

Spider-Man 481

Chapter 481: Clash with Kang (2/2)

Without wasting a single second, Peter jumped out of the window behind Kang, landing right beside the fallen conquerer. "You still alive?"

"Hey! Wait!" Genie yelled as he left. "We're still stuck!" He yelled as everyone turned to him, confused as to why he could speak and they couldn't. Did Kang forget to mute him as he did them?

Coughing out a mouthful of blood, Kang glared up at Peter as he used his suit to teleport a few meters away. The city crackled with tension as Peter and Kang faced off. The air seemed to vibrate with impending conflict, and everyone in the area held their breath, hoping for their emperors defeat as they cleared away from the two combatants.

With a flicker of movement, Kang lunged forward, his armor-clad fist aiming for Peter's face. But Peter, his senses heightened by years of heroism, effortlessly sidestepped the attack, the punch whooshing past him. Kang's fist collided with the reinforced wall behind Peter, leaving a deep dent in its wake.

Peter wasted no time. In a fluid motion, he spun around and delivered a powerful kick to Kang's back, sending the conqueror staggering forward. Kang, recovering quickly, unleashed a barrage of blue energy blasts from his palms, each one aimed at Peter's rapidly moving form.

Spider-Man's agility was on full display as he gracefully evaded the deadly energy beams. He somersaulted through the air, cartwheeling and twisting to avoid the attacks with uncanny precision. Each blast left scorch marks and craters in the ground and nearby buildings, but none of them found their mark.

With a confident smirk hidden beneath his mask, Peter shot a web line at Kang's feet, yanking him off balance and causing him to crash to the ground. Before Kang could recover, Peter was on him, pinning him to the floor with his enhanced strength.

Kang struggled beneath Spider-Man's grip, his armor whirring as he attempted to break free. But Peter's grip was unyielding, and he held Kang in place effortlessly.

"Is that the best you've got?" Peter taunted, his voice a muffled echo behind his mask. "Because I was expecting a lot more from a guy who could wage wars in entire universes... This is actually kind of sad..."

Kang's response was a defiant sneer, and with a sudden surge of energy, he unleashed a shockwave from his armor, sending Peter hurtling backward. The force of the blast shattered nearby windows and left Peter skidding across the floor.

But Peter quickly regained his composure, his body twisting gracefully as he landed on all fours like a spider. With a determined glint in his eyes, he launched himself at Kang once more.

This time, Peter was relentless. He unleashed a flurry of punches and kicks, each strike precise and calculated. Kang, despite his armor's formidable defenses, struggled to keep up with Spider-Man's blinding speed. Unlike Kang, who had to rely on his armor to fight, Peter's natural reflexes and strength seemed to dwarf his entirely.

Peter's fists struck Kang's armor with resounding impacts, denting the once-impenetrable surface and sending shockwaves throughout his body. The air crackled with energy as the two combatants clashed, their movements a blur of motion. Peter's spider-sense guided him, allowing him to anticipate Kang's every move and evade his counterattacks effortlessly.

Kang, realizing he was outmatched in physical combat, attempted to teleport away. But Peter was one step ahead. With a flick of his wrist, he shot a web line at Kang's ankle, which he imbued with a hint of Eldritch energy, preventing his escape. Instantly, Kang's teleportation device malfunctioned, leaving him completely vulnerable.

Seizing the opportunity, Peter used his superhuman strength to lift Kang off the ground, holding him in a chokehold. Kang struggled, his armor's servos whining in protest, but he couldn't break free from Spider-Man's vice-like grip.

"Where do you think you're going?" Peter asked tauntingly, his voice cold and determined. "You can't leave yet... We're just getting started."

Kang's eyes widened with desperation as he realized the futility of his situation. He needed a way out, a bargaining chip. With a flicker of his hand, he activated a holographic interface within his armor, bringing up a live video feed of Tony Stark, Genie, Scott, Hope, and Hank, who were restrained nearby.

"Let me go, Spider-Man, or your friends will suffer," Kang threatened, his voice strained.

Peter's mask concealed his expression, but his resolve remained unshaken. He knew Kang was ruthless, but he couldn't allow himself to be blackmailed. With a calm, almost detached demeanor, he raised his free hand and snapped his fingers.

The Reality Stone responded to his will. Time and space seemed to warp around him as he manipulated reality itself. In an instant, Tony, Genie, Scott, Hope, and Hank vanished from their sight, leaving only a bewildered Kang in Spider-Man's grasp.

"What did you do?" Kang demanded, panic in his voice.

"A magician never reveals his secrets," Peter replied casually, as if discussing the weather.

Kang's face contorted with rage, but before he could react, Peter released him and took a step back. Kang stumbled forward, disoriented and furious. As he turned to face Spider-Man, blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, evidence of the earlier blows he had suffered.

With a swift and fluid motion, Peter closed the distance between them, his leg snapping up to deliver a devastating kick to Kang's stomach. The force of the blow sent Kang hurtling through the air, crashing into a nearby support pillar with bone-jarring force.

"Ugh!" Kang grunted in pain as the pillar collapsed beside him, his armor sparking and falling to pieces as blood oozed from his eyes, ears, mouth, nose, and other wounds that he endured during the battle.

With Kang lying battered and broken on the ground, his armor in shambles, and his defiant spirit now diminished, Peter stood over his fallen adversary, contemplating the next steps with his masked visage betraying nothing.

Kang, though gravely injured, was not one to yield easily. He wheezed and coughed, his voice strained as he spoke. "You may have won this battle, Spider-Man, but you can never truly defeat me. I am eternal, and my legacy will endure."

Peter's expression beneath the mask remained stoic as he considered Kang's words. He couldn't deny the conqueror's resilience and tenacity. Kang's knowledge, particularly about the Council of Kangs, was too valuable to be lost in the heat of battle.

With a solemn determination, Peter reached a decision. He had an idea that would ensure Kang's knowledge wouldn't fall into the wrong hands, and at the same time, he would put an end to Kang's reign of cruelty and bloodshed once and for all.

"Your legacy will endure, Kang," Peter agreed, his voice a low, measured tone. "But not in the way you imagine."

Kang, weakened and bewildered, could do little more than watch as Peter raised his hand, the red glow of the reality stone shining with an eerie light. The power of the mystic arts surged through him, intertwining with the Reality Stone's might. Peter's actions were deliberate, calculated, as he waved his hands, drawing a golden a cluster of golden spell circles along the air.

Kang's eyes widened with dawning realization as he felt a strange sensation. It was as if an invisible force was tugging at his very essence, pulling him away from his battered physical form. Panic welled up within him as he understood the gravity of the situation.

"Wh-what are you doing?" Kang stammered, his voice trembling.

Peter's grip on Kang's astral form tightened, the mystic energy flowing through him with an otherworldly glow. He uttered an incantation under his breath, a whispered invocation that resonated with ancient power.

The crumbling city around them seemed to hum with energy as Peter's actions reached their climax. With a final surge of mystic force, he separated Kang's astral form from his broken body. Kang's spectral self floated before him, a faint, ghostly echo of the conqueror's former self.

Kang's anger and confusion were palpable as he gazed upon his own ethereal form. He attempted to resist, to fight back against Peter's sorcerous grasp, but it was futile. Peter's mastery of the mystic arts was absolute.

With a determined flick of his wrist, Peter summoned a small, intricately carved crystal from a hidden pocket within his suit. The crystal seemed to shimmer with an inner light, as if it held a world of its own within its confines.

Kang's astral form was drawn inexorably toward the crystal, his struggles growing more desperate by the moment. He pleaded, he threatened, he cursed, but it was all in vain. With a final, ethereal wail of despair, Kang's essence was sealed within the crystal.

Peter held the crystal in his gloved hand, examining it with a mix of curiosity and amusement. Kang's voice echoed faintly from within, a constant reminder of the conqueror's presence. But Kang was trapped, his knowledge and power now at Peter's mercy.

"You'll be my prisoner from now on, Kang," Peter declared, his voice casual. "But look at the bright side, your knowledge of the Council of Kangs will remain with me, and I'll use it to destroy the Council just as you want. Isn't that great?"

With that, Peter pocketed the crystal as Kang screamed from within, its soft glow concealed from the world. The battle was over, but the consequences of their clash would resonate through the multiverse.

Peter thought to himself. 'I wonder if the Council of Kangs know he's been defeated? They were able to figure it out in the movie... Meh, whatever...'

The area was filled with an eerie silence, the tension dissipating as the dust settled. Peter eyed Kang's lifeless body for a moment before snapping his fingers, causing all his armor to disappear. 'I'll give that to Tony later...'

Without a care for anything else, Peter conjured a ball of fire in the palm of his hand, which he tossed over. In a matter of seconds the conqueror's body was ignited in wild flames. And in a matter of minutes, it was completely turned to ash.

"Now, let the looting begin!"

Chapter 482: Looting & Betrayed Lovers

The battle had come to an end, and Kang the Conqueror lay defeated, reduced to a pile of smoldering ashes. Peter Parker, still clad in his Spider-Man suit, stood amidst the aftermath of the epic confrontation, surrounded by the citizens of Axia who looked at him with a mixture of fear and gratitude. It was a moment of triumph, but there were loose ends to tie up.

With a casual snap of his fingers, Peter summoned the power of the Reality Stone once more. The air around him shimmered, and in an instant, the missing heroes reappeared. Tony Stark, Genie, Scott Lang, Hope Van Dyne, Hank Pym, and Janet Van Dyne blinked in confusion as they found themselves back in existence.

"What just happened?" Tony exclaimed, his suit's HUD displaying multiple error messages as it tried to make sense of the temporal anomaly. "One moment, we were about to be Kang's hostages, and the next..."

Hank was equally bewildered. "I don't understand. Did we just vanish into thin air?"

Peter cleared his throat, his voice calm and collected. "You did, but for good reason. I had to keep you safe from Kang. He was using you as leverage."

Scott scratched his head, still trying to piece together what had transpired. "So, you made us disappear? How?"

Peter smirked beneath his mask. "Magic."

Hope shot Peter a curious look. "What happened to Kang? Did you defeat him?"

Peter nodded, his eyes shifting to the pile of ashes nearby. "He's gone. For good."

As soon as Janet heard those words, she couldn't contain her emotions any longer. Her heart swelled with a mixture of relief, joy, and grief that had been building up for far too long. Her eyes welled up with tears, and she looked at her husband, Hank, and her daughter, Hope, who she's finally reunited with after an eternity apart.

"Where is he?" Janet's voice quivered with anticipation, she had to be sure that he was dead. After all, Kang is like a mutated cockroach, he could survive just about anything.

Peter silently pointed toward the smoldering remains of Kang. Janet stared at the ashes, disbelief washing over her. Kang, her eternal nemesis, the source of so much suffering, was finally defeated. She couldn't hold back any longer and burst into tears.

Hank, equally moved, embraced his wife tightly. She had fought a seemingly endless battle against Kang, and now, she could finally find some semblance of peace. Though she wasn't the only one in tears. The surrounding Axia citizens couldn't help but cry out in relief and sorrow for the many years spent under Kang's oppressive rule.

Just as Hank and Janet found solace in each other's arms, a set of footsteps approached them. A middle-aged man, his features etched with a mix of shock and hope, stepped out from the crowd of Axia citizens who had gathered to witness the battle's conclusion.

"Janet," he called out, his voice trembling with a strange blend of guilt and longing.

