

Oof

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Oof

by [mag_and_mac](#)

Summary

hey gamers if youre returning to this fic then youll notice the last chapter used to be chapter ten but i moved it to the end becaus rn peter hates steve but in the last chap pete and steve are friendly and stuff so that chapter will remain at the end until peter talks about his feelings™ with steev so yee haw, and if you're new, then ignore this and welcome to hell

“I dare you to talk to Stark the way you talk to me.” She grinned.

Peter was silent for a moment until his mouth began to open into a small ‘o’. “No! Absolutely not! Shuri, are you insane? I ca-”

-

““Sup, bitch?” Peter asked as he walked into the lab, casual demeanor doing nothing to capture the complete mortification he was internalizing.

peter meets shuriiii

“Hey, Mr. Stark? I think I figured it out! If you just elec-” Peter walked into Tony’s lab, frosted flakes in one hand, Bruce banner’s work on gamma radiation in the other one, and didn’t notice that his mentor wasn’t there until halfway through his sentence. “Uhh... Hi?”

Instead of Tony bent over a robotic arm stood a short, slightly menacing teenage girl.

“Who the hell are you?” She asked.

“Peter. But you can call me Pete. Or Penis, if you’re Flash, but you don’t know who Flash is, so idk why you’d call me tha-” His rambling was silenced by her holding up a hand and squinting at him.

“D-did you just say ‘idk’ in a sentence unironically?”

Peter paused for a second, then said, “Ha. UnIRONically. Get it? ‘Cuz we’re in Mr. Stark’s lab?”

“Oh my god.”

“What?”

“You’re an idiot. Who are you anyway?”

“Uhh, first of all, rude, second of all, I told you! Peter. Parker. Peter Parker.”

“Is that supposed to mean anything to me?”

“Mr. Stark’s intern.”

The girl nodded. “I’m Shuri. T’Challa’s sister.”

He blinked for a couple seconds as what she said registered in his head. “Holy shit, really?” Shuri raised an eyebrow as if to say, “why would I lie?” “Ugghh just please kill me already.” The bowl of cereal had dropped sometime in the middle of him processing the information, so the bottoms of his jeans were soaked with milk, as was Mr. Stark’s floor. He looked down, picked up the bowl that had thankfully not broken, and reminded himself to clean it later.

Her eyebrows knitted. “Why?”

Peter groaned. “I made a fucking Iron Man pun in front of a princess?” Shuri snorted. “If there is a God out there, why am I not dead?”

Shuri laughed. “Big mood.”

He peeked at her through his fingers. “Did you just say ‘mood’? Do you like memes?”

Shuri raised an eyebrow, pointed to the cereal covering his mentor's pristine floor, and spoke. "W-wh-wha-wh- You spilled *cereal*!? On my Valentino white floor???"

Peter snorted. "Very funny." He mumbled as he crossed the room to get a rag. He grabbed the towel, and went back to start drying up the milk when he slipped in some.

Shuri did not try to help him, instead choosing to stay rooted to the spot and start laughing. Through her giggles, he managed to hear her snort something that sounded suspiciously like, "Mmm, whatcha saayy."

He glared at her from his position on the floor. He paused for a second, then smirked. "You know what? I'm about to say it."

Shuri was still laughing as she giggled out a confused, "What?"

"I don't care that you broke your elbow."

She laughed even harder, and Peter joined in after he managed to rise from the mess of soggy cereal.

"I feel attacked." Shuri told him after a moment.

He looked up from where he was toweling up the mess he made. "Oh my god, that is so sad, F.R.I.D.A.Y., play Despacito."

thor yeets the hammer

“So, you throw your hammer whenever we say ‘this bitch empty’, and while you’re throwing it, you scream ‘YEET’.” Peter instructed.

Thor bit his lip looking at the two teens he towered over. “You are sure this is a custom of Midgard?”

“Oh, absolutely,” Shuri waved her hand in the air dismissively, “You can only fit in if you do this.”

The god nodded his head. “Then I shall try to remember to do this. Thank you man of spiders and sister of cats.”

“Anytime, Mr. Thor.” Peter grinned.

-

“Maybe we should let the kid join in on this one.” Steve’s voice crackled across the comms.

Tony shrugged. He supposed it was an easy enough battle. Just some aliens tricked out with vibranium guns. They didn’t quite know how to shoot them, however, so the little space creatures were just running around hitting things with them. “Sure. Maybe his girlfriend should join? She wanted to try her new kimono beads.”

“Okay, one,” T’challa answered, “they aren’t dating. Two, they’re called Kimoyo beads. Three, that’s not even what she wanted to test out.”

Tony rolled his eyes. “Semantics. I’ll call them.”

They both arrived soon after, Shuri rolling in on Heelys, and Peter swinging in with an energy that could put the sun to shame.

“Hey kiddos,” Tony greeted after he connected them to the comms, “These are the aliens.”

“Oh my god!” Peter exclaimed, “Can we take one of their guns? Their tech must be insane!”

“Um,” Tony answered, looking at the potato sized creatures bash the guns on newspaper stands, “You sure about that, kid?”

“Please, Mr. Stark?”

“Fine. Now go fight them.”

“Ye!” He said, swinging away.

Tony watched Peter fight from a distance, appreciating the spider-like grace the kid had while fighting.

After a couple minutes of watching the kid easily defeat them, he saw Peter turn to a particularly nasty one. This alien wasn't the size of a sweet potato. It must have been *at least* a cantaloupe.

And, a smart cantaloupe, too, for it seemed this one was starting to figure out how to use it's weapon.

Peter saw it raise it's gun, and instead of kicking the laser away like he should have, Tony heard the kid say, "Lmao, finally. The sweet release of death."

Tony choked and could barely register the Princess of Wakanda snort over the comm as he leaned forward to see Spider-Man easily disarm him, and move on.

"Hey, Mr. Stark?" Peter asked after moment. The stupid aliens were trying to climb all over him.

Tony coughed to shake his shock at the kid's suicidal insinuation away, "Yeah?"

"Is Thor here?"

"That I am, Man of Spiders." A deeper, more gruff voice chimed in.

"Oh my God, Peter no." Came Shuri's plea after a second.

"Wha-" Tony tried to ask what was going to happen, but was cut off by Peter's alarmingly loud scream.

"THIS BITCH EMPTY!"

Tony had thought he had gone deaf, but was proven wrong when his eardrums burst yet again as Thor let out a thunderous, "YEET!"

Tony rubbed at his aching ears, and started a quiet, "What the fuck, guys?", but was again cut off as he saw Thor's hammer come hurdling over a building at insane speeds towards the mass of aliens surrounding Peter.

Tony's breath was caught in his throat as he thought Peter had been hit, but when the cloud of dust settled, he realized that the laughter in the comm belonged to Peter, and that the kid was, in fact, okay.

He saw Peter bend down to pick up one of the guns that a dead alien had, and then walk two more steps to grab Thor's hammer.

He let out an indecipherable sputter as the kid lifted it up as though it was weightless. Peter proceeded to stumble backwards and hit himself on the forehead with it because it was lighter than he had intended.

my poor spiderson is a furry

"Mr. Stark, I'm giving you my two weeks." Peter walked into Tony's lab and handed him a piece of printer paper with a hastily scrawled 'I quit'.

The billionaire sighed and folded his glasses, long used to the kid's antics, and turned to face him.

"Right. And what exactly is it that you're quitting?"

"The Avengers. I'm done. I never want to even hear the name 'Spider-Man', again."

Tony shoved the paper back into Peter's crossed arms. "No."

"Wha- Mr. Stark, please!"

Said man rolled his eyes. "Why do you want to quit?"

"... Uh... It's not important."

Tony raised an eyebrow. "It's important if I say it's important."

Peter let out an exasperated puff of air. "Shuri called me a furry." He mumbled.

Tony's eyes widened and he let out a short bark of laughter. "What?"

"A furry, Mr. Stark! I can't be a furry!"

He clapped the kid on the back. "You're not a furry, Pete."

"Really?"

"Yes. Now if you want to get back at her, just tell her that since her brother is a cat, then she is, by relation, more of a furry than you."

Peter smiled, and almost tripped over himself as he went to leave the room with a breathy, "Thanks! That's perfect!"

Tony smiled. That kid was too sweet for his own good.

