

Spider-Man 571

Chapter 571: Albus's Secret Weapon

When morning dawned, what remained of the failed goblin intruders lay sprawled outside every Gringotts bank across the globe. Their lifeless forms, a grim testament to their ill-fated greed, sent shockwaves through the wizarding world. Discovering the goblin corpses, the unsuspecting passersby's let out terrified screams before hastily summoning the aurors for investigation.

Aurors arrived promptly at the scenes, their expressions a mixture of concern and confusion. The sight of the dead goblins raised more questions than answers, and the absence of any Gringotts employees added another layer of mystery. They attempted to contact someone within the banks for questioning, only to find them eerily empty. Peter's automation had rendered the once-bustling institutions devoid of any presence other than customers.

In the end, the Department of Magical Law Enforcement launched an official investigation into the mysterious deaths of the goblins. Aurors, equipped with their wands and investigative skills, collected the many bodies and brought them back to their Headquarters for further investigation.

Before lunchtime, the news of goblin bodies outside Gringotts branches became common knowledge. The wizarding media, ever eager for a sensational story, fueled the speculation with dramatic headlines and sensationalized tales. Every paper and magazine was ablaze with speculation, the wizarding world hungry for information about the peculiar events unfolding.

As headlines spread, the Wizarding populace was caught in a frenzy of theories and rumors. Though most people believed that the goblins had underestimated the defenses of the revamped Gringotts Banks, which led them straight to their untimely deaths.

Either way, Conspiracy theories flourished, each more elaborate than the last, as the Wizarding world tried to make sense of the shocking occurrences.

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Meanwhile, Peter and MJ, observing the aftermath from their vantage point at the central ward stone, relaxed as could be. Although all eyes in the wizarding world are currently on them, they didn't care one bit.

After seeing his new defenses in action, Peter spent about an hour tweaking the ward stone, just to make sure everything was working perfectly, before spending the rest of the night with his lovely wife. They had watched everything, even the goblin in the London Bank getting eaten, which wasn't a pretty sight.

Watching the bodies getting found through the images projected from the ward stone, MJ couldn't help but turn to Peter and ask, "Did we have to leave them out there? I mean, they did try to break in, but won't this bring us more trouble with the government?"

Peter simply shrugged. "We already have a problem with the government. We own the entire Wizarding world's economy. They won't sit still, but who knows how long they'll take to make their move, so..."

MJ's eyes widened in realization as she finished Peter's sentence. "...so you put the bodies out there to draw them out? But will Dumbledore fall for that? I don't think he would, he doesn't strike me as being that dumb..."

Peter smirked. "First of all, at this point Dumbledore probably thinks that I'm some crazed murderer, so he might just fall for it and speed things up as we hope. And second, even if he doesn't fall for it, Albus doesn't control every magical government, let alone the British one. If they decide to come, then he can't stop them..."

Just as Peter hoped, the news of what happened at Gringotts prompted the British Ministry, alongside other magical ministries worldwide, to unite in a collaborative effort. By dinner time, a diverse committee, representing each magical government, marched purposefully into the London Gringotts, with Dumbledore leading the charge.

Outside the imposing bank, a formidable army comprised of wizards and witches from every ministry stood in silent anticipation. Witnessing the fate of the ill-fated goblin intruders, they opted for a cautious approach, waiting to see if diplomacy would prevail before resorting to more forceful measures.

As Dumbledore entered the open bank, the committee following closely behind him, an air of newfound confidence surrounded the venerable wizard. He called out into the grand hall, his voice echoing through the vast space, "Peter! You have guests! Come welcome us!"

The anticipation reached a peak as the crowd of ministry representatives braced for the confrontation.

From their vantage point at the central ward stone, Peter and MJ, who were relaxing in bed together, observed the scene unfolding. "Huh... they actually came." MJ muttered.

Peter smirked, "Of course they came. They're all greedy little rats, and we're sitting on all of their cheese."

Dumbledore's uncharacteristic confidence did not go unnoticed. Confused but curious, MJ turned to Peter, voicing her suspicion, "That old schemer is up to something. I've never seen him this confident before. At least not in front of us..."

Peter, sharing her uncertainty, nodded in agreement, deciding it was time to confront the approaching committee.

Stepping out of a shimmering portal and into the lobby, Peter and MJ were met with a chorus of shouts from the committee members, all except Dumbledore, who maintained a measured silence. The room fell into a tense hush as Dumbledore finally spoke, raising a hand to quell the voices that clamored for action.

In measured tones, Dumbledore addressed Peter, his words carrying a weight of authority. "Why, Peter, my dear boy, did you believe such a bold move could go unnoticed and unchallenged?" He inquired, his piercing blue eyes fixing on Peter. "The wizarding world is not accustomed to sudden and radical changes, especially when they concern such important things as the economy..."

He reminded Peter that he had forewarned him about the potential consequences of his bold actions in taking control of the banks. With an air of calm determination, Dumbledore outlined the committee's purpose, "I'm afraid that we can no longer work together, as I offered you in our last meeting, now relinquish control of Gringotts to us. I'd rather avoid violence and unnecessary deaths if possible..."

Peter, maintaining a composed demeanor, responded, "If you want what's mine, then you'll have to come and take it from me." His words caused the committee to begin shouting again, but after a stern glare, they turned silent rather quickly. "But know that all of you will die if that happens, even you Albus. I've spared your life twice already, and I won't do so a third time."

Dumbledore sighed, a mix of disappointment and understanding in his gaze. "Will you not consider the greater good?"

Hearing him act so sanctimoniously, MJ couldn't help but shout, "What greater good?! You're all just greedy little fleabags who want what isn't yours. At least have some decency and say it like it is instead of acting all high and mighty!"

"Quiet girl! The men are trying to speak!" A particularly snobbish looking committee member spoke.

Instantly, MJ turned to face him, her eyes burning in rage. "What the f*ck did you just say?" She asked, her voice so calm that it even scared Peter a little.

"It seems that we won't be able to come to an agreement..." Dumbledore, his confidence undiminished, raised his wand and cast a spell towards Peter, bringing this to where it was inevitably heading.

Swift as the wind, Peter effortlessly slapped the spell aside, his spider-sense alerting him to the nefarious intentions. The moment the spell veered off course, the amassed army waiting outside surged into the bank, taking the spell as their cue to attack.

Yet, the ancient wards that Peter had reinforced with additional defenses proved to be an insurmountable obstacle. As the wizards and witches entered the wide open entrance, the magical defenses sensed their hostile intent and retaliated with ruthless efficiency.

In mere moments, the once formidable army found itself being decimated, the lethal enchantments showing no mercy to those who dared intrude. It was like a huge meat grinder, turning the army to paste as soon as they reached the doorway.

While chaos unfolded outside, Peter faced Dumbledore. "You know you're going to die now, right?" Peter asked, his demeanor unworried and downright casual. "I mean, this might be the biggest mistake of your life, because you even dragged these idiots to their deaths alongside you..."

Albus, however, remained resolute, his wand dancing in the air as he continued to launch spells at Peter. The eerie confidence never wavered from his countenance, making Peter wonder what he was up to.

"..." Ignoring Peter's words, Albus pressed on with relentless determination, casting spell after spell in a display of magical prowess.

Prompted by a nod from Peter, MJ leaped forward into the midst of the committee members, who have begun to draw their wands as well, her agility matched only by her deadly precision. With a swift, lethal dance, she dispatched them one by one, making sure to fulfill her husband's promise by killing each and every one of them.

Peter, facing Albus head-on, couldn't help but let out a disappointed sigh. "You know, with all of this newfound confidence of yours, I was really expecting more... Whatever, let's just end this quickly. I want to get back to bed."

As Peter disappeared in a burst of pure speed, heading straight toward Albus, a sudden bolt of deathly green magic soared towards him from an unexpected direction. Peter's instincts kicked in, and with a swift movement, he dodged the lethal projectile.

Turning to identify the assailant, Peter was met with the chilling sight of an old man in a. Fancy black suit, around Dumbledores age with a wand pointed menacingly at him.

[Insert picture of Gellert Grindelwald here]

The air around the newcomer exuded malevolence, and Peter instantly guessed who it was. It was none other than Gellert Grindelwald, the Dark Lord Dumbledore was believed to have vanquished.

Chapter 572: Peter VS Albus & Gellert!

Peter, with a bemused expression, turned to Dumbledore, a condescending cadence in his voice. "Is this where you're getting your confidence from? Him?" Peter pointed casually at Grindelwald, who glared back with evident disdain. The aged Dark Lord, seemingly treated as an expendable pawn, didn't appreciate being overlooked.

Infuriated by Peter's dismissive gesture, Grindelwald wasted no time, launching spells in rapid succession. However, Peter, in a dazzling display of force, effortlessly slapped away each incoming spell with his bare hands. The sheer ease with which he deflected the magical onslaught left Grindelwald frozen in shock, his arrogance momentarily shattered.

Recovering from the initial surprise, Grindelwald turned to Dumbledore, a hint of respect in his voice. "You were right about his strength, Albus. We might not stand a chance even if we combine our efforts." His realization echoed the doubt he initially harbored when Dumbledore sought his assistance. Now, faced with the undeniable truth of Peter's power, Grindelwald admitted that their chances were slim.

Albus, his confidence waning, nodded gravely. The reality of Peter's overwhelming strength sank in, even for the revered wizard who had witnessed it multiple times already. "We'll have to work together if we want any hope of standing against him," Albus stated with a somber tone, acknowledging the dire situation.

He had hoped that Gellert would stand a chance against Peter, as even Albus couldn't beat his old friend in a head to head battle.

Even all those years ago, when Albus returned to Britain after 'killing' the Dark Lord Grindelwald, he didn't dare face Gellert head on. Instead, he pretended to join his friend's side before attacking king him in his sleep. But instead of killing him, as the world was told, Albus locked Gellert up, unable to do the dirty work of killing the man he had tricked and betrayed.

The uneasy alliance formed between Dumbledore and Grindelwald marked a rare collaboration born out of necessity. The gravity of the situation hung heavy in the air as they faced the daunting prospect of confronting Peter, a surmountable obstacle that made them feel small in comparison.

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Outside the bank, the chaos continued as the remnants of the magical army struggled against the fortified defenses. The lethal wards proved relentless, leaving no room for the intruders to gain a foothold. Blood flowed down the stairs leading up to the entrance and streamed down the streets of Diagon Alley.

Soon enough, the remaining army, which was now less than half of their original numbers, were far too scared to go anywhere near the bank. Instead, they stood at a distance, mentally scarred from what they've witnessed and covered in the blood of their comrades.

Some of them even ran off, unwilling to be anywhere near this cursed place anymore, choosing their lives over the greed that spurred them to come here in the first place.

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Back in the grand hall, MJ finished off the last of the committee members before walking back to Peter, her hands covered in blood. "I'm done, do you want help with them? I wouldn't mind fighting Dumbledore..." She said, her hostility toward the Headmaster flaring at full force.

"Nah, I can handle it. You can go and get cleaned up. I'll be there once I'm done with them." Peter says as MJ nods and walks off, leaving him behind with Albus and Gellert, who let out sighs of relief.

After all, they already had their hands full with Peter. If MJ joined in, then they really wouldn't stand a chance.