Janet's head snapped toward the newcomer, her eyes locking onto his face. Recognition flickered in her gaze, followed by a bone-chilling glare that sent shivers down the man's spine. This man was Krylar, her former lover from her time in the resistance.

Krylar flinched away from Janet's intense gaze but tried to muster the courage to speak. "Janet, I... I love you. Everything I did, it was to make a better future for us. And now, with Kang gone, we can rule Axia together. We can make it a better place..."

Janet's sneer cut through his words like a razor. The man who had betrayed her, who had chosen to side with her greatest enemy, now wanted to rule Axia with her. Her expression darkened as she realized she might not have known Krylar as well as she thought she did.

Hank, shocked by this revelation, looked at his wife with a mix of confusion and hurt. He hadn't known about Janet's relationships during her time in the quantum realm.

They were separate for a long time, so Hank couldn't blame her too much. After all, even he tried his hand in few dates throughout the years, though not a single woman lasted more than the third date. His love for Janet seemed to always dwarf that of anyone else, except their daughter, of course. And although he couldn't exactly blame her, that didn't mean he didn't feel the slightest bit betrayed.

The only question was who would she choose? Her long lost husband, or the man she found in the quantum realm. And could Hank live with the fact that she had moved on, replacing him with another man? Only time would tell...

As Krylar's words hung in the air, Janet's anger boiled over. She pushed Hank away and walked toward Krylar, her steps filled with purpose. Hank and Hope called out to Janet, trying to understand her actions. "Janet?!/Mom?!"

Krylar, blinded by his own desires, thought that Janet was coming back to him. He eagerly opened his arms to embrace her, but as Janet leaned in, she made a swift, unexpected move. With lightning speed, she reached for the blaster holstered at Krylar's side.

In the blink of an eye, she drew the blaster and unloaded it into Krylar's chest. The once-confident man crumpled to the ground, coughing up blood that mixed with the crimson pool forming beneath him.

Everyone around gasped in shock, except for Peter, who let out a low whistle of approval.

"Your mom's kinda scary..." Scott whispered to Hope.

Janet looked down at Krylar, her expression cold and unforgiving. "We're even now. See you in hell..."

Krylar, struggling to speak through his dying breaths, gazed up at Janet with a mixture of disbelief and regret. His betrayal had cost him everything, including the woman he had once claimed to love.

With a final, rasping exhalation, Krylar succumbed to his wounds, leaving behind a world that would move on without him.

Janet stood over Krylar's lifeless body, a sense of finality in the air. Kang was gone, and now, so was the man who had betrayed her. The weight of her long-fought battles and tangled emotions had finally begun to lift, leaving her to face an uncertain future with her husband, Hank, and her daughter, Hope, by her side. She only hoped that her husband could look past her indiscretion, praying that Krylar's death would help show who she really cares for.

As Janet explained her actions to her confused family, the trio of Peter, Tony, and Genie seized the opportunity to sneak away and begin their looting mission within Kang's citadel. Scott Lang, torn between joining the heist and making a good impression on his future mother-in-law, chose to stay with Hope and her family, at least for now.

The trio swiftly moved through the labyrinthine halls of Kang's fortress, their eyes gleaming with anticipation. They knew that within these walls lay treasures from across the multiverse, and they were determined to claim them as their own.

Tony couldn't resist the opportunity to dig deeper into one particular mystery that had been bugging him. As they scoured the citadel for valuables, he turned to Peter, who was walking beside him.

"So," Tony began casually, "I couldn't help but notice that Kree friend of yours, Genie. He seems... interesting. You care to explain?"

Genie was a few paces ahead, preoccupied with a holographic display of a rare artifact. Peter realized that Tony's curiosity extended beyond mere observation.

Peter glanced at Tony, considering his words carefully. He made sure that Genie's true nature as a powerful Djinn was a well-guarded secret. Peter had instructed Genie to keep his powers and identity hidden, given the potential danger if others were to discover it.

"Well," Peter replied in a low voice, "Genie is a friend of mine. He's unique, and I trust him with my life. That said, if you want to know more about him, you'll need to earn his trust. I can't spill all the beans, you know."

Tony arched an eyebrow, clearly intrigued but also slightly annoyed. "Come on... Can't you just tell me?"

Peter chuckled beneath his mask. "No."

Tony grumbled but decided to take Peter's advice. He walked over to Genie, who was busy examining a collection of alien weaponry.

"Hey," Tony began with an overly friendly tone, "Find anything good?"

Genie gestured to a nearby rifle, a wary look on his face. "I think that gun might turn people into food paste..."

Tony groaned in disgust. "Eww."

As Tony and Genie struck up a conversation, Peter managed to find Kang's original ship, but of course, it was missing the multiverse engine core. 'It should be out in the wasteland somewhere...'

After stashing the ship into a portal, Peter decided to slip away for a moment. He turned to his two companions and spoke up, "I'm going out for a bit. You guys have fun here, and feel free to explore the city once you're done. Who knows what other goodies you might come across."

Opening a shimmering portal with a wave of his hand, Peter stepped through and emerged in the wasteland just outside the city. Reaching into his pocket, Peter pulled out the gem containing Kang's soul. Immediately, he could feel Kang's intense glare boring into him from within the crystal.

"Kang," Peter began, addressing the trapped conqueror, "I have a question for you."

Kang's voice echoed from the stone, laced with a mixture of surprise and suspicion. "What could you possibly want?"

Peter's tone remained cool and collected. "I want to know the location of your Multiverse Engine Core. Where is it?"

Kang's initial shock at Peter's knowledge quickly turned to realization. He deduced that Janet had shared this information with Peter, but why didn't she just tell him? After all, she knows where it is.

"F*ck off," Kang retorted defiantly.

Peter let out an exasperated sigh. "Kang, you have two choices here. You can either work with me, or I can deliver you to the Council of Kangs as a bargaining chip to keep them away from my universe. Either way, I get the council off my back."

Kang hesitated, weighing his options. He had faced countless challenges and manipulations throughout his existence, but Peter's threat struck a nerve. He knew that dealing with the Council of Kangs would be far from pleasant.

With a resigned tone, Kang finally relented, revealing the location of the Multiverse Engine Core.

Peter smirked under his mask. "Thank you, Kang. You've been most helpful."

The conqueror's angry protests were silenced as Peter stored the crystal back in his pocket, where Kang could neither see nor hear anything. With the information he needed in hand, Peter created another portal, this time leading him to the location of the Multiverse Engine Core.

As he arrived at the colossal structure, Peter marveled at its sheer size. With a snap of his fingers and the power of the Reality Stone, Peter shrunk the engine core down to its original size, catching it effortlessly in the palm of his hand.

'I'll have to permanently shrink it with Pym Particles later...' He thought as he eyed the core with a greedy glint in his eyes.

The tiny, yet incredibly powerful, Multiverse Engine Core pulsed with energy, which brought a smile to its new owners face. With his prize secured, Peter was ready to rejoin his companions, knowing that this could be exactly what he and Tony need to finish their multiverse traveling project.

Chapter 483: Council of Kangs

After acquiring the Multiverse Engine Core, Peter rejoined Tony and Genie on the bustling city of Axia. The once-ominous citadel that stood in the center of the city now hollow and stripped of its technological wonders, reduced to an empty monument to Kang's former ambitions.

As they walked through the city, the trio made it clear that they were willing to buy any tech that caught their eyes. The citizens, still in awe of Peter's victory over their oppressor, were more than willing to part with some of their prized possessions. It was a small token of gratitude for the man who had freed them from Kang's tyrannical rule.

"Hey, how much for this?" Tony inquired, holding up a compact, advanced hardlight holographic device he had found at a street vendor's makeshift stall.

The vendor, an elderly woman with a warm smile, shook her head. "No charge, dear. It's yours. We owe you and your friend everything."

Tony raised an eyebrow, surprised by the generosity. "Are you sure? I insist on paying." After all, they had taken an obscene amount of rare materials and money from the citadel.

The woman chuckled, her eyes glistening with gratitude. "We've been living in fear for far too long. Please, take it as a gift from the people of Axia."

Tony accepted the device with a grateful nod, his heart warmed by the genuine kindness of the Axians. Genie and Peter, too, received all sorts of presents as gratitude from the citizens.

As they continued their stroll through the city, Peter and his companions couldn't help but notice the transformation taking place. The once-oppressed people were now free to rebuild their lives and their society. Hope and optimism filled the air, replacing the despair that had hung like a dark cloud over Axia for so long.

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Returning to the citadel, they encountered a group of armed individuals standing guard. These were the freedom fighters who had been imprisoned alongside Janet only hours earlier, and now they stood guard, determined to ensure that the power vacuum left by Kang's demise didn't lead to chaos.

As the guards saw Peter approaching, they immediately straightened their backs and made way for him and his group. They had nothing but respect and gratitude for the man who had liberated them from Kang's clutches.

Inside the citadel, Peter found Scott, Hope, Hank, and Janet gathered in a spacious council room. Janet was at the center, giving out orders and instructions to her fellow resistance members. She had swiftly assumed a leadership role, guiding her people through the critical transition period.

'Well, technically they aren't the resistance anymore since there's nothing left to resist.' Peter thought.

When Peter and his companions walked in, Janet's glare fell upon him. "Must you rob us of all Kang's technology? You do know we live in a dangerous dimension, right?" she demanded, her tone a mix of annoyance and resignation.

Peter smirked beneath his mask. "To the victor go the spoils." He shrugged. "Besides, we only took what was in the citadel. I'm sure there's all sorts of useful things left lying around. I even saw a military base at the edge of the city."

And before she could say anything else, Peter waved his hand and opened a portal on the center of the ceiling. "What are you...?" Hope asked as a huge pile of what appeared to be thick credit cards fell from the portal and made a tall pile on the floor.

Once it was done, Peter snapped the portal shut and gestured to the pile. "That's all the money we were able to find. I thought I'd give it to you since it's useless to us. After all, we can't use it back home."

Janet huffed but ultimately let the matter drop. She was mad about the stolen tech and resources, but the very other sum of money, which they called Axi, managed to calm her down significantly.

"Fine," Janet conceded, "But don't steal anything from the citizens. They've suffered enough."

Peter nodded in agreement. "Of course not. I wouldn't dream of it."

With that settled, Peter turned to Janet with a more serious question. "So, Janet, what are your plans? Will you stay here and take over, or are you planning to return with your family?"

The room fell silent as everyone, from Janet's family to her dedicated subordinates, waited for her response. Her family had their hopes, and her subordinates had their expectations.

Without hesitation, Janet declared, "I'm leaving with my family."

Her words sent a ripple of mixed emotions through the room. Her family was relieved to hear her choice, but her loyal followers couldn't help but feel a sense of loss. Janet had been a beloved and trusted leader, and they didn't know what they would do without her.

However, Janet quickly added, "But I won't leave Axia as it is now. I intend to establish a new Democratic government here. I won't depart until an election is held among the people to choose their new leaders and representatives."

Her announcement brought a collective sigh of relief from her subordinates. While they would undoubtedly face challenges without Janet's direct guidance, they could take solace in the fact that she would leave them with a structured path to follow. The future of Axia was now in their hands, and they were determined to build a just and free society.

