

# SPIDER-MAN

## Tangled Web



### Chapter 6 (Grab Life by the Horn)

There wasn't any sensation quite like money slipping against skin. It wasn't quite paper, nor fabric. It retained a distinct smell despite passing through hand after hand after hand. It certainly wasn't clean, either literally or metaphorically... But as far as Aleksei was concerned, it was beautiful. He could practically feel the power embedded in the bills as he counted them, as if the world had collectively decided that they mattered, and that belief was made manifest like some god drawing power from their worshippers. A lop-sided smirk crossed Aleksei's lips as he realized how silly all that was, but money was truly good and the fact that Norman Osborn had lost so much of it over night was also good.

At first the constant news cycle coverage of Osborn's trip into space had been like a slow acting poison accumulating in Aleksei's veins, making him feel as if his muscles were locking up and his organs were shutting down. Then, for a brief moment of pure joy he thought Norman had died in a poetic act of God beyond his control. That joy had soured in Aleksei's mouth as the charming, chronically charismatic CEO somehow found his way back to Earth alive and relatively well.

Aleksei set most of the money into the deposit bag for the nightly drop and returned a small portion back to the register. He closed the drawer and then grabbed the glass from the counter, tipping it back and letting the shot of vodka rush over his tongue and down his throat. The twenty-nine-year old's long greasy black hair brushed over his shoulders as he let the smooth, neutral alcohol settle in his stomach. When his gray eyes opened, his lop-sided smile had turned into a cold frown. The television across the room was replaying the OsCorp Glider landing triumphantly, mottled by the neon patches that had sealed the holes from the impact.

A sudden rapping at the door caused Aleksei's shoulders to tighten visibly beneath the black, gray, and white camouflage t-shirt he wore. His hand reached under the counter for a gun until he figured out who was waiting outside, their face illuminated by the turquoise neon signs that snaked their way up and down the front windows of the cafe. Aleksei's face shifted to a more neutral expression, a compromise between the annoyance of being interrupted after hours and the pleasure to know that his customers were growing more eager for his product.

Aleksei held up his hand for his late visitor, indicating for them to wait. The figure outside shifted their body weight from foot to foot a little but seemed to understand the need for patience. Aleksei took a breath and reached under the counter for something else, something long and irregular, made of full matte gray polymer panels and sections with a flexible mesh peeking out between. Aleksei hoisted the object out and set the far end down on the floor where

a foot-like shape flexed against the rough carpet. Turning his stool, Aleksei brought the stump of his right leg over to rest against the object.

The twenty-nine-year-old closed his eyes as the object connected, hugging his human flesh while magnetic anchors and small data nodes synced up. He inhaled more sharply, feeling vague sensory data start to filter in about the roughness of the carpet and the firmness of the floor. Reaching further down, Aleksei retrieved another prosthetic and slipped it onto his left side, letting it connect before he rose up to his synthetic feet. Stepping out and around the desk, Aleksei made his way to the door, brushing his hair out of his face. Illuminated by the turquoise signs, faint scars caught the light differently, creating a mosaic down the sides of his neck. Aleksei forced a smile, though another scar bisected the left side of his lip.

“Zarian, my friend, you do know that we’re closed, right?” Aleksei asked. On the other side of the glass door, the senior fidgeted a little more, his long braids brushing against his shoulders, his almond brown eyes looking at Aleksei with a bit of desperation.

“I know, I just...” Zarian trailed off, not finishing his sentence. Aleksei weighed his options, glancing to either side of Zarian to make sure he was alone. He unlocked the door and stepped back, creating just enough space for the young man to enter while keeping his foot firmly behind the door in case this was some sort of trick. Zarian moved in a few paces, looking around at the inside of the cafe, his muscles already relaxing. The cafe was an anachronism from another time, a cyber cafe predating the widespread availability of high-speed internet or cell phones. It had gone through various revisions over the years, becoming the Binary Lotus in its more recent incarnation. While there were still computer stations for old school LAN parties, the recent claim to fame came from the immersive virtual reality headsets.

“I would have thought you would be at home in the comfort of your room, exploring the limitless pleasures of your own body.” Aleksei said, looking the young man over. He was wearing gray sweatpants that left nothing to the imagination, a distinct bulge pressing out beneath the shadow of the stained sweatshirt he wore. Aleksei’s words seemed to make Zarian shudder a bit as he imagined just what he could be doing instead of being here.

“I need something stronger, something more...” Zarian said. Aleksei’s eyebrow arched at that, and he clicked his tongue against his teeth.

“Let no one say Aleksei Sytsevich does not help those in need...” Aleksei said with a wicked grin. He moved back over to the register, slipping the deposit bag down out of sight. He opened a small metal tin and pulled out a micro-SD card from it. With a few more strides he made it back to Zarian, holding out the chip. Just before Zarian snatched it up, Aleksei tilted his hand back, keeping the chip just out of reach. “But also let no one say that his friends do not take care of Aleksei,” he added. Zarian started to fidget again.

“I-I... I don’t have any cash on me, but I’ve got this!” Zarian said, pulling up the sleeve of his sweatshirt to reveal a rather nice watch. Aleksei looked at it for a moment before he nodded, giving Zarian a smile again.

“Then we have both helped each other...” Aleksei said mirthfully. Zarian quickly slipped the watch off his wrist and handed it over, all too eager to accept the small chip in exchange. Aleksei reached for the door and opened it, resting a hand on Zarian’s back. “Now enjoy, enjoy everything that a night in this glorious city can bring you, my friend.” Aleksei said. Zarian nodded, all but sprinting out of the shop. Aleksei closed the door behind him and locked back up, resetting the alarm system. Turning his head, he glanced back at the television and the

newest footage of the hospital Norman Osborn was being kept in. “Chtob tebe deti v’sup srali...” Aleksei muttered, an old and rather colorful curse wishing that Osborn’s children would shit in his soup. His smile started to grow as that gave him an idea.

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In a city as large as New York, it was nothing new to hear the sound of spray paint being rattled and discharged, nor for socket wrenches and tools to be used at all hours of the night. The question remained just how they were being used, and by whom. The Hell’s Kitchen Demons were one of the few remaining ‘motorcycle clubs’ in an era where such organizations had dwindled. Their persistence may have come in part from the fact that they had evolved into a queer icon, performing various charitable acts for the community with donation drives despite years of persecution for being gay.

The sounds of paint came from vandals scrawling hateful rhetoric on the outside of the clubhouse while the tools were being used to loosen or remove bolts on the various motorcycles parked out front. Given the rather adult atmosphere inside the club, the windows had been blacked out for propriety which caused a blind spot the vandals were only too happy to employ, though they tried to complete their work quickly before any bikers left the establishment.

As the pigmented mist of one of the spray cans sputtered and ran dry, the vandal tossed it down onto a black canvas bag before reaching for another can he had set aside. When his hand grasped empty air, his dark eyebrows furrowed under the ski mask he wore. He reached for the interior of the bag only to have it slide away into the shadows of the alley. Freezing for a moment, the vandal looked around in confusion and concern.

