

Spider-Man 401

Chapter 401: Help?

As the group stepped into the dimly lit Undercroft, the portal snapping shut behind them, they found themselves surrounded by an eerie silence. Everyone's attention immediately turned to the assortment of cells imbedded into the cave wall, each holding a different villain from various universes.

Before anyone could say or do anything, Peter waved his hand, conjuring a portal beneath Sandman's feet. "Ugh!?" The villain grunted in shock as he dropped.

The trapped villains watched with curiosity as Sandman was deposited into a cell next to them, enjoying the bewildered look of betrayal that filled their neighbors face.

Sandman banged on the glass of his cell, his frustration evident as he thrashed and shouted. The other villains glanced at him, some chuckling sarcastically.

Eddie Brock, his maniacal grin widening, taunted, "Welcome to the party, Sandy! Looks like you're in good company now."

Doc Ock chimed in with a smirk, "Seems like our little gathering is growing by the minute. Quite the reunion, isn't it?"

The only one who wasn't saying anything was Norman Osborn, who seemed to be in some sort of brain fog, like an elderly man with dementia. "W-Where am I..." He kept muttering to himself in confusion.

As Sandman continued to protest and bang on the glass, Tom turned to Peter with a shocked expression. "What are you doing? Let him out! He surrendered!"

Peter's gaze shifted from the trapped villains to Tom, his expression filled with exasperation. He shook his head, rolling his eyes at Tom's request. "I understand that he surrendered, but we can't afford to take unnecessary risks. Sandman was obviously a villain in his universe, and neither of us can guarantee that he won't turn on us."

Tom's face contorted with conflicting emotions. He understood Peter's reasoning, but a pang of guilt washed over him. He had promised Sandman that they would work together to send him home.

"But we made a promise to him," Tom argued, his voice laced with uncertainty. "I can't just betray his trust like that..."

Peter sighed, his gaze shifting back to Sandman, who continued to rage inside the cell. "I'm not saying we won't help him. But it's best to keep him safely detained while we figure things out. He's not a scientist nor is he a Master of the Mystic Arts who can help us send everyone back. We need to prioritize everyone's safety."

Tom's conflicted expression remained, but he could see the logic in Peter's words. He glanced back at Sandman, whose shouts had turned into bitter insults. "I knew I shouldn't have trusted you... Let me out... I'll f*cking kill you!"

The guilt weighed heavy on Tom's shoulders, but he knew he had to make a difficult decision.

Reluctantly, Tom nodded, his voice barely above a whisper. "Okay. You're right. We'll keep him locked up for now."

Sandman's shouts of betrayal grew louder as Tom's words reached his ears. He called Tom every name in the book, his anger boiling over. Tom winced, his heart aching for the man he had just fought against. But he knew deep down that Peter's decision was the right one.

Peter stepped closer to Tom, placing a hand on his shoulder in a gesture of support. "I know it's hard. But we'll find a way to help him. We just need to keep everyone safe while we do it."

Of course, the underlying meaning behind that was clear. Peter wouldn't allow Tom to release the villains as his counterpart did in the movies, which subsequently lead to the death of his only living family member.

But that doesn't mean they can't help them...

Tom nodded again, a mixture of determination and sorrow in his eyes. "I won't let Sandman down. We'll find a way to make this right."

With a final glance at Sandman's raging form, Tom vowed to get him back to his daughter as he promised.

Peter watched the caged villains in curiosity. Each of them a product of either their own idiocy or just plain bad luck, though hopefully, they would be able to help. His attention, however, was soon drawn to Flash Thompson, the disguised Venom. Peter's suspicion lingered, and he knew he couldn't let his guard down.

After all, Flash never joined them in the movie, which means either something simply changed to spark his decision, or someone behind him was up to something.

'Is it Venom or another villain?' He wondered in interest.

Unbeknownst to Flash and everyone else in the room, Peter discreetly cast a reverse protection spell on him, a precautionary measure to ensure the safety of everyone around him.

The spell would prevent Flash from causing harm, freezing him in place should he attempt to attack anyone, while also keeping track of his movements. It was a delicate balance, as the spell had the potential to turn lethal if Flash's struggle surpassed a certain threshold of strength. Peter hoped it wouldn't come to that though.

As Peter completed the spell, MJ, Aunt May, Lily, and the other Spider-Men came walking down the stairs. MJ walked up to Tom, her eyes filled with concern. "Is everything okay? I saw the news and... I had to come."

Tom gave her a reassuring smile, placing a hand on her arm. "Yeah, everything's under control. We just captured another one. That's all."

MJ's relaxed, a mixture of relief and guilt filling her gaze. "I just wish that I could be out there with you..." She muttered under her breath.

MJ has always wanted to help Tom however she could, but recently, she found out that another version of herself was an actual superhero. Now, she wants nothing more than to get out there and fight beside her boyfriend, but sadly, that was unlikely to happen anytime soon. If not ever.

Tom frowned, unsure how to comfort her. 'I need to find a way to do what Peter did...'

Tobey approached Tom, a genuine smile on his face. "You did great out there. I saw your fight with Sandman on the news. It reminded me of some of my own battles."

Tom's face lit up at Tobey's words, his admiration for the older Spider-Man evident. "Thank you. Coming from you, that means a lot."

Just as the group started to settle, Norman Osborn's voice broke through the tense atmosphere. "Tobey? Tobey, is that you? Please, I need your help!"

Everyone turned their attention to Osborn, who appeared disoriented and lost. His voice trembled with confusion as he struggled to grasp his surroundings. "I don't... I don't know where I am. I keep forgetting things... Sometimes, I'm not myself, and whenever he's in control... I can't remember... I-I don't know what's going on with me..."

Tobey's brows furrowed, his skepticism surfacing. He knew firsthand the manipulative nature of the Green Goblin, and he couldn't trust Osborn's words. "Nice try, but I'm not falling for that again..."

The last time Norman tried that trick, Tobey almost ended up squired by a very sharp glider. He wouldn't fall for the same trick twice.

As he was about to continue and warn everyone of the Green Goblins manipulation, Aunt May stepped forward, her voice firm but compassionate.

"Spider-Man helps people. No matter who they are or what they've done. If someone needs help, then we should help," she reminded him, her eyes filled with unwavering determination. "And he obviously needs help... Maybe they all do..."

Everyone looked around the room, eyeing the villains, wondering if she was right.

Tobey's gaze shifted between Aunt May and Osborn, torn between his better judgment and the need to help anyone that comes his way. After a moment of contemplation, he reluctantly turned to Osborn. "I don't know if I can trust you, but if there's a chance to help fix whatever you did to yourself, to bring back the man you were before, then I'll do it."

Osborn's face brightened with a glimmer of hope as Tobey's words reached him. "Please, you have to believe me. I'm not in control. Something's wrong with me... with my mind."

Andrew, who had remained quiet until now, stepped forward, his voice filled with certainty. "Gwen and I have cured the Green Goblin in my universe. If it's the same serum that's affecting Osborn here, then I might be able to help. We can try to reverse its effects, bring him back."

Tobey's gaze shifted to Andrew, his expression a mix of relief and gratitude. He nodded, placing his trust in Andrew's words. "If you think there's a chance, then let's do it. But we stay cautious, just in case."

As the group prepared to assist Osborn, Lily watched from a distance, her young eyes filled with curiosity. She tugged at her father's sleeve, drawing his attention. "Dad, why are they helping the bad guys?"

Peter looked down at Lily's, his voice gentle. "Sometimes, people make mistakes or get hurt, and they end up doing bad things. But it doesn't mean they can't change or that they don't deserve a chance to be helped. In fact, I've done this with a few people back home. For example, Abomination is currently an Avenger."

"What?!" Tom nearly jumped out of his suit, shocked to hear that the monster, who fought the Hulk and nearly destroyed the entire city somehow became an Avenger. "How the hell did you manage that?"

As Peter gave him a brief explanation, Tobey turned to Andrew. "Do you have an Abomination in your universe?" He asked curiously.

"No..."

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As everyone was talking, throwing out ideas on how to help Norman and the other villains, Doctor Strange paced down the stairs, an odd looking cube in hand.

Chapter 402: Peter Vs. Strange

The dimly lit Undercroft was filled with a tense atmosphere as the group of Spider-Men and their allies prepared to assist the trapped villains. Though their conversation was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. Doctor Strange descended the stairs, his attention fixed on the cube in his hand. The room fell silent as he walked up to the cells, acknowledging the captives.

"Quite the collection you've gathered here," Strange commented, his tone laced with a mix of surprise and admiration. "Impressive work..."

"Umm, thanks sir, but..." Tom, eager to share their new plans, opened his mouth to speak, but before he could utter more than a few words, Doctor Strange waved his hands, drawing intricate golden spell circles around the cube. Beams of light shot out from the cube, scanning each villain and the Spider-Men before vanishing along with the spell circles. In a matter of seconds, the process was complete.

A button rose from the cube, and Strange turned his attention to the gathered group. "With this device, we can send each of you back to your respective universes," he announced, his voice tinged with authority.

Tom's eyes widened, and he frantically tried to interrupt, "Wait, Doctor Strange, we have a plan—"

But Strange paid no mind to Tom's words. He reached for the button, ready to activate it and send everyone back. However, before his finger could make contact, Tom managed to assert himself, effectively stopping Strange in his tracks.

"Umm, sir, please listen for a second," Tom pleaded, his voice filled with urgency. "We want to help them before sending them back. We have a chance to fix what happened to them. Most of them are already dead in their universe, so maybe we can save them? You know, change their fate."

Strange's eyebrows furrowed, his patience wearing thin. "Fix them? Change their fate?" He scoffed. "You can't change fate. Death is a part of life, and it is their fate to meet their end. It's sad, but it's the truth."

Tom's determination only grew stronger as he stood his ground. "But what if their deaths were preventable? What if we could save their lives by helping them now?"

Their conversation caused a commotion in the cells. The trapped villains, unaware of their own deaths in their respective universes, looked on with curiosity and confusion. Only Eddie Brock seemed to remember his fate, the memory of his explosive demise fresh in his mind.

Strange, growing increasingly frustrated, moved to press the button again, only to find the cube missing. He turned to see Peter holding the box, a playful smirk tugging at his lips.

"Looking for this?" Peter asked, his voice clearly provoking the caped Master.

Strange's eyes narrowed, his expression a mix of annoyance and exasperation. "Hand it over... You should know the consequences of something this." He stated, knowing Peter practiced the same arts as him.

Peter shrugged, facing the famous sorcerer unwaveringly. "Consequences can be accounted for and prevented with enough preparation and skill. Besides, we owe it to ourselves, and to them, to give them a chance at redemption," he declared firmly as he glanced at a proud-looking Aunt May. "We can't simply send them back without trying to help. If we did, then we wouldn't be Spider-Man."

Strange studied Peter for a moment, weighing his options. The dimly lit Undercroft crackled with tension as they faced off against each other. The other Spider-Men formed a protective circle around him, ready to defend their cause at any cost.

Strange's eyes glowed with a dangerous intensity as he raised his hands, summoning mystical energy. "You're making a grave mistake," Strange warned, his voice laced with a mix of frustration and determination. "I'm sorry, but I cannot allow you to meddle with the natural order of things."

Peter's eyes narrowed as his Spider-Sense activated, the familiar tingling sensation flooding his body. Since he knew a fight was coming, he quickly stored the cube in his necklace, alongside his currently-useless Infinity Stones.

With a swift motion, Peter drew upon the energy of the universe, conjuring a shield of golden light just in time to block an eldritch whip coming his way, hoping to grab the cube before it was gone. The shield crackled and shimmered, absorbing the impact as Peter held his ground.

