

Spider-Man 441

Chapter 441: Spidey Vs Dormammu (2/2)

Dormammu's ethereal form shimmered with confusion and irritation as he stared at the two distinct versions of Peter before him. The dimensional being struggled to comprehend the presence of two individuals who appeared to be the same person, not to mention the fact that the original just came back from the dead.

The new Peter turned his attention to the original Peter, a knowing smile playing on his lips. Without needing words, they shared an unspoken understanding, their connection rooted in the events that had transpired before their entry into the dark dimension.

"Hello, how nice of you to join us," the original Peter remarked with a wry grin.

The new Peter chuckled softly. "Yeah, I thought you could use a hand."

The concept behind this was rather intricate yet simple at the same time, a paradoxical dance that had the potential to sway the course of their battle against Dormammu. With each death and subsequent revival, the cycle reset, and another version of Peter joined the fray, ready to take up arms and help against ROR all powerful enemy.

This is why Peter had to activate the spell before entering the Dark dimension. It's a similar spell to the one that Doctor Strange used in the movies. But instead of trapping Dormammu and annoying him to death, Peter wanted to use this opportunity to hone himself and beat the sh*t out of Dormammu.

After all, not everyone can say they got the chance to win a fight against a being like Dormammu. In the movie, Strange technically beat him, but was it really a fight? No, he practically bored the guy to death after dying thousands of times. Peter wanted a fight.

Dormammu's voice resonated with a mixture of irritation and disbelief. "You died. Your existence should be forfeit. Those were the terms of our vow. Why is this not so?"

The original Peter shook his head, a smirk forming on his lips. "I'm pretty sure I'm breathing right now. So, either I'm not dead, or the afterlife is weirder than I thought."

The new Peter chuckled, his tone light. "Maybe Dormammu needs glasses."

Both Peters exchanged knowing looks before turning their attention back to the perplexed entity before them. "You know, you're looking a bit tired, Dormammu," they both Peter spoke at the same time. "Maybe you need a vacation."

Dormammu's eyes blazed with anger, his voice thundering through the dark dimension. "Silence! I will not be mocked by insects like you!"

Before the fighting could start again, the second Peter's form began to transform, his muscles bulging and his skin taking on the fiery hue of the Red Hulk, perfectly matching the original Peter.

"What's the matter, Dormammu?" the original Peter taunted. "Feeling a little outnumbered?"

Dormammu's response was a surge of dark energy, unleashed with a newfound intensity. The battle erupted once more, a symphony of clashing forces and reverberating energy that filled the dark expanse.

The two Peters fought with coordinated precision, their movements harmonizing in a fluid dance of offense and defense. They strategized seamlessly, capitalizing on each other's strengths to counter Dormammu's onslaught. However, the cosmic being's power still held a distinct advantage, and their battle remained a grueling struggle to survive and fight back.

Blows were exchanged, shockwaves were created, and energy crackled in the air as the battle raged on. Dormammu's attacks struck with raw force, and the two Peters did their best to evade and retaliate. The fiery presence of the Phoenix and the brute strength of the Red Hulk surged forth, creating a tumultuous storm of power that shook the very foundation of the dark dimension.

Despite their combined efforts, Dormammu's power began to overwhelm them. His mastery over his immense power and his intimate connection to the dimension itself granted him an almost insurmountable advantage. The two Peters fought valiantly, but even their combined strength could not break through Dormammu's formidable defenses.

As the battle continued, the second Peter found himself in a dire predicament. Dormammu created a ball of dark purple energy, which he threw with swift and deadly precision, obliterating him in an instant. The original Peter watched helplessly as his counterpart vanished into nothingness.

Yet, just as the second Peter's form disappeared, the fabric of time itself seemed to twist and reverse once again. The second Peter reappeared where he had fallen moments before, his form intact and unharmed. The Eye of Agamotto's green light pulsed with an eerie intensity, a testament to the spell's power.

The original Peter's lips curled into a triumphant smirk as he looked at the second Peter. "You can't keep a good spider down."

The second Peter laughed, his tone lighthearted. "Guess you're stuck with me, huh?"

As the two Peters taunted Dormammu, the dimensional being's fury intensified. His form radiated with dark energy, his eyes glowing with an intensity that matched his growing anger. But before he could do or say anything about it, yet another portal opened in the exact spot that the first two Peter's arrived.

The cycle repeated, and the original Peter's lips curved into a confident grin. "Looks like we have another visitor... I wonder who it could be?"

As the third Peter arrived through the portal, he looked up at Dormammu and waved casually. "Yo. Dormammu, I've come to-"

Sadly, his casual greeting was cut short by the overlapping voices of the other two Peters. "To kick his a*s, we know..."

Dormammu's rage reached a new heights as the three Peters stood before him, an embodiment of defiance. His ethereal form trembled with unrestrained fury, and he launched into a frenzied assault, attacking without a shred of caution. Blows were exchanged, energy crackled, and the dark dimension itself seemed to shudder under the weight of their battle.

However, in his frenzy to end the onslaught, Dormammu's unrelenting attacks struck all three Peters simultaneously, their forms obliterated in a blinding burst of energy.

Instantly, The dark dimension seemed to ripple and rewind, and in the wake of their destruction, the three Peter's appeared once again, as if they were never killed. But that's not all, Instead if one, three separate portals materialized. As the portals pulsed with a vibrant light, three more Peter Parkers emerged, each appearing as determined as the last.

Six sets of eyes turned to regard Dormammu, and in eerie unison, they offered the same greeting. "Yo." But their words were cut short as they registered the presence of their counterparts. Three sets of gazes locked onto one another, and their voices echoed simultaneously, "I see it's already started."

Dormammu's wrath escalated to a new level as he watched the three new Peters undergo the transformation into the towering figures of the Red Hulk. Six Red Hulks stood before him, an army of Peters that seemed to defy reason. The cosmic being's anger only intensified as he faced this ever-expanding force that continued to multiply.

The battle reignited, an overwhelming symphony of raw power and cosmic fury. With six Red Hulks in their arsenal, the Peters found new opportunities to counter Dormammu's attacks and begin to close the gap between them and their formidable opponent. Dormammu's defenses were formidable, but the sheer force of their combined might began to wear away his strength.

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Time passed in a chaotic blur as the battle raged on. More Peters fell and were reborn, their numbers multiplying exponentially. Fifty Red Hulks now faced Dormammu, their collective power sending shockwaves that reverberated through the dark dimension. Each death only fueled their determination, strengthening their numbers as they pressed forward.

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Soon enough, the tide began to turn, and now over a hundred Red Hulks stood united against Dormammu's onslaught. Their power was immense, and with each strike, each surge of energy, they

began to overwhelm the cosmic being. Dormammu's form contorted in pain, his once-imposing presence now faltering under their relentless assault.

The mindless ones, those who had once served Dormammu, watched in fear from a distance. Their god, once invincible, now faced an army of his own creation, an army of Peters who refused to relent. Ethereal blood flew through the dark dimension as their god's defeat seemed inevitable.

Finally, as the Peters stood over a collapsed and battered Dormammu, their voices echoed as one. "Will you surrender, or will you die?" They asked, as it didn't seem possible to knock him out.

Dormammu's voice trembled with both fury and pain, his form contorting in agony. "I... I will not... surrender..."

The Peters exchanged glances, their collective determination unyielding. "Very well," they said in unison. "We don't know how to kill a being like you, but we'll do whatever it takes to end this."

With a determined nod, the Peters unleashed a barrage of energy and force that shook the very fabric of the dark dimension. Power surged through them, a crescendo of strength that battered against Dormammu's defenses. The cosmic being's form quaked, his resistance waning as the onslaught continued.

The battle raged on, each strike bringing them closer to victory. Dormammu's form twisted and convulsed, his ethereal presence growing more tenuous with each passing moment. And then, in a moment of climactic force, Dormammu's resolve broke. His form collapsed, his power dwindling to a mere shadow of its former self.

The Peters stood over the defeated Dormammu, who seemed to shrink to about half their size. "It's your choice now," they declared, their voices unwavering. "Surrender, or face the consequences."

Dormammu's voice was weak, his defiance shattered. "I... I surrender."

As soon as he spoke, the many Peter's could feel the vow being enacted. They had won!

In the ancient halls of Kamar-Taj, the Ancient One sat in contemplation, a cup of tea cradled in her hands. The air was still, the atmosphere tranquil as she meditated, a sense of serenity enveloping her. Though that wouldn't last for long.

As the battle between the army of Peters and Dormammu reached its climax in the dark dimension, a disturbance rippled through the very fabric of all dimensions. The Ancient One's brow furrowed in confusion as a faint tremor vibrated through the astral plane, causing her tea to ripple in its cup.

Her eyes widened as she felt a sensation she had never experienced before... the severing of a bond that had once been unbreakable. A gasp escaped her lips, and her form shifted as an invisible force began to pull at the essence of her being. In an instant, the connection she had held with Dormammu and the Dark Dimension was severed.

Suddenly, the Ancient One's form began to shift. Her bald, youthful visage was replaced by wrinkles that etched deeply into her skin. Her once-vibrant energy waned, and her body aged before her very eyes, transforming her into a frail and withered figure.

The teacup slipped from her trembling fingers, its contents spilling onto the stone floor as she clutched at her chest. Her breath came in ragged gasps, her heart pounding as she felt the very essence of her life force dwindling. Her eyes clouded with disbelief as she realized the implications of what was happening.

"Peter," she whispered, her voice barely audible as it quivered with shock. "He... he actually did it."

As the connection to Dormammu was severed, the Ancient One's own life force seemed to be drained away, the years catching up to her in a cruel and accelerated fashion. Her body trembled, her form now that of an aged and fragile woman, her once-piercing gaze dimmed with the weight of her newfound frailty.

Tears welled in her eyes as the reality of the situation sank in. Peter's audacious plan, his relentless determination, had led to the unimaginable... a victory over Dormammu, a being of cosmic power. The very fabric of the universe was shifting, and the consequences of this victory were rippling through the dimensions.

As the last threads of her connection to Dormammu dissipated, the Ancient One's body seemed to sag, her form now hunched and feeble. She clutched at her fists together, her hands trembling as she stared into the distance with a mixture of awe and trepidation. The burden of knowledge and experience weighed heavily upon her, and she knew that the world was forever changed.

If something wasn't done within the next few hours, she would certainly die of old age, which would break her promise to Peter. 'I refuse!' She thought as a flash of determination flickered in her old eyes.

With a deep, shuddering breath, the Ancient One rose from her seat, her steps unsteady as she opened a portal to the Dark Dimension. She slowly stepped through the portal, feeling her old bones creak and her shriveled muscles ache. The once-mighty sorceress now bore the weight of her age, which was truly titanic.

Chapter 442: The Young One

With Dormammu defeated and Peter's army of time clones disappearing into the ether, Peter stood alone in the Dark Dimension. He took a deep breath and focused his will, undoing the Red Hulk transformation that had granted him such immense power. As his form returned to its normal size, he stared down at the weakened cosmic being before him.

Dormammu's voice was ragged, a mixture of irritation and begrudging respect lacing his words. "You've won... Leave this dimension and be done with it."

Peter's lips curled into a half-smile as he turned to leave, but then he paused, a sly glint in his eyes. With a deliberate turn, he walked back to Dormammu and raised his foot, gently placing it on the entity's neck. Dormammu's breath hitched, and his eyes widened with a mixture of confusion and alarm.

"You know, Dormammu, I've been thinking," Peter said casually, increasing the pressure on Dormammu's neck just enough to make it uncomfortable. "You've been causing a lot of trouble for Earth lately. But now that you're in a bit of a bind, I figure it's time to make some reparations."

