

## How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?

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# How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?

by [AvidWriter14](#)

## Summary

Peter Parker has a soft spot for animals.

Watch as everyone's favourite friendly neighbourhood vigilante/part-time photographer/scientist/high school teacher/husband reevaluates his life decisions of swinging through the town in spandex, dealing with weirdos dressed in leotards and metal stilts.

ft. Mary Jane Watson, Miles Morales, Johnny Storm, and others as the main cast.

This universe is a combination of the 616verse (comics), the Spider-Man Video Games, cartoons, and parts of the MCU. Also with cameos from Brooklyn 99 characters.

Be sure to leave comments and kudos :)

# Lucky the Pizza Dog

## Chapter Summary

ft. Lucky the Pizza Dog, Clint Barton and Kate Bishop (The Hawkeyes)

## Chapter Notes

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

Peter Parker flopped down on the living room couch, groaning loudly. A pair of slender hands rested on his shoulders, massaging them gently.

"Rough day, tiger?" asked Mary Jane sympathetically.

His response was muffled by the embroidered cushion that May had given to them as a housewarming gift. It smelled like coconuts and warm beaches in Hawaii.

Not that he'd ever been to Hawaii.

MJ pressed a kiss to his forehead before poking his cheek. "Why don't you tell your beautiful wife all about it."

Peter wrinkled his nose. "You'll laugh at me."

"I won't," promised MJ, fiddling with her phone.

"Fine. It all started this morning..."

---

"...All right, class, settle down, or I'll give you a pop quiz."

No one took that threat seriously, since Peter usually dropped big hints about when upcoming tests and quizzes would take place because he was cool like that.

Peter had been teaching for a year and a half at Midtown High School of Science and Technology.

During that limited period, he'd gained the dubious title of "That One Cool Teacher Who Leaves At Random Moments, Is A Total Disaster, But Everyone Loves Him."

At least, that's what the card his students had given him on his birthday said. Little did they know that the times he left the class weren't random.

But what was he supposed to do, ask Electro to rob the MET some other day, potentially never? Pretty please, with some cherries on top?

Yeah right, like that would work out.

"Yo, Parker!"

Peter stifled a groan as Coach Eugene Thompson barrelled into the classroom.

"What is it now, Flash?"

"I need to borrow Bradley for a moment. Gotta go over some defensive plays with him, for the game against the Hawks next week."

Peter hesitated.

"Please, Mr. Parker?" asked Brad, pupils widening.

No. Not the puppy eyes.

Now he understood why Foggy had complained about Peter's irresistible, admittedly, his adorable pout in his teenage years.

Oh, to hell with it.

"Alright, but don't take too long."

Before he stepped out the door, Brad winked at Kate Bishop, who was sitting in the back. She just flipped him off, prompting Peter to clear his throat loudly.

Flash clapped him on the back good-naturedly. Normally, that wouldn't have bothered him, spider-strength and all.

Unfortunately, he'd gotten into a particularly rough scuffle two days ago with Doctor Octopus, who'd scraped his shoulder with one of his metal arms.

Claire Temple had glared at him the entire time she was stitching him up, then vindictively called MJ and Matt so they could both berate him, then coddle him like a marshmallow.

When Peter protested that he wasn't a five-year-old, Matt had threatened to call Aunt May, and that had shut him up.

Anyways, the stitches on his back split at that exact moment, as he turned around. Owwww.

Peter elected to ignore the tear. His skin would knit back together soon enough.

Just as soon as he'd began explaining Bernoulli's Principle, his Spider-Sense spiked.

Not a warning of danger, more like a gentle hum.

There were several whispers from the back of the class. With his enhanced hearing, he picked up something about the Human Torch getting married to a cashier whose cousin was a Dutch prince.

Peter made a mental note to bring that rumour up in front of the Four during the next family dinner, even if Johnny did try to set him on fire for it.

"So, can any of you tell me how Thor exhibits this principle when he flies using Mjolnir?"

As expected, there was silence.

He raised his eyebrows. "Nobody?"

After a moment, a girl in a purple sweater raised her hand.

"Yes, Miss Bishop?"

"Well, considering Mjölhnir is magic and doesn't come from Earth, who's to say that it follows the laws of physics at all?"

Several children snickered.

Peter sighed. "Yes, Kate, that's true."

Suddenly, the hum at the back of his neck magnified a bit, so naturally, that was when he was bowled over by a very large golden retriever.

It began licking Peter's face affectionately, causing him to laugh and gently disentangle himself from the energetic dog.

At once, Kate sprang to the front of the class. "Lucky! Down, boy!"

Peter wiped his forehead. "Uh. I'm assuming this dog is yours, Kate?"

The girl in question nodded. "Yeah, but I'm not sure what he's doing here."

