

Spider-Man 651

Chapter 651: Beyond the Spider-Verse?

Miles's parents sat on the living room couch, still trying to process the revelation that magic was real and that they needed a protection spell. Miles took a deep breath, feeling the weight of the upcoming conversation.

Miles's father looked at Peter, a puzzled expression on his face. "I appreciate the help, but why are you trying to protect us? I mean, I may be a cop, but my job isn't that dangerous to warrant this level of protection."

Peter nodded, understanding their confusion. "It's just a precaution to keep you safe."

Miles's mother chimed in, her concern evident. "But why us? We're not involved in any dangerous activities. We're just regular people."

Miles, who had been quiet, suddenly turned solemn. His parents noticed the shift in his demeanor and exchanged worried glances before Miles spoke up. "There's something else you need to know."

His parents leaned in, their eyes filled with concern. "What is it, Miles? You can tell us anything." His mother said, her voice comforting.

Miles hesitated for a moment before explaining the concept of fated events. "There are certain events in the future that are meant to happen" He said, explaining how his father is pretty much destined to die, and how they planned to stop it.

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Confusion lingered on the parents' faces as they exchanged glances. "But isn't it fate? How can you change that? Isn't it impossible?" His father asked.

Peter sighed, realizing that Miles should have explained better. "Nothing is set in stone. Even fate can be changed, especially when we know about it in advance. The spell I cast is a safeguard that'll keep you alive and well. You'll live a long and healthy life, I assure you."

Relief washed over the two parents, gratitude replacing their previous worry. They thanked Peter profusely, expressing their immense gratitude for keeping their son safe and now ensuring their lives would be protected as well.

They felt especially grateful since he also placed a spell on Miles' mother, Rio, who wasn't fated to die in a year's time like her husband. He simply did it to keep her safe from any unforeseen harm.

After all, Miles would be crushed if he lost either of his parents and fate can be a real b*tch sometimes. For all Peter knew, the timeline could change and instead of his father dying, his mother could be selected, which is why he was sure to protect them both.

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As the evening unfolded, the aroma of dinner wafted through the air, and Miles's mother, Rio, insisted that Peter and Gwen stay for a meal, which Gwen's immediately accepted, using this opportunity to delay dealing with her own familial problems.

When the night had arrived and the sun fully set, signaling the approaching end to their visit, Peter and Gwen began to prepare for their departure. Gwen, however, carried a sense of hesitancy, anxious about seeing her father again.

Despite her internal conflict, Gwen knew she had to face her own challenges. Just how Miles face his parents, she would do the same.

After saying their goodbyes to the Morales family, Gwen activated her watch, conjuring a shimmering portal to her home universe. With one last wave, they stepped through the portal, disappearing from view.

Miles, sensing the moment, apologized to his parents. "I'm sorry, Mom, Dad. I wish I could stay longer, but there's someone I need to be there for." He said as he rushed into the portal, following after Peter and Gwen.

His parents nodded understandingly, a mix of pride and worry in their eyes. "Just be back in time for school tomorrow, Miles," his father called after him.

As the three of them disappeared, the colorful vortex snapped shut, leaving Miles's parents standing alone in their living room.

"They're definitely dating, right?" Miles' mother asked, referring to her son and Gwen.

"Oh, yeah" Her husband nodded in agreement. "But if they aren't already, then it's only a matter of time."

Exiting Gwen's portal, the group of three found themselves standing in her bedroom, the familiar setting offering a temporary sanctuary, especially since her father wasn't here.

Gwen's relief was palpable as Miles unexpectedly stepped out of the portal behind them, his presence adding an unexpected comfort that instantly brought a smile to Gwen's face.

"Hey, you came after all," Gwen said to Miles, her eyes conveying gratitude.

Miles grinned. "Yeah, figured I could be there for you, like you were there for me."

Rolling his eyes, Peter couldn't help but gag. "Please save your sick lovey-dovey moments for when I'm not around. It's disgusting"

"Shut up" Gwen mumbled, jabbing Peter in the ribs with her elbow as Miles looked away in embarrassment.

After pacing around her room for a few minutes, Gwen worked up the courage to face her father. She stepped out of her bedroom, calling out his name as she navigated through the apartment, hoping for a chance to mend their strained relationship.

"Dad! Are you home?" Gwen called out, her voice echoing through the empty rooms.

Silence greeted her first few attempts, but on the third call, a slurred, familiar voice replied, "Gwen Is that you?"

Following the drunken voice, they discovered Gwen's father sprawled on the living room couch. The scene was disheartening, an intoxicated figure surrounded by the remnants of a stagnant routine, beer bottles, and leftover takeout containers.

"Eww It smells like body odor, alcohol, and garbage in here" Peter commented, holding his nose to block the smell.

It had been nearly three months since Gwen's disappearance, and her father had held on to the hope that she would return. However, the passing time had transformed his optimism into a defeated acceptance, reflected in the state they found him in.

Gwen's heart sank at the sight, a mix of guilt and sadness washing over her. Miles exchanged a concerned glance with Peter, silently acknowledging the gravity of the situation.

Gwen's father stared up at her, bleary-eyed and confused. "Where have you been?" he slurred, a mix of disbelief and hope in his voice.

"I've just been out, finding some new friends to murder," Gwen replied with a sarcastic tone, trying to lighten the heavy atmosphere.

Her father let out a fake laugh, still clearly inebriated, as he struggled to stand up, walking out of the room unsteadily. "Oh. Oh, that's funny, yeah. Okay, yeah. Okay," he mumbled, his words blending together.

Gwen called out after him, "Where are you going?" She said, pacing after him.

"To make some coffee. I can't tell if you're actually here or if I'm just very drunk right now," her father replied, disappearing into the kitchen.

Gwen exchanged glances with Miles and Peter, a mixture of frustration and concern etched on her face as they all filed after him.

In the kitchen, her father paused for a moment, glancing back at Miles and Peter before asking, "Who are your friends?"

Gwen, not wanting to delve into explanations, shrugged and replied, "That's Peter and Miles. There just here to make sure you don't shoot me this time..."

As he heard this, Gwen's father seemed to flinch, clearly affected by his daughter's harsh words. A look of regret flashed across his face as he turned away, preparing his coffee. "I'm not going to shoot you Gwen. I don't even have my gun on me"

"No, but you definitely wanted to arrest me, right? Well, why don't you do it now?" Undeterred, Gwen walked over to her father and held out her hands. "Go ahead Captain, I'm here to turn myself in. I killed a lizard monster that turned out to be my best friend. Come on, pull your cuffs out and get it over with," she said, her eyes challenging him to act.

Staring at her for a moment, her father eventually let out a sigh, shaking his head. "I I can't," he admitted, a sense of defeat in his voice.

"Why not?" Gwen questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"Because I quit," her father confessed, his gaze filled with regret.

Gwen, surprised, asked, "Since when? You love being a cop"

"About a month ago. I realized that my job, being Captain, this whole thing doesn't matter anymore. You're the best thing I've ever done, and when you didn't come home I thought I lost you forever," he admitted, a stray tear rolling down his cheek.

He looked at Gwen, almost as if he feared she'd vanish if he turned away. "Please don't leave again. I don't know if you're actually here or not, we'll have to wait for the coffee to find out, but please, just stay and forgive me. I'm sorry for being such a horrible father."

Gwen, taken aback by her father's vulnerability, softened. She hadn't expected this confession. "Dad," she said, her voice full of emotion as she shot webs from her wrists and pulling him into a hug, "I'm not going anywhere..."

Her father wrapped his arms around her, lifting her up off the ground, a hopeful smile on his face. "You matter more than anything else, Gwen. I can't lose you again."

As they waited for the coffee to brew, the air in the room shifted. The weight of past mistakes and the hope for a new beginning hung in the air, creating a fragile moment of reconciliation.

As the night unfolded, Gwen's father gradually sobered up, the haze of alcohol dissipating. Tearful talks ensued between the father and daughter, emotions laid bare as they worked through the pain of the past months.

Peter and Miles, though pledging their support, found themselves relegated to the background, a constant presence that offered reassurance but wasn't actively needed.

Gwen and her father, without intervention, navigated the tangled web of their strained relationship, unraveling knots of miscommunication and misunderstandings. The weight of their shared history lifted, leaving a sense of relief in the air.

As dawn approached, the father-daughter duo had reached a point of understanding, their conversations bringing closure and healing.

And now, It was time for Peter and Miles to bid farewell, their promise fulfilled. Gwen decided to stay with her father for the time being, determined to guide him back from the edge of despair. After all, he wasn't in a good state when they found him.

Before leaving, Peter explained to Miles his plan to visit Centurions' home world, and Miles eagerly requested to join. Peter, seeing no reason to deny the request, agreed. As they stepped through the portal, they found themselves on the rooftop of a dark, semi-futuristic city illuminated in vibrant hues, with purple dominating the skyline.

A sense of Deja vu washed over Peter, prompting him to wrack his brain for the source of this odd familiarity. 'This looks so familiar for some reason'

Just as he was about to dismiss it, Miles accidentally bumped into him, a bewildered look on his face. "Is Is that what I think it is?" He asked, pointing his shaky finger at a large graffiti image on a nearby building an image of his own father in his police uniform, captioned with the startling words, 'Rest in Peace.'

Peter's gaze fixed on the graffiti, realization dawning. He finally understood why this place seemed so familiar, 'Its the universe where a version of Miles is the Prowler'

The same universe where the spider that bit Miles came from

Chapter 652: The Prowler

As the vibrant hues of the advanced city surrounded them, Miles Morales found himself frozen on the rooftop. His eyes were fixated on the larger-than-life image of his father, an unsettling mixture of grief and shock etched across his face. The words 'Rest in Peace' seemed to taunt him from the building's side, his worst fears brought to life before him.

Peter, realizing the impact of the discovery, stepped closer to Miles. "Hey, Miles, take a breath. I know this is a surprise, but that's not your dad, this isn't your universe," he said, attempting to comfort the young Spider-Man, and bring him back to reality.

Miles, however, was lost in the realization that a version his father had perished in this alternate universe. 'Gwen was right My dad is destined to die in every universe But Why? What did he do to deserve this?'

Peter placed a hand on Miles's shoulder, offering support. "Miles, it's going to be okay. Your dad will be fine..."

"But what about this universes Miles? Will he be okay? What about my mother? She's a widow here, isn't she? Will she be fine?" Brushing off Peter's arm, Miles asked, his voice rising with every word he spoke. "Why does he have to die? Who decides that?!"

"I don't know" Peter replied, stumped by Miles' final question. "But if you calm down we can-"

Ignoring Peter completely, Miles turned his attention to the city below. A flicker of recognition crossed his face, and determination replaced the initial shock. He knew this place. And If this universe was anything like his, then he knew exactly where to go.

Miles, fueled by frustration and worry, rushed to the edge of the building. He leaped off, webs shooting from his wrists, swinging through the semi-familiar city with a sense of purpose.

Peter, calling after him, "Miles, wait!" He shouted, his words lost in the wind as Miles swung away, consumed by his own thoughts.

As Miles soared through the buildings, his mind raced with worry for this universe's version of his mother. He couldn't help but think of all the pain and loneliness that she must be going through.

After all, her husband was gone, and Miles couldn't shake the feeling of the responsibility he felt to ensure her wellbeing. She may not be his mother, but she was pretty damn close to it. He couldn't just leave her be or write her off as just a clone or doppelgänger.

Meanwhile, Peter sighed in resignation, realizing that this unexpected detour would delay his original plans. Still, he couldn't let Miles run off alone, even if it would waste his time.

'I want to see this universe's Miles anyway, so it's not really a waste of time' Peter thought.

After all, he never had the chance to see the movie that came after Spider-Man: Across the Spider-Verse. He's only seen the teaser for this universe's version of Miles at the end of the movie, where he was revealed to be the Prowler. 'I wonder if he's actually a villain or if he's more of a Robin Hood type of bad guy'

With his curiosity piqued, Peter leaped off the building and followed in Miles's web-swinging wake, the neon lights of the city illuminating the path ahead.

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After a swift swing through the city, Miles landed gracefully on the outer wall of a brick apartment building. He clung to the side, silently leaning over he peered through a window. Inside, he found his mother, this universe's Rio Morales, preparing for work in the middle of the night.

She wore a uniform that surprised Miles, as it wasn't the familiar EMT attire he was used to, but that of a convenience store clerk. The stark contrast puzzled him as he watched her finishing up her makeup, the weariness evident in her eyes.

Miles couldn't comprehend the change in his mother's occupation. In his universe, she devoted herself to being an EMT, saving lives and making a difference. Now, the sight of her dressing as a store clerk triggered a thoughtful frown beneath his mask.

