

Spider-Man 521

Chapter 521: Adoption? Baby?

Peter, having recently reunited with his family and explained the crazy events of the past two months, was finally home with his loved ones. He sat on the couch, taking a moment to savor the feeling of normalcy and peace, as MJ nestled close to him.

Their daughter, Lily, and America Chavez, their prospective adoptive daughter, were huddled together on the opposite couch, engrossed in their smart phones. Only May, Grace, and the Ancient One were missing since they were still at work, and wouldn't be home for a few more hours.

As the house finally turned quiet, thanks to the to the parents who picked up Lily's school friends, Peter leaned closer to MJ and spoke in hushed tones. "Have you talked to America about... you know, what we decided before I left?"

MJ's eyes met Peter's, and she nodded slightly, understanding the gravity of the situation. "I wanted to wait for you to be here when we told her," she replied softly. "I think it's the right time now."

With a nod of agreement, Peter nudged MJ gently, prompting her to call America over. "America." The young girl looked up from her phone curiously as MJ beckoned her to sit across from them on the edge of the coffee table.

America settled in front of Peter and MJ, still uncertain about the situation. She had been living at the Parker residence for the past two months, and really started to love having a home for the first time in a long time. Instantly, her imagination ran wild with worry, believing they might ask her to leave, fearing that she might have overstayed her welcome.

MJ began, her voice gentle and reassuring, "America, you've been living with us for a while now. You've become part of our family, and we've grown to care about you very much."

However, before she could continue, America interrupted, her eyes filling with tears. "I knew it. You want me to leave, don't you? I was waiting for this to happen..."

Tears welled up in her eyes as she hastily wiped them away, preparing herself for the difficult moment when she'd have to pack her bags and say goodbye to the only family she had ever known since she lost her first one.

Peter couldn't help but chuckle softly, seeing America's misunderstanding. "America, you've got it all wrong," he said with a warm smile. "We're not asking you to leave. We want to ask you something else."

MJ leaned forward and gently pulled America in her embrace. "Peter and I have been thinking about this for a while now. We're wondering if you would like to be part of our family officially. We want to adopt you, America."

America was struck by this sudden revelation, her emotions running high. She had always been afraid that growing close to them would mean losing them someday. Now, the fear of being left behind began to melt away, but new doubts arose. Would getting adopted mean betraying her real parents, who might still be out there, lost in the multiverse?

MJ recognized the turmoil in America's eyes and gave her a comforting squeeze, "America, we don't want to take away your right to find your real parents. If you ever discover where they are or want to reunite with them, we'll support you all the way. But for now, we want to be here for you, like any family should. You're just a child, and you deserve a stable home."

Lily, unable to contain her excitement, chimed in, "I'd love to have a sister!" She hopped up out of the couch, vibrating with excitement. "Say yes, America!"

"O-Okay..." America muttered lowly, accepting their offer.

Tears glistened in America's eyes once again, but this time, they were tears of happiness and relief. She was overcome with emotion, unable to put her gratitude into words. Peter reached out and placed an arm around MJ's shoulder, sandwiching America between them. Lily, thrilled to have a new sister, leaped onto Peter's lap, adding to the joyous family embrace.

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As the Parker family enjoyed a loving moment on the couch, the front door of their home swung open abruptly, revealing a surprising trio. Walking through the entrance was none other than Ned, clad in his makeshift Superman costume, and Batman and Superman, now dressed in normal clothes. Their superhero suits were neatly packed in backpacks, which they wore on their backs.

Ned's eyes widened as he stepped inside, his homemade cape flapping dramatically. "Peter, you're back!" he exclaimed with pure excitement. His eyes darted around the room and took in the heartwarming scene. He soon realized he might have walked in on a family moment and hesitated. "Oh, uh, did I interrupt something?"

Peter chuckled and waved it off, recognizing the longing in his best friend's eyes. "It's okay, Ned. We were just having a moment. Come here."

He got up from the couch and approached Ned, giving his friend a warm hug. "I've missed you, buddy. How have you been?"

Ned reciprocated the hug with enthusiasm, patting Peter on the back. "I've been fine, but I've got a lot to tell you." He finally noticed the presence of two unfamiliar individuals in the room. "Oh, right! This is Clark and Bruce. They said that they might know you, so I brought them along."

Clark and Bruce exchanged nods of greeting. Clark offered a polite smile while Bruce, ever the stoic one, kept a neutral expression. They weren't sure how much they could reveal about their true identities, not to mention Peter's. All they knew was that Ned was unaware of the complexity of the situation.

"I have to admit, I didn't expect to see you two so soon," Peter was certainly surprised. "How did you guys meet Ned?"

Clark cleared his throat, considering his words carefully. "We actually met at Comic-Con," he explained, eliciting a smirk from Peter, who realized that they must have found out about their fictional counterparts. "Ned's been a great friend."

Ned, always curious, turned to Peter, his eyes filled with questions. "Peter, how do you know Clark and Bruce?"

Peter smirked mischievously. "Who doesn't know Batman and Superman?"

"?" Ned just looks at Peter oddly, clearly confused.

MJ rose from the couch, followed by Lily and America, who was no longer crying but had rather a curious look in her eyes. They stared at the two newcomers, shocked to see Batman and Superman standing before them in the flesh.

Ned looked at Lily and America, then at Batman and Superman, and started grinning. "Guys... what's going on? Why does it feel like I'm missing something here?"

Lily and America, fully aware that they were in the presence of the actual Batman and Superman, couldn't contain their excitement. Their faces lit up as they practically bounced on their feet.

"Wow, you're really Batman and Superman!" Lily exclaimed, her eyes gleaming with wonder. "Have you seen your movies yet?"

America added, "How many bad guys have you caught? Did you meet the Joker? He's so cool. Is the Batcave as cool as it looks in the comics?"

Batman and Superman were unsure how to handle this, and wanted to answer their questions, but they froze upon hearing America call the Joker cool. "Listen here, the Joker is not 'cool.' He's a murderous psychopath..." They immediately started lecturing the girls.

Ned watched in confusion, unsure if the conclusion that he was coming to was the correct one. "They can't be the real Batman and Superman, can they?"

Then, turning to Peter, Ned couldn't help but ask. "Peter, what's the hell's going on?"

Peter smirked, knowing Ned is going to freak out. "They're real, Ned. I had some business in another universe, so I had to use that multiverse-traveling ship I was telling you about. As you can see, somehow, I ended up in the DC universe, and brought back a couple tagalongs for a field trip."

Ned's eyes widened, his confusion morphed into excitement, which then turned into shock as he fainted, collapsing onto the floor, his mind unable to process the incredible revelation.

Everyone looked down at the unconscious Ned, feeling sorry for him since they knew Peter could have broke it to him more gently. Peter, on the other hand, couldn't contain his laughter as he fell back into the couch, holding his stomach. "Hahaha!"

"Is he going to be alright?" Superman asked worriedly, pointing down at Ned.

MJ shook her head. "He'll be fine. He's actually an Avenger, like us. His body is enhanced by the Super Soldier Serum. He's far more durable than you realize."

Superman raised a brow. "Super Soldier Serum?"

"Like us?" Batman asked curiously.

"I'll explain in a moment." She says as she turns to Peter. "This is your fault, so either wake him up or go put him in one of the guest rooms."

"Sure..." Peter nodded as he stood up, controlling his laughter as he grew Ned over his shoulder. "Be right back."

As he leaves, MJ changes her clothes with a thought, switching straight to her Silk suit. "I'm Silk and this-

Lily happily follows her mothers lead and switches to her own suit. "And I'm Spider-Girl!"

America watches them change, a jealous look on her face. "Hey... Can I get a cool hero costume too?"

Superman stared at the Spider themed family, shocked that even the child was a superhero. Meanwhile, Batman wasn't so shocked. After all, he's had some fairly young sidekicks over the years.

Back at the tower, Tony Stark finally returned home to his waiting girlfriend, Pepper Potts. Entering the spacious, luxurious penthouse they shared, he was immediately slapped in the face by an angry woman.

Pepper looked up, worry and frustration written all over her face. "Do you know how long you've been gone?"

Tony pulled Pepper into a hug, surprising the angry woman. "Sorry, we kind of got stranded after the ship malfunctioned. I missed you though..."

Tony's demeanor seemed a bit different, carrying a hint of something more profound, which threw her for a loop. He pulled away and took her hand, his eyes searching hers.

"Pepper, there's something I want to talk to you about," he began, and Pepper sensed an unusual tension in his voice. "It might come as a shock, but hear me out."

Pepper nodded, her concern growing. "Of course, Tony. You can talk to me about anything. What's on your mind?"

Tony took a deep breath and locked eyes with Pepper, his face earnest. "I've been thinking about... having a child."

Pepper's eyes widened in disbelief. She knew Tony had been against the idea of having children for a long time. It was a decision they had discussed many times, and Tony had always seemed firm in his stance.

"I know, I know," Tony continued, sensing Pepper's shock. "But hear me out. I... I visited another universe recently, one where we had a daughter named Morgan. And it didn't look so bad. In fact, it was kind of... nice."

Pepper's mind was spinning as she tried to process this revelation, her earlier anger was completely forgotten. "Y-You want to have a baby... now?"

Tony nodded, a hint of vulnerability in his eyes. "It made me realize that I don't want to be outdone or left behind. Even Spider-Man's got a kid and he's like half my age. Maybe we should have one too. I don't want to miss out on something amazing because of my past reservations."

Pepper took a moment to collect her thoughts, knowing how significant this change of heart was for Tony. "Tony, this is a huge decision... I-I don't know what to say."

Tony's gaze was unwavering as he spoke with sincerity. "I know it's a lot to take in. But I've thought about this, Pepper... I want you to have my baby~" He suddenly pulls her back into his arms, his hands roaming her body.

With a soft smile, Pepper spoke lowly into Tony's chest. "I wouldn't mind..." Her voice trailed off towards the end.

Tony smirked. "I'm sorry, what was that? I couldn't hear you..."

Pepper sighed as she looked up into Tony's eyes. "I said... I wouldn't mind having your baby..." As she spoke, her whole face turned a bright red.

Tony laughed as Pepper buried her head into his chest once again, happy to have shared his innermost thoughts with her. But most of all, he was relieved that his plan to redirect his girlfriends anger actually worked. After all, who can be mad when talking about starting a family together?

Chapter 522: Change of Heart

Batman had always believed in his strict code of justice, adhering to a path of order and discipline in his mission to rid Gotham City of crime. He had become a symbol of fear to criminals, a relentless force against corruption, and a guardian of the night. Yet recently, his unwavering beliefs were beginning to crumble more and more.

As he spent a couple days observing and investigating the new world around him, Bruce couldn't help but be both impressed and shocked. Peter's claims about the state of his world were substantiated with evidence he couldn't ignore.

The crime rate was abysmally low, leaving only the truly deranged and desperate to even bother trying anymore. And even then, criminals were almost always thwarted by some sort of hero, vigilante or otherwise. And, most surprisingly, the world was at peace.

What struck Batman the most was how prosperous this world had become. It was the complete opposite of the grim and crime-ridden Gotham he was used to. 'Is this even possible back home?' He wondered.

Even things like global warming were being taken seriously, the oceans were undergoing a mass cleaning, and governments were uniting to fight world hunger, poverty, homelessness, and other societal problems. It was a world on the path to healing and prosperity.

As Batman studied the proof before his eyes, his ironclad beliefs began to unravel. He questioned himself, how could he have been so wrong for so long? His single-minded pursuit of justice through intimidation and fear had only perpetuated a never-ending cycle of violence and chaos in Gotham. And now, he was faced with irrefutable evidence that there was a better way.