Reading their thoughts, Peter couldn't help but laugh. "You two can team up all you want," he remarked with a smirk, "but it won't change the outcome. I hope you've prepared yourself for disappointment... and death, of course."

Albus and Gellert, seeing no other option, launched a coordinated attack on Peter, their spells colliding in a chaotic symphony of colors. Yet, Peter effortlessly dodged each magical assault with an unhurried pace, instilling a growing sense of dread in the two wizards. His calm demeanor and seemingly inexhaustible agility painted a bleak picture for their chances.

Pitiless, Peter closed the distance, leaving Albus and Gellert with nowhere to escape. With a burst of speed, he disappeared and reappeared behind Gellert, his hand slashing downward.

Gellert, sensing the imminent danger, managed to evade the fatal strike, but not without consequence. Peter's swift attack severed Gellert's arm, leaving it to fall to the ground in a grotesque display.

Gellert screamed in agony, blood squirting from the fresh wound, as Albus watched in shock. The once formidable dark wizard now writhed in pain, an unexpected turn of events neither had foreseen. Peter's dominance was clear, reducing the supposed masters of magic to mere mortals.

Apologizing mockingly for the pain he caused, Peter stepped away from the splatter of blood near him. "I was going for a clean kill, but you moved. Next time, stay still if you don't want to feel unnecessary pain..." he remarked casually, his tone adding insult to injury. The casualness with which he treated the situation only intensified the fear in Albus and Gellert.

With a chilling calmness, Peter approached Gellert once more, "Here, I'll put you out of your misery... Just hold still for a second."

Albus, desperate to prevent the impending doom, screamed, "Stop! Please don't-" Ignoring the plea, Peter raised his hand again, the air crackling with an impending sense of finality.

Albus, unwilling to stand by and do nothing, hurled spells at Peter in a frantic attempt to halt the execution, but each incantation missed its mark. With effortless grace, Peter sidestepped the magical onslaught, his focus unwavering. The inevitability of Gellert's demise hung in the air, and Albus could only watch in horror as Peter's hand slashed down with ruthless precision.

Gellert's head separated from his body, the gruesome sound echoing through the grand hall. The decapitated head clattered to the floor, a dark testament to the one-sided nature of the confrontation. Albus, now all alone, screamed Gellert's name in anguish, his world unraveling before him.

The silence that followed was broken only by Albus's anguished cries, and the once formidable duo found themselves humbled by the unexpected force that had befallen them. Peter stood amidst the aftermath, an ominous figure untouched and in pristine condition, a stark contrast to his bloody and gruesome surroundings.

Albus stood amidst the aftermath of Gellert's demise, a cold realization settling in. Regret clawed at him, the weight of his choices sinking like a stone in his chest. His pursuit of power, wealth, and justice, fueled by a misguided sense of morality, had led to the death of his oldest friend and countless others.

Peter, observing the dead look in Albus's eyes, shook his head in disappointment. "I warned you, old man. I told you they would all die. You may not want to believe it, but this is all on you," he declared, hitting the aged wizard right where it hurts. "You wanted what wasn't yours and brought all of them here, thinking that you could beat me with this failure of a Dark Lord-"

With a casual kick, Peter rolled Gellert's severed head over to Albus, which stopped in the perfect position to look right up at him, a shocked and fearful look etched in his dead face.

"Was it worth it?" Peter questioned, as Albus stared down at his friend's decapitated head in horror. "All for some gold that you probably wouldn't even spend, or maybe because you didn't like me? Either way, they're all dead now. So... was it worth it?"

The realization of the devastating outcome infuriated Albus to the point where he could barely think straight, let alone answer Peter's taunting question. Without a word, he hastily pulled out his wand. Unleashing a barrage of spells, some dark and forbidden, Albus sought to unleash all the power he could muster.

"Die!" In his desperation, he aimed to take Peter down with him, determined to fight until the bitter end.

However, Peter remained unaffected by the onslaught. Calmly, he walked toward Albus, casually slapping away the spells as they came. Forbidden spells or not, they were all the same to him.

With each step, Albus's resolve wavered, and he began to yield ground, cowering under the unstoppable force approaching him. Eventually, he found himself cornered, his back against a wall.

Standing face to face, Peter effortlessly snatched Albus's wand from his trembling hand and snapped it in half, discarding the broken pieces over his shoulder. Albus, defeated and humiliated, fell onto his backside, staring up at Peter with a mixture of fear and resignation.

Peter, devoid of any empathy, asked, "Do you have any last words?"

Albus, looking up defiantly, pushing his fear aside for a moment as he declared, "I regret nothing in my life besides the moment that I met you!"

"That's probably how most of my enemies feel before they die..." With a nonchalant shrug, Peter swiped his hand once more, severing Albus's head from his body in the same manner as his friend. The gruesome spectacle unfolded, blood spraying as Albus's lifeless form crumpled to the ground.

In the end, Peter stood in the blood stained and corpse riddled lobby, still without a single drop of blood on his body or clothes. Outside, the army had already run off, leaving behind nothing but the remains of their comrades.

On a timer, the doors to the bank snapped shut, sealing the place for the night as Peter looked around at the mess that was left behind. "I'm not cleaning this..."

Chapter 573: The Boys!

Amidst the aftermath of the gruesome confrontation, Peter surveyed the lifeless forms of Albus Dumbledore and Gellert Grindelwald, their demise marking the end of his time in this universe. But before they headed out, Peter knew that his actions needed to resonate beyond the blood-stained lobby of the bank.

He needed to send a message to the magical governments that had schemed to snatch away his banks. Or else they would definitely cause trouble for whoever Peter and MJ left in control when they left.

Peter's gaze shifted to the scattered bodies of the committee members, each representing a different magical government. With calculated precision, he began sorting them based on their origins. Wizards and witches from various corners of the world lay lifeless, their ambitions extinguished in the face of overwhelming power.

Opening portals beneath each group, Peter sent the bodies back to their respective governments. All across the world, portals opened up and deposited the dead, bloody figures onto the floors of high-stakes meetings, while others were dropped directly into the offices of presidents and ministers.

The impact of their lifeless forms sent shockwaves through the political landscape, a visceral reminder of the consequences of greed and collusion.

Horried gasps filled the air as the bodies smacked into the ground, splattering blood and guts all over the place. The once-shrouded plans of these magical envoys had crumbled, their ambitions exposed in the most brutal manner possible. The sheer audacity of sending back the deceased representatives served as Peter's declaration that the cost of meddling in his affairs would be paid in blood.

As the bodies fell from the portals, the once-confident officials now faced the grim reality of their failed machinations. Some recoiled in horror, while others stared in disbelief as the room filled with the stench of death. The sight of their colleagues, now lifeless and broken, served as a stark warning against underestimating the consequences of their actions.

In the Wizengamot, among the corpses that were delivered was the headless forms of Albus Dumbledore and Gellert Grindelwald, their fate unveiled in the most gruesome fashion imaginable. The highest wizarding court in Britain, bore witness to the arrival of these prominent figures, their horrifying end reverberating through the magical community.

The shock on the gathered wizards and witches faces mirrored the global astonishment as the news spread like wildfire. The once-revered leaders, architects of a dark alliance, lay in disgrace before their peers.

For a moment, the Wizengamot was plunged into an uneasy silence. The revelation of Dumbledore's demise left an indelible mark on the history of magic. After all, Dumbledore was known as the Merlin of his time, so his death came as an extreme shock.

Among the bewildered and fearful faces were the older generation, who couldn't keep their eyes off of the severed head of Gellert Grindelwald, instantly recognizing who he was. A lot of time may have passed, and age certainly took a hold over the former Dark Lords features, but how could these old wizards and witches forget the man that started a world war?

Amidst the stunned silence, Peter's disembodied voice echoed through each hall. "This is what happens when you try to play with forces beyond your control. Remember this lesson well." With those ominous words, the portals closed, leaving behind a courtroom filled with the weight of revelation and the scent of death.

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In the wake of Dumbledore's death and the revelation of Grindelwald's demise, the magical world plunged into chaos. News of the mysterious couple, who somehow defeated two of the strongest wizards known to wizard-kind, echoed through every corner.

As the days unfolded, representatives from every magical ministry found themselves standing outside their local Gringotts banks. The air was thick with tension as they sought an audience with the enigmatic couple who now held the keys to the magical economy. The once-ambitious plans to seize control of these financial institutions had crumbled, replaced by a desperate desire for peace.

Peter and MJ greeted the representatives with a calm demeanor, welcoming them with friendly smiles, which only served to scare their guests even more.

The marble halls echoed with the hushed conversations between the visitors and the new owners. The air was charged with a palpable sense of deference as the magical world acknowledged the futility of challenging the guardians of the banks.

"S-Sir... M-Ma'am..." began one representative, nervously adjusting his robes. "We understand now that our previous endeavors were misguided. We seek only to establish a peaceful coexistence and recognize your authority over the banks..."

Peter, leaning against the marble counter, regarded the representative with a measured gaze. "You've learned quickly," he remarked, a hint of amusement in his voice. "We don't want trouble. Keep your affairs in check, and there won't be any issues."

The representatives, realizing the gravity of their situation, nodded in earnest agreement. The weight of the goblins' wrath paled in comparison to the unpredictable force that now held the reins over their economy. Gringotts had become an impenetrable fortress, which they could never hope to dream of seizing.

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Days turned into a series of diplomatic encounters as magical ministries from different corners of the world sought to establish a working relationship with the new owners. The once-bustling Gringotts transformed into a nexus of negotiations and alliances. Peter and MJ, despite their reluctance, became inadvertent diplomats, navigating the intricacies of magical politics with an air of detachment.

"T-Thank you, sir, we assure you that our intentions are peaceful," another representative pleaded, beads of sweat forming on his forehead. "We don't want any trouble. We just want to access our vaults."

MJ, her expression unreadable, replied, "Access granted. Just remember, this isn't a playground. Cross the line, and you'll find out how much worse we can be than the goblins."

The representatives departed with a newfound humility, their quest for control replaced by a wary acknowledgment of the new order. Gringotts, once a symbol of financial power, now stood as a monument to the consequences of underestimating the strength that Peter and MJ wielded.

As the last representative exited the bank, Peter turned to MJ and let out an annoyed sigh. "This diplomatic bullsh*t is starting to get annoying..."

MJ smirked in response. "What? I thought you liked watching the wizards squirm?"

Peter reluctantly nodded his head. "Yeah? It's fun and all, but I'm ready to move on to the next universe already... Speaking of, have you narrowed down our candidates?"

"Yeah, should I reach out and invite them over?" MJ asked.

Peter nodded as he walked off. "Yeah, try to get them to come in tomorrow. I want to relax after all of these meetings..."

The morning sun cast a warm glow over the entrance of Gringotts as a diverse group of individuals arrived, each holding a letter that had invited them to a business proposal with the new owners. Among them were Nicholas and Perenelle Flamel, Rubeus Hagrid, Molly and Arthur Weasley, and the familiar faces of James and Lily Potter. As they gathered, a sense of uncertainty lingered, and the air was thick with unspoken questions.

[Insert picture of the Weasley's here]

Nicholas Flamel, his age evident in the lines on his face, exchanged a curious glance with his wife. Rubeus Hagrid, towering over the others, shifted uncomfortably, the death of Dumbledore still fresh in his mind. The Weasleys, Molly and Arthur, appeared hesitant to even be here after what happened to Albus and everyone else.

