The Spider Bros. Story

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Summary

Peter thought things couldn't possibly get worse in his life than they already have. Obviously folks haven't heard of the 'famous Parker Luck.' Whether he's Peter Parker or Spider-Man, life seemed to find a way to bite him in ass. Not only that, he has a little brother take care of. Did he mention that his said brother is also has spider powers just like him but different? Yeah life is sooo great.

OR

Peter tries to navigate through his messed up life while avoiding the CPS, the Avengers, and S.H.I.E.L.D and trying to keep his brother and himself alive.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Chapter 1

How did it come to this?

How did it fucking come to this?

One minute life was looking up for the Parker family, and then the rotten, shit that plagued dubbed as the Parker Luck happened. The Parker family was pummeled left and right by worldly disasters and fate seemed to due them so wrong and dirty. What in the everloving fucking world did we ever do to deserve this?

Peter Parker was brewing and raging in his head. The now 17 year old was sitting on the bench in Grand Central Park taking a small rest from work before heading off to patrol. He stared up into the unusual beautiful sky where it was tainted by the smog that was the gases of New York City. Peter knew this day was perfect to take a day off to relax and enjoy the scenery that doesn’t come often in a dank city as New York. Too bad a lot of Peter’s days were filled with dread, bitterness, and the constant looking over his back of the next potential danger.

Peter felt something shift on his lap. Or someone. He looked down and sighed at the person who he would lay down his life for.

Peyton. His little brother. Peter’s only family left. His partner in crime ass kicking.

His world.

Peyton and Peter have been through thick and thin together ever since Peyton came into the world. Peter always wanted a little sibling and swore ever since the day his little brother was born to protect him and lead him on a path to success. Both of them were smart, genius smart and resourceful, found a knack for science in different areas, and shared their love for their guardians. The difference in the two is their personality. While Peter was the chatterbox and confident in his work and aspect of life, Peyton was more of an introvert and shy. He stuck to himself and his little group of friends he made after coaxing from his family. Yea the butted heads from time to time and got on each other nerves just cause. But there wasn’t a time where they worked out their problems with each other and hugged it out. Their bond is inseparable. And after these past events their bond has grown more solid than ever before. So at the end of the day they will and always have each other.

Peyton’s face scrunched up and pinched in disturbance.

‘No doubt a nightmare,’ Peter thought. It was common for the both of them with the lives they’ve led.

Peter ran his hand up the side of his brother’s face and into his curly, caramel honey hair that was getting longer to the point where his curly bangs were shielding his eyes. The younger Parker leaned into the touch and settled down again falling back into his slumber, hand grasping the pocket on the front of Peter’s hoodie.

Peter smiled fondly, ‘He looks so innocent in his sleep.’

Peter smile didn’t linger long. The horrors Peyton was exposed to and experienced in his young life shouldn’t have even grazed his being. Not only that, but Peyton was joining his older brother back on patrol tonight. Peter wasn’t going to stop his little brother from joining as he enjoyed the company during patrols and eager to show his brother the ropes or webs of fighting crime. But at the same time he worried for his safety. He was still relatively new to the game and it made him sick to his stomach
to see Peyton come home in bruises and cuts. How did the Parker brothers’ lives go to shit? Well…..

2 years earlier

“-ter! Peter! PETER!”

Peter woke up to someone bouncing on him and shouting excitedly in his ear. He squinted his eyes open to see his 12 year old brother bouncing on him with excitement that he sees only when something huge is about to happen.

“Peyton? Stop its too early for this.” Peter replied groggily while making a weak attempt to get his brother off of him.

“Come onnn, big bro! Today’s the big joint field trip to Oscorp and we’re gonna be late for it if you don’t get up,” Peyton gripped the sheets to pull them off the bed.

Peter’s eyes were a little more awake now and stopped his brother from fully pulling the sheets off the bed, “Ok I’ll get up, just leave so I can get ready.”

Peyton didn’t look deterred, “You’re just going to fall back asleep and make us late on purpose. You’ll be losing an opportunity of a lifetime.”

Peter smirked a little, “You trying to persuade me now?” Peyton didn’t move from his spot on top of Peter. “Buddy, how am I gonna get ready with you still top of me?”

Peyton rolled his eyes but hopped off hoping his brother would actually get ready. Those thoughts were dashed when he felt arms envelop him and haul him back to the bed.

Peyton yelped at the action and Peter talked directly into his ear, “Now that your off of me, I can get revenge on my wake up call,” Peter fake growled as his hands went to Peyton’s sides.

“P-Pete noo-o-oo.” his plea turned to laughs as the tickle fight began. The thrashing and wrestling messed up the bed and it got so out of hand that the brothers fell off the bed and onto the floor with a loud thump.

“Oof,” Peter grunted as he hit the floor with his brother still in his arms.

“That’s what you get, turd” Peyton giggled trying to catch his breath from his older brother’s attack.

“Oh yeah, short stack?” Peter was about to start again when a voice from down the hall of their apartment bellowed, “You two better be getting ready in their or I’m giving both of your breakfasts to the kids next door. Hurry up before two are late.”

Both brothers knew not to delay any longer. “Coming Aunt May!”

Peyton scrambled to get up and get dressed himself, but not before getting a last jab into Peter’s side.

“I’ma getcha later, Pey.” He called after him.

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The two brothers made there way to school in Midtown. They talked about what they’re gonna see at Oscorp and other topics going on. When they finally arrived, they had to part ways to different pathways to the respectively.

“Alright, see you in an hour, right?” Peter said.
“Yep,” Peyton said before stepping forward giving Peter a hug. “Love you.”

“Love you too, kiddo.” Peter returned the hug wholeheartedly before departing.

An hour went by and the boys’ science classes were on their way to the huge industry known as Oscorp. The two classes entered the building taking in what they were seeing and about to experience.

“Hello, my name is Tammy and I’ll be your tour guide today. Be sure to keep your visitor passes on you at all times.....” she went on about the rules and safety precautions and answered any questions that were thrown her way. The tour continued on and on and Peyton took in every second of it. His group wasn’t in the same as Peter’s so they didn’t see each other until they were both on the same level containing synthetic science and chemicals. Peter had to admit, Oscorp was impressive, but it didn’t have what he wanted. Despite the emails and letters he’s been getting from other companies and Norman Osborn himself, Peter didn’t see himself at any of the ones in the near future. Peter continues the tour with his class when he sees his brother’s group on the same level as him. He then searches for a mop of shaggy caramel curls. He finally spots Peyton and tries to get his attention, however his little brother was oblivious to his tries to get his attention.

To make sure he doesn’t get left behind, Peter was turned back to Peyton’s group only to see the group disperse to free roam the level. His group a minute later, did the same thing and Peter set off to see where his brother took off to when his best friend, Ned Leeds jumped in his path, “Peter, you gotta see these bio-work of a chameleon its so cool!”

“In a minute Ned, I gotta see where my brother went off to,” Peter said stepping around his best friend.

“Dude, he’s probably enjoying any other exhibit on this floor we’ll run into him eventually. Come on. Don’t hover over him,” Ned said grabbing Peter’s shoulder

‘Ned, he literally said he wanted to spend some time with each other during the tour on our way to school today. Plus, we have like a free roam of the level we’re on for the next hour so I won’t miss a thing. Just give me a minute I’ll be right back.” Peter replied shrugging out of Ned’s grip.

“No need I’m right here,” a new voice spoke up.

Peter jumped a little and turned to see Peyton standing in front of him.

“Golly man, warn a brother next time.” Peter gasps out as he took a breath.

“Hey, at least you didn’t scream like a girl that time. May said almost broke her glass she was drinking out of with the pitch you screamed at,” Peyton said smiling slyly.

Ned cackled at that as Peter’s ears got red and pointed at his brother, “That was one time and it wasn’t funny when you turned my hair pink by putting pink dye in my shampoo.’

Peyton laughed, “Hey it was revenge for the fake snakes in bed.”

Peter glared at him with no heat behind it, “It took hours to get out. Let’s just get back to exploring this place.”

The three boys were looking at the different displays and machinery on the floor and on the next. Ned broke off from the brothers to use the restroom. Peter was looking at a fascinating DNA/RNA code of a different animal when Peyton saw something that caught his eye. A door that had a lab label on it and a personnel only labeled on it as well. Peyton knew somethings are better left
untouched, but his curiosity got the better of him and slowly while no one was looking went inside.

Peter who was talking about the DNA sample he was looking at asked his brother what his thoughts. When he didn’t receive a reply, he repeated, “Peyton?” He turned around to see his little brother not behind him. He looked around wondering where Peyton went off to. When Peter looked in the direction of the restricted lab area, he saw a glimpse of a blue converse going inside before the door closed.

That was his brother’s blue converse that went inside.

Peter silently cursed his brother’s curious nature and went after him while anonymously swiping a lab key card off an interns desk. When nobody was paying attention, he put the card on the scanner and it opened a little for him to slip inside.

“Peyton?” Peter hissed. “Peyton?” ‘He went down the hall toward the main hall of the lab to see a huge sanctuary full of what looked like robotic spiders. Peter was enthralled about it all. This is a revolutionary, he was into this so much that he almost forgot his original mission.

Finding his little brother and getting out of here before they got in major trouble.

Peter kept searching until at the end of hall he saw his brother peering at a huge, dark printed robotic spider that looked twice the size of the other robotic spiders. He approached his brother and put a hand on his shoulder.

Peyton was so entranced in the spider that he didn’t hear someone approaching until he felt a hand on his shoulder. He was about to let out a cry when another hand came over his mouth covering up the cry. He realized it was Peter.

“Do you have any idea how much trouble we could get in for being in a restricted area?” Peter hissed trying not to be heard.

Removing his brother’s hand from mouth, Peyton replied, “I was curious and the door was open so I thought it was a free roam as well.” He dipped his head at the last part not wanting to see Peter’s disappointed face.

Peter facepalmed, “Again the door said, “Personnel only” Restricted area” I don’t think this place is a free for all. No matter how fascinating this place is.”

Peyton continue to look down. Peter just sighed, “Let’s go before we get the boot.” and laid a gentle hand on his brother’s shoulder to steer him out of the laboratory.

All of sudden, a light blared brightly and a noise that it sounded like an alarm or timer. It spooked both brothers to the point where Peyton accidentally knocked over a glass case containing a tested spider and letting it loose. Peter startled by the sound of the case falling on the ground backed up to a column where the spiders were funneling in and out shaking it a little. The boys were scurrying to put the case back where it was and to get the hell out of the place.

“Where the spider that was in there?” Peter asked wide-eyed.

Peyton looking a little shaken, looked around and didn’t see a spider. “I don’t know. I didn’t see a spider.”

“Oh shit. Let’s get out of here,” Peter hissed and ran for the exit with Peyton on his tail. Just when they reached the door, the younger Parker let a gasp and an “Ouch.” Peter stopped to look at Peyton to see if the boy was hurt.
“Are you okay?”

Peyton was rubbing the back of his neck near the left. “It felt like something bit me.”

Peter went to check to see where the bite happened and didn’t see anything other than a small bite mark that you would miss if you didn’t look carefully.

“Oohh doesn’t look that bad, but I’m gonna take you the restroom to see make sure it’s not infected.”

“Peter, you don’t think it was one of those spiders, do you?” Peyton looked up to his brother once he was done checking.

“I didn’t see anything, Pey. And if it was, we’ll cross that bridge when we reach it. Now let’s move it.”

On their way to the restroom, Peter felt a prick on his wrist. He absentmindedly swatted whatever bit him off. He looked down and saw a spot of blood forming on his wrist.

‘What bit me?’ Peter thought. ‘Could it be…..no not now? Peyton first, me later.’

Peter saw nothing else happen to Peyton’s bite on his neck and cleaned whatever happened on wrist quickly before joining their classes for a final Q&A. The rest of the field passed without a hitch.

However that changed when the brothers got home after they’re trip to Delmar’s. Peyton felt hot and dizzy when they arrived home. “Dude, you ok? You look pale,” Peter asked coming into his brother’s view.

“I’m--I---fine, j--jus’--,” Peyton slurred out before losing his strength to stand. He would’ve face planted on the floor if Peter didn’t catch him.

“Peyton. Hey kiddo come on say something.” Peter was cradling his little brother’s body wondering what the hell do I do. Peyton started groaning in agony and cradled his stomach.

“Ok, I’m taking you to bed and then I’ll get some medicine how’s that sound, bro?” Peter said as he lifted Peyton to his chest and moved to his brother’s room. Peter, then began to change his brother out of his school clothes and into something comfortable. For the rest of the day, Peter tended to Peyton’s illness due to being in Oscorp. Peter had to tell Ben and May that Peyton was sick and he would take care of him since tomorrow was an off day. Peyton wasn’t getting better and retched whatever he tried to stomach other than fluids. He was groaning about how his muscle were tightening and aching all the time. Peter didn’t know what to do.

As Parker Luck would have it, things just kept getting worse. Peter got sick with similar symptoms, but unlike his younger brother he could stomach what he ate and he was always cold. Either way, it nearly wrecked their guardians as they didn’t know what to do after nothing they tried worked.

Just when they were at wits end, Peyton showed signs of getting better and was eating more and could stomach it too. By the next, almost all of the symptoms of his illness were gone. Peter also showed improvement, and by the last day both were healthy but not in the way they thought.

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“Peter?”

Peter woke up at the sound of someone calling him right in his ear but no one was in his room.

‘Weird.’ Peter thought.
“Peter!” The voice hissed.

He recognized it was Peyton. And he sounded like he was panicking.


A small yes came from the younger Parker.

“Hang on I’m coming to your room,” Peter said. He jumped out of bed with ease and made his way to his little brother’s room. In the process of opening the door, the door handle crunched under Peter’s hand.

“What the fuck?” Peter looked at what he just did.

“What was that?” Peyton asked.

Peyton could hear that all the way from my room. What was going on?

Peter entered Peyton’s room only find him stuck to his comforter.

“Peter what’s going on? I can’t get this comforter to not stick to me.” Peter walked forward to inspect what he was talking about when he realized he didn’t have his glasses on. However, things were clear as day for him. He always needed glasses now he could see. He inspected his little brother’s dilemma and with his perfect vision, he sees little hairs on Peyton’s hands and fingers. Microhairs.

“What the fuck? You have micro hairs on your hands.” Peter exclaimed

“Whaaa..micro hairs? Like an insect?” Peyton squeaked.

“Yea something like that.”

“Well how do I get on stick?” Peyton whined as he waved his blanket stuck to his hands.

“Try to relax man. Your hands and yourself for that matter.”

“Ok.” Peyton tried to relax and felt his big brother’s hand on his back soothing him. And in turn the micro hairs retracted and the blanket fell to the ground.

The boys looked at each other.

“Whoa.”

“Do you have micro hair too?” Peyton asked.

Peter looked and sure enough he did. “Yeah I do.”

“I wonder…” Peyton pondered, and then grabbed Peter’s foot. Peter yelped at the sudden action and was about ask why the sudden action when Peyton exclaimed.

“Whoa dude. The micro hairs are on your feet too.”

“You serious?”

Peyton nodded. Peter looked at his brother’s feet and sure enough there were hairs too. All of sudden a horn sounded around the block in the store parking lot. However, Peter and Peyton covered their ears at the screech. When they saw each other doing the same thing it made them question even more.
“What does this mean?” Peyton wondered.

Peter started making a list in his head,

Micro hairs
Sticking
Strength that wasn’t there before
Enhanced Senses: Sight, Sound, Smell, Touch

“Pete? You might want to see this.”

Peter looked up where his brother was sitting only to find him not there. He looked around until he heard, “Up here.”

Peter looked up and his eyes bulged out of his head. Peyton was on the ceiling. Sticking there upside down.

“This is so cool,” Peyton breathed out. “You got to try this.”

Peter had to snap himself out of the shock to walk over to the wall and stick first. He did and slowly crawled his way up the wall and onto the ceiling until he was seated in front of his little brother. Everything was making sense now. The physical and mental traits, the bites, Oscorp. It could only mean one thing.

“Petey do you think…” Peyton asked.

Peter nodded his head, “Yeah man, we were bitten by spiders. And not just ordinary spiders.”

Peyton leaned forward, “Then what bit us.”

