

# I'M SPIDER-MAN (MCU)

## Chapter 1: Beginnings

(Want to read ahead of what I've posted so far? Go to my patreòn and get early access chapters.

As of this chapter, the patreòn is 6 chapters ahead at chapter 7. I'll be writing 2 more chapters today.

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-Queens New York, 2010-

[Beep Beep Beep...]

In a small, but homie, apartment in Queens New York, a 15-year-old teenager sleeps like a brick in his small and dimly lit bedroom. He has dark brown hair and light Caucasian skin. If his eyes were opened anyone could see his brown eyes, which matched his hair.

[Beep Beep Beep...]

The alarm clock on the bedside table blares loudly, filling the room with its obnoxious tune.

[Knock Knock]

"Peter!" Knocking is heard as a female voice yells from outside the bedroom door. "Peter, it's time for school!"

Unluckily, none of this woke the sleeping boy. Soon enough the door opened and in came a beautiful woman dressed in nurse scrubs. She looked to be in her mid to low thirties. Her hair, eyes, and skin tone were similar to the sleeping boys.

Possibly his mother or another relative.

"Peter, it's your first day of high school." She opens the curtains and sees Peter more clearly in the light. "What the..."

As the morning light filled the room, she could see the sleeping teenager, laying in a puddle of his own sweat. He looked healthy and slept soundly, yet his sheets, blanket, and pillows were soaked in sweat. It was as if he slept in a sauna last night.

"Peter?!" She exclaims and dashes towards the bed, placing her hand on his head to check for a fever. "Please tell me you didn't do any drugs."

Not feeling a fever, she pulls the blanket off to check his body and sees something new, at least to her.

"Has he been exercising?" She mutters.

Peter, who took care of himself but didn't go to the gym or anything like that, now had slim yet defined muscles everywhere. He looked like he belonged in a CrossFit commercial.

"Peter!" She shakes him, ready to get some answers or call 911 if he doesn't wake up.

"Uhh...Huh?" Peter mutters as he opens his eyes. Blinded by the morning sun coming through the window, he covers his eyes and sits up. "Who's peter? Where am I? What time is it?"

"Peter Benjamin Parker! What drugs did you take!?" She exclaims.

After hearing that he didn't know his own name, her imagination got the best of her as the worst possibilities played out in her mind.

"Huh? Did I take anything?" The boy himself was wondering the same as he didn't know where he was, nor did he feel the usual aches in his leg like always.

As his eyes got used to the light of the room, he looked up and saw a beautiful woman he had a sort of crush on.

[Insert picture of MCU Aunt May here]

"Aunt May?" He mutters as he starts to think he may be high on something.

"What are you doing here?"

He was a big fan of Spider-man and loved the MCU's version of Aunt May. She was the epitome of a MILF, and he respected that over the granny in the Tobey Maguire Spider-man movies.

"I live here, Peter..." May says as she looks at him like he was an idiot.

"Y-Yeah..." Peter says as he looks around the room. "Uh, can you give me a minute?"

"No, it's your first day of high school today, but based on whatever this is-" May points to the sweat-soaked bed. "-maybe it's best to call in sick and schedule a doctor's appointment?" She asks with a contemplative look.

Not sure what's going on, Peter decides to just play along until he can have some alone time to think.

"Umm, don't you have work?" He asks, trying to find an excuse to be alone.

"Yes, I do but if you're sick I can call in and the hospital would understand, hopefully..." She says with a skeptical look.

"No, go to work. They need you there more than me. I'll go to school." Peter says reassuringly. "I just need a good shower and I'll be fine. I think I had food poisoning last night, but it's gone now."

"Oh no. Do you think it was the Chinese we ordered?" She asks worriedly.

"Probably not or you would've been sick as well." Peter says, surprised by his acting skills at this point.

"True, I wonder what you ate. If I didn't know you better, I'd say you overdosed on drugs or something." She says as she gives him one last look before heading towards the door. "Get your butt in the shower and be quick about it. You have to leave in an hour and I have to go even sooner."

