

# Spider-Man 371

Chapter 371: vs Shou-Lao (2)

The ground beneath Peter's feet cracked and splintered as the mountain itself seemed to tremble in response to the mounting power radiating from Shou-Lao.

The dragon's laughter filled the air, reverberating through the valley as if challenging Peter to push himself even further. "Try not to die, little warrior!" His booming voice echoed in Peter's mind.

Peter's eyes widened as he felt a surge of energy course through his veins, his body responding to the dragon's escalating power.

He couldn't let Shou-Lao overshadow him in this battle.

Gritting his teeth, Peter tapped into the wellspring of his inner strength, allowing it to surge forth, his body radiating with red sizzling energy.

Gamma Radiation!

With a primal roar, Peter leaped into the air, his body propelled with newfound might.

The mountain quaked beneath him as he flew with a thunderous impact, creating a shockwave that rippled through the surroundings.

Shou-Lao, sensing the shift in Peter's aura, met his adversary head-on.

The dragon's wings beat forcefully, creating a gale that swept through the mountaintop, tearing trees from their roots and sending debris flying in all directions.

Peter unleashed a series of radiation-infused strikes, his colossal fists colliding with Shou-Lao's armored hide, causing the dragon to stagger backward.

Each blow sent shockwaves rippling across the landscape, leaving deep fissures in their wake.

Shou-Lao retaliated with a ferocious onslaught of fire, his breath igniting the sky in a fiery inferno.

Flames danced and engulfed the already burning mountaintop, casting an eerie glow on the fierce combatants.

Peter's muscles rippled as he summoned his inner strength, his veins pulsating with power.

He absorbed the brunt of the dragon's flames, allowing the fire to wash over him without harm.

His eyes burned with determination as he charged toward Shou-Lao, shrugging off the heat that threatened to consume him.

With a mighty swing of his colossal fist, Peter sent a shockwave of force toward Shou-Lao, creating a devastating shockwave that tore through the air.

The impact shattered the ground beneath them, sending debris and rocks hurtling into the sky.

Shou-Lao's scales shimmered, resilient against the onslaught, but more and more cracks began to appear, a testament to the relentless force of Peter's attacks.

The dragon roared in defiance, his eyes glowing with an intensity that matched the raging inferno around them.

The battle escalated, and the combatants tore through the landscape, leaving nothing but destruction in their wake.

Trees were burned and uprooted, boulders were pulverized, and the very fabric of the mountain seemed to crumble under the sheer force of their clash.

The toll that their battle took on the environment was evident.

The once serene mountaintop was now a battleground, scarred, charred, and ravaged by the cataclysmic forces at play.

Their movements became a blur of raw power and primal fury.

Peter's blows landed with the force of an avalanche, while Shou-Lao's tail swipes created shockwaves that reverberated through the air.

The clash of their strength echoed across the valley, drowning out the sounds of nature itself.

The onlookers in K'un-Lun now finished with treating the wounded monks, watched in awe and trepidation.

Their hearts raced with a mixture of fear and anticipation as they witnessed the clash between these titanic beings.

The destructive spectacle both thrilled and filled them with a sense of unease, thinking that their beloved city hung in the balance.

The mountain peak became a battleground wreathed in fire and smoke, the clash of their powers threatening to consume everything in their wake.

Peter's unyielding determination fueled him as he pressed on, unleashing a barrage of devastating attacks, while Shou-Lao continued to counter.

Peter's muscles burned with exertion, but his resolve remained unyielding.

Every blow he landed on Shou-Lao sent tremors through the mountain, the force threatening to bring the ancient dragon to his knees.

Shou-Lao retaliated with torrents of fire, engulfing Peter in a blazing inferno.

Flames licked at his body, but he pushed through the pain, his enhanced durability protecting him from the worst of the assault.

With a burst of strength, he pushed through the flames, his fists connecting with Shou-Lao's armored scales.

The impact reverberated through the air, shaking the very foundation of the mountaintop.

Shou-Lao let out a thunderous roar, spitting hot bubbling blood from his mouth as his wings flapped wildly, fighting to regain his balance.

Peter seized the opportunity, propelling himself forward with a surge of power. Launching himself into the air, he aimed a powerful uppercut at Shou-Lao's jaw.

The force of the blow sent the dragon hurtling backward, his wings momentarily faltering.

The spectators in K'un-Lun held their breath, their eyes locked on the airborne clash.

Shou-Lao's body collided with the mountainside, causing a tremendous explosion of rocks and debris.

Dust and smoke filled the air, obscuring the battlefield from view. And for a moment, silence enveloped the mountaintop.

Peter descended from the sky, landing gracefully amidst the chaos. He scanned the dust-filled haze, his senses on high alert.

As the smoke cleared, he caught sight of Shou-Lao lying motionless on the ground, his massive form sprawled across the mountain slope.

A mix of relief and exhaustion washed over Peter as he approached his fallen foe. 'It's been a while since I've fought like that...'

The dragon's fiery eyes were closed, and his breaths came in shallow, rhythmic patterns.

Shou-Lao had been knocked unconscious, unable to continue the battle.

Kneeling beside his huge head, Peter's adrenaline began to subside, replaced by a deep sense of accomplishment.

He had bested the legendary dragon, Shou-Lao the Undying, an impossible task for the majority of people.

But he couldn't help but feel a sense of respect for his vanquished opponent.

"It's over," Peter whispered, his voice carrying a tinge of admiration. "You fought well, Shou-Lao."

The onlookers in K'un-Lun emerged from their shocked silence, erupting into upset shouts and fearful weeps.

They had witnessed the defeat of their beloved dragon, and their hearts just couldn't take it.

After all, to them, Shou-Lao is practically a god. And their patron god was just beaten down by the man who demolished their city's protectors.

A clear enemy in their eyes.

Peter stood, returning back to his normal size, his muscles aching and his body covered in dirt and sweat.

He looked out toward the city, hearing their complaints and cry's from a distance, a small smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. "They still think I'm here to kill them or something?"

Though why would they think otherwise?

As the citizens of K'un-Lun freaked out, their voices echoing through the valley, Peter cast one last glance at Shou-Lao.

The dragon's presence, once a majestic symbol of fear and awe, now lay dormant and defeated.

At that moment, Peter felt a sense of accomplishment that he hasn't felt in a long time.

Due to his crazy level of power, it's hard to find someone who can match him in a fight.

Sometimes, he felt like Saitama from One Punch Man, always looking for that one person who can give him a thrilling battle.

But now, for the first time in a while, Peter found that person. 'Maybe I should use one of my requests to schedule monthly spars?'

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Back in the bustling city, a palpable sense of fear permeated the air as a crowd began to gather at the southern gate.

Their eyes were fixed on the approaching figure, clad in spider-themed attire, as he effortlessly dragged a majestic dragon beast behind him by a horn on its head.

At the forefront of the anxious crowd, a handful of elders had managed to overcome their injuries and join the spectacle.

Among them was Lei Kung, whose injuries had miraculously subsided, courtesy of Peter's intervention.

The elders huddled together in their tattered robes, trembling with trepidation in the face of this formidable man who had triumphed over the indomitable Shou-Lao.

The sight was enough to make even the most stoic among them quiver.

With each step the unbeatable intruder took, the crowd's apprehension grew, reaching its climax as he halted before them, leaving Shou-Lao just outside the imposing gate.

The weight of the moment bore down on the onlookers, causing some to drop to their knees, their resolve shattered.

In fact, a few unfortunate souls even succumbed to an involuntary loss of bladder control.

Yet, amidst this sea of terror-stricken faces, Peter calmly raised his hand, offering a casual wave that defied all expectations.

"Yo." He greeted, his nonchalant tone sending shockwaves through the crowd, dispersing their fear like morning mist under the sun's gentle rays.

Lei Kung, the first to regain his composure, felt a flicker of validation. His earlier intuition had been spot-on, and now he finally recognized the truth of the matter.

They f\*cked up...

They started a fight they never should have picked, with someone far beyond their league.

But fortunately, the other party seemed surprisingly forgiving, holding no grudges whatsoever.

Chapter 372: Into the Spider-Verse!

Lei Kung, the Thunderer, stood at the entrance of the main gate, his weathered face etched with a mixture of awe and gratitude. The other elders of K'un-Lun stood beside him, their expressions a blend of respect and caution.

They had gathered to bid farewell to the formidable warrior who had bested Shou-Lao and brought about an unexpected truce between their ancient city and the Hand.

Peter approached the elders, his demeanor friendly and casual. The power that had once instilled fear in their hearts now seemed to disappear, replaced by a sense of camaraderie and understanding.

"I appreciate all of you gathering here," Peter began, his voice carrying a sense of sincerity. "I believe this agreement will be a step towards peace. And perhaps, cooperation sometime in the future."

Lei Kung, his eyes filled with a mix of reverence and caution, nodded solemnly. "Indeed, you have proven your strength and your intentions. We shall honor this agreement and meet again in 15 years when the gate of K'un-Lun reopens."

Peter smiled under his mask, a spark of hope igniting within him. "I look forward to that day. Until then, I'll ensure the Hand respects this truce."

The elders exchanged glances, their weathered faces showing a flicker of doubt mixed with a newfound sense of trust. They had come to understand that Peter was not their enemy, but a force that could bring about change and balance.

Before leaving, Peter turned to Lei Kung. "Oh, yeah. When Shou Lao wakes up, tell him that I'll visit whenever I have some free time. He owes me a few favors and my daughter will no doubt want to meet a real live dragon..." He said, receiving a stunned nod in return.

As Peter walked off, a familiar voice called out from behind him. "Wait!"

He turned to find Danny Rand, the Iron Fist, standing a few feet away. With Lei Kung and Peter backing him, Danny had been officially pardoned for his crimes against K'un-Lun and released from prison.

"Hey." Peter greeted him with a nod.

Danny stepped up, a noticeable frown on his face. "I just... I wanted to say I'm sorry for attacking you and-" He began to apologize but Peter raised his hand to stop him.

"It's alright, don't worry about it. We're cool." Peter shrugged it off with ease. "Are you ready to leave? I can take you back with me." He offered.

Danny hesitated, his gaze drifting back to the city he had once sworn to protect. "I...I don't know if I can let them down again."

Peter nodded understandingly. "It's a tough decision, Danny. But remember, you're not alone. I'm here for you. Just remember to come visit if you end up leaving, okay?"

Danny smiled faintly, his eyes filled with gratitude. "Thank you. I think I need some time to figure things out. But I'll catch up with you soon."



With a nod, Peter bid Danny farewell and waved his hand, opening a golden portal before stepping inside, leaving a conflicted Iron Fist behind.