The universe must have hated him or something, because that was when Principal Harrington walked through the doorway, looking a bit dazed.

He was followed by a very energetic Clint Barton, who looked like he'd downed six cans of Red Bull, then snatched one of the drinks from Tony Stark's stash.

"Hey Katie-Kate, sorry for the interruption, teach, I need your help with a thi--Peter?"

The man in question picked himself up from the ground. "Clint, what on Earth, are you--"

"Wait, you guys know each other?" asked Kate, looking surprised, amused and terrified at the same time.

"We're distant acquaintances," tried Peter, and at the same time Clint slung an arm around his shoulders and exclaimed, "We're besties!"

The teacher looked at Mr. Harrington, silently conveying a plea for help, but he just shook his head and left the room, no doubt to take an aspirin or two, possibly to rethink his life choices involving teenagers.

Lucky whined and dropped his head on Peter's feet.

His heart melted a bit at the way the dog looked up at him with his one brown eye, so he leant down to scratch behind his ears.

Clint huffed. "I swear, that dog likes both of you better than he likes me, the guy who saved him. Besides, I'm totally lovable."

"Mm-hmm, tell that to your ex-wife," snarked Kate. Peter noticed several of his students try to hide their giggles behind their textbooks.

The sharpshooter winced. "Low-blow Katie. Anyway, we gotta go. Seeya Petey!"

"You're incorrigible."

"Ooh, I love big words. Tell me more, Petey."

Peter turned to glare at him. "Aggravating, defenestration, and homicide."

Clint's eyes widened at the unsaid threat in that list, and bolted out of the classroom, Lucky hot on his heels.

Kate turned to him in shock. "You got him to shut up. I thought only Natasha could do that."

Peter just shrugged. "It's a gift."

The girl nodded in understanding, before saluting the class, and chasing after the golden retriever.

Right then, Flash and Bradley walked back into the class.

"What did I miss?" asked Bradley, casually.

"He's all yours, Pete. Wait. Are you bleeding?"

The long-suffering teacher just groaned. Bernoulli would be disappointed in the lack of attention in kids these days.

---

Peter shifted so that his head was comfortably in MJ's lap. "That's the tea."

"You're not young enough to say that, Pete."

"I'm plenty young!"

"Sure, sweetie."

"I'm injured. Be nice to me," complained Peter.

Mary Jane ran her delicate hands through his brown locks, untangling them with deft movements. "Better, honey?"

The brunette smiled sleepily. "Mm-hmm."

"Wait. Why did Clint even need that kid in the first place?"

Peter frowned, and looked up in confusion. That wasn't MJ's voice. That was...

MJ held out her phone in front of her husband, before bursting into raucous laughter, along with Johnny Storm, who she'd been facetimeing on the opposite end.



Peter made a strangling gesture towards the screen, which only caused the Torch to laugh harder.

"Your life sucks, Pete. Anyways, I wasn't going to get married or anything, but man, that cashier was hot."

Peter frowned at MJ. "You're mean."

Mary Jane pressed a kiss to Peter's cheek. "I'll make it up to you tonight," she suggested coyly.

The vigilante perked up, eyes widening slightly.

"Okay, ew, I don't wanna be here for that. Hasta la vista!" yelled Johnny, before disconnecting the call.

Peter picked her up bridal style, both of them laughing.

## Chapter End Notes

Next Up: Jeff the Land Shark, Wade Wilson (Deadpool), Anya Corazon (Araña) and Jack Hammer (Weasel)

Also, a traumatized Harry Osborn.

# Jeff the Land Shark

## Chapter Summary

ft. Jeff the Land Shark, Wade Wilson (Deadpool), Jack Hammer (Weasel), Anya Corazon (Araña) and Harry Osborn

## Chapter Notes

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

Harry Osborn stared at the shark.

It stared back at him.

Peter walked into the room, holding an assortment of boxes.

The man had the audacity to grin at him. "Hey, Har! Just going through some of my old belongings. What's up?"

Harry massaged his temples, and exhaled slowly. "Peter. What the hell *is* that thing?" he asked, gesturing towards the creature.

Peter froze. "I thought I left him in my room," he muttered.

"Not helping, Pete!"

"He's...uh...he's a dog. Whose owner dressed him up as a shark. And dropped him off here because they had a thing to do. An important thing."

Harry gave him a flat look that could have probably levelled cities. "Cute story. Now, tell me the truth."

Peter flailed his arms emphatically, as if trying to prove a point. "I am telling the truth!"

"Yeah, well I'm pretty sure the universe hates you, because you have awful luck, soooo..."

The two friends turned their heads towards the window.

Deadpool climbed into the window, missing an arm.

"Jeff! Come here, boy!"

The land shark bounded over to Wade happily before curling up on his feet. The mercenary leant down and cooed at him.

