

By the time the battle in the German airport began, Peter Parker was already wishing he'd stayed home after all. Tony Stark was his idol, so when he said he needed his help, he'd agreed. All he'd been told was that Captain America had gone crazy, and Iron Man needed Spider-Man's help to get him in custody so they could calm him down and make him see reason again. It had sounded like a worthy cause to Peter, and honestly, the thought of fighting side by side with Iron Man and the Avengers was too cool for him to question much.

But a lot had happened between Queens and Germany, and Peter wasn't so sure that he was standing on the right side of the battlefield when Tony's group and that of Captain America faced off. He knew more about what this fight was really about now. He knew why Iron Man needed his help to arrest Captain America and the others with him and what these Sokovia Accords that were the source of the rift between the two groups would mean for people like him. When Peter tried asking him about the Accords, and if he was sure that arresting Captain America was really the right thing to do, Mr. Stark tried to brush off his concerns and say that he didn't understand what was really going on here. That dismissal hadn't done anything to make Peter feel more certain about his place on this side of the line.

He still went through with the plan Mr. Stark had come up with, using his webbing to steal the shield out of Captain America's grip and web his hands together. If the battle had ended there and Captain America and the rest of his group had been able to be talked down, Peter might have relaxed. However, the American hero remained defiant and continued to insist that his friend was innocent and that Mr. Stark was standing on the wrong side. It didn't seem to register with the friend he was addressing, but the words sowed still more doubt in Peter's head about his decision to fly to Germany and stand across from Captain America.

The battle went on, and part of Peter was having the time of his life fighting with and even holding his own against some of the Avengers he'd admired so much. But that anxious feeling in his gut only grew as the fight progressed, and his brief moment trading blows with Captain America one-on-one really made him waver. He didn't see any madness in the eyes of the First Avenger when they were up close. Captain America seemed to be thinking clearly, certain in his cause.

The moment that Peter saw the Black Widow turn from Mr. Stark's side and subdue Black Panther, Peter knew he couldn't ignore the feelings in his gut any longer. It would be risky for him to follow her. Mr. Stark's side was the one with the law on its side. Working against him would make him a fugitive, just like Captain America and the rest of his friends. He wouldn't be able to go back home. Aunt May would be worried sick.

Strangely, it was thinking about the aunt who raised him that finally compelled Peter to act. It was true that he was about to do something dangerous, something that would disrupt his life and make his aunt worry about him. But she and his uncle Ben had raised him to do what he knew to be right, even if it wasn't the easy thing. And he knew in his heart that letting Iron Man and the rest of his crew catch up to Captain America wouldn't be the right thing to do.

He shot webbing into the air to slow down War Machine and caught Iron Man by surprise by swinging in on his webbing to deliver a kick to his side, sending him flying and knocking him to the ground. Spider-Man's defection wouldn't hold War Machine back or keep Iron Man down for long, but it should subdue the pursuit long enough for Captain America and the rest of his allies to escape on the helicopter. He'd turned himself into a fugitive, but at least he'd done what he knew to be right.

“Sorry, Mr. Stark,” he said over his shoulder as he prepared to run off. “But I have to try and do the right thing, no matter what it costs me.”

Peter’s intention was to flee from the scene and go into hiding. He didn’t expect anyone from Captain America’s side to welcome him. They didn’t know him, and he’d just been fighting against them. But as he ran by and prepared to use his webbing to take to the air, he saw Captain America’s head poking out of the helicopter, looking straight at him.

“We still have room for one more,” he said. “I think we could use a guy from Queens on our team.”

Spider-Man, again doing what he felt was right, rushed to leap into the helicopter with the rest of the fugitives.

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There was a lot that Peter Parker missed about his old life now that he was a fugitive. He missed his friends and his Aunt May, and he missed being able to walk down the street or use his phone without worrying about whether or not anyone was watching. Fugitive life was hard in a lot of ways. But the company couldn’t be beat.

