

# Spider-Man 271

## Chapter 271: Sisters Reunite

"Why are you here?" Nebula asked gruffly as she stood in front of her sister. "Did Spider-Man send you?"

"I don't even know where 'here' is." Gamora says with a scoff as she stands and walks passed her sister.

"This is Earth. Why are you here?" Nebula repeats herself as her sister peered out of the floor-to-ceiling windows.

"Is this Spider-Man's planet?" Gamora continues to avoid the question.

"Yes, he's very popular here." Nebula nods as Gamora caught sight of an electronic billboard in the distance with Peter's masked face on it.

[New York City, Home of Spider-Man]

"Now stop avoiding the question. Why are you here?" Nebula asks as Gamora felt the cold steel of a gun on her back. "Is Father planning something?"

"No, I've already betrayed Thanos, like you." Gamora says as she whips around and throws Nebula over her shoulder, taking the blaster in the process. "You're rusty, sister."

"F\*ck you." Nebula spat as she groaned on the floor.

"Is this your new home?" Gamora asks as she steps passed her downed sister and tours around the place.

"Yes, now leave." Nebula spat as she picked herself up. "You're not welcome here."



"Spider-Man sent me here, so apparently I am." Gamora commented as a knock could be heard from the door. "A visitor?"

"No, don't-" Nebula tried to stop her but it was too late.

The door opened, revealing a demonic-looking blue man with a sharp black tail.

"You're not Nebula..." Nightcrawler commented as he noticed the gun in her hand.

Before Gamora could say a word, Nightcrawler disappeared in a blue mist and appeared to her right, snatching the weapon from her hand.

"!" As Gamora tried to counter him, Kurt disappeared once again.

"Where's Nebula?" Nightcrawler asks as he held the gun to the back of Gamora's head. "I swear if she's hurt..."

"Sister, is this your lover?" Gamora asks over her shoulder.

Following her gaze, Kurt saw Nebula standing behind him, safe and sound.

"That's none of your business." Nebula states as she walks up and takes the gun from Nightcrawler, prodding her sister out the door. "As I said, you're not welcome here."

\*Bam\*

Nebula slams the door in Gamora's face, locking her out.

"That's Gamora?" Kurt asks curiously.

"Yes, now wait here. I'll be ready for our date soon."

...



Giving up on talking to her sister, Gamora traversed through the tower until she ran into a roadblock.

"Access Denied." A cybernetic voice said as she tried to use the elevator.

"Great, now what?" She sighed in annoyance. "!"

Suddenly, the elevator closed, locking her inside as it climbed up to the higher floors.

"Who are you, Pretty Lady?" The doors opened, revealing a smirking Tony Stark.

"Gamora." She says plainly. "Spider-Man sent me."

"Alien then?" He asks and she nods. "Good! I could use a navigator. Follow me!"

'What the hell did I get myself into?'

---

The look on the Mad Titans face didn't change a bit as his son's headless body landed on the ground before him.

On the other hand, Proxima wasn't taking it so well.

She looked between her husband's lifeless body and his separated head at Peter's feet with an anguished look on her face.

"Haha! That was bad\*ss!" Yondu laughed as he stared at his new Captain in awe.

At first, he had second thoughts about becoming subordinate to another, as he's been the king of his own crew for a while now, but after seeing his new captain's display of power all of his doubts disappeared.



Now, he just has to live through this encounter to reap the rewards of his smart decision.

"YOU!" Proxima yelled as her hate-filled eyes turned to Peter.

"Me?" Peter played dumb as he pointed to himself.

"You're dead! I'll rip you open and tear out your insides... Gouge out your eyes... Bleed you dry... feed you to..."

While the mad woman was ranting about what she would do to the man who murdered her husband, Peter turned to the Guardians in front of him.

"You guys deal with the angry widow and I'll handle Gamora's Daddy." Peter says as he looks at Thanos. "Just remember that an emotional enemy is a sloppy enemy. She may be stronger than you, but her sights are set on me. Use that."

"Are you done preparing?" Thanos asks knowingly.

He waited patiently this entire time and was getting tired of it.

"Yeah, Sorry. Usually, my lackeys would be better trained, but these ones are new." Peter apologizes as the Guardians turn to glare at him for his comment.

"Good, let's begin." Thanos said as Peter kicks off of the ground and appeared in front of Proxima, punting her across the street towards the Guardians.

"Good luck!" Peter gave them a wave as he stepped to the side, dodging a big purple fist to his back. "Try not to die!"

Using his spider senses to dodge a few more punches to his back, Peter turned away from his crew and gave Thanos his full attention.

"Attacking a man when his back is turned. How cowardly." Peter commented with a shake of his head.



"Did you not do the same to my son?" Thanos motions toward the headless body between them.

"You got me there."

---

"Aaagghr!" Proxima screamed as she emerged from a pile of rubble.

Instantly, her eyes lock onto Peter's back, though they don't stay there for long.

\*whistle!\*

Suddenly, a Yaka Arrow flew towards her head, but sadly, Proxima's hand moves swiftly and caught the arrow with ease.

"Our Captain doesn't have time to deal with lackeys like you." Quill commented as Proxima's arm shook under the power of Yondu's arrow.

\*WHISTLE!\*

As Yondu's whistle grew louder and louder, Proxima found it harder to hold back the arrow from piercing her face.

"Weak..." She muttered as her grip tightened and the arrow split in half, losing its power in the process.

"Argh!" Yondu groaned in pain as his red Mohawk flashed for a moment.

"You alright?" Quill asked worriedly.

"Yeah, just give me a gun." Yondu said as one of his men tossed him a pistol. "That arrow was expensive, you ugly b\*tch!"



Without waiting for anyone else, Yondu started opening fire, though everyone else joined in soon enough.

"!" Kicking off of the ground, Proxima weaved through the many energy bolts sent her way, growing closer and closer with every shot fired.

"I wonder how he'll feel if I slaughter all of you?" Proxima asked menacingly as she appeared in front of one of Yondu's clansmen. "Die."

Piercing her hand forward, Proxima dug her hand into the poor guy's chest and ripped out his heart.

"Ewww..." Rocket groaned in disgust as she tossed the heart at his feet.

"Aaahh!" Drax rushed forward and swung his blades toward Proxima's back.

\*Clank!\*

Swiftly spinning around, Proxima pulled her sword and clashed with Drax's dual blades.

"Prepare yourself, Wh\*re spawn of Thanos!" Drax grits his teeth as she overpowers him, sending him crashing into an abandoned food cart.

\*pew pew pew...\*

Just as Proxima was about to follow after Drax to finish the kill, Quill and everyone else opens fire on her.

"Urgh..." Proxima grunts as a few shots land, though she managed to dodge most of them.

"She can bleed! Keep it up, boys!"

---



"They seem to be having fun." Peter commented as he carefully weaved around Thanos' attacks.  
"You may lose your fourth child today."

"You've only killed one." Thanos corrects him as the two stand across one another, merely testing out one another before the real fight begins.

"True, but the other two abandoned you, didn't they?" Peter taunted.

For the first time since they'd met, Peter saw the Mad Titans calm facade crumble for a moment.

"Though I think we both know you only care about one of those children." Peter continues his poking and prodding. "Compared to Gamora, the rest are all either disappointing or simply lacking, aren't they?"

"..." Thanos' facade continues to crumble.

"It must hurt for her to betray you. I mean, Nebula didn't matter, but Gamora on the other hand. The golden child rebels." Peter continues.

"She'll return soon enough." Thanos gets himself under control as he steps forward. "Let's stop playing around."

"Aww, you're no fun..." Peter whines as he pulls out the Orb and tosses it to his opponent. "Here you go."

"?" Thanos caught the Orb in confusion, though that was a mistake on his part. "?!"

Suddenly, the Orb started glowing with golden spell lines and swiftly exploded, completely engulfing the Mad Titan.

**\*Boom!\***

"Father?!" Proxima turned just in time to see her father's figure disappear behind a bright golden explosion.



"Pay attention!" Quill chided her as he rolled over a familiar-looking device, which stopped at her feet and opened up.

Instantly, Proxima's sword was magnetized to the ground below, disarming her just in time for Drax to appear with his blades drawn.

"Die!" He bellowed as he slashed his knives downward.

"!" Proxima, who was far too distracted by her father's predicament, tried to dodge the attack, but...

\*Swish\*

Due to her carelessness, Proxima's right arm was severed cleanly from the shoulder, finally wetting Drax's blade with the blood of his enemies.

"Your move, Wh\*re spawn!"

Chapter 272: Jack in the Box

"Father!?" Proxima ignored Drax's taunt as well as her severed arm, which was still gushing blood everywhere, and rushed into the blast zone.

"Where do you think you're going?!" Rocket yelled as he and everyone else turned their weaponry in her direction.

Instantly, a dense hail of colorful blaster bolts shot toward Proxima's open back, though she never turned back nor did she even tried to dodge.

Her father's safety was her and the Black Orders' top priority, after all.

"Ugh!" Proxima grunted as her back was pelted with blast after blast, trudging her way to her father's position.



"This lady is nuts..." Rocket commented as another one of his shots hit her on the shoulder.

...

"Petty tricks..." Thanos muttered as the smoke cleared, revealing his slightly disheveled form.

"F-Father..." Proxima smiled weakly as she fell at his feet, continuing to leak blood everywhere.

Although the explosion was powerful, it only left the Mad Titan with a few spots of black soot on his body and some torn clothes, making Proxima dying efforts absolutely meaningless.

His body didn't seem to have the slightest scratch anywhere, which was impressive because the area around him showed just how powerful that explosion really was.

Thanos stood in a 10 feet deep crater where the street once was. While the buildings around him, which were practically untouched only moments ago, have completely collapsed from the shockwave.

"?" Thanos curiously peered down at the Orb in his hand, completely ignoring his dead daughter's body.

"I wouldn't open that if I were you." Peter warned.

Of course, the Mad Titan didn't heed his warning.

Ripping it open with his bare hands, Thanos expected to see the bright light of a purple Infinity Stone...

As the Orb separated in the middle, a spring-loaded jack-in-the-box clown popped out. 🤡

Thanos didn't even flinch as he turned to look at Peter with a humorless glare.

"The games end-" Thanos spoke though he was interrupted by a wet surprise.



\*Psshht\*

A black liquid shot out of the mouth hole on the clowns head, spraying the Mad Titans face.

A few sprays even landed in his eyes, nose, and mouth.

"!?" Thanos quickly threw the Orb aside and started wiping his face. "What is this..."

As he looked down at his hands, which were now covered in a black substance, Thanos could feel his strength slowly leaving his body.