“Did you guys see that? My bag just slid away... You think this place is haunted?” he asked. The guys working on the bikes smirked.

“You owe me ten...” One of them murmured.

“What? Is this some kind of prank?” the first asked.

“No, but I knew you was gonna be afraid.” The other responded. The first vandal sneered. Maybe it had just been rats carrying away his bag, something like that... He huffed and turned, heading into the alley. When he suddenly screamed and that scream elevated to roof level, it finally caused the other two to turn around.

“Randy?!” The first called out, blowing their cover. He stood up and advanced down the alley, passing the half-finished hate graffiti on the building. He walked until the line of shadows before stopping, “Randy?” he called again. Slowly two gleaming white half-circle shapes opened in the darkness in front of him.

“Randy’s not here...” The menacing voice said softly before the vandal got a face full of sticky translucent webbing. He stumbled back, clawing at his face, falling on his ass. The last vandal turned to run but Spider-Man swung out of the alleyway, carrying the darkness with him in the shape of his all black and white suit, shooting out a web to wrap around the vandal’s ankles, sending him face first into the sidewalk. He groaned from the impact and pain. Peter landed in a three-point stance and used his free hand to grab the vandal by the back, flipping him over hard. He stared up, panting through his mask.

“S-s-pider-Man?!” The vandal asked, “I thought you were cleaning filth out of this neighborhood. That’s all we were trying to do.” he said. While his mask didn’t usually have a

mouth, the eyes shifted to very clearly portray anger. The fingers of his hand stretched into slightly sharper claws and Peter lifted the vandal up off the ground, raising his arm until the larger man's bound feet dangled a few inches off the sidewalk. Peter strode back toward the clubhouse, pinning him to the brick wall. The display of strength was impressive, especially as Spider-Man started to wipe the vandal back and forth to smudge the paint.

"You aren't cleaning anything up. You're harassing, you're bullying, you are the trash." Peter growled as a seam started to form in the front of his mask, slowly pulling back to reveal a grill of sharp white apparently synthetic teeth that covered his own mouth. Despite his fear, the vandal's curiosity won out.

"What? You're one of these fa -" As the vandal finished the slur, Spider-Man's mouth parted more in disgust, the apparently synthetic teeth inside stretching to dagger like points. He pulled the man off the wall, slammed him down onto the ground and punched him. The man yelped and shuddered at the impact.

"This life is too dark, too hard, too depressing to let garbage like you strip away at it. Love is love, and this is my city. If you can't make room for love in your heart, keep your hate to yourself where it can rot the wretched hole where your soul should be." Peter growled, curling sharp talon like fingers into his shirt, pulling the vandal into the sitting position, "And if I see you touch anyone else's building with anything other than a power washer or a fresh coat of paint..." Peter whispered, hesitating as the idea of eating the man's brain briefly flashed through his mind, followed by the idea that such a brain would be sour or bitter. Peter's mouth closed, the seam disappearing as he contemplated such strange thoughts.

"I get the picture! I promise I'll never do it again, just don't kill me..." The vandal whimpered. Peter's mouth tightened. He held up his hand, attaching a web across the man's chest before he aimed his arm into the alleyway and shot the other end. As the tether suddenly tightened, the man screamed as he slid down the cement and swung up into the air, the webbing constricting and contracting. He grunted as he slammed into the dangling form of Randy, unconscious but alive. He screamed out and flailed, trying to claw at his shirt. Peter slowly rose to his feet and turned to leave, though the sight of a figure near the front of the bar stopped him. The man appeared to be in his mid-twenties, short brownish-black hair well-groomed beneath a leather cap. A chinstrap beard ran down his jawline and a modest mustache curved his youthful lips as they formed into a bit of a smile.

"Uh, good evening, sir..." Peter said, saluting with his black claw-like fingers. The young biker chuckled a little at that and bowed his head.

"I heard what you said, quite the pitch. Can I buy you a beer?" the biker asked. Peter opened his mouth to respond, about to say he was underage. Another impulse told him to take the nice furry man up on his offer, to reap the rewards of protecting them, to find comfort in the hot and musky embrace of the bikers... but a wave of fatigue started to seep into his shoulders and back, his arms and legs. He'd been out all night a school night after all. The eyes of Spider-Man's suit shifted into a sorrowful expression.

"Maybe another time, but I appreciate the offer, I really do." Peter said. The leather cub nodded a little, running a hand down the edge of his jacket as he shrugged.

"Hey, the Demons appreciate it too. It's nice to know we aren't the only tough guys in Hell's Kitchen. Besides, your new outfit is looking really hot." he said with another grin. Peter gave a little nod before he turned, building up a bit of a jog before he held out his arm and shot

out a web, ascending into the darkness between the buildings. The leather cub watched Peter disappear into the night before he sighed, opening the door back into the clubhouse.

“Guys, some assholes got to a few of our bikes. Spider-Man gift wrapped them for the cops.” the cub said, heading back in to make sure everyone knew to inspect their vehicles for sabotage before leaving.

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The window to Peter’s room slid up with almost no effort, a bit of a feat given how weathered and warped it was. Peter slipped through the gap nimbly, landing on his black rubbery toes before sinking to his heels. He stretched up and yawned, the seam opening across his mouth, revealing his human teeth and tongue. As the mouth closed, the seam sealed again. Peter reached up to grab at his neck. As if to accommodate his expectations, a seam appeared, allowing him to pull his mask up and off of his head. He shook his sweaty red hair out of his face and yawned again.

It had only been a few hours since he’d gotten his new suit from Harry’s loom, but he’d interrupted more crimes in those few hours than he normally did all night. He swung faster, he reacted faster, and it took so much less effort to deal with the criminals, at least physically. Peter thought about the vandal and punching him in the face. He hadn’t done that before, had he? He’d called those nice bikers a slur, it felt warranted, it might even drive the point home, but was that who he was?

Peter walked over to his messy bed, pulling the quilt back before he fell into his sheets without even bothering to take his suit off. As he slid his long legs under the quilt, the individual coating of his toes shifted until his feet were encased in sock-like extensions of his suit instead. There was a subtle rippling as the black rubbery material retracted from his fingers and hands, his wrists, his forearms. It stopped along his biceps and triceps where a t-shirt would. It didn’t just feel comfortable, it felt right.

A fleeting impulse to jack off or have another midnight snack was nearly enough to keep Peter from falling asleep, but his fatigue won out. It took mere moments for Peter to pass out. His chest rose and fell, the white emblem of Spider-Man looking angular and dangerous despite the fact it was wrapped around a teenage boy. The rubbery finish of the black coating started to glisten and appear more liquid as Peter slept, the symbiote slipping into a slightly more comfortable form for itself. A small tendril slipped up the back of Peter’s neck, resting along his spine, keeping closer contact.

