

saturday morning cocoa puffs & cartoons

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saturday morning cocoa puffs & cartoons

by [turtle_bean](#)

Summary

“What’s a Cocoa Puff?” SP-007 asks, before he realizes what he's saying.

“What’s a...? They’re a chocolaty cereal.”

“And you watch them with cartoons. And they soak into your milk, and then you slurp up the sweetness, and then you spill some on the couch but mom goes to clean it up...”

“Um. Yes?”

--

or, a quick hydra peter one-shot-turned-full-blown-story to add to the hydra peter parker tag.

Notes

i can't believe i'm actually writing this hhhhh.

some background: this was supposed to be a one-shot for my identity reveal collection.

then i wrote the first 4,000 words from 1 a.m to 4 a.m (healthy sleep schedules amirite?) and then realized that. i wasn't writing a one-shot. because peter hadn't even arrived at avenger tower yet from the hydra base.

so!

if you read that collection, that's the next identity reveal and it will probably be posted before this is finished. will also not have to read this to understand that.

enjoy!!

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

i.

Chapter Notes

list of peter's handlers:

- handler petrov is his main handler
- handler oblonsky communicates more with the higher-ups
- handler nikitin is his training supervisor
- handler smirnoff gave him the Words
- handler ivanov is his mission coordinator

tw for general fucked up hydra stuff, including death

edited 6/11/21

The last time Peter Parker is Peter Parker is when he is five years old. He's skipping around his parents in a circle, singing with excitement; this is going to be his first time on a plane. If he's being honest, he's a little scared, but his father runs comforting fingers through his brown curls and assures him that *everything will be alright, Petey*. The last time Peter Parker is Peter Parker is when the flight attendant, Miss Carly, asks him for his name, cooing at his pudgy cheeks.

He doesn't remember much from that day. He remembers Miss Carly's bright red lips, stark white teeth, and navy blue scarf (when he comments on the beauty of the accessory, she *awws* and pats his head). Distantly, he remembers the smell of smoke and the look of pure, unmitigated fear in his mother's eyes. Sometimes, if he strains his memory hard enough, he can remember shadows of men dressed in all black and wearing stony expressions behind tinted sunglasses, roughly pulling him away from death. (Sometimes, he wonders if they had saved him or condemned him.)

In any case, from then on, he is SP-007. SP-007 is the finest weapon HYDRA has ever produced. Of course, SP-007 only knows this information from the late nights he spends eavesdropping on his handlers' meetings with the Superiors. SP-007 had never and will never receive direct praise. It could mess with his programming.

The days pass slowly, but they pass nonetheless. His earliest memories, after the plane, mainly consist of frigid too-small rooms, doctors with wrinkly faces and eyeglasses that would fall down their noses, tubes and wires running through him, and most of all, pain *pain pain PAIN*, followed by a raw throat from his screams.

Since then, though, little has changed. He hasn't always gone on missions, true, but ever since the Words, SP-007 has had to conserve his strength, only having enough to pull back

the most important of memories. (Those are the plane memories, but admitting this to himself is too close to treason against HYDRA, so SP-007 never has.)

So, there are large gaps in his memory. The plane, the experiments, and then the present is pretty much the timeline he's at. The present consists of tutoring, training, and missions. Out of the options, SP-007 prefers tutoring, as he always enjoys learning new things, even if most of what he learns is centered around either HYDRA or the belligerent Avengers. Besides that, he receives a basic education in science, and those lessons are always the best.

That's another thing that SP-007 does remember - his first tutoring session with The Educator. Despite the fact that SP-007 has never learned The Educator's name or anything about him, as he's forbidden from getting too close with the man, he has quickly become one of SP-007's favorite people. (Despite or because?)

In the memory, SP-007 isn't sure how long it has been since he was separated from his parents - how long the experiments had lasted - but he is elated at the fact that they had ended, at least for now. Handler Petrov puts a strong, slimy, pale hand on SP-007's shoulder and pushes him into a metal room. It looks similar to his room, only there is an oak table in the center instead of a cage, and a broad-shouldered man sits behind it.

The new superior interests SP-007 greatly. There is something about his eyes that seems different than those of all others he's encountered in this strange new place. Something close to warmth, something that can almost remind him of his parents.

"SP-007," Handler Petrov says, shoving the boy in question into a chair. "This is your tutor. You will address him as The Educator. Tutor, this is your new student, SP-007. We expect you to punish him when he answers a question incorrectly or shows any signs of insubordination. There have been reports that you are too soft, Tutor, but we won't have you ruining the only spider test subject to survive. He should be adept at learning languages, specifically, from the mutation, which will be useful on international missions. We expect perfect fluency by the end of the year."

And with that, Handler Petrov leaves the room, leaving SP-007 with The Educator.

"I'm your tutor," the man says, looking at SP-007 with something akin to concern. "Listen, Pe - SP-007, I'm going to have to hurt you when you answer a question wrong, so you'll be extra good, right?"

The Educator seems desperate for SP-007 to agree, so he nodded his head timidly.

--

That day had been productive, SP-007 recalls. He had learned the Cyrillic alphabet, as well as the basics of French. He had also been taught the word "alive" in German, Spanish, Chinese, French, and Russian, as well as the word "dead" in four more.

SP-007 hadn't been sure which word represents him, and when he asked The Educator, the man had stammered out a meek reply and glanced at the wall behind him, which SP-007 had

already figured out was a one-way mirror. Funny how his survival instincts had kicked in so quickly. (Funny how he wished they hadn't kicked in at all.)

--

Since then, SP-007 has grown far, far less naive. He is fluent in as many languages as he needs to be, can tell whether the glass is a really mirror at one glance (it usually is), and has learned never to ask questions (especially ones he doesn't want the answer to).

SP-007 knows, deep down, that he is alive. He eats and sleeps (when he isn't recovering from the Words), bleeds and bruises. But SP-007 knows the word "weapon" in twenty-four languages, and each time he learns it, the meaning doesn't seem to change. "A thing designed or used for inflicting bodily harm or physical damage."

A *thing*.

Every time he learns a new translation, SP-007 hopes, disgustingly childishly, that it will somehow change. It never does.

The facts are these:

1. SP-007 is a weapon.
2. SP-007 must be alive.
3. HYDRA is always correct.
4. Weapons are not live beings.

These four competing thoughts gnaw and gnaw at the back of SP-007's head. A chant, a doubt, a warning, a glitch, regardless of what it is, it's wrong. It's wrong, and the Words erase it, but it always comes back.

It always comes back.

