Spider-Man 501

Chapter 501: Kill?

Batman's gaze bore into Peter and Tony, his stoic demeanor demanding answers. "Who are you, and how did you come into possession of those communications devices?"

Peter offered a casual shrug. "I'm just your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man." He then took a mock thinking pose. "As for the comms, well, I found them abandoned on the road of life."

Tony, on the other hand, decided to play along with the banter, adopting an air of arrogance. "And I'm your average genius, billionaire, playboy, philanthropist, similar to yourself." He adds, sending a knowing look Batman's way.

The annoyed and surprised look on Batman's face was evident, but he had more pressing matters at hand. Ignoring Batman's piercing glare, Peter turned to Superman, who protectively cradled Lois in his arms, "Thank you for saving her. I don't know what I'd do if anything happened..."

"You're welcome." Peter replied nonchalantly, as him and Tony shared a glance. They knew exactly what would have happened if Lois died.

Tony smirked as his face mask flung open. "Yeah, no problem, big guy."

"So…" Peter gestured toward Joker, whose face was grotesquely mangled from the acid, and Harley, who was starting to regain consciousness. "You might want to deal with these clowns."

Superman's eyes narrowed dangerously as Peter explained what happened, "Joker and Harley planned to use Scarecrow toxin mixed with Kryptonite to trick you into killing Lois. But you have nothing to worry about now. I've already healed her and removed the toxin that was in her system."

The realization hit Superman like a speeding locomotive, his face hardening with anger as he realized the magnitude of the danger Lois had been in. She wasn't just in danger form the Joker, but himself as well.

Tony chimed in, offering a bit more info. "And the bomb, which would have leveled the entire city upon her death, is also defused and safely relocated."

Superman's eyes began to shine red with rage as he readied to unleash his heat vision upon the Joker, whose taunting laughter had begun to fill the air. "Hahaha!" But just as he was about to exact his vengeance, Batman stepped forward, placing a calming hand on Superman's shoulder.

Lois, exhausted from the day's chaos, had fallen asleep in his arms, providing a sliver of an anchor to his simmering anger.

Batman's voice was firm as he spoke to his friend. "You're a better man than this."

Green Lantern added his support, "Yeah, don't do something you'll regret for the rest of his life…"

A collective sigh of relief swept through the group as Superman calmed, his eyes dimming back to his normal baby blues.

Before the situation could settle any further, Wonder Woman stepped forward, her voice carrying the weight of her convictions.

"Why are you defending these murderers?" She began, her words as sharp as her blade, "let's not forget the countless lives they've taken and the infinite second chances Batman has granted them. They go to Arkham for a month or two and then escape. And every time they escape, innocent people pay the price for our mercy, for Batman's mercy. We can't keep giving them chances, as the blood on their hands will no longer be just theirs alone but will stain ours as well."

A heavy silence fell upon the group as Superman looked down at his sleeping lover and then to Joker, who had started to laugh again, loving every second of this.

Joker goaded them, "Come on, do it!" he jeered, his tone as twisted as his grin. "End my life! End our lives! Or do you want to see me escape again? The bloodshed that follows will be on your hands and I'll kill millions~"

Harley giggled beside him, "Yeah, snuff me, Bats!"

"No, we aren't killers." Batman stated, but he couldn't help but ask the one question that had lingered in his mind. "Why, Joker? Why are you doing this? Usually this is about you and me."

Joker's deranged eyes locked with Batman's, and he scoffed, "Because, Bats, I'm tired of always losing. I wanted to play the game on easy mode for once, so I decided to vacation in Metropolis."

He then shifted his gaze toward Peter and added with a wicked grin, "And I would've succeeded if it weren't for this guy with the spider fetish."

Superman's rage continued to smolder, and he asked the ultimate question, his voice trembling with anger, "You wanted to ruin my life? Kill my wife and child, destroy my city… You know millions of people live here, right?"

Joker nodded with a maddening smile, relishing in the chaos he had sown. "Oh yes, and what do you think you would've become? A god who deluded himself into believing he was just a man? What will you turn into once everything you've ever loved and cared for is destroyed by your own hands? Isn't it such a good joke? I'm getting tingles just thinking about it~"

Batman stepped forward, firmly restraining the Joker, his gloved hand gripping the villain's shoulder. "We're not killers. We've never been killers, and we won't start now. I'm turning you over to the police."

With his jaw set and eyes focused, Batman moved to Harley Quinn and repeated the same restraints. But as he tried to walk away with both Joker and Harley in tow, Wonder Woman, her eyes unyielding, stepped in his path. And a moment later, Superman stood beside her, his face hardened.

"Don't do this." Batman warned, but it sounded more like begging.

Flash and Green Lantern formed up behind Batman, creating a wall of heroes standing their ground. On the other side, Wonder Woman and Superman remained resolute, their convictions unwavering.

As both sides stared each other down, tensions rising, and the air thick with uncertainty, Peter and Tony exchanged a glance, then spoke up, their voices cutting through the tension and gaining everyone's attention.

Peter mused aloud, "Do you think they have some kind of shared autism in this universe, Tony? Some sort of collective moral compass that makes them averse to killing, and if they do kill, they're immediately labeled or become evil?"

Tony held his chin, contemplating the strange conundrum. "It would make sense. After all, how has the government not given Joker the death penalty? If he's truly slaughtered thousands upon thousands of people, then how has he not been sentenced to the electric chair or lethal injection?"

The heroes listened, their expressions reflecting a mixture of confusion and reluctant agreement with the outsiders' perspective.

Peter nodded, his thoughts taking a contemplative tone. "They must all have some peculiar form of moral code, or perhaps this universe is more black and white when it comes to defining good and evil."

'Universe?' Batman thought, immediately realizing why he didn't know of either of them, and he wasn't the only one to realize this. Every League member came to the same conclusion… they weren't from this universe. Either that or they were delusional.

Tony pondered for a moment before bringing up a critical point. "Peter, you killed the Penguin, so is the universe affecting you? Do you feel evil because of it?"

The revelation hit like a thunderclap, particularly for Batman, whose expression shifted from stern to infuriated. "You did what?!"

Joker, on the other hand, cackled in delight. "Well, it's about damn time, you know? That obese bird was really starting to get on my nerves~"

Peter chose to ignore Joker's amusement and replied calmly, "I don't feel evil. I saved lives, including Robin and Batgirl, who would be dead or seriously injured without my help. So maybe Batman should be thanking me?"

Joker laughed hysterically. "Haha! Yeah, thank him Bats! He's such a kind and giving soul~"

Batman's face contorted with anger as he set down both Joker and Harley, turning his stern gaze toward Peter. His voice was unwavering as he proclaimed, "You're under arrest for murder."

Peter couldn't help but chuckle, a sound that seemed to bring joy to the Joker's twisted heart. The Flash, confused, inquired, "What's so funny?"

With a smile, Peter stated, "I find it funny that you want to arrest me for killing a man who tried to kill me, and let's not forget that you aren't a cop Mr. Wayne." Joker and Harleys eyes widened upon hearing Batman's real name. "In my universe, that's called self-defense. Plus, that fat waddling trash was about to kill a ten-year-old girl before I arrived, so self defense or not, he was already going to die."

Peter's casual mention of Batman's real name in front of Joker and Harley was like a bombshell that had just detonated on the rooftop. Their shock and surprise were palpable, but it was Joker who broke the silence with a dramatic whine.

"You ruined it!" Joker exclaimed, his voice a mix of disappointment and annoyance. "The mystery, the intrigue, the suspense between us and Bats. Now it's not fun anymore… Who would be scared of a spoiled billionaire kid?"

Harley, with a sultry tone, fluttered her eyelashes and suggested "Why don't you take me back to your mansion, Brucy Poo? We could have a little fun, just the two of us~" Her flirtation was undeniable, as her gaze locked onto Batman, who was now visibly uncomfortable.

Joker, in mock shock, gasped. "Down girl!" He then turns to Batman. "Sorry about this Brucy. She just can't resist a billionaire~"

Harley giggled, her voice full of mischief as she leaned closer to Batman, her arms and legs cuffed. "I wanna have your baby, Brucy~"

The dark, hardened visage of Batman shifted, contorting in disgust as he heard her words. The notion of having a child with someone so twisted and evil was beyond unsettling.

Peter couldn't help but smirk at the unfolding chaos. He leaned toward Batman and asked, "So, Bruce, what are you going to do now? Joker and Harley will spread your name far and wide. You won't be able to act anonymously anymore."

Tony spoke up, following Peter's lead. "Maybe you should just... get rid of them, permanently?"

The room fell into an eerie silence, as neither side seemed to be coming to a decision. Wonder Woman was 100% decided in killing them. Superman was conflicted but felt more inclined toward her side. And everyone else stood by Batman, agreeing with his view.

"Here, let me help start things off…" Peter said as he conjured a revolver into his hand and fired before anyone had time to think. *BANG!*

Instantly, a bullet fired from the chamber and shot across the rooftop, landing right between Harley's eyes. In a matter of seconds, her brains were blown out of the back of her head, painting Jokers face red.

"M-Mr. J…?" Harley muttered as she collapsed to the floor, dead.

Chapter 502: Moral Divide

The rooftop fell into an eerie silence as everyone, including the Joker, stared in shock at Harley's lifeless body. Her death had come swiftly, and even the notorious clown prince of crime was caught off guard. For a moment, it seemed as if the world had frozen in time.

Joker's initial reaction, however, was not what one might expect. He burst into hysterical laughter, cackling as if he had just witnessed the grandest of jokes. His voice echoed off the nearby buildings, filling the city with madness. It was a peculiar reaction, one that left everyone puzzled. Was this laughter of amusement, or was it mourning for his beloved Harley?

Peter couldn't be bothered to ponder the Joker's emotional state. In his mind, the Clown Prince was nothing more than a remorseless psychopath, devoid of any redeeming qualities. He had seen the Joker's handiwork in countless comic, movies, and shows, and his loss brought no tears to Peter's eyes.

Meanwhile, Batman's gaze remained fixed on Harley's lifeless form, a deep frown etched across his face. He had always adhered to a strict no-kill policy, believing in the possibility of redemption, even for the likes of Harley Quinn.

After all, she had once been Dr. Harleen Quinzel, a psychologist at Arkham Asylum, before the Joker's twisted influence had turned her into his loyal accomplice. Batman had always seen a glimmer of humanity in her, a chance for rehabilitation.

In the chaos that followed Harley's death, Peter turned to Superman, Wonder Woman, Flash, and Green Lantern. He cleared his throat, breaking the heavy silence that hung over the rooftop.

"This universe is... odd in many ways," Peter began, choosing his words carefully. "But in some aspects, it's not so different from ours. We have our own league of superheroes, similar to your Justice League. The difference is, we don't shy away from taking down the really bad villains."

