

# I'M SPIDER-MAN (MCU)

## Chapter 10: Canon On The Horizon

(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 16. I'll be writing 2 more chapters today.

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In the blazing desert of Afghanistan, a convoy of US military hummers moved leisurely like a snake through the sand. Some humvees were fitted with mini-guns, which were manned by soldiers who stood through a sort of sunroof of the vehicle.

Inside a gun-less humvee in the center of the pack was a group of soldiers, but one person stood out among the rest. He wore an expensive black designer suit and sunglasses that looked to be Ray-Bans.

[Insert picture of MCU Tony Stark here]

"I feel like you're driving me to a court-martial. This is crazy. What did I do? I feel like you're going to pull over and snuff me. What, you're not allowed to talk? Hey, Forrest!" Tony tries his best to make conversation in the awkward silence of the hummer.

"We can talk, sir." The Soldier in the passenger seat answers.

"Oh, I see. So it's personal?" Tony asks.

"No, you intimidate them." The female soldier who's driving the humvee says.

"Good God, you're a woman. I honestly... I couldn't have called that. I mean, I'd apologize, but isn't that what we're going for here? I thought of you as a soldier first." Tony puts his foot in his mouth and tries to clarify jokingly

"I'm an airman." She corrects him.

"Or airwoman?" Tony says as she shoots him a look over her shoulder for a brief moment. "You have excellent bone structure, there. I'm kind of having a hard time not looking at you now. Is that weird?"

Hearing Tony work his magic, the Soldiers in the vehicle chuckle, and the mood instantly changes from the earlier awkward atmosphere.

After answering some questions and talking about his sexual escapades with some models, a soldier nervously spoke to Tony.

"Is it cool if I take a picture with you?" He asks.

"Yes. It's very cool." Tony agrees easily as he's used to this. The soldier next to him pulls his camera out and hands it to the soldier in the front seat. "I don't want to see this on your MySpace page." Tony jokes as the Soldier puts up a peace sign for the photo. "Please, no gang signs." The Soldier puts his hand down nervously. "No, throw it up. I'm kidding. Yeah, peace. I love peace. I'd be out of a job with peace."

As the picture was about to be taken, something hit and blew up the vehicle in front of them.

\*Boom\*

Gunshots and such were heard and hit the side of their vehicle. Tony begins to panic and asks questions as the soldiers get out of the car with their M4's drawn. The soldier that was taking a picture with Tony stayed with him and drew his weapon, looking outside the windows.

Gunfire and explosions filled the area as the American soldiers fought a losing battle. The enemy had numbers, weaponry, and the surprise advantage. It was the perfect ambush.

"Son of a b\*tch!" The remaining soldier curses as he goes out to help his dying comrades.

"Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait! Give me a gun!" Tony pleads.

"Stay here!" The Soldier orders as he turned back around and was gunned down, bullet holes piercing the vehicle.

Tony's hearing and senses were dulled a bit as he got himself out of the vehicle, stumbling a bit in the chaos. He got some of his hearing back and ran, diving behind some rocks for cover. He pulled out his phone to call for help when a bomb landed next to him. He looked over to see it have 'Stark Industries' printed on it. He tried to get up and get away but didn't make it in time.

\*Boom\*

The bomb exploded and made him fly through the air. Tony hit the ground hard, dulling his senses again as his ears rang. He felt a pain in his chest and pulled his shirt off as blood started to pool onto the desert floor.

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"Tony Stark is missing and thought to be either dead or kidnapped. On his recent trip to Afghanistan, the genius playboy hosted a demonstration of the new Stark Industries Jericho missile which was designed for the United States Air Force..."

During Peters four day weekend, news dropped that Tony Stark was missing. Stark Industries stock dipped sharply as shareholders sold in a panic. Peter

knew all of this would happen, but sadly he's too poor to take advantage of his knowledge.

He had pocket money from his pickpocketing, but it wasn't enough to buy large amounts of Stark stock. At most he would just buy now and sell when it's high again, but he wouldn't make much. Also, if Peter deposited his illegally gained money, which he didn't pay taxes for, into a bank and used it to buy stock, that's just asking for the IRS to show up.

