

Spider-Man 601

Chapter 601: Home, Sweet Home

Holding the three-year-old Leo in his arms, Peter couldn't help but notice the distress in the child's bright blue eyes. Confused, he asked, "Hey, buddy, what's wrong? Why are you so upset?"

Leo, in his high emotional state and limited vocabulary, managed only two words, his tiny voice trembling, "Don't leave..."

Peter furrowed his brows in confusion, trying to decipher the meaning behind Leo's plea. Before he could inquire further, MJ walked into the room, a look on her face that said 'I told you this would happen.'

Leo clung to Peter a bit tighter, repeating his plea, "Don't leave me..."

Peter sighed, looking up at MJ, who wore a 'know-it-all' expression, which made Peter want to knock her upside the head. "I tried to calm him down, but it seems he'll only listen to you."

Ignoring MJ for the time being, Peter focused on Leo, asking gently, "Leo, why do you think we're leaving you?"

Leo's eyes welled up with tears as he looked at Peter, his voice shaky, "Ryan said..."

Realization dawned on Peter. Leo thought they were leaving him behind when they returned home. Peter exchanged a knowing glance with MJ, who leaned against the wall, enjoying the heartfelt moment as if she was watching a movie.

Sighing to himself, Peter decided to address the situation head-on. "Leo, would you like to come with us when we leave?" He avoided the word 'adoption' for now, as he knew it was a conversation they needed to have privately beforehand.

Leo's eyes lit up, tears transforming into a glimmer of hope as he nodded vigorously. This was exactly what he wanted, to stay with Peter, where he felt safe.

Peter couldn't help but smirk as he patted Leo on the head. "Good, because I was planning to take you with us from the beginning. Remember, I only told Ryan that I was leaving, not you." He glanced up at MJ, who watched with an approving smile on her face.

"Huh?" Leo seemed to realize that he was never going to be left behind in the first place, which brought a small smile to his tiny face.

As Leo clung to Peter, the three-year-old's distress began to dissipate, replaced by a newfound sense of security. Peter couldn't deny the warmth that spread through him, realizing that he was about to embark on a journey of unexpected parenthood... again.

With Leo now part of their makeshift family, Peter couldn't help but ponder the dynamics that would unfold. MJ, undoubtedly, had seen this coming, and Peter braced himself for the inevitable 'I told you so' that would come his way.

"..." Looking up at MJ, Peter could see her itching to say those exact words. "Just say it already so I don't have to hear it later..." He sighed in annoyance as she smirked.

"I told you so~" MJ smirked, savoring the moment like a fine wine.

"Ugh..." Peter grunted as if he were physically wounded by her words.

With Leo set to join them, MJ and Peter began to pack up their belongings in preparation to head home. Originally planning to explore one more universe during their honeymoon, the addition of Leo altered their plans, leading them to decide to end their inter-dimensional adventure a bit earlier than expected.

'Meh, it's fine.' Peter wasn't too disappointed. 'I've been missing everyone at home anyway.'

As they gathered their things, Peter and MJ took the time to bid farewell to everyone who had become a part of their unique journey, Billy, Becca, Ryan, Black Noir, Maeve, Starlight, and Soldier Boy. Hugs were exchanged, promises of keeping in touch made, and memories of their time together lingered in the air.

Of course, Soldier Boy, being the manly man that he is, didn't participate in the farewells. Though with a quick bit of telepathy, Peter could see that he was sad to see them go.

Amidst the goodbyes, Black Noir stepped forward, a solemn expression on his face. He turned to Peter, his gratitude evident in his eyes. "I owe you more than you realize, which is why I'd like to come with you. Not only did you heal my face, but I can even think straight and talk again. So, if you'll have me, I'd like to go with you and repay my debt."

Peter, reluctant to take another person with them, shook his head. "No need, Noir. I helped you because it was the right thing to do. You don't need to repay me."

But Black Noir remained persistent, bowing his head toward Peter. "I insist. Please allow me to accompany you. I want to repay you in any way I can." It seems like Peter's kind refusal only fueled Noir's passion to join him.

Knowing Noir's intentions were sincere, Peter sighed in reluctant agreement. "Fine, you can join us. Just pick your head up already. You're making me feel weird..."

"Yes, sir." Noir picked up his head and walked over to Peter, standing beside him like an attentive butler.

With their goodbyes said, and with Black Noir now added to their unexpected entourage, Peter, MJ, Leo, and Noir stepped into Peter's Tardis-like ship. The door closed behind them, sealing shut as Noir froze at the sight inside.

Peter smirked as he heard Noir speak his favorite words, "It's bigger on the inside..."

Leo nodded, gazing around the ship in awe and curiosity, "Big..."

"Cool, huh?" Peter smirked as he started flipping some switches before finally, the ship was ready for departure. "Time to head home." He said, flipping the last switch.

Instantly, the ship hummed to life as it began to fade in and out of existence, shocking everyone who stood outside. Before their surprised eyes, the ship disappeared, taking its passengers with it.

Arriving at their destination, Peter noticed an odd reading on the control panel of the ship. Although the multiverse coordinates matched his home universe, the readings he was getting didn't exactly add up, which began to worry him.

"What's wrong?" MJ asked, picking up on Peter's sudden change of attitude.

Peter shook his head. "Nothing, just stay here for a second..." He said as he stepped out of the ship, closing the door behind him just in case.

The space around him was pitch black, devoid of any distinguishable features. 'Okay, this definitely isn't my universe...' He thought curiously.

Walking a few steps forward, Peter suddenly stopped as he caught sight of a hooded figure standing ahead. The figure resembled a grim reaper, minus the scythe. Its presence alone seemed to overwhelm Peter, rooting him in place, unable to move.

Before he could utter a word, the hooded figure, with an otherworldly voice, spoke, "Congratulations on gathering my Hallows. I would have shown myself earlier, but I didn't want to interrupt your honeymoon." The otherworldly being seemed to stare into Peter's soul, a hint of amusement radiating from it. "I see you've adopted another child. How noble of you..."

As the being spoke, the wand, cloak, and stone from the Harry Potter universe came flying out of Peter's storage necklace.

Surprised, as Peter has already tested the Hallows, only to find them to be nothing more than ordinary objects. He stared at the reaper before him and asked, "So, does this make me your master now?"

The reaper laughed, a deep, echoing sound that reverberated in the vast darkness. "No, but you certainly have my attention... Who knows, you might make a good inheritor..." He said as he began to slowly disappear. "I'll be watching, and we'll certainly meet again, Spider-Man..."

"That's not creepy at all..." Peter commented sarcastically as the reaper slowly faded away, its last words lingered in the air.

Left alone in the dark void, Peter suddenly found himself standing in his own living room with his ship parked behind him. MJ, growing curious, peeked her head out of the ship, asking, "Is everything alright, Peter?" She asked, noticing her husband just standing there in a daze.

