's phone poked out from under his leg.

"Oh, thanks, man." Peter grabbed it and turned it on. It still had 54% battery left, thankfully. A message from his aunt, sure enough, appeared on the screen. He put it away a moment later after sending her a quick confirmation. at least now he knew she was coming to pick him up.

"What time is it?" (Y/n) asked, stretching out her legs a bit. Or, at least, she tried to in the cramped space she had.

"Almost 10:30," Ned responded. "We've got like five minutes left."

"Cool, cool," she nodded, shifting a bit. "That sounds like enough time for a five-minute-long nap." She rested her forehead against the window and closed her eyes. A moment of silence passed as her three friends stared at her before she blinked her eyes open and said, without looking away from the streets moving outside, "You guys woke me up. I'm never gonna sleep again, now."

MJ snorted. "Sure. Tell that to the bags under your eyes."

"Hey!" (Y/n) turned and glared at the other girl. "I do not have bags under my eyes."

MJ raised an eyebrow. "You know, sometimes I wonder if that supersight does you any good because to me, you seem to be blind."

Peter had to admit, though. MJ was over exaggerating with what she was saying. (Y/n), surprisingly, looked pretty well-rested. Peter wondered if he used to look like that before he became a hero. You know, minus the whole '(Y/n) being a girl' thing that was going on.

"All right, everyone," Mr. Harrington called from the front of the bus, bringing all the attention of
the Decathlon team to him as he spoke, "We're pulling into the school parking lot right now, so make sure you have all your things and we'll all get off and head home."

(Y/n) grabbed up her bag from the floor as Peter picked up his. As the bus rumbled to a stop, he stood and slipped his arms through the straps. (Y/n) followed as he got out of the way, pulling her own bag on as well before waiting for the students in front of them to get off of the vehicle.

It seemed like as soon as his feet hit the ground, Peter was swept up into a hug. He saw, out of the corner of his eye, that (Y/n) had been pulled into it as well.

"Oh my god, I was so worried," May breathed, leaning back and looking at the two of them. "(Y/n), are you okay?" She asked, looking at the girl before turning to her nephew. "Peter?"

"Yeah, May, yeah." Peter nodded breathlessly.

"We're fine," (Y/n) confirmed.

May sighed a breath of relief before she turned to Peter with a glare and slapped him lightly on the cheek. "What were you thinking, flying up a building like that?"

"May, can we, uh, do this at home?" Peter asked, giving her a nervous smile.

May eyed him for a moment before she nodded. "Of course. Let's go."

(Y/n) gave an awkward little wave as the two began to walk away before May turned around and gestured with her hand. "What are you waiting for, (Y/n). Come on, you're coming too."

The teenage girl blinked. "I am?"

"Don't think I'm gonna let you walk home alone tonight, sweetie. You're staying at our place tonight."

(Y/n) sucked in a breath but nodded. "Yeah, okay, sounds good, May." She scurried forward quickly to catch up with them.

}---{

"So... that's it?" May asked, leaning back in the chair she was sitting in to stare at the two teenagers, both in pajamas, that were on her couch.

"Yep." Peter nodded. (Y/n) did the same beside him.

"What about this, er, Supernova girl?" May asked, raising an eyebrow and leaning forward again.

"What about her?"

"You know her?" May asked, making this seem more like an interrogation by the minute. "I've seen videos of you working with her lately."

"She's just another superhero, like me," Peter shrugged. (Y/n) had gone very still, and he hoped May didn't notice. "She can help me get the job done, so why wouldn't I work with her?"

May breathed out through her nose. "It just seemed to me like you're a bit more... personal... with her than random superhero sometimes-partners would be."

Peter chuckled, though his heart was pounding a mile a minute. "What can I say? She's helpful."
May nodded. "Well, at least you have someone out there helping you lessen the blow on yourself. Lord knows it'll help me settled my heart a bit more knowing I don't have to worry about one of my babies as much as I thought I did."

Peter furrowed his eyebrows. "One of?"

She sighed. "Get with the program, Peter." She pointed at him. "You." She moved the finger to his friend sitting next to him. "And (Y/n)."

"Yeah..." (Y/n) spoke up for the first time in a while. "About that, Mrs. Parker..." She gave Peter a look and, moved her hand in a slow, swirling motion. His eyes widened, but he nodded.

"If you're sure about this," he said.

"I am," she nodded, before turning her attention back to Peter's aunt.

"I have a feeling that there's something going on here that I don't know," May said, looking back and forth between the two teens.

"Well, er, Mrs. Parker... I have something that I wanna tell you," (Y/n) said, wringing her hands together and now looking anywhere but into May's eyes.

"What is it?" May asked, drumming her fingers on the armrest of her chair. "I'm just going to explode with anticipation..."

(Y/n) glanced at Peter one more time and he gave her a last, small nod before she stood up. The girl looked at May for a moment before closing her eyes, taking a deep breath, and transforming.

It hadn't gotten less amazing to Peter yet, watching his friend take on her superhero-identity. All he had to do was don a suit, but (Y/n) changed her entire being around, and it was so cool to watch. He realized that, honestly, he probably wouldn't ever get bored of seeing the changing happen.

The color worked their way down from her roots to the tips of her hair, changing both the hue and the length of the strands to make them into how they were supposed to be. Very subtly, her features shifted. The small stars appeared splayed over her nose. When she carefully opened her eyes, they were the mesmerizing galaxies that seemed as if one could get lost in them.

Peter turned his attention to May and saw that she was at a loss for words. The woman was opening and closing her both, looking like a fish, funnily enough.

(Y/n) bit her lower lip before she dared to ask. "May? Are you okay?"

May slowly stood up from her seat and made her way around to the back of the chair. Her hands were placed on the backing of the chair and her fingers dug into the cushion as she put her head down and groaned.

"May? What's wrong?" Peter asked when (Y/n) seemed ready to cry.

May lifted her head up, a few strands of hair out of place and hanging in front of her face. She hastily brushed them away and looked at her nephew. "What do you think's wrong, Peter?" She gestured wildly at (Y/n). "Now I've gotta worry about two of you."

The teens were silent, exchanging a glance before (Y/n) dared to ask, "What?" Her transformation was beginning to fade away as well, her messy (h/c) hair returning, the stars disappearing as her features settled back to normal, and the galaxies popping from her eyes in little wisps of color until
only her natural (e/c) remained.

May groaned again and began pacing. "I thought, when this Supernova showed up, that I could finally feel like Peter would be a bit safer, like maybe I could worry a little bit less, but instead, now I have to worry twice as much!" She threw her hands in the air. "I mean, really, what the hell you two?! Are you trying to send me to an early grave?!" She finished her pacing back in front of the chair again.

(Y/n) laughed, and Peter noticed that her eyes looked a bit watery as she sprung herself onto May, tightening her arms around the woman.

"I thought you were gonna be mad or something," (Y/n) said when she pulled away.

"Aw, sweetie..." May patted her cheek lightly. Peter realized, vaguely, that people seemed to be doing that a lot today. "I'm not mad at you. I'm proud that you're using whatever your crazy powers are to help people." She pursed her lips. "I just wish it didn't involve so much danger. Why couldn't you help out at a soup kitchen by levitating food around instead or something like that?"

Peter actually laughed out loud at that but stopped when May sternly pointed a finger at him. "Oh, no, young man. This applies to you too, you understand?" Peter nodded, and (Y/n) did the same from her spot in front of May.

The older woman glanced at the clock before doing a double-take. "Oh, god, look at the time! You two need to get to bed! Go on, off with you! You may be superheroes, but that's not a paying job so you better get some sleep so you can be up in time for school tomorrow."

Peter and (Y/n) nodded and made their way toward Peter's room, but before the girl went inside, she glanced back and gave a big smile to May. "Thank you, May. For everything."

Before May could even respond, the door was already closed.

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It was times like these that Peter loved his bunk-bed because it made it so much easier to have friends sleep over. And by friends, he means Ned, and, now, (Y/n).

As his friend settled into the top bunk and Peter got ready to turn the light off, he couldn't help but smile.

"What got you all happy, Spidey?" (Y/n) asked from where she was getting comfortable under a blanket from the closet.

"Just..." Peter shrugged. "I don't know. I just feel happy, you know?"

She leaned over the railing that kept people from falling off the top bed and grinned at him before clicking her tongue. "You're tired. You need sleep."

"Well, yeah, but why did you say that?"

"Because you're acting weird," she said. "We're Gen Z, we're not allowed to be happy unless we're talking about the sweet release of death."

"Ah," Peter nodded. "Forgive me, wise master."

She looked smug as she settled back down into the pillow. "I'll let it slide, just this once."
Peter clicked the light off and his eyes adjusted to the dark a moment later. He made his way back to his bed and settled into the bottom bunk. He got under the covers, feeling grateful for the small bit of warmth they provided, before preparing to sleep.

But, as brains often seem to do when they wanted to sleep, suddenly all he could do was think.

"Hey, (Y/n)?" Peter asked, hoping that she'd respond. After a moment, she did.

"Yeah?"

"Can you believe that earlier today we won Nationals and then saved our Decathlon team from 'death by elevator' in the Washington Monument?"

"Oh, don't tell me that," she grumbled. "I'm having a hard enough time believing that I'm going to sleep tonight in a bed after having woken up inside of a Deep Storage Vault."

Peter laughed. "Yeah."

"That really sucked, Pete."

"I know."

(Y/n) was silent for a moment, and he thought she might have gone back to sleep, but then-

"Do you miss it?"

He blinked, not that she could see. "Miss what?"

"The old timeline."

He thought for a moment, completely caught off-guard by her question. "I don't know. Why?"

"I just..." She sighed. "I wonder what everything might be like if I had never met you. You know, if I hadn't overheard you and Ned blabbing on during gym that one day."

Peter was silent for a moment, so she continued.

"What do you think it would be like?" She asked.

Peter breathed deeply before he said, "I don't think it would really matter for me."

"And why's that?"

"Cause without you there's a chance that I'd be dead."

She was quiet before saying, "What are you talking about?"

"That night," he replied. "When I got, er, shot. I could have bled out in that alley, but you helped me because you knew who I was. You probably saved my life that day, you know."

He had a feeling she was blushing, but if she was, she was doing a great job hiding it. "Nah. You would have been fine, I'm sure."

"You don't know that though."

She was silent again before saying, "No. I don't."
A quiet settled in the room before Peter said, "Night, (Y/n)."

He heard her roll over in the covers. "Good night."

Chapter End Notes

Peter and (Y/n): *casually sleeping on the other*
Ned and MJ: omg couple goals
Peter: *wakes up* i hate everything
(Y/n): *wakes up* not if i hate it first
May: yay my babies r ok
(Y/n): im just gonna leave
May: no
May: my child
May: at least i only have to worry about one superhero
(Y/n): about that *supernovas it up*
May: ...
May: shit
Peter and (Y/n): *strange convo bout friendship and all that*
Peter: k night
Peter Interlude I

Chapter Summary

In which we get a look into the past to see another side of things.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

And the world stuttered...

And it was anew...

Peter woke up with a strangled sob. He sat up straight and his vision was blurred by the tears that immediately flowed down his cheeks when his eyes opened.

Peter breathed in gasps of air. He grasped at the pajamas on his body, confused as to where his suit had gone. He blinked and his scrambled mind tried to make some sort of sense of reality. His eyes wandered the room and he saw that he was home, in his bedroom, in his bed. The room was dark, so it must have been early in the morning. A glance at the clock showing 3:41 flashing on it proved his thoughts.

He jumped at the knock at his door that came a second later.

"Peter? Are you okay, sweetie? I heard crying."

Peter breathed for a moment and relaxed a bit at May's voice. "Yeah," he managed to say. "Yeah, May, I'm okay. Just a nightmare."

May was silent for a moment before she said, "All right. Try to get back to sleep."

"Yeah, okay, May."

"Larb you."

"Larb you too."

Her footsteps moved away and a moment later he heard the door to her room close.

Peter looked up at the underside of the top bunk of his bed. His mouth felt dry. He needed some water.

Peter untangled himself from the blankets and realized how sweaty he was. He wondered again how he had gotten back here. Had he really fallen asleep on that rooftop after-

He shook his head, feeling a new wave of sadness rush over him at the thought. No, he wasn't going to think about that right now. He had to get to sleep and get to school on time. He could text Mr. Stark in the morning.

Peter opened his door and stumbled into the kitchen. He grabbed a glass and stuck it under the tap,
letting the water run into it before he brought it to his lips desperately and gulped down the entire thing.

"That's a bit better," he whispered to himself, leaving the glass in the sink before going back to his room.

Peter got under the covers and closed his eyes. He rolled over and felt himself drift off...

_He screamed so much that his throat was raw. He was running out of tears, he was sure, but it didn't matter because she was dead._

**SHE WAS DEAD**

**SHE WAS DEAD**

**S H E   W A S   G O N E . . .**

Peter shot up, nearly smacking his head into the wood above as he clamped his teeth down on his tongue to keep from yelling out. He didn't want to wake May again, after all.

His eyes moved back to the clock. 4:37. He had to be up in an hour anyway. No reason to go back to sleep now.

Not that he'd be able to.

Peter forced himself to get out of bed and somehow managed to make it to the couch in the living room. He sat down and leaned back against the cushion. He felt another sob coming on, so he forced it down with a few deep breaths and a very scrunched up facial expression.

Peter's thoughts were still wandering. He couldn't seem to comprehend what had happened the night before. It was just... he couldn't.

But the way everything had played out, the fact that he _just so happened_ to fall asleep very suddenly on a rooftop even if his friend had just died, the fact that he was in his pajamas and back in his bed when he woke up not two hours later, made him think that _maybe_, just _maybe_, none of it had happened at all.

Maybe the entire weekend, _Y/n_ herself, had all been a dream...

For some reason, he sort of hoped that it was.

As he scrolled through the television, he noticed that a few of the things he had recorded... weren't... there. He shook it off as possible sleep-deprivation, though, and settled for just watching a bit of _The Empire Strikes Back_ before it was time to get ready for school.

When May woke up, she flicked on the light as she walked in, making his eyes automatically fly to her. He furrowed his eyebrows.

"May, did you get a haircut this weekend?" He asked.

She blinked at him and rubbed her eyes before saying, "No, Peter, I didn't. But if I had, would it really have taken you _this long_ to notice? I know you were at Ned's last weekend, but that was three days ago, sweetie."

Now it was Peter's turn to be confused. "What? But... it's Monday, isn't it."
May frowned and shook her head. "No, Peter, it's Thursday. Honestly, you really need to get more sleep."

Peter nodded slowly, his brain going crazy. "Yeah, okay May. Sorry."

She waved him off. "It's fine, honey. Just make sure to get to bed early tonight if you can, all right?"

"Yeah, okay," Peter nodded. "But what about-"

"The Stark Internship?" She guessed for him. Peter was dumbfounded. They hadn't called it that in months. Frozen in shock for a moment, he managed to just barely nod his head. She sighed. "I swear, I'm going to find that Stark and get him to lighten up on you. Every day, Peter?"

Peter nodded and laughed, shrugging. "Duty calls, I guess?"

She shook her head. "At least you're not risking your life. Can you imagine being that Spider-Man's parents?"

Peter felt a chill run down his spine and shook his head. "Yeah, no, that'd be crazy."

She chuckled before glancing at the clock and sighing. "You should get ready, sweetie."

"Yeah, okay, May."

Peter quickly moved into his room and shut the door much too quickly.

Peter turned around and began pacing. Everything was so confusing. He opened his closet and saw that he was missing half of his wardrobe that he had last time he was here. Was he dreaming? Peter grabbed a chip from an open bag on his desk. It was stale, but he chewed and swallowed it. You can't actually eat in dreams. This was all real.

Peter shook his head. Whatever was going on, he could figure it out on the way to school.

Which he probably shouldn't be late to.

He pulled out a random shirt that he hadn't worn in a year, threw on some jeans, and ran out the door of his room, throwing his backpack over his shoulder.

The backpack was wrong too. He had lost this one ages ago.

Peter pecked May of the cheek as he entered the living room again.

"Honey, put on a coat and a hat," she said as he moved toward the door.

"What?" He furrowed his eyebrows at her. "Why?"

"It's snowing a lot today, Pete," May said, gesturing to the window that was still dark outside, but showed the snowflakes falling from the sky in the light of the street lamps along the road.

"Okay," Peter nodded, wondering how the weather had changed so much in the span of one night.

Peter pulled on a winter coat, his hat, and yanked on his boots as well, stuffing his normal shoes into his bag so that he could change into them once he got to school. It was annoying to walk around in snow-covered boots, after all.
"Bye, May," Peter said, giving a wave to his aunt as he left.

"Bye, sweetie! Have a great day! Larb you!"

"Larb you too!"

Peter shut the door behind him a moment later. He made his way down the stairs and finally was outside of his apartment building. He checked the time quickly and saw 6:47 flashing in front of him. His face blanched. He had no way to get to school on time.

He felt a smirk appear on his face.

No, nevermind, he did.

Peter ducked into an alley a few buildings away and emerged a moment later in his suit.

"Hey, Karen," Peter said as he shot a web forward to a building across the street. He got nothing in response. Peter furrowes his eyebrows.

"Karen?"

Nothing.

"Karen?"

Nothing.

"Karen!"

Nothing.

Peter felt tears well up in his eyes. Everything was really messed up today. And on top of everything, (Y/n) was dead.

That still hurt to think about.

A lot.

(Y/n) was dead.

Peter wondered if Mr. Stark had gotten her body.

He wondered if Miss Potts had told her parents.

He wondered what her parents said if she did.

He wondered if he could stop thinking about this.

He decided that he should.

But he couldn't.

Peter continued to make his way to an alley near his school in the span of ten minutes flat. He changed quickly and ran across the street and through the doors of Midtown. He got to his locker with five minutes to spare before his first class. He opened his locker and froze. Nothing here was right. All his books were from his freshman year.
Peter grabbed his phone from his pocket and clicked it on. Right under the time (7:06) was the date.

February 2, 2017.

Peter felt the blood drain from his face.

It was over a year ago.

He almost collapsed. His phone nearly slipped from his hand. Peter felt like he was going to faint. He grabbed at the open door of his locker to steady himself.

"Whoa, dude, you okay?"

Peter glanced to the side and felt ready to fall to the ground again. Ned was so much younger. He looked like he did a year ago. Though, maybe, that was when it was now.

Had he dreamed a year of his life?

Or was this a dream?

Peter blinked and gave a smile. "Yeah, man, I'm fine."

"You look pale, dude."

"I'm just..." Peter thought for a moment. "I'm just a little sick. That's all."

"Okay," Ned nodded. "Uh, get better soon, I guess."

Peter laughed, feeling a small bit of weight come off of his shoulders. "Thanks, dude."

He followed Ned to their first-hour class, re-familiarizing himself with his freshman-year schedule.

As he sat down in his Biology class for the first period of the day, Peter took a bit of time to sort through his thoughts while he mindlessly moved through the worksheet.

Before this morning, the last thing he remembered was sitting on the roof, Mr. Stark consoling him as the body of his friend who had died for him laying a few feet away, a red spot on her chest, a trail leaking from the corner of her mouth, and her blood staining his hands and suit.

Then, he woke up, and it was suddenly a year ago. That didn't happen.

Had (Y/n) even been real? Was that all a dream?

No, it couldn't have been. He didn't dream a year of his life. He didn't dream Homecoming, and his time with Mr. Stark and Miss Potts. He didn't dream the rest of his freshman year and most of his sophomore year of high school. He didn't dream a summer worth of memories. He didn't dream Karen.

He didn't dream up a girl who died for him.

Peter made his way through his day confused. During lunch, he told Ned he was going to the bathroom when he felt a little queasy.

Peter went into the bathroom and threw up for ten minutes.
He just couldn't get the picture of (Y/n)'s body out of his mind.

He sat on the floor of the stall for the rest of the lunch, and almost missed his next hour when Ned came barging into the bathroom with his backpack to get him.

What did he do to deserve such a good friend?

Peter probably would have failed his Spanish quiz, he was so distracted, but it was insanely easy.

He had a year worth of knowledge more than this.

That also confirmed that he couldn't have dreamed all of the year. He didn't know half of the things he knew now. Pre-Calc was all in there, Chemistry too, and Spanish 3. He was smarter than he was last time he was here. He couldn't have dreamed that up.

"Come on, dude, snap out of it. We've got Decathlon practice to get to."

Peter nodded and followed Ned to the meeting room. They were early, for once. Peter walked in with his eyes on the floor, thinking, contemplating, when a voice cut through his mind and made his eyes fly up to the source.

"Hey, guys!"

There was Liz Toomes in all her glory. She was just as beautiful as when Peter last saw her, but her eyes were bright and happy instead of red with tears. She was here. She was here. She was here.

"Hey, Liz," Ned said, giving her a small wave.

"Hey, Liz," Peter choked out, his voice a bit strangled as he gave a strange sort of gesture that looked like a wave but not really to her. She smiled and returned it.

"Hey, Peter. Hey, Ned."

Ned elbowed him in the side with a smirk as Peter felt his cheeks heat at the beaming smile she was giving everyone. It was a much better look on her than sobbing was.

Peter sat down next to Ned and, though he was happy to see Liz, he could barely focus on anything. Sure, Liz was back, but (Y/n) was still gone, wasn't she?

Had she ever even existed?

Peter felt like he was going crazy.

Decathlon practice moved by slowly, and the window showed the snow outside was not slowing down anytime soon. He reached into his bag and pulled out his phone to text May.

2:52 pm

Peter - can u pick me up

Peter- plz its snowing a lot

May- Of course.

Peter smiled softly at his aunt.
She really was the best.

He wondered if her and Pepper’s meet-ups were as wholesome as he imagined them being.

He wondered if they even had ever happened in the first place.

"And that wraps up practice for today."

Peter packed up and followed Ned and the rest of the team out the door.

He and his friend were in the back, making their way toward the doors.

"I've gotta go the bathroom, I'll see you tomorrow, Ned," Peter said, knowing he had to wait a few more minutes until May showed up but not wanting to be rude either.

"'Kay, bye Peter."

Ned exited and Peter watched him go to his car. He saw, out of the corner of his eye, a figure, sitting down against the wall.

Peter turned to the figure and felt a chill run down his back. Because there, sitting right in front of him, was (Y/n) (L/n).

Younger than he had last seen her, and very much alive.

Peter struggled, for a moment, to form coherent words, before he managed to ask, "Why are you sitting here?"

She looked up at him, her (e/c) eyes staring into his brown ones, and he felt his heart stop for a moment. The last time he had seen those, they had been staring up into the night sky above, reflecting the thousands of stars, but glassy... unseeing... dead...

She shrugged, her messy (h/c) locks tumbling around her shoulders. "It's normally a forty-five-minute walk to my home from here. I'm waiting for the snow and wind to die down a bit before I head out."

Peter furrowed his eyebrows and glanced down at the weather app he had open on his phone.

"You know it's only supposed to get colder and snowier and windier from here, right?" It sounded dumb, but it did the trick.

"It is?" Her eyes widened and she looked out desperately at the snow that was falling outside.

Peter nodded, giving her a pitiful smile. "Yeah, sorry, (Y/n)."

Her head snapped to her and Peter felt his face blanch as he realized his mistake.

"How do you know my name?"

"I, uh, (Y/n) is your name? I didn't know, I just, uh..." He stammered through his words, desperate to find an excuse. How did he?

"Peter?" His eyes snapped to hers now. How did she know his name? "Do you remember me?"

Peter felt a strange sort of hope light up inside of him at her question and he nodded as soon as he could.
"I thought that was all a dream, but then I woke up and it's February of 2017, not March of 2018, and I know I didn't dream a year of my life, but..." He looked down for a moment before locking his eyes with hers again, feeling tears well up in them and hastily wiping them away. "(Y/n)... You died..."

"I did," she nodded. "But that's in the past, er, the future I guess..." (Y/n)'s eyes began shining with what he thought were tears as well as she shakily stood up. "I'm sorry." She looked away. "I just-

Peter couldn't resist launching himself at her. He wrapped his arms around her small frame and felt his heart beat faster than it ever had. Nothing really mattered, at the moment, because (Y/n) was here. (Y/n) was alive. And that was the only thing that really mattered.

"I'm sorry I couldn't save you," he murmured, his voice strained as he spoke. He felt her tense a bit before she wrapped her arms around him in return.

She breathed deeply and Peter tightened his grip around her a bit before he heard her voice, quiet and small, whisper, "I'm sorry too."

And even if it hurt to know that she had died, it was okay now, because she was here with Peter now.

And he wasn't planning on letting her go.

Chapter End Notes

Story: lol remember that from chapter 14

Peter: *is oblivious to the time change for forever*

Peter: *presented so many clues of time travel*

Peter: lol i must have dreamed a year of my life what a coincidence

Ned: u look dead bro

Peter: nah, just thinking about my dead possibly-dreamed-up friend

Liz: *is there*

Peter: :O

(Y/n): *is there*

Peter: :O0000
Chapter Thirty-Six

Chapter Summary

In which MJ and Ned have an OTP, Pepper is a good girlfriend, and a ferry has just left the dock.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Don't you have a wardrobe totaling like ten outfits?" MJ asked, eying (Y/n) when she showed up at her locker the next morning with Peter at her side.

"Yep," the other girl nodded as she sorted through the books in her locker before pulling out her math textbook. "Why?"

"Never seen that shirt before," MJ replied, leaning against the metal lockers to watch her friend.

"May wouldn't let me go home after the Monument yesterday, so I stayed with her and Peter and I borrowed one of Peter's shirts for today." (Y/n) turned to Peter and said, "By the way, I'm not giving this back. It's comfy."

"(Y/n):" Peter whined, frowning. "I liked that shirt!"

"Look on the bright side, dude," Ned said, popping up beside the others. "Now (Y/n) has eleven outfits."

MJ raised a hand in the air, a smirk on her face, and Ned eagerly smacked it with a high-five.

"You guys are weird," Peter said as (Y/n) just stared at them with a blank expression before nodding in agreement with her best friend standing beside her.

"Look who's talkin'," MJ said as Ned began laughing.

"Whatever, we have to get to class," Peter said, shaking his head, though his cheeks were a bit red before he grabbed (Y/n) by the wrist and began pulling her off. She stumbled for a moment before catching her balance and matching his pace. The two remaining teens watched them as they traveled down the hallway before they turned and disappeared around a corner.

MJ sighed and closed the locker that (Y/n) had left swinging open.

"What is it?" Ned asked, glancing at her.

"They're so obviously made for each other, why can't they just get it over with?" MJ demanded, smacking the locker in anger. She grabbed her hand and scowled. "Ow, okay, no more doing that, then."

Ned chuckled before getting back on topic. "They just..." He sighed and joined MJ as she closed her locker and began making her way to their first class. "I don't know..." He looked conflicted. "I know that you want them together, but... I don't think that they want that..."
"What do you know, Leeds?" MJ asked, glancing at him out of the corner of her eye as they entered a stairwell and began climbing.


She scoffed. "Rude."

