

# I'M SPIDER-MAN (MCU)

## Chapter 7: Debut

(Want to read ahead of what I've posted so far? Go to my patreòn and get early access chapters.

As of this chapter, the patreòn is 4 chapters ahead at chapter 11. I'll be writing 2 more chapters today.

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A/N: I accidentally deleted a lot of the paragraph comments in the last chapter when I edited it. Oops lol. Won't be doing that again.

Checking the time on his phone, Peter saw that it was 4:47 pm which means Aunt May is still working at the Hospital.

Knowing he won't get caught, Peter used his new Sling Ring and opened a portal to his bedroom. Stepping inside, Peter drops his school bag as the portal closes behind him.

Knowing Aunt May wouldn't be home yet, Peter went to the kitchen and started cooking dinner. He would be sneaking out for his first night as Spider-Man tonight, so he decided to spend some time with May before heading out.

After making some chicken parmesan, Aunt May arrived home and kicked off her shoes with a tired look.

"Ugh, I can't wait to do nothing for the whole night!" She exclaims as she slams the door behind her. "\*sniff sniff\* Peter! Are you cooking?!"

Rushing to the kitchen, May saw Peter plating the chicken with a big bowl full of salad next to him.

"Uhh, what's going on Peter?" She asks, eyeing the food suspiciously.

"I got home a bit earlier than you so I thought I should cook." Peter shrugged as he put the filled plates on the dining table.

Peter doesn't know this, but the old Peter has tried to cook for May a few times in the past. During the first incident, he started a small grease fire that could've burned the apartment down if she wasn't there to put it out. On the last try, he went through many kitchen safety videos on YouTube but ended up giving himself and his Aunt May food poisoning.

It's safe to say that seeing Peter cooking in the kitchen is a bit traumatizing for May. She didn't trust the food and she certainly doesn't trust that he won't burn the place down. Speaking of, after getting over her shock, May walked over to check the oven, stove top, toaster, microwave, and even the coffee machine to make sure that Peter didn't leave anything running.

"May, come eat." Peter said as he grabbed the salad and some utensils before heading back to the table.

"Umm, Peter..." May says nervously as she takes a seat in front of her plate. Peter was sitting across from her, ready to dig in. "Are you sure you should be cooking?"

She was trying to be nice, but she wasn't ready for another bout of food poisoning. She had to take a few days off work the last time, which wouldn't have been bad if she wasn't in the bathroom for most of that time.

'What's going on? Is there something I don't know?' Peter thought as he finally noticed May's odd behavior.

He really hated that he didn't get the old Peters memories. Peter has had a few moments like this, where the people around him know something that he doesn't. Luckily, he's been able to get past those situations without arousing any suspicion.

"Umm, why?" Peter asked.

"Let's not play dumb, Peter. Your track record in the kitchen isn't very stellar, to say the least." May says as she looks down at her food cautiously.

'Oh, I get it now. The old Peter was a sh\*t cook.' Finally understanding what's going on, Peter knows how to handle the situation. "I promise that nothing is wrong with it this time. I followed a recipe and everything. I swear."

After his promise was made, Aunt May hesitated for a moment before sighing and reluctantly cutting a piece of her chicken. She stared at the food on her fork for a good minute before trying it. As soon as she started to chew, May's face morphed from nervous horror to shocked bliss.

"Wow, it's actually good..." May says after swallowing her first bite.

'Of course, it's good. I've been cooking my own meals since my parents died in my last life.' Peter thought as he smiled at May's praise. "Thanks, I gave it my all."

After dinner, Peter watched some Korean Dramas with May until she was ready for bed. Once she was in bed and he was sure she was asleep, Peter went to his room and locked the door.

With a single thought, his clothes were replaced with his Spider-Man suit. Peter made sure the suit was in anti-camera mode before opening his window and jumping out.

He hasn't had the chance to test his web-swinging, so now's the time. Shooting a web at the nearest building, Peter grabs hold of it and swings down the street. Repeating this over and over, Peter was like Tarzan swinging through the jungle.

The feeling of swinging between buildings around New York City was the most freeing and exciting thing that Peter has ever felt. When he would come

across an obstacle, Peter would run along rooftops or the sides of building with his wall-crawling abilities.

"Woooo!" Peter yelled excitedly as he did a backflip mid-air in the center of time square before shooting another web and swinging away.

He noticed how easy it was to get around the city compared to other forms of travel. Landing on a high rooftop, Peter googles how long NYC is and found that it was 35 miles long from northeast to southwest. After some quick math, Peter found that at his speed he would be able to cover that ground in 21 minutes.