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The wind whispered through the rocky peaks of K'un-Lun as Danny Rand stood alone near the entrance of the main gate.

His gaze was fixed on the path down the mountain, a mix of uncertainty and longing etched on his face.

Suddenly, a single set of footsteps could be heard, marching his way from the city. Turning around, Danny let out a small smile before turning back to watch the path.

Lei Kung, approached him, his steps filled with the weight of wisdom and understanding.

"Danny," Lei Kung called out gently, his voice carrying the depth of a thousand years. "I sensed the turmoil in your heart, my son. You wish to leave, do you not?"

Danny turned to face the Elder, his eyes filled with a mixture of guilt and yearning. "I... I thought about it. This place has been my home for so long, my purpose. But after everything that's happened, I don't know where I fit in anymore."

Lei Kung placed a hand on Danny's shoulder, his touch firm yet comforting. "It's understandable, Danny. Change is a force that shapes us all, and sometimes it demands that we find a new path. You need to do what feels right for you."

Danny's brows furrowed as he struggled to find his words. "But what about my responsibilities? The people of K'un-Lun, the legacy of the Iron Fist... I feel like I'm abandoning them... again."

Lei Kung's eyes softened with a profound understanding. "Danny, your heart is filled with compassion and a desire to protect. But remember, true strength lies in honoring your own journey and finding your own purpose. You have the right to forge your own destiny."

Danny's gaze met Lei Kung's, tears glistening in his eyes. "But I don't want to disappoint you or let anyone down."

Although the Hand wasn't a threat anymore and the gate would close in about a month, there are still many elders and citizens who would rather keep the Iron Fist in K'un-Lun, forever guarding its gate.

Lei Kung smiled, a paternal warmth emanating from him. "You could never disappoint me, my son. I have watched you grow from a lost child into a formidable warrior. Your heart is pure, and I trust that you will make the right choices."

Danny's voice trembled with emotion. "Thank you..."

Lei Kung squeezed Danny's shoulder gently, his voice filled with unwavering belief. "Go, Danny. Explore the world beyond K'un-Lun, seek your own truth, and discover where your path leads. I will always be here for you, no matter where life takes you."

Danny nodded, a mixture of gratitude and determination shining in his eyes. "I'll make you proud, I promise."

Lei Kung's smile deepened, pride radiating from his weathered face. "You already have, my son."

When Danny turned to leave, Lei Kung watched him with a blend of affection and admiration.

And as the echoes of Danny's footsteps faded into the distance, Lei Kung stood alone in the shadow of the gate, his heart filled with hope and a sense of peace.

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Marching down the mountain on foot, Danny let out a tired sigh. "I should've left with Spider-Man..."

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Peter returned home after a long and eventful day, his body still tingling with the remnants of the Red Hulks' power.

The city's skyline twinkled in the distance as he silently made his way through the darkened household, careful not to disturb the peaceful slumber that enveloped his home.

He peeked into Lily's bedroom, a soft smile playing on his lips as he saw his daughter sleeping soundly.

With a sense of relief and contentment, Peter headed towards the bathroom, intending to wash off the grime and sweat of his battles.

He stepped inside the tiled space, swiftly removing his clothes, the warm glow of the lights creating a serene atmosphere.

As he turned on the faucet, the water cascaded down, providing a soothing rhythm.

Lost in his thoughts, Peter stepped into the shower and absentmindedly grabbed a bar of soap, lathering it all over his body.

But just as he lifted his gaze, preparing to rinse off, his eyes widened in astonishment.

Above him, on the ceiling, a glitching gooey portal appeared, shimmering with hues of pink, purple, white, and black.

The bathroom was suddenly bathed in an otherworldly light as the portal expanded, captivating Peter's attention.

Drops of water splashed onto the tiled floor, forgotten, as he stood there, frozen in place. His mind raced with questions and uncertainties, his heart pounding in his chest.

"What... What is this?" Peter muttered, his voice shocked, his senses on high alert.

Before he could react, the portal seemed to reach out, its ethereal fingers stretching toward him.

In a swift, unexpected motion, the portal engulfed Peter, swallowing him whole.

The bar of soap slipped from his fingers, clattering against the bathroom tiles as the portal closed behind him, leaving no trace of its existence.

On the other side of the mysterious portal, Peter found himself standing at the edge of a rooftop. His eyes widened in shock as he realized where he was.

The vibrant lights of Times Square danced around him, illuminating the night sky. And there he stood, completely naked, the cool breeze touching his bare skin.

Peter's gaze darted around, his mind scrambling to comprehend what had just happened.

He instinctively covered himself, feeling the chilly wind of New York City on his nether region. "What... How did I... Where am I?"

Passersby's on the streets below looked up, their gazes filled with surprise and amusement at his nudist display. Peter's cheeks flushed crimson as he stepped away from the edge, hiding from the world below.

With a deep sigh, he called forth his spider suit, which immediately covered his body completely.

Quickly scanning the area, Peter's eyes widened in disbelief as he spotted a large electronic billboard nearby.

He gazed at it with a mix of shock and curiosity, his heart pounding in his chest.

The display showcased two images side by side. A Spider-Man, which wasn't him, and a handsome blonde man.

Above the pictures, the title blazed with undeniable impact, shattering Peter's understanding of reality. "What the f\*ck..." He muttered in shock.

[Spider-Man dead! Identity Revealed!]

Chapter 373: Granny May

Peter stood there, his heart pounding in his chest as he stared at the electronic billboard displaying the shocking headline.

Realization began to sink in...

He had somehow been transported to a universe where the Spider-Man of this world had met his demise. The weight of the situation pressed heavily upon him as he thought about the consequences of his sudden arrival.

"I'm not in my universe anymore..." Peter whispered to himself, his voice filled with a mix of excitement and trepidation.

The bustling streets of Times Square seemed unfamiliar, and the curious glances from passersbys only served to intensify his unease.

With determination set in his eyes, Peter knew he needed answers. He had to find out more about this alternate version of himself and the loved ones he may have left behind.

He scanned the surroundings, searching for any sign of a computer that could provide him with the knowledge he needed.

After all, he didn't have his phone or laptop right now and portals didn't exactly work across the multiverse.

Spotting a cyber cafe not too far away, Peter made his way through the crowded streets, his spider-sense heightened and alert to the world around him.

Finally reaching the cafe, he stepped inside and headed straight to an unoccupied computer terminal.

Peter swiftly sat down, his fingers dancing across the keyboard, his skills honed from years of crime-fighting and resourcefulness.

He searched for any available information on this universe's version of Spider-Man, hoping for some clue about who killed his counterpart.

As he dug deeper into the archives, his eyes widened at the wealth of information he found.

News articles, photographs, and videos painted a picture of a hero who had fought valiantly but ultimately met a tragic end. Peter's heart ached as he saw images of the fallen hero alongside a familiar face.

His Aunt May, who now looked like a shell of her former self, grieving the death of a man who was practically her son.

Though she should probably be called Grandma May, as she was much older in this universe.

Peter let out a sad sigh as he searched up May's information. His breath caught in his throat as he watched a video of her weeping at the funeral that took place earlier in the day.

"Maybe I should visit her?" He wondered, knowing that she must be going through a lot right now.

With renewed determination, Peter gathered his thoughts and made his way out of the cyber cafe.

Swinging through the melancholy city, he made his way to Aunt Mays house, which was public knowledge at this point.

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Finally, he arrived at the small brownstone home where May Parker resided. The street was packed with people, their faces etched with grief as they held candles, paying their respect to the home and family of their fallen hero.

Peter landed on a house across the street, noticing that the blinds were closed and May wasn't among the crowd. 'Can't take a hint, can they?'

Just as he was about to jump down there and disperse the crowd himself, a large group of policemen arrived, telling those gathered to head home.

On their way out, many people left candles, flowers, photos, and other trinkets in front of the house.

And once everyone was gone, including the police, the front door opened and out came Aunt May, her eyes red from crying and her face etched with sorrow. She stood there, the weight of grief evident in every line on her weary face.

Her gaze soon fell upon the things left at her doorstep, finding it hard to look at any of the Spider-Man themed trinkets.

Taking a deep breath, Peter jumped off of the roof and stepped onto the sidewalk, making his way to the grieving woman. He took a deep breath, steeling himself for the emotional encounter that lay ahead.

He walked across the street, his footsteps light yet filled with purpose. The flickering flames from the candles created a solemn atmosphere, casting shadows on the dark street.

Aunt May stood there, her eyes red and puffy, a testament to the grief that consumed her. She peered at Peter, clad in his unique spider suit, with a mixture of confusion and surprise.

"Um... hi. Are you a fan of my Peter?" she asked, her voice trembling with a hint of hope.

Peter couldn't help but smirk at her assumption. "Well, you could say that," he replied, reaching up to unmask himself.

As the mask slid off, he shot a web at a nearby Spider-Man stuffed animal, pulling it into his hands before presenting it to Aunt May.

Aunt May's eyes widened in shock as she took in the sight of the young man standing before her.

Her hands trembled as she accepted the stuffed toy, feeling a wave of disbelief washing over her. "Peter...?" she whispered, her voice barely audible.

"Yeah, Aunt May," Peter confirmed, his voice filled with warmth and compassion. "I know this might be hard to believe, but I'm from another universe. I... somehow ended up here."

Aunt May stood there, momentarily speechless, her gaze shifting between the unfamiliar face of her nephew's counterpart and the spider suit that he wore. The weight of her grief and confusion mingled in her eyes.

After a few moments, she found her voice again. "Come inside," she said, her tone a mixture of wonder and trepidation. "We have a lot to talk about."

Peter nodded, following Aunt May into the house. The surroundings offered a sense of comfort amidst the whirlwind of emotions.

As they settled in the living room, Peter carefully explained his situation, recounting the events that had led to his arrival in this parallel universe.

Aunt May listened intently, her eyes filled with a mixture of sorrow and curiosity. Peter's words resonated with her, as she began to comprehend the impossible truth that stood before her.

"This has to be connected to the case my Peter was working on before he..." Aunt May revealed, unable to complete the sentence.

Peter's eyes narrowed. "What was he working on?"

Without a word, May led Peter through the house and out into the backyard, where a lone shed stood at the far corner.

The evening breeze carried a sense of anticipation as May inserted a key into the lock dangling from the door. With a click, the shed came alive, glowing with an array of advanced technology.

Peter's eyes widened in amazement as the shed door swung open, revealing a hidden elevator.

The sleek design and intricate spider-themed patterns showcased the ingenuity of this alternate universe's Spider-Man. It was like stepping into a superhero's secret lair.

