

## I Feel It In My Bones

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/17152988) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/17152988>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Spider-Man: Into the Spider-Verse (2018)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Jefferson Davis &amp; Miles Morales</a> , <a href="#">Miles Morales &amp; Peter Parker</a> , <a href="#">Miles Morales &amp; Rio Morales</a> , <a href="#">Peter B. Parker &amp; Peter Parker</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Miles Morales</a> , <a href="#">Peter Parker</a> , <a href="#">Jefferson Davis</a> , <a href="#">Rio Morales</a> , <a href="#">Peter B. Parker</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Major Character Undeath</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence</a> , <a href="#">no beta we die like men</a> , <a href="#">Family</a> , <a href="#">Peter Parker Lives</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-12-25 Updated: 2020-01-31 Words: 4,376 Chapters: 3/?

# I Feel It In My Bones

by [flowersalesman](#)

## Summary

When Spiderman told him to take the goober and run away, Miles took a split second longer to decide that he wasn't going to be leaving alone.

The following predicament isn't *exactly* something Peter ever planned for.

## Notes

i was kind of assuming that there'd be like 20 other fics with the exact same plot as this one but like... can't find em. where are they.

# this is it

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Miles blinked open his eyes to ash and dust, coughing when it settled in his lungs. He collapsed forward on his hands and knees, the metal groaning and grinding as it moved, and looked up.

The ceiling was suddenly a *lot* farther away than it was before. That was... a pretty big explosion. How was he still alive? Is he, like, indestructible now? No wonder Spiderman could handle being thrown through buildings all the time.

A groan sounded out nearby. Speak of the devil.

Miles crawled forward carefully, freezing when the platform jolted underneath him. Heavy, wet coughs replaced the groan. It wasn't a good noise. His mom was a doctor, he knew the difference between the sound of mucus and the sound of *fluid trapped in your lungs*, and those coughs definitely indicated the latter.

He slid down onto the pile of rubble, wincing when the rocks scraped his palms as he made his way toward Spiderman. People were talking behind him. Flashlights blinked closeby. There wasn't much time.

"Uuuuuugh," Spiderman said when Miles landed next to him, knees aching from the impact.

"We need to get out of here," he hissed.

Spiderman coughed again. It sounded like something landed inside his mask.

"Oh boy," he groaned, "that's not a good sign."

Miles tugged on his arm, trying to get him to stand. "They're coming, we gotta leave *now*."

The pinpricks of flashlight swivelled towards them. Perhaps yelling, even if he was scared out of his damn mind, was a bad idea.

"No, kid," Spiderman told him through painfully gritted teeth, "you gotta get out of here, alright? Take this-"

And he shoved something into Miles' hand, closing his fingers around it.

"No-" Miles started.

"Take this," Spiderman interrupted, and Miles had seen his lift cars before but the hand around his was warm and gentle and the voices and flashlights were getting closer. "Use it to end this."

“I can’t-”

“It’ll shut this place down, alright? There’s a panel in the ceiling- climb up there, stick it in, everything’ll be alright.”

“Spid- Mr. S- *Sir*,” Miles said, “I can’t leave you here.”

“You have to.”

In the distance, someone said, “I think I heard something.”

Spiderman dropped his hand roughly, leaning back into the rubble. “Listen, kiddo. I’ll be *fine*. I always am. You take that, get out of here, save the world, capiche? I can tell you all about getting stuck to walls when you’re safe.”

“But-”

“*Go.*”

Miles tensed up, a second away from listening to him and sprinting back up the pile of rubble to hide. But Spiderman was still coughing, and his wheezing sounded wet, and he didn’t look like he was planning on standing up any time soon.

A rock toppled on the other side of the rubble pile. Someone cursed, so close now that Miles felt like they were talking in his ear.

When Miles was little, his dad used to pick him up in a fireman carry and run through the house. His mom *hated* it, always worried that Miles would fall and get hurt, but she told him that if there was a fire and he had to drag someone out, that was his best bet, even if they were hurt and weren’t supposed to be moved.

Better to try and survive with injuries than certain death, after all.

“*Kid*,” Spiderman insisted.

Miles grabbed his arm and twisted, sliding Spiderman’s torso on his back until he could grab the man’s leg with his other hand. Spiderman let out an indignant yelp.