Suddenly, after waiting for a few minutes, MJ emerged from the back of the bank, her confident stride breaking the hushed murmurs. She introduced herself with a nod and motioned for them to follow. The group obediently trailed her through the labyrinthine corridors until they reached a spacious conference room, where Peter Parker awaited.

Seated at the head of the table, Peter greeted them with a friendly smile, though the weight of the recent events lingered in the room. "Welcome, everyone. I appreciate you taking the time to join us."

Murmurs of acknowledgment and uncertainty rippled through the group. James and Lily exchanged glances, recognizing Peter as the one who had saved them from the clutches of Voldemort. Hagrid shifted nervously in his seat, clearly uncomfortable with being here.

Peter wasted no time. "I'll get straight to the point. For those of you who don't know us, I'm Peter and this is my wife MJ. And we won't be staying for long, so we need to hand over control of the banks to individuals we trust or find reputable enough for the task."

Arthur Weasley, his voice edged with skepticism, spoke up. "Why didn't you just give the banks to the government in the first place? A lot of people wouldn't have had to die..."

Peter leaned back in his chair, his gaze unwavering. "I don't trust the government to handle these funds without exploiting the people. Besides, the banks belong to us, and we can do whatever we want with them. If I wanted to, I could go and sell the entirety of Gringotts to a homeless child on the street for a bean burrito, and no one could stop me."

Questions filled the room, but after patiently addressing each one, Peter posed a crucial inquiry. "So, are any of you interested in owning the banks?"

The Weasleys, unable to reconcile their loyalty to Dumbledore, declined, rising from their seats. MJ, rising alongside them, escorted the ginger coupe out, leaving behind a smaller but intrigued group.

As the remaining individuals weighed their options, Peter passed over contracts to each of them. The documents outlined their ownership, with Nicholas and Perenelle Flamel holding the majority and having the most control.

"Why do we get the most control?" Perenelle questioned, eyeing the contracts skeptically.

Peter leaned forward, explaining, "You're older and more experienced, especially when dealing with greedy governments. After all, you've somehow managed to keep the Philosopher's Stone guarded for who knows how long..."

James, who read his contract alongside his wife, suddenly asked. "This says in exchange for our stake in the bank, we have to hand over our families invisibility cloak."

Peter nodded, "Yeah, is that a problem?"

"No, it's just..." James froze for a moment before continuing. "Why do you want it? It's just a cloak of invisibility. You can probably have a better one made..."

Peter simply shrugged. "Because I want yours."

The group deliberated, read, and eventually signed their contracts, even the Potters, who immediately handed over the cloak. Now, Peter held two of the three Hollows, the stone and the cloak, while MJ held the third, the wand.

As the ink dried on the contracts, the weight of responsibility lifted from Peter and MJ's shoulders and settled firmly on theirs.

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After ensuring that the new owners of Gringotts understood the intricacies of the magical banking system and responding to the Flamels' myriad of questions, Peter and MJ bid farewell to the bank. The marble halls, once filled with whispers of power and greed, were now in the hands of those they deemed trustworthy.

As they stepped out into the crisp air of Diagon Alley, the familiar surroundings seemed both different and unchanged. Peter and MJ exchanged a glance, satisfaction evident in their eyes, knowing that they had left their mark on this universe.

After walking for a moment, the couple portal'd to Godric's Hollow, where their multiverse ship was parked, tucked away in the remains of James and Lily Potter's destroyed cottage. Climbing the stairs of the broken structure, they reached the room where Little Harry had once slept, only now occupied by their Tardis-like ship.

Just as they were about to open the ship's doors and embark on their journey through the multiverse, a distinctive pop echoed through the room. Dobby, the free elf with large, tennis-ball-like eyes, stood before them, a hesitant but hopeful expression on his face.

"Dobby noticed that Master and Mistress was leavin'," he said, a mix of excitement and nervousness in his voice. "Does you still be needin' an elf?"

Peter's gaze softened, and he exchanged a glance with MJ. "Of course, Dobby. We'd be glad to have you take care of us, but you'll have to leave this universe with us..."

Dobby tilted his head in confusion. "Dobby doesn't know what that means, but he's willing to follow Master and Mistress anywhere!"

With a snap of his fingers, Peter opened the ship's doors, revealing the vast interior that defied the laws of space. "Then welcome aboard, Dobby..."

Dobby's eyes widened in awe as he stepped into the ship, marveling at the expansive space concealed within.

"It's bigger on the inside!" Dobby exclaimed, a mixture of joy and wonder lighting up his features.

Peter chuckled, pleased with the elf's reaction. "Yeah, they all say that..."

As Dobby explored the unknown ship, Peter initiated the departure sequence. The ship began to hum, its exterior phasing out of reality as it prepared to traverse the multiverse.

With a final surge of energy, the ship disappeared completely, leaving behind the remnants of Godric's Hollow and the universe they had briefly called home.

In a grand meeting room inside of a tall skyscraper, Starlight, the newest member of The Seven, the world's most famous team of superhero's, found herself in a nightmarish predicament.

[Insert picture of Starlight here]

The notorious Deep, a member of the team she just joined, had an evil smirk on his face as he dropped his pants, exposing himself out of nowhere.

[Insert picture of the Deep here]

"Whoa, whoa, wh-wh-whoa, hey!" Starlights quickly covered her eyes.

"Look, you're gorgeous..." The Deep says as he begins stroking himself off right in front of her.

"I-I wasn't talking about sex!" She says, unsure of how to handle this situation.

"It's just a little bit of pole-smoking. We don't have to have sex..." He says, his arm jutting up and down over and over. "It's just a question of how bad you want to be in The Seven..."

"Excuse me?" Starlight asks incredulously, dropping her hands to see him walking towards her with his pants around his ankles. "Whoa. Whoa, whoa, whoa. Stop!"

"Take it easy." Deep says as he stand directly in front of her, his member only inches away. "Settle down. We're just talking here. And look, I know that you're powerful. I get it. Your powers are no joke. The thing is... I'm number two around here. So, if I say so, you know, you'd be out in a second."

"What?!" She exclaims, her mind reeling at this point.

"I mean, Iowa's sweetheart, the Defender of Des Moines returns home to Mommy, her tail tucked between her legs in shame after being kicked out of the Seven." He says, his words getting more vicious by the second. "Just think of all the kids who look up to you, they'd just be shattered. That's not what you want, right?"

Hesitantly, Starlight shook her head, her mind whirling a millions miles a second.

"Good, now get on your knees and be a team player, will yah?" He says, his smirk widening as she does as she's told. "See? It's not a big deal, is it? Now all your dreams can come true-"

Just as the situation teetered on the edge of a dark outcome, a sudden disturbance disrupted the twisted scene. A low hum echoed through the room, and the air crackled with energy. Above the Deep, a blue, English phone box materialized, phasing into the universe with seamless precision.

The ship, taking its place in this universe, descended rapidly, casting a looming shadow over the pants-less superhero. Starlight, frozen in shock, watched as the vessel plummeted like a celestial hammer, targeting the exact spot where the Deep stood.

In an instant, the ship made contact with the Deep, its impact echoing through the tower. Starlight's horrified eyes witnessed the once-threatening hero squished beneath the immense weight of the ship, his blood and guts slashing all over her kneeling form.

The grotesque scene unfolded before her, relieving her from the clutches of the Deep's coercion in the most unexpected and brutal manner.

Starlight, her initial shock giving way to a mix of relief, disgust, and disbelief, slowly stood to her feet. "..."

Suddenly, the doors to the phone box burst open as a handsome man peaked his head out, "Yo?"

Chapter 574: Castration

Peter and MJ stepped out of their ship, finding themselves in an unexpected location, a boardroom with sleek and modern design. However, the sight that greeted them was far from the usual business meeting ambiance. A blood-soaked blonde woman in superhero attire knelt on the floor, her eyes fixed on the remains of the infamous Deep.

"Hey there," Peter greeted, a friendly smile on his face. "Uhh... What's with the blood? You on your period or something?"

MJ rolled her eyes before slapping her husband across the back of the head for his bad joke. "Sorry about him," she apologized to Starlight, a worried look on her face. "Are you okay? You're not hurt anywhere, are you?"

Starlight, still processing the abrupt turn of events, continued staring at the remnants of the Deep. Her eyes shifted to Peter and MJ, who stood directly on top of the gruesome scene. She opened her mouth to respond but seemed unable to form coherent words.

"Oh, crap. What the hell is this!?" MJ remarked, glancing at the blood pooling beneath their shoes, staining her soles.

"Ugh, seriously?" Peter grimaced, quickly moving away from the blood. With a nonchalant wave of his hand, he and MJ's shoes were cleaned, the blood vanishing in an instant. Starlight, now breaking out of her stunned state, watched in disbelief as they performed this seemingly magical act.

"Did you guys... do that?" she finally managed to ask, her voice tinged with a mix of shock and curiosity.

Peter looked nervously between Starlight and the remains surrounding his ship. "Yeah, we have some tricks up our sleeves..." He nodded, gesturing to the gruesome scene. "We did this didn't we?"

Starlight nodded dumbly, confirming their suspicions that their arrival inadvertently led to the Deep's demise. As the reality sank in, MJ began to profusely apologize. "Oh my god... We're so sorry. We didn't know..." she said, her sincere remorse evident in her eyes.

However, Starlight, still processing the bizarre situation, suddenly snapped out of her shock. She looked at Peter and MJ with a mix of gratitude and relief. "Thank you. You... you have no idea what you just saved me from."

Confused by her sudden change in demeanor, Peter scratched his head. "Saved you? What? Was this guy about to kill you or something?" He asked, his and MJ's apologetic demeanor melting away. After all, if he was a bad guy, then they didn't really care.

Starlight, realizing the misunderstanding, clarified, "No, he wasn't trying to kill me. You saved me from... something else... I was about to do something that I would have regretted for the rest of my life."

As she expressed her gratitude, Peter and MJ exchanged puzzled glances. But before they could delve deeper into the conversation, the sound of blaring alarms all throughout the building disrupted the moment. And seconds after the alarms started, the boardroom doors burst open, revealing a squad of heavily armed security personnel who swiftly surrounded the trio.

Peter sighed. "Guess we're not getting a warm welcome..."

"Get on the ground, now!" Each security guard yelled, one after another, their guns trained on Peter and MJ.

Starlight, realizing the potential danger, stepped forward, attempting to de-escalate the situation. "Hey, wait! They aren't intruders. At least, I don't think they are. This is all just misunderstanding," she explained, her hands raised in a gesture of non-aggression. However, the guards, fueled by their training and the urgency of the situation, paid little heed to her words.

"We don't take orders from you, Ma'am, so please step out of the way." one of the guards said dismissively, his attention turning back to Peter and MJ.

Peter glanced at MJ, a bemused expression on his face. "Are they serious?" he muttered under his breath.

Refusing to comply with the order, Peter and MJ casually stood their ground. Starlight, growing increasingly frustrated, attempted to intervene. "Hold on, this is all just a crazy accident. Let me explain. They saved me..." She went on to give a brief explanation of what the Deep was doing to her, which shocked Peter and MJ, who now realized why she was thanking them earlier.

