

# Spider-Man 581

## Chapter 581: Reverse Trap Card

In the luxurious confines of Vought Tower, Madelyn Stillwell, the poised and cunning Vice President of Hero Management, found herself in a precarious situation. She stood before Homelander, the seemingly invincible superhero with a temperament as volatile as the sun, doing her best to quell his simmering rage.

Yesterday's altercation with Peter, a man who had audaciously crippled A-Train, had riled Homelander to his very core.

Madelyn, however, was no stranger to handling the fragile ego of the world's most powerful hero. With a soft smile and soothing words, she approached Homelander, pulling him into her arms and treating him like a child. "My dear, you know how important this meeting is to me. Can't you please pull it together and be peaceful? I'll make it worth your while." She says, reaching down to rub the bulge in his pants.

Homelander scowled, his icy gaze fixed on Madelyn. "That guy disrespected me in front of everyone. He needs to be taught a lesson. I should just kill him and be done with it."

Madelyn sighed, a calculated expression of concern on her face. "Darling, violence won't solve everything. What better way to get revenge than to become his boss and work him like a horse for the rest of his life? Besides, we need to fill the open positions that the Deep and A-Train have opened up. Imagine the power he could bring to The Seven..."

Homelander's fists clenched, clearly torn between his desire for revenge and Madelyn's persuasive ways. "He's a threat, Madelyn. I don't want him anywhere near The Seven."

Madelyn, with a smile on her face, leaned upwards and placed a chaste kiss on Homelander's lips. "I understand, my dear. But what if we turn this situation to our advantage? Instead of making an enemy, let's make him an ally. He has abilities we can utilize, and we'll keep a close eye on him, ensuring he remains under our control."

Homelander, ever the egoist, hesitated. The idea of having Peter as an underling intrigued him, but the notion of someone challenging his authority irked him to no end. Madelyn seized the

opportunity, her voice a honeyed whisper. "Homelander, you're the leader. That won't ever change. And if he ever steps out of line, you have my permission to teach him a lesson..."

After a moment of contemplation, Homelander reluctantly nodded. "Fine, I'll play along. But if he steps out of line, I won't hesitate to deal with him. Besides, he doesn't strike me as the sort that would accept your proposal anyway."

Suddenly, Madelyn smiled, showing her teeth like a predator. "And I have contingency's planned for that as well."

Just to be safe, as Peter and MJ haven't exactly shown that they can be trusted, Madelyn has a small army on standby. Including, many snipers, who have already taken positions across nearby buildings, waiting to kill their guests should they become a bit too unruly.

Of course, this can be considered extreme overkill. After all, Madelyn has the strongest superhero in the world at her side, but it's always best to be prepared.

Just as their agreement settled, a secretary timidly entered the room, ignoring the compromising position she found her bosses in. "I apologize for the interruption, but your guests have arrived for the meeting."

Homelander's eyes narrowed, his anger simmering beneath the surface. Madelyn, however, maintained her composure. "Perfect timing. Let's welcome them with open arms, Homelander. Together, we'll shape a new future for The Seven."

As they left the room, Madelyn couldn't help but smile. She had successfully manipulated Homelander, just as she always has. The intricate game of power and manipulation continued, with Vought orchestrating the pieces on the chessboard of heroes.

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The grandeur of Vought Tower loomed before Peter, MJ, and Starlight as they stepped inside and were immediately escorted through its sleek corridors. Despite the awe-inspiring surroundings, Peter and MJ were anything but impressed.

This place may have created a very impressive serum to create superheroes, which they would definitely be stealing, but other than that, the technology and even the architecture was far behind their world by at least a hundred years, maybe more.

As they made their way up the elevator, Starlight's discomfort was palpable. The memories of her traumatic encounter with The Deep lingered, casting a shadow over the once exciting prospect of working with Vought.

The very first time she stepped into this building, Starlight could barely contain her excitement. This was the place that she was always dreaming of ever since she was a child. Yet, sadly, reality is usually a stark contrast to what we build up in our heads.

Just as Starlight began to breath heavily, in the verge of hyperventilating, MJ rested a comforting hand on her shoulder and said, "It's okay, we're here and we won't let anything happen to you."

Peter gave her a warm smile as well. "Yeah just relax. No one can touch you with us around. Just do whatever you want, and we'll support you."

With that said, Starlight began to call down as her former confidence began to slowly return. "Thanks..."

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Upon entering the meeting room, Peter's eyes locked onto Homelander, who sat with an air of restrained hostility. Madelyn Stillwell, the orchestrator of Vought's intricate schemes, greeted them with a smile that barely concealed her calculated intentions. "Welcome, I'm Madelyn Stillwell. Please, have a seat. We have much to discuss."

The air was charged with tension as they took their places at the polished conference table. Starlight, normally vibrant and confident, seemed subdued, her gaze avoiding the imposing figure of Homelander, as she didn't know if he was corrupt as well. After all, two member of his team turned out to be sexual predators, which didn't bode well for his reputation, in her eyes at least.

Madelyn, ever the manipulator, seized the opportunity to address Starlight directly. "Starlight, I must apologize for the unfortunate incident with The Deep. He's no longer with us, and we've taken steps to ensure such behavior is eradicated from The Seven. We value your contributions and were hoping you'd consider returning to your duties."

"Well, he's only not with you because he's dead..." Starlight's suddenly spoke, her eyes flickering with defiance. "Don't make it sound like you fired him."

"Yes, you're right and I apologize..." Madelyn said, expertly hiding her annoyance with Starlight's attitude. Though her next words struck a nerve. "But we'd really appreciate your return. With A-Train no longer suitable for duty and the Deep gone, Translucent will be the only one returning. We need all the heroes we can get, especially with recent setbacks." She says as her eyes glance over and Peter and MJ.

The mention of Translucent ignited a fire within Starlight. She remembered his presence during The Deep's despicable actions and refused to tolerate his return. As Madelyn paused for Starlight's response, the room held its breath.

"I won't work with Translucent," Starlight declared, her voice unwavering. "I refuse to be associated with someone like that. If you want me back, he has to go."

Madelyn's smile faltered for a moment, but she quickly regained her composure. "Starlight, we understand your concerns, but Translucent is a valuable asset to The Seven. We can't simply let him go."

Starlight leaned forward, her eyes fixed on Madelyn. "Then consider this my condition. If Translucent returns, I won't."

A silence settled in the room, the tension thick enough to cut with a knife. Madelyn, assessing the situation, realized she was facing a formidable opponent in Starlight's unwavering principles.

Homelander, admiring the newest member of his team's backbone, maintained an impassive expression. Of course, if this was him who she was talking to with such disrespect, then things would be completely different.

As for Translucent, Homelander couldn't care less. In fact, he never thought that Translucent should've been a member of the seven in the first place. Although his invisibility and strong defense is useful, there's always been better applicants waiting for just the smallest chance to join the Seven.

Madelyn, after a calculated pause, nodded. "Very well, Starlight. We'll take your condition into consideration. Let's proceed with the matters at hand." She says as she turns back to Peter and MJ. "You've been causing me nothing but problems lately..."

Peter simply shrugged at Madelyn's remark. "Well, I always aim to please." MJ, beside him, smirked in agreement. "I'm Peter, by the way. And this is my wife, MJ. I don't think we've introduced ourselves yet."

Undeterred by the couples nonchalant behavior, Madelyn continued, her eyes gleaming with ambition. "Peter, MJ, although you've committed many crimes, including murder, assault, and malicious castration, we as Vought can overlook your transgressions and even make them go away. After all, you've proven yourselves to be quite exceptional. We could use your talents in The Seven. Which is why I'm prepared to offer you both lucrative contracts with substantial payments." She pauses for a moment before smirking confidently. "How would you two like to join the Seven?"

As Madelyn laid out her enticing offer, Peter's amusement grew. His giggling bubbled up until it couldn't be controlled anymore, causing him to burst into a fit of laughter. It wasn't a mocking laughter, but rather genuine amusement at the audacity of the proposal.

"What's so funny?" Madelyn asked, a hint of irritation seeping into her composed demeanor.

Peter, wiping away a tear of laughter, grinned at her. "You really think we'd join The Seven? Work under you and Homelander? Thanks, but no thanks. I think I'd rather maliciously castrate myself..."

"That can be arranged..." Homelander suddenly spoke, his eyes beginning to glow in a red light. Just as he was beginning to like the idea of Peter becoming his lackeys and his beautiful wife working under him, they had to go and ruin it...

Madelyn's facade cracked for a moment, revealing her frustration, but she quickly regained her composure. "Why refuse? Think about the possibilities, the influence, the power-"

Peter interrupted her, still chuckling. "We've got all the power we need, thanks. Plus, we don't tend to work with the bad guys."

Madelyn's attempts at persuasion faltered in the face of Peter's irreverent laughter. She couldn't fathom why anyone would reject such an opportunity. The allure of The Seven seemed to have lost its magic on this peculiar duo.

Undeterred by their rejection, Madelyn chose a different tactic. "I see... well, if you refuse to solve things peacefully..." She says as she reaches under the table and hits a small button.

Instantly, the sound of gunfire filled the air, as every sniper she prepared fired in unison, half of the bullets aimed at Peter, while the other half went for MJ.

Peter, his smirk unwavering, merely snapped his fingers as Madelyn pressed the button. The room froze, everyone expecting Peter to dive out of the way or conjure some protective shield, but instead, he just sat there calmly alongside his wife.

Moments later, the bullets arrived, but they didn't follow the expected trajectory. Instead, the bullets, originally aimed at him and MJ, changed course like tiny homing missiles, tearing through the air with deadly precision.

To everyone's shock, the bullets completely missed their intended targets, and instead, they found their mark in Madelyn Stillwell. The once cunning orchestrator of Vought's schemes was now at the receiving end of her own meticulously planned attack.

In an instant, Madelyn's composed expression twisted into one of agony as the bullets tore through her body, spraying blood across the room. The sound of the impacts echoed, punctuated by Madelyn's gasp of pain. Her body slumped in the chair, lifeless eyes staring into the void.

## Chapter 582: Vs Homelander (1/2)

Homelander's eyes widened in disbelief as Madelyn's body slumped in the chair, blood staining the luxurious upholstery. The once confident orchestrator of power now lay dying, a victim of her own calculated machinations. The room, once charged with tension, now held a heavy silence broken only by Madelyn's final gasp of pain before her untimely death.

Peter, with an air of nonchalance, looked at Homelander, his fingers still lingering from the snap that redirected the bullets. "Surprised?" he asked, his tone dripping with amusement.

Homelander, torn between grief and anger, finally found his voice. "What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything," Peter replied, his smirk unwavering. "She must have had some enemies or something. I mean, they seemed to be aiming at her, right? Unless, of course, those bullets were meant for us? Because if they were, then you guys should really look into hiring better assassins..."

The room's occupants, including Starlight, looked at Peter in a mix of shock and awe. The audacity to casually manipulate a life-or-death situation left them momentarily speechless.