"Anyways," Ned said shaking his head at her, though his lips were tilting up into a smile. "I think we need to respect them and let them do what they're gonna do, regardless of whether we think that's the right choice or not." His voice dropped and he muttered, "Even though they are clearly soulmates."

MJ bumped her shoulder against his and offered a grin. It was returned to her immediately.

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"Tony, I swear, you need to take me off of Spider-Kid duty."

Tony didn't look at his Head of Security as he moved in his chair and pulled a pair of goggles on. "Oh, yeah?" The billionaire was obviously not paying very much attention to Happy at the moment. "Why's that?"

"My phone blows up every two seconds with yet another text from him." To prove the fact, Happy held up his phone and a moment later, a text came in from Peter, adding onto the twelve already there.

"Uh huh," Tony nodded, though he still didn't look back. "Well, does he text you during the day?"

Happy shook his head. "Only before and after his school."

"Then I don't see why it's that big of a deal," Tony said, sticking his tongue out of the corner of his mouth as he began carefully moving a wire. "That's a full, what, seven hours of free time?" He sighed after the wire was in place and tore the goggles off, finally turning around to look at Happy. "Plus, isn't he texting you a lot less than he used to?"

Reluctantly, happy nodded his head. "Yeah... But, Tony-"

"You're doing fine with it, then, Hap," Tony said, giving the other man a grin and waving him off. "Now... Why don't you head out? Moving Day is soon, right? You should probably get all of that figured out."

Happy nodded and gave a mock salute. "Bye."

As Tony turned back around, he heard the door open, and then a familiar voice said, "Oh, hey Happy."

"Hey, Pepper," Happy's voice said. "I was just heading back to the city to finish up stuff for Moving Day."

"Sounds great," Pepper said, her heels clicking as she entered the room. "Be seeing you."

"Yeah."

The door closed a moment later.

"Hello, Tony," Pepper said, appearing at his side and placing a hand on his shoulder.
"Hey, Pep." Tony placed down the circuit board to turn and give the woman a wide grin. "To what
do I owe the pleasure?"

Pepper had a small smile appear on her lips. She brushed back a lock of hair from her face and took
a paper she had tucked under her arm out. "It's about that intern."

Tony raised a single eyebrow. "Which one?"

"The high-schooler." As if on cue, FRIDAY switched the work that he had on the screen to the file
for a girl. Tony turned to look at the picture and saw a pair of bright (e/c) eyes staring back at him.

"Oh, yeah, her." Tony turned back to his girlfriend. "What about her?"

"Well, I know how, er, adverse, you are to the idea of having to work with her so often..."

Tony snorted. "Yeah, no kidding."

"Anyways-" Pepper continued as if Tony hadn't spoken at all "-I may or may not have found a
loophole that'll probably make you much happier."

Tony looked at her and gestured with his hand while saying, "Go on..."

She glanced down at her papers. "Well, the main reason that I wanted you to accept her taking this
internship is that, while she is a genius, she doesn't come from the... best... environment for
growing up. Once she graduates, she'll probably be offered all sorts of things from companies, and
never having a lot of money before will probably easily tempt her into taking a job somewhere
else. I wanted us to be able to grab her up ahead of the game, and the only way to do that while she
was still a high-schooler was to give her a personal internship with a high scientist in the company,
and you happened to be the only one available."

Tony nodded. "And what is this 'loophole' you think you've found?"

"Company policy for a personal intern is that if they are not spending time with the scientist Head
they are interning for, then they can spend a maximum of one week in the division that the
scientist is a Head of before it is mandatory that they work for at least one day with the scientist," she explained. She was staring at him as if waiting for him to put something together. It wasn't
clicking.

"Okay..." Tony said, looking at her with furrowed eyebrows. "What does that mean?"

"Since you are, well, you're technically a Head of all of the divisions in the company,
meaning that you can legally have her spend a week in every division we have before you have to
spend a day with her, and the internship will still be valid in the Board's eyes."

Tony felt a grin grow on his face. "You're a genius, Pep."

Pepper nodded, a smirk playing on her lips. "I know."

He leaned back in his chair and eyed her for a moment before asking, "So... how long is that going
to give me without having to deal with a teenager?"

Pepper snorted before responding, "Every one and a half to two months is how often you'll have to
work with her."

Tony nodded. "I can handle that."
"You better be able to."

Tony laughed and turned back to his work as Pepper's heels clicked against the floor before disappearing as the door closed behind her.

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"This past weekend, Midtown's Academic Decathlon team defeated the country's best to win the National Championship. Later that day, they also defeated death."
The school news played on over the fray of the students moving between classes.

While she walked, (Y/n) watched as the news switched to small interviews with members of the team.

"Explosion! Sally screamin', Flash screamin', everybody screamin'!" Abe exclaimed, gesturing madly.

"There were purple lasers and smoke everywhere, it was ******* tight, just like a Bon Jovi concert," Charles said as it blipped to him next.

Mr. Harrington appeared, looking a bit disheveled but okay regardless. "As you know, we made it out alive, and that's the important thing. Couldn't bear to lose a student on a school trip." The camera zoomed in on his face as he seemed to mutter to himself, "Not again."

The screen blipped back to Jason and Betty as the former said, "Thankfully, no one was seriously injured, thanks to the Spider-Man and a new hero named Supernova." A picture popped up in the background, which (Y/n) recognized to be one of her flying herself and Peter up the side of the monument. Comic Sans font was laid over it, saying 'The Spider Man and Supernov!' The rest of her alias was cut off from lack of space.

"Thanks, Spider-Man and Supernova," Jason said at the same time that Betty said, "Thanks, Supernova and Spider-Man," making the school news sound just as cheap as it looked. (Y/n) snorted.

"Up next: Both Spider-Man mania and a new-found Supernova mania have taken the school by storm. How can you show your super spirit?"

(Y/n) nudged her friend as she walked next to him and gave him a grin. "Sorry you can't have solely 'Spider-Man mania' this time."

Peter laughed but crossed his arms and tried to make a pout appear on his lips. "Why'd you have to go and steal my spotlight, (Y/n)?"

She shrugged as they skipped down the stairs.

"Guys, guys, guys, guys, guys," Ned said, running up to them as the bell rang overhead. He finally slowed to a stop and asked, "What is it like being famous when nobody knows that it's you?" He looked back and forth between the two of them eagerly.

"Kinda crazy, I gotta admit," (Y/n) said, rubbing the back of her neck.

Peter ran a hand through his brown curls and nodded, "Yeah, mean, pretty wild."

Ned breathed out a sigh. He had stars in his eyes as he asked, "Should we tell everyone?"
Both teens stared at him for a moment in shock before, in unison, they shook their heads.

"That's a bad idea, Leeds," MJ said, popping up beside Ned with her backpack hanging from around her wrist. She glanced at Peter and (Y/n) and snorted, a smirk appearing. "I gotta hand it to ya' though... the looks on their faces are gonna be great additions to my notebook."

Ned glanced at her out of the corner of his eye and gave her an excited nod before he looked back at the other two.

"Should I tell everyone?"

"No," Peter breathed out as (Y/n) looked a little pale in the face. "Ned, no..."

"Come on, guys, we gotta get to class."

(Y/n) glanced at Peter before saying tentatively, "I'm not sure that we should..."

MJ blinked at her before saying in the most monotone-yet-mildly-threatening voice ever, "What?"

The superpowered girl bit her lip before saying, "It's just... maybe we should get a headstart on catching the Vulture."

Ned groaned. "But we have a Spanish quiz."

Peter and (Y/n) exchanged glances before he subtly nodded and said, "Okay. Yeah, you're right."

As they made their way down the hall to the side of the school where they all had their last classes, MJ said, "Principal was right there, so it was probably a good choice to not try and ditch."

Peter remembered, distantly, sitting in a room with a PSA playing before he stormed out. That hadn't been a fun time. MJ was probably right.

Probably...

No...

MJ was always right.

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After the last bell rang for the day, the four regrouped near the Decathlon room.

"(Y/n) and I need to head out," Peter said, looking between Ned and MJ.

MJ crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow. "And...?"

(Y/n) gave her a nervous grin and asked, "Will you cover for us?"

Ned nodded while MJ sighed before she did the same. "Yeah, but when this Vulture stuff passes, you better not skip any more practices or so help me..."

The two superheroes nodded quickly.

"Of course," (Y/n) said.

"You got it," Peter nodded.
MJ smirked. "Good."

The group parted, Ned and MJ heading into Decathlon practice while Peter and (Y/n) turned and began speeding down the hallway. They stopped at a wall of lockers and Peter pulled them up, grabbed a bottle of web fluid from beneath, and then carefully placed it back down before they continued.

When the two were outside of the school, (Y/n) led her friend to an alley about two blocks away and they both slipped inside. (Y/n) ducked into an alcove to change while Peter pulled his suit on. When the two emerged from the alley, Peter was swinging as Spider-Man and (Y/n) was flying alongside him as Supernova. They both had their backpacks pulled on over their shoulders.

"Turn!" (Y/n) called to her friend as they reached an intersection, and he listened, veering right and following her down the street until they reached her apartment. After being sure that no one was looking, (Y/n) unlocked her window and the two entered her apartment, Peter having ripped his mask off a moment before.

"Hello, (Y/n)," ALICE said warmly. "Oh, hello, Peter."

"Hey, Al," (Y/n) said, a grin appearing on her face. "Sorry, we can't stay long."

"Of course," ALICE said. "You are dressed in your costumes after all."

"Battle outfits, ALICE, we talked about this," (Y/n) groaned, slapping a hand to her forehead as Peter laughed. She turned to him and glared. "Oh, shut up, Spider-Boy."

Peter gave her finger guns before saying, "You know you love me."

She stared him down for another moment before shrugging and saying, "That I do."

"Come on, we gotta go."

She nodded and said, "Bye, ALICE!" before following her friend out the window, closing it, and hearing it lock behind them.

Peter webbed up to the roof and pulled his mask on. "You ready to go?"

"Yep."

"Karen, can you get me the location of the buyer from under the bridge?" Peter asked.

"Of course, Peter." Karen showed a recording and zoomed in on the guy's face. "Aaron Davis, age 33, a criminal record, and an address here in Queens." She paused before asking, "Plotting route to his location."

Peter turned back to (Y/n) and gestured forward to the city. "Let's go."

She grinned. "You read my mind."

}{
"Hey, man."

Peter sent a web at Davis's hand before he could react, sticking him to the trunk of his car.

Davis looked up, clearly annoyed, a scowl on his face.
"Uh, hey..."

"We need some information from you," (Y/n) said before he could continue, crossing her arms and staring him down. "You're going to give it to us."

Davis snorted. "You know, for two little girls, you're not doing as miserably at this intimidation thing as I thought you would be."

Peter, even in a mask, looked taken aback, and (Y/n) spun to look at him with a wide grin before bursting out laughing. Davis looked between them, obviously confused.

"What?"

"I-I'm not a girl!" Peter sputtered as (Y/n) burst into giggles again.

Davis shrugged. "Coulda fooled me."

"Anyways," (Y/n) said, straightening up again and turning back to the criminal, "We need to know who's selling those weapons."

Davis raised an eyebrow. "What if I don't give them to you?"

(Y/n) and Peter exchanged glances and both looked at a loss for words. Davis smirked.

"You ain't ever done this before, huh?"

(Y/n) shook her head, her face heating a bit. "No..." She bit her lip. "Look, man, these weapons are crazy dangerous, they can't just be out there for anyone to get, to-to bring out on the streets."

"If one of them can just cut Delmar's bodega in half..." Peter added before the words seemed to die on his lips.

Davis raised an eyebrow again. "You know Delmar's?"

Peter looked at him and nodded. "Yeah, best sandwich in Queens."

"Sub Haven's pretty good."

"It's too much bread."

"I like bread."

Peter sighed and looked at (Y/n) hopelessly. She pressed her lips in a tight line and shook her head. Peter nodded and gave Davis one last look before the two turned to walk off.

"The other night," Davis called out, making both teens turn around to look at him. He was staring at (Y/n) specifically. "You told that dude, 'Hey, if you're gonna shoot at someone, shoot at me.' It's pretty ballsy. I don't want those weapons in this neighborhood. I got a nephew who live here."

(Y/n) gave a small smile and walked a bit closer. Peter moved as well a moment later.

Eventually, the two managed to get a location, and Peter was happy to confirm with himself that it was the same one as last time.

"Staten Island ferry, eleven," Davis said.
"How long 'til then?" (Y/n) asked, turning to Peter. He glanced in the corner of his mask's display.

"Soon."

(Y/n) nodded and turned back to Davis for a moment. She gave him a smile. "Thanks, man." Davis gave her a subtle nod.

"That'll dissolve in two hours, Peter said as they began to walk away, pointing to the web sticking Davis's hand to the car.

"No, no, no, you come over here and fix this," Davis said, shaking his head and gesturing to the web with his free hand.

"Two hours, you deserve that," Peter said, waving in the man's direction.

"I got ice cream in here."

"He's right, you deserve it!" (Y/n) called over her shoulder. "You are a criminal!"

"Come on, man!"

"Bye, Mr. Criminal!"

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The ferry was just pulling out when they got there. With a quick burst of magic, (Y/n) flew them over the stretch of water. Peter stuck to the hull while his friend floated alongside him.

"Karen, can you activate Enhanced Reconnaissance Mode?" Peter requested as he peered inside at his targets.

"You got it." Audio changed for a moment before settling on the conversation inside.

"He's up front. Main deck." Toomes's voice filled Peter's ears.

"I hate this guy," Schultz grumbled.

"Okay, so there's the guy from the bridge and a guy that I'm gonna guess is actually the Vulture," Peter said, narrowing his eyes at Toomes and Schultz.

"Just keep me posted," Toomes said before the conversation ended.

"There is no record of the second man in my criminal database," Karen commented. "He has a clean record."

Peter nodded. "Yeah, okay." He turned to (Y/n) and quickly filled her in on what Toomes and Schultz had said.

After directing Dronie to climb onto Toomes's head to monitor the criminal, (Y/n) grabbed Peter with her magic and floated the two of them to the roof of the boat.

"There," she said, pointing to four men gathered on the front deck of the ferry.

"Karen?"

"The man on the left is Mac Gargan. Extensive criminal record, including homicide. Would you
"like me to activate Instant Kill?"

"No, Karen, no Instant Kill," Peter hissed, remembering that he hadn't got her out of that habit yet. Beside him, (Y/n) let out a quiet snort of laughter.

Schultz walked toward Gargan and said, "White pickup truck."

Gargan nodded to a thin man standing a few feet from him, who walked away a moment later.

"Dronie, scan for a white pickup truck."

The small drone did as it was told and found it a moment later.

"Got it?" (Y/n) asked, glancing at him.

Peter nodded, and a small smirk appeared on her lips.

"Bingo. Buyers, sellers, and weapons all in one go."

Peter nodded and felt a smile coming on as well, even though this didn't end well last time, before it fell with Karen's next words.

"Incoming call from Tony Stark."

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): *legit wearing Pete's shirt* he's just a friend

MJ and Ned: these two are so meant for each other omg otp

Happy: this child texts me so much

Tony: you know you love it

Pepper: *finds a loophole to help her boyfriend*

Tony: this is one of the reasons why i love you

School news: *is a mess (like always)*

(Y/n): should we skip school

Peter: wat no why are you saying this youre supposed to be the responsible one

Peter and (Y/n): cover us

Davis: my ice creeeeeeaaaaammmm

(Y/n): bye bye mr criminal

Peter: dont mind me just filling in things i need to, getting info, the usual

Karen: incoming call from tony stark
Peter: :OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
Chapter Thirty-Seven

Chapter Summary

In which the best they could do just isn't enough.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter blinked, feeling his stomach sink to the floor.

"What is it?" (Y/n) asked, looking to him with her eyebrows furrowed.

"Mr. Parker, got a sec?" Tony's voice filtered through the suit's speakers.

"Hey, Mr. Stark," Peter responded, probably louder than he needed to, to be honest, but the way that his friend's eyes widened confirmed that she understood. "Uh, what's up?"

"Wanted to tell you that you and your friend did some nice work in D.C."

"Uh, thanks, I guess."

"You on patrol?" Tony asked after a moment.

"Yeah..."

"Your friend with you?"

"Yeah..."

"Tell her she did good."

"Okay, uh, Nova?"

(Y/n)'s attention snapped to him and she raised her eyebrows.

"Mr. Stark said nice work in D.C."

She stared at him for a moment, her cheeks darkening, before smiling. "Tell him I said thanks."

"She said thanks," Peter said to the man on the other line.

"Cool. It's just... my dad never really gave me much support and I'm... I'm just trying to break the cycle of shame."

"Okay, thanks, Mr. Stark, but I really need to go-"

"Don't cut me off when I'm complimenting you," Tony said, effectively cutting Peter off himself. "Anyway, great things are about to-"

At that moment, the ferry horn blew loudly above them.
"What is that?" Tony asked, immediately switching topics to instead focus on the random sound that had cut through the air.

"Uh, that's the ferry horn," Peter responded. "I'm, well, we are near the ferry and it just went out?"

"That's odd, you don't normally frequent there." Tony was silent for a moment, and Peter took advantage of it.

"Okay, Mr. Stark, I really gotta go, bye!" Peter said quickly. Before Tony could respond, Peter quickly said, "Karen, end call!"

"I'll take those," Peter said, jumping forward to grab the keys out of the hands of one of the men below. "Yoink!" He leaped down onto the deck and (Y/n) landed beside him a moment later.

"Spider guy and Space girl are here," one of the men (Randy, Peter thought) said into his earpiece.

(Y/n) sent a string of magic at one of the men which slapped against his hand, burning his fingers and making him drop the gun he was holding with a cry of pain. Peter himself sent a web at the weapon of another, disarming him as well.

As Gargan attempted to run off, (Y/n) sent magic to hold him in place before Peter grabbed him with a web out of the air and slammed him into the wall.

Schultz ran forward, his Shocker gauntlet held out, ready to attack the two teens. (Y/n) jumped out of the way, and Peter ducked before he sent a small wave of energy at the man's back, pushing him forward and causing him to lodge the gauntlet in a gate.

Two of the men got up a moment later, looking a bit disoriented but overall ready to hop back into the action.

"Ah, ah, ah, I don't think so," (Y/n) said, sending a wave of energy at both of them, making the two soar backward and fall to the ground. She winced at the sound they made when they fell. "Oh, er, sorry, was that a bit too much? I'm still not too good at this."

The two turned to Schultz, struggling to free himself from the gate that still held the weapon his hand was in.

Peter raised an eyebrow (not that anyone could see with his mask on) and glanced at (Y/n), who looked like she was holding back a laugh.

"I gotta say, the other guy was a lot better at using that thing," Peter commented, and (Y/n) audibly snorted at his words.

The superheroes turned around at the loud sound coming from farther down, seeing Toomes slamming the head of the thin man from before against the side of the car. Toomes turned to them a moment later with a scowl on his face.

Before either teen could say anything, there were agents surrounding him on almost all sides.

"freeze! FBI!"

"Don't move!"

"Get on the ground!"

"FBI!"
"Wait, FBI?" (Y/n) asked, glancing around at them before turning to her friend with wide eyes.

"The FBI is the Federal Bureau of Investigation," Karen said in his ear, as if (Y/n) could hear her.

"Yeah, obviously, Karen, why are they here, though?" Peter demanded, raising his hands up to try and show that he wasn't a threat.

Behind them, the mechanical wings burst from the truck. Toomes attached to them and flew toward the teens and the agents in his Vulture suit.

"Everyone get out of the way!" (Y/n) cried as the agents began to shoot at the man approaching them.

Toomes used a weapon to grab one of the cars and throw it at the people shooting at him.

"Move, move, move, come on!" Peter exclaimed, waving his arms at the agents while being careful not to get closer so they wouldn't attack him too.

Finally, the agents dived out of the way as Toomes knocked both teens into the water. (Y/n) swam up and gasped for breath, her friend popping up beside her a moment later.

"You good?" She asked, still breathing a bit heavily. Peter nodded.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm good."

(Y/n) activated her magic and flung the two back onto the deck. Schultz was free and running up to the top deck. Peter shot a desperate web at him, but the older man managed to dodge it and was out of view a moment later.

Peter turned and saw his friend send a quick string of energy, wrapping it around Toomes's leg, grounding herself, and pulling. Toomes turned himself to hide behind his wings and avoid the gunfire that was still coming at him from the agents. There was a moment of relief for him and he used it to his advantage, spinning around and shooting at the agents with his own weapon. Peter sent a web at the leg that (Y/n) wasn't holding and held it in place too.

One of the energy blasts from Toomes's weapon crashed into an indoor seating area full of passengers, and screams rang out as an opening was made in the wall.

Toomes rose up a bit as (Y/n) released her hold from him at the sudden distraction and Peter swung around over the water before landing on a higher deck and shooting a few webs at the fans in the Vulture suit to try and clog it. Toomes avoided the webs and raised his weapon.

"Karen, activate Taser Web when I say!"

He got a confirmation from the A.I. in his suit and sent a web at the weapon.

"Now!"

Electricity visibly traveled up the web and the weapon was knocked from Toomes's grasp. It fell and bounced around the deck, and Peter secured it with a few quick shots of webs.

"You kids are messing with things that you don't understand," Toomes growled as (Y/n) moved to stand next to her friend and stare down their enemy.

"Oh, you'd be surprised," Peter muttered and he smiled a bit when (Y/n) snorted at his words.
The weapon suddenly shot off in many directions from the way the webs secured it. The lasers cut straight up and through the seating areas, screams filling the air as the ship was cut open. Toomes dodged the blasts that went off into the air deftly and Peter could see him fly away, Schultz hanging on his back when the blasts finally stopped.

There was a moment of silence before jets of water sprung up in the ferry from where it was cut on the bottom deck, and the two halves began to break apart.

"Come on, Spidey!" (Y/n) called, running up and activating her powers to fly over the water and look at the ship.

"Karen, give me an X-ray of the boat and target all the strongest points," Peter said. A moment later, dots popped up over his vision. He began moving forward to shoot webs and try to bring the boat back together, but it was splitting too fast.

A few seconds later, though, there was a large flash of purple light and then the two sides of the ship were both covered in a purple aura. Peter glanced back and saw (Y/n), still hovering over the water, with her hands out. Her face was focused, but he could tell she was still struggling to keep her hold. She slowly pushed the two sides together a small bit more, and Peter kept shooting the webs to pull it back together.

"How much more?" She called down to him through gritted teeth when he swung near her.

"96 percent done!"

(Y/n) nodded quickly before saying, "Hurry up, then!"

Peter found the last few spots because he wasn't going to mess it up like last time. He held the last ones and started to pull, but the ferry wasn't coming together anymore.

"Congratulations, you are 100% successful. However, it appears that the boat will not be able to come together any more than it already is," Karen said in his ear.

"Nova!" He called, turning her attention to him. "Can you try to pull the halves together?"

She shook her head frantically. "I'm quite sure that could literally make me explode, Spidey." (Y/n)'s face was scrunched up as she strained to hold the two halves of the ferry together.

"Any ideas, then?"

"Don't you think I'd let you know if I did?!" She responded sharply.

Peter nodded. "Yeah, sorry."

"Spidey, I don't know how much longer I can hold it!" (Y/n) shouted down to him. Her eyes were squeezed tightly closed as she struggled to continue holding the sides together. "Your webs are helping, but this thing is really wanting to fall apart."

"Okay, okay," Peter said. He moved a hand and shot a web on the points he was holding before swinging over to under where his friend was, standing underneath her in case he needed to catch her from falling into the water.

A few moments passed, though it felt like an eternity before there was a mechanical whirring sound. Then, the two sides slowly began to come together. Peter leaped to the top deck as (Y/n) released her hold and fell. He jumped forward, caught her, and set her down as he moved to look
over the side. His friend joined him a moment later.

"What happened?" (Y/n) asked, peeking over the edge of the boat.

Suddenly, an Iron Man mask rose up and looked down on them.

"Hey Spider-Man, Supernova." He looked back and forth from both of them before Tony's gaze landed on Peter. "Just out on patrol, huh?"

Previously on Peter Screws the Pooch: I tell you to stay away from this. Instead, you hacked a multimillion-dollar suit so you could sneak around behind my back doing the one thing I told you not to do."

Peter sat with his mask in his hands, clutched tightly between his fingers.

Tony gestured to the girl next to the teen.

"And her. She knows your identity and you don't see anything wrong with you not knowing yours?"

Peter swallowed and nodded. "I trust her."

"Well, she clearly doesn't trust you."

(Y/n) stood up, indignant. "Yes, I do!"

The Iron Man suit turned to her. "Yet you won't tell him who you are."

A few tears sprang to her eyes and she hastily wiped them away as she cried, "I...I..."

Tony snorted. "Yeah, that's what I thought."

"Is everyone okay?" Peter croaked out.

"No thanks to you two."

"No thanks to us?" (Y/n) demanded, looking to him with fire in her eyes. Her irises were surrounded with a flashing ring of purple as she stared the suit down. "Uh, every time I'm out on patrol with him, Peter here always seems to be texting you non-stop, and lately he keeps trying to tell you about these weapons." She growled and turned to send a large blast of energy off into the distance, letting off a bit of steam before she whirled back around to the suit. "If you'd just listened, none of this would have even happened! Don't you dare say you care, because if you did, then you'd actually be here right now instead of off at some party speaking to us through a pair of sunglasses!"

Peter grabbed her wrist and pulled her back a bit, toward him, as the suit opened and Tony Stark himself stepped out. He was glaring through his glasses at the teens. He smirked a small bit at (Y/n)'s surprise, though it faded a second later.

"Well, surprise, surprise, kiddos, I did listen. Who do you think called the FBI, huh?" (Y/n) was at a loss for words, making Tony seem to decide that he was done wasting his time on her. He turned to Peter and his eyes seemed to soften a bit as he spoke solely to the boy, "Do you know that I was the only one who believed in you? Everyone else said I was crazy to recruit a 14-year-old kid-"
"I'm fifteen," Peter muttered under his breath, his eyes trained on the ground.

"No, this is where you zip it, all right? The adult is talking. What if somebody had died tonight? Different story, right? ‘Cause that’s on you." Tony glanced to (Y/n) for a moment and jabbed a finger toward her. "Both of you." He looked out for a moment at the ferry, the rescue boats and the helicopters circling around it. "And if you died, I feel like that’s on me. I don’t need that on my conscience."

"Yes, sir," both teens said in unison, somehow.

There was a pause before (Y/n) spoke in a small voice.

"Mr. Stark, I... I’m sorry."

"So am I," Peter murmured.

"Sorry doesn't cut it here, kid," Tony said, staring down his nose at the two.

"I just... I wanted to make you proud... I wanted to be like you..." Peter looked like he was about to cry.

"And I wanted you to be better," Tony sighed, turning away from the boy to look out at the city for a moment, shaking his head. After a moment, he turned back to Peter, his hands shoved in his pockets, "Okay, this isn't working out, I'm gonna need the suit back."

Peter looked up at him, and (Y/n) realized with a sinking heart that her friend had been expecting this. This had happened last time...