Tom and Andrew watched in awe, their eyes widening at the display of power. This was a side of Peter they had never seen before. Yeah, they've seen his portals, but that was it. This felt like real magic.

Meanwhile, Tom analyzed the situation, seeking an opening to assist Peter. He knew firsthand the strength of Strange's abilities and understood the gravity of the situation. He had to act quickly.

Without hesitation, Tom launched himself into the fray, flipping through the air and landing behind Strange. He unleashed a flurry of blows, aiming to distract and disrupt the sorcerer's concentration.

Strange swiftly countered Tom's assault, making himself briefly intangible, allowing each strike to harmlessly pass through his body. All eyes widened as Tom's fists phased right through his opponent, especially the villains who weren't used to such mystical feats.

Seeing that one spider wasn't enough, Tobey and Andrew jumped in as well, bracing themselves for what would undoubtedly be a difficult fight.

Doctor Strange, his eyes glowing with an otherworldly intensity, raised into the air with the help of his cape and conjured a swirling vortex of mystic energy. The air crackled with power as alien-like tendrils snaked out from the vortex, lashing towards the Spider-Men with deadly precision.

Peter quickly covered Lily's eyes. 'I didn't know Strange practiced such... kinky spells.' He thought, knowing this spell was created by a certain hentai obsessed Master.

"Hey!" Lily shouted as she tried to yank her father's hand away. "I can't see!"

Tobey, with his years of experience and battle-hardened instincts, was the first to react. He swiftly leaped into action, utilizing his agility and strength to dodge and weave through the onslaught of what appeared to be a dimensional octopus. His movements were fluid and graceful, reminiscent of a seasoned dancer, as he performed a series of acrobatic flips and rolls to evade the tentacles.

Andrew, with his quick reflexes and sharp senses, followed Tobey's lead. He moved with an unmatched speed, his Spider-Sense guiding him to narrowly avoid each strike. As bolts of energy soared past him, fired from an odd looking staff that appeared in Strange's hands, he somersaulted through the air, shooting his web-shooters to create temporary barriers and leaping out of harm's way.

Tom, the youngest and least experienced of the three, found himself struggling to keep up. However, his determination burned brightly, refusing to let his teammates fight alone. He used his web-slinging skills to create intricate patterns, attempting to ensnare and neutralize the monster that Strange summoned. His webs crisscross the Undercroft, forming a thick, shield-like spider's web that provided momentary protection.

But sadly, for them, Doctor Strange was a formidable opponent, his mastery of the mystic arts unmatched. He effortlessly countered their every move, using his magic to create illusions and distort the very fabric of reality. He warped the surroundings, causing pillars to appear and disappear, attempting to disorient the Spider-Men and disrupt their coordination.

The battle raged on, each Spider-Man showcasing their unique fighting style. Tobey's punches and kicks carried a raw power, born from years of experience and battle-tested strength. Andrew's moves were agile and acrobatic, his strikes precise and calculated. Tom, despite his relative inexperience, compared to the others, fought with an unwavering spirit, using his speed and agility to outmaneuver his opponent.

The room echoed with the sound of clashes, the impact of blows, and the crackle of mystical energy. The Spider-Men fought valiantly, refusing to yield in the face of overwhelming odds. But with each passing moment, it became clear that Doctor Strange held the upper hand, his mastery of magic giving him a significant advantage.

Peter watched the battle unfold, impressed by Strange's abilities. 'But it's time to end this.' He knew it was time for him to step in. With a calculated leap, he propelled himself into the fray, his movements a blur of speed and agility.

As he soared through the air, Peter focused his attention on the swirling vortex of mystic energy conjured by Strange. The tendrils of the dimensional monster lashed out, seeking to ensnare him, but Peter's Spider-Sense guided his every move. He flipped and twisted in mid-air, narrowly evading the lethal strikes.

With precise timing, Peter shot a single Eldritch coated web into the vortex, his web expertly stuck to the monstrous entity. And with a powerful tug, he yanked the creature out of Strange's control, causing it to dissipate into nothingness. The room fell momentarily silent as the Spider-Men and villains alike watched in awe at Peter's mastery of both combat and magic.

Not wasting a moment, Peter disappeared in a burst of speed, his reflexes heightened by his enhanced spider abilities. He swiftly closed the distance between him and Strange, ducking and weaving through the illusory pillars that the sorcerer conjured in an attempt to hinder him.

As Peter reached Strange, he leaped into the air, executing a flawless aerial somersault. In mid-air, he extended his arm, his hand gripping the odd-looking staff tightly. With a twist of his body, he wrenched the staff from Strange's grasp, disarming the sorcerer in an instant.

With the staff now in his possession, Peter landed gracefully on the ground, his eyes locked onto Strange. He spun the staff expertly in his hand, smirking triumphant toward his opponent. Strange's eyes narrower with a mix of annoyance and disbelief at Peter's audacity.

Without hesitation, Peter channeled Eldritch energy into his new staff, powering it up with ease. He expertly wielded the staff, firing bolts of energy toward its former owner. Each bolt was swift and precise, aimed to disorient the sorcerer and weaken Strange's defenses.

The room filled with the sounds of pure chaos as Peter's strikes and bolts of energy met Strange's attempts at defense. The staff crackled with energy, its power amplified by Peter's skill and experience. Blow after blow, Peter dismantled Strange's barriers and shields, exploiting any gaps in his defenses.

"Ugh... Enough!" Strange shouted in annoyance as he tried to fight back, but he seemed to always find himself on the defensive.

Peter smirked, clearly enjoying himself. "What happened? It looked like you were enjoying yourself before."

As the battle reached its climax, Peter's movements became a blur, his spider instincts guiding his every action. He swiftly sidestepped Strange's last desperate attempt to counterattack and seized the opportunity to strike. With a powerful swing of the staff, he delivered a devastating blow, sending Strange crashing to the ground.

Of course, Strange tried to once again make himself intangible, but that would never work against a fellow master. Peter simply coated the staff in Eldritch energy, countering him with ease.

The room fell into stunned silence as Doctor Strange lay unconscious, defeated at Peter's feet. "Well, that was easier than I thought..." he muttered as he tossed the staff into a nearby pile of junk.

Of course, Peter knew that Strange could have used more... lethal spells, but refused since they weren't enemies. But Peter could have done the same, so he'll call it a fair win.

"Daddy, that was so cool!" Lily shouts excitedly as she rushes over, followed by everyone else.

Before they arrive, Peter waved his hands, weaving a fairly complicated spell circle. Once it was finished, he slapped it down onto Strange, who twitched as it covered him and disappeared into his skin.

"Huh...?" Strange groaned as he began to stir from his sleep.

Acting quickly, Peter grabs him, as well as his thrashing cape, and throws them both into a cell beside the villains.

"W-What...?" Strange mutters as he wakes up in a cell, his cape bashing itself against the glass wall. "What the..." he mutters as he tries to phase through the cell, finding it impossible to wield even the tiniest bit of energy, Eldritch or otherwise.

Chapter 403: New Arrivals

The aftermath of the intense battle left the Undercroft in disarray. Peter took a minute to survey the scene. The defeated Doctor Strange stood confined in a cell, looking p*ssed off, his cape thrashing against the glass walls in futile attempts to escape. Peter's victory over the sorcerer sent shockwaves through the room, leaving the other Spider-Men and their allies in awe.

"Daddy, that was so cool!" Lily exclaimed, her eyes shining with excitement as she rushed over to her father's side.

Peter couldn't help but smile at his daughter's enthusiasm. "Thanks, sweetheart," he replied, ruffling her hair affectionately.

The other Spider-Men approached, their expressions a mix of admiration and relief. They had witnessed Peter's display of power and skill, gaining a newfound respect for him.

"Man, he was tough," Andrew commented, a hint of awe in his voice.

Tom nodded in agreement. "I've never seen someone handle Strange like that before..."

Peter grinned, the satisfaction of his victory evident in his eyes. "Well, let's just say I've learned a few tricks over the years."

The group's attention then turned to the captured villains, still trapped in their cells. Tom, lost in thought for a moment, made a move towards the cells, but Peter held out a hand to stop him.

"Not so fast," Peter cautioned, his voice firm. "What are you doing?" He asked, knowing what happened in the movie.

Tom looked at him with concern. "What? I'm letting them out. It's not like we can stay in the Undercroft. It's too risky. What if someone from Kamar-Taj discovers that Doctor Strange has been captured?"

Peter sighed, knowing Tom had a point. If they stayed, then the likely-hood of another powerful sorcerer coming along, either looking for Strange or not, was fairly large. Reluctantly, he nodded in agreement.

But allowing them out of their cells would bring a whole host of problems.

"Alright," Peter conceded. "We can't stay here, but if we're going to release them, we have to make sure they won't cause any trouble." Turning to the caged villains, Peter eyes them with a dangerous, threatening look. "But you won't cause any problems, will you?"

They all turned to own another and put on innocent facades. "No, or course not..." Doc Ock said, unconvincingly.

Elector nodded along. "Yeah, what he said..."

"I would never hurt a fly." Lizard said as his long tongue shot out, aiming for a bug that landed on the glass of his cell.

As each villain suddenly turned into innocent little angels, Peter turned to Tom and everyone else, finding them all just as doubtful as him. "Yeah... right.."

Seeing that they couldn't be trusted, Peter approached each of the caged villains one by one. Norman Osborn, Electro, Doc Ock, Lizard, Sandman, and Eddie Brock watched him warily as he cast a quick spell on each of them. A beam of light shot out from his finger, enveloping their bodies before disappearing into their skin.

The villains flinched and protested, demanding to know what Peter had done to them, but he only smirked and shrugged in response.

"Try to cause any trouble, and you'll find out," Peter warned, his voice laced with a menacing edge.

Finally, Peter turned to Tom, a look of resignation on his face. "Okay, you can let them out now."

Tom nodded and approached the cells, unlocking them one by one, allowing the villains to step out into the Undercroft. The tension in the room grew palpable as the former adversaries faced each other, the Spider-Men on guard, ready to intervene at the slightest hint of trouble.

Venom eyed his former host from the confines of Flash's body, wondering if he should act now and return to Eddie or wait for a better opportunity. Or perhaps a better host? His eyes turned to scan the room, finding a few interesting candidates.

Meanwhile, Doctor Strange remained confined in his cell, a scowl etched on his face. He muttered complaints and tried to explain why helping them was pointless, but Peter had heard enough. With a quick flick of his hand, Peter cast a spell on Strange's cell, muting his words for the time being.

Ignoring Strange completely, Tom turned his attention to the assembled group. "All right, everyone," he addressed them firmly. "We can't stay here, and we can't risk leaving them unsupervised. So, we need to find a safe place where we can regroup and figure out our next steps."

May stepped up with an idea. "We could use Happy's apartment. He's out of town and should still have some Stark tech that you guys can use..."

In the heart of an empty New York City junkyard, three figures seemed to appear out of nowhere, each bewildered by their sudden displacement.

Kingpin, a towering behemoth of a man, stepped forward, his imposing frame casting a long shadow over the decrepit machinery surrounding them. Dressed in a large black suit, which could be used to cover a car, his immense size and boxy appearance commanded attention.

Doctor Olivia Octavius, a disheveled scientist with wild, untamed hair, stood beside him, her four mechanical tentacle-like arms flexing instinctively.

And finally, Tombstone, a pale and sinister gangster-like figure, with his slicked-back white hair and finely tailored suit, completed the trio.

Blinking in the dimly lit surroundings, Kingpin's deep voice boomed, "Where... where are we?"

Doctor Octavius adjusted her glasses and furrowed her brow, her eyes scanning the unfamiliar surroundings. Realization quickly dawned on her as she retrieved a small device from her lab coat. Activating it, she conducted a quick scan of the area, her gaze fixated on the readings. "I... I can't believe it. This isn't our universe."

