

Spider-Man 621

Chapter 621: Damsel In Distress

Miles trudged back to his dorm, a cloud of worry hanging over him. Ben's abrupt departure to investigate the Spider-Society had left an unsettling void in their communication. Tobey and his attempts to reach him proved futile, and the absence of updates didn't sit well with Miles.

Frustration etched across his face, Miles kicked an empty can, its trajectory aimed at a nearby dumpster. The echoes of his discontent reverberated in the quiet alley. His spider senses, attuned to danger, suddenly tingled, causing him to freeze in his tracks.

His gaze shifted upward, eyes widening at the sight of two unfamiliar figures in spider-themed suits. 'What the hell'

On the left, a hairy, animalistic Spider-Man, sporting a tattered suit, which was ripped to show his wolf-like ears, snout, fangs, and claws.

[Insert picture of Werewolf Spider-Man(Were-Spider) here]

To the right, a more eccentric character with misshapen feet, a tail, and a banana in his hand, which he ate through a hole in the lower part of his mask.

[Insert picture of Spider-Monkey here]

The tension in the air was palpable as Miles, recognizing the distinct lack of friendly intent, went on high alert. These were not emissaries of peace from the Spider-Society. 'Did Ben get caught already?! But how do they know to come here? I told him not to go That idiot!' His spider senses screamed a warning, urging him to prepare for imminent danger.

Were-Spider cracked his knuckles, staring down at Miles, while Spider-Monkey continued devouring his banana with apparent nonchalance.

Miles, unable to handle the silence any longer, spoke with a cautious edge, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

Were-Spider chuckled, the arrogance evident in his demeanor. "You should know that already. Give yourself up and we can solve this peacefully" He said, his mask morphing as a smile forms below it. "Or you can resist and I can have some fun, kicking your a*s? You choose."

Miles tightened his fists, ready to defend himself. "I haven't done anything to warrant this"

Were-Spider laughed, pointing at Miles with a taunting gesture. "Do you think we came here without knowing what's going on? Your friend Ben is already captured. And we know about your little plans. Stop playing innocent, it's annoying..."

Feeling the same was as his partner, Spider-Monkey began screeching and banging its chest before leaping down toward Miles.

Dread knotted in Miles' stomach as he faced the unknown duo. He had to act swiftly, relying on his agility to evade Spider-Monkey's foot, which in turn struck the ground, creating a small crater.

But as he dodged one attack, another appeared out of nowhere. Were-Spider, taking the opportunity, followed his partner down and punched Miles right across the face, the younger Spider-Man too focused on his partner to dodge for a second time.

The punches landed with a brutal force, sending Miles tumbling away. But the duo didn't stop there. Accustomed to dealing with rebellious Spider-People, the two of them continued their assault, each blow driving Miles further into a losing battle.

Were-Spider's relentless assault left him struggling to defend himself, his agile moves now hindered by the overwhelming combination of attacks. "God I'm so cool" He muttered as he kicked Miles across the street, sending him flying into a dumpster.

The alley became a chaotic battleground, and with every hit, Miles felt his strength waning. "Ugh!" He grunted as he climbed back to his feet, but sadly, his beating wasn't over yet.

Spider-Monkey's screeches filled the air, adding a disorienting layer to the already frenzied fight. Miles, desperate to regain control, leaped and twisted in an attempt to evade the relentless ape, but he was too slow.

"Aaaggh!" Miles screamed as a large foot struck his midsection.

Were-Spider's animalistic laughter echoed, taunting him, while Spider-Monkey's unpredictable movements created a dance of chaos.

As Miles dodged one attack, another came swiftly. Were-Spider, seizing the opportunity, closed the distance and delivered a powerful punch to Miles's face. The impact sent him staggering backward, his vision blurred. The younger Spider-Man, momentarily disoriented, struggled to regain his footing.

"You can't escape this, kid. Just give up already," Were-Spider advised, confident in their imminent victory.

Miles, gritting his teeth, attempted to buy some time. "I won't let you take me down that easily," he retorted, summoning the last reserves of his strength.

However, the odds stacked against him proved insurmountable. Were-Spider and Spider-Monkey coordinated their attacks, leaving Miles battered and on the brink of defeat. With a final blow, Were-Spider sent him sprawling to the ground, his body aching from the relentless onslaught.

Soon enough, realization dawned on Miles, he needed to retreat. Summoning what little remained of his energy, he sprang to his feet and sprinted down the alley.

The distant echoes of monkey noises and web slinging followed him, but he pressed on, fueled by the urgency of escape. The chase continued through the labyrinthine streets, the rhythmic thud of his two pursuers constantly closing in behind him.

As Miles raced through the city, he fumbled for his phone, desperately opening the spider-verse group chat. The device slipped from his pocket, but he managed to grab it before it hit the ground. The screen illuminated his face, reflecting a mixture of determination and desperation.

Calling Peter through the app, Miles panted, "Come on, Peter, pick up" His voice strained as he navigated the urban terrain, zigzagging through alleys and side streets. Each passing moment heightened the urgency of the situation.

Answering the call, Peter's voice appeared over the phone, "Miles what's going-"

Smiling in relief for a split second, Miles spoke urgently, "Peter?! Are you there?! Finally- Ugh!"

A sudden jolt interrupted his call. Spider-Monkey, swift and relentless, caught up to him, delivering a powerful kick that sent Miles hurtling into a nearby wall. The impact cracked the brick facade, sending debris cascading around him. The phone slipped from his grasp, skittering away in the chaos.

"Miles? Are you there? What's going on?" Peter's voice could be heard, echoing from the fallen device.

Miles groaned in pain, struggling to rise as Spider-Monkey and his partner loomed over him. The masked figures seemed to revel in the moment of their victory.

Just when he thought it was all over, Miles heard Peter's voice from his fallen phone, "Hang on, Miles. I'll be there in a second"

As Spider-Monkey prepared for the final strike, Miles, battered and bruised, couldn't help but laugh as he relaxed into the rubble underneath him.

"What's so funny?" Were-Spider asked, clearly confused by Miles's odd behavior. Even Spider-Monkey was looking at him in confusion.

Miles smiled back at them, confusing them even further. "Nothing, you'll find out soon" He said cryptically.

"?!" And just as their confusion was at its peak, suddenly, a star shaped portal opened up exact where Miles's phone fell. Whipping their head around, the two Society members watched as yet another Spider-Man arrived.

Stepping out of the star shaped portal, Peter casually surveyed the area, seeing the two animalistic Spider-People standing over Miles's downed form. "Woah, looks like you really got your a*s kicked, Miles" He commented, the star portal closing behind him.

"This wouldn't have happened if you would just answer your damn phone!" Miles yelled back, pointing at Peter accusingly.

Ignoring Miles's complaint, Peter turns his head towards his friend's attackers, noticing the distinct watches on their wrists. "So, you two are from the Spider-Society, I presume? Why are you attacking?"

Before Peter could finish his question, Spider-Monkey rushed forward, propelling himself with web, ready to kick Peter in the face.

The unexpected attack caught Peter off guard, but he swiftly raised an eyebrow, muttering, "How rude." In a split seconds, Peter reached out and grabbed Spider-Monkey by the ankle, his reflexes honed from his recent fight with Galactus. "But I guess you can't teach a monkey manners, can you?"

Without any mercy, Peter swung Spider-Monkey mid-air and slammed him into the ground with enough force to create a large crater.

"Ugghh!" Spider-Monkey spat out a mouthful of blood upon impact, falling unconscious almost immediately.

Peter casually put his hands back into his pockets as he turned his attention to the stunned Were-Spider, who watched the scene unfold in shock.

After all, even the strongest members of the Spider-Society, like Miguel O'Hara, couldn't beat Spider-Monkey that easily, and Were-Spider had witnessed their intense fights before. This turn of events defied the expectations Were-Spider had built from those past encounters.

As Were-Spider remained frozen in fear, stuck in his own thoughts, he failed to notice Peter's sudden appearance in front of him.

In a burst of indescribable speed, Peter closed the distance. Eyes widening, Were-Spider realized his opponent's arrival far too late. Desperation flashed across Were-Spider's face as he tried to run, managing only to move a single inch before Peter's hand impacted his face with a resounding slap.

Were-Spider, like a ragdoll, was struck in the face and rocketed to the ground, creating yet another crater. "Aaaaghh!"

Unconsciousness claimed him, following closely behind his partner. Miles, battered and bruised, watched in awe as Peter effortlessly defeated the attackers he had struggled against just moments ago. It was a stark reminder of the vast difference in experience and power between him and Peter.

Peter, standing amidst the defeated duo, sighed. "They were rather weak, weren't they?" he muttered, shaking his head in a mix of exasperation and disappointment. Soon enough, he turned to Miles, who still lay amidst the rubble, and extended a hand to help him up. "You okay, Miles?"

Miles, grateful for the rescue, took Peter's hand and pulled himself to his feet. "Yeah, thanks, Peter-"

Peter chuckled, interrupting him before he could say anything else. "I can't believe you let these weaklings beat you like this" He commented, his words infuriating the younger hero. "Maybe some training is in order"

Miles, annoyed and upset, exclaimed, "They're not weak! You're just a freak!"

Chapter 622: Spider-Punk to the Rescue

With the defeated Spider-Society members sprawled unconscious on the ground, Peter efficiently confiscated their watches. Webbing them up securely, he restrained their forms, ensuring they wouldn't pose a threat when they woke.

Miles, recovering from the intense beating, watched Peter with a mix of relief and curiosity. "Hey Can I have one of those dimensional traveling watches?" He asked, rubbing his sore jaw.

Peter shook his head as he inspected the watches. "I have to run some tests on them first." He refused, which caused Miles to frown. "But I wouldn't mind giving you one afterwards, as long as they're safe to use"

Miles seemed fine with that, though he didn't have a choice in the matter. It's not like he could rob them from Peter, as he would immediately get beaten into the ground, just like his two attackers.

