**Amazing Detective/Genius**

**Summary**

Peter Parker has just been promoted to detective and transferred to the Nine-Nine. Tony is a perfectionist Captain, and he is a reckless boy. MJ and Peter have the best arrest records in the precinct. To prove who’s better, they make a bet.

Or. Brooklyn Nine-Nine AU
“If I may have your attention, I have a brief announcement to make before you all head home for the weekend.”

The detectives turned their attention to Tony.

“On Monday morning, at approximately 9:00, there will be a new addition to your squad.”

“A new guy?” Natasha asked, with mild disgust. “I hate new people.”

“You hate all people.” Bruce responded.

“True.” She shrugged. “Who are they?”

“Peter Parker. He was recently promoted to the rank of detective, and he will be transferring here from the twenty-seventh precinct.”

“What else do we know about him?”

“Absolutely nothing. His previous commanding officer has yet to send over his file. I ask that you make him feel welcome on his first day. You’re dismissed.”

When the elevator door closed on Tony, the detectives convened in the middle of the room.

“This guy’s definitely going to be a jackass.” Nat said angrily. “People who make detective get so full of themselves.”

“What makes you think that?” MJ asked.

“I was. Still am. I’m better than all of you.”

“You heard what Captain Stark said. If you won’t listen to him, then you should listen to me.”

Everyone on the squad had a respect for Sergeant Banner. He was the voice of reason in the precinct.

“I don’t know what the big deal is. He might be nice.”

“You’re too optimistic, Leeds.”

Tony walked into the precinct at exactly nine o’clock on Monday morning. He was like a machine. At one point, Tony was a selfish young detective. But as he aged, his maturity grew.

He was still the same genius deep down. This was just a face that he put on for work.

As usual, Tony was the first one there. Or so he expected. Standing in front of his office was a young boy wearing a flannel shirt, jeans, a leather jacket, and sneakers.

“Excuse me. Are you in need of assistance?”

The boy turned around with a bright smile on his face.
“You’re Captain Stark, right?”

“That is correct.”

“I’m Peter Parker.”

“Ah, yes. I’ve been expecting you. Please, step into my office and take a seat.”

Tony sat across from Peter at his desk.

People started coming in from the elevator.

“You were quite early today.”

“Sorry. I uh, didn’t want to be late on my first day.”

“No need to apologize. I must admit I’m impressed.” Tony pulled something from his bag. “More so, now that I’ve read your file. Your arrest numbers are excellent.”

“Thank you, Captain.”

“I also received a letter from your previous CO.”

“Just as impressive?”

“No.”

Peter deflated.

“Peter Parker has shown time and again that he is an unmanageable officer. He rarely listens to orders and instead does what he believes he should. Regardless of the results they yield, it is unacceptable. If it wasn’t for the arrests he makes regularly, he wouldn’t have been promoted to the rank of detective.” Tony stared back at the boy. “He also has a side note: He is a young man in his mid twenties, who looks like he’s in his mid teens, and acts like he’s twelve.” After a moment, he spoke up.

“Well, I count two pros and one con.”

“You made a joke?”

“Yes sir.”

“It was amusing. Perfectly executed. I’m going to make one thing clear, Parker. You’re in my precinct now. There will be no more of your reckless behavior. At the nine-nine, we do things by the book.”

“I understand.”

“Excellent. Now then, let me introduce you to your squad.”

The two walked to his window.

“I thought we were going to say ‘hi’?”

“All in good time. I’m going to tell you about them first.”

First, they looked at a rather large, muscular man sitting at a desk. It looked like it was made for
kindergarteners.

“That is my second in command, sergeant Bruce Banner.”

“He’s tall.”

“He can crush you with one hand and not break a sweat.”

Peter let out a nervous squeak.

“Good to know.”

To his left, was a red headed woman wearing dark clothes.

“Natasha Romanoff. Everyone is terrified of her, and for good reason. Never, and I mean never, ask a question about her.”

“Why?”

“That’s a question. You’re already failing.”

“Sorry.”

“Ned Leeds. Very dedicated to his work, and is brilliant with computers. I believe that you two will get along well.”

“Awesome.”

“Clint Barton. Best shot on the force. He never misses a target. Also a bit of a prankster, and the only one Romanoff gets along with.”

“Who’s the guy with long hair?”

“Thor Odinson. He may look like a tough person, but he’s the nicest man you will ever meet.”

Peter smiled.

“And finally, Michelle Jones. She has the best numbers in the precinct. In fact, they’re on par with yours.”

He looked her up and down. She had a bored expression on her face.

“So, we have a similar way of working?”

“You could not be more wrong. She loves doing paperwork, and want to impress her superior officers. She also likes to read.”

“What makes you think I don’t like to read?”

Tony shot up an eyebrow.

“Do you?”

“No.” Peter sighed.

“And that’s everyone.”
They stepped out of his office, and Tony spoke up.

“Attention detectives. Please make your way to the briefing room immediately.”

Peter sat down next to Ned. Everyone was looking at him.

“You’re Ned, right?”

“That’s me.”

“Peter Parker.” He said, extending a hand.

“Oh! You’re the new guy!”

“Yep.”

Ned shook his hand.

“Nice to meet you, dude.”

“Likewise.”

He noticed that Peter was wearing a particular shirt along with his flannel.

“Are you a Star Wars fan?”

“Isn’t everyone?” Peter laughed.

“Smart people are.”

“You’re not bad.”

Tony stood at the front of the room with his hands behind his back.

“I know what you’re thinking. Who is this child sitting with us?”

“I’m not a child.”

“You look like one.” Natasha deadpanned.

“This is the newest member of your squad. Peter Parker.”

“Hi.” He said nervously.

“He’s quite the officer. His arrest numbers speak for themselves. He’s actually as good as you, Michelle.”

MJ’s head shot up, and her eyes fixed on Peter.

“Take a moment to get to know each other. I’ll be continuing to work.”

Tony walked out of the room quickly.

“Look out, MJ.” Clint said. “This kid’s coming for your throne.”

“I uh, I’m not coming for anyone’s ‘throne’. It’s nice to meet you all.”
“Of course you’re not. I’m miles better than you.”

Peter scoffed. “I wouldn’t say miles.”

“Please. I KNOW I could make more felony arrests than you in a year.”

“So why don’t you?”

MJ was very competitive. She bet on everything she could.

“You don’t want to face me, Peralta.”

“It’s actually Parker. And I would bet anything you’re wrong.”

It was just a friendly competition. But both were determined to win.

“Anything?”

“Absolutely.”

“This is getting interesting.” Natasha smirked. “What matters most to you in the world, kid? And don’t say crap like helping others. It has to be a material possession.”

Peter paused for a moment, before answering.

“My car. It’s a 1970s Mustang.”

“And you said you were willing to bet anything.”

“Fine. I’ll bet my car that I can make more felony arrests than you in one year.”

“And what do you bet, MJ?”

“If you win, you can take me on the worst date ever. You can have full control of what I wear, eat and do.”

“I’ll have the power to make you suffer.”

“I’ll win, so it’s not a problem.”

“Deal?”

“Deal.”

The two firmly shook hands.

Bruce wrote the number ‘365’ on the white board, with two columns that read ‘Peter’ and ‘MJ’.

“So it’s settled. May the best detective win!”
“Why are you so happy?” Ned asked, walking with Peter.

“It’s my first case as a detective! This is going to be awesome!”

“Okay, dude. I get it. I was the same way when I started. But…” He trailed off.

“But what?”

“It seems a little inappropriate at a murder.”

The two looked down at a body lying on the ground.

“Right. Is it fine if I’m happy on the inside but act sad on the outside?”

Ned shrugged.

“That works.”

“So, what do we know so far?”

“Victims name is Jessica Van Skolimski. Age twenty-nine. Works as a banker.”

“Cause of death?”

“Shot in the back of the head. Neighbors heard a gunshot at eight forty-seven am. She’s only been dead for half an hour.”

“Lovely. So we know that the perp was behind her. It’s possible she didn’t know someone was here.”

“Or they had her turn around.”

“She fell on her front, facing the window. That means the perp was…” Peter turned away from the window to face the opposite direction. “In the doorway.”

“They could have been close.”

“No. There isn’t an exit wound. So it had to be from a distance.”

“I’ll have the M.E. try to retrieve the bullet. Maybe that can tell us more.”

“Good idea. Any suspects?”

“None. Apparently, she was extremely well liked.”

“Everyone has enemies.”

“How about we head to the bank where she worked? Maybe ask around.”

“You read my mind.”

Peter walked quickly to their car. Ned struggled to keep up with him.
“Why are you going to fast?”
“I want to close this one quick.”
“Is this because of your bet with MJ?”
“Yep. I’m not losing my car. It’s too important to me.”
“It’s just a car.”
“It’s not just a car. It’s important to me.”
They began to drive off towards the bank.
“Why?”
Peter let out a deep breath. “It was my uncle Ben’s car. I fixed it up after he, uh, died. It’s a piece of crap. But it’s all I have left of him.”
“I’m sorry, dude.”
“It’s fine.”
Ned pushed his foot down harder on the pedal.
“Woah! What are you doing?”
“I’m not letting you lose that car.”
“Thanks.”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 9:20 am.)

MJ knocked on Tony’s door.
“You wanted to see me captain?”
“I did. Please, sit.” He said, gesturing to the chairs. “I’ve heard that this morning you made a bet with detective Parker.”
“Yes sir.”
“And this is just a friendly competition?”
“Yes sir.”
“What do you think of Parker?”
“He seems a little childish.”
“Why is that?”
“He dresses like a teenager. He doesn’t wear a tie.”
“And you contacted his previous CO trying to get information on him.”

MJ blushed out of embarrassment.

“That too. I’m sorry. He seems nice enough, but I don’t like the way he does things.”

“I believe I can straighten him out. What exactly are you wagering on this bet?”

“If I win, I get his car. If he wins, he gets to take me on the worst date in history.”

“Did you each come up with your own consequences?”

“Yeah.”

“Curious.”

“What is?”

“Within a minute of knowing him, you already proposed a date.”

“It’s not like that, captain. I am not, nor will I ever be interested in him.”

“Very well.”

(New York Community Bank. 9:40 am.)

“Thank you for meeting with us, Mr. Charles.”

“It’s my pleasure, detectives. Such a horrible thing that happened to Jessica.”

“Horrible. We were wondering if you could tell us the last time you saw Jessica.”

“I’m happy to cooperate. Friday night. We shared a cab after work.”

“And that’s all?”

“Yes.”

“And you have no idea who could have done this? Someone with a grudge perhaps?”

“I have no idea. Jessica was the nicest person I’ve ever met.” Mr. Charles began to cry. “Who would shoot a poor woman in the back of the head?”

Peter and Ned’s eyes widened. They shared a knowing look.

“We never said she was shot in the back of the head.”

Both of them stood up and pulled out their guns.

“Henry Charles, you’re under arrest for –”
Charles bolted out of the room and ran around the corner. Peter and Ned chased after him.

“You didn’t let us finish!”

They saw him exit the bank, and it was difficult to keep up since there were so many people in the way.

Charles ran into the streets. Peter and Ned were cut off by a bus. When they got around, he was out of sight.

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 10:00 am.)

“I’ve put out an APB on Henry Charles. That’s all we have.”

“Great.”

Peter looked up at the whiteboard. MJ: 1 Peter: 0.

“I’m already ahead of you, Parker.” She said, smirking.

“Crap.”

Peter stared at MJ as she walked away.

“You let a murderer escape?”

The two turned to see a very unhappy Tony. At least they were pretty sure he was unhappy. Honestly, his face didn’t change that much.

“We didn’t let him escape. It was the bus’s fault.” Peter smiled. Trying to be optimistic.

“What?”

“He’s right. The bus got in our way, and he didn’t even apologize.”


“Get me out of this.”

“Sorry dude. You’re on your own.”

Peter sighed, and followed Tony into his office.

“You need to fix this.”

“I know, sir. He accidentally confessed to two detectives. Clearly he’s not the sharpest tool in the shed. But he is a tool.”

“Is everything a joke to you?”

“No. I just, I have a tendency to make jokes in tense situations.”
“He could be anywhere in New York.”

“I can narrow it down. He’ll stay away from the bank, and he’s probably not at his apartment. Maybe he’d reach out to a family member. Ned and I will check around. I promise we’ll get him by the end of the day.”

“You’d better keep that promise. And for God’s sake, start wearing a tie.”

“How is that a priority?”

“Everyone wears a tie here. You need to be more professional.”

“Do I have to?” Peter whined.

“Yes.”

“But ties are uncomfortable.”

“No exceptions.”

“Fine. How much does a tie cost? I have literally never worn or owned one before in my life.”

Tony reached into his desk and pulled out a small box. It opened to reveal a large collection of ties.

“Take you pick. Free of charge.”

“You just keep these in your desk?”

“You never know.”

Peter took a dark blue tie.

“How do I put it on?”

“Stand up.”

Tony came around and began to tie a simple not.

“Thanks, da= CAPTAIN! You da captain! I’m going to start following leads. Okay byeee.”

Peter quickly walked out of the office and made his way to Ned.

“I have a list of previous addresses and places he frequents. Charles has to be at one of them.”

“Great. Let’s get out of here.”

“Okay. How’d your talk with Stark go?”

“It went well. Not awkward at all.”

(Henry Charles potential location. 5:20 pm.)
“This has taken way longer than I thought it would.”

“I promised we’d get him today. He has to be here. It’s the only one left.”

Ned and Peter took their guns out, and knocked on the door.

It opened slightly, with the chain on.

“Hello?”

“NYPD. Open up.”

“One moment.”

The door closed again. It didn’t open after that.

“Sunnova bitch. Break the door down in three. Two. One.”

At the same time, Ned and Peter charged at the door and knocked it down. Henry Charles was trying to get out the window.

“Freeze! NYPD!”

“If you don’t, we’ll shoot.”

He stopped his escape attempt, and raised his hands.

“We got one!” The two friends high fived each other. “Up top, Henry!”

“Probably shouldn’t be high fiving the perp.”

“Right, sorry.”

(Stan’s Bar. 5:45 pm.)

“Congratulations to detectives Parker and Leeds, for the arrest of Henry Charles. And to MJ and Peter for the start of what I hope to be a beneficial, and friendly rivalry. Cheers.”

The squad raised their drinks.

“Not bad today, Parker.”

“Did Michelle Jones just compliment me?”

“Take it or leave it, loser.”

“I’m definitely taking it. Can I get a recording of you saying it?”

“Don’t push it.”
“Right. And you know you can call me Peter.”

“I’ll stick to loser for now. But if we’re going to be friends, you can start calling me MJ.”

“Cheers to that.”

Peter took a drink from his glass.

“Is that…?”

“Orange juice.”

“We’re in a bar, and you’re drinking juice. You really are a child.”

“But it tastes SO much better than alcohol.”

“You don’t know what you’re missing. We’re all getting wasted.”

“Have fun.”
“You don’t know what you’re missing. We’re all getting wasted.”

“Have fun.”

Natasha made her way between the two.

“So where will we end up on the MJ Drunkenness Scale?” She asked, chugging her drink.

“What’s the MJ Drunkenness Scale?”

“When I take a drink, I get a different personality trait. It changes with every drink I take.”

“Please reach four drinks. You make the best jokes.”

“So, four drink MJ is a comedian?”

MJ and Nat paused for a moment.

“Kind of.”

“Get one drink MJ out of the way. She’s the worst one.”

“Wait. What?”

“I see we’ve already stated. Level one is spacey MJ.”

“Oh.”

“MJ.”

“Hmm?”

“Drink this.”

Natasha handed her a shot.

“What am I supposed to do?”

She made a drinking gesture.

“Oh”

MJ downed the shot quickly.

“What’s two drink MJ?”

“Loud. Come on kid. We’re playing pool and we need a fourth.”

“But shouldn’t we keep an eye on her?”

“She’ll be fine. Just let her go through the process.”

“Oh-okay.”
Peter hesitantly made his way to the pool table with Nat, Clint, and Thor.

“Ah! The child has joined us!”

Thor pulled the smaller man into a hug.

“Welcome to the squad!” His voice boomed.

“Thank you.”

“You may be new, kid. But I’m not going easy on you.” Clint smirked.

“He always wins at this.”

“And darts, shooting, archery, paper basketball, and procrastinating.”

“Shut up, Hawkeye.”

“CAN I PLEASE GET ANOTHER DRINK?!”

MJ was standing at the bar. Everyone’s attention was on her.

“IS SOMETHING WRONG?!”

“Holy crap, she’s loud.”

“She’ll be quiet soon. Let’s do this.”

Bruce and Tony were sitting in a booth in the corner. Bruce had a large glass of beer, while Tony was drinking some kind of fancy wine.

“So, what are you planning for Steve’s birthday?”

“I’m having a rather large get together at our house. It will be attended by our close family members, a few of his coworkers, and hopefully you and the squad.”

“You’re inviting us over?”

“You’re good people. And I’ve known you all for two years. It seems appropriate.”

“Even Parker?”

“He has good intentions despite his immaturity. I’m hoping attending this will make him more civilized.”

“You have your work cut out for you. If he hasn’t figured out how to grow up by now, he probably never will.”

“What makes you say that?”

“Because, he’s currently drinking orange juice with a green straw.”

“Oh, dear God.”

Tony placed his head in his hands.

Peter lined up his shot and sunk two balls at once.
“Tada!”
“Lucky shot.”
“I play a lot.”
“Really?”
“On iMessage games.”
“And that translates?”
“I guess so.”

Clint looked down at his watch and put down his cue.
“I have to get going.”
“Say hi to Laura for me.”
“I will.”

When he walked out the door, Peter spoke up.
“Who’s Laura?”
“His wife.”
“I never thought of him as a family man.”
“You met him this morning.”
“I know. But still.”

“Ah. It appears that MJ has had her third drink.” Thor smiled.

MJ was dancing like a crazy person. Acting as if no one could see her.
“And three drinks is?”
“Dance pants.”
“Is she normally a dancer?”
“Sometimes. Don’t worry. When she’s sober, she’s a great dancer.”
“Can you give her another drink? I don’t want to watch this any longer.”
“Yes! Four drink MJ!”
“I’m not staying here for that.” Ned said, grabbing his jacket.
“Should I be worried?”

Nat didn’t answer. She just handed MJ a drink.
“Thor?”
“Hmm?”

“What’s four drink MJ?”

“I’ve never met her. But based on Natasha’s stories, I’m not going to stay around.”

“Damn it.”

Thor was gone. Left in the bar was Peter, MJ, Nat, Bruce, and Tony.

“Excuse me?” Peter asked the bartender. “Could I please have a shot of vodka?”

“I don’t serve to children.”

“I’m not a child! I’m twenty-four!”

“Sure you are, kid.” He laughed.

“What if I showed you my ID?”

“I don’t fall for fake ID’S.”

“But I’m -. And you’re not listening anymore.”

“Aw. Poor kid.”

Natasha ruffled Peter’s hair.

“Oh, come on.”

“Look at it this way. You’ll be glad about this when you’re in your fifties.”

“I don’t want to wait to get a drink until I’m old.”

“As far as I can tell, you hate alcohol.”

“I do! But it’s the principle. Can you buy it for me?”

“Why do you want a shot of vodka?”

“Ned and Thor didn’t want to be around for four drink MJ. I thought if she’s so bad, I should get rid of her fast.”

“Not a chance, kid.”

MJ sat drunkenly next to Peter.

“Has anyone ever told you that your ass is amazing?”

Peter blushed.

“N-no.”

“Well, it is.”

He nervously turned to Natasha.
“Four drink MJ is…?”
“A huge pervert.”
“Looking good, Nat.”
She shot MJ a wink.
“Now I know why everyone left.”
“Do you wanna hear a joke?”
“Um. I’m alright, thanks.”
“I like your clothes.”
“Oh. Thank you.”
“They’d look better on my bedroom floor.”
“She’s hilarious.”
“No she’s not! Give her another drink!”
“Why do you have to ruin everything?”
“She makes me uncomfortable.”
MJ downed another drink, and fell asleep.
“We were so close.”
“To what?”
“Five drinks is overconfidence. Six is sadness. Seven is honest. Eight is equestrian. And eight is French.”
“You couldn’t have told me that earlier?”
“Not as fun. Can you take her home?”
“Why can’t you do it?”
“I ride a motorcycle. You usually have to be awake for that.”
“Fine. What’s her address?”
“Five blocks south. First building on the right.”
“Which way is south?”
“Are you serious?”
“There’s no sun out.”
“Turn left when you get out from the bar.”
“Thanks.”

Peter picked up MJ gently. It was easy due to her small frame. He placed her in the front seat and put the seatbelt around her.

“And that’s why I don’t drink.”

(MJ’s apartment. 9:00 pm.)

Peter placed MJ gently onto her bed, and put a damp cloth over her head.

“You’re going to be alright if I leave you, right?”

She let out a small grunt in response.

“I’ll take that as a yes. Call me if you need anything. And there’s a glass of water on your bedside table.”

“Thanks.” MJ barely got the word out.

“I’ll see you tomorrow.”
Bruce stood at the front of the briefing room with the detectives seated.

“After a span of forty days, Peter is in the lead with Twenty-Six felony arrests. While MJ is falling behind with twenty-four.”

“For now.” MJ scoffed. “I’m coming for you, Peter.”

“Title of your sex tape.” He whispered under his breath.

“What was that?”

“Nothing.”

“Thor, where are you at with the burglary at the jewelry store?”

“Clint and I are visiting the penitentiary today to visit a potential lead. Their MO was the exact same, so they’re most likely know each other.”

“Excellent. You’re free to go.”

Clint and Thor walked out of the room.

“And Nat, how’s the Pontiac Bandit coming along?”

“Horrible. No leads.”

“What’s the Pontiac Bandit?” Peter asked with a smile. “He sounds awesome!”

“He’s been stealing nothing but Pontiac’s for the past three years. No one’s ever seen him.”

“If nothing comes up soon, we’re going to have to declare this a cold case.”

“If you want, I could give you a hand.”

“You just like this case because of the name.”

“All the best criminals have the best nicknames. Jack the Ripper, Al ‘Scarface’ Capone, the Joker, Two-Face, Penguin.”

“You’re just naming off comic book characters.”

“The first two were real.”

“The department is giving you one more week to find a lead. Get to work immediately.”

Peter and Natasha made their way to the files.

“So, what do we know?”

“All this.”
She handed him a file. It was only one page.

“That’s it?”

“Yep.”

“We’re screwed.”

“You’ve already given up, haven’t you?”

“I never give up.”

(Three hours later.)

“I’ve given up.”

“It took a few hours to break your spirit. You lasted longer than I expected.”

“Good to know. So, we’re done here?”

“Hold on. I just got a text from the seven-nine. They have someone who claims to know the Pontiac Bandit.”

“Yes!” Natasha did not look impressed. “Sorry. I’m just really excited!”

(Riker’s Island. 10:00 am.)

Thor and Clint sat across from one of the prisoners.

“Thomas Avery. Detectives Odinson and Barton. We’d like to ask you a few questions.”

“What’s in it for me?”

“I beg your pardon?”

“If you’re here, you probably need something from me.”

“That’s correct.”

“And I’m willing to cooperate in exchange for some… favors.”

“What are your terms?”

“I wanna be released from here immediately.”

“We can offer you some cigarettes, and six months off your sentence.”

“No deal.”

“We’ll throw in some toilet wine.” Clint proposed.

“Toilet wine?”
“Do you guys not have that here?”

“Released immediately, or nothing.”

“We’re in for a long day.”

(Seventy-Ninth Precinct Interrogation Room. 12:20 pm.)

Peter and Natasha sat across from a man in dark clothes, and long hair. He had a large grin on his face.

“Loki. It’s a pleasure to meet two fine detectives such as yourselves.”

“Well, it’s nice to meet you too Mr. Loki.” Peter smiled.

“Shut up. He’s just trying to flatter us.”

“My apologies.”

“See. He has a British accent! You’re so polite.”

“What can you tell us about the Pontiac Bandit?”

“As a boy in my late teens, I worked as a mechanic over the summer. I’ve always had a passion for automobiles.”

“Oh man, same! What’s your favourite car?”

“Classic Mustang’s. V8’s used to be so wonderful back in the day.”

“I own a 1970s Mustang!”

“Get out!”

“If you want, I can let you drive it sometime.”

“Quiet, both of you. This isn’t a ‘get to know you’ interrogation. Get to the point.”

“My employer always brought in Pontiac’s. I thought nothing of it at the time.”

“How long ago was this?”

“About ten years ago.”

“This has only been a case for three years.”

“Then he’s been active for far longer than you anticipated. I have some photos of the cars, if it would prove useful.”

“I recognize some of the licence plates. And the descriptions match up.”

“So, you believe me?”
“What do you have to offer us?”
“I know how to get in contact with him.”
“Woo! Loki for the win!” The two of them high fived. Natasha glared at them.
“Sorry, miss.”

(Riker’s Island. 11:30 am.)

“We cannot give you a PS4!” Thor shouted.
“Fine!”
“What do we have so far?”
“Three months off his sentence, a king-sized bed, a personal thirty-inch television, and a cell to accommodate the large bed.”
“Video games rot your brain, Avery. I don’t let my kids go near them.”
“Then what the hell do they do?”
“Hang out with their dad, and play outside. Normal stuff.”
“How about I get a Wii? Give me Wii Sports Resort, Mario Kart, and New Super Mario Brothers.”
“If we give you that, we bump you down to one and a half months off your sentence.”
“Deal. Now, for the love of God, tell us everything you know.”

(Alley Way. 1:00 pm.)

“Let me tell you, my sister Hela is the absolute worst. She would always pick on me and my brother.”
“People are the worst.” Nat growled.
“That wasn’t the point I was trying to make.”
“It’s what I got from it.”
“Any idea when this guy might show up?”
There was a ding from Loki’s pocket.
“He just texted. The meeting point’s been changed.”
“Damn.” Natasha spoke into the walkie talkie. “All units, change of plans. We’re moving.”

“This is probably inappropriate to ask, detective Romanoff. But is a woman as beautiful as yourself courting anyone at the moment?”

“Don’t bother. I’m a lesbian.”

“Good to know.”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 1:00 pm.)

“I’m catching up to Peter. He’s only one ahead of me now.”

MJ added one point to her total. Smirking as she did so.

“Peter’s still winning.” Ned said.

“There’s still three hundred-twenty-five days left.”

“Plenty of time for him to pull further ahead.”

“I’m obviously going to beat Peter. Nothing brings me more pleasure than thinking about him.”

“You should probably say these things in your head before you say them out loud.”

(Pontiac Bandit meetup. 3:00 pm.)

Peter and Natasha sat in the back of an unmarked van. The plan was for Loki to meet the Pontiac Bandit inside. Then the team would go in to arrest him.

“Loki, speak so we can test the wire.”

“Hello out there, all you lovely ladies. If any of you listening wish to meet up for a drink tonight, I’m more than happy to oblige.”

“Are you really asking out my people in the middle of a sting?”

“Absolutely.”

“At least we know the microphone works!”

Loki walked into the building, and began to speak.

“Hello there, Mr. Donofrio.”

“Loki! It’s wonderful to see you again!”

“We got him, Nat!”
“Don’t celebrate too early.”

(Twenty minutes later.)

“We still don’t have any evidence against him. What’s taking him so long? He hasn’t talked in forever.”

“Loki and him are just catching up.”

“And then I jumped out from the corner and scared my brother half to death!”

“I’m calling it. Everyone, we’re moving in now.”

Every cop rushed into the building and surrounded Mr. Donofrio.

“NYPD! Down on your knees and put your hands on your head!”

“Where’s Loki?”

“He left a few minutes ago.”

“But that doesn’t make sense. He helped us catch the Pontiac Bandit!”

“Peter.”

“What?”

“Think!”

“Loki’s the Pontiac Bandit.”

“Bingo.”

“Put out an APB. Seal everything in a twenty-block radius.”

“I hate to break this to you detective, but it’s pointless. I’m long gone.”

“Come on! I thought we were friends!”

“Best friends! But I had to do this. My sincerest apologies.”

“Don’t try to use your accent to make yourself sound all guilty! I’m even more mad that it’s working.”