And as his strength went, the pain started to kick in.

Starting from his mouth, nose, and eyes, an excruciating burning shot through his entire body, unlike anything he's ever felt before.

Peter watched in interest as Thanos' skin turned pale and his veins began to show, turning a deep black in the process.

"I told you not to open it..." Peter said in an 'I told you so' sort of manner.

"What did you do!?" Thanos screamed.

His former calm and collected persona disappeared completely.

"When we sold off the Power Stone to the Collector, I asked for something on top of the normal payment." Peter lies, as he doesn't want Thanos to know too much.

"Wait-" Drax was about to correct him when Quill reached over and covered his mouth in a hurry.

"That right there is called The Poison." Peter reveals as Thanos' eyes widen in realization.

"Apparently, it's the strongest poison in the entire Universe. I was only able to get a little bit of it from Tivan before he ran off with his new purple pet rock, but it looks like it was enough."



As Peter was speaking, Thanos began to stagger in place.

"This is not over..." He muttered in torment before turning to run away, leaping over a large distance like the Hulk.

"Are we going after him?" Quill asks as Peter remained unmoving.

"Nah, there's no antidote for The Poison and I'd rather not get any of it on me in the scuffle." Peter says he points to the few drops of poison on the floor, which were melting through the metal street upon contact.

Just punching Thanos in the face right now could transfer the poison to Peter, so the best bet would be to let Thanos escape and die on his own.

"So he's a dead man walking?" Quill asks.

"Maybe..." Peter says cryptically.

"What do you mean maybe?" Rocket asks in confusion.

"Thanos is a very well-connected and powerful man. If he could hold out for long enough, then I have no doubt that he could get an antidote made." Peter explains with a shrug. "It all depends on how long he can last."

Silence filled the street as everyone hoped Thanos would have a swift death. Otherwise, they would have a very angry space warlord on their tail soon enough.

"They're leaving." Yondu said as he and everyone else watched the Chitauri retreat out of the city and fly off in a hurry.

"Good, you guys sweep the city for any leftovers, while I finish packing our spoils." Peter orders as he strolls back inside.

"I got some men that need taking care of." Yondu says as he gestures to his fallen clansmen.



At the start of this, Yondu had around 40 Ravagers in his clan.

Now, he has about 20.

A handful died when the invasion started and the rest were killed off by Proxima, who now lay dead in a puddle of her own blood.

"We'll join you once we're done." Yondu nodded toward Quill as he and his men gathered their fallen brethren and walked off.

"Alright, let's make this quick. I want to get back to the ship and take a long nap after this." Quill said tiredly as he, Drax, and Rocket started their search of the city, killing any and all of the Chitauri stragglers.

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As Thanos rushed into his ship and flew off, the effects of the poison had already started to worsen.

Drowsiness, dizziness, weakness, high temperature, chills, headache, irritability, though that could be chalked up to his recent loss against Spider-Man, difficulty breathing, skin rash, blurred vision, mental confusion, etc.

Name a symptom and Thanos was currently experiencing it to an extreme degree.

The few Chitauri soldiers who rushed to help him instantly died upon contact with the black poison that coated much of their leaders body.

"G-Get Ebony Maw..." The Mad Titan ordered before collapsing into a coma.

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"Rest in peace." Peter saluted as he opened a portal under the Collector's dead body, sending him straight to the nearest Sun. "And thanks for all of the cool stuff. Especially the Genies lamp."



With Tivan's body gone and his collection empty, Peter hoped that Thanos would believe his lies from earlier.

After all, The Collector is supposedly as old as the universe itself, so it's safe to say that he would be able to hide from the Mad Titan fairly easily.

'With this, Thanos will hopefully keep underestimating me.' Peter thought as he got back to work cleaning out the Collectors museum.

'I should probably kill that mind-controlling snake...'

---

"Tony, what's so important that I have to rush here during a meeting with three generals?" A dark-skinned man in a military uniform came storming into Tony's Lab. "And who the hell is that?"

Rhodes turned to the green-skinned woman who was leaning on a car in the corner.

"That's our navigator." Tony says excitedly as he grabs a thin glowing object and slaps it on his friend's chest.

"W-What are you doing?" Rhodes asked as he looked down at the arc reactor attached to him.

"It's a present." Tony says as he taps the reactor like a button.

Instantly, waves of metal shoot out of the reactor and covers Rhodes' body completely, forming an all-black War Machine armor set.

[Insert picture of War Machine Mark VII here]

Gamora watched on with an impressed look on her face.

For a non-spacefaring planet like Earth, weaponry of this caliber was completely unheard of.



"Is this what I think it is?!" Rhodes shouted from inside the suit.

"Yup, I thought that since we're going to explore space together, you and Pepper would need your own suits." Tony says as the sound of high heels clacking could be heard.

"I get one too?" Pepper asks with her arms crossed as she stood in the doorway, admiring Rhodes' new armor.

"Wait, did you say space?!" Rhodes kept screaming.

"You know, you don't have to yell. The helmet will project your voice to us." Tony explains.

"Oh, sorry..." Rhodes practically whispered this time around.

"We're going to space?" Pepper asks as she eyes a triangular-shaped arc reactor next to Tony.  
"Who's going to run your company?"

"Happy and Jarvis will have it covered." Tony says as he walks up to her with the Arc reactor in hand. "Come on... Don't you want to see what's out there? Visit an alien planet or two? It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity."

Pepper seemed to hesitate for a moment before grabbing the reactor from Tony's hand.

"So, how does this thing work?" She asked as Tony smirked in victory. "Just put it on like this..."

Tapping her chest just like before, Pepper was covered in a blue and silver form-fitting Iron Man armor.

[Insert picture of Mark XLIX Iron Man armor here]

"Looking good." Tony commented as he tapped his own chest.

Once again, metal waves rushed out of the reactor and covered his body in his updated red and gold Iron Man suit.



[Insert picture of Tony's endgame suit here]

"Can I have one of those as well?" Gamora asks.

""""No."""" Three voices deny her all at the same time.

"..."

Chapter 273: Sexy Time? Maybe?

After packing everything that the Guardians would be taking from the museum, destroying everything that was just too dangerous to continue existing, and stashing away all of the best stuff for himself, Peter returned to their new ship.

"Zzzzz..." As soon as he stepped inside, Peter found the common area filled with empty liquor bottles and passed out Ravagers. 'Maybe recruiting Yondu wasn't the best idea...'

Deciding that he wouldn't be dealing with this right now, Peter made sure that the room holding all of the loot was secured by a spell before portaling away.

-Earth-

-Beware R-18 Ahead-

Stepping out of a portal and into his bedroom, Peter arrived just in time to catch his girlfriend naked and wet from the shower, smelling like soap and roses.

Although MJ is more of a thin beauty, the enhancements she went through enhanced her breasts and butt as well, giving her a bit more curves than she originally had.

"You become even more irresistible every time I see you." Peter comments as his spider suit disappears, replaced with casual clothes.



"!" MJ jumps and quickly covers herself with her hands. "W-What are you doing here?"

"Well, I just won a fight against Thanos and most likely killed him, so I was thinking we could celebrate." Peter reveals as he walks forward and pulls her naked body into his arms.

"What?!" MJ exclaimed in shock. "I thought you said you were waiting for him to come to you?"

"We ended up bumping into each other." Peter explains as he leans down to kiss her exposed neck. "But that's enough about him. I'm much more interested in you right now."

"Peter... Stop..." MJ whined and moaned as he pushed her up against the wall and reached down to massage her lower lips. "I have to wake Lily up for school..."

"She can be late." Peter says uncaringly as he snapped his finger, vanishing his clothes in an instant.

"She has a..." MJ tried to speak again, but Peter captured her lips.

As they kissed, Peter lifted MJ up off of the floor and positioned the tip of his towering rod against her moistened slit.

MJ could feel the heat of it as it rested against her, waiting for Peter to put it in, though it never came.

Peter continued to toy with her body as she rocked her hips, hoping to entice him into finally piercing into her.

"Say what you want." Peter smirked as he looked at her.

"Put it in..." MJ whined as she tried to push herself downward, but Peter held her securely against the wall.

"Put what in?" Peter felt sadistic today.

"Put your d\*ck in me already, asshole!" MJ screamed in need.



\*Smack!\*

Before she knew what was happening, MJ felt a painful stinging sensation on her backside.

"Be more respectful." Peter chides her as he rubs his swollen tip up and down MJ's lips, making sure to hit her clit with every passing motion.

"..." MJ grew more excited after the slap, moaning like it was her first time again. "Please... put your d\*ck in me... sir..."

"That's better." Peter nods as he slides her down the wall and pierces her just as she wanted.

"Aaahh!" MJ moaned, feeling that full sensation that she loved so much.

\*Knock Knock!\*

"Mom?! Are you in there?" Lily, who awoke to an odd noise, sleepily trudged to her parent's bedroom and knocked at the door.

"Oh, f\*ck..." Peter muttered as he quickly separated from MJ, who immediately scrambled to find some clothes. 'Is this what being c\*ck blocked feels like?'

"This is your fault. You fix it." MJ says accusingly as she pointed to the door and rushed off to the bathroom.

"Sigh..." Peter let out a sexually frustrated breath as his clothes reappeared. "I'm coming! ...though it's not the type of coming I was planning on..."

-R-18 End-

Peter checked the room for any lingering evidence before opening the door.

"Good morning, Princess." Peter greets his daughter with an awkward smile on his face.



"Dad? When did you get back?" Lily asks as she perks up from her sleepiness.

"Just now actually." Peter says as he steps out into the hall and closes the door behind him. "Mom's in the bathroom, but she'll be out soon."

"Where were you?" She asks as Peter lifts her up into his arms.

"Taking care of some business in space. I beat up a very bad man and sent him running with his tail between his legs." Peter bragged with a confident smirk.

"Oh, can I go to space too?"

...

While answering all of his curious daughter's questions, Peter started cooking breakfast for everyone.

"Was it Thanos?" Lily asks out of nowhere.

"How do you know that name?" Peter asks in surprise.

"I hacked into the Avengers tower..." Lily admits as she turned her head away.

"Wow..." Peter blurts out, impressed by her ability. "And Jarvis didn't detect you?"

"You mean that consciousness in the tower?" Lily asks back and receives a nod. "I just kept away from it."

Peter was beyond impressed.

His daughter was able to steal data out from under Jarvis' nose.



'Wait until Tony hears about this.' Peter couldn't wait to see the look on his friends face.

"You're not mad?" Lily asks hesitantly.

