

Spider-Man 471

Chapter 471: United Nations

A day after the tense meeting in Wakanda, Peter found himself standing at a podium in the grand assembly hall of the United Nations headquarters in New York City. The President of the United States had helped arrange this emergency meeting, and Wakanda had specifically requested Peter's presence to address the assembly. As Spider-Man, he was a beloved figure worldwide, and his voice held immense weight.

As he walked up to the podium, the room fell into a hushed anticipation. The representatives from every corner of the globe, each bearing their country's flag, watched with eager eyes. When Peter reached the podium, the room erupted in applause, a gesture of respect and admiration for the hero they had all come to love.

Peter waited for the clapping to subside, a humble smile hidden under his mask. "Yo," he began as usual, his voice projecting clearly through the hall. "It's been a while since I've been here."

He started his speech by addressing a topic that had been plaguing the world for years, pollution. "Alright, let's get this started so we can all go home... We've gathered here today to discuss a crisis that transcends borders, a crisis that affects every living being on this planet, pollution. We've witnessed the devastating effects of global warming, the destruction of our oceans, the decimation of our forests, and the ever-increasing extinction rates of countless species, both on land and in the sea."

Many in the audience exchanged knowing glances. Environmental issues were nothing new, and they had heard countless speeches on the subject. But Peter knew that they would see the urgency soon enough.

"Before we get into the heart of the matter, let me pose a question," Peter continued. "What if I told you that our actions, our negligence, have inadvertently created an enemy, one that we never intended to provoke?"

A few eyebrows raised, and some leaned forward in their seats, intrigued.

Peter paused for dramatic effect before dropping the bombshell. "Hidden beneath the depths of our oceans lies an advanced civilization known as Talokan, similar to the legends of Atlantis, led by their king, Namor."

Gasps of astonishment filled the room. The idea of another hidden nation, akin to Wakanda, was almost inconceivable.

'Now you're listening, huh?' Peter smirks under his mask. "And this nation is not happy with us. In fact, they're growing quite aggressive about the whole situation."

One of the UN members leaned into a microphone, his voice tinged with excitement, "Are you saying that a hidden nation is threatening war against us?"

Peter nodded solemnly. "Yes, precisely. Talokan has grievances against the surface world, many of which are tied to the very issues we've discussed today. They've issued an ultimatum to Wakanda, asking them to ally themselves with Talokan and against us." Instantly, all eyes turned to the Wakandan Royal family, who stood behind Peter.

Peter continues. "Of course, Wakanda immediately came to me with this and we've come to an decision. Instead of a war, which we all know will have no real winner, we can all take action on our part to rectify these problems. Obviously, we can't fix everything in a single day, but we can work towards it in a meaningful way. And if we fail to do so, Talokan seems more than happy to wage war over our actions."

The room was silent for a moment before it erupted into a flurry of questions, confusion, and outrage. Voices clamored to be heard as representatives demanded explanations and solutions.

Peter held up a hand, urging for calm. Then, he continued, "But before anyone entertains the thought of war, I want to make something very clear. Talokan is not to be underestimated. They possess technology and military might that rivals even Wakanda. Your odds of victory without help are close to zero. and of course, the Avengers could handle them easily, but we refuse to fight a war that can be avoided with simple actions."

On queue, T'Challa stepped forward beside Peter, his regal presence commanding attention. "Wakanda, too, refuses to engage in a war that can be avoided. We believe that there's a peaceful solution to this crisis."

The room was filled with a cacophony of shouts, arguments, and protests. It seemed like chaos was about to reign until Peter, growing impatient, snapped his fingers with a touch of magic. The shockwave of sound reverberated, causing everyone to groan in discomfort as they covered their ears.

When the room fell silent, Peter spoke again, his tone firm. "I understand your concerns, your fears, and your frustrations. But let me assure you, the Avengers are more than willing to step in if necessary. However, we strongly urge that steps be taken to appease Talokan before it comes to that. We need to address the pollution and environmental issues that have driven them to this point."

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Once the revelation of Talokan's ultimatum and the impending threat to the world had sunk in, the assembly at the United Nations was abuzz with discussions and questions. Representatives from various countries voiced their concerns and confusion, but it was the impassioned plea from the representative of Burundi, a small and impoverished nation, that drew Peter's attention.

The Burundian representative stood with a somber expression, his voice carrying the weight of his nation's struggles. "How can nations like mine, impoverished and struggling to meet the basic needs of our people, be expected to address these complex issues of pollution and environmental degradation? We lack the resources, manpower, and funds required for such massive undertakings."

His words resonated with many others in the room. Nods of agreement rippled through the crowd. Not every country had the financial means, skilled workers, or technological capabilities to tackle environmental problems on a global scale.

Peter, anticipating this concern, motioned for T'Challa to step up and address the assembly once more. As Peter moved to the side, the Black Panther took his place at the podium, his regal presence commanding attention.

T'Challa began, "I understand the concerns raised by many representatives here. Not every nation has the resources to combat these pressing issues. However, I stand before you on behalf of Wakanda, the richest, most developed, and technologically advanced nation on the planet..."

His words sparked interest and curiosity among the representatives. Some leaned forward, eager to hear more, while others, who had long held the status of the richest or most advanced nations, grumbled in annoyance.

T'Challa continued, "Wakanda believes it is our responsibility to assist in this situation. We are more than willing to provide financial aid and resources to any nation that needs it, with the condition that these resources are allocated specifically for addressing the environmental problems discussed today."

The announcement seemed to split the room into two distinct reactions. Many representatives looked pleased, imagining the potential benefits of such aid for their countries. Others, whose nations had previously held the spotlight as economic powerhouses, now found themselves overshadowed by Wakanda's generosity.

T'Challa didn't stop there. He went on to explain that Wakanda had already developed groundbreaking inventions to combat pollution and environmental degradation. He briefly outlined some of these inventions, including advanced air and water purification systems, sustainable energy solutions, and innovative waste recycling technologies.

The crowd fell into a stunned silence. It was one thing to hear speeches and warnings about environmental problems, but it was an entirely different matter to learn that there were actual solutions, and Wakanda had them all.

Stepping back from the podium, T'Challa allowed Peter to take his place once more. The atmosphere in the room had shifted. The representatives, once filled with uncertainty and apprehension, were now eager to listen to what Spider-Man had to say.

Peter's gaze swept across the assembly, his expression serious and unwavering. "Listen up," he began, his voice carrying an undertone of determination, "Wakanda's offer is not just a generous gesture, it's a lifeline for our planet. But let me make something clear. This must happen, and it must happen with integrity."

His words hung heavy in the air as he continued, "Any nation that misappropriates the funding, resources, and technology provided by Wakanda will face severe consequences. We will not tolerate corruption or misuse of these resources when the fate of our world hangs in the balance."

A palpable tension filled the room as Peter's warning sank in. The representatives exchanged uneasy glances, realizing the gravity of the situation.

Then, a representative from the United States stood up, his voice filled with conviction. "I believe I speak for everyone when I say that we are more than willing to accept Wakanda's assistance. Not only does it hold the promise of preventing a devastating war, but it also provides us with the means

to address the critical issues plaguing our planet. And on top of everything, Wakanda is generously footing the bill. Could it get any better?"

The room burst into applause, a collective expression of gratitude and relief. It seemed like things were moving in the right direction...

And now they needed to come up with a game plan for these nations to follow. Then finally, they'd have to convince Namor not to go to war.

Peter suddenly got a bad feeling. 'Why do I feel like he'll want to fight either way?'

In the grand chamber of Talokan, Namor, the King of the undersea nation, had been deep in thought as he contemplated the coming war with the surface world. The room was filled with generals and advisors, each awaiting his next command.

Just then, a messenger entered the chamber, swimming gracefully to the throne where Namor sat. With a bow of respect, the messenger began to convey the latest news. "Your Majesty, urgent information has arrived from the surface world..."

Namor's eyes narrowed as he leaned forward, his interest piqued. "Speak."

Chapter 472: Talokan

After hours of heated discussions, tense negotiations, and impassioned speeches, the representatives of the United Nations had finally come to a groundbreaking agreement. The assembly hall, once filled with uncertainty and apprehension, was now buzzing with anticipation and hope.

As the clock inched past 2 A.M., Peter stood at the podium once more, addressing the assembly. "We're finally finished... I want to commend each and every one of you, even the greedy little b*stards who made this last far longer than it was supposed to, for your dedication to finding a solution to the crisis at hand and working towards a better Earth."

He paused for a moment to let the gravity of the moment sink in. "Hopefully, this will help avoid a war... And if it doesn't, then at least we can say that we tried to do things peacefully. Now, get lost. All of you. I don't want to see any of you for at least another year."

Peter's lackluster goodbye brought wry smiles to everyone's faces. Of course, most of them felt the same. This meeting lasted far longer than it was supposed to, which hasn't happened in the UN for a very long time. The last time was probably during and after World War 2.

The comprehensive plan that had been devised was the outcome of everyone's tireless overtime. It was a plan that addressed Namor's grievances while also utilizing Wakandan technology and resources to assist every nation in the world. The plan had several key components.

First, the Environmental Restoration Fund was put into place. A global fund would be established, primarily funded by Wakanda and other leading nations, to provide financial assistance to nations in need. This fund would be used for various environmental projects, such as reforestation, clean energy initiatives, and the cleanup of polluted water bodies.

Second, we have the Wakandan Technology. Wakanda would share its advanced environmental technologies with willing nations. This included state of the art air and water purification systems, sustainable energy solutions, and waste recycling technologies. Each country would receive technology tailored to its specific needs.

Third, The skilled workforce exchange. Wakanda would facilitate the exchange of skilled workers and experts in environmental science and technology. This would help nations lacking the necessary expertise to effectively implement and maintain the new technologies. At least until they learn how to use and maintain them correctly.

Fourth, and one of the most important, environmental accountability. Nations receiving financial aid and technology would be required to submit regular reports, including evidence, on their progress in addressing environmental issues. These reports would be delivered to the Avengers, who would be policing this entire situation. Anyone found misappropriating funds, resources, or technologies will be heavily punished.

And lastly, education and awareness. Since some people either don't even know about these problems, or just flat out don't believe in them, a global education campaign would be launched to raise awareness about environmental issues. This campaign would involve schools, communities, and media outlets worldwide.

And of course, diplomatic relations with Talokan was the next priority. In parallel with these environmental plans, diplomatic efforts would start to open up with Talokan. Peter, being the figurehead of all of this, would be the one to make the first visit. The ultimate goal was to establish peaceful coexistence and cooperation between the surface world and those under the sea.

But Peter couldn't help but wonder. 'Will Namor even listen?' After all, from what he's heard from T'Challa and the tribal Council, Namor seemed like a grade A as\$hole. And that's a lot coming from the council, since half of the tribal leaders are as\$holes themselves.

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As the representatives filed out of the assembly hall, tired but hopeful, Peter watched them go. T'Challa and his family approached him, their expressions a mix of relief and anticipation.

"Thank you," T'Challa said sincerely. "Your leadership and your alliance with Wakanda have made all the difference."

Peter nodded, his mental exhaustion catching up to him. "We're in this together, T'Challa. Now, you and your family have a lot of work ahead of you."

T'Challa smiled tiredly. "Indeed, we do. We will begin coordinating the distribution of resources and technology immediately. It will be a challenging endeavor..."

