

# Spider-Man 431

## Chapter 431: Red Room

"He's on the Red Room." She says, getting confused looks all around. "It's a giant airship facility that he can move anywhere he wants. Since he was here only a few hours ago, that means it's nearby. I think it's west of here."

"Then we have to move fast if we want to catch him before he flies away," Peter stood up and waved his hand.

Melina nodded, eager to help. "I can guide you there, but I don't think we'll make it in time-"

Before she could finish, Peter opened several portals, each leading further and further to the west, looking for anything that wasn't a clear sky. The group gathered around him, watching curiously.

"There it is," Melina whispered in shock, pointing at a distant cloud-covered tower-like structure, amazed by Peter's magic. The Red Room was an imposing sight, a sinister testament to Dreykov's malevolence.

[Insert picture of the Red Room ship here]

Opening a portal inside the floating facility, they stepped through, arriving in a large hangar filled with much smaller aircrafts, which were probably used to ferry people on and off of the facility.

Before setting off to cause havoc, Peter opened a portal and dumped a pile of spray cans and smoke grenades onto the floor. "Remember, use the red dust antidote on the Widows instead of wasting your time. We can save them, so we should at least try. You have spray cans for close targets and grenades if they're farther away or in a large group." Peter reminded the group as they snatched as much antidote as they could carry.

With a strategic plan in mind, they stormed the facility, moving as a synchronized unit. Peter made sure to neutralize all the aircrafts before leaving the Hangar, cutting off any escape routes for Dreykov and his subordinates. The Avengers struck with precision, their training and powers complementing each other seamlessly.

The facility echoed with the sounds of combat and alarms as they encountered Widows under Dreykov's control. Working in harmony, they used the smoke grenades and stray to administer the antidote to the affected Widows, freeing them from the mind control's grip.

As the Avengers pressed deeper into the Red Room, their hearts sank as they stumbled upon a group of young girls, huddled together in a dimly lit chamber. Fear and confusion etched on their innocent faces, these girls were mere children, aged between four and eight, far too young for a place like this.

Thankfully, they didn't seem to be under Dreykov's mind control, and if they were, the red smoke that poured into the room from the hallway would've already taken care of it.

Natasha's heart ached at the sight, memories of her own past flooding back. She stepped forward, her gaze softening as she approached the frightened girls. "It's okay, you don't need to be scared. We're here to help you," she reassured them gently.

The young Widows in the making eyed Natasha warily, uncertain of her intentions. Their training had instilled a deep-rooted distrust for outsiders. One of the older girls, around eight years old, took a hesitant step forward, her small fists clenched.

"I'm not afraid of you!" she declared with a brave attempt at defiance, though her trembling voice betrayed her fear.

Natasha knelt down to be at eye level with the girls, her tone soothing. "I know it's hard to trust us, but we're not here to hurt you. We want to help you."

Another young girl, around seven years old, piped up, her eyes glistening with tears. "Really? You'll take us away from here?" Tears started to roll down her cheeks. "I... I don't like killing..."

Natasha nodded firmly. "Yes, I promise. You'll be safe with us. We'll bring you to a place where you can be just like regular children, okay?"

Seeing as they couldn't stay here, Peter opened a shimmering portal behind them. "Come on, let's get you out of here," he said gently, gesturing for the girls to step through.

The little ones were hesitant at first, but Natasha's words had sparked a glimmer of hope in their young hearts. One by one, they cautiously approached the portal, taking a leap of faith into the unknown.

As the last girl stepped through, Peter could here a familiar voice called out from the other side. "What the hell! My workshop isn't a daycare! Hey, you! Don't touch that!,"

Ignoring Tony's screams, Peter turned to the kids. "Alright girls, listen up. That's your new uncle Tony over there. And he has more money than anyone else in the world, so don't kill him or else he won't be able to buy you stuff, okay? Bye." He gave them a wave before snapping the portal shut, leaving Tony to the wolves.

With the young Widows safely transported to the Avengers Tower, the group could now continue their assault, knowing that Tony, who was less than thrilled to find a group of young female assassins dumped on his doorstep, would take care of them.

Or at least, he'll give them to Pepper, who would most definitely take good care of them.

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As they advanced through the Red Room, leaving a trail of dazed, yet freed, Widows in their wake, they eventually reached the heart of the facility. The tension intensified as they found Dreykov accompanied by an entourage of armed soldiers, with one figure shrouded in a mysterious blue and orange armor.

[Insert picture of Taskmaster here]

Peter's heart skipped a beat when he realized the armored figure was none other than Taskmaster, the mangled, brainwashed daughter of Dreykov himself. 'I feel for her the most out of everyone here. Her father is a real d\*ck.' He thought, knowing that he could never do such a thing to Lily. It's just unthinkable.

Determined to confront Dreykov, who stood surrounded by Russian soldiers, Natasha stepped forward, her eyes blazing with fury. "Where do you think you're going?"

Dreykov sneered at the sight of her. "Ah, Natasha, how delightful to see you again..." But when he caught sight of Peter beside her, he suddenly smiled, putting up a fake persona. "Spider-Man, it's an honor to meet you. I'm a very big fan!"

"?" Everyone raised an eyebrow at how quick his tune changed.

"Since you're here, the I'm willing to surrender." Dreykov offers, sweating nervously. "Surely, we can talk about this, can't we? Maybe we can come to some sort of agreement? After all, the Red Room would be happy to assist the Avengers..."

With all of his Widows neutralized, besides Taskmaster, Dreykov only had his loyal soldiers. And Spider-Man was someone that even he didn't have the confidence to beat. Peter's powers were just too mysterious and unpredictable. One day he would be trapping his enemies in portals and another he could be shooting fire from his hands.

Dreykov continued, every word out of his mouth enraging Natasha further. "I wouldn't mind bringing the Red Room under the Avengers banner... as long as I remain in control, of course. After all, I am the Red Room. It doesn't exist without me..." He motioned to Natasha. "She knows this. That's why she tried to kill me, the little traitor."

Peter listened as Dreykov tried his best to weave his way out of the situation, finding it rather amusing. "Sorry, but I'm not interested in joining forces. I'm more of a take what I want kind of guy, you know? I mean, once you're gone, all of this will belong to me anyway. So why should I bother with keeping you around?" He asked, smirking under his mask the whole time.

Enraged by Peter's provocative words, a vein bulged on Dreykov's forehead. "Kill them!" He shouted as he turned to run down the hall.

With a gesture of his hand, Peter's team rushed forward on his command. Natasha lead the charge, happy with Peter's refusal. Together, they charged at Dreykov's remaining soldier, who did their best to follow orders. The room erupted into chaos as the Avengers and their allies took on the soldiers, steamrolling them rather quickly.

Taskmaster tried to do as her father said, but before she could even take a step, Peter appeared behind her tapped her on the head. "Sleep." He whispered, sending a current of Eldritch energy into her, rendering her unconscious in an instant.

With Taskmaster and the other guards out of the way, all that was left was Dreykov, who made a desperate attempt to escape to the hangar. However, to his dismay, he found all his ships destroyed, courtesy of Peter Parker. Cornered and desperate, he turned back to face Natasha, his eyes filled with rage and fear.

"You can't stop me! I'll destroy you and everything you care about!" Dreykov snarled, lunging at Natasha with a wild swing. But before he could reach her, a strong hand grabbed his wrist, halting his attack mid-air.

It was Alexei, Natasha's father, and the Red Guardian. His eyes blazed with fury as he stared down at Dreykov. "You thought you could get away with all that you've done?" Alexei growled, tightening his grip on Dreykov's hand.

"Aargh!" Dreykov screamed as his wrist snapped.

"Betraying me, imprisoning me, enslaving my wife and daughter..." Alexei spoke, his grip growing stronger with every word. "And now you tried to touch my other daughter..."

With a swift and powerful punch, Alexei broke Dreykov's ribs, sending him crumbling to the floor, gasping for air. "... Wait! \*Cough\* ...Don't!"

Without even bending over, Alexei continued to unleash a barrage of blows, stomping his former friend into the hangar floor. Each blow was fueled by the years of suffering and torment Dreykov had inflicted upon him and his loved ones.

As the final blows landed, Dreykov was left a bloodied and broken man. Alexei's super strength really did a number on him. His bones were broken, his body was covered in blood, and even his skull was caved in with a small, yet noticeable dent.

Peter watched in silence, knowing that this wasn't his fight to interfere in, nor did he care to do so. After all, Dreykov was a man that kidnaps little girls and does god knows what with them. He might as well be on the same level as a pedophile in Peter's eyes.

Finally, Alexei stood over Dreykov, panting heavily, but a sense of satisfaction in his eyes. "Piece of sh\*t," he spat, turning away from the defeated man.

Natasha approached Alexei and silently pulled him into a hug, happy that this was all over. Yelena soon joined in, pulling a very out of place looking Melina along with her. Before anyone knew it, a big family hug was underway.

"Awe..." Ned found it very cute.

MJ nodded. "Yup, they're like one big, happy, murdering family."

"And you ruined the moment, thanks..." Ned sighed as he shook his head.

"It's true though." Peter said as he stood beside them.

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With Dreykov defeated and the whole Red Room secured, the Avengers regrouped to form a game plan. All prisoners, including Dreykov have already been detained in the Tower, leaving only them and a large group of confused and free Widows trapped on the ship.

"We did it," Peter declared. "But now we need to figure out what to do with all of these trained assassins. Not to mention the ones that aren't here. We'll have to find a way to call them all back..."

Melina nodded. "I can do that. I know how the technology works. I can show you, if you want?" She offered her assistance.

"Yeah, sure." Peter nodded in return. "Can you and Natasha work on calling them back. If you have to, we can send them to a specific location on the ground and I can portal them up here."

"Yeah, we'll take care of it." Natasha said as she walked off with her mother.

When they were gone, Peter turned to Yelena. "Now for the more challenging part. Can you call all of the Widows to gather here in the hangar? We need to have an important talk."

## Chapter 432: Recruitment

The hangar was abuzz with whispers and hushed conversations as the freed Widows gathered, forming a sea of faces that ranged from hopeful to uncertain. They eyed each other, their newfound freedom a tantalizing prospect that seemed almost too good to be true. Standing at the forefront, Spider-Man's presence commanded their attention, his mysterious aura captivating their focus.

Peter cleared his throat, projecting his voice to reach every corner of the hangar. The room grew silent, eyes fixed on him in anticipation. With a deep breath, he began to speak, his words resonating with a mix of empathy and charisma.

"Thank you all for being here today. I know the path that brought you to this moment has been difficult, and I can't even begin to fathom the challenges you've faced. But now, you stand at a crossroads, and the choice is yours to make."

A murmur of agreement rippled through the crowd. The widows exchanged glances, curiosity and skepticism warred within them.

"I offer you two options," Peter continued, his gaze sweeping across the gathered widows. "Option one, if you seek a life free from the shackles that have bound you for far too long, if you yearn to be part of a world where you can have a fresh start, a normal life, then the Avengers will assist you in any way possible. And we have Tony Stark footing the bill, so the sky is the limit." He smirked under his mask, happy to waste more of his friends money.

Whispers filled the air once again, more intense than before. Yelena exchanged a surprised look with Melina, both astounded by Peter's unexpected offer.

"Option two," Peter's tone grew firmer, "if you feel that your skills, your experiences, and your sense of purpose align with continuing this line of work, but on your own terms, then the Avengers extend their hand as well. We recognize the strengths that each of you possess, and we believe that you deserve the freedom to wield those strengths as you see fit."