"For... For how long?" Peter managed to ask.

"Forever."

Peter's eyes widened a bit and he wrapped his arms around himself a bit as if trying to hold the suit closer to him. "No, no, Mr. Stark, please-"

"Yeah, yeah, that's how this works," Tony said, tapping his foot.

"Please, please-"

"Come on, hand it over, get it done with."

"I'm..." Peter's mouth was dry. He hated this part. "I'm nothing without this suit, Mr. Stark."

"If you're nothing without the suit then you shouldn't have it," Tony said as if he'd rehearsed the line a hundred times. "Okay? God, I sound like my dad..."

"I, uh... I don't have any other clothes," Peter said, his cheeks growing red as he spoke.

Before Tony could respond, (Y/n) had jumped off the side and was flying out into the distance. She disappeared from view after a moment and Tony turned back to Peter.

"You've got no clothes?" Peter shook his head. "All right, we can sort that out."

As if on cue, the other teen shot up from the side holding a bag in her arms. She thrust it at her friend and Peter opened it to find a pair of pants and a shirt.
"Are these... mine?"

(Y/n) simply nodded and offered a small smile. Peter weakly returned the gesture.

"Thanks, Nova."

"All right, you go get changed, kid, and I'm gonna have a little chat with your friend here while you're doing that, okay?" Tony was speaking as if he was talking to a child.

"Yeah, all right," Peter nodded, probably still a little dazed from everything that just happened. He moved away a few seconds later and ducked behind a large unit making mechanical sounds from where it was on the other side of the roof.

"So, Supernova, huh?" Tony asked, making (Y/n) snap her head to him. After a moment of staring, she nodded slowly.

Tony let out a small chuckle. "You know, I was gonna leave you alone... I was going to. Get you to sign those accords, maybe, if you got big enough, but overall let you do your own thing." He sighed. "But then... you got caught up with our resident spider-kid, even figured out his identity, and you joined him in these little... escapades." Tony shook his head. "This is something bigger than the new vigilante on the block, kid. That's why I called the FBI, after all." He locked eyes with her. "I can't actually take anything away from you since I never gave you anything, but I can promise that you will never get any support from me. Something goes wrong, that's on you, kid. But take my advice: Stay out of this, 'cause if I'm being honest, you're not strong enough for this line of work."

(Y/n) felt the blood drain from his cheeks and her heart pounded a bit faster at his words but she forced a smile and nodded. "Of course, Mr. Stark." She turned as Peter made her way toward them again with the suit over his arm and dressed in a plain gray shirt and a pair of sweatpants.

"Come on, kid, hand it over."

Peter nodded and held out the red and blue suit. Tony took it from him and draped it over his own arm.

"Thanks, kid."

The boy nodded and hastily wiped away the tears that were building up in his eyes.

(Y/n) turned to Mr. Stark and said, "Bye, Mr. Stark. It was... nice to meet you."

Peter gave a small wave, not looking up from the ground. "Bye."

(Y/n) gave one last look at the man that she looked up to as an idol, the man who had been so nice in another time... in another world... and she, without another word to him, activated her powers around both herself and her friend. She flew them out into the city and didn't look back once.

}---{When she finally brought them down it was in an alley across the street from Peter's apartment. Peter slumped against the wall and looked with blank eyes at the stones of the wall across from him.

"Are you okay?" (Y/n) asked, placing a hand on his shoulder as her appearance began to shift back to her own.
Peter took a deep breath and nodded. "Yeah, I am."

She pressed her lips into a tight line and shook her head. "No, you're not."

He glanced at her before sighing and placing his head in his hands. "No... I'm not..."

(Y/n) left his side and disappeared for a moment before returning, into his view, her jacket now closed and her dress tucked up into it (somehow) so that it was barely visible.

"Come on, let's head inside."

She wrapped an arm over her friend's shoulders and led him across the street (after looking both ways, of course) and into his apartment building. They made their way upstairs and eventually stood in front of Peter's apartment.

"You have your key?" (Y/n) asked, glancing at her friend and brushing a stray lock of (h/c) hair from her face.

"Er, no..." Peter shook his head. "I... I normally come in, er, through the window."

"Okay."

(Y/n) raised a hand and knocked on the door quickly.

It opened a moment later to reveal May, in all her glory, clearly furious.

"Hey, May," Peter whispered.

The woman pushed the door open a bit more and stormed back inside. Peter walked in after her followed by (Y/n) who closed the door and locked it behind her.

"I've been calling you, both of you, all day! Why didn't you answer your phone? You can't do that, especially with this whole ferry thing happening, I just... ugh!" May slammed her hand on the counter and rounded on the teens. "What the hell happened?"

Peter opened his mouth but no words came out. (Y/n) kept her eyes trained on the ground through May's rant.

May placed a hand to her forehead. "I called Ned, I called MJ, I called Ned's mom, I called MJ's dad, I-"

"Mr. Stark took back my suit."

May turned to her nephew in shock. "What?"

"Mr. Stark took back my Spider-Man suit."

Tears dripped from Peter's eyes as he said it. That suit had been with him for years if you included the time travel, and it felt foreign to have it gone. He wondered if he even remembered where his old one was.

"Oh, sweetie..." May moved toward him and wrapped her arms around him. Peter returned the gesture after a moment and (Y/n) could hear the small sobs between the gasps of breath.

After a moment, May asked, "What happened?"
"I just..." Peter moved back from the hug and hastily wiped at the tears. "I thought that I could... I thought I could do good but... I just... I wanted to make him proud of me... And I... I messed it all up."

May reached forward and stroked his cheek, wiping a stray drop from his skin as she offered a small smile. "Peter, you don't need to prove yourself to that man. You know that, right? You've already made me so, so proud of you, even without all this Spider-Man stuff. You don't need validation from him in any way."

Peter let out a small, wet laugh and nodded. "Thanks, May."

(Y/n), who both of them had forgotten was present, let out a gasp. "Holy shit, you guys are too cute. Hashtag goals."

Peter stared at her before asking, "You know how cringy that was, right?"

The girl gave him a cheeky grin and nodded. "Yep."

May laughed as Peter stared down his friend. "All right, all right, how about we get rid of this bad mood and try something else..." May got a dangerous glint in her eye and looked at (Y/n). "Oh, (Y/n)..."

"Yeah?"

"I just went grocery shopping."

Both teens snorted at how dramatically May said it, but (Y/n) nodded in agreement nonetheless.

After all, food did sound pretty good right about now.

---

(Y/n) walked herself home as the sun was setting, around 8:00 at night. There were no crimes to stop right now, nothing that she could really do. She was too caught up in her own thoughts anyway.

When she got to her apartment building, Lob flashed her a smile and a happy greeting. The girl plastered on a smile and gave him one in return as well before entering the elevator and riding up to the top floor.

She fumbled with the key in the hallway before finally slipping it into the lock and opening her door.

"Hello, (Y/n)."

She closed the door behind her threw on a smile. "Hey, ALICE."

ALICE was silent for a moment as (Y/n) locked the door and set her bag down. Then, after a moment, the British-accented A.I. asked, "Are you all right?"

(Y/n) furrowed her eyebrows and felt her heart sink a bit as she nodded. "Yeah, yeah, of course."

Then, in a quiet voice, ALICE said, "No, you're not."

(Y/n) blinked and paused for a moment before letting out a laugh. "What? No, ALICE, I'm totally fine."
"I know you well enough to be able to tell when you're lying, (Y/n)."

There was a beat, and the girl couldn't think of anything to say.

"What happened?"

(Y/n)'s body betrayed her, of course, as she suddenly had tears pouring from her eyes. She involuntarily fell to the ground and curled up into a ball.

"(Y/n)?"

She spilled the entire thing to ALICE. She told her about Davis, about the ferry, about Tony Stark... everything...

"What part is making you upset?"

(Y/n) placed her head in her hands. "I... I don't know..." She let out a groan and threw her head back toward the ceiling. "Mr. Stark... He's always been my idol, you know?"

ALICE made a small chuckling sound and said in an amused tone, "You may have mentioned it once or twice."

The girl on the floor let out a wet chuckle. "Yeah..." She sniffed. "I've just... I've always admired him so, so much, and he basically told me to give up, he told me I wasn't good enough, he said I wasn't strong enough, and it hurt... it hurt to hear him say that... because I know that he's right..."

"He's right?" ALICE asked, sounding a bit confused. "What do you mean by 'right'?"

"What do you think, ALICE?" She tried to snap, though she just ended up sounding weary.

There was a pause before the A.I. guessed, "You think he's right?"

"I don't think he's right, ALICE. I know that he's right, and I've known it for a long time." She sighed and managed to pull herself to her feet. "Just... don't argue with me on this, Al, please."

"(Y/n)-"

"I have a lot of homework to do," the girl interrupted before ALICE could get any further.

---

Chapter End Notes

Tony: hey kid, i'm proud of you

Peter: *later* i just wanted to make him proud of me :

(Y/n): take that bad guy! oh wait are you hurt?

Toomes: *throws a car at people* in the lingo of the kids these days, yeet!

(Y/n): good news: the boat isn't breaking in half  bad news: the boat isn't going back together

Tony: wat up its ya boi iron can
Tony: child how could you do this

Peter: im sorry plz dont take ma suit

Tony: im taking your suit

Peter: noooooooo

Tony: youre not good at this and youre not strong, girl who is clearly very strong after holding a boat together

(Y/n): *literaly sobbing* yeah ok

May: where were you im going to murder you both-

Peter: mr iron man took my suit

May: ...

May: oh poor child the world is too cruel to you come to may may let me make all the bad stuff go away

(Y/n): i just want to be loved but im really self-conscious, help

ALICE: let me help

(Y/n): wat, no, leave me alone
"You two are good kids, and you two are smart kids," Principal Morita said, looking from Peter to (Y/n) as the teens sat across from him in his office. "Just... try to keep your heads straight, all right?"

Peter nodded for both of them as (Y/n) kept her eyes trained on the floor.

"All right, then," Principal Morita said after a moment when he seemed to realize that he wasn't going to get any more of a reaction from them. "Get out of here."

Peter helped (Y/n) to her feet and grasped her around the wrist to pull her out of the room.

Ned and MJ were both waiting outside of the office. As soon as the two teens came out, Ned sprang on them.

"Did you get expelled? Are you going to have to go to that high school on 46th where the principal has a crossbow?"

MJ nudged Ned in the side with a scowl. "That's an urban myth, Leeds, come on." She turned back to the two who hadn't yet spoken and crossed her arms. "Well? Have you?"

"Uh..." Peter shook his head frantically. "No, we haven't been expelled."

"Just got the average 'I'm-not-mad-I'm-just-disappointed' talk and detention for the day," (Y/n) explained.

"Why detention?" Ned asked as they turned to walk down the hall.

"They haven't been doing work for, like, the whole school year so far, Ned," MJ said, giving the boy a frown. "And their grades have dropped down this week crazy fast, too. Of course, they're going to get a talking-to and detention."

"You guys are so lucky," Ned said. "Anyone else who dropped their grades that fast and couldn't come up with a good reason probably would have gotten off a lot worse."

"Yeah, I guess we are pretty lucky," (Y/n) nodded. "Do we have Decathlon today?"

MJ sighed. "You know we don't start up the new season until after Homecoming," she said. She eyed her friend before asking, "(Y/n)? are you getting enough sleep?"

(Y/n) furrowed her eyebrows at the other girl and nodded. "Of course I am, MJ." She let out a small laugh. "Why wouldn't I be?"
MJ stared into her eyes for a moment, seeming to look through her and to her very soul, before she shrugged and said, "Just wondering."

As the teens passed through the hall, they passed right under a giant banner for Homecoming hanging from the ceiling. (Y/n)'s eyes moved up to it for a moment and an idea flashed through her mind. A small smirk appeared on her face at the thought.

---

(Y/n) sighed as she rested her head on the desk and stared off into the distance as the clock ticked through the minutes of detention. Peter sat at the desk beside her.

The girl turned her head to look at her friend.

"You good?" She mouthed to him when their eyes met.

Peter shrugged and offered her a little smile. She weakly managed to return it before turning back over.

MJ was, somehow, sitting across the room. She gave (Y/n) a little smirk and held up her notebook to show a picture of both of the superhero teens with their heads on desks, staring off into nothing. (Y/n) let out a small snort and turned away.

---

They got through detention and walked through the city together.

"How was your day?" Peter asked (Y/n) after a few minutes of silence passed by.

(Y/n) shrugged. "All right, I guess." She glanced at her best friend. "Why?"

"You just seemed..." He sighed. "I don't know, you just seemed off today."

(Y/n) bit her lip. "Well, I'm fine. Just... thinking."

"Okay." A few moments passed before he asked, "Are you ever gonna tell me what Mr. Stark said to you?"

She shook her head. "Nah, no reason to. There wasn't really anything of value."

"Then why can't you tell me?"

"Like I said, it was nothing important. He was just kinda like, 'Keep that kid outta trouble, stay outta trouble yourself,' you know? The usual."

Peter nodded. "Yeah, all right."

As her friend went into a ramble about their math homework, (Y/n) felt the guilt of lying to her friend settle in her chest.

She wasn't going to tell him, though. Peter had enough on his shoulders right now. Sure, (Y/n) had a burden on her shoulders as well, but she had been conditioned through her whole life to take everything and then some on herself. She could handle a bit more.

---
Spanish went by quickly as all their classes seemed to now. Maybe that was because they were just biding their time before the nightmare that was Homecoming.

(Y/n) looked up from scribbling down the last answer their teacher had said as the woman wrote down two more statements in English on the board for them to translate.

'I like doing homework.'

'I like to help my friends.'

Peter raised his hand for the first one after a moment.

"Me gusta hacer la tarea."

"Muy bueno, señor Parker."

(Y/n) stared at the second statement for a moment before raising her hand as well. The teacher pointed at her with the dry-erase marker clutched in her fingers.

"Me gusta ayudar mis amigos."

The teacher gave her a wide smile and nodded. "Muy bueno, señorita (L/n)."

Peter, sitting in the seat next to her as he did in any class where they were allowed to pick their seats, gave her a grin and an enthusiastic thumbs-up.

---

(Y/n) stood off to the side with MJ while Ned and Peter finished assembled the LEGO Death Star on the floor of the orchestra practice room. MJ quietly flipped through the pages in her sketchbook, showing them to the girl standing beside her.

"That one looks good," (Y/n) commented randomly, pointing at one of Flash the moment after Peter answered a question correctly after he himself had answered it wrong.

MJ snorted. "You shoulda seen it in real life."

(Y/n) let a small smile appear on her lips and nodded. "Yeah, wish I had."

A few yards away, Ned and Peter did their secret handshake, their completed LEGO structure next to them.

---

The school bell's shrill sound echoed through the halls. (Y/n) walked through the halls, her hand wrapped around Peter's wrist as she dragged him along behind her.

"Where are we going?" He hissed.

She shushed him immediately.

Peter huffed but continued to allow himself to be pulled.

They rounded a corner and (Y/n) sighed with relief.

"Liz!"
The older teenager turned around and surprise lit her eyes.

"Hey, (Y/n)." Her gaze moved to Peter and a small smile appeared. "Hey, Peter."

"Hey, Liz," Peter breathed.

"Uh, what are..." Liz moved to face them better as (Y/n) pulled her friend along with her a bit closer to the senior. Liz brushed a lock of hair behind her ear and said, "What are you guys doing here?"

"I, uh, I was dragged here by (Y/n)," Peter said, gesturing to the girl beside him who was still gripping his wrist in her hand.

"It's just that Peter had a question for you," (Y/n) said, looking between Liz and her best friend.

"I did?" Peter asked, turning to (Y/n) with wide eyes.

"If you did, it seems like you didn't know it," Liz commented with a small chuckle.

(Y/n) leaned to her friend's ear and whispered, "Ask her to Homecoming, you dork..."

Peter's eyes widened even more as his brown orbs met her (e/c) ones. "What?"

(Y/n) gave him a shrug and nodded to Liz, who was staring at the two with furrowed eyebrows.

Peter swallowed down the nerves that had immediately emerged when he looked at Liz and nodded firmly. Whether that was to confirm to his friend what he was doing or just to give himself his own kind of support, no one would ever know.

"Liz, I..." Peter sighed and took his arm back from his friend's grasp, moving forward toward the girl that he had a crush on. "I... I like you. Like, like you, like you."

Liz stared at him for a moment before a smirk appeared on her lips and said, "I know."

Both Peter and (Y/n) blinked before they said, in unison, "You what?"

Liz laughed. "You're horrible at keeping secrets, Peter."

"Oh, you don't know the half of it," (Y/n) thought to herself, remembering a time long before (or after? time travel was weird) when she had easily overheard two friends talking of secret identities during a gym class.

Peter smiled, though. "Yeah, you'd be surprised."

"So, what was that question you supposedly wanted to ask me?" Liz asked, swaying on her feet as she stared into Peter's eyes.

"Yeah, uh, so, uh, do you wanna, uh, do you wanna go to Homecoming with me?"

Liz blinked at him.

"I mean, if you're not already going with someone," Peter stammered out quickly, his cheeks growing red.

"You're not going with (Y/n)?" Liz asked, glancing at the other girl.
"What? No, no, no," (Y/n) said, shaking her head frantically. "No, he's not.... we're not..." She took a deep breath. "We're not going together."

Liz nodded slowly before turning back to Peter. "Well, er, I guess I'd like to, then."

Peter gave her a grin and his cheeks turned an even brighter shade of red. "Cool, great, cool, that's great! I'll, uh, I'll text you, I mean, to figure out the details, you know?"

Liz giggled and gave him a nod after a moment. "Yeah, okay, that sounds good."

Peter grinned. "Cool." He looked a bit more excited all of a sudden. "Cool, that's cool, sounds good, cool."

(Y/n) snorted at his antics. "Oh my god, Pete, you're so awkward."

The senior down the hall laughed as Peter looked at his friend with an incredible amount of offense on his face. "It's true, you are."

"Come on, we're going this way," (Y/n) said, pulling her friend along down the hall, past Liz, and around a corner.

---

"May, your nephew needs your help."

(Y/n) pulled Peter in behind her even if he had been the one to unlock the apartment.

"And why is that?"

"I may or may not have a date for Homecoming with Liz, er, tonight."

May stared at him for a moment before she grinned and let out a squeal.

(Y/n) sat on the couch in her friend's apartment, watching with amusement dancing in her eyes as Peter and May scrambled through the apartment, going in and out of rooms, weaving around one another as they desperately tried to get everything ready for Peter. She searched up a YouTube video on how to do a Windsor knot as aunt and nephew bickered about how to do it. The girl shoved her phone between them and after a moment of surprise from the sudden movement, the two turned to the video and watched it intently.

Finally, Peter was fully dressed in his suit and ready to go.

May stared at him for a moment before she grinned and let out a squeal.

(Y/n) sat on the couch in her friend's apartment, watching with amusement dancing in her eyes as Peter and May scrambled through the apartment, going in and out of rooms, weaving around one another as they desperately tried to get everything ready for Peter. She searched up a YouTube video on how to do a Windsor knot as aunt and nephew bickered about how to do it. The girl shoved her phone between them and after a moment of surprise from the sudden movement, the two turned to the video and watched it intently.

Finally, Peter was fully dressed in his suit and ready to go.

May turned to (Y/n) and raised an eyebrow. "Is that what you're wearing?"

Peter had worked out with Liz that her dad would drive (Y/n) as well. Liz was all too accepting with the idea when Peter brought it up, saying that May had to take a night shift and no one else would be able to take his friend and that he really didn't want (Y/n) to have to walk. Peter had audibly sighed with Liz's response to his question. She was just so great, wasn't she?

(Y/n) looked down at the old blouse and black skirt she had on before looking up at May and shrugging. "I guess?"

May clicked her tongue, shook her head, and disappeared into her bedroom. A minute of confusion passed for the teenagers before the woman emerged again with a dress tucked over her arm.

"Come on, you're gonna at least wear a dress."
(Y/n) followed May into the bathroom and let the woman help her into a dress.

"I bought this dress years ago," May commented as she jabbed at the girl's face with make-up. "Wasn't my size, unfortunately, but I kept it for some reason anyways."

Finally, she finished and let the teen look in the mirror. Her hair was pinned up, looking more elegant than she could ever remember it looking. (Y/n) was grateful that May had done a natural make-up look instead of anything extreme, just in case she couldn't get it off before she and Peter inevitably had to leave to stop Toomes from stealing the plane. And either way, she didn't think that anything more than natural would even look good on her.

"Wow, thanks, May."

"Of course, sweetie," May said, giving her a grin and a pat on the shoulder as they walked back into the living room. "Doesn't your friend look nice, Peter?"

Peter turned and his eyes widened a bit as they fell on his friend. "Wow, uh, yeah. You look nice, (Y/n)."

She gave him a grin. "You look nice too, Peter."

"Okay, time to learn how to dance."

(Y/n) stood to the side, watching May's movements as the woman taught Peter how to sway correctly to the music with Liz. Finally, she seemed satisfied with his improvement and gave him a sharp nod.

"Now, let's go get you that girl, Pete," May exclaimed, raising her finger toward the ceiling dramatically before marching out of the apartment.

Peter and (Y/n) exchanged glances with one another before following her out.

}---{

"All right, what's the plan?" May asked, turning around in her seat to look at Peter sitting next to his friend in the back of the car.

"Open the door for her," Peter said, scrunching his face up a bit as he thought about the things that May had ground into him on the way.

"Mmhmm," May nodded, staring at him before gesturing for him to go on.

"Tell her she looks nice," Peter said.

"But..." May prompted.

"But not too much 'cause that's creepy?"

"Good."

"Don't be creepy," (Y/n) nodded from beside her friend.

"No. And, uh, when I dance with her, put my hands on her hips."

May took a deep breath and gave him a tight-lipped smile. "I think you're ready."
"You got this," (Y/n) nodded, offering a smile of her own.

"Yeah, thanks, okay, I got this," Peter said, opening the back door and getting out of the car. He turned around to help his friend out to see that she was already on her feet as well.

"I love you two," May called through the open passenger seat window.

"Love you too, May!" Peter exclaimed.

(Y/n) was staring at the woman with darkened cheeks for a moment before saying, "Yeah, thank you, May!"

May gave a last wave and said, "Bye!" before driving away.

"Good chance that Toomes will be the one to answer the door," Peter commented as they turned around.

"I'll try not to freak out," (Y/n) commented, letting out a small laugh at the idea.

"Cool," Peter said. They were silent for a few seconds before he added, "You really do look nice, though."

Her cheeks grew red. "Thanks." The two began to walk toward the front door.

"You got this," (Y/n) said as the sound of May's car faded away and the two made their way up the path to Liz's house.

"I got this," Peter reiterated to himself. (Y/n) gave him a firm nod and one more smile before backing away a few steps as he knocked on the door.

There was a beat, and then the door swung open to show Toomes in all his glory, a smile on his face as he stared at Peter. (Y/n) saw Peter freeze, and his smile faltered for just a moment before returning. He was selling this very well.

"You must be Peter."

Peter nodded, giving the strongest smile he could to the man. "Yes, sir."

"I'm Liz's dad. Put her there."

Peter took the extended hand and tried not to shake too hard. He didn't want to give Toomes any reason to suspect him. It seemed that didn't work as well as he was hoping.

"Hell of a grip," Toomes chuckled. His eyes moved to the girl standing a few feet behind Peter. His smile widened a bit. "And you must be my daughter's friend. (Y/n), right?"

(Y/n) swallowed any fears she had and nodded. "Yep, that's me." She took the initiative and held out her hand for him. Toomes took it and she shook his hand, hoping she was holding back enough. It turned out that she wasn't.

"Does everyone at that school have super-strength or something?" Toomes laughed as he released her hand. "Well, come on in here, come in." He stepped inside his house and gestured for the two teenagers to follow.

Toomes led the two to the kitchen, swooping behind the counter and wrapping an arm around his wife (Doris, if Peter could remember correctly).
"Hi, Peter, you look very handsome," she commented, offering a warm smile. Her gaze fell on the girl behind him. "You must be (Y/n), then."

(Y/n) nodded. "Er, yes, ma'am." She paused, her mouth going dry, before continuing, "Thank you for letting me tag along."

Doris nodded. "Of course, hun." She eyed the teen. "You look very nice as well."

"Thank you."

Both teens could hear (superhearing) as the woman whispered to her husband, "You got his name, right?"

"Freddie?"

"Peter," she hissed.

"Peter, Peter," Toomes repeated to himself.

Doris let out a small chuckle and shook her head. "I'm gonna go get Liz," she announced to the room.

Toomes, for some reason or another, began polishing knives. (Y/n) forced her gaze away from the man.

"You all right, Pete?" Toomes asked, and the girl's eyes moved back to him involuntarily as he spoke. His eyes fell on her and she felt a chill run down her spine. "You too, (Y/n)?"

"Yeah," Peter managed to say. (Y/n) simply nodded in agreement.

"You both seem a little, I don't know, pale..." The man sighed and glanced back at a cabinet before turning back to them and asking, "Either of you want something to drink? Like a bourbon or scotch or something like that?"

(Y/n) shook her head frantically as Peter answered for them both, "We're not old enough to drink, sir."

Toomes grinned and pointed at the two of them with the knife he was holding. "Right answer."

His eyes moved behind them and widened. "Wow. Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, don't you look beautiful."

Peter and (Y/n) both turned around to see Liz looking radiant in her red dress. "Hey, guys," she said, giving a little wave. Her eyes fell on Peter and softened a bit. "Hey, Peter."

"Hey, Liz," Peter breathed. (Y/n) looked away. She couldn't help it, feeling like her presence was... intruding... in one way or another.

"Doesn't she look good, Peter?" Toomes prompted the teenager.

"Definitely," Peter agreed, and for a split second, he wondered if, in a different life, he could have gotten along very well with this man. You know, in a world where he wasn't a supervillain. "You look... beautiful, Liz."

"Once again, that's the right answer," Toomes said. "Smart boy, this one."
Liz's smile widened and her eyes landed on (Y/n). "Nice to see you, (Y/n). You look nice."

"You too, Liz." (Y/n) turned her gaze up to the older teen and offered a small smile.

"Here," Peter said, holding out the corsage that May had helped him with. "For you."

Liz took it, admiring it for a moment before looking up at him and smiling. "Thank you, Peter."

"Well, hey, I'm you kids' chauffeur, so, u, let's get this show on the road."

"No, no, no, no, no, we need to take pictures first," Doris interrupted, shushing her husband quickly.

"Mom," Liz groaned, though she complied immediately when her mom pulled her and Peter over to snap a few photos of them.

"All right you two, get in closer, come on," Doris said, a smile on her face as she moved her hand to help guide them. "Now... smile!" Peter plastered on a grin while Liz had a beaming one of her own. (Y/n) stood awkwardly to the side as her best friend and his crush posed over and over for the woman.

"Now, (Y/n), you should get in a few of these," Doris said, beckoning the girl over. (Y/n) blinked at her before nodding and scurrying into the camera's view, standing right next to Peter. She put on a smile as the flash went on and off, on and off.

