

Spider-Man 461

Chapter 461: Brunnhilde the Cry Baby

Amid the euphoria of the Valkyrie's resurrection, Brunnhilde was overcome with emotions she had long suppressed. She fell to her knees, tears streaming down her face as she embraced her newly restored sisters. The bond between them was unbreakable, forged through countless battles and shared camaraderie.

However, amidst the joyful chaos, a familiar voice rang out, commanding the resurrected Valkyrie. "Make way! Make way!"

Brunnhilde looked up, her tear-filled eyes widening as she saw the imposing figure walking toward her. It was Lady Astrid, the leader of the Valkyrie, Brunnhilde's teacher, and the closest thing she had to a mother.

Lady Astrid, the formidable leader of the Valkyrie, was a commanding presence in every sense. Standing tall and proud, she possessed a regal bearing that demanded respect. Her long, golden hair cascaded down her back in a thick braid, a symbol of her strength and tradition.

Though she had a slim and graceful figure, there was no mistaking the underlying strength that lay beneath her Asgardian armor. Her muscles, though not bulky, were toned and well-defined, a testament to the rigorous training she had undergone throughout her life.

Astrid's beauty was undeniable, her features striking and captivating. Her piercing blue eyes held a wisdom that spoke of countless battles and experiences. They were eyes that could both command and comfort, a reflection that she embodied as a leader and a mother figure to her fellow Valkyrie.

Clad in her Asgardian armor, she wore the symbols of her warrior heritage proudly. A sword hung at her hip, a symbol of her prowess in combat and her unwavering dedication to her sisters.

But beyond her formidable exterior, Astrid possessed a deep and caring soul. Her seriousness and authority as a leader were tempered by a genuine love and concern for all the Valkyrie under her command.

Her most profound affection, however, was reserved for Brunnhilde, whom she had taken under her wing as a sort of daughter. With Brunnhilde, her stern demeanor softened into a warm and protective presence, showing the depth of her love and care.

Confusion marked Lady Astrid's face as she surveyed the scene before her, trying to make sense of the inexplicable turn of events. The last memory she had was sacrificing herself alongside her sisters to save Brunnhilde and Asgard from Hela's wrath. Yet here she stood, alive and well, surrounded by living, breathing Valkyrie.

As Lady Astrid approached, Brunnhilde's emotions reached their breaking point. She cried out with all her might, her voice a mix of dark emotions, which she has been suppressing for a very long time.

"L-Lady Astrid! I-I'm sorry... I'm so sorry... Please don't hate me... I'm sorry for leaving you to die... I shouldn't have left... I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm sorry..." She cried like a baby as she attached herself to Astrid's leg, begging for forgiveness over and over.

Hela, still in her infant form, rolled her eyes at Brunnhilde's emotional outburst. She couldn't help but think, 'Shouldn't I be the baby here?'

Lady Astrid's stern expression softened as she gazed down at Brunnhilde, who clung to her leg like a lifeline. She knelt down and enveloped Brunnhilde in a warm, comforting embrace, much like a mother consoling her child. Her voice was soothing, filled with understanding and forgiveness. "Brunnhilde, my dear, you have nothing to apologize for. We did what we had to do to protect you."

Although she had no idea how she was alive, those questions could wait until Brunnhilde was okay. And she obviously wasn't.

Watching this, every single Valkyrie, including Astrid, thought, 'I didn't think she would take our deaths this badly...'

Brunnhilde's sobs gradually subsided under the reassurance of her beloved leader. The weight of years of guilt and sorrow seemed to slowly lift from her shoulders as she allowed herself to be comforted. She felt safe and loved, a feeling she had longed for since the day she thought she'd lost her sisters.

As Brunnhilde began to calm down, Lady Astrid explained what had truly happened on that fateful day. "You didn't leave us behind, Brunnhilde. We sent you away because you were the youngest

among us, and we couldn't bear to see you fall in battle. It wasn't your fault, and we never blamed you."

Hearing those words from Lady Astrid, Brunnhilde finally let go of a portion of her guilt and fear. She felt a sense of closure she had never thought possible. With a sigh of relief, she leaned into Lady Astrid's embrace, her trembling finally giving way to peaceful slumber.

Frigga, who had been watching the emotional reunion from a distance, approached the sleeping Brunnhilde with a gentle smile. She knelt beside them and spoke to Lady Astrid, "She's been standing guard beside your remains for days without sleep, waiting for this moment. She needs this rest more than anyone."

Lady Astrid nodded in gratitude, her gaze never leaving Brunnhilde's peaceful face. "Thank you for watching over her and bringing us back. We owe you a great debt." She bowed her head, thinking it was Frigga who brought them back.

Frigga shook her head humbly. "It wasn't me who brought you back, and I'm ashamed to say that I didn't watch over Brunnhilde either..." She gestured toward Peter, who stood nearby in his distinctive spider-themed suit. "It was him."

The Valkyrie, including Lady Astrid, turned their attention to Peter, curiosity evident in their expressions. They couldn't help but wonder about the man who had orchestrated their resurrection.

Peter gave them his usual wave. "Yo, I'm Spider-Man. And I did this for Brunnhilde. Without her, I wouldn't have bothered resurrecting people that I don't know from thousands of years ago. So, if you want to repay anyone, direct it toward her."

The Valkyrie exchanged glances, their astonishment at being brought back to life after thousands of years evident. They realized the immense burden Brunnhilde had been carrying, and the guilt they had unknowingly placed upon her. But they also realized that their old lives were completely displaced, and more than likely, many of their families have probably moved on or died.

Lady Astrid stepped forward, her expression one of solemn gratitude. "Either way, thank you for this second chance at life. We owe you a life debt for what you've done."

Peter waved off their gratitude. "No need for that. Just take care of Brunnhilde, she needs you guys. I'm sure you've begun to realize that."

As the Valkyrie nodded in agreement, their collective gaze turned to Brunnhilde, who lay peacefully asleep in Lady Astrid's arms. They were determined to be there for her, to help her banish the survivor's guilt that had haunted her for far too long. They had been given a second chance at life, and they would make the most of it, starting with supporting their beloved sister in her time of need.

As the Valkyrie shared a tearful reunion, in a distant corner of the universe, aboard a Chitauri ship, Thanos the Mad Titan lay on a high-tech hospital bed, which periodically scanned his vitals. Thanks to his deal with Galactus, who had left after extracted the poison that Peter had cunningly delivered in their last encounter, the Mad Titan was slowly on the path to recovery. His once-ashen complexion was regaining its color, and his immense strength was gradually returning.

Yet, as he healed, Thanos couldn't escape the seething anger and burning hatred that consumed him. His thoughts were fixated on Spider-Man, the one who had repeatedly thwarted his grand ambitions and dared to trick him with poison. The mere thought of the web-slinger sent a shiver of rage through his revitalized body.

But that wasn't all, he now owed Galactus the Infinity Stones. Once he was done using them, of course. Thankfully, he didn't have much need for them afterward anyway, so it wasn't a hard price to pay.

As he lay there, Thanos envisioned the day when he would be back to full health, when he would have the strength to crush his enemies, especially Spider-Man, without restraint. Earth, the web-slinger's cherished home planet, would crumble under the weight of his vengeance.

At first, he only wanted to cull the planet's population, as he usually does, but not anymore. They would all die and he would force Spider-Man to watch the death of his home as well as his loved ones.

In the midst of his vengeful imagination, the door to Thanos's chamber swung open, and Ebony Maw hurriedly entered, his robe billowing as he bent into a deep bow before his Thanos. "Father," Maw began with reverence, "I bring urgent news."

Thanos, his eyes narrowing in curiosity, gestured for Maw to speak. Maw had always been an enigmatic and loyal son, his gifted intellect matched only by his allegiance to Thanos.

"Our sensors have detected a massive surge of universal energy emanating from Asgard," Maw reported, his voice filled with a mix of greed and trepidation. "It's as if there are at least two Infinity Stones present."

Thanos fell into contemplative silence for a moment, his thoughts racing. Asgard, the realm ruled by Odin and the home of the powerful Asgardians, was a formidable force. Even at his peak strength, he had tread carefully when dealing with the Allfather and his realm.

"We cannot confront Asgard in my current state," Thanos finally declared, his voice a low, rumbling growl. "We'll have to wait until I am fully healed to face Odin."

Maw nodded in understanding, realizing that a confrontation with Asgard in their current condition would be unwise. After all, the realm had been a formidable adversary for Thanos in the past.

"I'll bring your medicine soon, Father," Maw replied, his unwavering loyalty clear in his eyes. He knew that Thanos's recovery was paramount to their future endeavors.

As Maw exited the chamber, Thanos settled back onto his hospital bed, his gaze turning to his hand, where he held a bright, glowing, yellow stone between his large fingers. He would bide his time, gather his strength, and when the moment was right, he would descend upon Earth with an unrelenting fury.

And Asgard would be next...

Chapter 462: Valkyrie Settlement

One day after her sisters were reborn, Brunnhilde stood before the Valkyrie, her heart heavy with the weight of her request. Her eyes met those of her sisters, each of them bearing the mark of warriors who had faced battles beyond imagination. They were her family, her comrades, her everything.

"I know that many of you may not like this..." Brunnhilde began, her voice unwavering despite the emotions that threatened to overwhelm her. "But I'd like it if all of you would return with me, to Midgard..."

Murmurs and whispers spread among the Valkyrie, a mix of curiosity and uncertainty. Leaving the realm they had called home for thousands of years was a decision of profound magnitude.

But Brunnhilde continued, her resolve unwavering. "You've already died for this place once, so can't we just let it go and start over? We can find a new purpose on Earth. We can live freely, make our own choices, and be there for each other as we've always been." Eyeing her surroundings, she continues. "I don't know about you, but I can't stand being in Asgard anymore. And truthfully, I can't wait to leave."

Not to mention that fact that Hela is here, but Brunnhilde wouldn't mention that until they were out of Asgard, and away from Odin. After all, the Allfather is doing all he can to hide his 'new' daughters origins. And as much as she would love to ruin his plans, she knew it probably wasn't a good idea.

Among the Valkyrie, dissenting voices arose. Loyalists who held steadfast to their duty and those who couldn't bear the thought of leaving their homes voiced their concerns. Their hesitation was palpable, and Brunnhilde knew that convincing them would not be easy.

However, just as Brunnhilde's determination began to waver, a surprising voice broke through the turmoil. It was Odin, the Allfather, the ruler of Asgard, a figure of immense authority and wisdom. He raised his hand, and the hall fell silent.

"I believe that you should leave with Brunnhilde," Odin declared, his voice carrying the weight of his ageless wisdom. Beside him stood Frigga, the queen of Asgard, her eyes filled with a motherly warmth. "As Asgardian citizens, you are not bound to this realm alone. The Bifrost can take you to any realm, and you can return as you please. Simply call for Heimdall and he will ferry you. The choice is yours."

The Valkyrie exchanged bewildered glances, unable to fathom why the Allfather, who had ruled with an iron fist for eons, was supporting Brunnhilde's plea. It was Frigga who smiled gently at them, her eyes filled with understanding. She had always been the compassionate and caring heart of Asgard.