Muttering to himself, Batman couldn't help but voice his internal turmoil. "How could I be so wrong all this time? How could I have failed so miserably?"

But that wasn't all...

Not only did Batman investigate the good that the Avengers had done, but he also dug into the darker aspects of their methods. He has found tons of evidence of problematic individuals vanishing left and right. He noticed the suspicious disappearances and all sorts of other activities that surprisingly couldn't be linked back to the Avengers.

"It's definitely them though..." Batman muttered as he put everything together, connecting all of the seen and unseen dots.

However, as he scrutinized their approach more deeply, he found himself compelled to admire their way of doing things. It was swift and efficient. The removal of irredeemable threats, while unorthodox, led to a safer world for all, just as Peter said it would.

In this new universe, Batman was confronted with a reality that challenged his core principles. He realized that his relentless pursuit of a certain type of justice and inability to kill had blinded him to the possibility of a better world through unity, cooperation, and ruthless, yet hidden, action.

As he continued to observe and reflect on the mountain of proof before him, Bruce couldn't escape the realization that change was not only possible but essential for the greater good. For once, Batman decided that he was wrong and was willing to embrace a new way of fighting for justice, one that aligned with the lessons he had learned in this astonishing universe.

He would join Superman in changing the League, and hopefully, this change would be for the greater good.

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Although investigating the world around him helped come to this decision, Batman also found all sorts of forums online, debating the same argument that he and Superman had been going through recently. And he would be lying if he said they weren't helpful in his decision making.

'I have to thank Ned for sending me these links...' Bruce thought as he leaned back in his computer chair.

But one wiki page that he found managed to put the fear of god into him. 'What the hell is the Batman who laughs?!'

On that day as he read through that horror filled wiki page, Bruce swore to himself that he would do anything and everything he could to stop that from happening to him.

Thankfully, the Joker was dead so it wasn't likely to happen... right?

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As Batman grappled with the profound shift in his beliefs, as well as the horrors of a laughing Joker-ish version of himself, he found himself at a crossroads, facing the most challenging question of his life... Was he ready to take a life? It was a question that had haunted him for years, a question he had avoided confronting throughout his crime-fighting career.

Unfortunately, joining Superman in changing the League as well as his approach to crime-fighting meant embracing a world that required ruthless action, and it seemed impossible to even consider.

Unable to come to a definitive answer, Batman left the apartment he was provided in the Avengers tower to clear his head. Bruce just needed to escape the confines of his thoughts for a while.

Walking through the hallways, his mind whirling with uncertainty, Bruce stumbled upon a balcony. He stepped outside and leaned against the railing, gazing down at the brightly lit city below. The sky was clear, and the city's bustle seemed so distant from his chaotic thoughts.

As he stood there, lost in thought, a voice suddenly spoke over his shoulder, breaking the silence, "A penny for your thoughts?"

Startled, Bruce whipped his body around, shocked that someone had managed to sneak up on him, a feat he had become an expert at. His eyes met those of a man leaning against the wall across from him... Nick Fury.

"Who are you?" Bruce asked, his instincts and unease on high alert.

Nick Fury regarded Bruce with a cool, assessing look. "Nick Fury... I've never seen you around here before. You a new recruit?"

Bruce shook his head. "No, I'm just visiting. Spider-Man gave me and a friend an apartment to stay in."

Suddenly, Fury's temperament changed as a cold smile graced his face. "That little sh*t is back, huh?"

Fury was happy to hear that Peter was back but it wasn't for any sort of loving reason. No, Fury thirsted for revenge. For two months he was forced to do all of Peter's paperwork, while the man himself was nowhere to be found.

"Uhh, yeah..." Bruce nodded, confused by the mix of hostility and glee he felt from Fury.

Fury filed away his revenge for later as he eyed Bruce. "So, what's got you so troubled?"

Bruce found himself hesitant to share his internal struggles, but he couldn't help but respond with another question, a heavy one that weighed on his conscience, "Have you ever killed someone before? What does it feel like? Is it... hard?"

Fury raised a brow, understanding the gravity of the conversation. "This sh*t got real, real fast..."

Fury sighed, knowing that this was a topic that couldn't be taken lightly. "Killing," he began, his voice tinged with experience, "is easier than you might realize, especially when it comes to normal people. A few pokes of a knife, a bullet to the heart, the brain, or other vital areas, and most people

die quite quickly, without much fanfare. And once you've crossed that line, the initial sickening feeling that accompanies it slowly dissipates. It becomes easier with every kill."

Bruce absorbed Fury's words, understanding that they held a truth he had avoided acknowledging. The concept of taking a life was harrowing, but Fury's words painted a stark reality that was hard to ignore.

However, Bruce was not convinced, and his brow furrowed as he replied, "I understand what you're saying, but I don't know if I could ever do it. Even with the knowledge that it might be necessary, I can't see myself killing or being a part of killing. I'm just not built that way."

Fury nodded, respecting Bruce's resolve, yet also recognizing that his perspective was a deeply ingrained one. Killing was a moral crossroads that not everyone could navigate. "For some, it's not an easy thing to stomach. It's not for everyone, and it takes a special kind of resolve to make that initial choice. Some people just don't have it..."

A bit less conflicted than before, Bruce thanked Fury for the conversation, realizing that even though he had decided to join Superman in taking another path, he didn't know if he could take the crucial step on that path, which was taking a life. With those thoughts swirling in his mind, he turned to leave the balcony and make his way back to his room.

Fury watched him go, understanding that the encounter had been a crucial one for the mysterious man. But once he was gone, thoughts of revenge swiftly took hold. 'I need to prepare all of Peter's work for him...' a dark smile spread across Fury's lips as he concocted a plan to throw all of his work onto his future son-in-law. After all, it's been a while since he visited his granddaughter...

As Fury was about to turn and head off with thoughts of revenge brewing in his mind, a sudden and deafening alarm pierced through the quiet building. The blaring sirens and flashing lights surprised him and jolted Bruce, who barely made it more than 20 steps away, to return with a confused look on his face.

Bruce rushed back to Fury, concern etching his features. He asked urgently, "What's going on?"

Fury's stern expression mirrored Bruce's worry, and he quickly tried to access information. "I don't know. Let me check." He reached for a device on his belt.

But before he could, a calm and digitized voice resonated through the area, and Bruce and Fury both turned their attention to it. It was Jarvis.

"Mr. Fury, Mr. Wayne, I have detected an incoming fleet of ships entering the solar system," Jarvis stated matter-of-factly.

The news sent a chill down both of their spines. It was not just some random incident... it was a threat of planetary magnitude.

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Simultaneously, all across the globe, Avengers members' phones began to sound, alerting them to the impending danger. The messages contained the same dire warning, an alien fleet was approaching Earth.

Back in Queens New York, Peter stirred from his sleep beside MJ, who groaned in annoyance and buried her head in the pillows, disoriented by the blaring alert from his phone. "Motherf*cker..." he cursed under his breath, and quickly checked the message from Jarvis. He clicked his tongue in annoyance as he read about the incoming alien fleet. "They couldn't have waited until the morning?"

Chapter 523: Strike First

In a large hall in the Avengers tower, an atmosphere of urgency filled the air. The Avengers had assembled, all dressed in their gear, ready for action. The alarms had called them to attention, and they had gathered to discuss the impending threat.

Peter, in his Spider-Man suit, rubbed the back of his head and stifled a yawn as he entered the room. His arrival drew the attention of those present. Captain America, Black Widow, Brunnhilde, and other Avengers members turned to face him. Across from him, Batman and Superman, also suited up, acknowledged his presence.

Superman spoke first, his deep voice resonating with determination, "We're here to help. We'll fight alongside the Avengers."

Batman nodded in agreement. "Agreed." He says as he eyes Peter for a moment. "We've dealt with our fair share of alien invasions over the years, and it's never pretty..."

Peter appreciated their support. "Thanks, we appreciate the help."

As the conversation continued, Natasha stepped forward and informed Peter, "Fury and the rest of the council are waiting for you in the council chambers."

Peter nodded and made his way past the many Avengers and entered the double doors leading to the council chambers.

Inside the chamber, Peter found a formidable assembly. Tony Stark, Nick Fury, Magneto, Professor X, and T'Chaka, the former king of Wakanda, were all present.

Fury greeted Peter with a wicked grin, his eyes filled with a sense of vindictive amusement, before leaning in and stating, "Finally, the great Spider-Man graces us with his presence." He claps his hands, his voice laced with sarcasm.

Peter, feeling a chill run down his spine, realized that Fury must have been saddled with his paperwork whilst he was gone. After all, the rest of them would never voluntarily choose to do more work. 'He must have some revenge planned...'

Peter wasted no time and immediately changed the subject, "So, what do we know about this alien fleet?"

Tapping the table, Tony projected a holographic image that displayed countless red dots approaching Earth. He explained, "We've got around a thousand ships coming our way, all following a flagship. The flagship is about ten times the size of the rest. Our cameras can't get a clear image yet, but they're getting closer."

Silence fell over the room as everyone took in the gravity of the situation, staring blankly at the holographic map, each red dot representing a massive alien warship headed their way.

Breaking the silence, Peter spoke up, his tone remarkably calm considering the impending threat. "We have a couple of options here. We can wait and prepare to use the network of Kree, Nova, and Chitauri ships that surround the planet to help defend us when they get closer. However, that means allowing the fleet to approach Earth, which is risky."

Peter continued. "Or, we can get everyone ready for battle now, and I can go investigate to see if the fleet is hostile. If it is, I can open portals to each ship and let the Avengers board and attack before the fleet gets anywhere near us or the planet's inhabitants."

The council and Peter's allies considered the options carefully. Some even threw out some other ideas, but after some deliberation, they reached a consensus.

Fury spoke decisively, "We can't afford to wait." He turns to Peter. "Go investigate and confirm if the fleet is hostile. If it is, then we'll use the portal strategy"

With a quick nod, Peter prepared to head out, though he couldn't help but wonder. 'Who the hell would fly a fleet of warships into our solar system?' He had a good idea of who it might be, but he had to be sure before saying anything...

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Before heading out to infiltrate the oncoming alien fleet, Peter considered his options. With the blood samples from the Flash, Superman, and Martian Manhunter, he could potentially use this opportunity to test out their powers. All he would have to do is assimilate them and he would have their powers. It was tempting, but he realized the risks involved.

Peter knew that if he suddenly displayed new abilities, like laser eyes or super speed, then both Superman and Batman, who were still in his universe, would grow suspicious. They would question the source of these newfound powers, and he just didn't want to deal with that.

Reluctantly, Peter decided to postpone assimilating the blood samples. It was a wise choice to avoid any stern looks from Batman or betrayed looks from Superman.

With that idea shelved, he waited until the Avengers were prepared since it wouldn't take him long to investigate the fleet. When the moment was right, he used a quick spell to turn himself invisible and make his presence undetectable. Then, he opened a portal and stepped onto the flagship of the approaching alien fleet.

It didn't take him long to recognize the architecture of the ship... it was Chitauri. He had commandeered quite a few of these ships during the last Chitauri invasion.

Peter's mind raced as he considered the purpose of this fleet. Was it an organized attack to seek avenge the death of Thanos, or had the Mad Titan somehow survived the poison he had administered to him? It seemed unlikely that anyone could endure the deadliest poison in existence, but there was always the possibility.

As Peter stealthily explored the ship, expertly avoiding any and all patrols that came his way, he arrived at the main deck and stopped dead in his tracks. There, staring out into the cold expanse of space, stood Thanos, the Mad Titan, holding a familiar spear. It was unmistakably the weapon that contained the Mind Stone, Loki's spear from the first Avengers movie.

