

Spider-Man 131

Chapter 131: Awakening

"We'll send out rescue ships. We'll find you." Peggy Carter's voice plays out over the radio.

"I don't think there's going to be much left to find." Steve tells her in a resigned tone as the Hydra bomber he was currently in nosedives toward the icy ground.

The love of his life, Peggy Carter, didn't reply. He knew she was using every bit of her brilliant mind to think of ways to save him.

[Insert picture of Peggy Carter here]

"Peggy?" Steve calls her over the radio.

"...I'm here." Peggy answers with a shaky voice as if she were crying.

Steve stares at a photo of Peggy as the nose of the plane grew closer and closer to the ground.

"I'm going to need a raincheck on that dance." He says with a fond smile.

"A-All right. Next Saturday. The Stork Club." She stutters, hiding her crying as best as she could.

"Okay. You got it." Steve agrees, ignoring his impending doom while enjoying his time with the woman he loves.

"8:00 on the dot. If you're three minutes late I'm leaving, do you understand?" Peggy warns him jokingly.

"I still don't know how to dance." He laughs in self-deprecation

"I'll show you. I'll show you everything. Just be there." She tells him pleadingly.

Clouds whip past the windows as the plane plummets. Steve pockets the picture and slides his mask over his face, as Arctic ice rushes up at the cockpit window.

"Maybe the band could play something slow, I'd hate to step on your-"

BOOM!

In a futuristic-looking hospital room, Steve Rogers could be seen shaking in his sleep. He tossed and turned for a few moments, before shooting up out of the bed with a loud gasp for air.

heavy breathing

'Peggy?' Steve's first thought was for the woman he loves.

While he was getting his breathing under control, Steve looked around the room for any sort of information.

"Where am I?" He mutters as he sees the futuristic medical equipment and a flatscreen TV on the wall.

"New York."

Jumping out of bed and to his feet, Captain America turns to see a masked red and blue man sitting in corner of the room with a glowing device in hand(smartphone).

"Who are you?" Steve asks, ready to fight at any moment.

"Spider-Man." Peter answers as he points toward the window behind Steve. "You may want to be careful. Even in today's age, hospital gowns are rather revealing..."

Freezing in place, Steve feels a cool breeze on his backside. The Captain acts quickly and does his best to cover up, not taking his eyes off the strange masked man.

"There are clothes on the nightstand by the bed." Peter says as he stands, which causes Steve to fidget in anticipation of a fight. "I'll be waiting outside. I've seen enough of America's a*s for the day."

Without waiting for a reply, Peter walks out of the room, leaving a very bewildered Captain America behind.

As soon as the masked stranger left the room, Steve rushed to get dressed in an Avengers-branded sweatsuit and sneakers.

With clothes to cover himself, the Captain took a moment to search the room for clues of his whereabouts. Once again the futuristic appliances and design of the room surprised him.

Though what surprised him the most was the view from the floor-to-ceiling windows. Instantly, he knew the man from earlier wasn't lying.

This was New York City, for sure.

He was too high up to see the people and cars below clearly, but the architecture of some of the buildings was somewhat recognizable. Some even had these neon lights, which caused them to light up the night sky.

"What's happening?" Steve muttered as he worked up the courage to walk out the door.

As he stepped out into the hallway, Steve found the same stranger from earlier leaning against the wall across from him.

"Welcome to Avengers Tower, Cap." Peter says as he kicks off the wall and strolls down the hall. "Follow me."

"Look, I don't have time for whatever this is." Steve says as he chases after Peter. "I have to get in touch with the military and debrief..."

"No, you don't." Peter says as he stops to look Steve in the eye. "Just follow me. It'll be easier if you see for yourself."

"..." Steve reluctantly followed along into an elevator that went all the way to the ground floor.

Due to Captain America's late awakening, the lower portion of the tower was empty, as the large majority of Stark Industries employees clocked out of work hours ago.

Seeing that he was being taken to the ground floor, Steve was more at ease, as it would be easier for him to escape this way.

As the elevators opened, Peter took Steve to the main entrance, where the security greeted Peter with the utmost respect, surprising Steve. After all, Peter looked like some sort of masked criminal to him.

"Stark Industries?" Steve muttered as he saw the sign in the lobby.

"Yep, the lower half of the tower is the headquarters for Stark Industries, while the upper half is the Avengers Headquarters." Peter explains as they step out of the building and into the sidewalk.

'Avengers?' Steve thought in confusion.

Although it was late, New York was known as the city that never sleeps, so the passing pedestrians instantly recognized Spider-Man, and whipped out their phones to capture this rare moment.

"What are they doing?" Steve asks in confusion.

"I'm a bit famous. Don't mind them." Peter says as he motions to the waiting black car. "Hop in."

"What model is this?" Steve asks as he admires the modern car. "Did Howard start making cars?"

Only a Stark could make something so futuristic after all.

"No. Now hurry up. If we stay for too long a crowd will form and I'll be stuck here for days signing autographs and taking pictures." Peter says as he pushes the Captain into the back of the car and hops in behind him. "Get us out of here, Happy."

"You got it, Spider-Boss." Happy replies as he drives off.

"Take us to Time Square." Peter tells him as he sits back and watches Steve, who had his eyes glued to the window.

"Are you going to tell me what's going on now, Spider-Guy?" Steve turns to Peter and asks.

"Spider-Man, and the fact that you haven't figured it out yet is worrying..." Peter says as he takes out his phone and pulls up the Captain's medical report. "Maybe you do have brain damage?"

"Hey!" Steve exclaims with a disgruntled look on his face. "I've been extremely patient with whatever this is. I will not-"

"We're here!" Happy calls out from the front seat.

"Look out of the window again." Peter instructs.

Modern cars honk and roar in the street. Towering plasma screen billboards play advertisements. New-age people rush here and there with cell phones in hand. Futuristic architecture and art fill Steve's eyes, causing him to stagger in his seat.

"Who are you, really?" Steve turns to Peter once again.

"Spider-Man." Peter answers simply, smiling under his mask. "The others wanted to put up a show and break it to you slowly, but I thought it best not to beat around the bush."

"Break what?" Steve asks pointedly.

"You've been asleep for almost seventy years, Cap." Peter reveals the truth.

Steve turns back to the window, stunned by this realization.

"Seventy years..." Steve mutters in dread.

"What about the war?" Steve turns back to Peter. "Did we win?"

"Yup. Unconditional surrender." Peter nods as he motions back out the window. "If we didn't then you would be seeing a very different world right now. You played a very big part in securing that victory."

Steve didn't know how to react to all of this.

"How am I alive?" He asks in confusion.

"Dr. Erskine's formula combined with the extreme cold of the Arctic somehow preserved you. The second we thawed you out, your heart started beating again." Peter explains.

"I know it's a lot to swallow, but the world's not as different as it looks. There's still work to be done..." Peter says as he reaches into the front seat pulling over Steve's battered shield. "The world could still use a man like you. If you're up for it, that is."

'He would make a good director of the Avengers...' Peter thought as he handed the shield back to its rightful owner.

"I-I..." Steve didn't know what to say as he barely knew what was happening.

"Take your time. You've earned it." Peter says with a shrug. "Just know that there's a place for you in the Avengers if you're interested."

Of course, Steve had no idea what the Avengers were, but he would learn soon enough.

...

The car goes silent as Happy starts driving them back to Avengers tower.

"Are you alright?" Peter asks.

"Yeah, it's just..." Steve looked out of the window sadly. "I had a date."

Chapter 132: Steves Gilf Fetish

After dropping the truth bomb on Captain America, Happy drove them back to the tower, where Peter gave him a key card to get into and around the building.

"You're not a prisoner." Peter says as Steve took the card. "Feel free to come and go as you please."

Though before Steve could run off to explore the new world he has found himself in, Peter showed him to one of the Avenger's apartments.

"This will be yours for the time being." Peter says as he shows him around what is basically a penthouse apartment. "These apartments are for Avengers members, but an exception can be made for you."

"Uhh... Thanks." Steve was blown away by the apartment.

"No problem. Feel free to stay here as long as you want." Peter says with a shrug. "Especially if you decide to join the Avengers."

"What is the Avengers?" Steve finally asks.

"It's a team of superheroes." Peter answers plainly. "It started with me here in New York City, stopping bank robberies and rescuing cats from trees. Now we protect the earth from both foreign and domestic threats."

"Huh..." Steve was speechless for a moment as he looked Peter up and down. "Do you have superpowers?"

Superhero comic books were fairly popular back in his day, so the idea of superheroes was familiar to him at the very least.

"Yup, most people in the Avengers have their own superpowers." Peter nods as Steve looks at him with a skeptical look. "Don't believe me?"

"No... it just..." Steve says but Peter cuts him off.

"You know what?" Peter says as he smiles under his mask. "You've been frozen for a long time, Old Man. Why don't we head to the training room and break in those brittle bones of yours."

A confident smile forms on Steve's lips as he nods in agreement.

"Let's see what you got."

