

Spider-Man 561

Chapter 561: Book Burning

In the dimly lit basement of Malfoy Manor, the sudden appearance of Tom Riddle's spectral form startled everyone, especially Dumbledore, who recognized the teenage face that harbored so much malevolence.

"How do you know who I am?!" Tom asked Peter before his eyes widening in horror as he notices Dumbledore, eyeing him from across the room. "P-Professor..."

As Tom confronted the aging wizard, his eyes began to burn with fury and unwillingness at the unexpected reunion with his most hated enemy.

Dumbledore, despite his calm demeanor, couldn't help but frown, realizing that Tom had created his first Horcrux while still in school. His spectral form was so young and still wore the same Slytherin Hogwarts robes that Albus remembered.

'He must have created his first Horcrux at school...' Albus thought, his mind racing to recall who his victim could have been. 'Myrtle...' He suddenly remember the poor girl who now haunts the school as a ghost.

The revelation struck a chord of concern as he pondered how he missed the signs right under his nose. Tom's mask of charm had deceived many, but Dumbledore was one of the few who glimpsed the darkness lurking beneath, yet he missed this.

As Dumbledore was about to address Tom, the cries of pain from Abraxas Malfoy turned into desperate pleas for help. "Dobby! You useless elf! Get over here and help me already!" He called out to Dobby, the loyal elf torn between the commands of his cruel master and his urge to just let it happen.

After all, these muggles weren't the only ones that Abraxas has tortured. Dobby has been through all sorts of odd and cruel punishments, which Abraxas and the Malfoy family have put him through for the simplest of things, like being a half a second late to their call, or even something as made up as daring to breath in their presence.

"Dobby, help me! Release me this instant!" Abraxas demanded, his voice strained with agony as the Muggles continued wailing on him in retribution.

Caught in a dilemma, Dobby stood uncertain, his eyes darting between Peter, the freed slaves, and his master. Until finally, the invisible chains of loyalty and the fear of punishment pushed him forward to help his master.

But before he could free his master, Peter, with a snap of his fingers, bound Dobby in Eldritch energy straps, immobilizing him where he stood.

Ignoring the standoff between Dumbledore and Tom for the moment, Peter approached the captive elf. Squatting down to eye level, he offered Dobby a choice that was too good to be true for the little elf.

"Do you want to be free from the Malfoy family, Dobby?" Peter inquired, his gaze penetrating into the conflicted eyes of the trembling elf.

Amidst the background symphony of Abraxas's tormented cries, Dobby hesitated. The pull of his bond with Abraxas warred against the allure of liberation. Threats and promises echoed in his ears, creating an internal struggle for the young elf.

Abraxas, desperate to retain his control over Dobby, screamed at the elf, "You useless, dirty, creature! How dare you even think of freedom! You're nothing but a slave who will serve the Malfoy family like a dog for the rest of your miserable little life..." He continued to rant his threats and vile words as the torture began to take its toll on his mind.

Peter didn't know if Abraxas was trying to sway Dobby back into servitude or push him away, but it seemed like the latter. He merely looked at Dobby, waiting for his answer.

The sound of the whip cracking and the cries of the Lord of House Malfoy provided a dissonant backdrop to this tense moment.

Soon enough, the elf finally spoke, his voice trembling but resolute. "D-Dobby wants to be free!"

With a snap of his fingers, Peter severed the magical connection between Dobby and the Malfoy family. Abraxas's threats turned into furious curses, but it was too late. Dobby was free, his eyes widening in shock as he realized the sudden release from his bonds.

Usually, the master, which in this case would be Abraxas, would have to gift the elf a piece of clothing in order to free them, but Peter was able to simply sever their master and servant bond with a simple snap of his fingers.

Peter removed the Eldritch energy straps, and Dobby, now unbound, began to cry tears of joy. "Dobby is a free elf now!" he exclaimed, overwhelmed with excitement.

Abraxas's howls of despair filled the room, his power over Dobby shattered. The poetic justice extended beyond the revenge of the formerly enslaved muggles as Dobby reveled in his newfound freedom, liberated by the very intruders his former master despised.

As the cries of retribution against Abraxas continued, Peter turned his attention back to Dumbledore and the Spectral form of Tom, who have both continued to glare at one another this entire time.

Giving one last glance to the now-free elf, Dobby, Peter extended a casual offer, "If you ever need a new job, Dobby, just let me know. Like I said before, I could use an elf like you back home."

Dobby, still overwhelmed by the taste of newfound freedom, nodded silently, his large eyes reflecting a mix of gratitude and hesitation. He wasn't ready to accept any new masters just yet, the joy of liberation had yet to fully sink in.

Turning back to Dumbledore and the spectral form of Tom, Peter tightened his grip on the Horcrux diary. "Any unsettled business between you two before I destroy this thing?" he inquired, acknowledging the long history they shared.

Dumbledore sighed, his eyes briefly meeting Tom's. "I-"

However, before any further discussion could unfold, Tom's attention snapped to Peter at the mention of destroying the diary. The prospect of obliteration, of ceasing to exist, fueled a desperate attempt to stop him.

And luckily, Peter was holding the diary right now, which would allow him to assail his mind rather easily. Instantly, Tom's spectral presence lashed out, seeking control over the unsuspecting Spider-Man.

Yet, Peter's mental defenses proved formidable, easily blocking the pubescent Dark Lord.

A backlash reverberated through the astral plane, causing Tom's spectral form to convulse in agony. Blood dripped from his eyes, nose, and ears as he collapsed to the ground at Peter's feet, overwhelmed by the unexpected counterassault.

Peter shook his head, a mix of disappointment and amusement in his expression. "You shouldn't have tried that, Tom. Consider yourself lucky that I went easy on you, or else you'd be dead right already."

As Tom writhed in pain, Peter turned back to Albus, "What was it you wanted to say?" He asked.

Looking down at the writhing, spectral form of Tom Riddle, Albus Dumbledore felt a twinge of pity. In a surprisingly somber tone, he began, "Tom, I'm sorry... I wish I had done more to guide you away from the dark path you chose. I saw it, the facade you put up as you dealt with everyone, hiding your true self from the world. But instead of helping you, I saw you as a threat and tried to hinder you as best as I could."

Dumbledore's regretful gaze lingered on the young version of Voldemort before him. "Perhaps, if I had provided a stable home for you, instead of leaving you in that awful orphanage. Or even sought out a psychologist to help better understand and fix what you were becoming, things might have turned out differently. But sadly, we can't turn back time. At least not that far..."

Tom's eyes widened in shock at the unexpected apology. The old man he had despised for so long was expressing remorse and admitting his own failures...

However, any hope of a genuine connection shattered as Tom's spectral form erupted into a fit of laughter. "You've grown weak in your old age, Professor," he taunted, the echoes of his malevolent laughter reverberating through the dimly lit basement.

Despite the derisive laughter, Dumbledore maintained his composure. He had hoped for a breakthrough, a chance to reach the tormented soul of Tom Riddle. Regret lingered in the air as Dumbledore, with a heavy heart, acknowledged the futility of his attempt.

Turning to Peter, Dumbledore nodded solemnly. "It's time, Peter. Do what needs to be done."

Tom, sensing the impending threat, turned frantic. "No! You can't do this!" he shouted, desperation in his voice. But his pleas fell on deaf ears as Peter, determined and resolute, began to shroud his hand in flames.

With a swift, practiced motion, Peter enveloped the Horcrux diary in flames. Tom's agonized scream echoed through the basement as the diary disintegrated, taking the young piece of Voldemorts soul with it.

As the diary crumbled into ashes, the bound Voldemort by the stairs jolted awake, his eyes widening in horror as he felt the severing of his last connection to immortality. "Aaaaarghh!?" A scream of anguish tore through the air, marking the destruction of the final Horcrux.

Peter, his hand still smoldering from the ethereal flames, looked over at the now-awake Dark Lord. "Good morning, Sleepy Head. You picked the perfect time to join us. We just finished destroying your last Horcrux."

Voldemort, straining against his bindings, turned to Peter, horror written all over his face. "What have you done?!"

Chapter 562: A Dark Lords End

With Voldemort awake and his Horcruxes destroyed, it was finally time to finish off tonight's festivities. Turning to the freed muggles, Peter asked, "Are you finished?"

The room echoed with the fading cries of pain, and the former captives hesitated. Looking between Peter and the bloodied form of Abraxas, they decided it was enough. The whip dropped, some cried as they realized the hell was over, while others eyed Peter skeptically, uncertain of what would happen next.

Nodding solemnly, Peter wished them well and wiped their minds of everything magical and torture-related. And with a wave of his hand, Portals opened at their feet, leading each person back to a random hotel in London.

As a parting gift, he conjured a portal into a sealed bank vault, leaving each of them a generous stack of cash. They could now move on and rebuild their lives, the scars of their ordeal erased from their memories.

As the muggles disappeared, Voldemort's screams pierced the air, thrashing against his Eldritch restraints. "Release me! The first filthy blooded mongrel to release me can die a quick death!"

MJ rolled her eyes at him, "Yeah, no thanks..."

Unaccustomed to such powerlessness, Voldemort unleashed a torrent of curses, berating everyone around him, especially Dumbledore, who observed with a hint of amusement, though he would never admit to it.

Approaching Voldemort, Peter delivered a swift kick to the side of his head, "Use your inside voice... I'm starting to get a headache with all the screaming tonight." Groggy and disoriented, Voldemort shifted to muttering his curses under his breath.

Ignoring the subdued Dark Lord, Peter turned to Dobby, "Do you know where Lucius Malfoy is?"

Dobby nodded, "Yes, Dobby can still feel where he is."

Peter then requested, "Can you deliver a letter to him for me?" Though hesitant to revisit his former master, Dobby agreed as a gesture of gratitude for his newfound freedom.

With a snap of his fingers, Peter conjured a sealed letter and handed it to Dobby. "Just give him this and leave. Don't say or do anything," Peter instructed. Dobby nodded and vanished with a pop, leaving only the lingering resonance of his departure.

James, puzzled by Peter's plan, inquired, "What's the letter about?"

Peter replied cryptically, "You'll see when they arrive, but until then, we need to prepare for some guests." Levitating Voldemort and Abraxas behind him, he walked up the stairs, the others following in his wake.

As they stepped into the first floor, a surprised female voice could be heard, "What are you doing in this house!?"

Peter turned to see a woman holding a wand at him, her face morphed into a stern glare. "You must be Narcissa." He said, ignoring her wand completely.

[Insert picture of Narcissa Malfoy here]

As Arcturus and Walburga appeared from down the stairs, Narcissa lowered her wand slightly, surprised to see her family here. "Can someone tell me what's going on?"