"You... You don't have to drive us, sir," Peter commented as if it was a random thought that had occurred to him.

"No, no, it's not a big deal," Toomes said, waving the boy off. "I was heading out of town anyways, it's right on my way."

(Y/n) felt her blood run cold, and her smile for the camera faltered only for a moment.

"He's always coming and going," Doris sighed as she turned the phone around as her daughter scrambled over to see the pictures.

"This is the last time," Toomes said, looking at his wife with longing even when she was barely paying attention to him. "Promise."

"Have fun," Doris said, embracing Liz and holding her tight.

"Thanks, Mom."

"Have fun, Peter. You too, (Y/n)," the woman said, turning to the other two teens.

"He's cute," Doris whispered in Liz's ear, and both of the teenagers with superhearing heard it too, resulting in bright red cheeks on Peter and barely concealed laughter from (Y/n).

"See you in a couple a' days," Toomes said, giving a weak smile to his wife. She gave him a nod.

"Bye, baby."

"All right."

The two exchanged a kiss and Liz looked away, pretending to gag as she turned to her date and her friend.
"Come on, Pedro," Toomes said, giving a wave to Peter as he held the door open for Liz to walk out to the car.

"Bye!" Doria gave a final wave from where she had moved to in the kitchen.

(Y/n), the last one out of the door, gave a final wave to the woman.

As she walked down to the car, following the other three, she felt a pang in her chest, and she knew what it was from.

This woman, Doris Toomes, was such a kind soul. She loved her family, (Y/n) could see that much, and even if she knew that Toomes was a bad, bad person, she couldn't help but think to herself how perfect the world would be if this family could live happily together. And when this girl thought these things, she didn't mean just on the surface, she meant that she wished that Adrian Toomes could get an honest living, not lie to his family, to everyone, and not be the kind of man that probably deserved to go to jail for the rest of his life.

The Toomes would be the ideal family if the husband and father didn't have to sell illegal weapons to make a living.

The beautiful and smart daughter, ready to enter the world and make a difference with her family supporting her all the way.

The kind and loving mother, who cared for her family more than anything and connected with people so very easily.

And then there was the funny and hard-working father who loved his family more than anything in the universe. The man who would do anything for them. Anything.

They would be the perfect family.

(Y/n) resisted a sigh as she entered the car.

If only the father weren't a supervillain.

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): man my dude im still so conflicted about mr stark and what he said but im gonna lie to you anyway

Peter: lol k

(Y/n): liz peter likes you

Liz: lol k

Peter: want to go to hoemcoming with me liz i love you?

Liz: lol k

(Y/n): may help your child

May: and now i mut help my other child
Peter and (Y/n): *compliment each other over and over* we are juts good friends guys

The Toomes Family: *overall just a great and healthy family*

(Y/n): wow goals

(Y/n): if only the dad wasnt a supervillain oh well you win some you lose some i guess
Chapter Thirty-Nine

Chapter Summary

In which Toomes makes threats and (Y/n) just wants everything to be normal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Is my mascara off? I can't tell."

(Y/n) leaned toward Liz, over Peter who sat between them, to look at the older girl's makeup. After a moment, she shook her head.

"It's perfect."

Liz gave a small smile and turned back to her phone camera that she was using as a mirror.

"What are you gonna do, Pete?"

Peter looked up abruptly from the window to Toomes's eyes in the mirror.

"What?"

"When you graduate, what do you think you're gonna do?"

"Oh, um, I don't know," Peter said, twiddling his thumbs but not breaking eye contact with Toomes. "I mean, I'm just a sophomore. I know that I want to do something with engineering, probably."

Toomes nodded and turned his gaze to (Y/n).

"(Y/n), was it?" She nodded. "What about you? What are you thinking?"

"I don't really know," (Y/n) explained, shifting under his gaze uncomfortably. "I just know that I want to try and help the people who are less fortunate than others."

"What, like homeless people?"

"Yeah," she nodded. "Yeah, I know a lot of people around the city, and I feel that a lot of them deserve more than what they have, so I want to use the opportunities that I get from being at Midtown to try and better their lives."

"That's very noble of you," Toomes said, eying her for another moment before he turned his gaze fully back onto the road. "What are you thinking for a job to actually do that, though?"

"(Y/n) has an internship with Tony Stark, she doesn't have to worry," Liz mentioned off-handedly as she scrolled through her phone.

"Really?" Toomes asked. (Y/n) could see his eyebrows raise in the mirror.
As (Y/n) gave a nod to confirm, Liz added, "Peter's had one with him even longer than (Y/n) has."

"Really?" Toomes repeated.

"Mm-hmm."

"Stark?"

"It's so cool," Liz said. She glanced at the other two. "You guys are so lucky."

"What do you do?" Toomes asked as he turned to wheel and they rounded a corner.

"I, um, I kinda just do whatever Mr. Stark has me do. Nothing that interesting, really. Just, like, some coding and stuff."

"Nothing interesting, my ass!" Liz exclaimed.

"Language, gumdrop."

"Sorry." Liz looked a bit embarrassed before she continued, "Anyways, you got to hang out with Spider-Man! How could that be anything but interesting?!"

"Really? Spider-Man? Wow." Toomes paused for a moment before asking, "What's he like?"

"I, uh, I only saw him a few times. He's nice, though."

"What about you, (Y/n)?"

The girl in question started a bit when she was suddenly drawn back into the conversation. She thought for a moment before saying, "Yeah, I, uh, my internship actually starts at the end of the month, so I haven't really, er, done anything with it yet." She turned her gaze from out the window. "I've met Spidey a few times, though. He's a pretty nice guy." She glanced sideways at Peter involuntarily. "Just wants to do what's right." She looked back into the mirror and locked eyes with Toomes. "He just wants to keep everyone safe."

Toomes nodded slowly. "Hmm."

There was a silence for a few moments before Liz said, "Oh, Supernova was at the ferry too."

She turned her phone to the other two teens to show a picture of (Y/n), as Supernova, hovering over the split ferry, clearly struggling to hold the halves together.

"Whoa," Peter breathed out at the picture that was straight on, probably taken from another boat a bit away from the ferry. It had been crazy when he was there, looking at his friend from below, but this from this view, his friend's feat looked even more insane.

"Yeah, she's a badass," Liz said. Toomes didn't correct her on her language. Instead, he seemed to just be stealing glances at Peter the entire time. Liz turned to (Y/n). "What d'you think about her?"

"Uh, she's all right, I guess." (Y/n) rubbed her arm and scowled. "Could be better."

"No, she's awesome," Peter said, shaking his head. "She's brave and funny and kind." He glanced at (Y/n). "She's a great superhero."

Liz nudged him. "Sounds like someone's gotta crush on Supernova."
Peter laughed and shrugged.

Toomes's glances suddenly seemed to involve (Y/n) as well.

"I've, uh, I've seen you two around, right?" Toomes asked after a minute. "I mean... Somewhere? We've, uh, have we ever? Because I recognize your voices from somewhere..."

"They both do Academic Decathlon with me," Liz commented. "But (Y/n) only joined a few weeks ago."

"Oh." Toomes was silent before asking, "Were they, er, were they at your party, then?"

"We, uh, we couldn't make it," (Y/n) said. "We had, uh, plans..."

"Hmm," Toomes hummed.

"Your house is beautiful, though," Peter added. "Lots of windows and everything, when we were there today."

"Thank you," Toomes said. "I've worked very hard to provide everything that I can for my family." He glanced between the two teens in the back. "I'm sure you understand that."

"Yes, sir," Peter said as (Y/n) nodded.

"So, you both are on the Academic Decathlon team, huh?"

"Yes," the two spoke in unison.

"Terrible, what happened in D.C., huh?" Toomes asked as if he was just making small talk. "I'm sure you both were scared..."

"We, uh, we actually weren't there," Peter said.

"Why's that?"

"We, uh, we stayed up too late the night before. After, er, after Nationals were over, we went back to the hotel early." (Y/n) swallowed. Her throat hurt. "We weren't there."

"Hmm," Toomes nodded. "At least your good ol' pal Spider-Man was there to help your friends, though." He glanced up at Peter and locked eye with him as he said, "Would've been terrifying, I'm sure.

Peter nodded.

"It was very lucky that he was there that day," (Y/n) said, looking down at her hands in her lap.

"Spider-Man and Supernova," Toomes said as if he was talking to himself. He turned the car and his eyes then moved back up to the mirror. They narrowed a bit and looked at both Peter and (Y/n). "Never see one without the other these days."

"They work well together, Dad," Liz said, rolling her eyes. "Two superheroes, out there, saving New York. Looking out for the little guys." It was sad that she was the only one who didn't know what was really going on. "They're partners."

Toomes stared at the other two for a split second more before nodding and saying, "They sure are..."
Finally, they arrived at the school. Peter looked ready to hop out and get as far away from the car as he could, and (Y/n) thought that she felt the same way.

"Here we are," Toomes announced to the passengers of his car. "End of the line."

"Thanks, Dad," Liz said, gathering herself and preparing to get out of the car.

"You head in there, gumdrop, I'm gonna, uh, I'm gonna give Pete here the 'dad talk.'"

Liz groaned. "Dad, do you have to?"

"How about your friend stays here to make sure I don't destroy him?"

Liz sighed before nodding. "Fine." She turned to Peter and offered a smile. "Don't let him intimidate you." She leaned over and pecked her father on the cheek before getting out of the car.

"Love you."

"Love you, gumdrop."

"Have a safe flight!"

She closed the door and ran to her friends, her voice muffled but still intelligible as she said, "Hey, you guys look so pretty!" The girls chattered together before their voices disappeared completely as they entered the school.

Toomes sighed for a moment, adjusting the mirror before he turned around with a gun in his hand. As soon as he made the movement, (Y/n) started as her vision exploded and turned green.

(Y/n) felt a chill run down her spine, and she resisted letting out a scream.

"Does she know?"

Toomes was staring into Peter's eyes as he spoke.

After a moment, Peter replied, "No."

"Good, good, close to the vest," Toomes nodded. "I admire that. I've got a few secrets of my own, you know. Of all the reasons I didn't want my daughter to date..."

He grinned and shrugged. Peter and (Y/n) both remained silent.

"And then it just so happened that my darling daughter's date had a friend that needed a ride. Sure, sure, that's all good with me, maybe this friend can be a mediator for them, stop extra flirting or whatever, but then..."

His eyes had fallen on (Y/n) during his speech, and her blood ran even colder at his cold, hard gaze.

He sighed and shook his head. "Listen, you two, cause I'm only gonna say this once: Nothing is more important than family. You both saved my daughter’s life. I could never forget something like that. So I’m gonna give you one chance. Are you ready? You walk through those doors, you forget any of this happened. And don’t you ever, ever interfere with my business again. Because if you do, I’ll kill you and everybody you love. I’ll kill you both dead. That’s what I’ll do to protect my family. Do you understand?"
(Y/n) could actually hear her heart pounding (superhearing was freaky, sometimes), and her vision still wouldn't revert back from the green. She supposed that it probably wouldn't while there was a villain, with a gun, who knew both her and Peter's identity.

She couldn't meet Toomes's eyes as she nodded firmly, desperate to escape this car.

"Hey, I just saved your lives. Now, what do you say?"

"Thank you," Peter said as (Y/n) kept her eyes trained downward. After a moment, she slowly raised her head to see Toomes staring at her expectantly.

"Thank you," she ground out. A smirk appeared on Toomes's lips.

"You're welcome." He gestured to the school. "Now, you go in there and show my daughter a good time, Pete, and you, (Y/n), make sure that it's not too good of a time." He chuckled to himself.

Peter opened the door and turned to help his friend out. (Y/n) heard a ringing in her ears as she made her way up the steps to their school and entered the doors.

Everything was an elaborate swirling blur of colors and lights and noises. She saw a flash of yellow, and black, and red, all mixed up in the whirlwind of the world around her.

Her vision flicked back and forth. She'd blink and it'd be normal, then she'd blink again and everything was green, back and forth and back and forth and back and forth-

She suddenly realized that she couldn't breathe. She stumbled through the crowd of people, bumping shoulders. There was a hand somewhere on her, around her wrist or on her back. There was too much, too much, too much...

"-n)? (Y/n)!"

(Y/n) blinked. Her vision switched back to normal from the green again.

As her eyes slowly slid into focus, she registered the four figures in front of her.

There was Ned, with his hand clutched around his phone, the device nearly to his ear, as if he was about to call someone.

MJ was next to Ned, her eyes wide and looking more terrified than (Y/n) had ever seen her. She was clutching the hem of her dress and running her fingers over it anxiously.

Liz stood off to her right, but still fairly close. She was twiddling her fingers and was turned in a way to where it looked like she was about to stroll off into the crowd.

And then, closest to (Y/n), was Peter.

His hand was on her shoulder, and he looked strangely pale. His lips were slightly parted, and (Y/n) realized that he was the one who had been calling her name.

(Y/n) swallowed and took in a gasping breath.

"(Y/n), are you all right? What happened?"

She took a deep breath and blinked once, preparing to speak, when her vision turned bright green again, the colors all seeming more vibrant than usual as they pulsed around her.
She took in a deep breath and felt tears roll down her cheeks. There was a pounding in the back of her head, and whether it was the voices from when she had been brought back or just her imagination, she couldn't tell. All she knew was that it hurt.

She involuntarily let out a small cry of pain. She stumbled a bit, her knees suddenly just refusing to hold up her weight.

“(Y/n)! What’s wrong?”

(Y/n) blinked again, just to try and get the green away for just a moment.

She looked to Peter and couldn’t help the streaks of salty tears the tore from her eyes. (Y/n) managed to pull herself forward, to gather enough strength that she could pounce onto her friend, her arms wrapping around his neck to where she was clinging to him. She took shallow, gasping breaths, barely processing that her other friends were there too.

Because that didn’t matter.

“I need to…” (Y/n) couldn’t finish her sentence before her voice gave out on her.

Peter looked at her with such unmasked concern that it almost physically pained her.

After a moment passed, Peter looked around desperately for a moment before his eyes fell on Liz. His mouth was dry as he spoke to her, "I need to-"

Liz nodded, and then gestured him forward. "Go ahead. I'll hang with my friends."

Peter blinked at her. "Are you sure? I mean... I'm ditching you at Homecoming."

"No," Liz smiled, shaking her head. "You're helping your friend at Homecoming and I'm giving you my express permission to do so." She nodded to (Y/n). "Take her home."

Peter nodded. "Thank you, Liz."

She waved to him as he supported his friend and led her out of the gym. Ned and MJ both nodded to her before they disappeared out the same door a moment later.

"(Y/n), what's wrong?" Peter asked as soon as they got into an empty hallway.

"Green, green, everything is green," (Y/n) said. "It was too bright, and too loud, and every time I blinked the world would go from green to normal and then back again, over, and over, and over."

She sunk back against the wall, and when she looked up at him again, her bloodshot eyes had irises that pulsed with purple.

There was a clatter of shoes from the hallway they had just come from and a split-second later, MJ and Ned emerged from around the corner.

"Deep breaths, (Y/n)," MJ said as soon as she spotted her friend on the ground.

"Your powers are trying to activate," Ned added. "You've gotta breathe."

(Y/n) swallowed and then nodded slowly. She breathed in, held it, then let it out, in, hold, out, in, hold, out, in, hold, out...

After a moment, she had her breathing under control, and when she looked up at her friends again, the only color in her eyes was (e/c).
"Good," MJ said, patting her much-calmer friend on the shoulder carefully. Thankfully, (Y/n) didn't react to touch.

Ned turned to Peter. "What's going on?"

"Adrian Toomes is planning on stealing a jet full of Avengers' weapons and armor tonight," Peter responded.

MJ raised an eyebrow. "Adrian Toomes? Isn't he-"

"Liz's dad," (Y/n) spoke up. Her friends all turned to her as she struggled to get to her feet. Peter moved to help her but she held up a hand and glared at him. "Let me do this on my own, Peter," she growled out. He backed away immediately. (Y/n) finally got to her feet, took a deep breath, and said, "Adrian Toomes is the Vulture, and he is Liz's dad too."

MJ looked more shocked than Peter thought possible for her, while Ned's jaw might as well be on the floor.

"We've gotta tell Mr. Stark," Peter said, looking to his friends. "I don't know if he'll listen, but might as well try, right? All right, I'm gonna need you two--" He pointed to both Ned and MJ "-To be our Guy in the Chair and then whatever MJ wants to be."

MJ shrugged. "I'll come up with something."

Peter nodded. "Okay. Call Happy Hogan, try to explain everything to him before he can hang up on you, he's Mr. Stark's Head of Security. And, uh, you can track our phones with computers, right?"

Ned nodded. "I can hack into them if I need to."

"Good."

There was the sound of grinding metal and all three turned to where (Y/n) was using her powers to lift up the row of lockers she had previously been leaning against. Peter ducked down quickly and grabbed their costumes and his weapons before she lowered the lockers back down to the ground.

"See you guys," (Y/n) said as she began to move down the hallway. "We have to go."

Peter gave a wave as he followed her before he ducked into a boy's bathroom and (Y/n) went into the girl's right next to it.

MJ glanced at Ned before asking, "Computer Lab?"

Ned nodded. "Computer Lab."

}---{  

Peter, clad in the old homemade Spider-Man suit that he hadn't worn in years (at least, for him it was years, time-travel was weird), dropped down from the school and made his way through the rows of school buses. His Spidey-sense tingled and he moved out the way just in time to avoid being shocked.

Peter looked up after stumbling a few feet away to see Schultz, who must have taken on the Shocker identity, step out from behind a bus, the Shocker gauntlet held tight in his hand.

"He gave you a choice," Schultz said. "Seems you chose wrong."
"What the hell, man?"

"At least the girl had better sense than you," he said, ignoring Peter's remark. Ah, so he noticed that (Y/n) wasn't here. Schultz eyed Peter. "What's with the crappy costume?"

Peter aimed his web shooter as Schultz prepared to fire the gauntlet again. Suddenly, a burst of purple shot at Schultz from the bus above him and he fell to the ground.

(Y/n), already transformed into Supernova (right down to the star freckles) hopped down and eyed the unconscious man with her lips pressed in a tight line before she looked up at Peter. "It's kinda sad how easy that was," Peter snorted as she nudged the man with her toe. "You know where he's going?" She asked her friend after a minute.

"Yeah," Peter nodded. "An old building, I know where it is."

(Y/n) nodded and activated her powers. "All right, let's do this."

She activated her powers and, after a nod at her friend, pushed both herself and Peter up and into the air.

"All right, which way?" She asked, turning to her friend.

"Uh, go up," he responded. "I'll let you know where it is from there."

They ascended up toward the sky a moment later. Peter scanned over the area before he pointed to a distant building, an old one that was abandoned.

"There," he said. In the distance, he could see a car pull into the building.

(Y/n) shot them off toward it. They landed on another building nearby as (Y/n)'s phone rang.

"Hey, Ned," she said, putting it on speaker.

"Hey, guys," Ned responded. "Okay, so we got through to Happy Hogan. He wanted to hang up on us, but MJ shut him up."

"As I do," MJ's voice added from the other side of the phone.

"Yeah," Ned breathed. "Anyways, we told him everything, but he didn't believe it. Said he was sick of you trying to get attention or something, I guess."

Peter swore under his breath. "I knew it was a bad idea to text him so often..."

"Okay, thanks, guys," (Y/n) said, "We've gotta go, talk to you later."

"When will you guys be done with him?" Ned asked quickly before she could end the call.

"Not that long, I'm sure," Peter replied.

"Okay..." They could hear Ned take a deep breath before he said. "Bye."

"Stay safe, losers," MJ added before (Y/n) hung up.

She turned to Peter. "Are we ready to go?"

Peter nodded. He looked to the building, and visions, memories, of crushing stone and steel above
him, water falling down his face, but it was sticky and hot, so maybe it was blood, and he was calling, screaming for help, but no one was coming, and he was alone and scared, and he was going to die-

"Peter, are you all right?"

Peter snapped out of his own mind to realize that his friend was staring at him with furrowed eyebrows and a worried expression, her hand hovering over his shoulder.

Peter gulped and nodded. "Yeah, it's just that... Last time, when I went in there, the building collapsed on top of me and I was trapped for a few minutes until I managed to get out and-" He faltered and shuddered. "Just... bad memories..."

(Y/n) furrowed her eyebrows before she stood up. When Peter went to do the same, she placed a hand on his shoulder and pushed him right back down.

"What? (Y/n), what are you-"

"You're staying here," she said firmly. She turned to him and a smirk appeared on her face. "Can't have you spacing out on me in there, can I?"

"Spacing out...?"

She gave him a deadpan look. "In a flashback, dumb-ass."

"Oh..." Peter nodded slowly. "But... it's dangerous in there!"

"You sound like a child." She looked ahead, her resolve steeled. "I'm going alone."

"But... what if the building collapses?!" He exclaimed, desperate to find some sort of reason to not send his best friend in to face a super-villain alone.

"Then you'll be out here to get me out," she shrugged. "Honestly, it's probably easier this way."

"Okay, okay," Peter said, raising his hands in surrender. "Okay, fine, I agree that if I went in there and the place went down, I'd probably, maybe, possibly have some sort of breakdown at the memory."

(Y/n) nodded. "Exactly." She got into a position to go when she glanced at Peter and said, "If it does collapse... Get me out of there, please."

Peter blinked. "Of course."

She gave him a small smile before her hands glowed purple and she hopped off of the roof and flew up to the top of the other building. A window on the top just happened to be open.

(Y/n) took a deep breath and descended down into the building.

She passed monitors and the Vulture suit, which gave her goosebumps. She could destroy it right now. No... She kept going.

Finally, she made it to an open space, surprisingly big and wide and empty, except for Toomes, standing right at the other end.

"What's up, my dude?" She called as she dropped the magic and walked toward him.
"Oh, hey," Toomes turned around. "(Y/n), right?" He glanced around her. "Where's Pete?"

"Not here," she shrugged. "I told him not to come."

Toomes nodded. "Care for your friends, then? They more like your family? I get that, I get that." He sighed. "You know, I was a bit confused when my daughter wanted me to drive her *date's friend* as well, but I get it now, I do." He chuckled lightly. "You're a pretty likable kid."

"Why are you doing this?" (Y/n) asked, clenching her fists, her hands trembling. "*How* could you do this? To your *wife*? To your *daughter*?"

"I don't think you understand," Toomes said, not phased at all. "I'm doing this, all of this, *for them*."

(Y/n) looked to the ground. "There are other ways. There are *always* other ways. You don't just need to *hurt* people, to *kill* people, just for money."

Toomes blinked. "I don't kill people."

"But you supply people who do!" She exclaimed, throwing her hands in the air. "There's not a difference, because you *know* that you're giving things to people who *aren't* planning to go out and plant *daisies* with their brand new alien super-weapon!"

Toomes stared at her for a moment, seemingly mulling over her words before saying, "How do you think your buddy Stark paid for that tower? Or any of his little toys? Those people, (Y/n), those people up there, the rich and the powerful, they do whatever they want. People like us, like you and me, they don’t care about us. We build their roads and we fight all their wars and everything, but they don’t care about us. We have to pick up after ‘em. We have to eat their table scraps. That’s how it is. I know you know what I’m talking about, right?"

(Y/n) felt a pang in her heart, because she *did*. She, on instinct, nodded. "I do."

Toomes let out a small breath. "You do, then?"

"Yes," she breathed. She looked up at him. "Say I didn't, though. Why would you be telling me this, now, then?"

Toomes shrugged. "Guess I just want you to understand..." He picked at his nails before looking up at her again and smirking. "Also... I needed a little time to get her airborne."

(Y/n) blinked and suddenly the world was green. Her blood ran cold and she took a step back. "What?"

The wingsuit burst out behind her, soaring through the air. As (Y/n) barely managed to dodge it, the vibrancy of the green world around her increased continuously.

"I'm sorry, (Y/n)," Toomes called over the whirring of his suit.

"What are you talking about?" She asked as she swerved again. "That thing hasn't even touched me yet."

"True," Toomes shrugged. He looked at her with a strange gleam in his eye. "But, then again, it wasn't really trying to."

(Y/n) turned abruptly to the wingsuit to see just a split second too late that it had just flown through
the final support pillar. She had no time to throw her hands up, to activate her magic, to even *scream*, before the building collapsed down on itself, burying her with it.

Chapter End Notes

Toomes, (Y/n), and Peter: *all having an intense staredown*

Liz: *completely oblivious* does my makeup look good

Toomes: oh its totally not suspicious to keep both the boy and girl in my car yep dont mind me daughetr of mine

Liz: k

Toomes: im going to kill you and everyone you love

Peter: i love liz

Toomes: . . .

Toomes: you win this round spiderman (my references are on point my dudes)

(Y/n): oh everything is green this isnt fun no thank you me no like

Peter: yo u good bro?

(Y/n): yo u gotta ditch ur date

Liz: im cool with this

Happy: i have no time for children

Schultz: i have all of the power in the world! bow to me, child, for i am your ruler- *gets knocked out in one hit*

(Y/n): man u better not go in there you got like ptsd or somethin

Peter: no

(Y/n): yes

Peter: ok

Toomes: *rants about like money and equality and stuff and thinks this child wont understand*

(Y/n): i understand

Building: *collapses* help! ive fallen and i cant get up

(Y/n): i cant believe youve done this
Stark Interlude II

Chapter Summary

In which we see how things are for the man on top of the world who doesn't really like how high it is.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The first time Tony Stark heard of Supernova, it was from Pepper of all people.

"Have you heard the news?" Pepper asked one day as she sat perched on a chair in his lab.

"Hmm?" Tony hummed in response, raising an eyebrow and sending a glance in her direction.

"There's a new vigilante-superhero out there in the world," Pepper responded.

"Really?"

Pepper nodded. "FRIDAY, pull it up."

Tony protested for a few seconds but it changed nothing. FRIDAY tucked away his current work and brought up a video on YouTube instead. It was dark, and the A.I. dimmed the lights to accommodate automatically.

Pepper studied Tony as he watched the video. She wasn't being subtle about it, he could see her out of the corner of his eye, but he disregarded her in favor of observing the recording of this new 'hero' playing onscreen.

Tony furrowed his eyebrows as the girl shot her hands out and just... purple came from her hands? It reminded him a bit of Wanda's magic, though it was, obviously, a different color. The magic grabbed at the truck and left indents in the metal. So it was pretty powerful, then. The girl yelled out, a kid jumped in and helped her, and everything was wrapped up in a neat little bow.

"Wait! What's your name, miss?"

Tony nodded his head a fraction of an inch. Yes, he wanted to know that too.

The girl onscreen smirked. "Call me Supernova."

The way she activated her powers and flew off made Tony wonder just how similar to Wanda's her powers were. Which, honestly, made no sense, because Wanda's powers came from Loki's Scepter, and she was the only one left with powers from it. So how, then, did this girl get powers so similar to Wanda's.

"We checked it," Pepper said after a moment. "It's completely real. No editing involved."