A collective murmur of uncertainty and reflection filled the air as Peter's words sunk in. They began to question the righteousness of their own methods.

Tony stepped up beside Peter. "In more blunt terms, we aren't a bunch of spandex wearing pussies, who are too afraid to kill a few bad eggs." He added, his voice dripping with ridicule.

"Are you calling us cowardly…?" Wonder Woman raised a questioning brow, offended by Tony's words.

Peter nodded, unapologetic. "Well, isn't it a bit cowardly to keep letting the same villains escape only to come back again and again, killing and robbing innocent people?"

Wonder Woman couldn't deny the logic in Peter's words, and her gaze became more intense, resolute in her own convictions. She believed in the necessity of eliminating threats to protect innocent lives.

Peter pressed on with his explanation, eager to make his point clear. Drawing from his own experiences, he began, "Let me explain with a story from my world… I once met a woman named Jessica Jones, who I tried to recruit into our version of the Justice League. But when I met her, she was too afraid to show her face to the public as a hero. You see, Jessica was in hiding form a terrible man."

"This man had the power to control minds," Peter explained, "and he used it to turn Jessica into his puppet, forcing her to commit unspeakable acts. He enslaved her, r*ped her, abused her, and made her kill for his amusement. When I found him, I didn't hesitate and neither did she. After all, with him gone, she could live her life without fear of being found and turned into a mindless slave again."

The heroes listened in somber silence, their faces showing a mix of emotions, including anger, sympathy, and self-doubt. Wonder Woman's eyes burned with indignation, particularly sensitive to the suffering of women.

Peter's voice was unwavering as he addressed Batman, his gaze locked onto the Dark Knight. "So, Bruce, should I have let Kilgrave live? Should I have let him escape whatever prison the system put him in and continue to torment others? Would that have made me a better man, like you?"

Batman's gloved fists clenched, his inner turmoil evident, but he replied firmly, "We aren't executioners. We can't play judge and jury."

Despite his stance, Batman couldn't shake the doubt that had begun to fester within him. The lines between right and wrong had blurred, and he was left grappling with the unsettling notion that perhaps he wasn't always on the right side of justice.

Peter's voice grew more resolute as he continued, emphasizing a crucial point. "It's important to understand that not every bad guy deserves death," he insisted, eyeing Superman carefully. After all, he took it a bit to far in the Injustice Movie.

As he spoke, he couldn't help but recall the times he had successfully rehabilitated some of his world's former adversaries. "Hell, I've been able to rehabilitate a monster that we called the Abomination, who's now one of our strongest ally's, so not everyone has to die."

Yet, Peter remained unwavering in his belief that there were exceptions. "But make no mistake," he added, staring straight into Batman's eyes as he spoke. "There are those like the Joker who don't deserve the right to live and enjoy life. He threw that away as soon as he repeatedly deprived others of that same right."

The tension in the air was palpable as Peter gestured toward the Joker. "People like him will never change. They thrive on chaos and death. Why let them continue to exploit your leniency, putting countless lives at risk? Shouldn't protecting the innocent be the ultimate goal?"

Peter's words left the heroes divided. Wonder Woman, her anger unrelenting, believed in taking action to prevent further suffering. Superman was torn, conflicted between his innate sense of justice and the brutal reality of the world. The rest of the heroes stood with Batman, defending their longstanding principles.

Batman's final words were a resolute declaration of their moral code. "We're not killers."

The tension on the rooftop was thick, an unspoken challenge hanging in the air. Peter's logic and reasoning had shaken the DC heroes to their core, and he raised his gun, taking aim at the Joker's head. Pausing for a moment, he turned to Superman. "Would you rather take care of him yourselves? Or should I do it for you?" He had offered a chance for Superman to take the final decision. After all, it was his life that the Joker just tried to ruin.

"I…" Superman stood frozen, torn between the desire for retribution and his responsibilities. He had Lois in his arms, her safety his top priority, but at the same then, the Joker had to go. Lois and his child's safety depended on it.

Before a decision could be reached, Batman acted swiftly, pulling a batarang from his utility belt and hurling it toward Peter's gun. It sliced through the air with precision before Peter reached out with his free hand, catching the oddly shaped blade.

Batman turned to Flash, who stood nearby, and ordered, "Take Joker and run!"

Without hesitation, the Flash sprang into action, an electrifying burst of speed that took the Joker with him. The maniacal laughter echoed through the night as the two vanished, leaving the heroes to grapple with their unresolved choices.

Peter watched as the Joker and Flash disappeared into the distance. Sighing to himself, he eyed the batarang in his grasp for a moment before stashing it away in his suit. 'I'll add this for my collection…'

"Should we go after him?" Wonder Woman asked.

Superman, torn between pursuit and safeguarding Lois, watched the Joker's escape, his frustration growing. He looked down at Lois, her peaceful slumber a stark contrast to the turmoil around her, and made his decision.

"We'll find the Joker later," he said, his voice tinged with determination, "but for now, Lois's safety comes first."

As Superman came to this conclusion, Batman had already engaged Peter in a furious confrontation. Batman attacked with calculated precision, but Peter's mastery of combat and superhuman abilities gave him an overwhelming advantage. He deftly blocked and deflected Batman's strikes without moving a single step.

"Alright, this is enough…" With a casual backhand, Peter sent Batman hurtling through the air, and the Dark Knight crashed into a conveniently placed cushioned chair conjured by Green Lantern.

As Green Lantern prepared to join the fray, Superman appeared between the combatants, his presence commanding attention. He spoke with authority, putting an end to the clash.

"Stop this," Superman urged, his voice resonating with a sense of urgency and responsibility. "We have much to discuss. Meet me at the Watchtower. There are decisions to be made about the future of the Justice league."

Peter, a smirk playing on his lips, knew he had set them on a path of reflection. Hopefully, they would be able to find the sweet spot between benevolent heroes, and bad guy murderers.

"Good luck with that," Peter said as he began to walk away, his steps carrying an air of confidence.

Tony followed, "are we leaving already?" He groaned.

Before they could depart, Superman called out, "Wait! Can you come to the Watchtower? We could use your insight on all of this…"

"!" Batman didn't like where this was going. "Clark, I don't think that's a good idea…"

Ignoring Batman, Peter shrugged and agreed, his stomach rumbling audibly. "Fine, but we need to grab some food. We haven't eaten since we arrived in this universe."

Tony, perking up at the idea of staying a while longer, added, "Yeah, I could go for a burger right about now..."

Chapter 503: The Cycle Continues

The Watchtower, an awe-inspiring space station that served as the Justice League's base of operations, orbited silently above the Earth. Its massive structure gleamed in the cosmic backdrop, an emblem of strength and unity. The exterior of the Watchtower was adorned with the iconic emblem of the League, a beacon for hope and justice.

Inside, on one of the top floors, Superman gently laid his beloved Lois on the spacious bed of his private room. He had brought her to the Watchtower, not as a hero, but as a husband and soon-to-be father. The need to protect her and their unborn child had become his paramount concern. He gazed at her with affection, the weight of responsibility heavy on his broad shoulders.

As he ensured Lois was comfortable and safe, Batman stood stoically in the doorway, his scowl more pronounced than ever. The tension between the two iconic figures was palpable, a reflection of the current divide among the Justice League.

Meanwhile, in the cafeteria, Peter and Tony sat at a table, savoring their burgers. Batman managed to separate them from Superman, hoping to talk some sense into him before the League meeting started.

Superman, without turning away from Lois, softly inquired, "Did you call everyone?"

Batman replied curtly, "Yes, I called for a full-scale League meeting."

Clark nodded, "And will Flash be joining us? Or is he too busy hiding the Joker from me?"

Bruce shook his head. "No, and he's not hiding the Joker from you. I know you won't kill him, you're better than that. You may be contemplating his death, but you haven't come to a decision yet." He said, and he wasn't wrong. "I'm hiding him from Diana and our guests. Diana's attitude is troubling but our guests are another story entirely. We can't let them corrupt and destroy everything that we've built..."

Clark's eyes remained fixed on Lois, their love a source of solace and concern. He acknowledged Bruce's point with a nod. "I understand that you're opposed to killing, but you should at least keep an open mind. Because what we're doing now isn't working, you have to see that, right? I didn't truly notice it until today…"

Bruce's resolve hardened. "It may not be perfect, but the way we do things is the right way."

Clarke shook his head. "And that's where we disagree. Hopefully, having more voices might help us reach some sort of understanding."

Bruce couldn't argue with that, but he also couldn't shake his fundamental beliefs. He finally spoke his mind, "I'll be honest, Clark. I'm conflicted about all of this. I've always followed a strict code against killing, and I know it's a slippery slope, but so is murdering every criminal that p*sses us off. We aren't gods, nor are we the government. We can't just go around acting like Judge, Jury, and executioner."

Clark nodded, his mind racing with all sorts of ideas. "You're right, we aren't gods… But we could easily be the government if we wanted to. It would take less than a day for me to take over this entire planet, and less than an hour if I had the Leagues backing."

Bruce's eyes go wide in shock. "You can't be serious…"

Clark, still focused on Lois, took a deep breath before turning to Bruce. "You know, Bruce, I don't blame you for not killing the Joker. I know you're just a man trying to do your best in an impossible world, like me and every other League member. But I do blame the system, the government. Our guests were right when they said the Joker should have been sentenced to death by now. After all, how many thousands of people has he killed?"

Bruce but clenched his fists and answered. "79,698…" he kept count of every single murder.

Clark froze for a moment, not realizing that it was actually that much. "And that's all that's been linked to him. I wonder how many murders we don't know about…" The room went quiet for a moment. "Bruce, I think I'm starting to realize just how corrupt and ineffective our justice system is."

Batman's shoulders slumped as he let out a tired sigh. "Yes, but that doesn't mean we have to-" He began to argue, but just then, Wonder Woman appeared behind him at the end of the hall, her presence commanding attention.

"The League members have arrived and are waiting for us to start the meeting," she informed them.

Clark nodded, his talk with Bruce only seemed to strengthen his resolve. "Bruce, Diana, go ahead of me," he instructed. "I'll pick up our guests from the cafeteria..."

"I don't think non-league members should be-" Bruce tried to protest, but Diana firmly took his arm, guiding him away, leaving Clark to prepare for the difficult discussions that awaited.

_____

In the meeting room in the Watchtower, every chair was occupied by members of the Justice League. The room buzzed with anticipation and curiosity as they waited for Superman to arrive, accompanied by the unfamiliar faces of Peter and Tony.

When the trio entered, it was evident that everyone was curious about the newcomers, their identities shrouded in mystery. Superman led Peter and Tony to empty seats and offered them a respectful nod before taking his own place. He motioned to Batman, indicating that it was time to provide a briefing.