Peter pointed at the window, glaring at the unexpected visitor. "Out. You're traumatizing Harry, and MJ is going to kill me if someone gets blood on the carpet again. And unlike you, I don't have a healing factor like you to bounce back from that."

Wade groaned. "Fiiiiine."

He saluted them before diving out, yelling "COWABUNGA!"

Harry turned to his best friend, who winced in preparation for Harry's inevitable interrogation. "Peter. Benjamin. Parker. What the actual--"

He was cut off by someone on the sidewalk below, screaming loudly, followed by several car alarms going off, and Deadpool cussing. The person who'd screamed probably thought Deadpool was some kind of deranged lunatic who was trying to purposefully sabotage the neighbourhood.

Well, the first half of that assumption was more or less correct.

The heir to Osborn Industries was fully prepared to grill Peter more thoroughly as to why on Earth he was friends with a relatively insane mercenary, before Mary Jane walked in.

"Hey tiger, have you--oh hi Harry."

Harry kissed her cheek affectionately before pointing at the window. "Why is your husband friends with Deadpool?"

MJ frowned. "He didn't get blood on the carpet, did he?"

Peter shook his head.

She sighed in relief.

"Aunt May says she found some of your old baby pictures. We could go over to get them. You too, Harry."

Harry sighed. He clearly wasn't going to be getting a straight answer out of either of them. "Sure. I'll post all the embarrassing ones on my Instagram and tag him in them."

He ignored Peter's protests, and felt a sort of vindictive pleasure.

---

After Harry had left, Mary Jane raised an eyebrow at Peter. "Why exactly did Deadpool crawl through our window?"

Peter shifted. "I was looking after his pet."

MJ stared at him. "Who in their right minds would trust him with a pet?"

"Land sharks are pretty smart. Honestly speaking, I feel like Jeff is looking after Wade more than the other way around."

"Land shark?"

"Yeeeah."

"What does that even mean?" asked MJ, looking baffled.

"It was a few months ago..."

---

"What the hell *are* these things?" shouted Spider-Man, kicking a four-limbed shark in the head.

"They're land sharks," explained Araña. "Miss America said she fought them in Santa Monica once."

"That's great, but how do we *stop* them?"

Suddenly, a shadow fell over them. Looking up, they noticed Cloak watching them with an amused expression. "Need some help?"

"YES!" screamed Peter, as one shark nearly took a bite out of his spandex.

Tyrone grinned, using his cloak to envelope the pack and teleport them somewhere else.

Anya gave him a thumbs-up. "Thanks, man."

"No problem. Hey, nice boxers, Spidey."

Peter yelped loudly, and shot Anya a dirty look when she laughed, pointing at the visible tear at the back of his costume revealing his blue boxers.

After changing into his civvies, he ran into a frantic Anya. "Is everything alright?"

She opened her backpack to reveal a small land shark, who was probably still a baby. It looked up at him with big, scared eyes.

"No," said Peter firmly.

"But I can't just leave him! Pleeeease?"

Spider-Man sighed. "Fine. I think I might know a place."

"Spider-Man. Spider-Girl," greeted Weasel, as they walked into Sister Margaret's School for Wayward Children, aka "The Bar Full Of Edgy Characters Who Can Kill You In Five Hundred Sixty-Two Ways". Anya tiptoed nervously behind Peter, but poked her head out from behind his shoulder.

"Araña, actually. But close enough, I guess."

Weasel sighed. "Whaddya want?"

Anya pulled the shark out of her bag. He happily bounded onto the counter, and made puppy eyes at Weasel.

The bartender blinked. "Give it to Deadpool. I don't know what that thing is, and to be honest? I don't want to know."

As if on cue, Wade strolled into the bar, covered in confetti.

"Hey guys--OH MY GOSH THAT IS THE CUTEST THING I HAVE EVER SEEN!"

He squealed loudly and hugged the small shark. It barked happily.

Setting it on the ground, Wade tapped his forehead for a moment. "I'm adopting him. I'll call you Jeff. Jeff the Land Shark."

Anya stared at the scene in fascination. "Is he always like this?" she stage whispered.

Peter sighed. "Unfortunately."

---

"And that's how Deadpool got a pet land shark," concluded Peter.

Mary Jane shook her head, red curls bouncing softly.

"Your life is so weird, Peter."

"That's why you love me."

## Chapter End Notes

Next Up: Sergeant Peanut Butter, Yuri Watanabe, and Bucky Barnes (Winter Soldier)  
But seriously, how on earth did Amy Santiago and her husband lose a horse?

# Sergeant Peanut Butter the Horse

## Chapter Summary

ft. Peanut Butter the horse, Yuri Watanabe, and Bucky Barnes (Winter Soldier), mentions Amy Santiago, Jake Peralta, and Sam Wilson (Falcon)  
Bucky's ringtone for Sam is Shape of My Heart by Sting.  
This chapter is in honour of Pride Month!