Brunnhilde instantly realized what was happening. 'Frigga must have talked him into this...'

Of course, she was right but Odin wasn't as unwilling as she might think. After all, Asgard has a very close alliance with Earth, thanks to their connection with Peter and the Avengers, so sending the Valkyrie there isn't necessarily a bad idea, nor will it hurt Asgard or it's people.

In fact, it might actually strengthen their relationship, which Odin was more than happy to do after witnessing Peter's use of the Infinity Stones. In the end, Odin chose to strengthen his connection to Peter, a powerhouse who could help protect Asgard for millennia to come.

With the former king and Queen's support, Brunnhilde's plea began to find resonance among her sisters. The realization that they could leave Asgard and return to it at will was a revelation. Those who had living families could visit them, and those who had other plans could freely explore the nine realms.

Slowly but surely, the Valkyrie made their decision. They chose to follow Brunnhilde to Earth, to embark on a new journey together. Some wore smiles of excitement, eager to explore a world they knew little about, while others bore uncertainty in their eyes, unsure of what lay ahead. Especially when their last memories of Earth came from thousands of years ago, when the whole planet was extremely underdeveloped.

As they departed Asgard with Peter's help, stepping through his portals one by one, Brunnhilde couldn't help but feel a profound sense of gratitude and disbelief. She had not expected all of her sisters to agree. She thought that at least half of them would stay in Asgard, yet each and every one of them was leaving alongside her. But they did it all for Brunnhilde, the little Valkyrie who had mourned them for thousands of years.

Stepping through Peter's portals, the Valkyrie found themselves standing in a vast, grassy field. The transition from the grandeur of Asgard to the simplicity of Earth was stark. They exchanged curious glances, their armor-clad forms shimmering in the sunlight.

Peter stood at the forefront, his spider-suit contrasting sharply with the ethereal presence of the Valkyrie. He glanced around, his eyes narrowing as he assessed the situation. Taking them all to the Avengers Tower wasn't a feasible option. Sadly, they didn't prepare enough apartments for almost a thousand Valkyrie.

"We can't all fit in the tower," Peter explained to Brunnhilde. "We'd need to use the auditorium, but I don't know if it's available right now. So let's just start here, and we can figure things out from there."

With hundreds of Valkyrie now on Earth, the portals closed one by one. The Valkyrie glanced around, unsure of their next steps.

Jessica Jones, however, was conspicuously absent upon their return to Earth. She had chosen to stay in Asgard a little longer, cherishing her time with Loki, the trickster who had somehow stolen her heart.

As the Valkyrie looked around, uncertain of what to do next, Peter turned to Brunnhilde. "Keep them company for a bit. I need to speak with Astrid."

Nodding in understanding, Brunnhilde made her way to her sisters, their reunion still fresh and filled with emotion. She had missed them dearly, and now they had the chance to start anew on Earth.

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Peter approached Astrid, who stood with an air of authority and grace. She regarded him with curiosity, awaiting his guidance. After all, this is his world, so she hoped he'd give some information to get them started. Perhaps a map so they knew where to go?

"Let's discuss our options," Peter suggested, waving his hand to conjure a portal leading to his office. Astrid followed him through, her eyes widening in amazement as she took in the breathtaking view of the New York City skyline through the floor to ceiling windows.

The city was modern and sleek, a stark contrast to the huts and simplicity of Midgardian life that Astrid remembered. She took a seat on Peter's invitation, still glancing toward the windows every now and then.

Peter leaned back in his chair, his fingers tapping in thought. "We have three main options here, Astrid. First, the Valkyrie can integrate into Earth's society. The Avengers would arrange and fund your integration until you can become self-sufficient. This includes homes, clothing, food, and, most importantly, identities. We can provide you with IDs, passports, birth certificates, and the like."

Astrid considered this option carefully, shocked that he would help them so much. To begin with, she only wanted a map and a bit of information. This was above and beyond what she could have ever asked for.

"Second," Peter continued, "we can find a secluded piece of land and establish an Asgardian settlement on Earth, or even a Valkyrie village independent of Asgard. This way, you can maintain your traditions while adapting to Earth's environment."

Astrid's gaze drifted to the city beyond the window. "I would prefer it to be close to civilization," she said after a moment. "That way, we can choose to integrate if we wish to in the future."

Peter nodded in agreement. "I can make arrangements for that."

"And third," Peter concluded, "I can step back and let the Valkyrie fend for themselves, with Brunnhilde's guidance of course. After all, she's been on earth long enough to know how things go. Just know, regardless of your choice, we'll provide you with IDs and documentation. Living in the modern age without identification would be unnecessarily challenging."

Astrid considered his words carefully, thinking about the best path for her sisters. "I believe the second option is the most suitable for us. Please arrange for the land."

Peter smiled, relieved that they had come to such a swift decision. "I'll have a piece of land purchased by tomorrow, so you'll have to spend the night camping until then. I can help build some houses tomorrow, when the land is procured."

"No, you've done enough." Astrid shook her head, feeling truly indebted to him. "Thank you, but we can't ask for more. It wouldn't be right. We can build our own homes. A few of us have studied magic, so it shouldn't take long to finish building."

"Okay," Peter shrugged as he waved his hand and opened a portal for her, "Go ahead and explain to the Valkyrie. I'll get started on everything."

As she stepped through, Peter was left alone in his office. The decision had been made and the Valkyrie had officially joined Earth. 'Now I just need to convince them to join the Avengers...'

The sun cast its golden rays over the secluded piece of land Peter had acquired in upstate New York. It had been a whirlwind of activity in the past week as the Valkyrie, with their unwavering determination, transformed the barren landscape into a budding village, a blend of Asgardian aesthetics and modern comforts.

Arriving at the settlement, Peter marveled at the progress they had made in such a short time. The houses, constructed in the traditional Asgardian style, were still being completed, but it was clear that the Valkyrie were adapting swiftly to their new surroundings. Even the walkways were being paved alongside street lamps and benches.

Seeking out Astrid, he found her in one of the larger houses, its architecture reminiscent of the halls of Asgard. She stood at a table piled with blueprints and plans. Since she was the leader, they naturally put her in charge of the settlement.

"Yo, Astrid," Peter greeted, offering a wave as he approached her. "I've brought the documents you'll need. The land officially belongs to you."

Astrid turned her attention to Peter, a genuine smile gracing her regal features. She accepted the documents, glancing at them briefly before nodding in appreciation. "Thank you, we'll repay your kindness in the future, I swear it."

Peter nodded. "It's the least we can do to welcome you to Earth."

Astrid's eyes sparkled with gratitude as she placed the documents aside. "Your generosity has not gone unnoticed."

With that matter settled, Peter shifted the conversation toward another topic that had been on his mind. "Astrid, there's something else I'd like to discuss with you. The Avengers would like to extend an invitation to you and the Valkyrie to join our ranks."

Astrid's lips curled into a knowing smile. "I've been waiting for you to finally ask," she admitted, her tone filled with confidence. "Brunnhilde already spoke to us about the benefits of joining your organization, especially considering the substantial compensation."

Peter chuckled, remembering to thank Brunnhilde for the assist. "Yes, the financial perks are definitely one of the advantages. But beyond that, I believe that this would be the best recruitment we've ever had."

Hulk and Abomination were certainly good pick ups for the Avengers, but almost a thousand Asgardian Warriors, each with super strength and skills honed through hundreds or even thousands of years, was far more appealing to Peter.

Astrid nodded in agreement. "Indeed, we are warriors at heart, and this seems like an opportunity we shouldn't miss. Besides, living as an Avenger beats working a regular Earth job any day."

Peter couldn't help but agree. After all, what are they supposed to do? Get normal jobs? No, they were Valkyrie, who spent all their lives training to become warriors, so that's what they'd be.

With the decision made, Peter extended his hand to Astrid, sealing their newfound partnership. "Welcome to the Avengers, Astrid. We're thrilled to have you and the Valkyrie on board."

As they shook hands, a sense of unity and hope filled the room. The Valkyrie had found a new home on Earth, and their journey as Avengers had officially begun.

Chapter 463: Maximoff Twins

After settling the Valkyrie into their new homes and officially recruiting them into the Avengers, Peter relished the chance to spend some quality time with his loved ones. He had been away from them for nearly two weeks, and the sight of MJ, Lily, May, Grace, and even the shining, bald head of the Ancient One filled his heart with warmth.

They had dinner together, sharing stories of their days apart, with Lily's enthusiastic chatter adding an extra layer of liveliness to the gathering. The newest addition to their little family, the Ancient One, seemed to genuinely smile a lot more than she used to, especially during times like these.

Ever since she moved in, it was like a switch was flipped. She went from a wise and omniscient leader with the weight of the world on her shoulders, to a sort of Grandma to Lily, a close friend to May and Grace, and a third mother figure to MJ and Peter.

As the evening wore on, Peter couldn't help but feel a pang of curiosity about the Maximoff twins, Wanda and Pietro. He had seen them briefly during his last visit to Xavier's school, and something about them had piqued his interest.

Leaving his family to relax, he retreated to his room and began to research the siblings. His investigation revealed a tragic past that mirrored their portrayal in the movies. Survivors of the Novi Grad Bombings in Sokovia, orphans who had lost their parents at a young age.

However, Peter soon discovered a crucial difference. Unlike the cinematic version of their story, where Tony Stark's weapons were responsible for the tragic death of their parents, the real world

events showed that they were orphans long before the bombings. Neither knew who their parents were from the very beginning.

This only strengthened Peter's hunch that Magneto, their father in the comics, might also hold that role in this world. 'But does Erik know?'

Peter's thoughts swirled as he wondered whether Magneto was hiding from his children, or perhaps, he simply didn't know they existed, which was definitely a possibility. After all, Erik has grown softer in his time as an Avenger, so Peter couldn't imagine him intentionally abandoning his children.

Another question appeared in Peter's mind. 'Do they still hate Tony?' Although they still went through a horrible experience in Novi Grad, they didn't lose their parents. 'Maybe I can smooth things over before they try to do something they'll regret...'

Dressed in his Spider-Man suit, Peter was about to leave for Xavier's school to investigate further when he was stopped in his tracks by a familiar voice calling out, "Daddy! Where are you going?"

Turning, he saw Lily standing before him in her own Spider-Suit, the mask concealing her face but her excitement evident in her body language.

"What do you want?" Peter asked, knowing the 'Daddy's' only come out when she's scared or wants something. And she certainly wasn't scared. "Why are you in your suit?"

Lily's smile faltered for just a second before a beaming smile that could be seen even beneath her mask returned, "Because I'm coming with you, Daddy!"

'... I really can't say no, can I?' Peter let out a sigh and bent down to her level. "Alright, you can come along, but remember to keep your mask on at all times and don't reveal your identity. We'll just be visiting Xavier's school."

Lily nodded eagerly, her eyes shining with anticipation. "Let's go, dad!"

'And the Daddy's disappear as soon as she gets what she wants... When did my daughter become so manipulative?' Peter shook his head and quickly sent a text to MJ, informing her that Lily would be accompanying him to Xavier's school to keep her from worrying.

