

Fragmented

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Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
Fandoms:	The Avengers (Marvel Movies) , The Avengers (Marvel) - All Media Types , Spider-Man - All Media Types , Spider-Man: Homecoming (2017) , Iron Man (Movies) , Thor (Movies) , Captain America (Movies) , Captain America - All Media Types , The Incredible Hulk (2008) , Captain Marvel (2019) , Black Panther (2018) , Ant-Man (Movies) , Doctor Strange (2016) , Guardians of the Galaxy (Movies)
Relationships:	Peter Parker & Tony Stark , Pepper Potts/Tony Stark , Loki & Thor (Marvel) , Loki & Thor , Nebula & Peter Parker , Ned Leeds & Peter Parker , Michelle Jones & Ned Leeds & Peter Parker , Peter Parker & Pepper Potts , Clint Barton & Peter Parker , Wanda Maximoff & Peter Parker , Harley Keener & Peter Parker , Harley Keener/Peter Parker , Peter Parker & Morgan Stark (Marvel Cinematic Universe)
Characters:	Peter Parker , Nebula (Marvel) , Tony Stark , Michelle Jones , Ned Leeds , Flash Thompson , May Parker (Spider-Man) , Thanos (Marvel) , Captain Marvel , Pepper Potts , Bruce Banner , Steve Rogers , James "Rhodey" Rhodes , Natasha Romanov (Marvel) , Rocket Raccoon , More added when they appear , Thor (Marvel) , Morgan Stark (Marvel Cinematic Universe) , Happy Hogan
Additional Tags:	Peter Parker Lives , Peter Parker Survives the Snap , Tony Stark is dusted , Basically Tony and Peter swap places , Nebula and Peter become friends , Loki (Marvel) Lives , Not Avengers: Infinity War Part 1 (Movie) Compliant , Not Avengers: Endgame (Movie) Compliant , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Fix-It , Precious Peter Parker , Hurt Peter Parker , Peter Parker Needs a Hug , HOW MANY PETER PARKER TAGS ARE THERE? , Peter needs therapy or smth , Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD , Anxiety , Anxiety Disorder , Starvation , Role Reversal , Alternate Universe - Role Reversal , Genius Peter Parker , Protective Pepper Potts , Pepper Potts Is a Good Bro , Pepper totally mothers Peter , Nat is his scary spider aunt , Deaf Clint Barton , Hurt Clint Barton , Clint Barton Needs a Hug , Clint Barton & Natasha Romanov Friendship , BAMF Clint Barton , Protective Clint Barton , Clint Barton Is a Good Bro , Clint probably adopting Peter :') , Loki and Peter will end up friends later , I'm putting too many tags fml , BAMF Peter Parker , Angst with a Happy Ending , Parent Tony Stark , spiderson , Irongad , Tony is such a dad to peter , change my mind , THAT HUG- , Avengers: Endgame (Movie) Spoilers , Peter Parker is a Good Bro , PETER BEING MORGANS BROTHER , HARLEY BEING MORGANS BROTHER , TONY STARKS CHILDREN ALL JUST BEING THERE FOR EACH OTHER , Pepper Potts Needs a Hug , Pepper and Peter being bros , Jks

[Pepper is mothering her child, Peter Parker is practically Peppers son by now, she's gonna protec this bean, she a queen man](#)

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Fragmented

by [Jason Toddies](#)

Summary

He was gone. They'd all gone. Dust to the wind. The wizard, the Alien People, even Mr Stark.

All that remained on the burnt orange planet was him, him and a scary blue lady who only whispered horrifying confirmation Thanos had done it.

Half the Universe was gone.

And Peter was alone.

-

A.K.A Peter doesn't get snapped but Tony does.

ENDGAME SPOILERS?? But they've been changed kinda?

Notes

screams in latin look i made a new account just for marvel fanfics?? r u proud mum?

(((EDIT: I NOW HAVE A DISCORD SERVER IF YALL WANNA JOIN AND CRY ABOUT MCU WITH ME ANYTIME.