Homelander's expression darkened as he processed the situation. The woman he considered a mother figure and a dear lover, the one person who could control him, now lay dead right beside him. A surge of emotions flooded through him, creating a volatile mix of sorrow and rage. The very man he had considered making an ally moments ago had turned the tables in the most unexpected way.

"You killed her!" Homelander accused, his voice trembling with a dangerous intensity.

Peter chuckled, seemingly unfazed by the accusation. "No, I think you're looking for those guys over there." He says as he points out the many snipers across from them, who began to panic at this point. "I don't even have a gun..."

Homelander, known for his violent outbursts, restrained himself. The reality of Madelyn's demise sank in, and he struggled to process the reality of it all.

"Here, let me help you get revenge." Peter offered as he waved his hand, conjuring dozens of portal, which deposited every sniper, who fired just moments earlier, into the room. "Would you like to do the honors, or should I?"

Giving Homelander a moment, Peter eventually shrugged as he didn't get an answer. "Well, I can do it for you. After all, you've just lost someone dear to you. Just sit back and watch. I'll take care of it."

Before Homelander's grieving eyes, Peter snapped his fingers again, materializing golden ropes, which wrapped into nooses around every sniper's neck before hoisting them up off the ground. Within seconds, the disoriented assassins were struggling as the ropes tightened, slowly strangling them to death.

Starlight, still recovering from the shock, spoke up as the last one died. "D-Did you have to kill them?"

Peter leaned back in his chair, shrugging without a care. "Although I don't enjoy killing, I also don't mind it as long as the person or people deserve it. And sadly, for them, they tried to kill me and my wife." He said, turning to eye Starlight. "Remember, never let anyone get away with trying to kill you or your loved ones. Because chances are they'll come back and try again."

As the gravity of the situation settled, the once powerful Vought Tower felt like a house of cards on the verge of collapse.

Homelander, with a simmering storm in his eyes, looked at Peter. "You just declared war." He said, his voice filled with hate.

"War, my dear Homelander, is something I excel at." Peter's grin widened as he leaned forward ever so slightly. "Would you like to start now?"

The tension in the room crackled like static electricity as Homelander rose from his seat, his eyes ablaze with fury. Without a word, he lunged at Peter, fists clenched. Peter, ever agile, dodged the attack with ease, the movements fluid and effortless.

"Come on, you gotta be faster than that?" Peter taunted, his agility a stark contrast to Homelander's brute strength. "Aren't you supposed to be the strongest superhero? I kind of expected more to be honest with you..."

The fight unfolded in a chaotic symphony of punches and dodges. Homelander, powered by his rage-fueled superhuman strength, rushed at Peter with everything he had, destroying the building with every failed attempt to strike him down.

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As the fight intensified, MJ discreetly slipped away with Starlight, the pair stealthily making their way through the corridors of Vought Tower. Their mission was clearly outlined before their arrival. Gather evidence against Vought and their schemes, so that they can expose everything.

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Meanwhile, the confrontation between Peter and Homelander reached a new height. Homelander, frustrated by Peter's elusive moves, unleashed a barrage of laser-like heat vision. The beams cut through the air with deadly precision, forcing Peter to defend as he didn't want to destroy the building before they got all of their evidence.

With a wave of his hand, Peter conjured a shield, which absorbed the deathly heat rays, leaving him and the building completely unharmed.

"You can't block this forever!" Homelander roared, his eyes never dimming as he continued to fire rays of death.

Peter, undeterred, shot webs at Homelander's eyes, momentarily sealing them shut. Seizing the opportunity, Peter walked over and delivered a swift spartan kick to Homelander's chest, sending him crashing out of a window.

Falling down almost a hundred floors as he tried to claw off of the webs stuck to his face, Homelander eventually crashed into the street, halting traffic and drawing every pedestrians attention. The impact left a large dent in the concrete road, but Homelander quickly recovered, standing to his feet as he yanked the webbing from his face just in time to see Peter appear before him.

"Peekaboo." Peter greeted as he fell feet first onto Homelander's head, forcing him back into the ground and widening the dent on the floor into a small crater.

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Back in the building, MJ and Starlight, who seemed anxious and scared to be doing what they were doing, reached a secure room in the heart of the building, its door marked with a nondescript sign. Of course, the door was locked, but MJ quietly unlocked it with a wave of her hand, revealing a spacious server room, which also held some surveillance equipment.

The evidence they sought lay within the walls of these servers, and although MJ wasn't much of a hacker, Peter had already given her everything she needed.

As the fight raged on, MJ began pulled out a small USB drive and plugged it into the main terminal connected to the server. Instantly, the drive did its work, scanning and copying files, capturing everything they had, including all sorts of incriminating evidence, which they would have to go over later.

Starlight, with a conflicted expression, observed from the side, conflicted and scared as this is be the first crime she's ever committed. Though if she could see all of the evidence they were gathering, then she wouldn't be so conflicted anymore.

The room seemed to vibrate from the clash of titans that was occurring outside, spurring Starlight to ask. "Are you sure Peter will be alright? I know he's strong but-"

MJ almost laughed upon hearing this, interrupting Starlight before she could finish speaking. "Compared to what Peter's faced in the past, Homelander really isn't that scary. Trust me, he'll be fine..."

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On the street outside the building, the clash between Peter and Homelander intensified as they continued their brawl, leaving a trail of destruction in their wake. Peter displayed a level of agility and combat prowess that caught Homelander off guard.

"You really need to step up your game, Homelander." Peter taunted, his words echoing through the chaotic battlefield. "I mean, what's the use of all that power if you can't even land a single hit on me?"

Homelander, seething with frustration, attempted to counter Peter's taunts with brute force. He swung his fists with the force of a thousand wrecking balls, but Peter effortlessly dodged each strike, dancing around his opponent with a smirk on his face.

"Is this the best you can do?" Peter goaded as he stepped past his overzealous opponents guard and delivered a swift punch things solar plexus.

The once mighty superhero, Homelander, found himself stumbling backwards, the wind knocked out of his lungs for the first time ever in his entire life. "\*Gasp\*" He struggled to breath as Peter loomed over him.

"You're like a toddler throwing a tantrum," Peter mocked, evading a powerful heat vision blast that scorched a long line of parked cars. "Except toddlers are at least entertaining and cute."

Homelander, enraged by both the physical assault and the verbal jabs, roared in frustration. He unleashed his heat vision in a wild frenzy, attempting to catch Peter off guard. However, Peter's reflexes proved faster as he jabbed his two fingers forward and poked his opponent in the eyes.

"Aaaaaarrrrrgghh!" Homelander screamed in agony as his heat vision was canceled, blood dripping down his face like tears.

As Homelander covered his bleeding eyes, dropping to his knees in pain, Peter seized the opportunity and wound his foot back before punting him across the head. The impact of the kick echoed across the street, causing every onlooker to wince in sympathy for Homelander, as the hero himself was sent flying into a nearby building.

"I have to admit, you're not as fun as fighting Thanos or Dormammu. At least they had style," Peter quipped, evading a desperate haymaker from Homelander, who shot out of the rubble like a rocket, his face twisted in hatred.

Expecting Homelander to come flying back for another bout, Peter was stunned to see his opponent flying away in the opposite direction as fast as he could. "Where the f\*ck do you think you're going?!"

## Chapter 583: Vs Homelander (2/2)

Homelander's retreat was more reminiscent of a panicked animal than the confident superhero the world once admired. Fear etched across his face as he soared through the sky, desperately trying to escape the relentless pursuit of the only person he's ever met that could manhandle him.

Meanwhile, MJ and Starlight emerged from Vought Tower, their mission to gather evidence against the corrupt organization now accomplished. Spotting Homelander in full retreat, MJ wasted no time. With a graceful leap, she intercepted his path and delivered a powerful kick square in his face. The impact sent Homelander hurtling back towards the ground, crashing into the concrete with a resounding thud.

Peter, observing the spectacle, leaned back against a nearby wall with a smirk on his face. "Looks like someone's having a rough day," he remarked, the amusement evident in his voice. 'I think I'll let MJ take it from here...'

As Homelander struggled to rise from the ground, blood dripping from his nose and aching from Peter's earlier beating, MJ approached him with an air of determined fury. The once-mighty

superhero now found himself at the mercy of a woman who, despite her seemingly delicate appearance, possessed the strength to match her resolve.

MJ's first blow landed with a satisfying crunch as her fist connected with Homelander's jaw. The impact reverberated through the air, and Homelander groaned in pain. "You really should've thought twice before messing with us," MJ declared, her eyes ablaze with a fierce determination.

Starlight, a witness to the unfolding vengeance, couldn't help but feel a mix of awe and concern for MJ's ferocity. She questioned, "Is this really necessary?"

Peter chuckled from his position across from her, a knowing glint in his eyes. "I know you're a bit naive, so I'll drop some wisdom on you." He said, drawing Starlight's attention. "Throughout your trials and tribulations as a hero, you'll learn that some people don't deserve pity or mercy. Homelander just so happens to be one of those people..."

As Peter spoke, MJ continued her assault, each strike a manifestation of pent-up frustration and justified anger. Homelander, weakened and unable to retaliate, became a mere punching bag for MJ's retribution.

"Okay, but how do you know that?" Starlight asked, as she hasn't seen anything incriminating against Homelander. In fact, he seemed rather strait laced and heroic in her eyes.

"Here, let me show you..." Peter, ignoring the chaos of Homelander getting slapped around by his wife, opened a portal, retrieving the thumb drive from MJ's pocket.

With a swift motion, Peter took his laptop out of his storage necklace and plugged the drive into its side port, the screen illuminating with all of Vought's stolen data.

As Peter quickly sifted through the files, compiling every bit of information that Vought had on Homelander, Starlight stood beside him, her eyes widening with disbelief as the truth unfolded before her. "I-I don't understand... He's a hero, isn't he?" she muttered, her voice tinged with uncertainty.

Peter, without looking away from the screen, replied, "Sometimes heroes wear masks, and not the kind you're used to..."

The list of Homelander's crimes scrolled across the screen, each revelation more shocking than the last. Mass murder, theft, manipulation, abuse of power, r\*pe, and all sorts of other unspeakable acts of cruelty stained the once-glorified hero's record.

Even the r\*pe and subsequent pregnancy of Becca Butcher was listed among the many sexual related crimes, including her current address. 'I'm sure Billy will be happy to see this...' Peter thought.

In an instant, Starlight's initial admiration for Homelander crumbled, replaced by a nauseating mix of horror and disgust.

As Peter pointed out each crime, Starlight's face contorted in disbelief. "This can't be true," she whispered, her hands trembling.

"Believe what you see, not what you're told," Peter advised, his tone grave. "Heroes, sometimes, are the ones who need to be stopped the most."

Meanwhile, MJ continued her relentless assault on Homelander, the knowledge that he had some sort of sick interest in her fueling her fury. Her fists hammered down on him, each blow punctuated with a justified rage. The once-mighty Homelander, now exposed and weakened, became a mere vessel for the consequences of his own actions.

Peter, satisfied that Starlight had seen enough, closed the laptop, ending the visual onslaught of Homelander's crimes. "You've got a choice to make now," he said, addressing Starlight. "Keep living in a lie, or stand up and do what's right."