A few days had passed since the liberation of Axia, and the city was already showing signs of recovery. Janet Van Dyne, once a captive of Kang's tyranny, was now working tirelessly to set up the foundations of a new democratic government. Her dedication to the task was unwavering, as she knew that the future of Axia depended on the decisions made in these early days.

Meanwhile, her daughter Hope had been spending most of her time assisting her mother in this crucial endeavor. The reunited family had much to catch up on, and amongst the chaos and responsibilities, Hope had forgotten to introduce Scott as her boyfriend.

Scott, on the other hand, had been feeling a mix of excitement and apprehension about Janet's reaction. After all, he had witnessed her ruthless actions when she had killed her old lover, Krylar. That incident had left an indelible mark on his memory, making him understandably cautious about introducing himself as the man dating Janet's precious daughter.

One sunny afternoon, or whatever counts as sunny in the Quantum Realm, as the sounds of construction and rebuilding echoed through the city, Hope decided it was finally time to make the introduction. She had been discussing various matters with her mother when she cleared her throat nervously.

"Mom," she began tentatively, "there's something I have to tell you."

Janet looked up from her paperwork in curiosity. "Oh?"

Hope motioned to the nearby entrance, where Scott entered, a nervous smile on his face. "You've met Stott, Mom. He's... well, he's my boyfriend."

Janet's eyes widened slightly, her surprise evident. She hadn't expected this, but she quickly regained her composure and fixed her gaze on Scott, eyeing him intently.

Scott, feeling the weight of Janet's scrutiny, shifted uncomfortably on his feet. "Uh, hi there, Ms. Van Dyne. It's, um, nice to meet you..."

Janet continued to assess him, her silence stretching into an uncomfortable moment. Finally, she spoke, her tone dry and laced with a hint of scrutiny. "We've already met..."

Scott nodded, swallowing hard. "Yes, ma'am. I... I care about Hope a lot, and I promise I'll treat her right."

Hope watched the exchange with a mix of anxiety and hope. She didn't know how her mother would react, especially after all that she's been through.

Janet's lips curled into a sly smile, and she leaned back in her chair. "Well, Scott..." She reached under her desk and pulled out the same blaster that took Krylar's life, laying it down in front of her with the barrels end facing Scott. "Need I say more?"

Scott gulped audibly, his nervousness only increasing. He hadn't expected a warm welcome, but this is a bit much...

Hope stepped in, trying to defuse the tension. "Mom, put that away! Scott's a good guy."

Janet chuckled, her stern facade softening as she put her blaster away. "I'm just messing with him, sweetheart. Scott, if you've won my daughter's heart, then you must have some redeeming qualities... Just remember, I'm a mother first, and you aren't my son until she has a ring on her finger."

Scott let out a sigh of relief, a small smile appearing on his face. "Of course, ma'am... You have nothing to worry about. As for a ring... we'll see when the time comes..."

Janet nodded approvingly. "That's what I like to hear."

Hope beamed with relief and gratitude as her mother's acceptance washed over her. The tension in the room dissipated, and it was clear that while Janet might be a formidable figure, she also had a deep love for her daughter, and would do anything for her happiness.

In a realm shrouded in ominous dark clouds and lit by eerie purple lightning, a stone temple stood in solemn isolation. The exterior was adorned with imposing statues, each resembling Kang the Conqueror in various incarnations. Inside this temple, three prominent Kangs held a clandestine meeting, their voices echoing through the hallowed chamber.

The first Kang, adorned in regal Egyptian-inspired attire, questioned with a hint of skepticism, "So, the exiled one is dead. And you're sure of this?"

The second Kang, encased in a formidable suit of purple glowing power armor, responded with a firm nod. "If it wasn't true, I wouldn't have called you here."

The third Kang, his face adorned with intricate blue paint resembling that of a high priest, chimed in, his voice raspy and low, "None of us killed him. But someone did. And if they can use his ship to touch the multiverse, then they will become quite the threat... So, let's stop wasting time. We're late."

With a shared understanding of the gravity of the situation, the three Kang leaders exited the temple. As they stepped outside, they were met with a colossal arena filled with countless Kangs, each clamoring and shouting in excitement.

While the arena buzzed with activity and energy, a good portion of the Kangs bowed reverently as the three leaders made their grand entrance. It was evident that these three Kangs held a unique and commanding authority within the Council of Kangs.

Though not all Kang's showed such respect. Most of them continued their celebration. After all, the boogeyman of all Kang's was dead. Why shouldn't they celebrate?

Little did they know that the Kang they believed to be dead was, in fact, far from it, and his knowledge was now held tightly in the palm of a new enemies hand.

A much worse enemy...

Chapter 484: America

After helping Janet set up the foundations of a new democratic government in Axia, Peter knew it was finally time to head home. The city was now in the capable hands of its newly elected officials, and it was time for him and his companions to return to their own dimension.

However, there was one important task they had to complete before leaving. And that was ensuring Janet's well-being and the safety of their own world. As they prepared to depart, Peter insisted on giving Janet a thorough check-up.

The Quantum Realm was a mysterious and dangerous place, and who knew what kinds of exotic germs or viruses she might have been exposed to during her time here.

Before they had ventured into the Quantum Realm to find her, each member of their group had been subjected to a protective spell by Peter, guarding them against any potential Quantum contaminants. Unfortunately, Janet had been living in this dimension for a prolonged period and wasn't protected by anything.

"Alright let's see here..." Peter muttered as he waved his hand, surrounding Janet with a few golden spell circles. Peter's mystical scans revealed that Janet indeed carried some peculiar viruses. "You didn't tell us that you have powers..."

To everyone's surprise, the viruses in her system had given her unexpected powers that she failed to mention for one reason or another. Her abilities seemed to be Quantum Energy Manipulation, allowing her to control the Quantum energy that's collected within her body over the years, heal herself and others, or even harness it as a weapon.

Hank and Hope exchanged worried glances upon learning about Janet's condition. The question that weighed on their minds was whether she would have to stay behind due to the potential danger she posed to the Earth. After all, they couldn't risk bringing back some unknown Quantum virus. Doing so could have catastrophic consequences on their world.

Hank spoke up first, his voice tinged with concern. "Should we stay here until we figure this out?" He wouldn't leave his wife behind.

Hope chimed in, echoing her father's worries. "Yeah, we can't risk bringing any Quantum threats back. I'll stay too..."

Just as Scott was about to voice his agreement, Peter waved his hand, conjuring a golden spell circle that encompassed Janet's entire body. Everyone watched in confusion as the mystical symbols danced around her. Hank, his brows furrowed, asked, "Umm, what are you doing?"

As the spell circle faded away, Peter explained with a reassuring smile, "I've neutralized the viruses inside her. It's safe for her to return with us."

Relief washed over Hank and Hope as they realized that they wouldn't have to leave Janet behind. They could finally return home as a family. Janet, still processing the revelation of being able to go home, stared at her hand, which emitted a mesmerizing rainbow of Quantum energy.

Curiosity and wonder filled her voice as she asked Peter, "Why do I still have these powers? You said you removed the viruses."

Peter nodded, explaining, "I removed the viruses themselves, but your powers were a side effect, and apparently a permanent one. I guess they're a part of you now."

Janet grinned, feeling her connection to the Quantum energy that coursed through her. "Thank you. Not just for this, but for everything. Without you, I don't think we could've beaten Kang so easily. You saved a lot of lives."

Peter shrugged. "No problem. It's what I do, and the tech we got out of it was definitely worth the hassle."

With the matter settled and Janet's condition under control, they prepared to leave the Quantum Realm and return to Earth.

The familiar hum of the Quantum Realm faded away as Peter's portal deposited them back in the Avengers Tower. It had been a long journey, and that was mainly because they had to build up an entire government before they left, but now they were finally home. Janet, eyes wide in shock, looked out of a nearby window at the cityscape below. She was finally home.

Hank, standing beside his wife, placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "Welcome back, Janet," he said softly, his voice filled with warmth and relief.

Hope, who had arrived through the portal alongside Scott, rushed forward to hug her mother tightly. "I'm so glad you're back," she exclaimed, her eyes brimming with tears.

Janet returned the embrace, holding her daughter close. "It's good to be back, sweetheart."

As the family shared a heartfelt moment, Peter couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction. Not only had they successfully rescued Janet from the Quantum Realm, but they had also gained a valuable ally. Not only does she have Quantum related abilities, but she's an extremely useful scientist as well. After all, she's been living in Axia, a place far more advanced than Earth.

'She's probably surpassed Hank at this point...' Peter guessed.

Once the initial excitement had settled, Peter cleared his throat, drawing everyone's attention. "Now that we're all back safe and sound, there's something I'd like to discuss."

Hope, Hank, Scott, Tony, Genie, and Janet turned their attention to Peter, curious about what he had in mind.

Peter continued, his tone serious but thoughtful. "Janet, has anyone spoken to you about the Avengers?"

She nodded her head. "Yeah, you're little superhero group. Hope was telling me about it the other day."

Peter continued. "Good, then that makes this easier. As I'm sure you already know, your daughter and her boyfriend are part of the team. I'd like to offer you a position as well."

Janet blinked in surprise, clearly not expecting this offer. She exchanged a glance with Hope, who wore an encouraging smile.

Peter elaborated, "With your Quantum powers and after your Wasp suit is fueled up, you could be a valuable asset to the team. Though if you don't want to, then you can just be a scientist like Hank here." He gestures to her husband. "He mainly works with Hope in her lab, since he didn't want to join."

Janet considered Peter's words carefully. She didn't mind joining, as it reminded her of the work she did in the resistance. More importantly, she couldn't deny that the idea of working alongside her daughter held a special appeal.

After a moment of contemplation, Janet nodded, a determined glint in her eyes. "I'll accept your offer. If it means I can work alongside Hope, then count me in."

Hope's face lit up with joy as she hugged her mother once again. "Thank you, Mom. This is going to be so much fun!"

Normally, a grown woman would find it unappealing to work alongside her parents, especially since she already has her father crowding around her lab, but Hope was more than happy to work alongside her mother. After all, they have so much lost time to make up for.

Hank, who had been quietly observing the exchange, couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy. He had been Janet's partner in both life and science for years, and he couldn't bear the thought of being separated from her now that she had joined the Avengers.

Peter, ever perceptive, caught Hank's conflicted expression. He smirked beneath his mask and said, "You could join as well, you know? I could even make you, Janet, Hope, and Scott a team."

Hank frowned in contemplation, "I don't know..."

Peter shrugged. "If you're worried about your age, I could recommend you for the super soldier serum. It won't make you young again, but it'll certainly help. Plus, it's only fair if you and Janet get to work side by side again, right?"

Hope couldn't contain her excitement as she added, "Dad, you have to agree!."

Hank chuckled, realizing that this was an opportunity, not only to continue his endeavors alongside his wife and daughter, but also to help heal his aged body. "Well, if Janet's in, then I'm in too. And I can't exactly turn down becoming a super soldier, can I?"

Peter nodded. "Good, I'll get the paper work sorted and put you and Janet's name forward for the serum."

Tony added. "I don't think anyone on the council will disagree. We can just use their old age as the reason. After all, I don't think they'll pass basic training without a little pick me up."

"Are you calling me old?" Janet glared dangerously in Tony's direction.

"Yes." Tony answered without a drop of shame before being forced to flee due to a hail of Quantum Energy blasts.

"I'm not old!" Janet exclaimed as she hurled bolts of energy from her hands.