Before he could answer, a small blur raced into the room when suddenly Peter was tackled to the ground by two little girls. Excitement sparkled in her eyes as she exclaimed, "Daddy! You're home!" Lily exclaims.

"D-Dad... You're home!" America, on the other hand, tried to say the same words as Lily, but was too embarrassed.

A mixture of surprise and joy swept over Peter as he embraced his two daughters. "Hey there. Missed me, huh?" He smirked, clearly happy to see them.

Lily and America nodded vigorously, her brown curls bouncing. "Yep!"

Peter chuckled, ruffling their hair as he climbed back to his feet. "Where are your Granny's?"

"We're right here." Aunt May spoke as she and Grace walked out of the kitchen.

"Welcome back. How was your-" Grace and everyone else froze as the door to the ship opened and Leo's small figure stepped out.

Leo stepped out of the ship, his eyes widening as he saw everyone looking at him. "... " without a word he rushed to Peter, hiding behind his leg.

In an instant, he had won over the room with his shy cuteness, peaking out from behind Peter like a scared kitten.

Peter grinned, bending down to pick Leo up. "Everyone, this is Leo..."

Chapter 602: Settling In

In the warm embrace of their living room, Peter held Leo in his arms as he introduced him to the rest of the family, minus the Ancient One, who didn't seem to be home at the moment. "...this is Leo."

Lily and America, his two daughters, were quick to surround Leo, their curiosity evident in their bright eyes. Grace and May, acting as the grandmothers they were, couldn't resist the allure of Leo's cute chubby cheeks.

"Look at this sweet little angel!" Grace cooed, reaching out to gently stroke Leo's hair. May, sharing the sentiment, added, "He's adorable. Where did you find this precious child, Peter?"

Peter chuckled, exchanging a glance with MJ. "Long story, but Leo's going to be staying with us now." Leo clung to Peter, casting worried glances around the room, unused to so many foreign faces. "Leo, this is my Aunt May, MJ's mother, Grace, and my daughters, Lily and America..."

Although everyone was friendly and downright loving towards Leo, the boy himself quickly found himself overwhelmed by everything, choosing to hide his face in Peter's neck.

MJ sighed as she explained, "Don't mind him. Leo's not very good with people other than Peter. I've had to fight and bribe my way into his heart, but I'm still second place..."

"Which might as well be last place~" Peter smirked, enjoying the fact that he was Leo's favorite.

"Tsk..." MJ clicked her tongue in annoyance.

...

As the girls tried to drag Leo off to play, so that they could question him away from prying eyes, Leo remained close to Peter, hesitant to explore beyond his side. Peter noticed Leo's apprehension and knelt down to his eye level. "Leo, buddy, I'm not going anywhere, okay? You can go play with Lily and America. They're my daughters so they'll be nice to you..." he said, looking over at the girls and receiving nods from both of them. "I'll be right here."

Leo's eyes widened, searching Peter's face for reassurance. Satisfied with Peter's words, he cautiously joined the girls as they ran up the stairs, a small smile appearing on his face.

With the kids occupied, Grace and May seized the opportunity to bombard Peter with questions, their grandmotherly instincts in full swing. "So... I was planning to ask about your honeymoon, but now, I just want to know about Leo. Where'd you find him? Why's he so attached to you? And... are

you adopting him?" May inquired, her eyes gleaming with curiosity, especially during her last question.

Peter exchanged a glance with MJ before revealing the unexpected twist. "Well, we found found him in the last universe we visited, which is why we came back early. He's attached to me because I'm better than MJ, Lily and America just haven't realized it yet..." MJ scoffs and rolls her eyes. "And yes, we plan to adopt him. We just need to talk to the girls about it. which is why we came back a bit early."

"Which universe? Do we know it?" Grace asked, knowing that they were hoping to travel to fictional worlds.

"The boys." Peter reveals, surprising both Grace and May. "The TV show, to be specific."

Silence hung in the air as both Grace and May processed this revelation. Grace finally broke the quietude with a gasp. "He... He's Homelander isn't he?" She asked, recalling his childlike appearance from the show.

May, equally stunned, added, "You've got to be kidding me..."

MJ couldn't help but ask, "Am I the only one in here who hasn't seen this show?" As everyone nodded, she made a mental note to binge the Boys later tonight.

Grace, fear written all over her face, turned back to Peter. "How could you bring him here? What if he hurts the girls?" She said, growing more antsy by the second.

Peter held up his hand, trying to calm the two grannies. "He needed a family. We're giving him a chance at a normal life." Peter explained. "And he's not Homelander, per se."

Both May and Grace stared at Peter in confusion. "What the hell does that mean?" May asks.

Peter explains, "He's a clone that Vought was keeping as a sort of backup just in case Homelander died or went rogue." He explained, but that didn't seem to calm them very much. "You have nothing to worry about. Leo is nothing like Homelander, I'm sure of it."

"How can you be sure though?" Grace asks, clearly scared.

'This is how...' Peter transmitted his voice into all of their minds, surprising the two grannies. 'I used telepathy to see his entire life. He's a good kid, though he does have problems, his abandonment issues being the most serious of the bunch.'

And just as Peter told them this, as if to prove his point, the pitter-patter of small feet could be heard. Turning their heads, everyone watched as Leo walked halfway down the stairs, peaking his head around the railing to check if Peter was still there before rushing back upstairs.

"So cute..." May and Grace muttered simultaneously, completely forgetting about all of their worries.

As Leo rushed back upstairs, the girls eagerly surrounded him, curiosity sparkling in their eyes. Lily, clearly eager to have another kid in the house, couldn't wait to know more. "Leo, where are you from? Do you have parents?"

Leo, still adjusting to the multitude of questions, answered in his limited vocabulary. "No... no parents..." His tiny voice carried a hint of sadness, a glimpse into the lonely existence he had experienced.

America, always the straightforward one, asked, "Are Mom and Dad adopting you?"

"Adopt?" Leo asked, having never heard this word before in his life.

"Like..." America tries to think of a way to explain, but thankfully, Lily comes to her rescue. "If they adopt you, you would become their son, and they would become your mom and dad."

Leo's eyes widened, a glimmer of hope appearing. He had no answer, as he didn't know about this until now, but if Peter were to adopt him, he would certainly accept. In fact, it would be the best thing that ever happened to him. Maybe even better than the day he met Peter.

Lily chimed in, "America was adopted too! Our parents are the best, Leo. You should ask them to adopt you, I'm sure they would agree." She beamed, hoping to reassure Leo that being adopted was a wonderful thing.

Leo's eyes lit up, a small smile forming on his face. The idea of having a family, especially one with Peter in it, filled him with joy. The anticipation of being adopted by Peter made his heart race.

However, before Leo could revel in the joy of potential adoption, America, with good intentions but unintentional bluntness, added, "But if they don't adopt you, Leo, don't worry. Maybe they'll find someone else to adopt you." Leo's hopeful expression quickly shifted to one of dismay.