Tombstone's gravelly voice cut through the tension, his eyes narrowing in Olivia's direction. "Did your collider do this?" He asked, accusingly.

Kingpin clenched his fists, his massive form vibrating in anger. "Shut it. We need to figure out where we are..."

Doctor Octavius turned to her boss, a hint of concern in her voice. "We're out of our element here... This is so exciting!" She happily exclaimed out of nowhere.

Kingpin's intense gaze shifted from the junkyard to his loyal lackeys. "Let's go find out if this universe has a Peter Parker... and kill 'em." His grudge against the friendly neighborhood Spider-Man seemed to extend across the multiverse.

The night was clear over New York City as a gust of wind swept across the towering skyscrapers. The Avengers Tower stood tall, its beacon of hope shining brightly in the darkness. Atop the building, the whirring of machinery and surveillance cameras hummed in the background, silently monitoring the city below.

Unbeknownst to anyone, a strange phenomenon was about to unfold.

Suddenly, with a blinding flash of light, a figure materialized on the rooftop. His lean frame exuding an air of confidence and charisma. Dressed in a broken Iron suit of armor, which showed signs of an intense battle, he eyed the city below in confusion.

"Huh? How did I get here?" He muttered in shock.

He stumbled backwards, disoriented, his mind racing to comprehend what had just happened. Memories of snapping his fingers with a victorious smirk on his face flooded his mind, leading to his inevitable death. His body unable to survive the combined power of the Infinity Stones.

"I'm... alive?" He uttered, his mind racing at a million miles a minute.

Suddenly, the alarms on the rooftop blared in response to his arrival, their shrill tones cutting through the night air.

Startled, guards stationed in the tower quickly rushed to the source of the commotion. They arrived, guns drawn and expressions hardened, surrounding the bewildered man. A tense standoff ensued as the guards aimed their weapons at the unexpected intruders back.

Tony slowly turned around, his face partially hidden by the shadows. As he stepped into the dim light, his identity became clear, and the guards' jaws dropped in disbelief. It was Tony Stark, the man who had supposedly perished while saving the universe from Thanos, the Mad Titan.

One guard, trembling slightly, managed to find his voice amidst the shock. "It can't be... You're supposed to be dead..."

Tony smirked wryly, his eyes gleaming with a mixture of amusement and confusion. "Yeah, well, death has a funny way of being overrated. Mind putting those things down? It's not exactly a warm welcome. After all, this is still my building, right?"

Reluctantly, the guards lowered their weapons, unable to tear their eyes away from the man who had become a legend. The news of Tony's sacrifice had spread far and wide, etching his memory into the hearts of countless people.

Just then, a familiar figure clad in a formidable suit of armor emerged from behind the guards. It was James Rhodes, known to many as War Machine, a dear friend and ally of Tony's. His face was a mixture of astonishment and disbelief as he beheld the impossible sight before him.

"Tony?" Rhodes stammered, his voice barely above a whisper. "You... you... how?" He couldn't find the words to say.

Tony's gaze met Rhodes', his usual smirk replaced by a warm smile.

"You tell me, Rhodey. I've been asking myself the same question ever since I ended up here. One minute I'm gone, and the next...well, I'm back." Tony explains, eyed his friends upgraded armor. "Looking good, by the way. I like what you've done with my design."

"Uh... umm... Thanks?" Rhodes just couldn't speak properly.

"Anyway, can we order some food?" Tony asks as he pats his stomach. "Being dead can really work up an appetite. I could eat a whole cow..."

Chapter 404: Piss Analyzer

A golden portal appeared, shimmering with energy as Peter and the group stepped out onto the hallway outside Happy's apartment. The villains, still in awe of the magic they had witnessed, gawked at their surroundings, their eyes darting in and out of the portal.

Aunt May, being familiar with the place as Happy's ex-girlfriend, swiftly approached the door. She punched in a code on the keypad, her fingers moving with practiced ease. With a soft beep, the door unlocked, and she motioned for everyone to hurry inside before the neighbors could notice anything unusual.

As they entered the apartment, the group found themselves in a cozy living room, adorned with various pieces of Stark tech and personal belongings, including a framed picture of Happy and May, which she frowned at before laying it flat.

Settling down on the couches and chairs, the villains eyed their surroundings with a mix of curiosity and suspicion.

Peter took a seat, Lily perched herself on his lap, glancing around at the assembled Spider-Men and their allies. It was time to come up with a plan to help the villains, to find a way to cure them and set things right.

Andrew, having dealt with Harry Osborn and Lizard in his own universe, spoke up first. "I can handle Norman and Dr. Connors. I've already cured their problems once, so I know what to do."

Tobey nodded in agreement. "I've got some ideas for Sandman and Doc Ock. I'll take care of them."

Peter turned his attention to Electro, who seemed uncertain. "Tom and I will work on Electro. We'll figure something out."

Tom nodded, a determined look on his face. "Absolutely. We'll analyze his powers and see if we can come up with a solution."

Eddie Brock, who had been silent for a while, scoffed and scowled at the mention of being fixed. "There's no fixing me," he stated firmly. "Venom didn't change me. He just gave me the chance to stop hiding behind a facade."

Tobey, not one to give up easily, raised an eyebrow. "I still think there might be a way, Eddie. Let's run some tests, okay? We'll see whether you're right or not."

As everyone geared up to start their respective tasks, Tom suddenly rushed off to a nearby storage room. He returned with a large metal box with the Stark logo rolling behind him. With a press of a button, the box began to morph and transform, revealing itself to be the Stark Industries Fabricator.

The villains' eyes widened in awe as they watched the transformation. The Fabricator was a state-of-the-art device capable of analyzing, designing, and constructing practically anything. It hummed with power, its sleek design showcasing its advanced capabilities.

Electro's gaze lingered on the arc reactor, which powered the Fabricator, feeling the immense energy emanating from it. A flash of greed flickered in his eyes before he quickly masked it, not wanting to reveal his true intentions.

Tom gestured to the highly advanced 3D printer. "This is the Fabricator. It can help us expedite their cures. It can analyze and construct whatever we need."

The group nodded, their determination renewed. They were excited at the opportunity to not just subdue the bad guys, but actually fix them.

And so, in Happy's apartment, the Spider-Men and their allies began their work, utilizing their knowledge, skills, and the advanced technology at their disposal. Each focused on their assigned task, hoping to make a difference and set things right.

But no one seemed to notice the small red blinking light on the Fabricator, which sent out a message across the city toward the Avengers Tower.

-Avengers Tower-

Tony emerged from the bathroom, his hair still damp from the shower and dressed in a sleek, charcoal-colored suit. His face was freshly shaven, and his demeanor exuded the air of confidence that only Tony Stark possessed.

Rhodes hovered nearby, unable to tear his eyes away from his miraculously returned friend. He would have followed his newly risen friend into the shower if he wasn't stopped. The shock of a hero returning from the dead was just too strong.

"You sure you're okay, Tony?" Rhodes asked, his voice laced with concern. "I mean, you just came back from the dead. It's... it's hard to wrap my head around."

Tony chuckled lightly, running a hand through his damp hair. "Yeah. Well, It's a mind-bender for me too. But here I am, good as new." He flashed a mischievous grin. "Maybe not 'good' in the conventional sense, but you get the idea."

Rhodes' eyebrows furrowed as doubt clouded his features. "Tony, I have to ask... How can I be sure you're really you? I mean, there are some pretty shady characters out there who would jump at the chance to impersonate you and infiltrate the Avengers."

Tony's eyes gleamed with amusement as he sauntered away, motioning for Rhodes to follow him. He led the way to a seemingly ordinary dead-end hallway, a puzzled expression on Rhodes' face.

"What are we doing here?" Rhodes questioned, his voice tinged with curiosity.

Tony turned to face him, a glint of mischief in his eyes. "Just watch."

With a flourish, Tony pressed his hand against the wall at the end of the hallway. Rhodes watched, his eyes widening as the wall lit up, scanning Tony's handprint.

Suddenly, a mechanical voice echoed through the hallway, "Verification: Tony Stark. Status: Deceased. Error! Initiating vetting process..."

What followed after that was an in depth ten step verification process, which consisted of body part scans down to his skeleton, and fluid analysis from simple things, like blood and saliva, to the more odd requests, like urine.

Tony made sure to smirk in his friends direction as he drained his snake into a small hole in the wall, enjoying the look on Rhodey's face.

And as the last of his urine was analyzed, the robotic voice returned. "Vetting process complete! Welcome back Mr. Stark."

Rhodes glanced at Tony, his suspicion replaced by disgust. "Did you have to add Urine to the list?" He asked, knowing Tony came up with the whole vetting process to begin with.

Tony smirked as he zipped up his pants. "Where's the fun in that? Besides, I had to be thorough." He motioned for Rhodes to step back, and the wall clanked a few times before slowly opening, revealing a hidden, dusty workshop bathed in soft lighting.

Rhodes stood in awe, his eyes widening at the sight before him. The workshop was filled with all sorts of advanced technology and prototypes of unreleased Iron Man suits lined the walls.

"How... how did nobody know about this?" Rhodes stammered, struggling to comprehend the hidden treasure trove in front of him.

Tony chuckled, stepping into the workshop and motioning for Rhodes to follow. "It's my secret getaway, Rhodey. The place where I stash all the fun stuff. Dangerous experiments and works in progress mostly. Let's just say I'm not one to share all my toys with the world."

Rhodes scanned the workshop, his eyes lingering on the suits with a mix of curiosity and awe. "So, it's really you, huh?" He turned to Tony in realization.

Tony nodded, a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes. "Yup, in the flesh."

Rhodes let out a slow breath, his skepticism melting away. "I guess you really are back, Tony. I... I can't believe it..."

Tony clapped Rhodes on the shoulder, a fond smile on his face. "You should feel honored, you know? Nobody knew about this place."

Rhodes looked around in awe, his gaze shifting from one technological marvel to another. "How did you manage to keep this hidden?"

Tony shrugged, his eyes scanning the room as if searching for something. "I guess I've always been good at hiding things. Besides, it's good to have a few surprises up your sleeve, right?"

As they spoke, a beeping sound suddenly emanated from Tony's work station, drawing their attention. Rhodes raised an eyebrow, curiosity piqued. "What's that?"

Tony turned his gaze to the monitor that had lit up, his brows furrowing in confusion. A disembodied voice filled the room, its tone slightly perplexed. "Sir, it appears that one of the Stark Industries Fabricators has been activated."

"Which one?" Tony asked as he glanced at the monitor.

It replied, its voice tinged with concern. "It seems the activity is originating from Happy Hogan's apartment. But Mr. Hogan is out of town..."

Tony's curiosity was piqued, and a video feed appeared on the screen, showing a hidden camera's perspective from inside the fabricator. The footage revealed four different Spider-Men and a group of shady-looking individuals working on something in Happy's living room. Tony's eyes narrowed as he tried to make sense of the situation.

Rhodes glanced at the video, his confusion evident. "I thought there was only one Spider-Man. Who are these other guys?"

Tony rubbed his chin, deep in thought. "I have no idea..." He muttered, his eyes glued to the Peter(Tom) he knew, wondering why there was two of them? "We need to find out what they're up to."

"Umm, sure, but don't you want to see Pepper and Morgan?" Rhodes asks, stopping Tony in his tracks. "I'm sure they'll be happy to see you. Beyond happy actually."

Before, Tony's mind was clouded with the fact that he was alive again, filled with all sorts of theories behind his return. But now, reality came crashing down like a ton of bricks.

He has a family that still thinks he's dead...

