

Spider-Man 551

Chapter 551: Disappointing Dark Lord

Surprised by the sudden appearance of a blue phone box, Lily froze, her heart pounding as two strangers emerged. Peter and MJ exchanged glances before attempting to introduce themselves. However, before a word could escape their lips, Lily raised her wand, a defensive glint in her eyes.

"I won't let you hurt my son!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with maternal protectiveness.

Raising a curious eyebrow at the stick in Lily's hand, which shot out an arc of lightning-like magic, Peter simply moved his hand, coating it in Eldritch energy. He caught her magic attack, playing with it between his fingers before squeezing it, eradicating it completely. "Huh? That wasn't very nice..."

"!" Lily watched in shock, realizing that even Dumbledore and Voldemort couldn't casually catch an offensive spell like that.

"Impressive though," Peter commented, examining his hand as if he'd just caught a harmless insect. "You've got quite the spark there."

Lily, still gripping her wand, looked at them with a mixture of fear and uncertainty. "W-Who are you?"

Eyeing the familiar looking mother and child in front of them, Peter immediately realized where he was, 'Harry Potter, huh?' He thought in interest. Meanwhile, MJ seemed to still be in the dark.

Before they could answer Lily's question, the sounds of the battle downstairs echoed up the stairs and down the hall. The Dark Lord's laughter and James Potters cries of pain were unmistakable, filling the room with an ominous undertone.

Ignoring Lily, who was still holding her wand and standing protectively over her son, Peter turned to MJ. "Stay here and try to calm her down. I'll check out what's going on downstairs."

MJ nodded, her gaze fixed on Lily and the baby. "Sure."

As Peter left the room, Lily, still on edge, pointed her wand at his back, ready to cast another spell. However, MJ appeared beside her in an instant, swiftly swiping the wand out of Lily's hand.

Startled, Lily looked at MJ with wide eyes, now unarmed but still standing protectively over her son. "Who are you? What do you want?"

MJ offered a reassuring smile. "We're not here to hurt you or your child. We were just passing by..."

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As Peter descended the stairs, the sounds of the battle grew louder. Voldemort's malevolent laughter echoed through the house, a stark contrast to James's desperate cries. Peter reached the source of the commotion, observing the fierce duel taking place.

'Yup, this is definitely Harry Potter...' Peter thought as he witnessed snake-like nose-less Voldemort throwing all sorts of spells at a man who looked remarkably like an older version of Harry Potter. 'That must be his dad...'

And Harry Potters father was not in a good state. He was able to hold off the Dark lord on even ground for a few minutes, but after a few exchanges, the gap in their power and ability began to show.

'He's just toying with him at this point...' Peter watched as Voldemort, an amused smile on his face, tossed all sorts of spells at James, each landing and bringing the man excruciating pain.

Peter arrived just in time to watch one of these spells hit James in the leg, causing him to collapse to the floor, screaming in agony. "Aghhh!"

Seeing that the duel was over, the Dark Lord decided to end it and move on to his real target, "Avada Kedavra!" Instantly, a green ominous light fired from his wand, headed straight for the fallen and vulnerable father.

But before the killing curse could claim the man's life, a handsome young man appeared between the Dark Lord and his victim, his hand stretched out as he caught his second spell of the night.

Peter held the green strands of lightning in the palm of his hand, shocking the Dark Lord as even the slightest contact with the killing curse should have sent him straight to the grave.

"H-How..." Voldemort muttered in shock.

"This is some nasty magic..." Peter said as he looked at it in disgust before flicking his hand. "Here, you can have it back." He says as the green lightning shoots out of his hand, headed straight at its caster.

Instantly, the Dark Lords eyes widen as he dived out of the way, thing himself to the floor as the deadly curse soared passed where he once stood, crashing into a wall before dissipating.

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Meanwhile, back in the bedroom upstairs, MJ gently urged Lily to calm down. "Calm down, everything will be alright, I promise. We're not here to hurt you or your son."

Lily looked at MJ, skepticism still evident in her eyes. "Calm down? How could I possibly calm down? Do you even know what's going on right now?"

MJ glanced at the open door, noticing the cute bubbly blue letters with the name "Harry" on it. Realization dawned on her, confirming her suspicions. "Your son's name is Harry, right? How old is he?" She asked, trying to keep Lily calm as Peter asked.

"Are you insane!?" Lily began to rant and rave, confused as to how someone could be so calm right now. After all, the Dark Lord Voldemort was downstairs and this girl was making small talk. 'What the blood hell is going on?'

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Downstairs, James Potter watched in shock as a man appeared before him, catching the Killing Curse and even throwing it back at the Dark Lord. His battered and bloody state left him questioning his senses. Was this some illusion or a trick of the mind?

Ignoring Voldemort completely, which infuriated the egotistic Dark Lord, Peter turned back to James, his tone commanding. "Wait upstairs. I'll handle this." James, still dazed, remained rooted in place, unable to comprehend the sudden turn of events.

Sighing in annoyance, Peter waved his hand, opening a portal beneath the disoriented man. James's eyes widened as he fell through the portal, landing directly in front of Lily and MJ, his son laying in his crib.

Lily's eyes widened as the portal appeared and deposited her battered and beaten husband at her feet. She scrambled to his side, tears streaming down her face as she tried to heal him. However, she soon realized that MJ still had her wand.

Panic set in as she looked up at MJ and pleaded, "I need my wand! Please! He's going to die!"

But MJ kept the wand and, with a wave of her hand, conjured a golden spell circle over James's body. Lily, uncertain and frightened, watched as the spell circle seeped into James's wounds. Her worry turned to astonishment as her husband began to heal rapidly before her eyes, the injuries fading away at an unnatural pace.

In mere moments, James went from battered and broken to standing on his own, looking much healthier than he had moments before. Lily's eyes filled with a mixture of gratitude and confusion. She couldn't fathom the magic at play, far surpassing anything she'd ever witnessed or even read about.

Lily stared up at MJ, a bewildered look on her face, "Who are you people...?" She muttered.

MJ smiled before offering a shrug. "We're just newlyweds on our honeymoon..."

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Back downstairs, Peter turned back to Voldemort, who was a volatile mix of shock, confusion, and anger. The Dark Lord couldn't comprehend the origin of this intruder, the nature of his magic, or how he managed to catch and survive the killing curse. But one thing was clear... the man before him dared to turn his back, a sight unprecedented in Voldemort's dark history.

The audacity of someone looking down on him fueled Voldemort's rage. He tightened his grip on his wand, his crimson eyes blazing with fury. Even Albus Dumbledore had never exposed his back

in Voldemort's presence. The very idea of another individual showing such disrespect sent a surge of anger through the dark wizard.

Peter, unfazed, maintained a smirk that only intensified Voldemort's fury. The Dark Lord, his patience wearing thin, clutched his wand tighter, prepared to unleash his wrath upon this insolent intruder.

In the midst of his smirking, Peter couldn't resist taunting Voldemort. "Lost your nose, huh? Did you cut it off to match the whole slimy snake aesthetic? Or were you born that way?" The words struck a nerve, further enraging the Dark Lord.

Voldemort, seething with anger, hissed in response, "You dare mock me?! You shall pay dearly for your insolence!"

Peter chuckled, the sound echoing through the tense atmosphere. "Oh, I'm not mocking you. I'm genuinely curious. Are your parents related? Because I know incest babies are usually born with deformities like that..." He asked as a thoughtful look appeared on his face. "You know, Micheal Jackson lost his nose as well. Though he was a pedophile... Do all pedos like you lose their nose?"

The mention of incest hit Voldemort in a sore spot. The Gaunts, his family, had practiced incest to preserve their blood purity. Everything else that Peter said was just icing on the cake at this point, leaving his opponent grinding his teeth, a vein throbbing on his forehead.

The Dark Lord, fueled by a mix of rage and wounded pride, snarled, "You'll regret ever crossing paths with me!"

As Voldemort prepared to unleash a barrage of spells, Peter remained eerily composed. He extended a hand theatrically, inviting the Dark Lord's wrath. "Come on then, you lolicon incest baby. Show me what you've got."

Voldemort, his ego wounded and his temper unchecked, unleashed a barrage of powerful spells. However, to his astonishment, Peter effortlessly dodged each one, moving with an uncanny agility that defied the laws of magic and physics alike.

The frustrated Dark Lord continued his onslaught, his fury only growing as Peter continued to taunt and elude him as if he were child who just picked up a wand.

"Is that it?" Peter asked, a bored look on his face as he slapped another killing curse aside. "I was really-" As he spoke, Peter suddenly disappeared from the Dark Lords line of sight. "-expecting more from the infamous Voldemort."

Voldemort's eyes widened as he heard Peter's voice in his right ear, turning just in time to see an unstoppable fist inches away from his face.

"How disappointing..." Peter muttered as his knuckles impacted the Dark Lords skull, sending him cashing into the wall, which broke open as he flew outside of the house.

Chapter 552: Rat Extermination

The abrupt silence that followed the shaking of the house left Lily and James in a state of tense anticipation. Wondering what transpired, they exchanged wary glances, the air thick with nervous energy. Lily eying her wand in MJ's hand, nervously awaited what was to come.

MJ, however, broke the silence with a casual tone, "Well, looks like Peter's finished." Her words hung in the air, causing Lily and James to exchange alarmed looks. The implication that Peter might be dead left them on edge.

"You think he's dead?" James questioned, his voice laced with worry.

Lily, her gaze fixed on MJ, demanded an explanation. "He must be. This is Voldemort we're talking about after all..."

MJ chuckled, "No, not like that. I mean he's probably finished dealing with your little home invasion."

Skepticism washed over Lily and James as they doubted MJ's words. In their eyes, the only one who could ever go toe to toe with Lord Voldemort was Albus Dumbledore, but sadly he wasn't here right now.

Ignoring their jittery state, MJ tossed Lily her wand, "Here." She said as she made her way toward the door, intent on rejoining her husband.

Concerned, Lily caught her wand and called out, "Wait! You can't go down there. It's dangerous!"

James added his voice, "Please, don't face him alone! We'll have a better chance of surviving until reinforcements arrive if we stick together."

Ignoring their pleas, MJ left the room. Downstairs, she found a large hole in the side of the house. Peter stood outside, bathed in the moonlight. Voldemort lay unconscious and bound at his feet, his form wrapped tightly in golden Eldritch energy chains.

MJ, surprised that Voldemort was still alive, questioned, "You didn't kill him?"

Peter turned, grinning at her, "What's the point? He's got too many horcruxes. We need to deal with those first before we can kill him."

A Horcrux is an object in which a Dark wizard or witch has hidden a detached fragment of his or her soul in order to become immortal. As long as the receptacle remained intact, so too did the soul fragment inside of it, keeping the maker anchored to the world of the living.

Even if their body suffered fatal damage, the soul would simply turn into a wrathe and wonder the world until a new body is made or every anchor is destroyed, sending the wrathe straight to hell.

Making a Horcrux is considered to be by far the most terrible of all Dark Magic as it could only be created after committing murder, the supremest act of evil, as a means to tear the soul.

The process for the creation of a Horcrux involves a spell and a horrific act of some sort, which is performed soon after the murder has taken place.