"Oh, and Pete?" He called after the teenager who had barely left the room, "You're technically more of a buggie, if anything."

vine references + cereal

“Hey, Pete.” Tony yawned, walking into the common kitchen of the Avenger’s compound. He looked refreshed for the first time in weeks, probably because Pepper had forced him to go to sleep the night prior.

“Hey, Mr. Stark.” Peter acknowledged with a nod of his head, not looking up from his chem homework. He had a bowl of frosted flakes next to him, but it seemed he had yet to touch them.

Tony walked through the kitchen to the coffee machine to brew a cup of his favorite liquid, mumbling something about how he’s spent over four hundred dollars on cereal since Peter moved in.

“Mr. Stark, is number 78 on the periodic table Platinum or Plutonium? I get them mixed up.”

“Call me Tony, and I’ll tell you.”

Peter contorted his face into one of utter disgust, and quickly announced that he was going to his room to get his phone so he could look it up. “I’ll die the day I call you anything other than Mr. Stark.”

Tony sat down in a bar stool across from the one Peter had been in seconds prior, coffee safely in his grasp.

He rolled his eyes and a small smile teased his lips as he thought of the interaction he had just had. He was such a sweet kid.

He looked over at the stairs as he heard the sound of something swinging. Peter jumped down from the top of the staircase, a web firmly attached to the roof above him. When he kicked off, it took less than a second for him to swing into his seat across the room, which wobbled dangerously in protest. Peter quickly grabbed at the edge of the island to steady himself.

Tony took a careful sip of his coffee as he silently watched the scene before him.

“You know we have an elevator.” He said after the kid managed to steady himself.

His response was Peter sticking his tongue out at him, and busying himself on his phone for a moment before returning to his paper.

The two sat like that for a while, until Shuri walked in, one of Peter’s old Nerf guns firmly in her grip.

She said nothing, only raising the gun to face the roof and letting an orange and blue bullet fly. Because it was an old gun, the bullet did not reach anywhere near hitting the roof, but began its descent into Peter’s forehead, bounced off, and landed in his cereal.

Peter jerked his head up, and stared at Shuri. It took him two moments to register what happened before he stood up with such force it knocked the stool backwards onto the floor.

“This is why mom doesn’t *fucking* love you!” He roared.

Tony was taken aback. He had never seen Peter curse in his life, and he sure hadn’t seen Peter angry since that time with the ferry, and even that was nothing compared to this pure, unbridled rage.

“Hey, hey, kid. I know you like your cereal, but-”

He was cut off by Peter and Shuri beginning to giggle in that infuriating way of theirs.

Tony watched the teenagers in front of him, and his hand was instinctively brought up to pinch between his eyes.

He had three doctorates, but for the life of him couldn’t figure out two teenagers.

He watched Peter lean down to pick up the bar stool, and have Shuri kick his feet so he lost his footing. He landed on the floor, and quickly snapped at Shuri, “*Stop!* I could’ve dropped my croissant!” followed by more giggling.

He didn’t understand.

sup bitch

Chapter Notes

pls comment im a hoe

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

“Dare.”

“Again?” came her exasperated whine.

He just shrugged.

“Ughh, I don’t know any more dares,” she moped, flinging her head back onto the seat of the sofa they were sitting in front of.

“That sounds like a personal problem.”

“Rude.”

“Don’t be a little bitch.” He said, taking out his phone. He scrolled through Instagram while she sat thinking and occasionally groaning in boredom.

“Oh my god,”

Peter jumped slightly, but then looked over at her.

“I dare you to talk to Stark the way you talk to me.” She grinned.

Peter was silent for a moment until his mouth began to open into a small ‘o’. “No! Absolutely not! Shuri, are you insane? I ca-”

He was interrupted by Shuri holding out her wrist, where the bracelet projected a small hologram of him.

“I’d do anything on a dare,” Hologram version of him said, “I’d do any dare, any vine, anything, any day bitch.”

“You recorded me?” He whisper-shouted as the projection fizzled out.

Shuri just shrugged and grinned, and it was peter’s turn to groan in despair.

-

Peter walked into the lab later that day, arms full with his suit and feet dragging more than usual. He cast a sharp glare over to where he knew Shuri had hidden a camera, before straightening his face as his mentor called him over.

“Hey, Pete! I’m over here!” He called from a mountain of screws and spanners.

Peter internalized a deep sigh as he answered.

“Sup, bitch?” He said, casual demeanor doing nothing to capture the complete mortification he was internalizing.

Pretend he’s Shuri, pretend he’s Shuri, pretend he’s Shuri, preten-

Tony stood up immediately and then tried to smother a curse as a spanner landed on his toe. He ignored his throbbing foot as he turned to his kid.

“What?”

Peter smiled to hide a grimace. “Nothing, lmao. What are you doing?”

It took Tony a second to find his words until he so eloquently repeated, “What?”

Peter responded almost immediately, “I asked what you’re doing, you know like,” He almost cringed, “Like what the fuck is up, Kyle? What the fuck?”

Tony allowed a small cough as if to clear his throat, cast a concerned glance at Peter, but tried to explain himself. “I’m, uhh, I’m just upgrading the bots. How was, uh, how was your day, kiddo?”

Peter shrugged. “It was pretty trash because of my crippling depression, but that’s normal at this point, so good, I guess.”

Tony let out a small squeak, which he almost immediately covered up with a cough and an, “Oh.”

“Anyway,” Peter continued, “Homework is kind of making me want to jump off a bridge, so I’m planning to go make a bitch lasagna to distract myself.”

Tony set down his tools, blinked twice, and pinched his nose all in the span of half a minute. “Sorry, a... a *bitch lasagna*?”

“Obviously, dipshit.” Peter could hardly keep it together as Tony raised his head from between two fingers to face him with raised eyebrows. He continued anyway. “I have to support PewDiePie after YouTube Shitwind.”

Tony met him with a cross between a blank stare and a death-glare, so he carried on to fill the silence.

“Yeah, I’m trying to feed two birds with one scone, Mr. Stark. Make the bitch lasagna to support his fight with T-Series and bitch about YouTube not putting him in Rewind at the

same time.”

Again, he was met with silence, so he tried to change the subject.

“At this point I don’t know which is lower, my self-esteem or my grades.”

“You’re top of your class?” Tony muttered.

Peter let out an uncomfortable laugh.

“So yeah,” Peter began to finish, desperate to leave, “Gotta get that lasagna finished before I decide to shoot myself!” He chuckled awkwardly.

“See’ya later!” He threw over his shoulder as he walked out, leaving behind a blinking Tony Stark with his mouth hanging open.

Shuri was in the common room, crying with laughter, watching the video on her phone as Natasha, Clint, and Steve looked over her shoulders. Even Natasha was sporting a grin.

Peter walked in and groaned as he saw them. “You let them watch, too?” He whined.

Seeing as Shuri was laughing too hard to speak, Steve cleared his throat as if to erase the remnants of all the giggling he has doing, and turned to address Peter.

“Language.” He scolded weakly, before letting out another snort.

Chapter End Notes

pls comment im a hoe

internet famous, bitch

Chapter Notes

twO cHapTerS/?? In oNe DaY?? wOw

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

“You have to,”

“No.”

“You can’t have something as amazing as this and then just not post it! That’s basically *illegal*.”

"I'm like 110 percent sure it's not illegal."

"Please?"

“Shuri, no.”

“Shuri, yes.”

“I doubt his PR team will let me.”

“And?”

“And? They could sue me!”

“Don’t be a whiny bitch.”

"Uno reverse," Peter responded instantly.

“Peter don’t make me.” Shuri threatened him after a small sigh.

His eyes widened as he began to understand what she was going to do. “You wouldn-”

“I dare you.”

Peter was silent for a second before he wordlessly stomped onto the ceiling to sit in a corner and pout.

Shuri grinned and rolled her eyes, before walking over to the couch. She knew he would have to do it eventually, so she decided to let him mope beforehand if he wanted to.

-

“Please don’t make me,” He tried one more time, twisting around in the computer chair so he could see her. “He’ll kill me. I’ll kill myself. Please.”

Shuri responded by dropping her voice to a terrible impersonation of his own and reciting, “I’m Peter Parker. I’ll accept any dare, any-”

He interrupted her. “Okay! Okay! I get it!”

