

Peter Parker and Friends Oneshots

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Peter Parker and Friends Oneshots

by [amyanimates1019](#)

Summary

I don't own any Marvel characters, or the franchise, obviously, I am typically using writing prompts for this story, but it's pretty self explanatory. These are oneshots about Peter Parker and his friends.

Introduction

These oneshots are typically after infinity war, but most aren't canon at all. Not everything will follow the actual storyline, and not every oneshot will be from the same storyline. One oneshot could be about Peter Parker not having met Tony or the Avengers, while another could be about him being Tony's kid. Most of these will be from prompts or other story ideas I've read, although a few may have been fully mine. If you would like to request a story, you can comment. If it doesn't go exactly as you would like it to, I'm sorry. I will try to post credits for each person who requests, if I get any requests at all. I hope this has been a sufficient introduction, and I hope you enjoy this oneshots book! :D

Home

Chapter Summary

An alternate version of after the Thanos snap.

Tony woke up on the ship with Nebula, running out of oxygen. Nebula seemed stressed, but it's hard to tell. She's almost as hard to read as Natasha.

"Nebula... what's wrong?" Tony worked up the courage to ask. Typically he would have asked right away, but he knew something traumatic happened to her, and Peter has helped him become more sensitive and emotional. Peter. Poor Peter Parker, too selfless for his own good. If only he had stayed on the bus, maybe gone to MoMa. He probably would have been dusted anyways, but was it selfish of Tony to not want to see his mentee... no, his son dusted in front of him... in his arms? Of course it was. Peter was apologizing to him in his last moments, knowing Tony would blame himself, knowing Tony would fantasize he was still here. And of course it was selfish, his class would have to have seen him dust, in pain. Tony doesn't really know if Peter's class saw anyone dust, but Tony is desperate. Nebula finally replied, having thought while Tony was in despair.

"He was special to you, wasn't he?" she queried, catching Tony by surprise. Her distress was about him?

"... Yes. He was like a son to me... now I'll never see him again..." Tony had a tear run down his cheek. He has cried a lot since Nebula picked him up.

"...Thanos was my father. He was terrible, and selfish. He killed my sister to get one of the stones." Nebula looked down. Tony looked at her, shocked she spoke of something so personal. All he knew about her was her name, and she shared this information with him.

"Dads are the worst." He gave a dry chuckle. She looked at him, analyzing him, and she turned around and looked out front.

"What... is that?" She questioned, seeing a glowing... star? Comet? headed straight towards them. It slowed down as it got closer, and Tony saw someone he recognized. When he was in Fury's office once, he had a picture of her. He asked about it a few times, but Fury never answered. Obviously, he hacked into SHIELD and found out her entire story. Of course no one knows that. Tony is a lot smarter than even he lets on. And he boasts about how smart he is A LOT.

"That's someone who can save us." Tony replied, realizing he could go home. Home. Was Pepper alive? What about the rest of the Avengers? What about the rogues? The other

wizard? Was Fury even alive?! Tony started having a panic attack, but snapped out of it when he heard Captain Marvel speak.

"Is this Tony Stark?" She asked from outside.

"Yes, Ms. Danvers. Could you possibly take us back to Earth?" Tony responded. Carol was clearly surprised that he knew who she was, but cooperated anyways. Carol flew at inhuman speeds (clearly) and they ended up on Earth almost immediately. Carol landed them in Wakanda, as if she knew that the Avengers would be there. Many soldiers stood there with their spears and shields at the ready, as well as some blasters, but still only about 2/3 as many as there would have been before the snap.

"State your name and business here!" A soldier yelled, clearly not realizing they were friendly.

"I am Carol Danvers, I carry a ship with Tony Stark. I just want to drop him off and coordinate with you all to stop Thanos." She stated loudly and clearly. When she heard Tony's name, Princess Shuri and the surviving Avengers sprinted to the front, the Wakandan soldiers spreading apart seeing as their princess can handle this. Steve was next to her, ready to help Tony off if need be. Tony stumbled out of the aircraft, Steve grabbing him, helping him down. Tony is trying to act okay, but he lost his son, and possibly Pepper too.