Tony nodded. "All right..." He turned to Pepper, tapping his pen against the table. "Why are you showing me this?"
She shrugged. "Just thought you'd want to see it."

Tony hummed. "Okay. It was interesting, I guess." He turned back to his work but kept his eyes on Pepper. "Let me know if you see her pop up again any time soon."

Pepper nodded and gave a thumbs-up. "You got it."

Tony nodded along to the words of the businessman across from him. He might not enjoy being at these events that much (it was a wedding this time), but it was a nice distraction from things back at home, and the people here treated him well, so he couldn't really complain.

"Boss, Peter Parker's parachute has just been automatically deployed," FRIDAY said, her voice speaking to him in his ear where he had the earpiece situated.

"Automatically?"

"Yes, sir."

Tony sighed. "Send out a suit toward him."

"Yes, sir."

"What was the cause of deployment?" Tony asked after a moment as FRIDAY switched the view of his sunglasses to that of the view from the suit she had sent out.

"Altitude got to be too high," she replied. "The suit's sensors responded accordingly."

Tony nodded. "Good, that's good." At least that worked for sure. That could put his heart at ease maybe just a small bit more at night.

"Spider-Man located," FRIDAY said. The suit's head turned down to show a billow of white in the dark waters below. Ah, of course, the kid was drowning.

"Go down and grab him," Tony said.

He watched as the camera (and therefore the suit itself) dove down into the water, grabbed the red-and-blue-clad boy from the water, and flew right back out of the river.

As the suit began to fly the teenager back to dry land, FRIDAY said, "Sir, he's... struggling."

"Stop, stop, Mr. Stark, let me go back!"

Tony furrowed his eyebrows as the kid's voice came in through the earpiece. He moved his head to look down a bit at the kid. "Why?"

"My friend is still down there, she helped too and she's stuck in the water! I pulled her down with me and she got wrapped in the parachute." the kid's voice was quick, frantic. Tony sighed, and it seemed FRIDAY decided to filter that out so Peter didn't hear it. He heard the propulsors of the suit he was controlling speed up. He watched as the suit dropped the kid off on the shore, near a park, before turning around and shooting off toward the parachute still billowing around in the water.

The suit scanned before FRIDAY said, "One heat signature detected."
Tony nodded. "Grab it." He sent a wide smile at a woman who handed him a drink.

The suit dove down and moved through the fabric of the parachute before locating a thrashing figure in the dark water. Tony bit back another sigh as the suit moved forward and scooped the figure up from under the arms before rising up again and exiting the water.

The figure visibly went limp as the suit carried her toward the shore where the kid had been left.

The girl was dropped next to the kid who placed a hand on her back to help her cough out any extra water from her lungs.

"You good?"

"Yeah, thanks, Spidey."

"No problem, Nova."

Tony watched the exchange with a raised eyebrow before speaking, "I'm gonna need an explanation." He nodded to the girl as he stared at the kid. "Kid, who is this?"

"She's... uh..."

Realizing that the kid was not going to actually end up answering the question, Tony turned to the other one. "Who are you?"

She squirmed a bit under the hard gaze she was probably getting from the emotionless suit before speaking, "Um, I'm a, uh, I'm a superhero too?" Tony was unimpressed by her words, mainly because she spoke as if she herself had no idea what she was saying. "Well, I mean, not really, I've only saved a girl from a mugging and stopped a truck from crashing, and then this, but I guess I'm trying to kinda be whatever Spidey is. Is he a superhero or a vigilante? Or both?" She muttered something under her breath about being out of her comfort zone, and Tony almost snorted at that. "Anyways, I don't really know but whatever it is-"

Tony raised a hand and he could see that the suit did the same "Okay, I don't need the whole story, kid. What's your name?" He knew that he recognized this girl from somewhere. That new vigilante Pepper showed him a video of? That was it, that was this girl. She said her name in the video, what was it...?

"My real name or like my superhero-whatever-thing-alias?" She asked, blinking up at him.

Tony resisted a sigh of annoyance. "The alias, kid, I'll figure out who you really are some other time because, frankly, I don't care."

"Oh." The way her body sagged a bit at his words, like she deflated, made him feel a bit bad, but right now he was just irritated in general at both of these, well, children, and he couldn't really be bothered to care for their feelings, especially not this random girl's. "I'm Supernova."

Supernova, that was it.

"Supernova," he repeated, trying to commit it to memory. He observed her outfit. She seemed to have a theme going now, what with the space dress. If he remembered correctly, the video had shown her in nothing more than a t-shirt and jeans or something. Definitely not anything this coordinated. "Not bad for the whole galaxy thing you got going on." He crossed his arms and the suit followed, well, suit (heh, puns). "Doesn't matter, though. Neither of you should have been out here."
The kid opened his mouth and Tony prepared himself. *Oh, here we go...*

"But Mr. Stark!" Peter cried, and Tony resisted a groan. This kid sounded so innocent and determined, was he *trying* to make Tony feel like the worst person on the planet? *He already felt like that enough as is..."Those guys were gonna hurt people with those weapons! They *are* hurting people!"

"Kid, I don't want to hear it," Tony said, turning to Peter directly and giving him the sternest look he could, though he realized it was probably lost considering he was just controlling a suit from halfway across the world. "This kinda stuff isn't for you."

"We had it handled, though!" Peter exclaimed. He threw his hands in the air and Tony raised his eyebrows at the childish action. "You didn't have to come all the way here for us! We had them!"

*Oh, this is a bad idea...*

"I'm not here," Tony said before he could stop himself. He saw a strange flash of darkness over the camera and a whirring sound and realized that the faceplate had flipped up, revealing probably just a bunch of wires and lights. Tony felt a strange pang in his heart at the way the kid deflated, and it was driven home with the concerned glance the girl gave him. "Come on, kid, be reasonable."

Man, Tony, just destroying this child today, aren't you? The suit's mask closed over again, portrayed to him only through the whirring and the flash of darkness from the camera being shifted for a moment.

"Mr. Stark-" The girl tried to speak, but Tony (and the suit, in turn) raised his hand to stop her.

"I don't want to hear it." He looked back and forth between the two of them. "You, both of you, stay out of this whole thing. This isn't playtime, this is big kid stuff. Stick to churro ladies and runaway trucks." All right, he was done with these children. Both of them looked ready to speak, so before they could say anything, Tony shut off the speaker and said, "FRIDAY, send the suit back."

"Yes, Boss."

Tony let out a quick breath of air as the camera shut off and his sunglasses went back to normal. The billionaire pulled open the driver's seat door of his car and sat down. He gave a wave to the people gathering off to the side to see him off before pressing down on the gas pedal and driving off.

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As he got comfortable on the private jet that was preparing to take him back to New York a few days later, Tony interrupted the quiet of the lonely plane by saying, "Fri, call Happy please."

"Calling Happy."

A screen popped out of the table next to him and Tony leaned over to it as a moment later the call connected and Happy's face appeared.

"Hey, Hap."

"What do you need, Tony?" Happy asked. He sounded exasperated.

"Aw, are you not happy to see me?" Tony asked. "You know, *I am* still your boss. Funny thing about that little arrangement is that *I* am in charge of your paycheck, so, really, you should *very* happy to see me-"
"Okay, okay, I'm sorry, Tony, I get it," Happy said. Tony smirked at the irritated tone clearly in the other man's voice. "It's just this whole 'moving day' business has gotten me really stressed about everything."

Tony nodded. "That's fine, Hap."

"Why are you calling?" Happy's image moved a bit from the man on the other end moving around a bit, probably walking through the building he was in.

"Just wondering how it's going," Tony responded. He glanced out the window and noticed that the jet was already in the air. "We just took off, I should be back soon."

"By soon you mean like 14 hours, Tony."

"Details," Tony said, shrugging. "Irrelevant details in my mind."

"Why aren't you bothering Pepper?" Happy asked.

"She's in a meeting right now," Tony said. "Doing important shit, you know?"

"I'm doing important shit!" Happy countered, indignant. A bit of color was rising into the man's face at it almost made Tony snort with laughter.

"Whatever," Tony said, waving Happy off. "Just thought you'd wanna know that I'm on my way back, safe and sound, you know."

Happy nodded. "Yeah, okay, thanks, Tony."

Tony grinned at him. "Aw, you do care, Hap."

Before Tony could end the call, Happy said, "The kid was spotted with the Supernova girl again."

Tony raised an eyebrow. "They just a team now or something?"

"That's what people are saying."

Tony nodded slowly. "I'll keep an eye on them." He didn't know how he felt about this new Supernova girl yet. He wasn't sure if he liked her. He definitely didn't trust her. "Bye, Hap."

"Bye, Tony."

The call ended a second later.

Tony shifted a bit and leaned back in his seat. He glanced outside at the dark world and grimaced. It was probably gonna be dark out when they landed, too. He hated jet-lag.

Picking up a projector, he flipped it on and a holographic screen turned on. He pressed his lips together and began to flick through the different projects he had in the works before finally landing on one and staying on it. *The Iron Spider.* The project was almost done, he was really just finishing up some programming and the overall design of the suit he was planning to one day give to the kid.

Tony began to work on a few things, zooming in and adjusting measurements before inputting some code for a spot in the suit that was weaker than others.

Suddenly, his work was interrupted by a new window popping up.
“FRIDAY? What the hell?”

“Miss Potts is calling, Boss.”

“Pepper?”

The window immediately shifted from a dark color to Pepper's face instead. Tony grinned.

“Hey, Pep.”

“Hey, Tony.”

“To what do I owe the pleasure?” Tony asked, trying to make himself look a bit more comfortable.

“I wanted to see if you were sleeping, actually,” she replied.

“Me? Sleeping? You know me better than that, Pep.”

She glared at him. “Tony...” She sighed. “I just... I'm worried about you sometimes. You need to get more sleep than you do. You know it'll help you with your health too.”

“My health is better than it's been in years,” Tony protested, bringing up something that he hasn't been able to in a long time.

“True,” Pepper said before shaking her head. She pointed at him, her finger probably very close to the screen on her end. “But it's still not very good.”

Tony hummed and shrugged. “You win some, you lose some.” He shifted a bit. “Is there anything else you wanted to call about.”

“No, Tony, I just want you to rest. We can talk when you get back.”

“I'm not gonna sleep no matter what you do and you know that,” Tony said, raising an eyebrow at her in a sort of challenge. "So you can either leave or you could stay and talk to me about all the impressive things you must have done today.”

Pepper snorted and shook her head. "Well, you know I'm not gonna leave you, so I guess I'll entertain you with all the thrilling tales from this six-hour meeting I just escaped from.”

Tony nodded. "Sounds exciting.”

“Well...” She tapped her chin in thought. "It had been raining for a while when I got there, so I was wearing my hood, you know? And there was that new guy, Jeffery, I think it was, and apparently, he has been living under a rock for the past however-many years because as soon as I walked in, he gave me this passing glance and was like, 'Hey doll, could you grab me a cup of coffee? We've got a meeting with the CEO in a half-hour or so and I'm feeling like a good hot drink. Thanks.' Evans was there and he looked halfway between laughing and dying. I think I've gotten a flair for dramatic reveals from you because I took off my hood, looked him straight in the eye, and said, 'I am the CEO.'" She smirked and chuckled a bit. "He had to leave early.”

Tony laughed, the sound echoing through the rest of the empty jet. "I would too if I were him.”

Pepper nodded. "Yes, yes, well, that was all well and good and fun but then everyone else showed up and Traciere talked for literally an hour straight without making any decent points whatsoever.

Tony nodded along with Pepper as she spoke of the meeting and before he knew it, he was asleep,
snoring softly with his head resting on his propped-up hand.

Pepper blinked on the screen before smiling softly. "FRIDAY, dim the lights in there and then end the call."

"Of course, Miss Potts."

The lights on the jet's interior dimmed down and a moment later the glowing blue screen flicked off and the holograph disappeared back into the device.

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In the darkness of Tony Stark's jet, the exhausted billionaire himself had finally fallen asleep.

However, while some (Pepper Potts, James Rhodes, and Happy Hogan, for example) may be happy about this fact, there was one who was not.

Tony twitched in his sleep a bit. Every so often, he'd let out a sound that was a mix between a whimper and a groan. He turned a bit, his face scrunching up once in a while before relaxing and then scrunching up again.

He was having a nightmare, but, then again, that wasn't anything new.

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"His name was Charlie Spencer. You murdered him. In Sokovia. Not that it matters in the least to you. You think you fight for us. You just fight for yourself."

"You think you fight for us."

"You just fight for yourself."

"You just fight for yourself."

"You just fight for your s e l f . . ."

She was right, of course. Tony only fought for himself, that was why he didn't deserve it, any of it.

As Mrs. Spencer's face faded off into the darkness, her words seemed to echo around him.

A moment passed, then, of silence. Complete silence.

And then, he heard it, a recording he had listened to over and over and over again.

"He's my friend, Tony."

"So was I."

He tried to cover his ears as the sounds of clanging metal and repulsor blasts filled the world around him, but it did nothing to help him. The sounds weren't just around him, they were in his mind, bouncing around, getting louder and louder as the fighting increased.

And then, suddenly, the fighting was gone. There were footsteps, against stone and then snow, moving away from him, leaving him there, alone, cold, alone, a l o n e . . .

He sat there for what felt like forever, waiting, waiting, waiting for someone to come and help him.
He wondered if someone ever would.

But that was fine. He deserved this. He deserved this cold, lonely end. Rhodey would be fine. Pepper would be fine. Happy would be fine. The kid would be fine. The world would be fine.

What had he ever done to protect the world? Sure, he stopped that nuke. Great job, you did it. But then...

He had caused Ultron. He had caused it. He made Ultron, who was ready to destroy the entire world. Who killed so many, including Charlie Spencer, a young man with his whole life ahead of him...

He had broken up the Avengers. In his desperation to do what was right, he had broken the Avengers. The world’s greatest defenders... and he had messed it all up.

He had messed it all up.

Just like he always did.

Just like he always did.

Just like he always did...

Tony sat up, gasping for breath.

His eyes flicked around the jet shrouded in darkness before he leaned back and breathed deeply. In through the nose, out through the mouth.

He was fine.

He was fine.

He was fine.

Tony groaned and placed his face in his hands.

God, the world just hated him, didn't it?

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When Tony got back, he was looking forward to just relaxing for a few days (and by relaxing, he meant not leaving his lab for at least 72 hours). but then the kid had to come in with his little vigilante friend and cut a boat in half.

And then, to top it all off, the girl knew Peter Parker was Spider-Man, and Peter Parker didn't know who Supernova was.

As soon as the girl accused him of not caring, though, Tony couldn't help but step right out of his suit and lecture them in person.

And then he told the kid to give him back the suit.

He watched a pain fill Peter's eyes, and it almost made him regret his decision, but he stood firm. Tony was not going to let this kid run off and get himself or someone else killed. Not with something that Tony made.
He focused on the kid first, of course, and then while Peter was off changing into clothes that the girl had for some reason or another, Tony finally rounded on her.

"So, Supernova, huh?"

Her head immediately turned to him. Her eyes widened a small bit and she stared at him for a long moment before nodding slowly.

A small chuckle managed to escape Tony's lips as he shook his head a bit. "You know, I was gonna leave you alone... I was going to. Get you to sign those accords, maybe, if you got big enough, but overall let you do your own thing." He sighed. This was too much right now. One kid trying to superhero was enough for him. Two was too much. "But then... you got caught up with our resident spider-kid, even figured out his identity, and you joined him in these little... escapades." Tony shook his head again.

He knew that he was probably tearing down and destroying this girl's dreams the more and more that he spoke, but she needed to hear it. He needed to say this because this girl needed to understand that this line of work was dangerous. He couldn't have another kid out on the streets with his knowledge who could just, well, die... He was knowingly breaking this girl's heart and he had to because he had to stop her from going any further with this whole hero thing.

"This is something bigger than the new vigilante on the block, kid. That's why I called the FBI, after all." He locked eyes with her and fought to keep himself steady as he saw her start to visibly deflate. He could see something in her eyes that he recognized in his. Was it... a want for validation... for someone to understand... Tony didn't know. He decided to keep going. Time to put the icing on the cake. "I can't actually take anything away from you since I never gave you anything, but I can promise that you will never get any support from me. Something goes wrong, that's on you, kid. But take my advice: Stay out of this, 'cause if I'm being honest, you're not strong enough for this line of work."

He saw the light leave her eyes. A sparkle that was there disappeared and she seemed to be ready to collapse in on herself.

As Tony took the suit back from the kid who looked ready to cry, he noticed the girl staring at him the entire time. After a few moments, she said, "Bye, Mr. Stark. It was... nice to meet you."

The kid gave a weak wave to Tony and said, "Bye."

Before Tony could say anything more, the girl gave him one last look that made him fall completely silent. He didn't know how to react to the ways he was looking at him. It was sad, forlorn, maybe, it was... reminiscent... Tony was confused, his mind running into overdrive. Before he could put the strange look of the girl behind him and speak again, she had already activated her powers (which still reminded him of Wanda's) and flew her and the kid off the building and out of view.

Tony collapsed into the chair in the living room of his and Pepper's floor and soon as he got into the Compound.

"What happened?"

Tony glanced up to see Pepper standing in the entrance to one of the hallways, her eyebrows furrowed in concern.
He sighed and shook his head. "Nothing, nothing..."

"Tony..."

"I took the kid's suit away."

Pepper blinked. "What?"

"I took the kid's suit away," Tony repeated. "The ferry thing today... I just... I couldn't..." He groaned. "I took his suit away and then I broke his friend's dreams."

"Friend?"

"That Supernova girl, I think."

Pepper nodded. She moved closer and then slipped right on top of Tony's lap.

"What are you doing?"

"I can leave."

"I'm not complaining."

Pepper hummed. "It's gonna be fine, Tony."

"Is it?"

"Yes."

Tony didn't feel that it was the truth, but she sounded so sure of herself that for a moment, he couldn't help but believe it himself.

Chapter End Notes

Pepper: look a child

Tony: stop showing me so many children

Peter: my freennnddd

Tony: ugh fine why must you be such a hassle

Happy: why must you call me

Tony: cause you're my friend

Happy: i regret everything

Pepper: guess wat *talks about meeting*

Tony: sleep is for the weak

Tony: and i am weak, so, so weak
Tony: *nightmares* *sits up* yeah im worthless nothing new here (no tony we love you bby its gonna be ok)

(Y/n): i wanna be a superhero

Tony: *thinking* time to break this child's heart to save her from herself

Tony: *speaking* you cannot

Pepper: wats wrong

Tony: nothing

Tony: everything
Chapter Forty

Chapter Summary

In which (Y/n) is having trouble coping with the weight on her shoulders in more ways than one.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was screaming around her, she could hear it.

The girl ran as fast as she could. She looked back only once, never again. She didn't want to have to see her home destroyed, pounded into the ground by one of the... things... that had entered the world when the sky broke in two.

"Okay, okay, okay, where are we going..."

She turned. Her mother had to somewhere around here. Somewhere...

She thought back to the last thing her mother had said before they had been separated.

"You be careful, all right? I don't know what I would do if I lost you."

Her mother was never the nicest. Ever. But she could tell that the woman had been being serious.

"Mother!" She called out over the fray. She frowned. Her yell was too quiet, no sounds that really echoed. Maybe, though, another word would be louder...

"Mom!"

She hadn't said that word in years, but now she couldn't stop.

"Mom!" She ran.

"Mom, where are you!?" She ran.

"Mom!" She ran.

She turned a corner and fell back with a scream. One of those... things... hopped in front of her. She had heard the good guys calling them something... The Chimpanzees? No, no, that wasn't it... Chitauri! The Chitauri! That's what they were.

She was moved out of her thoughts when the alien(?) in front of her let out an animalistic shriek before pouncing at her. She swerved out of the way just in time when it went at her again.

(Y/n) let out a small cry and raised her arms up to cover herself when there was a quick boom nearby and the alien roared and turned around. A few more booms came consecutively and the alien let out one more yell before being shot down by something from a higher rooftop.

She breathed deeply as the alien fell at her feet before looking up. There was a woman there, with
short red hair, dressed all in black, a gun hanging from her hands. The woman gave (Y/n) a small smirk and a nod before running off. (Y/n) glanced up to where the thing that had finally killed the alien was and saw a man, also in black, funnily enough, turned in a different direction and shooting things down left and right with a bow and arrow before he raised his arms up. Iron Man himself swooped out of the sky, grabbed hold of the man, and flew him off to another rooftop.

(Y/n) stumbled back and her hand found a turned-over car to support herself on. She took in a few gasping breaths of air before steeling herself and continuing to move.

She was getting a bit too close to the main battle for comfort, but that was fine. She had to find her mother. If Carliana (L/n) was alive out there, (Y/n) would find her.

As she was running down a street, a man rounded a corner dressed really patriotically, to be honest. Actually... he looked pretty familiar... was that...?

Captain America locked eyes with her, then looked beyond her before gesturing for her to get down. (Y/n) listened on instinct and fell to the ground, ignoring the debris below her that was tearing into her skin.

She watched from the ground as freaking Captain America threw his shield above her. She heard it connect with something and then a thump a few yards behind her as the shield came flying back toward him and locked onto his arm.

"Hey, kiddo," Cap said when he got a bit closer, reaching out a hand to help her up. She accepted and got to her feet. Her face flushed a bit and she gave a small wave even if he was just a bit away from her.

"Hi."

Cap pressed a finger to his ear. "Thor, can you come down here for a minute?"

(Y/n) (who had hearing better than anyone she knew), heard a man's voice respond, "Of course, Captain."

A beat passed and then a man suddenly crashed to the ground near them. (Y/n) observed him. He reminded her a bit of an interpretation of old gods from Norse myths she had read in the school library. His golden (that was cheesy, but it was the closest color she could think of) hair was barely dirtied, which surprised her quite a bit considering the battle raging around them.

"What do you need, Captain?" The golden-haired man asked Cap.

"Thor, I've got this little girl here," Cap said, patting her on the shoulder. "I need you to take her somewhere safe."

Thor (so that was his name! he was the Norse God!) nodded. "Consider it done."

Cap nodded, gave (Y/n) one more small smile, and then turned and ran in the other direction. As soon as he turned the corner, he was blown back against a building. (Y/n) could see him scowl, pick himself back up, and run right at whatever had hit him.

Thor turned to her. "Young warrior," he said, addressing her in a formal tone. She felt she needed to straighten herself a bit at his words. "Take my hand."

She did, placing her small hand in his much larger ones.
"Hold on tight."

(Y/n) gripped his hand and pressed her lips tightly together to keep from screaming as Thor swung his hammer and the two were lifted off of the ground.

He landed maybe two blocks away, placing her on the ground with surprising gentleness.

"Head inside. You'll be safe there."

Before she could get a word in, Thor gave her one final smile, strangely wide and blinding, before spinning the hammer again and flying back toward the battle.

(Y/n) turned slowly to the building he had placed her by. It looked sturdy enough, and the way the door was slightly cracked open made her think that other people were probably in there. Her heart lit up. Maybe her mother was in there!

With that in mind, (Y/n) moved toward it quickly and slipped inside. The inside was empty, but quick investigation allowed her to find a door to a basement. She hopped down the steps and emerged from the door at the bottom to find a group of maybe thirty people all crowded inside.

"Hey, honey, did you just come from outside?" A woman, the closest person to her, asked.

(Y/n) nodded.

"Are you hurt?"

She shook her head.

"Where's your family?"

(Y/n) bit her lip before saying, "I don't know."

The woman blinked before smiling kindly. "Well... Let's see if they're here, okay?"

(Y/n) nodded. "Okay."

They worked their way through the group of people, but (Y/n) didn't recognize a single one of them. None of them was her mother.

(Y/n) turned to the woman when she got back to the front of the crowd. The woman gave her a pitiful look that (Y/n) found herself hating.

"I'm sorry we couldn't find your mother, honey."

(Y/n) nodded. "It's all right. Thank you for your help."

The woman smiled. "Anytime- Wait, where are you going?"

(Y/n) moved to the stairs. The woman cried after her, but she didn't waver. The girl shot up the stairs, made her way through the building, and burst through the front door.

She was blown back a moment later by a Chitauri alien. The creature, holding a gun, advanced on her. (Y/n) got up and, remembering the kind woman and innocent people hiding downstairs, gritted her teeth, got up, and charged at the alien with a yell.

She caught it by surprise, apparently. The thing fell backward from her attack, back and out into
The attack never came.

Instead, the thing raised its weapon, ready to fire, when a deafening roar echoed out and then the thing was punched halfway down the street by a giant green fist.

(Y/n) turned suddenly to see the Hulk standing there. He grunted and looked at her for a long moment. She felt her heart pounding in her chest before he gave her a small nod. He then let out another ear-splitting roar and leaped away, clearing a whole building in a single bound.

(Y/n) watched him until he was out of view before spinning around. She began running down the street. Her mother had to be somewhere around here. She spotted a small building, only two or three floors in total, with its door slightly ajar. Might as well start there. She ran forward and pushed her way into the building.

"Mom!"

She looked through the building.

"Mom!"

There was a sudden rumbling, and (Y/n) felt the ground shake. Dust and small pieces of concrete fell from the ceiling. (Y/n) swallowed and turned to the door. She had to get out of here.

She was only a few yards from the outside world when there was a deafening sound around her and a muffled roar from the outside. She could barely scream before the building she was in completely collapsed, burying her in the stones.

(Y/n) (L/n) sat buried in rubble for more than a week. Rescue teams found her after one day, but they didn’t yet have the equipment in the ruined city to move the destroyed building off of her to free her.

She had oxygen, thankfully. There were cracks all around her, so she had a supply of air. A small hole was near her head, too, a few inches wide, not big enough for anything, really, but just large enough for a tube to fit through. (Y/n) could move her right arm and be able to use it to grab the tube, place it in her mouth, and get water from it. So she wasn’t going to die from dehydration. Great.

Around the third day, a granola bar was shoved through the hole and into her hand. (Y/n) devoured it and then four more after it before she was worried she’d get sick if she ate any more.

On the fourth day, a doctor from one of the hospitals they had contacted got an hour of his time off and showed up. He determined a few of her injuries from her descriptions but said he couldn’t get much without actually seeing the patient.

She was passed painkillers the doctor had brought periodically every four hours.
They didn't do much to help.

No one understood that normal painkillers didn't work on her.

On the fifth day, (Y/n) heard talk of delays in the equipment getting there. How unfortunate.

On the sixth day, (Y/n) got what she decided would be her only brush with fame in her life. A news station showed up and did a small story on her. A microphone was shoved near the hole (actually it blocked off a lot of light which was annoying) and a woman who talked with a chipper tone that didn't seem to match the situation asked her questions.

On the seventh day, she got word that her mother was getting treated in a hospital upstate after all the closer ones were stuffed to the brim with people. They promised her they'd have a room at the same hospital reserved for when she got out.

On the eighth day, the sound of repulsors filled the air around her in the middle of the afternoon.

"Iron Man!" Someone yelled.