## Chapter Notes

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

"That all you got, Shocker?"

"I'LL CRUSH YOU, BUG!"

Spider-Man groaned loudly. "You'd think that villains would come up with new dialogue. But nooo, they use the same lines over and over again. Honestly, what happened to the good old days with one-liners?"

The webbed hero kicked Shocker in the face, knocking him out cold. "And that's one point for your Friendly Neighbourhood Spider-Man™!"

Captain Watanabe stared at him. "Did you legally just say what I think you said?" she asked in disbelief.

"Hey, don't disrespect the Friendly Neighbourhood. I'm a man of the people."

Yuri shook her head, before receiving a call on her radio. "Are you serious? And you have no idea where he is?" she hissed.

Peter and several other officers looked at her questioningly.

She groaned in frustration before stowing the radio in her belt and looking up at Spidey. "My cousin Amy Santiago works at Precinct 99 in Brooklyn. Long story short, she and her husband lost a horse called Captain Peanut Butter."

Spider-Man blinked. "They lost a--how do you lose a horse?"

Yuri threw her hands in the air. "I wouldn't know."

"I've got some business in Brooklyn. Hmm, maybe I'll run into him on the way. Take care, officers!"

---

James Buchanan Barnes had not signed up for this. He'd been planning to stay at home, order takeout, and watch Supernatural.

Instead, he was helping Spider-Man locate a horse.

"How on earth do you even lose a horse in the first place?" he wondered aloud.

"That's what I said!" exclaimed a voice behind him, nearly causing him to jump out of his skin.

"Don't *do* that," grumbled the Winter Soldier.

"Whatever. Can't your boyfriend help? He'd get a better aerial view."

Bucky frowned. "I don't have a boyfriend."

Spider-Man stared at him. The Winter Soldier shifted awkwardly. Those white lenses were blank and portrayed absolutely nothing. It was like a bright red, webbed, cartoon poker face.

"I thought you and the Falcon were dating," he said slowly.

Bucky felt his cheeks heat and cleared his throat. "We're just friends."

"Sooo... what you're saying is that you have a crush on him."

The ex-assassin glared at the vigilante. "Do you want help looking for the horse or not?"

"Fine, I'll be quiet."

To be honest, Bucky wasn't quite sure why he'd gotten so defensive with Spidey pointing out his attraction to his partner. No, not a partner. That sounded way too intimate.

Friends. That was neutral.



Sam had helped him recover from his years of HYDRA conditioning. Steve helped sometimes, but he was still a lot older than them and tended to feel stuck in the past.

The Falcon had let him crash at his place quite often, and Bucky had started feeling warmer inside. Every stolen glance, a brush of the fingers, and quiet laugh made his heart ache painfully in his chest.

Bucky may have fought in a war, and become one of the most feared assassins on the planet, but he wasn't sure what to expect when he realized his feelings for Sam went beyond friendship.

He was broken out of his thoughts by a resounding *NEIGH!*

Spidey whooped victoriously, pulling out a phone (Where did he even keep that thing?) and dialling Officer Watanabe's number.

"Hey, Yuri! I found the horse."

He rattled off the street address as Bucky chuckled, stowing his binoculars in his backpack.

Peter turned to Bucky gratefully. "Thanks for your help dude."

"No problem."

Spider-Man seemed to hesitate before awkwardly saying, "Look. I know it might be difficult telling someone you have feelings for them. That's how I felt when I asked out my crush in college, and, well, she's my wife now."

Bucky blushed, trying to banish the thoughts of waking up in bed every day with Sam, slipping a ring on his finger, pressing kisses to the nape of his neck when no one was looking.

"I'll think about it. Take care of yourself, webhead."

Spidey saluted him before swinging away.

---

The Winter Soldier's pocket vibrated.

♪ *I know that the spades are the swords of a soldier; I know that the clubs are weapons of war*

*I know that diamonds mean money for this art, But that's not the shape of my heart* 🎵

Bucky smiled, swiping up to accept Sam's call.

Huh. Who knew that a lost horse could inadvertently give him the courage to ask out his friend?

## Chapter End Notes

Next Up: Bats the (talking) Basset Hound, Dr. Stephen Strange, Velma Stanton.  
Who knew spiders could lead such depressing lives?

# Bats the Basset Hound (+a Tarantula)

## Chapter Summary

ft. Bats the Basset Hound, Stephen Strange, Zelma Stanton, and a tarantula

## Chapter Notes

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

### 177A Bleecker Street

*Knock, Knock, Knock*

Zelma Stanton sighed. "Hello? Stephen, it's me! Are you--"

"He's not home," said a voice. Zelma looked up, and jumped.

