**The Revenge of the Sinister Six**

**Chapter 1: Ava**

The sun was setting over New York City, casting a warm golden glow across the skyline. Ava Ayala stood on the rooftop of Heroes for Hire’s headquarters, her jade tiger amulets glinting softly in the fading light. She had just wrapped up a successful team mission, one that had required every ounce of her leadership skills to coordinate. The team—a ragtag group of street-level heroes—had managed to thwart a smuggling ring operating out of the docks, and the sense of accomplishment was palpable.

Ava leaned against the rooftop railing, her white-and-gold costume still pristine despite the day’s chaos. Her tiger spirit totem, a small carved figurine she kept on her utility belt, seemed to hum with quiet approval. She smiled to herself, feeling the weight of her recent achievements. Not only had she proven herself as a capable leader, but she’d also managed to balance her superhero duties with her personal life. Just last week, she’d aced her midterms at Empire State University, a feat that had felt nearly as daunting as taking down a supervillain.

The sound of footsteps behind her broke her reverie. She turned to see Danny Rand, the Iron Fist, approaching with a tray of takeout containers. “Figured you’d be up here,” he said, his trademark grin in place. “You’ve got that ‘I just saved the city’ glow.”

Ava chuckled, accepting the container he handed her. “More like ‘I just saved the docks,’ but I’ll take the compliment. Thanks, Danny.”

As they ate, the conversation turned to the future. “You know,” Danny said between bites of lo mein, “you’ve really stepped up lately. The team looks to you now. It’s not easy, leading a bunch of stubborn heroes.”

Ava shrugged modestly, though the praise warmed her. “I’m just doing what needs to be done. Besides, it’s not like I’m doing it alone. You, Luke, Misty—you’ve all got my back.”

Danny nodded, his expression turning thoughtful. “Still, it’s a big responsibility. And you’re handling it better than most people twice your age.”

The compliment lingered in the air as the two heroes finished their meal. Ava’s mind wandered to the people she’d been meaning to reach out to—Spider-Man, Spider-Gwen, Black Cat, even Shuri. She’d been thinking about organizing a meetup, maybe even a training session. After all, New York’s heroes were stronger when they worked together, and Ava was determined to make those connections stronger.

As the first stars began to appear in the night sky, Ava felt a surge of optimism. Life was good. She had her team, her studies, and a city that, for once, felt at peace. Little did she know, the calm was about to be shattered.

The peace of the evening didn’t last long. As Ava made her way back to her apartment after the rooftop dinner with Danny, her enhanced senses picked up on something unusual. The faint sound of breaking glass echoed from a nearby alley, followed by a muffled cry. Her instincts kicked in immediately, and she sprinted toward the source, her jade tiger amulets glowing faintly as she activated her enhanced speed and agility.

The scene in the alley was chaotic. A group of masked thugs was ransacking a small electronics store, their movements too precise and coordinated to be ordinary criminals. One of them held the shop owner—a middle-aged man Ava recognized as Mr. Delgado, a friendly face from the neighborhood—at gunpoint. The others were loading stolen goods into a van parked haphazardly in the alley.

Ava didn’t hesitate. She dropped from the fire escape above, landing silently behind the thug holding Mr. Delgado. With a swift, precise strike, she disarmed him and sent him sprawling to the ground. The other thugs turned, their eyes widening behind their masks as they recognized her.

“White Tiger!” one of them shouted, his voice tinged with panic. “Fall back!”

But Ava was already in motion. Her movements were a blur of white and gold as she took down the thugs one by one, her mystical claws leaving faint trails of light in the air. Within moments, the alley was silent except for the groans of the defeated criminals.

Mr. Delgado stared at her, wide-eyed but unharmed. “Gracias, Ava,” he said, his voice shaking. “No sé lo que hubiera hecho sin que te aparezcas.”

Ava gave him a reassuring smile. “Solo aquí en lo mío, Mr. Delgado. ¿Todo bien con usted?”

He nodded, though his hands were still trembling. “Sí, yo fino, pero… tengo algo que mostrarte.”

He led her into the ransacked store, where one of the thugs had been in the process of dismantling a security camera. The screen was cracked, but the footage was still visible. Ava’s breath caught as she recognized one of the figures on the screen—a tall, gaunt man in a green-and-purple suit, his face obscured by a metallic mask. The Vulture.



But that wasn’t all. As the footage continued, Ava saw other familiar figures: Doctor Octopus, Electro, Rhino, Mysterio, and Kraven the Hunter. They were gathered in what looked like an abandoned warehouse, their expressions grim and determined. The Sinister Six.



Mr. Delgado pointed to the screen. “They’ve been hitting stores all over the city. Not just for the goods—they’re looking for something specific. Some kind of tech. I overheard them talking about a ‘master plan.’”

Ava’s mind raced. The Sinister Six hadn’t been seen together in years, and their sudden reconvergence could only mean trouble. She needed to act fast, but she couldn’t do this alone. As much as she prided herself on her independence, this was bigger than her.

She pulled out her phone and began drafting a message to her contacts. Spider-Man, Spider-Gwen, Black Cat, Shuri—they all needed to know what was happening. But before she could hit send, her phone buzzed with an incoming call. The number was blocked.

Ava answered cautiously. “Who is this?”

A distorted voice replied, cold and mocking. “Hello, White Tiger. You’ve been busy tonight. But I’m afraid your little victory is just the beginning. The Sinister Six have returned, and this time, we’re not just here to cause chaos. We’re here to win.”

The line went dead, leaving Ava staring at her phone, her heart pounding. The calm she’d felt earlier was gone, replaced by a growing sense of dread. The Sinister Six were back, and they were coming for her—and the entire city.

She went home immediately, resolving to pack a suitcase and some things in her car and lay low. That was a real threat, and though her identity was private, so was her phone, and they’d hacked that, so she would have to operate off the grid as much as possible. Her flat was just a block further, and as she passed an electronics store, she ducked in to grab a disposable smart phone that had almost all the apps she needed to get her job done.



Felicia Hardy’s identity as Black Cat was also private, and Ava was one of the few people who were privy to this. Paying, then looking up Felicia’s number on her established phone, and dialing it into memory on the newly purchased one, Ava reprised her walk home and Felicia picked up by the third ring. ”Well, well. If it isn’t my favorite feline? To what do I owe the pleasure, Ava?”

“Felicia, this isn’t a joke. The Sinister Six are back in operation. We need to converge at the usual spot. Your phone may be compromised too.”

“Wait, you’re serious? The Six? Alright, I’m listening. What’s the play, Ava?”

“Not safe to talk here unless we have to,” Ava reiterated. “Meet me at the safehouse.”

“Alright, I’m on my way. But if my phone’s compromised, I’m ditching it too. See you at the Scratching Post. Don’t do anything reckless before I get there, Tiger.”

Heroes for Hire had a few safehouses, and one of them—aptly codenamed the Scratching Post—had been designated to Black Cat and White Tiger. She didn’t wait for a verbal confirmation, turned off both phones, headed upstairs to her flat and packed a few days’ worth of sporty clothing, an extra White Tiger costume, her utility belt, mystical claws, smoke pellets, , and throwing darts. Her Tiger Spirit totem, too large to wear as a pendant, was the centerpiece of her heirlooms, and went into her backpack with the diagonal strap that slung across her chest. She finished packing, her jade amulets now tucked under her white undershirt.

Minutes later, she’d chugged the rest of a smoothie that had been sitting in the fridge since yesterday, and got into the elevator with her suitcase, a box, and the shakuhachi she’d been learning to play on her off time. Headed to her just-paid-off, five-year-old SUV, she considered whom she would call once she got into the car and had one hand free.

Ava took a moment to jot down with a pencil and paper the numbers of her contacts, particularly supers, even Shuri, who was teaching a course at Empire State University this semester as part of a diplomatic sabbatical. She then called Shuri on the disposable phone.