Holding his breath, he clicked to post the video to YouTube. Within ten minutes, it had uploaded.

tony starks dumbass intern speaks gen z to him on a dare was public for the whole world to see, with a completely lowercase title for effect. Anyone who wanted to could see him do Shuri's dare. Anyone who wanted to could see him call *the* Tony Stark a bitch.

It was completely unedited, and the description box only held three words, "sneed help pls".

Peter lowered his head into his hands and regretted every moment he had ever spent alive.

-

It hadn't blown up overnight, for which Peter was immensely grateful for a grand three weeks. After three weeks, however, some popular Avengers stan twitter account had found it, and posted it. After that, it had gotten over forty million views in two days, there were BuzzFeed articles about it, and Peter was somewhat a celebrity under the name 'Tony Stark's dumbass intern'.

IronStan012 posted;

Oh my god he's so cute this is the funniest shit I've ever seen

Becky05 posted;

Sub 2 pews

Pinned by Peter Parker

> Becky05 posted; GuYS HE PINNED THIS

>> Becky05 posted; HEE PINNED MY COMMENT

>>> Becky05 posted; DCSVHADGDJKhjvdhgvwahdvVSGVHVDHGV

>>>> Becky05 posted; CHJRBF HFBWE12.WEJ2 bhbJBIEF8bujJK ENKBH BHJ L

Sugma posted;

yo this is literally the funniest shit ever

-

Peter glared at Shuri when she suggested that the video was doing great. He responded by saying that the only reason he hadn't killed her was because the PR team decided not to sue him because the video surprisingly ended up helping Tony's public image.

Dickhead; 6:02 p.m.: h,h oly shti penis u actaulyl work 4 tony strak

You; 6:03 p.m.: Fuck off flash

Chapter End Notes

pls comment im a hoe

identity crisis

Chapter Notes

waht the fuck am i doing i have exams to study for

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

“Hey everyone,” Peter sat casually on the sofa in front of a camera as he spoke, “I guess I’m famous now or something, so I’m gonna milk it for all it’s worth, okay? Okay. Great. Glad that’s settled.”

Somewhere off-screen a girl’s voice echoed to tell him he sounded stupid, to which he rolled his eyes as the frame cut.

The video was almost instantly resumed, with Peter in a similar spot, but with a bowl of cereal in his hands.

“Okay,” He started, “I’ll make a better intro.”

He finished chewing the bite of cereal he had in his mouth before continuing, “Okay, so today basically I’m going to be trying to find the identities of some of the Avengers.”

He stood up slightly, to hover over the table and reach for some papers he had printed out.

“First on the list,” He paused to hold up a picture. It still had the watermarks on it. “Iron Man.”

He set the picture down and picked up a second bowl of cereal.

“So,” He began, leaning back and waving his spoon around, “I have some theories about Iron Man’s Identity. So, he has to be super smart, right?”

He tilted the camera down to see a field of 3-d printed people on the table.

“So that gets rid of a bunch of candidates, already.” He said, knocking over Captain America, Scott, and, no matter how much he hated having to call his man-crush-monday ‘stupid’, Thor. “He’s called Iron *Man*, and not to be racist or anything, but these guys have to go, too.” He added, flicking over Wanda and Natasha.

“I also have to get rid of Shuri. I would have gotten her out along with Wanda and Nat, but I have a different reason for her.” He swept her doll from the table in one smooth motion as he continued, “I’m just getting her out because she’s a little bitch.”

“Now we have it narrowed down to-”

He was interrupted by a scream of *Goddamn it, Parker! Did you eat all the fucking cereal again!?*, and the frame cut, only to be replaced by Peter in the same position with different lighting. Some time had obviously passed.

“Anyway,” He coughed a bit, “As I was saying, we’ve got it narrowed down, now, and frankly Tony Stark is a fucking pussy so that makes no sense.” He said, knocking over his mentor’s figurine. “Iron Man is obviously Bucky Barnes. Think about it! He’s smart, he’s got that metal arm and the suit is made of metal, he’s famous...”

“Boom!” He clapped his hands, staring straight into the camera, “Solved.”

The screen cut once more to reveal the figurines all standing straight up again, with a couple more added in.

“Next on the agenda, Spider-Man.”

“Now this one should be easy. I’ve met the guy, in costume of course, and let me just say,” He reached down for another bowl of cereal. Why did he have so many on the table?

“He is short as hell. Like, when I say short, I mean short. You know the only other super short super-hero that we know of? That’s right,” He said after a moment of silence, with an exaggerated point of his spoon at the camera. “You probably already know, but let’s get rid of everyone here over the height of 4’ 10”.” He said, knocking over almost everyone, save for three figurines.

“This one,” He said, holding up one of the dolls, “Doesn’t count either. This is PewDiePie. He’s only here because I needed to remind you all to help beat T-Series.”

He set the one off to the side, before gesturing to the remaining two figurines.

“This,” He said, pointing at one of them, “Is one of the shortest men I have ever met. He’s probably who you guessed before. This is my literally-three-foot-tall mentor, Tony Stank.”

“The only other option is, of course, my 5’ 2” idol, Kevin Hart.” He acknowledged the other figurine with a gesture of his hand.

“We already established that Mr. Stark is a fucking pussy, though, so Kevin Hart is obviously Spider-man.”

“Anyway, this video is like five minutes long already, so I’m gonna go ahead and end it here, but now you know the true identities of two of your favorite Avengers.”

He was silent for a moment, leaned back against the sofa, and said, “You’re welcome,” before the video ended.

oof also no shade at calling cap stupid that was just me half-assedly referencing the "i shot him in the legs because his shield is the size of a dinner plate" vine

mental breakdance in the bathroom

Chapter Notes

guys what the fuck last time i updated this shitpile the comments doubled overnight and it became my second most popular story

like,,, stop being such fucking memers oh my gOd

i love you all i can even deal with this why is this doing well wtf

Tony Stark @iamironman – 46m

@PeterParkour Pete youre fired

www.youtube.com/FuK0fEsp1d3rMa/N.?-Bltch/youtu.be

Was that what death felt like? Was it complete mortification and regret of every single waking moment?

Tony Stark had linked the video.

His mentor/father/hero/inspiration had teased him on twitter and linked a video of Peter calling him a ‘fucking pussy’.

He wanted to move away. Change his name. Dye his hair and grow a mustache. Manufacture knock-off flex tape from a remote windmill in the middle of Andalucía. That wasn’t too bad of a future.

No, unfortunately that would take too long, and Stark would be able to find him before he could run. He took the next best option. He abandoned his lunch in the cafeteria, ran to the farthest bathrooms, whipped out his cracked phone, and started recording himself.

The light blinked red to show him that it was recording, and he dragged a hand down his face.

“Okay, so? Oh my God? I don’t even- I can’t- Like, I can’t even speak.” He began, “What is going on? Why did I post that? I *knew* he would see it! He’s Tony freaking Stark! Of course he would see it!”

He took a deep breath and tilted his eyes upwards to remind himself that this was really happening. “If somebody could just, you know, come and run me over with their car, I would probably thank them.”

He let out a breathy laugh in disbelief. “I can’t believe it. He saw me call him a fucking pussy on YouTube. And then he just?” He paused to make an overly exaggerated hand motion to fully capture his stress, “He just doesn’t even care!? He *jokes* about it on Twitter? In the *middle of school*? As if I wouldn’t have a literal panic attack!?”

His eyes got bigger the more he carried on.

“I just, I don’t know. I can’t even really-” He got cut off by the bell, so he let out an exasperated huff of air. “I don’t know, just kill me, okay?”

He ended the recording and didn’t even bother to re-watch it as he set it to upload on his channel. He titled it ‘just me having a mental breakdown in my school bathroom’ and left to attempt to get through the rest of the day without melting in embarrassment.

souljapods

Chapter Summary

i mean i never edit my chapters but this one is particularly bad

“So listen,” Peter began talking to the camera without even the smallest introduction, “I would like to put the purpose of this video into some context. This man,” He made a small gesture to the side of him where he had edited in a picture of Tony sleeping with the words ‘Tommy Stank’ written across his forehead, “is rich. Like, super rich. Just absolutely loaded. I’m talking like he has *at least* eight dollars in his bank account.”

A pillow flew from off-screen to hit him in the face and he paused to glare at something above the camera.