In a darkened alley, amidst the faint glow of the streetlights, Dobby materialized beside Lucius Malfoy, who was surrounded by his fellow Death Eaters, scouring the city for their elusive master, Lord Voldemort. Lucius glanced at the small elf with a sneer, dismissing him as an inconsequential creature tied to his family's service. "What does my father want?"

Without uttering a word, Dobby handed Lucius a sealed letter before disappearing with a pop, his eyes holding a newfound resolve. The elf's demeanor seemed to have shifted, and the once fearful gaze now bore a hint of defiance. Lucius, perplexed by the change in Dobby's demeanor, unfolded the letter with a mix of curiosity and disdain.

As the letter revealed itself, Lucius read the taunting words addressed to him from someone named Peter. 'Yo, Lucius, I'm sitting here with your father, and he's not looking so good... He seems to have tripped and fell down the stairs. Poor Abraxas was so very clumsy too. As he fell, he seemed to be holding his whip. And let's just say he's all bloody now. It's actually kind of gross to look at-'

As Lucius continued to read, his hands gripped the paper tightly, almost ripping it in fury. '-Oh, and I have your Master here too. He didn't fall down the stairs or anything, but I did hear that he's terminally ill. So sad, the innocent Dark Lord will pass away tonight. The doctor said the disease is so bad that he'll have to be beheaded by sunrise. It's so heartbreaking. Anyway, I thought his family and friends should be here to send him off. See you soon

Love,

Peter Parker (Lord of the Ancient and most Noble house of Parker, Order of Rizz, First Class, Grand Puba., Chf. Magic Man, Supreme Spider. International Confed. of Avengers)

Ps- Enjoy the picture!"

The angry sneer on Lucius's face faded into confusion, replaced by an unsettling feeling as he reached into the envelope. Still within the confines of the envelope, he discovered a compromising picture of his father and the Dark Lord.

"What the f*ck..." He muttered as he held a picture of his naked father getting sexually pleased by the Dark Lord himself.

Instantly, fury replaced confusion, and his eyes widened at the shocking image. The revelation struck a chord of anger and disbelief, and he found himself torn between his loyalty to the Dark Lord and the need to protect his family's honor.

In a commanding tone, Lucius ordered his Death Eaters to follow him. The urgency in his voice hinted at the gravity of the situation, and the Death Eaters, sensing their master's imminent danger, fell into formation behind Lucius as he apparated back to Malfoy Manor.

Back at Malfoy Manor, the atmosphere was tense as Peter finished setting up for their guests. Sitting outside on the manors front steps alongside MJ, Abraxas and Voldemort, both suspended behind them against the front of the manor.

Voldemort seemed relatively unharmed, while Abraxas's wounds were taking a toll, his blood dripping down the manor's facade.

Dumbledore, conflicted by what Peter was doing, hesitated to intervene or voice his objections. The others, particularly Walburga and Arcturus, seemed content with the situation, viewing Peter as a decisive leader who could get things done, even if it required drastic measures.

'If only Voldemort was like him...' Arcturus thought, as he would have gladly joined the Dark Lord if that was the case.

Narcissa, who stood beside her family, whispered to Walburga, "Are you sure we should be listening to this guy?"

"Keep your mouth shut!" Walburga whispers back harshly, knowing it's not in their best interest to cross Peter.

As the minutes ticked by, the sound of lightning cut through the air, signaling the arrival of Lucius and the Death Eaters. Lucius's eyes widened as he beheld his father, bleeding to death on the front of their home.

Gasps echoed as the other Death Eaters caught sight of their Dark Lord, who wasted no time commanding, "Good, you're finally here! Kill these impure worms and release me!"

Ignoring Voldemort's shouting, Peter stood up just as the sun began to rise over the horizon and spoke, his voice laced with a false somberness. "Dearly beloved, we have gathered here today to witness the death of Tom Marvolo Riddle, the half-blood baby of a squib and a muggle, or better known to his zealous and passionate followers as Lord Voldemort..."

Shouts of protest filled the air as the arriving wizards drew their wands, ready to fire at any moment.

"Lies! He's spouting lies and slander!" One shouted

"The Dark Lord is pure, you mudblood trash!" Another yelled.

Lucius finally spoke, "We would never follow a filthy halfblood, so stop your lies and return my father this instant!"

Undeterred, Peter continued the eulogy, "In reflecting upon the life of Voldemort, we are faced with a complex tapestry of edginess, pedophilic tendencies, and the pursuit of underage boys..."

As Peter spoke, Voldemort screamed for his death, triggering the antsy Death Eaters to cast spells at him, but a protective barrier formed around Peter, effortlessly absorbing the spells.

The eulogy unfolded, highlighting Voldemort's questionable parentage and his misguided pursuit of power. Peter's words struck a chord, eliciting a mix of anger and disbelief from the onlooking Death Eaters.

"...In bidding farewell to Lord Voldemort, we must also say goodbye to those that will follow in his passing." Peter said, eyeing the crowd of Death Eaters with a dangerous glint in his eyes. "Let us honor them as they make the noble sacrifice in following their leader in death."

As he reached the crescendo of the speech, the sun's rays behind him, Peter levitated Voldemort over to him and conjured a sword in his hand.

"Stop this! Stop this right now!" Voldemort bellowed, turning his head to Dumbledore, his eyes pleading for help. "Don't do this! I repent for it all! Please don't let him kill me! I'll do better I promise!"

Although Albus knew that he was being manipulated, he still felt the need to help. But in the end, he didn't. He didn't have the power to do so even if he tried. And even if he asked, he knew that Peter wouldn't listen.

"Any last words?" Peter asked and just as Voldemort was about to say something, he decisively severed the Dark Lord's head. "On second thought, no thanks. I really want to get some food. It's been a long night..."

Chaos erupted as some attempted to stop Peter, firing spells that couldn't breach the impenetrable barrier surrounding him. The Death Eaters found themselves powerless witnesses to the demise of their once-feared leader. The severed head rolled away, and an eerie silence descended, broken only by the horrified gasps of those who had witnessed the gruesome spectacle.

With Voldemort's demise, Peter turned to the stunned Death Eaters. "Now, let's finish this so I can get my McNuggets."

Chapter 563: Minions Slaughtered, McNuggets Acquired

The atmosphere at Malfoy Manor was fraught with tension as Peter gazed sternly at the Death Eaters, his expression unreadable. The morning sun cast long shadows over the front yard, highlighting the grim aftermath of Voldemort's demise. The Death Eaters, once formidable and unwavering, now found themselves powerless and vulnerable.

"Please, spare us!" begged a Death Eater with a trembling voice, falling to his knees. "We were under his control! It was his dark magic that made us do those terrible things!"

Another, a woman with wild eyes, shouted, "I had no choice! The Imperius Curse compelled me to follow him! I swear I never wanted any of this!"

Peter watched these people with a blank look on his face. 'Their acting is pretty good...' he thought.

Bellatrix Lestrange, however, burned with fury, her fanaticism unbroken. "You dare take him from me! The Dark Lord will rise again, and you will suffer for your insolence!"

Peter, seemingly unbothered by the pleas and threats, surveyed the Death Eaters with a cool detachment. "Save your excuses and craziness for someone else, preferably for someone who cares. Your choices were your own, and now you'll have to face the consequences."

As the Death Eaters heard this, they continued their desperate pleas, but Peter didn't seem to be affected whatsoever.

"If you kill us, then you'll be just like him..." Lucius finally spoke, his voice breaking through all of the begging from his fellow Death Eaters.

Peter interrupted with a nonchalant wave of his hand. "Enough. I'm not here to debate morality with you. It's time for accountability."

The air at Malfoy Manor grew heavy as Peter, unmoved by the Death Eaters' pleas, continued his judgment. With a casual flick of his hand, he summoned Eldritch shackles that coiled around each Death Eater, rendering them immobile. Their desperate struggles against the ethereal restraints were futile, the metallic clinks of the shackles echoing through the grim silence.

Clutching the sword that had ended Voldemorts life, Peter walked among the kneeling Death Eaters. His gaze swept over them with an indifference that sent shivers down their spines. The morning sun cast an eerie glow on his face as he approached the first Death Eater.

"Please, no!" the Death Eater begged, eyes wide with terror.

Ignoring the pleas, Peter raised the sword and swiftly brought it down, severing the first head. The gruesome scene unfolded with a rhythmic cadence, each swing of the sword met with a futile attempt at defiance from the captive Death Eaters.

Watching this happen, James, Sirius, and MJ, though grim-faced, recognized the necessity of Peter's actions. It was a brutal but effective solution to a very dangerous problem.

Narcissa, relieved to be spared, watched with a mixture of fear and gratitude for her family. After all, without their interference, Peter would have most likely killed her as well.

Walburga, however, seemed oddly exhilarated by the execution, her eyes gleaming with a twisted satisfaction. Her perception of Peter had changed drastically throughout the night. She went from despising him to worshipping his power and ability.

Arcturus, his face a mask of stoicism, observed the purging of his own kind. While understanding the need for decisive action, his heart couldn't help but ache at the loss of so many pureblood wizards and witches, even if they were tainted by Voldemort's influence.

Dumbledore, conflicted by his principles, could only watch in dismay. His disdain for all types of murder clashed with the reality unfolding before him. Powerless without his wand, he wrestled with the internal struggle between his ideals and the pragmatic necessity of dealing with the Death Eaters.

As Peter neared the end of the condemned, he approached Bellatrix Lestrange, her fanaticism unbroken. Narcissa, unable to contain her fear, shouted, "Stop! Please, spare her as you spared me!"

Peter paused, glancing between the pleading Narcissa, the conflicted Walburga, and the stoic Arcturus. With a regretful shake of his head, he muttered an apology before delivering the final blow to Bellatrix. The sharp sound of her head rolling away marked the end of the grim procession.

The courtyard fell into a chilling silence, broken only by the sobs of Narcissa, who was no doubt mourning the death of her sister, Bella. The severed heads of the Death Eaters lay scattered, a morbid testament to the consequences of their actions.

Peter, wiping the blood from the sword with a cold detachment, turned away from the gruesome scene. "It's done." He said as he turned to Arcturus and the rest of the Black's. "Once again, I apologize about Bella, but it was for the best. Letting malicious and twisted individuals like that off would only cause more problems in the future."

Arcturus nodded solemnly. "I understand and I don't blame you..." Sirius and Walburga nodded alongside him. Meanwhile, Narcissa sank to her knees, overwhelmed by the intensity of the ordeal.

The remaining onlookers exchanged glances, their thoughts buried in the weight of the moment.

Dumbledore, eyes heavy with regret, approached Peter with a strained voice, "This... this was not the way, Peter."

Peter met Dumbledore's gaze, his expression unyielding. "Sometimes, you don't get the luxury of choosing the way. You just do what needs to be done."

