

# Spider-Man 111

## Chapter 111: Banished

"Do you plan to travel somewhere, My King?" Heimdall asks Thor, ready to open the Bifrost for the new King.

"Yes, Jotunheim." Thor answers, receiving a raised brow from Heimdall. "And I forbade you to tell anyone about our departure."

"You are King and I will follow your orders, but be warned. I will honor my sworn oath to protect this Realm as its Gatekeeper. If your return threatens the safety of Asgard, the Bifrost will remain closed to you. You'll be left to die in the cold wastes of Jotunheim. King or not." Heimdall says resolutely.

"I have no plan to die today." Thor reply's in confidence.

"None do..." Heimdall replies as he inserts his golden sword into the control panel, and the Bifrost fires up.

...

After hours of trekking through the frozen hellscape of Jotunheim, Thor and his party made it to Laufey, the King of all Jotuns. Thor demanded answers while all Jotuns, including Laufey, merely laughed and jeered at their every word.

Asgard may see the Nine Realms as theirs, but most of these realms were abandoned after the war it took to win them. When your new self-proclaimed King leaves and never comes back after decimating your home, it's hard to really see them as your King.

This is especially true for Jotunheim, where Odin's war brought nothing but destruction to the realm.

After being made fun of by the Jotuns, Loki managed to convince Thor to retreat back to Asgard, but that was ruined by one simple comment from the crowd of Jotuns surrounding Laufey.

"Run back home, little Princess!"

How could the hotheaded Thor allow these words to go unpunished? Especially since he was a King now. Not a prince or even a princess for that matter...

This started a huge battle, which was certainly un-winnable. Thor and his compatriots may be strong, almost god-like in power, but this was a fight against an old rival of Odin, Laufey, and every Jotun in the area.

The Asgardians started off strong but they soon found themselves losing to the numbers advantage and Laufey hadn't even joined the fight. Simply choosing to sit back and watch with an amused smile on his blue face.

As the thought of their own deaths appeared in the minds of the Asgardian invaders, the bright light of the Bifrost shot down from the sky.

As the light dimmed, Odin Allfather appeared in his war armor with Gungnir grasped tightly in hand. He rode an eight-legged horse which was also in its own set of golden armor.

Odin may be old but his imposing figure caused all Jotuns to back away and cower behind Laufey, who glared in Odin's direction.

"Laufey, end this." Odin says resolutely.

"We aren't the ones that started it..." Laufey replies, which causes Thor and the rest to duck their heads in shame. "The new King of Asgard comes to Jotunheim seeking war, should we not give it to him?"

The Jotuns at Laufey's back gained some confidence from the words of their king as they jeered and prepared to fight.

"I understand, but these are the actions of an overzealous boy. Treat them as such. We can stop this before it spirals out of control." Odin replies diplomatically.

Sadly, Laufey wasn't going to listen. After all, Thor gave him exactly what he wanted. A reason to go to war with Asgard and Odin, his most hated enemy.

"We are beyond diplomacy..."

After dropping those fighting words, Laufey and his people stormed forward, but their advance didn't last long.

Not wanting to cause more bloodshed, Odin slams his spear to the ground, creating a shock wave that knocks the Jotuns back.

Raising his spear, he signals Heimdall and the Bifrost shoots down once again, taking every Asgardian out of Jotunheim.

Laufey and his men, who stood in the cold wastes that they called home, looked down at the imprint left by the Bifrost with sneers on their blue faces.

---

As they all return safely to the Bifrost at the end of the rainbow bridge, a huge argument begins between an angry father and son.

Thor wanted to stay and fight, while Odin was fuming at his son's actions and the fact that he didn't seem to understand what he had done wrong.

"You're a vain, greedy, cruel boy!" Odin says as the argument rises to its peak.

"And you are an old man and a fool!" Thor replies in kind though he would later wish he had kept his mouth shut.

The whole world seemed to stop at Thor's words. Odin falls quiet as if he realized something. When he spoke again, there was something terrifying beneath the calmness of his words.

"A fool, yes... I was a fool to think you were ready." Odin states as he looks at his son in disappointment. "Thor Odinson... You have ignored the sound advice of your Father. Through your

arrogance and stupidity, you have opened these peaceful Realms and innocent lives to the horrors of war once again." The Allfather says as he plunges Gungnir into the Bifrosts control panel.

The Bifrost energy begins building as it activates. With Odin's rage, it fires and the Bifrost opens at the end of the platform, creating a portal behind Thor.

Odin turns to his son as he stalks over like an angry lion.

"You are unworthy of this Realm..." Odin says as he rips away the insignias on Thor's armor, which showed that he is, in fact, King of Asgard. "Unworthy of your title... Unworthy of the loved ones you have betrayed and disappointed..."

"Y-You can't do that!" Thor replies with a horrified look on his face, which soon morphs into anger. "I am King!"

"Yes, and I am the Allfather..." Odin says as he ignores his son's pleas and continues on. "I hereby strip you of your powers..."

Extending his hand toward his son, Mjølñir goes flying from Thor's grip and into Odin's waiting hand.

"In the name of my father and of his father before him..." Odin uses what was once Thor's lightning to strike his son and completely strip him of his Asgardian armor. "I cast you out!"

As he proclaims this, Odin thrusts Mjølñir forward and with a crack of thunder, Thor is hurled back into the open Bifrost and disappears into the vortex.

Odin holds Mjølñir in his hand, staring at it bitterly. He closes his eyes, lost in contemplation as he brings it to his lips.

"Whoever holds this hammer, if they be worthy, shall possess the power of Thor." He whispers and runes appear on the side of the hammer, as if carved into its smooth surface.

Suddenly, Odin turns and hurls the hammer into the Bifrost.

As he walks over to take his spear back, deactivating the Bifrost, Odin collapses to the floor and falls unconscious from the overuse of his powers.

---

"So you're saying this Hammer fell from the sky and nothing can lift it?" Peter asked as he looked through the file that Fury gave him. 'I didn't think Thor would come so soon...'

The pictures in the folder showed the huge crater in New Mexico with a pristine Mjølfnir sitting in the center with its handle pointing to the sky.

"Yes, we don't know for sure if it fell from the sky or not, but that's what it looks like. There's nothing under the hammer holding it in place either." Fury explains what they know at this point. "We tested the metal as well, but couldn't find a match for anything on the planet. There also seems to be some sort of runic writing on the hammer's surface."

"It looks like Ancient Norse..." Peter replies as he observes an up-close picture of the hammer.

"Can you read it?" Fury asks.

"Yeah..." Peter confirms as the long hours in the library of Kamar Taj weren't spent in vain.

"Well, what does it say?" Fury asks curiously.

"It says things are just about to get interesting..." Peter says, getting an annoyed grunt from Fury. "Let's go to New Mexico. I want to see the Mjølfnir."

"Mjølfnir?"

—2 days ago—

"Do you think he's dead?" A woman asks as a group of three crowds around the downed form of Thor Odinson. "I think it was legally your fault."

The three were driving in the desert at night, as they were following the storm, trying to understand the odd readings they were picking up from the activation of the Bifrost. Though they didn't know that was the cause.

During that drive, a man appeared out of nowhere and was swiftly hit by their car.

"Darcy, shut up and get the first aid kit from the glove box." Another woman, who seemed to be in charge says in exasperation.

"Jane, we need to get him to a hospital." A man says as he looks down worriedly at Thor.

"Hammer..." Thor mutters as his eyes groggily open.

"Yes, we know you're hammered." Darcy jokes as she returns with a first aid kit in hand.

Climbing to his feet, Thor stares up at the sky and starts yelling.

"Father! Heimdall! I know you can hear me! Open the Bifrost!" Thor calls but receives nothing in return.

As the two scientists and assistant try to calm the obviously drunk and brain-damaged man, Thor gets a bit heated, which makes Darcy pull a taser from her purse.

"You dare to threaten Thor, King of Asgard with such a puny..." Thor says as he looms over Darcy, causing her to act in order to defend herself.

\*Tzzzzzzzz\*

Darcy touches the handheld taser to Thor's exposed stomach, making him convulse and fall to the floor unconscious.

Her two friends and employers looked at her with shocked gazes.

"What? He was freaking me out..."

## Chapter 112: Worthy?

Arriving in New Mexico with a quick portal, Fury called for transport and took Peter to the site where Mjølfnir landed.

At first, the area was swarming with locals, who came to gawk at the odd occurrence and play King Arthur, trying one by one to lift the hammer as if it were Excalibur in the stone.

Though that changed quickly when Shield came on the scene and kicked everyone out. They cordoned off the area with a chainlink fence and set up some makeshift buildings around the crater, using them to house the agents that would guard the area and the scientists that were there to study the hammer's properties.

When Peter and Fury arrived on the scene, the sun had begun to set and the generator-fueled lights around the crater fired up. Exiting the car and walking over to the crater, Peter and Fury passed countless guards and scientists along the way.

Arriving at the hammer, Peter couldn't help but stare in awe. In his last life, there were three things from the MCU that every fan wanted to have. The Iron Man suit, Infinity Gauntlet, and finally Thor's hammer, Mjølfnir.