Given that Horcruxes are utterly precious to those who make them, there are usually protective measures made to prevent them from being stolen or destroyed, but thankfully, Peter and MJ know where every single Horcrux is. After all, they've both watched every Harry Potter movie.

As they conversed, the distant sound of a motorcycle's engine reached their ears. Suddenly, a flying Harley Davidson descended from the sky with Sirius Black at the helm. His expression shifted from worry to fury as he landed on the front lawn, gripping his wand.

[Insert picture of Sirius Black here]

As Sirius landed on the front lawn and dismounted, ready to charge inside to help his friends, his mind racing with the fact that Peter Pettigrew had actually betray them to Voldemort. He couldn't believe it when his sister Bellatrix, a follower of Voldemort, had come to brag about what was taking place tonight.

Greeting him with a casual "Yo," Peter waved his hand nonchalantly. Sirius, caught off guard, scanned the scene and froze at the sight of Voldemort defeated, unconscious at Peter and MJ's feet.

Before Sirius could voice his astonishment, Lily and James, who had warily peeked out from the upstairs window after hearing Sirius's motorcycle arrive, caught sight of the bound Dark Lord. Their shock mirrored Sirius's, their voices halting in their throats.

Confused and astonished, Sirius's shoulders slumped in relief at the sight of Lily and James, both alive and in one piece. "You're okay..." He muttered before his eyes suddenly widened, his neck craning upwards. "Where's Harry?! He's not hurt is he?!"

As the shock dispersed, James quickly reassured Sirius, "Harry's fine. He didn't get to him." Sirius visibly relaxed, relief flooding his expression. However, his focus immediately shifted to Peter and MJ, his eyes narrowing at the unconscious Dark Lord at their feet.

Rage ignited within Sirius as he stormed over, pointing his wand at Voldemort, ready to deliver the final blow. "Avada-" He didn't like using an unforgivable curse, especially the killing curse, but if it meant ridding the world of Voldemort and protecting his Godson, Harry, then he didn't care.

But before Sirius could finish casting the spell, Peter swiftly snatched the wand from his hand, inciting an even deeper fury within him.

"Give me my wand back NOW! He has to die!" Sirius demanded, his voice seething with anger. James and Lily, emerging from the house with Harry in Lily's arms, heard Sirius's words and shared his sentiment.

Peter, cool and collected, explained, "Killing him won't get rid of him. We have to destroy his Horcruxes first."

Confused, James and Sirius exchanged puzzled glances, while Lily, well-versed in magical lore, recognized the term. Her eyes widened with disgust as she looked at Voldemort. Turning to Peter, she questioned, "How many did he make?"

Peter shrugged, "There are six that I know of." After all, this is the multiverse, so there could be more.

Lily's shock intensified. "He tore his soul that many times? Is there even anything left?"

Peter replied casually, "Probably not much of his original soul left."

James and Sirius, unfamiliar with the concept of Horcruxes, sought clarification from Lily. After her explanation, their expressions mirrored Lily's disgust. James declared, "We have to destroy them all."

Peter nodded in agreement, "We'll handle it soon enough. But until then, there's someone nearby you'll be happy to see." Confusion etched across James, Sirius, and Lily's faces as Peter conjured a portal with a wave of his hand.

From the portal fell a large rat, but with another wave of Peter's hand, a streak of lightning emerged, zapping the rat and transforming it back into a very familiar man.

[Insert picture of Peter Pettigrew here]

Peter Pettigrew, the traitor who had betrayed the Potters to the Dark Lord, telling him the exact location of their hiding place. Hell, he even escorted the man straight to their doorstep, which is why he was still nearby, hiding like the rat he is.

Shock and disbelief painted the faces of James, Sirius, and Lily as they grappled with the unexpected appearance of their once-ally-turned-enemy.

Sirius's eyes narrowed as he took his wand back from Peter and pointed it at the cowering Pettigrew, anger flashing in his gaze. "You! You betrayed us! We trusted you!"

Pettigrew staggered as he stammered, "I would never betray you, James, Lily! I swear!" He lied, hoping to weasel his way out of this situation.

Of course, nobody believed him. "You expect us to believe that you f*cking rat?!" Sirius exclaimed in anger.

"I guess the Dark Lord just went for stroll and found our house, huh?" Lily commented sarcastically, hiding behind James and Sirius. After all, she has Harry in her hands right now. She can't risk getting too close to a known Death Eater.

James nodded, sadness oozing from every pore. "I can't believe you'd do this to us... I thought we were friends..."

Berated by his former friends, Pettigrew's fearful demeanor morphed into a sinister fanaticism. "Friends? What are they worth when you're dead, huh? The Dark Lord gave me a chance to survive so I took it! Don't stand there and act like you wouldn't do the exact same thing either." He finally spilled the truth.

A disgusted look flashed over Sirius's face. "I'm a Black, Peter(Pettigrew), we've all been offered a position under the Dark Lord. I've turned it down countless times already..."

As the former heir of the Black house, a noble family full of dark wizards, Sirius has received all sorts of invitations to join Voldemort, but of course, he would never accept them.

Pettigrew looked up at Sirius, a crazed look in his eyes. "That's because you haven't felt his power like I have. I witnessed it a few times already, and trust me, you can't win against power like that..." He ranted on and on, his words dripping with fanatical admiration.

As he continued to speak, It became evident that Pettigrew crazily idolized strength, and Voldemort embodied that strength for him. Even with the Dark Lord defeated, his fanaticism didn't change one bit.

Shocked expressions adorned everyone's faces, except for Peter and MJ, who had gleaned this information from the movies. James, Lily, and Sirius had thought Pettigrew to be a quiet, shy man, unaware of the crazed nature lurking beneath his facade.

Hearing enough, Sirius and James exchanged a glance, nodding in silent agreement. In unison, they raised their wands and spoke, "Diffindo."

Instantly, two visible blades of wind shot out of their wands, severing Pettigrew's head from his neck. Lily, shielding little Harry's eyes, turned away from the gruesome sight.

As the cruel but deserved act unfolded, the echo of lightning striking resonated through the air. An old white haired man in extravagant robes and a giant of a man materialized just in time to witness James and Sirius execute Pettigrew.

[Insert picture of Dumbles here]

[Insert picture of Hagrid here]

Shock painted Dumbledore's face, and he yelled, "Stop this instant!"

But it was too late. Pettigrew's lifeless body lay on the ground, his severed head a testament to the severe consequences of betrayal.

Chapter 553: Snivilus

The air crackled with tension as Dumbledore and Hagrid surveyed the grim scene, their eyes widening in disbelief.

"What have you done?" Dumbledore exclaimed, his voice a mix of shock and disappointment.

Sirius, panting heavily, met Dumbledore's gaze defiantly. "We couldn't let him live. He betrayed us, and he'd do it again."

Dumbledore's eyes softened as he regarded the grief-stricken trio. "There are always other options, my friends. Killing should never be the first one."

The lecture from Albus Dumbledore echoed through the night air, his wise eyes fixed on James, Sirius, and Lily. As he began to express his disapproval of their hasty decision to dispatch Peter Pettigrew, Peter himself interrupted, a smirk playing on his lips.

"Relax, old man. The only real loss here is in information, and Pettigrew wasn't exactly a treasure trove of knowledge. Low-level Death Eater, you know. Why bother with him when we've got the

final boss right here?" Peter lifted his leg, casually resting it on Voldemort's unconscious form, emphasizing the defeated Dark Lord at his feet.

Albus, still processing the scene, finally shifted his gaze to Voldemort, or rather, Tom Riddle as he knew him. Shock painted his expression, and he took note of the peculiar chains of golden Eldritch energy binding the Dark Lord.

"Tom..." Albus whispered, his shock momentarily overpowering his lecturing demeanor. The unexpected sight of Voldemort subdued left him momentarily speechless.

Peter, not missing a beat, continued, "See? No need to fret over some rat traitor like Pettigrew." The smirk on his face grew more pronounced as he tapped his foot on Voldemort's prone body.

The Headmaster's focus returned, and he urged urgency. "We must move him to a more secure location before more Death Eaters arrive," Albus urged, his experienced eyes scanning the surroundings.

Although he had many questions, like who the hell was the man resting his foot on the Dark Lord's back and why was he here, his curiosity could wait. Now, they needed to secure Voldemort in a place where his followers won't be able to find him.

As Albus spoke, another crash of lightning heralded the arrival of Severus Snape, his greasy hair disheveled, worry etched across his face.

[Insert picture of Snape here]

He rushed forward toward the house, calling out, "Lily?! Lily?!" but a welcoming committee of wands awaited him. Even Lily, holding her wand protectively, joined the defensive line with baby Harry still in her arms.

Although her and Severus might have been close childhood friends at one point, his decision to become a Death Eater destroyed any remaining love she had for him.

Severus, realizing the situation, relaxed. "You're alive..." He muttered, a smile forming in his usually scowl ridden face. Lily was alive and well, and even all of the wands currently pointed at him right now couldn't ruin just how happy and relieved that made him.

But when his eyes fell upon the decapitated body of Pettigrew and the captured form of Voldemort. Shock painted his features. The Dark Lord, defeated? This was beyond his wildest expectations.

Unwilling to stay here any longer, Albus swiftly cast a spell that rendered Snape unconscious and lifted his body with another. "Follow me, quickly!" he commanded, taking charge in the chaotic situation.

Attempting to assert control, Albus aimed to take possession of Voldemort next, prompting Peter to slap away another levitation spell with a sharp motion. "He's my prisoner. I'll handle him," Peter declared firmly, his eyes locked onto Albus Dumbledore.

While Albus harbored discontent at this interference, the urgency of the situation prevailed. "Hold onto me, everyone," he instructed, preparing to Apparate(teleport) them to a safer location.

Unwilling to trust his and his wife's transportation to another, especially since he knows of the many dangers of apparition from the movies, Peter delved into Albus's mind, reading his intentions. With a raised eyebrow, Peter opened a portal with a wave of his hand. "Is this the right place?" he asked, his confidence unsettling Albus.

The Headmaster stared at Peter in shock, realization dawning on him that his mind's defenses had been breached, and rather effortlessly as well. "H-How?!"

Fear and confusion danced in Dumbledore's eyes as he turned his wand against Peter, catching everyone off guard.

Questions lingered on their lips, but before anyone could voice them, MJ disappeared in a burst of speed before reappearing beside Albus, a single strike snapping his arm, eliciting a cry of pain as his wand clattered to the ground.

Ignoring Albus's yelling, MJ picked up his wand and walked over to Peter, twirling it between her fingers. Her disdain for Dumbledore was palpable. After reading all of the books and watching every Harry Potter film, she saw Dumbledore as nothing more than a scheming old man, and wouldn't tolerate any of his behavior.

Peter smiled as he saw MJ playing with Dumbledore's prized wand, the Elder Wand. "Go find Voldemorts wand too, we can keep them as souvenirs." He said, which sparked some excitement as she rushed off into the house, searching for the Dark Lord's wand.

As she ran inside, Peter approached Albus and, with a casual wave of his hand, healed the old man's arm in seconds, leaving Albus in bewildered silence. "Remember, old man, it could be worse than a broken arm next time, so don't go pointing dangerous weapons at people you don't know." Peter cautioned, his voice carrying a subtle threat.