"What year is it?" Tony asks, wondering how long he's been gone.

"It's 2024." Rhodes answers.

Tony looked at the ground, a defeated sigh escaping his lips. "So, I've been gone for a year? That's not too bad..." Still, he couldn't help but regret missing a whole year of his daughters life, not to mention his wife.

Sensing his friends turmoil, Rhodes stepped up and placed a comforting hand on Tony's shoulder. "It's alright. You still have the rest of their lives to make up for lost time. It'll be hard, I'm sure, but you'll do fine. I know it."

Tony scoffed haughtily. "I'm Tony Stark. I'll do better than fine." He says, a confident smirk gracing his lips. "But first, let's make sure Peter(Tom) doesn't f*ck anything up."

"Yeah... It might be too late for that..."

Chapter 405: Cures

Tobey, his brow furrowed in concentration, sat in front of a computer screen, analyzing data and organizing his thoughts. Eddie Brock sat across from him, a mixture of skepticism and annoyance written all over his face.

Tobey chose to work on three of the villains, Eddie Brock, Doc Ock, and Sandman. Doc Ock's cure was currently being crafted in the fabricator and Sandman was a complicated case, so he decided to run some tests on Eddie first.

This moment was crucial, as he needed to understand the psychological state of his former co-worker and find a way to help him now that he's no longer being influenced by a symbiote.

Tobey glanced up at Eddie, his expression thoughtful. "Alright, we're going to run a series of physical and psychological tests to assess your mental state and identify any underlying issues that could be affecting you. It's important to understand that this is a process. Meaning, your cure may take longer than the rest."

Over the years, Tobey has read many psychology related books. As a seasoned superhero, he understood that most people, villain or otherwise, don't just start off evil, nor do they usually think themselves evil, to begin with.

Nobody wants to be evil.

Everyone, besides sociopaths, psychopaths, etcetera, has a reason behind their actions, whether it be the way they were raised or an event that set them off course from the norm.

Tobey only hoped that Eddie didn't fall into the psychopath/sociopath bracket since there's no real cure for something like that.

Eddie nodded, a hint of apprehension evident in his eyes. He connected to Venom on a deep physical and mental level, which made their separation agonizing, like a druggie in withdrawal. He wasn't sure who he was without the symbiote's connection, feeling empty and powerless without it's presence.

After taking a bunch of samples from Eddie, like blood and other fluids, Tobey placed a bunch of sensors on Eddie's head, each of them in key positions to examine his brain, similar to an MRI.

With everything in place, Tobey took a seat and reached for a stack of papers beside him, each one filled with questions and prompts. He handed a questionnaire to Eddie. "I want you to answer these questions as honestly as possible. They'll give us a starting point to understand your mindset."

Eddie took the questionnaire, scanning through the questions before starting to answer them aloud, obviously annoyed and snarky with his replies.

Stopping at a specific question, Eddie looked up at Tobey with a raised brow. "How would I feel if my pet died? Seriously?" He asks in exasperation.

Tobey replied, his eyes glued to the computer screen. "Just answer the question."

"I'd toss 'em in a dumpster and move on. Who cares..." Eddie replied callously, but his brain showed a very different response.

'Is that sadness?' Tobey questioned as a specific portion of Eddie's brain lit up. 'Maybe he isn't as incurable as he thinks he is...'

Back at the table, Eddie continued to answer the questions, his answers almost always sarcastic.

Tobey reviewed his notes from the completed questionnaire, his eyes scanning the pages. "Alright, Eddie. We're going to move on to a series of psychological tests to further understand your emotional state and cognitive processes."

Eddie groaned in annoyance, his gaze fixed on Tobey. "What kind of tests are we talking about?"

Tobey gestured to a nearby table where various objects were laid out. "We'll start with a Rorschach inkblot test. I want you to look at these images and tell me what you see..."

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Once Eddie was done being tortured by psychology, Tobey carefully held a small computer chip in his hands, his eyes focused on the tentacles on Dr. Octavius' back. The others watched with anticipation, knowing that this moment could be the turning point in reclaiming the villains' humanity.

The inhibitor chip in Tobey's hand holds a single purpose, to stop the AI-driven tentacles on Doc Ock's back from controlling or influencing his mind, since they had to be connected to operate.

When he first made the tentacles, he had a working inhibitor chip, allowing him to control them while staying sane. But sadly, that didn't last very long. An accident in the lab caused the chip to get fried, allowing the tentacles to influence him without his knowledge.

But with a new, working chip, Dr. Octavius should revert back to his original, kind nature that Tobey remembers. After all, there was once a time when he looked up to Doc Ock, hoping to follow in his scientific footsteps.

"Alright, Doc," Tobey called out, beckoning him forward. "It's time to fix this."

Dr. Octavius hesitated for a moment, his eyes flickering with uncertainty. He had been under the influence of his own creation for so long that the idea of regaining control seemed almost impossible. However, the calmness in Tobey's voice and the determination in his eyes instilled a glimmer of hope within him.

Slowly, Dr. Octavius approached, his tentacles twitching with a mix of curiosity and apprehension. Tobey gently removed the malfunctioning inhibitor chip from the back of Dr. Octavius' neck, carefully disconnecting it from the interface.

As he did so, the tentacles reacted, sensing a threat to their autonomy. They squirmed and flailed, aiming to knock Tobey away. But their efforts were in vain.

Peter's spell, still active within Dr. Octavius' body, surged with electricity, instantly incapacitating him and his unruly appendages. The room filled with crackling energy as Dr. Octavius convulsed and collapsed to the floor, his tentacles writhing in a futile struggle before going limp alongside him.

Everyone watched, a mixture of awe and concern etched on their faces. The villains looked down at themselves, fearing the same would happen should they step out of line.

Peter stepped forward, his voice calm but resolute. "Tobey, now's your chance. Replace the chip while they're down."

Tobey nodded, his hands steady as he inserted the newly fabricated Neural Inhibitor Chip into the vacant slot on Dr. Octavius' neck. As the chip clicked into place, a wave of tranquility washed over the doctor's face. His furrowed brow smoothed, and the haunted expression that had plagued him for so long faded away.

Dr. Octavius blinked, his eyes opening in astonishment. It was as if a weight had been lifted off his shoulders, and for the first time in a long while, his mind was clear and free from the incessant voices that had tormented him.

Simultaneously, the tentacles on his back, once rebellious and uncontrollable, twitched and then stilled. No longer animated by their own will, they lay dormant, awaiting Dr. Octavius' command.

Tobey stepped back, a small smile playing on his lips. "There you go, Doc. It's over now."

Dr. Octavius slowly rose to his feet, his gaze focused on his newly subservient tentacles. He flexed each of them experimentally, a sense of wonder evident in his eyes. "I... I can't believe it. They're under control."

A relieved sigh escaped Tobey's lips as he recognized the old Dr. Octavius's return. "Welcome back, Doc. I've really missed you..."

"I-It's good to be back..."

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Once he was done with Doc Ock, who probably won't want to go by that name anymore, Tobey turned his attention to Flint Marko(aka Sandman).

Carefully studying some notes and research materials spread out before him, Tobey had a few ideas. The molecular alteration caused by the super collider had granted Marko the ability to transform his body into sand, giving him control over every grain in his surroundings as well. It was a unique and challenging condition to tackle, but Tobey was determined to find a cure.

Sitting in the makeshift lab that was once Happy's living room, Tobey meticulously went over the data, looking for any clues or patterns that could lead him in the right direction. He had access to advanced equipment and technology thanks to the Stark Industries Fabricator, which greatly aided his research.

As he analyzed the information, Tobey's mind raced through various possibilities. He considered the nature of Marko's transformation, pondering the intricacies of sand manipulation and the molecular structure of his altered body.

After some studying, Tobey finally formulated a plan. He decided to focus on destabilizing the molecular structure of the sand particles that composed Marko's transformed body. If he could disrupt the cohesion between the sand particles, it might weaken Marko's control and eventually reverse the transformation.

With a clear objective in mind, Tobey set to work, gathering the necessary materials and preparing the equipment. Thankfully, he only had to request something and either the Fabricator would make it, or Peter would portal it over in a matter of seconds. He carefully calibrated the devices, ensuring accuracy and precision in his experiments.

Sandman stood nearby, observing Tobey's preparations with a mixture of curiosity and hope. He had long yearned to find a way to revert to his human form, to leave behind the life of a supervillain and just be a father.

Tobey approached Sandman, his gaze filled with empathy. "I believe I may have a solution," he said, his voice calm and reassuring. "But it's important to note that this is an experimental process. There are risks involved, and I can't guarantee any accidents won't happen. Are you okay with that?"

Sandman nodded, determination etched on his face. "I'll do whatever it takes. Just get it done."

After witnessing Dr. Octavius turn from a raving madman to the calm and collected man he sees before him, Marko wanted the same for himself and his family. No matter the cost.

Tobey's determination matched Marko's as he guided him to a specially designed chamber, which he only just finished crafting. The chamber was equipped with various devices and mechanisms intended to interact with Marko's sand-form on a molecular level.

"Please step inside," Tobey instructed, his voice steady and confident.

Marko entered the chamber, a hopeful yet worried look on his face. Tobey initiated the procedure with a tap on his keyboard, activating the mechanisms that would generate controlled disturbances within Marko's molecular structure.

As the experiment commenced, Tobey monitored the readings and feedback, making precise adjustments to the parameters. The chamber pulsed with energy as the devices worked in tandem, attempting to disrupt the cohesion between the sand particles.

Marko's form wavered as patches of sand began to appear and disappear all over his body, his face displaying a mixture of discomfort and anticipation. He gritted his teeth, steeling himself against the potential side effects that may occur.

Time seemed to stretch as Tobey continued his work, his focus unyielding. Gradually, the sand particles within the chamber began to lose their fluidity, becoming more agitated and unstable.

Suddenly, a surge of energy cascaded through the chamber, accompanied by a blinding flash. Tobey's heart skipped a beat as he observed the reaction, hopeful that his efforts were yielding positive results.

When the light subsided, Marko stepped out of the chamber, his form solidified in its human appearance. His expression held a mix of wonder and relief as he looked down at his hands, unable to call forth a single grain of sand.

"It worked..." Marko whispered, his eyes growing watery. His voice filled with a mix of shock and gratitude.

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Stood at the back of the room, Norman's face began to twitch for a moment, unnoticed by the rest of the room. Suddenly, a dangerous look flashed over his eyes before disappearing, a kind facade returning.

Chapter 406: Tampering

Once Tobey was done hogging the fabricator, as they can't fabricate more than one thing at a time, Andrew could finally get to work on his group. "Alright, is it my turn now?"

Norman Osborn, or rather the Green Goblin, stepped forward alongside him, his posture composed and his expression a mask of congeniality. Unbeknownst to Andrew, the villainous alter ego had regained control, concealing his true intentions behind a facade of helpfulness.

Norman extended a hand, his voice warm yet calculated. "Andrew, my dear boy, I've been doing some thinking. I want to offer you my assistance in your endeavor to cure us. You may not know this, but I was quite the scientist back in my universe."

Andrew raised an eyebrow, cautiously accepting Norman's handshake. "You're really willing to help?"

Norman smiled, a hint of darkness hidden behind his gaze. "Indeed, I'd like to know where I went wrong and be the one to truly cure myself. I understand the weight of my actions and the harm I've caused, even if I wasn't in control. If there's a chance for redemption, I wish to seize it."

Andrew studied Norman, searching for any signs of deception. Something didn't feel right, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. Still, he couldn't pass up the opportunity to save lives, even if it meant working with someone he had fought against before.