There was a creaking, groaning sound and then (Y/n) felt a weird feeling of weightlessness, which was strange after she had felt such a heavy weight for the past week. Light flooded the area she was laying in and she squinted, wincing a bit as they hurt her enhanced eyes (she knew she was enhanced, it was obvious).

"Hey, kiddo, sorry this took so long."

Iron Man scooped her up from the pile of rubble she had been in for so long, draping her over his arm as if she was nothing.

"Where am I dropping this kid off?"

(Y/n) was limp as Iron Man (TONY STARK!!!!) flew her to the hospital her mother was being kept in. It took maybe a half hour of just flying through the air. Now that she was out from being buried under the rubble, it seemed like whatever adrenalin high she had been on for the past week had suddenly faded away. She wondered, vaguely, in the haze that was her mind, if maybe her powers had been trying to keep her alive. Maybe that was why she couldn't get to sleep. They were keeping her awake.

Iron Man (Mr. Stark?) dropped her off at the hospital after what felt like both forever and just a moment.

She was taken by someone, maybe someones, hands grabbing at her, laying her on something soft. It was so comfortable, but everything was so bright. It was white and blinding and it hurt her eyes. She groaned and shifted and squirmed to try and escape from the light. It hurt, it hurt, it hurt.

(Y/n) ended up being in the hospital for two months. Being buried under tons of rubble would hurt anyone, let alone an eleven-year-old child. She heard doctors telling her mother that it was a miracle she had survived at all, especially for so long.

Not a miracle, she thought. Just magic.

Her mother was kind to her, worried about her, for the first week, maybe. Then, after that, when Carliana's treatment was done but (Y/n)'s was barely getting started, everything went back to how it usually was. Her mother was cold, mean, critical, and (Y/n) was as much of a hassle as she had ever been.
When (Y/n) was finally out of the hospital, Carliana was drowning in the debt from the medical treatments. The doctors told her that it actually would have been much more, but (Y/n) had healed surprisingly fast.

No one knew why except for the girl herself.

Then, one day, Carliana (L/n) went to Florida for a few days for a job opportunity and didn't come back.

(Y/n) was alone.

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When (Y/n) slept for the next year, she, well, didn't.

She tried to sleep every night, but she couldn't.

Every night, she saw the same things, relived the same moments over and over and over.

Crushing metal, stones digging into her side, dust in her lungs, everything was crushing her, she couldn't breathe, she couldn't breathe, she couldn't breathe...

---

Peter let out an involuntary cry as the building collapsed, flinching back from the sound and covering his ears as the thing came down.

After a few moments, it stopped, and he slowly extracted his hands from his ears, easing open his eyes to look up.

It was just as bad as he thought.

Peter couldn't think as he stumbled forward. He fell off of the rooftop he was on and barely caught himself when he reached the ground. He blinked a few times, even if there was no dust or anything in his eyes. They were watering, though.

"(Y/n)," he said, and it came out as a wheeze, and he didn't know why.

He tripped over his own feet as he moved, but he managed to make it across the road and began to climb over the rubble of the building.

"(Y/n)!" He called, but it came out quiet and broken and useless.

Peter glared and narrowed his eyes.

Then, he heard, out somewhere in the piles of debris, "Peter!"

He blinked, a chill running down his spine. Then, there it was again.

"Peter!"

He cleared his throat and responded, "(Y/n)!"
"Peter!"

"(Y/n)!

He moved toward where her voice had been coming from.

"I can't get you out!" Peter called desperately as he looked around. He couldn't tell where her exact location was even with her voice, and if he chose the wrong thing to move, the whole thing could have a chain reaction that completely crushed her. "I don't know where you are, and moving the wrong thing could make the whole thing come down." He paused for a moment as he realized that she was going to have to do the exact same thing he did in the same situation, a lifetime ago. "You have to get out yourself."

"I can't..." She sounded strained, like she was trying. "I can't use my powers. They aren't working."

"Use your strength, then."

There was a pause, and then, "What?"

"Your strength, (Y/n). You're strong, I know you are, you can do this, even without your powers."

"Okay, okay," she said, but it sounded like she was talking more to herself than him. "I got this, I got this."

Peter said nothing as things began to shift. Then, it fell down again and she let out a cry

"(Y/n)!" He called out, but she didn't respond. Peter fell silent. She could do this, he knew she could.

Then, suddenly, everything began to move. They went up, up, up, and then he heard her let out a yell before a wave of purple energy flew over the rubble and it floated up toward the sky.

Peter grinned and muttered under his breath, "Took you long enough..."

(Y/n) gasped for breath, but couldn't take single one in.

It was dark, and cold, and wet, and she was scared.

Every time she blinked, she saw the small hole of light, the only thing she could see for a week, for an eternity.

"Help! Help, please, please, help me, please, please, please..." (Y/n) took in a few gulps of air. Every time she breathed, it hurt. The world was crushing down on her, around her. There were dirt and dust in the air, in her lungs. She couldn't breathe, she couldn't breathe.

(Y/n)'s arm hurt to move, she wondered if maybe it was broken or something.

She realized, vaguely, that she was sobbing.

She couldn't do this again, she couldn't. She couldn't sit down here for days, wondering when she was going to die, when it was all going to completely collapse around her.

(Y/n) thought, at least for a split second, that maybe, just maybe, it would be better just to die.
She banished that idea from her mind immediately because she couldn't just leave. Peter would blame himself, after all.

She couldn't do that to Peter.

"Peter!" She screamed involuntarily.

There was silence.

"Peter!" She waited a few seconds and gritted her teeth, tears slipping down her face. "Please!"

Her voice broke halfway through the word.

(Y/n) felt her heart grow heavy. Every breath she took got more and more shallow. Dots danced in her vision. She felt weak, numb, she couldn't breathe, she couldn't breathe, she couldn't breathe...

"(Y/n)!"

It was like a light in the dark. (Y/n)'s tears blended with water dripping from above her as she moved her head to look up as much as she could.

"Peter!"

"(Y/n)!"

She laughed breathlessly, though it didn't sound much like a laugh. She still couldn't get any air in.

"I can't get you out!" Peter called. "I don't know where you are, and moving the wrong thing could make the whole thing come down." He paused for a moment as the gravity of his words sank in for her. "You have to get out yourself."

"I can't..." She tried. "I can't use my powers. They aren't working."

"Use your strength, then."

She blinked. "What?"

"Your strength, (Y/n). You're strong, I know you are, you can do this, even without your powers."

"Okay, okay," she said. "I got this, I got this."

Peter said nothing as (Y/n) began to push up. After just a few inches of movement, her arms gave out and she collapsed, feeling the weight above her all over again.

"(Y/n)!"

She didn't hear him though.

(Y/n) was caught back in the moments when she was younger and forced in a hospital bed for months. She remembered when doctors had to force her back to consciousness five times because she wasn't strong enough to keep holding on.

She thought back to the truck when she had to be helped by a child to stop it because she wasn't strong enough to stop it on her own.

She thought back to the Washington Monument when she wasn't strong enough to keep holding on
and fell down the elevator shaft, barely waking up in time to stop herself from crashing into the ground.

She thought back to the ferry when she wasn't strong enough to pull the ferry back together, wasn't even strong enough to keep holding the ferry pieces. How so many people could have gotten hurt, just because she wasn't strong enough.

"If I'm being honest, you're not strong enough for this line of work."

She heard Mr. Stark's voice echoing in her head.

"You're not strong enough."

"You're not strong enough."

"You're not strong enough."

Then, suddenly, it was replaced with her mother's voice, saying the exact same words.

"You're not strong enough."

"You're not strong enough."

"You're not strong enough."

And then, the two blended together, an endless torment on her senses.

"You're not strong enough."

"You're not strong enough."

"You're not strong enough."

"You're not strong enough."

(Y/n) narrowed her eyes and gritted her teeth, feeling something swell in her chest.

"I am strong enough."

She planted her hands and pushed.

The tons of rubble above her moved, and eventually, she was up enough that she could turn her hands upward. She took a deep breath and let out more magic than she had ever released flood from her hands. The energy enveloped the stone above her.

(Y/n) slowly lifted the stone off of her and when she was standing straight, she let out one more burst of energy and pushed the rubble up and out, freeing up the area above her before falling farther away.

"(Y/n)!"

She turned to where the voice was coming from and activated her powers, flying up and landing on the road next to her friend.

"You did it!"
Peter pounced on her, embracing her tightly. (Y/n) returned the hug immediately.

Finally, the two pulled away.

(Y/n) looked to where she could still see Vulture flying up into the sky.

Purple wisps flowed around her fingertips.

She turned to Peter with a smirk. "Let's go get this bread."

Chapter End Notes

Carliana: you know i dont like my daughter but i also love her whoa character development for carliana of all people what is this madness

(Y/n): *has an encounter of some sort with every original avenger*

(Y/n): oh cool but im gonna go find my hateful mom now

(Y/n): oh i am poor child buried for so long this is so sad

Carliana: you know its great youre alive and all but im gonna head out now peace my bromeo

Peter: i cant get you out cause i dont wanna accidentally hurt you sorry friend

(Y/n): *flashbacks*

(Y/n): i am strong enough (yes y/n bb believe in yourself yovue got this)

(Y/n): lets get this bread
Chapter Forty-One

Chapter Summary

In which the world is falling down but maybe it'll be okay.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

(Y/n) narrowed her eyes and sent magic to wrap around her friend before blasting both of them off into the air.

She glanced at Peter as they began to trail behind Toomes. "You good?"

Peter nodded, righting himself a bit in the clutches of the magic. "Yeah, yeah, I'm good." He glanced up at her and she could see his eyes widen behind the homemade mask he had over his face. "(Y/n), you're bleeding!"

She blinked. "I am?" (Y/n) reached a hand up to her face and felt a small trail of sticky liquid coming from her nose. She registered, from the way it was stinging, that she must also have a cut lip. She waved him off. "It's fine. It'll heal by tomorrow night."

Peter stared up at her but said nothing.

As they followed after Toomes, the wind whipping (Y/n)'s hair as she maneuvered them out of the villain's sight, Peter commented off-handedly, "You know last time I was to just flail behind him on a piece of web until he got to the plane where I could stick onto it."

The magic faltered for a split-second as (Y/n) turned to him with wide eyes. She let out a small squeak and reinforced the magic before staring at him. "Are you kidding? Oh, please tell me you're joking."

Peter grinned, she could tell by the way his mask shifted near his mouth and shook his head. "It wasn't fun, but yeah, that's what happened." He paused for a second before adding. "Good thing you're here this time."

(Y/n) nodded. "I'm surprised you haven't been killed on one of your missions by now."

Peter narrowed his eyes. "Like you'd be good on your own. We work well together, (Y/n). Say it with me now, together."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever, bug boy."

Peter scoffed. "Excuse you," he said, sounding much more offended than he probably was. "Spiders are arachnids, not bugs. Arachnids."

"Whatever you say, bug boy."

Peter sighed before looking up and saying, "We're approaching the jet."
(Y/n) followed his line of sight and nodded. "Got it." She looked back at him. "You ready?"

"Ready as I'll ever be, I guess."

"Good."

(Y/n) swerved down under the plane to where Toomes's Vulture suit had connected itself to the bottom.

"All right, I'm gonna move you a bit and you kick the suit off."

"Why can't you use your magic?" Peter asked, looking to her.

She shrugged. "Don't wanna risk using too much energy and making us fall literally through the clouds." She scrunched up her nose. "Doesn't seem like a very fun experience."

Peter nodded. "Definitely don't do that."

(Y/n) moved her friend closer to the suit clinging to the underside of the plane. As she did, she ended up looking down and noticing how high up they were. She breathed out involuntarily, "Holy shit."

"What?" Peter asked, looking back at her.

"We're just..." She swallowed. "Really high up..."

Peter's head turned down and after a moment, he nodded weakly and said, "Yeah... we are."

(Y/n) shook her head. "Okay, okay, let's focus." She turned and noticed that while she was freaking out over the height they were at, the plane had flown off. She groaned and shot both her and her friend off toward it. Thank god that her enhanced vision could pick up easily where the plane ended and the sky began.

"All right, let's try this again."

She moved them under the plane, this time moving alongside it with the magic, which was much more precarious but they didn't really have any other options.

"Here we go..."

(Y/n) moved Peter over toward the suit. The teen waited a moment before shooting his leg out and kicking the suit as hard as he could. It didn't move an inch. He readied himself again and did the same thing. Then again. And again.

Finally, it moved a bit. Both teens could here alarms blaring inside the jet, probably from the abrupt change in air pressure.

"Move me away, move me away!" Peter shouted. (Y/n) did as she was told, pulling her friend back and away from the suit. She did so just in time, too, as the suit suddenly activated and popped off of the plane. Toomes was manning it, a scowl clear on his face as he came at them.

(Y/n), desperate not to lose the jet in the haze of the clouds again, moved her and her friend up and against the plane.

"Peter, web 'im up!"
Peter needed no more prompting, throwing out his hands and shooting web after web at the supervillain. (Y/n) flew them back, pulling Toomes away from the plane. In the process, though, he got free from Peter's grip and fell right toward the engine.

Both teens let out a shout as the man disappeared from view for a second before there was a flash of light and a fire started up in the engine. Toomes emerged, completely intact but with a damaged wingsuit.

(Y/n) looked down to the ground for a second and noticed that it was getting closer.

"Peter, we're losing altitude!"

"I know!"

She turned to her friend. "I've got the plane, you make sure that Toomes doesn't get away with anything!"

Peter nodded. "Steer it toward Coney Island! That's the best spot where there are no people right now and none of the stuff will get too messed up." She caught the secret meaning behind his words- that was where he had landed it last time.

"Got it!"

(Y/n) moved Peter toward the plane's front, near where Toomes was trying to get in. Peter placed his hands and feet onto it.

"You good?" She asked, observing her friend.

"I'm holding on tight. You, go!"

She nodded and released him from her magic before flying over to the top of the plane.

"Okay, okay, I've got this, I've got this..."

(Y/n) planted her feet on the top of the plane, still holding herself with the magic to keep from flying off.

"All right, let's do this."

She moved her hands forward and placed them out in front of her. They were glowing faintly purple as she held herself up. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and steeled her resolve. The air around her whipped at her hair and nearly deafened her as it blew past her ear.

"Okay..."

(Y/n) opened her eyes and narrowed them, scrunching up her face as she focused her magic on the wings of the plane. The energy centered around her hands glowed brighter and brighter as the wings became outlined in a rippling purple color. She let out a breath of air before taking in another one and turning her hands to the side, toward where she knew Coney Island to be. The plane groaned a bit as the metal itself bent under her magic before the whole thing turned.

(Y/n) let out a breathy laugh at her own success before she focused again and turned the plane even more. She noticed as they soared over the city that they weren't gonna make it to the beach in time before they crashed into the ground below.

She couldn't let this thing crash into the city, into a building that was probably holding people.
People with friends and family and whole lives. No, she wasn't going to let that happen.

(Y/n) sent out another blast of magic to the nose of the plane. It glowed purple as well and (Y/n) pulled back on it as much as she could, lengthening their descent. Finally, she saw the sandy beach of their final destination approaching. She let the nose down a bit and the plane moved down at a much faster rate.

"Peter!"

There was a beat of silence and she wondered if he had heard her.

"What?!

"Prepare for impact!"

She didn't know if he had responded, because before she knew what was happening, the plane had crashed into the ground, causing an eruption of flames and throwing her off of the top of it and into the sand.

Everything went dark.

}---{

(Y/n) eased open her eyes. Her ears were ringing and she was hot. Her head was pounding and she recognized, vaguely, that her hair was (h/c) again, clinging to her face. She was sprawled in the sand, her face buried in it to where it was nearly up to her eyes.

She took in small breaths and tried to move a bit. The ringing in her ears persisted. Her arms hurt. Her legs hurt. Her back hurt. Her chest hurt. Everything hurt.

"Peter," she breathed out, the word croaky and dead. Her voice was hoarse, maybe from breathing in the smoke that was billowing around her.

(Y/n) clenched her fist as hard as she could and was reassured just a bit by the wisps of purple that formed around it. She could have smiled.

She turned over to where she was on her hands and knees. Her body complained, but she had to keep going. She shakily got to her feet and blinked. Her eyes burned.

(Y/n) heard a muffled sound through the haze of noises that joined the persistent ringing in her head. She looked to where it was coming from only to see the Vulture suit shoot out through the smoke.

"Hey, kid."

She barely had time to let out a cry when Toomes slammed into her, knocking her to the ground. (Y/n)'s powers were barely there at all. They were present, she could see them, but they weren't strong enough to actively attack at all.

Toomes was punching her and her vision just kept getting more and more green. "Yeah, I got that there's danger, thanks a lot, powers of mine," she thought bitterly.

(Y/n) desperately flailed her fists at him, trying to push him off of her or maybe to land a hit of her own, but it was to no avail. She was too weak and he had the upper hand.

Then, suddenly, there was a breath of relief when Toomes was tackled off of her. (Y/n) sat up,
blinking, in a daze as the green faded away. When her vision came back to normal, she saw Toomes thrown back a bit, fighting off a figure dressed in tattered red-and-blue, messy brown curls resting on his head as he attacked the other man.

"Peter."

(Y/n) got to her feet when Toomes finally threw Peter off of him. The boy flew back and hit the ground with a groan. The ringing in her ears was less, now, and she could hear almost everything clearly.

She let out a small growl at the sight of her friend and turned to Toomes. She summoned as much of her magic as she could and sent a ball of energy at him. It struck him and caused him to stumble a bit, but that was it.

She saw a string of white from behind her fly toward Toomes. (Y/n) whirled around to see Peter back on his feet, his face dirty and blood dripping from his nose and lip, but, overall, he was all right. His face was angry and determined and (Y/n) found herself a bit encouraged by the sight of him as she turned back to Toomes.

(Y/n) ran forward and, without hesitation, punched the man right in the face. There was no magic behind it, just pure, blind fury.

Toomes, though, was able to easily throw her off. He landed a hit on Peter as well, and soon the two teenagers were struggling to get back up from the sand.

"End of the line, kiddos."

(Y/n) coughed, the blood pouring into her mouth from her split lips and dripping nose dying the sand red.

Suddenly, Toomes seemed to notice something before he came down on the two. (Y/n) turned her eyes up to see a wicked grin on the man's face.

"Bingo."

Toomes moved away from the teens and to a crate just a few yards away. He lifted the lid to reveal rows of arc reactors. "Come to papa." His grin widened and he took off his goggles as he closed the lid and lifted the crate. As he tried to lift it, he flew up a bit to support its weight, and sparks burst from the wingsuit strapped to his back. Toomes didn't seem affected as he just kept going.

"It's gonna blow up," (Y/n) breathed. She saw Peter turn to her out of the corner of her eye and she turned her head to meet his eyes. "Peter, the wingsuit's gonna explode!"

Peter turned to Toomes with a surprising amount of anguish and yelled as loudly as he could in his state, "Stop! Please, you've gotta stop!"

Toomes chuckled and turned. "Time to go home, kids. Playtime's over."

"No, your wingsuit! It's gonna explode!" (Y/n) called.

Toomes ignored her.

(Y/n) shot out the strongest string of magic she could as she saw Peter shoot a web at the same time. She felt her magic wrap around the box as the web connected with the side of the same crate.
"We're trying to save you!" (Y/n) cried. Tears were streaming down her face, but she wasn't sure whether it was from the smoke or the desperation gripping her body.

Toomes whipped out a knife from somewhere. He sliced through the web in one fluid motion, causing Peter to fall backward into a heap before the villain threw the weapon straight at (Y/n). She let out a cry and swerved to the side. Thankfully, the thing only nicked her on the side of her arm rather than her head where it had initially been aimed. Unfortunately, though, the distraction and sudden injury caused her magic to disappear, freeing the caret from both her and her friend's grasp.

(Y/n) turned and moved back to Peer, reaching her hand out and pulling him up with all her might. When they turned, Toomes had gotten a grip back on the crate again and began to try and fly off.

As (Y/n) tried to send more magic at the man (it didn't work), Peter attempted to pull Toomes back with a web. The web-shooter wasn't working though. It had been too damaged, by the looks of it, and would take hours of both genius teenagers working together to fix. It wasn't going to be any help now.

At that moment, the wingsuit finally failed Toomes. The thing shuddered a few times, more sparks flying out than ever before it fully stopped. Toomes hung there for what felt like an eternity but was really just a few milliseconds before the suit, with Toomes strapped into it, arched down and went straight into the flames. (Y/n) and Peter both covered their faces as an explosion threw flames and debris around.

When she opened her eyes, (Y/n) couldn't see Toomes anymore.

"No," she breathed out.

Peter, however, got a strange look over his face.

She turned to him.

"What are you doing?"

He said nothing, instead choosing to run right into the flames.

"Peter!"

She followed him.

Peter moved through the fire with his friend behind before they both located Toomes. It was so hot. Everything was burning, it was like the world was on fire.

The wingsuit was on top of Toomes, burying him from view. (Y/n) made eye contact with Peter and gave him a small nod before reaching forward and grabbing the metal.

It was burning, sizzling as if she had stuck her hand right into a volcano. (Y/n) let out a cry of pain that blended with her friend's own as both of their hands came into contact with the hot metal of the wingsuit. She gritted her teeth, despite the pain, and placed her other hand on, lifting in tandem with Peter until the two managed to pull the suit off of Toomes. They pulled it over and tossed it somewhere into the flames. It didn't really matter where.

(Y/n) tried to ignore the bright red marks now on her hands as they made it back to Toomes and leaned down to pick the man up and carry him out of the heart of the blaze.
(Y/n) grabbed him by the arms and Peter grabbed him by the legs, both too weak to carry him alone at this point anyway.

They walked back through the fire, squinting and letting out hisses of pain anytime a flame licked at their sides.

Finally, they made it to a clear spot of sand, safe from the roaring fire.

(Y/n) dropped Toomes into the sand as Peter did the same. She staggered back a bit and fell to her knees. Peter had just completely collapsed backward, laying down in the sand with his face to the sky.

Slowly, Peter got to his feet and moved toward her.

He reached out a hand and (Y/n) took it, forcing herself to stand as he pulled her up.

(Y/n) leaned into her friend as the smoke and embers billowed around them. They stared down at their fallen enemy, whose eyes found them as well.

After a moment, Peter turned to (Y/n).

"Wanna... tie him up?"

As Peter went off to see if he could find something like a pen and a paper to write a note on, (Y/n) fiddled with her friend's web-shooter, trying to get it into a passable condition. Finally, she managed to get it to where if she hit the button just right, it would let out a string of web. Peter wouldn't be able to work with it, but they could use it to tie Toomes up, at the very least.

"You said back there that you understood what I was talking about."

(Y/n) jumped in the air, startled at the sudden words. She looked down to Toomes, whom she and Peter had carried to the main remnants of the plane where a lot of crates were and propped up against them. She stared at the man for a moment before nodding and returning to her work as she said, "I did."

Toomes was observing her for a long minute before he asked suddenly, "What did you mean?"

(Y/n) didn't look at him, but she paused in her work for a moment. Then, she said, "I've never had the easiest life. My mother all but abandoned me a few years ago, and before that, we were always moving from place-to-place because we couldn't afford to stay in one place that long. My mother would take odd jobs and it still wasn't enough, and there were nights when we had no food on the table, months where we were close to having to live on the streets, and no one helped us. Ever."

She shrugged.

"I guess what you said just struck a nerve with me, somewhere," she explained. "I always saw people who were more successful, had so much more money than I could ever even dream of, and yet here my mother and I were, struggling to get by month-to-month, day-to-day, and I didn't think it was fair."

Toomes scoffed and said, "You understand? Why did you stop me, then?"

She looked up from her work and locked eyes with the man. "Because I know there are better
Toomes blinked. "What?"

"I know that it's unfair, but I also know that there are better ways to get by, better ways to succeed than turning to a life of crime." She shook her head. "It makes me sad that you never figured that out."

At that moment, Peter emerged from the plumes of smoke, covered in ash (as all three of them were now) and coughing, but overall, he was fine. And he was holding a Sharpie and paper.

"Okay, um..." (Y/n) looked from Toomes to Peter to the web-shooter in her hands before saying, "You write the note, I'll web him up?"

Peter nodded. "Sounds good."

While Peter scribbled down some words onto the paper, (Y/n) turned to Toomes and fingered the button on the web-shooter before holding the weapon forward and sticking the villain to the crates he was leaning against.

Satisfied with her work, she turned back to Peter to see him holding the note up. There was a blank space in the middle.

"I was thinking we could put our names and a little picture?" He looked surprisingly hopeful.

"Why?" (Y/n) asked furrowing her eyebrows.

"'Cause you don't have one yet."

She stared at him for a moment before nodding. "All right."

Peter drew a little spider and then the words 'Spider-Man' next to it in small writing before handing it off to his friend. (Y/n) wrote 'Supernova' down quickly, just as small as Peter had written his alias, before she paused.

(Y/n) thought for a moment before leaning down and sketching something in the sand. Satisfied with it, she drew it onto the paper before holding it out for herself to admire it.

Peter popped up beside her and observed the small drawing. "Nice."

They walked over to the crates where Toomes was tied up. (Y/n) held up the paper and Peter raised the web-shooter she had returned to him, aimed, and sent a web right at the top, sticking the paper to the crates.

(Y/n)'s hearing suddenly picked up on sirens, coming closer and closer.

She turned to her friend. "We should go."

Peter, who had clearly heard the sirens as well, nodded.

She draped an arm over her friend's shoulders and he did the same for her as the adrenalin high fell away. Simultaneously supporting one another, the two teens limped off into the flames that were slowly dying down, leaving a supervillain behind as they made their way home.

}---{
Happy had nearly had a heart attack when he turned and saw the plane falling out of the sky.

He'd immediately gotten in the elevator and it felt slower than ever as he fumbled for his phone to call Tony.

After explaining the situation to the man who was his friend but also his boss, Happy stumbled out of the elevator and into the car.

FRIDAY had apparently notified officers and agents who were all on their way as well.

Happy jumped in the closest car and probably went at least ten miles per hour over the speed limit, but right now, he didn't care. That plane had irreplaceable things on it. They couldn't lose it to some sort of wanna-be villain (though if said villain could take down one of Tony Stark's planes, maybe they weren't so wanna-be after all).

Happy showed up right as the rest of the agents did as well. He skidded across the sand, ignoring the fact that it was gonna be a hell of a work-out to get it back on the road. He swerved to a final stop and leaped out of the car. A man came up to him and without speaking Happy tossed the man the keys. He had more important things to do right now.

He led the sort of search party they had formed, making their way down the beach toward the flaming wreck of the plane.

"What the hell happened here?" He heard a woman ask someone else, and Happy grit his teeth and continued on. If even one thing wasn't here...

Firetrucks showed up a moment later, their sirens joining the already blaring ones of police cars and the two ambulances they had brought along just in case.

Happy made his way through the fire that seemed to be slowly dying down. He turned to avoid a large plume of smoke and scowled. What a mess.

Eventually, he made it to a large piece of the wreck. Happy's eyes moved slowly to the crates, following strings of white he saw sprayed over the crates to where a man was sitting, completely tied up.

