No Turning Back

by lankyguy

Summary

Flash discovers Peter's secret, as his repressed feeling begin to boil over.

Notes

No beta, my apologies. I you notice any egregious errors please let me know and I will fix them. Mahalo.

After the Lizard attacked his high school, Flash Thompson bought a cheap police scanner app for his phone. During the battle at Oscorp Tower between the villain and Spider-Man, he sat on the fire escape outside his window and followed it with rapt attention.

He used the app to keep track of, to follow his hero, Spider-Man. Buying a city map, he taped it to his wall, and began keeping track of sightings of the wall crawler, red pushpins marking every report. A shape began slowly emerging. Thompson bought more pushpins.

After school Flash would take the train into the city and dig thru old copies of the Daily Bugle at the New York Public library. He searched for the rumors and sightings initially dismissed by the police. At home he combed through online forums, where people posted their own personal sights. There were an entire section of Craigslist devoted to Spider-Man sightings.

The map grew more complex.

Laid out in front of him all the sightings formed an elongated red tear drop shape from the Bronx and into Manhattan, with a few random pins in the other boroughs.
The sightings in the Bronx were usually in the early or late part of the evening. Flash assumed that was when he was coming and going, heading from the outer borough and into the city.

Flash would often wander thru neighborhoods late at night hoping for a glimpse of the wall crawler. It was silly, and not the smartest thing to do, considering some of the places he walked.

“Flash, what are you doing?” Gwen caught him by surprise as she came out of a bodega. He had been holding his phone, his nose in the air looking at the top of buildings.

“Out for a walk,” Thompson protested.

“A walk?” She scoffed and grabbed his phone and looked at the screen, then up at his t-shirt - his spider-man shirt, and rolled her eyes. “A police band app? Really? Please, tell me you are not out looking for him.”

“I’m not.”

“Don’t you have basketball practice?” Gwen demanded.

“Off season.”

“Training? Homework?”

“Done,” Flash countered.

“Oh, just go home,” Gwen shoved the phone back at him and stormed off.

Flash laughed and kept walking.

While his nights were full of Spider-Man, his days were full of Peter Parker. Formerly “Puny” Parker who’d inexplicably been looking a lot better lately.

“Parker,” Flash grabbed Peter from behind as he stood at his locker and hugged him affectionately. “You’re coming along, man.”

“That’s a cool shirt,” Peter smiled scratching his neck.

Flash grinned back at him and looked down at his silk-screened shirt with the Spider-Man logo on it. A girl in art class made it for him.

“Yeah, dude’s - dude’s crazy, but chicks dig him,” Flash walked away with a spring in his step. The rest of the day he absently ran a hand over the front of his shirt where their bodies had touched, and smiled.

Between classes, he would swing by Peter’s locker.

Late one night Thompson found a video posted on YouTube, someone had gotten an unusually clear shot of Spider-Man crawling up a wall. The user happened to look out their window and saw the hero scaling the building opposite them.

Flash watched the video repeatedly. Something about Spider-Man’s body, the way he moved was eerily familiar. The wall-crawler had long sinewy limbs and torso. He could almost be described as ‘puny.’

The next day at school Flash watched Peter Parker enter the quad, a tight t-shirt over a tight long sleeve undershirt. Flash ran a hand over his chest where their bodies had touched the other day, when he’d pushed up against Peter’s long sinewy torso.
“Oh, shit,” Flash said out loud. *No, its crazy. It’s too crazy.*

Flash went back to the library and did more research, combing thru the newspapers again. He read thru the rumors, all the details surrounding Spider-Man's earliest appearances, back when he was still an urban legend. Originally the wall-crawler targeted a specific profile, a specific type of criminal. Reports said that he had been angry, even brutal, at times, like it was personal.

He read the perp description and his heart sank. When Pete's Uncle Ben died, after the mugging, Pete had been angry and hurt, devastated. It happened just before Spider-Man began showing up. Just before Pete went from zero to hero.

“Dude, no,” A chill ran down Flash’s spine.

Looking up the description of the man who'd killed Pete's uncle, he compared it to that of the criminals Spider-Man had first been attacking. They matched. Perfectly.

“No,” Flash stood up from his chair in the library and stormed out. A subway ride later he stood looking at the map on the wall in his room. He placed a new pushpin in the map where he knew Peter Parker’s house to be. It fell in the pattern near to the start of the tear drop. Angrily he ripped the map down and curled into a ball on his bed.

Sitting in the quad the next morning at school, Flash watched Parker arrive on his skateboard, tight hoodie pulled up over his head. Parker sat at a table, and buried his head in a book. It looked like he was feverishly doing his homework from the night before.