Steve, seeing Tony's distress, just says, "Pepper's okay. She came here after the battle." Causing Tony at least some relief. No one knew about Peter except for Pepper, Tony and Happy, so Steve was confused when he saw Tony still look upset. Tony stumbled inside, only to have Pepper come barreling into him wrapping her arms around him, crying. She then looked up at him, clearly devastated.

"Tony... we were going to have a daughter... But now... she's gone! HE TOOK HER AWAY!!!" She started sobbing again while Tony was shocked. Then mad. Then he was crying. He and Pepper both thought of Peter as their kid so when Tony whispered this in her ear, choking back a sob, the tears came faster. "I guess we lost two kids then..." They both fell to the floor, sobbing. Eventually, Pepper passed out in Tony's arms. He, still crying, carried Pepper away, to where Steve said their room was. Eventually, they all decided to go back to the Avengers compound, because Wakanda just lost another king, and the princess needs to help organize the country. She helped them from afar, but she couldn't come with them.

Once they got to the compound, Tony locked himself in the lab, starting to come up with a plan on how to get everyone back. No one was aloud in the room other than Happy, Nebula and Pepper, which concerned everyone, especially Rhodey since he was Tony's best friend. Clint couldn't get in through the vents and Natasha couldn't even find out what was going on from anyone who knew. One day, since no one was able to make Tony eat or sleep, Friday let them in because she was so concerned.

"Stark! What are you even doing in here! You have been moping around for no reason ever since you got back, what did you even lose!? Pepper, Happy, and Rhodey are here! All of us have lost someone, but not you! You even gained someone! We get it, you wanted to save everyone, but please, we need you to cooperate! I lost my entire family! Please!" Clint had

been yelling the entire time with everyone behind him. They all were so focused on Tony, they didn't even see anything but him.

"What did I lose? I lost everything." Everyone looked up at this.

"What do you mean!? Even your business is okay! You're still rich, you have everything! How can you be upset!?" Clint yelled again. Then, Natasha noticed the room.

"Guys..." She started. "Look."

Then they did. First they saw his plans. He has been tracking the entire galaxy for Thanos's heat signature. He's humongous, he must have a large one. Then, they saw the pictures. The slideshows. The inventions labeled 'Peter'. They saw acceptance letters to Harvard, Yale, MIT, Princeton, Columbia University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and many other elite schools, but they saw a lot more MIT stuff, smaller than Tony's was, so it clearly wasn't his. They also saw lots of Midtown Tech merchandise. They also saw a scan of Peppers stomach, with what would have been Morgan. They saw pictures of Peter in a slideshow, and they realized, Tony did lose everything. And he was still working to help them. And they just yelled at him. Suddenly there was a beep. The scanner found Thanos. They quickly left, Captain Marvel helping since she could get them there in a matter of seconds. They quickly defeated Thanos before he could snap to get rid of the stones, the Hulk snapped and brought everyone back, and when they got back home, Peter met the Avengers. Doctor Strange came up to Tony and asked him how he did it. He said that this wasn't one of the outcomes. Tony didn't know how, and now Doctor Strange is scared of Tony. The End.

Useless

Chapter Summary

Peter is smart. The avengers are mean. Soul stone.

A few weeks after they all woke up in the soul realm, they were fighting about how they were supposed to get out. All the yelling hurt the mini-Peter's head. At some point, he found a notebook and pencil, and he had a detailed plan written down in it. Once he was at least 90% sure it would work, he went up to the group.

"Hey guys--" Peter started, only to get cut off.

"Shut up Peter, the adults are talking!" Said Peter Quill.

"Peter honey, go back to drawing, okay?" Hope said, not wanting him near the yelling, knowing it hurt him.