“Ava? This is a new number. Everything alright?”

“No, Shuri. I’m sorry to bring you into this, but I may need some intel support. The Sinister Six are stalking me. Do you remember the location of the place I showed you? I’m headed there now. Please meet me there. If you can’t make it, maybe send a guy in a chair?”

“The Sinister Six? That’s not a name I expected to hear today. Alright, Ava, I’ll meet you there. But if I’m delayed, I’ll send someone who can help. Stay sharp—and don’t do anything heroic until I arrive.”

“And Ava? Be careful. Those amulets of yours are powerful, but even tigers need backup.”

She then called Peter Parker, Gwen Stacey, and even Frank Castle—the wildcard. The Punisher was the consummate anathema to a syndicate like the Sinister Six, and the others were the ablest webslingers this side of Tokyo. Lastly, though she debated herself on this before pressing send, yes, she texted Wade Wilson, reaching him via LinkedIn.

**Peter Parker:** *[picking up after a few rings, sounding slightly out of breath]* “Ava? Hey, what’s up? You’re calling from a new number—everything okay?”

**Ava:** “Not really, Peter. The Sinister Six are back, and they’re gunning for me. I need your help. Meet me at the Scratching Post.”

**Peter:** *[immediately serious]* “The Six? That’s not good. Alright, I’m on my way. Just… try not to start the party without me, okay?”

**Gwen Stacy:** *[answering on the second ring, her voice calm but alert]* “Ava? This is a burner. What’s going on?”

**Ava:** “The Sinister Six are back, Gwen. I need you at the Scratching Post. This is big.”

**Gwen:** *[without hesitation]* “On my way. And Ava? Don’t try to take them on alone. We’ve got your back.”

**Frank Castle:** *[picking up after a long pause, his voice gruff and no-nonsense]* “Ayala. This better be important.”

**Ava:** “It is, Frank. The Sinister Six are back, and they’re targeting me. I need your help.”

**Frank:** *[a low growl in his voice]* “Six of ‘em, huh? Alright. I’ll be there. But this isn’t a social call. We finish this quick and clean.”

**Wade Wilson:** *[responding via LinkedIn message, because of course he does]*

**Wade:** “Ava ‘White Tiger’ Ayala, reaching out via LinkedIn? Bold move. I like it. What’s the sitch, boss lady? Need someone to crack skulls, steal hearts, or both? (I’m great at both, by the way.)”

**Ava:** “The Sinister Six are back, Wade. I need you at the Scratching Post. No jokes, no detours. This is serious.”

**Wade:** *[responding almost instantly]* “Sinister Six, huh? Sounds like a party. I’ll bring the chimichangas. See you soon, Tiger. (P.S. You’re my favorite feline. Don’t tell Felicia.)”

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She threw her old phone out the window into the freeway so it would be sure to get smashed up. Minutes later, she was driving through an alley in Queens, and pulled into the back lot shared by a dilapidated residence, a catering supply store, and a pizzeria. A 3-cubic-yard trash bin conveniently hid a path leading around the corner to a back door of the residence: the Scratching Post.

The inside was deceptively clean, well-insulated, and functional, and though it had been a few weeks since she’d been here, it was always left in a lived-in state.

Ava unlocked the back door with a keypad code, the faint *beep* echoing in the quiet alley. The door swung open to reveal the Scratching Post’s interior—sparse but meticulously organized. The main room was a mix of training space and tech hub, with a few mats rolled out in one corner, a workbench cluttered with gadgets and tools in another, and a wall-mounted monitor displaying a live feed of the surrounding area. The air smelled faintly of cleaning solution and old pizza, a testament to the safehouse’s dual purpose as a functional hideout and a place to lay low.

She dropped her suitcase and backpack by the door, her jade amulets glowing faintly as she activated the security system. The monitor flickered to life, showing multiple camera angles of the alley, the parking lot, and the surrounding streets. Satisfied that no one had followed her, Ava moved to the workbench and began unpacking her gear. Her mystical claws gleamed under the fluorescent lights as she set them down, followed by her smoke pellets, throwing darts, and the Tiger Spirit totem. She placed the totem on a small shelf above the bench, its presence a comforting reminder of her heritage and strength.

Ava glanced at the calendar-clock on the wall: 3:09 pm, March 10, 2025. The others would be here soon. She needed to be ready. Though it might have seemed superfluous, she boiled water to make some green tea, and went out to the yard—which she’d made quite hospitable—and meditated for about ten minutes, gathering her wits, her ancestral compass, and her rationalities such that she could address this caper effectively.

A person in a body suit meditating in a bamboo forest

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

Usually, her meditation involved clearing her mind, but today, the White Tiger was hyper-focused on Dr. Octopus, and the other members of the syndicate that she’d helped to dismantle years ago. Now, that apparatus was apparently in full force—with the Rhino, no less—and she would not let them reprise their racketeering after all she and others had lost.

It was a day of action.

Ava’s history with the Sinister Six was deeply personal. During her early days as White Tiger, she had crossed paths with them during a city-wide rampage orchestrated by Doctor Octopus. The Six had targeted a Stark Industries facility, and Ava, alongside Spider-Man and a few other street-level heroes, intervened. The battle had been brutal, and though they managed to thwart the Six’s plans, it came at a cost.

**Doctor Octopus:** Ava had clashed directly with Otto Octavius during the Stark Industries raid. His cold, calculating demeanor and ruthless tactics left a lasting impression on her. She had managed to disable one of his mechanical arms, but he escaped, vowing revenge.

**The Rhino:** During the same conflict, Ava faced off against the Rhino in a high-speed chase through the streets of Queens. She outmaneuvered him using her agility and cunning, but his raw power and unrelenting aggression made him a formidable foe.

**Losses:** The most painful memory of that battle was the death of Héctor Ayala, Ava’s mentor and the previous White Tiger. Hector had sacrificed himself to save Ava and others from a collapsing building during the fight. His death left a void in Ava’s life and a burning desire to honor his legacy by protecting the city.

Since then, Ava had sporadic run-ins with individual members of the Six, but they had never reassembled as a full team—until now. For Ava, this wasn’t just about stopping a supervillain team; it was about settling unfinished business and ensuring Hector’s sacrifice wasn’t in vain.

She knew Parker had also had more scraps with Doc Ock than he could count on his tentacles, and the Doctor’s degenerate bloodlust had made its point across the panorama of heroes and villains alike. Even Osborn wouldn’t work with him after the Six were formed.

After her meditation, she got out her tea set, put it on a tray, lit some incense, puffed on a few bowls of medicinal indica, and dealt with her anxiety like a tiger felled a deer: with habitual determination. The others would be here soon.

The faint sound of footsteps outside the Scratching Post’s back door snapped Ava out of her reverie. She set down her teacup and moved to the monitor, her jade amulets glowing faintly as she activated the security feed. The camera showed a familiar figure in a black catsuit, her white hair catching the dim light of the alley. Felicia Hardy had arrived.

Ava unlocked the door and stepped aside as Black Cat slipped inside, her movements as fluid and silent as ever. Felicia’s sharp eyes scanned the room before landing on Ava. “You look like you’ve been through the wringer,” she said, her tone a mix of concern and teasing. “And you’ve been smoking. That bad, huh?”

Ava smirked, though it didn’t quite reach her eyes. “Worse. The Six are back, and they’re not playing around. I’ll fill you in when the others get here.”

Felicia nodded, her playful demeanor fading as she took in the seriousness of the situation. “Alright, Tiger. But if we’re going up against the Six, we’d better have a plan. And maybe more tea.”

Ava poured two cups of tea for now, and would eventually pour a few more for everyone once they got here. Still a bit anxious despite the cannabinoids and hydroxyzine, Ava unpacked most of her suitcase, putting civilian clothing on hangers in the living room closet, and her Tiger stuff in a drawer under an old plasma screen TV.