Shazam couldn't contain his curiosity and blurted out, "Where's Flash?"

Batman assured the group, "We'll get to that, but there are more pressing matters to discuss." He proceeded to explain the recent events, the Joker's sinister plan to deceive Superman into committing an unthinkable act, and his plot to destroy Metropolis.

As the story unfolded, the League members listened in rapt attention. Batman continued, begrudgingly emphasizing how Peter and Tony had thwarted the Joker's scheme. The new guests earned nods of respect and acknowledgment from the gathered heroes.

Green Arrow raised an eyebrow and inquired, "So, did you call us here just to give us a mission report? Sounds like a waste of time..."

"No." Superman interjected, silencing the room. "Today's events have opened my eyes to a bigger problem, a problem I want to discuss with the League. I need your perspectives."

Aquaman questioned, "What problem are you referring to?"

Wonder Woman, her voice resolute, declared, "The problem is criminals like the Joker. No matter how many times we arrest him, he escapes, repeats his crimes, and innocent people pay the price, often with their lives or the lives of their loved ones."

Tension filled the room as her words hung heavily in the air. Shazam posed the inevitable question, "What are we supposed to do about it? Isn't our job to catch the criminals and let the government handle the rest?"

Superman affirmed Shazam's point and then added, "Yes, but I want to change that. The way we operate needs to change before more people get hurt or, worse, killed because of our negligence and leniency."

Black Adam spoke up, his voice a mix of interest and curiosity, "Do you mean what I think you mean, Superman? Are you suggesting we kill people?"

Superman paused for a moment, his gaze unwavering, before nodding. "If it's necessary, yes. If killing people like the Joker, who have killed over 70 thousand innocent people, will stop others from sharing the same fate, then yes."

The room erupted into a debate, with some heroes supporting Superman's stance and others vehemently opposing it.

Seeing an opportunity, Peter pulled out his phone and connected to a large screen in the room, projecting images of atrocities occurring across the globe, from war crimes to small-scale holocausts and prison camps. The League members watched in grim silence, their faces reflecting a mixture of distress and helplessness.

Batman scowled and inquired, "How did you manage to hack into our systems?"

Peter, with a smirk, admitted, "It was fairly easy. After all, your tech is about 20 or 30 years behind ours."

Tony added, "Don't be too hard on yourselves. We're arguably the best hackers you'll ever meet. There's no system we can't break into."

Turning back to the League, Peter began to explain, "You see, these atrocities can easily be prevented, but they're hindered by the League's self-imposed limitations. What's stopping you from putting an end to war on this planet? If no one has weapons, then how can they fight? And even then, if they keep fighting with their bare hands, then simply arrest them or scare them into peace."

Tony chimed in, adding, "Where we're from, we faced similar issues. However, once we formed the Avengers, all wars came to an end. All countries knew the Avengers would hold them accountable for their actions, so everyone became much more open to peaceful outcomes."

Peter's gaze swept across the room, and he confessed, "I have to be honest and say that this won't solve everything. Even our world still has problems, but it's far less severe than the world I see before me now."

Superman regained the spotlight, his tone earnest, "Why must we let these atrocities pass? Why can't we help? Why can't we at least try to save everyone? Why are we holding back when we could assist so many people? And most of all, why do people like the Joker deserve to live?"

Just as the impact of his words resonated troughs the room, the screen suddenly changed and displayed a groggy-looking Flash through a video call, his suit was torn and he seemed to be bleeding from his head.

With a grim expression, Flash delivered the unsettling news to the League, "The Joker escaped!"

Peter couldn't help but shake his head in exasperation, "And the cycle continues."

Chapter 504: Legion of Doom

Flash's words echoed through the meeting room, and the atmosphere shifted palpably. Peter watched as Superman's face contorted with a mix of anger and frustration. The sudden shift in mood did not go unnoticed by anyone in the room, even the groggy and battered Flash noticed Superman's anger.

Batman frowned and ordered, "Explain…"

With visible reluctance, Flash began recounting the ordeal. He had brought the Joker to Green Arrow's secure underground base, cleverly lined with lead to avoid Superman's x-ray vision. His intentions were to keep the Joker isolated. But, after a leaving for a few minutes to grab some food, Flash had returned to find Joker passed out.

But he soon learned that he was only playing dead and unleashed a treacherous green spray hidden within a flower on his chest when Flash got close to check on him. Thankfully, he had managed to dodge the spray, but his respite was short-lived.

An unexpected visitor, Eobard Thawne, or better known as Reverse Flash, had appeared, likely trailing Flash after his quick food run. Reverse Flash's ambush had caught Flash off guard, and he had been swiftly beaten before Thawne took Joker and vanished on a burst of speed.

Flash let out a grunt in frustration. "I tried to follow, but as you can see, he kinda kicked my a*s on his way out."

Superman's frustration grew as Flash continued. It was clear that if Batman hadn't insisted on taking Joker away, this wouldn't have happened.

Flash admitted, "I have no idea what Thawne and Joker are plotting, but it can't be anything good."

Wonder Woman, however, wasted no time in pointing fingers. She glared at both Batman and Flash as she rose from her seat. "This is your fault. If you didn't take him away then this wouldn't have happened. We could have taken him to the Watchtower or even executed him, as we were discussing…"

Before Batman could come to his and Flash's defense, Superman intervened. He acknowledged Wonder Woman's frustration but argued, "I feel the same as Diana, but they couldn't have foreseen Joker's rescue by Thawne. But, this does serve as undeniable proof of the point I've been trying to make… no matter how many times we apprehend dangerous criminals like the Joker, they always find a way to escape. Innocent lives will inevitably be lost because of our reluctance to take drastic action, even as a way to protect the greater good."

The room fell silent, and uneasy contemplation hung heavy in the air. Some heroes nodded in agreement with Superman's viewpoint, while others remained quietly disapproving, none more so than Batman. They knew that it was challenging to argue against the harsh reality presented by Joker's escape. Doing so would only leave them on the losing side of this argument.

Before the tension could escalate further, the doors to the meeting room swung open, and in walked Lois Lane. Her appearance drew the collective attention of everyone present. Although her body seemed to have healed thanks to Peter's assistance, her clothes were disheveled and torn from her encounter with the Joker and Harley.

Instantly, Superman's previously tense demeanor melted away as a warm, loving smile graced his face. Without hesitation, he reached out and enveloped Lois in a protective embrace. She had been through a horrible ordeal and needed comfort.

Tears welled up in Lois's eyes as she cried into Clark's chest. "J-Jimmy's dead…" She began to speak, her voice quivering with grief. "We were investigating the docks together, and then the

Joker... he just appeared and shot Jimmy in the head. He died right in front of me and I couldn't do anything... I just stood there and watched as he… he…"

Superman held Lois tightly, his own eyes betraying a deep sadness. "I-I know… I found him while I was looking for you…"

Jimmy had been more than just their colleague, he had been a close friend to both of them, but more than that, he was Clark's best friend. And sadly, after everything that's happened, Clark wasn't able to mourn Jimmy's death. He measly found his body and immediately went searching for Lois.

As Lois wept in Clark's embrace, she suddenly thought of something and clutched her stomach, a silent cry for her unborn child's safety. Although her pregnancy didn't show yet, the concern for her baby's well-being was evident in her eyes as she looked up at Clark.

Noticing this, Clark reassured her with a gentle tone, "I've checked a hundred times since I found you, Lois. The baby is perfectly fine."

Lois's distress began to subside as she took comfort in her husband's embrace. The room watched in solemn silence as this intimate scene played out. It was a clear picture of the innocent lives caught in the crossfire, lives like Jimmy's and families like Superman's, that suffered due to their reluctance to take more decisive action against criminals like the Joker.

Done with staying quiet, Peter's voice cut through the tense atmosphere in the meeting room, capturing everyone's attention. Even Clark and Lois, who had been lost in their poignant, grief-filled reunion just moments before, turned to listen.

Peter's tone was composed yet firm as he addressed the room. "With the Joker's escape, we have a pressing problem. We should act swiftly to find him and ensure the safety of both Batman and Superman's loved ones."

Aquaman raised a skeptical brow and asked, "Why should we be concerned about that?"

Before Peter could explain, Batman, who had been sitting in silence, abruptly jumped out of his seat and dashed out of the room, leaving everyone shocked by his sudden departure.

Batman might not have many loved ones, but he did have Robin, Batgirl, and Alfred, all of whom could be considered easy targets for Thawne and the Joker.

As Batman exited, Clark's eyes widened with realization, and he muttered, "My parents." He released his hold on Lois and, without a moment's hesitation, launched himself out of the room, leaving her behind and following after Batman.

Peter didn't waste a moment and quickly explained the situation to those who remained. "As many of you might have guessed by now, Joker knows both Batman and Superman's true identities," he emphasized, "which means anyone connected to them is at risk."

The room was left in a state of alarm, the gravity of the situation hanging heavily over them. Superman wasn't so hard to figure out, as he doesn't wear a mask, not to mention his fairy trusting attitude towards fellow League members, but Batman was startling. Only very few select members know who he really is.

Soon, Wonder Woman stepped forward to take charge. Her voice was authoritative as she ordered, "While Batman and Superman are busy securing their friends and family, we must initiate a search for the Joker and Thawne immediately."

Hawkman, with a furrowed brow, posed a question that was on everyone else's mind, "What should we do when we find them? Should we capture or kill them, considering what you and Superman have suggested her today?"

Taking a moment to think, Wonder Woman responded, "For now, we will focus on capturing them. Their fates will be decided later, but we must not let them evade us any longer. Innocent lives are on the line."

As the room began to empty, and members of the Justice League prepared to fan out in search of the dangerous duo, Flash raised his voice, seeking guidance, "What about me? What should I do?"

Wonder Woman, with a hint of concern in her voice, instructed, "Return to the Watchtower for a thorough check-up, Flash. You don't look to good..."

Flash smirked, blood dripping down his lip. "Awe, I didn't know you cared so much about me…"

Diana sneered in annoyance. "I don't." She refused instantly as she marched out of the room. "I just don't want you interfering in this more than you already have."

"You can pretend all you want, but I know you love me!" Flash yelled at her as she walked off. And once she was gone he ended the call.

As the last ones remaining, Peter and Tony looked between one another. "Should we get back to fixing the ship?" Peter asked.

"Fine…" Tony begrudgingly agreed. "But we can't leave too early. I want to see what they decide to do. This is so much better than reading a comic or watching a movie."

"Sure, besides it shouldn't take too long to fix the ship." Peter shrugged as he waved his hand and opened a portal.

———

In the shadows of the night, Eobard Thawne brought the Joker to a concealed base hidden deep within a labyrinthine network of underground tunnels beneath Gotham City.

