

# Spider-Man 201

## Chapter 201: Punisher

"Wait..." Loki calls out with a frown just as Natasha was leading Matt and Jessica out of the room.

Everything was taken care of and signed, making both of them official members of the Avengers. All that was left was a tour of the tower as well as the facilities that they would be using during Natasha's training lessons.

"Yeah?" Peter asks as the group turns around.

"What's the matter Loki?" Jessica asks with a raised eyebrow.

"I..." Loki starts but soon goes quiet as a constipated look appears on his face. "You know what? It doesn't matter."

Loki stood up and walked passed the group towards the elevators.

"I'll see you back at the office!" Loki called out as he rounded the corner and disappeared from sight.

"What was that about?" Peter turns to Jessica and asks.

"I don't know, but he seemed more annoyed and angry than usual."

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'There's no way in Hell I, Loki Odinson, former King of Asgard would join a group of do-gooders.' Loki thought disdainfully, as he stormed down the crowded sidewalks of New York City.

Earlier in the conference room, Loki was only inches away from offering to join up with the Avengers alongside Jessica.

Sadly, his pride got in the way and stopped him from following the only woman whom he's ever felt something for.

Well, besides his mother, though it was certainly a different kind of feeling.

Loki just wanted to stay by her side, as she made his mortal exile exciting and worthwhile.

"That f\*cking Spider ruined everything..." Loki muttered as he kicked a beggar's cup, spraying coins everywhere.

"Hey! What the hell, man!?" The beggar yelled as he scrambled to collect his daily earnings.

"Disgusting mortals..." Loki comments with a sneer. "Get a job, you filthy bum."

Loki continued taking out his misguided anger on the passing pedestrians. Some saw Loki's actions as a man looking for a fight and gave him exactly what he wanted, though they were all beaten fairly easily.

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When Loki began to calm down, the sun started to set and he found himself in Central Park, where a sort of fair seemed to be going on.

Families rushed through the area, each of them pulled by excited children as they rushed to play games and line up for the rides.

"..." Loki sat on a nearby bench and watched the families and couples passing by.

He wondered what it would have been like if he was taken in by a normal family, like these mortals.

Being adopted into royalty was like being born into a job. Loki and Thor never had moments like this.

Their father was a hard and stern man. Although he was loving and warm on occasion, those times were few and far between.

Unknowingly, a small bit of jealousy invaded the banished Jotun's heart, as he watched the smiling children frolic around with their parents.

"Just die..." Loki muttered in contempt.

A passing family seemed to overhear his words and sped up their steps, pulling their children away from the unhinged man.

Suddenly, as Loki was wishing death on all the happy families, multiple blacked-out cars drove into the park from all sides.

"?" Loki and everyone else that noticed in time turned around in shock as they watched masked gunmen of all kinds step out of the cars, armed to the teeth with automatic weapons in hand.

What appeared to be three separate groups took aim and started firing at one another. Each group was masked up, though their clothing and accents showed a possible gang affiliation.

One group was dressed in all-black tactical gear, though they spoke nothing but Spanish so that narrowed down their affiliation.

Some sort of Cartel.

Another group was dressed in black as well, yet they didn't have any tactical gear, just really big guns. They spoke with heavy Irish accents.

Irish Mob perhaps?

The final group was like night and day compared to the other two. Although they pulled up in blacked-out cars, each of them wore a decorated leather biker cut, which proudly said Dogs of Hell on the back.

"Are these mortals crazy?" Loki was beyond confused as he watched this oddly set-up firefight start with an entire fair full of innocent people in the crossfire.

Just as Loki was watching the show unfold, a stray bullet flew by and embedded itself into his arm.

"Ugh!" Loki grunted in pain as he grabbed his arm and jumped over the bench, taking cover behind a nearby trash can. 'Mortal trash!'

Loki wasn't the type of person to take an attack on his person lying down, though he wasn't exactly armed to compete with firearms.

If they were armed with cold weapons, like swords or baseball bats, then Loki could enact his revenge in an instant, but sadly that wasn't the case.

Thinking quickly, Loki grabbed the phone that Jessica gave him and made a call to the only number saved in his contacts.

'If I can't act myself, others can do it for me.'

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Minutes earlier...

On the opposite side of the fair, a man with a military-style haircut was seated at a picnic table alongside his beautiful wife and children.

[Insert picture of Frank Castle/Punisher here]

Frank Castle is an extremely skilled United States Marine.

He recently took a leave of absence to spend some quality time with his family, as he's rarely home. He has served all across the world but mainly in Afghanistan as of late.

Upon his return, Castle began to realize just how weary he had become from all of his time in combat and away from his own beloved family.

"I can't believe you're eating that deep-fried cheeseburger..." Frank's wife, Maria says with thinly veiled disgust, as her husband takes a large bite of the fried dough-covered monstrosity.

"Wha? Itsh guuud...(What? It's good.)" Frank answers with food stuffed in his cheeks.

"Daddy, don't talk with your mouth full!" Lisa, Frank's daughter reprimands him as her mother does to her and her brother.

Frank Junior, the Punisher's only son just shakes his head as he throws a fried Oreo into his mouth.

His mother wasn't happy about his food choice either, though she held her tongue as it wasn't as crazy as what his father was eating.

"Daddy, when do you leave again?" Lisa asks sadly, knowing this reunion wouldn't last for long.

Instantly, all eyes were on him, waiting for an answer.

"I don't know..." Frank swallowed his food and spoke unsurely. "I might stay a bit longer this time around."

"Really?!" Lisa and Frank Junior exclaimed hopefully as they practically jumped out of their seats.

"Weren't you going to apply for another tour?" Maria asks as she didn't want her children to get their hopes up for nothing.

After all, she knew that her husband loved being a marine.

"No, I think I'm going to wait for a bit and then make a decision." Frank shakes his head as he goes back to stuffing his face.

What Maria and his family didn't know, is that Frank lost a lot of his brothers in the last mission they took. What was supposed to be a surprise raid on a terrorist stronghold was actually an ambush that he and his men walked straight into.

A part of him wondered whether he would ever want to return to the marines again. After all, he served enough to live off of retired military pay for the rest of his life.

"..." The Castle family seemed to brighten after hearing this, as they sat and ate together with smiles on their faces.

Even Frank, who is a fairly stoic man, was smiling as he enjoyed the atmosphere of family life.

Soon enough, the unthinkable happened.

Automatic gunfire tore through the park as bullets filled the fairground.

"!" Frank instantly jumped into action, as his time in the marines was full of situations like this, though he was a split second too late.

As if the surrounding gunmen were purposefully aiming in their direction, countless bullets were hurled his way, drilling holes into his oblivious wife and children.

"..." Frank froze in horror as his family toppled over and hit the ground.

"Daddy! It hurts..." Little Lisa cried out as she coughed up a mouthful of blood.

"Frank... the kids..." His bleeding wife crawled to cover her children with her body as she looked to her husband to save them.

"..." Frank Junior wasn't responsive as he lay there unconscious and covered in blood.

Just as Frank was about to hop into action, a string of bullets peppered his chest, sending him crashing to the floor alongside his dying family.

Having failed to act in time, Frank was forced to look on helplessly, in utter horror as his own wife, son, and daughter began to bleed out on the cold hard floor.

## Chapter 202: Revealing Some Magic

"...and lastly, this is one of the apartment floors." Natasha finished the tour by showing Matt and Jessica the apartments. "As members, both of you are allowed to move in. Most of them are empty at the moment as well."

"How much is the rent?" Jessica asks as she doesn't have a lot of money.

In fact, she's barely above the poverty level in yearly income.

Although Matt is a lawyer, he was in a similar situation to Jessica. Though he has some money saved up from his time at his old firm.

"It's free." Peter says from behind.

"Seriously?" Jessica asks as they walk through one of the apartments. "All of this is free?"

"Yes, Tony and I made sure that every Avenger would have a place to stay, though we may have gone a bit overboard..." Peter says as he admired the lavish apartment.

"You should see the penthouses for the council members." Natasha says, remembering the first time that she saw Fury's apartment. "They're ten times bigger than this."

"Damn..." Jessica mutters as she spins, admiring the large open apartment. "Do you help with moving as well?"

"Sure." Although she wasn't serious, Peter answers with a nod as he opened a portal to her apartment.

"Is that?" She points to the portal in shock.

"Yeah, just pick an apartment and I'll open a portal for you to move." Peter nods.

"How do you know where I live?" Jessica asks suspiciously, but before Peter could answer, her phone started going off. "Hold that thought."

Whipping out her phone, Jessica saw who was calling and sighed as she answered.

"What?" She asked as the sound of gunfire and screams of pain and panic came from the other end.

"?" Peter and Matt overheard everything as they listened in.

"Get that Spider to my location. These mortals are crazy." Loki says in a pained tone.

"Loki? Are you okay?" Jessica asks as she heard his strained voice.

While the two were talking, Peter turned his attention elsewhere.

"Jarvis, track Loki's location." He orders.

"No need, sir." Jarvis says as live images from surveillance cameras in some sort of fairground appeared on the TV. "It seems as though a gang war is being fought in Central Park."

"That's... odd." Peter mutters as he remembered the backstory to the Punisher Netflix show. 'Is this the attack on Frank and his family?'

Peter wasn't completely sure as his recollection of the MCU TV shows wasn't as good as the movies, though he was fairly certain.

"Okay, I'm heading out." Peter says as he opens a portal and leaps through.

As soon as the portal opened, the sound of deafening automatic gunfire filled the room.



Hesitating for just a moment, as they didn't have anything to hide their faces, Jessica and Matt second-guessed themselves before rushing to follow him through, but sadly, the portal snapped shut just before they could get in.