With a nod, Albus reluctantly accepted the warning, making a mental note to seek answers about these mysterious strangers before making any rash moves.

The onlookers, Sirius, James, and Lily, stood in stunned silence. Seeing Dumbledore, the most powerful wizard they knew, in such a disadvantageous position was a sight they had never witnessed before, not even against Voldemort.

Peter, satisfied that Albus understood his point, levitated Voldemort's body behind him and walked through the portal with MJ, who rushed over with a bone white wand in her hand. "I found it!" She exclaimed happily.

Before following them through the strange portal, Sirius, turning back to Pettigrew's lifeless body, questioned, "What should we do with him? Should we just leave him here?"

Albus, contemplating a proper burial, was about to offer to take Pettigrew's body with them when Lily intervened. With a flourish of her wand, she simply set the traitor's body ablaze, causing Pettigrew and the remnants of his gruesome end to slowly burn away.

Lily, still cradling baby Harry, turned to the group, her expression unyielding. "He doesn't deserve our kindness or our pity," she declared, her voice firm. With that, she walked towards the portal, the weight of the past and the decisions made tonight etched on her face.

Albus, his arm healed but thoughts still swirling, followed Lily through the portal alongside Hagrid. James and Sirius, hesitated for a moment, glancing back at the burning figure of a man they once thought of as a brother. Finally, after a moment of hesitation, they stepped through the magical gateway, which snapped shut behind them.

As the portal snapped shut, leaving behind nothing but a broken home and a burning headless body on the front lawn, the once-quiet night was shattered by the sound of relentless lightning, a prelude to the arrival of multiple figures clad in hooded robes and white mask, the ominous Death Eaters.

Surveying the area, they discovered Pettigrew's burning body and signs of a fierce battle. Though the absence of their Dark Lord and master raised alarm among the masked figures, intensifying the tension in the air.

In a moment of annoyance, one of the masked men pulled off his hood, revealing himself as Lucius Malfoy. His cold gaze swept across the scene, and he barked orders to the others. "Fan out and find the Dark Lord. Now!"

[Insert picture of Lucius Malfoy here]

The Death Eaters, discontent with being ordered around, reluctantly obeyed. As more masks were removed, other known Death Eaters emerged from the shadows, their loyalty to Voldemort evident. Among them were Bellatrix Lestrange, Rodolphus Lestrange, and Antonin Dolohov, each donning their distinctive masks.

[Insert pictures if you want]

The Death Eaters began arguing fervently about the best course of action without their psychotic leader at the helm. The absence of clear direction left them in disarray, a stark contrast to the organized chaos they usually thrived in under Voldemort's command.

Bellatrix, her wild hair framing her fanatical expression, voiced her frustration. "We can't afford to waste time bickering! We need to find the Dark Lord and restore order!"

Rodolphus, though loyal, disagreed. "How are we supposed to find him?! I say we all head home and wait for him to return. After all, it's not like he's been captured... right?"

Antonin Dolohov, known for his ruthlessness, growled, "Enough squabbling! We need a plan. Lucius, what do you suggest?"

Lucius, always composed, pondered the situation. "We search systematically. Split into groups and cover every inch of this place. We must locate him at all costs."

Bellatrix nodded, her gaze uneasy. "We need to find him quickly... I don't have a good feeling about any of this."

The Death Eaters, begrudgingly accepting Lucius's plan, divided into smaller groups. The once-cohesive force now moved with uncertainty, their unity shaken by the absence of the Dark Lord's command.

As they dispersed into the night, the burning remnants of Pettigrew's body continued to cast an eerie glow on the desolate scene. There was no sympathy or camaraderie in their ranks, so they simply left him there, burning all night long.

Chapter 554: Theft & Threats

After stepping through the portal, Peter, MJ, and the others found themselves in a vast entrance hall of what appeared to be a grand but dilapidated mansion. Dust danced in the air, and cobwebs clung to the corners, showing the neglect that's taken place over time.

Once everyone had gathered inside behind Peter and MJ, the portal snapped shut, leaving them in the eerie silence of the forgotten mansion.

And after a long night, It was finally time for James and Lily to get some answers. Sirius, Hagrid, and Albus, although not present since the beginning, were just as curious as James and Lily about these mysterious people. Especially Albus, who began ti realize that Peter and MJ possessed superhuman abilities, which seemed to transcend that of normal magic.

"Who are-" As James turned to Peter and MJ, finally able to ask one of the many burning questions he had, suddenly, Harry began to cry.

Swiftly, Lily cradled him in her arms, attempting to soothe him and figure out what might be causing his distress. The sudden interruption delayed their quest for answers.

Turning to Albus, James inquired about a place to lay Harry down for some much-needed rest. Albus sighed, realizing the exhaustion that had befallen the child after the day's tumultuous events.

Reluctantly, he led them to a room, leaving Peter, MJ, Hagrid, Sirius, and the unconscious prisoners behind.

While James, Lily, and Albus dealt with the immediate needs of the baby protagonist, Peter turned to MJ with a mischievous smile. "Want to check if this place has a library?" he asked. MJ's eyes lit up with excitement at the prospect of exploring a new universe's magical literature.

With a nod, the two set off to find the library, Voldemort still floating behind them, bound by the golden chains. Hagrid, sensing the urgency of their departure, attempted to intervene. Stepping into their path, he cautioned, "Yeh shouldn't wander off without Dumbledore's permission. This ain't your house, after all."

Peter and MJ exchanged glances before turning back to Hagrid, their mere looks enough to instill a sense of fear in the soft-hearted giant. Instantly, Hagrid scurried to the side, stepping out of their way.

Feeling a pang of guilt for intimidating Hagrid, a character she liked from books and movies, MJ offered a reassuring smile. "We'll be in the library. You can find us there once they're done putting Harry to sleep."

Reluctantly, Hagrid nodded as they walked off, disappearing down a dark hallway. Sirius, who had been standing beside him, couldn't help but comment on the intimidating aura the two strangers carried. "Blimey, that's one scary couple..."

After searching the mansion for a while, Peter and MJ, with the unconscious and bound Voldemort in tow, finally stumbled upon the library. The entrance seemed to be secured with various protective wards, but Peter effortlessly bypassed all of it, allowing them to slip inside without a problem.

In the heart of the library, they found a vast, dusty room. Countless bookshelves lined the space, each filled to the brim with both new and ancient books, each one a treasure trove of magical knowledge.

MJ's eyes widened with delight as she beheld the impressive collection, and her joy brought a smile to Peter's face. While he was already a Master of the mystic arts, making this library rather normal and unimpressive, seeing the happiness it brought his wife was what truly brought him joy.

Though that didn't mean the library wasn't valuable to him. After all, magic from another universe was still worth looking into.

Before MJ could eagerly dart off to explore the shelves, Peter turned to her with a mischievous grin. "Let's do some looting before they come looking for us," he suggested.

As he spoke, Peter waved his hand, conjuring a golden spell circle in the air. MJ observed with curiosity, realizing this was a spell he hadn't taught her yet.

Once the spell circle was complete, MJ watched in awe as every book in the library floated out of its place on the shelves, drawn into the golden spell circle one by one. The circle pulsed with energy, and after each book was absorbed, it was spat back out, returning to its original spot on the shelves.

This process continued for a few minutes until every book in the library had been scanned by the spell. The golden circle then condensed into a tiny book, falling into Peter's outstretched hand.

Intrigued, MJ couldn't help but ask, "What did you do? I've never seen that spell before..." When Peter mentioned looting, she assumed they would simply be taking all the books, but the spell seemed to return them all to their original places.

Peter grinned and explained, "It's a pretty easy spell. It copies the contents of each book it scans and compiles them into one book, which we can access anytime." He tossed her the small book as he elaborated.

Catching the book, MJ examined it with curiosity. "So, everything in this library is inside this tiny book? Why is it so small?" she inquired.

Peter nonchalantly shrugged. "Magic." he replied simply.

With a satisfied smile, MJ acknowledged the brilliance of the spell. "Cool, I'll stash it away for now and look it over later..." she says as she puts the small book in her pocket before rushing off to explore the library.

Smiling as he follows behind his enthusiastic wife, Peter couldn't help but think. 'This is a lot better than the zombie universe. At least in this universe, they have loot that's actually worth taking home with us.'

When Albus, Hagrid, James, Sirius, and Lily finally arrived at the library, searching for Peter and MJ, they were met with a surprising sight. The mysterious couple sat at one of the tables, quietly immersed in reading some old-looking books, while the unconscious Voldemort lay on the adjacent table.

Albus, having to unlock the library himself to grant access, was astounded to find them there. The wards he meticulously set up seemed effortlessly bypassed by these strangers.

As the group approached, Peter and MJ looked up from their books and greeted them with calm expressions. Taking seats at the same table, the group finally began to voice their questions, with James and Lily taking the lead. James asked straightforwardly, "Who are you two?"

Peter grinned, introducing himself, "I'm Peter, and this is MJ."

Lily's question followed, "How did you appear in our house in that blue phone box?"

"Magic," Peter nonchalantly replied with a shrug. After all, he probably shouldn't mention anything about their multiverse travel. At least not until they can build some trust between one another.

The simplicity of his answer left them with more questions, but before they could press further, Albus joined in, inquiring, "Where are you from?"

"America." MJ replied with a casual tone.

This revelation didn't surprised the group, as they could already tell by their accents.

Albus continued probing, asking why Peter and MJ were here. MJ responded honestly, "We're on our honeymoon."

With the preliminary questions out of the way, everyone joined in, firing inquiries at the couple. Sirius asked boldly, "Who defeated Voldemort?"

Peter answered confidently, "That would be me."

Lily, intrigued, questioned, "How do you know about Voldemort having Horcruxes?"

As soon as the word "Horcruxes" left Lily's lips, Albus's eyes widened in alarm. He stood abruptly, "Are you telling the truth?! Did he actually make multiple Horcruxes?"

Peter nodded, confirming, "It's true. Voldemort has five Horcruxes. That's why we haven't killed him yet. Because he'll just turn into a wraith and fly off."

Albus, disapproving, reprimanded Peter, "Killing should only be used as a last resort!" He asserted. "With Tom in custody already, we can turn him into the government and allow the courts to handle his punishment. I have no doubt that he'll be spending multiple life sentences in Azkaban for all that he's done, I assure you."

In response to hearing Albus call Voldemort by his real name, Tom, the group, besides Peter and MJ, who already knew Voldemort's origins, began to question Albus about that. After all, he never mentioned this before.

The atmosphere in the library shifted as the group exchanged puzzled glances. James, Sirius, Lily, and Hagrid, all wearing expressions of disbelief, directed their attention towards Albus. Especially Hagrid, who remembered Tom Riddle from his time in Hogwarts, before he was expelled.

Peter and MJ observed quietly, knowing the significance of the revelation about Voldemort's true identity. 'You shouldn't have kept all these secrets, you scheming old man...' MJ shook her head.

Albus sighed, realizing the weight of the questions that now hung in the air. He gestured for them to take a seat, preparing to share a piece of Voldemort's dark history that he had kept hidden.

"Tom Riddle was once a student at Hogwarts. In fact, I was the one who delivered his acceptance letter," Albus began, his voice carrying the weight of years of memories. "An exceptionally talented young wizard, but with a thirst for power that far surpassed anyone I've ever met."