As they traversed the tunnels and entered a dimly lit chamber, the Joker, surprisingly, found himself among some familiar-looking colleagues. The room was filled with all sorts of notorious criminals. From Poison Ivy and Bane to Bizarro and Brainiac, each of them were big names in his line of work.

Joker's arrival did not go unnoticed, and the mix of wicked smiles and annoyed scowls of his fellow villains hinted at the divide in the room. "I still disagree with recruiting this clown. He can't be trusted." Poison Ivy was the first to speak.

"It's already been decided by a majority vote. Just let it go." Sat at the forefront of the group, Lex Luthor waved off Ivy's concerns before turning back to the new arrivals, smiling welcomingly. "Thawne, I see you've found our friend."

Joker frowned for a moment but soon enough his trademark smile returned. "I don't remember us being so friendly, Lexy…"

Lex shrugged as if it didn't matter. "Well, things change. And we've brought you here to offer you a chance to join us," he declared, his voice laced with a chilling undertone.

"What's this? Are you putting together some sort of boy band?" Joker's manic laughter filled the room before his eyes landed on the females in the room. "If this is a boy band, then I refuse to join with these girls around. You know they have cooty's, right? It's a deadly disease… My poor Harley couldn't withstand it for long…"

As the woman in the room rolled their eyes in annoyance, unaware of Harley's death, Lex finally got to the point. "No, not a boy band. I would say that we're more of an antithesis of the Justice League."

Joker raised a brow, finding that to be a very interesting idea. "Tell me more…"

Chapter 505: RIP Birds

Since the Joker's escape, the Justice League had been on high alert. Their patrols had intensified, blanketing the world with their presence. News channels buzzed with reports of Justice League sightings, but the public remained in the dark about the real reason behind these activities. All they knew was that something grave was afoot, given the League's unprecedented mobilization.

Back in the Watchtower, Batman and Superman returned with their loved ones. For Superman, that meant bringing his elderly parents, Jonathan and Martha Kent, to the space station. He had decided it was best to keep them away from Kent Farm for the time being. It was an unusual sight for the elderly couple as they were teleported, via the boom tube, up to a space station filled with all sorts of high-tech marvels that they didn't come close to understanding.

Jonathan Kent scratched his head, his eyes wide as he marveled at the advanced surroundings. "Son, is this the Watchtower you've told us about? What's going on here? Why the rush to get us out of the house?"

Superman exchanged a knowing glance with Lois, who was waiting for their arrival. "Yes, Mom, Dad, this is the Watchtower, a safe place for now." He then motioned to Lois. "And as you already know, this is Lois. We'll explain everything shortly."

As they showed Jonathan and Martha around and explained why they were brought to the Watchtower, Clark and Lois noticed a sense of bewilderment on the elderly couple's faces. However, as the couple shared their concerns about the situation, Clark and Lois decided to reveal a piece of joyful news to smooth things over.

"Mom, Dad, there's something important we wanted to tell you," Clark began, a warm smile on his face. "Lois and I are going to have a baby."

The revelation had an instantaneous and miraculous effect. Jonathan and Martha's concerns about everything they've learned simply melted away. Tears of joy welled up in Martha's eyes as she pulled Lois into a heartfelt embrace. "Oh, that's wonderful, dear!"

Jonathan clapped Clark on the back, his eyes glistening with pride. "You're going to make a great father, son. I know it."

In that moment, the worries of the outside world faded away as the Kents celebrated a new member of their family. It was a brief respite from the turmoil they had found themselves embroiled in.

Meanwhile, in another part of the Watchtower, Batman was handling his own delicate situation. He had brought his most important people as well. Robin, Batgirl, and even Alfred, whom he had coerced into donning one of his old Batsuits to help hide his identity, which made the poor old man look like some sort of elderly trick or treater on Halloween.

The reason for the suit was simple, Alfred's identity is forever linked to Bruce Wayne. And although Bruce's identity may be compromised, that doesn't mean he would throw away all precautions.

As he settled them into their temporary quarters, Robin and Batgirl couldn't help but voice their discontent. "We don't need protection," Robin argued. "We've handled ourselves pretty well so far."

Batgirl chimed in, crossing her arms. "Yeah, we're not helpless, you know."

"Well, you could have fooled me."Batman looked at both of his protégé's with a heavy dose of skepticism. "Did I or did I not just pick you two up from a GPD prison cell?"

"That's not our fault!" Batgirl exclaimed in protest.

Robin nodded his head. "Yeah, it was that a*shole who knocked us out after stealing our comms."

"Excuses…" Bruce shook his head. "The fact that you were arrested is no one's fault but your own. And because of that, I'll be increasing both of your training schedules."

""What?!"" Both sidekicks exclaimed in dread.

"You heard me." Bruce raised an annoyed brow. "Besides, you're both extremely lucky that it was Commissioner Gordon who found you, or else the whole world would know exactly who Robin and Batgirl truly are."

Robin sighed in defeat. "Fine, we messed up, but do we have to stay here?"

"Yeah, can't we at least stay with you?" Batgirl asks, filled with hope. "We can handle the Joker, you know that."

"No." Batman answers simply. "This goes beyond the Joker."

Alfred, ever the loyal butler, nodded in agreement. "Master Bruce may not say it very nicely, but he is correct. We should stay here until this business is dealt with."

After their protests had subsided, Batman left them to settle in with Alfred keeping a close eye. As he walked the corridors of the Watchtower, Bruce couldn't help but feel the weight of the world pressing down on him. Not only was the Joker was still out there, but he also had to fight the growing murderous sentiments rising in his own organization.

Just then, he turned a corner and almost collided with Superman. Both heroes seemed drained, their shoulders slumped as they stood face to face.

Superman broke the silence. "Bruce, any trouble on your end?"

Batman shook his head, a brief moment of camaraderie amid the tension. "No issues. Just ensuring everyone is safe. How about your?"

A faint smile touched Superman's lips. "My parents are fine. They're a bit confused about everything, but the news about the baby lifted their spirits."

Just as the two of them were about to delve into their ongoing debate about the "kill or not kill" policy regarding criminals, an alarm blared through the Watchtower, cutting their conversation

short. Both heroes immediately made their way to the situation room, where emergency calls and situation reports were received and assessed.

As they entered the room, Batman swiftly took a seat at the computer terminal and noticed the activated emergency beacon signals for Hawkman and Hawkgirl. Instantly, Bruce got to word and pulled up the CCTV cameras, which displayed a dimly lit street, and both heroes were visible, but the Hawk couples condition sent shivers down their spine.

On the screen, Hawkman and Hawkgirl lay in a puddle of their own blood, battered and broken. Their faces contorted in pain, and it was evident that they were in dire need of assistance. The feed showed them in a condition close to death, breathing shallow breaths as blood quickly drained from their bodies.

And not a single perpetrator was in sight…

————

-Flashback-

Moments earlier, high above a bustling city, Hawkman and Hawkgirl soared through the night sky. The couple was on patrol, their keen eyes scanning for any signs of the Joker, as well as the accomplice that broke him out of Flash's custody. The Justice League was on high alert, and the winged duo had taken to the skies in search of the notorious criminal.

Their wings flapped gracefully as they glided through the cool night air. The anticipation weighed heavy on them, knowing that the Joker was a cunning adversary, but their determination to bring him to justice spurred them on.

"I've got a bad feeling about tonight," Hawkgirl confessed, her golden mace clutched tightly in her hand. "It's just too quiet."

Hawkman nodded absentmindedly as his gaze scanned the city below, the feathers on his wings rustling. "Just stay alert and we'll be fine."

As they continued their patrol, their sharp eyes picked up a hint of movement down on the darkened streets. It was a familiar figure, clad in a purple suit with a bright green hair. The Joker had appeared, his malevolent grin visible from even this height.

"There he is!" Hawkman exclaimed, his voice determined. "Let's take him down."

They dove swiftly, aiming to corner the Joker before he could escape. But as they descended, the Joker led them further into the dimly lit streets, a sinister laugh echoing around them.

The narrow alleyways swallowed them, and their descent landed them in a concealed courtyard, surrounded by tall buildings. It was a trap, and the Joker had lured them right into it.

From the shadows emerged a figure, massive and imposing. Bizarro, the reverse version of Superman, stood there, his pale, chalky skin and unnatural features contrasting sharply with the night. His crimson eyes locked onto Hawkman and Hawkgirl.

"Joker brought friends?" Bizarro grumbled, his voice distorted and twisted. "Me fight you now."

Hawkman and Hawkgirl shared a quick, concerned glance before they surged into action. Hawkman lunged at Bizarro first, his mace swinging through the air with the intent to strike a powerful blow.

Bizarro, however, moved with astonishing speed. He dodged Hawkman's attack effortlessly, then retaliated with a crushing punch to Hawkman's midsection, sending him hurtling backward into a brick wall. The impact left cracks in the wall, and Hawkman slumped to the ground, groaning in pain.

Hawkgirl, undeterred by her partner's plight, lunged at Bizarro, her mace whirling around her like a deadly weapon. She aimed for his head, hoping to disorient him.

But Bizarro was ready. With his superhuman reflexes, he caught her mace in mid-air with one hand and yanked it from her grasp. His other hand snaked out, gripping her by the throat and hoisting her into the air.

Hawkgirl struggled, her wings flapping frantically, but Bizarro's strength was overwhelming. He grinned sadistically, reveling in her futile resistance. "You weak," he sneered.

Hawkman, having recovered from the wall collision, lunged at Bizarro again, his wings spread wide. But Bizarro was too fast, shifting his grip on Hawkgirl and using her as a shield. Hawkman's attack struck his partner instead, sending her sprawling to the ground, dazed and bleeding.

The fight was completely one-sided, a brutal display of Bizarro's power. Hawkman and Hawkgirl tried their best, but they were outmatched in every way. Bizarro battered them relentlessly, his blows striking with bone-crushing force. They were left battered and bloody, on the verge of death, their wings tattered and broken.

As Bizarro continued his assault, the Joker watched with sadistic glee, reveling in the first of many hits he had orchestrated on behalf of his new club. It was a nightmarish encounter, a brutal reminder that even the mightiest of heroes could be brought to their knees with the right weapon.

Flashback End

————

Batman and Superman arrived at the grim scene too late. The perpetrators were already gone, leaving behind a the bloodied forms of Hawkman and Hawkgirl in the middle of the street.

Rushing to check them over, Batman soon came to a startling and soul crushing realization. "They're dead…"

Superman knelt by their side, his eyes filled with sorrow and regret. His super-hearing confirmed what his friend had already told him… there was no heartbeat, no breath. They had bled out from their wounds, their lives extinguished.

"We're too late…" Clark muttered in regret.