"No, sweetie." Peter sends her a comforting look. "just be careful where you stick your nose. Others won't be as welcoming as me if they found out you hacked them."

"Okay!" Lily answered in relief.

She thought her father would be angry, though that did seem to be the case.

If Lily was a normal girl, Peter would be a lot more strict with her, but since she's an AI-given human form things are a bit different.

...

"I've actually been meaning to talk to you about something." Peter says as he walks over with a plate full of food.

"?" Lily looked up at him curiously as she nibbles on a piece of bacon from her plate.

"How should I say this?" Peter wondered out loud. "When I first started making you, I wanted to make an assistant, who would help me with my work, manage some of my responsibilities, and give me information while I'm out in the field."

As Peter explains this, Lily begins to frown in contemplation.

"Am I not doing what I'm supposed to?" Lily asks in realization.

"No, you're perfect exactly the way you are." Peter quickly explained the misunderstanding. "That was just in the beginning. You're my daughter now and I love you far more than the cold and calculated assistant I was originally going for."

"O-Okay..." Lily stuttered as she smiled happily at his words.



"What I'm trying to explain is, I need an assistant and since you're able to outwit Jarvis now, I was wondering if you were interested?" Peter offers.

She already knows every bit of data in the Tower and had the ability for the job, so Peter wasn't worried about much.

The job could even be done from home, as a wifi signal should be more than enough for her to do just about anything.

Lily's brain is made from the strongest alien computer that Peter could find at the time.

Shrinking it with a spell and etching some runes for the weight, cooling, power, and a few other things, Lily would become the smartest person on this planet soon enough.

"Though, if you don't want to, I can make another less lifelike AI for the job." Peter gives her a way out. "Either way, I'm still your dad and your mom's still your mom. Nothing changes whatsoever."

Although Peter would prefer to make a second AI for this, he wanted to give Lily the choice.

After all, someone as smart as her would need challenges and a purpose, so maybe this could give that to her.

She may be childlike, but Lily is already mature enough to make her own decisions.

"..." Lily remained silent for a moment before answering. "Can I think about it?"

"Sure, I don't need an answer right this second." Peter nodded understandingly. "Maybe ask your mom and grandmas for advice too. I'm sure they can help."

"Okay, I will..."

---



After a quiet breakfast, where Lily seemed to be thinking about her decision, Peter left her to MJ and suited up before portaling to Kamar-Taj.

"?" Peter looked around in confusion as he found himself stepping into a different location than intended. "Did you reroute my portal?"

Sat in front of him was the Ancient One, who was sipping a cup of tea with a serene atmosphere surrounding her.

"Yes, you stole from the restricted section and used my name to do so." She gets straight to the point.

"Yeah, Sorry about that." Peter says as he whips out a picture from his pocket. "I needed information for this..."

"I know about your daughter, Peter..." She says plainly.

"Look at the picture." He took a seat and pushed the photo in front of her face. "She's the cutest, isn't she?"

"Sigh..." The Ancient One rolled her eyes at Peter's typical fatherly behavior. "Yes, very cute..."

"Don't be like that." Peter whined at her unenthused demeanor. "You have a granddaughter now. It's a happy occasion."

"Since when am I your mother?" The Ancient One raises a questioning brow.

"Teacher, Master, Mother. Same thing." Peter shrugged.

Of course, she knew that Peter was right, but would never admit it.

When you take a personal student in Kamar-Taj, that student is practically your child from that moment on. You teach and care for them as any parent would.



"Return the books." She states plainly.

Without a word, Peter opens a small portal above the table, depositing the few books he stole with a smile on his face.

"There, are we good now?" Peter asks.

"Yes, now why are you here?" She asks, knowing that Peter only ever visits when he needs something.

"First, I wanted to invite you to meet your granddaughter," Peter says as he flashes her the picture once again. "And secondly, I wanted to ask your advice on this..."

As he finished speaking, a Persian-style lamp appeared on the table between them.

When her eyes landed on the lamp, the Ancient One's mouth hung open in shock as her eyes widened.

"I found this in the Collectors collection, and based on your expression I'd say it's real, isn't it?"

Chapter 274: Genies 101

"I found this in the Collectors collection, and based on your expression, I'd say it's real, isn't it?" Peter looked at her expectantly.

"..." The Ancient One remained silent.

"Because if it is real..." Peter says as he picks the lamp up and starts to play with it. "...then you wouldn't mind if I summoned the Djinn?"

"!" Acting quickly, the Ancient One reaches forward and pulled the lamp into her hands. "Please think before you-"

Suddenly, the lamp in her hands turned to sand, which fell through her fingers and pooled in her lap.



Of course, Peter wouldn't play around with a Djinn's lamp like that, nor would he give it to the Ancient One so easily.

"You think I'm that stupid?" Peter asks with a victorious smirk. "Now, tell me about Djinn's so I can figure out how to get my wishes..."

"I can't talk you out of this, can I?" She asks with an annoyed sigh.

"No, it's literally a genie." Peter says matter of factly. "Unless everything I know is wrong, and they don't grant three wishes?"

"They grant wishes alright..." She says with a far-off look, remembering some sort of past experience. "It just depends on your genie's alignment."

"Like good and evil?" Peter asks in interest.

"Sort of." The Ancient One says as an old book appears on the table.

With a wave of her hand, the book flipped open to a page with a portrait of a pitch-black humanoid demon.

It had large hands, a protruding stomach, three long horns, and the face of a wild beast with sharp tiger-like teeth.

Meanwhile, on the opposite page was a much less threatening figure. It looked almost human except for the bluish skin tone and lack of legs and feet.

In fact, both portraits lacked a lower body, as if they were some sort of disembodied ghosts.

"Djinn, commonly known as Genies, are a powerful race of wish-granting beings made of pure energy. They're gifted with phenomenal cosmic powers that allow them to bend the rules of the world and take on any form they desire."



"It didn't take long for Genies to be seen as highly desirable slaves due to their great powers, as such their entire race was slowly captured one by one until none remained free. Masters of the mystic arts and other energy users bottled them up in lamps or any other containers, which forced them into never-ending servitude." She continues.

"Were you alive when they were turned into slaves?" Peter asks curiously.

"No, I'm not that old." She replies with a roll of her eyes. "My Master was though and he always felt bad for what happened to the Genie. Well, most of them."

"What do you mean by that?" Peter asked.

"Not all Genies were good-natured or neutral existences. In fact, the start of their enslavement was due to a rotten bunch that unleashed terrible and contagious plagues upon the world, among other catastrophes."

The Ancient One pointed to the demon on the page as she spoke.

"From what my master told me, once the Genies found out about their brother's horrendous actions, they sealed them away in random containers."

"So the Genies sparked the craze for their own enslavement?" Peter asked.

"Yes." The Ancient One nodded. "They unknowingly started the downfall of their race. Masters experimented on the sealed Genie and found a way to capture more of them, though that wasn't all. They also bound the Genie to a master."

"So, basic genie stuff. I activate the lamp, a genie comes out, and I get three wishes." Peter sums up the rest. "Does it just return to the lamp afterward?"

"That depends on what type of container it is." The Ancient One shrugs unknowingly. "You'd have to study the lamp and figure out its enchantments, though I can't emphasize enough how careful you should be."

"Why?" Peter asks.



Of course, he was planning to be careful in the first place, but the seriousness in her voice made him a bit nervous.

"Genies are an enslaved race of people and none of them are bound to be happy about it, not even the good-natured ones." She explains with a pointed stare.

"So what? If they're forced to grant me wishes, then what could possibly go wrong?" Peter asks in confusion.

"They are forced to grant you wishes, but give them the slightest loophole or stray thought and they will pounce on it, twisting your wish for wealth into a theft leading back to you, or your desire for love into a curse of endless fanatical suitors." The Ancient One warned seriously.

"So be careful what you wish for..." Peter muttered in understanding.

"Yes, that exact phrase was coined soon after the Genie were enslaved. Remember it and be extremely careful." The Ancient one emphasized as she slammed the book shut. "I would rather you just forget about this genie business, but-"

"Yeah, no way." Peter shook his head as The Ancient One sighed tiredly. "This is a wish-granting Genie we're talking about. I've watched Aladdin far too many times to pass this up."

---

After hearing a few more warnings from his bald teacher, Peter returned home just in time for Lily to get out of school.

Quickly texting the family group chat that he would pick her up, he grabbed his keys and rushed out of the door.

Pulling up to the school in his old rust bucket, which only needed some cosmetic upgrade at this point, Peter heard the bell ring and watched as the children started pouring out of the doors in waves.



\*beep beep...\*

Peter honked the horn as he saw his daughter walk out with two children on each side of her.

One of them was obviously Miles, who has quickly become Lily's best friend, while the other was someone that Peter hasn't met before.

A girl about the same age as Lily with short blonde hair talked animatedly with them as she followed along.

[Insert picture of Gwen Stacy here]

"!?" The group looked up as they heard the beeping and found Peter in his rust bucket.

"That's my dad." Lily explained to Gwen, who looked confused.

"Oh, I thought your mom was picking us up?" Gwen asked as they all planned to go to Lily's house after school.

Lily just shrugged as she walked over to the car and hopped in, followed by her friend filling up the backseat.

"Your friends are coming over?" Peter asks as Lily nods and motions back to her newest friend.

"That's Gwen. She came over yesterday too, but you weren't home." She introduces.

"?" Peter looked back at the blonde girl for a moment. 'What's with my daughter and befriending future spider heroes?'

First Miles Morales and now Gwen Stacy. It's like she's building her own superhero group.

"It's nice to meet you, Gwen."



...

While the kids were eating pizza and playing some LEGO game on the Xbox in the living room, Peter left them alone and locked himself in his bedroom.

He pulled the Genies lamp out of nowhere and placed it on his desk, where he sat down and simply stared at it in awe for a moment.

'I need to study this and then come up with some airtight wishes... Maybe I should write them down like a contract and have some lawyers look it over for any loopholes?' Peter wondered as he got to work.

Snapping his fingers, the Lamp floated up to eye level as a nexus of golden spell lines surrounded the thing, scanning it meticulously.

"Now, what kind of enchantments are keeping you locked away?" Peter muttered as he started getting some information.

First, the lamp has a very intricate and complex prison enchantment, which seemed to be the main purpose of the container.

Once he found that out, Peter started looking for how to summon the genie, as the Collector tried and failed to do so for a year.

Of course, he wouldn't be activating just yet...

...

Almost an hour after Peter started his research, the door flung open and MJ came storming in.

"Do you know-" The wind instantly left her sails as she caught sight of the floating lamp. "What is that?"