Especially after Odin's enchantment was placed on it. Who didn't want to know if they were worthy?

"Are you going to tell me what it says now?" Fury asks as they stand in a spotlight as the sun fully sets. "Or do you plan to keep being cryptic and annoying?"

"Whoever holds this hammer, if they be worthy, shall possess the power of Thor..." Peter says, causing Fury to raise a single eyebrow in doubt.

"As in the god of Norse Mythology?" Fury asks in disbelief.

"Maybe..." Peter says as he walks up to the hammer.

"What are you doing?" Fury asks as Peter stands only inches from the hammer.

"Trying to see if I'm worthy." Peter says as he eyes the hammer up and down.

In Peter's mind, he doesn't know why he wouldn't be worthy. If a person like Thor, who drank with the thirst of a dozen alcoholics and was as stubborn as a mule, could wield the hammer, then Peter thought his chances were good.

Though, If he could wield Mjølfnir, then Peter wasn't sure if had it in him to give it back to its rightful owner...

"..." Staring down at the hammer, Peter bent slightly and reached out toward the handle.

Before he could even touch the hammer, Mjølfnir begins to give off a subtle glow, and a bolt of lightning cracked across the sky above.

Pulling his hand back, Peter looks at the hammer and then at the sky with a questioning look on his face.

"Agents down! We've got a perimeter breach!" The radio of a nearby Shield Agent goes off, signaling everyone to jump into action.

Soon enough, the sounds of a fight could be heard from behind the building on the opposite side of the crater.

'Is Thor here for his hammer?' Peter thought as he turns to Fury. "Tell them to let the intruder through. I want to see if he's worthy."

Of course, if this was the moment he thought it was, then Peter knew that he wouldn't be, but maybe something changed.

Staring at Peter in contemplation, Fury sighs in annoyance as he walks over to the nearest Shield grunt and snatches his radio.



"Clear a path and let him through to the crater." Fury orders and his men jump to action, knowing not to argue with the director.

Walking off to the side, Peter stood at the edge of the crater alongside Fury and a few other Shield agents.

As the Intruder makes his way to the edge of the crater on the opposite side of Peter, spotlights brighten and sweep towards him, illuminating the once shadowy figure.

A casually dressed Thor Odinson appeared for all to see, which was an odd sight as the Asgardian was wearing earthly-styled clothing. Peter was used to seeing Thor in his Asgardian armor after all.

Rain begins to fall as Thor marches into the crater and towards his favored weapon. As Thor approaches his hammer, Mjolnir starts to glow brighter, blue electricity sparking off its surface. The crackling energy seemed to reach out to him.

Standing next to the hammer, Thor feels its power. He bends over and reaches out to it with an air of familiarity and confidence.

Thor wraps his hand around the hammer, smiling triumphantly as he lifts it, but the hammer doesn't budge. Thor looks confused and pulls once again with two hands this time

Nothing, the hammer stays glued to the ground.

Anger and frustration overtake him, as he strains with all his might, screaming from the effort, glaring up at the storm and lightning above him.

Suddenly, something begins to glow on the side of Mjolnir. Thor looks down and takes notice, reading the runes his father left behind.

'I'm not worthy...?' Thor thought in despair.

Thor falls to his knees as the rain pours down around him, soaking his clothes completely through.

'He still isn't worthy...' Peter thought as he walked down into the crater and stood on the opposite side of Mjølner.

As Thor picks up his head to see the blue and red spider-themed man, Peter bends once again and grasps the handle of the hammer.

Instantly, a bolt of blue lightning comes crashing down from the clouded sky and strikes exactly where Peter held Mjølner at the handle.

Before Thor's shocked eyes, this unknown man took hold of his prized weapon and lifted it with relative ease.

"I guess I'm worthy?" Peter spoke his thoughts as blue lightning danced around his body.

"It can't be..." Thor mutters in complete and utter defeat.

Walking away from Thor, who was stunned into an unmoving stupor, Peter spins the hammer in one hand as he turns to Fury.

"Your men can detain him now. I'll come to speak with him soon." Peter says as he walks off to play with his new toy.

"Ground units, move in. Show's over." Fury calls out over the radio, shocked at the scene he just witnessed.

As the Agents surround him, Thor doesn't seem to notice or care. He just sits there on his knees, eyes trained on the back of the strange man that just stole his most prized possession with a lost and broken look.

While the Shield grunts cart off the unresponsive intruder to his cell, Peter portal'd to a more secluded portion of the desert and started testing out what he could do with the hammer.

Immediately, thunder clouds roll in as lightning and thunder fill the open desert air.

"I might be able to terraform the desert with this thing..." Peter thought as the rain started to fall.

Kicking it into overdrive, Peter wound his hand back and hurled Mjølfnir forward, causing it to shoot across the desert and strike a sandy hill. The hill exploded from the impact as some of the sand was converted into glass from the lightning that surrounded the hammer.

Holding out his hand, Peter called Mjølfnir back with an excited smile plastered all over his face. He always wanted to do this...

Instantly, the hammer shoots out of the sands and back toward Peter, landing safely back in his hand.

"This is so cool..." Peter muttered as he stared at the hammer in awe.

Continuing his tests, Peter found that he possessed every power that Thor once had. Just as the enchantment Odin left said.

The hammer could generate electricity, manipulate storms, change its weight, and grant Peter flight if he threw it and hung on for the ride.

As for Thor's Asgardian powers like super strength, durability, speed, agility, stamina, reflexes, healing, and longevity, Peter wasn't sure how to test that as he already has those powers.

Maybe not longevity though...

'I'll have to test it later and see if my powers have increased.' Peter thought as he spun the hammer and flew back in the direction of the crater.

---

Thor sits in a chair, staring forward blankly, hands cuffed behind him, unable to break them even if he tried.

Agent Coulson stands across from him with a notepad in hand.

"It's not easy to do what you did. You made us all look like a bunch of mall cops. That's hurtful." Coulson says but receives no response from the broken Asgardian.

"The men you so easily subdued are highly-trained professionals, and in my experience, it takes someone who's received similar training to do what you did to them. Would you like to tell me where you received your training?" Coulson continues asking question after question, but soon gives up as Thor doesn't respond to a single one.

As he got up to leave the room, Thor finally spoke.

"Who was the man that took my hammer?"

### Chapter 113: Q&A

Just as the thunder storm cleared over the impromptu shield base around the crater, a figure covered in blue lightning came flying across the desert, bringing yet another storm with it.

This immediately alerted the Shield agents that were guarding the perimeter. An alarm was sounded as the lightning-clad figure impacted the center of the crater with a loud boom, deepening the already large hole in the desert floor.

As the armed agents circled the crater, ready to fight the second intruder of the night, they found a lightning-clad Spider-Man with a very familiar hammer in hand.

"Yo!" Peter says with a wave as he walks out of the crater and towards the main building, where he could sense Fury and Thor were located.

Seeing that it was Spider-Man, who arrived earlier with Director Fury, the guards eased up and lowered their weapons. Even if Spider-Man was an intruder, none of them believed they could do anything to stop him.

"I'm back." Peter calls out as he enters the building and sees Fury waiting there for his arrival.

"Done playing with your new toy?" Fury asks as he eyes the hammer in Peter's hand.

"Yeah, when the hammer said 'shall possess the power of Thor' it really meant it. I have powers like Storm now." Peter says as he spins the hammer casually between his fingers.

"Right, so gods are real?" Fury asks, unsure of what to make of all of this.

"I wouldn't go that far, but it's possible." Peter replies as he turns to see a window, showing another room with Thor restrained inside. "Learn anything from our guest yet?"

The window was probably a one-way mirror, as neither Thor nor Agent Coulson, who was currently questioning the banished Asgardian, seemed to react to Peter's arrival.

"No, he hasn't spoken a word since you left." Fury replies with an annoyed tilt to his voice. "Do you think he's related to the hammer or just some crazy that showed up to test his luck?"

"If I had to guess?" Peter says as he eyes Thor, pretending to think about it. "He has to be related. The look of despair on his face when he couldn't lift it was too real."

Going quiet, the two turn their attention to Coulson and Thor, watching to see if their guest would finally speak. Just as Coulson gave up and made his way to the door, planning to leave their prisoner to stew for a while, Thor finally spoke up.

"Who was the man that took my hammer?" Thor asks, stopping Coulson in his tracks.

"You mean Spider-Man?" Coulson asks as he backtracks to his seat. "How do you not know who Spider-Man is? Have you been living under a rock?"

"Hmm, what an odd name..." Thor replies in contemplation.

"It's his superhero name." Coulson explains, gaining Thor's full attention. "Spider-Man is earth's most famous hero. If you don't know that, then you must not be from around here..."

"..." Staring at Coulson with a conflicted look in his eyes, Thor quickly comes to a decision. "I refuse to speak anymore, son of Coul. Bring that man spider here. I need to have a word with him."

"Spider-Man left. He won't be..." Coulson replies but the sound of the door opening stops him mid-sentence.

