

Spider-Man 451

Chapter 451: A Valkyries Fury!

Donning his spider suit, Peter opened a portal and stepped into the Avengers Tower. He was just about to head off to bed when he received a message from Jarvis. The message said that Thor was on Earth and waiting at the Avengers Tower. He would be lying if he said he had been expecting a visit from the King of Asgard. He only hoped it wasn't anything urgent. After all, he didn't want anything to ruin his lazy life.

As he navigated the tower, he was soon greeted by the sight of Thor lounging in Jessica's office, a warm smile on the Asgardian's face.

"My friend!" Thor boomed, rising from his seat and crossing the room in large strides to envelop Peter in a bear hug.

"Yo." Peter smiled involuntarily as he returned the hug. "What brings you to Earth?"

Loki, leaning against a wall with an annoyed frown, interrupted before Thor could respond. "Yes, why are here? And when are you leaving?" His brother has barely been here for more than a few minutes and Loki already wanted him gone.

Jessica, leaning against her desk with a bemused expression, observed the interaction with curiosity. She had briefly met Thor before, but they didn't spend enough time to actually get to know one another.

Thor released Peter from the hug and turned to Loki, rolling his eyes. "And must you always be so moody? Lighten up a bit."

Loki's frown deepened, but before he could retort, Jessica interjected with a raised eyebrow. "It's good to see you again, Thor."

Thor chuckled, shooting her a wink. "You as well, Lady Jones. Has my brother started courting you yet? Or is he still acting like a sniveling coward?"

"What?!" Loki exclaims, appalled. "I am no coward!"

Jessica's lips curled into a smirk. "Actually, you interrupted his cute little confession on the roof."

Thor turned to his brother, his expression showing approval. "Good, be sure to contact Heimdall if you need any money. I know how poor you are now. And as a Prince of Asgard, you can't show a lady a bad time."

"F*ck you." Loki stated plainly.

"Yes, I love you too, brother." Thor nodded, taking a seat as his demeanor turns serious. "Now, down to business."

Loki's annoyance shifted a bit as he took a seat as well. Peter, sensing the gravity of the moment, joined them. "What happened?"

Before Thor could respond, Peter interjected, stopping Thor's explanation. "Wait, before you start, is Thanos causing trouble?"

Thor's expression softened with gratitude. "No, Thanos hasn't been seen since you poisoned him. We're starting to think that he truly might be dead... This is something entirely different."

Loki leaned forward, his curiosity piqued. "Do tell."

Thor hesitated for a moment, his gaze flicking to Loki. "We have a sister."

Loki's eyes widened in surprise, and he exchanged a quick glance with Thor before his expression settled into nonchalance. "Ah, is that all? How long has Mother been pregnant? Maybe I should find her a gift?"

Thor sighed, shaking his head side to side. "No, Loki. We have an older sister. Our sister, Hela, was imprisoned by our father on Hel. And she has recently escaped."

Loki's demeanor shifted from annoyance to genuine surprise. "Hela? How is that even possible?"

Peter kept his face neutral, though his mind was racing. 'How the hell did she escape with Odin still alive?'

Thor's gaze rested on Loki, and he sighed heavily. "Father will explain everything when we arrive on Asgard. He has summoned you back for your safety. So, welcome home, brother."

"That old b*stard's awake?" Loki asked, his eyes narrowed. "And what's father's plan for dealing with her?"

Thor's expression grew grim. "He hasn't decided yet. But we must act swiftly."

Loki nodded, his annoyance forgotten as he understood the gravity of the situation. "Very well, brother. I shall accompany you."

Thor's nodded as he stood from his seat, a smug look on his face. "Well, I would have taken you either way. After all, you're quiet weak now, aren't you?"

Loki frowns, pressing his lips together in anger. 'When I get my powers back, I'll make his life a living hell...'

Peter cleared his throat, drawing their attention. "If you guys are going to Asgard, mind if I tag along? I'll just have to pick someone up first."

Thor's brow furrowed in curiosity. "Someone?"

Peter nodded. "Yeah, I'll meet you guys there."

As Peter left the room, Thor turned to Loki, a bemused smile on his face. "Who could he be picking up?"

Loki shrugged uncaringly. "Knowing him, it's probably someone he's taken under his wing. He has a habit of doing that."

Jessica chimed in, a smirk playing on her lips. "Well, a little detour to Asgard sounds quite exciting."

Loki eyed Jessica, a longing look in his eyes. "And what about our date?" He did his best not to show it, but Loki truly hated the fact that his confession was interrupted. 'Yet another reason to make Thors life hell...'

Jessica's gaze met Loki's, a glint of mischief in her eyes. "I'll just have to experience the magic of Asgard for our first date." She said as she turned to Thor. "I can come, right?"

Thor nodded instantly. "Of course, you're always welcome in Asgard." He says and gestures to his brother. "Him, not so much."

As Thor, Loki, and Jessica stepped onto the rooftop of the Avengers Tower, a palpable tension filled the air. The Bifrost ray cast a radiant rainbow glow across the dark city, capturing the attention of every New Yorker who happened to glance upward, staring in awe at the phenomenon that lit up the night sky.

Meanwhile, outside one of the tower's apartments, Peter Parker stood before a door, his heart pounding with a mix of determination and obligation. He knocked firmly, waiting patiently as the door creaked open to reveal Brunnhilde, the last surviving Valkyrie.

"Yo." Peter greeted, his voice carrying a sense of urgency. "Grab your gear. We're leaving."

Brunnhilde's brows furrowed in confusion. "Leaving? Why?"

Peter's expression grew more solemn. "It's time to make good on my promise..."

Brunnhilde stared at Peter in confusion before her eyes suddenly widened in realization, and a mixture of emotions flickered across her face. "You mean..."

Peter nodded, his gaze unwavering. "Yeah, it's time."

Without another word, Brunnhilde rushed into her apartment, donning her armor and securing her weapons. She emerged with a fierce determination in her eyes, her resolve clear.

As Peter opened a portal leading to Asgard, Brunnhilde stepped through beside him. The moment they arrived, the sounds of Odin's voice reached their ears, and they turned to see the Allfather standing beside his wife, addressing Thor, Loki, and Jessica.

Odin's voice carried with it an air of gravity as he recounted the tale of his firstborn daughter, Hela. He spoke of raising her not as a daughter, but as a weapon, a conqueror of the nine realms. His eyes held a mixture of pain and regret as he described his mistakes in not guiding her down a different path.

"She wanted war and conquest because I wanted war and conquest," Odin continued, his voice heavy with the weight of his past actions. "She became a force of destruction and death. And when I realized my mistakes, I tried to reason with her and fix what I had done, but Hela wouldn't listen. She tried to claim the throne, and in her ambition, she even tried to kill me."

Brunnhilde's voice cut through the tense air, unable to listen any longer. "Tell them the rest, Odin. Tell them how you sent us to die." She said, her fury palpable.

All eyes turned to Brunnhilde, and the room fell silent for a moment. Odin's gaze met hers, and his expression carried a sense of deep pain as he responded, "I did what I believed was necessary to buy time to seal my daughter away."

Brunnhilde's grip on her sword tightened, and she took a step forward, her anger radiating off her in waves. "You sent us to our deaths. You watched as she slaughtered my sisters!" @@novelbin@@

Thor stood in front of his father, ready to defend him, his eyes flickering between the last Valkyrie and his friend, Peter. "Father, what does she mean by that?"

Odin sighed, his gaze still on Brunnhilde. "To keep Hela on Hel for as long as possible, I sent the Valkyrie. They were Asgard's best fighting force, and the only ones who could get the job done."

Brunnhilde's hand tightened on her sword, and her voice trembled with anger. "And we were all killed by your maniac daughter."

Thor's expression was one of shock and disbelief. "What? That can't be..."

Loki, leaning against a wall with a bemused smirk, interjected, "Well, in his defense, it sounded like it had to be done." He muttered, uncaring for the lives of those he didn't know. "Though he did waste a powerful military force."

Jessica, not one to hold back, delivered a sharp smack to Loki's head. "Show some respect."

Odin's gaze shifted to Loki for a moment before returning to the last Valkyrie, his eyes carrying a mixture of sadness and regret. "It was a decision I regret, Brunnhilde." He says wholeheartedly, remembering every Valkyrie's name that died that day. "I am truly sorry."

Brunnhilde's hand continued to tighten around the hilt of her sword, her anger giving way to a sense of sorrow. Unable to bear the presence of the Allfather any longer, she turned and stormed away, the heavy double doors slamming shut behind her.

Peter sighed, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "Well, that went well."

Chapter 452: Emotional Support Queen

After Brunnhilde stormed out of the room, Peter hesitated for a moment before making his way towards the double doors. But as he approached, a gentle hand on his arm stopped him. He turned to see Queen Frigga, her expression calm yet concerned.

"Give me some time with her," Frigga said softly, her voice carrying a motherly warmth. "Her leader was my personal guard for a while, so we have some history."

Peter nodded. "Sure, just try not to p*ss her off. She's a good person which is why I recruited her into the Avengers, but she's very easy to anger when it comes to Hela... and your husband."

With a nod, Frigga turned and walked out of the double door, making sure to close them behind her. Peter could hear the beginnings of their conversation, but stopped listening as they grew further and further away. Thankfully, he could sense the empathy and understanding in Frigga's demeanor, or else he wouldn't have let her go. It was clear that the Queen truly wanted to help the last Valkyrie.

Turning his attention back to the room, Peter found himself facing Odin once again. He spoke up, his demeanor calm and curious. "Could you give me more insight into Hela's abilities here? What can we expect during a fight?"

Although Peter knew the Hela from the MCU movies, that didn't mean he knew the Hela of this universe. They may be similar or they could be completely opposites from one another. He doubted that she'd be much different, but it was always best to be safe and know your enemy, especially before the battle.

Odin regarded Peter for a moment before nodding in agreement. "Of course... While my daughter's physical strength rivals, if not surpasses, Thor's own, her mastery over various weapons and combat techniques is unparalleled. Hela was forged through constant bloody wars, so she can wield a variety of weapons with lethal precision."

As Odin spoke, Thor's eyes widened as he took in the extent of his mysterious sister's powers. Even Loki was shocked to hear that she was probably stronger than Thor, who was considered the physically strongest in Asgard.

"Additionally," Odin continued, "Hela possesses the ability to cast bolts of energy that could age, wither, and finally kill her targets. This comes from her dominion over death itself. She can restore the recently deceased to life, provided their souls haven't passed into the afterlife. She can also project destructive magical blasts and concentrate her power to strike with deadly force."

Thor and Loki exchanged glances, their expressions a mix of awe and unease. It was clear that they were realizing just how much of a threat Hela posed, especially given the fact that she could resurrect the fallen.

But Odin's explanation wasn't finished. "Hela has the power to teleport across the realms by opening black deathly portals. She can levitate, cast illusions, and manipulate magic to devastating effect. She also possesses the power to raise the dead, which allows her to build an army of the deceased, and control souls to a smaller extent."

