



Marvel Short Stories

Spider-Man - All Media Types · Marvel · Not Rated · 1265 words

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Marvel Short Stories

Fandom: Spider-Man - All Media Types, Marvel Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

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Oneshots set in the Marvel universe (multiverse? Whatever).

Chapter 1: Unmasked At Last (Dock Ock & Spidey)

Doc Ock finds out Spiderman's identity and has an unexpected reaction.

Spiderman glared at Doctor Octopus. His enemy.

Otto scowled at Peter Parker. A teenager.

"You're not getting away with this, Ock!" The boy growled from behind the glass of the Lab's holding cell, his voice sounding so *much younger* without the muffling of his mask. Or maybe that was just Otto's imagination. "Even if you know my identity now, I'll still stop you—"

"No you won't, you insolent child!" Otto yelled, his first words since unmasking his then-unconscious prisoner. Spiderman—Pete—Parker backed up, shocked. He couldn't blame him, he supposed; yelling was hard on his respirators, and he'd rarely indulged in it even before his little *accident*. But some situations called for it, and this was one of them.

(That had surprised Peter a little, true, but the octopus screamed and screeched far more than he realized. What really took him off guard was a new gleam behind the madman's red goggles, an unfamiliar pitch in his raspy voice, things that seemed suspiciously like worry — but it had to just be Spidey's overactive imagination getting the best of him again, right?)

Otto turned away from the Spider, claws clacking across his keyboard, the name 'Peter Parker' appearing in his search bar.

"What are you doing?" A small, confused voice asked.

"Finding the name of your par- legal guardian." Otto corrected himself as May Parker's information popped up on his screen. His mortal enemy wasn't just a teenager, but a teenaged orphan. Great. Just great.

"Don't you dare go after her!" Parker screamed, so rageful that Otto could hear the Spider more than the boy for the first time that evening. "If you touch one hair on her head, Ock, I swear—"

"I'm not going after her, you stupid boy." Otto hissed, grabbing his modified phone that worked almost-well with his mechanical arms. "I'm calling her."

"What?" Parker blinked. "Why?"

"To tell her that her idiot kid has been sneaking out dressed as a *fucking spider*—" like yelling, cursing was something he saved for situations like these "—to challenge supervillains!" Parker's face paled, mouth opening, but Otto pushed 'dial' before he could do something nonsensical like protest. The call was on video mode, facing a suddenly sheepish Parker.

"Parker residence, who is— Peter?!" An elderly woman's voice rang out from the phone. "Where are you? Are you okay? What are you *wearing*—?"

"I can explain." Parker chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck with his hand. Otto smirked, entirely sure the boy could not.

He might be saving his enemy from his own poor choices, but that didn't mean he couldn't find some pleasure in his suffering. The mighty Spiderman, not even old enough to drive — it was almost funny...

Wait. He'd been humiliated and beaten by a KID for over two years?!

That was it, someone was definitely going to pay for this. He hummed in thought, wondering if there was a way to blame Osborn for this...

The child and his Aunt were yelling now, but Otto ignored them in favor of making overcomplicated revenge plans. It wasn't like he actually *needed* an excuse to attack Osborn, so...

Chapter 2: What If Marvel Loki Was The Exact Opposite Of Angst?

Might expand this into a proper fic someday, IDK

In another world, Tony faces a dark god in the midst of battle. One who has lost much and will lose more, and who will make it everyone's problem.

But in this world, Tony is at a banquet hosted by his pal Sparky, when he meets a god of fire. One who has seen pain, tragedy, hopelessness — and *laughed*.

The doors of the Grand Hall blast open with a sound like thunder, shocking everyone into silence. In walks a hooded figure, power radiating from its form.

"Uh..." Tony blinks, not at the stranger but at Thor. The god has his head in his hands, a deep sigh escaping his lips, eyes screwed shut. He looks Done With This Shit in a way Tony hadn't thought the jolly warrior knew how to be.

A slender hand throws back the hood, revealing the grinning face of a not-quite-human-looking man with tangled red hair. He poses, pointing one delicate finger straight into the air, and loudly declares. "Guess what, bitches? I'm BACK!"

Thunderous applause rings out. Not from any of the assembled gods, mind you (they mostly just groan and scowl), but seemingly from thin air.

Chapter 3: Study Partners

Adrian Toomes is an aging, crazy, bald inventor with a flight suit in most canons. But the first version I saw of him was an amnesiac, mutant teenager under Doc Ock's abusive control, with the ability to shift more and less birdlike.

He's stuck like that in my brain, now, except I refrain the amnesia as an accident (instead of Ock causing it on purpose to control him) and Ock's dynamic with him as much less toxic. Enjoy the fic!

This chapter was going to be part of a 5+1, but it's been months and I haven't even STARTED on the other parts, so I've decided to just post it here.

Otto walks into the secret lair. Not his secret lair, of course, none of the buffoons he calls minions — despite how many times they ask him not to — are allowed in *there*.

One such buffoon, Toomes, is perched on the back of a chair like the bird he *technically* isn't. His long neck is craned to look over the shoulder of Spider— no, wait, his mask is off —Parker, who is very much *not* restrained and is scowling at a stack of papers on the table he's seated at, either oblivious to or ignoring Otto's presence.

Otto gives a long-suffering sigh, made rattling by his respirators. "What are you doing?" He never hates his disability quite so much as when he wants to rub the bridge of his nose in annoyance and *can't*.

"He has a math test tomorrow, Doc," Toomes says, as if that at all explains anything (it does), looking up at Otto innocently. "He said he'd help me with my chem studies if I helped out."

"You're doing fine with your chemistry, it's genetic theory you need to work on," Otto growls. Then, realizing he's focused on completely the wrong thing, adds, "He is a *prisoner*, not a study partner! Tie him back up and go find O'Hirn if you really need the extra help."

Both teenagers groan in unison, Parker's head flopping dramatically on the metal surface in front of him. A brief worry about brain injury flits through Otto's mind, chased quickly away by thoughts of spider powers and *enemy*.

"Come on, Ock, you know the Rhino serum's not going to wear off for another few days," Parker pleads, peaking up at him through disheveled bangs. "No offense to Aleks, really, he was a great classmate (ish, sorta, bit of a jerk actually). But—"

"He's dumber than a bag of rocks on that stuff." Toomes finishes flatly, his body shifting to slightly more bird-like in annoyance. He *squaws* irritably. "I'd rather ask the Octobots to help me."

"Ask whoever, so long as it isn't *him*," Otto orders, pointing a claw at Parker. "And get his mask back on! Who knows when SHIELD's going to bust in to try to save him?"

"Yes, Doc." Toomes sighs, while Parker stuffs his homework into his backpack. "Sorry, Spidey."

"I already know most this stuff anyways." Parker shrugs, gesturing vaguely to his bag before tugging his mask on. "I really got to get my college applications sorted out, highschool is so *boring*!"

Toomes snorts, pausing briefly in re-tying Spiderman to the chair. "Tell me about it. Dropping out was the best decision I ever made, even with the Doc's *unfairly complicated* tests."

"My tests are designed *perfectly* for your education level, if you find them overly difficult that is on your lack of commitment to study," Otto protests. Then, realizing he's focusing on the wrong thing again, makes himself busy setting up the machine needed for the Sinister Six's latest brilliant plan (*absolutely sure to work this time! Really!*).

He decides to ignore the teenagers gossiping *what-they-think-is-quietly* behind him.

— end of "Marvel Short Stories" —