As Ava finished organizing her gear, the faint hum of an engine outside caught her attention. She glanced at the monitor and saw a sleek black SUV pulling into the alley. The door opened, and out stepped Shuri, her Wakandan tech gleaming subtly under her casual attire. She carried a small, sleek case in one hand, her expression calm but focused.

Ava unlocked the door and greeted her with a nod. “Thanks for coming, Shuri. I know this is last-minute.”

Shuri stepped inside, her sharp eyes taking in the safehouse’s setup. “When you call about the Sinister Six, I make time,” she said, setting the case down on the workbench. “Besides, I’ve been meaning to test some new tech. This seems like the perfect opportunity.”

Felicia, leaning against the wall with her tea, raised an eyebrow. “New tech, huh? Anything that can take down a Rhino?”

Shuri smirked. “Let’s just say I’ve been working on a few… upgrades.”

Ava and Felicia hugged Shuri before anything else. The Spider-Pair was on its way, and maybe even the Punisher and Deadpool, who didn’t always play well together. Putting them in the same room could be like putting nitro and glycerin in the same sentence.

Ava poured a third cup of tea, serving it to the humble Wakandan head of state. The three cat ladies spent a moment making sure that each of them was not in any known immediate danger, and then Shuri got to demonstrating her vibranium tech fashioned in the likeness of a heart-shaped herb, an icon emblematic of the Wakandan ascent from the Early Bronze Age straight to the Vibranium Age millennia ago.

Shuri accepted the tea with a gracious nod, her sharp eyes softening for a moment as she took a sip. “Thank you, Ava. You always did have a knack for hospitality, even in the middle of a crisis.”

Felicia smirked, swirling her own tea. “Yeah, nothing says ‘impending doom’ like a good cup of green tea and vibranium tech demos.”

Shuri chuckled, setting her cup down and opening the sleek case she’d brought. Inside was a small, heart-shaped device, its surface shimmering with intricate Wakandan designs. “This,” she began, holding it up for them to see, “is a modified version of our heart-shaped herb tech. It’s designed to enhance reflexes, strength, and sensory perception—temporarily, of course. Think of it as a… boost for when things get hairy.”

“Hairy?” Ava leaned in, her curiosity piqued. “How temporary are we talking? And what’s the catch?”

Shuri’s smile turned sly. “About ten minutes of enhanced abilities. The catch? Well, let’s just say you’ll feel like you’ve run a marathon afterward. But it’s better than being flattened by the Rhino, no?”

Felicia raised her teacup in a mock toast. “I’ll drink to that.”

“What’s the gadget called?”

“Wesibindi,” answered Shuri. “It means *For Courage*.”

Felicia smirked, “There’s a guy down the street calling himself Kick-Ass who claims that Courage is one of his powers.”

They all chuckled, with Ada adding, “I hope that’s not his only one, or he’s toast on these streets.” Then, hearing the brief squeak of old breaks on a Buick, the White Tiger’s instincts—or anxiety— made her go out to see if it was Gwen, or maybe the Sinister Six’s goons.

“Can’t be too careful,” she said, looking out the window through the blinds, trying to see who was in the car.

Ava peered through the blinds, her enhanced senses sharpening as she focused on the Buick parked near the alley. The car’s engine idled roughly, and the driver’s side door opened to reveal a figure in a hoodie, their face obscured. They moved with purpose, heading not toward the Scratching Post but toward Shuri’s SUV.

Ava’s instincts flared. “Someone’s messing with Shuri’s ride,” she muttered, her hand instinctively reaching for her mystical claws. “Stay here. I’ll check it out.”

Felicia set her tea down and stood, her smirk replaced by a look of readiness. “Like hell you’re going alone. I’ll cover you.”

Shuri, meanwhile, was already tapping on her Kimoyo beads, her expression focused. “I’m locking down the SUV’s systems remotely. If they try anything, they’re in for a shock—literally.”

Ava nodded, slipping out the back door with Felicia close behind. The two moved like shadows, their training and instincts keeping them silent as they approached the figure. As they drew closer, Ava caught a glimpse of the hoodie’s design—a faded Spider-Man logo. Her tension eased slightly, but she didn’t lower her guard.

“Hey!” she called out, her voice low but firm. “You lost, or just really bad at parking?”

The figure froze, then turned slowly, pulling back their hood to reveal a familiar face. It was Peter Parker, looking sheepish. “Uh, hey, Ava. Felicia. I, uh, borrowed my aunt’s car. The brakes are… not great.”

Felicia rolled her eyes, lowering her stance. “Parker, you’re lucky we didn’t pounce on you. What’s with the stealthy approach?”

Peter shrugged, his trademark awkwardness on full display. “Didn’t want to draw attention. You know, with the whole Sinister Six thing and all.”

Ava sighed, shaking her head but smiling faintly. “Get inside before someone \*actually\* suspicious shows up.”

They went back inside to wait for Gwen, Frank, and Wade, sipping on tea and partaking in the relaxing indica that the safehouse always had available. There was also liquor, but this was not a time to compromise their motor skills and judgment.

They discussed the relative strengths and weaknesses of each of the Sinister Six, cross-referencing each deficiency with their own abilities to create contingency plans based on the villains’ most likely tactics. Ava was no Steve Rogers, but her leadership skills sometimes shined under the spotlight of adversity, and she did her best to organize their virtues and skills into some coherent courses of action.

The room was filled with the faint scent of tea and incense as the team huddled around the workbench, maps and notes spread out in front of them. Ava stood at the center, her jade amulets glowing faintly as she gestured to a diagram of the Sinister Six’s known tactics.

“Alright,” Ava began, her voice steady despite the lingering tension. “Let’s break this down. We know the Six’s usual playbook, but they’ve had time to regroup. We need to anticipate their moves and counter them before they can gain the upper hand.”

**Doctor Octopus:** “Otto’s the brains,” Ava said, tapping the diagram of Doc Ock. “He’s ruthless, calculating, and always has a backup plan. Shuri, your tech might be the key to disabling his arms. If we can disrupt his control systems, he’s vulnerable.”

Shuri nodded, her fingers already dancing over her Kimoyo beads. “I can modify the Wesibindi to emit an EMP pulse. It won’t take him out completely, but it’ll buy us time.”

“I like that,” Black Cat said. “Maybe Peter or I could get close enough to the Doc and discharge the pulse.”

**Electro:** “Electro’s a wildcard,” Ava said, her brow furrowing. “He’s unpredictable and packs a serious punch. Peter, you’ve dealt with him before. Any insights?”

Peter leaned forward, his expression serious. “He’s powerful, but he’s also cocky. If we can bait him into overloading, he’ll short himself out. I’ll handle him.”

**Mysterio:** “Mysterio’s all about illusions,” Ava said, turning to Shuri. “Your tech might be able to cut through his holograms. If we can expose him, he’s just a guy in a fishbowl.”

Shuri nodded again, her eyes narrowing in thought. “I’ll recalibrate my sensors to detect his projections. Once we see through the smoke and mirrors, he’s done.”

**Kraven the Hunter:** “Kraven’s dangerous because he’s patient and methodical,” Ava said, her voice hardening. “He’ll stalk us, wait for the perfect moment to strike. We need to stay one step ahead. Frank, if you’re here by then, you’re the best counter to his tactics.”

Frank, who had just arrived and was leaning against the wall with his arms crossed, gave a curt nod. “I’ll handle him. No games, no theatrics—just business.” He looked out the window when someone knocked, nodded, and went to open the door.

**Vulture:** “Finally, Vulture,” Ava said, her gaze settling on Gwen, who had slipped in quietly during the discussion. “He’s fast, agile, and loves to attack from above. Gwen, you’re our best bet for taking him down mid-air.”