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Leaping through the portal, Peter quickly assessed the situation. All around, people were screaming and running as gunfire from all sides of the fairground converged inwards.

Countless innocent people seemed to have taken stray bullets, as they littered the ground groaning and moaning in pain.

A small portion of these people have already died as well.

"Let's end this quickly." Peter mutters as he didn't want to lose any more victims.

With a wave of his hand, Peter conjured a spell circle, which quickly morphed into a golden dome that covered the entire fair, except for the gunmen, who were left outside the dome.

"What the..." A random goon said as he and others started unloading on the barrier.

Sadly for them, their bullets didn't penetrate or break the barrier, but they did bounce back and started slaughtering the men around them at random.

"Hold your fire!" Someone yelled and soon everyone stopped shooting.

As the surviving gunmen looked at the barrier in shock, some of them rushed to help those that were hit and load them into the cars.

"Let's get out of here." At least one person from each group said similar words. "I wasn't paid enough to deal with this..."

When they all were getting ready to drive off, as the police would be arriving soon enough anyway, they noticed an odd golden color coming from behind them as well.

"Sh\*t!" Many of them cursed as they found a matching barrier blocking their escape.

\*Crash!\*

Some tried to ram the barriers with their cars, but their efforts were useless. It was like running headfirst into a brick wall. The only thing that was destroyed was their cars.

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As the barriers went up and the gunfire stopped, everyone inside the fair finally noticed Peter's presence.

"Spider-Man?!" A child yelled, which started a chain reaction, as everyone started calling his name and begging him for help.

Soon enough, the whole fair was filled with screams for help for those that were injured.

"QUIET!" Peter bellowed and everyone shut up in an instant. "Those that aren't hurt, get moving. I want everyone that's injured in front of me as quickly as possible."

They hesitated for just a second before people started moving with purpose, rushing all across the fair to find any gunshot victims.

Within seconds of his order, the first person was brought before him. It was a 7-year-old girl who was riddled with bullet holes.

Her parents were nowhere to be seen either.

Holding his hand out, Peter conjured a spell circle that vanished the bullets inside her body and closed her wounds in an instant. Even her Internal injuries were fixed in seconds.

"Next!" Peter called out, but no one moved.

Everyone was too shocked by what they saw. They all knew Spider-Man and his powers, but they didn't know he could heal people with such ease.

"I said NEXT!" Peter yelled like a drill sergeant. "We don't have time to spare. Move!"

Instantly, the shocked crowd took the girl away and another took her place.

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This continued for a few minutes as countless half-dead gunshot victims, from the elderly to children down to the age of 4, were brought forward and healed over and over.

Although Peter wouldn't be able to recognize Frank Castle's family, as they weren't shown much in the show, he was able to spot the man himself.

'He looks just like the actor...' Peter thought as a barely conscious Punisher was brought up alongside a woman and two young children.

All of them were in far worse shape than anyone else that was brought forward. Each member of the castle family had at least 8 bullet holes littering their body.

Whereas Frank himself has more than 15 bloody holes in his chest and stomach.

'Make sense. He and his family are the targets for this whole attack, after all.' Peter thought as Frank was dropped before him.

"Wait..." Frank spoke through strained breaths. "My family... Save my family... first..."

As he spoke, he pointed at the woman and two children, who were currently in the queue behind him.

Frank has no idea what was happening, as his mind was borderline delusional from the loss of blood, but he knew enough upon seeing Spider-Man.

"Alright." Peter agreed easily as he stepped over Frank's body and started working his magic on the Castle family.

As Peter's golden magic enveloped his dying family, Frank's vision slowly turned black as he drifted off into unconsciousness.

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After treating every living person in the fair, Peter could hear the sound of police sirens coming toward the area.

"Wait here!" Peter called out to the crowd of survivors, as he ran off and opened a portal away from view. 'Healing and barrier making isn't a big deal, but I'd like to keep my portals a secret from the public.'

Obviously, it wasn't much of a secret, as Shield and some other organizations already know about the portals, but Peter could only try his best to keep it away from the rest of the world for as long as possible.

Opening a portal, Peter appeared on a tree above the trapped gunmen and looked down at the blood-stained floor and injured bad guys.

'Did they start shooting each other?' Peter wondered as he jumped down, landing boot first on an armed biker's face.

"It's the Spider! Open fire!" Another biker yelled as Peter planted his now unconscious friend's head into the grass.

Although he yelled for them to shoot, everyone seems to have learned their lesson from earlier. After all, shooting with the barriers so close is far too dangerous.

"What's the matter? Out of bullets?" Peter asks as he rushes forward and starts beating the sh\*t out of each biker one by one.

"I said shoot, you idiots!" The man that was throwing out orders before says as he pulls his trigger.

Stepping to the side, Peter easily dodged the entire clip of bullets that came his way.

Instantly, every biker that had a good head on their shoulders dived down onto the grassy floor.

As all of the bullets ricocheted off of the outer barrier and toward the inner barrier, they began to zigzag back and forth. Some of them impacted the cars while others hit some friendly bikers, sending them out of commission for the rest of the fight.

Though one of the strays dug itself into the head of the idiot that shot them in the first place, killing him in an instant.

"Huh... Now I know why you weren't shooting."

#### Chapter 203: Heartwarming Reunion

With the barriers acting as a deterrent against the gunmen's firearms, Peter made quick work of the three hostile groups.

Although they committed a crazy, almost terroristic act, Peter captured as many as he could alive, sending them to the towers detention center for later questioning.

He knew this incident wasn't just a random gang war, as no gangs would be this stupid without reason, especially in New York City, so evidence was certainly needed.

With that in mind, Peter also portal'd the cars, guns, and any other belongings that were lying around back to the tower.

The police, who arrived only a few moments after Peter finished cleaning up, could do nothing as they found a barrier blocking their way inside.

Although they could see through the blockade, all they found upon their arrival was bloodstained grass, bullet casings, and tire marks.

Once the area was cleared, Peter snapped his fingers, which dropped both barriers at the same time.

When the barriers disappeared, Peter waved at the police as they breached inside with assault rifles drawn.

"Yo!" He says as the police ignore him for the time being and clear the area.

"Spider-Man, it's good to see you again." A man in a formal police uniform comes waltzing over, speaking to Peter in a very respectful manner.

"Chief, how have you been?" Peter says as he claps the man on the shoulder. "Have you finished your list of the possible candidates that we talked about a while ago?"

"Yes..." The two spoke as police grunts move into the fairgrounds and assessed the situation.

The dead were cordoned off while everyone that was conscious was instantly detained for questioning, as that was the procedure in situations like this.

"So, what happened?" The Chief asks after a short conversation.

"Three gangs surrounded the park and started a war with a fair full of people in the crossfire." Peter says with a heavy dose of skepticism.

"You think there's something more to it?" He asks curiously.

"You don't?" Peter asks as he walks off before anymore questions could be asked, waving over his shoulder. "Don't worry, this whole thing has caught my interest, so I'll deal with it."

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The next morning, the sound of a heartbeat monitor filled a high-tech hospital room.

As the sun beamed through the floor-to-ceiling windows, Peter walked into the room with his spider suit protecting his identity.

Walking over to the hospital bed, Peter looks down at Frank Castle, who has been peacefully sleeping since the incident in Central Park yesterday.

"..." Since he was tired of waiting for him to wake up on his own, Peter reached out and tapped his finger on Frank's forehead.

\*Zap\*

From the top of Peter's clothed finger, a pulse of weak eldritch energy pulsed into Frank's skin and disappeared.

"!" Frank's eyes shoot open as he swiftly sits up with a loud gasp.

"Good morning, sleepy head." Peter welcomes him back to the world of the living with a little wave.

"Huh?!" Frank grunts as he takes in his surrounding. "How am I... Maria? Lisa? Frank?"

Before Peter's presence could completely register in his hazy mind, Frank jumped out of bed and tripped on the bedsheets, falling to the floor with a loud smack.

"Where are they!?" Frank yells as he climbs up off of the floor and staggers to the door.

"Calm down, buddy." Peter says as he steps in front of the Punisher's path.

"Move..." Frank orders in a cold and quiet tone.

"No, you need to calm down and take a minute to get yourself together." Peter shakes his head and stands unmoving.

"!" Without waiting for another second to pass, Frank launched forward with a scowl ever present on his face.

As Frank pulled his arm back to swing his fist forward, aiming at his opponent's unguarded face, Peter sighed as he raised his hand and caught the incoming blow with ease.

"Ugh..." Frank grunts as he feels Peter's vice-like grip holding his fist in place.

"Please calm down." Peter continues to try to reason with him.

Without uttering a single word in response, Frank tried to yank his fist free, though no amount of strength would help against the crazy amount of raw power that Spider-Man wielded.

"Aaaahhhhh!" Frank starts to turn red as he thrashes around.

"You should really-" Just as Peter was repeating his calming words once again, the door swung open and the sound of small pitter-pattering feet came running inside.

"Daddy!" A little girl with messy brown hair rushed passed Peter and dived into Frank's stomach.

"Ugh..." Frank grunts and falls to the floor as Peter released his hand.

"Daddy! I met Spider-Man!" Lisa, Frank's daughter, sat on his stomach as she excitedly smiled down at him.

Instantly, tears began to well up in Frank's eyes as he reached up and held his daughter's head in the palm of his hands.

"Y-You're-" Franks stutters as two other footsteps come walking into the room.

"Dad, you're finally awake!" Frank Jr. comes running over and joined his father on the floor.

"You're all okay..." Frank mutters as he wraps his arms around his two children and looks up to find his wife, Maria, standing next to Peter.