His curiosity deepened as he mulled over the apparent shift in her career. Why was she working at a convenience store, especially in the dead of night? The answer struck him as he noticed his mother's EMT bag tucked away in the closet.

Immediately, It dawned on him she was probably still an EMT in this universe, but now, she had taken on an additional job to compensate for the loss of income after his father's demise.

Miles grimaced beneath his mask, a surge of empathy coursing through him. The bags under his mother's tired eyes and the somber expression on her face spoke volumes about the burden she carried. She juggled two jobs, working tirelessly to make ends meet, all while grappling with the void left by her husband's death.

A wave of sadness washed over Miles as he observed his mother's struggles. In that moment, he realized that this could be his own mother if his father were to die.

He couldn't bear to see her so worn down, sacrificing her own well-being for the sake of their family. In his universe, Rio Morales was a pillar of strength that held their family together, and this stark contrast left him unsettled.

This version of his mother deserved a life free from the weight of financial strain and sorrow. But even more than that, she deserved to have her husband by her side, yet the multiverse didn't seem this want to allow that. In fact, it seemed inclined on bringing ruin and sorrow to every Morales family in existence.

Miles, hidden on the wall, clenched his fists in frustration. He vowed to himself that he would find a way to make things better for her, to offer the support and comfort she needed.

Next to Miles, Peter landed on the wall, silently sharing the somber view through the window. His gaze mirrored Miles's, a sad frown etched on his face as he observed this universe's Rio Morales preparing for her late-night shift.

Feeling Miles's tension, Peter knew he had to offer some comfort. "Miles," he began, "we can help her if you want? We can get her a better job, or even wire some money straight into her bank

account. She won't have to struggle anymore." Peter's earnest tone carried a genuine desire to alleviate the burdens weighing on Rio's and his friend's shoulders.

Miles, gripping his fists, turned to Peter, a pleading look in his eyes as he asked. "Can't you just bring my dad back for her? Money is great, but my family never cared about that. I just want her to be happy, and I know money won't do that. But having her husband back will." The raw emotion in Miles's voice left Peter momentarily stunned, realizing the depth of Miles's anguish.

"I I don't think I can do that, Miles" Peter replied, both unsure of his ability to bring the dead back to life, and unsure as to whether he should be doing such a thing in the first place.

Yeah, Peter could bring the dead back as undead servants, but a true living being wasn't something he's ever tried before, at least not with his powers alone. 'I did bring back the Valkyrie, but that was with the Infinity Stones'

And sadly, the Infinity stones are nothing but powerless rocks here, as they hold no powers outside of his universe.

'I could try the Resurrection Elixir, but he's probably been dead for a while now, so the probability of him going insane after his resurrection is very high' Peter shook his head, unable to come up with a way to complete Miles's request.

"What do you mean you don't think you can do it?" Miles asked, his voice laced with frustration. "You have all of these incredible powers don't you? Can't you just figure something out? Didn't you tell us that you could do anything with your magic? There has to be a way to do it. She doesn't deserve to live like this!"

Understanding that Miles was upset at the moment, Peter didn't let his angry response get to him. "I know it's not the answer you want to hear, but I really don't think I can bring him back. I mean, I could try, but what happens if we fail or he comes back as a zombie or something? We'd be desecrating his corpse" He said as he gestured through the window. "How do you think she'd feel about that?"

Before Miles could respond, a purple-clad figure appeared on the rooftop above them. The Prowler, with a sleek and menacing presence, looked down at Miles and Peter.

[Insert picture of Prowler Miles' suit here]

Suddenly, he descended, using his clawed metal gloves to dig into the side of the building and slide down, slowing his fall as he attempted to kick Peter and Miles away from the window.

In a distorted mechanical voice, the Prowler accused them, "Sick perverts!" He assumed they were spying on Rio, rage bubbling as he attacked.

Utilizing their Spider senses, Miles and Peter easily dodged the attack. However, the impact of the kick against the wall reached Rio's ears, prompting her to investigate.

She turned toward the window, her eyes scanning for any signs of a disturbance, but she saw nothing amiss. Unaware of the unseen observers, she left her room, ready to head and start her night shift.

Outside, on the rooftop, Miles, Peter, and their mysterious attacker locked eyes. The Prowler's imposing figure now stood before them, clad in the unmistakable purple suit.

Miles, shocked by what he was seeing, called out in a shaky voice, "Uncle Aaron?!"

Chapter 653: Doppelgänger

"Uncle Aaron?!" Miles called out, his voice a mix of shock and nostalgia as he stared at the purple-clad figure before him. "Is that you?"

The realization that this version of his universe's Aaron Davis, his Uncle Aaron, had become the Prowler once again hit him like a freight train.

Memories flooded back the time he faced off against Kingpin with his group chat members, and how he fought his uncle as Spider-Man. It reminded him of his earlier days as a super hero.

The Prowler, tilted his head in confusion, the purple glow of his masked eyes staring straight at Miles. "How do you know that name?" he demanded, a hint of anger seeping into his distorted voice. "How long have you been spying here?"

He certainly wasn't Aaron Davis, and Peter knew that, though the fact that these unknown stalkers knew that name alarmed him. After all, who wouldn't be upset by the revelation that someone had been spying on your family?

Miles, struggling to process the situation, raised his hands in a placating gesture. "No, we're not spying. I just... I recognize you, that's all," he explained, desperation in his voice. He hoped to defuse the tension and talk things out, but it didn't seem to be working as he'd hoped.

The Prowlers' anger deepened as he clenched his clawed hands. "Has anyone ever told you that you're bad at lying?" He said as his stance grew defensive, ready to take on any perceived threat to his loved ones. "Now tell the truth or else."

Miles attempted to calm the situation. "Listen, we're not a threat. We're just trying to help..." He paused, realizing the complexity of the situation. "If we can all just calm down, then I can explain. This doesn't have to get violent, Uncle Aaron."

"Stop saying that name!" The Prowler, however, wasn't convinced. He shouted and leaped forward, attacking with swift and precise movements, his metallic claws aiming for the kill.

"Wait, just calm down!" Miles dodged, yelling for him to stop and talk, but the Prowler was fueled by a mix of protectiveness and rage.

As the conflict escalated, the Prowler reached into his belt, pulling out a high-tech pistol, pointing it directly at Peter and Miles. Seconds later, purple energy bullets shot through the air, homing in on his enemies.

With overwhelming strength, Peter slapped the bullets away, which startled the Prowler, who began to look at Peter in a much more serious and fearful light.

Meanwhile Miles weaved around them, his body crackling with energy as he darted straight for the Prowler. "You asked for this!" He said as he went on the offensive, hoping to subdue his opponent without hurting him too much.

Peter observed the intense battle between two versions of the same person. Their movements were synchronized, as if they could anticipate each other's every move.

Soon enough, It struck him that since they were technically the same individual, they had this weird knack for reading each others movements, which made the very interesting to watch.

The clash continued, each combatant trying to gain the upper hand. The Prowler, fueled by a desire to protect his family, faced off against his doppelgnger from another universe, Miles, who simply wanted to talk things out. Both sides wearing masks, neither realizing the identity of the other.

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The clash continued for minutes on end, Miles and the Prowler locked in a fierce struggle. Peter, growing weary of the fruitless confrontation, decided it was time to intervene. He casually approached the battling duo, surprising them both as he stepped between the combatants without warning, reaching out with both hands and firmly grasping their necks.

Holding them still, Peter glanced between them. "Let's call it a draw, shall we?"

Waiting for a response, Peter raised a brow as both of them started struggling in his grasp, trying to break free. Sighing in annoyance, he lifted them off the ground before swiftly smashing them into the rooftop, causing it to shake and crack slightly upon impact.

The Prowler coughed up blood from the forceful collision. Unlike Miles, who could endure such a hit with a mere grunt of pain, the Prowler's body wasn't enhanced in any way, shape, or form, the impact taking a toll on him.

Staring down at the two prone figures, Peter asked in a deadpan tone, "Are you guys done now?"

Miles, grunting in pain, managed to mutter, "Yeah, I think we're done."

Meanwhile, the Prowler seemed to have stopped moving, seemingly unconscious from the damage inflicted by Peter's forceful intervention.

Peter, raising a brow, frowned at the unexpected result. "Did I hit him too hard?"

Miles, scrambling to his feet, rushed over to the Prowler's side. He scolded Peter, "You idiot! He's just a normal person. You shouldn't have slammed him that hard."

Awkwardly scratching the back of his head, Peter never thought he'd find himself being lectured by Miles. 'I guess there's a first time for everything'

Discretely using his X-Ray vision, Peter checked the Prowlers condition, 'Meh, he'll be fine' He shrugged it off, seeing no life threatening injuries.

As Miles knelt beside the unconscious Prowler, he reached out to pull off the mask and check on his well-being. "Uncle Aaron, are you okay?" He asked worriedly.

However, before he could uncover the identity beneath the purple mask, a gunshot echoed through the rooftop. The bullet hit the ground next to Miles, startling him.

Looking up, Miles's eyes widened as what appeared to be his Uncle Aaron stepped out of a stairwell door that lead to the roof, a gun trained on him. "Step away from him" He ordered, a bloodthirsty, protective look in his eyes.

Miles muttered in disbelief, "Uncle Aaron?" He glanced between the Prowler and this universes version of his actual uncle, confusion etching his features. If Uncle Aaron wasn't the Prowler, then who was behind the mask?

The tension on the rooftop escalated as the realization sank in. The imposter beneath the Prowler's mask was now incapacitated, and Miles was dying to know who it was.

But first, he'll have to deal with his uncle.

Uncle Aaron's eyes narrowed, the gun trained on Miles, as tension hung in the air like a thick fog. "Easy now. Make one wrong move, and you'll find a bullet between your eyes," he warned, his voice low and threatening.

Miles, cautiously raising his hands, attempted to defuse the situation. "Uncle Aaron, relax. Just... let's talk this out without any violence, okay?"

"Shut up!" Uncle Aaron barked, his gaze flickered to Peter, who stood behind Miles and the Prowler. "And you," he said, redirecting his attention, "don't think you're off the hook either. Breath wrong, and you'll get a bullet as well."

Peter, unfazed, replied nonchalantly, "Sure thing, old man." He left this confrontation to Miles, as he sat back and watched the drama unfold. 'Maybe I should conjure some snacks?'

Seconds later, the gun shifted back to Miles, who sighed and reached up toward his mask. But before he could even touch it, Uncle Aaron fired a warning shot, the bullet whizzing dangerously close to Miles' ear. "I told you to stop. Don't push your luck," Uncle Aaron growled, his finger twitching on the trigger. "Now, step away slowly"

Ignoring his demands and warnings, Miles slowly removed his mask, revealing his face, tossing the mask aside in the process.

Instantly, Uncle Aaron's eyes widened in shock, uncertainty etching his features. "What the?"

"It's me, Uncle Aaron," Miles said softly, hoping his identity could help solve all of this.

Uncle Aaron seemed torn, his gaze shifting between Miles and the unconscious Prowler. "What the hell is going on here?" he muttered, uncertainty and disbelief battling within him.

As confusion mounted, Uncle Aaron began to lower the gun slightly. ""

Seizing the opportunity, Miles moved with inhuman speed, rushing forward to disarm him. With a swift motion, Miles grasped the gun's barrel and squeezed, bending the metal effortlessly.

Realizing he had been tricked, Uncle Aaron pulled the trigger in desperation. But without the barrel intact, the bullet couldn't escape, causing the gun to explode in his hand. "Aarrghh!" Screaming, he dropped the useless weapon, frantically inspecting his hands for any injuries.

Breathing a sigh of relief, as he found no injuries, Uncle Aaron looked up at Miles, a bewildered look on his face. "Who Who are you?" Uncle Aaron asked, still processing the unexpected turn of events.

Miles replied proudly, "I'm Spider-Man."

Peter nodded approvingly, eating chips through his mask like a pro. "*munch munch munch*"

Turning away from his now-unarmed Uncle, Miles eyes the downed form of the Prowler, the curiosity of who could be under the mask gnawing at him. "?"

"Wait! Please, just leave him alone!" Uncle Aaron yells as Miles walk away from him and toward the mysterious downed individual.

Ignoring his uncle's pleas, Miles walked over, determined to uncover the identity beneath the purple mask. Uncle Aaron's urgent cries to stay away fell on deaf ears as Miles crouched beside the fallen figure.

Fingers carefully reached for the Prowler's mask once again, the anticipation hanging thick in the air. As Miles pulled it off, revealing the face hidden beneath, his eyes widened in shock. "I-It's me? I'm the Prowler?!"

[Insert picture of Prowler Miles face reveal here]

It was him, the unmistakable features of this universe's Miles Morales, unconscious and beaten.