“Why’d you do this Loki? We weren’t even close to catching you.”

“What can I say? It’s fun to make a mess of things. But no need to worry. Mr. Donofrio’s a tax evader, so you aren’t leaving empty handed. And tell Thor Odinson that Loki says hello!”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 3:40 pm.)

“Loki says hello?”
“That’s what he said. Do you know him?”

“He’s my brother.” Thor smiled. “How’s he doing by the way? It’s been so long since we’ve seen each other.”

“Years?”

“What? No. If it was that long, I would have gone crazy. I haven’t seen him in a week.”

“Did you know he was the Pontiac Bandit?”

“Nope. But he always liked to cause mischief as a boy.”

“Great.” Nat said sarcastically.

Peter added a point to the whiteboard.

“Look on the bright side, loser. You nearly solved an impossible case.”

“Not good enough.” He sighed.

“I have just the thing to cheer you up.”

“I can have a Star Wars marathon at work?”

“Better! You get to do paperwork!”

“You said it would cheer me up.”

“Paperwork is relaxing.”

“But it’s so boring.”

The two sat down at their joined desks.

“You’re a literal child.”

“How do I do this? I used to get other people to do my paperwork.”

“I’ll teach you. By the time I’m done with you, it’ll be your new favourite thing.”

“I wouldn’t go that far.”

MJ let out a small laugh.

“So, you start by…”

Bruce walked up to Tony, looking at the young detectives.

“What was the point of putting those two together?”

“MJ can make Peter more detail oriented. Peter can make MJ less uptight and enjoy life more. I think they can better each other.”

“That actually makes sense.”

“Of course it does. After all, I’m a genius.”
I'll be posting my second Star Wars AU within the next two days. It takes place after order 66 where Peter's a former padawan and MJ's a smuggler.
“Congratulations to all of you on a very productive day.” Tony began. “In approximately forty-nine hours from now, on Sunday evening, I’ll be having a get together at my house for my husband, Steve’s birthday. I’ve obviously invited you all, and it would mean a great deal to me if you attended. The information has just been sent to your email accounts. You’re all dismissed.”

Bruce kept the detectives behind and closed the door.

“None of you are dismissed. I expect all of you to be on your best behavior at this party.”

“Come on, you’re clearly just talking to Peter.” MJ said.

“I’m talking to all of you. Not one of you has been to a party like this. It’s supposed to be very sophisticated. First topic: Dress code. Each one of you has problems when it comes to this. Peter, no sweatpants, jeans, hoodies, flannels, or Star Wars shirts. Wear a nice sweater and some khakis. I know you don’t have a suit.”

“It’s fine. I was going to give those to charity, but it’s fine.”

“Natasha, don’t wear anything leather. You’re not allowed to bring any weapons.”

“Not even a small knife?”

“Not one. Don’t bring anything with a sharp end.”

“You’re the worst.”

“That goes for you too, Clint. Thor, keep your hair tied up.”

“But my hair is the best part of me.”

“Ned, same rules. You can’t wear any pun t-shirts.”

“What about the one that says ‘Sorry I’m late. I didn’t wanna come’?”

“Especially not that one.”

“And last but not least. MJ, wear a dress.”

“What’s wrong with the clothes I wear now?”

“I said no jeans. And these people are probably very proper. Every woman will be in a dress.”

“But they’re uncomfortable. And they look stupid.”

“I’m sure you’ll look great.” Peter whispered.

“Thanks.”

“Other rules include, don’t have your eyes glued to your phones, make sure you’re on time, bring
your manners, and a gift for Steve. Tony tells me he’s a big fan of history. Now you’re dismissed.”

Peter called Ned over to him and MJ.

“Captain Stark has a husband?”

“Didn’t you know?”

“No. He didn’t come across as gay.”

“He’s pretty open about it.”

“Since when? He’s the most mysterious guy I’ve ever met. Has he ever mentioned Steve?”

“From time to time.”

“Do you know what he looks like?”

“Nope.”

“Acts like?”

“We’re guessing he’s another version of Stark.”

(Stark-Rogers household. 6:05 pm.)

“Where the hell have you been, Peter?”

The squad stood on the sidewalk outside of Tony’s house. Each of them had a gift in their hand.

“I was getting my gift. Two days notice doesn’t give me a lot of time.”

“It better be worth it.”

“I got him a model of a world war 1 plane. The same model Roy Brown flew.”

“Who’s that?”

“He allegedly shot down the Red Baron. But now people are saying otherwise.”

“Whatever. Still cool.”

“Glad to see that all of you have followed the dress code. Turn off your phones, and we’ll head inside.”

Tony’s house was probably the most boring place on earth. There were people in fancy clothes in every direction. And none of the detectives could understand what they were saying.

“One more rule. Break off into groups. We can’t only socialize with each other. Two groups of two. And one group of three.”
Clint and Natasha immediately paired up. Ned went with Thor and Bruce, leaving Peter with MJ.

“Good evening, detectives.” Tony greeted. “This is my husband, Steve Rogers.”

Steve was significantly taller than Tony. He was about the same size as Thor.

“It’s nice to meet you all. Tony’s told me such wonderful things about you.”

“He has?” Peter asked with disbelief.

Bruce nudged him lightly. It was more like a punch due to the size difference.

“I mean, he has? How nice.”

“We all brought you these.”

The squad gestured to their gifts.

“How thoughtful.”

“You can leave them on the table.”

“So, has Tony told you the story about how we met?”

“He’s never mentioned it. How was the young Tony Stark?”

“I met Tony when he was a detective around your age. From what I’ve heard, you two were quite alike.”

A large smile spread onto Peter’s face. “Tell me everything.”

“That’s not necessary.” Tony interjected. “You all have free roam of the house. Let us know if you need anything.”

Peter and MJ were left in the middle of the room. Everyone else broke off into their groups to socialize.

“Cheer up, loser.”

“How can I? I’ve been robbed from the story of young Stark.”

“Come on. We should try and talk to some of these people.”

“About what? They look so boring.” Peter whispered.

“I know. But it would be rude if we didn’t.”

The two walked up to a group and introduced themselves.

“So, how do you two know Steve?”

“We literally just met him. We work for his husband, Tony.”

“Ah. What’s it like being a couple who works together?”

Peter and MJ blushed.
“We’re, uh, we’re not a couple.” He stuttered.

Clint and Natasha, surprisingly, were enjoying themselves.

“What’s the point of this?” Clint asked.

“We’re trying to make people feel as uncomfortable as possible.”

Nat glared a woman from across the room, and traced a finger across her neck.

The woman walked away nervously.

“Hilarious, right?”

“How about this?”

Clint took one of the appetizers and threw it into someone’s glass from across the room.

“Just like that.”

“Want to make a game out of this?”

Natasha rolled up a napkin.

“Off the fireplace, into the glass of the man in the hat.”

Her shot did exactly what she said it would.

“First person to miss has to pay fifty bucks.”

“You’re on, Barton.”

Peter and MJ made their way to a corner.

“Oh my God, they were so boring.” He groaned

“Right? Who knew you could go on that long about the colour of your shoelaces?”

“And it was crazy how they thought that we were a couple.”

“So crazy.”

“Not ‘crazy’ in the sense it would be bad to date you! Crazy because we’re not actually dating!”

“Exactly.”

They were silent for a few seconds.

“I still really want to know about young Stark.”

“Are you ever going to let it go?”
“Never.”

MJ started to drag him towards the stairs.

“Where are we going?”

“He said we have free roam of the house. I’m sure we could find out what you want to know if we just looked around.”

“Awesome!”

Bruce was the most mature of the group, so he was clearly doing well. But he was also supposed to be babysitting Thor and Ned.

“How much longer do you think we have to be here?”

“What time is it?”

Ned looked down at his watch.

“Seven o’clock.”

“We’ve haven’t even been here an hour. I expected attending a party at the captain’s house would be more entertaining.”

“You mean because of how fun he is at work?” He asked sarcastically.

“You have a valid point.”

“The others aren’t doing much better either. Clint and Nat are playing basketball. And Peter and MJ are going upstairs to do God knows what.”

“I thought it was an unspoken rule that the upstairs was off limits?”

“It is.”

They looked over to see Bruce enjoying himself, talking to some other guests.

“I don’t believe he would notice we were no longer in his presence.”

“So, we follow Peter and MJ?”

“You just read my mind.”

The two of them went up the stairs in search of the other detectives.

Peter and MJ were currently searching the rooms upstairs.

“How many closets do they need?”

“Stark’s very organized. He organizes the files a different way every other week just for the fun of it.”
“Seriously?”

“You sound just like him!”

“Neither are you.”

“We’re trying to find out what young Tony was like.”

“You can’t just tell me we were a lot alike and then leave me hanging. It’s criminal.”

“Aren’t you just a little curious? Even MJ’s interested.”

“You know, you could just ask me.”

The four of them turned around to face Steve.

“Sorry, Mr. Rogers. We thought this was the bathroom.” Peter grinned. “We should probably head back down.”

“It’s fine. Everyone gets a little curious.”

“So, you’re not mad?”

“Why would I be?”

“He’s nice.” Thor whispered.

“Now that we have all that out of the way, please tell us about how you met captain Stark. I’m literally losing my mind.”

“Not much to lose.” MJ joked.

“I know you don’t mean it.”

Steve smiled to himself.

“I met Tony in a library when I was studying to get my degree in history. He was suspended from the force at the time. We didn’t speak to each other for the first few days, but we always read at the same table. He asked me out eventually, and we’ve been together ever since.”

“Captain Stark was on suspension?” Peter asked, excitedly.

“That’s what you’re focusing, dude? That’s like the sweetest story I’ve ever heard.”
“It really is. But why was he on suspension?”

“He never did his paperwork, and never followed orders. Tony always liked to do things his own way.”

“I think I would have really gotten along with young Tony.”

“Why did he change?”

“Everyone has to grow up eventually. Most of it had to do with him wanting to impress my parents. I guess it just stuck after that. But I love him no matter how he acts.”

“I think I’ve found my new favourite story. Can we make a movie out of this?”
Stakeout

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 1:00 pm.)

“So, I’ll see you tomorrow?”

“Absolutely.”

“Love you.”

“Love you too, aunt May.”

Peter hugged his aunt and walked back to his desk, while she went to the elevator.

The detectives surrounded him.

“Did I do something wrong? Whatever it is, please don’t tell captain Stark. I can’t have him be disappointed in me again.”

“You didn’t do anything wrong, loser. At least not this week.”

“Who was that woman you were talking to?”

“My aunt May. I met her for lunch in Queens.”

“She’s hot. What’s her deal?” Natasha asked. “Is she single?”

“I’m going to pretend you didn’t ask that. I’m throwing up in my mouth just thinking about it.”

“Come on, Parker. At least she’s not your mother.” She said casually.

Peter was silent for a moment, and rubbed his eye.

“Yeah. She’s not.”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 9:00 am.)

“Two hundred and ninety-nine days left on the bet.” Bruce announced to the squad. “MJ and Peter are now tied at thirty-two felony arrests each.”

“So, what do you have for us today, sarge? I can easily pass Peter now.”

“I’m putting the two of you on the same case. You’ll be going on a stakeout. Oswald Taylor is a member of the mob. We’ve been building a case against him, and if you’re successful, we’ll be much closer to putting him away.”

“How long will it take?” Peter asked.

“Unknown. If you’re there for longer than three days, a relief team will take over.”

“Where are we going?”
“An abandoned building in Brooklyn. We’ve already set up everything you need there, along with the case information.”

(Abandoned building. 10:00 am.)

“This place is complete crap.” Peter groaned.

“Where you expecting a five-star hotel?” MJ asked.

“No. But I was hoping.”

“Before I leave you two, I have some things to go over.”

“We’ll be fine, captain.”

“I seriously doubt that. You couldn’t last a day without MJ.”

She snickered under her breath. Tony glared at her.

“Sorry.”

“There’s a twenty-day food supply of canned goods, along with a large supply of water. There’s toilet in the corner that filters urine into clean drinking water. Camera’s are set up by the window, along with your watching schedules. And finally, you have extra blankets on your beds. There’s no insulation here, and the nights will get extremely cold.”

“Is that it?”

“Yes. Good luck to you both.”

Tony reached his arm behind Peter. Peter wrapped his arms around his captain.

“That’s not a hug, Parker. I’m just grabbing the door.”

“Right, sorry.”

When he left, MJ burst into laughter.

“It’s not funny.”

“It’s hilarious!”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 10:00 am.)

“My friends!” Thor shouted happily.

The squad turned their attention to him. There was a young woman standing next to him.

Natasha looked her up and down.
“This is my cousin, Valkyrie! She has successfully entered the police academy!”
“It’s nice to meet you.”
“You too.” Nat said.
“We must celebrate! You all are of course welcome to join.”
“Clint and I have to work on a case.” Ned responded.
“I have a lot of paperwork to do.”
“I can’t right now. Sorry.”
“Some other time then.”

Valkyrie smiled to Natasha. Thor and her left the building.
“Since when are you so chatty?” Clint grinned.
“That was your equivalent of asking someone to marry you.”
“Both of you, shut up.”
“Fine.”
“But it was totally obvious.”
“You were giving her bedroom eyes.”
“What part about shut up don’t you understand?”

(Oswald Taylor stakeout. Day 1)

“This is the worst. I thought stakeouts would be way more fun.”
Peter was looking out the window with a camera.
“What did you expect?”
“I thought we’d be in the Mystery Machine eating candy. Not canned garbage.”
“You’re basing this off of Scooby-Doo?”
“Why wouldn’t I? It’s one of the greatest shows of all time.”
“Why does cartoon food look so much better than real food?”
“It’s one of life’s great mysteries.”
MJ walked up behind Peter and looked out the window.
“What do you have so far?”
“Nothing at all. Not one person goes in or out of the building.”

“Good luck. I’m going to bed.”

“Bed?”

“Look at the schedule. You watch for eight hours while I sleep. I watch for the next eight while you sleep. And then we share the next eight hours.”

“Okay then. Sleep well.”

“Thanks. Goodnight, loser.”

MJ fell onto the mattress, and was snoring immediately.

“How do you fall asleep so fast?” Peter asked under his breath.

(8 hours later)

MJ got up from her bed and stretched. Peter had dark circles under his eyes, and was hitting his head against the wall.

“That bad, huh?”

“It was awful.”

“Any movement?”

“A few crates being moved into the building. I got some photos of the people, their vehicles and the licence plates.”

“Nice job.”

“I don’t get it. Why can’t we put camera’s that record stuff out the window 24/7? There’s no reason we have to be here.”

“Things can go wrong. We’re mostly here to keep the equipment working properly and update the 99 periodically.”

“But it’s so boring.”

MJ chuckled.

“Move over. You need some rest.”

“Okay.” He yawned.

Peter made his way over to the bed and pulled off his shirt.

“What are you doing?”

“Sorry. I can’t sleep with a shirt on. It’s really uncomfortable, and I get too warm.”
MJ’s eyes were glued to his torso, but he didn’t notice.

“I’ll put it back on.”

“No!” She responded far too quickly. Her face turned red. “I mean, it’s fine. I don’t want you to be uncomfortable.”

“Are you sure?”

MJ nodded.

Peter crawled into bed, and dozed off.

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 9:00 am.)

“Good morning, Natasha.” Thor greeted with a smile.

“You know I can’t talk until I’ve had coffee.”

“This will just take a moment.”

“It better.”

“Valkyrie wanted me to ask you for her number.”

Natasha’s face lit up.

“Really?”

“She said she wanted to meet you for dinner tonight.”

“And you’re okay with that?”

“Why wouldn’t I be? Nothing wrong with her picking your brain about being a police officer.”

“Did she say that?”

“No. But why else would she want to have dinner?” Thor laughed.

“Yeah. Why else?”

(Oswald Taylor stakeout. Day 2)

“Do you want to play a game?” Peter asked.

“Pardon?”

“A game can pass the time.”
“We’re supposed to be looking out this stupid window. We can’t play a game.”

“Come on, please? I’ll let you pick what we do. As long as it isn’t the quiet game. I always lose at that.”

“No surprise there.”

“I like talking to people.”

“Truth or dare?”

“Yes! I pick dare.”

“Talk in a ridiculous accent for the next three rounds.”

“Why certainly, miss.” Peter was talking in a British accent.

“That’s terrible.”

“I personally think it’s lovely. Truth or dare?”

“Truth.”

“Oh, come on.”

“What?”

“That’s boring.”

“It’s called ‘truth or dare’. Not ‘dare or dare’."

“Fine. Why did you want to become a cop?”

“My parents are cops. And so are my brothers. I was sort of led in that direction. Truth or dare?”

“Truth.”

“Same question.”

“Um. When I was fifteen, my uh, my uncle Ben was murdered.”

“I’m sorry Peter.”

MJ’s voice was soft. Peter dried his tear from his eye.

“It was my fault. I haven’t thought about it in a while. It’s kind of nice to get it out.”

She got up from her seat and started playing with his hair.

“Are you okay?”

“Totally.”
“Halloween is the best time to be a cop.” Peter laughed. “I’ve made three felony arrests this morning. You’re falling behind there MJ.”

“You’re only one ahead of me. And I arrested four this morning.”

“Lets just agree, that it’s a nice boost for our numbers. Halloween is the one day of the year where anyone thinks they’re a master criminal. I swear, even I’d be better than them. And, not one of you could catch me.”

“I seriously doubt that, Parker.” Captain Stark said, smirking. “In fact, I KNOW that I myself could stop you.”

“In the immortal words of Barney Stinson: Challenge accepted!”

“I didn’t challenge you.”

“In a way, you did. But I’ll do the rest of the issuing. What’s your most valued possession in this precinct?”


“I have literally never heard of that one.”

“Not surprised.”

“I’ve still read Othello. And in school we watched the move of Romeo and Juliet instead of the book.”

“I’ve read all of them.” MJ said. “Much Ado About Nothing is probably the stupidest one.”

“See. Anyways –”

“Anyways isn’t a word, Parker.”

“I’m aware of that. I just say it because I know it drives you crazy. Anyways, I bet you I can steal that book from your office successfully by midnight tonight.”

“What stakes do you propose?”

“When I win, you have to do all my paperwork, and you have to put in my personal file that you think of me as an amazing detective/genius.”

“Agreed. And when I win?”

“I’ll work on weekends for the next five weeks.”

“Unacceptable. You love doing this job, and it will give you an edge over MJ. When I win, you are limited to half a work day for the next five weeks. Without pay, to let it sink in.”
“Deal.” The two firmly shook hands. “Let the Halloween Heist begin!”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 5:00 pm.)

“Why haven’t you tried to steal the book yet?” MJ asked.

“I had a full day’s work ahead of me. Ten felony arrests total. But now, I’m legally done work and I can devote all my energy into winning.”

“I hate to break it to you, loser, but there’s no way you’re winning this.”

“Watch me.”

Peter walked into Tony’s empty office. The book was sitting on the desk.

“All too easy.”

He picked it up laughing to himself. A shock travelled through him, and Peter dropped the book.

“What the hell?”

“You really think I would leave my office unattended?” Tony stood behind Peter with a smile on his face.

“How did you do that?”

“Science. I read that you had an aptitude for it in school. I thought you’d appreciate it more.”

“Well, I don’t. Let me just take this -”

“Get out.”

“Yes sir.”

“And just so you know, Parker. I am currently putting my book in my safe, and the combination is only known to me.”

“Damn it.”

(Heist attempt #2. 9:00 pm.)

Peter crawled through the vents of the 99 with blueprints in his hands. It took hours to find them.

“Holy crap.” He coughed. “These vents are way too dusty.”

“Don’t worry about it, Parker. They’re getting professionally cleaned over the weekend.”

“Captain? Did you die and go to Heaven?”
“I’m below you, Parker.”

“Did you die and go to hell?”

“I hope not. What are you doing in the vents?”

“It always works. Die Hard, the second episode of Young Justice, the Arkham video game series.”

“You need to stop basing things off of your childhood. Get down from there.”

“Fine. If these blueprints are correct, I’m right above your office.”

“Those blueprints are false.”

“What?”

“I assumed you’d be attempting something like this. I had the city give you blueprints created by me. You couldn’t be further from my office.”

“Then where am I?”

Peter came falling from the ceiling. Tony had opened the grate he was on top of.

“The men’s bathroom. You’re running out of time, Parker.”

(Heist attempt #3 prep. 10:30 pm.)

“What makes you think we’ll help you, kid?”

“We’re kind of friends. And you guys don’t like cops.”

“Wrong. Cops don’t like us.”

“I like you.”

“Do you think that matters?”

“I was kind of hoping it did.”

“What’s in it for us?”

“The satisfaction of making a police captain unhappy?”

“Anything else?”

“My aunt May made cookies.”

Peter took out a container full of cookies.

“Are they the oatmeal chocolate chip ones?”

“Yep.”
“You have yourself a deal, kid.”

(Heist attempt #3. 11:55 pm.)

Tony was working at his desk when he heard a knock at the door. A man in a suit and rose coloured glasses stood before him.

“Can I help you?”

“Good evening, captain Stark. My name is Matthew Murdock, I’m detective Parker’s lawyer.”

“Lawyer?”

“One of your officers arrested him. He’s in the interrogation room.”

Tony got up from his desk and locked the door behind him.

Peter was talking to one of the uniformed officers while he was handcuffed to the table.

“Who are you?”

“Officer Rand. I arrested this man trying to tunnel under the building. He didn’t say why.”

“I said my client will not speak without an attorney present.”

“Explain yourself, Parker.”

“As you know, the heist was not going well.”

“That is a massive understatement.”

“I know. I was getting desperate. But I remembered I had friends.”

“It clearly didn’t work out. You’re trapped here with four minutes remaining. Just as I planned. It leaves the smallest window of opportunity that you can stop me, making my chances that much greater.”

“Explain.”

“My aunt May makes the best cookies in the world. Seriously, you have to try them sometime. After I failed my second attempt, I had her make a huge batch big enough for four people. Which is exactly how many people I have in my crew.”

“Your crew?”

“It’s 11:58 right now. At the moment, Jessica Jones is picking the lock to your office. She’s great at it. And Luke Cage is going to open your safe using his genius methods.”

Luke picked up the safe and threw it on the ground.

“He’s on another level. I had my other two members join to make this more convincing. Matt Murdock, my lawyer friend, and Danny Rand, dress up as a police officer. They’re the nicest in the group. At the moment, Jessica and Luke should be standing outside that door, holding your book.”
They were doing exactly that.

“I read your dumb play. Do people really find this entertaining?”

Jessica threw the book on the table.

“Thanks for the cookies.”

“And I suppose that means I win.”

“You win.” Tony sighed.

“Yes!”

Tony got up and left Peter handcuffed to the desk.

“Captain? Damn it. Do you guys have the key?”

“Key?”

“You know. The key to the handcuffs.”

The group didn’t say anything.

“There is a key, right?”
“Parker, did you drop off the Isaac file on my desk?” Tony asked.

“Yep. Along with the Duncan murder, and the attempted bank robbery. I had MJ look them over before I handed them in.”

“Nice job, kid.”

“Thanks dad.” Peter said casually, staring at his computer.

The detective squad halted and turned their attention to Peter.

“Why is everyone looking at me? Is this because Natasha told you what drunk MJ said?”

“What did I say when I was drunk?”

“Nothing!”

“You just called captain Stark ‘dad’. He said you did a nice job, and you said ‘thanks dad’.”

“N-no I didn’t. I would never call my boss dad.”

“Do you see me as a father figure?”

“Why would I?”

“I’d like to see you in my office.”

“Yes sir.” Peter sighed.

“Do you think he’s going to take you to your first ball game? Teach you how to shave? Drive stick?” MJ joked.

“I’ve been driving stick since I was thirteen. And I know how to shave. Not to brag, but I have to shave once every nine months.”

“It’s not legal to drive at age thirteen.”

“My uncle let me. It was all fun and games until my aunt found out.”

Peter followed Tony into his office.

“Yes sir?”

“There’s absolutely no shame in calling me dad.”

“I didn’t call you dad.”

“You most certainly did. I’m aware that you’ve lacked a father figure for most of your life. It’s perfectly alright.”
“That stuff’s in my file?”

“Everything’s in your file.”

“Everything?”

“Everything. Even your high school activities. Academic decathlon, robotics club, violin, and how you used to go into the sewers with a police scanner. What exactly was your thought process there?”

“It was fun. I was kind of hoping I would run into a criminal.”

“Good lord.”

Tony placed his head in his hands.

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 5:00 pm.)

“As you all know, tomorrow is Thanksgiving. I’m just reminding you that the seven of you, except Clint for obvious reasons, will be attending at my household.”

“Is Steve going to be there?” Peter asked hopefully.

“Unfortunately, not. He has a lecture at Empire State University that night. Any other questions?”

“Is there a dress code like last time we went to your house?”

“Yes. Business-Casual attire.”

“Those are opposites. What does that even mean?”

“Does anyone other than Parker not know what it means.”

The detectives didn’t say anything.

“Really? You can’t be serious.”

MJ spoke up.

“You can wear jeans and the best shirt you have. Preferably a button up.”

“Thanks.”

“No problem.”

“You’re all dismissed.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow, loser?”

“I wouldn’t miss it.”

The two shared a short smile, and she left the briefing room. Ned sat down next to Peter.

“What was that?” He asked, grinning.
“What was what?”

“I wouldn’t miss it. And then you smiled at each other!”

“So?”

“You clearly like her!”

“No I don’t! I mean, of course I like her, because we’re friends. But I don’t like her like that.”

“She told me the other day that she has a crush on you.”

“She did?! Peter was smiling from ear to ear.

“Nope. But now I know that you really do like her.”

“I don’t. I was just surprised.”

“You were smiling like a kid was promised a lifetime supply of candy.”

“It’s my word against yours.”

“You’re my best friend. I can tell when you’re lying.”

“Just because two people are nice to each other and smile doesn’t mean they like each other. We do both of those things!”

“We’re both straight, so the context is different. And you get all googly eyes when you look at her. You can deny it all you want. I stand by on my statement.”

(Stark-Rogers Household. 5:00 pm.)

Peter and Ned entered the house and made their way to the living room.

“So, what did drunk MJ say?”

“You’ve been asking for the past two days, and my answer is till the same. I’m not going to tell you. It’s nothing important.”

“If it’s not important you can just tell me.”

“Shut up.”

“You’re going to tell me at some point. And if you don’t, I can just ask Natasha.”

“You wouldn’t dare.”

“He wouldn’t dare what?” MJ interjected.

“Nothing!”

“Are you okay?”
“Yep. It’s all good!”

“Alrighty then. Happy Thanksgiving.”

“You too.”

Ned grabbed Peter by the arm and pulled him into the kitchen.

“Pull yourself together.”

“I’m pulled. My togethers are so pulled.”

“Well then, act like it! If you didn’t like her, you wouldn’t be acting so weird.”

“Is ‘like’ a word that implies desired romantic feelings?” A voice asked.

The two turned to see Tony in an apron.

“How much of that did you hear?”

“Just: ‘Well then, act like it! If you didn’t like her, you wouldn’t be acting so weird’. My friend, Rhodes said the same thing to me when I first met Steve.”

“Son of a bitch.” Peter cursed.

“Watch your language, Parker.” Tony scolded.

“Captain, you know that’s impossible. You can’t see English.”

“You very well know what I meant.”

“Sorry.”

“So, who is the ‘her’ who you like?”

“No one.”

“It’s MJ, isn’t it.”

“How did you know that?” Ned asked.

“Based on the context, I know it’s someone you see very often. So, she’s a friend. Given your immaturity, I don’t believe you have many women friends outside of work. And I realise you are terrible when talking to the opposite gender. There are only two women in the 99. Natasha is a lesbian, and far too old for you. Leaving MJ as the obvious candidate.”

“Are you Sherlock Holmes?”

“I had an old partner, Steven Strange. People often called us ‘the Sherlocks’.”

“Coolest nickname ever!”

“I personally think you two would be good together.”

“But I don’t like her like that! Can we please just drop it?”

“As you wish.”
“But we would like to know what drunk MJ said.”

“Agreed. As the kids say: spill.”

“You know four drink MJ?”

“Massive pervert. She hit on my girlfriend.”