"Alright, Norman. If you're sincere, then we can work together," Andrew agreed cautiously. "I have a plan in mind, a serum that should counteract the effects of the Green Goblin formula, and get rid of that alter ego of yours for good. And for the Lizard, a specialized gas that will neutralize his reptilian transformation."

Norman nodded, a glimmer of anticipation in his eyes. "Fascinating. Do explain the specifics. I'm all ears."

Andrew took a deep breath, his mind focused on the task at hand. "For the serum, I've devised a combination of genetic modifiers and cellular stabilizers. It will target the altered DNA caused by the Green Goblin formula and gradually restore it to its original state. The process will require a single injection. I have to warn you that it's a bit painful, but it won't last long, I promise."

Norman's eyes narrowed slightly, a mixture of curiosity and wariness dancing in their depths. "Ingenious. And what of the gas for the Lizard?"

Dr. Connors joins the conversation. "Yes, please explain..." he asks, looming over the two of them.

Andrew continued, his voice steady. "The gas is a blend of specialized compounds that will act as a catalyst, triggering a biochemical reaction in the lizard DNA. It will counteract the transformation, reverting Dr. Connors to his human form. The gas will need to be inhaled, allowing it to directly interact with his respiratory system and distribute throughout his body."

Norman leaned in, his interest growing. "And the potential side effects? Will the serum and gas be safe?" He asked as Lizard nodded along, unwilling to take it otherwise.

Andrew contemplated his response, ensuring he provided a comprehensive answer. "I've already been through this with Dr. Connors here, but you know, time travel..." he states in annoyance. "As for your cure, it's already been used on the Harry Osborn from my universe. Now, I know the Green Goblin serum that you've taken may be different, which is why we need to run some tests beforehand and make some tweaks, but there shouldn't be any problem."

Norman's lips curled into a smile, his true nature beginning to seep through the cracks of his façade. "Excellent. It seems we have much work ahead of us."

Andrew nodded, a sense of cautious optimism filling his heart. He hoped that Norman's newfound cooperation was genuine, but he couldn't shake off the unease that lingered within him. Nonetheless, he would proceed with his plan.

"Let's get started then," Andrew said, a steely determination in his voice. "We'll need to gather the necessary materials and prepare."

Norman's smile widened, his eyes gleaming with malice hidden behind a thin veil of camaraderie. "Indeed, my dear boy. Let the cure begin."

As they got to work, taking possession of the fabricator, Peter sat on the couch, a smile spreading across his face as he watched his daughter, Lily, engrossed in otherworldly television show.

He enjoyed times like this, where Lily's eyes widen in awe as she sees something brand new to her. It's one of the joys of parenting. He gets to relive things through the eyes of his daughter.

Just as he settled into the peaceful atmosphere, Tom walked over, concern etched on his face. He glanced at Lily, ensuring their conversation wouldn't disturb her before speaking.

"Peter, we need to discuss our next steps with Electro's cure," Tom said, ready to get to work.

Peter nodded, as his cure shouldn't be too hard. After all, he already knew what would work from the movie, though he has to make it real. He motioned for Tom to take a seat beside him.

"Grab me some paper and a pen, would you?" Peter requested, his mind already racing with ideas. "I need to sketch out the device we'll be creating."

Tom nodded, quickly retrieving the requested materials. He handed them to Peter, who began to draw, his hand moving with a purposeful precision. As he sketched, he explained the concept to Tom.

"The key to extracting the excess energy from Electro's body lies in creating a device that can safely contain and redirect it," Peter began, his voice focused. "We'll need a combination of specialized circuits, conductive materials, and an intricate network of capacitors. This device will act as a containment and energy extraction mechanism."

Tom listened intently, following Peter's explanation. 'Weird...' He thought, wondering how they had the same exact idea.

Peter continued, his pen gliding across the paper. "The device will consist of multiple layers, each serving a specific purpose. The outer layer will be composed of a high-density polymer that can withstand the immense energy levels without deteriorating. Beneath that, we'll have a network of conductive filaments, strategically placed to absorb and distribute the energy. Finally, the core will house an array of capacitors, designed to store and regulate the excess energy."

As Peter finished his sketch, he looked up, meeting Tom's gaze. "Once the device is in place, we'll need to synchronize it with Electro's own energy patterns. This will allow us to control the extraction process and minimize any potential harm. After all, we need to leave behind a small bit of energy, or else he'll die."

Their conversation had drawn the attention of Electro, who had been lingering nearby, his frustration palpable. He grumbled under his breath, resenting the notion of being cured but trapped by the spell that Peter placed on him.

For a single moment, he wondered whether the spell placed on him would be the same as Dr. Octavius. Because if it was, he would only receive a power boost from the electricity, though he doubted whether Peter would be so stupid.

Peter noticed Electro's reaction but remained undeterred. He folded the sketch and handed it to Tom, a determined glint in his eyes. "We have a plan, Tom. With this device, we'll be able to safely extract the excess energy from Electro. Easy, right?"

Tom nodded, taking the sketch and studying it carefully. "Yeah, I think so." He says as he glances at the Fabricator, which was already in use. "But, I guess we have to wait..."

"It's fine." Peter shrugged uncaringly as he motioned toward the TV. "Can you explain this show to us?"

"Huh?" Tom turns to see a man in an arena, facing off against a car. "It's called Man Vs. Car. I don't get it either."

"Your universe is weird..." Lily comments as she flips through the channel, finding a commercial about something called Strawberry Smiggles.

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Norman worked diligently alongside Andrew, keeping his intentions and plans hidden away from prying eyes. He had deceived everyone, disguising his true intentions behind a veil of helpfulness and redemption. While the others believed he was working on their cures, he was secretly altering the formulas, infusing them with a malevolent twist that only he knew.

With a sinister grin curling his lips, Norman tinkered with the vials, carefully adjusting the ingredients. He reveled in the thought of the chaos and destruction that would soon unfold, relishing the power that surged within him. As he mixed the concoctions, a mad glimmer danced in his eyes.

Soon enough, it came time to administer the 'cures', and Norman orchestrated the final act of his treacherous plan. Watching as Andrew gathered the vials, he joined Dr. Connors, who had unknowingly become entangled in Norman's web of deceit.

"The moment has arrived," Norman said, his voice dripping with feigned concern. "I'm a bit nervous, but I know this is for the best."

Dr. Connors nodded, unaware of the sinister intentions hidden behind Norman's gentle facade. The prospect of reverting back to his human form filled him with a small bit of hope.

"Are you ready?" Andrew asks as he loads both vials into their respective devices. A giant syringe for Norman and a breathing mask for Lizard.

Nodding, they prepared themselves, Norman's heart raced with anticipation. Taking the syringe from Andrew, he injected himself with a swift motion, a malicious smile spreading across his face, unable to hold himself back any longer.

A surge of energy rushed through Norman's veins, accompanied by an agonizing pain. His body convulsed, muscles bulging and contorting as he transformed. His skin turned a sickly shade of green, and protruding bones formed a grotesque exoskeleton, resembling his monstrous alter ego, the Green Goblin.

Simultaneously, Dr. Connors breathed in his own cure, unaware of the consequences, hoping for a cure but unknowingly sealing his fate. In an instant, the room filled with anguished screams as Dr. Connors' body grew, his bones elongating and reshaping. His transformation intensified, his mind succumbing to a primal, animalistic state.

The group stood frozen, their eyes widening in horror as they witnessed the catastrophic results of Norman's betrayal. Lily turned away from the TV, watching the two monsters alongside her father, who was genuinely surprised by this turn of events.

'Huh... that didn't happen in the movie.' Nonetheless, Peter remained calm and watched their transformation in interest.

Norman's laughter echoed through the room, a wicked symphony of triumph and malice. "Hahaha! This power... it's so... intoxicating!"

As the dust settled, the monstrous forms of Norman, now a hulking Green Goblin, and the mutated Dr. Connors, known as the Lizard, loomed over the room. The air was thick with tension, as Andrew, and everyone else, realized the depths of Norman's treachery.

As this was happening, Flash Thompson stood across the room, Venom lurking underneath his skin, observing the chaos and sensing an opportunity.

As Venom watched Norman's transformation into a true Green Goblin, a hunger ignited within the symbiote. The sight of the powerful and monstrous creature stirred its primal instincts. It saw in Norman the perfect host, one with immense power and darkness, a combination that enticed Venom's insatiable cravings.

Without hesitation, Venom seized the moment, sensing a a momentary vulnerability in Norman's transformation. The black, liquid-like form of the symbiote erupted from Flash's body, tearing through his clothing and revealing its horrifying presence. Its long tendrils snaked their way across the room and up Norman's legs, clinging to his body with an unnatural grip.

Norman's eyes widened in shock as the alien entity covered him, its tendrils seeping into his skin. The symbiote's dark essence melded with Norman's transformed state, merging into a terrifying union. Venom had found its new host, one whose darkness matched its own.

[A/N: If any of you can find a good picture for this, I'd be impressed. Bonus points for a picture of Lizard's new appearance as well.]

For a moment, Norman's brows furrowed as a silent conversation took place between the two entities before both sides seemed to come to an agreement.

A deep, resonating voice echoed from the merged form of Venom and Norman, their words filled with a mix of malice and triumph. "Together, we are reborn!"

The room trembled with the weight of their malevolence, as the newly formed Venom-Goblin turned its attention toward the stunned heroes. A sinister grin stretched across its monstrous face, razor-sharp teeth gleaming with wicked glee.

Beside him, the hulking lizards let out a monstrous roar, shaking the building with its voice alone.

Downstairs, a car pulled up to the front of the building and two figures stepped out.

"You're telling me Peter(Tom) was tricked by that loser Quentin Beck?" Tony asked, recalling the guy that used to work at his company. "You know I slept with his wife, right?" He blurts out, getting an accusing look from Rhodey. "What? This was before Pepper."

"I can't believe you..." Rhodes shakes his head in exasperation, realizing that Tony's cuckolding of Mysterio was most likely a big reason why he became a villain.

Roar! Suddenly, a deafening roar, similar to a T-Rex echoed in their direction.

Chapter 407: Battle of the Condominium (1/2)

Flash Thompson, his body finally freed from the clutches of Venom, stumbled backward in shock. He was both relieved and terrified, the adrenaline coursing through his veins as he processed the sudden return of control over his own body. His heart pounded in his chest, and he could hardly believe the ordeal he had just endured.

Aunt May, who had been watching the chaos unfold, rushed over to Flash, noticing him start to hyperventilate. "Hey, it's going to be okay. Take deep breaths, alright? You're safe."

Flash nodded, his breathing slowly returning to normal. He looked up at May, gratitude and fear mingling in his eyes. "I... I can't believe it. That... that thing... it took over me. I couldn't do anything..."

May nodded empathetically, understanding the traumatic experience Flash had gone through. "It's okay... You're going to be alright."

As May comforted Flash, the rest of the group remained focused on the two formidable figures that had emerged from Norman's betrayal. The new Venom-Goblin partnership towered over the room, its monstrous appearance and wicked grin instilling a sense of dread among the heroes.

Meanwhile, the hulking Lizard let out another earth-shaking roar, its primal instincts fully taking hold. The room trembled under the weight of its presence, and the heroes understood the imminent danger they faced.

Before any confrontation could erupt, a voice called out from the shadows, slicing through the tense atmosphere. "Hey! Venom! It's me. Come on. Over here..."

Eddie Brock, who had once been Venom's host, stepped forward, desperation etched on his face. He held onto a glimmer of hope that Venom would abandon its new host and return to him. But his hopeful anticipation quickly turned to shock and sadness as Hobgoblin (Venom-Goblins new nickname) let out a booming laughter.