"We have Spider-Man to thank for that." Maria says as she looks at Peter.



"..." Franks looks toward Peter with a dumb expression on his face, unsure as to how to thank him.

"I'll leave you guys alone for the time being." Peter says as he walks to the door and turns back for just a moment. "I'll be back in a few hours to speak with you."

As the door closed, leaving the family of four behind, Maria let out a sigh as she rushed to join her family in a pile on the floor.

The sounds of crying and laughter filled the room as the Castle family reunited after what could have been a horrible tragedy.

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Hours later, Peter returned to Frank's hospital room with Pepper and Tony following closely behind him.

\*knock knock\*

After waiting for a reply, they entered the room and found the whole family piled up on the bed, snuggling together happily.

"Hello again." Peter says as the family gets surprised by the presence of Tony Stark, another famous superhero.

"You're Iron Man!" Frank Jr. and Lisa exclaim as they point at Tony, who looked behind him in mock confusion.

"Who? Where?" Tony asks like a whacky uncle.

"Ahem..." Pepper clears her throat as she steps in front of Tony. "Would you two like to see Tony's Iron Man armor?"

"Yeah!" "Yes!" The two children shoot up out of the bed in excitement.

"Wait!" Frank and his wife call out disapprovingly, unwilling to part with their children after such a horrific experience.

As the children froze in their excitement, Peter stepped forward.

"I need to speak to you two privately." Peter says as he places a hand on Tony's shoulder. "Tony will take care of..."

Stopping mid-sentence with a shake of his head, Peter removed his hand from Tony's shoulder and motioned to Pepper.

"Pepper will look after the kids." Peter says as Tony frowns in his direction. "Trust me, you don't want them here for this."

"Hey! I can take care of a couple of brats, easily." Tony says as Pepper smacks him across the backside of the head. "What was that for?!"

Ignoring Tony, who was both confused and unhappy, Pepper turned to the parents in the room.

"We can wait in the hallway if that would be more acceptable?" Pepper offers.

"Fine..."

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When the kids were ushered out alongside Tony and Pepper, Peter closed the door and sat beside the bed, where Frank and Maria were sitting expectantly.

"What's this about?" Frank asks gruffly.

"I'll get straight to the point." Peter says as he looks Frank in the eyes. "Who would want you dead?"

"Huh? What?" Maria asks in confusion.

"I'm a marine. A lot of people want me dead, though they aren't from this country." Franks answers with a questioning look. "What are you getting at?"

"Is this about the shooting yesterday?" His wife asks in confusion. "Didn't the news say that it was a poorly placed gang shooting?"

"A gang shooting between three different groups, who all drove to the same location in masks and blacked-out cars? Not only that, but they purposefully surrounded the fair, where your family just so happened to be?" Peter voices his suspicions.

"There were hundreds of people in that park..." Frank says unbelievably. "The target, if there was a target, could've been anyone."

"True, but only you and your family took more than 3 gunshot wounds," Peter says as he sat back and crossed one leg over the other. "Each member of your family was shot at least 8 times, while you, Frank, were shot more than 15 times. It was almost as if they were aiming at you, don't you think?"

"..." The room goes silent as the two parents digest this newfound information.

"Frank..." Maria asks as she turns to her husband. "Is he right? Did someone try to kill us? Kill our children?"

Hearing his wife's questioning words, Frank remembered the smug face of the man that was responsible for the deaths of his comrades in their last mission.

Instantly, Frank recalled jumping on the man and pounding his face in, doling out blame for the deaths of his friends with every punch, rupturing the stuck up pr\*cks eye in the process.

"I-I..." Franks stuttered as a look of realization appeared on his face.

Chapter 204: Family Vacation

"No, It can't be..." Frank says as he goes into denial.

During his unit's most recent deployment within Afghanistan, Castle was assigned to a new task force under the supervision of Ray Schoonover, a Colonel of the United States Marine Corps Force Recon division, as well as an anonymous civilian commander known to the men only as Agent Orange.

Castle was one of the two lieutenants taking command under the orders of Schoonover, leading the unit's two squads

On that day, Frank sat with his comrades and listened as Orange and Schoonover explain their new objective.

They were now part of Operation Cerberus and tasked to capture and assassinate enemy targets, based on Agent Oranges' information.

Upon hearing this, Frank questioned if the United States Congress had approved the operation, though Orange insisted they had.

The task force participated in many operations, specializing in nightly raids for the purpose of kidnapping, interrogating, and then executing high-value targets of the United States of America, with the squad quickly becoming known as the American Taliban.

Among the targets that were captured by Cerberus Squad included a man named Ahmad Zubair.

Zubair was brutally strung up and beaten down by the Squad before Agent Orange then entered the room and began questioning him in his native tongue, so that neither Frank nor any of the other members of the Squad could understand what they were saying.

They all stood by and watched as Orange began repeatedly striking the clearly terrified and helpless man while wearing a pair of thick leather gloves.

During the torture, Zubair spoke in English and insisted over and over that he was not a terrorist and that he had a family, though no matter how much he pleaded, the beating never stopped.

Eventually, Agent Orange noted that Zubair clearly didn't know anything useful for them, and therefore turned to Frank, who understood and shot Zubair point blank in the face, killing him instantly.

Frank ended up burying the body in the desert with the help of one of his men, who questioned whether they were just ordered to hide evidence or not.

Despite his own doubts, Frank was a model soldier and followed orders without question.

Soon enough, the dreaded mission arrived and a new target, who was believed to be hiding in a compound within Kandahar, was designated.

Although they were then ordered to go into Kandahar and capture this target, Frank warned against it, believing this was a trap for Cerberus Squad.

Agent Orange, however, ignored Castle's objections and insisted that they continue with the mission objective regardless.

Just as Frank had predicted would happen, the surprise raid quickly turned out to be an ambush as their squad was hit with machine gun fire and mortar rounds, which resulted in Schoonover losing his arm, while many soldiers were killed.

Soon enough, Frank decided that the only option remaining for their continued survival was for him to storm the enemy Fort alone and clear a path for an evacuation.

Frank then charged across the battlefield, amidst a hail of gunfire and explosive mortal shells. He then made his way uphill, firing upon any insurgents he encountered in order to keep his men safe.

Making his way through the fort, Frank proceeded to use all of his military training and utter fury to charge through the enemy's stronghold, killing all those he encountered.

As the enemies constantly closed in on him and the battle continued to drag on, Frank used everything he had on hand, including his opponent's weapons, to slaughter his way through the building.

Out of ammunition yet still determined to save his fellow soldiers and return home to his family, Frank barely survived as he killed the last of the opposition with nothing but his bare hands.

In the end, Frank was completely covered in his enemy's blood. However, he had successfully cleared the whole area, killing all hostiles, and saving what remained of his squad in the process.

Upon their triumphant, yet damaged, return, Frank overheard someone asking for a mission update and saw Agent Orange looking at all of the wounded and severely damaged soldiers, as he calmly and uncaringly asked if they had successfully killed the target as he wanted.

Mortified that Orange was more concerned for Operation Cerberus' mission than he was over all of the wounded and dead men, Frank charged forward and assaulted Orange for the deaths of his men, as it was his bad information that led them into a trap.

As the beating took place, Frank meant to kill him as he ruptured Orange's eye socket after a flurry of punches, though soon enough, the nearby soldiers dragged the furious Lieutenant Castle off of the now horrified and beaten Agent Orange.

Not long after this incident, Frank's tour in Afghanistan came to an end, so instead of immediately signing up for another tour, he returned home to his family, and a few days after his return, they were almost killed.

"I may have angered somebody, but he wouldn't..." Franks says as he looks off into the distance in thought.

"Who?" Maria asks, beating Peter to the question.

"A spook." Frank answers after a moment of thought. "Some CIA guy. He gave us bad intel and got my men killed, so I beat his a\*s... I shouldn't even be talking about this."

"Well, the Avengers act at a higher level than the CIA or any government, so nothing you've done is out of reach for me." Peter says with a shrug.

"Whatever..." Frank says as he takes a moment to think. "It was only a fight though... I'm sure he's angry, but not enough to kill me and my family."

What Frank didn't know, is that Operation Cerberus was never sanctioned by anyone, so given its illegal nature, it had to fund itself, which it did by smuggling heroin into the United States through the corpses of dead servicemen, led by Agent Orange and Schoonover.

Not only that, but Ahmad Zubair, the man Frank killed and buried in the desert, wasn't a terrorist but a policeman, who was investigating Cerberus Squad and their link to heroin smuggling.

Not long after his murder, Zubair's body was found, which awoke feelings of suspicion in Orange and Schoonover.

Fueled by suspicion, as Frank was the one to bury the body, the two masterminds decided to have Frank killed as they believed that he leaked the torture and death of Ahmad Zubair.

Using his criminal persona known as 'Blacksmith', Schoonover then arranged a deal between the Mexican Cartel, Dogs of Hell, and Kitchen Irish.

These groups started the firefight as a cover for the deaths of Frank and his family. Instead of the assassination of a US Marine airing on the news, it would be another act of senseless gang/gun violence, which happens every day in America.

'I need to gather enough evidence to convince him...!' Peter thought.

Peter knew all of this already, as he watched the show in his past life. The only problem was whether he could convince Frank and then help him with his inevitable revenge.

"Whether it's the man you thought of or not. It doesn't matter." Peter says as he stands from his seat. "I have all of the surviving gunmen locked up and waiting for questioning, so I'll have some sort of proof soon enough."

"What should we do until then?" Maria asks, afraid for her children's safety.

"You'll be staying in the tower for the foreseeable future." Peter says as he gets some unwilling looks from the two parents.

After all, they don't even know for sure whether they were the targets or not.