But the guards, entrenched in their protocol, remained unyielding. Ignoring Starlight's pleas, they intensified their demands, the tension in the room escalating with each passing moment.

"Enough of this," Starlight snapped, her patience wearing thin. "I said, they're not the threat here. You need to listen."

As the guards continued to ignore her, Starlight huffed in frustration before turning to Peter and MJ. "Look, I know this is messed up, but they're not backing down. Just do what they say for now."

Of course, Peter and MJ wouldn't be doing that, as right now, they were having a telepathic conversation with one another.

'Is this another fictional world or not? Because it's not very familiar to me...' MJ asked Peter.

'Yeah, I'm pretty sure this is the show that I've been trying to get you to watch with me for the last month.' Peter responded, recalling all of the times he nagged MJ to watch it with him.

'Huh? Now I regret not watching it... What was it again? The guys?' She asks, her voice laced with regret.

'The Boys, but that was close enough.' Peter corrects her before explaining, 'Just know that almost every hero in this world is a horrible person.'

'Starlight seems nice...?' She said, almost asking if that was actually the case.

'Yeah, she's a part of the very few who aren't pieces of human trash.' Peter responded in agreement.

In the midst of the standoff, Starlight, desperate to get to the bottom of the situation, asked a crucial question. "How did you even know about this? They just arrived, and I doubt that they triggered any alarms."

One of the guards, stern and unyielding, responded, "Translucent called it in. He said intruders broke in, and killed the Deep. That's all we need to know. Now step aside..."

Starlight's eyes widened at the revelation. In the chaos of the moment, she realized that another so-called hero, whom she once looked up to, Translucent, the invisible man, had witnessed the Deep's actions against her and opted not to intervene whatsoever. She was sexually assaulted and nearly r*ped, yet he did nothing until the Deep was killed.

"Screw this!" Starlight exclaimed, her fury rising. "Translucent, show yourself right now!"

Her demand echoed through the room, but there was no sign of the invisible hero. Anguish and betrayal filled Starlight as she grasped the reality that another hero had betrayed her trust and expectations in the most reprehensible way. She began to wonder whether joining the seven was actually a good idea...

In an outburst of anger, Starlight screamed at the invisible Translucent, "What a coward! No wonder your power is invisibility, you don't even have the courage to show yourself! I was almost r*ped by the fish b@stard and you were just going to stand there like some voyeuristic cuckold!" She didn't know if he was actually in the room anymore, but her words needed to be said, so she simply let them flow.

Unable to bear witness to this any longer, MJ took matters into her own hands. With a wave of her hand, she summoned a whip made of Eldritch energy, lassoing it tightly around Translucent's

invisible form, who was slowly making his way out of the room. Yanking him across over to Starlight, she forced him to materialize, revealing his shameful, naked presence at her feet.

[Insert picture of Translucent here]

The guards, agitated by the unexpected turn of events, prepared to open fire. However, Peter intervened, snapping his fingers and putting them all into a deep and peaceful slumber. The room fell silent as the guards collapsed, unconscious, their weapons clattering to the floor beside them.

With Translucent at her feet and the guards peacefully slumbering, Starlight turned her attention to her unlikely saviors. The shock of their otherworldly powers lingered in her wide-eyed gaze. It was as if Peter and MJ wielded magic, yet the disbelief remained etched in her mind.

As Translucent found himself captured and exposed, he retaliated with a barrage of threats, "Let me go! Once Homelander hears about this you'll all be screwed!"

Annoyed by the arrogant villain's voice, MJ decided to take matters into her own hands. She sent a surge of electricity through the Eldritch whip, causing translucent to scream and twitch in pain. His confident demeanor shattered by the sudden shock.

With Translucent incapacitated, Peter turned to Starlight, an inquisitive expression on his face. "What do you want to do with this creep?" he asked.

Starlight, still processing the surreal situation, nervously questioned, "What do you mean?"

Peter explained their options, "We can let him go, give him a beating, maim him, or even kill him, if you want. We'll help you no matter what choice you make..."

Starlight, faced with the gravity of the decision, froze. The prospect of taking a life weighed heavily on her, and the ethical dilemma left her paralyzed.

Translucent, seizing the opportunity, laughed defiantly. "You stupid, f•cking a•sholes. I'm invincible! You stupid motherf•ckers. I'm f•cking Translucent! I'm indestructible. It's only a matter of time before someone finds us. And when they do, you're f•cking dead!"

Annoyed by the foul language and taking Translucent's words as a challenge, Peter turned to Starlight with a dangerous smile creeping its way onto his face. "I can kill him for you, if you want?" He offered. The sinister suggestion put a momentary chill in the air, even worrying the seemingly invincible Translucent.

Shaking her head vehemently, Starlight refused to resort to killing. However, Translucent, still under the illusion of invincibility, remained confident that his durability would protect him either way.

Respecting her choice, Peter nodded, but MJ had a different perspective. Her disdain for creepy, perverted stalkers fueled her actions. With a swift motion, MJ pointed her free hand between Translucent's legs, firing a focused beam of Eldritch energy.

"Aaaargghh!" The villain's scream echoed in the room as the destructive force disintegrated his family jewels, bypassing his invincibility with ease.

Translucent writhed in pain, a mixture of shock and agony etched on his face. The illusion of invincibility shattered along with his most vulnerable and precious parts. MJ's expression remained stoic, her disdain evident as she delivered a decisive blow against the voyeuristic villain.

Starlight, witnessing the punishment, couldn't help but feel a mix of emotions. While she had refrained from taking a life, the torment inflicted upon Translucent brought a certain satisfaction. The line between justice and revenge blurred in that fleeting moment of retribution.

Chapter 575: Deathly Hollows

The night sky was a canvas painted with twinkling stars and grey clouds, a serene backdrop to the ominous events unfolding. Homelander, hovering high in the air, watched intently as the Mayor of Baltimore and his son chatted in his private jet.

[Insert picture of Homelander here]

Earlier in the day, he 'overheard' a secretive conversation between the mayor and his wife with Madelyn Stillwell, Voughts Senior Vice President of Hero Management and the person responsible for managing the superhero team, The Seven. His laser-sharp eyes narrowed as he listened to their conversation through the bugs he planted in his boss's office.

The Mayor of Baltimore somehow knew about Compound V, the very serum that grants all superheroes their amazing abilities, a truth that had to remain buried. After all, if the public or the government learned that it was a serum, and not an act of god, that gave each hero their powers, then all hell would break loose.

A wicked grin twisted Homelander's lips as he formulated a plan to safeguard Vought's dark secret. With a menacing determination, he soared into the night, intercepting Mayor Daniels' private jet mid-flight. The unsuspecting mayor and his young son enjoyed the night sky through the jet's windows, blissfully unaware of the impending doom.

Suddenly, the young boy's eyes widened as he noticed a familiar figure through the window, his excitement skyrocketing. "Daddy! Look! It's him! It's Homelander!"

And just as the Mayor saw the figure flying alongside their plane, Homelander struck with ruthless precision, bisecting the aircraft with his laser eyes. The jet burst into a fiery inferno as its two sides spiraled out of control, taking the lives of everyone on board. Their joy extinguished in an instant, replaced by the unforgiving flames of Homelander's wrath.

As the wreckage plummeted to the sea, Homelander soared upward, away from the tragic scene. The echo of the explosion lingered in the night air, a haunting reminder of the collateral damage left in his wake.

Homelander, cold and unmoved, was about to vanish into the night when his phone buzzed ominously. Retrieving the device, he answered the call from Vought, his steely gaze never leaving the descending plumes of smoke below.

"What?" Homelander demanded, his voice a low growl of annoyance.

"Sir, we have a situation. Intruders have breached the building and supposedly killed the Deep. The guards we dispatched to stop them have not returned either," a nervous Vought representative relayed urgently.

Homelander's eyes flashed with a mix of annoyance and curiosity. "That smelly fish is finally dead? ...I'll handle it."

With that, he hung up, the cool detachment returning to his features. In an instant, Homelander shot into the sky, leaving behind the wreckage of the mayor's jet, which just crashed into the ocean before sinking down to the bottom, disappearing completely.

In the aftermath of Translucent's agonized 'dismemberment', Starlight stood frozen, torn between the principles of heroism and the satisfaction of seeing justice served. As MJ took matters into her own hands, disintegrating the invisible villain's most sensitive parts, Starlight grappled with the dilemma of whether to allow condone such vigilante behavior.

Translucent rolled on the floor, cradling his wounded crotch as he screamed, "Aaaargghh! You f•cking b•tch! I'll kill you! I'll butcher your whole f•cking family...!"

Ignoring Translucent's mad ravings, MJ approached Starlight and with a wave of her hand, effortlessly cleansing her from the bloody remnants of the Deep's demise. "Are you alright? Do you need anything?"

Concern etched across her features, MJ began a series of questions, ensuring Starlight's well-being after the traumatic events that had unfolded. The unexpected kindness from these strangers left Starlight with conflicting emotions, her perception of heroism shifting in the face of their unconventional methods.

Starlight nodded dumbly, "Yeah, I'm okay... T-Thank you..."

Interrupting the moment, the wounded 'hero' kept screaming at them. "Who the f•ck are you thanking, you wh•re!"

As Translucent's profanities persisted, irritating Peter, he intervened by snapping his fingers, inducing a deep slumber upon the foul-mouthed idiot, similar to the guards. Instantly, the room fell silent, the only sounds being the unconscious guards and Translucent's sizzling crotch.

While Translucent lay incapacitated, MJ guided Starlight away from the chaotic scene. Concerned for the young heroine after all that's happened, MJ's decided to provide all of the comfort and support that she could. She may not know this universe or its characters as Peter does, but when it comes to Starlight, she couldn't help but want to help the poor girl.

Starlight, on the other hand, felt as though she was being mothered, but in the end she decided to just go along with it. "This is actually kind of nice..." she thought as MJ pulled her along behind her.

As they moved to the other side of the room, away from all of the bodies and the gruesome remains of the Deep, MJ gestured to Starlight, and offered, "We should probably get you out of here. Some fresh air would help clear your mind after, well... everything."

Hesitant but grateful, Starlight nodded her head. "Uh, okay, sure. But we have to come back later. I need to explain everything that's happened to my boss..."

With a nod of agreement, MJ waved her hand, conjuring a shimmering portal before them. Starlight's eyes widened in surprise, marveling at the seemingly magical abilities these two possessed. She couldn't help but wonder about the extent of Peter and MJ's powers. After all, they seem to be quite versatile and useful.

As they stepped through the portal, leaving behind the unsettling events, Starlight couldn't shake the feeling that her life had taken an unexpected turn, intertwining with these enigmatic strangers.

During their departure, Starlight hesitated and turned back to glance at Peter and MJ's ship. Uncertain, she asked, "Should we be leaving your phone box thing behind?"

Peter, with a casual shrug, replied, "Thanks for worrying, but it's safe. No one in this universe is strong enough to touch our ship, let alone get inside."

Starlight raised an eyebrow as she looked back at the normal looking phone box. "This universe? Ship?" She couldn't help but read into Peter's words.

As everyone stepped into the portal, which began to close behind them, Peter glanced back just in time to catch a glimpse of Homelander floating outside the window, his glowing red gaze fixated on them. But before he could make his move, the portal snapped shut, leaving behind a bloody room full of sleeping figures and an odd-looking blue phone box.