"Whoa." Peter breathed, his voice filled with awe. "This is incredible..."



May smiled, pride shimmering in her eyes. "My Peter was quite the inventor. He built this hideout to help him in his mission. He was always looking for ways to make a difference."

Stepping into the elevator alongside May, Peter couldn't help but marvel at the spider-themed Bat-Cave. As they descended, the whole place lit up, revealing everything inside.

Spider-themed gadgets and tools were meticulously organized, waiting to be utilized in the fight against crime.

Vehicles designed for swift and silent travel, a giant computer displaying a web of interconnected data, and a row of different styled spider suits, each with its own unique capabilities.

"I never had anything like this in my universe. I have access to stuff like this, but I've never made my own high tech lair..." Peter admitted, a tinge of envy in his voice. "Your Peter was very impressive."

May placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. "Well, gadgets and technology can be helpful, but it's the heart of a hero that truly matters."

Her words resonated with Peter. He nodded, smiling gratefully for her perspective.

Finally, the elevator came to a stop and the two stepped off into the spider cave.

Peter's eyes widened in amazement as he took in the sight before him. He couldn't help but feel a mixture of admiration and envy at the level of preparation and dedication that had gone into creating this sanctuary.

May walked over to a central computer station and booted it up. A holographic image appeared, and Peter's eyes focused on the face of the Kingpin.

Though this universe's version of the man looked like a giant with no neck, his body somehow both fat and muscular at the same time.

And as Peter stared at the holographic image of Wilson Fisk, realization suddenly struck him. 'Wait... is this the spider-verse with Miles?'

Immediately, everything started to make sense. The dead Spider-Man, older Aunt May, the spider cave...

Before Peter could think any further, May spoke up, her voice growing serious. "This is the case that he was working on. He believed that the Kingpin was behind a company named Alchemax, which has been experimenting with something that's been sapping the city's power grid like crazy."

Peter stared at the image of the Kingpin, memories of his voice over the phone resurfacing. "The Kingpin... I know a bit about him. Wade and I planned to hunt him down, but I've been busy lately."

"Wade?" May asks curiously.

"Oh, he's another hero. My world has a lot more heroes than just me." Peter explains briefly.

May nodded, her expression filled with curiosity. "Your arrival here might be connected to this case. We need to find out why you were brought here and how the Kingpin and Alchemax are involved."

Peter's resolve hardened, and he stepped closer to the computer. "Alright, what else does he have?"

May smiled, a spark of hope igniting within her tired eyes. "Well..."

As they delved into the information, Peter couldn't help but wonder where all of the other spider people were.

After all, they should be out there somewhere. And he was especially interested in meeting a certain pig...

Chapter 374: Spider-?

Peter and May sat side by side in the spider cave, surrounded by the glow of holographic displays and the hum of high-tech equipment.

The weight of their mission and the memory of the fallen Peter Parker hung in the air, but they found solace in their shared determination.

The holographic image of Wilson Fisk loomed before them, his face frozen in a permanent scowl.

Peter's eyes scanned the information displayed on the computer screen, absorbing every detail. "Alchemax... a research company," he murmured, his voice filled with curiosity. "Based in Hudson Valley, New York. Looks like they're working on some top-secret project for Fisk."

May nodded, her brows furrowing with concern. "But beyond that, we don't have much information about Alchemax or its employees."

Peter glanced at May, his voice filled with conviction. "May, I think it's time we pay a visit to Alchemax. We need to find out what they're hiding and how it connects to the Kingpin. It might lead us to the answers we're looking for."

Of course, he already knew all of these answers as he saw the movie, but he couldn't exactly say that.

May looked torn, her eyes flickering with a mix of curiosity and concern. "Peter, I want to help, but I don't want to get in your way. I'm not the hero my Peter was."

Peter turned to her, his eyes filled with warmth and understanding. "Aunt May, you're family. Even in a parallel universe. And family sticks together, especially in times like these. Besides, you know this world better than I do. Your knowledge could be invaluable."

Although that's partially true, Peter could easily maneuver around this universe on his own.

The real reason why he's offering her this chance is simple. Her son just died.

May just lost the only living relative left and it was someone she raised since he was a child, so Peter knew, at the very least, that she wanted to be involved in finding his killer and bringing him up justice.

Looking at her for a moment, Peter wondered. 'Maybe she would want revenge?' He thought.

And if she wanted that, then he would happily facilitate it for her.

After all, what's family for if not to exact bloody vengeance on your enemies?

A mixture of emotions played across May's face. She looked down for a moment, contemplating her options.

Finally, May looked up and nodded. "Alright, Peter. If you think I can be of help, then I'll go with you. I want to find out who..." Yet again, she couldn't finish that sentence. '...who killed my Peter.'

Peter smiled warmly as he pulled her into a hug. "Don't worry, we'll find them..."

They stood up from the computer station and made their way back to the elevator. As they stepped inside, the doors closed, enveloping them in darkness. The elevator ascended with a low hum, taking them back up to the surface.

As the doors opened once again, they stepped out of the familiar backyard shed. The evening breeze whispered through the trees, carrying a sense of anticipation.

Peter turned to May, a determined glint in his eyes. "Let's head to Alchemax and see what we can uncover."

May nodded, her eyes reflecting newfound resolve. "I'm ready, Peter. Let's find out the truth."

They made their way out of the shed, the spider cave locking back up behind them, returning to its appearance as a normal looking shed.

As they walked through the backyard, suddenly, a tall dark shadow descended over top of them, sending a chill down Aunt May's spine.

Peter and May looked up, their eyes widening in surprise as they spotted an ominous silhouette perched on the edge of the roof, outlined by the moon's glow.

The figure appeared tall and foreboding, casting an intimidating shadow over them. Aunt May's heart skipped a beat, her imagination conjuring images of a fearsome adversary lurking above.

"Peter... what is that?" May's voice trembled with a mix of fear and confusion.

She instinctively reached for Peter's arm, seeking comfort in his presence.

Peter's senses tingled, a familiar tingling that he's only ever felt around MJ and Lily, alerting him to the presence of another spider-person.

His eyes narrowed as he studied the figure, trying to make sense of what he was seeing. "I don't know. But I sense something... familiar about it."

As they watched, the figure crouched on the edge, its hunched form resembling that of a predator ready to strike. The tension in the air was palpable, filling both Peter and May with a sense of unease.

Suddenly, with a swift movement, the figure leaped off the edge, hurtling through the air towards them.

Peter instinctively stepped in front May, preparing to defend his Aunt's counterpart from the potential threat. But as the figure descended closer, something seemed off.

Peter's eyes widened in disbelief, and he couldn't help but let out an astonished laugh.

May, still clutching Peter's arm, looked at him with a mix of confusion and concern. "Peter, what's so funny? Is it... dangerous?"

Peter shook his head, his laughter subsiding as he pointed at the descending figure. "No, Aunt May, it's... it's just..." He struggled to find the right words, pure amusement coursing through him. "You'll believe it when you see it."

As the figure landed gracefully in front of them, the moon's light illuminated its features, revealing the unmistakable form of a small cartoon pig dressed in a Spider-Man costume.

[Insert picture of Spider-Ham here]

Spider-Pig, or Peter Porker, stood before them with a comical grin on his face, his nose twitching with excitement.

"Hey there, fellow spider-guy! Looks like you could use a little help!" Spider-Ham exclaimed, his voice surprisingly chipper for the circumstances.

May's initial fear evaporated, replaced by a mixture of bewilderment and amusement.

She released her grip on Peter's arm, her expression transforming into one of incredulity. "Peter, is this... for real? A cartoon pig in a Spider-Man suit? Am I dreaming?"

Peter chuckled, nodding in confirmation. "Yep, He must be from another universe, like me."

Spider-Pig struck a pose, puffing out his chest proudly. "That's right! The name's Peter Porker, the Spectacular Spider-Pig. And I'm here to lend a hoof... I mean, hand!" He held out a hoof, which then transformed into a hand, waiting for one of them to give it a shake.

Though hidden in the center of his palm was a small electric device, which would no doubt shock anyone who accepts his greeting.

Peter's smirk widened as he used his expertise in magic to manipulate the situation.

As his hand clasped around Spider-Pig's, a subtle surge of energy flowed through his fingertips, channeling his mystical abilities into the interaction.

Unbeknownst to Spider-Pig, Peter's touch triggered a carefully woven spell. In an instant, the small electric device concealed in Spider-Pig's hand was flipped, reversed, and its purpose redirected.

The shocking prank was about to take an unexpected turn.

"Nice to meet you too, Spider-Pig," Peter replied, his voice laced with playful amusement.

As their hands connected, a burst of electric energy surged through Spider-Pig. His eyes widened, and a comically exaggerated yelp escaped his snout as visible strands lightning crackled around his body.

"It smells like bacon..." Aunt May commented as she sniffed the air.

"Whoa! Wha... what just happened?" Spider-Pig exclaimed, stars floating around his head as he wobbled on his feet.

Peter couldn't contain his laughter any longer, the sound bubbling forth as he released his grip on Spider-Pig's hand. "Magic." He stated cryptically.

Aunt May joined in on the laughter, her eyes sparkling with mirth. "Well, I must say, that was quite shocking...'

Peter rolled his eyes at May's horrible pun. 'Even in this universe her jokes are cringe...'

Spider-Pig took a moment to compose himself, adjusting his Spider-Man mask, he grinned up at Peter and May.

"Sorry about that, folks. Sometimes I forget that I'm not the only one with tricks up my sleeve," Spider-Pig chuckled, his voice a jovial blend of enthusiasm and cartoonish charm.

Peter and May exchanged amused glances before Peter spoke up, curiosity evident in his voice. "So, Spider-Pig, you're from a cartoon universe, right? Like Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck?"

Spider-Pig nodded, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "You got it, buddy! I hail from a surreal and wacky realm. Picture a world where everything's a little bit zanier, a little more exaggerated, and a whole lot more fun! We've got talking animals, whimsical gags, and villains with wild and wacky schemes."

May listened attentively, her curiosity piqued. "It sounds... different, to say the least. How did you end up here?"

Spider-Pig scratched his chin, the cartoonish motion accentuating his playful demeanor. "Well, Aunt May, I was just doing my usual hero gig back in my dimension when all of a sudden, a swirling vortex whisked me away. Next thing I know, I'm crash-landing here."

Peter nodded as his words matched his knowledge from the Spider-Verse movie. "Looks like the multiverse is full of surprises, huh? But we're glad you're here, Spider-Pig. We could use some backup, if you're up for it?"