Peter turned and met his brother’s anxious gaze, “We were bitten by radioactive spiders.”
Chapter 2

From then on, the Parker brothers explored their newfound powers. After school for a few weeks, they would get their daily meal at Delmars, and then they would head to an abandoned construction site at the North Side of Queens to test out their powers. They had more potential than they thought, as they explored their powers discovering they had more powers than just the heightened senses and the stickiness. They both had super-strength, their much faster and agile, flexibility is through the roof and could jump from point A to point B without getting hurt. They also learned they developed a sixth sense where they can be one step ahead of incoming danger. They decided to dub ‘Spidey-sense.’ The two boys powers diverged from their with difference in special powers.

When Peter learned later that he had sharp hooks at the ends of his fingertips that are bigger than the micro hairs and secrete venom that he found out that puts people to sleep for few hours depending on the dose Peter dishes out. Peter developed sharp barbed hairs on his arms and legs where he can throw or use as a defense mechanism. As for the younger Parker, Peyton got a whole different package. He can produce his own webs from his wrists and their super strong. Even Peter’s super strength had a hard time breaking the web when Peyton decided to cocoon him, I mean, the boy produced a lot of it. He also had a venoshock or bio-electrical energy that temporarily paralyzed his opponent (Peter wasn’t happy about being the first victim of it. Peyton who had to carry his older brother home was enjoying it) and unique ability to shed skin. Whenever Peyton got burned or got caught in his own webs and Peter wasn’t around, he could shed the coat of skin at a particular part of the body or his whole body if he wanted to which included his clothes too, This ability Peter was both disgusted and envious of, but useful.

The boys were conflicted on how they should their abilities and decided that they needed to train and hone them to the best of their abilities. These outings to train weren’t missed by their guardians and they began to worry a lot and question where they go. The boys came up with excuses of where they go and ‘find ways to bond outside of school. Ben and May weren’t exactly put off but let it slide for now until one night when Peter and Peyton went a lot longer with their training and arrived way later than usual missing dinner. It got too much for May and Ben decided to confront the boys about it.

“Boys, what’s going on?” Ben questioned. “Where do you guys go that it requires you guys to miss dinner again?”

Peter not in the happiest mood despite a good day replied, “Why? We told you we would be late. We get our homework done so we can spend time with each other. Why is it bad?”

“But its been going on for weeks. May worries sick about you guys and sometimes you don’t call in
leaving us wondering what you guys are doing.”

“So you guys are not trusting us now?” Peter questioned feeling a little hurt.

“No Pete, we just wonder why being all secretive about it?” May spoke up for the first time. “Y’know you can trust us with anything, right?”

“I know May, but this is something just between Peyton and I. Nothing against you guys ever, it’s just somethings just stay between us. It means something to him and I care about his feelings,” Peter said.

“What about our feelings, Pete?” Ben interjected again, “Do you know how we feel when you guys are about doing God knows what and not telling us?”

“I can’t believe you we think that lowly of us, Ben. We’re not like that, ever!” Peter yelled losing his temper.

Peyton being silent this whole time standing behind Peter, looked back in forth between his brother and guardians. He didn’t want to hurt Ben and May, but they weren’t doing anything wrong.


“I can’t believe you,” Peter hissed out. “I need some air.” And the eldest Parker child stormed out of the house.

“Peter come back,” May cried out.

Ben looked down at the floor wondering if he took a harsh approach to this. He then looked at his youngest nephew and knew he did. The crushed look on Peyton’s face was evident and Peter always took care of his little brother. Peyton being caught in the middle didn’t know what to do, torn between going after his brother or comforting his weeping aunt. He decided to choose the latter, knowing Peter wanted some space for a little.

He walked over and hugged his aunt and whispered, “I’m sorry May, we’re not trying to hurt you.”
May hugged him back, “I know sweetie, We just worry about you two and everything you guys go through everyday.”

“I know, Peter’s just exhausted from everything. He’s got a lot on his plate.”

“We just care for your safety is all,” Ben said walking over to the two. “I’m going after your brother.” and then he grabbed his jacket and took off after Peter.

Peyton stayed with his aunt making sure she was ok. Then it was taking a while for Ben to go get Peter and the two started to worry. Peyton, then said he will go to make sure their coming back. How things turned for the worse. Peyton ran down the sidewalk where Peter and Ben took off and hoped everything was chill between the two. Only to come around the corner of a convenient store to a scene already forming.

“STOP! THIEF!”

BANG!

Peyton came to a screeching stop to see the horrific scene unfolding in front of him. A scene that won’t be scrubbed his eyes ever.

His Uncle Ben falling to the ground. Peter on the ground trying to put pressure on their uncle’s wound. The thief running toward him in an attempt to escape while the storeclerk was frantically looking back and forth between helping the wounded Samaritan and the thief getting away with the stolen goods.

“HELP! CALL THE POLICE! MEDIC!! ANYTHING! PLEASE,” came Peter’s cry fearing for his uncle’s life.

Something snapped in Peyton as his the horror, dread, fear consuming in him turned to rage as the thief was getting away with hurting his uncle. He will pay dearly. The thief was about to slam right past him in his attempt to get away, but Peyton had other plans for him. He slammed his fist into the guy’s gut with somewhat controlled strength considering he’s not normal like a regular teenage boy. The guy doubled over in pain clutching his stomach. Peyton proceeded to slam the guy against the brick wall and pounced on him, repeatedly punching the criminal in the face. The criminal was having a hard time getting Peyton off of him and then a sickening crunch was heard that Peyton stopped his onslaught for a moment to realized he broke the thief’s jaw, he was breathing heavily,
and his nose was bleeding profusely. He looked at Peyton with unknown fear of what the then 12 year old unleashed.

‘Good,’ thought Peyton. He was about to unleash another punch on the beaten criminal when someone lifting him off the accused.

‘HEY! Let me go!’

‘Kid stop you’ll kill him if you keep this up,’ a bystander and another were wrestling Peyton away from the criminal.

‘No! He has to pay! That’s my uncle that’s bleeding out done there because of him,’ shouted Peyton as he made another attempt to get at assailant and beat the rest of the daylights of the criminal that if he’s still conscious.

“And he will, but not the way your going at. Let the police deal with the rest.”

Peyton was not happy about that. He was about to retort back at the bystander when a cry rang out down the sidewalk.

“BEN STAY AWAKE PLEASE!!”

That was Peter’s voice quivering, Peyton’s wholebeing froze at that. He wrenched out of the man’s hold and ran down to where his uncle and brother were to see his uncle was bleeding out no matter how much Peter tried to stop the bleeding. Peyton slowed his pace down to see his uncle a ghostly white and his breathing shallow. Peyton collapsed to his knees on the other side of his dying uncle.

Peter was trying to get slow down the bleeding, but it was too much. He heard talking and sirens in the background meaning the medics were close, but he didn’t care at the moment. His uncle was dying in front of him because of their argument. He was busy trying to get Uncle Ben’s wound under control when he saw out of the corner of his eye Peyton look at the scene in front of him.

‘Oh God,” Peter gasped in thought.
His little brother is witnessing his pathetic attempt to save his uncle from something that could’ve been prevented.

‘This cannot happen. Peyton is going to be scared for life. It’s all my fault.’ Peter was starting to feel numb.

“Ben…” his brother whispered. “Say something.”

The brothers were on the verge of tears. Peter was basically already in tears. And then Ben spoke with slitted eyes open.

“Peter…..please don’t…..blame….yourself. This isn’t…….your….fault. None at…..all.”

Peter choked on a sob as he heard the medics round the corner.

“Take…..care…..of your…..brother. And May….for…..me. Also….always remember.” Ben started to choke on blood.

Peyton had tears streaming down his face taking his uncle’s growing cold hand. Peter still kept pressure on the bleeding wound.

“With ‘cough’ great power…….comes ‘cough’ ….great……..responsibility.” And Ben’s head lolled to the side.

“Ben,” Peter eyes widened as his uncle slipped into unconsciousness. ‘BEN! BEN!! NO! PLEASE STAY!!’

Peyton was full on sobbing now as he clutched the limp hand in his as he saw the life leave his uncle. The medics showed up with a stretcher and pushed the brother to the side assess and handle the situation from there.

Peter looked at the spot where Uncle Ben laid with the blood coating the sidewalk. The sounds of his little brother full on crying for his uncle to come back. Peter didn’t know what to feel or say next.
The next hours past in a blur. Peter was sitting in the waiting room when they pronounced Ben dead. May burst into the hospital in a mess. She fell to her knees trying not to faint as doctors escorted her to a chair and got her to breathe. Peter was too much caught his self-loathing to notice. He felt his brother’s head slide down the wall and hit his shoulder. Peter took a quick look at him and noticed that Peyton looked hollow, worn out. He didn’t know how to feel at the moment. Eyes bloodshot, face flushed, and for the first time Peter noticed was that his knuckles were bruised and cut. Peter didn’t know where he got them though. He’ll ask him later about it.

The funeral for Ben came and past. May still cried herself to sleep at night knowing that her husband wasn’t there anymore. Peyton closed off completely. Emotionally distraught. Just shut himself out from the world including May and Peter. Peter felt lost, like a part of him broke and what’s worse he couldn’t be there to comfort his brother and aunt.

More weeks past when Peter started seeing something different about Peyton. He was driven in a way. He would be either sketching in his journal or school notebook or just out in about. He would still have the door closed and didn’t come out unless it was for school, or dinner. He also wore some fingerless gloves now. He heard May ask about it and Peyton kept it short by saying “fashion phase.” Peter knew there was probably more to that, but didn’t push for it thinking it wasn't a big deal. Training was on halt indefinitely until both brothers felt up for it. However, Peter was starting to get restless and suspicious. Peyton has told almost everything and shared almost everything with Peter. Now, it’s like his little brother was ignoring him. Or was he still dealing with the death of their Uncle. Peter was lost of how to handle it. May said that he’ll eventually come around but when though? He decided that enough was enough and was going to get to the bottom of what’s eating his brother.

One day after school, Peyton was about to bound for his room again only to be blocked off by Peter who got home early due to an early release day for the high schoolers.

“Excuse me your in the way,” Peyton said trying to get around his older brother but Peter didn’t budge.

“What’s going on?” he asked. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Peyton said with a stoic face. He was good, but Peter could read easily.

“Your hiding something,” Peter concluded.
“I’m not. Just tired want to lay down.”.

“If that were true than why do I hear rustling come from your room and sliding of your window, because you don’t come through door. Not only that but that night—” Peter paused as the emotional wounds were still fresh and from the looks of it, Peyton also felt it because he went stiff at the mention, “your knuckles were bruised and red.

Peyton was silent.

"Witnesses said you beat the daylights out the thief. Yeah I would've done the same thing if wasn't worrying about.....Ben," Peter continued. "Now I see you wearing gloves; fingerless gloves no less. You claim its part of the fashion, but I'm suspecting now confirmed that its more than that."

Peyton was silent, didn’t offer an answer before saying, “What I’m doing is none of your business right.”

Peter raised an eyebrow at that. They share everything with each other. It ensured trust and the boys knew that.

“Peyton...please,” Peter started but was cut off.

“Peter let me go to my room,” Peyton said in a small but frustrated voice and once again tried to push past his brother this time using his super strength. Peter, however being the bigger sibling and using his stickiness to plant firmly on the ground, didn’t budge. Peter, then wrenched Peyton in a bear hug and refused to let go.

“Peter...let go!” Peyton tried to squirm out of the grip, but wasn’t having any luck.

Peter kept his grip and leaned forward to whisper into his little brother’s ear, “Talk to me, please. Don’t shut me out. Please, Pey day.”

Peyton stopped his attempts to escape after hearing his big brother’s voice. Peter sounded wounded and tired. Exhausted and a begging tip to it. Peyton felt somewhat guilty to think that Peter still wasn’t hurting after his Uncle’s death. He knows that the both of them can hear their aunt lightly crying herself to sleep at night at the end of the hallway. Peyton needed an outlet for his emotions and unknowingly pushed his older brother away in the process.
“I was tired of hurting. I’m still tired. I-I’m still hurting. I-I need an outlet Pete,” Peyton said sadly as he buried his face in his brother’s shoulder.

“I know little bro. I feel it too. More than you know.” Peter replied loosening his hug on Peyton enough to let his little brother return the hug. Said brother was clutching the back of Peter’s jacket holding it like a lifeline. It grounded him with the feel and smell of his brother’s aroma surrounding him.

“I’m sorry Peter. I really am. I just-,” Peyton couldn’t finish as a choked up a little.

“Shhh, It’s ok. I understand. Just know that you’re not alone. You’ll never be alone Peyton. I promise.”

They embraced for another minute before separating not completely as the younger Parker still clutched his big brother’s jacket. Peter leaned down so they were looking each other in the eye and placing one of his hands on the back of his Peyton’s head.

“You feel better?”

Peyton nodded

Peter gave a quick kiss on top Peyton’s head before straightening up.

“So think you can tell me what you’ve been up to?”

Peyton looked down to the floor, “You’re not gonna like it.”

Peter raised an eyebrow, “Unless you’re doing drugs behind our backs or keeping unknown animals in your closet again, it shouldn’t be that bad.”

Peyton looked up to Peter to see his face calm, serious but understanding. He felt like he can talk to him. He grabbed Peter’s hand and lead him to his room. Knowing May wouldn’t be home for awhile due to work, he still shut the door and lock it. Peter just followed his lead. Peyton went to his closet, and Peter groaned, “Please tell me its not another puppy or kitten.”
Peyton gave him a look with no heat but opened the door; and Peter finding not an animal in his brother’s closet but a costume. Half way done but it was clear that Peyton put a lot of effort, time and money into this. Peter looked at his brother and saw he had a piece of paper that had designs of what looked like shooters.

“I’ve been doing some thinking,” Peyton began. “And I realized that my powers can be of use. Doing something good. After Ben, I decided that I want to use my powers to keep people from experiencing what we went through. I’m going to become a hero.” he finished with resolve.

Peter was speechless and from the look of his baby brother’s face he was serious. Before Peter could start, Peyton quickly added, “Nothing you’ll do will stop me from doing this.”

Peter thought his brother had lost his marbles, how could he think he could take on all the crime in New York by himself? Peter wanted Peyton to wait to do this, he’s a bit young and how was he going to keep this from May. But then Ben’s words final words came ringing in his head again,

“ With great power comes great responsibility.”

Peter sighed he knew he was risking a lot, but he knew Peyton took those words to heart so he was too.

“Your serious?”

Peyton nodded.

“Ok.”

To say Peyton was shocked was an understatement. He saw Peter’s face thinking what he just said. He expected Peter to go big brother mode on him and tell him off about it. But he was letting him? Wow.

“However-” There it was.

“You gonna need help.”
Again, Peyton was surprised. “Wait your helping me?”

Peter nodded and said, “Not only am I helping, I will be joining you.”

“For real?” Peyton didn’t think his brother would be interested in doing this, let alone joining him.

“Someone’s gotta watch your back. Plus, I think this could be good for the both of us. But we have a lot of work to do and we need to do more than just—” Peter took the costume off the hanger, “spandex?”

Peyton ducked his head with a faint blush, “It’s what I could afford and work with.”

“Hey I’m not exactly teasing man,” Peter quickly reassured. “It’s just this needs a bit of tech adjustment to adapt to our powers. Also what’s that on your piece of paper, shooters, blasters?”

“Webshooters.”

“Good name for it. Good design for it too.” Peter got a good look at the design of the ‘webshooters.’ ”We’ll have to find the parts and put these pieces together, but we’ll make it work.”

Peyton nodded at this.

“Alright let’s get to work, Spider-Boy.”

Chapter End Notes

Oooooo the excitement begins (sort of)

COMMENT! KUDO! Give me some feedback! Show some love! Thank you for the support.
Chapter 3

For those next few weeks, the Parker Brothers were hard at work putting their suits and webshooters together. Peter did most of the tech work and building the webshooters uniquely designed for the two of them. Peyton handled how the suits looked and how it would compliment their powers and persona. He also helped Peter come up and manufacture synthetic webs since Peter can’t shoot his own webs. Soon their first draft of their suits and shooters were complete and ready for tests. They had a few mistrials and accidents here and there but over time they knew how to use the webshooters and were ready to take it to the field.

They both were on a top of a roof one night both overlooking the borough of Queens. Side by side: Peter in his red and blue body suit and mask with black outlining his uniform with a black spider insignia in the middle while Peyton was in a cloudy grey body with thick red and black spider outlining and spiraling around the sleeves and pant legs. His mask, gloves, and boots were a charcoal grey and his suit sported a hood to complete the mask. They looked pretty badass.