The innocent words struck a chord within Leo, triggering his deep-seated fear of abandonment. The idea of being adopted by anyone other than Peter suddenly felt unbearable.

America, oblivious to Leo's internal turmoil, continued with a warm smile, "There are lots of nice families out there. We want you to have a family, Leo." Lily nodded in agreement, echoing her sister's sentiments.

Leo, however, couldn't shake off the fear that if he wasn't adopted by Peter, he'd rather remain alone. The thought of being passed on to someone else felt like a fate worse than hell.

Meanwhile, as Peter, MJ, and Leo stepped out of the ship, Black Noir remained inside, waiting patiently for Peter to signal that it was okay to leave. The commitment to serve Peter, a debt he felt deeply, bound Noir to follow Peter's orders without question.

Time passed slowly for Noir as minutes turned into hours. The ship's interior became a quiet space, making him wonder if Peter had forgotten about him. The uncertainty grew, and Noir, with a hint of hesitation, decided to approach the door.

As he reached out to open it, a sudden popping sound echoed through the ship, and a hand appeared, slapping his own away. Surprised, Noir looked down to see an angry-looking elf standing before him. It was Dobby, who didn't look nearly as happy or carefree as he usually was.

Dobby scolded Noir sternly, his high-pitched voice filled with disapproval. "Master says to wait! You wants to be a good elf like Dobby? Then you's must follow master's orders!" The elf's large, round eyes glared up at Noir, emphasizing the severity of the situation.

Noir, unfamiliar with Dobby and the peculiar dynamics of elves, couldn't help but feel a mixture of shock and confusion. 'This might be the most racist thing anyone has ever said to me...'

Dobby continued his lecture, emphasizing the importance of following the master's orders to be a good elf. Noir listened, absorbing the information and processing the unexpected turn of events. His initial excitement and wonder about serving Peter had taken a bizarre turn, leaving him in a situation he hadn't anticipated.

In the midst of Dobby's scolding, Noir couldn't help but wonder if volunteering for Peter's service was actually the right thing to do. The surreal encounter with the angry and bossy elf raised more questions than answers, leaving Noir with a newfound apprehension.

With a sigh, Noir resigned himself to the strange reality before him. He decided to wait patiently, planning to ask Peter about this weird creatures terminology when he comes back.

Going to sleep that night beside his beautiful wife, Peter could finally relax. He had spent most of the day making sure Leo felt at home, which included turning a guest room into his bedroom because Peter refused to continue the sleeping arrangement where Leo c*ck blocks him by sleeping with him and MJ.

Peter also had to have an awkward conversation with Noir, who was confused by Dobby's terminology. Of course, he understood after some explaining, which made him quite sad for Dobby and his race, who are pretty much natural born slaves.

In the end, Peter simply told him not to worry about it, as he would be treating Dobby very well. As for Noir, he was given a guest room for the time being until Peter could find a place for him.

As Peter falls asleep, MJ already sleeping peacefully in his arms, suddenly, time seems to blur as his consciousness drifts away.

In the vast emptiness of the void, Peter's surroundings faded into darkness. The weight of the day's events lifted momentarily, replaced by an eerie calm. Beside him, MJ continued to sleep soundly, unaware of the unfolding dreamscape.

Abruptly, the familiar figure of the grim reaper materialized before Peter. Its skeletal features were obscured in the shadows, yet its presence exuded an otherworldly authority.

"Yo, I told you we'd meet again," the Reaper declared, using Peter's patented greeting against him.

Chapter 603: Deaths Successor?!

In the realm of dreams, Peter found himself standing once again in the presence of the mysterious Grim Reaper. Annoyance etched across his face, Peter sighed, realizing that peaceful slumber was not on the agenda tonight.

"Yo, I told you we'd meet again," the Reaper greeted, a hint of amusement in its skeletal voice. "Though, I'm sure you didn't think it would be this soon, did you?"

Peter, unable to resist his sassy nature, retorted, "Can't a guy catch a break and dream about something nice for once?" His irritation was palpable. "You could have just visited during the day, you know?"

The Reaper, sensing Peter's annoyance, chuckled in response. "You really are something else. Most beings fear me on instinct alone, but here you are, annoyed like I'm an unwelcome guest at your pity party."

"Yeah, well, you're not exactly bringing the party vibes," Peter grumbled, crossing his arms. The Reaper's laughter echoed, filling the void around them.

However, beneath Peter's nonchalant exterior, a sense of unease lingered. He remembered the Reaper's overwhelming power from their earlier encounter in the living world, and he couldn't shake the feeling that this being was not to be taken lightly.

Glancing at the necklace around his neck, Peter reached for it instinctively. The familiar feeling of his rings embedded with each Infinity stone reassured him. It was a source of power that even the Reaper might find formidable.

The Reaper, observing Peter's actions, scoffed as it extended its bony hand. In an instant, six rings emerged from the necklace, each housing an Infinity stone. Peter's eyes widened as he attempted to grab them, but an unseen force rooted him in place as the rings floated toward the skeletal figure, hovering above its hand.

The Reaper eyed the rings with an almost casual interest, commenting, "Nice rocks you got here. Could use a bit more color and clarity, though. The Soul Stone, in particular, seems a tad cloudy."

Peter, frozen under the Reaper's gaze, could only watch as the powerful being assessed the Infinity stones as if they were mere trinkets. The critique hit him like a revelation, the Reaper didn't see the stones as a threat.

Soon enough, the Reaper's amusement faded as it grew bored with the Infinity rings. "Here, you can have these paper weights back..." With a dismissive wave of its skeletal hand, the rings floated back to Peter, seamlessly returning to their storage in the necklace. The pressure that had frozen Peter in place dissipated, allowing him to move and breathe freely once again.

Staring at the Reaper before him, Peter contemplated the power dynamics at play. The Infinity stones, once symbols of unparalleled might, seemed inconsequential in the face of this enigmatic being. His mind buzzed with the urge to test their strength against the Reaper's, but a dismissive wave of the Reaper's hand urged him to move on.

"Hurry up. I don't have all day," the Reaper remarked, its voice carrying an air of impatience. Surprisingly, it didn't seem offended by Peter's thoughts.

Deciding to bite the bullet and just do it, Peter pulled out the rings once more, slipping them onto his fingers. Eager to see if the Reaper truly surpassed the stones in power, Peter snapped his fingers but... Silence echoed through the dreamscape as nothing happened.

Caught off guard, Peter's dumbfounded expression prompted a chuckle from the Reaper. The skeletal figure found amusement in Peter's futile attempts to use the stones against him.

Peter, realizing the futility of his actions, sighed and stowed the rings away. The Reaper's immunity to the Infinity stones left an unsettling feeling in the pit of his stomach, a reminder that this encounter held far more complexity than he initially perceived.

Although fear lingered in Peter's mind, he also sensed that the Reaper harbored no malicious intent towards him. The fact that the Reaper was not here to kill him brought a strange comfort, albeit mixed with an unsettling uncertainty.