The weight of Hela's powers settled heavily in the room, leaving an atmosphere of tension and unease. Thor seemed to be grappling with the reality of his sister's strength, while Loki's frustration was palpable.

Thor's voice broke the silence, carrying a sense of self-reflection. "I've been focusing so much on my physical strength that I've neglected my studies and training in other areas."

Loki's eyes gleamed with a similar realization. "And I've become so reliant on my powers that I've ignored physical training."

Odin regarded his sons with a mixture of understanding and approval. "This revelation is an opportunity for growth, my sons. Use this time to better yourselves."

Hearing this, a small flicker of hope filled Loki's eyes. "Umm... Father, does that mean you're returning my powers?"

Bringing his full attention to Loki, Odin's gaze grew somber. "I'm sorry, my son, but you must regain them through your own efforts. Only then will you truly understand their value and the wrong that you've done."

Loki's expression tightened, but he didn't argue. Instead, he turned on his heel and left the room, Jessica Jones following after him after a quick and clumsy bow to Odin. This was possibly her future father-in-law, so she had to at least try to make a good impression.

As the room emptied, Odin smiled as he turned his gaze towards Thor. "You know, you and your brother are beginning to make me wonder whether I should have taken a few Midgardian lovers in my youth. How is it that both of my sons are so captivated by such mortal women?"

Thor laughed uproariously. "I don't quite know. There's just something about them that's so... alluring."

Shaking his head at them, Peter gets everyone back on track. "Should I bring a team of Avengers to help with this? I don't think that fighting Hela with Asgard's army would be the best decision, especially after what happened to the Valkyrie..."

Odin frowned upon hearing the Valkyrie being brought up. "Thank you for your offer." He bowed his head slightly after a moment of thought. "Asgard will gladly and gratefully accept your assistance."

Thor bowed as well, following after his fathers. "Yes, please bring Midgard's finest warriors. We need soldiers who can match Hela's strength and power."

Peter nodded in agreement. "I'll return with reinforcements. We'll need every advantage we can get."

With a final nod, Peter opened a portal, stepping through it as he left Asgard behind for the time being. The room fell into a thoughtful silence, the gravity of the situation settling in.

Earlier, as Frigga stepped out of the double doors, she followed Brunnhilde to the nearby balcony, her gaze fixed on the distant stars. The air was heavy with the weight of memories and emotions, a reminder of the past that had shaped their lives.

"May I join you?" Frigga's voice carried a gentle warmth, an invitation rather than an intrusion.
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Brunnhilde turned to look at Frigga, her eyes reflecting a mixture of pain and longing. She nodded silently, allowing the Queen to approach and stand beside her.

The two women stood in silence for a moment, the night breeze rustling through the leaves of the nearby trees. Frigga's gaze turned to the stars, her voice soft as she spoke. "I remember watching you train in the gardens, Brunnhilde. Your dedication and skill were truly remarkable."

Brunnhilde's lips curved into a faint smile, a bittersweet expression. "My teacher taught me well. She was... she was like a second mother to me."

Frigga's eyes softened with understanding. "I remember her. She was my personal guard for a time. A valiant warrior, a loyal protector, and an amazing friend..."

A heavy sigh escaped Brunnhilde's lips as she leaned against the balcony's railing. "She gave her life to protect me... they all did. And now, all the Valkyrie are gone."

Frigga's voice carried a note of sorrow. "I grieved for them as well. They were a force of honor and bravery, and their loss was felt deeply by all of Asgard."

"I'm sorry, your majesty, but I doubt that..." Brunnhilde spoke, a venomous edge to her every word. "The very fact that the new King of Asgard didn't even know the reason behind our disappearance shows what really happened. Odin covered it up. He sent us to our deaths and told no one. He hid our sacrifice so that he didn't have to experience the shame of his actions."

Frigga frowned, silently agreeing with her statement. "...Yes, my husband certainly made a grave mistake when it came to the Valkyrie, but I don't think that's why he hid your deaths. I think he wanted to hide any information on the warmonger that he used to be, and set Asgard on a much more peaceful path. Sadly, that came at the expense of the best fighting force Asgard has ever had."

"It still doesn't make it right..." Brunnhilde's gaze dropped to the floor, her shoulders tense. "I trained alongside them, fought alongside them. They practically raised me. And now they're gone, because of Odin and Hela."

Frigga placed a comforting hand on Brunnhilde's shoulder. "Although their actions are their own, I apologize for my family, especially my daughter..."

Brunnhilde shook her head. "Hela isn't even your daughter. You have nothing to apologize for."

Frigga smiled slightly. "I may not have birthed her, nor did I raise her, but when I married Odin, she became my daughter, whether I like it or not." She said as she looked off into the distance. "I only wish that I tried harder back in those days. Maybe if we spent more time together, she wouldn't have turned out the way she did."

Brunnhilde looked up at Frigga. "Sadly, we can't go back and fix everything. Because trust me, I've thought about it... a lot."

Frigga nodded. "As have I. But it seems regret and mistakes can never be re-written, no matter how much we want them to be undone."

Brunnhilde's voice trembled with emotion. "I can't help but feel guilty, Frigga. Guilty that I survived when they didn't. That I couldn't save them."

Frigga's voice was gentle, filled with empathy. "Survivor's guilt is a heavy burden to bear. But remember that their sacrifice was not in vain. Their bravery and strength allowed us to seal Hela away and protect the nine realms."

Tears welled up in Brunnhilde's eyes as she looked at Frigga. "I wish they were here. I wish I could talk to them again, to hear them laugh and fight again."

Frigga's expression softened, and she wrapped an arm around Brunnhilde's shoulders, offering her comfort. "Their spirits live on in your memories and in the legacy they left behind. You carry their strength within you."

Brunnhilde leaned into the embrace, finding solace in Frigga's presence. "Thank you, Your Majesty."

"Frigga," the Queen corrected gently. "Call me Frigga."

A small smile tugged at the corners of Brunnhilde's lips. "Frigga."

The two women stood in silence for a while longer, drawing strength from each other's company. The bond between them was forged through shared experiences and the sorrow that had touched their lives.

Chapter 453: Recruitment

As Peter returned to the Avengers Tower, a determined look settled on his face. The imminent threat of Hela had brought a bit of urgency to his steps. He knew what happened in the movies and refused to allow that in his universe. Asgard was a good ally to the Avengers and earth, he made sure of that, so letting them get wiped out wouldn't be good. Not to mention the fact that Thor is his friend. With each step, his thoughts swirled around the upcoming battle.

The tower's upper floors was bustling with activity as various Avengers and agents went about their business, but Peter didn't bother them. For someone like Hela, only the heavy hitters would be helpful. People like Natasha or Daredevil would only get in the way.

Peter quickly made his way to the elevator and punched in a code that led him down to the floors with the Avengers' private apartments. Standing in front of a particular door, he raised his hand and knocked, the sound echoing through the corridor.

Seconds later, the door swung open to reveal Emil Blonsky, dressed in casual attire. The former criminal seemed surprised but still out on a friendly smile. "Well, if it isn't my benefactor. What brings you here? Want to come in and have some tea? I was just putting on the kettle."

"No thanks." Peter greeted him with a swift refusal. "I've got a mission for us. Get suited up and meet me in my office."

Blonsky raised an eyebrow, curiosity piqued. "A mission? Care to elaborate?"

Peter shook his head. "I'll explain everything later. Just make sure you're ready to go within the hour."

Blonsky nodded, taking in the serious tone in Peter's voice. "Got it. I'll meet you there."

With that, Peter left Blonsky's apartment and headed back to the elevator. He punched in a specific code that took him up to a heavily restricted area of the tower, which only a select few are allowed access. As the elevator doors opened, Peter stepped out into a huge penthouse.

The penthouse was built on a grand scale, tailored to the size of a giant. The massive space was filled with furniture and equipment that was five times the normal human size. Lamps, light switches, chairs, and everything else was custom made to the largest sizes. Peter walked around the corner and into the spacious living room, where he found a giant green man-child engrossed in a video game, his eyes fixed on the enormous screen.

'Hulk's living the life, isn't he?' Peter thought as he felt envious of the giant kid's leisurely life.

Gunfire sounds filled the room as Hulk played a shooting game, his hands wrapped around a huge PlayStation controller. Suddenly, his character was overwhelmed and killed, and the screen turned red from the blood of his character. With a roar of frustration, he hurled the controller at the TV. But the penthouse's custom-made design prevented any damage, and the controller bounced off harmlessly before clattering to the floor.

"Hey, big guy," Peter called out with a grin.

The Hulk jumped, his massive green form visibly startled. He turned to face Peter, his voice booming as he yelled, "You scared Hulk!"

Peter chuckled, raising his hands in a placating gesture. "Sorry about that. Didn't mean to startle you."

The Hulk grumbled, crossing his massive arms and pouting like a child. Peter's laughter grew, finding the Hulk's reaction oddly cute, like a small child's anger. "Well, I've got news for you. We've got a mission. Ready to smash some bad guys?"

The Hulk's eyes lit up with excitement, his earlier frustration forgotten. "Mission? Hulk ready! Let's smash!"

Peter nodded, gesturing for the Hulk to follow him. "Great! We've got a couple more recruits to pick up before we head out. Let's go."

With a thunderous roar, the Hulk bounded after Peter as he opened a portal big enough for the Hulk to fit through. The anticipation in the giant's steps was clear to see. Hulk hasn't had a single mission since he and Banner were separated, so this was his time to shine.

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After grabbing Blonsky from his office, Peter opened a portal to Xavier's school in upstate New York. Stepping out into the front yard of X-mansion, Peter and his two strongest fighters appeared. The sun cast a warm glow over the grounds, where meta-human children played and studied, their abilities on display in various forms of activity. Though many of them froze and looked over in a mix of fear and curiosity as they caught sight of the Hulks massive form.

Before the kids could swarm him, Peter paced toward the front door. "You two stay out here. I'll be back in a minute. Blonsky, make sure Hulk doesn't get into any trouble."

Blonsky nodded his head. "You got it, boss." He stood tall, his normal figure a reassuring presence for everyone as he watched over the Hulk, who stood there with an eager expression. The children couldn't help but glance over, their curiosity piqued by the unexpected arrivals. @@novelbin@@

Leaving the Hulk outside with Blonsky, Peter headed inside the building, walking down the corridors he had traversed many times before. The interior was bustling with activity, the school a safe haven for young meta-humans to learn and grow. Thankfully, most children seemed to be playing outside, so Peter didn't run into many fans along the way.

Soon enough, he reached Xavier's office, where he found the telepath seated behind his desk, surrounded by a mountain of paperwork. Charles Xavier's expression was focused yet tired as he shuffled through the documents. Nearby, Erik Lehnsherr, also known as Magneto, lounged on a couch with a leisurely smirk.

