



Confidence (I Am)

Peter Pan & Related Fandoms · Not Rated · 1002 words

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Fandom: Peter Pan & Related Fandoms Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Peter Pan & Tinker Bell (Peter Pan), Peter Pan & Shadow (Peter Pan), James Hook & Smee, Can't decide if I ship this version of Hook & Smee or not

Characters: Peter Pan (Peter Pan), Tinker Bell (Peter Pan), Shadow (Peter Pan), Pirates (Peter Pan), James Hook, Smee (Peter Pan)

Tags: Forests, Neverland (Peter Pan), Dialogue Light, Anxiety, Self-Doubt, Doubt, Confidence, Self Confidence, Introspection, Rivers, waterfalls, cliffs, Peter is a magical chosen warrior child, who spent his first years in the human world, before being kidnapped by a bunch of pirates, who want to raise him as their weapon, but then he met Tink and escaped, but he's still the unwilling chosen one, so still imprisoned by Destiny, but more free now at least, also Shadow's nice but likes causing trouble, so does Tink, Overtagging, overtagging is FUN, My First Ever Peter Pan Fanfic, So Smee is half fairy and sort of a good guy, but he likes Hook so is on his crew, Hook has just accepted the fact that this weird preachy halfling follows him around now

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Capture is better than death, freedom is better still. But surrender is so much easier than belief.

A Peter Pan origin story.

Peter is 10 in this.

Might add more to this story someday, idk

Chapter 1: Freedom Is Harder Than Surrender

Peter is reckless, impulsive, self-obsessed, and bossy. And I finally figured out why — HE HAS TO BE. His powers are based on belief, one flicker of doubt will send him spiralling to the ground below. He's either the embodiment of confidence, to a downright stupid degree, or he's doomed.

He stands at the edge of the cliff, his toes in open air, looking down at the rushing water below. Far below. Behind him, he can hear the pirates getting closer, clumsily and roughly cutting their way through the forest. Braving the Neverwild just to catch him.

"I can't do this." He whimpers. What makes him so special? He's just some kid, not a warrior. He doesn't want to be a warrior, doesn't want to fight, just wants to go home—

•Of course you can.• She laughs, and he's not even sure if she's actually talking or if he's imagining words within the bell-like sounds that come from the little speck of light in front of him. It certainly doesn't sound like she's talking, except when it does.
•You just need to believe!•

She says — doesn't say — it as if it's the simplest thing in the world. But it's not. How can it be? He's seen so many impossible things over the last few years, but that doesn't mean he's going to believe everything he's told. Some things have to still be impossible, surely? He can't make himself believe when there's a little voice echoing in the back of his head, whispering *what if this time it's really impossible? What if you fall?*

The pirates are getting closer. Capture is better than death, no matter how he flinches when he thinks of that awful ship. Surrender is easier than belief. But still he stands on that cliff, neither turning back nor going forward, frozen in place; capture is better than death, but freedom is better still.

His shadow ripples around his feet, and his dark double forms, stepping out easily into the open air in front of him. It turns, holding out a hand and grinning at him, as if to say *if I can do it, so can you! See? It's easy.*

But it's not easy, he can't do it, he—

"Yargh, there he is, men!" The first pirate to escape the forest shouts. "Get 'im!"

He looks at them, the wavering shadow and the ball of light, open air beneath their feet and not a care in the world. *They can do it, it's possible, he can do it—*

A rough hand reaches out to grab him, to bring him back to their wicked king.

The water rages below, whipping itself into white foam that obscures deadly rocks.

The shadow grins.

The fairy laughs.

The boy jumps.

Chapter 2: Mistake Or Triumph

Captain Hook has a different last name until he actually loses his hand.

The head of Captain James Hatched is in his hands as he leans on his desk. The pirates in front of him are cowering, most of them at least, even as he speaks oh-so-calmly. "What do you mean, 'he flew away'?"

"Just like a birdie, Cap'n." One brave or perhaps stupid crewman tells him. The man chuckles. "It was quite cool, actually..."

"Quite cool, was it?" James asks darkly, lifting his head to glare at the men gathered in front of him. "I'm so glad you're enjoying yourself, but, need I remind you—" He scowls, slamming his hands hard on his desk as he stands to tower over them "—THIS MAKES IT HARDER TO CAPTURE HIM, YOU MORON!"

The pirates flee the Captain's cabin, chased by threats and orders to capture the boy. All except one, a particularly fat pirate in a silly red hat, with small spectacles in front of his kind eyes. He simply tuts, and begins to tidy up the various odds and ends the other knocked off or threw in his rage.

"Honestly, what did you expect from the boy, Captain?" He asks, frowning at a crack in a snowglobe. By the time he sets the orb down, the crack is gone. "He's the Never-child, him having unusual powers is a given."

"Shut up, Smee." James groans, slumping into his chair, head back in his hands.

"Shutting up, Captain." Smee says cheerfully, having now moved on to dusting. After a moment, he continues. "I told you to be nicer to him, how many times did I warn you?"

"Too many, you overgrown fairy!" James snaps. "He is— was a prisoner, a weapon, not a houseguest!"

"He's a child." Smee rebukes. "A useful child. If you had just made him like you, maybe he wouldn't have run off."

"I'm not having this argument again." James says flatly, unwilling to continue a discussion they'd had too many times over the years. "Maybe you're right, Smee, but what's done is done. It's too late to change that. Now we need to get the brat back before the fairies get around to training him."

"We should have some time, then, as I imagine they'll want to get him fed and healed up a bit first." Smee says pointedly, hands on his hips. Behind him, the duster keeps on with its task.

"Shut up, Smee."

"Shutting up, Captain." Smee hums in thought "Speaking of feeding, when was the last time you ate? And have you slept at all since the boy escaped? You need to take care of yourself, Captain—"

James sighs, giving in to the other's mothering, letting the trivialities of food and tea and endless chattering distract him. But by the time Smee forces him to bed, he finds his mind spiralling with panic; the boy is gone, the fairies have Neverland's greatest weapon, and the pirates are unlikely to come out of this on top unless they get him back. By tracking him down and bringing him to Neverland in the first place, James has either made the biggest mistake of his life, or put into motion his and his crew's most glorious triumph.

Only time will tell.

Chapter 3: Character Art

Generated by AI and edited by me.

THE LOST BOYS

Reborn echoes of boys that lived in Neverland long ago, they are allies of the fairies and a thorn in the side of the pirates

[MORE TO COME]

— end of “Confidence (I Am)” —