"This isn't optional." Peter says and their faces look even more unwilling. "I'd rather not have the deaths of two children on my hands, after all."

"You can't-" Maria goes to speak but Peter cuts her off.

"I can." Peter says with a shrug. "As I said before, the Avengers operate above any government. We can break every law in the book without a single repercussion."

Hearing Spider-Man talk about breaking laws and holding them captive was an odd experience, as everyone knows him as a shining selfless hero.

"It seems that we don't have a choice..." Frank mutters, knowing that he can't do anything about it.

Their little scuffle when he woke up clearly showed him that.

"It's good that you've realized that." Peter says as he smiles under his mask. "I'll have an apartment allocated to you. If you need anything, like groceries or clothes, order it online or ask Jarvis."

"Who's Jarvis?" Maria asks.

"You'll find out soon enough." Peter says as he walks to the door, waving over his shoulder. "Enjoy your family vacation in captivity!"

## Chapter 205: Defenders Assemble!

As the Castle family was settling into their new apartment, Peter ordered the interrogation of every captured gang member, starting with those who seemed to be charge.

Of course, he already went through their cars, phones, wallets, and other belongings, though this only confirmed their gang affiliations, which Peter already knew.

"Jarvis, find me the leaders of each gang. Mexican Cartel, Dogs of Hell, and Kitchen Irish." Peter says as he entered his office and took a seat. "Feel free to hack into any government records as well."



Although Peter has been fighting crime all over this city for almost three years, he always left the investigation work for the police.

He knew all of the major groups, though their inner workings weren't something that Peter ever cared much about.

'The police can handle it...' Peter always thought as he would usually leave evidence behind for them to follow.

...

Not long after asking, Jarvis started rapidly firing off information.

"Sir, I've compiled the necessary details..." Jarvis spoke as pictures and maps appeared on his computer screen. "The Dogs of Hell are a biker gang with chapters in both Nevada and New York. Jimmy "The Bear" is the leader of the Dogs of Hell based here in New York City. They tend to gather at the Dogs of Hell bar."

"Next, The Kitchen Irish is a mobster group, led by a man named Nesbitt. Their headquarters is the Burren Club, a restaurant in Hell's Kitchen."

"Lastly, the Mexican Cartel, also known as the Juarez Cartel, is a drug cartel based in Juarez, Mexico, mainly focusing on cocaine export to the United States of America. Their leader, Vicente Carrillo Fuentes lives in a heavily guarded compound in Juarez. They are the only group that isn't based in the City." Jarvis finished his information dump.

Going over everything on screen, Peter sits back and thinks for a moment.

"Send all of this to my phone." Peter orders as he walks to the door, feeling his phone buzz in his pocket.

"Sent, sir."

---

Walking down to the gym, as he knew that Frank was there, taking his anger out on the equipment, Peter decided to delegate some work to the new recruits.

Thankfully, almost every piece of equipment is enhanced to Peter's standards, so it was impossible for Frank to break anything.

"Yo!" Peter calls out as he walks in, though no one seemed to notice his arrival.

In the center of the gym was a reinforced boxing ring that Steve and Logan tended to use for sparing.

Stood around the ring, Natasha, Jessica, and Loki watched as Daredevil and Punisher fought with boxing gloves on each of their hands.

Though it wasn't really much of a fight, as Matt's enhanced senses made it impossible for Frank to land any sort of hit on him.

"Ugh..." Frank grunted as he swung a fist forward, aiming for his opponent's solar plexus.

Of course, Matt sidestepped the attack with ease and responded in turn, sending a matching attack to Frank's unguarded ribs, which landed perfectly and knocked him off of his feet.

"..." Frank remained silent in defeat as he felt pain in every organ of his body.

"And that's what happens when we underestimate our opponent." Natasha entered teacher mode as she lectured Jessica.

"I admit, he's quite the skilled warrior, for a cripple..." Loki comments from the side.

"Thanks, I think?" Matt says unsurely as he reaches a hand out to his fallen opponent. "You okay?"

"Yeah..." Frank says as he ignores Matt's outstretched hand and picks himself up off of the floor.

"Don't be such a sore loser, Frank." Peter says as everyone turns, finally noticing his presence. "In fact, you should get used to losing, as it'll be almost impossible to find a weaker opponent here."

"Spidey, what are you doing here?" Natasha asks as Frank leaned on the ropes and sulked.

"Well, I thought that I'd invite all of you on a little field trip." Peter says with open arms, though no one looked as excited as he expected.

"Where to?" Matt asks as he hops out of the ring.

"Well..." Peter says as he turns to Frank. "We have a few gang leaders to visit. Would you like to join us, Frank? After all, this pertains to the attack on your family."

"Am I allowed to leave this prison?" He answers with a heavy bit of dissatisfaction.

"With my supervision, yes." Peter nods.

"Then I'm in." Frank nods as he slips out of the ring.

"Good..." Peter says as he looks at Black Widow. "Natasha, please outfit everyone with whatever they'll need and meet me in my office when you're ready to head out."

"Sir, Yes sir." She says mockingly as Peter walks off.

---

An hour passed and the group was brought to Peter's office. Each of them were suited up and armed with whatever they asked for.

Jessica wore a body suit that matched Natashas without a single weapon, as her strength was enough.

Frank wound up dressed as a true marine, ready for war with his assault rifle and a plethora of other weaponry.

Matt wore black hooded tactical gear, which made him look almost like a modern assassin's creed character. Across his back was a black katana, while all sorts of knives were strapped along his body as well.

On top of all of their new gear, each of them wore masks, which would keep their identity safe.

Loki, on the other hand, wore the same clothes as usual, though he was armed to the teeth with a machine gun across his back, two pistols holstered under his jacket, and multiple knives hidden across his body.

Without his powers, Loki only had his body to use as a weapon, but his injury in Central Park the other day taught him a valuable lesson.

He needed mortal weapons.

"Loki, will you be joining us?" Peter asks, as he didn't expect the pompous prince to offer any assistance.

"Yes..." Loki answers in a challenging tone. "Is that a problem?"

"No, your always welcome." Peter was more than happy to have Loki around, as it would be easier to keep track of any of his mischief.

Not only that, but Peter could do his best to turn Loki to their side. A friendly Loki would be a huge asset to the Avengers, after all.

"Alright, our first target is a man named Nesbitt." Peter says as the man's photo appears on screen. "We need to capture him alive, so memorize his appearance now."

...

After giving them some time to familiarize themselves with the target, Peter waved his hand and opened a portal.

Stepping through to a rooftop in Hell's Kitchen, followed by Natasha and her group of ducklings, Peter motioned towards the restaurant across the street.

"He's in there." Peter says as he takes a seat at the edge of the building. "Go get him. Natasha's in charge. Follow her orders or there will be consequences."

"You won't be joining us?" Natasha asks.

"Nah, the newbies need the experience." Peter says with a shrug.

"..." Loki scowled and tightened his fists unhappily.

Although he wanted to tag along in the first place, hearing Peter treat him like some sort of lackey was infuriating.

"Alright, let's go." Natasha calls out as she parkours down the building's fire escape.

...

The group watched for a moment, as she descended the building with the grace of a master gymnast.

"You heard her." Peter's voice snaps them out of it. "Get moving."

---

-Burren Club-

"I said pack faster, you bumbling idiots!" A bald Irishman in a fancy suit yells angrily as he paces back and forth across the room.

All around the him, men in lesser suits were boxing up all sorts of weapons and large stacks of cash.

Ever since Spider-Man captured his men, Nesbitt was stuck with a choice. Either stay and fight a losing battle or pack up and return to Ireland with his tail between his legs.

Of course, he chose the latter option.

After all, Spider-Man and the Avenger wasn't something an ordinary Mob of criminals could deal with.

'I knew the risks...' Nesbitt thought as he recalled the deal he made a few days ago.

In exchange for an ungodly amount of firepower, Nesbitt agreed to kill a marine and his family, which wasn't exactly risky on its own.

What made the plan risky, was the fact that it would take place in New York City, the home of the Avengers.

Earths mightiest heroes.

Sadly for him, the plan failed spectacularly and now it was time to hit the road before his captured men could rat him out to Spider-Man.

"Sir, we're ready to go." A man calls out, but before anyone could reply, the windows broke open as multiple masked figures leaped inside.

"What the f\*ck!?" A man with a thick Irish accent exclaims.

The intruders didn't waste a single second as they took aim at the shocked group of Irishmen and opened fire, filling the building with the sound of gunfire.

Chapter 206: What do the Irish Eat?

Hopping off of the building, Peter listens to the gunshots and chaos inside the restaurant, as he walks over to one of the broken windows and watches the show unfold.

'I need some popcorn...' Peter thought as a bucket of popcorn appeared in his hand. 'Practicing spells without the circles was worth it.'

While Peter was figuring out how to eat food through his mask, Natasha led the future Defenders on their first real mission.

Frank maneuvered through the building like a machine, dropping bodies whichever way he looked.

Loki seemed to be familiarizing himself with mortal weaponry as he kept to the shadows, attacking only when it was least expected.

Jessica tore through the place like a pint-sized hulk, though she wasn't bulletproof, so her plan of attack required a bit more finesse than the angry green giant.

Thankfully, her body suit was bulletproof up to a certain caliber of ammunition, so if she makes a mistake it wouldn't be fatal.

Unless, of course, she gets shot in the head...

Natasha, knowing this could happen, stood by Jessica's side, as she was the student that needed the most training and guidance.

After all, Matt was trained by a man that could demolish the average shield agent and go toe to toe with her.

As for Matt, he moved through the place like a martial acrobat, beating down hostile Irishmen with relative ease. Killing wasn't his forte, so he only incapacitated his opponents.

