

Why Can't I Feel Good?

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Why Can't I Feel Good?

by [Good As I Am94](#)

Summary

4. Headache/migraine. 10. Medicine/Injection.

Notes

Happy Saturday!

I'm currently sitting here tracking my heart rate trying to figure out if it's fast because I'm anxious or if it's because of the new medication I'm on. The best thing I have told myself is that as long as it's not dangerous level I don't panic and I can call my doctor on Tuesday if I need to. BUT leave some virtual hugs below somewhere. ;)

"I just really wish that the voices in my head would go talk to someone else instead, but they don't want to..." (SELF Robert Grace/Emma Steinbakken)

RANDOM FACT ABOUT ME: I'm an ambivert.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Nat was listening to the team during the debriefing. She was listening but not really taking anything in because a drummer had taken up residence in her head. Gosh, she wanted to evict the drummer.

“Nat?” Steve said looking in her direction, “Did you hear a word I said?”

Nat winced at the loud tone, “So I wasn’t listening per se.”

Clint laughed.

Peter hid a smile behind his hand.

“See Spangles, everyone wants to leave.” Tony rolled his eyes.

“We’re not done.” Steve told him firmly.

“I WANNA GO HOME.” Tony said loudly.

“Peter?” Natasha whispered to her nephew and fellow spider, “Do me a favor?”

Peter nodded.

“Pass me the trash can by the door please.”

Peter went and retrieved the item and passed it to his aunt, “But why did you—Oh.”

Nat retched into the trash can.

“You know what? I’m thinking we can reschedule this.” Steve stopped arguing with Tony, “For a day when everyone is healthy.”

“Thank you, Nat.” Tony grinned at her.

“My pleasure.” She put the trash can on the floor, “I’m going back to my room now to die.”

~

“Auntie Nat.” Peter whispered into her room later that day, “Mom said I should come check on you and ask you if you want me to bring you something for dinner?”

“I’m not hungry.” Natasha whispered back, “But thank you.”

Pepper appeared behind Peter, “I think he stated that as a request. It’s not. You are eating. You don’t have to overdo it, but your body needs food and water in order to get you healthy again. Do you want me to bring you a tray in here or you’d like to join us in the kitchen?”

“Well if I don’t have choice on eating then I guess I’ll eat in here.”

~

“Mom! I wanted to go see Auntie Nat too!’ Morgan whined when Pepper and Peter returned from bringing Nat her dinner.

“I’m sorry, Mo. Auntie Nat isn’t feeling well. You can see her when she’s on the mend, okay?”

Morgan grabbed her fork and stabbed one of the veggies on her plate, “I’m so mad.”

“I can tell by the way you attacked that piece of broccoli.” Tony laughed, “Don’t go easy on it.”

Peter pushed around food on his plate while his family talked. He wasn’t really feeling up to eating right now. He was too far in his own thoughts.

“Earth to Peter.” Tony finally got his attention, “I thought we made it clear today that eating isn’t optional.”

“I’m just not hungry.” Peter pushed the plate forward, “Can I be excused?”

“You know the rules, kid. You don’t eat then you don’t eat treats until you do. I can save your food for you if that’s what you’d like though.” Tony told the teenager.

“Okay.” Peter passed his plate to his dad and headed down the hall to his room.

~

“You think he’s caught what Nat has?” Pepper asked Tony after they had put Morgan to bed,

“He’s not normally picky about dinner.”

“No, he’s not.” Tony agreed, “I suppose we have to let him come to us.”

“I hate that.” Pepper snuggled close to her husband, “Somedays I wish I could read minds.”

“That would be scary. I don’t want to know what people think about.”

“Okay, maybe just our kids.” Pepper corrected.

“Could still be scary.” Tony shuddered.

~

“Morning, Pete.” Nat came into the penthouse the next morning and found the kid sitting at the kitchen table, “You planning to eat breakfast.”

“I don’t think I can.” Peter mumbled sleepily.

“Because your parents starve you now?” Nat teased.

“No. You’re feeling better?”

“I am. It was a tough migraine. It happens sometimes. Is your mom around? I actually need her help with injecting my migraine medication into my leg.”

“She went to the gym I think.”

“Okay. I can come back later.” Nat ruffled his hair, “Since your parents aren’t starving you I think you should eat.”

“I can help you with your shot.” Peter offered to avoid telling her why he felt like he couldn’t make breakfast because then he would have to explain dinner the night prior.

“You sure? It’s not scary. I just chicken out doing it myself and Clint isn’t around to help.” Nat handed over the container and explained the process.

“It won’t hurt you though, right?” Peter started to second guess himself.

“It’s a bit painful but migraines are worse.”

Peter lifted the medicine to her leg and pressed the trigger as indicated. Nat’s face scrunched up in pain and she breathed through it until her face finally relaxed.

“Thank you.” Nat smiled brightly at her nephew.

“I am never doing that again.” Peter put the container from the medicine on the table, “It looked like it really hurt you.”

“I’m fine. I promise.”

“Auntie Nat!” Morgan ran at her and Natasha caught her.

“Morning, lady bug.” Nat kissed her cheek.

“Missed you.” Morgan hugged her arms around her neck tightly, “Can you help me get cereal? Daddy is still asleep.”

“I was thinking we could make pancakes for everyone.” Nat offered.

“Except Petey.” Morgan shrugged.

“Why not Petey?” Nat was starting to get very confused.

“Petey didn’t eat his dinner last night. He has to eat that first.” Morgan explained.

“Why didn’t you eat?” Nat frowned at her nephew.

“You know?” Peter shrugged.

“And what do we say when our anxiety gets bad?” Nat said softly to the teenager.

“Add to cart?” Peter teased.

“Ha ha.”

“Anxiety is a liar and a bully.”

“100% accurate.” Tony said coming into the room and opening the fridge to pull out juice and milk, “I heard something about pancakes and I think we can make an exception for Petey as long as he eats his leftovers for lunch today.”

“Deal.” Peter smiled and gave his dad a hug.

End Notes

THANK YOU FOR READING!

THIS WRITER RUNS ON COMMENTS AND KUDOS!

LOVE YOU 3000!

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