Ever since Peter brought them back together, the two former Allie's have slowly built up trust in one another again. Now, they work in perfect harmony with one another. Charles handles anything school related as well as public relations, and Erik manages their forces, vanquishing any sort of enemies that threaten innocent meta-humans.

"Yo," Peter walked in, noticing Erik's presence. "Good, you're both here. That saves me a trip."

Charles looked up and smiled tiredly. "Spider-Man, how can we help you?"

Magneto glanced over, his smirk shifting into a more neutral expression. "What brings you to our humble abode?"

Peter took a seat in front of Charles's desk, a determined glint in his eyes. "I've got an important mission so I'm requiring a team. Suit up and grab anything that you'll need."

Charles leaned back in his chair, a curious expression on his face. "You have our attention. What's this mission about?"

Peter shook his head, a faint grin tugging at his lips. "I'll explain everything, but I'd rather have everyone together first. It's easier that way."

Magneto stood up, his interest piqued. "Very well, I'm ready. Let's not keep everyone waiting."

As Charles grabbed a few essential items from his desk, including an Kree blaster pistol, Peter led the way back outside. The trio made their way across the grounds, stepping out into the front yard once again. The sight of the Hulk and Blonsky waiting there, surrounded by curious meta-human children, signaled the gravity of the situation.

Suddenly, they both realized that if Peter was bringing both Hulk and Abomination along for the mission, then this was a fairly serious situation.

The children's voices hushed as they saw the principal and Magneto step outside. Not wanting to get into trouble, the kids all scatter across the yard, bringing amused smiles to both Charles and Erik.

As they ran off, Peter noticed two familiar faces in the distance. 'Is that Wanda and Pietro?'

Both looked a bit younger than they were in the movies, appearing to be in their mid-teens. They were a bit older in the movie and they certainly didn't appear in the United States. Not to mention Xavier's school.

'They must have been rescued or applied for enrollment...' Peter thought curiously as he glanced at Magneto. 'I wonder if they're his children in this universe?'

Putting the Maximoff siblings to the back of his mind for the time being, Peter waved his hand and conjured a golden portal. "Alright, let's go."

Charles paused, his expression serious. "Where are we going?" He asked the question that everyone else wanted to know.

Peter's gaze swept over the group. "To Asgard..."

-Vormir-

Hela's eyes fluttered open as her surroundings came into focus. The sound of water lapping against the rocky shore reached her ears, and she found herself standing in the shallow water at the base of the cliff that she originally landed on. Groggily, she pushed herself up, spitting out a mouthful of water and surveying her surroundings.

Memories flooded back into her mind, recalling the encounter with the Red Skull and the revelation of the Soul Stone's location. She remembered the chilling words he had spoken, telling her that in

order to obtain the coveted stone, she had to sacrifice someone she loved. But love was a foreign concept to Hela...

Suddenly, a smirk curled Hela's lips as she remembered her defiant decision. She took a chance and hoped that it would pay off. Red Skull had been her ticket to the Soul Stone, her only chance at crushing her father and taking her rightful place as Queen of Asgard. And he had paid the price for standing in her way.

With a flick of her wrist, Hela's powers over death and souls had surged forth. Red Skull's tortured screams echoed through the air as his life force was torn from his body, his soul writhing in agony as it was forcefully extracted from him. Hela's eyes gleamed with sadistic pleasure as she recalled him withering and dissolving into nothingness, his form dissipating like ashes on the wind.

As the memory of his screams faded and silence settled around her, Hela opened her palm, revealing the Soul Stone cradled within. The stone shimmered with a golden light, pulsating with power. Her fingers closed around it, and a surge of energy coursed through her body. The Soul Stone was hers, a token of her triumph over death and her mastery over souls.

Hela's smirk deepened as she held the stone between her fingers, basking in the sense of accomplishment. She had no loved ones to sacrifice, but she had taken what she desired by force, asserting her dominance. With the Soul Stone in her possession, Hela's weakened state from her forced escape meant nothing. She had all the power she needed in the palm of her hand.

Chapter 454: Ragnarok Begins!

After taking the Soul Stone by force, Hela returned to Hel, a place that she never thought she would willingly step foot in again. The Soul Stone pulsed in her hand, its golden light illuminating her features with an eerie glow. As she surveyed the power she now possessed, a sinister smile curled her lips.

With a swift and triumphant motion, Hela raised the Soul Stone high above her head. Her eyes, a mesmerizing shade of green, fixated on the glowing jewel as she channeled its energy. The stone's energy surged through her, a pulse of vitality that made her feel more alive than ever before. She could feel the essence of the Soul Stone intertwining with her own dark magic, amplifying her abilities to an unprecedented level.

As the energy coursed through her, Hela's power expanded outward, extending its influence over the very fabric of Hel itself. She opened her palm, and from it erupted a torrent of golden energy

that spread like waves across the desolate landscape. The ground trembled, and ethereal wisps of smoke and mist swirled around her, reacting to the power she wielded. @@novelbin@@

The sky above Hel darkened as the golden energy surged upward, mingling with the shadows. Thunder crackled in the distance, and the air was charged with an otherworldly tension. The realm of the dead seemed to come alive, responding to Hela's command.

With a fierce determination, Hela directed her energy towards the ground. The earth quaked, and from the soil rose countless female figures, each one bearing the armor and weapons of an Asgardian Warrior. They materialized one by one, their forms solidifying as they took shape into an army of mighty Valkyrie.

[Insert picture of Valkyrie here]

Each Valkyrie was a reflection of a glorious past, their faces serene yet devoid of any individuality. They stood at attention, awaiting their queen's orders.

These Valkyrie wore armor that seemed both ancient and timeless, adorned with intricate patterns and symbols that told tales of battles long past. Their armor bore the scars of their last battle against Hela, yet now they mindlessly serve her as Queen.

Their eyes, once bright with life, now glowed with an otherworldly light, giving them a haunting appearance. Their hair flowed like dark rivers of shadow, cascading down their backs as if guided by unseen winds. But despite their undead state, their presence exuded a solemn dignity, a reminder of their past valor.

But Hela's control didn't stop there. Alongside the Valkyrie, deathly figures of winged horses materialized, their forms majestic and awe-inspiring. These were the Pegasus companions that the Valkyrie had once ridden into battle. Now, they stood ready to obey Hela's command just as faithfully as their riders.

The Valkyrie and Pegasus alike were under Hela's complete control, their souls bound to her will by the power of the Soul Stone. Their minds were empty, their movements robotic, as if their personalities and identities had been stripped away, leaving only loyal soldiers who would carry out their queen's desires without question.

Hela gazed upon her spectral army with a mixture of pride and madness. This was her ultimate triumph, a force that would secure her dominance and allow her to exact vengeance on Asgard and

all who had ever dared to defy her. And they would march into battle at her command, ready to spill blood in her name.

Her laughter, which had been triumphant before, now took on a maniacal edge. It echoed through the air, carried by the wind to the farthest reaches of Hel. The very realm itself seemed to tremble under the weight of her newfound power, acknowledging her as its ruler.

As Hela's laughter subsided, she lowered the Soul Stone, its golden light dimming slightly. The ethereal figures of her army remained at attention, waiting for her next command.

With a satisfied smile, Hela opened a series of black portals, all leading to Asgard. "Asgard will bow before us, and the realms shall tremble in our wake!"

The Valkyrie mounted the Pegasus as they surged forward, their movements coordinated and precise. The ground shook with their advance, and Hela strode at their forefront, the Soul Stone clutched in her hand. Her hair billowed around her, her eyes ablaze with the promise of conquest.

As they charged through the portals, marched with a grace they didn't have in the past. With each step, Hela's dominance over the nine realms grew closer and closer. Her undead army was unstoppable, and with the Soul Stone as her anchor, her control over them was absolute. She would bring death and destruction to all who stood in her path, and no realm would be safe from her wrath.

The echoes of Hela's laughter and the thunderous footfalls of her spectral army reverberated through the desolate landscape of Hel, a grim symphony of power and madness that heralded a new era of darkness.

Moments earlier...

The atmosphere in Asgard was heavy with tension as the Avengers, led by Peter, stood on a balcony overlooking the city. Brunnhilde, Xavier, Magneto, Hulk, and Blonsky stood beside him, their expressions grim and resolute. Peter's explanation about Hela's escape from Hel and the urgency of aiding their Asgardian allies had long sunk in, and they were ready for whatever battle lay ahead of them.

Asgard had undergone a drastic transformation since news of Hela's escape had reached them. The city was in lockdown, its streets patrolled by heavily armed soldiers, ever watchful for any sign of Odin's firstborn. The bustling capital now appeared deserted, its once vibrant energy replaced with an eerie silence broken only by the occasional footsteps of guards.

Even the civilians, who would only get in the way, were evacuated to hidden shelters behind the city. Odin even prepared evacuation ships for them, should the conflict escalate into the destruction of Asgard itself. Though he, and everyone else, hoped that wouldn't be the case.

In the palace, Thor and Loki joined the Avengers on the balcony overlooking the barren city. Loki, once the god of mischief and chaos, was powerless after Odin had refused to return his abilities, even in a time of war like this. Thor's expression was a mix of concern and determination, his eyes scanning the horizon for any signs of approaching danger.

As they waited, two figures came walking over. Jane Foster and Jessica Jones. Jane appeared as lovely as ever, her presence a calming one for Thor amidst the growing tension. However, it was Jessica who drew everyone's attention. She wore golden Asgardian armor which accentuated her body perfectly, a shining sword sheathed at her waist. The armor seemed to suit her, giving her a regal yet fierce appearance.

Loki's gaze lingered on Jessica, his eyes darkening with a mixture of admiration and desire. He had tried to court her, though their plans had been postponed due to the chaos that had erupted. Now, seeing her dressed almost like a Valkyrie, his thoughts couldn't help but race.

Jessica turned away from Loki's heated gaze, an embarrassed look on her face. "How do I look?" She asked in a whisper. "Your mom gave it to me after she realized that I'm an Avenger."

Loki, finding himself almost breathless, managed to utter, "You look radiant..."

Jessica turned to him, a faint blush gracing her cheeks as a small smile graced her lips. She didn't expect him to like it so much, but she certainly didn't mind...

Brunnhilde, the last of the Valkyrie, spoke up, her voice tinged with a mix of melancholy and pride. "You remind me of my sisters."

Jessica turned to Brunnhilde, a sad frown pulling at her lips. But before she could reply with her condolences, the tranquility of the moment was instantly shattered. Countless black portals materialized on the horizon, an ominous sight that drew everyone's attention. The ground trembled

as figures emerged from the portals, an army of undead Valkyrie marching forth with an eerie grace, their forms bathed in a faint golden light that flickered like ethereal flames.

The Valkyrie moved with a sense of purpose, their steps light yet commanding, as if they were still guided by the same honor that had once driven them in life. Each movement was deliberate, efficient, a reflection of their battle-hardened training.

Weapons were held in hands that no longer felt fatigue or pain, but their grip was firm, a testament to their readiness for combat. Shields and swords gleamed in the faint light, their edges sharp and deadly. These were the weapons that had once defended Asgard from all threats, yet now they would be used for its downfall.