The team of fugitives who’d escaped on that helicopter had eventually gone in different directions after uncovering the truth and dealing with Baron Zemo. Clint Barton and Scott Lang went home, having struck deals with the FBI, which apparently Tony had something to do with. Not everyone took that route, though. Captain Rogers hadn’t, and the last Peter had heard, he, Bucky, and Sam were on their way to Lebanon in pursuit of some terrorists. They didn’t keep in regular contact, but Steve assured Peter that if he or his companions needed him, Captain America would be there to help. Peter couldn’t deny that it was comforting to think that he had Steve Rogers in his corner, should he happen to be apprehended at any point.

Peter could have struck a similar deal of house arrest, but he had two very compelling reasons not to. As much as he had missed his friends and May in the months that had passed since he first chose to switch sides and accept the life of a fugitive, he’d formed new bonds that he couldn’t bring himself to lose. He didn’t know how he would have handled life on the run if he’d been alone, but Peter Parker’s pair of traveling companions made the fugitive life so much better.

“Where’s the bathroom?” Wanda Maximoff asked as Natasha Romanoff, the Black Widow, opened the door and led Wanda and Peter into their latest safehouse.

“Around the corner, on the left,” Natasha said, nodding her head in that direction. “Bedroom’s right across from it. Only one bed, and it’s pretty small.”

“I don’t think that’ll be a problem for us, do you?” Wanda said, grinning at her and Peter before walking away.

“Probably not,” Natasha agreed, watching Wanda go before she turned to Peter and grabbed his hand. “C’mon. We’ve been moving around for like three days straight without real rest. Time to relax.” She led him over to the couch set up across from a small TV.

Relaxing sounded great to Peter. He could use a chance to get off of his feet. More importantly, it sounded great because the company couldn't be beat. He sat down on the couch, and smiled as Natasha immediately sat down right next to him and snuggled into his side. She put his arm around her shoulders, and Peter happily pulled her closer against him. The couch wasn't that big or comfortable, but anything felt welcoming when he had Natasha Romanoff snuggling with him.

Peter changed sides during the battle at the airport because he knew it was the right thing to do. He hadn't done it because he expected to get anything out of it in return other than a clean conscience and a warrant for his arrest. But the bond he'd formed with Wanda and later Natasha as well was a gift that he couldn't believe he was lucky enough to receive.

"Sorry," Natasha said quietly, resting her cheek against his chest. "I know this can't be what you imagined. I wish I could do more for you."

"Hey, after doing so much running around, this couch feels like heaven to me," Peter quipped. She chuckled, but it was halfhearted.

"You know that's not what I meant," she mumbled.

"Yeah, I do," Peter said. He squeezed her shoulders tighter and rested his chin on the top of her head. "And *you* know that I wouldn't change a thing." This was far from the first time that he'd had to reassure one or both of his lovers that he had no regrets over the choices he'd made and continued to make. "Unless you think I secretly regret being here with you."

"I don't," Natasha admitted quietly. "I know how you feel, even if I still have a hard time understanding how someone as pure and kind as you could love someone with as much blood on their hands as I have." Peter opened his mouth to respond, but she lifted her head to look at him and put her index finger over his lips before he could interrupt.

"You don't have to explain it to me again," she said. "But you know what I mean. Wanda and I don't have any choice but to run. We wouldn't be able to get the kind of deal that the others got. But you don't have the pasts we do. Before the airport, you were completely clean. They'd have let you off with a slap on the wrist; Tony would have made sure of it. But you've run away from everything: from your friends, your family, your life. And you've done it all because you love me." Her smile as she looked into his eyes was brittle. "I probably won't stop feeling guilty until we finally get the government off our back and can go home." She looked away. "*If* we ever get to go home."

Peter wasn't going to listen to any more. This was hardly the first time that Natasha had said something along these lines, and he didn't think it would be the last, either. He knew that both of his lovers dealt with guilty feelings about the fact that he remained a fugitive and stayed by their side as they went on the run together, and that guilt would probably linger no matter how many times he told them that he regretted nothing. He could say it again and would say it as many times as he had to. But he knew from experience that words could not ease Natasha's guilt half as effectively as actions could. Rather than telling her he was right where he wanted to be, he would do his best to show her.