As Peter worked on securing the captives, Miles delved into a detailed explanation of the events leading up to the ambush. He spoke of the Spider-Society's mysterious invitation, the doubts and suspicions harbored by some members, and Ben's impulsive decision to infiltrate the society against their strongly worded advice.

Listening attentively, Peter sighed, realizing the situation was more complicated than he initially thought. "So, Ben went rogue and stirred up trouble. Sounds like something he would do," he commented, shaking his head. "Guess it's time to clean up his mess."

Miles, frustration etched across his face, added, "Yeah, Tobey and I tried to stop him, but he stopped answering our messages"

Concern flashed in Peter's eyes as he finished tying up the last Society member. "If they sent these goons after you, then that means Ben is probably captured already." He guessed, his hand moving to his chin in contemplation. "They might have even broke into his phone"

After all, how else would they have known that he was conspiring with Miles?

Suddenly, realization struck Miles, freezing him in place. He turned to Peter, his eyes wide with a dawning realization. "If they sent people like this after me, do you think they did the same for Tobey?"

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Using Tobey's phone to find his exact location in his universe, Peter and Miles stepped out of a star-shaped portal, dragging their webbed up captives behind them. Finding themselves on the windswept top of a towering skyscraper in New York City, their pace quickened, fueled by the worry that Tobey might already be captured or worse.

As the portal closed behind them, they suddenly stopped, stunned by the scene before them. They had expected to arrive during a fight, upon which they would jump in and save Tobey, but that didn't seem to be the case.

Tobey, in his iconic spider suit, sat atop a pile of four webbed-up and unconscious spider people, the moon shining behind him.

He didn't need saving at all

The sight was a testament to his prowess, having single-handedly defeated the intruders.

Seeing the scene before him, Miles couldn't help but sag his shoulders in defeat. The Spider-Society only sent two guys after him, yet he had to run for his life and call for Peter to save him. Meanwhile, Tobey took care of his attackers all alone, and he had twice as many compared to him.

Two of the four captured society members wore matching grey suits with masked eyes shining in different colors, one yellow, the other red.

[Insert picture of Spider-Man Twins here]

The other two, starkly different compared to the twins. One sported a ninja-style spider suit, and the other wore an average Spider-Man suit, though it was stretched to the max by his obese figure.

[Insert picture of Mangaverse Spider-Man here]

[Insert picture of Fat Spider-Man here]

Tobey, only slightly winded and tired, turned in their direction, spotting Peter and Miles. He waved in greeting to Miles, "Hey, Miles." His eyes then shifted to Peter, registering surprise, "I see you've finally decided to answer your phone, Peter."

"Yeah, well, I happened to be busy dealing with a guy who could eat my entire planet, so sorry if I didn't respond in time" Peter explained briefly, piquing both Miles and Tobey's curiosity.

Though they had other things to worry about at the moment

Miles, relief washing over him, approached Tobey, who stood up and jumped off the pile of bodies. "Tobey, are you okay? They sent guys after me too, though I couldn't handle them as easily as you did"

Hearing this, Peter couldn't help but comment. "What do you mean as easily? I distinctly recall you getting your a*s beat until I arrived and saved you"

Miles turned to glare at Peter, clearly embarrassed by the whole situation. "Shut up, dude. You don't have to tell him that"

Tobey chuckled, patting the younger Spider-Man's head. "Don't worry too much. You're still young and fairly new to this whole Spider-Man thing, especially compared to me." He gestured to the defeated foes behind him. "Trust me, once you've been doing this for as long as I have, you'll be able to take out twice as many guys as this."

Peter, observing the scene with a wry smile, chimed in, "This is nice and all, but we should really get going. After all, we need to pick up Gwen, return these guys back to their boss, and let's not forget that Ben is probably locked up somewhere"

Tobey turned to Peter. "I'm ready to go whenever you are, though I could use one of your healing spells before we leave." He said, clearly tired from the four on one fight that he just went through.

Peter nodded as he waved his hand, shooting a quick healing spell at him. "There, feel better?"

Tobey's eyes widened as he felt his entire body return to peak condition in an instant. "D-Did you learn a new healing spell?"

Peter shook his head. "No, but I did get a lot stronger compared to the last time we met, so that might be what you're feeling"

"How much stronger?" Miles couldn't help but ask.

Peter shrugged. "A lot"

As the weight of Uncle Ben's tragic past settled in the dimly lit cell, Ben couldn't help but empathize. The realization that Miguel O'Hara, the man he met just day or two ago, was responsible for the anguish etched across the elder Spider-Man's face left Ben both angry and saddened.

Lost in his thoughts, Ben reflected on Uncle Ben's journey. How he once used his powers for good, only to have it all crumble after a fateful encounter with Miguel. The lonely, broken version of his Uncle Ben haunted him, a man who had lost not just his wife and son but now his freedom as well.

As the night dragged on, Ben pondered the irony that despite Uncle Ben's relentless pursuit to Avenge his family, in the end, he found himself imprisoned alongside an alternate version of his nephew.

It was like fate or some other god was taunting him, showing him a future that he could have had, but will never experience.

The next day brought an unwelcome wake-up call as Ben stirred to find Uncle Ben using their shared toilet. The uncomfortable reality of living in close quarters with another person hit him, and he couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for all the criminals he had sent to similar confinements.

The cramped space became a constant reminder of their shared fate, and Ben found himself dreading the inevitable moment when nature called for one of them to go number two. The prospect of enduring the smell and navigating the awkwardness made him cringe.

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As time passed and the night settled into the prison cell once again, Ben prepared to retire to his bunk, but Uncle Ben halted him with a gesture, "Stand in the corner by the door, and be quick!"

Perplexed, Ben complied, his curiosity mounting as he observed Uncle Ben hastily gathering his belongings atop his bunk, wrapping them in a makeshift sack fashioned from a blanket.

"What's going on?" Ben inquired, eyeing Uncle Ben's mysterious preparations.

Uncle Ben remained tight-lipped, joining Ben in the designated corner as he kept an eye on the clock outside their cell. Time crawled on, with Ben's questions growing more persistent and Uncle Ben offering no explanations.

As the seconds ticked away, the distant and muffled hum of a drill began to infiltrate the air, originating from the other side of the wall across from them. Ben's confusion deepened, and just as he was about to voice his concerns, the wall exploded in a shower of dust and debris, shrouding the cell in a hazy fog.

As the dust settled, Ben squinted through the remnants, his eyes widening at the sight of an unfamiliar figure standing in the newly created breach. Clad in a distinctive spider suit, denim jacket, converse shoes, and a mask adorned with a few metal spikes atop his head, the figure exuded an air of rebellion.

[Insert picture of Spider-Punk here]

In a British accent, the newcomer declared, "The cavalry has arrived."

Uncle Ben, unfazed by the unexpected entrance, grabbed his wrapped belongings off the bunk and approached Spider-Punk with a gruff demeanor. "You're half an hour late!"

Spider-Punk, undeterred by Uncle Ben's sternness, simply answered. "Do you think it's easy sneaking into this place, old man?"

Silently choosing to forgive his accomplices tardiness, Uncle Ben turned back to Ben, staring at his dumbfounded face for a moment before asking, "Hey, kid! Are you coming or what?"

Chapter 623: Caught Red Handed

Returning through the star-shaped portal, Peter found himself in the familiar confines of his living room. The warmth of home embraced him, contrasting heavily with the tense atmosphere of his recent battles.

At the center of the room, MJ sat on the couch, cradling a sleeping Leo in her arms. Tear streaks adorned the child's face, causing a knot of concern to form in Peter's stomach.

As the portal closed behind him, Miles and Tobey stood by his side, their expressions of curiosity. They exchanged glances, silently acknowledging the fact that they were now in Peter's universe, which was quite exciting. After all, the mystery of Peter and his crazy powers have been a huge topic of discussion for them ever since they all met.

"Hey, MJ," Peter greeted, his voice softened. "What happened here?" He gestured towards Leo, whose small form seemed fragile in MJ's protective embrace.

MJ sighed, her eyes reflecting a mix of exhaustion and understanding. "It's complicated," she replied, offering a weary smile. "Are you alright now?" Her gaze met Peter's, a subtle worry lingering in her eyes. The last time she had seen him, he was unconscious after undergoing multiple evolutions, leaving without a word when he woke.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Peter reassured her, a twinge of guilt in his tone. "Sorry about leaving so abruptly." He said sincerely, motioning to the people beside him. "They needed some help, and I had to go quickly."

MJ nodded, her expression showing that she was accustomed to Peter's unpredictable schedule. "It's okay. I'm used to it by now." She glanced at Leo, her fingers gently tracing the tear stains on his cheeks. "But something happened with Leo, which we should probably talk about before you run off again..."

Peter's eyes focused on the sleeping child, concern deepening. "What happened?" he asked, his voice a blend of worry and curiosity.

"He had a huge tantrum and then cried himself to sleep," MJ explained, her voice carrying a hint of sadness. "I tried to comfort him, but he kept asking for you."

Peter sighed, realizing how attached the little guy was to him. Turning to Miles and Tobey, Peter said, "Go find Gwen. We've got some things to sort out. I'll try to be quick since we need to rescue Ben after this"

As Peter spoke, MJ tilted her head towards the stairs. "Gwen's upstairs, in one of the guest rooms," she informed them.

Miles and Tobey exchanged glances before heading upstairs to find Gwen, leaving Peter alone with MJ and the sleeping Leo.

Peter took a seat beside MJ, his eyes never leaving Leo's face. "What exactly happened when I was away?" he asked, genuine concern etched on his features.

MJ sighed, leaning into Peter's shoulder. "The girls said a bit too much..."

As Peter and MJ delved into the details of Leo's tantrum, Miles and Tobey made their way upstairs, their senses guiding them to a closed door. Ready to knock and surprise Gwen with their arrival, Miles froze as he caught wind of an intriguing conversation taking place behind the door.