As they marched, their movements were synchronized, their formation unwavering. The sound of their steps echoed through the city, a solemn drumbeat that heralded their arrival. Their presence was an eerie fusion of beauty and death.

A surge of fury swept through Brunnhilde. The undead army before her had once been her sisters, warriors who had given their lives to protect Asgard. Seeing them used as pawns in Hela's scheme, their eternal rest disturbed, ignited a tremendous anger within her.

"How dare you!" Brunnhilde shouted as she leaped from the balcony, unsheathing her sword mid-air, her eyes locked onto Hela in the distance.

Thor's grip on the railing tightened as he observed the scene unfolding below. The undead Valkyrie were a haunting sight, their presence a grim reminder of Hela's power. He exchanged a tense glance with his brother, who was completely powerless in this situation.

Suddenly, Odin and Frigga appeared beside them, followed by a large group of heavily armed guards, their expressions grave. Frigga's usually serene face bore a frown as she took in the sight of Hela leading the army of undead Valkyrie into the city. Odin's voice carried a weight of resignation as he muttered, "It has begun."

Chapter 455: Ragnarok (1/2)

As the eerie glow of death illuminated the battlefield, Peter found himself drawn to the clash between Odin and Hela. He couldn't help but marvel at the power exuding from both figures, a testament to their godlike nature. Odin's spear gleamed in the sunlight as he met Hela's advance with measured grace, his eyes ablaze with a mixture of determination and sadness.

'Hmm, maybe I should spar with Odin later?' Peter wondered. Although he probably wouldn't be able to last long, Peter knew that Odin could probably put up a better fight than Shou-Lao.

...

Moments earlier, Brunnhilde had raced off, her sword held high as she rushed to engage the woman who slaughtered, and now desecrated the remains of her Valkyrie sisters. Seeing her run off, Odin followed closely, his trusted spear Gungnir at the ready. His aged body moved far quicker than Peter expected.

At the edge of the city...

Hela's laughter echoed through the air, as her army marched forward. But just as she was starting to enjoy herself, an uninvited guest arrived. Hela turned to Brunnhilde as realization appeared in her mesmerizing green eyes, her lips curling into a wicked smile.

"Well, well, if it isn't the one that got away," Hela purred, her voice dripping with condescension. "I thought you would have killed yourself out of shame by now. Come to say hello to the sisters that you abandoned?" She asks, motioning towards the undead Valkyrie behind her.

Brunnhilde's fists clenched at her sides, her anger and resentment boiling to the surface. She had once served Hela, and fought loyally at her side, only for her sisters to be slaughtered in the end.

"You have no right to mock me, you b*tch," Brunnhilde retorted, her voice a mixture of anger and sorrow. "How dare you do this to my sisters! Was it not enough that you killed them all? You had to resurrect them as these monsters as well?"

Hela's laughter grew louder, her amusement clearly unfazed by Brunnhilde's words. "Oh, spare me your righteous indignation. The Valkyrie were always so eager to follow my orders, to do my bidding without question. They should be honored to serve me in death as well."

Without warning, Hela lunged forward, her movements graceful and deadly. Brunnhilde barely had time to react, her sword meeting Hela's with a resounding clash. The impact sent shockwaves through Brunnhilde's arms, but she stood her ground, her eyes locked onto Hela's.

Their swords clashed again and again, the sound of steel ringing through the air. Brunnhilde fought with a fierce determination, every strike a testament to her skill and the pain she carried within her. She had lost her sisters, her comrades, to Hela's madness, and she would make her pay for it.

But Hela was no ordinary opponent. Her movements were fluid and unpredictable, her attacks a deadly dance that seemed to defy the laws of physics. With each strike, she taunted Brunnhilde, her words a mix of mockery and arrogance.

"You think you can defeat me, little Valkyrie?" Hela sneered. "You were always the weakest of your sisters, so predictable. It's no wonder they had to sacrifice themselves to save you. What a pity."

Brunnhilde's anger burned hotter with each word, her resolve strengthening. She summoned all her training, every ounce of her skill, to meet Hela's attacks head-on. But despite her efforts, she was slowly being pushed back, her strength waning against Hela's relentless onslaught.

As time went on, Brunnhilde began to realize that she couldn't face Hela alone, that she needed help. Suddenly, Hela's black boot found its way buried into her stomach, sending Brunnhilde tumbling to the ground. And just as her hope seemed to dwindle with Hela stood above her, her sword positioned for the finishing blow, a powerful surge of energy swept through the air, and a familiar figure materialized beside her.

Odin, his spear Gungnir glowing with otherworldly light, stood beside Brunnhilde. His eyes blazed with a mixture of anger and determination, his presence a stark contrast to Hela's sinister aura.

"Stand down, Hela," Odin's voice boomed, his words carrying the weight of his authority. "Peacefully return to your prison, or else..."

Hela's smug smile faltered for a moment, replaced by a flicker of surprise. She looked at Odin with a mixture of annoyance and amusement. "Oh, the All-Father himself graces his only daughter with his presence. How touching."

Without hesitation, Odin engaged Hela in battle, his spear clashing against her sword with a force that shook the ground. The two godlike beings fought with a power that defied mortal comprehension, their strikes resonating with raw energy.

Momentarily shocked that the man who sent her sisters to die would choose to save her, Brunnhilde picked herself up off the floor, grasped her sword and fought alongside her former King.

"Thank you..." She muttered as they fought. "But don't think that this makes up for what you did."

Odin gave her a small smile but nodded solemnly in the end. He knew that he couldn't make up for what he did with just this alone, but he would do all he will continue to strive towards Brunnhildes forgiveness.

The two sides clashed in a storm of steel and magic, the clash of their weapons echoing through the air. Brunnhilde's strikes were swift and precise, her movements a reflection of her warrior training. She had once fought alongside Hela as a loyal Valkyrie, but now her loyalty was to herself and the Avengers.

Odin's strikes were equally potent, each swing of his spear a display of his centuries of experience. He fought with a solemn determination, fully aware of the threat Hela posed. His mind was a mix of emotions, regret for what he had failed to prevent, sorrow for the loss of his firstborn, and resolve to protect his people and the realms.

Their battle was a sight to behold, a clash of power that sent shockwaves through the ground and rumbled like distant thunder. The air crackled with magic, and the sky above seemed to darken in response to their confrontation. It was a battle of titans, godlike beings whose fates were intertwined in ways beyond mortal comprehension.

...

As the battle raged on, Peter watched from a distance, enjoying the show for the time being. He would give Odin and Brunnhilde a chance to settle this on their own, but if they failed, then he would swoop in and save them, like he always does.

Meanwhile, Frigga led a contingent of soldiers into the fray, her hands dancing through the air as she conjured blades of wind and spears of fire, hurling them toward the army of undead Valkyrie. Her movements were a blend of elegance and overwhelming magical power, a testament to her skill as a sorceress.

"Stand your ground!" Frigga's voice rang out, her command a rallying cry for her soldiers. They fought with unyielding resolve, their loyalty to Asgard and their queen pushing them to new heights of bravery.

Thor, electrified with a fierce determination, fought alongside the soldiers, his hammer Mjolnir smashing through the ranks of undead with a thunderous force. He was a whirlwind of power, his every strike sending shockwaves that radiated outward, creating waves of destruction as he marched toward his father and Brunnhilde.

In another part of the battlefield, Magneto and Xavier were using their unique abilities to devastating effect. Magneto's control over metal allowed him to immobilize the undead Valkyrie, rendering their weapons and armor useless. Xavier, while unable to enter their minds due to Hela's overwhelming control of the Valkyries souls, used his telekinesis and enhanced body to engage in hand-to-hand combat.

Hulk and Abomination were a force to be reckoned with, their titanic strength tearing through the undead forces with unmatched ferocity. Hulk's roars filled the air, and each punch he delivered sent shockwaves that cracked the very earth. Abomination's more strategic approach saw him employing his military training to maximum effect, his blows precise and calculated.

As the battle raged on, Peter's attention was drawn to Jessica, Loki, and Jane, who still stood beside him.

"Umm... What should we do?" Jessica asks, unwilling to leave Loki and Jane behind since neither had a way to defend themselves.

Thinking for a moment, Peter came to a quick decision. "Loki, take Jane and Jessica to your fathers vault. It should be a safe place. But if it is attacked, then Jessica can join the guards to defend the place. After all, we don't want Hela gaining anymore fighting power..."

As they rushed off with newfound purpose, Loki's hidden smirk didn't go unnoticed by Peter. The God of Mischief was never one to miss an opportunity, and the prospect of exploring Odin's vault likely held great appeal to him. 'Meh, I'll pretend that I didn't see anything... for now.'

...

Peter continued watching from a distance as the battle between Hela, Odin, and Brunnhilde raged on. As the fight dragged on, Hela appeared to be on the losing end of this battle. Her power seemed

to grow with each passing moment, but with the combined force of both Odin and Brunnhilde, her struggle became evident.

But then, with a swift and calculated motion, Hela reached into her pocket and pulled out a large golden, amber stone. The Soul Stone appeared in Peter enhanced vision, shocking him completely. "How the hell did she get that?"

The golden gem glowed with an eerie light as she held it between her fingers, the energy within it pulsating with an otherworldly power. With a triumphant smile, she channeled the stone's energy, and a surge of dark magic radiated from her form.

Odin and Brunnhilde were taken aback, their expressions a mixture of surprise and concern. The tide of the battle had shifted in an instant, and Hela's newfound power made her a force to be reckoned with. The Soul Stone's energy coursed through her, amplifying her abilities to an unprecedented level.

Peter's worry deepened as he realized the danger Hela posed. But all of that was squashed as he realized that the infinity stone that was the most difficult for him to acquire was right before his eyes. 'I really have to thank her for bringing it to me... What a kind hearted psychopath.'

With a greedy look in his eyes, Peter leaped off the ground, his body moving with a speed and grace that defied human capabilities. He hurtled through the air, growing closer and closer to his prize.

As he landed amidst the chaos, the ground trembled beneath his feet. Odin, Brunnhilde, and Hela turned to look at him, their expressions a mix of surprise and confusion. Peter's eyes locked onto Hela, the Soul Stone gleaming with an ominous light.

"Yo," Peter's voice rang out, as casual as ever. "That's a nice little stone you've got there..."

Chapter 456: A Prince's Redemption

In the heart of Odin's vault, Loki's eyes gleamed with avarice as he roamed amidst the treasures collected over eons. Each item held the promise of power, a temptation that tugged at his desires even in his depowered state. His fingers danced dangerously close to the surface of the Casket of Ancient Winters, his mind calculating the havoc he could wreak if only he still held his magical prowess.

Just as he was about to touch the casket, a deathly chill filled his entire being. 'Hmm... Maybe I shouldn't touch anything...' He pulled his hand back before the casket to freeze him into a popsicle. After all, he is mortal at the moment.