“No, leave by yourself, you won’t make it if you take me, I’ll be-”

“*Shut up*,” Miles whispered harshly. “You’ll be fine because I’m going to *make sure* you’re fine. We’re going to get out of here and they won’t find us and I’m going to take you to the-”

“No hospital.”

“-to my mom.”

As they reached the top of the debris—with a lot less struggle than Miles was expecting, though maybe he shouldn’t be too surprised, since he’d seen how Spiderman lifted cars—the people looking for them stumbled into the clearing.

“I could’ve *sworn* I heard something over here,” one of the suited men said.

The others circled their flashlights, landing on crushed rock and twisted metal.

“Maybe he got away?” another one suggested. “I mean, it’s *Spiderman*, right? He’s been around for ten years and hasn’t got caught yet.”

Miles breathed heavily through his nose, trying not to make a sound. If they looked up, they could see him. He needed to get out of there. Three more steps and he’d be out of sight.

Heavy feet drummed into the scene. The sound echoed in his bones, a figure larger than a billionaire stepping into play.

Five flashlights swiveled onto his face. The man stared, unblinkingly, at his henchmen.

“Did you find him?” Kingpin asked.

As each of them stammered out a negative, Miles took the chance to try and creep farther away. It was hard to tell which bits of rock were a hasty footstep away from crumbling, but if he kept his body low enough, then it should be easier.

Kingpin scraped his hands together. It was a soft sound, indicative of someone who often sat in an office collecting money. All the callouses he had were on his knuckles.

“I want,” he said softly, “to kill *Spiderman*.”

Two more steps. He’d be on the other side, he could find somewhere to hide until they went away, or- or he’d have to drag them out and try to stay undetected.

Undetected with a search team after them, yeah, right, great idea *Miles*.

“We heard something earlier,” one of the suited men asked. “We followed the noise. We think it came from this spot.”

Miles took one more careful step farther, finding that the incline was going down. He was almost there. They could make it. *Spiderman* wasn’t moving much anymore—he might actually be unconscious, which was worrying—but they could make it, and Miles’ mom could help, since hospitals were out of the question. Apparently.

He couldn’t see what Kingpin was doing behind him anymore, so it was a shock to his nerves and bruises when there was a smaller explosion.

He had no free hands to scrabble for purchase when the rocks all slid down. Miles was stuck trying to keep his feet under his knees and *Spiderman* away from any sudden projectiles, desperately hoping that the noise of struggle would blend in with the overall chaos.

“I *said* you need to *find him!*” Kingpin yelled.

There was no response from the henchmen.

“*Well?*”

“Ye- yes-” Miles swore he heard the man gulp twenty feet away. “Yes sir.”

There was the unmistakable noise of Kingpin shifting his feet, and a sickening squelch. Miles stared up at the ceiling.

Four flashlights. One of them was missing.

He held his breath to keep himself from whimpering when he realized what Kingpin must have done.

Miles tried to clear his head. He had to think. Or- not think. Kingpin punching someone into- no, wait, don’t think.

Kingpin losing his temper gave him the opportunity to escape with Spiderman. They were on level ground now, and Miles had seen a couple side doors from when he was watching the fight earlier.

Large footsteps drummed away. Kingpin was gone. The henchmen were dispersing.

Miles stood up shakily, hefting Spiderman higher up on his shoulders. The man was a deadweight by then, which definitely wasn’t a good thing.

He’ll find a way out with Spiderman. It was going to be fine. Miles would make sure of it.

---

Jefferson sat on the edge of the couch, clutching at his phone when it went to voicemail again.

“He’ll be alright,” Rio said next to him.

“How do you know?” he rasped out.

“I don’t.” She squeezed his bicep. “But I have to believe it, or else I’m going to go insane, and then we’ll *both* be useless.”

He choked out a laugh even as he rubbed his eyes.

“I even tried calling Aaron,” he told her. “He doesn’t like talking to me, but he usually answers anyway, just in case it could be about Miles, you know? There’s been a couple times I didn’t call a squad out because Aaron knew where he was.”

“Aaron’s a good guy,” Rio hazarded.

Jefferson twisted his phone in his hand and didn’t answer.

“It wasn’t that bad of an earthquake,” she said. “I passed by his school building when I was coming back from work, and it was intact. Miles has just been...”