He set the pillow down before continuing. “*Anyway*, my main issue with him being rich is that nobody even knows it. Like, I mean, yeah, he owns like eight different Lamborghinis and he has robots that make coffee for him, and that’s cool and all,” He paused for a second for effect.

“But that doesn’t even count, right? How is anyone *actually* supposed to know he’s rich if he doesn’t use the biggest power move of all time?” Not a second after he finished speaking, a poorly cropped screenshot of SouljaPods popped up onto the screen.

“He doesn’t even own AirPods.” He continued with a disappointed shake of his head.

“So, I took it into my own hands and used this credit card he gave me for emergencies, because trust me,” The video and audio distorted, and the camera zoomed in as he said his next words, “This is an emergency.”

“I went and bought some, and they just arrived in the post, so now I guess it’s time to give them to him, okay? After this, we’ll go celebrate with ice cream or something because I’m helping improve the ‘genius, billionaire, playboy, philanthropist’ image he has going.”

He turned off the camera, grabbed the small box that had been sitting on the table next to him, and asked F.R.I.D.A.Y. to record him, before rushing off to the lab.

“Hey, Mr. Stark,” He greeted as he eased the door open, “What are you working on?”

Tony looked up from his work for a brief moment before answering, “Nothing amazing. Just fixing the coffee maker to extract the maximum amount of caffeine from the coffee powder.”

“Mood,” Peter answered mechanically.

“Huh?”

“Never mind,” Peter waved a hand, “Can I just, uh, ask you something?”

Tony set his coffee maker down almost immediately. “Everything okay, kid?”

“Oh, yeah,” Peter quickly dismissed as he walked closer, “I just wanted to ask if I could give you something.”

Tony immediately looked apprehensive. “... Why?”

“I was just thinking-”

“That’s a first,” Tony interjected.

Peter tilted his head forward to give him a playful glare. “Ha, ha.” He spoke with a voice as monotone as he could muster. “And to think,” He added after a moment, “I was actually trying to do something nice for you.”

Tony rolled his eyes. “You have the sincerest of my apologies, kiddo.”

“Good.” He nodded slightly, “Now, I was thinking about how you’re super rich, and stuff, right?”

Tony only nodded with a confused look.

“But, then I thought about how nobody even knows! You try to flaunt it, right, with your cars and buildings and stuff, but I just don’t think it’s enough.”

“What did you do?” Tony asked quietly with creased eyebrows.

Peter grinned and presented the box.

“AirPods.” Was the only answer Peter gave.

“AirPods?” Tony repeated.

“AirPods.” Peter nodded.

Tony was silent for almost ten seconds as he stared at Peter before he let out an almost-amused puff of air. “So let me get this straight,” He held up a finger, “You didn’t think I was boastful *enough*, so you went and bought 150 dollar headphones from one of my biggest corporate rivals?”

Peter nodded slowly.

“And I’m going to take a wild guess here and assume this is because of that meme you were talking about?”

Peter continued nodding.

Tony only rolled his eyes, muttered a ‘what am I going to do with you’, and ruffled his hair.

“I don’t know what you’re going to do with me.” Peter responded with a small shrug, “Probably get ice cream with me?”

“Okay, first of all, rhetorical question. Second, you’re lactose intolerant.”

“And?”

Tony rolled his eyes. “I have vegan ice cream for you in the freezer upstairs.”

The video ended there, and was uploaded with the title ‘giving tony stark airpods because he isn’t rich enough’.

PatriciAAHHH 3 minutes ago

I’m W,HEEZING

View Replies (2)

Donlad Drumpf 6 seconds ago

why is nobody focusing on the fact that tony stark gave this child an emergency credit card and bought him special ice cream because hes lactose intolerant?? they are?? father and son?? tony rUFFLED HIS HAIR?????

View Replies (69)

PewDiePie 12 seconds ago

Now that is some good content right there

View Replies (42,069)

The internet nearly imploded when Tony posted a selfie of him wearing the AirPods on his Twitter, with the caption ‘Feel poor yet?’.

i wanted more characters so this happened

Chapter Summary

this is just a shitty filler chapter so i can have more characters lmao i want 2 die

Chapter Notes

this one's for you, boo 🙄🙄🙄

[@amonstercourtinginsanity](#)

[amonstercourtinginsanity](#)

Uploading videos to YouTube was no new concept to Peter Parker, but it was the first time he was sitting in front of the camera with a mask. His mask only had eyes as a defining feature, similar to the face-plate of his mentor's suit, so that made it easy to force himself to appear expressionless.

He had created a new channel under the simple name of 'spider-man' and uploaded the video. He was sitting on the same sofa Peter filmed so many of his videos on, and his face was as stoic as he could make it.

He uploaded the video under the title 'Peter Parker, This is For You', and it was just a forty-six second rant where he got increasingly irritated until the video cut off half-way through a sentence.

The description read 'Tony Stark is MY father, not yours, dick-wad.', which perfectly accompanied the tone of the video. He had just spent the entire time yelling about how much more Tony loved him over Peter, and how Peter should 'suck my bathwater, you stanky-ass flip flop'.

That video hadn't gained much momentum, which Peter understood given that it was a new channel he had done nothing to promote, until Rhodey tweeted it to Tony.

Colonel Rhodes @rhodeyworkahead – 7m

@iamironman wtf is this real is he your son

<https://www.youtube.com/whatthefucktony.sub2pewds.net/66?6-69420?/>

Harley Keener @hardlybeaner – 4m

Replying to @rhodeyworkahead Yeah, wtf @iamironman, I thought I was your only son?? First peter, and now this?? Disgusting,.

Peter Parker @PeterParkour – 4m

Replying to @rhodeyworkahead @iamironman @hardlybeaner Have you been cheating on me, mr stark!?? Do you have other children??

Tony Stark @iamironman – 2m

@PeterParkour @hardlybeaner @rhodeyworkahead you know,, my eye bags weren't this designer until I met all of you

Colonel Rhodes @rhodeyworkahead – 7m

@iamironman wait so he isn't your son.?

The internet should have been used to Tony Stark and his tendency to adopt children by that point, but it still exploded as much as it did every other time. Broadcasters were all conflicted, stuck between the choices of reporting just how unexpectedly relatable™ Tony Stark was, the fact that Rhodey had suddenly appeared after being missing for no less than two years, and the completely unrelated kids who all claimed they knew Stark personally, which he had (indirectly) confirmed. In the end, most stations opted to simply report all of it.

Peter was, for the most part, unbothered. He had a relatively normal school day, ordered his sandwich from Delmar's, and went home to his apartment. May hadn't gone to work that day because she had had an on-call the night before, so she was home when he arrived.

He did some homework for a couple hours, hugged May for a bit too long, and left for the compound to stay for the weekend, just as he did every Friday.

What didn't happen every Friday, however, was opening the door to Natasha Romanov, Clint Barton, Bucky Barnes, Tony Stark, Bruce Banner, and James Rhodes sitting in front of the television, seemingly all watching 'Alexa and Katie' on Netflix.

Peter stood in the doorway for a too-long amount of time, unsure of what to say. He eventually opted for a simple, “Hey.”

They all looked up, save for Clint, and Tony smiled at him. “Hey, kiddie, we’re watching Netflix.”

“Yeah,” Peter nodded, “I can see that.”

When he received no response, he continued, “So, um, since when did, uh, you guys all live here?”

“Well, you see, kiddo,” Tony began, “When you start calling yourself my son, and you post videos online of you burning down my kitchen, people tend to get curious.”

“Yeah, we all wanted to come experience this first-hand,” Clint agreed, eyes never leaving the screen.

Bucky nodded slowly, and Peter squirmed under the combined gazes of him and Natasha.

“So, you’re telling me,” He started, slowly, “Most of you have been in hiding for over two years,”

He received numerous nods as a prompt to continue, “And you all resurfaced, risking being thrown in jail and having whatever aliases you’ve been living under exposed,”

Again, he received only nods.

“Because you thought I was his son?” He gestured vaguely to Tony.

Once he was finished, the nods he received in affirmation were accompanied by a chorus of ‘yeah basically’s, ‘I guess’s, and ‘Yep’s.

He blinked a couple of times, before trying to salvage the conversation by saying, “I guess that’s how mafia works.” Bruce and Rhodey turned to Tony for a translation, but Tony only offered a small shrug.