In the doorway, Gwen nodded as she entered, her expression determined. “I’ll keep him grounded. No problem.”

**The Rhino:** “Rhino’s pure brute force,” Ava continued, her gaze shifting to Felicia. “We need to outmaneuver him. Felicia, your agility and stealth could keep him off balance. If we can lure him into a confined space, we can limit his mobility.”

Felicia smirked, cracking her knuckles. “I’ve always wanted to take down a rhino. Consider it done.”

“Wait,” Peter asked. “Which Rhino is this? The mechanically enhanced guy that is vulnerable when he’s out of his contraption or the mutated half-rhino-half-human guy? I’ve faced off against both, and the latter is a far bigger problem, literally and figuratively.”

“Oh, it’s the mutant guy,” Ada broke the bad news to the original Spider-Man, then took a deep breath, looking around at the team. “We’ve got a plan, but we need to stay flexible. The Six won’t play fair, and neither can we. Any questions?”

The last of the bunch made his fashionably late appearance. “Oh, am I fashionably late?” asked Wade in full Deadpool regalia as he came in through the open window, the cool New York air filtering out the incense and indica that Deadpool could still smell. “That’s illegal in Jamaica, you know.”

A person in a red and black garment

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

Deadpool perched on the windowsill, his red-and-black suit a stark contrast to the muted tones of the safehouse. He tilted his head dramatically, his mask’s white eyes narrowing as if he were scanning the room for applause. “What, no ‘Welcome, Wade’? No ‘Thanks for showing up, you magnificent mercenary’? Tough crowd.”

Felicia rolled her eyes, though a smirk tugged at her lips. “You’re late, Wilson. And you smell like chimichangas.”

Deadpool gasped, clutching his chest as if wounded. “You take that back! I smell like *victory* and slightly expired chimichangas. There’s a difference.”

Ava pinched the bridge of her nose, trying to stave off the headache she could feel coming on. “Wade, we’re in the middle of planning. If you’re here to help, sit down and focus. If not, there’s the window.”

Deadpool hopped down from the windowsill, landing with a flourish. “Oh, I’m here to help, Tiger Lady. But let’s be real—you called me because you need someone who’s not afraid to get a little… messy.” He waggled his fingers for emphasis.

Peter groaned, slumping in his chair. “This is going to be a long night.”

Gwen, meanwhile, was trying—and failing—to hide her laughter. “At least he’s consistent.”

“Yeah, predictable…” Castle muttered.

“I’m sorry: what was that, Punishment?” Wade didn’t take kindly to being called predictable, not after that run-in with the new Taskmaster and Crossbones. Talk about messy! Kraven would be a fun follow-up for Wade; he was looking forward to meeting the legend, and skewering him.

Ava served Deadpool a cup of green tea. He removed his mask to sip with his gloved pinky pointing upward.

Ava took a deep breath, refocusing the group. “Alright, Wade, since you’re here, you’re on distraction duty. If things go sideways, you’re the wildcard. Just… try not to blow anything up.”

Deadpool saluted, his tone mock-serious. “No promises, boss. But I’ll do my best to keep the collateral damage to a minimum. Maybe. I play a chaotic evil duskblade in a D&D 3.5 game, but I often don’t show up... just to stay in character and spite everyone,” Deadpool admitted. “I’ll just LARP as the young and dashing Elmore Xagyg, elven duskblade-extraordinaire. I’ll pretend my swords are... swords, but *his* swords, when I stab into the Rhino.”

Felicia’s smirk faded slightly as she returned to the topic of the enemy’s tank guy. “So, no fancy tech to disable Rhino? Just good old-fashioned teamwork and brute force? Got it.”

Deadpool, who had been leaning against the wall and munching on a chimichanga he’d apparently pulled from nowhere, chimed in. “Oh, I *love* brute force. Can I be the one to poke him with a stick? Or, better yet, a really big sword? One time, at bard camp, Elmore took down a paladin of slaughter with some knight levels. It was epiiiic!” he clapped his fingers three times, leaving his palms angled so they didn’t make contact.

Ava shot him a look. “No poking, Wade. We need to stick to the plan. Felicia, you’re still on Rhino duty, but we’ll need backup.”

“Rhino duty!” Wade protested. “Am I on booty duty? Felicia’s a better fit for that.”

“Peter, Gwen—you two are the most agile. If things get hairy, you’ll need to keep him distracted while Felicia sets up the trap.”

Peter nodded, his expression serious. “We’ll keep him busy. Just make sure the trap’s ready before he squashes us.”

Gwen cracked her knuckles, a determined glint in her eye. “Don’t worry. I’ve got a few tricks up my sleeve.”

They came to agreements on contingencies, but still needed to know where the Sinister Six were basing their operations. “It wouldn’t be far fetched to assume that they don’t all hang out at one place,” Parker posed. “The Vulture can’t stand most of the others personally, and they’re really all misanthropes, so we can anticipate facing at least a few of them alone if they’re not executing their missions.

Ava nodded at Peter’s observation. “You’re right—they’re not exactly a tight-knit group. But according to intel, they’ve been using an abandoned Stark Industries warehouse as their main base. It’s where they’ve been storing their gear, patching up after fights, and planning their next moves. If we hit them there, we can take out their operations in one fell swoop.”

Shuri, who had been quietly analyzing the data on her Kimoyo beads, chimed in. “The warehouse is heavily fortified. Doctor Octopus has installed advanced security systems, including motion sensors, energy barriers, and automated defenses. We’ll need to disable those before we can get inside.”

Felicia leaned forward, her smirk returning. “Sounds like a job for someone who’s good at breaking and entering. I’ll handle the security systems.”

Deadpool raised a hand, waving it enthusiastically. “Ooh, ooh! Can I be the distraction? I’ll dress up as a pizza delivery guy and knock on the door. ‘Hey, guys, I’ve got your extra-large chaos with a side of pain!’”

Felicia actually liked that idea, but Ava shot him a look. “No distractions, Wade. We need to stay stealthy until we’re inside. Once we’re in, though, all bets are off.”

Peter frowned, his spider-sense tingling at the thought of the warehouse’s defenses. “What about Kraven and the others? If they’re not all at the base, we could be walking into a trap.”

Ava’s expression hardened. “That’s why we need to move fast. If we can take out their base, we cut off their resources and force them into the open. But we’ll need to be ready for anything. Shuri, can you hack into their systems and give us a layout of the warehouse?”

Shuri nodded, her fingers already flying over her beads. “I’ll have a map ready by the time we get there. But we’ll need to be careful—Otto’s no slouch when it comes to tech. If he detects us, he’ll lock the place down.”

Gwen cracked her knuckles, her determination unwavering. “Then we’ll just have to be faster. Let’s hit them hard and hit them fast.”

Ava summarized: “If Kraven is involved, there will be traps, and if Mysterio’s involved, there will be illusions, so we should be on the lookout for anything that looks out of place—or perfectly normal—since it could be a collaborative effort between those two to lure us with illusions right into a trap.”

“How do you know we’re not in an illusion right now?” Frank asked, tilting his head and shrugging his left shoulder. “How do I know this prick isn’t Mysterio?” he thought about shooting Wade to see if he could really regenerate. “That really you?” he asked Deadpool.

Wade said enough obscenities to prove the authenticity of his identity.

“Fair enough,” the Punisher took his hand off his holstered pistol.

Ava raised a hand, cutting through the banter. “Alright, enough. We don’t have time to question each other’s identities. If Mysterio’s messing with us, we’ll deal with it. For now, we need to focus on the mission.”

Shuri, who had been quietly working on her Kimoyo beads, held up a holographic projection of the warehouse layout. “I’ve got the map. The warehouse is divided into several key areas, each tailored to one of the Six. We’ll need to move quickly and quietly to avoid setting off any alarms or traps.”