Escorting Steve to one of the many padded training rooms, Peter stood across from the man himself.

"Do you want a shield or something?" Peter asks, knowing the Captain's fighting style.

"No, hand-to-hand is fine." Steve shakes his head.

"Okay, just let me know if you throw out a hip or your arthritis starts acting up." Peter couldn't help but make old man jokes.

"Kids these days..." Steve mutters in annoyance.

"Who do you think will win?" Clint asks as every member of the Avengers watched through the cameras in the training room.

"The Captain." Coulson answers as he holds his Captain America trading cards tenderly.

"Your opinion doesn't count, fanboy." Tony laughs from the side, pouring himself a drink.

"Spidey will win." Natasha says confidently. "I've trained him and can easily say that Rogers doesn't stand a chance."

Coulson ignored her as he continued to root for his hero, Captain America. Everyone else just looked on in curiosity, hoping to see a good fight.

"Ladies and the elderly first, so make the firsts move." Peter says as he stands casually, waiting for his opponent to start things off.

"You asked for it..." Steve mutters as he kicks off the ground and rushes at Peter faster than Usain Bolt could ever dream of moving.

Sadly, this was Spider-Man he was up against.

As soon as Steve appeared in front of Peter, extending a fist toward his face, Peter merely twisted his body slightly. With the ease of handling a toddler, Peter dodged everything Steve threw at him.

Punches, kicks, elbows. No matter what Steve did, every one of his attacks was expertly and easily avoided.

Steve felt like he was having one of those bad dreams, where no matter how hard he punched his opponent, they were completely unaffected.

"You're pretty quick." Peter comments as he dodges a spartan kick to the chest. "Alright, I'll stop dodging for you."

Thinking that Peter was underestimating him, Steve rushed forward and doubled his efforts.

This time, instead of dodging, Peter met every attack thrown at him and parried them to the side. Punches were slapped away while kicks were punted to the side.

This seemed to really put things into perspective for Steve. Though he didn't bother slowing down, as he had some aggression to work out and this was the perfect opportunity to do so.

Everyone he knew is most likely dead, and he missed the life that he was meant to lead with the woman he loved. The anger and resentment inside of Steve needed to be worked out or else he would go crazy.

"Ahh!" Steve exclaimed as he tried a new combination of attacks.

Of course, they were all knocked away with relative ease.

"I think it's time to end this." Peter says as he drops down to the floor and spins, sweeping the Captain off of his feet and onto his back.

Heavy Breathing

"Good fight, Cap." Peter says genuinely, but Steve felt a sting in those words.

"Good fight?" He says, still catching his breath on the ground. "I didn't even put up a fight."

"That's only because I have more training and superpowers than you." Peter says with a shrug. "Now, go get some rest. You have a date tomorrow."

"Huh?" Steve grunted in confusion as he picked himself up off the floor. "What do you..."

"You're about seventy years late, but I'm sure she won't mind too much." Peter says as he walks out of the room, leaving a shocked Captain America behind.

"Peggy's still alive?"

In a bedroom with a hospital bed in place of a normal bed, an aged white haired Peggy Carter lays in bed, smiling at the handsome young man sitting at her bedside.

[Insert picture of old Peggy Carter here]

"You should be proud of yourself, Peggy." Steve says as he eyes the many pictures at his old lover's bedside.

"I have lived a life." Peggy turns her head to the photos before looking at Steve sadly. "My only regret is that you didn't get to live yours."

Steve goes silent for a moment as he looks down at the floor.

"What is it?" Peggy asks, reading him like an open book.

"For as long as I can remember I just wanted to do what was right." Steve says as he stares off into the distance. "I guess I'm just not quite sure what that is anymore."

With the war long over and the world at relative peace, at least for the time being, Steve didn't know what to do with himself. He was engineered in a lab to fight the good fight, yet here he is in a peaceful future without a clue of what to do with himself.

"You're always so dramatic." Peggy laughs at her young lover. "Look, you saved the world."

"Yeah, I've heard." Steve smiled in her direction.

Grabbing Steve's hand and pulling him closer, Peggy looks him straight in the eyes.

"The world has changed and none of us can go back." Peggy says as regret and sadness fill both of their faces. "All we can do is our best and sometimes the best we can do is stay over-"

Cough Cough...

Peggy breaks out in a fit of coughs as Steve rushes to get her a glass of water. As he turns back to hand her the glass, Peggy stops coughing and freezes. She looks at Steve with shock and surprise written all over her face.

"Steve?" She asks as her dementia starts showing, completely forgetting the whole conversation they just had. "You're alive?"

"Yeah..." Steve plays along as he was warned about this earlier.

"You came back..." Peggy begins to cry and weep as she gripped his hand. "It's been so long."

"Well, I couldn't leave my best girl, not when she owes me a dance." Steve holds back his own tears as he smiles warmly in her direction.

The conversation continued for a short while as the two reminisced, but soon Peggy's dementia started acting up again, causing her to forget who he was completely.

At that point, Steve's presence seemed to make her uncomfortable, so he said his goodbyes and left, promising to visit again on his way out.

Watching sadly from the window at her bedside, Peggy saw Steve get into the back of a black car, which swiftly drove off.

"That was a cruel thing you just did." A voice appears in the room.

Turning her head to her newest visitor, Peggy found none other than Spider-Man himself standing in her doorway.

"Cruel but effective." Peggy answers without an ounce of regret. "Steve needs to move on with his life, and he can't do that while chasing the skirt of a dying old woman. He deserves a happy life after all that he's done."

Peggy didn't have Alzheimer's or Dementia. No, she just didn't want to be an anchor in the new life of the man she loved, so she did her best to scare him away.

"What if I said that I could make you young again?"

Chapter 133: Convinced

"What if I said that I could make you young again?" Peter says as he strolls in and takes a seat at her bedside.

"I would say prove it." She eyes Peter with a skeptical, yet curious glare as the old Agent Carter comes out.

"Well, you would be the first human test subject." Peter admits as he leans back into the chair Steve was in only moments ago. "In a way, you would be the proof that it works."

"How reassuring..." Peggy says with a heaping helping of sarcasm.

"You're already dying." Peter shrugs uncaringly. "Either you die during the process or die naturally a week or two from now. At least my option has a chance of survival, not to mention the perk of regaining your youth."

"Why?" She asks.

"Why what?" Peter asks back.

"Why are you offering me this?" Peggy clarifies.

"Well, if things go as I plan, Steve will become the director of the Avengers, running the day to day operations, but he isn't exactly the administrative type, is he?" Peter says, causing Peggy to unconsciously smile for a moment.

"No, he isn't." She admits fondly.

"Though that doesn't mean he'll make a bad director. In fact, I think he would be the best person for the job." Peter admits with a shrug.

"What does this have to do with me?" Peggy asks with a raised eyebrow. "You want to make me young so that Steve can have a secretary?"

Although she said that jokingly, Peter nodded in agreement.

"Yup, though you would be the Vice Director, not a secretary." He says, shocking her into a silent stupor.

"..." Peggy just stared at him for a moment before speaking. "You want to use me as a test subject so you can hire me?"

"Pretty much. You helped build Shield and even became its Director, a similar position to what I plan for Steve. I also happen to need a test subject as well, so it's a win-win situation."

"..." Peggy goes silent for a moment as she weighs her options.

On one hand, she has a chance to be with the man she loves. Peggy is already dying and truthfully doesn't have more than a few weeks left, so dying from a failed experiment a couple of weeks earlier isn't that big of a deal to her.

On the other hand, she didn't fully believe Peter's words. He says that he's doing this to hire a younger Peggy Carter and use her as a test subject, but she can't shake the feeling that theirs more to why he's doing this.

Peggy would be correct in that assumption, though it's not as sinister as she presumed.

The main reason behind all of this, other than what's already been mentioned, is two things.

One, dragon bones are extremely rare and Peter refuses to test them on someone that isn't worth the loss of such a rare material. Not to mention the fact that that test subject would gain countless new years of life and some minor superpowers.

Two, Peter planned to change what happened in Infinity War and End Game. Meaning, if things go the way Peter is planning, then Thanos won't win and there would be no reason for any time traveler shenanigans.

Without time travel, Steve would never get to spend a long and happy life with the woman he loves, Peggy Carter.

Seeing as his interference would ruin Steve and Peggy's happy ending, Peter thought it best to do the couple a favor.

"Fine, how do we do this?" Peggy finally gives her answer.

"I'm happy you agreed." Peter smiles under his mask as he stands up and walks to the door. "I'll be here tomorrow night to pick you up. Make sure you're alone by 7:00."

"..." Peggy didn't expect it to happen so fast, so she was stunned into silence as Peter left. "What did I just get myself into?"

As Peter portal'd home, he grabbed all of his research for the Resurrection Elixer alongside the needed amount of crushed dragon bones and portal'd to his old secret lair.

"I haven't used this place since the Avengers Tower was finished." Peter muttered as he admires his old makeshift extreme gym.