As he spoke, the group listened intently, absorbing the details of Voldemort's origin story. Albus delved into the dark path that Tom Riddle took, from his suspicions of the young boy as he joined Hogwarts, to his realization of just who the newest Dark Lord was when he began his mad quest for power.

They were all especially shocked to hear that the Dark Lord, the man who preaches blood purity and slaughters entire villages of muggles and muggle borns alike, was in fact a halfblood. His father was normal man and his mother a squib, a witch born without the ability to use magic.

Upon hearing the revelations about Voldemort's origins, James, Sirius, and Lily exchanged glances of shock, while Sirius' eyes narrowed in suspicion. Hagrid, who had known Tom Riddle, displayed a mixture of frustration and sadness.

Albus met their gaze solemnly. "I made a grave mistake in my youth. Tom Riddle was a brilliant student, and when he began to show signs of dark magic, I believed I could guide him away from that path. I thought I could save him and I was wrong."

Lily, her voice tinged with frustration, countered, "You shouldn't have kept this from us! You had no right! Especially after Harry became a target!"

Sirius couldn't help but ask. "Why didn't you tell us about this before? Knowing who he was could have been crucial in our efforts to stop him." He said, eyeing Albus suspiciously. "Do you have any idea how huge the impact would be if it was revealed that the Dark Lord is a halfblood? His followers would start killing themselves out of shame alone."

Albus, acknowledging the weight of his choices, sighed deeply. "I can only offer my sincerest apologies. I was wrong and I'm sorry for keeping this from you. My mistakes have consequences, and I bear the weight of them."

As the group absorbed Albus's admission, James questioned, "What do we do now?"

Looking up from his book for a moment, Peter spoke, "I don't know about you guys, but MJ and I plan on collecting and destroying Tom's Horcruxes before finally killing him. If you guys want, you can tag along. If not-" he says as he turns to stare Albus straight in the eyes. "-then stay out of our way."

As Peter's stern words hung in the air, a palpable tension settled in the library. The group, including Dumbledore, exchanged uncertain glances, grappling with the unexpected hostility directed towards the venerable wizard.

Dumbledore, usually composed, found himself taken aback by the abrupt animosity. Attempting to diffuse the situation, he cleared his throat and addressed the couple, "I apologize if our initial encounter was less than pleasant. I assure you, I meant no harm." He apologized. "Usually, I endeavor to make a better first impression, but I seem to have dropped the ball this time around."

Peter's gaze remained steady, and MJ's expression held a lingering suspicion. Her thoughts, influenced by the tales and speculations from their universe, cast a shadow on Dumbledore's attempts at reconciliation.

'He's definitely hiding something,' MJ thought, her skepticism evident in the furrow of her brows. 'I've read too many stories where the wise and kind mentor turns out to be the real villain.'

Peter, however, decided to accept the apology, recognizing that hasty judgments could lead to unnecessary conflicts. "Alright, we'll start with a clean slate from now on," he warned, his tone firm. "Earn our respect or squander your second chance, it's up to you..."

Dumbledore nodded appreciatively, acknowledging the compromise. While Peter seemed open to a fresh beginning, MJ's guarded stance remained evident. She eyed Dumbledore with lingering suspicion, a silent challenge that hinted at the preconceived notions she carried.

As Dumbledore hesitated, gathering his thoughts, Peter glanced at MJ, silently urging her to ease the tension. In response, she reluctantly nodded, acknowledging Peter's unspoken request to give Dumbledore a chance, at least for now.

Albus took a deep breath, addressing MJ directly, "I understand your apprehension. However, I hope you'll be willing to give me a chance to make a better impression as well."

MJ, unmoved, replied with a curt, "We'll see."

Turning his attention back to Peter, Dumbledore extended a hand, "since we're all on the same page, may I have my wand back?"

Peter hesitated for a moment, the elder wand sat on the table in front of him and MJ, alongside Voldemorts bone white wand. While a part of him wanted to keep it as a souvenir from their visit to the world, he acknowledged the fact that it didn't belong to them in the first place.

With a nod to MJ, who reluctantly handed over the wand, Peter addressed Dumbledore, "You can have it back. But remember, point it at us again, and we'll be keeping it next time."

Dumbledore accepted the wand with a solemn nod, recognizing the implicit warning. As he held the Elder Wand once more, a serious and contemplative expression settled on his features. The weight of their distrust lingered, an unspoken agreement that trust would be earned, not freely given.

The atmosphere in the library shifted, the hostility diffusing, but an underlying tension still lingered. Dumbledore, now armed with his wand, chose his words carefully. "I appreciate your willingness to give me a chance. Now, if you have any questions, or if there's anything you wish to share, I am here to assist."

While Peter remained cautious, he acknowledged the potential benefits of collaboration. "We're here to deal with Voldemort. If you can help us with that, great. If not, like I said before, you should just stay out of our way."

Dumbledore, understanding the gravity of their mission, nodded in agreement. "Very well. I'm willing to assist you in whatever way I can."

Peter raised a brow, motioning toward s the still unconscious and bound Dark Lord. "Even if it means he's going to die?" He asked.

A sigh escaped Dumbledore's lips as he looked toward Voldemort, regret written all over his face "Although I still disagree with killing a prisoner, who has no way of escaping or defending himself, I'm still willing to help find and destroy all of Tom's horcruxes."

"And once it's time for him to die?" MJ asked, her eyes narrowed.

Albus looked right back at her, "Then we'll cross that bridge when we get to it."

It was fairly clear that as soon as it came time for Voldemort to die, Dumbledore would either try to dissuade them or use force to put a stop to it altogether. And MJ was more than fine with that. After all, like Peter said, as soon as he raises that wand at them again, Albus will be giving up its ownership.

'Looks like we'll be taking our souvenir back soon enough...' MJ thought, a greedy look in her eyes.

With a nod to Dumbledore, signifying their fragile alliance, MJ turned her attention to the rest of the room. Hagrid, Sirius, James, and Lily awaited their decision, their expressions a mix of curiosity and anticipation.

"Anyone else planning to join us?" MJ asked, her eyes scanning the room. "We're offering, not insisting, by the way. You don't have to come if you don't want to."

Hagrid, ever loyal, spoke up first. "I'd love to, but I got me work at Hogwarts. Can't be leavin' the students alone, not to mention all the animals that need feeding. But if ya ever need me, just give a holler."

Peter shook his head, understanding. "Thanks, Hagrid. We've got this covered, but we appreciate the offer."

James nodded appreciatively, gratitude evident in his expression. "Thank you for letting me tag along. It means a lot. After everything that's happened, I need to make sure Voldemorts gone for good, or else I won't be able to sleep at night..."

"If James is going, then you can count me in too." Sirius said, curiosity flickering in his eyes as he turned to Peter. "How do you know where these Horcrux things are, anyway?"

Peter smirked, his answer cryptic. "Magic."

Sirius raised an eyebrow, clearly unsatisfied with the vague response, but he decided not to press further. Of course, he wasn't the only one either. Everyone else was starting to get annoyed with Peter's lack of explanations. But just like him, they kept their mouths shut.

Finally, all eyes turned to Lily, their silent question lingering in the air. She hesitated, torn between the desire to join the mission and the responsibility of caring for baby Harry.

"I wish I could," Lily began, her gaze fixed on her newborn son. "But someone has to stay with Harry. We can't leave him alone, especially with Death Eaters still out there."

Peter nodded, acknowledging the importance of her decision. "Fair enough. Your priority is Harry. We'll handle the rest."

Suddenly, Albus spoke. "What about our prisoners?" He asked, his gaze turning toward the bound Dark Lord in the room. "Severus is currently in a cell in the basement. Maybe we should lock Tom up as well?"

Instantly, Peter shook his head. "No, as I said before, Voldemort is my prisoner. We'll take him with us."

"Alright..." Albus reluctantly agreed, knowing he wouldn't change Peter's mind.

"Does Snape have to stay here?" James abruptly asked. "I would really rather he wasn't anywhere near my family..."

"We'll be fine, James." Lily assured him. "Albus said the cell would hold, and besides, I don't think Severus would ever hurt me, even if he had the chance. I mean, you saw the way he was acting earlier."

"Yeah, you may be right, but what about Harry?" James countered, which seemed to strike some reasoning in her. "Face it, Lily. He's not the same Severus you grew up with anymore. He's a Death Eater, and I can't tell you the amount of children Harry's age I've found dead since this war began. It's not a sight or an experience that I'd wish on anyone..."

"Fine..." Lily was convinced. "But where should we go?"

"You don't have to go anywhere." Peter said, drawing everyone's attention. "I'll upgrade his cell before leaving. You'll be perfectly safe."

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After quelling everyone's worries, and upgrading Snape's cell, the group prepared to head out. Hagrid bid them farewell, promising to be available should they need him. Lily remained with Harry, watching over their son with a mix of determination and concern.

Sirius, ever impulsive, jumped in with enthusiasm. "So, when do we start?"

Peter, wearing a mischievous smirk, answered, "We start at a place you know quite well, Sirius. 12 Grimmauld Place."

Surprise flickered in Sirius's eyes, a mix of nostalgia and apprehension. "My old family home? Why there? You know I'm expelled from the family, right?"

Peter's grin widened. "Yes. But it's where we'll find the first Horcrux." He said as he waved his hand, conjuring a golden portal. "Let's go. I'd like to finish this dirty business tonight and spend the rest of the week relaxing with my wife."

Stepping through the portal, Peter effortlessly levitated the unconscious Voldemort behind him, the bound Dark Lord hovering eerily in the air. The others followed suit, finding themselves on a dimly lit street, surrounded by residential buildings. The portal snapped shut behind them, leaving no trace of their arrival.

Sirius squinted at the row of houses, his gaze fixed on where 12 Grimmauld Place should be. However, thanks to the powerful wards, only numbers 11 and 13 were visible. Number 12 remained hidden, protected by a magical barrier that defied visual detection.

Turning to Peter, Sirius voiced the obvious concern, "How do you plan to get us inside? I may have grown up there, but I'm not exactly welcome."

Peter responded with a sly smirk, raising his hand to conjure a golden spell circle in front of him. "Like this." The intricate symbols unfolded, a mysterious branch of magic that left even Dumbledore intrigued.

As the spell completed, it shot towards the space between house numbers 11 and 13. The buildings expanded, making way for the emergence of the concealed Black family home. House 12 materialized, distinctively darker and more foreboding than its neighboring residences.

Peter, motioning toward the house, welcomed Sirius with a casual grin. "Welcome home, Sirius." With that, he strolled confidently toward the entrance, leaving Sirius to reluctantly follow, a mix of nostalgia and dread in his eyes.

Reaching the front door, Peter gave it a few knocks, the sound echoing through the quiet street. Sirius, standing behind the group, shifted nervously, grappling with the prospect of facing his estranged family once again.

As the door creaked open, a small, angry-looking elf appeared, a glint of hostility in its eyes. It stood at the ready, prepared to defend Grimmauld Place from any intruders.

[Insert picture of Kreacher here]

"Who dares disturb the noble house of Black?" the elf spat, its tone dripping with disdain as its eyes find Sirius, hiding at the back. "I see, Young Master Blood Traitor has returned..."