Felicia leaned in, studying the map. “I’ll take point. Stealth is my specialty, and I can disable any security systems we come across.”

Peter nodded. “I’ll stick with Gwen. We’ll cover the upper levels and keep an eye out for Vulture. If he’s flying around, we’ll need to ground him fast.”

Frank crossed his arms, his expression grim. “I’ll handle Kraven. If he’s setting traps, I’ll make sure he walks into one of his own.”

Deadpool, who had been unusually quiet for the past few minutes, suddenly perked up. “And I’ll… uh… do the thing. You know, the thing where I cause chaos and distract everyone. It’s what I do best.”

Ava sighed but didn’t argue. “Fine, Wade. But try not to blow anything up until we’re ready. We need to hit them hard and fast, not give them time to regroup.”

Shuri tapped her beads, and the holographic map zoomed in on the central command room. “This is our primary target. If we can take out Doctor Octopus and disable the central computer, we’ll cripple their operations. But it won’t be easy—Otto’s not going to go down without a fight.”

Gwen cracked her knuckles again, her determination unwavering. “Then we’ll just have to hit him harder.”

Ava looked around at the team, her expression serious. “This isn’t going to be easy. The Six are dangerous, and they’re not going to play fair. But we’ve got something they don’t—each other. Stick to the plan, watch each other’s backs, and we’ll get through this.”

The team had been assembled, and was ready to move out, with roles assigned and a clear target in mind. Ava addressed any last-minute concerns from the others. “Not you, Wade. I already know you’ve got three lewd remarks in the queue. Save them for the trip.”

~\*~

The team moved out under the cover of darkness, the abandoned Stark Industries warehouse looming in the distance like a shadowy fortress. Ava led the way, her jade amulets glowing faintly as she scanned the area for threats. Behind her, the others followed in silence, each focused on their role in the mission.

As they approached the warehouse, Felicia slipped ahead, her movements as fluid and silent as a shadow. She reached the main entrance and began working on the security panel, her fingers dancing over the wires. “Give me two minutes,” she whispered over the comms. “And try not to breathe too loud. I can hear Parker fidgeting from here.”

Peter, crouched behind a stack of crates, rolled his eyes but stayed quiet. Gwen, perched on a nearby rooftop, kept watch with her web-shooters at the ready. Frank and Deadpool hung back, the former scanning the area for traps, the latter humming the theme to *Mission: Impossible* under his breath.

Ava’s voice crackled over the comms, low and steady. “Felicia, status?”

“Almost there,” Felicia replied, her tone focused. “Just one more—got it. Security’s down, but we’ve got motion sensors inside. Stay close to the walls.”

The team moved in, sticking to the shadows as they entered the warehouse. The interior was dimly lit, the air thick with the smell of oil and ozone. Shuri’s holographic map guided them through the maze of corridors, but the tension was palpable. Every creak of metal, every distant hum of machinery, set their nerves on edge.

As they reached a junction, Peter’s spider sense tingled. He held up a hand, signaling the others to stop. “Wait. Something’s not right.”

Before anyone could react, the floor beneath them shifted, and a series of glowing tripwires snapped into place. Kraven’s voice echoed through the warehouse, cold and mocking. “Welcome, heroes. I’ve been expecting you.”

Ignoring what she saw before her, Ava closed her eyes. Mysterio knew that humans were mainly wired to be visually dominant, but Black Cat and White Tiger had better audition and olfaction, and could use those senses to determine what was around them, though with less precision than sight. It wasn’t exactly echolocation. She crouched and took in as much information as possible, discerning any visual illusions from the realities that she could hear and smell. She knew the scent of the Rhino and Ock, though the others were new to her. Still, she assumed the smell of the musky Kraven was what she was picking up now.

Shutting out the disorienting visuals of glowing tripwires and shifting floors, White Tiger focused on her hearing and sense of smell, letting her enhanced senses paint a clearer picture of the room.

**Hearing:**

* The faint hum of machinery, likely from Electro’s power grid or the central command room.
* The soft creak of metal, suggesting the warehouse’s structure was under strain—possibly from Rhino’s presence or the weight of stolen tech.
* A low, rhythmic breathing nearby, too controlled to be natural. Kraven.
* The distant flutter of wings. Vulture, patrolling the upper levels.
* The faint crackle of electricity, confirming Electro’s presence somewhere in the building.

**Smell:**

* The musky, animalistic scent of Kraven, close but not directly in front of her.
* The acrid tang of ozone and burnt metal, likely from Electro’s power grid.
* The faint chemical smell of Mysterio’s smoke machines, confirming his illusions are active.
* The earthy, almost primal scent of Rhino, though it’s faint, suggesting he’s not in the immediate area.
* The sharp, metallic odor of Doctor Octopus’s mechanical arms, though it’s distant.

Ava’s senses cut through the illusions, revealing the truth: the glowing tripwires are fake, but the floor’s shifting is real—Kraven had rigged the area with physical traps. The hunter was close, likely waiting to strike once the team was fully disoriented.

“Kraven is here,” she said to her friends now that they’d lost the element of surprise. “If we see others, they may be illusions.”

Frank had to press again, “Even if we see Kraven, it might still be an illusion.”

Felicia took this into account, thinking she saw Kraven shifting in the shadows ahead.

White Tiger sprung to action, jumping onto the nearest wall and using her claws to scale the wall upwards.

The warehouse’s main floor had a ceiling 30’ up, typical of an industrial space, giving Ava plenty of room to maneuver vertically, but it also meant Kraven and the others could be positioned at various heights, especially if using catwalks or elevated platforms. Ava’s claws dug into the wall as she scaled upward, her movements swift and silent. The high ceiling gave her plenty of room to maneuver, but it also meant Kraven could be anywhere—perched on a catwalk, hiding in the shadows, or even waiting to drop down from above.

From her vantage point, Ava scanned the area. The faint musky scent of Kraven was stronger now, but it was hard to pinpoint his exact location. The shifting floor below suggested he had rigged the area with physical traps, but the glowing tripwires were clearly Mysterio’s handiwork—a distraction to keep the team off balance.

Felicia’s voice crackled over the comms, low and urgent. “I’ve got eyes on Kraven—maybe. He’s moving along the catwalk to the east. But if it’s an illusion…”

“Assume it is,” Ava replied, her voice steady. “Kraven’s too smart to show himself that easily. Frank, can you cover the ground level? Watch for traps.”

“Copy,” Frank grunted in acknowledgment, his hand resting on the grip of his pistol. “On it. Just keep him off my back.”

Below, Peter and Gwen were already in motion, using their agility to navigate the unstable floor. “We’ll take the upper levels,” Peter said, his spider-sense tingling. “If Vulture’s up there, we’ll handle him.”

Deadpool, meanwhile, was… well, being Deadpool. He had somehow acquired a bag of popcorn and was munching loudly, his swords resting on his shoulders. “Don’t mind me,” he said through a mouthful. “I’m just here for the show. But if Kraven shows up, I call dibs.”

Ava rolled her eyes but didn’t have time to argue. She focused on the task at hand, her claws digging into the wall as she moved higher. The scent of Kraven was getting stronger, but so was the feeling that they were walking into a trap.

Ava mustered up her courage, checking with the Black Panther, “Shuri, the heart-shaped wand is ready, right?” she referred to it cryptically so anyone listening in would not gain tactical intel.