'My precious...' Peter thought as he eyed the spear which most contained the last of the Infinity Stones. Retrieving it would complete his collection.

Ignoring his growing greed for a moment, Peter couldn't help but feel a mix of surprise and awe at the sight of Thanos. If this was indeed the same Mad Titan who had fallen victim to his poison and somehow survived, then it was a testament to Thanos's incredible resilience and strength.

Peter was truly impressed.

Just as Peter contemplated his next move and whether he should reveal himself, Thanos's voice resonated through the chamber, asking, "Are you just going to stand there and hide all day?"

Startled, Peter watched as Thanos turned around and gazed directly at him, as if he wasn't invisible. He was well aware that Thanos was no ordinary adversary, but this ability to perceive him went beyond what Peter had anticipated.

With a sigh of resignation, Peter deactivated the spell that kept him hidden and revealed himself to the Mad Titan. Instantly, Thanos's eyes turned bloodshot, and he tightened his grip on the spear. The man who had tricked him and poisoned him was finally here, and he could feel his blood begin to boil at the mere sight of him.

"Spider-Man!" Thanos spat Peter's name as if it left a bad taste in his mouth. "Finally, we meet again..."

"Yo." Waving a casual hello to the Mad Titan. "I'm not going to lie... I thought you were dead." He eyed Thanos up and down. "You look like you lost some weight... Have you been sick or something?"

While maintaining a smile beneath his mask, Peter discreetly opened portals to every other ship within the surrounding fleet. These portals connected directly to the Avengers tower, where every Avenger was eagerly waiting, including Batman and Superman.

As the portals materialized before the Avengers and their newfound allies, it was evident that a well-organized plan had already been established. Each member of the Avengers was assigned to specific teams and knew their roles in the impending conflict.

Batman and Superman had their designated portal as well, which they swiftly rushed through. Peter decided to pair them as a two-man team, given their unique abilities and experience. It was an ideal combination of raw power and tactical genius.

The portal led Batman and Superman onto one of the alien ships, appearing in the middle of a vast, dimly lit hangar. The chamber was filled with a multitude of smaller Chitauri vessels, while thousands of Chitauri soldiers went about their duties. They were all going about their business until the sudden appearance of two new arrivals in the center of the hangar drew their attention.

An eerie silence fell upon the chamber as every Chitauri soldier turned their heads to face Batman and Superman, their cold, bug eyes scrutinizing the unexpected intruders. A few moments passed as the tension in the room grew, creating a palpable feeling of anticipation. Then, without warning, the Chitauri warriors took action.

With uncanny precision and in eerie unison, they charged toward the two intruders. It was as if their hive mind had instantly recognized the threat and responded with a ruthless determination to eliminate it.

Superman and Batman, side by side, prepared for the onslaught. With a confident nod, they exchanged a brief wordless understanding of their roles. Superman, with his incredible strength and speed, would serve as the front-line powerhouse, drawing the enemy's attention and providing cover for Batman, whose strategic brilliance would allow him to exploit the Chitauri's weaknesses.

The battle erupted in a blur of superhuman speed and tactical precision. Superman flew directly into the charging Chitauri ranks, creating shockwaves with each powerful punch and sending his foes flying. He zipped between opponents, a crimson and blue blur of speed, unleashing his heat vision in focused bursts to bisect those who dared to stand in his way.

At the same time, Batman weaved between the Chitauri warriors, using Superman as a distraction. As he moved through the ranks of the Chitauri, he made sure to toss a single explosive batarang from his utility belt onto every single ship in the hangar, which detonated as he got a good distance away, shaking the ship as the hangar filled with smoke.

Superman, despite being vastly outnumbered, handled the Chitauri with ease. He was an unstoppable force, and his mere presence was a beacon of hope for those around him. However, Batman's analytical mind ensured that they fought with the utmost efficiency and minimal collateral damage.

The conflict was fierce and unrelenting, but with Superman and Batman working in tandem, the Chitauri's numerical advantage seemed irrelevant. As they battled wave after wave of soldiers, it became apparent that the Chitauri didn't stand a chance.

Chapter 524: Peter Vs. Thanos (1/2)

As the portals materialized before the Avengers and their newfound allies, the chamber in the Avengers tower buzzed with anticipation. Every member of the Avengers had been assigned to specific teams, their roles carefully considered to maximize their effectiveness in the battle ahead.

Captain America, standing tall and resolute, led the charge. His Vibranium shield was a shining beacon of hope for his team as he, Peggy Carter, and Bucky Barnes stepped through their portal, leading to one of the many ships in the oncoming alien fleet. Their combined skills, agility, and combat prowess made them a formidable trio.

Brunnhilde, accompanied by her Valkyrie sisters, embarked into dozens of portals, leaping headfirst into battle for the first time since their resurrection. Their combination of mystical power and divine might made them a force to be reckoned with.

Similar to the Valkyrie, Black Widow led the man Widows of Nightingale through a portal, each of them armed with the best laser pistols and rifles that the Avengers had.

Meanwhile, Hawkeye, Falcon, and other low level Avengers, poured through another portal. Peter and the rest of the council decided to bunch all of the rather weak Avengers into one team, where they can combine their meager skills into a formidable force.

Ant-Man and the Wasp, utilizing their unique size-changing abilities, slipped into the alien ships undetected, seeking strategic opportunities to disrupt the enemy's operations from within.

Peter didn't bother calling Hank and Janet since they were a bit old to be fighting off alien invasions. But most of all, he just didn't want to force the newly divorced pair to see each other. After all, the divorce is still pretty fresh.

After rescuing Janet from the quantum realm and returning home, Hank had some time to really think about the fact that Janet found love again and moved on without him, which then resulted in the two separating.

Hank didn't really blame her, as he'd always love Janet, but he just couldn't bring himself to be with her anymore, which saddened both of them, including their daughter, Hope. But thankfully, Hope was a 34 year old woman, so she didn't take it too hard.

And from what Peter has heard, the two are still amicable, but he just didn't want to deal with any drama.

'Yeah... no thanks.' Peter thought at the time.

With every portal, a distinct and powerful group entered the fray. The plan was orchestrated with precision, ensuring that each team was ready and able to succeed in their mission.

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As the Avengers emerged from their portals onto different ships within the fleet, they faced the same eerie silence and the cold, unfeeling eyes of the Chitauri. A moment of tense anticipation filled the air, mirroring the situation Batman and Superman had confronted.

Then, chaos erupted. The Avengers leaped into action, each group engaging the Chitauri forces with their distinct style and abilities.

Captain America's shield was a blur of red, white, and blue as he deflected energy blasts and battered the Chitauri warriors. Black Widow moved with grace and precision, striking with her batons while acrobatically dodging attacks. Brunnhilde, armed with her Asgardian sword, radiated strength and confidence as she challenged the alien foes.

As each team battled fiercely, the Chitauri's numerical advantage meant little in the face of the Avengers' unwavering determination and combined might. The elements of surprise and teamwork worked to their advantage, creating a rapidly escalating chaos on board the alien vessels.

Back on the Flagship, the confrontation between Spider-Man and Thanos crackled with tension. They stood on the expansive deck of the Chitauri flagship, their eyes locked in a fierce gaze. Spider-Man couldn't help but compare the Mad Titans appearance to when they first met.

Peter smirked under his mask. "Damn, that poison must have really done a number on you, huh?"

Once a hulking and imposing figure, Thanos now appeared noticeably different, having suffered the consequences of a severe poisoning that left him bedridden for an extended period.

His once bulging, titan-like muscles had shrunk, leaving his frame significantly diminished. The pronounced contours of his imposing physique had faded, replaced by a more lean and shrunken appearance.

Despite his regained health, Thanos bore the unmistakable signs of a body weakened by prolonged inactivity and sickness, his once-intimidating presence reduced to a shadow of its former self.

Thanos angrily gripped the Mind Stone-empowered spear, its intricate engravings shimmering with an otherworldly glow. "And whose fault do you think that is?" He asked in contempt. Each movement he made was both deliberate and graceful, ready to finally get his vengeance.

With a taunting grin hidden beneath his mask, Peter's voice was laced with playful mockery. "Would that be little old me?" He asked, pointing directly at himself. "But you know, for a guy who's supposed to be dead, you look pretty good."

Thanos responded with an amused chuckle, his deep voice resonating through the chamber. "Ah, Spider-Man, always the jester, aren't you?"

As they spoke, both parties began circling each other, probing for weaknesses, testing the waters, their movements created a captivating spectacle.

Being the first to act, Peter kicked off the ground, closing the distance between them with blinding speed. His reflexes were honed to perfection, a result of his arduous training throughout the years.

Appearing before the Mad Titan, Peter sent a spartan kick to his chest. "Since you're too afraid, I'll make the first move!"

Thanos, eye twitching from the annoying comment, met Peter's attack with grace. His superhuman agility allowed him to dodge, though only by a hair's breath.

As they clashed, Peter's superhuman strength and combat skills became evident. His punches and kicks landed with the force of a speeding freight train, and he demonstrated a deep understanding of martial arts.

On the other hand, Thanos's superhuman strength was formidable, allowing him to hold his own against Peter's onslaught. Their blows collided with tremendous force, causing shockwaves that reverberated throughout the flagship. The impact of each punch sent tremors through the ship's structure.

Peter's movements were fluid and unpredictable, his body morphing and twisting like an acrobat. He harnessed his arachnid agility to evade Thanos's strikes while taunting him. "Is that all you've got, big guy? Oh, wait, maybe it should be little guy now?"

Thanos responded with an annoyed grunt, yet his resolve was unshaken. "Just give up, Spider. I promise to spare your planet as long as you surrender now." He says as he sent Peter a murderous look. "Otherwise, I'll slaughter everyone you love alongside your entire planet, and I'll make you watch as I do it!"

Peter jokingly shivered, feigning fear. "Oh, no... I'm so scared. Somebody save me from this anorexic Titan!"

Thanos merely shook his head. "Just remember, you choose this yourself..."

Their battle escalated as Peter's strength surged. The fiery Phoenix flames flickered around him, burning with intensity. The air shimmered with heat as he unleashed devastating energy blasts, searing through the deck plating and sending fiery waves toward Thanos.

The Mad Titan deftly dodged the fiery attacks, his superhuman reflexes enabling him to weave between the torrent of flames. Yet, a grin tugged at the corner of his lips, betraying his amusement. After all, it's not everyday that he fights a worthy battle.

With a blinding burst of speed, Peter lunged at Thanos, his fists covered in Phoenix flames. He swung at the Mad Titan with a series of powerful blows, driving him back. The deck trembled under their incredible clash of strength.

Thanos staggered but quickly recovered, demonstrating his superhuman durability. His flesh bore no burns from the flames, and his healing factor rapidly mended any wounds.

Spider-Man continued his relentless assault, channeling his immense power and taunting Thanos. "I hate to say this, but... I... I think you might actually be weaker than the last time we met..."

"Shut up!" Thanos exclaimed, which caused Peter to smirk, knowing that he struck a cord that time.

As the battle raged on, the Mad Titan found himself on the defensive. The Chitauri flagship quaked under the intensity of their struggle.

'I don't think I'll need to use any of my Infinity Stone...' Peter mused, almost disappointed by how weak Thanos had become.

Pressed his advantage, Peter forced Thanos to defend himself against a barrage of punishing blows.

Yet, Thanos's resolve remained unbroken. With a defiant roar, he unleashed a shockwave of energy, sending Peter hurtling backward. The ship's deck crumbled beneath the impact, and a gaping chasm formed between the two adversaries.

Spinning in the air, Peter landed on his feet and brushed off his suit. "Huh, I didn't expect that..."