Batman stood silently, his fists clenched, feeling the heavy weight of their loss. 'Did the Joker do this?' He wondered, regretting his past actions more and more.

As they beat themselves up for being too slow to intervene, their comm devices buzzed with urgency. A chorus of emergency beacons were going off, each signal representing a fellow member of the Justice League in distress. Instantly, the realization struck Batman like a bolt of lightning.

"The League is under attack," he declared, his eyes wide in shock.

————

Whilst Peter and Tony worked on repairing their ship, the earpieces they stole from Batman's minions suddenly started going off like crazy.

"What the hell is goin on?" Tony asked as he turned off his blowtorch.

Peter sighed and tossed his screwdriver aside. "No idea, but it's probably not good."

Chapter 506: Sinestro

The shrill sound of alarms blared through the Watchtower, each pulsating ring echoing the urgency of the situation. Batman's voice cut through the chaos as he issued the distress call, summoning every available League member to the heart of their headquarters.

"The League is under attack. All available members report immediately to the Watchtower for emergency assignment." Peter and Tony heard his call through their stolen comms.

Instantly, they glanced at each other, tension thick in the air. Fixing the ship had been a dull and monotonous task, but this was an entirely different matter. Tony's eager eyes pleaded with Peter, the desire to be part of the action clearly etched across his face.

Peter sighed, knowing that there was no way Tony would be content sitting this one out. He waved his hand, creating a shimmering portal right beside them. "Alright, let's go see what's happening."

With an excited grin, Tony stepped through the portal, followed closely by Peter. The portal snapped shut behind them, leaving the spaceship repairs momentarily abandoned.

As they emerged in the Watchtower, they were met with a flurry of activity. League members were pouring in from every corner, each having used the boom tube, the teleportation system designed to get them to the Watchtower in record time. There was an air of tension that hung heavy in the room, especially because some of their fellow heroes were absent.

Batman, ever vigilant, eyed Peter and Tony with his usual stoic expression. He might not have liked them, but the situation demanded their cooperation, and he wasn't about to kick out potential allies in the fight against this unforeseen threat.

With everyone assembled, Batman approached a control panel and, with a swift motion, activated a massive screen that dominated one wall of the room. The screen lit up with a grim display, showing the status of various League members who were currently under attack.

Superman's eyes narrowed as he watched the screen, a mixture of anger and concern etching his features. The Joker, a man responsible for countless atrocities, stood alongside Bizarro, an entity that had brought him nothing but grief over the years. They were engaged in a brutal battle with Cyborg, who appeared to be on the losing end of the confrontation.

As he witnessed the chaotic scene, Superman's grip on the armrest of his chair tightened. Bizarro was a longtime nemesis of his, but the Joker was a much more important target now, his attempts to harm his family and the death of his friend, Jimmy Olsen, had left deep scars on Superman's heart. This was not just another mission… it was personal.

Batman's gravelly voice cut through the room, drawing the attention of every hero present. "We are facing a coordinated attack form some of our most notable enemies," he declared, his jaw set with determination. "Each of you should be prepared for combat. We will be using the boom tube to transport you to the locations of your respective teammates."

Batman and Superman failed to mention anything about the deaths of the Hawk couple, which was most likely due to the fact that they were running low on time. If they didn't move quickly, then others would no doubt succumb to the same fate.

As the room buzzed with energy and tension, Tony raised his hand, capturing the attention of those present. "We're here to help. Send us wherever you need us."

Superman, his expression softening, nodded in approval. "Thank you both. Your assistance will be greatly appreciated."

Without wasting another moment, Batman operated the control panel once more. The room vibrated with power as the boom tube activated. One by one, League members disappeared with a flash of light, ready to confront the threats that had befallen their comrades.

Peter and Tony shared a brief look before disappearing as well. As everyone left, including Batman and Superman, the Watchtower fell into a calm silence, contrasting heavily with the chaos taking place on the planet below.

————

Emerging from the boom tube, Peter found himself hovering above a bustling city, his keen senses immediately focusing on the turmoil across from him. High above the city, two figures, clad in green and yellow, clashed in the skies, locked in a vicious battle that threatened to tear the city apart.

The first figure was none other than Green Lantern, a hero Peter had met before. However, the state he was in now was a stark contrast to the confident and formidable hero Peter remembered. Green Lantern's suit was tattered and torn, blood trickled down from a split lip, and numerous cuts marred his body. He was struggling against a powerful adversary, clearly fighting a losing battle.

The source of his suffering was unmistakable, a sinister and imposing figure that radiated an ominous yellow light. Sinestro, the arch-nemesis of Green Lantern, was a sight to behold. His yellow power ring glowed with malevolent energy, casting an eerie illumination over his villainous visage. His skin was a sickly pale yellow, and his piercing blue eyes exuded a sense of cold and calculating menace.

[Insert picture of Sinestro here]

Peter knew a bit about Sinestro and his yellow power ring, which was fueled by fear rather than the willpower that empowered Green Lantern's green ring. However, Peter was an exception to the rule, he didn't fear most people, and Sinestro was no exception. 'After fighting Dormammu and meeting beings like the Great Weaver, it's hard to be scared of most people…'

As the battle raged on, Sinestro, with a wicked grin, sent Green Lantern hurtling toward the ground. He summoned a lance of yellow energy, poised to impale the hero. It was a critical moment, and Peter decided it was time to intervene.

With a burst of supernatural speed, Peter appeared beside Sinestro, delivering a swift and powerful Spartan Kick to the villain's ribs. Caught off guard, Sinestro spat a mouthful of blood as he was sent hurtling across the city, crashing into a nearby building with a deafening impact.

"Hey, you good?" Peter turned to check on Green Lantern, only to find him unconscious from the brutal battle. The extent of his injuries left Peter bewildered, unable to fathom how Sinestro had managed to gain the upper hand so brutally.

With a shrug, Peter opened a portal beneath Green Lantern, whisking him away to the medical bay inside the Watchtower. He only hoped someone would be there to tend to the fallen hero. 'Meh, whatever, he'll live either way.'

As Green Lantern vanished, Sinestro emerged from the rubble, seething with anger and a desire for vengeance. He had no knowledge of who Peter was, but he was ready to destroy the interloper who had dared to challenge him. "You!"

"Me?" Peter faced Sinestro, jokingly looking over his shoulder to see who his opponent was talking to.

"Yes, you!" Sinestro seemed more than p*ssed off at Peter's antics, but he soon realized that Green Lantern was gone. "Where are you hiding that weak willed Lantern?"

Shrugging, Peter began pointing in all sorts of direction. "There? No, maybe over her? Huh? Not there either… Maybe in there?"

This only seemed to anger Sinestro even more as he bore down on Peter will bloodthirsty radiating from his harsh glare. "Enough of this!"

Without another word, Sinestro launched himself at his new enemy, utilizing his yellow power ring along the way to create constructs in the form of deadly weapons, each designed to brutally tear his enemies apart. But Peter's unique combination of powers made him a challenging opponent. His extreme agility and reflexes allowed him to evade Sinestro's attacks with grace and ease.

With a burst of Phoenix flame, Peter soared through the air, his fiery silhouette illuminating the sky. He launched tendrils of flame at Sinestro, who responded by creating an energy shield to protect himself. It held for a few seconds but ultimately crumbled under the flames of destruction, which could burn away anything.

"!" Sinestro's eyes widened in alarm as his shield was eaten away.

Not letting up, Peter waved his hand and summoned a spell circle, which in turn launched eldritch powered bolts of lightning at Sinestro, who was forced to constantly adapt his defenses, running from every attack that came his way.

As the battle raged on, Peter's relentless attacks began to wear down Sinestro. The combination of his agility, Phoenix flames, and mystic arts gave him the upper hand. Sinestro struggled to keep up, his energy constructs faltering as they clashed with Peter's relentless onslaught.

Finally, as Sinestro was preoccupied with dodging a ball of Phoenix flames, Peter seized the moment. "Alright, I think this has gone on long enough… After all, I have to go and find the Joker."

In a burst of eldritch energy, Peter summoned a gleaming spear of pure energy, poised to deliver the final blow. He drove it through Sinestro's heart, impaling the villain with a surge of eldritch power. Sinestro's defiant scowl turned to shock as his chest was pierced through.

With a shuddering gasp, Sinestro's life drained away, and he fell to the ground, his yellow power ring flickering and fading. "Don't mind if I do…" Peter reached down, plucking the ring from Sinestro's lifeless hand and pocketing it as his spoil of war.

As the battle ended, the city below breathed a collective sigh of relief. Sinestro had been vanquished, and the threat had been eliminated.

Peter stood victorious, hearing the sounds of an entire city thanking him and cheering from below. He had been ruthless in the way he dealt with Sinestro, yet the people didn't seem to care a single bit. "Maybe not everyone in this universe is a pacifistic idiot?"

Now, with Sinestro defeated and Green Lantern safely in the Watchtower, Peter could finally go and check in Superman, who was no doubt fighting Bizarro and the Joker right now. "I wonder if he'll killed them?"

Chapter 507: Taking a Life

'Tony should be able to handle himself, so I'll just check on Clark and the Joker…' Opening a portal to the location where he had seen the Joker and Bizarro fighting Cyborg earlier, Peter stepped through and found a scene that he had pretty much expected to walk in on.

In the futuristic city of Metropolis, Cyborg lay unconscious in a pile of rubble, his robotic body in pieces, though he was still alive.

Across from him, Peter could see both Superman and Bizarro locked in a fierce battle high above the city. They were joined by Lex Luthor, who wore a high-tech suit that enhanced his powers enough to fight alongside Bizarro against Superman.

'He wasn't here earlier…' Peter presumed that he had been waiting for Superman to take the bait and come after the Joker, who had recently attempted to kill Lois and his unborn child. And Lex's plan seemed to work perfectly, as Superman had come running as soon as he spotted the Joker.

Speaking of the Joker, the green-haired clown stood atop a building, laughing maniacally while watching Lex and Bizarro double-team Superman. Their every punch and collision sent shockwaves throughout the city below.

"What's the matter, Supes?" the Joker taunted, his grin as wide as ever. "Isn't this just the perfect moment for a picture? Maybe we should call that friend of yours… what was his name again? Timmy? Tommy?" He taunted with a manic smile. "Eh, it doesn't matter what his name was. He's dead either way~"

"Shut up!" Superman seethed with rage, his eyes burning with fury as he struggled to focus on the opponents in front of him. The Joker's taunts had hit a nerve, especially when he mentioned Jimmy Olsen, Superman's best friend, whom the Joker had cruelly murdered just days earlier.

'Man…. The Joker is as ruthless as ever.' Before making his presence known, Peter decided to assist Cyborg. He waved his hand and opened a portal beneath the fallen hero, safely depositing him inside the Watchtower's medical bay just like Green Lantern.