Happy stared at the man who shrugged and then gestured with his head to a piece of white paper on the crate beside him.

He moved closer and looked at it.

"FOUND FLYING VULTURE GUY. -SPIDER-MAN and SUPERNOVA. P.S. SORRY ABOUT YOUR PLANE."

Beside each of the names, there was a large drawing, a spider for the kid and what looked like a galaxy for the kid's friend. What a lovely note.

Happy hummed and looked back at the man. The 'Vulture Guy.'

He looked up and around. Maybe the two young vigilante heroes were still nearby...

After finding nothing, Happy turned to one of the agents. "Let's get this guy out of here!"

}---{

Peter had his arm draped over (Y/n)'s shoulders as they stared down at the agents and officers and firefighters walking across the beach through the remnants of the broken plane.
"He found the note," (Y/n) croaked out, her (h/c) locks that she still hadn't bothered to change back to color after it had disappeared while she was unconscious sticking to the side of her head. Her voice was scratchy, hoarse from the screaming and the smoke inhalation. She winced as Peter's hand brushed against where Toomes had managed to hit her with the knife.

Peter turned to her and wordlessly pulled her jacket off of her. (Y/n) didn't protest, instead just letting the action happen. He shifted a bit and leaned over behind her, wrapping her arm in the jacket. She offered a small smile when he settled back into place.

The two friends sat there in silence for a while. Maybe it was a few hours. Maybe it was just a few minutes. It didn't really matter. They didn't talk, but that was all right, because they were okay.

"We're gonna be okay," Peter said quietly, his voice just as raw as his friend's was.

(Y/n) nodded as they observed the people below.

"We're gonna be okay."

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): bug boy
Peter: spider boy, i mean man
Toomes: oh come on children i just wanna steal some stuff nothing that big or crazy
(Y/n): we goin' down
Peter: (im yelling timber)
(Y/n): ooh ow everything hurts
Toomes: *beats up two children* *notices crate* ooh shiny
(Y/n) and Peter: lets save this guy even tho he tried to kill us
Toomes: youre like me why cant you relate and understand my sad old man problems
(Y/n): i understand
(Y/n): im just not an asshole
Happy: oh no the plane
Happy: im gonna get fired
Happy: ooh a note
Happy: where are those children
Peter and (Y/n): lets just hang here.
Peter: were gonna be ok
(Y/n): were gonna be ok
Chapter Forty-Two

Chapter Summary

In which it's time to say goodbye to one part of their lives and hello to a new one.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Ring*
*Ring*
*Ring*
"Hello?"
"Mom?"
"Oh. Hello, dear."
"Hi. Uh, I was wondering something..."
"Well? Spit it out."
"Could you call my school and have them put in a new primary contact?"
"What?"
"Well... since you're not... close by... I wanted to have another primary contact in case something happens. She'd be a second one, of course. You'd still be one as well."
"...Fine."
"Thank you."
"What's the name?"
"May Parker."
"...How do you know her?"
"She's my best friend's guardian."
"...All right. It's done."
"Thanks."
"...It's late. Go to sleep. I don't want to see your grades drop because I'm not paying for your college."
"Okay... Goodnight, Mom."
"...Goodnight."

*Click*

(Y/n) and Peter went into school late that Monday.

May checked both of them in.

For the first time in a long time, (Y/n) was thankful for her mother.

May had kissed Peter on the head before she headed back out to go to work, but before she left she had scooped (Y/n) into one as well. It was the first time the girl had been kissed in a long time. It felt... nice.

The two teens sat in the main office for ten minutes, waiting for the bell to ring. They had their lunch hour right after this, and their third-hour class was at the opposite end of the school. The secretaries both agreed that it would be better if they just waited here.

It was decently warm outside, but both Peter and (Y/n) wore sweaters. May had forced Peter into one to cover up the band-aids dotted across his skin before having the boy find one for his friend too.

May had thrown an absolute fit when they showed up at the apartment, but that had faded as soon as her eyes had focused in on the state of the two teens in front of her. The jacket wrapped around (Y/n)'s arm wasn't very good at containing the blood from the cut that was oozing down her arm now, and May's instincts as a nurse had immediately gone into overdrive.

Despite the advanced healing both of them had, Toomes had beaten them up pretty good. Their healing focused on bigger things first, and (Y/n)'s gash on her arm and the bunches of cuts Peter had all in the same spot on his knees from the glass shards in the sand were pretty big things, so they still mostly looked like they had just walked out of battle.

"What happened to those kids?" Asked the secretary in the attendance office. She was speaking quietly, but the teens could, of course, still hear her as they leaned against one another, staring off into nothing.

"Left Homecoming early, decided not to call me to pick them up, just wanted to walk home instead or something," May replied in an equally low voice. "Got caught in a nasty mugging. Eventually, those sirens going to the beach scared them off, but not before they did a bit of damage to those kids."

"Jesus," the secretary breathed. "Are they all right?"

"A bit shaken, but overall just some relatively minor cuts and bruises. Nothing that shouldn't heal within a few days. I used all my knowledge as a nurse to patch them up as best I could."

"I see."

May had left quickly after that.

(Y/n) could see out of the corner of her eye the secretaries stealing glances at the two of them every few seconds, but she tried to ignore it, instead pulling out her phone and turning it on. She flipped through it to a Hamilton Animatic and plugged in her earbuds, placing on in her ear and
handing the other to her friend.

They watched maybe two of the things before the bell rang out from above.

The teens stood up and (Y/n) stuffed her phone back into her pocket and followed Peter out of the office.

"Dudes, dudes!"

The two turned to see Ned jogging up to them, MJ trailing behind by a few feet as she chose to walk instead.

"You look like you were hit by a bus," MJ commented when she made it to them, observing the healing cut on Peter's lip and the black eye (Y/n) sported.

"Feels like it too," Peter said dryly.

"Guys, what happened?" Ned asked, looking from one to the other and back again.

"Mugging," (Y/n) said. Both friends across from her raised their eyebrows and MJ opened her mouth to speak before Peter cut her off.

"We'll tell you about it later," he said, giving a look that he hoped got the meaning across.

The way they nodded slowly told him that he did.

"We need to go grab some work from our math class that we missed," (Y/n) said, giving a small smile. "We'll meet you guys in the cafeteria."

"Okay."

The group parted ways as MJ and Ned turned to go down the hallway while (Y/n) and Peter instead pushed open the doors to the stairwell.

Once they emerged on the second floor, Peter led the way as he wove through the students entering classrooms or just milling about the hall, grasping his friend's wrist in his hand so as not to lose her in the crowd.

Finally, they made it to room 226, their math class.

The two exchanged glances before (Y/n) reached her hand forward and tentatively opened the door. She slowly peeked inside.

"Mrs. Winn?"

The woman in question poked her head up from her desk, her hair that was normally pulled back in a tight bun hanging loose around her shoulders instead. She seemed to be redoing it. The room was empty except for her as Peter and (Y/n) stepped into it.

"Peter? (Y/n)?" Mrs. Winn blinked. "What are you two doing here?"

"We just got to school, and we were wondering if we could pick up the work we missed?" (Y/n) asked wringing her hands together.

"Of course," the woman said. "It's right in the folder."
Peter moved toward the absent work folder and reached into the 'first-hour' one, pulling out four worksheets, two for each of them.

"Thanks, Mrs. Winn," he said, turning to the teacher.

"Yeah, thanks."

"Anytime," Mrs. Winn nodded. She squinted at them. "What happened to you two that got you so beat up?"

"We were, uh, walking home from Homecoming yesterday when I wasn't feeling good, and ended up, er, getting mugged," (Y/n) replied, rubbing at her arm (not the hurt one, obviously, she wasn't that dumb).

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Winn breathed, covering her mouth with her hand as she looked at the two. "Are you all right?"

Peter nodded. "Yeah, we're good. Just a bit roughed up, but it should heal within a few days."

Mrs. Winn nodded. "All right then." She offered a smile. "I'll see you on Monday."

(Y/n) would forever question why this school insisted on having the most messed-up schedule ever. Homecoming on a Thursday? Really?

"Bye."

"Bye."

The two stepped into the hallway, Peter closing the door behind them, before moving toward the stairs and making their way down them.

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As they emerged into the hall below, Peter stopped dead in his tracks. He saw (Y/n) glance at him, furrowing her eyebrows, before looking down the hall, where comprehension seemed to finally dawn on her.

Liz.

"I'm gonna miss you," Betty was saying, hugging Liz tightly.

"Bye."

"Hey, Liz," Peter called out, suddenly moving again.

Liz turned to them as Betty walked away. "Oh, uh, hey, Peter."

Peter sighed as he and (Y/n) made it to where his crush was. "Look, Liz, I'm sorry."

Liz furrowed her eyebrows. "Sorry? For what?" Peter resisted raising his eyebrows in surprise. Last time, he'd had a plethora of things to apologize for. This time, though...

"Just, you know, leaving you at Homecoming." His words failed him for a moment before he continued, "That was a pretty crappy thing for me to do."

Liz gave him a wet smile through her red face. "You had to help your friend." She nodded to (Y/n).
"I understand."

Peter swallowed and nodded, turning his gaze to the floor. "Yeah, uh, thanks."

"What happened to you guys?"

"Mugging," (Y/n) said before Peter could speak again. "On the way home."

Liz nodded sagely. "Sorry about that." She eyed them. "Are you good?"

"Yeah," Peter breathed. "Yeah, we're good."

There was a pause before Peter spoke again.

"And your dad, god, I can't even imagine," he said, rubbing the side of his arm and looking into her eyes. "If there's... If there's anything that I can so to help-"

Liz's tears looked ready to spill right over her lids. "I guess we're moving to Oregon. Mom says it's nice there, so that's cool. Anyways, Dad doesn't want us here during the trial, so..." She took a deep breath and put on a brave smile despite the puffiness of her eyes and the drop of water that slid down her cheek. "Look-

"Peter! (Y/n)!"

All three turned to look down the hall where Ned and MJ were standing.

"Ned? MJ?" (Y/n) asked. "We're in the middle of something here..."

"I'll finish up with Liz," Peter said, placing a hand on his friend's shoulder. "I'll meet you at lunch in a minute."

(Y/n) glanced at him for a moment before giving a small smile and saying, "Thanks."

She moved to where Liz was and hesitated for a few seconds. A sparkle appeared in Liz's eye and she wrapped the younger girl in an embrace herself.

"I'm gonna miss you, Liz," (Y/n) said when she pulled away.

"You too."

(Y/n) gave a final wave before turning and jogging down the hallway to meet up with Ned and MJ. The three stood there for a moment as MJ said something that caused both Ned and (Y/n) to burst into laughter before they began to walk down the hall toward the open doors of the cafeteria.

Peter's attention was brought back to Liz as the senior sighed a moment later.

Both were silent for a moment before she finally spoke.

"Look, Peter, I need to tell you something."

Peter blinked at her. "What?"

She smiled sadly and brushed a stray piece of hair behind her ear. "I think you're... really sweet, and I'm flattered that you've had a crush on me for so long, and I'm flattered that you asked me out to Homecoming, but this thing between us... it was never gonna work out. You know that, right?"
Peter blinked. "Uh..."

Liz gave a wet laugh. "You know, you're really smart, Peter, but you're also really dumb."

He nodded. "Yeah, I get that a lot."

She laughed again. The sound was a sweet thing in place of her tears. "Seriously, though. It was never going to work out between us."

"But..." Peter couldn't think. "Why?"

"Well, first off, I'm graduating this year." She giggled. "Everyone knows you don't date a senior."

Peter couldn't help but let out a small laugh at that.

"Also, we were going in different directions. And, I mean, my dad was secretly a super-villain who had to be taken down by Spider-Man and Supernova." Both of them deflated at that, though for different reasons. "And a bunch of other things. You're really nice and funny, and cute, but nothing was ever going to really work out." She smiled at him, and it was sad to see. "You understand that, right?"

Peter stared at her for a long moment, reflecting on everything that had happened in his life before sighing, rubbing the back of his neck, and nodding. "Yeah. I do."

Liz's smile widened a fraction of an inch. "Good."

He let out a small puff of air from his nose. "I'm really gonna miss you, Liz..."

Liz nodded. "You know, you've never been too reliable, but you're getting better." Her eyes flickered to somewhere behind him and her expression softened even more. "You're a good person, Peter. You're a really good person, and I know that whatever you do is gonna be great." She looked like she was trying to hold back tears even more than before now, but Peter honestly didn't know why at this point.

"You too, Liz."

She reached forward suddenly and pulled him into a hug. It was brief, and it made Peter's heart pound, but after a split-second, he sunk into it and returned it.

After pulling away, Liz brushed away tears that had finally spilled down her cheeks and said, "And, for what it's worth, I'm gonna miss you too."

Peter nodded. He took a deep breath as the warning bell rang overhead and said, "I should go..."

"Bye, Peter."

"Bye."

As Peter went to turn around and make his way to lunch, Liz called behind him, "Peter?"

He looked over his shoulder at her. "Yeah?"

Liz was smiling, her eyes brighter than he had seen them all day, still glistening with unshed tears as she said, "Take care of (Y/n), all right?"

Peter stared at her for a moment, furrowing his eyebrows, before he nodded. "Of course."
Liz gave him one final nod and a weak wave. "Bye."

Peter returned the gesture. "Bye."

And then he turned and walked beneath where two students were pulling down a Homecoming banner, leaving Liz, and that part of his life, behind.

"Hey, we're gonna go for a walk, okay?"

MJ and Ned furrowed their eyebrows.

"And why's that?" MJ asked.

"Just..." Peter hesitated. "I just have some things that I need to talk with (Y/n) about."

Ned opened his mouth to say something when MJ placed a sudden hand over his mouth to stop him. "Go ahead," she said as if she hadn't just shushed the boy next to her.

"Thanks," Peter said, giving MJ a small smile before standing up and gesturing to (Y/n). "C'mon."

She followed him away from the table and through the cafeteria to where the double-doors leading outside were. They pushed them open and headed out into the warm air. It was a nice day out.

"What is it you wanted to talk about?" (Y/n) asked once they were a few moments into their walk.

"I said goodbye to Liz."

She stared at him for a moment before nodding, a sympathetic smile appearing on her lips that he didn't have the strength to be upset about (Peter, like most people his age, hated pity). "What did she say?"

"Well, she helped me have a realization." (Y/n) nodded, a gesture for him to go on. Peter sighed. "That... thing... between us... Whatever it was... A relationship between me and her was never going to work out."

She blinked. "Really?"

Peter nodded. "Yeah. But, I mean, it's all right. I knew that, and I have known that since the first time around when the door to her house opened and showed the Vulture on the other side." He swallowed before smiling a bit. "We ended off on a lot better terms this time, to be honest."

"What do you mean?"

"I didn't abandon the team at Nationals. I didn't miss practices as much as I used to, what with you here making me go to them. I didn't desert her at Homecoming, she told me to go." Peter shook his head, thinking about how many things had gone so much better this time around. "It's just... I feel like I finally got closure on this part of my life, you know?"

(Y/n) stared at him, so Peter decided to continue.

"I mean, it's just that... last time, I was still so in love with her, but now I've had time to come to terms with it, I've had time to realize that this isn't the end of the world, I've had time to realize that while I probably still have feelings for her, that was all it was ever gonna be: feelings." He sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "I just... I finally, finally, got closure on this. I can put this behind
me and look back on it fondly, knowing that maybe, maybe, I did something right." After a moment, he added, "Well, I won't look back on the whole nearly-getting-killed thing fondly."

(Y/n) laughed lightly, and the sound lifted his mood considerably. "I'd hope not," she said.

Peter shrugged. "Yeah, well..." He stared off into the distance. "At least now I feel like Liz and I ended things as friends. Genuine friends."

She nodded before she glanced at her phone and suddenly looked shocked.

Peter gave her a weird look. "What is it?"

She showed him the time. "Dude, we're gonna be late."

Somehow, though, thanks to a lot of running (and a bit of ignoring teachers who called to them to slow down in the halls), they weren't.

}{

Peter sank into the seat in the library next to (Y/n) and gave her a wide grin as Mr. Harrington carried over the Academic Decathlon trophy to the team of students sat at the table.

"Congratulations, Decathlon National Champions!" The man said.

There was a round of clapping and Ned raised his hands toward the sky and let out a resounding, "Whoo!"

"I'm gonna have to put this back in the trophy case soon, but just for motivation right now at this practice." A small bout of laughter broke out among the students. "So, in light of Liz moving suddenly, I'm going to appoint a new team captain." The man let out a sound that sounded a bit like a laugh and ran a hand through his hair. "To be honest, there are a few people I'm considering, but for this year, I'm appointing Michelle."

A new wave of clapping went across the table and Peter, remembering when this same kind of thing had happened the first time, cupped his mouth with his hands and called out over the applause, "Her friends call her MJ."

MJ narrowed her eyes at him, but he could see the playful glint.

"Uh, thanks, I guess," she said, folding her hands and suddenly looking ten times more professional.

Peter's phone, which was sitting on the table, suddenly buzzed. All attention immediately turned to it as Peter flipped it over. He pulled it close and read it.

"Uh..." He looked up and offered a weak, hopeful smile to MJ. "I need to go."

MJ raised an eyebrow. "Why?"

Peter gave her a look and said, "Something came up."

MJ stared at him before nodding. "Don't make this a recurring thing, Parker." She pointed at him and glared with her words and Peter swallowed and nodded in agreement immediately.

(Y/n) shifted a bit, preparing to get up and follow her friend, but Peter gave her a look and shook his head a small bit. (Y/n) stared at him before fully sinking back into her seat.
Peter felt her eyes on him as he left.

He made his way down the hallway he had walked in more than one life, honestly, before turning into the bathroom he knew was the right one.

"Hey, Happy," he said, much less shocked than he had been the first time he had seen the man in the high-school bathroom. "What're, uh, what're you doing here?"

Happy stared at him for a moment before sighing and saying, "I really owe you one. I don’t know what I would do without this job. I mean, before I met Tony—"

He stopped when the sound of a toilet flushing rang out through the room. Peter had forgotten how awkward it had been as a boy in one of the stalls (Tiny McKeever, Peter thought) came out, looking from one of the two to the other as he slowly went to the sink. Tiny wiped his hands off and left the bathroom, but not before giving them both a long, very confused stare.

"So, uh, how long, exactly, have you been here?" Peter asked, rubbing his arm.

"Long enough to be awkward," Happy replied. "Boss wants to see you."

"Really? Uh, where is he?"

"Upstate."

"Upstate? Like, upstate-upstate?"

"Yeah, let's go."

As they drove through New York, Peter glanced at the tower, which he hadn't done last time. He furrowed his eyebrows.

"What are they doing?" He asked.

There were wires all along the Avengers sign on the tower as if they were about to take it off, but hanging from another crane, ready to go on in its place, was a sign from an old memory that read Stark Industries.

"When I said that they sold Avengers Tower," Happy said, "I meant that they sold Avengers Tower back to Stark Industries." He chuckled. "Pepper made the decision that it was better for the company if S.I. had that central hub here again. Tony agreed that since it wasn't Avengers Tower anymore, and no Avengers would live there because of that, it was a good idea."

Peter blinked. "So... Mr. Stark sold Avengers Tower to... Mr. Stark?"

Happy shrugged. "I guess you could put it that way."

3:24 pm

SpaceChick- yo yo yo my bromeo whats goin on

SpaceChick- ???

YeeterMyGoodPeter- happy picked me up
Peter slid his phone away and leaned against the window, watching the city go by. He glanced down at his hands and saw some of the bruises had faded a lot more. He let a small smile appear. They should be gone by tomorrow. That would be nice. Bruises were annoying.

As they pulled into the compound, the display on the dashboard of the car read, "You may take your hands off the steering wheel."

"Take a look," Happy said as if Peter wasn't already staring out the window intently. "It's pretty impressive, huh?"

"Yeah," Peter nodded. He was reminded of a distant memory and said, "The architecture is insane."

Happy glanced back at him and snorted. "Yeah, they just finished remodeling the whole thing."

Peter turned his head to watch a Quinjet blast off. No matter how many times he saw that, he had never gotten sick of it, and after so long, it was a welcome sight.

The car pulled up to the entrance and both Peter and Happy got out, slamming the doors behind them in quick succession.

Peter looked up for a moment at the building in front of him and couldn't help but sigh with relief. He grinned. After so long, he was finally here. Things were different, but it was worth it.

He made it.

Chapter End Notes

(Y/n): yo moma wat up

Carliana: what do you want

May: i love these children theyre both hurt protect them

Liz: so spiderman arrested my dad and i have to move now

Peter: ...

Peter: thats rough buddy

Liz: yo we were never gonna be togehter
Peter: ...what?

Liz: protect your girl

Peter: ...what?

Peter: so i got closure

(Y/n): cool-io my dude-io

Mr. Harrington: new captain is this chick

Peter: her frineds call her MJ ;P

Happy: go to the bathroom

(Y/n): ...

(Y/n): so should i just stay here

Peter: yo man guess what i get to go see mr stark

(Y/n): yo yo yo my bromeo excuse me i saved the city too and got beat up and nearly stabbed in the arm and buried under a building dont i get to go too

(Y/n): i mean, uh, fancy boi uwu

Happy: i can tolerate you more this time around
Chapter Forty-Three

Chapter Summary

In which Peter refuses an offer and it's time for things to change.

Chapter Notes

For those unaware, I usually update on Sundays. Spider-Man Sunday!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter let out a sigh as he looked around the inside of the main building of the Avengers Compound. It had been so long since he had been in here.

He thought back for a moment.

He and (Y/n) had been sent back to, what, the start of February, and it was almost the end of September. That was almost eight months. Eight months of going through things he had already been through. That was weird to think about.

Peter heard the footsteps approaching just as a voice rang out through the large room.

"Oh, there they are. How was the ride up?"

Peter and Happy both turned to be faced with Tony Stark himself.

Peter felt like he was going to cry.

"Good," Happy responded.

"Give me a minute with the kid."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah, I gotta talk to the kid."

Happy stared at Tony for a moment before nodding and saying, "I'll be close behind."

"How about a loose follow?" Tony suggested, though it didn't sound much like a suggestion. "All right? Boundaries are good."

Happy seemed to understand as he hung back a bit.

Tony turned to Peter and playfully punched him in the arm before lazily slinging an arm around the teen.

"Sorry I took your suit," Tony began, and Peter was pretty sure that this was the exact speech he had been given last time. "I mean, you had it coming. Actually, it turns out it was the perfect sort of
tough-love moment that you needed, right? To urge you on, right? Wouldn’t you think? Don’t you think?"

Peter blinked, realizing he was supposed to respond. He let out a weird sound that slightly resembled a laugh and nodded. "Yeah, yeah, I guess."

Tony observed him for a moment before turning his eyes ahead of them again and saying, "Let's just say it was."

The billionaire released a sigh and they slowed for a moment before he continued to lead Peter toward the door.

Peter's mouth felt a bit dry but he ignored it, instead preparing to speak. "Mr. Stark, I really-

"You screwed the pooch hard," Tony interrupted, and Peter fell silent, because you don't speak over Tony Stark (unless you're Pepper Potts, that is). "Big time. But then you did the right thing. Took the dog to the free clinic, you raised the hybrid puppies... All right, not my best analogy."

There was a pause and Peter took a deep breath to avoid laughing at the man's words. I was wrong about you. I think, with a little more mentoring, you could be a real asset to the team."

Peter remembered these words from the last time and felt his heart pounding in his chest as he asked, "To the... To the team?"

"Yeah, to the team." Tony pointed to a door. "There are about fifty reporters back there. Real ones, not, like, bloggers and shit, er, stuff like that."

Tony pressed a few buttons and the Iron Spider suit came out of the wall. "When you're ready... Why don’t you try that on? And I’ll introduce the world to the newest official member of the Avengers: Spider-Man."

Peter stared at the armor. He had denied this last time, thinking it was a test, but Mr. Stark had told him during one of their lab sessions that it had one-hundred percent real. He had been forced to propose to Pepper so that the reporters' time wasn't wasted.

The teen thought for a moment. On one hand, of course he wanted this. He hadn't wanted anything more, like, ever. But now... things were different.

"I..." Peter couldn't think. He chuckled dryly and ran a hand through his hair. He thought of (Y/n), who hadn't even been mentioned since he got here. If he accepted this, he'd be leaving her behind in more ways than one. And he couldn't do that to his partner. His friend.

"So, after the press conference, Happy will-"

"Mr. Stark, this is... amazing... but I'm good." Peter somehow channeled his inner Pepper Potts and interrupted the Tony Stark himself.

Tony had clearly not been expecting that, and neither had Happy, but Peter's resolve was steeled.

"Well, I mean, I’m... I’d rather just stay on the ground for a little while. Friendly neighborhood Spider-Man. Somebody’s got to look out for the little guy, right?" Before Tony could speak again, Peter turned away from the Iron Spider to face the man and smiled. "That's my final answer. No last chances or anything. I'm saying no." He grinned. "Plus, who's gonna be Nova's partner if I'm not there?"

Tony stared at him for a long moment before saying, "All right, then." He pressed a button, the suit
sinking back into the wall. "Happy'll take you home. Um, I'll be in touch, kid."

Peter nodded. "Yeah. Yeah, okay." He looked to Happy.

"You can wait in the car," Happy said.

Peter moved to leave before turning around one more time and saying, "Thank you again, Mr. Stark, it's truly an honor." He paused. "I just..." He thought of Lob, who he apparently hadn't saved last time. He thought of (Y/n), who had died for him. He thought of the runaway truck that (Y/n) had stopped that he hadn't been there to stop himself. He helped Queens so much and it still was never enough. "There are more people who need help. I..." He sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "Nova and I can't save everyone but... it's worth a try, I guess."

Before Tony or Happy could respond, Peter gave one final wave and skipped off through the doors.

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"Where's the kid?" Pepper asked, looking a bit frenzied as she emerged from the doors.

"He left."

Pepper stared at Happy with pure shock. "What? What do you mean 'He left?' Everyone's waiting!"

"Now, actually, he made a really mature choice," Tony said. "Surprised the hell out of us, to be perfectly honest."

"Did you guys screw this up?" Pepper demanded. Both Happy and Tony took a step back instinctively to be safe.

"To be fair, he told the kid to stay in the car," Tony said, pointing at Happy.

"Tony said I'd take him home."

"I have a room full of people in there waiting for some sort of big announcement," Pepper said, ignoring their tossing back and forth of blame. "What am I supposed to tell them?" She shook her head and placed a hand to her forehead. "Are you kidding me..."

"Think of something," Tony said. "How about... um..."

"I still have the ring," Happy suggested, digging around in his pocket until he found it. "Been carrying this around since 2008."

"Okay," Tony said, sounding a bit confused but relieved nonetheless.

"I can think of something better than that." Pepper crossed her arms.

Tony turned to her with raised eyebrows. "But it would buy us a little time."

Pepper smiled and wrapped her arms around her, catching him in a quick kiss. Tony chuckled. "Like we need time..."

Pepper turned to Happy and snorted. "I can't believe you had that thing in your pocket."