The Tower had better gym equipment, so Peter didn't need this old place anymore. Though seeing it all dusty and abandoned gives him a sad nostalgic feeling.

'Maybe I should buy this place and turn it into my own base away from the Avengers...' Peter thought as this abandoned warehouse held a lot of fond memories from when he first started his hero work.

Saving that thought for another time, Peter got to work. He only had until tomorrow night to put everything together after all.

First, Peter needed a sealed coffin that wouldn't leak if it were filled to the brim with liquid.

He already had plans for this, so at the corner of the room were materials and tools to build it himself. Peter ordered them a few weeks ago, when he figured out how to fix the blood problem for the Elixir.

The problem was simple, Peter needed fresh blood in large quantities and didn't want to hurt others to get it, so he went to Kamar-Taj to, hopefully, find a magical solution to his problem.

Sadly, blood-related Mystic Arts seemed to be looked down upon by most of the sorcerers of Kamar-Taj, so he couldn't find anything in their library.

Maybe some Masters had helpful books in their private collections, but Peter didn't have access to those.

Since that was the case, Peter scavenged the library for anything that could be useful, and eventually, he found something interesting. It was a simple spell that was built to infinity multiply the amount of water you had on hand.

The spell would be placed on a jug or canteen, and the water inside would never run out. Masters use this spell when traveling to dimensions that don't have water, as they need water to survive like any other human being.

Peter took this spell and spent a good amount of time studying and tweaking it. It only worked with water at the beginning, but after some fine-tuning, Peter was able to make separate spells that worked for different liquids.

Not only did he make one that works on blood, but Peter has other spells like this that work for all of his favorite beverages.

It's safe to say that the Parker residents don't pay for their drinks anymore. The fridge is filled with enchanted bottles filled with infinite soda, milk, juice, water, etc.

Not only that, but the magic also keeps everything from spoiling, so it's always as fresh as the day it was bottled. This was something that was needed for the blood, as the Resurrection Elixir only worked with fresh blood.

With his infinite source of fresh blood, Peter solved the only problem blocking him from utilizing the Elixir.

When he told Peggy that there was a chance of her dying in his little experiment, Peter was exaggerating by a lot. Based on his tests and the proof of success from the Hand, Peter was about 99% sure of Peggy's survival.

The remaining 1% was just there for the off chance that something went wrong, which wasn't likely.

The only reason he said that to her was that he didn't want to reveal anything about the Hand to Peggy. Without using the Hand as a reference, then his little experiment seems extremely risky.

As Peter built the metal coffin that would hold Peggy in her bath of Resurrection Elixir, he was undecided as to which blood to use for her.

Peter has three sets of blood, which he could mix with the dragon bone powder for Peggy.

First, is normal human blood that Peter stole from a blood drive. With it, the Elixir would have the same effect that it's always had. Superhuman strength and endurance alongside a longer lifespan. Possibly some chi-related powers as well, but Peter would have to see about that.

Second, Peter's own blood. Due to his enhancements, the effects of the elixir would most likely change dramatically. The possibility of minor spider-related powers emerging would be highly likely.

Third, Steve's blood. Before taking the Captain off of his sedatives, Peter took a sample of his fresh blood, which he immediately placed in a spelled jug. Once again, the effects of the elixir would most likely change. Minor Super Soldier-related powers would be likely to develop.

...

'If she's going to be with Captain America, then why not use his blood?' Peter thought as he finished the coffin alongside a tube, where the Elixir would pour in from a connected container.

Once he was finished with that, Peter didn't have anything else to do for now. He couldn't make the elixir just yet, as it had to be fresh. That would have to wait until tomorrow.

"If this works, I can finally give MJ and Ned their superpowers, though maybe I should wait and give them the Super Soldier Serum first?" Peter muttered in thought.

After all, the Elixir might freeze them at their current age, which wouldn't be good.

'I'll have to run some tests on Peggy after tomorrow.'

Chapter 134: Experiment Begins

Returning home that night, Peter didn't tell anyone about Peggy or his plan with the Elixir. In fact, he has kept the Elixir a secret from just about everyone for all this time.

Peter didn't want to get his loved one's hopes up, but mainly he wanted to keep the existence of the Elixir as quiet as possible.

Immortality is a dangerous thing to go around advertising after all.

If tomorrow's experiment is a success, then Peter could tell his loved ones and possibly a select few in the Avengers, as Peggy may not be able to keep her mouth shut.

'Hopefully, she's a good secret keeper, though I can expect Steve to know about it sooner or later...'
Peter thought.

Of course, Peter won't be telling anyone about the contents of the Elixir, as not even Peggy will know. They'll only know that he has a way to reverse aging, prolong life, and give minor superpowers.

Drifting off to sleep that night, Peter wondered whether he should tell his loved ones about the Elixir or not. After all, he may not use it on them for a while.

'Eh, whatever I'll just go with the flow...' Peter thought as he texted MJ goodnight and fell asleep.

Waking up the next day, Peter attended school as usual, before rushing over to the Avengers Tower to pick up Tony for their Morag exploration.

He still had a few hours before Peggy's experiment, and Peter promised Tony that they would explore today, so he couldn't just ditch.

Before heading to Tony, Peter checked in on Steve and found him working out his inner feelings on a heavy punching bag.

bang bang bang... Boom!

He threw a combination of punches that ended in a haymaker, which launched the heavy bag off of its chains and into a nearby wall.

'Maybe he needs more alone time?' Peter thought as he slipped away.

Sometimes people just need to be left alone to work out their feelings, so Peter would leave Steve be for the time being.

Heading toward the elevator, Peter arrived just in time for Tony to step out with his Iron Man suit on and his face mask open.

"Good, you're here!" Tony says excitedly. "Quick open a portal. I want to fly around and explore that planet!"

"How did you know I was here?" Peter asks with a tilt of his head.

"Jarvis told me." Tony answers with a shrug. "Now let's go! I want to discover some alien life forms."

"Once again, Morag is an abandoned planet. There's nothing left on that rock, but your welcome to try, I guess." Peter says as he opens a portal.

Without even acknowledging Peter's words, Tony shoots off into the portal, leaving Peter behind as he flies off into the distance to explore Morag.

"..." Peter watched and sighed in annoyance as his friend used him as a glorified taxi service only to ditch him seconds later. "At least he has his suit..."

Ignoring Tony's behavior, Peter enters the metal base he built and starts running tests with the equipment he brought. He needed a lot of data in order to start understanding and predicting this world's ocean tides.

"Why does it always turn out like this?" Peter muttered as he got to work. "Tony gets to run off and have all the fun while I do all of the work..."

Sadly for Tony, their time on Morag was cut short, as Peter's alarm went off, letting him know that it was 6:30 pm. Only half an hour before he had to go and pick up Peggy for her procedure.

After spending a good ten minutes to find Tony, Peter had to drag him back to earth kicking and screaming, which was annoying as hell to deal with.

Leaving a disgruntled Tony Stark behind, Peter escaped before he could hear any more of his friends b*tching.

Arriving at his warehouse lair, Peter got straight to work, mixing Captain America's blood and the dragon bone powder. He needed it to be ready for when Peggy arrived.

Once the clock hit 7:00 pm on the dot, Peter portal'd into Peggy's bedroom, though his sudden and magical appearance didn't seem to shock the elderly woman as he expected.

"No fun..." Peter jokingly whined like a child. "You're supposed to be shocked by the portal."

"Oh my god... How did you do that?" Peggy sarcastically pretends to be surprised from her hospital bed.

"Okay, don't rub it in." Peter whines some more. 'If she knows about my portals, then Peggy must still have access to high-level Shield information.'

"Are you here to complain about my reactions or make me younger?" Peggy asks with a raised eyebrow.

"That's right!" Peter says excitedly as he banished his former attitude. "The granny before me has a studly soldier with a well-rounded booty waiting for her arrival. We should hurry, as America's a*s waits for nobody! Who knows how many harpies or succubi are eying him as we speak."

"Succubi?" Peggy asks as her lips quirk upward involuntarily.

"It's plural for a succubus." Peter answers as the portal closes behind him.

"Right..." Peggy says, giving up on this conversation. "Can we get going? I want to get this over with quickly. Either I die tonight or I start my life anew."

"Sure, take this..." Peter says as he walks over and hands her a few pills.

"What is it?" Peggy asks as she eyes them warily.

"A sedative." Peter says as he dumps the pills into her hand. "You'll be asleep for the entire procedure."

"Is this necessary?" She looks up from her pills and asks.

"Yes, you'll have to be asleep for the procedure anyway, but mostly, I'd like to keep the whole thing as secretive as possible." Peter answers as he motions for her to take the pills.

Sighing in defeat, Peggy pops the handful of pills into her mouth and grabs a nearby glass of water to wash them down.

"I don't know why I'm trusting you..." Peggy mutters under her breath, but Peter heard her loud and clear.

"Because I'm your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man," Peter says with an exaggerated thumbs up.

"Sure..." Peggy mutters as she starts to get drowsy and leans back into her soft pillows. "Just don't cut me open and sell my organs on the black market..."