Before they began, Peyton piped up asking, “What should our persona names be?”

“I’m going with Spider-Man,” Peter replied.

Peyton chuckled while rolling his eyes under his mask, “How original.”

“And yours?” The older Parker retorted.

Peyton paused to think then said, “How about Orb Weaver?”

Peter smiled and patted his little brother’s back, “That sounds perfect.”

Peyton grinned. Orb Weaver it is. Together they were the Spider Bros.

“Let’s get started.” And with a deep breath, the boys jumped and flew done before launching their webshooters out and swinging into the night.

For the next year, the boys’ personas have become known in the small boroughs in New York and soon everybody in the New York City area knew who they were.
At first they stuck closer to the ground picking off thieves, burgulars, rescued animals from trees, and helping people cross the road. As time went on they dove deeper and went for drug rings, rescuing people from buildings and possible kidnappings. They grew from getting battle wounds here and there and Peter fretting over his brother getting hurt despite being hurt himself.

They continued training and learned some martial art skills that worked with their powers like capoeira and pencak silat. Peter and Peyton also improved their suits throughout the year to where they imbedded claws into Peter’s suit for his poison, and doubled stacked Peyton’s webshooters so he can use the synthetic webs like Peter on top of his own webs. When they found out that it started tire him and hurt his wrists when using an extensive amount without some rest, they came up with the idea so Peyton didn’t have to solely rely on his actual webs completely. Plus this made Peyton’s webs extra thick and durable enough to stop at sixteen wheeler from plunging into the Hudson. Peter also managed to with a few new tools he was able acquire, he installed A.I’s for him and his brother’s suits. This blew Peyton’s mind and they were able to communicate and cover more ground while on their patrols. They even created new equipments for their webshooters and other gadgets like web grandes, acid webs, and rapid web where they shot their webs like an automatic.

Because of these improvements they soon had their first major villain calls himself the Shocker. They both defeated him soundly despite the damaged property, Peter’s deep cut on his shoulder, and Peyton’s slight concussion and bruised rib. It was funny to see Peter swinging through New York while having Peyton clung to him like a koala since he did that a lot when the boys were younger. The people called the Spider Bros. heroes and garnered a lot of respect from people across the country too despite what the Daily Bugle were saying about them. This pushed the Parker brothers to be vigilant and prepared for the oncoming threats. Especially after Shocker.

But nothing prepared the boys of what was coming next.

It was a few weeks before Peyton’s fourteenth bday, and Peter and May were finding ways to make this special since it’ll be Peyton’s first bday without Ben and the look of recognition when he said that to Peter absentmindedly tugged at his heart strings. He was determined to make it worth it. May tried to do the same even though due to her husband’s absence she worked double time mostly to make ends meet; declining any help from her boys or charity (even though she did accept the extra meals and gift cards to the store sometimes.)

“Peyton, sweetie, did you know what you want for your birthday?” May asked as she walked in the kitchen to make dinner.

“I really don’t know Aunt May,” Peyton replied shrugging as he just finished his homework. “I’m not that picky accept when it comes to clothes.”
May chuckled at that, “Alright, but make sure you think of something. Your birthday will be here faster than you think.”

Peyton laughed at that, “Ok. You need help with dinner. I’m done with my homework.”

“Sure honey. Always need a helping hand in the kitchen.” It was actually a cover up that May couldn’t really cook anything other than baking sweets. Her baking was ten out of ten, her cooking? Ehhhhh...let’s leave it at that.

Peter came home from studying at Ned’s for a big test coming up and greeted May with a peck on the cheek and swooping his little brother into a bear hug and ruffled the his hair in the process. Peyton reciprocated the gesture and went back to helping May with dinner.

It was that fateful night two weeks before Peyton’s birthday that everything went to shit.

May wished the boys adieu earlier that day for one of her double shift days at the hospital. The boys as soon as they got home went on patrol and were testing a few new trinkets and upgrades to there suits as they decided to split up for patrol to cover more ground and meet up in the middle. They called it in early as the Peyton had to prepare for a test the next day. While he was studying in the living room, Peter went to put there leftovers in the microwave for dinner. And then what came on the T.V had their world turning upside down.

“BREAKING NEWS

A deadly fire has broken out at the local Queens St. Katherine’s Hospital. The toll of people hurt, killed or rescued has not been calculated as the fire continues to spread throughout the hospital. ”

Peyton staring wide-eyed at the T.V

That was where May works. She could be in that inferno as we speak. She could be seriously hurt.

Without thinking he launched up from the floor and sprinted out the door; getting his shoes and jacket in the process.
“Peyton? Where are you--” Peter called as he came into the living room with their dinners in hand. He froze when the door was wide open with hearing his brother sprinting down the stairs. Peter turned his attention to the T.V where the coverage of the hospital was still on and the reporter said that police and fire department were just arriving on the scene. Upon seeing it was the hospital May worked at, Peter dropped their dinners onto the table and bolted after his brother, knowing that that’s where heading to now.

‘Please Lord, let May be okay.’ Peter prayed as he burst onto out of his apartment building and sprinted down the sidewalk toward the sidewalk. ‘Please let her be okay.’

Peyton a few blocks ahead of his brother. He was just approaching the burning building and came to a screeching halt. The fire spread throughout the entire hospital now different from the news report where just the main building was on fire.

May was in the west wing of the main building, but from the looks of it, the inferno incinerated that part of the building as well. Peyton’s stomach was doing flips and his emotions were brewing a storm all at once. He has to get May out of there. He can’t lose her too when losing his uncle a year ago.

He marched forward, dodging the forming line where police and fire department were setting up and keeping people from approaching the burning building.

Peter was just arriving at the scene just in time to see his younger brother sneak his way through the police line in order to get inside. His heart caught in his throat. He knew what was driving Peyton to do something so reckless, but he couldn’t lose his little brother to a collapsing building, even with his aunt possibly still inside.

“PEYTON!”

His saw Peyton stop a moment to look over his shoulder to see a couple of officers and his big brother running toward him.

“PEYTON!! STOP! YOUR GONNA GET YOURSELF KILLED!!”

The younger Parker brother resumed his advance. Peter picked up his pace to catch his brother before he enter the inferno. He knew his brother was faster than him but that didn’t stop him from
trying to catch his brother. The officers tried to stop Peter in the process but he maneuvered around them without braking pace. Peyton almost reached the front of the building before explosion rocked the general with a loud BOOM!!

The force of the explosion was so great it blew back everyone up to the police line away including the Parker brothers. Peyton being the closest to the building didn’t have time to react even with his reflexes and was hurled back through the air. Peter being a little ways back saw his brother fly back toward him due to the explosion and while the officers behind him experienced the same effect as his brother, Peter activated his stickiness to stay grounded and brace himself as his brother was thrown directly at him.

“Ooff!”

Peter caught Peyton and toppled to the ground, keeping his grip on his brother. Peyton was dazed at the impact thinking he was hitting the ground and ended up hitting someone on the way back. He shook off his dazed state and attempted to stand up only for the person to tighten his grip and kept him still. He tried again only to be meant with more force and he turned to shove the person off of him only to find out it was Peter who broke his fall and holding him tight.

“Peyton what were you thinking?!?”

Peyton was trying to reply but Peter wasn’t done, “You were about to run into a burning building without any protection, are you insane?!”

Peyton finally got out a response, “May...oh Lord, MAY!” He turned to the sight that was etched into his mind. The hospital was collapsing bit by bit. Peter looked up to his brother’s line of sight and he too, was frozen. May could be still in there.

“MAY!!” Peyton screamed and renewed his attempts to get into the building, but Peter still kept his grip on him.

“Let go! Let go please! Peter! May’s still in there! Please we--we got to get her!”

Peter was keeping his grip and he saw the officers approach them. He quickly gathered his brother who was still trying to get into the hospital and moved back toward the line of forces keeping other people away from the building.
“It’s not safe get behind the barricades!” One of the officers yelled.

Peter just reached the edge of the proximity when another explosion sounded and the west wing where May’s station was collapsed in and tumbled to the ground.

“MAAAYYY!!” Peyton cried as he had tears streaming down his cheeks, his attempts wavering down and Peter upon seeing the scene in front of him turned his brother around and buried Peyton’s head into his chest. Peyton was sobbing hysterically into his jacket and Peter was now letting the tears fall into his little brother’s hair. Why was this their life? What in the everloving world did they do to have their loved ones taken away from them?

DAMN THE FUCKING PARKER LUCK!!

After the fire was somewhat contained, the boys were checked over and whisked away to a different hospital. They waited at the hospital across the other side of Queens to hear news if for sure if May perished in the hospital. But they had that terrible feeling it was true no matter what the odds were or trying to stay optimistic. There wasn’t anything good coming out of this unless May miraculously made it out of that alive. The Parker brothers didn’t want to have hope only for it to be swiped from them a minute later. Nevertheless, Peyton grabbed his older brother’s hand in comfort and started to squeeze to keep himself grounded and not send himself into a panic attack. Peter sensing his little brother’s distress gripped back equally as hard and pulled his Peyton close to him offering the sense of safe only Peter could offer.

The news came sooner rather than later.

May Parker was dead.

She had died saving her patients. She died a hero.

She was one of the ten nurses and doctors lost in the hospital fire. The cause: a water main break which damaged a lot of electronic equipment thus sparking a deadly fire from with the hospital.

Of all the fucking odds, she had to be the one that doesn’t make it out of there alive.

Peyton was a sobbing mess again. Peter just held his little brother close and just stared into an oblivion. He felt numb.
Now they were alone. Peter and Peyton. Just him and his little brother who saw too much death and turmoil in his too young life. Yes, they were the vigilante duo: “Spider Bros” as they’ve been dubbed, but they had family. Now that was gone, what now?

What happens now?

That was answered through a woman in a pencil skirt and suit jacket with a small briefcase. She wore a badge. She was middle-aged and she wore a face that meant business even though she wore a smile.

“Peter and Peyton Parker?”

Peter just noticed she was standing in front of him. Peyton was sniffling into his side, trying to stifle his crying ever since hearing his aunt was no more. Peter looked up with weariness, anger and heartache on his face.

“I’m Amy Hummert and I’m from the CPS. I’m aware that May Parker perished in the deadly hospital fire. My sincerest apologies and condolences to you two.” She paused.

Peyton tensed trying to keep his tears at bay, but the mention of his dead aunt hurt like hell. Peter glared at the woman for the bluntness she gave off, and tighten his hold on his brother and whispered reassurances to him. Turning his attention to the woman who wore a blank face again, she continued saying what her agency does and Peter was disliking her more and more as she spoke.

“As May Parker was your last living relative correct?”

The silence was almost palpable.

“I know you two are still grieving, but I need an answer.”

Peter gritted his teeth, but bit back a retort and nodded.
“Well with no more living relatives and you both are minors, I’m going to be putting the both of you in a home until we find a family who wants you guys.”

Peter eyes widened at that. Going into foster care meant possible separation from his brother and that was not happening. Peyton was all he had and he was holding on tight with every fiber of his being.

“There’s no way in hell you’re putting us in the system,” Peter bit out.

Peyton was holding his brother tightly now, afraid at the possibility of being separated.

“I’m so sorry, but you have no choice,” Amy replied.

“I’ll file for emancipation,” Peter fired back.

“No possible, considering you have a brother who’s not even close to adult age,” Amy retorted.

“I’m almost seventeen and won’t make any sense to go to a home only to be thrown back onto the streets a year later, and the chances of me getting adopted is close to zero,” Peter pleaded desperately.

“Your still in school right? Both of you? How will you support yourself and your brother at the same time,” the social worker asked.

“I’ll manage. I took care of my kid brother’s needs as well as my own while my aunt worked double shifts, graveyard shifts to put money away for us,” Peter said not giving up.

“Peter honey--” Peter cut her off.

“Don’t call me that,” he growled. Peyton was whimpering by now. He listening to everything and the social worker was making this into a losing battle.

“You don’t have enough evidence to support your claim. This conversation is over. I’ll go let the
doctor know about the situation and will go to the home,” Amy said with finality.

Peter’s anger flared. This bitch was basically saying I have no right to appeal for emancipation. She was forcefully taking his brother and him to a home where they could be separated at any given moment with Peyton’s odds of adoption being better than his since his brother was only thirteen.

To hell with that. To hell with all the fucked up system of foster care.

NO. ONE. WAS. TAKING. HIS. BROTHER. AWAY. FROM. HIM.

Said brother was now having tears coming down his face and was clinging to Peter as in fear of being ripped away from him.

Peter made his choice.

"Hey." He whispered to a level only his brother’s sensitive hearing could pick up.

Peyton looked up with big marble brown puppy dog eyes. Peter’s heart broke and ignited on fire with conviction. He had to do this. For Peyton and his sake.

“Let’s get out of here.”

Peyton looked confused and fearful, “Where?” he whispered.

“We’re leaving.”

“To where?”

“Anywhere else that’s not here. Like hell I'll let them take us to a shit-ass home.”

Both brothers silently made there way to the exit while the nurses weren’t looking. As soon as they
reached the door and onto the sidewalk, they vaguely heard the social worker yell for their whereabouts. They made their decision.

Peter ran down the sidewalk with Peyton in tow; his hand gripping his little brother’s as they ran toward their side of Queens. They didn’t know what they were going to do, but they needed to get back to their place so they could plan their next move.

As soon as they arrived at the apartment, the Parker brothers packed all their necessities, their suits, and any memoirs they deemed necessary to bring with them. They snapped on their webshooters and made sure they had everything they needed. They left a note in case social services decided to send the police after them saying to put all their uncle and aunt’s belongings in a bought storage facility and lock it up. With one last sweep the brothers made to Peyton’s window and both crawled out and made it to the top of their (soon to be old) apartment building. They vaguely heard police sirens a few blocks away and most likely heading toward their direction. Sure enough a couple cop cars parked outside their place and prepared to storm the building. Too bad both brothers were watching from afar on a tall building down the street.

They couldn’t turn back now.

“Let’s go Pey. We got to find a place to crash for the night.”

Peyton turned to follow his big brother but not before casting a forlorn gaze at his old home. His old life where he known and love.

“Good bye Aunt May, Uncle Ben,” he whispered. He bowed his head in sadness.

Peyton felt his brother encircle him in a tight hug, pressing a kiss on top of his head. Peyton gripped back just as hard.

“It’s gonna be ok.” he whispered into his hair.

“How do you know, that? I feel lost without them,” replied Peyton sadly.

“I know. I feel the same. But I do know as long as we’re together, we’ll get through anything.”
Peyton nodded slowly not trusting his mouth. Peter pressed another kiss on the temple before bringing his little brother to the edge of the other side of the building.

“I-I….I trust you Petey,” Peyton said in a small voice.

“And I trust you Pey-day,” Peter replied, “It’s just you and me now. You and me against the world.”

Peyton let a small smile slide on his face before disappearing again. Peter counted it as a plus.

Then, the brothers slipped there masks on and webslinged there way toward their new home. And they didn’t look back.

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PRESENT

That’s was almost a year ago. Since then, the Parker brothers were missing children and had to hide on the streets for a time to avoid authorities. They changed their appearances a bit and got rid of their old phones in favor of new ones (that Peter acquired and altered a bit). Soon after a few months, the brothers had a livable place to come back to and ended up with a gig that sells electronics on the market anonymously thus getting payment. It kept a roof over their heads and their super metabolisms happy. But there appearances were not so good, but the boys played it off. They pressed forward and since then, the search died down and almost became none-existent.

On a positive note, the ‘Spider-Bros’ were climbing in popularity. Spider-Man and Orb Weaver merchandise was popping all over the place in New York City and across the country. So much that the Daily Bugle received threats and defamation for repeatedly trying to put down the spider duo. Peter had put effort into making sure his kid brother was prepared since their tussle with Shocker. They boost and improved where they lacked which was hand-to-hand combat. Capoeira was their favorite so the relied on that to attack and defend at the same time while throwing in some jiu jitsu and muay thai moves to retaliate with the unexpectant. Since then, they have put the crime rate lower in Queens, Brooklyn, and the Bronx. This was good rep for the boys, but also grabbed unwanted attention as well( explain later).