"Hello, Kreacher..." Sirius sighed, a wry smile on his face. "It's good to see you too..."

Chapter 556: The Pointkess Sacrifice of Regulus Black

Peter, undeterred by the standoff between an elf and his former Master, offered a charming smile. "Yo, I'm Peter and this beautiful woman beside me is my wife, MJ. We're here to speak to you about Regulus Black."

Instantly, Sirius's eyes widen at the mention of his brother, who has been presumed dead for a few years now.

The elf's eyes narrowed, suspicion evident in its demeanor. "Kreacher has nothing to say! Leave and take-"

Before Kreacher could finish his sentence, a loud, shrill voice echoed through the corridors of Grimmauld Place. "Kreacher! Who's at the door!?" The voice belonged to none other than Walburga Black, Sirius's mother.

Instantly, Kreacher's demeanor shifted from hostility to adoration as he called back to his mistress, "Young Master Sirius has returned, Mistress, and he's brought along some questionable blood with him."

The mention of "questionable blood" earned a disapproving glare from MJ, but she remained silent, letting Peter handle the situation.

Seconds later, an aged male voice resonated from within the house, commanding Kreacher, "Invite them in."

However, the mistress of the house wasn't pleased. A loud, indignant screech followed, and a spell came flying around the corner, aimed directly for the door.

Reacting swiftly, Peter swatted the spell aside with a casual wave of his hand before confidently striding past Kreacher and entering the house. Kreacher, shocked by what he saw, grumbled but couldn't defy the invitation that was issued.

Sirius, alongside everyone else's, reluctantly following Peter, muttered an apology for his mother's typical behavior. He didn't need to see her to know that she was the one who had fired that spell.

Navigating through the dark and dusty corridors, Peter eventually reached a parlor room where an old man sat on a worn-out sofa. Arcturus Black, the head of the Black family, had a dignified aura about him. Next to him sat Walburga, a middle-aged woman with a crazed look in her eyes.

"Arcturus," Albus greeted with a nod, a surprised look on his face. "It's good to see that you're still alive and well..." He said, though it sounded more like he was hoping for the opposite.

"Albus," Arcturus replied curtly before turning his attention to his wayward grandson. "Sirius... I see you still know where your home is. It's been so long that I thought you'd forgotten the way back."

"I'm not here because I want to be." Sirius replied without an ounce of familiarity. "As soon as this business is taken care of, I'll be on my way."

"Good riddance!" Walburga butted in, her tone haughty. "If it were up to me, blood traitors like you wouldn't even-"

Before she could finish, Peter levitated Voldemort around the corner and into the room for all to see. Instantly, the room went deathly quiet as both Blacks recognized who this was, especially Walburga, who was a supporter of Voldemorts since the war began.

"Now that I have your attention." Peter said as he and MJ took a seat across from Arcturus, harshly dropping Voldemort into the coffee table between them, which buckled and broke. "I'm Peter, and this is MJ. We're here to discuss something important about Regulus Black, not have a family squabble. If you want to argue and fight amongst yourselves, then save it for later."

Arcturus regarded them with a shrewd gaze, his gaze turning to Dumbledore for answers. "Is that?" he queried, a hint of shock in his voice.

Albus nodded. "Yes, he captured him earlier tonight."

"He.. as in...?" Arcturus asked, his eyes turning to Peter.

"Yes, me." Peter replied with a smirk, which infuriated Walburga.

Meanwhile, as everyone was talking, Walburga, a fervent supporter of Voldemort's ideals, erupted in rage. Seeing the man who carried all of her hopes and dreams sprawled out on the collapsed coffee table seemed to trigger something in her.

With a furious expression, she pulled her wand and pointed it toward Peter, intent on avenging the apparent humiliation of her beloved Dark Lord. "How dare you! Avada-"

In a swift response, MJ, annoyed by the interruption, leaped out of her chair. She appeared in front of Walburga, delivering a powerful kick square in the stomach. The impact launched Walburga backward, crashing into a bookshelf that shattered upon impact with her body.

As Walburga crumpled to the floor, gasping for air and holding her aching stomach, Kreacher, horrified and enraged, attempted to retaliate. But before he could make a move, Sirius pulled out his wand, holding it threateningly at the elf's head. "Please give me a reason, you decrepit old rat." He said, more than willing to end the infuriating house elf's life.

Tension gripped the room, and soon enough, everyone had their wands drawn, poised for a fight. All except for Peter, Albus, and Arcturus, who remained calm and composed amid the brewing chaos.

Amidst the tense standoff, Arcturus, the head of the Black family, bellowed, "Enough!" His authoritative voice cut through the chaos, demanding attention and respect. He cast a stern gaze across the room, his eyes finally settling on Walburga, who had managed to stand, glaring venomously at MJ.

"Lower your wands, all of you," Arcturus commanded, his voice unwavering. Slowly, begrudgingly, the wands were lowered. Sirius reluctantly withdrew his wand from Kreacher's agitated face, maintaining a watchful eye on the elf.

"Now, what is the meaning of this spectacle?" Arcturus directed his question at Walburga, his tone reproachful. "This is not how we conduct ourselves, even in the face of unexpected guests."

Walburga, still seething with anger, straightened herself, refusing to back down. "They have desecrated and disrespected the Dark Lord! Do you have any idea how-"

"I said, enough." Arcturus spoke, a dangerous glint in his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose. "Regardless of the circumstances, we do not resort to violence within these walls." he reprimanded, turning his attention to Peter. "Now, what business do you have concerning my late grandson?"

Finally, with the chaotic atmosphere subsiding, Peter gestured toward the unconscious Voldemort, addressing Arcturus, "Let's get down to business. We can't kill him since he's made multiple horcruxes."

The mention of horcruxes sent a chill through the room. Even Walburga, who had revered the Dark Lord, was taken aback. The notion of splitting one's soul seemed to be a line Voldemort had not hesitated to cross, leaving Arcturus visibly perturbed.

Arcturus, his brow furrowed, asked with a hint of disbelief, "Horcruxes? And you think there's one in my house?"

Peter nodded, replying, "I don't just think, I know." He shifted his attention to Kreacher, continuing, "Regulus Black gave it to Kreacher before he died."

All eyes turned to the old elf, who seemed surprised that someone knew about the item Regulus had entrusted to him. Arcturus directed his inquiry to Kreacher, seeking confirmation of Peter's claim.

With tears welling up in his large eyes, Kreacher affirmed, "Yes, Young Master Regulus left Kreacher some things, but Kreacher didn't know it was a horse cuck(Horcrux). He didn't tell Kreacher what it was, but he did say to destroy it."

Infuriated, Walburga demanded an explanation from Kreacher. "Why would my son entrust you with such important belongings? Why not me?"

In a somber tone, Kreacher began recounting the events of 1979, pointing at the sleeping Dark Lord in the center of the room. "He borrowed Kreacher from Master Regulus and took Kreacher to a cave...." The room listened in stunned silence as Kreacher revealed the harrowing experience.

...

In 1979, under the looming presence of Lord Voldemort, a fateful encounter unfolded between the dark wizard and Regulus Black. The air thick with trepidation, Voldemort declared to Regulus that he required a house-elf.

In a swift and seemingly selfless act, Regulus promptly offered up Kreacher, stating that it as an honor for his loyal elf to serve the Dark Lord.

Transported to a foreboding Crystal Cave, Kreacher found himself subjected to Voldemort's sinister plans. The malevolent wizard compelled the elf to consume a peculiar potion from a basin, after which he placed a silver locket within the emptied vessel. A locket which held a portion of his soul inside.

A mysterious sequence unfolded as the locket vanished beneath the inky potion, which seemed to magically reappear in the basin.

Meanwhile, the elixir wreaked havoc upon Kreacher, inducing nightmarish delusions, agonizing stomach pains, and a relentless state of dehydration.

Voldemort, satisfied with his success, departed, callously leaving Kreacher to fend for himself. The elf, desperate for relief, attempted to drink from the nearby lake, only to find the undead Inferi, lurking in the water below, awaited their chance to claim the life of whoever came near.

Yet, Voldemort, blinded by his own arrogance, remained oblivious to a crucial aspect of house-elf magic. Unbeknownst to the Dark Lord, Kreacher possessed the ability to apparate out of locations where wizards and witches were powerless.

Leveraging this unique magic and unaffected by the enchantments that bound the cave, Kreacher managed to teleport to safety, dutifully following his master's command to "come home when he finished his task."

In a twist of fate, Regulus Black revisited the ominous Crystal Cave after hearing about it from Kreacher upon his return. He suspected Voldemort of making a Horcrux, and asked himself what would his brother, Sirius do? And so, he set out to destroy it without the Dark Lord's knowledge.

Determined, Regulus drank the potion himself and directed Kreacher to replace the horcruxed Locket with a convincing replica. With a heavy heart, he commanded Kreacher to return home and destroy the presumed "real" locket, unable to teleport out with his loyal house elf.

In the closing moments of his presence in the cave, Kreacher witnessed the haunting image of Inferi hands dragging Regulus into the watery abyss as he tried to quench his never ending thirst. The loyal house-elf, burdened by the weight of his master's secrets, departed as instructed.

However, fate intervened, as Kreacher found himself unable to fulfill his master's final command. Despite relentless attempts, he was unable to destroy the locket.

...

The revelation struck a chord, especially with Walburga and Sirius, who had believed his brother to be just another Death Eater. 'He actually tried to fight against Voldemort...' Sirius was shocked, saddened, and pleasantly surprised.

Tears welled up in Walburga's eyes, grief washing over her as she realized the true fate of her son. Sirius, too, was moved, understanding that Regulus had been a hero who sacrificed himself to thwart Voldemort.

Kreacher, concluding his tale, added, "Master Regulus ordered Kreacher never to tell anyone about what happened..."

Arcturus, though visibly affected by the revelation, maintained a stoic composure. "This is grave news. We must deal with the Horcrux, and ensure Voldemort is dealt with... permanently."

Surprisingly, Walburga didn't have any complaints or arguments to make. Her favorite son was dead, and Voldemort was to blame. Although they shared the same ideals, she just couldn't bring herself to advocate for him anymore.

As emotions swirled in the room, Peter turned to Kreacher, "go get the locket and I'll destroy it for you." Peter said as he thought, 'I probably shouldn't mention the fact that Regulus could have survived if he wasn't such a suicidal idiot. All he had to do was order an elf to drink the potion again...'

Chapter 557: Horcrux Killing Spree

A few seconds after teleporting off, Kreacher returned with the locket clutched tightly in his bony hands, a piece of dark history that seemed to pulse with an ominous energy.

Arcturus and Albus exchanged a knowing glance as they recognized the intricate design of the locket, an heirloom of Salazar Slytherin, one of Hogwarts' revered founders. Their shared curiosity hung in the air, wondering how such a significant artifact had fallen into Voldemort's hands.

Handing over the locket with a wary expression, Kreacher warned Peter, "Steal Master Regulus's locket, and Kreacher will find a way to make you suffer, no matter where you hide."

"Sure, sure..." Peter, unfazed by the threat, accepted the locket and examined it with a thoughtful expression.

Before he could proceed with its destruction, Albus interjected, curiosity etched on his aged features. "Peter, how do you plan to destroy the Horcrux? It is no simple feat... few things possess the potency or power required for such a task."