"You weak, pathetic fool," Venom spoke, a chilling mix callousness to his tone. "I've got the perfect host right here. What do I need you for? You're not worthy..."

Eddie's face fell, disbelief and heartbreak painted across his features. His former companion had cast him aside, deeming him unworthy. The rejection stung, fueling a surge of anger within him.

In a fit of rage, Eddie lunged at Hobgoblin, throwing punch after punch, his fists connecting with the monstrous creature's hardened form. But Hobgoblin stood tall, absorbing the blows without flinching, as if being assaulted by a weak and pitiful toddler.

The creature's laughter filled the room, a twisted symphony of malevolence. "Is that all you've got, Eddie? You're nothing compared to the power I possess now. In fact, you've always been nothing. Just another weak meat bag."

Hobgoblin raised its arm, ready to rip Eddie to shreds, relishing in the opportunity to demonstrate its dominance. But just as it prepared to strike, Peter's spell, the insurance he had placed on each of the villains, activated.

Golden ropes shot out from Hobgoblin's body, wrapping around it tightly, restraining its movements. The creature let out a roar of frustration and struggled against the bindings, its power rendered ineffective.

Eddie, saved from the imminent threat, collapsed on the floor, his body trembling with fear. He scrambled away from the bound Hobgoblin, his eyes wide with a mix of terror and disbelief. He had narrowly escaped death and realized that without Venom, he was nothing but a powerless human.

The new Lizard, his mind still clouded by primal instincts, witnessed the chaos unfolding with Hobgoblin's restraints. Instinctively, he sought an escape route and fixated on the nearest window. With a powerful leap, he launched himself toward the opening, shattering the glass in his path.

As Lizard plummeted towards the ground, Peter's spell triggered, enveloping his massive reptilian body in a golden glow. Gravity intensified around him, accelerating his fall and making it increasingly difficult for him to move. After a short fall, he smashed into the hard ground, creating a large crater that shook the earth below.

"Raaaauuuuuhhhh!" He roared and struggled against the gravity, desperately trying to regain control, but the weight of the spell kept him pinned belly down on the unforgiving concrete.

Meanwhile, Tony and Rhodey, having just arrived, watched in confusion and shock as giant dinosaur-looking Lizard flew out of a window and crashed into the ground, the impact sending tremors through the earth. They exchanged a bewildered glance, struggling to comprehend the bizarre circumstances unfolding before them.

"Is that a T-Rex? What kind of weird sh*t has been going on since I left?" Tony asks as his red and gold Iron Man suit covers his body.

Rhodes was just as confused as him. "How the hell am I supposed to know?" He shrugs as his own suit appears, a giant turret forming over his shoulder.

Back upstairs, Hobgoblin continued to thrash and struggle against his restraints. With the combined might of Venom and Green Goblin, as well as the serum that transformed Norman's body, they exerted their newfound power, gradually breaking free, one golden rope at a time. "Hahahah!" Their malicious laughter echoed through the room as they inched closer to freedom.

"Huh..." Peter grunted with an impressed look on his face. "You know, although that spell isn't very strong, the fact that you can break it is pretty impressive."

Snapping in annoyance, MJ turned to Peter, shocked that he was so calm right now. "Can you save the compliments for later? This is a serious situation!"

Lily, who sat beside her father, turned to her mother's counterpart. "My dad is the strongest. These losers may be strong for you guys, but for him, these are just low level mobs." She states proudly, using her newly acquired video game knowledge from her Uncle Ned.

As they spoke, Electro remained relatively still, fearing the activation of Peter's spell. But when he witnessed Hobgoblin breaking free from his spell, he decided to try his luck as well. With a malevolent grin, he surrounded himself in a deadly aura of electricity, crackling and arcing with

lethal power. In a swift motion, he made a mad dash toward the fabricator, aiming to seize the valuable arc reactor.

Just as Electro's fingers closed around the coveted device, his own spell activated, encasing him within a translucent sphere of golden light. He found himself trapped, unable to escape the confines of the magical barrier. Yet, undeterred, a maniacal determination shone in his eyes.

With the arc reactor in his possession, Electro drew upon its infinite power, tapping into its vast energy. Empowered by the surge of electricity, he unleashed a powerful surge, breaking free from the confines of the spell that held him captive. As the last golden barrier shattered, he stood triumphant, his body pulsating with raw energy.

But he didn't stand alone. No, just as Electro broke the barrier, Hobgoblin snapped the last rope, freeing himself completely. "Haha! I'm free! ...And I'll take pleasure gutting each and every one of you..." he turns and eyes each Spider-Man before stopping at Tobey. "Especially you!"

As the tension in the room reached its peak, the Spider-Men, united in their determination, positioned themselves in front of the weaker individuals, forming a protective barrier. Andrew, Tom, and Tobey stood side by side, ready to face the oncoming threat.

Doc Ock stood beside Tobey, his metallic arms poised for action. "Allow me to assist. For old times sake..." He offered, bringing a smile to Tobey's face.

Hobgoblin's laughter echoed through the room, his monstrous form and newfound power fueling his arrogance. "Hahaha! You think you can stand against us? We are unstoppable! Prepare to be crushed, little spiders!"

Electro, intoxicated by the surge of power from the Arc reactor, smirked and crackled with electricity. "I've got enough power to fry this entire city! Killing all of you will be nothing..."

Just as the tension threatened to erupt into a full-blown battle, Peter, calm and composed, stood up from the couch. Stretching his arms casually, he drew everyone's attention, his gaze fixated on Electro and Hobgoblin.

"Alright, guys, since my spells failed, I'll take care of these two," Peter announced, his voice steady. He wore a smirk on his face, a relaxed confidence surrounding him.

The villains' laughter continued as they exchanged glances. They didn't believe Peter could be so calm and self-assured in the face of their combined power, thinking he was merely pretending.

Hobgoblin scoffed, his voice dripping with mockery. "Oh, look at the brave little spider! Think you can take us on, do you? You're out of your league!"

Peter's smirk widened, his eyes sparkling with mischief. In a burst of incredible speed, he disappeared from his spot and reappeared beside Hobgoblin, his hand poised in a seemingly harmless gesture.

Without a moment's hesitation, Peter flicked a single finger against Hobgoblin's forehead, a quick and seemingly innocent action. But the impact came with a surprising, thunderous shockwave, launching the mad villain backward and crashing through the nearest window.

The room fell into stunned silence as everyone turned their attention to the shattered glass and the fading echoes of Hobgoblin's agonized scream. Even Electro's laughter came to an abrupt halt, his expression one of disbelief.

Peter turned to Electro and held up a glowing object in his hand, showing off a shining arc reactor. "You know, It's rude to steal. Especially from people who were trying to help you..."

Electro's eyes go wide as he looks down at his hand, realizing that the reactor that once fueled him was gone.

Chapter 408: Battle of the Condominium (2/2)

The earth trembled once again as Hobgoblin tumbled out of the window, crash landing beside the struggling Lizard with a bone-rattling thud. His forehead caked in blood from his earlier encounter with Peter, but his rage burned hot, fueling his desire for vengeance.

Tony and Rhodes, still reeling from the chaos that had unfolded, watched in astonishment as the hulking villain rose to his feet, his eyes filled with malice and fury. They exchanged a brief glance, silently communicating their plan in a matter of moments.

"Uhh, hey there, big guy..." Rhodes calls out, hoping to resolve things peacefully. "You okay?"

Hobgoblin's deep growl reverberated through the night as he locked eyes with the two armored heroes. With a feral snarl, he lunged forward, his massive claws slicing through the air, leaving deep gouges in the floor and walls as he moved.

"I don't think it wants to talk..." Tony muttered as the black and green beast grew closer and closer.

Tony, encased in his red and gold Iron Man suit, swiftly activated his repulsors, jets of energy propelling him into the air, evading Hobgoblin's initial attack. Rhodey, clad in his own suit, the War Machine, braced himself, his heavy armor absorbing the impact as Hobgoblin's pitch black claws scraped across his metallic form.

With a roar of frustration, Hobgoblin turned his attention to Rhodey, his monstrous strength on full display. He unleashed a flurry of strikes, each blow delivered with bone-crushing force. Rhodey fought back, his own armored fists meeting Hobgoblin's onslaught with unwavering determination.

A clash of metal reverberated through the air as the two titans exchanged blow after blow. Rhodey's suit, designed for warfare, held up against Hobgoblin's brute strength, absorbing the impact of each strike. But Hobgoblin was relentless, his rage lending him an unnerving tenacity.

Back upstairs, Peter's eyes glinted dangerously as he turned his attention to Electro. The room remained silent, the villains' laughter silenced by Peter's swift and surprising display of power.

With a flicker of movement, Peter dashed towards Electro, closing the distance between them faster than lightning.

Electro's eyes widened in realization, his overconfidence waning as he realized his mistake. But it was too late to react as Peter's fist connected with Electro's electrified form, sending him hurtling out of the already broken window. The force of the impact echoed through the building as glass shattered, and a cloud of dust billowed into the room.

"Ugh!" Electro grunted in pain as he was launched out of the building, his screams fading into the distance.

Without hesitation, Peter followed suit, stepped out of the window in pursuit of Electro.

"Humph!" Lily held her head high and smirked in MJ's direction. "See? I told you my Dad is the strongest!"

"..." MJ didn't have any words to say and simply nodded her head dumbly.

Although none of them doubted Peter's abilities, they also didn't expect him to send Hobgoblin flying with a single flick of his finger.

Tony circled above, his eyes scanning for an opening. He analyzed Hobgoblin's movements, searching for a weakness to exploit. With pinpoint accuracy, he fired a barrage of repulsor blasts, aiming to distract the monstrous villain.

Hobgoblin, momentarily caught off guard, roared in fury as the blasts struck him, causing his momentum to falter. Tony seized the opportunity, descending swiftly, his gauntlet-clad fist connecting with Hobgoblin's jaw, sending him staggering backward.

But the resilient villain quickly regained his composure. With a mighty swipe of his clawed hand, he sent Tony hurtling through the air, crashing into a wall. The impact rattled Tony, his vision momentarily blurred, but he fought through the pain, pushing himself back into the fray.

Rhodey, seeing Tony in trouble, unleashed a barrage of heavy firepower from his shoulder-mounted turret. The concussive blasts and energy projectiles rained down upon Hobgoblin, causing the ground to shake with the force of the onslaught. The villain staggered, his monstrous form barely able to withstand the relentless assault.

Taking advantage of the distraction, Tony activated his suit's thrusters, propelling himself back into the fight. He targeted Hobgoblin's exposed back, firing a concentrated beam of energy that sliced through the air. The searing blast struck Hobgoblin with unyielding force, leaving a smoking hole in his armored hide.

Hobgoblin bellowed in agony, his rage intensifying. He turned toward Tony, his eyes burning with a vengeful fire. With renewed ferocity, he charged at the armored Avenger, his massive form barreling through the debris-strewn battlefield.

But before he could get too close, a blue flash suddenly descended from above, bashing into his back. The impact of it created yet another crater in the apartment buildings parking lot.

When the dust settled, Hobgoblin realized who it was that suddenly attacked him. "Cough! Cough!" Electro coughed as he picked himself up, bleeding from the mouth and nose.

"What the hell are you doing, you idiot!" Hobgoblin raged as its attention turned from the two tin cans to his fellow conspirator.

"We have to run... *cough* He's coming-" Electro tried to explain but it was already too late.

Performing a text book 10/10 superhero landing, Peter touched down between the two villains. Behind him, Lizard continued his futile struggle against the power of gravity, thrashing and roaring up a storm.

With a smirk, Peter taunted the villains. "You two really thought you could escape? Well, I'm about to show you just how wrong you are." He said as he noticed Iron Man and War Machine standing a few meters away. 'Is that Tony or is someone just using his armor?'