With that, the Wakandan royal family bid farewell to Peter, leaving the assembly hall to embark on their mission.

Without another thought, Peter made his way back to his house, exhaustion weighed heavily on him. The day had been long and mentally draining. He entered his darkened bedroom, careful not to wake MJ, who was already fast asleep.

Crawling into bed beside her, he pulled her into his arms, feeling the warmth of her presence. Despite the immense responsibilities that rested on his shoulders, he found solace in this moment of quiet intimacy.

Tomorrow would be the day he visited Talokan and met with the infamous Namor...

The next morning, the sun's first rays pierced through the curtains, casting a warm glow into Peter's bedroom. He slept like a baby after yesterdays long meeting, but sadly, his peaceful slumber was abruptly interrupted by a sudden, weighty impact on his stomach. With a gasp, Peter's eyes snapped open, only to find himself pinned beneath an unexpected assailant.

"Wake up!" Lily, his grinning daughter, had launched a surprise attack, stomping onto his stomach with both feet. The impact knocked the wind out of him, and he let out an exaggerated groan of surprise.

Before Peter could even muster a response, Lily giggled mischievously and darted out of the room, her laughter echoing through the hallway. As she scampered away, Peter could hear her excitedly informing her mother, MJ, that she had successfully woken up her dad.

Intent on exacting revenge for his rude awakening, Peter quickly got up and rushed to get ready for the day. After all, he couldn't let her get away with that.

As he descended the stairs, freshly showered and dressed in his normal clothes, he spotted Lily preparing to leave for school. She had her backpack slung over one shoulder and was chatting animatedly with MJ by the door.

Peter seized the opportunity, a sly grin hidden beneath his mask. "Hey, Lily," he called out as he approached her.

Lily turned, her innocent brown eyes locking onto her father's face. "Yeah, Dad?"

With a feigned sweetness, Peter leaned in and ruffled her hair. "Have a fantastic day at school, sweetie," he said, his tone dripping with mischief.

Little did Lily know, Peter had activated the reality stone, turning her dark hair into a vibrant shade of neon green.

"Thanks, Dad!" Lily chirped, oblivious to the transformation. She gave him a quick hug before heading out the door.

Peter watched from the window as Lily joined her classmates at the school bus stop, her green hair attracting puzzled looks from her friends. The smirk on his face couldn't be contained.

Turning around, he was met with the amused gaze of MJ, who had witnessed the entire exchange. She raised an eyebrow at him, her lips quirking into a knowing smile.

Peter shrugged innocently and asked, "What?"

MJ shook her head, a hint of laughter in her voice. "Lily's going to kill you when she finds out, you know."

Peter chuckled. "Well, I probably won't be home until late tonight, so hopefully she cools off."

With a nod of understanding, MJ wished him a safe trip. "Just be careful, Peter. And don't forget to call if you need any backup."

After a quick breakfast with MJ, Peter donned his Spider-Man suit and prepared to embark on his journey. He focused on the coordinates Wakanda had provided him, allowing him to open a portal to the underwater kingdom of Talokan.

Stepping through the portal, Peter found himself in a grand throne room. It was a sealed space, allowing him to breathe comfortably. The room was adorned with intricate Aztec patterns and all sorts of rare underwater gems, a testament to the wealth and beauty of the hidden nation.

As soon as he set foot in the throne room, alarms began to blare, filling the palace with their shrill noise. Unperturbed, Peter strolled casually toward Namor's impressive throne, the center of the room, and took a seat, waiting for the king to arrive.

'I should get a throne for the Tower...' Peter thought in amusement. 'Though Tony might get jealous..'

Seconds later, the towering doors of the throne room swung open, and a small army of blue-skinned guards rushed in, their spears at the ready. But as they assessed the situation, they froze in shock at the sight of someone other than their king occupying the throne.

Peter waved at them with a friendly grin. "Yo, can you get Namor for me? I'm here to have a little chat."

The guards exchanged bewildered glances but took no action. Instead, they awaited their king's orders.

Before long, footsteps echoed behind the guards, and Namor himself appeared, his regal presence commanding the room. He regarded Peter with an annoyed expression, his piercing eyes locked onto the intruder.

Namor's deep voice filled the room. "That won't be necessary. I'm already here."

Peter maintained his casual demeanor, a smirk hidden beneath his mask. "Good, Namor. I'm here to discuss your grievances with the surface world."

Namor's skepticism was evident in his tone. "I've heard about your little trip to the United Nations. Do you truly believe they will follow your plan?"

Peter shrugged, his confidence unwavering. "They will, or there will be consequences. I've made that very clear."

While Peter agreed with Namor's doubts about some nations following through on the plan, he was prepared for such contingencies. Any nation that refused to comply would face the wrath of the Avengers.

'Maybe I'll take over a few countries in the name of the Avengers?' Peter thought. After all, if they didn't listen, then maybe some new leadership would be required. 'Meh, forget it... That sounds like a lot of work.'

Namor weighed his options for a moment, his guards still standing vigilantly behind him. Finally, he made his decision. "War preparations have already begun, and I'm not keen on halting them, especially after Wakanda betrayed us by leaking everything to the surface world."

Peter raised an eyebrow, prompting Namor to continue.

"But," Namor added, "I'd consider a different course of action if the great Spider-Man could best me in battle."

Instantly, the guards banged their spears to the ground and erupted into a rhythmic chant of Namor's name, confident that their king would emerge victorious.

Peter couldn't help but smirk beneath his mask. He knew that defeating Namor wouldn't be a challenge. After all, he had faced far more formidable opponents, including Dormammu. How could a mere enhanced human stand a chance?

Peter sought clarification, making sure he understood the terms. "So, if I win, there will be no war, and Talokan will ally with the surface world, just like Wakanda?"

Namor nodded in agreement. "But if you lose, you stand with Talokan in our fight against the surface."

Talokan had spies all over the surface world, and they had been well aware of Peter's strength. Or at least aware of what the public knew. Adding him to their side would be a significant advantage.

Peter shrugged nonchalantly. "Deal. So, when do we begin?"

Namor signaled to one of his guards, who promptly handed him a gleaming spear. "Now."

As soon as Namor finished speaking, Peter vanished from the throne, seemingly teleporting across the room. Namor's eyes widened in shock as Peter's fist collided with his abdomen, launching the King of Talokan backward.

Blood spewed from Namor's mouth as he was sent crashing into his stunned guards, who struggled to catch him but ended up tumbling to the ground themselves.

Peter remained in his position, casually waiting to see if the great Namor would get back up. The guards, once chanting for Namor, were now in disarray, unsure of how to react to this sudden turn of events.

Chapter 473: Ego Destroyed

"Is that all you've got?" Peter asked as Namor struggled to pick himself up off the floor. "Because I thought you'd be a bit stronger..." He taunted as Namor rose to his feet, blood dripping from his mouth. "Ah, there he is! The great Namor stands to his feet. What an accomplishment."

The tension in the throne room was palpable as Namor glared angrily toward Peter, his eyes burning in rage. The guards had retreated to the perimeter, forming a wide circle around the combatants. Their loyalty to their king was unwavering, and they chanted Namor's name, their voices filled with conviction.

Namor, his regal attire torn and bloodstained from the previous hit, tightened his grip on the gleaming spear he wielded. "You may have caught me off guard earlier, but you won't win this fight so easily," he declared, his voice tinged with the weight of his ego.

Peter merely raised an eyebrow beneath his mask, his expression unreadable. With a casual flick of his wrist, he beckoned his opponent forward, his demeanor relaxed and unguarded.

Namor lunged forward with remarkable speed, thrusting the spear toward Peter's chest. It was a desperate attempt to gain the upper hand, but Peter effortlessly sidestepped the attack, the spear whistling harmlessly past him.

"You really need to work on your aim," Peter taunted, his movements fluid and graceful.

Namor growled in frustration, pulling the spear back with surprising strength. He swung it horizontally, attempting to catch Peter off guard, but the agile hero ducked and rolled beneath the attack.

As Peter sprang back to his feet, he lashed out with a powerful kick to his opponents face, sending Namor sprawling to the ground, a cut opening up along his jaw. The guards' chants faltered as they witnessed their king's humiliating fall.

Namor staggered to his feet, his face contorted with rage and determination. He hurled the spear like a javelin, aiming directly at Peter's chest. But Peter, his reflexes honed to perfection, reached out and caught the spear mid-flight, its sharp tip inches from his neck.

With a dismissive flick of his wrist, Peter snapped the spear in two, the sound echoing through the throne room. "Is this really the best you've got, Namor? Aren't you supposed to be some unbeatable immortal mermaid King? I gotta tell you... I expected a lot more."

Namor's eyes blazed with fury as he unsheathed the Atlantean blade at his side. With a roar, he charged at Peter, swinging the sword in a vicious arc. But Peter effortlessly dodged the attacks, his movements a blur of speed and precision.

With a lightning-fast strike, Peter slapped Namor's wrist and disarmed him, sending the sword clattering to the ground. Namor stumbled backward, his confidence shattered, and his body bruised and battered.

Peter took a step closer, his voice laced with sarcasm. "Had enough yet? You should really give up... Prolonging this will only make it worse for yourself."

Namor, his pride wounded and his body aching, refused to yield. He lunged at Peter once more, his fists a flurry of blows. But Peter effortlessly blocked and parried every strike, his combat skills far superior.

With a single, well-placed punch, Peter sent Namor crashing into a wall, leaving a sizable dent in the ornate structure. The guards, witnessing their king's devastating defeat, exchanged nervous glances, their loyalty waning.

Peter approached Namor, who lay battered and broken on the ground. He leaned in close, his voice dripping with triumph. "I'll ask one last time, Namor. Do you give up?"

Namor, bloodied and defeated, stared up at his conqueror. The stubbornness in his eyes wavered, replaced by a profound sense of responsibility for his people. He swallowed his pride and uttered the words he never thought he would say. "I... I give up."

Peter's grin widened beneath his mask as he straightened up. "I'm sorry, Namor. I didn't quite catch that. Could you repeat it?"

Namor's voice was strained, but he spoke the words louder and clearer this time. "I give up. You win."

With a satisfied nod, Peter turned to face the guards, who had been rendered speechless by the one-sided battle. "You heard your king. Stand down."

Despite Namor's reluctant surrender, the tension in the throne room remained palpable. The guards, torn between their loyalty to their king and the undeniable reality of his defeat, stood at the ready, their eyes filled with uncertainty.

Namor, battered and bruised, managed to push himself up from the ground. His voice, though strained, held a hint of desperation. "Stand down, all of you. I've lost."

But not all of the guards were ready to accept their king's defeat. A group of them, driven by their undying loyalty and the belief that they could still turn the tide, rushed forward with spears and tridents raised.

Peter, ever vigilant, anticipated their move. With an agility that left the guards in awe, he leaped into action. In the blink of an eye, he dodged the oncoming attacks, moving with a grace that seemed almost supernatural.

One by one, he disarmed the guards, his movements a blur of precision and strength. His fists and feet struck with a controlled force, sending them reeling. The once confident guards now found themselves struggling to keep up with the masked hero's unmatched combat skills.

As the battle raged on, Namor watched in astonishment as Peter effortlessly defeated his loyal guards. Their cries of pain and frustration filled the throne room, their weapons lying scattered on the ornate floor.