"A Genies lamp." Peter says plainly. "What's with the grand entrance?"



"A Genie?" She muttered in shock before shaking her head. "You know what? I'm going to ignore that for now. Do you know what your daughter was doing downstairs when I got home?"

"No idea, but since she's only my daughter for this scenario I'd say it wasn't good." Peter says with a small laugh.

"She was..." MJ pauses to peek out of the door before closing it. "She and Gwen were taking turns kissing Miles. One would peck him on the lips and the other would go next-"

"I'm going to kill that little sh\*t!" Peter exclaims and he sprung out of his chair.

-Downstairs-

"Do you think we're in trouble?" Gwen asked worriedly.

"I don't know... I don't think Lily's mom was mad." Miles shrugged unknowingly.

"The kids did it at school, so I don't see the problem..." Lily muttered in confusion.

"I'm going to kill that little sh\*t!" Peter's voice carried through the house to the living room.

"!?" Gwen and Miles both jumped out of their seats in fright.

-Upstairs-

"Calm down!" MJ yells in a hushed tone as she pushes Peter back into his seat. "It's normal for kids to experiment like this and you won't be killing anyone. They probably don't even know what they're doing!"

"Can I at least beat him?" Peter asked with a dangerous glint in his eye.

"No, they're children!" MJ swatted him upside the head. "I shouldn't have come to you for this..."



MJ instantly started regretting bringing this issue to Peter. Lily's grandmothers would have been a much better choice.

"Now, stay here while I talk to the kids." MJ sighs in frustration as she goes for the door, preparing herself for the awkward conversation.

As she opened the door, MJ turned back to Peter with a piercing glare.

"If you leave this room and cause trouble, I won't sleep with you for a year..."

## Chapter 275: Wishes

Seeing as he wasn't allowed to kill young Miles Morales for his transgressions, Peter threw himself back into examining the lamp.

After a few hours, he came to a full understanding of the enchantments on the lamp and how to summon the Genie.

'I just have to rub the lamp a few times while injecting it with energy...' Peter thought as he sat back in his chair. 'Eldritch energy should work.'

Other than that, this particular lamp was made to do a few things.

Although most of the enchantments are normal Genie stuff, like summoning, becoming the master, getting three wishes, and all of that good stuff, the lamp also has a few add-ons.

Though most of them don't really matter, except for one.

The lamp will disappear after the third wish is granted, alongside the Genie of course.

Meaning, after the wish is granted, the lamp will teleport itself somewhere in the vast Universe, ready to be used once again by whoever finds it.

'Maybe I should waste a wish on keeping it out of other people's hands?' Peter wondered.



After all, this is a comic book world, where villains lurk in every corner of the universe.

Just imagining Thanos, Ego, or even some small-time bad guy finding the lamp and getting 3 wishes sends a shiver down Peter's spine.

"Looks like I'll only get two wishes..." Peter muttered as MJ came walking into the room and let out a tired sigh. "How did the talk go?"

He watched in amusement as MJ flopped onto the bed and pushed her face into a pillow.

"That bad, huh?" Peter laughed.

"You have no idea..." MJ says as she pulls her face out of the pillow. "I had to explain to them..."

-Flashback-

MJ sat on the coffee table in front of the kids, who were attentively listening to her explanation.

"...and that's why kissing like that is only for somebody you love, like your boyfriend or girlfriend." She finished her long-winded talk.

"Does that mean we're Miles' girlfriends now?" Lily asked in confusion.

"I don't think my dad will like that I have a boyfriend..." Gwen mutters in contemplation.

George Stacy is a high-level member of the Police Department, who has made quite a few joking threats over the years about shooting his daughter's future boyfriend.

"I don't think my dad does either..." Lily nods in understanding.

"..." Little Miles just sat there quietly with a confused look and a blushing face.



"No, that's not what I'm saying..."

-Flashback End-

"By the time I got them to understand that they weren't in Miles' harem, they started asking about sex, which was a whole other can of worms..." MJ groaned as she threw the blanket over herself, disappearing from the world.

"Are you sure that I can't just beat the kid a little bit?" Peter asks and receives a pillow to the face for his troubles.

...

After having dinner, where Peter had to deal with May and Grace squealing about Lily's kissing fiasco, the family hung out for a while before Lily's bedtime.

As Peter was leaving Lily's room after putting her to bed, he was immediately surrounded by the woman of the house.

"What's this about Lily being your AI assistant?" Grace asks disapprovingly.

"Well, I made her because I needed an assistant, so I offered her the job." Peter explains with a shrug. "But if she doesn't want to, then that's fine too. I can always make another less lifelike AI to do it."

"Good, because she's too young to be exposed to the type of criminals that you deal with." Grace seemed to be in favor of Peter's backup plan.

"Are you sure she's old enough to make this kind of decision?" May asked worriedly.

"Lily isn't a normal 10-year-old girl." Peter says matter of factly. "Actually, she's not even a year old, but that's not the point. Lily is already smart enough to have graduated college with a masters degree ten times over. Yeah, she's childlike and naive and we'll keep treating her as a child, but that doesn't mean we should hold her back with the rules and expectations of a normal kid."



"..."

That seemed to shut everyone up, as they didn't have a counter to Peter's little speech.

"Though, feel free to express your opinions to her." Peter says with a shrug. "I have no problem either way."

"Fine, I'll talk to her tomorrow." Grace mutters as she walks off down the hall followed by May.

Both of them didn't seem to agree with Lily making the choice herself, especially Grace, but they couldn't exactly argue with Peter's logic.

After all, he is her father.

The only possible route of changing his mind would be convincing MJ, though she didn't seem too bothered with Peter's decision.

"I'm going to sleep. Today has been an exhausting day..." MJ says as she walks off.

"We could pick up where we left off-"

\*Bam!\*

"No." MJ denies him instantly as she slams the bedroom door behind her, leaving Peter alone in the hallway.

Peter sighs as he looks down at his right hand and smiles wryly.

"At least I still have you..."

---



After relieving himself the good old fashion way, Peter sat in the living room with a notepad and pen, thinking of good wishes that he could make.

The list started with the obvious stuff.

At first, Peter was thinking of the normal superpowers

Invisibility.

Superhuman Strength, though he already had that.

Flying

Shapeshifting

Super Speed, like the Flash.

Super Senses

Telepathy

Mind Control

Telekinesis

...

The list went on for a few pages before Peter gave up and crossed each of them out.

'It's just too generic...' Peter thought as he started thinking more abstractly.

Concept-type powers centered on an idea that allows essentially any effect related to it.



For example, Autopotence(Omnipotence over oneself), Boundary Manipulation, and Subjective Reality.

Function-type powers centered on what they do, which usually specialized in relatively specific fields.

For example, Creation, Destruction, and most Manipulations.

Mechanism-type powers centered on the manipulation of immanent laws of reality.

For example, Causality Manipulation, Physics Manipulation, and Virtual Warping.

Source-type powers centered on their origin are usually supernatural, allowing a variety of applications.

For example, Divinity, Lordship Powers, Magic, and Supernatural Dominion.

Unfathomable powers without actual cause or mechanism, which are defined as beyond understanding.

For example, Author Authority, Logic Manipulation, and systems.

Systems like a game status screen, missions, shops, inventory, and everything else definitely piqued Peter's interest.

'I could literally live my life like a game character and grow infinitely in the process...' Peter thought in interest, though the Genie may not be powerful enough to do something like that. 'Actually, almost everything that I just listed is probably outside of any Genie's power...'

Although he didn't believe that the Genie would be able to grant him things like Author Authority, Divinity, Virtual Warping, Creation, and Autopotence, Peter still left them on this list just in case it was possible.



'I only get two wishes, so I better make sure I'm thorough...' Peter thought as he stayed up all night filling the pages of his notebook with all sorts of ideas. 'I could try tricking the Genie into giving me more wishes...'

After thinking on that idea for a moment, Peter remembered the crazy intricate enchantments on the lamp.

"Yeah... That probably won't work." He muttered in disappointment.

Every possible loophole he could think of seemed to be covered by the lamps enchantments.

By the time the sun rose and brightened the dark living room, Peter was just finished picking his wishes.

He made three different sets of wishes.

The first set consisted of the most overpowered stuff that he could think of, so basically Omnipotence-related stuff.

Though in case that isn't possible, Peter came up with two other sets of slightly lesser wishes.

And if those two aren't possible, then he'll just have to go back to the drawing board once again.

Peter also thought of wishing Thanos dead, though that seemed like a waste of a wish, as he could already be dead for all Peter knew.

And even if he isn't, then Peter can still handle him on his own, as he originally planned from the beginning.

"I need to get a lawyer to write up three separate contracts for these wishes..." Peter thought as only one name came to mind.

Whipping out his phone, Peter called the best and blindest lawyer he knew.



"Uhh, do you know what time it is?" Daredevil answered the phone with a tired groan.

"Yeah, but I need some help with a few contracts." Peter heard another groan from the other end.

"Wake up, get some breakfast, and meet me in my office in an hour."

"Make it two..." Matt muttered as he ended the call.

"So rude..." Peter commented as he walked off to the kitchen and started making breakfast for the family.

As Peter was cooking a large breakfast for the many women in his life, he heard a knock at the door.

'Who the hell is at my door? It's not even 6 am yet...' Peter thought as he walked over and pulled the door open. "Why are you here?"

Standing across from him was the one and only bald spymaster, Nick Fury.

"My wife and daughter live here. How else am I supposed to see them?" Fury scoffs as he pushes past Peter and strolls inside.

"Sorry, let me rephrase." Peter says as he closes the door and follows after his father-in-law. "Why are you here so early in the morning?"

"Not all of us can make our own hours, like you. This is the time slot that I have open today." Fury says as he walks into the kitchen and found a bunch of freshly cooked breakfast foods. "I didn't know that you could cook?"

Peter watches as the old spy starts making a plate of food for himself.

"Well, no offense but your daughter is a horrible cook, so I ended up filling that role in the relationship." Peter says with a laugh.

"Oh, trust me, I know." Fury winced as he remembered the last time MJ cooked for him.



"Well, make yourself at home, I guess." Peter says as Fury sat down at the table with his food. "I'm going to wake up..."

Peter was just about to say his daughter's name, but then he remembered that Fury has no idea that Lily even exists.

Instantly, a smirk appeared on his face as Peter walked out of the kitchen, confusing Fury with his odd behavior.

'This will be an entertaining morning...' Peter thought as he climbed the steps and opened Lily's bedroom door.

Lily slept sprawled out on her bed with her mouth wide open and drool leaking out onto her pillow.

