marie antoinette syndrome

by WinchesterNimrod

Summary

In Hide's dying moments he unlocks a suitcase that spits Kaneki into the Marvel universe. There he has to adapt to a world without Ghouls or Doves and attempts at living a somewhat 'normal' life.

Of course things end up going remarkably wrong.

Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Tokyo Ghoul or any Marvel character.

Plot bunnies are despicable little creatures that manifest inside your brain like a sentient fungus and whisper tantalising ideas into your ear that end up giving you more responsibilities.

Practice self-control guys, don't end up like me!

This Universe: everything up until the first Avengers and Captain America Winter Soldier movie is canon - sorta. Bucky is recovering from being Winter Soldier and is in much-
needed intensive therapy.

Background: Peter was adopted by Tony after his parent's died because Mary Parker was Tony's cousin and Peter's grandparents were too old/financially unstable to take care of him.

Age:

Peter - 19
Kaneki - 19
“What the actual fuck.”

Steve sighs, “Tony.” He says, voice and demeanour radiating the composure of a Captain addressing a frazzled recruit. It would have made Tony pause and take a breath. Consider that maybe he was overreacting. That maybe he was being overly dramatic.

If it weren’t for Steve’s hands being bone white on the steering wheel he might have just done that.

“What the fuck, Steve.”

“I’m sure there’s a good explanation, Tony.”

Tony harrumphs, gaze alight and body coiled like a lion about to pounce on a baby gazelle as Steve pulls to a stop in front of the police station. “There better be or I’m burning the goddamn suit and admitting him to rehab! Just like his old man!”

This has Steve opening and closing his mouth. “Tony!” he shouts, fumbling with the seatbelt as Tony practically fazes out the car in haste. “Take a moment to think, it’s only been five minutes since you got the call.” Steve throws himself from the car, sacrificing the parking ticket in steed of snuffing out the fire from Tony’s eyes. He quickly places himself firmly in front of his friend, broad shoulders doing their job of barring Tony’s path.

“Out of the way Rogers. I’m not above punching our National Treasure”

Steve crosses his arms, giving Tony an expression of ‘oh really?’.

Tony’s left eye twitches. He jabs a finger at him. “Asshole.”

“But a pretty one, hmm?”
“You – !” Tony raises his fist only to immediately back down. Head hanging and eyes peeking past Steve to the entrance of the police station, which was quickly developing into a nosy audience. He closes his eyes, taking practiced breaths while muttering an onslaught of curses.

“You good?” Steve asks when he’s done. Appearing utterly unaffected by the situation at hand.

“Fuck off a bridge,” Tony clenches a fist, wanting to punch something. After a few seconds he asks, “… you?”

“Worried. Betrayed. Disappointed. Furious,” Steve ticks off, flashing the smile he uses during interviews. It causes Tony’s stomach to roll in unwelcoming empathy and envy because shit. Steve’s composure was exactly what he needed right now.

Where did his go? Was it scared off by the phone call? The unthinkable? The suggestion that Tony fucked up big time and missed all the signs and cues that weren’t even there to begin with or maybe he wasn’t even looking –

His breath finally hitches and he has to look skywards because the sight of that building brought back too many memories he never wanted someone he loved to repeat.

“I fucked up, Steve.” He swallows. Grabbing and shoving on a wonky mask of composure that has his insides curling uncomfortably. He wanted nothing more than to burn down a building (police station), punch someone, scream at God and maybe cry a little into his pillow.

“We don’t have all the details yet, Tony,” Steve consoles but Tony can’t help notice that he doesn’t argue.

It makes him chuckle, mouth bitter. “Yeah, okay.”

“Oh God, oh God, oh God,” Peter mumbles into his handcuffed hands. Knee bouncing in rhythm to his woes of anguish. “I’m dead. I’m so dead. Dad’s gonna kill me. He’s going to actually kill me oh God, Jesus, Buddha -”

Kaneki stays silent. Expressionless and indifferent to the cloud of misery by his side.
“Could you please *say something*?” Peter whispers in a desperate plea.

He cracks his index-finger. “When you’re dead can I have your PlayStation?”