Peter, never taking a single hit since he arrived, incapacitated the last of the guards. They lay sprawled on the ground, their bodies battered and broken, their will to fight extinguished.

With the guards defeated, Peter turned to face Namor once more. The king of Talokan, now completely defeated and broken, had tears of frustration and shame in his eyes. His bones ached, and his body bore the marks of the relentless beating he had endured.

Namor stared up at Peter, his voice filled with resignation. "I... I give up. You win."

Peter's grin beneath his mask was triumphant, and he nodded in acknowledgment of Namor's surrender. "That's what I wanted to hear. It's time to put an end to this. After all, war brings nothing

but death and ruin to both sides." He says as he motioned to the guards littered across the floor. "I made sure to hold back, but if this was a war... well, I'd have probably killed you all by now."

Namor, his ego humbled and his people's well-being at the forefront of his mind, nodded in agreement. The conflict that had threatened to engulf both the surface world and Talokan had been averted. He never thought Spider-Man was this powerful. It made him wonder, 'Are all of the Avengers this strong?'

Although that thought should have brought upon a dreadful feeling, Namor found himself growing excited. He's been alive for over 500 years, yet not a single person could best him in combat. Now, it seemed like the world was full of worthy opponents. And since he lost, these opponents would become his Allies.

The remaining guards, still reeling from their defeat, reluctantly lowered their weapons, their loyalty to Namor momentarily overshadowed by the undeniable strength and determination of their opponent.

Peter extended a hand to help Namor up to his feet, his tone now laced with empathy. "Let's find a way to bring peace to both our worlds, Namor. The Talokanil and the surface nations deserve a future without fear and conflict."

Namor, bruised and battered but with newfound humility, accepted Peter's hand. He had lost and he wouldn't go back on his world, his ego wouldn't allow it.

Peter patted him on the shoulder. "Alright, let's get you prepped."

"Prepped?" Namor asked in confusion. "Prepped for what?"

"For your debut at the United Nations..."

As the chaos in the throne room of Talokan came to a close, things were starting to get exciting back in the Avengers Tower.

In a laboratory on one of the higher floors, Hank Pym and his daughter, Hope van Dyne, labored tirelessly. The dimly lit room was a testament to their relentless pursuit of a singular goal... to find and rescue Hopes mother.

Before them, a swirling vortex of energy crackled to life, a portal to the mysterious and elusive Quantum Realm. The room hummed with anticipation as Hank and Hope watched, their breaths held in anticipation.

For a fleeting moment, it seemed as though the veil between dimensions had been pierced, revealing a tantalizing glimpse into the enigmatic realm beyond. But as quickly as it had appeared, the tunnel faltered and collapsed, leaving only a fading echo of its existence.

Hank Pym clenched his fists in frustration, his voice laden with determination. "We're getting close, Hope. Closer than ever."

Hope nodded, her eyes fixed on the failed portal, her thoughts consumed by the possibility that her mother, Janet van Dyne, might still be trapped within the depths of the Quantum Realm. It had been decades since Janet had shrunk to sub-atomic levels, and the search for her had become an unrelenting quest, which the Avengers so graciously funded.

Although she was still determined to keep trying, Hope couldn't help but express her annoyance. "But why does it keep closing? We've been at this for weeks and the gateway always fails. It's like we're not even making progress anymore..."

"Don't worry. We'll get it. We just have to keep trying." Of course, Hank felt the same as his daughter, but he refused to voice his anguish. At least not in front of her. 'Maybe I should ask Stark for help?' He hated the very thought of asking a Stark for help, but they were running out of ideas here...

Chapter 474: Bothersome Djinn

Hours after the battle that had unfolded in the throne room of Talokan, a slightly bruised and battered Namor, King of Talokan, stood before the United Nations. It was an unprecedented moment in history as he addressed the assembly of world leaders, and Peter stood quietly behind him, casting a watchful presence that seemed to suggest Namor's appearance was not entirely voluntary.

Namor cleared his throat, his regal attire now impeccably repaired, though traces of recent combat were still evident on his face, which was bruised and cut in few places. "Ladies and gentlemen of the United Nations, representatives of the surface nations, and esteemed guests," he began, his deep voice carrying authority. "I stand before you today not as a conqueror, but as a seeker of unity and understanding."

A hushed murmur swept through the assembly as they beheld the imposing figure of Namor, the King of Talokan. It was a shocking sight, one that many had thought they would never witness. After all, just the other day they were told that this man was planning to start a war with them. Yet here he is, seeking 'unity and understanding'.

Namor continued, "For too long, the oceans and the surface world have been divided by fear and mistrust, which falls mainly on our part. But today, I come with an offer of peace and cooperation. The time has come to bridge the gap between our worlds and work together for the betterment of all."

Peter, standing just behind Namor, had a knack for influencing the situation without uttering a word. His mere presence suggested that Namor had been brought here against his will, and it was clear that the King of Talokan was not in the position to refuse.

Namor's speech was well rehearsed, emphasizing the need for collaboration on environmental efforts. He commended the many surface nations for their newfound dedication to preserving the planet, echoing his words of unity. It was a speech that appealed to the very heart of the United Nations' mission, and the delegates listened intently, knowing all the while that Spider-Man was behind this.

"As Talokan joins the United Nations, we pledge to work hand in hand with all nations, to share our knowledge and resources, and to protect the oceans that are our shared heritage," Namor concluded, his words met with resounding applause.

Peter smiled under his mask and clapped Namor on the shoulder. "Nicely done."

Namor, who was forced to say these things, couldn't help but force a smile onto his face. He may not have written those words, but they were his now and he would have to follow them. Though the small bit about the oceans being everyone's 'shared heritage' definitely left a bad taste in his mouth. After all, he is the king of the ocean. The idea of sharing never really came to mind until now.

And with that, the UN meeting came to an end, and it was official, Talokan was now a member of the United Nations, alongside Wakanda. The world had witnessed an extraordinary shift in the

balance of power, as two extremely advanced hidden nations joined the global community, bringing with them the promise of collaboration and progress.

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The following day, the world was in shock as information about Talokan flooded the airwaves, television stations, and the internet. The hidden nation had been unveiled to the world, and its advanced technology and unique culture were the subject of intense scrutiny and fascination.

News broadcasts featured images of Talokan's breathtaking underwater city, its majestic architecture, and its people who had remained hidden for centuries. The world watched in awe as they learned about the advanced technology and sustainable practices that had allowed Talokan to thrive beneath the ocean's depths.

But that wasn't all... Rumors began to circulate, fueled by pictures of Namor's bruised and battered form from the UN meeting. Some broadcasters speculated about the events that had unfolded, suggesting that Spider-Man had been instrumental in convincing Namor to seek peace.

As the world grappled with the revelation of Talokan's existence, one thing became clear... the balance of power on Earth had shifted once more, and the potential for a new era of cooperation and discovery had dawned.

A day had passed since Hank and Hope's experiment in the Avengers Tower had once again ended in disappointment. The failed attempts to breach the Quantum Realm had left Hank feeling a gnawing sense of frustration, a feeling that had become all too familiar over the years. But this time, he knew he had to do something different, something he had been avoiding for a long time.

With a determined resolve, Hank made his way to the hall outside of Tony Stark's workshop. Hope was visiting Scott at the moment, which gives him just enough time to beg Stark for help. 'Ugh... I feel a headache coming on already...' Just the thought of it gave him a migraine.

When he arrived outside Tony's lab, Hank paced back and forth, his thoughts a tumultuous whirlwind of doubt and determination. He had never liked Tony's Father, mainly because the man couldn't keep his eyes and sometimes his hands off of his beautiful wife.

And although Tony hasn't necessarily done anything to him, Hank still doesn't like him, considering him a reckless playboy who had little respect for the scientific community. But desperate times called for desperate measures, and his wife's fate hung in the balance. He just couldn't waste anymore time.

After several minutes of internal debate, Hank finally stepped up to the door leading to Tony's lab. He hesitated for a moment, his hand hovering over the buzzer that would announce his presence. Inwardly, he cursed himself for needing to seek help from the son of the man he had despised for so long.

Before Hank could make up his mind, the door unexpectedly slid open on its own. Inside, he found Tony Stark waiting for him, an amused look on his face. "Are you coming in? Or were you planning to pace outside my workshop for another 10 minutes?" Tony had been informed by Jarvis of Hank's peculiar behavior outside the lab, and he couldn't resist the opportunity to tease the old scientist.

Tony's smirk only deepened as he watched Hank's discomfort. He knew that Hank had come here for a reason, and the fact that he had swallowed his pride and sought help from Tony was a source of great amusement for the billionaire.

Hank gritted his teeth, fully aware of the smug expression on Tony's face. He had no choice but to proceed with his request, no matter how much it grated on him. "Stark, I need your help."

Tony's grin faded slightly as he saw the seriousness in Hank's eyes. He leaned against a workbench, folding his arms across his chest. "Alright, Pym, I'm listening. What's got you so desperate that you had to come crawling to me?"

Hank took a deep breath to steady himself before explaining his predicament. He recounted the decades-long search for his wife, Janet van Dyne, and the repeated failures to access the Quantum Realm where she was believed to be trapped. He spoke of the recent experiment with Hope and the frustration of being so close yet so far from reaching his goal.

Tony listened attentively, his amusement replaced by a growing sense of empathy and interest. He had a keen interest in the Quantum Realm, and the opportunity to explore its mysteries was too enticing to pass up. He thought for a moment before nodding slowly.

"I'll help you," Tony said, surprising both Hank and himself with his willingness. "But there's a condition. I'm coming with you on this mission. I want to see what's inside the Quantum Realm for myself."

Hank hesitated, torn between his reluctance to involve Tony and his desperation to rescue Janet. After a moment, he begrudgingly agreed. "Fine, Stark. You can come along. But don't expect me to hold your hand or be your babysitter."

Tony smirked once more, a hint of genuine amusement in his eyes. "Deal. Now let's get to work!" He said as he grabbed some supplies and followed Hank down to his and his daughters lab.

Returning home a day after his victorious battle with Namor, Peter stepped through the front door, ready to return to his lazy life. 'I'm going to do nothing but eat, sleep, and watch TV...!'

But he barely had time to take a breath before he found himself under attack from an unexpected assailant. A small figure, barely reaching his waist, lunged at him with all the ferocity an 11-year-old could muster.

Instantly, Peter's reflexes kicked in, and he sidestepped the incoming assault with ease, watching with amusement as his daughter, Lily, flew past him in a blur of motion. Her attempts to drop-kick him were valiant but ultimately futile.

Getting a good look at her, Peter couldn't help but burst into laughter as Lily scramble to her feet, her eyes narrowing in determination. The day before he had left to confront Namor, Lily had unknowingly started a war. She stomped on Peter's stomach to wake him up, and in return, he had used some mischievous magic to turn her hair bright green.

Of course, she hadn't noticed until her friends had brought it to her attention. But that was half way through the school day, and up until then she was wondering why everyone was looking at her funny.

Lily pointed accusingly at her still-green hair and declared, "You'll pay for this!"

Peter smirked, his playful side fully awakened. "Bring it on."

What followed was a fierce battle that erupted throughout the house. Lily darted and weaved, launching attacks at her father with all the speed and agility her spider powers granted her.

However, Peter, with years of experience and his own enhanced abilities, effortlessly dodged every strike. It was clear that he was holding back, but even at her best, Lily couldn't land a hit on her father.