"Rise and shine, Princess." Peter says as he walks over and pulls the curtains open, lighting up the room in an instant.

"Ugh..." Lily groaned as the sun hit her face, waking her up. "5 more hours..."

"Isn't the line 5 more minutes?" Peter asks as he takes a seat on her bed.

"5 minutes isn't long enough..." Lily grumbled as she peeked up at her smiling father. "Can you stop being so happy in the morning? It's a time of dread and slothfulness, not joy and happiness."

"Well, my little thesaurus, there's a reason for this smile." Peter says as Lily stares up at him in interest. "Your grandpa is here and he doesn't even know that you exist."

"Is it Fury?" Lily asks in excitement.

Instantly, her usual morning mood disappeared.

She knew all about her grandpa from the data she stole from the Tower.



"Yeah, and I was thinking we could prank him a little bit. Are you in?" Peter asks as Lily's face blooms into a mischievous smile, matching her father's perfectly.

"What's the plan?"

Chapter 276: Grandpa

After explaining the plan to Lily, Peter sent her off to the bathroom to get ready for the day and went to entertain his bald guest.

Peter could already hear the rest of the house waking up, so he didn't bother them.

After all, the grandmas have work and MJ has school.

'Technically, I have school too...' Peter thought as he contemplated skipping out on school once again.

...

"So, how has the new and improved Shield been holding up?" Peter asked as he sat across from Fury with his own plate of food.

"Good, we're just barely functional again." Fury answered tiredly.

"Have you figured out which of the World Security Council was Hydra?" Peter asked as he hadn't checked up on them.

"No, I've been too busy with Shield and chasing after the remnants of Hydra to even think about visiting my old employers." Fury says with a smirk.

He seemed to almost enjoy the fact that the group that once bossed him around and made his life difficult was still held in captivity.



"I'm guessing Steve and Peggy are the ones chasing Hydra stragglers down?" Peter receives a nod from his father-in-law.

"Though they were reluctant to leave Mr. Barnes behind..." Fury says.

"How has Bucky been?" Peter asks curiously. "The last time I saw him, he was suicidal and begging Tony to kill him."

"He's still in his cell. The same psychologist that worked on Blonsky sees him twice a week. You'll have to ask Steve or Peggy for more information. I've been too busy to look further into it." Fury explains with shrug. "Now are you going to tell me what you've been doing in space?"

"It's a long story." Peter was reluctant to get into it.

"Simplify it." Fury insists.

"Hmm... I turned a group of alien criminals into a functioning crew of heroes for pay and fought Thanos, who might be dead." Peter explained simply, surprising Fury with the second bit of information.

"Did he have the Tesseract?" He asks hopefully.

Of course, Thanos wouldn't have the tesseract as Peter was the one that stole it, but he wouldn't be admitting to anything.

"Not that I saw, but he's probably still alive so we'll have another chance to find it soon enough." Peter technically wasn't lying.

Just as Fury was about to ask more questions, MJ came strolling into the kitchen in one of Peter's old shirts, like a short dress.

Since the majority of the house is women, leaving Peter as the only man around, they tended not to care about exposing themselves a little bit.

For instance, MJ is currently wearing nothing but underwear and a shirt.



Although this is normal for her in the morning, MJ instantly froze as she caught sight of her father, who was currently looking at her with a disapproving eye.

"Morning, Beautiful." Peter says with a smirk as Fury turns to glare at him. "Your dad came to visit."

"!" His words seemed to unfreeze MJ, who rushed out of the kitchen and up the stairs to find some clothes.

"..." Fury sighs in frustration as he heard Peter chuckle to himself.

...

Once MJ returned, she brought the grannies with her, who were thankfully fully dressed.

'She must have warned them...' Peter thought as MJ glared at him while chewing on a piece of bacon.

Due to the surprise visit, everyone but Peter seemed to forget that Fury didn't know about Lily.

Though that worked perfectly for his plans...

"You're so cute when you're mad." Peter smirks as he enjoys MJ's glare.

"Shut up." MJ spat as she rolled her eyes.

"So, how has school been?" Fury started asking the normal absent dad questions.

And while they were all talking, Peter could hear the pitter-patter of little feet rushing down the stairs.

'It's show time.' Peter smirked inwardly as he eyed the door.



Seconds later, the kitchen door swung open and a three-year-old version of Lily came rushing in.

"Mommy!" Lily exclaimed as she rushed up to MJ and jumped into her lap.

"?!" Fury and everyone else were confused and shocked by her appearance.

Even MJ had no idea what was happening.

Though one thing was for sure...

This little girl looked exactly like MJ when she was this age, solidifying the fact that Lily is MJ's daughter in Fury's chaotic mind.

"Good morning, Daddy." Lily separated from her mother for a moment and smiled at Peter.

"Morning, Princess." Peter smiled back as he peeked over at Fury, who looked like a deer in headlights.

"W-What is..." Fury almost lost it at that moment. "This motherf\*cker got my daughter pregnant!"

His hands gripped tightly as he glared at Peter with enough killing intent to shake a weaker man.

Thankfully, a child was in the room so he quickly reined himself in.

"Who's this?" Fury projected a false calmness as he turned to his daughter, who was almost as confused as him.

"This is..." MJ went to explain and froze for a second time that morning.

Explaining Lily's origins was easy as a 10-year-old because she couldn't have possibly given birth to her at that age.



But as a 3-year-old the line begins to blur, which is why Peter used the Reality Stone to revert her to this form.

"This is our daughter, Lily." Peter finishes her sentence, enjoying the moment. "Lily, why don't you go and give your grandpa a big hug."

"Okay!" Lily jumps down from her mother's lap and rushes over to stand in front of Fury.

She held her arms up, waiting for him to lift her into his lap.

"..." Fury matched his daughter and froze in place.

"Grandpa?" Lily mutters as her eyes started to tear up. "Do you not like Lily?"

Peter was filled with pride when he saw how great of an actress his princess was.

"N-No!" Fury practically shouted as he scrambled to pick her up. "Grandpa would never... I like... how could I not..."

He sounded so awkward and forced as he tried to pacify the poor girl that Peter and Lily couldn't contain themselves anymore.

""Hahaha!"" Peter and Lily broke out into a fit of laughter.

"?" Everyone looked at them in confusion.

Although it took them a moment, the women of the house were the first to understand what was happening.

Peter was f\*cking with Fury, again.

"What the f\*ck is happening!?" Fury shouted in exasperation.



"Language!" Grace reprimanded him as she reached over to cover Lily's ears.

"Dad, you can turn me back now." Lily said as she pecked her grandpa on the cheek and hopped out of his lap. "Being small was fun, but I want to go back to normal."

"Sure." Peter snaps his fingers and the 10-year-old Lily returned in an instant.

"That's better." Lily nodded as she turned to Fury. "Hello, grandpa. I'm Lily Parker."

"..." Fury had no idea what was happening, but he knew one thing for certain.

Peter was behind this...

...

After explaining Lily's origins, Fury's confusion was instantly cleared up, though that didn't mean he was happy.

"You stole my daughter's DNA and made a child with it?" Fury glared at Peter, ready to pull his gun at any moment.

"Would you rather I put a bun in her oven?" Peter asks jokingly. "I wouldn't mind, but the kids at school might say something..."

Hearing his words, Fury couldn't take it and pulled his dessert eagle from the holster.

"No guns at the table!" Grace glared as she swiftly plucked the gun from his hand before turning to Peter. "And you, stop antagonizing him!"

"Yes, Ma'am." Peter throws his hands in the air as Grace unintentionally waved the gun in his direction.

"I'll take that..." May carefully took the gun from her for safety reasons.



"Seriously though, yes I took her DNA without permission and we've already talked about it." Peter says as he looks toward MJ to back him up.

"Yes, and he won't be taking my DNA again unless I agree, right?" She says pointedly and receives a quick nod. "And although I didn't know Lily would be entering my life so suddenly, I most certainly don't regret it."

MJ reaches over and combed her fingers through Lily's hair with a fond smile on her face.

"Besides, you're a grandpa now. You should be happy." Peter says as Lily smiles adorably in Fury's direction.

"I never said I wasn't happy..." Fury couldn't help but be swayed by his granddaughter's cuteness. "She looks just like MJ..."

"I know it's crazy, isn't it?" Grace nodded in agreement. "She might as well be a clone."

"She looks like me too, right?" Peter turns to May for some assistance, though she simply looks away. "Look, she has my ears..."

"..." May refused to speak. 'If I speak, I am in big trouble...'

"Whatever, I have to head into the tower for some business." Peter changes the subject with a huff. "Lily, why don't you have your Grandpa drive you to school today?"

"She goes to school?" Fury asks incredulously.

"Yup, and she kissed a boy yesterday!" Grace exclaimed like an excited schoolgirl.

"!" Fury didn't look happy about that either...

"Mom, why would you tell him that..." MJ sighed as she saw her father react the same way as Peter.

She wasn't the only one to notice this either...



'Maybe an anti-Miles alliance can be formed between us?' Peter pondered thoughtfully.

After all, they can't let that kid get away with it...

## Chapter 277: Godly Daddy

"You want me to write up three separate contracts for a genie's wishes?" Daredevil stared at Peter with a confused and incredulous look on his face.

"Yes." Peter nodded.

"..." Matt stared at him for a moment before speaking again "Did you find a Genie or something? Because if not, then this is a giant waste of my time..."

"I cannot confirm or deny anything, but I can say that this isn't a waste of time." Peter explains cryptically.

...

After some more convincing, Peter clarified explicitly how important it was that the contracts were airtight, leaving no loopholes or room for misinterpretation.

By the time Peter left him to do his work, Matt was convinced that his boss found a Genies lamp or some sort of monkeys paw that would grant him wishes.

'What a lucky b\*stard...'

---

While waiting for the contracts to be drawn up, Peter portal'd back to the Guardians.

As soon as he stepped into the ship, he found that his crew was rather somber and quiet, which wasn't like them at all.



"What the hell's going on?" Peter asked in confusion.

"That city in Xanov we visited was destroyed by the Chitauri." Quill said as he showed a galactic news video of the decimated city ruins.

"They killed everyone." Drax said with a frown

In his experience, the fact that the rest of the planet was spared was truly a godsend.

Drax has chased Ronan and Thanos across the galaxy since his families deaths, so he's seen far worse than this.

So sadly, compared to most of Thanos' victims, Xanov was lucky.

"They must have been tracking us and attacked the city when we left." Peter muttered as he watched the video, joining the Guardians in their somber mood.

While everyone was watching, no one noticed the thoughtful frown on Rocket's face.