With preparations in order, Peter opened a portal, and the father-daughter duo stepped through. They arrived at the peaceful surroundings of Xavier's school, greeted by the sight of metahuman children playing in the front yard.

Lily watched with wide-eyed wonder as children with various mutations showcased their unique abilities. She was itching to join them, her fingers fidgeting under her gloves.

Seeing her excitement, Peter patted her head affectionately. "Go ahead, kiddo. Join in the fun, but remember, no revealing your identity."

Lily gave a nod of understanding, her young heart filled with excitement as she bounded off toward a group of children her age. Each of them possessed different mutations, and she was eager to learn about them and make new friends. Peter noticed X-23, Kitty Pride, and a few other recognizable faces in the crowd she was joining.

With Lily occupied, Peter used the reality stone to make himself invisible and entered the mansion, searching for Wanda and Pietro's bedroom. He needed answers about their connection to Magneto, so he wanted to swipe some DNA and test it with Eriks. Maybe steal a few hairs from a brush?

Strolling through the mansion unnoticed, It wasn't long before Peter spotted Wanda Maximoff, the Scarlet Witch, rushing frantically through the mansion, her eyes wild with worry.

"Have you seen Pietro?" Wanda asked each person she encountered, her voice quivering with anxiety.

Peter stayed in the shadows, observing her. He followed her for a few moments, watching her frantic search lead her back to her room.

When Wanda entered her room and closed the door, the walls seemed to reverberate with the intensity of her emotions as she collapsed to the floor, crying her eyes out. As the tears streamed down her face, her body began to glow in a faint red color, her powers growing stronger and more chaotic with each passing second.

'This isn't good...' Peter knew he couldn't afford to wait any longer. He released his invisibility in the center of her room.

The room was a whirlwind of crimson energy, swirling chaotically as Wanda's powers spiraled out of control. Knowing the destructive potential of her magic, Peter acted swiftly. He summoned the power Reality Stone, its iridescent glow cutting through the chaos. With a focused thought, he contained her unruly powers, sealing them Temporarily.

Wanda's eyes widened as she felt her magic being brought under control. Her tears continued to fall, but the room around her began to stabilize. When she finally looked up, she saw Spider-Man standing over her.

"Are you okay?" Peter asked with genuine concern, crouching down beside her. "What happened?"

Wanda wiped away her tears with the back of her hand and nodded. "I... I don't know what happened. My brother, he ran off, and I couldn't stop him."

Peter frowned, realizing that this situation might be more dire than he had initially thought. "Where did he go?"

Wanda hesitated for a moment, her gaze fixed on the ground as she battled with her conflicting emotions. Finally, she made a decision and looked up at Peter.

"He... he went to kill Tony Stark," she admitted, her voice trembling. "I didn't want to tell on him, but I'm afraid of what he might do. I just want him back here, safe at the school, where we can be a family again."

Sadly, Peter wasn't surprised. "I see..."

The consequences of such an act would be catastrophic for Pietro, and Wanda seemed to realize that. Tony Stark is a beloved public figure, and an attack on him would make his killer public enemy number one. And that's exactly what Wanda doesn't want to happen. She may hate Tony Stark and America just as much as any Sokovian, but it just wasn't worth it.

"I'll find him," Peter assured Wanda. "But you need to stay here and keep your powers in check. I'll do my best to bring your brother back safely."

Wanda nodded, putting her full trust in Peter. If there was anyone who could bring her brother back and fix this situation, it would be Spider-Man.

Meanwhile, Wanda's wayward brother, Pietro, moved like a blur through the darkening streets of New York City, his silver hair and red clothing a streak against the night. He had one singular goal in mind... to reach the Avengers Tower and confront the man he blamed for his and his sisters suffering, Tony Stark.

As he approached the towering structure, Pietro's eyes scanned the imposing building. He had heard tales of its security systems and defenses, but he was confident in his own abilities. With his enhanced speed and reflexes, he believed he could bypass any obstacle.

Slowing down just enough to take in the situation, Pietro assessed the main entrance. Two security guards stood vigilant, watching over the automated check points inside the grand lobby. A sly grin crossed his face as he realized he could easily pass through the checkpoints and outpace the guards senses.

Without hesitation, Pietro dashed forward at a speed that rendered him nearly invisible to the naked eye. He darted past the guards, who only registered a gust of wind before their alarms began blaring. Confused and disoriented, they exchanged bewildered glances, unsure of what had just occurred.

Inside the tower, alarms echoed through the sleek, modern corridors. Security personnel rushed to the lobby, attempting to assess the breach. Their screens displayed blurred images of a figure in red and silver streaking past.

"What the hell was that?" one of the guards exclaimed.

"I don't know," his partner replied, still trying to make sense of what had just happened. "But it was fast... faster than anything I've ever seen."

Pietro, meanwhile, had already ascended several floors, his heart pounding with anticipation. He was closer to his goal than ever before, driven by a burning desire for revenge.

Chapter 464: Magic Man

In the heart of Tony Stark's sprawling workshop, bathed in the soft glow of arc reactor-powered lights, the genius inventor was engrossed in a complex task. His gloved hands deftly manipulated tiny nanobots, refining the latest upgrades for his Iron Man suit. The room hummed with the mechanical symphony of progress, and Tony was in his element.

Just as Tony was about to make another breakthrough, Jarvis, the ever-watchful AI, chimed in with a sense of urgency. "Sir, we have a breach in the building."

Tony frowned, his focus shifting from the delicate task at hand to the monitor nearby. He watched as Jarvis displayed security camera footage of a red and silver blur streaking through the lobby, defying the laws of physics with its incredible speed. The figure effortlessly evaded security guards, leaving them bewildered in its wake.

"What the hell is that?" Tony muttered to himself, his eyes fixed on the chaotic display on the screen.

Jarvis replied promptly, "Unknown, sir."

Tony's expression turned more serious as he realized the potential threat. "Lock down the stairwell, Jarvis."

No sooner had he issued the command, the monitor showed the panels beside the stairwell doors turning crimson, sealing off the path of the intruder.

As Tony continued to monitor the situation, the blur of red and silver abruptly came to a halt in front of a door. The camera zoomed in, revealing a young teenager, who appeared frustrated as he struggled to force the metal door open. It was evident that his incredible speed alone wasn't enough to overcome the door's robust security.

Pietro, realizing he was being observed, stared up at the camera and unleashed a torrent of colorful language. "Stark, you f#cking p*ssy! Unlock this door you coward! Face your death like a man!"

Tony raised an intrigued eyebrow at the mention of his name. "Jarvis, who is this kid, and why does he hate me so much?"

The AI promptly initiated a background check, and within seconds, a holographic screen displayed information about Pietro. "He is Pietro Maximoff, a student of Xavier's School for Gifted

Youngsters. Originally from Sokovia, he possesses the metahuman ability of super speed. There is no specific information available regarding his grievances against you, sir."

Tony contemplated the situation for a moment, stroking his chin. He needed answers, and he wasn't one to back down from a confrontation. In fact, he was known for seeking out the truth, no matter how uncomfortable it might be.

"Jarvis, draw him up to my workshop. I've got a little welcome gift for our speedy friend," Tony declared, his mind already whirring with ideas.

As Jarvis initiated the process to lure Pietro to the workshop, Tony moved swiftly, gathering an old dusty book as well as a selection of odd ingredients from the nearby shelves. He had every intention of getting to the bottom of Pietro's animosity and hoped that their meeting would shed light on the mysterious vendetta against him.

In the dimly lit stairwell, Pietro Maximoff found himself at an impasse. The metal door that had previously barred his path suddenly creaked open, allowing him to continue his ascent toward Tony Stark's workshop. His confusion and suspicion was obvious, but curiosity pushed him forward as he ventured deeper into the tower.

As Pietro maneuvered around the building, a growing sense of unease gnawed at him. It was as if the tower itself conspired against him, guiding his steps. Elevators pinged open at opportune moments, doors swung shut behind him, and mechanisms blocked off hallways, directing him relentlessly forward like a rat in a maze. He felt like a puppet in someone else's hands, unable to escape the inexorable pull toward his destination.

His heart raced as he pressed on, determined to kill the man responsible for his and his sisters horrible childhood. No matter how suspicious this situation was, he just kept telling himself, 'Even if I'm walking into a trap, no one can catch me...'

The corridors seemed to stretch endlessly, and there was no turning back. And after what felt like forever, Pietro finally found his target. At last, he reached an open door, offering a glimpse of Tony Stark, who stood waiting on the other side, wearing a smug expression.

Tony waved toward Pietro, an infuriating grin on his face. "Hey, there. What was it you called me again? Oh that's right, you called me a 'f#cking p*ssy'." He gave his guest a taunting look. "Well, are you coming in? Or are you a f#cking p-"

Pietro knew he should have been more cautious. Tony was most certainly goading him and he wasn't even wearing his armor, but Pietro's anger blinded him to the potential danger. With a rush of adrenaline, before Tony could finish speaking, he transformed into a blur, hurtling into the room with the intent to kill radiating from his very being.

However, his plans were thwarted before he could even reach his target. As he took a single step into the room, the floor beneath him illuminated, revealing an intricate spell circle painted into the ground. It was a trap, and Pietro had walked right into it without a single thought.

Before Pietro could react, his rapid speed came to a jarring halt as if he'd collided with solid brick wall. As he tried to run out of the circle, an invisible barrier blocked his path. His body recoiled, and he crashed to the floor, gasping in pain. The spell circle had ensnared him, trapping him inside.

Tony Stark, who had been watching Pietro's approach with a bemused expression, now wore a self-satisfied smirk. He strode forward, standing just outside the boundaries of the spell circle.

"Hello again," Tony greeted, bending down to Pietro's eye level. "Now, care to tell me why you decided to break into my building and kill me?"

Pietro clenched his jaw, his blue eyes burning with anger and frustration. He wanted answers, but Tony's trap had left him vulnerable, unable to make a move. "Why do you think? You ruined our lives, Stark! You and your weapons!"

Before Pietro could say more, a sudden portal rippled into existence beside Tony. The rift revealed none other than Peter Parker, dressed in his Spider-Man attire, and he appeared ready for a battle.

Peter had arrived, anticipating a dire confrontation between Pietro and Tony. However, what he found was Pietro trapped within a spell circle, and Tony standing outside of it, completely unscathed.

"Oh..." Peter grunted as his stance turned much more relaxed than before. "You already handled it..."

Tony, still wearing that smug grin, gestured toward Pietro with a casual wave of his hand. "Yeah, I take it you knew he was coming here?"

Peter nodded as he walked over and admired Tony's handiwork. "Yeah, his sister didn't want him to ruin his life, so she asked me to help." Pietro's eyes widen with a sense of betrayal. "I rushed over to stop him, but I guess I came for nothing... Nice work with the boundary spell by the way. It's not perfect but It should hold him back with ease."

Pietro, still trapped and fuming, turned to Peter with a glare. "There's no way my sister would betray me! She hates Stark just as much as I do!"

Peter shrugged as he eyed Pietro. "Well, that may be true, but she seems to love you more than she hates him. And she knows that killing Iron Man, will make you the most wanted man alive. You'd be hunted to the ends of the earth until you're either caught or killed. Actually, you'd be hunted to the edge of the universe. After all, we have space ships and all sorts of off-planet connections."