She trailed off.

“Going through some things?” Jefferson finished shrewdly. “You’d think he’d be able to put a couple of those things off to tell his parents that he’s *alive*.”

Rio didn’t answer. It made him feel queasy with guilt, glancing over and seeing that she looked as worried as he did.

He reached and grabbed her hand in apology, not wanting to try and talk at the moment. His thumb rubbed against hers.

“I just-” Rio sighed. “I *need* to believe that my son is fine, Jefferson. We both want to hear from him right now, and the fact that he’s *not answering his phone* is-”

She took a deep breath. Her hands were strong, and it felt like she was going to break his with her grip.

“I need to be able to get through the night,” she said.

“I unders-”

There was a crash upstairs. They both froze.

“Stay here,” Jefferson demanded. Rio didn’t argue, though he could tell that she was itching to go get the bat.

He went over to the table next to the front door, grabbing his hand gun so he could be prepared for a robber who thought to take advantage in the chaos.

Jefferson hurried up the stairs silently. There were more banging sounds, and getting closer he could tell that they were coming from Miles’ room.

It wasn’t hard to sneak underneath the noise. The intruder must be pretty amateur.

He slammed the door open, bringing his gun up in one smooth sweep.

“Alright, thief, put your hands-”

Jefferson choked on his words when he processed what he was seeing.

“Uh, hey, Dad,” Miles said sheepishly, hefting an unconscious Spiderman higher on his shoulder. “Can you get Mama? I kind of need her help.”

Spiderman’s head lolled to the side. His mask was stained a deeper red than the rest of the suit, not to mention the other tears and construction stains that gave him an overall *gray* appearance.

“Yeah, alright,” Jefferson said in a high-pitched voice. “You set him on the, ah, bed, I’ll be... right back.”

He turned on his heel and walked stiffly down the stairs, leaving Miles alone. With Spiderman. Who could potentially be dying, judging by the situation.

“Rio,” Jefferson said in his calmest voice, “you need to come upstairs.”

## Chapter End Notes

every single reference i make to the song radioactive is 2000% intentional

1/7/19: im fukcin shaking where the fuck did so many people come from why are tou all reasinf this



# welcome to the new age

## Chapter Summary

oh shit spiderman's in miles' bedroom and dad Is Not Happy

also peter b parker is here and he is very tired

## Chapter Notes

me 2 months ago: hey i have a fun fic idea how about i write the first chapter and immediately post it. im sure no one will read it. i wont have to worry about getting out the next chapter in a timely manner.

me now: oh god i was so wrong

**anyway** im a slow ass writer. in case you cant tell. theres always gonna be short chapters and there will be no schedule. im so sorry i got you into this.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Is there anything you can do?” Miles asked worriedly

Rio stood to a stretch, leaning to crack her back.

“Well,” she sighed, “right now, I can maybe wrap his injuries, try to stop any external bleeding. After that- well, luckily your father has a cruiser, so we can bundle him up in the back, and take him to the hos-”

“No,” Miles said firmly. “No hospital. He said- when I found him, he was still kind of awake, and he said *no hospitals*. ”

“Miles, we need to-“

“*No*, Mama, I can’t-“

“Do you even know *why* he doesn't want to go to the hospital?” Jefferson interrupted, screeching the train to a stop.

Miles looked toward him and pursed his lips. Behind him, Rio made a cutting motion across her neck.

"It's because," Jefferson continued, "he's a vigilante, which is *illegal* , and he doesn't want to be arrested."

Rio sighed, kneeling back down to tend to Spiderman. The moment she touched him, he groaned.

"Do you... do you hate him then? Spiderman?"

The bed creaked. Rio jerked her hand away in surprise.

"I..." Jefferson sighed. "You gotta understand, Miles, he's a criminal. I can't agree with him."

"Boys," Rio said.

Miles crossed his arms and hunched his shoulders. Jefferson furrowed his brows, mildly guilty, if only because he didn't like to upset his son.

"He saves us, though," Miles said softly. "We- he's saved our lives. New York is still standing because of him."

His dad stared him down, and told him firmly, "New York is still standing because *construction workers* fix the damage that both the villains *and* Spiderman cause. We don't need him, and frankly, I'd rather he didn't go around trying to *help people*."