Spider-Pig beamed, a cartoon mallet appearing in his hands. "That's what I'm here for, my web-slinging compadre! I may bring the laughs, but I pack a mean punch too."

May smiled warmly, her eyes filled with appreciation. "Thank you, Spider-Pig. We appreciate your willingness to help. You know, my Peter... the one from this universe... he... he passed away. It means a lot to have someone like you helping out."

Spider-Pig's expression softened, his eyes conveying a mixture of sympathy and understanding. "I'm sorry to hear that, Aunt May. Losing a hero like him must be tough. But don't you worry, we're going to find out who did this and make sure justice is served."

Peter placed a comforting hand on May's shoulder, offering her silent support. "Alright, let's head out. It's almost morning..." He said as the sky slowly began to brighten.

May nodded, her determination renewed. "Right, let's not waste any more time then. We've got answers to find and justice to serve..." Her eyes narrowed dangerously.

## Chapter 375: Alchemax

Dashing through the corridors of an Alchemax facility with a desktop computer in hand, an overweight Spider-Man in dirty sweatpants frantically searched for a way out.

[Insert picture of Chubby Spidey here]

Followed closely behind him, a teenager who seemed to be wearing a Spider-Man halloween costume, rushed to keep up, their footsteps echoing against the sterile walls.

[Insert picture of Miles here]

The air was heavy with tension as they weaved through the maze of hallways, pursued by a horde of security guards.



"Keep up, Miles! We can't let them catch us!" Fat Spider-Man shouted, his voice laced with urgency.

He glanced back, noticing the guards gaining ground.

With a swift motion, he tossed the computer to his younger companion. "Here, take this for a second."

Miles fumbled for a moment, catching the desktop as it was tossed to him.

His eyes widened, a mix of surprise and uncertainty. "Why don't you carry it? You can obviously use the exercise..."

"Hey!" He gasped in offense. "This is all muscle!" He countered as his stomach jiggled with every step he took.

"Yeah... sure..." Miles looked unconvinced. "Whatever you say, Peter..."

As they continued their frantic escape, the guards closed in, their shouts filling the air. Bullets whizzed past them, narrowly missing their mark.

Peter activated his web shooters, firing strands of webbing to create makeshift barriers and tripwires, temporarily slowing down their pursuers. But they still needed to quickly get out of this facility...

Rushing out of the building, Peter took back the computer and flung one of his web shooters towards Miles, the device landing in his hands. "Here, I'll trade yah! It's time to learn how to swing!"

Miles stared at the web shooter, his brows furrowing with uncertainty. "I don't know how to use this!"

Peter didn't have time to explain in detail. "Trust me, you'll figure it out! Just shoot the web, aim for something solid, and swing!"

As he spoke, Peter aimed his remaining web shooter at a nearby tree and swung off, showing the teenager exactly how it's done.

Miles hesitated for a moment, then aimed the web shooter and fired, lifting off the ground and swinging into the snowy woods behind Peter.

Looking over his shoulder, Peter gave Miles an approving nod. "There you go! That's what I'm-"

\*Bang!\*

He may have spoke too soon...

Instead of a graceful swing, Miles's attempt resulted in an awkward trajectory that sent him crashing into a nearby tree. He stumbled backward, dazed and disoriented.

And from the shadows emerged a figure, carrying herself with an air of malevolence. Olivia Octavius, also known as Doctor Octopus, floated towards Miles, her mechanical tentacles extending menacingly.

[Insert picture of Olivia Octavius here]

Miles's eyes widened with fear as he found himself running away from the villainous Doctor Octavius on foot.

"Uh-oh," Miles muttered as she grew closer and closer, his voice trembling. "What do I do now?"

Peter, still swinging away, turned his attention back to Miles. "You have to swing! Trust your instincts!"

Miles looked at Peter, panic evident in his eyes. "But I don't know how!"

Peter's frustration peaked, his voice growing desperate. "Don't think, Miles! Just feel it!" He hoped Miles's spider senses would assist him.

With a surge of determination, Miles let go of his fear and focused on the odd feeling coursing through his body. He aimed the web shooter once more, firing a strand of webbing towards a distant tree.

This time, a wave of exhilaration washed over Miles as his body instinctively adjusted to the swing. He soared through the air, narrowly avoiding Doctor Octavius's menacing reach.

As Miles swung away, Peter's relief was palpable. "That's it, Miles! You're doing great!"

Miles clung to the sensation of swinging, his movements growing smoother and more confident. "Haha! I'm doing it!"

Together, they swung through the snowy woods, leaving Doctor Octavius in the distance.

Breathing heavily, Peter glanced at Miles, a mixture of pride and relief in his eyes. "See? I knew you could do it. We make a good team."

Miles couldn't help but smile, his heart still pounding with the adrenaline of their escape. "Thanks, Peter. I couldn't have done it without-"

\*kshhhh\*

Suddenly, an eerie electronic sound emanated from Peter's body, accompanied by a series of rapid glitches and flickering lights. He convulsed, his limbs jerking as if he were trapped within a malfunctioning video game.

"Peter!" Miles shouted, his voice laced with panic as he watched his friend's distressing transformation. The vibrant colors that danced across Peter's glitching form created a mesmerizing yet unsettling sight.

In the midst of his glitching fit, Peter's grip on the desktop computer loosened, slipping from his hands, hurtling towards the ground.

Acting on instinct, Miles lunged forward, his body propelled by a surge of adrenaline. Time seemed to slow as his outstretched hand snatched the computer from mid-air, narrowly averting disaster.

The weight of the computer pressed against Miles' palm, its significance now magnified. It contained crucial information, the key to stopping Fisks plans.

Meanwhile, Peter's glitching episode came to a sudden halt, and he plummeted uncontrollably towards the ground. A sharp crack reverberated through the wintry air as he crashed into a thick tree branch, which mercifully cushioned his fall.

Miles rushed to Peter's side, concern etched across his face.

He carefully placed the computer on the ground, its safety no longer his immediate priority. Kneeling beside Peter, he assessed the damage, his hands trembling slightly.

"Peter, are you okay?" Miles asked, his voice filled with genuine worry.

Peter groaned, slowly sitting up and rubbing his head. "Yeah, I'm... I'm fine, just a little disoriented."

Miles helped Peter to his feet, supporting him as they both stood. "What... what was that glitch? Are you okay now?"

Peter nodded, a hint of exhaustion etched on his face. "Yeah, it's just... this universe doesn't seem to agree with me. It's rejecting me, causing those glitches. But they don't last long."

With great effort, Peter managed to stand up, gingerly rubbing his throbbing head. He surveyed the surroundings, their situation more perilous than ever.

The sound of rapid movement in the distance, unmistakably belonging to Doctor Octavius, grew louder, reminding them that time was running out.

Miles's eyes widening as he noticed Doctor Octavius closing in on them, using the trees to propel herself forward. Her mechanical tentacles whirred menacingly, ready to strike.

"We don't have much time," Peter said, his voice strained. "Take the computer and run. I'll hold her off."

Miles shook his head, determination filling his eyes. "No, Peter. I can't let another Spider-Man die because of me... We're in this together."

Peter's expression softened, understanding the weight of Miles' words. He nodded, a grateful smile playing on his lips. "Alright, kid. Together it is."

The two Spider-Men stood side by side, facing the approaching Doctor Octavius. The air crackled with tension as the villainess loomed over them, her eyes filled with malicious intent.

"Give me the computer," she demanded, her voice dripping with contempt. "It doesn't belong to you."

Miles tightened his grip on the desktop, refusing to back down. "You want it? Come take it." He stated challengingly.

Peter's voice was firm, his resolve unyielding. "Yeah, so run off back to Daddy Kingpin, or else..."

Doctor Octavius let out a sinister laugh, her mechanical tentacles twitching with anticipation. "You fools can't stop me. I am superior."

With a sudden burst of speed, she lunged at them, her mechanical arms slashing through the air. Miles and Peter reacted swiftly, their Spider-Senses guiding their movements.

They weaved and dodged, each relying on their own unique fighting style. Miles' inexperienced agility paired with Peter's strength and web-slinging skills.

Though it wasn't enough...

Peter and Miles fought valiantly against the malevolent Doctor Octavius, but their combined efforts were no match for her superior strength and experience.

The battle became a desperate struggle, an uphill climb against insurmountable odds.

Peter, out of shape and weakened by his glitching episode, found his movements sluggish and imprecise. His muscles ached, and his breath came in ragged gasps as he tried to evade Doctor Octavius's relentless assault.

He swung punches and kicked with diminished force, but each strike seemed feeble against the villainess's robotic tentacles.

Miles, despite his determination, was hindered by his lack of training and experience. He stumbled and faltered, his reflexes not finely honed like Peter's.

He attempted to launch his own attacks, but they were easily deflected by Doctor Octavius's mechanical appendages.

With each passing moment, the situation grew direr. The sinister doctor toyed with the two Spider-Men, her movements calculated and precise.

Her tentacles struck with blinding speed and unyielding strength, knocking Peter and Miles off balance, leaving them vulnerable.

The best they could do was toss the computer away, hoping that it wouldn't break in the process...

Peter grunted in pain as a tentacle wrapped around his neck, yanking him off his feet and slamming him into the ground. He struggled to break free, but his weakened state rendered him helpless against Doctor Octavius's superior power.

Miles fared no better as a tentacle snaked around his chest, pinning him to the ground. He strained against its grip, his face contorted with determination, but it was a futile struggle. He had never encountered an adversary of this magnitude, and his lack of experience left him defenseless.

Doctor Octavius loomed over the defeated heroes, a sadistic smile playing on her lips. Her tentacles tightened their grip, exerting increasing pressure on Peter and Miles.

Their struggles only seemed to amuse her further.

"You thought you could beat me?" she taunted, her voice dripping with malice. "How adorable."

Peter grunted, his strength waning as he fought against the crushing force of Doctor Octavius's tentacles. He exchanged a glance with Miles, a mixture of resignation and determination in his eyes.

As their vision blurred and the world darkened around them, Peter and Miles prepared themselves for what was to come. They refused to succumb to fear, their spirits unyielding even in the face of death.

As Doctor Octavius prepared to deliver the final blow, her eyes glinting with sadistic delight, a strange golden portal opened up behind her, shocking the downed heroes, as an odd group stepped out.

A Spider-Man with a hood (our MC), a cartoon-styled Spider-Pig, and a familiar old lady...

"Huh? Are we late?" The hooded Spider-Man asked as he kicked off the ground.

In an instant, a red and blue blur passed over Miles and Peter, severing the tentacles that pinned them down.