With those words hanging in the air, Peter, MJ by his side, stepped away from Malfoy Manor, "Let's get some food. I'm starving..." but just as they were about to leave, Peter heard a groan from the front of the house, and found Abraxas Malfoy still suspended and bleeding on the manor wall. "Oh, yeah, I almost forgot about you."

With a simple snap of his fingers, Peter telekinetically snapped the final Death Eaters neck before tossing him over to the pile of dead bodies.

Dumbledore forcibly clamped his mouth shut, holding back his lecture as he watched Peter and MJ disappear into a portal, leaving them behind to clean up the mess.

Looking at the bloody scene before him, Dumbledore couldn't help but wonder, 'How, in Merlin's name, am I supposed to explain all of this...'

In the end, Albus, Arcturus, and everyone else agreed that it would be best to just leave and keep their involvement in this hidden. And with that, the group disappeared in multiple cracks of lightning, leaving behind the gruesome and blood-soaked front yard of Malfoy Manor.

Hours later...

The wizarding world awoke to a storm of headlines, newspapers fluttering in the hands of witches and wizards as they perused the shocking revelations.

The Daily Prophet's bold letters screamed, "GRINGOTTS BANK ROBBED: PRINCE OF GOBLIN NATION SLAIN!"

The article spoke of a source inside Gringotts confirming a successful heist and the possible plans for a counterattack to avenge their prince, who was wrongly killed in process.

Though sadly, they didn't seem to have much information on the perpetrators. Everyone inside the bank was either dead or asleep when the theft took place. But that didn't matter to the Goblin nation. They simply blamed it all on the Ministry, which would most likely start another war...

Magical magazines displayed sensational headlines: "VOLDEMORT ATTACKS POTTERS! WHO CAN STOP THE DARK LORD?" The article explained the growing rumor of the Potter family being attacked by Lord Voldemort, leaving their home in ruins, and the mysterious demise of Peter Pettigrew.

The rumors spread like wildfire, and the wizarding community buzzed with a mix of fear and intrigue.

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In the inner sanctums of the Ministry of Magic, Aurors worked diligently to unravel the mysteries that had unfolded overnight. Reports flooded in about the attack on the Potter family and the apparent assault on Malfoy Manor.

Upon investigation, the scene at Malfoy Manor proved to be more shocking than anticipated. The bodies of Death Eaters lay strewn across the front yard, and only a few meters away, lay the lifeless form of Lord Voldemort himself, his head separated from his shoulders.

As the investigation delved deeper, the Aurors discovered the eerie aftermath of a confrontation that had unfolded with unparalleled ferocity. The Dark Lord, a symbol of terror for so many years, lay dead, his reign of fear brought to a conclusive end.

The news sent ripples through the wizarding world, and whispers of the demise of the greatest dark wizard of their time echoed through the magical communities.

In the heart of the Ministry, the Minister of Magic convened an urgent press conference. Wizards and witches, journalists and curious onlookers, gathered to hear the official statement regarding the unprecedented events.

Seated behind a podium, the Minister cleared his throat, the room hushed in anticipation. "Ladies and gentlemen, I stand before you with news both grim and triumphant. Gringotts Bank has been

robbed, and the tragic death of the Goblin Prince has sent shockwaves through our relations with the Goblin Nation. We extend our condolences for this terrible loss."

Pausing, the Minister continued, his voice taking on a tone of reluctant joy, "Yet, amidst these dark events, there is a glimmer of hope. Our brave Aurors have discovered that the dark wizard, Lord Voldemort, has met his end. The terror that haunted our world has been vanquished."

A collective gasp swept through the room, a mixture of relief and disbelief. The Minister raised his hand, calling for calm. "This victory comes at a cost. The casualties at Malfoy Manor, the attack on the Potter family, these are wounds that we must heal together. But let us take solace in the fact that the wizarding world can now begin to rebuild without the looming threat of Lord Voldemort."

The press conference concluded with a mixture of emotions. The wizarding world, still grappling with the implications of the night's events, began to process the reality of a world without the shadow of a Dark Lord constantly looming over them.

Meanwhile, in the aftermath of the revelation, the Goblins' threat of war hung heavily in the air. The wizarding government faced a delicate dance of diplomacy and reconciliation, attempting to mend the frayed ties with the Goblin Nation while celebrating the fall of their greatest adversary.

As the headlines circulated and the magical world absorbed the seismic shifts that had occurred, Peter and MJ stood in line at a McDonalds, casually ordering some food. "We'll have two number 9s, a number 9 large, a number 6 with extra dip, a number 7, two number 45s, one with cheese, and a large soda..."

Chapter 564: Actual Honeymoon Behavior

Deep beneath the surface of the Earth, in a grand chamber adorned with the gleam of gold and the glow of precious gems, the King of the Goblin Nation sat upon his imposing throne. The flickering light of torches cast shadows that danced across the intricate carvings of the cavernous walls. Surrounding him were the elite guards of the Goblin Kingdom, armed and vigilant.

Seated on a lower platform were the directors of Gringotts banks from various locations across the globe. Some were the King's offspring, and others were trusted and loyal followers, each distinguished by their ornate armor and the symbols of their respective banks. The atmosphere in the chamber was tense, a reflection of the news that had reached even this subterranean realm.

The King's eyes, sharp and piercing, surveyed the assembly. "Today, we gather to address a grave matter, one that strikes at the very core of our nation." His voice echoed through the chamber, a malicious smirk forming across his face. "And that how we can exploit this situation to make the most profit..."

The new director of the London division, visibly excited, knelt before the King. "Your Majesty, we have suffered a grievous loss! The theft in our London bank resulted in the death of my 'poor' 'innocent' brother..."

Suddenly, a goblin the crowd shouted. "Yes! I say we wring those wand wavers dry!"

A low growl rumbled through the gathering, a collective expression of joy and greed. One of them might have died, but they didn't care one bit. To a goblin, family is only a hinderance on the road to more gold.

But of course, these goblins certainly appreciate their brother's sacrifice. After all, his death meant a huge profit for them.

There's a well known saying in the Goblin Nation that said, 'Blood ties prove valuable only when fortune is left behind,' and truly a monumental fortune was left behind this time around.

The King's gaze intensified. "Speak, Director. Tell us the details of this theft and the demise of my kin."

The London director recounted the events, detailing the intrusion, the stolen treasures, and the 'tragic' loss of his predecessor during the confrontation with the thieves. The King's expression grew greedier and greedier with every word, his grip tightening on the arms of his throne.

What was surprising was how much was stolen. Although Peter and MJ only took the cup, somehow, a huge fortune was stolen. It was almost as if others, perhaps the new director, looted the place after them...

"The Wizards dare to spill goblin blood and desecrate our hallowed halls," the King declared, his voice resonating with fury. "We shall not let this affront go unanswered."

A heated discussion ensued, echoing through the cavern as goblins debated the appropriate response. The King, however, silenced them with a raised hand. "War is upon us. The Wizards have declared it with their actions, and we shall answer in kind."

The goblins erupted into cheers, their enthusiasm for conflict evident. The King's eyes gleamed with a fierce determination and greed. "We will show the Wizards the consequences of their actions. The goblin nation will rise, and they shall tremble before our might."

The directors, including the grieving London representative, bowed in allegiance. "For the Prince!" they chanted in unison, their voices echoing through the chamber.

The King nodded approvingly. "Prepare our armies. We march on the surface, and the Wizards shall know the wrath of the Goblin Nation. They have taken our kin, and we will take from them a thousandfold!"

As the meeting concluded, plans were set in motion. Goblins across the globe mobilized for war, their excitement palpable. The directors, fueled by a mixture of excitement and greed, pledged to lead their forces into battle.

In the heart of the Goblin Nation, war drums echoed through the subterranean chambers, setting the rhythm for the impending conflict. The goblins, renowned for their prowess in both craftsmanship and warfare, eagerly embraced the prospect of battle.

The King, his resolve unwavering, stood from his throne. "Let the Wizards witness the fury of the Goblin Nation. War is upon them, and they shall learn the cost of crossing our kind."

With a resounding roar from the assembled goblins, preparations for war began. The surface world would soon feel the impact of the Goblin Nation's relentless pursuit of profit!

After a big meal and a quick nap in a cozy hotel room, Peter and MJ woke up and decided to spend the day exploring the Wizarding World together.

MJ excitedly rushed out of the room, calling back at Peter, "Come on! We have more souvenirs to get."

Peter rolled his eyes as he followed after her. "Let's just call it what it is, loot. It's not like anyone else is around to say anything..."

They stepped out into the bustling streets of Diagon Alley, greeted by the sight of witches and wizards going about their day. The air was filled with the delightful aroma of magical treats from various shops.

"Where to first, Spidey?" MJ asked, an excited twinkle in her eyes.

"Let's just walk around and see if anything catches our eye..." Peter replied with a shrug before taking MJ's hand strolling through the enchanting streets of Diagon Alley.

After short walk, they two found themselves standing outside of Ollivanders, the renowned wand shop. The exterior of the shop, with its aged wooden sign, exuded an air of mystery and magic.

"Should we get our own wands? Just for fun?" Peter asked and with a huge smile on her face, MJ yanked Peter by the hand and rushed inside.

As they entered, a tinkling bell announced their presence. Inside, the shop was lined with narrow shelves that reached to the ceiling, each filled with boxes of wands of various shapes and sizes. The air was permeated with the scent of ancient wood, creating an atmosphere that felt both nostalgic and otherworldly.

A small, eccentric-looking man with twinkling eyes appeared from behind a stack of wand boxes. "Ah, customers! Welcome to Ollivanders. How can I assist you today?" he greeted, his gaze flitting between Peter and MJ.

[Insert picture of Ollivander here]

"We need wands," Peter said, a hint of excitement in his voice.

Ollivander looked at them in confusion, not recognizing either of them. "Have I sold you a wand before? You don't look very familiar."

Peter shook his head. "No, we're not from around here. And we tend to use magic without a wand..." He says as he waves his hand, levitating every wand box in the room before setting them back down.

Ollivander's eyes widened in shock. "Ah, then why do you want a wand? You seem powerful without one..."

MJ simply shrugged and answered, "Just for fun..."

The wandmaker shrugged and said, "Business is business," before beckoning Peter and MJ forward and measured their hands carefully.

After a few thoughtful nods, he disappeared into the shelves and returned with a box and placed it down in front of Peter. "We'll start with you. This wand is made of Ash, twelve inches, and contains a Dragon heartstring core. Give it a wave."

Picking up the wand, Peter felt as though nothing happened. After all, he didn't have a magical core like the wizards in this world. Testing something out, Peter pushed a small sliver of Eldritch energy into the wand and instantly, a cascade of silver sparks erupted from the tip.