**White Tiger actionable abilities:**

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| *White* | *Tiger* |  |  |  |  |  |
| **Alias** | Ava Ayala | |  |  | **Identity** | Private |
| **Origin** | Altered Human | |  |  | **Sex** | Female |
| **Occupation** | Heroes for Hire | |  |  |  |  |
| **Ability** | **Rank** | **Value** | **d100** | **Outcome** | **Ability** | **Value** |
| **Fighting** | Good | 10 | **14** | 0 | **Health** | 60 |
| **Agility** | Excellent | 20 | **49** | 1 | **Karma** | 46 |
| **Strength** | Excellent | 20 | **6** | 0 | **Karma Left** | 46 |
| **Endurance** | Good | 10 | **65** | 1 | **Resources** | 20 |
| **Reason** | Typical | 6 | **27** | 0 | **Popularity** | 10/10 |
| **Intuition** | Excellent | 20 | **84** | 2 | **Initiative** | 1 |
| **Psyche** | Excellent | 20 | **77** | 2 |  |  |

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| *Power/Device* | *Rank* | *Value* | ***d100*** | *Outcome* |
| Enhanced Strength | Excellent | 20 | **31** | 0 |
| Enhanced Speed and Agility | Excellent | 20 | **9** | 0 |
| Enhanced Durability | Typical | 6 | **98** | 2 |
| Enhanced Senses | Excellent | 20 | **82** | 2 |
| Mystical Claws | Good | 10 | **29** | 0 |
| Spiritual Connection | Incredible | 40 | **63** | 1 |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| *Talents* | *Rank* | *Value* | ***d100*** | *Outcome* |
| Martial Arts | Good | 10 | **97** | 2 |
| Acrobatics | Excellent | 20 | **49** | 1 |
| Investigation | Good | 10 | **81** | 2 |
| Stealth | Good | 10 | **73** | 1 |
| Leadership | Typical | 6 | **22** | 0 |
| Streetwise | Good | 10 | **13** | 0 |
| Polyglot: English, Spanish, Mandarin | Typical | 6 | **99** | 3 |
| Gadgetry | Typical | 6 | **64** | 1 |
| Mystical Knowledge | Typical | 6 | **95** | 2 |

Ava’s **Spiritual Connection** (Incredible, green outcome) flared to life as she focused, the jade amulets around her neck glowing brighter. The Tiger Spirit within her stirred, its presence sharpening her instincts and guiding her senses. She felt a surge of clarity, as if the spirit itself was whispering warnings and insights directly into her mind.

Through her **Enhanced Senses** (Excellent, green outcome), Ava’s hearing and smell became almost supernaturally precise. She could now pinpoint Kraven’s location—he was crouched on a catwalk to the east, his breathing controlled and his movements deliberate. The faint scent of Mysterio’s chemicals lingered nearby, confirming that the illusions were being projected from a device hidden in the rafters above.

Her **Mystical Knowledge** (Typical, green outcome) and **Investigation** (Good, green outcome) combined to give her a deeper understanding of the situation. She realized that Mysterio’s illusion devices were likely linked to the warehouse’s power grid, which meant disabling them would require access to Electro’s power hub. The Tiger Spirit’s guidance also revealed that Kraven’s traps were designed to funnel the team into a kill zone, where the Six could pick them off one by one.

Ava’s voice was calm but urgent as she relayed the information over the comms. “Kraven’s on the east catwalk. Mysterio’s illusions are coming from a device in the rafters—it’s tied to Electro’s power grid. If we take that out, the illusions go down. But be careful—Kraven’s set traps to herd us into a kill zone.”

Shuri’s voice crackled in response. “I can disable the power grid, but I’ll need cover. And Ava—the Wesibindi is ready if you need it.”

Felicia, already moving toward the catwalk, added, “I’ll handle Kraven. Just keep those illusions off my back.”

Peter and Gwen were already scaling the walls, their movements swift and precise. “We’ll take out the illusion device,” Peter said. “Gwen, you’re with me.”

Frank, meanwhile, was scanning the ground level for traps. “I’ll cover Shuri. Just don’t take too long.”

Deadpool, of course, was already halfway up a support beam, his swords gleaming in the dim light. “I’ll distract Kraven. What’s the worst that could happen?”

As a response to the rhetorical question, Ava remembered hearing about a time when Juggernaut ripped Deadpool in half, then took a deep breath, her claws digging into the wall as she prepared to move. The Tiger Spirit’s presence was a steady hum in the back of her mind, guiding her actions. She knew the team was counting on her, and she wasn’t about to let them down.

She spotted Shuri, hoping it wasn’t a hologram, and urged her, “Let’s get the Wesibindi into the power grid!” she then led the way there, following her ears towards the humming sound of gigawatts of living energy.

Ava dropped from the wall, landing silently beside Shuri. The Wakandan de-facto Queen was already moving, her Kimoyo beads projecting a holographic overlay of the warehouse’s power grid. “The main hub is this way,” Shuri said, her voice low but confident. “But we’ll need to move fast. If Electro realizes what we’re doing, he’ll fry the entire grid—and us with it.”

Ava nodded, her enhanced senses guiding her through the maze of machinery and conduits. The hum of electricity grew louder as they approached the power hub, a massive console bristling with wires and glowing panels. The air crackled with energy, and the scent of ozone was almost overwhelming.

As they reached the console, Shuri began working her magic, her fingers flying over the controls. “This is more advanced than I expected,” she muttered. “Otto’s been busy. Give me a minute.”

Ava stood guard, her claws at the ready. The Tiger Spirit’s presence was a steady hum in her mind, sharpening her senses and heightening her awareness. She could hear the distant sounds of the team’s movements—Felicia’s quiet footsteps on the catwalk, Peter and Gwen scaling the walls, Deadpool’s… well, Deadpool being Deadpool.

Suddenly, her enhanced hearing picked up a new sound—a low, menacing growl. She turned just in time to see Rhino barreling toward them, his massive frame shaking the ground with each step. “Shuri, we’ve got company!” Ava shouted, stepping between the charging behemoth and the console.

Shuri didn’t look up. “I need thirty seconds!”

Ava braced herself, her claws glowing with mystical energy. The Rhino was almost upon her, his eyes locked on his target. At the last second, she leaped to the side, using her agility to avoid the charge. Rhino slammed into the console, sending sparks flying, but the damage wasn’t enough to stop Shuri’s work.

“Twenty seconds!” Shuri called, her voice tense.

Ava didn’t have time to respond. Rhino was already turning, his fists raised for another attack. She dodged again, but this time he was ready, swinging a massive fist that grazed her shoulder and sent her sprawling.

As she hit the ground, Ava felt the Tiger Spirit’s presence surge within her. Her jade amulets glowed brighter, and she felt a rush of strength and clarity. She rolled to her feet, her claws slashing through the air as she launched herself at Rhino.

The battle was fierce, but Ava’s enhanced speed and agility kept her one step ahead of Rhino’s brute strength. She landed a few solid hits, her mystical claws leaving glowing marks on his thick hide, but she knew she couldn’t take him down alone.

“Shuri, now would be a good time!” Ava shouted, dodging another swing.

“Done!” Shuri replied, slamming her hand down on the console. The warehouse was plunged into darkness as the power grid shut down, the hum of electricity replaced by an eerie silence.

The power grid was down, and the illusions would be disabled within a second. However, Rhino was still a major threat, and the rest of the Six were likely regrouping. Seeing the opportunity, White Tiger saved her best moves for last, focusing her claw attacks on Alexei’s testicles, and even giving him a solid kick for good measure before springing away to assess the damage she’d done. If the Rhino still had any mojo, she would try to top him off with throwing darts to the jugular, eye sockets, and other vulnerable spots.

Ava’s claws glowed with mystical energy as she focused her attacks on Rhino’s most vulnerable areas. She darted in close, her movements a blur of white and gold, and delivered a series of precise strikes. Her first slash landed squarely where she intended, and Rhino let out a guttural roar of pain, doubling over slightly.

“Not so tough now, are you?” Ava muttered, springing back to avoid his retaliatory swing.