Hobgoblin snarled, his voice laced with rage. "You'll regret underestimating us!"

Without wasting another moment, Hobgoblin lunged at Peter, his claws extended and ready to tear through flesh. But Peter, anticipating the attack, effortlessly sidestepped, allowing Hobgoblin's momentum to carry past him. With lightning-fast reflexes, Peter seized Hobgoblin's arm mid-air, twisted it with precision, and sent the villain crashing into the ground.

Hobgoblin grunted in pain, his body embedded in the concrete floor. With a deep growl, he struggled to break free, but Peter's strength proved overwhelming. Using his enhanced agility, Peter leaped into the air, flipping and stomped on Hobgoblin's back with a powerful kick, sending him deeper into the parking lot floor.

Meanwhile, Electro gathered his energy, his body crackling with electricity. He released a torrent of lightning bolts towards Peter, hoping to catch him off guard. But Peter, ever alert, dodged the projectiles with a series of acrobatic moves, evading the deadly bolts with ease.

Closing the distance between them, Peter launched himself forward, his fists moving in a blur that even Electro couldn't follow. With each strike, his blows connected with precision, sending sparks

flying as he pummeled the electric villain. The sheer force behind each punch and kick staggered Electro, causing him to stumble backward further and further.

But Electro wasn't one to give up. Channeling his electricity, he unleashed a devastating surge of power, enveloping himself in a deadly aura. Bolts of lightning crackled around him, dancing in a lethal display.

Peter, undeterred by the electrifying display, activated his own powers in the mystic arts. His body shimmered with a golden glow, nullifying every bit of electricity that came his way.

With a sudden burst of speed, Peter closed the gap between them, still absorbing the electrified storm. "Weak." He commented as he delivered a swift punch to Electro's stomach. The force behind the blow was enough to send blood shooting out of Electro's mouth as he shot backwards, smacking into the side of a car, which toppled over upon impact.

But Electro, desperate to regain the upper hand, unleashed yet another devastating wave of electricity. Bolts of lightning surged toward Peter, threatening to overwhelm him. Uncaringly, Peter strolled forward, absorbing the lethal barrage like it was nothing.

Once again, Peter seized the opportunity, launching himself at Electro. He spun through the air, his leg extended, connecting with a powerful roundhouse kick. The impact sent Electro flying across the parking lot, crashing into debris and leaving a trail of destruction in his wake.

As Electro struggled to recover, Hobgoblin finally broke free from his concrete prison, fueled by a mix of fury and determination. He charged at Peter, his monstrous form tearing through the room, leaving destruction in his wake. But Peter remained calm, his senses honed, ready to whoop some a*s.

With agile and simple movements, Peter evaded Hobgoblin's frenzied attacks, effortlessly sidestepping each swing. "Is that all you can do? ...this is pretty lame... don't you have anything else? Have you always been this weak?" He taunted, enjoying himself as his opponent wears himself out.

After sending Hobgoblin into a blind rage, Peter finally launched a counterattack. He leaped into the air, his body twisting as he stomped his foot down on his opponent's forehead. His boot collided with Hobgoblin's skull, delivered with incredible force. The impact sent a shockwave throughout the area, and sent the recipient crashing to the cement floor.

With a final burst of energy, Peter channeled his powers, his muscles rippling with raw strength. He lunged at Hobgoblin, delivering a series of rapid-fire blows, each strike landing with precision. The force behind his punches and kicks was enough to send shockwaves through the area, shattering nearby windows and crumbling the pavement below.

Hobgoblin's eyes became hazy, his strength waning. The combination of Peter's relentless assault and his own exhaustion proved too much to bear. With one final strike, Peter delivered a powerful fist, which shook Hobgoblin's brain. The villain's eyes fluttered shut, his brain shutting down into a deep sleep.

"God damn..." Tony muttered as he turned to Rhodes. "When did Peter(Tom) get this strong?" He asked, not aware that this wasn't the Peter he knew.

Rhodes shook his head side to side. "Umm, I don't know..."

As Hobgoblin lay defeated, Electro slowly rose from the debris, his once-menacing aura diminished. The sparks of electricity that crackled around him flickered weakly. He glanced at Peter, a mix of fear and disbelief in his eyes.

Peter approached Electro, his movements deliberate and controlled, holding up the stolen arc reactor. "You think you could handle this power, but you're wrong. You're nothing but an energy junky. A frail little boy who was bullied all of his life. And you know what? I can relate. But when you finally became strong enough to stand up for yourself, you forgot that you could stand up for others as well. Instead of helping those that needed it, you turned into another bully."

Every word that Peter spoke struck Electro like a barrage flaming arrows, each landing with pinpoint accuracy.

"And before you say some lame sh*t like 'you don't know me!', do both of us a favor and keep quiet." Peter said as he drew closer and closer. "You know, I try to be nice for the most part, but I'm just going to say it. You make me sick."

With a flex of his hand, Peter crushed the arc reactor, causing the electricity within it to fade. The last remaining villain slumped to the ground, his eyes dull and dead, his defeat delivered with words alone.

The whole scene fell into silence once more, the aftermath of the battle hanging heavy in the air. Peter stood tall, his eyes scanning the area where he saw Tony and Rhodes. But before he could say

anything to them, everyone else arrived, including Lily, who jumped on Peter's back, excited for her father's victory.

"That was so cool!" She exclaimed as everyone else seemed to notice the two Iron Men.

Tom frowned deeply as he noticed Tony's suit. "Hey! Take that off! It doesn't belong to you!" He exclaimed, unwilling to let anyone don his mentors armor.

Suddenly, the mechanical mask lifted open, revealing Tony's smirking face. "Hey there, kid. I'm back!"

Chapter 409: Venom

As everyone marveled at the sight of Tony Stark, alive and well, the shock and disbelief rippled through the group. Tom, in particular, was overcome with a mixture of emotions. Tears welled up in his eyes as he stared at the man he thought he had lost forever. A father figure that left far too soon. He stepped forward, his voice trembling with a mix of relief and disbelief.

"Tony... I... I thought you were gone. I saw... I saw you die," Tom choked out, his voice laced with raw emotion.

Tony smiled warmly, a hint of sadness in his eyes. "Hey, kid. I know it's hard to believe, but somehow, here I am. One minute I'm staring down Thanos and the next I'm on top of the Avenger's tower, surrounded by security... You should have seen the looks on their faces when they realized it was me." He chuckled in amusement.

Tom couldn't hold back his emotions any longer. He rushed forward and embraced Tony, tears streaming down his face. Tony awkwardly returned the hug, patting Tom on the back.

"It's okay. I'm here now," Tony whispered, his voice filled with reassurance. He couldn't help but turn to Peter, wondering why his little protege had a taller, and admittedly stronger clone.

Not to mention the two other Spider-Men, who stood alongside May and everyone else.

The rest of the group watched the heartwarming reunion with a mixture of joy and relief. MJ, May, and Ned shared smiles, confused but glad to see Tony alive and well. It was a moment of respite amidst the chaos they had been facing lately.

While the reunion unfolded, Peter turned his attention to the captured villains. He approached the restrained Lizard, who was still struggling under the weight of the gravity spell. Peter extended his hand, channeling his magic once again, and gently lifted the spell's effect from the giant reptilian creature.

"Hey, big guy, time to calm down," Peter said softly, hoping to coax the beast into a more docile state.

Lizard's yellow eyes glared at Peter, filled with anger and hate. He growled and roared, but Peter remained unfazed. With a quick tap to the forehead, Peter cast a sleep spell, knowing Dr. Connors wasn't very lucid at the moment.

Within seconds, the giant Lizard was lulled into a deep slumber. Taking advantage of the moment, Peter summoned golden chains made of Eldritch energy and swiftly wrapped them around the sleeping Lizard, restraining his massive form.

Moving on, Peter approached Electro, who remained on his knees, staring into the distance with a defeated expression, a dead look in his eyes. After hearing Peter's harsh words, he began to realize every mistake he's made since falling into that tank of electric eels.

'I could've been a hero?' His mind repeated over and over.

The electric villain didn't resist as Peter formed golden shackles out of Eldritch energy and bound him tightly. With precise control, Peter levitated Electro and placed him beside the slumbering Lizard.

Finally, Peter turned his attention to Hobgoblin, lying unconscious and battered on the ground. After a moment of contemplation, Peter began to draw intricate golden spell circles in the air above the villain's body. The rest of the group, including Tony and Rhodey, watched with curiosity and anticipation, unfamiliar with Peter's magical abilities.

"What's he doing?" Tony asked curiously.

"..." nobody else had a clue either.

As the spell circles activated, a shimmering energy seeped into Hobgoblin's skin. Slowly, black sludge started to ooze from every pore of his body, expelled by the energy. The sludge pooled on the ground, gradually taking shape and revealing two distinct forms.

Green Goblin and Venom.

The separate entities lay dormant, their unconscious forms still fast asleep after their brutal beating. Peter completed the spell, ensuring that both Green Goblin and Venom remained restrained, unable to cause further harm.

With the villains securely contained and their powers neutralized, Peter prepared for his next bit of magic. 'This should work...'

Peter stepped over to the restrained form of Venom, his hands moving in precise, intricate motions as he drew new spell circles in the air. The golden energy crackled and hummed, infused with Eldritch energy. The rest of the group watched in anticipation, their expressions a mix of concern and curiosity.

"What is he doing now?" MJ asked, her voice laced with worry.

"I'm not sure," May replied, her eyes fixed on Peter's concentrated form. "But he must have a plan."

Peter's eyes glinted with determination as he started an incantation, his voice low and commanding as he spoke fluent mandarin. "Yu Mo Gui Gwai Fai Di Zao... Yu Mo Gui Gwai Fai Di Zao... Yu Mo Gui Gwai Fai Di Zao..." The golden spell circles hovered above Venom, pulsating with power. As the final words left Peter's lips, the energy surged, enveloping the restrained symbiote.

Venom's eyes snapped open, the pure black orbs shimmering with malevolence and rage. With a snarl, he thrashed against his restraints, desperately trying to break free. The spell circles held him fast, restraining his violent movements.

"Peter! What are you doing?" Tobey's voice rang out, filled with concern.

"I'm giving Venom another chance," Peter responded, his voice steady despite the chaos unfolding before him. "But in order to do that, I need to wipe his mind. It's been tainted by Eddie and the Goblin's craziness. And now that I'm taking a look, we can even throw some blame on you as well."

"Huh?!" Tobey grunted in surprise. "What did I do?"

Venom's struggles intensified as he heard Peter's words, a guttural growl escaping his throat. The symbiote strained against the spell circles, the black goo pulsating with a mixture of fear and anger. But Peter's magic held firm, preventing Venom from breaking free.

"Well, let's take a look at his memories, shall we?" Peter says as he intercepts some of Venoms memories before deletion and waves his hand up to the sky.

In an instant, holographic images filled the night sky, showing Venom's ship crash landing on Earth, Tobey's Earth to be exact.

The night was draped in darkness as Venom's ship streaked through the sky, hurtling towards Earth. The alien creature within the ship was hungry, its insatiable appetite gnawing at its consciousness. It longed for the taste of meat, ignorant of the concepts of right and wrong. Venom was an entity born of survival, devoid of any moral compass, and without anyone to guide it.

As the ship descended towards the Earth's surface, it crashed into an empty park, leaving a trail of destruction in its wake. The impact shattered the night's silence, the ground trembling beneath the weight of the crash. Smoke billowed into the air, obscuring the area as Venom emerged from the wreckage, his black tendrils slithering out, seeking sustenance.