Peter thoughts came back to how he was going to plan their route of patrol today now that Peyton was better now. No matter how much it scared him, Peter knew that Peyton was not one to turn his back people who need him. He was the same. The older Parker sibling was glad to acquire new
equipment to upgrade their suits and webshooters to the point where they both have an A.I in them as well as ways of communicating with each other.

Peyton started to stir and blinked slowly to meet his big brother’s eyes.

“Sleep well litte bro?” Peter asked sitting up straight and running a hand through his brother’s shaggy hair.

“Mmm-hmm,” Peyton replied. He sat up, and looked around noticing that it was almost night.

“It’s almost time for patrol. I can’t wait to get back out there.”

Peter chuckled as he stood up and his brother did the same. “I know you are and I have a surprise for ya when we get back to the hideout. But first food.”

Peyton pouted a bit, “What food can---” but was cut off by the growling of both his and Peter’s stomachs. The younger Parker brother blushed a bit.

Peter arched a brow and said, “You were saying?”

“I guess we can grab something to eat.”

“Perfect let’s go to that Pho place you always wanted to go to, then we’ll plan out our nights patrol,” Peter said and started to walk in the direction of the restaurant.

“Yesss!” Peyton cheered and raced after his big brother jumping on his back in the process. Peter didn’t mind at all.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

For those wondering or want to visualize Peter and Peyton:
Think: PS4 Peter as Peter; MCU Peter as Peyton since they could pass off as brothers the most or you can do TASM Peter as Peter. Your guys choice. Anyway on with the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The night patrol was going rather smoothly. Peyton was beyond happy to be out again. After finding out his suit was not only fixed after the last incident, but he had an A.I he decided to name MAX while Peter had one of his own named KAREN. Also, his settings of his webshooters adapts to his organic webs and can make multiple possibilities for traps, snaring, or ripping away a weapon from his opponent while webbing the criminal up.

The night started with the basics of crime stopping which was robberies and carjackings, Peyton was back on his grind like he never left. He made the carjackings look easier than eating three course meal in one setting. And the robberies were interesting as well considering he only needed to nab one robber as the other robbers in the store ran dumbly into his trap at the back entrance. Making spider webs came so handy now a days. Peter couldn’t be more proud of his younger brother in handling some situations by himself. The older Parker brother had eventually let the boy patrol on his own over the course of time his recovery and easing back into the vigilante business.

It was three weeks since Peyton was back to patrolling, that the excitement picked up again. Peyton found a case around New York City about a group a thugs under the leadership of a guy named Kingpin was shipping illegal arms and planning on robbing a few precious cargo from key companies. Also, a lot of money was at play here for the heist that was about to go down. Peter was skeptical about this, not wanting his brother caught in a mess such as this, however this sounded serious and the NYPD and even the FBI wasn’t getting anywhere with their investigation. The boys decided that it’s worth checking out.

Swinging their way toward the harbor at midnight and sure enough there were men at the dock waiting to intercept a cargo ship. But it looked like it was behind schedule. There was people on top a couple wearhouses as lookout posts. Taking them out would be easy in Spider Bros’ case, so Peter took care of that particular task of knocking them without being noticed. Peter just finished webbing the last guy up after injecting him with venom when a sound of motors came from the sea. The cargo ship had arrived. He tapped the side of his mask to his comm to contact his brother on the other side of the dock.
“Pey, you there?”,

“Loud and clear, big bro.”

“Alright wait in your position and then I’ll give the count down to strike. When we strike start picking the men off one by one, OK?

“Sounds like a plan.”

Peter tapped the side of his mask and looked at the cargo ship that just docked and got an x-ray of what was loaded on the ship, “KAREN, what’s in the boxes?”

“They appear to be expensive metal alloy substances packed away in those boxes. Peter, your brother has confirmed that transport for these substances is in route and is moving to intercept it.

“What? This will give away our position he does that. Patch me through to him.:

“Peter, I know what your about say--”

“Yeah, so why are you doing this? There are too many people here at the dock for one of us to take down alone.”

“And imagine what the number will be if we let the truck reach the dock. Let me stop them from reaching the dock, I can draw some the number from the dock to the to where I’m about to stop the transport truck and you can start picking off the men there at the parlor.”

Peter thought that over. The numbers will be against them if they let the truck meet the rendezvous point at the dock. Plus if Peyton was to stop the transport truck now, it’ll tip off the police and it’ll bring them closer to where Kingpin’s hideout is. He still worried about his brother and him splitting up on a case like this. Too many things can go wrong without a backup plan.

“Petey I’m heading to intercept. Wait till I pin the truck down and I’ll meet you back here,” Peyton said and was already heading toward to intercept the truck.
“Be careful, Pey,” Peter said and then making his way in the shadows toward the men guarding the ship. Sticking his way to an abandoned fish house, Peter makes his way around and crawls under the deck to take the men by surprise. Before he could act, he heard one of the men mumble to another and then the two men closest to Peter’s position, spoke,

“Delayed? Well whoever is attacking you, shoot it and get here we have a time table to keep and the boss will have our heads if we’re late.”

A pause before the man spoke again, “Webs?! You’re stuck?! Son of a bitch…..alright I’m sending some our men to meet your location and exterminate the bug.”

‘So Peyton manage to stop the truck and take out some of the men all together. Way to go little bro.’ Peter praised in his head. Nothing like having pride in your kid brother to come through on his end of things. Now it was Peter’s turn to do the same. He looked up to see several of the men going down the street in armoured cars. Now Pete had a total of ten guys to take down.

No problem.

“KAREN activate the triple s, please.”

‘Activating silent silk spitter.’ Karen repeated.

With that, Peter started made his way from under the deck toward the side of the boat and just overhead of the three main men guarding the boat. He shoots webs over their faces before reeling them over the side of the boat and stabbing them with his hook claws successfully incapacitating them. He did this to three more times before the last four thugs started to notice something off and went to investigate. That proved to work in Peter’s favor. He dropped on top of one of the men knocking him unconscious instantly. He quickly webbed away the guns and took out the men one by one. They didn’t get a chance to call backup.

“Well that was easy. Are sure Kingpin pays good money for you lugs?” Spider-Man quips.

He then taps the side of his mask, “KAREN what’s Peyton’s status?”
A few seconds past before KAREN replies, “According to MAX, Peyton is having a bit of trouble on his end.”

“Figures something was bound to go wrong. Patch me through to him.”

“*Grunt* a little busy man.”

“I finished on my end. What’s taking so long?” Peter wondered. With the men that departed from the dock combined with the men in the truck, Peyton should have maybe one or two extra men on his end but shouldn’t be a problem for him.

“There may be a problem, Spidey.”

“What problem?” Peter was on edge now.

“There was an extra truck carrying extra men inbound. MAX said they were for a precaution. I got the original truck and men webbed up, but the extras have weird weapons thats--BLAM!”

“SHIT!”

“ORBIE! Pey what was that? Talk to me.” Peter was making his way off the boat toward Peyton’s location. “KAREN get me Orb Weaver’s location.”

“I’m ok Spidey. But the men from the dock are starting to show up.”

“Shit!” That wasn’t good. Peyton would be caught in a pincer attack if he didn’t take out one end now. “Ok hang on bro I’m heading your way now.”

“No! Don’t do that, who will watch the ship?!”

“The men are out for the count thanks to my venom, and I’m alerting the police as we speak. KAREN?”
‘They’ve been alerted and heading toward your previous location,’” KAREN replied.

“See? Now hold tight and I’ll pop get the dock men from behind.”

“Ok, I got the other truck webbed up so it isn’t going anywhere, but--- another explosion crackled in the background of Peyton’s com.

“Orbie?”

“.....Ouch.”

“Son of a bitch,” Peter hissed and swung faster toward his brother’s position.

Peyton was doing fine. No trouble at all. He saw the truck inbound for the shipping decks location and right toward him. It was perfect how this was set up. He quickly adjusted his webshooters’ settings to ‘double decker’ and blasted the ground with a thick coating of webbing mixed with his organic and synthetic to produce a giant spider web. The truck was stuck on the web like a fly. The weren’t going anywhere know matter how hard they stepped on the gas. Being quick, just as the men we’re getting out of the truck, Peyton leapt from the building his was on and webbed the sides of the truck to ensure there they stayed put.

“Shit its one of those annoying ‘Spider-Men.’”

Peyton replied, “You can call me Orb Weaver. Now hold still so I can beat you senseless.”

Then they started firing their guns.

Peyton dodging them, started beating and webbing the men one by one. It was too easy.

Then, out of nowhere a missile was launched at him. Thanks to his ‘Spidey sense,’ Peyton dodged it before it hit a car making it explode.
The younger vigilante looked toward where that came from and what stood was a second armoured truck with a machine missile launcher. Men started pouring out of the back and started charging toward Peyton. Peyton launched into action webbing guns away and kicking heads in before slinking away from a blast of someone’s gun.

Peter was on the comm with him when this happened. Dodging multiple shots followed by baton looks clubs were hard enough without his older brother fretting over him over comm.

He knocked another guy away to the ground when multiple grenades this time were thrown at him. Successfully dodging the grenades, Peyton through a couple of grenades of his own. Web grenades to be exact. It clogged the giant gun before it exploded and some of the debris manage to graze Peyton’s arm. It wasn’t bad, but this was gonna annoy him later. Then the dock men, coming from where Peter just got through securing the ship came in. And the process started over again. Peyton was about to be in trouble if this kept up.

“Where are you, Peter?” Peyton thought his brother was on his way.

The men started firing in Peyton’s direction and Peyton had to change tactics. He sprayed webs at their feet sticking them in one place. This startled them as they tried to free their feet, but they didn’t budge. Then, Peyton sent a surge go through him and into his webs successfully shocking the men.

“Venoshock for the win,” Peyton said before dropping to his knees. Doing a shock to that many people at once or more takes a bit out of him. Peyton looked around to see his did a job well done. And without his brother’s help.

But the victory was short lived, as a few hidden men came out and started advancing toward him.

“Oh come on.” Peyton whined, but started getting to his feet to fight again.

Then a thwip was heard from a distance and the men were all webbed to the side of the buildings or trucks in one setting before hurling a barbed hook at the last group successfully pinning down the last group of men. There stood in his 5’10 of ‘holiness’ (hint sarcasm), Spider-Man leaps from the air and on top of the webbed up truck.

“Sorry to be fashionably late to the party,” the taller red and blue clad hero said, “but the life of the
“Party’s over, you dork,” the smaller sliver, black, and red clad hero replied. He sank to his knees again, really winded from delivering a venoshock on top of using a lot of his organic webbing to stop three plus armored cars. His brother jumped from a top the car, and jogged over to his brother.

“You ok bro?”

“Just fine, just need to catch my breath.”

“MAX?”

“He sustained a graze injury on his left arm, Peter. Otherwise, he’s just suffering from fatigue.”

Peyton inwardly winced, he forgot that injury. But it didn’t hurt.

“Peyton…”

“I’m fine, it’s just a graze. It’ll heal by the time I go to bed tonight.”

“Still, I don’t want you getting an infection.”

“We can barely get sick, Peter. Remember?”

“Nothing wrong with being cautious.”

Peyton sighed and relinquished to sitting to the ground surveying what they did.

“The police has been alerted. Did we get any information on the location of Kingpin?” Peyton asked.
Peter shook his head, “We don’t have enough information. But it does give us another lead toward where a potential location could be.”

Peyton nodded. Peter looked around at his brother’s handy work and then turned back to said brother and brought a hand to Peyton’s shoulder, “Great job little bro. This is a step toward taking down Kingpin.”

Peyton ducked his head, “Thanks. We always make a great team don’t we?”

“Sure do. Alright let’s get home, tend to that wound of yours and will see what we can eat for the night.”

“Ok. Race you.” Peyton went to stand but swayed a little and Peter steadied his brother before he collapsed back on the ground.

“Just a little tired from using my organic web a lot. The ‘double decker’ setting worked perfectly.”

Peter nodded, “Glad to hear, but as strong and durable as your organic shit is, try to lean more toward the synthetic--”

“I know, I know,” Peyton cut him off. “In this case didn’t have a choice in stopping the trucks.”

Peter nodded again, “Ok climb on and I’ll swing us home.”

Peyton smiled at the gesture as Peter lowered himself toward the ground and let Peyton climb on his back. Peyton wrapped his legs around his older brother’s torso, arms around his neck, and Peter started their way back to their hideaway.

“Hang tight.”

Chapter End Notes

Orbie....haha had to think of a nickname that went with Spidey
Thoughts? The story will start to pick up from this chapter.

KUDOS! COMMENTS!! SHOW THIS SOME LOVE!
So I need your guys' honest opinions on this story. I haven't received that much feedback despite the growing number of views (which I GREATLY appreciate). I just need people to comment and kudo more. Not begging here (sort of am) but I would like some feedback so I can improve my story, because its a good fricking story. And I got a lot more to come in this so don't be shy. (LEAVE COMMENTS IN MY LAST CHAPTER AS THIS ONE WILL BE TAKEN DOWN TO POST A NEW CHAPTER!)

THANK YOU!!!

P.S I MENTION IN MY OTHER STORY ABOUT A CHALLENGE OF PEOPLE CREATING A LONG ONE-SHOT, OR STORY OF PETER ENDING UP ON THE RAFT WHERE HE MEETS THE REST OF THE CAP'S TEAM AND BONDS WITH THEM DESPITE HIS UNEASINESS AND HATRED FOR CAP. IN MY OPINION THERE NEEDS TO BE MORE OF THOSE OUT THERE.

THREE PETER RAFT STORIES THAT PEOPLE CAN VIEW AS EXAMPLES OR READ BECAUSE THERE SO GOOD. HERE ARE THERE TITLES:

INHALE COURAGE, EXHALE FEAR

TO KILL A SONGBIRD

PETER AND THE JAILBIRDS.

New chapter coming soon!

Again thank you and have a blessed day!
Steve was contempt with a lot of things in life and where he stood. Adjusting to a new era was hurdle in his life and the difference between his era and now had him over his head. All he knew from his era was gone. Bucky disappeared after Washington D.C. Peggy recently died in her sleep. The funeral was a month ago. He still didn’t know how to cope with that. Natasha was there with him after the funeral and Tony, surprisingly sent a bouquet and funded some of the arrangements that took place. Turns out, Peggy was sort of a godmother to Tony when his parents weren’t around. According to Tony, his father was a horrible who seemed to take his anger out on him and was so stuck on finding ‘Captain America’ than help raise his son. Tony was sort of bitter about that part, but Steve didn’t retaliate for Tony was only a boy when this happened. What he did gain out of this experience is a team with a common goal. A family.

“Captain Rogers, you are needed in the conference room.” came FRIDAY’s voice from the ceiling.

“Thank you FRIDAY.” Steve made his way toward the conference room. When he got there it was just Tony, Nat, Clint, and Bruce.

“This everyone?” Steve asks

“The only people needed right now,” replied Natasha as Steve took his seat.

“What still surprises me is that Tony beat you here for once instead of being fashionably late,” Clint quipped.

“Well there’s a first time for everything, bird brain.” Tony quipped back while still looking at his StarkPad.

“He’s just mad cause Pepper banned him from his lap for the rest of the week for pulling two all nighters in a row without any sleep,” Natasha said with a smirk on her lips.

“You know what Romanoff?” Tony looked up to give his evil eye at her; which made her smile grow.
“By any chance of what this meeting is about?” Bruce spoke for the first time.

FRIDAY spoke up at this, “I have received a message with documents from Director Fury.”

Everyone’s attention was on the holograms that popped up. The message is: **MISSION: UNCOVER THE SPIDER-BROS.**

After reading what Fury sent them, the Avengers were intrigued.

“FRIDAY, pull up everything about the ‘Spider-Men.’” Tony requested.

More holograms and videos popped up for the Avengers to see.

“Spider-Man and Orb Weaver aka the Spider-Men of New York, been vigilantes for almost two years now. There feats are amazing, but what does that have to do with us?” Clint spoke first.

“It’s obvious Nick wants these two brought in and unmasked,” Nat replied looking over the identity sheet for Orb Weaver which came up as unknown for most other than the height being around 5’5.

“Wow those webs they shoot out of their wrists. They just stopped a 16 wheeler from plunging into the Hudson River,” Bruce exclaimed watching a clip of the spider duo saving the day. “50 people were saved that day.”

Steve heard about those two on the news from time to time, but with everything with Ultron, the topic fell through the cracks. Now Fury wants them to bring them in.