Rhino’s eyes burned with fury, but his movements were slower now, his balance slightly off. Ava didn’t give him time to recover. She launched a throwing dart, aiming for his jugular. The dart struck true, embedding itself in the thick skin of his neck. Rhino roared again, swatting at the dart but failing to dislodge it.

Ava followed up with two more darts, aiming for his eye sockets. One missed, deflecting off his brow, but the other grazed his cheek, leaving a shallow cut. Rhino staggered, his massive frame swaying as he struggled to stay upright.

“Shuri, any chance you’ve got something to finish him off?” Ava called, keeping her distance as Rhino swung wildly in her direction.

Shuri, still at the console, tapped her Kimoyo beads. “I’ve got one trick left. Stand clear!”

Ava leaped back just as Shuri activated a hidden failsafe in the power grid. A surge of electricity arced from the console, striking Rhino and sending him crashing to the ground. He twitched once, then lay still, smoke rising from his body.

Ava let out a breath she didn’t realize she’d been holding. “Thanks, Shuri. That was close.”

Shuri grinned, though her expression was strained. “Don’t mention it. But we’re not done yet. The rest of the Six are still out there.”

“Does the Wesebindi have any juice left to boost our powers for 10 minutes?” asked Ava over comms.

Shuri tapped her Kimoyo beads, her fingers flying over the holographic interface as she assessed the Wesibindi’s status. “It’s running low,” she said, her voice tense. “But I can squeeze out one more burst. It’ll give us about ten minutes of enhanced abilities—maybe less if we push it too hard.”

Ava nodded, her mind racing. Ten minutes wasn’t much, but it could be enough to turn the tide. “Do it. We need every advantage we can get.”

Shuri’s fingers danced over the controls, and the Wesibindi’s heart-shaped design began to glow with a soft, pulsating light. She handed it to Ava, who felt a surge of energy as the device activated. Her jade amulets glowed brighter, and she could feel the Tiger Spirit’s presence growing stronger within her.

“Alright, team,” Ava said, her voice steady. “We’ve got ten minutes to finish this. Let’s make it count.”

“Rawr!” said White Tiger as she leapt towards the fray, assessing the location of any and every remaining villain.

Ava’s enhanced senses, amplified by the Wesibindi, flared to life as she leaped into action. The Tiger Spirit’s presence surged within her, sharpening her instincts and guiding her movements. She could hear the faint hum of Electro’s power crackling somewhere to the north, the rhythmic thud of Kraven’s footsteps on the catwalks above, and the distant whir of Doctor Octopus’s mechanical arms.

Her Spiritual Connection (Incredible, green outcome) revealed more—Mysterio was hiding in the shadows, his illusion devices now offline but his presence still a threat. Vulture was circling above, his wings slicing through the air with a faint hiss. And then there was Kraven, his predatory aura unmistakable as he stalked the team from above.

Ava’s voice crackled over the comms, urgent and precise. “Here’s the breakdown: Electro’s to the north, Kraven’s on the catwalks, Mysterio’s in the shadows, and Vulture’s airborne. Otto’s probably in the central command room. We need to split up and take them down fast.”

Felicia’s voice came through, her tone sharp. “I’ve got Kraven. He’s not getting away this time.”

Peter and Gwen were already in motion. “We’ll handle Vulture,” Peter said. “Gwen, you’re with me.”

Frank’s gruff voice followed. “I’ll take Mysterio. He’s not so tough without his smoke and mirrors.”

Deadpool, of course, had his own plan. “I’ll go after Electro. I’ve always wanted to see what happens when you mix chimichangas and lightning.”

“Do you actually have a chimichanga?” asked Black Cat.

“Came with the popcorn,” answered Wade. “And Junior Mints.” He offered her a Junior Mint, partly melted from being in his left, back pocket.

Ava also saw the chimichanga in his pocket, the wrapper poking part way out. Her claws glowed with mystical energy. “Then I’ll take Otto. Shuri, stay back and keep the Wesibindi ready. We might need it if things go sideways.”

The team split up to take on the remaining members of the Sinister Six. Ava headed for Doctor Octopus in the central command room. Ideally, she could take him down herself, but if he’d increased his circuits’ reaction time since their last scrap, she would have to settle with fighting conservatively just to stall him until Spider-Man and others could arrive for backup. She tapped the talisman resting between her sternum and her costume, then inhaled deeply, taking a few steps further into the central command room. She kept one ear on what was going on via the comms, and the other poised on the sounds in front of her.

Ava moved silently through the dimly lit corridors of the warehouse, her enhanced senses guiding her toward the central command room. The Tiger Spirit’s presence was a steady hum in her mind, sharpening her focus and heightening her awareness. She could hear the faint whir of Otto’s mechanical arms, the sound growing louder as she approached.

Her Stealth (Good, green outcome) allowed her to slip past the remaining security measures without triggering any alarms. She reached the command room door and peered inside. Doctor Octopus stood at the central console, his mechanical arms working furiously as he tried to restore power to the warehouse. His back was turned, but Ava knew better than to underestimate him.

She took a deep breath, her claws glowing faintly as she prepared to strike. But before she could move, Otto’s voice cut through the silence, cold and mocking. “I was wondering when you’d show up, White Tiger. Did you really think you could sneak up on me?”

Ava stepped into the room, her expression calm but her body coiled like a spring. “I wasn’t trying to sneak, Otto. I was giving you a chance to surrender.”

Otto turned, his mechanical arms flexing menacingly. “Surrender? You’re out of your league, girl. This ends now.”

The fight was on. Otto’s mechanical arms lashed out, their movements faster and more precise than Ava remembered. She dodged the first strike, her agility keeping her one step ahead, but the second arm grazed her shoulder, sending her stumbling back.

Ava countered with a slash of her mystical claws, the glowing energy cutting through one of Otto’s mechanical arms. The limb sparked and went limp, but Otto barely flinched. “Is that all you’ve got?” he sneered, his remaining arms moving in a blur.

Ava gritted her teeth, her mind racing. Otto was faster than she’d anticipated, and she couldn’t keep this up forever. She needed to buy time for the others—or find a way to turn the tide.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| *Talents* | *Rank* | *Value* | ***d100*** | *Outcome* |
| Martial Arts | Good | 10 | **73** | 1 |
| Acrobatics | Excellent | 20 | **22** | 0 |
| Gadgetry | Typical | 6 | **60** | 1 |

The masked vigilante went fully on the defensive, her movements elusive rather than offensively tactical. This emphasis was informed by what appeared to be a fully redesigned tentacle apparatus relying on improved AI capabilities, which—she knew from her experience with gadgetry—required a great deal of electrical energy, and could—if taken beyond capacity—overheat his systems. She had no time to waste, and feinted a few times haphazardly as she leapt out of each tentacle’s way, urging the independently minded tentacles to tax the coprocessor bus such that it would begin to heat up and eventually explode.

Or at least this was Ava’s plan….

Ava’s movements became a blur of white and gold as she focused entirely on evasion, her Acrobatics (Excellent, green outcome) allowing her to dodge Otto’s mechanical arms with precision. She feinted left, then right, her claws slashing at the air but never making contact. Each time, Otto’s arms reacted instinctively, their AI-driven movements growing more frantic as they tried to anticipate her next move.

“Running won’t save you, girl!” Otto snarled, his mechanical arms whirring furiously. But Ava could see the strain on his systems—the arms were moving faster than ever, but their movements were becoming less precise, more erratic. The faint smell of overheating electronics filled the air.

Ava’s Gadgetry knowledge kicked in as she spotted the telltale signs of system overload. The coprocessor bus was struggling to keep up with the demands of the AI, and the arms were drawing more power than Otto’s suit could handle. She just needed to push him a little further.

“You’re getting slow, Otto,” Ava taunted, her voice calm despite the danger. “Maybe you should upgrade your hardware.”