As the Reaper's laughter subsided, Peter decided to cut to the chase. "Alright, what do you want?" he asked, his tone a mix of curiosity and wariness.

The Reaper's hollow eyes regarded him with an intensity that seemed to pierce through the very fabric of his being. In response, its form shifted, shadows dancing around its skeletal frame as it spoke. "I've come to offer you a chance to become my successor..."

"What do you mean by successor?" Peter asked, curiosity shining in his eyes. "And who are you exactly? Are you like, the Death of my universe? Because If I recall correctly, my death is supposed to be a sexy woman..."

Realizing he hadn't properly introduced himself, the Reaper decided to clarify. "I am Death, but not bound to a single universe. I preside over the entirety of the multiverse. Just call me John... Death isn't much of a name, you know."

The absurdity of being addressed by a cosmic being as 'John,' the most overused name in existence, was both amusing and curious. "Sure thing, John," he replied, still wrapping his head around the idea that the being in front of him could be just as strong or even more powerful than the One Above All. "So... what's this about being your successor? Are you dying or something?"

John shook his head, an amused aura surrounding him. "No, after all, how could death die? I've simply grown bored, so I started searching for a successor to take my place, and you, Peter, are a candidate."

"A candidate?" Peter asked, his brow raised. "So, there are other people who you're considering?"

John nodded, "Yes, I've placed trials across the Multiverse, similar to the Deathly Hallows. When someone completes my trials, they get a visit from me and the opportunity to become a candidate." He explained, his skeletal form leaning forward, obviously proud with his whole plan to find his successor. "Exciting, isn't it?"

"Meh, sounds alright, I guess..." Peter didn't seem that interested, or impressed.

"Aww, don't ruin the fun like that..." John whined at his grand plan being looked down upon. "Maybe you'll find it more interesting when you see the missions?"

Peter, with a raised eyebrow, asked, "Missions? What kind of missions are we talking about here?"

John nodded, acknowledging Peter's question before asking, "Would you like to see them?"

With curiosity getting the better of him, Peter agreed. In an instant, John snapped his bony fingers, conjuring a holographic-like screen before Peter, listing three main missions.

[Mission One: Destroy the Council of Kang's

- The Council of Kang's unwillingness to regulate themselves is leading the multiverse towards an inevitable death. Eradicate them to restore order]

[Sub-mission: Kang Genocide

- Kill all Kang's to eliminate future threats]

Seeing the first mission, Peter didn't really have a problem with it. He was already planning to take down the council anyway, so having a mission for it wouldn't really change anything.

The only portion that worried him was the Kang Genocide Sub-mission. After all, not all versions of Kang are going to be evil pieces of trash who deserve to die.

[Mission Two: Destroy the Spider-Society

- The Spider-Society has taken up the challenge of preserving what they call 'canon events,' believing this saves both entire universes and their inhabitants. In reality, these actions are damaging the fabric of the multiverse. Eradicate them to restore order]

[Sub-mission: Spider-Genocide

- Kill all Spider-Society members]

'What the f*ck...' Peter stared at the writing before him in shock. 'I knew I'd have to deal with Across the Spider-Verse soon enough, but... why do I have to kill them all?'

Although Peter was a bit shocked by yet another genocidal order, he was not surprised by the fact that 'canon events' weren't actually a real thing. After all, he's traveled the multiverse and changed all sorts of events, which should have been 'canon,' yet there was never any blowback from his action.

'If canon events aren't real, then why is the Spider-Society still a thing?' Peter wondered as he moved on to the last mission.

[Mission Three: Destroy the competition

- Kill, defeat, or win over other successors to be the last one standing]

[Sub-mission: Competitive Genocide

- Kill them all]

Peter stared at the holographic screen, absorbing the weight of the tasks before him. The gravity of the missions struck him, especially the genocidal submissions.

"Why genocide for all of them? That's a bit extreme, isn't it?" Peter questioned, reluctantly eying the submissions. Although he didn't mind killing, not all Kang's are going to be evil. Not to mention the fact that he would never want to kill the entire Spider-Society. And he didn't even know who the other successors were, so he can't just kill them either.

John shrugged uncaringly. "Those are just sub-missions. You don't have to do them if you don't want to, but I can say for sure that many of my successors are planning to complete them. After all, each mission gives a different reward... even the submissions..." He revealed, sounding like a devil with a sweet deal to offer.

Alarmed, as he was just told that an unknown number of people were planning to slaughter his fellow Spider-People, Peter began to realize that John wasn't exactly a good person. Though he didn't see bad either. It was more like he just didn't care.

His mind racing, Peter came to the reluctant decision that he may have to actually accept to become John's successor. 'I just got home... why can't I just be lazy for a few weeks?'

But sadly, Peter can't just let the other candidates kill countless Spider-People. "And what happens if I don't become your successor and decide to stop these candidates from killing everyone?" He asked, already guessing what the answer will be.

"Then you die, right here, right now..." Death spoke, a chill to his voice that Peter hasn't heard up until now.

Peter nodded his head, expecting that reply. "Yeah, that's what I thought..." He muttered, looking up at John, a smirk appearing on his face. "So, what were those rewards you were talking about?"

Seeing this, Death couldn't help but laugh. "HehehahaHAHA!" His newest successor was interesting!

Chapter 604: important update

Okay, after seeing some of your comments, I've decided to edit the last chapter(C603). Everything from the point after Death tells Peter that he'll kill him is edited. I added more than 100 words.

For people that are too lazy to go back, this is what was changed:

"Then you die, right here, right now..." Death spoke, a chill to his voice that Peter hasn't heard up until now.

But suddenly, just as Peter was getting worried, John smirked, a teasing laugh escaping his lips. "Hahaha! Just kidding. I won't kill you. You can do whatever you want, but that doesn't mean your friends will be safe. After all, as I said earlier, my successors are planning to complete all of the sub-missions..." He paused for a moment before asking. "Are you willing to let them all die like that?"

Peter let out a tired sigh, "No, no I'm not..." He muttered, looking up at John, a greedy smirk appearing on his face. "So, what were those rewards you were talking about?"

If Peter was going to involve himself in all of this, then he might as well get some rewards out of it. Besides, he was already planning on destroying the Council of Kang's.

As for the Spider-Society, if their actions are truly damaging the multiverse, then they need to be disbanded or at the very least course corrected.

And lastly, the other successors of Death. If they were willing to kill off innocent Spider-People, then they didn't deserve his mercy...

Seeing this, Death couldn't help but laugh. "HehehahaHAHA!" His newest successor was interesting!

Chapter 605: Rewards!

Once John, the enigmatic personification of death, stopped laughing like a madman, he held up his bony hand and snapped his fingers for a second time. Immediately, the holographic-like screens in front of Peter were updated...