Truth be told, the symbiote liked this host. Even without his mutation, he would have had potential. With it he was a hunter, he craved conflict and justice. His mind was also strong. It had been a great effort to keep Peter from questioning or reacting negatively to his presence, especially as they forged their first connection beneath the loom. Their bond was still new and therefore fragile. The symbiote did not like the fact that he had not become they yet. His host was Peter and Spider-Man and it was other, it was the spider’s venom, it was alien. Still, just as Peter’s body had proven useful, so too could his mind.

Peter’s dreams shifted and flowed between memory and imagination, all of them fascinating. The symbiote saw Peter’s memories of being adopted by Hugo, of growing up in New York, helping Billy, hanging out with Harry, falling into the ruins between worlds! At that

memory the symbiote rippled with a primal fear, prickling like sharp goosebumps. How had the boy gotten there? How had he gotten back? The symbol on Peter's chest had gotten blurry, the lines of webbing on the costume disappearing before the symbiote composed itself again, guiding his memories elsewhere.

If they were to truly bond, Peter would have to accept the symbiote fully. Using both his memories and imagination, the symbiote began to paint a picture in the human's mind. He crafted Harry's bedroom combined from what Peter had seen from below and what it had seen from above. The symbiote painted the impish boy with his mirthful smirk. Such a waifish, cute being. He would have been worthy prey for them, or a mate. The symbiote rippled again, this time happily, as he got glimpses of Harry helping a four-armed Peter with his situation... but they had to focus.

In the illusory bedroom, the loom clicked and whirred as it prepared itself. Peter was sitting on Harry's bed, looking at the design tablet for the new suit. Unlike the previous models, it was entirely black aside from the white emblem and lines. As the image sat on the screen, a smile crept across the face of the mask. Peter's red eyebrow arched in surprise at that. How could the suit have a mouth? Was it his mouth? A fake mouth in his mouth? How was that even possible?

"Harry, just how advanced is your cosplay tech?" Peter asked, lifting his head. Harry stood by the loom, his grin as wicked as ever, jagged black lightning shaped earrings extending from the base of his cute, round ears. He was wearing a long black denim jacket, but his normally cheerful pink hair was a stark matte black that matched his large eyebrows. The symbiote could feel Peter squirm a little from the depiction for a moment but a dream didn't have to make complete sense. After a moment Peter's muscles relaxed again.

"Peter, you have no idea how much you're going to love this suit. It's the last suit you'll ever need. Fully adaptable, complimentary to your unique set of skills. Thermal regulating, resistance to toxins. It's made to fit you like a glove, better even." Harry said, his honey brown eyes gazing deep into Peter's soul, "You saw the mouth, didn't you?" he asked after a moment, as if reaching into Peter's thoughts. Peter grinned a little nervously.

"Yeah, it seems like a bit much. I've already got the expressive eyes." Peter said, reaching to rub at the back of his head. Harry moved over, reaching out to put a hand on Peter's shoulder. The fingers seemed to know just where to reach, massaging the pressure points as the symbiote did the same in the waking world.

"Hey, you're the friendly neighborhood Spider-Man. Why wouldn't you be able to smile?" Harry asked. Peter's grin widened at that.

"You're right! Maybe I won't scare as many civilians..." Peter said with relief.

"And it makes it easier to eat snacks. You gotta burn so many calories doing your crime fighting." Harry said. Peter's stomach gurgled as if in response.

"I have been getting hungrier lately." he admitted. Harry moved back, leaning in closer to Peter's ear, the smile never leaving his lips.

"You're a growing boy, you gotta eat. Plus, when you burn that many calories you can eat anything you want and all it'll do is make you stronger and stronger." Harry whispered. Peter's eyes fluttered closed. There was something oddly seductive about the way Harry made it sound to eat. The dream Harry slowly opened his mouth, his tongue slipping out far longer

than a human should have been able to manage, the round tip stretching to a point. Just before he licked Peter's neck, he snapped it back, having to restrain himself - at least for the moment.

"I guess cravings are natural, right?" Peter asked. Harry purred.

"Oh yeah, bro. Not just cravings for food, either. I made sure this suit is perfect in every way, like if you need to... pleasure yourself in the field." Harry said. Peter's head turned swiftly, his pacific blue eyes widening sharply.

"W-why would I need that in the field?" Peter asked. Harry shrugged gently, not backing away. The caress on his mind pressed just a little harder.

"It's like when you came to me that one night, the four-armed wrestling match? And what about the way the Hunter made you feel?" Harry asked. Peter's shock mellowed a bit.

"Kraven..." Peter repeated softly. Harry nodded, standing back up. He strode across the bedroom, his long coat sweeping behind his legs.

"The suit is ready for you, Peter. Are you ready for it?" The dream Harry asked. Peter smiled and stood up, walking over to the loom.

"I'm ready if you are." Peter smiled, pulling off his shirt and unbuttoning his pants.

"Have I ever led you wrong?" The dream Harry asked, his black hair glistening in the workshop lights. He reached over and flipped on the switch. The loom spun up and worked, but instead of weaving together latex and Lycra and spandex, the loom had been equipped with pumps and jets. It sputtered, it hesitated and then it began to gush black slime out. Peter gasped as it splattered across his left shoulder, the slime immediately hugging and shaping to his flesh. Peter lifted his left arm, watching the black slime spread out, seeping across his pale freckled skin. Tendrils coiled and curved, cupping his muscles before the skin was fully enveloped.

Peter gasped a little as slime poured down his spine. He felt the rubbery goo slip around his ribs like a hug, lacing together across his stomach. More slime dribbled and splattered across his right shoulder. Before long, his entire torso was enveloped in that hug... and it was a hug beyond description. The material had a tension like a weighted blanket and yet it breathed perfectly, not making his skin feel trapped or uncomfortable. It felt ever so slightly cool which was the perfect temperature when Peter notoriously ran warm.

Holding his arm up, Peter watched the black slime climb and climb. It swept across the back of his hand, caressing his palm. The liquid had no problem fighting gravity as it enveloped each finger, but it didn't just stop at the fingertips. The black slime stretched into claw points that looked rather dangerous. Peter tilted his head, about to ask a question before a torrent of black slime came splattering down across his bare ass. Peter's brow furrowed. Had he taken off his underwear? But then again, a dream was a dream. Peter moaned, feeling his bubble butt cupped and massaged, the cheeks parted like two halves of the moon before the black velvet night itself began to lap and lick and caress his hole.

In the waking world, the symbiote felt Peter's cock go hard at once, straining and pressing against the black rubbery confines, rising up as it stretched longer and thicker. The symbiote all but purred, vibrating, encouraging Peter. In the dream the slime covering his stomach dribbled down, coating his cock, making it look even thicker and longer and heavier. The black rubbery coating was perfect, making him look like an obsidian sex toy. It covered every vein, cupped the underside of his dick, curving around the mushroom shaped tip and - oh, what was that taste? Heady, musky, almost cheesy? Delicious...