Uncle Aaron's pleas turned into stunned silence as he stared at his two nephews, unsure which was the real one. "Okay Can someone please tell me what the f*ck is going on?!" He exclaimed, unable to contain himself any longer.

Chapter 654: Jealousy

Opening his eyes, Miles Mateo Morales felt a throbbing ache throughout his entire body. "Ugh Where am I?" He asked, his blurry eyes focusing to reveal his surroundings.

The dim lighting of his own hideout appeared before him, a tower of an old abandoned building. The soft glow of his computer monitors and other tech caught his eye, but as he tried to move, Miles quickly realized he was tied up in chains, suspended on his punching bag.

Panic set in as he struggled against the unforgiving chains, his memories of the recent encounter with the strange superpowered creeps who were spying on his mother came flooding back.

Suddenly, a familiar, resigned voice echoed through the hideout, "I guess you're awake now."

"Uncle Aaron?" Miles called out hopefully. "Quick, you gotta let me out. I don't know when those perverts are going to come back. We need to be ready"

Desperation crept into Miles' tone as he pleaded for help, asking his uncle to free him. However, the reality soon became clear.

"I don't think I'll be of much help either" Uncle Aaron revealed, wiggling the same chains as his nephew, which Miles could feel from his position. He was restrained as well, dangling alongside his nephew, both tied on opposite sides of the punching bag.

Frantically looking around, Miles realized that their captors were nowhere to be seen. "We need to figure a way out of this before they get back," he urged, his mind racing with thoughts of escape.

Uncle Aaron, struggling against his own chains, nodded in agreement. "I'll do what I can, but there's something you should know..." He says, recalling the other Miles, the superpowered clone of his nephew.

Miles, still struggling to break free, brushed off his uncles words. "Save it for when we're free. We need to focus right now"

As they exchanged words, the rhythmic clinking of chains filled the air, a somber symphony of captivity.

"I really think that you should hear this now" He says, clearly still freaked out by the identical twin of his nephew.

But suddenly, before he could explain or they could escape, the hideout's entrance creaked open, and two familiar voices approached, returning from their food run.

Instantly, their eyes widened as they realized that their captors were returning, their conversation echoing through the stairwell.

"Should we have left them alone for so long? What if they got free and escaped while we were gone?" A familiar voice spoke, stating his concern.

Another voice, nonchalantly slurping on a blue icee, dismissed the worry. "Relax, Miles. You seem to forget but neither of them have superpowers, and I've got magical failsafes on those chains. They're not going anywhere."

As the voices drew nearer, Miles and his Uncle Aaron decided to feign unconsciousness, hoping to avoid their captors interest so that they can creat an opportunity to escape. Instantly, their bodies slumped over in unison, pretending to be oblivious to their surroundings.

As the two captors walked in, revealed to be Peter and the original Miles, only one of them realized that their captives weren't actually asleep.

A knowing smirk on his face, Peter turned miles and spoke. "Huh, looks like they're still knocked out. Maybe we should just off them and be done with it? I heard we can make like 10 grand just from selling a single kidney"

Miles, missing the sarcasm, turned to Peter, absolutely flabbergasted by the words that just left his friend and bosses mouth, "Peter, what the" but he was cut off.

Suddenly, Prowler-Miles and Uncle Aaron 'woke up,' their eyes wide open in fright, glaring at their captors in defiance. "!"

Peter's smirk persisted as he teased, gesturing towards them. "Hey, look, they woke up. That was fast. It's almost like they weren't even asleep"

Upon hearing this, and seeing the smile on Peter's face, both Miles' suddenly realized that he wasn't serious about his murderous comment.

Prowler-Miles, frustration evident in his voice, retorted, "What's the big idea, keeping us hostage like this?" His voice trailed off as he caught sight of his clone standing before him. They may have different hairstyles, but other than that they were completely identical. It was like looking into a mirror. "What the"

Uncle Aaron chimed in, "Yeah, you see... That's what I was trying to tell you It's creepy isn't it? He looks just like you..."

Peter, unfazed, continued slurping his icee. "Miles Gonzalo Morales meet Miles Mateo Morales." He introduces them, gesturing from his Miles to the captive one.

Prowler-Miles, wide eyed in bewilderment, shot a confused look at Peter. "How the hell do you know my full name?"

Shrugging, Peter pulled out two wallets, which he stole from them earlier while he was tying them up, tossing them to the floor. "It was on your school ID, Mateo." He revealed, turning to eye the captive Miles with a questioning look. "You don't mind if I call you that, do you? After all, it would cause too much confusion if I were to called you both by your first names."

Still confused, Mateo couldn't hold back his questions, firing them off one by one. "Why does he get to keep his first name and I'm stuck with my middle name? Am I not the original or something? Am I a clone? Is he a clone? Wait that can't be it, right? Were we twins separated at birth? That can't be My parents would never allow that."

Peter shakes his head. "No, it's none of that. And as for why he gets to keep his first name did you hear his middle name? Gonzalo." He sounded the name out slowly. "I mean, it's not a bad name, but it's not exactly first name material"

"Hey!" Miles shouted. "Gonzalo is a good first name! My mom wanted to name me Gonzalo, but my dad likes Miles more"

Peter nodded in appreciation, "Well, thank god for your dad because he fought to give you a much better name"

"It's not that bad" Miles muttered under his breath.

Ignoring his captors bickering, Mateo stares straight at Miles, intrigue and confusion showing in his face as he asked. "Who are you?"

"Umm, I'm just Miles" Miles answered simply, shrugging his shoulders.

Mateo stared at Miles, an annoyed look on his face. "You can't just be Miles. Because I'm Miles, and I've been Miles for as long as I can remember. So once again, who are you?"

Peter stepped forward, sensing the tension in the room. "I can explain."

He proceeded to give a quick explanation about the existence of the multiverse, detailing how they were both from separate universes.

Mateo gestured toward Miles with his head, a puzzled expression on his face. "If we're the same person from different universes, then how is it that I don't have superpowers like this idiot? It's like you two just stepped out of a comic book or something"

Miles looked offended but remained silent, knowing the reason behind Mateo being powerless, and it was somewhat his fault.

Detecting the guilty look on Miles's face, Mateo became suspicious. Miles, however, seemed hesitant to say anything, prompting Peter to intervene. "Miles, I think it's best to rip the bandaid off now than wait Do you want me to explain, or?"

Reluctantly, Miles shook his head, finally speaking up to clarify why Mateo lacked superpowers. He explained that the spider that was supposed to bite Mateo and grant him powers had been brought to his universe by accident, biting Miles instead. Mateo, unfortunately, missed out on becoming Spider-Man as he was meant to.

Mateo and his Uncle Aaron were stunned, the gravity of the revelation sinking in. Mateo realized that unknowingly missing out on getting superpowers might have changed the course of his entire life. If he had received his powers as intended, maybe he wouldn't be a criminal, or at least he would be a much better criminal than he already is.

But most of all, maybe just maybe, his father would still be alive

The room fell into a heavy silence as Mateo processed this unexpected twist of fate. The connection between the two Miles Morales's, now marked by the divergence in their destinies, hung in the air like an unspoken truth.

One, who was never meant to get powers, but received them anyway. The other, who was destined to receive amazing abilities that never arrived. And probably never would either.

The impact of what could have been weighed heavily on Mateo. And as these thoughts swirled around in his head, he couldn't help but glare at Miles, his entire being radiating with a mix of jealousy and anger as he asked, "is your dad still alive?"

Miles nodded dumbly, confused by the question, "Y-Yeah"

In that moment, Mateo realized something that he already learned a long time ago, but seemed to have forgotten up until now.

The world isn't fair

The universe isn't fair

And even the multiverse isn't fair

He lost his golden opportunity and more importantly his father...

Meanwhile, Miles got everything that should've been his. His father, his powers, his happy little life.

Miles took it all from him!

Deep within the heart of the Earth, unbeknownst to the inhabitants above, a celestial seed, a potent source of cosmic power, silently pulsed with energy. It had slumbered for millions of years, fed by the vitality of humanity and nurtured by the long-vanished Eternals.

Yet, the once-shepherded seed now harbored an ominous secret. Centurion, the formidable Kang, had discovered and seized control of this celestial seed after slaughtering the vast majority of the Eternals ages ago.

In the dimly lit chamber where the seed resided, Centurion hovered before a console, fingers dancing across holographic controls. His dark eyes glowed with anticipation as he monitored the growth and resonance of the celestial power within the seed.

It had become a weapon, a tool cultivated for an eternity, put through endless experiments which enhanced its power far beyond the strength of any other Celestial in existence. Even Knull, in all of his strength and equipped with his god-killing sword, paled in comparison to his creation.

And this creation was ready and waiting to be unleashed to destroy his enemies. Or rather his enemy

Peter Parker

'He must have the cloak already' He thought, his face morphing into an irritated grimace. Though seconds later, that grimace turned into a predatory smile. After all, he could always take possession of Deaths cloak after killing its new owner.

A/N: 1800 words :) BTW, I just wanted to say thanks for the nice comments in the update I posted last night. This may be parasocial of me, but I really appreciate you guys a lot. From the lurkers that never show themselves in the comments, to the same mofo's who are always here when the chapters releases and never fail to leave comments everyday *looks at DarkSlayer* Anyway, that's enough sappiness, I'm going to sleep.

Chapter 655: General Fisk

In the tense aftermath of Peter's revelation, Mateo's glare bore into Miles, a mix of resentment and frustration etched on his face. ""

"You know, he may feel guilty, but it's not really Miles' fault," Peter interjected, frowning at Mateo. "The spider just found him and bit him. If you want to blame someone, blame Wilson Fisk for making the machine that messed up the multiverse and caused this mess. He's the real reason you missed out on becoming Spider-Man."

"Wilson Fisk?" Mateo questioned, his frown deepening as he looked up at Peter, still hanging from the chains.

Peter could see a look of hatred flicker across both Mateo and his Uncles faces as the name Wilson Fisk was mentioned. 'Are they criminal rivals or something?'

Miles nodded, hoping to ease the brewing animosity. "Yeah, do you have a Kingpin here too?"

Mateo reluctantly nodded, uncertainty clouding his eyes. His conflicting emotions toward Miles intensified, torn between resentment and a rational understanding that it might not be Miles' fault, his mind heavily focusing on the two words 'might not.'

Even now, as Mateo contemplated his feelings, his mind continued searching for someone to blame, and Miles was an easy target.

Meanwhile, Peter continued his explanation, "And as for your dad dying, that's certainly not Miles' fault either."

Glaring at Peter, Mateo ground his teeth together. He couldn't help but feel like a delinquent school boy getting lectured by a teacher, which didn't sit well with him.

Peter sighed, shaking his head. "For that, you should blame whoever or whatever killed him. But after that, you can blame fate, destiny, or whatever other deity controls the multiverse."

Mateo and his Uncle Aaron exchanged confused glances, feeling as if Peter was alluding to something beyond their understanding.

"Wait! Do you mean an actual Deity?!" Mateo seemed to puzzle it together after a moment.

Nodding, Miles explained. "For some reason, our dads are destined to die. Even mine is supposed to die in about a year for some reason or another" As he said this, Mateo turned to him with a hint of pity and understanding, but sadly, his next words threw all of that away. "Thankfully, I met Peter here. He placed protection spell on my dad that should keep him safe"

Instantly, the room became charged with the resurgence of jealousy and resentment in Mateo. His gaze lingered on Miles, a storm brewing in his eyes as he grappled with the unfairness of their lives.

Why was it Miles who got bit by the spider? Why was it Miles whose father was still alive, and why was it Miles who met Peter just in time to save his family?

Sighing in acknowledgment of the renewed tension, Peter shook his head, observing the enmity in Mateo's eyes. It was evident that connecting with Miles would be a challenging task. Mateo had faced harsh realities, navigating a universe darker and seemingly more crime-ridden than Miles'.

In contrast, Miles seemed to have enjoyed a relatively good life, growing up in a much more forgiving universe. He even attended a private boarding school, a luxury Mateo's family could never afford after his father's tragic demise. The stark contrast in their experiences seemed to deepen the divide between them.

As the strained silence persisted, Peter sensed that mere words might not bridge the gap between the two versions of Miles Morales. Mateo's bitterness ran deep, rooted in the harsh realities of his own universe.

Miles, oblivious to the struggles in Mateo's life, faced the challenge of being seen as living the life Mateo wished he had.

Realizing that time was of the essence, Peter decided it was time to bring an end to this tumultuous encounter. The first light of dawn painted the sky outside, a reminder of the urgency that overshadowed their current situation.

Talking seemed futile, and Peter knew he had a pressing mission to confront Centurion. He doubted the villain was still in this universe, which is why he was willing to waste his time here, considering the fact that the Kang should know his lackey, LYL A, has been compromised.

