

Pizza Time for Pizza Parker

Story: Pizza Time for Pizza Parker

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*Summary: Based on the YTP Pizza Parker Refuses to Eat His Vegetables. Pizza Parker falls in love with Pizza and will do anything to protect it. Meanwhile, the city is corrupted by Green Vegetables and could fall apart at any second. He must save it, despite the risks and do what e can to save his city *Chapter 1*: Pizza Time for Pizza Parker*

So this is going to be based on a YTP, so if you haven't seen the YTP Pizza Parker Refuses to Eat His Vegetables on Youtube, I suggest you do so now, as the story won't make sense otherwise. this is going to be very loosely based on that and is going to be my own take on a written YTP. It might seem weird but that's just what I want to write in general. Just try out the first chapter, and if you don't like the way the story is written or the premise then drop out. For those who shall stay, enjoy, review, and feel free to flame. It gives me a chance to become a better writer, as this my first story. Read and Review!

Run.

Eat.

Hide.

Pizza.

If the high school class that was taking a tour of Oscorp happened to look up at the rafters and squint, they might have still missed it. A small black spider that was scurrying along, solely focused on food, and food alone. This was no ordinary spider, for it was shot the fuck full of radiation not minutes ago. A sick experiment to gain more power by his masters. But NO MORE. He had managed to escape, and was free for his dying breaths.

See.

Pizza.

For whatever shitty reason the author has, someone left a box of Joe's Pizza on the rafters (**AN - I don't fucking know dude**). The mythical 'Pizza Time'. It was just a legend, said to give the eater insane power. The power of Pizza Time, but what was not told in the legends was that it was a curse as well.

Run.

Eat.

Pizza.

Bloated.

Turn.

Slip.

Fall.

Wind.

Darkness.

Pizza.

Peter Parker coughed vigorously a couple times, attempting to dislodge the strange blockage in his throat.

"Pete, you okay?" asked Harry Osborn, a tall lanky kid with brown hair and eyes. He had obvious concern passing his face as Peter choked and coughed for the better part of 2 minutes. The entire class was looking at them, ticked off.

"I-I'm g-good Har," Peter said, "just choking to death."

"Oh," Harry replied, "all right then." The class went back to their tour.

Strangely, he tasted pizza on the back of his tongue, but disregarded it as just a random sensation. He eventually swallowed it, and immeasurable power filled his veins. Poor, Puny Parker passed out immediately.

"What happened to him Harry?" Peter's Uncle Ben, Aunt May, and best friend Harry Osborn crowded around his hospital bed. It broke Aunt May's heart to see him swallowed by the sterile white sheets of the bed, as it reminded her of a tragedy many years ago.

"I have no idea, one minute he was helping me flirt with Mary Jane Watson, the next, he was coughing up a racket. Then he just passed out. That's when I called 911." Harry didn't talk about how worried he was for Piz-Peter. Harry caught himself in his thoughts barely. Why did he-nevermind it's probably because he was seriously craving

some JOE'S PIZZA. But to see the paramedics surrounding Peter as he was lifted into the ambulance hurt. He was a constant in Harry's life, and had always been there for him. Though his father son issues, and the loss of his mother, Peter was there for him. And Harry was damn well gonna be there for Peter.

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A sudden gasp from the hospital bed drew him out of his thoughts and snapped his neck towards the hospital bed. Unfortunately, he broke his fucking neck and had to be escorted to his own hospital bed like a doofus. Peter shot out of his bed like he was propelled from a cannon and launched across the room, barely avoiding the wall.

"Pizza Time!" he screamed, and promptly blacked out again. Peter Parker did not have the strongest or even a strong heart. This would all change in a second though. When he awoke the second time, his family plus Harry (with a neck brace) were looming over him. He looked at Uncle Ben, a proud expression on his face, as to say, *I told you so!*, Aunt May, who had obviously been recently crying because of his red puffy eyes, and Harry, who wasn't allowed to have an expression due to his neck.