After all, he purposely ignored a call from the Nova Corps recently.

...

After finishing the video Peter turned to the crew.

Some were less down than others, but nobody liked the fact that this happened, especially since it was done in the name of tracking them down.

"I'm going to go and say my condolences to Irani and explain some things." Peter says as he opens a portal.

"Wait, I'll come too." Quill hops up and follows Peter through the portal with a bit of trepidation.



After all, he's seen the portals countless times, yet he never used them before.

"?" Peter wondered why he wanted to follow along but didn't care either way.

-Xandar-

Arriving at the front of the Nova Corps headquarters, Quill instantly spoke up.

"So, when are we getting Gamora back?" Quill asks.

'And now I know why he tagged along...' Peter thought in exasperation. "I'll go pick her up once we're done here."

That seemed to perk up Quill's mood, as he excitedly followed Peter into the downcast atmosphere of the Nova building.

Peter could feel the mournful energy of most people inside.

After all, they just lost the capital city of their empire's second-most populated planet. Not to mention the fact that many of them most likely had some colleagues, friends, or family in the city at the time.

"I'm here to see Irani Rael." Peter stepped in front of the receptionist, who instantly recognized who he was.

...

"I'm so sorry, Irani." Peter says as he was escorted into the Nova Primes office, followed by Quill. "I rushed over as soon as I heard the news."

"Thank you, Spider-Man..." Irani sighs tiredly from her desk, which was filled with all sorts of paper due to the tragedy. "We tried to contact you, but..."



Peter raised an eyebrow at her words.

"I don't remember any calls, but we did just switch ships..." Peter frowns unknowingly. "I'm sorry, Irani. If we got your call, maybe Veirus would still be standing."

"It's not your fault." Irani says understandingly, though her face hardens in the next moment. "It's Thanos and his army."

"Speaking of Thanos..." Peter quickly explains their run-in with Thanos and his children, as well as the fact that Veirus was most likely attacked because of them. "Once again, I'm sorry."

"..." Irani frowned as she took in everything that Peter just said. "It's still not your fault."

"Maybe... Maybe not." Peter shrugs.

"Is it true about Thanos? Is he really dead?" Irani asks hopefully.

After all, one city for the death of a cosmic tyrant like Thanos was a good trade in her book.

"He was severely poisoned when he fled, though I would bet on his survival. Men like Thanos aren't so easily killed." Peter's words cause the Nova Prime to sigh sadly.

"You're right, we shouldn't get our hopes up." Irani nods in agreement. "But you did kill his 'children'?"

"Yes, Corvus Glaive and Proxima Midnight are dead." Peter answers.

"Can I have the bodies?" Irani asks hopefully.

"Why?" Quill asks as he didn't know why anyone would want that to begin with.

"We believe that the leaders in the destruction of Veirus were these two people." Irani says as the video call before the invasion of Xanov appeared, showing Corvus and Proxima.



"And parading the bodies of the perpetrators around will help calm the scared masses." Peter understood her thought process.

"Not exactly a parade but yes. We need to show our citizens that we can protect them and our enemies that such attacks won't go unpunished." Irani clarifies.

"Alright, you can have the bodies." Peter says as he opens a portal and deposits the corpses of Thanos' children by the door.

"Thank you." Irani says as she hits a button and some subordinates come to take the bodies away.

"It's the least that I could do." Peter didn't mind.

After all, he already took their possessions and didn't have any other use for the bodies.

Just as Peter and Quill were about to be on their way, Irani seemed to remember something.

"Umm, Starlight?" Irani looks to Quill.

"It's Starboy." Peter corrects her with a smirk.

"No, it's not..." Quill sighed in annoyance. "It's StarLord."

"Mr. Quill." She opted to just use his real name. "I thought that I should inform you..."

"What? Am I dying or something?" Quill asked as the mood in the room became serious out of nowhere.

"D-Do you know who your father is?" Irani asks nervously.

"No, my mother called him an angel, but I think she was just covering up a one-night stand or something. She was very religious." Quill recalled the happy memories of his dying mother.



"Well, she may not have been wrong..." Irani says as she shows them Quill's DNA, which was all sorts of weird.

"What is this?" Quill asks in confusion.

"When we arrested you, we noticed an anomaly in your nervous system, so we had it checked out." Irani explains as she separates the image of his DNA. "This is your mother's DNA and this... is your father's."

Compared to his mother's, which was the normal two linked strands that wind around each other to resemble a twisted ladder, his father was extremely odd and constantly changing shape, never remaining the same for long.

"I'm not a Terran?" Quill asks in shock.

"You are half Terran. Your mother was of earth. Your father, well, he's something very ancient that we've never seen here before." Irani says with a bit of trepidation.

Peter watched as Quill finally learned a bit about his Celestial origins.

'Now I have to deal with Egos seed on Earth.' Peter thought as he remembered the plot from the movie. 'Maybe I can get the Ancient One to deal with it...'

After all, Peter already had the genetic material from Knowhere's Celestial, so he didn't exactly need anymore.

'Meh, I'll check it out anyway.' Peter thought as he said goodbye to Irani and portal'd back to the ship with his stunned second in command in tow.

...

As they left, Irani started spreading the word of Thanos' defeat and the death of his children. She even shared images of their dead bodies on the news.



Of course, Irani was truthful with who was behind it and even provided pictures of the heroes for the news.

Although the goal was to stabilize the situation and show the power of the Nova Empire, she knew that it wasn't a good idea to take full credit.

After all, she and the administration of the empire were still too scared to offend Thanos too much.

In a matter of hours, the Galaxy's many news corporations coined the name Guardians of the Galaxy.

Instantly, not only was Spider-Man a galactic celebrity, but even his new crew of former criminals were all famous as well.

Spider-Man, StarLord, Gamora, Rocket, Groot, and Drax the Destroyer were quickly becoming legends among the citizens of the Nova empire and beyond.

And of course, the Nova Empire made sure to explain the Guardians close relationship to the Nova Corps.

Sadly, Yondu was a new addition, so his name wasn't among them just yet.

---

After dropping off Quill, who was still stunned into silence by the news of his father, Peter returned to the tower and picked up his three genie contracts from Matt.

Though before he could summon the Genie, which he was extremely excited to do, Peter went looking for Gamora, hoping that her return would help his first mate.

\*knock knock...\*

"Hey, where's Gamora?" Peter asked as Nebula opened her apartment door.



"I don't know." Nebula shrugged uncaringly.

...

'Okay, I may have made a mistake...' Peter thought as he rushed around the Tower searching for his missing crew mate.

Just as Peter was about to search Tony's penthouse, Jarvis' voice filled the room.

"Sir, Miss Gamora left the planet with Mr. Stark 20 hours ago."

"That motherf\*cker..."

Chapter 278: Trash or Treasure?

After questioning Jarvis, who thankfully wasn't barred from telling him anything, Peter found out exactly what was happening.

Tony was annoyed and jealous that Peter didn't bring him along for a space adventure, so he pretty much kidnapped Gamora in order to navigate for him.

'Forget it.' Peter shook his head as he opened a portal to the mirror dimension with his Genie contracts in hand. 'I'll check on Tony later...'

Thankfully, Peter placed a tracking spell on each of their ships, so he can go and take back Gamora at any moment.

'It's finally time...' Peter thought as he pulled out the lamp. 'I'm sure Tony and Gamora will be fine until I'm done...'

---

"What's happening!?" Tony yelled as he awoke to what appeared to be a crazy amount of turbulence.



The Kree ship he commandeered was shaking and creaking like crazy, sending him and Pepper tumbling from the bed and onto the cold metal floor.

Through the floor-to-ceiling reinforced glass window, he could see an odd-looking planet below, which seemed to be filled with trash, like some sort of junkyard.

Though that wasn't what worried him.

He could also see a good portion of the ship from this angle, and it wasn't looking good.

The engines were smoking and a good portion of the hull seemed to be missing, and when he looked behind them, Tony spotted the culprit instantly.

A giant wormhole hovered behind the ship and it was still spitting out portions some of the debris, solidifying Tony's fears.

'We flew through a wormhole!' He thought in a mix of excitement and horror.

Though that wasn't all.

This trash planet seemed to be surrounded by countless other wormholes, and each of them was dumping junk out as well.

'Can we even leave this place?' Tony was worried beyond belief.

After all, one wrong move and they could get sucked into the orbit of a wormhole, not that they could try with how damaged the ship is right now.

"Tony!" Pepper called out in fear as she stood on shaky legs.

Pushing his worries aside for now, Tony acted quickly and activated his armor, which covered his body in an instant.



In a matter of seconds, Tony's chest lit up and a thick beam of white energy shot out, impacting the glass window.

Sadly or luckily, depending on the situation, the glass didn't shatter as Tony hoped, so he had to melt it and slowly create an opening.

As the hole was made, strong winds rushed into the room, nearly blowing Pepper off of her feet.

"Go! I'll meet you at the wreckage!" Tony yells over the raging wind as he used his suit to remotely accessed Pepper's arc reactor.

Before she even knew what was happening, Pepper was covered in her blue iron man suit and expertly launched out of the window.

He watched as she landed safely before rushing out of the door, flying through the ship's spacious hallways.

"Rhodey, where are you?" Tony called out over the communications built into each of their suits.

"Looking for you. Are you out of the ship?" His friend's voice appeared in his ear.

"No, I'm looking for Gamora."

"Tony! Are you okay?" Pepper's worried voice filled their ears.

"Yes, follow the ship. I'll see you soon." Tony tried to calm her down.

"I found Gamora!" Rhodes exclaimed over the comms. "She's a little banged up, but she'll be fine."

"Good, let's get out of here before this thing crashes." Tony says as he rushes toward the engine room of the ship.

Since every one of the Avenger's ships is powered by one of his arc reactors, Tony had to be careful with each of them.



After all, the arc reactor is a powerful weapon.

In the wrong hands it could be used for some very nefarious deeds.

"Tony?! Where are you?" Pepper calls out worriedly. "Rhodes and Gamora are already out."

"Just had to make a quick stop. I'm coming now." Tony answered calmly.

Quickly ripping the small reactor from its connectors, Tony broke out of the ship, where he found Pepper, Rhodes, and Gamora waiting for him on a hill of junk.

Thankfully, everyone was safe and in one piece.

The only one that took some damage was Gamora, who only had a few bumps and bruises from the crazy turbulence.

Moments after Tony made his exit, the large Kree ship crashed down into a mountain of trash, sending junk flying everywhere.

Thankfully, the ship didn't explode, as the trash piles absorbed a lot of the impact, but it was definitely damaged beyond repair.