“What are you doing?” Gwen asked sitting down in front of him blocking the view.

“What?” Flash snapped in surprise.

“Are you trying to stare a hole through him?”

“Who?”

“Through Peter, you’ve been staring at him since he walked in,” Gwen looked over at Parker, who became aware of the gaze and looked up at them. He waved cautiously.

“It’s nothing,” Flash took a swig from his juice box.

“Sure looks like something.”

“You ever think you know someone, have a handle on ‘em? Then you find out something new and it - it just doesn’t make sense, but it does?”

“I...”

“And you don’t know whether to be angry, or mad, or hurt, or afraid for them, or you don’t know what.”

“This is about Peter?” Gwen’s brow furrowed. Her eyes had a sharp look in them.

“No. It’s nothing,” Flash got up and raced to his first class.

That night the map was back up on the wall, pushpins and all.

Flash sat on a curb down the street from Parker house, headphones in his ears listening to his Police Band app. About ten o’clock Pete walked out of the house, looked around, and then
headed in the opposite direction. Flash got up quickly and tried to catch him, but Parker was gone by the time he got to the corner.

The next few nights played out the same way. Pete always seemed to leave in a different direction than the one Flash was positioned in, and when he tried to follow him, Pete just disappeared.

Parker never came home until late, far too late for Flash to justify sitting around in the neighborhood. His Mom, was lenient but even she had her limits.

From what he remembered of Pete’s Aunt May she was warm, but tough as nails when she wanted to be. Not someone to get on the bad side of. She could not be happy with Pete’s late hours.

He spent all of a week sitting on the street staking out the Parker home, before giving up. Flash contented himself to listening to the police band and following Sider-Man’s exploits that way, and on the news. If Pete was Spider-Man, he was quite capable of eluding Flash Thompson.

Watching Parker in class, Flash could see the simmering anger and sadness that moved across his face when he thought no one was looking. Flash had grown up with an alcoholic abusive father, anger and sadness were familiar.

He saw more than that going on than that behind Peter’s deep brown eyes.

*Let the cops do their job. Dude, you’re going to get hurt,* he thought.

On a wall in Flash’s room was a shelf full of trophies he’d won, desperately trying to prove himself to his dad. But, Parker? Parker was the golden boy. Smart and good-looking, if there was anyone in their class going places it was Parker. What did he have to prove?

Flash kept a closer eye on Pete at school. Making a point to always be near him, even rearranging his routes between classes to make sure he got to see him, to be near him.

Rushing late out of homeroom one day, Flash immediately looked around for Parker.

*Damn, he’s not at his locker.*

“What are you doing?” Peter Parker appeared at his elbow making Flash jump.

“Hey Pete, what's up?” Flash tried to act nonchalant.

“Flash, why are you following me?”

“What are you talking about? I'm not,” Flash protested.

“You've been doing it all week. Stop it.”

“Just trying to keep an eye out for you, man.”

“Flash, stop it,” Peter sighed. “I'm fine.”

“You've had a rough year,” Flash said in a low voice.

“So has Gwen,” Peter was stone-faced.

“Yeah, and you're keeping an eye on her, don't think I haven't noticed. So - I'm keeping an eye on you. So... Get over it,” Flash grinned like he’d won.
“Flash.”

“Parker.”


The next few weeks passed this way, with Flash hovering always nearby. They eased into a casual intimacy that Pete pursued as equally as Flash.

Thompson might be standing at his locker talking to a friend, only to find Pete suddenly at his elbow. No doubt Pete was only teasing Flash at first, trying to get a rise out of him by invading his personal space. Flash grew to enjoy it, and would often lean into Pete’s casual brush against him.

In the morning Pete was the first person Flash sought out, and delighted to find Pete also looking for him. They began sitting together regularly at lunch.

“Pete,” Flash dipped a tortilla chip into his salsa and casually offered it Peter. The young scientist pulled his nose out of his book and snagged the chip in his mouth.

“You two are cozy, these days,” Gwen looked at them curiously as she sat down.

“I guess,” Peter mumbled, half a chip hanging out of his mouth.

“How are you?” Flash smiled at her.

“Knee deep in exams,” Gwen said. “How are you?”

“Getting by, this semester actually, thanks. Look got to hit the head before my next class,” Flash smiled as he got up and went to the restroom.

Standing at the urinal, he unzipped and looked pointedly at the wall. Pater Parker appeared at the urinal right next to him.

There’s another open one! Over there! You don’t do that.

Flash focused on the tile grout. Peter was trying to throw him off, still teasing him.

Fine, I can deal.

“3 - 6 - 9 - 12 - 15 - 18...” Thompson said in cadence to the old School House Rock jingle.