Thanos stood across from him, breathing heavily as he tried to catch his breath. 'I can't lose!' He thought as he gripped his spear tightly, drawing upon the Mind Stones power.

But before the battle could resume, their attention was diverted by the bright light of explosions that lit up the chamber from outside. Surprised, they turned to witness a grim spectacle through the windows.

One by one, the fleet of Chitauri warships was being torn apart by the Avengers' coordinated attack. Explosions blossomed like deadly flowers across the void of space. The flagship shuddered as one of its closer companion vessels was consumed by fire.

Thanos watched with a mixture of anger and disbelief as his fleet crumbled under the Avengers' assault. The sight of his meticulously planned invasion unraveling infuriated him.

With a final, lingering glance at Spider-Man, Thanos growled, "This isn't over, Spider-Man." He gripped his spear, which glowed in a bright light and enveloped his entire body.

Chapter 525: Peter Vs. Thanos (2/2)

Thanos, holding the glowing spear, summoned the power of the stone within. With a determined glare, he raised the spear high in the air, and the Mind Stone began to pulse with an eerie, electric light. An aura of malevolence surrounded him as he prepared to unleash his most potent attack.

"It's over!" Thanos exclaimed, a mad glint in his eyes.

The Mad Titan targeted Peter's mind, attempting to break through the layers of mental fortifications that shielded his thoughts. The Mind Stone's energy surged and sought to penetrate Peter's consciousness. Thanos channeled the stone's power to exploit Peter's psyche, with the intention of turning him into a vegetable.

Peter felt the alien influence on his mind, a cold, invasive presence attempting to infiltrate his thoughts. The Mind Stone's power began to bypass his mental defenses, sending sharp shivers down his spine.

However, just as the Mind Stone's attack threatened to gain a foothold in Peter's consciousness, it abruptly halted. An invisible barrier, impermeable and unfathomably strong, repelled the invasive energy.

Thanos, his expression shifting from confidence to bewilderment, was stunned by the unexpected turn of events. He had assumed that his Mind Stone could pierce through Peter's mental defenses. The realization that his attack had been thwarted left him momentarily disoriented.

The reason for this unexplained setback was fairly simple. The presence of the Reality Stone within Peter's body reacted to the intrusion of the Mind Stone's power, creating an inherent defense against any other Infinity Stone.

'F*ck, that was close...' Peter let out a relieved breath. 'Note to self, update my mental shields when I get back.'

Without wasting a moment, Peter seized the opportunity presented by Thanos's momentary confusion. He kicked off the ground and instantly materialized before the Mad Titan, his superior speed and agility allowing him to strike first.

A swift and powerful punch found its mark on Thanos's midsection. The impact sent the Mad Titan flying backward, and he crashed through the ship's metallic walls. The vessel quaked as his massive form collided with the structure, causing it to tremble under the devastating force of Peter's blow.

The once-terrifying presence of Thanos had been reduced to a battered and disoriented figure, a stark contrast to his earlier bravado. Peter didn't give him a chance to recover either, he was relentless, capitalizing on his newfound advantage.

Peter darted toward the fallen Mad Titan, his every movement an elegant dance of precision and raw power. The battle that followed was a one-sided onslaught, with Peter landing a flurry of devastating blows.

Each punch and kick that Peter delivered was powered by his enhanced strength, further fueled by the fiery energy of the Phoenix. Thanos's superhuman durability wavered under the unrelenting assault, and his healing factor struggled to mend the mounting wounds.

Thanos desperately tried to defend himself, but he was overwhelmed by the astonishing power gap between him and Peter. His attempts to strike back were futile, as Peter's reflexes were far beyond his diminished capabilities.

The sound of flesh striking flesh reverberated through the flagship, a constant barrage of punishing blows that seemed unending, leaving Thanos bloody and disfigured.

With each strike, Peter taunted his opponent. "You thought you could conquer my planet? Pathetic! You can't even conquer me!"

The Mad Titan's powers, once dreaded across the universe, had been reduced to mere memories of his former glory. He could do nothing to prevent the relentless onslaught, and his mind swirled with frustration, pain, and disbelief.

As Peter's relentless assault continued, pushing Thanos to the brink of death. Each strike sent shockwaves through the flagship, its structure quaking with the ferocity of their clash. Blood trickled down from Thanos's face, and his body bore the marks of Peter's devastating blows.

Peter's taunts and jests punctuated the sound of blows landing on the Mad Titan. "Hey! Are you awake?" Peter asked as he noticed the Mad Titan's eyes begin to fall shut. "If you're just going to sleep, then I might as well finish this up."

With an annoyed sigh, Peter gathered his strength, preparing to deliver the final blow to the weakened and battered Thanos. The fiery energy of the Phoenix flared around him, ready to burn Thanos to ash.

He lunged at Thanos, his clenched fist charged with incredible power, ready to end the battle. The impact would be the culmination of their struggle, a victorious moment for Peter, and a defeat for the once-dreaded Mad Titan.

But just as Peter's blow was about to land, a sudden force, telekinetic in nature, pushed him away from Thanos. He suddenly felt his spider sense tingle and was immediately sent hurtling through the air, his body accelerating and spinning uncontrollably. The force was powerful, and it took him a moment to regain his bearings.

In the chaos of the moment, Ebony Maw, Thanos's trusted follower and servant, had rushed to save his father and lord. As Peter recoiled from the telekinetic assault, Maw knelt beside Thanos, his robes swirling around him.

The injured Mad Titan groggily watched with a mix of gratitude and fear as Maw assessed his condition. He had been thoroughly defeated, and his strength had waned.

On the other side of the room, Peter gained control of himself and flipped, landing gracefully on his feet. Seeing the man who interrupted their fight, he waved his hand and conjured a portal which opened up behind Maw, swiftly closing the distance between them.

In an instant, the dark-clad servant found himself with no time to react. Thanos desperately attempted to warn him, his voice strained, but the warning came too late. "B... Behind y..."

Before Maw could even react, Peter's hand mercilessly pierced through Maw's back, his fingers tightly seizing the heart that throbbed within.

"Ugghh!" Maw's agonizing scream pierced the air, a tortured cry that resonated through the chamber, filling it with torment.

Blood cascaded from his mouth as he coughed and sputtered. "My... My apologies, father..." His life force steadily drained away, and his body convulsed as the tight grasp of death overtook him.

Thanos watched in grim silence as his devoted servant breathed his last, his body collapsing beside him. The chamber bore witness to the demise of Ebony Maw, who had followed Thanos's every command until the end.

A true child of the Mad Titan.

As Maw's lifeless body lay still, Peter turned to face the weakened and wounded Mad Titan. The fiery energy of the Phoenix still coursed through his veins as he stood with a hint of triumph.

"Is that the last of them?" Peter asked, his voice filled with a mixture of curiosity and mischievousness. "Was that the last of your 'children?'"

Peter distinctly remembers killing some of them on the day he poisoned Thanos, but he didn't care to remember their names. Not to mention the fact that his two favored daughters are under his protection as well.

Thanos, breathing heavily. Bloodied from his battle with Peter, he met the gaze of the victorious hero. The Mad Titan's expression was one of defeat, his once-indomitable spirit now crushed by the weight of his losses.

With a defeated sigh, he nodded. "Yes, you've taken everything from me." His words were tinged with resignation, and his eyes held a trace of melancholy.

"You know, I haven't taken everything from you... yet," Peter remarked, his voice laced with confident amusement. With a purposeful stride, he approached the spear that Thanos had dropped

during their battle. The Mind Stone embedded within the weapon gleamed with an eerie, electric light.

Peter extended his hand, and picked up the spear, admiring it for a moment before plucking the Mind Stone from the center of the blade. The stone radiated with its inherent cosmic power, pulsing between Peter's two fingers.

"Now I've taken everything," Peter declared, holding the Mind Stone aloft for a brief moment before securing it within the protective confines of his storage necklace.

With the Mind Stone in his possession, Peter's powers and control over the elements of the universe were supreme. He now held every single Infinity Stone.

'I finally collected all of them...!' Peter thought as he felt an overwhelming sense of accomplishment surge through his body.

As Peter stood there, having secured the Mind Stone and possessing all six Infinity Stones, his thoughts turned towards Thanos. The Mad Titan, bloodied and battered, remained seated, his arrogance shattered and his once-lofty goals reduced to ashes.

"You thought that wiping out half the universe was the solution to overpopulation and scarcity, right?" Peter asked, his voice tinged with a mixture of pity and amusement. "You know, you're f*cking brain dead."

"?" Thanos ignored the petty insult, confused as to why he's not dead yet.

With a wry smile, Peter produced six ornate rings, each designed to hold their own stone. These rings were the culmination of his and the Dwarves hard work. With deliberate precision, he slipped them onto his fingers.

One by one, Peter conjured each Infinity Stone, placing them into the corresponding ring. The Power Stone, Space Stone, Reality Stone, Time Stone, Soul Stone, and Mind Stone found their designated positions.

"?!" Thanos couldn't believe his eyes.

As the stones settled into their new homes, the rings began to emanate a soft, harmonious glow, synchronizing with the power of the Infinity Stones. The energy that swirled around Peter was both magnificent and terrifying, a force of nature that transcended the limits of reality.

'Here goes nothing...!' Peter pressed his thumb and middle finger together, hoping that he didn't explode.

With a snap of his fingers, Peter activated the power of the Infinity Stones. But his intention was far different from the genocidal purpose Thanos had envisioned. Instead, Peter harnessed the limitless power of the stones for a more compassionate and constructive fix.

The Infinity Stones glowed brilliantly as the universe was reshaped before their eyes. Millions of uninhabited planets, barren and desolate, began to transform. Lush vegetation sprouted, fertile lands emerged, and life-giving oceans appeared where once there was only desolation.

These planets became welcoming, idyllic havens, capable of sustaining life and flourishing. They were no longer the lifeless husks of the cosmos, but fertile worlds, ripe with potential and opportunity.

Peter turned his attention to Thanos, who watched the transformation in awe and disbelief. The Mad Titan's eyes widened as he comprehended the scale of what he was witnessing. His dream of culling half the universe's population now seemed small and inconsequential in comparison.

"See," Peter said, his voice laced with a mixture of admonishment and empathy. "You could have used the power of the stones to make the universe better, to create a future where everyone can thrive. Instead, you wanted to kill everyone."

With a sweep of his hand, Peter revealed more of the transformed planets to Thanos, emphasizing the scope of the opportunity that had been wasted.

"Millions of worlds, each one a sanctuary for those who suffer, for those who struggle. You could have made life better for everyone, but you chose a path of suffering and death," Peter continued, his words resonating with conviction. "You had the power to bring hope to the universe, but you squandered it."

The Mad Titan, his earlier resolve and arrogance reduced to nothing, could only watch in silence as the universe he had sought to reshape into his own image was transformed by Peter's benevolent use

of the Infinity Stones. His dreams of conquest and power crumbled as he came face to face with the realization of his own shortsightedness.

As a final, dramatic statement, he raised the spear high in the air, and the Phoenix flames that enveloped him swirled around the weapon, intensifying their fiery glow.

With a single-handed swing, he brought the empowered spear down with incredible force, severing Thanos's head from his body. The gleaming blade cut through flesh and bone, creating a clean and decisive separation.

The Mad Titan's head rolled away from his lifeless body, and his eyes held a permanent expression of defeat. In an instant, the flames spread over the severed head, and Thanos's remains ignited into a pyre of blazing Phoenix flames.

Peter watched, his eyes locked on the fiery spectacle. The flames consumed Thanos's body, leaving only ashes that scattered along the ship's floor.