After a long battle of what appeared to be super-powered tag, Peter stood over a panting and collapsed Lily. He knelt down beside her, a mischievous glint in his eye. "Why didn't you just turn your hair back to normal?"

Lily, still catching her breath, glared up at her father. "I tried... but it just kept turning green again. I even had to go to school with green hair for a second day because you didn't come back until now."

Peter chuckled and waved his hand, instantly restoring Lily's hair to its natural color. "There, all better?"

Lily scoffed, but she couldn't hide her smile as she took her father's hand and got up from the floor. As she did, she angled her leg and delivered a super-powered kick to his stomach.

Peter, who could have easily dodged the kick, let it land, wincing playfully as he held his abdomen. Lily might have been small, but her strength was impressive for her age. He grinned and said, "Yeah, that's better."

With a beautiful smile and a skip in her step, Lily ran off, her earlier frustration now replaced with joy. As she disappeared into another room, Peter turned to find MJ leaning against the kitchen doorframe, an amused look on her face.

MJ raised an eyebrow and said with a smirk, "I told you she'd be mad when she found out about her hair."

Peter shrugged, his expression untroubled. "Meh, she seems alright to me."

...

Later that night, Peter lounged on the couch, living his lazy man's dream, flipping through Netflix without much enthusiasm. He had earned a break after stopping what could have been World War 3, and he intended to enjoy every moment of it.

However, his leisurely evening was abruptly interrupted when a distinctive blue figure appeared beside him. It was Genie, the magical being that currently resides in his penthouse back at the Tower.

"Hey there, compadre," Genie greeted as a sombrero appeared on his head.

Peter turned his head lazily and nodded. "What's up, Genie?"

Genie was appalled by Peter's low-energy response and floated closer. "You, my friend, seem in dire need of some excitement. I'm bored, and you know what happens when I'm bored."

Peter sighed, not eager to have his peaceful evening disrupted. "Fine, Genie. What do you want to do?"

Genie's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. "How about a little adventure? You and me, taking on the world, just like old times. What do you say?"

Annoyed and unwilling to entertain the idea, Peter came up with his own idea. "Alright, Genie, you win. I'll take you on the next mission I go on. Just promise me you'll be quiet until then."

Genie clapped each of their hands together dramatically, agreeing with boundless excitement. "Deal!"

And just as Peter and Genie were about to settle in for a quiet night of Netflix and Chill, minus the innuendo, Peter's phone suddenly went off. He sighed and reached for it, only to see that it was a call from Tony. And he even had a few missed calls from Hank Pym...

Instantly, Peter could tell that his night would soon be ruined. "Why... I just want to be lazy... Is a few days on the couch really too much to ask?"

Turning to Genie, who wore an evil smirk, Peter suddenly realized that his blue friend knew this would happen. "You motherf*cker!"

Chapter 475: Ghost

"Yo, Tony, what's up?" Peter asked as he picked up his phone, hoping for a simple, quick conversation that wouldn't require him to leave his comfortable spot on the couch.

Tony's voice crackled with urgency on the other end. "Hey! We've got a situation here..." The sounds of thruster blasts and destruction followed.

Peter closed his eyes for a moment, feeling the weight of his laziness being shattered by the demands of being a superhero. "Alright, I'm on my way..."

As he ended the call and let out another exasperated sigh, his spider suit flashed over his body, replacing his normal clothes. With that done, he glanced over at Genie, who was practically buzzing with excitement. The mischievous Djinn was loving every minute of this.

Genie floated closer to Peter, his blue form shimmering. "What are we waiting for! Let's go!"

Peter chuckled, despite his reluctance. "Yeah, yeah, Genie. You're getting what you want, but remember, you have to keep a low profile. No genie magic, and you'll need to look like a regular human."

Genie beamed and, with a flourish of his magical powers, transformed into a human form. He now appeared as a tall, athletic Kree man, dressed in casual attire that wouldn't draw attention. "How do I look?"

Peter nodded his head. "Yeah, that'll work. But remember, if anyone asks, you're a friend of mine from my time off planet."

With their disguises in place, Peter waved his hand, conjuring a shimmering golden portal that hovered before them. He stepped aside and gestured for Genie to go first. "Alright, Genie, let's get this over with."

The two of them stepped through the portal, the golden energy swirling around them as they stepped into Avengers Tower. Emerging on the other side, they found themselves in the midst of a fight, which was currently destroying Hope and Hanks Lab.

The scene before them was nothing short of pandemonium. Iron Man, in his sleek crimson and gold suit, darted around the room with bursts of repulsor blasts. Ant-Man and the Wasp, which Peter

guessed was Hank and his daughter, were zipping in and out of sight, their sizes shifting from minuscule to normal in the blink of an eye.

And there, amidst the chaos, was Ghost, a masked womanly figure in a white suit that seemed to flicker in and out of reality. Her movements were elusive, a blur of motion as she phased in and out of visibility, making her an elusive target.

[Insert picture of Ghost/Ava Starr here]

Tony voice crackled over the suit's comm system. "Come on! We need to corner her!"

'Isn't that the girl with some weird Quantum disease? What was her name again?' Peter watched the battle unfold with a mix of amusement and curiosity, leaning against a lab table with Genie by his side. "Looks like they're having a rough time..."

Genie nodded with an impish grin. "That lady's powers are interesting, it's like she fades into another dimension"

Peter nods his head. "Yeah, but it seems to be tearing her body apart and then mending it back together. That's gotta hurt."

Ghost sensed Hank and Hope's approach and phased through them, emerging behind the father-daughter duo. Before they could react, she delivered a swift kick to Hank's back, sending him sprawling. Hope narrowly avoided the attack, soaring upwards to regain her normal size.

Genie nodded his head in agreement as he gestured toward the chaos in front of them. "Are you going to help them, or?"

Peter shrugs. "Nah, let's watch for a bit. They ruined my lazy night, so let them suffer for a while."

Peter raised an eyebrow, considering his options. He had more than enough power to put a swift end to this little skirmish. However, he wanted to enjoy the show for at least a little while.

Iron Man's repulsor beams lashed out, narrowly missing Ghost as she phased in and out of existence. Hank and Hope shrunk down, attempting to take her by surprise in miniature form. The chase was on, and it was clear that they were struggling to keep up.

As the battle raged on, the frustration among the heroes was palpable. But Ghost remained eerily silent, her every movement taunting them. She was like a literal ghost, her form intangible no matter what they threw at her.

As he watched them fight, Peter started to realize that they need to update the Towers security. After all, Ghost isn't a current member of Shield, which means she got past all of their security. 'I'll have to come up with some sort of dimensional security... Maybe I can con the Ancient One into doing it?'

After a while, the battle continued to escalate, with no sign of Ghost getting caught. It was at that moment that Tony realized Peter was here, sitting at the back of the room, casually watching them suffer.

Tony was not happy. "Hey! A little here?!" He yelled, which drew everyone's attention back to Peter and Genie.

Peter sighed dramatically, finally relenting to the inevitable. With a begrudging expression, he stepped forward, his power coursing through his veins. In an instant, he snapped his fingers.

Time seemed to slow as Ghost's eyes widened in shock. Her phasing powers faltered, and with a loud thud, she ran face-first into a nearby wall, her body becoming solid and corporeal. The white-suited woman crumpled to the floor, dazed and disoriented.

"What...what did you do?" Tony exclaimed, his voice a mixture of awe and confusion. After all, they've been fighting her for a while now and nothing has worked. Yet all Peter needed to do was snap his fingers and she was defeated.

Peter glanced at Ghost before shrugging toward Tony. "I temporarily sealed her powers," he explained casually.

Ghost lay on the ground, her breath shallow as she realized the impossible. Her powers, the source of endless torment and pain throughout her life, were gone. She reached out to touch the wall, her hand trembling as she felt the cold, solid surface. The pain that had always haunted her had disappeared.

Seeing that Hope was about to continue her attack on the now powerless Ghost, Peter dashed over, swiftly intercepting her. "Easy there, the fight's over."

Hope blinked in surprise, her anger and determination waning as she recognized Peter. "She hit me at least 10 times... Can't I get one?"

Peter smiled under his mask. "No, but maybe next time."

Ghost, lying on the floor, stared up at Peter with a mixture of shock and disbelief. She reached out, her fingers trembling, and grabbed onto Peter's leg. "Please...don't let it come back," she begged, her voice filled with desperation.

With a gentle but firm tone, Peter replied, "Well, it's only temporary. Your powers will return eventually."

Ghost's mask fell to the floor, revealing her tear-streaked face. She sobbed uncontrollably, her shoulders shaking. "I don't want them back. I can't stand the pain anymore. Please don't unseal them. I don't want to die!"

Tony, Hank, and Hope stood in stunned silence, their formidable foe reduced to a crying, vulnerable woman by Peter's intervention. It was a sight they never expected to witness, the enigmatic Ghost stripped of her powers and her stoicism.

"What do you mean you don't want to die?" Tony asks curiously, confused by the sudden turn of events.

...

Once Ghost calmed down, everyone gathered around Peter and the now powerless woman.

Tony was the first to speak, his Iron Man suit retracting its faceplate to reveal his face. "Alright, lady, the game's over. Who are you, and what's with these powers of yours?"

Ghost, her mask now discarded on the floor, looked up with tear-filled eyes. Her once defiant demeanor had crumbled, replaced by an overwhelming sense of vulnerability. She hesitated for a

moment before speaking, her voice shaky. "I'm Ava Starr, I used to work for Shield." She began, her words quivering. "And my powers... they're a curse."

Everyone remained silent, listening intently as Ava continued to speak.

"I suffered a quantum accident," Ava explained, her voice filled with pain. "It tore me apart at a molecular level and then put me back together. I became... out of phase with reality. My body constantly shifts between dimensions, and it's excruciating."

Tony exchanged glances with Hank, who was equally perplexed by Ava's revelation. "So, your powers are what's causing you all this pain?" Tony asked, his tone surprisingly empathetic.

Ava nodded, her tears continuing to flow. "Every moment of my life is agony. I'm in a constant state of flux, never fully here or there. It's a living nightmare. And if that wasn't enough, I'm slowly dying because of it."

Hank, who had been silently observing, chimed in, his voice tinged with sympathy. "And what were you trying to achieve by attacking us?" After all, they were just working on the portal to the Quantum Realm when Ava suddenly appeared out of nowhere and started attacking them.

Ava glanced at the floor, shame and regret in her eyes. "Bill Foster said your technology might be able to help. I thought if I could steal it, I might find a way to stabilize myself, to end the pain. I didn't want to hurt anyone, but I was desperate."

Hank began to grumble at the mention of his estranged business partners name. "That loud mouthed idiot..."

Hope, who had been silently listening, spoke up with a softer tone. "We can help you, Ava. You don't need to steal. We'll gladly help you find a cure."

Ava's eyes widened in surprise, disbelief etched on her face. "You would... help me?" She was used to a Hydra controlled Shield, who would do nothing but use her without anything in return.

Hope nodded, her expression sincere. "We're scientists. Our goal is to help people, not to hurt them. We'll do whatever we can to find a solution."

Peter, who had been observing silently, stepped forward. "Well, I'm sure they can help, but I can probably cure you by tomorrow. The question is, do you want to keep your powers or no?"

Ava's tear-filled eyes looked up at Peter in shock. "You... you have the power to fix it? P- Permanently?"