Gwen's voice resonated from the room, engaged in what seemed to be a multiversal phone call. Her tone was measured, as if carefully choosing her words, while the voice on the other end belonged to someone familiar both Miles and Tobey Miguel O'Hara.

Miguel's voice cut through the air, his questions probing into Gwen's recent activities.

"...just staying at Peter's place," Gwen explained, her words audible through the door. "He's not giving me much information, though. And he's not even here right now"

Miles and Tobey exchanged wary glances, their curiosity piqued. The situation felt tense as they continued eavesdropping, realizing that Gwen might not be as trustworthy as they thought. The loyalty they assumed she had toward Peter seemed to be in question.

"So, what's the deal with Peter?" Miguel's voice demanded, his curiosity unyielding. "Has he made his intentions clear yet?"

Gwen hesitated before answering, "Not really, all I know is he thinks the Society is either evil or misguided somehow. I don't have all the details yet..."

As the conversation unfolded, Miles and Tobey realized that Gwen seemed to have aligned herself with Miguel and the Spider-Society. The same Society that currently held Ben captive, though Miguel didn't seem to be mentioning that to her

Their unease grew as Gwen divulged information about Peter's recent activities. Frowns marked both of their faces, but Miles was the most affected, his hands tightening into fists.

When Miguel inquired about Peter's plans, Gwen paused, her inner conflict palpable through the door. "I'm not sure. Like I said, he didn't tell me much. But if you want more information, I'll try to find out."

The tension in the room escalated as Miguel ordered Gwen to gather as much intel on Peter as possible before returning to the society by the next day. "I need all hands on deck" He said, the reason for this urgency remaining undisclosed, leaving both Miles and Tobey on edge.

"Why the rush?" Gwen questioned, her tone betraying a hint of frustration.

Miguel didn't even bother responding, leaving the room in an unsettling silence as the call ended. ""

Gwen sighed audibly, her internal conflict evident. She sat on the edge of the bed, torn between her loyalty to Peter, who had always been nothing but kind to her, and the organization that took her in after the falling out with her father, who tried to arrest her.

Gwen's internal turmoil echoed in the room as she grappled with the consequences of being a member of the Spider-Society. The weight of her conflicting loyalties pressed upon her, leaving her uncertain about the path she had chosen.

In the midst of her contemplation, suddenly, the door swung open abruptly, and Gwen's eyes widened in surprise. Miles and Tobey stood there, their expressions a mix of disappointment and disapproval. She expected a friendly greeting, but their frowns revealed that they had overheard her conversation with Miguel.

"So, you're spying on Peter now?" Miles' voice cut through the silence, his tone laced with disappointment. "How could you, Gwen? He's our friend. He's done nothing but help us ever since we met..."

Gwen's attempt to utter a greeting faltered as she realized the gravity of the situation. Miles continued, his tone unwelcoming, "How could you even trust that guy Miguel? You know what he does, right? He makes sure innocent people die. I wouldn't be surprised if he's killed them himself... All for his precious 'Canon Events.'"

Caught off guard, Gwen sputtered, attempting to explain herself, "But the canon events need-"

Seeing where this conversation was going, Miles interrupted her, his voice rising. "Fuck this canon event bullshit! Have you even tried to investigate if all of that is true or not? Or did you just take Miguel's word for it and start ruining people's lives?"

Gwen remained silent, the weight of Miles' accusations settling heavily on her conscience. His words struck a chord, exposing her blind trust in Miguel, and the Spider-Society as a whole.

Miles's stern gaze intensified, and he continued, "Look, I get it. The Spider Society is amazing. Hell, when Miguel tried to recruit me, I almost fell for his lies myself. But I would have never expected you to believe him so easily. And I especially wouldn't expect you to be betraying Peter like this"

Gwen looked down at the ground, her guilt evident. She muttered a quiet, "I'm sorry..."

Without further acknowledgment, Miles turned on his heels and walked out of the room, leaving Gwen alone with only a few final words. "Don't apologize to me. Apologize to Peter."

Tobey, lingering behind as Miles walked off, offered a few words of encouragement, "If you're truly sorry and want to make up for your actions, then come downstairs and explain everything."

He turned and followed Miles, leaving Gwen to face the consequences of her choices. As the door closed behind them, Gwen was left with a heavy decision to continue down a path of betrayal or to seek redemption by confronting the truth with her friends and hope for forgiveness.

'If I tell the truth, then I'll have to tell the whole truth' She thought, her mind wandering to Miles and his father.

As MJ finished recounting Leo's emotional outburst, Peter turned to her with a soft smile. "We'll talk to Leo when I get back and explain everything," he suggested, attempting to reassure MJ. "Sadly, the girls have ruined the surprise, but I'm sure he'll enjoy the good news"

MJ returned the smile, her expression reflecting a mixture of gratitude and understanding. The weight of the situation lingered in the room, but they couldn't dwell on it for long as Miles stormed down the stairs, clearly upset about something.

"What's wrong, Miles?" Peter inquired, concern etched on his features.

Before Miles could answer, Tobey descended the stairs, placing a hand on Miles' shoulder and advising him to wait. "Gwen should explain herself," Tobey insisted, urging patience.

Miles raised an eyebrow, curiosity and frustration evident in his demeanor. Everyone turned their attention to the staircase as the sound of footsteps echoed, revealing Gwen's descent. Her guilty air was palpable, and she stopped at the bottom of the stairs, meeting the gaze of those in the room.

"" Gwen hesitated, freezing in place, the internal struggle evident in her eyes. The room awaited her words, holding its breath for the unraveling of the truth.

Soon enough, Gwen's eyes flickering between Miles and Peter, struggling to look them in the eyes, especially after the verbal thrashing that she just experienced upstairs. "I'm I'm sorry..." She immediately apologized, a simple yet weighty admission of her actions. The room fell into an uneasy silence, waiting for an explanation or a path to redemption.

Peter, sensing the tension, tilted his head to the side, his expression a blend of confusion and concern. "What's this about?" He wondered, 'Is she going to tell Miles about his father?'

Chapter 625: Evolving Once More

Not long after Miles stormed off, Peter found him perched on the edge of the Empire State Building, lost in thought. Without hesitation, Peter took a seat beside him, the cityscape sprawling below.

"What do you want?" Miles asked as he noticed Peter's arrival.

"You ran off so quick that you forgot to ask some very important questions," Peter stated, glancing at Miles, who raised a confused brow.

"You just found out that your dad is fated to die, but you forgot to ask the key questions, how and when? You do want to save him, don't you?" Peter's words hung in the air, prompting Miles to realize his oversight.

Miles's eyes widened as the weight of the situation settled on him. Instead of impulsively running off and wallowing in the fact that the girl he loved betrayed him, he should have been more focused on gathering information to save his father.

Attempting to stand up, Miles was stopped by Peter, who rested a hand on his shoulder. Confusion filled Miles's eyes as he looked at Peter, questioning why he was being held back.

"I already asked Gwen before coming to look for you. I thought it would be best that you two had some space, at least until we leave for the Spider-Society," Peter explained. "It was hard to get any answers from her because she was so distraught about all of this, but I got what we need."

Ignoring the mention of Gwen's distress, Miles asked, "What did she say?"

"Apparently, if we decide to do nothing, then your father will have about a year's time left to live. She doesn't know the exact time or date, just that he's meant to die," Peter revealed, his expression serious.

Miles frowned, discontent with the vague timeline. "Did she say how he's supposed to die?"

Peter shook his head, "She said the computer program back in the Spider-Society can only give a general timeline."

Frustration etched across Miles's face as he asked, "How the hell am I supposed to save my dad when I don't even know what to save him from? For all I know, he might just choke on a donut during his lunch break"

The uncertainty loomed over Miles as he grappled with the challenge ahead. The lack of specific details about his father's impending fate left him feeling powerless, unable to devise a plan to alter the inevitable.

Peter placed a reassuring hand on Miles's shoulder. "Sadly, based on what I've heard from Gwen, his death won't be so mundane. It'll probably be some villain who appears and kills him, and you'll be just one step too late to save him..." He explained, knowing the usual Spider-Man tragedy pretty well by now.

Upon hearing Peter's explanation about how his dad will probably die, Miles couldn't help but grip his fists in anger. "I won't let that happen! Screw fate and f*ck the Spider-Society! My dad is going to live a long and happy life. I'll make sure of it"

Smirking, Peter patted Miles on the back and said, "Good, that's the right attitude to have! You can't let something so small get you down. Besides, I got your back, and I have all sorts of ways to protect your dad while you aren't around. He won't die, I promise."

Miles's eyes widened as he looked at Peter, a grateful expression on his face. "What can you do?"

Peter replied, stating, "The easiest solution is a protection spell. All of my loved ones have one on them. It allows me to track their locations when necessary. And if they're ever in any danger, the spell activates, counterattacking the threat while simultaneously creating a barrier around them, saving them from any harm. A nuclear bomb could go off right next to them, and they'd walk away without a scratch. It even alerts me as well, so I know when they're in danger"

Miles's mouth hung open as he began to realize that meeting Peter might have been the luckiest moment of his entire life. No matter what problems he encounters, Peter is always there with an answer, ready to help him through it and save the day. And now certainly wasn't an exception.

"Thanks, Peter," Miles said genuinely, knowing that without Peter, his life would probably be much worse.

Peter shrugged nonchalantly. "No problem. Like I said, I got your back."

Suddenly, Miles frowned as he looked off into the distance. After a brief pause, he asked, "But what if the Spider-Society is right? What if saving my dad will destroy my entire universe?"

Although Miles wanted nothing more than to save his father, he was still Spider-Man. The thought of anyone dying because of him, let alone an entire universe, was a scary and daunting feeling.

Peter sighed, understanding the weight of Miles's dilemma. "Miles, sometimes doing the right thing comes with risks. But we can't let fear dictate our choices. Besides, I don't believe that saving someone's life will destroy the universe. There's something more to this 'Canon Event' nonsense, something we haven't been told yet..."