Peter, still uncomfortable, braved asking if he could join in on watching Netflix with them.

Tony said ‘no’, insisting that if he finished his homework then, they could spend the entire rest of the weekend testing new suit designs. He threw in the promise of allowing Peter to test drive one, but the kid still seemed unconvinced.

“But please, Mr. Stark 🤔🤔? You know ‘Alexa and Katie’ makes me 🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔.”

Clint finally looked up from the T.V., only to offer an elegant, “What the fuck, kid?”

Rhodey turned to Tony and gestured to Peter with open palms, as if to say, ‘I’m so confused please help me’. His forehead was creased as he asked his lifelong friend, “How did he even say that?”

Tony only gave a disappointed shake of his head and told Peter to at least finish his physics homework before he joined them.

Peter went to his room, did approximately none of his homework, and got to responding to Spider-Man’s video. On Twitter, he posted a picture of him sitting in front of a laptop with the rant video playing. He was wearing AirPods and had a look of fake concern on his face, as he gestured up to his ears. The picture was simply captioned, “Sorry, what?”

After the picture was posted, he bothered Shuri for the next twenty minutes, before heading back downstairs to join the Avengers.

“You know,” He interrupted the middle of the scene. He was squished between Tony and Natasha, so it made it particularly easy for him to get elbowed in the ribs from both sides as he said, “We should make a group chat.”

groop chat

Chapter Summary

in this chapter:

NATurally a badass: Natasha

Beter Barker: Peter

Furry's Sister: Shuri

Vision: Vision

Captain Bitch Lasagna: Captain America

Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie/Tony Stark/Tony Stank: Tony

Beter Barker added NATurally a badass, Captain Bitch Lasagna, Furry's Sister, Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie, and 7 more people to a group chat

Beter Barker changed the chat's name to Sub to Pew Die Pie

Sunday, 17 February 2019

04:12

Beter Barker: did u know in england my name would be spelled like "Petre Parkre"

Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie: wtf kid, no it wouldn't

Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie: why is my name so long

Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie: why did you make a group chat in the first place?

Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie: actually it's 4 in the morning, we can do this later. Spider-baby needs his sleep

Beter Barker: lmao why would I sleep

Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie: :(

Beter Barker: Did you just use my own weapon against me

Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie: :(

Beter Barker: f i n e

Beter Barker went offline

Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie: :)

Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie went offline

09:17

NATurally a badass: what is this

Beter Barker: A group chat!!!

Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie: I think she was asking why you made it, kiddo

Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie: one second i cant take this any longer

Iron Man aka Tony Stark aka my icon aka the best aka don't fucking disrespect him aka he's my dad boogie-woogie-woogie has changed their name to Tony Stark

Beter Barker: idk I thought it would be fun idk you know idk

Captain Bitch Lasagna: how did you even get our phone numbers?

Beter Barker: i didnt know them so i just hacked friday lol

Tony Stark: Pete, we talked about this...

Beter Barker: Sorry mr. stark :(((

Tony Stark: oh stfu your pouty face doesn't work over text message

NATurally a badass: wait

NATurally a badass: so youre telling me

NATurally a badass: this child

NATurally a badass: this toddler

NATurally a badass: this newborn baby

NATurally a badass: hacked the most sophisticated AI security system in the world

NATurally a badass: designed by tony stark himself

Tony Stark: well in my defense he's very smart

Beter Barker: :)

Beter Barker went offline

Tony Stark went offline

NATurally a badass and Captain Bitch Lasagna went offline

Tuesday, 19 February 2019

13:56

Beter Barker: @Tony Stark don't fucking run from me you cock sucking, pizza eating, jelly bean, string bean, defective spleen, t-series subscribing piece of bitch

Captain Bitch Lasagna: L-

Captain Bitch Lasagna: Langua-

Beter Barker: don't even fucking start you microwaved chicken nugget, go and freeze your dick in an ice tray for the next seventy years

Furry's Sister: damn

Beter Barker changed Tony Stark's name to Tony Stank

NATurally a badass: damn

Furry's Sister: damn

Vision: damn

Captain Bitch Lasagna: damn

Tony Stank: ffs peter, no

Beter Barker: hoe I will rip out your eyelashes until you scream that it hurt like a butt-cheek on a stick

Furry's Sister: weird flex

Tony Stank: Peter, im not buying you a dog

Beter Barker: you don't have to buy it, I have the money for her!!!! You just have to sign the adoption papers!!

Tony Stank: Pete, your land-lord doesn't allow pets, and you don't live at the compound

Beter Barker: youre the most useless billionaire on the planet literally what do you do with all your money

Tony Stank: ??

Beter Barker: b r i b e t h e m a n

Tony Stank has kicked Beter Barker from the chat

Furry's Sister: harsh but okay

Tony Stank: stfu i just didn't want him here so i can tell you guys

Tony Stank: i already adopted the fucking dog he wants, it just needs to get vaccinated so we cant pick her up until Friday lmao

NATurally a badass: oh my god you're actually his father wtf

Captain Bitch lasagna: she's not wrong

Furry's Sister: why are you two actually adorable with

Tony Stank: stfu no we're not

Tony Stank: also actually stfu for real, im about to add him back

Tony Stank has added Beter Barker to the chat

Beter Barker: hOW dAre yoU,??1/??!?,./.?11.>?

Tony Stark went offline

Beter Barker: Don't you dare run from this!!!1!!!11!11!11!11!11!!!

Furry's Sister went offline

NATurally a badass went offline

Beter Barker: oh my god, do NOT leave me alone with Captain Dickhead McBlueballs

Beter Barker went offline

Captain Bitch Lasagna: ouch

Captain Bitch Lasagna went offline

pete accidentally falls off a roof onto a knife but then he gets a dog so its okay

Chapter Summary

latest chapter yeyeye

do not ever assume i spend more that 20 minutes writing any of these chapters

Chapter Notes

Beter Barker: Peter

Tony Stank/Tony Scared/Tony Spark: Tony Stark

May Parker: May Parker

Captain Bitch Lasagna/Artichoke: Steve

NATurally a badass: Natasha

BrucieBear: Bruce

EyeDoctor: Stephen

Furry's Sister: Shuri

this-aint-my-first-rhodeyo: Rhodey

Lightning McQueen: Thor

Thursday, 21 February 2019

03:06

Beter Barker: midter stakr ii nwed hel.p i tjink

Tony Stank: wtf

Beter Barker: yo tener uno mino,r prrolbelama misstre strak

Tony Stank: I thought you were fluent in Spanish, what the hell was that

Beter Barker: nno tyats englisjh

Tony Stank: Pete, I know you're fluent in English. You're also fluent in Spanish. What's going on??

Beter Barker: i acindentely fell of it

Tony Stank: Fell off what!!?

Beter Barker: tje roof

Tony Stank: The roof of your apartment?

Beter Barker: the rOOF

Tony Stank: Yeah, I got that much already, kiddo. So, your apartment?? That's not too bad at least, just hold on kiddo i'll come get you

Beter Barker: no the roof of tje crhysler buidling

Tony Stank: WHJAT THE FUCKJ KID IM COMING RIGHT FUJCING NOW

Beter Barker: anf the funy tjing is ifell riggt onto a rober

Beter Barker: i fel on his kknief

Tony Stank: you fELL OFF THE CHRYSLER BUILDING

Tony Stank: oNTO A KNIFE

Beter Barker: ye

Tony Stank went offline

Beter Barker: wherd yuo go misdter strak

Beter Barker: o no he deid

Beter Barker: rest in rip missrt stak

Beter Barker went offline

10:37

May Parker added May Parker to the chat

Captain Bitch Lasagna: is that possible

NATurally a badass: i agree, what the hell

May Parker: shut the fuck up, both of you

May Parker: Anthony Edward Stark, where is my nephew?

Tony Stank has changed their name to Tony Scared

Tony Scared: Funny story, now that you mention it

Tony Scared: I'll call you and explain, but for now just know that he's fine because of his healing factor. Mostly everything has cleared up except for the nick on his spleen and two broken vertebrae.

May Parker: the what on his spleen and his two broken what

Tony Scared: Don't worry, i called in Stephen and bruce, he couldn't be in more capable hands.

May Parker: Fuck off, Stark, be expecting a call from me once I go on break.