Chapter 526: Officially Meeting ***

With the blaze of Phoenix flames casting an ethereal glow across the ship, Peter stood amidst the aftermath of the cosmic confrontation. Thanos, once a looming threat, now reduced to ashes scattered across the metallic floor, served as a somber testament to the end of an era.

Exhaustion settled into Peter's limbs, and he slowly collapsed onto his backside, taking a few measured breaths. The physical exertion of battling Thanos had been manageable, thanks to the enhanced abilities. However, the true toll came from the application of the Infinity Stones on such a grand scale.

As Peter caught his breath, he contemplated the immense power he had wielded to transform countless barren wasteland planets into thriving paradises. The scope of the endeavor had drained him far more than the physical combat. The Phoenix flames around him flickered, their intensity reflecting the ebb and flow of Peter's own energy.

"That was a bit more taxing than I anticipated," Peter muttered to himself, his words punctuated by a sigh of weariness. The sheer magnitude of altering the destinies of millions of planets had taken its toll on him, leaving a sense of fatigue that lingered beneath the surface. 'Maybe I should have done a hundred thousand planets at a time instead of doing them all at once...'

With a self-reflective gaze, Peter acknowledged that using the Infinity Stones for grand, universe-altering acts required a considerable investment of his own energy. It was a revelation that resonated through the core of his being. While the stones granted godlike abilities, there were limits to what even someone like him could achieve without suffering consequences.

"I guess using these stones on a large scale is a bit like running a marathon," Peter mused, his tired eyes focused on the distant remnants of the Phoenix-infused flames. "You can do it, but it's not something you want to do every day."

The exhaustion in his bones served as a clear reminder that wielding such immense power came with risks. He concluded that, moving forward, he needed to exercise caution, not pushing the boundaries of what his body could handle.

After all, even Thanos severely hurt himself when he snapped away half of the universes population in the movies. The potential consequences of using more of the stones power than he could handle loomed in Peter's mind, a danger that he was keen on avoiding.

'Well, it's not like I plan on altering the universe on such a grand scale again, so I doubt I'll ever need to worry about it...!' Peter shrugged uncaringly. Although he was technically limiting his use of the stones, the limiter was only placed on anything above simultaneously terraforming millions and millions of planets throughout the universe.

It wouldn't hinder him one bit.

As Peter reflected on this, he suddenly wondered, 'Is there anything else, other than overpopulation, that needs to be fixed?' But after some thought, he decided not to change the universe any more than necessary.

On one hand, Peter could use the stones to turn the universe into a paradise free from all troubles, but on the other hand, doing that would make the universe immensely boring and mundane.

'Meh, I just gave the universe millions of paradise planets, so I'd say that's enough. At least for now. I can always decide to do more later...!' Peter mused. Although he likes helping others, as many heroes do, it just wasn't his job to fix every little inconvenience or mishap that takes place in the infinite cosmos of his universe.

Seated on the ship's floor, Peter admired the rings that adorned his fingers. Crafted with precision by the Dwarves of Nidavellir and assembled through his own efforts, these rings had proven to be the key to unlocking the true potential of the Infinity Stones, similar to Thanos's gauntlet, which will now never be made in this universe.

'The dwarves did an amazing job,' Peter thought, acknowledging the craftsmanship that had ensured the rings functioned flawlessly, even after a task as monumental as reshaping the universe.

The rings, still shimmering with residual cosmic energy, clung to Peter's fingers. Despite the monumental task they had just performed, they remained intact, a testament to their durability and the quality of their construction. Peter felt a surge of gratitude for the Dwarves and a sense of accomplishment for successfully wielding the Infinity Stones to bring about positive change.

'Maybe I should give the Dwarves a gift?' Peter thought as he snapped his fingers.

In the heart of Nidavellir, the Dwarves diligently toiled in their forges, the rhythmic clangs of hammers on anvils echoing through the immense cavern. For generations, this realm had been their sanctum, with Nidavellir, the neutron star they had harnessed, at the core of their existence. The giant ring encircling the star housed their homes and workshops, and the celestial body itself served as the most potent forge in the universe.

Amidst the chorus of forging, the Dwarves paused, their attention drawn to the grand windows overlooking the heart of Nidavellir, the neutron star. As they gazed in awe, a collective gasp escaped their lips. The neutron star, their source of power and inspiration, began to surge with an unprecedented intensity, its luminosity growing more vibrant and its heat escalating beyond any measure they had known.

Eitri, the revered king of the Dwarves, his eyes wide with a mixture of astonishment and trepidation, joined his kin at the windows. The once-stable neutron star pulsated with newfound vigor, its flames dancing with an intensity that both fascinated and terrified the Dwarves.

"What the f*ck..." Eitri muttered in shock.

As seconds passed like an eternity, the neutron star continued to burn with an otherworldly fervor. Gripped by the fear of impending catastrophe, the Dwarves watched the star pulse and expand in their direction.

But suddenly, just as they thought the Star would swallow them whole, the surge ceased, and the neutron star began to recede, returning to its usual size. A collective sigh of relief swept through Nidavellir as the star settled into a new equilibrium. The once-blue hues of the star transformed into a brilliant gold, casting a warm glow across the forges and workshops.

Eitri whispered in awe, "What.... What happened to it?"

While the Dwarves marveled at the altered star, they remained oblivious to the true architect of this cosmic transformation. Unbeknownst to them, Peter, having wielded the Infinity Stones, had extended his benevolence to Nidavellir. The neutron star, the very lifeblood of their craftsmanship, had undergone a metamorphosis at his hands.

The upgrade to the neutron star brought forth a multitude of possibilities for the Dwarves. Anything forged within its radiant embrace would now possess an unparalleled quality and potency, surpassing anything the Dwarves had ever achieved before.

After Peter snapped his fingers, channeling the power of the Infinity Stones to gift the Dwarves of Nidavellir with an upgraded neutron star, he watched the surprised looks on the Dwarves face with a smile. The warm hues of the golden star reflected the dumb expressions they were currently making.

As Peter stopped watching the Dwarves, a voice, gentle yet powerful, resonated over his shoulder, catching him off guard. Peter, with a start, spun around to find himself face to face with a figure that was extremely familiar. It was as if the essence of Stan Lee had materialized before him, wearing a knowing smile.

Instantly, realization dawned on Peter... this was no ordinary being. It was the One Above All, the supreme deity of the Marvel Multiverse.

"That's a very nice thing you've done for the Dwarves, and the rest of the universe as well," the figure said, the voice carrying a sense of cosmic wisdom.

Peter, still processing the sudden appearance, stammered a surprised greeting, "Uh, hello there... sir?"

The figure chuckled softly. "No need to be alarmed, Peter. I'm here because it's been a while since someone collected all of the Infinity Stones in this universe."

Hopping to his feet, Peter struggled to find the right words, his eyes wide with a mix of fear and awe. "Oh, uh, okay, sir?" Although Peter has seen the One Above All a few times, he never had a conversation with him. Every time they met, he would be in some sort of disguise and swiftly disappear before he could say anything.

The One Above All smiled kindly, reassuring Peter. "No need for formalities. Just call me Stan, if you will. I'm here because I'm happily surprised that, for once, the Infinity Stones have fallen into the hands of a good guy. You know, not many Spider-Men have collected the stones. People like you are exceedingly rare. You should be proud."

"Umm, thank you." Peter smiled, his hand raising to scratch the back of his head awkwardly. After all, it's not everyday that an all powerful god of the Marvel Multiverse compliments you.

"You're welcome." The One Above All smiled kindly as he checked his watch. "Oh, it seems I have an appointment to get to. Sorry to take up your time like this."

Peter shook his head. "No, it's fine. After all, it's not everyday I get to meet a god..."

The One Above All waved Peter's words off uncaringly. "Like I said, just treat me normally." He says as he began to fade away. "It was nice to officially meet you, Peter. I hope to see more of your incredible feats. They've certainly been entertaining thus far..."

As the godly Stan Lee disappeared, Peter couldn't help but raise a brow at the revelation that the One Above All had been watching him. It was as if his life had become some cosmic movie or TV show. The thought both amused and unnerved him, realizing that his actions were under the observation of the supreme deity.

Just as Peter was processing this encounter, Superman came flying in, his blue eyes filled with curiosity. "Hey, Peter, who were you just talking to?"

Peter, still grappling with the surreal encounter, shook his head in disbelief. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you..."

Chapter 527: Parting gifts

With Thanos and his army defeated, and Stan Lee gone, Peter and the Avengers shifted their focus to the aftermath of the war. The bug-like remnants of Chitauri invaders lay scattered across the many destroyed ships, their lifeless bodies serving as grim reminders of the conflict that had unfolded.

In the wake of victory, the Avengers commenced the arduous task of cleaning up the debris and disposing of the fallen foes. After taking everything back to earth, Peter used his flames to burn the many bodies as everyone else assisted in gathering the dead bugs, each member contributing their unique abilities to streamline the cleanup process.

Meanwhile, Iron Man and a few others scanned and catalog salvageable technology from the enemy fleet. The remains of Thanos's fleet, scattered like broken toys, presented a treasure trove of potential resources. The Avengers decided to salvage what they could.

Luckily, the intact vessels, numbering around 50, were deemed salvageable. Tony marked them down as candidates for retrofitting. After all, these warships would make a good addition to the Avengers' growing fleet, especially Thanos's warship, which was damaged from their battle but still usable.

As Peter and the Avengers diligently worked on the cleanup process, sorting through the remnants of the Chitauri forces and gathering salvageable technology, Superman and Batman found a moment to discuss matters of principle. Away from the clatter of debris and the hum of machinery, they stood side by side, admiring the Avengers work.

Batman spoke, his voice low and hesitant. "Clark..."

Superman turned to Batman with a serious expression. "What's the matter?"

Batman, ever stoic behind his cowl, looked toward his fellow League member. He had been dreading this conversation ever since he changed his mind.

"I never thought I'd say this, but I've come to agree with your new views," Batman admitted, his gravelly voice carrying a reluctant admission. "I've seen the evidence, analyzed the data, and

considered the peaceful state of this world... Killing certain criminals for the greater good makes... sense."

Superman, visibly surprised by Batman's sudden admission, raised an eyebrow. "I never thought I'd hear you say that. Why the change of heart?"

Batman sighed, a rare display of vulnerability. "It's not easy for me to admit when I'm wrong. I was against killing for a long time. But the evidence is here. This world is much more peaceful when the worst criminals are permanently dealt with. I just... I never thought I'd agree with you on this."

Superman nodded in understanding, acknowledging the difficulty of such a concession. "It's not about being right or wrong, Bruce. It's about doing what's best for the world we've sworn to protect."

However, Batman's admission came with a caveat. "While I agree with the new direction, I'm not sure I could ever kill someone myself. It goes against everything I've believed in for so long."

Superman raised a questioning brow. "Bruce, during the invasion, you killed at least a few hundred Chitauri. You blew them up, chopped them to bits, and even snapped a few necks. Does killing only count for you when they're humanoid people?"

Batman hesitated for a moment before realizing the weight of Superman's words. His eyes widened as the realization struck him.

"I..." Batman started, his voice faltering. "I didn't think about it that way. I always told myself that they weren't human. But... they were alive and all of them were sentient."

Superman's gaze remained steady, prompting Batman to confront the reality he had avoided. The words of Nick Fury, spoken during their earlier discussion in the tower, echoed in Batman's mind. 'Killing is far easier than you think it is...'

Fury was right. Killing was so easy that Bruce didn't even realize that he's done it countless times already. For a man that prided himself on pacifism, Batman found it hard to wrestle with the fact that his kill count was far higher than most serial killers.