'I guess we can use any wand...' Peter thought as he telepathically informed MJ of his findings.

Ollivander's eyes sparkled with approval. "An excellent fit! Ash wands are known for choosing only one master so don't go passing it down. Now, for you, my dear," he said, turning to MJ.

MJ stepped forward, and Ollivander repeated the process, measuring her and selecting a wand. "Vine wood, ten inches, with a unicorn hair core. Give it a try."

As MJ waved the wand, a soft glow surrounded her. The room seemed to respond to her magic. Ollivander nodded in satisfaction. "A fine choice. Vine wood wands often favor those with a bold spirit." He said before calculating the price. "Two wands... That will be 18 Galleons."

Exiting Ollivanders after paying with some money taken during their trip to Gringotts, Peter and MJ marveled at their wands, playing with them like children, which evoked some odd stares from the passing citizens.

Making their way through the winding streets, they visited random shops until they finally found a zoo, which peaked their interest. The moment they stepped inside, they were greeted by all sorts of exotic sounds and the enchanting sights of creatures unlike any they had seen before.

In one enclosure, a majestic Hippogriff bowed to visitors, its wings unfurled. Next, they wandered into a section filled with mischievous Nifflers, creatures with a penchant for shiny objects. One of them scampered toward MJ, attempting to snatch the wedding ring she wore. But a glare from Peter sent them all rushing away with their tails between their legs.

As they strolled through the zoo, hand in hand, they encountered a Thestral, a magnificent and mysterious creature visible only to those who had witnessed death. Its large, bat-like wings and skeletal appearance were both eerie and fascinating.

Only a few people paid any attention to this exhibit, which was probably a good thing. Though it made Peter and MJ wonder just how they witnessed death? Was it natural, accidental, or were they murderers out for a midday stroll at the local zoo?

Either way, Peter and MJ didn't plan on working today, so they simply moved on to the next exhibit.

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Exiting the zoo after fully exploring the place, Dragons and all, Peter turned to MJ and whined like a petulant child, "Oh, come on... Can't we take a dragon back with us?"

MJ let out an annoyed sigh, "Where are we supposed to keep a giant winged lizard? We live in New York, we barely have enough room in our house as it is..."

"I can-" Peter spoke, but before he could say much, the sound of lightning crashing filled the air and the arguing couple found themselves surrounded by wizards. And at the head of them stood Dumbledore, a new unfamiliar wand in his hand.

Chapter 565: War on the Horizon!

In the brightly lit chamber of the Wizengamot, high level wizards and witches gathered, their faces etched with concern and fear. The air was heavy with tension as they faced the looming threat of the Goblin War. The emergency meeting had been called to discuss strategies and prepare for the impending conflict.

Many seats around the chamber were noticeably empty compared to most days, showing just how many noble wizards and witches that Peter exterminated just the night before. Though that wasn't the current topic of conversation.

The room buzzed with murmurs and occasional exclamations of disdain as the topic of goblins was broached. Prejudice against the creatures lingered in the hearts of many wizards, creating an undercurrent of hostility that permeated the chamber.

Dumbledore, his piercing blue eyes shadowed by a wrinkled brow, observed the proceedings with a mixture of solemnity and contemplation. He understood the deeply rooted prejudices against goblins, much of it deserved, but he also recognized the gravity of the situation. The Goblin Nation's wrath had been stirred, and a storm was brewing.

The Minister of Magic, Millicent Bagnold, stood at a podium, her voice strained as she addressed the assembly. "This Goblin War is a threat we cannot ignore. We must prepare our defenses, strengthen our alliances, and ensure the safety of the wizarding world."

The mention of alliances sent ripples through the crowd, as wizards exchanged wary glances. The notion of aligning with nations or creatures whom they viewed as inferior was met with skepticism.

After all, it wasn't just the now deceased Death Eaters who held such views against other races and nations. Even those who claim the side of the 'light' can have their own prejudices.

Dumbledore, disapproving of such prejudices, spoke up. "I know many of you have your reservations, but if we want to survive this war then we must do all that we can. And that means allying with others..."

His words seemed to be affected as everyone begrudgingly agreed, which helped quicken the meeting along.

Soon enough, the question that was on everyone's mind was asked. "Do we know who robbed Gringotts and started all of this?" A random Lord asked.

Dumbledore simply shook his head and lied, "No, I'm afraid not."

Of course, he knew that revealing the true cause of the conflict, which was Peter's theft and subsequent killing spree, wouldn't serve the greater good. He had witnessed Peter's formidable abilities firsthand and understood the chaos that could ensue if the wizarding world turned against him.

After all, Voldemort was already plague that even he couldn't stop, yet Peter killed him as easily as a farmer slaughters his chickens. Setting the Wizarding world against such a formidable man would only bring more death and destruction.

As the meeting progressed, Dumbledore listened intently to the heated debates and proposed strategies. He could feel the urgency in the air, knowing that time was of the essence. However, he carefully avoided implicating Peter in the brewing conflict, choosing instead to focus on the immediate threat at hand.

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As the Wizengamot meeting neared its conclusion, Dumbledore rose from his seat, his robes trailing behind him. His voice, resonant and commanding, cut through the cacophony of opinions. "We must unite against this common enemy, regardless of our differences. The Goblin Nation poses a grave threat, and only together can we stand against it."

With a final glance at the assembly, Dumbledore exited the chamber, his thoughts racing. He knew he had to act swiftly to find Peter and MJ, not only to complain about all of the trouble they've caused him but also to harness their abilities for the upcoming conflict.

In his office, Dumbledore swiftly summoned his most trusted allies, members of the Order of the Phoenix and skilled wizards who had proven their loyalty. The room buzzed with urgency as Dumbledore explained the situation, carefully omitting the true cause of the Goblin War.

"We must locate these two people immediately." He says as he shows them a drawing of the two. "Their unique abilities may prove invaluable in this time of crisis," Dumbledore declared, his gaze unwavering.

The members of the Order exchanged determined glances, recognizing the gravity of the situation. Dumbledore's plan was set in motion, and the search for Peter and MJ began.

Exiting the zoo, hand in hand, Peter and MJ were greeted by a sudden and unexpected sight, a group of wizards surrounding them, with Dumbledore at the forefront. The elderly wizard, a new wand clutched in his hand, appeared more serious than ever.

For a moment, Peter and MJ thought Dumbledore was here to cause trouble again, but his calm demeanor dispelled their initial concerns.

"Good afternoon. I apologize for interrupting your date, but might I have a word with you?"
Dumbledore's voice was composed, a stark contrast to the urgency that filled the air.

Curious, Peter shrugged. "Sure, we were just finishing up anyway."

Although MJ didn't look too happy, as she wanted to continue their date, she decided to keep her mouth shut for time being as they followed Dumbledore back to his office. 'This old schemer better not be up to something...'

Once inside, Dumbledore gestured for his subordinates to leave, leaving the trio alone in the room. The air crackled with unspoken tension as Dumbledore took a deep breath before speaking.

"I find myself in a rather precarious situation," Dumbledore began, his gaze steady. "The goblins are mobilizing their forces and the numbers don't seem to be in our favor."

Peter arched an eyebrow, crossing his arms. "Yeah, we expected this already... What about it?"

Dumbledore sighed, his expression grave. "What do you mean 'what about it?' It was your actions that triggered this entire conflict. You're lucky that I haven't revealed that it was you already. Your theft and murderous rampage have led to this point. Now, we find ourselves outnumbered and in need of all the help we can muster."

A thing of annoyance appeared over Peter's face before he rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah, I get it. I caused a mess. You don't have to lay on the guilt trip so thick. I already said I'd handle it."

Dumbledore nodded, appreciating Peter's directness. "Indeed, your assistance is invaluable. The goblin forces are vast, and the Wizarding World requires every capable individual to stand against them. We need your unique abilities and your strength on our side."

Leaning back in his chair, Peter crossed his legs. "Alright, let's cut to the chase. What's the plan, Albus?"

Dumbledore leaned forward, a map of the Goblin Nation spread across his desk. He pointed to various locations, indicating potential attack points. "The goblins will strike here, here, and here. Our forces are spread thin, and we need to anticipate their movements. Your abilities will be crucial in turning the tide in our favor."

MJ, who had been quietly observing the exchange, chimed in. "So, what's the difference you want us to do exactly?"

Dumbledore gave a thoughtful nod. "We need you on the front lines, using your skills to neutralize threats and disrupt their formations. At the same time, your presence will draw their attention, giving our forces an opportunity to regroup and strike strategically."

Peter sighed as he stood from his seat. "Sounds like a waste of time."

Dumbledore, thinking that Peter was trying to run away, shouted. "This is not a waste of time! You started this mess so you will at the very least help to clean it up! Because if you don't, then thousands of people will die!"

"Like I said, quit it with the guilt trip. I already said I'd fix this." Peter sighed as he waved his hand dismissively at the map before them. "I'm saying that this whole war is a waste of time. I'll just go and deal with it myself."

Dumbledore's eyes widened with a mix of shock and skepticism. "Your willingness to help is commendable, Peter. But even you would have a hard time fighting off the Goblin nation. This won't be as easy as killing a few Death Eaters..."

"It'll be fine. Just wait here..." With a shrug, Peter waved his hand and opened portal before stepping through.

"Wait a moment!" Dumbledore exclaimed as he rushed after Peter and MJ, making into the portal just in time before it closed behind him.

In a dimly lit tunnel beneath the earth's surface, Albus Dumbledore looked around with curiosity and confusion. The air was damp and heavy, the only sound the echoing footsteps of Peter and MJ as they walked ahead. "Where are we?" Albus asked, his voice filled with uncertainty.

Peter, annoyed by Dumbledore's uninvited presence, sighed. "One of the Goblin locations on your map. Now, keep up or get left behind."

Dumbledore frowned but hastened his steps to catch up with the duo. Drawing his wand, he glanced nervously around the underground passage, anticipating the potential threat of goblins lurking in the shadows.

As they continued deeper into the tunnel, the ambiance changed. The soft glow of bright magic stones on the cavern walls illuminated their path, revealing a network of intertwining passageways.

Peter and MJ moved with ease, seemingly unfazed by the impending confrontation with the Goblin Nation. Sensing Dumbledore's increasing nervousness, Peter couldn't help but smirk. "Relax, old man. We've been through worse. Goblins won't be a problem."

Dumbledore, however, tightened his grip on his wand, a bead of sweat forming on his forehead. The thought of facing an army of goblins had clearly unsettled him.

After walking for a few more minutes, they reached an opening, revealing a colossal cavern. Thousands of goblins in armor worked tirelessly, preparing weapons, organizing supplies, and readying themselves for war. The noise of clanging metal and murmured conversations filled the cavern, creating a chaotic yet organized atmosphere.