Though Peter has a few ideas on how to make money. His legal ideas will take some time. If he wants to stop stealing and use his intellect to make money by starting a company, for example, Peter would have to come up with a product, figure out production and distribution, hire employees, market it, and a lot more. Not to mention the money it takes to do all of that.

Truthfully, all of that sounds like a giant hassle to Peter. He would rather use one of the much easier and less time-consuming ways to fill his bank account. Though that doesn't mean he won't hone his intellect and skills to create new technologies. Whether they be used for his life as Peter or Spider-Man, his creations won't be released to the general public.

Maybe he would sell some harmless tech to Stark Industries, but that would have to wait until Tony is back. He doesn't trust Stane one bit.

'How long was Tony kidnapped again?' Peter thought as he tried remembering the first Ironman movie. 'I think it was a few months...'

While Peter was thinking deeply about the future and his plans, May watched his reaction to the news. May knew that Peter, in a small way, idolized Tony Stark, even though she didn't like the man very much. She thought the news may be hard on him. Seeing his contemplative look, May mistook it for concern and felt bad for Peter.

"Don't worry, Peter." May says as she puts a comforting hand on his shoulder. "If he's alive the military will bring him back. He's too important not to."

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-One week later-

Seeing the Stark stock fall, Peter thought it was finally time to start his money-making plan. After reading multiple books on coding, game design, and other tech-related subjects, Peter started his work on making the best mobile pay-to-win game he could.

Checking the mobile game market, Peter found that a lot of the games from his old life either don't exist or haven't been made yet. Knowing what was good from his past life, Peter started designing a game he knew would be popular.

Candy Crush

The game had a large fanbase of over 250 million and generated \$1.19 billion in 2020. Luckily, the game just so happened to not exist in this world.

What's good about mobile games, is that Peter doesn't have to worry about selling copies of his games in physical stores. He only had to make it and get it approved to go up on the different mobile phone market apps. Lets not forget the many micro-transactions, which will rake in the money.

Before starting, Peter bought a better computer with his stolen money. He would need a good PC that runs fast so that the development moves quickly and all his work is done super efficiently.

He was still a beginner at game development and soon found that he needed to know more than he initially thought.

First, he wasn't the greatest artist and found that he needed to make all of the visuals himself. He had to download a 3D modeling program and bought a clunky art tablet.

Second, Peter had to make his own sound effects and music. He had to buy an electric keyboard and download an audio production program to make the music. As for the sound effects, some were taken from open source websites he found, while others were recorded by Peter himself and edited to perfection.

Thankfully, Peter didn't need any voice-overs for the game. Otherwise, he would've had to hire some people to record lines for him.

Other than that, the rest of the game design was fairly simple for Peter. The only times he had trouble was when he needed to do the art or sound, but he soon became adept in those areas as well.

Only a week past since Peter began creating his first game, and based on his calculations, it would take another month at least to get it ready for testing. It could be finished sooner if Peter didn't have such a packed schedule.

While working on his game, Peter's phone vibrated and lit up with a new text popping up.

MJ- Hey, what you doin'?

Taking his phone. Peter unlocks it and types back.

Peter- On my pc. What's up?

He decided to keep the game a secret from everyone except Ned, who would never forgive him if he wasn't involved. Ned came over to hang out, give ideas, and help with small things whenever he could. His best friend was far more excited about the game than Peter was.

He wanted to surprise everyone else with a finished game. He would invite everyone over and have them play his game when it passed the testing phase.

MJ- Are you getting a tuxedo for Homecoming?

Peter- I haven't decided yet. What are you wearing?

MJ- ????

Seeing her reply, Peter confusedly re-read his last text and immediately understood.

Peter- Not like that...

Peter- What are you wearing to Homecoming?

MJ- I knew that already 😏

MJ- Idk either 😐

Peter- Want to go shopping together tomorrow? We only have a week left.

She didn't respond for a minute, but Peter saw that she read his message.

MJ- Sure.