The crowd seemed divided, wavering between two paths that had never seemed so attainable. Hope and apprehension danced in their eyes as they listened to Peter's words.

"Here's what I promise you," Peter's voice carried conviction, his sincerity evident in every word. "For those who choose option one, we will ensure your transition into society is as smooth as possible. We will provide housing, education, and assistance in finding jobs. You'll have a chance to rebuild your lives, free from your past as a slave for the Red Room."

Taking a moment for them to process his words, Peter motioned to the left side of the Hangar. "If that's something you'd be interested in, then please stand on the left." The left side of the hangar seemed to grow more populated as the widows considered the idea of a life beyond the Red Room.

"On the other hand," Peter continued, gesturing to the right this time. "for those who choose option two, you will have the opportunity to become part of something bigger. You will become agents like Black Widow, whose been a part of the Avengers since it's inception. And unlike Dreykov, who I doubt treated any of you humanely, we pay a very generous salary, provide a free apartment in the Avengers Tower, and much more. Basically, we'll treat you like human beings. With days off, vacations, sick days, insurance, and just about anything else you can think of."

The right side of the hangar saw a surge of movement as more widows leaned towards this second path. It seemed that some of them, despite their history, felt a sense of empowerment and purpose that resonated with them.

Finally, Peter gestured to the left. "Once again, If you wish to choose option one, please move to the left side of the hangar. If option two resonates with you, stand on the right."

A tense moment lingered as the remaining widows exchanged glances, weighing their options. And then, as if breaking a spell, the crowd began to shift. Some moved confidently to the left, eager to embrace a new life, while others hesitated before making their way to the right, intrigued by the opportunity to use their skills for good.

The left side of the hangar gradually filled with widows who chose to seek a different path, a chance at normalcy. Their faces bore expressions of determination, hope rekindled in their eyes.

Meanwhile, the right side became a testament to the bravery and resilience of those who believed in their ability to rewrite their stories. A sense of unity seemed to emanate from this group, an understanding that they were taking ownership of their own destinies.



Peter watched as the crowd divided, a complex mixture of emotions evident on their faces. Yelena stood among the widows who had chosen to join the Avengers, a sense of purpose igniting within her. Not to mention the fact that she would be joining her sister, which was an added bonus.

Peter nodded his head, happy to see that around 60% of the Widows chose to join the Avengers, which was more than he initially expected. "Okay, since everyone has made their choices, we can start getting the ball rolling. Why don't all of you go and pack any sort of belongings you may have and meet here again in an hours time. That should give me enough time to prepare everything."

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The hangar emptied gradually as the freed widows dispersed to gather their meager belongings. Soon, only Peter, Yelena, Alexei, MJ, and Ned remained, standing amid the echoes of choices that had been made. It was a pivotal moment, one that carried the weight of a new beginning for these women who had spent their lives as mindless weapons.

As the hangar doors closed behind the last widow, Melina and Natasha returned, their expressions a mixture of weariness and relief. Melina cleared her throat, addressing the group. "We've managed to contact all the active widows who weren't present. They'll be arriving at my farmhouse over the next few days, depending on their locations around the world."

Peter nodded in gratitude. "Thank you, both of you. Your help means a lot."

As the conversation turned to the two newly returned figures, Yelena moved closer to Natasha. She glanced at her sister, excited to reveal the big news. "Hey," she said, sounding a little nervous. "I chose to join the Avengers."

Natasha's gaze flickered toward Yelena, a mix of surprise, pride, and concern reflected in her eyes. "You did?"

Yelena nodded. "Yeah. I mean, I've always wanted to be like you. And now, with everything that's happened, I want to be with you. This is my chance." She knew her sister didn't want this, but it wasn't her choice to make.

Natasha's lips twitched into a small smile. She placed a hand on Yelena's shoulder, her voice gentle. "Just promise me you'll be careful, okay? This isn't a life I would've wished for you."

Yelena met her sister's gaze, her own expression determined. "I know. But it's my choice. I want this."

The sisters shared a moment of understanding before Peter's voice drew their attention. "Speaking of choices," he said, turning to Melina, "I offer you the same options as the other widows. You can choose to live a normal life with our assistance or join the Avengers in a role that suits you."

Melina's gaze shifted between Peter and her daughter, her decision wrought with consideration. After a pause, she looked back at Peter. "I'm willing to join the Avengers, but I won't be going on missions. I've grown tired of that life and I'm not as young as I look."

Peter nodded in understanding. "Of course, that's completely understandable. I never intended for you to go on missions anyway. Your expertise will be valuable in other areas."

A sense of relief seemed to wash over Melina as she made her choice, wishing to stay close to her daughters. Natasha raised an eyebrow inquisitively, unaware of her mother's intentions.

Peter turned to Natasha, addressing her with a note of seriousness. "Natasha, as you know, the widows will need a new leader, someone they can look up to. So, I'll be creating a new branch within the Avengers, called Nightingale. They'll operate in a more behind-the-scenes manner, similar to SHIELD, but without public knowledge. And you'll be the director."

Natasha's eyes widened in surprise, her mind struggling to process the implications of this unexpected responsibility. "Director? But... I didn't..."

Peter cut her off with a small smile. "You don't have to make a decision right away. Just think about it. You've earned this opportunity, Natasha."

Yelena, however, was not one to hold back. She frowned at Peter's choice of name. "Why Nightingale? Shouldn't they be named after something... I don't know, more related to spiders? We are Black Widows, after all."

Peter chuckled softly, explaining, "The Nightingale is a bird that suffers when captured and confined, but it thrives when free and able to sing its melodious songs in its natural habitat. Now that they're free, I hope they'll thrive like the Nightingale."

Natasha sighed, her gaze shifting between Peter and Yelena. "I can't refuse, can I?" she muttered, a mixture of exasperation and amusement in her voice. "Fine, I'll give it a try. But don't expect me to be half as good as someone like Fury."

Peter shrugged nonchalantly. "You can do whatever you want. No pressure."

Natasha rolled her eyes, but a small smile tugged at the corner of her lips. "Okay, fine. I'll give it a shot."

"Good, now I'll appoint your first subordinate and Assistant Director, Melina whatever the hell your Russian last name is. Congratulations." Peter said, shocking both mother and daughter.

Feeling left out, Yelena stepped forward, a noticeable pout on her lips. "What about me?"

Peter shrugged once again. "Ask your sister. She's free to give you any position she wants. I only made your mother the Assistant Director because she has the most experience out of all the Widows. She'll be a massive help to Natasha."

Turning to her sister, Yelena starred a hole in the side of Natasha's head, waiting expectantly for a cool high-level title.

"What about me?" Suddenly, Alexei spoke up. "Can I join the Avengers?"

## Chapter 433: Kingly Visit

The hangar was silent in shock as the group absorbed Alexei's unexpected request to join the Avengers. Peter's brow furrowed, a mixture of surprise and curiosity evident in his eyes. "You want to join the Avengers? Even though Captain America is a part of the team?"

Alexei crossed his arms, his expression resolute. "I do. I may not like that Star Spangled Douche, but I won't let my hate for him, or your capitalist regime, get in the way of being with my family again."

Peter arched an eyebrow, a faint smile playing on his lips. "Your family, huh?" He was more than happy to see Natasha get a happy ending like this.

Natasha, Yelena, and Melina exchanged surprised glances, astonishment washing over their faces at Alexei's words. The rugged man looked down at his feet, his voice uncharacteristically soft. "I've spent years regretting my actions, especially the way I treated all of you. I let my own ego blind me to what truly mattered. Now, I want to make amends and stay close to you all."

A warm smile spread across Natasha's face, her heart softening at Alexei's sincerity. "It feels like I'm dreaming," she said gently, "I wonder how Steve will react to this..."

Alexei huffed, a frown playing out on his lips. "We don't use that name in this family. It leaves a bad taste in the mouth."

Natasha raised an eyebrow. "What am I supposed to call him then?" She asked, clearly amused by her father's antics.

"American scum, Star-Spangled Sissy, Yankee Doodle Dandyboy, Freedom Faker, Shield-Swinging Weakling, Liberty Lapdog, Capitalist Swine..." without missing a beat, Alexei started unloading all sorts of hateful nicknames.

Peter chuckled in amusement. "Welcome to the Avengers, Alexei."

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The days that followed were a whirlwind of activity. Peter worked tirelessly to help the widows transition into their new lives, leveraging his connections to streamline the process. Government officials, influenced by his personal rapport with the president, expedited the paperwork required for granting them brand new identities as US citizens. Each widow received a birth certificate, Social Security Number, and ID card.

For those who chose to join the Avengers, Peter's meticulous planning ensured they had their own apartments within the Tower. As for the Widows who opted for a civilian life, he placed them in

areas they desired, with a free home, recommendations for jobs, and a financial cushion to begin anew. Tony Stark's generosity knew no bounds.

'God bless his soul.' Peter thought, excitedly anticipating the look on Tony's face when he sees the bill.

As the days passed, Peter finally met with the Widows at Melina's farmhouse. He freed them and gave them the same offer as the others, tripling the staff of the Nightingales in a single day. Though Natasha's role as director came with its challenges, Peter supported her every step of the way. He admired her tenacity and knew that she was more than capable of shouldering the responsibility.

During this time, Peter also took control of the Red Room's assets, including the airship, which he officially adding to the Avengers' fleet. He was beginning to wonder if he should remodel the ship into a mobile Avengers Base.

'I would have to upgrade the tech thought. After all, even the sh\*ttiest spaceship in our fleet is more advanced...' Peter saved those thoughts for another time.

The real challenge came in dealing with the Red Room's mind control technology and data. Knowing its potential for manipulation and destruction, Peter made the very easy call to keep it away from everyone, including his family and the Avengers. He couldn't risk any misuse of accidents with such dangerous tech.

Melina's stash of mind control tech was confiscated as well. And she was banned from re-creating anything of the sort ever again. It was just too dangerous. Peter even searched the Widows as they left the Red Room, making sure they didn't take anything on their way out. Even his team wasn't immune to such treatment. Everyone was searched.

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With every passing day, the widows began to find their footing. Some adjusted to their new roles as Avengers, training alongside Natasha and embracing their newfound purpose. Others explored their

civilian lives, creating families, attending schools, building up their careers. Once it all began set in, every Widow began to realize how grateful they were for the second chance they had been given.

As Peter observed the progress from afar, he couldn't help but feel a sense of accomplishment. He had orchestrated a new chapter for these women, guiding them towards a future that was no longer shackled by their past.

'But man...' Peter thought, his mind descending into the gutter. 'If I was some evil villain, I would have definitely taken those Widows under my wing... personally~'

As those thoughts came, suddenly, an image appeared in Peter's mind. It was MJ! 'Why does this always happen? Did she curse me?' He wondered as he took in MJ's demonic form, her once radiant beauty is now twisted into a menacing visage.

Her skin is a deep shade of obsidian, giving off an otherworldly sheen. Her eyes, which were once warm and expressive, now glow with an intense and malevolent crimson light. The pupils are slitted, like those of a predatory animal.

Her hair, once flowing and vibrant, now takes on a life of its own, writhing and shifting as if it were made of serpents. It's a chaotic mix of deep black and fiery red, like molten lava frozen in time. As she moves, the hair seems to flicker and writhe as if it's alive.

Her delicate features are now sharp and angular, with pronounced cheekbones and a pointed, sinister smile that reveals gleaming, razor-sharp teeth. Her attire is a blend of elegant yet eerie, with flowing robes that seem to meld and shift like shadows, giving the illusion of her form being constantly in flux.