"Yes, Ma'am." Peter says as her eyes slowly droop shut and her breathing becomes even and repetitive.

Seeing that Peggy was fast asleep, Peter opened a portal to his warehouse lair and carefully carried the elderly woman inside.

As the portal closed behind them, Peter walked over to the metal coffin he created yesterday and gently placed her inside.

'She's so old that this feels like a weird funeral...' Peter thought as he looked down at her sleeping figure. 'Though she won't be old for long I suppose.'

Without further a-due, Peter starts cutting off her clothes with a pair of sharp scissors, as he didn't know if clothing would affect the process whatsoever. Throughout the whole process, he did his best to be quick and not look at her old and wrinkled body, though that was easier said than done.

In order to be as respectful as possible, Peter shut the lid on the coffin as soon as he was done stripping her naked.

'I don't know if I can ever get the image of wrinkled, saggy, granny breasts out of my head...' Peter thought as he did his best to erase what he saw from his mind. "Maybe I can ask the Ancient One to erase my memories later..."

Pushing all of these thoughts aside, Peter quickly gets to work.

Connected to the coffin by a small pipe was a big metal oil drum, which was currently filled to the brim with a thick black liquid.

This liquid is the Resurrection Elixir.

Peter carefully mixed the Elixir only moments before leaving to pick up Peggy, so everything was ready to go. All he has to do is turn the lever beside the pipe and the coffin would fill with the Elixir, starting the process.

"Good luck..." Peter muttered as he turned the lever.

Instantly, black liquid from the oil drum flowed through the pipe and into the coffin, slowly covering Peggy's sleeping body.

Within moments, the oil drum was empty and the coffin was full. Peggy's body was completely submerged, drowning in the thick viscous liquid.

"It's nothing but waiting now..." Peter muttered as he found a place to sit and took out his phone. 'Are there any new YouTube videos out today?'

Chapter 135: Success?

After hours of watching Youtube videos beside Peggy's coffin, Peter started to get worried that she may not survive the process.

"Maybe the reproduced blood doesn't work for some reason?" Peter muttered as he started pacing around the metal coffin.

It was already morning, meaning Peggy spent the entire night submerged in the Elixir.

Peter wasn't sure if she was still alive or not.

It's not like he had anyone that he could call and ask about this either. All of the people that knew the ins and outs of the Resurrection Elixir are nothing but little specks of ash in the ocean.

The dragon bones had become a very rare and finite resource for the Hand, so the only people that were allowed the use of them were the fingers, who are long gone.

'I'm starting to regret killing all of them right about now...' Peter thought as he now knew that he should have at least kept one of them as a prisoner for information. 'Though sacrificing them did stop a thousand-year war with the Chaste, so I don't regret it too much.'

At this point, Peter started to second guess himself and was thinking of opening the coffin to check on Peggy. Though, for all he knew, doing so could interrupt the process and mess everything up, possibly killing her along the way.

Peter battled these thoughts up until midday when he couldn't take it anymore and gave up. Walking up to the metal coffin, Peter reached over and slowly lifted it open.

'Just a peek won't hurt, right?' Peter thought as the lid fully opened, revealing a rectangular box full of thick black liquid.

Just as Peter was leaning in to get a closer look, the black Elixir rippled as if someone had dropped a stone inside and disturbed the calm liquid.

'Huh?' Peter watched the Elixir move in confusion. 'Does that mean it's working?'

Just as Peter thought this, a black tar-covered Peggy Carter emerged as swift as a bolt of lightning, gasping for air.

Heavy Breathing

"Oh, sh*t!" Peter exclaimed as he was jump scared by the sudden occurrence.

"...I can't see..." Peggy spoke in fright as she starts to catch her breath.

"You should be able to see." Peter says as he rushes to get her a nearby towel. "You're only having trouble because of the liquid."

Peter was careful not to use the word Elixir, as he doesn't want Peggy to know anything more than she has to.

"What?!" Peggy asks as her ears were also clogged with the black substance.

Giving up on speaking, for the time being, Peter starts wiping her face with the towel, which she grabs from him out of instinct and takes over.

After a few moments, Peggy's face was somewhat clean, but her eyesight was blurry and she still couldn't hear a thing.

Though from what Peter could see, the process seemed to be a success. Peggy's face was far more youthful than it was before. Her skin was much tighter and without a single wrinkle in sight.

Peter couldn't tell for sure, as there were still a few black smudges on her face, but Peggy looked to be in her mid to late twenties.

"Okay, I didn't fully prepare for the clean-up portion of this, so let's just take you home so you can shower." Peter says but she didn't respond, as everything sounded like she was underwater.

"Was it a success? I feel... different!" Peggy says loudly, as she can't hear her own voice either.

As Peggy says this, she grabs the sides of the metal coffin with each hand in order to stand up. Tightening her hands on the coffin for stability, the metal instantly bends and twists in her grip as if it were nothing but a thin piece of paper.

'Huh, I was right about the power-up due to the blood...' Peter thought as he opened a portal straight into Peggy's shower back at her house.

The second Peggy stood up, she slips and fell out of the coffin, hitting the concrete floor.

Bang

"If you were still old that fall would be life-ending..." Peter said as he reached over and helped her up.

Thankfully, her entire body was covered in a thick layer of Elixir, so he couldn't see any of her naughty bits. Peter is a taken man and Peggy is a taken woman after all.

It was different when she was old and unappealing...

Knowing that she couldn't hear him, Peter guided her through the portal, which led directly into her shower, turning it on immediately.

As the water washed over her skin, the bloody black Elixir started to wash off and make its way down the drain. Peter took this as a sign to get the hell out of there. She could figure out the rest herself, but from what little he saw on his way out, Peter knew that the experiment was a complete success.

Her body was younger and the power-up was obvious from what she did to the coffin only moments earlier.

As he left the bathroom, Peter closed the portal as well. He didn't want Peggy investigating his secret lair after all.

"I guess it's just waiting now..." Peter muttered as he walked into her living room and turned on the TV.

-Peggy POV-

Although her sight was blurry, Peggy knew where Peter brought her. It's hard not to recognize your own shower after all.

Though Peggy has been on a strict sponge bath routine lately, as she didn't have the strength to leave her bed anymore, so it has been a while since she's been in her own bathroom.

'Thank god I'll never have to do that again...' Peggy thought as she stood on her two legs without any signs of fatigue.

She couldn't remember the last time her body felt so young and spry.

Speaking of sponge baths, as a 90-year-old adult woman that has lived through war, having another person wash you in bed because you couldn't do it yourself is downright degrading.

Due to the black liquid infesting every crevice of her body, Peggy took almost an hour in the shower before finally turning it off and stepping out.

While in the shower, she saw the youthful appearance of her body, but she hadn't gotten a look at her face just yet. Walking over to the sink, Peggy wipes the steam off of the mirror above and froze in shock.

It's one thing to look down and see a pair of arms and legs, but it's a whole other to see the face you once had seventy years ago.

[Insert picture of young Peggy Carter again]

"I-I'm Young again!" Peggy exclaims as her eyes go wide and she clasps a hand over her mouth. "I sound so different..."

Before, Peggy had the shaky and broken voice of a dying 90-year-old woman, but now she looked and even sounded young again.

After staring at her naked form in the mirror for a long while, Peggy grabbed a nearby towel and covered herself as she rushed out of the bathroom.

-Peter POV-

As Peter was watching Looney Tunes in Peggy's living room, he suddenly heard the sounds of wet feet pacing his way.

Lowering the volume and standing up, Peter turned just in time to see Peggy rush in with nothing but a towel on.

"It worked!" She practically screamed as she ran over to Peter and wrapped him in a hug. "Thank you so much..."

"Uhh, no problem." Peter says as he keeps his arms at his sides. "As I said before, this is a win-win for both of us. I just hope that you accept my job offer."

"Yes, of course." Peggy nods as she releases Peter and straightens her towel. "I would be more than happy to become the Vice Director of the Avengers. Anything beats laying in a hospital bed every day until my eventual death."

Soon, an awkward silence fills the room as Peggy looks down and realized that she was only wearing a towel.

"I-I'll be right back!" She blurts out and rushes toward her bedroom.

...

A few minutes later, Peggy returned in clothes that would only fit the style of a 90 year old granny.

"How do I look?" Peggy asks, unsure of her current wardrobe.

"Like you spent the night at your grandmother's house and had to borrow her clothes." Peter answers truthfully.

"But all of my old clothes are in storage back in the Uk..." She says with a defeated sigh.

"Well, you can't go meeting the love of your life dressed as an old granny." Peter says as he came to the only logical conclusion. "You need to go shopping."

Chapter 136: Lovers Reunited

Since Peggy was far too excited to meet Steve again as her younger self, she rushed to the nearest store and bought the first outfit that looked good on her.

Meanwhile, Peter hid in the car as he didn't feel like being swarmed by Spider-Man fans. If he went in with her, then soon enough they would be stuck in a sea of people asking him for autographs and pictures.