Peter and MJ surveyed the scene with a calm demeanor, but Dumbledore, anxious and out of place, instinctively tried to blend into the shadows, away from prying eyes.

Casually walking out into the open, Peter waved his hand and called out, "Yo."

Chapter 566: Goblin War (1/2)

Instantly, the cavern fell silent as the goblins turned to face the unexpected visitors. Their eyes, filled with curiosity and suspicion, locked onto Peter, MJ, and Dumbledore.

"Looks like we've got their attention," Peter remarked, his voice echoing through the cavern.

Dumbledore, realizing the attention they had drawn, tried to shrink into the background, but it was too late. The goblins were now aware of their presence, and the cavern buzzed with anticipation as weapons were drawn.

MJ nudged Peter. "Should we tell them we're here to negotiate?"

Peter nodded his head with a smirk, "Good idea." He said as he turned to the bloodthirsty goblins. "Parleley, parlellyleloooo, par le nee, partner, par... snip, parsley... what was the word again?"

"Parley?" MJ couldn't help but smile at her husband's idiocy.

Peter nodded dramatically. "That's the one. Parley! I invoke the right of parley. According to the Code of the Brethren set down by the pirates Morgan and Bartholomew, you have to take me to your Captain."

As the goblins began to murmur among themselves, one stepped forward, his sword drawn. "We're goblins, not Pirates you nitwit!"

"Right..." Peter nodded, his tone depicting just how little he cared. "Anyway, can you call your king here already? I have a date to get back to, so I'd rather finish this war business as quickly as possible..."

"Our king doesn't have time for such trifles!" Another goblin shouted, a sneer across his little face.

"Eh? Is he that busy?" Peter asked tauntingly, his gaze turning skeptical. "I mean, how busy can the guy be? He's the king of a landless nation. You guys are practically mole people, living under other peoples land..."

The goblins, insulted by Peter's words and casual demeanor, readied themselves for an attack, gripping their swords as they rushed forward.

The first group of goblins lunged at Peter, weapons raised high. In a blur of motion, Peter sidestepped the attack, effortlessly grabbing a goblin's wrist and disarming him with a twist. With a dismissive flick, the goblin was sent sprawling into the rest, knocking them off their feet.

As the goblin army surged forward, Peter picked up a fallen sword and moved with inhuman speed, slicing through multiple goblins at once, spraying blood across the spacious cavern.

With every movement, Peter slaughtered dozens of goblins. As he appeared, they would fall like wheat before a scythe, each encounter a brief dance of death.

Some were killed before they even knew what happened, their bodies crumpling to the floor with shocked and confused expressions etched onto their faces. Others succumbed to webbing, their struggles futile against Peter's overwhelming strength.

The cavern echoed with the constant sounds of clashing weapons, the desperate cries of goblins, and the occasional quip from Peter, showcasing his confidence in the face of what would be overwhelming odds for anyone else.

Meanwhile, Dumbledore stood at the periphery, his eyes wide with a mix of shock and disbelief. He had witnessed powerful wizards in his lifetime, but the sheer brutality and efficiency with which Peter dispatched the goblins left him speechless. His heart sank with each life taken, a silent observer in a battlefield where he wielded no influence.

The goblin forces, though numerous, were no match for Peter's prowess. His spider-sense guided him effortlessly through the chaotic battlefield, anticipating attacks before they were executed. With each move, he decapitated and dismembered goblins without breaking a sweat, leaving behind a trail of dead bodies in his wake.

Despite his aversion to killing, Dumbledore couldn't deny the pragmatism of Peter's approach. The Goblin Nation, fueled by false feelings of vengeance, posed a serious threat to the wizarding world, and Peter's actions, ruthless as they were, were perhaps the only way to ensure the safety of countless innocent lives.

As the fighting raged on, goblin after goblin fell under Peter's onslaught. The once organized force now descended into disarray, their morale shattered by the seemingly invincible foe before them. The cavern floor was littered with the fallen, a grim testament to Peter's ruthlessness.

In the midst of the chaos, Dumbledore found himself torn between admiration for Peter's abilities and repulsion for the merciless slaughter. He struggled with the conflicting emotions, a silent witness to the collateral damage of a war that threatened to consume them all.

Finally, as the last goblin stood quivering in fear before Peter, his whole body covered in the blood of his kin, the cavern fell into an eerie silence. Peter stood amidst the fallen, his chest rising and falling with controlled breaths. The air was heavy with the stench of blood and the weight of lives cut short.

Turning to the last frightened Goblin, Peter reached down and picked up a severed head before walking over to place it in his hands. "Deliver this to your king and kindly inform him that I'd like a meeting."

The Goblin, seeing a way out of this nightmare, quickly nodded his head, "Y-Yes, sir!" He stuttered as he clutched the severed head against his chest before rushing off.

"We'll be waiting here! So don't keep us waiting!" Peter called out, triggering the goblin to quicken his pace out of the cavern.

Once he was gone, Dumbledore approached, his gaze meeting Peter's with a mixture of gratitude and condemnation. On one hand, he was happy that the war would be averted thanks to Peter's interference. But on the other hand, Peter was the one who caused this mess and his way of solving it was bloody and agonizing.

However, Albus chose to remain silent, recognizing that words would fall on deaf ears. Peter, without a glance in Dumbledore's direction, walked over to MJ and conjured a seat for them to relax and wait for the Goblin king's arrival.

As Dumbledore remained in the aftermath, eyeing the piles of goblin bodies and blood soaked cavern floor, he pondered the cost of victory and the fine line between being a hero and a monster.

After running for his life, the blood soaked goblin, still carrying a severed head and trembling from the horrors he witnessed, arrived at the king's chambers. The grand doors creaked open, revealing a cavernous room adorned with golden decorations and other symbols of Goblin authority.

The Goblin King, seated on his grand throne of treasures, glared at the unexpected messenger. His eyes, a fiery mix of anger and frustration, locked onto the severed head clutched in the goblin's hands.

"What happened to you?" The King's voice rumbled through the chamber, echoing the rage that simmered within him.

The frightened messenger stammered as he tried to explain the events in the cavern. "S-Sir, we encountered an intruder... a human with unimaginable strength! He slaughtered our forces like they were nothing. He demands to meet with you and said to deliver this..." he said as he shakily held up the severed head.

The king's fury intensified at the news. He rose from his throne, his massive form towering over the messenger. "An intruder? You lost to a single intruder!?" King Grizzlefang bellowed, the cavern shaking with the force of his anger.

"Y-Yes, sir!" The bloody goblin squeaked in fright. "I apologize sir!"

Sneering down at the poor goblin, the king snatched the head from his trembling hands, his eyes narrowing at the sight. The lifeless eyes of a fallen goblin stared back at him, a stark reminder of the defeat his forces suffered.

"The audacity of this human! To come into our realm and wreak havoc!" The king roared, his anger resonating through the goblin chambers. He hurled the severed head to the floor, where it landed with a sickening thud.

"Summon the war council! We will discuss how to handle this intruder. No one challenges the Goblin Nation without consequences!" The king declared, his voice echoing through the tunnels.

"Y-Yes sir! Right away sir!" The bloody goblin said and tried to leave.

But before he could take more than a few steps, the king suddenly reached out and grasped his head, his large hand squeezing his skull in a deathly grip. "Where do you think you're going? I wasn't talking to you..."

"Wait! Your Majesty, please! I'm sorry, I won't lose again, I swear-" The goblin pleaded but the king wouldn't hear any of it.

With a vice-like grip, the King squeezed his subjects head, which instantly popped like a fat water balloon, spraying blood and brain matter across the throne room.

Back in the cavern, Peter and MJ waited patiently, unaware of the chaos unfolding within the goblin kingdom. The air was heavy with the stench of blood, a stark reminder of the brutal encounter that had just transpired.

Dumbledore, lingering at the edge of the cavern, watched as Peter conjured a makeshift seat for them to rest. The old wizard remained silent, grappling with the moral dilemma of the means Peter employed to achieve his goals.

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After what felt like an eternity, Peter and MJ sat in the cavern, planning the rest of their honeymoon in the wizarding world, the anticipation hanging thick in the air.

"We should get our own owls!" MJ said excitedly.

Peter nodded. "Sure, I kind of want a Phoenix though..."

Suddenly, the cavern trembled as the unmistakable noise of countless footsteps reverberated through the tunnels. Peter and MJ's spider-sense tingled, alerting them to the approaching presence.

Moments later, a massive army, at least five times the size of the one Peter had just dismantled, poured out of multiple caves into the cavern. At the forefront, standing tall and imposing, was the Goblin king, his eyes aflame with a burning fury that sent shivers down the spines of those who dared to face him.

Peter and MJ observed in silence as the newly arrived goblin forces took in the gruesome sight before them, the piles of goblin bodies, the blood-soaked cavern floor, and the lingering aftermath of a battle that had left its mark.

A collective fire seemed to ignite in the eyes of the goblins, a vengeful determination that painted the cavern with an ominous energy. The air crackled with hostility as the massive army, mobilized by the sight of their fallen comrades, glared at Peter, MJ, and Dumbledore.

Chapter 567: Goblin War (2/2)

The cavern echoed with the ominous arrival of the Goblin King and his formidable army. The goblins, emboldened by the overwhelming numbers at their disposal, strutted forward with an air of arrogance, their confidence fueled by the belief that victory was already assured.

"You requested my presence and now I'm here. Do you regret your stupidity yet?" The Goblin King sneered, his voice dripping with disdain as he surveyed the aftermath of the previous battle. His eyes, burning with hostility, locked onto Peter, MJ, and Dumbledore. "You thought you could challenge the Goblin Nation and emerge unscathed, didn't you? Foolish wand waver..."

Peter, unfazed by the goblins' arrogant posturing, raised an eyebrow. "Well, I did hope for a more peaceful resolution, but if you guys insist on making this difficult..." He trailed off, glancing at MJ with a smirk before turning his attention back to the Goblin King. "I suggest you surrender. It'll save us all a lot of unnecessary trouble."

The Goblin King, fueled by pride and a sense of superiority, scoffed at Peter's proposition. "Surrender? To a mere human? You must be out of your mind. We are the Goblin Nation, and you are nothing but a pest to be exterminated."

Peter, maintaining his nonchalant demeanor, sighed theatrically. "You really don't get it, do you? Why don't you spare your subordinates from a bloody and painful death and just surrender now? Maybe we can avoid the extinction of the Goblin race too while we're at it..."

The goblins, however, remained defiant, their collective arrogance drowning out their reason. "We will never bow to the likes of you!" declared the Goblin King, raising his sword high. The army behind him echoed their leader's sentiment with infinite jeers and battle cries.

Ignoring the hostile clamor, Peter tilted his head. "Alright, have it your way." He cracked his neck, an audible sound that cut through the tension in the cavern, and stood from his seat. "Let's make this quick. You've already kept us waiting long enough."