Hearing Peter say that there was something more to this, Miles asked, "Do you think Gwen isn't telling us everything?" His trust in Gwen had plummeted, so his first thought was to wonder whether or not she was lying or withholding information.

Peter shook his head, saying, "No, she was far too emotional to have been lying or holding something back. She doesn't know the whole truth either, and truthfully, I doubt many members of the Spider-Society know either."

Hearing this, Miles frowned, unwilling to accept such an excuse for Gwen's behavior, "That still doesn't change the fact that she had months to tell me that my dad was going to die, and only said something now..."

Peter nodded and said, "I won't speak in Gwen's defense because obviously she's in the wrong here, but I will say this. Gwen is your best friend and the woman you love, or at least loved-"

Upon hearing Peter state his love out loud, Miles couldn't help but avert his gaze as his face turned a slight shade of red, blushing in embarrassment.

Peter continued, "You need to figure out if she can continue to be those things to you or not. Because at the end of the day, life is short and you shouldn't waste too much time. Especially when it comes to love."

Miles nodded his head slowly, agreeing with Peter but unsure whether he could forgive Gwen or not.

Peter smirked as he added, "And if you do decide to forgive her, then I think it's time to stop being such a pussy and ask her out already. After all, there are many more spiders across the multiverse. You need to lock her down before some other Spider-Man appears and catches her fancy." He said, staring Miles square in the eyes. "The friend zone is a torturous place to be after all."

"Wait I Well" Upon hearing this, Miles sputtered, unable to form a proper sentence as he tried to defend himself. Though one thing was for certain, he didn't like the idea of Gwen being with someone other than himself...

Laughing as he watched Miles's face go through about 10 different emotions, Peter slapped him on the back and said, "Don't worry about it so much. First, figure out if you can forgive her before anything else."

Miles sighed before nodding his head, saying, "Alright..."

Peter replied, "Good, now I'll leave you to think for a bit, but don't take too long. We're leaving for the Spider-Society in about an hour. After all, Ben still needs our help."

Miles nodded as Peter threw himself off of the building and swung away, leaving Miles alone with his thoughts. The city sprawled out below, bustling with life, but Miles felt a heavy weight on his shoulders as he grappled with the complex emotions swirling within him.

Returning home, Peter found MJ seated on the couch with Gwen sleeping in her lap, tear stains all over her face. MJ did her best to comfort her, which led to Gwen falling asleep with her head in MJ's lap.

Peter, observing the scene, asked, "Is she alright?"

MJ nodded, saying, "Yeah, she's just upset. How's Miles?"

Peter answered, "He's fine now. I just had a long talk with him."

MJ nodded, saying, "Hopefully everything works itself out"

Peter smirked as he shrugged, "It usually does."

After a brief moment of silence, Peter reaches up to his storage necklace and pulls out a vial filled with blood, its label reading the name Galactus. Staring at the vial, Peter wondered whether he should use it to evolve once again, just in case he runs into any problems during his trip to the Spider-Society.

Seeing this, MJ frowned as she asked, "Is it safe for you to be evolving again? You just did it recently, and it left you unconscious for almost a full day..." She said, her worries made clear.

Peter waved away her concerns, explaining that it's perfectly safe. "I only passed out like that because I evolved nine times in a row. If it's just once, then I'll be fine."

MJ nodded, a resigned look on her face as she said, "Just don't overdo it, okay?"

Peter nodded, assuring her, "Of course." He said, walking upstairs so as not to bother anyone with his painful evolution.

Alone in his bedroom, Peter clutched the vial of Galactus's blood, shivering at the thought of going through the pain of yet another evolution. Though with determination in his eyes, he swiftly downed its contents, and the room was instantly engulfed in a cascade of purple energy, which surrounded his entire body.

As his evolutionary powers activated, assimilating Galactus's powers and abilities, Peter felt the familiar pain finally arrive, a searing current that coursed through his veins.

The agony intensified, and Peter collapsed to the floor, his body convulsing as the transformation unfolded.

Chapter 626: On The Run

A few tense minutes after Peter left to go through yet another evolution, MJ, seated downstairs with Gwen's head in her lap, decided to check on Peter. She remembered the last time he evolved, finding him unconscious on the living room floor, scaring the hell out of her.

Carefully standing up, so as not to wake the sleeping Spider-Woman, MJ paced up the stairs cautiously, hoping her husband wasn't pushing himself too hard this time.

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Minutes after MJ left, the front door creaked opened, and Miles entered the house. The weight of his emotions had lessened since his conversation with Peter. Knowing his father's fate was postponed for a year brought relief, and Peter's assurance of protection further eased his worries.

Not to mention the fact that they were heading to the Spider-Society soon, where all of the answers that he needed would be discovered.

As Miles closed the door, he found himself in the living room. There, Gwen lay alone on the couch, her makeup smudged from the tears she had shed. He hesitated, unsure of how to approach her after the revelations and betrayals.

Staring at the sleeping Spider-Woman, Miles noticed the tear stains on her face. Despite the turmoil in his heart, seeing her vulnerable like this stirred conflicting emotions within him.

Frozen in place, Miles grappled with conflicting desires. He yearned to comfort her, to bridge the gap between them, but the profound betrayal lingered in his mind. Gwen had kept his father's impending death a secret, a truth that could have altered their entire relationship.

Unable to bring himself to wake her or offer solace, Miles stood there, fists clenched in turmoil. The conflict within him intensified as he wrestled with the complexity of his broken trust and the possibility of forgiveness.

Unable to come to a decision, Miles contemplated leaving the room. Attempting to distance himself from the source of his problems, he bumped into a nearby end table. 'Oh sh*t'

Thanks to his lightning fast reflexes, Miles was able to snatch a lamp and a picture frame out of the air, but sadly, he missed the keychain, which hit the hardwood floor with a loud crash.

As the sound echoed through the room, Miles craned his head backwards, watching as Gwen stirred from her sleep. Rubbing her eyes, she sat up, bewildered by the noise.

The sudden disturbance caught Gwen's attention, and her gaze locked onto Miles. Confusion and concern etched across her face, she asked, "M-Miles You're back?"

Miles remained silent, his internal struggle evident in his eyes. Gwen, realizing the tension, looked around and realized what happened. The room now held a tangible air of discomfort, the fractured trust between them palpable.

Gwen's expression softened, and she hesitated before speaking, "Miles, umm can we talk?"

The weight of those words hung in the air, and Miles felt a mixture of emotions. He wanted answers, explanations, and a resolution to the turmoil within him. Yet, the pain of betrayal lingered, making it difficult for him to engage in the conversation.

Miles, desperate to avoid the impending conversation, attempted to leave, pacing over to the front door. His hand on the doorknob, he felt a surge of adrenaline, hoping to escape the emotional turmoil that awaited him.

Gwen, however, wasn't willing to let him go that easily. She let him go once and refused to do so again.

With a swift leap off the couch, Gwen's hand shot out, tightly gripping Miles' arm. Determination burned in her eyes as she refused to release him, her resolve matching the strength of Miles' attempt to retreat.

"Miles, we need to talk, please," she insisted, her voice carrying a mix of vulnerability and determination. Miles, caught in the physical and emotional grasp, found himself facing a confrontation he couldn't evade.

"Let go, Gwen," Miles demanded, frustration evident in his voice. Gwen, however, held on tightly, her grip unyielding, a desperate plea in her eyes.

"Please, Miles, just talk to me," Gwen begged, her voice wavering with vulnerability.

Miles hesitated, his eyes darting toward the door, contemplating escape. A fleeting thought of using his venom blast to break free crossed his mind, but the notion of hurting Gwen held him back.

Sighing, Miles reluctantly agreed, "Fine, let go."

As they awkwardly settled into the couch, Gwen poured out apologies, her remorse palpable.

"I messed up, Miles. I should've told you about your dad, I know that now," Gwen admitted, her voice filled with regret. "I-I just thought that it would be best to keep my mouth shut. If your dad died, your universe would be safe, your friends would be safe, your mother would be safe"

Although that made sense, Miles struggled to find the strength to forgive her, his hurt too profound to easily let go.

Miles, wrestling with conflicting emotions, replied tersely, "Gwen, I get that you believed this whole 'Canon Event' bullsh*t, and you probably had good intentions, I'm not saying you didn't. But you still should have told me"

The room descended into an awkward silence, both grappling with the aftermath of betrayal. Miles sat there uncomfortably, Gwen, on the other hand, looked almost broken by the pain she had caused.

Suddenly, an explosion resonated from upstairs, jolting Miles and Gwen from their inner turmoil. They exchanged a glance before rushing upstairs, forgetting their problems for the time being.

Upstairs, they found Peter's door blown off of its hinges. Rushing over, they found Peter standing in the middle of the room, surrounded by pulsating purple energy, the room itself in complete and utter disarray.

The release of power had left a visible impact on the space. They could even see MJ sticking to the wall in the corner of the room, staring at Peter with a worried look on her face, her hair messy from what was probably an explosion of her husband's power.

"P-Peter?" Miles questioned, concern etched on his face. "Are you alright?"

Peter, still recovering, reigned in his newfound power before answering, "Yup, never felt better..."

In the deepest recesses of the Spider-Society, Miguel O'Hara meticulously reviewed his intricate plans, knowing that the looming threat he feared would soon manifest in the form of Peter's arrival.

The labyrinthine safeguards he had tirelessly established were the only defense against the unpredictable forces that Peter's presence might unleash. The question lingering in the back of Miguel's mind was not if, but when Peter would come knocking at their hidden sanctuary.

As Miguel immersed himself in strategizing, the dimly lit room was abruptly engulfed in blaring alarms. Flashing red lights illuminated the darkness, casting an eerie glow on the high-tech lair. Bewildered, Miguel glanced around, a sense of urgency replacing the calm focus he had maintained just moments ago.

Just as the alarms reached a deafening crescendo, LYLA materialized before Miguel. Her holographic form flickered, adding an air of urgency to the situation. "Miguel, there's been a prison break," she announced, her voice cutting through the chaos.

