

*Twip*

Spider-Man was having another fun adventure in New York.

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That meaning, having sensed that something was seriously awry and having to drop all plans to go and fix whatever it was and come up with an explanation or apology later.

*Twip*

He hoped that Harry might accept flowers or something. That always worked, but also he wasn't his aunt or a girlfriend. Maybe he'd think it was funny?

*Twip*

He'd probably think it was funny.

*Twip*

He just mentally crossed his fingers and...

*Fuuuuu-*

Maybe he should've crossed that sooner. Rather than being a villain team-up, which unfortunately just kept getting worse and worse he felt, he found the exact opposite. Kraven the Hunter, the beast of a man himself, was currently going absolutely berserk on Vulture. He'd say something about them needing some couple's counseling if he didn't know Kraven's M.O. That being straight forward from his name—to hunt and kill.

Well, unless he wanted a chalk outline with wings, he had to throw himself into the fray. Especially since Vulture's self defense made him wish that the people here had good insurance, to put it lightly.

"Hey, aren't Vulture's scavengers? I thought hunters stayed away from those, ay, Kraven?"

He immediately caught both of their attentions, with Vulture's face contorted into fear and Kraven gripped it in his hand while he just gave a dirty glare. He was almost as angry as the bear face on his vest, which should be saying something.

"They aren't always, but they are far from the top of the food chain. They're hunted when they stick around their meals too long, over indulging themselves. On meat, on bones," he gripped their head tighter as he heard them make a pained noise, "on weapons and medication."

Spider-Man braced himself before swinging down and kicking Kraven's arm down, using the tension to propel him back up to a ledge where the mammoth of a man couldn't reach him.

"Maybe I need to improve on my animal facts. However, I hate what Vulture does as much as the next guy, but can't you tell they're ready to throw up the good old white flag?"

Kraven's arm lost its grip for a moment, allowing for Vulture to gasp for air before being grabbed by the throat as he reared up to fight. His spidey sense really didn't like his bowling position though.

"You know that's not what I abide by," Kraven stated with a sweetness to his voice, "I've stalked and hunted, and I will kill."

"Laws of nature, I get it, but maybe you should start checking something new out. Maybe the Declaration's a good start?" There was a reason it was going off, when Kraven threw Vulture straight at him as they ragdolled uncontrollably, unable to get their wings moving correctly. He was able to leap up and out of the way on reflex. His foot was snared by one of the metal wings, giving him a nasty scrape with any movement against it as he held against the wall. He slid down the wall with the momentum, but holding was able to keep him from falling.

Didn't account for Vulture hitting their head hard against, "Sorry! At least this fits the whole theme?"

They only muttered incoherently. Yeah, another concussion caused under Spidey's belt, at least he was on par with a NFL player with the amount he got. Maybe super-whatevering wasn't the best career choice, he still grabbed Vulture by the arm, trying to get them out of the way of Kraven's wrath.

"Come on, Spider, you are a hunter that can make those incomprehensible in scale cower before you. You should understand if you let Vulture live," he prowled his way over, "it will never end and you will never taste true victory."

He swung back, letting Vulture take a nice nap at the dumpster while he dealt with the bigger fish. Using the back swing, he used it to propel him forward quicker, using his feet to kick Kraven at the shoulders, only being caught by his braced posture. Their strength quickly landed them in a standstill as they pushed against each other to keep in the air or on their feet.

"Killing people isn't my M.O.," Spider-Man's voice strained as he pushed, "Responsibility and mercy is what makes superheroes, after all."

Kraven sneered, "But isn't Iron-Man considered a superhero?"

"Iron-Man is a political lobbyist from a weapons manufacturer, he doesn't count," he punctuated a groan. Kraven couldn't help but chuckle. It seemed they were in agreement there, at least.

Their moment was quickly interrupted with a tingle. His reflexes kicked in which did allow him to do an admittedly really cool backflip off his shoulders, which while allowing him to get out of the way, did have the immediate consequence of making Kraven stumble back-"Sorry!"-and get hit right in the head by a still dazed Vulture. He growled at the cut on his forehead, but both were keen on not letting Vulture get hit by a car so they held their tongues.

Spider-Man *twipped* unto one of the higher buildings across the road, other *twip* being aimed straight for Vulture's back as they powered on. Their lack of direction just lead them into going forward and with the limits yet strength of the webbing, into a fun-if not slightly nauseating-loopde-loop.

Kravne, on the other hand, caught up fast despite the traffic. Who would have guessed he didn't give a @#\$% about traffic laws? Everyone, probably, at least he was good at not getting hit. The unfortunate thing for both of them is that once Vulture was upside-down, they just stopped. They just let themselves freefall down, unfortunately for Spider-Man and doubly so for Kraven underneath them.

Spidey could only assume that everyone felt the same loss of breath after being swiftly crashed down and his head spun after getting a metal wing straight to it. Maybe they were 3 for 3 at that point. He shoved Vulture off of him and got back up like always.

Of course that's when he heard sirens, "I don't assume you plan on hunting pigs?"

Kraven exhaled, "I wasn't planning on it."

"Let's get out of here, leave Vulture for them."

"Let's?" Kraven was clearly a bit confused.

He pushed Vulture against the wall and webbed them to the wall, "You're less like Vulture and more like Venom. And after last time..."

*[What's last time? Unfortunately it's not written yet. Check out my dream blurb – ed.]*

"You feel bad?" Kraven had a smugness to him.

"I feel like you have the right idea but the wrong methods."

His smugness dropped, clearly seeing him as weak. He expected to hash it out more, or have to find an excuse out of being in Spider-Man Debate Club, but instead got, "My place?"

He snapped back to Kraven and he had no doubt he saw his utter confusion, "You met Gena... He can take a look at our injuries and prescribe you any medications you need."

“Oh! Thanks,” he stammered slightly, patted vulture on the head, before offering a hand to Kraven. He gave him that same look, “I remember where it was, I can get us there faster. We wasted enough time already.”

He was very hesitant to take the hand, but it was too late to be hesitant as he was grabbed under the armpit and immediately shot up into the air.

*Twip*

Kraven wasn't a very shakable man, but even big soviet mountain men weren't immune to motion sickness. As far as he knew at least, and evidenced by his “grrrrgh”s and “uuaggh”s.

*Twip*

“Hey, how long do you think stitches are gonna take?”

*Twip*

“Ughh, less than an hour probably... Why?”

*Twip*

“I'm trying to do the mental math of how many apology flowers I need.”

*Twip*

“What, is Spider-Man a serial date deserter?”

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