"Well, that's what I came over for, I think I---" he was cut off again, this time by Sam.

"Peter! Shut up! We are trying to figure out how to get out! We get it, you miss your mommy and daddy! But. Shut. Up. We don't need some useless little sixteen year old trying make his family proud messing this up!" He yelled, caught up in the moment. Peters eyes were holding back tears, while Wanda was a distance away listening in. She, being the closest in age to him started to walk over, when he started to speak.

"Seventeen." Peter stated, expression blank.

"What?" Bucky looked over at him quizzically.

"Today was my birthday. I am seventeen." He stated coldly. Everyone went quiet, and no one could read his expression. Wanda figured she should read his mind to see what was going on. She knew immediately.

"Sam." She said, tears pricking her eyes. All Peter had been thinking about was literally every traumatic experience he has gone through. And she saw it all.

"What, Wanda. What now?" he said, still not feeling bad.

"His parents are dead. His whole family is dead." She said. "And he has been through more traumatic experiences than all of us combined, so I think you all should shut up!" She started getting louder the longer she spoke. Everyone looked at her, shocked. They then looked at Peter, to see a single tear drip down his face.

"Let's go Peter. You have a good plan, I saw it in your head. It's sure to work." Wanda said, on a slightly less upsetting note. Once they left the group, the group just looked at Sam. He was starting to feel bad.

With Wanda and Peter, they had started constructing a machine that should get them out of there. A few days later, they got it to work, and they woke up, Peter staring at Tony, who was shocked and crying. Once they saw everyone else, they were just as surprised. They looked around, confused.

"Tony, how did you get us out?" Bucky asked.

"I didn't... none of us did..." Tony said, hesitantly.

Wanda looked up then said, "It was Peter. He was working really hard, and he has had this plan for a while now, then you all went and ignored him, then insulted him and called him useless. Look where we are now." Once Tony heard this, he was proud of his boy, but enraged at the others. Let's just say it didn't end well for Sam.

Bucky and Peter

Chapter Summary

Slight chaos with Petey boi and Bucky boi

Peter woke up in pain. He had just felt every cell in his body turn to dust. He opened his eyes and saw a blinding light, and a man that looked really familiar.

"Jesus?" He asked. He heard some laughing in the background.

"No, I'm not Jesus, kid. I fought you in Germany, didn't I? I didn't expect you to be so young. You and Steve would probably get along." The man said.

Later on, Peter was sad. Bucky nearby, asked him what was wrong.

"I figured heaven would be prettier. And with more dogs, Jesus." He responded.

"For the last time kid! I am not Jesus and this is not heaven!" He yelled, agitated.

"So this is hell!? I know I stole a pen once, but I put it back! And I didn't mean to forget to water May's flowers!" He started freaking out and Bucky just groaned, but was laughing internally at how innocent this kid was.

A few days later, a realization dawned on Peter, and he started panicking. Bucky, being the closest with Peter, and having calmed Steve down with panic attacks before, went to help.

"What's wrong, kid?" Bucky asked, worried.

"I really went and told Mr. Stark I'm sorry, like an idiot. He's gonna hate himself until he saves us all. He's gonna drink so much too! I threw away all of his emergency whiskey, but he's a billionaire, he can just buy more. He's gonna break his promise and Pepper's gonna be sad! This is bad, really, really bad!" He started breathing heavily. Bucky sat next to him, at a loss for words. He was ready to calm Peter down and give the 'It's gonna be okay. We'll figure this out.' speech at the ready, but now this kid has him thinking about how Steve is probably staring at his hand, thinking about how he failed to save him for a fourth time as if he had any say in this.

"Those idiots are gonna get themselves killed without us." He said, looking down.

"Right!? God hecking dang it!" He said, louder than he should have.

All of a sudden, he hears Shuri in the distance.

"Road work ahead?" she yelled really loudly.