As the goblins charged forward, their swords raised and a thirst for vengeance in their eyes, Peter moved with swift precision. His movements, a complete blur, were a stark contrast to the lumbering goblins attempting and failing to match his speed.

Goblins swung their swords recklessly with vicious accuracy, yet they never found their mark. The metallic clash echoed through the cavern as Peter deftly dodged each attack, leaving the goblins bewildered by their inability to lay a finger on him.

And with every failed attack in his person, Peter would retaliate in turn, striking out with his hands and feet alone. Goblins crumpled to the ground in droves as Peter's enhanced strength either killed them outright or brought them extremely close to death's door.

"Is this the best the mighty Goblin Nation can offer?" Peter taunted, his voice carrying over the chaos. "I expected a bit more fight in you!"

The goblins, fueled by both rage and fear, charged at him with reckless abandon. Yet, each swing of their weapons met nothing but air, as Peter effortlessly dodged and countered, leaving a trail of incapacitated foes in his wake.

A particularly bold goblin lunged at Peter, sword raised high, only to be met with a swift kick that sent him crashing into his comrades. Peter's quips continued amidst the chaos. "You guys really need to work on your combat skills. This is embarrassing!"

As he finished speaking, Peter swiftly disarmed a crazed-looking goblin and retrieved his sword, only to dispatch him and another with ruthless efficiency, lopping their heads clean off before hurling the sword across the room, where it sheathed itself into the body of another Goblin.

The goblins, caught in a whirlwind of confusion and fear, continued their futile onslaught. Peter, in contrast, moved with the grace of a seasoned warrior, exploiting every opening in their defense.

As the goblins regrouped, attempting to strategize, Peter seized the moment. He leaped above them, landing among them with a sweeping kick that sent several flying. The cavern echoed with the clang of armor meeting rock, punctuated by the groans of defeated goblins.

"This is just getting sad now..." Peter muttered as he snapped his fingers, conjuring spikes of rock to rise up from the ground and impale the fallen goblins.

The Goblin King, watching the decimation of his forces, clenched his teeth in frustration. "He may be strong, but he can't defeat an entire army alone! Push forward and swarm him!"

The remaining goblins, spurred on by the Goblin King's rallying cry, lunged at Peter in a desperate final assault. However, Peter, now casually balancing himself on a tall stalactite, stared down at the Goblin King. "You should really just give up. I'm sure your men would respect you more if you spare their lives, because if this keeps going, then they're all going to die here."

As the ignorant king ignored his kind offer for a second time, Peter let out a sigh as he dropped down off the stalactite and disarmed a goblin with a casual twist of his wrist, snatching his spear as it flew up into the air. The disoriented goblin stumbled as Peter swiftly dispatched him with a precise swipe, bisecting him in half alongside a few dozen other goblins.

As the goblins fell one by one, their deaths punctuated by the sharp thud of bodies hitting the cavern floor, Peter leaned in his newly acquired spear, a bored look on his face. "You guys should really need to reconsider who you follow," He mused as he gestured to their king. "I mean, he doesn't really seem like the sharpest crayon in the box, if you know what I'm saying..."

"Enough of this mockery!" roared the Goblin King, his frustration palpable. He charged at Peter with renewed vigor, swinging his sword in a desperate attempt to finally land a blow. However, Peter effortlessly sidestepped, webbing the Goblin King's weapon and yanking it from his grasp.

The Goblin King, now disarmed and vulnerable, stared in horror as Peter closed the distance. A swift kick sent him sprawling, and Peter stood over him with an air of indifference. "You really should have surrendered when you had the chance."

Without hesitation, Peter punted the Goblin King in the face, ensuring that he stayed where was before turning back to his dwindling army.

The remaining goblins, witnessing the defeat of their leader, faltered for a moment before renewing their assault with a commendable, yet futile determination. Peter, still a beacon of unmatched skill, continued his systematic dismantling of the Goblin Nations forces.

Before the Goblin Kings groggy eyes, Peter slaughtered the last of the goblin forces, leaving the cavern in eerie silence. And As the last goblin fell, Peter tossed his spear aside and walked over to the only living goblin remaining, the king.

The Goblin King, surrounded by his fallen subjects, glared defiantly at Peter. "You may have defeated my army, but you won't break my spirit!"

Peter descended gracefully, landing in front of the Goblin King. "Yeah. Sure, whatever you say bro..." He stared down at the Goblin King. "Now, let's talk about surrender."

The Goblin King, battered but unbroken, spat at Peter's feet. "I'll never surrender to the likes of you. Get it over with and kill me already..."

Peter sighed, almost disappointed. "Well, you had your chance to do things the easy way..." With a swift movement, he pulled out his brand new wand and pointed it at the beaten king.

"Maybe a bit of pain will help you understand your position. I've been wanting to try out this new wand, so thanks for volunteering to be my test subject." Peter said, as his wand began to glow in an ominous light.

"Wait... Wait!" The king yelled. "I said stop! Aaaghh!"

After almost an hour of relentless magical torment, the cavern resonated with the pitiful pleas of the Goblin King. Peter, wielding his newly bought wand with an unsettling ease, had subjected the once-proud leader to be his training dummy, testing all of the spells he learned since his arrival.

Soon enough, the king, battered and broken, finally broke down and begged for mercy. "Please! No more! I beg you!" He whimpered, his defiance replaced by a raw desperation.

Peter, his expression unyielding, ceased the onslaught. The wand's glow faded, leaving an air of eerie stillness in the cavern. The defeated goblin king lay on the ground, gasping for breath, his body marked by the magical onslaught.

"Finally had enough, huh?" Peter mused, twirling the wand in his fingers. "Now, let's talk about reparations." He said as a shark-like smirk graced his lips. "After all, I'm just an innocent bystander who was attacked by your vicious army..."

Dumbledore, a silent spectator to the gruesome display of power, watched with a mixture of disapproval and caution. He knew better than to interfere with Peter's actions, understanding the consequences of speaking this mind...

The Goblin King, though battered and humiliated, managed to lift his head. "What do you want?"

Peter, a slight smirk on his face, leaned in. "First, no more attacks. No more threats. Your Goblin Nation backs off, permanently. You will decree this as their king."

The Goblin King hesitated, his pride conflicting with the undeniable reality of his defeat. "Fine. We'll retreat. Just spare my life."

Peter had to fight the urge to roll his eyes upon hearing that, 'Yeah right, like I'd kill all of your lackeys and just let you go...'

"Second," Peter continued, ignoring the Goblin King's plea, "you're going to publicly announce that there will be no war, not just now but in the future as well. The only time that you're allowed to declare war is if it's truly the last resort, and nothing else can be done."

The Goblin King clenched his teeth, but the fear of further punishment outweighed his pride. "I... I'll do it."

"Good." Peter nodded as his expression turned vicious. "And lastly, you'll sign this contract..." He said as he snapped his fingers and summoned a magically binding contract.

Chapter 568: Taking Everything

The Goblin King's eyes widened in shock as he scanned the contract presented by Peter. His initial reaction was visceral, an immediate refusal etched across his battered face. "First you slaughter my men and now you want to steal from me?! Well, I won't have it!"

The document, a bloodsucking parchment, outlined the terms of reparations for the Goblin Nation's attack on Peter and his wife. It was a rather straightforward demand. The goblin nation would forfeit ownership of all Gringotts banks worldwide, handing them over to Peter, making him the sole proprietor of every goblin-controlled financial institution on Earth.

"You must be out of your mind, human!" the Goblin King spat defiantly, his battered form displaying a flicker of residual pride. "I will never sign away our banks to the likes of you!"

Peter, unfazed by the king's resistance, raised an eyebrow and sighed theatrically. "Well, we can do this the easy way or the hard way. Your call." Without waiting for a response, he extended his wand, his expression turning cold as he prepared for the inevitable.

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After a few minutes, the Goblin King's defiance crumbled as Peter unleashed a renewed torrent of magical torment. The cavern echoed with the pitiful pleas of the defeated goblin leader, who, after enduring relentless agony, finally relented. "Stop! I'll sign your blasted contract! Just leave me alone already! I just want to go home!"

As the Goblin King begrudgingly applied his signature to the document alongside a small amount of blood, Peter did the same and could immediately feel the wards of each Gringotts bank attaching to him. "Huh? So that's how that works..." He muttered as he used the wards to scan each building.

With a simple thought, he commanded the wards to expel the goblins and anyone else within his newly acquired banks before sealing them shut. The magical energy surged, resonating with Peter's newfound authority, and instantaneously, every Gringotts bank across the world was closed and locked, surprising everyone, especially the goblins who found themselves unknowingly fired.

With his objective accomplished, Peter spared no time, and shooed away the beaten Goblin King, his pride shattered as he scampered away in fear. Peter watched with a satisfied smirk as the once formidable leader fled into the shadows.

Of course, the contract that they signed would also force the fleeing king to follow through with his earlier promises as well. As soon as he arrives back at his throne room, the Goblin nation would undergo some changes.

"Now, that wasn't so difficult, was it?" Peter mused, twirling the contract between his fingers before stashing it away in his storage necklace.

Dumbledore, ever the silent observer, approached cautiously. "Peter, are you certain that you want to do this? Controlling the world's banks is a significant responsibility." He pauses for a moment before continuing. "I could help-"

Peter laughed, interrupting the old geezer. "Is that greed I see twinkling in your eyes, Albus? Is the great Albus Dumbledore, the hero of the light faction, the man who saved the world from the Dark Lord Grindelwald, coveting another man's riches? How scandalous..."

Dumbledore's gaze lingered on Peter as he stashed away the contract, a glint of concern in his eyes. Although Peter was correct when he said that Albus coveted his newly acquired wealth, most of all, the old headmaster felt uneasy.

Despite the apparent victory, which avoided a very bloody Goblin War from happening, the old wizard couldn't shake the unsettling feeling within him. As the silence lingered, he took a deep breath, choosing his words carefully.

"Peter, my boy," Dumbledore began, his tone gentle but laden with worry. "I must express my reservations about all this. Controlling the world's banks is a significant responsibility. Responsibility that you can't just take on a whim..."

Peter, however, was quick to dismiss Dumbledore's concern, his smirk widening. "You're right, Professor. Running a bank sounds way too hard. Maybe I should just empty out all of the vaults and run?"

Dumbledore frowned, his concern deepening. "This is not a joking matter, Peter, nor is this about the gold. It's about the influence and control that comes with it. The Goblin Nation may have been a challenge, but now, you're in control of the magical world's wealth. You must tread carefully or the consequences could be catastrophic."