Yet, Loki's desire was bittersweet, for he knew his limitations now. As he glanced at a large golden Gauntlet, a curious look appearing in his face. Leaving the oddly large gauntlet for the time being, Loki's eyes flashed with greed as he continued perusing the vault... Tuning Fork, Eternal Flame, Warlock's Eye, Tablet of Life and Time. All powerful artifacts that he coveted dearly.

Meanwhile, Jessica Jones stood by the sealed vault door, donned in the Asgardian armor bestowed upon her by Frigga. Her grip tightened on the sword at her side, her knuckles turning white from the pressure. She shifted her weight from foot to foot, her eyes flickering toward the sound of distant battle echoing from the city outside.

Outside the vault door, A few guards, loyal to the last, stationed themselves with spears poised for defense. They shared anxious glances, their faces grim as they weren't allowed to join the fighting. Although they understood the need to guard the Vault, they are Asgardian warriors nonetheless, so missing out on such a war was truly disheartening.

Back inside the sealed vault, Jane Foster paced restlessly, her heart racing in time with the thundering booms of war. She clenched her fists, her palms damp with sweat, as she listened to the crescendo of battle growing louder by the minute. War was a foreign concept to her, a realm of experience she had never had to deal with before.

Amidst the silent tension, the distant footsteps grew louder, filling the air with a haunting rhythm. The guards tensed, their spears held steady as they prepared to face the oncoming threat.

Loki's eyes snapped to the entrance of the vault, his expression a mixture of curiosity and annoyance. He had hoped for a moment's respite in the presence of these coveted artifacts, but it seemed fate had other plans.

The sound of clashing weapons and the anguished cries of the guards reverberated through the stone walls, sending a shiver down Jessica and Jane's spines. Jessica grip on her sword tightened, her muscles coiling in anticipation.

Jane's back pressed against the wall, her wide eyes fixed on the entrance. Fear knotted her stomach, threatening to overwhelm her as the distant sounds of battle drew nearer.

With a roll of his eyes, Loki swiftly scanned the array of artifacts before him. His eyes searching for a weapon or device capable of empowering him. Sadly, his choices were limited, as most things here would either kill him, summon some evil monsters, or were a complete mystery.

Soon enough, Loki began to realize that his options weren't just limited, they were nonexistent. 'Come on... Think... Think...' He paced across the vault, rushing to find anything that could be of help.

As the battle outside escalated, the sounds of struggle soon faded, leaving the three within the vault to speculate on the outcome. A heavy silence hung in the air, broken only by the echoing footsteps of the undead Valkyrie.

Just as they began to wonder whether the guards had managed to repel the attack, the sound of banging erupted, sending tremors through the thick vault door. The door groaned and creaked under the onslaught, dents forming as the undead Valkyrie pressed forward with relentless determination.

Jessica shifted her stance, her eyes narrowing with a mixture of determination and apprehension. Gripping her sword with both hands, she prepared herself for the inevitable clash that loomed just beyond the reinforced door.

Jane's breath quickened, her back pressed even tighter against the wall. Her mind raced with thoughts of Thor and the others out on the battlefield, and her heart ached with worry for their safety, as well as hers.

With each relentless thud against the door, the tension within the vault escalated. Before the door finally collapsed off of its hinges, crashing to the floor and revealing a packed hallway filled to the brim with armed, undead Valkyrie. @@novelbin@@

With their obstacle finally destroyed, a small army of undead Valkyrie surged forward, their every step shaking the stone floor below. With a ferocious battle cry, Jessica lunged into action. Every movement was a calculated dance of power and precision, as she swung her sword with blinding speed, cleaving through the ranks of the Valkyrie. Her superhuman strength allowed her to send them flying with each strike, and her armor protected her from their desperate blows.

As the undead warriors closed in around her, Jessica pivoted on her heels, delivering a devastating kick that sent one Valkyrie crashing into another. She parried a flurry of attacks with her sword, deflecting their strikes with her novice skills. Nonetheless her movements were fluid and confident, a testament to her combat experience and superhuman abilities.

In the corner of the vault, Jane Foster cowered, her wide eyes fixed on the chaotic battle unfolding before her. She was powerless, a mere mortal caught in the crossfire of supernatural forces. Her heart raced with a mix of fear and awe as she watched Jessica's incredible feats of strength and agility. Each swing of the sword, every powerful kick.

With each passing second, the tension within the vault escalated. Jessica's breathing grew heavier, her movements slightly slower as the relentless assault took its toll. The narrow entry point of the doorway had given her an advantage at first, but the sheer number and power of the undead Valkyrie were wearing her down.

Meanwhile, Loki's eyes darted around the vault, his mind racing for a solution. His heart clenched with worry as he watched Jessica fight valiantly, her determination unwavering even as the odds continued to stack against her. He couldn't bear the thought of losing her, not after everything they had been through. They haven't even gone on their first date yet...

His gaze shifted to the Casket of Ancient Winters, a dangerous artifact that held the potential to return his lost powers, though the possibility of death was overwhelming. The Allfather has taken his powers, including those pertaining to his Frost Giant lineage.

But, he was still a Frost Giant in the genetic sense, which means the chance that the Casket could awaken his powers was at least there. 'If I die, I'm going to haunt Odin for the rest of his miserable life...' With a mixture of determination and desperation, Loki's hand shot out, fingers inches away from the casket's surface. But he hesitated, a chill racing down his spine as he considered the risks.

"Ahhhh!" Suddenly, a blood-curdling scream pierced the air, drawing Loki's attention back to the battle. A spear had found a gap in Jessica's armor, and she collapsed to the ground, blood seeping from her wound as she screamed in pain. Seeing their opening, the army of undead Valkyrie closed in, ready to deliver the finishing blow.

Without a second thought, Loki's heart surged with overwhelming love and fear. He knew what he had to do. He grasped the Casket of Ancient Winters, his body freezing over in an instant as an excruciating pain surged through him. But he wouldn't let Jessica die, not when he can do something about it.

Outside, on the battlefield, Odin paused for a moment to look back at the palace, a proud smile forming on his aged face. 'He's finally done it...'

As Loki's skin turned a sickening blue hue from the piercing cold, out of nowhere, his body suddenly flashed with a quick bout of magic, awaking his cold bloodline. And as his Frost Giant lineage awakened, so did his Asgardian magic. The pain was agonizing, but the magic coursing through him brought a triumphant smirk to his cold blue lips.

With the Casket in one hand and newfound magic gathering in the other, Loki disappeared and reappeared across the vault in a flash of light. Acting quickly, he kicked a pointy spear away from Jessica's exposed neck just in the nick of time, saving her from a gruesome fate. His returned powers and Frost Giant strength allowed him to tear through the Valkyrie closest to her, their undead bodies froze upon contact as Loki smashed them to pieces with a wave of his hand.

Before bothering with the rest of them, Loki spared a moment to cast a healing spell on Jessica, her wound closing before her eyes. And with a wave of Loki's hand, Jessica was sent sliding across the floor back to safety alongside Jane. "Keep an eye on her..." He ordered. And with renewed determination, Loki turned back to the Valkyrie, his eyes blazing with power.

His magic crackled in the air as Loki launched himself into the fray, his every move bringing destruction. The Valkyrie fell before him, their attempts to land a blow thwarted as every attack simply passed through Loki's body, leaving him completely unharmed. His opponents were fierce, but with the Casket of Ancient Winters fueling him and his magic returned, Loki was truly an unstoppable force.

In the end, the vault was bathed in silence, the once imposing army of undead Valkyrie returned to lifeless carcasses. And Loki didn't look winded at all, his body still pulsating with the power of the Casket of Ancient Winters. He turned to Jessica, his frosty gaze softening with relief.

"Are you alright?" Loki's voice was a mixture of concern and affection, his love for Jessica shining in his eyes.

As Jane nodded, still in awe of the supernatural display of power, Loki's lips curved into a small smile. The battle had been won, Jessica was safe, his powers are back, but best of all... He was surrounded by his father's unguarded treasures!

'Hmm, so many choices... What should I take first?'

Chapter 457: Ragnarok (2/2)

Amidst the chaos, a new figure appeared, dressed in a spider-themed suit stood between Hela and her prey. Hela's eyes narrowed as she regarded this odd newcomer, their full-face mask obscuring any sign of recognition.

"Yo," Peter's voice rang out, as casual as ever. "That's a nice little stone you've got there... Mind if I see it for a second?"

"And who might you be?" Hela drawled, her voice dripping with condescension. She turned to Odin with a raised eyebrow. "Father, where did you find this... clown?"

Odin's smile remained serene as he replied, "This is Spider-Man, a friend of Asgard."

Hela's laughter echoed through the air. "Spider-Man? Which child came up with such a ridiculous title?"

Peter couldn't help but chuckle alongside Hela's laughter, earning a perplexed look from the goddess.

"Well, you know what they say, simplicity is key," Peter shrugged nonchalantly.

Ignoring Hela's glare, Peter held out his hand expectantly. "So, how about you hand over that pretty Soul Stone you've got there? And if you do, then I'd be kind and spare your life. After all, you were so kind to deliver it to me."

Hela's lips curled into a wicked smile. "Kind? Oh, I have a feeling you're in for a disappointment."

With a swift movement, Hela held up the Soul Stone, channeling its energy and radiating with newfound power. Peter's eyes narrowed, and before anyone could react, he kicked off the ground, disappearing in a blur and reappearing beside Hela. His fist connected with her stomach, sending her soaring backwards to crash into the outer wall of Asgard. The impact created an explosion of dust and rubble.

As Hela struggled to remove the rubble, which collapsed on top of her, her army undead Valkyrie rushed forward, ready to defend their queen. Turning to Odin and Brunnhilde, Peter pointed toward the incoming forces. "You two handle them. I'll take care of Hela."

Odin hesitated, "She's my daughter. So she's my responsibility-"

Even Brunnhilde looked reluctant to follow Peter's order. "..."

"Just go." Peter shooed them off as a surge of red energy appeared in his hand. "I'm the only person here with an infinity stone to combat the soul stone. If you continue to fight her, the likelihood of her taking control of your soul is rather high."

Surprised to see the Reality Stone in Peter's possession, both Odin and Brunnhilde reluctantly agree and rush off to engage the Valkyrie, leaving Peter to face Hela head-on.

Hela rose from the rubble, glaring at Peter with a dangerous intensity. But before she knew it, Peter was beside her once again, his movements were a blur of agility and precision. Seeing his attack coming this time around, Hela forms two black swords in her grasp and slash at his appearing figure.

Peter ducked and weaved, dodging Hela's strikes with ease, and countering with a swift kick that sent her tumbling backwards. Each punch Peter delivered was calculated, each kick precise. He moved with a grace that displayed his strength, his spider-like reflexes and senses making it impossible for her to land a single hit.

As time went on, Hela's attacks became more frenzied as she tried to catch Peter's elusive figure, but his agility allowed him to dance around her with ease. He exploited her openings, landing blows that sent shockwaves through her body. Blood trickled from Hela's lip as she spat in frustration, her rage fueling her attacks.