Batman, for the first time, grappled with the acknowledgment that he had taken lives, not of human criminals but of extraterrestrial invaders. Even in his world, he's killed more alien invaders than he

could count. The ethical dilemma unfolded before him, and he couldn't escape the truth of his actions.

'I killed them...'
Bruce repeated inwardly as his hands began to shake.

"It's alright, Bruce." As the weight of this revelation settled on Batman's shoulders, Superman rests a supportive hand on his friend shoulder. "We all have to confront the consequences of our actions. But it's what we do moving forward that defines us. And whether you decide to continue killing or not, I'll still support you."

A few days had passed since the confrontation with Thanos and his army. The Avengers, alongside Peter, worked tirelessly to clean up the aftermath of the war, restoring everything to as it was. Now, with the remnants of Chitauri invaders disposed of or repurposed and Thanos dead and gone, Superman and Batman prepared to return to their own universe.

With Batman officially changing his mind, the reason for their stay had been accomplished. Although Bruce was still conflicted on his past killings, as well as the prospect of future killings, he didn't let it keep him down for long.

In preparation for their departure, Bruce didn't waste a single second. He bought a bunch of high storage hard drives and proceeded to download everything related to the DC universe, his universe. From comics and Wikis to Movies and TV shows, nothing was left behind.

With the opportunity in front of him, how could Bruce not take all that he could. He even managed to swipe some tech from the invasion and bought some Stark tech that was advanced enough to catch his attention.

...

The night before their departure, Peter called Batman into his office in the Avengers tower. He had been monitoring the dark knights activities and couldn't help but feel impressed with his determination to take everything he could back with him.

"Bruce," Peter began as Batman walked in. "I wanted to talk to you before you head back home."

Batman acknowledged Peter with a nod, taking a seat across from him. "What's this about?"

Peter took a moment before speaking, choosing his words carefully. "I know that revealing your identity to the Joker was rather rude, even if he's already dead. As a way of saying sorry, I wanted to offer you something before you leave."

Batman, ever vigilant, raised an eyebrow. "Offer me what exactly?"

Peter smirked excitedly. "I want to offer you a chance to become a super soldier, like Captain America. I've always thought a Batman with superpowers, even minor ones, would be a force to be reckoned with."

Batman, known for his skepticism, eyed Peter cautiously. "And what's the catch?"

"No catch," Peter replied with an earnest shake of his head. "Consider it an apology and a way to make sure you're better equipped. We may have had our differences, but we're both heroes at heart."

Before Batman could give his answer, Peter continued. "It's completely safe, by the way. Many Avengers have gone through the procedure without any complications."

After a moment of contemplation, Batman nodded. "Alright, let's see what you've got."

Peter led Batman to a heavily secured part of the Tower, and into a room filled with an array of high-tech equipment. A giant metal pod, gleaming in the soft light, stood as the centerpiece of the room. Peter explained the procedure and the enhancements it would provide, emphasizing its potential benefits.

Batman cautiously entered the pod as Peter assisted in strapping him in. Once everything was in place, Peter closed the pod, attaching vials containing a specialized serum to the exterior. He looked at Batman through a small window on the pod and asked, "Ready for this?"

With a resolute nod, Batman braced himself, knowing that the procedure was a significant step into the unknown. Peter, holding a lever in his hand spoke again, "Here we go," before flipping the switch.

Energy surged into the pod, and the vials emptied their contents into Batman's body. The room echoed with screams of pain, a consequence of the transformative process. Peter, accustomed to the procedure, maintained his focus, allowing the enhancement to take its course.

As the energy subsided and the pod opened, Batman emerged, revealing a visibly transformed physique. His frame, now more muscular and defined, bore the marks of the enhancement process. Batman, albeit exhausted, examined his own arms, flexing them with a hint of satisfaction.

"Is it done?" Batman inquired, feeling a newfound power course through his body.

Peter nodded. "You're now enhanced. Welcome to the club, Bruce. This should give you an edge you've never experienced before. Consider it a gift from one hero to another."

Batman, though not one to express gratitude openly, offered a nod of acknowledgment. The weight of the enhanced capabilities settled on him, and as he left the room, a new chapter unfolded for the Dark Knight, armed with newfound strength in his quest to safeguard Gotham and the rest of his world.

The next day arrived, and Peter and Tony's multiverse ship appeared back in the familiar universe of Superman and Batman. The heroes gathered at the entrance of the ship, ready to bid farewell to their interdimensional allies.

Superman, clad in his iconic suit, exchanged heartfelt goodbyes with Peter. "Thanks for everything, Peter. I appreciate your help more than you know."

Peter grinned, giving Superman a friendly pat on the shoulder. "Anytime, Supes. Take care of that world of yours. The next time I visit, I expect to see a totally different universe."

As Superman rushed off to reunite with his family, Batman approached Peter, his cape billowing in the breeze. The two heroes stood, facing each other with a sense of mutual respect.

"Peter," Batman acknowledged, his deep voice carrying gratitude. "I appreciate the enhancements. They might come in handy."

Peter shrugged casually. "No problem. Just doing my part to make the world a better place, even if it's not my world."

As Batman nodded his thanks, Peter's expression turned contemplative. "Hey, before you go, I've got one last piece of advice for you."

Batman arched an eyebrow, signaling Peter to continue.

"I've always thought it would be cool if you took over the League of Assassins," Peter suggested with a mischievous grin. "You know, turn them into a group of heroes, like yourself. Now that you're a super soldier, it would be easier than ever to dethrone Ra's Al Ghul ."

Batman, ever stoic, took a moment to mull over the suggestion. The idea of leading an organization known for its lethal methods towards a more noble cause had its merits, though the ethical complications weren't lost on him.

Tony, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively, chimed in, "And it helps that Ra's Al Ghul's daughters are both hot. And at least one of them usually has the hots for Batman in the comics."

Batman rolled his eyes at Tony, but couldn't help a subtle smirk. "I'll consider it."

As Batman was about to leave, Peter tossed a small, sleek phone to him. "Take this. It connects to a group chat. Just in case of emergencies or if you ever want to catch up on superhero gossip across the multiverse."

Batman inspected the phone for a moment before pocketing it. "Thanks," he said, acknowledging the practicality of staying connected.

With his hands free, Peter tossed him a second phone. "And give this one to Clark. I wouldn't want him to feel left out."

Batman, a man of few words, nodded appreciatively before walking away, the doors of the multiverse ship closed behind him. And as the ship vanished into the fabric of reality, Peter and Tony disappeared alongside it, both planning to return one day to see how the League and their world changes.

Chapter 528: Marriage

The night after Peter dropped Batman and Superman back into their universe, he found himself drifting into a deep and peaceful sleep beside his beautiful fiancé, MJ. As he slumbered, the tranquility of the night took an unexpected turn. Suddenly, Peter's consciousness transitioned to an expansive, white void... a space that seemed to exist outside the confines of the waking world.

In this ethereal space, Peter looked around, perplexed by the surreal nature of his surroundings. The emptiness was overwhelming, and as he sought to make sense of it, he suddenly beheld a towering, fiery bird, the Phoenix Force. Recognition dawned on Peter, recalling their previous encounters when he aided in saving Jean Grey from the destructive path the Phoenix had been treading.

Facing the immense cosmic entity, Peter couldn't help but feel a mixture of awe and curiosity. "What brings you here?" he inquired, knowing that the Phoenix rarely manifested without a purpose.

The Phoenix, its fiery form pulsating with cosmic energy, regarded Peter with an otherworldly intensity. "You and I have unfinished business." It resonated, its voice echoing within the void.

Peter raised an eyebrow, his Spider-Sense tingling with anticipation. "Unfinished business? Is this about the deal we made? Didn't you say that I could do it in my own time?"

The Phoenix, in its majestic yet enigmatic way, began to unveil the nature of their cosmic pact. "Indeed, our arrangement was one of balance—a symbiosis. I allowed you to keep living after stealing the power of the Phoenix, and in return, you were to aid in the destruction of barren planets across the universe. The ashes of those worlds would serve as the fertile ground for new life, reborn through my cosmic flame."

Peter, thoughtful, nodded as he recalled the terms of their deal. "I remember. So what's this about?" He asked in annoyance, ready to get back to sleep. "I have to get up and work on some adoption papers in the morning, so can we make this quick?"

The Phoenix eyed Peter, holding back the urge to burn him into dust. "Things have changed... You found a different way to complete our deal. You've turned millions of desolate planets into flourishing paradises, and in doing so, you inadvertently fulfilled our agreement in a rather unexpected manner."

"Oh, that makes sense." Peter nods his head. "So... is our business finished?"

The Phoenix let out an uncharacteristic sigh. "Yes, our business is concluded. Although your actions align more with the preservation of life than its destruction, the outcome is still the same."

"So... we good?" Peter looked around, his tired eyes searching for the exit.

'Why was he so respectful to 'him,' but with me he's like... this.' The Phoenix thought, its ethereal flames pulsating with a sense of annoyance. "Yes, Peter, we are. Your actions have brought balance in its own way. The cosmic scales are tipped in favor of creation, and I find satisfaction in the life that now thrives across the cosmos. The cycle continues, and you have played your part."

Peter turned around in a circle, looking for a way out. "Glad to hear that... So which way leads back to my bed?"

The Phoenix rolled its eyes as its flames flared, blinding Peter as it encompassed the entire space. "Goodbye, Peter..."

"Hey... wait a minute-" As the fire of the Phoenix encompassed him, Peter felt a sense of closure before returning back to his bedroom, where he found MJ cuddled up next to him, sleeping with her head on his chest. 'Did she have to scare me like that?' Peter thought as he wrapped his arms around his fiancé and drifted off to sleep once again.

Months after Batman and Superman returned to their universe and the peculiar encounter with the Phoenix, Peter's life settled into a familiar rhythm. The adrenaline-fueled escapades with interdimensional heroes and cosmic entities gave way to the everyday challenges of being a normal person.

One significant change in Peter's life involved the official adoption of America Chavez, the dimension-hopping little girl. Now proudly carrying the name America Chavez Parker, she became a full-fledged member of the Parker family. However, since she wasn't from this world, she didn't have any papers, which were needed for the adoption.

Peter, seasoned in the art of forging identities at this point, took charge of securing America's place in this world. Birth certificates, social security numbers, and a trail of paperwork were orchestrated seamlessly, ensuring America's newfound identity was recognized by the institutions of this reality. She adapted swiftly to her new life, and the Parker household gained another occupant.

While Peter was busy sorting out legal matters, life outside his immediate concerns kept moving as well. A surprising turn of events graced the lives of those closest to him. Tony Stark, the genius billionaire, playboy, philanthropist, found himself facing an unexpected role, fatherhood. Pepper, his longtime companion, revealed that she was pregnant, a revelation that reverberated through the Avengers' community.

A couple months into Pepper's pregnancy, the news brought a unique mix of joy and astonishment to every Avenger. Tony, known for his man-wh*ring and hatred of children, suddenly had a baby on the way, and yet, he embraced the prospect of becoming a father with anticipation. The impending arrival of a Stark heir became a topic of discussion among the Avengers, marking a different kind of adventure for the eccentric genius.

Meanwhile, in the heart of New York City, Peter and MJ embarked on another monumental journey... the planning of their wedding. The process, driven by MJ's meticulous attention to detail, Aunt May's maternal guidance, and the support of MJ's mother, Grace, unfolded with its fair share of laughter and occasional stress. Peter, being the easygoing groom that he is, offered his ideas when prompted but willingly let the women in his life steer the ship.

The bridal gowns, floral arrangements, and venue selections became the focal points of discussion during family gatherings and late-night planning sessions. Aunt May, having been through the joys and challenges of Peter's superhero life, was determined to make this wedding a memorable celebration.

