

# Spider-Man 381

## Chapter 381: Gifts Before the Storm

Peter stood in Aunt May's bedroom, the soft glow from the windows casting a gentle light on her sleeping form. He hesitated, contemplating whether to wake her up or leave her to her much-needed rest.

Memories of his conversation with Noir echoed in his mind, reminding him of his agreement.

Finally, he made his decision. He couldn't bring himself to disturb her peace, not when she had already endured so much.

Instead, he quietly turned away and stepped out of the room, careful not to make a sound that would disturb her slumber.

As he walked down the hallway, his footsteps echoed softly against the wooden floor. He knew deep down that keeping Aunt May out of Fisk's killing was the right choice.

It was a dark path, one that would only lead to more pain and regret for a normal person like her. Especially at her age.

Either way, Fisk wouldn't live past the night.

Returning to the Spider-Cave, Peter entered the dimly lit room to find his team in various states of slumber. They lay sprawled across the surfaces, their exhausted bodies seeking solace in sleep.

Just as he was about to approach and wake them, their bodies twitched and distorted, their faces contorting in discomfort.

Peter watched as they groaned in frustration, the glitches manifesting in visible ways. It was a reminder of their outsider status in this universe, a constant struggle to exist.

And just as quickly as the glitches had appeared, they vanished, leaving the team in their normal forms once again. Confusion and annoyance clouded their sleepy expressions, their shared experience unsettling as always.

As the team began to process what had just happened, Gwen spoke up, her voice laced with curiosity. "Peter, why didn't you glitch like the rest of us? You're not from this universe either."

Peter shrugged, a slight smile playing at his lips. "I'm not entirely sure. Maybe it's because I've traveled to other universes before, or maybe it's because I dabble in the mystic arts. Whatever the reason, I've never felt any rejection from this universe."

His answer sparked a momentary silence as the team absorbed the information. Their gaze shifted from Peter to one another, silently acknowledging the depth of their shared experiences.

Although he didn't say it, Peter thought of one more possibility. 'Maybe it's because I have the Reality Stone in me? Though I can't use it here...'

As everyone was staring at Peter in jealousy, suddenly, the elevator came alive, sliding down with a mechanical hum. Peter turned his attention toward the sound, and a smile tugged at the corners of his mouth as he saw Miles stepping out, clad in his loose Spider-Man Halloween costume.

"Miles!" Peter called out, his voice filled with warmth and familiarity. "Nice of you to join the party. Your just in time."

Just then, Peter's attention turned a nearby table, where he had stashed a wrapped gift for Miles. It was a small token of his appreciation for his latest student's progress.

Peter picked up the gift, a glimmer of anticipation in his eyes. "Miles," he called, motioning for him to come closer. "I managed to finish this about an hour ago."

Miles eagerly approached, his eyes shining with curiosity. With excitement, he ripped open the gift to reveal a sleek black and red spider suit, complete with slim built-in web shooters.

Instantly, The room filled with gasps of awe and admiration. But as soon as Miles touched the suit, it disappeared from his hands, leaving him and the others startled.

Confusion replaced the excitement, and Miles looked at Peter with a mixture of disbelief and curiosity. "Wh-where did it go?"

Peter chuckled, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "Think about putting on the suit, Miles."

With a hopeful expression, Miles closed his eyes and focused. In an instant, his shabby Halloween costume vanished, replaced by a perfect black and red spider suit.

The room erupted in astonishment, the team gathering around Miles to admire his new attire. To further indulge in the moment, Peter snapped his fingers, conjuring a mirror so that Miles could fully admire his work.

[Insert picture of Miles Spider-Man suit here]

Peter took a deep breath, preparing to explain the enchantments he had added to Miles' new suit. He cleared his throat and looked at the expectant faces of his teammates. "Alright, here's the deal," he began, his voice steady.

"The suit I made for you, Miles, doesn't have all the bells and whistles that mine has, but it has some pretty cool features. First, it's bullet resistant. Here, let me show you." Peter conjured a small caliber pistol and aimed it at Miles.

The others gasped, their eyes widening in shock. Without hesitation, Peter squeezed the trigger, emptying the entire magazine into Miles.

The room fell into silence as they waited for the aftermath. But to their amazement, Miles stood unscathed, his suit intact.

Slowly, he looked down at himself, a mixture of relief and disbelief washing over his face. "Whoa, I'm okay! It's really bulletproof!"

Peter nodded, a satisfied smile on his face. "Sort of. It can withstand small caliber bullets, like the ones from that gun. But anything bigger, like .44 Magnum, and there's a good chance it could breach the suit. So be careful out there. Don't get complacent."

The team exchanged glances, a combination of awe and envy evident on their faces. Each of them wondered whether they should ask for a suit of their own as well.

Peter continued, knowing Miles was hungry for more information. "Next, the suit is temperature resistant. It can help regulate your body heat, keeping you comfortable in extreme cold or hot environments. It even has some fire-resistant properties, so it can handle a little fire if necessary."

As he spoke, Peter conjured a pool of flames under Miles' feet. The flame danced across his legs but left no trace, extinguishing itself without causing any damage.

The room erupted in murmurs of astonishment, the team realizing the true extent of the suit's capabilities.

"And lastly," Peter continued. "It's self-cleaning and self-repairing. It will never get dirty or develop any unpleasant odors. And should it rip or tear, it can fix itself back to pristine condition over a short period of time."

The other Spider-People stared at Miles' suit with a mix of admiration and envy. They couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy, seeing the incredible features it possessed.

Peter's expertise and craftsmanship were evident in every stitch and enchantment.

Suddenly, Peter remembered something. "Oh, and the web shooters have infinite fluid inside, so you'll never have to refill them."

Gwen's eyes narrowed slightly, a playful smirk forming on her lips. "Well, aren't you lucky, Miles? Looks like you hit the jackpot." She couldn't hold back the small bit of jealousy hidden in her voice.

Miles nodded, a sheepish grin spreading across his face. "I can't believe it. This is... amazing. Thank you, Peter. Seriously, thank you."

Peter patted Miles' shoulder. "You earned it, Miles. You've come a long way in a very short time, and I have no doubt you'll make this suit proud."

The team stood in awe of Miles' new spider suit, their eyes filled with longing and envy. They couldn't help but imagine themselves donning a suit with similar incredible features. It was as if the possibilities were endless, and Peter's craftsmanship had elevated their expectations.

However, reality quickly set in when Peter's attention turned to Peni, who was also gawking at Miles' suit. "Peni, I need the override key."

Peni's eyes widening with surprise. "The override key? Uh, Yeah. I finished it last night." She reached into her pocket, retrieving a small flash drive and held it out to Peter. "Here."

Without another word, Peter took the drive and handed it toward Miles, who took a step forward, his eyes fixed on the flash drive as if it held the weight of the world.

Miles hesitated, his voice filled with uncertainty. "Are you sure about this? I mean, what if I mess up?"

Peter placed a reassuring hand on Miles' shoulder, offering a comforting smile. "Miles, I don't trust anyone more than you to send me home. I believe in you. So believe in yourself."

The room fell into a hushed silence as the team surrounded Miles, their expressions filled with encouragement and support. Their longing for a suit like Miles' momentarily forgotten as they rallied behind their young teammate.

Gwen stepped forward, her voice gentle yet firm. "Miles, you can do this. We've seen what you're capable of. Trust yourself, just like we trust you."

Ben chimed in, his voice gruff but kind. "Yeah, kid. You got the potential to be the best of us. Don't doubt yourself."

Spider-Pig added his own words of encouragement, his voice filled with enthusiasm. "You've got this! Show 'em what you're made of!"

Even Noir stepped up, appearing from the shadows. "Don't doubt yourself, kid."

Miles glanced around at his supportive teammates, their unwavering faith in him giving him the strength he needed. He took a deep breath and reached out, accepting the flash drive from Peter's hand.

"Alright," he said, clutching the drive carefully. "I'll do it. I'll send you all back."

Peter nodded, his eyes filled with gratitude and trust. "Good, now for some more gifts." He said, surprising everyone.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, Peter pulls out a set of sleek smartphones, their screens reflecting the dim light of the Spider-Cave.

Peter handed them out, one by one, to Noir, Spider-Pig, Miles, Gwen, Ben, and Peni. Each of them eagerly accepted the device, their eyes filled with curiosity and anticipation.

"These phones are connected through a special enchantment," Peter explained, his voice steady. "They should allow us to communicate even after we return to our own universes."

Noir raised an eyebrow, his expression a mix of skepticism and intrigue. "Communicate across the multiverse? That's quite the bit of magic."

Peter shrugged, a carefree look in his eyes. "Eh, it wasn't as complicated as you'd think."

He motioned for everyone to unlock their phones and find the app titled "MChat." (Multiverse Chat) As they tapped their way through the screens and located the app, their excitement grew.

Peter's magic had proven to be very impressive thus far, and they were eager to see what else he had in store.

Once the app was open, they were greeted with a simple text-based chat room, similar to Discord. Each phone displayed a similar interface, with a blank message box.

As they were staring, Peter typed a quick message, which popped up on each screen.

SkeetShooter69420XD: Yo 🖐️

The team members looked at their screens, their expressions shifting between surprise and amusement. The choice of chat name elicited a mix of chuckles and groans, but they couldn't deny the brilliance of Peter's plan.

Ben, ever the curious one, voiced the question that was on everyone's mind. "Where did you get these phones? I mean, they have to be at least \$800 a piece. You should be as broke as the rest of us in this universe."

Peter shrugged nonchalantly, a sheepish grin tugging at his lips. "Well, uh... I may have acquired them through... unconventional means. Let's just say a small portal opened up in an Apple factory in China."

Although that got him a couple disapproving looks, most didn't seem to care about his crime. Even Spider-Pig let out a snort of laughter.

Peter winked, his eyes gleaming with mischief. "But hey, they're for a good cause. Now we can stay in touch once this is all over."

Gwen chimed in, a smile playing on her lips. "It's pretty amazing, Peter. Thank you for thinking of this. It's like having our own Spider-Support line."

Miles smiled in relief as threw a few glances at Gwen while she wasn't looking. "Yeah, this is incredible. Thank you."

Peter smirked, noticing his students odd behavior. "I'm happy to help~" He winked at Miles as he motioned to Gwen, knowing exactly why Miles was so thankful.

Instantly, Miles started flailing, motioning for Peter to stop before Gwen noticed anything.

Alternate title: Welcome to the Spider-Verse Chat Group!

Chapter 382: Invading Fisk Tower

After teasing Miles for a bit, Peter made his way back to Aunt May's bedroom, his heart heavy with the weight of his impending departure. The soft glow of the setting sun bathed the room in a warm, orange hue, casting a gentle light on Aunt May's peaceful form as she lay in bed.

He stood by her bedside, gazing at her sleeping face, contemplating the words he needed to say. Memories of their short time together and the love she had shown him flooded his mind, bringing a bittersweet smile to his lips.

With a heavy sigh, he reached for a pen and a piece of paper on the nightstand. He knew this was the right thing to do, but it didn't make it any easier.

Gently, he began to write, pouring everything he wanted to say onto the page in carefully chosen words.

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As he finished the letter, Peter carefully folded the paper and placed it on Aunt May's nightstand, right beside her.

He leaned down, pressing a gentle kiss on her forehead. "Goodbye, Aunt May," he whispered, his voice filled with a mix of sadness and determination.