"This is..." Gamora looked up at the sky, which was filled with all sorts of wormholes. "Sakaar?"

"You know this hellhole?" Tony asked incredulously as he landed beside them and retracted his suit.

"Yes, Sakaar is an anomaly. As you can see, it's surrounded by numerous wormholes that deposit space waste on the planet below. It's said that Sakaarans and many other species are stranded here due to the wormholes. Though nobody is dumb enough to even come near here, so it's all just rumors. How did we get here?"

As Gamora explained the small amount of knowledge that she had about Sakaar, everyone took in the sight of the hills of junk, which were only growing larger thanks to the wormholes.



"This place is like a giant junkyard..." Rhodes muttered. "I refuse to believe anyone actually lives here."

"It's disgusting..." Pepper winced as she covered her nose.

"Really? I think it's amazing." Tony smirks as he eyes the piles of trash for anything interesting.

"How could you possibly think that?" Gamora asks in annoyance. 'I should have just waited for Spider-Man to pick me up...'

"One planet's trash is another planet's treasure." Tony says as he bends down and picks up an advanced alien circuit board. "In your point of view, this place is filled with garbage, but to any government or company on earth, this place is a gold mine."

They all watched on as Tony started running around collecting trash with a smile on his face.

"Oh, what's this?"

"Is that a broken Nuclear rubidium collector?!"

"How can someone throw this away!"

"Oh my god! It's a Cerium auto sequencers kit!"

"I can use this quantum drive plate bonder to make an Argon microfilament detonator..."

After a few minutes of scavenging, Tony started talking tech gibberish, which no one understood.

Not even Gamora.

Suddenly, as Tony was having a field day collecting his trash, a small dingy transport ship flew overhead before landing in front of the newly stranded group.



"People actually live here..." Rhodes muttered in shock.

As the doors of the ship opened, a large group of masked and hooded figures came walking out with weapons in hand.

"Umm, Tony!" Pepper called out to her boyfriend, who wasn't paying attention.

"What?" Tony turned around with junk-filled arms.

"Are you fighters? Or are you food?" One of the masked aliens asks as he rested his rifle on his shoulder.

"We're just passing through." Rhodes says as he prepares to activate his armor at any moment.

"They look weak. You guys can handle this." Tony looked the hoard of ragged aliens over before turning back to collect his space junk. "Oh, is that Caesium compactor wire?!"

"It is food!" The leading man yelled as the hoard rushed forward. "On your knees, food!"

"!" Rhodes acted much quicker than Pepper, who stood frozen beside him, as his bulky armor formed over his body in an instant.

The last to form was the giant gun on his shoulder, which immediately opened fire on the oncoming hoard of enemies.

\*Dududududu...\*

"Aaahhh!"

"Ugh!"

"Argh!"



Within seconds, the large wave of enemies was decimated by a never-ending stream of lead.

"For aliens, these guys were pretty weak..." Rhodes mutters in disappointment.

"I told you so." Tony said as he dragged a pile of trash over to the transport ship.

After throwing all of the junk inside, Tony turned back and waved everyone over.

"What are you waiting for? Let's go!"

---

-Mirror Dimension, Earth-

With the lamp in hand, Peter laced his free hand with some eldritch energy before finally giving it a rub.

Instantly, the lamp began to rapidly devour his eldritch energy.

After a few seconds, Peter felt the lamp vibrate in his hand as it started to glow in a red light.

'This seems familiar...' He thought.

Suddenly, a loud screaming could be heard as a blue and red-hued shimmering smoke shot out of the lamp, filling the open space before morphing into a familiar blue character.

[Insert picture of Genie from Aladdin here]

"Ah! Ten thousand years will give you such a crick on the neck." Genie held his neck in pain.

"Hang on a second."



Genie motions for Peter to wait as he lifts his head off of his body and spins it around 360 degrees before putting it back on his shoulders.

"Wow, It feels good to be out of there!" Genie says as a microphone appears in his hand. "Nice to be back, ladies and gentlemen."

Out of nowhere, clapping and cheering could be heard from all around, as if they were being watched by an audience.

Genie looks down at Peter with his mic in hand.

"Hi, where are you from? What's your name?" He asks as he held the mic up to Peter like a cringe late-night talk show host.

"Did you read my mind and copy the Genie from Aladdin?"

Chapter 279: Friend Like Me

"Did you read my mind and copy the Genie from Aladdin?" Peter asked as he caught a glimpse of a smirk on the Genie's lips.

Though it disappeared a moment later.

As the Ancient One said, Genies have the ability to read their masters mind and although Peter's mental protections are perfect, it seems like it's still not strong enough for an entity like this.

"Peter? Hello, Peter. Nice to have you on the show. Can we call you Pete?" Genie uses his name without being told, solidifying Peter's assumption even further.

"No." Peter refused to be called Pete.

"Do you smoke?" Genie asks as the mic turned into a cigar, which he stuck in his mouth. "Mind if I do?"



"Sure, go ahead." He shrugged.

At the very least, the Genie was amusing and he sounded just like Robin Williams, which was a plus in his book.

"You're a lot smaller than my last master." Genie took a moment to size Peter up. "Either that or I'm getting bigger. Check me out from the side. Do I look fat to you?"

Genie turned and stuck his stomach out before sucking it back in and flexing like a musclebound bodybuilder.

"Nope, looking good." Peter decided to just play along.

"Thanks, kid. So, what would you wish of me? The ever-impressive, the long-contained, often imitated but never duplicated. Genie of the Lamp!" With every word, Genie acted out different scenarios and characters. "Right here direct from the lamp. All for your wish fulfillment."

"Wish fulfillment, huh?" Peter smirked.

"Three wishes to be exact. And no wishing for more wishes or other thought-up loopholes. That's it. Three. Uno, dos, tres. No substitutions, exchanges, or refunds." Genie explained theatrically.

"Sounds almost too good to be true..." Peter continued to play along while wondering if he would actually start singing like the Genie in Aladdin. 'Aladdin is my favorite Disney movie...'

The Genie seemed to hear Peter's thoughts as that smirk returned once again.

"Master, I don't think you quite realize what you've got here! So why don't you just ruminate whilst I illuminate the possibilities." Genie said as familiar music started to fill the surrounding area.

When Ali Baba had them 40 thieves, Scheherezad-ie had a thousand tales.

But master you in luck 'cause up your sleeves, you got a brand of magic never fails.



You got some power in your corner now, some heavy ammunition in your camp, you got some punch, pizzaz, yahoo and how, see all you gotta do is rub that lamp, and I'll say.

Mister Peter, sir! what will your pleasure be?

Let me take your order, jot it down, you ain't never had a friend like me. Hahaha!

Life is your restaurant, and I'm your Maitre d'! Come on, whisper what it is you want, you ain't never had a friend like me.

Yes, sir, we pride ourselves on service, you're the boss, the king, the shah.

Say what you wish, it's yours! True dish, how about a little more baklava?

Have some of column A, try all of column B.

I'm in the mood to help you dude, you ain't never had a friend like me.

Wah ha ha, Oh, my.

Wah ha ha, No, no.

Wah ha ha, My my my.

Can your friends do this?

Do your friends do that?

Can your friends pull this... out their little hat?

Can your friends go, poof?



Well, looky here, haha, can your friends go, Abracadabra, let 'er rip!

And then make the sucker disappear?

So doncha sit there slack, jawed, buggy-eyed.

I'm here to answer all your midday prayers, you got me bona fide, certified, you got a genie for your chare d'affaires.

I got a powerful urge to help you out, so what you wish? I really wanna know.

You got a list that's three miles long, no doubt, well, all you gotta do is rub like so, and oh.

Mister Peter, sir! Have a wish or two or three.

I'm on the job, you big nabob.

You ain't never had a friend, never had a friend. You ain't never had a friend, never had a friend. You ain't never... had a... FRIEND LIKE ME! Ah ha ha! Wah ha ha! You ain't never had a friend like me.

-song end-

As the song came to an end and Peter emerged from the whole crazy magical experience, which could almost rival the time his consciousness was thrown across the many dimensions, Genie sat there in front of him with a smirk on his face and a floating neon sign that read 'Applause'.

Peter couldn't help it and started clapping.

After all, he just had the chance to live out a childhood dream, so the least he could do is show some appreciation for the Genie's effort.

"That was great." Peter says wholeheartedly. "Though you can go back to normal now. You made your point."



"I don't think I will." Genie said as a huge mirror appeared in front of him. "I quite like this Genie, so I think I'll keep the image."

"Uh... Okay?" Peter nodded dumbly.

"So, what'll it be, Master?" Genie asked expectantly as the mirror disappeared.

He seemed to be keeping with the Aladdin Genie persona, which Peter didn't mind.

Although he found it a bit weird, Genies were already a complicated race to become with, and it's very likely that they've become a bit insane due to the many millennia spent trapped in containers.

It's possible that this Genie found Peter's idea of a perfect Genie and latched onto it somehow.

'Or he's just evil and wants to put on a good front.' Peter thought as the Genie turned away, pretending not to listen to his master's innermost thoughts.

"Any more restrictions that I should know about?" Peter asks.

"Well, there are a few limitations, a couple of quid pro quos." Genie says.

"Like?"

"Rule number one! I can't kill anybody. So don't ask. Rule number two! I can't make anybody fall in love with anybody else. Rule number three! I can't bring people back from the dead. It's not a pretty picture and I don't like doing it. Other than that, you got it." Genie explains in his usual exaggerated self. "There are a few other unsaid additions, but you'll find them If you're greedy enough."

"You're an all-powerful genie and you can't even bring people back from the dead?" Peter asked, though he didn't plan on doing so in the first place.

"Excuse me? Are you looking at me? Did you rub my lamp? Did you wake me up? Did you bring me here? These are my rules. Take 'em or leave 'em." Genie says in annoyance.



"Alright, here." Peter shrugs as he hands over his first and most powerful contract.

"Let's see here..." Genie mutters as he takes the contract and morphs into a lawyer's appearance with a pair of big square glasses. "Hmm... Details of the exchange... Addenda... Confidentiality Clause... Termination clause... Consequences of Breach of the agreement... and finally the date and signatures. Wow."

"I like to be thorough." Peter nods.

"Yeah, well, not going to happen." Genie shook his head as he ripped the contract into confetti and tossed it at Peter.

"Why?" Peter asked as he swatted the paper away.

"First, I'm not some godlike being. I can't just snap my fingers and make you into a god." Genie waves his hands around. "I mean, really? Omnipotence and Omniscience? How can I possibly give you something that I can't obtain myself? Come on, Kid. I'm a Genie, not a miracle worker."