'Meh, these Irish guys are pretty weak...' Peter was happy that he decided to delegate this work, as it would be a waste of time and effort for him.

Within minutes, every mobster in the building was either killed or captured, while Nesbitt was strapped to a chair in the center of the room.

"What do you want? Money?" Nesbitt started bartering for his life, unsure which group these people were from. "I can give each of you a million dollars. Just untie me and we'll get you paid, eh?"

As the room descended into silence without a single person taking the offer, the front door swung open and Spider-Man casually walked inside.

"You guys open?" Peter asks as he picks up a menu. "I've always wanted to try Haggis."

"Haggis is from Scotland, you f\*cking idiot!" Nesbitt couldn't hold his tongue as he turned to see who he just spoke to. "S-Spider-Man..."

Ignoring the man tied to a chair, Peter looked over at Natasha.

"If they don't sell haggis, then what do Irish people eat?" Peter asks in mock confusion.

"Potatoes, sir." Natasha answers with a smirk.

"I thought they didn't have potatoes?" Jessica joins in on the fun. "Wasn't there a famine or something?"

"..." Nesbitt was fuming at this point, though he kept his mouth shut in Spider-Man's presence.

"Yeah, hey baldy." Peter throws the menu away as he turns to the bound Irishman. "What kind of food do you serve here?"

"..." Nesbitt took a moment to calm himself before speaking. "I'd be happy to explain our menu, but I'm sure you're here for more important reasons."

Even with Spider-Man right in front of him, Nesbitt was still looking for a way to weasel out of this situation.

"You would be right. After all, who cares about Irish food." Peter throws in another insult as he grabs a chair and takes a seat across from the Irishman. "Tell me about the reason behind the shooting in Central Park and the hit on the Castle family."



Ignoring the insult to the cuisine of his motherland, Nesbitt sits back and puts on a calm demeanor.

"What's in it for me?" He asks tentatively.

"What's in it for you is we don't blow your brains out!" Frank says as he rests the hot barrel of his assault rifle on the side of Nesbitt's bald head.

"What he said." Peter says with a shrug. "Though I'd be willing to possibly let you walk, if your info is good enough."

Frank looked at Peter with piercing eyes, unwilling to leave one of the men that ordered the assault on his family alive, but Peter just waved him off.

"Oh, I got good info alright." Nesbitt says as he leans forward intently. "But I want your word that I'll walk."

"Sure, now talk." Peter nods as he leans back in his seat.

"I was promised military hardware, a lot of it." Nesbitt starts singing like a bird.

"For what?" Peter asks, as Franks listens in intently.

"You already know what for." Nesbitt says with a roll of his eyes. "You said it yourself. A shooting to cover the deaths of that family. Whatever their name was."

Upon hearing real evidence to the attack on his family, Frank fumed as he wondered who could be behind it.

Though one thing was for sure, he now fully believed in Peters allegations.

"Who paid for it?" Peter asks.

"I don't have a real name, but we call him Blacksmith." Nesbitt reveals eagerly. "He mainly deals in heroin, but I didn't need that, so he offered up military assault rifles, ammunition, and some explosives."

"Do you know what he looks like?" Peter asks again.

"No, but the goods were delivered by some blacked-out soldier-looking guys. Real professional. Real deadly." He explains, causing Frank's face to scrunch up in contemplation.

"Where are these goods?" Peter asks and Nesbitt immediately motions to the corner of the room with his bald head.

In the corner were a lot of military-style containers, stacked up high.

"Anything else of importance to add?" Peter asks as Natasha walks over to examine the crates and their contents.

"Yeah, you're going after the others for this, right?" Nesbitt asks with a vindictive smirk on his face. "I never liked those Mexicans. The dogs, on the other hand, are an alright bunch, but they won't be missed either."

Ignoring what he said, Peter turns to Frank.

"Cut him loose." Peter orders.

Frank stands there unmoving for a moment as he glared in Peter's direction, though soon enough, he followed orders like a good soldier and cut Nesbitt free.

"Well, this has been fun and all, but I'll be on my way." The unbound Irishman says as he gets up and paces to the door.

Walking up to Frank, who was staring intently at Nesbitt's retreating figure, Peter pats him on the shoulder.

"I kept my word." Peter says as he indeed let the man walk. "He's all yours now."

"?" Frank was confused for only a few seconds before realization struck him and a smirk formed on his lips. "Yes, sir."

\*bang!\*

Frank lifted his rifle and fired a single bullet at the back of Nesbitt's oblivious bald head, killing him instantly as his body toppled onto the restaurant floor.

"Aren't you supposed to be a hero?" Jessica asks as she watched everything unfold.

"Killing can be heroic too." Peter says with a shrug. "That man ordered what amounts to a terrorist attack on a crowded fair-"

"He deserved worse than he got." Frank cuts in as he walks over to Natasha, who already had a few of the crates cracked open. "That's definitely military grade."

Frank stared at the assault rifles for a good moment, as they reminded him of the exact ones that Cerberus Squad would use in Afghanistan.

"Okay, we have some information, so let's see if the other groups know anything more." Peter says as he opens a portal leading to the tower. "Bring the crates through and we'll have the cops deal with everything else."

---

After supervising the group as they carried over the military crates, Peter called the Police Chief and had him take care of the rest of the cleanup.

With their work done, Peter opened a portal to a building across the street from a noisy biker bar, where a long row of motorcycles was parked outside.

"Same as before." Peter says as he shoos them away.

...

Peter watched as the group ran over to the bar, and Jessica kicked over a motorcycle with a vindictive smirk, starting a chain reaction, as every motorcycle fell one after the other, like dominos, alerting the angry bikers inside.

Due to the perfect lore, which dragged every enemy out of the bar, the Dogs of Hell were even easier to handle compared to the Irish.

Once everything was taken care of, Peter came down and questioned their leader, Jimmy the Bear, who wasn't as talkative as the bald Irishman, though, after some time alone with Natasha, they couldn't get him to stop running his mouth.

Sadly, his story was the same and so was his end.

After Frank had his vengeance, they confiscated the military goods and left everything else for the police to handle.

"This is a waste of time..." Loki says in annoyance as they return to the tower with the second round of crates.

"We're getting military-grade weaponry off of the streets..." Matt says in confusion. "How is that a waste of time?"

"But it's so dreadfully boring..." Loki whines as he flops down on a nearby couch. "I want to know who this Blacksmith character is."

"..." Peter watched as the group talked amongst themselves, shocked that Loki seemed somewhat interested in the mystery behind all of this. "This is a good doorway into crime-fighting for him..."

...

After the crates were safely stored and everyone was slightly rested, Peter opened a portal to Juarez Mexico, where they would continue their little investigation.

Chapter 207: Juarez Cartel

Arriving on an empty dirt road in Juarez Mexico, Peter and the current makeshift group of Defenders could see a large villa-looking compound in the distance.

"This is where we'll most likely find out some interesting information." Peter says to the group as he motions to the compound. "Compared to the Juarez Cártel, the Dogs of Hell and Kitchen Irish might as well be stray dogs and leprechauns. They are the biggest exporter of cocaine on this side of the globe, so I expect them to have better information networks, which they've hopefully used to look into the Blacksmith."

Hearing Peter's quick description, each of them looks down at the picture they were provided earlier in the day.

Vicente Carrillo Fuentes, a chubby older man with greying hair, who wore a very expensive-looking suit.

"Unless there are innocent bystanders or children inside, everyone in that villa could die for all I care." Peter says with an uncaring shrug.

After all, the Juarez Cártel are known to commit some pretty vile acts, like killing the families of snitches and police officers, or just gruesome things, like carving off people's skin while they're still alive as a punishment before death.

There's a reason why they are so infamous all around Mexico. Fear can bring any organization a lot of respect and influence.

It's safe to say that Peter didn't hold an ounce of sympathy for the criminals in that compound.

"..." Everyone just took in the view as Peter finished taking.

"What are you waiting for?" Peter asks as he makes a shooing motion toward the villa. "Get going."

As everyone was walking off, Loki turned toward Peter with a glare.

"Bossy pr\*ck..." Loki huffed as he left to catch up with Jessica and the others.

---

Fuentes Villa, Balcony.

"Sir, I think we should seriously consider abandoning Mexico and going into hiding." A casually dressed Spanish man in a cowboy hat says seriously. "At least until we know that the Avengers have moved onto something else..."

News of the Avengers raiding the headquarters of the Dogs of Hell and Kitchen Irish reached the Juarez Cartels ear only moments ago.

"No." Vicente Carrillo Fuentes, the big boss of the cartel refused with an uncaring wave. "This isn't the United States, where those mutant clowns can do as they wish."

"Right!" A younger man, who stood at the side of Vicente exclaimed. "This is Juarez. We own this land and anyone who steps out of line will know the consequences."

As he says this, his hand goes toward his waist, where a golden desert eagle sat strapped to his hip.

"Good." Vicente smiles and places a hand on the young man's shoulder. "You have the right mindset, my son."

\*Schink\*

Just as the father and son were having a 'heartwarming' moment, a black throwing knife flew through the air and landed in the forehead of the grunt with the cowboy hat.

"What the..." Vicente mutters in shock as one of his most trusted subordinates fell to the floor, dead.

As soon as his body touched the floor, the whole compound spiraled into chaos. Gunfire filled the air and alarms started blaring, calling the whole Cartel into battle.

Across the walls of the villa fortress, Juárez Cártel members with assault rifles were being picked off one by one, as screams of pain and death grew closer and closer to the heart of the villa.

"Uhhh... dad." His son shakes him out of his stupor, pointing over his father's shoulder.