And just as he left the room, Aunt May stirring in her sleep. Her eyes fluttered open, revealing a mixture of sadness and relief after a good rest.

It didn't take her long to find the folded piece of paper on her nightstand.

She reached for the letter, her hands trembling, and unfolded it. As she read each word, her eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered with emotion.

'Dear Aunt May,

By the time you read this, I'll be long gone, back to my own universe. I'm sorry for leaving without saying goodbye in person, but I couldn't bring myself to wake you. You deserve the rest, especially after everything you've been through.



I know that you're hurting. Losing your child is a pain I can't even begin to imagine. And I promise you, Aunt May, I won't let his death go unanswered. I will avenge him, for you and for everyone who cared for him.

But I want to ask something of you in return. I want you to be there for Miles. He's just a kid and he needs guidance and support. You have shown me so much love and kindness, and I know you can do the same for him. Help him become the hero he's destined to be, just like you did for your Peter.

I hope that by forging a bond with Miles, you can find some solace and purpose in your life. Losing your Peter is unimaginable, but I believe that you have the strength to continue living and to find joy again. You deserve that, Aunt May. You deserve to be happy.

Please take care of yourself, and look after Miles. He may stumble and make mistakes, but with your guidance, I know he'll grow into an amazing Spider-Man.

Thank you, Aunt May, for everything. Your counterpart has been a mother to me when I needed one the most, just as I'm sure you were to your Peter as well, and I think I can speak for us both when I say we will be forever grateful.

With all my love,

Peter'

The weight of Peter's words hit her with full force, and she clutched the letter to her chest, her shoulders shaking with silent sobs.

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Peter and the team of Spider-People emerged from a golden portal, stepping into an empty hallway in the subfloors of Fisk Tower. The air felt heavy with anticipation as they made their way down the corridor, their footsteps echoing in the silence.

"Alright, team," Peter said, his voice filled with determination. "We're getting closer. Stay focused."

The group moved with purpose, their eyes scanning the surroundings for any signs of trouble. As they approached a door, Peter reached out and turned the handle, pushing it open slowly. The sight that greeted them took their breath away.

They stepped onto a balcony of a massive white spherical room, as large as a sports stadium, with two enormous lasers pointed at each other. The room hummed with a low, steady energy, the air charged with anticipation.

"Whoa," Ben exclaimed, his eyes widening at the sight before him. "This place is huge..."

Noir, his voice filled with a hint of cynicism, surveyed the room. "This is the heart of Fisk's operation..."

Peni, her robotic companion by her side, analyzed the situation. "I'm detecting a strong power source from the lasers..."

Peter glanced at his team, his mind racing for a plan. "We need to either wait until the collider is activated or activate it ourselves-"

Just as Peter said this, the lasers began to hum and brighten, preparing to fire.

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Second earlier, Kingpin strode into the collider's control room, his imposing figure casting a shadow over the room. Olivia Octavius, the Prowler, and Tombstone followed closely behind, their eyes filled with a mix of loyalty and fear.

Tombstone, an imposing figure with gray skin and a sharp flat-top haircut, stood at Kingpin's side. His white hair added to his formidable presence, and his suit exuded a sense of power and authority.

[Insert picture of Tombstone here]

The Prowler, a figure shrouded in mystery and danger, walked with an air of stealth and malevolence. Clad in a sleek, form-fitting purple suit, every inch of his body concealed, he seemed to blend seamlessly with the darkness that surrounded him.

[Insert picture of the Prowler here]

Eyeing the many scientists and technicians in the room, Kingpin's deep voice commanded attention. "Begin the sequence."

Instantly, a flurry of activity erupted among the room, each person diligently working to boot up the collider. Buttons were pressed, switches were flipped, and the room buzzed with the energy of impending chaos.

And amidst this chaos, Fisk and his goons gazed out of the control room window, catching a glimpse of an unwelcome group of intruders across the way.

"Kill 'em..." Fisk commands mercilessly as his three lackeys rush off to get the job done.

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Peter and the team stood in awe as the two lasers fired, their beams colliding at the center of the spherical room in a dazzling display of multicolored light. The energy crackled and danced, filling the air with an otherworldly hum.

The entire building seemed to glitch, the walls flickering and distorting as universes collided. Cars, buildings, and other constructs began to emerge from the colliders beam, torn from their original universe.

The team members felt a strange sensation wash over them, a temporary disruption of their own realities.

Spider-Pig, his cartoonish features warping and stretching, let out a startled oink. "Whoa, this is trippy!"

Gwen, her voice filled with concern, glanced at her hands as they momentarily faded in and out. "Is everyone okay?"

Peter clenched his fists, his gaze fixed on the colliding beams of energy. He could sense the immense power being unleashed, the potential to reshape reality itself.

Noir adjusted his fedora, his voice laced with determination. "We need to shut this thing down before it tears apart every universe."

Peni nodded, her robotic companion beeping in agreement. "We need to find where to insert the override key..."

Miles, his eyes wide with both excitement and fear, gripped the flash drive in his hand, frantically looking around the room for some sort of control panel.

Peter's eyes narrowed as he spotted the control panel on the far side of the collider, embedded in the wall, pointing it out to the others.

He knew they had to act quickly before any permanent damage is done. But their path was quickly blocked as three figures emerged from the shadows, their presence unmistakable.

"Where do you think you're going?" A shrill feminine voice asked playfully.

Olivia Octavius, her mechanical tentacles whirring with anticipation, advanced with calculated steps. She lashed out with her appendages, sending a flurry of metal towards Ben, Spider-Pig, and Noir.

Ben stumbled backward, barely managing to evade the attacks, while Noir and Spider-Pig deftly weaved through the barrage with impeccable reflexes.

The Prowler, his eyes glowing with a predatory intensity, lunged forward with remarkable speed. His movements were agile and deadly as he swung his weapon towards Miles.

But thanks to his training, Miles managed to dodge, narrowly avoiding the lethal strike.

Tombstone, his imposing frame radiating strength, drew two pitch black desert eagles, which seemed small in his massive fists.

Rapidly pulling the triggers, he shot straight at Gwen, who instantly rolled out of the way, returning fire with her webs soon after. Gwen strained to hold her ground as Peni came to assist her, determination shining in her eyes.

As the team fought their respective adversaries, Peter's gaze shifted towards Miles, who frantically dodged his opponent in fear. Peter knew he had to take charge.

"Focus!" Peter called out, his voice cutting through the chaos. "Remember what I taught you! Fight smart!"

Miles nodded, snapping out of his momentary hesitation. With newfound confidence, he swung into action. His spider-sense tingled as he expertly maneuvered through the battlefield, delivering swift strikes against the Prowler.

As the fight raged on, Peter's mind raced with a plan. He needed to reach Kingpin, the man responsible for all of this, before he could escape or cause any more harm.

"You guys can handle this..." Peter said to his team, his voice radiating a calmness that none of them currently had. "I'll find Kingpin and deal with him. But remember, don't shut down the collider until we're all back in our universes."

His team nodded in understanding, their determination etched on their faces. Peter rushed away, his webs slinging him across the room, towards the control room where Kingpin awaited.

## Chapter 383: Battle of the Super-Collider

Peter stepped into the collider's control room, his eyes scanning the scene before him.

Kingpin stood near the window, his massive figure casting a dark shadow over the room. The sound of the ongoing battles outside echoed through the walls, filling the space with a tense energy.

Kingpin turned, his menacing gaze fixed on Peter. A sinister smile crept across his face. "Ah, Spider-Man. I've been expecting one of you to show up. How touching that you've brought a little team with you."

Peter maintained a confident stance. "Well, us spider folk are like a hydra. Cut one head and more will rise to take its place." He quoted an evil Nazi organization.

Kingpins face hardened, his fists gripped so tightly that his knuckles cracked. "Oh, I'll be sure to take pleasure in killing as many of you as I can."

The scientists and technicians in the room huddled behind their desks, fear and anticipation etched on their faces. They knew that a clash between these two powerful forces was about to unfold.

Kingpin's muscles tensed as he prepared for the confrontation. "You ready time die?" He asked as he stomped over, winding up one of his fists.

Peter's gaze narrowed, his Spider-Sense tingling as he sensed the imminent danger. With lightning-fast reflexes, he caught Kingpin's incoming punch with a single hand, halting the villain's momentum with ease.

The room fell silent, everyone's eyes locked on the unexpected turn of events.

A mix of shock and disbelief washed over Kingpin's face as he strained against Peter's hold. "How... how is this possible?"

Peter smirked, a glint of mischief in his eyes. "I'm a bit different from the average Spider-Man."

In a swift motion, Peter released his grip on Kingpin's fist and delivered a powerful palm with his free hand, striking the crime lord squarely in the stomach. The force of the blow sent Kingpin hurtling backward, crashing through the window as he spit blood from his mouth.

Glass shattered, raining down below as Kingpin plummeted into one of the many floating buildings, which was brought over by the colliders activation.

The room erupted with gasps and murmurs as the scientists and technicians peered out the broken window, witnessing the dramatic turn of events.

Peter stood tall, his eyes showing a bored look. "How the hell did this universes Peter lose to such a weakling?" He muttered as Kingpin shakily picked himself up. "Well, at least he can take a punch."

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As her mechanical tentacles whirled with deadly precision, Olivia Octavius moved with an uncanny grace whilst facing off against Ben, Spider-Pig, and Noir. Her four mechanical appendages moved in sync, their razor-sharp ends ready to strike.

Belly jiggling with each nimble movement, Ben dodged one of the tentacles with surprising agility. He lunged forward, delivering a powerful punch to one of the tentacles.

Spider-Pig, his cartoonish features stretching with determination, swung from the ceiling, narrowly avoiding the whipping tentacles. He let out a playful snort as he somersaulted through the air, planting a swift kick against Olivia's metallic body. "Hog wild!"

Trench coat billowing behind him, Noir expertly weaved through the barrage of tentacles. With each movement, he dodged and countered with precise strikes, relying on his speed and agility.

Analyzed their movements, Olivia's eyes glowed with a mix of intelligence and malice. She adjusted her strategy, launching a volley of tentacle strikes at Ben, attempting to overpower him with sheer force.

The rotund Spider-Man's reflexes were pushed to the limit as he deflected and dodged, his moves surprisingly swift for his... physique.

Spider-Pig unleashed his inner Looney Toon, causing Olivia to momentarily falter with a mixture of confusion and irritation as she found herself dodging falling anvils, pianos, and lit sticks of TNT.

Utilizing the cartoon distractions to his advantage, Noir grabbed a nearby pipe and swung it like a weapon, deflecting the tentacles with expert precision. With each strike, he chipped away at Olivia's defenses, aiming for critical weak points in her metallic appendages.

With her frustration mounting, Olivia retracted her tentacles and formulated a new plan. She activated her mechanical suit's propulsion system, launching herself into the air.

Hovering above the three Spider-People, she used her tentacles to rain down a barrage of energy blasts, forcing them to scatter like roaches.

Ben, his web-shooters at the ready, swung around, attempting to close the distance and launch a surprise attack.

Spider-Pig used his odd reality bending to zigzagging through the air with a cartoon jet pack that just appeared on his back.

As Olivia momentarily focused her attention on Spider-Pig, Noir leaped forward, delivering a devastating blow to her mechanical suit. The impact sent her crashing to the ground, temporarily disoriented.