Summoning her magic, Hela sent countless shards of obsidian blades flying toward Peter. But sadly for her, he just walked right through it, allowing the blades to phase through him. She watched in shock as Peter walked out of her attack, completely unscathed. And with a flick of his wrist, he shot webbing that wrapped around Hela's arms, pulling her off balance. Seizing the opportunity, he lunged forward, his fists striking with the force of a 1000 speeding trains.

Hela launched backwards, her breath uneven. She attempted to conjure her energy, but Peter moved too quickly, his fists a blur as they landed precise blows. Each hit seemed to weaken Hela further, and her desperation was palpable.

Realizing that she was severely losing ground, Hela's eyes gleamed with a sinister light as she summoned the power of the Soul Stone. She attempted to manipulate Peter's soul, but to her surprise, it had no effect. Confusion marred her features as her power faltered.

In an instant, the Peter she had been fighting vanished in a burst of red fog, revealing that it had been a clone created by the Reality Stone all along. Hela's eyes widened in realization, but before she could react, the real Peter appeared sitting on a piece of rubble, casually munching on a bag of potato chips.

"Hey there," Peter gave a relaxed greeting, waving at Hela. "Ready to hand over the Soul Stone yet?"

Hela's expression contorted in a mixture of rage and disbelief. With a furious cry, she charged toward Peter, her attacks growing more reckless and desperate. But Peter's movements were a blur, his reflexes and strength making it seem as though he was everywhere at once. And he was, thanks to the Reality Stone.

Since she has the soul stone, which Peter knew was capable of influencing the soul or essence of a person, he decided to remain hidden and fight using the Reality Stone. Whether it be an attack or manipulation of his soul, Peter just didn't want to risk it, which is why he decided to make clones of himself and stay out of sight. But now it was finally time to step in. After all, Hela was weakened, shaken, and battered.

Peter smirked. 'It's time to add another stone to my collection!'

Folding his bag of chips and placing it to the side for later, Peter and his mirage of reality clones deflected Hela's strikes with ease, countering with powerful blows that sent her reeling. Blood stained her lips, and her aura of confidence was shattered. With a final, powerful strike to the face, Peter sent Hela crashing to the ground, her grip on the Soul Stone weakening.

Breathing heavily, Hela struggled to her feet, her body battered and broken. She stared at Peter with a mix of rage and defeat, the Soul Stone slipping from her grasp. As it hit the ground, Peter strolled over, reached down, and snatched it up.

Hela's eyes narrowed as she looked up at Peter. "You think you've won?"

Peter smirked, a glint of triumph in his eyes. "Of course I have, and it's been a pleasure doing business with you." He said as he twirled the amber stone between his fingers.

With the Soul Stone securely in Peter's grasp, he felt its pulsating power resonate through him. 'Power, Time, Reality, Space, and now the Soul Stone. I have all but one. All that's left now is the Mind Stone...' He smirked under his mask, though sounds of the continuing war surrounding Asgard interrupted the moment. 'They're still fighting? Is the Soul Stone powering the Valkyrie?'

His fingers tightened around the amber gem, and in a decisive moment, he called upon its might. The energy surged within him, and as he directed it outward, a shockwave of golden light spread across the battlefield. Instantly, the Undead Valkyrie, Hela's once formidable army, collapsed into heaps of bones, dust, and rusted armor and weaponry, their forms disintegrating into nothingness. The peace they had been robbed of was finally returned.

Across the battlefield, the scene unfolded like a surreal dream. Thor's eyes widened, his expression shifting from disbelief to awe. Odin's stern demeanor softened as he gazed upon the fading enemies, his relief palpable. Frigga's heartwarming smile conveyed her maternal condolences, and Brunnhilde's tense stance relaxed, a mixture of relief and gratitude settling upon her. And lastly, the Hulk roared triumphantly, the sound echoing like a declaration of victory.

Hela watched with an unbridled rage as her once indomitable forces crumbled away. The very power she had wielded to amass an army of the dead was now the force that brought them to their end. She gritted her teeth, her fists clenched as she witnessed her enemies celebrating across the battlefield. The taste of defeat was bitter on her tongue, a reality she could scarcely comprehend.

Amidst the jubilation, Odin and Brunnhilde approached Peter. Brunnhilde walked with purpose, her eyes locked onto Hela, her intention clear. She unsheathed her sword, the metal gleaming in the sunlight. Her steps were determined, and her heart pounded with the desire for vengeance. But before her blade could strike true, Odin's spear intervened, clashing with the last Valkyrie's sword and blocking the path of the sword, preserving his daughter's life.

The tension between Brunnhilde and Odin hung in the air, their conflicting desires palpable. Brunnhilde's glare could have burned holes through stone, while Odin's expression was a mix of sadness and resolution. He spoke, his voice heavy with both regret and determination. "Hela has committed countless atrocities, especially against the Valkyrie, and I share some of the blame for that and countless others. But, she's still my daughter. I ask that you please spare her."

Brunnhilde scoffed. "Step aside!"

As Brunnhilde stood ready to strike again, Peter stepped forward, his presence commanding attention. With a swift movement, he reached out and grabbed Brunnhilde's wrist, halting her impending attack. His voice carried with it an air of authority as he addressed the tense situation. "I have an idea that might satisfy both sides," he declared, his gaze flickering between Hela and Brunnhilde. @@novelbin@@

Odin's gaze shifted to Peter, his eyes reflecting curiosity and hope. He nodded, a silent agreement to hear out the young man's proposal. Brunnhilde huffed, her irritation apparent, but she sheathed her sword, her stance softening slightly. She regarded Peter with a mixture of skepticism and anticipation, her eyes demanding that his solution be worth considering.

With the Soul Stone pulsating ominously in his grasp, as well as the others in his possession, Peter turned his attention to Hela, his gaze unsettling for the evil princess. A sly smirk curled at the corner of his lips as an amusing idea came to mind.

Hela frowned as a chill burst down her spine. She couldn't see Peter's face, nor did she know what he was thinking, but she could sense the impending doom that his gaze carried. Whatever he had planned, she knew it wouldn't be good.

But before that, Peter turned to Brunnhilde. "Before we get to Hela's punishment, which I assure you will be quite satisfying, I have a quick question for you."

Brunnhilde raised a curious eyebrow. "What?"

Peter held up the Soul Stone. "If I told you that I might be able to revive the Valkyrie, what would you say?"

Chapter 458: Surprising Punishment

Brunnhilde, Odin, and even Hela herself froze upon hearing Peter's question. The notion of bringing an entire army, especially the Valkyrie, back to life was staggering. It dredged up their deepest regrets. Brunnhilde's guilt weighed heavily on her for leaving her sisters behind to die. Odin, in his role as a king and father, regretted ordering the Valkyrie to attack Hela, which ultimately led to their tragic demise. And Hela, well, she didn't have any regrets...

Seeing Brunnhilde falter, unable to reply to his astonishing offer, Peter repeated himself, a hint of patience in his voice, "How do you feel about me resurrecting your sisters? Is it something you'd be interested in?"

Brunnhilde stammered, her voice trembling with emotion. "I-Is it truly possible?" Could he really bring her sisters back from the dead?

Peter nodded with conviction, his voice steady as he explained, "Thanks to Hela, their souls have been collected in the Soul Stone. I can choose to set them free to continue their journey to whatever afterlife, reincarnation, or dark void awaits us after death, or I can craft a ritual to bring them back to life, which won't be easy, by the way."

The weight of Peter's words settled upon them, causing a stunned silence to linger among the group. Hela, who had so cruelly revived the Valkyrie as mere walking zombies, was now confronted with the possibility of their true resurrection. It was an unexpected twist that had her reeling in disbelief. After all, she couldn't do what Peter was offering. With her affinity over death, she could only create undead creatures.

Seeing Brunnhilde's conflicted expression and sensing, Peter gently advised her, "Take your time to think it over. Give me your answer after we've dealt with Hela's punishment."

Instantly, everyone's attention turned to Hela, who was still lying on the ground, defeated and glaring at them like an injured predator.

Odin, his stern demeanor unwavering, spoke up, "What do you have in mind for her punishment?"

Peter's mask hid the sly smile that tugged at his lips. "Before we get to the good part, we need to strip her of her powers, much like you did with Thor and Loki."

Hela, unable to move due to her weakened state, was forced to listen as Odin continued, "I can take her Asgardian powers as well as her dominion over death, but her ability to wield magic is beyond my reach."

Peter nodded in agreement. "I can take care of sealing her magic."

Nodding his head, Odin raised Gungnir, the spear's bottom end striking the ground with a resounding thud. "Hela Odinsdottir... You have led an army to your homeland. Through your lust

for power and destruction, you wished to open these peaceful Realms and innocent lives to the horrors of war.

The Allfather bangs Gungnir into the ground once again, watching as his daughter turns to him, a nervous look on her face. "You are unworthy of this realm, which you covet so dearly that you would kill your own family... unworthy of your title as Princess of Asgard..." He spoke as his stern demeanor turned a bit softer. "Unworthy of the loved ones who would have done anything for you... who would still do anything for you..."

Hela's eyes widened upon hearing this, but her father wasn't done. "I hereby take from you your powers." Odin extends his hand towards his daughter. And suddenly, a black miasma exited Hela's body and shot toward Odin, solidifying into a black shard of glass as it landed in the palm of his hand.

The power that coursed through Hela was gone, and she watched in silent despair as her Asgardian essence vanished, leaving her as a mere mortal woman. But, unlike her brothers, she wasn't banished since she was far too big of a threat.

Peter watched Odin with a shake of his head. "This guy has had to take all three of his children's powers away... Was he that bad of a father, or is it just bad for kids to be born with enormous god-like abilities?"

The shock of losing her powers left Hela deathly silent, and she looked down at herself, realizing the enormity of the transformation. She had been a goddess of death, feared and revered by all, but now she was nothing more than a vulnerable mortal woman.

Before she could fully process her new reality, Peter waved his hands, conjuring intricate golden spell circles in the air. The circles filled with runes and intricate linear designs, dancing with arcane power. He directed his gaze at Hela. "Welcome to the mortal club. You're the last of your siblings to join, but I'm sure you'll learn to enjoy it." With a flick of his wrist, the spell shot toward her, sealing her ability to wield magic.

Odin observed his daughter's reaction as her eyes rolled backward, and she fell unconscious. She was now a mere mortal with no power left to her name. The reality of it all was just too much, causing her to faint on the spot. Brunnhilde smirked, savoring the beginning of Hela's downfall.

With a mischievous glint in his eyes, Peter announced, "The first step of Hela's punishment is complete. Now, I just need to prepare a ritual for the second part."

As he spoke those words, he reached up to his necklace and pulled out a glowing green stone, which caught Odin's attention. 'The Time Stone!' Odin thought in shock.