--

SP-007 lies on the cold metal floor, straining his ears to listen to the conversation happening a few floors above his cell.

"... Showing outstanding progress, shaping up to be the best weapon HYDRA has produced in years."

"So I've heard. Every time I *check in*, so I hear. 'SP-007 killed forty men in a minute.' 'SP-007 defeated all thirty-one members of the Red Room program at once.' 'In a few years, SP-007 will best the Avengers.' 'SP-007 is surely the future of HYDRA.'"

There is a loud crash, and by focusing on the nuances of the ugly sound, SP-007 deduces that the Superior has thrown a chair against the wall.

"HYDRA is more than a mutant teenager, Oblonsky, or am I mistaken?"

“N-No, sir, you are -”

“All I hear, month after month, are the accomplishments of this asset. So tell me, then, why aren’t there more?” Silence. “I asked you a question. *Why aren’t there more ?*”

“W-W-Well,” comes the voice of SP-007's least favorite handler, Smirnoff. “SP-007 was the seventh to be inoculated with the spider bite, of a batch one hundred of all ages, health conditions, and genders, and he was the only one to survive.”

“Because of Richard Parker, so you’ve told me,” the Superior mutters angrily. “The boy and the plane crash cost us a pretty penny, I’d sure hope that he’d at least survive. But, surely, if Parker’s research depends on his genetics, *surely* someone could figure out a way to use SP-007's DNA to amend the serum?”

“We’ve certainly tried, sir -”

“Then try harder, for Christ's sake! You’ve seen what we’re up against. The Avengers have been wiping out our bases like they’re nothing. Tens of millions of dollars gone down the drain.” The Superior lets out a heavy sigh. “HYDRA will never be gone, we know this, but it can be crushed down to a pulp. Do you want HYDRA to be a pulp?” No answer. “I asked you a question, Smirnoff. Do you want HYDRA to be a pulp?”

“No, S-Sir -”

And then, a noise SP-007 is all too familiar with. The deafening sound of a bullet leaving its chamber, flying through the air, making contact and piercing the soft flesh, cracking bone, and then a lifeless body crashing against its surroundings.

Smirnoff had been shot by a Superior.

Somehow, this tidbit of information amazes SP-007 more than any of the times his own name had been brought up in the conversation. As he mulls over the repercussions of what had just occurred, SP-007 hears soft footsteps, and quickly understands that they are coming to his cell.

If only he could make himself fall asleep on command. It's a skill he's been working on ever since... well, even before the Words, at least, but he still hasn't had much luck. Maybe it's because of the glitch, the one that causes SP-007 to see the pale, bloody faces of his victims staring at him with milky-white eyes whenever he tries to drift off.

He is adept, however, at faking sleep. This is an essential skill, as SP-007 is supposed to be asleep, and if they find him awake, they could connect the dots, and if they connect the dots, they’d find out that he had lied (committed treason against HYDRA, ***committed treason against HYDRA-***), and then, not only would he no longer be able to hear the shrivel of hope that he receives every month during the meetings, but he would also be subjected to unimaginable pain.

So, yeah, SP-007 has mastered the art of faking sleep.

As the footsteps grow closer, he immediately shuts his eyes, spreads his body out on the cold ground, and begins regulating his breathing. After twenty-four seconds (he's counted, of course), SP-007 becomes aware of the presence of the three Superiors, as well as four of his handlers (Smirnoff is dead, *dead*, *dead*, *dead*-).

“SP-007!” A commanding voice shouts crisply, a slight spray of spittle making its way from the speaker’s mouth, through the cell bars, and onto SP-007’s upper lip.

SP-007 quickly blinks his eyes open, glances around his cage as though he were reacclimating himself with his surroundings (and he doesn't miss the meaningful glance that Handler Petrov shoots to the Superiors at this), and finally sets his gaze upon the Superiors’ shoes. He kneels on the hard ground and bows his head, before saying: “Functioning at optimal capacities. How may I assist HYDRA?”

The metallic smell of blood remains in the Superior’s musk, and SP-007 watches his slick, polished shoes as they come closer to his cage. Each step of the crisp heel sends a sharp *clack* sound that echoes in the small room, which blows shivers down SP-007’s spine. The Superior’s nine steps take twenty-four seconds, and in those twenty-four seconds, SP-007 runs through a list of everything he knows about the Superiors:

- They are as close to the heads of HYDRA as anyone would ever find.
- There are three of them.
- Superior One manages Assets, Superior Two manages Handlers, and Superior Three manages all of HYDRA as a whole.
- When a Superior wants something, you comply.

In short, SP-007 hardly knows anything of use about the Superiors. Once the twenty-four seconds are up, the Superior’s shoes pause in front of the cage and hesitate for three more seconds, before there is a slight cracking sound, and SP-007 soon finds himself face-to face with one of the Superiors’ torsos.

This is as close as he has ever gotten to a real Superior. Every month, his five (four, now) handlers would have a meeting while SP-007 is supposed to be asleep and out of hearing range. Aside from that, he has learned the basic facts about them, which he has just summarized during the last twenty-four seconds. SP-007 is certainly not prepared to meet one, though.

“Eyes up here, Asset,” the Superior says. SP-007 doesn't dare raise his gaze. Lesson Number Three: never make eye contact with a superior. But, then again, Lesson Number One: never *disobey* a superior.

Cautiously, SP-007 lifts his eyes from the Superior’s abdomen, to his chest, to his neck, and, finally, to his face.

As great at faking sleep as he was, SP-007 is even better at schooling his expression into neutrality, and his face remains blank as he meets Superior Three’s eyes.

A reddish, jagged scar runs from the man's forehead, to his large, fleshy nose, and under his crooked jaw. But that isn't the most striking feature of the man's face. No, it's the eyes that shock SP-007. Superior Three's eyes are startlingly blue, the pinprick pupils the only tarnish in the brightness. His eyelids cover the upper half of his eyes, the skin sagging slightly, but it doesn't impact the affect that those eyes have, especially when you are staring right into them.

SP-007 isn't foolish enough to say a word, and Superior Three didn't speak, either. After a tense seventy-seven seconds, in which Superior Three simply bores his eyes into SP-007's and SP-007 leveled the gaze, Handler Nikitin lets out a throaty cough.

"Sir, SP-007 has a mission coming up tomorrow and he will not be able to function optimally if -"

Superior Three slowly turns away from SP-007 and begins walking to Handler Nikitin. "Am I not your superior, Nikitin?"