He put his hand on her cheek and leaned his head down toward hers, and after a moment, Natasha closed her eyes and moved in to accept his kiss. She sighed against his lips, and Peter felt her body relax against his as he kissed some of the tension away. He wished that he could bottle up the way that he felt as he kissed her and make Natasha feel it for herself. If she could feel the joy that he

experienced every time he kissed either her or Wanda, maybe her guilt would go away for good. He'd felt lucky enough when Wanda pulled him aside, said she'd noticed the way he looked at her, and confessed that his feelings were returned. Eventually receiving a confession of love from Natasha as well had convinced him that he had to be dreaming, and he'd *known* he was dreaming when Wanda popped in to give her blessing and say that she was happy to share him with her.

But it wasn't a dream. This was his everyday life. He loved Natasha and Wanda, and they loved him back. He got to kiss them, hold them, pleasure them, and make love to them, and know that they cared about him just as much as he cared about them. As much as he missed his old life and the people in it, he wouldn't give this up for anything.

The kiss eventually ended up with Natasha putting her arms around his neck and moving to sit in his lap, and Peter was there to welcome her with his arms around her waist. Their kiss got hotter and heavier as she sat in his lap, and it was inevitable that his body would respond to her being all over him like this. Natasha could feel it, and the way she started wiggling around in his lap and rubbing against his groin showed that she knew what was happening and encouraged it. He didn't think that their time on the couch was going to turn out to be nearly as relaxing as they might have thought when they sat down, but Peter would never complain about any chance to enjoy the closeness he shared with either of the women he loved.

As she so often did, Natasha assumed control of their amorous activities and led the way. He happily allowed her to put him flat on his back and watched her sit up briefly to wiggle out of her jeans and strip down to just her black panties. He was not bothered by the way his feet dangled over the edge of the couch or that it felt harder beneath his head than he would have found comfortable back home. Natasha was sitting on top of him and working to get his zipper down, and that was all he cared about. She pulled his dick out and quickly began running her tongue all over it, licking and kissing his tip and shaft while wrapping her hand around him. Peter loved it, but he didn't want to have all the fun. He wasn't the only one who deserved some relaxation, after all, and there was an obvious way for him to give it to her while she was on top of him like this.

She'd probably had this reciprocation in mind to begin with, seeing as she'd gotten rid of her jeans before she climbed back on top of him. Peter only had to pull her panties out of the way, and then he was able to begin to return the favor and attempt to bring her as much pleasure as she was sure to bring him.

The first few times he'd licked her, he wouldn't have been as confident in his ability to match her. He hadn't had any sexual experience before he got involved with Wanda and Natasha, and he'd been nervous about being good enough for them when they first started. But Peter knew what he was doing now, and he was confident in his ability to please Natasha. His lovers had patiently taught him what they liked, and he'd paid attention and remembered everything they showed him. He started by kissing her inner thighs while she licked around the tip of his cock, and by the time she moved to take his head into her mouth and suckle him, he'd started teasing her outer pussy lips with light licks.

Neither of them hurried to increase the intensity of their pleasure. They were both content to take their time and enjoy this moment on the couch with each other. Natasha slowly licked and suckled his cock, and Peter moved his tongue along her pussy lips while avoiding her clitoris. She could have bobbed her head up and down his cock frantically, and Peter could have gone straight to sliding a finger or two inside of her and giving her the dual fingering and licking that he knew worked so well. But that wasn't the point of this. They were happy just to enjoy this moment together and let it reach its apex naturally.

Natasha slowly slid her lips down his cock, never going more than about halfway and staying away from his balls altogether with both her mouth and her hands. Peter kept his fingers on her thighs and did not put his mouth anywhere near her clit. He knew that Natasha would find a way to show him when she was ready for him to try and finish her, and he would give it to her at the appropriate time. Until then, he gladly lapped at her pussy and enjoyed the blissful feeling of the Black Widow suckling his tip and lightly pumping his shaft in her hand.