Tony Scared: h

May Parker went offline

Captain Bitch Lasagna: lmao praying for you stark

Captain Bitch Lasagna went offline

NATurally a badass went offline

Tony Scared went offline

13:27

Tony Scared has kicked May Parker from the chat

Tony Scared: @BrucieBear @EyeDoctor both of you are idiots i just told may that i left pete in capable hands and you go and fucking 'forget' to reset his ribs? HOW DO YOU FORGET TO RESET SOMEONE'S RIBS

EyeDoctor: technically it was only one rib that we forgot to reset

Tony Scared: idgaf how many ribs it was, just fix it and don't tell May please i fear for my life

EyeDoctor and BrucieBear went offline

Tony Scared went offline

22:19

Beter Barker: lmao mr thor is visiting and he accidentally electrocuted mr stark

Furry's Sister: do he look like a burnt chicken nugget

Beter Barker: yeah, but he still loves himself

Beter Barker has changed Tony Scared's name to Tony Spark

Captain Bitch Lasagna: Peter, I thought you were injured?

Beter Barker: literally do not even talk to me about my health after u beat up mr stark you fucking artichoke (ʅ'-'')ʅ(ʅ'-'')ʅ(ʅ'-'')ʅ

Beter Barker: **artefact

Furry's Sister has changed Captain Bitch Lasagna's name to artichoke

Beter Barker: let me liVE

this-aint-my-first-rhodeyo: actually though, how are you already better?

Furry's Sister: he got kinky with a spider ;););)

Beter Barker: i-

Furry's Sister: ;)

Beter Barker went offline

Friday, February 22, 2019

Beter Barker: oh my jesus fuck mister stark i'm literally going to tie my webs into a noose and hang myself

Beter Barker: how could you do this to me

Beter Barker: im not even fucking joking im going to sue you and then jump off a bridge jfc

artichoke: tony your kid is broken

BrucieBear: ????

Tony Spark: don't worry guys he does this when hes happy

BrucieBear: what

Beter Barker: omfg mr stark i love you so much thank you for existing like wtf my crops are watered my luciano is lucky my hotel is trivago and its not delivery its digiorno

Lightning McQueen: Stark, i think your son is dying

Tony Spark: hes not my son and pete i take it you found the puppy,?

Beter Barker: yes and i love her and would die for her and she's black like the night sky and has the stars in her eyes and her little nose glistens like the moon

Furry's Sister: calm the heck down there, socrates

Beter Barker: no no you don't understand i made so many space references

Beter Barker: because i want to name her oppy :,)

Tony Spark: @Furry's Sister you misspelled it, it's not 'socrates' it's 'satan'

BrucieBear: peter, he's crying

Tony Spark: i'm not cryinh

BrucieBear: ;)

dude its 3 in the morning i dont know what im doing

Chapter Summary

nobody:

me, after a 4 month hiatus: "star spangled toe sucker"

Chapter Notes

Beter Barker: Peter

Tony Spark: Tony Stark

Artichoke: Steve

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

steve rogers started a DM with peter parkour

Thursday, 13 June 2019

11:19

steve rogers: Okay, hey kid. So I know you don't like me after what happened with Tony but I'm trying to reconcile and everything, and Tony and I are getting better, so now I want to try and be friends with you. I have an idea you'll love, just hear me out.

16:03

peter parkour: excuse me did u just slide into my dms and use punctuation because this is not what the founding fathers wanted mr star spangled toe sucker

steve rogers: Okay i'll stop using punctuation just hear me out

peter parkour: um is that capitalization i see

peter parkour: and apostrophes???

peter parkour: gtfo omg

steve rogers: okay im sorry how about now

steve rogers: also you just used question marks

peter parkour: question marks arent punctuation also yes thats better

steve rogers: nearly threw hands with a thirteen year old

peter parkour: did u just quote a dead meme

peter parkour: im so proud omg like my wig flew to asia this old whore just memed in my christian minecraft dms

steve rogers: i

steve rogers: okay moving on

steve rogers: can i tell you my idea

peter parkour: yeah go off

steve rogers: go off?

peter parkour: omg it means tell me before i shank you at 3 am with a dried black bean

steve rogers: okay

steve rogers: i think

steve rogers: anyway

steve rogers: imagine if we were to go

steve rogers: to bed bath and beyond

steve rogers: get a candle making kit

steve rogers: and make candles

peter parkour: im gonna beat your ass, *thats* the grand idea you had

steve rogers: hey give me a break itll be fun

peter parkour: not to be controversial but when they unfroze you did they remember to defrost your fuckign brain cells

steve rogers: ouch

steve rogers: listen tony loves candles we can make some for him and the rest of the team and we can bond

peter parkour: 1st of all why are u gay for mr stark second of all why cant u pick smth normal like making memes together or contemplating suicide or going out and taking pictures of pretty flowers but then getting brutally reminded you live in new york and there are no flowers theres just pollution and the earth is dying or maybe going for ice cream

steve rogers: are you okay

peter parkour: no

steve rogers: same

steve rogers: so candle making?

peter parkour: yeah i guess, how about saturday

steve rogers: works for me

peter parkour: k gr8 now im gonna go do a puzzle do distract myself from the impending threat of societal downfall and the planets rising ocean level and the bee populations and my suicidal thoughts

steve rogers: yeah same

peter parkour went offline

steve rogers went offline

Saturday, 15 June 2019

13:32

Artichoke: kid where are you

Beter Barker: up your ass

Artichoke: hey thats americas ass

Beter Barker: not for long

Artichoke: just tell me where you are kid

Beter Barker: and i oop sis snapped

Tony Spark: what is happening

Beter Barker: ur mans is being clingy on main

Artichoke: 1 im not clingy, 2 im not his man

Beter Barker: youre literally so clingy its half past one we arent supposed to meet until 2 and ur asking where i am like i travelled to scandenavia without a parents consent so i could get crab cakes

Tony Spark: thats

Tony Spark: thats oddly specific kiddo

Beter Barker: i dont know what youre talking about

Tony Spark: i hate you

Beter Barker: and the tea is piping hot

Tony Spark: im too tired for this

Beter Barker: mr stark how r u tired its 2 pm

Tony Spark: not in scandenavia

Tony Spark has gone offline

Beter Barker: wow okay

Artichoke: harsh i agree but its two now can u hurry up

Beter Barker: sis i will snap so hard crayons fall out of your nostrils do not test me

Artichoke: this is why i dont talk to teenagers

Beter Barker: no you dont talk to teenagers because they dont like you

Artichoke: damn okay

Beter Barker: anyway im here where tf are you

Beter Barker: are you changing your adult diaper or washing your dentures

Artichoke: shush im in the kitchen

Beter Barker: so am i wtf

Artichoke: what the hell where

Beter Barker: im so confused i dont see you the kitchen isnt that big

Artichoke: WHAT THE FFUCK PETER

Artichoke: GET OFF OF THE CIELING BEFORE I CALL A FUCKING EXORCIST

Beter Barker: omg what

Beter Barker: OH

Beter Barker: oh shit coming down 1 sec

Arctichoke: im not religious because if god was real he never would have allowed this

Beter Barker: listen not all of us become superheroes because of dick lengthening juice some of us get molested by spiders

Artichoke: do not bring my dick into this

Beter Barker: okay i hit a nerve i see i didnt mean to assume anything but from the way youre acting youre obv very insecure

Beter Barker: do u have a micropenis steve

Artichoke: **@Tony Spark** please come back i dont know what to do with ur kid hes so dumb can we put him down

Beter Barker: excuse me

Artichoke has gone offline

Beter Barker has gone offline

Chapter End Notes

my friend went to a marker funeral today

the author is an idiot, and an illiterate idiot on top of that

Chapter Summary

yo yo yo

yo whats up its ur girl tyrone here to twll u that this is gonna b some candlemaking comign up soon but im illiterate and its half past 3 in the morning so like later today how does that sound also sorry for disappearing for four months i travelled to 382 bce to collect fresh elderberries to complement my soup i made and it took a while to figurw out how to stop the gremlin that lives in my chimney from stealing them at approximately 02:17 every night

bros I dont even know anymore

Chapter Summary

I dont fuckin know man

oh also I will start uploading in legit order again bc now pete likes steve well enough
yah fuckin yeet

Chapter Notes

congrats I wrote this in the samsung notes app over the course of like 34 minutes pls
enjoy

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

Peter looked up from his phone for what felt like the first time in around three chapters. It was almost as though the author was illiterate and nearly forgot how to write proper stories without hiding behind the ease and simplicity of a texting fic.