Her hands have long, claw-like nails that are as black as her soul, and they drip with an ominous, greenish venom. Her aura exudes an aura of darkness, making her presence both alluring and terrifying.

'What the f\*ck!' Peter shook his head, dispelling the evil creature from his mind. 'It's getting stronger!'

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As the day's tasks drew to a close, Peter let out a satisfied sigh, looking around his office within the Avengers Tower. It had been a productive day, and the completion of the Black Widow business felt like a significant milestone. He trusted Natasha to handle the Nightingales and her new division. It was time for him to return to his own life, if only for a little while.

'I want to be a lazy b\*stard for at least a week!' Peter thought, ready to head home and become one with his bed.

Just as he was about to head home, the soothing voice of Jarvis echoed through the room's speakers. "Sir, I have a visitor requesting your audience."

Peter rolled his eyes in annoyance, releasing a sigh of frustration. "Who is it this time, Jarvis? Because if it's another government official, then just send them home."

The AI's response carried a hint of amusement. "Actually, it is King T'Chaka of Wakanda."

Peter's interest was piqued immediately. His eyebrows shot up, and he leaned against his desk. "King T'Chaka? Send him up, please."

He barely had time to prepare himself before the door to his office opened, and in walked T'Chaka, dressed in the regal attire of a diplomat. The King's presence commanded respect and held an air of wisdom that was unmistakable.

"Yo, what's up?" Peter greeted with a nod, throwing away all formalities. "Does Wakanda need help with something?"

T'Chaka returned the nod with a solemn expression, unperturbed by Peter's casual greeting. "It is good to see you. I come with an important decision that has been reached after much deliberation."

Peter leaned forward, his curiosity piqued. "Please, enlighten me."

T'Chaka clasped his hands behind his back, his posture regal as he spoke. "After careful consideration and discussions with the tribal leaders of Wakanda, I have come to accept your offer to join the Avengers Council."

Peter blinked, momentarily caught off guard. He had made that offer during his visit to Wakanda, but it seemed like a distant memory now. Still, he recovered quickly, his surprise giving way to a sense of intrigue. "Are you telling me that it took you this long to come to a decision?"

T'Chaka inclined his head slightly. "Indeed. It is a decision that was not taken lightly. After all, Wakanda is a very introverted nation, but we recognize the importance of unity and collaboration."

A small smile tugged at the corners of Peter's lips. "I'm happy that you've chosen to accept. I'm sure you'll be an invaluable addition to the council." He said as he turned to the stacks of paperwork on his desk. "Unlike some, who dump all of the work onto me..."

T'Chaka's eyes held a glint of amusement. "Thank you. As you've said before, the world is changing and so should Wakanda. I believe that together, we can work towards a more harmonious world."

Peter nodded in agreement. "Absolutely. I'll convene the council tomorrow and have a vote. If it passes, you'll be an official member of the Avengers Council, so you'll have to attend."

T'Chaka's expression remained composed, his voice steady. "I'll be there. Know that I take this responsibility seriously, and I am committed to making the council's decisions for the greater good, for not just Wakanda, but the world as well."

"No need to lay it on so thick with me. Save all of that politician talk for the Council meeting tomorrow," Peter said dismissively, eliciting a laugh from the old monarch.

T'Chaka couldn't keep the amused smile from his face. "I see, you haven't changed since our last meeting."

Peter shrugged. "Nope, not one bit." He said, leaning back in his chair. "So... are you going to remain King after this? Or is T'Challa stepping up?"

"If everything goes well tomorrow, then I'll step down and T'Challa will take my place..." He said, a complex look on his face. "I only hope that he's ready. Because I know that I wasn't when it was my time."

"He'll be fine." Peter shrugged. "Besides, if he messes up, then his Daddy can come bail him out, like all the other rich kids." He smirked under his mask. "The Avengers will have your back, so don't worry too much."



T'Chaka paused for a moment before a relieved smile returned to his face. "Thank you... but let's hope he doesn't need us."

#### Chapter 434: New Councilman & Luke's

The following day brought about a sense of anticipation within the walls of the Avengers Tower. The Council members were gathering for a pivotal meeting that held the potential to shape the course of events to come. Tony Stark, Nick Fury, Charles Xavier, Erik Lehnsherr, and of course, Peter, all sat around the table, the holographic interface illuminating their faces.

Tony leaned forward, fingers dancing across the console embedded in the table's surface. "Alright, ladies and gentlemen, let's get this show on the road. After all, I don't want to be here any longer than I have to... Today we're here to vote on a new member joining the Council."

Fury, as usual, was the first to speak. "Any objections?" he asked, scanning each of their faces.

Charles spoke up next, his calm demeanor contrasting with Fury's intensity. "No objections from me."

Erik nodded in agreement, his magnetic presence palpable. "None from me either. Though I do hope we'll be able to trade for some Vibranium after this..." A greedy glint flashed across his eyes.

Peter chimed in with a casual thumbs-up. "I'm all for it." He said before turning to Erik. "As for trading with Wakanda, I doubt they'll do that anytime soon. You'll probably have to wait until they get a bit more comfortable with us."

Tony looked around the table. "Great. Then let's put it to a vote." He initiated the voting process, each member selecting their choice on the holographic panel before them. Moments later, the results appeared in a holographic tally and... the vote was unanimous.

Tony grinned, leaning back in his chair. "Congratulations, T'Chaka. You're officially an Avenger."

The door to the council room slid open, and King T'Chaka walked in, regal in his bearing as always. He acknowledged the council members with a nod, his expression a mixture of pride and humility. "I am honored by your trust in me."

Tony gestured to the empty seat beside him. "Take a seat."

T'Chaka settled into the chair, his gaze steady as he met the eyes of his fellow council members. "I will do my best to contribute positively."

As T'Chaka sat down, Tony's fingers danced across the console again. A holographic globe appeared above the table, displaying Earth in all its splendor. The globe zoomed in, honing in on a particular region... the hidden nation of Wakanda. The image was both awe-inspiring and alarming, especially for T'Chaka.

T'Chaka's eyes widened, his gaze fixed on the hologram. "How... How did you find Wakanda? Is this live?!" He shouted upon noticing the time and date on the hologram.

Tony smirked, his eyes glinting mischievously. "I upgraded my satellites with a bunch of alien tech. Cool, huh?"

Peter chimed in. "Yeah, and it's only a matter of time before someone else's tech gets better too."

T'Chaka's brow furrowed, concern etching his features. "Our isolation has been our strength for centuries. To be discovered like this..."

Peter leaned forward, his voice earnest. "T'Chaka, the world is changing faster than we can anticipate. Technology is growing exponentially. As I've already told you before, soon enough, someone else will stumble upon Wakanda. We're just lucky it was us this time around."

T'Chaka nodded slowly, his mind grappling with the implications. "How long do we have before others find out?"

Tony leaned back, his expression serious. "In my professional opinion? A few years, tops."

Peter leaned back as well, his tone casual despite the gravity of the situation. "We're living in a time where secrets are harder to keep. People are curious. They're going to find out eventually."

T'Chaka's shoulders sagged slightly, the weight of his responsibilities evident. "Then we must prepare."

Tony nodded, his eyes locked onto T'Chaka's. "We can help with that. We've been through our fair share of controversies and media frenzies. We know how to handle public scrutiny."

Peter leaned forward, resting his arms on the table. "If you're open to it, we could call a press conference and reveal the existence of Wakanda ourselves. You could explain everything on your own terms. This way, no one can twist the news before us."

T'Chaka considered their words, a thoughtful expression on his face. "While I appreciate your willingness to help, the decision to reveal ourselves does not lie solely with me. It involves our tribal leaders, and they're all isolationists. Not a single one of them would ever agree to that."

Peter shrugged, a wry smile on his lips. "Well, if they're not up for it, then we can only leave it up to fate."

T'Chaka nodded, his gaze steady. "Indeed. We'll have to wait and prepare for the worst..."

As the meeting concluded, T'Chaka rose from his seat, a sense of determination in his eyes. "Thank you for your assistance. I will consider our options carefully."

Peter smiled under his mask. "Now, If no one has anything else to report, I believe that concludes our meeting-"

Tony abruptly hopped out of his chair. "Oh, thank god..." He muttered as he paced out of the room, ready to lock himself in his workshop once again.

T'Chaka chuckled in amusement. "He reminds me of my daughter..." He said before leaving his chair as well. "Speaking of my family, I must return to Wakanda to prepare for my sons inauguration!"

Remembering what's supposed to happen on T'Challa's Inauguration Day, Peter called out behind T'Chaka. "Don't forget to send us an invite!"

"Of course-Of course." T'Chaka replied as he left the room.

...

The council chamber slowly emptied as the members departed, each lost in their thoughts and tasks for the day. Alone in the room, Peter leaned back in his chair, stretching his arms above his head. 'I wonder if Killmonger will still be able to get into Wakanda? After all, Klaue is already off the board, so he would need to find another way in...' As he rose from his seat, his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of footsteps approaching.

The door to the chamber swung open, and in walked Deadpool, his red and black suit in stark contrast to the muted tones of the room. "Hey, Spidey!" he exclaimed, arms wide as he strolled in. "Long time no see, huh?"

Peter sighed. "Hey, Wade. Yeah, been kinda busy lately."

Deadpool crossed his arms, his masked face twisting into an exaggerated pout. "Busy, shmizy. You disappeared on me, buddy. Where the f\*ck have you been?"

Peter chuckled, a hint of amusement in his eyes. "Sorry about that. Things got a little hectic. I was-"

Deadpool waved a hand dismissively, interrupting before Peter could explain. "Eh, whatever. You're here now. And speaking of being here, I found out who Kingpin is."

Peter sighed once again, knowing he wouldn't be headed home as he had hoped. "You did? How?"

Deadpool's grin was practically audible in his voice. "Let's just say I've been doing a little detective work. Spent the last month or so hunting down anyone connected to Kingpin until I finally got a lead on his true identity."

Peter leaned forward, feigning interest. "So, who is Kingpin?"

Deadpool's tone was triumphant. "Wilson Fisk, my friend. The big guy himself."

Peter did his best to sound shocked. "Wow... Wilson Fisk... I should've known."

Deadpool looked smug with himself. "I know, I'm amazing for figuring it out. But here's the fun part. Remember our plan to take him down together?"

'I just want to be lazy! Why won't anyone let me!' Peter shouted in his head, utterly defeated. "Of course... I assume, you want to go after Kingpin now?"

Deadpool nodded, his excitement palpable. "Exactly. And I'm inviting you to come along for the ride. We can murder and defile his corpse together!"

'What a drag...' Peter sighed once again, embodying his inner Shikamaru Nara. "I'm in, minus the defiling part... But first, we need to organize a team for this."

Deadpool rolled his eyes dramatically. "Ugh, come on! We don't need a whole team. It's just Fisk. Besides, they'll just interrupt our budding bromance."

"That's even more reason to invite them." Peter held up a finger. "Now hold on a sec. I know a few people who'd probably want to be involved."

Ignoring Deadpool's protests, Peter pulled out his phone and quickly typed out a message to Daredevil and Jessica Jones. "Sending out a couple of texts," he explained, eyes on his screen.

Deadpool let out an exaggerated sigh. "Fine, fine. Text your buddies. But can we go already?"

Peter shook his head. "Hold on a second, I'm almost done."

Just as he was about to put his phone away, he paused, a thought striking him. "Wait, there's one more person I want to reach out to."

Deadpool groaned, flopping into a nearby chair. "You're killing me, Spidey."