Odin couldn't contain his curiosity any longer. He turned to Peter, his one-eyed gaze fixed on the glowing stone. "Where did you find the Time Stone?" he asked, his voice tinged with disbelief. The very idea of someone possessing not one but three Infinity Stones was beyond comprehension.

Peter shrugged casually. "Oh, this?" He held the stone as if it were a mere trinket. "Found it on the side of the road. You know, like a lucky penny." His nonchalant demeanor left Odin and Brunnhilde utterly stunned.

With a dismissive wave of his hand, Peter continued, "Anyway, while you're all dealing with this, I'm going to work on the second part of Hela's punishment. Make sure to secure her in a prison cell, and gather all the Valkyrie remains, just in case..." He said as he walked off toward the palace, leaving Brunnhilde to come to a decision.

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Hours passed, and while Peter was gone, the Asgardians worked diligently to clean up the battlefield. They collected the remains of the Valkyrie, carefully preserving the fallen warriors. Repairs to the outer parts of the city were underway, a testament to the resilience of the Asgardian people.

Meanwhile, Thor, bearing the responsibilities of kingship, personally thanked the Avengers who had come to their aid. He even offered them payment, as a gesture of gratitude. Most of them declined, with Hulk, Blonsky, and Charles being notably humble in their refusal. Magneto, however, had no qualms about accepting payment, especially when it came in the form of a hefty chunk of unrefined Uru metal ore.

With the Avengers ready to return to Earth, Thor escorted them to the Bifrost, which delivered them safely back to their home planet. And Magneto left with a triumphant smile, his newfound treasure

in tow. He had Vibranium and now he has Uru, truly he would stand among the strongest Magneto's in the multiverse.

Inside the palace, outside Hela's prison cell, Brunnhilde stood guard, refusing to allow her to escape. She still contemplated the idea of killing Hela, but thankfully, she trusted Peter enough to stay her hand. At least for the time being.

A few steps away, Frigga and Odin were in the midst of a heartwarming reunion with their recently returned son, Loki. Frigga embraced Loki, her love and relief evident in her hug. Odin, too, smiled warmly, extending a hand to clasp his son's shoulder. They were blissfully unaware of Loki's slight of hand in the palace vault during all the commotion, his illusions replacing the few artifacts he had taken.

Frigga smiled warmly. "It's so good to have you back." She says as she brushes a piece of hair out of Loki's face. "The palace is so quiet without your mischief."

Odin turned to his wife, an incredulous look on his face. "Don't encourage him... The last thing we need is more of Loki's mayhem." He said, though a warm look return to his face. "But it is good to have you back, son." @@novelbin@@

As the family gathered and chatted, a visibly tired Thor joined them. Odin couldn't help but smile at his son's exhaustion, glad that he was no longer burdened with the responsibilities of kingship.

"Enjoying the thrown, my son?" Odin asks, a sly smile on his face.

"Ugh..." Thor grunted in reply as he collapsed into a nearby chair.

Soon enough, their conversation was interrupted by Peter's return, the Time Stone still in hand. "Alright, open up the cell and I can get started."

Frigga, protective of her step-daughter despite her past actions, asked, "What are you planning to do with Hela?"

Peter waved off her concerns. "Don't worry, I won't harm her. It's going to be a surprise." He said, smiling under his mask.

After some deliberation, they agreed, and the prison cell was opened. Peter stepped in, immediately starting on a fairly complex ritual, which took him about an hour to set up, the Time Stone placed at the center.

Laying Hela's unconscious form within an intricate circle beside the stone, Peter took his place and began chanting. "...Vorlathor thryntaros zynterix... Eldralith mystenox vorparix... Xyndralor, pyrthanos, althrosynth..."

Soon enough, the ritual grew in intensity, and the Time Stone activated, casting a brilliant green light that engulfed the prison cell.

As the culmination of the ritual neared, Odin, Frigga, Thor, and Loki watched in awe as Hela's form began to shrink and de-age. First, she became a teenager, then a child, and finally, as the ritual concluded, Hela lay there in the cell as a newborn baby.

Peter approached the sleeping, evil baby Hela, carefully lifting her into his arms. He then stored away the time stone before walking over to Frigga and Odin, a warm smile on his face.

"Congratulations," he said, his voice filled with a touch of humor, "It's a girl."

Opening her eyes, as she felt someone touching her, Hela looked up to find herself in Spider-Man's arms, with nothing but giants surrounding her. Instantly, she became alarmed and called upon her power, but Hela soon realized that it was all gone. Memories of her loss and subsequent punishment replaying in her head.

Suddenly, Spider-Man handed her off to Frigga, who scooped her up with a confused look on her face. "Congratulations," he said, his voice filled with a touch of humor, "It's a girl."

Suddenly, something clicked in Hela's head, prompting her to look down at her hands, which were now tiny, soft, baby hands. And as she realized what happened, Hela tried to speak and shout, but all that came out was... "WAAAAAAHHHH!"

Witnessing the greatest joke of her life, Brunnhilde savored the delicious cries of the new baby Hela. "Hahahaha!" She couldn't contain her laughter. This certainly wasn't as good as killing her, but it was damn near close to it!

Chapter 459: Baby Hela

Upon taking the new baby Hela into her arms, Frigga and Odin exchanged bewildered glances, their eyes mirroring their shock. They had expected punishment for their wayward daughter, but nothing like this.

With the villainous baby handed over to her parents, Peter turned to Brunnhilde. "So, is the punishment enough?"

Brunnhilde couldn't help but let out a hearty laugh, her earlier rage and despair giving way to amusement. "It's not perfect, but it's good enough," she managed to say between chuckles. "I never thought I'd see the day when Hela Odinsdottir would be a crying, helpless baby."

Thor, his expression a mix of curiosity and amusement, stepped closer to Peter. "How is this good enough? Didn't Hela kill her sisters?"

Peter grinned behind his mask, relishing the moment. "Well, you see, Brunnhilde wanted Hela dead, and Odin refused to let her be killed. So, I had to come up with a punishment that could make both sides happy."

Thor listened, but he didn't understand how turning his sister into a baby would quench Brunnhilde's need for revenge.

"First," Peter began, "Brunnhilde is happy because Hela now has to live through the torture and embarrassment of being a baby. Diaper changes, boredom, no privacy, no control over herself, or even her bowel movements. Hela is truly and utterly at the mercy of Odin and Frigga. Even if they treat her well, she'll live the next 3 or 4 years in a hellish nightmare. And even after that, she'll remain nothing but a mortal woman."

He gestured toward Odin and Frigga, who held their newly transformed daughter. "And on the other hand, Odin and Frigga get a second chance to raise Hela. And maybe, just maybe, they'll be able to rehabilitate her from the psycho that she is, because she most certainly still has her memories. Don't let that cute little face fool you, she's still just as evil and malicious as before."

Loki, who had been watching the scene unfold with a smirk, chimed in, "A cruel genius, you are, Spider-Man. I wouldn't wish Hela's fate on anyone, especially myself. Thankfully, I was only banished to Midgard after my powers were taken. If I were turned into a baby like her, I might just off myself to avoid the embarrassment."

Realizing the gravity of the situation and the opportunity before them, Odin and Frigga smiled down at the new baby in their arms. Hela, unable to contain her fury, glared back up at them, cursing them in baby babble as she couldn't speak normal words anymore.

Peter couldn't help but smile at the infant's futile attempts to convey her anger. He leaned in closer, poking her chubby cheeks as he cooed, "Aww, you're such a fierce little villain, aren't you?"

Hela, with all her might, tried to bite Peter's finger, but her toothless gums did zero damage. Frustration welled up in her, and she let out a series of indignant baby noises.

Pushing Peter aside, Thor reached for Hela and hoisted her up, introducing himself with a booming voice, "I am Thor, your elder brother and the King of Asgard!"

Hela, still aghast at her new reality, turned her bald baby head toward Odin, her eyes wide with skepticism.

But instead of Odin, Loki answered her, his tone dripping with mischief, "Yes, it's true, little sister. This large, loud, idiotic, buffoon is the King of Asgard. I'm Loki Odinson, your other 'elder' brother." He added emphasis to the word elder, smirking as he watched her twitch in annoyance. After all, she was born far before them. @@novelbin@@

Thor and Loki quickly devolved into a bickering argument, which prompted Odin to intervene before things got out of hand. Meanwhile, Frigga stole Hela back from Thor, cradling her close.

Hela wouldn't and couldn't admit it, since she couldn't speak, but she preferred Frigga's tender care to Thor's rough handling. For some reason, she felt safer and more comfortable in her step-mother's arms than she ever had in her entire life. 'Is this what a mother is supposed to feel like?'

With the chaos settled for the moment, Frigga couldn't contain her excitement at the prospect of being a mother again. She rushed off with Hela held against her bosom, calling for her attendants to prepare a nursery and gather all the necessary baby supplies.

Before joining his excited wife, Odin turned to Peter, a wry smile on his face. "Thank you, for your assistance and for this... unique punishment. I hope this helps her find her way back to us."

Peter waved it off, his mask hiding his grin. "We're friends. Friends help each other out. Besides, I know you'd help me out if I needed it." He said as Odin smiled, happy to have such a reliable ally.

Suddenly, Frigga called out from down the hall. "Dear!? Should we put the nursery in our room? I think Hela will be lonely otherwise... Also, I don't want her to hurt herself..."

"Whatever you want, my love!" Giving Peter one last nod, Odin rushed off to help his wife prepare, a noticeable smile on his usually stern face.

And as Hela's anguished cries echoed through the palace, signaling a new beginning for her and her family, Peter turned to Brunnhilde. "Have you come to a decision?"

Thor and Loki look at Brunnhilde in interest. "A decision?" Thor asks as Loki followed behind him. "About what?"

Peter quickly explains. "A decision on whether she wants me to revive the Valkyrie or not."

Thor, his eyes alight with hope, turned to Brunnhilde. "This is wonderful news! As King of Asgard, I would gladly welcome the Valkyrie back into our ranks. It would be an honor to have them by our side once more."

Brunnhilde scoffed at Thor's enthusiasm, her expression still somewhat hardened by the recent events. "That's not happening. I've seen what happened to my sisters. I won't subject them to the whims of another idiotic Asgardian king. We'll go to Earth, where we won't have to worry about being ordered to our deaths without thought."

Thor's face fell, his brows furrowing in genuine concern. "Brunnhilde, I promise you, I would never do such a thing. If anyone has to face danger or death, it should be me. I would fight to the very end to protect my people, and that includes the Valkyrie."

Brunnhilde regarded Thor with a mix of skepticism and contemplation. She believed him, but her resolve remained unshaken. "Thor, I appreciate your sincerity, but our path is clear. The Valkyrie will come with me, and I won't be staying in Asgard. That is if they agree. I won't force them."

Peter interjected, sensing that Brunnhilde had come to a decision. "So, have you decided?"

Brunnhilde nodded firmly, her gaze unwavering. "Yes, I want to bring back my sisters. I've thought about it and I have no qualms about interrupting their eternal rest. They can live long and happy lives before dying a much more dignified death, as they should have."