“You suck.” Peter sniffles, eyes watering. “I’m going to die and all you can think about is abducting my baby - why am I *friends* with you?”

“Beats me.” It comes out so genuine that Peter nearly forgets about his imminent death in place of tending to his friend’s disturbing lack of self-esteem.

Then there’s the sound of sudden shouts and scuffling outside the interrogation room that has Peter groaning in horror as reality hits him with the force of the Hulk spotting sight of Loki.

“I’m so dead. And I never even did anything to deserve it!”

Kaneki spares a dry glance. “You aided and abetted a crime lord in selling drugs to children.”

Peter goes unnervingly silent for a second. Face void, eyes far away before lurching up from his seat. Handcuffed hands flailing to the sky as he shouts with the exhaustion of a person having repeated themselves one too many times; “*that never even happened!*”

A man Kaneki belatedly recognizes as Tony Stark stark swings himself into the room. Door punching against the wall so hard its hinges ping off and drops to the floor.

“I’ll pay for that later,” Stark silences the wavering detectives behind him who had, not an hour ago, arrested them.

Kaneki takes perverse pleasure in witnessing their agony.

“You,” Tony then addresses Kaneki with a finger, eyes showing hellfire. “*You. Ringleader.*”
Kaneki stares back. Unmoved. “Parker,” he whispers out the corner of his mouth, “I think your father’s here to kill me instead of you.”

“Oh God, Dad.”

“Oh no,” Stark chuckles darkly with a promising grin as he approaches. Steve Rogers, Captain fucking nation treasure America, coming up behind him as a silent approving presence. “No no no, he’s not getting off so easy you powder sniffling, future wrecking little shit.”


Stark doesn’t waste any time as he practically levitates past the collapsed door and towards his son. “Selling drugs to children now are we? Affiliating with drug addicts, are we? Sniffing up some chalk, are we? Giving me a damn near heart attack, are we?”

Peter drops to his seat.

Hard.

“B-But I never – “

Stark shushes him and turns to the sweating detectives, “I’ve already wired over the bail money. Un-cuff my son right now or you’ll be the lollypop men as far as your pea-brained mines can see.”

Within seconds Peter was escorted from the room by Rogers and glancing guiltily over his shoulder. Crying out defences in Kaneki’s steed to his father who had the face of stainless steel.

Once alone, door having been placed hazardously back in place, Stark closes his eyes. Taking deep, measured breathes.

Kaneki cracks his finger.

“If you ever appear in front of my son again, you can kiss goodbye to whatever you hold dear,”
dark, unforgiving eyes meet his. Kaneki felt like cooing at how intimidating Stark was trying to be. “Understood, Kaneki?”

Kaneki tips his head.

“And you can forget about attending Empire State University. After today the only education facility you’ll be attending are the ones with unhinged teachers and empty soap dispensers. You know,” Stark smiles cruelly, “the places your kind go to when they’re not killing themselves.”

Stark had no idea what his kind were, and it was cute thinking he knew.

“Am I making myself clear, Kaneki?” Stark takes a step forward until the only thing separating them was the table. “From now on I will be keeping a very close eye on you. You won’t be able to take a shit without me knowing.”

Kaneki believed him.

It simultaneously pissed and worried him – the latter quickly vanishing upon remembering who he was acquaintances with.

The man’s son.

Who had a curious kink about privacy.

Kaneki simply ‘hmm’s at Stark. Humouring him.

The man scowls and leans on his fists. Face hovering above his. “How about you tell me who supplies my son with cocaine, hmm? Is it you?”

Kaneki fights back a smile at the insinuation of Peter doing drugs. “Cannot be further from the truth.”

“Enlighten me then.”
Kaneki keeps his expression dry. Trying to mentally communicate how ridiculous this sounds.

“What’s this I hear about Stark interrogating my suspect!” A big, burly man with the circumference of an enlarged donut kicks down the already broken door. “And damaging state property. Again!”

Kaneki shuts his eyes against the onslaught of political agenda, humming again when Stark is forcibly dismissed (*Remember, Kaneki!* and he’s escorted into a jail cell filled with the busted drug dealers he got untimely messed up with.