"Of - Of course, sir, I was only -"

Superior Three cuts off Handler Nikitin with a gesture of his hand, before sticking his hands in his pockets and pacing around the empty room.

By then, SP-007's eyes have returned to the ground, though he longs to see his handlers' expressions while they are the ones being handled.

After Superior Three's brief stroll, SP-007 sees the man's shoes walk over to the other Superiors' shoes through his peripheral vision. He forces himself not to eavesdrop on their whispered conversation. Lesson Number Seven: knowing too much is dangerous, if they know you know.

The conversation takes ninety-four seconds, and SP-007 understands that it has come to a close when Superior One, the Superior over Assets, specifically, begins *clacking* her heels on the metal floor, moving much faster than Superior Three had. Once she reaches the cage, she crouches down, immediately snapping her fingers and motioning with her finger for SP-007 to meet her gaze. He does so, of course.

Superior One sticks her thin arm through a gap in the cage and clutches SP-007's chin in her manicured fingers. He refuses to break eye contact as she twists his head this way and that, inspecting for something – what, SP-007 doesn't know.

She pulls her hand away, appearing satisfied, before unlocking the cage. SP-007 quickly stands up, returning his gaze to the floor and awaiting further instructions.

Handler Petrov is the one to dose them out. "SP-007, the Superiors wish to see how the Words affect you. Handler Ivanov, as your mission coordinator, will take over for Handler Smirnoff, who is no longer with the cause."

SP-007 inwardly laughs. He can be loyal to HYDRA and find some of the things its members say ridiculous, can he not? 'No longer with the cause,' can mean two things: death or

traitorous behavior, which tends to result in death (Often by SP-007, himself). SP-007 appreciates, though, that at least HYDRA openly admits their stance that abandoning HYDRA is a fate worse than death. Regardless of SP-007's thoughts of the matter, at least they don't dance around the topic.

And then, the terror hits him like a ton of bricks. The Words. The *Words*. SP-007 has no idea how many times they have been used on him, but each time feels more agonizing than the last. Rather than building up a tolerance to them, each time they are used they sink deeper and deeper into the mind, until they are a part of the skull itself.

“The... the words...” SP-007 stutters.

“He fears them?” Superior Two asks. “Have you not yet worked the fear out of the Asset?”

“It’s - it’s a process, sir,” Handler Petrov explains. “The Words do cause quite a bit of pain... if he was human, his fear would be justified.”

“But he is not human,” Superior One clarifies. “He is mutant scum.”

SP-007 desperately wants to protest, but before he can even open his mouth and say something he would surely regret, the alarm at the top of the room begins blaring. The entire room becomes thick with pure rage and resentment, but all SP-007 could think is, *they won't have time for the Words, now*.

The Handlers immediately set into action. Handler Oblonsky yells instructions at Superior Three, Petrov at Two, and Nikitin at One.

“SP-007!” Handler Ivanov orders, marching toward him. “The other handlers and I will be focusing on protecting and evacuating the Superiors. There is a chance we will not meet again. You are not ready, but you will fight the Avengers. If they have to kill you, let them. But you must stall while the Superiors leave. Am I understood?”

SP-007 gives Handler Ivanov a sharp nod, before running to the security office. He is never allowed to procure his own weapons, but as there is no guard stationed at the booth, he figures that this is an extenuating circumstance, and immediately grabs two machine guns and a knife belt (which he secures around his waist, and then attaches six knives to).

Using his enhanced senses, SP-007 quickly locates where the low buzzing sound of Iron Man (Tony Stark, The Merchant of Death)’s repulsors are coming from, and leaps from wall to wall to get there as quickly as possible.

His goal, officially, in his mind, is to take out who he considers to be the strongest member of the team. And not, not at *all*, to meet the man who had invented a literal element. Nope.

In seconds, SP-007 arrives at the Testing Room. Even looking at the bluish-gray door, with its rusting hinges that squeak when the air blows too hard, and the plaque with the word ‘experimentation’ printed in all-capital letters makes him queasy.

But, taking a deep breath, SP-007 summons the courage to bust the door open, and he is met with Tony Stark, receded from his armor, examining the room for something.

It would be easy. *So* easy. He could kill The Merchant of Death, right now.

Slowly, carefully, SP-007's hand reaches under his shirt and grabs a knife. He silently creeps up to the man, who is completely, blissfully oblivious.

His hand is on the knife and the knife is almost on the back and the knife in the back would be death and – oh, god, why is it so much easier to kill someone when his mind is gunk?

SP-007's hand begins to tremble, and he feels tears of frustration well in his eyes. He is glitching. This shouldn't be happening. Iron Man is *right there* and he can't do it. He *can't*.

Before he can make any sort of decision, though, Tony Stark whirls around, and his eyebrows immediately shoot to his scalp when he lays eyes on SP-007.

“Um,” the man says, cocky as ever. “This is a terrorist organization, not a daycare. Run along, kiddo.”

Unfortunately for Iron Man, SP-007 is better at reading people than Tony Stark is at lying, and he can tell that the man is disconcerted by his presence. Good. He can feed into that. Handler Nikitin had told him to stall and give up his life if necessary, so that is what he will do.

“Huh,” SP-007 finally responds, deciding to play along. “Must have gotten the wrong abandoned building in the wrong Russian ghost town. Whoops.”

Tony Stark crosses his arms. “FRI, backup.”

“Hey,” SP-007 chuckles, enjoying this only a tiny bit. “I’m just a lost kid, right? You really need backup to deal with me? I thought Iron Man was stronger, interesting.”

“Yeah, yeah, enough with the jokes, kid. Why are you here?” Stark eyes the knife still clutched in SP-007's left hand, and the guns that had been tossed to the side upon SP-007's entrance.

“Hail HYDRA and everything, right?” SP-007 answers, rolling his eyebrows. “I mean, I guess it gets a bit old after a while, but a fairy is born every time I say it, or something.”

Stall, stall, stall, SP-007 repeats over and over in his head. *Stall until the Superiors are safe. Hail HYDRA. If they have to kill you, let them.*

SP-007 tunes out Stark's response and instead focuses on attempting to locate the familiar heartbeats of his handlers. None are in the building. They had escaped.

SP-007 is alone.

ii.

Chapter Notes

note: originally this was going to be the beginning/long version of the hydra identity reveal, but now i have a different ending in mind. so i guess it can be an alternate ending?? not sure. im a mess. this chapter is also kind of a mess.

enjoy!

edited 6/11/21

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

Of all the things Tony had been expecting to find at the HYDRA base in Mologa, Russia, a sassy, armed, possibly enhanced child soldier was certainly not at the top of that list.