In the midst of mundane yet meaningful tasks, Peter couldn't help but reflect on the journey that led him to this point. From interdimensional adventures to facing cosmic entities, his life was a tapestry woven with threads of the extraordinary. Yet, in the quiet moments of planning a wedding and preparing paperwork for adoption, the ordinary part of his life became the harder part.

Soon enough, the day of Peter and MJ's wedding finally arrived, and New York City embraced the occasion with clear skies and a gentle breeze. The chosen venue, a picturesque garden adorned with vibrant flowers and elegant decorations, set the stage for a celebration that would mark the union of two extraordinary lives.

As the ceremony drew near, Peter, clad in a classic black suit, nervously awaited his bride at the altar. Beside him, Tony and Ned stood in their own suits, each of them chosen to be Peter's best

men. He didn't want to exclude either of them, so he made them both his best man, which seemed to work as neither had any complaints.

The subtle hum of excitement resonated through the air, mingling with the soft whispers of family and friends who gathered for this special day. Aunt May, beaming with pride, sat in the front row close to Peter, offering words of encouragement as she observed the guests arriving.

Stepping out of a private room, MJ, dressed in a breathtaking white gown that flowed gracefully around her, found her father, Nick Fury, waiting for her. The stern and formidable Avengers Councilman softened as he looked at his daughter, conveying the depth of his emotions on this significant day. "You look beautiful."

"Thanks." MJ smiled nervously, anxiety pulsing through her entire body.

Fury, dressed in a tailored suit, offered MJ his arm as they prepared to walk down the aisle. "Are you sure you want to marry him?"

MJ rolled her eyes. "Yes, Dad. Why else would we be here if I didn't want to marry him?" She sighed in annoyance. After all, this is the fifth time he's asked her this today. "Besides, you like Peter. I know you do..."

"..." Fury held his tongue, refusing to confirm or deny anything. "That b*stard is lucky I can't kill him..."

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The ceremonial music filled the air as the flower girl, Lily, walked out in her dress, throwing flower pedals as she made her way down the aisle, where she took a seat beside Aunt May and America.

Seconds later, MJ and Fury stepped into the garden, and the assembled guests turned their attention toward the father daughter duo. The sight of MJ in her wedding gown left Peter breathless, a moment of pure beauty that he would forever cherish.

As MJ approached the altar, Fury's gaze shifted between his daughter and Peter. A stern scowl adorned his face, a silent warning to the man who dared to claim his daughter's heart. Peter, under the watchful eye of Fury, smirked as he took MJ's hand. The unspoken tension hung in the air as Fury reluctantly handed over his daughter to the man she chose.

As Fury hesitantly walked over to his seat, Peter turned to MJ and whispered. "Is it just me, or did he reach for his gun for a second?"

MJ gave a small laugh. "Maybe, but I made sure he was unarmed before he came." She revealed, eliciting a raised brow from Peter. "Trust me, you don't want to know how many weapons he tried to smuggle inside."

The ceremony unfolded with poignant vows exchanged between Peter and MJ, their promises echoing through the garden. The officiant conducted the ceremony with a mix of solemnity and warmth. The couple's connection radiated, casting a spell that enveloped everyone present.

The exchanging of rings, a symbol of their commitment, marked a profound moment in the ceremony. Peter, with a mixture of joy and relief, slipped the ring onto MJ's finger, sealing their union. The gathered guests, a mix of family, friends, and a few carefully selected allies, witnessed the culmination of a love story that transcended all others.

As the officiant pronounced them husband and wife, Peter and MJ shared a passionate kiss, sealing their vows with an unspoken promise of a long future together. The garden erupted in cheers and applause, the joyous sound echoing through the air. Aunt May, teary-eyed and proud, clapped alongside the gathered guests, celebrating the union of two souls destined for each other.

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After the ceremony, as the newlyweds mingled with their guests, Fury approached Peter with a glare that could pierce through walls. Reluctantly, he extended a hand to the man who now held his daughter's heart. The tension between them, a complex blend of protectiveness and acceptance, lingered in the air.

"Take care of her," Fury grumbled, his gaze unwavering. The 'or else' was unspoken but certainly implied.

Peter shook Fury's hand with a firm grip. "I promise, sir. I'll do everything in my power to make her happy." He would usually use this opportunity to mess with Fury, but just this once, Peter decided to be respectful.

Fury's glare softened slightly, a subtle acknowledgment of the sincerity in Peter's words. "See that you do," he replied, before turning away to join the celebration.

Later that night, Peter and MJ lay entwined in their marital bed. With a contented sigh, Peter broke the silence, "So, my beautiful wife, how do you feel about having our honeymoon in another Universe?"

"?!" MJ's eyes sparkled with immediate interest, the notion sparking excitement within her.

Chapter 529: Honeymoon: First Stop

The morning sun bathed the room in a soft glow as Peter sat on the bed, his gaze fixed on MJ as she enthusiastically packed a suitcase for their honeymoon. The air buzzed with the excitement of new beginnings and adventures, yet Peter couldn't help but feel a tinge of curiosity about the destinations MJ seemed so eager to explore.

"So, where are we going for our honeymoon?" Peter asked, a playful smile on his face.

MJ, holding a pile of clothes, looked up and grinned. "Oh, you know, just a few universes here and there. I've been thinking about all the places we could visit now that I know fictional worlds actually exist!"

Peter raised an eyebrow, a mix of surprise and amusement coloring his expression. "Fictional worlds? Really? You're not thinking about a nice beach or a romantic getaway?"

MJ chuckled, tossing a pair of jeans into the suitcase. "Beaches are overrated, Peter. I want our honeymoon to be memorable, full of excitement and maybe a bit of danger."

Peter's smirk widened with curiosity. "Danger? MJ, we just got married. Are you sure about this? You know, most newlywed couples just go on a normal vacation, where they f*ck like rabbits."

MJ looked at him with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Trust me, it's going to be the honeymoon of a lifetime. Picture this... we could visit Hogwarts, explore Oz, survive a zombie apocalypse, fight pirates, race with Lightning McQueen, or even face off against monsters in Arendelle. Doesn't that

sound more appealing than a traditional honeymoon?" She says matter of factly. "Besides, we already f*ck like rabbits, so there's no reason that we can't just do it in a more interesting place~"

Peter blinked, processing the whirlwind of destinations MJ had just listed. "Wait, how many places do you want to go to? You know we have two children now, right? We can't just spend a year traveling the multiverse. Also, don't get your hopes up. I've only mapped a small portion of the multiverse, so we'll have to find a good universe."

MJ enthusiasm deflated slightly. "Oh..." In all of her fantasizing, she forgot about all of the responsibilities that they both have.

Peter sighed, feeling bad for crushing her hopes. "Relax, I'll find you at least one of the universes that you want to visit, and we can enjoy ourselves for three months. But after that, we need to come back or else Lily and America might cry."

MJ smiled at the mention of her daughters, realizing that she would miss them just as much as they would miss her. "Okay, I just don't want our honeymoon to be normal and bland. I want it to be a story we can tell for the rest of our lives."

Peter scratched his head, a bemused smile forming. "Sure, I was hoping for a lazy, romantic, paradise escape, but I'm down for an adventure as well."

MJ paused, walking over seductively before bending her body to plant a kiss on her husband's lips. "Paradise is overrated. I want our honeymoon to be unique."

Peter sighed, realizing that MJ had a point. "Okay, but a zombie apocalypse? Really?"

MJ smirked as she shrugged her shoulders. "Well, it's not like zombies will be able to do anything to us. I doubt they could even bite or scratch through our skin."

Peter shook his head in disbelief, a mixture of amusement and fondness in his eyes. "You're one of a kind, MJ. Alright, let's do it. Honeymoon across the multiverse it is."

MJ grinned, squealing as she rushed over to seal her suitcase. "That's the spirit. Get ready for the honeymoon of a lifetime!"

As they left the room, suitcase in tow, Peter couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement. Maybe a normal honeymoon wasn't what they needed. After all, they weren't a normal couple.

Peter and MJ descended the stairs, hand in hand, ready to embark on their multiverse-spanning honeymoon. At the foot of the staircase, their two daughters, Lily and America, awaited with a mix of excitement and sadness in their eyes.

Lily clutched a handmade card, her artistic expression evident in the colorful drawings on the cover. "Mom, Dad, I made this for you." Her voice wavered, and she held back tears.

America, standing beside her sister, gazed up at Peter and MJ. "You promise you'll come back, right?"

Peter crouched down, enveloping Lily and America in a warm hug. "We promise, girls. This is just a little adventure for Mom and me. We'll be back before you know it."

MJ knelt beside Peter, wiping away a tear from Lily's cheek. "And we'll bring you back some cool stuff from another universe. How about that?"

Lily's eyes lit up at the prospect of presents. "Really?"

"Absolutely." MJ grinned. "Now, you two be good for Grandma May and Grandma Grace. We'll be back, and we'll have so many stories to tell you."

Aunt May and Grace, who stood nearby, exchanged comforting glances with the departing couple. Aunt May spoke up, her voice warm and reassuring. "Don't worry about a thing. We'll take good care of the kids, and they'll have a blast with us."

Grace nodded in agreement as she eyed the teary eyed children. "And your parents will be back before you know it."

Meanwhile, Tony Stark leaned against the Tardis-looking multiverse ship, arms crossed. "So, you're really leaving me behind on this one, huh?" His tone was a mix of mock disappointment and a small bit of real disappointment.

Peter chuckled, patting Tony on the shoulder. "Sorry, Tony, but we both know Pepper would kill you if you skipped the birth of your kid. And even if you weren't having a baby, this is our honeymoon. I'd rather not have a third wheel ruining it."

Tony sighed, a theatrical expression of defeat. "Fine, but I get to come on the next trip. I refused to be left behind twice in a row."

Peter grinned, "Sure, why not."

Pepper, visibly pregnant, stood off to the side, a gentle smile on her face. "You two go and have the time of your lives. We'll be right here when you get back."

Since Tony attended Peter and MJ's wedding, they knew that it was time to tell Pepper about their identities. After all, she was having Tony's baby and they would probably get married at some point, so it was about time that they told her.

Although she was surprised by Peter's age, just like Tony, in the end, she took the news well. Now, she keeps hinting at MJ, prodding her to get pregnant so that her child can have a friend. Even now, she was wiggling her eyebrows at MJ, wordlessly telling her to get knocked up on her honeymoon.

Seeing this, MJ rolled her eyes, unwilling to get pregnant so young in her life. After all, she was already a mother of two children.

As Peter and MJ approached the ship, Lily and America hugged them tightly, a mix of joy and sadness in the air. Aunt May and Grace stood beside Tony and Pepper, offering reassuring smiles.

With a final wave, Peter and MJ stepped into the multiverse ship, the door closing behind them. The ship's engine hummed to life, and the exterior began to shimmer as it prepared to traverse the boundaries between realities.

Inside, Peter set a random course on the control panel before turned to MJ, a grin on his face. "Ready?"

MJ smirked, her eyes sparkling with anticipation. "Absolutely!"

And with that, the multiverse ship vanished from the Parker residence, leaving behind an air of excitement, a hint of melancholy, and the promise of extraordinary adventures in the vast expanse of alternate realities.

The multiverse ship materialized in a new universe, and MJ rushed out eagerly, finding herself stepping out of a familiar blue phone box. The ship had disguised itself, blending into the surroundings. As she emerged, the bustling cityscape came into focus, revealing a chaotic scene.

The street was crowded with panicked people running and screaming. Fires blazed, stores were looted, and the night was alive with the groans of what appeared to be zombies. MJ couldn't contain her excitement. She had gotten what she wished for, a zombie apocalypse.