"Hello!" A beautiful woman with vibrant red hair laid out like a model on a long sunbathing chair, twirling two other matching knives between her fingers. "I'm going to need you two to wait here patiently while we clean up the surroundings."

The two men quickly shrugged off their shock, as what self-respecting Cártel man would ever fear a woman?

Especially such a stunning one like Natasha...

"You don't tell us what to do b\*tch!" Vicente's son shouts haughtily as he reaches toward his crotch and grabs his family jewels. "Why don't you come over here and-"

Before he could finish his obviously sexual offer, Natasha flicked her wrist and one of the knives in her hand disappeared.

"Aaaahh!" The grotesque young man's smirk instantly disappeared as a black throwing knife pierced the back of his hand, pinning his hand to his crotch, which certainly took some damage as well.

After all, Natashas knives are quite long...

"I'm saving my chastity for god." Natasha smiles like an innocent nun. "Or is it Jesus? I can never remember...'

"Javier!" Vicente shouts in alarm as his son collapses onto the floor.

"Aaaahhh!" Javier felt excruciating pain as he tried pulling the knife out, his hand and crotch both leaking blood in the process.

"I would stop him if I were you." Natasha says as the sounds of gunfire in their surroundings slowly simmer down. "He'll only bleed out faster if the wound is unclogged."

"..." Looking down at his son, who was writhing in agony, Vicente grabbed his hand and pushed, sheathing the knife back into place.

"Aaahh!" Javier screamed as he looked at his father in betrayal. "W-why?"

"Because you'll die otherwise..." Vicente says as he looks between his son's golden pistol and the mysterious woman on his balcony.

Reaching for the gun with as much stealth as he could muster, Vicente decided to take a chance.

After all, he didn't run a trillion-dollar drug empire without winning some risky bets.

\*Crunch\*

Just as he was about to grasp the desert eagle, a shadow loomed over him and a heavy military boot stomped onto his hand.

"Aaahhh!" Vicente joined his son in pain-filled screaming.

As the sickening sound of breaking bones filled the air, a hand swooped down and grabbed the golden pistol before walking off, leaving a mangled hand behind.

"Seriously? A solid gold Desert Eagle?" Frank mutters as he pops out the clip, wondering whether the bullets were of similar quality. "These guys have way too much money."

"The Cartel cocaine business is a trillion-dollar industry." Matt says as he walks in behind Frank.

"Eww!" Jessica groaned in disgust as she saw the man with a knife in his crotch and looks at Natasha questioningly.

"He was being a pig..." Natasha shrugs.

"I wish that I could do that to a lot of men back in New York..." Jessica admits as she averts her gaze.



"Women are scary creatures." Loki comments with a shake of his head, feeling sympathy for Javier's situation.

"You just figure that out?" Frank asks with a raised brow. "Didn't you say that you're a thousand-year-old god or something?"

Of course, Frank's voice carried a huge amount of sarcasm and disbelief.

"Want to find out?" Loki says challengingly as a dagger appears in his hand.

Without magic, he has had to rely on sleight of hand to have his fun.

"..." As the tension started to rise between both parties, a red and blue blur dropped down onto the balcony. "That's enough."

"Spider-Man..." Vicente grunts out as he climbs to his feet, cradling his broken hand in the process. "What do you want?"

"Straight to the point. I like that." Peter says as he walks over and takes a look at the man's emasculated son. "Well, on the bright side, he could have a thriving career as a eunuch after this."

"I said what do you want!" Vicente grasped his fists tightly as he keeps his gaze trained on Peter.

"Right, my apologies. I'm sure he'll need a hospital as soon as possible." Peter says as he takes a seat on a padded outdoor chair. "Tell me everything you know about the Blacksmith."

"..." Vicente seemed to clam up for a moment as he looked toward his son.

"Well, come on." Peter says as he leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs. "I'm sure he won't last much longer. I mean, how far is the nearest hospital anyway?"

"The nearest hospital is 33.4 miles away, sir." Jarvis' voice echoes from Peter's phone.

"Hear that?" Peter asks, snapping Vicente from his silence. "Even if you leave now, he might not make it... Unless you have a helicopter-"

\*boom!\*

The helicopter that was parked in the courtyard below the balcony exploded with a fiery blast, sending a trail of black smoke up into the sky.

"Oops..." Frank says as he held a detonator in hand.

"..." Vicente gnashed his teeth as he stared at Peter and his group with nothing but overwhelming hatred. "Fine..."

...

After hearing everything Vicente had to say, Frank wore a look of pure betrayal on his face as he executed the cartel father and son with a single bullet to their heads.

"It's not possible..."

Chapter 208: Vengeance or Family?

Returning back to the Tower, Peter and the rest of the group watched as Frank stormed off, knocking over random valuables and furniture along the way.

"He's p\*ssed..." Jessica comments as a chair flies across the room and impacts the wall.

"You think?" Loki asks with a smirk, enjoying the destruction.

Just as Frank turned the corner, leaving their line of sight, Matt looked at Peter with a worried expression.

"Should we follow him?" He asks.

"No, he can't leave the building and I'm sure his wife will calm him down." Peter says with a shrug as he turns to the remaining group. "Good job, by the way. You all performed at a higher level than I expected. Just continue following Natasha's training and you'll be full-fledged Avengers in no time."

Hearing this, a feeling of accomplishment bloomed inside Jessica. She always wanted to help people as a hero, but her first attempt was hijacked by a maniac, so her dreams are finally beginning to form.

Her dreams of being a hero may have been deflated by Kilgrave, but with him dead and gone, everything just kept looking brighter.

As for Matt, he was coerced into joining the Avenger, though even he felt a feeling of accomplishment after their action-packed day.

After all, just the Kitchen Irish alone was a name on his checklist of gangs to fight against, yet they were completely dismantled in a single day.

Matt never thought that he could be a worldwide hero, like Spider-Man and Iron Man, so he set his sights on the small area of Hell's Kitchen, New York.

Now that he has seen how much of an impact could be made as an Avenger, Matt found it hard to regret accepting Peter's coercive invitation anymore.

'Maybe this won't be so bad...' Matt thought.

"Now head home and get some rest." Peter says as he walks out of the room, leaving the remaining Defenders behind.

---

"Ugh!" Frank stormed into his family's new apartment, cradling a bloody and broken fist. "Stupid f\*cking concrete walls..."

"Ahem..."

Looking up from his throbbing hand, Frank found his wife sitting in the kitchen with their children, who were currently eating grilled cheese sandwiches with tomato soup.

"Dad!? What happened?" Frank Jr. asks as he hops out of his seat.

"No, sit back down." Maria, Frank's wife reprimands him as she turns to her daughter next. "Both of you stay here and finish your food."

As the kids returned to eating whilst hiding their curious gazes, Maria grabbed Frank by his wrist and dragged him into their bedroom.

"Be careful! That hand is broken..." Frank grunts in pain as she ignores his complaints and pulls harder.

"Oh, shut up!" Maria yells in a whisper so the children don't hear, closing the bedroom door behind her. "What is this about?"

"What?" Frank asks back, unwilling to share his current dilemma.

"Don't what me!" Maria says as she paces over to the bathroom and brings back a first aid kit. "You come barging in like a crazy person with this..."

Reaching over she grabs his hand, causing him to wince in pain as she starts working on his injuries.

"... and then you curse in front of the kids as well! How many times have we talked about saying words like that in front of them?" Maria says as she vindictively cleans Frank's wounds with alcohol.

"Ugh!" Frank grunts as he glares at his wife for a moment before calming himself down. "Was dumping it like that really necessary?"

"Do you want it to heal without an infection?" She asks back, but he knew she was just mad at him.

"I'm sorry..." Frank said as the room grew quiet.

Maria didn't reply immediately as she worked on fixing his hand in silence.

"I guess I'm sorry about the alcohol as well..." Maria replies as she finished wrapping his knuckles in gauze. "So what happened?"

...

Frank wasn't talkative at first, but as most married men know, it's hard to say no to your wife.

When Frank explained how Colonel Schoonover, his commanding Officer, was a drug dealing criminal who used his underworld contacts to put a hit out on their whole family, Maria was so shocked that she didn't speak for a good minute.

"You know the worst thing about all of this?" Frank says with a smirk in self-deprecation. "I saved that motherf\*ckers life in our last mission. When that piece of sh#t lost an arm, I took control and literally carried his a%\$ out of there, yet this is how he repays me? By trying to kill my wife and children."

"It's okay." Maria says as she wraps her arms around Frank, resting his head on her shoulder. "We're alive and unharmed. The kids may need a little therapy from the whole incident, but other than that everything is fine."

She knew her husband and could tell that he was beyond furious. If she didn't do something to calm him down, then Frank would run headfirst at Schoonover and either get himself killed or locked up.

"No, everything won't be fine until that traitor is dead." Frank says as he separates from his wife. "We can't even leave this tower in fear of another attack. How are the kids supposed to go to school and live their lives?"

"Spider-Man is working on it, right?" She asks though Frank didn't seem to be listening anymore. "Let's just leave this to the Avengers. They're far better equipped to deal with this... hey!"

Just as Maria was doing her best to calm her raging bull of a husband down, Frank stood up and rushed out of the room, leaving the apartment before anyone could say another word to him.

"Jarvis, are you here?" Maria hesitantly asks.

"Don't worry ma'am." Jarvis' voice fills the apartment, shocking the two children. "For your safety, your family has been blocked from going past a certain floor, trapping you in the upper portion of the tower. Your husband will soon learn this as well."

---

"Come on!" Frank yells in frustration as he tried to open yet another stairwell, finding it locked like all of the others.