"*Boys*," Rio insisted. Spiderman's hand shakily lifted, rubbing his head. The other one went down to the mattress to push himself up.

Miles curled into himself further, completely oblivious to the commotion.

"And *how* did you even find him?" Jefferson continued, throwing his hands out. "He couldn't have been near the school- your mother passed by it, said it looked undamaged- so were you sneaking out, Miles? In the middle of the *night*?"

"No, Dad, I- I was just-"

"And there better be a *good* explanation for why you didn't answer your-"

"Jefferson, dear," Rio said, "we can figure this out later, but I assure you there are *more important things to worry about right now*."

The two of them turned at her tone and froze.

"*Ugh*," Spiderman said, sat up and cradling his head. "Where... am I?"

"Uh, hey," Miles told him, waving a hand. Spiderman stared at him incredulously. "I told you it'd be fine, didn't I?"

---

“God *damn*, ” Peter B. Parker said, staring at the night sky with a roof at his back. He lifted his right arm and stared forlornly at the gravel covered pizza slice, considering it for a moment.

It was an inch away from his lips before he thought, *Wait, no, I still have some dignity left. Probably.*

Peter groaned and rolled onto his stomach to stand up. Gravel from broken concrete crunched under his shoes and slid, but he held steady. He walked to the edge of the roof to take in the view.

So, *clearly* he was teleported somewhere else in the city. For some reason. Maybe a villain wanted to disorient him- but no one knew where *Spiderman* lived, did they?

He looked over the skyline again to determine where he was, and figured his apartment was around five blocks away. The nagging voice in his head tried to tell him that there was something *else* he should have noticed, but Peter just wanted to go to bed and deal with the consequences the next day, so he ignored it.

As he prepared to swing away, a newscast caught his attention.

“Earthquakes raged across the city only hours earlier,” the host said. “Buildings have been deformed and tens were injured, but no deaths have been reported as of yet. Now the public is wondering: is this the work of a criminal? Were these earthquakes man made, considering the small city-wide scale and odd happenings? And if so, where is Spiderman?”

It cut to commercial, but it left Peter wondering.

When was the last time the media actually *cared* about him? He was old news ten years ago. Why were they suddenly interested in his whereabouts after so long?

It was useless to wonder though. Public opinion was fickle; it was likely enough that a widespread villain attack would make everyone look to him.

Without a second thought, he shot out a web and swung off to his apartment. Better to have a good night’s rest before going into battle, after all.

—

Peter was used to swinging directly in his window. It wasn’t an *unusual* thing to do, since he lived there, and also his neighbors started assuming he was a really dedicated cosplayer when he first started doing it. By that point in his life, everyone was used to him flying directly into his window at all hours of the night.

The gasps of surprise as he was approaching should’ve alerted him to something. His window being locked should’ve made him reassess the situation.

But it was only when he was standing in his apartment, window lockpicked open behind him and face to face with a gaping college student, that he thought *this situation might be a bit different than I thought.*

The college student slowly backed toward a wall with their mouth still hanging open. Peter also took a few steps backwards, having gotten to the middle of the room before the light was flicked on, but he tripped gracefully over a pile of textbooks and papers. He landed loudly with his feet sticking in the air and head crooked against the wall.

*"Oh my god I'm so sorry,"* the college student said. "Mr. Spiderman Sir I am *so sorry* and are you okay and also are those *sweatpants*?"

"What the fuck," Peter wheezed, arms flailing as he tried to right himself.

"Uh, I mean, yeah, I can share the sentiment, but- are you the real Spiderman, actually? I shouldn't just assume that anyone who breaks into my apartment wearing really good cosplay is Spiderman, but also this is the sixth floor and there's no way up to the window and-"

"Wait, wait." He got his arms and legs underneath him and stood up, knocking some other things over in the process. *"Your apartment? Really?"*

"Y- yeah?"

Peter looked around the room. It had the same layout as his apartment, but it was almost entirely empty except for a sleeping bag, strewn trash, and what looked to be a *lot* of schoolwork.

"Well for one, you need some help around here," he told them sincerely. "A roommate, maybe, to help with rent. So you aren't completely broke. It sucks, but trust me: sometimes you just gotta."