With an uncaring shrug, Peter took charge of the situation. "Alright, we've wasted enough time here," he declared, eyes fixed on the pane glass windows. "The sun's rising, and I need to find Centurion, or whatever he left behind while he was running away"

Mateo and Uncle Aaron exchanged worried glances as Peter spoke. They couldn't shake the feeling that they might be left here, tied in chains and suspended from a punching bag, which would normally be fine, as they'd simply use the opportunity to escape, but they distinctly recall Peter saying something about magical failsafes on the chain.

"You're not just going to leave us here, are you?" Mateo blurted out, anxiety creeping into his voice. "I have school, you know. If I don't show up, my mom gets a call. And if she can't find me, she'll call the cops..."

Rolling his eyes in exasperation, Peter shook his head. "No, I'm not leaving you two here," he replied, a hint of irritation in his tone. He strode purposefully toward the restrained uncle and nephew, both suspended on the punching bag.

As Peter approached, Mateo and his Uncle Aaron instinctively began to struggle against their chains, fearing the worst. Their eyes widened with apprehension as Peter reached out, but instead of harming them, he merely touched the chains. With a single poke of his finger, the restraints shattered into pieces, clattering to the floor.

Eyes wide with surprise, both Mateo and his uncle tumbled to the ground, now free from their confinement. Despite their newfound freedom, they quickly assumed fighting stances, wary of potential tricks from their former captors.

Turning away from them, Peter casually called over his shoulder, "You're both free to go about your lives. See yah."

Bewildered and expecting a catch to appear, Mateo and his uncle exchanged a glance, cautiously heaving a sigh of relief. However, their respite was short-lived as Peter paused in his steps, turning back toward them with a cryptic expression.

"Oh, yeah, one more thing," Peter announced, causing Mateo and his uncle to gulp nervously.

Expecting the worst, they braced themselves for another twist in their unpredictable encounter. But to their surprise, Peter pulled out his phone, showing them a picture.

"Have you seen this man before?" Peter inquired, presenting an image of the exiled Kang he fought before. 'Speaking of the Exiled one, I should probably start milking him for information'

After all, Peter specifically trapped his soul in a jewel so that he could use him to take down the Kang's. And it seemed the time to prove himself useful has finally arriving.

Staring at the picture for a brief moment, Uncle Aaron and Miles seemed to freeze as looks of pure hatred and rage clouded their faces. Even compared to the mere mention of the Kingpin, who evoked a similar response in them, this time it was so much more amplified.

"Why are you showing us a picture of the President?" Uncle Aaron asked through gritted teeth before looking up at Peter with a suspicious and accusing glare. "Are you working with him?"

Shaking his head, Peter stored his phone away. "So he made himself president here, huh?" His expression turned serious as he explained, "I don't know what grudge you have against him, but if I

were you, I'd stay far away. This man is very dangerous. If you see him, turn the other way and keep walking. Unless of course, you have a death wish or some sort of mental disability"

Mateo and his uncle both wore hardened expressions on their faces, completely disregarding his warning. To which Peter simply shrugged his shoulders. He would be taking care of Centurion either way, so they should be fine.

With a nod of acknowledgment, Peter waved goodbye and headed towards the exit. "Well, it was nice holding you captive, hopefully you aren't dumb enough to attack us again."

Before following Peter down the stairs, Miles hesitated, eyeing Uncle Aaron, who looked at him warily in return. The tension hung in the air as Miles took a deep breath, preparing to say his peace.

"Uncle Aaron," Miles began, breaking the silence. "I know you aren't my Uncle Aaron. My uncle doesn't do crime anymore..."

Hearing this, Uncle Aaron and Mateo exchanged puzzled glances, their skepticism evident. Miles pressed on, determined to share a piece of wisdom from his own experience.

"I just want to say, you two don't have to be criminals. I know this universe is probably harsher than mine, which is why you seem to hate me," Miles continued, looking at Mateo with a sense of empathy. "But my Uncle Aaron was a criminal too. He was the Prowler, but I got him to retire. You two can do the same thing. You just have to try your best. I know you can do it"

As Miles delivered his heartfelt speech, Peter, who had just walked out of the front door of the abandoned building, leaned against the walls, listening intently with his super hearing.

As Miles was finishing up, a sudden disturbance interrupted the moment. A long line of Military vehicles came driving down the road, stopping in front of the building Peter had just exited.

The car doors opened, revealing the imposing figure of a scarred, battle hardened Wilson Fisk, who wore an oversized military generals uniform, accompanied by a small army of heavily armed soldiers.

'Huh, does Kingpin work for Centurion in this universe?' Peter wondered.

Raising a brow, Peter observed from a distance as the Kingpin pulled out a technologically advanced-looking rocket launcher from one of the cars and aimed it up at the tower where Miles was talking with their former captives.

The atmosphere shifted, the tranquility shattered as Fisk pulled the trigger, releasing a rocket.

"Huh, I guess I was right. They are enemies" Peter muttered, his demeanor nonchalant as he snapped his fingers.

Instantly, the rocket struck the tower, creating a large explosion filled with dust and smoke. Fisk chuckled as his men celebrated, confident in their apparent success. The thunderous noise echoed through the air, and the tremors reverberated beneath Peter's feet.

But as the dust settled, a collective gasp rose from Fisk's men. A shimmering barrier had materialized, blocking the rocket just before it could reach the tower, protecting the building and everyone inside. Confusion spread among Fisk's ranks as they stared at the unexpected turn of events.

Peter, leaning against the wall with a casual demeanor, cleared his throat, drawing Fisk's attention. "Ahem" The crime lord's triumphant expression faltered as he locked eye with Peter.

Peter waved casually, a smirk playing on his lips, "Yo."

Chapter 656: Clone Tag-Team

The air crackled with tension as Wilson Fisk, his oversized military uniform straining against his imposing figure, stared at Peter with suspicion. "Who the hell are you?" Fisk's gravelly voice demanded, his eyes narrowing as he surveyed the nonchalant figure before him.

"Oh, you know, just a friendly street magician," Peter replied with a smirk, conjuring a flower in his hand, which then turned into a handkerchief before disappearing in a plume of smoke. "Tada! Name's Pete. Pete the Amazing." He bowed, enjoying the perplexed expression on Fisk's face.

Fisk's frustration was evident as he clenched his jaw, suspecting that Pete had a hand in the sudden protective barrier that blocked his rocket. "Don't play games with me! Who are you? Are you working with the Prowler? Are you a terrorist as well?"

Peter raised a curious brow, his interest piqued. "Terrorist?" He asked, 'Is Prowler a terrorist in this world? Is it because he's fighting Centurion?'

The crime lord General's patience waned. "Enough of your nonsense. Men, open fire!"

Before the soldiers could follow their superiors command, the window from which Fisk had fired the rocket shattered, and a purple-clad figure soared out.

The Prowler, grenades aglow in both of his hands, stared down at Fisk with a barely controlled hatred burning in his eyes. As he hurled the glowing grenades, he unleashed a barrage of hate-filled words. "Die, you fat f*ck!"

Panicking, Fisk reacted swiftly, using his immense strength to grab the nearest military vehicle as makeshift cover, pulling it in front of him.

Meanwhile, his soldiers, caught off guard, weren't nearly as fortunate. The purple grenades exploded in a dazzling display of plasmic light, vaporizing the unfortunate soldiers caught in the blast radius.

Fisk, unscathed behind his makeshift cover, displayed a cold disregard for the lives of his own men. Ignoring the chaos around him, his eyes bore into Mateo, who landed between him and Peter. "So, the terrorist finally shows himself..."

"I'm not a terrorist." Mateo denies vehemently. "I'm a freedom fighter."

Peter sat back and listened in. 'Hmm, is the prowler actually good in this world?' He wondered, realizing that maybe he should have done some research while Mateo was knocked out. 'I guess I just assumed'

As the confrontation unfolded, Fisk's seemed to completely forget about Peter, his attention remained solely on Mateo. "Call yourself whatever you want. But either way, you're a registered terrorist recognized by the federal government. Now, turn yourself in. The president would like to have a word with you before your execution"

Standing with dozens of weapons aimed at him, The Prowler glared at Fisk with unbridled animosity. "No thanks, I'll have to impolitely decline." He said, holding up his middle finger. "I'll make sure to visit the president soon though. But since you're here, why don't I take your head to give to him as a gift to commemorate our first and last meeting?"

Grimacing at the clear disrespect he was being shown, Kingpin shouted, "Open fire!" He commanded his men, who didn't hesitate to squeeze their triggers. "Send this sh*t stain straight to the afterlife!"

Using his boots, which glowed in a purple light, Mateo leaped high into the air, dodging the hail of laser gunfire. "!"

Without hesitation, he descended before the formidable Kingpin, his foot poised to stomp, ready to use his powered boots to his advantage.

Boom! As he struck out, his boot blocked by Fisks forearms, the tech in his shoes activated, adding even more power to his kick.

Kingpins eyes widened as he was sent tumbling back into a nearby military vehicle, which was nearly flattened under his weight. "Ugh! Motherf*cker!"

The air was thick with tension and the clashing of weapons as Mateo's technological prowess clashed with Fisk's overwhelming strength and the military might at his disposal.

Amidst the chaos, a black ski mask concealed the identity of Mateo's uncle Aaron, who perched on the tower above, a weapon in hand. His assault rifle echoed with precision as he picked off soldiers, providing much-needed cover fire for his nephew. The muffled shots rang out as bodies dropped below, casualties of the escalating conflict.

Meanwhile, Peter sat back and watched the show, conjuring snacks to eat and a chair to make himself more comfortable. 'Hmm, they make a good team'

Of course, he was talking about Mateo and his Uncle, who seemed to work in perfect unison. One up front, tanking and distracting the enemy, and the other picking them off from the back, thinning their numbers.

'It's just a matter of time before it's only Fisk left' Peter watched as picked off another three soldiers in a row, his aim nothing to scoff at.

Seconds later, Peter's leisurely observation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Miles, who landed beside him, a worried look on his face as he watched Mateo and Fisk go at it.

Miles, eager to jump into action, asked, "Shouldn't we help them, Peter?"

Peter nonchalantly shrugged, offering Miles some of his snacks, though he didn't take any. "If you feel like it, go ahead. I'm just here for the show." He gestured toward the unfolding battle as if watching a thrilling movie.

Miles sighed, "Fine, I'll go help them myself..." he grumbled in annoyance as he walked off.

As the battle raged on, Miles weaved through the chaos to assist Mateo and his uncle. Spotting Kingpin's vice grip on Mateo's arm, Miles executed a perfectly timed kick, breaking Fisk's arm from the elbow and releasing his trapped counterpart.

"Aaarrggghhh!" Fisk screamed in pain, his arm snapped in the opposite direction, a small piece of bone sticking out.

Fisk staggered back, clutching his broken arm, the pain etched across his face. He scanned the battleground with widened eyes, realizing the grim reality unfolding before him. "?!"

The once overwhelming force he had brought was now reduced to a scattered few, each falling under the precise gunfire of Uncle Aaron. Some didn't even know what hit them, too focused on assisting Kingpin with his fight against the Prowler.

Regret gnawed at Fisk as he witnessed the demise of his soldiers. He berated himself for his impulsive decision to confront the Prowler without a proper backup force.

But when their analysts gave him the location of a possible terrorist hideout, he was far too eager to wait for more soldiers, intent on capturing the Prowler to suck up to the president.

The arrogance that led him here now left him isolated, and the realization crept in that he was outnumbered and outgunned.

The remaining soldiers fell before his eyes, one by one, picked off by Uncle Aaron's precise shots. Fisk gritted his teeth, frustration bubbling within as he watched his once-formidable soldiers crumble.

Of course, Fisk's cold heart cared little for the fallen soldiers, focusing solely on his own predicament. Without his soldiers assisting him, or possibly even dying in his stead, he was left vulnerable.

He couldn't shake the impending doom that loomed over him, an unsettling awareness that he might lose. And in his business, losing usually meant death.

Mateo and Miles seamlessly worked together, a dynamic duo weaving through the chaos. Miles' agility and power was complemented by Mateo's quick thinking and tech, creating a dance of destruction that left Fisk on the defensive.

The crescendo of combat reached its peak as Mateo reached into his belt and tossed a handful of marbles forward. Miles didn't know what his counterpart was up to, but he was there to assist nonetheless.

Shooting two webs at Fisk, Miles pulled him toward the marbles, which seemed to activate due to the proximity, releasing an electric charge that spread, connecting every marble to one another.

The lightning danced around Fisk, restraining and electrifying him at the same time. "Aaaaaaahhhh!" He screamed as the volts of electricity coursed through his body, binding him on his knees.