With that done, Peter was just about to capture the Joker before helping Superman, but before he could move, a green light filled the night sky, and he could hear the sound of Superman grunting in pain.

Looking up, Peter saw a compartment on Lex's suit open, revealing a fist-sized piece of Kryptonite. It immediately began to sap Superman's powers and inflict excruciating pain upon him. "Ugh…!"

"Enjoying a little piece of home, Superman?" Lex taunted, floating confidently in the air. "You know, I always love to see you powerless. It's quite entertaining, really. When a god feels what it's like to be an ordinary man."

Peter watched as Lex, with a malicious grin, grasped the Kryptonite and slapped it onto Superman's chest. Seconds later, a metal belt shot out from the suit, locking the Kryptonite in place around Superman's chest.

Before Peter could react, Lex gave a casual swipe of his hand, sending Superman crashing to the ground at the Joker's feet. The Joker burst into laughter, relishing the opportunity to beat down the fallen hero with a hail of stomping kicks.

Superman, despite being powerless due to the Kryptonite strapped to his chest, began to rise to his feet. His extensive training with Batman and Wonder Woman had honed his combat skills, allowing him to fight as a regular man. He looked Joker up and down with a blood thirsty glare.

"Oh! That smoldering stare of yours is almost as good as the Bats~" Joker practically moaned in pleasure. He was enjoying this entire situation more than anyone else present.

Just as Lex and Bizarro descended to finish off the weakened Superman, Peter jumped into action, blocking their path. Lex froze, his eyes fixed cautiously on Peter, but Bizarro, driven by brute force, barreled forward.

"Where do you think you're going?" Seeing Bizarro charging, Peter effortlessly backhanded the brute, sending him tumbling back towards Lex, who casually moved out of the way. Ultimately, Bizarro crashed into a nearby building, causing a spectacular, bone-shattering impact.

Peter took a moment to assess the situation. Superman was holding his own against the Joker, and Peter couldn't help but notice the burning rage in Superman's eyes. He knew that Superman desired nothing more than to end the Joker's life, and Peter was willing to let him have that opportunity.

However, to ensure Superman had the chance to deliver the justice he sought, Peter needed to keep Lex and Bizarro occupied. With a smirk under his mask, Peter waved the two villains over, eager to take on more of DC's notorious villains. 'I wonder how many I can kill before we leave?'

————

Seeing Peter appear and finally give him the opportunity to vent his frustration against the Joker, Superman smirked happily. Even as Joker punched him across the face, he couldn't help but smile. "It's just you and me now…"

"Hehe… This is just how I dreamt it would be~" Joker seemed to enjoy the outcome as well. Superman, weakened by the Kryptonite strapped to his chest, all alone for him to play with.

But for superman, this was a death match, a brutal confrontation born of vengeance, for the Joker had not only threatened Lois and his unborn child but had also taken the life of his dear friend, Jimmy Olsen.

As the battle commenced, the Joker couldn't help but cackle with glee. He danced around Superman, his manic laughter filling the air. He wore a malicious grin, his green hair fluttering in the breeze.

Superman, despite his weakened state, was determined to bring this twisted nightmare to an end. He lunged at the Joker, fists clenched, but the Kryptonite's presence weighed heavily on him. The Joker deftly sidestepped the punch, delivering a powerful kick to Superman's side.

The Man of Steel stumbled back, gritting his teeth against the pain. But he couldn't afford to show weakness, the Joker would exploit it without hesitation. He advanced again, quicker this time, aiming to grab the clown and end this fight as quickly as possible.

But the Joker was slippery, ducking and weaving, delivering a jab to Superman's jaw, causing him to stagger. It was clear that this fight would not be easy. 'If only this rock wasn't strapped to my chest… I would have pulverized him by now…'

With his honed speed and reflexes, the Joker evaded every punch Superman threw, taunting him as he danced around. "Come on, Supes! You can do better than that! Even Batman can beat me black and blue and his superpower is being rich and broody. What's your excuse?"

Superman fought through the pain, determined to Avenge his friend s death. He swung with his good arm, and this time, his fist connected, sending the Joker sprawling. The clown's laughter faltered for just a moment as he crashed into a nearby wall.

But the Joker was far from done. He sprang back to his feet, delivering a savage knee to Superman's abdomen. The Kryptonian hero winced in agony, his breath escaping in a painful gasp.

Superman's eyes blazed with determination as he grabbed the Joker by the collar, lifting him off the ground. But the Joker wasn't one to go down easily. He drove his elbow into Superman's chin, forcing him to release his grip.

With a wild grin, the Joker produced a hidden knife, which fell into his hand from his sleeve, slashing at Superman. The blade cut through his costume, drawing a thin line of blood, but the pain only fueled Superman's resolve. He tackled the Joker to the ground, wrestling for control of the weapon.

Their struggle continued, a brutal back-and-forth. The Joker's laughter mixed with Superman's grunts of effort as they fought for dominance. The knife danced between them, a deadly instrument of their clash.

In the midst of the chaos, the Joker's taunts continued. "You know, it was so easy to get under your skin. Lois, your child, Metropolis, your poor friend, Jimmy. I mean, the punchline didn't end as I'd hoped, but it was still funny, right?"

Superman's vision blurred, not just from the Kryptonite but from the seething anger within him. He wanted nothing more than to end this madness, to put an end to the Joker's chaos once and for all.

With one final surge of strength, Superman managed to wrest the knife from the Joker's grasp. In a swift motion, he tried to stab the joker in the head, but the knife ended up stabbed into the ground beside the Joker's head instead.

Giving up on the knife, Superman's hands closed around the Joker's throat, his fingers tightening. The laughter that had echoed through the night continued alongside a desperate gasp for air. "…Do …it …kill …me …haha" The Joker's egged him on as his eyes widened at the fact that he really might die.

This was a death match, and Superman was willing to deliver the ultimate justice. With a primal roar, Superman tightened his grip and snapped the Joker's neck, watching as the light left the clowns eyes. Though the smile on Jokers face never disappeared.

The city fell into a somber silence as Superman, still weakened by the Kryptonite, rose to his feet. His eyes were a mix of sorrow, relief, and the weight of his actions. He had avenged Jimmy, protected Lois and his unborn child, and put an end to the Joker's madness for good. 'I did it…'

But before he could think on it for much longer, a loud bang filled the air as both Bizarro and Lex Luthor came crashing down from the sky above, colliding with the adjacent building.

Chapter 508: Rising Kill Count

Minutes before the Jokers death, Peter stood firm, blocking the path of Lex Luthor and Bizarro. His stance was confident, a subtle smirk beneath his mask.

Lex Luthor eyed Peter cautiously, his high-tech suit glistening in the city's dimly lit streets. "You pack quite the punch, don't you?" He asked as Bizarro fumed beside him, upset at being b*tch slapped into a building only moments ago. "I'm Lex Luthor, and who might you be?"

"Just your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man." Peter answered with the usual line.

Before Lex could continue the conversation, Bizarro, his brutish form still recovering from the impact with the building, growled with rage. His monstrous fists clenched, and his eyes locked onto Peter. "Bizarro crush puny spider!"

Peter couldn't help but chuckle. "You know, I've already killed three villains since I've arrived in this universe, and I'm trying to get my kill count even higher. So why don't we do what the guy with a few missing chromosomes wants and skip the talking, huh?."

With lightning speed, Peter disappeared and and reappeared beside Bizarro, slapping him for a second time, knowing full well that it would enrage the big idiot even further.

While Bizarro launched backwards for a second time, Peter didn't waste a single second and lunged at Lex, who activated his suit's defenses just in time. A shimmering force field erupted around him, deflecting Peter's initial strike. Lex grinned, his confidence unwavering. "Impressive, but it's not going to be that easy."

Peter wasn't discouraged. He unleashed a barrage of punches and kicks, each one faster and more precise than the last. And surprisingly, Lex's suit held up against the assault, but it was clear that Peter was pushing the limits of its defensive capabilities.

Just as Lex's shields were about to break, Bizarro charged toward Peter with a roar. His fists were like wrecking balls, but Peter's agility gave him the upper hand. He dodged, weaved, and countered with precise strikes that left Bizarro reeling.

"Is that all you've got?" Peter taunted as he somersaulted over Bizarro, landing a powerful kick to the back of the brute's head. Bizarro stumbled forward, crashing into a nearby car with a deafening impact.

Peter returned his attention to Lex, who was waiting for his force field to recharge. With a grin, Peter intensified his assault. "You know, I'm actually impressed by this tech of yours. It's too bad that it's about to take a serious beating."

Lex grunted in frustration, realizing that his suit's defenses were were shattered and gone. In a last-ditch effort before Peter could land the next punch, he fired energy beams from his palms, forcing Peter to leap out of the way. The beams collided with a building, causing it to crumble in a shower of debris.

As Peter avoided the blast, Bizarro returned to the fight, his fury unabated. He launched a massive punch at Peter, who managed to evade it at the last second. The shockwave from Bizarro's punch shattered the ground beneath them.

"So close… yet so far…" Peter taunted, striking Bizarro's exposed neck with a well-aimed punch. The brute staggered, disoriented. "You might need some brain exercises to help you come up with a better plan than just screaming and rushing forward..."

Lex, realizing they were losing ground, tried to retreat and leave behind his lesser brained partner, but Peter wasn't about to let either of them go. He webbed Lex's legs and yanked, slamming the bald genius into the street below. "Now, where do you think you're going? We only just met and your trying to leave..."

Before Peter could finish dealing with Lex, Bizarro regained his footing. He roared in frustration, his fists crackling with energy. With a mighty leap, he launched himself at Peter, who was still focused on Lex.

The impact sent Peter crashing into the side of a building, causing a shower of bricks and dust. "Alright, big guy, you got me that time. I'll give you that," Peter grunted, as he stood ups md dusted himself off.

Bizarro raised his massive fists for a finishing blow. But just as he was about to strike, Peter tapped into his mastery of mystic arts. He conjured a portal, causing Bizarro's fists to pass harmlessly through it. The behemoth stumbled forward, disoriented.

As Bizarro struggled to regain his balance, Peter emerged from another portal behind him. With a powerful punch, he sent Bizarro flying through the air. The brute crashed through several buildings, leaving destruction in his wake.

Turning back to Lex, Peter found the billionaire still sprawled out on the groined, trapped by his webbing. "Now, Lex, where were we again?" Peter said with a grin. He was confident that Lex wouldn't be causing trouble anytime soon.

But just as Peter was about to interrogate Lex further, Bizarro returned to the battle, his eyes filled with fury. "Bizarro not done yet!"

