



Koraz/Marvel

Marvel · Original Work · Not Rated · 361 words

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The Destiny Freaks Vs The Avengers!! I mean, working with The Avengers... Totally.

Only On TV

Eric loves playing the villain, no matter how good his goal

Tony Stark switched on the light in the infirmary, repulser pointed at the dark figure standing above the medical bed. He recognized the figure as the strange boy that had been tailing behind Ock and the other supervillains. He almost couldn't believe that the boy was the same person, leaning casually against the wall while he read the medical clipboard, uncaring of the weapon pointed at him. What happened to the yelping coward he had seen before?

"The stuff on this, it means she's really hurt, right?" The boy's voice was calm, almost casual, but wavering in a way that pulled on Stark's heart.

"Yeah, thanks to your buddies." Stark responded, still pointing the repulser.

"But, she's going to get better?" Hopeful blue eyes locked with Tony's own. The boy sighed. "Please, just tell me she's going to be better."

"We think so." Stark said slowly, confused by how worried the villain sounded. "But she's healing slowly, and we don't know much about her species, so..."

The teen's eyes flicked to the many screens showing the injured girl's vitals. "Put a slow feed of electricity flowing into her, with something to drain the excess energy every fifteen minutes. And triple her fluids, open a window, and maybe get some softer blankets? She's a patient, not a prisoner, for stars' sake."

"Triple her fluids?" Stark asked. "Her powers focus on electricity-"

"No, they focus on storms." The boy interrupted. "She's needs more water than the average person, and fresh air. You're lucky her power blocking bracelet's switched on, or she'd have generated enough energy to destroy this building by now. Why is it on?"

"I don't know, I think she did that." Stark moved closer. "How do you know so much about her? And why do you care? Last I checked, you were a supervillain."

"Nah, I only play one on TV." The boy gave a brief chuckle. He moved away from the wall, dropping the clipboard on a dresser before moving into an elaborate bow, jumping with a twirl as he came back up. "Eric Stargem, royal fool, thief, souvenir salesman, assistant chef, and about twenty other things. I'm her brother."

— end of "Koraz/Marvel" —