She turned to begin to walk back into the conference room. Tony moved toward her. "Want me to get the door for you, hun?"
"I got it."

Pepper slipped gracefully into the room and Tony went to follow her. He turned around and gestured at Happy who fumbled for a moment before tossing him the ring. Tony caught it out of the air, winked, slipped it into his pocket, and disappeared into the room as well.

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Happy got to the car a few minutes later. He looked a bit disgruntled but, overall, all right. Actually, he looked happier than usual. Heh. Happier.

"All right, kid, let's get out of here."

Peter sat back as Happy drove out of the compound.

They sat in relative silence for a bit, but Happy didn't close the divider, so that was a good sign. Peter felt his phone vibrate in his pocket and he looked down to see an update from his news app. Opening the app, he couldn't help the wide grin that appeared on his face.

"Happy, guess what!

Happy swerved a bit, surprised by the sudden noise. Thank god the road they were on was currently empty.

"Jesus, kid, what?

"Mr. Stark just proposed to Miss Potts!" Peter exclaimed, shoving the phone into the front of the car to show Happy. The man glanced at it and nodded.

"Huh. Good for him. Didn't think he'd actually do it, to be honest."

Peter laughed breathily. "Yeah. I mean, man. That's crazy." He sighed. "I bet their wedding'll be crazy. It'll so cool to see it on the news and everything. Man. That'll be awesome."

Happy blinked, and Peter could swear the man looked a bit confused.

"You know... Kid, you know that Tony'll almost definitely invite you to the wedding... right?"

Peter blinked. He hadn't even considered that last time. He hadn't even brought it up, because he had automatically assumed that he wouldn't be going. "W-What?"

Happy nodded. "Yeah. I don't know if they're planning on going big or small, but you'll definitely be there, I guarantee it." Happy scowled. "And considering I don't like to back out of promises, if you aren't invited, I'll make you invited."

Peter had never loved Happy more than he did at that moment.

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"May, what're we doing for dinner?" Peter called into the apartment as he closed and locked the door behind him.

"Take-out, probably," May responded from the direction of her bedroom.

"Okay!"
Peter knew that his suit was probably just waiting on his bed in the bag.

He moved through the apartment and grabbed an apple from the bowl (he was starving, give him a break, and he needed more food for his metabolism because so much energy went to healing him). Peter moved into his bedroom and dropped his backpack on the ground before looking to his bed in hopes of seeing the bag.

It wasn't there.

Peter furrowed his eyebrows.

...What?

He looked around frantically, doing a very nice and clean spin in the process, actually, as he scanned his room for the bag. His spider-sense tingled right as the bag dropped down in front of his eyes, coated in a purple glow.

"Looking for this?"

Peter looked up to the top bunk and scowled. "(Y/n)! You almost gave me a heart attack."

(Y/n) laughed. "Yeah, but... It was pretty funny."

Peter snatched the bag out of the air and breathed a sigh of relief as he pulled his suit out. The note was a nice sight to see as well.

"So... what now?"

Peter looked up at (Y/n) who was staring at him.

"I."

"Peter! (Y/n)! Come on, I'm hungry! Let's get a move on!"

(Y/n) frowned and looked at Peter. "We'll talk about this tonight."

Peter nodded and opened the door as (Y/n) got off of the top bunk of his bed.

"After you, my lady," Peter said, bowing dramatically as he held the door open for his friend.

(Y/n) grinned and gave him a low curtsy in return. "Thank you, my good sir." She rose from the curtsy and moved out of the room. Peter followed a moment later and closed the door behind him.

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"Strange! Strange!"

Strange turned with a scowl on his face to where Wong was coming frantically through a portal. "What is it this time, Wong?"

The portal closed behind Wong as he spoke, "The thing we noticed a couple of weeks ago? The signal? You know what I'm talking about, right?"

Strange nodded. "Of course, of course, continue."

"Well... something has happened?"
"What?" Strange felt the blood drain from his face. "What happened? Is it bad?"

"I just noticed a slight... shift... last night, and I wasn't sure what it was, but then I noticed that the newspapers were talking about a Stark jet that was saved by that Spider-Man kid and his partner Supernova. Of course, Supernova is-"

"The entity that is giving off the signal," Strange finished for him.

"Why do you always take my thunder..." Wong mumbled under his breath before nodding. "Yes."

Strange ran a hand through his hair and sighed. "Okay. Okay. I want someone monitoring this... entity... at all times, preferably you or me if we can. We need to make sure that if anything happens, we know immediately."

"Of course, but..." Wong faltered. "Strange... Strange, she's just a girl..."

Strange narrowed his eyes. "That does not matter, Wong. What matters is the safety of the city, of the world, of the realm."

"If need be, we will do anything to stop this entity. Even it means ending it."

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"I've never felt more full than I do right now," (Y/n) said from her position on the top bunk of Peter's bed.

"Not even when we ate with Mr. Stark and Miss Potts?" Peter asked with a teasing lilt in his voice.

"Not even then."

"Wow."

"So," (Y/n) began, shifting a bit under the blanket. "What happens now?"

"Well... last time, Mr. Stark said he'd be staying in touch and then maybe a few weeks later he invited me to work with him in his lab." Peter snorted. "I didn't get anything done, of course, I was too starstruck, but him wanting to have a real relationship with me started up pretty quickly. I was totally unprepared for it." Peter paused before adding, "I'm actually still pretty unprepared for it, to be honest."

(Y/n) chuckled a bit at that. "But like... What now? Cause things are gonna be different, right?"

"I... don't know..." Peter faltered. He was a bit confused about everything, to be perfectly honest. "Cause some things have happened that it made no sense to happen in the new circumstances... but they did anyway. Like Ned calling me when we were spying on Davis and Toomes's goons. So... maybe all the big events that happened are just fated to happen, and we can't change that?"

Peter quickly realized that that was the wrong thing to say.

"Does that mean that I'm fated to die in less than a year?"

Peter blinked. "What?"

"Well? Am I?"
There was so much raw emotion in (Y/n)'s voice all of a sudden that it surprised Peter a bit.

"No, (Y/n), of course not-

"You just said that even with the new circumstances things that happened last time happened anyway, like fate!" She exclaimed, and Peter could hear the way her voice trembled. It made him sad.

"That's not what I-

"So that means that I'm fated to die! It's just gonna happen again, and then we'll come back again and do it all over but it won't change anything!" She sounded angry now, but also even more scared than before. A faint purple glow began to fill the room

"(Y/n)!" Peter got out of bed frantically. He turned to look at her and his enhanced eyesight easily picked her out of the darkness. She had a faint outline of purple around her, and her wide and panicked eyes had a violet, pulsing outline around the iris.

"(Y/n), you have to breathe!

"Peter, I don't want to die again, I don't want to die again." There were tears streaming down her cheeks and Peter wondered how long she had spent with this pent up inside of her. "It hurts, Peter. It hurts so much." She was suddenly tugging at the t-shirt she wore and pulled the hem back to show her bare skin. It was normal except for one discolored spot. Like a hole. A scar. Peter was speechless. All he could do was reach up and take (Y/n)'s hand that was wrapped around the bar of the bunk in his own, squeezing to attempt to reassure her.

"It didn't go away, Peter! It faded, but it's always there, always reminding me of how much it hurts to die-"

The door suddenly swung open, showing May standing there. She was in a robe, her eyes wide.

There was a long silence filled only by (Y/n)'s heavy breathing that was constantly getting more normal before May spoke.

"Living room. Five minutes. I want an explanation, because no teenager, even a superhero one, is going to freak out about the prospect of death as much as you just did. I want the truth." She moved to close the door before saying one more thing. "Five minutes."

Chapter End Notes

Tony: you did exactly what i would have done in your place

Tony: good job kid

Peter: wow thx mr strk

Pepper: you guys mess everything up

Happy: why dont you get married

Peter: man that weddings gonna be so cool wish i could see it
Happy: you will

Peter: :O

(Y/n): i have your suit

Peter: no sir please my baby

Wong: heres whats going on i dont know whats going on

Strange: ok just be prepared to kill a teenager if need be

(Y/n): dude dying sux

Peter: yea sounds like it

May: what the f-
May was brewing tea when the two emerged from Peter's room. (Y/n) still looked quite disheveled, and her eyes were still puffy and red, but she had managed to calm down a bit over the few minutes they had sat in the room. (Y/n) and Peter had ended up deciding together that they would tell May the truth.

Peter knew that May would be able to tell if they were lying anyway.

He both loved her and hated her for it.

The tea kettle whistled sharply for a moment and (Y/n) winced, rubbing at her ear. Peter noticed that she had gotten a lot better at not being bothered by her enhanced hearing, but when she was distraught or recovering from it, she was very susceptible.

Peter, in an attempt to offer some sort of comfort to his best friend, awkwardly patted her back.

May removed the kettle from the heat and poured the scorching water into a mug. Steam rose up from it as she spun the tea bag round and round the mug with a spoon, not looking back at them for even a second as she did. She grabbed a jar of honey from the cabinet above her and put an insanely large scoop in it.

Peter winced.

_That_ was going to be _sickeningly_ sweet.

Don't get him wrong, Peter loved sugar, but...

_God damn..._

May continued swirling the spoon in the mug of steaming tea as she moved out of the kitchen and into the living room. She kept her eyes trained on the mug in her hands as she weaved past the coffee table and settled herself into a chair.

May took a deep breath before looking up at them.

Peter felt his stomach fall through the floor. It was _terrifying_ to look at her.

His aunt's eyes were cold and expressionless. She must have been forcing back all of her emotions as she made her tea because now she showed nothing.

It scared him.

Peter saw (Y/n) stiffen beside him. She had clearly noticed the change too, and she had clearly
disliked it.

May took another breath in but, instead of speaking, she brought the mug to her lips, blew on it, and took a sip. She lowered the mug and looked at them again.

"Sit."

Peter took (Y/n) by the hand and led her to the main area. She went along with him and sat beside him as he took a seat on the couch.

May took another sip from her tea.

She sighed before speaking.

"I want the whole story."

Peter felt his mouth go dry but he knew that (Y/n) was not going to start this off. She wouldn't be able to.

It was up to him.

He licked his lips to wet them before asking, "From the beginning?"

May's gaze hardened a bit and she nodded. "From the beginning."

Peter sighed and rubbed circles into the back of (Y/n)’s clammy hand in a small attempt to comfort her before he took a deep breath in and spoke.

"It all began on one cold March day. I was walking in the halls with Ned when this random girl knocked into him, I think?" He glanced to (Y/n) and she nodded a small bit. Okay, so he remembered that well enough. "I didn't think much of it, or her, at the time. Just, helped him up, I guess, and kept going."

These events had happened so long ago, but Peter was pretty sure that at this point, they were ingrained in his brain forever. He thought a bit harder before continuing, "After school that day, I was going into an alley to change into my suit for patrol when these guys just, I don't know, popped out of nowhere! They were a gang and claimed the alley for themselves. They threatened me until this girl from earlier showed up and knew them, and took me to a new alley before telling me to change to be Spider-Man, cause she somehow knew. That was the day I met (Y/n)." He smiled a bit at the memory.

May looked from (Y/n) to Peter and then back again. "I have a few questions, but let's start with the simplest one first." She turned to (Y/n). "How did you figure out that he was Spider-Man?"

Peter turned his head to look at (Y/n). He, himself, had wondered that on more than one occasion but had never bothered asking. it didn't seem all that important.

(Y/n) fidgeted a bit, her free hand fiddling with the end of her shirt, bunching a bit of the fabric up over and over, while Peter continued to rub her other hand. She took a deep breath as she turned and locked eyes with Peter and seemed to relax a bit. She turned away from her friend, though she didn't look at May, instead training her eyes on the coffee table.

"It was P.E., actually, when I figured it out," she said after a long moment of silence. Peter knew that. "I overheard Peter and Ned talking about him being Spider-Man. About things that Peter had done with Mr. Stark to improve the suit, I think. I was confused, but eventually, everything fell into
place." She paused for a moment. "The absences, the excuses, everything just made sense." She chuckled and nudged Peter in the arm, a small smile actually appearing on her face. "Still, you could have done a better job hiding your big secret. I know that I probably only heard because of my advanced hearing, but it was still very irresponsible, Peter."

May crossed her arms. "I've never agreed more." She then nodded to (Y/n). "Continue."

(Y/n) nodded, the smile fading away from her lips as quickly as it had come. "I... I didn't really know what to think, to be perfectly honest. I decided that I needed proof to truly know who he was, so after school, I followed Peter to an alley. I... Well, I knew that alley. There was this little gang of homeless guys that hung out there that I knew, but I also knew that they didn't really like other people. So when they threatened Peter, I stepped in and made them back off."

Peter nodded along with her words. She glanced at him and he offered a small smile for some sort of support. She barely returned it before turning away from him again. May was drumming her fingers on the end table next to the chair as she observed them.

"I brought Peter to another alley that I knew was safe enough, I guess."

"You really freaked me out, you know," Peter said, interrupting her. (Y/n) turned to him, her eyes widening just a bit.

"I did?"

"Well, yeah." Peter thought back to the day he had met his best friend when she had dragged him through the streets while he struggled to escape her grasp. "I had super strength and yet I wasn't able to get out of your grasp. It kinda freaked me out, man." He chuckled breathily. "Like, I thought you were a super-villain or something. I didn't know anyone who could match my strength."

(Y/n) giggled and nudged him in the shoulder. "Oh, we've got a big strong man over here, don't we?"

Peter shoved her away with a grin. "Okay, okay, back to the story." May seemed slightly amused by their antics but nodded sharply at his words.

"Oh, uh, all right..." (Y/n) seemed lost in thought for a moment so Peter jumped in to pick up where she had left off.

"So, (Y/n) took my bag from me." The way (Y/n) started beside him helped him understand that she had found her place in the story again. "I was like, really freaked out, and then she pulled my suit out and tossed it to me and was like, 'Go be Spider-Man,' and I was like... what..." Peter remembered what came next and suddenly his face went warm with embarrassment. "And then I... Well, I..."

"He pinned me to the wall and kinda threatened me," (Y/n) put in, her voice light and airy, as if she was just trying to be innocently helpful.

Peter turned to her with wide eyes as May exclaimed, "Peter!"

He whirled around to his aunt who was staring at him with wild eyes. "I know, I know, but like... I thought she was a super villain or something!"

"Why the hell would she toss you your suit, then?!"
Peter raised a finger to respond before thinking on it and lowering his hand. "Yeah, okay, I admit, it was kinda dumb."

"Kinda?!

"It's fine, it's over now, can we just get this done?" (Y/n) asked, interrupting before either of the other two could speak again.

May settled back into her seat and nodded, gesturing to them. "Go on."

"Well, then I told Peter that I had just overheard him in P.E., even though I didn't tell him how, and we both went on our merry ways."

Peter nodded and picked up where she left off. "Well, patrol went as usual, but then it was near the end, and there was this mugging, and the guy had a gun, and so I saved the lady but got shot in the shoulder." Peter tried to ignore the way May sucked in a sharp breath at his words. "I tried to swing home, but just ended up in another alley." He gestured to his friend. "That's where (Y/n) found me."

(Y/n) cracked a smile and nodded in confirmation. "I was just testing a new lock on my window when I noticed that Peter had fallen into the alley." She looked up at the ceiling for a moment and muttered, "Thank you enhanced eyes." Peter snorted as she continued. "I went down and realized who it was and helped him into my apartment. ALICE-"

"That's your... A.I., right?" May intervened.

(Y/n) blinked before nodding. "Yep."

"Okay."

ALICE told me how to wrap everything up and all that after I pulled the bullet out, also with her help. Then, we called you-"

"Hang on a moment," May said loudly. "I have a feeling that I would remember something like this, and I'm certain you never called me about Peter having a bullet in his shoulder."

(Y/n) smiled at her sadly, but Peter could see the deeper meaning behind it, accentuated when she said softly, "You wouldn't, would you?"

May blinked and didn't seem to know how to respond to that. "I-"

"Moving on!" Peter exclaimed. "You'll understand soon, May, I promise."

May whirled on him. "No, Peter, I want you to tell me right now what's going on, or so help me-"

"May, please, just a bit longer."

She stared into her nephew's eyes and Peter felt like his aunt was staring into his soul rather than just his brown eyes before she settled back down, took a deep breath, and nodded minutely. "Fine."

Peter smiled at her, grateful. "Thank you."

May looked to (Y/n). "Go ahead."

(Y/n) gathered her bearings and nodded. "We explained the situation to you and then called Mr. Stark. He came to pick Peter up and Peter, maybe just cause he was drunk on pain, convinced Mr.
Stark to let me come to the Avengers Compound to stay for the weekend."

May raised an eyebrow. "Like... Like a sleepover?"

(Y/n) snorted but nodded. "Like a sleepover." Peter felt his face heat again. He had never realized how childish he must have sounded to his idol until right now.

"Anyways, then we got in the car and I met Mr. Happy Hogan, who was pretty stoic about the whole thing."

"Nah, he liked you," Peter said, glancing at her. "Trust me." He turned back toward May and continued on. "So, we were driving, and when we got there, (Y/n)..." He couldn't help but snort at the memory. (Y/n)'s face turned red. "(Y/n) got excited over the architecture..."

May smirked a bit. "Sounds like something she'd do."

"So, uh, anyways, we went in and met Miss Potts, and then her and I walked back to the living place thing while Mr. Stark took Peter to medical to get his, er, injury, looked at," (Y/n) said, the flush gradually fading from her face.

"That was actually the first night I had (Y/n)'s cooking," Peter added. "She made pasta."

"I made pasta," (Y/n) nodded. Peter couldn't help but smile cheekily as the flush returned to her cheeks.

"Well, after eating, we kinda just went off to go watch a movie and eventually fell asleep. I don't..." (Y/n)'s face darkened even more and she turned to gaze to the ground. "I honestly don't remember what happened after that until the next morning, but, apparently, uh, something... did..." She turned to look at Peter, her eyes seeming to silently beg him to continue, to explain what had happened that night.

"Yeah, uh..." Peter thought back to the dark night that felt like a lifetime ago. He hadn't thought of it in so long, yet he could still remember in such vivid detail. It had been scary...

Peter was silent for a moment before he managed to gather his thoughts and speak.

"There was a storm that night. A big one. It didn't stop until the next morning, actually, and it was like the ocean was being dumped from the sky." Peter rubbed at his arms and (Y/n) seemed to instinctively reach to him and take his hand in hers. He hoped that earlier he had been able to provide the same amount of comfort that she was giving him now. He took a deep breath.

"I woke up to screaming. I saw Mr. Stark disappear into an elevator right when I opened my eyes. Miss Potts was pacing near a corner of the room. The screaming was loud. It hurt. I got up and saw that (Y/n) was on the floor. A moment later I realized that she was the one who was screaming." Peter wasn't seeing the world in front of him. He was lost in his mind, reliving the moments from so very long ago. "There was this... purple aura around (Y/n). I guess now that it was from her powers. Her eyes had this... purple ring around them and she didn't seem to see or hear us. She was lost in her screams, I guess."

(Y/n) was staring intensely at him, and Peter recognized, vaguely, that May was watching the girl in turn.

"We... We asked her what was wrong. She said it was too loud and too bright, and when a flash of lightning came from outside, she screamed even louder, somehow. The aura was pulsing around her, burning at the wall." Peter paused for a moment. "Uh... Mr. Stark showed up and gave her the
little devices to cancel out sound. She managed to put them on and stopped screaming immediately. We, uh, we all agreed to talk about it the next day. We moved (Y/n) into a guest room and then I went to bed."

Peter took a deep breath again. He thought for a moment before continuing. "The next day, (Y/n) and I worked with Mr. Stark in his lab, she impressed him with her smarts, all the usual stuff." (Y/n)'s face darkened again. "Then, during dinner, we asked (Y/n) about her powers. She admitted that she had them, Mr. Stark offered her an internship, all the cool stuff."

May's brow furrowed and she turned her gaze on (Y/n). Peter could basically see the gears turning in her head. "I thought that Stark offered you an internship just earlier this month..."

(Y/n) nodded. "He did."

May groaned and sat back. "My head hurts." There was a moment of silence before she waved her hand. "Keep going..."

"So, Mr. Happy Hogan drove us home on Sunday," (Y/n) said, taking the chance to pick up the story herself again. "We said goodbye, and that was that. Peter felt her hand become clammy in his again. It was time.

After realizing she was not going to be able to continue on right now, Peter continued for his friend. "That night, I was out on patrol. There was a mugging. Just a mugging." He felt tears well up in his eyes as he whispered, "It was just a mugging..." May was looking at him with thinly veiled concern, not daring to stop him but clearly wanting to support her nephew. (Y/n) weakly squeezed his hand and Peter took a breath and went on.

"It was all a blur, but suddenly one of the criminals had a gun in my face. Right at my forehead. I didn't move, I couldn't. I tried to reason with him, but he was so set on shooting. He knew I would just arrest him if he let me go. He was about to shoot when I was suddenly tackled out of the way. The gun went off, but there was no pain, and I was still alive." Peter swallowed, and it hurt to do so. "Then I... I looked up and... and (Y/n) was there." There were free tears streaming down his face now, and he could see them glistening on (Y/n)'s too as she closed her eyes tightly shut. "(Y/n) was there with a bright red spot on her chest, growing bigger and bigger. She looked at me and... and she fell..." His voice broke.

There was silence for a long moment. May didn't dare speak. Peter took a few deep breaths and closed his eyes. He felt (Y/n) press herself into him and he responded by simply wrapping an arm over her shoulders.

Peter's voice was hoarse when he picked back up. "I beat the other guys quickly. It was insanity for a moment and nothing mattered. They were webbed up and then I grabbed (Y/n) and brought her up to the roof." It hurt to speak, but it hurt even more to remember.

"I tried... I tried to help her but... but Karen said it was too late. The bullet had hit too many things. She had a few minutes and then... then that was it..."

Peter's mouth was dry.

"(Y/n) was far gone, anyways. She just was talking about wanting to see stars. I think that she was in pain, and she knew it and wanted to lessen it for me, but she was also in a stupor from the shock, from the pain, from everything." (Y/n) nodded, just barely. "So, I told her about stars. I told her about random stuff, just kept talking. Laid her head in my lap and we looked at the stars. When I... When I looked back at her she..." The words died in his throat. A new wave of emotion rushed
over him and Peter just managed to choke out, "She was gone," before he broke down completely and was overwhelmed with tears.

There was silence again. Peter was sure, in the back of his mind, that May was crying too. But, in those moments, it didn't matter.

After a few seconds, Peter felt (Y/n)'s fingers against his cheek. He opened his eyes to look at her. She was crying too, silently. They stared into the other's eyes for a long moment before she whispered, "It's okay, Peter... It's okay... I'm here... I'm okay... We're okay..."

Peter reached forward and immediately gathered his friend into a hug. She returned it without question.

"I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry..."

"You have nothing to be sorry for..."

Peter leaned back after what felt like forever and yet not long enough. (Y/n) settled back into her seat and May was looking at them with so much pity that it nearly physically hurt him.

"I called Mr. Stark. He showed up, we talked, and then suddenly everything went dark. There was a bright flash of light and I woke up in my bed. I was confused, and you came in, and you didn't know I was Spider-Man, and it was February of 2017..."

"Wait..." May seemed to be putting two-and-two together. She looked up at them suddenly. "When did (Y/n) die?"

There was a silence before (Y/n) spoke. "Peter and I woke up in February of 2017." She finally turned her gaze up to May and said, "I died in March of 2018."

May seemed to deflate, falling back into her chair. "2018..." She looked up at them again with wide eyes. "You... You time-traveled?"

(Y/n) nodded. "We did."

May blinked. "How did... How did that happen?"

(Y/n) exchanged glances with Peter, who had to admit that he was curious himself. Very curious. He gave her a nod. She returned it before looking forward again, taking a deep breath, and speaking.

"I woke up in water. It was barely a foot deep, honestly, but it went on forever. I was alone. The sky was orange. I... I called for someone. At first, there was no response. Then, suddenly, the sky flashed a bright orange color and this voice called out to me. It was everywhere, uh, all-encompassing, I guess. It told me to think back, to remember my death. Different voices spoke, with different colors flashing with each unique one. Eventually, they said I could live again if I went back, er, far back. I agreed, as long as I could take someone with me. They agreed. I took Peter."

May nodded. "So you... you really..."

(Y/n) seemed to be calm now and Peter assumed she knew what his aunt wanted to say as she nodded. "I died."

May seemed to be preparing to speak, but Peter relaxed a bit. (Y/n) leaned into him again and he
smiled a small bit.

It was nice to have that off their chests.

Chapter End Notes

May: i am gnna be so deadpan until you explain children. no time for fun and games, lets gO

Peter: so it was march

May: you met in february tho

Peter: shut up

Peter and (Y/n): *tell the story*

Peter and (Y/n): *have so many chances to kiss but just don't*

May: huh

May: that was

May: interesting

Everyone: *many tears*
A Sequel? More like just the next part of the story that's gonna be split off from the first! Wait, that's just a sequel, isn't it...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

So, uh, yeah.

Anyone who read the tags knows that I wrote this at the beginning on Quotev. I got an account on here and moved it over here all in one go.

The problem with moving it all at once is that it can't reach people as easily.

So, even though, on Quotev, it's staying as one story, I'm splitting it on here based on large sections of the story. So, we finished up the '2018 1.0' arc, the 'Reset' arc, and the 'Homecoming' arc, as well as wrapping a few things up at the end. To reach people more easily, I'm going to just split the story here into two. If you want to read it all as one, you can do that on Quotev.

But, uh, please don't.

I need the support more on here.

So, yeah. This story is NOT done. I just want to be able to reach more people on here without it seeming so threatening as a story of THAT many words.

That's it.

Be sure to follow the series, which will be created, like, right after this is out. As soon as I write the next chapter, the next part of this will be published. After we get through another large section, I'll probably split the story again and make a third overall part.

I hope you're enjoying the story so far!

Bye, Bye!

-Evie

DO NOT THROW AWAY YOUR SHOT!!!

Chapter End Notes

P.S.

If you want to send in any fan-art for contests or just because, you can send it to this e-mail, especially if you don't have another account to post it on:

evie4life1@gmail.com

ALSO!!!

The e-mail that Peter and (Y/n) made their YouTube account with is:
spooderman.and.spacechick@gmail.com

Yes, that IS a real e-mail. You can e-mail if you want to.

Remember, though, that e-mail ISN'T MINE.

It's Peter and (Y/n)'s.

Bye!

End Notes

People: Hello child!

(Y/n): Yes, I am friends with the homeless ones. Also, Hamilton

(Y/n): *bumps Ned*

Peter: No idea who that is probably never gonna see her again

Peter: Oh

(Y/n): I can't wait to learn. Oh wait. I'm already too smart

- - - - -

There it is, I guess. Yay.
I'm so confused.
And tired.
Really tired.

I hope you liked it and stuff.

The chapters get longer, I promise.

Uh.

Yeah.

Bye, Bye.

-Evie

DO NOT THROW AWAY YOUR SHOT!

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