[Mission One: Destroy the Council of Kang's

- The Council of Kang's unwillingness to regulate themselves is leading the multiverse towards an inevitable death. Eradicate them to restore order

Reward: Deaths Harvester

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'Deaths Harvester?' Peter read, his mind wandering. 'Sounds like a scythe...'

Ignoring the question marks, as he has no idea what they mean, Peter continues down the list...

[Sub-mission: Kang Genocide

- Kill all Kang's to eliminate future threats

Reward: Kang Soul Husk

- A husk which holds the souls of every Kang in the multiverse. Do with it as you wish]

'Man, I wonder what would happen if I devoured or assimilated all of those souls in a ritual?' Peter thought as he eyed the Soul Husk, greed flashing in his eyes.

Though a moment later, he was forced to get himself under control. After all, he didn't plan to complete any of the sub-missions.

'Sometimes, I wish that I would have went the evil route. Things are always so simple for the bad guys... They can really just do whatever they want without feeling bad.' Peter thought before letting it go. He didn't need the reward anyway.

[Mission Two: Destroy the Spider-Society

- The Spider-Society has taken up the challenge of preserving what they call 'canon events,' believing this saves both entire universes and their inhabitants. In reality, these actions are damaging the fabric of the multiverse. Eradicate them to restore order

Reward: Death's Cloak

- ??????????]

Once again, Peter was given nothing but a vague reward name with the word Death in front of it and a line of question marks. 'This is starting to get annoying...' He thought, feeling as though John was playing games with him.

[Sub-mission: Spider-Genocide

- Kill all Spider-Society members

Reward: Spider Soul Husk

- A husk which holds the souls of every Spider-Society member. Do with it as you wish]

'Man, if I was evil...' Peter couldn't help but daydream about all that he could do with such a reward. But sadly, he was a good guy.

[Mission Three: Destroy the competition

- Kill, defeat, or win over other successors to be the last one standing

Reward: Death's Heart

•??????????]

Spotting the reward, Peter glanced at Death, setting his boundaries, "Um, I don't know how to say this, but... I'm married, and even if I weren't, I'm not interested in men. No offense, of course. I mean, you're free to love whoever you want. I don't judge or care, really."

John, puzzled, eyed the mission reward, eventually grasping Peter's implication.

"Very funny..." Death dryly commented, pulling down his robe.

"Whoa!" Peter exclaimed, covering his eyes. "I said I wasn't interested. You shouldn't just flash me, you perverted criminal!"

John, irritated, sighed, "Open your eyes, nitwit!"

Reluctantly complying, Peter peeked through his fingers, adopting a jokingly scared stance, which made him look like a frightened little girl, further fueling the skeleton's frustration.

Peter's attention was immediately drawn to John's skeletal chest, the bones forming a cage around his still-beating black heart. The heart, an anomaly amidst the lifeless bones, pulsed with an eerie rhythm. It was a surreal sight containing no other organs, just bones and a heart, both in pristine condition.

"So, if I win the fight for succession, you'll give me your actual heart? What the f*ck am I supposed to do with that?" Peter questioned, his eyes narrowing at the bizarre revelation. "Are you planning to kill yourself?"

John, the enigmatic embodiment of death, simply shrugged in response. "Maybe? I don't really know what happens when I take this heart out. All I know is, if I want to pass on my powers and the responsibilities that come with them, I have to give it away. If you succeed, this heart will beat in your chest next."

"Yay?" Peter said sarcastically, finding the idea rather repulsive, to be honest.

[Sub-mission: Competitive Genocide

- Kill them all

Reward: +3 inches]

Peter's gaze shifted to the holographic screens, where the final mission's reward humorously read "+3 inches." His mind immediately went to an inappropriate conclusion, but he refused to believe a Death God would stoop so low. The implications were clear, but Peter shook off the notion, hoping for a more reasonable explanation.

With an amused tilt to his voice, John clarified, "It's added penis length for anyone who completes the mission. Humans seem to care a lot about that, so I thought it'd make a good reward."

Sighing in disbelief, Peter found himself torn between the absurdity of the situation and the temptation of such an enhancement. He admitted, even to himself, that the prospect of added length enticed him. But luckily, he was already well-endowed and didn't need the reward. In fact, the idea of adding three inches seemed more uncomfortable than appealing.

John commented, revealing, "A lot of my male candidates really appreciate this reward. It really motivates them in the right direction, you know?"

Inwardly shaking his head, Peter couldn't deny the allure it might have for some. Though the thought of his fellow successors eagerly slaughtering one another just to gain a few extra inches was both funny and sad.

Unable to resist the curiosity, Peter dared to ask, "What about the female candidates?"

John responded casually, "They have their own enhancing reward, an increase in breast and butt size, along with a thinner waist. Some even asked for thicker thighs, which seems to be a new trend these days..."

Peter sighed, realizing that both men and woman would kill for the last reward. It seemed to be a twisted incentive designed to pit successors against each other, playing into their insecurities and desires.

'I take back what I said earlier... John is definitely evil...' Peter realized without a shadow of a doubt. "So... what now?" He questioned, uncertainty etched across his face.

John, turning serious for a moment, asked, "Do you agree to become a successor candidate?"

Peter nodded, a heavy sigh escaping him. "I don't really have a choice, do I? Either I say no and let a lot of Spider-People get killed, or I join the fight and try to save them. Obviously, I choose to join the fight."

Nodding in acknowledgment, John suddenly appeared before Peter, mere inches away. His skeletal hand reached down and tapped Peter on the forehead. A surge of black, deathly energy coursed through Peter's body, leaving behind a chilling sensation. Within seconds, a tattoo of a laughing skull materialized on the back of Peter's hand, a mark of his entry into this cosmic game.

"Welcome to the game, Peter. I'll be watching, and I expect good results from you," John declared with an air of expectation.

As John's words echoed in the space, he vanished, leaving Peter alone in the darkness. However, solitude didn't linger for long as a voice calling his name resonated in the void.

"Peter... Wake up... Peter... Peter..." The voice repeated, growing louder with urgency.

Abruptly, Peter found himself jolting awake from what seemed like a dream within a dream. Leo sat beside him, wearing his dinosaur pajamas as he shook Peter into consciousness.

"Do I have to be awake?" Peter asked, receiving a disapproving look from Leo. "Okay, fine, I'll wake up..."

"Breakfast..." Leo pointed to the door, his innocent eyes gleaming with anticipation.

"Okay, why don't you go and wait downstairs. I'll be down in a minute..." Peter shooed Leo away before sitting up.

Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Peter couldn't forget the odd yet surreal experience he had just endured. Glancing down at the back of his right hand, he wasn't surprised to see the skull tattoo still there, staring back at him, proving that he wasn't just dreaming.

As Peter joined his family for breakfast, ignoring his new missions for the time being, across the vastness of the universe, Galactus stirred from his cosmic slumber. The hunger that gnawed at him was more than a mere appetite, it was a relentless force driving him to consume worlds.

