Marie Antoinette syndrome[ English]

by Lize123

Summary

Snow-White Hair.

Skin as pale as a white Rose.
The brown warm eyes made the sight even more beautiful than they already were.
He's supposed to look ugly after that, but he was blessed with the beauty of Angels.

A dream it would be if he would not run blood smeared by a room full of corpses.
Hey guys, this is my first story from the Marvel universe. I would like to the point I can't get the characters probably. And the English is my third foreign language, that's why I'm sorry because of my mistakes.

Okey then, I hope you like it ^^

Ps: Peter isn't Spiderman in this universe, don't worry, I'll give him other Super powers:)

A lot of fun to read
“Peter, your Dad and I want you to be careful if you are alone where. If something happens then don’t hesitate to call us, Yes?” gently Steve put his Hand on the head of his son and hoped it wouldn’t come out so well.

„DAD ! PAPA!“

„Hey, Peter, you’re a big Boy, and big boys don’t cry.”, Tony didn’t Know how to calm down his son , who is plagued by his nightmares again.

„PLEASE! STOP IT !!”

„Peter, I’m proud of you that you helped the man....." Natasha couldn’t lie to her nephew, she was really Proud of him.....

„I...I...gi....ve... up...“

„.....just please be careful." .....but she knew that if Peter carries on like this, to at some point, the attention of the wrong people.

„I CAN'T!"

„I'm sorry, but I couldn't watch you get hurt." , Tony knew that would do Peter mad, but he had to interfere in this fight.
„I GIVE UP!"

„Baby Boy, please do not cry!“, Wade held the crying hero fixed. He hated it when he couldn’t take his pain.

The pain grabs him again and he sobbed loudly...

„Hey Peter, don't you want to play with me today my new Videogame?“, Clint wanted to cheer up Peter a bit. He knew the little Boy is worried that his parents still have not come back.

The blood collected in the crevices of the flow floor.

„Your values seem to be fine again..."
Bruce looked from his note to the facilitates Peter.

„LIE!... t-this can...not... be..... true...!

„...you can then go back. ", when Peter left the room, Bruce tore up the report. He knew that nobody may know that Peter's values which exceeded that of Captain America.

" Why.....?"

„No! ", Tony knew that Peter will hate him, but he couldn’t let that Peter risking his life as a superhero.
"I HAAAATTE YOU!"

"You know we're alike very. ", he doesn't wanted to hear that.
He was not like the Hydra agents.

"NO! KILL NOT ONE OF THEM!"

"Petey you shouldn't go there alone! ", Wade looked worried on the face of his lover.
He smiles only as Wade further binds his wounds.

" KILL ME INSTEAD!"

" You know child, you should rather not your happiness challenge.", with these words, the mysterious woman disappeared in front of Peter's eyes .

Only small silent screams managed to get it out of his mouth in the deep darkness.

" I do not deserve you! ", that was the first time that Peter hit Wade.
He remained standing petrified until Peter crying embraces him.

" AAARGGHHHHH"
"I love you, baby boy", the redness got into Peters face and before he could return, there were already Wade's lips on his.

"...... Wa...de..."

"Don't go PETER!", he knew he should've listened to his dad, but he could not nothing do observe the chaos from the far away. So he went and heard one last time Tony call after him.

" Please..."

" Peter? PETER? PETER !...", his phone beside him and the voice of the calf was getting louder and louder. Peter wanted answers only came out blood instead of words out of his mouth. Wade's Loud voice drifted away and the world appeared slowly in deep, cold darkness.

The last thing he heard were steps that approached him.

" ...let me die....."
The devil without flights

Chapter Summary

,,I pray to God night after night.
I pray it should stop...all this pain.
But it wasn't God who answered me, it was the devil.
It was he who opened the door for me"

This is no ordinary story......

It was a story that has been carried from town to town.
A story that doesn't clap and is told with laughter.

It's a little whisper.
So quietly that one fears the shadow listened.

Whispered, she is carried by the wind.
Very gently, so that the truth is not forgotten.

A tragedy about a boy who was like a normal person.
In his younger years, he still had the whole world ahead of him.
He was cheerful, frightened, in love, human and mortal.
He could laugh and cry....

All this was taken from him and replaced the endless emptiness in him with destructive madness.

A story of a boy who gave up his own for the lives of others.
A boy who was described as his fate.
They try to save him, but they have only unconsciously pushed him into his end.