Although Peter liked interacting with his fans, it can easily get very overwhelming. Even in a small clothing store, if he stayed long enough, word would spread and thousands of people will converge on his location. With all of them hoping to meet Spider-Man.

It just wasn't worth the hassle.

After waiting for only ten minutes, Peggy came walking out in a much more modern outfit. She wore a slim black women's pants suit with black high heels.

The little swing in her hip along with the pep in her step said it all. Peggy felt young and beautiful again, which boosted her confidence far above what it's been lately.

"It's been so long since I've been able to wear heels." Peggy says with a smile as she gets into the driver's seat.

"Well, I'm just happy that I could make that possible for you again." Peter says as he enjoyed her happy mood.

He felt a strong sense of accomplishment for helping Peggy. Yesterday she was a dying old woman and now she was on her way to living a long and happy life.

"Find an empty road and I'll open a portal into the underground parking lot in Avengers tower." Peter says as she starts driving.

As they drive through traffic, Peter explains some things to her.

"Alright, I know we're kind of rushed so let me explain a bit about your new body." He says as she listens carefully while keeping her eyes on the road. "First, you should have a much longer lifespan than a normal human. It's not infinite, but you'll live for a long time."

"How long is a long time?" Peggy asks curiously.

"I'm not sure." Peter says with a shrug. "I'll have to run some tests to find out, but that can wait for another day."

"Okay, anything else?" She asks as they stop at a red light.

"Yes, you may not have noticed it yet, but you have super strength." Peter says, causing her to turn to him with a raised eyebrow.

"Really?" Peggy asks with a small hint of excitement in her voice.

"Yup, you should have more than just super strength as well." Peter says as he explains her earlier destruction of the thick metal coffin. "You should have other powers too, but I would have to run some tests to find out exactly what they are."

"..." Peggy got quiet as she looks down at the steering wheel and gripped it tightly.

Instantly, the wheel started to bend and crack. Before it could break and ruin their current mode of transport, Peggy released the wheel and stared at her own hand in shock.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

The sounds of car horns break Peggy from her stunned silence. The light turned green and the drivers behind them were getting p*ssed that they were blocking a lane.

Pressing the accelerator, Peggy starts driving as she contemplated the fact that she now had superpowers.

'Not only did he give me my youth back, but super powers as well...' Peggy thought as she glanced at Peter through the rearview mirror.

Peggy would never be able to repay him.

The car remained silent until Peggy found an empty road, where Peter opened a portal big enough for her to drive through. When they passed through it and entered the underground parking lot, the portal snapped shut behind them.

"I don't know if I can do this..." Peggy mutters nervously as she parked the car. "I've waited seventy years for him. What if my stunt the other day ruined everything?"

"What happened to the confident Agent Carter?" Peter taunts with a tilt of his head. "You have seventy more years of life experience compared to Steve. This should be easy for you. Hell, you could probably just stroll up and kiss the guy without a word and that would be enough."

"..." Peggy goes quiet as the steering wheel cracks under her nervous grip. "You're right."

"Good, let's go." Peter says as they get out of the car and walk over to a nearby elevator.

Putting in his security code, Peter presses the floor number that Steve is staying on.

"No turning back now." He says as the elevator doors close.

-Steve POV-

Pow Pow Pow...

Ever since Steve visited Peggy and witnessed what time had done to her, he couldn't shake this feeling of rage within himself.

Steve was angry, which is why he spent every waking moment in the towers gym, destroying countless punching bags.

Bang... Boom

With one fully powered punch, Steve knocked the punching bag off of its chains and sent it flying into the wall. This would be the fifth bag he has done this to.

Thankfully, the gym had another five for him to use. At least until he broke those as well.

Although Steve was angry, that anger was placed on no one but himself. His mind kept replaying the moments leading up to the crash, finding all sorts of ways that things could have gone different.

Thoughts littered with the phrases 'could have' and 'should have' filled his mind constantly.

All of these thoughts lead to the same outcome. Steve makes it back in time to take Peggy out on their planned date, but thoughts of what could have and should have can't change the past.

No, the past is set in stone.

He is stuck with the stupid decisions that he made, and the punishment for that is the loss of the love of his life.

Steve may not be the brightest mind in the world, but he could see that Peggy didn't have much time left. The fact that she made it all the way to her 90s is already impressive.

So, how does an angry Super Soldier deal with all of these emotions and realizations? He trains until the equipment can't handle his strength anymore. Hence the pile of five broken punching bags in the corner of the room.

With another punching bag destroyed, Steve decided to call it a day and started walking back to his apartment. Along the way, his mind continued formulating alternate plans that would have reunited him with the love of his life seventy years sooner.

"It's all my fault..." Steve muttered as he walked with his gaze sullenly pointed downward.

"What's your fault, Captain?" A familiar female voice filled the hall.

"Huh?" Steve grunted in confusion as he looked up to see a very familiar woman, which shocked him into a frozen stupor.

It wasn't the arrival of the woman that shocked him, but the fact that she didn't look as he remembered seeing her only a couple of days ago.

"What's the matter, Soldier?" She says with a teasing smile. "Cat got your tongue?"

"I-I..." Steve stuttered as he was lost for words.

Standing before him is the spitting image of the Peggy Carter he remembered from seventy years ago. His heart pounded as he took in her image with his mouth hung open in shock.

"Let me help you with that." Peggy says as she walks up and takes Peter's earlier advice.

Grabbing Steve by the scruff of his shirt, Peggy pulls him down and smashes her lips onto his. The already shocked Captain America was clueless as his eyebrows shot upward.

Before he had the time to reciprocate the kiss, Peggy pulled back and admire the stupid look on Steve's face.

"God, I missed that look." She says with a fond smile.

"How?" Steve finally gets a word out.

"Spider-Man helped me." Peggy replies as he pulls her into a tight hug. "It's a long story."

"Well, I have all the time in the world." Steve says as he refused to let her out of his grasp.

"You're sweaty..." Peggy mutters as she notices his wet clothes.

"Yeah, I've been in the gym all day." Steve explains, still refusing to let her out of his hug.

Suddenly, Peggy shoved him backward with a bit more strength than he was prepared for, which caused him to release her and stumble back a few steps.

"How did you do that?" Steve asks as no normal human could do that to him with a simple shove.

"I'll tell you after you get cleaned up." Peggy says as she grabs his hand. "You still owe me a date after all."

Chapter 137: Fury Finds Out

Peter watched from down the hall as Peggy revealed herself to Steve. As soon as they started to kiss, he knew that they should have some alone time and walked away.

Peggy has already been told to keep the details of her youthful reemergence a secret, though Peter said that she could tell Steve as long as he keeps it quiet as well.

Of course, Peter allowed them to say that it was his doing, as the building's cameras have already seen them enter together. Anyone who looks into it would see that he was the one to bring Peggy into the building in the first place.

Peter also instructed her to contact him or have Steve contact him in case of any emergencies related to the procedure.

You can never be too careful.

Truthfully, she should be under a sort of house arrest right now, so that Peter could study her body and make sure everything went smoothly, but he knew that wasn't going to happen.

Peggy is a very headstrong woman. Nothing would keep her away from Steve right now, which is why Peter allowed her some time directly after the procedure.

She better enjoy it too, because as soon as the next day arrives, her life will be nothing but medical tests for at least a week. Blood tests, X-Rays, CT scans, Biopsy's, etc. Peter would run every test he could dream of in order to understand what the Elixir actually did to her body.

Thankfully, as Peggy was an old and dying woman, her medical history is filled with such tests, so he would have a good reference to see what changed.

Leaving the two love birds in the tower, Peter returned to his warehouse lair and started cleaning up. There were small pools and trails of black blood Elixir alongside an open coffin full of the stuff.

Of course, he did keep some samples of the used Elixir for testing, though he already knew that the Chi was completely gone by now, as it was absorbed into Peggy's body.

Once the place was completely clean, Peter could finally return home to get some sleep. After all, he spent the whole night watching over Peggy throughout the whole process.

Peter may have superpowers and could go days without sleep, but those days wouldn't be very happy for him and especially those around him. A tired Peter Parker is a moody mess of a man.

...

Just as Peter laid his head onto the soft pillow of his bed, ready to close his eyes and go into a 12-hour-long coma, his phone started ringing.

[Ring ring ring...]

"Motherf*cker..." Peter cursed as he grabbed his phone and answered it with his eyes still closed. "What?"

"Someone's cranky today..." The voice of his beautiful girlfriend was heard over the phone, which woke Peter from his tired stupor.

"Sorry, I spent the whole night working on something for someone and now I'm trying to sleep." Peter says truthfully but doesn't go into detail. "I can explain more later if you want but I'm too tired for that right now."

Truthfully, he expected it to be Tony or Fury calling him about Peggy, not his girlfriend.

"Okay, I'll let you sleep then." MJ says understandingly.

"You could come over and sleep with me?" Peter offers but soon realizes the innuendo in his words. "Well, not that kind of sleeping... Uhh... I mean actual sleeping and not sex. I mean, you said you're not ready yet so..."