“Harry, this is amazing!” Peter cried out in the dream, wrapping a clawed hand around his big rubbery dick. He squeezed and stroked, starting to jack off, panting and sweating and groaning. His right arm was soon coated, his right hand joining its partner on that shaft. Peter’s rubber coated ass began to thrust forward and back, adding to the motion and inertia of his thrusting. The grate beneath the loom began to gurgle and sputter as black slime climbed up over Peter’s toes, encapsulating each one individually. It caressed the arch of his feet, slipping around his broad heels, curling around his ankles and rising upwards.

The air cracked as a familiar sound came, a thwip, then another, then another. Tentacles of slime were shooting out from the loom, splattering across Peter’s thighs to close the gaps between the black stretchy coating on his legs and his torso. It hit his chest, adding to the mass of his pectorals, making his muscles look bigger and bigger and bigger, rounding out and bloating, his erect nipples somehow pressing through all that mass in perfect view and definition. Peter’s moans were becoming wilder, more animalistic.

In the dream, Harry sat in his chair, one arm draped across the back while his other jerked his dick off. He breathed through his mouth, a mouth full of fangs as his eyes drained of all color and light, turning solid black to match his dark hair. Harry, or rather Venom, watched Peter surrendering himself to the pleasure and power he had to offer. Peter’s head was inclined so his eyes, nose and mouth were aimed right at the ceiling. The loom’s jets repositioned, targeting carefully before they unleashed the final deluge.

A fountain of thick, viscous black rubbery slime splattered across Peter’s face. It poured over his nose and mouth, pooling across his eyes before running down his cheeks. It soaked his hair before it seemed to congeal and thicken. What had been liquid became spandex, cupping and caressing his face. The edges ran like warm syrup, dripping and dribbling down. Every thread that connected the forming mask to the collar of rubber he already wore only accelerated the process. It thickened, closing in the gaps, knitting together before every imperfection and seam disappeared.

Even as all light and sound and smell disappeared, Peter didn’t stop jacking off. His black rubbery cock only seemed to swell longer and thicker, the mass of it infectious to his pride and ego. The loom shuddered and groaned, turning off. The last liquid from the grate seeped up across Peter’s body, sinking into the rest. From that inky darkness, the sharp angular Spider-Man symbol seemed to sizzle and appear on the chest before the web-like lines spread outward, wrapping around a very muscular body.

A wet, sticky sound came as a mouth opened on the mask. The black rubber tried to stick together at first, but it separated and shifted, revealing sharp white fangs and a red interior to the mouth. Peter’s tongue suddenly tasted rubber and iron for a moment before it began to wriggle and stretch and grow. As it slipped out past his dagger-like teeth, new waves of eroticism began to burn and sear into Peter’s brain. His tongue was so long, so thick, so stretchy and prehensile. It was dripping with saliva. It could do anything, eat anything, fuck anything...

Peter hissed, whipping his tentacle tongue around, breathing through his sharp teeth. White splotches appeared on the mask, emulating his eye lenses, though the back edges curved up into horn-like spike shapes. Peter flexed his thick biceps and rolled his enormous shoulders, shifting his large feet, wiggling his thick toes. He was big, almost as big as he had



been when Billy turned him into a lizard... and he loved it. Peter groaned, squeezing his cock with both hands, working them until the friction felt like it might sear flesh, and then he roared.

Spittle erupted from his fangs and drool dripped from his tentacle tongue. His cock began to unleash jet after jet of inky black semen, splattering it across the floor of the imaginary bedroom. His balls swelled larger, preparing a second load for immediate fire. The suit rippled and shifted across his skin, showing veins to muscles Peter never knew he had. He loved his suit, he never wanted to take it off. They were... they were one, they were together. They...

The realization blossomed into an intense orgasm that swept through Peter's sleeping body and the symbiote both. The accommodations the symbiote had made to Peter's outfit lapsed as the black slime coated his arms and head again, sealing him inside. Venom's mouth opened and the long, gooey tentacle tongue slathered out across Peter's chest as a clawed hand massaged his rubbery dick. While dream Peter was painting Harry's bedroom with cum, Venom had decided to absorb all of the superhero's seed. He savored the salty flavor and felt it bring him closer to his host, weaving Peter's mutation into itself forever. Spiders and webs, fascinating creatures, and that emblem Spider-Man so proudly wore would be his own. They would never be apart again. They would forever be together.

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The harsh chirping of Peter's cellphone made him wince and groan, not wanting to wake up. He opened one eye and then immediately regretted it as the early morning sun pierced through his iris and directly into the back of his brain. He bristled, realizing it was his own fault for not closing the curtain when he'd gotten back home. Peter slowly sat up and reached for his phone, only realizing then that he'd gone to bed with his suit still on. Peter started to frown, but as he watched it seemed to contract and shrink, making him shiver and gasp.

Looking down, Peter watched in shock and awe as his Spider-Man suit became a black crop top, the sleeves short enough to hide beneath a normal t-shirt. He felt something trailing down his spine, so he looped his fingers under his covers and lowered them, looking down at a black stretchy bulge. Peter could barely wrap his mind around it, but the lower half of his suit had compressed into a rather stretchy and seductive version of underwear.

"Fully adaptable, complimentary to your unique set of skills..." Peter repeated what Harry had said. Wait, had Harry actually said that? Yes, yes, of course he had. This was all part of the next generation of his suit. This way he'd always have it with him in case he needed it. He'd have to thank Harry again, properly. Peter purred a little as he imagined tangling his fingers in Harry's pink hair, holding him there as he let that long tongue slither down his throat. Peter's reverie was interrupted as the alarm went off on his phone again.

"Stupid snooze..." Peter murmured before noticing the list of error icons at the top of his phone; weak signal, no Wi-Fi. The apartment was a bit of a dead zone on its own. It wasn't usually a problem given that they had home internet and a CellSpot that plugged into the router. The only time it dropped like this was when his dad forgot to pay the bill, or when he couldn't pay the bill. Peter exhaled through his nostrils, rubbing the bridge of his nose. Normally he'd crash at Harry's place for homework when this happened, at least until they could get the internet back on, but Harry was still visiting his father in the hospital after his return from space.

Peter swung his legs out of bed and rose up to his feet. Maybe he'd just have to try out that antiquated cyber cafe he walked by on the way to school. If nothing else, it had to have WiFi...

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Peter was not normally the type of student to sleep during class. Technically, he still had not fallen asleep. The pressure of the Formica-like surface had built an almost painful pressure point on his forehead, the flesh reddening. In a way it was a welcome distraction from the muddy soup that his brain felt like. Being Spider-Man came with a price. Even if he bounced back physically from his adventures, one could only go without sleep for so long. Besides, Harry hadn't shown up before school with their usual coffee. In fact, a lot of people hadn't shown up.

Peter slowly sat up in his desk, his blue eyes a little blurry from keeping them shut. As he leaned back, his shirt rode up, revealing a little of his stomach. While Peter thought he looked a bit cute like that, the classroom wasn't exactly warm. As if responding to his thoughts, the comforting hug of the black latex around his chest seeped down to create an under-layer that tucked neatly into his waistline, protecting him from the cool. Peter murmured at that before looking around at the classroom.