"Did you..." They looked around, eyebrows scrunched together in confusion. "Did you come into my apartment to tell me that I need to get my shit together? Did *Spiderman* do that? Do all New Yorkers experience this?"

"Not generally." Peter's back hit the glass window, and he fumbled behind him to get it open. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I seem to have the wrong place, so I'll just-"

He shot a hand out into the air and was about to sling a web, but then he paused. The view was correct. Sixth floor apartment, five windows to the left, and- yep, there it was, a permanent stain on the opposite sidewalk shaped vaguely like a dick. The chances of him accidentally breaking into the next door window were very, very low.

Peter spun around on his heel to face the college student again. "Never mind actually. What year is this?"

"...2018?"

And with that answer, it all came together- the portal, the weird newscast, why some things just seemed *so off* for reasons he couldn't explained. Why his apartment was taken over by a broke college student with bright green hair and a ratty hoodie.

*"Time travel.* I should've guessed."

## Chapter End Notes

next chapter: oh shit ripeter is awake and uuuh. gonna do stuff probably. peter b will have fun adventures with a character i didnt intend on creating. and miles is going to desperately try to get some guidance, as he does in the movie. he desperately needs a spiderfriend.

ALSO, MY DUDES!! THERES A PETER PARKER LIVES TAG!!!! THANK GOD BUT WHY DID NO ONE TELL ME ABOUT THIS. i am so happy that other people are writing this now and im just gonna go ahead and uuuhhh Read Them All

# breaking in, shaping up

## Chapter Summary

does anything actually happen this chapter? who knows!

## Chapter Notes

hey remember when i said "im a super slow writer and i have no update schedule"

anyway shout out to my roommate who told me "it's actually Spider-Man" when i made him read this. i'm never going to change it bc i do what i want and i don't think that Spider-Man looks appealing at all, but i appreciate it. kind of.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter Parker stared incredulously at the scene in front of him. The kid he had met earlier was there, waving sheepishly, and bracketing him was a curly-haired woman and-

“Oh,” Peter said. “Uh- hello there, Officer Davis.”

The kid (did he ever get his name?) stopped waving. The awkward smile slipped off his face the same moment he snapped his head to look over at his dad.

“Spiderman,” Jefferson said coolly with crossed arms. “Fancy meeting you here. In my son's bedroom.”

Peter looked around. There were posters of musicians he'd never heard of layering the walls, a messy desk, and clothes strewn haphazardly in a corner; it could be no other than the bedroom of a teenager.

“In my defense,” he said, “I have no idea how I got here. Speaking of, I'll, uh-”

He swung his legs over the side, making a move toward the window. Something in his chest moved in a way it *definitely* wasn't supposed to, and though it wasn't really a foreign feeling to him, it still hurt like a *bitch*.

That flash of hesitation unbalanced him, allowing the woman to step forward and force him back down by his shoulders.

“You are *not* moving,” she said strongly.

“Um,” Peter said. Briefly, he wondered why—between Jefferson and his wife— *she* wasn’t the one with muscles. She sure as hell acted like she should be. “I feel fine?”

“No you don’t,” she told him. “You have cracked ribs, and possibly- *probably*- a perforated lung. I don’t care how ‘superpowered’ you are, we should’ve been taking you to a hospital thirty minutes ago.”

“He wasn’t here thirty minutes ago,” the kid pointed out. “So anyway, Dad, you two, uh- you know each-“

“Yes, sweetie, your father has tried to arrest Spiderman before, but that’s not important.”

Peter lifted a finger and said, “From my point of view, it’s pretty important.”

Even as he was saying that, the kid was turning to face Jefferson accusingly. Jefferson, in response, lifted his hands in an exasperated manner that said *what was I supposed to do when faced with an actual criminal*.

Rio sighed, rubbing her eyes with one hand. “The only thing important right now is, again, the man in our son’s *bedroom* with *life-threatening injuries*.”

“It’s not life-threatening to *me*,” Peter said. “Trust me, I’ve had way worse. All I gotta do is lay low for a couple days and... heal up.”

The family of three stared at him. It was a bit rude, and a bit more off-putting for a twelve year old to look so judgemental.

“Damn, you really live like this?” the kid asked in the silence.

“*Miles*,” his mom scolded. “You can’t just *say* that to people.”

Alright. Kid’s name was Miles. There’s some progress. No points awarded for being rude and referencing memes.