“I guess you guys got started without me,” he heard Wanda say after he and Natasha had been going down on each other for several minutes at the very least. She laughed. “I’ll leave you to it, and wait in the bedroom for you when you’re done out here, Peter. Assuming Natasha doesn’t wear you out, that is.”

Peter heard Wanda's footsteps take her in the other direction, and a firm suckle from Natasha moments later got him to give back in. As he went back to eating her out, he felt a change in how his lover sucked him. She still didn't go at what he would consider to be a truly fast pace. He knew what it felt like when Natasha was determined to suck him as hard as she could and get him off as quickly as possible, and this was not that. There was no depththroating, no hair whipping around as she launched her head up and down the length of his dick, and no stroking him with both hands. But she still put more of an effort into increasing the intensity of her blowjob, from the slightly faster pace to the firmer sucks, not to mention one of her hands lightly playing with his balls. She was giving him more of what she knew he loved, and that meant it was time for Peter to again reciprocate.

He'd kept his mouth away from her clit, but now his tongue started to circle it. He still didn't lick directly on it, but he teased her with the stimulation that hadn't even been hinted at thus far. And while he did not penetrate her with any fingers yet, he did move his hand off of her thigh and start to rub her pussy lips. He felt her squirm against his face and sigh around his cock in her mouth, and he knew she was coming alive just as he was. This wasn't the full-frontal assault version of oral sex, but they were both getting serious about making the other cum.

Usually, Peter waited for Natasha to make the first move in situations like this. But this time, he decided to get a little bit bolder and take the next step. Confident that she was ready for it, he pressed his tongue directly against her clit for the first time since they'd started, and he gently penetrated her dripping sex with his index finger. Natasha moaned around her mouthful of dick, and her hand squeezed his length tighter. Peter knew her sounds and her body's movements during sex, and he was certain that he'd timed his move perfectly. He learned more about how to make Natasha happy by the day, in bed and out, and he was proud to show her his continuing progress.

Natasha did not wait for long to respond, of course. He hadn't gotten around to putting a second finger inside of her pussy before she started bobbing faster on his cock, and her hand went from lightly rubbing his balls to reaching underneath to tickle the underside with her fingertips instead. The sensation of her fingers touching him there made him jerk beneath her and groan into her pussy, and he imagined Natasha got a similar sense of pride from getting this response out of him.

The urgency wasn't there as it had been before, but there was still a budding anticipation as they slowly but surely moved toward the finish line. Peter got a second finger inside her and curled both fingers back to stroke her g-spot just as he'd been taught. Meanwhile, his mouth went more directly after her clit, giving her the firm licks that he knew not to give her until she was close to the end. And he didn't need her to tell him that said end was approaching. He'd gotten too good at understanding her to need such blatant instruction.

She'd never needed any help figuring out how to please him. From the beginning, Natasha Romanoff had been supremely confident in her skills. The only thing she ever occasionally doubted was her worthiness to be loved, but with Peter putting his all into making her feel good and using his mouth for actions rather than words, she returned his love and devotion and reminded him yet again how lucky he was to have her. She kept her lips and tongue around his sensitive cockhead, suckling him while she stroked his cock with one hand and gave his balls a squeeze with the other.

Peter's only saving grace was that he'd already done what he needed to do, because the pleasure of his orgasm overshadowed everything else. His fingers stroking her g-spot and his careful licks at her clit had Natasha squirming and humping his face in climax just in time for Peter to join her, filling her mouth with his cum at the same time. They hadn't hurried to get there, and arriving at the apex was only stronger for it. She kept humping his face, and Peter squeezed her butt with his free hand while he waited for his cum to stop shooting out.

His time on the couch with Natasha hadn't been relaxing at all, but it made him feel better than a night of relaxation ever could have.