Ignoring Deadpool's antics, Peter stashed his phone away and opened up a portal. 'Hopefully, he's in Harlem already. If not, then I'll just have to wait, I guess...' He thought as he stepped through the portal.

Deadpool's eyes widened, surprise evident beneath his mask. "Hey! Wait for me!" He shouted, rushing to follow Peter through.

---

-Harlem-

A swirling portal shimmered into existence on the bustling streets of Harlem, and out stepped Spider-Man, followed closely by Deadpool. The appearance of the two heroes caused pedestrians to stop in their tracks, their expressions a mix of awe and disbelief. Spider-Man gave a casual wave to the onlookers before leading the way into a dive bar named Luke's.

As they entered the bar, the atmosphere shifted. Conversations died down, and all eyes turned towards the two newcomers. The place was alive with energy, but it fell into a hushed silence as Spider-Man and Deadpool made their way inside.

Behind the bar stood a tall and imposing figure, his muscles practically bursting through his clothes. This was Luke Cage, the man Peter had come to see. He glanced up from his work, his expression wary but curious. The room seemed to hold its breath as he regarded the unexpected visitors.

[Insert picture of Luke Cage here]

Ignoring the odd looks from the patrons, Peter and Wade took two empty seats at the bar. Wade leaned in, his tone overly enthusiastic. "Hey, barkeep! Two Mojito's for me and my husband!"

Chapter 435: Weak Wilson

Inside Luke's bar, the air was thick with tension as the patrons gawked at the masked figures who had just walked in. Luke Cage, the bar's owner and resident powerhouse, observed the scene with a mix of caution and curiosity. He wiped a glass clean, his eyes briefly meeting Peter's before shifting away. Wade's exuberant order for drinks broke the silence, and Luke began to pour the requested Mojitos.

As the glasses were placed before them, Peter caught Luke's eye again. "Mind if we have a quick chat?"

Luke hesitated, clearly not interested in whatever they had to say. He turned to the customer beside him, asking if he needed a refill. The customer waved him off, seemingly more interested in whatever Spider-Man had to say.

Seeing that Luke wouldn't listen, Peter leaned in slightly, his tone low. "We're here with an offer, Luke. How would you like to join the Avengers?"

The murmurs from the patrons grew louder as the implications of Peter's words began to sink in. Luke tensed, looking from Peter to Wade and back again. He glanced around the room, perhaps gauging the atmosphere before finally answering.

"I'm flattered, but I'm not interested," Luke replied, his voice steady and measured.

Peter didn't back down. "Listen, Luke, I've known about you for a while. You've got powers, you've got the heart to protect your neighborhood. But with the Avengers behind you, you could do so much more. We want you on our team."

The tension in the room escalated as Luke remained silent, his brow furrowed in thought. The patrons exchanged glances, some recognizing the name 'Avengers' and realizing the gravity of the situation. A few murmurs of surprise rippled through the crowd.

"Look, man, give him an answer so we can go. We got shit to do. Places to visit and people to kill-" As Wade spoke, Peter's elbow found its way into his ribs. "Ugh! I... I mean people to apprehend!"

Luke let out a tired sigh, his gaze shifting from the two heroes to the glass in his hand. "The bar's closed, folks. Time to clear out."

As if on cue, the patrons began to disperse, albeit reluctantly. Luke's authority in the bar was clear, and no one dared to defy him. Soon, the bar emptied out, leaving only Luke, Peter, and Wade.

"What do you guys want?" Luke said dryly, his tone laced with a mix of weariness and annoyance. "Yeah, I have powers, but I'm not interested. I like my life here, in Harlem."

Peter leaned back, taking a sip of his drink. "And we respect that. But joining the Avengers doesn't mean you have to change who you are or where you live. We just want you to use your abilities to make a bigger impact."

Luke poured himself a shot of whiskey, his expression guarded. "I'm not interested in being a world-saving hero. I've got my own way of doing things, and it works for me."

Peter nodded, his mask hiding his understanding smile. "That's fine. We're not here to change you. We're here to support you."

Luke took the shot, his gaze locking onto Peter's. "And what's in it for you?"

"Nothing, we're heroes. It's what we do." Peter answered with a shrug.

"Right..." Luke didn't sound convinced.

"We've got resources, funding, technology," Peter explained. "With us behind you, you could do even more for Harlem. Start a charity, improve your crime-fighting efforts, make a real difference."

Luke sighed, rubbing a hand over his bald head. "You know, sometimes I just want to live my life in peace."

"And you can," Peter assured him. "Joining the Avengers doesn't mean you have to give up your life either. It just means you'll have some backup when things get tough."

Luke eyed Peter for a moment, skepticism evident in his gaze. He downed the shot of whiskey before looking back at Peter. "Fine, let's say I'm interested. What's the catch?"

Peter smiled, his voice earnest. "No catch. Just join us on a mission. See how we work. If you like it, great. If not, no hard feelings."

Luke considered his words, a mix of curiosity and doubt playing across his features. He set the shot glass down with a thunk. "So, what's the mission?"

Peter's expression turned serious as he leaned in, lowering his voice. "We're going after Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin."



Luke's eyes narrowed at the mention of the Kingpin's name. "Kingpin, huh? I've heard that name before. He's the source of all the guns and drugs that flow into Harlem..."

"Exactly," Peter nodded. "And we're going after him tonight. You in?"

Luke's fingers drummed against the bar's surface as he thought it over. "Alright, I'm in. But I've got one condition."

Peter raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "What's that?"

"You guys better keep up," Luke said, a hint of a challenge in his voice. "I'm not slowing down for anyone."

A smile tugged at the corner of Peter's lips. "Deal."

---

On the bustling streets of New York City, a swirling portal materialized, revealing Peter, Wade, and Luke stepping out onto the pavement. The towering presence of Fisk Tower loomed before them, casting a shadow over the surroundings.

Luke eyed the portal nervously. "So... that was... odd."

Just as Peter was about to respond, a familiar figure emerged from the shadows nearby. Daredevil, clad in his signature red suit, stood with his arms crossed. Jessica Jones leaned against a nearby lamppost, her casual demeanor contrasting with Daredevil's more intense stance.

Daredevil's voice held a hint of disbelief as he spoke. "So, you guys really found out who Kingpin is?"

Wade chimed in, his tone mischievous. "Yup, I had to hunt down his goons for a whole month before someone told me his name."

"I've been trying to bring him down for months..." Daredevil admits, annoyed at his own lack of progress.

Peter nodded. "Well, sometimes it takes a maniac to find a maniac."

Wade gasped in offense. "Is that how you speak about your bestest buddy?"

Daredevil's gaze shifted to Wade, his frustration evident. "Can we focus on the mission, please?"

Peter cleared his throat, shifting the attention to himself. "Alright, let's get on the same page. I've got a proposal."

The assembled heroes turned their attention to Peter, their curiosity piqued. Peter continued, his tone earnest. "I'm planning to build a team for small-time hero work in the city. A team that focuses on the neighborhoods, the people, and the issues that might not make the front page. Basically, you'll handle the crimes that fall through the cracks."

Wade's eyebrows shot up, his tone incredulous. "No no no! Deadpool doesn't do team work, you hear?"

Peter ignored Wade, a confident smile hidden under his mask. "And this is the starting roster. Daredevil, Deadpool, Luke, and Jessica... You're going to be the heroes that people can count on when they're not sure who else to turn to."

Jessica raised an eyebrow, her skepticism evident. "So, we're a team now?"

Peter nodded again. "Yep, consider this your debut mission."

Wade's gaze shifted between the faces around him, his eyes wide. "Hey, wait a minute! No one told me about this! I thought this was just going to be a bros' night out!"

Peter grinned, his tone teasing. "Surprise!"

Daredevil's lips twitched beneath his mask, his stance relaxing slightly. "Alright, let's worry about this team sh\*t later, what's the plan?"

Peter nodded in agreement. "I'm tagging along, but I won't help you unless it's absolutely necessary. This is your show. If one of you wants to take the lead, then feel free. Act as if I'm not even here."

""Got it."" Daredevil, Deadpool, and Jessica answered simultaneously, each vying for the leading role.

...

The group moved through the sleek and opulent lobby of Fisk Tower, their footsteps echoing in the silence. Despite the tension in the air, there was an underlying sense of camaraderie among the heroes. As they entered the building, the question of leadership lingered unspoken between them.

Daredevil, Deadpool, and Jessica each cast glances at one another, a silent contest of wills to determine who would take charge. Yet, no one spoke up to claim the role. Instead, they continued forward, ascending the tower without a designated leader.

Peter followed them from a distance, his steps silent as he manipulated the building's power with a whispered incantation. Lights flickered and went out, plunging the interior into darkness. Even the emergency power remained stubbornly dormant, trapping Fisk and his guards in a world of shadows.

On their way up the tower, the group encountered armed guards, their guns trained on the heroes. The absence of a leader was evident as they charged in without a plan, each relying on their own unique skills and instincts. The fight was messy, with shots echoing through the air and fists flying.

'...I expected better.' Peter thought with a shake of his head.

Deadpool's swords slashed through the darkness, Luke's impenetrable body deflecting all attacks, Jessica's strength sending guards flying, and Daredevil's agility allowing him to weave throughout the battle.

The chaos was palpable, the sounds of struggle echoing through the halls as the heroes fought for their lives. Bullets ricocheted off walls, shattered glass rained down, and sparks erupted from damaged equipment. Despite the lack of coordination, in the end, their individual expertise and powers allowed them to overpower their adversaries.

Finally, they emerged on the top floor, finding themselves in a lavish penthouse apartment. The tension in the room was palpable as they spread out, searching for any sign of Fisk. Deadpool kicked open doors, Jessica examined the living area, and Daredevil navigated through the shadows.

Peter and Luke stood back, watching the team with keen interest. Peter's enhanced senses picked up the faint sound of breathing from one corner of the room, obscured by a large bookshelf. Daredevil paused, his head tilting as he honed in on the noise as well.

Daredevil gestured for Jessica to join him. She approached, her brow furrowing in concentration. "What is it?"

Daredevil's voice was low. "Listen."

Jessica's ears strained, and then she heard it too, a rhythmic, shallow breathing. Her eyes widened, and she gestured toward the shelf. "Behind there."

Without hesitation, Jessica's superhuman strength came into play. She positioned herself in front of the shelf and exerted force. Metal groaned and bent under her might as she tore away a thick, concealed door, dropping books everywhere. The hidden compartment was revealed, and within it stood Wilson Fisk, his face contorted with fury and fear.

Fisk held a shotgun in his hands, his finger twitching on the trigger. "Wade!" He yelled as he caught a glimpse of Deadpool before opening fire, the deafening blast filling the room. The heroes scattered, seeking cover as bullets tore through the air.

Well, not all of them. In the chaos, while everyone was jumping out of the way, Luke stood at the front, deflecting every bullet he could with his body alone. With him there, not a single bullet hit the team.

Finally, Fisk's shotgun clicked empty, and the room fell into an eerie stillness. The penthouse apartment was now a scene of destruction, shattered glass, and ricocheted bullet holes. Fisk stood there, with nothing but an empty shotgun and his bare hands to defend himself.

Peter stepped up. "I'd give up, If I were you." He says as he gestures to Wade. "Because my friend here is very keen on cutting you into pieces. So, it's in your best interest not to give him that opportunity."

"Spidey..." Wade whined like a child, but suddenly a voice appeared in Wade's head.