Miguel's eyes narrowed as he absorbed the information. The large screen in front of him shifted, displaying three figures caught by surveillance cameras as they hurriedly exited the prison, Uncle Ben, their newest inmate, Ben, and Spider-Punk.

LYLA's synthesized voice echoed in the room, "As you can see, Hobie Brown has betrayed us."

Miguel's reaction was measured, his expression betraying a hint of expectation. "It makes sense," he mused, his tone reflecting a blend of nonchalance and acknowledgment. "He and old Ben were always close. I'm just surprised it took him this long to act."

Silence enveloped the room as Miguel processed the situation. The revelation of Spider-Punk's betrayal, although not entirely unexpected, carried weight. After a thoughtful pause, Miguel issued a decisive command to LYLA. "Mobilize everyone. We can't afford to let them slip through our grasp, not while we're dealing with other problems. Capture the escaped prisoners and their accomplice."

As Miguel's orders reverberated through the hidden corridors of the Spider-Society, the atmosphere shifted from contemplation to urgency. LYLA efficiently initiated the mobilization, echoing over the intercom that stretched to every corner of the Society.

In the dimly lit alleys of the Spider-Society, Ben silently followed Uncle Ben and Spider-Punk as they navigated through the shadows, doing their best to avoid any unwanted attention. The shadows provided a cloak for their escape, shrouding them in a veil of secrecy as they moved cautiously, conscious of the fact that they had just broken out of prison.

As they walked, Spider-Punk took the opportunity to fill Uncle Ben in on the state of affairs within the Spider-Society. "This place has really gone down the toilet since you've been gone," he remarked with a cynical tone. "Everyone just follows Miguel's orders like he's our king or something, it's insufferable."

Uncle Ben scoffed at the notion. "Well, you won't have to follow Miguel's orders for long," he declared, hinting at a darker plan. The air became charged with the weight of unsaid intentions, and Spider-Punk merely nodded, acknowledging the unspoken alliance.

"Miss me with that murderousness," Spider-Punk retorted, his tone carrying a mix of nonchalance and rebellion. "I'm just here to break a pal out of prison. I'm willing to help you get to the big man himself, but after that, I'm retiring from all this nonsense."

Uncle Ben accepted the terms with a nod, recognizing the pragmatism in Spider-Punk's stance. They continued through the labyrinthine alleys, their paths intertwining with rebellion and escape.

Finally mustering the courage to address the questions burning in his mind, Ben attempted to speak, but before a single word could escape his lips, LYLA's voice echoed through the Spider-Society over the intercom. "Attention all Spider-Society Members! There has been a prison break! All available personnel are hereby ordered to mobilize and seek out the escaped criminals and their accomplice!"

As the intercom broadcasted the urgent message about the prison break and the suspects involved, the trio watched as the many screens around the Spider-Society flickered to life, displaying images of each of them. Their faces broadcast for everyone to see, they became the focal point of attention for every spider-person in the area.

"Oh sh*t" Uncle Ben muttered as he watched all of the nearby Spider-People begin to fan out and search the area.

Chapter 627: Surrounded by Spiders...

As the Spider-Society mobilized into a collective force, the air crackled with tension. Every spider-person, fueled by the urgent broadcast, fanned out through the futuristic cityscape, their senses heightened, searching for the escaped trio. The echoing footsteps of spider-people resonated, creating an air of urgency for the two escapees and their accomplice.

Uncle Ben, realizing the gravity of their situation, snapped both Ben and Spider-Punk back into reality with a commanding bark, "Follow me!" Without hesitation, he darted off, the others hot on his heels, weaving through the labyrinthine alleys with a focus on speed rather than stealth, as compared to before.

The trio moved like the wind, their footsteps quick and purposeful. However, in their pursuit of speed, they abandoned the cautious approach that had shielded them before.

Unbeknownst to them, the change in strategy eventually caught the attention of a vigilant Spider-Man in a mechanized suit, his spider-like metal legs bristling with anticipation as he caught sight of the three suspects.

But before the mechanized Spider-Man could shoot for help or raise an alarm, Uncle Ben, displaying an uncanny combination of speed and precision, dashed towards him.

Appearing before the Spider-Mech in half a second, the elderly Spider-Man's superpowered fist collided with the guy's midsection, breaking through the armor with ease before impacting his now-unprotected stomach with a resounding force.

"Aaagh!" A choked gasp escaped the mechanical Spider-Man's open mouth, silencing any attempt to call out to his nearby allies as blood spewed from his mouth.

Before he could recover, Spider-Punk materialized behind him in a burst of speed, delivering a powerful blow to the side of his head. "Ugh!" The mechanical Spider-Man head jerked to the side as his eyes rolled back, his body crumpling to the ground, unconscious.

Ben, wide-eyed, observed the seamless coordination between Uncle Ben and Spider-Punk as they systematically neutralized the threat. A mixture of shock and admiration painted his expression as he muttered in awe, "That was so bad*ss..." He still couldn't get over the fact that a version of his Uncle Ben could be so cool.

Uncle Ben couldn't help but smile a bit, recalling the first time he showed his powers to his nephew, who said the exact same thing. "Quit messing around, we have to go before-"

Just as they were about to run off again, suddenly, Ben, Uncle Ben, and Spider-Punk froze in place for a moment, their spider senses going haywire. "!"

The familiar tingling at the back of their necks signaled imminent danger, causing them to instinctively look up, where they found lines of dozens of spider-people appearing on the rooftops, surrounding them from all sides.

In unison, each of them observed the vigilant eyes of the Spider-Society, their forms silhouetted against the bright sky.

The air grew tense as Uncle Ben cursed under his breath, noticing a hidden security camera, which was no doubt what gave away their location. It was pointed directly at them, and the older Spider-Man couldn't help but express his frustration, "F*ck you LYLA!" He raised his middle finger to the camera, emphasizing his disdain.

Turned in a circle, Uncle Ben eyed all of the Spider-People, some of which he once worked with. He stood before them, unafraid as he spoke, "There's a bunch of new faces around here, isn't there?"

Many Spider-Society members looked at Uncle Ben in confusion, while others recognized him, their masked faces revealing frowns of uncertainty.

Uncle Ben continued, "I just want to give you all some context before we begin. After all, it's only right that you know the reason that you died, should you decide to stay here and stand in my way."

Every surrounding Spider-Person narrowed their eyes as they heard Uncle Ben's ominous threat.

Uncle Ben eyed the crowd, feeling their hostility, "For those of you that don't know me, I was once a member of this little cult. Though, I only joined for one reason, to one day kill your illustrious leader, Miguel O'Hara."

A ripple of whispers passed through the Spider-Society as they absorbed this revelation.

Ben pressed on, "You might be asking yourselves, why does this old man want to kill such a good person like Miguel? Well, I'll be happy to tell you. The man you all follow happened to snap the necks of my innocent wife and 10-year-old nephew, Peter Parker. He killed them right in front of my eyes."

Shock spread among the spider-people, some gasping audibly, while others didn't believe him so easily. After all, Uncle Ben was an inmate who escaped prison, his word didn't mean much.

"So before any of you decide to throw your lives away, wondering why I'm killing you," Uncle Ben declared with a cold determination, "know that it's because you stuck your noses where they didn't belong. But if you want to live, then I suggest you leave now. Miguel isn't worth your lives, I promise you that"

The gravity of Uncle Ben's words hung in the air, challenging the Spider-Society to confront the haunting truth that stood before them.

Ben listened to all of this, conflicted by how easily this version of his uncle could talk about killing.
""

Uncle Ben's stern gaze surveyed the Spider-Society members surrounding them. He'd hoped his revelation would thin their numbers, but only a handful took a hesitant step back, reluctant to involve themselves in the brewing conflict. The majority remained resolute, their masked faces hiding any trace of uncertainty.

Frowning at the insufficient retreat, Uncle Ben sighed inwardly, realizing that a direct confrontation was inevitable. Motioning for the spider-people to approach, he grumbled, "Let's get this over with. I need to find your boss before he runs away again."

As if a switch had been flipped, the Spider-Society members leaped off the rooftops, a sea of agile bodies descending upon Uncle Ben, Ben, and Spider-Punk. The ensuing chaos unfolded with a clash of fists, kicks, and acrobatic maneuvers.

The trio struggled against the relentless onslaught, facing a barrage of web attacks, electrified punches, and gravity-defying kicks. Uncle Ben's experience and Spider-Punk's punkish flair blended seamlessly, countering the spider-people's assaults.

However, the sheer numbers began to take their toll, as Ben found himself dodging and weaving through the chaos, unable to counterattack.

Uncle Ben, displaying a combination of strength and agility, fought with a calculated ferocity, his every move echoing the lessons of a lifetime spent mastering his powers to the very limit, preparing for the day he would get his revenge.

Spider-Punk, true to his name, embraced chaos, using his erratic fighting style to disrupt the rhythm of their attackers.

Amid the chaotic skirmish, Ben grappled with the conflicting emotions stirred by his uncle's earlier words. He kept looking over at old Ben, hoping he didn't actually kill anyone, and staying ready just in case he had to step in and stop him.

After all, these were Spider-People they were fighting, not criminals. He didn't know what happened to make them side with Miguel, but he knew they didn't deserve to die.

The Spider-Society members, driven by loyalty and duty, fought relentlessly, unaware of the personal vendetta fueling Uncle Ben's aggression.

As the battle raged on, Uncle Ben's voice cut through the tumult, "I don't want to hurt any of you! Just step aside!" His plea fell on deaf ears, drowned out by the cacophony of combat. "This is your last warning!"

The spider-people pressed on, relentless in their pursuit, refusing to yield. A few more hesitated at Uncle Ben's words, caught between allegiance to the Spider-Society and the moral dilemma presented by the older Spider-Man.

But despite their skill and the slightly lesser numbers, the trio struggled against the tide of spider-themed combatants.