Peter nodded, accepting her choice. "Very well. Thor, I'll need you to keep the remains of the Valkyrie safe. I'll have to prepare for the most intricate and powerful ritual I've ever attempted. It should be a fun one..."

Thor nodded solemnly. "I will ensure their safety."

Turning to Brunnhilde, Peter continued, "This time, the preparation will take more than just a few hours. You can either stay here in Asgard with me while I work, or return to Earth and wait for me to pick you up when it's time."

Brunnhilde shook her head resolutely. "I'll stay. I won't leave until my sisters are back with me, and I don't want to leave their remains behind either."

Peter acknowledged her decision with a nod. "Very well. I'll be staying in the same room as the last time I was here. Thor, please let me know when dinner is ready."

Thor smiled warmly. "Of course, my friend. It's good to have you here again." He was more than happy to house Peter for as long as he wanted to stay. After all, as a king, he never has time to visit Midgard any more, so it always feels like a special occasion when a Midgardian friend, like Peter, stays in the palace. Almost like a child excited for a sleepover.

With their plans set, Peter began to contemplate the intricate ritual that lay ahead. It was a task unlike any he had undertaken before, and the fate of the Valkyrie rested on his shoulders. As he retreated to his room to prepare, he pulled out three of the Infinity stones, which he'd need to use to get the job done.

Instantly, the room filled with a mix of amber, emerald, and violet light. 'Hopefully this works and I don't blow myself up... alongside everyone else in Asgard... and the entire Galaxy...' He couldn't help but feel the weight of responsibility that came with wielding three infinity stone at once. A feat that he's never even tried before before.

Thankfully, he wouldn't be wielding them personally, or else he would probably explode. 'Well... I could try out the rings, but I don't think they're ready yet... I still need to tweak them a bit before attaching the stones...'

Meanwhile, Brunnhilde remained resolute in her decision, determined to reunite with her sisters and provide them with a chance for a new life. Thor, true to his word, ensured the remains of the fallen Valkyrie were safeguarded, their memories preserved until the day they would be resurrected.

In the grand halls of Asgard, the anticipation for the upcoming ritual and the return of the Valkyrie hung in the air. Either Thor or Loki couldn't keep their mouths shut, because now, friends and family of the deceased Valkyrie waited with hope and curiosity, eager to witness the outcome of Peter's extraordinary endeavor.

Chapter 460: Resurrection

As Peter retreated to his room, the intricate preparations for the Valkyries resurrection weighing heavily on his mind, a different drama was unfolding in the grand halls of Asgard. Odin and Frigga, still holding their transformed daughter Hela, were forced to address the kingdom.

Just a day after they had started caring of Hela, rumors began to spread around Asgard, stating that the King, Thor, had a child before marriage. But not only that, it was a child with a Midgardian prostitute, who he had slept with while visiting his brother, Loki, whilst he was still in exile.

So naturally, Odin and Frigga were forced to announce that Hela was their daughter. "Dear people of Asgard," Odin announced with a regal tone, his voice echoing through the vast hall, "Frigga and I are pleased to introduce a new addition to our royal family, our daughter, Hela."

Frigga stepped forward with a glaring, unhappy baby in her arms, who, though still fuming with silent anger, appeared quite adorable in her infant form. Her bald head and toothless gums made her look like any other innocent baby. The Asgardians in attendance gasped in astonishment, their eyes widening as they took in the sight of the supposed royal baby.

Hushed whispers and murmurs began to spread among the crowd outside the palace, curiosity and excitement intertwining in the air. Rumors swirled like a tempest, but none who were in the know dared voice the truth... that this was the very psycho who had led an army to attack their beloved realm just days ago.

Thor exchanged a knowing glance with Loki, who stood among the gathered Asgardians with a wry smile playing on his lips. He had, after all, started the outlandish rumors himself, using his talent for mischief to slander his brothers good name.

Loki couldn't help but be amused by the gullibility of the Asgardian populace. They were so easily swayed by the carefully crafted tale his parents were spinning. But beneath his playful facade, he was keenly aware of the real purpose of this charade... to protect Hela, his sister, from the scorn and rejection of the very people she had sought to conquer.

Of course, Odin and Frigga couldn't reveal that Hela is the same person who attacked their home with an undead army. Doing so would invite distrust toward the Royal Family and hate for baby Hela, who they are trying to rehabilitate into a good, normal person. So, they simply told everyone that Hela was a new child, freshly birthed from their former Queen. @@novelbin@@

And thanks to the fact that Odin completely re-wrote history, erasing Hela from existence, the public easily believed their little lie. And upon hearing the news of a new Royal child, the whole of Asgard began to celebrate.

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Meanwhile, in the midst of the nationwide celebration, Loki found himself in the company of Jessica Jones, finally finding a chance to take her out on a date. As they strolled through the radiant streets of Asgard, Loki couldn't help but be captivated by her presence.

As they walked, Loki gave her a tour, acting as the perfect guide. Though he couldn't resist showing off his magical prowess, now that his powers were back, subtly weaving illusions and tricks to impress and entertain his date. He conjured illusions of majestic creatures and shimmering displays of light, all while regaling her with stories of Asgard's rich history.

Jessica, her eyes alight with wonder, couldn't help but smile at Loki's playful antics. She had expected a typical date, but Loki's magical displays had added an unexpected layer of enchantment to the evening.

Loki's mischievous side also emerged as they passed by unsuspecting Asgardians. With a flick of his wrist, he subtly pranked a few of them, causing drinks to explode in their faces or their clothes to disappear. Jessica couldn't help but chuckle at the bewildered reactions of Loki's victims as they found themselves naked or covered in alcohol.

As the evening wore on, Loki and Jessica's connection deepened. They shared stories, laughter, and even a few secrets. It was a date unlike any Jessica had experienced before. Though technically, she hasn't been on many dates. Killgrave sort of ruined that for her.

In the midst of their laughter, Loki couldn't help but steal glances at Jessica when she wasn't looking, his eyes drawn to her lips. And before he knew what he was doing, Loki found himself pressing forward, snatching her mouth with his own. Instantly, Jessica's eyes widened in shock before she melted into his arms, returning the kiss with a surprising intensity.

As the night continued, Loki and Jessica's date came to close in his royal bedchambers, where Loki realized how lucky he was that his powers were back. Because without them, he might not have been able to survive the night. After all, it was hard for Jessica to control her super strength during... passionate situations.

Hearing the rhythmic banging and sounds of some rather destructive lovemaking coming from his brother bedroom, Thor wrapped a pillow tightly around both ears. "I'm happy for my brother, but must they be so loud..."

Beside him, Jane looked up at the ceiling, a crimson blush on her face as she wondered if Thor and her were that loud...

Luckily for Odin and Hela, Frigga kept their bedroom silent with a few runes carved into the walls, so their sleep wasn't interrupted that night.

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A few days had passed since Hela's introduction to Asgard as the newest child of Odin and Frigga. The kingdom buzzed with the news, oblivious to the truth behind the royal deception. In the heart of the palace, Peter had toiled tirelessly, finally completing the intricate preparations for the ritual that would bring the Valkyrie back to life.

With Thor's assistance, the remains of the Valkyrie, consisting mainly of bones and dust, were carefully transported to the most spacious hall within the palace. Peter stood at the center, surrounded by a labyrinth of patterns and symbols he had meticulously painted on the floor with an unknown liquid. The intricate design seemed to pulse with arcane energy, a testament to Peter's mastery in the mystical arts.

The onlookers Jane, Jessica, Brunnhilde, Thor, Loki, Odin, Frigga, and Hela, who was cradled in Frigga's arms like always, watched in awe as Peter did his work. Even Loki and Frigga, renowned for their magical prowess, were taken aback by the complexity and power radiating from the ritual circle.

Brunnhilde, her heart a mix of hope and anxiety, couldn't contain her restlessness. She knew that the success of this ritual was the only hope of reuniting with her sisters again. Her gaze remained fixed on Peter as he meticulously arranged the remains of her fallen comrades in the center of the ritual circle.

With utmost care, Peter retrieved the Infinity Stones one by one, handling them with care as he placed them around the remains.

The Time Stone would be used to turn the remains back in time to before their tragic demise.

The Soul Stone, holder of the Valkyrie's souls, would restore their essence to their newly resurrected forms.

Finally, the Power Stone, the source of immense energy, would fuel the ritual, providing the necessary force to achieve Peter's ambitious goal.

As Peter levitated the Power Stone into its designated spot, the room seemed to crackle with raw cosmic energy. Odin eyed the Infinity Stones warily, understanding their potential for devastation. Beside him, Loki's greedy gaze was evident, but the memory of Peter's formidable power dissuaded him from any thoughts of theft.

With all the stones in place, Peter stepped back from the ritual lines, his masked visage showing only determination. He turned to the group, his voice resolute. "I'm ready to begin. Brace yourselves, and let's hope we don't blow up Asgard... or the Galaxy..."

The cryptic warning sent shivers down the spines of the onlookers, but before they could voice their concerns, Peter's incantations began. His words flowed like a river of arcane power, resonating with the symbols and patterns etched on the floor. The Infinity Stones responded, their radiance bathing the vast hall in a kaleidoscope of brilliant light.

At the peak of the ritual, a hushed tension filled the air. The pile of Valkyrie remains trembled, and time seemed to reverse itself. Bones and dust slowly coalesced, forming recognizable figures, each one pristine and healthy. The fallen warriors were returning to life, but they remained lifeless, their souls yet to be restored.

Peter, speaking in tongues once more, called upon the Soul Stone. Immediately, amber wisps of energy shot forth from the gem, snaking their way into the lifeless bodies of the Valkyrie. Each wisp was an individual soul, reuniting with their rightful vessels. The air shimmered with magic, and the ritual drew to a close.

Without waiting to know the results, Peter walked over and collected the Infinity Stones, sealing them away in his necklace once more. The weight of responsibility had lifted, replaced by the satisfaction of a mission accomplished. Well, that is if they actually wake up.

The onlookers, their breaths held in anticipation, watched as the Valkyrie lay motionless at the center of the ritual circle. Brunnhilde, in particular, felt her heart pounding in her chest. She prayed for a sign that her sisters were truly alive.

Moments passed, and doubts crept in. Had the ritual failed? But then, as if responding to an unseen cue, one by one, the Valkyrie's eyes shot open. Their bodies jolted upright, taking in a sharp breath of air. The hall filled with a chorus of gasps and exclamations as the resurrected warriors awoke, bewildered yet undeniably alive.

Brunnhilde collapsed to her knees, tears streaming down her face. "He actually did it... They're alive!" She exclaimed as she sobbed, barely believing her eyes.

The resurrected Valkyrie, now fully aware of their surroundings, began to sit up, their expressions a mix of confusion and wonder. Brunnhilde couldn't contain her joy as she rushed forward, embracing her newly reborn sisters, who had absolutely no idea what was happening.