Peter continued, his voice firm. "Besides that, did you even think about what could happen to your sister? Because you aren't just sacrificing yourself here. First of all, she'd be losing a brother and since you're her only family, that would leave her alone for the rest of her life. And let's not even get into the punishment that she'd get if she was even remotely involved in the death of a beloved hero."

Pietro glanced up at Peter, his anger still smoldering but his resolve wavering. "... He wanted to refute Peter's words, but he knew it was the truth. If he really went through with this, his life and even his sisters life would be irrevocably changed, and it wouldn't be for the better.

Even if he knew in his heart that Tony Stark deserved it, he couldn't just kill the man. 'Do I really have to let it go?' The thought alone left a bad taste in his mouth, but Pietro couldn't think of another way.

"Umm, can either of you please explain why he wants me dead? I've never even seen this kid before..." Tony asked, unable to hold back his curiosity any longer.

Peter turned to Tony. "You sold weapons to the Air Force and they used them to bomb the city he and his sister lived in as children. They blame you for ruining their lives." He quickly explained, which brought a sad frown to Tony's face.

Unable to contain himself, Pietro spoke up to add more details. "He didn't just ruin our lives. He ruined everyone's lives! His bombs killed and displaced countless Sokovians. Even our friends disappeared over night. They either died to the bombs, starved to death afterwards, or left with a group of refugees, never to be heard from again." Pietro turns to stare Tony dead in the eyes. "And before you make any excuses, you might not have dropped the bombs, but you share just as much blame as those who did."

Tony pauses for a moment before speaking. "I'm sorry, kid." He said wholeheartedly. "I truly am-"

"Whatever," Pietro shrugs off his apology without a care. "Get me out of here. I need to get back to school before Wanda starts worrying too much."

"Sure," Peter nods, knowing he won't try this again. "Tell your sister I'll be visiting her later."

"Huh?" Pietro didn't like the sound of that, though he didn't have time to ask any questions because a portal opened up under his feet. "Agh!"

Remembering that he needed a DNA sample, Peter closed the portal just in time to cut a few of Pietro's hairs as he fell and disappeared from the room.

Walking over to the boundary spell, Peter tapped it with his finger, shattering it with ease.

"Now you're just showing off..." Tony muttered in annoyance.

Ignoring the pouting man-child, Peter walked over and grabbed a few of Pietro's hairs. "Here," Peter hands them over to Tony. "Make yourself useful and run those hairs against the DNA we have from Magneto."

"Huh? Why?" Tony asks.

"I have a hunch..."

Chapter 465: I am your father!

Moments after Peter had handed over Pietro's hairs to Tony, Jarvis diligently analyzed the DNA samples. The results arrived swiftly, prompting Jarvis to relay the information with a detached tone.

"Sir, I have completed the DNA analysis. Pietro Maximoff is indeed the biological son of Erik Lehnsherr, also known as Magneto."

The revelation hung heavy in the air, and Tony was momentarily stunned into silence. It was a truth he hadn't expected, and the implications were staggering.

Peter broke the silence with a question that was lingering in his mind. "Jarvis, do we have any information on their mother? Who is she?"

Jarvis responded promptly, "I regret to inform you that I could not find any data regarding the identity of their mother in government or corporate databases. However, I have information on her ethnicity. She appears to be of Romani descent."

Peter furrowed his brows, pondering this newfound knowledge. "So, their mother was a Romani woman. That's something at least. But it doesn't tell us much about her. Is she a normal human, Jarvis?"

Jarvis replied, "Based on the available data, there is no indication that she possessed any metahuman abilities. It is likely that she was a normal human."

Tony, who had been deep in thought, finally broke his silence. "Peter, what do we do now? Do we tell Erik?"

Peter nodded, his expression resolute. "Yeah, I'll handle it though. You should probably stay out of this one. After all, his kids hate your guts with a fiery passion."

Tony sighed, his gaze fixed on the ground. "You're right, I'll leave this drama in your capable hands. It's probably best if I'm not directly involved in this."

Peter placed a reassuring hand on Tony's shoulder, offering a faint smile. "Don't worry, Tony. I'll handle it. And maybe, just maybe, we can figure out a way to make it right with his kids. After all, you've already done a lot to make up for your past. They can't stay mad at you forever."

Tony managed a small, sad smile in return, appreciating Peter's optimism. "I hope so..."

With their course of action decided, Peter turned to leave, heading toward the door. As his figure disappeared into the hallway, Tony remained in his workshop, lost in his thoughts. He couldn't help but regret every weapon he sold as well as every penny that he made off of the deaths of others. If only he realized his mistake and made the Iron Man suit earlier. Who knows how many people would be alive and well?

In the heart of the Avengers Tower, Peter sat behind his desk, his office illuminated by the soft glow of the city lights filtering through the windows. He had called for a meeting with a fellow Avengers councilman, someone who had a significant role in the unfolding drama. Peter's fingers drummed on the polished surface of his desk, his thoughts a whirlwind of anticipation.

Moments later, the heavy door to his office swung open, and Erik Lehnsherr, better known as Magneto, entered with the regal demeanor that often accompanied him. He acknowledged Peter with a nod as he took a seat across from him, his magnetic aura subtly palpable in the room.

"So, can you finally explain why I'm here?" Magneto inquired, his tone laced with curiosity and a hint of annoyance. "I don't understand why you couldn't just tell me over the phone. After all, I'm a very busy man these days. You have no idea how many meta human experimentation facilities have been popping up lately-"

"2 in the past month and 8 in the past year... Let's not forget that I practically run the Avengers, so, sooner or later, each of your reports finds its way to my desk. But that's not why I called you here." Peter cleared his throat, his expression serious. "Erik, there's something I need to discuss with you. It's... important."

Magneto regarded him with a raised eyebrow, his helmeted visage betraying no emotion. "Go on."

Peter leaned forward, taking a deep breath before he began. "We recently conducted a DNA test on two individuals. And the results... well, they were positive. Erik, they are your children."

The revelation hung in the air like a charged silence. For a moment, it seemed as if time itself had come to a standstill. Magneto's normally stoic exterior wavered, and his helmeted head tilted slightly as if processing the information.

"You must be mistaken," he finally uttered, his voice tinged with disbelief. "I don't have any children."

Peter was quick to respond, his tone earnest. "Erik, we're more than certain. The DNA test was conclusive. They are your children. I can show you the test if you want."

The shock on Magneto's face was palpable, his eyes widening beneath the metallic facade. And it was a reaction that Peter had hoped for. After all, if he wasn't surprised, then it would be extremely likely that he knowingly abandoned his children. But thankfully, that didn't seem to be the case. He seemed pretty confused and shocked by the whole situation, and there was no trace of recognition in his eyes.

Peter continued. "I think you can see now why I wanted to tell you this in person. It's not exactly news you give someone over the phone."

"Where are they?" Magneto asked, his voice almost trembling with anticipation. "Where are my children?"

Peter leaned back in his chair, a small smile tugging at the corners of his lips. "You've probably met them before, Erik. They're both students at Xavier's school."

The revelation brought a smug yet proud smile to Magneto's face. He had always been a staunch advocate for mutants, or rather Meta Humans as they're called these days. And the fact that his own children carried the X-gene filled him with an overwhelming sense of satisfaction.

"Who are they?" Magneto asks, dying to know which powers his children received.

"Wanda and Pietro Maximoff." Peter reveals.

A mixture of emotions played across Magneto's face, his helmet concealing the full extent of his reaction. He was shocked, but beneath that, Peter detected a sense of pride. After all, Pietro was without a doubt one of the strongest meta humans in Xavier's school. And although Wanda's powers were uncontrollable at the moment, they were most definitely powerful. She might even be stronger than her brother...

"Of course," Magneto mused, nodding. "I remember them now. Wanda with her... odd powers, and Pietro, the speedster. They've inherited more from me than I could've possibly hoped for."

Peter nodded in agreement, his eyes meeting Magneto's. "Yes, they're both incredibly powerful, but does their last name ring any bells? After all, they probably got it from their mother, and well... you knocked her up. If it helps, Jarvis said she was of Romani descent."

Magneto thought for a moment before ultimately shaking negatively. "I don't mean to toot my own horn, but I was quite the lady's man back in the day. I'm afraid It'll take more than that to jog my memory."

Peter let out a sigh. "Alright, I'll ask the twins later. Maybe one of them will remember something about their mother that can help."

Magneto's gaze hardened with determination as he looked at Peter. "I want to meet with them. I want to be a part of their lives."

Peter smiled, relieved that the conversation was taking a positive turn. "That's the plan, Erik. We'll arrange a meeting, and you can reveal it to them. They don't know either, so I'm sure they'll be surprised to learn they have a father."

Magneto nodded in understanding, his gaze distant for a moment as he contemplated the future. "Thank you for bringing this to my attention. You've given me a second chance I never knew I could have."

Peter shrugged as he relaxed into his chair. "No problem. It's what I do."

The sun cast a warm, golden hue over the peaceful grounds of Xavier's School for Gifted Youngsters the day after Peter's meeting with Magneto. In the tranquil garden, Peter stood at a discreet distance, hidden from view by the lush foliage of a carefully tended hedge. He watched intently as Magneto, a powerful figure in the world of meta humans, sat across from two familiar teenagers, Wanda and Pietro Maximoff.

Wanda and Pietro were both a picture of youthful vitality and apprehension, their expressions a mixture of curiosity and unease. They couldn't help but feel a sense of foreboding as they wondered

why Magneto, a figure they had only seen in passing and heard of in whispers and stories, had called them to talk.

Magneto's presence alone was enough to send shivers down the spines of most people. His reputation as a formidable General of the X-Men was well-known in the meta human community. To the twins, he was an enigmatic figure, a powerful force to be reckoned with.

Sitting at a table in the garden, Magneto clasped his gloved hands together, his piercing eyes locked onto his two children. He could sense their trepidation, their uncertainty about the purpose of this meeting.

"I'm sure you're both wondering why I asked to speak with you today," Magneto began, his deep voice carrying a power that couldn't be ignored.

Wanda and Pietro exchanged a wary glance but remained silent, waiting for him to continue.

Magneto leaned forward slightly, his gaze unwavering. "There are things about your past that you deserve to know, things that I only just learned yesterday."

Wanda's brow furrowed as she exchanged another glance with her brother. She didn't know where this was going, and only hoped that they weren't in trouble.

Magneto paused for a moment, as if searching for the right words. His fingers drummed softly on the wooden table, creating an almost hypnotic rhythm. "I should have been there for you both. I should have protected you. But it seems fate didn't allow that..."

Pietro's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "What are you talking about?"

Magneto took a deep breath, steeling himself for what he was about to reveal. "Wanda, Pietro... I am your father."

The words hung in the air, heavy with significance. Time seemed to slow as Wanda and Pietro processed the shocking revelation. Their eyes widened in disbelief, and they exchanged stunned glances, unable to speak.

While watching from his hiding spot, Peter couldn't help but think, 'In a weird way, this kinda reminds me of Star Wars...'