<https://discord.gg/zpKNR7B>

LOVE YOU ALL))))

So basically I have a trillion ideas atm and i dont wanna associate them with the disgusting content written on my old account (its all so bad we dont speak of it) so new account, new me,

fun fact: i havent written anything longer than a text in 3 years now so rip my ability to type :')

also this is lowkey dedicated to a person i dont even know the name of that i befriended upon a breakdown in mcdonalds for tony bc they understand my suffering and my love for tony

and him being spiderdad so yep yep-

I've seen endgame 6 times now in the cinema, rip bank account, and it's only been out just over a week-

i cant write in character fuck my life (also peter is my angst son so let me ruin his life before i give him tony back)

yeets into a volcano

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

Chapter 1

It was.. Strange. No Pun intended of course, now wasn't the time for jokes, but that's the only word Peter could use. His brain couldn't process. What? What? He simply knelt, in shock perhaps? Doubt? Disbelief? Too many thoughts and emotions and just what?

He was gone. They'd all gone. Dust to the wind. The wizard, the alien people, even Mr Stark.

All that remained on the burnt orange planet was him, him and a scary blue lady who only whispered horrifying confirmation Thanos had done it.

Half the Universe was gone.

And Peter was alone.

No amount of apologizing from him, to the dust that had slipped through his fingers, would bring back Mr Stark. The tears didn't even come until the blue lady had hauled him onto the battered ship.

"Oh God Mr Stark-"

"Is gone." The Blue lady finished for him, standing awkwardly, as Peter simply raised his knees to his chin, utterly defeated. *He'd been so close to getting the gauntlet, it was all his fault- it was-*

"It wasn't your fault..." The blue lady spoke, and it was only then that Peter realized he's been speaking out loud.

"It was- I- It- I could have-" He stumbled over his words, unable to formulate a proper sentence through both his sobs and his fear. *Oh my God*, he was alone in space and what

about May- Was May okay? What about Ned? And MJ? Hell Peter even wondered if Flash was okay. What about the other Avengers-

Everything was a haze, he wasn't even sure when they'd set off from the planet, all he knew was the void, the haze.

How many people was he doomed to have die in his arms, how many times would he have to lose the closest thing he had to a father, feeling so helpless when he knew deep down it was his fault?

He could have saved Ben, if he hadn't have just let that guy go, it was his fault.

He could have saved Tony, if he hadn't have just missed out on getting the gauntlet, it was his fault.

Every time he thought he finally had some form of solidarity, he'd lose it, feeling utterly helpless as they died in his arms.

"It should have been me, It should have been- not him- I-"

The blue lady; Nebula, Peter learned, didn't offer much comfort, emotions didn't seem to be her forte- but even she held a hand on his shoulders when he began to choke on the air, the urge to throw up but the lack of contents in him to do so. God when did he get so hungry? He didn't even realize but god how it clawed at him now- *How many days had it been? Where even where they?*

"How long-"

"A week."

It had been an entire week. A week of floating in space, head trapped in the abyss, how had he been functioning? He couldn't even remember sleeping or eating or anything-

"We're almost out of food."

The words were haunting.

Piercing.

"Wh-"

"We're stranded. The engines failed two days ago."

"Let- Let me look-" How Peter tugged himself onto his feet he wasn't sure, his legs felt weak, from lack of use, lack of nutrients, lack of sleep, but his brain was suddenly awake, the threat of death invoking even more fear because Gods *he couldn't die here, he had to get home- he had to- he had to tell everyone about Mr Stark- how he was a hero- how Peter had failed to save him- how Peter had failed **everyone**-*

He threw up before he even made it to the control panel.

Of course there wasn't really anything much to throw up, and mostly his throat burned as he heaved. Whether it was his own thoughts or the screaming protest of his body, muscles out of use, the decreasing air- who knew, but he could barely stand.

"Careful-"

"I- I'm fine-" Peter managed to cough, bringing a wrist to his chin, to wipe himself, only to be trapped in some morbid fascination with how skinny his arm had become.