Starlight, torn between the truth and her ingrained beliefs, stared at Homelander, who was still being beaten by MJ, his body dripping in his own blood. The weight of the evidence crashed down on her, shattering the illusion of the hero she had admired.

Starlight's fists clenched involuntarily as the reality of Homelander's atrocities sank in. Unable to contain her rage any longer, she turned to Peter with a fire in her eyes.

"Enough is enough," Starlight declared, her voice laced with determination. Without awaiting Peter's response, she marched toward MJ and Homelander, joining the relentless assault.

MJ, in the midst of delivering a punishing blow to her opponents gut, was surprised to find Starlight at her side, joining her in her onslaught. The two women unleashed their fury upon the fallen hero, sending him hurtling into a nearby building.

Homelander, already battered and broken, became the target of a relentless barrage of strikes. Starlight's blows were fueled not only by physical strength but also by the emotional turmoil that accompanied the betrayal of someone she once believed in and looked up to.

The once-mighty superhero, now stripped of his heroic facade, writhed beneath the combined assault of MJ and Starlight. Each punch carried not just physical force but also the weight of justice, a reckoning for the lives he had ruined and the trust he had betrayed.

Peter watched as the two women, each with their own reasons for seeking retribution, laid into Homelander, who at this point was nothing more than a mangled piece of meat.

Peter, sensing the appropriate moment, rose from his chair. "Alright, you two, I think he's had enough." He approached the scene, placing a hand on MJ's shoulder to signal her to stop.

MJ, though still seething with anger, relented at her husband's touch. Starlight, on the other hand, wasn't so compliant. Peter had to physically pull her away from her target, leaving Homelander sprawled on the ground, gasped for breath, defeated and broken.

Starlight, her fists still clenched, turned to Peter with a mixture of confusion and frustration evident in her eyes. "Why did you stop me?" She demanded, her voice edged with irritation. "You said he doesn't deserve pity or mercy. You saw what he did! I was just about to end this, to rid the world of such a horrible person. Isn't that what you wanted me to do?"

Peter sighed and shook his head, placing a hand on Starlight's shoulder. "He won't live past the next 24 hours," he explained calmly. "It's just that there's someone else higher on the list, someone who deserves to be the one to kill him."

Starlight, still processing Peter's words, furrowed her brow. "Who? Is it one of his victims?" she asked, her curiosity and impatience evident.

"You'll see soon enough," Peter replied cryptically. With that said, he walked over to the defeated Homelander, the once-mighty hero now a bloodied and unconscious heap on the ground. With a wave of his hand, Peter opened a portal, the swirling golden energy appearing upon his command.

"Come on, let's go before more 'heroes' show up. We have a couple to reunite." Dragging Homelander's battered body behind him, Peter stepped through the portal, followed closely by MJ and Starlight.

The vortex closed behind them, leaving the area deathly silent. Even the onlookers, who watched the whole fight unfold, didn't utter a single word, far too shocked to think straight.

In the executive's office on one of the top floors of Vought Tower, a high-ranking employee spoke on the phone with a sense of urgency. "Mr. Edgar, we have a serious emergency! Madelyn Stillwell is dead! Homelander's been kidnapped! It's all chaos, sir..."

Stan Edgar, the CEO of Vought, currently away from the city, listened intently as the executive detailed the events that unfolded in his absence. A frown creased his brow as he absorbed the gravity of the situation. "I'll be returning immediately," Edgar declared, his tone cold and calculated. "Handle the aftermath and ensure that there's little to no liability for us."

As the call ended, across the world, Edgar stared out of the window, contemplating the unfolding chaos in his absence. The repercussions of Homelander's defeat and kidnapping would undoubtedly ripple through Vought's carefully constructed plans.

[Insert picture of Stan Edgar here]

"That boy is nothing but trouble..." Edgar muttered as he walked off, informing his secretary to schedule his flight back.

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Meanwhile, in an abandoned factory, Peter stood with MJ, Starlight, and the unconscious Homelander.

Starlight, still grappling with everything she's learned and done today, turned to Peter with a lingering question in her eyes. "What's next? Why are we here?" she asked, her voice a mixture of uncertainty and determination.

Peter, his gaze fixed on the door ahead of them, simply said, "Just wait a second."

And just as he said, seconds later, the door swung open and a confused Billy Butcher came rushing out, a loaded shotgun in hand. "Oh, it's just you..." He said as he lowered his gun. "Wait, how did you know where-"

Suddenly, Billy froze as his gaze was drawn to the bloody figure lying on the floor beside Peter. "I- Is that...?"

## Chapter 584: Lovers Reunite

Billy Butcher's eyes widened as he beheld the battered form of Homelander sprawled on the cold, concrete floor, his American Flag themed cape caked in blood and dirt. The man who had shattered his peaceful life and taken his beloved Becca away lay defeated before him.

When Peter mentioned a meeting at Vought the other day, Billy never imagined it would result in this shocking confrontation. "He's... He's... Is that..." He froze, unable to form a coherent sentence.

Denial gripped Billy's mind as he tried to comprehend the surreal scene before him. This just couldn't be real. It had to be some sick joke or illusion. However, Peter's firm voice shattered any lingering disbelief as he tossed Homelander at Billy's feet, forcing him to confront the harsh reality. "Yeah, it's him. Have a closer look..."

With a heavy thud, Homelander's mangled form hit the ground, laying in stark contrast to the once-mighty hero that had ruined Billy's life. Bloodied and bruised, the man who had caused so much pain now appeared broken and vulnerable. Billy, despite himself, couldn't help but stare in morbid fascination at his fallen nemesis.

Billy, his initial shock morphing into rage, aimed the loaded shotgun he held tightly in his grip. His hands trembled with the intensity of his emotions as he lowered the weapon, pointing it at the defenseless Homelander.

Peter, anticipating Billy's visceral reaction, appeared beside him in a blink. "Easy there, Butcher," he cautioned, placing a firm hand on Billy's arm to prevent the trigger from being pulled. The two locked eyes, and the tension in the air crackled with the volatile mix of anger and vengeance.

"Why the bloody hell are you protectin' this piece of garbage?" Billy spat, his eyes ablaze with fury. "He deserves nothin' but a bullet to the head for what he's done!"



Peter's expression remained calm, his gaze unwavering. "Someone else deserves that right more than you do, Butcher. But if she doesn't have the stomach for it, then I'm sure you'd make a good replacement executioner."

Billy's brows furrowed in confusion and frustration. "Who? Who could possibly want this wanker dead more than me?" he demanded, his finger itching on the trigger. Though he suddenly froze, recalling what Peter just said. "Wait... She? She who?"

In response, Peter pointed towards the unconscious Homelander, casting a quick spell to trap him in place. "Let's go find out, shall we?" He said cryptically, waving his hand to conjure another portal.

Billy hesitated, his eyes fixed on the trapped and unconscious Homelander. "We can't just leave... What if he escapes?" he grumbled, a hint of concern in his voice.

Peter, standing firm, reassured him, "Trust me, he's not going anywhere. Now, step through the portal, Butcher." With a swift motion, Peter shoved Billy through the golden vortex, and the man found himself stumbling onto a green lawn of a normal-sized house in a quiet suburban neighborhood.

Following after him, the portal snapped shut behind them, leaving Homelander unconscious and trapped in his magical restraints. Billy picked himself up, ready to unleash a barrage of complaints and anger at Peter for the rough handling. However, he froze as he noticed a very familiar woman standing in front of him, grocery bags in hand.

"B-Becca?!" Billy shouted, his eyes nearly popping out of his head in shock. "You're alive..."

It was his wife, Becca, a woman he thought dead. After all, no matter how much he searched, or how many favors he called in with his old military connections, she couldn't be found. It was like she just dropped off the face of the earth.

Becca's eyes widened in disbelief as she dropped the bags, the groceries spilling onto the lawn. "Billy? Is it really you?" she whispered, her voice a mix of hope and astonishment.

Billy, his heart pounding in his chest, could only manage a choked, "Becca?" He stepped forward, uncertainty etched across his face, as if afraid that this reunion might be some cruel illusion.

As the distance between them closed, Becca surged forward, throwing her arms around Billy in a tight embrace. Tears welled up in her eyes as she buried her face in his chest, overwhelmed by the unexpected return of her husband.

Peter, MJ, and Starlight observed the emotional reunion from a respectful distance, allowing the couple their moment of joy. The quiet neighborhood provided an intimate backdrop to the long-awaited embrace of the husband and wife.

Breaking away from the hug, Becca gazed into Billy's eyes, her hands cupping his face as if to ensure he was truly there. "I never thought I'd see you again," she admitted, a mixture of relief and disbelief in her voice.

Billy couldn't help but smile, his rough exterior softening in the presence of the woman he thought he had lost forever. "I'm back, love. I'm back."

Just as the reunited couple began to catch up on the lost years, a small voice interrupted their moment. Becca's 8 year old son, Ryan, emerged from the house, his curious eyes taking in the unfamiliar faces talking to his mother.

"Mom, who are they?" Ryan asked, his gaze shifting from Becca to Billy and the others.

Becca nearly jumped out of her skin, turning to her son with an unsure look on her face. "R-Ryan, this is... your father," she said, blurting out the first thing that came to mind, even if it wasn't truthful.

Well, technically, they are married so Ryan can be considered Billy's son in name, but he certainly wasn't his biological son.

"Father...?" Billy whispered, his eyes widening as confusion took hold of his entire being.

Ryan's eyes widened, a mix of surprise and excitement crossing his young face. "Dad?" he echoed, his voice tinged with disbelief.

"Uhh..." Billy grunted in confusion as his wife prodded him in the ribs with her elbow. "Y-Yeah, hey... son?" He answered, still immensely confused.

As the realization dawned on Ryan that the man in front of him was his long lost father, his eyes began to glow an ominous shade of red.

The intensity of emotion that Ryan was feeling seemed to have awakened his powers, and beams of red energy shot forth from his eyes. The lasers streaked through the air, aimed directly at Billy, who barely had time to react. Panic flashed in Ryan's eyes as he grappled with the uncontrollable manifestation of his newfound superpowers.

In the blink of an eye, Peter snapped his fingers and conjured a shimmering barrier in front of Billy. The deadly lasers collided with the magical shield, creating a dazzling display of lights and sparks. The energy absorbed into the barrier, leaving Billy unscathed but visibly shaken.

Ryan, bewildered by the sudden outburst of power and its unintended consequences, began to panic. "What's happening? What was that? What did I do?" he exclaimed, his voice tinged with fear as his eyes began to glow once again.

Peter, appearing beside Ryan in a flash, tapped the young boy on the forehead with a single finger. A soft glow emanated from the touch, and a calm swept over Ryan. The boy's eyes gradually dimmed from their intense red hue as Peter cast a simple sleeping spell, guiding Ryan into a peaceful slumber and catching him as he collapsed.

Becca, being the overprotective mother that she was, ran over to Peter, clearly worried for her son. "What did you do to my son?!"