Peter used some minor telepathy to project his thoughts over to his kill happy friend. 'Just wait until we're alone with him. I want to give Luke a good impression of us. If we kill him now, he may leave the Avengers. Or worse, he'll tell the news...'

"Fine..." Wade huffed as he sheathed his blades.

Fisk looked at his assailants, sizing them up. "Alright, I surrender..." He said, knowing he couldn't win this fight. 'I'll leave it to my lawyers. They'll have a much better chance than me...'

#### Chapter 436: Deadpool's Killing Technique...

After the exhilarating takedown of Wilson Fisk, the newly assembled team of Daredevil, Deadpool, Luke, and Jessica went their separate ways, each with their own thoughts and motivations. They may not have been a perfectly coordinated unit, but there was a certain bond forming among them, forged through a night of chaotic teamwork.

Well, maybe not all of them. Deadpool didn't seem to mesh well with the group, but time would tell whether that could be fixed or not.

Hours later, in a dimly lit cell within the Avengers Tower, Peter walked up and opened the door to Kingpin's cell, letting Deadpool step inside. The air was heavy with tension as Kingpin glared at them, his confidence clearly shaken after their earlier confrontation.

"Alright, you clowns got what you wanted," Kingpin growled in annoyance. "I demand to see my lawyer!"

Deadpool's laughter echoed in the small space as he brandished his dual swords. Kingpin's eyes widened in realization that this wasn't going to be a conventional interrogation.

With a sadistic grin, Deadpool leaned in close, his voice dripping with malicious amusement. "Oh, we're not going by the book today, big guy."

Kingpin's protests turned into stuttered words as he backed away, his back hitting the cold concrete wall of his cell. Deadpool advanced, his blades glinting in the dim light.

"Y-you can't do this!" Kingpin stammered, desperation seeping into his voice. "I have rights!"

Deadpool chuckled. "You know what's funny? So do I. The right to stab you if I feel like it."

As Deadpool raised his swords, Kingpin's eyes widened in terror. But just as the blades were about to pierce his flesh, Deadpool's grip on the weapons shifted. Instead of the sharp edges meeting their mark, Deadpool wrapped his arms around Kingpin in a tight hug, holding him close.

Kingpin's confusion was evident, but before he could react, Deadpool shushed him softly like a mother comforting a child. "It's okay, big guy. I've been waiting for this moment for so long. Let it all out."

Kingpin's fear transformed into a cautious hope as he began to babble apologies, his words a jumbled mess of regret and fear. Deadpool held him tightly, even going as far as to pat his back soothingly.

Peter, standing by the door, shook his head in disbelief, muttering under his breath. "This guy is seriously messed up."

As Kingpin continued to apologize, Deadpool's voice took on an eerily soothing tone. "There, there, buddy. Let it all out. You're safe now. This is a safe space."

Kingpin's eyes widened as he felt a sharp pain in his back, and his words were cut off with a gasp of agony. Looking down, he saw both of Deadpool's blades embedded in his flesh, the tips poking through his chest. His hope shattered, and his eyes locked onto Deadpool's with a mix of shock and betrayal.

Deadpool's maniacal grin widened as he leaned in, his voice a twisted mockery of comfort. "Oh, don't worry. It'll all be over soon. Just close your eyes and let the pain fade away."

As Kingpin's life force ebbed away, Deadpool finally released him, letting his body slump to the ground. The mercenary pulled his blades free, wincing at the shallow wounds he'd inflicted upon himself in his enthusiasm. However, his healing factor quickly kicked in, closing the wounds within moments.

Peter shook his head in disbelief as he approached Deadpool. "You really are something else, Wade."

Deadpool shrugged, wiping his blades clean. "Meh, it's more fun when they think you'll forgive them and let them go."

Kingpin's lifeless body lay in the cell, his eyes staring blankly at the ceiling. Despite the gruesome end he met, his demise was a twisted mixture of Deadpool's insanity and calculated ruthlessness.

"Besides, he deserved it," Deadpool muttered, as if justifying his actions to himself. "He almost took Vanessa from me."

Peter sighed, glancing at the lifeless figure on the ground. "Yeah, whatever..." he shrugged uncaringly as he waved his hand, vanishing Kingpin alongside any evidence of his death. "Let's go get some food. I haven't eaten all day."

Wade perked up as he followed Peter out of the cell. "Oh! I know a good place. They have these little tacos with a tiny sombrero on top..."

---

Weeks had passed since Kingpin's death. In Kamar-Taj, amidst the serene landscape and hidden away from the world's chaos, Peter stood with a watchful eye, observing his small family practicing the mystical arts alongside a crowd of other students.

Lily, his young daughter, was showing an uncanny affinity for magic, her tiny hands shaping reality with the guidance of the sling ring. Beside her, MJ smiled with pride as she encouraged their daughter's progress alongside her own.

But his focus wasn't solely on his family. Peter's gaze occasionally shifted to Doctor Strange, who always seemed to attend the same classes as his family. Peter couldn't help but feel that fate had a role to play in the convergence of their paths. Usually, he would force a convergence, but this time it was like fate was giving him a helping hand.

As he observed, the Ancient One approached him. The two of them shared a silent understanding, a camaraderie formed through their shared experiences and future knowledge.

Peter turned his attention to the Ancient One, his expression softening as he spoke. "Have you heard any news of Kaecilius and his followers?"

The Ancient One shook her head, her gaze distant. "No, they've been quiet since their little rebellion."

Peter's brow furrowed, a look of skepticism in his eyes. "Is that so? Of course, you wouldn't tell me either way, would you?"

The Ancient One's lips curved into a gentle smile as she regarded Peter. "No, I wouldn't."

Peter shook his head in exasperation. "Then I better prepare for whenever he rears his ugly head, shouldn't I?"

Turning away from his suicidal teacher, Peter eyed his family. "Lily! MJ! That's enough for today. It's time for your private lessons."

Instantly, all eyes turned to Lily and MJ, jealous looks clearly cemented on all of the students faces. After all, none of them will ever get the chance to learn from the direct disciple of the Ancient One. Let alone the Ancient One herself. It was truly shocking to learn that nepotism existed even in the magical side of the world.

"Wait!" Suddenly, a familiar voice called out. Stepping up beside MJ and Lily, Doctor Strange looked at Peter with imploring eyes. "Please teach me as well!" He begged, deeply bowing toward Peter.

Although Strange has learned a lot during his time in Kamar-Taj, most of it has been boring group classes and reading homework, which he's already finished weeks ago. And since his classes weren't getting any more interesting, he decided to take a chance and ask Peter to teach him.

In the beginning, Doctor Strange thought of Peter as just another teenager, but after spending some time in Kamar-Taj, he began to realize just how respected and skilled he supposedly was. Masters and students alike always seemed to have nothing but praise to say about him, which has slowly built up Peter's image in Strange's head.



Smirking over at the Ancient One, who did not look pleased, Peter nodded his head. "Sure, you can join us for today."

"Peter..." The Ancient One spoke in a warning tone.

Peter's smirk continued to grow. "Yes, teacher? Do you have a problem with me teaching one of the students?" He asks, loud enough for everyone to hear.

Sighing in annoyance, the Ancient One decided to hold her tongue for the time being. "No, just remember not to teach him anything beyond his level..."

"Of course..."

...

In a serene courtyard of Kamar-Taj, Lily, MJ, and Doctor Strange stood in a line in front of Peter. The open space held an air of anticipation, as if the very air hummed with untapped potential.

As they stood there, the warm breeze rustling through the foliage, Peter turned to MJ and Lily. "Alright, you two, go practice your Eldritch constructs. I want to see those golden energies transformed into precise shapes, like we practiced yesterday."

MJ nodded with a determined smile, leading Lily to a different corner of the courtyard where they began their practice. The golden energy danced between their fingertips, swiftly morphing and shifting into various forms under their guidance.

Doctor Strange watched the two with a mixture of awe and curiosity. It was unlike anything he'd ever witnessed, the sheer control over the mystical energy was astounding. He looked back at Peter, a newfound respect in his eyes. Peter's training methods seemed to be different from the other masters.

Peter caught Strange's attention and motioned for him to join him. "Alright, Stephen, now it's your turn."

Strange stepped closer, his gaze fixed on Peter. "What do you have in mind?"

Peter's eyes held a glint of mischief as he began to explain. "First things first, you need to learn how to manipulate Eldritch energy. After all, it's the basis of most of our Mystic arts."

Strange nodded, his determination evident. "Show me."

Peter extended his hand, summoning the same golden energy that MJ and Lily had been working with. He molded it into larger intricate patterns and shapes, the energy responding to his every thought.

"Now you try," Peter instructed.

Strange hesitated, then extended his hand, summoning the golden energy. However, his attempts were met with limited success, the energy wavering and faltering under his control.

Peter's expression was patient as he observed Strange's struggle. "You're overthinking it. You have to feel it, let it flow through you."

Strange closed his eyes, taking a deep breath and relaxing his stance. Slowly, the energy began to respond, forming delicate patterns in the air.

As Strange's control improved, Peter's smile widened. "Good. Now, let's take it up a notch."

With a flourish of his hand, Peter conjured an even more intricate configuration of golden energy, shaping it into complex geometric forms. Strange's eyes widened at the sight, the challenge evident.

"Now, do the same," Peter said.

Strange's brow furrowed in concentration as he attempted to replicate the pattern. The golden energy hesitated, but with a surge of determination, Strange managed to form a semblance of the shape.

He looked at Peter with a mixture of frustration and determination. "Why is this so much harder than their training?" He asked, gesturing toward a Lily and MJ.

Peter shrugged nonchalantly. "If you want to return to your slow-paced classes, be my guest."

A flash of determination ignited in Strange's eyes, his resolve unwavering. "No, I'll do it."

Peter's gaze softened as he recognized the spark of potential within Strange. "Good. You're capable of far more than you know. This isn't just about conjuring energy. It's about bending reality to your will."

Strange nodded, his focus returning to the golden energy between his fingertips. With renewed determination, he began to shape it, the complex pattern gradually taking form.

As the hours passed, Strange's control improved, the golden energy responding more readily to his commands. The intricate forms he created began to rival even Peter's displays.

Peter watched with satisfaction, knowing that he was unlocking a potential in Strange that had yet to be fully realized. He knew that Strange had the potential of a Sorcerer Supreme, so he refused to coddle him.

And as the day stretched on, with the sun casting long shadows across the courtyard, Peter called their first day of training to an end. "That's it for today. It's getting late and Lily has school tomorrow."

As the family was preparing to leave, Strange stepped up and bowed once again. "Can I join you tomorrow as well?"

Peter smirked, knowing that the Ancient One won't like this. "Sure, we'll see you tomorrow."

## Chapter 437: A Quick Death

In the depths of a long-abandoned cathedral, Kaecilius and his devoted Zealots gathered, their dark cloaks casting eerie shadows in the dim candlelight. Before them lay an intricate arrangement of mystical symbols, pulsating with an otherworldly energy. Kaecilius, his eyes ablaze with fanaticism, stood at the center, his followers forming a circle around him.

With a low, resonating chant, the Zealots' voices intertwined, resonating with the vibrations of the symbols. The air itself seemed to quiver as the ritual began, their connection with the dark dimension growing stronger with every word.

As the chant reached its climax, the very fabric of reality seemed to tear, revealing a swirling vortex of darkness. From its depths emerged a presence that sent shivers down their spines, the dreaded Dormammu himself.

Kaecilius and his Zealots fell to their knees, their heads bowed in reverence as Dormammu's voice echoed around them. "Kaecilius, my loyal servant, you have called, and I have answered. Speak your desires."