"Yes ma'am." Peter calls out as she leaves the room.

"And put your sheets in the wash!" May calls out on her way to the kitchen.

Ignoring her words, Peter, or the person that is now Peter quickly finds the bathroom and locks himself inside. Turning on the lights, he's shocked to see a Tom Holland lookalike staring back at him through the mirror.

[Insert picture of Tom Holland here]

(A/N: ps- He's 6 feet tall in this story.)

"What the hell is going on?" He muttered, not wanting to arouse suspicion from Aunt May.

Waving to himself in the mirror and doing other weird movements to be sure this wasn't fake, the now-named Peter Benjamin Parker was shocked beyond belief.

Yesterday he was a poor orphaned teenager with a dead right leg. His leg was crushed in a car accident that killed his parents, rendering his favored leg useless. Before today, he had to limp and hobble with a cane wherever he

went. Not only that but the pain and aches that came along with his new disability were horrible.

Though, now all of that is gone. No limping or pain anywhere. His leg, if you can even call it his is in better than perfect shape. In fact, his entire body is in perfect shape.

After admiring his body and basking in the feeling of painlessness, John, or maybe it's Peter now, started wondering how this happened.

'Am I dreaming?' He thought as he pinched himself as any other would do in this situation. "Ouch! Okay, I'm not dreaming."

After his body starts to calm down a bit, Peter noticed how thirsty he was. It felt like his mouth was made out of sandpaper or he slept in the middle of a hot desert with his mouth wide open.

'This is probably because of the sweat from earlier...' He thought as he turned on the sink and started drinking from his hands.

After a minute of drinking, a knock is heard at the door.

[Knock Knock]

"I don't hear the shower running. Are you okay, Peter?" Aunt May asks worriedly.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I was just brushing my teeth." Peter says as he opens the cabinet and grabs what he believes to be his toothbrush.

Suddenly, as he takes the toothbrush, the nearby glass cup, presumably used for gargling, gets knocked over and falls out of the cabinet.

Out of nowhere, Peter feels this odd tingling feeling and with one swift movement, he grabbed the cup before it could hit the sink and shatter.

"Alright, but be quick alright? If you want to eat breakfast before leaving, then put some pep in your step." May says as she returns to the kitchen.

Looking down at the cup in his hand, Peter came to a startling yet exciting conclusion.

"Am I spider-man?" He mutters as he tries to set the cup down but can't. It's stuck to his hand somehow. 'Weird sense thing, sticky hands, Peter Parker, Aunt May, Tom Holland...'

Everything just made so much sense at that moment. He somehow became Peter Parker, but he doesn't know how.

The last thing he could remember as John was...

"Oh... Yeah." Peter mutters in a sad realization.

In his past life, he remembers taking a bunch of his pain medication and falling asleep.

'I killed myself, huh?' He thought as he sadly stared at himself in the mirror.

Ever since he was in the accident and lost his use of his leg and his family, John, now named Peter, became depressed. He couldn't do anything without the pain of his leg reminding him of his dead parents, nor could he deal with the bullying his impairment brought him at school.

Bullies love to pick on the odd one of the bunch and his bum leg certainly made him stand out.

Not to mention the fact that his parent's savings were running low, and he couldn't hold a job and attend school with his leg problems. He could barely afford the medications.

Sadly, he took his own life in the most painless form possible. Overdose on painkillers.

It was easy as he didn't even need to search for his executioner. He already had that in a bottle and delivered to him whenever he ran out.

Truthfully, he regretted it a few minutes after taking the handful of pills. His life wasn't all bad. He had hobbies and friends that were always there for him, but unluckily he was already getting drowsy by that point.

He fell asleep trying to make himself throw up, but it was already too late. He died shortly after passing out. His heart stopped beating and the rest of his body followed suit.

"Though, I don't think I regret it anymore..." Peter muttered as he stared at himself in the mirror.

A/N: Give me some feedback in the comments. It's 1560 words.

**DON'T FORGET MY STONES!**