As Fisk was captured, Uncle Aaron took aim at the last soldier standing, squeezing his trigger, sending the poor guy back to his maker. The once-formidable force that accompanied Fisk was reduced to nothing more than lifeless bodies on the cold, unforgiving ground.

Fisk, now devoid of his protective forces and restrained in a net of electricity, grit his teeth in pain as he stared up at Mateo, who walked up to him, removing his mask in the process. "So That's what you look like Ugh!"

Miles, catching his breath, looked at Peter with a proud grin. "Guess the show's over, huh?"

Peter nodded with a satisfied smile. "Looks like it. Good work everyone." He said, his snacks and chair disappearing as he walked over.

Fisk looked up at Mateo's hate-filled face, a spark of recognition flickering in his eyes. "Ugh aren't you that traitorous police captain's kid?" he sneered, his voice straining from the pain.

Mateo, fists clenched, glared down at Fisk. "So, you remember my father?" he questioned sharply, his voice edged with anger and grief.

"How am I supposed to forget him?" Kingpin retorted, sneering under the continued electrocution. "It's not every day I get the pleasure of facilitating a state-sanctioned execution of a Police Captain. What? Did the big mean government kill your daddy? Is that why you became a terrorist?" he taunted, his words a cruel twist of mockery.

'Oh Now everything makes sense.' Peter put all of the pieces together.

Enraged by Fisk's callous remarks, Mateo's eyes burned with fury. Without hesitation, he reached into his belt, pulling out a gleaming knife. In a swift motion, he plunged the blade deep into Fisk's left eye, the knife sinking deep into the criminal mastermind's skull.

"Wait! Stop!" Watching in alarm, Miles tried to rush in and stop Mateo, but it was too late.

The blade was already buried in Fisk's head, and a gasp of finality escaped the crime lord General's lips. The electrocution was swift, leaving Fisk's lifeless form restrained on the ground.

Silence hung heavy in the aftermath of Mateo's swift and brutal act. The battlefield, once filled with chaos, now witnessed a chilling stillness as the reality of Fisk's demise settled in.

Mateo, breathing heavily, staring down at the fallen crime lord. The weight of his actions lingered in the air, a mix of vengeance and justice that left a bitter taste in his mouth.

Chapter 656: Death of Captain Jefferson Davis (1/2)

Miles stared at Mateo with disbelief and anger etched on his face. "Hey, what the hell was that?! You killed him! He was defenseless!" he exclaimed, the intensity of the situation resonating in his voice.

Mateo, still catching his breath, turned to face Miles, his expression unwavering. "Defenseless? He destroyed my family, Miles! He helped the government kill my father!" he shot back, the fire in his eyes matching the anger in his tone. "F*ck off back to your own universe with your goody two shoes nonsense!"

Miles shook his head, frustration evident in his voice. "Justice is one thing, but executing a defenseless man is another! We're not supposed to be like that!"

"I'm not you! So stop it with this 'we' crp. There is no we. Just me and you." Mateo argues back, gesturing to the dozens of dead bodies surrounding them. "Look around you. This is the real world. This is my life. I'm sorry, but not all of us get to live in a fcking fairytale!"

As the two versions of Miles Morales clashed in a war of words, Uncle Aaron emerged from the building, his eyes immediately locking onto Mateo. Pushing past Miles, he enveloped Mateo in a tight embrace, offering silent comfort to his grieving nephew.

Instantly, the tension in Mateo's shoulders eased as he leaned into his uncle's hug. "We got him, Uncle Aaron. We finally got him," Mateo whispered, his voice carrying a mix of relief and sorrow.

Uncle Aaron, still holding Mateo, nodded solemnly. "I know I know," he replied, the weight of the moment sinking in as he felt the emotional release from Mateo.

Meanwhile, Miles, observing the tender moment between uncle and nephew, began to question his earlier beratement. The history and pain that Mateo carried were evident, and maybe, just maybe, Miles shouldn't have been so quick to snap at him.

Feeling a hand on his shoulder, Miles turned to find Peter standing beside him. "Miles, sometimes the line between right and wrong isn't as clear as we'd like it to be. The world isn't just black and white, good and bad. It's a mix of a grays, some darker or lighter than others. Even your universe is like that, you just haven't realized it yet."

Miles' brows furrowed as Peter continued. "I know you never really took my advice when it came to killing your enemies, and I respect that. After all, it's your decision to live however you want to. To make your own mistakes and learn from them along the way, but you have to learn to respect other people's choices as well."

Miles absorbed Peter's words, conflicted emotions swirling within him. Peter had always been his mentor, but this was a perspective Miles had done his best to fight him on. It challenged his fundamental beliefs about the sanctity of life.

While still grappling with the newfound uncertainty, Miles watched as Mateo and Uncle Aaron separated from their embrace, spotting a few stray tears dripping down his cheeks, which were swiftly wiped away.

"What are you looking at?!" Mateo snapped at Miles, clearly embarrassed.

"Nothing" Miles looked away, showing a bit more courtesy than he did only moments ago.

Suddenly, the distant wail of police sirens pierced the air, causing Uncle Aaron to click his tongue in annoyance. "Shit, someone must have called in the gunshots," he muttered, glancing around the scene of the intense battle.

Mateo's eyes widened as he looked up at the towering abandoned building, his secret hideout filled with essential gear and personal belongings. He turned to his uncle, urgency in his voice. "We can't just leave. I need my gear, and our DNA and fingerprints are all over the place. They'd find us by the end of the day."

Uncle Aaron nodded in agreement, recognizing the gravity of the situation. "We've got to-"

As they exchanged worried glances, Peter interjected confidently, "I got it." He snapped his fingers, receiving confused from both Mateo and Uncle Aaron.

But soon enough, their confusion turned to shock as they watched all of their supplies, tech, and belongings come flying out of the broken window above. The items hovered in a single file like towards Peter before disappearing, leaving Mateo and his uncle dumbfounded.

"How are you doing that?" Mateo asked.

Peter grinned and replied, "Magic."

"But where is it going?" Uncle Aaron asked, a bewildered look on his face.

Peter simply pointed to his necklace. "It's stored in here."

Mateo, still confused, asked once again, "But how?"

Peter's response was the same, "Magic."

Laughter bubbled up within Peter as he saw the dumbfounded looks on their faces. Miles, recalling his initial reaction to Peter's magic, joined in the laughter, adding a lightness to the tense atmosphere.

With all their belongings gathered, Peter extended his hand, and a bright flame appeared in his palm. Surprising Mateo and Uncle Aaron yet again, Peter tossed the ethereal flame into the abandoned building, and it swiftly caught fire, consuming the structure in a matter of seconds, smoke billowing up into the sky.

As the flames danced and flickered, casting an eerie glow on their faces, Peter gestured towards the scattered dead bodies. "Do you want to leave them behind like this? Or should I dispose of them too?"

Mateo, staring down at Kingpin's lifeless form for a moment, finally spoke, "Just leave them..." He wanted to see how the government would react to one of its loyal dog's getting killed like this.

Peter, hearing the sound of police sirens getting closer, waved his fingers and opened a shimmering portal. He stepped through before turning and gesturing for the others to follow suit.

Miles, familiar with Peter's mystical transportation, moved confidently toward the portal. Mateo and Uncle Aaron, however, exchanged uncertain glances.

Mateo voiced his hesitation, hesitantly inching closer to them, "Is Is that a portal?"

Peter chuckled, offering a reassuring smile. "Yeah, now come on. We don't have much time."

As the nephew and uncle hesitantly stepped into the portal, spurred forward by the sound of enclosing police vehicles, the portal snapped shut behind them.

Simultaneously, a line of cop cars descended upon the scene just in time to witness the abandoned building collapse in a fiery spectacle.

The law enforcement officers, responding to a gunshot call, expected to find some idiot shooting targets in or around the abandoned buildings here. But instead, they were greeted by a chaotic scene.

The burning remnants of the building, mixed with the bodies of military personnel, including a high-ranking general, left them bewildered. This was far more than a normal crime scene.

Stepping out of the shimmering portal, Mateo and Uncle Aaron found themselves standing in Mateo's bedroom back at home, the soft glow of the portal fading behind them. A collective sigh of relief escaped their lips as the immediate threat of police pursuit dissipated.

Miles, glancing around the room, couldn't help but marvel at the similarities and differences between Mateo's living space and his own. Breaking the silence, he whispered, "Is mom home?" The curiosity in his voice revealed his concern about facing an awkward encounter with a version of his own mother.

Mateo turned to Miles, correcting him with a stern expression. "She's my mom, not yours. And she's at work. Usually heads straight to the hospital after her shift at the convenience store." The tension in the room lingered as the two interacted.

Feeling the weight of his earlier confrontation with Mateo, Miles hesitated before extending an apology. "Look, umm... I'm sorry about earlier, man..." The sincerity in his voice carried an earnest desire to mend their strained interaction.

As Miles began his apology, Peter sensed the need for privacy and gracefully exited the room, casually stating, "I'm just going to grab some water from the kitchen."

Uncle Aaron, discerning Peter's intentions and wary of a stranger wandering through his sister-in-law's house, followed him. "I'll show you where the kitchen is," he said, leading the way.

In the kitchen, Peter found a clean glass in the cabinet and moved to fill it from the tap, but Aaron intervened. "Careful with that tap water. It's full of pollutants," he warned, his eyes narrowing with concern.

Nodding appreciatively, Peter turned off the tap and placed the glass down, realizing he was no longer thirsty. "I guess we have Centurion to thank for that"

"Centurion?" Aaron repeats questioningly.

"He's your president. That's the name he goes by in the Council of Kang's." Peter explained briefly. Seeing that Aaron still looked confused, Peter continued. "Just think of the government that you're currently dealing with, but infinitely worse. That's the Council of Kang's."

"I see" Nodding in slight understanding, Aaron walks over to the fridge and pulls out a bottle of water, handing it over to Peter.

"Thanks." Peter took the bottle, placing it down for a moment as his curiosity getting the better of him. "Do you mind telling me about Mateo's dad? What happened, and why was he executed by the government?" The gravity of the question hung in the air.

Aaron sighed heavily, his expression shifting to one of sorrow. "My brother was working with a secret task force investigating the president. I don't know what they were looking into, just that it was big. He never disclosed the specifics, always by the book when it came to his cop work."

Aaron took a long breath, preparing himself for what's to come, before continuing. "A week into the investigation, Fisk and his military convoy surrounded the apartment and forcefully abducted him under the guise of national security. Of course, he didn't try to resist since both Rio and Miles(Mateo) were home. He didn't want them to get hurt"

His voice seemed to choke up as he kept going. "The The next day, the president held an emergency broadcast at the Whitehouse, where they labeled my brother and the rest of his task force as traitors to the country before executing them one by one Jeff was the last to die. He just barely managed to tell Rio and Miles(Mateo) that he loved them before they they decapitated him on live television"

"Did they-" Peter tried to ask a question, but Aaron answered him without even hearing it.

"Yeah Miles(Mateo) and Rio watched it live like everyone else." The raw pain in Aaron's voice was hard to listen to.

Chapter 657: Death of Captain Jefferson Davis (2/2)

While Peter and Aaron were talking in the kitchen, In Mateo's bedroom, the tension lingered between the two versions of Miles Morales. The air crackled with unspoken resentment, yet Miles pushed through, finishing his apology. "I shouldn't have just started berating you like that, even if I don't necessarily like killing people. This isn't my universe so I shouldn't have put my ideals on you. I'm sorry" Miles seemed truly remorseful, his apology lingering in the air.

Mateo, arms crossed, met Miles' gaze with a look of annoyed reluctance. "Apology accepted, I guess," he mumbled, feeling just how genuine his counterpart was being, though he couldn't completely mask his ongoing dislike of Miles.

Miles, happy that his apology was accepted, decided to break the ice with a more personal question that had been gnawing at him for a while now. "So, uh, how did our dad die in this universe?" He couldn't help but ask, his mind wandering to his own father.

"Once again, it's my dad. Not yours" Mateo's eyes narrowed, his discomfort evident as he hesitated before sighing deeply. "And It's not a story that I exactly like telling," he admitted, his gaze drifting to a framed photo of his father on top of his desk. "But I guess you'd still want to know anyway, huh?"

"Uhh Yes please" Miles replied awkwardly. He didn't want to make Mateo relive everything, but he also felt as though he needed to know. After all, his father was meant to die as well, and he still worried that Peter's protection wouldn't be enough.

Sighing in annoyance, Mateo took a seat at the edge of his bed. "I thought so" As he began recounting the painful memories, Mateo's voice wavered, each word carrying the burden of the past. "My dad was one of the best cops you'd ever meet, and because he was so good, he was recruited into a special task force"

-Flashback-

The Morales family was gathered in their cozy apartment, the aroma of freshly fried empanadas wafting through the air as dinner preparations were in full swing.