Dormammu's voice was strained as he spoke through gritted teeth. "...What more could you possibly want from me?"

Peter's smile widened. "Simple. I want you to make a vow, Dormammu. A vow that you will unconditionally follow three requests from me in the future. No questions, no loopholes. You'll do as I say."

Dormammu let out a harsh, humorless laugh. "You think I would bow to your demands, insect?"

Peter's eyes narrowed, and his foot pressed a little harder on Dormammu's neck. "You see, you're in a precarious situation. You're lucky you're not dead or enslaved right now. But you will do as I say, or I can make your existence a whole lot worse. And if I try hard enough, you might even die..."

Dormammu's defiance wavered, replaced by a glint of fear. "You wouldn't dare..."

Killing Dormammu is something that Peter would be very hesitant to do. Not because he doesn't like killing, or that he thinks that Dormammu doesn't deserve death. No, he definitely deserves it. The reason is quite simple really. Whoever would replace Dormammu upon his death could end up being a far bigger threat.

'I'd rather keep the enemies I know around, than deal with a mysterious one...' Peter thought.

As for enslavement, Peter thought about it, but at the end of the day, he would have to look after Dormammu, which would just be another responsibility. And he already had enough in his plate as it is. Though the option is still open...

'If he somehow causes trouble again in the future, then I'll have to use one of my requests to enslave or limit him further, and keep him on a shelter leash...' Peter thought.

Peter's gaze remained steady, his tone unwavering. "Oh, I would. Trust me. So, are you going to cooperate, or am I going to have to demonstrate how creative I can be?"

Dormammu ground his teeth in frustration, his ethereal form trembling. He weighed his options, clearly reluctant to submit but aware of the consequences if he refused.

"Fine," Dormammu spat out, his voice dripping with venom. "I agree. I will make the vow."

Peter's grip on Dormammu's neck loosened slightly, and he nodded in approval. "Good choice."

Dormammu's voice resonated with a mixture of anger and begrudging respect as he recited the vow. "I hereby swear to unconditionally fulfill your three requests in the future. I shall abide by these requests without question or hesitation."

As the vow was sealed, a sense of power surged through the air, a testament to the binding nature of Dormammu's words. 'Nice, I wonder what I can make him do?' Peter held back the urge to laugh maniacally.

Just as the cosmic being finished speaking, a portal shimmered into existence behind Peter, and a frail, elderly woman stepped through. Despite her weakened form, the determination in her eyes burned fiercely.

Peter's eyes widened in surprise as he recognized the woman before him... the Ancient One. Memories of his training and their interactions flooded his mind, and he couldn't hide his astonishment at her appearance.

"Teacher...?" Peter murmured, a mixture of shock and concern in his voice.

The Ancient One's voice was weak but steady as she looked at Peter with a resolute expression. "Yes, I see you have achieved the impossible. The consequences of your actions are rippling through the dimensions, reshaping reality itself."

Peter's eyed his teacher, shocked to see her so weak and frail. "Man, without Dormammu, you're really an old decrepit granny, aren't you? I mean, I can smell the stench of an old folks home from here."

The Ancient One eyebrow twitched, her eyes narrowing in annoyance. "Yes, and I'll die soon if you don't do something, so you better act quickly..."

Before she could finish speaking, the Ancient One's frail form swayed side to side and collapsed, her aged body succumbing to the weight of thousands of years. Without hesitation, Peter darted forward, his reflexes honed to perfection. He caught her just in time, his arms wrapping around her gently as he cradled her unconscious form.

His heart raced as he looked down at her, his fingers pressed against her pulse point. Her heartbeat was faint, her breath shallow. Peter's mind raced, fully aware of the dire situation. The Ancient One's life hung in the balance, and if he didn't act quickly, she would die of old age before his eyes.

"F*ck..." Peter muttered, his voice laced with concern. "Come on. Hang in there."

Without sparing a moment, Peter's determination flared. He couldn't afford to waste any time saying his goodbyes to Dormammu. With a swift motion, he opened a portal back to his own reality, stepping through and leaving the Dark Dimension behind.

Emerging in the basement of his home, Peter's eyes fell on a metal coffin-like device connected to a tank. Inside the tank, a black, viscous substance sloshed around. This was the mixture of Captain America's blood and crushed dragon bones that he had prepared months ago, knowing that the Ancient One's life might depend on it.

Gently, Peter laid the Ancient One's unconscious form inside the coffin, his fingers brushing against her frail skin. Before closing the lid, he snapped his fingers, removing her clothing for the procedure, his mind far too focused and worried to register the naked old lady in front of him. He muttered to himself as he closed the lid, his voice tinged with uncertainty. "I hope this works. I've never tried using the resurrection elixir on someone as old as her."

With a determined exhale, Peter pulled a lever, and the tank's contents spilled into the coffin with the Ancient One. He watched as the black, viscous liquid surrounded her form, hoping against hope that the elixir would work its magic and restore her to perfect health, as it should.

Knowing that the procedure would take time, Peter settled against the wall, his back resting against the cool surface. He sat in silence, the minutes ticking away as he waited with bated breath. His mind raced with thoughts of all he had done, the battles he had fought, and the choices that had brought him to this point.

Hours passed, the darkness of the basement giving way to the soft light of the approaching sunrise. Peter's eyes remained fixed on the metal coffin, his gaze unwavering as he waited for any sign of change.

And then, in a moment that felt like an eternity, the lid of the coffin swung open. Peter's heart leapt in his chest, hope surging through him as he watched a figure sit up with a gasp. The black, tar-like substance covered her body, making it difficult to discern her appearance, but the Ancient One was alive.

"Teacher?" Peter called out softly, his voice a mixture of relief and anticipation.

The Ancient One's gasping breaths slowly steadied, and she raised a trembling hand to wipe away the black substance from her face. As the material fell away, her features became more visible. While her hair was still nowhere to be found, and her eyes held an age-like wisdom to them, her

skin held a vitality that hadn't been there before. She looked to be in her mid-twenties, which is even better than before.

The Ancient One's voice trembled as she spoke, her tone filled with disbelief. "Peter...?"

Peter couldn't help but smile, his heart lightening at the sight of his teacher's survival. "I'm here..." He said as he walked over and conjured a towel for her. "I brought you back, just like I promised. How does it feel to be young again?"

Tears welled in the Ancient One's eyes as she looked down at herself, her voice choking in emotion. "I feel... amazing."

Peter nodded. "Yeah, that's probably the Captain America blood. Not only are you young again, but your body should be in superhuman condition."

As he spoke, a golden energy surrounded the Ancient One's hand as she made a tight fist. "My Chi has increased by a large margin as well..."

Peter nodded once again. "That's the dragon bone dust. It holds some left over dragon Chi."

"I feel like I could go for a few rounds with the Hulk..." She said, a fighting spirit erupting from her body.

Peter placed a hand on her shoulder, calming her in an instant. "Now, that's the power high. It'll go away soon. Just try to relax and get used to your new body."

As the sun's rays filtered into the basement, casting a warm glow on the scene before them, Peter and the Ancient One sat together in the quiet moments of dawn. The weight of their shared experiences, the battles they had fought, and the bond they had forged together settled around them.

Chapter 443: New Roommate & ?

After a heartfelt conversation with the rejuvenated Ancient One, the two of them momentarily went their separate ways. She returned to Kamar-Taj to prepare some things and Peter made his way up the basement stairs and into the cozy kitchen of his home. The smell of breakfast filled the air, and he found his family gathered around the table, sharing a meal together.

As he stepped into the room, MJ's eyes lit up with a mix of relief and joy. She jumped out of her seat and rushed into his arms, wrapping him in a tight embrace. "Peter! You're back!" she exclaimed, her voice tinged with emotion.

Peter held her close, savoring the feeling of being in her arms once again. "I'm here, MJ. I told you I'd come back," he whispered, pressing a kiss to her forehead.

Around them, Lily, his energetic and excitable daughter, squealed in delight. She dashed over to him and clung to his leg, looking up with wide eyes. "Dad, did you win?" she asked, her voice filled with a mix of curiosity and pure happiness.

Peter chuckled and scooped her up into his arms, holding her tightly. "Of course, I did. What do I look like? I'm Spider-Man, I always win."

Aunt May beamed at him from her seat at the table. "It's good to see you safe and sound, Peter."

Grace, MJ's mother, smiled warmly as well, her gaze filled with a mixture of relief and affection. "You had us all worried, you know."

As Peter settled into his seat, with Lily now firmly in his lap, he shared the details of his battle with Dormammu, sparing no detail. His family listened intently, hanging onto his every word. The Ancient One's miraculous revival, thanks to the resurrection elixir, which gave her a new lease on life. Though, they all knew very well about the elixir since it was used on them as well.

After finishing his story, Peter cleared his throat, his gaze sweeping over his loved ones. "There's something else I need to tell you all," he began, his tone both serious and thoughtful.

He took a moment, letting the suspense build, and then announced, "The Ancient One will be moving in with us. We talked about it, and I think it would be better if she lived in more of a home-like household, instead of Kamar-Taj, which is basically like living at her job."

The room fell into a surprised hush, everyone's eyes widening at the unexpected news. MJ blinked in astonishment. "Wait, what? The Ancient One is going to live here?" She asked, clearly shocked.

Peter nodded. "Yes, as I said, she's free from Dormammu and young again. Now she wants to experience some semblance of a normal life. She also feels a connection to me and wants to be closer, so I offered her a room."

Aunt May exchanged a glance with Grace before sharing a smile with Peter. "Well, if you trust her, Peter, then we'll support your decision."

MJ's expression softened, her concern turning into acceptance. "I've only met her a few times in training and with you, but she seems nice."

Lily, who had been listening attentively, clapped her hands in excitement. "That's so cool! We're gonna have another person in the house!"

Peter grinned at his daughter's enthusiasm. "Indeed, Lily. And I'm sure you'll get along great with her."

Lily's eyes lit up, and she turned to MJ. "Can I help decorate her room? Please?"

MJ chuckled and ruffled Lily's hair. "Of course, sweetie. We'll all help make her feel welcome."

With everyone on board, plans were made to go furniture shopping later in the day. The weekend was a perfect time for such an excursion, and with Lily and MJ's new mystical abilities, they could easily transport any chosen items back home.

As breakfast came to an end, Lily was practically bouncing in her seat with excitement. "Can we go now?"

Peter laughed and ruffled her hair. "Let's finish cleaning up first, then you girls can head out."

After the dishes were cleared away, Peter spent some quality time with his family, enjoying their company and the normalcy of their interactions. However, duty soon called, and he excused himself, giving his daughter one last tight hug before heading off to the Avengers tower. After all, the Ancient One wasn't only joining his family...

Upon arriving at the Avengers tower, Peter wasted no time in calling for a Council meeting. It had been a while since they all gathered to discuss matters of importance, and Peter had a significant update to share. He activated the holographic communication system and sent out invitations to the Council members, arranging the meeting for a few hours later.

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As the designated time approached, the council room began to fill with members. Tony Stark entered with a yawn, clearly not thrilled about the sudden meeting. Charles Xavier strolled in, his bald head shining in the light, followed by Nick Fury who took his seat with his trademark scowl. King T'Chaka, the newest member of the Council, looked around with a calm demeanor. And finally, Magneto entered with a silent and imposing presence.

Once everyone was present, Tony leaned back in his chair, his arms crossed. "Alright, Spidey, what's so urgent that you had to pull us all away from our work?"

Peter stood at the head of the table, a small smile hidden behind his mask. "Well, I've got some big news to share. My teacher has agreed to join the Council."

The room fell into a stunned silence, each Council member processing this unexpected revelation. T'Chaka was the first to speak up, his brow furrowed in curiosity. "Your teacher? Who's that?"