Peter nodded solemnly. "I can. I'll have to run a few scans but I should be able to fix you up with a spell or two. But it's your choice whether you want to keep the powers or not."

Ava hesitated for a moment, her mind racing. Though she didn't hesitate for long. "I want them gone." She stated resolutely. "I'm tired of being used. I just want to live a normal life."

Chapter 476: Fixed & Affair?

Peter's eyes shimmered with a faint glow as he waved his hand, projecting a glowing golden barrier around Ava. The magical barrier encased her entire body, bathing her in a soft, ethereal light. It was a sight to behold, a fusion of science and magic, as Peter initiated the scans to understand the nature of Ava's affliction.

Tony, Hank, Hope, and Genie watched in fascination as the golden barrier began its work. They had never seen anything quite like it, and Peter's proficiency in both technology and mysticism left them in awe.

As the scans progressed, Tony couldn't help but break the silence, his curiosity getting the better of him. "So, what's the diagnosis? What's wrong with our ghostly attacker here?"

Peter continued to concentrate on the scans, his eyes locked onto the glowing barrier surrounding Ava. "Well, from what I can see, her body has been bathed in an unholy amount of Quantum Energy. It's soaked into her very being, from her physical form to her astral self." He spoke with a tone of concern, fully aware of the gravity of Ava's condition.

Tony furrowed his brow. "Quantum Energy? So she has some type of dimensional radiation poisoning?."

Peter nodded somberly. "In a way, yes. Humans aren't built to hold these kinds of dimensional energies within their bodies. To do that, you'd need to be either a master of the mystic arts or a meta-human. Ava, unfortunately, is neither."

Hank and Hope exchanged worried glances. They had suspected as much, but hearing it from someone as knowledgeable as Peter made it all the more daunting.

Ava, who had been listening to the conversation with rapt attention, finally spoke up with a tremor in her voice. "So, what does that mean for me? Can you do anything about it?"

Peter waved off her concerns. "Don't worry, Ava. I can help. Since you don't want to keep your powers, it makes things even simpler actually."

With a graceful wave of his hands, Peter began to conjure a complex spell circle in the air. The circle pulsed with intricate lines and symbols, each one more perplexing than the last. Ava's eyes widened as she watched the mystic display unfold before her and swiftly cover her entire body.

Tony watched as Ava began to glow in an odd light, a mix of concern and interest written all over his face. "Is she supposed to be glowing like that?"

Peter chuckled softly, his focus never wavering from the spell. "Yeah, that's just the Quantum energy being expelled from her body. It can be a bit... dramatic."

Ava gasped as the light surrounding her intensified, creating a breathtaking display of otherworldly luminescence. It was as though the very essence of her being was being purged of the Quantum torment it had endured for so long.

The room fell into a hushed reverence as they watched the transformation unfold. Ava's body trembled with the release of energy, and she let out a shuddering breath. It was a difficult and painful process, but there was a glimmer of hope in her eyes.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the brilliant glow began to subside. The spell circle dissipated into shimmering motes of golden light, fading away like stardust. Ava stood before them, her breathing heavy, her body drenched in sweat.

Peter stepped forward, his eyes filled with genuine concern. "Ava, are you alright?"

Ava nodded, her voice a mixture of relief and exhaustion. "I... I think so. It's just... I've never felt anything like that before."

Hank and Hope approached her cautiously, concern etched on their faces. They had been witnesses to a truly extraordinary event, one that defied their understanding of science and magic.

Tony couldn't resist a touch of sarcasm as he quipped, "Well, that was one heck of a light show. But are you back to normal now?"

Ava gave a weak smile, her gratitude shining through. "I hope so. I haven't felt this... human in a long time."

Hope stepped closer, her expression empathetic. "We'll monitor your condition, Ava. If you need anything, just let us know."

Ava nodded in a daze. "Thank you..."

Hope smiled, happy that everything turned out okay. "No problem."

Ava, now free from her torment and subsequent death sentence, rushed up to Peter and dived into his chest. "Thank you," she whispered, her voice quivering with emotion. "I can't believe I'm finally free from that pain."

Peter awkwardly returned the hug. "You're welcome..." He pat her back gently. "You said you used to work for Shield, right?"

Ava nodded as she released him, tears of relief still in her eyes. "Yeah, they promised to help me if I worked for them, but they never did. Why?"

"Because, I'll have Fury whip you up a nice retirement package to help with the start of your new life." Peter explained, which only made Ava cry even more than before.

"Thank you!" She exclaimed as she dived into Peter's arms for a second time.

After sending Ava home for the night, Peter finally took a step back, his eyes scanning the room. His work here was done, and he was tempted to retreat to his cozy couch once again.

Tony cleared his throat and asked a question that Peter was hoping to avoid. "Now that that's settled, how would you like to give us a hand with this Quantum portal?"

Hank Pym, who had been silently sitting in the background, finally spoke up. "As you already know, we've been trying to safely access the quantum realm. But we've hit a dead end. The portal keeps destabilizing, and we can't seem to figure out why."

Peter's initial instinct was to decline, his cozy couch and Netflix calling out to him. But then he turned to look at Genie, who was wearing that unnerving expression that resembled a giant puppy dog, begging with teary eyes. 'Lily's puppy dog eyes are way cuter... When he does it it's just disgusting...'

Although he didn't want to, Peter decided to do what Genie asked. After all, he hasn't seen the Djinn in a while. "Alright, I'll help with your little Quantum Realm rescue mission. But Genie gets to tag along as well. He's visiting so I can't just leave him."

Tony's face lit up with satisfaction, knowing that he had convinced Peter to join their expedition. "Great! With your help, this trip should be a breeze. We're going to crack the Quantum Realm wide open!" He said before turning to Genie. "He's the Kree guy that helped us on Sakaar, right? He can come..."

Genie nodded with a knowing smirk on his face. "Yup, that me! Just your average Kree male, visiting my good friend-"

Seeing that Genie was hamming it up a bit too much, Peter had to cut in, slapping him upside the head in the process. "Don't mind him, he has brain damage. He hasn't been the same ever since..."

"Right..." Tony muttered suspiciously.

"Anyway, let's take a look at this portal..." Peter quickly changes the subject.

A few days later...

The lab was a hive of activity as Peter joined Tony, Hank, and Hope to work on the portal to the quantum realm. Tony had brought along an array of his own specialized equipment, which everyone was thankful for. After all, Tony always had the best toys.

Hank wasn't exactly happy to have so many cooks in his kitchen, but he begrudgingly adjusted to a crowded lab. As for his daughter, Hope was more than happy to have the help. She just wanted her mother back and would do anything to make that happen.

Meanwhile, Tony seemed to be enjoying his time with Hank, annoying the old man at every possible moment. Peter tried to keep the peace between them at first, but swiftly gave up on that far fetched dream.

Genie, on the other hand, just sat back and enjoyed the show. He wasn't exactly a scientist, so he was delegated to the back of the room, where he couldn't mess anything up.

As they worked together, the room hummed with a palpable sense of progress as the portal's energy signature began to shift with every test, inching closer and closer to stability.

Hope's voice crackled with excitement as she observed the data. "We're almost there, just a little more!"

Soon enough, the final adjustments were made, and Peter, Tony, Hank, and Hope shared a moment of anticipation. The quantum portal, once a chaotic swirl of energy, now stood still, radiating an eerie, otherworldly glow.

Tony couldn't contain his excitement. "We did it! The portal's stable."

Hank's skepticism had transformed into grudging admiration. "I... can't believe it."

Hope's face lit up with a brilliant smile. "We've achieved the impossible..."

Peter shrugged. After all, a portal to another dimension wasn't exactly a new thing for him. Though the Quantum realm is a bit different than other dimensions... "So, what now?"

With everything in place, Hank stepped forward to take the lead. "Now, we run some tests, prepare, and find a way to bring Janet back... If she's still alive."

Quantum Realm, Axia...

Deep within the shimmering city of Axia, in a chamber concealed from prying eyes, Janet Van Dyne lay in peaceful slumber. Though under her pillow, a shimmering pistol could be seen, hidden and ready in case of emergencies.

[Insert Picture of Janet here]

By her side rested her lover, their limbs intertwined under the thin white sheets. He was an older human-looking man with grey hair, and a fellow member of the resistance.

Chapter 477: Into the Quantum Realm!

Days had passed since Peter, Tony, Hank, and Hope had embarked on their mission to stabilize the Quantum portal and find a way to bring Janet Van Dyne back from the mysterious depths of the Quantum Realm. In the confines of their high-tech laboratory, they had made significant progress but encountered a series of unexpected challenges.

Their first hurdle revealed itself during the testing phase. Drones sent into the Quantum Realm would occasionally return at different times than expected, as if time itself played tricks within that dimension. It was a disconcerting mystery, one that threatened the very concept of time as they understood it.

Tony, his face etched with frustration, pointed at a monitor displaying the drone's erratic return times. "This time hiccup is going to make our rescue mission a logistical nightmare. How are we supposed to navigate a place where time is so... broken?"

Peter, leaning over the monitor with a furrowed brow, contemplated the issue. "I've seen something like this before in some books in Kamar-Taj. It's a matter of stabilizing the connection to time itself between our world and the Quantum realm."

Hope nodded her head, still completely and utterly confused. "And how are we supposed to do that?"

"Just leave this one to me..." With that, Peter set to work, carving intricate runes into the portals casing. His hands moved with precision, imbuing the gateway with a sense of temporal permanence. It was a fusion of science and magic, a testament to his unique knowledge and abilities.

Once the runes were complete, Peter stood back, satisfied with his work. "There, the portal should now serve as a constant, untethered from the unpredictable flow of time."

Hank observed the modifications with a hint of skepticism. "If those symbols actually work, then you solved our biggest problem... I guess?"

Of course, they had to test it. After all, neither Hope nor Hank had much trust in magic. And after sending in more drones to test the time difference, Hank was shocked to find that Peter did in fact fix their little time problem.

With that issue resolved, they turned their attention to the next challenge... finding Janet Van Dyne within the vast expanse of the Quantum Realm. Hank had some theories involving DNA tracking and energy signatures, but it was far from foolproof and would take a while to get working, and that's if it even worked in the first place.

Peter took their plans a step further. He held in his hands a normal compass that he bought online, its needle spinning wildly as if guided by some invisible force. "This compass is enchanted with a tracking spell. As long as you can give me some DNA and personal items, It will lead us to Janet once we're inside."

Hank raised an eyebrow, impressed by Peter's ingenuity. "You certainly have a knack for this magic stuff..." He began to wonder whether he should look into learning magic as well. After all, it seems to be fixing all of their problems.

Peter grinned under his mask. "It's my specialty."

But they still had a lot to worry about. After all, the Quantum Realm was known for its unpredictable dangers. They had witnessed some of them through the eyes of the many drones that

ventured inside. From raging storms that seemed to bend reality around them, to unknown creatures, both big and small that would gladly rip them apart or swallow them whole.

They couldn't risk venturing in blindly. And with this mindset, Hank and Hope had developed a cosmic event detector, a device that would alert them to any impending threats such as quantum storms or other unknown anomalies.

As for the creatures inside, they'll just have to fight or run when they come across them. And thankfully, they have Peter so they wouldn't be doing much running.