"By the hoary hosts of--"

Spider-Man was poking his head out of a window, peering at her curiously.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Weeeellll, like I said, the doctor isn't home right now, but...um..." He hesitated for a moment, pondering how to continue. "I'd say leave a message. But I don't know if there's an actual way to do that. Just come back, I guess?"

"Can you let me in?"

"Uh, no, sorry...what if you were evil?"

"I'm not a--my name's Zelma Stanton."

Spidey stared at her for a moment before disappearing back inside.

She shook her head, muttering "Unbelievable."

The door opened, and the vigilante waved at her cheerfully. "Hi, Zelma. Yeah, I have no idea where he is."

---

Stephen Strange rolled up a few posters he had hanging in his office. After that intense battle in Vegas, he'd realized that he needed to stop hiding away, pretending not to notice the world's problems.

A ghostly basset hound floated through the wall, snuffling.

"You know, doc...despite millions of years of collective instinct producing an intense hatred and fear for places like this...I'm really going to miss this dump."

Stephen sighed, running his hand through his hair. "Yes, I will too, Bats. But...I'm the Sorcerer Supreme. I can no longer hide away in this office pretending to be something I'm not."

"That and it was super illegal, yeah?" snickered Bats.

"Oh, quite. Still...it was nice to help people."

"Hey, did you stop dying your hair?"

Stephen sent a glare in the dog's direction.

*Knock, Knock.*

"Oh, someone is knocking on the door. How fortuitous," he said, signalling that was the end of the conversation.

He opened the door, then paused when he saw the oddest duo standing on the doormat.

"I'm terribly sorry, but we are clos--oh."

Spider-Man and Zelma, the Sanctum's librarian, were standing there, eyebrows raised. Well, Spidey probably had his eyebrows raised.

"Hey," she started, at the same time Stephen said "Hey. Hi."

Peter fidgeted. "This feels awkward. Is this awkward to anyone else? Should--should I go? I hate it when things are quiet like this. Should I talk more? Or less, or--"

The vigilante caught something of interest, and peeked behind Dr. Strange.

"Oh man, is that a ghost dog?" he squealed, effectively defusing the tense situation.

"Ohmygod is that Spider-Man?" whispered Bats in awe.

"Can I pick him up!?" asked Peter, kneeling down.

"I'm intangible."

"Ahhh, he talks! That's so cool! Stephen, why didn't you tell me you had a talking ghost dog?"

"Hey, wow. Wow. You're Spider-Man, huh? Wow, never met a real life superhero before," exclaimed the basset hound, tail wagging in excitement.

Stephen frowned at him. "You met the Avengers and the Midnight Sons not two weeks ago. You met Sentry. You live with me."

"Right, right. But this is Spider-Man!"

Strange sighed when Peter had the audacity to snicker at him.

"This charming dog makes a lot of sense, Strange."

The librarian was watching the volley of dialogue with amusement. Stephen decided to end the discussion before the three decided to gang up on him.

"Zelma, if you'll excuse us for a moment."

"Yeah," she said, looking away. Stephen bit his lip. So she was still mad at him about the entire stunt with the soul spell.

"Okay. Yes. Okay, just one moment," he said, dragging Peter away by the arm.

"Bye ghost dog!"

"Bye Spider-Man!"

---

"Peter, what are you doing here? Is something wrong?" asked Stephen in concern.

"What? No, I just wanted to come and check on you, is all. All that Loki stuff, and the Vegas thing..." Peter trailed off when he noticed the doctor's wince.

"Why does something have to be wrong for a guy to check in on his friend?"

"Oh. Well, my apologies, Peter. I suppose we don't do enough of that in this line of work. Most of the time, when a fellow Avenger visits me, it's to solve some sort of a calamitous magical nightmare. That's...that's very kind of you to check in like this, Peter."

When Stephen looked over, the younger man was staring at something in his palm.

"Peter?"

"Yeah. Calamitous nightmare. Hey, check this out. A tarantula. Cool, huh?"

Strange raised his eyebrows. He was used to Peter's many oddities, and wasn't surprised that he probably wanted to drag him into a crazy, but harmless scheme of his. But still...

"Did...you bring a spider here with you?" he asked in disbelief.

"Yeah."

"Do you...I have to ask, do you always carry spiders with you? Is that a thing you've been doing for--"

"What? No. Gross." Peter shuddered at the thought.

He paused.

"Although, pocket spiders...what if a bad guy is robbing someone, and then I'm like, BAM! Pocket full of spiders in his face. Boy, that would be so scary."

Stephen sighed, before rubbing his temples.

"What can I do for you?"

"Um...well, I heard about the whole veterinarian thing where you do a thing where you,uhhh..."