“She never hit on me. Thank God.”

“She said I had an ‘amazing ass’. There! Happy?”

“Absolutely. Now then, come help your old man in the kitchen.”

“You’re never letting me forget that, are you?”

“Never.”

Chapter End Notes

As a big fan of Sherlock Holmes, I had to make a reference like that eventually.
Secret Santa

Peter repeatedly moved his floppy hair from his eyes.

“You should really get a haircut.” MJ stated. “Not that it doesn’t look good. It just seems like it’s making doing your paperwork difficult.”

“Paperwork for me is always difficult.”

“I mean more than usual. How can you manage to see anything?”

“I try my best to not bump into anything.”

“It’s not like being a cop requires you to be able to use your eyes.”

“Exactly!”

“But why is it so long now?”

“Aunt May always cuts my hair. It really saved us our rent money after Ben died, and it kind of just stuck.”

“You lived with your aunt and uncle?”

“My parents died when I was a kid.” Peter said casually. “Anyways, May is on vacation with a few of her friends and I missed my haircut.”

“You could just go to a barber. You could probably afford it now.”

“Actually, I couldn’t. My hair grows unbelievably fast, so I have to get it cut every two weeks. May would sometimes practically shave my head. The next morning, it would have all grown back. Just like Harry Potter.”

“You read Harry Potter?”

“All seven books. They’re my favourite.”

“Me too! I would have thought you watched the movies.”

“I did. And they were terrible in comparison. They completely ruined Ron in my opinion. He was always my favourite character.”

“Hermione was my favourite. She was the one I could most relate to.”

“I could easily see that.” Peter smiled.

“Thanks. I also don’t understand why some people don’t like Ron and Hermione. They were perfect for each other. She took things too seriously, and he didn’t use his brain too often before he spoke. They made each other better.”

“My thoughts exactly.”

The two sat in silence for a few moments.

“If you want, I could cut your hair after work.”
“It’s nice of you to offer. But I don’t want to be an inconvenience.”

“It wouldn’t be a problem. I used to cut my brother’s hair all the time.”

“Was it good?”

“Always. Except for the time Michael dared me to give Joey the worst haircut of all time. I never back away from a challenge.” Peter had a nervous look on his face. “But I promise not to do that to you! I’ll do it just the way May does.”

“You’ve got yourself a deal.”

“It’s ‘you have yourself a deal’. That wasn’t proper English.”

“Sorry. I forgot how much that bothers you.”

“Did you use that on your paperwork?”

“Maybe… once or thrice?”

“Can I please change it? It’s all I ask in return for cutting your hair.”

“Go ahead.”

“Yes!”

MJ quickly grabbed the file from Peter’s desk.

“You’re definitely Hermione.” He whispered under his breath.

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 4:50 pm.)

“And this concludes this years Secret Santa draw.” Tony stated, drawing the last piece of paper from his hat. “Quick review of the rules: No gifts over the price of forty dollars. If you’re giving food as a gift, no perishable items. And finally, you’re not allowed telling people who you have.”

“What if I already did that?” Peter hesitantly asked. “It’s just hypothetical, of course.”

“Don’t tell anyone else.”

“Yes sir.”

“You’re all dismissed. Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas!” Everyone echoed.

The squad left Peter and Ned sitting alone in the breakroom.

“You have MJ!” He whispered excitedly.

“I know. I was the one who told you.”
“You can give her a great gift and tell her how you feel! Like Jim with the teapot note.”

“Jim took it back before she got a chance to read it.”

“He gave it to her in season nine.”

“I’m still bummed that we didn’t get to find out what it said. And I’m not going to do that!”

“I don’t mean a teapot note specifically. Just something equally romantic.”

“I mean I’m not getting anything romantic in general!”

“You’re in denial.”

“That’s all the way in Egypt.”

“You get sarcastic when you’re defensive.”

“I’m just going to get her a good gift. Want to help me look tonight?”

“I’d Love to. But I promised Alvarez I’d cover his shift.”

“Okay then. I’ll see you tomorrow?”

“Absolutely. I still think you should make a grand gesture.”

“Bye, Ned!” Peter said, walking out the door.

(Retail Store. 6:30 pm.)

“Attention shoppers. The store will be closing in half an hour.”

“Great.” Peter groaned.

“Peter?”

He turned around to face Tony, who was pushing a large shopping cart.

“Evening captain!”

“It’s a nice surprise running into you here.”

“Likewise. Doing some Christmas shopping?”

“Steve and I have very large families. The holidays are a very busy time of year. But it’s nice to be all together. I imagine you’re here for the same reason.”

“I’m just here for MJ, actually.”
“Trying to find a gift that she’ll like, but also express romantic feelings?”

“Why does everyone think that?”

“It couldn’t be more obvious. If it was up to me, I would have set the two of you up.”

“Sir, I –”

Peter was cut off by a loud crash.

“Keep walking if you wanna live.”

A group of masked men were rounding up civilians. Peter and Tony crouched onto the floor.

“There’s an exit a couple of aisles from here. Once we get out, we can call the 99.” Tony whispered.

The lights immediately turned off, and there was a robber chaining the door.

“There goes our exit.”

“I know. But this would make an awesome movie.”

Tony glared at Peter.

“That’s what you’re focusing on right now?”

“Sorry. But it totally would. A cop during Christmas time has to take out robbers by himself. And his captain too, I guess. But the plot would have more conflict if he wasn’t there.”

“Valkyrie? Can I come in?” Thor asked from the other side of the door.

“Just a second!”

A few seconds later, Thor’s cousin appeared looking slightly dishevelled.

“What’s up?”

“I have to head out. A member of my squad and my captain are trapped in a store with robbers who’ve taken hostages.”

“That’s awful.”

Thor took out his phone.

“I should just text the rest of my squad.”

A phone in Valkyrie’s room made a noise, and her eyes widened.

“You have the same ringtone as Natasha.” He laughed. “You two must have similar taste.”

“I guess so.”

“I’ll see you later tonight.”
Thor grabbed his coat, and headed out the door.

“That was a close one.” Natasha said, crawling out from underneath the bed.

“For a detective, he can sometimes be pretty clueless.”

“He doesn’t know you’re bi. And as far as he’s concerned, we’re just friends.” She looked around the floor. “Where are my pants?”

The detectives of the 99 stood outside the retail store with other police officers.

“Who’s the person in charge here?” Clint asked.

“I guess I am.” Bruce said. “I have the highest rank here, and it’s my detective in there.”

“And I’m also in here.” Tony whispered over the phone. “You’re in charge Sergeant.”

“What information can you give us about the robbers?”

“There are five of them in total, semiautomatic weapons, and they have hostages. We don’t know where they’re being kept.”

“Damn it. Do you guys have guns?”

“I left mine back in the 99.”

“Me too.”

“Is there any way we could get inside?”

“I don’t think so. They’ve chained all the doors. And if you storm the building, they might kill the hostages.”

“But captain Stark and I are already inside. We could take out the robbers one by one without being seen. It would avoid any messy situation.”

“Parker’s right. I’ve noticed that they often go off on their own. It’s the perfect opportunity.”

“Good. Call us when you’re clear.”

Tony and Peter hung up the phone and turned to each other.

“There should be a few objects in this store that could be used as weapons. Get anything that could knock someone out. We’ll also need duct tape for their mouths, hands, and legs. Meet back here in two minutes.”

“Yes sir.”

Thor was looking at Natasha with his brows furrowed.
“What?”
“You’re shirt’s on backwards.”
“Oh. Thanks.”
“I have an unbelievable story! You remember my cousin, Valkyrie.”
“I think so.”
“Turns out you two have the same ringtone! I realize that you both have a lot in common. I think you two could be really good friends.”
“Yeah. Friends.”

“I was able to find a golf club, a vase, and I combined substances that when inhaled, will put you asleep for half an hour.”
“I got duct tape, and a manakins arm.”
“Really?”
“I thought the baseball bat with nails sticking out of it was a little bit much.”
The two of them heard a robber coming their way.
“I’m going to sneak back around him. Take his gun once he’s on the floor.”
“Yes sir.”
Tony went around the aisle, and was out of sight. They were getting close to seeing Peter.
“You. Put your hands in the –”
He was immediately knocked out by captain Stark. Peter tapped his hands and legs together, along with his mouth. He picked the gun off from the floor.
“One down, four to go.”
The process was repeated successfully, so Peter and Tony went looking for the hostages. There were most likely others guarding them, so they proceeded with caution.
“Status update?” Bruce asked over the phone.
“The robbers have been dealt with. The hostages are being held in the northwest corner of the store. There are three others.”
“Can you take them out?”
“If we shoot, we could risk hurting a civilian. We can’t get close to them.”
“I can give you a chance.”
“Captain?”

Tony went around the corner with his hands up.

Two robbers pointed their guns at him, and he ran back quickly to Peter.

“Catch them by surprise. They aren’t expecting two of us.”

Before they could react, they were knocked to the ground.

Peter and Tony took out their guns and pointed them at the remaining perp.

“NYPD! Weapons down on the ground!”

He dropped his gun, and raised his hands above his head.

“That was awesome!”

“Now is not the time, Parker. And you’re damn right it was awesome!”

Peter gasped.

“You DO have emotions!”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 3:00 pm.)

“As you all know, it’s Christmas Eve. Since we don’t have shifts tomorrow, we’ll be doing the gift exchange in the break room now.”

The detectives got up from their desks and sat around the Christmas tree.

“So, what did you get MJ?” Ned whispered.

“I feel like I did a pretty good job.”

“Did everyone put their gifts under the tree this morning as I asked?”

“Yes sir.” Everyone responded.

“Excellent. The first gift is for…” Tony picked up a wrapped box. “Natasha.”

She carelessly ripped off the paper and pulled a knife out of the box.

“Nice.” She smirked. “This is from Clint, right?”

“Yep. Laura gave me the idea to have it engraved.”

“Thanks.”
“Is that a smile I see?”

“Careful. You gave me a knife.”

Clint instantly turned pale.

“Thor.”

“Wonderful.”

“That’s from me.” Ned stated.

A bright smile appeared on his face.

“Ned, you shouldn’t have! This is the best gift I’ve ever received!”

“I wouldn’t know about best. It’s not really a –”

Thor held up a baby raccoon.

“I thought you said you got him food.” Peter whispered.

“I did! It must have snuck in!”

“Well, he seems happy.”

“Hello there, sweet rabbit. I shall call you, Rocket.”

“Detective Odinson, that’s a raccoon.”

“Are you certain?”

“Yes.”

“He’s absolutely adorable!”

The gift exchange went quite smoothly. Bruce got Clint a dart set, MJ gave Bruce a new sketchbook, Thor gave Tony some ties, which he loved, and Natasha of course gave Ned forty dollars. She wasn’t even going to pretend to be creative.

Natasha gave that gift every year.

“The second last gift is for Peter. Merry Christmas.”

“It’s from you, right?”

“I don’t believe so.”

“It’s the only other option.”

“Open your gift. Whoever it’s from will have to remain a mystery forever.”

In the box was a framed photo of the two together. It was taken after the hostage situation at the retail store.

Peter got up from his chair and hugged Tony.
“What are you doing?”

“It’s Christmas. I’ve earned this.”

“Fine.”

The same photo was sitting on Tony’s desk. He wouldn’t dare tell Peter that.

“And last but not least, MJ.”

She unwrapped the present to see a first edition of Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone, signed by the author.

“You went over the price limit, didn’t you?” Ned whispered.

“It was worth it.”

“And you still pretend you’re not hopelessly in love with her.”

“We’re just friends.”
(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 9:00 am.)

“Two hundred and twenty days left on the bet. MJ and Peter are once again tied at sixty felony arrests each.” Tony announced.

“Do we have to announce this every morning?” Natasha groaned.

“Yes.” Peter and MJ said at the same time.

“Now then, we have some updates for you on some changes in the precinct. Detective Daniels, from the Major Crimes Unit is retiring. Everyone in the building is pitching in twenty dollars for her.”

Tony held up an envelope.

The squad all reached for their wallets.

Peter hesitantly raised his hand.

“I’m uh –”

“I already covered your share, kid.”

“Thanks. I promise I’ll pay you back.”

“That’s not necessary. Besides, I’m aware that you’re broke and won’t pay me back.”

“Sorry. But I can give you…” He reached into his pocket. “Seven dollars and thirty-two cents. Along with a button, a nail, and some gum.”

“We just need the money. And why do you have a nail in your pocket?”

“Captain, please. It’s probably the least weird thing I’ve ever had.”

“Sadly true. Detective Carol Danvers will be taking her place.”

“Why does this matter?” Clint asked. “We barely associated with Daniels, so this probably won’t make a difference.”

“It most likely will. From what I’ve heard, she’s somewhat… difficult to deal with.”

“How so?”

“It’s hard to explain. I ask all of you to treat her with respect.”

“Whatever.” Natasha mumbled.

“What was that, detective Romanov?” Bruce asked.

“Nothing important.”

“And finally, we have a new medical examiner.”
“Again, why does this matter? We never associate with people outside of the inner circle.”

“There’s an inner circle?” One of the uniformed officers asked, standing in the doorway.

“Not that I know of.”

“No reason to be polite, Parker. It’s the detectives, sergeant, and the captain.” Natasha closed the door in her face.

“That was mean.”

“That was the politest thing I’d ever done to her. I haven’t even bothered to learn her name.”

“It’s Sara.”

“I still don’t care. It took me a month to find out Ned’s name.”

“A month?”

“That’s faster then usual. You should feel honored.”

“I kind of do.”

“Can we get back on topic please?” The detectives turned their attention back to Tony. “Thank you. The new medical examiner will make a large impact on your daily lives. She’s an important aspect of your job.”

“She?”

“Dr. Gwendolen Stacy.”

“Like captain Stacey?”

“That’s correct.”

“She’s probably a self entitled bitch.”

“Watch your language, Natasha!” Bruce snapped.

“She’s probably a self entitled kid. Better?”

“Yes.”

“You’re all dismissed.”

The squad convened in the middle of the room.

“This ‘Gwen’ person probably got here because of her dad’s connections. I hate her already.”

“We don’t know if that’s true or not.”

“We were all thinking it.”

“True.”

“I’m going to go meet detective Danvers. Anyone care to join me?”
Everyone nodded their heads except for Peter and MJ.

“We actually have a murder to attend.”

“They have no idea how it happened. It’s going to be awesome!”

“Fine. So, everyone else is good?”

“Yep.”

Everyone outside of Peter and MJ went into the elevator to go to the top floor.

“I don’t know about you guys. But I’m kind of worried.” Thor said.

“Why?”

“Stark said she’s difficult to deal with. And that’s a man who has to deal with us every day.”

“Come on. We’re not that bad.”

“We’ve all been here the same amount of time. And since then, we’ve gone through three captains. Wyatt quit, Anderson got fired, and Levinson went crazy.”

“Anderson wasn’t our fault. He was fired for taking bribes.”

“Wyatt quit because we were too much to handle. And Levinson was made ‘unstable’ from her time here. Tony’s the only one who can put up with us.”

“And he actually likes us.”

The elevator reached the top floor and the detectives walked out.

“Holy crap. How is this place so much cooler than our floor?”

“It’s not cooler.”

“It’s cleaner, doesn’t smell like death, and doesn’t have rats.”

“So, what?”

One officer walked up to the group.

“Welcome to the major crimes unit! How can I help you today?”

“Hello, weird robot lady.” Natasha said with disgust. “We’re here for detective Danvers.”

“I’m sorry. Detective Danvers isn’t meeting with civilians.”

“We’re not civilians. We’re from downstairs.”

“Oh. You should have been wearing your uniforms.”

“We aren’t uniformed officers. We’re all detectives.”

“Real ones like us?”

Natasha reached for her knife in her jacket. Clint grabbed her arm.
“Just let me do this.”

“In a place full of cops? You’ll go to prison.”

“It’s worth it.”

“We’re real detectives.” Ned said, frustrated. “We just wanted to welcome detective Danvers to the precinct.”

“Her office is right over there.”

The group passed by them, dreading this already.

“Why does the major crimes unit think they’re so much better than everyone?”

“Because they’re constantly getting their asses kissed.”

“No wonder we never come up here. They seem like huge douchebags.”

Thor knocked on Carol’s door.

“Come in.”

They all walked into the office to see a blonde woman on the phone.

“So, long story short. We found your brother. He’s dead. Why the hell are you crying? I honestly couldn’t care less.”

She quickly hung up.

“Can I help you all?”

The squad nervously stared at the woman. Thor spoke up.

“Hello there, detective! We’re here to welcome you to the precinct!”

“Who are you?”

“We’re the detectives from the fourth floor.”

“The fourth floor? I hear that place is disgusting.”

“Aren’t you a delight.” Ned whispered sarcastically.

“You’re Odinson and Barton, right?”

“You’ve heard of us?”

“I heard you’ve been working on a jewelry store heist case. How’s that coming along?”

“We’re nearly done. We know where the perps are, and we just need to arrest them.”

“Nice. I’ll be taking it off your hands.”

Their faces fell.

“You can’t do that!”
“Actually, I can. Major crimes can take over any case they want.”

“But we’ve been working on that for months!”

“I know. It makes my job a hell of a lot easier. One percent of the work, one hundred percent of the credit.”

“We did ninety-nine point nine-nine-nine-nine-nine percent of the work!”

“Not as far as other people are concerned. You can now all go back to your shithole.”
“That has got to be the worst person I have ever met.” Ned groaned.

“I know. She’s hot.”

Everyone glared at Natasha.

“What?”

“I said she’s hot. But I still hate her. You can do both.”

“How?”

“Dean Winters, Jason Mantzoukas, Mariah Carey.” Natasha listed. “Do I need to continue, or have I made my point.”

“Do you know how long Thor and I have been working on that case?”

“Months.”

“Months! And she just swoops in like a vulture.”

“I’m definitely going to bang her.”

The whole squad made a noise in disgust.

“You don’t have to.”

“Nah, I have to.”

Ned tried his best to calm the others down.

“Let’s not dwell on this. Let’s be adults about this, and just let it go.”

“Since when has anyone here every handled something responsibly?”

“Touché.”

“I think we’re all to bummed out to do work today.”

“What are you saying?”

“Well, we never got a chance to properly welcome Danvers to the 99. I think we should spend our day figuring out how. Just off the top of my head, we should toilet paper her office. With rocks.”

“We can’t throw rocks at her!”

“It was just an example. Just throw out your best ideas.”

“I hope Peter and MJ are having a better day than we are.”
“So, there’s no evidence?” MJ asked.

“None. Nada. Naught. Negative. Why do all the words that mean ‘no’ begin with the letter n?”

“No idea. Is there anything we know?”

“Victims name is Dan Borana. Forty-one years old, no kids, married to Val Borana. He’s a dermatologist.”

“Where was his wife during this?”

“She was visiting her dad at the cemetery from seven am to eight am. The time of death is unknown, so here alibi is near impossible to verify.”

“And that’s all we have?”

“Yes. Cause of death is unknown, no witnesses, DNA left behind, and signs of bullet holes or stab wounds.”

“It could be poisoning.”

“That’s what I thought. He could have also been suffocated.”

“Twenty bucks says it was poison.”

“You’re on.”

The two shared a quick smile.

“We should see what the new medical examiner can find. The body bag’s over there.”

“You’re not going to help me?”

“I’m sure you could handle it by yourself.”

“It’s three flights of stairs.”

“I was only joking. We can get the uniformed officers to carry him down.”

“I like the way you think.”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 10:00 am.)
“Throw rocks through her window. Put superglue to her chair. Change her computer so it spells ‘butt’ instead of ‘Carol’ or ‘Danvers’.” Clint listed. “That’s everything.”

“You didn’t write down any of my ideas.”

“Because they were illegal. And they might have wound up killing/seriously injuring her.”

“I count two pros and zero cons.”

“We’re not going to do any of your ideas. Anyone else?”

“Make it so her desk drawers can only open two inches. So, she can see everything, but she can’t get to it.”

“That’s from the Office.”

“It was funny.”

“I’ll add it to the list.”

“Put a skunk in her office.”

“I like it!”

“Aren’t you all supposed to be working?”

The squad turned around to see their captain.

“We are.”

“Not on any work I assigned. Can I see what you’re working on?”

Tony quickly picked up the notepad.

“Ways we can get back at detective Danvers for being such a bitch.”

“Why did you put a title?” Natasha whispered.

“I didn’t think this would happen!”

“If I may ask, what did Carol do that made you think of her as a female dog?”

“She took our case from us. And Clint and I were about to arrest the perps. Now she’s taking all the credit for our work.”

“Isn’t there anything you can do?”

“Sadly, no. It may be unfair, but it’s abiding by the rules. Major crimes get to take over any case they wish.”

“That’s the stupidest rule I’ve ever heard.”

“My hands are tied. And if you really want to get back at Danvers, you should use a fake case.
Something that would end with her humiliating herself. Please resume your work.”

Tony walked back into his office, leaving the detectives stunned.

“Is captain Stark a prankster?”

“We’re definitely using that idea.”

(Medical Examiner’s office. Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 10:00 am.)

Peter grabbed the door and held it open for MJ.

“Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.”

The two entered the room to see a young woman with her back turned. She was looking at Dan Borana’s dead body on the table.

MJ cleared her throat, and Gwen quickly turned around.

“H-hi. You must be detectives Jones and Parker.”

“That’s us.”

“It’s nice to meet you both.”

MJ extended her hand.

“Detective Jones.”

“And I’m Peter Parker.”

Gwen tucked her hair behind her ear.

She looked him in the eye and shook his hand, smiling.

MJ glared at her, but it went unnoticed.

“I’ve completed my autopsy, and the cause of death was suffocating.”

“Yes! Pay up MJ!”

“What’s going on?”

“I bet him twenty bucks the cause of death was poisoning.”

“Well, you’re both winners. He was first injected with a very small amount of toxin that didn’t take. The perp finished the job by suffocating him.”
“Double or nothing?” Peter asked.

“On what?”

“I don’t know. We’ll figure something out.”

They turned their attention back to Gwen.

“The type of poison used was botulinum toxin. You might want to go from there.”

“Thanks, doc.”

Peter and MJ made their way to the door.

“I hope to see you soon.” Gwen said loudly, trying to get his attention.

Once the elevator door closed, MJ spoke up.

“What do you think of the new medical examiner?” She asked hesitantly.

“I don’t know.” He shrugged. “She seems nice enough. I’ll bet you forty bucks it wasn’t his wife.”

“Deal. But what other option could it be?”

“Someone at his office. Anyone there would’ve had access to the poison.”

“At a dermatology practice?”

“Botox. It’s a diluted form of botulinum toxin.”

“How do you know that?”

“It’s one of the few things I remember from high school chemistry. I’m just glad something turned out to be useful.”

(Dan Borana Dermatology Practice. (11:00 am.)

“If it was one of the people who work here, then it means they had access to Borana’s residence.”

“I don’t think employees have that kind of privileges.”

“I still think it was one of them. They see him regularly, have access to the poison, and people have a tendency to hate their boss.”

“We like our boss. You think of Stark as a dad.”

“That’s an exception. And I don’t think of him as a dad.”

Peter and MJ walked up to the receptionist.
“I’m sorry, Dr. Borana isn’t in right now.”

“We know. We were just talking to him a few minutes ago.”

“R-really? T-that’s not possible.”

“How many people work here? Other then the doctor, of course.”

“Just me.”

He placed his hand on his gun.

“How is it impossible?”

Peter and MJ held up their badges.

The receptionist held up his hands.

“Because I killed him.”

“Forty bucks!”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 12:00 pm.)

“I’m going to go do the paperwork. Nice job, Peter.”

“What happened to ‘loser’?”

“I thought it was time for a change. We’re friends now, aren’t we.”

“Y-yeah. Friends.”

Peter sat down at his desk, and Ned rolled next to him.

“You love her.”

“Ned, stop. I don’t think of MJ in that way.”

“Prove it.”

“How?”

“The new medical examiner’s in the break room. She asked me to send you in once you get back.”

“Why would that prove I don’t love MJ?”

“Because she said she wants to ask you out.”

“W-what?”
Peter looked over to MJ, who was in Tony’s office.

“You can easily get out of this.”

“No need.”

He got up from his desk and made his way to the break room.

“What’s up doc?”

Gwen giggled.

“You’re funny.”

“Uh. Thanks. I guess. You wanted to see me?”

“I was wondering if you wanted to hang out later tonight. How about dinner?” She asked hopefully.

Peter rubbed the back of his head.

“Um.”

“I was thinking we could –”

“No.”

“O-okay. I’m sorry. I just thought that…”

“It’s nothing to do with you. You seem nice and all, but I just… I like someone else.”

“I wouldn’t have asked you out if I knew you had a girlfriend.”

“She’s not my girlfriend. Yet. I’ve never admitted this, but I wish she was.” Peter looked down at the floor and smiled. “She’s the best. She’s really smart, and funny, and cool, and awesome, and I think she’s the most beautiful girl in the world.”

He probably shouldn’t have been saying this to a girl he just rejected, but he was too deep in his thoughts.

“She’s perfect.” Peter let out a deep breath. “It feels really good to finally get that out.”

Gwen was holding back tears. She rubbed her eyes with her sleeve.

“I understand.”

“Oh crap. I shouldn’t have said that. I mean I don’t regret it, at all. But I’m now realizing I shouldn’t have said it to you.” He awkwardly pointed at the door. “I’m going to get back to work. And I hope we can keep our relationship strictly professional.”

Ned stood up once Peter got back.

“I concede. I guess you don’t have feelings for MJ.”

“Actually, I do. I didn’t say yes.”

Ned’s mouth dropped open.
“WHAT?!”

Everyone in the precinct looked at him.

“Nothing important. You can all go back to work.” Ned whispered from now on. “What did you say?”

“I just said no because I liked someone else. I just realised I did.”

“You didn’t say that to her face, did you?”

“Um.”

“Oh, Peter.”

“And I may have went on for a bit about everything I love about MJ.”

“No.”

“And I said I think she’s the most beautiful girl in the world.”

Ned hit Peter over the head.

“You never say that to another girl! But I’m so happy right now! When are you going to ask her out?”

“I don’t think I will.”

“Huh?”

“I’m worried she’ll say no. And she probably doesn’t think of me in the way I think of her.”

“You’re an idiot.”

“Most obvious statement ever.” MJ interjected. Peter and Ned turned to her with their eyes wide. “I don’t know the context, but I’m agreeing.”

They both let out a sigh of relief.

“Is Dr. Stacy okay?”

“W-why do you ask?”

“She just walked quickly to the elevator while crying.”

“Was she though? It may have been allergies.”

“Allergies?”

“We do have a lot of mold in there.”

“What happened?”

“Gwen asked Peter out and he rejected her. Brutally, if I may add.”

There was a hint of a smile on MJ’s face.
“Moving on. What have you guys been up to today.”

“We met detective Danvers. She’s the absolute worst.”

“I guess today’s not a good day for meeting new people.”

“We really got lucky with you, Peter.” She rubbed his shoulder.

“Yeah. Really lucky.”
“Peter?” MJ asked. “Peter?” No response. “Peter!”

“Hmm?” He quickly looked up to face her.

“Are you okay? You’ve been staring at the wall for the past ten minutes.”

“I uh, I’m fine. Never better! I was just trying to read the bulletin board.”

“It’s an empty brick wall.”

“Oh.”

“Are you sure you’re okay? You’ve been distracted lately.”

“N-no I haven’t.”

“Yesterday you fell down the stairs. And you weren’t even looking at your phone. Do you have a concussion?”

“Nope. The doctor said I was fine. Except for a few bones that didn’t heal properly, but that was from a few years ago and nothing bad has happened.”

“Is this because I brushed all the crumbs off of your desk?”

“What? Noo! I don’t care about that… do you know where they are?”

“In the trash.”

“Cool. Cool cool cool cool coolcoolcool cool.”

“What’s going on with you. just let me know if I can help. Handling things can make the problem go away.”

“Well, maybe I can’t handle it right now. Or I just won’t, or whatever.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I could try, but I’m worried things won’t go my way. It seems easier to avoid it.”

“That’s no way to fix something.”

“It’s worked for me so far.”

MJ sighed.

“I know better than to convince you this is a bad idea. I hope things work out.”