Peter nodded in understanding, launching into an explanation. After all, T'Chaka was new. He detailed the existence of Kamar-Taj, the school of sorcerers, and their mission to protect the Earth from mystical and dimensional threats. He spoke of the Sorceress Supreme, the leader of Kamar-Taj, and her agreement to join the Avengers Council.

Tony's eyebrow raised. "Didn't she refuse to join over and over? I remember you complaining about it..."

Peter nodded again. "Yeah, but I finally managed to convince her this morning. It took a lot, but she's on board."

Tony leaned forward, his eyes narrowing. "Should we vote on this or what?"

Peter agreed, looking around at the Council members. "But before we vote, does anyone have any objections or questions?"

T'Chaka raised a hand. "I am not familiar with this Kamar-Taj... Magic is new to me, so I'll abstain from this vote." He says as he leans back. "Please continue without me."

With T'Chaka abstaining, Tony tapped a button on the holographic table. "Alright, let's vote."

The holographic screen displayed the vote, and one by one, the Council members registered their decisions. And just as Peter expected, the vote passed unanimously. The Ancient One was officially recognized as a member of the Avengers Council.

Fury, always one to cut to the chase, spoke up. "So, she's here, right? I've got a few agents I'd like to send her way for training."

Suddenly, Interest piqued among the Council members. Each of them wondered whether they should do the same. Charles and Erik could send some Meta-Humans. Tony would just like to go himself, and T'Chaka thought that his daughter would love to learn magic. Even sending a few of his most loyal soldiers sounded like a good idea.

Peter shook his head with a smile. "She's not here right now, but she'll be at the next meeting. She's got a busy schedule."

As the meeting drew to a close, King T'Chaka stood up and produced a set of elegant invitation cards from his chest pocket. "Before we part ways, I would like to extend an invitation to each of you." He handed out the cards, one to each Council member. "It is an invitation to my son's inauguration as the new king. T'Challa will be taking over the throne."

Curiosity lit up the room as the Council members examined the invitations, carving the time and date into their minds. After all, none of them wanted to miss the one time that they'd be allowed into Wakanda, the worlds most wealthy and advanced nation.

Frowning, T'Chaka quickly apologized to Peter. "Please send my regards to the Ancient One. I didn't know to bring an invitation for her." He said, like the perfect diplomat. "If she wishes to attend the inauguration, then please bring her along. After all, we both know that you don't need an invitation to get into Wakanda."

Peter grinned under his mask. "Thank you, T'Chaka. I'll be sure to bring her along."

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Hours later, as Peter returned home, he was met with a heartwarming surprise. The Ancient One's room had been fully furnished, a testament to the efforts of MJ, Lily, Grace, and Aunt May. The room looked warm and inviting, ready to welcome its new occupant. Peter couldn't help but smile as he looked around. The presence of the Ancient One was already bringing positive changes to their lives, both personally and on the Council.

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Later that night, while everyone was asleep after a long day of decorating, Peter waited patiently in the Ancient Ones room. And soon enough, a portal opened and the baldy herself came walking out, pulling suitcases behind her.

"Sorry, I took so long." She said as she collapsed onto her new bed without an ounce of her usual grace and poise. "I had to change the command structure of Kamar-Taj before leaving. With me not being there 24/7, some changes needed to be made to keep things running smoothly."

"It's fine." Peter says as he leans back into his chair. "Do you like your room? The girls spent the whole day furnishing it for you."

A warm smile crept its way onto the Ancient One's face. "I love it. Tell them I said thank you." She originally thought that Peter used a few spells to decorate for her, but hearing that it was her new roommates brought a warm, happy feeling to her, which she hadn't felt in a long time.

Peter shook his head. "Just tell them during breakfast tomorrow. You live here now, remember?"

"Oh, yeah..." she muttered in realization.

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After explaining everything that happened at the council meeting, Peter stood up and walked to the door, leaving her to sleep since it was getting late. But before he could get too far, the Ancient One called out behind him. "I believe you're forgetting something..."

Turning around, Peter gave her an innocent and forgetful smile. "What do you mean?" He asks, the eye of agamotto still hanging around his neck.

"My necklace..." she states as she holds out her hand.

Clicking his tongue, Peter reluctantly pulled off the necklace and handed it over. "Fine, I was planning to give it back... in a few hundred years... maybe..."

Rolling her eyes, the Ancient One waves her hand and opens the necklace, revealing a shining green stone. "Here." She levitates the stone out and guides it toward Peter. "You can borrow the Time Stone for as long as you want, but it needs to return to Kamar-Taj at some point, understood?"

Peter eyed the stone as if it were the One Ring, but stopped himself from taking it at the last minute. "Don't you need the stone to power the Eye of Agamotto? I know you like to use it a lot... After all, you have a huge peeping fetish."

The Ancient One did her best to squash the urge to strike her student. "First, I don't have a peeping fetish. That's nothing but a baseless lie and you know it. And second, the Eye of Agamotto has been bathing in the Time Stones power for thousands and thousands of years. I should be able to use it

for minor to mid level time-related spells. And if I need a bit more power, then you can lend me the Time Stone. After all, we live together now, remember?"

Smirking as he heard his own words used against him, Peter reached out and stored the Time Stone in his necklace, alongside the other infinity stones. "Thank you."

"You're very welcome." She nodded and waved her hand, shooing him away. "Now get lost and lock the door on your way out. I need to get some sleep. It's been a long and hectic day."

Chapter 444: Black Panther Begins

In the heart of London, a museum bustled with visitors, their footsteps echoing through the grand halls as they marveled at the historical artifacts on display. Children giggled and whispered, their eyes wide with wonder, as they observed relics from times long past. Everything seemed peaceful and serene, a snapshot of human history frozen in time.

But that tranquility was shattered as the air was pierced by the sharp sound of gunshots. Panic rippled through the museum-goers like a shockwave, as they dropped to the ground, their faces etched with terror. The sound of assault rifles being brandished filled the air, sending a clear message to anyone who dared to resist.

Amidst the chaos, a group of masked men stormed into the museum, their faces obscured by menacing expressions and heavy armor. They moved with a calculated precision, each one wielding a firearm that seemed far too deadly for such a serene setting. The overweight and elderly guards at the entrance were caught off guard, and before they could even react, the masked intruders fired rounds into the air, commanding everyone's attention.

"On the ground NOW!" One of them yelled, commanding compliance.

A lone guard, seemingly brave or foolish, attempted to stand his ground. His trembling hands reached for his holstered weapon, but in his haste, he forgot to release the restraining strap. His fingers fumbled in vain as he struggled to unholster the gun. But the masked figure at the forefront of the assault was having none of it. Without hesitation, he aimed and fired, the gunshot deafening in the enclosed space. The guard's lifeless body slumped to the ground, a pool of blood rapidly forming around him.

The shocking death of the guard sent a wave of terror rippling through the crowd. People cowered and cried out, huddling together on the ground in a desperate bid for safety. Amid the chaos, another

guard managed to hit a hidden panic button, hoping to alert the authorities. But as his distress signal was being transmitted, one of the masked intruders spotted him. A hail of bullets tore through the air, striking the guard multiple times. He collapsed to the ground, his life extinguished in a matter of seconds.

As the situation grew increasingly dire, the leader of the group, wearing a mask to conceal his identity like the rest, approached a glass display at the center of the room. His gaze locked onto an ancient African axe and an intricate Dogon Mask, both invaluable artifacts of history. Without hesitation, he raised his weapon and fired, shattering the glass and grabbing the artifacts with gloved hands.

With his loot secured, the leader stepped back, revealing his face as he removed his mask. Erik Stevens, better known as Killmonger, grinned with a self-assured confidence. His dark eyes met the numerous surveillance cameras that surrounded him, capturing his every move. Unfazed, he slipped on the Dogon Mask, its presence both a symbol of his defiance and a mark of his intent.

[Insert picture of Killmonger here]

While his men ransacked the museum, stealing valuable artifacts and precious treasures, Killmonger's attention remained fixed on the surrounding chaos. The tension in the air was palpable, a mixture of fear, anger, and helplessness that gave him an intoxicating sense of power. He reveled in the chaos, watching as his plan unfolded exactly as he had orchestrated.

With a final nod to the cameras, Killmonger signaled his men to retreat. They left the museum just as they had entered, walking out through the front doors with their ill-gotten gains. Outside, a truck awaited them, its back compartment open and ready to be loaded. Killmonger joined his men, the Dogon Mask now a part of his identity, and watched as they efficiently stored the stolen artifacts.

With his men loaded into the truck, Killmonger stepped back and reached for his tool of choice. The sudden eruption of gunfire echoed through the air as he opened fire, his aim deadly and precise. One by one, the masked figures fell, their bodies collapsing inside the truck's storage. The truck's back compartment was soon sealed, the stolen treasures and dead accomplices concealed within.

Killmonger casually walked over to the driver's seat, his expression calm and collected. He settled behind the wheel, his fingers gripping the steering wheel with confidence. As the wailing sirens of approaching police cars filled the air, he started the engine and pulled away from the scene, leaving behind a scene of chaos and destruction.

In the aftermath of the robbery, the police arrived, their vehicles surrounding the museum. Officers rushed inside, finding a scene of disarray and traumatized museum-goers. The authorities quickly secured the area, tending to the wounded and assessing the extent of the damage. But as they searched for clues and tried to make sense of the situation, Killmonger's face reveal in the security footage was the only lead they could follow.

Only a day had passed since the daring museum heist, and Erik Killmonger found himself in a dimly lit apartment that he had deliberately chosen to lead back to him. Dressed in the African Dogon Mask and seated on a worn-out couch, he cradled an ancient African axe in his lap, the stolen treasures from the heist arranged around him. His face remained hidden behind the mask, an enigmatic expression concealed beneath its eerie visage.

As he sat there, seemingly waiting, he couldn't help but hope his plan would work. The disappearance of Ulysses Klaue, along with his stash of precious Vibranium, had thwarted Killmonger's original plans for revenge and entry into Wakanda. Klaue was the key to gaining access past the barrier and a means to establish credibility among the Wakandan tribes. Now that this path was blocked, Killmonger had devised a new strategy, one that required him to expose his face to the world during the heist.

'This is far more risky than my original plan, but sadly, there's no other way...' Killmonger thought as he eyed the ace in his lap, wondering if it was really Vibranium or not? Either way, he didn't know how to check without Klaue, so it didn't matter.

Suddenly, the silence of the room was shattered by a crash as a dark figure burst through the window, shards of glass scattering across the floor. It was the Black Panther, Prince T'Challa, dressed in his sleek black body suit that absorbed and redistributed kinetic energy. His eyes locked onto Killmonger, a tense energy radiating from him as he surveyed the scene.

[Insert picture of Black Panther here A/N: I can't remember if I did this already so just do it again.]

Killmonger's lips curled into a confident smirk behind the mask. This was the moment he had anticipated. Without waiting for the Black Panther to speak, he stood up and raised his hands. "I surrender," he declared calmly, his voice muffled by the mask.

T'Challa was momentarily taken aback by Killmonger's swift surrender. His keen instincts told him that something was amiss. Why would an experienced thief and criminal mastermind so willingly give up?

Before T'Challa could voice his confusion, Killmonger swiftly pulled off the Dogon Mask, dropping it to the ground with a clang. He then pressed his finger to his lower lip, revealing a hidden Wakandan marking... a tattoo that served as proof of his citizenship. The gesture was calculated and meant to prove his heritage and identity as a citizen of Wakanda.

The shock on T'Challa's face deepened as he recognized the tattoo, realizing that the man before him was indeed a fellow Wakandan. The situation had taken an unexpected turn, one that he had not foreseen. His mind raced, searching for answers as he confronted this intriguing and confusing revelation.