Peter, along with the thousands of other teenagers that were dusted replied, "Uh, yeah, I sure hope it does!" And because of his super hearing, Peter also heard her saying 'oh no... how am I supposed to find Peter now...' So Peter stood up and told Bucky that Shuri was looking for him, and he left to find Shuri.

The Diary

Chapter Summary

Bucky's diary

Bucky decided to start a diary on what has been happening inside the soul realm.

'Day fifteen. We are working on a plan, but no one seems to be getting anywhere.'

'Day forty-seven. No one will stop fighting. There are many children going on about something called vine. They seem to find it funny. Once we get back, I should look into it.'

'Day one hundred-three. We gave up on the plans. There is one kid who seems to be a friend of Stark. He keeps going on about potato guns and barns. I don't know how much longer I can stand this.'

'Day one hundred-eighty-three of being stuck in the soul realm. I have concluded there is no intelligent life here.'

He wrote this as Peter, to the tune of the final countdown, yelled out, "It's a mental breakdown!" and Shuri followed by playing an off-key kazoo.

Skip Wescott

Chapter Summary

Skip is in the soul stone. Not good for Peter.

One day, Peter was with some teens from his school. MJ just happened to have a pair of his clothes with her when she dusted, so he was able to change and act like a normal teenager. None of the Avengers saw him while he was in his suit, so only the ones on Titan knew who he was. After he finished having a conversation with his classmates, he left to see if he could help people find their families in the stone. He ended up helping three lost children find their parents, and he saw the other Peter.

"Hey, I can't remember if we introduced ourselves on Titan." Peter Parker said.

"I don't either... I'm Peter. Peter Quill. You should know me as Starlord." He said, almost as if he was boasting.

"Oh! I'm Spiderman, but don't let anyone know that, and my name is Peter as well! I'm Peter Parker!" He said, excited there was another Peter. Then a few more people were dusted. You see, there was a delayed effect around the universe where they were dusted a few hours apart.

"Another one bites the dust!" Quill said subconsciously.

"Another one bites the dust!" The other Peter continued.

"And another one gone..." Quill keeps going.

"And another one gone..." Peter leads up to the big finale of their duet.

"Another one bites the dust!" They yelled out together. People were staring at them as they burst out laughing. Peter had been mad at Quill before, because if he hadn't punched Thanos, they would have won, but now all he wants to do is make matching jerseys with 'Peter' on them. Peter ended up leaving Quill at some point, going to look for someone to help. He helped a few more kids, and stopped people from stealing from others in the stone. They may be half-dead, but that doesn't mean that there's no crime.

Actually, there happened to be a lot of crime in the stone, around each makeshift camp.

People in jail were dusted and used it as an opportunity to go back to being felons. Thinking about this, Pete accidentally walked into someone and tripped over them.

"S-sorry! I didn't see you there!" He said, quickly getting up.

"That's alright, Einstein..." Peter's eyes widened in horror as he realized who was with him.

No one else was around, and they were at an old abandoned camp, already forgotten, even after only a few hours. Skip backed Peter into one of the walls, slowly getting closer with a look of lust and hatred in his eyes.

"Hey Einstein... you know you got me arrested right... that can't go unpunished can it?"

He paused, thinking of what to say next, "Maybe we should play a game like we used to?"

He smirked as Peter's eyes widened even more. Peter probably could defend himself, but in his panicked state, that wasn't even an option. He wouldn't be able to control his strength.

Wescott may be a trash human being, but Pete would never kill anyone if he had anything to say about it, maybe as a last resort if he must.