“Why unmask them?” Clint asked.

“Fury wants to know who’s behind those masks to see if they would be a threat or not,” Natasha replied once again.

“A threat?” Bruce spoke surprised. “These two clearly are on the side of good.”
“But not knowing whose these vigilantes are can be a danger later,” Natasha refuted.

“Wouldn’t they done that a long time ago if that were the case,” Bruce argued clearly not liking the idea.

“Regardless,” Steve spoke up for the first time since receiving the information, “Clearly Fury wants this checked out. If they’re good as these documents say they are, then we have to look into it ourselves.”

“Wow,” Clint said looking into a document, “Fury sent his best agents to tail these two and they evaded Fury every single time for the past year. The agents couldn’t get a read on them or a trail on the Spider-dudes. That’s mad skill right there.”

“All the more reason to go after them and find out who’s under the mask,” Natasha added.

“Are you serious?” Bruce spoke up again. “All these two ever do is save lives. I mean in this report, it says that the crime rate in the New York boroughs and Manhattan went down sixty percent and continuing ever since Spider-Man and Orb Weaver showed up. Seventy-five percent in Queens and Brooklyn alone. How’s that evil?”

“I agree with Green Bean on this one,” Tony spoke for the first time. “These two ring hero potential and the people of New York love them.”

“We can’t take that risk, Tony,” Natasha said. “Anyone can hide behind that mask and do the right thing, then curve into evil.”

“Are you sure you not mad because you tried your hand in finding these two, and had zero luck in doing so?” Tony leaned forward toward the Black Widow in a teasing manner.

Natasha masked her silence in rolling her eyes and went back to reading another document.

“I have a proposition,” Clint finally spoke up again.
“This outta be good,” Tony murmured to Bruce.

Clint ignoring him continued, “It’s obvious that Fury wants these two registered into his system, but clearly not all of us agree that these two are up to no good at all or not. So why don’t we send two of us to meet the two Spider-dudes and ask them to come with us. Clearly they’ll see an opportunity if they see the Avengers approaching them for their help.”

A silence rang through the conference room.

“That’s not bad,” Natasha spoke first.

“That doesn’t sound bad at all,” Steve agreeing.

“But won’t they get suspicious if just any of us show up out of the blue for there help. If they’re smart enough to out maneuver Fury and his agents, what’s different from us?” Bruce pointed out.

“Come on,” Tony said as he got up to leave, “we’re the Avengers! No two lame-brained vigilante hero wannabes is going to outsmart us.”

The rest of the Avengers looked at each other and shrugged. They had their orders and a plan.

Peyton was having an O.K day. The good news is his big brother scored enough money to where they wouldn’t have to worry about groceries for a few weeks, on top of other things. The bad news things have been pretty mellow in the neighboring boroughs and Manhattan. Yes, crime seems to be plummeting as the days go by, but Peyton still wants some excitement. Ever since the Spider Bros. big bust at the cargo ship and capturing some of the henchmen, the Kingpin investigation came to a halt due to inactivity. That was a week ago. Now the boroughs seem to be peaceful now. It’s boring. Peyton wants some action and this is his second time out alone and he wants to prove to Peter that he’s capable handling situations without having to call him for backup every time something gets hard.

‘I’m not a baby, Pete. I can handle myself’
‘I never said you were. But I still my kid brother. Just be careful going out today.’

‘I will, big bro. No need to worry.’

‘That’s when I worry the most.’

Peyton chuckled at the memory and banter with his older brother. Peter no matter how frantic he can get with his little brother tackling the streets, Peter trusts him to make good decisions. They trusted each other emancely and that’s what keeps them going day by day.

Sighing, Peyton decided to call it an early day and swing back over the bridge to Queens when an alarm went off at a corner store. Deciding to do a last minute sweep, Peyton decided to check it out. He arrived and two guys were about to loot a couple hundred thousand dollars worth of jewelry.

Amateurs.

Making his way across the ceiling, Orb Weaver rested above the two delinquents before making a large snaring web net and snagged them. The burglars were startled by the unsuspecting hero and was encased in a cocoon minus their heads and feet. The jewels put back where they belong, Peyton left a note just like his Spider-Man taught him and was on his way once again. Only this time as he was leaving his ‘spidey-sense’ went off higher than before. He then heard what sounded like a rocket or missile. He looked out from the corner of his eye to see the ‘rocket’ heading straight for him. Peyton didn’t know what to do, but start running away. Then the said ‘rocket’ was turning to his direction he was running away from. Peyton, then saw that the ‘rocket’ had was carrying someone. He was dressed in what looked like red, white, and blue.

Then the younger spider’s brain clicked.

That ‘rocket’ wasn’t a rocket at all. And said rocket was a red and gold too. The simple answer:

Iron Man and Captain America were approaching him.

Peyton was internally shrieking. Not from fanboyng, but from realizing he could be in big trouble.
Iron Man set Captain down before landing himself. His friend would be so jealous given different circumstances.

“Hey there Spider the Queens. By the way, which Spider-Bro were you again?” Iron Man asked.

“I believe Tony, judging by the suit and physical stature he’s Orb Weaver,” Captain America replied.

Peyton didn’t say anything. He was still shocked by the fact that he was in front of two of the most famous Avengers.

“Right, right. Orb Weaver. Anyway, we have some questions we like to ask you?”

Questions, what questions? His spidey-sense was still going off so Peyton didn’t let his guard down. He simply shrugged.

“Is alright if you came with us?” Captain America asked.

Peyton had to think. These were the Avengers. They wouldn’t try to harm him, but his ‘spidey-sense was still going off, and it hasn’t let him down in the past.

He shook his head no.

Clearly wrong answer for Iron Man, “Look, let me rephrase that, you’re coming with us. We need to know who you are.”

Oh

Oh hell no. They wanted his identity revealed to them? Hell to the N-O. That was out the question, even to them.

“Do you know where Spider-Man is? We need him too.”
Peyton not wanting to use his voice, shook his head again, no.

“Son, I need a verbal answer.” The american flag hero, took some steps forward,

Peyton took some steps back, clearly indicating don’t come any closer.

“This doesn’t have to be a fight.”

Peyton looked between Cap and Iron Man, both looking ready to apprehend. Peyton’s mind was going so many miles a minute and needed an escape plan.

Sadly, his time wasn’t long, because Iron Man lost his patience.

“Alright, I’m out of patience and I’m done talking.” and started his way toward the spider vigilante.

Peyton decided to act now. He webbed both of the guys is faces, starling them. Orb Weaver then snapped a web toward Cap’s shield and whipped it toward Iron Man smacking across the head knocking him down. Peyton used this distraction to make his getaway. He started making his way down the street swinging like his life depended on it.

Iron Man recovered quicker than he thought because he was already on his tail, Captain keeping pace on the ground.

‘Shit this was bad,’ Peyton thought.

“MAX, how did I lose these guys?” Peyton yelled frantically.

“I would suggest calling your brother Peyton,” MAX replied.

“NO! I can’t do that! They want both of us! I can’t lead them to him, let alone involve him yet,” Peyton replied frantically. “I need a plan.”

“Peyton on behind you,” MAX alerted just as his spidey-sense was going off.
He had just enough time to twist in the air to narrowly dodge Captain’s shield before flinging into an alley. Orb Weaver was about to get out of the alley only to get hit with an unsuspected repulsor blast.

Ouch.

Peyton got up quickly to see Iron Man at one end of the alley and turned around to see Cap at the other.

Trapped.

“We can still do this the easy way, y’know? All we need is to know who you are and we can get on our way.”

Peyton again shook his head. He had people who he cared about despite not seeing them for months. He wouldn’t risk that.

“Have it your way,” Iron Man said before charging toward him. Peyton began to run toward Iron Man only to slide under him before he could land. He webbed Iron Man to the ground and together to make it harder to get out. Peyton jumped up from the ground only to jump to the side of one of the buildings to avoid the shield heading for his head. What Peyton didn’t count on was the shield to come back so suddenly to hit him square in the back. He stumbled only to get shoulder tackled by the Captain. Orb Weaver was sent to the wall, groaning.

Peyton was hurting from the impact, but couldn’t let himself get captured.

“Peyton, I highly suggest you go for Captain America’s legs if you have a chance of escaping without further damage,” MAX suggested.

“That could work,” Peyton replied.

He leaped up, recovering quickly and surprising Captain with a kick aimed for his head. Cap ducked, just as Peyton predicted. He quickly webbed the Captain’s legs before bringing them out from under him. Peyton made quick work to quickly spray multiple webs at the Cap’s hands, legs, ankles, and torso securing him to the ground along with his shield. Peyton saw Iron Man finally get
out of his binding and wasted no time making his way webbing the metal man arms, leaping over
him, tying the webs together before sending a glob of web to the back of Iron Man’s arms behind his
back. Peyton, then shot webs to the legs of Iron Man and leaping in the air and tying them to a
horizontal flag pole. He slid down the spider web and wrapped him in a cocoon web mixed of his
real webs and synthetic webs effectively trapping the man of iron. His repulsor blasts couldn’t
penetrate a web this thick.

Satisfied with his work, Orb Weaver was about to make his getaway, when Captain shouted, “Orb
Weaver, stop! Please, we don’t want this to turn ugly.”

Peyton approached the honorary Captain, he saw some truth in the Cap’s eyes, but at the same time
he tackled him into a wall and slammed him with his shield. Not only that he got hit with repulsor
blasts by Iron Man. So screw it. He delivered a punch to Cap’s face knocking him dazed before
scurrying off.

Peyton made it to Brooklyn before settling on a rooftop to catch his breath. He started to shake
because, holy muthafuckin’ shit balls!! He just fought Captain America and Iron Man and won. Sort
of. He had a feeling they weren’t going all out, but they still put the beat down on him. He slid down
the wall, groaning of the onslaught of pain that came rushing forth. The adrenaline that was there
before left and now he felt the pain in his back, ribs, and shoulder. The boy was starting to whimper
as the pain got worse and his senses being dialed didn’t help his situation.

“Peyton, you’re about to experience a panic attack. You have a series of injuries. You should really
call your brother.”

“MAX, please don’t. I just need to catch my breath is all. I’m fine” Yeah right. Not fine at all. He
was hurting everywhere.

He started squeezing the side of the wall before some of the bricks started to crumble under his
strength. The jagged pieces hurt but they brought him back again. Peyton started to take deep breaths
and situate himself again.

“MAX...let Peter know I’m heading home and to prepare to medkit.”

“Right away.”

Chapter End Notes
Thanks to everyone for letting me know how I'm doing on this story! I'll try to meet some of the ideas proposed. (No promises). Minor spoiler: Peter will be returning full throttle.

KUDO! LOVE!! AND MOST OF ALL: COMMENT!!!
Chapter 7

Peter was starting to get worried. Peyton was due back to their hideout a half an hour ago. It didn’t help that his little brother hasn’t left a message about being late and held back due to something happening during patrol. Peter busied himself with working with a new feature for their suits and went through some trial runs to get it right. This feature would help the boys when they go on infiltration and scoping missions.

Kingpin had been silent after the Spider Bros latest bust and FBI and NYPD on his tail ever since. But that didn’t stop the boys from trying to decrypt and look for new information to leak to the forces. At the same time, Kingpin was known for having multiple connections to get what he needed which included dangerous weapons. He’s one of the reasons some of the trickier crimes in New York keep popping up out of nowhere, because random purchasers and thugs get their hands on weapons they have no business having. Peter and Peyton tackled those when they could, but for some reason they find out that there’s other vigilantes like them out their handling stuff like that when the boys have their hands full. It put the Spiders at ease, even if its just a little.

Peter’s thoughts were interrupted with KAREN’s voice sounding from her little voice box, “A message from MAX, Orb Weaver is in route home.” Peter relaxed at that, before what KAREN said next had his heart racing, “however he also said to get the medkit. He appears to be injured in multiple places as well to be frazzled.”

“What?! How bad?! Why wasn’t I alerted about this?! Connect me to MAX, pronto,” Peter rambled as he went to get the medkit.

“He is now approaching your location, Peter, so there’s no need,” KAREN replied.

As on cue, the Parker’s window came down and the red, sliver, white, and black clad spider scurried in, but as soon as he closed the window, Peyton slid down the wall in complete exhaustion and let out a pitiful whine.

“Peyton! Are you-” Peter ran over to see his little brother clutching his side while even with his mask still on, the older Parker could tell he was in pain.

Peter wasted no time in crouching down to eye level of his brother and asks, “Are you okay?” Peyton was about to nod when he stopped himself because of the nausea from hitting his head. He
put his other unoccupied hand on his head. So no he was not exactly fine.

Peter reached and pulled his brother’s hood back and mask off so he could get a better look. Peyton had a cut above his hairline and cut on his lip. Nevertheless, those injuries weren’t life threatening and resumed on trying to get Peyton to focus, “Hey look at me! You’re safe now. Does your head hurt?”

Peyton scrunched his face in pain, indicating that yes it did hurt. Also, Peter’s loud talking wasn’t helping his senses. He put both hands up to cover his ears.

Peter must have sensed that so he talked lower, “Sorry, bro. Come on, and let me help you to the table over here.” When they shifted to get Peyton to stand, but the younger Parker gasped in pain before taking one of his hands back to his abdomen area. Peter had time to steady his younger brother by the shoulders and adjust the weight by the underarms. He lead Peyton over to the table where he set him down and pressed the emblem on the suit and it slacked and sled off of the younger Parker’s body. What Peter was not ready for was to see two nasty purplish black wounds on his little brother’s torso area (one of them started to bleed a little) as well as a dark bruise on his back as well. It didn’t help that Peyton’s hands were covered in cuts as well.

“What the hell happened?” Peter thought in his head. Who could do this much damage in the time he was out patrolling?

A whimper in his little brother’s voice made Peter come back to the present and set to work and bandaging the younger spider. Being tender in wrapping the ribs after disinfecting them, patching the wound on his back and swabbing the other cuts and bruises littering the little spider crime fighter, Peter was paying attention to his brother’s face. They held a wary and distant look that screamed ‘wtf.’

After patching the last cut in Peyton’s hand, Peter bandaged and wrapped Peyton's hands just to keep it from the cold outside. Then, Peter eased Peyton out of the rest of his suit and into something comfortable, then sat him down on the giant bed they shared. Peter offered to get an air mattress, but Peyton insisted that the bed was big enough for the both of them and it would save them much more money for other necessities.

“Pey?”

Peyton was silently staring at the ground.
“Pey-day?” Peter reached under his little brother’s chin and forced him gently to meet his gaze. Peyton looked lost.

“What happened out there?”

Peyton tried to form words, but he was speechless on what to say, “I-I don’t g-get it. I don’t g-get why they a-attacked me?”

Peter eased an arm around his little brother’s shoulders and pulled him close, mindful of the ribs.

“Who? Who attacked you?”

“Captain America and Iron Man.”

The air got thicker and silence was palpable. Peter’s hairs were sticking up.

“What?”

“I-its true. They a-attacked me for some dumb reason. A-after I stopped a r-robbery in a jewelry store” Peyton leaned into Peter for comfort remembering the fight that transpired a few hours before. Peter rubbed his hand up and down his little brother’s arm.

“MAX?”

A blue light illuminated from the workstation. “He’s right Peter. Both Avengers attacked your brother tonight for information.”

“What information?”

“Our identities,” Peyton replied. “They wanted to know who we are. Something for the organization they’re working with.”
Peter took a minute before knowing his answer. His stomach plummeted at the realization.

“S.H.I.E.L.D.”

“I think I’ve heard of that before,” Peyton said. He looked up to Peter, “Surely they don’t…”

“Son of a bitch!” Peter exclaimed before standing up and paced a little. S.H.I.E.L.D. wanted them in their system because they’re enhanced vigilantes. Anything they wanted uncovered, they would get it, any means necessary.

Peyton continued to pick at the hem of his hoodie. Tonight was rough enough and he felt worn out. All he wanted to do is crawl into bed and forget this night.

“Did they do anything else to you?”

“No they tried to intimidate me, but I wasn’t really. More like shocked and I didn’t want to fight them, but they came after me anyway. I was confused and….. I fought for my life.”

Peyton took a shuddering breath at the fight. He had a feeling Cap and Iron Man were holding back in not seriously hurting him. But they still wanted to bring them in and that scared him. The younger vigilante absently put his hand where Iron Man’s repulsor blast landed.