This is the story of Peter Roger-Stark, a boy who became a victim of power and fate.

So hear the whispering, so that history will never be forgotten.

This is the tragedy of the Grim Reaper.

....................................................................

,,That once I died, I was carried in a room while I was dying.
They dragged me in, me close to death, and locked the door behind them. 
In a room that combines madness and pain.

I died, countless times and countless times I started breathing again. 
I died and was reborn...

If I had only died the first time, then I should have died as a human being.........

and not to be damned as a monster for eternity on Earth....."

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Snow...., beautiful white snow, these were the first thoughts the crawling doctor first thought when he saw him.

He knew this would happen.

Doctor Beilschmidt knew that his "experiment" would end like this.

He had known that from day one.

He knew that since he's been with Hydra, the perfect experiment will require sacrifice. 
But he was willing to pay that price if he created a monster that could destroy all of S.H.I.E.L.D.

A monster that manages to eliminate the Avengers.

No price was too high for him.

Even if the price is his inevitable death. 
And today, the time had come to pay the price.

He wasn't afraid. 
No! 
He was happy to die from the perfect monster he created himself.

No, it wasn't a monster, it was an angel, an angel thirsting for revenge, he thought as he watched the white haired boy take another scientist's neck out with bare hands.

Snow-white hair.

Skin as pale as a white rose.

The brown warm eyes made this view even more beautiful than they already were.

He was supposed to look ugly, but he was blessed with the beauty of an angel.
It's just a dream if he wasn't walking through a room full of bloodied corpses.

"This is how Lucifer must look...." the doctor mumbles in fascination.

The room where the whole massacre took place was also the place where the scientists - including doctors - observed him.

All his changes, every pain filled scream, every progress and every defeat, you saw all of it.

They watched a human life being destroyed.
They just watched and wrote it down.

No one objected, they felt nothing when they saw him being tortured to death.

They were quiet.

They felt no remorse.

No moral doubt...nothing....

They were only interested in the results.

And now?

Now it was the experimental canichen who enjoyed the screams of the researchers.

What irony of fate, Doctor Beilschmidt thought.

He felt no remorse or anger.

No....

He was happy, because the 2 years were worth it for him.

His monster exceeded his expectations.

"Now S.H.I.E.L.D. will finally be destroyed, through my creations....Humanity will remember the ingenious Liam Beilschmidt forever," whispers the injured man.

Fascinated he watched as the white-haired boy destroyed the monitor in which the room from which he broke out after 2 years.

He left no stone unturned.

He tore every document, report and even notes into billions of shreds with his bare hands.

„Come on, go crazy.
Go on, destroy everything while you still have time........
Because hell doesn't get colder the longer you're trapped in it.
The flames just get more aggressive, that's all.
So don't think this is the end.
This is only the beginning...", the older man looked eagerly at the younger man.

It stood in the midst of destroyed documents and a huge pool of blood.

The pale boy looked over at his tormentor.

It was the first time they saw each other that night.

The doctor was expecting eyes on enraged.
Eyes that would bring him to the brink of death alone.

But this one wasn't as he thought.
The eyes that have eagerly wished him to die countless times are filled with different feelings.

Grief...grief and despair are reflected in the brown eyes.

Feelings that fit him so well, he was like that when he came here, Doctor Beleischmit thought as he watched the boy approach him.

„Your eyes... They're the same one you came here with.
With desperation, sadness and ignorance.
But no matter how much of then has remained the same, YOU are not the same as then.

No!
You're the perfect monster," he got louder every time he spoke.

The brown-eyed man walked gently towards the doctor.

They were here alone, the other 27 scientists who took part in this "project" died by his hand.
It didn't take him 10 minutes...

The pale skin emphasizes the deep red that sticks to his hands.

His eyes do not deviate for a moment from the slightly injured doctor.
He hurt his tormentor only slightly.

A broken nose and a few scratches, but he won't stop there.
He kills the other scientist immediately, but he won't let Doctor Beilschmidt off so easily.

„You must have left me last, by the way.I'm probably your treat," the gray-haired older man laughed softly.

„Doctor Bleischmidt... I want to know what you got out of all this," his voice was unusually quiet, but the doctor knew what a horrible rage it was.

„What this has brought me? Hahahahah...EVERYTHING! IT IS FOR HUMANITY WHAT I
DO IN THIS SPACE", he unconsciously shrugged together everything the younger one stood in front of him.