"I'm here, you can leave, Coulson." Peter says as he walks into the room, Mjølfnir in hand, drawing a jealous and sad look from its original owner.

"Uhh, sure..." Coulson says as he passes Peter and walks out of the room.

As the door closes, leaving Peter and Thor alone in the room, Peter takes a seat across from Thor and places Mjølfnir on the table right in front of Thor's eyes.

Peter didn't mean it to be, but this simple move was truly torturous for Thor. Staring at the key to unlocking his powers and returning home, knowing that he couldn't lift it and that it now belonged to someone else truly stung deeply.

"Hello, I'm Spider-Man." Peter says as he leaned back into his chair, waiting for Thor's reply.

"Thor Odinson, King of Asgard." Thor replies, tearing his eyes off of his former hammer.

"King?" Peter blurted out in surprise. 'Did I just hear him wrong?'

"Yes, I was crowned four days ago." Thor says but the arrogance that once filled him was nowhere to be seen.

Peter was truly surprised. Though this wasn't exactly a bad thing. Either this world is slightly different than the MCU of his old world, or his actions have somehow affected Asgard, which was hard to believe...

Either way, Thor being King of Asgard could actually be a good thing. An Avenger with full control of a godlike advanced alien civilization seemed very advantageous to Peter.

With Peter's help, Thor might be able to save Asgard from its destruction. It's such a shame what happened in Ragnarök after all.

They could also possibly save Thor's father, Odin, who would die because of Loki. In the movie, Loki wanted to live like a king, so he exiled Odin and used his appearance to rule Asgard.

Sadly, due to his exile, Odin's power was slowly drained away until he died. He needed to stay in Asgard to keep himself alive, but Loki didn't know that.

With Thor as King, Loki would have no reason to banish his father, hopefully...

Either way, Peter would keep an eye out for Odin's safety. Obviously, he hasn't met the old man in this world, but Peter always liked Odin's character in the movies.

"Congratulations." Peter says genuinely, soliciting a self-deprecating chuckle from Thor.

"Yeah, the great Thor Odinson, King of Asgard. Banished to Midgard as a powerless mortal." Thor says as he slumps in his chair and looks up at the ceiling. "To top it all off, a human from Midgard, the weakest of the Nine Realms, now possesses the powers that were stripped from me."

"Sounds like you've had a tough week." Peter says, surprised with how much Thor was sharing.

He expected the Asgardian to keep his lips sealed for a bit longer as he did in the movie. Though maybe he trusts Peter a bit, as Mjølfnir and his father's enchantment see him as a worthy wielder of his powers.

"This whole week has been a mix of the best and worst days of my life." Thor admits as he sits up and looks straight at Peter. "Why are you worthy and I'm not?"

"You would have to give me more information for me to know that answer. I've only just met you and found this hammer today." Peter says as he motions toward Mjølfnir. "Why were you banished from Asgard? It's hard to believe that a King could be kicked out of his own kingdom after all. You must have done something pretty sh\*tty."

"..." Thor stares Peter straight in the eyes. "What would you do if a foreign nation infiltrated your palace, killed your guards, and tried to steal something that could destroy your world and many others?"

Thor wanted to know what made Peter different from him. What made him worthy of Mjølñir and his powers?

"It depends on the circumstances." Peter says as he thinks for a moment. "Seeing as you said the word 'tried', that means they didn't get away with this world-ending device, right?"

"Yes." Thor nods.

"Then I would speak to those close to me with more experience for advice and come up with a plan together to deal with the threat. Whether that would be military action, trade embargoes, diplomacy, assassinations, etc. Though ultimately, the security around this hypothetical device would need to be increased by a large margin." Peter explains his thoughts.

"..." Thor goes silent as he reflects on his own actions, his father's voice ringing out in his mind.

'...decisions made in anger and without thought are detrimental to any ruler. Go and calm yourself. Once you're calm, we can come up with a less violent way to handle this situation...'

"He wanted to help me and I spit in his face." Thor mutters quietly with a far-off look as realization began to dawn on him. "Instead of trying to see things from his perspective, I let my anger and arrogance cloud my judgment..."

As Thor finished speaking Mjølñir pulsed slightly on the table before going still once again. Thor didn't notice as he was too preoccupied in his own thoughts, but Peter sure did.

'Is it reacting to him?' Peter thought curiously. "I don't know what that means, but that sounds like a good reason why you wouldn't be worthy."

"I see..." Thor says as he slumps back into his chair. "Can you leave me alone? I need to think."

"Sure." Peter says as he stands and picks up Mjølñir from the table with ease. "It was nice meeting you, Thor."

Without waiting for Thor to reply, Peter stepped out of the room to allow Thor some time alone, closing the door behind him.



"I thought he'd never leave." A very familiar voice says, causing Thor to jump and find a transparent figure standing before him.

"Loki!?"

## Chapter 114: Brotherly Love

Shutting the door behind him and making his way back to the one-way mirror, where Fury and Coulson were waiting, Peter could feel the sudden appearance of some sort of mystic energy in the interrogation room with Thor.

'Is it Loki?' Peter thought as he remembered the events of the movie.

"He was especially chatty with you." Fury comments as Peter arrived, peaking into the window at the first chance he gets.

"Well, I did take his powers. I'm sure he was both distraught and curious about me." Peter says as he watches Thor speak to the blank air in front of him.

"So, we're believing this story about a banished god king?" Coulson asks as it was hard for him to believe, gesturing toward Thor, who was still talking to himself in the room. "Because that looks like a crazy man to me..."

"What's happened? Tell me! Is it Jotunheim? Let me explain to father..." Thor pleads like a madman to thin air.

Ignoring Coulson's words, Peter tries to move some Eldritch energy to his eyes, which is a trick that the Ancient One told him about. Turning his head away from Fury and Coulson so they couldn't see, Peter's eye glowed in a faint golden light.

Instantly, Peter could see a mass of energy in the interrogation room, standing in front of Thor.

Loki was far more skilled in the art of magic than himself, so this is the best Peter would be able to get without actually using a spell, and he would rather not alert the god-like trickster by doing so.

Especially since Fury and Coulson would see him using magic as well.

After confirming that it was Loki, sending down an illusion to speak to his brother, Peter put some Eldritch energy in his ears this time, making it possible to hear the other half of the conversation going on inside the room right now.

"Your banishment and the threat of a new war was too much for father to bear. He died shortly after you were banished." Loki lies like a master.

A horrified look appears on Thor's face. It reminded Peter of the face he showed when he saw Mjølfnir pick a new wielder before his very eyes. Only magnified by ten times.

Thor thinks he is responsible for his father's death after all.

'He's truly having the worst week of his life...' Peter thought in pity.

"You mustn't blame yourself..." Loki says in fake pity, smirking inwardly at his brother's pain. "I know that you loved him. I tried to tell him so, but he wouldn't listen. Though it was cruel to put the hammer within your reach, knowing that you could never lift it, and especially cruel of him to allow some weak human to steal your powers..." Thor stares ahead, falling deeper into the abyss of despair.

Loki was loving all of this.

He's always had an inferiority complex when it comes to Thor, so this is all some twisted form of vindictive revenge or payback to him.

Peter didn't understand why he would do this though, as Loki seemed to be treated well by his family in the movies. Especially Frigga who seemed to love him just as much as Thor...

'Maybe they treated him differently in this world?' Peter thought curiously. 'Or perhaps Thor was a bad brother in his younger years?'

Although Loki was enjoying this situation, he was definitely worried about Peter, who somehow now possessed the powers of his brother. Though it did make it harder for Thor to return to Asgard, which was great for him.

"The burden of the throne has fallen to me now." Loki says, causing his brother to look at him with hope-filled eyes.

"Can I come home?" Thor asks as he just wanted to go and see his mother and apologize for what he's done.

"The truce I've brokered with Jotunheim is conditional upon your exile." Loki continues spinning his lies.

"Couldn't we find a way to..." Thor says but Loki cuts him off.

"I'm afraid mother has forbidden your return, brother." Loki says, knowing his mother would never do such a thing.

Reality sets in as Thor lowers his head like a beaten dog. He would be forever stranded in Midgard until his dying days.

"This is goodbye, Brother. I'm so sorry." Loki says, not sorry at all.

"No, I'm sorry, Loki... Thank you for coming to see me." Thor says, unwilling to look his brother in the eyes any longer.

With that, the two brothers said their farewells, and all signs of the Human-shaped bundle of energy that Peter was watching disappeared.

"He seems to be done talking to himself..." Coulson says as he turns to Peter and Fury. "Should I call a psychologist?"

"No, don't bother." Peter says as he walks back toward the room, leaving Fury and Coulson standing there in confusion.

"Hello again." Peter calls out as he enters the room once again to find an especially sullen-looking Thor.

"..." Thor doesn't even bother replying this time around.

Shrugging uncaringly, Peter walks behind the restrained Asgardian and rips his metal bindings off with ease. Seeing this, Thor looks up at Peter in confusion.

"Come on, we're leaving." Peter says as he walks over to the door and opens it, motioning for Thor to walk through before him.