"Can I take the serum too?" Scott and Hope asked simultaneously. After all, who wouldn't want to become a super soldier.

"I could put your names forward as well. But it's not likely." Peter answered negatively. "The council doesn't like giving out superpowers without reason. We've argued about this for a long time, and it's always a split vote."

Although they were discouraged to hear that, neither of them cared that much. After all, they already had powers thanks to their suits.

"Anyway, I'm going to start on the recruitment paperwork." Peter said as he walked off. "In the mean time, you guys should show Janet around the tower."

Weeks later...

It was a bright and sunny afternoon in New York City, and in the backyard of the Parker residence, Lily Parker was playing tag with her friends, Miles Morales and Gwen Stacy. Her parents had just left on a date, leaving Lily and her friends in Aunt May's capable hands. Laughter filling the air as Miles chased the girls around, annoyed that he was forced to be it for the hundredth time.

As they laughed and ran around, suddenly, the tranquil scene was shattered by a deafening roar that sent chills down their spines. The children froze, their eyes wide with fear, as a young girl around their age and a monstrous, tentacled creature burst through a Star shaped rip in the fabric of reality itself.

The unknown girl had brown hair that fell in loose waves to her shoulders. Her eyes were a deep brown as well, and they often held a determined and fierce expression. But at the moment, they held nothing but a deep seeded fear for the creature behind her.

[Insert picture of a young America Chavez here]

It was some sort of dimension monstrosity, a terror from a realm far removed from their own. The creature's otherworldly appearance was unlike anything they had ever seen, a writhing mass of tendrils and eyes, its very presence radiating malevolence.

The young girl from the star shaped portal ran towards them in a hurry. "Run! Don't just stand there!" She screamed as she grabbed Miles and Gwen by the hand and pulled them toward Lily.

But before she could get to Lily, something surprising happened. "Mom and Dad are going to be so mad..." Lily muttered as she disappeared in a burst of speed.

Lily vanished before their eyes, her body moving with a speed that defied all logic. And before anyone could react, she had appeared again, positioning herself between the dimension monster and her friends.

Gwen and Miles watched in astonishment as Lily dodged the creature's tentacles with ease, her reflexes and agility honed by her training sessions with her parents. She moved swiftly, using her limbs to deflect the monster's attacks and to protect Gwen, Miles, as well as the unknown girl.

The creature roared in frustration as Lily began her assault, its form jiggling and shifting as small fists impacted its grotesque body. It was clear that it couldn't withstand Lily's onslaught for long.

And in one final, powerful blast, Lily unleashed a torrent of Eldritch energy upon the monster. It screeched in agony before exploding, covering the backyard as well as its occupants in slimy goo.

As the backyard returned to a state of calm, Lily stood there, her hands still faintly glowing from her final attack, while Gwen and Miles looked at her in awe. After all, they had no idea that Lily had superpowers. 'Is she a metahuman?' They two of them thought.

The mysterious young girl approached Lily, a warm smile on her face. "Wow, you're amazing," she said as she began to wobble on her feet. "I'm America Chavez. What's your-" But before she could finish her introduction, America collapsed to the goo covered ground in exhaustion.

Chapter 485: Proposal

It had been several weeks since Peter's return from the Quantum Realm, and life had settled into a comforting routine. Days were spent balancing his time between leisurely moments with his family and the exhilarating scientific pursuit of his multiverse project with Tony. The latter had made tremendous progress, thanks to the acquisition of Kang's advanced technology.

Kang's ship was dismantled on the first day of their return. Tony didn't even wait for Peter to finish with Hank and Janet's recruitment papers before he started taking the thing apart.

But their most important acquisition, the Multiverse Engine Core, couldn't be dismantled. Well, it could but who in their right mind would take such an advanced piece of technology apart? No, they quickly decided to study the core while it's intact, fearing that they could or would unknowingly damage it.

And the last of their greatest finds, Kang's suit, was swiftly delivered to Tony. And he was thrilled to have it. After all, Peter had no use for it. "Tony's Iron Man armor is really starting to get advanced. He's definitely in the upper echelon of Iron Man's."

But of course, almost all of their time was spent on the multiverse project. It had become their shared obsession, and with each passing day, they pushed the boundaries of their understanding further and further. After all, the tech was groundbreaking, and the possibilities were endless.

Meanwhile, Peter's family life was thriving as well. Today, he found himself on a date with MJ, a day planned entirely by her. She'd promised him a surprise, and he was more than willing to be along for the ride.

After eating dinner in France, strolling the streets of Wakanda in disguise, and watching a Kabuki play in Tokyo, MJ had used her newfound magic to transport them to a secluded beach with crystal clear waters.

"You're starting to get pretty good with that sling ring..." Peter commented as the portal snapped shut behind them.

As they strolled along the shoreline, the sky painted in hues of orange and pink, Peter couldn't help but be mesmerized by his date. Her hair fluttered in the gentle breeze, and her eyes sparkled with a mischievous glint.

"You know, it's not every day I get a magical date like this," Peter remarked with a grin. "Usually, it's me that portals us all over the place."

MJ chuckled, her voice soft and sultry. "Well, I figured you deserved a night out that didn't involve solving the world's problems. Besides, you've been glued to the couch for a couple weeks now. I was afraid that if I left you there, you'd fuse with the cushions or something."

Peter looked a bit embarrassed. "I'm not that bad... am I?" MJ just shook her head as they continued down the beach.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting the beach in twilight hues, MJ brought out a small, ornate box. She looked at Peter with a twinkle in her eye as she dropped down on one knee, the box extended toward him. "Peter Parker," she began, her voice steady, "You gave me this box on our trip to Ego, and now it's my turn to give it back. Will you marry me?"

Peter's heart warmed, and he felt a surge of happiness. He'd given her a wedding ring on one of their more memorable dates, with an open invitation to ask whenever she was ready. He had no doubt in his mind that he was ready whenever she was.

Peter grinned mischievously, "Yes, a thousand times yes!" He replied, jokingly imitating the women he's seen in cr*ppy romance movies.

MJ couldn't help but laugh as Peter took the ring from the box and slid it onto her finger. "I love it..." She muttered as she moved her hand around, growing accustomed to the new presence around her finger.

And finally, MJ pulled out another box and opened it up. Unlike the last box, MJ actually bought this one herself. Inside was a male wedding band. It didn't have a diamond or any other stone, but it gleamed with a simple elegance. "Aunt May and my mom helped me pick it out." She revealed as she slipped the ring on his finger.

"It's perfect..." Peter said as he pulled her into a passionate kiss, the world around them fading into insignificance.

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As the night deepened, they returned home, hand in hand, their hearts light and brimming with love. However, as they stepped out of a portal and into their bedroom, they couldn't help but notice something amiss.

Looking out the window, they were greeted by the sight of their backyard, covered in goo, with Aunt May and Grace frantically attempting to clean it up with shovels. Both of them were bewildered by the bizarre scene that had somehow unfolded in their absence.

Peter exchanged a puzzled glance with MJ, who was just as confused as he was. But before they could leave the room, the door swung open, and a goo-covered Lily walked through, freezing upon seeing her parents as if she were guilty of something.

Peter couldn't help but ask. "What did you do?"

MJ slapped him on the shoulder. "Don't say it like that!" She then turned back to Lily. "What happened?"

"Well..." Lily tried to explain.

But before she could say anything, Gwen and Miles came running in, excitement written all over their faces. "Lily! You can't keep avoiding us!" Gwen exclaimed.

"Yeah, we don't care that you're a Metahuman. Spider-Man said they're just people like the rest of us." Miles tried to comfort her.

Gwen looked at Lily with a small hint of jealousy. "I wish I was a Metahuman." She admitted as the jealousy vanished, replaced by her earlier excitement. "But it's cool having a friend who's a Metahuman too. What are your powers? You have to have super speed, right?"

Miles nodded beside her. "Yeah, you disappeared right in front of us, and then punched that octopus monster right in the face!" He was growing more excited as he continued to speak. "Do you have super strength too?"

"Octopus monster?" Peter muttered as he looked back out the window, noticing a few tentacles scattered amongst the goo in his backyard.

"I can explain..." Lily says as her friends finally realize that they weren't alone in the room.

"H-Hey, Mr. Parker..." Miles stuttered as he and Gwen realized that Lily might be in trouble, not for saving her friends, but for the huge mess in the backyard.

Finally, Lily began her explanation. "Well, you see, it all started when..."

She began to explain the unusual sequence of events, from the sudden appearance of the dimension monster to her speedy intervention to protect her friends, Miles and Gwen. Lily's words painted a vivid picture of her battle with the tentacle monster.

Once Lily had finished her explanation, Peter couldn't help but grin. "Lily, that's incredible. You've got the makings of a hero in you." He said, giving her a quick wink. After all, they couldn't reveal that she was already a hero.

MJ nodded, realizing where her fiancé was going with this. "We're so proud of you, sweetheart."

Lily's cheeks flushed with a mix of embarrassment and happiness. They may be playing it off for her friends, but she could tell that her mother really meant that. "Thanks, but that's not all. There's something else."

Curiosity piqued, Peter and MJ exchanged a glance before following Lily as she led them across the hall to her bedroom. As they entered the room, they were greeted by an unexpected sight.

Lying unconscious on Lily's bed was a girl who appeared to be around their daughter's age. She slept like a baby, covered in the same goo that had plagued their backyard.

Lily introduced her to her parents. "Mom, Dad, this is America Chavez. She's the one who came through the star-shaped portal with the monster."

Peter eyed the sleeping girl curiously. 'She's younger than the one from the movie... Is she being hunted by a Scarlett Witch? Or was she just running around the multiverse as usual?'

-Dream/Flashback-

Within the depths of her subconscious, America found herself transported to a surreal realm, a familial yet mysterious void.

The void was a chaotic expanse filled with an array of colors and strange, twisting lines that defied all logic. It felt like a dreamscape, an otherworldly plane where the rules of reality were mere suggestions. In the midst of this bewildering landscape, America found herself running alongside an unexpected companion, Doctor Strange, but with greying hair and a ponytail.

Together, they sprinted along one of the peculiar lines that snaked through the void, their footsteps echoing softly against the abstract ground. Behind them, a relentless monster pursued them, the same monster that Lily turned into goo.

America's breath came in ragged gasps as she glanced back at their pursuer. "Did you kill it?" she panted, her eyes wide with fear.

Defender Strange, his expression grave, shook his head. "No! We'll kill it with this!"

With a determined gesture, Strange pointed toward a spinning pedestal, hovering at the center of the ethereal expanse. Resting upon the pedestal was a tome, the Book of Vishanti, its pages radiating with a potent and arcane magic.

"Okay!" America exclaimed, hoping the book held more than words and pages. Possibly an AK-47 or a rocket launcher?

Strange nodded, his eyes never leaving the pursuing tentacle monster. "We can't let it get your power. Get to the book."

However, the path to the mystical book was far from straightforward. The void's landscape defied conventional logic, and they found themselves confronted by a daunting chasm that separated them from their goal.

America's voice trembled with uncertainty. "How do we get across?"

Defender Strange hesitated for only a moment before making a fateful decision. "Jump!"

With a shared glance of determination, they leaped together, their bodies defying gravity as they soared through the void. But even in their escape, the demon was relentless, closing the gap with each passing moment.

As they reached the midpoint of their leap, Strange turned his attention to their pursuer. With a quick incantation, he cast a spell that temporarily froze the demon in its tracks, buying them precious seconds.