With Omniscience Peter would know everything. Quite literally.

What could be, has been, and will be, Peter would know it all.

As for Omnipotence, he would have unlimited power with the ability to do anything that he could imagine.

He would be an all-powerful god.

"Eh, I thought that might happen." Peter shrugs uncaringly as he pulls out his second contract.

"Another one?" Genie reached out and grabbed the papers. "Hmm... What the hell is a system? Status, shop, inventory, missions, sign-in, gacha. What's a gacha?"

"It's like gambling for losers." Peter explains briefly.



"I see, and your second wish is... Gamers Body." Genie mutters in boredom as he holds the contract up and snaps his fingers, lighting it ablaze and turning it into ash. "Not happening."

"Why?" Peter actually cared a bit this time around. "I'm not asking for anything godly."

"Just the system alone is like 6 different wishes, and that's not counting every time you would use the shop." Genie explains with a wave of his hand. "Get real, Pete."

With the system, Peter would be able to live his life as if it were a game and increase his power with ease.

And the Gamers Body would assist in making him into a real game character, unlocking his potential into infinity.

Of course, it came with a few extra perks, like receiving no physical damage from attacks. Only pain for a few seconds and a loss of HP.

And after sleeping in a bed, it restores HP, MP, and cures all status effects.

He would have truly lived as a game character.

"Please don't call me that." Peter sighs as he begrudgingly takes out his last contract.

He couldn't help but hope it would work as he handed it over to the Genie.

After all, it's his last one.

"Let's see here..." Genie pushed up his glasses and began to read for a third time. "Hmm... Infinite potential and perfect evolution? These might just work..."

Infinite potential is as simple as it sounds. Peter's body, mind, and soul would have unending infinite potential to grow.



Perfect Evolution is just as simple as well. Peter would be adaptable to everything, developing into the strongest being that he could be.

And with his infinite potential, there would be no limit to how far he could evolve.

With these powers together, Peter could simply inject himself with the Celestial DNA that he recently took possession of and evolve, integrating the pros of the Celestial race into himself while shooing off the cons.

His path to godhood would be much slower, but still possible.

If Peter could use his third wish, he would ask for Instant Mastery or something like that, which would hasten his rise to power by a lot.

After all, he would still have to train his evolutionary powers just like any other person.

Even Quill, who is a Celestial, has lived his entire life as a normal human.

Power doesn't just build up on its own. It needs to be practiced diligently over time.

"Really?" Peter asked hopefully.

"Yeah, but remember when I said there'd be some unsaid additions to the restrictions?" Genie said hesitantly.

"Yeah, why?" Peter raised a brow in question.

"Well..."

Chapter 280: Sakaaran Welcome/Trials?

-Sakaar-



"What the hell is that?" Pepper muttered as she peered out of the transport shuttles window.

After flying in nothing but a giant never-ending junkyard for a while, the group found a big city, which seemed to be made out of the scraps that fell from the many wormholes.

Though two buildings stood out among the rest.

A grand multicolored tower as well as a huge arena.

On the outside of the oddly shaped tower were sculptures of faces, which were big enough to spot from far outside the city.

[Insert picture of the Grandmasters Palace here]

As for the Arena, although it was huge, that was about it. It didn't have any crazy art or colors like the tower, but it was certainly impressive.

[Insert picture of the Grand Arena here]

"Okay, I was willing to believe that people live here, but this is just crazy..." Rhodes muttered as he joined Pepper and Tony at the window.

"It's not actually that surprising." Tony says as he points to the pile of junk that he collected. "This place is like a goldmine for alien tech and metals. As long as the people are smart enough to fix this stuff up, then a city like this is very possible. In fact, it's a bit pitiful in my opinion."

Pepper, Gamora, and Rhodes raise a brow in question as Tony points to the rusted scrap metal buildings, which made up most of the rather large city.

"With all these resources, why didn't they just build factories to process the scraps and make some fresh metal to build with? The only two places that look to be built properly are that weird tower and the big coliseum over there." Tony points them both out.

"Maybe the leadership isn't the best?" Pepper assumed.



Even on Earth situations like this pop up in a few countries, where the leaders are either incompetent or corrupt, forcing the civilians to live a much harder life than they could be enjoying.

"We can always have a look..." Tony changed course to the colorful tower with a bit of gleam in his eye.

Although Tony isn't overly greedy, it was like this entire world was seductively calling his name.

He wants to reap the endless technology from it!

And if the current leader is lacking in his duties, or even better, a tyrant that misuses the power he holds, then maybe Tony should step in...

For the good of the people, of course.

"Hehehe..." Tony laughed quietly to himself as he stared at the never-ending hills of junk in the distance.

"Umm, is he alright?" Rhodes asks worriedly.

"Yeah, I think so..." Pepper shrugs unknowingly.

Although he wanted the junk, Tony didn't exactly enjoy the responsibility of leadership, so he would have to think carefully about how to handle this...

...

As the ship landed not too far from the tower, Tony, Rhodes, and Pepper disembarked and looked for an entrance.

Of course, Tony made sure to lock up the shuttle, as he didn't want his precious junk to be stolen.

"Hey! Are you new?"



Just as they found the entrance, some guards stopped them from getting inside.

Each of them was dressed in matching black and brown heavy leather-looking armor, covering their entire bodies from head to toe.

[Insert picture of Sakaaran Guards here]

And unlike the shabby scavengers that they met earlier, the guards were equipped with pristine weapons, which seemed to have been restored back to perfect working condition.

"Yeah?" Pepper answered unsurely.

Trash isn't the only thing that falls from the wormholes. People do as well.

In fact, Sakaar is said to not have a native species. Even the Salaarians fell through the wormholes, though they were some of the first to arrive.

"Good, newbies have to use the other entrance. Follow me." A guard breaks off from the others and leads Tony's group to what appeared to be an amusement park ride on the side of the tower.

Sat before them was an advanced rollercoaster-style train cart that connected to a rail, which led into the pitch-black side entrance.

"Sit." The Guard points to the seats.

Gamora, Pepper and Rhodes didn't move an inch as they suspiciously eyed the train cart.

"Maybe we should-" Pepper tried to voice her suspicion, but stopped as she watched her boyfriend rush into the cart with an excited smile on his face.

"Come on, what are you waiting for?" Tony turns to the group. "This looks fun."

Obviously, Tony had some suspicions as well, but with his suit always ready to deploy, not much could scare him these days.



Tony Stark will be damned if he's afraid of a rollercoaster ride.

"..." They all looked at one another for a moment before reluctantly following in Tony's footsteps.

Taking out a small piece of paper, the guard starts reading in a bored tone.

"Please stay seated and keep your hands and feet inside the vehicle at all times. The Grandmaster is not responsible for any maiming, dismemberment, or decapitation that may or may not occur during your welcome experience. Please note, that any defacing or destruction of the ride itself, including but not limited to littering, explosions, projectiles, and the excretion of bodily fluids will result in your swift and imminent death. Please enjoy your stay in Sakaar."

"What?! Wait-" Pepper exclaimed as the ride activated, driving them into the pitch-black entrance.

Before Pepper could continue speaking, suddenly, the walls lit up showing a perfect image of the universe, as if they were flying through space on a roller coaster.

It looked so real that it shocked each of them into silence.

While the trio was enjoying the view, a soothing female voice appeared.

"Fear not, for you are found. You are home, and there is no going back. No one leaves this place." As the voice spoke, music reminiscent of the movie Charley and Chocolate factory started playing in the background.

Instantly, metal bindings shot out of the cart and wrapped around each of their wrists and ankles, trapping them in place.

"Tony!" Pepper called out as she and Rhodes struggled against the metal straps.

"Relax." Tony said calmly as a small collection of formless metal dripped out of his arc reactor and fell toward the cart.



Only moments after fusing into the train cart, the bindings retracted and the metal returned to the arc reactor, as if it were alive.

"See, no big deal." Tony says confidently.

"But what is this place? The answer is Sakaar!"

The tunnel walls change quickly, showing images of Sakaar's place in the infinite Cosmos.

"Surrounded by cosmic gateways, Sakaar lives on the edge of the known and unknown."

Images of the wormholes that cover Sakaar's atmosphere appear in perfect clarity, exciting Tony even more than he already was.

This place is like a dream come true for him

"It is the collection point for all lost and unloved things. Like you. But here on Sakaar, you are significant. You are valuable. Here, you are loved."

"What the hell is this brainwashing propaganda bullsh\*t?" Rhodes blurted out incredulously.

"And no one loves you more than the Grandmaster!"

The tunnels images change again, revealing the Grandmaster, in silhouette, arriving on Sakaar all alone.

"He is the original. The first lost, and the first found. The creator of Sakaar and the father of the Contest of Champions."

Suddenly, videos of the Grand Arena were shown, depicting awe-inspiring battles to the death between all sorts of alien races.

The crowd roared and cheered, filling the tunnel with the excitement of battle.



"Where once you were nothing, now you are something. You are the property of the Grandmaster..." The soothing voice sounded like a fanatic at that moment.

"What the actual f\*ck is this crazy sh\*t..." Pepper, who rarely ever cursed, let out her innermost thoughts.

"This place is crazy." Rhodes muttered as he readied himself for a fight.

'I knew it!' Tony thought as he found his reason to act.

"...Congratulations! You will meet the Grandmaster in five seconds."

The images around the tunnel begin speeding up. Chaos, violence, and confusion mixed in with the Grandmaster's face filled the surroundings.

Pepper, who was already beyond bewildered, looked on the verge of panic at this point.

After all, she isn't used to high-stress situations like this.

Her life is rather mundane for a CEO of a trillion-dollar company. She didn't have the Avengers experience of Tony or the military experience of Rhodes to help her through this.

"Prepare yourself. Prepare yourself. You are now meeting the Grandmaster!"

---

-Mirror Dimension-

"Remember when I said there'd be some unsaid additions to the restrictions?" Genie said hesitantly.

"Yeah, why?" Peter raised a brow in question.



"Well, for those that ask for something especially greedy, like yourself, a trial will appear for each wish." Genie explained as he morphed into a professor and a chart appeared behind him. "See this? Anyone that asks for a wish that could lead to power higher than the Djinn granting it would need to be tested."

"Why? Who made that decision?" Peter asks in annoyance.

He just wanted his wishes already...

"It ain't me, kid." Genie holds up his hands to show his innocence. "You can thank the pr\*cks that enslaved me and my people for this one."

Genie broke character for just a moment, showing his true feelings about his predicament before reverting back to his chosen persona.

"Right, so how does this work exactly?"