"Relax, he'll be alright," Peter assured Becca, as he handed over her son. "His powers just awakened, and it can be overwhelming at first, I would know. I broke a lot of stuff in my house when my powers awakened."

"W-Why is he unconscious?" Becca asked, cradling her son protectively.

"I put him to sleep to give him time to adjust. It won't help since he'll still have some troubles when he wakes up, but at least he'll have time to calm down." Peter answered, relieving her of some of her worries.

Becca, still processing the reunion with Billy and now witnessing the extraordinary abilities of her son, nodded in gratitude. "Thank you," she whispered, her voice filled with emotion.

Peter turned his attention to the sleeping Ryan and gestured towards the house. "Let's move him inside. He needs some rest and you have some explaining to do."

"You're damn right she does!" Billy exclaimed, receiving a glare from his wife.

"Keep your voice down!" She hissed at him. "Are you trying to wake him up?"

"Uhh, sorry..." Billy apologized, his voice much lower than before.

As they entered the house, the quiet suburban neighborhood seemed to regain its tranquility. Peter, MJ, Starlight, and Billy gathered in the living room.

As Becca returned from tucking Ryan into bed, Billy's impatience bubbled over, unable to hold back his questions any longer. "What the bloody hell happened that night with Homelander? Why did you disappear on me, and whose child is that?" His voice was a controlled thunder, each word carrying the weight of years of uncertainty and anguish.

Becca, her eyes glistening with unshed tears, took a deep breath before beginning her painful confession. "A few days after the party where I introduced you to Homelander, I was called in to help with Homelander with his Twitter account. As the Senior Director of Digital Marketing at Vought International, the job was a waste of time since my staff could have taken care of it, but when Homelander calls, you come running or else..."

She paused for a moment, as if reliving every horrifying moment. "When I entered the room, Homelander's intentions turned dark. He was barely wearing any clothes and was making clear attempts to seduce me, but when I rejected him, his anger boiled over, resulting in well... I'm sure you can guess by now."

Billy's fists clenched at his sides, struggling to contain the rage building within him as Becca spoke. The woman he loved and believed lost had endured a nightmare he could scarcely fathom.

She recounted how she went to Vought for help, confirming she was pregnant with Homelander's child. Forced to sign a confidentiality agreement, Becca underwent a grueling and messy procedure, delivering the baby. Vought placed her in a secret facility for tests, and after the ordeal, Becca was allowed to raise the child in this quiet neighborhood, all while maintaining the illusion of her disappearance or death.

Billy, his emotions in turmoil, found himself wrestling with the conflicting forces of anger, sorrow, and relief. The reality of Becca's suffering at the hands of Homelander crashed over him like a relentless tide.

Becca, her voice breaking, apologized, "I'm sorry for telling Ryan that you're his father. I just didn't know what else to say," she whispered.

Billy, despite the turmoil within him, softened as he saw the pain etched on Becca's face. "Love, I never stopped lovin' you," he confessed, reaching out to hold her. "If that kid's your son, then f\*ck it, he's mine too... If you'll have me?"

Becca seemed truly happy for a moment before reality struck, crushing her hopes and dreams. "No, you should go." She said, shaking her head. "Who knows what Vought will do if they find out that you're here. Or worse, if Homelander finds out about Ryan..."

As much as she loved Billy, and would gladly raise Ryan with him, she just couldn't risk her son's safety.

Suddenly, Peter spoke. "What if I said Homelander would be dead by the end of the night?"

## Chapter 585: The Death of a Tyrant

Becca's eyes widened, a mix of confusion and disbelief etching across her face. "What do you mean, Homelander dead? That's impossible," she stammered, glancing between Peter and her husband.

Peter simply gave her a wry smile. "I know it's hard to believe, so I'll just show you," he replied, opening a portal with a flourish of his hand. A golden vortex appeared, and out tumbled Homelander, crashing onto the coffee table between Becca and the others, shattering it into pieces.

Homelander lay there, a battered and bloodied mess, leaking crimson onto Becca's pristine wooden floors. The shocking sight left Becca frozen in place, her breath caught in her throat. She never thought she'd see the day when the seemingly invincible Homelander would fall so dramatically.

The fallen hero groggily woke, the fall stirring him from his sleep, a low groan escaping his lips as he tried to make sense of his surroundings. His eyes darted around, and when they focused on Peter,

MJ, and Starlight, his face contorted with rage. "You b\*stards! What the hell is this? Let me go!" he roared, struggling against the magical restraints, which Peter placed on him before they left.

Peter, maintaining his calm demeanor, looked down at the restrained Homelander, disrespectfully resting his dirty boot on his head. "Sorry, but you're not going anywhere," he said with a casual shrug. "But don't worry, you'll be dead soon."

Homelander continued to curse and thrash, but the magical bindings held him firmly in place. Becca, still in shock, found her voice. "How did you do this? What's happening?" she demanded, her eyes darting between Peter and her fallen assailant.

Peter explained, "If you're talking about the portal, that's just a little magic trick I picked up back home." He gestured towards Homelander. "But If you were talking about this nitwit, he attended a meeting where an attempt was taken on my and my lovely wife's lives, so we beat the sh\*t out of him."

Becca, despite the chaos around her, couldn't help but feel a strange sense of satisfaction at seeing Homelander restrained. "But... how? He's Homelander. He's invincible," she muttered, still struggling to accept the surreal turn of events.

Homelander, regaining some awareness, glared at Peter, letting out a snorting laugh. "You think you can kill me!? You dumb nobody piece of sh\*t. I'm a god! Do you even comprehend that?! You couldn't-" he seethed, but before he could continue, MJ lashed out with a stomp of her boot, sending him right back to sleep.

"He's so loud that my ears were starting to ring..." She complained, wiping her boot off on a clean portion of Homelander's clothes.

Ignoring Homelander's unconscious form, Peter turned to Becca. "So, as I was saying before we were so rudely interrupted, Homelander will be dead within the next few hours."

Becca hesitated, her gaze flickering between her unconscious r\*pist, and everyone else. "W-Why are you telling me this? If you can kill him than just do it. Why do I have to know?" She asked, torn between the emotions swirling within her.

Peter nodded, understanding her dilemma. "Well, I have a nice plan for his death and I thought you'd enjoy watching or possibly taking part in his last moments? But if you aren't interested,

then..." With a snap of his fingers, creating another portal, which swallowed up Homelander, dropping him back in the abandoned factory.

As Homelander disappeared, Becca watched as an odd feeling of anxiety grew within her. Although she didn't like Homelander in her house, she also wanted to make sure that he was really gone for good.

Peter stood to his feet alongside MJ, a reassuring smile on his face. "We'll be on our way then..."

Becca, still processing the whirlwind of emotions, jumped out of her seat and grabbed Peter by the arm. "Wait!" She said exclaimed as Peter turned to her, a curious brow raised. "You're right... I... I want to at least see it to make sure that he's really gone..."

Peter nodded, a knowing smirk on his face. "Actually, I was going to offer you the honors of killing him yourself, if you want?"

""WHAT?!" Both Becca and Billy yelled simultaneously.

Becca's eyes widened in disbelief at Peter's unexpected offer. The idea of delivering justice to the man who had caused her so much pain was both tempting and terrifying. As she grappled with conflicting emotions, Billy, standing beside her, couldn't let her go through with it.

"Bloody hell, Becca! You can't seriously be considering this!" Billy pleaded, his voice laced with desperation. "Let me handle it. You've never killed someone before, and I'd much rather keep it that way..."

Becca hesitated, torn between the desire for revenge and the plea of her husband. Peter watched the emotional exchange with a bemused expression, giving Becca the space to make her decision.

"I... I just want to make sure he's gone for good," Becca finally admitted, her voice trembling. "But maybe Billy's right. Someone else should do it..."

Peter chuckled, closing the portal behind him. "No pressure. If you change your mind, the option's still open."

While Becca and Billy grappled with their emotions, Peter took out his laptop from his storage necklace once again. Without a word, he began sifting through the stolen data and evidence from Vought, compiling it before posting it all online. An email to various news companies followed, ensuring that the damning evidence would reach the public eye in the shortest amount of time possible.

At first, the information gained traction in random forums, but it didn't stay that way for long. Almost an hour later, the news began to spread like wildfire. Social media buzzed with discussions, and news channels on TV started covering the unfolding scandal. The biggest revelation, however, was two fold.

First, Homelander's numerous discretions and crimes that Vought had consistently covered up. The public's reaction was a mixture of shock and outrage. Homelander, once perceived as a god-like benevolent hero, now faced the harsh scrutiny of a society discovering the extent of his dark deeds.

And second, the true source of every Vought employed superheroes superpowers was revealed for all to see. Ever since the first superhero appeared, everyone believed that their powers were a gift from god. In more intellectual circles, even the idea of some sort of advanced human evolution was thrown around, but no one would have guessed the truth.

And that truth was Compound V, a superhero creating serum, which was secretly and illegally injected into newborn babies all over the world. The news spread like a storm, amplifying the impact of the revelations.

In the midst of the chaos, Becca and Billy watched the unfolding events on the television screen. Billy's initial concern for Becca's safety now mingled with a glimmer of satisfaction as the truth about Vought and Homelander was exposed for the world to see.

"Did they really do all of that?" Becca asked.

"Yeah, and now that the cat's out of the bag, the stage is set for our little execution..." Peter, with a mischievous grin, opened a portal and deposited Homelander back into the room before waking him with a swift kick to the face.

"Ughh..." Homelander groaned, struggling to rise, disoriented from all of the abuse he's endured. Peter raised the volume of the TV, ensuring Homelander could hear the news anchor detailing his numerous crimes.



The news anchor's voice echoed through the room, recounting each atrocity Homelander had committed. Peter reveled in the moment, enjoying the sight of Homelander's perfect image crumbling before him. With a taunting smirk, Peter addressed the fallen hero, "Seems like your reputation is in shambles. Guess you're not so godly after all."

Homelander's eyes burned with rage as he cursed and berated Peter, desperate to break free from the magical restraints. His attempts were futile, leaving him trapped and vulnerable. Peter, summoning a sword made of Eldritch energy, held it out towards Becca, offering her the chance to end Homelander herself.

"Here's your golden opportunity," Peter teased, his voice echoing through the tense room. "Are you sure you don't want to be the one to do it?"

Becca stared at the glimmering blade, fear etched across her face. Her hand trembled as it hovered near the weapon, torn between the desire for justice and the horror of taking a life.

"You can be the one that makes him pay for everything he's done to you..." Peter sounded like the devil as he urged her to commit murder.

A moment of hesitation lingered, and then Becca pulled her hand away, shaking her head. "No, I'm sorry... I can't..." She couldn't bring herself to do it. The burden of vengeance was too heavy for her to bear.

However, Billy, her husband, stepped forward, determination in his eyes. He reached for the sword, accepting the responsibility that Becca couldn't bear with a smile on his face. "Hey there, Motherf\*cker. Remember me?"

"?!" Homelander, realizing the impending threat, struggled with renewed vigor, his eyes filled with defiance. But sadly, not even his eyes could fire their lasers. He was completely powerless.