"It's too strong," Strange admitted, his voice strained with effort. "I can't hold it much longer!"

Desperation filled his eyes, and in a heart-wrenching twist, he made a decision that would forever change the course of their journey. He turned to America and began siphoning her powers away, a painful and gut-wrenching process.

America, bewildered and betrayed, cried out in anguish. "What are you doing?!"

Strange's voice was filled with remorse, though she could see a greedy glint in his eyes. "We can't let that thing take your power. You can't control it. But I can."

Tears welled in America's eyes as she struggled against the sudden loss of her powers. "But you said we were friends!"

Strange nodded, the weight of his choice bearing down on him. "I know. But in the grand calculus of the Multiverse, your sacrifice is worth far more than your life."

But before he could complete the process, a sudden twist of fate intervened. The pursuing monster, unfrozen and filled with newfound rage, lunged at Strange, impaling him through the chest with a savage strike. The sorcerer cried out in agony as his body was torn apart.

America, her heart filled with grief and determination, watched as the monster stormed over and wrapped a slimy tentacle around her, binding her in its grasp.

"Ahhhhh!" With a fearful and defiant scream, America opened a star-shaped portal, a manifestation of her unique powers. Strange saw her actions and fired bolts of magic to release the monster's grip on her, his last act before falling to the floor, lifeless.

Free to escape, America rushed toward the portal, leaping through it as fast as she could. The monster, driven by relentless fury, pursued her, its giant form disappearing into the starry abyss.

Chapter 486: Belonging

After Peter and MJ had finished listening to Lily's explanation of the strange events in their backyard, they exchanged a knowing glance. It was clear that they couldn't reveal the truth about Lily's powers to her friends, Miles and Gwen, who were now looking at them with a mix of curiosity and excitement.

Peter decided it was time to spin a concrete web of deception to protect their secret, bringing the kids to the living room. He beckoned for Lily to sit beside him while Miles and Gwen gathered on the couch across from them. Peter cleared his throat and began his carefully crafted story.

"Miles, Gwen, we need you both to understand something important," Peter started, his voice serious but gentle. "Lily has been keeping a secret for a while now, and it's time we shared it with you. Lily has an X-Gene, which means she's a Metahuman."

Miles and Gwen exchanged knowing glances. "I knew it! Like the X-Men, right?" Miles asked, his eyes wide with wonder.

Peter nodded, keeping a straight face. "Exactly. Her powers started developing a few months ago, and we've been helping her keep them hidden from everyone, even you two. We didn't want her to feel different or be treated differently because of her abilities."

Gwen chimed in, her voice filled with understanding. "That's why she didn't tell us?"

Peter nodded. "Yes, we wanted to make sure Lily had a chance to live a normal life like any other kid."

Lily bit her lip, her eyes filled with a mix of relief and guilt. Ever since she revealed her powers in front of them, she was worried about how her parents would react. Thankfully, her father knew how to fix everything. Though she didn't like lying to her friends like this, but she understood that this was the only way. At least until they were a little bit older.

Peter continued, "Now that you know, we trust you to keep this a secret. Can you do that for us?"

Miles and Gwen exchanged another glance, this time filled with determination. "We promise we won't tell anyone," Gwen vowed, her voice firm.

Miles nodded in agreement. "Yeah, Lily's our best friend. We've got her back."

Lily couldn't help but smile, her heart warmed by the support of her friends. She lunged at them with a big hug, squeezing them tightly. "Thank you, guys. You're the best."

As the kids were glued together, MJ came walking downstairs with a bowl and washcloth in hand. "Our new guest is clean and changed into a pair of Lily's pajama's."

"Good, did she wake up?" Peter asked.

MJ shook her head. "No, she seems exhausted. I don't think she'll wake up until morning, at least."

Peter nodded and turn back to the kids. "You heard her. It looks like you'll be having your sleepover in the living room tonight."

As the kids began setting up their sleeping arrangements in the living room for their sleepover, MJ pulled Peter aside into the kitchen, away from their young guests. She leaned against the kitchen counter, her expression serious.

"I need to talk to you about something," MJ began, her voice low. "When I was wiping her down and changing her clothes, I noticed something troubling."

Peter furrowed his brow, concern washing over him. "What?"

MJ sighed, her gaze distant as she recounted her discovery. "America... She wasn't just covered in goo. She's far too skinny for her age, her clothes are falling apart, and there are scars on her body... It looks like she's been through something terrible."

Peter's eyes darkened as he processed the information. It made sense... After all, in the movie, after getting separated from her parents by her uncontrollable powers, America was forced to become what basically amounted to a multiverse hobo, a homeless child, traveling to all sorts of dangerous universes on a regular basis.

'It's a miracle she's still alive...' Peter thought, his heart aching for the young girl. "It sounds like she's been through a lot."

MJ nodded, her expression reflecting her concern. "We need to help her, Peter. She just a kid. She shouldn't have those scars and she shouldn't be that skinny..."

Peter pulled his worrying fiancé into his chest. "You're right. We'll do whatever we can to help her. But for now, let's let her rest. She's been through a lot, and I don't want to overwhelm her."

MJ nodded in agreement. "I'll stay with her tonight, just in case she wakes up scared or confused."

Peter smiled. "Sounds good to me. I'll chaperone Lily's sleepover and make sure they don't destroy the house in your absence."

As they returned to the living room, Peter asked the kids, "Who wants pizza?" He pulled out his phone and began to order food, eliciting cheers of excitement from Lily, Miles, and Gwen. The promise of pizza seemed to erase any lingering concerns about the mysterious girl in Lily's room.

Outside, May and Grace continued their efforts to clean up the backyard, completely forgotten by those that could clean it up with a simple wave of their hand or a snap of their fingers.

The next day, after Gwen and Miles left, America Chavez slowly stirred awake. She blinked groggily, taking in her unfamiliar surroundings. The soft, warm bed and the soft glow of the room felt like a dream compared to the harsh realities she had faced in her travels through the Multiverse.

As her senses fully returned, America realized she wasn't alone. Sitting by her bedside was a woman with kind eyes, quietly reading a book. It was MJ, and when she noticed America waking up, she offered a warm, reassuring smile.

"Good afternoon, sleepyhead," MJ greeted her in a gentle tone, knowing America would be a bit disoriented. "How are you feeling?"

America hesitated for a moment, still not entirely sure if this was some kind of trap or a temporary respite. But MJ's kindness was hard to ignore, and she found herself softly responding, "Okay, I guess..."

MJ nodded, understanding the hesitation. "That's perfectly fine. Take your time. I've laid out some clothes for you, and the shower's ready whenever you are. Breakfast will be waiting for you when you're done."

America was taken aback by this unexpected hospitality. She had grown used to fending for herself, and the thought of someone caring for her well-being was both scary and heartwarming. As MJ left the room to start the shower for her, America couldn't help but feel overwhelmed.

A moment later, MJ peaked her head in the door one last time. "The shower's on." She said as she rushed downstairs to prepare some food.

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In the bathroom, she quickly showered and changed into the clean clothes that MJ had provided, even though they didn't belong to her. It was a stark contrast to the tattered and dirty clothes she had been wearing for far too long.

When America finally made her way downstairs, following the delicious scent of breakfast, she entered the kitchen to find a family scene that felt like something out of a storybook. Lily and Peter were sitting at the table, chatting and laughing together as MJ cooked up a storm by the stove.

Peter looked up and offered a warm smile. "Good morning, America. Did you sleep well?"

America nodded and took a seat, feeling awkward and out of place. Lily leaned over to her and whispered, "My mom never cooks like this. She must really like you or something because it actually seems edible too."

But before America could respond, a shadow suddenly loomed over Lily. It was MJ, holding plates of food and looking unamused. She had clearly heard her daughter's comment.

MJ set the plates down with a stern expression. "Well, if my cooking is so terrible, then you don't have to eat it."

Lily's eyes widened, realizing she had spoken too soon. She quickly shook her head and started stuffing her face, sending a relieved smile in her father's direction. It was actually edible... no, it was delicious!

America, on the other hand, stared down at the plate in front of her, overwhelmed by the kindness and warmth of this family. She couldn't hold back her tears any longer, and they began to trickle down her cheeks.

It had been years since she had enjoyed a warm meal, and even longer since she had felt the warmth of a loving home. The emotions welled up inside her, and she couldn't help but cry.

Seeing her tears, MJ's maternal instincts kicked in. She moved to give America a comforting hug, but the sudden contact seemed to startle the girl. Her powers, a manifestation of her unique abilities, kicked in involuntarily.

In an instant, a star-shaped portal opened in the center of the kitchen, its ethereal glow casting an otherworldly light. America's eyes widened as she felt the magnetic pull of her own creation. She didn't want to go, not now, not when she had found a glimmer of hope.

Tears streamed down her face as she cried out, "No, please! I don't want to leave!"

But before the portal could fully engulf her, a click echoed through the room, as if someone were snapping their fingers. Instantly, the portal vanished, leaving America standing in the kitchen, surrounded by the bewildered family she has just met.

She looked up to see Peter, a smile on his face, his fingers still poised in a snapping motion. He had used the power of the Reality Stone to close the portal and keep her from being sighed away to another universe.

"You're not going anywhere," Peter reassured her, his voice filled with kindness and understanding. "You're safe here with us, okay?"

America didn't fully understand what happened, but she knew that she wasn't in danger anymore. And as the relief hit her, so did all of her bottled up emotions. Tears poured down her face and snot dripped down her nose as she cried out, clinging to MJ like a baby.

"It's okay... you're safe now..." MJ held her, whispering comforting words into her ear, which only made her cry even harder.

Chapter 487: America's Past

After the emotional rollercoaster of the morning, MJ was determined to make sure America Chavez had a proper meal. Despite America's protests that she was no longer hungry, MJ had seen just how fragile the girl's condition was. So, she gently but firmly convinced America to sit down at the kitchen table once again.

"Trust me, sweetie, you need to eat something," MJ said with a motherly tone. "It's been a while since you've had a proper meal, hasn't it?"

America hesitated, her eyes downcast. "Yeah... I guess so." After all, it wasn't easy to find a reliable source of edible food when traveling through the multiverse.

MJ dished out a generous plate of scrambled eggs, bacon, toast, and some fresh fruit. She placed it in front of America, who picked at the food with a mix of curiosity and reluctance. The aroma of the hot food filled the air, making it difficult for her to resist taking a few bites.

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After America filled her stomach, MJ noticed that the girl was still clinging to her side like a lifeline. It was as if she feared being left alone, and MJ couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for her.

Meanwhile, Lily was practically vibrating with excitement. She had spent the past few hours glued to her new friend, trying to include her in every activity, and now she was bursting with questions. Finally, unable to contain her curiosity any longer, she blurted out, "So, America, where did you come from? And those star portals you make, they're so cool! Is it magic? Or are you a Metahuman?"

America's gaze flickered between MJ, Peter, and Lily, unsure if she should share her story. She glanced at MJ, who gave her a reassuring nod. "You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to," MJ said gently. She had a hunch that America might be a victim of some sort of incident or abuse, and she didn't want to pressure her.

After a moment of contemplation, America finally sighed and decided to open up. She owed this family that much, considering how they had taken her in and even stopped her portal as well.