As Peter, MJ, and Starlight stepped out of the shimmering portal, the serene surroundings of a quiet park welcomed them. MJ, sensing the need for a private conversation, guided Starlight to a park bench, leaving Peter to wander off on his own, which he didn't mind. After all, they were probably going to talk about what the Deep did to Starlight, so a man's presence probably wasn't welcome at the moment.

Recalling the newly acquired possessions, which he looted from the last universe, Peter pondered whether or not he should take out the Deathly Hollows. 'Ehh, f•ck it...' he thought.

In a secluded corner of the park, he carefully pulled the Resurrection Stone, the Invisibility Cloak, and the Elder Wand from his storage necklace, placing them on the ground before him. Cautious not to hold all three simultaneously, he set out to examine each Hollows, one by one.

For the next half-hour, Peter delved into the magical essence of the Resurrection Stone. His scans revealed its ability to summon ghosts, who haven't moved on to the afterlife or entered the cycle of reincarnation, a power he found somewhat underwhelming. After all, ghosts could be summoned through spells as well, rendering the stone less extraordinary than he initially hoped.

Disappointed, Peter moved on to the Elder Wand, expecting grand revelations.

To his chagrin, the Elder Wand, while undoubtedly a potent magical conduit, proved only marginally superior to other wands. The whispers of its legendary status fell short of the reality Peter faced.

Last but not least, the Invisibility Cloak, touted as a tool of unparalleled concealment, brought its own set of limitations. Though it could render the wearer unseen, it left sounds and smells untouched, a potential liability, especially for someone with heightened senses like himself.

After meticulously scanning each Hollow, Peter sighed in contemplation. The tales of the three brothers and the mastery over death seemed more like folklore than a tangible reality. Picking up each Hollow one by one, he awaited a mystical revelation that never came. No ethereal embodiment of death appeared, no proclamation of mastery echoed through the quiet park.

Peter let out a sigh, 'I guess it was too good to be true...'

With a tinge of disappointment, Peter accepted that the Hollows were not the keys to the fabled mastery over death. They were potent magical artifacts, yes, but their significance fell short of the mythical narrative that he read about.

As he gathered the Hollows back into his storage necklace, Peter couldn't help pout as he made his way back across the park.

...

Meanwhile, in the far reaches of the multiverse, as soon as Peter took hold of all three Hollows, a cloaked figure floating in a realm of pure darkness opened its ominous glowing eyes, "Intereting..."

Chapter 576: The Seven

In the towering headquarters of Vought, the air hummed with anticipation as the remaining members of The Seven gathered, minus the Deep, now deceased, Translucent, hospitalized, Starlight, gone with the mysterious intruders, and Lamplighter, who had retired. Homelander, an imposing figure, stood in front of Peter and MJ's multiverse ship, his piercing gaze fixated on the peculiar blue phone box.

As each hero arrived, Homelander, Black Noir, Queen Maeve, and A-Train, Homelander remained in front of the ship, seemingly oblivious to their presence. The room buzzed with confusion and annoyance, the heroes exchanging puzzled glances as they awaited an explanation for this unusual behavior.

Finally breaking the silence, Maeve, a woman who looked like a Wonder Woman wannabe, asked, "Okay, I've had enough... what's the deal with this British phone box?"

[Insert picture of Maeve here]

A-Train, a man dressed in a slim-fit blue body suit, nodded alongside her, "Yeah, why is it here? I though this was about what happened to Deep and Translucent..."

[Insert picture of A-Train here]

Black noir, a mysterious man in all black, including a face mask which hid his identity, kept silent, seated calmly in his chair. "... " Though even he stared at the blue box in curiosity.

[Insert picture of Black Noir here]

Homelander turned his head slightly, his icy gaze still partially fixed on the mysterious box. "Figure it out yourself. Just step up and punch it."

Maeve raised an eyebrow, exchanging bewildered looks with the others. "Okay..." Without another word, she stood from her seat, striding over to the odd blue box. Winding back her fist, she threw a powerful punch towards it, expecting it to crumble under her strength.

To her surprise, just inches away from contact, an invisible barrier materialized around the phone box. Maeve's punch collided with the unseen force, and the room resonated with a faint hum as the barrier effortlessly absorbed the impact.

And it didn't end there either, as suddenly, the barrier retaliated with a burst of energy, amplifying Maeve's own strength tenfold. The unsuspecting hero was sent hurtling across the room, crashing into the wall with a resounding thud. Shock and confusion painted the faces of the remaining members of The Seven. All except Homelander, who's already been through this exact same experience only a few hours earlier.

Eyes wide, Maeve struggled to rise from the floor, blood dribbling from the corner of her mouth. She felt as if she had taken a direct hit from Homelander at full force, a sensation she knew all too well. Gasping, she managed to utter, "What... what the hell is that thing?"

Homelander, finally turning his attention to his team, replied with an indifferent tone, "I don't know, but I'm going to find out."

The room fell into an uneasy silence as the heroes stared at the enigmatic blue phone box, now emanating an aura of mystery and danger. Fear mingled with curiosity as they contemplated the bizarre power it possessed.

Spitting out a mouthful of blood, Maeve glared at the object that had bested her. "Where did it come from? Did the people that killed the Deep leave it behind?"

Homelander, still studying the phone box, offered no answers. That was until the doors to the room swung open and beautiful blonde business woman came walking in, drawing his attention away from the strange box.

[Insert picture of Madelyn Stillwell here]

"Madelyn," Homelander greeted her with a smile, his demeanor shifting to that of a lovestruck boy in an instant.

"Sit." She orders as she takes out a flash drive and plugs it into a nearby flatscreen TV. "We have much to discuss."

Although Homelander didn't take kindly to being ordered around, he ultimately shrugged it off and did as he was told. Madelyn Stillwell just so happened to be one of the only people in the world whom he would allow such leeway.

Not only was she the manager for the Seven, but also a mother figure for Homelander, who grew up as a lab rat, devoid of any parental love or care. And that where Madelyn came in. She showed him just a glimpse of motherly love, exploiting him for all he was worth.

As Homelander took a seat, Madelyn turned the TV on and pressed play, the room now bathed in the cold glow of the screen.

"Pay attention," Madelyn's voice sliced through the air, indifferent to the tension building in the room. A-Train and Maeve shifted uncomfortably in their chairs as the video began to play, shocked and appalled by what they saw.

The footage unfolded, revealing a scene that sent shockwaves through the already uneasy assembly. A-Train, unable to contain himself, leapt from his seat, shouting, "You have cameras in here?!"

Madelyn, unfazed by A-Train's outburst, simply nodded, "Of course, we do. Now, pay attention." her focus fixed on the unfolding drama on the screen. The video showcased The Deep's vile actions, Starlight's compromised position, and the disturbing power dynamic within their team. The room quivered with a mixture of rage, disbelief, and dread.

Maeve's hands clenched into fists as she witnessed the reprehensible scene involving Starlight and The Deep. The atmosphere grew even more charged when the blue box appeared above The Deep, crushing him in an instant. The heroes exchanged uneasy glances as they turned to eye the box in question.

The video continued, unveiling the mysterious intruders who emerged from the blue box. Speculations swirled among The Seven about the identity and motives of these mysterious figures, wondering why they would leave such a powerful artifact behind. The room buzzed with uncertainty as they absorbed the unfolding revelations.

As the hidden cameras captured the guards' intrusion and the events leading to Translucent's loss of certain family jewels, Homelander's attention wavered. His gaze fixated on MJ, the newcomer with

a captivating blend of powers and cruelty. Lust danced in Homelander's eyes as he found her intriguingly attractive, a dangerous allure that mingled with the unfolding chaos on the screen.

Finally, Starlight, their newest member, departed through a mysterious portal with the Deeps killers, leaving Homelander arriving just seconds too late to catch them.

The video concluded, leaving an air of tension that lingered in the room like a storm on the horizon.

Madelyn rose from her seat, her gaze commanding the attention of the remaining members of The Seven. "We need to find Starlight, but under no circumstances are you to start any fights. Simply bring her back, so we can settle this before it gets out to the press." She spoke with authority. "We can't afford any sexual harassment scandals getting leaked, so be on your best behavior."

Nods of agreement rippled through the room, a tacit understanding among the uneasy heroes. Homelander, his piercing gaze unwavering, questioned, "What about the other two?"

Madelyn's response was measured, "Make contact. See if they're willing to talk. The Deep's death seems to be an accident, and we can treat it as such if they're willing to cooperate."

Madelyn couldn't say it explicitly, but she really needed Peter and MJ to cooperate, or at least captured alive. Due to the fact that neither of them had a profile in the companies database, her higher ups were curious as to how they managed to get their powers.

After all, Vought keeps track of every man, woman, and child who've been given Compound V, and neither of the mysterious intruders were among them.

Homelander pressed further, "And if they aren't willing to comply?"

Madelyn's reply was stern, "Then treat them like the murderers they are, but bring them in alive..."

As the gravity of the situation settled, Madelyn declared a change in their meeting location. "By the way, you'll be using a different room for the time being. This one will be taken over by the research department, who'll focus on studying the blue phone box and how it works."

The heroes, unfazed by the prospect of changing meeting rooms, filed out of the space, contemplating the task ahead. The room, once a hub of secrets, would soon be dissected by the curious minds of the research department.

Outside, the remaining members of The Seven dispersed, their mission clear, find Starlight and the mysterious figures who emerged from the blue box.

Meanwhile, in a quiet, yet opulent hotel room, Starlight, emotionally drained from the recent events, found solace in MJ's arms, drifting off to sleep after releasing all of her pent up emotions. Her tears flowed freely as she recounted how the heroes that she once worshipped betrayed her expectations in the worst way possible.

Gently cradling the exhausted hero, they carefully transported her to a nearby hotel, the city's neon glow casting a soft radiance on their path.

As they arrived at the hotel room, Peter and MJ set Starlight down on a comfortable bed, ensuring she was tucked in securely. The silence of the room embraced them, offering a stark contrast to the chaos that unfolded upon their arrival. Starlight's breaths steadied, and her eyes closed, succumbing to the restful embrace of sleep.

Turning away from the peacefully slumbering hero, MJ faced Peter with a look of curiosity flashing in her eyes. "Okay, explain more about this universe?"

Peter smirked, "Regretting not watching the Boys with me, aren't you?"

MJ rolled her eyes before reluctantly nodding her head. "Yeah, now explain already..."

"Anything for my lovely wife." Peter said as he called out. "Dobby!"

With the sound of a pop, the now-well dressed elf appeared. "Yes, Master?"

Peter pointed at Starlight. "Watch over her while we're gone. Your mistress and I are going to get some food."

"Yes, sir!" The little elf saluted dutifully.

Turning back to MJ, Peter held out his arm for her to take. "Come on, I'm starving. I'll explain everything as we eat."

Chapter 577: Flash At Home

Sitting at an outdoor table of a quaint restaurant a few blocks away from their hotel, Peter finished explaining the twisted universe they found themselves in, world where heroes were corrupt and downright villainous. "So, yeah, they're all basically just a*sholes or psychos."

MJ listened intently, her eyes reflecting a mix of disbelief and concern. Just as Peter concluded his recap, MJ furrowed her brows and asked, "Should we have left Starlight alone? I mean, if the heroes here are practically villains, it might not be safe for her to be alone in the hotel."