Peter sighed. "Guess I'll have to finish you first." With a flick of his wrist, he conjured a handful of Phoenix flames, which he tossed at Bizarro. And Bizarro, being the nearly Indestructible idiot that he is, didn't even bother dodging. "Well, Rest In Peace, I guess."

In an instant, the flames engulfed Bizarro, who howled in agony as he burned, his roars turning into pained screams as he began to flail in the air.

"I think this makes four DC villains now," Peter commented as he watched Bizarro's agonizing demise. The flames consumed the brute until there was nothing left but ashes, which blew away in the wind.

With Bizarro defeated, Peter returned to Lex, who was now trembling with fear. "So, you ready to die? Because I'm serious about my kill count…"

Lex froze up in fright. "I…I…" He wasn't used to such ruthlessness from the 'good guys'. After all, his arch enemy is Superman, who may be a god-like alien, but at the end of the day he's always gone easy on his enemies. If Superman were to come after you, then the most you had to worry about was a few bumps and bruised, not to mention the trip to jail.

Death was never a possibility until today.

Peter extended his hand, lifting Lex into the air with a single thought. "Well, this has been fun but I have other bad guys to kill and a whole Justice League to change, so let's make this quick, shall we?" Walking over with a casual gait, he opened his hand and conjured a sharp axe. With a swift, fluid motion, Peter decapitated Lex Luthor. His head rolled on the ground, and his body fell lifeless. "That makes 5..."

With Lex's demise, the battle was over. Peter stood amid the destruction, his body a bit sore from they hit he too from Bizarro, but victorious nonetheless.

As he gazed at the carnage around him, Peter couldn't help but look towards a nearby building, where he found Superman watching him. Scanning the area beside him, he smirked as he witnessed the dead body of Joker, the clowns neck snapped sideways.

'Im surprised he had the balls to actually do it…' Peter thought, his eyes locked onto the lifeless body of the Joker. Nearby, the headless form of Lex Luthor lay still. The streets were a scene of chaos and destruction, and there was a somber air lingering in the aftermath.

Landing beside Superman, Peter nodded his head in approval. "Good work." He said as he walked over and ripped the kryptonite off of Clark's chest, storing it in his necklace alongside his other stones. 'I'll keep that for my collection.'

"Uhh, thanks…" Superman looked at Peter, a mixture of admiration and uncertainty in his eyes. "Where did you put it?"

Peter lied, his voice calm and resolute. "I destroyed it. It's a cleaning spell that just vanished things. Don't worry, it's gone for good."

Superman seemed to calm, believing Peter completely. "Thank you. That stuff is like poison to me. You have no idea how much of a hassle it is dealing with it."

As the two heroes conversed, Peter conjured another Phoenix flame, tossing it onto the Joker's body. He watched as the flames began to slowly consume the clown. Superman raised an eyebrow, clearly disapproving of the act. "Burning the body, that's... it feels disrespectful to the dead."

Peter didn't waver. "In our line of work, it's the safest option for guys like him. You never know what they're capable of, or who's willing to help them. They always seem to find a way back, like cockroaches. Burning the body ensures they can't return, or at least cuts down the possibility that they will."

Superman pondered this for a moment, the weight of Peter's words sinking in. He realized the truth in what Peter was saying, even if it went against his principles. "I may not like it, but I can't deny your logic. We can't risk the Joker returning."

Just as the flames consumed the Joker's remains, a dark figure silently descended from the shadows of the nearby building. Batman, his stoic expression hidden beneath the cowl, surveyed the scene with a disapproving eye. He noticed Lex Luthor's headless corpse as well as the illuminated Joker, and it was clear he wasn't pleased.

"So, you made your choice, huh?" Batman eyed Superman in disappointment, his words striking directly into his friends soul. He had come to inform them that the threat against the Justice league had been taken care of, but that was instantly forgotten after seeing the dead bodies.

"…yeah," Superman replied weakly. Although he believed that Joker's death was for the best, he still didn't take pleasure in doing it, nor did he like his friends disappointed stare.

Peter turned to face Batman, ignoring his judgmental glare. "I know you don't agree with their deaths, and that's a dumb yet respectable position to hold, but have you ever considered that you could be wrong? I mean, I kill scumbags in my universe all the time and the world hasn't come to an end. It's still the same as it was before. Just safer and more peaceful for people to live in."

Batman didn't respond, his eyes never leaving Superman. "…"

Superman spoke, trying to ease the tension. "Bruce, I'm sorry if I didn't live up to your expectations, but I truthfully believe that this was for the greater good. And I hope you'll see that one day…"

Batman shook his head, his expression remaining stern. "I doubt I ever will..." He said as he turned around and stepped off of the building, disappearing into the night.

Chapter 509: A League Split

The sun had risen on a new day, casting a gentle light on a world forever changed by the previous night's battle. The threat to the Justice League had been vanquished, but not without its sacrifices. In the wake of the battle, the League gathered to pay their respects to two fallen comrades, Hawkman and Hawkgirl.

Although they knew that the two of them would be reborn sooner or later, as they were cursed to repeat their lives together, it still didn't make losing them in this life any less hard. After all, who knew when they would return. It could be 20 or even 200 years before they reincarnate again.

Amid the somber atmosphere, the funeral took place in a secluded garden at the Justice League's headquarters on Earth. The tranquil setting provided a stark contrast to the previous night's chaos. The fallen heroes lay side by side, their lifeless forms shrouded in the American flag. The League members, including Peter and Tony, who were invited by Superman, stood in solemn formation.

The Flash, with tears glistening in his eyes, stepped up to speak. "They were always there to help us, even when it meant putting themselves in harm's way. Their courage knew no bounds. They flew high, and they'll forever be remembered as the bravest of us all."

Wonder Woman, a symbol of strength and grace, added her voice to the tribute. "Hawkman and Hawkgirl were true warriors, defenders of the innocent, and champions of peace. We will carry on their mission, for the world still needs heroes like them."

Superman, the Man of Steel, stepped forward, his voice filled with a deep sense of loss. "Hawkman and Hawkgirl were more than our teammates. They were our friends, our family. Their unwavering dedication to justice was an inspiration to us all. Their wings may be stilled, but their legacy soars on." He kept it short and sweet before stepping back.

Batman, his stoic demeanor unyielding, stepped forward next. "In the face of danger, they never faltered for even a second. They fought for a world where justice prevails, like the rest of us… Their deaths were a terrible tragedy, just as any other." He paused for a moment to look around the crowd, his gaze landing heavily on Superman. "Because life is precious, no matter who that life might belong to."

Tony rolled his eyes as he leaned over to whisper in Peter's ear. "Did this motherf*cker just use a funeral speech to lecture us?"

Peter nodded his head, noticing the annoyed look on Superman's face. "Yeah, he did..."

As the eulogies came to an end, the heroes of the Justice League lowered Hawkman and Hawkgirl into the ground. Each member placed a white rose on their graves, a symbol of remembrance and respect. The fallen heroes would rest in peace, their duty fulfilled.

The funeral served as a stark reminder of the sacrifices heroes make to protect their world. It was a day of mourning, but also a day of recommitment to the cause of justice, a cause that wasn't so clear anymore. The League stood together physically, but ideologically, they couldn't be more divided.

With the meeting that took place before all of yesterdays chaos, as well as the fact that Superman killing the joker was common knowledge among the league, two parties were beginning to form.

On one side, you have those that would follow after Batman's example. People like Flash, Green Lantern, and Aquaman, who believe that killing, in any form is an inexcusable and evil act.

On the other side, you have those that would follow after Superman's example. People like Wonder Woman, Cyborg, and Black Adam, who don't mind killing as long as it's for the good of others. Especially Black Adam, who has always been more of an antihero than anything else.

Soon enough, the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a warm glow over the garden as the heroes took their leave. In the face of recent controversies, they found strength in their own group. Batman sympathizers seemed to gravitate toward each other, and the same could be said for Superman's side as well.

Watching this happen in real time, Peter and Tony shared a concerned glance. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Peter asked.

"Justice League civil war?" Tony guessed.

"Yeah, that sounds about right…"

————

In the heart of the Justice League headquarters, a solemn meeting room had been prepared. Superman, the iconic leader of the League, sat at the head of the long, polished table, his countenance one of gravity and determination. He spoke first, his voice carrying the weight of his resolve. "My friends, we have come to a crossroads. The events of recent days have shown us that the world we protect is not as black and white as we once believed."

Around the table, the members of Superman's faction, including Wonder Woman, Cyborg, Black Adam, and many others nodded in agreement. Their stance was clear, they were willing to consider lethal force if it meant protecting the innocent.

Superman continued, "We cannot ignore the fact that there are threats in this world that cannot be contained without extreme measures. The Joker is a glaring example of this. How many lives have been lost or forever scarred because we chose to show mercy time and time again?"

Wonder Woman, her expression determined, added, "Agreed, the world is not forgiving, nor is it merciful. If we continue to allow those who embrace chaos and cruelty to roam freely, we fail in our duty to safeguard the innocent."

Cyborg chimed in, "We should establish clear regulations for when the use of lethal force is justified. It must be a last resort, of course, but we should have the option."

Black Adam, who had always walked the line between hero and villain, grunted his agreement. "I've never been a fan of the leagues idiotic way of doing things, so I'm just glad to see that all of you are finally waking up to reality. Some people are just better off dead, end of story."

As the meeting progressed, the mood grew more optimistic. The members of this faction envisioned a future where they could be more effective protectors, unburdened by the limitations of a strict no-kill policy.

Superman looked at his assembled comrades with a sense of hope. "The future of the Justice League rests in our hands. We must work together to draft a code of conduct that reflects our new vision and, in doing so, reaffirm our commitment to the cause of justice."

The discussion continued late into the night, as the heroes began to outline the regulations that would define their path forward. While the meeting was filled with optimism and unity, they knew that the road ahead would not be easy. The Justice League stood on the precipice of a significant transformation, one that would shape the future of heroism in their world.

As the meeting concluded, Superman stood and offered a final thought. "We will face opposition and challenges, but together, we can forge a better world. Our mission remains unchanged, to protect the innocent, no matter the cost."

With newfound purpose, the members of Superman's faction left the meeting room, ready to embark on a journey that would redefine the very essence of heroism.

_____

Just as Superman and his faction were holding a meeting, Batman's faction held one of their own as well. The heroes had paid their respects to the fallen, and swiftly come together to discuss the recent

developments. Batman, the Dark Knight, sat at the head of a dimly lit conference table, his expression as stoic as ever.

The room was filled with the loyal members of Batman's faction, The Flash, Green Lantern, Aquaman, and several others who shared his unwavering belief in the sanctity of life, even in the face of the darkest evils.

The Flash, his trademark red suit looking somber, broke the silence. "We all know where this is headed. Half the league wants to follow Superman's example, and it's going to tear us apart."