Killmonger took a step forward, his eyes fixed on T'Challa. His tone was unwavering, a mixture of defiance and assurance. "I'm N'Jadaka, son of Prince N'Jobu. I'm a prince of Wakanda."

The weight of Killmonger's words hung heavily in the air, each syllable resonating with a truth that T'Challa had never anticipated. Before T'Challa could respond, a voice resonated from a hidden speaker in his suit, breaking the silence. "What the fuck?" It was Shuri, T'Challa's younger sister and Wakanda's brilliant technological genius. She had observed the entire scene through the cameras and microphones embedded in T'Challa's suit.

The revelation had sent shockwaves beyond the confines of the room, rippling through the hearts and minds of those who witnessed it alongside her. The intricate web of Killmonger's intentions had been spun.

As the revelations between Killmonger and T'Challa unfolded within the walls of the dimly lit apartment, a parallel scene was playing out on the vibrant streets of Wakanda. The air was thick with anticipation, an electric energy pulsating through the city as its people prepared to welcome their new king. Banners fluttered in the wind, streets were adorned with colorful decorations, and the entire city seemed to be painted with a sense of celebration.

In the midst of this joyful atmosphere, a golden portal shimmered into existence, revealing the Avengers Council's arrival. One by one, they stepped through the portals, dressed in their respective attire. Peter stood alongside his Lily and MJ, each of them donned in their usual spider suit. Both of them were beyond excited to tag along for the grand occasion, especially Lily.

Behind them, Tony, Magneto, Professor Xavier, Nick Fury, and the Ancient One followed, each one exuding a distinct presence. Unlike Peter, they treated this very seriously, and didn't bring along anyone, unsure as to whether doing so would anger the Wakandans.

The moment they arrived, they could feel the excitement in the air, the buzz of anticipation that had swept through Wakanda like wildfire. The city was a living testament to the occasion, bedecked in decorations that reflected the joyous occasion of T'Challa's coronation as king. It was a sight to behold, a harmonious blend of tradition and modernity that spoke to the essence of Wakanda itself.

As they stepped out of the portals and onto the Wakandan soil, they were greeted by the dignified presence of T'Chaka, the soon-to-be former king of Wakanda, and his wife, Queen Ramonda. Their regal attire spoke of their lineage and the deep respect they commanded. The Avengers Council members stood before them, a collective force of power and responsibility, each one representing a unique facet of the world.

T'Chaka's eyes held a warm, noble bearing. "Welcome, my fellow Councilmen," he greeted them, his voice carrying the weight of authority and gratitude. "Your presence here honors us on this momentous day."

Peter stepped forward, waving without a care for formalities as always. "Yo, I'm excited to see a real King's coronation," he said, his casual demeanor causing the surrounding guards to frown in annoyance. After all, their king deserved respect.

Tony Stark, always the charismatic figure, grinned and offered a playful salute. "Couldn't miss a party this big, could we?"

Magneto's presence radiated power and confidence, especially in a nation built on metal. "Wakanda is a beacon of strength," he remarked, wondering how he can get some Vibranium out of this. 'Perhaps, I can just steal some...'

Professor Xavier's calm demeanor contrasted with the jubilant atmosphere, his voice carrying a quiet wisdom. "We are here to support Wakanda and its new leader," he stated, his words carrying a sense of purpose.

Nick Fury, as enigmatic as ever, offered a curt nod. "It's an important day for Wakanda and for the world," he said, his gaze focused on the city below, calculating a quick threat assessment.

The Ancient One's presence exuded an aura of wisdom and mysticism. "It's nice to finally meet you in person, King T'Chaka."

T'Chaka and his wife raised their brows in confusion. "In person?" Ramonda asked.

Peter waved his hand dismissively. "Don't mind her. My teacher has what I like to call a peeping fetish. She's probably known about Wakanda since it's inception."

Before anyone could fully comprehend Peter's words, a young girl, only a couple years older than Lily, came running out of the palace, her expression filled with shock and disbelief. "Mom! Dad!" She shouted as she rushed up to T'Chaka and Ramonda, catching her breath for a moment.

[Insert picture of Shuri here]

"What is it?" Ramonda asked. "Is your brother back from his mission?"

"No..." She says, eyeing her parents questioningly. "Dad... W-Who's N'Jadaka?"

Chapter 445: Wakanda Drama

As the name N'Jadaka echoed through the air, it was met with a mixture of confusion and curiosity. T'Chaka's somber expression revealed that this name carried a weight that few others could comprehend. His gaze remained distant, his thoughts a tumultuous sea of memories and regrets.

Ramonda, on the other hand, looked just as puzzled as the rest. She glanced at T'Chaka for a moment, silently questioning the significance of the name. But her husband's reaction was enough to tell her that this was a topic best discussed in private.

While the others exchanged bewildered glances, Peter maintained his casual demeanor, though inside he couldn't help but feel a rush of excitement. N'Jadaka, better known as Erik Killmonger, was a name that held significant weight in the history of Wakanda. But Peter kept his knowledge locked up tight, refusing to reveal anything. At least for the time being.

The Ancient One's eyes flickered with a knowing glint, having glimpsed the threads of fate that connected N'Jadaka's story with T'Challa's. But like Peter, she remained silent, content to let everything unfold without interference.

As T'Chaka quickly ushered his daughter Shuri inside the palace, leaving the Councilmen momentarily standing there, Ramonda's keen intuition urged her to follow. "I apologize, but I should go and see to the coronation ceremony. Okoye! Take care of the guests..." She cast a brief apologetic look to the guests before briskly walking after her husband and daughter, a storm of thoughts churning in her mind.

Meanwhile, Okoye, the steadfast leader of the Dora Milaje, stepped forward to fill the silence that had settled over the courtyard. She greeted the guests with a respectful nod, her eyes sweeping over each Council member with a sense of vigilance and assessment. "Greetings, honored guests. I am Okoye, leader of the Dora Milaje. Shall I give you a tour of the palace?"

Lily's eyes sparkled with curiosity as she looked around, clearly impressed by the surroundings. "Yes, please! This place is amazing."

With a graceful gesture, Okoye led the Council members through the majestic palace. She shared tidbits of history, culture, and tradition, guiding them through corridors adorned with intricate carvings and vibrant tapestries. The palace was a testament to Wakanda's rich heritage and advanced technology, a harmonious blend of the old and the new.

As they walked, Lily couldn't help but notice the formidable female guards stationed throughout the palace. She looked up at Okoye with a curious smile. "Why are all the guards women?"

Okoye's posture remained regal as she explained, her voice carrying a hint of pride. "The Dora Milaje are the elite female warriors of Wakanda. We serve as the personal bodyguards of the Black Panther and the Golden Tribe."

MJ nodded in appreciation. "Cool, are you the boss? ...Do you beat up all of the boy guards? ...Can I hold your spear? ...Is it made of vibranium?" She fired off question after question, clearly overexcited.

In the heart of the palace, Ramonda stood before T'Chaka and Shuri, her expression a mixture of concern and urgency. "T'Chaka, what is the meaning of this? Who is N'Jadaka?"

T'Chaka's eyes held a weariness that seemed to stretch beyond time itself. He took a deep breath before answering, his voice heavy with emotion. "N'Jadaka is my brother's son, my nephew. He was born in Oakland, California."

Ramonda's eyes widened in shock as she realized the implications of her husband's words. "You didn't... did you?" She asked, hoping her husband didn't do what she thought he did. "Please tell me you didn't leave him out there..."

She knew exactly who N'Jobu was, and what he did. Since N'Jobu was the younger son, he couldn't become king, so he joined the War Dogs and served Wakanda by traveling to the United States of America to ensure that all of their secrets were still being maintained from across the world.

Following a theft and attack on Wakanda by Ulysses Klaue which had left many dead, T'Chaka learned that it was his own brother, N'Jobu who had informed Klaue of Wakanda's weaknesses, assisting him in the operation.

When T'Chaka confronted his brother about the attack, knowing exactly what he had done, N'Jobu explained how he had seen the African Americans being oppressed and beaten down, which led him to try to steal vibranium weapons to help them rise up, knowing that Wakanda would never support such an idea.

Sadly, this didn't justify spilling Wakandan blood. Although T'Chaka felt bad for his American brothers and sisters, his duty was to Wakanda, not every African in existence.

Seeing his brother's uncaring attitude, N'Jobu lashed out, almost killing a fellow War Dog, leading to his death at the Black Panthers' claws. Of course, after killing his own brother, T'Chaka found out about his nephew, but...

T'Chaka nodded solemnly. "Yes... I left him there."

Ramonda's eyes filled with a mixture of sorrow and... disgust. "You left our nephew out there!"

T'Chaka's expression grew even more somber. "You and I both know that N'Jadaka's presence here could trigger a series of events that we may not be able to control." He defended his actions, even though he regretted them. "He has a claim to the throne and I killed his father. For the sake of our children, it was better to just leave him in America, where he could live a normal life."

Ramonda reached out and took her husband's hand, shaking her head in disapproval and disappointment. "No, it would have been better to at least try to raise him ourselves, and explain everything when the time came. Now, we must tread carefully. For all we know, our nephew has been waiting his entire life to avenge his father."

T'Chaka's gaze met hers, a mixture of determination and uncertainty in his eyes. "We must make sure he doesn't enter Wakanda..."

"Umm..." Shuri spoke, pointing outside the tall windows, where her brother's ship could be seen, flying toward the palace. "That might not be possible. T'Challa said he was bringing N'Jadaka back with him..."

...

The tension in the air was palpable as T'Chaka, Ramonda, and Shuri rushed out of the palace, their gazes fixed on the Wakandan ship that had just landed. The door to the ship opened, and a figure emerged, flanked by Dora Milaje guards. It was T'Challa, the Black Panther, and beside him stood a figure that sent shivers down T'Chaka's spine.

Killmonger stepped out of the ship, his smirk as confident as ever. He had achieved his first objective, he was inside Wakanda, the nation that he believed had wronged him and his father. His eyes scanned the gathered crowd, and when they landed on T'Chaka, Ramonda, and Shuri, his smirk only grew wider. This was the beginning of his plan falling into place.

On the way to Wakanda, Killmonger had seized the opportunity to recount his version of history to T'Challa. He painted a tale of betrayal, of his father's murder at the hands of T'Chaka and his subsequent abandonment in a world he knew nothing about. The words had taken root in T'Challa's mind, sowing seeds of doubt and confusion.

As T'Challa and Killmonger emerged from the ship, the two men shared a charged moment of eye contact. T'Challa's expression was a mixture of curiosity and caution, while Killmonger's eyes sparkled with a combination of triumph and anticipation. This was the confrontation that he had been waiting years for.

With a deliberate step forward, T'Challa addressed his father directly, his voice carrying a weight that reverberated through the courtyard. "Father, is it true? Did you kill your own brother and abandon your nephew in America?"

T'Chaka's face contorted with a mixture of pain and guilt. He glanced at T'Challa, his heart heavy with the knowledge that the truth could shatter the foundation of trust between them. Slowly, he nodded, his voice laden with sorrow. "Yes, my son. It is true." He said as his gaze turned to his nephew. "But it's not as black and white as he would make it seem..."

A triumphant smirk tugged at the corners of Killmonger's lips, satisfaction evident in his posture. Everything was going according to plan. The revelation had rocked T'Challa to his core, and now he was ready to exploit the seeds of doubt that had been sown.

Killmonger's face morphed into an aggrieved and pitiful facade as he met T'Challa's gaze. "Don't be fooled, cousin. He killed my father, a prince of Wakanda, in cold blood. Not only that, but he left me there to find my father's body. You can't trust a word out of his mouth. It's nothing but lies!"