Peter casually shrugged, sipping his drink. "She'll be alright. We've got our little butler watching over her. Besides, she needs some rest after everything that went down."

Before MJ could press further, a sudden strong gust of wind blew by as a blue blur shot down the road. "Huh? What's that?" MJ muttered as she squinted, faintly catching sight of the blur.

And just as that wind appeared, suddenly, a fist hurtling toward Peter's face. However, with a casual movement, Peter effortlessly raised his hand, catching the punch mid-air. Turning his head to the side, Peter saw A-Train, the speedster hero staring at him in shock. After all, catching a punch from the fastest man alive was no small feat.

As the impact of the caught punch resonated through the area, shattering some nearby windows, bystanders on the street and in nearby shops turned their attention to the commotion. Excitement rippled through the crowd at the sight of a famous hero in the flesh.

Murmurs spread, speculating on whether the man holding A-Train's fist was a criminal or perhaps a new, powerful hero. Many people pulled out their phones and began to record the exciting scene before them, hoping to post it on social media or simply watch it again later.

A-Train, attempting to pull his fist free, struggled against Peter's vice-like grip. "Let go... ugh!" The bones in A-Train's hand creaked and cracked under the pressure, eliciting a pained grunt from the speedster. Peter maintained the hold, unyielding as the hero's attempts to free himself proved futile.

In the midst of the unfolding scene, Peter broke the silence. "You know, it's considered rude to interrupt a couple during a romantic meal." A sly grin played on Peter's face as he glanced at MJ, who sat beside him, watching the confrontation with a glare directed at A-Train.

After all, Peter gave her a brief explanation about each character, and A-Train was certainly among the corrupt heroes in this world. His lack of control over his speed led to him killing an innocent woman, which has probably already happened at this point.

'Sorry Hughie, but I don't think we made it in time to save your girlfriend...' Peter thought sadly.

Peter frowned as he recalled the scene in the show where A-Train ran by faster than the eye could see and crashed into Robin, practically disintegrating her upon impact. All that was left were her hands, which Hughie held tightly in shock, the love of his life disappearing before his very eyes.

'But maybe I can help you get some revenge...' Peter thought, wondering if he should just kill A-Train now or wait until Hughie is around and let him do it.

A-Train winced in pain, realizing the consequences of his failed attack. The onlookers continued to gawk at the spectacle, capturing the moment on their smartphones. The atmosphere shifted from excitement to anticipation, wondering how this unexpected encounter would unfold.

"Do you know how to speak or what?" Peter asked, still waiting for the speedster to reply.

A-Train, still frozen in shock, struggled to form coherent words as Peter decided it was time for a reality check. With a swift, determined movement, Peter pulled A-Train closer, the speedster's eyes widening in realization. The onlookers, now a captive audience to an unexpected showdown, held their breaths in anticipation.

"Here, snap out of it," Peter muttered, a smirk playing out on his lips. With a resolute swipe, he wound his hand back, delivering a resounding backhanded pimp slap across A-Train's face.

The sharp crack echoed through the street as the speedster went hurtling backward, crashing into a parked car with a deafening thud. The car groaned under the impact, metal bending and warping as A-Train completely totaled it.

Blood dripped from A-Train's nose and mouth, a vivid contrast against his costume. The speedster lay on the pavement, disoriented and shaken from the unexpected retaliation. The crowd gasped collectively, torn between shock and morbid fascination, their phones capturing every moment of the escalating confrontation, some even live streaming it.

Peter, unfazed by the spectacle, rose from his seat and approached the fallen hero with measured steps. He looked down at A-Train, who struggled to rise, disoriented and dazed. "You heroes really need to learn some manners," Peter remarked, his tone carrying a mix of disdain and disappointment.

As A-Train attempted to regain his composure and pick himself up off the ground, Peter simply raised his foot and rested it on the back of his head, harshly forcing him back down onto the pavement. The spectators, a mix of awe and fear etched across their faces, took a collective step back, creating a makeshift perimeter around the unfolding chaos.

A-Train, now flat on the ground, struggled against Peter's boot, a mixture of humiliation and anger in his eyes. "Get the f*ck off of me!" he finally managed to snarl, his voice shaky.

Peter grinned, adding some weight onto his foot, grinding A-Train's face into the road. "And why would I listen to you?" he asked, emphasizing each word with a little extra weight on his foot.

"Aaaarrggghh!" A-Train screamed as his skull began to creak under the weight and his face began to bleed, shredded from the rough pavement below.

As A-Train struggled in futility, Peter's attention suddenly shifted to sky above as a commanding voice echoed throughout the area. "Release him!"

Billy Butcher, a rugged man with a perpetual scowl etched onto his weathered face, leaned forward, his eyes fixed on Hughie, whose disheveled appearance mirrored the grief and anger within him. The dimly lit shop served as a backdrop for Billy's intense persuasion, emphasizing the urgency of their clandestine mission.

[Insert picture of Billy Butcher here]

[Insert picture of Hughie here]

"Listen, Hughie, mate, it's not that hard. I just need you to plant a bug in Vought Tower for me. The sooner, the better," Billy urged, his voice a gruff whisper. "We can't let these f*cking supes keep doing whatever the hell they please... Don't you want help me take down the man that killed Robin?"

Hughie, lost in his thoughts of revenge against A-Train, suddenly jumped as his phone started beeping like crazy. The sudden influx of notifications interrupted Billy's impassioned plea, as Hughie pulled out his phone to see what's going on.

Annoyed by the interruption, Billy shot Hughie a sharp glare. "What the hell are you doing? This is serious business!" He growled, a mix of frustration and impatience evident in his tone.

Ignoring Billy's scolding, Hughie's eyes widened as he saw videos and live streams flood his social media accounts, showing A-Train, his most hated enemy, being manhandled and beaten by an unknown man. The videos captured every brutal moment, from the caught punch to the humiliating beatdown that followed.

"What's going on?" Billy demanded, his curiosity piqued. He peered over Hughie's shoulder, catching glimpses of the unfolding chaos on the screen.

"I-It's A-Trains... He's..." Hughie exclaimed, a mix of disbelief and satisfaction in his voice.

Billy, despite his tough exterior, couldn't help but feel a spark of intrigue. His eyes widened as he couldn't recognize the man who was stomping A-Train's face into the road. "Who's that guy?"

"No idea," Hughie replied, a devilish grin playing on his lips. "But it's about time someone knocked that f*cker down a peg."

Billy, torn between the urgency of their mission and the unexpected turn of events, weighed his options. "Bugger it," he muttered, reaching for his own phone. "Show me the videos."

As Billy and Hughie huddled over the screen, their focus shifted from Vought Tower to the street brawl involving A-Train. The videos showcased the unknown assailant's ruthless display of power, leaving both men in a state of disbelief.

"Is this happening right now?" Billy asked.

Hughie nodded, opening a livestream for him to see. "Yeah, I think so."

"I know where this is. Let's go," Billy declared, his mind racing as he rushed out of the store and into his car, followed by Hughie, who needed to see A-Trains demise in person.

Meanwhile, back at Peter and MJ's hotel, Queen Maeve entered with a purpose, her presence drawing bewildered glances from the reception workers. Unfazed by their surprise, she displayed pictures of Starlight and inquired if anyone had seen her. The workers, recovering from their initial shock, quickly nodded their heads and gave her the room number.

Taking the elevator to the designated floor, Maeve located Starlight's room and decisively kicked the door open. The sight inside halted her momentarily—an emotionally exhausted Starlight, tears staining her face as she slept. A pang of guilt struck Maeve as she observed the aftermath of the turmoil Starlight had endured.

Gazing at the slumbering hero, Maeve grappled with remorse, realizing she could have done more to protect her from the callous nature of The Seven. Each member, herself included, had proven to be far from virtuous, and Maeve acknowledged her failure to shield Starlight from the harsh realities of their group.

'I'll look after her this time... I won't let this happen again...' She swore to herself.

As Maeve moved to wake Starlight, an unexpected intrusion disrupted the solemn moment. A sudden popping sound echoed, and an unusual short, grey skinned, and large eyed figure materialized before her very eyes. Maeve's eyes widened in disbelief, completely caught off guard.

"Master said no one is to interrupt Lady Star's sleep!" The odd creature spoke, shocking Maeve even more than she already was.

Before she could react, Dobby snapped his fingers with an eerie precision. And suddenly, a forceful energy propelled Maeve out of the room at breakneck speed, her body hurtling through the air before crashing into the hallway wall with a loud bang.

"Ugh!" Maeve grunted in pain. "What the hell was that..."

Looking up at the room, she saw the little being staring at her as the door slammed shut, sealing her off from the room and leaving her bewildered in the hallway.

Chapter 578: Crippled

Above the chaos, Homelander floated with an air of authority, his piercing blue eyes fixed on the spectacle below. The packed street had become a stage for Peter, who continued his relentless punishment on A-Train. The call from Vought's social media team had alerted Homelander to the situation, urging him to rush over and intervene.

A practiced smile played on Homelander's lips as he addressed Peter, "My friend, I must apologize for any inconvenience A-Train may have caused. But let's not resort to unnecessary violence, shall we?" His voice projected with an artificial warmth, concealing the underlying disdain he felt for the situation.

With countless witnesses and cameras capturing every moment, Homelander knew the importance of maintaining his unblemished facade. Though he couldn't help but curse A-Train in his mind, 'You dumb motherf*cker... Why couldn't you just do as Madelyn said... Now I have to play nice with this loser...'

Peter, looking up at the hovering superhero, responded with a sly grin, which didn't go unnoticed. Homelander raised a brow, shocked and annoyed that someone would act so brazen in front of him.

Without a word, Peter added more pressure to his foot, eliciting another agonized scream from A-Train. "Aaaarrrrggghhh!" The crowd, now fully engaged in the unfolding drama, became an unwitting audience to this gruesome performance.

"As I already asked your friend here, why should I listen to you?" Peter's voice carried a defiant tone, challenging the leader of The Seven. "He attacked me. I'm just defending myself here~" He said, clearly goading Homelander.

Homelander's expression tightened, a flicker of irritation breaking through his composed demeanor. The weight of public scrutiny pushed him to keep up the charade. "I understand that, and I apologize. Now, please remove your foot from his head." he retorted, choosing his words carefully. "I'll make sure he's properly reprimanded for his actions."

As the crowd's agitation grew, fueled by Homelander's presence, shouts of condemnation echoed through the street.

"Yeah! Let A-Train go!"

"This is self defense?! Are you crazy?"

"Show him who's boss, Homelander!"

"Homelander, I love you!"

Onlookers, now perceiving Peter as a threat, demanded his arrest. The situation escalated, turning the crowd against the man who dared challenge a member of The Seven.

Peter, amused by the turn of events, reveled in the irony of being seen as a villain. The chorus of voices denouncing him as cameras continued to capture the unfolding drama only fueled his amusement. He maintained his grip on A-Train, uncaring of the public's judgment.

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Amidst the chaos, a car pulled up down the street. Billy Butcher and Hughie stepped out, their eyes fixed on the tumultuous scene. Billy's perpetual scowl deepened as he observed the unfolding conflict, his eyes glued to Homelander, his arch nemesis, the man who raped his wife, causing her to run off and disappear on him.