While Mrs. Jensen continued to extol the virtues of Homer's writings, her words were being lost on a classroom that was over three quarters empty. He could understand Harry being absent... His dad had only recently gotten out of the hospital and Harry had been there long enough to wear himself out and make himself sick. But what about everyone else? How could that many students be missing without it being considered some sort of walkout or protest? Looking around the classroom, Peter realized that the seats weren't just empty because the students were gone. He had seen some of his classmates arrive on campus. They just hadn't made it to class...

The next several minutes ticked by as Peter grew more and more concerned. He closed his eyes, using his senses. Something felt off. The school wasn't quite as empty as it seemed. A mystery like this had its own pull, its own gravity. By the time the last few seconds of class were ticking down, Peter's feet were tapping. His bag had already been packed and he was up and out of the classroom at the first oscillation of the bell. He moved down the hall with purpose that seemed even more out of place given how empty the halls were. Steadying his breath, Peter closed his eyes.

The school wasn't as empty as it seemed, but what was giving him that impression? Refracted sounds? Smells? Vibrations? Technically it was a combination of all three, and all three were coming from below. Peter slipped into the corner stairwell, circling and circling down floor after floor. Coming out on the ground level, it was only a few strides and a turn to open the door into the men's locker room. As Peter stepped through the threshold, it was hard to say what hit him first. The air was humid and musky, full of the scent of the senior varsity's sweat. The sounds were lewd and sloppy, wet slurpy slicks and slaps. Peter's jaw fell open.

The locker room was full of several members of the senior class openly masturbating. There were bottles of lotion, moisturizer, even lube. Hands slipped up and down eagerly, rapidly and tenderly. A lot of them were members of the various teams but there were members of the chess club and anime club as well, mingled in with the jocks as if they were all part of something greater. What truly made the situation strange, however, was that every single man present was

wearing virtual reality goggles. Faint rims of turquoise light leaked out of the edges, falling across brows furrowed in concentrated pleasure and lips held agape in dopey grins.

The black suit covering Peter's chest and loins seemed to tighten, though less from his shock and more as if the material itself was tightening. It was taking everything for the symbiote not to react primally. It loved the taste of Peter's seed and here was a buffet of young men offering up their fluids freely... or were they? With all that lotion and lube, with all that jerking off, where were the cum rags or the hastily soaked t-shirts? Had any of them reached orgasm? It was Third quarter, how many hours had they been at it before Peter stumbled in? Realizing that they were all practically blind with their headsets on, Peter quietly backtracked, stepping into the hallway. He used his fingers to very slowly let the door close behind him.

"That can't be a new trend..." Peter murmured. Even if there was something viral out there that they were compelled to share or see, most guys his age didn't own VR headsets, and they certainly wouldn't break through the barriers of social groups over something like a viral video. Was there even a word for mass masturbation? How had they not been caught by the coach or any of the teachers? Were all the other students that hadn't made it to school dealing with this too? Peter had to learn more, and he needed help. Glancing down the hallway, he wondered if the school would miss one more student. He had to risk it. Turning back the way he had come, Peter headed for the exit at the base of the staircase.

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The pinks and reds of sunset were already starting to streak across the sky, amplified by New York's personal blend of pollution. Still, it made a beautiful backdrop as Spider-Man swung through the city and tried to lose himself in the shadows of the skyscrapers. Peter glanced down, seeing yet another intersection where there were just too few citizens. The white eyes of his suit were narrowed with concern. It was as if he'd woken up in some sort of zombie apocalypse and no one else had noticed. Peter focused back on his trajectory and began the ascent, gaining altitude with his swings before landing a third of the way up OsCorp tower.

It hadn't been much of a challenge to scale the tower since he'd been bitten by the mutant spider in the ruins in the VEX, but something about the new suit made it effortless. The claws found every imperfection to make into a handhold and the slightest contact of his knee or thigh could support his weight and stick easily before releasing just when he wanted it to. Before long he'd made it up to and over Harry's balcony, sliding up the tile to reveal the hidden switch Harry had installed. The balcony door unlocked, granting access to the wall crawler. Despite the severity of the situation, Peter used his senses to make sure there was only one person in the room before he stepped in.

"Harry, something's wrong, I know it's going to sound crazy but-" Peter trailed off as he strode into the room to see Harry wearing nothing but a t-shirt, his pink hair matted down with sweat, his hand covered in a generous amount of lube rising up and down his achingly hard and rather impressively thick cock. Harry's mouth hung open in the same strange dopey grin the rest of the seniors had back at school. Peter grimaced and moved over, reaching behind Harry's head to the straps before he froze. What if removing the visor hurt him in some way? Whatever it was, there had to be a more gentle way to bring him out of it. Peter leaned one way and then the other before spotting the power button. He reached up and pressed it.

"Wh... uh?" Harry moaned softly, remembering finally to wet his lips. He shuddered a bit, flopping in the chair like a fish that had been jumped into a boat. Peter didn't hesitate to pull at the visor, plucking it from his face. Harry wobbled a little, looking around and then up at Peter almost drunkenly. His warm eyes were practically glazed over, though that dopey grin grew a little before he looked at Spider-Man with a bit of confusion.

"Is that you?" He asked curiously, confused by the all black and white suit.

"Harry, what's going on? What... can you put that thing away?" Peter asked.

"What thing?" Harry asked, his hand still rising and falling down the length of his cock. Peter clenched his teeth a little before he reached up, pulling his mask back to reveal his face. Harry only grinned wider, "Peter!"

"Harry, what is in the mask? Who gave it to you?" Peter asked.

"It's... It was a gift. It arrived at the hospital with a card.... Someone thought I needed a distraction after looking after my dad, and boy did I. I didn't realize how much of a distraction I needed. Do you know how long I went without jacking off? How's a guy supposed to live like that?!" Harry asked, licking his lips a little as he looked down at his cock. He tightened his grip and started to move his hand up and down again slowly and methodically, writhing a little.

"Harry, you're out of it. Half the school is out of it. You're all masturbation zombies." Peter said. Harry's dark eyebrows furrowed.

"Goons, I think?" Harry said. Peter looked puzzled.

"What?" He asked. Harry smiled again, still jerking off.

"Gooning. I mean I thought it was some crazy kink until I tried it, but - oh my god, Peter, you have to try it! You wanna borrow my mask?!" Harry asked eagerly.

"I don't think that's a great idea right now. Just tell me about gooning." Peter said, looking around for the rest of Harry's clothes and how close his bathroom was so he could get washed up. Harry let out a wistful moan.

"Oh Peter, it's amazing. So, the trick is to edge yourself, to bring yourself so close that the synapses start to fire but you pull back before you complete. You just stay there on the edge, flooding your brain with dopamine and shit... sinking into this trance, this bliss, this natural high. I don't even know how long I've been going." Harry said with a happy sigh.