MJ couldn't contain herself anymore and broke out in a fit of laughter. She loved the way Peter could go from the smartest person she knew to a blabbering idiot like flipping a switch.

"Hey, don't laugh at me!" Peter protests as he turns in his bed. "I've been awake for like 40 hours..."

"Sorry, you're just so cute." She says, completely ruining his manly image.

"Hey, never call a man." Peter says seriously, though he could hear her laughing again. "I'm handsome, rugged, or dashing. Never cute."

"Whatever you say, cutie. I'll be there after I have dinner with my mom." MJ says and hangs up before Peter could say anything.

"I'm not cute..." Peter muttered as he put down his phone and closed his eyes to sleep for a second time.

[Ring ring ring...]

'Is she calling again?' Peter thought in annoyance as he grabs his phone once again. "My Love, stop calling me. I'm trying to sleep..."

"Well, Sorry Darling." A surprisingly manly and sarcastic voice answers back, shocking Peter out of his bed. "I was just sitting here wondering what you did to the former Director of Shield, Peggy Carter."

"Fury? What do you want?" Peter asks as he feels a bit embarrassed. "What about her?"

"Don't play dumb with me." Fury wasn't in the mood to beat around the bush. "She's young again. Explain."

"Maybe she started a new skin routine?" Peter may be tired but he's always happy to annoy Fury.

"She told me that you were responsible, though she refused to go into detail." Fury says suspiciously.

"Well, she is 90 years old. Who knows what delusions are going on in that head of hers?" Peter says a gets ready to hang up. "Anyway, I'm heading off to bed. Have a good night, baldy."

"Don't you dare-" just as Fury started to yell, Peter hit the red phone symbol, cutting the call.

"Hehe, messing with Fury never gets old." Peter muttered as he put his phone on 'do not disturb' and finally was able to sleep.

"Don't you dare hang up on me!" Fury yelled but it was too late.

Sat across from him were both Steve Rogers and Peggy Carter. Though maybe it would be Peggy Rogers soon?

The two spent a grand total of about thirty minutes together before they bumped into Fury, who was shocked to see his mentor and predecessor in perfect youthful shape.

Of course, now they had some explaining to do, as Fury wouldn't just let them go. He had tons of questions, yet almost none of them could be answered.

Peggy kept her word, though she didn't know much in the first place, and only said that it was Spider-Mans doing, while Steve didn't have time to ask so he knew about just as much as Fury.

"Motherf*cker..." Fury muttered angrily as he put down his phone and stared straight at Peggy.

"I told you he wouldn't say anything." Peggy knew calling Peter would be a waste of time.

"Just give me something..." Fury was practically begging at this point.

"Truthfully, I don't know much." Peggy reveals and receives a skeptical eyebrow raise from both Steve and Fury. "It's true. He was very secretive about the whole process. I was asleep before even leaving the house."

"Why though?" Fury asks.

"Yeah, he doesn't even know you. He barely even knows me." Steve joins in on the questioning.

"He said that I would be the Vice Director of the Avengers." Peggy explains with a shrug.

"That's it?" Fury asks with some heavy skepticism. "We don't even have any Director Candidates yet..."

Hearing this, Peggy looked over at Steve. This action didn't go unnoticed by Fury either.

"I see." Fury nods, confusing Steve who didn't notice Peggy's look. "It's not the best reason but at least things are starting to make sense."

"Right." Peggy stands from her chair, pulling Steve up to his feet with her. "Steve and I have an overdue date, so If you'll excuse us."

Dragging Steve to the door, Peggy didn't want to wait any longer.

"Wait! We need to run some tests..." Fury tries to stop them, but a very pointed glare from his former boss stops him in his tracks.

"I was a dying old woman yesterday. Do you know what's the worst part about that situation?" Peggy asks out of nowhere.

"..." Fury didn't answer.

"It's the regret." She answers her own question. "My biggest regret was missing my date with this big idiot. I've already wasted my precious time here and I refuse to waste a single second more."

Grabbing Steve's arm, who wasn't sure how to feel about being called an idiot, Peggy pulls him out of the office, leaving a disgruntled bald pirate behind.

Chapter 138: Sexy Time?

[R-18 Warning ]

While Peggy and Steve went out for their long-awaited date and Fury was wondering how to explain this to the World Security Council, as they would find out about Peggy sooner or later, Peter slept like an oversized baby.

As a busy person, sleep is one of the most important aspects of his life.

Well, that and eating.

It's hard to find the time to eat and sleep when you have a million things to do. Especially when you enjoy those things so much as well.

Speaking of eating, Peter didn't eat a single thing for about 17 hours before going to sleep either.

Thankfully, he has superpowers to help tide him over, otherwise, Peter would have been dead a long time ago.

An hour after dinner time came and went, a dark female figure skulked into Peter's bedroom. As this figure tiptoed through the room and arrived at Peter's bedside, they froze and seemed reluctant for a moment.

After almost a minute of frozen silence, the figure began taking off their clothes, starting with her shoes and working up from her pants to her jacket, shirt, and bra.

Within seconds, the figure ran out of clothes to remove and stood completely and utterly nude.

As she stood there naked as the day she was born, the clouds in the night sky parted revealing a bright full moon. The light from the moon shone through the window, brightening the room only slightly.

Instantly, the nude intruder was revealed.

Michelle Jones Watson stood beside her sleeping boyfriend's bedside. The moon's lights illuminated her previously hidden body, as well as the nervous look on her face.

MJ has been working up the courage to sleep with her boyfriend for a while now. Not the same sleeping that Peter so eloquently explained on the phone earlier today either.

Taking a deep breath in order to steel her resolve, MJ crawled into bed and under the covers. Throwing one leg over her boyfriend's sleeping body, draping herself over him.

"I just want to be clear that If you don't stop, I'm not going to be able to control myself." Peter suddenly speaks with his eyes closed.

"You were awake..." MJ squeaked in surprise.

"I have super senses. Even the stealthiest ninja couldn't sneak up on me." Peter opens his eyes and wraps his arms around her waist, doing his best not to grab a handful of her perky- 'Ahem, calm down. I'm stronger than this. Be gone dirty thoughts...Dead puppies...Hairy Spiders...'

"..." MJ didn't know what to say or do as she just lay there with her naked body melded closely to his.

"Okay, it seems like we've found ourselves in a predicament." Peter says as he smiles down at her. "I'll give you ten seconds to get dressed. Otherwise, we'll continue what you started."

Reluctantly removing his arms from his beautiful girlfriend's waist, Peter slowly counts to ten in his head, waiting for her to make the decision.

"8... 9... 10." Peter voiced the last three numbers yet MJ hasn't moved a muscle. "I see you've made your decision."

Nodding up to Peter, MJ just lay there, hoping that Peter knew what to do. Yeah, she's watched porn before, but her mother said that most porn was acting and unrealistic.

Especially when it comes to the size of her future partner's genitalia, though MJ has seen Peters... little Peter and can unequivocally say that it was anything but 'little'.

"Okay, give me a second." Peter says as he waves his hand.

Instantly, a spell circle appears and covers the whole room before fading away as if it were never there in the first place. With that, Aunt May wouldn't be able to hear anything that happens inside the room.

Before MJ could comprehend what happened, he created yet another spell circle, but this one shot toward MJ, causing her to squeeze Peter in fright.

This spell circle shrunk and attached itself onto MJ like a small tattoo on her lower stomach, before fading into her skin and disappearing as well.

"What was that?" She asks in worry as she felt around her stomach, forgetting about the other spell.

"Contraceptive." Peter explains easily. "There's no doubt in my mind that you'd make a wonderful mother, but I'd rather not have any children this early in life."

"I'm on birth control and you could have just wore a condom..." MJ looks up at him and says as of it were obvious.

"Maybe, but I've heard sex without a condom feels better..." Peter admits as he looks away in embarrassment.

Though that wasn't the only reason. Birth control is 91% effective, while condoms are about 98% effective. Although both of those numbers are very high, for when it comes to preventing pregnancy, Peter found the 100% effective magic spell far more appealing.

Especially since he would be able to do it without a condom...

"..." Hearing Peter's confession, MJ couldn't take it anymore and burrowed her head into his neck, hiding her blushing face.

"Ahh!" MJ screamed as Peter flipped her over onto her back, looming over her naked body with a hungry look.

"Last chance to stop this..." Peer says but MJ doesn't reply and merely looks to the side in embarrassment. "Hehe, no turning back then."

Leaning downward, Peter captured MJ's lips, poking his tongue forward to part her lips just enough for him to pass through.

Seeing as he didn't have to hold himself back anymore, Peter's hands wandered all over her body. Caressing along her waist smooth thin waist. Fondling her perky breasts. Squeezing her tight little a*s.

Peter held himself back for so long and now his built-up sexual needs would finally be satisfied.

As this was going on, MJ could feel something poking her midsection. Looking down, she could see the large tent in Peter's boxer briefs poking and prodding below her belly button.