After slithering out of the park in search of food, Venom's eyes locked onto an elderly woman walking alone on the dimly lit city streets. She didn't smell very tasty, but he would have to make due. He prepared to strike, hunger fueling his intentions, but it seemed like fate had other plans.

Just as Venom prepared to pounce, a blur of red and blue streaked overhead. Spider-Man had arrived, his spider-sense alerting him to potential danger. With acrobatic finesse, he swiftly dispatched a group of robbers who were about to surround the woman, their ill intentions shattered like glass.

"Stay safe, ma'am," Spider-Man gave her a salute before rushing off.

As Venom watched the hero in action, a realization dawned upon him. Spider-Man was strong, taking out a group of meat bags with ease. He became fixated on the idea that Spider-Man could be the perfect host.

In the following hours, Venom silently stalked his chosen prey, still hungry after missing out on his meal. Under the cover of night, he trailed Spider-Man back to his apartment, his black mass coiling and merging with the shadows. With calculated precision, Venom waited until Peter Parker succumbed to sleep, his guard down.

As the room fell into a deep silence, the symbiote emerged from the darkness, its inky form crawling across the walls and ceiling. It crept towards Peter, sensing his troubled soul, his heart weighed down by the burden of his personal struggles.

In a horrifying dance, Venom extended its tendrils, delicately enveloping Peter, bonding with him on a molecular level. The symbiotic fusion was complete, and the two began to slowly influence one another.

Days and weeks past after Peter found out about Venom...

Through the blossoming symbiotic relationship, Venoms emotions and feelings became Peter's. And Peter's emotions and feelings became Venom's. Though Peter didn't seem to realize this. Thinking Venom was affecting him alone, he slowly began to hate his gooey companion.

And this lack of knowledge and hate seemed to slowly turn Venom from a naive alien, who admittedly had a craving for human brains, into the villain that he became today.

It especially didn't help that his time with Peter was rather dark. Peter's life was in shambles. The love of his life was going to marry the son of the man who hated him most. His best friend hated him for killing his father. And his Aunt May was in and out of the hospital due to cancer treatments, nearly dying in the process.

These dark emotions were all shared with Venom, molding him into the alien blob he is today.

When the holograms disappeared, everyone turned to Tobey, who frowned deeply and looked down at the floor, realizing that he could have done better.

"But don't beat yourself up too much." Peter said as he deleted those memories. "You didn't know how Symbiotes worked and already had a lot on your plate. Sure, you could have done better, but that's life. We could always do better. Hindsight is 20/20."

Painful screams filled the air, drawing everyone's attention, as Peter's spell continued its work. Venom's form convulsed, writhing in agony as his memories were slowly erased. Each scream pierced the night air, a haunting symphony of suffering.

The group watched in horror, their hearts aching for the tortured creature. "Peter, this... this seems cruel," May murmured, her voice trembling with unease.

Peter's gaze never wavered, his focus solely on completing the spell. "It may seem that way, but Venom's mind has been corrupted by the influence of others. If he's to have a chance at redemption, I have to wipe away the pain and darkness that taints his memories."

As the minutes stretched on, Venom's screams grew more desperate and anguished. The agony etched on his twisted, gooey form was undeniable. But Peter remained resolute, his eyes filled with determination and compassion.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the screams subsided, replaced by heavy panting. Venom's thrashing form stilled, devoid of the malevolence that once consumed him. The spell had done its work, erasing Venom's memories and leaving him in a state of bewildered innocence.

The black blob of goo trembled as the spell circles vanished, confusion evident in its every movement. It looked around, its eyes darting from face to face, trying to make sense of its surroundings.

Venom's form quivered, his voice a mere whisper filled with curiosity. "Who... who am I? Where am I?"

Chapter 410: Another New Arrival!

The atmosphere crackled with tension and uncertainty as the group stood in the aftermath of the spell. Peter gazed down at the now innocent and confused Venom, his mind racing with the weight of the decision he was about to make. He knelt down, meeting Venom's uncertain gaze.

"You're Venom," Peter began, his voice gentle but firm. "You're a symbiotic alien creature from another world. We're in a different universe now, and I'm sure that's beyond confusing..."

Venom's black goo rippled in response, its eyes widening with realization and curiosity. "Did you bring me here?"

Peter shook his head, a sense of responsibility settling over him. "No, but let's leave that explanation for later. I'm Peter. I'm here to help so if you need anything just let me know, okay?"

Venom's tendrils twitched with anticipation, its voice barely above a whisper. "Will you... will you be my host? Help me survive?"

Peter hesitated, his mind filled with conflicting thoughts. 'It would be cool to be Venoms host, but do I really want another living being attached to me for the rest of my life?'

He could already picture Venom popping up when he's spending some quality alone time with MJ, c*ck blocking him at every turn. Even the possibility of using Venom for tentacle foreplay wasn't appealing whatsoever.

But Peter also believed in redemption and second chances. 'Maybe I could just tell him to separate during private moments?' He wondered, his mind being swayed by how awesome it would be to have his own Symbiote.

"That's kind of a big decision..." Peter said as he looked down at Venom, who's current appearance reminded him of a little black slime ball from fantasy anime. "How about this. You can stick with me while I come to a decision. And if I end up refusing, I'll do everything I can to find a nice host for you, okay?"

As Peter's words sank in, Venom trembled with a mixture of gratitude and uncertainty. His host candidate didn't decline him, but he also didn't agree either.

"That's fine..." Venom bobbed it's blobby body up and down in agreement.

"Good, I hope we can get along well from now on." Peter says as he bends down and picks Venom up, placing him on his shoulder. "You comfortable?" He asked as Venom bobbed up and down again.

Just as the moment settled, Tony Stark, the man who had seemingly returned from the dead, stepped forward. His eyes darted between the four Spider-Men, the captured villains, and the confused Venom. He couldn't contain his curiosity any longer.

"Alright, everyone, can someone please explain what the hell is going on here?" Tony's voice carried a mix of amusement and confusion.

Tom, still emotionally overwhelmed by Tony's return, stepped forward and took a deep breath. "This is all my fault..." He began to explain the situation, recounting the spell gone wrong, the multiversal chaos, and the unexpected arrivals. Tony listened attentively, his expression shifting from surprise to concern.

"So, let me get this straight," Tony interrupted, his voice laced with disbelief. "We have four Spider-Men from different universes, a group of villains I've never seen before, and I was brought back to life all because of a spell gone wrong?"

Tom nodded, a somber expression on his face. "Yeah. It's... it's a mess. Doctor Strange and I were trying to fix my identity problem, but things just spiraled out of control."

Tony sighed, his gaze shifting to Peter, who had been observing the conversation quietly. "And once you fix this mess and send everyone back, I'll go back to my time and... die, won't I?"

The weight of Tony's words hung heavy in the air, the parking lot falling into a heavy silence. Tom exclaimed, his voice tinged in a mix of fear and unwillingness. "No! I refuse to let you die again. We'll find another way."

Tony smiled warmly in Tom's direction. "It's okay... I knew I was going to die anyway. And if I don't go back, then who will defeat Thanos?"

Tears began to pour down Tom's face, his entire being unwilling to lose his father figure again. "But... we can try to find another way. There's always another way!"

"You know, kid..." Tony steps up and places a hand on Tom's shoulder. "I have a lot of regrets in my life. More than I could possibly count, but I don't think I'll regret killing that purple dinosaur Barney son of a b*tch."

"Well, he deserved it." Tom said with a brief sorrowful laugh. "But you don't! You have a daughter... She needs you."

Tony's smile faulted for a moment. "Yeah, but the universe needs Thanos to die, and my daughter has her mother. She'll be fine. Pepper will make sure of it."

"You're not taking this seriously!" Tom shouted though he was stopped as Peter cleared his throat, catching everyone's attention.

"I may be able to come up with a fix that can make both sides happy..." Peter offered, a confident look on his face. "But before we get into that, I need you guys to finish curing these idiots." He motions to the villains behind him.

"Curing?" Rhodes asks in interest.

Tom steps up to Peter, ignoring Rhodes for the time being. "Can you actually keep him alive?"

"I have an idea." Peter nodded as he motioned to the villains. "But we need to finish with them first. And while you're doing that, I'll work on my plan."

Tom looks Peter in the eyes for a moment, ultimately placing his trust in his doppelgänger. "Okay, I'll get it done. Just focus on whatever keeps Mr. Stark alive." He nods and walks over to the villains, ready to get back to work.

Turning to the other Spider-Men, Peter motions to Tom. "Keep an eye on him. I'll meet you guys back at Aunt Mays in the morning."

"Where are you going?" Tobey asks curiously.

Peter waves his hand, opening a golden portal. "To raid the New York Sanctum for materials. Hopefully, Wong isn't around..." He waved over his shoulder and disappeared into the portal.

"Wait for me!" Lily shouted as she leaped in after him, unwilling to be left behind. After all, her father never let her go to any of the sanctums back in their universe.

Natasha Romanoff, also known as Black Widow, stood on the edge of the cliff, her heart heavy with the weight of the impossible choice she faced. Hawkeye, her long-time partner and friend, stood beside her, both of them taking a moment to let the severity of the situation sink in.

The wind whipped through their hair, carrying with it the whispers of their shared past, their missions, and their unbreakable bond. They had fought side by side through countless battles, but now they found themselves facing a sacrifice that neither was willing to make. Natasha knew that retrieving the Soul Stone meant paying a terrible price, but she also knew the stakes were too high to turn back.

She sat down on a nearby rock, her eyes fixed on the ground as she contemplated the impossible choice before them. "We've been through too much together, Clint," she said, her voice laced with determination. "I can't let you die. I won't."

Clint Barton, also known as Hawkeye, shook his head in disbelief. "Natasha, we've lost enough. We can't lose you too. There must be another way."

But Natasha knew deep down that there was no other way. She had made up her mind, and she wouldn't let Clint sacrifice himself for her, or anyone else for that matter. A silent understanding passed between them, and they both knew what had to be done. As Clint turned to face her, his eyes filled with determination, a fight broke out between them.

They grappled with each other, their moves swift and precise, reflecting the years of training they had undergone together. Neither wanted to give in, each trying to overpower the other, to be the one to make the ultimate sacrifice. Their punches and kicks echoed through the desolate landscape, their cries of desperation mingling with the harsh sound of the wind.

Natasha's mind raced as she fought, the weight of her decision heavy upon her. She couldn't let Clint die. She also couldn't bear the thought of losing him. They had become family, and family meant everything. Especially since she has so little people that are considered family, even if they're not blood related. With a surge of adrenaline, she mustered all her strength and managed to subdue Clint, pinning him down to the ground.

"Natasha, no!" Clint pleaded, his voice filled with anguish.

Natasha looked into his eyes, her own filled with a mix of determination and sorrow. "I'm sorry, Clint," she whispered, her voice barely audible. "But I can't let you die. Not for me."

With a final look of understanding, Natasha pushed herself off of Clint, turning her back to him. Clint tried to scramble after her, but without hesitation, she sprinted towards the edge of the cliff, her heart pounding in her chest. As she leaped into the void, a mixture of fear and relief washed over her, and a single tear escaped her eye.

But instead of hitting the ground with a sickening splat, as she expected, Natasha found herself sitting on a park bench in the heart of New York City. Confusion washed over her face as she looked around, her mind struggling to comprehend what had just happened. Beside her on the bench lay a newspaper, its headline catching her attention. She picked it up and her eyes widened as she saw a picture of Peter Parker's face beside an image of Spider-Man.

The Headline Read: Spider-Man! Identity Revealed!

"What... what is this?" Natasha murmured to herself, her voice barely above a whisper. She stared at the newspaper in disbelief, her mind racing with unanswered questions.

That's before she saw the date printed in the paper...