But those weren't the only dangers. No, for all they knew, the Quantum Realm held all sorts of unknown sicknesses and viruses, so in order to fight against that, Peter cast a very useful spell, which every Master of the Mystic arts has used at least once, on each of their team members, the Vaccine spell.

Although the spell is called a Vaccine, it doesn't really operate like one. It simply reads your body and logs all of the viruses, germs, and sicknesses that you've ever been exposed to. And with that knowledge, the spell adds these Viruses to a whitelist, which basically says these are normal. The spell then blocks anything that isn't on this whitelist.

It's a spell that every master uses, especially when they're traveling the many dimensions. After all, who knows what types of viruses they'd catch and subsequently bring back to earth if they weren't careful?

...

As the team made final preparations, Peter couldn't help but feel a mix of excitement and trepidation. He had traveled to other dimensions before, but the Quantum Realm was unlike anything he had encountered. It was a place where the very fabric of reality was in constant flux. A dimension filled with danger and uncertainty.

'Not to mention Kang the Conquerer...' Peter thought with a hint of interest. 'I wonder if he's in this universe. Because if he is, then I can certainly make use of his Multiverse traveling ship.'

Although Kang's ship was ruined in the movie, stranding him in the Quantum Realm, Peter knew that he could still study it to help further along his own multiverse traveling dreams. He and Tony have been working on this ever since Peter returned from his accidental Multiverse adventure. And they were constantly making strides in their research and development.

But there was still one question. 'If Kang is in the Quantum Realm does that mean those time police guys are here as well?' Peter wondered, but the more he thought about it, the more he realized it's not very likely. 'After all, I'm an anomaly that they would have at least tried to deal with. I've changed this universes timeline so much that it's practically unrecognizable anymore. If they existed, they would've definitely appeared by now...'

But that doesn't mean that Kang doesn't exist. There are an infinite number of universes, which means there's an infinite number of Peter's, MJ's, Tony's, and even Kang's.

'I kind of hope he's here, because I really want that ship of his...' Peter's eyes suddenly flashed with a hint of greed.

Once all of the work was done, Tony clasped his hands together and heaved a sigh of accomplishment. "Alright, I'm guessing we're done with the preparations. I'm going to get some sleep in preparation for tomorrows exploration."

Genie, who had been quiet but observant throughout their preparations, chimed in with an excited grin. "Oh, are we finally exploring the Quantum Realm?"

Peter nodded tiredly. "Yeah, yeah, just don't cause any trouble, okay?"

As the team left the room, each of them began their preparations for the dangers that would soon come.

On the following day, everyone arrived with an air of anticipation and anxiety. Peter, Tony, Hank, Hope, and Genie stood before the now-stable Quantum portal, dressed in their trademark suits and armor, carrying an assortment of equipment. The enchanted compass, entrusted to Peter's care, glowed with a soft, reassuring light.

Tony cracked a grin in his red and gold armor. "Alright, did anyone forget to pack their lunch box?"

Peter smirked under his mask. "Nope, my mom packed my fruit snacks and chocolate pudding."

Just as everyone was ready to leave, the doors to the lab suddenly swung open. "Hey, guys, mind if I tag along?"

The team turned in surprise to see Scott Lang, dressed in his Ant-Man suit, standing there with a confident smirk on his face.

Hope stepped forward, donned in her Wasp suit, her voice tinged with worry. "Scott, you shouldn't have come. I told you we can handle it. It's too dangerous. What if something happens to you, huh? What will happen to Cassie?"

Scott, undeterred, wrapped his arms around Hope's waist, pulling her into his chest. "You know, I can't let you go without me..."

'They're dating?' Peter wasn't that surprised. After all, they seemed to be heading in this direction on the last time he saw them.

Tony couldn't resist a quip. "Great, now we've got a whole bug collection..."

Seeing that her boyfriend wouldn't take no for an answer, Hope had no choice but to give up. "Fine, you can come. Just stick close, Scott, and follow our lead. This place is unpredictable and extremely dangerous."

Scott nodded, his determination unwavering. "Don't worry... We'll find my future mother in law. After all, I have to make a good first impression."

Hank raised a single eyebrow. "Why does she get the good first impression and I get a criminal, breaking into my house?"

...

With final checks and affirmations exchanged, they fired up the portal and stepped into the swirling unknown. The transition was disorienting, like being caught in a whirlwind of colors and sensations. They held onto each other, relying on their suits to maintain a connection as they tumbled through the Quantum tunnel.

As they emerged on the other side, the team found themselves in a realm that defied all comprehension. Reality stretched and folded around them in kaleidoscopic patterns, and the very ground beneath their feet seemed to shift like quicksand.

[Insert a picture of the Quantum Realm here]

Peter surveyed their surroundings with a keen interest. "Welcome to the Quantum Realm, everyone. It's... about as I expected it would be."

Tony, attempting to appear nonchalant, observed their surroundings with a mix of fascination and unease. "I feel like I'm inside The Scream..."

Suddenly, the compass in Peter's hand began to twitch, its needle spinning for a moment before pointing in a specific direction. "The compass is working. Let's follow it..."

Axia...

Kang the Conqueror, the enigmatic master of time and space, sat regally upon a grand floating throne within the heart of his impenetrable citadel. The throne itself seemed to defy the laws of gravity, hovering effortlessly above the polished obsidian floor, a testament to Kang's mastery over the forces that bound the universe.

All around him, Kang's subordinates scurried about, bringing him vital information gathered throughout his empire. They were loyal and obedient, for they knew that Kang's wrath was as relentless as his ambition.

One of Kang's lieutenants, a figure shrouded in futuristic armor, knelt before him, presenting a holographic display of the Quantum Realm's landscape. "My lord, we have tracked the resistance. The rebel leader was spotted as well..."

Kang's cold, calculating gaze fixed upon the hologram, his mind racing with possibilities. Janet Van Dyne was a thorn in his side, a symbol of resistance against his empire. With her leadership, the rebellion has gain constant momentum, threatening Kang's iron rule.

A sinister smile played upon Kang's lips as he contemplated the unfolding events. "Prepare my forces. It's about time we've dealt with these terrorists."

As Kang's subordinates hastened to carry out his orders, the Quantum Realm itself seemed to tremble in anticipation, for the Conqueror of Worlds had set his sights on this dimension, and his presence would shape the destiny of all who dared to tread its unpredictable path.

Chapter 478: Betrayal

Amidst the surreal landscapes of the Quantum Realm, Peter led the way with the enchanted compass clutched tightly in his gloved hand. The compass's needle quivered and twitched, directing them through a realm where reality itself appeared to be in flux.

What started as a few minute march turned into an endless journey through a bewildering wasteland of shifting sands and odd anomaly's. Scott, encased in his Ant-Man suit, couldn't help but voice his growing doubts. "Hey, are you sure this compass of yours is working? We've been walking for ages, and there's no sign of Janet or anyone else anywhere."

Hope's voice resonated with uncertainty as well. "Scott's got a point. Maybe we should consider if we're heading in the wrong direction."

Hank grumble alongside them, his old muscles feeling the burn from the endless walking. "Yeah, and we should have brought some vehicles, this place is too big to explore on foot..."

Before Peter could explain that they were close, as the compass wouldn't be working otherwise, the group came to a sudden halt near the edge of a cliff, their gazes locked on a bizarre and unsettling sight. Down in the vast valley below them, a herd of enormous, luminous orange spider-like creatures roamed freely.

The creatures' eyes, akin to fiery embers, turned upward in eerie unison, fixing upon the intruders who had appeared on the cliff above.

Tony Stark muttered grimly, "Oh, that's not good..."

The tension in the air escalated, with both sides locked in an eerie standoff. The luminescent spiders' collective intelligence seemed to process the presence of the interlopers, and as one, they surged into action, charging toward the cliff with alarming speed.

The group snapped out of their collective shock, propelled into action by the impending threat. Tony's helmet snapped shut as he rocketed off the cliff, and the others quickly followed suit. Scott, Hope, and Hank activated their respective suits, their forms growing to colossal proportions as they descended into battle.

Genie, riding atop Scott's massive head, discreetly used his magic to summon some weaponry, raining down red laser fire from above. Peter, however, remained poised at the cliff's edge, hands tucked casually in his suit's pockets.

'I'll just wait until they're finished...!' Peter thought lazily as a comfortable chair appeared behind him, which he flopped back into without a care for the war unfolding before him.

With the size and power befitting giants, the Ant-Men and the Wasp descended upon the horde of luminescent spiders. And before the herd knew it, the small prey that seemed so easy to hunt before, was now squishing them like bugs beneath their boots.

Tony's repulsor beams cut through the air, striking multiple targets at once, while Scott's enlarged fists pounded the ground, creating shockwaves that sent the creatures tumbling. Hope shrank and zipped through the air, constantly growing and shrinking in order to more quickly squish the herd of arachnids.

Hank, in his towering form, utilized his enhanced strength to deliver crushing blows, rendering the spiders little more than shattered remains. Genie stayed exactly where he was, firing off the top of Scott's head like a madman, a cigar in his mouth and a military helmet atop his head.

Peter watched the skirmish unfold with a nonchalant demeanor, his masked face betraying no sign of concern. "This is truly one of the perks of being a super-hero," he muttered to himself. After all, he gets to see other heroes in action almost all the time. And it was most definitely entertaining. Far more entertaining than any movie, show, or comic could ever be.

The battle raged on, the team's combined might proving overwhelming for the luminescent spiders. One by one, the creatures fell, their glowing forms either flattened or riddled with holes.

As the last of the arachnoid foes met their demise, the team regrouped, their suits retracting to their normal sizes. Tony's face mask flung open as he glanced around at his battle-worn surroundings. "That was... unexpected." He muttered as he eyed the dead creatures with keen interest that only a scientist could have.

Scott grinned, his Ant-Man helmet retracting to reveal a triumphant expression. "And I thought fighting regular-sized spiders was bad."

Hope shook her head, her voice laced with relief. "No, I think regular spiders are still much worse..."

Peter scoffed incredulously. "I take great offense to that!" He shouted from his seat atop the cliff.

Hank looked up at Peter and couldn't help but feel annoyed. "Is he always like this?"

"Like what?" Tony asked.

"Lazing around while others do the work and then complaining afterwards..." Hank clarifies, clearly bothered.

"Well, yeah..." Tony nodded his head absentmindedly.

"You know that I can hear you, right?" Peter said as he hopped down the cliff, landing beside the group.

Hank didn't seem to care. "So?"

"Whatever, follow me." Peter shrugged uncaringly and started walking again, compass in hand. "I think we're close..."

With the immediate threat neutralized, the team continued their journey deeper into the Quantum Realm, the compass once again guiding their way.

The city of Axia within Kang's sprawling empire buzzed with tension. Janet Van Dyne, once the hero known as the Wasp, had become the beacon of resistance against Kang the Conquerors tyrannical rule. Shortly after they had first met before his empire was even a thought, she had

uncovered the truth about the man she had grown to admire, a man whose lust for power and vengeance knew no bounds.

Janet's heart raced as the sirens wailed, signaling the impending attack by Kang's formidable army. She had been preparing for this moment for years, but the surprise assault certainly caught her off guard. 'How did he find us so quickly?' She didn't have time to dwell on her shock. Her years of leadership had honed her instincts, and she immediately sprang into action.