Seeing this, the team took the opportunity and closed in, each one of them launching a flurry of coordinated attacks.

Ben delivered powerful punches, which cracked her metallic suit and appendages.

Spider-Pig utilized his cartoon ability one again, summoned his mallet, which he swiftly began to beat her with.

Noir struck with precise and calculated blows, exploiting any weaknesses in Olivia's armor.

Soon enough, their adversary seemed to pass out, but they didn't stop. Grabbing each of her tentacles, the team of three used her own appendages against her, tying her into a knotted mess.

Spider-Pig smirked as he stood victorious above his defeated opponent. "Looks like this little piggy has you hogtied!"

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Peni and Gwen quickly assessed the situation, their eyes locked on Tombstone, who stood before them with a menacing grin. With their minds in sync, they exchanged a nod, silently communicating their plan of attack.



Peni stepped forward, her robotic companion obediently following suit, swallowing her safely inside. The large mechanical suit resembled a spider, with multiple limbs extending from its back, each armed with various gadgets and weapons.

The robot's eyes glowed with a blue hue as Peni's voice echoed from its speakers. "Let's give him a taste of our teamwork, partner!"

The robot lunged forward, its limbs springing into action. It deftly evaded Tombstone's initial strikes, sidestepping his punches with remarkable agility.

Peni controlled the suit with finesse, analyzing Tombstone's movements and counterattacking with calculated precision.

Gwen, her webs fluidly weaving through the air, swung into action, creating barriers to protect herself and Peni. She swiftly closed the distance between them and Tombstone, her moves a graceful dance of agility and speed.

As Gwen engaged Tombstone in close combat, Peni's robot companion launched a volley of projectiles. Gatling guns mounted on its shoulders unleashed a hail of bullets, forcing Tombstone to retreat and seek cover. The onslaught continued as the robot fired rockets from its back, detonating in bursts of concussive force.

After running out of explosives, Peni maneuvered the robot into a flanking position. She expertly coordinated its movements, delivering precise strikes with its mechanical limbs. Each blow carried the weight of her determination, striking Tombstone with powerful force.

Tombstone grunted, his durable body absorbing the impact of the blows, but Peni and Gwen refused to relent.

They pressed their advantage, their teamwork seamless and fluid. Gwen's webs ensnared Tombstone's arms, momentarily restricting his movements, while Peni's robot delivered a devastating uppercut, sending him crashing to the ground.

Gasping for breath, Tombstone attempted to rise, but Gwen swiftly webbed his legs, rendering him immobile. Peni's robot joined in as well, encased him in a thick web cocoon, ensuring he wouldn't escape.

Breathing heavily, Gwen watched as Peni jumped out of her robot companion, a rather unique looking spider sat on her shoulder.

The two standing side by side, their eyes locked on their defeated foe. They exchanged a triumphant smile, knowing their teamwork had prevailed.

Gwen extended a hand to Peni, who gratefully accepted it. "Great job, Peni. Your robot was amazing!"

Peni beamed with pride as she she lovingly pet the spider on her shoulder. "He is amazing, isn't he?" She cooed as the arachnid seemed to preen at her attention.

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Miles swung through the air with a grace that contradicted his inexperience, his Spider-Sense guiding his every move. The Prowler matched his agility, his movements fluid and calculated.

They circled each other, their eyes locked in a fierce struggle for dominance. Suddenly, Prowler activated his boots and flew forward, his claws slashing through the air.

Miles somersaulted backward, narrowly evading the deadly strike. He retaliated with a quick burst of webbing, aiming to immobilize his opponent.

But the Prowler, trained and agile, dodged the sticky trap with a nimble twist of his body.

Miles couldn't afford to hold back. He knew that he couldn't match the Prowler's skill and experience, but thankfully, he had many superpowers that his opponent didn't. Gathering his courage, he pressed forward, his fists clenched.

They exchanged blows with incredible speed, the sound of their impacts echoing through the massive room.

Miles relied on his agility and acrobatics, flipping and diving to avoid the Prowler's deadly strikes. His Spider-Sense buzzed with intensity, warning him of incoming attacks milliseconds before they landed.

As they continued their intense battle, Miles spotted an opening. With a swift kick, he knocked the Prowler off balance, causing him to stumble backward.

Seizing the opportunity, Miles leaped forward, his fist reaching for the Prowler's face. And with one solid hit, he managed to accidentally pull the Prowler's mask off.

Instantly, time seemed to slow as the truth was revealed.

Underneath the mask stood Aaron Davis, his eyes narrowed dangerously.

Realization washed over Miles, freezing him in place. He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

'Uncle Aaron...' He was beyond shocked.

The connection between them surged in Miles' mind. But the battle wasn't over, and the Prowler, regaining his composure, lunged forward once again, delivering a clean hit to Miles' frozen, masked face.

Prowler watched Miles fall backwards with a satisfied smirk, unaware that he just punched his own nephew.

His brother would be furious if he found out...

Chapter 384: [Hidden Title at the Bottom]

Peter leaped down from the control room, his landing sending a shockwave through the air. He stood before the dazed and battered Kingpin, his expression filled with cold anger.

"Enough games, Kingpin," Peter growled, his voice low and filled with venom. "Your actions have hurt a very kind woman. And now, it's time to pay."

Kingpin struggled to his feet, blood dripping from his mouth. He attempted to steady himself, but his legs wavered, weakened from the devastating blow Peter had delivered. Fear flickered in his eyes, but he tried to mask it with false bravado.

"You think you can defeat me?" Kingpin sneered, his voice strained. "I'm the Kingpin of crime. I've gutted guys a hundred times your size!"

Peter cracked his knuckles, a chilling smile spreading across his face. "Well, you know what they say. Size isn't everything."

(A/N: Small d\*ck copium)

In a blur of motion, Peter launched himself at Kingpin, his fists a blur as he unleashed a barrage of lightning-fast punches. Each strike landed with bone-crushing force, shaking the building with every impact.

Kingpin's attempts to defend himself were feeble at best. His massive frame was no match for Peter's agility and strength. Blow after blow landed, leaving Kingpin staggering, bloodied, and broken.

The room echoed with the sickening sound of flesh meeting flesh, accompanied by the grunts and groans of Kingpin's pain. Peter's movements were a symphony of precision and power, his years of training as Spider-Man honed to perfection.

"You're nothing more than an overgrown bully," Peter taunted between strikes. "A coward hiding behind a criminal empire."

Kingpin's body trembled with each blow, his once-imposing figure reduced to a mere punching bag. His face contorted with agony, his attempts to fight back becoming weaker and slower.

With a final surge of power, Peter delivered a devastating uppercut, lifting Kingpin off his feet and sending him crashing into the ceiling. The impact left a gaping hole in the structure, debris raining down around them.

Kingpin came crashing back down onto a floating bus, barely conscious. His breathing was labored, his body battered and broken. Peter approached him, his expression cold.

"You still alive?" Peter asked, his voice laced with a dark amusement.

Peter raised his hand, a fiery energy crackling around it, as he tapped into his Phoenix powers. The air shimmered with fiery currents, the room growing tense with anticipation.

Kingpin's eyes widened, fear replacing his arrogance. "Wait... please..." he pleaded, his voice barely a whisper.

But Peter's resolve was unyielding. With a swift and decisive movement, he released a surge of fire that coursed through Kingpin's body, overwhelming him with excruciating pain.

The area filled with the smell of burnt flesh and the sound of Kingpin's agonized screams. Peter's eyes remained locked on his target, his expression cold and unwavering.

As the seconds stretched into eternity, the flames dissipated, leaving nothing behind. Not even a charred corpse was left. Just a bit of ash that blew away moments later, disappearing into the wind.

'Hopefully, this will help Aunt May move on...'

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Miles groaned in pain as he hit the ground, his vision momentarily blurred. The impact had knocked the wind out of him, leaving him gasping for breath. He struggled to rise to his feet, his mind racing with conflicting emotions.

"Uncle Aaron..." He whispered between labored breaths, his voice unheard.

Prowler stood over him, his menacing presence looming. His face hardened into an intense glare.

Miles could see the cold look in his uncles eyes as he stared down at him.

Without an ounce of pity, Prowler lunged at Miles once again, his movements fueled by a mix of anger and loyalty to his criminal employer.

Miles barely had time to react, narrowly evading each strike. His heart sank as he realized that his uncle's actions spoke louder than any words.

"Unc-" Miles tried to create some distance between them, hoping to find a moment to talk and reveal himself, but Prowler relentlessly pursued him, his strikes becoming faster and more ferocious.

Miles' thoughts raced as he dodged and weaved. He couldn't give up. He had to find a way to reach his uncle, to show him that they were family. But each attempt to reveal his true identity was met with a barrage of attacks that left him unable to get the words out.

In a brief moment of desperation, Miles reached for his mask, hoping that removing it would break through the Prowler's aggression. His fingers barely grazed the edge before a powerful punch slammed into his gut, knocking the wind out of him once again.

The pain intensified, forcing him to collapse to his knees, his mask still securely in place.

Miles tasted blood in his mouth as he staggered to his feet. His vision blurred for a moment, but determination fueled his every move. He began to realize that he couldn't let his emotions cloud his judgment. He had a responsibility as Spider-Man, no matter who his opponent was.

Prowler circled him, a smirk playing on his lips. "Didn't think I'd be this tough, did you, kid?" he taunted, his voice dripping with venom.

Miles gritted his teeth, throwing away the idea of revealing himself. "You're not the strongest guy I've faced," he replied, his voice tinged with determination. "Peter hits way harder than you."

With renewed determination, Miles launched himself at Prowler, his fists swinging with a newfound intensity. He weaved through the air, striking with expert precision.

Prowler blocked and dodged, his movements slowing ever so slightly. Miles could see the fatigue setting in, his uncle's stamina waning. This gave him a glimmer of hope.

"You can't beat me, kid! Just give up and go home." Prowler growled, attempting to land a blow on Miles. But the young Spider-Man was too quick, sidestepping the attack and countering with a powerful punch of his own.

As their fight raged on, Miles tapped into his mentors teachings. Peter's experience and skill melded with his own, creating a unique style that was becoming increasingly effective against his uncle.

With a calculated move, Miles flipped over Prowler's head and landed behind him. He seized the opportunity and delivered a series of rapid punches to his uncle's back, each strike filled with a mix of anger and resolve.

Prowler stumbled forward, his strength fading. Miles pressed on, his movements fluid and precise. He spun a web around his hands, like a boxer taping his knuckles, and delivered a powerful uppercut to Prowler's jaw.

The impact sent his uncle sprawling backward, crashing into a nearby wall. Dust and debris rained down, shrouding him momentarily. Miles stood there, panting heavily, his heart pounding in his chest.

As the dust cleared, Prowler struggled to rise. Blood trickled from his split lip, his purple suit torn and ripped. He glared at Miles, a mix of anger and surprise in his eyes.

-Flashback-

Only a couple days ago, after Miles' first day in his new school, he managed to sneak off and visit his uncle, whom he usually had to visit in secret.

After all, his father always did everything he could to keep them apart.

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"So, you like this girl (Gwen)?" Uncle Aaron turned to Miles, who hesitantly nodded his head. "Alright, then let me teach you something important."

Confused but intrigued, Miles looked up at his uncle. "?"

Aaron leaned in closer, his voice filled with wisdom. "Getting a girl is all about confidence, Miles. When you want to ask a girl out, you gotta make your move with style. Watch and learn."