Peter chuckled, a hint of arrogance in his tone. "Tread carefully? Albus, you worry too much. Besides, I'm not the enemy here. I just took a necessary step that the Ministry should have done years ago. The fact that you idiots let a hostile race control your money for so long is truly baffling..."

Dumbledore sighed, realizing that his words were falling on deaf ears. "Peter, I understand the need for this, but it... it changes the balance of power. The Ministry may not take kindly to such a shift."

But Peter, seemingly uninterested in Dumbledore's wisdom, waved him off. "The Ministry will get used to it. And if they don't, well, then they can come find me to complain." He shrugged uncaringly. "Anyway, MJ and I have things to do. After all, we're still on our honeymoon."

As Peter turned away, Dumbledore's concern deepened, and a tinge of greed stirred within him. He gripped his new wand, wondering whether he should use it while Peter's back was turned or not. "..."

The allure of controlling such vast wealth and influence was not lost on the wise wizard. He attempted to voice his reservations once more, framing it as kindly advice rather than a lecture.

"Peter, I've seen the consequences of unchecked power. I only wish to guide you toward a path that ensures the well-being of the Wizarding World. Perhaps we could work together, find a more harmonious solution." He offered, knowing that if he attacked, Peter would easily thwart him once again.

At this point, MJ was glaring daggers at Dumbledore, ready to pounce at any moment. All he had to do was twitch and she would leap over and snap his wrinkly old neck in half. After all, they've given him two separate chances already. And as the saying goes, three strikes and you're out.

Peter, however, remained unyielding, his dismissive tone cutting through Dumbledore's attempt at diplomacy. "Thanks, but no thanks, Albus. I've got everything under control. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a date with a stunningly beautiful woman~"

As Peter walked away, draping his arm over MJ's shoulder, Dumbledore couldn't shake the sinking feeling that they had merely exchanged one formidable foe for another. The weight of Peter's newfound influence on the Wizarding World hung heavily in the air, leaving the wise wizard to ponder the uncertain future that lay ahead.

As Peter and MJ emerged from a swirling portal and stepped into the heart of Diagon Alley, the spectacle drew gasps and wide-eyed stares from the onlookers who had never witnessed any magic that could create such a doorway before.

The portal dissipated, leaving the couple standing amidst the bustling wizarding marketplace. "So... who's this beautiful lady you have a date with?" MJ asked jokingly.

Peter chuckled, adjusting his grip to pull her closer to his side. "Her name is Michelle Jones. She's the most stunning woman that I've ever had the pleasure of seeing. You wouldn't happened to have seen her, have you?" He scanned the surroundings, pretending to look for his imaginary date.

"I think I might know her..." MJ smiled, her cheeks blushing as she wrapped her arms around Peter's neck and pulled him into a searing kiss.

"Oh, there she is~" Peter smiled as their lips separated. "Where have you been all my life?"

MJ couldn't help but match her husband's smile. "Waiting for you to show up..."

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As they strolled through the bustling street, hand in hand, MJ couldn't contain her curiosity. "So, what's the plan with those banks, Peter? We're not planning to stick around here for long, are we?"

Peter shrugged nonchalantly, "Nah, we're just passing through. Figured we could do something good with them before leaving this universe."

MJ raised an eyebrow, a curious glint in her eyes. "Good? Like what?"

Peter grinned, "Well, we could give them to someone we trust, someone we like from the movies, you know?"

MJ's eyes lit up with excitement. "That sounds like a fantastic idea! The Weasleys, Hagrid, the Potters, the Longbottoms..." she listed off all of her top candidates.

Peter nodded, "Exactly. We'll figure it out before we go. But, there's one small thing we need to do first."

As they approached Gringotts, the iconic wizarding bank, a crowd had gathered outside, attempting to breach the invisible wards that Peter now controlled. Goblins among them clamored for entrance, their attempts futile.

Ignoring the chaos, Peter and MJ easily navigated through the wards surrounding Gringotts and stepped inside, leaving a stunned and confused crowd outside.

"The bank is under new management!" Peter announced to the bewildered onlookers, his voice echoing through the street. "It'll be open again soon. In the meantime, just relax and go about your day!"

Closing the large doors behind them, Peter turned to MJ with a smirk, "Now, let's solidify our control over the banks, shall we?"

MJ chuckled, "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

"Absolutely," Peter replied with a wink.

The pair strolled through the empty bank, discussing how they would get it started again. MJ's excitement grew as she considered the possibilities, envisioning the impact their actions would have on the wizarding world.

As they explored, Dumbledore's earlier words lingered in Peter's mind. MJ noticed the contemplative look on his face and nudged him, "What's on your mind, Peter?"

"Dumbledore's lecture..." Peter sighed in annoyance. "He's definitely going to try something this time..."

MJ smirked, "let him." She shrugged uncaringly. "Besides, we need something to scare the ministry away from causing trouble once we're gone."

Peter chuckled, "You've got a point. Let's wait and see what they decide to do..."

Chapter 569: Merry Christmas Everyone

In a dimly lit throne room, the defeated Goblin King staggered through the heavy doors, his battered form greeted by the expectant gaze of high-ranking goblins. The air was thick with tension as the goblin elite awaited an explanation for their forced expulsion from Gringotts.

"Why have we been barred from our own banks, Your Majesty?" A grizzled, scar-faced goblin demanded, his voice cutting through the restless murmurs of the gathered crowd.

The Goblin King, still reeling from his confrontation with Peter, glared at his subjects. "Silence! ...I will explain." His voice, a mix of frustration and shame, echoed through the cavernous room.

As the Goblin King began recounting the events that transpired, the goblins' expressions shifted from confusion to disbelief. Murmurs of discontent spread like wildfire, and the rook erupted into a chorus of angry voices.

"You gave the entirety of Gringotts to a single human?" A goblin with a menacing scar across his eye snarled, disbelief etched on his face.

The Goblin King nodded, a bitter taste of humiliation on his tongue. "I had no choice. He forced me to sign his contract..."

The goblins erupted into chaos, each voice vying to be heard above the others. Curses and insults were hurled at their king for his perceived weakness. The once-mighty ruler found himself in the midst of an angry mob, his authority waning with every passing moment.

"Idiot! You should've just died quietly! You've disgraced and crippled the entire Goblin Nation!" A goblin with a twisted, iron-crafted staff roared, his eyes ablaze with fury.

In the midst of the uproar, a particularly cunning goblin stepped forward, his eyes gleaming with a dangerous intelligence. "Enough of this! We won't let this human dictate our fate. And If our king won't protect our interests, then we'll just have to get the banks back ourselves!"

With those words, the goblins, driven by a collective anger, surged forward, surrounding the Goblin King. Their weapons gleamed in the dim light as they prepared to mete out punishment for the perceived betrayal.

"You've doomed us! Prepare to pay for your foolishness!" The scar-faced goblin spat, raising a wickedly sharp blade.

The Goblin King's protests fell on deaf ears as the frenzied goblins descended upon him, delivering a swift and brutal end to his reign. The throne room, once a symbol of goblin power, now bore witness to a gruesome display of internal strife.

Amidst the chaos, the cunning goblin who had spoken earlier seized the moment, rallying the others. "We must reclaim Gringotts and oust this human interloper! Our pride will not be trampled upon! Our profits will not be threatened!"

The goblins, fueled by a renewed sense of purpose, began organizing themselves, preparing for a confrontation with the newfound owner of their banks.

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Back at Gringotts, just as the king was slain, Peter felt a pile of magic vibrating. 'Those Goblins didn't waste any time killing him, huh?' He thought, shrugging uncaringly. 'At least they saved me the trouble of doing it myself...'

As the Goblins were killing their former king, Dumbledore, driven by a mixture of concern and small bit of greed, hurried to the Ministry of Magic. He called for an emergency Wizengamot meeting, knowing he had to address the situation before Peter's influence over the banks could solidify.

In the grand chamber of the Wizengamot, Dumbledore stood before the gathered wizards and witches, his expression grave. "Ladies and gentlemen, I come bearing both good and unsettling news. The threat of the Goblin Nation has been effectively neutralized, sparing us from the impending war."

A murmur of surprise and relief swept through the room, but Dumbledore continued, his eyes shifting to a more serious tone. "However, a third party, the man who 'helped' us neutralize the threat has taken control of the banks from the goblins."

Gasps and whispers erupted, filling the chamber with a buzz of disbelief. Dumbledore held up a hand, signaling for silence. "This third party is not an ally. They now wield unparalleled control over the magical world's wealth, and we must address this issue promptly."

The crowd, fueled by curiosity and perhaps a touch of greed, listened intently. Some members, their eyes glinting with avarice, began to question the newfound authority over Gringotts. "Shouldn't the government be the one controlling the currency? What gives this mysterious man the right?"

Dumbledore, seizing the moment, nodded gravely. "Indeed, my fellow wizards and witches, the control of our currency is a matter of utmost importance. We cannot allow an unknown force to manipulate our economy without oversight. After all, we've had to deal with that for far too long with the Goblins." He said, and everyone couldn't help but nod their heads in agreement. "It's our duty to ensure the stability and prosperity of the Wizarding World."

The idea took root, spreading like wildfire among the Wizengamot members. Greed and ambition danced in their eyes as they envisioned the potential benefits of taking control of their own economy. Dumbledore, masterfully playing the puppeteer, observed the unfolding chaos with a knowing gaze.

As the crowd clamored for a resolution, Dumbledore seized the opportunity to propose a course of action. "I suggest we convene a committee and pay Gringotts a visit. Hopefully, the new owner will see reason and willingly hand the banks over to the Ministry..."

A witch in the back of the room raised her wand before speaking. "And what if they refuse to do so?" She asked.

Dumbledore simply shook his head, "Then we must do what has to be done for the greater good of our world..."

The proposal was met with enthusiastic agreement. Dumbledore's influence over the room was evident as the committee was swiftly formed, comprised of members handpicked by the cunning headmaster, as well as the army which was originally formed to fight off the goblins.

In the ministries eyes, either Peter would quietly hand over the banks, or they would be forced to take them with violence. There would be no middle ground...

As the committee deliberated, Dumbledore couldn't help but let a small smirk play on his lips. The allure of Gringotts, the symbol of wealth and power, had proven too tempting for the Wizarding World to resist.

Satisfied with the direction the meeting had taken, Dumbledore subtly retreated into the shadows, allowing the committee to take charge. The seeds of dissent and greed had been sown. Now, he just had to prepare for the battle against Peter. After all, it wouldn't be an easy fight, not by a long shot.

The old wizard's thoughts briefly flickered to the consequences of their actions, as he's seen what Peter can do and has done to his enemies, but his ambition and desire for control overshadowed any lingering doubts.

'I must prepare...' He thought to himself as he disappeared from the ministry.

