Shaky Hands

by marvels_bluePhoenix

Summary

After a gala the Osborn's car swerves off the road, Harry wakes up in hospital. But there's something wrong with his hands.

Notes

It's that time of year again, and I'm joining in. Oooh boy this is gonna be rough.

A beeping in his left hear broke through the haze in his brain, bringing him back to consciousness. He opened his eyes only to snap them shut against the bright fluorescent light. Slowly trying again the teen managed to look around and saw he was in a hospital room. Looking to his left Harry saw the heart monitor, eyes spotting and following the IV tube to his wrist. He then noticed his hands shaking. Before Harry could start freaking out a Doctor walked in, giving the teen a warm smile.

“Hello Harry I'm Doctor Bentley, how are you feeling?” He asked.

“Like I was run over by a truck,” Harry replied, inwardly wincing at the toughness of his voice, "what happened?"

The Doctor's face fell, Harry's stomach dropped at the sight. Bentley sighed and took the seat beside the bed.

“What do you remember?” He asked gently.

"We we're driving and Mom and Dad started arguing. I don't remember what happened after that, just Mom screaming."
The Doctor nodded solemnly.
"What happened?" The teen asked, his anxiety fluttering.
And why the hell were his hands shaking?
The Doctor sighed again before speaking.

Harry sat there staring blankly at the wall, hands shaking in his lap.
Nerve Damage.
His Dad had swerved to avoid hitting a fox, causing the car to skid and roll over. Harry had used his hands to brace himself; glass had scratched and penetrated the teen's skin. The damage was caused by the glass getting deeply imbedded. Though the Doctor's managed to remove the glass the damage was done.

Harry took a trembling breath before looking down at his hands, tears welling as the Doctor's words rang through his head.
'The damage is irreversible, I'm sorry."
The teen sniffed and let his head fall back as fresh tears fell from his eyes.

Half an hour later there was a light knock on Harry's door before Peter walked in. Harry hid his hands under the blanket.
"Hey," Peter greeted sadly, sitting on the edge of the bed.
"Hey," Harry replied, trying and failing to give a small smile.
"I heard what happened," Peter told him, "I'm really sorry."
"Not your fault," Harry sighed, showing Peter his hands.
The smaller teen gently took them in his own, rubbing his thumbs over the backs of them. Harry moved his hands so their fingers were loosely entwined.
"We'll get through this. Together," Peter promised, "you're okay."

Hardy nodded with tears welling in his eyes, small sob escaping his throat. Peter moved closer and pulled his boyfriend into a hug. Harry sobbed into the teen's shoulder as shaking hands gripped the back of his shirt.
"We're gonna get through this," Peter whispered, voice tight as he fought back his own tears, "I promise we'll get through this."

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