“Yeah. Me too.” Peter looked down at his phone to check the time. “I have to get going. Ned and I are going to help Mr. Delmar move.”

“He’s the guy who runs that deli down in Queen’s, right?”
“Yeah. I’ve been going there since I was a kid.”

“Cool. Have a nice weekend.”

“You too.”

“I’ll see you Monday?”

“Definitely.”

Peter and Ned grabbed their jackets and headed to the elevator. Ned scolded him once the door closed.

“What’s the matter with you?”

“That’s a very broad question. Father figure issues, major gap in education from skipping school after Ben died, very little care for my own well-being, immaturity, I tend to wear the same clothes too often without washing them, and I’m afraid of the dark.”

“That actually explains a lot. I meant, why are you not asking out MJ?”

“She’ll say no.”

“She clearly likes you! And you’ve been acting crazy ever since you realized you were in love with her.”

“Afraid of confrontation! I forgot to mention that one. And she’ll say no!”

“What makes you think that?”

“She’s too good for me! MJ’s perfect, and I’m just me.”

“I’ve known MJ for years, and let me tell you, she’s far from perfect.”

Peter lightly slapped him in the face.

“Take that back.”

“Just hear me out. You see all her flaws as good things. You’re far too gone for this girl to do nothing about it.”

“I’ve never asked out a girl before!”

“You’re twenty-four years old!”

“And that should give you an idea of how hopeless this is.”

“I spent all this time to get you to admit you want her. And now that you finally do, you’re making this even more difficult.”

“You should have seen this coming.”

The elevator reached the garage, and the two began to make their way to his car.

“I should have.”

“And, it would be bad if I did ask her out.”
“And why is that?” Ned’s voice was full of sarcasm.

“In two hundred and thirteen days, the bet will be over. Either she gets my car, or we go on a horrible date. If we end up dating in that time, the whole bet loses its value.”

“I hate that what you said makes sense. But I know that you’re going to end up making that date romantic.”

“Obviously. I just wish I knew if she liked me back.”

“How many times do I have to tell you? IT COULDN’T BE MORE OBVIOUS THAT SHE LIKES YOU BACK!”

“There’s no proof of that. She’s incredible. And she’d never like someone like me.”

“You really have a low opinion about yourself.”

“Borderline depression! Add that to my list of issues.”

(Tony’s office. 5:10 pm.)

“Thank you for meeting with me, Bruce.” Tony said, sitting down. “I have something very important to discuss with you.”

“I’m more than happy to help. Is this about the Oliver’s drug case?”

“No. Something far more important. Imagine the world was about to end in an hour, and you had to complete a certain task that would save all of humanity.”

“You’ve lost me.”

“Steve and my anniversary is coming up. And I need to get him a gift.”

Bruce rubbed his forehead.

“Tony. Don’t you think you’re being a little over dramatic?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. I’ve literally NEVER been less dramatic then now.”

“Okay. You could get him a nice historical artifact.”

“That’s the worst idea ever.”

“But I thought he loved history.”

“He does. That gift from anyone else would make his day. But this is from me. I can’t give him some financial gesture. It has to mean something. Like if a lion slaughtered an entire pack of zebras for his mate.”

“So, you’re going to give him a zebra?”

“Of course not. That would be ludicrous. I want to give him the human version of that, only one billion percent better and more extravagant. Who’s the dramatic one now?”
“I still think it’s you.”

(Mr. Delmar’s. 5:15 pm.)

“Ah! Peter Parker!” Mr. Delmar pulled the detective into a hug. “How’ve you been? It’s been so long since I’ve seen you!”

“I’ve been great. Sorry I can’t come over very often. I was transferred to a precinct in Brooklyn.”

“You finally made detective! Your uncle would be very proud of you!”

“Yeah. I hope he would be.”

“And who is this fine young man?”

“Ned Leeds. I work with Peter Parker.”

Ned extended his hand, but Mr. Delmar hugged him as well.

“Any friend of Peter’s is a friend of mine! Thank you so much for helping me move.”

“About that. Where are you moving to?”

“I’m moving up in the world. I’m leaving this old deli to start a restaurant.”

“But you can’t leave! This is basically my whole childhood!”

“I know kid. But I promise to always have a seat for you at Delmar’s. Maybe you could bring a nice young woman around sometime.”

“I uh, I don’t think that’s going to happen.”

“And why is that? Your young, your handsome, you have a good job. Why wouldn’t you be able to find a partner in all of this?”

“He has. He’s just too stubborn to ask her out.”

“You’ve done a lot of brave things, Peter. But when you talk to a woman your tail goes between your legs like a puppy in a thunderstorm.”

“Tell me about it. She obviously likes him, and he thinks she’s too good for him.”

“And it’s true.”

“If you find a girl who you think this highly of, take your chance.”

“But what if she says no?”

“She won’t.”
Peter walked into the interrogation room holding a box. He sat across from the perp, who was handcuffed to the table.

“How you doin’?”

“Let me go. I didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Not the answer I was looking for. Are you going to start talking?”

“Nope.”

“Okay then.” Peter sighed. “Just know I didn’t want to half to do this.”

“Do what?”

He pulled out an extremely sharp knife from the box.

“Wait! Stop! This is police brutality!”

“Relax.”

Peter showed the perp what else was in the box while sharpening the knife.

“Can I have some?”

He took out the contents of the box.

“Only if you talk. Cake is for talkers.”

Peter cut into his aunt’s desert and started eating. He continued to talk with his mouth full.

“Oh man! Youfsh got to tyriib thish!”

“What are you saying?”

“I said. Oh man! You’ve got to try this! My aunt made it. Best chocolate cake in the city!”

“It does look pretty good.”

“Make your choice fast. Sign this plea deal before I’m done, and you’ll get this once a week in prison.”

“Can I have a sample first?”

“I don’t see why not.”

The perp took one bite, and signed.

Peter triumphantly walked out of the interrogation room.

“I told you it would work!”
Thor placed his arm around the small boy.

“Tell me, my friend. Is your aunt willing to bring food for the entire squad, or is that privilege reserved only for criminals?” I’ll have you know that I’ll happily commit a crime for food.”

“That’s out of the question, detective.” Tony interjected.

“I uh, I guess I could ask her to bring some.”

“Wonderful!”

Thor pat him on the back, but it was more of a slap. Peter nearly fell over.

The squad went back to their work, and he made his way to his desk.

“Where did you even get that idea?” MJ asked.

“Yahoo Answers.”

“Why am I not surprised?

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 9:10 am.)

“Does anyone know where Peter is?”

Tony stood at the front of the briefing room with the detectives watching him.

“Since when do you call him Peter? What happened to ‘Parker’ or ‘detective’?”

“Doesn’t matter.”

“Are you going to start calling him ‘son’?”

“New precinct rule: Everyone is banned from calling Peter my son.”

“What about calling you his dad?” Bruce asked.

“You’re fired.”

“We know you’re joking.”

“You’re fired too, Leeds. You’re all fired. No one works here anymore.”

“Why did you bring us in here? I’ve got better things to do.”

“This happens every morning, Romanov. It’s part of the job, and it’s a rule.”

“Rules are stupid.”

“Rules exist for a reason. Could you imagine what this planet would be like without them?”

“People would be just as awesome as me.”
“Wrong. Society would fall apart, we’d all be living in a jungle, and I would kill all of you mercilessly in my attempts for survival.”

The squad was speechless.

“Can we just start without him?”

“We can’t do that.” MJ said.

“You like him, so you’re biased.”

She blushed slightly.

“We all like him.”

“It’s been eleven minutes. We’re starting. Two hundred days left on the bet. Peter and MJ are once again tied at eighty felony arrests each. And in other news, I’ve hired myself an assistant. Her name is Shuri.”

“Since when do you need an assistant?”

“It’ll be nice to have someone to help me with day to day operations. And she’ll be there to help each and every one of you. I was skeptical at first, but she provided Peter as a reference.”

“She knows Peter?”

“Yes. Apparently, they were best friends as children.”

Peter walked into the briefing room out of breath.

“S-sorry I’m late, captain. Oh man! I just need a second to catch my breath.”

He proceeded to lie down on the floor.

“So, what did I miss?”

“Where were you, Peter?”

“Since when do you call me Peter?”

“Answer the question.”

“I was helping Shuri. Her cat ran away.”

“Her cat?”

“It was actually a panther. But a small one. Not the kind of one that would eat people.”

“I’m not even going to pretend I understand what you said.”

“And she requested that I do this.”

Peter held up his phone and started to play Welcome to the Jungle.

Shuri dramatically walked to the front of the room.

“Thank you, Peter. That will be all.”
“Good song choice.” Tony complimented. “But I would have gone with AC/DC. Please, take a seat.”

Shuri sat next to MJ.

“Are you going to get up?”

“Nah. It’s actually very comfortable.”

“Fine.”

“You’re MJ, right?” Shuri whispered.

“Uh, yeah. How did you know?”

“Peter talks about you a lot. Like, A WHOLE LOT.”

“O-oh.”

“From what I’ve heard, you’re pretty cool.”

“Thanks.”

“He also says he thinks you’re pretty.” She said under her breath.

“What was that?”

“Nothing important.”

“My next announcement is something we’ve all been looking forward to. Next week, we’ll all be participating in annual Nine-Nine games.”

“What are the Nine-Nine games?” Peter asked.

“It’s something we started a couple of years ago. We compete against the fire department in various sports in order to assert our dominance.”

“Aren’t we all on the same side?”

“NO!” Everyone shouted at the same time.

“Good to know. Why do you guys hate them so much?”

“It’s one specific fire hall. They’re led by Fire Marshal Thanos.”

“He sounds like a super villain.”

“He might as well be. After a horrible defeat last year, we need to come back stronger than ever.”

“Stronger than Bruce?”

“They play dirty.” Bruce practically growled. “Thanos punched me last year.”

“And the year before that.”

“We must make sure that we do everything possible to win. All cases will be put on hold for the week.”
“Am I the only one who thinks this is overdoing it just a little bit?”

“YES!” Everyone shouted once again.

“Once you meet them, you’ll change your tune. I’ve emailed all of you the game plans along with all the information on Thanos’ team. You’re dismissed.”

Once the squad left, Peter, Ned, and Shuri met in the middle of the room.

“Damn, Peter. You’re an idiot.”

“Excuse me?”

“It can’t be more obvious that she likes you.”

“That’s what I’ve been saying!”

“You’ve known her for about a minute.”

“I said it was obvious. As a certified evil genius, I’m going to give you two impossible options.”

Peter paled in fear.

“On my phone, I have countless texts from you regarding MJ. Let’s go through some of my favourites, shall we? MJ smiled at me today. She’s SOO perfect. Smiley face emoji. It’s the cutest when she scrunches her eyebrows together when she concentrates. And best of all: I think I’m in love with her.”

Peter grabbed the phone out of her hands and deleted the texts.

“You wouldn’t dare.”

“I have screenshots. Don’t bother deleting them. They’re saved to the cloud.”

“Damn it!”

“You either get the courage to ask out MJ, or I show her these texts.”

“You really are an evil genius.” Ned grinned. “Why couldn’t she work here before now?”
Peter stared at MJ off in the distance. Shuri snuck up behind him.

“What do you think of her?”

He sighed.

“She’s beautiful.”

His eyes widened as he realized what happened. He turned to see Shuri was recording the whole thing.

“I’m sure MJ would love to see this.”

“Why are you doing this to me?”

“You’re my best friend. This is for your own good. You two would be good together, and I hate that you’re wasting this opportunity. We’re you ever going to ask her out without my help?”

“You mean your torture? And I’m sure I would have gotten around to it. Eventually.”

“Three days left, Peter. Get moving fast.”

Tony blew his whistle and the detectives ran to him in the middle of the field.

“In exactly six days, or exactly one hundred and forty-four hours from now, we will be facing Thanos and his dreaded Black Order.”

“Black Order?” Peter asked hesitantly.

“It’s a name we gave to his team as a symbol of what little respect we have for them.”

“Oh. I see.”

“We’ll be competing in American football, basketball, baseball, and series of track and field events. From nine o’clock to five o’clock, every day, meet here for intense training.”

“But what about the Nine-Nine?”

“I’ve docked us all vacation days. No trouble at all.”

“But what if we were going to use those?”

“Peter please. You’ve never taken a vacation day in your life. It’s in your file.”

“How detailed is that thing?”

“Extremely detailed. Even how your aunt made you take Latin dancing lessons.”

Peter blushed as the whole squad stared at him.

“Moving on.”

“Very well. Take a lap around the track.”
Tony blew his whistle and started running. Peter and Shuri stayed back for a second.

“What?”

“It’s not in your file. I had Tony say it out loud.”

“Why?! It’s embarrassing.”

“Women love men who can dance. I just scored you some major points with MJ.”

“You’re the worst.”

Peter ran off, trying to catch up to the others.

“I know you meant best!”

A lot of the people in the squad were weight lifters instead of runners, so Peter caught up to them easily.

MJ started to run beside him.

“Latin dancing?” She laughed.

“Please don’t start. It’s humiliating enough that everyone else knows.”

“I wasn’t making fun of you. It’s actually pretty cool.”

“O-oh. Uh, thank you.”

“Can you still do it?”

“Yep. Sadly, I remember every second of it.”

“Maybe you could teach me sometime.”

“Uh, y-yeah. Why not?”

“Thanks.”

They came to a stop a few seconds later.

Tony reached for a bag that he brought with him.

“Can anyone guess the contents?”

Peter raised his hand.

“A basketball, a baseball, a baseball bat, and a football?”

“Wrong. It’s an American football. I expect you to call it that from now on.”

“Sorry, dad.” He said under his breath.

“I heard that, son.”

“Damn his super human hearing.”
“God has smiled upon me and given me fantastic hearing. It’s an incredible blessing. And you missed some other important things in this bag. According to a 2017 study, nicknames increase morale. I spent all weekend specially making these shirts.”

“He really takes this stuff seriously, huh?” Peter asked Bruce.

“When it comes to competition, Tony turns into a crazy person.”

“Damn right I do. I’ve taken these dark blue shirts and printed 99 on the front. On the back, I’ve printed nicknames for everyone based on their personality traits.”

“Did you give me a good one?”

“You tell me, ‘Black Widow’.”

“Is that the spider that eats their mate?”

“When I read that, I thought of you. Their venom is fifteen times stronger than that of a rattlesnake.”

Natasha smirked and took the shirt.

“Next up is Bruce. The Hulk!”

“A large clumsy looking person?”

“That’s the proper definition. However, urban dictionary defines it as ‘a large muscular man capable of dominating anyone’. I also added ‘professor’ to the name due to your intelligence.”

“Professor Hulk?”

“I believe it has a nice ring to it.”

“It kind of does. Thanks, Tony.”

“I’m actually using your shirt as the bag. You’ll have to wait until we’re done distributing the shirts.”

“Do I require a nickname, Stark? Thor is a mighty name on its own.”

“I’m aware. Named after a popular Norse myth. Hence you are called, the God of Thunder!”

“Splendid! However, thunder is merely the Lord God, farting up in heaven.”

Tony stared back at Thor with a puzzled expression.

“Detective Odinson, where did you hear that from?”

“It’s what my mother told Loki and I during thunder storms. Surprisingly they never taught it in our schools.”

“I wonder why?”

“I know! It’s absolutely insane!”

“Clint’s nickname was not my own idea. Back in the academy, he was referred to as Hawkeye. This was due to his incredible marksmanship.”

“I’ve never missed a target.”
“Which is why I’m employing you as pitcher, and quarterback.”

“Sounds good to me.”

“Can we get mine over with?” MJ groaned. “What silly nickname did you give me?”

“MJ.”

“Oh.”

“I realize you’ve grown quite attached to that one.”

“I have. Thanks.”

“Ned. I’ve bestowed on you the name, Python.”

“That’s awesome! But what about me is like a snake?”

“Absolutely nothing. You’re far too kind-hearted. It’s ironic. And Python is your favourite computer language. It was either this, Turing, or Java.”

“Python was the way to go.”

“Shuri –”

“I will only go by ‘princess Shuri’.”

“But I made this specifically for –”

“Princess Shuri.”

“Fine. We’ll call you that, but at least wear the shirt.”

“What’s the name?”

“Black Panther.”

Shuri shrugged.

“Princess is cooler.”

“You own a black panther. Which I’m fairly certain is not allowed.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“We’re not going to get anywhere with this, are we?”

“Not a chance.”

“Finally, Spider-Boy.”

“Spider-Boy? Why not Spider-Man? Now that’s a cool name.”

“You have the face, mannerisms, and personality of a twelve-year-old boy. I thought it was appropriate.”

“What’s the point of ‘Spider’?”
“Your desk is literally infested with those terrible things.”

Peter gasped.

“They have names! Mrs. Doubtspider, Venom, Charlotte, Aragog, Tarantulina Jolie, Taranataylor Swift, and Bob.”

“You put all that effort into spider puns, and you name one of them, Bob?”

“He looked like a Bob.”

“Clean up your desk, Peter.”

“Clean up YOUR desk.” He whispered.

“What did you just say to me?”

“Sorry! Sorry! I-I take that back!”

“That’s my boy. Let’s get practicing!”
“And that concludes our last day of training for the Nine-Nine games! I expect each and every one of you to get a good night sleep tonight and have a healthy breakfast. Nothing to big as to not upset your stomachs. Now then, let’s defeat Thanos!”

The whole squad cheered.

“I have a few brief announcements first. There’s a total here of nine people, and we need a tenth. I’ve enlisted Steve as the final member of the team. And Peter, please sleep in for once. Aim for eight o’clock.”

“But that’s three hours longer than normal! That’s impossible!”

“What time do you go to bed?”

Peter shrugged.

“I don’t know. Sometime between eleven and one.”

“Good lord. And remember, 8:30 am, tomorrow morning, on the dot, dressed for the season.”

“I’ll mark it on my calendar. December thirtieth, 2018, 8:30 am.”

“Peter… we’re well into March. Of 2019.”

“Wait? Really?”

“Do you remember Christmas? Three months ago?”

“I think I know what this means.”

“Yes. You need to get your life together, focus less on work, and get some damn sleep.”

“No! I just fast forwarded three months! This is awesome! I request the highest of fives!”

Peter happily raised his hand in the air.

No one moved.

“Did nobody hear me, or…?”

“We heard you.” Nat began. “We just think your life’s a mess, and we’re not going to reward it.”

“You’re just jealous of the power I hold. Is it February? The most boring, slow month ever? Surprise! It’s really October! A month full of candy, and costumes, and the Halloween Heist! Is it the month before Christmas? Wham! It’s –”

“It’s March, Peter. We’ve been over this.”

“I was making a point.”

“A ridiculous one. I’m going to make an assumption. You came here in September, and we update
the bet every day. You’ve been here for over six months. Did you know the date when you came here?”

“N-no. I thought it was October, but I wasn’t exactly sure.”

“Oh my. Where did I go wrong with my boy?”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 8:20 am.)

“Morning Shuri.” MJ yawned. “Is Peter in yet?”

“Yep. He passed out on the couch.”

“Oh my God! Is he okay?!”

“He’s fine. His brain worked too much.”

“Do I even want to know?”

(5 minutes ago.)

Peter walked into the break room to see Tony and Steve.

“Hey, captain.”

“Hey, Peter.” They responded in unison.

“But Tony’s the captain. Has my whole life been a lie? Oh God! I’m in a parallel universe! Or the matrix! Or did I hit my head and I’m dreaming?”

Peter immediately fell on the floor.

(Current Time.)

“That’s it?”

“He always jumps to weird conclusions. And he did NOT have a good morning. He ran into captain Stacy on the streets. ‘twas V awkward.”

“The medical examiners dad?”

“That’s the one! He was super pissed that Peter broke his daughter’s heart because he wanted to be with you.”

MJ’s eyes widened and a smile spread to her face.
“Peter wants to… be with me?”

“Yep. That boy is gone for you. It was getting super annoying. Anyways, I swore I would read you these texts he sent if he didn’t ask you out by now. MJ smiled at me today. She’s SOO perfect. Smiley face emoji. Next one: It’s the cutest when she scrunches her eyebrows together when she concentrates. One of my favs: I think I’m in love with her. And: There’s no way I’m going to ask her out. She’s way too good for me. I wouldn’t deserve her.”

“H-he said that?”

MJ started to blush.

“Along with one hundred and twenty-three others. And that’s not counting the ones sent to Ned or the group chat we have to try and convince him to tell you how he feels.”

Tony and Steve stood over Peter as he started to wake up.

“Are you okay, Peter?”

He rolled over and buried his face in the pillow.

“Come on, dads. Just five more minutes.”

“You adopted him without telling me?”

“It was unintentional. But we definitely have our work cut out for ourselves.”

Tony ruffled Peter’s hair.

“Am I still in the parallel universe?”

“No.”

“Did I escape using Rick Sanchez’s portal gun?”

“… I don’t even know what that is. You weren’t in a parallel universe.”

“Then why did you both respond to ‘captain’?”

“I was in the army. I’m discharged, but I still respond to ‘captain’. It’s kind of a reflex.”

“Awesome!”

“How much did you sleep last night?”

“Why do you ask?”

“Given your reaction, I thought it was an appropriate question.”

“Sorry. I got four and a half hours.”

Tony sighed.
“I guess that’s as good as we’re going to do. Go get yourself some water. That’s an order.”

“Yes sir.”

Peter left the break room, leaving the two captains alone.

“We’re keeping him.”

“Bold of you to assume you had a choice.”

As Peter made his way to the sink, an incredibly large man stepped in front of him. He was well over seven feet tall, had no hair, and had skin that appeared to be grey.

“Can I help you?”

“No, you cannot. I have no business with a child.”

“Actually, I’m a –”

The man ignored Peter and bumped him as he walked by. He sat down at Tony’s desk.

Peter followed closely behind.

“I uh, I don’t think you’re allowed to be in here.”

He held up a framed picture that was on the desk.

“Ah, you’re the son of Stark.”

Peter saw that Tony had the picture of the two of them.

“He does care. I’ve honestly never been happier. And you need to get out of here.”

“Stark is expecting me.”

“And your first thought is to wait in his office? You do know that he’s out there now?”

“Bring him to me.”

“Captain!” Peter yelled from the office. “There’s a creepy guy from outer space in your office! So, what planet are you from? I hear that Jupiter is quite nice this time of year.”

“Jupiter is a gigantic ocean of liquid metallic hydrogen.”

“You must feel right at home.”

Peter smiled, and he didn’t look impressed.

“What’s this about a creepy man from outer space?” Tony asked.

“He’s somewhere in this office. Let’s see if you can spot him.”

“Stark.”
“Thanos.”

“Oh! So this is Thanos? God, he’s uglier than you described.”

“You’re aware I can hear you.”

“I know.”

“Please ask this child to leave while the adults are talking.”

“He can stay. And he’s not a child. He’s one of my best detectives.”

“I’ll enjoy crushing him today.”

“You will do no such thing.”

Thanos chuckled and stood up to stare down on Tony.

“You could not live with you own failure. And where did that bring you? Back to me.”

“We can easily beat you together.”

“You never have, and you never will. You’ll lose.”

“Then we’ll do that together too.”
“Why haven’t we left yet?” Natasha asked.

“Because we have a few things to do first.” Tony held out a large box. “Please turn over all your weapons.”

“The ones on my person, or all of them in general?”

“Just the ones on your person. You’ll get them back at the end of the day.”

“Fine.” Nat sighed.

She pulled out a gun from behind her and tossed it into the box.

“Happy?”

“No.” He coughed slightly.

She placed another gun in the box.

“And?”

Nat kept placing in gun after gun.

“Cough it up.”

She reached for her leg and unstrapped the smallest gun she had.

“And the knife.”

“You’re killing me.”

She placed a large blade into the box, along with three pairs of brass knuckles, and a switchblade.

“Can I at least keep the poison darts in my shoes?”

“How lethal is it?”

“They just make you fall asleep.”

“You can keep those. I obviously wouldn’t notice if you ‘accidentally’ kicked members of the opposing team.”

“Yes sir.” Natasha smirked.

“There are some rules I need you to follow. Play clean, and don’t sink to their level. When they hit you, get back up. If they kill you, walk it off.”

“When they hit us?” Peter asked. “Don’t you mean if?”
“No. They most definitely WILL hit you.”

“Cool, cool, cool cool cool cool cool coolcoolcool.”

“Now can we leave?”

“Yes. In the first vehicle, we have Shuri, Ned, Peter, MJ, and Bruce. In the second vehicle, we have myself, Steve, Nat, Thor, and Clint. You all know the directions, check in every five minutes.”

“It’s a ten-minute drive.”

“And so many things could go wrong in that window of time. Car crash, closed roads, we get separated, one of us gets lost, the lights aren’t timed properly, or there could be a puppy in the park Thor just has to say hello to.”

“How could I not? They’re adorable.”

“I’ll never understand you, captain.”

“I’m aware. I’ll see all of you in the park. Nine-Nine!”

“Nine-Nine!”

Peter went for the driver’s seat, while Ned, Bruce, and Shuri went in the back of the van. MJ was sitting shotgun, and there was a wall separating the five of them.

Once the doors closed, she spoke up.

“Is it okay if we talk?”

“Totally! But if it’s about life skills, time management, or anything that involves education above high school, then I’m officially way out of my league in this conversation.”

“I’ll try to stay away from that.” She blushed slightly, but Peter didn’t notice. “I actually wanted to ask if you uh, might –”

MJ was cut off when Tony’s voice echoed from the walkie-talkie.

“I also order that you stay within the speed limit.”

“Uh, sorry. Can I just take this?”

“Uh, y-yeah. Go ahead.”

Peter picked up the device.

“Why wouldn’t I stay in the speed limit?”

“Because last time I was in a car with you, you shouted, and I quote; ‘speed and power!’ like a child. Your motoring phrases also include, but are not limited to: ‘POWER!’, ‘this is the fastest car in the world’, ‘I bet I could pass that guy’, ‘I think he wants to race’, and ‘the speeeeed!’.”

“That guy in the Dodge Demon was definitely challenging me.”

“He pulled up beside you and said ‘nice car’!” Tony cried.

“If you’re driving a demon, your probably evil. Should I get an Exorcist?”
“I doubt a priest will get rid of a car for you.”

“I meant a Chevrolet Exorcist. It’s like they were meant to race each other! Think of how awesome that would be!”

“Don’t get a modern-day muscle car. They do less than 20 miles to the gallon. I’ve always been a fan of the Audi R8.”

“You know about cars?”

“In my early life, I considered being a mechanic.”

“Why have we never talked about this? It would have been so cool!”

“Because I knew you’d never let it go.”

“And I never will!”

The channel went silent.

“And he’s not listening anymore. Sorry, MJ. What was it you wanted to ask me?”

“I uh, I don’t remember. It’ll probably come back to me.”

“Let me know if you remember.”

(Nine-Nine Games. 9:00 am.)

The squad lined up on the field facing Thanos’ team.

The first game on the schedule was football.

Since Tony won the coin toss, they were on offense first.

The rules were pretty simple. Four attempts to score a touchdown, tackle is allowed, first to 21 wins, and don’t be unnecessarily violent.

Thanos would obviously break that rule.

Clint was the quarterback, and the plan was simple. Ned, Bruce, and Thor would cover him from the defense. Tony, Nat and Steve would run forward and try to get some quick points, MJ goes to the side, and since Peter was the fastest, he was the running back.

“Three, two, one, hut!”

Before Clint could even try and pass, Thanos easily broke through and tackled him to the ground.

He got up and dusted himself off.

“New plan. Everyone try to stop Thanos. Bruce is strong enough to get to the end with everyone else on him.”

They lined back onto the field.
“Three, two one, hut!”

Clint handed Bruce the ball and ran into Thanos with the others.

Bruce started running towards the other end, knocking down the people as he did.

In a few seconds, he made it into the endzone.

“Woo!”

Bruce spiked the ball and started to dance.

It was the fire departments turn to score, and this probably wasn’t going to go well for the Nine-Nine.

They threw a quick pass to Ebony Maw, and Peter chased after him.

Corvus Glaive came from the side and rammed into him, knocking him to the ground. He discreetly punched Peter in the ribs as he did so.

