

" Tony, I'm glad you're back at the compound. I don't like the idea of you rattling around a mansion by yourself. We all need family. The Avengers are yours, maybe more so than mine. I've been on my own since I was 18. I never really fit in anywhere, even in the army. My faith's in people, I guess. Individuals. And I'm happy to say that, for the most part, they haven't let me down. Which is why I can't let them down either. Locks can be replaced, but maybe they shouldn't. I know I hurt you, Tony. I guess I thought by not telling you about your parents I was sparing you, but I can see now that I was really sparing myself, and I'm sorry. Hopefully one day you can understand. I wish we agreed on the Accords, I really do. I know you're doing what you believe in, and that's all any of us can do. That's all any of us should... I'm sorry about Scottie. I know you blame us all, but I don't want you to blame yourself. Scottie knew what she was signing up for. We're hurting too Tony. The kid can't handle the loss right now either. She just asks for white roses at the grave or memorial. It's our only request. But, no matter what. I promise you, if you need us, if you need me, I'll be there."

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"So. Who was it? Who hit you?"

May's voice rang out from the kitchen as Peter sat on his bed, lighting placing an ice pack against his bruised cheek.

"Some guy. So itchy, man. God," he muttered the last part, his other hand currently fiddling with a band strapped on to his wrist.

"What's 'some guy's' name?"

"Uh, Steve."

"Steve? From 12-C? With the overbite?" May asked, her voice coming closer as she moved towards his room. Peter shu led slightly, pressing random buttons on the band to try and stop the glow coming from it.

"No, no, no. You don't know him, he's from Brooklyn."

Jumping as the door swung open, Peter rammmed the arm with the band on underneath his covers to hide the bright red beam that had began to shoot out of it.

"Well... I hope you got a few good licks in," May said, passing him a new ice pack as she accepted the old one from him.

"Yeah, I got quite a few in, actually. His friend was huge. Like huge. That's way better. Thank you."

"Okay, tough guy. If you see Mr Stark again soon, pass my condolences on about his friend. That superhero life is just so crazy, I don't know what I'd do if I lost you so I can't imagine how he feels losing a child. Did you ever meet her at the internship?" May asked gently as she referred to the news that Scottie Casey had lost her life protecting their country.

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"Yeah May. She was the best. I'll make sure to pass it on. Love you, May. Hey, can you shut the door?"

As May le the room, he took his wrist out from its hiding spot and pointed it at the ceiling, the red Spider-Man logo spinning in circles.

The man pulled his hood down as he entered the underground facility, the doors all clenching shut behind him. Brushing the loose water droplets o his jacket, he smirked as he passed it over to one of the lackeys running around on the sidelines.

"Sir, we have neutralised the weapon. It is unresponsive but with the potential to be active at our choosing," a smart looking woman informed him, passing him over a large clipboard with numerous scientific readings on the sheet.

The man nodded, his eyes skimming the paper before looking back to the small crowd that had formed around him. He followed them in utter silence as they passed throughout di erent corridors and rooms until they reached the one he knew contained exactly what they were looking for.

"Yes, I believe this is perfect for now."

With one final smirk at the sight before him he turned on his heel and walked away. The woman paused slightly, her eyes almost casting a look of sorrow towards the sight that had made the man so victorious.

The blonde teenager that was slumped in the chair in the middle of the room was in a coma. She had been in a coma for a while now, and she would stay like that until they all decided otherwise.

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Besides, no one was looking for her. Scottie Casey was dead to the rest of the world - but here, she was simply out of harms way.

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SCOTTIE CASEY WILL RETURN IN AVENGERS: INFINITY WAR

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