Stephen rolled his eyes in amusement. "Do you want to talk to a spider, Peter?"

"Yes."

Stephen murmured a spell that made Peter's body feel floaty, before he found himself in a park, wearing a yellow sweater.

**"Hello,"** said a voice from behind him. A large, man sized tarantula was looking at Spidey patiently.

---

**"So, the webs come out of your wrists?"**

"I know that part is different for sure."

**"What kind of web do you live in, though?. Is it traditional or like a funnel kind of operation?"**

"Oh...no. I don't live in a web. I just kinda...swing around."

**"Right."**

"And thwip thwip criminals up. Stuff like that."

**"That's not what webs are for, man."**

"Right."

**"They're for killing."**

"Yeah. No, I know that."

**"So, if you don't have a web, where do you keep the criminals' bodies while they're dissolving?"**

"Oh, boy. Um, I don't... eat...them."

**"You don't eat...all right, Pete. What would you say, exactly, that makes you a 'Spider...Man'?"**

**"I'm strong. as strong as a spider! And...and I have spider-sense! I can sense danger before it comes."**

**"Sounds like you got bit by a magician."**

**"Man..."**

**"Hey, hey, don't get bummed out. I'm sure you're a really good man-spider."**

**"Yeah?"**

**"Absolutely. I mean, the costume and the crime fighting? Jeez, and all that in under a year? It's impressive."**

**"Under a year?"**

**"You have our genes and our abilities right? It would stand to reason that you would inherit our life cycle as well. Spiders only live a little over a year in ideal conditions. You seem to be well into your adult life cycle. so, yeah your death is almost surely imminent."**

Peter stared at the spider.

**"Pete...everything dies."**

---

Almost as sudden as the spell had been cast, Spider-man found his feet back on the ground of the veterinary, shaking his head.

"Well, I'm not sure what I thought was going to happen, but that was terrible."

Stephen wondered how it was possible for a twenty-five year old to act like a teenager at times.

"Thaks, doc. I gotta go think about a lot of stuff. Bye Zelma. Bye ghost dog."

"Bye Spider-Man!" barked Bats happily.



"I'll walk you out," offered Dr. Strange.

Once they'd reached the front gate, Spidey turned to Stephen. "Hey, listen...I really did come by to check up on you..."

"Well, thank you, but you don't have to--"

"Just give me a second, yeah? I just wanted you to know that...this...it happens to all of us. We all quit. We all give in to the darkness once in a while. Whether it's for a single second during a fight, or...or for as long as it takes to get our heads back together."

Stephen let that sink in for a moment, but it didn't seem like Peter had finished speaking.

"What we do is hard. And not just physically. I threw my suit in the trash and walked away from it all once... Had to go and get it back out of the same trash can, too. Smelled like garbage water for so long."

"Peter..."

"But look at this, Stephen. Look at where went when you left being a super hero. You just went back to being a...regualr hero. You got back to the work you were doing before you had powers. That says something about you. That's who you are," finished the vigilante emphatically.

Stephen smiled. "Thank you."

Peter saluted him, before firing a webline at the nearest lamplight, and swinging into the distance.

## Chapter End Notes

Next Up: Tanngrisnir (the magical Asgardian goat), Matt Murdock, Thor Odinson, and Loki.

Also, Foggy Nelson takes way too much pleasure in watching Matt's superhero friends drive him up the wall.

# Tanngrisnir the Asgardian Goat

## Chapter Summary

ft. Tanngrisnir the goat, Matt Murdock, Foggy Nelson, Thor Odinson, and Loki Laufeyson

## Chapter Notes

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

Daredevil pulled off his mask, running his fingers through his carefully combed red locks. After stowing away his batons away in his hip holster, he frowned when he sensed two heartbeats sitting in his kitchen.

One of them, familiar, was located on the ceiling, but the second wasn't that of a human's. Whatever it was, it was lying on the ground, devouring a fruit salad he'd been saving for the night.

He cleared his throat loudly. The man on the ceiling flipped elegantly to the floor, prompting a startled bleat from whatever was lying on the ground.

Matt inhaled deeply. "Peter. Why is there a goat in my apartment?"

"In my defense--"

"I'm too emotionally drained to deal with this. I'm calling Foggy for backup." Matt moved over to his phone, dialing his best friend's number. The younger vigilante patted the goat's head to placate it, which made a contented noise in return.

The phone rang twice, before Foggy picked up. "Hey, Matty, what's with you and Kirsten McDuffie? Because I gotta tell ya, if you don't make a move soon--"

"A goat is currently inside *my* apartment eating *my* salad."

There was a pause on the other end, before he heard muffled laughter. "Stop laughing!" Matt whisper-screamed.