Since the bite he'd eaten way more, metabolism burning through things way quicker and with the swinging through the city in addition to that, he needed way more food than the average adult let alone seemingly lanky teenage nerd.

"Food will last about a week more on the most minor rations."

Thanks Blue Lady? Peter didn't really need to be told he'd be dead in just over a week.

"Do you still wish to look at the engines?" Peter gave a weak nod, throat feeling dry and sore. He wasn't sure he could manage to speak.

Even with the minor tinkering he managed to do, he was sure Mr Stark would have done better, hell, Mr Stark would probably be sat doing something dumb like playing finger rugby right now, instead of wallowing in pity. Mr Stark would at least starve to death with dignity.

Peter felt the tears well in his eyes once more.

Was he going to die alone in space?

Maybe he should have listened, and stayed on earth, stayed on that damn bus.

Did he just get in the way?

Would they have succeeded if he wasn't there, if they didn't have to babysit a stowaway?

His shoulders shook through the sobs. His head hurt. When would it end? The engine did work though, giving them a boost, six days more of travel before they spluttered to a halt once more, leaving them floating once more, oxygen dwindling and food pretty much gone.

Peter hurt. **Everywhere** hurt.

He laid on the cold metal floor and stared blankly at the ceiling.

He'd given up on trying to sleep.

At first it seemed a good idea, he wasn't hungry when he slept, he wasn't almost dying when he slept, and when he slept the lack of air wasn't on his mind with every breath he took-

But instead, the dust and blood waited for him. The anguished sounds, the apologetic response as Mr Stark shattered into dust, seeping through his bloodied hands, Mr Stark's blood- sometimes it would be Uncle Ben though, bloodied with lifeless accusing eyes fading to dust, Aunt May, Ned, MJ, all of them dust. How many people had he failed?

He always woke up screaming or sobbing, sometimes both.

Sleep wasn't a good idea.

But when everything looked hopeless, ***she*** came.

Peter didn't know who she was or what she was, but some glowing lady had come for them and was carrying their ship through space.

Any other time, Peter would have been giddy with excitement, but now he could barely manage a weak smile, because surely this meant they were saved?

Sure enough, the sight of the Earth was beautiful. Peter wasn't ashamed that he cried, sobbing into Nebula's shoulder in both relief and guilt and grief.

“Thank you.” He whispered to nobody as Nebula simply held the small boy against her, patting occasionally, unsure how to react.

They landed right by the compound.

Peter could barely breathe. When Nebula helped him down the stairs and to the hopeful face of Pepper Potts, he broke down.

“I- I’m so sorry Miss Potts- He- I- We almost had him- but- oh God.” He collapsed to his knees in front of her, absolutely drained, eyes squeezed shut.

If only it had been him, Mr Stark would still have Pepper, they’d have each other-

“Hey?” Rhodey asked, and Peter looked up at him.

“What were you doing up there- How-” Bruce asked.

“I- I followed Mr Stark- I just wanted to help-” Peter could feel his voice crack and shake, it hurt to even speak.

“Jesus Kid-” Steve started. Peter flinched at the name.

“We need to get him inside-” Peter shook his head weakly because he was fine honest, he wasn’t worth it, he’d failed. His protests died when everything fuzzed into darkness and the last thing he heard was a call of concern.

By all account, no one knew who exactly he was, as in, no one knew he was Spider-man, but they all knew he was someone close to Tony. FRIDAY had informed them of such a thing, how the boy had such a high access to the system, and how in the event of Tony Stark’s demise, the boy held Tony’s percentage of SI, just a fraction more than Pepper. He

technically could do what he wanted with the company, it's income, fire the CEO for all he cared-

That meant Tony surely trusted him.

But the boy had been asleep for two days, attached to endless wires and a drip and Jesus he was so skinny.. But eventually he did awaken.

"Mr Stark-" He whispered, eyes bleary as he woke, chest heaving with heavy breaths of panic as soon as it all came flooding back to him, bolting upright in the bed.