"I don't know what universe I'm from," America began, her voice shaky but determined. "I used to live with my mothers, Elena and Amalia Chavez. When I was just a little kid, about four years old, I... I developed this strange ability. I could create portals to other universes, but I couldn't control it."

As America spoke, she couldn't help but remember the day it all began. Playing innocently in a field of flowers, a bee had landed on her hand. In her fear, she had unintentionally conjured a portal, which had swept her parents off their feet and into the swirling, star-shaped vortex. She had never seen them again after that day.

Tears welled up in America's eyes as she continued, "After losing my parents, I was alone. I traveled through a bunch of universes, accidentally opening portals whenever I was scared or upset. Not all universes are friendly either..."

Lily listened with wide eyes, absorbing America's story with a mix of fascination and empathy. She couldn't imagine what it must have been like to lose her parents and travel through different dimensions all alone.

MJ, on the other hand, couldn't help but wonder if that was the source of America's scars. She gently asked, "Is that how you got those scars? A dangerous universe?"

America nodded, her voice barely above a whisper. "Yeah... some of them, at least."

Not the best at reading emotions, Lily continued with her curious questions. "Was that tentacle thing from one of those unfriendly universes?"

Suddenly, a shadow of sadness crossed America's face, and she looked away, refusing to speak about it. After all, if she talked about the monster, then she would have to talk about Doctor Strange's betrayal.

Peter noticed the change in America's demeanor and couldn't help but feel concerned. 'Is it about Scarlett Witch?' He wondered.

Clearing her throat, MJ clapped her hands gently. "Alright, I think that's enough questions for today. America's had a rough time, and we shouldn't overwhelm her. Let's give her some space, okay?"

Lily exchanged a glance with America, and nodded understandingly. "Do you want to play Minecraft with me?" She asked, putting everything else to the back of her mind.

...

As the day went on, America continued to stick close to MJ and Lily, both welcomed the company. It seemed that America had found a sense of security in this new family, and MJ was more than happy to provide it. At least until they could find her missing parents.

While Lily and MJ continued to provide comfort and company for America, Peter decided to deal with a pressing concern. He needed to find his universe's Darkhold before it could cause any trouble. Peter was well aware of the dangerous influence the Darkhold could have, having seen its destructive potential in the movies.

To ensure America's safety during his absence, Peter decided to temporarily seal her powers using the Reality Stone. With a snap of his fingers, he bound her portal making ability. It was a precautionary measure to make sure she wouldn't accidentally open a portal and get into any trouble while he was away.

With that done, Peter opened a portal to Kamar-Taj. As he stepped through, he found himself in the midst of a lesson. The Ancient One was instructing Wanda Maximoff in meditation techniques, helping her harness her formidable powers.

Wanda looked up, surprised to see a stranger in the room. She only knew Peter as Spider-Man and had no idea about his true identity. All she knew was that her knew teacher had another student, who didn't show up very often. The Ancient One, perceptive as ever, introduced Wanda to Peter.

"Peter, this is my new student, Wanda Maximoff. Wanda, meet Peter, your senior apprentice," the Ancient One said with a knowing smile.

Peter extended his hand politely. "Nice to meet you, Wanda."

Wanda shook his hand, still somewhat awestruck. "Nice to meet you too."

With a subtle gesture, Peter turned his attention back to the Ancient One. "Can we speak in private for a moment?"

"Of course." She nodded and gently dismissed Wanda. "Go to courtyard 17. Master Xiao's class should be starting up momentarily."

Once they were alone, Peter got straight to the point. "I need to find the Darkhold, and I need to know the location of the mountain temple where it was recorded."

The Ancient One's eyes widened, and she immediately began to warn Peter about the dangers of the Darkhold. "Peter, the Darkhold is an ancient and malevolent grimoire. It corrupts its user, driving them to commit unspeakable acts of evil. You must steer clear of it."

Peter nodded in understanding. "I get that, and I have no intention of using it. I'm going to destroy the Darkhold and the temple."

The Ancient One regarded him with a mixture of skepticism and concern. She knew Peter had a knack for getting himself into trouble, and she didn't want him to be swayed by the book's dark influence.

"Okay, I'll tell you, but only under one condition," the Ancient One said firmly. "I'll tag-along to make sure you don't do anything stupid..."

Peter shrugged uncaringly before nodding in agreement. "Alright, then let's go."

With that settled, the Ancient One began to explain. "Let's start with the book... Last I heard, It was in the possession of a Salem witch named Agatha Harkness..."

-Original MCU Universe-

In a dimly lit chamber nestled deep underground, the Scarlet Witch paced nervously. Her powers had grown exponentially since her possession of the Darkhold, and she had used its malevolent knowledge to monitor the movements of her quarry, a young girl named America Chavez.

However, her frustration had been mounting. Her attempts to capture America had been thwarted time and time again. The girl's unique abilities to manipulate multiverse traveling rifts had proven elusive, and each time she sent her monstrous creation after her, she always managed to slip away.

Suddenly, Wanda's scarlet eyes glowed with anger as she realized that her creation, a grotesque monstrosity of twisted tentacle limbs and gnashing teeth, had failed in its mission. But instead of the being unable to catch its target as per usual, her attack dog had been destroyed.

She couldn't help but curse as she slammed the Darkhold to the floor. America Chavez was her only link to her children. She needed the girl's powers to reunite with them, but the girl's resilience was beginning to test her patience.

With a deep breath, she reached down for the Darkhold, a sinister tome that pulsed with dark energy. Its pages were filled with arcane knowledge and forbidden spells, and she had been using it to peer into the multiverse, seeking answers and guidance.

As she delved into the ancient grimoire, her vision blurred and expanded, transcending the boundaries of her own reality. She sought out the truth of what had transpired, reaching out with her enhanced powers to see through the fabric of the multiverse.

And there it was, a vision of a young girl(Lily), wielding powers far beyond normal human capabilities. She watched as the girl, with determination in her eyes, faced down the monstrous abomination that she had sent to capture America. With swift and decisive action, she unleashed a deafening blast of Eldritch energy, defeating the creature with an impressive display of strength and courage.

Wanda's frown deepened as she realized that this new player was a force to be reckoned with. The girl had protected her target, making her a potential threat. "I'll have to adjust my strategy..."

Closing the Darkhold, Wanda knew what she must do. She would need to send another universe-hopping monstrosity after America, one even more formidable than the last. And this time, she would use the Darkhold to enhance its power, making it a truly unstoppable force.

Chapter 488: Darkhold

In the dense wilderness of Louisiana, Peter followed the Ancient One through a winding path, surrounded by a thick forest. As they walked, the dense foliage gradually parted, revealing a massive mansion hidden amidst the trees. The mansion seemed to materialize out of thin air, as if it were a secret only the forest knew.

Halting at the edge of the property, Peter turned to the Ancient One with a curious expression. "So, this is where a witch lives. Makes sense, I guess. Now what? We're just going to wait?" he asked, his tone a mix of bemusement and confusion.

The Ancient One nodded solemnly. "No, I'm going to wait here while you go inside. My presence would alert Agatha to our intentions. She knows me, and if she sees me, she'll flee or hide. That would complicate your plans."

Peter scratched his head, raising an eyebrow. "Oh, yeah that makes sense. So I guess I get to go into the creepy witches house alone? Lucky me..."

The Ancient One let out a small laugh. "Yes, well, Agatha has always had a flair for the dramatic. She tends to take the whole dark witch thing fairly seriously. Just remember that she is formidable, and her mastery of magic is not to be underestimated. After all, she's managed to escape multiple encounter with me and many other masters back at Kamar-Taj."

Peter conceded with a nod of understanding. "Alright then, I'll go in. Just keep an eye out for any ghosts, ghouls, or axe murderers..."

With a bemused look, Peter left the cover of the trees and walked toward the mansion. The imposing structure stood before him like a relic from a forgotten era, its grandeur marred by an eerie stillness. The mansion seemed to beckon him forward, reminding him of ever scary movie he's ever seen.

'I wonder if she meant for her house to look like this?' Peter wondered as he climbed the porch steps. 'Maybe she just a fan of horror movies?'

His knock on the front door echoed ominously through the quiet house, and with a slow, eerie creak, the door swung open, revealing the dimly lit interior.

Peter, despite his inner thoughts, called out, "Hello? Is anyone home?"

Silence greeted him, but he pressed forward, feigning innocence to lure Agatha out of hiding. His footsteps echoed through the cavernous halls as he explored the house, its atmosphere growing more unsettling with each step.

The mansion seemed devoid of modern amenities, with no electricity to light its dark corners. Peter's senses tingled with a foreboding feeling of unease as he strolled through what felt like a sinister maze.

Soon enough, Peter encountered the mansion's inhabitants, or rather, grotesque apparitions created by Agatha's dark magic.

"Hello there... Can I get you anything?" A butler, his mangled face obscured by all sorts of stitches, brandished an axe with deadly intent. Peter deftly dodged the attack, killing the spectral servant with a single punch imbued with Phoenix flames.

Next, he crossed paths with a pair of creepy maids, their blood-stained dresses a stark contrast to their pale complexions. They lunged at him with gleaming knives, but Peter's agility allowed him to swiftly take care of them as well, leaving behind nothing but flickering flames and dissolving dust.

His journey through the haunted mansion continued, encountering all sorts of other horror movie knock offs. Eerie children with hollow eyes and chilling songs, chainsaw wielding maniacs, ravenous dogs, each threat vanquished with a combination of quick reflexes and a touch of Phoenix flames.

It became apparent that these entities were some sort of security measure created by Agatha. 'This lady has to be a horror movie nerd. There's no way she just created all of these creatures without a bit of inspiration...'

Finally, Peter ascended a creaking staircase that led to the attic. There, on a mysterious pedestal, rested a book unlike any other. It was the Darkhold, an ominous tome that pulsed with malevolent energy, its pages containing the forbidden knowledge sought by many.

Just as Peter reached out to grab the book, said book disappeared before his eyes as a sweet yet chilling voice filled the attic. "Is there a reason why you're trespassing in my house?" The voice dripped with an eerie sweetness, concealing the danger that lurked behind it.

Peter slowly turned to face the source of the voice, his senses on high alert. Standing in the shadows was a woman, her eyes glowing with a sinister gleam. It was Agatha Harkness, who held the Darkhold tightly held in her grip.

[Insert picture of Agatha here]

As Peter and Agatha locked eyes, a tense standoff ensued. "Hey, has anyone ever told you that your house is creepy as hell?" Peter asked, destroying the atmosphere in an instant.

"What?" Agatha asked in confusion.

"I mean, every hallway is filled with these horror movie knock-offs. And how do you live here without electricity or wifi? What are you doing all day?" Peter asks again, truly curious. "If I didn't have wifi or electricity, I think that I'd kill myself pretty quickly..."

The more Peter rambled, the more angry Agatha seemed to get. In a matter of seconds, her eyes narrowed as her grip on the Darkhold tightened. "If you want to die so badly, then why don't I give you a hand?"

Without hesitation, Agatha extended her hand, fingers dancing through intricate arcane gestures. With a whispered incantation, she summoned bolts of dark magic, which crackled with malevolence. The dark tendrils surged toward Peter with deadly intent, aiming to ensnare him.