While he'd been conversing on his phone with his partner, who was currently having a fit on the other end, the goat had finished eating the lettuce, and was now nosing through his

refrigerator, and Spidey wasn't doing anything to stop it.

Matt gave Peter the evil eye, which just resulted in a snicker from his pseudo-son.

After a good half-minute, Foggy finally stopped laughing although his speech was still punctuated with giggles. "Tell me what happens," he said, before hanging up.

Foggy Nelson was a @\$ and could go join Fate in the club.

"Where did you even find this goat?" asked Matt, feeling a superhero-induced migraine arising.

"I saw him wandering the streets, so I was going to take him to the police station to see if anyone lost their goat."

"How on earth does someone lose a goat?" screeched the lawyer.

Peter shrugged. "Two police officers lost a horse last week."

"How do you lose a--you know what, nevermind. Why didn't you take this goat to the police station?"

"His name is Toothgnasher. Says on his collar."

"Okay, so why didn't you take Toothgnasher to the police station?"

Toothgnasher trotted over to where Peter was sitting, dragging over and chewing on Matt's old shoe that he used to kill insects. And arachnids, specifically annoying spiders.

After Matt voiced so, glaring the entire time, Peter pouted and scuttled onto the wall. "You're so *mean*. Anyways, I was on my way there, but then Shocker tried to rob a bank."

The redhead raised an eyebrow.

"And?"

"Toothgnasher flew directly at him, and rammed him with his horns. Like, actually flew. He can fly. I think the Shocker has a concussion that won't let him walk straight for two weeks."

As if on command, Toothgnasher decided to start levitating.

Matt inhaled deeply for the second time, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "So, let me get this straight: You found a goat, were taking him to the police station, found out he was magical, and you decided the best course of action was to bring him here?"

Peter shuffled his feet. "I feel like you want me to say no, but the answer is yes."

"Fine. So what do you want me to do?"

"Uhhh...look after the goat while I go to Avengers Mansion and figure out the protocol of dealing with a superpowered animal. Cool? Great!"

"You can't just--" protested Matt, although ineffectually, because Spidey had leaped out his window before he could finish his sentence.

Daredevil glared at Toothgnasher, who was now chewing on the leaf of a potted plant. He grinned vindictively when the goat bleated in alarm after a police siren blared rather loudly.

---

After around five minutes, Peter called. "Well? What is it?"

"That's Thor's pet goat."

"Please tell me you're joking."

"Nope. We'll be there in few seconds."

"But Avengers Mansion is on the other side of town!" exclaimed Matt.

*Beeeeep.*

Daredevil glared at his phone. "Hung up on again," he muttered.

Suddenly, an odd sound reverberated throughout the room, and suddenly, there were three heartbeats standing in his apartment. He recognized them as Spidey's, along with Thor and a teenaged Loki.

Thor clapped Matt on the back, and spoke in his booming voice.

"Thank you, Dare, Son of Devil," Matt winced due to the prince of thunder's strength, and the latter half of that statement that had Loki and Peter stifling their laughs.

"Um. I'm not--My dad isn't a devil."

Thor nodded gravely. "I see. Thank you, Matt son of Murdock."

"Eh, close enough."

Toothgnasher happily bounded over to Thor, who patted his head. "There you are, Tanngrisnir, my faithful companion. Tanngrjóstr was getting bored without you."

Thor smiled at them before turning to Loki, who cheekily saluted, before teleporting the two Asagardians and the goat away.

---

Matt flopped onto his couch, feeling absolutely exhausted, while Spidey set about tidying the apartment.

After five minutes, Matt was fast asleep, so Peter draped a blanket over him. "Sleep tight, Matty."

He slipped out the window, checking his phone briefly after it buzzed from a text from another redhead.

Mary Jane

Peter, come home, I want cuddles

*Sent 8:45 P.M.*

The vigilante smiled softly before swinging home.

## Chapter End Notes

Next Up: J. Jonah Jameson, Lockheed the Dragon and Miles Morales. More importantly, we get a return of Spider-Man and His Amazing Friends!



# Lockheed the Dragon

## Chapter Summary

ft. J. Jonah Jameson, Bobby Drake, Angelica Jones, and Miles Morales

## Chapter Notes

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

"I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, YOU WALL-CRAWLING MENACE!" screamed Jameson.

Spidey, Iceman and Firestar carefully pushed aside the debris that had culminated during their fight against the Rhino, who'd seemed particularly intent on destroying anything in sight.

Iceman sighed. "Well, that's going to take forever to clean up."

"Says the guy who rammed an icicle into the pavement," replied Peter, shaking off a slice of mouldy bread that had adhered itself to his arm when the Rhino had thrown him into a dumpster.

Firestar raised a hand, signalling the two to stop their bickering. "I'm sensing some body heat under that construction sign."

Peter pushed aside the chunks of pavement, looking for any sign of life, until he yelped and jumped backwards.