And yet, here he is, trying to keep the sassy, armed, and possibly enhanced child soldier at bay until his backup arrives. Which would hopefully be soon, because the kid is really starting to give him the creeps.

Thankfully, Natasha and Clint throw themselves into the room a few moments later, Clint's bow and Natasha's guns trained on the kid.

The kid blinks once. Twice. Then, "am I alive?"

Natasha's expression doesn't falter, while Clint's face twitches briefly. Tony, however - Tony is pretty sure that he is openly gaping at the child in front of him.

"Uh. What do you mean by that?"

"Well, if I'm going to die, I'd like to know."

"Okay, first off, who said anything about dying? And if you can die, aren't you... alive?"

"So, I am... alive?" the kid repeats, seemingly soaking this information in for the first time.

"Uh-huh... so, are we going to do this the easy way or the hard way?"

The kid's awestruck expression quickly vanishes and morphs into one of amusement.

"What's the easy way?"

"You come with us, tell us what you know, and since you're a kid, we'll try to protect you as much as we can."

"Yeah, I think I'll have to pass on that, but run the hard way by me."

“We take you in by force,” Tony says, sharpening his voice. “And, trust me, we’ll take you. I doubt the government will be as forgiving if you choose to try to fight your way out.”

The kid hesitates, and then sets his gun down on the floor. “Guess I might as well start off on the right side with my new handlers. How about we get acquainted?” As he continues to blabber, he strips himself of his weapons. “My name’s SP-007, I’m kind of a legend here at HYDRA, one in a hundred, even. I’m sure I’ll meet all of your assassin needs, including but not limited to -”

“Stop talking,” Natasha says commandingly, her gun still trained on the boy.

It's a frighteningly sudden change. His entire posture goes rigid, his eyes glaze over and retreat to stare at the floor, and, most notably, his lips press firmly shut.

“Do you have any more weapons.”

“No, Ma’am.”

Natasha’s green eyes grate into the kid’s brown ones. She must find what she's looking for, because she tucks her gun into her side and snaps her fingers impatiently.

“Follow.”

--

SP-007 decides that he prefers the Black Widow to Iron Man. Iron Man has that look in his eyes, the one that reminds him of his parents and Saturday cocoa puffs in front of cartoons and *where had that memory just come from?*

Memories are definitely dangerous. Memories are glitches. SP-007 does not like Iron Man.

After he had admitted defeat, sacrificed himself, given up, whatever it had been, SP-007 had been led to a giant flying machine. He's only taken trains before. They're cheaper.

SP-007 wants to ask about its mechanics, but Natasha had made it clear that the Avengers are his new handlers, and his old handlers certainly did not allow any questions, so the wonder flooding his mind with every purr of the engine will have to be stuffed down, just as it had in the past.

Just as it had in the past, so why is it so hard to do now?

--

“So...” SP-007 begins casually, picking at the vibranium handcuffs he's been fastened in and gazing out the many windows. “How exactly is this, uh, arrangement going to work?”

“What do you mean, kid?” Iron Man asks.

SP-007 would like to say that he doesn't huff angrily, but he huffs angrily. Natasha, Hawkeye, Captain America, and War Machine have all left, and he's alone with Tony Stark.

“Same rules as before, I’m guessing. But how often should I expect to be wiped?”

“...wiped?”

“Yeah. The Words? You should know, you were literally the one who invented them.”

“Uh. Kid. I hate to break it to you, but I have absolutely no idea what you’re talking about.”

SP-007 begins to grow angry. “Are you implying that HYDRA lied to me? You, Tony Stark, invented the Words. HYDRA stole the technology in order to protect the world from your bloodthirst, and as I am a weapon designed to *combat* your bloodthirst, they use the Words on me.”

“If HYDRA told you I created some type of memory-wiping device that you call ‘the Words,’ which, by the way, is a really fucking creepy name, then yes, HYDRA lied to you.”

“I could have killed you with the Words. I would have stabbed you through your ribs and into your heart.”

“...then I guess it’s a good thing you didn’t get the Words?”

“No!” SP-007 yells, jostling his handcuffs angrily. There’s a pause, before he blurts out: “How are you the Merchant of Death? You’re the softest person I’ve ever met. You were supposed to be dead. My entire life has been leading up to that moment, and I blew it, because I didn’t have the Words.”

“Just spitballing here, and you can totally correct me if I’m completely off base, but... if you can only kill when you’re being mind-controlled or whatever, then... doesn’t that mean that you know killing is bad?”

“Of course killing is bad! But it propels the cause forward-”

“What cause?”

“HYDRA.”

“Okay, what does HYDRA believe in?” No answer. “What’s their goal?” Still no response. “*What’s their cause?*”

“I am not a traitor,” SP-007 says finally, his mind rushing a million miles a minute. HYDRA wants to better the world and cleanse it of the Avengers, he knows that. Because the Avengers kill, he knew that, too. But he doesn’t know the next step.

He shouldn’t *have* to know the next step. He is glitching, he needs the Words -

“Kid.” Tony Stark says, jolting him out of his thoughts. “Let me follow your line of thinking for a second, okay? You are loyal to HYDRA, your handlers. We, the Avengers, are, uh, your new... handlers. So, aren’t you loyal to us, now?”

SP-007 froze. No. The decision worse than death. “You are the enemy,” SP-007 stammers out. But... isn't Stark right?

Much to SP-007's surprise, Stark doesn't react. He sighs casually, stands up, and begins looking out the window next to SP-007.

“You got a name, kid?”

“SP-007. The seventh of a batch of one-hundred test recipients inoculated with the spider bite serum, and the only one to survive.”

“That’s what they *call you*,” Stark frowns. “Where were you before HYDRA?”

“A plane crash. HYDRA saved...” SP-007 trails off, struck by a sudden horrifying realization as the Superior’s words from earlier than night floated back to him. ‘The boy and the plane crash cost us a pretty penny.’ *The boy and the plane crash cost us a pretty penny.*

Not only had he had been somewhere before HYDRA, not only had HYDRA lied about saving him, but HYDRA had killed those cartoon-filled Cocoa Puff Saturday mornings. And, goddamn it, where the hell had that memory come from?

“What’s a Cocoa Puff?” SP-007 asks, before he realizes what he's saying.

“What’s a...? They’re a chocolaty cereal.”

“And you watch them with cartoons. And they soak into your milk, and then you slurp up the sweetness, and then you spill some on the couch but mom goes to clean it up...”

“Um. Yes?”