"The guys at school didn't care that they were in public, shoulder to shoulder, even the straight guys." Peter said, spotting Harry's underwear and pants on the floor.

"That's so cool, gooning together like true bros. Peter, we could be like them... I want you to feel this like me." Harry said.

"What you need to feel is a nice cold shower, some soap and the comforting embrace of pants." Peter said, leaning down to pick up Harry's underwear. Despite his limbs being nearly reduced to rubber from his marathon masturbation session, the speed that Harry lunged forward was impressive. He jumped onto Peter's back, latching around his throat with one arm while snatching up the visor with the other. Pulling it on over his head, Harry pressed the power switch. Peter grunted, feeling his throat supporting Harry's body weight as turquoise light began to spill into his eyes.

The letters RhinOS appeared for a moment before the image dissolved into static - old school, pre-digital black and white static. Peter suddenly closed his eyes, getting a piercing headache. The claws grew longer on his hand as he reached behind himself and grabbed Harry by the scruff of the neck, effortlessly plucking him off before tossing him towards the bed. Peter

reached up to peel the visor off of his face, closing his hand until he crushed it. Shards of plastic and glass fell to the ground.

“No!” Harry exclaimed, breathing hard. He’d crawled forward on all fours before he sank down into a heap. Peter was about to comfort him when he realized that Harry was already starting to hump his mattress, grinding his hips against the rather expensive duvet. Whatever rage had compelled him to attack Peter or whatever grief he had felt at the destruction of the screen was soon lost as that same dopey grin crossed his face, losing himself to self-pleasure and a neurochemical reaction that couldn’t possibly be healthy. Peter had come to Harry to get help. He’d have to settle for the one clue he’d gleaned, RhinOS. Peter moved over to Harry’s computer and tapped the mouse, waking it up from sleep.

“Harry!” Peter yelped as dozens of tabs of porn appeared when the monitor snapped back on. Peter started minimizing pictures of cosplay men that most certainly were not safe for work before he got back to the desktop and brought up a search engine to look up RhinOS. As he did, the migraine stabbing deep into his brain started to recede, though there was still a dull ache across his skin.

It had taken a lot of Venom’s stamina to intercept the sudden influx of cyborganic code that had tried to flood into Peter all at once. The invasive construct worked a lot more like the symbiote than any of the other technology it had come across in its short time on Earth. While there was something that appealed to Venom about letting his host become a sex crazed beast, he couldn’t let Peter lose himself completely. It was almost like a poison, keeping these human creatures from hunting or gathering, exercising, or eating chocolate or brains. No, as pleasing as the side effect was, this was still a threat.

“Aleksei Sytsevich, founder of RhinOS and owner and operator of the... Binary Lotus.” Peter murmured, reading through the article he’d pulled up.

“I know him. Hot if you like tall, dark and brooding.” Harry said, rolling onto his back, using both hands to stroke his fat dick.

“How do you know him?” Peter asked, still reading through the article.

“He worked for my dad for a while. He was a bit of a prodigy. He...” Harry trailed off, his breath ragged, his back arching as he tried not to cum. Peter grimaced. This was far from the best working environment. Using what Harry had said as a guide, he accessed the OsCorp files Harry had access to. Sure enough, Aleksei had worked for OsCorp. He’d been recruited by research and development after inventing his own prosthetic legs and a complex neural input software to go with them. Peter slowly turned his head.

“Harry, what did you see when you put the visor on?” Peter asked, feeling a hunch in his gut. Harry moaned again.

“I’m on this beautiful savannah, just a few trees on the horizon, this red dust below my bare... everything...” Harry murmured, “Are you done with it? Can I have my visor back?” Harry asked. Peter looked back at the crushed remains on the floor. Harry had obviously seen whatever the actual program was, one carefully crafted with neural input code. Peter had seen static. Was he immune because of the spider bite? His mask had been down at the time, but it just hadn’t had the same effect. If he was immune, he might be the only person able to go to Aleksei and get an antidote, or rather an antivirus.

“I really should have taken more than one quarter of computer programming.” Peter murmured before he rose up to his feet. Peter made it halfway to the window before he turned

back, looking at Harry there, sprawled out on his bed. His fallow tan skin was glistening, his pink hair tousled and messy with sweat, his legs arched and splayed and his dick so deliciously plump. It would have been easy to picture him as a faun with horns and furry legs, surrendering himself completely to his sexual nature... but this wasn't Harry, not exactly. He was under the influence of something potent. Peter had to save him and everyone else affected. He had to be the Spider-Man everyone needed. He hopped up onto the ledge of Harry's balcony, took one last glance back at his friend before he jumped off the edge, shooting out a web halfway down before swinging into the skyline.

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The line outside of the Binary Lotus was nearly a block long, forcing most pedestrians to cross to the other side of the street to detour the knot of rather anxious looking men. As Spider-Man swung down, he landed on his feet, bleeding off a bit of his momentum with a light jog. He held up his hand to wave but the men in line seemed to be in a world of their own. Glancing down, Peter realized that nearly all of them had adopted gray sweatpants as a sort of uniform - a uniform that did very little to disguise their goods. Then again, Peter wondered if he was in any position to judge given the fact that he wore a skintight bodysuit.

"Pardon me, excuse me, I do sincerely apologize..." Peter said, squeezing between the queue and the front door.

"Hey, no cuts." One of the men growled. Peter held up his clawed hands.

"Not here to buy anything, just a friendly neighborhood Spider-Man doing a routine inspection." he said. The man's brow crinkled as he seemed to try to process. Peter sighed a little, "Sorry, I must have hit your character limit." he muttered before ducking into the cafe and taking a few steps. The white splotchy eyes on his suit widened a bit, "Holy opium den..." he muttered. Every desk was filled, every counter, every table. There were a few patrons standing and every single one of them had on one of the visors. This wasn't going to be easy.

"Can I help you?" A voice asked, edged with the weight of a Russian accent. Spider-Man spun around on his heels, looking eye to eye with Aleksei Sytsevich. Peter's gaze drifted down, however, realizing that the man wasn't just wearing prosthetic legs that ended in hoof-like feet, but some sort of exo-plating on his very well-defined arms and shoulders.

"Actually, yes. You see I'm in the market for anything that might help bring some clarity of mind to a friend of mine. He's been a bit out of it recently, a real shut in." Peter said. Aleksei shrugged a little.

"I don't think I have anything like that here, you'll have to shop somewhere else." he replied. Normally Peter would have laughed or quipped, diffusing the situation with humor. Aleksei's dismissal just didn't sit right with him. In fact, it sort of made his blood boil.

"I think the time for shopping is over, Aleksei. You cornered the market, you used neural interface coding in a way no one has before, but this is worse than a drug. If you walk it back and give these nice people a way out, a way to detox, then there's still hope for you. You don't want to turn this into something bigger than it needs to be." Peter said. Aleksei's gray eyes almost seemed to flash a little dangerously. He took a step forward, bringing an armored hand up to press into Peter's chest, pushing him back an inch.