His desperate look changed into contempt.
Obnoxiously he looks down to the floor.
Like it's the most disgusting creature in the world.
The same look the doctor gave the boy when he arrived two years ago.

"You are... the last!" said the boy in a hateful low voice.

,,Ha ha ha ha ha... Why so unfriendly?
I have given YOU the ETERNAL life!You ! The dirt is worth and either way would have died as a dog, I would not have been there!YOU SHOULD BE THANKING ME!
YES! ON YOUR KNEES WITH YOU AND THANKS YOUR CREATOR THANKS YOU GAVED THE LIFE YOU Piece of worthless------," Doctor Bleischmidt didn't come any further when a hit came from the left.

Two teeth fell out of his teeth and were thrown at the end of the room.

,,Quiet!".He whispers softly as if the doctor wasn't worth raising his voice for him.
Or like he doesn't know how to talk to people anymore.
Or maybe his voice had been heard through the endless scream but you've lost your strength.

,,Tell me something before you kill me.
What are you gonna do?
You think you could just walk out of here right now like nothing ever happened?
You think you could go back to your old life?
To your parents?
To your friends?
To your soulmate? You think you could still go to one of them?
DO YOU THINK THAT REALLY?", the doctor gasps for breath loudly, he has already broken a rib when he fell.

He looked expectantly to the boys, who still let the same callous expression rest on him.

I'm gonna break you, thought Liam as he took a breath and kept talking.

,,Ohhhh no! If that's what you thought, I'm gonna have to disappoint you.
You won't be able to go back anywhere!
The Peter Roger-Stark has been declared a death to this world.
You have no place left in this world! You're not that Peter that came here either...
Oh, no!
You're no longer Peter, you're just a monster following orders.
That's all you are!
YOU'RE A MONSTER! A MONSTER WHO HEARS HYDRA---", frightened, the doctor tries to gasp as he saw Peter's hand just opening his stomach.

He spit warm blood and saw Peter's hand stuck further into his tree, as if he wanted to see exactly
what happens next.

A scream gets stuck in Liam's throat and desperately takes a breath. He also hits the floor several times powerlessly with his left hand as if he wanted to make a difference.

„And so the hunter also became a whimpering animal...", Peter said in a muffled voice and heard the words of Doctor Beleischmit who said the same thing to him.

„I pray to God night after night. I pray it should stop...all this pain. But it wasn't God who answered me, it was the devil. It was he who opened the door for me," Peter smiled quietly in front of him.

He gets one organ after another out of Doctor Bleischmidt. The painful scream ceased long ago, but that didn't stop the white-haired one.

As soon as he tore off part of his skin.

When finally everything was soaked with blood looked at the lifeless horrified eyes of Liam.

„I'm Peter Roger-Stark, I'm going to stay forever. Whether human or monster, you will certainly not be able to change this.....

It's all your fault...They more than deserved to die," he slowly got up and headed for the exit.

The white-black floor has been soaked in dark red.

 Everywhere were corpses and partly also body parts.

It was a horrible picture, but Peter felt no remorse.

He felt nothing.

He felt like the scientists when they observed him for years with cruel things.

Simply empty......
"I am not a monster....", he wanted to whisper quietly, but his voice failed, which is why he shaped the words with his mouth only.

The door was only a few meters away and he could already see the sunlight he had longed for for so long.

He raised his hand and was about to open the door as he turned around in a flash.

Silence........deadly quiet......

The silence in which has been exposed countless times......

He was the only one living in the room, but it felt to him like he was the only one killed here.

His brown eyes cross the whole room as if they wanted to make sure that all life in the room was destroyed.

It was as if he never wanted to be here, every second he spent here he wants to destroy with his bare hands.

His eyes began to shed tears at the sight of the bodies.

"No..." he said quietly to himself and wiped away his tears

"You have more than earned it."

After another moment in complete silence Peter opens the door.

He only needs a few seconds to open the door, but it felt to Peter like hours had passed.

The white-haired one didn't know what to expect either when he imagined himself countless times
in the small room as his escape looks like.

But no matter what it was, it was....weird.

Once he opened the door, the sunlight wasn't the first thing he saw.

There was no loud voice to be heard either, which he secretly wished for.

He wasn't the joy in him that opened the door either.

No, none of what he had imagined was there, only the unbearable silence and the lights of the ceiling lamp were the same.

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