Peter stepped out beside her, closing the ship's doors with a wry smile. "Well, you asked for danger, and here we are. A zombie apocalypse. Hope you're happy."

MJ grinned, her eyes gleaming with excitement. "Ecstatic, actually. This is exactly what I wanted..." She said as she watched a guy get his eaten by a horde of zombies. "Though I do feel bad for everyone in this world. Maybe we should help them?"

As they stood on the sidewalk, surveying the chaotic scene, Peter's sharp eyes caught sight of a man frantically rushing through the crowd, carrying a young girl in his arms. The man's face seemed familiar, and a moment later, recognition dawned on Peter.

He nudged MJ and pointed discreetly. "Look over there. I think I know who they are."

Following his gaze, MJ spotted the man rushing into an alleyway, attempting to evade a couple of zombies that were hot on his tail. The little girl in his arms seemed scared but unharmed. Peter's eyes widened as he realized the truth.

"That's Joel and that girl is Sarah, right?" Peter whispered as MJ's eyes widened in shock. "Congrats, my love, It's your favorite video game, The Last of Us."

[Insert picture of Joel from The Last of Us]

[Insert picture of Sarah from The Last of Us]

Excitement surged through MJ as she stepped into the zombie-infested universe, but it quickly gave way to a somber realization. This was the world of The Last of Us, and she knew the tragic fate awaiting Joel's daughter, Sarah. Without a word, she rushed across the chaotic street, determined to change the tragic scene that made her cry while playing the game.

Peter, understanding the gravity of the situation, locked up the multiverse ship before following at a leisurely pace. Confident in MJ's ability to change the story, he gracefully maneuvered through the zombie-infested street, casually slapping away any undead threats that dared to approach him.

At the other end of the dimly lit alley, MJ caught up with Joel and Sarah just as a FEDRA soldier aimed his rifle at them. Joel desperately pleaded, "We're not sick!" trying to explain that they weren't infected, while Sarah cried in his arms.

In that critical moment, the soldier pulled the trigger, the sound echoing through the alley. But before the bullet could find its mark, MJ, with swift determination, rushed forward and pulled Joel and Sarah out of the line of fire, saving their lives. The soldier's shot missed, hitting the cold, concrete wall.

Suddenly, before the soldier could even think of firing again, Peter appeared beside him, his expression cold and resolute. Without hesitation, he snapped the soldier's neck, rendering him motionless. The lifeless body crumpled to the ground, and Peter turned to his wife, who stood beside a confused, vigilant, and thankful father and daughter.

"Yo," Peter waved casually, but before anyone could reply, the sound of a gun cocking filled the air.

"Step an inch closer to my family and you're dead," a voice called out from behind, causing everyone to turn his way.

[Insert picture of Tommy from The Last of Us]

"Tommy! No!"

Chapter 530: Loot

"Tommy! No!" As Joel's desperate voice echoed through the air, calling for his brother Tommy to stop, Peter's reflexes kicked in.

In an instant, he rushed towards Tommy faster than he could comprehend, snatching the hunting rifle out of his hands. Without hesitation, Peter buried the butt end of the rifle into Tommy's stomach, leaving him crumpled on the ground, holding his stomach in pain.

Sarah screamed, "Uncle Tommy!" while Joel rushed over to check on his injured brother, leaving his daughter Sarah beside MJ, unable to walk due to an ankle injury. MJ crouched down, offering a reassuring smile to Sarah, "Don't worry, sweetie. We're here to help."

Meanwhile, Peter assured Joel, "He's fine. Just learned a little lesson about pointing guns at people without reason." As he spoke, he tossed Tommy's gun to MJ, who caught it with ease before resting it on her shoulder.

While Joel tended to his brother, Peter walked over to the lifeless FEDRA soldier's body and started looting. He took the assault rifle, pistol, ammo, and other supplies he deemed useful. As he did, MJ approached, "Why are you looting this guy? It's not like we need guns..." She asks in a hushed whisper.

Peter smirked, "A zombie apocalypse wouldn't be fun if we relied too heavily on our powers. Let's hide our abilities and rough it a bit. It'll be a lot more fun that way." MJ considered his words and nodded in agreement. In the end, she was just satisfied that Sarah didn't share the same fate as in the game, a moment that always brought tears to MJ's eyes.

Peter went on to explain that they could still use their powers when needed or when they got bored enough, but without them, they would get the full Apocalyptic experience. Of course, it's not like they can seal their bodily enhancements, nor would they if they could, so even if they don't use their magic, webs, and other powers, they still have a huge upper hand.

Peter summed it up in one sentence. "It'll be like playing a game at max level from the start with the ability to use cheats later on if we're bored."

MJ smiled, excited for whatever comes next. "What should we do now?"

Before he could answer, Joel, now standing with Tommy, who was still holding his aching stomach whilst glaring at Peter, approached the newly wed couple. "Thank you for saving us." Joel sent MJ a

thankful look before giving Peter an apologetic one. "And I'm sorry about my brother. Please don't blame him. He was just trying to protect us."

Peter shrugged. "It was no problem."

MJ nodded alongside her husband. "Yeah, and I'm just glad I could help..."

As they spoke, Joel and Tommy couldn't help but eye the guns in Peter and MJ's hands, growing wary of the mysterious couple. They might have saved them, but they didn't know these people.

Hoping for the best, Joel picked up Sarah, cradling her in his arms since her ankle prevented her from walking. "We'll just be on our way..."

Tommy couldn't help but exclaim. "What?! What about my hunting rifle?"

Although Joel agreed with his brother, he didn't want to get shot so, "Forget about that! You're lucky they didn't shoot you-"

As they were arguing, Peter aimed his newly acquired pistol in their direction before firing three times in rapid succession.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Joel's eyes widened as he kicked Tommy aside and shielded Sarah with his body, but after a few seconds, he realized the bullet didn't hit them. Craning his head upward, he saw a group of three zombies collapse to the ground about two yards away, each with a single bullet in their forehead.

Peter, smirking, holstered his new pistol. "You're welcome, again," he quipped, the tension dissipating as they collectively realized that they'd just been saved for a second time.

MJ put on a reassuring smile. "You don't have to rush off. We can-"

As MJ began to speak, her words were cut short by the sight of more zombies. Instantly, her and everyone else realized that they were drawn to the gunshots and yelling. In the distance, they could see a horde pouring through the town's alleyways, headed directly toward them. Dozens turned into

possibly hundreds of undead, a relentless wave of rotting flesh and fungus, each step echoing an ominous threat.

Acting quickly, Peter pulled out his pistol once again. He would save the assault rifle for later, keeping it strapped to his back for the time being. Opening fire, each bullet was like a homing missile, always finding its mark on a zombie's head. The shots rang out over and over, marked by the sound of bodies crumbling to the ground.

"Follow me, and stay close!" Peter took charge, leading them toward a large brick building with barred windows at the back. The bricks, a seemingly sturdy barrier, and the metal bars provided an added layer of protection. The unknown structure loomed, offering an uncertain sanctuary in the midst of the approaching undead.

Amid the chaos, Joel and Tommy exchanged a wary glance. They didn't know Peter and MJ, yet they had saved them twice now. Reluctantly, they decided to put some trust in this mysterious couple and did as Peter ordered.

Reaching the back of the building with a zombie horde hot on their tail, MJ discovered a metal fire exit door, seemingly the only way in. However, it appeared to open only from the inside, lacking any handle on the exterior. Peering over her shoulder to make sure no one else could see, MJ, with a surge of strength, dug her fingers into the metal door and pulled it open, breaking the lock as it flung wide.

Waving everyone inside, MJ strategically positioned her body to hide the bent and broken part of the door. As Peter, being the last to enter, slipped inside, he quickly pressed a kiss on MJ's lips.

Meanwhile, Joel and Tommy, aware of the approaching horde, yelled for them to close the door. ""WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! CLOSE THE F*CKING DOOR!""

Seeing this, Sarah shared the same thoughts as her father and uncle, but she couldn't help but blush and turn her head away from the unexpected display of affection.

Closing the door behind them, MJ subtly used a bit of magic to fix it, ensuring it would stay closed and secure. The repair was discreet, invisible to everyone except Peter.

In the relative safety of the building's interior, the group caught their breath. The moans, shuffles, and banging of the zombie horde echoed outside, a reminder of the peril they narrowly escaped.

Joel, catching his breath, eyed Peter and MJ with a mix of gratitude and wariness. "You two... you've got some skills..."

Peter, holstering his pistol, offered a casual grin. "I'm Peter, by the way." He says as he gestures to the side. "And this is my wife, MJ."

Joel nodded. "I'm Joel and this is my daughter, Sarah, and my idiot brother, Tommy."

Tommy ignored his brothers words as he eyed the inside of the building, finding nothing but a clean, empty hallway. "Where are we? What is this place?"

MJ, glancing around the dimly lit interior, responded, "Your guess is as good as ours. We're not actually from around here..."

Joel, though still cautious, acknowledged their predicament. "Fair enough. You saved us three times already, so I guess we can trust you. We'll stick together for now. But we need to figure out a plan. We can't stay here forever."

Peter nodded in agreement, "Agreed. We'll need supplies, a vehicle, and a plan to get out of town. Let's make sure this place is sealed and see if there's anything useful laying around. Then we can discuss our next move."

As Peter finished speaking, Tommy's eyes lingered on the gun in MJ's hand. Hesitantly, he spoke up, "Hey, can I have my rifle back? It was mine to begin with..."

MJ shrugged nonchalantly, tossing the gun back to him. Simultaneously, she reached over to Peter's back, deftly pulling the assault rifle off and claiming it as her own. "This one's better anyway," she remarked, glancing at Peter with a mischievous grin. Peter clicked his tongue in mock irritation.

"Not cool," Peter complained. "That was my loot..."

MJ chuckled, giving a playful wink. "Consider it a wife tax. What's yours is now mine, babe."

Joel and Tommy exchanged sympathetic glances, having experienced similar dynamics in their own lives. Sarah, however, laughed and looked at MJ holding her new rifle with admiration, as if she were the coolest person she'd ever seen.

With the weapons distributed, the group split up. Joel carried Sarah, following Tommy in one direction, while Peter ventured in another. Peter gestured for MJ to follow Joel and Tommy. "I know you want to make sure Sarah's safe," he said, understanding her protective instincts.

Walking through the halls and rooms of the building, Peter realized that it was a police station, explaining the bars on the windows. It seemed empty, as if the staff had either left town or the station was closed when chaos erupted. Even the jail cells were empty, which was probably normal for a small town like this.

Speaking of the town, Peter was finally able to see where they were. A plaque on the wall displayed 'Wimberley, Texas.'

'Texas? I guess we won't have to worry about finding guns and ammo...' Peter thought.

Reaching the front entrance, Peter noticed it filled with zombies who had broken through the glass doors. However, the lobby was sealed away from the rest of the building, thanks to sturdy metal doors and bulletproof glass separating it from the receptionist's desk. The design likely aimed to prevent any potential danger from reaching the police on duty.

Ensuring the doors were locked and there was no other way for zombies or others to breach from the lobby to the rest of the building, Peter went to find MJ, but suddenly, he heard multiple gasps with his enhanced hearing.

Walking over at a normal pace, as he knows MJ is there to protect them, Peter found everyone standing outside a locked armory door. Through the small window, they could see an impressive array of police equipment. Everything from assault rifles, stun grenades, riot shields, shotguns, bulletproof vests, and tons of ammo.

Peter whistles, realizing they had stumbled upon a treasure trove of supplies. "I guess we found the first part of our supplies."