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"Oh, so you came to join me after all, huh?" Wanda said, grinning at Peter as he poked his head into the bedroom to check on her. "Natasha didn't wear you out, did she?"

"Definitely not," he said, stepping into the bedroom and pulling his shirt over his head. "Even if she had, seeing you like that would have brought me back to life anyway." Wanda giggled, but he meant every word. Seeing her on her side in the bed, completely naked, could have gotten him aroused again, no matter how tired he might have been.

"I'm glad to hear it," she said. "Just lying in bed hasn't been too bad, after all the running we've been doing. But I was really looking forward to having someone to share it with." She patted the spot behind her in the bed, and Peter took the hint, walking around to that side of the bed and climbing in behind her. He was well aware of how much Wanda liked spooning, so he got into position behind her and took her into his arms.

"How's this?" he asked before he pressed a kiss against the back of her neck.

"Perfect," Wanda sighed. "God, I've wanted to feel your arms around me all day, Peter."

"I could say the same." He kissed her neck again. "I love you, Wanda." It was a simple declaration and didn't come close to capturing the true depth of how he felt about either of his lovers. But it still made Wanda sigh as happily as it ever did. She'd confessed that after spending so many years with only her brother in her life, being held and spoken to lovingly was something she treasured. That worked perfectly for Peter because he was happy to hold her and tell her he loved her as often as she wanted to hear it.

"Not as much as I love you," she said back, making Peter laugh into her shoulder.

"I kinda doubt that," he said. "But it doesn't need to be a competition." He kissed her shoulder and let his hand trail up her belly to her breast.

“Mmm, you have a point,” she said, rubbing his arms as he held her. “I don’t mind it being a tie if that means you’re going to hold me like this.”

“Deal,” Peter said. “I’ll hold you as long as you want.” She’d alluded to sex, or at least something physical enough for him to have some stamina left, but if she just wanted to spend their time alone cuddling, Peter wouldn’t have any problem giving her that. For quite some time, they remained in that exact position, with Peter holding Wanda’s back against his chest, gently fondling one of her breasts, and planting sporadic kisses on her shoulder, the back of her neck, and behind her ear. He remained aware of her butt pressed against him, but he did his best to ignore it and simply hold her. He would be more than happy to do more, of course, but he wanted to make Wanda happy and do whatever she wanted him to do.

“Put it in, Peter,” she whispered after several enjoyable minutes of spooning. She lifted her near leg and placed her foot on top of his thigh, opening herself up for him. “Make love to me, please.”

“My pleasure,” he said. He adjusted his positioning slightly, aimed his erection into position, and let her feel the tip rubbing against her for a few seconds. Her foot rubbed against his thigh, and he could tell that she was waiting on him to do the deed. Rather than drawing it out and making her beg, he slowly eased the tip into her.

“Yes,” she sighed. “Keep going, Peter.”

Part of him wanted to thrust his hips straight in and shove his cock deep inside of her, but he knew that she wasn’t in the mood for that. She wanted lovemaking, not fast sex, and he would give it to her. Wanda had grown up with only her brother around, and she hadn’t known much love. But he was happy to be the one to show her how desired and loved she really was. Instead of thrusting in quickly, he carefully worked his hips forward, sliding part of the way inside her at a leisurely pace. He held his cock where it was for a moment and then pulled back with that same unhurried motion. Wanda sighed happily and rubbed his arm that remained around her waist, showing that she liked the soft lovemaking he was giving her.

There were other benefits to going this slow beyond just fitting the mood that Wanda set when she asked him to hold her. Moving this gradually meant that Peter could take his time and make sure he angled his hips perfectly every time he pushed in or pulled back, allowing him to brush against her g-spot each time. If he’d been thrusting in and out as fast as he could, he would inevitably get her body going more rapidly than was possible with a pace like this. But by moving so slowly, he was able to bring her the maximum amount of pleasure on every repetition in and out. There was also a notable sense of anticipation, with Wanda holding her breath while she waited for the next push and sighing and moaning happily when his dick brushed against her sweet spot just right.