Mateo's mother, Rio, hummed a tune while expertly maneuvering around the kitchen. His father, Jefferson Davis, sat at the kitchen table, engrossed in some leftover paperwork. Across from him, Mateo swiped through his phone, eagerly awaiting his favorite meal.

This harmonious atmosphere was abruptly shattered by the distant roar of military vehicles surrounding their apartment building. The noise grew louder, accompanied by the sharp barks of soldiers screaming orders. It was as if the building itself was under attack, triggering a collective sense of curiosity and concern within the Morales family.

Drawn to the windows, they witnessed the unsettling scene unfolding outside. Soldiers, armed to the teeth, took strategic positions, led by a massive figure unmistakably identified as Wilson Fisk.

Fisk's imposing presence stirred a sense of dread, especially for Jefferson Davis, who recognized Fisk from a time when he wielded significant influence in New York City, before he somehow became a General in the army.

Turning to his father, Mateo couldn't contain his worry. "What's going on, Dad? Why is the military here?" His voice trembled with a mixture of confusion and fear.

His mother, trying to remain optimistic, suggested, "Maybe it's just a training exercise or something. They do these things, right?" Despite her attempt to dismiss the tension, uncertainty lingered in the air.

Jefferson Davis, however, wasn't swayed by false hope. Anxiety etched his face, and he hesitated before speaking, his tone serious and low. "This doesn't feel right..."

As they watched the military presence intensify outside, General Fisk's voice boomed through a megaphone, sending chills down their spines. "Jefferson Davis, come out with your hands up! Give yourself up peacefully, and no one has to get hurt!"

The gravity of the situation sank in, a knot tightening in the pit of Mateo's stomach. The question of why the military was targeting his father lingered, though the look he saw in his father's face, which reflected a mix of realization and fear, told him that his father had at least a clue as to why this was happening.

Turning to his father, Mateo wanted to ask what was going on, but his mother beat him to it. "Jeff, what's happening? Why are they here for you?" Rio's voice held a tremor of fear as she desperately

sought answers, confused as to why the military would be arresting a decorated and respected police captain.

Jefferson stood there, shock etched across his features. His mind seemed to grapple with the sudden, unforeseen intrusion of military forces into their ordinary lives. He opened his mouth to respond, but the words seemed to escape him, leaving an unsettling silence in the room.

Rio's voice grew more desperate as she repeated her questions, her tone rising with each plea for information. Mateo felt a knot tighten in his stomach as he watched his father, hoping for some reassurance or explanation.

As Fisk's voice echoed through the megaphone once more, threatening to escalate the situation, Jefferson snapped out of his momentary paralysis. He heard the ultimatum surrender peacefully or face a potential storming of the building, which would put his family in danger.

A defeated look crossed Jefferson's face, resignation settling in. Without a word, he pulled both his son and wife into a tight embrace, holding them as if trying to imprint the warmth of the moment into their memories. The weight of unspoken sorrow hung heavy in the air.

"I'm so sorry I know this is going to be hard for you two from now on, but I know you'll be just fine without me," Jefferson whispered, his voice laden with a mix of sorrow and determination. "I love you both so much. More than you'll ever know." The sincerity in his eyes conveyed a depth of emotion that resonated within the confined space of their apartment.

He gave his bewildered wife a quick kiss before focusing on Mateo. "Take care of your mother, okay? I know it's sudden, but I have no doubt that you can do it. After all, you're my son"

Tears forming in his eyes, Mateo frantically asked, "What's going on?! Why is this happening? Why Why does it feel like you're saying goodbye forever?"

Rio joined in, holding her husband's arm as she pleaded, "Why are they here for you? What did you do?"

Jefferson simply smiled down at them, a sad, melancholic look on his face. "You don't have to worry about that. Just live your lives to the fullest and don't let this drag you down."

He refrained from divulging the specifics, fearing that knowledge might jeopardize the safety of his family. With one last tight hug, Jefferson turning away, marching resolutely toward the door to give himself up.

Rio and Mateo tried to stop him, calling out for him to stay, but their pleas fell on deaf ears. The door closed, leaving them alone and helpless, their eyes glued to the window as they watched him step out of the building, hands raised in surrender.

After his father was taken away by the military, Mateo and his mother were left alone, but that didn't mean they gave up on him.

No, instead, they called everyone they could, from elected officials to the police commissioner himself, they explained everything and asked for help, yet the answers they received weren't fruitful.

Over and over, they were told that they'd look into it, but no one ever called back. They spent more than 24 hours without sleep trying to get just a modicum of help, constantly making calls to whoever they could, but no one had an answer to their questions, nor a solution to their problems.

And finally, just as they were about to get some sleep, suddenly, they got calls and texts from just about every friend and family member, telling them to turn on the TV. And so they did, confused as they may be.

On the TV, broadcasted on every channel was the president of the United States, Nathaniel Richards.

Instantly, hope filled both Mateo and his mother as they thought that maybe, just maybe, their calls had made an impact and the president was notified. They thought that the president would explain what happened and set things straight, releasing Jefferson back to them.

But their hopes were crushed the second the president opened his mouth. "My fellow Americans, today, we have uncovered a dangerous cell of traitors, terrorists who sought to undermine the very fabric of our nation. These individuals plotted against not just me, but the safety and security of every citizen in this great country."

Mateo and his mother were shocked, as they had no idea what was going on. At first, they didn't believe that this had anything to do with their situation, as police Captain Jefferson Davis was most certainly not a traitor or a terrorist for that matter.

But then something truly shocking happened. The camera widened, showing a line of haggard, kneeling prisoners, each of them seemed to have gone through some sort of torturous interrogation before this broadcast.

Mateo and his mother's eyes widened as they saw Jefferson among the kneeling traitors, cuts and bruises all over his body. Fear and worry gripped their hearts as they watched.

The President continued. "These are the traitors who conspired against our nation. Their vile plans have been foiled, and justice will be served. Let this be a stern warning to anyone who dares threaten the sanctity of our democracy."

A satisfied look on his face, the president declared that these traitors shall be put to death for their heinous crimes, and as he finished speaking, gunshots went off, killing each of them one by one.

Mateo and his mother watched in horror as they all died, one after the other. Until finally, it was Jefferson's turn.

Mateo's father looked up at the camera, a sad smile on his face as he mouthed the words, "I love you," before a barrage of bullets impacted his chest and skull, killing him immediately.

Mateo and his mother cried, their faces damp with tears of horrified anguish. The broadcast ended, leaving them in a chilling silence, the weight of tragedy settling over their souls.

-Flashback end-

The weight of the revelation hung in the air, casting a somber shadow over the room. In the quiet aftermath, Miles struggled to find the right words, a mix of sorrow and empathy etched across his face. "I I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked"

"No, it's fine" Mateo shook his head, his eyes slightly damp as he looked over at Miles. "Cherish the time you have with your father, because you really don't know how good you have it"

"I I will. I promise." Miles nods as a thought entered his head. "Wait, how do you know about dad's task force? You said he didn't tell you"

Walking over to the picture of his father, on his desk. Opening the back, he pulled out a small thumb drive, plugging it into his computer. "Take a look at this"

Chapter 658: Frozone?! Static Shock?!

After plugging the flash drive in, Mateo turned to Miles, a mixture of determination and sadness in his eyes. "This... this is what my dad left behind," he said as the computer booted up. "He hid it well, so no one could find it. Even the government agents who came to take his stuff didn't find it... I stumbled upon it a few days after his funeral."

Miles looked at the small device with curiosity and concern. "What's on it?" he asked, wondering what kind of evidence could make the President of the United States of America execute a police captain on live television.

Taking a deep breath, Mateo fingers danced along the keyboard, navigating through a series of encrypted folders until he found what he was looking for. "This," he began, gesturing to the screen, "is the evidence my dad and his task force were gathering..."

As the files opened, a cascade of documents, images, and videos unfolded before their eyes. Mateo explained, "Since his first term, Richards has been siphoning money and resources from America, destroying the economy by raising taxes to historic levels, completely destroying social programs, causing irreparable damage to our environment, and worst of all, he's started seven different wars since he was elected, with more to come, no doubt. After all, it's not just the United States that has resources and money"

Miles watched with wide eyes as Mateo brought up all sorts of documents, many of them classified, proving all of his claims. From the very public things, like taxes and social programs, to the more secretive documents, showing government sanctioned pollution, logs of embezzlement, and purposeful goading of foreign nations to incite wars.

Mateo's eyes flickered with anger as he continued, "but that's not all, there's even evidence of assassinations all across the world, many of which were orchestrated here in the United States"

As Mateo says this, he clicks on a video file, which opens and plays instantly, showing a live video of Donald Trump stood on the stage of a Maga Rally. He stood on the stage, surrounded by cheering fans, a red hat atop his head, stating Make America Great Again.

Seconds into the video, a gunshot is heard and Trump collapses off the stage, a bloody hole in the middle of his forehead.

As the video ended, Mateo spoke, "That was Donald Trump, he was Richard's biggest rival during his first campaign for presidency, 20 years ago. His death can be linked back to people under the current President"

Miles watched in disbelief as the evidence painted a grim picture of the president's actions. "Wait!? Did you say 20 years ago? How is he still president? Isn't there a limit?"

"Nope, not anymore." Mateo dejectedly shook his head side to side. "During his second term, he pushed a bill through the Senate that changed the term limits. Instead of four year terms with two being the limit for a single person, it's 10 year terms with no limit, meaning he can run for president as many times as he wants. He's practically made himself the king of America."

Miles' eyes widened at the revelation. "How has no one revolted against him?"

Mateo sighed solemnly. "He's manipulated the system, silenced opposition, and ensured that he faces no consequences by framing other people for his crimes." His mood suddenly turned somber as he continued. "It also helps that everyone who's ever even attempted to do anything against him has been killed, the last of which was my father and his task force, who were killed on live TV"

The weight of the truth sank in for Miles. "So, he made our dad an example for anyone else brave or stupid enough to stand up to him"

Mateo nodded, doing his best to ignore the fact that Miles keeps claiming his father as his own. "Yes, my father knew the potential dangers, but he chose to do what's right, and this is where it got him..." He emphasized the words 'my father,' hoping to make it clear once again for Miles.

Miles clenched his fists, anger simmering beneath the surface. "We can't let him get away with this! We need to expose him, bring justice for our dad and everyone else he's hurt." He said, completely ignoring Mateo's subtle correction about his father.

Mateo nodded in agreement. "That's why I'm showing you this. It seems like you guys are here for him" He says, pausing for a moment, as if contemplating something. "We need to work together. I'm willing to share all of this info with Peter, but I want in on whatever you guys have planned."

Miles saw no problem with that and nodded his head, "Okay, I don't see a problem with that, but you'll have to get Peter's approval first"

"Sure, he can tag along" Suddenly, Peter's voice sounded by the door, drawing their attention.

Relieved that he wasn't pushed away, Mateo adds, "One more thing" He says, causing Peter and Miles to raise a curious brow in his direction. "I don't care how you go about getting or doing whatever it is you're here to do, but I need to make one thing clear"

Mateo paused, his hard stare glancing between both Peter and Miles. "The president is mine. I'm the one who'll end his life" He said, his eyes turning to Miles before a warning left his mouth. "Don't get in my way."

Hearing this, Peter couldn't help but warn him, "You may not know this, but the man you want to kill is far stronger than you realize" He said, gesturing to counterpart. "If you can't even beat Miles in a fight, then you stand no chance against a Kang."

Mateo's eyes narrowed at Peter's warning, his resolve unshaken. "I appreciate the concern, but he needs to pay for what he's done, and I'll be the one to make that happen," he insisted, his voice tinged with determination.

Peter sighed, shaking his head in disbelief. "Mateo, you don't understand. Kangs are on a whole other level. It's not even about physical strength, it's about intellect, technology, strategy. Even if you managed to get close, his defenses are impenetrable for someone of your level."

Peter quickly continued before he could be interrupted by the unhappy Prowler, "Don't get me wrong, for a kid without any powers, you've done well to build yourself up with training and technology as a support, but compared to a Kang's technology, your gadgets look like a child's toys."

Mateo's confidence wavered, his earlier bravado faltering in the face of Peter's warnings. "But... but I have to do this. For my father" he protested, uncertainty creeping into his voice.

Peter's expression softened, sympathy evident in his eyes. "I get it, Mateo. I really do. But you need to understand the reality of the situation. You're not equipped to take on someone like Centurion."

Mateo's brow furrowed in frustration. "Then what am I supposed to do? Just sit back and let him get away with everything?"

Peter smirked, a hint of mischief in his eyes. "Oh, I'm not saying that. I have a plan. But it involves a little... enhancement."