Hughie watched closely, ready to witness A-Train's downfall. "What do we do now? Should we help him?" he asked, uncertainty coloring his voice.

Billy, his eyes fixed on Peter and Homelander, grunted in response. "Help? And how exactly do you think you can help?" He asked, his condescending eyes digging into Hughie, who shrank away in fear. "Yeah, that's what I thought."

"Is there nothing we can do...?" Hughie asks dejectedly.

"We wait," Billy muttered, the gravity of the situation sinking in. The duo stood at a distance, observing the confrontation that had attracted the attention of The Seven's formidable leader.

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The street pulsated with tension as Homelander descended from the sky, landing a few feet in front of Peter. The crowd hushed, the cameras capturing every nuance of the looming confrontation. Homelander's eyes locked onto Peter's, a predatory intensity in his gaze.

In a low, menacing voice, Homelander addressed Peter, "You've had your fun, but it's time to release him. This ends now." His words, laced with thinly veiled threats, were intended for Peter's ears alone, a whispered coercion hidden from the prying lenses.

Peter, however, remained unflustered. With a nonchalant shrug, he replied, "Sure thing, big guy. I'll give him back, but not before a little punishment. What do you say?" His sly smirk mocked the gravity of the situation, challenging Homelander's authority.

Unfazed by the audacity, Homelander watched as Peter withdrew his foot from A-Train's head. A-Train, momentarily relieved, let out a sigh of gratitude. Yet, the reprieve was short-lived. With a sudden and deliberate motion, Peter's boot descended, targeting A-Train's vulnerable leg.

The sickening crunch echoed through the street as A-Train's bone snapped in half, his anguished scream filling the air. The crowd gasped, a collective shudder of horror rippling through the onlookers. A-Train writhed in pain, clutching his mangled leg, the agony etched across his face.

Homelander's hands clenched into fists, a surge of fury coursing through him. It wasn't the injury to A-Train that irked him, it was the audacious defiance displayed by Peter. The subtle facade of control began to crack as Homelander struggled to contain his mounting rage.

Resolute, Peter continued his brutal display. Ignoring the shocked stares, he turned to Homelander with an amused glint in his eyes. "He's not off the hook yet," Peter declared, denying Homelander

the opportunity to intervene. With a swift motion, he stomped on A-Train's other leg, duplicating the bone-snapping brutality.

The second snap resonated through the street, a visceral symphony of suffering. A-Train's agonized cries filled the air as he crumpled to the ground, broken and defeated.

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Billy's couldn't help but smile as he witnessed Peter's ruthless assault on A-Train, as well as his blatant defiance of Homelander. Even they could hear the crunch of breaking bones from their position down the street.

Billy exchanged a glance with Hughie, whose eyes gleamed with excitement, an eager anticipation for A-Train's downfall. "Hughie, you're enjoying this a bit too much, aren't you?" He muttered, his voice dripping with amusement.

Hughie, unable to contain his enthusiasm, grinned widely. "Can you blame me? This is karma!"

Billy rolled his eyes at Hughie's fervor but couldn't deny the satisfaction of seeing A-Train humbled and Homelander disrespected. The duo continued to observe from a distance, their emotions entwined with the unfolding chaos.

As A-Train writhed in agony on the ground, Peter reveled in the aftermath of his calculated brutality. The once cocky and corrupt speedster now lay broken, a stark contrast to the arrogant hero who had interrupted his meal.

The air was charged with tension, the crowd's initial shock evolving into a mix of horror and vindication. They never expected to see the end of a hero's career. After all, without his legs, it wasn't likely that A-Train would remain a member of the Seven.

Peter, standing triumphantly over the broken A-Train, turned his attention to Homelander with a sly grin. "Well, it looks like our playdate is over. You can have your friend back now."

Homelander's piercing blue eyes burned with a mix of fury and calculation. He was contemplating every gruesome retribution he could inflict on Peter for this audacious act. However, before he could unleash his wrath, his phone rang, shattering the tense silence.

Reluctantly, Homelander answered the call, his eyes never leaving Peter. "What?" he barked into the phone, irritation evident in his voice.

On the other end, Madelyn Sitwell's commanding voice resonated through the line. "Homelander, stand down. Retrieve A-Train and hand the phone to our mysterious friend."

Homelander clenched his jaw, torn between his desire for vengeance and Madelyn's authority. In the end, the latter prevailed. Begrudgingly, he picked up A-Train, hoisting him over his shoulder, and walked over to Peter, reluctantly handing him the phone.

Madelyn's voice greeted Peter with a tone that exuded control. "I've been watching your performance. Quite the show you put on."

Peter, unfazed, replied, "Yeah, I try my best to entertain. Now, what do you want?"

Madelyn chuckled, a calculated amusement in her voice. "I appreciate directness. I would like to extend an invitation. Come to Vought Tower. We have matters to discuss."

Without giving Madelyn the chance to elaborate, Peter responded, "Sure, I left my ride there anyway. I'll be there around noon." He said as he hung up the phone without giving her a chance to reply.

As the call ended, Peter tossed the phone back to Homelander, who seethed with restrained rage. "This isn't over," he growled.

Peter simply grinned, "Sure, but don't keep mommy waiting. She might give you a spanking if you're late." Even now he continued to taunt the strongest superhero on this planet without any fear.

With A-Train slung over his shoulder, Homelander took off into the sky, a scowl marred into his face. But as he flew off, he noticed MJ walking over to Peter and taking his arm, his eyes clouding over with lust.

Homelander suddenly smirked, an idea forming in his head. 'I'll take everything from you and make you beg me to end your worthless life...'

As Peter stood amidst the debris of the street, MJ wrapped around his arm, he couldn't help but notice the odd way Homelander was looking at his wife. 'Is this motherf*cker seeking death?'

Chapter 579: Billy Butcher's Greatest Wish

As the chaotic aftermath settled, Peter, who was contemplating all of the ways he would torture Homelander if he even dared to go anywhere near his wife, noticed familiar faces on the sidewalk. Billy Butcher's scowl and Hughie's nervous demeanor caught his attention. He decided to walk over, feigning ignorance as he and MJ passed by them whilst returning to their hotel.

"Wait!" Billy called out just as they walked by, stopping the super-powered couple.

"What?" Peter asked casually, a mischievous glint in his eyes. MJ observed the interaction with a curious look, unaware who these people were just yet.

Billy, sizing up Peter, finally mustered the courage to speak. "Mind having a chat, mate?" He says, turning to eye the many onlookers who were still staring at Peter. "Preferably somewhere without prying eyes..."

Peter, maintaining his nonchalant demeanor, nodded in agreement. "Sure, why not. Follow us back to our hotel. We can talk there."

As they strolled back to the hotel, MJ on Peter's arm, the onlookers speculated about the unfolding drama. The crowd's murmurs persisted, but they didn't follow Peter, as they were far too scared of what he might do should they anger him in any way, shape, or form.

Entering the hotel, Peter gestured for Billy and Hughie to follow him up to his room. Taking an awkward elevator ride up to their floor, Peter almost laughed as he watched both Billy and Hughie stand on the complete opposite end of the elevator, clearly scared of him even though they themselves no doubt came to ask him for help.

'Well, I guess it's hard not to be scared after seeing what happened to A-Train.' Peter thought as he smiled, trying to calm his two guests. "You don't have to be so scared, I only cripple idiots who piss me off, so you should be fine..."

Of course, in Billy and Hughies perspective, Peter suddenly smiled, bearing his teeth at them like a predator before casually threatening them, which only made them even more frightened than before as they began to sweat profusely.

MJ could t help but roll her eyes at her husband's behavior. She knew that he was obviously having fun scaring them like this, and even found it a bit amusing herself.

Soon enough, the elevator doors slid open, revealing the hallway leading to Peter and MJ's hotel room. As they stepped out, Peter was the first to notice Queen Maeve, a Wonder Woman wannabe, standing outside their room. Her gaze was fixed on the door, a mix of confusion, shock, and fear etched across her face.

Peter exchanged a glance with MJ, silently questioning the unusual scene. However, his attention was diverted as he noticed the broken hinge on the door. The realization struck him... Queen Maeve had attempted to break in, and was most likely kicked out by Dobby.

Walking over, Peter couldn't suppress a smirk as he assessed the situation. Queen Maeve, hearing incoming footsteps, turned to face them, recognizing Peter and MJ from the footage she had seen earlier. Without delay, she lowered her posture into a defensive stance, ready to fight at any moment.

As they approached, a popping sound echoed in the corridor, and Dobby appeared between them, his tiny fists clenched as he glared at Maeve, who flinched upon seeing the little devil once again.

"Bad Lady! Stay away from Master and Mistress, or Dobby will send you flying again," Dobby warned Maeve, his large eyes glinting with determination. His appearance shocked Billy and Hughie, freezing them momentarily in disbelief.

Billy, breaking the silence, muttered to Hughie, "What the bloody hell is that thing?"

Hughie, equally baffled, shrugged. "I have no idea..."

Queen Maeve, her confidence shattered, took a cautious step back. Dobby's small stature didn't deter him as he held his ground, a force to be reckoned with in the eyes of those who witnessed his protective stance.

As Peter approached, Dobby cowed his head and said, "Master, this evil woman tried to take Lady Star away, so Dobby taught her a lesson."

Peter, amused by the turn of events, nodded in approval. "Good job, Dobby. We appreciate your diligence." He said patting the bald elf's head, which he loved more than anything. "I'd Starlight still asleep?"

Billy and Hughies eyes widened as they heard this, wondering why Peter Starloght was here as well. "?"

Dobby nodded his head. "Yes, sir. Dobby made sure nothing interrupted her sleep."

"I see, good job." Peter said, casing Dobby to beam up at him in find excitement. "Why don't you go back and watch over Starlight. I'll handle it from here."

Nodding his head with a happy smile on his face, Dobby popped away, returning to his guard duty, leaving the corridor devoid of his presence.

Maeve, unable to contain herself any longer, turned to Peter and asked. "What the hell is that thing?"

"He's a house elf, and he's under my employ," Peter explained, enjoying the bewildered expressions on Billy and Hughie's faces. "You can think of him as a magical butler or maid."

Billy and Hughie, still grappling with the unexpected turn of events, exchanged uncertain looks. They couldn't help but wonder what Peter meant by that. After all, magic wasn't real and neither were elves. Immediately, they began to doubt whether they should even be here, asking for this crazy persons help.

Even Maeve was looking at him as if he were insane. "..."

Ignoring the bewildered looks from the group, Peter turned around and gestured for them to follow. "Let's not bother Starlight while she's sleeping," he said, leading the way through the hotel corridors. The others trailed behind, exchanging glances of confusion, besides Maeve, who wasn't whether Peter was talking to her or not.

After a few steps, Peter turned back around, breaking the silence that had settled. He looked at Maeve and quirked an eyebrow, "You planning on standing there all day, or are you coming with us?"

Stunned and unsure, Maeve hesitated for a moment before breaking from her shock and trailing behind the group. The entourage made its way through the hotel, drawing curious glances from guests and staff.

They reached the roof of the building, a quiet and secluded space with a panoramic view of the city. Peter took a seat at the edge of the roof, MJ sat beside him. He looked at Billy, Hughie, and Maeve, a casual expression on his face. "So, what brings you all here?"