With that, Aaron straightened his back, took a deep breath, and walked up to him.

Miles watched as his uncle approached, casually placing a hand on his shoulder. "Hey," he said, his voice oozing with charisma.

(A/N: Rizz god)

His nephew stared at him doubtfully. "Seriously? That's it?" Miles asked as he reached over and placed a hand on his uncles shoulder. "Hey..."

Aaron laughed, a twinkle in his eye. "Haha! Yeah, just put your hand on her shoulder and say 'hey.' Works every time. It's science. I'm telling you..."

-Flashback End-

Miles smirked as he thought of a way to get back at his uncle for the beating he was just given.

Walking up to his downed opponent, Miles crouched down to eye level, pulled off his mask, and places a hand on his uncles shoulder. "Hey..." He says, activating his charm.

Prowler's eyes widened, a flicker of recognition crossing his face. But before he could respond, electricity danced along Miles' body, converging on his outstretched hand.

"!" Uncle Aaron convulsed as his nephews venom strike spread from his shoulder to the rest of his body. "Aaaaahhhh!" He screamed in pain before his eyes rolled back, knocked out cold.

The air crackled with tension as the remaining Spider-People emerged from the shadows, each of them bringing with them their own captured villains.

Olivia Octavius, also known as Doctor Octopus, was suspended in mid-air, her tentacles restrained and bound by webs. Beside her, Tombstone struggled within a tight cocoon of sticky silk.



Peter glanced at the defeated foes, his eyes filled with a mix of satisfaction and pride in his team. He was especially happy to see Miles' uncle alive and breathing, unlike his movie counterpart.

Turning to eye the active collider, he knew they couldn't stay in this universe for much longer, and it was time to bid farewell to their new allies and return to their own worlds.

"Good work, everyone." Peter said, a sad smile on his face. "We stopped Fisk and now it's time to destroy the collider. But first, we all have to go back to where we belong."

"Wait..." Gwen interrupted as she eyed her surroundings. "Where's Fisk?"

Peter exchanged a knowing glance with Noir before answering. "I left him in the control room. Miles can grab him later." He shrugged, playing it off perfectly.

Not a single person doubted him but Noir, though he already knew Peter's plans.

Ben, still catching his breath after the intense battle, stepped up. "It's been a wild ride, but I have someone waiting for me back home. And hopefully, she'll take me back..."

Spider-Pig sadly stared at the ground as a dark cloud appeared over his head, raining down on him. He didn't want to leave so soon...

Noir adjusted his hat and tie. "I've brought justice to this universe. My work here is done."

Peni looked at her companions with a hint of sadness. "I'll miss you guys. It's been so much fun fighting alongside all of you."

Gwen stepped forward and placed a hand on Miles' shoulder. "Take care of yourself, Miles. You're gonna do great things. And remember, we're all here for you, no matter what." She says, pulling out the phone that Peter had given them.

Miles nodded, his voice filled with gratitude. "Thanks, Gwen. I couldn't have done it without all of you."

One by one, the Spider-People approached the interdimensional collider, their captured villains left behind with Miles. Each of them gave Miles a farewell nod or a pat on the back before leaping into the center of the lasers.

Peter, the last remaining Spider-Person, turned back for a moment, his eyes meeting Miles' gaze. "You're a great Spider-Man, Miles. Keep being amazing."

As Peter disappeared into the swirling vortex of the collider, leaving Miles standing alone with the defeated villains, a mix of emotions swirled within him. He felt a sense of loss, yet also a newfound determination to continue his newfound journey as Spider-Man.

Miles turned his attention to the control panel across the room, his face set with resolve. Swinging over and plugging in the override key, he hit a single button, which caused the collider to reverse, imploding in on itself.

There was only one thought in Miles' mind as he ran for his life with three captured villains over his shoulder. 'Where the hell is Fisk?!

---

Peter fell out of a swirling, multicolored portal and landed gracefully on his feet. As he regained his balance, he looked around, finding himself atop a building in a rather familiar New York City.

Though was it his?

The bustling streets of Times Square stretched out before him, the bright lights and towering billboards shining even in the daylight.

Re-equipping his mask, just in case, Peter's gaze fixated on one of the massive screens adorning a nearby building. It displayed a news report, featuring an image of Spider-Man in his iconic red and blue suit alongside an unmasked picture of himself.

The headline blared, "Spider-Man Unmasked: Public Demands Answers!"

A video played below the headline, showing a very satisfied J. Jonah Jameson.

'I haven't seen that guy in a while...' Peter thought.

"There you have it, folks! Conclusive proof that Spider-Man was responsible for the brutal murder of Mysterio, an interdimensional warrior who gave his life to protect our planet, and who will no doubt go down in history as the greatest superhero of all time. But that's not all. Here's the real blockbuster. Brace yourselves, you might wanna sit down." Jonah really seemed to be enjoying himself.

Suddenly, an image of Quentin Beck, a bearded man with slicked back hair, appeared. "Spider-Man's real... Spider-Man's real name is..." He spoke with grave urgency as the video seemed to distort and glitch before finally returning back to normal. "Spider-Man's name is Peter Parker!"

[Insert picture of Quentin Beck/Mysterio here]

After that, the video seemed to repeat again, starting with Jonah's happy rant.

"What the f\*ck..." Peter whispered, his voice filled with disbelief.

He watched the footage, his eyes widening as he recognized the events unfolding on the screen. It was the same video from the movie Spider-Man: No Way Home.

Hidden title: No Way Home

Chapter 385: Visiting MJ

Peter pulled out his phone and swiftly unlocked it, navigating to the Multiverse Chat app, which connected all the Spider-People across dimensions, allowing them to stay in touch and provide support to one another.

With a bit of trepidation, Peter composed a message in the chat, his fingers dancing across the virtual keyboard.

SkeetShooter69420XD: Hey, everyone. Just wanted to check in and see if you all made it back home safely.

He pressed the send button, his eyes fixed on the screen, waiting for the familiar blue checkmarks that indicated his message had been delivered. Time seemed to stretch as he anxiously awaited a response, hoping that the chat actually worked.

After what felt like an eternity, the chat bubbles started to appear one by one, indicating that his fellow Spider-People were typing their replies. Peter's heart skipped a beat as he read the incoming messages, relief flooding through him.

Peni: "Hey, Peter! I'm back in my universe, no problemo."

Ben: "Made it back to my universe too. It's good to be home."

Spider-Pig: "Home sweet home."

Noir: "Made it outta that colorful nightmare. Back in the shadows."

Gwen: "Back in my own dimension too. Hey, Miles, are you okay? Did everything go well with the collider?"

Miles: "Yeah, I'm good too. I'm surprised these phones actually work..."

A mix of emotions washed over Peter as he read their responses. Relief that his Multiverses Chat actually worked and that his new friends returned to their respective universes, but also a sense of isolation, knowing that he was the only one who had been diverted from his intended path.

Though he knew that he wouldn't be alone for long. 'I wonder if the Andrew and Tobey Spider-Man's that I've met will show up?' Peter wondered, knowing that he's met versions of them before in his genie trials.

Not to mention the Peter Parker that this Universe belongs too...

"Hmm, lets go find my twin brother and mess with him a bit..." Peter muttered as a sinister look formed under his mask.

Peter's heart raced with anticipation as he made his way through the bustling streets of New York City. The sound of cars honking, people chattering, and the occasional sirens filled the air, reminding him of the vibrant and chaotic world he had seen on the big screen.

His mind focused on the task at hand, Peter quickly located a nearby internet café and hurried inside, ignoring the odd looks he received for his Spider-Suit. He approached one of the vacant computers, fingers already itching to start his search.

With practiced efficiency, he typed in a series of commands and algorithms, utilizing his spider-like speed and agility to navigate through the vast expanse of the digital world.

As the search results populated the screen, Peter's eyes scanned the information, searching for the names and addresses of the counterparts he sought. MJ, Aunt May, Ned, and even his own counterpart. Each piece of data brought him closer to his goal, igniting a mixture of excitement and mischievous within him.

Finally, he found what he was looking for. A small donut shop situated not too far from his current location. The name 'Michelle Jones Watson' appeared beside the address, confirming that this was indeed the place where this universe's MJ worked.

A smile tugged at the corners of his lips as he imagined the surprise on her face when she realized he wasn't her Peter.

Walking out of the cafe, Peter summoned a shimmering cloak of magical energy, transforming his Spider-Man suit into a more casual outfit. A simple t-shirt, jeans, and a hoodie.

With his appearance fixed, he left the internet café, blending into the crowd as an ordinary young man. Or at least, that was what he hoped would happen.

The second that Peter's face was revealed, everyone on the street turned to eye him curiously. Their gazes filled with a mix of awe and fear.

Instantly, Peter realized his mistake. 'Oh, yeah... I forgot that my face is very famous in this world.' He wanted to slap himself for forgetting this.

Opting to just ignore the stares, Peter approached the donut shop, his face split in a devious smirk. He paused for a moment and peered through the front windows.

And there she was, MJ, his MJ.

Well, not his MJ. They certainly looked like twins but his MJ is a bit more fit and curvy thanks to her enhancements.

Her back was turned to him as she worked the register. Peter's eyes softened a bit as he watched her, a rush of affection washing over him. He couldn't help but admire the way she moved with grace and confidence, even in such a mundane setting.

Not wasting anymore time, Peter pushed open the door and stepped inside the shop. The smell of freshly baked goods enveloped him. The bell above the door chimed softly, drawing MJ's attention.

She turned around, her eyes widening in surprise as they locked with Peter's, not expecting her boyfriend to show up like this.

(A/N: Man... If I was an evil demon of an author, this would be peak time for NTR... 🤔🤔)

Walking up to the counter, Peter locked eyes with MJ, his mischievous smile still playing on his lips. He feigning nonchalance as he leaned against the counter, pretending to study the donut selection.

"Hey, Beautiful," he said, his voice laced with playful charm. "I'll take a dozen of your finest donuts, please."

MJ blinked, her surprise morphing into a mix of confusion and suspicion. She studied Peter's face intently, trying to understand why her boyfriend was acting so weird.

He would never called her beautiful in public, nor would he do whatever sort of play this was. And if he did, he would be much more awkward than this.

Something definitely felt off. He was taller. About 5 inches taller. And instead of tilting her head down to look at him, she found herself looking up, which wasn't normal whatsoever.

"Uh, do I know you?" MJ asked, playing along for the moment.

Peter chuckled lightly, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "Nah, we haven't met before. I'm new in town. Just thought I'd try these donuts everyone's raving about. Mind giving me some recommendations?" He asks, gesturing to the wide selection of pastries.

MJ's suspicion grew, but curiosity got the better of her. She glanced around the shop, noticing the lingering glances of the other customers who were just as intrigued by Peter's presence.

After all, he's Spider-Man.

With a sigh, she began to fill a box with donuts, throwing in the ones that sold the most. "Here, these are popular."

Peter's grin widened, his eyes sparkling with delight. "Thanks, I'll trust your judgment. And hey, while I'm at it, can I ask for your number? Maybe I can swing by sometime and take you out on a date."

MJ's eyes narrowed as his request hit her. Her mind raced, questioning the possibility of her Peter playing some kind of prank on her. She hesitated for a moment, her fingers twitching with uncertainty.