Green Lantern, his emerald ring glowing faintly, nodded in agreement. "It's not just about ideology anymore. It's about what kind of world we want to leave behind."

Aquaman, with his commanding presence, spoke with a sense of urgency. "I've seen enough bloodshed in the oceans to last a lifetime. I won't stand by while our league descends into this chaos."

Batman leaned forward, his cape pooling around him like a shroud. "We need to address this issue head-on. We can't let our differences divide us further. Especially when we have people like Wonder Woman and our guests, who are whispering nonsense into Superman's ear 24/7."

The heroes exchanged troubled glances, fully aware of the stakes. They believed that Wonder Woman, Peter and Tony were corrupting Superman, pushing him down a path they couldn't condone. The memory of the Joker's death at Superman's hands still bothered them, a grim reminder of the shifting moral compass within their ranks.

The Flash sighed deeply. "But how do we convince Superman and his followers to see things our way? They truly believe that their way is for the greater good."

Batman's voice was laced with frustration. "We need to find a way to reach him, to make him understand that there are lines we should never cross. Killing can't be our solution."

Green Lantern offered a suggestion. "Maybe we should initiate a discussion, an open dialogue with Superman's faction. Try to find some common ground."

Aquaman frowned, crossing his arms. "I've known Superman for years. He's not one to easily change his mind. Maybe we that would work if he hadn't already killed someone, but that ship's

already sailed. Worst case scenario, he might see our efforts as a threat to his newfound ideals. Best case scenario, we push him further and further into his beliefs."

As the heroes pondered their next steps, the room grew heavy with doubt and apprehension. They all understood that if this conflict couldn't be resolved through words, it might come to blows. A civil war among the Justice League was a dire prospect, one they hoped to avoid.

The Flash tapped his fingers on the table thoughtfully. "We have to prepare for the worst, just in case. We can't let our world fall under a tyrannical Justice League."

Batman nodded, his jaw set in determination. "Agreed, we'll do whatever it takes to protect the world from those who would become tyrants, no matter who they may be."

With that, the meeting came to a solemn conclusion, leaving a sense of foreboding hanging in the air. The Justice League had been a symbol of hope and unity, but the fracture within their ranks threatened to change everything. As they departed, Batman's faction couldn't help but wonder if their ideals would be enough to save their world from the chaos that loomed on the horizon.

Chapter 510: Happy Halloween!

Days after the solemn funeral, while Batman's and Superman's factions were engaged in secret discussions, Peter and Tony found themselves in their temporary base in Gotham, tinkering with their ship. The dimly lit workshop was filled with the hum of technology and the scent of metal and grease.

Peter, his hands deftly working on the last screw on the control panel, couldn't help but break the silence. "Tony, we've fixed the ship, and we've seen enough drama here to last a lifetime. It's time for me to go back to MJ, Lily, and the rest of my family. I've been away for too long as it is."

Tony, who was hunched over a holographic display, remained absorbed in his work. "I get it, I really do. But look at what's happening here. Superman and Batman are on the brink of a full-blown war, and we've got a front-row seat. Do you really want to miss out on this?"

Peter sighed, leaning back in his chair. "Tony, I've got a kid to get back to. MJ's been holding down the fort while I've been gallivanting around the multiverse. And to top it all off, we might be adopting another kid. I got sh*t to do…"

Tony finally turned to face Peter, his expression serious. "Pete, I know family's important, but you and I both know how unique this situation is. We've got a ringside view of history in the making. Think about it… Justice League civil war! It's like something straight out of a comic book."

Peter couldn't help but smile at Tony's enthusiasm. "You've got a point, Tony. It's tempting, and I'm curious to see how this all pans out. But I can't stay here forever. I'll stay a bit longer, just to satisfy your craving for drama, but then it's back to reality for us. After all, let's not forget that Pepper is probably waiting for you as well. "

Tony grinned, clapping Peter on the back. "That's the spirit! Besides, we can do some good here. We've got connections, skills, and knowledge. Maybe we can help mediate this whole mess and prevent it from getting too bad."

Peter nodded, realizing that Tony was right. They had a unique position in this world, and their presence could make a difference. "Okay, Tony, we'll stay for a while longer. I won't lie, I do want to try and convince Batman that, sometimes, killing is the right thing to do. But we can't let this drag on forever. My family is waiting, and I've got a ton of other responsibility's as well."

With a renewed sense of purpose, Peter and Tony continued their work on the ship, making sure it was fully operational. As they did, they couldn't help but wonder what the future held for the Justice League and the world they found themselves visiting.

————

Meanwhile, in the time that Peter and Tony spent to fix up their ship, Superman and his faction had not remained idle. They had been hard at work drafting new regulations for the League, or at least their side of the League.

These regulations were controversial, allowing members to use lethal force under specific circumstances, something that had been strictly prohibited in the past. They believed it was a necessary evolution to better protect the world.

Additionally, Superman and his followers had begun involving themselves in international conflicts, something that the Justice League had previously avoided. The world had grown more complex, and they felt that they needed to take a more active role in resolving global issues.

One such scenario unfolded in a war-torn South American country ruled by a ruthless dictator. The citizens had been living under his oppressive regime for years, and they were practically hostages in

their own land. As Superman and his faction descended upon the crisis-ridden nation, they were met with fear, hope, and uncertainty from the citizens.

The dictator, known as General Vasquez, had a stronghold in the heart of the capital city. He had hoarded wealth while his people suffered, and he was not above using brutal force to maintain his grip on power.

Superman and Wonder Woman landed in the city, their presence a beacon of hope for the oppressed. The citizens watched from the shadows, afraid to openly support the heroes, but their hearts swelled with the possibility of freedom.

General Vasquez's soldiers were heavily armed and fortified. They had orders to shoot on sight, and they defended their dictator with fanatical loyalty. As the Justice League members approached the stronghold, the soldiers opened fire.

Superman, his blue-and-red costume shining in the sun, moved with incredible speed, deflecting bullets with his body and sending shockwaves through the air that disarmed the soldiers. Wonder Woman, wielding her lasso of truth, bounded through the air, capturing enemies and compelling them to surrender.

Their combined prowess allowed them to bulldoze past all security measures with ease, leaving General Vasquez and his men shocked and confused. After seeing the state of the civilian population, it was hard for their of them to show restraint as they unleashed the full extent of their immense power on Vasquez's army.

In a matter of minutes, the stronghold was taken. General Vasquez, bloodied and defeated, was brought before the League. The citizens emerged from hiding, their tears of joy flowing as they witnessed the end of their oppressor's reign.

Superman, his voice carrying authority, spoke to the people with Vasquez kneeling in defeat before them. "You have been oppressed for far too long! But that ends today! You're free to rebuild your government however you wish, but I do recommend Democracy." He motions toward the rated dictator. "And of course, he will face the consequences of his actions. You have my word."

With the dictator, his ministers, and high level soldiers in tow, the Justice League made a solemn journey to the United Nations headquarters. They delivered General Vasquez to face international justice for his crimes against humanity. The citizens of the war-torn country, now free from tyranny, watched as the dictator was carried away in chains.

…

As they departed the UN after dropping the prisoners off, Wonder Woman addressed the crowd, her voice resonating with hope. "As you have seen, the Justice League is committed to protecting not only the innocent but also the oppressed. Although we've strayed away from international conflicts in the past, that isn't the case anymore. We are here to make a difference, no matter if it's a person, group, corporation, or even a country, we will stand up for those that can not do so for themselves."

The UN workers and diplomats, who seemed wary but hopeful, cheered for the Justice League. They hadn't expected the League to take a more proactive stance in addressing global issues, and they were conflicted on how to feel about it.

On one hand, they celebrated the fact that people like Vasquez wouldn't be able to thrive unimpeded anymore. But on the other hand, they didn't want the Justice League to overstep their bounds and insert themselves into their nations business.

While everyone was trying to decide whether they liked this new Justice League, General Vasquez would be thrown into a cell before facing trial for his crimes, thanks to the intervention of Superman and his faction. The world was changing, and the Justice League's involvement in international conflicts was having a profound impact.

As Peter and Tony observed these events unfold in live television, they decided to head to the League and enjoy the drama from close up. After all, they had nothing else to do now that their ship was fixed.

_____

Hours after delivering General Vasquez to the United Nations, Superman convened a meeting with his faction. The atmosphere in the Justice League headquarters was somber, reflecting the weight of the discussions that lay ahead. Peter and Tony, out of both interest and their unique perspective, attended the meeting to offer their experience and knowledge.

Superman, his expression grave, began the discussion. "I know that we've come up with the guidelines for lethal force while in the field, but now we need to address the issue of when and how we should consider the death penalty out of the field. We all know that some individuals, like the Joker, have committed unspeakable crimes and shown no remorse. They pose a perpetual threat to innocent lives, even while in prison."

Peter nodded in agreement. "The Joker is a prime example of someone who shouldn't have been given more chances. But you need a clear criteria on what type of person deserves the death penalty."

Tony added, "You should consider the scale of their crimes, the number of lives they've taken or ruined, and whether they've been given opportunities for redemption before. You should also factor in the level of threat they still pose."

Superman nodded, absorbing the input. "We should establish a threshold of heinous offenses and stipulations that need to be met before considering the death penalty. We can't take this decision lightly. It's a matter of balancing justice and the protection of innocent lives."

Cyborg spoke up. "I think I have our first recommendation." He says as he taps a few buttons and brings up a live video from the prison. "Brainiac has been responsible for mass destruction and countless deaths. It's clear that some villains simply can't be contained or rehabilitated, and he is sat at the top of that list. No matter what we decide, he'll probably make the cut."

The heroes engaged in a lengthy, thought-provoking discussion, debating the criteria for their own personal death penalty. They agreed that it should be reserved for villains who had committed a substantial number of murders, engaged in acts of terrorism, or posed a clear and ongoing threat to humanity.

In the end, they drafted a list of villains that are already in custody, who would qualify for the death penalty. Names like Eobard Thawne, the Reverse-Flash, who had wreaked havoc through time itself, and Brainiac, who has destroyed entire worlds, were included. These individuals had shown time and again that they couldn't be rehabilitated and that their continued existence posed a grave danger.

Superman concluded the meeting with a sense of resolution. "Our goal is to protect the innocent, and we'll do what's necessary to achieve that. The death penalty is a last resort for the truly irredeemable, but it's a tool we need to have at our disposal to safeguard the innocent."

The Justice League had taken a significant step in defining their stance on the death penalty for the most heinous of villains. The list of those who would be brought to the ultimate justice had been set.

As the meeting adjourned, many heroes left with a shared sense of purpose, leaving behind Wonder Woman, Superman, Peter, and Tony.

Peter curiously glanced between Superman and Wonder Woman. "So… Who's going to execute the people on that list?"