“Yep, this is the life,” Peter answered. “So, uh, I can assure you that while it would definitely be bad for a... normal, non-spider person, I’ve lived through, you know, broken ribs, and maybe even a punctured lung, so as long as I can leave and rest for a while then I’ll be fine.”

“Good,” Jefferson said coolly, arms crossed. “Then *that* means you can come with me to the police station and deal with all your arrest warrants.”

Behind him, Miles’ eyes widened. Peter wondered, just for a second, what this kid thought was going to happen when he dragged a grown man into his bedroom.

---

“Um,” College Student said. “Time travel? Is that- is that normal for you?”

“Absolutely not,” Peter told them firmly. “Could you imagine? Having to deal with facing a younger version of yourself? I’ve put up with a lot of hogwash throughout my career, but if

this ever became a regular thing I'd hang up my spandex."

College Student furrowed their brows. "I mean, same, but like... it can't be *that* bad, right?"

Peter abruptly halted his strides. College Student bumped into his back, and a businessman looking down at his phone bumped into *their* back, and soon enough there was a traffic jam on the sidewalks of Manhattan.

"Hey, I'm *strollin'* here!" someone gleefully shouted 20 feet behind them.

"*Tourists*," Peter grumbled. Then he turned around. "Wait, did he say--"

"Uh, Mr. Spiderman, sir," College Kid said nervously, tugging on his sleeve, "can we, uh, move to the side or something?"

"What? Oh, yeah. Sure."

Peter walked to stand next to the closest building, College Kid still hanging on his sleeve. He didn't hesitate in leaning against the nasty brick wall. Beside him, College Kid looked stiff and awkward.

"Anyway, as I was saying," Peter continued, "of *course* time travel can be 'that bad.' I mean, even if you ignore the whole question of whether it was predestined or if there are two separate timelines from the moment you time travel, and if the future you go back to will actually be the same as the one you left- let's not get into that. Even beyond that, do you *think* I want to see a younger version of myself?"

He threw his arms up, scraping an elbow against the wall. The thin, sad overcoat he found ripped like tissue.

"Do you *think* I want to see some pasty faced 20-something dancing around the street like he owns the place?" he said, ignoring his ripped jacket. "This dude who'd give you an autograph before you even know he's there? Some- some smug bastard, who doesn't even bother to *think* about anyone else's emotions, who wouldn't even notice that his wife was sad even if she straight up told him? Do you think I want to deal with *that*? Man, I can't even look in a mirror. Time travel is the *worst*."

College Kid's eyebrows rose higher and higher the longer he spoke. When he stopped to take a deep breath, they hesitantly set a hand on his shoulder.

"You doing okay, man?" they asked. "It, uh- it kinda sounds like you have some issues."

"I have *so* many issues, you don't even want to know," Peter told them. "However, I am dealing with them admirably, so don't- don't worry about it. Anyway, College Kid, mind leading me to the nearest cheap burger joint? I have no money, and while I'm sure you have no money either both of us definitely need food."

"I, uh, I have \$50?" they said. "And while I think it's very funny that you keep on calling me College Kid you do know that I have a name, right?"



“Yes,” Peter lied.

“It’s Reagan.”

“Which I definitely already knew because of how you introduced yourself to me earlier.”

“I didn’t, actually,” they told him.

Peter sighed, “Oh thank god. Anyway, \$50? You just carry that kind of money around with you? Lead the way, citizen.”

With one last confused glance, Reagan the green-haired college kid stepped back into the bustle of the moving sidewalk to take them to Burger Town.

---

In another part of town, three other people were suddenly and rudely displaced from their respective universes. When faced with a world that was obviously different from their own, they all came to the same goal:

Find Aunt May and ask her for help.

## Chapter End Notes

what will happen next? who knows! and in case anyone was wondering college kid uses they/them pronouns. again, im sorry i accidentally made an OC.

also, i most likely wont respond to comments bc i cant handle that, but i appreciate all of them and i cri evry tiem. however please do not pester me about this fic on one of my other fics. that's pretty rude and i will just straight up delete those comments.

edit: it's June 2023 and the new spiderverse movie has just come out. can you fucking believe that? anyway i promise i still think about this fic. i might even update it one day within the next 5 years. no promises.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!