"Um, sure," she replied, her voice guarded yet intrigued. She quickly grabbed a piece of receipt paper and a pen, scribbling down her phone number. As she handed it to Peter, their fingers brushed lightly, sending a jolt of electricity through her.

Peter took the paper, his fingers lingering for a brief moment longer than necessary. "Thanks, MJ. I'll be sure to give you a call soon."

With that, he straightened up, a triumphant smirk playing on his lips. As he turned to leave the donut shop, MJ's mind raced, piecing together the inconsistencies, the height difference, and the feeling that something was amiss.

Scrambling for her phone, she quickly dialed her boyfriend's number. It only took seconds for him to answer, his voice filled with warmth and familiarity.

"Hey, MJ, what's up? Everything okay?" He asked.

MJ's voice trembled as she spoke. "Peter, there was someone here who looked exactly like you, but he's taller, and he... he just asked for my number. It's not you, right?"

There was a pause on the other end of the line. "Is this a joke?" He asked, confirming all her suspicions.

Relief flooded through MJ as she realized her instincts were right. She watched anxiously as her genuine Peter, her short king, walked through the door seconds later, his eyes searching for her.

He approached the counter, a concerned look etched on his face. "Hey, why do you look like you've seen a ghost?"

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Walking toward his next destination, Peter smirked as he bit into one of his free donuts. Luckily, MJ was far too shocked and confused to realize that he didn't pay for them.

'This is more fun than I thought it would be...' He couldn't keep the amused smile from his face.

Soon enough, Peter found himself in front of an apartment building, his senses heightened as he navigated the security filled corridors. He made his way up to Aunt May's apartment, a mix of excitement and nerves bubbling within him. Would Aunt May recognize him? Would she suspect that he wasn't her Peter?

Taking a deep breath, Peter approached the door and used a simple spell to phase through it like a ghost, entering the apartment with ease.

"Honey, I'm home!" He called out jokingly. "And I brought donuts."

"Peter, you're home early," Aunt May peaked her head out from down the hall, her voice tinged with a mix of confusion and concern. "Is something wrong?"

Peter smiled warmly as soon as he saw her, his eyes sparkling with hidden mischief as he held up the box of donuts. "Hey, May. No, nothing's wrong. Just thought I'd surprise you with some treats."



## Chapter 386: Hunting a Doppelgänger

Our MC: Peter

Peter Andrew Parker(Andrew Garfield): Andrew

Peter Tobey Parker(Tobey Maguire): Tobey

Peter Thomas Parker(Tom Holland): Tom)

"Hey, why do you look like you've seen a ghost?" Peter asked as he stashed his phone away, his voice filled with genuine concern.

He was rushing over to tell MJ and Ned that he planned to speak to the Dean at MIT and plead their cases for enrollment, hoping that he could convince the school to at least take his friend and girlfriend in.

Ever since he was outed as Spider-Man and blamed for the death of a fake hero/villain, Their peaceful lives have been flipped upside down. Not to mention the fact that not a single college would accept him or anyone related to him.

Peter even went as far as asking for help from Doctor Strange, hoping that magic could fix his problems, but that failed spectacularly and he only seemed to anger the man that tried to help him.

All while nearly tearing a hole in the fabric of the universe. Or whatever magic mumbo jumbo Strange was ranting about as he threw him out of the New York Sanctum, slamming the door shut behind him.

But all of that was put to the side for now...

MJ took a deep breath, her mind racing to make sense of the encounter. "Peter, there was someone here who looked exactly like you, but he's taller, and he... he just asked for my number. You're not playing a prank on me, right?"

Peter's brow furrowed, his eyes narrowing with confusion. "MJ, I promise, it wasn't me. I have no idea who your talking about." He reassures her as he eyed one of the security cameras behind the register. "The cameras here work, right?"

MJ followed his line of site, nodding her head as she realized what he meant. "Yeah, follow me."

The duo quickly moved to the back of the shop, where a small office housed the security camera footage. Peter sat down in front of the computer, his fingers dancing across the keyboard as he accessed the recordings.

MJ leaned over his shoulder, her heart pounding with a mix of curiosity and apprehension.

The screen flickered to life, displaying the footage from earlier. As they watched the events unfold, Peter's eyes widened in disbelief.

There, on the screen, was their mysterious doppelgänger, completely identical to Peter, save for a few extra inches in height, the mischievous smile, and the confident posture. Besides that, he was all too familiar

"What the..." Peter muttered, his voice trailing off.

MJ's gaze shifted between the screen and Peter, her mind racing to make sense of the situation. "Peter, who is he? How is this even possible?"

Peter let out a sigh, his mind racing to grasp the reality of what they were witnessing. "I don't know. But one thing's for sure... we need to find out who he is and what he's up to."

With a renewed sense of determination, Peter reached for his phone and began texting furiously, sending messages to everyone he knew in their close-knit circle of friends and family.

The warning messages described the doppelgänger and urged everyone to be cautious. However, there was one person who didn't respond as quickly as they'd hoped.

Aunt May.

"May's not answering her phone," Peter muttered, a hint of worry creeping into his voice. "We need to check on her. Something doesn't feel right about all this."

MJ nodded in agreement, her eyes filled with concern. "Let's go. We can't waste any more time."

As they hurriedly made their way toward the exit of the donut shop, they bumped into Ned, who was about to walk inside, clearly curious about the texts he had received. Ned's eyes widened as he took in the urgency etched on their faces.

"What's going on?" Ned asked, his voice filled with concern. "I heard something about a doppelgänger."

Explaining along the way, Peter and MJ rushed out of the donut shop followed by Ned, their minds filled with questions and concerns.

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Peter(Our MC) and May sat at the small dining table in the cozy apartment, surrounded by the remains of their shared donut feast. The room was filled with the warm aroma of freshly baked pastries and the soft glow of the afternoon sun filtering through the curtains.

May took a bite of her last donut, savoring the sweet taste as she looked at Peter with a fond smile. "You know, Peter, it's been a while since we've had a chance to sit down and just relax like this, together. I've missed it."

Peter nodded, his expression filled with a mixture of affection and determination. "Yeah, I've missed it too. I've been so caught up with everything lately that I just haven't had time."

May's phone, lying on the kitchen counter, suddenly buzzed with notifications. Calls and texts from her Peter filled the screen, warning her about the presence of a doppelgänger. However, the phone was on silent, and both Peter and May remained blissfully unaware of the urgent messages.

Gazing at his Aunts counterpart, who looked just like her, Peter made a silent vow to himself. He would protect May, no matter what it took. He wouldn't allow her to suffer the same fate as her movie counterpart.

This May might not be his, but he still watched her die in the theater, crying his eyes out like everyone else.

He couldn't bear the thought of watching it happen in real life.

Leaning forward, Peter reached out and gently placed his hand over May's. "May, I want you to know that I'll always be here for you. You're like a mother to me, and I won't let anything happen to you. I promise."

May's eyes softened, her hand squeezing his in return, unaware of the underlying meaning behind his words. "Peter, I couldn't be prouder of you, but you don't have to worry about me so much. My problems are simple compared to yours."

Peter smiled, returning back to his donut. "Oh really? What might those simple problems be?"

"Well, Happy wants to get back together..." She started happily ranting off all of her problems, one by one.

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As they finished the last of their donuts, the room was filled with a comfortable silence, though that silence would soon be ruined.

Outside in the hallway, Peter could hear the elevator opening alongside the sound of three people stepping out.

"Do you think he's a clone?" Ned asked as they paced to the apartment door. "A lot of the time in comic books, the hero's DNA gets stolen and some villain makes a clone of him."

Peter smirked as he heard this universes Peter, MJ, and Ned talking about him. "Well, this has been fun, but I should probably get going now." He said out of nowhere.

"Huh? Where are you going?" She asked as he stood up from his seat and waved his hand. "!"

In an instant, a golden portal opened in the center of her apartment, shocking her into a stunned silence.

"I'll come visit again, okay?" Peter smiles as he gives her a wave and steps through the portal. "Oh, yeah... One more thing."

Turning back around, Peter pointed in her direction, and suddenly, a golden spell circle drew itself in front of him before shrinking to the size of a pin and shooting into her body.

"W-What was that!?" She hopped out of her seat, alarmed.

"Just a small protection spell." Peter answers as the portal began to close. "Stay safe, okay?"

And just as the portal snapped shut, the front door swung open abruptly, revealing Peter, Ned, and MJ.

As they walked in, calling for Aunt May, they found her standing there with an empty donut box on the table and a bewildered look on her face. Her eyes widened even further as she took in the sight of the trio standing before her.

"Peter?" May's voice trembled slightly as she stared at them, her heart pounding in her chest. "What's going on? Who are you?"

Peter stepped forward, his voice filled with urgency. "May, it's me, Peter! I know this is hard to believe, but there's some doppelgänger of me out there. Was he here?"

MJ, always the observant one, noticed box on the table from the shop she works at. Her eyes narrowed, and she pointed at it. "Looks like he brought over his donuts. Did he say anything?"

May's confusion deepened as she glanced at the Peter before her, realizing the height difference immediately. "He said he'd come visit again... and he did this magic that shot into my chest. He called it a protection spell..."

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After the portal snapped shut, Peter(Our MC) donned his spider suit once again and made his way to one of the many manholes that covered the streets of New York City. 'If I recall the movie correctly, Doctor Strange found the first villain in the sewers...'

Sighing to himself, as he really didn't want to go down into the sh\*t and p\$ss filled tunnels, Peter nonetheless descended into the grimy depths, his senses immediately assaulted by the putrid stench that permeated the air.

Acting quickly, Peter cast a spell on his mask, filtering the air as if he was wearing a lavender scented gas mask. The brief light of the spell revealing the damp and moss-covered bricks, along with the occasional rat scurrying through the shadows.

With each step, the echo of his steps reverberated through the labyrinthine tunnels, amplifying the eerie atmosphere. The distant sound of water dripping added a haunting melody to the symphony of the underground.

As he ventured deeper into the labyrinth, the claustrophobic surroundings closed in around him, the narrow passageways seeming to twist and turn with no end in sight. The darkness seemed to consume everything, save for the occasional flickering of dimly lit bulbs that hung from the ceiling, casting eerie shadows along the walls.

Peter's heightened senses detected movement ahead, a faint scuffling sound mixed with a low, guttural growl. He readied himself, knowing that he was about to confront the dangerous creature lurking within these foul corridors.

The sound of dripping water seemed to intensify, echoing through the labyrinth like a haunting symphony. Peter focused, his gaze fixed on the darkness ahead. Casually, he moved forward, his footsteps careful and deliberate.

The walls seemed to ooze with filth, the grime clinging to his suit. He fought the urge to gag, pressing on.

Finally, he reached a wider section of the sewer. The flickering light revealed a figure lurking in the shadows, hunched over and emitting low, raspy growls. It was a giant humanoid Lizard, its reptilian features twisted and grotesque.

[Insert picture of the Lizard/Dr. Connors here]

Dr. Connors, once a respected scientist, had succumbed to his own experiment, transforming into the monstrous Lizard.

The Lizard's eyes narrowed, studying Peter with a mix of curiosity and aggression. Its snout curled into a menacing sneer, revealing rows of sharp, jagged teeth. A low hiss escaped its throat as it prepared to attack.

Peter approached, his spider-sense tingling, alerting him to the imminent danger. With a wave of his hand, he greeted the creature, his voice firm yet tinged with an air of familiarity. "Yo."