Peter, however, was no stranger to facing formidable adversaries. "Woah! Is this how you treat all your guests?" In a swift, fluid motion, he summoned his Phoenix flames, creating a fiery shield that absorbed Agatha's dark bolts with ease. The dark magic sizzled and dissipated, unable to penetrate his defenses. "Are all witches this rude? Didn't Hansel and Gretel at least get some food before they were eaten?"

Seeing her initial attack thwarted, Agatha's eyes narrowed with determination. She changed her tactics, employing her telekinesis to hurl nearby objects at Peter. Furniture, books, and even shards of glass became deadly projectiles, whizzing through the air with frightening speed.

Peter's agility came into play as he gracefully dodged the incoming onslaught. He moved with precision and grace, his spider senses allowing him to evade every object with a dancer's finesse. "Is this all you've got? A few books and some furniture? Aren't you supposed to be some big bad witch?" Peter taunted as the attic became a chaotic battleground, littered with debris as their clash intensified.

With a flick of his wrist, Peter retaliated. He conjured the two Eldritch whips, directing them toward Agatha. The shimmering whips surged forth, illuminating the dim attic with their brilliance.

Agatha responded by raising a mystical shield, crafted from the dark magic she wielded. The clash of energies created dazzling displays of light and shadow, each side vying for dominance. The pressure between them was immense, a testament to their respective strengths.

In the midst of the battle, Agatha attempted to transmute the very floor beneath Peter's feet. The wooden planks warped and shifted, threatening to engulf him in a trap of her making. But Peter, ever resourceful, called upon the Reality Stone that was infused within him.

With a mere thought, Peter willed the floor to return to its original state, thwarting Agatha's attempt at entrapment. The attic's reality shifted under his command, a testament to the incredible power he possessed.

"How...?" Shocked, Agatha couldn't help but ask.

Peter smirked tauntingly. "Magic."

Realizing that her direct magical attacks were ineffective against Peter, Agatha changed her strategy once more. She called upon the Darkhold and summoned ominous tendrils of energy, aiming not at Peter directly but at the surroundings. The attic's objects and furniture began to come to life, manipulated by her will.

Chairs levitated menacingly, while ghostly hands emerged from the shadows, reaching for Peter with malevolent intent. Agatha's mastery over dark magic allowed her to animate the very environment, turning it against her foe.

Peter responded by channeling some Eldritch energy once again. He summoned a swirling vortex of mystical energy, a tornado of light that engulfed the animated objects and spectral hands. With a powerful surge, he banished them, their dark presence dissipating into nothingness.

The battle raged on, with Agatha hurling blasts of purple energy from her hands, each attack more desperate than the last. Peter countered with his Phoenix flames, creating fiery projectiles that seared through the air.

In a final, desperate bid for victory, Agatha attempted to summon the spirits of the deceased, raising the dead to fight on her behalf. Shadowy apparitions emerged from the corners of the attic, their hollow eyes fixated on Peter.

Peter, undeterred, pulled on the power of his Phoenix flames. With a wave of his hand, he created a fiery barrier that repelled the spectral intruders, returning them to the afterlife from which they had been summoned.

Soon enough, the battle reached its climax, with Agatha's powers waning in the face of Peter's unwavering strength. As she realized the futility of her efforts, her expression turned from one of determination to one of resignation. She knew the odds of her victory were slim and was already beginning the plans for her escape.

But before she could take a single step, a sudden and unexpected presence made itself known. The Ancient One, her presence concealed until now, materialized behind Agatha with an aura of unparalleled power.

With a swift and decisive motion, the Ancient One extended her hand, conjuring a blade made of shimmering Eldritch energy. Without hesitation, she swung the blade with precision and skill, severing Agatha's head from her shoulders in a single swift motion.

Agatha's body crumpled to the ground, her powers fading as the darkness within her dissipated. "You b*tch..." Her severed head spoke its last words before landing with a thud, Agatha's malevolent gaze forever stilled.

Peter watched with casual glance as the Ancient One's actions unfolded. He had sensed her presence, so he knew she would do something. Though he didn't expect her to sever Agatha's head so suddenly. 'I guess they had some unresolved history...'

The Ancient One, her expression triumphant, turned her attention to the Darkhold, the ominous tome that had been the source of so much chaos. With a wave of her hand, she levitated the book, ensuring that neither Peter nor herself would touch its dangerous pages.

"Peter," she said, her voice steady and commanding, "use your Phoenix flames to destroy it."

Peter nodded As he summoned his Phoenix flames, creating a searing blaze that enveloped the Darkhold. The malevolent tome seemed to screech in pain as it ignited in a brilliant display of fiery destruction, its pages consumed by the cleansing flames.

"That wasn't creepy at all..." Peter muttered sarcastically as the book turned to ash.

Chapter 489: Mount Wundagore

The aftermath of the battle with Agatha Harkness left Peter and the Ancient One with no time to rest. Destroying the Darkhold was a victory, but to truly eliminate its influence, they had to take their mission one step further with the annihilation of the Darkhold Castle atop Mount Wundagore.

As the sinister remnants of Agatha's house smoldered behind them, burning to a crisp alongside the dark witches carcass, the Ancient One opened a portal that transported them to the closest mountain peak to their destination.

Stepping through the portal, Peter and the Ancient One emerged to a bleak landscape. An ominous black castle loomed in the distance, its spires piercing the sky like jagged obsidian knives covered in white snow.

"Darkhold Castle," the Ancient One murmured, her eyes locked onto their objective. "It's where the texts of the Darkhold were first transcribed. We must cleanse it completely, which means more of the Phoenix fire of yours."

"First a haunted house and now an ominous castle. This just keeps getting better and better..." Peter muttered jokingly.

Before they could even take a step toward the castle, the ominous silence was shattered by a terrifying sight. Countless black wraiths, reminiscent of the Dementors from Harry Potter, erupted from the castle's gaping maw. With unnatural speed, they hurtled toward Peter and the Ancient One, their ghostly forms trailing dark mist.

Without hesitation, Peter and the Ancient One sprang into action, their movements a dance of power and grace.

Peter, his senses heightened, anticipated the wraiths' approach. He summoned long Eldritch whips, the shimmering energy lashes slashing through the air with deadly precision. The whips made contact with the wraiths, sizzling on impact as the creatures let out unearthly shrieks. One by one, the wraiths disintegrated into tendrils of shadowy smoke, their threat extinguished.

The Ancient One, a true master of the mystical arts, wove intricate patterns with her fingers, conjuring countless golden blades, which hovered behind her. As the wraiths drew nearer, she launched the blades forward, sending them into the herd of wraiths. Their dark forms recoiled and dissipated as the blades pierced their cloak-like body's.

But the wraiths were relentless, coming at them wave after wave. Peter and the Ancient One found themselves locked in a relentless battle, their synergy and skill complementing each other perfectly.

Peter's agility allowed him to evade the wraiths' attacks, leaping and somersaulting through the air. He sent out bursts of Phoenix flames, forming fiery barriers that repelled the wraiths and left them writhing in agony. Each snap of his fingers sent forth a searing blaze that engulfed the dark entities, reducing them to ash.

The Ancient One called on the power of her necklace, the Eye of Agamotto. She created ethereal duplicates of herself, each capable of wielding Eldritch magic. These duplicates acted as a barrier against the oncoming wraiths, their combined power creating a shield of incandescent light that banished the shadows.

As the battle raged on, Peter's control over his Phoenix flames grew more refined. He summoned blazing rays of fire, launching them at the wraiths with pinpoint accuracy. The lines of inferno scattered the wraiths like leaves in a storm, their chilling cries echoing through the mountain peaks.

The Ancient One's spells became more intricate, drawing upon the fundamental forces of the universe. She chanted incantations that resonated with the very essence of creation, causing the wraiths to unravel and disintegrate into the elemental energies from which they were formed.

Despite the wraiths' sheer numbers, which had to be somewhere in the thousands, Peter and the Ancient One were a formidable team. With each passing moment, their attacks became more synchronized, their movements a testament to their time spent together.

Finally, as the last wraith dissolved into the cold mountain air, a moment of respite washed over them. But there was no time to savor the victory. The castle, still shrouded in darkness, beckoned them forward.

"Let's finish this," Peter said, his voice determined. "We have to make it back in time for dinner, or else Lily will complain..."

The Ancient One nodded, her expression resolute. Together, they made their way to the imposing castle, its ebony walls seeming to absorb the very light around them. As they crossed the threshold, they could feel the eerie atmosphere of the place.

...

Peter and the Ancient One pressed forward through the foreboding corridors of Darkhold Castle. The air grew heavier with each step, laden with the oppressive presence of malevolent magic. They had already overcome the wraiths that guarded the castle, but now they were faced with another challenge... giant demonic-looking golems.

As they entered a grand hall with towering ceilings, two colossal figures emerged from the shadows. These golems, grotesque amalgamations of stone and darkness, stood as tall as the castle itself. Their eyes gleamed with a malevolent crimson light as they lumbered forward, each step shaking the ground beneath them.

Peter wasted no time. He summoned two golden swords and lashed out with precision and speed. The swords struck the golems' legs, causing cracks to spread through their stone forms. With another swift strike, Peter shattered their legs, sending the golems toppling to the ground.

The Ancient One joined the fray, her hands moving in a complex dance of magic. She conjured ethereal chains that wrapped around the golems, binding them in place. With a final incantation, she channeled her mystic energy into the chains, causing them to constrict and crush the golems' bodies into rubble.

The golems crumbled into lifeless piles of stone, their threat extinguished. Peter and the Ancient One exchanged a glance before continuing on.

Their journey through the castle led them to a grand chamber, its walls adorned with eerie symbols and flickering torches. At the center of the room lay a massive tomb, its surface engraved with ominous runes. The power of the Darkhold pulsed within, its presence undeniable.

Peter and the Ancient One could feel the malevolence radiating from every corner of the room, a palpable darkness that threatened to consume them.

"This is it," the Ancient One said, her voice grave. "Where it all started. The heart of the Darkhold's influence."

Peter nodded as he summoned a fiery ball of Phoenix flames into his hand, its searing heat casting a sunny glow on his face. As he prepared to unleash the flames upon the tomb, a guttural, demonic voice echoed through the chamber.

"No!" The voice was filled with desperation and rage, a chorus of torment and anguish. The dark energy in the room seemed to thicken, coalescing into a shadowy humanoid figure.

It was C'thon, the demon who had created this castle, or what remained of him. His form was tattered and ethereal, a specter of his former self.

The Ancient One smirked, her eyes locking onto the pitiful entity before them. She knew better than anyone that C'thon was long dead, his once-mighty essence reduced to a mere remnant trapped within the castle. After all, she was the one that killed him.

C'thon's spectral voice echoed with desperation as he pleaded, "I can offer you anything. Power beyond imagination, riches beyond measure, dominion over realms. Spare the tomb, and all of it can be yours."

Peter, unfazed by C'thon's offers, shrugged casually. "Nah, I'm good," he replied, his voice completely and utterly uncaring.

With a deft flick of his wrist, Peter hurled the fiery ball of Phoenix flames at the tomb. The flames engulfed the stone structure, spreading with voracious hunger. Soon enough, the room was bathed in a brilliant inferno, and the power of the Darkhold was consumed by the cleansing fire.

C'thon's screams of agony filled the chamber as the flames consumed him, his torment echoing through the fiery vortex. The remnants of the once-dreaded demon was reduced to ashes, his malevolence finally vanquished.