Peter, with a nod of approval, handed the sword to Billy. The room fell silent as everyone's attention focused on the impending act. Homelander, still restrained and helpless, tried to speak, but Billy wasn't interested in hearing his words.

With a swift and determined swing, Billy brought down the sword. The blade cut through Homelander's neck effortlessly, severing his head in an instant. The room was filled with a momentary silence before the reality of the act sunk in.

Blood sprayed across the floor as Homelander's body slumped, the once mighty hero reduced to a lifeless corpse. Becca, despite her fear, felt a strange mix of relief and sorrow. Billy, holding the sword stained with Homelander's blood, gazed at the fallen foe with a sense of closure.

Peter, MJ, and Starlight observed the scene in silence. The news anchor's voice on the television continued to narrate the downfall of Homelander, unaware that the hero they spoke of was now dead.

As the reality of the moment settled, Becca found herself realizing that her son was asleep upstairs. "Uhh... we really need to clean this up before Ryan wakes up..."

## Chapter 586: A Soldier and a Nazi

The night fell over Vought Tower like a heavy curtain, casting long shadows across the sleek architecture. Stan Edgar, the CEO of Vought, flew in on a helicopter that landed on the rooftop. His first order of business was gathering every remaining member of the Seven to get some answers.

Translucent, recently discharged from the hospital after his brutal encounter with Peter and MJ, sat uncomfortably, nursing his pelvic wound. Maeve stood with a stoic expression, while Black Noir loomed in the shadows, his silent presence unsettling.

Stan eyed the disheveled Translucent and questioned, "What happened to you?"

Translucent winced, nursing his bandaged groin. "That b\*tch castrated me! I'm practically a f\*cking eunuch now!"

Stan's brow furrowed, but he pressed on. "And where were the rest of you during this chaos?"

Maeve stepped forward, her voice steady. "During Translucent's attack, I was at home sleeping. But for the attack that took place earlier today, I escorted MJ, Peter, and Starlight here for their meeting with Madelyn. However, I wasn't invited to the meeting, so I went home. The next thing I know, I'm getting calls saying that Madelyn is dead, and Homelander is nowhere to be found."

Stan's gaze shifted from Maeve to the cityscape beyond the window. "I see..."

Maeve continued, detailing everything that she knew. "And now that all of this information is out, there are protestors gathering outside the building."

Stan walked closer to the window, his stern features reflecting in the glass. As he looked down, a sea of angry faces greeted him, signs and banners condemning Vought for its dark secrets. The protest's noise permeated the air, reaching the very heart of the tower.

"This is unacceptable. Far too unacceptable..." Stan muttered, his mind racing to contain the fallout.

Translucent interrupted with a pained groan. "Can we talk about my situation? I need some compensation for this!"

Stan turned his gaze to Translucent, unimpressed. "We're facing a crisis, and you're worried about compensation? Focus on the bigger picture because at the rate things are going, you're going to be out of a job soon..."

"Yeah, whatever..." Translucent clicked his tongue and looked the other way, clearly unhappy.

As Translucent sulked like a hormonal teenager, suddenly, the doors flung open catching everyone off guard. An unfamiliar brown haired woman in a black and red superhero costume strode into the room, her electrified presence crackling in the air.

[Insert picture of Stormfront here]

Stan Edgar, ignoring the confused heroes in the room, immediately questioned, "Did you bring him?"

Stormfront nodded, her gaze unwavering. Following her, another figure emerged from the shadows, shocking everyone with his presence. Soldier Boy, the first American Superhero, and the most powerful before Homelander came around, appeared before them, looking just as young as the history books portrayed. Though he did look a bit disheveled and unkempt as well.

[Insert picture of Soldier Boy here]

"He was exactly where you said he'd be..." Stormfront said, which seemed to irk Soldier Boy.

"Let's talk about that, shall we?" He says as he steps up, glaring directly at Stan. "If you knew exactly where I was this entire time, why the hell didn't you come get me sooner?!"

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In 1984, Soldier Boy and his team were sent on a mission out of the country, but little did he know that his team would use a Soviet attack as an opportunity to betray him. After fighting through swarms of enemies, Soldier Boy soon found himself ambushed by his teammates who launched a brutal attack against him.

Although he put up a good fight, even managing to burn off some of Noir's face with a burning car and cause him brain damage with his shield, the team were successful in knocking Soldier Boy out, and then handed him over to the Russians, where he's lived as a lab rat ever since.

Of course, Vought covered up his 'death', by claiming that Soldier Boy had died a hero, sacrificing himself to stop a nuclear meltdown in Ohio.

Stan, recognizing the gravity of the situation, had called in these heavy hitters to salvage the chaos that had erupted within Vought, but calling them also seemed to bring him even more problems.

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Stan turned to acknowledge Soldier Boy, his face as unreadable as ever, "We found out about your captivity around 20 years ago, but at that point you were deemed unimportant."

Soldier Boy scowled, his entire being vibrating with rage. "Unimportant? I'm the strongest supe to ever live, you sniveling little sh\*t!"

"Were." Stormfront suddenly spoke.

"What the f\*ck did you just say?" Soldier Boy asked gruffly.

"You were the strongest superhero, but that's changed." She clarifies, a smug smirk on her face.

Turning back to Stan, Soldier Boy asks, "what's she talking about?"

Stan turned to Stormfront. "Do you want to be the one to tell him?" he asked, gesturing towards Soldier Boy.

Stormfront's lips curled into a smug smile as she spoke, revealing the revelation that would rock the very foundations of Soldier Boy's understanding of his own life. "Homelander, who is basically your replacement but better, is our son. Have you heard of him? Or did the Russians keep you in the dark?"

A stunned silence enveloped the room. Soldier Boy's eyes widened, his features contorting into a mixture of shock and disbelief. He was frozen, unable to comprehend the bombshell dropped on him by a woman that he didn't even recognize.

"Homelander... is our son?" Soldier Boy finally managed to utter, the weight of the revelation settling heavily upon him.

Stan nodded, maintaining his composed demeanor. "When you 'died,' we used your sperm and one of her eggs to create the greatest superhero the world has ever seen. Homelander."

The room crackled with tension as Soldier Boy, Translucent, Maeve, and even the usually stoic Black Noir grappled with the enormity of the revelation. The implications of Homelander's true parentage hung in the air like a storm waiting to unleash its fury.

"Which is why we brought you here." Stan said, drawing Soldier Boy's attention. "Your son has been kidnapped. We need to find him before he gets himself in even more trouble..."

Soldier Boy, however, was the epicenter of the emotional whirlwind. His fists clenched, and his jaw tightened as he processed the betrayal and manipulation that had defined his life.

"Kidnapped? Who the f\*ck cares?! He's a grown a\*s man..." Soldier Boy's voice trembled with anger. "I was betrayed by my own team, handed over to the Russians, and left to rot as a lab rat for decades. And you... you have the nerve to ask for my help with some science experiment kid that I don't even know?"

"He's our son..." Stormfront frowned at his word.

"Wait a second..." Soldier boy suddenly realized who she was. "You're Liberty, aren't you? You look... different..."

"Well, a girl's gotta switch things up every once in a while." Stormfront shrugged.

Stormfront, just like Soldier Boy, has barely aged at all since World War 2 when they were both given their doses of Compound V. Though her knew superhero name and style seemed to be working, as Soldier Boy barely recognized her.

Pressed for time, Stan stepped forward, his tone measured. "Soldier Boy, we understand this revelation is a lot to take in, but we need your help to find your son. Whatever it takes, name your price."

Soldier Boy, still seething with resentment, glared at them. "You think throwing money at me will make everything okay? After what you did to me?"

Stormfront, ever the pragmatist, chimed in, "We're not just offering money. We're offering you literally anything that Vought can give. Sadly, unlike you, Homelander is too precious of a test subject to fall into enemy hands."

Stan nodded alongside her. "Yes, he needs to be either brought back or incinerated upon his death."

Soldier Boy hesitated, the conflicting emotions evident on his face. "You know what? F\*ck it. I'll help but you're paying an arm and leg for my services, and I want a favor from Vought, which I'll cash in whenever I need, saying that you'll do one thing for me, no matter what it is..."

Stan nodded, acknowledging the compromise. "Agreed. You help us retrieve Homelander, and we'll make sure you get whatever you desire. Money, resources, vengeance... consider it all on the table."

Stormfront added with a sly smile, "Well, let's head out and find our son, Daddy~ We have a lot of lost time to make up for..."

Soldier Boy's scowl softened, a hint of lust flickering in his eyes. "Alright, but how are we supposed to find him?"

Stan taps a button on the table, which lights up a screen on the wall, displaying a precise GPS location.

"Homelander has a tracking chip?" Maeve muttered in shock. "Does he know about this?" She asked, knowing he wouldn't take kindly to such a thing.

"No." Stan shook his head as he shooed everyone out of the room. "Now, go and bring that useless boy back. Dead or alive, I don't care just don't leave any samples behind. His DNA is too valuable..."

As the team prepared to head out, Maeve discreetly pulled out her phone and sent a warning text, typing as quickly as she could before following after her new team members.

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In an open field away from prying eyes, Peter's phone buzzed with Maeve's message, cautioning him about the approaching Vought team. He didn't expect her to try to side with him over Vought, but appreciated the information nonetheless.

Glanced at the text, Peter stashed his phone away and turned back to the reason he was here in the first place. Homelander's lifeless body lay at his feet, ready to be disposed of. Originally planning to incinerate the remains, Peter now decided to wait for the impending arrival of Soldier Boy and Stormfront.

"Soldier Boy's not too bad, so I might keep him alive depending on how he acts. But Stormfront has to go. After all, I can't spare Nazi's. Steve would be p\*ssed if he found out." Peter muttered as he conjured a chair and sat alongside the deceased Homelander, waiting for his guests to arrive.

## Chapter 587: Punching a Nazi

A Vought, military style helicopter sliced through the night sky, its rhythmic thudding accompanied by the distant hum of the city below. Inside, the remnants of the Seven, Translucent, Maeve, and Black Noir, sat in uneasy silence. Stormfront and Soldier Boy, their contracted allies for this mission, added an air of tension as they made their way to the GPS location of Homelander.

Soldier Boy, unable to resist the opportunity, leaned towards Stormfront with a sly grin. "You know, we make quite the team, rushing off to save our son together. How about celebrating our victory with a little post-mission fun, just you and me? I promise it'll be a night you won't forget~"

Stormfront's eyes rolled at Soldier Boy's clumsy attempt at flirting. "Save it, Soldier. We're here for a job, not your laughable attempts at getting laid."

Undeterred, Soldier Boy pressed on, a wicked gleam in his eyes. "Come on, after we rescue our son, how about we grab a drink? I know a great spot, or at least I used to know a great spot... Maybe it's still open? It's been a while after all"

Stormfront sighed, visibly annoyed. "I wasn't interested in you 70 years ago, and I'm not interested now." She says, staring him dead in the eyes. "So keep your mouth shut and focus on the task at hand. And If you don't stop, I might just throw you out of this helicopter..."