Luke, I am your father!

Chapter 466: New Student

A few days after the revelation that their father was Magneto, Peter decided to pay a visit to the Maximoff twins. Well, he mainly needed to speak with Wanda. He wanted to do this earlier, but he decided to give the newly formed family some space. After all, it's a big shock to learn that you have a father, especially when that father is a man like Magneto.

But after asking the all important questions, like where the hell have you been all our lives and other hard hitting queries, the small family seemed to be getting along rather nicely. Of course, that didn't mean they were a perfect family.

Magneto was still Magneto, he wasn't the best father figure. But, Peter hoped in time he would learn. As for the twins, Pietro wasn't very happy with his fathers excuses, and Wanda was rather guarded toward him, but they were all at least trying.

Dressed in his iconic Spider-Man suit, Peter stepped out of a portal, leading to the X-Mansion. Maneuvering his way through the building, he did his best to avoid getting swarmed by young fans before finding Wanda's room. With a few taps on the door, he waited for someone to answer.

Inside the room, the twins were going about their day. Pietro was engrossed in a video game, while Wanda was experimenting with her powers, trying to control the swirling red energy that had caused chaos more than once.

Hearing a knock at the door, Pietro hopped up to answer it. "What...!" He was shocked to find Peter on the other side of the door. After all, it's not everyday that Spider-Man comes to say hello.

"Yo," Peter gave him and Wanda a wave.

Wanda rushed to the door and pushed Pietro aside, her expression a mix of curiosity and gratitude. "Spider-Man, what brings you here?"

Peter smiled under his mask, nodding at her. "Hey, Wanda. Mind if I come in for a chat?"

Pietro eyed Spider-Man warily. He was protective of Wanda and didn't appreciate unexpected visitors, especially someone like Spider-Man, whom he knew little about. "Why are you here?"

Peter read Pietro like an open book and let out a small chuckle. "Just a friendly chat." He could easily see that Pietro thought he was here to pursue his sister and possibly even ask her out on a date. 'Meh, let him think what he wants. It's more amusing that way...'

Pietro still seemed unsure but his sister shoved him aside, inviting Peter into the room. "Quit standing in the way like an idiot!" She chided her brother before turning back to Peter, a smile returning to her face. "Thanks for your help, by the way. I never had a chance to thank you for what you did for us."

Peter shrugged off her thanks, his voice laced with modesty. "No problem. I just did what I do. I'm Spider-Man, after all."

As Peter and Wanda engaged in small talk, Pietro, still feeling uneasy about the situation, was about to close the door when Spider-Man stopped him. "Actually, Pietro, could you do me a favor and give us a little privacy? There's something I need to discuss with your sister."

Pietro raised an eyebrow, uncertain about the request. He glanced between Peter and Wanda, feeling absolute dread. Is this when his sister would get a boyfriend? He knew this day would come... yet he hoped it wouldn't.

Seeing her brother standing around like an idiot again, Wanda walks over and pushes him out the door. And without missing a step, she slammed the door in his face, leaving only Spider-Man and Wanda.

With the door closed, Wanda turned to Peter, her curiosity piqued. "So, what did you want to talk about?"

Peter leaned against the wall, crossing his arms. "Well, I've seen your powers, and I've noticed something interesting. Your abilities seem to be more centered in the magical realm."

Wanda blinked in surprise. "Magic? But magic doesn't exist... right?"

Peter nodded. "It does, and your powers seem to be related to chaos in some way. They're extremely potent and unpredictable, which is why it's crucial for you to learn how to harness them properly."

Wanda absorbed this information, her eyes wide with realization. "So, you're saying I can learn magic?"

Peter grinned beneath his mask. "Exactly. I can point you in the right direction and introduce you to someone who can help you tap into your magical potential. It won't be easy, but with your determination, you can master your powers."

Wanda's face lit up with hope and excitement. "Thank you, Spider-Man. This means a lot to me."

Peter stood up and shook his head. "No need to thank me. I'd teach you myself, but I just don't have the time."

Wanda nodded her head but soon froze. "Right... wait! You know magic?"

Peter nodded. "Yeah, how else can I do this?" He waved his hand, conjuring a portal with a swirl of magical energy. He took a step towards it, glancing back at Wanda. "Ready to start learning magic?"

Wanda, who had only seen Peter open portals on TV or from afar, hesitated for a moment, awe and a hint of fear in her eyes. She nodded, her voice filled with determination. "Lead the way."

Peter smiled reassuringly and stepped through the portal. He turned back to Wanda and gestured for her to follow. "Come on, Wanda. I'll introduce you to your new teacher."

As Wanda stepped through the portal, her surroundings changed dramatically. Gone was the X-Mansion, replaced by a mesmerizing landscape of Asian architecture. "Woah..."

She found herself at the edge of a tranquil courtyard where a group of individuals dressed as monks were practicing a set of martial arts movements. But that wasn't what initially caught her eye. As they moved, Wanda noticed their hands glowing in a golden light, which reminded her of Peter's portal. Their serene concentration captivated her, and she watched in awe as they molded the energy into various forms.

Wide-eyed and amazed, Wanda couldn't help but ask, "Where are we?"

Peter turned to her, his masked face reflecting a sense of familiarity with this place. "Welcome to Hogwarts, school of witchcraft and wizardry!" He spoke jokingly, but Wanda almost believed him. "Nah, I'm kidding. This is Kamar-Taj."

Confusion clouded Wanda's face. "Kamar-what?"

Peter chuckled softly, his voice resonating with a hint of amusement. "Kamar-Taj. It's the home and training grounds of the Masters of the Mystic Arts, located in Kathmandu, Nepal. In simpler terms, it's a magic school. Hence the Hogwarts joke."

Wanda's eyes widened with realization. "But less British and more Asian?"

Peter nodded with a grin. "You could say that, but the Masters of Kamar-Taj don't just teach magic. They protect our world from threats from other dimensions and step in for worldly or universal threats if they're needed, but that's rare."

As they continued to observe the courtyard, Peter guided Wanda through a grand entrance into the heart of Kamar-Taj. Passing through ornate corridors adorned with ancient tapestries, they reached a majestic chamber. There, seated in meditation, was the revered Ancient One.

With the grace of someone who had walked these halls many times before, Peter approached the Ancient One and waved. "Yo, I brought you a replacement student. Since your old one pretty much graduated, I thought you might want to take up another disciple."

The Ancient One quickly realized that Peter was talking about himself. "I see, Introduce me to your guest."

Peter has two identities in Kamar-Taj. Spider-Man, who is known to be a normal student, and Peter Parker, who is practically the places young master, thanks to his connection to the Ancient One. Of course, he had to be careful how he spoke with others around. Or else someone will realize that they're one and the same.

Stepping back, Peter gestured for Wanda to come forward. She approached the Ancient One with a mixture of awe and trepidation, her heart pounding as she felt the weight of the moment. "Ancient

One, this is Wanda Maximoff. She possesses unique abilities, and I believe she could benefit greatly from your guidance."

The Ancient One studied Wanda with a keen and knowing gaze. Her eyes seemed to penetrate not just Wanda's outer facade but her very soul. It was as if she could sense the chaotic energy that flowed within her.

Wanda's heart raced as the Ancient One's scrutiny continued. "You possess the gift of chaos magic," the Ancient One finally spoke, her voice carrying an otherworldly wisdom that sent shivers down Wanda's spine.

Wanda was shocked that the Ancient One could figure that out with just a simple glance. Of course, Peter figured it out as well, but at least he saw her powers in action beforehand.

Peter nodded in agreement with the Ancient One's assessment. "That's why I thought it best that you take her under your wing. Her power is immense, and there's no room for mistakes in her training."

The Ancient One regarded Wanda with a warm, understanding smile. "Wanda, would you like to learn the ways of magic from me?"

Wanda was momentarily at a loss for words. She clumsily bowed, a gesture of respect and acceptance. "Yes, Ancient One. I would be honored to become your student."

The Ancient One's smile widened, and she rose gracefully from her meditation cushion. "Very well, then. I will prepare a room for you to stay during your training."

Peter, ever the considerate friend, spoke up on Wanda's behalf. "Actually, Wanda's brother is back at Xavier's school. She might want to return there after her lessons."

The Ancient One nodded in agreement. "Of course, we can arrange that. Wanda, you may return to your brother when you wish. Your training here can be tailored to your needs." She turned to glance at Peter. "My last student had similar needs."

Relief washed over Wanda as she realized she wouldn't have to abandon her brother while pursuing her magical education. She thanked the Ancient One, her heart filled with gratitude for this newfound opportunity.

As they prepared to depart, Wanda couldn't help but feel a mix of excitement and uncertainty about her future as a student of Kamar-Taj. With the Ancient One's wisdom, she was poised to unlock the true potential of her chaos magic and become a force to be reckoned with.

Chapter 467: Inevitable Revelation

A week had passed since Peter left Wanda in the capable hands of the Ancient One and Kamar-Taj. He had watched as she embarked on her journey to harness her chaotic magic, a journey that could potentially prevent her from becoming the dangerous Scarlet Witch he knew she had the potential to be. Thankfully, the responsibility of shaping her into a good witch was now firmly on the Ancient One's shoulders.

Peter was sprawled on his couch, engrossed in an oddly captivating reality TV show about sisters who each weighed 800 pounds. It was a strange form of entertainment, but it managed to be a great way to pass the time while he lazed around the house.

Beside him, his daughter Lily giggled at the absurdity on the screen. Her innocent laughter brought a smile to Peter's face, reminding him of the simple joys in life. Lily is one of the main reasons why he's decided to offload as much work onto others as humanly possible. He just wants to spend more time with her and the rest of his family.

And live as a lazy bum...

As they watched TV, Peter couldn't help but multitask. He picked up his phone, scrolling through information about his parents. Their tragic deaths in a plane crash had piqued his interest, and he had begun to wonder if there was more to the story. Ned and MJ's curiosity had ignited his own, leading him to ask Jarvis to dig up information on the crash and his parents' background.

A week of investigation had yielded little more than the official crash report, which indicated that it had indeed been a tragic accident. At least, as far as the investigators could tell. There were no signs of foul play or conspiracy. Peter sighed, feeling a mix of relief and disappointment. Perhaps some mysteries were better left unsolved.

As he flipped through his phone, Lily, not one to stay idle for long, picked up the remote and began flipping through the TV channels. It was a typical evening in their household until, suddenly, Peter heard something that instantly piqued his interest.

As she flipped through the channels, Peter heard a man ranting. "... I told you it's real! This isn't some Atlantis or Eldorado conspiracy theory! I have proof that there's an advanced city hidden in Africa! My satellite-

As Peter looked up to watch, Lily continued flipping through the channels absentmindedly. She didn't care for the news so she didn't even bother listening.

"Wait, give me that." Peter snatches the remote from her.

"Hey!" Lily exclaimed in annoyance. "You said I get to pick what we watch!"

Ignoring his daughter for a moment, Peter switched back to the news, instantly confirming his suspicion. 'I told them this would happen...'