"..." Thor just sat there and stared at him with dead eyes.

"Oh, come on." Peter says as he shoots a web at Thor, throwing him through the open door.

"Ahh!" Thor bellows as he shoots through the door and into the waiting hallway wall outside.

\*Bang\*

"Now up you go." Peter says he sees Thor laying on the ground, looking up at him with a look that said 'da fuq?'. "If you're going to live with the rest of us mortals, then you need to get a job and a place to live. Let's go."

Grabbing Thor by his shirt, Peter pulled him to his feet and guided him down the hall, where Fury and Coulson were waiting with questioning looks.

"I got this." Peter says as he and Thor walk right past them. "I'll fill you in later, Fury."

"...fine." Fury sighed as he let them go without a single complaint.

---

After borrowing a car from the Shield base, as he didn't want to reveal his portal ability to Thor just yet, Peter drove Thor back into the nearest town.

As they drove through the empty highway, Thor couldn't keep his eyes off the car's dashboard, where Peter placed Mjølner. It was almost like the hammer was his old lover, and Thor hadn't gotten over the breakup just yet.

After a while of silent driving, Peter pulled the car up to a diner, which happened to be the same one that Jane took Thor in the movie.

"Follow me." Peter says as he hops out of the car.

Walking inside the diner with Thor following behind him, Peter noticed a help wanted sign in the window and smirked under his mask.

Instantly, a bell on the door rings, and everyone in the diner turns to see Spider-Man walk in, which especially shocked these small-town people.

"Hello, I'm here to help my friend apply for a job." Peter calls out to a nearby waitress. "There's nothing like working a low-paying minimum wage job in the service industry to give you a wake-up call on life."

"Uhh... sure honey." The waitress replies as she eyes Peter up and down, unsure of whether he was really Spider-Man or not. "Follow me."

After a short interview in the back of the diner, where Peter proved who he was, Thor was hired off the books and would be paid minimum wage.

They probably wouldn't have hired him if Peter wasn't helping, as the staff remembered him from earlier in the day, when he broke multiple cups and plates by purposely smashing them on the floor.

Asgardian culture is different after all.

He had to be hired off the books as Thor didn't have any identification papers or bank accounts. Though that's fine as he wouldn't be working there for long anyway.

"Alright, thank you." Peter says as he and Thor leave the diner. "He'll be here bright and early tomorrow morning for his first day."

Hopping back into the car, Peter drove over to a rundown motel and bought Thor a room for an entire month. After receiving the key, they made their way to the room and opened it up.

"Looks... nice..." Peter mutters as they see the room.

"Yeah..." Thor says as sees a cockroach crawl under the bed.

"Well, I'll leave you to it." Peter says as he walks off. "Get to bed early! You have work in the morning."

## Chapter 115: Borrowed Time

As Peter left Thor in poverty with his shitty living conditions and low-paying job, he couldn't help but feel bad for the guy.

Was it necessary to give him such poor housing along with a low-paying job? No, but this would be a quicker way to rehabilitate the spoiled prince of Asgard.

Thor wasn't just the prince of a place here on earth, where you get born with a golden spoon in your mouth and live like a billionaire for your whole life.

No, Asgard is one of, if not the strongest and most advanced Kingdoms in the whole universe.

Thor was born with a godlike power and a diamond encrusted platinum spoon in his mouth. He needed to be taken down countless pegs in order to see things from a normal person's perspective.

Living life as a coddled godly prince since birth certainly won't make a well-rounded person, which is the reason why Peter is doing all of this.

After returning the car to the Shield base at the crater, Peter explained to Fury and Coulson about what he did before returning home. It was pretty late by this time, so May was already fast asleep.

Plopping down on the couch, Peter placed Mjølfnir on the coffee table and just stared at it in silence.

Peter never thought that he would be worthy of the standards that Odin set, but here he is as the new wielder of Mjølfnir. This is the dream of many marvel fans back in his original world, and he was living every second of it.

After staring at the hammer for a good while, Peter came to a saddening conclusion.

'I'll have to give it back when Thor is ready...' Peter knew it.

There's no way that Odin would make it so his son can't take his hammer and powers back. After all, this whole ordeal is to teach Thor a well-deserved lesson.

Once that lesson is learned, Peter was sure that the hammer would default back to Thor.

To test his logic, Peter took the hammer in hand and opened a portal to Kamar-Taj. He, obviously, isn't an expert in Asgardian Enchantments, so a more skilled hand was needed to analyze what Odin did to Mjølfnir.

Stepping out of his portal, Peter expected to appear in the same room where he met the Ancient One for the first time, but instead, he arrived in some sort of waiting room

Taking a closer look, Peter found that there were no windows, doors, or any other ways out of the room. Using some spells to check what was happening, Peter came to the conclusion that he was trapped in some sort of prison dimension. The whole dimension was nothing but this small waiting room.

'Weird, did I trigger something at Kamar-Taj?' Peter questioned as this has never happened before.

Using his sling ring, Peter tried to open another portal but that seemed to be impossible.

"Well, sh\*t..." Peter thought as he took a seat on the couch.

"Sh\*t, indeed." A familiar voice appeared in the room.

Looking across from him, Peter found the Ancient One seated there with her legs crossed in all of her grand baldness.

"Your body and energy signature has changed." The Ancient One says as she snaps her fingers and teleports them both out of the dimension and into a room with a similar setup back in Kamar-Taj. "Would you like to explain why?"

"It's good to see you too, teacher." Peter says with mock annoyance. "I've been good. Thanks for asking. Yes, you have been ignoring me for a while. I accept your apology."

The Ancient One has been keeping her distance and acting differently towards Peter ever since he offered her a place in the Avengers.

"..." The Ancient One just stares at Peter, ignoring his tangent and waiting for a reply to her earlier question.

"Fine, be that way..." Peter mutters as he tosses Mjølfnir into his teacher's lap with a vindictive smile on his face.

Assessing the hammer with a glance while it was mid-air, the Ancient One instantly knew what was happening and teleported herself to the spot next to Peter on the couch.

\*Crunch! Boom!\*

As she disappeared, the hammer fell and tore through her chair and smashed into the ground, breaking the flooring.

"That wasn't very nice..." The Ancient One gives Peter an unamused look.

Calling Mjølfnir back, the hammer flew from the broken flooring and into Peter's waiting hand.

"Well, neither is ignoring your loving student." Peter says as he holds the hammer in front of her. "This is Thor Odinson's hammer, Mjølfnir."

"I've gathered that already." She says as she eyes the writing on the hammer. "Why do you have it?"



Peter has been messing with her desired timeline all this time and she didn't like it. Though this move of his will certainly change things immensely. Especially if he tries to keep the Hammer.

The reason she has been ignoring Peter is the fact that she hasn't decided whether or not to change all of her carefully laid plans. After all, the Ancient One has spent hundreds of years preparing the perfect timeline for earth and the surrounding universes well-being.

"It landed in New Mexico a few days ago." Peter says as he places Mjølfnir on the couch between them. "I saw the enchantment so I tested my luck."

"Hmm, are you keeping it?" She asks, hoping he would say no.

"We'll see." Peter replies with a smirk.

He had an idea of what she was thinking and knew this answer would annoy her, which he would gladly do.

"I just want to know everything this enchantment does, so I came to my beautiful bald teacher." Peter continues.

"Right..." The Ancient One says as she moves her hand slightly, causing the hammer to float in front of her and the enchantments to shine.

As she does this, not only do the runes that Peter saw earlier brighten, but new writing appears just below as well. After a moment of silence, the Ancient One speaks.

"It has some fail safes." She says as she points to the writing and begins to explain.

Basically, as Peter expected, once Thor goes through his tribulation and learns his lesson, he would get priority in the use of Mjølfnir and his powers would return to him as well.

Sadly, Peter would lose his cool new power up sooner or later.

"I thought so..." Peter says as he takes the hammer back.

"Have you met Thor yet?" She asks.

"Yep, I helped him get a job at a diner in New Mexico and a place to stay in a nearby motel." Peter says, causing his teacher to raise a questioning eyebrow.

"You have the prince of Asgard staying in a motel in New Mexico?" The Ancient one asks in disbelief.

"You mean King and yes. His father sent him here to learn a lesson, so I thought I would lend a helping hand." Peter says with a smile as the Ancient Ones eyebrows raise slightly.

"You are changing a lot." She says, knowing that Peter knew of her plans and how he was ruining them.

"Well, I try my best." Peter says with an infuriating smile. "Your only choice is to join up with me and the Avengers."

"You're really making it hard on me, aren't you?" She says with a pronounced frown on her face.

"Once again, I try my best." Peter repeats. "You should come to the Avengers Tower sometime and look around. You might take a liking to it. I can guarantee you a spot on the Council once you join as well."

"I'll think about it..." The Ancient One replies with her usual answer.

"No, don't think. Just do what you want." Peter says with an exasperated sigh. "You keep thinking that everything needs hundreds of years of planning and thought. It doesn't. You don't need to work alone and pull the strings from the background. You can step into the front and take charge. You don't need to die..."