Looking up from the locket, Peter smirked confidently. "I'll destroy it with this." He conjured Phoenix flames on his open palm, a mesmerizing dance of ethereal fire. Controlling the flames with practiced ease, he enveloped the locket, prompting Kreacher to take a step back, fear evident in his eyes.

"Aaaaaghh!" As the flames touched the locket, a blood-curdling shriek pierced the air, and a sinister black smoke began to emanate from the cursed object.

The room was filled with tension as the shadowy form struggled, attempting to escape the fiery grip of the Phoenix flames. "AAAAAGHHHHH!" The shrieking intensified, an eerie symphony of agony, as Voldemort's malevolent essence fought against its inevitable demise.

Wide-eyed, everyone in the room watched the spectacle unfold. The black smoke twisted and contorted, desperately trying to evade the relentless flames. But Peter's control over the Phoenix magic seemed absolute, and the shadowy figure was gradually burned to a crisp, dissipating into nothingness.

And as the shard of Voldemort's soul was eradicated, Kreacher felt a huge weight drop from his shoulders. Tears rained down his cheeks, his beloved master's last wish finally completely.

With the Horcrux vanquished, the flames subsided, leaving an eerie silence in their wake. Peter inspected the locket, which miraculously remained in perfect condition. He glanced at MJ and handed her the locket, silently affirming their plan to take souvenirs from this unprecedented journey.

Arcturus broke the silence, his stern gaze fixed on Peter. "Impressive control over fire magic... Few possess such mastery."

"It's not actually magic, but thanks." Peter shrugged nonchalantly, confusing everyone. "You pick up a few tricks when you've been around the block as many times as I have."

Albus, however, couldn't suppress his curiosity. "But Salazar Slytherin's locket is a powerful magical artifact. How did it come into Voldemort's possession?"

Peter exchanged a knowing look with MJ before responding, "That's a story for another time. Right now, we've got bigger problems to deal with, like destroying the rest of the Horcruxes."

Arcturus nodded, recognizing the urgency of the situation. "Indeed. But do you know where the rest of them are?"

Stepping out of another portal, the group, led by Peter, emerged into a desolate dark forest. In the distance loomed a dilapidated shack, an ominous silhouette against the darkened woods. Arcturus and an unexpected companion, Walburga, followed closely, driven by a shared determination to see the quest through to avenge Regulus.

Sirius, visibly surprised by his mother's presence, couldn't fathom her change of heart. Once a staunch supporter of Voldemort, she now sought closure for the loss of her favorite child.

As the last person stepped out and the portal closed behind them, James inquired about their whereabouts.

"Little Hangleton," Peter responded cryptically, leaving the explanation hanging in the air. Without further ado, he led the way towards the crumbling shack, a place steeped in the dark history of Voldemort's origins.

Albus, recognizing the significance of the location, explained to the others that Little Hangleton was Voldemort's birthplace. "Tom was born in this town's orphanage. Sadly, his mother died during childbirth, or else things might have been different. Maybe if he had a mother to love him, he could have turned out better..."

The revelation added a layer of understanding as to why one of his Horcruxes might be concealed in this seemingly inconspicuous shack.

Approaching the weathered entrance, James reached for the door handle, only to be halted by Peter's firm grip on his arm. Confused, James questioned, "What's wrong?"

"Watch..." Peter said as he tapped his finger on the door, a protective golden energy shielded Peter as a black miasma emanated from the wood. The deadly defenses dissipated against Peter's barrier, saving him from a particularly nasty curse.

Instantly, realization dawned on James as he acknowledged that Peter's swift action had likely saved his life. A silent nod of gratitude passed between them, a testament to the trust forged in the crucible of their shared mission.

Motioning for the group to wait, Peter conjured multiple spell circles with a wave of his hand. The intricate patterns worked in harmony, systematically disarming the layers of protections that

cloaked the shack. With the defenses neutralized, Peter led the way inside, followed by the watchful eyes of the others.

Searching the dimly lit room, Peter focused on the creaking floorboards. With a deliberate motion, he lifted them, revealing a concealed compartment below. Within the hidden space lay a golden box, harboring the Gaunt Family ring... the next Horcrux on his list.

Shrouding his hand in the familiar Phoenix flames, Peter retrieved the ring from its gilded prison. Holding it aloft, he commented, "What a nasty curse," before bathing the cursed Horcrux in the cleansing fire. Not only did the ring hold a piece of Voldemorts soul, but it also carried a curse which would quickly kill anyone who wore it.

The flames danced and flickered, consuming the ring and the malevolence attached to it until all that remained were ashes. The only piece of the ring that Peter left intact was the dark stone, which now lay in the palm of his hand.

As the last embers faded, and everyone let out a relieved breath, Peter looked down at the stone in his hand, a curious look on his face. 'Is this actually a Deathly Hallow?' He wondered.

The Deathly Hallows were three highly powerful magical objects supposedly created by Death itself and given to each of three brothers in the Peverell family. They consisted of the Elder Wand, which Dumbledore currently carried, an immensely powerful wand that was considered unbeatable.

The Cloak of Invisibility, which, as its name suggests, rendered the user completely invisible.

And finally, what Peter was currently looking at, the Resurrection Stone, a stone which could summon the spirits of the dead,

According to legend, he who possessed these three artefacts would become the Master of Death. The story of the Deathly Hallows was originally told by Beedle the Bard and subsequently passed from family to family as a wizard fairytale. But few wizards ever realised that the Deathly Hallows were genuine items. Most people thought that there were things that Beedle had made up to entertain young wizards and witches.

In the original story, no one but Harry Potter and Albus Dumbledore had ever been in command of all three Hallows, though neither were ever in possession of them all at once.

'I'll have to test it out later...' Stashing the stone away from the time being, Peter wondered, 'What would happen if I collect all three of the Hallows together?'

MJ watched as he stored the Resurrection stone away, just as curious as him. They seemed to be on the same wavelength as she began plotting how they would get ahold of the invisibility cloak. After all, it is a Potter family heirloom. 'Maybe we can trade some magic knowledge for it?' She thought.

Closing the door of the dilapidated shack behind them, Peter faced the group and with a flick of his wrist, conjured a shimmering portal. The familiar golden glow enveloped them, transporting inside of a large castle, Hogwarts, a place laden with magical history and secrets.

As they materialized within the hallowed halls of the school, Albus Dumbledore, the venerable headmaster, wore a mixture of surprise and curiosity on his aged features. "Peter, how did you manage to breach the school's wards so effortlessly? This shouldn't be possible..."

Peter, ever nonchalant, grinned, "Let's talk about that later. Right now, let's just focus on the task at hand."

Albus nodded, his eyes reflecting a keen interest in learning from Peter. But sadly, they had a job to do at the moment.

The realization dawned on everyone that their purpose in returning to Hogwarts was more than mere nostalgia. There, within its revered walls, hid another Horcrux, a revelation that left them incredulous. How could such darkness lurk in the sanctuary of a school dedicated to magic and knowledge?

A nervous look dawned on Dumbledore's face as he turned to see Voldemort floating behind Peter, thankfully still unconscious. 'We should have locked him up somewhere... It's not safe for the children to be anywhere near him...' He thought.

After all, they just brought the Dark Lord himself to a school full of innocent and impressionable children. A lot could go wrong if they aren't careful.

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Arriving on the seventh floor, Peter halted before a seemingly ordinary stretch of wall. With a knowing smile, he paced back and forth three times before a door materialized, revealing the Room of Requirement.

Albus, the only one among the group who was unsurprised by this enchanted room's existence, watched with an understanding nod. 'Tom must have found the room while he was at school and used it as a hiding place...'

Peter turned to the group, his expression resolute. "This is it. Another Horcrux is hidden in here."

As the door creaked open, unveiling the Room's ever-changing interior, a collective gasp escaped the group. The space transformed into a vast library, filled with towering shelves of ancient tomes and mystical artifacts. In the center stood a pedestal, atop which rested a seemingly innocuous object.

James, wide-eyed, muttered, "A Horcrux in Hogwarts... unbelievable."

Peter approached the pedestal, his eyes narrowing at the object. It was an ornate diadem, delicately crafted with intricate details. "Ravenclaw's lost diadem," Albus mused, recognizing the artifact.

Peter extended his hand, grasping the diadem as his hand lights up in flames for the third time that night. "Time to collect another souvenir." He said as he turned to MJ. "We should give this one to Lily. She'd look cute with it on."

MJ nodded. "Sure, but we'll have to get something for America as well. We can't forget about her."

"Sure, we'll find something." Peter nodded as the third horcrux of the night was destroyed, leaving only the Diadem itself intact.

Watching Peter talking so casually with MJ whilst he destroys a Horcrux with his bare hands, the whole group couldn't help but wonder whether this was actually as life threatening and dangerous as they originally thought.

'Isn't this a little too easy?' Each of them thought in unison.

Chapter 558: Gringotts Massacre

After sealing the freshly purged Diadem away with their growing collection of Horcrux remnants, Peter opened another portal, leading the group into the dimly lit lobby of Gringotts bank. The grand marble hall echoed their footsteps as they stepped into the shadows, the bank closed for the night.

And suddenly, as soon as the portal closed behind them, the stillness was shattered.

The bank's anti-theft protections whirled to life, activating with a mechanical precision that echoed through the hall. Lights flickered on, and the air buzzed with the sudden activation of wards and transfiguration enchantments, locking down exits with thick, solid metal walls. Panic rippled through the group as realization dawned upon them... they were in Gringotts.

Peter had brought them to the Goblin owned bank without telling them, and they were detected almost immediately.

Even Albus Dumbledore and Arcturus Black exchanged uneasy glances, aware of the historical tension between wizards and goblins. Goblin wars had erupted over far less, and the potential repercussions of their current situation loomed ominously.

Amidst the growing unease, Peter, unfazed by the unfolding chaos, simply instructed everyone to calm down. With a casual wave of his hand, he conjured a comfortable sofa, and from his storage necklace, he produced snacks, creating a surreal scene of relaxation amidst the heightened tension.

MJ and Peter reclined on the couch, enjoying their snacks as if they were at home, while the others struggled to comprehend their indifference to the dire circumstances. Arcturus attempted to explain the severity of the situation, emphasizing the delicate relations between wizards and goblins, but Peter's response was nonchalant.

"We're here for a Horcrux, and out of respect we'll wait for the goblins. Though if they take too long, we'll just have to force our way into the vault," Peter stated matter-of-factly, as if breaking into Gringotts was a routine affair.

The group, initially resistant to the idea, found themselves compelled to wait alongside Peter and MJ. The minutes ticked by, and impatience grew. Peter, ever determined, was on the verge of

forcing his way into the vault when, just in the nick of time, the massive doors leading deeper into the bank swung open.

Dozens of armed goblin soldiers marched in, expecting to face intruders ready for a fight. Instead, they were met with the surreal sight of the group lounging on a conjured sofas, munching on snacks, and engaged in casual conversation. The goblins, momentarily frozen in confusion, exchanged perplexed glances.

It was as if the intruders were oblivious to the fact that they had breached the most secure place in the magical world.