Maw made it into the endzone, and the game was tied.

“Dude, are you alright?”

“I really don’t like these guys.”

“Yeah, they suck.”

The game went back and forth. Each team would prevent the other from scoring for multiple turns. Eventually, the score was tied at fourteen. And the squad were on offense.

“Ready, hut!”

Clint handed Peter the ball and he started running as fast as he could.

The squad covered him from getting tackled, until Thanos grabbed him from behind and slammed him to the ground, holding him there with his massive hand.

“Insect.”

“Let him go!” Tony shouted at the top of his lungs.

“I meant no harm, Stark. It’s all in good fun.”

He let out a deep breath once he was freed.

“Are you okay, Peter?”

“I’m good.”

He stumbled slightly as he stood up.

“Are you certain?”

“Yeah, totally. Second down, let’s do this.”

Peter lined up beside MJ. She had a worried expression on her face.
“I’m sorry, Peter.”
“What for?”
“That you got hurt.”
“We’ve all been hit pretty hard today. I’m fine.”
He brushed her cheek softly, and she blushed.
“What was that for?”
“You had a bit of dirt on your face. How you feeling?”
“I-I’m great. Dirt never killed anybody.”
“Glad to hear.”
Peter smiled brightly at her, and turned his attention back to the game.
“Hut!”
Steve held Thanos back while Thor and Nat ran down to the end of the field. He threw Steve to the side and rushed towards Clint.
He threw it towards the endzone just before he was tackled.
Thor caught it with ease, and the whole squad cheered.
One down, three more games to go.
Since baseball had nine players on at once, Shuri was sitting out. She stood only a couple of feet behind Ned who was the catcher.

Clint had pitched a perfect game so far. Just one more good pitch, and the Nine-Nine would go up to bat.

Shuri and Ned weren’t entirely focused on the game. Instead, they were quite wrapped up in their conversation.

“So, you told MJ that Peter likes her?” His voice went up an entire octave due to the excitement.

“And I showed her every last one of the texts.” Shuri said proudly.

“What did she say?”

“Peter wants to… be with me?”

“Yes. That boy is gone for you. It was getting super annoying. Anyways, I swore I would read you these texts he sent if he didn’t ask you out by now. MJ smiled at me today. She’s SOO perfect. Smiley face emoji. Next one: It’s the cutest when she scrunches her eyebrows together when she concentrates. One of my favs: I think I’m in love with her. And: There’s no way I’m going to ask her out. She’s way too good for me. I wouldn’t deserve her.”

“H-he said that?”

MJ started to blush.

“Along with one hundred and twenty-three others. And that’s not counting the ones sent to Ned or the group chat we have to try and convince him to tell you how he feels.”

“How uh, how long has this been going on for?”

“Since before I started working here. He talked about you a lot at first, but he said you were just friends. Then after he rejected the medical examiner, he had this big confession about everything he loves about you. He was totally brutal to her. It was awesome.”

She stood there with her mouth agape.

“C-could we talk somewhere more private for a second?”
The two made their way to one of the crappy storage closets. Once the door closed, MJ excitedly pumped her fists in the air. After a little while of letting her excitement out, she composed herself.

“Are you joking? Because if you’re joking, I swear to God –”

Shuri tossed her phone at MJ.

“Have at it.”

She scrolled through a few of her texts.

“You have a blackmail file?”

“Are we focusing on Peter, or are we going to read some embarrassing stuff I have on the people I hate?”

“Peter. Definitely.”

MJ went through every single one of them. Peter really did like her just as much as she did.

“How did you realize you liked Peter? Was it just as long and stupid as him?”

“I’ll tell you about it later.”

(Nine-Nine Games. 10:02 am.)

Thanos struck out once he missed another one of Clint’s pitches. He angrily started hitting the ground.

Clint and Natasha smirked at this.

“I think this is finally our year.”

“But we always win at baseball. Nothing’s changed so far.”

“But we already won football, so we’re basically guaranteed to go up 2-0. All thanks to your perfect aim.”

Thor came from behind the two and squeezed them tightly.

“Impeccable work, Barton! You have brought honor to your precinct!”

There was a slight crack due to his strength, but it didn’t hurt either of them.

“Thanks man.”

Ned and Shuri made their way to MJ. She was standing by herself, watching Peter up at bat from a distance.

“You were so happy at the precinct. Did something bad happen?”
MJ sighed.

“No. It’s what didn’t happen. We were in the van, and I was trying to ask him out. But then the captain had to radio Peter, and they had this whole banter about their mutual love of cars.”

“Did you ask him afterwards?”

“No! Of course not!” She cried. “The moment was ruined, and it took me forever to find the courage to try the first time.”

Ned facepalmed and groaned.

“Do I have to spell it out for everyone?! You. Like. Him. And he. Likes. You. You know that he likes you, and you’re afraid to ask out a sure thing?”

“Y-yes. Shut up, okay. I’m nervous. I really like him, and even though he’ll probably say yes, it’s not easy. I’ve never liked someone this way before.”

Shuri was getting annoyed.

“Could you finally tell us why you like him?”

MJ let out a deep breath.

“Part of it was while we were on the stakeout together, and he told me about his uncle, and we got really close after that. It wasn’t just one moment.”

“Explain.”

“He was always nice to me. He told me that I would look pretty in a dress even though I hated it. He got me my favourite book for Secret Santa, and I know that he went waaaayyy over the price limit. We just got really close.” MJ nervously rubbed her arm. “I realized it when we met the new medical examiner. She was being all flirty with him, and I felt jealous. I always looked forward to doing paperwork with him, and I’d sometimes tell him he made mistakes just so I had an excuse to talk to him. I don’t know. I guess it just… happened.”

She turned her attention back to Peter, smiling contently.

Thanos purposefully threw the ball at his head, but he ducked at the last second.

Peter gripped the bat tightly, and repositioned his feet.

The larger man threw another ball right down the middle, and he hit it swiftly.

Peter made it to the second base, and the squad cheered. Steve made his way to the plate, practicing his swing.

He stepped off the base for a moment, preparing to steal third. He moved back when Thanos turned around.

Steve started practice swinging the bat again, trying to distract him. Once the opportunity presented itself, Peter ran as fast as he could. He slid for the base, and made it just before he was tagged.

Proxima threw the ball back to Thanos. He wound up and threw the ball straight down the middle. Steve hit it with ease.

Peter made it home, and they were scrambling to get the ball. By the time they did, Steve was in
between third base and home plate.

It was useless to try.

Maybe this really was the Nine-Nine’s year.

Chapter End Notes

I deleted my second Star Wars AU. I wasn’t really feeling it. Instead, I started a new PeterxMJ AU set in the 1970s. I’m feeling a lot better about that one.
(Nine-Nine Games. 11:00 am.)

Glaive went up for a shot and it was easily blocked by Bruce. He threw it ahead to Ned who scored on the other end. The squad was up by five.

Peter and Tony were sitting courtside.

“Are you serious?”

“Uh… yeah.”

“Is there anything that could be done? I have some favours with other captains. I’d be more than happy to call them in.”

“Thank you, sir. But I don’t think it’ll help.”

(Brooklyn Streets. 8:10 am.)

Peter was on his way to the Nine-Nine when someone came up behind him.

“Detective Parker.”

He turned around slowly to see a police captain.

“That’s me. Unless you think I did something wrong. In which case, my name is Carol Danvers.”

“Are you trying to make a joke?”

“Actually, I was just going for colourful.”

Peter started to laugh slightly, but the captain did not look impressed.


“Captain Stacy.”

“Uh oh.”

“Uh oh is right. I believe you know my daughter, Gwen.”

“I uh, may have heard about her.”

“You’re the son of a bitch who broke her heart.”

“Well, to be fair we knew each other for less than a day. Can the heart really get that far in that period of time?”

“Yes.”
“I’ll agree to disagree. I’m sorry sir. I know I was a little blunt with her. But in my defense, it was a big love confession about someone who I realized I wanted to be with. So… can we really be mad here?”

“I am. The girl you were talking of was detective Michelle Jones, correct?”

“How did you…?”

“I know everything that goes on in this city, Parker. I’m going to make this short. You break my daughter’s heart, and you lose everything. You’re officially demoted and moved back to your old precinct. You report back to the Two-Seven tomorrow morning.”

“What?! You can’t do that!”

“I can.”

“But you’re using your rank just because I didn’t want to get with Gwen! I don’t like her, and I thought we were going to be adults about this! And I’m never an adult about anything.”

“You can’t fight me on this. Say goodbye to Michelle Jones.”

Peter sighed.

“You know, you’re looking less like a Gilby and more like a Richard, because you’re a dick!”

(Nine-Nine Games. 11:02 am.)

“So, you like her?”

He stared at MJ who was running up the court.

“Yeah. Might as well enjoy this while I can.”

Tony placed his arm around the boy.

“We’re going to get you back, Peter.”

“Thanks, dad.”

He pulled Tony into a hug.

“I’m going to miss you.”

“Me too kid. Me too.” The two separated and resumed watching the game. “Are you finally going to tell her how you feel?”

“N-no.”

“But you’re being transferred because you like her!”

“It wouldn’t make sense. We’d be in different boroughs, and we’d barely get to see each other.”

“That’s not a reason to keep yourself from being happy.”
“But she probably doesn’t even like me in that way. And if I’m never going to see her again, I might as well end on a high note. Could you just wait and tell them tomorrow? I’ll say goodbye today.”

Tony sighed.

“If that’s what you want. Does anyone else know?”

“Just Ned and Shuri. I told them about it after the football game. I said my goodbyes then. But at least I live across the hall from Shuri. It’ll be nice to keep myself updated on you guys.”

“Well, that explains why you were so worked up at the precinct.”

“Sorry about that. I was kind of freaking out there.”

Thor jumped up and dunked on Thanos. He dropped down the ground, smiling happily.

“Still, if I’m going to leave, there’s no better way that I’d like to spend my last day.”

“Really?” Tony’s voice was painfully obvious. “You can’t think of anything else?”

“We’ve already been over this. It’s worse to get something you want and lose it right away, then to never have it at all.”

“That’s not how it works. Where did you even hear that?”

“I’m pretty sure it does. And I heard it when I was talking to a guy who bit his own arm off.”

“Oh my God! Don’t listen to that man! He was obviously deranged!”

“He seemed nice!”

“Was he or wasn’t he in the back of a squad car?!”

“Does that even matter?!”

“YES!”

“Fine! We happened to meet when he was in the back of a squad car!”

“THANK YOU!”

The two both let out a deep breath. They were silent for a few moments.

“What were we getting so worked up for?”

“I have an eidetic memory. You told me you were being transferred from the Nine-Nine. I was deeply disappointed and offered to help. You said no. I asked if you would confess your feelings to Michelle, and you said no again. Then you said some terrible quote from a deranged self-cannibal, and I pointed out how ridiculous it was.”

“That’s exactly what happened. Damn, captain. You’re a genius.”

“I’m aware. I graduated MIT at age seventeen.”

“Holy shit! MIT graduated police captain and former army captain turned university professor. Power couple!”
“I’m also a trophy husband. We NEVER leave that out of the equation.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

(Nine-Nine Games. 12:00 pm.)

The basketball game was also won by the Nine-Nine. They walked away with a few bruises here and there, but it was the best the squad had ever done. Every single one of them was over the moon. Thanos and the firefighters were so pissed off that they didn’t even bother to stay for the relay race.

“Are you smiling, Natasha?” Bruce asked, grinning.

“Why? Is that a problem?” She growled.

“No!” He backed away slightly in fear. “J-just that I’ve rarely seen you do it.”

“My face hurts so much right now. This is the tenth smile of my life.”

“What were the other nine?”

“Graduating the police academy, getting into the police academy, Clint’s wedding, the birth of Clint’s kids, those count as three.”

“And my kids love their aunt Natasha.” Clint smiled.

“Then there was the time I beat that bitch Nellie Bertram for the gold star in first grade, the time Thor and Peter fell down the stairs.”

Thor started to laugh hysterically.

“That day was marvelous! I had no idea that concussions could be so fun!”

“And my favourite time was at the scene of Nellie Bertram’s murder.”

Bruce’s jaw dropped.

“I’m kind of scared to ask this.”

“Then don’t.”

“Did you kill N—”

“Don’t worry about it, sarge.”

“But —”

“Ooh, sorry. That’s all the time we have.”

Natasha walked ahead, ending the conversation.

“I say this with love, Nat! You’re sketchy as hell!”

“Thanks for the compliment!”
Peter walked up beside Bruce, Thor and Clint. He got the larger men’s attention.

“Hey, you were awesome today guys.”

“Thanks. I played a little basketball in college.” Bruce stated casually.

“How little is a little?”

“Full scholarship. Simultaneously earned my PhD’s.”

“How did I not know that you and captain Stark were that smart?”

He shrugged.

“It doesn’t really come up in our line of work.”

Peter was silent for a little while before speaking up.

“I uh, actually wanted to thank you all.”

“What for? We haven’t done anything.”

“You guys did a lot for me. You were the best commanding officer I ever had. I’ve never worked with people as nice as you all. And you really made me feel welcome at the Nine-Nine.”

“Why did you put that in the past tense?”

“Uh… no reason. You know what I meant to mean.”

Peter took off running, and caught up to Natasha.

“Hey –”

“If you’re here to tell me some crap about how much you like me like those other chumps, then I’m going to shoot you.”

“Umm. O-okay. In that case, you’re the scariest person I’ve ever met and the last three homicides I worked I legitimately considered you as a suspect.”

She ruffled his hair.

“Not so bad yourself, kid.”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 1:00 pm.)

“Are you okay?” MJ asked. “You seem distracted.”

The two were sitting at their joined desks. Peter was aimlessly doodling Homer Simpson on his desk. He didn’t look up.

“Everything’s fine.”

Life is meaningless and everything goes to hell.
“Okay. About earlier in the van… I was going to ask if you wanted to –”

“Peter.” Tony interrupted. “We have urgent business to attend to in my office.” There was a hint of sadness in his voice.

“Yes sir.” He turned back to MJ. “I’ll see you in a minute.”

Peter got up from his desk and started walking, regretting every step he took.

They closed the door behind them and saw captain Stacy sitting down in Tony’s chair. The two sat down in front of him.

“Hey, Dick. I know that’s probably not your real name, but it’s going to stick.”

He only laughed as if to mock him.

“Such a child. What a waste of a good badge.”

“I’ll have you know that detective Parker is twice the cop you’ll ever be. Real officers don’t dishonor their badge just because their daughter couldn’t handle being told ‘no’ for once in her life.”

“As far as the system is concerned, Peter Parker is an unmanageable cop who has been insubordinate and a trouble maker for his entire career. I’m the hero who did what had to be done. Consider this mercy. You should have been fired long ago. If I had my way, you’d both be demoted.”

Stacy paused for a moment, looking at the picture of Peter and Tony together.

“But I can’t do that. Two of you being punished would look like panic. Parker’s the one who’s going to suffer. Stark used to be like you, but he knows how to walk the line. He knows not to cross people who have more power than him. But you, Mr. Parker… do not know where the edge is.”

He stared him down, grinning devilishly.

Peter stood up from his chair, and stared back.

“Captain Stacy.” He clenched his fists. “Kiss my ass.”

He stormed out of the office and slammed the door behind him.

Peter picked up his jacket and bag from his desk.

“What happened in there?”

“Nothing important. Just uh, heading out on a case.”

“Do you want me to come with?”

“Um. I think I can handle it on my own. But could you walk with me to my car?”

“S-sure.”

She got up from her desk and the entered the elevator.

“I have a few things I have to say.”

“I-I’m listening.”
He turned to MJ, concealing the tears in his eyes.

“You’re the best detective in this precinct. You’re my best friend. I think you’re awesome, and funny, and a genius, and you smell like lemon, and it’s hilarious when you make fun of me for being a dork.”

They elevator door opened, and they began to walk to his Mustang.

“You’re the coolest person I’ve ever met, and you’re perfect.”

MJ blushed, and pushed her hair behind her ear.

“Why are you telling me this?”

“I just wanted to let you know.”

Peter grabbed her sides and pulled her into a hug. She immediately returned the gesture.

It lasted longer then anticipated, but he wasn’t complaining.

They separated after another minute.

He unlocked his car, and rolled down the window.

“So, I’ll see you tomorrow?” MJ asked.

Peter closed his eyes and exhaled deeply.

“Yeah. Definitely.”
“Does anyone know where Peter is?” MJ asked, looking around the briefing room.

The squad had been sitting there for half an hour, waiting for him to arrive.

“And I haven’t seen Tony all morning.” Bruce stated. “He always calls five hours in advance when he’s sick.”

“Are we sure we can’t start without them?” Natasha was starting to sharpen her knife. It was something she always did when she was bored.

Bruce sighed, and got up from his seat. He stood at the front of the room.

“Fine. I guess I’ll be taking over the precinct for the time being. One hundred and seventy-nine days left on the bet. Peter and MJ are tied at –”

“That’s enough, Brucie.” Tony interjected. He was standing in the doorway with a glass of wine. His collar was turned up, his tie was a just simple knot, and his hair was a mess. “I can take it from here.”

Tony stumbled to the front beside Bruce, grabbing his shoulder for support.

“Are you okay, Tony?”

“Please, sit down. I have a speech to give.”

“Uh, yes sir.”

He leaned against the wall and drank out of his glass.

“I have a lesson for everyone.” They stared at him curiously. “Everything is garbage! Everything starts out amazing. You get a son like you always wanted, you bond, can’t go a day without them, and then it gets ripped away from you! If you love someone, you open yourself to the possibility of getting hurt. And then you’re left with nothing, and not even a victory against Thanos can cheer you up. Never. Love. Anything. Good day.”

“What’s going on?” Bruce asked.

“And we’re shutting down the bet! It’s provided us with many good times, but it’s over.” Tony’s voice started to brake. “It’s over.”

“Tony please, just sit down. You’ve clearly had too much to drink.”

“I’ve earned this, Brucie. And fire the medical examiner while you’re at it!”

“Why?”

“Because my son is gone! Poor Peter was demoted back to officer and transferred back to the two-seven.”
“What?” MJ asked, with her mouth hanging open.

“Are you serious, captain?” Thor stood up from his seat.

“Did he do something wrong?”

“No! Look at the boy! He couldn’t hurt a fly even if he tried!”

“Then why was he demoted?”

“He rejected the medical examiner because he was in love with detective Jones! She went crying to her father, and that corrupt son of a bitch ruined Peter’s life! Now he’s gone from his family, doesn’t have his dream job, and he lost Michelle! Life is meaningless now. We can all go home. I’ll see you when I see you.”

Tony started to walk to the door, but Bruce picked him up to stop him.

“Back up a second, buddy.”

“How much clearer could I have made it?” He drained his glass. “Someone get me a refill. I’ll explain to you all as if you were infants. Peter Parker fell in love with Michelle Jones. He denied it on several occasions. He finally confessed them once Dr. Gwendolen Stacy attempted to spark up a romantic affair. She left, crying. Her father, a corrupt police captain, found out and demoted Peter back to officer. He is now back at the two-seven. How many more times do I have to explain it?”

Tony pointed to MJ.

“Why aren’t you acting shocked? I just told you about Peter having feelings for you.”

“Um… Shuri already told me.”

“Did you feel the same was as I predicted?”

MJ rubbed her eyes.

“Y-yeah. Can I please take a minute to –”

“Cry about how much you’ve just lost? I know the feeling. I did that all night.” Tony’s eyes widened. “As Peter would say: title of your sex tape. You can go. Take as long as you wish.”

He fell onto the desk and held up his glass.

“Where’s my refill?”

MJ left the briefing room and took out her phone. She held it up to her ear once she arrived at the evidence room, and closed the door behind her.

“I’m sorry. The number you have dialed is no longer in service.”

“Damn it!”

MJ leaned against the wall and slid down to the floor. She placed her head in her hands and started sobbing.
“I must say, I didn’t believe I’d run into you here. But I must admit that it’s a wonderful surprise!” Loki said, smiling at Peter.

He was currently sitting at a detective’s desk, with Peter standing beside him.

“And I’m terribly sorry for your current predicament.”

“Thanks, man. But that doesn’t really help me right now. Screw captain Stacy. Screw his daughter. And screw the NYPD.”

“Amen. Is this the point in which you go on a rant about your feelings?”

“I think so.”

“Then I’m all ears.”

Peter let out a deep breath.

“Stacy permanently blocked my phone from any calls from my squad members, I have to wear this uniform instead of my clothes, he checks in on me twice a day to make sure my life is as shitty as possible, and I’m put on crap cases as ‘help’. I solved three this morning, and the detectives took credit for it!”

“Have you ever considered a life of crime, my friend?”

“No!”

“Worth a shot.”

Loki started spinning around in the chair.

“Are you not figuring out a way to get back to your love?”

“It’s pointless. There’s no beating captain Stacy.”

“You’re quite blind to the painfully obvious.”

“Then enlighten me.”

“Captain Stacy abused his power. Couldn’t you take advantage of that and get back to the Nine-Nine?”

“I’ve done research. Other people have tried, and failed.”

“They were lesser men. But it’s us! The god of mischief and Spider-Boy! Legendary New York outlaws, fighting for justice!”

“That sounds like an awesome movie! And how did you know about my nickname?”

“Thor told me about the Nine-Nine games. Congratulations on your victory.”

“Isn’t your nickname the Pontiac Bandit?”
“That’s my supervillain name. The god of mischief is a good guy!”

“Why’d you choose that one?”

“Thor was named after the god of thunder, and I was named after the god of mischief. What do you say, Peter? Shall we reunite you and MJ?”

A smile spread to his face.

“Sounds like a plan.”
(Peter and Shuri’s apartment complex. 5:30 pm.)

Peter exited the elevator and saw Shuri unlocking the door to her apartment. He ran to her quickly and pulled her into a hug.

“I have been losing my mind without you guys!”

“I saw you this morning, and you haven’t been at the Nine-Nine since yesterday.”

“The two-seven broke my spirit. That place is whack.”

The two separated, and she looked down at his uniform.

“You look awful by the way. Are you going to perform at a kids party?”

“Hahahahahaha! Fake laugh! Real pain! But you’re right. I feel like an idiot. I’m going to go change into human clothes, and I’ll meet you in your place?”

“Yes. So much happened today! It was crazy!”

Peter unlocked his door and walked into his apartment. The place was a mess. Flannels and hoodies were scattered across the floor along with empty boxes of food. There may have been a few guns buried in the mix. Home sweet home!

Changing didn’t take long at all, considering how close the clothes were.

Peter entered Shuri’s apartment, and let out a sigh of relief.

“I feel better already!”

He plopped down on the couch and placed his feet on the coffee table.

“Well… as good as I can be. Still though. It’s slightly better!”

“That’s the saddest victory I’ve ever heard.”

“Yeah, my entire life is going down the drain.”

Shuri made her way to the fridge and pulled out drinks for the two of them

“Beer for me, and apple juice for you.”

“Did you –”

“Yeah, yeah. Green bendy straw, just the way you like it.”

“Yes!”

He happily took the glass out of her hand.

“I’ve known you since we were five, and your tastes haven’t changed at all.”
“Change is a terrible thing. Things were so much better forty something years ago then it is today.”

“Tell me about it. Adulting sucks.”

Peter raised his glass.

“Cheers.” He drank some of the juice and made a sound of satisfaction. “So, what has the Nine-Nine been up to.”

“Tony was super depressed, gave a Shakespeare style speech, and told the entire squad you liked MJ. After that, she spent like two hours in the evidence room crying. ‘twas V sad.”

“MJ knows?! ”

“Chill out. She’s known since yesterday. Loves you just as much.”

A smile spread to his face.

“Excuse me for just a second.”

Peter walked into the hallway and closed the apartment door behind him.

“WOOOOOOOO!”

A few moments later, he returned.

“I heard absolutely nothing.”

“Sorry. It’s just that it’s so awesome!”

“Are you going to go get the girl?”

“Yeah… I’m actually not allowed in Brooklyn. Captain Stacy was extra thorough in ruining my life.”

“I can’t believe you’re not a detective anymore. That was the only job you cared about.”

“Not true. I hated being a busboy, I hated working at that diner, but I did enjoy working as a farm hand during the summer of junior year. I just got to spend all day around animals.”

“But you had to do gross stuff. Like milking a cow. Get milk like a normal person!”

“Milking a cow isn’t gross! And that is the normal way! Unless you milk a goat. Where did you think milk comes from?”

“The grocery store.”

“But where does the grocery store get milk from?”

“I don’t know. It’s called living in denial, white boy. And it’s the best.”

“I wish I could do that. Could you tell MJ that I miss her? And Tony? And everyone else?”

“Definitely. Natasha was considering murder today.”

“When does that NOT happen? Last week, she considered killing three people!”
“This was different. She got out her sharpest knife, and even got Tony to approve. I don’t know. It might get you back to the Nine-Nine.”

“Fine.” Peter conceded. “We’ll call that plan B.”

“Plan B? Is there a plan A?”

“Yep. Loki and I are going to take down captain Stacy.”

“Loki? Thor’s brother?”

“And the Pontiac Bandit.”


“Right! We spent looking for something all day, but once a cop goes too far, they immediately stop. I don’t know what it is. But he probably has dirt on them or something.”

“He knew you were in love with MJ, right?”

“Yeah.”

“And no one, except for you, me, Ned, and Tony knew. And I’m pretty sure not one of us told him.”

“He said that he knows everything that goes on in this city. I haven’t really thought about it.”

“Then try.”

Peter started saying everything that popped into his head.

“He can secretly read minds? No. He would have become a famous magician. One of us is a snitch? He’s WAY smarter than he appears? Or…” He pulled out his phone and looked at his texts. “MJ found out because of you. And we texted a crapload about her. What if he’s reading our texts? It’s departmentally issued, and it would give him easy access.” Shuri’s eyes widened. She took out a piece of paper and wrote something down.

‘Do you think he’s listening right now?!’

Peter spoke into the phone.

“Although it’s a stupid idea and I was being ridiculous and I’m definitely not going to try to expose him for abusing his power he’s the best!”

He then proceeded to throw his phone out the window.

“I think we’re safe now.”

“Dude, you could have just turned it off! What’s next?! Are you going to put on a tinfoil hat?!”

“Maybe! I still haven’t ruled out the reading minds theory!”

Shuri got up and closed the window. She had the look on her face that meant she thought Peter was an idiot.

“I can bring Tony and the others in on this. They could help speed up the process.”

“Thanks, but I’ll pass. They’re not in trouble yet, and I’d prefer it to stay that way. And I don’t want
to give MJ false hope.”

Peter leaned down and let out a deep breath.

“Was she really crying?” He asked with a sad voice.

“Yeah. Poor thing.”

“I wish I could make her feel better. Could you tell me everything that she does? Just so I can get an idea of how she’s doing.”

“Anything.”

“Thanks. I just really miss her.”
Plans

(Twenty-Seventh Precinct. 3:30 pm.)

Peter walked towards the holding cell, dragging the perp along with him.

“I swear, officer! You’re making a mistake!”

“I caught you in the act. Unless you can come up with a reasonable explanation, you’re out of luck.”

“Please! Just get me detective Delaware!”

He took the handcuffs off of him and threw him into the cell.

“You’re not walking.”

Peter turned around to see detective Delaware staring down on him.

“What the hell, Parker? I got a deal with this guy.”

“So that means I shouldn’t do my job?”

He started to walk away, but the larger man grabbed him by the shoulder.

“You’re back in MY house, kid. Have you forgotten how things work around here?”

“Remind me.”

“The good Dr. Donovan here can mind his own business, and we don’t arrest him. In exchange for that, I get an extra two grand a month. Does that help?”

Peter smirked, and removed the hand from his shoulder.

“Definitely.”

He turned him around and place handcuffs on his wrists.

“You’re under arrest for bribery.”

“Get these things off of me, you mutt!”

“You have the right to remain silent.”

“Shut up!”

“But I can see you’re choosing to ignore that one. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you. I’m guessing two grand a month could help with that though.”

Peter put him in the cell along with Dr. Donovan.

“You think you’re some hotshot because you were detective for five seconds?! Do you have any idea what I’m going to do to you?!”
“I have a very active imagination. I’m sure I could guess eventually.”