"..." The Ancient One just sat there and looks at him in shock.

She knew that Peter had some future knowledge, but she didn't know that it went so deep as to know of her death.

"I'm sorry that I've been keeping my distance." She mutters for just a moment before disappearing from the room, leaving Peter sitting there all alone.

"You can't keep running from your problems!" Peter yells to the empty room, knowing she can probably still hear him wherever she went.

## Chapter 116: Showing Off

Returning home after confronting his teacher and learning the full scale of the enchantment on Mjølfnir, Peter hopped in bed and stared sadly at the hammer on his nightstand.

Deep down, Peter knew that he wouldn't be able to keep Mjølfnir, but it's hard not to get so attached to such a cool weapon. The power up he received was like icing on the cake as well.

As he was falling asleep, Peter thought of a good idea.

'If I can't keep it, then I'll use it as leverage to get something just as good...'

Of course, Peter wouldn't outright blackmail Thor or Asgard with the hammer, as that would ruin their relations and possibly lose a future Avenger. He would simply hand over Mjølfnir with a bit of reluctance while letting Thor know that he owes him one.

After all, Peter would be giving up godlike powers for him, so Thor would hopefully accept that debt, allowing Peter to cash it in soon after.

There are two things that Peter would ask for.

First, Peter could study the magic system of Asgard. Though that all depends on whether he can use Asgardian magic. After all, they probably use a different sort of energy than Kamar-Taj. For all he knows, only Asgardians can use such magic.

Though technically Loki isn't an Asgardian and he can use their magic...

'I'll have to figure that out later on...' Peter thought in interest.

Secondly, Peter could ask for a weapon. A weapon for a weapon is a fair trade after all. Not just any weapon either, but a weapon created by the Dwarves in Nidavellir.

Nidavellir is a neutron star and one of the Nine Realms, which is orbited by a multi-ringed megastructure that serves as the homeworld of the Dwarves.

The Dwarves of Nidavellir are an ancient race of skilled forgers and blacksmiths who are ruled by King Eitri. They are close allies of the Asgardians, and after being asked by Odin they created the mighty weapon That's currently next to Peter's nightlight, Mjølñir.

Getting a specially made weapon similar to Mjølñir would be the best-case scenario, as Thor may allow Peter to learn Asgard's magic after joining the Avengers and getting closer to one another.

Peeking at Mjølñir one last time before falling asleep, Peter closed his eyes and dozed off into his pillow.

'Whatever, I'll just enjoy my time as a god of thunder for the time being...'

---

The next morning, Peter went to school as usual, but once classes were over he just had to show off his temporary godly powers.

"What's going on?" Ned asks as he and MJ sat in his room, wondering what Peter was so excited about. "Are we looking at cars again? You should really consider getting a supercar. Maybe not a Bugatti, but Ferraris aren't too expensive..."

MJ, who was sitting beside him, couldn't help but roll her eyes at Ned's childish taste in cars. In her humble opinion, supercars are for idiots that don't know what to do with their money. Especially if you buy one and never take it to a track to actually race the damn thing.

"No, it's something way cooler." Peter says as he holds out his hand and Mjølñir comes flying into his grasp from under his bed.

"What!" Ned practically jumped out of his seat. "Is that like a soul weapon from Bleach?"

Ned has been going down the anime path recently so he couldn't help but see the comparison.

"In a way..." Peter answers with a slight tilt of his head. "Though it's not connected to my soul. At least, I don't think it is."

"Does it upgrade like Shikai and Bankai?" MJ asks, causing Ned to turn to her with a questioning look. "What? I watch anime sometimes."

"No, but it does do this..." Peter says as lightning starts to dance around the hammer, which instantly spreads and wraps around his body next.

"Wow..." Ned mutters as MJ just watched in awe beside him.

"Yeah, now look outside." Peter says as he gestures toward the window.

When they turn to look, what was once a beautiful clear day had changed. Dark clouds and lightning filled the air as the sounds of rumbling thunder could be heard.

"Y-You changed the weather?" MJ asked with a dumbfounded look on her face. "You can't be serious."

"Cool, right?"

---

After showing off to his girlfriend and best friend, Peter donned his superhero clothes and went to show off to his other best friend.

Texting him beforehand, Peter told Tony to wait on the roof of Avengers Tower, which he did with reluctance as there was a thunderstorm overhead.

After waiting only a few moments, Tony could see a familiar figure clad in lightning, soaring just under the storm clouds.

"..." Tony watched with a raised brow as this figure fell from the sky and performed a superhero landing right in front of him.

"Yo." Peter said with a wave of his hammer.

"What the f\*ck was that?!" Tony exclaimed in shock, which was just what Peter was going for.

After explaining everything, Tony was amazed and annoyed that Peter would leave him out. He wanted to go to New Mexico as well.

Maybe he would have been able to lift the hammer before Peter? Though that was just wishful thinking on his part.

Mostly, he wanted to meet Thor, the god of thunder.

"I wouldn't go so far as to call him a god..." Peter corrects Tony before he decides to convert to a new religion. "Asgardians are just a very advanced civilization of long-lived aliens with meta-human powers. Yeah, they're a bit godlike but that doesn't make them gods exactly."

After explaining everything fully, Peter promised to let Tony study Mjøltnir. Of course, Peter would be involved with it, as Tony would have a hard time handling a hammer that he can't lift.

Though he certainly tried.

"Aauhhggg!" Tony grunted as he tried every position that he could think of to lift Mjøltnir from his coffee table.

He tried so hard that Peter had to put a stop to it or else Tony would end up hurting his back.

After finding out that he wasn't worthy, which was devastating for his fragile ego, Tony started sulking like a child that couldn't get his toy.

"Oh, come on." Peter says as he plopped down next to Tony, putting an arm around his shoulder.  
"Cheer up, not everyone can be worthy of godlike power like I am..."

"...I hate you." Tony said as turned to look Peter in his eyes, knowing that his masked friend had to be smiling right now.

"I love you too, buddy."

---

-New Mexico-

Knowing that he could use his low mood to get something out of him, Tony convinced Peter to take him to meet Thor, who just so happened to be working his new job.

\*Ding dong\*

Opening the doors to the diner, Peter shocked the staff and customers once again, but this time it was even worse since Tony was there as well.

"Table for two, please." Peter says to a shocked waitress.

"S-Sit anywhere you like, S-Spider-Man sir..." she stutters as this was a different waitress from last night.

"Thanks, darling." Tony says with a wink as he walks past Peter and picks a booth by the window.

Peter gives his thanks as well, following Tony to the booth and sitting across from him.

"So, where is he?" Tony asks just in time for the door leading to the kitchen to swing open.

Turning their heads, Peter and Tony saw Thor wearing an apron with two filled garbage bags in hand. The look on his face was that of a man that has been through some sh\*t.

"Take that trash to the dumpster!" An angry voice projected from the back of the kitchen.  
"Hopefully, you can't screw that up too..."

Thor seemed to duck his head in embarrassment as he heard these words. Making his way out the front doors, he didn't notice Peter sitting at a nearby booth.

In almost every task they gave him, Thor would mess it up in some way or another. Dishes were broken. Food was ruined. Customers were disrespected.

As Thor made it to the dumpster across the parking lot, he went to throw both bags into the dumpster. This sudden movement caused the heavier bag to rip at the bottom and dump all of its contents onto the ground.

Thor just stood there unmoving as he looked at the mess beside the dumpster with dead eyes.

"This has to be some form of torture..." Tony remarks.

## Chapter 117: Father & Son Reunion

Leaving their table and walking back out the door to the parking lot, Peter and Tony arrive outside just in time to see Thor punching the side of the metal dumpster, trash from his earlier accident still littered the ground at his feet.

\*Bang bang bang bang...\*

As the sounds of metal banging filled the area, those that were passing by on the sidewalk gawked and kept their distance from the crazy blonde maniac.

"Bad day?" Tony asks as he and Peter stood a few feet behind Thor.

"..." Thor stops hitting the dumpster, which was dented by this point, and turned to give a sidelong glare toward Tony.

That glare disappeared and was replaced with a sad and longing look as Thor saw Peter standing beside him with Mjølfnir hanging from his hip.



Taking a closer look, Peter could see the knuckles on both of Thor's hands were bruised, cut open, and dripping blood. The pain was probably unbearable for his new mortal body, but he didn't seem to notice or care.

"Good to see you again, Thor." Peter says as he shoots a net-like web to the garbage that was all over the floor and tosses it into the dented dumpster, saving Thor the trouble of having to clean it all up.

"You as well, Man-Spider." Thor says with a nod as he turns to Tony. "Do you know this mortal?"

"Mortal? Why does that sound like a slur?" Tony felt offended by that word as he turns to Peter for answers.

"I told you already. Thor has a bit of a god complex. I'm guessing his whole family does as well. To him, we are all just mortal ants that live below the heavens." Peter explains as if this were a cultivation novel. "In actuality, he's just from an overpowered alien race."

Tony wasn't the only one that heard this, as Thor's ears perked up upon listening in.