He didn’t want to rely just on his guided thrusts to show her how loved she was, though. He continued to kiss her neck and her jaw, licked behind her ear, and sometimes gently blew against it, making her shiver and gasp. His hands got plenty of use as well. One lightly squeezed her breast, and the other rubbed the smooth, bare thigh of the leg that was propped up by her foot on his thigh. But that hand had an ultimate destination in mind, one that it wouldn’t reach until the time was right. Slowly but surely, it moved further along her thigh, coming closer to the point of contact where his fingers were going to be able to work their magic.

Peter could tell when Wanda noticed where his fingers were headed. It was obvious in how her breathing shifted, and her hips rolled upward like she was trying to get him to touch her there. But he didn't give her the immediate gratification her body instinctively sought. This was going to happen when it was meant to, and not a second before.

"Be patient, Wanda," he whispered. "Let me take care of you. Trust me." He knew that trust was not something that came easily to Wanda, which was understandable after everything that had happened to her in her life. But she'd learned to trust him. She trusted him with her heart as well as her pleasure, and Peter wanted to always take good care of both. She stilled her hips and relaxed in his arms, allowing him to progress at his own pace.

Seeing her eagerness did prove to Peter that she was close, and he reacted accordingly. His hips moved just a bit faster, sliding his cock back and forth inside her at a slightly quicker frequency. And his fingers got very close to where she wanted them. He didn't touch her directly yet, but his fingers danced around her clit, allowing her anticipation to pick up. She did her best to remain patient, but he could tell she was wavering. Her breath was turning harsh and shaky, and her foot rubbed his leg with restless energy that demanded to be released. She was trying to be good, but she could feel her pleasure within her grasp, and she wanted it badly.

Deciding that the time was finally right, he began to rub her clit, moving his finger in slow, light circles. He couldn't move fast or put much pressure into his touch because Wanda was very sensitive. But just like Natasha, he knew how to take care of her at this point. The three of them had only had each other to rely on for what felt like forever now, and even if Peter had never really felt like he understood girls before he went on the run, he believed he now knew his lovers' needs nearly as well as he knew his own. Listening to Wanda's gasp of pleasure, he thought he had good reason to believe in himself.

"Yes, Peter!" she said. Her voice didn't rise, but her pleasure was apparent. Wanda was right there, ready to feel the pleasure that only the man who loved her could bring, and each steady rock of his hips and light, concentrated touch of his finger across her clit brought her closer to the greatest moment two lovers should share. Peter was prepared to share it with her, but first, he had to show her and tell her how he felt.

"I love you, Wanda," he whispered into her ear. "I love you so much. I'll always love you."

Wanda gasped, and her hips bucked against his fingers as she started to cum. Peter hissed and closed his eyes at the feeling of her insides contracting around him, squeezing him even tighter. He pressed his forehead against her shoulder and squeezed her body tighter when he came. He erupted hard, spending his load inside of his lover and holding her as they shared this moment together.

He continued to hold onto her after he'd finished cumming, and Wanda did not ask him to let go or pull out. She held onto his arms, as happy to be held by him in the afterglow of sex as she had been before they got started. That they were both sweating and panting didn't matter to either of them. They were happy to be together and share this moment of intimacy while on the run.

"Should I try and squeeze in there with you, or am I stuck out on the couch for the night?"



Peter didn't open his eyes or lift his head to look up at Natasha when she spoke. He didn't know if she'd just arrived or had been waiting patiently for them to finish, but either way, there was nothing for her to intrude on. Natasha belonged in only one place.

He pulled one of his arms off of Wanda so he could pat the spot on the bed behind him, and after a few seconds, the bed dipped as Natasha's weight settled onto it. She squeezed in behind him, hugging him from behind just as he was doing to Wanda.

She was right; the bed was small. It was an incredibly tight fit for all three of them, and they really had to cram together to make it work. But that seemed perfectly fine to Peter. There were no two people in the world he'd rather be a fugitive hiding in safehouses with.