

## A Natural Awareness

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# A Natural Awareness

by [Loloia Brabock](#)

## Summary

### SPOILER ALERT

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What if Peter never got trapped under that fallen rubble from the collider? What if he didn't die that day? What if the other Spider-People never entered their universe and the two of them just continued where they were supposed to in their own lives? What would've happened then? Would Peter have fulfilled his promise to Miles?

Yes. Yes, he would have.

“You know your shoe’s untied...” He mumbled, looking at the boy in front of him. He was small, and young, and he *wasn’t supposed to be here* but Peter was trying to calm him down anyways because he could tell he was so *scared* .

“Uh...” he squeaked, scooting back as he looked to Peter with wonder and awe in his eyes.

“This is a onesie so, I don’t really have to worry about it-“ there was a sudden sharp sense of awareness as the two looked at each other, like the sun was just a tad too bright. “I thought I was the only one. You’re like me.” Peter whispered, inching a bit closer to Miles.

“I-I don’t want to be.” The kid breathed out, shaking his head as he looked at Peter, but the older spider only shook his head, shrugging.

“I don’t think you have a choice, kiddo.” Peter responded, a bit of sympathy in his voice. “There’s a lot going through your head, I’m sure.”

“Yeah...” the boy said with uncertainty, not really sure what to say.

“It’s gonna be fine.” He said, holding his hands out so he wouldn’t startle the boy. “I can help you. If you stick around I can show you the ropes.”

“Yeah...” it was a bit more breathy this time, more filled with excitement, and it made Peter smile behind the mask. Him and MJ were trying for a child, and although this boy wasn’t a kid, he was still a lot younger than Peter. And he had to admit, having someone to teach about this stuff, to talk about all the things that go along with the job, experiencing the same sense of fear when he realized what happened...he didn’t want this kid to learn that all by himself. He needed a mentor, someone who would understand what he was going through.

His Spidey-Sense pinged, making him twitch real quick as he heard a muffled **BANG!** in the background.

“I just gotta, turn around and destroy this big machine real quick before the space-time continuum collapses. Don’t move.” Peter told the kid, thinking that he probably should ask for his name before he swung away.

Turning his head back, he looked to the kid that now say breathless behind him.

“What’s your name kid.” He mumbled, his body inching towards the danger.

“Miles...”

“Miles...” Peter mumbled, resting it out. The name suited him. “I’ll see you later, kid!”



Peter coughed, staring at the wreckage that the collider had caused in mild horror. He was lucky that none of the rubble had fallen on top of him or the kid.

His eyes widened comically.

*Shit, the kid!*

“Miles!” Peter said, voice a slight bit louder than normal. He didn’t want to accidentally call over the other people that were here, he knew they weren’t the good guys and he couldn’t get Miles involved with them right now.

“Hey! Are you okay??” Miles asked, voice slightly frantic as he ran to Peter, slipping on rubble the way there.

“I-I’m fine kid. Just resting.” He said, slumping over and putting his hands on his knees, breathing in sharply. “Oh, those are broken.” He hissed, his right hand gingerly touching his ribs.

“Okay, so...” he started, not really sure where to start. “This override key is the only thing that can stop the collider, Miles. We need to use this key, and activate the button to blow it up for good.”

“B-but I don’t-”

“Not right now kid. First we need to get out of here.” Peter said, standing up fully and looking around. He could tell that one of his lenses had broke, and to make the kid more comfortable, he took off his mask completely and threw it to the ground.

“What are you doing?!” Miles hisses, stepping back slightly to look at Peter with wide eyes.

“It won’t hurt for his to think I’m...indisposed.”

“You mean...he’ll think you’re...”

Peter nodded, smiling slightly. Kid caught on quick. “It’ll do good to lay low for a while too, get to know each other.”

There was a sudden, sharp tingling feeling, making the hairs on both of the Spiders’ necks stand up, and they turned towards the danger.

“Come on kid, we have to get out of here.” Peter said, jogging towards a giant piece of rubble so he could climb on top of it, Miles quickly following behind.

“Spider-Man, wait!” Miles hissed, turning back towards where they could see Kingpin walk up to Peters mask.

“Miles!” Peter hissed, impatient to get moving, rolling his eyes when the kid look out his phone and started filming. “Kid, what are you doing?!”

“Don’t you want to know what he says? What he plans to do since you blew up...whatever it was.”

Pouting, Peter made a surprised “Hmph.” before he crouched down next to Miles, watching as he zoomed in on Wilson Fisk.

***“Get that thing ready to go again, soon.”***

***“Sir, this took a year to complete, there’s no way we can-“***

***“As soon as you can, I want that collider running! Whether it takes weeks, months, or another year! I need it up and running to its full potential. Besides...” Fisk said, bending down slightly to retrieve the mask. “...I don’t think Spider-Man will be a problem for us any time soon.”***

***“Sir, this could potentially open a black hole over Brooklyn. This can’t be worth the expense-“***

***“It’s not about the MONEY!” Fisk screamed, fury taking over every inch of his face. “And if you question me again, you will be terminated. Permanently. Do you understand.”***

***“Y-yes sir.”***

***“Good.” Fisk growled, turning around. “I’ll have a cleaning crew here within the hour. As soon as all this is cleaned up, we restart working the project immediately.”***

Miles slipped, a rock tumbling down the rubble, creating a loud ricochet of the walls of the hollowed room.

Peter breathed in sharply at the sudden noise, grabbing the back of Miles' jacket and pulling back sharply as his SpiderSense went from a dull throb to a sharp and loud *scream* in his head.

“Okay, now we really have to go.” Peter hissed, still trying to be quiet as he lugged Miles' arms around his shoulders and webbed his hands together on his chest. That had to get out of there as quick as they could and the kid would slow them down on foot.

He managed to get through a hole near the top of the collider, and luckily it led to the outside so they were looking over the New York skyline.

“You ready kid?” Peter asked, waiting for Miles to nod before he reached back and pulled the back of Miles' sweater over their heads, covering their faces. “Good, because there's someone I want you to meet.”

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