## Chapter 387: Sewer Scuffle

As Peter stepped forward, his confident posture and relaxed demeanor contrasted sharply with the ferocity of the Lizard monstrosity before him.

Before he had the chance to introduce himself, the creature lunged at him with lightning speed, claws extended and jaws gaping wide. Peter effortlessly sidestepped the attack, fluidly evading the Lizard's assault.

"You know, your teeth are nasty, right?" Peter quipped, effortlessly dodging another swipe of the Lizard's claws. "As someone who used to be human, you should really brush your teeth every once in a while. Lizard monster or not, that sh\*ts disgusting."

The Lizard growled in frustration, its attacks becoming more desperate. Peter continued to effortlessly avoid each strike, his agility and spider-sense guiding him flawlessly through the chaotic dance.

With a swift and precise movement, Peter flipped over the Lizard's head, landing gracefully behind it. As the creature turned and dived his way, Peter simply stepped out of the way, sending it sprawling into the grimy sewer water.

"I hope you don't mind getting a little dirty," Peter taunted, his voice laced with amusement. "Though it seems like you're already familiar with this environment."

The Lizard hissed in anger and lunged again, claws slashing through the air. Peter effortlessly weaved around the attacks, occasionally throwing out a few taunts to keep his opponent feisty.

As the 'fight' continued, Peter's strategy became clear. He wasn't aiming to defeat the Lizard at all. In fact he hasn't tried to counter with a single attack. Instead, he was patiently wearing down his opponent by letting him flail around and waste all of his energy with agile maneuvers.

The echoes of their scuffle reverberated through the sewer tunnels, creating an eerie soundscape as the Lizard roared in tired frustration. Peter's movements were a blur of speed and precision, each strike that came his way was dodged with calculated efficiency.

After almost 10 minutes of staying centimeters out of reach of the monsters grasp, the lizard stumbled forward, panting as he crashed against a moss-covered wall. Peter took advantage of the opening, using his webs to immobilize the Lizard's limbs, cocooning it in a sticky trap.

"Looks like you've been caught and I didn't even have to do anything," Peter chuckled, standing triumphantly over the restrained creature. "Maybe next time you'll be able to land a hit. Just be sure to eat your vegetables and grow up to be a strong lizard, okay?"

The Lizard snarled, its reptilian eyes filled with a mix of defeat and fury. Peter approached casually, crouching down so they stood at eyes level.

"So, you can talk right?" Peter ask, knowing that he could talk in the movie.

Without uttering a single word, the lizard before him cleared his throat and spat straight in Peters face.

"Okay..." Peter stood up and wiped the green tinted lizard-man mucus off his mask, fighting the urge to puke at how nasty it was. "That was gross..."

Dr. Connors peered up at him, his expression a mix of anger and frustration. "F\*ck you... Spider-Man," he spoke, his voice strained.



Peter nodded back at him, a hint of gooey lizard spit still on his mask. "I love you too, buddy."

Before Dr. Connors shocked and confused eyes, Peter waved his hand and opened a golden portal, which seemed to lead to a some sort of old building. Shooting one more web at the giant lizards bald head, Connors was dragged through, watching the portal in interest.

After all, he may look like a lizard right now but Dr. Connors is still a very accomplished scientist.

Making their way out of the grimy sewers, leaving behind the echoes of their fight and the faint scent of feces and victory in the air, the portal snapped shut behind them, darkening the sewers once again.

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Peter(Not our MC), Ned, and MJ rushed Aunt May to the New York Sanctum, their hearts pounding with worry. As they entered the ancient building, the group was greeted by the stern face of Doctor Strange, who seemed to appear after sensing their arrival.

Strange's brow furrowed as he saw the group barging in. "What is the meaning of this intrusion?" he demanded, his gaze laced with annoyance, especially when he eyed Peter in their little group. "I thought I made it clear that you're not welcome here anymore..."

Everyone's eyebrow raised as they heard that, wondering what the Sorcerer meant.

Peter took a deep breath, his voice shaky but determined. "S-Sir, please, we need your help. There's a doppelgänger of me running around, and he visited Aunt May. He placed some kind of spell on her, and we don't know what it does."

Strange's annoyance softened into curiosity as he listened to Peter's explanation. He looked at Aunt May, who stood there with a bewildered expression on her face.

"And you believe this doppelgänger poses a threat?" Strange asked, crossing his arms in contemplation.

Peter nodded. "Yes, he seemed... off. And the fact that he performed magic worries me. I don't know what his intentions are and I don't like it."

Strange sighed, his gaze shifting to Aunt May. "Very well, let me take a look."

He motioned for Aunt May to step forward, and she cautiously approached him. Strange raised his hands, conjuring golden spell circles that floated surrounded May's entire body, scanning her for any traces of the spell.

The room fell into a tense silence as Strange's magic worked its way through May's being. The spell circles hummed softly, their intricate patterns shifting and pulsating.

After what felt like an eternity, Strange lowered his hands, dispelling the spell circles. He frowned, his expression pensive. "This is a very impressive protection spell. I won't be able to disarm it without setting it off."

Peter's eyes widened, a mix of relief and concern washing over him. "So, she's protected? But protected from what?"

Strange shook his head, his eyes meeting Peter's. "I'm not sure, Peter. This spell is powerful, and its purpose seems to be to keep her safe. We'll need to tread carefully and find out more about this doppelgänger." He said, his mind drifting to the incident that happened on Peter's first visit of the day, which could be the reason for all of this...

May's voice trembled as she spoke up, concern etched on her face. "What does this mean? Am I in danger?"

Strange's stern expression softened, and he placed a reassuring hand on May's shoulder. "We won't let anything happen to you, May. I'll keep a close eye on the situation, and we'll find a way to handle it. For now, I suggest you stay with us here at the Sanctum for your own safety."

May nodded, her trust in Peter and Strange evident in her eyes. "Okay, if you say so. But please, be careful, all of you. Although I don't think this other Peter has any bad intentions, it's still better to keep your guard up."

Peter glanced at Aunt May, his determination reignited. "We will, May. We'll figure this out together."

Strange turned to the rest of the group, his tone stern once again. "Now, if you're going to be staying here, you'll have to abide by the rules of the Sanctum. No tampering with any artifacts, no wandering off, and definitely no web-slinging in here. We don't need anymore cobwebs stuck to the ceiling."

Peter nodded, a sheepish smile on his face. "Got it, Doctor Strange. No web-slinging in the Sanctum."

As the group started to settle into the Sanctum, suddenly, a golden portal appeared in the middle of the main entrance, catching everyone's attention.

The group's eyes widened in surprise as the golden portal materialized, its shimmering hues casting a warm glow in the dimly lit Sanctum. Peter(Our MC), otherwise known as the doppelgänger, stepped out of the portal, nonchalantly dragging a giant lizard monster behind him.

His casual demeanor was in stark contrast to the tense atmosphere that had enveloped the room just moments ago. With a wave and a simple "Yo," Peter greeted them as he removed his mask, his voice carrying a mix of confidence and mischief.

Ned, MJ, and Aunt May exchanged bewildered glances, struggling to comprehend the sudden appearance of another Peter. Doctor Strange, too, was taken aback, his stoic expression momentarily faltering.

Peter's eyes flickered across the room, a mischievous smile tugging at the corners of his lips. He couldn't help but revel in the astonishment that painted the faces before him.

"Hey, guys," he finally said, his voice infused with a casual tone. "I brought a friend. I hope you don't mind the extra company."

The Lizard, still cocooned tightly in webs, emitted a low growl of frustration, his reptilian eyes narrowing at the sight of the bewildered faces in front of him. He squirmed within his constraints, but the thick layers of web held him back.

Doctor Strange composed himself, regaining his authoritative presence. With a wave of his hand, he threw a spell at Peter, hoping to capture him for some good old fashioned interrogation, but that wasn't happening.

Peter simply scoffed as he coated his hand in a golden energy and slap the spell away, sending it crashing into a case in the corner.

Peter looked towards Strange, a playful glint in his eyes. "That wasn't very nice. I see that this universes Ancient One didn't teach you any manners..."

Ned's jaw dropped. "Dude, that was bada\*s!"

Peter shot his friend's counterpart a mischievous grin. "I know, right?"

## Chapter 388: Introductions

Peter's observed the astonished expressions on the faces before him with a hint of amusement, enjoying the moment.

Tom(This universes Peter) and Ned exchanged glances, their curiosity piqued. Aunt May stood there with a mixture of surprise and concern etched on her face. MJ, who had been mostly silent, watched Peter intently, her eyes scanning his every move.

"So, you're another Peter Parker?" MJ asked, her voice laced with skepticism.

"Well, hello again, gorgeous." Peter chuckled at the glare she gave him. "But no, I'm not just another Peter Parker. I'm Peter Parker. The one and only Spider-Man. At least, in my universe."

Ned's eyes widened, his voice full of excitement. "No way! So, you like traveled across the multiverse?!"

Peter nodded. "Yup, but I wasn't exactly trying to. In my universe, I was the first hero, the friendly neighborhood Spider-Man. Started my hero gig as a freshman in high school, and it's been a pretty wild ride ever since."

MJ raised an eyebrow, her skepticism evident. "And you learned magic?"

Peter nodded once again. "Actually, I did. The Ancient One saw potential in me and took me under her wing. I learned some cool tricks from her over the years."

Doctor Strange, who had been observing the exchange with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, finally spoke up. "This is quite the tale... Peter. But how did you end up in this universe?"

Peter's smirk faltered for a moment as he recalled his unexpected journey. "Well, you see, I was taking a shower when this gooey portal opened up and swallowed me whole. I ended up in another universe, helping a bunch of Spider-People take down Kingpin's super-collider. Long story, don't ask... I thought I was heading home after that, but I somehow ended up here instead. Im not complaining though, this little vacation has been fun, though Lily might be a bit jealous when I tell her about it..."

Aunt May quirked her head to the side. "Who's Lily?" She asked curiously.

Peter's confident facade softened, his gaze meeting Aunt May's. "That would be your granddaughter." He revealed as his gaze turned to MJ. "And your daughter."

"?!" All eyes widen in shock almost instantly. "I-I have a daughter with MJ?" Tom asked, bewildered.

Peter nodded. "Well, she's an Artificial Intelligence, but yeah. She called me Daddy as soon as I started her up. It was so cute..." He said, reminiscing about the good old days. "I even made her a body with our DNA and had the dwarves of Nidavellir forge her some metal bones. She's pretty bada\*s for a 10 year old kid."

"..." No one knew what to say as they listened to Peter brag about overpowered daughter.

Doctor Strange studied Peter intently, his voice steady but cautious. "You may be skilled, Peter, but we'll need to assess the situation carefully. We can't take any risks, especially when it involves another version of you."

Peter nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation. "I get it, Doc. Safety first, right? But trust me, I'm not the one you should be worried about..." he turned his gaze at Dr. Connors, the man transformed into the formidable Lizard. "He's not from this universe either."

Doctor Strange, intrigued by Peter's observation, nodded and raised his hands, conjuring golden spell circles that hovered around Dr. Connors. The circles emitted a soft hum as they scanned the Lizard's form, searching for any anomalies.

After a few moments, the spell circles dissipated, and Doctor Strange's expression turned grave. "You're right. There are traces of multiversal energy within him. He's not from this universe."