That may be long in an emergency, but It's very unlikely that Peter would ever have to cover even half of that distance to get to a crime. Speaking of crime, Peter realized that he hasn't seen any since he jumped out of his window.

"I should have gotten a police scanner..." He mutters under his breath.

While waiting to hear some sirens on a random building in the center of New York City, Peter turns off his anti-camera enchantment. He only needs to use it during times where he could implicate his true identity, so pretty much whenever he heads out and returns home.

After waiting a good 10 minutes, the sound of ambulance and fire truck sirens began ringing in Peter's ears as red and blue lights lit up a nearby street.

"It's finally go time!" Peter says as he jumps off the tall skyscraper, like Ezio Auditore aiming for a nearby haystack.

Swinging above the fire trucks, Peter finally saw their destination. A low-income apartment building was burning and smoke was rising from the few open windows. Screams for help could be heard as people rush out of the building, coughing up smoke all the way.

"Okay, you can do this. It's show time!" Peter psyches himself up to dispel the nervousness he feels.

Increasing his speed, Peter overtakes the first responders as he rushes to the burning building. As he swings over the onlookers outside the building a few of them look up and see as Peter swings into one of the smoking windows.

"Did you see that?!"

"What was that?!"

"Did someone just swing into the window?!"

"Nah, you probably just inhaled too much smoke!"

"No, I swear I saw it!?"

"..."

The talks continued as those that saw Peter watched the window he dived in with anticipation.

Inside the building, Peter could barely see due to the smoke, so he began to call out for anyone left behind in the building. Pacing the halls, Peter called out at the top of his lungs for anyone to answer him.

Thankfully, the suit seemed to be smokeproof as Peter didn't seem to be affected by the fume-filled building. He didn't even feel hot in the slightest.

Soon enough, someone finally called back to him.

"Help... My babies... Help... in here, help...." A woman's voice called out.

Locking on to her location with his enhanced hearing, Peter moves at breakneck speed. Arriving in front of an apartment door, Peter saw that it was blocked by a big burning beam that fell through the ceiling.

"Hang on, I'm coming to get you!" Peter yells as he lifted the burning beam and shoved it aside.

"You can open the door now!" Peter calls but doesn't get an answer this time.

Since he didn't get an answer, Peter broke the door down and saw a mother and her two children passed out next to an open window. The place was burning and filled with smoke like the rest of the building.

Acting quickly, Peter puts the mother over his shoulder and grabs the children under each arm before jumping out of the window. He runs down the side of the building and places the family of three gently on the ground.

Firemen that have just arrived were clearing the scene and hooking hoses to nearby fire hydrants. When they saw someone jump out of a window, they thought someone was committing suicide or just trying to survive the fire. Though their expectations changed drastically when they saw an oddly dressed man run down the side of the building as if he was defying gravity, and placing three unconscious people on the ground.

"Smoke inhalation! Get the medics on them!" Peter says as he shoots a web to the open window he came from and pulls, launching himself back inside the building.

"Wait! Don't go back in there!" A fireman yells but Peter was already gone.

Back inside the building, Peter began to realize that his current strategy wasn't working fast enough. He needed to find a better way to locate these people at a much quicker pace.

Trusting his enhanced senses, Peter closed his eyes and honed in on his hearing. It was the only sense he had that wasn't clouded at the moment. His eye and nose were being blocked by smoke, so he hoped his ears were enough to guide him.

Soon enough, Peter started to hear things more clearly. It started with the sound of crackling fire and the creaking of the old building, but soon enough

he began to hear the remaining people in the building. Their breaths, heartbeats, and small movements. Peter could hear it all.

Kicking it into overdrive, Peter first rushed to those that were in more dire situations than others. Soon enough, Peter became a regular appearance for the 911 responders outside. He would find people or even pets, carry them out the nearest window, set them down, and rush back in to do it all over again.

When Peter finally brought out his last group of people, paramedics took them away as a few cops walked up to him.

"Hey, who are you?" A man dressed as a detective asks.

"I'm just your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man." Peter says as he shoots a web to a nearby building, pulls on it, and swings away.

A/N: Almost 1800 words

[DONT FORGET MY STONES! Or I'll... Oh god, I don't know if I should say this... No, I won't sully your ears with such vile filth. My mind is truly a dark and dirty place. Just know that if I don't get my stones, I can't be held accountable for my actions \*stares at you with dead eyes\*]