Hoping to finally quell this insatiable hunger, he sought a solution, a deal with Thanos for the coveted Infinity Stones. But unbeknownst to Galactus, the very being he sought had already met his end at the hands of the newest Death Successor Candidate.

Frustration and hunger gnawed at Galactus, pushing him to take matters into his own hands. The hunger was not merely a physical need, it was a force that threatened to consume him entirely.

Summoning his herald, the Silver Surfer, Galactus issued a command. "Find Thanos and the Infinity Stones. My hunger cannot wait any longer." He said, eyeing the metallic man before him. "If we don't get the stones soon, you'll have to find a few planets this time... I'm feeling particularly peckish this time around..."

[Insert picture of Silver Surfer here]

The Silver Surfer, a gleaming figure of cosmic energy, nodded in understanding. Without a word, he shot into the cosmic expanse, streaking through the stars in pursuit of the elusive Mad Titan. The fate of many worlds hung in the balance...

Chapter 606: Sussy Spider-Society

As Peter sat at his bedside, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, his mind churned with the weight of everything he's learned from John. He was a successor candidate to Death, even if he was kind of forced into it, and he had an unknown number of competitors to look out for. Not to mention the fact that these competitors are all going to be rather bloodthirsty, thanks to John's genocidal sub-missions.

'My peaceful life always finds a way to get derailed...' Peter thought, exasperated.

Thankfully, multiverse travel wasn't a walk in the park, and he doubted that the other candidates could travel to other universes. After all, John didn't give him any ability to travel, so it's not very likely that he did for the others either.

'But I can't just guess, I need to find out for sure...' Peter decided to gather intel, and pulled out his phone, opening the Spider-Verse chat group app.

Typing away, Peter asked a simple yet crucial question: "Yo, anyone joined the Spider-Society yet?" Seconds later, Gwen's response popped up.

Gwen: How do you know about the society?

Peter: That doesn't really matter, does it? But I take from your reply that you're a member...

Gwen: ...

Gwen didn't seem to want to answer, which only strengthened Peter's belief that she was a member.

Peter: This is important, Gwen. Now, answer the question. Have there been any attacks on the society or its people lately?

Gwen: No...

Peter: Have there been any odd or suspicious people coming around? People that maybe don't have spider powers, like us? They might have a tattoo of a laughing skull somewhere on their body? Most likely on their right hand...

Gwen: No, not that I've seen. But I'm only a new member, so they don't exactly tell me much...

Peter: I see, thanks for the info. If any attacks start happening, or someone matching the description that I've given you appears, let me know immediately.

Gwen: Peter... What is this about? You're starting to worry me...

Peter: I'll explain another time. For now, just keep your guard up and don't tell anyone about this... Wait, actually, feel free to tell whoever you want, I don't really care. Just make sure the Society doesn't bother me. Anyway, I have to go, we'll talk again later. See yah 🙌

Gwen: Wait a minute! You can't just...!

Gwen obviously wanted answers, but Peter wasn't going to be giving her any. And just as he was about to close the app, the other Spider-People in the chat bombarded it with questions, unfamiliar with the Spider-Society and curious as to what Peter was talking about.

Spider-Pig: Hey, what's all this about?

Miles: Yeah, someone explain already...

...

..

.

'I'll just leave Gwen to answer them...' Peter shrugged as he closed his phone, leaving Gwen to the wolves, who would no doubt hound her for information.

Taking a breath, Peter realized that his assumption about the other candidates might be accurate. After all, multiverse travel wasn't an easy thing to tap into, so he probably has some time before the candidates start appearing.

It seemed he had a head start, and for now, the multiverse remained beyond the reach of those seeking to complete John's missions.

Relaxing, Peter mused over his next steps. 'I should first find a way to safeguard the people from the Spider-Society...' After all, the only reason he's doing this is to keep them safe. 'What they're doing may be damaging the multiverse, but I doubt that they know that...'

Soon enough, the aroma of breakfast and the familiar banter of his family drifted up the stairs, breaking Peter from his inner thoughts. He couldn't help but sigh as he stood to his feet and made his way out of the room. He was finally home after his Honeymoon, yet it looked like he would have to leave once again. 'I'll try to stay as long as I can...' Peter thought, as he had all sorts of responsibilities to look after, both personal and professional.

Just thinking of his responsibilities gave Peter a headache. Truthfully, his personal responsibilities, like his family and friends were fine, but his professional responsibilities were a whole other story.

'I've been gone for months...' Peter thought, knowing that he had to have a few mountains of paperwork back at the Avengers Tower. 'Tony said he would cover for me, but If I know him as well as I think I do, then he most likely got bored a week in and gave up...'

Leo, oblivious to Peter's thoughts, rushed up the stairs and tugged at Peter's sleeve, urging him to hurry up. "...so slow!" He said, clearly annoyed and hungry.

Smiling at Leo's behavior, Peter reached down and picked him up before rushing down the stairs. "Alright, let's go!"

As Peter joined his family at the table, momentarily forgetting all of the craziness that he'd have to deal with sooner or later, he noticed the Ancient One sitting across from him, munching on some bacon.

"Welcome home, Peter." She said, smiling as she sipped some tea.

Peter smiled back. "It's good to be back."

As Gwen navigated the sea of questions from the Spider-Verse chat group, a nagging worry gnawed at her conscience. She spent over an hour deliberating whether she should divulge the information to the Spider-Society. After all, the safety of her fellow Spider-People might be at stake.

Eventually, her concern for their well-being outweighed her hesitation. Gwen decided to take the matter directly to the Spider-Man in charge of the Society, Miguel O'Hara. After a swift web-swing across the city, she arrived at Miguel's futuristic domain.

Entering Miguel's lair, she hesitated before approaching him. "S-Sir? We need to talk. I've got some information that might be crucial for the Spider-Society."

Miguel, immersed in holographic displays, initially dismissed her with a wave. "Not now, Gwen. I'm in the middle of handling an important matter..."

[Insert picture of Miguel/Spider-Man 2099 here]

Gwen pressed on, "This is about potential threats to the Society. Trust me... you'll want to hear this."

As she recounted Peter's cryptic messages and the warnings of possible attacks, Miguel's dismissive demeanor shifted. However, skepticism lingered on his face.

"So, someone is targeting us? Who! How? When?" Miguel asked, glancing at Gwen with raised eyebrows.

Gwen interjected, "I don't know, but Peter said..."

Miguel sighed in annoyance. "Which Peter is putting this nonsense into your head? I've told them countless times already to stop messing with the new recruits..."

Gwen shook her head. "It's not anyone in the society... It's the Peter that I know..."

Miguel froze as he realized which Peter she was talking about. The air in the room seemed to thicken with an unspoken tension. While Miguel rarely feared other Spider-People, Peter was an exception, a force that defied conventional understanding.

Actually, Miguel once planned to recruit Peter into the Society, but after peaking into his universe to gather some information, a small fear began to bud inside him. Because when he peaked into Peter's universe, he witnessed the battle between Peter and Dormammu, a colossal exchange which showcased just how monstrous Peter's strength and abilities really were.