As Killmonger began to recount the tale of his father's death and his own journey through life, everyone listened with a mixture of disbelief and curiosity. The palace staff and guards saw the pain in Killmonger's eyes, the scars that marked his journey, and some couldn't help but feel a pang of empathy. But empathy didn't mean acceptance.

Although he may be a prince, he hadn't stepped a single foot inside Wakanda until today. He wasn't one of them. Perhaps some of the other tribes would have more sympathy. After all, the Golden Tribe was full of T'Chaka's supporters.

The tour group, including Peter, Lily, MJ, and the Avengers Council members, observed the unfolding drama from a distance. Peter turned to the Ancient One with a knowing grin. "And so the Wakandan soap opera begins."

The Ancient One rolled her eyes playfully. "Even I must admit, there's a certain allure to the drama."

As Killmonger finished his Oscar winning performance, his gaze narrowed as he spotted Spider-Man and the Avengers out of the corner of his eye. This wasn't something he had accounted for in his plans. He hadn't expected outsiders, especially ones with such power and influence, to be present during this pivotal moment.

His mind raced, analyzing the situation. Could the presence of the Avengers aid his cause, or would it complicate matters further? It was a question that could only be answered as events continued to unfold. Because, if the Avengers have already allied with T'Chaka and his son, then his plans would need to change... drastically. But If they hadn't, then why shouldn't they ally with a fellow American?

'I never thought my American citizenship could actually help me...' Killmonger thought, hoping for the best.

Chapter 446: Challenge for the Throne! (1/2)

Amidst the echoes of the tense argument between T'Challa and T'Chaka, ripples began to spread among the various tribes of Wakanda. Whispers of the confrontation between the King and his son and the story of Killmonger reached even the ears of those who had not witnessed it firsthand. As the news spread, murmurs of discontent swirled through the Golden Tribe, carrying with them a sense of unease about the future of the nation.

Despite T'Chaka's wishes to remove the threat posed by Killmonger, T'Challa's resolute refusal to abandon his cousin cast a shadow over his father's efforts. Sadly, for T'Chaka, his sons actions seemed to resonate with many members of the Golden Tribe who valued family and loyalty above all else.

Seeing this, T'Chaka begrudgingly allowed Killmonger to stay within the palace walls, his mind preoccupied with the impending coronation of his son. He hoped that keeping Killmonger close might give him some semblance of control over the situation, even if it meant risking the potential for discord within his own family.

Killmonger's crimes involving vibranium and the deaths he had caused weighed heavily on T'Chaka's mind, but to his dismay, Wakanda's isolationist policies played in the favor of his nephew. The insular nature of Wakandan society meant that they rarely concerned themselves with the affairs of those outside their borders, making the deaths of foreigners a non-issue in the eyes of the nation.

'And I can't even charge him for theft, since he is a Wakandan prince... How can he not have Vibranium? Especially when he stole it from the outside world...' T'Chaka sighed in annoyance as he watched his nephew skulk around the palace, obviously up to no good.

Amidst the backdrop of family turmoil and political machinations, the grand ceremony to crown the new King of Wakanda was set in motion. At a secluded area of the nation, surrounded by towering waterfalls and lush vegetation, representatives from every Wakandan tribe assembled. The colorful clothing they wore represented their unique heritage, creating a vibrant mosaic of tradition and unity.

Standing amidst the tribes, Peter, MJ, Lily, and the other Avengers Council members stood out in their more modern attire. Lily's curious gaze fell on Shuri, and she couldn't resist the urge to

inquire. "Hey, why are we here at the waterfalls? I mean, I know it looks amazing, but why? Is your brother being crowned here?"

Shuri turned her attention to Lily with a warm smile, happy to explain. "This is where the challenge for the throne takes place. By tradition, my brother, the Black Panther, must face the challenges set forth by the leaders of the other tribes. If he succeeds, he'll become king. If not, the tribe that prevails will take the throne instead."

Interest ignited in the eyes of the Avengers Council members. What was initially anticipated as a straightforward ceremony had transformed into something far more intriguing. Their attention remained fixed on the proceedings ahead.

Suddenly, a small Wakandan ship appeared on the horizon, its presence signaling the arrival of T'Challa. Dressed in tribal shorts and adorned with panther-styled paint, T'Challa leaped gracefully from the ship, landing within the shallow pool of water at the base of the falls, holding a spear and shield in each hand. The water barely reached past his ankles as he stood with an air of regal confidence.

As the ship retreated, the gathered crowd burst into a rhythmic chant, a hauntingly beautiful melody that seemed to reverberate through the very air itself. The song was an ode to tradition, an ancient call to honor and unity that resonated deep within the hearts of all Wakandans present.

The tension in the air was thick as a man in purple robes stepped forward, silencing the chanting with his presence alone. "I, Zuri, Son of Badu, give to you, Prince T'Challa, the Black Panther!" The Elders watch as Zuri holds up a ceremonial cup with a mysterious concoction inside.

"The Prince will now have the strength of the Black Panther stripped away!" Zuri exclaims as he turns to T'Challa and pours the solution into his open mouth.

T'Challa reacts violently, choking on the red fluid. He collapses into the water and spasms for a brief moment, his veins expanding and his muscles contracting as the poison spreads through him. But soon enough, he stops shaking and takes a few breaths, feeling the power that was once bestowed upon him disappear.

Zuri turns back to the crowd. "Damaku!"

"Damaku..." The crowd answers in unison.

"Victory in ritual combat comes by yield or death. If any tribe wishes to put forth a warrior, I now offer a path to the throne." Zuri states, waiting patiently for their reply.

T'Challa stood before the gathered tribes, the waterfalls serving as a picturesque backdrop to the event. His eyes met those of the tribe leaders, each one representing a different facet of Wakanda's culture and heritage. As the future king, he knew that the challenges they presented would be anything but easy.

Lily, standing beside her parents, Peter and MJ, glanced at Shuri with wide eyes. "So, he has to fight one person from each tribe?"

Shuri nodded with a nervous look on her face. "Yes, but they can choose to not participate. Only one tribe chose to fight when my father was crowned king. Hopefully, my brother will have the same luck."

Peter leaned over and whispered to the Ancient One, "Looks like things are starting to get interesting." He said as he peeked over his shoulder.

Following his gaze, the Ancient One could see Killmonger hiding behind the crowd, waiting for his opportunity. "Should we warn T'Chaka?"

Peter shook his head, noticing that T'Chaka seemed to be peeking over his shoulder as well. "I think he already knows."

Meanwhile, Killmonger watched the proceedings with a mixture of interest and calculation. He had his own plans for this ceremony, but patience was key.

As the ceremony was underway, T'Challa turned his attention to the first tribe leader of the merchant tribe, who stepped forward with an ornate spear in hand. The crowd fell silent, anticipation hanging heavy in the air. The tribe leader spoke with a voice that carried authority, addressing T'Challa directly. "The Merchant Tribe will not challenge today!"

Next, the Border, River, and Mining Tribes stepped up one by one and spoke the same words, refusing to challenge the future King. Seeing this, T'Challa seemed to relax as a smile adorned his face. His people accepted him fully, which was rare for this type of ceremony.

Only one person didn't look happy about this turn of events. 'What a bunch of f*cking cowards...' Killmonger clicked his tongue in annoyance.

Just as the atmosphere started turning friendly, a distant rumble caught everyone's attention. Heads turned toward the entrance of the ceremonial area, where a group of figures emerged from the lush forest. Their arrival was accompanied by the deep, resounding rhythm of heavy drums, the beats echoing like the heartbeat of Wakanda itself.

It was the Jabari tribe, known for their reclusive nature and their reverence for the old ways. Their imposing leader, M'Baku, stood at the forefront, his presence commanding attention as he stepped forward with purpose. The Jabari wore fur-trimmed attire and carried large wooden staffs, their imposing figures and primal aura setting them apart from the other tribes.

As they marched, their chants intensified, a thunderous roar that sent vibrations through the ground itself. The onlookers watched in awe as the Jabari approached the pool, their imposing figures forming a circle around T'Challa. The other tribes exchanged glances, a mixture of intrigue and concern etched on their faces.

T'Challa's gaze met M'Baku's, their eyes locking in a silent exchange that spoke volumes. The challenge was unmistakable. The Jabari were not content to merely observe, they intended to contest the throne.

A hushed murmur of uncertainty rippled through the gathered tribes. The rules dictated that any tribe could challenge the current Black Panther for the throne, but few expected the Jabari to show up. The fact that they had come all the way from their mountainous domain to participate spoke volumes about the gravity of their intent.

M'Baku's deep voice resonated as he raised his arms, his commanding presence filling the air. "I, M'Baku of the Jabari, challenge T'Challa, the current Black Panther, for the throne of Wakanda!"

T'Challa's expression remained steady, his pride and resolve unwavering. He stepped forward, facing M'Baku with the regal demeanor expected of a king. "I accept your challenge."

"Kick his a*s brother!" Shuri exclaimed, receiving a disapproving look from her parents.

"Yeah! Kick his a*s!" Lily joined her, shocking many of the Wakandans.

The tension in the air was palpable as the two leaders stood before one another, the ceremonial area now transformed into an arena of tradition and legacy. The drumbeats continued, punctuating each heartbeat of the gathered onlookers.

As the ceremonial drums reached a feverish crescendo, M'Baku and T'Challa moved to the center of the pool, the symbolic battleground where their fates would be determined. The challenge had been made, and now it was time to fight.

The two combatants circled each other, their movements graceful and precise. T'Challa's training and instincts guided him, allowing him to anticipate his opponent's every move. As the tribe leader lunged forward, T'Challa sidestepped and countered with a fluid strike of his own.

The combat was a dance of agility and skill, the clash of weapons reverberating through the air. T'Challa's movements were like a flowing river, adapting to every shift in the battle. But M'Baku fought like an angry bear, powering through like a ravenous monster.

After almost thirty minutes of fighting, With a well-timed maneuver, T'Challa managed to disarm his opponent, his spear skimming across the water before falling off of the nearby waterfall cliff.

T'Challa held his spear to his opponents throat. "Yield!" He commanded.

"..." M'Baku paused for a moment, fists tightened as he contemplated his options. "Fine... You won this time."

The crowd erupted into cheers and applause as T'Challa emerged victorious, his demeanor composed but his eyes alight with triumph. M'Baku acknowledged T'Challa's prowess with a respectful nod, then stepped back and prepared to leave alongside his tribe. After all, they didn't care about what happened next.

Shuri bounced in excitement, showing just how happy she was for her brothers victory. Even her parents, who had to put up a calm and regal appearance, could barely contain their emotions.

Zuri steps up once again and speaks the words that T'Chaka was dreading. "Is there any member of royal blood who wishes to challenge for the throne?"

Shuri smirked and raised her hand, enjoying a collective gasp from the entire gathering. "This corset is really uncomfortable. So could we all just wrap it up and go home?"

Sighing in relief, her mother swatted her upside the head, as the many elders in attendance groan in annoyance. Though the many young Wakandans amongst them could be heard laughing at her little joke.

And this would be a picturesque, happy ending for T'Challa's Kingship ceremony, but sadly, not everything can be so easy.

Peter, The Ancient One, and T'Chaka watched as Killmonger pushed through the crowd and dropped into the pool. "Prince N'Jadaka of the Golden Tribe challenges Prince T'Challa for the throne!"

Chapter 447: Challenge for the Throne (2/2)

"Prince N'Jadaka of the Golden Tribe challenges Prince T'Challa for the throne!" Killmonger exclaimed, a smug look on his face.

The atmosphere crackled with tension as shocked gasps echoed through the gathered crowd. The rumors that had circulated were proving to be true... the king's long lost brother had indeed spawned a child, and that child had returned to Wakanda. Whispers and discussions spread like wildfire among the attendees, each person processing the implications of this revelation.

