

Chapter 1: *Beneath The Surface*

Saturday,

March 28, 2015

For most the arrival of the weekend is a welcome respite from a grueling week of work or school (or in Peter's case both), but not for those who call themselves heroes. On this particular Saturday morning, Peter was supposed to receive a much-deserved break from a particularly exhausting week, before waking after the sun had set, to prowling the streets in search of people to save. Still, as he inched his eyes open for the first time that morning and allowed the soft light to fill his vision and illuminate the safe haven in his bedroom, his phone started to trill.

Loudly...

As was the norm for Peter in recent months the only emotions he could muster in that moment were exhaustion and the tiniest amount of anger, but nothing actionable. Nothing that would help him reach across his sheets to the nightstand and answer the call.

Several moments ticked by, and on the last round of rings before the caller on the other end would be sent to voicemail Peter's arm shot out of the warm comforting blankets wrapped around him, into the cold air of his bedroom, and quickly snatched his

phone off the nightstand, before retreating back into the cozy blanket of air that surrounded him like a shield.

Someone had the audacity to call him at 7:21...

In the morning...

On a Saturday...

At this moment Peter could swear to God that someone is trying to kill him.

The caller I.D. read as an unknown caller with no phone number displayed. This meant that there were one of two outcomes should Peter decide to answer the call. The more favored option being a wrong number which would promptly result in Peter falling back into his dreamless, exhaustion-fueled sleep, or the option Peter dreaded to his very core, a call from Fury telling him to come in for a mission, not asking, telling. With a heavy knot in his stomach and bile rising in his throat, Peter gingerly pressed the button that started the call, as though it were a feral dog, ready and waiting to strike.

He was right, someone was trying to kill him.

Fury's voice blasts through the phone's speakers much louder than anticipated, pulling Peter even further out of his preferred still half-asleep state. As always, the head of S.H.I.E.L.D. spoke curtly and to the point, without so much as a hello, good morning, or anything that could even remotely be called polite. According to Fury, he was expected at Shield headquarters in the next 15 minutes for an emergency mission, despite the fact that Peter lived at least 30 minutes away. Even if he swung as fast as he could, Peter would never be able to arrive in such an outrageous amount of time.

This time constraint made it clear to Peter that this must have been a major emergency (or Fury was a major asshole), because deep in the back of his head he knew that Fury knows where he lives, and he's sure that the man keeps tabs on his location at all times, which would mean that he knew full well just how impossible of a task he had given Peter. Despite it being far too early to deal with Fury and his very apparent lack of manners, this task, however impractical, did provide enough urgency to allow Peter to drag himself out of bed and into his suit.

Thirty-five minutes later Peter arrived at Shield headquarters. He could have made it there five minutes earlier, had he not stopped for coffee. In Peter's opinion, coffee is a God given right for anyone who drags themselves out of bed at this time on a Saturday, whether it was to save lives or not. Besides, it wasn't his fault that S.H.I.E.L.D had a very conveniently placed coffee bar in the lobby.

Peter stood waiting for the elevator that would take him to the 11th floor where his meeting with Fury was set. As the doors to the elevator opened, Peter set his eyes on a very pissed Fury and an extremely worried Coulson. It dawned on Peter that perhaps the coffee was not as convenient or important as it previously seemed.

It appeared to Peter that Coulson was showing Fury something extremely important. As Fury looked up from Coulson's Shield issued iPad, his lone piercing eye made contact with Peter's (or as close to eye contact as can be made between one person wearing a mask and another wearing an eyepatch) for the first time that morning.

In a moment of blistering anger, Fury grabs Peter by the chest of his suit and pulls...hard.

After harshly pressing the buttons on the elevators keypad that will take them to the aforementioned floor, Fury turns, his movements terrifyingly slow, towards Peter with an indiscernible expression on his face. Through gritted teeth he asks,

“Do you need a new watch, Mr. Parker?”

For all his clever jokes, and one liners Peter can't muster even a single word in defense of his decision, instead, the only thing that comes out of his mouth is a weak stutter, which Fury chooses to ignore.

After several excruciatingly long and quiet moments in the elevator the three men finally arrived at the hallway that led to Fury's office. For Peter, every step towards Fury's office door felt like taking a step further into the ocean's depths, digging his feet into sand so as not to sway with the rushing tide. Until he felt like his head had been engulfed by the onslaught of unstoppable waves, the salty water like a poison filling his vision. This feeling of being dragged underwater by a siren's inescapable song, and unable to pull himself back up to the surface for even a morsel of oxygen, Peter felt as though he would suffocate before he took his final steps through the doorway. In the far reaches of his mind he wondered distantly, 'what would Fury say then?' As his last breath left his lungs, his exhausted body crashing to the floor, and his vision blackening...

A distant noise caught Peter's attention like a fish hook cutting through his gut, finally pulling him out of the depths of his mind, and leaving him to bleed. Fury was sitting at his desk with an incredibly impatient expression on his face as Coulson held the door open for him. Peter realized that Coulson must have been holding it for a while as he prepared to clear his throat again to catch Peter's attention and spare him from even more of Fury's wrath.

As Peter took his first few steps towards Fury's office door, Coulson exclaimed,

"Ah, Mr. Stark, Mr. Rogers, so nice of you to join us."

When Peter finally registered what had come out of Coulson's mouth, Stark had already given him a pat on the back and strode before Peter into Fury's office. Steve stayed behind him, and placed a hand on his shoulder in an effort to usher him forwards.