“Who... who am I?” SP-007 asks. “Who is Richard Parker? What’s a Saturday? Please, *please*, sir, I’m glitching, *please* make it stop.”

“Hey,” Stark said, crouching down next to SP-007. He held his hands up placatingly, showing that he means no harm. “You're not glitching, you're remembering something. Can I touch you?”

“You’re...asking me if you can hurt me? I mean. I guess you can?”

“No. No, I want to help you. Touch as in comfort, not hurt.”

“Huh?”

Stark sighs and pressed his arms around SP-007's torso. The man seems to be more uncomfortable with this bizarre method of affection than SP-007 is.

(And SP-007 will never, ever, admit that that was because he had enjoyed it.)

consider dropping a kudo or a comment?

iii.

Chapter Notes

im kind of obsessed with languages, so i went a bit off the rails with the translations here. i speak like. conversational hebrew, and a teensy bit of french, but if i was actually fluent in multiple languages translating words would def be a way to calm myself down, so peter gets to do that. yay peter. (languages in order: chinese, spanish, swedish, hindi, french, arabic, latin, russian, xhosa, japanese.)

a note: all of this fic will be from peter's pov (except maybe a brief interlude in chapter five, im still deciding). so there won't be very much about the legal process, because that's not peter's headache, so it's not mine either! not to say i'll be ignoring it either, but this is the way i don't have to pretend i understand anything about law. ~loopholes~

anyWAY enjoy!

edited 6/11/21

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

The Quinjet ride is awful. For some reason, Stark is the one who continues to stay by his side, and SP-007 would honestly have preferred anyone else. The man stubbornly refuses to ask any questions about HYDRA, for a reason SP-007 can't deduce, and instead focuses on the most useless information. He asks SP-007 what his favorite color is, what he enjoys doing most, and other questions concerning his preferences.

SP-007 can't disappoint a Handler so early, so he answers them to the best of his ability, conjuring up an opinion from the depths of his heart. He has never had preferences before, aside from his deep, deep hatred for the Words.

So, when the flying contraption lands in a larger field than SP-007 had ever seen before, he can't help but let out a tiny puff of relief.

“Wow, I was boring you that much?” Stark asks, smirking at SP-007.

“Yeah,” SP-007 admits. He would have never dared snark at any of his previous handlers, but Stark appears to appreciate sarcasm, and SP-007 adapts quickly.

“You know how many kids your age would kill to have a one-on-one conversation with Tony Stark?”

SP-007 can't help but respond with: “You know how many other kids my age have actually killed before?”

That certainly leaves Iron Man speechless, which SP-007 considers to be a great accomplishment - and he had killed five German parliament members in one evening without any witnesses.

(Although, was it really him if he had no control over his actions?)

“Well,” Stark says as he clears his throat. “As fun as this has been, a certain pirate director won’t get his head out of his ass until we, er, contain you.”

“Ooh, goody,” SP-007 deadpans.

“In our defense, we were told that HYDRA’s best asset was at that base. We were not aware that the asset would be so... you. So we’ve got a, well, interrogation room set up. And... we’ll... interrogate... you. I guess.”

“What’s the problem, Iron Man can ‘save the world’ but doesn’t know how to talk to a teenager?”

“Alright, enough snark out of you,” Stark mutters, crossing his arms protectively over his chest and walking over to talk to a few agents.

So. Iron Man really *doesn't* know how to talk to a teenager. Perfect. HYDRA has utilized SP-007's age many times, and he is ready to take advantage of it himself.

Soon, the agents began escorting him out of the Quinjet and across a grassy plain. The strands of green tickle SP-007's bare feet, and the imprints his strong toes make in the earth satisfy him greatly. He relishes every moment he was outside.

And then, a realization: he is outside. He isn't at HYDRA any longer.

He is in completely foreign territory.

Unfortunately, SP-007 hardly has any time to figure out what to do with this realization, as he soon reaches an enormous building and is briskly pushed into it.

Reacclimate.

Possible escape methods: break glass on window seven paces away, make a break for it. Break glass on window to the right, make a break for it. Bolt out the door. Take out all agents in the building.

Possible dangers: exactly forty-six agents, not including Stark, on this floor. All armed. A fountain in the middle of the lobby. Theoretical waterboarding.

Possible allies: none.

And then, he is pushed into yet another unfamiliar surroundings, this one much smaller than the last. He recognizes it as an elevator. His HYDRA base had an old rickety elevator that, of course, he had never been allowed to use, but on the occasional mission, SP-007 had been in similar contraptions.

One of the agents begins to speak: “FRIDAY, take us to the interrogation room.”

“Of course, Agent Brown.”

SP-007 shows no signs of surprise or anxiety, but the disembodied voice really fucking creeps him out. Where had it come from? Could it be an ally? Is it alive? (活, viva, levand, जिंदा, vivant, على قيد الحياة, vivus, в живых, uyaphila 生きている?) Is it dead? (死的, meurta, död, मृत, morte, في ذمة الله تعالى, mortuus est, мертвых, bafle, デッド?)

As SP-007 runs through the various translations of the two words in his head, the elevator arrives at the interrogation room, and he is shoved into a cramped space and onto a chair. The agents fasten his handcuffs to the table before leaving SP-007 to absorb his new home.

One: the glass is certainly a one-way mirror.

Two: the room is far, far larger than his old one, and there is no cage in sight.

Three: the chair is extraordinarily comfortable.

SP-007 slowly memorizes every inch of the quarters, and decides that this new living arrangement may not be so terrible, after all. This is treason to HYDRA, of course, but he isn't owned by HYDRA anymore, is he? So, saying anything anti-*Avengers* would now be considered treason.

He mulls this over, before shouting in his mind: fuck HYDRA.

A buzz of adrenaline shoots through his body, and he thinks again: fuck HYDRA.

Fuck HYDRA. *Fuck HYDRA. **Fuck HYDRA. FUCK HYDRA. FUCK HYDRA*** -

The door opens, and SP-007 shakes himself from his thoughts. New Handlers, new first impression. He will make it count.

(He can only hope that the Handler entering won't be Iron Man.)

The Handler is not, in fact, Iron Man, and instead is a man dressed in all black, a leather eye-patch secured over his left eye, spider webs of scars shooting out from behind it.

SP-007 immediately lowers his eyes to the table, inserting himself into a position of submissiveness.

“How may I assist you, sir?” He asks.

From the corner of his eye, SP-007 sees the man raise his eyebrows, evidently surprised by SP-007's willingness to comply.

“Well,” the man responds, taking a seat opposite SP-007. “You can start with telling me your name.”