As she spoke, suddenly, the door to the helicopter beside Soldier Boy swung open on its own, punctuating Stormfront's threat.

Soldier Boy clicked his tongue in annoyance. "F•cking prude b•tch..." He muttered as he turned away, eliciting an eye roll from Stormfront as she closed the door.

The remaining members of the Seven exchanged incredulous glances, still processing the bombshell revelation that these two people were Homelander's parents. It was a freaky situation, which would no doubt get ever worse when Homelander finds out.

As the helicopter continued its journey, Stormfront couldn't help but express her frustration with the situation. "Why in the world am I stuck in this flying tin can with all of you? I can fly myself, for Christ's sake..."

Maeve, breaking her silence, responded, "If you fly ahead of us, it might tip off the people who took Homelander. We need the element of surprise. Not to mention the fact that they were able to defeat Homelander in the first place, which means we'll have to work together if we want to stay alive and complete the mission."

Of course, Maeve was just talking out of her a\*s at this point. She knew they wouldn't have the element of surprise since she warned Peter of their arrival. And she also knew that they wouldn't be able to complete this mission, as their opponents were just too strong, which is why she sent that message in the first place.



Vought is a sinking ship, and she was ready to jump off onto the nearest lifeboat.

Stormfront grumbled, reluctantly acknowledging the logic behind Maeve's words. "Fine, you're right..." She muttered as her and the rest of the passengers descended into an awkward silence.

Though that silence was soon broken by Soldier Boy, who turned to Translucent, a curious look on his face. "So... you lost your d•ck and balls, huh?"

Translucent, unable to hold himself back, replied. "F\*ck you!"

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The Vought helicopter descended within a few miles of Homelander's supposed location. The team disembarked, the soft thud of their boots hitting the ground signaling the transition from air to earth. The decision to cover the remaining distance on foot was unanimous. Maintaining the element of surprise was crucial, even if it meant nothing since Maeve already betrayed them.

Through the dense woods, they trod cautiously, the shadows playing tricks on their senses. Stormfront, growing increasingly impatient, took out her phone, attempting to post an update on Twitter for her many followers. Frustration etched across her face as the poor connection prevented her from sharing her exploits.

The group pushed forward until they emerged into an open field bathed in moonlight. There, an unexpected sight greeted them. Peter, seated on a white, plastic lawn chair, looked up from his phone with a bored expression. Beside him, the lifeless body of Homelander lay, battered and stained with blood and dirt.

Stormfront's eyes widened at the sight of her son's corpse, a mix of fascination and disappointment crossing her features. His Aryan resemblance (Blonde hair and blue eyes) seemed to captivate her, a twisted pride hidden behind her apparent grief.

Peter, nonchalant, put away his phone and complained about their tardiness. "Took you all long enough. I was starting to think you'd never make it." His casual demeanor sent shivers down the spines of the approaching team, a realization sinking in that their enemy might have anticipated their arrival.

Stormfront, torn between grief and a morbid fascination with her fallen son, couldn't tear her eyes away from Homelander's lifeless form.

As the team processed the eerie scene before them, Peter rose from his seat, a subtle smirk playing on his lips. "You guys really kept me waiting. I had to resort to swiping through TikTok to stave off the boredom. You know, I found this guy named Beavo, who just swallows all of his food without chewing. The guy is constantly on the verge of choking to death..."

Soldier Boy, sighing in annoyance upon seeing his deceased son, threw his hands up in frustration. "He's dead already? What a disappointment..."

Peter chuckled, a dark glint in his eyes. "Aww, don't be so hard on him. He tried his best but sadly, he was just too weak. Kind of like his father, I presume. After all, the Apple can't fall too far from the tree." His words hung in the air, a macabre revelation that twisted the knife of grief for Stormfront.

Stormfront, finally breaking her silence, stepped forward, her voice a chilling mix of sorrow and fervor. "My son... my perfect Aryan boy. What have you done to him?!"

As Stormfront's fervent exclamation hung in the air, the revelation of her twisted ideologies stunned the group, including Peter, who skillfully pretended that he didn't already know. "Oh, Vought also hires Nazi's? What a diverse company you all work for. You must be proud." Peter taunts, a scandalous look on his face. "Well, if they're already hiring criminally insane heroes, then I guess Nazi's aren't that far off, are they?"

Everyone's eyes turned towards Stormfront, but it was Black Noir, the only non-white member of the team, even though nobody could see it, who took a discreet step away from Stormfront. Her inadvertent confession raised uncomfortable questions about her character.

Soldier Boy, visibly disturbed by her slip, turned to Stormfront with a scowl, his voice stern. "Are you really a Nazi?" The disdain in his eyes reflected the hatred he harbored for those who embraced such ideologies during World War II.

Ignoring the question, Stormfront rose from the ground, crackling with electricity, her gaze fixated on Peter with a deathly glare. If looks could kill, then he would be dead a million times over.

The tension in the air escalated as the electricity, which danced along her body, began to converge in her hands, preparing to attack.

Holding up his hand, Peter intervened before the situation could escalate. "Hold on a minute, time out, time out Let's not get too carried away just yet." He then turned to Maeve, offering her a nod. "Thanks for the intel, Maeve. You can go meet with MJ and Starlight while I handle this."

Without warning, Peter waved his hand, opening a swirling portal beneath Maeve's feet. She disappeared through it, sent to a safely away by Peter's gratitude for the timely warning she had provided. Though her warning didn't save his life or anything, it certainly gave him an opportunity to kill more corrupt heroes.

Without her timely message, Homelander and his tracking chip would be incinerated by now, and the team before him would have never arrived here.

As Maeve disappeared and the portal snapped shut behind her, the group began to realize the reason why Peter seemed to be expecting their arrival. Maeve, a trusted member of the Seven, had betrayed them.

Instantly, a chorus of curses erupted from Translucent's mouth, "I can't believe that b\*tch actually sold us out!" Maeve's act of treachery cast a shadow of mistrust among the already uneasy team.

Turning back to the group, Peter's smile widened. "Now, let's get down to business, shall we?" With that, he vanished in a blur of speed, reappearing beside Stormfront in mid-air.

Stormfront's eyes widened in shock as his fist collided with her stomach, sending her hurtling into the tree line. Trees splintered and crashed as she disappeared from view.

The remaining members of the Seven, Soldier Boy, Translucent, and Black Noir, watched in awe, disbelief, anxiety fear. Although they were briefed on Peter's abilities, and even shown video of him fighting, seeing it up close was an entirely different experience.

"What's the matter?" Peter asked as he landed a few meters in front of the group, his hands casually in his pockets. "I thought you guys came here to fight? What are you waiting for?"

## Chapter 588: Spare 2 & Kill the Rest...

Stormfront burst out of the tree line, blood dripping from her mouth, a manifestation of her injuries. Lightning danced around her body, a chaotic display of her electric power. With a feral growl, she charged towards Peter, fueled by a mix of grief and rage.

Two massive trees rose behind her, manipulated by her telekinesis. With a flick of her wrist, she hurled them forward, aiming to crush Peter beneath their colossal weight. The trees soared through the air, guided by Stormfront's sinister intent.

Yet, Peter, with a calm confidence, observed the incoming threat. Time seemed to slow as he effortlessly caught the first tree, muscles tensing with the minimal effort required. Swinging the captured tree, he expertly batted the second one away, redirecting the danger with a graceful motion.

Stormfront, undeterred, continued her airborne assault. As she soared toward him, Peter swung the tree once more, connecting with a satisfying impact. The electrified Stormfront was sent spinning through the air like a disoriented comet, a painful expression etched across her face.

As Stormfront flew away like a home run, Peter nonchalantly tossed the tree aside. His attention shifted to the remaining members of the Seven, Translucent, Black Noir, and Soldier Boy. The battlefield now brimmed with a tense atmosphere, each hero sizing up the other.

Peter, unscathed and eerily composed, faced the trio before him. "You know, there's actually two of you that I wouldn't mind sparing, but the rest of you are definitely going to die tonight." he remarked with a smirk, his hands casually returning to his pockets.

Soldier Boy seethed at Peter's words, seeing them as a clear disrespect to his strength. "Spare me? Are you out of your god damn mind?"

Meanwhile, Translucent and Black Noir exchanged uncertain glances, wondering which of them he was talking about...

Of course, Peter was talking about Black Noir and Soldier Boy.

...

First, Black Noir is perhaps the most feared member of The Seven, other than Homelander. He's often dispatched for his lethal combat skills, ruthlessness, near-indestructability and extraordinary strength.

While being completely ruthless towards his opponents, he appears to have a soft spot for innocent life, which was shown in the show. His compassion also extends to animals, which was always good to see.

But despite showing the capacity for compassion towards others, Noir has shown that he has no hesitation when it comes to using deadly force to take out targets or killing any witnesses that could pose as potential problems.

Of course, Peter didn't mind the ruthlessness toward his enemies, but innocent bystanders are a completely different story.

And of course, the Captain America knock off himself, Soldier Boy. The Soldier Boy that the world knows is a patriotic hero who represents the values of bravery, diligence, sacrifice and American exceptionalism, showing humility when congratulated for his feats in WW2.

In truth however, he is an arrogant, pompous and macho individual, but he still had some level of humility in his early days. Actually, he began as a man with noble intentions to protect and serve his country but later descended into villainy because of power.

In his childhood and youth, Soldier Boy was a troubled child. Disorganized, undisciplined and irresponsible. These were traits that severely disgusted his abusive father, who viewed him as nothing more or less than a simple disappointment and deemed him unworthy to carry the family name.

His father's treatment of him etched a profound mark on Soldier Boy's personality, haunting him throughout his life. The harshness and rejection from his own father, even after he became a world famous hero, left him bitter, shaping the man he is today.

He grew into an individual characterized by arrogance, callousness, and recklessness, projecting an air of masculine superiority.

...

Unluckily, things weren't looking so good for the rest of the squad. Stormfront and Translucent would die tonight since one of them is a Nazi who takes pleasure in murdering races of people that are not her own, just like how she killed an entire apartment building full of people in the show.

Meanwhile, the other is a pervert whom Peter's wife hates. 'Sorry, buddy, but you have to go too...' He was given the chance to run off and avoid Peter's attention, but sadly, he chose not to take it and came here.

'Noir and Soldier Boy technically deserve to die, but I wouldn't mind giving them another chance if they're really willing to change...' Peter thought as his spider senses suddenly started tingling.

Soldier Boy, affronted by Peter's declaration of sparing him, charged forward with his shield in hand. The rhythmic thud of his boots echoed in the tense atmosphere. With a roar, he swung his shield at Peter, aiming to strike him down with a display of brute force. However, Peter, seemingly unfazed, extended his hand, effortlessly stopping the attack in its tracks.

The sudden halt of the shield caught Soldier Boy off guard, disbelief etched across his face. Before he could process what happened, Peter swiftly disarmed him, pulling the shield from his grasp.