"So," He started, shaking his head a bit to reorient himself, "candles?"

For a second Steve blinked, as if he too had been nothing more than words on a screen since the author forgot how to write.

"Uh, yeah," He finally forced out, "kit's on the table."

"There are at least three tables in this room, you knotted pair of dollar tree headphones."

"What did you call me?"

"Sorry, I meant Captain fucking America, saviour of the world."

"Why did you spell saviour with a 'u' when both of us are American and you were actually just pointing out the fact that I'm Captain America?"

"Well, for starters, I was literally speaking out loud so you have no way of knowing that? And second of all, maybe you should consider that the author is British and even though she tries to always spell things the American way for ideal flow, sometimes she misses things."

Steve looked at him with his lips as tugged down as his eyebrows were together. "The author of what?"

"What are you talking about?"

"What?"

"Are you okay, Steve?"

"Are you?"

"Never."

"Yeah, same."

"Yeah, yeah, open the kit."

"Sure,"

The kit was half open on the small brown coffee table in the corner. It was glossy and composed of colourful cardboard that was all too common for the childrens' kits.

Peter had barely sat down and dragged the box towards him when he dropped his mouth open. "Steve..."

He said nothing, but sat down in front of him and offered a prompting glance.

"This is a fucking soap making kit,"

"What?" He denied, reaching for the box, "No it's not."

"Yes it is, literally look right there." Peter jabbed the box somewhere near the bright pink letters that titled it.

"It was candles though!" Steve insisted, "I bought a candle making kit, I swear,"

"I can't believe this."

Steve was silent for a second as he frantically rummage through the box.

"This is a soap making kit," He whispered.

Peter just stared at him with all the exasperation of a tired Aunt May.

"I mean," The soldier offered, "We could probably make soap scented candles out of this?"

Peter was speechless for almost half a minute until he managed to stutter, "I'm this fucking close to sticking this soap making kit up your damn star spangled ass." As he said he was 'this close' he curled his hand so his index finger and thumb were firmly touching each other and the tips of his fingers were white.

"I'd rather you didn't."

Peter rolled his eyes and pushed himself back in his chair to stand up. "I'm literally speechless."

"Hi 'literally speechless', I'm Steve." He answered automatically.

Peter whirled around, "Did you just-"

The man in front of him just turned slightly red, "It just kind of happened, I didn't-"

The kid shut his eyes for a moment in disbelief, "Ultron was right."

By the time Steve went to respond, the boy was long gone.

"That could've gone better." He mumbled to the empty kitchen.

Steve, as any mature seventy-some year old man, took to the most effective plan of action. He stayed at at table and moped for the next two hours until Tony Stark came in to solve all of his problems (as per usual).

Tony was pushing the teen in front of him by gripping his shoulders. Peter was not helping at all, and his body was as stiff as a board with unmoving feet. They were whispering harshly between each other and Peter's head was twisted back over his shoulder while Tony was looking straight.

Steve looked up at the two of them, his face a picture of confusion. As they got closer, the violent argument turned more into what sounded Peter pleading with him.

Once they were close enough for Steve to understand what they would have been saying, Tony gave Peter one final push on the back and the kid stumbled forward with a last dirty glance over the shoulder and a click of his tongue.

Peter turned back towards Steve, straightened out his shirt with a cursory brush of an open hand, and took a small breath.

"After I had some time to think," He began, throwing another sneer over his shoulder to a man that had already left the room, "I would like to. Apologize. I acted childish earlier. I would love to make soap with you."

Steve ignored the fact that it looked like Peter used all the will he would ever have in his life to choke that out, grinned, and reopened the box he still had in front of him.

"Great! Because I was looking through the box earlier and there's red and blue dye which can work for both of us!"

Cap counted the kid's grimace as close enough to a smile.

In the end, Tony cursed the fact that there was not a soap bar in the building that didn't stain his kitchen purple. He was halfway to strangling both of the other boys with his red and blue hands, or maybe even breaking one of the newly dyed bowls over their heads, but stopped at the sight that met him in the television room.

Steve was snoring with his mouth wide open as he lay across the sofa, and Peter was sitting with his legs folded under him. Peter was on the floor, back against the front of the couch, and his head and arms resting on the seat cushion. The bar of purple soap in his hands was suspiciously similar in color to the word 'dingus' scrawled across Steve's face.

"Friday," Tony whispered.

"I've already got the picture, boss. It's saved to your blackmail folder."

The man grinned.

Chapter End Notes

why am I like this

birdbox edition cereal

Chapter Summary

What the fuck is this, you ask? You tell me. I don't know, either.

*****I changed the order a bit because it didnt make sense that the rest if the avengers moved in after Steve was already there and stuff so this will stay at the end until I make peter not hate steeb the latest chapter is the chapter before this*****

Chapter Notes

i made a tumblr specifically because someone wanted to give me a prompt there instead of the comments section, so if you want to do that or call me a dumbass im fine with either [@mag-and-mac](#)

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

Peter's latest upload opened to him in a scene filmed in awful, yellow lighting. He looked tired, and was wearing a huge jumper, probably one of Tony's, and his voice was somehow grainier than the camera quality.

"Okay, so I'm editing this right now, and I just realized that I never explained what I'm doing. Basically, my fucking bitch-ass boss, Tony Stank," An image popped up on screen of Tony with a facial expression that was stoic to the point of looking irritated, and with a pair of bunny ears firmly planted to his head. "Decided to not buy me cereal. What!? Apparently, it's *'an addiction'* and *'Jesus Christ, Parker, this is fucking insane'* and *'Don't throw a tantrum, you're not three.'*" He mocked with a poor imitation of Tony's voice.

"So, I'm going to make some cereal on my own, but it's birdbox edition so I can make it interesting and upload it to exploit my YouTube success."

"Shuri is behind the camera, so if you hear something stupid in this video, she probably said it. Anyway, yeah. Enjoy."

The video cut to a posh kitchen in much better lighting conditions.

Peter was standing in front of what must've been a pantry.

"Okay, so I know we need oats," He began immediately, grabbing the cylindrical bottle of Italian breadcrumbs out of the pantry, "And, uhh, sugar? Sugar is in the paper thing, right?" He continued, grabbing the paper bag filled with flour. He continued to blindly pat the

various objects, before finally settling his hand on a mustard bottle and announcing that it was honey.

“What does a blender feel like?” He asked Shuri, knowing he wasn’t going to receive an answer, given that one of the rules was that he couldn’t get any help. He clumsily pulled open one of the cabinets underneath the worktop, grinning when it happened to be the one that held the too-expensive blender.

“I don’t know how to use this,” He admitted, before nearly electrocuting himself trying to force the cable into the power socket.

“Jesus Christ, Parker, stop,” Shuri quickly demanded as she set the camera down on the table. It was still angled to be able to see the scene, as Shuri took the cord from him, and plugged it in.

“No need to kill yourself,” She told him as she walked away.

“Yeah,” He retorted, “One look at my grades, and we’ll see about that.”

“You’re top of your class, dipshit.”

Peter ignored her and poured an unholy amount of breadcrumbs into the blender.

He proceeded to clumsily open every single drawer in the kitchen, closing approximately none of them, in search of measuring cups. He eventually pulled out the 2/3 cup and walked back over to the blender before forcefully jabbing it into the packet of flour. He lifted it out to pour it in with the breadcrumbs but missed the blender by nearly half a metre. The tightly-packed flour held the cylindrical shape of the measuring cup as it fell, but landed on the worktop with enough force to make the entire kitchen foggy. Peter, standing in the middle of the cloud, had a look of utter disgust on his face as he intelligently remarked, “That’s flour.”

Shuri snorted and helped him wet some tissues to clean it up. They had only been cleaning for five minutes when Steve walked in, coughing enough to make Shuri wonder if his asthma had been cured after all.

He fruitlessly waved his hand in front of his face, as though it would help disperse the fog, and narrowed his eyes once he saw the culprits.

“How did I already know you two were the ones who did this?”

Peter only answered with a quiet, “Sorry, Mr. Captain America.” While Shuri only asked why he was coughing.