Peter crossed his arms, his eyes darting between Doctor Strange and Tom. "See? I told you there's something going on here. There could be others out there too. We need to figure out what happened. Someone must have messed up big time for all of this to occur." He said, knowing exactly what happened.

Tom and Doctor Strange exchanged a silent glance, realizing the weight of the situation.

Earlier that day, Tom had approached Strange seeking his help. The world now knew his secret identity, and he desperately wanted everyone to forget. Strange offered to perform a spell, but a combination of Peter's insistence and their mutual miscommunication had caused the spell to go awry.

Taking a step forward, Peter Thomas Parker introduced himself rather awkwardly. "Uhh, hey. I'm Peter too, I guess... but you can call me Tom. It's my middle name. That way nobody gets confused, you know?"

After his awkward introduction, Tom and Strange explained their little mishap...

Peter did his best to look shocked, a mixture of concern and realization playing out on his face. "Do you think the spell is pulling everyone in the surrounding multiverse that knows Peter Parker is Spider-Man into this universe?" He offered his knowledge to speed things along.

Instantly, realization spread among the crowd. Even Doctor Strange seemed impressed with Peter's 'hypothesis'. Of course, he only knew that because he watched the movie, but none of them needed to know that.

"So..." Peter was the first to break the silence as he gestured towards Dr. Connors. "Do you have a place to keep him? I really don't want to lug him around everywhere I go."

"Hmm..." Strange thought for a moment before nodding his head. "Yeah, follow me."

The group followed him through the halls of the New York Sanctum, their footsteps echoing in the dimly lit corridors. The air was heavy with a sense of mysticism from the magical artifacts lining the walls, giving the place an eerie atmosphere.

They descended a flight of stone stairs, and as they reached the bottom, the space opened up into an old cellar, which seemed to be used for storage these days.

"Welcome to the Undercroft." Strange announced. "Don't touch anything!" He exclaimed as Ned started fiddling with a pile of junk.

Peter looked around, taking in the sight before him. The undercroft was illuminated by a soft, ethereal glow emanating from old flicking lightbulbs.

The place was filled with dusty junk and forgotten artifacts, ancient relics of power that no longer had a place in the sanctum above. They exuded a sense of history and mystery, as if whispering tales of forgotten sorcery and long-lost secrets.

But that wasn't all...

The end of the room opened up into a dark cave, and embedded into the stone walls were prison cells. Nothing but a window of transparent glass and dense rock made up each cell, though Peter could feel the mystic energy in each of them.

It would take someone like the Hulk or Thor to break out of these bad boys.

As they approached the cells, Dr. Connors began to thrash like crazy, unwilling to be caged. In a matter of seconds, the Lizard managed to snap the thick web and break free. With its primal instinct flaring, it lunged toward Peter, attempting to rip his throat out with its sharp, jagged teeth.

"!" May, MJ, and Ned jumped in fright, cringing in horror as they expected to see something very gruesome.

But thankfully, Peter's reflexes were far quicker than they could imagine, and he effortlessly sidestepped the attack, tossing the transformed scientist into one of the glass cells.

With a frustrated growl, the Lizard thrashed and banged against the glass, which it just phased through only seconds ago, desperately trying to escape.

But sadly, for him, cell held firm, the magical barriers preventing any physical contact between the Lizard and the outside world. The sound of impact reverberated through the undercroft, creating an unsettling noise of frustration and captivity.

Peter watched the futile struggle, his expression firm. He knew that, for now, Dr. Connors would be contained within the confines of the cell, though if things go the same as the movie, then he'd be released soon enough.

"I don't think he'll be going anywhere," Peter stated, turning back to everyone else. "But we need to find out what's going on and how to fix this. There's probably others like him out there as we speak, displaced from their own universes." He said as his gaze turned to Tom. "Who knows, there could be other Peter's out there too."

Dr. Connors wondered what the hell was going on as he continued to thrash against his cell, slowly using his genius mind to put the puzzle pieces together. 'This isn't my universe...' He thought as his gaze turned to the two Peter's. 'And those certainly aren't my Spider-Man...'

The others nodded in agreement, their eyes reflecting the seriousness of the situation. Doctor Strange turned to face the group, his voice firm and resolute. "We'll need to work together, gathering information and-"

Before he could finish that sentence, everyone's phone suddenly went off, vibrating and chiming. Each member of the group pulled out their devices, their faces contorting with surprise and concern as they read the flood of notifications.

Peter, being the odd one out without a phone from this universe, observed their reactions with curiosity.

Ned's eyes widened, his voice trembling with urgency. "Guys, look at this! There's a news report about some green elf flying around on a hoverboard. He's throwing grenades all over the city!"

"HahaHAHAHA!" A shrill laughter could be heard from his phone.



MJ's brow furrowed as she read another news report. "And here's another one. It says there's a man with four mechanical squid arms running around, demanding Spider-Man appearance."

"Peter Parker!" She played a video of said man throwing cars along the highway. "Show yourself you traitorous coward!"

Doctor Strange's expression shifted from resolute to grim as he absorbed the information. "It seems our troubles have multiplied..."

## Chapter 389: Tom Vs Doc Ock

As the news alerts buzzed through the room, Peter's eyes narrowed in recognition. He turned to face the group, his voice laced with urgency. "Guys, listen up! Those villains they're talking about are Green Goblin and Doc Ock. Obviously, their from other universes, like me."

Ned's jaw dropped, his voice barely a whisper. "No way... you know their names?"

Peter nodded. "Yeah, I haven't faced them in my universe since they don't exist, but they existed in the last universe I was in. Green Goblin should be Norman Osborn, a ruthless and highly intelligent adversary. He's got a glider that he rides on and uses bombs as his primary weapons. Be careful, he's a master of manipulation."

MJ raised an eyebrow, her curiosity piqued. "And what about Doc Ock?"

Peter continued his explanation. "Doctor Otto Octavius, also known as Doc Ock, is a brilliant scientist. He uses four mechanical tentacles that he controls with his mind. They're incredibly strong and agile. His fighting style is ruthless, and he won't hesitate to use his tentacles to cause destruction."

Tom's eyes widened, his voice full of determination. "We can't let them hurt anyone else. We need to stop them."

Peter nodded, his voice resolute. "Exactly. We'll have to split up and take them down."

Tom nodded, a determined look on his face. "I'm ready. Let's get out there and put an end to this."

Doctor Strange stepped forward, his expression stern. "While you handle the immediate threat, I'll stay here and try to find a way to send everyone back to their respective universes and fix the damage caused by the spell."

Peter glanced at Doctor Strange, gratitude in his eyes. "Thanks, Doc."

Doctor Strange nodded as he quickly left the undercroft, his focus shifting to the task at hand. "Stay safe, both of you."

Ned, MJ, and May exchanged worried glances, but Peter reassured them. "You guys stay here in the Sanctum. It's safer for now. Though if this was my universe, you could all just tag along. But sadly, you don't have any powers here."

Instantly, their eyes widened in shock. "We have powers in your universe?" Ned asked, a genuinely shocked and awed look on his face.

Peter nodded. "Yeah, I gave you all powers since I didn't want you to get hurt if I wasn't around. May and Ned are super soldiers and my lovely MJ has spider powers as well. She goes by the name Silk." He explains to the stunned crowd.

"How?" Tom asks, knowing that doing something like that would be extremely difficult.

Peter looked over at him and raised an eyebrow. "You know, the majority of Peter Parker's out there are geniuses, right? If one of us is in a universe, it's almost impossible for us to be normal. Are you dumb in this universe?" He asked.

Tom's eyes widened. "Uhh, no. I don't think so." He replied, scratching the back of his head awkwardly.

He was always the top of his class. Even if he wasn't trying, Tom could easily reign supreme in his school.

"Good, then you should be able to enhance them later down the line if you want." Peter said with a shrug. "Here's a hint to get you started. Steal from the bad guys. They always have the best toys."

"Are you telling him to become a thief?" May asks in disbelief.

"Yeah, pretty much." Peter confirmed without an ounce of shame. "Think of it like a video game. Loot your enemies as much as you can and you'll have an easier time. You know, when the Kree and Chitauri invaded my planet, we stole as many ships as we could. And now, the Avengers has a huge fleet of advanced space ships that protect the planet. Stealing is just the best, trust me."

"..." No one had any arguments there, though they felt like they should.

"Anyway, we should get going." Peter says as everyone suddenly remembers the two villains.

And after a few goodbyes, Peter opened a portal under his feet and disappeared, whilst Tom watched jealously. "I should ask Strange to teach me magic..." He muttered before running off.

---

Tom swung through the city, his web-slinging skills on full display as he searched for Doc Ock. The destruction in the streets below was evident, and the panicked screams of innocent bystanders filled the air. As he neared the epicenter of the chaos, his heart raced with determination.

Finally, he spotted the towering figure of Doc Ock, his mechanical tentacles wreaking havoc all around him. Buildings crumbled under the weight of his powerful strikes, and cars were flung through the air like toys. Tom landed on a nearby rooftop, his eyes fixed on his opponent.

[Insert picture of Doctor Octavius here]

"Alright, Otto," Tom muttered under his breath, his voice filled with nervous energy. "Let's see what you're made of."

With a surge of adrenaline, Tom leaped off the rooftop, descending upon Doc Ock with a flurry of punches. But his blows were easily deflected by the mechanical arms, which moved with incredible speed and precision. Doc Ock's laughter filled the air as he effortlessly swatted Tom aside, sending him crashing into a nearby wall.

Gasping for breath, Tom quickly regained his footing and sprang back into action. He shot his webs at Doc Ock, hoping to immobilize him, but the villain expertly dodged the sticky strands and

retaliated with a powerful swipe from his tentacles. Tom barely managed to evade the attack, narrowly avoiding being impaled.

"You finally decided to show yourself, Peter!" Doc Ock taunted, his voice dripping with contempt. "It's time you paid for what you've done..."

Although he has no idea what his opponent was talking about, Tom was nonetheless undeterred.

He pressed on, his mind racing for a strategy. He knew he couldn't match Doc Ock's strength head-on, but he had to find a weakness. He continued to dodge and weave through the chaos, using his agility and spider-sense to anticipate Doc Ock's every move.

However, with each passing moment, Tom grew wearier. Doc Ock's relentless assault took its toll, leaving him bruised and battered. The realization that he might not be able to stop this threat sank in, but he refused to give up.

Doc Ock lunged forward, his tentacles striking at Tom with blinding speed. Tom managed to dodge a few, but one of the mechanical arms grazed his side, sending him sprawling across the pavement. Pain surged through his body, but he forced himself to stand.

Gritting his teeth, Tom unleashed a series of acrobatic flips and kicks, aiming to disorient Doc Ock and create an opening. Yet, his attacks seemed ineffective against the villain's mechanical fortress. With a swift motion, Doc Ock seized Tom's leg, hoisting him into the air.

Tom struggled, desperately trying to break free, but Doc Ock's grip was unyielding. The world spun around him as he dangled helplessly, his breath coming in ragged gasps. Doc Ock sneered down at him, his victory seemingly assured.

"Just a boy playing dress-up," Doc Ock mocked, tightening his grip. "It's time to put an end to this."

With adrenaline coursing through his veins, Tom refused to let Doc Ock's taunts break his spirit. Summoning every ounce of strength and determination, he twisted his body, contorting in mid-air to free himself from the villain's grip. With a swift kick, he propelled himself away from the mechanical arms, landing nimbly on the ground.