"Oh my God- Oh my God it-"

"Peter." Peter froze. Pepper Potts was sat beside him, was holding his hand, with red rimmed eyes full of tears to match his own.

"That's your name, right, Peter?" Peter nodded numbly.

"You were up there." Peter nodded again.

"Did- Was it-"

"I'm so sorry. It's my fault- I should have- I was so close- we- I'm sorry-"

"Hey- Hey, breathe." Peter gave a stutter-y inhale and then a uneven exhale, all the while vaguely aware Pepper was reassuringly rubbing her thumb over the back of his hand.

"I-"

“It’s okay. We’re going to fix this!”

And Peter couldn’t say he believed her, but he nodded and relaxed back into the mattress once more.

"Rest for now, Kid."

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Peter talks to the Avengers?

Chapter Notes

uwu chapter 2 tho my doods.

i wrote quite a bit in a short time frame today and decided to post it early rather than wait bc todays far from home trailer had me sobbing at the dinner table and my dad shouted at me for it :')

good times

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

It took another week before Peter was well enough to leave the medbay, his super healing having helped the process. He'd watched from his bed, as the world received the news that a spaceship had been sighted, how it had given the people hope that Ironman was back, and yet all it brought was news of his demise. Peter watched, helplessly, as the world shook from a loss a second time.

The world knew, **Ironman was dead.**

Now, though, wracked with anxiety, he stood in the presence of the surviving Avengers.

"We've been hunting Thanos now for three weeks now-"

"Do you have any idea, did he give you any clues, any coordinates?" Steve asked

“What happened up there-?”

The questions mostly flew over his head.

“I erm- I followed him up- we- we ran into some other people? Urm-”

“The Guardians.” Nebula cut in.

“Yeah um them- T-Tha-Thanos came for um- for the Wizards stone, necklace, thingy- and we- we fought- we- we almost had the gauntlet- I- I almost had it- It’s my fault- It’s all my fault-” Peter cut off, voice cracking towards the end, Steve put a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

“No- We failed too.”

“But how did you aid in such a fight?”

“I- I- urm, I’m Spiderman?” It came out with a question, which Peter didn’t mean to do.

“Queens?” Steve asked.

"Brooklyn," Peter nodded.

“ *You-You’re like 12 .*” Nat butted in.

“I’m 17.” Peter corrected.

“You’re practically a fetus-” Rocket added.

“I-I’m not!” Peter squeaked.

“Despite this, he is here, and we need him, we need all the help we can get-” Bruce admitted.

Hums of agreement rang true.

“But we don’t even know where Thanos is now,” Thor finally added.

“I do” Nebula spoke, and heads turned.

“Show us-”

The holographic map finally ended up displaying a planet looking slightly similar to Earth.

“Here, the Garden.”

“Right- I’m going then,” Carol declared.

And with that, the blonde space lady that had saved Peter was strutting out the room.

“Woah- Woah where you going?”

“To Kill Thanos.”

“Um wait a second-” Rhodey stared.

“Shouldn’t we work as a team, y’know, morals a little fragile?” Nat asked.

The blonde blinked in confusion.

“W-We- you guys need to work together...” Peter mumbled as the slight chaos.

Rhodey nodded.

“*The Ki*- He’s right.” Rhodey stopped himself from using the name, he’d not been blind to the flinch the last time he’d been called it, nor was he ignorant to Tony’s relationship with the vigilant.

Peter still flinched though, because he realized what Rhodey had been trying to say and it just slapped him in the face every time that Mr Stark was gone.

“Mh... well then what are we waiting for, let’s get him?” Carol asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Now? Right now?” Steve asked.

“Yes...?”

“Shouldn’t we discuss first? Draw up a plan, agree whose going? Someone needs to stay here, we can’t leave the Earth unprotected?”

“I- I’ll come-” Peter mumbled. The thought of going back up there terrified him, the thought of facing Thanos again terrified him. But the thought of doing nothing to help? That was even worse.

“Hey- no, no, you’ve been up there once too many times already.” Pepper butted in, having been keeping to the sides to monitor Peter.