Unfazed by the armed goblin presence, Peter waved. "Yo, we're just here for a quick errand, so If you could call your boss over for a talk, we'd really appreciate it," he said with a casual grin, as if requesting directions to a casual destination.

Seeing that the Goblins didn't answer or move to do anything for that matter, Peter waved them off. "Can you make it quick? I have one more stop to make after this, and I really want to hit up McDonald's before they close. It's been a while since I've had some nuggets."

MJ's eyes instantly lit up, "Oh! I want French fries." She said, confusing everyone by how excited she got just for some fast food.

Of course, they didn't know that Peter and MJ had just spent almost two weeks in an apocalypse universe, where fast food wasn't an option.

The goblins, torn between protocol and the sheer audacity of the intruders, hesitated. After a moment of incredulous silence, one goblin, seemingly in charge, begrudgingly stepped forward. "Wait here," he grumbled before rushing off to report the situation.

After an anxious ten-minutes of waiting, a goblin adorned in what appeared to be royal garb sauntered in, flanked by an imposing retinue of goblin guards. As he appeared, goblins scurried in behind him, placing a chair with a sort of deference that hinted at his authority.

The Royal-looking goblin, with a sneer etched across his face, identified himself, "I'm Gringotts London Bank Director, Ragnar." He wasted no time taking a seat across from the group, exuding an air of predatory calculation.

The Director eyed them for a moment, especially Arcturus and Albus, before finally talking. "It's not every day such high level wizards break into a Goblin Bank. I wonder how the Ministry will react when they find out. Well, that's if they find out. After all, we've always had a policy of converting thieves into Dragon feed." He threatened, his every word venomous.

"Oh yeah... I forgot they had dragons guarding the vaults..." Peter muttered in interest.

Ignoring Peter completely, the Goblin continued. "You know, this could be seen as an act of war. Two war heroes entering a sovereign nation's land without permission." He smirked, showing off his sharp canines. "I'm sure my father would be happy to declare war with you wizards once again."

Peter, growing tired of the goblin's self-importance, finally interjected. "Look, we're here to access a vault owned by Bellatrix Lestrange. Voldemort created a Horcrux and entrusted it to her, and it's in her Gringotts vault. We're here to destroy it and kill Voldemort," he stated matter-of-factly, levitating Voldemort out from behind the sofa for everyone to see.

At the sight of Voldemort and the mention of a Horcrux, the scowls deepened on every goblin's face. They knew the implications of such dark magic, and it didn't sit well with them. However, their disdain didn't necessarily translate into cooperation.

Director Ragnar, taking advantage of the situation, asked, "And if we help you, what's in it for us?"

In response, Peter locked eyes with the Director, expressing his frustration with the goblins' greed. "What's in it for you is ending the life of an extremely prejudiced Dark Lord. Because once he's done with muggles and half-bloods, who do you think he'll come for next?" He said, gesturing to the goblins across the room.

Peter paused for a moment before continuing. "Don't think you're safe because you control the economy either. To a Dark Lord, things like money mean nothing. As soon as he's bored or sees you as a target or a threat, it's over. You're next on the list." His words hung in the air, invoking a shared realization among the goblins that sooner or later their own fate might be at stake.

But despite the persuasiveness of Peter's argument, the goblins remained unmoved. Greed was entrenched in their nature, and helping wizards, even in the face of a common enemy, was not something they did for free.

In the Goblin Nation, everything came at a price. "That was a wonderful speech, but it didn't answer my question. What's in it for us?"

Facing a second refusal, Peter sighed, his patience waning. He locked eyes with Director Ragnar once more and made a blunt offer, trying a less diplomatic approach. "What's in it for you is you get to keep your greedy pompous life. Now, let us through nicely, or I can walk over your tiny little corpse and do it myself."

Instantly, Albus, Arcturus and everyone else tried to stop Peter, but it was already too late.

A chilling smile spread across the Director's face as the goblins in the room drew their weapons. He retorted confidently, "I'd like to see you try."

Peter shrugged in response to Director Ragnar's defiance and muttered, "You asked for it." In a blink, he vanished from his seated position, reappearing beside the Director with a swift and powerful spartan kick. The force sent the goblin and his chair hurtling across the room, crashing into the far wall with a resounding thud.

Eyes widened in shock, the other goblins attempted to swarm and attack Peter, wielding their weapons in a futile attempt to overpower him. Yet, Peter moved with an otherworldly speed, eluding their strikes effortlessly. His every movement was a dance of precision and grace, sending goblins flying with each calculated strike.

The Director, recovering from the spartan kick, watched with a mixture of disbelief and regret as his men fell like dominos. Peter, at some point, had obtained a sword from one of the fallen guards, and he wielded it with deadly proficiency, slashing through the goblin ranks like a hot knife through butter.

"Wait...!" He called out weakly, his voice strained by his injury.

From his hunched-over position, the Director struggled to his feet, witnessing the massacre his decisions had wrought. His initial bloodthirsty enthusiasm had crumbled into remorse as he saw his men being slaughtered like defenseless farm animals.

Finally, the last goblin guard fell, and Peter, sword dripping with goblin blood, approached the Director. He asked mockingly, "Where did that bloodthirsty smile of yours go? You seemed so eager for a fight just a minute ago, but now you look scared and angry."

The goblin met Peter's gaze, his voice shaky as he vowed, "You'll pay for this...!"

Unperturbed, Peter nonchalantly shrugged. "Whatever..." With a casual swipe of his sword, he decapitated the Director in one swift motion. The goblin's head rolled to the side, a grim testament to the consequences of underestimating Spider-Man.

Amidst the aftermath, Albus Dumbledore observed the carnage with clenched fists and grinding teeth. He harbored a deep aversion to taking lives, and the gruesome scene before him intensified his inner turmoil.

Though nobody else seemed to care as much as him. After all, goblins aren't the most innocent and upstanding individuals around. In fact, they were the exact opposite of those qualities.

Even James, who usually sided with Albus on just about everything, appeared relieved and slightly happy with the outcome, which surprised the old Headmaster.

Chapter 559: One Down, One to Go

As the last goblin was slain, Peter tossed the sword he stole from a guard aside before turning back to his group, only to find a very familiar stick pointed at him. "Really? Haven't we been through this before?"

Albus Dumbledore, his eyes ablaze with fury and disappointment, held the elder wand high. "Do you have any idea what you've just done? You cannot simply take the lives of other living beings without consequence," he declared, his voice stern and unwavering.

Peter, wiping the goblin blood from his hands with casual indifference, glanced at Albus and shrugged. "Look, old man, they were about to do the same to us. You really think they would have spared us if the roles were reversed? No, they'd gladly kill us and loot our dead bodies with smiles on their faces," he retorted, the nonchalance in his tone infuriating Albus even more.

Ignoring Peter's justification, Albus tightened his grip on the wand. "I cannot stand by while you commit such atrocities. Atrocities, by the way, that will start another bloody war, which the Goblins will be more than happy to participate in." He explained, his tone growing somber. "I thought that I could help steer you in the right direction, but I see now how impossible that truly is."

Peter, unfazed, raised an eyebrow. "Remember what I told you earlier tonight? About pointing your wand at me?" he reminded Albus, a hint of warning in his tone. "I'll be willing to look past this as long as you lower that wand right now. If you don't, then I'm afraid I'll be keeping it this time around."

Peter continued. "As for whether or not the Goblins will start a war over this, I guess we'll just have to cross that bridge when we get to it. I always clean up after my own messes, so you have nothing to worry about."

Meanwhile, as the group watched this standoff take place, they suddenly began to voice their opinions.

"Maybe you should just do as he says, Albus..." Arcturus was the first to speak. He might not have been there, but he's heard and seen enough to realize how powerful Peter probably is.

Sirius follows behind him. "I wouldn't normally agree with my psychotic family, but maybe you should put it down...?" He said, getting a glare from his mother in return.

Everyone seemed to be on the same page. They saw these goblins as deserving of their end, and Peter as someone that they shouldn't be attacking. After all, he defeated Voldemort so easily.

Of course, not everyone wanted Albus to lower his wand. 'Come on, keep it up you scheming piece of sh*t...' MJ wanted that wand back so that she could add it to their growing pile of souvenirs.

Albus, however, refused to back down. "Surrender, Peter. You've spilled enough blood tonight, and I won't let you continue. It has to stop," he implored, the weight of responsibility evident in his words.

But Peter simply shook his head. "Sorry, but that ain't happening," he said, a wry smile playing on his lips. "Should you kick things off, or should I? The suspense is killing me..."

The tension in the room escalated, and Albus, unable to reconcile with the choices before him, cast a spell, initiating the inevitable clash. Albus gave everything he had to stop Peter, his spells and curses erupted in a dazzling display of magical prowess.

Instantly, the grand marble hall of Gringotts became the battleground for a clash of two titans. Albus, his wand dancing with practiced precision, sent a barrage of spells towards Peter, who effortlessly dodged and countered with a playful smirk.

Peter's movements were a symphony of grace and speed, a stark contrast to Albus's seasoned yet futile attempts. A flicker of steps, a twist of the body, and Peter evaded every spell with ease, toying with the elder wizard. His reflexes were honed beyond mortal limits, making him a spectral blur that danced between curses and hexes.

Albus, determined but increasingly frustrated, altered his tactics, casting spells with strategic cunning. However, each attempt was met with a nonchalant evasion or a subtle deflection from Peter. The air crackled with magic as the two wizards circled each other, a visual representation of power imbalances.

Peter, deciding to toy with his opponent, launched a series of simple spells, barraging the old wizard with all sorts of Eldritch constructs. "Here, try this out. I use these spells to train my daughter, so hopefully you can handle them..."

Albus, valiantly attempting to block, found himself on the defensive as Peter's attacks flowed seamlessly. A knife to the left, a swift spear to the right, ethereal weaponry seemed to rain down on him, leaving Albus breathless as he was forced to dodge, sending his aged body into overdrive.

The dance of combat continued, with Albus attempting various spells to gain an upper hand. But Peter, in a display of physical and magical superiority, avoiding each assault with almost dismissive ease.

The audience, including the intrigued MJ, watched as the battle unfolded, each move calculated and executed with precision.

As Albus, growing weary, launched a final desperate assault, Peter's response was swift and decisive. With a graceful spin, he disarmed Albus, sending the elder wand flying through the air. In a fluid motion, Peter caught the wand, twirled it skillfully before tossing it to MJ.

MJ, seizing the opportunity, happily accepted the wand. Her eyes gleamed with mischief as she stashed it away, adding another prized possession to their growing collection. The rest of the group, now convinced of Peter's prowess, watched with a mixture of awe and relief.

"Looks like you've had enough, Albus," Peter declared, a smug grin playing on his lips. "Why don't you take a breather? Sit back and rest those old bones while I go and find the next Horcrux."

Albus, his dignity wounded, glared at Peter but offered no further resistance. The battle had been a showcase of mismatched power, and the outcome was clear. The once proud Headmaster, defeated and disarmed, faced the consequences of underestimating the enigmatic Spider-Man.

As Peter turned away, Voldemort still levitating behind him, MJ rushed to follow after him, "Hey! Wait up! I want to see the Vault."

Staying behind, everyone else tried to either comfort Albus or rub salt in his wounds. After all, it's not everyday that the great Albus Dumbledore is beaten like a small child.