He walked away from the two criminals, with the entire floor staring at him.

Peter made his way to an empty hallway and entered a storage closet.

“How’d it go?” Loki asked.

“You can cross both of them off the list.”

“Spectacular!”

They flipped the whiteboard over and took out an eraser.

“We’ve made excellent progress over the past week.”

“Who’s next?”

Loki grabbed a file out of the stack next to him.

“Lieutenant Lana Hannan. She let two criminals walk free last month at the request of captain Stacy. There’s a wire transfer between them every fifteen days, and they were in contact around the time you were demoted.”

“Sounds promising.”

“I hate to be a bother, but are you certain that this will work? It’s good that we’re getting these people behind bars, but couldn’t captain Stacy just have them released?”

“We’ll need a lawyer brave enough to prosecute. Nelson and Murdock.”

“Your friend who helped you during the Halloween Heist? Aren’t they defense attorney’s?”

“Yep. But they’re on board. And I can arrange for them to be prosecutors.”

Loki gestured to the stack of files.

“They’re really going to have their work cut out for them.”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 9:00 am.)

Tony added another tally mark to the white board.

“We have been here at the Nine-Nine without Peter for ten days. As you can see, we’re still updating the bet. Now it serves as a reminder of how much joy he brought into our lives. Now we work in a black hole of depression.”

“I kind of miss the kid too, captain.” Natasha said. “But this isn’t healthy for you.”

“Wrong. I’m acting normal. He should have worked here forever. Everyone should stay and work where they are!”

“Satan used to work for God. So…”
“That’s an exception. And Peter isn’t Satan in this analogy. He’s Jesus, I’m God, and captain Stacy is Satan. However, this does not have a happy ending or a resurrection.”

“Are you seriously comparing you and Peter to God and Jesus?”

“Not comparing in terms of power. But my son was sacrificed because of captain Stacy. Who I am completely convinced is Satan in human form.”

“I can murder him if you want.” Natasha offered.

Tony stared at her, with his face expressionless.

“I’ll think it over.”

She smirked back a him.

“Now then, I’ve emailed you your assignments for today. I will be taking over the Bitonally murder case with Thor. You’re all dismissed.”

Natasha got up from her seat and stood beside MJ. She was looking down at the floor, not moving a muscle.

“I’d ask if you were okay, but I’m pretty sure what the answer is.”

No response.

“MJ!”

She looked up, startled.

“S-sorry. I was uh, just thinking.”

“That’s the problem. Come on. We’re heading out.”

“Where are we going?”

“Somewhere that’s not here. You deserve a break.”

“But what about work?”

“Enough of that. I said you deserve a break, and that’s what you’re going to get.”

(Medical Examiner’s office. 10:00 am.)

“We don’t need to do an autopsy, Thor. What’s more important? Shunning a horrid woman, or solving a murder?”

“Solving a murder, of course! And since when do you refer to me on a first name basis?”

“I’m attempting to live life differently. And I consider us friends. Do you not?”

Thor stopped suddenly, and pulled his boss into a bone crushing hug.
“I promise to be here for you in this time of sadness. I don’t like to throw around the B-word, but I shall be a real bitch to Dr. Stacy. Is that the correct term?”

“I believe it is.”

“Wonderful! I hope to make you proud!”

“I know you will.”

Tony opened the door, and the two stepped inside to the medical examiner looking down at the corpse.

They both clenched their fists.

“She will rue the day that she had our friend transferred. If you wish, I can set Rocket the raccoon on her.”

“You still have him?”

“Of course. He was the best gift I’ve ever received. You know, he always holds onto this little pot with a tiny tree in it. I call him Groot.”

“We are NOT doing that. But send me photographs.”

Tony cleared his throat, and Gwen turned around smiling.

“I can see the evil in her.” Thor whispered.

“Captain! Detective! I’ve been expecting you two.”

They didn’t respond. Only glared.

“Is everything alright?”

“Do you not know what you did, doctor? Have you no remorse for separating this man from his surrogate son? Keep an eye out for my raccoon.”

“I’m not following. Anyway, the victim was –”

“I always hated men like your father.”

Her head shot up at Tony’s words.

“Giving their child whatever they want, without a shroud of discipline. You make me sick.”

“You have ruined the lives of good people.”

Thor tried his best to put on an extremely angry face, but it was naturally happy no matter how he felt.

“Is this because I asked my dad to have Peter transferred?”

“Don’t you dare say his name.”

“The captain has been sadder than I’ve ever seen before, and poor MJ cries her eyes out in the evidence every day. Have you no soul?”
“I –”

“That was a rhetorical question! We do not have to be here!”

The two turned around and headed for the door. He stopped at the last second.

“But we do need to know the results of the autopsy, so let’s just get this awkward part over with.”
(Somewhere in New York. 9:30 am.)

“Are you finally going to tell me where we are?” MJ asked Natasha.

The two of them got off her motorcycle.

“At first, I was going to take you to captain Stacy’s house.”

“I’m kind of afraid to ask why.”

Natasha shrugged.

“Nothing bad. I was going to kill him as a surprise for you.”

“WHAT?!”

“Relax. I said I was GOING to. I never said I did.”

“But you’ve threatened murder about one hundred or so times since I joined the Nine-Nine! And if it wasn’t for Bruce, Clint, or Thor, you would have done it!”

“Who says I didn’t?”

MJ paled in fear.

“Let’s just forget what I may or may not have done. We’re here so you can get your mind off not being with Peter.”

“And here is...?” She trailed off.

They were parked in front of a large white building. There weren’t any signs or any indication what it was.

“I used to come here all the time as a kid when I needed a distraction. It really helped me out, and the people are great. Don’t you dare tell anyone about this.”

“Is this where you keep the bodies?”

“Nope. I have a place in New Jersey for that.”

MJ nervously followed her fellow detective into the mysterious building. They were greeted by a middle-aged woman who embraced Natasha.

“Oh, hello dear! I was hoping you would drop by soon!”

“Sorry, Mrs. Garrett. I’ve been pretty busy at work lately.”

“No need to apologize.” She said happily. “We’re all very proud of you.”

“Thanks.”
“And who is this young woman?”

“Uh, hi. I’m MJ.”

“I thought this would do her some good.”

“An excellent idea! Tell me, MJ, have you ever danced before?”

“Danced?”

“Yes. This is a ballet studio.”

MJ turned to Natasha, smiling brightly.

“Ballet?”

“Shut up. It gives me the ability and strength to snap your neck with my legs. So, you’d better tread lightly.”

“You’re a big old softie!”

“What did I just say??”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 10:00 am.)

“How much longer do we have to do this?” Shuri whined, placing down another box.

“We’ve only been at it for an hour.” Bruce stated.

He was carrying around three or four boxes at once. It looked like they weighed nothing compared to him.

“Only?!”

“It’s our job, Shuri.”

“Your job is to catch bad guys, and mine is to…” She paused for a moment. “What am I supposed to do specifically?”

“Assist Tony. Schedule meetings, fill out paperwork, answer calls, help out everyone around the office. Stuff like that.”

“You never said anything about about organizing the evidence room.”

“Yeah.” Ned agreed. “How come Thor and Tony get to solve a murder, and we get stuck with this?”

“We’ve been putting this off for years.” Clint interjected. “It’s like I always tell my kids: don’t put off tomorrow what you can do today.”

“Then why haven’t you said anything before?”

Clint shrugged.
“I wanted to see how long it would go on for.”

“And how come MJ and Nat don’t have to help?”

Shuri was lying on the floor, already exhausted.

“I docked them a personal day. Said something like ‘I’m going to help MJ get her mind off Peter leaving and her life being miserable, so I might go murder Stacy’. It seemed pretty normal for Natasha.”

“Shuri!” Bruce snapped.

“Shuri!” Bruce snapped.

“She said might. And are we sure she hasn’t done it already?”

The remaining members of the squad shared a look. They didn’t respond to her question.

“I think I’ve proved my point. And come on. There has got to be a way to make this just a little less boring.”

“We’re doing this professionally. No exceptions.”

“But sarge –”

“No buts.”

The three others snickered.

“Butts.”

Bruce didn’t look impressed.

“You know what kind of butts I meant.”

Shuri was still lying on the floor, staring at her phone.

“Is ketchup a smoothie?”

“I’ve always wondered that.”

“Don’t encourage her, Clint.”

“It’s a legitimate question! Ketchup is made from tomato. And tomato is a fruit, right? So, what is it?”

Ned took out his phone.

“A smoothie is defined as a thick and creamy beverage made from pureed raw fruit, vegetables, and sometimes dairy products (e.g. milk, yogurt, ice-cream or cottage cheese), typically using a blender. The main ingredients of ketchup are tomatoes, sweeteners, vinegar, salt, spices, flavorings, onion, and/or garlic. The types of sweetener used are usually granulated cane sugar or beet sugar.”

“I think it meets the requirements. What do you think, Shuri?”

“It said it sometimes has dairy products. So, I think it counts because it has tomato. I guess that answers that question.”

“Finally.” Bruce groaned. “Now can we get back to this?”
“Wait, I have more questions.”

“I’ll make you a deal. You can ask your crazy ideas, but you have to complete part of this before you do. Understand?”

Shuri got up off of the floor.

“Fine.”

(Tony and Thor’s police car. 11:15 am.)

“I can’t believe that Dr. Stacy ASKED her father to transfer Peter. What on earth could have been going through her mind?”

“From what I understand, he went quite overboard with his denial of their potential courtship. If I remember correctly, and I always do down to the last detail, Peter said: “She’s not my girlfriend. Yet. I’ve never admitted this, but I wish she was. She’s the best. She’s really smart, and funny, and cool, and awesome, and I think she’s the most beautiful girl in the world. She’s perfect. It feels really good to finally get that out. Oh crap. I shouldn’t have said that. I mean I don’t regret it, at all. But I’m now realizing I shouldn’t have said it to you. I’m going to get back to work. And I hope we can keep our relationship strictly professional.”

“Those were his exact words?”

“I check the security cameras in the breakroom. And I have an eidetic memory. Also, in case you were curious, that was Peter talking to Gwen regarding MJ. It was incredibly awkward.”

“He went through the list of things that you should NEVER say to another woman! I love Peter like a tiny little brother, but is he an idiot?”

“Only when it comes to women.”

Their conversation was interrupted when Bruce radioed them.

“How’s the case coming along?”

“Not well I’m afraid. The suspect was tied to the mob. We lost him.”

“Damn. Okay then. Once you get back, we can keep running new leads. See you then.”
Leverage

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 11:30 am.)

Shuri knocked on Tony’s door.

“Hey, captain. There’s a dick here to see you.”

“Excuse me?”

Captain Stacy walked into his office with a smug grin on his face.

“A dick indeed.” Tony growled.

“Captain Stark! How’ve you been?”

“Knock off the pleasantries, Stacy. I trust that you’re here for a reason, and I doubt it brings good news.”

“Oh, no it does. At least it does for me. For you… not so much.”

Stacy sat down across from Tony, and placed his feet upon the desk.

“I seriously doubt it. You’ve already taken everything you possibly could. There’s no where for me to go but up.”

“That’s where you’re wrong. You see, your former detective has been causing me quite a bit of trouble down at the Two-Seven. I know that he’s been working with a criminal called Loki Odinson, and they’ve been arresting cops left and right. It’s a rather large hit to my work outside of the NYPD.”

“Your work?”

“Don’t concern yourself with the details. Parker and Odinson have been claiming that the officers arrested are corrupt, and I’m the one who’s organizing the entire thing.”

A smile spread to Tony’s face, and he chuckled slightly.

“All that is supposedly true. You’ve clearly been abusing your power. And with this, I can get my kid back.”

“You didn’t let me finish. Parker’s going to be taken into custody by the end of your shift today. And he’ll be put away for a VERY long time.”

Tony’s smile faded away, and his shoulders slumped.

“Perk up, Stark. You’re a man who’s just lost everything. You and I both know what happens to police officers in prison. Good day.”

Stacy stood up and left the room, leaving Tony shocked.
The squad sat in their usual spots and their attention was focussed on Tony up at the front.

“Sir, we already had our briefing. What’s the point of this?” Natasha asked.

“I order each and every one of you to drop whatever case you’re on. This is life and potential death by shanking. In exactly five hours twenty-four minutes and thirty seconds, Peter Parker will be arrested by captain Stacy.”

“What?!”

The entire squad was speaking at the same time, so it was impossible to understand what anyone was saying. But they were clearly upset.

“Settle down, all of you!”

They quieted down at his words.

“I’m going to answer all the questions I’m sure you have. He’s being arrested for trying to expose Stacy’s corruption with Loki Odinson.”

“Yes! I knew my brother was a good guy!”

Thor stood up from his chair triumphantly.

“Yes, he can do this. He has the power to do so, and he can spin it any way he wishes. Yes, this is bad. No, I don’t know what to do. Yet. But we need to find a way to stop this. Blackmail on the captain, a way to reason with him, evidence to the contrary. Anything. Split up into groups of two. Shuri goes with MJ. Ned with Thor. Clint with Nat. And I’ll go with Bruce. Don’t rest until we can help Peter. Let’s get to work.”

(Medical Examiner’s office. 11:40 am.)

Clint and Natasha exited the elevator and stormed into Gwen’s office. Natasha kept a knife in her hand.

“You’re not going to kill her, are you?”

“Just a threat or two. If anyone can get Stacy to stop, it’s her, so we’ll need her alive.”

Gwen looked up with a smile on her face.

“Detectives! W –”

Natasha mimicked her with an annoyingly high-pitched voice.

“What a nice surprise! I’ve been expecting you! Bla bla bla. Cut the bullshit, blondie. Just because your daddy gives you whatever you want, doesn’t mean you get to ruin Peter’s life.”
She held the knife close to her face, but Clint pulled her back.

“Forgive my friend here. But you definitely would deserve it. Anyway, you’re going to go to your jerk dad, and you’re going to tell him to let Peter walk away without a scratch.”

“He deserved what he got. If he didn’t want to be with me, I shouldn’t have to see him everyday.”

“Shut up!” Natasha shouted back. “Peter was demoted, separated from MJ, and now your dad is putting him in prison!”

“W-what?”

“You think he’s this great cop? He’s not! He abuses his power, and when Peter tried to expose him, he does this! If you had half a brain, you would fix this!”

“What would happen to my dad if I did?”

“He’d get what he deserves! Your dad’s the one who deserves to go to prison, not Peter!”

“I can’t do that.”

Natasha tried to get close to Gwen again with her knife, but Clint pulled her out of the room, kicking as slashing.

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 12:00 pm.)

Shuri and MJ were frantically searching the files. They were hoping to find anything that could possibly incriminate captain Stacy.

“Man, Stacy really looked horrible in the 80s. Did guys really have hair like that?”

MJ wasn’t listening. She just kept focusing on the task at hand.

“MJ?”

“Hmm?”

“Are you okay?”

She let out a deep breath, and stopped suddenly.

“No. I just… I don’t want to lose him.”

Shuri pulled her into a hug to help put her mind at ease.

“Come on. We got this. He’s not going to prison.”

“But what if he does?”

“Don’t think about it. It won’t do you any good to worry.”

MJ wiped her eyes.
“How are you this calm?”

“Oh, no. I’m definitely not calm. I’m freaking out on the inside. The best way to handle emotions is to let them build up inside and do nothing about it.”

“T-that doesn’t sound right.”

“Trust me, it is.”

(Tony’s office. 12:15 pm.)

“Okay, so arresting him is out of the question. And we can’t report him to his superiors. He has too much control over judges, prosecutors, and other cops.” Tony stated, sighing.

Bruce crossed it off the list.

“I think our hands are tied. There doesn’t seem to be any legal way to get out of this.”

“Are you certain?”

“I know you like to do things by the book, Tony. But we have to start getting more creative with our ideas.”

“Very well then. I hope the others are having better luck than us.”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. Major Crimes Unit. 12:30 pm.)

“Come on, Thor. This is probably our best chance at getting captain Stacy.”

Ned placed his hands on his hips, staring at the larger man. He was currently hanging back like a scared puppy.

“But she’s crazy! And I’m terrified of her!”

“Don’t say that out loud!” Ned whisper shouted. “She could hear you!”

“Already did.”

The two jumped around, startled. Carol was standing there with her usual scowl.

“Heyyyyyy, Carol.” Thor said, smiling awkwardly. “How’ve you been?”

“Get off my floor, dumbasses.”

“Wait, wait, wait! We just need your help. Please.”

“Hmm… let me think about that. NO!”

“Please. We’re begging you. Can you just do this? You’d be doing a good thing.”
“Since when do I care about good or bad?”

Ned paused for a moment.

“You never do. But just listen for a second. Captain Stacy is going to put Peter in prison for trying to expose his corruption. And we were going to ask you to get some dirt on him. Something we could use to blackmail him.”

“Peter? That kid who’s always hanging out with you?”

“He’s a detective like us. Or, at least he was.”

“Can’t help. I’ll rephrase. I can help, but I don’t want to.”

Thor finally spoke up, and stepped forward.

“Don’t you hate Stacy too?”

“Course I do. That prick let some of my perps walk. And arresting them was going to get me laid SO much.”

“Glad to see your heart is in the right place.” Thor said sarcastically. “I’m not going to pretend to like your reasoning, but I think I can appeal to you.”

Carol’s eyebrows raised with curiosity.

“I’m listening.”

“If you can help us arrest captain Stacy, your perps can all go back to prison. And it’ll be like you got them all at once. Wouldn’t you like that on your reputation?”

“How laid would I get from this?”

Thor and Ned cringed at her words.

“You would get super-duper laid!”

She pondered on their words for a little bit.

“You morons have got yourselves a deal.”

Thor whispered to Ned.

“She doesn’t think very highly of us, does she?”

“No, I don’t think so.”

(Nine-Nine Briefing Room. 2:30 pm.)

Thor, Ned and Carol stood at the front of the room. Two were nervous, and the other was incredibly smug.

“Ned, Carol, and I have been going over her information for the past two hours. And we finally
think we’ve come up with a solution to our problem.”

“They mean I did. I want full credit for this one. And I want it known that I’m doing this for selfish reasons.”

“Why on earth would you want that known?” Tony asked.

“Because I don’t care about your opinions about me. Might as well be as honest as possible.”

He smacked his forehead.

“Let’s just hear what you have to say. We only have two and a half hours left.”

Carol turned off the lights and projected an image onto the wall.

“I had a little ‘chat’ with his assistant. She was super hot. It was awesome.”

The entire squad groaned in disgust.

“You didn’t have to mention that.”

“Sure, I did. I like to brag any chance I get. She gave me images of texts between him and his daughter, asking to get Parker transferred for personal reasons. Others between him and a few other captains. Many of which incriminate him greatly. And I found out that he has blackmail on the commissioner, and judges. Instead of getting him to resign, we could get him to destroy the files.”

“And get Peter back?”

“Sure. I guess. Whatever.”

“He’s our main priority.”

“Fine.”

(Captain Stacy’s office. 3:30 pm.)

Tony walked into Stacy’s office holding a file in his hand. He dropped it on his desk, and sat down across from him.

“I see you still haven’t learned the art of knocking, captain Stark.”

“At least I bring my manners to the table. Along with this.”

“And this is…?” He trailed off.

“You might want to take a look at that for yourself.”

Stacy placed on his glasses, and opened the file.

“I of course have many other copies. One of my detectives is ready to meet with the mayor as we speak.”

Tony smirked at him.
“You think I can’t handle this? I could easily stay out of jail.”

“I’m aware. But that won’t be the case for your daughter. She’d lose her licence to practice. Her career would go down the drain. And I understand more than anyone the kind of love a man feels for their child. I think you’ve done everything you can to give her whatever she wants in life.”

Stacy looked down at his desk, staring at a photograph of Gwen.

“And I know you’ll keep doing it.”

He sighed.

“I’ll hand in my resignation. Just leave my daughter out of it.”

“I’m not here to ask you to step down. With you still here… I have leverage.”

Stacy’s eyes widened slightly.

“So, what is it that you want?”

“The cops Peter arrested are given a fair trial. I also want you to hand over all the blackmail files you have. If they let you go this far, I’m guessing they didn’t do anything legal. Matt Murdock and Foggy Nelson can decide the severity of their punishments. I’ll make sure you can keep your job, and Gwen can continue to work at the Nine-Nine. Properly, this time.”

“Is that all your requests, captain?”

Tony stood up from his chair.

“I think you know that I have one more thing in mind.”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 8:40 am.)

Tony walked into the Nine-Nine, early as usual. He couldn’t help but smile. Today was going to be a very good day.

He made his way to his office to see someone sitting there already.

“I thought I’d be the only one here.”

Peter stood up, and smiled brightly at his boss.

“Sorry, sir. I didn’t want to be late for my first day.”

Tony smiled back at the boy, and pulled him into a hug.

“Welcome to the Nine-Nine, detective.”

“Thanks, dad.”

The two separated a minute or two later.

“Do you want me to introduce you to your new squad members?”
“Sounds like a plan. What are they like, exactly?”

“They’re going to be glad to see you, Peter. We all are.”
“I assure all, this isn’t a joke.” Tony scolded the squad. “That fridge is disgusting! Don’t keep anything pickled in there, and for God’s sake Peter. Stop bringing in your rouladen.”

“Yes sir.” They all responded in unison.

“Now then. We have an undercover assignment for the lot of you. I won’t be joining you, so please turn your attention to detective Danvers.”

Carol walked up to the front of the room with a file in her hands.

“You were all my last choice to work with, but I guess I’m stuck with it.”

She placed a photo of a man in his late thirties on the whiteboard.

“This is Sal Romano. Big time crime boss from the west coast, recently moved here to New York.”

“So, why can’t we just arrest him now?” MJ asked.

“He’s heavily protected by his bodyguards. And we don’t have enough evidence to make it stick. He’s having this big party at his mansion tonight, and that’s where you guys come in. It’ll be pretty crowded, so you can gather evidence while you’re there. You’ll communicate through these wristwatches.”

Carol held up a watch with a blinking red light.

“They’re all linked together, so you can be in contact all over the house.”

“Awesome!” Peter shouted happily. “It’ll be like we’re spies!”

“Do you expect this to be fun, rookie?”

“Kind of, yeah.”

“Idiot.” She muttered under her breath.

Carol started to pass out separate files to each one of the detectives.

“Here are your covers. Memorize them by the time we get to the mansion. I’ll be outside in a van coordinating the entire thing. Any questions?”

Peter raised his hand nervously.

“Why do I have to be the butler?”

“He recently hired one, and they’re supposed to be starting tonight. It’ll be easy for you do assume the identity.”
“But the butler? That’s boring.”

“Were you expecting to be Bruce Wayne?”

“What else would I expect? He’s the world’s greatest detective, he fights crime, has a tragic backstory, drives an awesome car. I’m basically there already!”

“Except for being rich, tall, well dressed, sophisticated, and have a crapload of gadgets.”

“That stuff doesn’t make him Batman! It’s his brain!”

“You should get yourself one of those. Anyone else?”

MJ was the next to speak up.

“Do all of us have cool persona’s except for Peter?”

“He’s the new guy. It wouldn’t have made sense.”

“But I got here like three months ago!”

Tony facepalmed.

“Kid, you got here in September. It’s April. We’ve been over this.”

Carol was getting annoyed.

“Does anyone have a question that’s actually important to the assignment? No? Then you’re all dismissed.”

Once the squad left the room, Peter, Ned and Shuri convened in the middle.

“What is the matter with you, dude?”

“I have –”

“It was rhetorical! You’ve been back for three days, and you still haven’t asked out MJ!”

Peter blushed slightly.

“You both like each other, so what’s the hold up?”

“It’s just that… we’re both nervous. We haven’t really talked about it yet. I’ll do it when I’m ready.”

“And when will that be?” Shuri asked.

“No idea. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to go read all about…” Peter read the name of his alias in a British accent. “William Holmes! Good day to you both.”

He left the room, trying to avoid the conversation.

“I thought they would have hooked up by now.” Ned stated.

“I thought he would have been dead by now.”
Guests started coming into the house while Peter stood at the top of the stairs.

“Can everyone check in?” Carol asked.

“MJ and I are in hallway A.” Natasha responded.

“Clint, Ned and I are in the basement.” Thor said.

“And I’ve just pulled up outside of the house.” Bruce said, sitting in his vehicle. “I count twelve guards on the outside.”

“What about you, Parker?”

“The meeting with Romano went smoothly. He told me to tend to the upper floors. Nothing to report so far.”

“Good. I’ll call back periodically. Out.”

The channel went silent.

Natasha turned to MJ.

“You’re the weirdest person I’ve ever met.”

“Hey!”

“Just hear me out. You and Peter have this back and forth flirty thing, and he leaves. You then proceed to miss him like crazy, and spill your heart out about how much you want to be with him. Now that he’s back, you still haven’t made a move on him.”

MJ took a sip out of her glass.

“It’s just not the right moment yet. I want it to be special.”

Natasha rolled her eyes.

“You’re going to make me puke with all this lovey-dovey crap.”

Ned and Thor started searching the basement. They had knocked out a couple guards, and Clint was in the process of tying them up.

“Dude, have you done this before?”

“Once or twice. It was on some other undercover assignment.”

Clint had put tape over their mouths and zip tied their hands and feet together,

He dragged them into the broom closet, and locked the door.

“Are you sure it wasn’t when you helped Natasha dispose of another body?” Thor asked.
“No. She likes to do that by herself. Says it’s her happy place.”

They couldn’t tell if he was joking or not. This was starting to become a normal thing.

Clint joined Ned and Thor in searching. There wasn’t anything that could be considered evidence down here.

It was full of bottles of wine, and crates of food, and other expensive crap, but they were coming up short.

“Heads up everyone.” Peter’s voiced came from their watches. “I have eyes on Romano. He’s coming up the stairs with a few other guys.”

“I see him.” Bruce said, looking through his binoculars. “Peter, you keep an eye on him. Nat and MJ, there’s a dumbwaiter that can take you to the room on the second floor. Try to get in position there.”

“You got it.”

Peter walked up beside Romano as they continued down the hall.

“Are you enjoying yourself, sir?”

“Indeed I am.”

“Excellent. Is there anything I could do for you and these fine gentlemen?”

“That won’t be necessary, William. But could you make sure no one comes into this room?”

“Uh, y-yes sir. Shall I come inside, or…?”

“Outside is fine. No need to concern yourself with our business.”

“Damn it, kid. What the hell are you doing?”

Carol’s muffled voice may have been heard by Romano.

“What was that?”

“What was what, sir?”

“I thought I heard a voice.”

Peter had to think fast.

“Um. You’re probably just tired from your long move. Enjoy the company of your friends.”

Romano sighed.

“You’re right. Thank you.”

Once the door closed, Peter spoke directly to Carol.

“You know you almost cost us the assignment.”
“Whatever. Is MJ in position?”

“And where exactly is her position?”

“Sneaking into the room idiot! She should be with you!”

“Uh… yeah. She’s not here.”

He regretted his words the moment they came out of his mouth. Never piss off Carol Danvers.

“Well then where the hell is she?!”

“Um… stand by?”

Peter smashed his watch against a nearby table, causing a high-pitched sound to echo through Carol’s ears.

“Ow! Jesus, Parker!”

His comms went dead.

MJ walked up behind him quickly.

“There you are! Where’s Nat?”

“She’s inside, recording the conversation.”

“Awesome. You should probably get out of here. I don’t know when they’re going to be done.”

“Oh, there may or may not be, but definitely is, a few guards trying to question me.”

“Wait, why?”

Without warning, MJ kissed him softly.

Peter’s hand travelled to cup her face.

It was simple, but sweet.

They separated once the guards came to the door.

“My apologies.” Peter stated. “I realize that I’ve been unprofessional here.”

“I-it’s fine, Mr. Holmes. We must have made a mistake. We’ll leave you to your business.”

When Peter and MJ were left alone, there was no talking. Just awkward silence between them.
Once again, I am probably going to be starting a new PeterxMJ au. Anything you would like to see happen?
Title of Your Sex Tape

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 10:30 pm.)

The squad walked into the briefing room, exhausted from Romano’s party.

“Come on, Danvers.” Ned groaned. “Can we please just go home now?”