“Exactly? I’ve already been up there once, a second time will be like a walk in the park-” Peter retaliated, unable to stop the shake in his voice.

“No. You’re not coming.” Steve decided.

A hum of agreement rang through nearly everyone.

“Why not? It’s- It’s my fault- let me come please- I’ve gotta fix it-” Peter gasped.

“It’s as much our fault as it is yours.” Bruce interrupted and a couple of nods occurred.

“We need you to stay here, keep an eye on things, y’know?”

“Then it’s agreed? The rest of us go?”

Nods occurred, despite Peter’s weak protests.

“Let’s go get this son of a bitch-”

Peter felt sick.

Peter was left alone, once again. The feeling of being abandoned once again. *Days. Weeks.*

Why had everyone else gone and left him? Did they see what a hindrance he was? Did they realize he was probably going to ruin everything again?

“Peter, hun?” Pepper asked, entering the room he’d been given at the compound. The woman had been looking into the people he was close to, per his request, while they waited for everyone to return for space. If all went well, everyone would return any day now, but Peter didn’t want to wait, he wanted to know who he’d failed, who he had left after everyone else had deserted him.

Peter lifted his head from the web shooter he’d been fiddling with.

“I found a couple of the people you listed, they’re fine.. Well, as fine as any of us can be, but..”

“But?” Peter asked, gut churning.

“Your Aunt is among the list of missing...”

Peter couldn’t stop the noise he made. Maybe it was a sob? Or a choking sound? Honestly he didn’t know but it sounded like death.

His entire family was dead, he was the only one left. His parents, Uncle Ben, his Aunt May, even Tony- He was completely alone and oh God what was he going to do if they failed, if they couldn't get everyone back- would he be homeless- put into care?

“Ter- Peter- breathe-”

Everything sounded like he was underwater and he was drowning and nobody was there to help him and- and-

“Peter!”

He was in that lake again, struggling against the parachute, icy water freezing him to the bone- spiders couldn't thermoregulate- he was going to die- he was dying- Mr Stark-

The warm hand against his back snapped him from everything, breath still coming out fast and sharp.

“Peter, are you with me?” Pepper asked, eyes teary and Peter could only manage a nod through his own tears.

“Wh-What will happen to me- I- I- there's nobody left- *please-*”

“You've got me. I'm not going to leave you, Peter.” Pepper promised, one hand still rubbing soothing circles across the teens back, the other reaching to squeeze one of Peters hands reassuringly. He couldn't help the loud sob as he curled forward against Pepper who held him against her.

“Shh, it's okay, I promise, we'll get through this, we're going to get them back-”

Peter wasn't sure how long he stayed against Pepper, relishing in the fact she made him feel safe, wanted, not alone- he'd drifted off, and when he woke she was still there, say beside him, even though it had surely been hours, because it was dark outside now-

“Ms Potts-”

“Pepper. You can call me Pepper.”

“P-*Pepper*-” The words felt awkward, wrong, he shouldn’t be allowed to be so familiar with the woman, after all he was responsible for the fact Tony was gone- how could she stand to be with him?

“Yes, Peter?”

“T-Thank you- for earlier- um- I’m sorry-”

“It’s fine, I understand. Tony- he- he had his fair share of panic attacks...”

Peter nodded dumbly, of course he did, he’d been through so much shit, the man just deserves some happiness, to marry Pepper and have a family and Peter could feel the tears once again.

Why was he being such an emotional wreck, he was meant to be Spiderman for God's sake.

“You.. from the list of people you gave me, we did manage to confirm a couple of them to be okay. I managed to drag up some information of where they’re staying, if you’d like I can get Happy to take you, tomorrow morning?”

Happy was okay? Peter hadn’t seen or heard from the man since he returned to Earth but Happy was okay? Peter actually kinda liked the grumpy individual and he felt a small wave of relief to hear.

“Wh-Who?”

“A Ned Leeds and Michelle Jones. By all accounts, Michelle’s parents didn’t survive and she’s taken residence with the remains of the Leeds family.”