"I don't know what an alien is, but we don't consider ourselves gods. Only you mortals thought of us in such ways." Thor says with a shrug.

"Then why call us mortals in the first place?" Tony asked with a questioning look.

"Well, because of your mortality. My people can live for countless millennia." Thor explained matter of factly.

"But you can still die, right?" Peter cuts in and asks. "Because that's what mortality means. Being subject to an inevitable death. Only gods can't die after all."

"..."

Upon hearing this, Thor didn't know how to reply or argue and started to realize something.

He did, in fact, have a god complex.

'I'm not a god...' Thor thought as he looked between Tony and Peter before speaking. "You're right, I shouldn't have called you that. Forgive me."

As soon as Thor uttered these words, Peter felt a jolt from the hammer hanging on his hip. Just as it did in the interrogation room yesterday, Mjølfnir glowed slightly but soon dimmed, reacting to Thor once again.

Though nobody seemed to notice but him.

---

-Jotunheim-

An apprehensive-looking Loki, King of Asgard, walks alone across the barren icy terrain, making his way toward a temple that was mostly rubble by this point.

Darkness shrouds the ruined temple except for the shafts of light that shoot their way in through the crumbling ceiling. As Loki walks inside, Frost Giant guards surround him on all sides with weapons ready.

Laufey approaches shortly behind his guards with a bloodthirsty smirk, towering over Loki menacingly.

"Tell me why I shouldn't kill you where you stand?" Laufey asks.

"I've come alone and unarmed." Loki says as he raises his arms, showing that he means no harm.

"To what end?" Laufey keeps up the questions.

"To make you another proposition." Loki says with a winning smile.

"So you're the one who let us into Asgard." Laufey mutters as realization dawns on him.

"You're welcome." Loki lowers his arms as the surrounding Frost Giants lower their weapons, becoming less hostile toward him by the second.

This was a lie though.

Loki may be a manipulative piece of sh\*t, but he wasn't involved with the attempt robbery on that day. He even mistook the Casket of Ancient Winter for the legendary Tesseract.

Ever since he took charge of Asgard as King, Loki and his mother, Frigga, have been working hard to find out how the jotuns got into Asgard during Thor's crowning ceremony.

After some digging, the mother and son duo found that one of the palaces Vanir Sorcerers, who happened to be skilled in the art of magic, allowed them entry in exchange for a few artifacts that the Frost Giants had on hand.

Vanir are those in Asgard that are born with the innate ability to wield magic.

There are two races that dominate Asgard and the Vanir happens to be one of them.

The Aesir are the other half.

Where the Vanir are more suitable towards magic, the Aesir are natural-born warriors. A low to mid-level Aesir has the capability to match Captain America in strength.

Of course, this all hinges on them actually working hard and building up toward that amount of power.

-Let's get back on track-

After finding the man that helped the Jotuns get in, Frigga and Loki used their magical abilities and a bit of torture to get all the information they needed.

And while his mother was using this information to fix the holes in Asgard's defenses, Loki snuck off to speak to the Jotuns without her knowledge.

"My men are dead and I have no Casket... You are a deceiver!" Laufey lashes out, grabbing him around the throat, but Loki calmly stands his ground.

"You have no idea what I am." Loki says as his skin begins to turn blue.

The blueness spreads across his face, as Laufey and the guards stare in shock.

"Hello, Father." Loki says with a grin.

Loki has known about his status as an adopted child for a while now. Frigga, being the caring mother that she is, knew that Loki was a smart boy and would find out sooner or later.

Knowing this, she pleaded with her husband to sit Loki down and explain things together, but Odin was a stubborn man that didn't see the need to do such a thing.

In his eyes, Loki was his son. Adopted or not it didn't matter, which is why he thought that telling him would be useless and possibly cause pointless drama.

Seeing that her husband didn't understand, Frigga spent a day with a much younger Loki and explained everything, sneakily going against her husband and king's wishes.

Upon seeing this, Laufey releases Loki with a look of complete and utter surprise on his face. Stepping back a few steps from his biological father's rather huge form, Loki fixes his clothes as his body turns back to normal.

Intrigued, Laufey sizes up his newfound son.

"Ah, the bastard son. It's all coming back to me now. I thought Odin had killed you. That's what I would have done... He's as weak as you are." Laufey scowls in disgust.

"I'm no longer weak. I now rule Asgard, until Odin awakens. Perhaps you should not have so carelessly abandoned me." Loki says with a look of contempt.

"Or perhaps it was the wisest choice I've ever made..." Laufey says as he pauses for a moment. "I will hear what you have to offer."

"Good, now we're getting somewhere." Loki says with an overly dramatic sigh. "I will conceal you and a handful of your soldiers, lead you into my 'fathers' chambers, and let you slay him where he sleeps. The throne will be mine, and you will have the Casket."

Laufey studies his long lost son's face, looking for any sort of deception but found none. Too bad he didn't know who he was dealing with exactly.

Loki could convince mathematicians that one plus one equals three and they'd eat it up with smiles on their faces.

"Why would you do this?" Laufey asks with a raised eyebrow.

"When all is said and done, we will have a permanent peace between our two worlds. Then I, the bastard son, will have accomplished what Odin and Thor never could." Loki says with a trademark evil smirk.

Silence filled the run-down temple before Laufey started to chuckle in a low rumble.

"This is a great day for Jotunheim. Asgard is finally ours." Laufey proclaims.

"No. Asgard is mine." Loki corrects before the Jotuns could get too far ahead of themselves. "The rest of the Nine Realms will be yours, as long as you do as you're told."

Laufey stops laughing as the joyous atmosphere melts away. The king of Jotunheim considers Loki's words for a moment before opening his mouth once again.

"I accept."

## Chapter 118: Alcoholic Therapy

After receiving their apology from Thor, Peter and Tony invited the fallen Asgardian king to eat dinner with them. He was reluctant at first, as Thor was already reprimanded multiple times for

slacking off on the job, but they soon found out that Thor's first work shift at the diner had come to an end.

"You're done for the day, darling." A waitress, who seemed to be overlooking Thor throughout the day, said as she ran off to continue her work.

As soon as Thor heard those beautiful words, his shoulders slumped down in relaxation as a small smile graced his lips.

He just finished his first day of actual work.

Never in his entire life has Thor even lifted a finger to clean up after someone else or wait on them hand and foot. He was the one getting waited on and needing the clean-up, not the other way around.

Hell, Thor hasn't even cooked his own food before. The palace in Asgard had teams of cooks that would provide him with the most luxurious of feasts, yet they had him in the kitchen cooking for mortals today.

'Don't use that word anymore...' Thor reprimanded himself internally.

Though he did feel an odd sense of accomplishment as soon as his work ended for the day. Thor hated everyone moment, but he powered through it and worked hard. Even after multiple failures, he never gave up.

'I worked a human job today.' Thor thought as he sat down at the booth with Tony and Peter. 'I wonder what Loki would think?'

'You truly mix well with those mortals, brother.' Thor laughed inwardly as he imagined what his brother would say.

After ordering their food, Peter was the one to break the silence at the table.

"So, I heard from the waitress that you came here with a group of people a few days ago. How did you meet them?" Peter asks, wondering if Thor would still fall in love with Jane after all of his meddling.

With that question, Thor started to explain how he got hit by a car upon exiting the Bifrost and the humans he met on that day.

He didn't seem to show any lovey dicey signs when talking about Jane, but Peter wasn't exactly an expert when it came to these things.

After eating their fill and talking about minor things, Tony suggests that they go out to drink. Tony and Thor were all for it, but Peter wasn't really interested.

The mask makes eating and drinking impossible for him anyway. Peter didn't even get to eat dinner with them, so drinking didn't sound very interesting either.

"Come on... it'll be fun." Tony pleaded as he tried his best to convince his spidery friend to join them. "We have to celebrate Thor's first day on the job anyway."

"Yes, we must drink to a good day's work!" Thor joined in, ready to drink until all of his problems fade away.

"Fine..." Peter agreed with a heavy amount of reluctance in his voice.

---

Sitting on stools at the bar of a local place down the street from Thor's job, Thor and Tony drank themselves stupid while Peter sat by and enjoyed the show.

"I had it all backward. I had it all wrong." Thor spills all of his woes as he gulps down his 12th pint of beer.

Peter watched him with interest. Due to being completely sober and alcohol-free, Peter became the babysitter of two very wasted man-children.

"You know, It's not a bad thing to find out that you don't have all the answers. Because that's when you start asking the right questions." Tony says as he knocks back yet another shot of tequila, somehow even more intoxicated than Thor.

Thor takes in all of Tony's drunken wisdom and starts drinking another beer before speaking again.

"For the first time in my life, I have no idea what I'm supposed to do." Thor says as he looks at Peter and points to the hammer on the bar in front of him. "I lost Mjølner, I lost my powers, I can't go home, and worst of all, my father is dead and it's all my fault."

Thor admits everything to Peter and Tony as he downs the rest of his pint and slams the glass back down onto the bar top.

Thankfully, he didn't break the thing.