“Two of you have to stay and log the evidence. How about…” She looked around the group. “Peter.”

“What? Why me?”

“You smashed your watch and hurt my ears.”

“Because you almost cost us the assignment!”

“Whatver, kid. You’re staying. And so is… MJ.”

Both their heads shot up. They were standing on opposite ends of the group, purposely avoiding each other.

“The rest of you are dismissed.”

Carol entered the elevator along with the others, leaving Peter and MJ alone.

“Should we head to the evidence room?” Shee asked, breaking the silence.

“Uh, y-yeah.”

They each picked up a couple of duffle bags, and didn’t say another word.

What could he possibly even say?

‘Hey, we kissed on an assignment and does it mean something or not?’

‘I like you and I want to go out with you. Do you like me, or…?’

‘Can we just go back to the way things were? I love being friends and I don’t want to ruin that.’

Nope. All options were very bad ideas.

Talking about feelings was the worst!

Also thinking about them.

Why couldn’t people read minds so everyone knew what everyone was thinking?

‘It was the best kiss ever.’

Damn it! That’s why!

Peter placed the bags on the ground and pulled off his tie and glasses.
“Hey, Peter.”

“Hey. Uh, what’s up?”

MJ let out a deep breath.

“Can we talk?”

Oh crap, no.

“S-sure. We talk all the time. I mean, I’m often told that I speak terrible English and all that. And I use the word ‘good’ when I should say ‘well’. But yeah. For the most part, we can both talk. Glad we sorted that out!”

“You know what I meant. We’ve avoided talking about this for too long.”

“I disagree. Avoiding talking about things always works for me. I didn’t need to see a therapist after my uncle was killed, I didn’t need one after I got shot, I didn’t –”

“You were shot?!”

“Years ago. No big deal.” Peter looked down at the floor in confusion. “Where was I?”

“I like you! Okay! And we’re going to talk, and we’re going to be honest.”

“Or?”

“There’s no or! I tried to ask you out before you left, and I kept getting interrupted. And now that your back, I wish we could get back to where we were.”

She looked down at her feet.

“And that kiss meant something to me.”

Peter’s eyes widened.

“Just so we’re clear… you like me?”

MJ’s head shot up. She didn’t look impressed.

“That’s what I said at the beginning, idiot! We both know that I do!”

“Well, I like you!”

“We both know that too!”

“So, maybe we should go out on a date!”

“Good! I’ve wanted to for a long time!”

“Me too!”

The two stopped shouting in a huff.

“Okay, now I don’t know what to do.” Peter looked around the room. “How about tomorrow? I could pick you up at six?”
A smile spread to her face.

“Definitely.”

MJ grabbed him by the shirt collar, and accidentally hit his nose with her forehead.

“Ow! My lucky face!”

“Oh, God! I’m so sorry!”

Peter grabbed his nose.

“I mean, if you don’t want to go out anymore, all you had to do was say so. I could have gone without the headbutt.”

“I still want to go out! I was trying to kiss you! It was an accident!” She removed his hands to take a look at his face.

“It’s no big deal. Does it look bad?”

“It’s not bleeding. And it doesn’t look broken.”

“Thank God. Still… it goes on the list of good kiss attempts.”

“How long is that list?”

“Two times. Both were you.”

Peter and MJ leaned in close again. This time went a lot smoother.

As they continued to kiss, she discarded his suit jacket onto the floor. He pulled back slightly.

“We probably shouldn’t be doing this here. I mean… I want to if you do. But…”

“I want to.”

MJ once again closed the gap between their lips.

“We’re the only ones who’ll be in here, so what’s the worst that could happen?”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 7:00 am.)

Peter and MJ woke up using their clothes as a blanket. They slowly got up off of the floor.

“Well, I’ve uh, I’ve never done that before.”

“And I never pictured it happening in here.”

Peter turned to her, smirking.

“So, you’ve pictured it before?”

She hit him over the head lightly.
“Forget that I said that. The last thing you need is an ego boost.”

“Too late! It’s in there forever! You know, unless I get amnesia like Jason Bourne. But I’m glad to know you’ve thought about it.”

MJ started to put her clothes back on.

“And you didn’t disappoint, Parker.”

Peter pulled his pants back on.

“Does this mean we’re dating now? I know we haven’t actually gone out yet, but we’ve already done… that. And we’re supposed to go out tonight. But I really like you, and I don’t want this to have been meaningless.”

MJ pecked his lips and smiled brightly.

“I really like you too. But could we wait a while before telling people we’re together? And never tell anyone what we did in here.”

“Not even Ned?”

“No!”

“How about Shuri?”

“Those two couldn’t keep a secret to save their lives!”

“They’re my best friends. And they’ve been bugging me to ask you out for months. I promise I won’t, but it’ll be hard for me to keep a secret from them.”

“Thanks. Now come on. We have two more hours before the squad gets here, and the evidence still has to be logged.”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 9:00 am.)

“Morning guys.” Peter greeted Ned and Shuri in the briefing room.

They didn’t respond.

“Hello? Are you alright? Blink twice if you need me to pinch you.”

“We’re fine.” Shuri responded with her eyes glued to her phone. “We’re just ignoring you.”

“What? Why? Is this because I switched your chair with my squeaky one?”

“What?”

“Nothing!”

Ned put down his phone and look up at Peter.

“You still haven’t asked out MJ.”
God, if you only knew.

“And until you do, you’ll be shunned.”

“Seriously?” He wined. “But I –”

Tony walked into the briefing room and interrupted Peter.

“Please be seated everyone.”

He found a place next to MJ.

“We have a very busy day ahead of us. Bruce, you and I have a meeting with deputy chief Potts regarding the Nine-Nine’s funding. It has to go perfectly, or she won’t even give it a second thought.”

“But it’s something the precinct needs. Why wouldn’t she give us a little more cash?”

“We have a… rocky history. Now then. The rest of you will be travelling to other precincts today. There’s been a series of thefts from the evidence rooms. All committed by the same individual. Try to look for any evidence left behind. Shuri, you’ll be spending the day going through all the security footage.”

Peter and MJ looked at each other nervously.

“There are camera’s in the evidence room?” He asked cautiously.

“They’re in all the precincts, and cover every inch of the room. The perp had a mask on, but hopefully Shuri can spot something we didn’t. You’re all dismissed.”

MJ grabbed Peter by the arm.

“Detective, could I talk to you in the break room for a minute?”

“Of course.”

The two got up from their seats and walked away quickly from the others. They closed the door behind them, and went into the corner.

“Peter! This is horrible!”

“Look at it this way. I can make title of our sex tape jokes, and they’d actually be true.”

“This isn’t a joke!”

“I know. I’m just saying that to diffuse the tension.”

MJ placed her head in her hands and groaned.

“I said what’s the worst that could happen. This is the worst that could happen! Why didn’t you stop me?!”

“We were exhausted! Lack of sleep makes people do crazy stuff. Don’t worry. We can fix this.”

“How?”

“I don’t know. It’s just something people say.”
“No one says that unless they have a plan!”

“I could just ask Shuri to erase the footage.”

“Without her knowing why? If you don’t tell her, she’d look at it herself!”

“She doesn’t want to see that. I’m like her brother, and she would hate it just as much as I do. We’ll figure this out.”

“We’d better. This is going to be really hard.”

“Title of our sex tape.”

“Peter!”

“Sorry.”
As they were stopped at a red light, Bruce turned to Captain Stark in the passenger’s seat.

“So uh, Tony. I know it’s not any of my business to ask this, but when you said you and deputy chief Potts have a ‘rocky history’ what did that even mean?”

Tony stared out of the window, rubbing his brow.

“Pepper Potts is clinically insane, incredibly manipulative, and a very evil woman.”

“Oh. N-never mind. I don’t think I –”

“We used to be good friends at one point. She was one of the smartest people on the force, that I now have the displeasure of knowing. That is, until she talked to me after work one night. Today, I refer to it as D-Day. Or dreadful day.”

Steve got up from his seat and took his flip phone out of his pocket.

“Sorry, Tony. Is it okay if I take this real quick? It’s my mother.”

“Of course. Tell her I said hi.”

“Thanks. Love you.”

“Love you too.”

Steve walked outside, and left Tony alone at their table.

“Tony?”

He looked up to see his partner, Pepper Potts, standing before him.

“Pepper!” He greeted happily. “I didn’t expect to run into you here.”

“Neither did I. Is it alright if we talk for just a second? I promise it won’t take too long.”

“Of course. Please, take a seat.”

She sat in Steve’s chair, pushing her hair behind her ear.

“I’m going to get straight to the point.”

“It’s good that we’re being efficient.”
“My thoughts exactly. I am here to ask if you would like to have dinner with me tomorrow? A date, as it’s called.”

Tony choked slightly on his drink.

He took a sip of water to clear his throat.

“Are you okay?”

He coughed again.

“Yes. Sorry. What were you asking? I think I misheard you.”

“I was asking you out on a date.”

Tony paused for a moment.

“What type of knot does my tie have? Please tell me it’s not a half Windsor.”

“Don’t be absurd. It’s a perfectly executed Eldredge.”

“Good. That means the blood is still flowing to my head.” He let out a deep breath. “I apologize, Pepper. But I have to decline your proposal.”

“O-oh. Okay.”

“It’s not that I don’t like you as a friend. It’s just that… I’m gay. And I don’t find you attractive. And I’m actually here with my boyfriend. Who I love more than anyone. And it would be inappropriate to date a co-worker.”

(Present Day. Bruce’s car. 9:07 am.)

“She then proceeded to get me transferred to a terrible precinct, and it took me an entire year to get back to the point I was originally at. She almost DESTROYED my career BeCause I REfuseD TO BeD her.”

Bruce sat there with his mouth hanging open.

“That’s shockingly close to what happened to Peter. And did you have to pile your rejection on THAT much?”

“I used to be very much like Peter. At least his journey back went a lot smoother than mine. But in my defense, I knew very little about women at the time. Now, I can perfectly think like a straight man. It often helps when I go undercover.”

“Buddy, I’ve seen your straight-Tony character. No one talks like that.”

“Of course, people do. My wife’s breasts are pure perfection.”

“Still wrong.”

“You’re just jealous of the fact I married a woman with the perfect ratios.”
“Heyyyyyyyyyyy, Shuri!” Peter pulled up his chair beside her desk. “What’s up with my sister from another mister?”

“Shouldn’t you and MJ be investigating the other precincts? Everyone else has already left.”

“I know. But I thought we could chat. How’s your brother? Still humiliating himself in front of Nakia?”

“Like you wouldn’t believe. She smiled at him last week, and he fell down the stairs.”

Peter let out a small chuckle.

“Classic T’Challa. I have an offer you can’t refuse. I blow off investigating the precincts, you blow off this boring security camera duty, and we go play with the drones on the roof!”

“Oof. Love to, bro. But we could do that any day. And this is a once in a lifetime opportunity! People do the craziest stuff in the evidence room when they think nobody’s watching. You know that Bruce and Thor do dancing workouts in there three times a week? They’re surprisingly agile for two big guys.”

Peter immediately deflated.

“So… you’re not going to just skim through the footage and not pay any attention?”

“I’ll be watching every minute of every day.” Shuri said, smiling. “Who knows what else goes on in there?! I’m going to add SO much stuff to my blackmail folder!”

“Am I on there?”

“Course not. You’re free from my reign of terror.”

Crap. This was getting overly complicated.

“If you want, I can do this for you. Go prank the Major Crimes Unit or something! You deserve a break!”

“Why are you so desperate to make sure I don’t watch this?”

He blushed as red as a tomato.

“N-no reason. You’re crazy.”

Shuri smirked up at him.

“There’s something on here, isn’t there?”

“…………no.”

“There is! Oh man, this is going to be hilarious!”

She started to go through the footage quickly in search of his shame.
“Please, Shuri, I’m begging you. Ignore what this may or may not be. And delete the security tapes from 10:00 pm last night to 9:00 am this morning. That’s all I ask.”

“Now I know where it is!”

Shit.

(One Police Plaza. 9:30 am.)

“Sit up straighter.” Tony whispered to Bruce.

“But this is as straight as I can go! These chairs are too small for me!”

“Maybe if you did more cardio and less weights, we wouldn’t be in this mess!”

“I don’t understand, Tony. How is this a mess?”

“You need to be sitting with your back at a perfect ninety-degree angle, and your legs parallel to the chair legs. And your feet have to completely touch the floor.”

“I doubt that deputy chief Potts would care.”

“Wrong. She needs everything to be perfect with me, otherwise she’ll reject our proposal just like that. It won’t matter how much the precinct needs this.”

Bruce paled in fear.

“She sounds terrifying.”
“She sounds terrifying.”

“That she is, Bruce. Let me give you some tips. Never say her name three times, or she’ll appear. If you need to get rid of her, always have some water handy. She’ll melt if she touches the stuff. She’s allergic to basic human decency, and if you have something rude to say ALWAYS say it.”

“But wouldn’t that hurt our chances of getting the funding?”

“Yes. But it’s a small price to pay for a good zinger. I stayed up all night coming up with my opening line. It’s quite the insult if I do say so myself.”

Bruce smirked.

“Lay it on me.”

Tony leaned forward in his chair.

“It’s nice to see you, Pepper. But if you’re here, who’s running hell?”

His face was expressionless for a few moments, but then he burst into laughter.

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 9:07 am.)

“Now I know where it is!”

Shit.

“Please, Shuri. I’m begging you. There’s no way you’re going to want to see this!”

She scrolled along the security footage, looking for the time that Peter mentioned.

“Doubtful. It’s probably hilarious!”

“I swear, it’s not. It’s the last thing that anyone would find funny! You know, unless they have a weird sense of humor.”

Peter grabbed the armrests and rolled her chair out of the way. He started typing on the keyboard and looked to delete the part from yesterday.

“I can tell that you’re really invested in getting rid of this, but you can at least tell me what it was.”

“I would, but then you’d be traumatized for life.”

“Bitch, please. I’m the one who does the traumatizing here. The principal still hasn’t recovered from my senior prank.”
“Because you let a bunch of rats into her office!”

“It was funny! And I was doing the school a favor. The janitors got a huge bonus for clearing them out. So, tell me what you think is better for the people? Some terrible person having to deal with a few rats, or helping the working class?”

“That’s not the point.”

Shuri pushed off the floor and rolled back to her desk.

“What could you have possibly been doing that took all night?”

“Don’t worry about it.”

Peter started walking to the elevator.

“Did you kill a person??” She called out.

“Nope!” He shouted, looking over his shoulder.

“Did you help Nat dispose of a body??”

“Bye, Shuri!”

(Thirty-Ninth Precinct. 9:15 am.)

Clint’s head shot up and he bonked his forehead against the shelf.

“What?!”

“Relax.” Natasha responded casually. Her eyes were still glued to the files. “It’s not a big deal.”

“Of course, it’s a big deal! You don’t date! You hate being around people!”

“I like her, okay? Is that a problem?”

“No! I mean, I’m glad you finally like someone. But it’s Thor’s cousin! And you haven’t told him yet!”

“So? We’ve only being going out for like, five or six months.”

“Only?!” Clint scoffed. “For everyone else, that’s a pretty long time. At that point, I was already thinking about marrying Laura.”

“You were thinking about that the second you met her.”

“That’s somewhat true. But just tell me. In normal person terms, what point are you and Valkyrie at?”

Natasha pondered for a minute.

“Like I want to get a shared knife with her. Maybe even a sword or a fancy axe.”
Clint shrugged.

“Most people would think about getting a dog. Or a cat, but those are stupid.”

“An attack dog?”

“No. I meant a –”

“I could see doing that. And I’d consider a tiger. Or a lion. You know, anything that could easily kill a person. Just please promise me you won’t tell Thor about this. Or the rest of the squad.”

“But I feel bad lying to him.”

She placed her hand on her gun.

“If you tell him, it’ll be the last thing you tell anyone.”

(Fifty-Seventh Precinct. 9:30 am.)

Thor crawled out from the vents and started coughing. He was covered in dust.

“This place is filthy. But there’s a lovely family of possums in there. They seem to be really enjoying themselves.”

He got up off the floor and turned to Ned.

“Did you find anything?”

“Sadly not.” Thor started to brush the dust off of himself. “Were you more successful on your end?”

“I found a footprint in the corner. I already took a picture and sent it back to the Nine-Nine.”

“Wonderful! You have done well!”

“Thanks.”

He placed an arm around the other detective.

“Do you remember my cousin, Valkyrie?”

“Um… I think so?”

“I believe she’s entered a romantic relationship recently. Which I find odd, considering I’ve never seen her show interest in any men. Whenever I tried to set her up with some honorable young man, she never showed up.”

“Uh, buddy. Have you ever thought that –”

“That I’m a terrible matchmaker. It’s just awful. I love the idea of bringing two people together, but I can’t even do that for my own blood.”

Ned gave Thor a pat on the back.
“Don’t say that. She could be a…”

“Be what?”

“N-never mind. But I’m sure you could do it with anyone else.”

He perked up at his words.

“Challenge accepted! All you had to do was ask!”

“Hmm?”

“I promise you, Ned Leeds, that by the time this week is through, I shall have found you future bride!”

Ned was speechless.

“T-thank you?”

(One Police Plaza. 9:35 am.)

Pepper walked into her office and sat at her desk. Bruce and Tony looked back at her.

Bruce was terrified, and Tony scowled.

“Good morning sergeant. Captain Dumbass.”

He raised his hand nervously.

“I don’t think that’s very professional, deputy chief.”

“Zip your lid, you hulk.”

She turned back to Tony.

“It’s nice to see you, Pepper. But if you’re here, who’s running hell?”

He struggled to hold in his laughter.

“Are you comparing me to Satan?”

“I would, but that’s too great an insult to Satan.”

Bruce placed a file on her desk and chuckled.

“I’m sure you guys are just having fun.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, Bruce. Look at her. She wouldn’t know fun if it looked her in the eye.”

“Still with that boytoy of yours? Steve, is it?”

“He’s my HUSBAND. You know, that wonderful thing that you could never get.”
“Okay! Now that we’re all caught up, the captain and I would like to propose –”

“And I’m one of the highest-ranking officers in the NYPD. Something you will never achieve.”

“I would if you didn’t set my career back three years.”

“I understand the same thing happened to one of your detectives.”

“He’s MY son. I can see that we both have a habit of attracting terrible women.”

Bruce muttered to himself.

“So, you’re embracing the son thing. Good to know.”

“I was never THAT interested in you.”

“Please, everyone knows that you dream about me every single night. I must admit, I have too.”

Pepper’s eyebrows raised.

“Really?”

“Yes. But it’s more of a nightmare. You’re a lot more pleasant there.”

“Clever.”

The two continued to go back and forth, leaving Bruce sitting there awkwardly.
A tale of two dates

(Peter and MJ’s first date. 6:20 pm.)

“Y-you look really pretty.” He smiled awkwardly from across the table.

She blushed slightly at his words.


She took a sip of her water.

“Is it kind of hot in here, or is it just me?”

“Y-yeah. Me too.”

Peter tugged on his shirt collar.

“It’s just that I… like you. A lot. And I really don’t want to mess this up.”

He let out a small chuckle.

“Don’t worry about anything like that. You could never mess this up, because I’m already a mess!”

“I know. Ned and Shuri sent me a list of all your problems.”

“See!” Peter responded, smiling. “There’s nothing you could possibly do to make me worse!”

MJ pushed her hair behind her ear.

“That actually makes me feel loads better. I guess I’m kind of a mess too.”

He raised his eyebrows.

“No way. You’re like, the smartest, funniest, coolest, most put together person I know.”

“I’m glad you think that about me, Peter. B-but that’s not really who I am. It’s kind of complicated.”

She took another sip of water, trying to calm her nerves.

“Well, it’s not a competition.” Peter joked. “But I don’t care about all that. I think you’re amazing, and that’s the MJ I know. How about this? We don’t have anything to be nervous about, we like each other, I think you’re pretty, you think I’m pretty, so we can just relax, and have some fun.”

MJ nodded quickly.

“Good idea. Fun.” She raised her hand to get the attention of the waitress. “Excuse me, miss? Could we please have a couple of shots of tequila?”

The waitress began to laugh.

“Nice try. We can’t and won’t serve to minors.”
“But we’re –”
She walked away before MJ could finish.

“Welcome to my world.”

Peter smirked

“I don’t get it. At Stan’s bar I don’t have a problem getting alcohol.”

“Because Mr. Lee knows you. To everyone else, you look like a teenager. And look at it this way. When you’re forty or something, you’ll look like you’re in your twenties.”

“Thanks. You’re sweet.”

“I’m often told that it’s part of my boyish charm.”

MJ smiled back at him.

“We can do this.”

(Steve and Tony’s Date. 6:30 pm.)

“And this is your table.” The waiter placed two menus on the table. “And I believe you asked for some wine?”

“We did. Thank you.”

He poured each of them a glass.

“I’ll be back in a few minutes so you can decide what you want.”

Steve pulled out his chair.

“What’s the occasion?” Tony asked, sitting down across from his husband.

“Why must there be an occasion?”

“Because, we agreed that our ‘Date Night’ is every other Thursday of the month and, in the case of there being five Thursdays in a month, ‘Date Night’ will be on three Thursday’s of the month. Starting on the first Thursday, going to the third Thursday, and ending on the fifth Thursday. And tonight, is Tuesday.”

“Shame on me for thinking it would get past you.” Steve laughed. “It’s not really an occasion, but an opportunity.”

“Opportunities are one of my favourite things. Do tell.”

He let out a deep breath.

“I have been offered a temporary job teaching in France for a month.”

Tony leaned back in his chair.
“Oh. I see…”

“And it starts in a week, and I have to make my decision by tomorrow. I told them I wouldn’t make up my mind until I discussed it with you.”

“Well, I’m not going to pretend that it’ll be easy to be separated from you. But at the same time, I also want you to do this.”

“Are you serious?”

“Absolutely. As you said, it’s an opportunity. It would be an excellent chance to advance your career further, and I think you should go.”

“But we wouldn’t see each other for a month. Are you sure we could handle it?”

Tony took a sip of his wine.

“Trust me. A month will go by just like that.” He finished with a snap of his fingers. “If you want to go, we’ll be just fine.”

“Thank you, Tony. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

(Outside MJ’s apartment. 7:30 pm.)

MJ and Peter walked down the sidewalk with hands linked together.

“I know this night started off kind of rocky, but I actually had a really nice time.”

He smiled up at her.

“Yeah. Me too. I mean, I could have gone with you wearing heels that high, but it’s not a big deal.”

“I’m not wearing heals.”

She showed him the bottom of her feet. They were completely flat.

“So, I’m just incredibly short.” Peter laughed.

“Or I’m just incredibly tall.”

The two stopped walking once they reached her apartment building.

“And I’m sorry to break it to you, but this means you’re the little spoon.”

“That’s not going to be a problem. Everyone likes to be the little spoon. It makes you feel safe.”

“Good to know.”

MJ leaned down and pecked his lips.

“You’re still short though.”
Peter got up on his tiptoes and returned the kiss. This one lasted a little longer.

Her hands cupped his face softly.

As far as first dates go, this one went pretty well.

(Ned’s car. 11:10 am.)

“What the hell is going on this you, dude?”

Peter stared out the window, smiling contently.

“Peter!”

“Hmm?”

“I asked what’s going on with you today? You and MJ done nothing but smile all day. It’s weird.”

He sighed.

“I promised her I wouldn’t tell anyone this. And please, don’t repeat what I tell you, and for the love of God, don’t tell Shuri.”

“I swear. Best friends honor.”

Peter rubbed his chin.

“You know that undercover assignment we had?”

“Two days ago? No. Remind me.” Ned said sarcastically.

“MJ and I… kissed.”

“What?!” He pulled up by the sidewalk and stopped the car. “TELL ME EVERYTHING!”

“It’s not that big a deal. We just kissed to keep our cover from being blown. And then she headbutted me. And then she kissed me again in the evidence room. And then we went out last night.”

“NOT A BIG DEAL?! THIS IS THE GREATEST THING THAT’S EVER HAPPENED!”

“Dude please, just breath.”

Ned inhaled and exhaled repeatedly.

“Are you good now?”

“Yeah. I’m good. Did you guys kiss? Did you French?”

“No one our age says French, dude. But yeah, we kissed.”

“Wait! Is that why you deleted the security footage from yesterday?”
Peter blushed slightly.

“Yeah. Let’s go with that.”
MJ scrolled on her phone while sitting across from Peter.

“The Gryffindor house emphasises the traits of courage as well as ‘daring, nerve, and chivalry,’ and thus its members are generally regarded as brave, though sometimes to the point of recklessness. Some Gryffindors have also been noted to be short-tempered. The Hufflepuff house values hard work, dedication, patience, loyalty, and fair play rather than a particular aptitude in its members.”

She looked up at her ‘boyfriend’.

“We could easily fit in both of those houses.” Peter stated.

“Wrong. I’m Hufflepuff, and you’re Gryffindor.”

“But then we wouldn’t be in the same house.” He whined. “And don’t you want to be in Gryffindor?”

“I’m just being honest. I love hard work, I’m clearly dedicated, loyal, and always play fair.”

“Oh, come on. You’re also brave.”

“But not daring or reckless. You’re Gryffindor, and I’m Hufflepuff. End of discussion.”

Tony walked up to their joined desks with a mug in his hand.

“What on earth are you two getting so heated about?”

“The captain cut off the detective.

“She’d belong in the house named after Helga Hufflepuff at the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.”

MJ’s mouth dropped, and she smiled happily.

“You know Harry Potter?”

“Obviously. I’m not immune to popular culture. And the books are incredible. She’s right Peter. Hufflepuff all the way. And if I was the Sorting Hat, I’d put you in Gryffindor.”

“I’m going to have to disagree, Tony.” Bruce interjected. “I’d put MJ in Ravenclaw. Wisdom, wit, and intellect screams Detective Jones. Many Ravenclaws tend to be academically motivated and talented students.”

“Sergeant, please. You and I are the only Ravenclaws on the squad. I’d also make an exception for Shuri.”

Natasha rolled into the conversation on her chair. She was currently sharpening her knife.
“I’m obviously Slytherin.”

Tony raised his hand.

“Any arguments there, or are we all in agreement?”

The other three nodded.

Thor, Clint and Ned finally joined in.

“Thor and Ned would both be Hufflepuff. That’s where I’d put myself.”

Tony took charge again.

“Out of the nine people here, we have seven locks. Ravenclaw is myself, Bruce, and Shuri. Clint is Gryffindor, and Nat is Slytherin. Ned and Thor are known to be loyal, so they’re Hufflepuff. Peter’s in denial, and wants to be in whatever house MJ is in. And MJ is too much of an overachiever to make a definitive decision.”

Peter stood up from his chair dramatically.

“I think we all know what I’m thinking.”

“We go to the Harry Potter theme park in Florida?” Thor asked.

“No. If we’re going to Florida, it’s only for Disney World. I’m thinking we have a tournament. A series of challenges to determine who gets sorted into which house. Who’s with me?!”

He raised his fist in the air triumphantly.

“You know you can just take a quiz, right?” Shuri asked.

Peter immediately deflated.

“You’re no fun.”

“And it would be pointless, Peter.” Tony stated. “You’re clearly Gryffindor.”

“But what about MJ?”

“Harry Potter was able to choose his own house, and so can she.”

“Are we just going to ignore that I said there was a quiz?”

Shuri went to MJ’s computer and pulled up the website.

“You are making a PowerPoint presentation for a class project. You...” Peter’s brows furrowed. “Is this for real?”

“I take charge, organize everyone, and end up doing almost everything.”

Everyone agreed at that.

“Do I cheat in class? Absolutely not!”

“What if you were about to fail?” Nat asked.
“I’d never get to that point. When I die, I hope to…? Be surrounded by my lifelong friends.”

Her boyfriend smiled at that.

“Um… how do you flirt with someone you like?”

Ned elbowed Peter excitedly.

“I uh, I don’t really flirt. Favourite extracurricular activity? Academic decathlon.”

She pushed the button to get the results.

“Two bucks says it’s Ravenclaw.” Clint whispered to Tony.

“Two bucks?! Why don’t we just bet air?! Make it one thousand dollars, you coward!”