Peter came and knelt in front of his Peyton, “It’s okay you got away.” He took his brother’s hand off his injury and clasped it around his own, rubbing his thumb over his little brother’s knuckles to provide some kind of comfort.

“I did, but it was just, it was Captain America and Iron Man, Pete.”

“I know and I still can’t believe this. Why didn’t you call if things got this bad?”

“I couldn’t risk it. They would’ve been lead right to you.”
“But you’re fighting two heavy-hitter Avengers, on your own.”

“And won and managed to get away, I might add.”

“That was still risky on your part.”

“I couldn’t risk our cover blown, Pete.”

Peter sighed and looked at his brother’s disheveled posture and kicked puppy face that seemed to get him every time.

“I’m not mad, Pey-day. I was just worried at the possibility of you getting captured by them.”

Peyton met his older brother’s gaze, “I know. I just couldn’t risk you. I couldn’t lose you.”

“And I can’t lose you either little spi,” Peter slumped in his spot. “Remember, its just you and me now. I told you your safety comes first, no matter what.”

“What happens if I lose you then? Then I have no one.” Peyton looked close to breaking into tears.

“You won’t lose me.”

“You don’t know that.”

“I will damn well try, Pey. I promise I will see to it that we make it through this shit storm of our lives together.”

Together, the word echoed.

Peyton looked glassy eyed now. Peter always made ends meet somehow and always included Peyton in helping out or at least tried. Still, Peyton feels like he could do more for Peter. He takes a
“Big bro, it was….”

“Scary?”

“Exciting? Nerve-wracking I guess?”

“You were scared.”

Peyton gave a little pout, “I wasn’t per say scared. I was…” but Peyton couldn’t think of another word.

“It’s ok to say you were. I get scared too”

Peyton looked up with a skeptical gaze, “Really? When?” He couldn’t see Peter scared. Not since that fateful day.

“All the time. Everyday. I fear that one day we’ll get discovered and get thrown back into the system. We get seperated. Or something related to the Spider Bros,” Peter explained.

Oh

“Sorry. I always see you so fearless. So calm.”

“Well, I have you to keep me sane and to keep me moving forward.”

Peyton beamed, letting his tears finally fall after an eventful night. Peter saw his brother relax after a few minutes.

“Come here,” Peter said, spreading his arms for his little brother.
Peyton, mindful of his injuries slid into his brother’s warm, welcoming embrace, nestled under Peter’s chin. Peter kissed the crown of Peyton’s head whispering they would get through this.

After a few more minutes of debriefing, Peyton went to bed clearly exhausted, while Peter stayed up a bit longer preparing his suit and going over footage of Peyton’s tussle with the two leading Avengers. They attacked and messed his spiderling. His little brother. His family. All for a pitiful excuse.

Oh yeah, there will be hell to pay. And Peter will deliver in full.

Meanwhile at the Avengers Tower, Tony was peeved and annoyed to say the least. That spider clogged his suit good. It took hours just to get down after the rest of the team found him and Steve, and another set of hours just to get his suit declogged and functioning again. It made Tony wonder, how much webs can one person or vigilante produce? It’s like Orb Weaver had an endless supply. Was he part spider? He hoped not. Ugh. Tony shuddered at the thought of being wrapped in actual spider web. But the webs went away and Tony was making repairs on it after taking a few hits from getting flung into the wall being wrapped. Then his A.I ruined his peace and quiet

“Boss, you’re needed at the conference room.”

“Needed?”

“Yes Boss. Needed.”

Tony glanced up at the ceiling with an arched brow. Since when did he install FRIDAY to be snarky like that.

The billionaire sighed and put his tools down and headed for the conference room.

When Tony got there, he was met with Clint cackling at the footage of Iron Man getting webbed upside down, Natasha was studying the new information on what she got on Orb Weaver. Too bad
there wasn’t much to go off of as the vigilante didn’t even speak a word to him or Steve tonight. Bruce was sitting with Steve as said soldier was nursing an ice pack on his left eye where he apparently got socked hard across the face when had a go with the Orb Weaver.

“Clint how many times are you gonna watch that part over and over?” Nat asked not bothering to look up from her work.

“As many as I want. This shit’s hilarious. It gets funnier every time this guy leaps into the air taking Stark’s feet right from under him,” Clint said between chuckles.

“Laugh it up, Birdbrain. You’ll be going with arrows full of confetti if you keep talking,” Tony snarked back.

“Ooooo that’s not a bad idea. Do you think--”

“I’m gonna stop you there before I give you any more insane ideas,” Tony rubbed his forehead.

“Video call from Director Fury. Shall I put him through?” FRIDAY’s voice rang through the room.

“Patch him through,” Tony said. Clint snickered at the pun. Natasha simply rolled her eyes.

“Avengers.” Fury’s tone was icy and had a hint of annoyance and anger in it. Yep he was pissed.

“Patchy,” was Tony’s reply. Everyone else stayed silent.

“I was hoping to at least have one of the Spider Duo in our custody right now, but when I get is two of my best agents tied up in the middle of a store and footage of two Avengers getting made fools of by Orb Weaver.” Fury was trying to keep his cool about the situation.

“In our defense, we may have underestimated his abilities,” Tony put in.

“Moreover for you guys to take these two in,” Fury input.
“We were too harsh and brash in our advance in trying to take Orb Weaver in,” Steve spoke up for the first time. “We’ve should’ve been more patient with him.”

“There’s no time for formalities, Captain. The vigilante needs to be brought in before things turn for the worse,” Fury exasperated.

“Things already have,” Clint said. “Both of them now know what we’re trying to do and will continue to try to come after them.”

“Plus Spider-Man wasn’t even with Orb Weaver when he was patrolling, correct?” Nat added. Tony nodded. “Their going to be more cautious when they go out, which means we have to have a more calculated plan for the next go round.”

Fury nodded. “All of you barring Banner, are going to go out there to track them this time. I’ll leave you to it and this time don’t fail.” The screen then went blank.

“So,” Tony clapped his hands, “how do we approach this?”

Steve lowered his ice pack, “This time we go in and not hold back. I feel Orb Weaver was holding back as well.”

“That shiner your sporting says otherwise, Cap” Clint pointed out.

“We may have spooked him. He was trying to run away,” Steve replied. “Two Avengers coming out of nowhere, trying to take you in just for your identity would spook me too.”

“Well this time we’ll be more prepared.” Tony said although he still held some doubt about this situation.

They bounced around ideas on how to take in the Spider Bros when Natasha spoke up again

“Bruce?”
Bruce finished packing away the med kit and looked up to his fellow Avengers.

“You haven’t made any input about this. You have any ideas?”

Bruce shook his head, “I still think this is a waste of time. The two have not done a single thing wrong and are helping people out there.”

“We get that Bruce, but--” Steve was cut off by Bruce though.

“No, I don’t think you guys get it from their point of view. These two have put their lives on the line every other night to saving thousands of lives, and then their wanted because they have secret identities. Then, Cap and Tony show up and get in a tussle with one of them. All I’m saying is I hope this doesn’t come bite us in the ass in the worst possible way.

Bruce left after his little ‘input.’ The rest of the Avengers took what Bruce said to heart. As silly as the mission is, this still needs to be looked into if they can prevent a disaster before it happened.

They couldn’t bring their emotions into this. Not now. They continued their debate how to capture the Spiders of New York; effectively and professionally.

Chapter End Notes

Things are starting to brew up fast. What will happen next?

KUDOS!! LOVE!! AND MF COMMENT!!
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

I apologize for the unexpected hiatus. New job. Hobbies. Barely had time to write. Plus this chapter was very hard to write down. But I'm back and will try to stay on top of this.

Let's see what our boys have been up to.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Spider-Man crouched on top of a tall building in Queens. He patrolled Queens regularly, but he hasn’t taken the time to admire the beauty of his once home sweet home.

His old home, Delmar’s Deli, the Corner Market, etc. It was his and his brother’s home and he missed it. He missed Midtown too. He missed his friends. Ned especially. MJ too although they weren’t as close as he thought. But she did hang out with the pair at school. There was that one friend that fawns over his brother from time to time, Liz was her name? Either way Peyton was oblivious and/or didn’t seem to care. That still didn’t mean that the reminiscing of the Parkers’ old life hurt any less. Peter would have to try one day to revisit some of his old places, even though he and his brother changed their whole appearance.

One day

But right now, he had to finish patrol, still high hopes that he’d run into an Avenger or two so he can pulverize them for what they did to Peyton. Peyton on the other was worried out of his mind for Peter’s safety.

“*You can’t go out there yet, not when I just got attacked by the Avengers.*”

*Peter finished putting on his suit after minor upgrades and tweaking, “I can’t let them stop us from patrolling the city, Pey. People are counting on us even if we do take two or three days off.”*

“They won’t hold back if they see one of us again.”

“Then we won’t hold back either.”
“But-”

“Listen to me, Pey,” Peter said and he kneeled in front of his brother who was on the bed with a few inventory lists, “the Avengers think what they say is law. I’m not gonna put up with their treatment of other heroes around here who are helping everyday people. They can’t regulate that and they’re just gonna have to learn the hard way if the Avengers don’t our answer.”

Peyton was silent after what Peter just said. Yes, they got to take a stand against this, but they’re seasoned, veteran heroes compared to the brothers. Maybe-

“Hey I know that face. You’re staying and finish recovering and making sure we have enough food for the rest of the week before out weekly trip to the store.”

So much for that idea. Peyton just sighed and said, “Just be careful and stay safe.”

“I will little bro,” Peter replied before kissing Peyton’s forehead and ruffling his hair.

“And give them hell,” Peyton added as Peter was heading out the window. Peter gave a thumbs up before free falling into web-slinging off.

Peter will be giving the Avengers hell. Peyton was still recovering despite his wounds fully healed. The soreness in the little spiderling’s ribs still lingered and decided that he would take another day off just to be on the safe side.

Peter shook his head and resumed his patrol back over Queens. It was approaching night time and crime was about to spike when shops start to lock up and people start getting ready for bed. Perfect timing for criminals to strike. Perfect time for Spider-Man to pounce on his prey.

Ok that sounded weird and creepy. But then again, Peter is part spider.

“KAREN any activity yet?” Peter asked after looking around for something big, besides a car theft and helping getting a few people home safely from a bar fight.

“There’s suspicious activity around the Southern Queens and Brooklyn border. Its near the old
insurance building,” replying his A.I.

“Alright,” Peter said and started his trek toward the location it’ll take a little to get there from where he was from a different location in Queens.

“KAREN, status on Peyton?” Yes, he wanted to see his brother hadn’t snuck out even though Peyton was well-behaved and knew Peter wouldn’t put up with his brother trying to sneak out to patrol.

“He appears to be working on the project you two are trying to implant in both your suits.”

“Huh,” Peter all could say.

“He does though, according to MAX, to be a little tired.”

Peter knew Peyton was tired from the lingering muscle pain his injuries were giving him, despite being fully healed. He also was still razzled from his tussle with the two faces of the Avengers.

“Well inform him if he gets too tired to pay attention to what he’s doing with the tools he’s handling, go to bed. I’ll be home soon if the Avengers don’t show up.”

“Will do, Peter.”

The older spider headed toward the location of where the suspicious activity when he felt his Spider-Sense go off like crazy. Plus he heard KAREN’s “incoming Peter” just as his spidey sense went off. He dodged a what looked like a red, white, and blue shield whizzing by him followed by a faint sound of repulsor jets coming his way. Spider-Man landed on a nearby building top and soon found himself being approached by the two masterminds behind his little brother’s beating: Captain America and Iron Man.

_You got your wish, Spidey. You get to kick some Avenger ass tonight._

“KAREN, send Droney to the location and record what you find. I have a feeling this I won’t make it there in time to see what’s up.”
“Right away, Spider-Man.” And Droney disconnected itself from Spider-Man’s suit and flew away without being spotted by the approaching Avengers. Spider-Man turned his attention to his opponents.

“Spider-Man.” spoke Captain America when he stopped in front of the spider vigilante.

“Cap,” was Spider-Man’s reply. He turned to his ex-idol, Tony Stark, “Tin Can.”

“You know what, Cap, I take what I said earlier back. I like the other spider better, this one won’t stop yapping, I know it.”

“Ohhh did I hurt your feelings? I didn’t think the man of Iron had feelings.”

Iron Man clearly not here for Spider-Man’s jokes rose a repulsor aimed at the spider, “I’m not here for your jammer.”

Clearly

“Spider-Man, you need to come in with us. We don’t know your identity and until we know who you are, you pose a threat,” Cap spoke once again.

Spider-Man let out a laugh startling the two a bit, “A threat? Are you kidding? Have you seen the news outlets? People out here see me and my partner (brother) as heroes. And quite frankly we didn’t ask for this fame. We just doing our jobs as being the friendly neighborhood Spider-Bros as we’ve been dubbed.”

“Doesn’t change the fact that your hiding behind a mask.”

“And?”

“Why? Got something to hide?” retorted Iron Man this time.
“I got people to protect. The point of a secret identity is to keep the people I love safe. And sorry to disappoint Mr. “I am Iron Man” but unlike you, I like to keep my loved ones in one piece.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“For a self-proclaimed genius, you are dumb. Putting your address for the world see? Not smart at all. I’m surprised Miss Potts still puts up with you.”

“You little shit,” Iron Man almost launched forward if it wasn’t Cap holding him back.

“Easy Tony, he’s just getting under your skin.” Cap turned back to Spider-Man. “Look we’re on a timetable here.”

“Who’s? Your’s or SHIELD’s?”

The slight shock on Cap’s face confirms Spidey’s hunches. SHIELD was in this all along. It explained the shady characters following him and his brother in the alleyways and subways.

“My thoughts exactly.”

“How do you know about SHIELD?” Iron Man asked calmed down a bit.

Spider-Man let out a chuckle, “You don’t think any vigilante in New York or New Jersey doesn’t know about the secret organization that brought the Avengers together. Not to mention the information leak that took place during the incident in Washington D.C. What hero would trust SHIELD after that?”

He had a point.

“Regardless if you trust us or SHIELD or not, us not knowing your identity poses a potential threat to the public,” Cap said.

“That’s not a good enough reason for you guys to know my identity. Besides, if I wanted to turn evil and lead a conquest for world domination I would’ve done instead of helping people when I first
started out. On top of that, you guys have no say in what I can and can’t do out here.” Spidey replied.

Cap looked about to say something, but Spidey wasn’t done, “It’s because of your stupid ass reason of trying to uncover my and my partner’s identities is what lead to Orb Weaver getting severely hurt.”

“Sorry, but he resisted.”

“Because YOU two assholes attacked him for no reason. I’m surprised he wasn’t bleeding as much as he should’ve when Iron Man blasted him in the side.”

“We didn’t want to fight. This doesn’t have to be a fight. Nothing personal,” Iron Man replied. “Just business.”

“Well it’s personal to me.” Spider-Man’s stance turned defensive. “You hurt him, now I hurt you.”

“I think he just threaten us.” Iron Man raising both repulsors now. Cap readied his shield.

“I did.”

“NOW!”

Spider-Man’s spidey sense went off just then and he caught a wrist that had a weapon in it. It looked like a glowing baton. Spider-Man whipped around and had got his back-stabbing assailant in a reverse headlock. He got a glimpse of red hair and knew exactly who it was.

Black Widow.

Shit

His brother was right. They are not going to show mercy. Not while trying to take them in.
Black Widow tried to use his body as leverage and try to stab him with her electric baton. But Spidey’s training came in and using his enhanced strength and pushed her off and webbed her to the ground. He backflipped and charged the now stunned Captain America who then whipped lightning speed to throw his shield. Spidey slid under the incoming weapon, webbed Cap’s legs and pulling him to the ground, before spring into the air and stomping on his face with a crack.

Cap let out a pained grunt as Spidey’s foot made connection with his face; the feeling of his nose being broken on impacted. Iron Man, however didn’t hesitate to fire blast after blast at the spider vigilante and then a laser which all Spider-Man dodged. Spider-Man shot a web at Iron Man’s faceplate, however Iron Man after battling Orb Weaver before, was prepared and dodged the glob and sent a pair of cuffs to grab Spider-Man. It clamped Spider-Man’s hands together, effectively cutting off his webshooters. However, Iron Man’s success was short-lived as he failed to comprehend how quick Spider-Man was and ended up getting knocked upside the head with Spider-Man’s bound hands with ridiculous strength.