Mateo's interest piqued, curiosity overshadowing his doubts. "Enhancement? What do you mean?"

With a flourish, Peter produced a small vial filled with a mysterious blue liquid. "This," he explained, holding it out for Mateo to see, "is a special serum called Compound V. If you're lucky, it'll give you a useful superpower or two, but don't think it'll be easy. There's a considerable amount of pain involved with the process"

Mateo hesitated for only a moment before reaching out to take the vial, grasping it tightly in his hand, determination burning bright in his eyes. "I'll do it. Whatever it takes to bring him down."

Just as Mateo was about to take the vial, the door swung open, revealing Aaron, his uncle, standing in the doorway, a stern expression on his face. "Hold on just a minute," he interjected, his voice laced with concern. "You're not seriously considering letting Peter inject you with whatever that is, are you? We don't even know what it is"

Mateo squared his shoulders, meeting his uncle's gaze head-on. "I have to, Uncle Aaron. It's the only way I can make sure justice is served."

Aaron's expression softened, a mixture of pride and worry in his eyes. "I understand. But I can't let you risk your life like this."

Peter stepped forward, his tone earnest. "I don't remember saying that the serum would kill him, did I? It's just going to be a bit painful. His life won't be in any danger. I would never do anything to endanger him. This serum may be potent, but it's not lethal. It'll just sting a lot."

Mateo nodded in agreement, determination shining in his eyes. "I'm willing to take the pain..."

With a heavy sigh, Aaron stepped forward and snatched the vial from Mateo's grasp. "Hey!"

Aaron ignored his nephew as he rolled his sleeve up and holds his arm out, passing the vial back to Peter. "Fine. But on one condition I'll be testing it before it goes anywhere near my nephew..."

"Sure." Peter shrugged in agreement.

"No!" Mateo shouted immediately. "What if it really does kill people. You can't just put your life in danger for me"

Chuckling, Aaron patted his nephew on the shoulder, a confident look on his face, "Now you understand how I felt." Mateo frowned as realized his uncles point. "Besides, I'll be fine. But you, on the other hand, have your mother to worry about. You can't just leave her, not after what happened with your father. She'd be devastated"

"" Mateo couldn't find any words to argue with him. Although he wasn't happy about the whole situation, he'd go along with his uncles plan.

Best case scenario, they both get superpowers. Worst case scenario, his uncle dies

"He better be okay" Mateo threatened, his eyes boring into Peter.

"Well, If you're so worried, I could just not give you guys superpowers? It's not like I have to" Peter, not so happy at the constant threats he's been getting, offered, smiling as he took the vial back.

After all, he was giving them superpower. The least they could do is be a little bit grateful and respectful about it.

"No umm I'm sorry." Mateo immediately realized his mistake. "Just, please keep going"

"Sure." Peter forgave him fairly easily, turning to Aaron as he gestured to the bed. "Lay down and keep your arm out"

As Aaron complied, walking towards the bed, Peter conjured a syringe with a flick of his wrist, the vial of Compound V in his other hand. With careful precision, he filled the syringe before turning to Aaron, who lay in bed, his arm held with a mix of determination and apprehension.

"Let's begin, shall we?" Peter muttered, pressing the needle into Aaron's skin, and pushing the plunger until the syringe was emptied.

As the serum entered Aaron's bloodstream, his body quickly started to convulse in agony, his muscles tensing and his screams echoing off the walls. "Aaaaaaahhhhhhh!"

Mateo rushed to his uncle's side, gripping his hand tightly. "Uncle Aaron, are you okay? Please, say something!" he pleaded, his voice filled with worry.

"He'll be fine. This is expected" Peter reassured as he snapped his fingers, summoning straps that restrained Aaron to the bed, preventing him from thrashing about.

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Time seemed to crawl as Aaron's body continued to react to the serum, the pain gradually subsiding but leaving behind a chilling sensation that permeated the room. Mateo watched with a mixture of fear and hope as his uncle's breathing slowed and his body began to relax.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Aaron opened his eyes, his gaze unfocused as he took in his surroundings. "What... what happened?" he murmured, his voice weak and shaky.

Before Peter or anyone else could respond, a sudden drop in temperature filled the room, causing Mateo to shiver involuntarily. He looked at his uncle in astonishment as a cold energy radiated from Aaron's body, chilling the air around them.

After testing out his powers for a short while, Aaron marveled at the frost forming on his fingertips, a sense of wonder coursing through him as he tested the limits of his newfound abilities. He waved his hand through the air, sending icy tendrils spiraling outward, freezing small droplets of water suspended in the air.

"Hmm, that's pretty cool" Peter commented, a grin spreading across his face as he watched Aaron manipulate the frozen air around them. "You're kinda like Frozone from the incredibles"

"Frozone? What's that?" Aaron asked, furrowing his brow in confusion.

Peter's grin faltered slightly as he realized his reference had fallen flat. "Uh, never mind. It's just a character from a movie. You guys don't have 'The Incredibles' here?"

Both Aaron and Mateo shook their heads in unison, prompting Peter to let out a disappointed sigh. "Well, never mind then. Just know that you basically have ice powers now"

Eager to join his uncle in the realm of superpowers, Mateo wasted no time in strapping himself down onto the bed, his arm outstretched and ready for the injection. His eyes sparkled with excitement as Peter filled a new syringe with another dose of Compound V, his anticipation palpable.

"Are you ready for this, Mateo?" Peter asked.

Mateo nodded eagerly, his gaze fixated on the syringe in Peter's hand. "Yes, I'm ready. Let's do this!"

With a steady hand, Peter injected Mateo with the serum, his heart pounding with a mixture of excitement and apprehension. As the liquid entered Mateo's bloodstream, a surge of pain rippled through his body, causing him to writhe in agony, just like his Uncle did only moments ago.

"Hang in there, Mateo!" Aaron called out, his voice filled with concern as he watched his nephew struggle against the effects of the serum.

Time seemed to stretch on endlessly for Mateo as he endured the excruciating transformation, his screams echoing off the walls of the room. But just as suddenly as it had begun, the pain began to fade, leaving behind a sense of euphoria as Mateo slowly regained control of his body.

As he opened his eyes, Mateo was greeted by a dazzling display of blue electricity crackling across his entire body, the energy surging with power and intensity. With a burst of electrical discharge, the straps restraining him were incinerated, along with a sizable portion of the bed beneath him.

Miles and Aaron watched in astonishment as Mateo stood, his body pulsating with raw energy. "Whoa..." Miles muttered.

Chapter 659: Testing Powers Before Setting Off

Later that day, as the sun began to dip below the horizon, casting a warm glow over the cityscape, Peter and Miles stood on the edge of the mirror dimension, observing Mateo and his Uncle Aaron as they practiced their newfound powers. The secluded landscape provided them with the perfect training ground, free from the prying eyes of the outside world.

Mateo stood atop his apartment building, summoning arcs of electricity, crackling and dancing across his body, shooting bolts of lightning with a flick of his fingers. Nearby, Aaron focused his concentration, sending waves of frost spiraling outward, encasing nearby objects in a layer of shimmering ice.

With each passing moment, Mateo and Aaron grew more accustomed to their abilities, honing their control and understanding of their newfound powers. Peter watched closely, taking mental notes of their progress and cataloging the range and scope of their abilities.

As Aaron demonstrated his abilities, freezing puddles of water and even conjuring intricate ice sculptures with a flick of his wrist, Peter couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction. He had expected Aaron's powers to mirror those of Frozone when they first appeared, and he was pleased to see that his assumptions were correct.

Meanwhile, Mateo's powers proved to be more complex than initially anticipated. While he displayed an impressive command over electricity, Peter noted subtle nuances in his abilities, hinting at a deeper connection to electromagnetism.

As Mateo focused his concentration, a faint hum filled the air as nearby metal objects began to levitate, responding to his subconscious commands. Peter watched with keen interest, intrigued by the potential applications of Mateo's unique abilities.

However, despite the progress they had made, Peter knew that mastering their powers would require time and dedication. Mateo's abilities, in particular, seemed to hold untapped potential, waiting to be unlocked through trial and experimentation.

'He could do a lot with electromagnetism' Peter thought, though he knew it would take time for Mateo to discover and fine tune every ability that came with his powers. But for now, all he could do was produce and control electricity, and levitate metal objects.

With a satisfied nod, Peter made a mental note to continue training sessions with Mateo after this, helping him harness his newfound abilities to their fullest potential.

"Do you really think he can beat Centurion?" Miles asked as he watched his counterpart practice. "I mean, I've never seen a Kang before, but from what you've told me, they sound like boogeymen or something. Are you sure he can do it?"

Giving Mateo a scrutinizing look, Peter hesitantly shook his head. "No, he's still not strong enough"

Miles frowned, expecting that answer. "So, how are we going to break it to him?"

"We don't." Peter replied simply. "He wouldn't listen anyway. Would you listen to us if it was your dad that was killed?" He asked, receiving a complicated look in return. "See, you two are more alike than you realize."

"I never thought we were different." Miles grumbled.

"But he does." Peter said, glancing back at Mateo.

Miles nodding sadly beside him. "Yeah"

"Don't take it too hard. He's had it rough and then you show up, a version of himself with a life he would kill for. Just give him time and I'm sure he'll come around." Peter patted Miles on the back, reassuring him. "Anyway, we're getting off topic. As I was saying, he's too focused on avenging his dad, which is why we'll have to watch his back."

Miles nodded as they descended into silence once again, but that silence was quickly shattered as Miles spoke, an imploring tone to his voice, "You know, If you would just bring back his dad, then that would solve our problems. He wouldn't be jealous of me anymore"

Instantly, a complicated frown dawned Peter's face, "That's easier said than done, Miles" He replied as he turned to watch Mateo working hard to master his powers.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting long shadows across the mirror dimension, Peter called an end to the day's training session. With a sense of accomplishment, he turned to Mateo and Aaron, a smile playing at the corners of his lips.

"Great job today, guys," Peter said, his voice filled with pride. "You're both making excellent progress, and I have no doubt that you'll master your powers in no time."

Mateo and Aaron exchanged a glance, a sense of determination shining in their eyes. With newfound level of confidence, they nodded in agreement, seemingly bolstered by their new superpowers.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, the two U be and Nephew turned sheepish, causing both Peter and Miles to raise their brows in confusion.

"Umm Peter, we just wanted to thank you for everything," Mateo said, his voice filled with sincerity. "We wouldn't have these incredible powers if it weren't for you."

Aaron nodded in agreement, his gaze meeting Peter's with a sense of appreciation. "Yeah, we owe you a lot. And we're sorry for doubting and being suspicious of you..."

Peter waved off their apologies with a casual shrug. "Hey, no hard feelings. I get it. We didn't exactly have the best first impressions either, so don't worry about it." After all, they were found spying on Mateo's mother.

Mateo and Aaron exchanged a glance, a sense of relief washing over them. "Thanks, Peter. We really appreciate it," Mateo said, his voice filled with genuine gratitude.

With a nod of acknowledgment, Peter clasped their shoulders in a gesture of camaraderie. "Anytime." He said as he turned around and waved his hand, opening a shimmering gold portal. "Now, I think we've waited long enough. Let's go hunt down the President of the United States!" He laughed in amusement as the followed behind him, determined and ready for revenge.

As they left the mirror dimension and return to the bustling city beyond, Peter couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement. 'Hopefully, Centurion hasn't actually run away'

As Peter and the group stepped out of the shimmering gold portal onto the rooftop of Mateo's apartment building, the cool evening breeze greeted them.

Mateo glanced at the setting sun, a pang of realization hitting him. "Wait, guys, can you give me a moment?" he asked, turning to Peter and the others. "I need to say goodbye to my mom. She should be back from work by now."

Peter nodded understandingly. "Of course, Mateo. Take your time," he replied, offering a reassuring smile.

Aaron followed Mateo inside, concern etched on his features. He wanted to make sure Mateo would be okay and wouldn't reveal too much, especially considering the daunting task that lay ahead of them.

Meanwhile, curious and worried for this universe's version of his mother, Miles stepped off the side of the building, walking down the side towards his counterparts apartment, intending to peek through the windows for a second time.

Sighing, Peter followed after Miles as they reached the right floor. Peering through the window, they saw Rio sitting at the kitchen table, surrounded by a stack of bills labeled "overdue." She looked weary and worn out, in dire need of a good night's sleep and a week long vacation, at the least.

Moments later, Mateo entered the apartment, followed closely by his uncle Aaron. "Mom?! Are you home?" He called out.

Instantly, Rio hid the overdue bills as her expression turned stern, her eyes landing on her son. "Miles Mateo Morales, is there something you want to tell me?" she asked, her tone firm.