“I uh, need to feed my family.”

“And that makes you weak… Fine. Two bucks it is.”

The screen finished loading, and the squad looked over MJ’s shoulders.

“Gryffindor.”

“Yes!” Peter and Tony shouted at the same time.

Clint handed his captain the money.

“God, I love betting!”

Peter sat back at his desk and sulked.

“We were on the verge of a Harry Potter tournament. We were SO close.”

(Peter’s car. 11:00 am.)

Ned nervously tapped his hand against the dashboard of the car. Peter reached over hand stopped him from moving.

“Are you good?”

“Uh… just a little freak out. No big deal.”

“I told you about MJ and I. Time for you to return the favour.”

He let out a deep breath.

“Thor set me up on a date tonight.”

“Dude! That’s awesome!”

“But my dates haven’t gone well recently. In the past three months, I’ve seen eight different women. And all of them turned out to be crazy.”
“Because you met them at the Nine-Nine! When someone’s at a police precinct, and isn’t a cop, it’s a miracle if they’re not crazy! Three of them tried to shoot you!”

“They missed though.”

“Not the point! Thor found a nice girl, who’s probably sane. What do you know about her?”

Ned paused for a moment before answering.

“Her name’s Betty Brant. She’s a journalist, around my age, and she’s short.”

“That’s it?”

“Yeah.”

“There goes your chance for tall kids. My dad was over six feet, and my mom was only five feet tall at best. Look how I turned out.”

“When did we start talking about kids?!”

“Just now. Besides. She might be the one for you. She might be your version of MJ.”

“Hopefully a little less scary.”

Peter turned to Ned.

“Since when is she scary?”

“Dude, before you arrived, she was like a mini version of Natasha.”

“She never acted like that around me.”

“Because she likes you. It’s like she’s a totally different person when you’re around.”

“Huh.”

That was weird.

“Now, back to my problem. How do I get through tonight without dying?”

“I have an idea!”

Ned had a skeptical look on his face.

“A good one?”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves. As your friendly neighborhood wingman, I promise to not let you die by the hands of your potential future wife.”

“Wife?!”

“Everyone you go on a date with is your potential future wife. Anyways, we get some gear from the Nine-Nine, and I can help you out. Maybe an earpiece and a bodycam. If something goes wrong, I can bail you out.”

“That’s… actually not bad. If there’s one thing women love, it’s unknowingly being watched!”
“Right!”

The two raised their hands and shared a high five.

“But not in a creepy way. Just making sure she doesn’t kill you kind of way.”

"Yeah. We respect women!"

"Except murderers. Or any other criminal."
“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Ned asked through his earpiece.

Ned groaned.

“That doesn’t really make me feel better. It took you seven months to get with MJ!”

“Nope. She’s actually visiting her parents tonight. I have something better!”

Peter tuned his chair to the second monitor and pulled up a file.

“Elizabeth ‘Betty’ Brant. Twenty-five years old, top of her class at New York University, no previous criminal record, and as far as I can tell she does NOT own a firearm. Congratulations, buddy. You’re not getting shot at by this one!”

You looked up her file?!”

“We’re cops. It’s not illegal.”

“But it’s an invasion of her privacy!”

“Given your previous dates, this is necessary. Also, it’s part of the Bro Code. Bro’s don’t let other bro’s go out on a blind date. Plus, now you know what she looks like.”

“No, I don’t!”

“Well, I do. Five feet, three inches tall, blonde hair, and Caucasian. Speaking of, I have eyes on the target. She’s at you ten o’clock, sitting by the window.”

Ned pinched his brow.

“You are NOT treating this like a mission.” His voice was filled with dread.

Peter swivelled in his chair.

“How else are you suppose to treat this?”
“Like a date! How the hell did you even get MJ?”

He shrugged.

“I don’t know. I’m just really happy that I did. So… what was she like before I got to the Nine-Nine? ‘Mini Natasha’ were your exact words.”

He let out a small groan.

“Can we please talk about this later? I thought we were focusing on MY love life.”


“Oh, my God.”

Ned walked up to the young woman nervously.

“Hi!” She greeted happily. “You’re Ned, right?”

He was silent for a few moments.

“Say something!”

“Y-yeah. Hi. Uh… it’s nice to meet you.”

“You too.”

Ned pulled out his chair and sat across from her.

“Touchdown! Tell her she looks nice.”

“You look really nice.”

Betty blushed slightly.

“Thanks. Not so bad yourself.”

“See! You have nothing to worry about!”

Peter stood up from his chair, and made his way to the break room.

(Stan’s Bar. 6:00 pm.)

Tony started to lightly bang his head against the table.

“I can’t go without Steve for this long. He’s been gone for weeks, and I’m already losing my beautiful mind.”

Bruce stared at him with a worried expression.

“It’s been less than twenty-four hours, Tony. He left yesterday.”
“And the love of my life is gone forever.”

He placed a hand on his shoulder.

“I know you’re bummed out, but it’s only for a month.”

“And in the past thirty years, I haven’t gone a day without him. This must be how Job felt when he lost everything.”

Tony drank the wine by the bottle, and rubbed his forehead.

“And why would he go to France?! When we have America right here! Steve loves this country, and he just abandoned it. America is all alone, in a big house, with no one to share it with.”

His head shot up.

“I’ve got an idea.”

Bruce raised his hands cautiously.

“You’re clearly drunk. You just said ‘I’ve got’ instead of ‘I have’.”

“Good Lord. This incredible wine has rendered me a simpleton.”

“Just take a while to sober up, and rethink whatever your idea is.”

Tony stumbled as he stood up from his chair.

“I know me, Bruce. It’s a wonderful idea! He handed Bruce the keys to his car. “You drive. If you take me home, you’re fired. And make sure that Gertie doesn’t have a scratch.”

“Gertie?”

“It’s the name of our car. It’s a magnificent vehicle. I MUST show Peter sometime.”

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 7:30 pm.)

Ned and Betty were laughing hysterically.

“Dude. No one else in the world finds that funny.”

Ned was startled by his voice.

“Yeah. I’m still here. But come on. You’re killing it!”

He flipped him off in front of the camera. Betty didn’t notice.

“I’m no expert, but does that mean I should leave now?”

Ned gave him a thumbs up.

“Smort. Good luck!”
Peter turned off the feed and disconnected the Bluetooth.

He pulled on his leather jacket and looked down at his watch.

“Welp. It’s not the worst way I could have spent the night. Why am I talking to myself? Because you can always understand yourself. Does this make me crazy? No. Good talk, Peter.”

As he walked towards the door, his attention was grabbed by his phone. MJ had just sent him a text.

‘Hey, Peter. I know it’s kind of late, but do you want to come over and hang out?’

‘Absolutely! I’ll be over in a few minutes.’

‘Awesome! The door will be unlocked. You can just walk in. Talk to you soon.’

(MJ’s apartment. 7:45 pm.)

“H-hi.” Peter greeted nervously.

“Hey.” She quickly pecked his lips. “Uh… sorry. Was that okay, or…?”

“Y-yeah. Definitely.”

The two awkwardly smiled at each other.

“I actually wanted to talk to you. About us.”

“Oh. Cool cool cool coolcoolcool. In a bad way?”

“No!” MJ responded a little too fast. “It’s uh, it’s a good thing. But dinner with my parents didn’t really go well.”

“I’m really sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it. Growing up and being around them isn’t exactly easy. A-and for a while, I wasn’t really happy.” She let out a deep breath. “But I am happy when I get to be with you. It just feels… really good. And I don’t want to freak you out, but I want to be with you for a long time.”

A bright smile spread to Peter’s face.

“I want to be with you for a long time too.”

MJ leaned in again, and closed the gap between them.

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 9:00 am.)

The squad sat in the briefing room with their attention turned to Tony.

“As you all well know, my husband, Steve, also known as America’s sweetheart, also, also known
as an angel sent by God himself to make my life perfect, has left for France, and won’t return until twenty-eight days from now. But last night, I had an epiphany, and I am no longer alone in my house.”

Tony whistled, and a Pembroke Welsh Corgi trotted into the room. He sat up straight next to the captain.

“This is Cheddar. I already have him housebroken, and perfectly trained. He’ll be keeping me company in my office.”

“In only a few hours?” Natasha asked.

“He absolutely adores me. I expect all of you to work your hardest today. If you don’t, Cheddar will come after you.” Tony looked down on his new friend. “Return to my office. I’ll join you shortly.”

Cheddar turned, and trotted out of the room happily.
“That concludes our final briefing of the week. Now, onto new business. Is everyone packed for this year’s Rochester Police Convention?”

Peter raised his hand.


“It’s a convention for detectives in the Tri-State area. There are many interesting talks on advancements in filing techniques, seminars on testifying in court, and the occasional celebrity judge or two. It’s great fun.”

He immediately deflated.

“Never mind.”

“I understand none of that is very appealing to you, Peter. But there are many museums in Rochester.”

“Still boring.”

Natasha stood up from her chair and made her way to the front of the room.

“Now that all that stuff is out of the way, let me tell you about the fun part of ‘Cop-Con’. One, free rooms for everybody. We all get king-sized because of Bruce’s size.”

“And it’s the best night sleep I get all year.”

“Two, tons and tons of badass police gadgets. Last year, Thor got to use a freeze ray.”

“It made spectacular snow cones!”

“As usual, he never uses them for their intended purpose. Three, the best party you will ever go to in the best hotel ever.”

Tony reassumed his position at the front.

“And none of you will be participating in the party festivities this year. No exceptions.”

The entire squad groaned.

“Did I not just say ‘the best party you will ever go to’?”

“You did. But we can’t make a bad impression. The Nine-Nine has an image problem among the other precincts. We need to change that.”

Natasha scoffed.

“What could we have possibly done to make the Nine-Nine look bad?”
“And my favourite time was at the scene of Nellie Bertram’s murder.”

Bruce’s jaw dropped.

“I’m kind of scared to ask this.”

“Then don’t.”

“Did you kill N–”

“Don’t worry about it, sarge.”

“But –”

“Ooh, sorry. That’s all the time we have.”

Natasha walked ahead, ending the conversation.

“I say this with love, Nat! You’re sketchy as hell!”

“What on earth are you doing, Peter?” Tony asked.

He was currently standing in the middle of the room with a glass of water on his head. Clint was pointing a TASER at him.

“Science experiment. I’m going to get hit with a TASER, and try not to spill a single drop of water.”

“It’s for science, captain.”

“What the hell, Nat!?” Bruce scolded. “Your perp is claiming police brutality!”

“She’s lying. I just hit her with the phonebook on a place where no one could see her bruise.”

“You could have seriously hurt her!”

“She’s a murderer. Take it like a REAL woman, bitch.”

“Oh, crap!”

Thor and Peter came tumbling down the stairs. They landed at the feet of Ned.

“Oh my God! Are you guys okay?”

The two sat up, laughing.

“I’m wonderful!” Thor said happily. “We must do that again sometime!”

He grabbed Peter’s head and looked him in the eye.
“Peter. Can you count to ten?”

“Uh… one… two… green… purple…”

“He’s fine, Ned! He made it all the way to purple!”

MJ once again closed the gap between their lips.

“We’re the only ones who’ll be in here, so what’s the worst that could happen?”

(The next day.)

“There are camera’s in the evidence room?” He asked cautiously.

“They’re in all the precincts, and cover every inch of the room.”

“We haven’t done anything to make the Nine-Nine look bad. But as you know, rumors get around and then people have poor opinions of you. No party, and that’s final. We leave for Rochester at noon. Make sure that you’re ready on the dot.”

Tony walked out of the briefing room, leaving Natasha standing before the squad.

“In case it wasn’t clear, we’re still going to that party.”

Peter’s brows furrowed.

“But the captain said –”

“Who the hell cares? Everyone knows that you’re not a big party guy, Peter, but you’ll have fun. Just make sure none of us do anything stupid, and we’ll be fine.”

“We’ve never done anything stupid.”

“Exactly.”

(Rochester, New York. 6:00 pm.)

The squad gathered around Tony in the lobby. He had just returned from the front desk with their keys.

“Allright, detectives. You are all staying in the same hallway on the fourth floor. Each of you have your own rooms, all snacks are prepaid, and you have free roam of the convention. Stay out of trouble, and for God’s sake be on your best behavior.”

Tony handed the detectives their room keys.

“Most importantly, enjoy yourselves. I’ll see you all later tonight.”

He picked up his suitcase and walked off to the convention.
The squad huddled in the elevator, and turned their attention to Natasha.

“When Tony falls asleep tonight, we’ll head to the party. I made sure that it happens on the opposite side of the hotel. There’s no way he’ll find out. It’s on the top floor, and we’ll meet outside in the hallway.”

Shuri looked up at Bruce.

“Aren’t you going to give a lecture about responsibility or something?”

“Nope. I actually want to go. I get exhausted every year, and I sleep in even longer.”

The elevator reached their floor, and the group made their way to their rooms. Peter’s was at the end of the hall beside Shuri’s.

He dropped his bag on the floor, and heard the door close behind him.

Peter turned around to see MJ leaning against the wall.

“H-hey. What are you, uh… what are you doing in here?”

“I was wondering if we could just hang out in here for a little bit. And maybe a little bit longer.”

“You mean like… share a room, or…?”

“Well… y-yeah.” Her face started to heat up. “I-is that okay with you?”

Peter awkwardly scratched the back of his neck.

“I uh… I want to. B-but only if it’s okay with you.”

“I was the one who asked.”

MJ walked up to her boyfriend and pulled him into a hug.

“I just like being around you.”

The two separated when there was a knock at the door. Shuri’s voice came from the other side.

“Hey, Peter! We’re going down to the convention to check out the tech. You coming?”

“Yeah!” He called back. “I’ll see you down there!”
“Ned!” Peter called out excitedly. “This place is awesome! My eighth birthday wish finally came true!”

He was currently wearing a cowl with glowing eyes. A goofy grin was plastered on his face.

“And your eighth birthday wish was…?”

“To be Batman! I can see everything! It’s like something out of an Arkham game!”

“I mean… he’s cool. But you’re not really the Batman type.”

“Worlds greatest detective, tragic backstory, awesome car –”

“I know. You bring that up all the time. But Batman’s all depressed and manipulative and an amazing liar. If you were a superhero, I’d picture you as more of a brightly coloured guy who cracks jokes. Not dark and brooding.”

“I can be dark and brooding! Watch this.”

Peter pushed a button on the side of the cowl, and his voice came out like a growl.

“You have information, and you’re going to give it to me now.”

Ned shrugged.

“You’re still adorkable, buddy. It’s like a beagle puppy with a rubber knife. You can try your best, bust it comes out as a cute woof.”

“Damn it.”

“Cheer up. You can still call yourself Spider-Boy.”

“Can we please just call it Spider-Man?”

He started to laugh at his best friend.

“You sound ridiculous with that voice.”

Shuri and Tony walked around the convention floor with unimpressed looks on their faces.

“Is it just me, or does this technology seem somewhat primitive?”

The captain nodded in response.

“I could make something more impressive in a cave with a box of scraps. I mean, look at this garbage.”

(Cop-Con Tech Hall. 6:10 pm.)
Tony gestured to a robot sitting on a table.

“The power supply could easily be made compact and still give out the same amount of energy if they got rid of the extra bells and whistles. Lights make things look cool, but it’s a waste. They probably take up a quarter of the power by themselves.”

“And it’s skeleton is titanium, but carbon fiber would have been a much better choice.”

“Exactly right, Shuri. There are two cameras used as separate eyes, but it’s a robot. You only need one to do the exact same job.”

“And if you’re going to use two cameras, at least give them different functions. Maybe one regular and the other infrared.”

Tony looked at his assistant and smirked.

“I’m impressed. You know your stuff.”

“In high school, Peter and I made a Terminator for the science fair. It was awesome.”

“Did it work?”

“We couldn’t get it to attack anyone. And Arnold Schwarzenegger wouldn’t return our calls. But for the most part, it went well.”

(Peter’s room. 9:00 pm.)

“Do we have to go to the party?” Peter groaned. “Can’t we just stay here and snuggle?”

MJ grabbed him by the hands and lifted him up off of the bed.

“Everyone will wonder where we are. And it’s fun.”

“But it’s loud, and people are drunk, and there are flashing lights. It’s like I get a sensory overload. And Tony didn’t even want us going to the party.”

MJ’s brows furrowed.

“Since when do you listen to what he says?”

“Since I’m afraid of him, and I want him to like me.”

“Tony loves you. And back to what you said before. You like to snuggle?”

A large smile was spread across her face.

“I like what I like. But fine. I’ve never been to a crazy party before, so I might as well give it a go. Who knows? I might –”

Peter was cut off when his phone received a text from Shuri.

‘Come down to the tech hall! I got something awesome to show you!’
“I will be there in a little while.”

“Wait, where are you going?”

“Just a quick outing.”

He pecked MJ’s lips and headed out the door.

(Cop-Con Tech Hall. 9:05 pm.)

Shuri was currently sitting on the floor covered in wires. She was tinkering with some gadget from the convention.

“Are you okay?” Peter asked skeptically.

“Never better! Check it out!”

Shuri held a miniature drone in the palm of her hands.

“I programmed this to wait outside Tony’s door, and it’ll text the entire squad if he comes outside!”

“Woah! How long did that even take you?”

“About half an hour. Now, get me out of these wires, send my drone to Tony, and we can get to the party.”

Peter grinned mischievously.

“Or… we’re in a huge convention floor by ourselves with a crapload of tech, and we can build whatever we want!”

“But you said you’d come with us.”

He got down on his knees and put his hands together.

“Dear God, I promise to go to the party with my friends after I make only one gadget. I also promise to start paying back the money I owe to the squad. Amen.”

“You realize that now you can’t break your promises. Don’t go messing with God.”

Peter scoffed.

“I’m not THAT stupid. One gadget. That’s all.”

“And afterwards, you have to get drunk with your friends.”

“Deal. What’s the worst that could happen?”

(Peter’s room. 8:00 am.)
Natasha was woken up by a loud knock at the door. She stood up from her place on the ground, and stumbled.

Tony was standing on the other side of the door.

“Nat? What are you doing in Peter’s room?”

“The kid was… having a nightmare, about… something. Rough night.”

“I thought it odd that he wasn’t awake yet. He’s usually up by five. Anyway, have you seen my laptop anywhere? I gave it to Shuri to transfer some files back to my Nine-Nine server and I haven’t received it back yet.”

Natasha’s head shot up.

“Laptop? Uh… no. I uh, haven’t seen it. We can look for it. The squad, I mean. Anyways –”

“Anyway.” Tony corrected.

“I’m sure that Shuri has it. Wherever she is. Night, Tony.”

She closed the door suddenly and walked back into the room.

Bruce was passed out on the bed, cradling Thor in his arms like a kitten. Clint, Ned, and Shuri were all laying on chairs on the balcony. Peter and MJ were nowhere in sight.

Natasha walked up to Clint and the others. She gave each one a slap in the face.

“All of you, get up. We’re screwed. Especially you, Shuri.”

“Yintoni isihogo, i-bitch?”

“I can’t speak your native language, but I know you just called me a bitch.”

Thor and Bruce began to stir.

“I feel like a kitten being cradled by a gorilla. In a not gay way, would you be willing to do this again sometime, Bruce?”

“Get drunk? Never again.” He responded, rubbing his forehead.

The two rolled over and fell onto the floor.

“Why are there spiderwebs on the floor?”

“One thing at a time.” Nat scolded. “Where are the two lovebirds?”

“Over here.” Ned called out from the bathroom.

Peter and MJ were sleeping in the bathtub.

“Good.”

Without warning, Nat turned on the freezing cold water. The detectives immediately woke up, screaming. The quickly got out of the tub.

“What was that for?!” MJ asked, shivering.
“Hangover cure.”

“Is this what a hangover feels like?” Peter asked. “Oh, God. I am NEVER drinking again.”

Natasha assembled the group in the middle of the hotel room.

“Much like the rest of you, I have zero memory of last night. Shuri, where is Tony’s laptop?”

“Um……. I can narrow it down. Milky way, our solar system, planet earth, North America, America, the state of New York, Rochester, this hotel. It’s definitely somewhere in this hotel.”

The older woman facepalmed.

“We’ll split up into two groups. Bruce, Ned, Thor, and Peter can go look for the laptop. Shuri, MJ, Thor, and I can clean up this place. Try to figure out what happened last night, and call us if you find anything.”

Peter scratched his arm, and then raised his hand.

“I remember everything! I made these down in the tech hall!”

There was a small bracelet on each of his wrists. Webs came out with the push of a button.

“Wait, no. That’s just one memory. But how cool are these?!”

“Focus, Peter.” Natasha said sternly.

“Yes, ma’am.”

Clint, Ned, Bruce, and Peter exited the room in search of the laptop.

“Okay. Any ideas?” Bruce asked. “Any images or clues? Peter, where’d you go after the hall?”

“Shuri dragged me up to the party, and I drank a bottle of vodka.”

“An entire bottle?!?”

“It was pretty small. About the same size as a water bottle. Same shape, plastic material, same – I didn’t drink any alcohol. Then why can’t I remember anything?”

“It must be some kind of placebo effect. What about you guys?”

Clint pulled a receipt out of his pocket.

“I think we stopped by the bar.”

“To the bar!” Peter said dramatically. “It’s like we’re detectives!”

“We ARE detectives.”

“And another clue!”

(Hotel bar. 8:10 am.)
The group rushed to the man who was behind the counter. Bruce startled him with his booming voice.

“Where’s the laptop?!”

“I’m sorry, who are you guys?”

Bruce started to rub his temples.

“I think I’m Bruce. But part of me wants to say… Hulk?”

The bartender reached under the counter and pulled out a bag.

“Hulk give laptop to drink-man. Give to Hulk when Hulk ask. You referred to yourself in the third person a whole lot.”

“Oh, God.”

“And then there was you.” He pointed to Peter. “With those web things. Stuck me to the wall. Took two hours before that stuff dissolved.”

“Yes! I mean… sorry. But it works! And this is officially the coolest thing I’ve ever done!”

Bruce put his hand over Peter’s mouth.

“Sorry about him. He’s a little boy at heart. Let’s just get the laptop back to Tony, get back to the Nine-Nine, and pretend like this never happened. Agreed?”

“Agreed.” They responded in unison.

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 9:00 am.)

“Before we begin our morning briefing, I would like to thank you all. You were very professional at this year’s police convention, and I’m glad you were able to have fun without participating in the party.”

The entire squad shared a knowing look.

Peter leaned over and whispered to MJ.

“Absolutely no consequences.”

“Now then. If you would all turn your attention to the projection on the wall, our next assignment is…”

There was an image of Thor and Bruce being projected onto the wall, chugging bottles of alcohol at the party.

Tony cycled through the next slides.


“Okay. Maybe, just maybe, there are some teeny, tiny, microscopic sized consequences. But still.
Could be worse.”

The next slide was an image of Peter and MJ together. She was pressing him against the wall, kissing the life out of him.

“It’s worse.”
The Talk

(Ninety-Ninth Precinct. 9:01 am.)

“You went to the party?” Tony asked with disbelief.

Natasha rolled her eyes.

“Are we not going to touch on the fact that Peter and MJ are pretty much on the verge of boning in that picture?”

The couple in question started to blush.

“Explain your actions. I want to hear it from Parker first.”

“Uh oh. He called me ‘Parker’. That’s not good.”

“No, it is not.” He responded sternly.

“Captain, I’m sorry.”

“You know, I’m starting to think ‘Captain, I’m sorry’ is my actual name considering the number of times you say it to me.”

“Well… I’m also REALLY sorry about that.”

“And there it is again. You do realize that your reputation alone is poor enough.”

“I have a reputation?”

“Your antics over the years have NOT gone unnoticed by the other precincts. You’re quite infamous. And now you’ve started drinking. I am extremely disappointed in you.”

“But I didn’t drink! I mean… I did. But it was water! And I thought it was vodka, so I felt drunk!”

Tony paused for a moment before speaking again.

“Now I’m less disappointed in you. MJ!”

She practically jumped out of her seat.

“You promised you wouldn’t do anything stupid.”

“I-I didn’t do anything like that. At least I think I didn’t.”

“You. Did. Peter.”

Natasha started laughing hysterically.

“Am I correct in assuming you were the one who organized this rebellion?”

“You know what they say about assuming.”
“The only asses in this room is the lot of you. I can understand Ned, Peter, MJ, and Shuri. They’re the young ones. But Clint and Bruce! You both have families!”

Peter leaned over and whispered to MJ.

“Bruce has a family?”

“He’s been married for a while. His kids are adorable.”

They turned their attention back to their angry captain.

“And Thor… never mind.”

Natasha raised her eyebrows.

“Why aren’t you mad at him and not me?”


She shrugged.

“Try me. There’s nothing that I care about.”

Tony smirked back at her.

“No vengeance.”

Natasha slumped in her chair.

“I’d say I’d get you back for this, but I guess that’s off the table.”

“Damn right, it is. Now then. Back to what’s important.”

MJ and Peter’s hands intertwined under the desk.

“I think we’re in the clear.” She whispered.

“Do the two of you have any shroud of decency? That photograph is practically pornography. Honestly, I’m considering destroying this computer all together.”

Definitely not in the clear.

MJ nervously pushed her hair behind her ear.

“I-it’s not really that bad.”

“Yes. She uh, accidentally fell over on me. A-and then –”

Tony cut him off.

“Don’t get me wrong, Peter. No one is more thrilled that the two of you are finally together. It was getting painful to watch. But don’t try to make excuses. And it is that bad. If I had to guess, that was four drink MJ.”

Peter started banging his head against the desk.
“Could we please skip this part. I mean, how important is this little chat?”

“VERY IMPORTANT!” Everyone shouted back in unison.

“We’ve all been waiting for this to happen for months, Peter. The least you could do is let us have our fun. Our briefing is postponed, and the floor will be opened for questioning. That’s a direct order.”

The entire squad cheered happily, while Peter and MJ awkwardly remained in the back.

“Who’s first?”

Natasha rushed to the front of the room, smirking devilishly.

“I’ll start off with a few good ones. Have you guys boned yet? Who’s place? How many times? Which one of you is on top? My money’s on MJ.”

“W-we really shouldn’t talk about this at work. Or… ever, really.”

Tony held up his phone.

“Seeing as I might be seen as biased, Steve’s on the other end of the line. Appropriate or not?”

“I think anything goes. Answer the questions. And congratulations on the beginning of your romantic relationship.”

“Make it quick. Long-distance phone calls cost a considerable amount of money. Do you want this on your conscious?”

The two blushed a deep red.

MJ spoke extremely quickly.

“We’ve done it but only twice. We did it once at my place.” She let out a deep breath. “And I’m always on top.”

“Where was the other place?”

Peter crossed his arms and looked down at his feet.

“It’s not important.”


“God dammit.”

Tony’s jaw dropped.

“We’ll have to revisit that later.” He said sternly. “I’m fairly certain that the room must be professionally cleaned.”

Shuri began to laugh her head off.

“So THAT’S why you deleted the security footage!”

Peter and MJ continued to blush.
“Please, settle down. We’re on the clock here. Any questions, Bruce?”

“Nope. Congratulations, I’ll respect your privacy.”

“Same goes for me.” Thor spoke up.

“And me.” Clint stated.

Ned raised his hand.

“And I already knew, so…”

Tony groaned.

“How am I more eager to know about this than the rest of you? I thought I was the responsible one here.”

“So, you’re going to leave them alone?” Bruce asked.

“Not a chance. How long have you two been seeing each other?”

“What day is it? Also, what month is it?”

The captain sighed.

“Do you even know what year it is?”

Peter was silent for a second.

“2019?”

“Are you asking me, or telling me?”

“… telling? I mean, telling. It’s 2019.”

“The current date is April 25th, 2019. I told you to keep track of time better.”

“And I told you I’d be more responsible. When have I ever done what I was told? And to answer your question, we’ve only been going out for about a week and a half.”

Natasha walked up to Tony’s laptop and started typing.

“What are you doing?”

“Emailing some photos to our old friends, Gwen and George Stacy. Might as well rub this in their faces.”

“His name is George?!” Peter asked in shock. “Can we just keep calling him dick?”

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