And from that day on, like a tree that fear only grew and grew. Miguel started to see Peter as more of an insurmountable threat than an ally, causing him to adopt the policy of staying out of Peter's way.

"Look, I know Peter might seem like an odd choice to deliver this information, but he's not one to play games when it comes to things like this," Gwen insisted, recognizing the gravity of the situation.

Miguel's expression shifted from skepticism to concern. "Are you sure about this? What did he say exactly?"

Gwen nodded solemnly. "Dead sure. And you know as well as I do that if Peter is involved, we can't afford to ignore this..." She says as she shows their conversation on her phone.

Miguel sighed, realizing the weight of the situation. "Alright, Gwen. I need to call a meeting, but you won't be attending it."

"Why?" She asks, clearly feeling left out.

"Because you're going to go and visit your friend, Peter," Miguel instructed, his tone serious. "Find out what's going on and report back to me..."

Gwen nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation. As she left the lair, Miguel sat alone in contemplation. The unexpected turn of events had disrupted the delicate balance the Spider-Society sought to maintain. With Peter Parker at the center of it all, Miguel couldn't shake the feeling that the multiverse was in for a storm, and the Spider-Society would need to weather it with utmost vigilance.

After a hearty breakfast with his family, Peter reluctantly decided it was time to face the professional responsibilities awaiting him at the Avengers Tower. Donning his Spider-Man suit for the first time in a while, he opened a portal to his office, hoping for a smooth transition back to his routine.

As Peter stepped into his office, a disheartening scene unfolded before him. Tony Stark sat casually on his couch, engrossed in a video game, surrounded by the remnants of a fast-food feast. The office, once pristine, now resembled Tony's personal man cave, cluttered with food and snack wrappers scattered about.

Surveying the chaos, Peter's frustration grew as he noticed five towering stacks of paper on his desk. Tony had failed miserably in handling Peter's paperwork during his absence, which Peter expected, but hoped wouldn't be the case.

Unable to contain his frustration, Peter succumbed to the urge to give Tony a reality check. With a swift and resounding slap, Peter's hand connected with Tony's face, sending him hurtling across the room. The wall crumbled upon impact, and Tony tumbled into the hallway.

Rubbing his stinging face, Tony glanced up to see Peter standing over him, a stern, unamused expression hidden under his mask. "Welcome back... Buddy... pal... friend...?" Tony smiled awkwardly, realizing that he'd been caught.

Chapter 607: LYLA

As Peter delved into the stacks of paperwork, he couldn't help but feel a mix of annoyance and disbelief at the mess Tony had created in his absence.

Tony, grumbling under his breath, half-heartedly cleaned up the remnants of his fast-food feast while complaining, "Can't you just clean all of this up with a wave of your hand or a snap of your fingers? Why do I have to do this? I don't even clean up my own house! I have maids for f*ck sake!" His grumbling soon turned into indignant shouts, which Peter swiftly ignored.

"" Peter pretended not to hear a thing that came out of Tony's mouth.

"Come on, Pete! You've got magic powers! Why not just snap your fingers and make this place spotless?" Tony continued, attempting to appeal to get out of his punishment.

Without looking up from his paperwork, Peter calmly responded, "Magic or not, you had one job, Tony. Cover my paperwork. It's not that hard, and yet, here we are." He said as he signed a paper before putting it aside and grabbing another. "The least you can do is clean up your own mess"

Tony sighed but continued cleaning, muttering about things like unfairness and abuse of power. After all, not even his parents would force him to clean

As he picked up discarded wrappers and empty soda cans, he couldn't help but throw occasional glares at Peter, who remained focused on the piles of paperwork.

Just as the office was starting to regain some order, a glitchy-looking portal unexpectedly opened on the ceiling. Peter, unfazed by the appearance of the portal, sighed in annoyance as he leaned back in his chair. 'Didn't I tell Gwen to tell them not to bother me?'

Tony, on the other hand, instantly summoned his Iron Man suit, covering himself in a sleek, metallic armor, with only his head exposed. "?!"

Charging up his palm repulser, Tony aimed it at the portal, ready for whatever might emerge. Suddenly, a woman dressed in a white, hooded spider suit dropped out of the portal, landing gracefully in front of Peter's desk. The impact kicked up a few papers, but Peter swiftly webbed them down, maintaining order amidst the unexpected entrance.

"Gwen?" Peter questioned, an annoyed tone to his voice. "What are you doing here?"

Gwen, still in her Spider-Gwen attire, looked around the room before pointing at Peter. "Peter, we need to talk!"

Peter raised an eyebrow under his mask. "I believe that I told you I'd explain later..."

Gwen shook her head. "Sure, you did. But you're not my boss, are you? Now explain, or I'm going to run out of this office and start screaming your real name at the top of my lungs."

Tony, realizing that there was no threat, lowered his repulser as his suit swiftly disappeared, the nano bots returning to their storage space in his arc reactor.

"So, what's going on?" Tony asked, his tone curious.

Peter, ignoring Tony's question, raised a brow before snapping his fingers. "Alright, go ahead and start yelling." He said as he gestured to the door.

Seeing that Peter was calling her bluff, Gwen decided to go all-in and actually do it. With a determined stride, she walked toward the door, casting a glance back at Peter, hoping that he'd give in and spare her from revealing his true identity in the middle of the Avengers Tower. She waited a second, but Peter remained unfazed. Taking a deep breath, Gwen opened her mouth and shouted, "Peter Parker! Peter Parker! Peter Parker!"

However, to her astonishment, the words that escaped her lips were far from what she intended. Instead of revealing Peter's secret identity, she found herself involuntarily uttering a bizarre and nonsensical sequence. "Sticking out your gyatt for the rizzler! You're so skibidi! You're so fanum tax! I just wanna be your sigma!"

Gwen's eyes widened in sheer embarrassment and confusion as she realized the absurdity of the words she had unintentionally vocalized. Slamming the door shut, she turned to Peter, her expression a mix of frustration and disbelief. She tried to yell at him, but once again, her words came out all wrong. "I'm the biggest bird! I'm the biggest bird!"

Underneath his mask, Peter couldn't contain his amusement as he smirked at his handiwork. On the other hand, Tony, thoroughly amused by the spectacle, burst into laughter. However, being somewhat of an old man in terms of internet slang, he had no idea what any of the phrases meant.

Gwen, now glaring daggers at Peter, was clearly unwilling to endure any more linguistic surprises. She shot him a look that communicated her frustration and annoyance, her eyes silently demanding that he fix it as her mouth remained sealed.

Peter, enjoying the situation he had orchestrated, asked Gwen, "Are you going to be good? Or should I just send you home like this?"

The question only fueled Gwen's irritation, but after a moment of contemplation, she reluctantly nodded. It dawned on her that cooperation might be the fastest way to regain control over her speech and avoid any further embarrassing episodes.