"Aaaahhhhh!" Doctor Octavius screamed in pain as a green liquid gushed from her tentacles.

As she screamed, a mallet wielding pig appeared before her. "Hey there, Missy!" He greeted as the hammer came crashing down, knocking poor Olivia back toward the Alchemax facility.

Appearing beside the shocked and relieved Spider-Men, Peter (our MC) crouched down and gave them a quick wave. "Yo."

Chapter 376: Spideys Unite!

Peter/MC: Peter

Miles: Miles

Peter Benjamin Parker/Chubby Peter: Ben

Spider-Pig: Spider-Pig

Spider-Man Noir: Noir

Peni Parker: Peni

Gwen Stacy: Gwen)

As the dust settled and the defeated Doctor Octavius was blown back to where she came from, Ben and Miles slowly regained their footing, their bodies aching from the intense battle. They looked at each other, relief evident in their eyes.

"Thanks for the save," Ben said, his voice filled with gratitude toward Peter and Spider-Pig before his eyes fell on Aunt May. "Is... Is that?" He asked, his voice trembling in recognition.

After all, his Aunt May passed away years ago, so Ben was both shocked and elated to see her again, alive and well.

Peter chuckled and shook Ben's hand. "No problem. I'm just glad we arrived in time." He shrugged it off as his eyes peered down at Ben's legs. "Are you wearing sweatpants?"

"Yeah, that's what they are..." Ben answers awkwardly as he sucks in his stomach, feeling self-conscious with a physically fit Spider-Man in front of him.

Spider-Pig offered a friendly snort and a wave, his cartoonish appearance adding a touch of levity to the situation. "It's always a pleasure to lend a hand, even if it means getting a little dirty." He says as he dusts some green tentacle liquid from his body.

Ben's attention shifted back to May, realizing how dangerous it was for her to be here. "Aunt May, what are you doing here?"

Aunt May, her face etched with concern, approached him. "We all came together to help. I need to know who... who killed my Peter." She says, staring up at Ben.



It was like she could picture her Peter in his place. Minus a few pounds of course...

Miles looked at Aunt May, his eyes widening in surprise. "You have spider powers too?"

Aunt May shook her head, a small smile playing on her lips. "Oh, heavens no..."

Ben took a moment to process the sight before him. He couldn't help but feel worried knowing that a version of his Aunt May could get hurt at any moment.

Just as everyone was about to exchange further introductions, a rustling in the nearby woods caught their attention.

As the rustling grew louder, everyone turned their attention towards the source of the noise.

Peter's senses tingled, alerting him to the presence of someone approaching. Moments later, a figure emerged from the foliage, clad in a sleek black and white suit spider suit

[Insert picture of Gwen Stacy here]

It was Gwen Stacy, also known as Spider-Woman.

Gwen's arrival brought a sense of relief to the group, as they thought another enemy would appear, especially Ben and Miles, who had just faced a perilous battle.

She landed gracefully, her web shooters retracting as she approached the others.

"Sorry I'm late," Gwen said, a hint of sheepishness in her voice as she removed her mask, revealing her face. "Had to deal with a few pesky criminals on my way over."

Miles's eyes widened as he recognized Gwen as his crush from school. "Gwanda?" he exclaimed, his voice filled with surprise.

Gwen smirked. "Close, but it's Gwen, Gwen Stacy. Gwanda was just a name I made up because I didn't know if there was another me in this universe or not."

Miles grinned, happy that the girl he liked was also a Spider-Person, like him. "How many of you came to my universe?"

Peter chuckled and patted Miles on the back. "Quite a few, apparently. But don't worry, we're all here to help."

Suddenly, the sound of approaching guards and barking dogs could be heard in the distance.

Aunt May's voice rang out with urgency. "Quick, everyone! Back to the portal!"

"Portal?" Gwen asked as she noticed the floating golden doorway.

"Weird..." Ben gawks as he picks up the computer they stole, checking it for any damage.

"Cool." Miles comments alongside them as they watch Aunt May step through, motioning for everyone to follow from the other side.

As everyone filed into his portal, Peter eyed the incoming guards with interest. 'I could end this whole thing now, but that might not be the best idea...'

After all, he hadn't met all of the other Spider-People yet. And Miles still needed some proper incentive to become the hero that he's meant to be.

When he was the last to go through the portal, Peter caught a glimpse of the Kingpins giant body in the distance. 'Damn, he's a lot bigger in this universe...' He thought as he gave him a wave before stepping inside and closing the portal behind him.

---

Back in Aunt May's house, Peter and the rest of the Spider-People emerged from the portal, their eyes widening as they took in the scene before them.

Aunt May's house was now crowded with even more versions of Spider-Man, each hailing from different universes.

'I guess, I didn't have to wait long for them to appear...' Peter thought as he eyed the two intruders.

Peni Parker, a young girl with a giant robot companion, and Spider-Man Noir, a gritty and monochromatic detective. They approached the two with a mix of curiosity and wariness.

Peter waved towards them, a friendly smile on his face. "Uhhh... Hey, I'm Peter, but I guess that's a given around here."

Since this isn't his world, Peter hasn't been wearing his mask, as his identity meant nothing around here.

Peni nodded her head enthusiastically. "Nice to meet you, Peter. Your universe is a lot like mine." She glanced over at Spider-Pig, curious about his cartoon appearance.

[Insert picture of Peni Parker here]

Peter shook his head. "This isn't my universe." He said as he gestured to Miles. "I'm pretty sure that he's the resident Spider-Man."

Noir, standing in his black detective attire, surveyed the scene with a hint of skepticism.

His voice had a husky tone as he addressed the group. "The names Peter, but you can call me Noir. Seems like we've got a multiverse problem on our hands."

[Insert picture of Spider-Man Noir here]

Gwen looked at Noir with interest. "Nice trench coat. But don't you think the fedora is a bit much?"

Noir raised an eyebrow and adjusted his fedora, his voice dripping with old-fashioned charm. "Fashion is part of my charm, doll. Keeps me hidden in the shadows and the dames swooning."

Miles, who was still in awe of the gathering Spider-People, couldn't help but chime in. "Woah... I never thought I'd meet so many different versions of Spider-Man."

Truthfully, he never thought that he could meet a single Spider-Man, but that was before his life got flipped upside down.

Peter ruffled Miles' hair playfully. "Well, get used to it, kid. This is just the beginning. We're a team now."

Ben, who had been silently observing the newcomers, mustered up the courage to speak. "I'm Peter B Parker, by the way. Just your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man from another universe. But you can call me Ben. After all, there's a lot of Peter's here."

Peni turned her attention to Ben, her eyes sparkling with curiosity. "Wow, another Spider-Man. Do you have a robot like mine?"

Ben chuckled. "Nah, I'm just your average Spider-Man. No tech, robots, cartoon hammers, or anything like that."

Spider-Pig snorted and twirled his mallet between his fingers, clearly enjoying the attention.

As the group continued to introduce themselves, Aunt May stepped forward, commanding everyone's attention.

"Alright, everyone," Aunt May began, her voice firm and determined. "Does anyone want any snacks?" Her tone turned motherly in an instant, a tray of food appearing in her hands.

Although they were stunned by the sudden change, the Spider-People nodded, stuffing their faces with nostalgic snacks.

After all, every Spider-Man has had an Aunt May, so any of her cooking would always be preferable.

After eating some home cooked food, the whole group settled into the living room, ready to discuss business.

Gwen crossed her arms, her gaze fixed on the group. "We need to share our knowledge, and come up with a plan. I have to admit... I don't know much."

Noir leaned against the wall, a dark cloud of mystery surrounding him. "We'll uncover the truth, no matter how deep the rabbit hole goes."

Seeing that he knew the most, Miles stepped up to explain. "Well, this rabbit hole ain't that deep..." He goes on to explain all that he knows alongside Ben, who offered a few words here and there to clarify certain details.

...

Once Miles was finished, Peter nodded his head. "So Fisk is making a Super-Collider designed to bridge the gap between dimensions, which is probably why we're all here. And that computer you stole has the information we need to stop it?" He summed it all up into two sentences.

Miles nodded. "Yeah, pretty much."

As everyone started throwing out ideas on how to handle this situation, offering their own insights and experience, nobody but Peter seemed to notice Aunt May shakily leaving the room, tears flowing from her eyes.

In his explanation, Miles revealed who killed her nephew. Or rather, her son.

Wilson Fisk.

Chapter 377: Pressure

As Aunt May left the room, tears flowing down her face, Peter couldn't help but follow after her, leaving the remaining Spider-People in the living room, their expressions filled with determination and concern.

As they sat together, the weight of their shared responsibility hung in the air. They knew they had to stop Kingpin and his absurdly dangerous plan of his, but a difficult decision loomed over them.

Someone had to stay behind and destroy the collider. Or else people like Kingpin will just pick up where he left off, throwing the multiverse into chaos once again.

And sadly, doing so is practically a death sentence, as this universe is almost constantly rejecting their presence.

Eager to sacrifice themselves for the cause, each Spider-Person volunteered simultaneously.

"I'll do it," one after another, they proclaimed.

"No, no, no. You guys don't get it," a voice interrupted their chorus. It was Miles, the young Spider-Man. "None of you can stay here. If you stay, you'll die. I'm the one who's going to turn it off, and I'll get you all home before I do."

The group exchanged confused glances, prompting one of them to ask, "Who are you again?" Noir asks.

"This is Miles," Ben chimed in. "And he's going to save the multiverse." He proclaims proudly.

"Yeah." Miles nods of his head proudly.

"This kid can turn himself invisible. Watch this." Ben tried to demonstrate Miles' ability, but nothing happened.

Miles shook his head. "I can't do it on command."

Unfazed, Ben turned to the group. "He can't do it on command, but it is cool. Show 'em the zappy thing, Miles."

Squeezing his eyes shut and tensing his muscles, Miles tried but once again failed miserably. "I can't do it on command," He repeated dejectedly.

Instantly, each Spider-Person besides Ben and Gwen gave Miles a doubtful look.

Peni crossed her arms, her gaze fixed on Miles. "He's too new... Are we sure he's ready for this?" Her robot companion nodding behind her.

Noir leaned against the wall, his voice laced with skepticism. "I've seen what happens when someone inexperienced tries to take on these kinds of villains. It doesn't end well."

Miles clenched his fists, his determination shining through. "I understand, but I can't just sit back and watch. Not again... This is my responsibility too. I promised Spider-Man that I would stop Kingpin, and I meant it."

As if on cue, a glitch coursed through the room, causing each Spider-Person to flicker momentarily as they fell to the floor, groaning in pain.