Kaecilius, his voice trembling with reverence, stood and met Dormammu's gaze. "We seek your guidance and power to carry out your will."

Dormammu's presence seemed to swell, his approval tangible. "Speak."

"We beseech you to grant us more strength, so that we're able and ready to act out your commands," Kaecilius declared, his voice unwavering. "We wish nothing but to serve you, as best as we can."

A sinister smile curled across Dormammu's formless visage. "Very well. I shall grant you the means to achieve your desires, but I'm afraid you'll have to wait. Once you've struck down the sanctums, their barriers will crumble, and my influence shall seep into the realms. Then, and only then, will I be able to gift you more of my power."

With a wave of Dormammu's incorporeal hand, a surge of dark energy enveloped Kaecilius and his Zealots. Their bodies trembled as they felt his power, but couldn't absorb a single grain of it. Their senses overcome with a sensation both intoxicating and nightmarish.

As the dark energy washed over them, Dormammu's voice reverberated through their minds. "Go forth, my servants, and unleash the chaos you so desire. Strike down the sanctums and let the realms tremble."

The ritual's energy peaked, and Dormammu's presence slowly began to fade. Kaecilius and his Zealots watched as the vortex of darkness closed, leaving them with an even greater lust for power than before.

"Prepare yourselves," Kaecilius ordered, his voice carrying the weight of their dark pact. "We commence our attack on the London Sanctum in two hours. The time has come to bring about the end of the Ancient One's feeble defense."

His followers nodded, their eyes burning with power hungry desire. The Zealots scattered, each one preparing for the battle that would bring them closer to their ultimate goal... the annihilation of the Kamar-Tak and the ascent of Dormammu's reign.

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Almost a month had passed since Doctor Strange joined Peter's training sessions. The London Sanctum's training room was abuzz with energy as the trio stood side by side, Lily and MJ flanking Doctor Strange. The room was bathed in soft, ethereal light, illuminating their focused expressions.

Peter, standing at a distance, watched intently as the three of them practiced their Mystic arts. He had chosen the London Sanctum for these sessions, knowing that the attack from Kaecilius and his followers was imminent. In the Doctor Strange movie, the London Sanctum was the first to fall. So Peter decided to spend his time here, waiting for Kaecilius to show up.

The training sessions had been grueling, pushing Doctor Strange to his limits and beyond. Peter had been relentless, determined to bring out the Sorcerer Supreme within Strange. And his efforts had paid off. Doctor Strange had proven himself to be a prodigious student, mastering the control of Eldritch energy and learning a wide array of spells.

As Peter observed, he couldn't help but be impressed by Strange's progress. The air around him seemed to hum with energy as he conjured complex patterns of light and energy, weaving spells with a precision that was awe-inspiring.

MJ and Lily, though not as advanced as Doctor Strange, held their own. Their dedication was evident in the way they worked together, their spells complementing each other seamlessly. Lily's AI mind seemed to grasp the intricacies of the Mystic arts with remarkable ease, her natural affinity for magic shining through.

With a wave of his hand, Doctor Strange conjured a shimmering shield of energy, blocking an incoming barrage of energy projectiles. He then countered with a burst of energy from his own fingertips, sending a surge of mystical force hurtling toward Lily.

Lily reacted swiftly, weaving her own spell to redirect the energy, sending it harmlessly into the ground. MJ, on the other hand, focused her attention on Doctor Strange, her eyes glowing with determination as she conjured illusions to test his abilities.

Peter's lips quirked into a half-smile as he witnessed their training. Doctor Strange's growth had been remarkable, far surpassing his own expectations. He had learned around 40 spells, mastered telekinesis and just started delving into telepathy. He even mastered the use of the Sling Ring, a skill that had been surprisingly easy for him to acquire after his intense Eldritch energy training.

As the training session came to a close, Doctor Strange lowered his shield, his breathing steady despite the intensity of their practice. He turned to Peter, a mixture of exhaustion and satisfaction in his eyes. "I never imagined I would come this far in such a short time."

Peter nodded approvingly. "You've put in the effort, and it shows. But remember, don't get too full of yourself. You're still incredibly weak compared to most Masters."

Doctor Strange's gaze turned solemn. "I understand."

Peter's eyes met Strange's, a shared determination passing between them. "Good. Because if you start getting an ego, I'll be forced to beat it out of you."

MJ and Lily joined them, their faces flushed from the intense training. Lily smiled up at her father. "How was I? Did I do good?"

Peter smiled warmly toward his daughter. "You did amazing, My love."

Lily perked up, her excitement palpable. "Hehe! I can't wait to show off my new spells!"

Peter ruffled Lily's hair affectionately. "You'll get your chance."

As the group began to make their way out of the training room, a loud explosion shook the Sanctum, echoing through the hallways. Peter's senses tingled with anticipation as he turned to face the entrance of the building, his expression growing serious.

"They're here," he murmured, his voice carrying a weight of certainty.

The air crackled with tension as Peter opened a swirling portal, leading to the entrance of the Sanctum. Stepping through, he found the once-intact door obliterated, the protective spells that had guarded it now nothing but ashes. His eyes narrowed as he surveyed the destruction, knowing that Kaecilius and his Zealots had breached their defenses.

Entering the Sanctum's interior, Peter's gaze fell upon the figure of Kaecilius, casually strolling inside with an air of arrogance. Behind him, the Zealots followed in eerie silence, their eyes gleaming with the twisted devotion that had ensnared them.

Kaecilius's gaze locked onto Peter, a sinister smile curling his lips. "Well, well, if it isn't the Ancient One's favorite student."

Peter waved, his demeanor nonchalant. "Yo."

Kaecilius's smile twisted with envy, his jealousy clear in his tone. "You're nothing more than a pet to her, aren't you? A mangy dog she picked up along the-"

Peter waved his hand, interrupting him. "Save the monologue for someone else. I could care less about your insecurities."

Kaecilius's lips curved into an annoyed frown. "Oh, don't worry. I'll be sure say it all for the Ancient one when I deliver your lifeless corpse to her, a gift that will shatter her precious illusions."

Peter wave him over. "Enough talk. Let's get this over with. I got sh\*t to do today..."

With a sudden motion, Kaecilius raised his hands, his fingers dancing with arcane symbols. Dark energy surged around him as he launched a barrage of projectiles toward Peter. The air crackled as Peter deflected them with a shimmering barrier of Eldritch energy, the impacts causing ripples of energy to cascade through the room.

Kaecilius's attacks came relentless, the Zealots watching with unblinking eyes as their leader attempted to overpower Peter. But Peter's mastery of the Mystic arts was undeniable. He wove intricate spells, conjuring defensive wards and launching counterattacks with fluid precision.

The battle danced between them, the room bathed in the swirling lights of their magic. Peter's movements were swift and calculated, his control of Eldritch energy evident as he twisted and redirected Kaecilius's assaults.

As the confrontation escalated, the air seemed to crackle with energy, MJ, Lily, and Doctor Strange stepped through the open portal, their eyes widening as they took in the spectacle before them.

Doctor Strange watched in awe as Peter's movements flowed seamlessly, each spell executed with a mastery that left him speechless. He had never witnessed such finesse in the Mystic arts, and his respect for Peter's abilities grew exponentially.

Even MJ and Lily were shocked by how skilled Peter truly was. They had seen him in action before, but he rarely used much more than a portal when fighting. Luckily, this time around, Peter couldn't use his spider powers, for fear of revealing his identity as Spider-Man, so it was all about magic today.

Soon enough, the tide of battle shifted, Peter's attacks gaining momentum as he forced Kaecilius to retreat. With a sudden surge of power, he summoned a sword of pure Eldritch energy into his hand. The weapon gleamed with an otherworldly light as Peter advanced, his expression focused and determined.

Kaecilius stumbled back as Peter snapped his finger, sending a huge gust of wind his way. Before he knew what happened Peter appeared in front of him, his sword pressed close to his throat. The Zealots watched in horror, their leader's dominance shattered.

Peter's voice was steady, devoid of emotion. "Any last words?"

Kaecilius's lips moved, but before he could utter a single syllable, Peter sensed the Ancient One's presence drawing near. Acting quickly, before she could interfere, Peter's grip tightened as the blade of Eldritch energy slicing through flesh and bone with ease. Kaecilius's severed head fell to the ground, his vacant eyes staring blankly at the ceiling.

Peter's expression remained impassive as he gazed down at the lifeless body. "You know what? I didn't really care what you had to say."

As he spoke, the Ancient One appeared beside him, frowning down at what was supposed to be her killers headless body, a conflicted look in her face. "..."



## Chapter 438: Eye of Agamotto

The aftermath of Kaecilius's downfall left a somber tension in the air. The Ancient One stood beside Peter, her gaze fixed on the lifeless form of Kaecilius himself. A mixture of emotions churned within her. Satisfaction that her would-be killer was defeated, annoyance at Peter for intervening, and a gnawing uncertainty about what her future held now that her intended death had been thwarted.

Peter watched her in silence, his expression a mix of sympathy and understanding. He had known that his actions would not be met with approval, yet he couldn't bring himself to stand by and watch her die. As much as he respected her choices, he couldn't ignore the bond they shared, a bond that compelled him to protect her.

Meanwhile, the remaining followers of Kaecilius stood frozen in uncertainty, their eyes darting between the Ancient One and the exit. The air was thick with tension as they considered their options, realizing that they were ill-prepared to face the wrath of a sorceress of her caliber.

But before they could make their escape, the Ancient One's gaze turned toward them, her eyes ablaze with a fiery intensity. With a swift, almost casual gesture of her hand, she manipulated space itself, bending it with the force of her will. In an instant, the air around the Zealots twisted and contorted, and a sickening crack filled the room.

The trio of Doctor Strange, MJ, and Lily could only watch in shock as the scene unfolded before them. The Ancient One's mastery over mystic arts was beyond anything they had imagined, her power a force to be reckoned with. The air seemed to scream as the twisted space bent reality itself, and in the next moment, the remaining Zealots collapsed to the ground, their severed heads tumbling beside them.

Silence descended upon the room, broken only by the sound of lifeless bodies hitting the ground. The Ancient One's gaze remained fixed on the fallen Zealots, her expression unreadable. She had taken her anger out on them, a silent display of the rage that simmered beneath her calm exterior.

Doctor Strange's jaw hung open, his mind struggling to process the sheer magnitude of what he had just witnessed. His training had brought him into contact with extraordinary power, but this was on an entirely different level. After all, each of those zealots was a sorcerer with much more experience than himself. Killing them so easily was a huge blow to his ego.

MJ and Lily stood beside him, their eyes wide with a mixture of awe and a little bit of fear. Thankfully, MJ has seen death before and Lily was an AI, so the gruesome decapitations that just unfolded before them wasn't that big of a deal.

The Ancient One slowly turned to face the trio, her gaze piercing through them with an intensity that sent shivers down their spines. Her lips parted as if to speak, but the words remained unspoken. The tension in the room was palpable, a heavy weight that bore down on them.

Peter, sensing the unease that hung in the air, approached the Ancient One, his expression a mix of empathy and determination. He could feel the storm of emotions within her, and he understood the conflict that raged within her heart. With each step he took, he closed the distance between them until he stood before her.

Taking a deep breath, he met her gaze with a calm resolve. "I know you're angry at me, but I couldn't just stand by and watch you die. You're like a second mother to me, and I couldn't let that happen."

