Twenty- Sixth story, “Carita de Ángel” (This story has an uncertain future.)

by satans_dolly_boy666

Summary

"It's shocking how Tony, being a genius, thinks you're an angel."

“What do you mean? No, you know what? I don't want to hear it."

"Come on, Parker. Don't try to act with me; you're with Tony for money and convenience. You're just a poor guy with no charm, you're just plain. Your cherubic face hides your true intentions."

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Prompt #25: "Peter vs Harley"

Or

"Peter and Harley fighting over -dad- Tony Stark."

Stats:
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If you're a Hispanic (especially Mexican or Argentinian) and you were born in the 90s, I'm sure you know the reference to the title of this story! ah, the nostalgia of children's telenovelas about orphans wearing cute uniforms~ and living happily all together ~ it was a cruel and vile lie all this time, but it sounded lovely in our childish minds.

ALSO

I must have made a lot of typos. As an excuse, I wrote this without sleeping for two days in a row because of my Insomnia. No kidding, I have a lot of problems going on in my head.

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See the end of the work for more notes.

The first time I saw him, I thought he was a good-looking guy but just a bit rude; originally from Tennessee, his accent is hard not to get out of my head. There is no reason to have anything personal with him, but my relationship with Harley began in an unhealthy way. I wanted to ignore the fact that we were all jealous, competitive and resentful perhaps? And the reason, well, is Tony Stark, of course.

I have no reason to reprimand Mr Stark for having another teenager by his side, whoever they are since he’s not my father. But deep within, as much as it’s embarrassing to admit it, Tony is the closest one to a dad to me.

First, it began with defying glances, then with taking my time away from the adult, and finally, a small confrontation that stayed between the both of us.

“*You think you’re so important, huh, Parker? Let me tell ya, you’re not the only genius kid here.*”

“I don’t know what’s your problem, but you’re annoying. I don’t understand what Mr Stark had in mind when he let you be here.”

“*Because he needs me and we’re connected. But you? You’re just someone of some convenience to Tony because of your stupid spider powers.*”

“How do you--"
“We have no secrets. Oh, but tell me, he told you about me? I've known him since I was a fucking kid. I bet he didn't, he didn't tell you anything. You're not as important as you think, Parker.”

"I don't see the need for him to tell me about you, you're no big deal to me!"

“I warn you baby boy, stop meddling between us."

That wasn't the only time we argued.

Harley Keener is straightforward and has a strong attitude, the opposite of me; Peter Parker doesn't like confrontations and has to get plenty of courage before being honest. Harley sometimes reminds me of Flash because the harassment is almost the same, with the difference that he doesn't call childish insults, no, no, he’s harsher with words and sometimes I think he even wishes to use physical violence. However, he never dared to do more than pushing me.

“Listen, children. Pay attention, I'll be gone for two weeks. Try not to tear up the lab or my entire company for the time being. I trust you will be responsible. Am I clear?"

“Yeah, old man, whatever."

“Of course, Mr Stark! For my part, don’t worry."

“Hey! What are you trying to say with that?"

“Uh, nothing."

Mr Stark has not the slightest suspicion that our relationship is terribly bad; he and I alike act in front of Tony, neither of both of us dares to break that pure image of child geniuses to our idol. For Mr Stark, our relationship is one of buddies with some sort of healthy competition, nothing more. Oh, if only he knew the truth.

Once the adult was gone, it was the most horrendous two weeks of my life. Well, maybe I’m
The first days we try to avoid each other as if the other's presence is non-existent. For my part, I tried to stay as long as possible with May, but I began to feel bad when she couldn't spend the time with Happy because of me; I felt a hindrance, so I decided to stay at least the last week in the tower. May, hesitant, accepted my request.

Even though we tried to evade one another, it was impossible not to encounter at the lab. Responsibilities were more important than our enmity. I worked on my Spiderman suits, and he seemed to work on projects related to Stark technology devices.

Mr Stark was too busy on his business trip but even so, he made a space in his itinerary to call us. That day was when the bomb detonated.

"I see the lab's still intact and there's no sign of fire. Excellent, I don't have to worry about my millions of dollars."

“Mr Stark, you own billions, not millions.”

“Whatever, it's money. Keep behaving and I'll bring you gifts like the good kids you are. Peter, I know you're almost an angel, keep watching Harley for me, he's more likely to be tempted by the devil."

"What the hell, old man, are you a Christian? Disgusting. And I don't need supervision; he's not the angel as you think."

"Nah, not Christian, but from time to time I pray when Pepper's mad at me, that counts? anyway, stop harassing Peter, you insolent brat."

When the conversation finished, as if it was the shooting of a movie and the director was shouting "cut", the tense mood reappeared.

“It's shocking how Tony, being a genius, thinks you're an angel.”
“What do you mean? No, you know what? I don't want to hear it.”

"Come on, Parker. Don't try to act with me; you're with Tony for money and convenience. You're just a poor guy with no charm, you're just plain. Your cherubic face hides your true intentions."

"I'm not with Mr Stark for his money or power! You have no right to accuse me of that."

"Do you think you're fooling me? Tony's annoying but he's a good person and you take advantage of that! Always pretending to be nice, timid and gentle and with your irritating 'Mister' every damn minute!"

"Well, sorry for having manners! It's not my fault you got a poor education at home!"

"What did you say? Repeat it and you'll see, you have no idea about my life so shut the fuck up!"

"You can talk about me all you want and I can't? Well, I'm sorry; I don't take it back at all! I may not have parents but my aunt and uncle knew how to raise me well, and you? Did your parents lose hope in you when you reached puberty or what? Are they drug addicts or alcoholics? Because I don't understand your attitude!"

I was wrong, I admit it. But I was very tired of the situation. I tried; I really tried not to confront him or to make it worse. I was irritated, angry, maybe a little sad, and my words came out of my mouth without a second thought. Harley didn't think twice about throwing a punch at me; he was angry, uncontrollable and agitated. I thought of my spider-skills, and hitting back him wasn't an option, at least not if I wanted to leave him in a coma.

"You *hit* fucking *hit* bastard *more hits*"

He kept hitting me and when I thought it would become more violent, I felt a few drops fall right on my cheek. He was crying, and I, in shock.

When I saw him crying, for the first time I thought, “He looks like an angel.”
P.S. I don’t know the author of this image :( sorry ;;#;;

End Notes

I don’t know how to continue this... Well, maybe I have some fuzzy ideas in my mind, like Harley's family background or Tony adopting Harley and Peter feeling replaced or something like that? :s

For now, I will leave it as a single chapter until my imagination decides to get going.

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