Hughie fumbled for words, uncertain of how to approach the situation. Billy, turning to Maeve, seemed reluctant to speak in her presence. Seizing the opportunity, Peter prompted Maeve, "You seem to have something to say. Spit it out."

Maeve, realizing the need to explain, revealed, "The Seven were sent out to find Starlight after last night's incident at Vought tower. I'm just here to make sure she's okay and bring her back, that's all." Billy and Hughie's eyes narrowed, curiosity piqued.

With a direct question, Hughie asked, "What incident?" Billy nodded alongside him, clearly just as curious as his new friend.

Maeve hesitated, understanding the consequences of disclosing privileged information. However, before she could deflect, Peter casually cut in, "The Deep's dead, and Translucent's in the hospital."

Maeve tried to intervene before he could say anything else. "Are you crazy? Do you have any idea how many lawyers are on Voughts payroll? Don't just reveal things like that, or else you're likely to get sued into bankruptcy."

Peter shrugged off her concerns. "I don't care," he said without a care in the world, which shocked her as most people would be deathly afraid of Voughts wrath.

Billy, intrigued, asked the crucial question, "Who did it?" He wanted to know who to thank. After all, both the Deep and Translucent were in his naughty list.

Peter, unfazed by his admission of murder and assault, replied with a grin, "Me and my beautiful wife here." He spoke in a casual tone, his arm wrapped around MJ's waist.

Hearing Peter admit to his deeds, Billy felt a surge of gratitude for their timely meeting. He realized that having individuals like Peter and MJ on his side could be crucial in his mission to take down corrupt supes, especially the formidable Homelander.

As the rooftop conversation continued, Maeve spoke up, her voice tinged with a mix of uncertainty and a hint of desperation. "Can I take Starlight back to Vought? She needs to answer some questions and get briefed in the whole situation." She asks, too scared to go near that hotel room again. "Also, my boss wants to meet with you two, if you're willing..."

Peter, leaning against the rooftop's edge, declined with a shake of his head. "Starlight needs to rest. And I've already spoke to your boss. I'll meet her tomorrow."

Maeve nodded, caught in the dilemma of wanting to leave and wanting to check on Starlight, feeling a sense of responsibility to her fellow female superhero.

Peter, sensing her internal struggle, urged, "You can go. We'll handle things here."

With that, Maeve excused herself, "I want to make sure Starlight is okay, so I'll get my own room here and stick around until she wakes up..." she said and walked off back into the hotel, leaving no room for disagreement.

With her gone for the time being, Peter turned to Billy and Hughie, who've clearly been waiting for this moment.

MJ was the first to break the silence. "So, what do you want?"

Billy, without hesitation, declared his life's mission. "I want to kill Homelander!"

Chapter 580: Promising Vengeance

Billy, without hesitation, declared his life's mission. "I want to kill Homelander!" He hoped that being truthful would help sway Peter to his side. "But that's not all. I want to destroy every corrupt superhero, and the Seven are at the top of my list..."

Hughie stood beside Billy, stunned by the revelation. It was a stark contrast to the admiration he once heard from Billy about Homelander, which he now realized was probably all lies. The shock on Hughie's face was evident as he grappled with the newfound information about Billy's true feelings and aspirations.

Peter, on the other hand, was less surprised. He simply nodded his head, expecting an answer along those lines. Although he didn't anticipate Billy being so candid with him, he also didn't mind a straightforward approach, which he seemed to be going for.

Thankfully, he knew everything about Billy and his past, particularly his hatred for Homelander. The man in front of him, driven by a traumatic past, harbored a deep-seated hatred for anything superhero related.

Billy Butcher, the former British special forces operative turned vigilante, exuded a charm that masked the relentless determination beneath. His mission was clear, to dismantle Vought, the Seven, and any other superheroes that get in his way, with a singular focus on annihilating Homelander.

Peter understood the pain that fueled Billy's mission, at least a little bit. After all, it seemed that just like Becca Butcher, Homelander was eyeing his wife as well...

'I'm really going to have to kill that motherf*cker, though technically MJ can handle herself, so maybe I just let her off him?' Peter pondered his options.

After all, his wife wasn't powerless like Billy's wife. In fact, she could probably kill Homelander pretty easily. Even if she wasn't as strong as him, which Peter wasn't sure of, she could definitely beat him with magic.

All of this brought back memories from the show, memories of Billy's wife, Becca Butcher, who disappeared after being r*ped by Homelander. What Billy didn't know was that his wife, unbeknownst to him, had become pregnant from that tragic encounter. And as soon as Vought found out about it, they relocated Becca and her new son, keeping her hidden and separated from her husband.

Meanwhile, Billy thinks that his wife ran off somewhere and committed suicide after being defiled by the world's most famous and loved superhero.

"Well, at least you're truthful..." MJ snorted, realizing just who they were talking to from the information Peter had given her.

"I thought you said Homelander was the only good superhero?" Hughie turns to Billy and asks, wondering why he would lie to him like that.

"Sorry for lying mate, but I knew you wouldn't believe me..." Billy replies, shaking his head from side to side.

"Wouldn't believe what?" Hughie asks.

Suddenly, Billy's eyes burned with a mix of anger and determination as he launched into the unsettling truths about Homelander. "That man's a monster. Vought always manages to cover for him, but he's killed far more people than he's saved. Everyone sees him as some golden hearted hero, but he's just a ticking time bomb waiting to go off." He says, purposely leaving out what happened to his wife.

Hughie's brows furrowed at the revelation, the weight of newfound knowledge settling heavily on his shoulders. The man he'd been made to believe was a symbol of hope and virtue was, in reality, a menace hiding behind a mask of public adoration.

At least, based on Billy's words, which didn't mean much after all of the lying up until now.

"And it's not just him," Billy continued, his voice low and filled with resentment. "Almost every supe is a fraud. A-Train killed Hughie's girlfriend and Vought's in the middle of hushing it up -"

"-and the Deep's a sexual predator, or should I say was, and Translucent's a peeping Tom. At least that's what we've learned so far." MJ cut in, adding her two cents.

Billy nodded his head. "Yeah, and the list goes on. They're all just pawns in Vought's sick game."

Hughie clenched his fists, feeling the weight of responsibility intensify. The city, once adorned with the images of these heroes, now seemed tainted, a facade hiding the darkness within.

"So, I take it you want our help taking down Vought and the Seven?" Peter asked, surprisingly calm after what he just learned.

Billy, eyes ablaze, met Peter's gaze. "Yes, your help would be invaluable. We need to expose them all and tear down Vought's empire. They can't keep hiding behind their lies." He pauses for a moment, glancing between Peter and MJ. "But to do that, I need people that can go toe to toe with supes. In the end, I can collect as much evidence as I want, but the second I'm found out it's game over."

Peter's gaze remained steady, unwavering, as he addressed Billy, "I see your point, and I don't mind helping your cause, but let's get one thing straight. I don't take orders." Silence enveloped the rooftop as a breeze whispered through the city. "If you want my backing, then you'll have to fall in line because you won't be in charge. I will."

Billy's jaw tightened, a flicker of resistance flashing in his eyes. The very essence of his being rebelled against taking orders from another, especially in a mission he considered his life's purpose. Yet, staring at the man before him, Billy had to acknowledge the truth... Peter was no ordinary ally.

He wasn't quite sure, as he hasn't seen enough to know, but Peter seemed to be, at the very least, on the same level as Homelander, which would be a huge help when it came time to kill the smug b*stard.

Billy didn't want to admit it, but he needed Peter, and sadly, Peter didn't need him whatsoever. So, if he wanted to get his revenge, then he needed to do what was necessary, even if he didn't like it.

Yet, in the back of Billy's mind, a voice protested, yearning for the control that he'd become accustomed to in his quest against Vought and Homelander. But reality struck him hard, he was just a normal human facing all sorts of heinous super-powered individuals.

"You think I'm gonna follow your lead?" Billy scoffed, his gaze challenging Peter.

Peter's tone remained calm, his eyes reflecting the weight of experience. "You don't have much of a choice. I'm offering my help, my abilities, but I don't know you, nor do I take orders. Either we take them down my way, or you can run off and do this alone, though I doubt you'll survive very long..."

Of course, Peter knew he would do well on his own, but he wouldn't say so. After all, he's trying to recruit Billy, not send him away.

Billy's resolve wavered, torn between his pride and the practicality of the situation. His mind replayed the horrors orchestrated by the supes, the atrocities that fueled his mission. In the end, could he afford to refuse an alliance with someone capable of taking down even the invincible Homelander?

Finally, he sighed, the weight of acceptance settling on his shoulders. "Fine, you win... Boss."

Peter smirked, "Oh, I like the sound of that." He said as he turned to Hughie and asked. "And what about you? Are you planning on avenging your girlfriend? I mean, I've already crippled A-Train but I wouldn't mind letting you kill him, if you want?"

Hughie's eyes widened, his heart racing as the prospect of killing A-Train was dangled right in front of him. "Y-You'd help me kill him?" He stuttered.

Peter shrugged. "Sure, the guy seems like a piece of sh*t anyway."

"Then, yeah... I'm in!" Hughie agreed, his eyes burning with a fiery vengeance.

Billy wanted to object. After all, he only planned to use Hughie to bug Vought tower before moving on. But sadly, he wasn't in charge anymore, so he held his tongue, reluctantly accepting his new role as just another member of the team.

Suddenly, Billy spoke up, "So, what's the plan now? Because Hughie here has a meeting at Vought later today, and I was hoping to use it to bug them."

Peter shook his head. "Nah, don't bother. He'll just be risking his life for no reason. Like I told Maeve before she left, I have a meeting at Vought tomorrow, so I can dig up some dirt on my own..."

The next morning, sunlight streamed through the hotel room's curtains as Peter and MJ prepared breakfast. The aroma of fresh coffee and the sizzle of bacon filled the air as Starlight finally stirred from her slumber.

As Starlight's eyes fluttered open, she found herself met with an unexpected sight. A small, peculiar creature stood at the foot of her bed, staring at her with wide eyes. Startled, she let out a piercing scream, echoing through the room.

Hearing Starlight's scream, Peter and MJ rushed to her side. Their eyes widened as they saw Dobby, the house elf, standing innocently near the bed. Starlight, still trembling, pointed a shaky finger at the creature.

"What the hell is that thing?" she exclaimed, her heart racing.

Peter chuckled, "That's Dobby."

Starlight, perplexed and slightly unnerved, eyed the elf cautiously. Dobby, sensing her discomfort, bowed and introduced himself, "Dobby is Master's loyal servant. Dobby made sure evil lady didn't disturb Miss Star's sleep."

Starlight exchanged a bewildered glance with Peter and MJ, unsure if she was dreaming or caught in some bizarre reality. Peter reassured her, "Don't worry, he won't bite. And he did protect you. Maeve paid you a visit yesterday while we were away, but Dobby kept her away."

Still shaken, Starlight hesitated before managing a weak and confused smile. "Okay, thanks for... protecting me, I guess?"

Dobby beamed with pride at her acknowledgment. "Dobby is honored to serve Miss Star."

As the peculiar morning unfolded, Peter and MJ explained the events of the previous day to Starlight, which shocked her. Especially when she heard about how Peter crippled A-Train.

"Anyway, you should get ready. We have a meeting at Vought in two hours..."