On the news, a passionate man was fervently discussing a hidden nation in Africa. His satellite images, which were displayed for all to see, showed a city of unparalleled technological advancement. It was the true Wakanda, a stark contrast to the facade the world had been shown. It was only a matter of time before they find out that this is Wakanda.

Peter let out a sigh as everything was revealed before the general public. He had warned both T'Chaka and T'Challa that this day might come, that someone would discover the real Wakanda hidden beneath the illusion. Now, that day had arrived.

Seconds later, Peter's phone rang with an incoming call, and T'Chaka's name flashed on the screen. Peter answered the call, his tone a mix of concern and smugness. "I told you so," he declared before T'Chaka could even speak.

There was a heavy sigh on the other end of the line, followed by T'Chaka's deep, measured voice. "Yes, you were right. The time has come, and Wakanda's secrecy is no more. We need to act quickly before things get out of hand."

Peter nodded, though T'Chaka couldn't see him. "I know. Does T'Challa know?"

T'Chaka's tone grew more solemn. "Not yet, but he'll know soon enough."

Peter leaned back on the couch, his thoughts racing. The responsibilities he had tried to shed were returning, but this time, it was a duty he couldn't ignore. He painstakingly fostered a connection to Wakanda, a nation that didn't do connections. And he knew he had to stand by them now more than ever, as it would cement their friendship even further.

"Alright..." Peter spoke after a moment of thought. "Meet me at the tower. I'll call a press conference. We better get on top of this before anyone can muddy the waters."

"I'm already on my way..."

As he ended the call, Peter turned to Lily, who was giving him an expectant look. "Can I come?" Lily asks as she gave him her best puppy-dog eyes.

Smiling at his daughters manipulative ways, Peter nods his head. "Sure, but we're going as Spider-Man and Spider-Girl, so remember not to reveal our identities."

Lily jumped out of her seat in excitement as her spider suit appeared, instantly switching out with her old clothes. "Yes! Let's go!"

The Avengers Tower buzzed with activity as Peter and Lily, both clad in their spider suits to conceal their identities, arrived for the press conference. The weight of the impending revelation about Wakanda hung heavy in the air. Peter had made arrangements to meet with T'Chaka before facing the media onslaught, and Lily followed closely behind her father.

As they approached T'Chaka, Peter could see the worry etched on the former king's face, his features marred by the stress of the situation. Peter knew that T'Chaka was well aware of the consequences of revealing Wakanda's true nature to the world.

"Yo," Peter greeted with his usual wave.

T'Chaka nodded in response, his eyes reflecting the gravity of the moment. "This is a precarious situation. I fear the repercussions of our revelation."

Peter's concern mirrored T'Chaka's, though he wasn't nearly as stressed about it. "Have you been able to contact T'Challa?" Peter inquired, knowing that they would need his help.

T'Chaka nodded once more, his expression filled with resolve. "Yes, T'Challa is aware, and he stands ready to help. He hopes that the Avengers and I can lay the groundwork for him."

Peter agreed with a nod. "Good. We'll do our best to handle this situation delicately. But before we go out, contact T'Challa again. I have a plan that might help set the right tone."

T'Chaka gave a brief but appreciative smile before reaching for his phone to make the call. Peter knew that the involvement of the Black Panther and the nation of Wakanda was crucial in navigating the aftermath.

Once the call was made and T'Challa was informed of the plan, Peter, Lily, and T'Chaka stepped out onto the stage of the packed conference room. Cameras flashed, and reporters eagerly awaited their announcement. Anytime the Avengers called a press conference, the world paid attention.

Peter took the podium, his voice projecting with authority as he addressed the assembled press. "Hello again, thank you for gathering here today. We have some news, news that the Avengers have been aware of for a while but is now reaching the rest of the world."

A murmur rippled through the crowd as reporters exchanged curious glances. Speculation ran wild, but the hidden civilization in Africa wasn't on anyone's mind. It was still considered by many to be nothing more than a conspiracy theory.

Peter continued, his tone measured and deliberate. "To provide you with more details, I'd like to introduce a special guest. Please welcome the former king of Wakanda and newest member of the Avengers Council, T'Chaka."

T'Chaka stepped forward and took Peter's place at the podium, his presence commanding attention. He looked out at the crowd, his gaze unwavering as he began to speak. "Ladies and gentlemen, it is with great solemnity that I confirm the truth. The news of a hidden city in Africa is not a fabrication. It is real, and that city is the nation of Wakanda. The true Wakanda."

A hushed silence fell over the room as T'Chaka's words sank in. Reporters and cameramen alike were stunned by the revelation. The world had been introduced to the idea of Wakanda, but it was always portrayed as a poor and tiny country. Now, the truth had been unveiled.

Peter knew that the visual impact would be just as crucial as T'Chaka's words. With a wave of his hand, he conjured a large, shimmering portal behind T'Chaka. Through it, everyone in the conference room, as well as those watching remotely, could see the grandeur of the Wakandan palace and the city sprawled out around it.

On the palace balcony stood T'Chaka, regal and composed, flanked by his mother and sister. Behind them, the Dora Milaje guards stood in stoic formation. The Wakandan architecture, a breathtaking fusion of tradition and advanced technology, left the audience in awe.

As the crowd and the world at large witnessed this astonishing sight, the impact of the revelation hit home. Wakanda was real, and it was unlike anything they had ever imagined. The world watched in astonishment, and questions swirled in their minds about the hidden wonders of this enigmatic nation.

And only seconds after the portal appeared, the reporters in the crowd went into a frenzy. "... T'Chaka, how long has Wakanda been in hiding!? ...How many people really live in Wakanda!? ... How rich is Wakanda!? ...Has Wakanda ever taken funds under the guise of being a poor nation!? ...How long have you been lying to the world?" There didn't seem to be any end to the reporters' questions.

Chapter 468: Atlantis?

The press conference had stirred up a whirlwind of questions and speculations, which would no doubt last for months to come. Once it was over, Peter, Lily, and T'Chaka returned to Wakanda through a shimmering portal, leaving behind the buzzing excitement of the media frenzy. As they stepped onto the palace grounds, The Royal Family and the rest of the Tribal Council awaited them.

T'Challa's expression was a mix of concern and determination. He understood the magnitude of the situation and what it meant for Wakanda's future. The council members, each representing a different tribe, looked equally serious and a bit dreadful as they gathered for an emergency meeting.

Peter took his place among the group, flanked by T'Chaka and T'Challa. Some tribes didn't look kindly on his presence, but sadly for them, he's their only link to the outside world. They may not like it, but they need him now more than ever.

Lily, not one to sit quietly, found herself fidgeting in place. She wanted to tag along, but meetings like this weren't exactly her idea of fun.

As the discussion was about to unfold, Peter noticed Lily's restlessness. He leaned over and whispered, "Hey, how about I find you someone to play with?"

Lily's eyes lit up at the prospect of escaping the dull meeting. "Yes, please!"

Peter turned to T'Chaka. "T'Chaka, if you don't mind, can we arrange a play date. I'm sure Shuri doesn't want to sit through this boring meeting either."

T'Chaka nodded with a knowing smile. "Of course. Shuri will be delighted."

Shuri was, in fact, not delighted. She wanted to stay and hear about the big event. After all, this is a grand and crazy occasion. Wakanda has been hiding for a very long time and now everyone knows about them. She wanted to refuse, but a pointed look from her parents stopped any and all of her complaints.

With that, Peter and T'Chaka returned to business, as their two daughters left the room, closing the door on their way out.

Lily quietly followed Shuri through the palace before finding herself in a high-tech laboratory that seemed straight out of a science fiction movie. As the doors closed behind them, Shuri turned to Lily. "So... What do you want to do?"

Lily shrugged her shoulders and peered around the room, her curiosity piqued by the futuristic surroundings. "Umm, whatever you want to do... Is this your brothers lab or something?"

Shuri chuckled. "No, it's mine. My brother wouldn't know his way around this place. He'd either blow himself up or burn the place down."

Lily, being exceptionally quick on the uptake, took a quick glance at Shuri's workbench. She couldn't help but blurt out, "Is that a vibranium polymer fabric? Does it improve energy absorption and kinetic redistribution?"

Shuri blinked in surprise. "Yes, it is. How did you know that?"

Lily grinned beneath her mask. "My dad has Vibranium at home. He lets me study it in my spare time. Vibranium technology is fascinating."

Seeing that Lily seemed to understand her work, Shuri was about to explain the details of her many other inventions that laid around the room but Lily, in her typical fashion, cut in with descriptive explanations that were not only accurate but also more comprehensive. Shuri blinked in shock, realizing that she might have met her technological match. Lily seemed to understand everything with just a simple glance.

However, instead of feeling threatened, Shuri felt a sense of camaraderie. Most children her age couldn't relate to her passion for science and technology. She was often isolated from other friend groups. After all, not only is she a princess but also a genius. The other children just couldn't understand her, and she didn't care to dumb herself down either. And now, here was someone who not only understood but could keep up with her.

With newfound enthusiasm, Shuri decided to forge a friendship. "You really know your stuff. Want to help me with something?"

Lily's eyes sparkled with excitement. "Sure, I'd love to!"

As the two girls delved into a project together, Shuri couldn't help but pester Lily with personal questions. "So, where are you from? Do you go to school? Do you have any siblings? What's your real name? I can't keep calling you Spider-Girl..."

Lily, aware of her father's strict instructions not to reveal her identity or origin, gave evasive answers. "I can't really say much about that. My dad told me to be careful."

Shuri huffed in annoyance. "How are we going to be friends if I don't even know anything about you?"

Lily thought for a moment and then smiled beneath her mask. "Well, maybe someday I can reveal myself. But for now, you'll have to settle for just Spider-Girl."

Shuri sighed in frustration but decided to let it go for the time being. She had found a kindred spirit in Lily, and that was more important than knowing her identity.

Hours passed, and Peter and T'Chaka finally finished their meeting. They made their way over to Shuri's lab, where they found the two girls deeply engrossed in a holographic display of their joint project. Sparks flew, and a miniature vibranium device levitated in the air, a testament to their combined genius.

T'Chaka couldn't help but smile at the sight of his daughter smiling and bonding with a new friend. He whispered to Peter, "It seems our children have a lot in common."

Peter nodded in agreement. "Yeah, let's not interrupt their fun."

As the girls continued their scientific collaboration, Peter and T'Chaka retreated to the background, content in the knowledge that this newfound friendship could be the beginning of something extraordinary.

Days later...

In the wake of the press conference that unveiled Wakanda's existence to the world, the international stage was set ablaze with intrigue, curiosity, and, in some cases, resentment. The days that followed were a tumultuous whirlwind of events that left Wakanda at the center of global attention.

The United Nations, ever eager to maintain international order and transparency, wasted no time in opening an investigation into Wakanda's history of secrecy and deception. The nation that had long stood among them, posing as a small developing African country, now faced scrutiny like never before.

Wakanda, led by King T'Challa and the Tribal Council, displayed a willingness to cooperate with the investigation. They took unprecedented steps to demonstrate their sincerity, even allowing UN investigators limited access to their hidden nation. However, this access was granted under strict supervision, ensuring that spies and other bad actors couldn't come to their country and do as they please.