In the heart of Gringotts, Peter and MJ worked tirelessly to reshape the archaic banking system of the Wizarding world. The dimly lit halls echoed with the sounds of runes being carved into the Gringotts central ward stone, alongside the occasional exchange between the couple.

"I can't believe they were still using parchment and quills in the 20th century," Peter muttered, shaking his head at the outdated system.

MJ chuckled, her eyes scanning through a thick stack of documents. "Well, we're about to change that. Gringotts is getting a major upgrade... I wonder how everyone will react?"

As the last of the runes were carved, Peter admired his work for a moment before waving his hand, activating them and conjuring a holographic interface, showcasing a sleek and modern design for the new Wizarding banking system. Peter grinned as he gestured at the hologram. "Welcome to the future of magical banking."

The holographic interface, which would be available to any customer inside the premises of a Gringotts bank, allowed them to set up a secure bank account, which they could later link with any existing vaults, eliminating the need for physical transactions.

Each personal account would be connected to the clients magic, allowing anyone to purchase anything with just their presence alone.

Best of all, each person's account could be accessed without the need for a Gringotts employee, meaning no lines to deposit or withdraw money. Peter even set up a Vault inventory list, allowing customers to store and withdraw anything from their vaults without actually needing to visit them.

Of course, all sorts of magical safeguards and encryption ensured the safety of their clients' assets while streamlining the banking process.

And since they wouldn't be allowing any clients to enter their vaults anymore, as it would just be an unnecessary hassle, Peter and MJ decided to modernize the way they hold money. After all, why bother leaving all of the wizarding world's gold to collect dust in vaults when they can make good use of it just like modern banks do?

As they continued to refine the new system, Peter turned to MJ. "Think anyone will miss the days of waiting in long lines just to deposit a handful of Knuts and Sickles?"

MJ chuckled. "Probably not, but change can be hard for some people. We'll have to ease them into it."

Peter shrugged. "Or we can just leave all of the hard work to whoever we're leaving the bank to..."

As the couple worked throughout the night, so that the bank could reopen in the morning, Peter and MJ wondered whether the Wizarding world would embrace the change or not? After all, wizard-kind has been living in their old ways for a long time now.

Chapter 570: Oh, How The Tables Have Turned

The night's laborious efforts came to fruition as the first light of dawn bathed the ancient halls of Gringotts in a soft glow. Peter, his fatigue masked by a determined grin, stood alongside MJ as they prepared to unveil the revolutionary changes they had wrought upon the Wizarding banking system.

"Here goes nothing..." With a swift gesture, Peter activated the newly carved runes on the central ward stone, initiating a cascade of magic that resonated throughout every Gringotts bank simultaneously.

As the banks opened without the need for employees, the world outside stirred with anticipation. Diagon Alley, usually bustling with the clatter of morning commuters and the rustle of wizarding cloaks, now lay eerily silent.

The absence of goblins, who once stood outside the bank, trying to break into their former property, did not go unnoticed, and curious onlookers gathered, exchanging puzzled glances. They had heard all about what happened to the Goblins as well as their loss of the Banks.

The news papers and magazines couldn't stop printing good news as of late. First, the Dark Lord and his minions were all killed, and now the insufferable Goblins were dethroned. The Wizarding populace couldn't help but ask themselves, 'What's next?'

Although everyone seemed pleased with the recent happenings, some couldn't help but worry about the possible reopening of the bank. After all, they didn't know the new owners, so doubts and fears took hold.

Of course, it would be hard to out do the Goblins when it comes to greed, but it was impossible for them not to worry.

A crowd began to form outside the entrance of the London Gringotts, eyes fixed on the imposing doors, which suddenly burst open. The vague news of a reopening spread far and wide, drawing everyone's curiosity, and soon enough, the crowd cautiously made their way inside.

Confusion filled the air as the interior of Gringotts revealed a stark contrast to its usual atmosphere. No goblin tellers manned the counters, and the grand hall echoed with the footsteps of wary wizards and witches.

A prerecorded message, which played throughout the bank, caught their attention, explaining the transformation and instructed them to the new holographic interface.

"Set up an account and access your vaults through the hologram. Simply say 'Log in' and the interface will appear. Don't worry, all information is encrypted against eavesdropping. Only you will be able to see the interface...." MJ's voice echoed across the bank on repeat, spurring everyone to mutter the magic words.

The initial bewilderment of seeing a glowing screen appear before them soon gave way to a buzz of excitement and chatter as people tentatively began interacting with the interface, setting up their accounts with usernames and passwords.

In Diagon Alley, the scene unfolded like a surreal spectacle. Shopkeepers peered out from their storefronts, bewildered by the absence of the typical Gringotts-related commotion. As the news spread, the allure of the unknown drew more and more curious onlookers, creating a growing crowd that spilled into the cobbled streets.

In the French Branch of Gringotts bank, an elderly couple, clad in discreet robes, tentatively waited in line before finally getting inside, eying the bank with skepticism.

[Insert pictures of Nicholas and Perenelle Flamel here]

"I don't see why I had to leave my workshop for the reopening of a bank, Penny." the man muttered in annoyance. "I was just finishing up my research into molecular transmutation as well..."

"Oh, don't be such a boring shut-in, Nicky." His wife replied in a huff. "This is a huge occasion! All throughout our very long lives, the goblins have had a stranglehold on the economy, and now that they're gone I want to see what's going to happen."

"What's going to happen?" Nick repeated, giving his wife a deadpan look. "It's a bank, Penny. This isn't a fair or an amusement park. They just store money..."

Just as his wife was about to reply, a female voice suddenly played throughout the bank. "Set up an account and access your vaults through the hologram. Simply say 'Log in' and the interface will appear. Don't worry, all information is encrypted against eavesdropping. Only you will be able to see the interface...."

Ignoring her fun-sucking husband, Penny did as she was told. "Log in!"

Nick watched in confusion as his wife's eyes widened before she started moving her hands in an odd manner, as if interacting with something that didn't seem to be there.

Hesitantly, he summoned the holographic panel too and, to his amazement, witnessed the display appear before him, instructing him to create an account.

"Holy sh*t...?" he muttered, suddenly not so mad at his wife for dragging him out of the house. "It's like the muggle banks..."

"See?" His wife said, as if gloating at her victory. "I knew something interesting would happen..."

"I'd love to meet whoever set this up..." Nick said as he noticed a section at the bottom of the interface titled 'customer support' and thought, 'Maybe I can contact them through this?'

All across the world, excitement rippled through the many Gringotts banks as wizards, witches, and other magical beings shared their amazement at the streamlined process of banking.

As more people embraced the new system, a sense of liberation filled the air. The initial confusion transformed into an eagerness to adapt to the changing times. The absence of goblin bureaucracy seemed to be a welcomed relief, and the once dreaded Gringotts now resonated with the hum of progress.

Amidst the reactions, Peter and MJ observed from the central ward stone, content with the impact of their innovation. The Wizarding world was at the cusp of transformation, and whether they fully embraced it or not, change had come to Gringotts. The future of Wizarding banking was here.

After a day of bustling activity, as the sun dipped below the horizon in different corners of the world, the Gringotts banks, which had opened their doors for the first time since the reopening, closed once again. Of course, they would reopen the next morning.

As the banks settled into their nocturnal slumber, the remaining discontent goblins, fueled by resentment and a desperate desire to reclaim their former stronghold, initiated their audacious plans.

The shadows of the night became their allies as they split into groups, each departing for a different Gringotts bank across the globe. The goblins, their ranks bolstered by those who harbored bitterness over the recent events, aimed to sneak in and take control of the wards once again.

Their gamble rested on the knowledge that they had been the architects of the original wards, and even though they no longer held the reins, they believed they possessed the expertise to bypass the magical defenses.

However, as they approached the banks under the cloak of darkness, their aspirations were met with a harsh and brutal reality. Unbeknownst to the goblins, Peter, anticipating a potential backlash, had implemented brand new defenses alongside the innovative banking system. After all, he had to make sure that his customers money and belongings were well protected, especially since they didn't have any employees around.

The moment the goblins attempted to infiltrate, their cunning plans collided with an impenetrable magical barrier, which now surrounded the outer layer of every Gringotts bank.

Driven by an insatiable greed that fueled their determination, they continued their attempts to crack the new magical defenses that now guarded the once-Goblin-controlled vaults.

However, the moment they pressed against the enchanted barrier, an unforeseen consequence awaited them. The wards, designed to escalate in response to persistent intruders, retaliated with a fury beyond the goblins' imagination. A cascade of additional defenses unfolded, each more formidable than the last.

Teams found themselves ensnared by magical bindings, others repelled by ethereal barriers that seemed to materialize out of thin air. The once-silent streets echoed with the pained cries of goblins who underestimated the consequences of their relentless pursuit.

In the wake of their audacious attempts, some goblin teams met an abrupt and merciless end. The wards, now acting as both protectors and executioners, dealt lethal blows to those who refused to yield. Lifeless bodies littered the bank's entrance, serving as a grim reminder of the consequences of their insatiable greed.

Others were not so fortunate. Those who managed to survive the initial onslaught found themselves captured by the wards, bound and imprisoned within the very bank they sought to infiltrate. The once-proud goblin invaders were now at the mercy of the magical defenses they had underestimated, as well as some new add ons courtesy of Peter.

Yet, the most harrowing fate awaited the team assigned to the London Bank. As they attempted to circumvent the outer defenses, a sudden and overwhelming force seized them. In the blink of an eye, they were ripped from their surroundings and teleported away.

When their disoriented senses settled, the goblins found themselves standing in a vast cavern, deep underground. It was far too dark to see more than a few meters in front of them, but they could hear the distinct sound of chains rattling, and dread set in as the realization dawned upon them.

A monstrous silhouette emerged from the shadows, a dragon of colossal proportions, bearing a thick metal collar with chains wound tightly around its neck.

In the dark expanse, where goblin trespassers were once fed to dragons as a form of punishment, poetic justice unfolded. The goblins, who had sought to reclaim their former glory, were now faced with the very creatures they had once commanded. The dragon, now belonging to a new owner, advanced with a predatory grace, its eyes gleaming with hunger.

As the chains rattled and the cavern echoed with piercing shrieks, the goblins' fate was sealed. The dragon lunged forward, its immense jaws opening wide to consume those who dared to challenge the new order of Gringotts. Greed had led them into a trap of their own making, and now, they paid the ultimate price in the jaws of their once-enslaved creation.

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When all of the intruders were taken care of and the night settled into a peaceful silence, the words carved onto the front of every Gringotts bank said all that was needed to be said.

'Enter, stranger, but take heed

Of what awaits the sin of greed,

For those who take, but do not earn,

Must pay most dearly in their turn,

So if you seek beneath our floors

A treasure that was never yours,

Thief, you have been warned, beware

Of finding more than treasure there.'