Skip started stripping, unbuttoning his shirt and pants. Peter tried to call out for help, but no one near could hear him. Tears welled in his eyes as he realized what was about to happen. Just as he thought nothing could save him, he called out one last time, hoping, praying that someone could come save him. Just as his tears overwhelmed and blurred his vision, he saw something vaguely red. He wiped his eyes as the weight of Skip slowly lifted off him. When he finally was able to see clearly, he saw a girl, probably only about two years older than him using some sort of red magic to lift Skip off him and knock him out. That's when he recognized her. The Scarlet Witch. He had just fought her a few years ago as Spider-Man. As Skip passed out, she dropped him to the ground and rushed over to Peter. He then saw there were multiple people behind her, and he vaguely saw the other Peter. He motioned at him to keep quiet and only he and a green woman saw it.

"Are you alright?" Wanda asked as she got to him, in her thick Sokovian accent.

"Y-yeah..." He said, making sure not to make a very cocky comeback that he would have said were he Spider-Man right now. The green woman sent a look to Starlord saying to explain the look Peter Parker gave him. Starlord looked at Peter and Peter nodded but motioned that they would do it later.

"I'm glad." Wanda replied. Peter got a good look at the others, and it was like, over half of the Avengers, plus some others that looked like they knew Quill.

"Did you know that guy?" The Winter Soldier asked from behind Wanda.

"Ah- yeah..." Peter shook a little bit, reminded of past trauma.

"How?" Asked an older man, who realized was Hank Pym, a very renowned scientist that Pete looked up to quite a bit, similar to Mr. Stark and Dr. Banner.

"Dad! Don't be so blunt! Clearly he's scared, that's probably not the first time that's happened!" A lady beside Dr. Pym whispered in his ear, who Peter also recognized as Hope Van Dyne, Hanks daughter, who is also on the council for Pym Tech. Peter decided not to reply seeing as he shouldn't be able to hear that.

"You don't have to answer that- ah, what's your name?" Asked the Falcon from beside The Winter Soldier.

"His name is Peter." Peter Quill said.

"And how do you know that? And isn't your name Peter too?" Asked Wanda.

"Wait isn't he that Sp-" Drax was cut off by Peter Quill.

"I held a gun to his head at some point, then we bonded over our love for music and our names." Quill answered nonchalantly.

"Why did you hold a gun to his head!?" Janet Van Dyne responded, quite loudly actually. Wait didn't she go missing like, forever ago? What's she doing here?

"Well we were on an ali-" Drax got cut off again by Peter, trying not to let Peter Parker's identity get exposed.

"He scared me." Quill said.

"I am Groot?" A tree person asked.

"Oh, well I was on a field trip and then there was an alien ship out the window, and a bit later I was turned to dust." Peter answered.

"You understand him!?" T'Challa asked in his smooth Wakandan accent.

"Yeah? I guess? That's strange...I thought I heard 'I am Groot?' but at the same time it felt like he asked what was happening when I got dusted..." Our resident smol bean responded.

"Anyways, it was nice to meet you all, but I should probably go meet up with some of my friends. Our camp was around here somewhere. Oh god Flash is gonna kill me for being late!"

"Oh, alright! See you around!" Hope responded as they started walking off. As they were a

safe distance away, the green lady and Peter Quill decided to talk to Peter Parker. Peter found out the lady's name is Gamora, and that she's Quill's girlfriend. The Peters explained what the motions meant and all that Jazz. Peter went to go put his suit on and help some civilians out with his other legs/arms.

Hamilton

Chapter Summary

Spiderman meets Lin Manuel Miranda. Really bad, like all the others.

In this one shot, Peter is in college and is 21, but everyone else is the same age. Sort of a crack fic.

Peter donned his Spidey suit one fateful evening, just after dinner. He was just going to do a quick patrol, scan the city, stop a few petty crimes, and go to bed before his exam the next day in biochemistry. He also had a few acting classes after school. He was going to go to a local theatre and be in the cast of an off-broadway Hamilton. He has all his, and everyone else's lines memorized. If multiple people weren't singing at a time in the songs, he could do the entire show on his own. Peter absolutely loved this musical, and pretty much all other Broadway musicals.