“I... ugh... I just *did*!” Otto’s eyes narrowed, and he lunged at her with all four arms. Ava leaped backward, her claws slashing at one of the arms as she went. The glowing energy cut through the metal, and the limb sparked violently before going limp.

But Otto wasn’t done. His remaining arms lashed out, their movements even faster now as the AI tried to compensate for the damage. The smell of burning circuitry grew stronger, and Ava could see the faint glow of overheating components on Otto’s back.

“You’re finished, Otto,” Ava said, her voice steady. “Your systems can’t handle this much strain.”

Otto’s face twisted in rage, but before he could respond, one of his arms suddenly locked up, smoke pouring from the joints. Another arm followed, its movements jerky and uncoordinated. The central console behind Otto sparked and hissed, the overload spreading to the rest of his systems.

“No!” Otto shouted, his voice tinged with panic. “This isn’t possible!”

“It’s totally possible if you’re still relying on redundant circuits in your systems,” she recalled his engineering flaws that had been uncovered during their last conflict. Ava didn’t wait for him to recover. She lunged forward, her claws slashing through the remaining arms and disabling them with precise strikes. Otto stumbled back, his suit sparking and smoking as the systems failed.

“You’re toast. I’m going out for sushi tonight, and celebrating with a tako roll!” she meant *octopus* in Japanese as her claws got to work slicing through the wiring that jutted out from the Octavian housing unit atop his back. “Toast!”

As Ava finished disabling Otto’s mechanical arms, the comms crackled to life with updates from the rest of the team.

Felicia’s voice was calm but focused. “Kraven’s down. He tried to set a trap, but I turned it back on him. He’s currently hanging from his own net. Over.”

Peter’s voice came through, slightly out of breath. “Vulture’s grounded. Gwen webbed his wings, and I knocked him out with a well-placed punch. He’s not going anywhere. Over.”

“He looks like the guy from the BirdMan comics,” Gwen added.

Frank’s gruff voice was as no-nonsense as ever. “Mysterio’s done. He tried to pull one of his illusion tricks, but I saw through it. He’s tied up and disarmed. Over.”

Deadpool’s voice was, predictably, chaotic. “So, fun story—Electro tried to zap me, but I threw a chimichanga at him. Turns out, deep-fried tortillas are highly conductive. Who knew? Anyway, he’s currently taking a nap. Over.”

“This caper is *over*, almost,” White Tiger took a moment to articulate a few loose ends. “Wherever Kraven calls home there are cages, and most are never empty,” she stated. “As a prize hunter, his infrastructure can keep even Rhino contained, so we need to find these cages—hopefully there are enough—and get these guys into them.”

“Cats and spiders trapping the trapper for once,” Shuri remarked.

“Speaking of traps,” Parker stated, “I’m almost out of web fluid for the day.”

“And speaking of cats, if there are any actual tigers in a cage already,” Deadpool pled, “Can we pleeeeease put Kraven in there with them?”

“That’s actually karmically delicious,” Felicia giggled. “I want to be the one to dangle him in there.”

Ava returned to urgent priorities, “Gwen, if you still have contacts in law enforcement through your father, or otherwise, can you let someone you trust know what happened here? And Peter, it could be that the cops are in the pockets of the Sinister Six’s attorneys, who are the last link in this outfit. If you know someone at the Bugle who can cover this to make sure law enforcement does their job, that would make it difficult for any corrupt agents to make this go away.”

Parker replied: “I *am* someone at the Bugle.” And with this, he produced his digital camera, and programmed it to do his usual Spidey capture routines, panning and snapping. “Wherever we cage these creeps, I’ll set up the camera and port it to LiveCam so it’s in the public domain and can be used in a court of law.”

The team moved quickly to secure the defeated members of the Sinister Six. Ava’s leadership kept everyone focused as they worked together to ensure the villains wouldn’t cause any more trouble.

Felicia and Frank located Kraven’s containment area, a grim section of the warehouse filled with reinforced cages designed to hold even the most dangerous creatures. They dragged Kraven, still tangled in his own net, and locked him in one of the smaller cages. “Enjoy your own hospitality,” Felicia quipped as she secured the door.

The largest cage, reinforced with thick steel bars and a hydraulic locking mechanism, was perfect for Rhino. Ava and Shuri worked together to move his unconscious form into the enclosure. “This should hold him,” Shuri said, tapping her Kimoyo beads to reinforce the locks with a Wakandan energy field. “At least until the authorities arrive.”

Shuri scoured the warehouse for tech that could neutralize Electro’s powers. She found a modified Faraday cage in Kraven’s storage area and quickly repurposed it. “This will suppress his electrical abilities,” she explained as Deadpool and Peter loaded Electro inside. “He won’t be zapping anyone anytime soon.”

Gwen and Peter secured Vulture and Mysterio in separate cages, ensuring they couldn’t collaborate on an escape plan. Peter’s camera was already set up, streaming live footage of the captured villains to the Bugle’s website. “This should keep the pressure on law enforcement to do their job,” he said, adjusting the angle for a better shot.

Ava and Shuri worked together to disable Otto’s mechanical arms completely, removing any chance of him using them to escape. They placed him in a cage with reinforced restraints, ensuring he couldn’t cause any more trouble. “You’re done, Otto,” Ava said, her voice firm. “This time, it’s for good.”

Frank had some warrants out on him, so he ghosted out at this point, thanking them for the workout, and disappearing around the corner. Wade thought to stalk Castle, but instead went his own way, stating, “You should call me if there happens to be any trouble... particularly in the Bahamas... I hear Paradise Island offers a nice package... call me if you happen to be there, and there’s trouble, even with the bellboy.”

Shuri also bid the crew goodbye, recusing herself from the pleasantries of interacting with local cops. “I’m giving a lecture on postcolonial diplomacy at 5, and teaching a course on particle physics at 7:30.”

That left Spider-Gwen, Spider-Man, Black Cat, and White Tiger to make sure the villains got into custody.

“What now?” the Cat asked the Tiger as the Spiders inspected the unconscious baddies in Kraven’s climate-controlled cages.

“We should wait unless we’re in Frank’s boat and need to dodge the fuzz,” Ava said. “I, for one, want to give a statement and more importantly, get a sense of who’s going to be documenting this case for the courts to later render a lasting conviction.”

Peter was tired of fighting these villains, particularly Octavius, and sighed, “Yeah….”

A 2nd-year Law students at Columbia, Gwen turned her phone back on now that the Sinister Six were neutralized, and interjected, “This case is going to be deferred and appealed indefinitely if we don’t follow up on this. We’ll need some real muscle for what’s coming next.” She dialed a practicing attorney who specialized in these cases.

“Muscle?” Ava asked. “What, you mean like the Hulk?”

“Nnnnooo, not really. I meant legal muscle,” smiled Gwen, and after the heard ring heard the familiar voice.

“Jennifer Walters, how may I help you?”

Gwen’s voice was calm but urgent as she spoke into the phone. “Jennifer, it’s Gwen Stacy. We’ve got a situation—the Sinister Six are down, but we need your help to make sure they stay that way. Can you meet us at the warehouse?”

Jennifer’s response was immediate, her tone professional but with a hint of curiosity. “The Sinister Six? That’s a name I haven’t heard in a while. Give me the address, and I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

Gwen relayed the location, then hung up and turned to the others. “She’s on her way. With Jennifer handling the legal side, we’ve got a real shot at putting these guys away for good.”

Ava nodded, her expression thoughtful. “Good call. We’ve done the hard part—now we need to make sure it sticks.”

Peter, still adjusting his camera to capture every angle of the captured villains, added, “I’ll make sure the footage gets to the right people. Between Jennifer and the live stream, the Six won’t have anywhere to hide.”

Felicia leaned against a nearby crate, her smirk returning. “And if they try anything funny, we’ll be ready. But for now, I say we take a breather. It’s not every day you take down the Sinister Six.”