Amidst the murmurs, T'Challa's gaze remained locked on N'Jadaka, his cousin. It was hard to ignore the truth that was staring him in the face. The bond he thought they had formed, the kinship he believed they shared, was nothing more than a carefully woven facade to manipulate him into this very situation.

As T'Challa pieced together the puzzle, he realized that N'Jadaka had used him from the moment he stepped foot in Wakanda. The false sense of camaraderie, the show of familial connection... all of it was designed to lead T'Challa to this moment. The moment where his birthright was challenged, where his role as the Black Panther was put on the line.

T'Challa's eyes darkened, a mix of anger and betrayal boiling within him. He had defended N'Jadaka, fought for his right to be here, and now it seemed that all his efforts were in vain. He was facing a wolf in sheep's clothing, a shadow that sought to steal his crown and tear apart the very fabric of his existence.

T'Chaka's stepped forward, hoping to somehow put a stop to this. But T'Challa's mind was made up. His eyes never wavered from Killmonger, and with a heavy heart, he spoke the words that his father dreaded the most. "I accept your challenge."

The crowd hushed as a mixture of disbelief and anticipation hung in the air. Killmonger was given ceremonial clothes, a spear, and a shield akin to T'Challa's. The gravity of the situation settled over the ceremonial arena like a storm cloud, casting a foreboding shadow over what was to come.

The sun dipped below the horizon, casting an orange glow over the ceremonial pool, while torches and bonfires flickered to life, casting long shadows that danced on the water's surface. The backdrop seemed almost surreal, as if nature itself was attuned to the gravity of the situation unfolding before it.

The two contenders faced each other, the tension palpable as they exchanged sharp words, their voices dripping with animosity. "Once this is over, you may return to America. You're no longer welcome in Wakanda." T'Challa spoke, his face hardened, hiding the betrayal that he felt.

Killmonger smirked dangerously. "When this is over, you'll be nothing but a dead body, floating face down in this puddle." He taunted as he turned his head, eyeing T'Challa's family with a bloodthirsty look. "But don't worry, I'll be sure to take care of that sister of yours... after I kill your father, of course. As for your mother... Well, I wouldn't mind keeping her around. Do you think she knows how to throw that a*s back? I wouldn't mind seeing that while I kick back on my new throne."

Gasps filled the air once again as everyone heard Killmonger's vulgar words. Most among the tribes were angry and shocked that someone would say such things about their royal family. But a few lecherous tribesman turned to discreetly admire their queens backside, unconsciously picturing exactly what Killmonger spoke of.

The Ancient One felt the urge to kill. "Men are disgusting..."

"True..." MJ nodded in agreement. Even Lily, who was too young to understand what was happening, seemed to agree with her mother on instinct alone.

Peter turned to his family. "Hey, we aren't all that bad..." He spoke up in defense of himself and his gender.

Killmonger's words worked like a charm, his cousin's eyes instantly went bloodshot as he leaped forward, spear and shield at the ready. "You won't leave this place alive!" He shouted

With the final exchange of words, the battle commenced, the air heavy with anticipation. The drums ceased, the chanting stopped, and all eyes remained fixed on the two contenders.

And as the sun's last rays painted the sky with hues of gold and purple, Killmonger stepped to the side, dodging the painted end of his cousin's spear.

With a swift, fluid motion, Killmonger lunged forward in retaliation, his spear slicing through the air toward T'Challa's side. T'Challa met the attack head-on, deflecting the blow with his shield and countering with a sweeping strike of his own. Killmonger danced backward, avoiding the strike by a hair's breadth, the water rippling beneath his feet.

The royal family cringed in worry every time T'Challa faced Killmonger's spear, fearful that it might soon hit its mark. 'This is exactly what I wanted to avoid...' T'Chaka thought in exasperation.

The two combatants circled each other, their movements graceful and calculated. Killmonger's attacks were relentless, each thrust of his spear aimed to exploit any opening. T'Challa responded with a mixture of agility and precision, his shield deflecting blows while his own spear arced through the air in a deadly dance.

Killmonger feinted left before swiftly switching to a low thrust of his spear. T'Challa, having anticipated the move, sidestepped the attack and rushed forward, swinging his shield in a sweeping arc, forcing Killmonger to twist away and barely avoid the blow. Droplets of water scattered in all directions as the impact echoed through the air.

As the fight wore on, the intensity only increased. Each parry and dodge showcased their skill and familiarity with their weapons. T'Challa's movements were like water, adapting to every shift in the battle, while Killmonger's attacks were fierce and calculated, each blow precise and deadly.

T'Challa thrust his spear, aiming for Killmonger's midsection, but his cousin twisted to the side, narrowly avoiding the attack. Killmonger seized the opportunity, lunging forward and slamming his shield against T'Challa's, the force of the impact causing T'Challa to stumble back a step. The water beneath him splashed as he fought to regain his balance.

Killmonger pressed his advantage, attacking with a series of rapid strikes that forced T'Challa to go on the defensive. He deflected each blow with his shield, the metal ringing out in a metallic chorus.

With a swift motion, T'Challa managed to hook Killmonger's spear, using his shield to disarm him. But just then, Killmonger did the same, bashing into T'Challa and kicking the spear from his hand.

As the spears crashed into the pool, T'Challa saw an opportunity. With a quick, fluid movement, he swung his shield at Killmonger's side, catching him off guard and knocking him off balance. But Killmonger's agility saved him once again as he stumbled back and managed to recover his footing.

The two adversaries continued their dance, each move and countermove a testament to their training and determination. Their breathing was labored, their faces etched with sweat. The waterfall's roar served as a backdrop to the relentless clash of weapons, the tension escalating with each passing moment.

T'Challa's muscles tensed as he saw a momentary opening. He struck with precision, his spear aimed at Killmonger's exposed flank. But Killmonger's reflexes were lightning-fast. He deflected T'Challa's blow with his shield, countering with a powerful jab that forced T'Challa to retreat with an aching rib cage.

A grim determination settled in T'Challa's eyes as he calculated his next move. He circled Killmonger, his movements deliberate and controlled. Killmonger mirrored his actions, an image of focus and readiness. The two combatants were evenly matched to begin with, but as time went on, Killmonger seemed to be slowly taking the upper hand, his years of military training and service pushing T'Challa to the brink.

T'Chaka watched closely, his fists gripping into fists so tight that his palms began to bleed. If this continued the way it was going, Wakanda would most certainly fall into his nephew's hands. The hands of an outsider who knew nothing of their country or their heritage.

Suddenly, a familiar voice appeared in the old King's head. 'Hey, you want me to help?'

"Huh?! Who's there?" T'Chaka calls out, confusing his family.

"Are you okay?" His wife asked, knowing just how stressed her husband must be right now because she feels the same.

The voice appeared again. 'It's me, Spider-Man. Don't talk out loud. I'm using telepathy to speak to you. Just think and I'll hear you.'

"Yeah, sorry. I'm just worried..." T'Chaka nodded to his wife, who immediately returned her attention to the fight. 'How can you help? I can't even do anything and I'm the King. And if outsiders interfere in favor of T'Challa, then he'll never be accepted by Wakanda again...'

Peter's voice returned again. 'Did you you forget that I can do magic? Just say the word and T'Challa's opponent will slip in the water. Or perhaps his shield will break? No one will ever know.'

Peter's words were like the devils whispers, sweet and alluring yet unscrupulous and evil. '...'
T'Chaka didn't know what to say.

The devils voice continued urging him. 'What are you hesitating for? Who knows what this psycho has planned. You already heard his plans for your family. Do you think he has good intentions towards Wakanda?'

Finally, T'Challa came to a decision. Whether he regrets it or not would remain to be seen. 'Do it. But make sure no one finds out...'

Peter smirked as he snapped his fingers. 'You owe me one...'

And then, in a split second that felt like an eternity, T'Challa saw an opening. Killmonger seemed to slip and fall into the shallow pool, leaving him completely vulnerable. With a fierce battle cry, T'Challa surged forward, kicking his spear up out of the water and catching it with ease. Winding it back, he aimed to the center of Killmonger's stomach.

Seeing this coming, Killmonger held up his shield to block, but the spear sliced right through it, shattering the shield as if it were made of paper. Before Killmongers shocked eyes, the blade of T'Challa's spear connected with deadly accuracy, piercing through his exposed stomach with a sickening squelch.

The world seemed to slow as the two adversaries locked eyes, a mix of shock and realization passing between them. Killmonger's strength wavered, his body betraying him as he sank further into the water, a spear now lodged in his abdomen. The water around them was stained crimson, a stark contrast to the purity of their surroundings.

T'Challa stood before his fallen cousin, his chest heaving with exertion and emotion. The fight was over, the battle won. Killmonger's gaze met T'Challa's one last time, a mixture of pain, defiance, and regret. And then, with a final breath, N'Jadaka, also known as Killmonger, succumbed to his wounds, his journey ending in the place he spent his entire life trying to find.

As T'Challa looked down at the fallen form of his cousin, he couldn't help but wonder how different things might have been if they had grown up together as they should have. Maybe he would have had a loyal brother that he could trust?

With a heavy heart, T'Challa raised his head to the sky, the night sky shining with twinkling stars. He was king now, but he wished that his reign didn't begin with the death of his family.

Chapter 448: Leaving Wakanda

The air hung heavy over Wakanda as the somber aftermath of Killmonger's challenge and subsequent death settled in. The tension and unease couldn't be shaken off easily, casting a shadow over the upcoming coronation of T'Challa. Although he had bested the challenger, the price of that victory weighed heavily on the hearts of the people.

The city was draped in muted colors, a reflection of the collective mourning that gripped the nation. The vibrant celebrations that usually accompanied such events were replaced by a subdued atmosphere, where even the wind seemed to whisper condolences.

The people of Wakanda may not have known Killmonger, but T'Challa knew that the death of a prince was a pretty big deal for his people. Even he was a bit saddened by his cousin's death, even if he was a manipulative, disgusting piece of sh*t...

As for his family, Ramonda and Shuri seemed a bit somber, but they'd be alright. T'Challa wore a conflicted look on his face. On one hand he was happy that everything went smoothly, but on the other hand, his brother's child was dead and he had to take a measure of responsibility for that.

As T'Challa stood before the council and the assembled tribes, his gaze sweeping over the faces of his people, he couldn't help but feel the weight of responsibility pressing down on him. His parents flanked him, their expressions a mixture of pride and sadness. They had abdicated the throne, placing their trust in him.

The ceremony began, but the joy that usually infused such occasions was less than T'Challa imagined. To him, the chanting of the tribes sounded more like a solemn dirge than a celebratory chorus. Even the ceremonial music carried a mournful tune, a stark departure from the vibrant melodies that typically filled the air.

T'Challa was adorned in the regal attire of the Black Panther, the vibranium threads shimmering in the muted sunlight. As the coronation rituals proceeded, he felt the weight of tradition and the legacy of his ancestors upon his shoulders. He wondered if N'Jadaka's actions were a manifestation of the pain that came from feeling disconnected from their heritage.

Soon enough, the moment finally came when T'Challa was officially crowned King of Wakanda. The crown rested upon his head, a symbol of his authority and duty. The moment should have been triumphant, a culmination of his journey to become a true leader. But the absence of N'Jadaka cast a shadow over the proceedings. He couldn't help but wonder if things would have been different if they had grown up together.

As the coronation ended and the council members took their leave, a palpable tension remained in the air. Some left with a sense of unease, unable to shake off the implications of recent events.

Fury, for instance, had hoped to secure a foothold for Shield in Wakanda, but T'Challa's refusal reminded him that not all doors were open to him, no matter his influence. Usually, he would simply create a secret base and be done with it, but sadly that couldn't be done in Wakanda. They're far too technologically advanced for him to skulk around.