“I’ve played nice before, Spider-Boy. Followed all the rules, put my life back together after it was shattered, pulled myself up by my bootstraps... only to learn that I wouldn’t own my own ideas, my own dreams. They had bought me without me even knowing it and I had to burn my own life down in order to get it back. No, this time I’m getting what life owes me, what this city owes me. Unless you’re going to come at me, bro, you don’t have any jurisdiction here.” Aleksei said.

Peter weighed his options, looking around at all the other patrons. Not only were they innocent civilians but their condition had left them oblivious to what was going on. It was a tense situation, and he suspected that was something Aleksei was counting on. Then again, he had invited Peter to come at him. Peter spun with a punch aimed squarely at Aleksei’s chest, only to have it intercepted by a shockingly powerful punch from the business owner’s left fist. As Spider-Man’s arm was deflected but neither of them moved, there was a moment of pause as they registered just how powerful the other was.

Aleksei followed his first punch with a second, letting Spider-Man deflect it to create an opening for his right fist to hit the superhero right in the chest. The white emblem seemed to harden like bone on the outside, actually rising out of the suit. Without anywhere for the energy to go, it came back through Aleksei’s arm, spinning his torso back. He let out an exhale through his nostrils and backed up a few steps before he charged. Spider-Man flattened his feet to the floor to get a good grip but when Aleksei hit him, he got lifted up with two jagged patches of carpeting that tore out of the floor.

Glass, dust and shards of metal exploded out into the street as Spider-Man and Aleksei toppled through. Spider-Man hit the front quarter panel of a passing vehicle, making it swerve and hit another car. Peter groaned, blinking a little inside his mask. He put two clawed hands down and pushed himself up to his feet. Standing on one, he reached down to tear the carpet off the other and then traded, looking back up at the broken entrance to the Binary Lotus. Aleksei gave him a bit of a grin before he reached up over his shoulder, pulling up some sort of reticulated rigging.

Tilting his head, Spider-Man watched as a gray metallic frame came down over Aleksei’s head. There were lenses over the eyes and the frame was stylized over the nose, curving and rising up in a horn-like shape. Aleksei threw down his right arm to shake out the stiffness in his muscles, then the left. He drew back his right prosthetic leg as if marking his territory, prepared to defend it. The vehicles in the street were already trying to navigate around the two damaged ones, curses flung out from the windows of the drivers. Peter disregarded them.

“RhinOS, Rhinoceros?” Spider-Man asked. Aleksei shrugged.

“You can call me the Rhino.” He replied.

“But why, though?” Spider-Man asked. Aleksei’s lips curled into a snarl of disdain before he charged again. It was hard to explain, but it felt as if Peter’s instincts had shifted. Normally he was the master of evasion. He bent backwards, sideways, spun and moved. This time when faced by an unstoppable force he wanted to be the immovable object. Peter reached out and grabbed Aleksei by the ribs as he came in for the tackle, lifting him up and slamming him down into the cement. The Rhino rewarded him with a shockingly powerful kick to the ribs. While the suit seemed to do a shockingly good job of absorbing the impact, it still picked him up and knocked him back.

Before Peter could scramble up to his hands and knees, he was knocked down again as the Rhino started punching the back of his head. Peter grunted and braced himself on the ground to get up but as soon as he did, the Rhino reached up, pulled out one of the lenses of his mask and slipped it in front of his mask. There was a flash, then jagged static. The splotchy white eyes of the suit disappeared as it responded to protect itself from the bio-digital onslaught. Spider-Man rose to his feet as a seam parted in his mask, splitting to reveal sharp white teeth and a menacing tentacle tongue. Venom turned, sniffing with a noseless face.

Aleksei's shoulders tightened a little in surprise. This was not the expected reaction. Venom let out a frightening roar, spittle spraying out from the mask before he pounced. Dense muscle and black goo arched through the air before kicking the Rhino in the stomach. Aleksei exhaled, the wind knocked out of him as he staggered back. Venom pounced a second time, moving with shocking precision despite being blinded. The ground shook as Venom landed right in front of the Rhino, reaching out to grab the villain's mask by the horn. His sickle-shaped eyes slowly opened as he lifted the mask off of Aleksei's head and ripped the reticulated frame out of the shoulder piece, sending a few sparks out.

"You're not going to be seen as a hero for this. The people come to the Rhino for pleasure. They say I'm an aphrodisiac after all." Aleksei gave a mean smile, "You're going to be hated by the people as a killjoy and by the police as a vigilante. Even if you get what you want, you destroyed property and put people in danger. You started the fight." Aleksei said.

"Then I'll give you a choice right here. Give me the antidote and I'll end the fight." Spider-Man said, the voice a bit deeper than Peter's own natural register.

"And if I refuse?" Aleksei asked, a little bit of blood running down from cuts on his forehead and neck.

"I'll still end the fight." Venom responded with a growl. Aleksei's eyes narrowed at that. If it had been a fair fight he had been prepared to win, but this was not the Spider-Man he'd been reading about. Something was different about the bug. Aleksei gave a reluctant little nod. Venom smiled at that, extending a clawed hand holding Rhino's crushed headpiece. Aleksei's scowl darkened as he accepted it and turned to move back inside the shop.

Spider-Man turned, looking at the oblivious patrons who hadn't noticed the fight as they waited to get into the Lotus, then back at the street where drivers were pointing and shouting. Weighing his options, Spider-Man lifted his hands and flexed his fingers, shooting out several ropes of webbing. He created a perimeter around the shop and the broken pieces of the door, as well as the damaged cars. There was no way to make them say 'do not cross' but he hoped that the meaning would be implicit. With that little bit of damage control, Peter turned and moved back into the Lotus to make good on their arrangement.

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The air in Harry's room started to stir and shift, the cool evening air blowing in from the balcony as Spider-Man returned. Peter walked gently, not sure what state he'd find his friend in. Harry had apparently returned to his computer desk and pulled up RhinOS on his desktop. The white eyes on Spider-Man's mask narrowed and Peter found it harder to move but he pushed forward, moving to crouch down beneath the desk so he could gain access to the tower. Crouching down gave him a perfect view of Harry's fat, aching hard dick as he worked it



relentlessly. The suit almost rippled across Peter's skin as it smelled Harry's sweat and precum, his lust made manifest, an over-ripe fruit ready to burst. How sweet would it taste?

Peter slipped the chip into the memory card slot on Harry's computer. The program executed itself automatically and the light reflecting off of Harry's face and chest changed. Harry's breath stilled, shuddered and then he let out a strange, strained moan as his cock began to spasm. Without thinking, without being able to stop or restrain himself, Spider-Man found himself leaning forward as the mouth of his mask split open. That tentacle tongue burst from his mouth, coiling around Harry's shaft before his dangerous mouth plunged around it.