But it wasn't just the United Nations that sought answers. Many countries, driven by curiosity, envy, or a desire for knowledge, attempted to gather information on Wakanda through various means. Some went as far as sending drones equipped with advanced surveillance technology to breach Wakanda's borders.

To their dismay, these drones would never return. Instead, they crashed into the invisible barrier that shielded Wakanda from the outside world. It was a clear message that the nation's secrets were not to be easily uncovered.

As the global spotlight shifted onto Wakanda, the revelation of its true nature had a profound impact, especially within the African communities. Africans across the world were both awestruck and deeply moved by the knowledge that the most powerful and technologically advanced nation in the world was of African origin.

For many, it was a source of pride and inspiration, a testament to what could be achieved. The idea of a hidden African utopia, untouched by colonization and the scars of history, ignited hope for a brighter future. The allure of Wakanda was so powerful that some individuals, overwhelmed by the desire to be a part of it, attempted to sneak into the nation.

However, Wakanda's security was second to none. The nation's borders remained impenetrable, thwarting any attempts at unauthorized entry. While some expressed frustration, others understood the need for Wakanda to protect its most valuable assets.

But not everyone within the African community shared the same sentiments. Some criticized Wakanda for its centuries of isolation, particularly during the painful era of the transatlantic slave trade. They argued that Wakanda, with its advanced technology and resources, had the power to intervene and prevent the suffering of millions.

In response, Wakanda took a nuanced approach, inspired by Peter's advice. The nation acknowledged its past inaction while focusing on addressing present and future challenges. They began sharing knowledge, resources, and technology with the outside world, particularly with African nations and communities.

Wakanda initiated programs aimed at improving education, healthcare, and infrastructure in Africa, lifting up those who had long been marginalized. They offered opportunities for fellow Africans to study and work in Wakanda, with the goal of fostering collaboration and mutual growth.

Most notably, Wakanda opened a path to Wakandan citizenship, albeit under stringent conditions. Applicants had to demonstrate a strong connection to Africa and a commitment to the nation's values. The restrictions were substantial, but the opportunity to become a Wakandan citizen was an unprecedented gesture of openness.

To bridge the gap between Wakanda and the rest of the world, the nation also decided to welcome small groups of influential tourists. These carefully curated visits allowed outsiders to experience Wakanda's culture, technology, and natural beauty. It was a calculated move to change the world's perception of Wakanda, hoping that these influencers would return home with nothing but positive stories to share, posting about their experiences on YouTube, Twitter, and other platforms.

As the days passed, Wakanda continued to adapt to its new role on the global stage. The world watched closely, eager to see how this enigmatic nation would shape the future.

And in the midst of challenges, criticisms, and newfound opportunities, Wakanda's leadership couldn't help but thank Peter for his help. Even the more Xenophobic tribal leaders were thankful. After all, Peter understood the outside world and gave them a perfect game plan, which seemed to be doing wonders for their situation.

In the depths of the ocean, where the shimmering city of Talokan lay hidden beneath the waves, King Ch'ah Toh Almehen, known to many as Namor, ruled with authority and wisdom. As a Talokanil mutant, he bore the weight of centuries on his shoulders, his longevity a testament to his strength and resilience.

[Insert picture of Namor/The Sub-Mariner here]

Namor holds a commanding presence that reflects his royal lineage. His distinctive appearance is marked by short, jet-black hair that frames a strong and chiseled face. His tan skin was an oddity for a man who spent most of his life under the sea, away from the rays of the surface sun. And his pointed ears were certainly eye catching.

Namor's physique is a blend of strength and grace, characterized by a lean yet muscular build. His body is honed by a lifetime of swimming through the deepest reaches of the sea.

But it is his choice of adornment that truly sets him apart. Namor is often seen bedecked in an array of exquisite jewelry, each piece a symbol of his status and authority. These ornate jewels, often crafted from precious marine materials, serve as a testament to his royal lineage and the splendor of the ocean realm he rules.

With every gesture and every step, Namor exudes an air of regality and power, a sovereign of the sea whose presence commands respect and reverence.

Namor's throne room, adorned with intricate coral and luminescent aquatic flora, was a place of power and command. The throne itself, fashioned from a massive seashell, sat imposingly at the center. He gazed out through the enormous, curving windows that offered a breathtaking view of the underwater realm he had sworn to protect.

On this day, as he contemplated the usual politic problems, a messenger, bedecked in ornate seashell-styled armor, entered the throne room. Bowing low before the king, the messenger delivered grave news.

"Your Majesty," the messenger began, "I bring news from the surface. It is said that the true nation of Wakanda has been discovered by the surface dwellers."

Namor's eyes, resembling those of a predatory sea creature, glinted with intrigue. The revelation of another hidden kingdom was not something he took lightly. He rose from his throne, his regal bearing matched only by his deep concern.

"Wakanda," Namor murmured, the name carrying weight and significance even in the depths of the ocean. "A nation with secrets akin to our own. How have they responded to this revelation?"

The messenger cleared his throat before answering, "They seem to be trying to ally themselves with the rest of the surface dwellers. They're sharing some technology as well..."

Namor's brows furrowed in thought. Wakanda's decision to engage with the surface world, even if cautiously, was a matter of great importance. He knew that this could threaten their kingdom. If the surface ally's with Wakanda, then it won't take them long to find out about them. Whether Wakanda reveals it or not, it didn't matter. The technology would do that for them.

With a determined glint in his eyes, Namor spoke with authority. "Prepare my royal vessel. I shall make a journey to Wakanda."

The messenger, recognizing the gravity of the situation, bowed deeply. "As you command, Your Majesty. Shall I inform the council of your decision?"

Namor nodded. "Yes, assemble the council. I shall speak with them before departing."

As the messenger left to carry out his orders, Namor continued to gaze out at the vast expanse of the ocean, his thoughts racing like the currents that surrounded him.

Chapter 469: Namors Ultimatum

In the heart of Wakanda, nestled amidst the lush jungle and towering mountains, the Jabari Tribe stormed out of their secluded realm. The air was thick with tension as M'Baku, the formidable leader of the Jabari, stood before T'Challa, the Black Panther and King of Wakanda. The Jabari Tribe had always been known for their isolationist stance, shunning the use of vibranium and living in the sacred mountains, where they worshiped the gorilla god Hanuman.

M'Baku's powerful voice resonated through the grand chamber of the royal palace as he chastised T'Challa. "You have not been King for even a full year, and yet you have allowed the greatest secret of Wakanda to be revealed to the world. Our hidden kingdom is no longer hidden, thanks to your actions."

T'Challa, wearing his Black Panther suit, stood tall, his expression resolute. He knew that the discovery of Wakanda was a sensitive issue, especially for the Jabari. He attempted to defend himself, explaining, "M'Baku, it was not my intention to reveal Wakanda's secrets. The circumstances forced our hand. We had to respond to the global situation..."

Before T'Challa could elaborate further, the grand doors of the chamber swung open with a resounding thud. A Dora Milaje guard, her spear held at the ready, rushed inside. She hurried to T'Challa's side, her voice filled with urgency. "Your Majesty, there's an approaching ship. It bears the markings of Talokan."

As she spoke, a holographic projection materialized beside them, displaying the advanced flagship of Talokan, rising gracefully from the sea at the nearest Wakandan coast and heading directly toward the heart of the kingdom. The vessel's sleek, metal design hinted at its advanced Vibranium technology.

Millennia ago, just like Wakanda, a meteor from outer space containing vibranium crashed into the Atlantic Ocean near the Yucatán. While the vibranium sank to the sea floor, it also affected some of the underwater plant life closer to the surface.

In 1571, a Yucatán-Mayan tribe found themselves dying due to smallpox introduced by Spanish colonizers. Praying to a Mayan deity, one of the tribesmen was guided towards a vibranium enriched plant, which the tribe ingested. Waking up with blue skin and gills, they went into the sea to breathe, where their skin colors were restored.

With these newfound attributes, they migrated to the Puerto Rico Trench, approximately 12,000 feet deep, leaving their old lives behind to forge anew, underwater.

Inspired by his mother's stories passed on from his Aztec father, Ch'ah Toh Almehen (Namor) took the name of the Aztec underworld paradise Tlālōcān and translated it from Nahuatl into their tongue of Yucatec Mayan as Talokan, establishing this as the name of their new underwater nation. The people called themselves Talokanil and established Talokan on the sea floor where the raw vibranium deposits remained.

Shortly after, a small group returned to the surface, only to see a plantation run by a slave master. Setting fire to the property and killing the colonizers, Talokan harbored a resentment towards surface dwellers and elected to keep their existence hidden from humanity.

Though they couldn't stay hidden from Wakanda, nor could Wakanda stay hidden from Talokan. After all, both sides possess similar technology, crafted from the same rare and highly sought after material, Vibranium.

It was inevitable that they'd meet, and when they did, both sides were relatively amicable. Though that was all. Wakanda and Talokan have always been isolated nations, who kept to themselves. The two nations were similar to acquaintances up until now, which is why their sudden appearance in the surface was odd and slightly troubling.

T'Challa's brow furrowed in puzzlement. The Talokan, led by Namor, were even more reclusive than Wakanda, seldom venturing beyond the depths of the ocean. Their sudden approach was a matter of great intrigue and concern. He muttered to himself, "Why would the Talokan seek an audience with us? This is highly unusual."

M'Baku, who had momentarily set aside his grievances, regarded the holographic image with a mix of curiosity and wariness. "The fish men have never shown interest in our affairs before..."

T'Challa nodded in agreement. "We must prepare for their arrival and ensure a diplomatic reception."

As the hologram continued to display the approaching Talokan flagship, T'Challa turned to the Dora Milaje guard. "Alert the council and assemble a diplomatic envoy. We will receive the Talokan delegation."

The guard saluted and swiftly departed to carry out her orders, leaving the king, M'Baku, and the hologram behind. The tension in the room remained palpable as they pondered the implications of the Talokan's unexpected visit.

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The grand doors of the Wakandan palace rumbled open, revealing the imposing figure of Namor, stepping onto the lush marbled floors of the royal hall. Behind him, a formidable delegation of blue-skinned guards, their spears gleaming with an otherworldly sheen, maintained a disciplined formation. T'Challa, resplendent in his Black Panther suit, M'Baku, and the rest of the council members awaited their guests, tension palpable in the air.

T'Challa stepped forward, extending a hand in greeting. "Namor, King of Talokan, welcome to Wakanda. We are honored by your presence."

Namor's piercing green eyes met T'Challa's gaze as he clasped the Wakandan king's hand firmly. "T'Challa, the latest Black Panther, it has been a long time since our nations have met on the surface..."

With the formalities observed, T'Challa invited Namor and his entourage inside the palace. They proceeded through the resplendent corridors until they reached the throne room, where the ornate Wakandan throne awaited. T'Challa took a seat in his throne and gestured for Namor to sit, but he remained standing, his posture unwavering.

T'Challa didn't waste time on pleasantries. "Namor, why have you ventured to the surface world? This is a rare occurrence for Talokan."