"I'm sorry to hear that. What was he like?" Peter asks, not knowing how to explain that Odin is alive.

At least he should be.

"Father was a patient, just, and wise king." Thor says as he stares down at the bottom of his empty glass. "If only I was the tiniest sliver of the man he was, then I wouldn't be here and he wouldn't be dead."

"Then strive to embody those characteristics and make his memory proud. Your father may be gone but you can be a better man to the people that were left behind. Be a better son, brother, person, king." Peter says as Thor's grip on his empty glass tightens. "You can't go back and fix the past but you can move forward and make a better future."

"..."

Silence filled the group as Tony took another shot and slammed it down on the bar top as well.

"And that's why he's Spider-Man! Saving the world one drunk bastard at a time." Tony says as he pats Thor on the back a few times. "It'll be alright big guy. My daddy's dead too."

"Okay, I think Tony's had enough..." Peter says as he turns to the bartender and hands over a hundred-dollar bill. "Let's cut him off for the night."



"Hey! I can still... Woah..." Tony stands up and tries to argue, but soon gets dizzy and sits back down.

"Hey, I know you, man..." An intimidating yet drunk group of locals enter the bar and one of them calls out to Peter's group. "You're Spider-Man!"

"Don't be an idiot. Spider-Man would never come to this sh\*tty town. He's just a fake!" Another calls out which riles up the group of drunkards.

As the group approaches, belligerent and looking for a fight, Peter could smell the heavy scent of liquor following them. He doesn't like where this was going...

"You think it's funny impersonating a superhero?" Someone in the group calls out as they surround Peter's group at the bar.

"What a bunch of violent idiots..." Peter couldn't help but think with an annoyed look under his mask.

"We have no quarrel with you." Thor turns and addresses the drunken mob. "Leave us to our drinks and we'll leave you to yours."

"You should shut the hell up, Princess!" A random drunk calls out to Thor.

'Run back home, little Princess!' The words that started his downfall in Jotunheim ring out in Thor's head upon hearing this.

Thor's fists tighten as he takes a sharp breath inward.

Peter looks over at Thor, concerned that he's going to lose it. Though, to his surprise, he remains unaffected by the drunken mobs baiting.

"I will not fight." Thor says as he is now a changed man. "Leave us be."

As Thor says this, Mjølfnir pulses and lights up for a third time before dimming down once again. Peter couldn't help but shake his head at this.

'You're really getting ready to leave me so soon, huh?' Peter thought as he looked at his temporary hammer.

"Then it'll be easier to kick your ass!" Another dumb\*ss says as the group laughs amongst themselves.

Out of nowhere, Tony stands up and steps in front of the mob of drunken fools.

"Ladies and gentlemen, let the bar fight begin!" Tony speaks like an announcer at a boxing match as he winds his arm back and sucker punches the closest guy, knocking him out as he hits the floor.

"I guess I will fight..." Thor mutters as he can't just leave his new friend to fight a whole group of drunkards alone.

The sounds of breaking wood and glass could be heard from the bar as Thor and Tony issue out a well-deserved beat down.

Peter, on the other hand, just sat at the bar and watched the fighting. He wouldn't get involved unless they needed his help, and by the way things were looking, he wouldn't have to get up.

"You going to help your friends?" The bartender asks Peter without much worry.

He was far too used to this group of local idiots coming in and causing trouble.

"Nah, they got it."

## Chapter 119: Hangover

The bright mid-afternoon sun shone through the windows of a small living room. The whole place was trashed with pizza boxes, beer bottles, and shot glasses. Even some questionable stains could be spotted all across the carpet as well.

Two men could be seen sleeping huddled together on the same couch, which also happened to have a few stains on them as well.

Beer stains to be exact.

If someone were to take a picture and post this image online, the world would wonder why Iron Man was sleeping in the arms of a muscle-bound blonde man.

\*camera flash\*

That was about to become a reality, as a blue and red spider-themed man took the perfect photo.

"I'm posting this on Instagram." Peter mutters as he instantly posts it without an ounce of shame.

"It's what they deserve." A voice called out from the kitchen.

Turning, Peter could see Jane Foster standing there in her pajamas with a cup of coffee in hand.

Last night, after drinking themselves stupid and getting into a bar fight, Thor ended up dragging them to meet his current love interest, Jane Foster.

And boy was she surprised when the crazy yet handsome man she met and hit with her car showed up unannounced in the middle of the night, and to make matters even more shocking, he brought Spider-Man and Tony Stark along as well.

Jane wanted nothing more than to kick them out and go to bed, but how could she possibly turn two living superheroes away?

So, Thor and Tony brought their two-man party to Jane's living room, while Peter and Jane supervised and tried their best to keep them under control.

It didn't take Jane long to get used to Peter and Tony's presence, as she was too busy keeping her living room intact to worry about anything else.

"Ugh... My head..." Tony muttered in pain as the light from the window hit his eyes, waking him from his drunken slumber.

As soon as Tony noticed the big strong manly arms wrapped around him, he freaked and rolled off the couch.

\*bang\*

"Ow, f\*ck!" Tony yelled as his body and face smacked into the floor.

"Morning sunshine!" Peter says in a loud and excited fashion.

"Uhh, please... for the love of god stop talking." Tony says as he holds his aching head.

"Quiet..." Thor begins to stir awake from all the commotion. "Are all of you humans this loud in the morning?"

Although Thor would usually be able to wake up on the day after a drunken bender without much consequence, the god-like king of Asgard was currently powerless, so he felt everything that Tony was feeling at this very moment.

'How do these mortals deal with this? My mouth is completely dry and my head is killing me...' Thor thought and instantly reprimanded himself for using the 'M' word.

"Good morning, your royal highness!" Jane says loud enough to make Thor flinch.

She just had to get her revenge for everything that happened last night.

"Lady Jane?" Thor asks in realization as he turns to see her standing in the kitchen. "What are you doing here?"

"This is my place." She replies and takes a sip of her coffee. "Well, It's a rental. I'm only staying here for research purposes."

"Right..." Thor mutters as he turns to see Tony stand up from the floor. "How did we get here?"

"You're asking the wrong guy. I was just as drunk as you last night." Tony says as he walks over to the windows and starts closing the blinds one by one. "Ahh, that's better."

"You wanted us to meet who you called the fair maiden Lady Jane Foster, so here we are. You guys drank, ordered pizza, and did your very best to trash the place." Peter says Tony paced into the kitchen and started drinking water directly from the sink's tap.

"... I'll pay for the damages..." Tony says as he stops drinking for only a moment before going right back at it again.

"Yeah, you will." Jane nods matter-of-factly. "I also charge a steep babysitting fee."

Tony doesn't even stop drinking as he gives her a thumbs up, not caring about how much he had to pay.

"You have a child?!" Thor was instantly alarmed, not understanding the joke.

"No, she means you and Tony." Peter says as Thor calms down.

\*knock knock\*

"Jane! Are you ready? We need to get going if we want to make our flight!" A man's voice calls out from the front door.

"Flight?" Thor questioned as Jane opens the front door, and in walked her research partner Professor Erik Selvig and assistant Darcey Lewis.

Selvig is an older man with grey hair, while Darcey is a dark-haired woman that seemed to be a few years younger than Jane.

"What the hell happened here?" Darcey asked as she saw the wrecked living room with Thor still on the couch. "Thor?"

"Hello..." Thor said as they entered the room.

"What are you..." Darcey begins to ask but stops in her tracks as she turns to see Spider-Man and Tony Stark standing in the kitchen. "What are the Avengers doing here? Did you commit a crime?!"

"Of course not! They're friends with Thor." Jane denies the accusation immediately as she points at Thor.

"What? The crazy guy that you hit with your car is friends with Spider-Man?" Darcey says in absolute disbelief.

"I'm not a crazy man..." Thor refutes as he stands up and walks to the kitchen, taking Tony's place at the sink as he downs as much water as possible.

While everyone was settling in and Darcey got her autographs, Selvig spoke up.

"Jane, unless you want to stay in New Mexico, we have a flight to catch." He says as he motions toward his watch.

"You're leaving?" Thor asks after Tony explained what a flight was.

"Yeah, those men in black, whatever they are. They took all of my research and even if I stay to try and build it all back up from scratch, they'll just come and take it all away again..." Jane says sadly as she stares down at her coffee mug.

"You mean Shield?" Peter asks.

"I think that's what they called themselves." Selvig says with a nod.

"I can get your research back for you, but you'll have to miss your flight." Peter says, getting a happy smile from Thor, who didn't want Jane to leave.

"You can really do that?" Jane asks in hope.

"Sure, I know the big boss of Shield, so I can just call and ask. He shouldn't have a problem with you getting your stuff back." Peter says as he takes out his phone and sends Fury a text and received a reply only seconds later. "There, he said he'll have some men bring your stuff back to your workplace later today."

"That was easy..." Darcey mutters.

"He's Spider-Man," Tony says as he opens the fridge and starts looking for some food but found nothing appetizing. "He could call up anyone and ask for a favor and they'd most likely say yes without thinking, but enough of that. I need food."