The two mutants gathered around him. A small purple dragon was curled up, looking up at them.

Bobby gasped before de-icing and kneeling down to pick him up.

"This is Lockheed! He's Kitty's dragon."

Peter stared at him. "Shadowcat has a pet dragon?"

Angelica whacked his shoulder. "You've literally fought aliens, been possessed by an alien parasite, and met a pig version of yourself, and that's what confuses you?"

"Point."

Iceman shifted before handing the creature to Firestar. Lockheed purred, apparently appreciating the warmth emanating from her.

"Uh. I'd offer to look after him, but I've got a date with my boyfriend in five minutes, so...bye," yelled Iceman, who suddenly iced-on and created a ice ramp to slide out of there.

"Hey wait! You can't just--" protested Angelica, but it was of no use, seeing as Bobby had already exited the scene. "I'm going to melt him."

When Firestar turned around, she noticed Peter thwipping away on his webs, leaving Angel with the dragon.

"NOT COOL, WEBHEAD!" she yelled.

Angel paused, before noticing JJJ nearby.

"Hey, Jameson. You got a moment?" she asked. The editor of the Daily Bugle raised his eyebrow.

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Miles wouldn't stop making fun of him.

"Stop laughing. This isn't funny, twerp."

"But that's where you're absolutely wrong. This is hilarious."

"Bullying, is what it is."

"Well then, you shouldn't have left Firestar with the dragon all by herself, then," he giggled.

Peter gave him the death glare. "You know, just for that, I'm telling your mom that you swore in front of a five-year old last week."

Miles choked on his laughter and tackled Peter to the ground, shrieking.



Miles sat up wheezing, and clutched his chest, eyes filled with tears from laughing.

"You alright, kid?"

The younger spider nodded. "My binder's just feeling a little tight."

Peter sat back, face etched with concern. As soon as he let his guard down, Miles pounced on him, this time having the upper hand.

Mary Jane walked in, fully expecting the two Spider-men to be suiting up, but instead finding them wrestling.

She rolled her eyes, and walked out the door.

On her way out, she picked up a newspaper that Miles had brought over, chuckling as she read the title.

**Exclusive Interview with X-Man!**

**Firestar Reveals Spider-Menace Once Forgot Webs, Had to Take A Taxi!**

Chapter End Notes

Next Up: Carol Danvers and Goose the Cat. Seriously though, Tony Stark's parties can be vaguely terrifying at times.

# Goose the Flerken

## Chapter Summary

ft. Tony Stark, Johnny Storm, and Carol Danvers

## Chapter Notes

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

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*You are invited to Tony Stark's*  
***ANNUAL AVENGERS & FRIENDS BANQUET***  
*July 25*  
***RSVP***

---

Peter eyed the invitation apprehensively. "And friends? What are we, twelve?"

Mary Jane peeked over his shoulder. "Sounds fun. Are you going?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because...because I have a reputation to uphold!"

MJ raised both her eyebrows. "People took pictures of your backside after you battled those Land Sharks, and everyone could see your boxers. If you had a reputation, it would be dead by now."

Peter considered that for a moment, before reluctantly agreeing.

---

"PETER!!!" yelled Johnny Storm loudly, waving at him frantically, surrounded by a group of several Avengers and mutants over the loud music.

The man in question sighed before walking over to where the Torch was standing.

Johnny slung an arm around his shoulders, looking more than a little tipsy.

Peter had begged Mary Jane to come with him, but she couldn't blow off another one of her photoshoots, so she'd left him to suffer alone.

Yay.

Johnny began entertaining them with a tale of something that happened on Tarnax, yada, yada, yada, when a familiar glimpse of short, mohawk-like hair flashed at the corner of his eye.

"Carol?" he asked in surprise.

The captain turned around, her face lighting up when she saw him. "Pete! Long time no see!" she exclaimed, hugging him tightly. "How's MJ?"

"She's good? How about you and Rhodes?"

Carol winced. "Oh...we broke up a few months ago. I'm here with my girlfriend, she's a Valkyrie," explained Carol.

Peter grinned. "Nice. How's Goose?"

Her eyes lit up. "She's doing amazing. Actually, she's having kittens!"

"Do you know how many?"

"One hundred seventeen."

"Very funny."

Carol bit her lip. "Uh...I'm not joking. She laid one hundred seventeen eggs."

Peter stared at her. "Okay. Wow. I'm...not entirely sure what to do with that information."

The woman snickered. "I'm hoping to pawn most of them off on Xandar after they're grown up."

"How you find time to take care of a pet along with beating up space baddies is beyond my comprehension."

"Honestly, I'm still trying to figure that out myself."

## Chapter End Notes

And that's all, folks! Hope you enjoyed :)

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