"Are we sure he killed Grindlewald?" Walburga began to doubt his entire legacy.

Deep within the vast labyrinth of Gringotts, Peter and MJ navigated the dimly lit tunnels, encountering lingering goblin resistance along the way. Spells crackled through the air as the newly wed couple fought off the remaining defenders of the Goblin Bank, making their way toward Bellatrix's elusive vault.

Riding on the swift mine carts, they journeyed through a subterranean maze, passing countless vaults adorned with various enchantments. The noise of clattering wheels and distant echoes reverberated as they descended deeper into the bowels of the bank.

After a series of thrilling turns and twists, they finally arrived at the vault they sought. Bellatrix's nameplate gleamed ominously, and Peter, relying on his knowledge in the mystic arts, began dismantling the layers of magical protection surrounding the entrance.

With a flick of his fingers, wards dissolved like mist, and the imposing door swung open. MJ, fueled by excitement, rushed inside the vault, her eyes scanning for the elusive Horcrux. The dim glow of gold and other priceless treasures illuminated the chamber, drawing the couples attention.

In the midst of the glittering treasures, they found the Hufflepuff cup, an ordinary-looking object tainted by dark magic. "Found it," MJ exclaimed, a mix of thrill and anticipation in her voice.

Peter, conjuring Phoenix flames in the palm of his hand, approached the cup. With a focused gaze, he channeled the mystical fire, its ethereal glow dancing across his fingertips. The cup trembled, reacting to the extreme heat.

As the flames engulfed the Horcrux, a burst of otherworldly energy erupted, its malevolent essence resisting its demise. The cup, however, remained intact, held within the protective cocoon of Peter's magic.

MJ, growing used to seeing the seat of a Horcrux, completely ignored Peter and began looting the vault of anything that caught her eye. 'Oh, I'll take this... and this... oh this too...'

With a final surge of Phoenix flames, the Hufflepuff cup succumbed to the inferno. The magic holding the Horcrux together unraveled, and the remnants of Voldemort's dark soul dissipated into the ethereal void.

Once he was done, Peter extinguished the flames, leaving only the unblemished cup in his hand. "Well, that's another one down," he remarked, a triumphant grin on his face. "Only one more to go and then we can spend the rest of our time in this universe in relaxation..." He said, handing the cup to MJ, who accepted it with a gleeful expression.

MJ examined the cup, turning it in her hands. "I wonder if it can do anything, or if it's just an old cup?" she mused, her curiosity shining through.

"Who knows," Peter shrugged in reply. "We can test out all of our souvenirs later..."

As they made their way back through the labyrinthine tunnels, MJ couldn't help but ask, "So, what's next on the agenda?"

Peter, his thoughts focused on the overarching mission, replied, "We've got one more Horcrux to find. Voldemorts Diary..."

Chapter 560: Tom Riddle's Diary

Returning to the entrance hall of Gringotts, Peter and MJ faced the expectant gazes of James, Sirius, Walburga, Arcturus, and the defeated Dumbledore. The Hufflepuff cup, now devoid of its dark magic, was clutched in MJ's hand.

"Another one bites the dust," Peter announced, a casual smirk playing on his lips. MJ, standing beside him, added, "Yep, just one more to go."

James spoke up, curiosity etched on his face. "So, this wasn't the last Horcrux?"

Peter shook his head, dispelling any premature celebrations. "Nah, there's still one more. Voldemort's Diary. We take care of that, and we can finally off him." He says as the man himself floats restrained behind him.

A sense of determination settled among the group. Four Horcruxes had already been destroyed, and with just one remaining, the end of their quest seemed within reach.

Turning his attention to the defeated Dumbledore, Peter raised an eyebrow. "You coming along, old man?"

Albus, a mix of shock and reluctance in his expression, responded, "Why would you still invite me after what just happened?"

Peter shrugged nonchalantly. "As long as you're done trying to attack me and lecture me every chance you get, you're welcome to join. Just don't make me regret it or do, I don't really care either way."

Albus, torn between pride and the desire for redemption, hesitated before nodding. "I will accompany you," he declared, his tone carrying a hint of resignation.

Peter wasn't sure whether he chose to come along in order to wait for an opportunity to stop him, or take back his precious wand, but like he said, he didn't care. Albus may be a strong wizard, but that's only by this world's standards. Back in Kamar-Taj, he couldn't even be considered a low level master.

Whether he plotted against Peter or not just didn't matter, because in the end his strength was inconsequential.

...

With everyone on board, a small sense of camaraderie emerged, despite the lingering tension. "Alright, let's head out." Peter's magic infused the air as he gestured, conjuring a shimmering portal. The swirling vortex beckoned them to their next destination.

Albus, despite his recent defeat, couldn't help but marvel at the wonders of Peter's form of magic. He couldn't help but think, "If only he weren't a heartless murderer..."

Stepping through the portal, the group found themselves in the front yard of a large mansion. Malfoy Manor, an imposing structure that showed how wasteful a family could be with their money. The Malfoy family, known for their allegiance to Voldemort, resided within its opulent walls.

As the group stepped out of the portal, the air seemed to thicken with an ominous presence. The manor's grandeur and foreboding aura struck a chord of discomfort among the group.

The surroundings were instantly familiar to the three members of the Black family, Arcturus, Walburga, and Sirius. Narcissa Black, after all, had been married off to Lucius Malfoy, the next head of the Malfoy family.

Realizing what might happen, Arcturus turned to Peter with pleading eyes, "Please spare my Granddaughter, Narcissa. Her parents married her off into the Malfoy family against her will. She's most likely inside. I've seen what you can do, and I don't her to meet the same fate as those Goblins."

Walburga, despite her usual disdain, added her voice to the request, "Indeed. We may not see eye to eye, but I won't have my kin die by your hand."

Even Sirius, whose relationship with his family was strained, shared the same sentiment. He couldn't bear the thought of Narcissa suffering the same fate as those who fell at Gringotts.

Hearing their plea, Dumbledore couldn't resist letting out a contemptuous snort. The sudden concern for lives seemed hypocritical compared to their earlier indifference to the goblin massacre. Peter, however, simply nodded in acknowledgment.

"I won't kill Narcissa," Peter agreed, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "But I can't promise she won't get a good beating if she decides to attack me. Equal rights, equal fights... I'm a feminist after all."

His response earned a laugh from the men in the group, but Albus Dumbledore's disapproval lingered, his eyes silently begging for a lecture to be unleashed.

With the agreement in place, it was time to venture into Malfoy Manor. Peter, confident in his abilities, led the way. Bypassing the manor's protective wards effortlessly, he approached the imposing front door and knocked.

Soon enough, the door creaked open, revealing the grandeur of Malfoy Manor's interior. Opulent chandeliers, exquisite tapestries, and dark corridors hinted at the luxurious but sinister atmosphere that permeated the home of the Malfoy family.

"Does the guests have an invitation?" A voice called out as everyone looked down, finding a small elf stood before him, dressed in an old, worn-out pillowcase.

[Insert Picture of Dobby here]

Smiling down at the young elf, whom he was fairly sure was Dobby, Peter shook his head and said, "No need for an invitation, little buddy." With that, he waltzed right into the opulent Malfoy Manor, the rest of the group following suit.

Instantly, Dobby panicked and ran after them, yelling, "You's can't be here! Dobby will get in trouble!" The urgency in Dobby's voice only fueled their curiosity as they continued into the mansion.

'So it is Dobby... Maybe I should hire him once this is over?' Peter thought as he turned to Dobby. "Hey, after I'm done dealing with your Master, do you want a job? I could use an elf like you back home. "

Before the shocked elf could even think of his reply, suddenly, a blood-curdling scream echoed through the manor. Rushing towards the source of the distressing sound, they descended into the depths of the home, arriving at the basement.

There, they were confronted with a gruesome scene. Abraxas Malfoy, the current head of the Malfoy family, stood amidst the shadows, wielding a whip. Innocent muggles were bound and helpless, enduring his sadistic torment, their skin breaking open with every lash. Abraxas laughed maniacally as he flailed his whip, leaving the victims in a bloody agony.

Peter, keen eyes catching sight of a familiar book in Abraxas's free hand, recognized it as Voldemort's Diary, the Horcrux they were seeking. A thought crossed his mind, 'Is the diary controlling him? Or is he just a psycho Death Eater?'

Taking a quick peak into the man's mind with his telepathy, Peter instantly regretted it as he found that he was indeed a psycho Death Eater. Yeah, the diary helped fuel his maliciousness, but it was already there long before Voldemort was born.

"Disgusting..." Peter thought as he pulled out of Abraxas's mind.

Finally, as the torment reached its peak, Abraxas turned to discover the unexpected guests. Shock painted his face as he shouted, "W-What are you doing in my house?!!" He said as he noticed Dobby running inside behind them, his face burning in fury. "Dobby?! Did you let them in without my permission?!"

Before the frightened elf could respond, Peter vanished from where he stood, reappearing beside the bloodied muggles. Employing his magical prowess, he used his powers to heal them and alleviate their pain. The victims, sighing in relief, experienced a form of comfort they never thought possible.

Abraxas, still bewildered, eyed Peter with a mix of confusion and anger. Not only did these intruders dare to enter his house uninvited, but now they even went so far as to heal his slaves, whom he took so much time brutalizing. It was like all of his work and effort was being taken away.

Angered, Abraxas wound back his whip and lashed out at Peter, the leather snapping through the air with malicious intent. However, just as the whip was about to make contact, Peter reached back with lightning reflexes and seized it, surprising Abraxas. With a forceful yank, Peter pulled Abraxas across the room, positioning him on his knees squarely at his feet.

As Abraxas stumbled, his grip loosened, causing the diary he held to fall a few feet away. Without a word, Peter summoned magical restraints, swiftly binding Abraxas in a manner similar to how he had done with the muggles. The once-tyrant now found himself at the mercy of his own malevolence.

With the whip now in his possession, Peter approached the healed muggles. He released them from their bindings and handed them the whip, gesturing towards the now-bound Abraxas and stating, "He's all yours."

Instantly, a fire ignited in their eyes, fueled by a desire for retribution.

Silently, without hesitation, one of them seized the whip, the roles now reversed. "Wait! Wait! Stop!" Abraxas yelled as he realized what was happened, but it was too late.

The echoing cracks of the whip filled the air, each lash delivering a measure of justice. Abraxas, who had reveled in the torment of innocent lives just moments ago, now found himself the target of his own sadistic creation.

The tables had turned, and the manor echoed with the poetic justice of Abraxas Malfoy experiencing the pain he had inflicted on others.

The group watched this take place, many wincing every time the whip was brought down, though they didn't speak out. Just like at the bank, they didn't agree with how Peter handled things. The only one of them that might disagree was Albus, but he's learned to keep his mouth shut by now.

Peter, watching the scene unfold, stood with an air of satisfaction. He retrieved the fallen diary, the book quivering in fear as he laid his hands on it.

Raising a single brow, Peter smirked, "What's the matter, Tom? Scared?" He asked this, and instantly, an ethereal figure of a teenage schoolboy materialized beside him.

[Insert picture of Tom Riddle here]

"H-How do you know who I am?!" He asks, his eyes widening in horror as he notices Dumbledore, eyeing him from across the room.