“SP-007, sir.”

“Your birth name.”

“I have been SP-007 as long as I can remember, sir. I was never informed of my birth name, sir.”

The Handler sighs. “Alright. We’ll get it eventually. Now, tell me your story. How’d you end up at HYDRA?”

“A plane crash, sir. I was... HYDRA... I have believed that I was saved by HYDRA, sir.”

“Hey, eyes up here, kid,” the Handler says, and SP-007 immediately complies. “What do you mean by ‘have believed?’”

“I am no longer certain, sir. I have always been told that HYDRA saved me from the plane crash. I have remembered sections of it, too. However, I recently – overheard a conversation, and I now have reason to believe that the plane crash was orchestrated by HYDRA in order to extract me, sir.”

The Handler seems impressed. “You sure you’re the same kid Stark was telling me about? I heard that you were a sarcastic little shit. You’re being awfully cooperative.”

“I apologize for my past insubordination, sir. I was unclear about the new arrangements. I now understand that the Avengers are my new Handlers, and I will treat them with such respect, sir.”

“Cut it with the ‘sirs,’ kid. You don’t have to be afraid of me. As long as you cooperate, at least. So, do you know why HYDRA may have wanted to ‘extract you?’”

“Yes, si – I mean, yes. I believe that Richard Parker created the spider bite serum, and that somehow, they believed that my blood would be the most receptive to it.”

“And why is that?”

“I am unsure. I do not know who Richard Parker is, either.”

“Pretty famous scientist, worked for Oscorp. Died in a plane crash a few years back.”

“Perhaps the plane crash HYDRA orchestrated.”

The Handler takes a deep breath and nods. “Yeah. Alright, kid, what else do you have? The more information you give us, the more likely we can get you a pardon. Do you know how long you’ve been working for HYDRA?”

“Since the crash. I remember little, but the first few... the first few days, or weeks, were spent on experiments. I received the spider bite serum and was sick for some time. Then, when I survived, my new powers were tested. Later, they began giving me the Words, and after that, I do not remember much else.”

“New powers. What powers are those?”

“Enhanced senses, strength, an adhesive power, and a sixth sense that alerts me to danger.”

“Huh. And how about the Words, what are those?”

SP-007 cringes. “There are ten of them. They take over my mind and turn me into a mindless killing machine so that I can better suit the needs of HYDRA.”

“How does that work?”

“I am unsure, sir.”

“Well, what are the words?”

“I - I can’t say them. I don’t want to tell you them. I don’t want to tell anyone them. Please, sir, I can’t do it anymore.”

“Okay, okay. We’ll put the Words to the side from now. You say that these words made you forget most things. Do you remember any of the missions HYDRA sent you on?”

“All of them, sir. I remember all 147 of my victims.”

“One hun – kid. You can’t possibly have killed over a hundred people.”

“I do not kill on all of my missions, but when I do, I often kill many.”

“How do you feel about that?”

“I would prefer not to kill, sir, but I don’t have a choice in the matter. I am an Asset, and I serve my Handlers as best as I can.”

“Let’s get something straight. We’re not your handlers. You don’t have handlers anymore. In fact, we don’t want you to kill. You’re not *allowed* to kill. Understood?”

“I... then how will I serve the Avengers?”

“You won’t, except for giving us information on HYDRA’s inner workings. We want to help you.”

“...why?”

“Because the Avengers help people. It’s kind of their thing. Got it?”

“If I am not the Avengers’ Asset, I have no obligation to give you information.”

“Well, of course not, we can’t force you. But, if you don’t cooperate, we won’t be able to protect you from the government, and you’ll likely be locked up for the rest of your life, for killing over a hundred people. Do you want that, SP-007?”

“No, I do not. I do not want those people to be dead.”

“We can’t change that, but with your help, we can stop HYDRA from killing more.”

“The Avengers kill, too.”

“Sure, just like HYDRA saved you from that plane crash.”

SP-007's mouth falls open as the not-Handler stands up with a short groan.

--

He is left alone for the next hour to gather his thoughts. Honestly, he is completely and utterly confused. He has never been so confused. He isn't *supposed* to be confused. But HYDRA had told him that. Could he even trust that? Could he trust the Avengers?

After the hour ends, he is no closer to answering any of these questions, but a new not-Handler enters the room. Two, in fact.

One of the visitors is Stark, which SP-007 is not glad of, and the other is a man he had briefly seen before, in an anti-Avenger article he had read with The Educator.

The man has a drooping gray mustache, and his hair is neatly swooped away in a whitish-gray hairdo. He wears an impeccable suit, and something about him immensely bothers SP-007.

“Hey, kid,” Stark says, smiling friendly. SP-007 resists the temptation to tell the man to go to hell. “What, no hey for me? Fine, I see how it is.” The second man glares at Stark, who rolls his eyes and continues. “This is Secretary Ross. He’s kind of in charge of all superheroes and the enhanced, in the government. He’s also an asshole, but you didn’t hear that from me.”

Secretary Ross doesn't seem too bothered by Stark’s comments, and levels SP-007 with a sharp glare.

“My name is Thaddeus Ross, but you will address me either as Secretary Ross or Sir. Understood?” SP-007 gives a quick nod. “Good. Now, I want you to listen to what I’m saying. You are a murderer. Understand? You have killed over one-hundred people. One *hundred*. That’s a practically infinite number of how many lives you have affected.”

“He didn’t -” Stark starts to speak, but is cut off.

“No excuses. Did he or did he not kill?”

“He -”

“Did he. Or did he not. Kill?” Stark doesn't respond. “He did, Mr. Stark. He *did* kill, and not just a *few* innocents, either. This child is a danger to our society, and must be locked up immediately.”

“Ross, he’s HYDRA’s best asset -”

“- *Exactly* - ”

“ - Do you know how priceless some of his information can be? He’s a child who was mind-controlled in order to become a weapon for HYDRA. He is a victim.” Secretary Ross scoffs. “He is a victim, and we’re going to help him.”

“I’m sorry,” SP-007 interrupts. “But, uh, am I... supposed to be here? For this?”

Stark clears his throat awkwardly. “Sorry about that, kid, Ross wanted to see you.”

“Well. Hello, then.”

Secretary Ross rolls his eyes, turns on his heel, and marches out of the room, Stark close on his heels.

--

Natasha comes next, a few hours later. She brings a tray of food, a folder, and a notebook, and methodically places each item neatly on the table in front of her.