Acting without thought, she reached out and grabbed it.

"Huh?" Peter grunted in surprise, not expecting that his shy girlfriend would do such a thing. "Getting confident, are we?"

"N-No..." MJ stuttered in denial as she started rubbing his clothed member through his underwear.

"Hehe..." Peter chuckled as he started removing all of his clothes in front of her.

MJ swallowed her built-up saliva as she watched Peter get naked, taking in his toned yet muscular body. She could feel herself growing moist just from the sight of him.

Especially when he peeled off his boxer briefs, releasing the towering monster hidden inside.

'God Damn...' MJ thought in shock as his erection slapped down onto her unsuspecting stomach.

"That look suits you." Peter says as he enjoys the expression on her face.

"..." MJ was getting annoyed with Peter's words, so she reached out and started stroking him without warning.

"Woah..." Peter muttered in surprise once again. "You're pretty handsy, Huh?"

"S-Shut up..." She stutters as her grip tightens on his manhood.

Laughing inwardly, Peter slides downward, kissing and licking his way down MJ's body. Starting from her neck he made his way to her heaving chest, giving her nipple a quick suck as he quickly moves to her toned stomach.

Lovingly caressing her stomach with his lips and tongue, Peter slid down to MJ's hairless pubic mound. Moving even lower between his ministrations, which were causing MJ to fill his bedroom with sweet breathless moans, Peter opened his mouth and wrapped it around her hooded clitoris.

"Ahh... Uhm... Uh.... y-yes Peter..." MJ became a lot more vocal, as Peter's tongue went to work on her clit.

Peter, being the smart headfirst type of person, knew that he was inexperienced when it came to sex, so he did a bunch of research.

One of the major things he learned was that a very small percentage of women are actually able to orgasm from penetration alone. Their pleasure receptors are more in the outer clitoris and labia areas of the vagina.

Seeing as this was most likely the case with MJ, Peter would give her a few orgasms with his tongue and hands before moving on to the main event.

'Maybe I should buy a vibrator and use it on her while we have sex? That way we can both cum together?' Peter thought as MJ's body tensed for a moment and her legs began to shake.

"Ahh... agh... I'm cumming!" MJ yelled as she ran her fingers through Peter's hair, grinding her hips into his face.

Heavy breathing

"That was amazing..." MJ mutter breathlessly.

"Good, because I think it's my turn now." Peter states as he positions himself on her stomach with the tip of his member aimed at her mouth.

"..." MJ nervously stared down the barrel of a very large 'gun', before biting the bullet and opening her mouth.

Without further a-due, Peter put the head in her mouth and slowly pushed his hips forward, just enough for her to be able to bob her head back and forth.

The sounds of soft sucking noises soon filled the room as MJ starts to get confident in her own ministrations. While she was taking care of him, Peter licked his fingers and reached back, sliding his digits up and down her lower lips.

"Mnnn... Mnnn..." MJ moans with him still in her mouth, adding a whole new experience to her amateur blowjob.

Due to the newly added sensation, it didn't take Peter long before he released the flood gates and shot into her mouth without warning.

"!" MJ's eyes widened in shock as she hastily did her best to swallow everything.

Chapter 139: Embarrassing Morning

[R-18 Warning ⚠]

Watching MJ swallow his release without any hesitation was a sight to behold. Many women wouldn't do such a thing without a second thought, especially someone so inexperienced.

Pulling it out of her mouth, MJ drank the last of it and immediately started filling her lungs with air.

"Some warning next time would be appreciated..." She says while glaring at Peter.

"Sorry..." Peter says with a laugh as he started getting hard again, which certainly didn't go unnoticed by MJ.

"I thought men had cooldowns?" MJ says as Peter was already back to his peak.

"Well, I'm Spider-Man..." Peter says with a shrug.

"What does that have to do with your d*ck?" MJ asks as she pokes it.

"It means I have superhuman stamina. You should feel lucky. I'm like a 24/7 sex toy. Always ready to go." Peter says as he moves between her legs and rests the tip of his member on her wet entrance.
"In fact, I'm ready right now."

"...Just go slow, alright?" MJ asks as she spreads her legs with a nervous expression.

After all, she was about to lose her virginity, which could be a scary thing for a young woman. Especially when she heard that it could be painful, though that depends on her hymen, as every person is different.

"Of course." Smiles down at her and slowly pushed inside.

As the whole tip was swallowed inside, Peter felt a barrier blocking his way. Looking down at MJ for permission, he received a shaky nod and pushed a bit harder, breaking passed her hymen in a single thrust.

"Ugh..." MJ grunts in discomfort, which subsided almost instantly. "That wasn't as bad as I thought it would be..."

"Good, but I'm having a hard time keeping still." Peter says as every fiber of his being was screaming at him to start swinging his hips. "I can move right?"

"Go for it, Tiger." MJ says, finding his predicament entertaining.

"Thank god!" Peter exclaimed as he started thrusting his hips back and forth.

"Oh..." Peter grunted as he felt her tight walls wrap around him as he slid in and out over and over. 'This is better than I imagined...'

Looking down as he was throwing his hips back and forth, Peter could see that MJ wasn't reacting as much as before. Knowing the reason for this, Peter moved his hand to MJ's hairless pubic mound and used his thumb to rub her hidden clit.

Instantly, MJ started moaning more and it was even louder than last time.

"Ah... A-Ah... Ow.... Hah... Peter... s-stop it..." MJ involuntarily moved her hips up and down, feeling her second orgasm coming along.

"I don't think I will..." Peter says as an evil smile forms on his face.

Doubling his efforts, Peter speeds up the movement of his hips and tries his best to vibrate his thumb over her clit, and thanks to his enhanced body, he was able to get close to what he wanted.

"Aaahhhh!" MJ shrieked as her legs shook and her toes curled.

Instantly, her mind went blank as the strongest orgasm she has ever felt flowed through her body like a wave. Her legs shook as MJ turned her head into the pillow and clawed the sheets beneath them.

'Did her eyes just roll back a little?' Peter watched from above in shock. 'I thought that was just a hentai thing...'

Though Peter didn't have a lot of time to admire this as he could feel MJ get tighter, probably due to her orgasm.

"Oh, f*ck..." Peter muttered as he got a few more pumps in before releasing his second load of the night.

As Peter released everything, the spell below MJ's belly button appeared, working its magic. The energy from the spell moved through her body and began to neutralize every bit of semen that it could find.

Heavy Breathing

Once he was done, Peter rolled over and lay beside MJ, who was glistening with a light sheen of sweat as she did her best to catch her breath.

"So, how was your first time?" Peter asks with a smile as he traces his finger over the spell on her stomach.

"I have no words..." MJ states as she was still coming down from the high of the best orgasm of her life.

"I'd say that I did a good job then." Peter smirked as he started getting hard again. "Ready to go again?"

"..." MJ turned to look at Peter in horror as she felt him poking her side. "This isn't fair..."

[R-18 End]

The morning sun shot through the bedside window, shining a golden spotlight on two sleeping lovers. Peter and MJ stayed up for most of the night... Well, it was Peter who kept MJ up all night with his unending stamina.

To a normal human like MJ, Peter's unending libido was both a blessing and a curse. For the first half of the night, she loved his nonexistent cool-down time, but as the night went on she started wondering when it would end.

She truly went through a hell of pleasure last night and loved every second of it.

As for Peter, there's no doubt that he enjoyed himself. He especially appreciated the research he did beforehand, which helped him make the experience a lot more enjoyable for both of them.

As a bead of light shone into his face, Peter's face twitched as he blocked his eyes with his only free arm, as the other was taken by MJ.

'I should have closed the blinds...' Peter thought as he turned to see MJ sleeping with her head in his chest and her arms locking his arm in place. 'Cute.'

After admiring his morning view, Peter maneuvered his way out of MJ's grip without waking her. Lovingly covering her in his blanket and closing the blinds so she wouldn't be rudely awakened as he was, Peter got dressed and left the room.

Taking care of his morning rituals, Peter walked downstairs and found his Aunt May in the kitchen cooking breakfast.

As soon as she saw the smile plastered on Peter's face, May knew something happened. She just needed to figure out what that was.

"Good morning." May says as she flips a pancake and studies her nephew's face. "Where's MJ? Usually, you two come down together."

"How'd you know she's here?" Peter asks as he pours himself a big glass of orange juice and downs it within seconds. "Is breakfast almost done?"

After all, he worked up quite the appetite last night.

"Soon, will MJ be joining us?" May asks as she starts to put the pieces together.

"Probably not." Peter says as he didn't know what to say.

'Sorry, I f*cked her into oblivion last night and she probably won't be awake until noon.'

Yeah, no.

Even if Peter said that MJ was up late or that she didn't get much sleep it would still sound bad, so he decided to just keep his mouth shut.

"Why not?" Though May wouldn't let up.

"Because she's sleeping?" Peter answered back, acting like May's question was dumb.

"Well, go wake her up." May says as the puzzle pieces were coming together. "I'm sure she doesn't want to miss breakfast."