Miles seized the opportunity to drive his point home. "See? We need each other. Who's going to send you all back home if you don't include me? I made a promise, and I'm not backing down."

The Spider-People exchanged glances, realizing the truth in Miles' words. They couldn't help but agree that he had something unique to offer as well.

Ben cracked a smile. "Looks like the kid knows what he's talking about. I say we give him a shot."

Despite the skepticism, Gwen defended Miles. "Look, I've seen him in action. He's got potential. I think he's going to get us home."

Their stamp of approval seemed to slightly wash away the doubt in the room, each of them eager to help Miles prepare for what's to come.

Addressing Miles with a cigarette hanging from his lips, Noir cautioned. "Okay, little fella, Kingpin's gonna send a lot of mugs after ya. I'm talkin' hard boys, real biscuit boxers. Can you fight them all off at once?"

"I haven't actually fought anyone..." Miles admitted awkwardly.

Trying to help Miles comprehend the expectations placed upon him, each member crowded around.

"Can you swing and flip with the grace of a trained dancer?" Gwen asks.

"Can you close off your feelings so you don't get crippled by the moral ambiguity of your violent actions?" Noir asked a much heavier question.

Can you re-wire a mainframe while getting shot at?" Peni joins in.

"Can you float through the air when you smell a delicious pie?" Spider-Pig floats by, his snout sniffing the air.

"Can you be strong? Heroic? Disciplined?..." The more they spoke, the more Miles seemed to get overwhelmed by the entire situation.

Unimpressed by his uncertainty, they continued to demand more from him.

"Show me some moxie, soldier!" Noir exclaimed as they piled on even more challenges and expectations.

Gwen stepped up, eyeing Miles seriously. "Above all, no matter how many times you get hit, can you keep getting back up?" She sends a kick to his stomach, knocking him to the ground.

On the floor, Miles was met with a chorus of never ending encouragement. "Come on, Miles. You can do it. You can do this..." Their words seemed to pile on top of him, refusing to allow him any breathing room.

"Guys, cool it." Ben spoke up, though his voice was drowned out among the chaos.

With every word spoken, the intensity grew. "Come on. You can do it! Get up, Miles. Come on, Miles. Get up."

However, seeing that he couldn't get back up, the group began to voice their doubts once again. "We need to be more honest with ourselves about this... He's not ready. It's obvious... There's no way... He's just a kid... If he can't do this, we have to stay and do it for him..."



As the conversation unfolded, Miles couldn't help but notice their discussion centered on him. Feeling extremely self-conscious, he unintentionally turned himself invisible and rushed out of the house, slamming door shut on his way out.

---

-Minute earlier-

Peter followed Aunt May out of the bustling living room, sensing the weight of grief that burdened her frail shoulders. He couldn't imagine the devastation of losing a nephew, someone who was like a son to her.

As he stepped into a child's bedroom, he found Aunt May sitting on the twin bed, her trembling hands clutching a framed photograph of her Peter.

The room was filled with remnants of his counterparts early years. Posters of superheroes, model airplanes, and well loved toys.

Peter approached her quietly, his heart aching for her pain. He sat down on the edge of the bed, careful not to disturb her fragile state.

"Aunt May," Peter said softly, his voice laced with empathy. "I know how much he meant to you. I can't even begin to imagine the pain you're feeling right now. Losing someone you love is... it must be the hardest thing in the world."

Aunt May's tear-streaked face turned towards Peter, her eyes filled with sorrow and longing. She saw the reflection of her Peter in this unfamiliar features.

Different, yet similar. Her heart ached, and she leaned into his presence, finding comfort in his words.

"He was my whole world," Aunt May whispered, her voice choked with grief. "He was so young. I was the one who was supposed to go first. Not him. And now he's gone because of that monster, Wilson Fisk." Her voice grew heated as she spat his name.

Peter's expression hardened at the mention of Fisk. He understood the anger and desire for vengeance that burned within Aunt May.

"Aunt May," Peter said, his voice tinged with determination. "I want to ask you something... Do you want Kingpin dead, or do you want him brought to justice? I can arrange both, but I need to know what you want."

Aunt May's eyes widened in surprise at the proposition, her gaze locked onto Peter's face. She saw a reflection of her Peter, but there was something different in his eyes.

A ruthlessness that her Peter had never possessed. She would be lying if she said it didn't scare her, but a part of her found it oddly comforting as well.

Her Peter would never purposefully kill anyone, but maybe, just maybe, he would still be alive right now if he did...

Before Aunt May could respond, the sound of the front door being slammed shut reverberated through the house, interrupting their conversation. Peter's senses heightened, and he quickly stood up, his instincts kicking into overdrive.

"I'll be right back." Peter assured her.

With a swift motion, he left the room, leaving Aunt May alone with her thoughts. She stared at the closed door, uncertainty and conflicting emotions swirling within her.

Revenge or justice?

The choice weighed heavily on her heart, and she knew she had to make a decision soon.

...

Outside the room, Peter returned to the living room, his senses on high alert. He took in the scene before him, his newfound allies looking uneasy, their expressions clouded with guilt.

The room felt heavy with the weight of their actions.

"What happened?" Peter demanded, his voice firm.

Gwen spoke up, her voice tinged with remorse. "We... We pushed Miles too hard. We were testing him, but it might have been a bit overwhelming. He turned invisible and ran off."

Peter's frustration flared, his tone turning stern. "Are you kidding me? We're a team, for crying out loud. We should be supporting each other, not tearing each other down."

Spider-Pig interjected, his expression crestfallen. "We didn't mean to-"

Peter cut him off, his voice a mix of anger and concern. "I don't care what you meant. We have a mission, and we can't do it without Miles."

Ignoring any replies from the group, Peter turned and stormed out of the house, his senses honed in on any sign of Miles.

After a moment, Peter's keen eyes caught a glimpse of movement in the distance. He swung toward it, following the trail until he landed on a rooftop. There, teetering near the edge, was Miles.

He stood on the edge staring down at the city below, too scared to jump.

Of course, he wasn't planning on killing himself.

He wanted to prove everyone wrong and show that he could be Spider-Man too, but as soon as he looked down, Miles lost all confidence.

Peter approached cautiously, taking a seat on the edge beside him. He spoke softly, his voice filled with reassurance. "You want to talk about it?"

Miles turned to face Peter, his eyes puffy from tears and his expression a mix of vulnerability and determination. "I thought I could handle it all, but I... I don't know if I'm ready."

Peter nodded his head. "That's normal. None of us knew if we were ready when we started. But we learned along the way. You're lucky, you know."

Miles turned to him in disbelief. "How?"

Peter patted the edge next to him, motioning for Miles to sit. "Do you think we had a team of Spider-People hanging around when we started? You may be new to all of this, but you have us. We can help you."

Miles looked up at Peter, searching his eyes for sincerity. Slowly, a small smile tugged at his lips. "Thanks..."

Peter smiled back, a mix of relief and pride washing over him. "You're part of our team, Miles. We're in this together. And we're going to stop Kingpin, save the multiverse, and get everyone home. But first, I think a training montage is in order..." He declared as his hand met Miles' back.

"Huh?" Miles grunted in shock as he was shoved over the edge.

## Chapter 378: Training

Miles felt the rush of wind against his face as he hurtled towards the ground.

Panic gripped his heart, and his mind raced to remember what little Ben had taught him about swinging. He desperately flailed his arms, trying to activate the single web shooter on his right arm.

Just as he was about to give in to his fear, a blur of red and blue shot towards him. Peter, his newest mentor and fellow Spider-Man, dove off the building as well. He was prepared to save him should he fail to swing on his own.

But then something miraculous happened. Miles' web shooter fired, shooting out a strand of web that latched onto a nearby lamppost. The sudden jolt halted his fall, and he swung upward, leaving Peter behind for a moment.

Miles spun around, his eyes wide with a mix of fear and exhilaration. "I did it!" he exclaimed, a nervous laugh escaping his lips. "I actually did it!"

Peter caught up with him, swinging alongside him with a proud grin on his face. "That's it, Miles! You've got the hang of it now. Just follow my lead!"

With newfound confidence, Miles focused on Peter's movements. He observed the way he angled his body, the timing of his swings, and the precise moment to release and shoot another web. It was like a dance, a symphony of acrobatics and agility.

As they swung through the city, Peter led Miles on a makeshift obstacle course. They dove and weaved between buildings, utilizing signs, buildings, fire escapes, and other obstacles to hone Miles' skills.

Each swing became more fluid and controlled, his fear melting away with each successful maneuver.

Laughter bubbled up from Miles' chest as he soared through the air, adrenaline coursing through his veins. He was doing it. He was becoming Spider-Man. The weight of responsibility felt exhilarating rather than daunting.

Peter's voice shouted back at him, guiding Miles through the course. "You're doing great, Miles! Keep it up! We'll take a break soon, but for now, show me what you've got!"

With a renewed sense of determination, Miles pushed himself further. He twisted and turned, seamlessly transitioning between webs and obstacles. The city became his playground, his web-slinging skills growing with each passing moment.

Time seemed to blur as they swung from one location to another, traversing the urban landscape with finesse.

Miles was in awe of the freedom and power that came with being Spider-Man. The weight of his decision to take on this new responsibility felt much lighter now.

As they swung side by side, Peter's voice echoed with pride. "You're a natural, Miles."

Miles grinned, his confidence growing by the second. "Thanks, Peter. I won't let you down. I'll become the Spider-Man this city deserves."

Together, they continued their exhilarating journey through the cityscape, swinging, diving, and weaving through the obstacles that stood in their way. With each obstacle overcome, Miles felt a surge of determination, knowing that he was one step closer to fulfilling his promise and stopping Kingpin.

The training session had just begun, but Miles knew that he had the support and guidance of his fellow Spider-People. As he swung through the city, he couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement for what the future held.

Soon enough, Peter landed on a tall building with a flat rooftop, waiting for Miles to follow his lead.

Miles landed in front of Peter with a perfect superhero landing, crouching down on one knee and raising his other hand in the air triumphantly.

Peter grinned and gave him a thumbs up. "Not bad, kid," He said, his voice filled with approval. "You're getting the hang of this hero stuff."

Miles couldn't help but feel a surge of pride as he stood up straight, his chest puffed out. He had always dreamed of becoming a superhero, like all children who idolized Spider-Man, and now he was training with a seasoned veteran like Peter.

Peter motioned for Miles to join him at the center of the rooftop. "Okay, Miles, we've covered the basics of web-slinging, but being Spider-Man is more than just swinging through the city. It's about being prepared for anything. That includes hand-to-hand combat."