"Go take a seat, old man," Peter calmly suggested, his voice carrying a hint of mockery. With a swift motion, he delivered a resounding slap to Soldier Boy's face, sending him tumbling away, a mix of shock and humiliation on his features.

Turning to Black Noir, Peter raised an eyebrow. "You, too. Take a seat if you want to live," he advised, a tone of warning in his voice.

However, Black Noir, unwavering in his loyalty to Vought and his mission, ignored the command. With determination burning in his eyes, he unsheathed a sword from his back, ready to engage Peter in battle.

Peter, though respecting Noir's loyalty, found the situation more irritating than anything else. As Noir closed in, brandishing the sword, Peter couldn't help but frown. "Loyalty can be a real pain, you know?" he muttered to himself, preparing for Noir's attack.

Noir swung the sword with precision, but Peter, with a casual snap of his fingers, invoked a hint of magic. The steel of the sword transformed into a whimsical balloon animal sword, an absurd creation that any budget clown could fashion in seconds. The balloon sword, devoid of any threat, collided harmlessly with Peter, who stood there unscathed.

Peter looked at the bewildered Black Noir and sighed. "You're making this harder than it needs to be." He gestured for Noir to wait with Soldier Boy, who was slowly picking himself up from the ground after the earlier attack.

Reluctantly, Black Noir walked off, joining Soldier Boy on the sidelines. Though Soldier Boy didn't look like he would be standing still for long, his entire being seething in rage as his chest began to glow in a bright yellow light.

"Oh, that's not good..." Peter muttered, though his demeanor didn't change much, seemingly unworried.

During his captivity, Russian scientists performed an experiment on Soldier Boy that included inserting radioactive material into his body. This caused him to emit high levels of radiation from that point on. Now, whenever he's overwhelmed, this new radioactive power goes haywire, releasing a deadly explosion of radiation.

Seeing that an explosion was imminent, Peter calmly prepared to contain the potential catastrophe. However, before he could act, Translucent, realizing he wasn't among those Peter planned to spare, seized the opportunity.

Turning invisible and discarding his clothes, Translucent circled around to Peter's back, attempting to gain the upper hand. With a swift, nearly silent movement, he reached out to twist Peter's neck. However, just before his unseen fingers could make contact, a groan of annoyance echoed in the air.

Peter, without even turning around, reached back, piercing his hand through Translucent's chest. The invisible hero's eyes widened in surprise, his attempt thwarted by Peter's acute senses and reflexes.

"I'm a bit busy right now," Peter remarked casually, his tone dismissive. With a quick motion, he tossed Translucent aside, ripping his heart out in the process. The invisible hero's form lay discarded, slowly dying as his powers deactivated, turning visible once again just as the life left his eyes.

With Translucent out of the picture, Peter focused on Soldier Boy, who was on the verge of unleashing a deadly explosion of radiation. Understanding the urgency of the situation, Peter swiftly formed a golden Eldritch energy bubble-like shield around Soldier Boy. The shield contained the imminent explosion as it erupted, preventing the deadly radiation from spreading.

The field around them shimmered with golden energy as the shield held firm. Peter maintained his composure, his expression unchanged, despite the perilous circumstances. The explosion's force rattled the shield, but it stood strong against the destructive power within.

Black Noir, who stood fairly close to Soldier Boy, watch the shield appear and save his life. He couldn't help but turn to Peter, a thankful expression hidden under his mask.

As the explosion subsided, the golden shield dissipated, revealing Soldier Boy, who had passed out cold after unleashing all of his built up energy, falling to the ground with a light thud.

"Looks like you're not dying tonight at least," Peter remarked, his tone indifferent. He turned away from Soldier Boy, his attention shifting to the spark covered figure that was currently shooting across the sky, headed in his direction.

Stormfront, fueled by a maelstrom of electricity, charged at Peter with frenzied determination. Bolts of lightning crackled around her, forming a dazzling yet deadly display of power. However, Peter effortlessly evaded her strikes, like a leaf in the wind.

Their confrontation played out in a symphony of sparks and instantaneous movements, but Stormfront found herself unable to land a single hit on Peter. He weaved through her attacks with swift finesse, turning her own onslaught against her, as she began to grow exhausted.

"Stand still, Coward!" She exclaimed, tired and angry.

Growing bored with the fruitless battle, Peter disappeared in a burst of speed, leaving Stormfront momentarily bewildered. Before she could react, Peter reappeared behind her in a blink, a blur of motion. "Enjoy hell, Nazi trash." In one swift motion, he extended his hand, a blade of pure energy forming with a celestial glow. With a decisive swipe, Stormfront's head parted from her body.

The electrified villain fell to the ground alongside her severed head, a puddle of crimson staining the once green grass beneath them. The noise and commotion of battle now reduced to an eerie stillness.



With Stormfront defeated, Peter conjured a phoenix flame in his hand. The ethereal fire danced with vibrant hues as he moved toward the fallen bodies. In a sweeping motion, he let the phoenix flame consume the remains, leaving nothing but ashes in its wake.

Translucent, Homelander, and Stormfront all disappeared as if they never existed in the first place.

Turning to Black Noir, who stood nearby, Peter's expression remained composed. "Pick up Soldier Boy. We're leaving," he ordered, his tone brooking no argument.

Black Noir, silently acknowledging the command, approached the unconscious Soldier Boy. With a strength that matched his imposing figure, he lifted Soldier Boy's inert form, cradling him in his arms.

Peter, leading the way, waved his hand, creating a swirling portal of cosmic energy. The edges of reality seemed to warp around the portal as it opened, revealing a passage to another place.

Without a word, Peter gestured for Black Noir to follow. They stepped into the portal, disappearing from the moonlit battlefield. The passage closed behind them, leaving only the echoes of the clash and the scent of burnt remnants in the night air.

## Chapter 589: Black Noir

Returning to Becca Butcher's house alongside Black Noir and the unconscious Soldier Boy, Peter gestured to Noir to place the Captain America knock-off on the couch.

The swirling portal they arrived through closed behind them, leaving the moonlit night undisturbed. Sensing that everyone in the house was asleep, including Maeve, who seemed to be in one of the guest rooms, Peter cautioned Noir to be quiet as they navigated through the darkened living room.

'I thought they would be awake...' Peter was sure that at least Billy and Maeve would wait up to learn what happened, but that didn't seem to be the case. 'Maybe MJ put them to sleep because they were being annoying?'

Entering the kitchen, Peter began rummaging through the fridge, searching for sustenance. The hunger that had been gnawing at him became apparent.

"Hope you're hungry. Because I'm starving," Peter said, pulling out ingredients to prepare a simple meal. "Hopefully, Becca won't mind us stealing some of her food..."

Black Noir, unsure of what to do with himself, followed Peter into the kitchen after dropping Soldier Boy on the couch. He contemplated the recent events, grateful that Peter had spared his life. A small part of him, however, lingered with the notion of finding an opportunity to strike back, to return to Vought's service. But deep down, he sensed the futility of challenging the seemingly indomitable force that stood before him.

As Peter began cooking, Noir stood awkwardly to the side, observing the efficient movements of the man who had just effortlessly defeated the Seven. The aroma of food filled the kitchen, yet Noir hesitated to engage or even move out of place, for fear of angering Peter.

Peter, sensing Noir's uncertainty, turned and looked at him. "Take off the mask and set the table. Our late dinner will be ready soon," he suggested, his tone casual yet commanding. "Oh, and wash your hands..."

Black Noir hesitated, then reluctantly removed his mask, revealing the scars that marred half of his face. Old burns and a damaged eye came clearly into view. Peter, focused on cooking, showed no visible reaction to Noir's disfigurement.

[Insert picture of Black Noir's face here]

Of course, Peter watched the show so he knew what happened to Black Noir. Before Soldier Boy was captured by the Russians, he managed to pin Black Noir's face to the hood of a burning Jeep and bashed his head in with his shield, severely damaging and even removing a part of Black Noir's brain, leaving him brain damaged and scarred forever.

"Though he did betray Soldier Boy in the first place..." Peter thought, though he also knew the reason why Black Noir and the rest of Soldier Boy's old team betrayed him...

Soldier Boy treated them like trash, abusing his authority as their leader to do whatever he wanted, even playing with their lives.

As the food was swiftly finished, Peter took two plates and swiftly served the meal. "Nothing fancy, just a quick pasta," he remarked, sitting down and motioning to the chair across from him. "Sit." He ordered, and Noir did as he was told.

Peter started eating, but Noir remained hesitant, unable to comprehend the abrupt shift from fierce combat to this shared meal. The awkward silence lingered until Peter, looking up from his plate, broke it. "Eat. We've got things to discuss," he said, the veneer of affability momentarily giving way to a more serious demeanor.

Startled, Noir picked up his fork and began to eat, unsure of the direction this was going. Truthfully, this entire situation was beginning to scare Noir. Peter was being far too nice, which was a polar opposite to what he witnessed just moments ago.

As they sat down to eat, Peter finally started talking. Between bites of pasta, he attempted to engage Black Noir in conversation, realizing that the man before him had been shrouded in mystery. "So, Noir, tell me about yourself?" Peter asked, his tone casual but genuinely curious.

Noir remained silent, offering no verbal response to Peter's inquiry. "..."

"Can you talk?" Peter questioned, acknowledging the ambiguity that surrounded Noir's ability to communicate.

In the show, Noir's brain damage seemed to impact his ability to speak. Although some fans believed that he could speak but just chose not to, his current silence seemed to disprove that.

A subtle shake of the head from Noir was all the response Peter needed. It was a revelation that he expected. As Peter continued his meal, he contemplated whether he should heal him or not. 'Can I even heal a brain injury?' The scars and the eye would be easy, but the brain was a much more complicated organ.

Finishing his food, Peter set down his fork and looked directly at Noir. The question that followed caught the battle-hardened hero off guard. "Would you like to talk again?" Peter asked, his gaze steady.

Noir sat still for a moment, the unexpected question sinking in. Confusion clouded his scarred features, but as Peter repeated himself, Noir jolted from his shocked stupor and hesitantly nodded. The prospect of regaining his voice seemed both improbable and surreal.

"Stay still," Peter instructed, a serious undertone in his voice. As he waved his hand, intricate golden spell circles materialized in front of him. Noir watched with a mix of fascination and apprehension as the spell circles completed their formation and shot towards him.

Before Noir could react, the spell held him in place, rooting him to the chair. Panic flickered in his eyes, a silent plea for reassurance. Peter, undeterred, snapped his fingers, conjuring a mirror on the table before Noir. The reflective surface showcased the spell's transformative work, a golden light enveloping Noir's scarred visage.

As minutes passed, Noir witnessed a miraculous change. The scars that adorned his face vanished, leaving smooth, unblemished skin in their wake. Even the cloudy, damaged eye underwent a transformation, gradually reverting to its original state. The spell's healing touch extended beyond the visible, mending the unseen wounds within Noir's brain, regrow the part of his lost brain.

[Insert picture of Noirs original face here]

As the golden glow faded, Peter released the spell's hold on Noir. The mute hero sat there, speechless, as the reality of the transformation settled in. "This is me?" Noir thought, shocked by his own reflection.