Uncle Ben's frustration grew, and with a determined glint in his eyes, he intensified his efforts to break through the encircling spider-people. "I warned you" He muttered as he launched forward, appearing beside a black suited spider-man, who had been the most annoying to deal with so far.

Stealing his emotions, Uncle Ben kicked his foot out, aiming directly at the man's knee, causing it to crack and break as it inverted in on itself.

"AAARGH!!!" The Black suited Spider-Man screamed in agony as he collapsed to the floor, cradling his mangled leg.

"Oh, be quiet" Uncle Ben commented as he wound his foot back and punted the poor guy across the face, knocking him unconscious.

Turning back to the many other Spider-People, who just witnessed his crewel actions, Uncle Ben eyed them, his form imposing, "Who's next?"

Meanwhile, Peter reveled in the newfound capabilities of his evolved powers, a grin stretching across his face as he molded the vibrant purple energy between his fingers. The raw strength pulsating through him made the encounter with the Silver Surfer seem like child's play.

Off to the side, MJ, Gwen, Miles, and Tobey, who arrived just a few seconds after Gwen and Miles, stood in awe, their eyes glued to the display of Peter's formidable abilities. Gwen, having witnessed Peter's confrontation with the Silver Surfer, couldn't help but be astounded by the vast difference in his power.

Throughout Peter's experimentation with his enhanced abilities, the unspoken tension between Gwen and Miles lingered in the background. The underlying problems they both knew they needed to address loomed, but for now, the focus remained on the imminent task at hand.

Satisfied after a few moments of testing, Peter walked over to the mesmerized trio. His charismatic grin softened the intensity of his earlier display as he addressed them, "Okay, let's head out. We can't leave Ben waiting for too long."

With a casual wave of his hand, Peter conjured a star-shaped portal, its cosmic glow beckoning the trio to step through.

Gwen and Miles exchanged a knowing glance, momentarily setting aside their unresolved issues. As they approached the portal alongside Tobey, anticipation and uncertainty mingled in the air.

Before following them, Peter turned to MJ and gave her a quick peck on the lips, "I'm headed out, but I should be back soon."

MJ unconsciously smiled, "Stay safe." She said, wanting to go with him, but who knew what would happen if Leo woke up without both of them around. "And try to make it back for dinner. We're making our own pizza's tonight."

"Sure, you got it." Peter gave her one last kiss before following Tobey, Miles, and Gwen through the portal, which closed behind them, leaving nothing but a faint afterglow in its wake.

Chapter 628: "I didn't say anyone could leave..."

The relentless battle raged on as Uncle Ben, Ben, and Spider-Punk faced the overwhelming numbers of the Spider-Society.

With each passing moment, Ben felt the strain on his body intensify, wounds accumulating from the ceaseless onslaught. Despite his valiant efforts, the tide of spider-themed combatants seemed never-ending.

Spider-Punk, once the perfect partner for Uncle Ben, found himself struggling in the chaotic melee. The inability to synchronize with Uncle Ben, who was now consumed by a relentless pursuit of Miguel, left Spider-Punk vulnerable to the relentless attacks from the Spider-Society members.

The duo's dynamic, once a dance of precision and power, now faltered under the weight of Uncle Ben's single-minded determination.

Ever since Uncle Ben's brutal encounter with the black suited Spider-Man, whose leg he snapped in half, a disturbing transformation had taken place. It was as if a switch had been flipped, unleashing a monstrous side of Uncle Ben that cared not for consequences or restraint. His focus, sharp as a blade, fixated solely on the goal of reaching Miguel.

Uncle Ben's fighting style mirrored his newfound ruthlessness. Each opponent in his path was systematically dismantled, limbs twisted, and bodies battered.

While he refrained from killing, as the menacing warnings he issued earlier were just a means to thin the herd of enemies while also instilling fear, that didn't mean he wouldn't maim them for getting in his way.

After all, in his eyes, these 'heroes' are protecting a child killer.

And this style of ruthless fighting was certainly successful in its own way, leading many to hesitate which created openings for Uncle Ben to exploit, leaving broken and bloodied Spider-People in his wake.

As the skirmish unfolded, Uncle Ben assumed the role of a gladiator, his relentless attacks leaving a huge impression on everyone present. Fear rippled through the once-confident society members, now questioning their decision to involve themselves with this in the face of Uncle Ben's unbridled aggression.

Uncle Ben, on the verge of breaking another Spider-Person's leg, prepared for the final, crippling blow when sudden two crimson blurs shot out of the crowd. "?"

A timely intervention, one figure kicked his foot away, altering the trajectory and saving the targeted leg, while the other delivered a powerful punch to Uncle Ben's face, sending him staggering backward.

Catching his balance, Uncle Ben wiped the blood from his lip, his eyes narrowing as he recognized the newcomers.

Jessica Drew, the Vice Leader of the Spider-Society, and Ben Reilly, otherwise known as Scarlet Spider-Man.

Jessica Drew, a beautiful woman, commanded attention on the chaotic battleground. Her sleek black and red spider suit accentuated her thick, yet athletic build, while yellow-tinted goggles perched on her mask framed her determined gaze.

[Insert picture of Jessica Drew here]

Scarlet Spider-Man stood beside her in his dark red spider suit, complemented by a sleeveless, hooded blue jacket. He eyed Uncle Ben in silence, a conflicted frown marring his masked face.

[Insert picture of Scarlet Spider-Man here]

The duo, familiar faces from his past, now stood between him and the Spider-Society, their expressions determined.

"That's enough!" Jessica Drew's stern voice cut through the chaos, her crimson costume contrasting sharply with the surrounding chaos.

Uncle Ben's gaze shifted between the two, a momentary pause in his relentless pursuit. The air crackled with tension as Jessica Drew stepped forward, her eyes locked onto Uncle Ben's, "We won't let you harm anyone else. Stand down, or we'll have to stop you again."

Ignoring Jessica's stern warning, Uncle Ben turned to Scarlet Spider-Man, a venomous sneer on his face. "Well, well, if it isn't the traitor. How's life been treating you since you stabbed me in the back?" The bitterness in Uncle Ben's voice echoed through the chaotic battleground.

Scarlet Spider-Man, standing stoically, felt the weight of Uncle Ben's accusation. The conflict on his masked face only intensified under his former teacher's harsh gaze.

Back when he was still a member of the Spider-Society, patiently waiting and plotting Miguel's death, Uncle Ben decided to take a sort of apprentice.

And that apprentice was a younger Ben Reilly, the man who now stood before him.

Driven by a misguided sense of trust, he had taken the now-named Scarlet Spider-Man under his wing, mentoring him within the ranks of the Spider-Society. The older Spider-Man taught him everything he could, seeing him as a sort of surrogate son.

Until one day, in a moment of vulnerability and trust, Uncle Ben shared his personal vendetta against Miguel O'Hara, the leader of the Spider-Society. Even going so far as to reveal intricate details of his assassination plan.

But it wasn't to ask for help or try to recruit his young apprentice.

No, it was to warn him to stay out of the Society on a certain date, as that would be the day all hell broke loose, the day he would kill Miguel.

He just didn't want to get his student wrapped up in his mess

Of course, since Miguel is still very much alive and Uncle Ben was just a prisoner not too long ago, things didn't go exactly as planned.

Uncle Ben's unwavering trust proved to be his downfall.

As he prepared to finally execute his well thought out plan, he surprisingly fell into a carefully laid trap, his hopes shattered. In the absence of Miguel, he faced capture and imprisonment, left to wonder why his grand plan had crumbled.

The truth, a bitter revelation that Uncle Ben only discovered in the cold confines of captivity, when Miguel came to see him and brag, was that Scarlet Spider-Man had turned traitor. He had leaked every detail of Uncle Ben's plan to Miguel, dismantling the foundation of trust that had been painstakingly built between them.

Now, Uncle Ben confronted Scarlet Spider-Man with a mix of anger and disappointment. The echoes of his past betrayal reverberated in the tense air between them.

Scarlet Spider-Man, the weight of his actions hanging heavy, met Uncle Ben's accusatory gaze. The mask hid the turmoil within, a conflict that mirrored the internal struggle between loyalty and betrayal.

As the battleground fell into a tense silence, Uncle Ben's voice cut through, a potent mix of disdain and frustration. "You know, when you're thrown into prison, you suddenly get a lot of time to think and figure stuff out. But there's just one thing that I could never find an answer to" He says, eyeing his former student questioningly. "Why? Why did you betray me?"

The question hung in the air as everyone paused, the battlefield descending into a frozen standstill.

Scarlet Spider-Man's masked face remained stoic, deflecting Uncle Ben's probing question with a simple response, "It doesn't matter now, does it?"

Uncle Ben frowned, a mixture of disappointment and acknowledgment in his eyes. "I suppose not. What's done is done after all"

Cracking his knuckles, Uncle Ben's focus shifted from emotional confrontation to physical. "I hope you've been keeping up with your training because I've had nothing but time on my hands"

As tension escalated, Jessica Drew attempted to defuse the situation. "Surrender now, Old Man. We can find another way to resolve this. Not everything has to be solved with violence and murder"

Uncle Ben, however, remained unmoved, ready for a showdown. "Not this time, Jessica. I've come too far and waited long enough..."

Jessica signaled to the surrounding Spider-Society members. "Focus on the other two. We'll handle him ourselves." She said, gesturing to Uncle Ben.

The battleground brimmed with anticipation as combatants readied for the impending clash. But just as the confrontation was about to erupt, a star-shaped portal manifested between the two factions, catching everyone off guard.

Stepping through the portal, Peter, Tobey, Gwen, and Miles found themselves in the midst of what appeared to be a chaotic battle based on all of the damage and injured people surrounding them.