Miles nodded eagerly, ready to learn how to fight like a bada\*s.

Peter continued. "As much as we rely on our powers, there will always be times when we can't rely on them alone. We have to know how to fight. And the best way to beat someone in a fight is simply by being better than them."

Having strong superpowers was one thing, but there were others out there with powers of their own. Being able to hold his own in a fight would give Miles an edge.

Miles listened attentively, his gaze fixed on Peter. He began to respect his new mentor's experience and knew he had a lot to learn from him.

Peter stepped forward, adopting a fighting stance. "Let's start with the basics. Remember, your spider senses will give you an advantage in combat. They'll help you anticipate your opponent's moves, so pay attention to your instincts."

Miles did his best to mirror Peter's stance, feeling a mix of excitement and nerves. He had never been in a real fight before, aside from a few schoolyard conflicts that were more like hugging and rolling around on the floor.

Peter swung a quick punch at Miles, who barely managed to dodge in time. "Good reflexes. Now, try to counterattack."

Miles attempted to throw a punch in return, but it was slow and uncoordinated. Peter easily evaded it and gently corrected his form. "Remember, speed and accuracy are key. Try again."

They continued the training session, with Peter patiently guiding Miles through various combinations of punches, kicks, and defensive maneuvers.

At first, Miles struggled to keep up, but his enhanced physique and spider senses helped him adapt quickly.

As time went on, Miles grew more confident in his movements. He started to anticipate Peter's attacks and respond with quicker, more precise strikes of his own.

The sound of fists hitting the air and the occasional thud of a successful hit echoed across the rooftop.

Peter nodded approvingly as Miles executed a series of well-timed punches. "That's it, Miles! You're getting the hang of it. Remember, it's all about finding the right balance between offense and defense."

Miles grinned, sweat dripping down his forehead. He could feel his muscles working and his heart pounding with exhilaration. This was a whole new level of training, and he relished the challenge.

They continued their hand-to-hand combat training, pushing Miles to the absolute limit.

Peter would occasionally throw in a surprise move or feint, testing Miles' ability to react quickly. Each time, Miles relied on his spider senses to guide him, his body moving with an almost instinctual grace.

As the sun started to set, casting a warm glow over the city, Peter called for a break. Miles collapsed to the ground, his chest heaving with exertion as he wiped the sweat from his brow.

"You're doing great, Miles," Peter said, a hint of pride in his voice. "I'll make an Avenger out of you yet."

"Avenger?" Miles asked curiously. "What's that?"

As Peter saw the curiosity in Miles' eyes, he realized that there was something he had overlooked. In all the excitement, he hadn't properly introduced himself.

"You know, Miles," Peter began, his voice gentle yet filled with a weight of experience. "I've been so caught up in everything that's happened that I forgot to give you a proper introduction. My apologies for that."

Miles looked up at Peter, his eyes widening with anticipation, signaling his readiness to listen.

"I'm Peter Parker, as you've probably guessed," Peter said with a wave. "I was the first official superhero in my world, but it didn't take long for other heroes and villains to start popping up. You see, in my universe, we have a whole range of extraordinary individuals, from meta-humans to aliens."

Peter paused for a moment, letting the weight of his words sink in. He continued, "To protect our world from both foreign and domestic threats, I co-founded the Avengers, a hero organization that works tirelessly to maintain peace and security. We have a council, and I'm one of its members."

Miles listened attentively, his eyes widening with each revelation. The name "Avenger" sparked recognition in his mind, realizing what Peter meant only moments ago.

"But that's not all," Peter added, a glimmer of pride in his voice. "In addition to being Spider-Man, I've also studied under the Sorcerer Supreme of Kamar-Taj, mastering the mystic arts. It's given me an understanding of magic and the ability to tap into its power."



As he says this, Peter waves his hand and bends the horizon out in front of them, distorting it in odd waves. Though no one else seemed to notice but them.

Miles couldn't hide his astonishment. The pieces were slowly coming together, revealing the vastness of Peter's abilities. "You're the one who made that portal?" He asked in awe.

Peter nodded his head. "Yeah, cool right? It's one of the many perks that come with being a sorcerer."

Miles' jaw dropped, unable to process the sheer magnitude of Peter's abilities.

Unbeknownst to them, the other Spider-People had arrived while they were engrossed in their conversation, and they had watched and heard everything.

Each of them stood there, their eyes wide with astonishment and disbelief.

Ben was the first to break the silence, his voice tinged with a mix of awe and humor. "Well, ain't that a kicker? We got ourselves a web-slingin' sorcerer here. I didn't see that one coming."

Spider-Pig blinked his large eyes and squealed in disbelief. "Whoa... How did he do that?" He gestures to the horizon, which was now back to normal.

Noir adjusted his fedora and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I've seen my fair share of weirdness, but this takes the cake. Sorcery and spandex, a peculiar combination indeed." He commented between drags of his cigarette.

Peni looked down from atop from her mechanical companion and scratched her head, a mix of curiosity and admiration in her eyes. "Wow, you never mentioned that you had such mystical abilities. This changes everything."

With his magical abilities, their plans would have to change. Though it would be for the better.

Chapter 379: Battle for Acceptance!

Peter and Miles stood across from the group of Spider-People on the rooftop, the weight of their gazes heavy upon them. Peter cleared his throat, breaking the silence.

"Alright, everyone," Peter began, his voice filled with determination. "I know you've all had your doubts about Miles joining us, but I believe he's proven himself today. So, here's what we're going to do. I want each of you to raise your hands if you still think Miles shouldn't be involved."

One by one, the Spider-People slowly raised their hands, their expressions a mix of hesitance and guilt. Gwen and Ben were the last to reluctantly raise their hands, their eyes filled with empathy for Miles.

Of course, they didn't see the training that Peter put him through, so a demonstration would be needed...

Peter nodded, his gaze shifting from one person to another. "Alright, fair enough. But before we make a final decision, let's settle this with a little wager. I propose a challenge. You can choose a champion between all of you, someone to face Miles in a fight. If Miles wins, he becomes part of the team. But if he loses, he'll stay behind when we go to stop Kingpin."

Miles looked at Peter in surprise and fear, not at all confident in his abilities, which had only been properly honed for a single day. But Peter smiled and rested a comforting hand on his shoulder, assuring him silently.

The group of Spider-People exchanged glances, considering Peter's offer. After a moment, Noir stepped forward, his voice filled with conviction. "I'll be our champion. I've got the most experience here, and Ben's a bit out of shape."

Ben patted his stomach with a sheepish look. "This is muscle... I swear..."

Peter pulled Miles to the side, speaking in a low voice. "Miles, listen carefully. During the fight, just trust me. I'll make it so only you can hear me. If I call out a body part or instruction, react and strike as quickly as possible. I'll guide you through this."

Miles looked up at Peter, uncertainty etched on his face. "But what if I mess up? What if I'm not good enough?"

Peter smiled reassuringly. "You've come this far, Miles. I've seen what you can do, and I believe in you. Just trust yourself and trust me. We'll get through this together."

Miles nodded, a mix of determination and nervousness in his eyes. He would put his faith in Peter and give it his all.

With the terms of the challenge agreed upon, Noir and Miles stood across from each other, the tension palpable in the air.

Peter waved his hand and formed a spell circle, which sunk into the ground, creating a small rooftop arena for the impending fight.

Everyone stared between Peter and the arena in shock, still new to the idea of magic.

Inside the arena, Noir cracked his knuckles and adjusted his hat, his eyes fixed on Miles. "You ready, kid?"

Miles took a deep breath, his voice steady as he replied, "As ready as I'll ever be."

Peter stood at the edge of the makeshift arena, his voice projecting clearly for all to hear. "Ladies and gentle-spiders! It's TIME for our main event of the evening! In this corner, we have the seasoned hero from the shadows, the master of mystery and danger, Noir!" Peter gestured to Noir as everyone stared at him in exasperation.

Peter ignored their stares and continued, motioning to Miles this time. "And in the opposite corner, the young and fearless newcomer, ready to prove himself to all spiderlings in attendance, Miles, the Amazing Spider-Man!"

With the introductions finished, Peter walks out into the center of the ring, a conjured black and white referee shirt appearing over his suit.

Standing between the two competitors, Peter says a few words. "Before we begin, I want to remind both competitors to fight fairly and within the rules. I will be closely observing the match to ensure a fair contest, stepping in only when necessary. Now, touch gloves, take your positions, and may the best Spider-Man prevail!" He steps back as the sound of a bell being struck fills the air, starting the fight.

Instantly, the fight between Miles and Noir commenced. The two Spider-Men locked eyes, their determination etched on their faces.

Noir made the first move, lunging forward with incredible speed and precision.

Miles, still grappling with his nerves, barely managed to react in time. He attempted to dodge Noir's strike, but his inexperience betrayed him as he stumbled backward, narrowly avoiding a devastating blow.

The crowd of Spider-People watched with bated breath, their hopes resting on the young hero.

Peter, taking his role as referee seriously, observed the fight with intense focus. He could see Miles struggling to find his footing, his movements hesitant and unrefined.

He knew it was crucial for Miles to gain confidence quickly if he had any chance of matching Noir's expertise.

Noir, capitalizing on Miles' momentary falter, launched a series of lightning-fast punches and kicks. His strikes were precise, calculated, and designed to exploit any weaknesses in his opponent's defense.

Miles, relying on his instinct and the limited training he had received, did his best to evade and block the onslaught.

The sound of blows landing filled the air as the fight continued. Miles fought with determination, his eyes never leaving Noir, searching for an opening.

He swung his fists and kicked with all his might, but each attack was deftly parried or dodged by the seasoned Noir.

Peter, watching from the sidelines, noticed an opportunity. He called out, his voice magically projecting straight to Miles. "Left leg!"

Miles trusted Peter's guidance and swept his leg low, aiming to trip Noir off balance. However, he didn't react quick enough and Noir managed to effortlessly jump over Miles' leg, landing behind him.

Before Miles could react, Noir delivered a swift strike to his back, sending him sprawling to the ground.

The crowd gasped in shock as Miles hit the ground, his body trembling with pain and fatigue.

Noir, with a hint of sympathy in his eyes, approached the fallen kid. "You've got heart, but you're still green," he remarked, his voice laced with understanding. "You're not quite ready for this fight."

Miles, fighting through the pain, pushed himself up from the ground. He looked up at Noir with determination shining in his eyes. "I won't give up," he declared, his voice filled with newfound resolve. "I can do this."

Peter's heart swelled with pride as he saw the transformation taking place within Miles. He knew that this fight, even if Miles didn't emerge victorious, was crucial in shaping him into the hero he was destined to become.