Then, Peter's enhanced hearing picked up someone breathing heavily. At first he wrote it off as some druggie or drunk person, but then it got louder, as well as the noticeable click of a gun. No shots had been fired yet, but Peter has better hurry before something turns nasty. Peter quickly swung through the streets towards the source of the noise. Suddenly he saw a larger guy holding a gun to a man's head. Spidey being one for dramatics just swung down and quickly knocked out the armed man while sorta quoting Hamilton.

"Man you sure threw away your shot..." he mumbled, but the man he saved heard him and chuckled. Spidey turned around only to see it was none other than Lin Manuel Miranda. Spidey's jaw dropped and it was apparent through the mask that he was shocked, "Did I hit my head while swinging down here or are you who I think you are?" He trailed off towards the end.

Lin chuckled and said, "I think I'm who you think I am? I'm not really sure."

Spidey cleared his throat and internally squealed, "Well I'm seeing Lin Manuel Miranda, and I'm not sure if I'm right."

Lin responded, "Well I guess I am who you think I am." He laughed again.

Spider-Man was fanboying so hard. Like REALLY hard. "Oh my Thor..." he promptly started rambling about how much he loves Lin, and Hamilton, and literally all Broadway musicals.

"Jeez this is so cool..." he and Lin went on to have a lovely conversation and Lin was actually internally fanboying a bit as well because THE crime fighting Spider-Man saved him and said he looked up to HIM.

The next day Peter woke up to his phone pinging. He saw it was his Instagram notifications so he clicked it and saw a post he was tagged in. It was basically a long paragraph about what happened last night and Lin thanking Spidey over and over again. Peter later DM'd him and they chatted for a bit before Peter mentioned he memorized the whole show. Including the choreography. Needless to say, Spidey and Lin went on to do a whole recreation of the show on Ellen. Spider-Man was a great Peggy. 🙌 10/10 would watch again.

Pietro

Chapter Summary

Peter and Pietro meet.

(Peter is aged up and Pietro and Wanda are aged down, as I do not support pe***hilia)

"What, you didn't see that coming?" A voice said, whipping past Wanda.

"Uggghh..." groaned a deep voice, "I feel like I've been shot."

"You were," said a boy, just a few years younger than the first, "You've been in a coma, for quite a long time."

The first man gasped, "My home!" He exclaimed, confused and scared.

"Yes, Sokovia has fallen, quite literally." The boy paused, "My name is Peter, Peter Parker." The newly dubbed Peter Parker, looked to only be about 15 or 16, although he was truly 18 at the moment. The first man, who introduced himself as Pietro Maximoff, was 20, had realized that he was at least a few years in the future.

"Your heart was beating so fast they couldn't sense it. Everyone thinks you're dead," the boy broke the news bluntly, yet gently. "I was friends with your sister, as you both are only 2 years older than me."

"What year is it? How long has it been?! What does Wanda think? Does she know I'm awake? Can I see her?!" Pietro spitfires, going at such a rapid pace it was hard to keep up, as expected of Quicksilver.

"It's 2017," Peter replies, "that makes you 20, and I'm 18. Ultron happened in 2015, so you were my age then, and I was 16." He pauses so Pietro can take this in, "It's been 2 years, and no, Wanda does not know you're alive. I, to be frank, didn't either. You can not see her at the moment either, as there is a crisis at the moment that the Avengers are attending to, however I can bring you to her later on." Peter spoke formally and calmly, as he didn't want Pietro to panic.

"The Avengers? Has Wanda joined them?" Pietro was confused. First, he goes and apparently just dies on his sister, after such a short character arc too! Then, he wakes up 2 years in the future, and his sister has joined the Avengers!?