Surveying the scene, Peter mused, "Well, this saves us a lot of time..." He said, spotting Ben, who was looking at him with wide, hopeful eyes. "Yo, how's it going Ben? Did you lose a little weight? You were much rounder the last time I saw you"

Completely ignoring the fact that Peter just called him fat, Ben's eyes widened with relief and joy as he rushed over, trapping Peter in a spontaneous hug, "Peter! You have no idea how happy I am to see you right now!"

For Ben, who had faced overwhelming odds and imprisonment up until now, Peter's arrival seemed like the answer to all his prayers, a beacon of hope to wrap all of this up so he can finally head home.

The smile on Ben's face reflected newfound confidence, which confused everyone, especially the Society Members, as they still had the numerical advantage.

Even Uncle Ben and Spider-Punk were wondering what made Ben so confident and relaxed now. Although the odds were a bit better with these reinforcements, they were still outnumbered ten to one.

As the unexpected arrivals processed the situation, the battleground, once a tense arena of conflict, now brimmed with uncertainty.

Frozen in place for a moment, Jessica Drew's eyes widened with fear as she recognized Peter. 'I need to contact Miguel before it's too late' She thought, quickly tapping a few buttons on her watch as she tried to sneak away, ducking her head behind a crowd of nearby spider-people.

"Ahem!" Peter cleared his throat, unleashing a sliver of his newfound power, which expanded outward, dropping a veil of suffocating gravity over everyone in the area. "I didn't say anyone could leave" He said, his gaze falling on Jessica, who stopped in her tracks, unable to move her body a single inch.

Chapter 629: Spider-Karen

As the gravity-like force descended upon the battleground, a stifling weight settled over everyone present. The Spider-Society members, still recovering from Uncle Ben's brutal onslaught, found themselves frozen in place, beads of sweat forming on their foreheads as fear gripped them.

Peter, standing amidst the immobilized crowd, couldn't help but notice the numerous injured Spider-People, many of which were borderline crippled at this point, such as the man with his knee kicked inward. With a furrowed brow, he questioned, "What the hell happened to these guys?"

The power holding everyone captive suddenly vanished as Peter retracted his energy. A collective exhale of relief echoed through the battlefield, yet not a single member dared to make a move. The unspoken understanding hung in the air, running away now would be perilous.

Even Jessica Drew, contemplating a strategic retreat, hesitated, realizing a second attempt would only incur the wrath of the enigmatic man before her. She resigned herself to staying put, content that at least she had managed to send a message to Miguel through her watch.

"Well" Ben, who never felt an ounce of Peter's power weighing him down, tried to explain. "They tried to stop us, and Uncle Ben went a bit overboard"

"Uncle Ben?" Peter muttered as he noticed the old man stood a few meters away from him. 'He looks just like the Uncle Ben from Tobey's universe'

Speaking of Tobey

Just as Peter noticed Uncle Ben, so did Tobey, his eyes widening in shock and disbelief as he caught sight of his Uncle, the same Uncle that he saw just the other day.

Though one thing was certainly different about this man as compared to Tobey's kindhearted Uncle back home, and that was the stern, battle hardened demeanor that surrounded him, making anyone feel hesitant to approach.

Meanwhile, Peter's focus shifted from the gruff version of Uncle Ben to the injured Spider-Society members. "Here, I'll fix you guys up." With a wave of his hand, he cast a mass healing spell, infused with a touch of his newly acquired purple cosmic energy.

Seconds later, a large purple colored spell circle materialized above the area, completing its formation before shining down and commencing a rapid healing process.

Broken and mangled bodies were restored to pristine condition within a matter of moments, including Ben, Uncle Ben, and Spider-Punk, who were worse for wear after facing the relentless onslaught of the Spider-Society.

The healing spectacle left everyone, Spider-Society members and Peter's allies alike, staring at him in disbelief. The realization that a Spider-Man possessed such extraordinary abilities dawned upon them, creating a moment of collective shock and confusion.

Uncle Ben, caught between conflicting thoughts, couldn't discern whether Peter's arrival was a boon or a bane to his cause

On one hand, if Peter aligned with his vengeance against Miguel, the path would no doubt be much easier. On the other hand, if Peter opposed his murderous pursuit, Uncle Ben's quest for revenge could become an insurmountable challenge.

With the battlefield now transformed into as everyone's injuries were completely healed, Peter stood amidst the bewildered Spider-Society members, their injuries miraculously mended.

An air of uncertainty lingered as Peter, fueled by a newfound authority, declared, "Everyone here is under arrest. If you have any weapons, gadgets, goobers, or doohickeys, then please place them on the floor before putting your hands above your heads."

Confusion rippled through the crowd, painted on the faces of both the healed Spider-Society members and Peter's allies. Gwen, breaking the silence, questioned, "Arrest? Why do we need to arrest everyone?"

Meanwhile, Miles, casting a skeptical gaze toward Gwen, struggled with the remnants of betrayal in his eyes. ""

Feeling his suspicious gaze on her, Gwen hastened to clarify, "Most of the Spider-Society members are just like us. They're heroes who do what's right and save the day. I agree that Miguel and some of them might be up to something, but not all of them are evil"

Miles's suspicion waned, yet trust remained elusive. He especially didn't like her choice of words when she said Miguel 'might' be up to something. 'Whose side is she on?' He wondered, hoping it would be his, but he wasn't so sure

Peter, unaffected by the internal dynamics, responded matter-of-factly, "When dealing with a suspicious organization, it's best to simply detain everyone for questioning first. If they're innocent, that will come out during interrogation"

The crowd of Spider-Society members, now facing the prospect of being arrested, which was most certainly a first for almost every single one of them, grappled with the odd situation.

Not only that, but they also struggled to comprehend what Peter meant by 'suspicious organization.' Because in their eyes, the Spider-Society wasn't anything like that.

Unfazed, Peter continued, his eyes scanning the uncertain faces around him, "Now, I'll give you guys a minute to turn yourselves in. After that, I'll have to get handsy with you..." His tone carried a veiled threat, setting the stage for an imminent confrontation.

As the seconds ticked away, the once confident members of the Spider-Society found themselves caught in the unexpected crossroads. The uncertainty in the air thickened, and Peter's words lingered as a pressing challenge.

As the minute elapsed, the tension in the air reached its peak. Peter watched the crowd to see what they would choose, knowing many would probably try to fight or run, but surprisingly, it wasn't the Society members who were the first to run.

No, it was Uncle Ben.

Uncle Ben, with a stern determination in his eyes, carefully interpreted Peter's words. To him, it meant surrender, an act he was unwilling to perform. His quest for vengeance against Miguel was long overdue, and the old man refused to give up.

With a resolute stride, Uncle Ben turned and sprinted away from the gathering, hoping to get away whilst Peter was dealing with the Society members, who would no doubt put up at least a little bit of a fight.

Peter, noticing the fleeing figure, turned to Ben with a questioning look. "Wasn't that old man with you? Why is he running away?"

Ben, looking slightly awkward, offered an explanation, "Uncle Ben wants to kill Miguel, so maybe he thought you'd get in his way?"

Nodding absently, Peter, with a casual snap of his fingers, conjured two portals, one below Uncle Ben's feet and the other beside himself. In an instant, Uncle Ben, mid-sprint, tumbled through the portal and came tumbling out in front of Peter, his escape thwarted without Peter having to move a single step.

Peter looked down at the old man and remarked, "Stop trying to escape, Old Man. You'll throw out your hip or something."

Uncle Ben glared defiantly, his resolve evident in his piercing gaze. Peter chuckled, finding the old man's persistence amusing. "Relax, you want Miguel dead, right? If you have a good enough reason, I might be able to make that happen. But for now, sit tight and don't get yourself hurt. Your old bones might shatter if you overdo it."

Uncle Ben, seething with restrained anger, disliked the way Peter seemed to look down on him for his age. Nevertheless, he reluctantly complied, seeing a glimmer of possibility for his long-desired revenge on the horizon.

As Uncle Ben lay on the ground, defeated and begrudgingly compliant, the Spider-Society members seized the opportunity to escape.

Scarlet-Spider, Jessica Drew, and many others exchanged a quick glance, silently communicating their intent to use the multiverse-hopping watches for a swift retreat. With a collective activation of the devices, they initiated the process of summoning a portal to whisk them away from the unfolding confrontation.

Peter, however, felt their actions and intentions through his senses, signaling the attempted escape. "Not you guys too I thought I made it clear how pointless this is." His reaction was swift, his fingers snapped together for a second time, echoing through the air.

Instantly, the watches on the wrists of the fleeing members vanished before their eyes, shocking them once more. Stunned, they looked up to find their once-reliable devices materializing in a pile at Peter's feet, which the man himself barely bothered to even glance at.

"I guess this means I'll have to get handsy, doesn't it?" Peter's voice cut through the tense atmosphere, sending a collective shiver down the spines of the Spider-Society members.

The realization hit them hard, they had underestimated the extent of Peter's powers. They should have just given themselves up

In an ominous display of authority, Peter stepped around the pile of watches, making his way toward the crowd of defiant Society members, his bloodthirsty smile unnerving those who dared to meet his gaze. "Don't worry, I won't hurt you too bad. But even if I do break a few bones here and there, I can just heal you up afterward..."

The crowd swallowed nervously as Peter cracked his fingers, the anticipation of impending confrontation palpable. As he took a deliberate step toward them, disappearing in a burst of pure speed, the fear in their eyes intensified, knowing that escape was no longer an option.

Peter's promise to avoid severe harm offered little comfort as he appeared before his first victim, sending a flying knee to his skull, immediately knocking him unconscious. "That's one" He muttered before moving on to the next one.

A resounding gulp echoed through the crowd, a collective realization settling in, surrendering earlier would have been a far more prudent choice.

They had truly and severely f*cked up.

With a chilling calmness, Peter engaged each member, incapacitating them with a combination of pure speed, which they couldn't even follow, and powerful strikes, which incapacitated them instantly. His movements were swift and precise, leaving the Spider-Society members unconscious on the battlefield, one by one.