Magneto, however, seemed satisfied, a rare smile gracing his lips. His plans, driven by his insatiable lust for power, had borne fruit. He had unearthed an untapped vein of Vibranium under the mountain, and with his mastery over metal, he intended to take it for himself. While the ceremony was taking place, he was constantly dragging the vibranium ore through the earth until it was outside of Wakanda's border shield.

'It's time to pick up the fruits of my labor...' Magneto thought as he strolled out of Wakanda alongside his fellow councilmen and woman now that the Ancient One joined.

T'Chaka watched them go alongside Peter and his family, who would be staying a bit longer to enjoy the city, the threads of fate weaving together in ways that were beyond his control. He was no longer a king but a member of the Avengers council and Wakanda's only link to the outside world, a balancing act that would demand his attention.

As MJ and Lily walked off to get ready for their Wakandan vacation, T'Chaka found a moment to approach Peter privately. In a quiet corner of the palace, away from prying eyes, the former king turned to Peter, a mixture of gratitude and unease in his expression. "You did us a great service," he began, his voice carrying the weight of the unspoken favor. "Without your assistance during that battle, the outcome could have been far more dire. My nephew... he might have been crowned King, and who knows what kind of rule that would have brought."

Peter shrugged casually, a nonchalant smile playing on his lips. "No big deal. I'm just glad I could help out."

T'Chaka's gaze grew solemn. He had been prepared to pay his debt immediately, to offer something of value in return for Peter's intervention. But Peter's nonchalant attitude threw him off balance. "Is there nothing you desire? No request you have in mind?"

Peter chuckled lightly. "I appreciate the offer, but I don't exactly need anything right now. I'll just keep the favor in my back pocket until I do."

T'Chaka nodded, though his expression was far from content. He hated owing anyone, especially when it came to matters entrenched in the blood of his family. But he understood that he couldn't force the issue. "Very well then. Enjoy your time here in Wakanda."

With a nod, Peter turned to leave, his footsteps echoing through the corridor. He was heading back to MJ and Lily, who were eager to explore the wonders of the advanced vibranium city. Before he left, though, he turned to T'Chaka. "By the way, I'll be stopping by the palace in the next few days to have a chat with the new King."

T'Chaka's gaze lingered on Peter for a moment before he nodded in acknowledgment. "Very well. We'll be awaiting your visit."

As the door closed behind Peter, T'Chaka's thoughts shifted to the upcoming funeral of his nephew. It was a duty he couldn't avoid, even if their relationship had been strained. With a heavy heart, he turned away and began to prepare for the somber occasion.

Meanwhile, Peter and his family enjoyed the wonders of Wakanda. From the advanced technology to the natural beauty, they immersed themselves in this new world. MJ marveled at the possibilities, and Lily's wide-eyed wonder was infectious, spreading to everyone around her.

But all good things had to come to an end. MJ and Lily returned home through a portal of their own making, leaving Peter behind in Wakanda. As the portal closed, Peter took a deep breath, knowing that he had something important to do before he left.

He made his way to the palace, finding T'Challa in the midst of a meeting with the tribal council. Seeing Peter's arrival, some of the leaders voiced their complaints, but T'Challa called for a recess and invited Peter to join him, expecting his visit.

With a nod of thanks, Peter sat beside T'Challa, their voices low in the echoing chamber. "I was wondering," Peter began, his tone serious, "has your father talked to you about the lifespan of Wakanda's anonymity from the outside world?"

T'Challa frowned, shaking his head. "No, he hasn't."

Peter leaned in slightly. "Well, it's something you should consider. With the constant advancement of technology beyond your borders, it's only a matter of time before someone else discovers the true Wakanda. We've narrowed it down to a few years at best."

T'Challa's eyes widened, and the Dora Milaje standing guard exchanged glances, clearly taken aback by this revelation.

Peter's voice grew more urgent. "Perhaps it's time for you to get ahead of the problem. You could announce Wakanda's existence before outsiders twist narratives about you. It's a risky move, but it might be the best way to control the situation."

T'Challa opened his mouth to speak, but Peter held up a hand to stop him. "I know what you're going to say. The tribal leaders won't like it. Your father said the same thing, but there's always a solution even when it seems impossible. You just have to be willing to act."

Standing up, Peter summoned a portal that opened into his house in New York. He turned back to T'Challa. "Before I go, I wanted to offer you something. A place in the Avengers. If you join, you'll have access to our resources if you ever need them. And I don't mean money and technology, we all know you have enough of that. I'm talking about information. You'll see when you join."

The Avengers may not have much to offer someone as rich and powerful as the King of Wakanda, but they do have information on the outside world and the universe at large. Thanks to their connection to the Nova Corps and friendship with the Nova Prime, they receive tons of information on a monthly basis. Of course, nothing too high level was shared since the Earth isn't a member of the Nova Empire, but it was still a lot.

T'Challa nodded, his expression thoughtful. "I'll discuss it with my father. Thank you for the offer."

With a final nod, Peter stepped through the portal, which snapped shut behind him. T'Challa was left standing in the throne room, his thoughts swirling with the possibilities that Peter's words had brought to light. The future of Wakanda was uncertain, but he was determined to face it head-on, just as he had done with the challenges that had come before.

Chapter 449: Graduation & Awakening

The days after his trip to Wakanda flowed by in a leisurely haze, which was great for lazing around. Time, a rare commodity in Peter's hectic life, now seemed to stretch, allowing him the luxury of being a couch potato at home with his family. It was a welcome change, a chance to catch his breath and relish the moments of normalcy he so often craved.

With Lily's laughter echoing through the halls, and the faint scent of a home cooked meal drifting from the kitchen, Peter couldn't help but smile. He had learned to cherish these simple moments, each one a reminder of the life he was fighting to protect.

As the school year came to an end, a new chapter awaited Peter and his loved ones. He was finally done with high school, though he barely ever showed up to begin with. After a few tests, Peter graduated with perfect grades, making him the dream student for any college acceptance board.

The graduation party at Ned's house had been a lively affair, celebrating their achievements and marking the end of an era. But now, as they sat in Peter's living room, basking in the afterglow of the festivities, a more serious conversation lay before them.

"So, guys," Peter began, leaning back on the couch, "are you both thinking about college?"

The question hung in the air for a moment before MJ spoke up, her thoughtful gaze fixed on the ceiling. "I've thought about it, but I don't think I'll be going. High School was already hectic enough with my job as Silk and being a mother, so I'd rather just skip the whole college thing."

Ned nodded in agreement, his expression mirroring MJ's. "Yeah, same here. Between being Black Noir and keeping my game up to date, I've got my hands pretty full."

A couple years after Peter released Candy Crush, which filled his and his loved one's bank accounts with easy pay-to-win money, Ned released his own game, which became fairly popular on steam. The last time Peter checked, it had around 70 thousand concurrent players.

Peter chuckled, understanding their reasoning all too well. "I guess being superheroes and having a stable source of income does that to you. I mean, why go to college when we have the money and resources to learn anything we want?"

MJ's lips twitched into a wry smile. "Yeah, that's one way to put it. Besides, the Avengers paycheck is nothing to scoff at. And speaking of which, I had a chat with my mom about my decision."

Peter raised an eyebrow, curiosity piqued. "And what did she say?"

Although Peter loves Grace, she can be a bit of a hard a*s, especially when it comes to Lily and her daughters safety. Though he knew that she was only looking out for them, like a mother or grandmother should.

MJ's smile turned mischievous. "Well, my mom was surprisingly okay with it, which was odd since she always wanted me to go to college. As for my dad, well, he's not around enough to notice, at least not for a while."

"I'm sure he'll be happy when he finds out." Peter smirked mischievously. "And Ned, what about your family?"

Ned leaned back, a satisfied grin on his face. "Oh, they're thrilled. Paid off the mortgage, bought them new cars... they're basically living the dream. On the same day that I told them about my lack of college plans, I happened to also book them a vacation to Hawaii, so they didn't even have time to complain. They had a flight to catch."

Peter couldn't help but smile at his friend's ingenious plan. "Well, I'm glad everyone's on board with your decisions. As for me, I've had time to think, and I've decided not to go to college either."

"Yeah, I expected that..." MJ nodded, knowing that even if her boyfriend went to college, he wouldn't attend classes, just like high school.

Peter leaned back into his seat. "My reasoning is the same as you guys. Considering my responsibilities as Spider-Man, a father, and an Avengers Councilman, not to mention my ongoing projects, college just doesn't make sense. And I don't think it ever will..."

MJ chimed in, her voice soft but supportive. "Did you talk to May yet?."

Peter nodded. "Yeah, she wasn't happy at first. Apparently, she promised my parents to send me to college, like them."

Ned leaned forward in interest. "I didn't know that your parents went to college?"

MJ's interest was piqued as well. "Yeah... Now that I think about it, we don't know anything about your birth parents."

Peter shrugged. "Truthfully, I don't know much about them either. May doesn't talk about them and I never really cared to ask."

Ned and MJ both give him incredulous looks. "You never once thought about your parents? Their likes, dislikes, appearance?" MJ asks.

Ned cocks his head to the side as he watches Peter shake his head uncaringly. "Do you even know how they died?"

Peter nods his head. "They were flying somewhere and the plane crashed. Everyone on the plane died on impact."

"Dude..." Ned practically jumped out of his seat. "You do know that you're a superhero, right?"

"Yeah... why?" Peter asks in confusion.

Ned rolls his eyes. "Oh, come on... That's the most main character backstory that I've ever heard!" He exclaimed. "You do understand that they were probably killed off by some evil CEO or something, right? I mean, you said it yourself. They went to college. They were probably scientists or something..."

Peter sighed at his friends overactive imagination. "That's highly unlikely..."

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But after a moment of thought. 'You know what, I'll look into it. Maybe he's rights...' After all, he is a superhero, so it's possible.

The realm of Asgard was bathed in the ethereal glow of the Bifrost, its colors dancing across the golden spires and lush landscapes. Under the wise and benevolent rule of King Thor, the kingdom thrived, its people basking in an era of prosperity. Yet, amidst the splendor, there was a sense of anticipation, a feeling that something monumental was about to unfold.

Within the heart of the royal palace, the grand chamber known as the Hall of Kings held an aura of reverence. The regal tapestries depicted the history of Asgard, its battles and triumphs, weaving a narrative that spanned countless generations. And now, in this momentous time, the hall's attention was directed toward a large, ornate bed adorned with shimmering fabrics and drapes.

Atop the bed lay a figure, the form of a man with an air of regality about him. Odin, the Allfather, had been in a deep slumber, his consciousness temporarily relinquished to Odin's Sleep, a period of rest and rejuvenation that occurred cyclically, allowing him to maintain his divine powers and keep Asgard safe.

And finally, the time of his awakening has come, after years of sleep. Opening his eye for the first time since Loki was banished to Earth, Odin stretched his tired body before leaving his bed and strolling out of the room, intent on informing his family of his awakening.

In the grand throne room of Asgard, Thor stood beside Jane Foster, who leaned into his chest, enjoying their reunion. She had just arrived from Earth, where she continued to live her life as a scientist. Though most of her time is spent with Thor in Asgard.

Before the couple could get too intimate, suddenly, the large doors behind them swung open. Turning to yell at whoever interrupted his reunion with the woman he loved, Thor found his father standing there, looking healthy and well rested. "Father..." he muttered in shock, his voice carrying a mixture of respect and anticipation.

As if on cue, Thor knelt before Odin, a bow of reverence that acknowledged the Allfather's authority. "Welcome back, Father." Although he was King, the Allfather is still the Allfather. Odin deserved respect.