Peter nodded. MJ, Ned, they were okay. He-

“Please- yes.”

Pepper nodded.

“Would you like something to eat? You slept through most of the day.”

Peter nodded, dragging himself from the bed, grateful he’d mostly made a full recovery from his malnourishment thanks to his super healing.

“Yeah..”

“Let’s go then.”

At least he had some good news.

Three hours later, the Avengers returned, and everybody snapped didn’t.

“He’d destroyed the stones.”

“Thanos is dead.”

Peter cried until he was sick.

The next morning, Peter didn't go see Ned or MJ, he stayed tucked up alongside Pepper, as the news spread like wildfire that the Avengers had failed again, that nobody was coming back, they were doomed with live with only half of the population, without Ironman.

Within a month, the old Stark Tower had been overrun with tributes, for Ironman, for Tony, who'd died fighting for them.

Peter went with Pepper, hands clasped tightly to one another, in silence. They ignored the stares, this was Pepper Potts after all, she was the closest thing left to Tony Stark, with a boy nobody knew.

They stood, not for long, but it was enough, enough to cause Peter to sob quietly into her shoulder, enough for them both to appreciate how many lives Tony had touched, had once saved, how many people knew he was a hero.

That was all Peter could do now, keep the legacy of Tony alive, let as many people who'd listen know how brave he was, how much he'd done, and how much he'd lost.

"I- I can't- can we- can we go?" Peter mumbled and Pepper nodded, against him, as they went back to Happy's car.

Two days later, Peter simultaneously got the best and worst news of his life.

"I'm pregnant."

Peter threw up.

He'd grown up without his parents, he'd never wish that on anyone else, even if Ben and May were amazing, and here he was, knowing that this poor kid was going to grow up without someone as Amazing as Tony Stark, without their father, because Peter had failed everyone.

That this kid was going to have to grow up knowing their father was a hero everyone knew, except them.

Pepper was adamant about keeping it, of course, despite the fact it wasn't exactly the best environment to raise a child, the avengers had mostly vanished into air, Nat and Steve being the only ones to stay at the compound, the world was still trying to cope and sort things about, even though the snap had been nearly 3 months ago.

Plus there was still plenty of people who held disdain to the Stark name, who blamed Tony for everything because he was meant to protect earth and he hadn't.

People did crazy things through anger and grief and the child of Tony Stark was the closest anyone could get to whatever sick form of revenge they had in mind.

Peter knew, as soon as the reality smacked him in the face that a part of Tony lived on, that he'd do anything to keep it safe, it was the least he could do.

Chapter End Notes

yeet we're getting morgan bc she's a queen and peter is gonna be a good brother to her bc thats what we deserved. we deserved tony's children being there for each other.

and so, we're getting Harley, probably, later? The dream trio yeet.

also i had a beautiful angsty thought while writing this.

imagine if in canon, Tony told baby Morgan lots of stories about her big brother 'Pete' who was a superhero and shit, and Morgan's first word is Pete? LIKE IMAGINE HOW SOUL DESTROYING THAT WOULD BE TO TONY HAHA CRIES.

So yeah if anyone wants to write that, please hmu with a link, equally I might try and write it myself if i have time and motivation.

thanks for reading tho, next chapter as soon as i get over the fact tony is dead

aka never.

jks it'll probably be updated again next week

that doesnt mean im over tony tho

End Notes

it's a short first chapter bc i wrote more but then just before i posted i thought

shit i hate all this

so this is now all i have bc im gonna rewrite the rest

also, I'm bringing Harley in even tho in that tiny bit of endgame he's in, he looks about the age he'd been if he was snapped- so he was prolly snapped? also russo hoomans confirmed ned was snapped so oops on that too? also flash and mj probably if far from home is anything to go by, so we're keeping those four and in return we're losing May and Happy and maybe someone else idek yet

also bringing loki into things bc i love him

also tony is such a spiderdad peace out-

<https://discord.gg/zpKNR7B>

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