"Yes! I could go for a feast as well, my friend." Thor agreed as he was in the same position as Tony.

---

After deciding to stay and cancel their flight plans, Everyone decided to go out and get some food, as both Thor and Tony were hungover and starving.

As they were eating at the same diner once again, some oddly dressed characters made their way down the street.

Four towering warriors in intricate Asgardian armor walked down the center of the road, obstructing traffic along the way. Though they didn't seem to understand that they were doing so.

These warriors are the warriors three, Hogun, Fandral, and Volstagg, alongside the beautiful and deadly Lady Sif.

Townfolk stared in wonder at the four warriors, as they stroll down the street in all their Asgardian splendor.

A group of children in a nearby park hit a baseball, which happens to roll under a parked car. One kid runs to retrieve it, but couldn't reach it no matter how hard he tried.

Suddenly, the side of the car rises into the air. The boy looks over with his mouth dropping open at what he sees. Volstagg easily holds the car up with one hand.

Volstagg picks up the boy's ball and drops the car back down, handing the ball back to the boy and pats his head.

"There you go, lad!" He says as he walks off with the other Asgardians, leaving a shocked child behind.

"Is it just me, or does Earth look a little different to you?" Volstagg asks as he takes in the surroundings.

"It has been a thousand years..." Sif replies as they keep walking.

"Things change so fast here. You leave for a millennium, and it's like the whole neighborhood's gone." Volstagg remarks.

"Maybe we should split..." Sif says but stops as she sees a familiar mane of golden locks through a nearby window.

Inside the diner, Thor was eating and talking animatedly with Jane, doing his best to woo her when suddenly there was a knock on the window to his left.

Turning their heads, the group saw what appeared to be some sort of cosplayers outside waving at Thor with smiles on their faces.

"My friends!"

Chapter 120: Destroyer

-Asgard-

Loki stands with Gungnir in hand, surveying his kingdom from one of the many balconies on Asgard's royal palace, when an Einherjar Guard quickly approaches him, out of breath from rushing through the palace halls.



The Einherjar are a group of Asgardian warriors that serve as the army of Asgard and are the warrior class of its society. They are tasked with protecting Asgard and quelling conflicts within the Nine Realms.

"My liege, the Warriors Three and the Lady Sif have gone missing." The armored warrior states.

Loki's eyes narrow towards the rainbow bridge in the distance, knowing exactly who is responsible for this.

Gathering some soldiers, the King of Asgard made his way straight to the prime suspect.

Approaching Heimdall on the Rainbow Bridge with a small army of Einherjar Guards at his back, Loki stands menacingly before the all-seeing gatekeeper of Asgard, who doesn't even flinch upon seeing the forces surrounding him.

"Tell me, Loki, how did you get the Jotuns into Asgard?" Heimdall asks in an accusatory tone.

"I had nothing to do with the attempted robbery of the weapons vault. Though there are secret paths between worlds to which even you with all your gifts are blind to. Of course, I have no use for them anymore, now that I'm king." Loki says truthfully, knowing that he wouldn't be believed. "And as King, I say, for your act of treason, you are relieved of your duties as gatekeeper of Asgard. Your citizenship has also been revoked."

"Then I need no longer obey you." Heimdall raises his massive sword and strides toward Loki.

Before he could get too close, the army of guards slam the butts of their spears onto the ground and swiftly point them in the direction of the former gatekeeper in unison.

Although this causes Heimdall to stop his advance, the confident look in his eagle-like eyes doesn't lessen for a single second.

Not wanting to lose any of his men in a fight with one of Asgard's most skilled warriors, Loki reaches out with both hands and takes hold of something invisible, which was hovering in mid-air before him.

As it quickly fades into view, Heimdall is shocked to see the Casket of Ancient Winters appear in Loki's grasp.

The blueness creeps from his hands and up his arms, as Loki opens the Casket towards Heimdall, who is standing still in the center of dozens of spears.

From inside the Casket, all hell breaks loose.

The fury in the Casket is instantly unleashed as its winds screamed. Ice, snow, and darkness come flying straight toward Heimdall. An icy chill covers his body, freezing him slowly but surely.

The guards keep him from moving forward as the Casket completely freezes Heimdall into a living icy statue.

"You may return to your duties." Loki shoo's away the guards as he closes the Casket and vanishes it once again.

As the guards ran off, leaving only Loki and a frozen Heimdall behind, Loki inserts Gungnir into the Observatory's control panel and opens the Bifrost.

With a single gesture, the Destroyer appears before him, a fiery glow rising within it, as it turns its head toward its King.

"Ensure that my idiot brother and his friends do not return. I can't have them ruining my plans."

---

"My friends!" Thor happily races out of the diner to greet his comrades.

Peter follows him out with Tony following closely behind, both interested in meeting the warriors three and Sif. Especially when they find out that Peter has all of Thor's powers.

"I don't believe it..."

"Who are they?"

"He can't have been telling the truth?"

Jane and her group were shocked and in denial. They still didn't believe that Thor was the banished king of an alien race of god-like beings.

Though they would believe soon enough.

"My friends, I've never been happier to see anyone, but you shouldn't have come." Thor says, knowing that he deserves his exile.

"We're here to take you home." Sif reveals.

Jane did not appeared melancholy upon hearing the news of Thor leaving. She wanted to spend more time with the big muscle head.

"You know I can't. My father is dead because of me. I must remain in exile." Thor says woefully, causing his fellow Asgardians to exchange puzzled looks.

"Thor... your father still lives." Volstagg says, wondering why Thor thought Odin was dead.

"But... Loki said..." Upon uttering these three simple words, Thor knew exactly where he went wrong. "He lied..."

Believing in his brother, Loki, will always be Thor's greatest downfall.

"Thor, why does this oddly dressed mortal have your hammer?" Sif asks as she points to Peter, who walked over with Mjølner in hand.

"Yo." Peter says with a wave of his hammer. "I'm Spider-Man."

"Yo?" One of the warriors three repeats in confusion.

"Father placed an..." Thor tried to explain, but before he could get into it, the Bifrost storm began to form in the distance.

"Was somebody else coming?" Tony asks as the Bifrost funnel shoots down to the ground only 20 yards away.

As the funnel disappears, a large metal armor-like robot appears in the middle of the road. After witnessing the very odd event ending with the appearance of a killer robot, every sane person within the area started running and driving in the opposite direction as fast as they possibly could.

"What's the destroyer doing here?!" Thor exclaims in alarm as the metal automaton marches in his direction.

"Oh, now this just got interesting..." Tony says as he presses a button on his watch.

Tony is never too far away from his Iron Man suit. Merely seconds after hitting the button on his watch, a large missile comes flying over from out of town and hits the ground in front of him.

As the dust cleared from the impact, Tony was already suited up in his red and gold armor. When his mask slammed down into place, hiding his face, the Asgardians next to him couldn't help but gawk at such a magnificent set of armor.

"Midgard certainly is different..." Volstagg mutters, as even in Asgard this kind of armor would be impossible to find.

"I'll take the first round if you don't mind." Tony's metallic voice fills the air.

"Sure, have at it." Peter says as he spins Mjølfnir in hand. "Though, I call second round. I haven't been able to test out this baby to its fullest extent just yet."

"You got it, Web-Head." Tony says as his hands and feet light up and he shoots toward the incoming robot.

Turning to the side, Peter could see Thor looking intently at Mjølfnir.

"Unless you think you're worthy?" Peter remarks as he drops the hammer at Thor's feet, which causes the sidewalk to crack in a spiderweb pattern.

"What does he mean by that?" One of the warrior's three asks in confusion, wondering why Thor would need to be worthy.

\*Clang!\*

A loud metallic banging sound fills the street as Tony's metal fist collided with the Destroyer's fiery face. The force of the punch sends the Asgardian robot reeling backward but doesn't knock the thing off its feet.

"You're a hefty piece of machinery, aren't you?" Tony comments after scanning it and seeing that it wasn't alive. "Let's blow you up and see what happens. I'll use your scraps to update my suit."

While Tony was shooting missiles at the Destroyer and laying waste to any nearby structures, Thor stares down at Mjolnir with a look of uncertainty.

After a few more explosions went off as he watched the retreating forms of the nearby weak and frightened humans, Thor's resolve grew as he became determined to fight.

Hammer or no hammer. Powers or no powers. Mortal or not Thor would do his best to protect these people.

"Leave this town now." Thor says as he turns to look Jane in the eyes. "Get yourself and your friends to safety."

"What about you?" She asks worriedly.

"I must stay and fight. Only the King of Asgard can command the Destroyer, which means my brother is the one who sent it. It's my responsibility..." Thor explains.

Before Jane could argue back, Thor turned to his Asgardian comrades.

"I'm still a warrior, and I will fight by your side!" Thor exclaims as he stares down at Mjolnir.

"Good luck..." Peter says, feeling that this is the moment he loses exclusive use of Mjølñir. 'It was good while it lasted.'

Bending down as Tony clashes with the Destroyer, Thor reaches out and grips the handle of Mjølñir with a single hand.

'I can do this...'