Spider-Man tried to break free of the cuffs, but didn’t break. They were caving a bit though. He has to adapt and kick the Avengers ass with his hands tied, literally. He saw Cap recover his shield and looked at Spidey with a menacing glare that signaled he’s not playing around anymore. Spider-Man wasn’t phased though, and perceived to avoid strike after strike from the soldier. Cap was starting to get frustrated, and made a cutting jab toward Spider-Man’s blind spot, however the Spider easily evaded that without looking. What happened next really peeved the super soldier. Spider-Man lifted his hands just as the shield missed him and broke the cuffs.

Webshooters are free as are his other options. Now Spider-Man was unleashed. He began to thrash Cap with a barrage of mixed kicks and punches that Cap couldn’t react and ended up being kicked into the wall and webbed there. Spider-Man looked behind him to see Iron Man had recovered and freed Black Widow while at it. This was going to be tricky, but with Cap out the way, he could focus on taking out Widow, while immobilizing Stark.

“Cap?” came Stark’s voice, but the Captain was out like a light.

Black Widow started in on Spider-Man, they danced and exchanged blows to see who got the upper hand while Iron Man hovered to see where he can get Spidey while his guard was down. That didn’t happen as when Widow went for a crucial blow with her Widow bites, Spider-Man webbed the weapon and with deadly accuracy stabbed Iron Man shocking his suit. Spider-Man then webbed Widow’s hands together and drove an elbow in her face knocking her out. He then grabbed Iron Man’s gauntlets while Stark was dazed and started crushing them under his brute strength.

“GAHH!” Stark screamed as his forearms were being crushed under Spidey’s grip. Then, Spider-Man flung him into the wall opposite of Cap and cocooned the Iron Man suit. Satisfied, he marched up to Iron Man and ripped off the faceplate, getting a sight of Stark’s face in pain. He took the man’s face and brought it close to where almost their noses were touching, and growled, “You messed with
the wrong spider. Tell your Captain Patchy, that the Spider Bros. are not interested with his crew of selfish clowns. Stay the hell away from my protege, and myself, or I’ll show you the meaning of the word: HELL!!. Understand?!”

Stark could feel sweat creep down the side of his face and that the venom in Spider-Man’s voice; he could almost taste it. The people say the Spider Bros. were friendly. Obviously, people haven’t tried to piss one of them off. And Stark had his money on pissing the bigger of the two first.

The grip tightening on his face brought him out of his daze as Spidey’s eye specs narrowed.

“Need an answer, Stark.” He spit out the Stark like acid.

“Yes, I understand.” But in the back of his mind he knew Fury would send them back out. If one thing described Fury is that the man was relentless.

“Good. Next time, I won’t be so gentle.”

‘Gentle? Was Spider-Man holding back on the Avengers this whole time? How powerful are these spiders?’ Tony was miffed.

Just as Spider-Man let go of Tony’s face, his Spidey sense went off and he just stepped to the side as an arrow hit Iron Man shocking him into unconsciousness. Spider-Man turned to see in the far distance the wielder of the bow and arrow: Hawkeye. He webbed his way to the archer, dodging incoming arrows as he landed in front of the Avengers.

“You dodged my arrows without looking? How?”

Spider-Man smirked, “I have my ways.”

After witnessing his teammates get taken down single-handley by the spider vigilante, Hawkeye was struggling to see where he could step in and do blow to the guy without being noticed. It didn’t matter though, Spider-Man had somehow seen and tore through their plan without braking a sweat.

The Avenger took a defensive stance, and thought, ‘This might hurt a little.’
Peter was on his way sporting a couple bruises from his tussle, but otherwise was ok. He’d gotten his revenge on the Avengers for hurting his brothers and sent a message to the SHIELD that they were to be left alone as well as for other vigilantes with a secret identity.

“Peter?”

KAREN interrupted his thoughts, “Yes, KAREN?”

“Droney is on its way to your rendezvous point with the intel from that garage hideout.”

“Great. What does it have?”

“Potential information of Fisk’s final location and the objects of transportation.”

“Excellent, KAREN! Peyton gonna be so excited to hear this.”

“Your welcome, Spidey.”

This night couldn’t have ended better than that. Well maybe bringing home his baby brother ice cream. Maybe.

Chapter End Notes

LOVE. KUDO. COMMENT THE HELL OF THIS. Wanna hear your thoughts.

THANK YOU!!
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Sorry for another delay. Had a hard time getting the creative juices pumping. But I cranked out another chapter. We're taking a look at the Parker's lives outside their Spider personas.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

For once the Parker brothers were on the good side of life. The information Peter got a couple nights ago were more than enough to pinpoint Fisk’s location and put him in jail once and for all. Peyton was also one hundred percent ready to go, but Peter said they need to take this day to plan and get the necessary supplies and necessities to pull this off.

Their selling of electronics and old gadgets were selling big and money wasn’t an issue for their needs. Peter had time to show Peyton what they latest feature to their suits were going to be and thus, they would be practicing it when the time was right, but not now. The Parker brothers also haven’t heard from the Avengers since Peter’s beat down on them.

Peter told of how he single-handedly whooped the Avengers’ asses and hopefully won’t be bothering the Spider Bros. anytime soon. For now, the boys concentrated on making moves on Fisk and taking down the weapons market they have been trying to salvage.

Peyton, also completed their new feature both Parker brothers had been working on.

Camouflage

“I can’t believe you ACTUALLY finished it. And here I was struggling to finish to complete the product,” Peter exclaimed.

Peyton chuckled, “I just switch out a few materials, and redid some of your math for the feature on our A.I’s. After that, it was easy.”

“We are gonna have such an easier time during patrols and other missions,” Peter said staring at the framework.
“Remember we got to test it first,” Peyton reminded his older brother. “Remember the last time you ran out of here with a non-tested prototype gadget we created?”

*Peter groaned, “Don’t remind me.”*

“Ok you were stuck in a--”

“I said DON’T remind me!”

*Peyton cackled at him.*

Peter wasn’t amused at the fact that he forgot that the web bomb he took with him was the exact first one he made. In his defense, they all looked the same and was for the most part alright. Minus the embarrassment of course.

Overall, the boys’ suits and gadgets were being upgraded to be better and better biweekly. But that wasn’t enough; if Fisk was already anticipating the Spider Bros. presence than they got to cover a few bases before launching into the raid on Fisk’s hideout.

That’s how Peter found himself in a neat tidy cafe in North Manhattan. He was there to gather a little more information in what could end the Fisk heist; while Peyton was back in Queens doing the same as the last of Fisk’s thugs were retreating from there. There was a lot of talk of Fisk’s thugs out on the streets and most of them disappearing in the boroughs Queens, Brooklyn, and the Bronx. They’ve been keeping tight quarters near Manhattan, so Peter was going to snoop around as his civilian self instead of Spider-Man.

Peter got some information at a couple shops before settling in the Manhattan’s little snack bar. He took a corner booth away from everyone to send Peyton information about what he got and vice versa. He was almost finished when he heard a voice that he didn’t think he would hear for a long time,

“Did you see the look on Flash’s face when he go bonked down to third alternate?”

Peter looked up slightly from his place in the shack and saw his best friend in the whole world sitting
a few booth’s down.

Ned.

“Serves him right. He was dragging us down and the vote was unanimous. Dickhead couldn’t get a question right if you paid him.”

Another voice he recognized. A girl definitely, but sarcastic and full of nonchalant.

MJ

“Remind me again why he’s still on the team?”

The third one Peter heard was one he hadn’t heard since his field trip to OSCORP. Another girl and it sounded like the opposite of MJ. Cheery at best.

Gwen

Gwen was a late addition to their little social, friend group after MJ decided out of the blue to join Peter and Ned in doing things with them in and out of school. She fit right in and had popped quizzed with Peter over science and vice versa. All four of their friendships grew over the months since the bite.

His best friends were right there in front of him.

He hadn’t seen them since them night of his beloved aunt’s death.

He yearned to tell them he was alive and well, but what about his little brother? CPS would be on them in a heartbeat and it would just be chaos all over again. He still eavesdropped on them to hear about their lives.

“I’m still surprised we managed to win Regionals and Nationals with that tough Brooklyn Tech team coming in strong,” Ned said.
“Why would you be? We’re still the best in New York,” MJ replied.

“Well we struggled a bit with the physics and chemistry area, y’know?” Ned said.

“Which is why, adding Gwen was to the team was a great on my part at least,” MJ said with a hint of bragging.

“Stop, I needed extra curriculars and Decathlon suited me well then everything else,” Gwen said bashfully.

“You handle it like a champ, and with an internship no less,” MJ said.

Internship? Wow. Peter always knew Gwen was smart. She was second in the class, with him being first. But to nail an internship so quickly. He forgets sometimes that their at a time where their thinking about colleges.

*Used to in Peter’s case.*

“Yeah, I can’t believe that you got an internship with OSCORP of all places,” Ned exclaimed.

Time stopped for a second.

*OSCORP?* Gwen’s internship is at OSCORP? OSCORP was Peter’s least favorite place to be after he and his brother got bit there. But he’s happy for Gwen for taking a step toward her future.

“It’s not that big of a deal--”

“Are you kidding?” Ned exclaimed, “OSCORP is one of the best biochemical companies in the world. Getting a job there is a scale of almost impossible to get, let alone an internship!”

“Well this is Gwen we’re talking about, loser,” MJ chimed in. “She’s bound to be at the top.”
Peter could tell from the back of Gwen’s neck that she was blushing.

“Honestly guys, they came to me and offered me an extensive tour of their labs and an internship with hopes of job later on if I stay close for college.

Damn.

“All the more reason to be siked about this. You’re gonna go places,” Ned said with excitement Peter could feel from his place.

He missed his talks and goofy banter with them.


“Gwen I know that look,” MJ said. “Please don’t--”

“I can’t help it, OK. I wish he was here to hear about the improvements and the success we’ve been having.”

Peter knew they were talking about him now.

“I know how you feel Gwen. I miss him too. I wish I could talk about LEGOS and the superheroes like old times again,” Ned said with the positive energy in his voice was gone.

Peter’s heart cracked a little and he tried to go back to his work, but he couldn’t focus as his friends thirty feet away from him was reminiscing on old times. He missed those times.

Peter saw there never ending texts weeks upon weeks after his aunt’s death was found out, but he got rid of it at the risk of Ned trying to hack and track it. The safety of him and his brother overweight his need to contact his friends. He couldn’t bring them down too.

“We can’t dwell on that. He’s gone and we’ve tried to look and see where he’s gone, but we haven’t had such luck have we?” MJ said in masked sarcasm.
Peter knew how to read MJ and he could tell she was sad about him missing. Upset even.

“MJ it’s ok to-” Ned began but MJ cut him off.

“Nope, not doing this. Peter can’t be always on our forefront every single day. At some point we got to move on.”

“I just hope him and Peyton are safe and warm,” Ned reveled.

“It must of been torture for them,” Gwen agreed. “Especially Peyton. The little must be scared out of his mind.”

*If only you knew Gwen,” Peter thought. He had to force back the tears that threatened to fall.*

“Whatever,” MJ scowled and stood up, “I’m going to the restroom.” and stormed off to where the restroom were.

Peter was quick to dive his head back down into his laptop before anyone of his friends saw his face. Yeah, he and Peyton changed their looks a lot and basically unrecognizable from their natural look, but with them especially MJ you couldn’t be too sure if to be found out.

He finally tuned what Ned and Gwen were going on about and dove right back into his research and typed in the information he had until he got his answer on Fisk’s location.

It was near Grand Central Station, and a huge building he might. How could the Spider Bros. miss that. They patrol that part of New York City all the time, and it was right in front of them the whole time. Peter wanted to slap himself.

Kingpin A.K.A Wilson Fisk’s tower was a few miles from here and hadn’t been unofficially named yet.

Bingo.
Peter made a copy of the information he needed to send to Peyton and the NYPD and FBI (anonymously) before making a plan for infiltration of the tower.

He was about to shutdown when a shadow loomed in front of him. Peter didn’t move though, he knew by the smell of perfume and natural scent of his enhanced senses that he knew who it was.

He looked up at the corner of his eye to see MJ at his table looking at him very pensively and observantly.

Peter kept calm and usurped some of his Spider-Man calmness to the forefront and continued close down his network.

“Excuse me?” MJ began.

Peter stopped and took a deep breath and changing the octaves of his voice, “Can I help you ma’am?”

“First you could look me in the eye when you’re talking to me. Manners were invented weren’t they?”

Typical MJ didn’t take no shit from anybody.

Peter did so and looked at his best friend. She hasn’t changed much. She still wore that blank mask of ‘I don’t care.’

“Thank you, and second where you get that?” She pointed at his backpack. He was confused.

“My backpack?”

“No, that keychain. The Star Wars R2 keychain.”

Peter inwardly panicked a little, but decided to play it off, “What about it?”
MJ leaned in a little. “That one is a limited red edition. My friend over there has the blue kind and
there’s only five in existence.”

“OK what does this have to do with me?”

“Where did you get it?”

Peter lied, “I actually found it on the ground. I didn’t want this priceless artifact go to waste.”

MJ’s eyes narrowed, “Where did you find this?”

Peter almost rolled his eyes, “I told you, on the ground—”

“I meant what location?” MJ cut him off tersely.

Peter didn’t want to stay here anymore, “I don’t know. I don’t remember. Why are you hassling
me?” He packed his notes and laptop away before getting ready to leave, but MJ stood in front of
him.

“Look I’m sorry to come up so abrasively and shooting off questions to a person I don’t know. But
that keychain used to belong to my best friend who disappeared after his last relative passed away.
His name was Peter, and I can tell it belonged to him because of the detail he added to it.”

Peter added blue and black to his Star Wars keychain because of Spider-Man. And of course MJ
would know that because as she phrases it, “I’m observant.”

“I just need to know if he’s ok or alive. For my sake and my friends too,” MJ finished as she looked
back at Ned and Gwen. They were too into their convo to notice MJ talking to Peter.

Peter wanted to so badly tell his friends I’m okay and he’s standing right in front of them, but that
would be dangerous. For the sake of his safety and their’s, Peter shook his head, “I’m sorry. I don’t
know him or seen him.”
MJ’s mask crumbled a bit to see the disappointment on her face, but shook it off nonetheless.

“Thank you, Mr..?”

“Daniel,” Peter said the first name to come to mind.


“Sorry I got to run. I’m late for a meeting.” Peter bolted out of there.

“Wait!” MJ yelled out but Peter didn’t stop. He could see from the corner of his eye Ned and Gwen look at who yelled and then see his retreating figure go out the door. He bolted to the Subway station and made his way back to Brooklyn.

Once he was near his hideout, Peter slumped down near the side of the building and let out a scream into his backpack. He lied to his friends face and felt awful. Why was this his life now?

He was scared yes, but their were rare times when he showed it and Peter didn’t like being in front of people when he went into a panic. The older Parker didn’t know how long he sit there before a small hand touched his shoulder. He jumped up ready to attack, but saw a familiar hoodie that graced his presence. His little brother, Peyton was right in front of him and outside.

“Big bro? Are you ok?”

Peter took a deep breath and said, “Um yeah. I’m good, just today’s events were like ‘HOLY SHIT!’

“I bet. Are you sure? I heard you scream from outside. You looked like you were crying,” Peyton pointed out.

Peter brought his hand to his face and felt it damp. He brushed the remaining dampness off and looked back to his spiderling, “I’m positive. Don’t worry.”
Peyton gave him a quizzical look, but didn’t push for now, “If you say so. Come on your dinner is getting cold.” He stuck out a hand to help his big brother up.

Peter rolled his eyes, “Yes, *Mom.*” He grabbed his Peyton’s hand only to fall back on the ground.

Peyton turned his back to him, “Fine peasant, you don’t eat then.” And trotted back inside with a smirk on his face.

“Wait! I’m sorry. Come back. I’m hungry,” Peter shouted as he took off after his brother.

Later that night they began their plan to take out Fisk.

Chapter End Notes

Wish I got more thought into this chapter, tbh.

LIKE! KUDOS! COMMENT! LMK WHAT YOU THINK!
The Fisk tower was where Peter found it would be. Infiltrating it would be a breeze since Fisk’s men have been scattered all across New York getting picked off one by one either by police force or vigilante hero. With his forces dwindling, Kingpin was left with no choice but to keep his men in the relative areas and not out to far. He lost too many, the boys presume.