The food smells unlike anything SP-007 had ever eaten at the HYDRA base. Occasionally, at galas, SP-007 would taste a few delicacies in order to blend in better, and each one was better than the last. At HYDRA, it was pretty much slop every day, some stale bread to mop it up with, if he was lucky.

But the tray of food carries a savory smell, one more delectable than SP-007 has ever smelled, even at the events. Maybe if he hadn’t been under the haze of the Words, he would have smelled similar scents there, but the fact is that he had been.

SP-007 bites his lip to stop himself from grinning.

“You can get the food,” Natasha says eventually. “When you write down the names of every one of your victims.”

“I don’t remember,” SP-007 responds.

“You told Fury you did.”

“I remember hurting them. I never learned their names.”

“Then I guess you’ll be a hungry little boy, hm?”

As upset as SP-007 is, he has to admit that Natasha offers him a strange sense of comfort. No way would his previous Handlers have given him unearned food, especially such delicious-smelling ones as the edibles on the plate in front of him.

So, SP-007 accepts the pencil Natasha places in his hand and begins writing the names of the victims he could remember.

The list is short: fifteen names.

Natasha gives him the food anyway.

As he puts the fork to his mouth, it takes all of his willpower not to express his joy. The food is absolutely scrumptious. He shoves it down his throat quickly, so Natasha can't change her mind and takes it away. The ex-assassin maintains eye contact with him the entire forty-one seconds.

“We weren’t sure what you’d want, so we gave you some Thai leftovers,” she explains.

Thai. SP-007 decides that he enjoyed Thai, and mentally adds that to the list of preferences he had compiled on the Quinjet with Stark.

“It is good,” SP-007 announces.

“Yeah.” A moment passes, before Natasha slides a thin manilla folder across the table, and takes the notebook and pencil back from SP-007. “This is your file. Everything we know about you and your family.”

“I - what? I have a family?”

Natasha ignores that question. “You’ll find your name there, too. We’ll be calling you that from now on. Read up.”

And, with one last glance at him, Natasha exits the room, leaving SP-007 with a folder containing all of the answers. With shaking hands, he slides it open.

Chapter End Notes

peter speaks xhosa bc he's had to (try to) steal vibranium for hydra before. (also because i was running out of languages ideas)

most of this is written at ungodly hours of the night and i absolutely do not have a beta reader, so like. feel free to shout at me. but also be nice please im fragile

chapter four will be coming out on monday!

iv.

Chapter Notes

i kind of forgot that yesterday was a monday if i'm being honest. this is the last completed chapter i have written, and all i can really write right now is crack, so this is going on a (hopefully short) hiatus for the time being.

also, if you're a fellow irondad fan, go check out the irondad creator awards! nominations close tonight, and voting starts this saturday! [here](#) is the tumblr blog, [here](#) is the nomination form, and [here](#) is the ao3 collection with all nominated works.

thanks for reading! enjoy!

tw: doctors

edited 6/11/21

The material is smooth against SP-007's calloused hands. Inside of it lies several pieces of paper, stacked together neatly, even though they are of all shapes and sizes. SP-007 closes his eyes and reopens them, before peering at the first item.

PARKER, RICHARD. (1975 – 2006)

Sex: Male.

Eye Color: Brown.

Height: 5'7.

Current Status: Deceased.

If Deceased, Cause of Death: Plane Crash.

Know Relatives: Theresa Parker (mother), Oliver Parker (father), Mary Parker (spouse), Ben Parker (brother), May Parker (sister-in-law), Peter Parker (son).

Known Live Relatives: N/A.

Last Occupation: OSCORP, Head of Genetic Research.

Accolades: Genetics Society of America Medal, Certification of Success with OSCORP.

Criminal Record: N/A.

Pending Investigations: Investigation Into the Ethics of OSCORP's Practices; HYDRA's Greatest Asset.

Health Issues: Type 2 Diabetes.

Driver's License: Yes.

Organ Donor: No.

The information is typed up neatly on a thin piece of paper, and a paper clip secures a photograph of a happy man to the corner. Richard Parker, SP-007 fills in for himself, skimming the lines over and over to commit them to memory.

Once he is satisfied, he pushes the sheet to the side and finds a paper similar to the one he had just read.

PARKER, NÉE FITZPATRICK, MARY. (1977 – 2006)

Sex: Female.

Eye Color: Green.

Height: 5'2.

Current Status: Deceased.

If Deceased, Cause of Death: Plane Crash.

Know Relatives: Stacy Fitzpatrick (mother), Edward Fitzpatrick (father), Richard Parker (spouse), Ben Parker (brother-in-law), May Parker (sister-in-law), Peter Parker (son).

Known Live Relatives: N/A.

Last Occupation: CIA: Anti-Terrorism Task Force.

Accolades: CIA Career Commendation Medal.

Criminal Record: N/A.

Pending Investigations: N/A.

Health Issues: N/A.

Driver's License: Yes.

Organ Donor: No.

Richard Parker's wife. SP-007 is still unclear as to how the couple related to himself, but, nevertheless, commits the sheet to memory, as well. Something about the photograph of Mary Parker and her green eyes stirs up a faint memory in SP-007's chest, but he pushes it away, and moved onto the next page, which is a yellowed newspaper clipping dated to 2006.

FIERY PLANE CRASH KILLS 402.

When boarding the Boeing plane last night, the 388 passengers saw nothing amiss. Their flight attendants were smiling, the pilot wished them a good flight, and they were ready to take a trip to Paris, France.

There had been no warning. No gas masks descended, no life jackets were fastened. At 8:23 PM, the plane sent out a distress signal. Ten seconds later, no one could get in contact with it.

Among the victims were Richard Parker, Mary Parker, and their five-year-old son, Peter Parker. Richard Parker was a well-known genetic experiments, infamous to all who study the field. His discoveries, including a top-secret serum that could genetically modify DNA to merge with that of a spider, were highly commended and respected in the scientific community.

Mary Parker, herself, was a CIA agent. This information has come to light as a result of her unfortunate passing, and she has been awarded the Career Commendation Medal for her extraordinary work against terrorism, most specifically, HYDRA.

Their son, Peter Parker, was known to all as a bubbly five-year-old, who was much too smart for his own good. May Parker, the wife of Richard Parker's younger brother Ben Parker, says: "He was supposed to stay with us while his parents went to France, but he wrote this whole persuasive speech on why they should bring him along. Peter is – was the smartest kid I've had the pleasure of knowing." [cont. on C3]

SP-007 turns the page of the newspaper, but the rest of the article has not been included in the folder, and he huffs angrily.