If anybody asks, which they have and he’s answered; this entire ordeal was Parker’s fault.

He just had to pick up a cocaine-filled teddy bear and hand it to a child.
Then.

“Hide, no!”

The world shifts. Stretching around him like a rubber band before snapping back into place.

At once he’s shoved somewhere else entirely.

He’s driven forwards like a push, white pain freezing his bones and slamming against something – a brick wall? Kaneki falls to his knees. Screaming in breathless silence as exhausted muscles and fresh wounds seem to tear the more he moves.

“Hide,” he gasps. Trembling hand coming up to cover his mouth and nose, the smell of old garbage and rotten fish hit him like a gas bomb. His eyes sting in a mixture of pain and fatigue.

God the smell.

“Hide,” he tries again, louder this time. “Hide, please.” He calls with ragged, whimpering breathes.

Again. No answer.

All around him thousands of new noises and odours rage about, pulling him apart and begging for attention.

Cars, people, human, all human where are the ghouls the blood the chaos the fear where was he -
And in that moment, somehow Kaneki knew this wasn’t his world.

And that - “Hide, *Hide!*” - his best friend wasn’t with him.

*Now.*

“No, no and no!” Tony cuts into another one of Peter’s well-intentioned attempts to persuade his father off Kaneki. “That bleach-brained addict –“ Peter makes an unintelligible, helpless sound of defence, “yes, *addict,* Peter. Goddamn your heart is in the right place but seriously kid, you can’t save him and I’m not about to let you fall into old habits of your pops. ‘Kay?”

Steve twists around in his seat and gives Peter a sympathetic smile.

“I admire your commitment in helping your friend.”

“Ex-friend.” Tony feels the vindictive need to point out. Feline smirk reflecting in the rear-view mirror. “Starting *now.* Right this minute - JARVIS delete Ken Kaneki’s number from Peter’s phone.”

“All ready done, sir.” JARVIS responds through the car speakers the same time Peter’s phone suspiciously buzzes in his jeans pocket.

“You…” Peter stares. Eyes almost physically producing the profound disbelief he was in. “You can’t –“

“*Did.*” Tony butts, all smug.

“This is a misunderstanding,” he protests, feeling as though his head was about to burst from the sheer absurdity of it all.
It was supposed to be a *normal* teddy bear. Full of stuffing not *drugs*!

“You’re condemning the wrong person! I’m, I.” He pounds his chest. “Should be the one locked up in a jail cell, not Kaneki.”

Tony nearly rams the car into a bakery shop.

“Tony!” Steve cries in alarm. Body slamming against the door from the wild swerving, “Tony, *PEDESTRIAN!*”

“Are your ears filled with shit?!” Tony roars, selectively deaf. “Can you not *see* with your *eyes* what Kaneki’s true colours are!”

“I can see perfectly well!” He argues back, wincing as his dad dangerously weaves through traffic like a madman. “I was the one who handed over the teddy bear full of drugs.”

“You were ignorant.”

“So was Kaneki!” Peter shrieks. “Why can’t you believe me? Huh! Why!”

“Because – “ Tony comes to a screeching halt at the foot of Stark Tower. Panting from anger. “Because it can’t be a coincidence.”

Peter blinks. Squinting. “*What?*”

“Both of you just happening to be there during a gang’s dealing, it makes no sense.”

He almost weeps. “Dad, I *know that*,” he whines. Fighting the urge to bounce in his seat from pure frustration. “And it’s ridiculous but please – goddamn it, please believe me. Kaneki and I don’t do drugs. You can do a drugs test even! Polygraph, dope me up on some wacky SHIELD crap - but believe me. Please, dad. *Please.* You know I’m not that kind of person.”

Tony meet’s Peter’s heartfelt eyes in the rear-view mirror, expression stone.
Steve looks between them..

“We really should give them the benefit of the doubt, Tony. For all we know this can be a simple case of wrong place wrong time.”

After a moment of tense silence, Tony groans.

“This is so goddamn embarrassing.”

Peter laughs wryly. “So, uh, can we please go pick up Kaneki now?”

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