Peyton managed to complete the Clocking device, known as Camouflage just in time for their final stage of the Fisk heist. They suit up and the Spider Bros. headed out at evening dusk to infiltrate Fisk tower.

They peered the Fisk tower from a distance. They were going to have to time this perfectly otherwise they were going to have a harder time giving Fisk hell.

“The back entrance, is a no go and the front is obviously a no go either and heavily guarded,” Peyton said after going over the information MAX said. “The roof will take too long.”

Peter mulled over that and pondered. Windows? Nope. They would be on them in an instant. Secret hatches? Not from what the blueprints gave them. Garage? They would have to take out the cameras. Cameras; he forgot about those. Good thing they the camouflage feature otherwise this would be ten times harder.

“We need to call the FBI and NYPD,” Peter suggested.

Peyton furrowed a brow from under his mask, “Won’t they just get the way?”

Peter shook his head, “Technically yes they would, but with this place tighten up with security,
we’re gonna need to then ‘thin the herd’ per say. I have been anonymously been giving them tips about Fisk and his criminal syndicate. They’re bound to have enough evidence to pin them with a search warrant and an arrest warrant too.”

Peyton catching on to what his big brother was saying, “So doing that, it’ll distract the troops outside the tower and give us less trouble getting inside, camouflage, and take out Kingpin in one fell swoop.”

Peter patted his little brother head, “Smart boy. Victory treat on me tonight.”

Peyton pouted, “It’s always on you. Why can’t I treat out for once?”

Peter chuckled. Only Peyton would feel like he’s just mooching off his big brother dollar (even though most of the money they make, they make together).

“Y’know, most little brothers would be over the moon for their older siblings treating them without charge.”

“I’m not like most younger siblings,” Peyton pointed out. “It feels like I’m-”

“Stop there. I’ve said this before, I’m the big brother. It’s my job to not only look after you, but to spoil you rotten. Don’t think you owe me anything,” Peter said before adding, “You do a lot to contribute Pey. Nothing will change that.”

Peyton nodded with a smile on his face. Leave it to Peter to remind him that he doesn’t need to do those things to confirm his validation.

“Ok now to sic the forces on the mob and bag us wanted bag of meat,” Peter said before alerting KAREN to contact the FBI.

Peyton laughed at Peter’s disgusting metaphor for Kingpin. The brothers got ready to swing and scale there way into the building.

Just then he heard MAX alerting him, “Orb Weaver there’s appears to be a commotion a few blocks
away near a storage unit.

Peyton stopped behind his brother, “Is it relevant to our case now?”

“It appears so as the men below you two are starting toward that location as we speak.”

Just as the A.I spoke, said Kingpin’s men were heading toward the storage unit.

“Hey Spidey, your FBI friends work fast.”

“What?”

“MAX says that the men out front are going to a storage unit a few blocks away.”

Peter frowned under the mask, “That’s not possible, they still ten minutes out. KAREN is this true?”

“Yes Spider-Man, the FBI should be here in ten minutes, however, MAX is also correct in saying that there is commotion happening a few blocks away.”

Both boys looked at each other, who could it be?

Nevertheless, they figure it out later. Right now, they had an earlier chance the normal and the area would be swarmed with armed forces. The boys had to move.

Activating their cloaking devices, The Spider Bros. enter the building through a side vent of the building. With their A.I’s navigation, the boys got their way to Kingpin’s floor.

They made quick work of the forces near his henchmen outside his office and entered stealthy.
Kingpin or Wilson Fisk was so close at achieving in producing alien tech and weapons that the military would have no choice but to strike a deal with him. From Serbia to Sudan a few weapons dealers out there shipped the best out there to him and he was going to deliver.

Except now, all his important cargo and machinery have been nabbed by special forces and the government. One by one his workshops and underground markets came plummeting down like an old house on fire. It was all thanks to those two meddling Spiders and all the vigilantes out there for that matter. But especially the Spider-Bros. He wanted them squashed, but his men were simply incompa tant though.

Fisk was putting his last minute escape plan together when he heard explosions outside.

‘Boss! The government forces are outside and storming the tower. Everything’s lost!”

Wilson grunted in annoyance, “Nonsense. Rain fire on them and repel long enough to get what’s important and escape.”

“SIR! NYPD, FBI, even SWAT is outside with advanced battery rams that look like they were made by Stark Industries.”

Wilson bristled at that. Stark Industries was a thorn in his side, even when they shut down their weapons division. What the hell was Stark thinking?

“Scattered them and hit back twice as hard. Do NOT let them stampede this tower. You got that?!!”

“Y-yes SIR!!”

Slumping in his chair he went back to work. Damn it Spiders. Fisk was about to put the finishing touches when something or someone spoke,

“Writing your memoirs? Don’t forget the hyphen between “Spider and “Man.”
Speaking of Spiders, Spider-Man was on the side of one of the pillars.

Not looking up, Fisk commed his escape route saying, “Get the chopper ready. I won’t be long.” He then stood up and started walking to his lounge garden lookin area behind his desk, “I’m surprised you made it this far.” He then stopped and turned around, “However, your foolishness ends now.” Then with a press of a button, a glass window came down.

Spider-Man jumped down from his perch and said, “You know, I can still see you right?”

Wilson not taking into his banter, “You have been toying around with my business for far too long. You and your pesky partner in crime.”

Then out of nowhere, the pillars revealed to be giant machine guns and heavily loaded. And they were aimed at Spider-Man.

“Aww. For me? You shouldn’t have…”

Spider-Man then expertly dodging the bullets and rapid fire of the guns. He waited for an opening and webbed the machine guns up, clogging them, and with his strength, took them out of their places and rammed them into the glass.

“What ARE YOU DOING?!!”

Spider-Man repeated the process with the other machine gun.

But the glass wasn’t shattered yet. Spider-Man could easily break that with one punch but he had to be smart about it.

“How is this HAPPENING?!”

“What’s wrong Willie? You seem angry.”

Fisk was now seething, “I will destroy you!” He was about ram his way through the glass when he
felt someone tap on his shoulder. He turned around and no one was there he felt another tap on his other shoulder and same result.

“Hey! Show yourself!” He yelled. Spider-Man behind Fisk outside the glass was enjoying himself watching Wilson make a fool out of himself. Only one trickster would be able to pull this off besides himself.

Then Fisk was sent flying when he felt two feet collide to the side of his head. Through the glass and into his desk.

He looked up in a daze to see another dressed Spider in his presence. Orb Weaver.

“Hi, may I join the afterparty?”

Wilson let out a shout of frustration and anger and staggered up to grab a huge piece of rubble and heave it at the smaller spider. However a webcam overhead and swung back and hit Kingpin making him stumble back.

“Hey it’s rude to ignore your party guests. Show some courtesy, Willie boy.”

“I’ll show some fine hospitality, with my fists!!” Fisk, then charges at Spider-Man only to get webbed in the face. Orb Weaver, then webs Fisk’s feet to the floor, making the large man stumble and lose footing. While trying to get the web off his face, Fisk felt a fist collided with his face and well aimed knee in the ribs by the other. The Spider-Bros were practically dancing circles around the man until he was beet red with anger and finally ripped off the appalling webs. He caught a web line sent by Spider-Man and threw him through doors that lead into his office. Fisk then turned around to receive another punch in the face. Orb Weaver was about to web him tight again when Fisk ended up giving the smaller spider a brutal punch of his own. Orb Weaver gave a grunt and stumbled back a bit as he wasn’t expecting it coming and so quickly too. Fisk didn’t give him the chance to recover and tackled the spiderling into another room and slamming him onto a pipe. Orb Weaver tried to wedge between the burly man but he was quickly grabbed and chucked through another wall skidding to stop in front of a pillar.

“Ouch.” Orb Weaver could only get out before he saw the man charging for him like a fright train.

Fisk was close, then out of nowhere Spider-Man, Tarzan swung his way in and bulldozed the guy back into the hole in the wall. Sticking the landing. Spider-Man offered a hand which Orb Weaver
gladly took. Even with the mask, Orbie could tell Spidey was giving him a look that said, ‘Are you ok?’

The smaller spider nodded.

Kingpin came out even more mad than he was before, “You two are what’s wrong with this city.”

“Really? You’re doing a pretty good job keeping it from falling apart,” Spider-Man quipped back.

Just then, the doors open again and Fisk’s men pour in and surround the Spiders of New York.

“You know what to do men!” yelled Fisk.

“This outta be fun,” Orb Weaver muttered as he and Spidey got into their stances.

“Don’t sweat it. Think about it as more party guests!” Spider-Man replied.

“Yeah with batons as noisemakers,” Orb Weaver said.

“Now your getting it!” and Spider-Man launched himself at the first goon.

One by one the Spiders took out Fisk’s men and turned their back on the man who started to head for the exit. Orb Weaver was quick on his feet and sprayed the big exit making a huge trap net.

“Sorry but this exit closed,” Orb Weaver launched and kicked the man back into the center of the room.

“OUT OF MY WAY YOU PEST!!” Fisk swung and missed the Spiderling. Fisk didn’t have time to charge again he felt a force knock him off guard again. Spider-Man came overhead and kicked him upside the head again.
Fisk having enough, caught the incoming web and swung Orb Weaver across the room and into the wall. He then proceeded to grab Spider-Man and slammed him into the ground and clobbered him across the face before going for a two handed slam to the floor. Spider-Man, however, (thank you Spidey sense), manage to duck to the side and miss impacting the floor.

When Fisk tried again, Orb Weaver with sheer force, slammed onto the large man’s back sending both crashing through the floor and free falling through the building. Spider-Man, who managed to get away saw this and dove in after them. Webbing side to side he manage to catch Orb Weaver and swing him up to web Fisk in back and activating his venom shock. This caught Fisk by surprise and left Spider-Man open for a drilling spiral kick into the man’s chest making him fall again. Together the Spider-Bros launched side by side, spraying the man with lots of webs cocooning the poor man and securing him. With the effects of Orb Weaver’s venom shock, Fisk couldn’t really muscle his way through.

Defeated, Fisk sees both Spiders hanging upside down on either side of him.

“So who wants to kiss first?” Spider-Man quipped.

“Ewww! I rather kiss a goat,” Orb Weaver said in disgust.

The FBI that were left on that floor came rushing in, guns aimed at Fisk.

“Have fun on the RAFT! They need a heavyweight like to even out the motion sickness.”

“One day, this city will want me back. They won’t survive without me. ONE DAY YOU’LL SEE--!!” The police car door slammed into his face. He was cuffed his large sized vibranium cuffs. Fisk wasn’t going nowhere.

With the job done, the Spider-Bros were watching the tanker truck carry off Fisk when multiple fans and reporters were approaching and swarmed the large truck they were perched on wanting a statement or autograph.
Orb Weaver still for some reason wasn’t used to the attention as a hero and not wanting to get swamped took off on a web and headed toward home.

“Hey wait!” Spider-Man shouted after his compatriot. He quickly turned to the growing crowd below and shouted, “Sorry! No autographs today!” The older spider then took off after Orb Weaver and into the night.

When Spider-Man caught up with the younger spider, he saw that Orb Weaver rolled his mask up to his nose to breath. Spider-Man did the same, and asked, “What happened back there?”

The spiderling responded, “Sorry Spidey. I’m still not used to that kind of attention up close, yet.”

Spider-Man just patted his hand and rubbed the upper back of the younger spider, “It’s alright buddy. You want space from them. It’s fine. But on a great note, awesome job tonight. I’m really proud of you.”

Orb Weaver’s cheeks turned a deep pink at the praise and ducked his head, “T-thank you. You too big bro. For looking out for me and taking charge today.”

Spider-Man gave Orb Weaver a thousand watt grin and puffed out his chest, “That’s my job after all.”

“Don’t let it go to your head though.”

Spider-Man noogied the Spiderling, “Yea yea, what’s also in my head is the need for food.”

“Haha me too. Race you to Quickie Ps,” Orb Weaver shot off in the direction of the pizza shack.

“Hey! Cheater!!” Spider-Man launched after him as the race was so on.

Little did they know, that there were still troubles around the corner.

Chapter End Notes
COMMENT! KUDO!! LOVE!!! LMK WHAT YER THINKIN!!
Hey y'all! First things first the updates are going to be slower because school has started back up and I have a hellva schedule so I'll do my best though! My story ain't going nowhere.

On a different note, I pretty aware that a lot of you Spidey fans are peeved and upset about how this turned out. I'd like to put my opinions out there otherwise it'll just fester up later when it'll mean nothing. Yes, I'm disappointed myself that MCU Spider-Man is no longer happening (for now). The fact that Sony and Disney couldn't come to an agreement is heartbreaking and the timelines will be fucked up now more than ever. I personally (at first) did not take sides on this as both had a hand on how this turned out.

Why? Well let's start with the split revenue deal. Disney coming on too strong and became greedy with the revenue they don't need. Seeing how well the Spidey in the MCU was doing Disney wanted in on the dough. 50/50? A bit extensive. 75/25 in favor of Sony. That sounds reasonable.

Now as almost a week past by and a lot of different sources have been putting there input in what this whole diabolical deal situation. And from what I gathered, if I had to pick a side, I would choose Disney's plainly seeing as there at least making an effort to make an agreement. Sony to me made a selfish move, and the only reason why Sony is gonna continue to receive a lot of backlash is because of one person: Tom Rothman. That man has ruined a lot of movies in his career and now he's about to do it again. Rothman had a grudge against Disney and the MCU (mainly Feige), and is solely leaning on the success of the (badly reviewed but money making) movie Venom and the Academy Award movie Into the Spider-Verse to try his hand in making his own version of Spider-Man. MCU Spider-Man was and still is doing extremely well and for Sony to pull a move like this, has me shaking my head.

I had more to say about this but I'm keeping it sort of short, in the end Sony is the one that's going to be hurt more than Disney. Disney has a lot to fall back on and other projects that's making them money. What does Sony have to fall back (that's not PS4 related)? Nothing. Most of their movies have been flops or not making nowhere near as much money as the MCU and the Raimi and TASM Spider-Man movies are perfect examples of things gone wrong. Especially when the projects are under Rothman's rule. Don't get me wrong, I loved the Raimi and TASM movies. Surprisingly, Spider-Man 3 was my favorite before the TASM duo movies came. Call me in the minority of people who didn't like those movies over the other's; that's just me. Then MCU Spider-Man comes along and I'm wowed by Tom Holland's performance and inclusion in the MCU. It goes to show you that if it wasn't for the MCU, Feige, and Disney stepping in to help the direction of where Spider-Man was going, Sony would have sunk.

Sony, to me, screwed the pooch and people forget that it was the MCU who did most of the work and heavy lifting. Look how much money they made for Sony. But now, things sore because two large companies can't seem to sever their greed for money for the good of the public and fans.

I feel sorry for Marvel. I feel sorry for Feige. I feel sorry Holland. All three are trapped in the middle of a heated argument over control, and they and along with the fans of the web-slinger pay for it.

I'll end with this, and don't @ me please. These thoughts are purely opinions. This headline was up all last week and this week too and I hate to see so many future projects debunked because of one company's inflexibility to work with others. Holland had part of his dream in the MCU taken right in front of him, and you could tell he was distraught about it no matter how he tried to hide it.

Don't lose hope just yet, for you MCU Spidey stans. There is still plenty of time for Disney and Sony
to come back to the table to hash things out and work out a compromise. Multiple sources have been confirming that their are still talks going on and Feige and the MCU are urging Disney to keep pushing for a deal. Plus, Sony does not have a director and Jon Watts isn't signed on for another movie which in contract is still with Marvel. I'm telling you guys now. If they don't figure out a deal, this is gonna hurt Sony more than it's going to hurt Disney. Check the stock for Sony and look at Rothman's past. I don't see this ending well if Sony continues this.

Anyways, Spider-Bros will be back within the next week and a half. So stay tuned.

Feel free to leave a comment, but like I said: DON'T @ me. All this is my opinion and what I found up to today.

End Notes

So I had this idea for awhile and I went ahead and brought here.

On another note, my other story is NOT being abandoned, but it's stuck on my other computer which is still broke. So until I get my computer fixed it's still on hiatus until further notice. Thank you for staying with me.

PLEASE LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU GUYS THINK ABOUT THIS STORY! I CRAVE THE FEEDBACK!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!