“Counting?” Pete asked.

“Used to have a bashful bladder, that song always got me out of it,” Flash explained. “Didn’t realize that was out loud.”

“I used to have the same problem,” Pete said.

Flash turned and looked into Peter’s brown eyes.

Oh, wow. Think about something else. Think about something BUT the hot guy right next to you - with his - with both our cocks out.

“How - how’d you get over it?” Flash stammered.

“The same way you did, focused on something else,” Peter explained.
“I need to focus on something else, right now,” Flash groaned.

“Am I distracting you?” Pete chuckled, looking over the divider.

“A little bit, dude,” Flash moaned. He looked!

“Talk to me.”

“About what?” Flash grumped.

“Anything. How’s your old man?” Peter asked and regret passed immediately over across his face. Everyone knew about Flash’s father.

“He’s gone,” Flash said flatly.

“What?”

“Yeah, he took off, bailed on me and mom,” Flash explained.

“I didn’t know, I’m sorry,” Pete said.

“I’m not. Now I don't have to worry about him coming home drunk and whaling on me.”

They stood side by side in silence for long seconds.

“Hey, it worked,” Flash zipped up. He smacked Peter on the ass as he walked away. Joining him at the sink Peter looked at Flash in the mirror as they both washed their hands.

“You can talk to me whenever you want,” Peter said. “Even if it’s something you don’t want to talk about. Y’know?”


“Okay,” Peter said brightly. Flash smiled and put a hand around Peter’s shoulder as they walked out.

Flash and Gwen were sitting together in the Quad one morning when Peter came in.

“God, he’s got a bruise on his neck,” Flash said. “I hate to see his bruises.”

Gwen stared at Flash, deliberately not looking. Flash waved to Peter and he brightened to see Flash, but turned wary when he saw Gwen.

“I'll see you later,” she sighed.

“Is he avoiding you again?”

“Yes, he goes thru his phases. It's bad when there's ... something going on.”

Flash nodded. They never talked about Peter's secret life and where the bruises came from.

A wedge had been driven between Gwen and Peter by the death of her father. Flash did not ask either of them what had happened, letting them stay at distance to each other and playing sometime mediator. He was afraid to pursue it and run the risk of losing either as a friend.

Pete sat down as soon as Gwen had left.
“How is she?”

“She hates seeing you like this. Another skateboard accident?” Flash said too sharply.

“Yes,” Pete agreed. The usual lie, though it was wearing thin on both of them.

“Can I look at it?” Flash indicated the bruise.

Peter shook his head vigorously.

“Dude, let me help. I have history with bruises, y’know.” Flash said.

Peter stared at Flash for a long moment. Apart from the near lapse in the restroom they never talked about that. Flash's history as domestic abuse victim was a no fly zone.

Between Flash’s bruises, Pete’s bruises, Gwen and Peter’s past, their little clique bubbled with discussions they didn’t have but lingered beneath the surface.

“I'm sorry,” Pete's eyes watered.

“For what?”

“We all knew, but we were dumb kids,” Peter choked. “Too scared to say anything.”

“Stop,” Flash tried to look away. “Parker, don't. I was a shit to you. I deserved it.”

He stood up to leave, but Pete was on his feet with lightning speed and blocking his way.

“No, Flash. That’s not true. You did not deserve it,” Peter told him sternly. They stood looking at each other for a long moment and finally Flash’s shoulders slumped, and Pete pulled him into a hug.

“I've gotta get to class,” Flash pulled away.

“Flash.”

“You know I love you, don't you?” Flash walked toward the cafeteria doors.

“You'd better,” Pete laughed, then ran to catch up to him. “Wait a second, asshole. We’re in the same class!”

A week later Flash was lying in bed in his boxers and a t-shirt, listening to the police band and watching the 24 hour news channel, NY1. He wondered how this had become the way he spent his Friday nights. Spider-Man was in a pitched battle with someone called the Vulture. Police were on the scene, but long minutes had passed and no one had reported seeing Spider-Man nor the winged felon.

He reflexively looked at his phone, hoping for a call from Pete when it was over, and planning to call him if one didn’t come. There was a sudden tapping at he window and Flash fell out of bed in surprise. Spider-man was outside his window sitting on the fire escape.

“Jesus, what happened,” Flash said as he opened the window. The masked vigilante fell in, crumpling to the floor.

“Nowhere to turn - need help,” Spider-man said.

“Of course, man. I told you I got your back.”
Spider-man looked up and nodded.

“You do know,” Peter Parker pulled off the mask.

“I’ve known for weeks.”

“You were very subtle staking out my house, by the way,” Peter winced, trying to laugh.