"Everyone, to your battle stations!" Janet commanded, her voice laced with determination. She rallied her comrades, heroes and survivors alike, to defend what little freedom they had left.

The resistance fighters, armed with their unique weaponry, fanned out across Axia's streets. Blasts of energy and the roar of battlesuits echoed through the city as they confronted Kang's advancing forces. It was a desperate fight for survival, with countless of her ally's being slaughtered as the noncombat personnel were hastily evacuated to safer locations.

As the battle raged on, it became evident that Kang's army had the upper hand. Their advanced technology and overwhelming numbers pressed the resistance fighters back. Janet's heart pounded with each passing moment, knowing that their resistance was faltering.

Then, amidst the chaos, a glimmer of hope appeared. Janet saw an opportunity to slip away from the front lines and regroup. She didn't like leaving her comrades behind, but she couldn't be captured. The consequences would be catastrophic. Darting through the rubble-strewn streets, her agility and familiarity with the area allowed her to evade the enemy's notice as she escaped.

Just when it seemed she might get away, a familiar voice called out to her, "Janet, over here!"

She turned to see Krylar, her lover and fellow freedom fighter, beckoning her into an alley. Relief washed over her as she rushed toward him, thinking that he had come to aid her as he always does.

But as she reached him, Krylar's expression dropped from concern to... guilt? Before she could react, he raised his weapon and fired, striking Janet with a paralyzing energy blast. She crumpled to the ground, unable to move as Krylar stood over her.

"W-Why?" Janet managed to whisper, her voice filled with betrayal and disbelief.

She trusted Krylar far more than any other member of the resistance. He was there for its founding and seemed to hate Kang as much as any other freedom fighter. She couldn't help but wonder why he would do this? Hell, she even betrayed her wedding vows for him. Though technically, she hasn't seen or heard from her husband in what felt like forever, so it wasn't exactly a hard thing to do...

Krylar's eyes dated away, he couldn't look her in the eye. "Kang made me an offer," he said, the guilt written all over his face. "He promised to keep you alive in exchange for what he wants. This is a good thing, Janet. We can be together without worrying whether we'll be killed on some insignificant battlefield or starved because we couldn't find enough food to fill everyone's stomach."

Janet looked at him in disgust. "How could you do this... I've told you how manipulative he is... How could you believe him?"

Janet watched in horror as Krylar turned away from her, his allegiance now firmly with Kang. Her heart shattered as she realized the depth of his betrayal.

Moments later, Kang himself strode into the alley, flanked by his loyal guards. His sinister smile stretched across his face as he gloated, "Ah, Janet, the mighty resistance leader. It appears that your loyalty to the resistance was your downfall. Krylar here was quite eager to switch sides when he saw the benefits of serving me."

Janet seethed with anger but remained powerless, her body still paralyzed by Krylar's treacherous attack.

Kang continued his taunts, relishing in his victory. "Your little rebellion ends here, love. I have to say, it's been fun while it lasted, but everything has to come to an end at some point."

As Kang's guards restrained Janet, the once-proud leader of the resistance felt a profound sense of defeat. Betrayed by someone she had loved, her comrades captured, and her most valued base in ruins, she couldn't help but wonder if there was any hope left.

"Alright, round them up!" Kang ordered and his men rushed to take all of the survivors into custody, hauling them back to his towering citadel, prisoners in their own city.

As his men worked, Kang snapped his fingers, jolting Janet onto her feet. She stood wide eyed and frozen, her body completely under his control. "Now, let's get home. After all, you have some explaining to do..."

Janet glared at him, defiance radiating from her very being. "I'll never help you again..."

"We'll see..."

Chapter 479: Reunion & Confrontation

Not long after their battle, Peter and the group finally arrived at a place that wasn't either barren or filled with deadly colossal creatures, Axia.

Axia was a huge and extremely technologically advanced city. Odd humanoid creatures walked the streets and flying vehicles filled the air. It stretched out before them like a metropolis of the future, a stark contrast to the desolate landscapes they had encountered earlier.

Peter smirked under his mask. 'Yup, Kang's here alright. Multiverse ship, here I come...'

Although everyone else was surprised and happy to find civilization inside this wasteland, they were also shocked to see the remnants of a battle at the edge of the city. Smoke filled the air, and buildings, which once stood tall, were either completely destroyed or crumbling to bits.

Floating away from the destruction, they could see a cluster of ships, each matching as if they were some sort of military or police.

Looking down at the compass in Peter's hand, Hank and Hope watched as the dial followed the ships' trajectory perfectly.

Peter studied the compass, his expression thoughtful. "It seems she's on one of those ships."

Tony asked, his brow furrowed with concern, "Do you think she's been captured? Or is she with the people who did that?" He pointed to the destroyed portion of the city.

Hank didn't even have to think before he shook his head, stating firmly, "Janet wouldn't do such a thing."

Peter nodded in agreement. "I guess we'll have to go and find out for ourselves, won't we?"

With determination in their hearts, the group decided to follow the compass's guidance once more. Peter, with a casual wave, opened up a portal to the towering citadel at the center of Axia, where the ships seemed to be headed.

It didn't take long for the rest of the team to fall in step behind Peter, especially Hope and Hank, who were more than ready to finally see their most loved one once again.

Upon returning to the Citadel, Kang couldn't help but ask. "What did you see?" He turned to Janet, a curious look in his eyes. "We didn't really get a chance to talk about it last time. But I always wondered. When our minds touched... what did you see?"

"A monster who thinks he's a god." She spat venomously.

[Flashback]

One fateful day, as Janet Van Dyne went about her usual routine, trapped in the Quantum Realm, her keen eyes caught something peculiar hurtling from the heavens. Instinctively, she armed herself, the familiar weight of her Wasp gear comforting against the unknown. With determined resolve, she rushed towards the impact site, her senses on high alert.

Arriving at the scene, Janet's sharp gaze fell upon a crashed shuttle embedded in the earth, its metallic hull warped and scorched. But what truly seized her attention was the sight of a strange creature materializing beside the wreckage. In a surreal display of otherworldly power, it duplicated itself before her eyes, its eerie twin leaping into a frenzied assault.

Janet's battle-honed instincts took over, and with precision, she dispatched one of the creatures, her stings finding their mark. Yet, before she could react to the imminent threat of the remaining doppelganger, it met a sudden and unexpected end, a blaster shot ringing out.

Turning swiftly, Janet's eyes met those of her unanticipated savior, a mysterious man sprawled on the ground, his weapon still smoking. Bewildered and injured, he looked at Janet and inquired, "Where am I?"

After nursing him back to health, the man, who introduced himself as Kang, revealed a tale that transcended the boundaries of belief. He claimed to be a traveler and scientist, navigating the Multiverse in his ship. However, an unforeseen mishap had left him stranded, his craft spiraling off course to this unfamiliar world.

Their mutual predicament forged an unlikely alliance as they agreed to work together, seeking to repair Kang's ship and chart a course back to their respective homes. Through countless attempts to mend the intricate Multiversal Engine Core, hope flickered dimly.

Amidst the toil of endless repairs, Janet found herself gradually opening up to Kang, sharing the fragments of her life and the deep yearning to reunite with her daughter. Kang, in turn, offered solace and reassurance, promising her a path back to her cherished family.

Time passed, and with relentless determination, they succeeded in restoring the Core. As they seamlessly integrated it with the ship, an unforeseen event unfolded. The ship, unexpectedly connected to Kang's mind, unwittingly bridged the chasm between their consciousness, allowing Janet to peer into Kang's very soul.

In the visions that washed over her, she bore witness to a chilling truth. Kang, in countless timelines and worlds, had been a harbinger of chaos, destruction, and untold death, leaving behind a trail of bloodshed and devastation. His remorseless actions painted a grim portrait.

Kang, now aware of Janet's newfound knowledge, attempted to persuade her to adhere to their original plan, sweetening the deal with promises of a safe return to her daughter only minutes after she left. It would be as if she never left. After all, his ship traveled in both time and space.

But Janet's resolve was unwavering, she knew she couldn't allow Kang to escape his sins. Nor could she allow him to leave his prison. Far too many people, worlds, and universe's would pay the price if she did.

With a heart heavy but resolute, Janet enacted a daring plan. She manipulated the Core's size, shrinking it to a manageable scale before stealing it from the ship's clutches. Armed with knowledge and conviction, she faced the formidable Kang, knowing that defeating him head-on was an insurmountable challenge.

Harnessing a series of growth discs, Janet magnified the Core's size by 1000 times, turning it into a potent weapon, which she used to distract Kang as she escaped.

[Flashback End]

Kang's shoulders rose in a nonchalant shrug, a stark contrast to the gravity of their conversation. "When you can see time the way I do, you don't get to close your eyes." He paused, the weight of Janet's accusation causing an invisible ache. Although he would never admit it, Kang had trusted Janet far more than he ever trusted anyone else. Inwardly, he lamented, 'If only she didn't see what I've done, what I'm going to do... Things could have been different...'

Janet pressed on, her voice heavy with disappointment and anger. "And you're the only one who sees?"

Kang met her gaze unwaveringly. "I am the only one that can see it's broken."

A bitter retort escaped Janet's lips. "And who broke it?"

Kang's admission was stark, devoid of evasion. "I did. Every version of me. My variants throughout the Multiverse. Playing with time, like children. But I saw how it ends. I saw their chaos spreading across every reality in existence. Universes colliding... Endless incursions... I saw the Multiverse... And it was dying. All because of them. Because of me. So, I set out to fix it."

Janet's voice trembled in accusation. "You mean you started a war. And now you want to wipe away any universe that's a threat to you. That's what monsters do."

Kang's response was unapologetic, a glimpse into the mind of a conqueror. "That's what conquerors do, Janet. We burn the broken houses, villages, towns, cities, worlds, and universes. And then we rebuild them anew."

Janet refused to relent, her words filled with condemnation. "You don't care about saving anything or anyone. You only want revenge because they beat you. You started a war and they finished it. You lost and you hate it. You can't lie to me, I've been in the psychotic little head of yours. I know the real you."

Kang's eyes held a depth of pain as he responded, his voice tinged with an anguish only he could understand. "You do, don't you? And you're right, I have lost. You have no idea what I have lost. And I will burn them out of time for what they've done to me."

Janet's tone turned somber as she pointed out the stark consequences of his actions. "You'll be wiping out entire timelines and universes. Murdering trillions and trillions of people."

Kang's response was chilling in its detachment. "I wish that mattered, Janet, I really do. But it's doesn't."

As Kang's final words hung in the air, a sudden, golden portal materialized behind Janet, causing both her and Kang to turn in surprise. The portal emitted an otherworldly light, and its appearance was nothing short of astonishing.

From the shimmering portal, a group of individuals emerged, their presence commanding attention. Among them, Peter led the way, wearing his Spider-Man suit, his expression hidden under his mask.

Peter looked around the high-tech chamber for a moment before asking, "Yo, you guys don't happen to have a bathroom do you? We've been traveling for a while and I was too scared to, you know, out there. I mean, what if some quantum creature swims up my stream or shoots up my a*s while I'm not looking?" His voice reverberated through the room, cutting through the tension with ease.

Janet, still in shock from the unexpected turn of events and the odd question, managed to stammer, "Umm, you'll have to ask him..." But her words were cut short as her gaze landed on her aged husband, Hank Pym, who stood beside Peter.

Tears welled up in Janet's eyes as she called out, her voice trembling, "H-Hank?"