Odin's gaze shifted to Jane, who had no idea what to do at the moment, his scrutiny piercing and intense. Jane, feeling the weight of his gaze upon her, did her best to stand her ground, her chin raised defiantly even as a sense of unease prickled at her skin.

"Who is this midgardian girl?" Odin's voice rumbled like distant thunder, his tone demanding an answer.

Thor rose, placing a reassuring hand on Jane's shoulder. "Father, this is Jane Foster. She is a scientist, a healer, and a woman of great courage. And... she is dear to me."

Odin's gaze held Jane's for a long moment, as if peering into the depths of her very soul. She resisted the urge to squirm under his scrutiny, her gaze unwavering and resolute. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Odin nodded, a flicker of approval in his eyes.

"I see. Welcome to Asgard, Jane Foster. It is not every day that a midgardian catches the eye of an Asgardian prince," Odin said, his voice carrying air of surprise.

Jane inclined her head respectfully, her unease beginning to cool down as she sensed Odin's acceptance. "Thank you. It is an honor to be here, your majesty... sir?" She some awkwardly, unsure how to address the Allfather.

Thor smiled proudly, his hand still resting on Jane's shoulder. "Father, I would ask for your blessing upon my courtship with Jane. Her heart is as noble and her intentions are pure. I assure you."

Odin's expression softened, a trace of paternal affection touching his features. "Love knows no bounds, my son. If your heart has found its match in this mortal woman, then who am I to stand in your way?"

A sense of relief washed over Jane, and she offered a genuine smile to Odin. "Thank you, Odin."

Thor stepped closer to his father, his gaze earnest. "You honor me, Father." He said as he pulled his father into a hug. "It's good to have you back..."

Odin returned the hug awkwardly, unused to such shows of affection. "It's good to be back."

As Thor released his father, Odin's gaze swept over the hall, looking for something. "Thor, where's your mother?"

Suddenly, a voice could be heard over Odins shoulder. "I'm here, my love."

Whipping around as a smile adorned his face, Odin rushed up to his beautiful wife. "I'm sorry to have left you for so long. I know how my Odin sleep can weigh on you." He says as he brings her into an affectionate hug.

"Ugh, this is disgusting..." Thor muttered as he witnessed his father get a little handsy with his mother.

Pulling away from his wife for a moment, Odin peered around the room, a sad look appearing on his face. "Now, all we need is Loki to return and everything will be as it was..."

Hel, also known as Helheim, one of the Nine Realms, serves as the realm of the dead, filled with nothing but wandering souls and the stink of decay. A dark, cold, and desolate place, shrouded in a mist of perpetual twilight.

Hela Odinsdottir paced the confines of her prison, sending nearby souls running with just a glance, her fowl mood spreading across her prison in waves. The entire realm of death was etched with magic to contain her immense power, trapping her completely.

[Insert picture of Hela here]

Her raven-black hair cascaded over her shoulders as she muttered to herself, her voice carrying a mix of frustration and determination. "Why won't that old fool just die already..." Her emerald eyes blazed with an intensity that matched the flames of her anger.

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After her frustration simmered to a low boil, Hela came to a decision. "I can't wait for that one eyed fossil to die anymore. I'll break out of this prison myself... no matter the cost!" She declared, releasing her power at an output far greater than she'll be able to withstand for long.

"I REFUSE to be trapped any longer!" She shouted as the realm around her began to shake violently.

Chapter 450: Ruined Confession

Back in the opulent halls of Asgard, a lavish feast was underway, where the royal family was gathered in joyful celebration. Odin sat beside Frigga, a warm smile on his face as he conversed with his queen. Across the table, Thor was engrossed in a lively conversation with Jane, their laughter ringing out amidst the festivities. It was a rare moment of unity and happiness, a family bound by both blood and love.

As the night went on, news of Odin's awakening from his Odin Sleep spread like wildfire through the imperial city of Asgard. The word spread quickly, from the elite to the common folk, as everyone felt a renewed sense of security and hope with the Allfather's return. The streets were alive with merriment and celebration, the grandeur of the occasion echoing through the hearts of the Asgardian people.

Amidst the jubilation, Odin suddenly paused, his hand clenching against his temple as a surge of pain washed over him. "Ugh..."

Frigga, ever vigilant, noticed his distress immediately. "Odin, what's wrong?" Her voice was tinged with concern, her gaze fixed on her husband.

Thor, who was engrossed in a lively debate with Jane about the nuances of Earthly cuisine, snapped his attention to his father. The prince's brows furrowed in worry. "Father, what's happening?"

With a grimace, Odin shook his head, the pain beginning to subside. 'It can't be...' And without a word, he pushed away from the table and rose to his feet, his expression growing more serious by the second. "Heimdall! Prepare the Bifrost!" He exclaimed, his worry and fear beginning to show.

But Heimdall, the guardian of the Bifrost, was not present in the hall. He heard Odin's voice even from afar, having all sight and all sound, and instantly set the bridge in motion.

Frigga, her concern deepening, rose as well and followed her husband, her eyes filled with worry. "Odin, what's wrong? Why are you so alarmed?"

Thor stood up, his concern evident as he watched his father's urgency. "Father, please, tell us what's happening!"

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As they entered the Rainbow Bridge, the shimmering pathway that led to the Bifrost, Odin turned his head toward his family, his expression one of deep concern. "Something has happened. I felt a disturbance... something that should not have been possible."

Without waiting for a single second, Odin's voice thundered across the bridge. "Heimdall! Send me to Hel!"

Frigga's heart skipped a beat as realization dawned on her. "You mean..."

The Bifrost fired up in response to Odin's command, the swirling colors enveloping them. Thor exchanged a bewildered glance with Jane, his confusion mirrored in her eyes. But their curiosity was too strong, and they couldn't stand back and let Odin go without them.

As they materialized in the desolate realm of Hel, cold and dark with an eerie mist that hung in the air, Odin's face turned grim. Thor was taken aback, never having seen his father so fearful before. "Father, what's happening? Why did you bring us here?"

Frigga's eyes glistened with a mixture of fear and dread, her voice soft but tremulous. "Did... did she escape?"

Odin's gaze swept over the shadowy landscape, a heavy sigh escaping his lips. "She's gone."

Thor's eyes widened in shock, his voice shaking with disbelief. "Gone? Who? Who has escaped?"

Frigga's expression turned grave as she whispered the name, her voice barely audible amidst the eerie silence of the realm. "Hela."

Thor's brows furrowed, confusion and concern warring within him. "Hela? Who's Hela? Mother, what is he talking about?"

But Odin's focus remained on the darkness around them, a sense of foreboding settling over them all. "She's your sister... my firstborn." His voice was heavy with regret, the weight of past mistakes evident in his words. But most of all, he looked fearful for what was to come now that she was free.

"..." Thors mouth dropped open in shock. "I have a sister?!"

Minutes before her families arrival...

Hela's escape from her prison was a triumph that came at great cost. She had expended every ounce of her power and even sacrificed a portion of her own lifespan to shatter the spell that had bound her. The dark magic had resisted her efforts, but her determination had proven stronger. The moment the last barrier shattered, she felt the aftershock of her success reverberate through her body, a surge of adrenaline coursing through her veins.

Realizing that Odin would soon be upon her, Hela knew she had to act swiftly. Using the last dregs of her power and a fragment of her already limited lifespan, she unleashed a spell that propelled her off the surface of the planet. Her form became a streak of darkness against the sky, hurtling through the atmosphere like a comet blazing with newfound freedom.

The strain of the spell was immense, and Hela's consciousness began to fade as she soared through the cosmos. Her body, battered from her escape, ached with each passing second. She fought against the encroaching darkness, her willpower keeping her conscious as she drifted through the void. But eventually, the toll proved too great, and she succumbed to unconsciousness, her body floating through space like a fallen star.

Time lost its meaning as Hela drifted through the stars. Hours turned to days, weeks, perhaps even months, though she had no way of knowing for sure. Eventually, her senses began to return to her, and she awoke with a start, her body aching and weak. As her eyes fluttered open, she found herself lying amidst unfamiliar surroundings.

Pushing herself into a sitting position, Hela took in her surroundings. She was atop a cliff that overlooked a vast expanse of land below. Strange alien vegetation and bizarre rock formations stretched out before her, and the sky above was unlike any she had seen before. Despite her weakened state, a spark of curiosity ignited within her. She was free, and the universe lay open before her.

As she tried to stand, her legs wobbled unsteadily, and she stumbled, nearly losing her balance. Hela gritted her teeth against the pain that radiated through her body. Even her connection to death, the very essence of her being, felt damaged and unstable. This weakened state was far from ideal, but she reminded herself that she had triumphed against insurmountable odds before.

Hela's gaze swept across the landscape, taking in the alien beauty of the world she had landed on. But her attention was soon drawn to a presence beside her, a ghastly figure with a red, skull-like face floating in the air. She recognized the being immediately, for he was a creature of death, much like herself.

[Insert picture of Red Skull here]

Unfazed by his appearance, Hela approached the figure with measured steps. Her weakened body did nothing to deter her confidence or determination. "And what brings you to this place, little soul?" she inquired, her voice steady and commanding.

The figure regarded her with empty eye sockets, his tone hollow and devoid of emotion. "I am a keeper of souls of sorts, as are you. How peculiar that our paths would converged here..."

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In the heart of New York City, amidst the hustle and bustle of everyday life, Loki stood atop the Avengers Tower. Dressed in casual attire that contrasted sharply with his past sets regal garb, he casually leaned against a nearby railing, though his stance hid the nervous anticipation that coursed through him. He had been on Earth for a while now, his powers stripped away by Odin's punishment, and he had come to appreciate the intricate nuances of the Midgardian way of life.

His eyes were fixed on Jessica Jones, a woman he had come to know over his time on Earth. There was an undeniable spark between them, a connection that transcended his mischievous antics and her gruff demeanor. Today, Loki had finally mustered the courage to take a step that felt monumental to him... he was going to ask her out on a date.

Clearing his throat in his usual snarky manner, Loki pushed himself off the railing and sauntered over, a nervous energy around him.

Jessica looked up at him, a confused look on her face. "Loki, why did you call me up here? Is something wrong? Did your powers return?"

Loki shook his head without a care for his powers. At least for the moment. "No, sadly not... I've come to inquire whether you would be interested in accompanying me on a little outing."

Jessica raised an eyebrow, her expression curious. "An outing? You mean like a date?" She blushed as soon as those words left her mouth.

Loki's smirked, though it didn't quite hide the hint of nerves that flickered in his gaze. "Precisely-"

Before Loki could finish or Jessica could reply, the night sky above them rumbled with the sound of thunder. Loki's head turned toward the source of the disturbance, his brow furrowing slightly. A ripple of unease swept through him, his usually composed demeanor faltering.

Jessica raised an eyebrow, a hint of amusement in her voice. "Afraid of a little thunder?"

Loki's lips curled into a wry smile, his gaze remaining fixed on the sky. "It's not the thunder that concerns me, my dear. It's what often comes after it."

As he spoke, a bolt of lightning crashed down before them, illuminating the night with blinding brilliance. In the midst of the lightning's glow stood a figure, shrouded in a swirling storm of energy. The air crackled with power, and as the brilliance faded, the figure was revealed to be none other than Thor, king of Asgard, his red cape billowing in the wind.

Jessica's gaze flickered between Loki and the newly arrived Asgardian, her tone tinged with amusement. "And I thought thunderstorms were dramatic enough without adding godly entrances to the mix."

Loki's expression had turned grim, his jaw tightening as he watched his brother approach. "Thor... this is a surprise."

Thor's eyes held a mix of concern and exasperation as he looked at his brother. "Loki, we need to talk."