"Yes, Wanda did join, as did I in the time you were gone. Hi, I'm Spider-Man!" Peter was ecstatic to meet Pietro after all the stories from Wanda, although he was formal at first.

~~~~~1 Year Later~~~~~

During the past year, Pietro and Peter started dating, as Wanda and the others had gotten in a massive fight and she had been effectively been put on house arrest. Pietro had not been able to visit her because of this, and he had spent all his time bonding with Peter. Pietro found out that Peter had ran away after his Aunt died and he didn't want to bother Stark because Tony had been really mad last time they talked. When Peter ran away, he had lost track of how far he travelled and fell asleep in a train car, and ended up in the Sokovia refugee camps. Peter and Pietro stayed Quicksilver and Spider-Man, but much more covert, as not to draw suspicion to themselves. It was now 2018, and just in this moment, Thanos snapped.

Pietro and Peter woke up, in each others arms. Peter was in immense pain, feeling all of his cells get torn apart and put back together again, over and over again. All he could feel was pain. And suddenly, it just stopped. He opened his eyes and looked around, only to see Pietro next to him, along with many others, in a vast orange landscape.

"Where are we?" Peter wondered aloud.

"I... have no clue..." Pietro whispered, suddenly breathless.

It was beautiful, the vivid orange, the reflective, liquid-like flooring. There were so many people around them. It seemed many important people were around them, Deadpool, Nick Fury, Black Panther, Princess Shuri of Wakanda, Doctor Strange, The Van Dynes and Doctor Pym, The Falcon, and The Winter Soldier. Pietro finished scanning everything, not seeing anyone that may recognize him other than the Falcon, and possibly Nick Fury and the Winter Soldier, as Pietro realized he had seen him somewhere before. He turned around, seeing an old man with glasses and the letters SL on his shirt, and then he saw her. Wanda. His sister. She hadn't seen him yet, so he snatched Peter off his own feet and zipped away before anyone could see them. He also realized that most of them knew Peter, including Wanda, Deadpool, Nick Fury knew of him, Black Panther, The Falcon, and The Winter Soldier. This would not be good for Peter's mental health, he hadn't seen them in so long, he might break down. After some time had passed, Pietro eventually stopped hiding. They seemed to be everywhere he went, as if the universe was mocking him. So, he decided to mess with them.

"What, you didn't see that coming?" A voice said, whipping past Wanda. She choked. Like, actually choked on her tears.

"Pietro..." she whimpered, in her thick Sokovian accent that always reappears when she's upset.

"Hey, sis! How ya been?" He said, cheerfully, even though on the inside he was terrified.

"Pietro!" She practically fell into his arms. All the others looked their way, although the old man had mysteriously disappeared.

"Holy shit..." Sam whispered, confused after remembering Pietro dying 3 years earlier.

"And is that- Peter too!?" Wanda was bawling by now. First her twin brother was alive after 3 years, then her younger brother in all but blood was with him, after being missing for several

years as well.

"Petey-pie!" Wade yelled in the background, already running to jump in Peters arms. Deadpool had missed his friend ~~(crush)~~ in the time he'd been gone, although he realized he was actually much older than him and gave up after a while.

In the end, Peter and the others got reacquainted, and afterwards Peter and Pietro revealed their relationship (shock, shock everywhere)

Once they were out of the stone and were fighting Thanos again, Pietro was able to use the stones, along with Wanda and Quill at the same time, and Tony never died. (Wanda with her powers coming from a stone, Quill basically being half god, and Pietro being able to practically faze the gauntlet off himself, quickly enough to save his arm, and life.)

# Asthma

## Chapter Summary

Peter has an asthma attack in school and Ned decided to call Mr. Stark.

So, Peter woke up. Of course, there's nothing wrong with that until he sees his mentor sitting next to him looking halfway to seventeen different panic attacks and back. Now, you may be wondering how he got in this situation. Well he is too.

"Yo, dude! Guess who got another Lego Star Wars set!" Ned came up to Peter's locker excitedly.

"Um- now's not really the best time Ned, could we talk about this later?" Peter whispered as some girls around them laughed.