"No, let her sleep." Peter says dismissively.

Ding dong!

Just as May was about to start grilling Peter like a detective, the doorbell rang and an image from the front door camera appeared on the TV in the living room.

Turning to look across the kitchen and into the living room, Peter saw the image of MJ's mother, Grace standing at the front door.

"Oh, sh*t..." Peter muttered with a shocked look.

As soon as May heard those words exit Peter's mouth, she knew exactly what was going on.

Her little boy lost his virginity.

"I'll get the door." May says as she tosses aside her spatula and walks off. "Make sure the eggs don't burn!"

"Uhh...Yeah." Peter says as he mindlessly got to work.

...

A minute later, both Grace and May came walking into the kitchen. May was smirking while Grace had a curious look on her face, though she did her best to hide it.

"Hey, Peter." Grace says as she looks him up and down. "Is MJ upstairs? I'll go and see her."

Without giving Peter a chance to reply, she paced across the kitchen and down the hall to the stairs, eager to hear about her daughter's first time.

"Wait..." Peter tries to salvage the situation at the last minute but May grabs his arm.

"It's too late." She says with a chuckle as she shook her head from side to side. "Go set the table. The food's almost done."

"Uhh... alright." Peter gave up and listened to his Aunt.

MJ wouldn't mind anyway. She and Grace are more than just mother and daughter. They're best friends, so Grace would know soon enough either way.

Feeling someone shaking her arm, MJ turned in her sleep and muttered incoherently.

"Peter... It feels so good... Spank me again..." She practically moaned in her sleep.

"He was that good, huh?" Grace asks, which causes her daughter to stiffen under the blankets.

"M-Mom?" MJ stutters as she turns to see her mother standing beside the bed with a knowing smile on her face.

Chapter 140: Foreshadowing

After sitting through an awkward breakfast, to say the absolute least, Peter retreated and left MJ to the wolves.

He would never forget her honorable sacrifice... It would always be remembered.

Meanwhile, Grace and May were getting ready to kick him out, so they could talk to MJ alone. They didn't mind his tactical retreat one bit.

As for MJ, she was both extremely embarrassed and wanted nothing more than to follow Peter away from this situation. She stared at his fleeing form with feelings of both jealousy and betrayal.

"Explain everything." Peter could hear the questioning begin as he flees out of the house.

Arriving at the Avengers Tower wearing his Spider Suit, Peter made his way straight to Steve's apartment and knocked on the door.

Knock knock

Soon enough, he heard some shuffling on the other side of the door before it swung open, revealing a disheveled-looking Captain America.

"...Yes?" Steve asks awkwardly as if he was hiding something.

"Where's Peggy?" Peter asks as he slips passed Steve and strolls into the living room.

"She's not here!" Steve says as he quickly catches up. "I escorted her home last night."

"Right..." Peter says sarcastically. "Do you think I'm an idiot?"

"What?" Steve replies in confusion.

"Cap, your hair is messy, your shirt's on backwards, and your zipper is down." Peter lists off as he points to the closet by the door. "If that wasn't enough, I can hear someone in the closet over there."

"I don't know what-" Steve decides to double down on his lie, but he was interrupted by the closet door swinging open.

"Gigs up, huh?" Peggy says as she exits the closet wearing nothing but one of Steve's dress shirts.

"Yup, go and get dressed. We have a lot of tests to run." Peter says as he wanted to get this day's tests done before Tony woke up, as they would be heading off to Morag.

"Yes, sir." Peggy gives a mocking salute and walked off to the bedroom.

Turning back to Steve, who fixed his shirt and zipped his pants closed, Peter saw an embarrassed look on his face.

"Have a fun night?" Peter asked as he smirked under his mask.

Peter needed to pass on the embarrassment he felt this morning to someone else. Thankfully, Steve offered himself as the perfect target.

"Uhh... yeah." Steve answered as he looked away.

"First time?" Peter asked as he leaned on a nearby wall.

"T-That's a bit personal, don't you think?" Steve stutters.

"I mean, was it your first date?" Peter clarifies, though that obviously wasn't what he was asking.

"Oh, yeah. It was our first date." Steve answered as his embarrassment increased.

"What did you think I meant?" Peter asked, enjoying this almost as much as he enjoys annoying Fury.

"I-I..." Steve stuttered and was about to answer, but luckily for him, Peggy came back wearing the same clothes as yesterday.

"Alright, I'm here. You can stop embarrassing my soldier now." Peggy says as she pecks Steve on the cheek and confidently walks out of the door. "I'll be back when we're done."

"Well, see you later, Cap." Peter said as he pats Steve on the shoulder and follows her out.

...

"So, where to?" Peggy asks as they walk the halls of the tower with Peter taking the lead.

"The Tower has a sort of hospital floor dedicated to medical testing, so we don't have to go far." Peter says as they get into an elevator and go up.

"That's convenient." Peggy states as she looks at Peter eagerly. "How long until today's tests are over? I want to spend as much time with Steve before the other shoe drops."

"Why, you know something I don't?" Peter asks with a raised eyebrow.

"No, but I do know the cycle of life, or at least the cycle of my life." Peggy says as the elevator stops and the doors open. "When good things happen, the bad will always follow sooner or later."

"So what? You and Steve are young and together so now we're about to get invaded by aliens or something?" Peter says, jokingly dropping a hint about the next event he thinks will happen.

"No, it doesn't have to be aliens, but soon enough something will happen that'll break up our current calm life..." Peggy says as if she were some sort of psychic.

"Sure, and you can read my palm later." Peter says jokingly as he leads her up to an MRI machine. "This thing is as magnetic as it gets, so remove any and all metal jewelry, clothing, etc. before hopping in."

"I want to be clear that I'm not psychic..." Peggy says with a roll of her eyes as she takes off all of her jewelry.

"I guess we'll see, won't we?"

Standing on an asteroid floating through space, a blue man in all-black hooded clothing with purple eyes and black face paint looked upward respectfully. He held a large war hammer in hand, resting the butt of it on the asteroid below.

[Insert picture of Roman the Accuser here]

Ronan the Accuser, a radical Kree warlord and former member of the Accusers, which were a high-level specialized military force of the Kree army. They would take the missions that normal soldiers wouldn't be able to complete or return home from.

Although Ronan kept his title as an Accuser, he defected from the Accusers and the Kree empire as a whole after the end of the Kree-Nova War, as he disagreed with the peace treaty signed by the Kree Emperor and the Nova Empire.

Though it didn't take him long to find another cause to serve.

Floating above Ronan is a throne that held a giant purple man garbed in gold armor. He sat above Ronan like a bored king looking down on a lowly peasant.

[Insert picture of Thanos here]

Thanos, the mad Titan.

Thanos is a genocidal warlord from the planet Titan, whose objective is to bring stability to the universe by wiping out half of all life at every level, as he believed its massive population would inevitably use up the universe's entire supply of resources and perish.

Although this goal of his may be a bit outlandish and extreme, his belief comes from personal experience.

Titan, Thanos' home world, was plagued by overpopulation, which caused a drain on its resources and sent the Titan race hurtling toward an inevitable demise. Thanos saw this problem early and proposed an extreme but necessary solution.

By randomly killing half the planet's population, they would preserve their finite resources and save the remaining half. Of course, his plan was rejected as being too extreme, and Thanos was cast out as nothing but a raving madman.

Soon enough, the predicted catastrophe hit Titan, causing the mass extinction of most of the planet's lifeforms, with Thanos being one of the few remaining survivors.

One of the last Titans alive in the whole universe.

"I only ask that you take this matter seriously." Ronan projects his voice up to Thanos.

"The only matter that I do not take seriously is you, Boy!" Thanos looks down at his newest subordinate in utter annoyance. "Your politics bore me and your demeanor is that of a pouty child."

Ronan tightened his hands into tight fists as he held his tongue, afraid that any thoughtless reply would get him killed.

"Who cares whether some weak empires form a treaty?" Thanos said as if the Nova and Kree Empires were two ant hills joining together.

At the end of the day, they were just more ants...

"You wish for the destruction of your enemy's home world, yes?" Thanos says, breaking Ronan from his self-imposed silence.

"Yes, Xander must be turned into nothing but a cloud of dust floating along the void of space." Ronan answers as his blood starts to boil in hatred.

"And I can do that... for a price." Thanos offers as if he were the devil.

"What do you want?" Ronan asks, ready to pay as long as he was able.

"You will lead one of my armies as well as your own to a certain planet." Thanos explains as a small smile appears on his face. "Conquer the planet, kill half of its population, and bring me a certain item."

"What's the combat level of this planet?" Ronan asks as he needed to know what to expect.

"They've barely left their own atmosphere." Thanos says with a dismissive look. "If you're unable to conquer the planet in a single day, then you aren't worth the air you breath."

"I won't disappoint!" Ronan declares with conviction.

"Good, my daughter Nebula will be accompanying you." Thanos declares without any room for argument. "When she returns you will set out. She'll be given all the information you'll need."