The Ancient One's eyes softened, a hint of vulnerability flashing across her features. She averted her gaze for a moment, seemingly lost in her thoughts. Then, with a sigh, she finally spoke, her voice laced with a mixture of resignation and acceptance. "You really won't let me go, will you, Peter? You know, they don't call me the Ancient One for nothing. I've already live a very long life. Thousands upon thousands of years, in fact."

Peter's lips curved into a small smile. "Well, then what's another century or two to a bald hag like you?" He said as he dodged a slap. "Besides, there's so much more to do. MJ and I will get married sooner or later, and Lily is only just starting her life. You can't miss it."

She nodded, a ghost of a smile touching her lips. "Fine, I truly give up. You win... I'll live for as long as you're alive."

"Damn right, I win. And I plan to live for a long time so buckle up for an extended, happy life." Peter smirked, happy that she finally gave in.

The three onlookers exchanged confused glances. None of them knew about the Ancient One's original intention to die at Kaecilius's hands. Peter had kept that detail well-hidden, and their perplexed expressions mirrored their lack of understanding.

The Ancient One let out a sigh, though the smile of her face couldn't be stopped. "I look forward to it."

"Me too." Peter nodded as he reached out and gently placed a hand on her shoulder, his expression turning serious. "And you don't have to go through everything alone, you know. I'm here for you. If you're lonely, come and stay at my house. I have spare rooms. And if you have troubles, tell me and I'll handle it. After all, life is easier when you can rely on others."

Her gaze met his, gratitude and a hint of a tear glistening in her eyes. "Thank you, Peter."

With a reassuring nod, Peter stepped back, allowing her a moment of respite. The Ancient One turned her attention to the fallen Zealots once more, her expression a mixture of sorrow and regret. The room was heavy with the weight of the lives lost, a reminder of the darkness that still lurked in the shadows.

And as Doctor Strange, MJ, and Lily watched the scene unfold, they couldn't help but feel a newfound respect for the Ancient One, a respect that transcended the bounds of their previous perceptions. They were witnesses to a moment of vulnerability, a moment that revealed the complexities of a sorceress who had walked a path of both light and darkness, for a very long time.

"Is she like, the most powerful sorceress ever?" Lily whispered to her mother, her voice filled with awe.

MJ nodded slowly, her eyes wide as she regarded the Ancient One. "Yeah, pretty much."

Doctor Strange remained silent, his eyes locked on the Ancient One as he grappled with a mixture of admiration and trepidation. He had known her power was immense, but witnessing it firsthand was an entirely different experience.

Seeing the happy tears rolling down his teacher's cheeks, Peter wrapped his arms around her in a hug, surprising her with the sudden intimacy. "I'm really glad that you won't die to some scrub sorcerer. I mean, it took me less than two minutes to kill that guy. It was a real let down."

The Ancient One's surprise melted into a begrudging acceptance, and she hesitantly returned the embrace. "Really? Kaecilius is probably one of the strongest sorcerers from Kamar-Taj. At least in the top 10."

Peter grinned against her shoulder, his tone light. "Then maybe we should revamp their training, because he was obscenely weak, and he even had a small power boost from Dormammu as well."

Drawing back slightly, the Ancient One's rolled her eyes as she regarded Peter. "Well, not everyone can be as powerful as us..."

Shrugging, Peter gestured to Strange, MJ and Lily, who watched the scene with wide eyes. "I think they have the potential."

The Ancient One nodded in agreement. "True, they've made great strides under your tutelage."

Peter smirked playfully, his ego growing by the second. "I know, I'm great, aren't I?"

As the Ancient One blinked away her remaining tears, she couldn't help but slap him across the head. "Stop being such a prat. It's unbecoming from a student of the Ancient One's stature."

Peter smirked as he let her hit him. "Now who's the one with the ego?"

The Ancient One let out a small chuckle, ignoring his words completely. "But I have one question. How do you plan to sever my connection to Dormammu?"

Peter shrugged nonchalantly, his plan was already formulated. "I've got a plan. I just need to borrow something from you."

As his gaze fell to the Eye of Agamotto that hung around her neck, the Ancient One raised an eyebrow in curiosity. "The Eye?"

Peter nodded, his eyes glinting with a mix of mischief and determination. "Yeah, with this and another trinket in my possession, I think I'll have a better shot at handling Dormammu."

The Ancient One considered his words for a moment, a wry smile touching her lips. "Very well, Peter. But you must promise to return it when you're done."

Peter sighed in exasperation. "Aw, come on, you're no fun."

She simply raised an eyebrow, her unspoken retort evident in her gaze.

With a defeated sigh, Peter relented. "Fine, fine, I'll bring it back." He huffed in mock-annoyance. "Jeez, I just saved your life and you're so stingy..."

As the Ancient One removed the Eye of Agamotto from her neck and placed it around Peter's, there was a moment of connection between them, a silent understanding that transcended words. It was a gesture of trust, a recognition of the bond they shared.

With one last nod, the Ancient One turned to leave, but Peter's voice stopped her. "Hey, thanks for not dying on me. I'd be really sad if you left..." he spoke honestly.

Her gaze softened, and a tear slid down her cheek. "Go, Peter. Do what you must."

As the Ancient One departed, the room seemed to exhale, the tension gradually dissipating. Doctor Strange, MJ, and Lily exchanged bewildered glances, still puzzled by the entire exchange.

"How was she going to die?" Strange mused aloud, still utterly confused.

Lily shrugged. "I don't know..."

As they spoke, Doctor Strange's gaze lingered on the Eye of Agamotto, a confused look filled his face as he felt a connection with the odd necklace. Though the longer it remained in Peter's possession, the less he could feel this connection, as if Peter was slowly taking something away from him.

## Chapter 439: Into The Dark Dimension!

Leaving the Masters of the London Sanctum to deal with the aftermath, Peter, MJ, and Lily stepped through a portal back to their house. It's been a rather eventful day, after all. As they departed, Doctor Strange bid them goodbye and returned to Kamar-Taj, ready to spend the rest of the day sifting through the library's endless knowledge.

Back home, Peter was forced to recount the backstory for what just happened, explaining to MJ and Lily, who wouldn't stop pestering in for answers. His words flowed as he detailed the Ancient One's

planned suicide, and his own intervention to save her. MJ and Lily listened with rapt attention, happy that Peter was able to fix everything.

After spending the day with his family, watching TV and just being lazy while he could, Peter tucked Lily into bed, reading her a bedtime story that was more scientifically accurate than most fairy tales. Due to her AI brain, she tended to like more realistic stories, so he had to edit a bunch of famous stories, adding explanations for all of the unexplained magic. And she loved it, for some odd reason.

"Goodnight, my love." With a kiss on her forehead, he left her room, moving toward his bedroom across the hall.

In the sanctuary of his and MJ's room, Peter sat cross-legged on the floor. Before him lay the Eye of Agamotto, its mystical aura pulsating gently. He had spent months preparing for this moment, poring over books, scrolls, and ancient texts in search of a way to sever the Ancient One's connection to Dormammu. It was a task easier said than done, for the entity's power was vast, and the bond forged between them was deep.

Over the last couple of months, Peter had discovered that the Ancient One had tied herself so tightly to Dormammu that severing the connection was a monumental challenge. Not to mention the fact that Dormammu wasn't inclined to let go, and Peter would need to confront the god-like being within the Dark Dimension to force him to release his grip, which was easier said than done.

As he contemplated his strategy, MJ entered the room, clad in pajamas, her concern etched on her face when she saw Peter engrossed in his preparations.

"Peter," she said softly, her voice tinged with worry. "Are you really going through with this?"

Peter looked up from the Eye of Agamotto, his expression a mixture of determination and reassurance. "MJ, I have to. Dormammu won't give up, and even though we've dealt with Kaecilius, there might be others like him in the future. It's better to face Dormammu now, before things escalate."

MJ sighed, walking over to him and sitting down. She regarded him with a mixture of love and concern. "But facing Dormammu... he's different from anything you've ever faced before. You said he's a dimensional entity, a god in his own dimension. Are you sure that you can do this?"

Peter offered a small smile, reaching out to hold her hand. "I'm as ready as I'll ever be. Dormammu is a challenge, but I can't back down. The Ancient One's life is at stake, and it's up to me to protect her."

MJ squeezed his hand gently, her eyes reflecting her worry. "What are the odds that you win?"

Peter thought for a moment, then spoke with a mixture of confidence and caution. "Before I had the Eye of Agamotto, I'd say around 20%. But now, with this artifact and my own abilities, I'd put it at around 90%. Maybe even higher, but I don't want to be overconfident."

MJ sighed, leaning in to rest her head on his shoulder. "Peter, promise me something... Promise that you'll come back."

Peter wrapped his arm around her, holding her close. "I promise. I'll do everything in my power to come back to you, Lily, and everyone else."

A playful glint entered MJ's eyes, and she lightly slapped Peter's chest. "Good, because if you don't, I'll find a way to resurrect you just so I can kill you myself. After all, I'm a sorceress now."

Peter chuckled, a warmth spreading through his chest. "Deal. And when I'm a Spider-Zombie-Man, we can see if my family jewels are still working~"

MJ smirked, leaning up to press a quick kiss to his lips. "Not happening." She pulled back and stuck her tongue out at him. "I refuse to let any zombie bits near me, so you better not die..."

Before the mood could grow somber, Peter lightened it with a grin. "Don't worry, I don't plan on it. I plan to be here, annoying you until the end of time."

MJ rolled her eyes, a hint of a smile playing on her lips. "Great, just what I always wanted."

As the night stretched on, Peter continued to familiarize himself with the Eye of Agamotto and mentally prepare himself for the confrontation ahead. The Eye pulsed with energy, as if sensing the weight of the task at hand. In the midst of his focus, MJ's presence provided him with a sense of comfort and strength.

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Soon enough, In the quiet sanctity of his and MJ's room, Peter finished his meticulous preparations. The Eye of Agamotto hung around his neck, its mystical power resonating with the spell he was about to cast. A spell that would hopefully be his trump card against his dimensional god-like enemy.

Using golden Eldritch energy, Peter drew intricate spell circles in the air, each one filled with a complex arrangement of runes and ancient writing. MJ watched in rapt attention and curiosity, awed by the advanced spell playing out before her. It was a spell he had devised himself, a potent mixture of his magic knowledge that he wouldn't have been able to accomplish without the Eye of Agamotto's power over time itself.

With a final flourish, Peter's hands stilled, his energy infused into the spell circles that now hung suspended before him. The golden light of the Eldritch energy pulsed with an otherworldly glow, casting dancing shadows across the room. This spell was the linchpin of his plan, and without it, his odds of winning fall right back down to 20%.

'Thankfully, the spell was a success, or else I'd be screwed...' Peter thought in relief.

Turning away from his work, Peter faced MJ, who stood nearby with a mixture of concern and determination. Their eyes met, and he gave her a reassuring smile. "I'll be back before you know it, MJ. I promise."

MJ's gaze was filled with emotion, her worry etched on her face. She stepped closer to him, her voice soft and filled with a mixture of love and urgency. "Peter, be careful. And come back to me. Lily and I need you."

Peter nodded, his expression serious as he drew her into a warm embrace. "You know I will."

Their lips met in a final, tender kiss, a bittersweet reminder of the bond they shared. Then, reluctantly, they pulled apart, their fingers lingering before letting go. With one last lingering look, Peter turned and opened a portal with a flick of his wrist. The portal shimmered before him, leading to the ominous expanse of the Dark Dimension.



As he stepped through the portal, Peter glanced back at MJ, who stood with tears in her eyes. With a determined nod, he disappeared from her sight, the portal snapping shut behind him.