Noir, impressed by Miles' determination, nodded and prepared to continue the fight. He respected the young hero's spirit at the very least.

Miles wiped the blood from his lip and took a deep breath, his gaze never leaving Noir. He could feel the pain throbbing through his body, but his determination burned brighter than ever.

This time, he wouldn't let his nerves get the best of him. He trusted Peter's guidance and hoped that with each move called out, he could turn the tide.

Noir prepared for another attack. He lunged forward, his fists flying towards Miles with precision. But this time, Miles was ready.

Peter, acting as the referee, observed the fight with laser-like focus. He called out, "Miles, down! Uppercut!"

In that split second, Miles ducked, narrowly avoiding Noir's punch, and struck back with a swift uppercut. The blow connected with precision, sending Noir staggering backward.

The crowd of Spider-People erupted in cheers and applause, their faith in Miles growing with each successful move. They watched with awe as he started to gain confidence and find his rhythm.

Peter's voice appeared again, "Left leg!"

Miles planted his left foot firmly on the ground and swung his right leg in a wide arc, aiming for Noir's leg. With agility and speed that contradicted his inexperience, Miles connected with a powerful kick, knocking Noir off balance.

Noir grunted in surprise, his eyes narrowing. He hadn't expected this level of skill and precision from the young hero. But he wouldn't back down either. He quickly regained his footing and launched a counterattack.

Peter, ever watchful, called out, "Miles, web his arm!"

Miles reacted swiftly, his web-shooter releasing a thin strand of webbing that caught Noir's arm mid-punch. The web tightened, restraining Noir's movement and leaving him vulnerable.

With a burst of adrenaline, Miles seized the opportunity. He spun around, delivering a spinning kick that connected with Noir's chest, sending him crashing to the ground.

The spectators roared with excitement, their cheers echoing through the arena.

Miles stood tall, a mixture of exhaustion and triumph in his eyes.

Noir, lying on the ground, looked up at Miles with a mixture of admiration and pride. "Alright, I admit defeat. You've got some serious potential, kid." he admitted, a hint of a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. "Consider me impressed."

Miles offered a hand to help Noir up. "Thank you."

As Noir took Miles' hand and stood up, the rest of the Spider-Team joined them in the center of the arena, their expressions filled with newfound respect and acceptance.

Gwen stepped forward, a smile gracing her face. "Welcome to the team, Miles," she said, extending her hand. "You've earned it."

Miles beamed, shaking Gwen's hand. The weight of his doubts and insecurities had lifted, replaced by a newfound sense of belonging.

Peter approached Miles, a proud smile on his face. "See? I told you. You've got what it takes."

Miles nodded, a surge of determination coursing through his veins. With the support of his new team and Peter's guidance, he was ready for any challenge that came his way.

#### Chapter 380: Vengeance & Theft

After Miles proved himself and joined the team, everyone gathered in the Spider-Cave, their determined expressions illuminated by the glow of computer screens and flickering monitors.

They knew that time was running out, and they needed to finalize their plan to stop Kingpin and his destructive supercollider.

Peter took the lead, standing at the center of the room. "Alright, team," he began, his voice steady and authoritative. "We know that Kingpin's supercollider is the key to sending us all back to our respective universes. Peni, how are we looking with Doctor Octavius's computer?"

Peni, immersed in her work, looked up briefly and nodded. "I've managed to extract the data we need. The blueprints and coding for the supercollider, security protocols, and just about everything we need to shut it down. It's all here." She gestured to the computer in front of her, the screen displaying complex algorithms and schematics.

Gwen leaned in closer, her eyes scanning the information on the screen. "Good work, Peni. We'll need to study those blueprints and identify any potential vulnerabilities. If for some reason we can't shut it down as planned, then sabotaging the supercollider will have to be the backup plan."

Noir, leaning against a wall with his fedora tilted over his eyes, chimed in with his usual dry tone. "And what about the big guy himself? How do we plan to take him down?"

Peter nodded, acknowledging the valid concern. "You guys can leave Kingpin to me. Since Ben and Miles' little heist at Alchemax, I wouldn't put it past Fisk to hire some more muscle, so you guys can focus on Doctor Octavius and whoever else shows up."

Ben nodded his head. "Sounds good to me."

Nobody voiced any disagreement with his rather simple plan.

"Alright, then I guess we have a game plan." Peter smirked as he turned to Peni. "Peni, get to working on that override key. We need it done by tomorrow."

"Aye aye, Captain!" She salutes Peter before returning to work, her robot companion hovering over her.

Miles, still riding the high of his recent victory, spoke up. "What about me? How can I help?"

Peter turned to Miles. "There's nothing for you to do today, Miles, so head home and get some sleep. Tomorrow, you'll fight Kingpins minions with the rest of the team. And if everything goes according to plan, you'll send us all home."

Miles nodded, determination burning in his eyes. "I won't let you down, Peter. I'll do whatever it takes."

Peter placed a hand on Miles' shoulder, his voice filled with conviction. "I know you will, Miles. I have complete faith in you. Now head home and get some rest. We have a busy day tomorrow."

After being shooed away, Miles said his goodbyes and ran off, returning to his dorm room for the night.

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Peter stepped out of the Spider-Cave, thinking of a few things that needed to be done before tomorrow.

As he made his way back into the dimly lit house, he found himself standing outside the door of his deceased counterparts childhood bedroom. Taking a deep breath, he pushed the door open and entered.

Inside, he found Aunt May still sitting on the edge of the bed, her eyes fixed on a framed photograph of her late Peter. Her face held a mixture of grief and determination, her resolve evident even in the midst of her pain.

She glanced up as Peter entered, a flicker of sadness in her eyes before a small smile tugged at her lips.

"I'm back," Peter said softly, his voice filled with understanding. He had left May with a choice earlier, and now it was time for her to give an answer.

Aunt May set the photograph aside and stood up, facing Peter with a resolute expression. "I've made my decision," she declared, her voice steady. "I've thought long and hard about what you asked me earlier. Kingpin needs to pay for what he's done. I want vengeance for my Peter, for all the pain he caused."

Peter's heart sank a little, knowing the weight of the choice she had made. But he also understood the depths of her grief and anger.

He nodded, his voice filled with a quiet determination. "If that's what you want, Aunt May, then I'll help you. We'll make him pay."

Aunt May's eyes shone with a mix of gratitude and sadness.

She reached out, placing a hand on Peter's cheek. "Thank you, Peter," she whispered. "I know it's a heavy burden to bear, but we can't let him get away with what he's done. We have to make sure that no one else loses someone they love to that maniac."

Peter's gaze locked with Aunt May's, a shared understanding passing between them. He knew the path they were about to take was a dark one, but sometimes, darkness was the only way to bring about justice.

"We'll make sure Kingpin never hurts anyone again." He vowed, his voice unwavering. "Now, why don't you go and get some rest?"

Aunt May squeezed Peter's hand before returning to the twin sized bed. "I'll get some sleep soon. I just want to stay here a bit longer..."

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As Peter stepped out of the bedroom, his mind filled with the weight of Aunt May's decision, he found Noir leaning against the wall in the hallway.

The detective Spider-Man had heard everything and wore a thoughtful expression.

Noir pushed himself off the wall and approached Peter, his fedora casting a shadow over his eyes. "Quite a heavy burden she's taken on..." he remarked, his voice low and gravelly.

Peter nodded, acknowledging the gravity of the situation. "I know it's not an easy choice, but she's made up her mind. She wants vengeance."

Noir's gaze met Peter's, his eyes searching for understanding. "I get it, I do. But you can't let her be the one to pull the trigger. She shouldn't have to bear that weight. It'll haunt her."

Peter's expression softened as he considered Noir's words. He understood the detective's concern for Aunt May's well-being. "You're right, Noir. I don't want her to carry that burden. I'll make sure she's not involved in the final act."

Noir's shoulders visibly relaxed, a sense of relief washing over him. "Good," he replied, his voice filled with a mix of gratitude and determination. "And don't worry. I won't tell the others about this. They wouldn't agree with taking a life. They're young and naive. It's better this way."

Peter nodded in agreement. "I appreciate that, Noir. Aunt May deserves some semblance of peace."

A faint smile tugged at the corner of Noir's lips, acknowledging the agreement between them. "We'll take him down. We'll make sure justice is served. And I promise, your secret is safe with me."

As the situation settled between them, Peter couldn't help but feel a sense of connection with Noir. He had always considered himself to be a hero who didn't mind killing, and it seems that he's met a kindred spirit.

"You're not the only one with a dark past, Peter," Noir said, his voice carrying a hint of regret. "I've got a few bodies under me too. But we can't let that define us. We have to make sure we do what's right, even if that means getting our hands dirty..."

Peter looked at Noir, a mixture of understanding and empathy in his eyes. "I couldn't agree more."

With a solemn nod, the two Spider-Men parted ways, knowing that the path they were about to take was a difficult one. They each carried the weight of their choices, their shared understanding binding them together in the pursuit of justice, even in the face of darkness.

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Later that night, Peter made his way back to the Spider-Cave. As the elevator descended, he was greeted by a sight that filled him with relief.

The team, exhausted from their preparations, lay sprawled across various surfaces of the Spider-Cave.

Gwen was curled up in a corner, her head resting against a pile of web-shooters. Peni and her robot companion were huddled together, their heads tilted to the side in slumber. Ben, with his suit partially unzipped, snored softly in a makeshift hammock alongside Spider-Pig, who was spooning his head.

The only one missing was Noir, who seemed to disappear after their talk earlier.

Peter's gaze shifted to the computer where Doctor Octavius's data was stored. It was located on the workbench, tempting him with its secrets. He knew that the plans for the supercollider could grant him Multiverse travel, and he couldn't afford to leave them behind.

Silently, he crept across the room, his footsteps barely making a sound. He approached the computer, his spider senses on high alert.

With practiced ease, he accessed the hard drive and carefully detached it from the computer.

Holding the drive in his gloved hand, Peter tucked it away inside his suit, ensuring its safety. He knew he had to study its contents thoroughly when he returned to his own universe.

His eyes flickered to the slumbering members of his new team, their trust and faith in him unwavering. Peter couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt for keeping this secret from them. But that guilt soon faded away, never to be seen or felt again.

After all, this was multiverse travel. He could easily make it up to them when he visits their universes one by one.

Taking one last glance at the sleeping heroes, Peter made his way out of the Spider-Cave, leaving them undisturbed.

With resolve burning in his veins, he disappeared into the distance, leaving behind a quiet Spider-Cave and a team of heroes unaware of the secret he carried with him.