What do Richard Parker, Mary Parker, and Peter Parker have to do with him?

There are a few more certificates and reports relating to Richard and Mary that SP-007 skims, but he's starting to get annoyed at the seemingly randomness of everything. Richard Parker must be one part of the puzzle, as he knows from his eavesdropping session, but did SP-007 really need to know all of these details about Mary Parker?

Sighing, SP-007 pulls out the final item in the folder.

PARKER, PETER. (2001 –)

Sex: Male.

Eye Color: Brown.

Height: 5'5.

Current Status: Alive, Presumed Dead.

If Deceased, Cause of Death: N/A

Know Relatives: Richard Parker (father), Mary Parker (mother), Ben Parker (uncle), May Parker (aunt).

Known Live Relatives: N/A.

Last Occupation: N/A

Accolades: N/A

Criminal Record: Assassin, 147 victims

Pending Investigations: HYDRA's Greatest Asset.

Health Issues: N/A.

Driver's License: es.

Organ Donor: No.

And then, at the bottom, a slip of paper stapled to the sheet: a DNA test.

SP-007 doesn't know much about the technology they had used, but he can certainly read the results: Peter Parker is SP-007; HYDRA's greatest asset.

Peter Parker is *him*.

He has a *name*.

He had had a *family* .

SP-007 – Peter's – mind is overflowing with “what does this mean for me”s, craving answers even more than he craved food, which is a considerable amount.

Peter glances across the room and stares into the one-way mirror, daring his new Handlers to enter. What game are they playing at, giving him all of this information about himself? This isn't - this isn't him. It *couldn't* be him.

He is a weapon. They wanted a weapon – *why didn't they want a weapon?*

As Peter begins mildly panicking, the door creaks open and Natasha enters.

“Why - why did you give this to me?” Peter asks, his voice cracking slightly.

“I think I already told you. We aren't interested in you as a weapon, we're interested you as a child. You are a human, Peter, and we want to help.” Peter gulps, not believing a word she says. “Now come along. You need to go to the Med-Bay.”

“W-What? What's the – the Med-Bay?”

“Dr. Cho will look you over, make sure you're healthy. She won't hurt you.”

Grumbling, Peter stands up and crossed his arms, his handcuffs clinking together awkwardly. "You can tell Stark that something I don't like are doctors."

"Noted."

"You know, he wanted me to have preferences. What's the point of figuring them out and telling you them if you're not even going to listen?"

"We will listen, usually. But I assume you don't like pain, and if we don't get you checked out, any health issues will go unnoticed and, considering the conditions you've endured, will likely result in extreme amounts of pain."

"Yeah, well, I'm used to pain. If I have a choice over doctors and pain, I choose pain. I've lived without medical examinations for this long -"

"I'm not arguing with you. You do not have a choice in everything, Peter. You're still a child."

And with that, Natasha roughly grabs Peter's hand and drags him to the Med-Bay. He's too afraid of her to resist, but he loathes doctors too much to voluntarily move himself closer to one, so Natasha is physically pulling Peter by his arm, the rest of his body lagging behind him.

After not nearly long enough, he arrives in what is presumably the Med-Bay. It looks nothing like the rooms he had been experimented in, but, then again, nothing in this strange building looked like anything from the HYDRA bunker. The proportion of the HYDRA rickety elevator-esque machine and the one he had used earlier could very plausibly equate to -

"Peter!" Natasha's sharp voice jolts him out of his thoughts, and he quickly acquaints himself with his environment, before gazing at her innocently.

"Yes, Ma'am?"

"You zoned out for a second there. I said that Dr. Cho's going to get here in a few minutes, and that you should take a seat over here while we wait for her."

"Did Stark okay this? Because I don't think you understand what he was getting at, earlier on the -"

"Did you use to talk like this to your handlers?"

Peter freezes. He knew it had all been a trick. Of *course* he still has handlers. How could he think he could possibly be free? How could he think life could *possibly be better with the Avengers?*

"My apologies, Ma'am."

"Wait, Peter, I didn't mean that. We're not your handlers, but we are your caregivers, and that means you need to treat us with respect."

Peter doesn't respond. It's best not to, in these cases, he's learned.

As he wordlessly climbs up onto the area he had been told to sit upon, he finds something in Natasha's eyes that unnerves him, but he is too afraid to ask about it, so he sits, his posture ramrod straight, as Natasha refuses to meet his eyes.

They remain that way, the air stuffy with tension, before a smiling woman entered the room, clad in a stark white lab coat, a stethoscope hanging around her neck. All of Peter's muscles immediately tense.

"Hello, there, Peter, I'm Dr. Cho. I'm just going to do a routine check and take some blood, that's all."

Why is she even pretending? Who is she helping?

The beginning of the examination is fine. Dr. Cho explains everything she is doing and why, a luxury that Peter had never received from HYDRA. Almost everything is unfamiliar to him, as his health had never really been a concern of HYDRA, so he is still wary.

But then, at the end, comes something Peter was all too familiar with. A blood draw.

"It'll only be a little pinch," Dr. Cho explains. "We just need to check a few things."

"Check what?" Peter asks, only daring to do so because she had seemed so willing to explain herself earlier.

After shooting a quick glance of permission at Natasha, who gives a minute nod, Dr. Cho answers. "Well, we've got to figure out how fast your metabolism is. And, well, to be frank with you, Peter, the government needs a full analysis of your enhancements. You can be dangerous, and they need to know what they're dealing with. We'll get a very accurate summary from your blood work."

This is bad.

This is *terrible*.

When HYDRA gets their hands on him again, and they will, there is no telling what they'll do if they find out that Peter – SP-007 – had handed his blood over to the Enemy. In their eyes, his blood is the most powerful weapon.

Also, eavesdropping is one of the only ways Peter managed to stay sane, hear things that weren't barked orders and cold criticisms. If the summary is that accurate, then they will know how enhanced his hearing is, unlike HYDRA.

God, God, God, this is *so, so, bad*.

Once they start taking blood, they will never stop, and Peter knows this. Something about his blood fascinates, and -

“Done!” Chirps Dr. Cho, slipping a vial of dark-red liquid away. “You’ve been great, Peter. We won’t have to meet again unless you’re injured or sick. I promise that we only want to lessen your pain, okay?”

Oh. That had been done quickly. And, while Peter knows he had to take everything he hears here, including promises, with a grain of salt, she had sounded incredibly sincere. In any case, she’ll change her mind once she saw his results.

... Right?

End Notes

thanks for reading! comments and kudos fuel the garbage fire ~

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!