“Whatever this is,” he paused to gesture around, “Got in the vents. Half the rooms are filled with it. What are you doing, anyway?”

“I’m, uh, making cereal.” Peter said, blindfold pushed up to his forehead so he could see what he was cleaning.

Steve's 'you're so stupid, how can you even be real' face was remarkably similar to what Tony's face had been that time Peter had to tell him he had broken his arm because he had put hand lotion on before patrol, and his hands here too slippery to stick to walls.

Steve gracefully pretended to understand what the answer of "Birdbox." meant, after he had asked Peter why he had a blindfold.

He helped them clean up, and decided to stay to chaperone afterwards so the kids wouldn't kill themselves.

One the kitchen was looking 'good enough', Peter replaced the blindfold over his eyes, and went to the pantry to grab the sugar. He grabbed it and turned around to show it to the camera. He put one hand behind it and pushed out his lips as a silent mock towards beauty gurus.

He forwent the measuring cups, and instead poured it directly from the packet into the blender, cringing as it poured faster than he expected, and the bag was left significantly lighter.

"Looks like that might be enough," He tried to laugh it off before feeling around for the mustard bottle that he somehow hadn't noticed wasn't honey in all his time cleaning without the blindfold.

He didn't shake it, so it didn't matter that he had given the bottle a squeeze as hard as he could muster. All that came out were a few sad drops of sickly-tinted mustard juice.

He didn't know that of course, and quickly began feeling around for the blender's 'on' switch.

"No! Peter, you need th-!" Steve hurriedly tried to stop him, but it was too late. Peter had already pressed the button. A whirlwind of poorly combined sugar, mustard water, and breadcrumbs erupted from the blender to coat every corner of the room. It was caked on the walls, and covered so much of Steve, Shuri almost couldn't tell who it was. Steve released a sharp puff of air from his mouth to clear the mixture from his lips.

"The lid. You needed the lid." He finished, before dragging his fingers across his firmly shut eyes and clearing it off with an exaggerated shake of his hands.

Peter just responded with a sheepish smile that Steve was still too busy wiping his eyes to see.

As soon as Steve could see, he let out a grumble quiet enough that not even Peter could hear it, and rummaged around in the cabinets for the lid. Peter refilled the blender with the breadcrumbs, mustard, and sugar that it had thrown all across the room, and finished by allowing Steve to put the lid onto the machine.

"Now, you can turn it on."

If Peter rolled his eyes, it was behind a blindfold, so nobody would ever know.

He pulsed the blender a few times before he ‘carefully’ ripped off the lid, disappointment almost tangible as he discovered it was still completely dry.

He almost said, “This shit dryer than hoes when they see my face,” But remembered that Steve “Language” Rogers was in his presence, and quickly revised his next statement.

“What am I missing? What do they put in cereal? Milk?” He asked instead as he walked over the general area of the fridge, smiling as he found the handle. He knocked over every single item in it, and came dangerously close to sticking half his arm in an open pot of left-overs, before he discovered that they kept the almond milk in the door.

He poured a bit too much into the blender and placed the bottle onto the work-top next to him, not bothering to return it to the still-open fridge.

He haphazardly replaced the lid, not checking if it was fully sealed, and blended it a bit more. Satisfied enough with the paste he had made, he dumped it all onto a pan he had set out before the video started. He put it into a preheated oven, only burning himself four times in the process.

“Now,” He said, standing up and not at all facing the direction of the camera. We need to make marshmallows.”

“Marshmallows in cereal are dry, right? So, when you cook things they turn dry, right? So, I was thinking, what if we just put marshmallows in a pot and cook them? That should work, right?”

Nobody answered him, but Shuri’s eye roll from behind the camera was almost audible.

He tipped a waiting bag of marshmallows into a pot he found after nearly ten minutes of permanently destroying any trace of order the kitchen may have had, and put it onto the stove. He twisted the knob for it to turn on, and the burner next to it began to heat up.

Steve didn’t say a word, but reached around Peter to switch it to the correct one.

A couple minutes passed before anyone spoke.

“How long does it take for a marshmallow to melt?” Peter asked, turning away from the pot for a moment. “Probably not that lo-”

The sound of a flame erupting to his left interrupted him. He released a very manly scream and ran two steps back.

“Is it on fire!?” He asked, refusing to remove the blindfold.

Steve had already allowed a graceful, “Shit!”, before grabbing the closest item and trying to fan the flames away.

An offscreen, “What the fu-,” prompted a small gasp from behind the camera, as Shuri whirled it around to face the owner of the very kitchen they were currently destroying.

Tony allowed his mouth to hang open for a second at the sight of a blindfolded Peter standing in his flaming kitchen with a breadcrumb-dusted Steve frantically trying to fan at it with his aloe vera, but came to his senses quickly enough to allow a quiet, “Nope. Not today. Not Today.” Before promptly turning back around and leaving.

“Shit, was that Mr. Stark?” Peter asked, blindfold still firmly in place, before the video cut off and ended.

The title was completely lowercase, as it always was. He uploaded the video, and media outlets picked it up within half a day. It soon became the most popular video on his channel. He had done it. The video ‘making cereal with captain america but it’s birdbox edition’ had fulfilled his biggest goal.

He had become a meme.

Chapter End Notes

please comment to boost my non existent self esteem

Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Wow it's been so long!

This chapter is really short and really forced but I'm still trying to get back into the swing of things. It's been a wild couple of months for me you guys

(trigger warning injuries car crashes and r*pe)

Super sorry for leaving you guys hanging but I got stabbed in the shoulder back in June and then got sexually assaulted again and then in July I got in a car crash and died a couple times and broke a bunch of bones and collapsed a lung and stuff but it's okay because I'm better now! I still can't walk but my hands are working a lot better than they have been with physical therapy so I thought I'd try and start typing longer and longer things to improve it more

As I've said I know this chapter is bad, I know its short, I know I've been gone, and I'm really sorry

I'll try to update more soon because this was a fill you in thing more than an actual chapter thing

anyway, I love you all

<3

"Sometimes I wish my life was birdbox edition so I wouldn't have to see Parker everyday."

Peter had to admit, of all the horrible jokes Flash made at his expense, that had been one of the less cringe-worthy.

"Birdbox?" One of Flash's friends mumbled, "Hasn't that meme been over for months?"

"Well, yes," answered Flash slowly, "But the author of this story has no concept of pre-writing chapters for any major plot point so she always gets behind the already non-existent

schedule of hers, and now the only way to progress the story past what the previous chapters introduced is to reference dead culture points."

His friend blinked and nodded, "That's lit bro."

"Unlike Parker." Flash sneered but the boy wasn't listening.

He was refreshing his Twitter feed, which had been bombarded with screenshots of his stupid video, all captioned with equally parts humorous and concerningly relatable comments. He almost began full on weeping when he saw a picture of him with the plug for the blender in his hand where he had been labelled "me", the outlet had been labelled "pussy", and the cord in his hand had been titled with "my dick" as he attempted to push it into a part of the wall called "my toaster".

Instead of sobbing, however, he just quickly closed Twitter and clicked on his messaging app. He tapped the first contact and rapidly swiped across the lower part of the screen with his thumb. He owned an android, so he was well in practice with this typing technique because he had been doing it for years before the iOS 13 update.

Thursday, 3 October 2019

13:06

peter parkour: im going to cry

Tony Spark: good

peter parkour: i left to go the the bathroom earlier in physics and when i got back someone had put a bowl of cereal in my backpack

Tony Spark: then put a bowl of cereal in their backpack too, kiddie. not that hard

Tony Spark: I dont feel even a little bit sorry for you this is so fucking funny

peter parkour: >:(

Tony Spark: that's cute, kid, now stfu and go learn shit

peter parkour: >:(

Peter sighed and was about to turn off his phone when he saw he had been tagged by McDonald's on Twitter. Pressing the notification, he was met with a picture of himself standing in Tony's burning kitchen, holding up an empty ceramic bowl.

The image was captioned, "Want the great taste of home style breakfast without the @ThePeterParkour touch™? \$1.99 oatmeal all day, every day."

His mouth formed a small 'o' as he nearly broke his phone from diving onto the keyboard too quickly.

Of all the things he thought he'd be doing an hour past noon on a Thursday, getting into a social media battle with the biggest fast food corporation in the world was not even in the top ten.

But there he was.

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