As Doc Ock lunged forward, his tentacles striking out once more, Tom anticipated the attack. He dodged, ducked, and weaved through the onslaught, evading the metallic limbs with remarkable

agility. With each movement, he analyzed the pattern of Doc Ock's strikes, searching for a vulnerability.

Spotting a split-second opening, Tom leaped forward, launching himself off a nearby car. He flipped in mid-air, his foot connecting with the side of one of the mechanical arms, sending it spiraling off course. The impact jolted Doc Ock, momentarily throwing him off balance.

Seizing the opportunity, Tom landed gracefully on the ground and darted forward. He delivered a series of lightning-fast punches and kicks, targeting the joints of the mechanical arms. The metallic limbs whirled and clanged as they absorbed the blows, but Tom's relentless assault began to take its toll.

Doc Ock staggered backward, his control over the tentacles wavering. Sensing his opponent's vulnerability, Tom launched himself into the air, somersaulting over Doc Ock's head and landing behind him. He swiftly ensnared the villain's arms with his webs, immobilizing them and leaving Doc Ock defenseless.

"Now, it's time to end this," Tom declared, his voice filled with determination.

As Doc Ock struggled against the webbing, Tom positioned himself strategically. With his enhanced senses, he was able to anticipate the villain's movements, sidestepping each desperate attempt to break free. Time seemed to slow down as Tom analyzed every detail, planning his next move with precision.

As if in a dance, Tom weaved in and out, using his speed and agility to his advantage. He delivered a series of devastating blows, targeting vital pressure points on Doc Ock's body. With each strike, he could feel the villain's resistance weakening, the fight slowly ebbing out of him.

With one final surge of strength, Tom unleashed a powerful punch, sending Doc Ock sprawling to the ground. The mechanical arms fell limp, their threat neutralized. The battle was over.

Breathing heavily, Tom stood over his fallen opponent, triumph and relief washing over him. He had done it. He had defeated Doc Ock.

"Stay... down," Tom warned his unconscious opponent, his voice laced with a joking authority. "You're not going anywhere."

As Tom restrained Doc Ock with webbing, dragging him back to the Sanctum. The chaos around them began to subside, the city slowly recovering from the devastation caused by their clash. The streets fell into an uneasy calm, the bystanders in awe of the young hero who had emerged victorious.

Love him or hate him, they knew that Spider-Man would always do his best to protect the city and its people.

And as he swung away with Doc Ock over his shoulder, a masked man in a similar red and blue spider themed costume watched from atop a nearby building.

Although he was hesitant on whether to show himself, he still followed after Tom from a distance, hoping to figure out what was going on.

#### Chapter 390: Peter Vs Green Gnome

After dropping out of a portal, Peter swung through the city, following the trail of destruction left by Green Goblin. The sound of explosions and terrified screams echoed through the air, intensifying his determination to put an end to this chaos. As he turned a corner, he spotted Green Goblin soaring above, his glider leaving a trail of smoke and flames in its wake.

Peter landed on a nearby rooftop, watching as Green Goblin continued his rampage. The Goblin's laughter echoed through the streets, his malicious joy evident in every bomb he dropped.

His menacing figure stood tall, draped in a tattered green and purple suit that bore the marks of numerous battles. A twisted grin adorned his face, accentuating the madness that flickered in his eyes. His hair, once a vibrant shade of brown, now disheveled and streaked with gray, added to his eerie and unpredictable aura.

[Insert picture of Green Goblin here]

Peter's casually waved, his voice laced rather calm for the situation. "Yo." He called out, getting his opponents attention.

Green Goblin spotted Spider-Man and his grin widened. "Ah, Spider-Man? Wait... You don't look like my Peter?" He realized, as Peter's mask was still off.

Not to mention the different style spider suit that he wore compared to most Spider-Men.

"Maybe you're just getting old, Osborn?" Peter said as he took a seat at the edge of building. "It might be time to schedule a doctors appointment. You could have dementia..."

"Let's see if I'm too old to remember how to do this!" Green Goblin exclaimed as he tossed a handful of grenades down at the crowded street below. "Haha!" He laughed, expecting Peter to dive down and save the poor innocent bystanders.

Peter remained seated. "Sorry to disappoint you, but..." His voice trailed off as he waved his hand.

Suddenly, a portal opened up below the grenades, which deposited them directly above Osborns head.

"Huh? \*BOOM!\*" Green Goblin uttered just as the grenades surrounded his body, exploding in a fiery concussive blast.

Instantly, cheers filled the whole area as the people below shouted their thanks. Even in the nearby buildings, people opened their windows and cheered Peter on, thinking he was the Spider-Man they knew.

As the smoke cleared, without warning, Green Goblin launched forward, only slightly charred and battered from the explosion.

"Haha!" He laughed like a maniac as a barrage of pumpkin bombs flew towards Peter.

But Peter's reflexes were unparalleled. He gracefully dodged each explosive with ease, barely breaking a sweat. His movements were fluid, his body seemingly one with the rhythm of the battle.

"Is that the best you've got?" Peter taunted, his voice dripping with boredom.

Before Osborn had the time to answer, he shot a web at one of the glider's wings, causing it to malfunction and spiral out of control.

Green Goblin's eyes widened in shock as he struggled to regain control of his glider. "You... you're stronger than I thought!"

Peter yawned dramatically. "I've faced tougher opponents, Norman. You're just a schizo with nice toys."

As Green Goblin tried to regain his composure, Peter closed the distance between them in a blink of an eye. He delivered a powerful punch, sending Green Goblin flying through the air. The villain crashed into a nearby building, his body leaving a dent in the brickwork.

Peter walked calmly towards the fallen Goblin, his voice dripping with authority. "It's over, Norman. Surrender now, and I'll see about helping with that alter ego of yours."

Although everything goes to sh\*t in the movie because Tom wanted to help Norman and the other villains, Peter still agreed with the idea of curing them. The only problem came when he let them out of their cells.

'Why didn't he just keep them restrained while curing them?' Peter wondered and instantly came to a conclusion. 'Because that would've made for a very boring movie...'

Green Goblin struggled to his feet, blood dripping from a cut on his forehead. He sneered, his voice laced with defiance. "Never! I'll never surrender to the likes of you!"

Peter's expression remained unchanged, his voice unwavering. "Fine. Have it your way."

In one swift motion, Peter sprang forward, delivering a barrage of punches and kicks with incredible speed and precision. Each strike landed with devastating force, causing Green Goblin to stagger and groan in pain. The once-feared villain was reduced to a mere punching bag in Spider-Man's relentless assault.

Through the flurry of blows, Peter maintained his calm demeanor. He moved effortlessly, evading Green Goblin's feeble attempts to counterattack. His web-slinging skills added an extra layer of finesse to his movements, enhancing his agility and ensuring that his attacks never missed their mark.



As the fight reached its climax, Peter delivered a final punch that sent Green Goblin hurtling through the air, crashing into a parked car with a resounding thud. The villain lay motionless, defeated, and broken.

Peter stood over Green Goblin, his expression unreadable. "He looks almost peaceful when he's not smiling and laughing like a maniac..."

He swiftly webbed up the unconscious Green Goblin, before opening a portal and dragging him through, disappearing in front of a crowd of thankful New Yorkers.

---

Peter strolled through his portal and appeared in the Sanctum's Undercroft once again, dragging the unconscious and slightly charred form of the Green Goblin behind him. Smoke rose from Osborns suit, evidence of the many grenades he had just endured.

Ned, May, and MJ, who had been anxiously waiting, rushed forward to greet him.

MJ's eyed him in concern as she paced to Peter's side. "Are you okay? What happened out there?" she asked, her voice filled with worry.

Though he could tell she was more worried about Tom than him, as her boyfriend hadn't returned yet.

Ned, equally worried, followed closely behind. "Dude, he looks like he's been through a war..."

Peter shrugged. "He was pretty weak, but he just wouldn't give up, so..." he gestured to Osborns broken body. "But don't worry, he'll be fine."

Aunt May joined the group, her eyes widening when she saw the unconscious form of Norman Osborn. "Peter, what happened to him?" she asked, concern etched on her face.

Peter gently lowered the Green Goblin to the ground and stepped back. "He threw a bunch of grenades into a crowded street, so I delivered them back to him."

Ned's eyes widened in awe. "Cool..."

May looked down at Osborn's unmasked face in pity. "Did you have to go so hard on him? It looks like he's in pain..."

Peter shrugged uncaringly. "Well, it's hard to go easy when your opponent has what I call psycho energy. He just wouldn't give up, so I had to beat him down a bit more than usual."

Seeing that May felt bad for Normal, Peter waved his hand and cast two spells. One to disarm Osborn, depositing all of his weaponry and armor in the corner of the room, and then another, which healed his injuries to a certain extent.

As the healing spell took effect, Osborn's wounds slowly closed, and his breathing stabilized. He remained unconscious, his form now resting peacefully.

Peter stood back, observing his handiwork. "He'll be fully healed in an hour or two." He said, getting a relieved look from May as he deposited their second prisoner into his cell.

Although she knew that she shouldn't feel bad for the maniac who was sweeping the city with bombs only moments ago, May just couldn't help it. She wasn't a hero who did this everyday, so when she saw someone who's hurt and in pain, she feels the need to help.

'If only she knew that he would kill her...' Peter sighed inwardly.

Just then, Tom appeared, dragging their third captive down the stairs, making sure to bang his head on each and every step on the way down. "Oops... Sorry... My bad..." He apologized after every thud.

Tom stepped into the light, his suit slightly torn, evidence of the intense battle he had just faced. May, Ned, and MJ rushed forward, their worried expressions turning into relieved smiles as they saw his return.

May embraced Tom tightly, tears of relief welling up in her eyes. "Oh, thank goodness you're back! Are you okay?"

Tom returned the hug, assuring her, "I'm fine, May. Just a few scratches, but nothing serious."

Ned patted Tom on the back, a wide grin on his face. "Dude, are those his tentacles?" He eyes Doc Ock's extra appendages.

Tom chuckled. "Yeah, cool right?"

MJ approached Tom, concern still etched on her face. "Are you sure you're okay? It looks like you took quite a beating."

Tom nodded, his gaze shifting to the unconscious form of Doc Ock. "I'll be fine." He gestured to the webbed-up villain. "I managed to take him down, but he put up quite a fight."

Peter, who had been watching the reunion, approached Tom. "Nice job. You seem to have handled him well."

Tom smiled proudly after hearing that. "Thanks, man. It was tough, but he wasn't the hardest guys I've faced." He immediately thought of Thanos' ugly purple face.

Peter turned his attention to the webbed-up Doc Ock. He waved his hand, casting the same spells he used on Green Goblin, disarming the villain and healing his injuries to a certain extent. Once the healing spell took effect, Doc Ock's wounds started to close, and his breathing steadied.

Of course, he did the same for Tom, who was gratefully for the help.

May looked at the unconscious Doc Ock with a mix of relief and concern. "Will he be alright, Peter?"

Peter nodded, reassuring her. "He'll be fully healed in no time. And don't worry, we'll keep an eye on him."

As Peter prepared to throw Doc Ock into a cell, a figure descended down the stairs behind him. A man in a very familiar red and blue color scheme appeared, drawing everyone's attention.

Taking off his mask to reveal the face of Andrew Garfield, he looked around, taking in the scene before greeting everyone with a warm smile. "Hey, I hope you don't mind that I let myself in..."