After they had all reached Fury's office, and gotten settled in their seats, it finally dawned on Peter to wonder why he had been called in for this mission, if both Tony and Steve were available.

“Last night one of our agents received an anonymous tip that someone put a hit on a well known villain out of Latveria, called ‘Doctor Doom’. We are sending you to stop this assassination. Just because Doctor Doom is a villain doesn't mean he deserves to die.”

That writhing feeling of inner turmoil returns in the form of the usual near constant pit in his stomach that makes him feel as though he's going to throw up.

The feeling bubbles all the way from his stomach, to his throat, and finally to his brain where it emerges as a very worrying thought, based on what he has heard of Doctor Doom in the past, and the few very short encounters he's had with him, Peter knows that he is a very strong individual, more than likely too strong for Peter to handle, so maybe this is some sort of test that Fury devised to see if he's smart enough to admit his failings, or maybe, they think he's capable enough to handle it on his own, and him saving Doctor Doom is the test. Realizing that he had been drifting in and out of a very important

conversation that he should be listening to, Peter refocused on the sound of Fury's gruff voice.

“We understand that someone like the Doctor is a bit out of your range at the moment, but if all goes according to plan, you won't even see him. We're sending you after the mercenary that accepted the job, whom we have identified as 'Deadpool'.”

Despite Fury resolving all of the questions he had without even hearing them, Peter still felt as though something about this was terribly wrong. The pit in his stomach only grew, he was starting to feel like a rat trapped in a box, with the water levels increasing, inescapably stuck, waiting to drown. He was trying his absolute hardest not to let himself get swept away by his thoughts when Coulson chimed in with,

“We're still looking into the specifics regarding your target, but we have yet to uncover his real identity. If we find anything before you reach Latveria we'll send it over, but our hopes are not high, thus far the guy is a ghost.”

With Coulson's explanation bringing the mission briefing to a near close, Fury finishes it off with, “Your plane leaves in an hour and a half, you have until then to pack and prepare.”

Moments like these made Peter wish that his uncle Ben and aunt May were still alive, at least then maybe he'd have someone to talk to. Distantly, he supposes, if he ever managed to suck it up, he might be able to come clean about all of this to Gwen, but he'd never risk putting her in danger like that. Nor would he want her to have to deal with keeping his secret.

With the mission briefing finally concluded, Steve, Tony and Peter stand to leave the office, and at Coulson's request, shut the door behind them. As soon as the three are out of earshot Tony starts in on his usual antics, "So, Latveria, not exactly the kind of breezy summer vacation I would take, but who knows what you kids are into these days."

Steve, very quickly becoming irritated with Tony's behavior responds, "Tony leave the kid alone, he has a mission to prepare for, he doesn't need you in his head."

Accepting the opportunity to rile him up some more Tony answers, "Oh please boyscout, he'll be fine"

The two continue to bicker back and forth, throwing insults left and right, and Peter wonders how they manage to co-lead the avengers if this is how they treat each other.

While the sounds of their bickering brings Peter back to a simpler time, if the headache he had this morning was any indication, he won't be able to withstand the sound of the two of them arguing much longer. So while the two are busy fighting with each other,

Peter takes advantage of their distractedness, slips down the hall, and heads towards a side stairwell.

Like most others in the hero business, Peter was already well equipped for a situation like this one, all he had to do was return home and grab his aptly named 'go bag' that he had prepared previously for missions like these. With the hour travel time from the tower back home, the time for Peter to depart quickly arrived, he was just thankful that he had enough time to grab himself some breakfast that he hoped he'd be able to keep down on the plane ride there.

Chapter 2 : *Doom raider, The Angel Of Darkness*

Saturday,

March 28 2015

You'd think that someone who spends most of his days swinging through the air he would be more used to the feeling of flying, he might even enjoy it, but to hear Peter tell it, flying in an airplane is the equivalent of being soldered into a metal box and left to freefall from space all the way down to the earth's rocky surface. As smooth as Stark-tech planes were, they were not smooth enough to calm Peter's lifelong anxiety surrounding planes, that is to say, previous to being assigned this mission, Peter had never been on one. Although Aunt May and Uncle Ben did their best, Peter was unacquainted to many of life's luxuries. This had persisted well into his adult life, despite

the fact that Tony was trying his absolute damndest to reverse this, no doubt for his own selfish reasons.

As Peter sat in the almost too comfortable cushioned seat, white-knuckling the arm of said seat (holding on for dear life), the shield agent they had assigned to accompany him on this mission glanced over at him, noticed his discomfort and promptly covered their mouth in an attempt to stifle a laugh, but thanks to Peter's advanced hearing, it was not enough to save him from the embarrassment.

He still had two hours left on a twelve hour flight, and he was not taking it well. Between the unusual experience of being on a plane for the first time, traveling internationally for the first time, to a country he's never been to, and embarking on a mission where someone's life was directly plopped into his sticky hands, Peter was simply overwhelmed. If he were anyone else, Peter is certain that he would have ran away to a new city where no one knew him, and changed his name, never to be seen again.

One minute Peter was lamenting over his life's misfortunes, he blinked, and when he opened his eyes the plane had landed. Peter felt as though he had been tricked, maybe planes weren't so bad after all.

Sunday,

March 28, 2015

Latveria, Romania

3 A.M.

As him and his assigned agent exited the plane out to the freezing early morning air, and climbed into the waiting car, Peter's phone chimed loudly, the bright screen showed it was a video message from Tony. Upon processing