Harry's back arched as he finally, finally started to cum. The dam he'd built up so high burst; and runny, sloppy cum began to spurt and run and flood into the symbiote's mouth. Venom suckled and slurped, using his tongue to milk Harry. After jerking himself off for so long, the sensations were beyond his ability to control. His hands gripped the sides of his chair, and he wiggled side to side, bouncing and twitching, his eyes clenched so tightly that the skin paled at the corners. He hissed and moaned as the orgasm started, but as that synaptic flow ripped through his body he relaxed, melting into his chair, sinking down and going limp.

Spider-Man's throat bobbed with each gulp as he savored the flavor of the seed, but for once Venom didn't devour the cum. He let it pass through his false mouth and down Peter's throat, letting his host understand just how wonderful the seed was. The three of them remained there, connected in the act of intimacy for what seemed like minutes. Somewhere in the middle of their bliss, the computer screen flickered and went dark. Harry's head lolled against the back of his computer chair and his arms dangled at his sides. He was barely breathing now, lips parted, the slightest of currents in and out.

When the last few drops of cum had been siphoned from Harry's dick, Venom uncoiled his tongue and used it to clean Harry's shaft instead. He slithered and slurped along every curve and edge, collecting every last morsel before teasing Harry's tip. The pink haired eighteen-year-old shivered and moaned before melting a little more in his chair. Venom drew back the tongue into the mask and the material sealed itself seamlessly, leaving Spider-Man looking as innocent as ever, at least from the outside. The symbiote pulled back a little to let Peter digest what had just happened, interested to see his reaction.

As the cloud of lust burned off from Peter's brain a little, he felt momentarily shocked. Why had he done that? Harry wasn't exactly in his right mind, but then he thought about how Harry had described gooning. It was the lack of release that kept them in that perpetual state that rotted their minds and kept them addicted. If the software had uncorked it all, then helping him climax would help flush his system. He'd just have to apologize for being presumptuous later... but looking up at Harry, it was easy to see what a toll it had taken on him. There were dark circles under his eyes made worse by the fact that he seemed to be dehydrated.

Slipping out from under Harry's desk, Spider-Man reached out and lifted his friend in his arms. Harry's head and legs hung over his arms like a rag doll. Peter grimaced. He carried Harry over to his bed and was about to lay it down when he saw what a mess the duvet was. Standing on one foot, Peter used his other to grip the corner of the duvet and tug it off with a quick flick of his leg, revealing the relatively clean under layers. Peter lowered Harry into bed and arranged his arms and legs before pulling up the covers. He leaned over and grabbed a bottle of water, bringing the nozzle to Harry's mouth. Despite the fatigue, Harry began to suckle from the water bottle as Peter squeezed some into his mouth. He was almost like a hamster.

“We need to save the others...” Peter murmured to himself. The symbiote nearly rippled in pleasure. While sex drones would have made the humans easy to manage and gain pleasure from, it would make them vulnerable to anything that wished to do them harm and it would make for weak stock. That alone was reason enough to agree, but that was the first time Peter had referred to them as ‘we’. Venom curled up against Peter’s mind a little closer, sinking a little deeper into his mind like a tree putting down roots.

“We can save the others. We have everything we need. They will be so grateful to us.” Venom murmured. Peter’s eyes closed as he felt the suit massage against his nipples and groin, caressing the curve of his bubble butt, sweeping back and forth across his biceps and triceps. It took Peter only a few moments to suddenly cum and this time Venom devoured and digested every last drop that was leaked into the suit. The two lingered in that pleasure for a long moment before Peter’s mind started to work again, thinking of the various equipment in Harry’s lab, what he had managed to learn from Doctor Octavius and what little Aleksei had told him. They lived in a digital age of social media, memes, advertising and games. It would take some work to get to everyone, but what else was a friendly neighborhood Spider-Man supposed to do?

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There was almost a melodic tinkle with each sweep of the broom as Aleksei gathered up the broken glass, metal and plastic that littered the sidewalk outside of the cafe. The turquoise lights were off for the moment, the cafe closed. The police had been confused by Aleksei’s description of what had happened, even more confused that there had been so many bystanders but no one able to act as witness other than those that had been in the crashed cars outside. Given the heightened scrutiny, Aleksei had reluctantly given the antivirus to the patrons inside the cafe and those in line. While it freed them from their endless pleasure, they would most certainly be left with the memories of the bliss he had given them. A dustpan clicked against the cement in front of Aleksei, making him look up.

“Need a little help?” A deep voice asked. The long-handled dustpan was held by a tall, broad shouldered but otherwise lithe man that seemed to be right around Aleksei’s age. His head was shaved smooth, the dark umber skin rich in the sunset light. His mouth was framed by a thick black goatee that hung down a good three inches from the point of his chin. He was handsome, but to Aleksei that made him more of a threat.

“I’ve got it.” He said warily. The man’s lips curved into a sharp smile.

“What you’ve got is a problem. You’ve got a protest group getting ready to come down on you for defiling their young men, Bureau 21 trying to figure out how to bring you to heel and assign you a handler, and it isn’t going to be long before OsCorp comes knocking with an intellectual property lawsuit.” The man said. Aleksei’s face reddened with rage as he threw his arm back, gesturing to the cafe.

“This is MY property, MY code!” Aleksei exclaimed. The bald man nodded.

“And that’s something I can respect, which is why I offered a little help.” He explained, “OsCorp and Bureau 21 want to control your code by controlling you and using both to get power. Us? You can do whatever you want with your code. I hope you’ll use it to keep making yourself rich, and those that help you as well, but we’re not going to stop you from doing

whatever you want with your property.” The man said, his voice cool and collected. Aleksei’s chest still rose and fell with the agitation of not one but several groups trying to control him again. He inclined his head, using his chin to point at the bald man.

“Who is us?” he asked.

“Me? You can call me Aaron. As for us, well... How about I help you lock up here and you can meet us?” Aaron asked, flashing Aleksei a big grin. Aleksei’s scowl was present though muted. He exhaled with a little bit of defeat.

“I don’t need you to stand there looking pretty while I sweep. Why don’t you go grab the plywood and start covering the door frame.” Aleksei said.

“Ah, but you do admit I look pretty?” Aaron asked. Aleksei shook his head.

“Remind me to show you some of my inventory, I think you could use a good distraction.” Aleksei said. Aaron let out a little whistle at that.

“Boss man doesn’t like it if I sample the merchandise, but I appreciate the offer.” Aaron said, moving back toward the cafe to start going through the plywood. Aleksei went back to sweeping, looking down at his reflection in the little jagged shards of glass. Whoever this organization was that Aaron worked for was probably going to be a mistake, but if he stuck around, he’d have to deal with OsCorp and whatever Bureau 21 was. There was something to be said about taking a challenge head on, but he was in many ways an endangered species and Aaron was offering him a way to be preserved. Sweeping the debris into the dustbin, Aleksei smiled a bit as he imagined taking revenge on Spider-Man just like he’d take revenge on Norman Osborn. It would all just have to wait until another day.