Namor's gaze swept over the council members before settling back on T'Challa. "Surface dwellers have always been a contentious matter for us. I trust them as much as I trust the sharks that circle our kingdom. Which is why I was deeply surprised to hear of Wakanda's recent actions."

T'Challa's brow furrowed in concern. "Actions? What are you referring to?"

Namor's tone was grave. "The revelation of Wakanda to the world and your apparent attempt to forge alliances with the surface nations. This is not the Wakanda I remember."

T'Challa sighed, his shoulders heavy with the weight of responsibility. "Namor, it was not by our choice that our secrecy was breached. The technology of the outside world has been advancing rapidly, and we were discovered by an advanced satellite. We had no control over the situation. And as far as alliances go, we are in talks with nations that have made strides toward being just and righteous."

Namor's eyes narrowed, his voice filled with bitterness. "The outside world. It is not what it used to be in my time. Surface nations being just and righteous... How foolish are you?"

T'Challa nodded, trying to explain. "Yes, Namor, they have. Some countries may still not deserve our friendship, but many of them have taken steps towards becoming responsible global citizens."

Namor scoffed, a bitter smile on his lips. "Responsible global citizens? How do you interpret the word responsible, T'Challa? Is it responsible to dump their trash into our ocean? Is it responsible to relentlessly burn coal, trash, and fuels, driving the world to the brink of environmental catastrophe? Is it responsible to destroy the forests and jungles of the world, along with the extinction of thousands of animals, including our sea creatures?"

T'Challa was taken aback by Namor's vehement accusations. He frowned, searching for words to counter the Sub-Mariner's passionate arguments. "Namor, I understand your concerns, but it's not black and white. We must tread carefully in these matters."

Namor leaned in closer, his voice low and intense. "T'Challa, I offer Wakanda a choice. You can either stand by my side, forcefully correcting the surface world's many wrong doings, or you can align yourselves with the polluters, slavers, rapists, and killers of the world, the surface dwellers."

T'Challa hesitated, his mind grappling with the gravity of Namor's ultimatum. The room fell into an uneasy silence, broken only by the distant echoes of Wakanda's bustling capital outside.

Namor's expression grew somber as he backed away from T'Challa. "You have until the end of the week to make your choice, T'Challa. Choose wisely."

With those words, Namor turned on his heel and, without another glance, strode out of the throne room, his contingent of blue-skinned guards following in his wake. They returned to their advanced flagship, which lifted gracefully into the sky and departed, leaving the heart of Wakanda in a state of profound contemplation.

T'Challa watched the Talokan vessel vanish into the horizon, the weight of the world pressing down upon his shoulders. He had a choice to make and it seemed like both options would lead to nothing but war.

As the Talokan flagship disappeared into the horizon, leaving behind a pensive Wakanda, a ripple in reality formed in the throne room. A swirling portal materialized, and through it emerged Peter, accompanied by his daughter, Lily. Both wore the Spider suits, hiding their identities from the world.

Lily, a bright and spirited young girl with a contagious enthusiasm, rushed through the portal with boundless energy. "Dad, come on! I can't wait to see Shuri! We're going to make a lightsaber today!"

Peter followed more cautiously, his Spider-Sense tingling with unease. As he stepped into the palace, he glanced around, taking in the regal surroundings and the tension in the air.

Lily, oblivious to the atmosphere, rushed ahead, her eyes gleaming with anticipation. "Shuri, where are you? I brought my blueprints!"

As Lily rushed out of the Throne room in search of her newest friend, the atmosphere grew even more awkward. All eyes turned to him, and a heavy silence descended. Peter cleared his throat, trying to break the tension. "Uh, yo. What's going on?"

T'Challa, his expression unreadable, nodded in acknowledgment. "It seems you have arrived at a rather... sensitive time, my friend."

Chapter 470: Avoiding War? *fixed?*

In the grand Wakandan throne room, Peter stood at the center of a tension-filled meeting. T'Challa had just finished explaining the unexpected arrival of Namor, the King of Talokan, and his ultimatum. The tribal leaders were both shocked and worried, and Peter couldn't help but feel a sense of unease at the gravity of the situation.

'Damn, I didn't think the Aztec Atlantis would show up this early...' Peter thought as he listened carefully.

After T'Challa's explanation, a few of the tribal leaders exchanged glances, their expressions etched with concern. They didn't trust outsiders easily, and the sudden appearance of Namor had caught them off guard. One of them, a stern-looking elder, eyed Peter as he spoke up, "This matter is for Wakandans to decide. The presence of outsiders, even allies, may influence our judgment."

Peter raised an eyebrow, recognizing the cautious nature of the Wakandans. He was well aware of their xenophobic history. However, T'Challa, ever the diplomatic leader, intervened, "Spider-Man has proven himself as an ally of Wakanda. He has aided us far more than we could have ever asked for, and his presence here should not be seen as a threat. He is a member of the Avengers alongside my father, and we must consider his perspective."

A few council members nodded in agreement, while others remained skeptical. Peter, feeling somewhat out of place but determined to contribute, spoke up, "I can leave if my presence causes any discomfort. I don't want to interfere with your deliberations."

T'Challa shook his head, his expression reassuring. "No, your presence is valued here. You are an ally, and your insights may prove invaluable in this situation."

Peter nodded, realizing that T'Challa had just offered him a seat among the council. At least for today. It was a significant gesture of trust and respect, and Peter took it gratefully. Seconds later, a group of Dora Milaje guard came forward with a chair, which Peter gratefully took, his posture relaxed yet attentive.

As Peter settled in, he couldn't help but notice a couple of tribal leaders who still wore expressions of unease and mistrust. It was clear that not everyone was on board with his involvement, but he was determined to win them over.

Suddenly, a sly smirk tugged at the corner of Peter's lips. 'Hehe, everything is going exactly as I planned...' By personally assisting Wakanda during its exposure to the world, he had gained a large portion of their trust. So much trust, in fact, that they were willing to allow him access to their council meeting.

'Now I just need to win over the stubborn fools and Wakanda will be a trusted ally. And trusted ally's can be given responsibilities... I'm getting closer and closer to my lazy life dream!' Though Peter knew that changing the deeply ingrained attitudes of this secretive nation would take time, but he was patient and persistent.

With Peter now seated, the Tribal Council of Wakanda began to deliberate Namor's ultimatum. Ideas were thrown around, and the council seemed split. Some advocated for forming alliances with

the rest of the surface, while others leaned towards siding with Talokan. Of course, the xenophobic isolationists among the council were those that sided with Namor.

The leader of the River Tribe stood firmly on one side of the argument. "We must consider Namor's perspective. Talokan has been our silent ally for centuries, and their grievances are valid. Aligning with them would secure our borders and protect our way of life."

Opposite him, the leader of the border tribe voiced a different opinion. "We cannot ignore the progress made on the surface. Many nations have shown a genuine commitment to cooperation with us. It is in our best interest to form alliances with those around us, not to mention the Avengers, who will no doubt side against Talokan!"

Instantly, all eyes turned to Peter, who had been observing the debate closely. He could sense the deep-rooted divisions within the council. But he remained silent for the time being. He didn't want to push too hard or appear overbearing. He knew that earning their trust was a delicate process, and he needed to tread carefully.

T'Challa, sensing the mounting tension and the need for a direction, finally spoke up. "We have some time before Namor's deadline. Let's explore all possible avenues. After all, I would much rather avoid choosing sides altogether."

M'Baku, the leader of the mountain tribe, who never attended such meetings, leaned forward, his eyes locked onto T'Challa. "And how do you plan to do that, T'Challa? Namor has made his demands clear."

"..." T'Challa didn't have an answer for him, though he hoped someone else would. Instantly, his gaze shifted to Peter, a glimmer of hope in his eyes. "Spider-Man, you have shown great wisdom and resourcefulness in solving many of our problems. Do you have any insights?"

Peter paused for a moment, considering his words carefully. "I suggest that we initiate diplomatic talks with the United Nations. Many of the issues Namor mentioned, such as pollution and environmental degradation, can be addressed through international agreements and cooperation. If we can convince the surface world to fix these issues, then Namor's reasons for war may lose their foundation."

A tribal leader, her expression thoughtful, raised a concern. "What if Namor remains adamant and chooses to wage war despite diplomatic efforts?"

Peter's eyes swept over the council members, his voice firm. "In that case, the Avengers will step in to neutralize the threat. Wakanda won't have to raise a finger. Our combined strength can handle any threat, and we'll ensure that peace is preserved."

The room fell into a contemplative silence as the council members absorbed Peter's proposal. It was a plan that held the promise of avoiding bloodshed while addressing the concerns raised by Namor, which they certainly liked.

T'Challa nodded in agreement, breaking the silence. "Let us consider this approach seriously. We will convene with the United Nations and seek a peaceful resolution. Namor's ultimatum need not lead to war if we can find common ground."

Peter stood from his seat and whipped out his phone. "Good, I'll call the President and have him assist you in arranging everything as quickly as possible..."

Namor, the King of Talokan, returned to his undersea kingdom after his visit to Wakanda. As he descended beneath the waves, he could feel the familiar embrace of the ocean welcoming him home. His people, the Talokanil, awaited his return with eager anticipation.

As Namor emerged from the water's surface and walked onto the underwater shores of Talokan, his subjects greeted him with jubilant cheers. They swam around him, their blue-skinned forms gliding gracefully through the water, celebrating the return of their king.

Namor acknowledged their cheers with a regal nod, his piercing green eyes scanning the crowd. He was a formidable and imposing figure, and his presence commanded respect among his people. He knew that the decision he had made in Wakanda would weigh heavily on their hearts. After all, war wasn't something normal people could look forward to.

After a brief moment of revelry, Namor signaled for his generals to gather. The word had to be spread, and preparations had to be made. He summoned them to the grand chamber of Talokan, a massive underwater palace adorned with intricate carvings and glowing coral formations.

The generals, a collection of fierce warriors and strategists, arrived promptly. They kneeled before their king, their loyalty unwavering. Namor wasted no time in delivering his decree. "In one week's time, we shall wage war on the surface world."

A collective murmur of approval and determination rippled through the assembled generals. They had long prepared for this day, honing their skills and readying their armies for the inevitable clash with the surface dwellers.

As the generals took their leave, Namor's gaze shifted to the colossal window that overlooked the kingdom of Talokan. Beyond the glass, the sprawling city of blue-skinned inhabitants bustled with activity. Already, he could see military men and women rushing through the city, preparing for what's to come. His army was eager to defend their way of life, their sanctuary beneath the sea.

As he watched the bustling activity of his kingdom, Namor couldn't help but feel a sense of gravity settle over him. He had made his decision, and there was no turning back. Talokan would go to war to protect its interests, and the surface world would soon bear witness to the wrath of the Sub-Mariner.

The army personnel, in their distinct armor and carrying spears, each formed from Vibranium, began to gather in formations, preparing for the impending conflict. They moved with a sense of purpose, each soldier knowing the weight of their duty to Talokan.

Namor observed his army from above, perched on a coral outcropping that offered a commanding view of his kingdom. His expression was resolute, his thoughts consumed by the upcoming war. Wakanda had been put on notice, and Namor only had to wait for their reply. But either way, his army would march to the surface.