Peter and the Ancient One backed away and watched as the castle itself began to crumble, its foundations weakened by the relentless flames. The very essence of the Darkhold was eradicated, its influence extinguished from this world.

With a satisfied nod, the Ancient One turned to Peter. "It's done," she said, her voice filled with a sense of finality.

Peter couldn't help but smile. "Yup, but I'm surprised you didn't do this much earlier..." he remarked, his gaze fixed on the fading flames.

As the last embers of the castle were consumed by the relentless blaze, Peter and the Ancient One turned and made their way through a waiting portal. The world was now free from the insidious grasp of the Darkhold, and they had emerged victorious once again.

While one universe's Darkhold was vanquished, another's was being put to good use...

In a dimly lit chamber, the Scarlet Witch stood before an ancient tome, its pages adorned with eldritch symbols that seemed to writhe and pulse with dark energy. The Darkhold, the forbidden grimoire of unspeakable power, lay open before her. Wanda Maximoff, the Scarlet Witch, had dared to delve into its malevolent secrets.

Her eyes, once filled with uncertainty, now glowed with a sinister intensity as she chanted incantations from the Darkhold. The room trembled as dark tendrils of magic swirled around her, binding her to the very essence of the tome.

With each incantation, she summoned forth visions of chaos and terror, giving birth to a monstrous creation born of her darkest desires. The creature, a nightmarish humanoid fusion of twisted limbs and grotesque features, took form before her, its eyes gleaming with malice.

Wanda smiled, her power augmented by the Darkhold's malevolent influence. She had created a monster, a weapon of destruction, and she knew exactly where to send it.

...

Meanwhile, in the quiet neighborhood that housed the Parker residence, Lily sat at the kitchen table, her fingers idly tracing patterns on a drawing of a spell circle she'd been working on. America, their ward for the time being, watched with a curious expression, her dark eyes filled with wonder.

MJ, with an apron tied around her waist, stirred a simmering pot on the stove, the aroma of a homemade dinner filling the cozy kitchen. The atmosphere was one of warmth and normalcy, a stark contrast to the impending darkness that lurked just beyond their awareness...

Chapter 490: Mother/Daughter Beatdown

Unbeknownst to the peaceful family within the Parker Residence, the Scarlet Witch had unleashed a malevolent creation from the pages of the Darkhold, sending it across the multiverse. The monstrous abomination, birthed from her darkest desires, appeared in a flash of eerie light in the backyard.

Its grotesque form towered over the neatly trimmed lawn, which was finally clean from the last monster she sent. Casting an eerie shadow over the house, its limbs twisted and writhed, an unholy amalgamation of flesh and bone. The creature's eyes, gleaming with malevolence, darted around as it sought its target.

Inside the house, Lily continued to trace intricate patterns on her spell circle, unaware of the impending danger. America watched her with a curious expression, but before she could inquire further, the ground shook with a thunderous impact.

"Did you feel that?" MJ, who was tending to the simmering pot on the stove, looked up with a furrowed brow.

"Maybe it's an earthquake?" America guessed.

Lily shook her head, her eyes narrowed. "Something's not right." She could feel her spider senses tingling ever so slightly.

The windows rattled as the monstrous abomination unleashed a deafening roar that echoed through the neighborhood. It was searching for its quarry, and it wouldn't stop until it found her.

"What the f*ck..." Lily muttered as she and everyone else peaked out the window.

"Language!" MJ chided her while America cowered behind her back, frightened by the giant abomination in their backyard.

But Peter, with his knowledge of the supernatural and his desire to keep his family safe, had taken precautions. In an instant, protective enchantments surrounded the house, a web of invisible barriers that would keep any supernatural threat at bay.

And when the giant tried to tear apart the house in search of its target, it was met with an unknown barrier, which absorbed its blows, leaving the house completely unscathed.

"Should we just wait and hope it goes away?" America asked, feeling safe within the Parker Residence.

However, there was one problem they hadn't anticipated. As they discussed their predicament, a tiny dog, a feisty Chihuahua named Peanut, squeezed through a gap in the fence, like always, and charged towards the towering abomination, barking furiously.

Halting its assault for a moment, the giant monstrosity turned to peer down at the tiny creature, confused by its sudden appearance.

"Peanut!" Lily exclaimed, rushing to the window. She could see the danger her four-legged neighbor was in. "We can't let that thing hurt Peanut!"

MJ's eyes narrowed in determination. "Alright, let's do it, but we have to wear our suits and pretend that we don't live here. Your father does a lot to keep his identity hidden and I don't want to be the reason that it's outed."

Without hesitation, MJ and Lily donned their Spider-suits with a simple thought. Within moments, their normal clothes were replaced, masked and ready to confront the monster in the backyard.

America, witnessing their transformation, was both shocked and eager to help. She approached them, her voice filled with determination. "I can fight too! I want to help!"

MJ exchanged a glance with her daughter before turning back to their guest. "America, we appreciate your courage, but this thing is beyond dangerous. You don't have powers right now, and even if you did, portals aren't exactly the best offensive ability. We can't risk you getting hurt. Stay inside where it's safe and we'll handle it, okay?"

America reluctantly nodded, her expression reflecting both understanding and frustration. She retreated back to the kitchen, her heart heavy with the desire to be of assistance to the family that helped her and basically took her in.

Outside, a portal appeared on the neighbors roof and Silk and Spider-Girl stepped out, ready to face the abomination head-on. But as they caught sight of the giant, they could see its foot raised above the tiny peanut.

"No!" Lily exclaimed as she leaped forward.

As the monstrous abomination's colossal foot descended towards the tiny Chihuahua named Peanut, Lily's instincts kicked in. She surged forward with a burst of Spider-powered speed, her reflexes honed to perfection.

Halfway there, she noticed that she wasn't fast enough. 'Venom, help me out!' Acting quickly, she called upon her pet Symbiote.

'Can I eat that creatures brain when your done?' Venom asked as her suit was covered in a black tar-like substance, dying it black in an instant. And just as she hoped, her Venom-infused abilities gave her the edge she needed.

'No, dad said you only get chocolate.' Lily replied and rolled her eyes as Venom whined in annoyance.

With her agility and strength, Lily reached Peanut in the nick of time. She snatched the small dog from harm's way just as the abomination's massive foot crashed into the ground. The shockwave sent ripples through the grass, but Peanut was safe in Lily's protective grasp.

MJ, her eyes locked on her daughter's daring rescue, was ready to spring into action. The monstrosity, now aware of the threat posed by the Spider-heroines, turned its attention toward them.

The creature lunged forward with a disturbingly elastic lurch, its bladed limbs extending with terrifying speed. MJ and Lily reacted in perfect synchronization, their Spider-Sense warning them of the impending attack.

Lily gracefully somersaulted backward, her Venom-enhanced reflexes allowing her to avoid the slashing limbs as she deposited the dog back to its owners backyard, webbing up the hole in the fence so it couldn't get itself killed again.

Undeterred, the demon continued its assault. Its twisted limbs writhed and contorted, striking at MJ and Lily from multiple angles. The two Spider-heroines were forced to constantly dodge and weave, their movements a mesmerizing dance of evasion.

Lily's training in the Mystical Arts came into play as she channeled her growing abilities. She conjured mystical shields, shimmering barriers of energy that absorbed the impact of the abomination's strikes.

MJ, on the other hand, unleashed her webs with precision. Strands of sticky silk shot forth, latching onto the creature's limbs and hindering its movements. She used her superhuman strength to yank and pull, attempting to immobilize the abomination's flailing arms and legs.

But the monster was relentless, its bladed limbs slicing through the air with deadly intent. Lily, utilizing her enhanced agility, sprang into action. She leaped onto one of the creature's elongated limbs, dodging the slashing blades with hairbreadth precision. Her enhanced strength allowed her to maintain her grip.

With a powerful surge of energy, Lily summoned a mystic-infused punch, striking the abomination's chest with a glowing fist. The impact caused the creature to recoil and spit out a mouthful of blood as Lily leaped away, landing gracefully beside her mother.

From the safety of the Parker residence, America Chavez watched with awe and amazement as MJ and Lily, clad in their Spider-suits, confronted the monstrous abomination, who had no doubt come for her. Her dark eyes were wide with wonder as she witnessed their incredible agility, strength, and coordination.

America had seen her fair share of battles in her travels, but this was something entirely different. The way they moved, the fluidity of their actions, it was like watching a perfectly choreographed dance. She couldn't help but be mesmerized by their prowess.

Even though she longed to join them in the fight, America understood the reasons behind their decision to keep her inside. She had no powers at the moment, and she would only be a liability in such a dangerous battle. Still, her admiration for MJ and Lily only grew as she watched them face the monstrous threat with courage and skill.

America silently cheered them on from the safety of the house, wondering whether she could ever be like them...

Back outside, MJ, still engaged in a web-slinging tug of war with the creature, used her novice Mystic Arts knowledge to her advantage. She chanted incantations under her breath, her free hand weaving intricate patterns in the air. A cascade of energy formed around her, reinforcing her webbing with mystic resilience.

With newfound strength, MJ gave a mighty pull, yanking the creature's limbs with such force that they ripped off of its body, causing the master to stumble forward as it screeched in agony. The abomination's balance faltered, and it crashed to the ground, a mess of twisted limbs, spurting blood, and monstrous roars.

Seeing an opportunity, Lily acted swiftly. She conjured Eldritch energy into her fists once again, infusing them with mystical might. With a burst of speed, she delivered a series of devastating blows to the creature's grotesque form, targeting its vulnerable areas.

The monstrosity writhed and contorted in pain as blood spurted out of every hole, its resilience tested by the relentless assault of the Spider-heroines. With each punch and kick, its twisted limbs began to weaken, and its malevolent presence waned.

MJ continued her barrage of webbing, ensnaring the creature's limbs and rendering them immobile. With her novice Mystic Arts knowledge, she channeled energy into her webbing, creating ethereal chains that bound the creature tighter with every passing second.

Finally, as the moon cast an eerie glow on the battleground, the abomination let out a guttural cry of defeat. With it fully restrained, MJ marched forward, summoned a large Eldritch sword, and chopped off its big ugly head.

As it's severed head rolled across the blood stained grass, its monstrous form stilled, its malevolence vanquished by the mother daughter duo.

'Are you sure I can't eat it's brain?' Venom asked again, his eyes transfixed on the severed head.

'No, now stop asking or I won't share any of my chocolate with you tonight...' Lily threatened, which quickly shut him up.

Breathing heavily, the two Spider-heroines exchanged a triumphant glance. They had faced a monstrous threat and emerged victorious, protecting their neighborhood from whatever that thing was.

Speaking of neighbors, they could see at least 15 of them peaking over the fence and peering out their windows, staring at them in awe and wonder. After all, it's not everyday that superhero's visit your quiet neighborhood.

With a few waves toward the surrounding onlookers, they gathered the remains of their monster and portal'd away. Of course, their portal led right back into the house, but the neighbors didn't know that.

As they entered the safety of the Parker residence and let out a relieved sigh, America came barreling forward, leaping into MJ's arms. "That was so cool! So you guys are like superhero's? How come you didn't tell me? What are your powers? Can you teach me?"

As she rambled off her questions, another portal opened up beside them and Peter came stepping out alongside the Ancient One.

"We should watch a movie tonight. I was thinking-" Peter stopped mid-sentence as he found a giant demon inside his house. But thankfully, it seemed to be dead. "What the hell happened?"