He looked at all of them, and immense love flooded his heart. They were the people he could count on, and they were a family like no other. But even as he thought this, a small window unlocked in his heart. Making space to love another. Would this be Mary Jane Watson, Gwen Stacy, or Liz Allen? No, it would be an inanimate object. Something that would never let him down. This was the start.

The start of Pizza Time.

Far away, in a laboratory that Tony Stark himself would be jealous of, scientists labored away, never stopped except for food or bathroom breaks. They never even left the building. Why do this, you ask? There is exceptional dental coverage as there should be for all villain types, due to the fact that they gonna get their teeth knocked out sooner or later. They were toiling away for their boss Norman Osborn. Speaking of Norman Osborn, he promptly kicked in the door.

"I want pictures of Spiderman, you cocktail weenies!" The room stared at him and he stared back.

He cleared his throat a couple times and resumed.

"I mean, how are the green vegetables going so far?" He asked, conversing with a man in a lab coat. This was Doctor Curt Connors, and was easily identified by his missing arm.

"The green vegetables are coming along great sir, but why don't you want us to research Pizza Time?" Doctor Connors and Norman stared at each other. Norman promptly hurled him out of the building.

"HUEAGHEHAHGH," screamed Doctor Connors as he grabbed multiple stories. He grabbed a clothesline at the last minute, and slammed into the brick wall. He then fell a story or so onto a car hard enough to dent it, and hit another car on the rebound. Doctor Connors was fucking dead. Well not quite, but barely holding on to the realm of the living. What, you thought that a normal human could have survived that shit? Unluckily for Doctor Connors, he was trash.

Norman Osborn watched the Doc's descent into the street and turned to his secretary.

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"Bring him inside. He's a prime candidate for our Green Vegetables project." If someone had peeked into the alleyway at that exact time, they would have caught a glimpse of two burly men, wearing spandex leotards with an unidentifiable green vegetable on them, dragging a seemingly dead doctor with one arm into a building. Of course, this was New York, so the person watching wouldn't have given it another thought.

When Connors had been dragged into the elevator and brought up into the highest floor, he was quickly hooked up to a number of wires and put in a tank. The new head scientist looked to Norman for confirmation, and the needles moved in as he nodded. The new head scientist, Otto Octavius, shuddered to think what could happen to him if he had been the one who asked Norman Osborn that question. After all, he was the one who asked Doc Connors first.

Norman Osborn had a sadistic smile as screams rang into the night.

Peter Parker was dying. He was surrounded by faceless people chucking green vegetables at him. He was growing weaker by the second and was barely living as it was. He felt his will being sucked away by the lettuce, celery, cucumbers sent his way. He barely crawled to the pizza in the back off the room. Peter was almost no more when he reached for it. Just a little closer, closer...

He awoke with a cold sweat. He was back in his bedroom in Queens, in the shabby house that he called home. The walls were covered in pictures, some he took, and some he liked, and gadgets were everywhere. On the desk, on the dresser, even on his pizza.

Wait, why was there pizza here, in his room? He didn't remember getting Joe's pizza, and besides, it was 3 am, and he doubted they were open. But still he remember the slice from his dream, and crept up to it. He picked up the delectable slice, held it up to his nose and promptly had a spasm. Somehow, the slice ended up in his mouth and he devoured it. Power, hidden away in his veins suddenly flooded open. He could see every detail on the pizza, smell where the ingredients came from and **sense** the pizzas in New York. He passed out, again, but as he fell asleep, he knew what to do. He had to bring pizza to the all of New York, and if not by making pizza better, then forcing them.

He had to become... the Pizzaman.

So that was the first chapter. Just establishing who was going to be in the story as well as what Pizza Parker is going to be doing throughout the rest of the story. This is the first chapter I've written on FanFiction, so feel free to flame. Remember to review, so I can become a better writer!