"Ooh! Is it Spider stuff? Do you need a Guy In The Chair? Do you need to get out of here? I can make a distraction! HELP! HELP!" Ned suddenly started shouting, drawing attention to the both of them.

"No! Ned shush! Be quiet!" Peter whisper shouted, slowly getting Ned to stop and calm down, only after there were hordes of other students around them. Once they all went away, Peter continued his earlier story. "It's just... Doc Oc hit me with some sort of ray gun in our latest fight, and I haven't been able to use my powers!" At this, Ned started panicking.

"WHAT!?" He screamed, once more drawing attention to the duo.

"SHUSH!" Peter lost his temper, Ned was just so loud! He did not understand how to keep a secret. "May got me some contacts so I don't suddenly start wearing glasses again, but it's almost like I've reverted back to my past body! My muscles are gone, I can't see, I got sick yesterday, I even like mint!"

"Oh. My. God."

"Yeah,"

"Does that mean you have asthma again?" Ned asked, starting to get concerned since PE was their first period that day.

"Shit," Peter's eyes widened. He couldn't suddenly have an asthma attack after not having one for months! What was he gonna do?! Just as he thought of his conundrum, the bell rang, signaling them to head to the gym. After listening to another stupid Captain America PSA, they found out they were going to be doing the Pacer test. Because of course. The universe just hates him. You know, Parker luck and all that.

He was in the first group of people to take the test, so he started running. He wasn't completely sure that he all of a sudden had asthma again, but if he did, this would not end well. He needed to pace himself even better than usual, as not to have an attack. but then he started running out of breath. After only ten laps. The average for a boy his age was forty-seven, and he was at ten. He usually did his best to get below average, but he still needed at least the high twenty's or low thirty's to not completely ruin his score! Then he thought, he doesn't have an inhaler. And he can't just borrow someone else's, his school was overly health conscious like that. He was going to die here. Goodbye cruel world. Thank you for all the help. Really. Fantastic work here.

He soon started to wheeze, which then turned into full on coughing, and a tightness in his chest. He felt like his throat was swelling up, like he was suffocating. He realized that at some point he had fallen over, or maybe he just sat down. He clawed at his collared shirt underneath his sweater, trying to undo the buttons. Ned was at his side, frantically trying to call for help. The coach was calling for the nurse, but Peter couldn't breathe. He couldn't think. It was just too hard. He couldn't stop coughing, any attempts the others were making to help him unable to help, his body racked back and forth as he hacked away. Sometimes he'd cough up some sort of slimy mucus, he was sweaty and pale, unable to get anything but wheezes or coughs out, not able to ask for help. Ned had grabbed Peter's phone at some point, but with all the panic, he couldn't remember the password.

"Hey Siri? Call Mr. Stark!" At this, everyone looked at Ned, shocked that they would continue to lie like this as Peter was in danger. Unless it was all an act. Ah, that makes sense. Peter hadn't had an asthma attack in months, and he would have an inhaler on him to use if he was in danger. As everyone stepped back, Peter felt less anxious since he wasn't being crowded, but he still couldn't breathe. He could not breathe. Help. Help. Help! Help! Help! HELP! HELP HIM! HELP! HE CAN'T BREATHE! Help...

So, Peter woke up. Of course, there's nothing wrong with that until he sees his mentor sitting next to him looking halfway to seventeen different panic attacks and back. He then remembered everything that had happened that day. As soon as he opened his eyes, Tony looked at him, his eyes in a crazed expression of sorrow and panic.

"Kid! You're okay!" Tony showed an unnatural amount of emotion. He sometimes smirked or frowned, but those were the only expressions Peter ever saw on his face other than disdain or anger. Which is honestly kind of sad. For both of them. Peter all of a sudden felt a disorder in his body and realized that while he was asleep, he became normal again. So unless Ned explained it to Mr. Stark, he would be sitting here for a while. Great. Thanks world. Screw you.

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