Before this, he tried to take the elevators down to the ground floor but soon realized that they didn't allow him more than five floors below his apartment.

\*Bang Bang Bang...\*

In a fit of rage, Frank started kicking the thick metal door, hoping to knock something loose, but no amount of power that he could give would make it budge.

"That a\*shole wasn't kidding when he said this was a vacation in confinement..." Frank muttered between breaths as he tiredly leaned against the wall.

"No, I wasn't lying." Peter says, appearing beside Frank on the wall.

"Can you not pop up out of nowhere? It's creepy..." Frank says as he slumps down onto the floor in defeat.

"So, planning to go and get yourself killed?" Peter asks, completely ignoring Frank's comment.

"..." Frank didn't bother gracing Peter with a response.

"Aren't humans funny? You would rush off in a fit of vengeance because the family you love was almost killed, yet doing so could leave them without a father and husband for the rest of their lives." Peter says as he sits cross-legged next to Frank. "You would give up the living family you have just for the chance at revenge against someone who's wronged you."

"He didn't just wrong me." Frank tries to add more reason behind it. "He almost succeeded. Without you using your magic or whatever, all of us would have died in that park. He littered me, my wife, and my children with enough bullets to kill an elephant."

"Don't you think that's a good reason to stick with your family? Why try to throw your life away?" Peter gives his thoughts. "After all, If what you say is true, then I gave you and your family a second chance at a life together, why throw it away for some slimy scumbag, who'll be dealt with either way?"

"..." Frank let out a resigned sigh as he picked himself up and limped down the hall.

Not only did he hurt his hand by punching a concrete wall, but now his leg is damaged from kicking the stairwell door as well.

"Where are you going?" Peter calls out as Frank walks off. "You won't be able to go lower than this floor. I've made sure of it."

"I'm going back to my family." Frank replies without turning back.

"Good." Peter says as he stands up. "Oh yeah, Frank!"

"What?" He turns back and asks.

"Wake up bright and early tomorrow morning. We'll be detaining Colonel Schoonover for questioning." Peter says, shocking Frank.

"But I thought..." he mutters in confusion.

"What? That you wouldn't be involved?" Peter asks back with a smirk under his mask. "I never said that. I just didn't want you to throw away your life, like some brain-dead vengeful idiot."

Chapter 209: Colonel Captured

When Peter returned home that night, MJ was sitting at the center of the room in his computer chair, as if she were waiting for his arrival.

The look on her face and general vibe screamed that a serious conversation was about to happen.

"Are you breaking up with me?" Peter asks as he stood in the doorway, waiting for her to speak.

"No, of course not." MJ denies immediate, which smoothed over Peter's nerves quite a bit. "Why would you think that?"

"Well, I don't know." Peter shrugs unknowingly.

"Sigh..." MJ holds her head in her hands and takes a deep breath. "I want to meet Lily..."

"Excuse me?" Peter asks as he wasn't sure if he heard her correctly.

Lifting her head, MJ looks Peter straight in the eyes.

"I want to meet Lily." She repeats loud and clear.

"I thought you didn't want to be a mom?" Peter says as he walks in and takes a seat on his bed.

"Because meeting Lily means you accept her as your daughter. If you don't want to be her mother, that's fine. You two can meet when she's more mature and can handle it better."

"I never said that..." MJ says with an annoyed look on her face. "You dropped her existence into my lap without any warning. If you had explained and given me enough time to think, then you would know that I..."

The last portion of her rant was spoken in a hushed whisper.

"Say that again?" Peter asks with a smirk.

"I said..." MJ was upset, as she knew he could hear her. "I don't mind being a mother."



"That's so hot..." Peter muttered in a daze.

Reaching his hand out, Peter caught his keyboard, which MJ threw at his head.

"Not like that, you idiot!" She yelled angrily.

"What's going on?" Aunt May came walking down the hall and peeked her head in. "You two aren't breaking up, are you?"

"No!" MJ yelled one exasperation.

Chuckling to himself, Peter looked toward the door, where his aunt was giving him a confused look.

"MJ wants to be the mother of my children." He reveals with a smirk.

"Oh, that's wonderful!" May says as she grabs the door and starts to close it. "Don't let me get in your way."

"That's not what I meant!"

---

Since Peter had a full day with the Defenders tomorrow, he decided to introduce Lily to MJ after all of Frank's problems were dealt with.

On the next day, Peter returned to the Tower bright and early, where he found Frank waiting outside of his office in military uniform.

"You're early." Peter says as he checks the time.

"Better early than late." Frank shrugs as he was used to waking up early and standing around doing nothing in the army.

"Well, feel free to take a seat." Peter offers as Frank follows him into his office.

...

While waiting for everyone else to arrive, Peter went over Colonel Schoonover's information.

Other than the normal information that he already knew, Peter read through the files that Vicente gave him before his inevitable demise.

First, Schoonover moved to New York City after his latest mission, so he was currently nearby.

Second, using his position as a high-level officer in the army, Schoonover has been slowly and quietly removing any opposition, as he takes over the heroin trade in New York City, building his Blacksmith persona up as the city's top drug lord.

Shockingly, Peter had no idea that this was happening, as he mainly focuses on the obvious crimes that happen out in the streets.

Anything that's done behind closed doors is a bit harder for him to stop, especially when more experienced criminals know how to not draw attention to themselves, like Schoonover.

Although he was extremely careful, the documents that Vicente had in his possession are more than enough to charge Schoonover for all of his crimes.

The Juarez Cártel seemed to have been building up information on the Blacksmith and his real identity for a while now, so they had everything from simple pictures to the voice recording of Schoonover ordering the hit on the Castle family.

'Now we just have to tie all of this to Agent Orange.' Peter thought as he hoped that Schoonover would snitch on his accomplice.

...

When everyone finally arrived, Peter opened a portal and they set off.

"I hope he resists." Franks comments as he loads his assault rifle and steps through the portal.

"Me too." Loki smirks as he twirls a knife between his fingers.

"You men are too bloodthirsty..." Jessica comments as she follows them through.

"Take a look next to you, sweetie." Frank says and jerks his head toward Natasha. "That's what bloodthirsty looks like."

"Every time I close my eyes, I see the knife in that guy's balls." Matt comments in disgust.

"Aren't you blind?" Natasha asks with a raised brow.

...

While the group was bickering amongst each other, they arrived at Fort Hamilton, the only active duty military installation in the greater New York City Metropolitan Area.

Walking up the long driveway passed the guarded checkpoint, they drew a lot of attention, or rather Peter drew a lot of attention.

After all, Spider-Man has never visited the military before, so instead of anyone trying to stop them in a threatening manner, they were surrounded and bombarded with requests for a picture with Peter.

"Spider-Man!" It only took one scream from a female officer to draw everyone in the vicinity over.

"Quiet!" Peter yelled commandingly, enhancing his voice with a bit of Eldritch energy.

"..." Instantly, the trained soldiers shut their mouths.

Even a few of them snapped into a salute, which was fairly fun to watch.

"Who's the highest-ranking officer here?" Peter asks as everyone looks at one another before pointing to a woman at the front. "Good, everyone but her leave. I'll take some pictures with you all when we've finished what we came here for."

Instantly, the crowd of soldiers dispersed, though they weren't too dejected, as they would get what they wanted soon enough.

"..." The remaining female officer silently waited to receive her orders, as if Peter were her commanding officer.

"Take us to Colonel Schoonover please." Peter says politely.

"Y-Yes, sir!" She answers nervously and swiftly leads the way.

...

Entering the main administration building at the forefront of the fort, she lead them through the main lobby and hallways.

All eyes were glued to Peter wherever they went, like a moving attraction. His presence caused everyone to whip out their cameras and start taking pictures as if he was a rare animal in the local zoo.

"He should be in here." She says as she knocks on the door and opens it a second later, revealing a conference room filled with high-ranking officers, including exactly who they were looking for.

"Don't interrupt our-" An older man, who looked to be an even higher rank than their target, stood up and complained, though he shut his mouth as soon as he saw Peter. "Spider-Man? Is this a joke?"

"I'm afraid not." Peter says as he strolls in.

In order to prove that it was actually him, Peter reached his hand up and hopped, sticking himself to the ceiling for a moment before returning to the floor.

"W-why are you here, sir?" A different man asks with a lot of respect.

"Well, it's a long story." Peter says as he motions toward Schoonover, who was sweating rather profusely. "Colonel, you're under arrest. Please surrender yourself peacefully."

"Or don't." Frank comments as he raises his assault rifle in Schoonover's direction

"Frank, what's this about?" He asks, pretending that he doesn't know anything.

"Yes, what is this about?" The highest-ranking man asks.

"What this is about is the fact that this motherf\*cker put a hit out on me and my family." Frank says as he moves in and pokes Schoonover's head with the barrel of his gun.

"That, and he runs heroin out of the Middle East through the dead bodies of fallen soldiers." Peter adds, receiving an appalled gasp from his fellow officers.

"Got any proof?" Schoonover asks confidently.

"... I want Frank Castle and his family dead, do you hear me?" Natasha strolls in and places her phone on the table, which played audio they received from Vicente.

"If kids are involved, then the price goes up. I'm sure you understand." Vicente's voice appears next.

"The price doesn't matter. Just get it done quickly and we won't have any problems." Schoonover's voice says uncaringly as the recording ends.

"That's fake!" Schoonover exclaims as he slams the table angrily, though no one in the room believed a word out of his mouth.

"God, please pull a gun or a knife. Hell, I'll take a sharpened pencil." Frank mutters as he keeps his rifle next to Schoonover's head. "Give me a reason."

"Of course, we have proof of his drug trafficking as well." Peter says, drawing everyone's attention. "Especially since he was using the profits to fund an unsanctioned military operation."