Staring at his reflection in the mirror, Black Noir couldn't believe what he was seeing. His once scarred and damaged face had transformed into perfection. The smooth skin felt unfamiliar under his fingertips as he cautiously explored the features that had haunted him for years. An accidental poke to his once-damaged eye confirmed the reality of the change, leaving him both astonished and relieved.

As realization dawned, Noir's eyes welled up with tears. He couldn't comprehend the miraculous healing that had taken place. The burden of scars, both physical and emotional, seemed to lift, replaced by a renewed sense of self. The tears escaped, tracing paths down his cheeks, as he beheld the unfamiliar yet welcome reflection before him.

To Noir, his face being destroyed all those years ago was a heavy blow, especially since he always wanted to be a movie star. Noir wasn't always the silent Ninja-like hero, who lived only for the job.

But sadly, he was never able to accomplish that dream.

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Early in his career as a hero, he was forced to conceal his face due to his race, in order to make him more marketable. Of course, he hated wearing the mask and hiding himself from the world, which is why he tried to resist, but that didn't go well either.

One attempt to break out as an unconcealed star was to audition for the movie Beverly Hills Cop, but due to Soldier Boy's interference, he lost his role to Eddie Murphy.

Of course, Noir confronted his leader about this, to which Soldier Boy beat him in retaliation. That day, he told the bloodied and beaten Noir that he would be the only star on the team, and that if any other team member attempted to outshine him, he would kill them, fueling Noir and the teams resentment for him.

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Turning towards Peter, Noir's voice struggled to break free after decades of silence. The first words he spoke were hesitant, the sound hoarse from disuse, yet the gratitude within them resonated profoundly. "Th-thank you," Noir stuttered, the weight of his unspoken gratitude carried by those two simple words.

After all, Peter gave him back the opportunity to fulfill his dream.

For the first time in years, Noir heard the sound of his own voice. The reality of being able to communicate again overwhelmed him, and his eyes widened with astonishment. The echo of his hoarse, unfamiliar voice seemed like a distant memory brought back to life. The tears continued to flow, a mixture of relief, disbelief, and the release of pent-up emotions.

As the words settled in the air, Noir struggled to contain the overwhelming surge of emotions. His chest tightened with a mix of vulnerability and newfound liberation. Speaking after years of silence had unleashed a floodgate of feelings that had long been suppressed. The tears, once an impossibility for the stoic hero, now flowed freely, marking the release of all the pain he's had to endure.

Peter, witnessing Noir's emotional state, nodded, a small smile on his face as he stood up. "You're very welcome." He said as he picked up the dirty dishes and walked over to sink. "Now come over here and dry these dishes as I wash them. We don't want to be bad guests after all."

## Chapter 590: Ryan's Training Begins

The next morning arrived with a gentle glow on the horizon as the sun began its ascent. In the quiet stillness of the Butcher household, everyone remained asleep, unaware of the unfolding events. Ryan Butcher, however, stirred awake in his bed, a sense of disorientation lingering from his meeting with his father and subsequent awakening of his powers.

Eager to make sense of the situation, as he hadn't fully realized that he awakened superpowers, Ryan leaped out of bed, his enthusiasm skyrocketing as he thought of his new father. 'He didn't leave, did he?'

Rushing to the door, Ryan gripped the doorknob with what he believed was ordinary strength. However, as his hand squeezed the metal knob, a loud clanking sound was heard as he inadvertently shattered it. Shocked by what happened, Ryan accidentally pulled backwards, breaking the entire door off of its hinges.

"W-What...?" Ryan muttered as he released the door, sending it crashing to the floor.

Panicking at the sudden display of power, Ryan's heightened senses began to play tricks on him. Sounds from the surrounding neighborhood bombarded his ears, an overwhelming symphony of sprinklers, car engines, alarm clocks, and just about anything else created a disorienting whirlwind that overwhelmed his senses.

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Downstairs, Peter, who just finished the dishes with Black Noir, patiently waited for Soldier Boy to wake up. He knew that sleeping was pointless at this point. By the time he went to sleep, everyone would be waking up, not to mention Soldier Boy, who would no doubt cause trouble upon his awakening.

However, as Peter was hanging around with Noir, his enhanced senses suddenly picked up the growing chaos emanating from Ryan's room. Recognizing the urgency, he swiftly rose from his seat, leaving Noir behind.

Bounding up the stairs with agility, Peter reached Ryan's room just in time to witness the bewildered young man grappling with his uncontrollable abilities, his eyes beginning to glow with the tell tale signs of heat vision once again.

Recognizing the signs of a potential disaster, Peter wasted no time. He raised his hands, conjuring a calming spell to pacify the tumultuous storm within Ryan's mind.

As the spell took effect, Ryan felt a soothing wave wash over him, alleviating the panic and confusion that had gripped his senses. Simultaneously, his unbridled powers subsided, allowing him to regain control for the time being. The room, once filled with the remnants of an unintentional rampage, began to settle.

Breathing heavily, Ryan looked at Peter with a mix of gratitude and bewilderment. "Who... who are you? What's happening to me?" he stammered, still trying to comprehend the sudden emergence of powers beyond his understanding.

"I'm Peter, and you..." Peter, wearing a reassuring smile, spoke, his voicing taking an English tilt to it. "You're a wizard, Harry."

"I'm a what?" Ryan asked back before he realized what Peter was quoting. "Hey! This isn't Harry Potter and my name is Ryan."

"Oh, my bad. Wrong universe." Helping Ryan steady himself, Peter guided him to a chair. "First things first, take a deep breath. Your powers might be a bit overwhelming at first, but we'll get them under control."

Ryan took a breath before looking up at Peter. "What do you mean powers?" He asked before realization struck once again. "Wait! Do... do I have superpowers? Am I a superhero?!"

Sitting beside Ryan, who was practically bouncing in his seat right now, Peter nodded his head. "Yup, congratulations, Ryan. You get to live every kids dream."

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As the realization of his newfound powers settled in, Ryan's eyes widened with a mix of excitement and confusion. Sitting across from him, Peter adopted a serious demeanor, understanding the importance of addressing the situation at hand.

"Alright, Ryan," Peter began, leaning forward. "I know this might feel like a dream come true, but having superpowers is no joke. It comes with an inherent responsibility, a responsibility to keep your powers under control. I'm not going to sit here and tell you that you have to use your powers for good, because truthfully, that's your choice. But what you have to do is keep yourself under control so you don't hurt yourself or anyone around you."

Ryan, still processing the magnitude of his abilities, looked at Peter with a mix of curiosity and apprehension. "What do you mean?" he asked, his voice tinged with a hint of nervousness.

Peter took a deep breath, choosing his words carefully. "These powers of yours can be incredibly dangerous if you can't control them. You could accidentally hurt people, even those you care about, including your mom."

After all, this is the Boys universe, so anything could happen. Accidental deaths due to unchecked superpowered individuals was a regular occurrence in this world. Ryan had to be careful or else he might just do something that he'd regret for the rest of his life.

Concern flickered in Ryan's eyes as he absorbed Peter's words. The gravity of the situation began to sink in, and Peter could see the weight of responsibility settling on the young man's shoulders.

"I don't want to scare you," Peter continued, softening his tone. "But it's crucial to understand that these powers aren't just toys for you to play around with, nor do they make you better than anyone else. You're not invincible, and your actions can have serious consequences."

Ryan nodded, a mix of determination and uncertainty in his expression. "I get it. But how do I control them? How do I make sure I don't accidentally hurt anyone?"

Peter offered a reassuring smile. "Training yourself to understand and harness your powers will take time and practice. But I can help you get started. The same thing that you're currently going through happened to be when I awakened my powers."



Ryan's eyes widened as his mind registered what Oeter just said. "You... you have powers too?!"

Peter smirked as he nodded his head. "Yeah, want to see something cool?" He asked, receiving an excited nod in return. "Alright, watch this..."

Turning to the destroyed doorway, Peter snapped his fingers. Before Ryan's shocked and awed eyes, time seemed to reverse as the door on the floor levitated before puzzling itself back into place. But that wasn't all, Ryan watched as the door mended back together, fixing itself in a matter of seconds.

"Cool, huh?" Peter smirked.

"Was that magic?!" Ryan exclaimed, rushing up to the door and rubbing his little hands all over it, inspecting it with a smile plastered on his face.

"Yes, but even magic can be dangerous, just like your powers. But once you learn how to control them, you don't have to worry anymore." Peter said, turning serious once again. "Are you ready to start learning control?"

As Peter spoke, he could see the wheels turning in Ryan's mind. The weight of responsibility mingled with the excitement of being a superhero. "I don't want anyone to get hurt because of me," Ryan admitted, a sincerity in his voice that touched Peter. "I'm ready!"

"That's the right attitude," Peter affirmed. "Now, go get ready. I'll meet you downstairs for your first day of training." He said as he made his way to the door. "Don't keep me waiting for too long, or else I'll have to run extra laps..."

As Peter left, Ryan couldn't help but shiver in fear at Peter's threat. Although running laps didn't sound too bad, especially since he has superpowers, it seemed like it would be more than just normal laps.

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A couple of hours later, Soldier Boy groggily stirred from his slumber, the recollection of his recent encounter with Peter echoing in his mind. As the fog of sleep slowly lifted, he couldn't shake the memory of Peter effortlessly defeating him as well as his sudden explosion. Before he could delve deeper into his thoughts, the sounds of a commotion reached his ears.

Navigating the unfamiliar household, Soldier Boy followed the clamor until he stepped into the backyard. There, he found a young boy, Ryan, maneuvering through what appeared to be a military-style obstacle course. Peter, standing on the sidelines, barked orders like a drill sergeant, urging Ryan through each challenge. "Pick up the pace! We don't have all day! Do you want to do another 10 laps or what?!"

Soldier Boy observed in surprise as the boy exhibited superhuman speed, effortlessly leaping over obstacles that would pose a challenge even to seasoned soldiers. The agility and strength displayed hinted at powers beyond the ordinary.

Confusion settled in as Soldier Boy noticed peculiar markings covering Ryan's skin. Unbeknownst to him, these markings were a gravity-altering spell, enhancing Ryan's training to a level beyond the capabilities of a normal obstacle course. Peter, with his deep understanding of powers, had woven this magical element into the training regimen.

Soon enough, his attention shifted to Black Noir, standing beside Peter with his mask removed. Soldier Boy's eyes widened in disbelief as he saw Noir's face miraculously healed. The scars and burns that Soldier Boy distinctly remembered inflicting on Noir seemed to have vanished, leaving behind unblemished skin.

Before Soldier Boy could unravel the mystery further, Peter blew a whistle, signaling the end of Ryan's training session. "That's it for today. Good job, kid. You did far better than I thought you would. Your mom and dad will be proud." With a snap of his fingers, Peter lifted the gravity-altering spell from Ryan's body, allowing the boy to return to a normal state.

Turning around, Peter waved at Soldier Boy with a casual greeting, as if he knew he was there the entire time. "Yo, good morning, my little suicide bomber. Did you sleep well?"