“I’m new at this,”

“Why didn’t you say anything?” Peter groaned.

“Don’t know. Didn’t seem right, man,” Flash explained.

“My back,”

“Yeah, I got your back.”

“No, my back.” Peter grabbed the edge of the bed and tried to stand.

“Oh, sorry,” Flash helped Peter off the floor and onto bed and onto his stomach.

Flash gasped, there was a long ugly gash, cut right thru the suit and into Pete’s back.

“I'll be right back,” Flash said flatly.

In a few minutes he reappeared with a medical kit, wet wipes, two bottles of water and towels.

“Drink,” Flash handed Peter a bottle, and two pills. “Take these.”

“What are they?”

“Pain killers,” Flash pulled the zipper down the back of the suit. “Okay, I’m going to need you to lift up so I can pull the top down.”

Pete nodded and pulled off his gloves, and then pushed up off the bed. Flash wrestled the suit over Parker’s arms.

“Do you think you could have made this suit a little tighter?” Flash grunted as he struggled to pull the uniform down Pete’s lanky torso.

“I'll make a note of that for next time,” Pete grunted.

“Jesus, this is bad Pete, you need sutures,” Flash said as he gingerly cleaned the wound.

“No hospitals.”

“I know. I get it. Luckily my Mom’s a nurse. I have butterfly bandages, they'll help briefly, but we need something to hold the wound closed and cover it. I don’t have enough gauze.”

“This will work,” Pete pulled off a wrist band and handed it to Flash.

“What is it?”

“Web shooter, point and spray, a bit of web will seal it, hold it together.”

“That will work?” Flash was dumbfounded. Putting the web shooter around his wrist, he yelped
when he accidentally shot a line of web.

“It worked for the bullet wound in my leg a few weeks back.”

“A bullet? Jeez, Pete... Okay, point and shoot, got it,” He closed the wound as best he could with the with the butterfly bandages. After practicing a few times, Flash carefully sprayed the webbing, slowly working his way across Pete’s back. He added a second layer for good measure.

Pete sighed loudly as the wound was sealed, and he visibly relaxed. It seemed to Flash as if Pete had been holding the wound, and himself, together by sheer force of will and could now let go. Parker rubbed his head into the pillow. Flash recognized that the pain killers were kicking in.

“How will you get it off?” Flash asked. “The webbing, I mean.”

“It dissolves on its own.”

“Of course. Of course,” Flash was impressed. “You made it, yourself.”

“Yeah...”

“You really are amazing,” Flash pulled Pete’s boots off.

“What’re you...”

“We’re getting the suit off and cleaning you up.”

“Dude, I’m naked underneath,” Peter protested.


“Just ... wanted to warn you.”

“Lift up your waist for a second,” Flash said and began peeling the suit the rest of the way off. His hand brushed against Pete’s junk as it flopped out of the suit, but he tried not to think about it. Not that it worked, but he tried.

Just get him cleaned up.

“Probably needs a god airing out,” Flash said, this got a snort from Pete. “What is that like a wetsuit?”

“Not dissimilar, with a few tweaks.”

“I’ll bet,” Flash hung the suit inside out, in his closet. He hid the mask, under the mattress, and boots under the bed. Flash set to cleaning Pete with the wet wipes and towel. Rolling him over and onto his good side, he carefully cleaned Peter’s chest and legs and face.

Flash tried not to stare at Pete’s ample junk, at least not anymore than he had stared at his friend’s cute little ass. I’m pretty sure he’s looked at my junk, so fair is fair, he reassured himself. More than once they locked eyes.

“When I thought of getting you naked, this was not how I pictured it going,” Flash said.

“Wha..?” Peter snickered.

Crap, said that out loud. I have to quit doing that. Propping a pillow carefully under Peter’s head, Flash covered him with a blanket, then set to cleaning up the room.
“Nothing out of the ordinary. Just my best friend staying the night, Ma,” he practiced. He grabbed a pillow and lay down on the floor beside the bed.


Reprimanded, Flash got up and lay on his back in bed beside Peter Parker. Every atom in his body tingling with electricity at how close they were.

He’s totally naked.

Pete sighed, reached back and grabbed Flash's far hand and pulled him over into a spooning position.

“Idiot,” Parker grumbled.

“Puny Parker,” Flash whispered in his ear.

“Think your mom will freak if she finds us like this in the morning?” Pete chuckled, and moved Flash’s hand so it was cupping his crotch.

“I don’t even care,” Flash gave an affectionate squeeze, then moved his hand back up, and rested it over Peter’s heart.

“You know I love you, don't you?” Peter asked.

“You'd better,” Flash nuzzled Parker’s neck.

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