"..." At this point, everyone in the room was looking at Schoonover with shock written all over their faces.

"I'm being set up! There's no way-" Schoonover tried to stand, but all that awaited him was the butt end of Frank's assault rifle.

\*Pow\*

As the metal stock impacted the side of his head, Schoonover toppled over and hit the floor, unmoving.

"Really?" Peter asks unhappily.

"What? He's not dead..."

## Chapter 210: Accomplice Acquired

After carrying Schoonover out of the military base, Peter left the rest of the detainment process to Natasha, as he reluctantly stayed behind to take pictures with as many people as he could.

'I shouldn't have promised anything...' Peter thought as he took the hundredth picture before making up a random excuse and running off.

With Schoonover detained, Peter texted Natasha to start his interrogation, as he left the tower to find his beautiful girlfriend.

"Jarvis, can you keep track of a man named William Rawlins? He works for the CIA and I believe him to be the Blacksmith's accomplice." Peter says before leaving.

"On it, sir."

---

Rolling up to school in his rundown car, Peter arrived just as the bell rang.

Instantly, teenagers came pouring out of every exit, either heading to their bus, walking, or driving home.

Thankfully, Peter fixed the problem with the exhaust, so black clouds doesn't shoot out of the tailpipe anymore.

As he caught sight of MJ walking out alone, looking cute in one of his hoodies with her textbooks in hand, Peter honked his horn a couple of times to catch her attention.

"?" MJ turned and saw the rust bucket.

Shortly after getting the car, Peter told her that every great car needs a name, so she started calling it the rust bucket ever since.

"You skipped school... again." MJ commented as she walked over, pulled the creaky passenger door open, and took a seat.

"Well, I had a criminal colonel to capture." Peter says as he drove off.

"Does that mean?" She asks cryptically.

"Yup, we're dropping off your books and then heading to see Lily." Peter says as they pull out of the school's parking lot.

"..." Instantly, MJ went quiet as she nervously stared out of the passenger side window.

Watching MJ out of the corner of his eye, Peter smirked and grabbed her hand, intertwining their fingers together.

"Don't worry, she'll love you."

---

Parking in front of her house, MJ rushes out of the car and ran inside.

Following her with an amused look on his face, they arrived at her bedroom, where MJ threw her books down and dashed into her closet.

"What are you doing?" Peter asks as he leans against the doorway.

"I can't meet my daughter in the sh\*tty clothes I wear to school..." MJ says as she starts digging through her closet. "I need something that shows I'm a proper mother..."

'Proper mother? She's 17 years old...' Peter bit his tongue, holding back any comments.

...

Almost an hour later, Peter and MJ portal'd into Lily's penthouse.

MJ couldn't find a single outfit in her closet that was 'motherly' enough so she ended up wearing some jeans and a sweater.

"Daddy? Is that you?" Lily asks as she heard footsteps from the microphone.

"Yup." Peter smiles as he walks in front of her camera and takes a seat. "And I have a surprise for you."

"Really?!" Lily exclaimed excitedly. "What is it?"

Smiling into the camera, Peter reaches over and pulls MJ into the frame. Like a deer in headlights, she froze and didn't speak a single word.

"Mommy?" Lily asks, matching her mother's current emotional state.

"It seems your mommy is nervous." Peter says with a laugh as he stands up and pushes MJ into the chair. "Why don't you two spend some mother-daughter time together."



Waving to the camera, Peter opened a portal and stepped through, leaving the two of them alone.

...

Before either of them knew what happened, the portal snapped shut and he was gone.

"Are you my Mommy?" Lily's hopeful voice asks nervously.

"Y-yeah..."

---

Dawning his spider suit, Peter portal'd into the towers detention floor, where he soon found Natasha, Jessica, Loki, Matt, and Frank standing outside one of the interrogation rooms.

"Learn anything interesting?" Peter asks as he walks up to the group, surprising them.

"Yes, but we had to cut it short because someone wouldn't stop hitting him..." Jessica says as she sends Frank an accusatory glare.

"What? That scumbag deserves it." He replies without a hint of remorse.

"What did you learn?" Peter asks curiously as he peaks into the room through the window.

On the other side of the door sat a slightly beaten Colonel, who was strapped down to a metal chair. He had matching black eyes and a busted lip.

All of which was most likely Frank's doing.

"Agent Orange was definitely involved." Natasha says as she hands him a file titled 'William Rawlins'.

Everything in the file was rather mundane except for his job title of Director of Covert Operations for the CIA. Apparently, he rose through the ranks off the coattails of Operation Cerberus.

"Alright, let's go and bring him in." Peter says as the day was still young.

"That's just what I wanted to hear..." Frank says happily as he turns and picks his assault rifle up.

"What should we do with him?" Matt asks as he motions toward the room with Schoonover.

"Just leave him to stew for a while." Peter shrugged as he wouldn't be able to escape. "Jarvis, where is William Rawlins?"

"He's located in the unincorporated community of Langley in Fairfax County, Virginia, sir." Jarvis answers.

"Isn't that where the CIA headquarters is?" Jessica asks.

"Yes..."

---

Stepping out of a portal, Peter and his group of future defenders appeared at the entrance of the CIA headquarters, which is a rather large government-style building.

"Well, let's see how welcoming they are compared to the military..." Peter mutters as he walks up to the glass doors, pulls one open, and strolls inside.

Instantly, guards in blacked-out suits with pistols on their hips came forward, though they stopped in their tracks as soon as they saw Peter.

"Sir, we're going to need some ID." One asks, not believing that it was the real Spider-Man.

"Sigh..." Peter whips out his phone, which scared the security enough for them to draw their weapons, though he wasn't worried.

Turning the phone's camera to himself, Peter took a selfie with the guards behind him, pointing their guns in his direction.

A few seconds later, every phone in the lobby chimed with a Twitter notification.

"You should check that." Peter says as one of them reluctantly takes out his phone and sees the tweet.

---

Spider-Man:

Visiting the CIA today 📸

(Selfie here)

---

"..." The whole group of security guards shuffled around to look at the man's phone before someone finally took control. "Lower your weapons NOW!"

An older man in a nice suit came running into the lobby with his phone in hand, breathing heavily to catch his breath.

"Y-Yes, sir..." The guards quickly do as they were told and back up out of Peter's way.

"I apologize for the rude welcome, Spider-Man." The man in the suit says respectfully as he reaches out to shake Peter's hand. "I'm John Brennan, Director of the CIA."

"Spidey, nice to meet you." Peter gives his hand a quick shake.

"How can I help you?" John asks curiously. "Does this have anything to do with Colonel Schoonover's arrest?"

"How do you know about that?" Jessica asks in surprise.

"This is the CIA. It's our job to know." He answers smoothly.

"Can you take us to William Rawlins?" Peter asks.

"Sure, but why?" The Director asks curiously.

"Because we believe him to be Colonel Schoonover's accomplice." Peter replies easily. "I can explain more when Rawlins is in custody."

"Okay, let's-" John tries to speak but...

"Director!" One of the security guards calls out. "Mr. Rawlins left the building 20 minutes ago."

Before anyone could reply to the man, Jarvis' voice echoed from Peter's phone.

"Sir, William Rawlins has just purchased a one-way ticket on a flight to Qatar." He says loud enough for everyone to hear.

"He must have heard about Schoonover and ran." Frank utters as he kicks open one of the doors and angrily storms out of the building.

"..." As Peter's group was just about to follow Frank and rush out of the building, ready to chase down their prey, the Director stopped them. "Wait, he won't be at the airport."

"?" Peter looked at him questioningly. "Why do you say so?"

"We're the CIA. If any of us want to disappear, we don't just buy a plane ticket. That ticket is nothing but bait to distract you while he slips away in some other way."

"..." Peter remained silent as he couldn't refute the man's logic. "Jarvis, search through all train stations, private airports, car rentals, docks, and anything else you can think of."

"On it, sir." Jarvis replies.

"Is that Mr. Starks artificial intelligence?" The Director asks with a hint of jealousy in his voice. "I could use one of those..."

"What are we waiting for!" Frank comes running back with a p\*ssed-off look on his face.

"Sir, someone matching Rawlins' description just boarded a train only 11 miles from your current location." Jarvis says before Frank could start ranting.

"Alright, let's go check it out." Peter nods as he turns to the director. "Want to tag along? He's your employee after all."

"Sure..."

---

As an outdated passenger train chugged along down the tracks, showcasing the beautiful greenery of the Virginia woodland, a bald man in a black suit stared out of the window with a hard glare.

The cart he sat in was half-filled with other passengers, mainly families with children, who either cried or screamed the whole time.

"I hate kids..." Rawlins mutters in annoyance.

Like karma for his words, a wet lollipop flies across the train and smacks him in his bald head, sticking in place on his skin.

"Sigh..." Breathing heavily to hold his growing temper at bay, Rawlins took the candy from his head and tossed it out of the window.

"Mommy!" A random child yelled with tears in his eyes. "That man threw my candy out the window!"

"..." Rawlins simply did his best to ignore his surroundings.

He couldn't help but wonder where he went wrong, though the answer was fairly easy to decipher.

'We should have known better than to act rashly in New York City...'

Just as he thought of this, the whole train car went deathly quiet, which was impossible with the number of children on board.

"?" Rawlins turned to the side and saw everyone looking at him in shock.

\*knock knock\*

Hearing a sound from the window, Rawlins turns face to face with a familiar man in a red and blue suit.

"Mommy, it's Spider-Man!" One child yelled as the rest of them started to shriek.

"Hello!" Peter waves to Rawlins, who slumped down in his seat, defeated.