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Minutes later, amidst the fallen bodies, Jessica Drew stood as the sole witness to the overwhelming power displayed by the man before her. Fear etched across her face, she looked at Peter with a mixture of awe and terror. She was the only one on her side remaining, the bodies of her comrades scattered like fallen leaves.

"" Everyone on Peter's side was stunned into silence by his show of power, especially Uncle Ben and Spider-Punk, who didn't know anything about him until now.

"Is he even human?" Spider-Punk muttered, his eyes wide and his mouth dropped open.

Finally, Peter turned his attention to Jessica, who he left alone for a reason. "Hello there," he greeted her, his tone carrying a sense of nonchalance. "I'd like to speak to your manager" He asked like a true Karen, barely hiding his amusement.

Chapter 630: Plan Z

The Spider-Society Headquarters loomed ahead, its towering structure casting shadows that danced across the tense faces of those approaching it. Jessica Drew, still visibly shaken after witnessing Peter's power firsthand, led the group through the entrance, her eyes darting nervously as if expecting an ambush at every turn.

The Spider-Society's main building, usually bustling with activity, now echoed with an eerie silence. There wasn't a person in sight, which was certainly odd, especially for those who knew how crowded it always was.

Even taking into account the dozens of defeated Spider-People that they left behind, there should still be many more Society Members around, going about their day.

"Where is everyone?" Ben asked, feeling as though he was walking through an abandoned building.

"Probably setting up some sort of trap" Spider-Punk replied, his demeanor rather calm for the tense situation.

Peter couldn't shake the feeling of being watched, his eyes glancing to the side, where the omnipresent surveillance cameras tracked their every move, following the group like vigilant sentinels.

Noticing Peter's gaze, Uncle Ben spoke up, his voice a low growl, "That holographic bitch is watching" He said, almost in disgust. "Miguel must know we're coming."

Peter, unfazed, shrugged off the revelation. "Doesn't matter if he knows or not," he replied nonchalantly. Turning to Uncle Ben, he raised an inquisitive brow, "So, why do you want to kill Miguel again?"

Uncle Ben's face tightened with a mix of pain and determination as he explained the same story he told Ben back in their cell

Peter's eyes narrowed with understanding. The severity of Miguel's actions in this universe seemed a bit more drastic than he remembered. 'He's a bit more hardcore here, huh? I don't remember him killing women and children in the movies.'

Uncle Ben's jaw tensed as he finished recounting the grim details of his past. "He's a ruthless murderer and he needs to be stopped permanently."

Silently, Peter delved into Uncle Ben's mind, a subtle probe to validate the truth behind his words. The memories unfolded, painting a dark picture of Miguel's brutality. Peter frowned, the weight of Uncle Ben's vendetta becoming apparent.

After the brief telepathic inspection, Peter broke the silence. "Alright, I get it. I'll leave Miguel for you to handle. Decide how you want to deal with him." He shrugged uncaringly. "Kill em, don't kill em. I don't mind either way."

Uncle Ben's eyes gleamed with a mixture of gratitude and triumph. This was his moment, the chance he had sought across countless universes. "Thank you, Peter. You have no idea how long I've been waiting for this."

The group continued deeper into the Spider-Society's main building, an unnerving stillness enveloping the surroundings. Jessica Drew led the way, her nervous glances betraying an underlying tension that resonated through the corridor, solidifying the fact that they were most likely walking into a trap.

Peter, indifferent to the potential threat, moved forward with a sense of unwavering confidence. In his mind, power trumped any potential traps or obstacles. The very idea of Miguel O'Hara as an opponent seemed almost laughable to him, which is why he didn't mind allowing Uncle Ben the chance to fight him instead.

As they ventured further, the group entered a large, dark room, the door sealing shut behind them with an ominous thud. Panic gripped Ben, Miles, and Gwen, their futile attempts to break down the reinforced door leaving only faint dents.

Ignoring their efforts, Peter's attention focused on a large screen which brightened as soon as the door closed, displaying Miguel O'Hara's smirking face. Miguel's voice echoed through the room, exuding confidence and a hint of arrogance, "Hello, Peter, and welcome to the Spider-Society! How do you like the place so far? Impressive, right?"

Peter replied with casual indifference, "Meh. It's alright. Your minions are rather weak, though."

Jessica felt a twinge of frustration, knowing that Peter spoke the truth. But compared to him, just about anyone would be seen as feeble, let alone the Spider-Society.

Miguel, undeterred, nodded in acknowledgment, "Yeah, well, we can't all be like you" He said, his tone turning almost jealous for a moment before returning back to normal. "You know, there was a time when I thought about recruiting you, but sadly, I ended up chickening out. Looking back, I probably should have given it a shot. You would have made a great addition to the team."

"Yeah, no thanks." Interrupting Miguel's monologue, Peter retorted, "Is this all? You're acting like a third-rate villain, and you don't even have the balls to show up in person. I'm starting to get bored here. Either say something that matters or I'm moving on. I promised my wife that I'd be back by dinner time."

Miguel's expression shifted, "Speaking of your family, are you sure they're safe without you home? Maybe you should worry more about-"

Before Miguel could finish, Peter used his telekinesis to obliterate the screen, reducing it to a compacted cube in a matter of half a second. "So annoying. If you just want to stall for time, then at least make it entertaining."

Continuing his stride, Peter grumbled in annoyance as he approached another sealed door at the opposite end of the room.

Miles, uneasy about the mention of Peter's family, spoke up, "Hey, what about your family? It sounded like he was planning something. Should we go back and check on them?"

Peter, reaching the sealed door, turned back to the group, dismissing their concerns, "Nah, he's just doing the usual weak villain stuff, trying to distract us and buy time for himself. Besides, even if my family was in danger, I have failsafes in place to protect them. And he isn't nearly strong enough to get past those."

Especially not his most recent failsafe, Galactus

With a nonchalant touch, Peter shattered the sealed metal door, reducing it to fragments that scattered on the floor, revealing another room with a swirling portal on the other side. From it, a massive green figure tumbled out, crashing onto the floor.

The impact resonated through the room, and the group watched in bewilderment as the hulking figure began to rise, the portal snapping itself shut behind him.

Miles muttered, "What the hell is that?"

Peter, however, immediately recognized the fallen figure. He answered, "That would be the Hulk."

"What the hell's a Hulk?" Miles asked, voicing everyone's thoughts.

Ignoring Miles for a moment, Peter approached the confused Hulk, undoubtedly kidnapped from its universe by Miguel as a means to combat him.

"Hey there, big guy-" Peter attempted to speak to the Hulk, but the behemoth showed neither recognition nor patience for explanations.

Before Peter could say more than four words, the Hulk bellowed, "Hulk smash!"

"Peter!" The group behind Peter yelled in concern, fearing for his life as two colossal, green fists descended upon him. But to their astonishment, Peter effortlessly caught both of the Hulk's fists with his hands, looking up at the surprised giant.

"Well, I gave you a chance..." Peter said, his figure disappearing, only to reappear seated on the Hulk's shoulder. Placing a hand on the Hulk's head, he continued, "Why don't you take a nap for now? I'll send you home later."

As Peter spoke, his hand emitted a soft purple glow, which flowed into the Hulk's head. Within moments, the Hulk began to sway on his feet, eyes closing as he collapsed onto the metal floor, unconscious.

The group stared in awe, their apprehension replaced with a newfound respect for Peter's seemingly limitless abilities. Miles, still processing the events, finally asked, "Did you just put him to sleep?"

Peter shrugged and replied nonchalantly, "Yeah, now let's go. Who knows what else Miguel plans to summon"

Watching from the concealed confines of his lair, Miguel frowned as Peter effortlessly defeated the Hulk. He had hoped that the battle would wear Peter down at least a tiny bit, but it seemed his expectations were far from met. Peter dispatched the green giant in a matter of seconds, rendering many of Miguel's other intricate plans useless as well.

Sighing to himself, Miguel realized he had to abandon several contingencies. The ease with which Peter handled the Hulk forced him to reevaluate his strategy. Contemplating his next move, he acknowledged the necessity of taking risks and adapting to the unforeseen circumstances.

Summoning LYLA, Miguel ordered, "Contact your plan Z and tell him that a portal will be opened if he agrees to deal with Peter for us..."

Initially, he was against using this contingency plan, which LYLA masterminded, but he didn't really have a choice anymore. Peter was far stronger than he realized, leaving him with no other path to follow.

LYLA, standing behind Miguel in her holographic form, smirked evilly, her image briefly stuttering before returning to normal. "I'll contact him immediately" She responded before vanishing, leaving Miguel to sit in silence, watching as Peter sped past all of his meticulously crafted failsafes, inching closer and closer to his hiding spot.

Elsewhere, in a vast, pitch-black expanse, LYLA projected her holographic form. The darkness receded as her image brightened the surroundings ever so slightly.

Standing before her was a tall, ghastly white man with glowing red eyes. He wore black armor adorned with a crimson symbol on its chest. At his side, a wine-red sword wriggled and moved, seemingly alive.

[Insert picture of Knull here]

This mysterious figure, known only as plan Z, regarded LYLA with an air of anticipation as the holographic entity spoke, "It's done. He agreed to open a portal for you"

Knull's eyes glowed brighter, a sinister smile spreading across his face as he accepted the new terms.

"Good," plan Z responded in a deep, resonant voice. "Open the portal and I'll do as Centurion asked..." He said gesturing with his hand for her to hurry, which rolled up his sleeve ever so slightly, revealing the image of a laughing skull tattoo on the back of his hand.

The same tattoo that Peter received from Death

LYLA nodded, her holographic form maintaining a wicked grin. With a flicker, she transmitted a message back to Miguel, who would be the one to open the portal.

Back at the Spider-Society Headquarters, the group, unaware of Miguel's plans, or LYLA's for that matter, followed Peter like useless ducklings, watching as he easily thwarted everything that Miguel threw at them. From portals which deposited strong enemies, like the Hulk, to mundane technological traps, nothing seemed to work, until finally, they arrived at Miguel's lair