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Inside the Dark Dimension, the vast expanse stretched out before him, a void illuminated by eerie colored gases that danced in the distance. The air was thick with an ominous energy, a palpable sense of foreboding that sent shivers down Peter's spine. The very nature of the dimension seemed to twist and churn with an unnatural quality, as if reality itself was fluid and malleable.

In this surreal environment, the portal behind Peter closed with a soft whoosh, leaving him alone within the bleak expanse. He stood still for a moment, adjusting to the overwhelming atmosphere around him. It was then that he sensed movement in the distance.

From the shadows emerged the mindless ones, pitch-black humanoid wraiths that swarmed toward him like a ravenous horde of starving, wild dogs. Their forms were twisted and grotesque, their eyes vacant and empty as they scrambled forward with an insatiable hunger and rage. But just as they drew close, a deep, rumbling voice echoed through the dimension, its words reverberating in Peter's ears.

"What do we have here..."

The voice was all-encompassing, filling the very fabric of the Dark Dimension itself. It carried an air of authority, a commanding presence that sent even the mindless ones scrambling in the opposite direction, their pursuit halted by its mere utterance.

Peter stood his ground, his senses heightened as he gazed into the darkness ahead. 'Here we go...'

Suddenly, the very fabric of reality seemed to ripple and distort. A presence, immense and otherworldly, made itself known. Dormammu, the ancient and formidable ruler of this dimension, materialized before him, his figure casting a shadow that stretched across the void.

Dormammu's form was colossal, towering above Peter like a giant among bugs. His sheer size was overwhelming, his body easily capable of containing entire worlds within its grasp. Yet, his form held an almost ethereal quality, as if his very being existed on the threshold between the material and the immaterial.

Translucent and ghostly, Dormammu's body seemed to be a shifting tapestry of dimensions, as though one could peer through his form and glimpse the myriad layers of existence that he embodied. His figure was shrouded in an eerie, purple gaseous light, an ominous aura that radiated from every inch of his being. This spectral luminescence danced and swirled around him, casting eerie shadows that danced across the expanse of the Dark Dimension.

Within the heart of the gaseous shroud, Dormammu's eyes and mouth glowed with the same ethereal purple hue, their radiance an unsettling contrast to the abyssal darkness around him. However, the ominous glow was not confined to a single color. Along his surroundings, other gaseous hues pulsed and shifted, creating a surreal and nightmarish rainbow that seemed to defy all logic.

Dormammu's head was distinct from the rest of his form, an anchor in the chaos of his being. It resembled a aged skull, but one that had been carved with countless linear lines that ran from top to bottom, giving it an intricate and mesmerizing appearance.

[Insert picture of Dormammu here]

As Dormammu's presence loomed before Peter, a feeling of insignificance washed over him. He stood like a solitary figure against the backdrop of an ancient cosmic force, his determination his only shield against the overwhelming might that confronted him.

"Yo." Peter waved casually.

#### Chapter 440: Spidey Vs Dormammu (1/2)

Peter's gaze remained locked onto Dormammu, his heart pounding in his chest. He couldn't deny the overwhelming power and presence that emanated from the colossal being before him. Yet, he refused to let fear paralyze him. With a deep breath, he steeled himself for the encounter ahead.

"Dormammu," Peter spoke with a confident grin, his eyes locked onto those of the dimensional god-like being. "I've come to kick your a\*s."

For a brief moment, Dormammu's ethereal form froze, his gaze locking onto Peter with a mixture of surprise and curiosity. No one had ever dared to speak to him in such a manner, let alone taunt him

with a bold challenge. His deep, rumbling laughter echoed through the dark expanse, reverberating like the roll of distant thunder.

"Ah, this is a first," Dormammu boomed, his voice resonating through the dimension. "A mere insect defying me with such arrogance. You amuse me, little fool."

Peter couldn't help but chuckle, a grin tugging at the corners of his lips. "Spiders are arachnids, not bugs. There's a difference." He hasn't had the chance to say that for a while, and it felt good.

Dormammu's laughter subsided, his eerie gaze narrowing as he regarded Peter with renewed interest. "Why are you here, little bug? You might as well tell me before your death. Maybe I'll make it quick, if you're compliant. That is, If I feel like it..."

"Why am I here?" Peter straightened his stance, his expression unwavering. "I've killed your followers. Kaecilius and his zealots are all dead. Well, actually the Ancient One killed the zealots, but the details don't really matter, do they? And I've come to ask you to release your hold on the Ancient One's soul and to never again threaten Earth's dimension. I want you to swear upon it."

Dormammu's gaze remained fixed on Peter, his aura flickering with the mixture of emotions that surged within him. The concept of swearing an oath was not to be taken lightly in the mystical realms. Peter knew this, and he could sense Dormammu's hesitation.

In the realm of dimensional beings and magic practitioners, making a vow was a sacred and dangerous act. By swearing upon something of immense importance, one was bound by the vow's terms, or else they'll face dire consequences. Although Peter was relatively new to the world of magic, compared to age old masters, who have been studying for hundreds of years, he had witnessed the power of vows firsthand.

Years ago, during his early days as a student of Kamar-Taj, a fellow student had rashly made a vow to never betray his girlfriend. And a few days later, said girlfriend found him talking to a woman in a courtyard, alone. Just for a fraction of a second, she felt the tiniest bit of betrayal, which set off the vow.

In a gruesome instant, the poor student's life was taken, leaving behind only a bloody mist as a testament to the power of his ill-fated vow. And worst of all, the person he was along to turned out to be a middle aged man. She only thought it was woman because of the long hair.

That day, Peter learned that even the tiniest of misunderstandings could set off a vow, especially if they're vague enough.

Understanding the stakes, Dormammu regarded Peter with both intrigue and caution. "Why should I humor your request?" He asked as if Peter were an idiot.

"I knew you wouldn't agree." Peter's smiled, a blood thirst grin spread across his face. "I challenge you to a battle, Dormammu. If I win, you'll have to abide by my terms. But if you win, I'll serve you for eternity."

Dormammu's eyes gleamed with interest, his spectral form shifting in the darkness. "A battle? Interesting..."

Peter held his ground, his gaze unwavering. "To win, one side must be either be dead, unconscious, or surrender."

A low, resonant chuckle escaped Dormammu, his voice a chilling echo that reverberated through the expanse around them. "Very well, I accept your challenge." After all, what does he have to be afraid of? This is the Dark dimension, and he's a god here.

'Got him.' Peter smirked. "Should we swear on it now?."

"Eager, aren't we?" Dormammu's booming voice sounded amused.

Peter held Dormammu's gaze, his voice resolute. "Well, I'd rather we set everything in stone beforehand. That way, you can't weasel your way out of it after I win."

Dormammu regarded Peter with a mixture of skepticism and amusement. "Very well. I accept your challenge and swear my existence on its terms. But know this, if you fail, your fate will be sealed, and you will serve me for eternity."

"Agreed. And I swear my existence on the terms as well." Peter replied firmly, feeling the vow form between them. "Just remember, victory can be achieved through surrender, incapacitation, or death."

Dormammu's form shifted, a nod of acknowledgment rippling through the gaseous shroud that surrounded him. "Then let the battle commence. Prepare yourself..."

A moment of tension between Peter and Dormammu seemed to stretch infinitely, the weight of their challenge filling the air around them. Before the first blows were exchanged, a palpable energy charged the atmosphere, and Peter began to change.

Peter's form seemed to transform, his muscles bulging and his skin turning a fiery shade of red. With a powerful surge of energy, he morphed into the imposing figure of the Red Hulk. Dormammu's eyes flickered with an impressed glint as he observed the transformation, his spectral form hovering above the ground.

"You've truly embraced the power of rage, how curious," Dormammu mused, his voice carrying a mix of intrigue and arrogance. "But even in this form, you are nothing before me."

Peter met Dormammu's gaze with a defiant smile, his towering frame radiating a sense of raw power. "I've had some practice with this power. Fought a dragon once. Wasn't too impressed though, felt like it could've been stronger."

Dormammu's lips curled into a smirk, his eyes narrowing with amusement. "A dragon, you say? How quaint. Let's see if I can provide a more suitable challenge for you."

With a casual wave of his hand, Dormammu's power surged, and the dark dimension around them seemed to tremble with the unleashed energy. The air crackled with an otherworldly intensity, and the battle between them intensified as they clashed once more.

The ebb and flow of their fight unfolded in a relentless dance, a fierce back-and-forth exchange that resonated with cosmic power. Peter's blows connected with Dormammu's form, creating shockwaves that reverberated through the dimension. Yet, Dormammu's retaliation was swift and powerful, his attacks striking with a ferocity that tested Peter's endurance.

As they exchanged blows, Peter seized every opportunity to taunt his formidable opponent. "Is that all you've got, Dormammu? I was expecting something more impressive!"

Dormammu's response was a surge of energy that sent Peter hurtling through the air, crashing into a distant expanse of the dark dimension. The impact was powerful, but Peter quickly regained his footing, his body unyielding in the face of the assault.

"Not bad," Peter remarked, grinning as he wiped a trickle of blood from his mouth. "But I've felt worse."

Dormammu's eyes glowed with an icy intensity as he unleashed a torrent of dark energy, the malevolent force slicing through the air with an otherworldly shriek. Peter braced himself to withstand the attack. His form absorbed the impact, the energy crackling around him as he emerged unscathed.

But the battle was taking its toll. Despite his best efforts, he was struggling to match Dormammu's overwhelming power. In a desperate move, he channeled the fiery energy within him, surrounding himself with the searing flames of the Phoenix.

Dormammu's form flickered with surprise as the intense heat engulfed Peter. The flames of the Phoenix were legendary, the hottest and most destructive force in the universe. Yet, even as the flames raged, Dormammu's composure remained unshaken. After all, only the Phoenix itself could scare him. Peter only wielded the tiniest fraction of its power.

With a roar, Peter charged at Dormammu, his flaming fists striking with a force that reverberated through the dimension. Dormammu countered with a surge of dark energy, the clash of their powers sending shockwaves that rippled outward, distorting the very fabric of the dimension.

Dormammu's eyes glinted with irritation as Peter's attacks continued to find their mark, his defenses faltering under the onslaught. His anger surged, fueling his next attack with a reckless intensity.

Suddenly, with an eruption of dark energy, Dormammu opened his mouth, unleashing a thick beam of dark power that washed over Peter, erasing his existence in an instant.

'Oh sh\*t...' Peter thought as he died.

Dormammu's form shifted as he sighed in exasperation, a hint of annoyance coloring his voice. "I let my anger cloud my control. What a foolish mistake." He muttered, annoyed that he accidentally killed what could have been a fairly impressive servant.

Yet, before Dormammu's thoughts could fully solidify, an odd phenomenon unfolded. The dimension seemed to ripple and rewind. Seconds later, Peter reappeared where he had stood moments before, his form alive and intact. The Eye of Agamotto around his neck glowed with a pulsating green light, an eerie symbol of his control over time itself.

Dormammu's spectral eyes widened in disbelief, a flicker of confusion crossing his face. "What is this? Did I not eradicate you?"

Just as the confusion began to set in, a familiar portal materialized exactly where a Peter first arrived, and surprisingly, another Peter stepped through, his casual demeanor and familiar words echoing through the dark dimension.

"Yo." He said, waving casually. "Dormammu, I've come to kick your a\*s."

The original Peter's gaze turned toward his past self, a wry smile tugging at his lips. "Oh? It already started?"