Hank, equally moved, stepped forward, but before he could reply, Janet's attention shifted to a young woman standing beside Hank. It had to be her daughter, Hope.

In a choked voice, Hope called out, "Mom?"

"Jellybean?" Janet whispered, her nickname for her daughter, disbelief and joy mingling in her voice.

Hope couldn't contain herself any longer. She rushed into her mother's arms, tears streaming down her face as they embraced, a reunion they thought impossible until this very moment.

Hank moved to join the heartfelt reunion, but Kang had seen enough. With a snap of his fingers, he froze everyone in place, their movements coming to an abrupt halt. Panic and frustration swept through the group as they struggled to move, finding Kang's power unyielding.

"Congratulations, Janet. You've finally reuniting with your family..." Kang spoke, his voice laced with a sinister satisfaction. Then, his gaze turned toward the newcomers, curiosity gleaming in his eyes as he addressed the group.

"How did you manage to come here?" Kang inquired, his tone tinged with a hint of amusement. "And more importantly, how did you open that portal? Is there a sorcerer among you? It's been a while since I've killed a Master of the Mystic Arts."

As Kang questioned their arrival, Peter, who had easily overpowered Kang's hold on him, strolled around casually, examining the technologically advanced equipment within the chamber. He couldn't help but praise Kang.

"You've got quite the lair here," Peter commented nonchalantly. "It's been a while since I've seen one like this. Lately, it's been pretty lacking as far as evil bases go, but this is impressive. I'll give you that."

Kang raised a single brow, surprised that someone could so easily slip out of his hold. "You are...?" He asked.

"Spider-Man." Peter answered as he turned back to Kang. "Anyway, where's the bathroom? You might want to be quick because I've been holding it for a while." He warns as he gestures to some nearby equipment. "Though I could relieve myself here, but I wouldn't want to hose down your tech. After all, it'll be mine soon so I want to keep it in good condition."

Chapter 480: Clash with Kang (1/2)

Not a single person in the room had expected what came next. As Kang and Janet continued their tense exchange, Peter, seemingly unfazed by the high-stakes conversation, decided it was time to address the elephant in the room, the bathroom. He really wasn't kidding, he had to pee.

Seeing as no one was pointing him in the right direction, Peter shook his head in annoyance and snapped his fingers, conjuring a urinal right in the center of the room. It materialized with a metallic shimmer, contrasting starkly with the advanced technology that surrounded it.

A collective gasp swept through the room as Peter nonchalantly approached the urinal, his mask still firmly in place. He glanced around, noting the shocked and bewildered expressions on the faces of those present. "What? A guy's gotta go when a guy's gotta go," he quipped, unzipping his suit and relieving himself.

The act left the room in a state of bizarre silence as everyone watched in utter disbelief. Once done, Peter flushed the urinal with a simple snap of his fingers, and just as abruptly as it had appeared, the urinal vanished into thin air.

Not missing a beat, Peter conjured a sink next to the spot where the urinal had been. He began washing his gloved hands, the water flowing from the faucet in a precise stream. His movements were efficient, portraying the confidence of someone who had done this countless times before.

While he was washing his hands, Peter turned his attention to Kang. "So, big guy," he began, his voice muffled by his mask, "are you the bad guy here?"

Kang, who had been momentarily taken aback by Peter's unusual behavior, tilted his head in curiosity. "From a certain perspective, everyone is a bad guy," he replied, a faint smile playing on his lips. "But to ourselves, we're the heroes, aren't we?"

Janet, who had been simmering with anger, couldn't hold back any longer. She interjected, her voice dripping with contempt, "Don't listen to a word he says. He's a manipulative psychopathic monster who has and will slaughter trillions of people. Not to mention the way he's been ruling this little empire of his, ruthlessly slaughtering anyone who even thinks about disagreeing with him, let alone their families."

Kang rolled his eyes at Janet's outburst. "Some things never change, Janet," he remarked with a sigh. "You always did have a knack for dramatics."

Peter, having finished washing his hands, vanished the sink just as effortlessly as the urinal. He turned to Kang with a casual demeanor. "So, you are the bad guy," Peter concluded, his tone nonchalant. "That's good."

Kang raised a perplexed eyebrow. "Good? How is that good?"

Peter nodded, a hint of mischief in his eyes. "Yeah, because your tech is pretty advanced. I could make good use of it."

Tony Stark couldn't help but nod in agreement, his genius mind already racing at the possibilities. He wanted to study the technology surrounding them, and he knew his friend Peter would be more than willing to share.

Kang scoffed at their comments. "Are all heroes thieves in your universe?"

Peter shrugged, seemingly uncaring. "It isn't theft, it's confiscation. Bad guys use their toys to commit crimes or hurt others, so they lose ownership. It's like when you play a game. Is it wrong to loot the fallen enemies? Especially the criminal ones? Not really."

Kang, still trying to comprehend the situation, pressed further. "So, in your point of view, am I truly a bad guy?"

Peter nodded again, his mask concealing his expression. "Yep, probably."

Kang couldn't help but laugh. "You know, my counterparts across the multiverse would laugh if they heard you say that..."

"How so?" Peter asked as he conjured a chair to sit in and a bucket of popcorn to munch on. He could tell when a villainous monologue was coming.

Kang began to explain. "Out of all the Kangs across the multiverse, I was once the most peaceful. I didn't hurt anyone, steal anything, or commit a single crime. I don't know if I was some anomaly, but I cared, unlike my counterparts."

He continued, his voice tinged with a hint of sadness. "But one day, while traveling the timelines in pursuit of research, I decided to see the end of it all. What happens when every reality comes to an end? When each multiverse dies and reality itself vanishes. What I found shocked me. My alters from across the multiverse somehow managed to kill reality itself. Nothing was left, and it was all their fault."

Janet tried to speak again, hoping to remind everyone that Kang was a monster, but Kang snapped his fingers, rendering her unable to utter a word. Frustration and panic welled up in her as she struggled against Kang's hold.

Hope, Scott, and Hank, witnessing Janet's struggle, also attempted to speak out, but Kang's powers silenced them as well, leaving only Peter seemingly unaffected.

Peter, still enjoying his popcorn, nodded in apparent understanding. "Go on."

Kang continued. "Upon realizing the chaos caused by well... myself, I came to a decision. A decision that would change the multiverse forever. I created the Council of Kangs, a governing body for my many selves across the multiverse. A government for the Kangs, by the Kangs, to keep us all in check."

Kang seemed to smile slightly, remembering his past exploits. "Of course, it wasn't easy. I faced so many challenges, especially in recruiting Kangs from across the multiverse. But after a while, I delegated that task to subordinate Kangs, who carried out the recruitment for me."

"Sounds like a noble endeavor," Peter commented with a smirk. "So, what went wrong?"

Kang paused for a moment, his gaze shifting to Peter. "The more chaotic Kangs, the ones I was trying to stop, decided that there were too many laws, too many regulations. And they certainly didn't agree with any punishments. So, they rebelled, recruited like-minded individuals, and started a war that raged over a vast portion of the multiverse, killing trillions and trillions of people."

Janet, Hope, Genie, Tony, and Hank watched in silence, their frustration evident in their expressions. Well, Genie could break free at anytime, but Peter said that he couldn't use his Djinn powers.

Kang resumed his narrative, his tone weary. "I might not have started the war, but I certainly played a significant part in the deaths of many innocents. As I said before you arrived, I didn't care then, and I don't care now. War is hell, and a war across the multiverse is a far worse hell than any of you could ever imagine."

Kang's narrative was momentarily interrupted by Peter, who slurped a cup of ice filled Coke through a straw. Kang shot him an annoyed glance, prompting Peter to stop and offer a sheepish grin. "Sorry, please continue."

Kang carried on. "Despite the chaos, we had made great strides in winning the war. But then something unexpected occurred. The Kangs I trusted most, my advisors and fellow high-level

council members, betrayed me. They destroyed every universe I ruled over, killed my people, my wives, my children, my family, and finally, they stabbed me in the back and banished me here, to the Quantum Realm."

Kang's voice took on a somber tone as he turned to Janet, his expression distant. "And when I grew to trust someone again, she betrayed me as well."

Janet could feel the betrayal in his voice, and she knew that he was talking about her. But sadly, for him, she wasn't that easily swayed. She may feel a bit bad, but at the end of the day, Kang is a ruthless killer who just couldn't be trusted. She's seen it.

Peter couldn't help but nod his head, an impressed look hidden under his mask. "Wives, huh? You lucky b*stard. You know, my girlfriend would probably cut my family jewels off if I did anything like that."

"Yes, well there are perks to traveling the multiverse. It's impossible for your wives to ever meet or even know of one another." Kang explains, a sly smirk on his face. "Though I have had a few mishaps over the years, but a simple mind wipe can clear up just about anything."

Peter nods as he vanishes his snack and stood up, stretching his body for the fight to come. "I feel like my girlfriend would still find out. I think it's the spider senses, you know? Anyway, should we get this show on the road?"

"You still want to fight?" Kang asked, hoping he could've won Peter over with his tragic backstory.

Peter shrugged. "You aren't the only villain with a sad backstory and a heroic goal. Although I do sympathize with your situation and certainly see the threat of your alters, I can't just let you go."

Kang sighed in exasperation. He was hoping to avoid a fight with someone of Peter's capabilities, but that didn't seem to be possible. "You do know that if you kill me, nothing can stop the other Kang's from coming and destroying your universe. I'm the one who's trying to save you all..."

Peter finished his stretches. "Yeah, I get it, but I'd rather just handle them myself. After all, you can't really be trusted. I mean, you admitted to killing trillions of innocents, so what's to stop you from killing our universe? Especially if it would complete your revenge against the council?"

"Yeah, you're probably right... so be it..." Kang, his emotions a swirling maelstrom, suddenly lashed out with a blue laser beam that erupted from his suit's fist. The deadly energy surged toward Peter, who watched the approaching danger with an almost casual curiosity.

Gasps of horror and disbelief filled the room as the laser inched closer and closer to Peter. It seemed inevitable that the blast would make contact, until, at the last possible moment, Peter's gloved hand shot out to intercept it.

He caught the deadly laser between his fingers, his expression hidden behind the mask, but his posture oozed confidence. With steady determination, he held the energy beam up for everyone to see, the blue light casting eerie shadows across his suit.

"I would've slapped it away," Peter quipped, his tone dripping with nonchalance, "but I wouldn't want to damage any of this cool tech."

Kang, momentarily taken aback by Peter's unexpected prowess, watched in astonishment as Peter calmly held the lethal energy at bay. The others in the room shared equally shocked expressions, torn between awe and disbelief.

With a smirk, Peter taunted Kang, "Catch." With a flick of his wrist, he released the laser, sending it hurtling back toward Kang. But the powerful conqueror wasn't about to be caught off guard again. In a flash, Kang disappeared, teleporting a few feet away to safety.

As Kang materialized with a triumphant grin, he was ready to gloat, convinced that Peter wouldn't be able to best him. However, his confidence was short-lived as he suddenly sensed something amiss. Over his shoulder, Kang heard Peter's voice call out, "Yo."

Before Kang could react, a powerful fist connected with the side of his head, sending him hurtling across the room. His body tumbled through the air, crashing into a window with a resounding thud. Glass shattered and rained down as Kang's form fell out of the building, dazed and disoriented.