Confusion flickered across Mateo's face as he shook his head. "No, Mom, everything's fine," he replied hesitantly.

Rio raised an eyebrow, revealing that she had received a call from Mateo's school, informing her of his absence. She began to scold him for skipping school.

Realizing he hadn't attended school due to recent events, Mateo apologized to his mother, who demanded to know why he hadn't gone.

Mateo hesitated, scrambling for an excuse, but Aaron stepped in, explaining, "He was with me, Rio."

Rio redirected her frustration towards Mateo's Uncle, demanding, "Why did you think it was okay to keep him from school!? You should know better!"

Mateo intervened, confessing, "I was already skipping when Uncle Aaron found me, Mom. He took me home." He then promised, "I won't skip again I'm sorry."

As the tension dissipated, Mateo gave his mother a surprisingly strong hug, leaving her perplexed. "I love you, Mom," he said softly, unable to say anything about his plans.

After all, she would definitely freak out if she learned that he planned to kill the president, even if she hates the piece of sh*t just as much as he does.

Rio's brow furrowed in confusion, but she returned her son's sentiment. "I love you too, Mijo. Just don't skip school anymore, okay? You had me worried"

"I won't I promise"

Ten minutes later, Miles and Aaron made their way back up to the rooftop, finding Peter and Mateo waiting for them. Peter glanced at them expectantly. "Are you both ready now?" he asked, his tone filled with determination.

"Yeah, my mom is already asleep" Mateo nodded, a sense of resolve shining in his eyes as he tapped a button on his watch. Suddenly, his Prowler suit activated, expanding to cover his entire body, including his face with a satisfying click of the mask.

His uncle, Aaron, opted for a simpler approach, pulling on a ski mask to conceal his identity. With a nod from Mateo, they were both ready to proceed.

Miles, wanting to maintain anonymity as revealing his identity would also reveal Mateo's, donned his mask as well, blending in seamlessly with the group.

However, Peter chose not to hide his identity, knowing that this universe wasn't his own, and therefore, his face held no significance in the grand scheme of things.

With a wave of his hand, Peter opened a shimmering portal, leading them straight into the heart of the White House. Stepping through one by one, they emerged into the Oval Office, their senses on high alert. "?!"

Seeing that the room was empty, they prepared to start their search, but before they could make a move, a holographic figure materialized before them. It was Centurion, a confident smirk plastered on his smug face.

"Finally, you took so long getting here Do you know how long you've kept me waiting?" He asked, his eyes landing on Peter, ignoring everyone else.

Chapter 660: Worldwide Earthquake!

As the holographic image of Centurion flickered before them, Aaron and Mateo exchanged a glance, frustration evident in their clenched fists. The realization that their target was not physically present only fueled their determination to track him down.

"He's hiding like a coward," Aaron muttered through gritted teeth, his eyes scanning the room for any sign of Centurion's whereabouts.

Mateo nodded in agreement, his jaw set in determination. "But where?"

Meanwhile, Peter couldn't resist a taunt as he locked eyes with the holographic projection. "Afraid to face me, Centurion?" He smirked. "Well, I'll give you at least a little credit for leaving a hologram. I thought you'd have run off with your tail between your legs by now"

"Oh, I have" Centurion's smirked back, unbothered as he met Peter's gaze. "After all, why risk my neck when I can have others do my dirty work for me?" he retorted smoothly, his tone dripping with arrogance.

Peter chuckled, undeterred by Centurion's cowardice. "Too scared to face the music, huh? Typical third rate villain behavior..."

While Peter and Centurion exchanged banter, Mateo took matters into his own hands, striding over to the wall where the hologram was being projected from. With the finesse of a seasoned tech expert, he tapped into the holographic projector, scanning for any trace of Centurion's hiding place.

Centurion's smirk widened as he observed Mateo's actions. "Impressive, but do you really think you can find me that easily?"

Peter shrugged nonchalantly, a glint of mischief in his eyes. "You never know until you try."

With a knowing smile, Centurion turned his attention back to Mateo, a sly gleam in his eyes. "Peter here seems to have a lot of faith in you, Mr. Morales."

Mateo's heart skipped a beat at the mention of his name, his mind racing with questions. "H-How do you know who I am?" he stammered, caught off guard by Centurion's revelation.

Centurion's smirk grew more pronounced as he leaned back, reveling in Mateo's reaction. "Oh, I've known about you for a while now," he replied cryptically, his tone dripping with malice.

Mateo's pulse quickened at the implication that his identity had long been exposed to their enemy. "Since when?" he demanded, his voice tinged with a mix of fear and defiance.

Centurion's laughter echoed through the room, sending a shiver down Mateo's spine. "Oh, much longer than you realize," he taunted, his eyes locking onto Mateo's with an intensity that sent a chill down his spine.

"How long have you been watching me?" Mateo's voice trembled with fury, his fists clenched tightly at his sides.

Centurion's smirk widened, relishing in Mateo's palpable rage. "Since before you were even born," he replied casually, his tone dripping with satisfaction.

As the tension hung thick in the air, Mateo's heart raced with a mix of anger and disbelief. He stared at Centurion, his mind reeling from the revelation that his enemy had known his identity all along.

Glancing over at Miles, Centurion's smirk widened with a hint of amusement. "Oh, I see you've met your little doppelganger," he remarked casually, his tone condescending. "How was that first meeting? Awkward, I'm sure. After all, he has your powers, right? How did it feel when you learned he stole them from you? Was it soul crushing?"

Mateo ground his teeth, his fists trembling with restrained fury. "Shut up!" he shouted, his voice echoing through the room with a raw intensity.

Centurion's smirk only grew more pronounced as he kept his attention on Miles, his eyes gleaming with a malevolent curiosity. "Speaking of your powers, how are they?" he inquired, his tone deceptively casual. "Everything working the way it should? No hairy spider legs growing anywhere? Truthfully, I didn't know how your body would react to the bite when I sent the spider over. You seem to be doing well though"

Miles's eyes widened in realization, the pieces of the puzzle falling into place with alarming clarity. The spider coming to his universe wasn't just an accident from Wilson Fisk's multiverse experiments. No, it was a meticulously orchestrated plan by Centurion himself.

The weight of Centurion's manipulation hung heavy in the air, casting a shadow over their every move.

As the truth sank in, Mateo's jaw tightened, his eyes narrowing at Centurion's taunting demeanor. "You sent away the spider that was supposed to bite me," he accused, his voice laced with venom. "You've been manipulating everything from the start, haven't you?"

Centurion's chuckle sent a chill down Mateo's spine, his eyes glinting with amusement. "And what if I did?" he challenged, his arrogance radiating like a noxious aura. "Who would want an annoying Spider-Man meddling in their affairs anyway?"

Mateo's fists trembled with restrained fury, his mind racing with a torrent of emotions. "You destroyed my life," he seethed, his voice barely above a whisper, yet resonating with unbridled rage. "All this time, you've been pulling the strings, playing god with people's lives!"

Centurion's smirk never wavered, his eyes gleaming with sadistic pleasure. "And what are you going to do about it, Mr. Morales?" he taunted, his voice dripping with disdain.

Mateo's gaze burned with righteous fury, his resolve hardening like steel. "I'll stop you," he declared, his voice resonating with unwavering determination. "No matter what it takes, I'll make you pay for everything you've done."

Centurion laughed, which seemed to infuriate Mateo. "Do you think you're my enemy? No, you're just a pawn in my grand design, a mere speck in the vastness of my power. The only reason you still

draw breath is because I found your little resistance amusing. And that's all you are, just a passing amusement."

As the weight of Centurion's manipulation settled over them like a suffocating blanket, Aaron's simmering rage bubbled to the surface.

"Was it amusing when you killed my brother?" Aaron's voice cut through the tension like a knife, his eyes blazing with fury as he confronted Centurion, tossing his mask aside, revealing his face.

Centurion's smirk widened into a cruel grin as he met Aaron's gaze head-on. "Absolutely hilarious," he confirmed nonchalantly.

Mateo, Miles, and Aaron exchanged a glance, their expressions etched with raw anger at Centurion's callous admission.

Centurion continued, his voice dripping with contempt as he reveled in their growing outrage. "You should see the looks on your faces right now," he chuckled, his eyes glinting with sadistic pleasure. "I wonder what you'll look like when you learn the real truth about your father's death?"

Mateo's blood ran cold at Centurion's revelation, his mind reeling from the sheer cruelty of it all. "What truth?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper as he struggled to comprehend the depths of Centurion's depravity. "You killed him. What more is there to know?"

Centurion chuckled darkly, his eyes gleaming with perverse amusement. "Oh, nothing much, I'm sure you don't want to know," he waved Mateo's questions off.

As Mateo's anger surged, he couldn't help but demand answers from Centurion. "Tell me the truth!" he demanded, his voice trembling with fury.

Centurion's smirk widened into a chilling grin as he leaned forward, basking in Mateo's growing agitation. "Ah, always so eager for the truth," he remarked casually, his tone filled with malice. "But are you truly prepared to hear it?"

Mateo's jaw tightened, his eyes burning with righteous fury. "Stop playing games and tell me!" he spat, his voice tinged with desperation.

Centurion's laughter echoed through the room, sending a shiver down Mateo's spine. "Very well. You see, I knew about the investigation into myself from the very beginning. But instead of putting an end to it, I decided to let it play out. After all, what's the harm in a little entertainment?"

He paused for a moment, a smirk forming on his lips, before continuing, "And what would be more entertaining than recruiting your father into it?" Centurion revealed, shocking the entire room.

"You didn't" Mateo muttered

"Oh, I did. I mean, did you really think your father, a police officer from New York, was qualified to investigate me, the President of the United States of America? No, which is why it took a couple moles suggesting his name to get him involved. And then well, I'm sure you know the rest of the story, right?"

Miles's fists clenched at his sides, his mind racing with a mix of anger and confusion. "You sick b*stard," he seethed, his voice trembling with barely contained rage.

Mateo's blood ran cold at Centurion's callous admission, his mind reeling from the sheer cruelty of it all. "You monster," he whispered, his voice barely above a whisper as he struggled to comprehend the depths of Centurion's depravity.

Centurion's smirk widened into a cruel grin as he reveled in Mateo's anguish. "Thank you for the compliment~"

The realization hit Mateo like a freight train, his world crumbling around him as he grappled with the truth. Centurion had been pulling the strings all along, manipulating every aspect of his life with merciless precision.

"Were you planning to turn me into this all along?" Mateo's voice trembled with a mix of fear and fury as he confronted Centurion, his fists clenched tightly at his sides. "Was my entire life a lie?"

Centurion's laughter echoed through the room, sending a chill down Mateo's spine. "You finally figured it out, huh?" he taunted, his eyes gleaming with sadistic pleasure. "Congratulations, Mr. Morales. Welcome to my grand design."

With those chilling words hanging in the air, Mateo's resolve hardened like steel as he stared down his nemesis, his determination burning brighter than ever before. "I'm going to kill you. I don't care

how long it takes or how far I have to go to get it done." He stared straight at Centurion's holographic form, his rage overflowing. "You will die"

Centurion chuckled darkly, his eyes gleaming with malevolent delight. "Oh, I look forward to it," he replied, his tone dripping with disdain. "But for now, let's just enjoy the show, shall we?"

With a final smirk, Centurion turned to Peter, "I wish you luck, Peter. You're going to need it" He warned as he vanished into thin air, leaving Mateo, Miles, and Aaron to grapple with the horrifying truth of his manipulation.

A tense silence descended upon the room, broken only by the smoldering rage, which Centurion instigated before his departure. But just as everyone began to slowly calm down, a deep rumbling reverberated through the ground beneath their feet.

Peter's eyes widened in alarm as he staggered slightly before immediately regaining his balance amidst the sudden tremors. "?"

"What's happening?" Aaron exclaimed, his voice tinged with concern.

Mateo's heart raced as he glanced around the room, his senses on high alert. "I don't know," he replied grimly, his gaze narrowing as he braced himself against the shifting ground.

Miles's expression mirrored Mateo's concern as he steadied himself against the wall, his mind racing with possibilities. "This doesn't feel like a natural earthquake," he remarked, his voice laced with unease.

Aaron's fists clenched tightly at his sides as he surveyed their surroundings, his eyes flashing with determination. "Whatever it is, it can't be good," he growled, his voice thick with apprehension.

As the tremors surged in intensity, causing objects to clatter and the walls to shudder, Peter shut his eyes, immersing himself in a heightened state of awareness that swiftly extended beyond the confines of the White House, reaching out to encompass the city, the states, the nation, and ultimately, the entirety of the planet.

With his eyes going wide in astonishment, Peter swiftly grasped the alarming truth. The entire planet was in the grip of an earthquake, which was steadily rising in intensity, leaving him puzzled as to what the cause could be.