As Gwen reluctantly agreed to play not cause any trouble, Peter snapped his fingers again, returning her ability to speak normally.

As Gwen's voice returned, she resisted the urge to unleash a torrent of complaints. One look from Peter, a silent warning in the narrowing of his eyes, told her that there would be consequences if she decided to voice her grievances.

"Why are you here?" Peter questioned, annoyance evident in his tone. "I specifically told you to tell the society not to bother me."

Gwen corrected him with a sly grin, "Yeah, but you never said that I couldn't bother you, right? Besides, I'm not here on Spider-Society business. I'm here to see a friend."

Peter raised an eyebrow beneath his mask, his gaze penetrating. "You're not here on society business, huh? So, when you arrived, why didn't you just say hello instead of interrogating me?"

Playing dumb, Gwen shrugged, "I don't know what you're taking about. You must be mistaken. I'm just here to visit a friend." She smiled innocently as she spoke.

Tony, who had been eavesdropping on the peculiar conversation, suddenly interjected, "What's this Spider Society, and why haven't I heard of it? You hiding things from me, Peter?"

Peter sighed, realizing that explaining the Spider-Society to Tony was inevitable. "The Spider-Society is an elite force founded and led by a man named Miguel O'Hara, a Spider-Man from an alternate future universe. It's an organization of Spider-People from different universes with the mission to preserve the multiverse from any possible threat."

Tony, processing the information, nodded his head. "So, it's like a multiverse version of the Avengers, but only spider types are allowed to join?"

Peter nodded in agreement, "Yeah, but truthfully, they do more harm than good. They try to fix universes by maintaining what they call 'canon events' but their work only damages the fabric of the multiverse-"

Before Peter could continue, Gwen's eyes widened, and she interrupted, "No, we do not! Who told you that?!"

A mischievous smile spread across Peter's face as he casually replied, "Death."

In the hidden depths of the Spider-Society's lair, Miguel O'Hara, the futuristic Spider-Man, convened a meeting with his most trusted associates. The room was dimly lit, and holographic displays flickered with information as Miguel addressed the gathering. The atmosphere was a blend of determination and camaraderie as the Spider-People discussed recent missions and potential threats.

Gwen's warning about a looming danger was also brought up, but lacking concrete details, the information failed to garner serious consideration among the Spider-Society members.

Of course, Miguel could have divulged the source of this warning, Peter Parker, but that was a risk he wasn't willing to take. Keeping Peter's existence a secret was paramount. The less the society knew about him, the better.

As the meeting concluded, and his fellow Spider-People dispersed, Miguel remained alone in his dark lair. However, he was not truly alone. The holographic entity LYLA, an intricate part of Miguel's life, appeared behind him. LYrate Lifeform Approximation, or LYLA, projected an air of trustworthiness as she conversed with Miguel like a friend and confidante.

[Insert picture of LYLA here]

"Peter Parker," LYLA spoke, her holographic form pacing behind Miguel. "Do you not find it curious that the warning about the impending threat came from him? Could it be that he harbors motives behind our current understanding?"

Miguel, absorbed in his thoughts, considered LYLA's words. "Peter? He's a possible threat, but I doubt he'd target us. I mean, why would he?"

LYLA's holographic appearance subtly shifted, a malicious expression flashing across her face, though Miguel did see it. "Consider this What if Peter is planning to take over the Society? After all, he's been traveling the multiverse a lot lately. It would make sense that he wants to spread his influence"

Miguel hesitated, his mind grappling with conflicting thoughts. The notion of Peter, a fellow Spider-Man, betraying them seemed far-fetched. Yet, LYLA's insidious whispers planted seeds of doubt. As she continued to sow mistrust, her holographic form subtly twisted, revealing a darker undertone that escaped Miguel's notice.

"Be vigilant, Miguel. Trust is a delicate thread easily broken," LYL A warned, her voice echoing with a hint of malevolence. "Perhaps it's time to consider the possibility that Peter isn't just a possible threat, but a real threat that needs addressing before it's too late..."

Unaware of the subtle transformation in LYL A's appearance and tone, Miguel nodded, a cloud of uncertainty settling over his mind. "If that's truly the case, then we'll have to prepare"

As the holographic entity lingered behind him for another moment, its twisted appearance disappeared, returning back to normal. "I'll create some battle plans immediately" She said as she disappeared, leaving Miguel to stew in his newfound suspicions.

In the clandestine depths of an unknown location, LYL A manifested before a familiar figure adorned in a distinctive glowing purple power armor. It was a Kang, but not just any Kang. This was Centurion, one of the three leaders of the council. He exuded an air of authority as he looked down upon the holographic entity.

"My lord, I bring news," LYL A spoke with a worshipping tone, her holographic form kneeling before her master.

Centurion regarded her with an inscrutable gaze. "Report."

"Peter Parker, the man responsible for killing the exiled one, has sent a warning to the Spider-Society," LYL A informed, her holographic projection displaying a sense of accomplishment.

"And what of this warning?" Kang inquired, his voice resonating with a sense of curiosity.

LYL A recounted the events in the Spider-Society, emphasizing her manipulation of Miguel O'Hara's suspicions against Peter Parker. She detailed how she sowed seeds of doubt, casting shadows in order to pit them against one another.

Centurion's eyes gleamed with satisfaction as he processed the information. "Ah, the threads of destiny begin to weave a more intriguing tapestry. You have played your part well, LYL A. The discord you've sown within their ranks will serve our purpose."

LYL A's holographic form displayed a subtle but confident smile. "I live to serve, my lord."

Centurion nodded approvingly. "Continue to monitor the unfolding events. The chaos you've initiated will provide the perfect backdrop for what is to come."

As Centurion contemplated the ramifications of LYLA's machinations, the holographic entity bowed once more before fading away, leaving him to ponder the future drama, which he would most certainly enjoy.

Chapter 608: A Father's Betrayal

In the midst of the peculiar conversation, Gwen vehemently denied Peter's claims about the Spider-Society's negative impact on the multiverse. She crossed her arms, masked eyes narrowing as she retorted, "You're just making things up, Peter. The society ensures that everything goes according to plan in each universe. We maintain order! How could that possibly hurt the multiverse?"

Peter, feeling a hint of frustration, leaned back in his chair and sighed. "Gwen, my source on this is fairly credible. Trust me, the Spider-Society might not be what you think it is."

Gwen shook her head, her determination unwavering. "No way. You're just trying to paint them in a bad light because you don't understand their mission. They protect the multiverse from anomalies and ensure that each universe follows its designated path."

Peter, realizing that convincing Gwen was futile at the moment, simply shrugged. "Alright, Gwen. Believe what you want. I've said my piece. Let's move on."

Turning away from Gwen, Peter refocused on Tony, who was just stood there, listening in on their conversation instead of cleaning. The bags of garbage piled up, and Peter gestured toward them. "Tony, you gonna leave those bags here to stink up the place or what?"

Grumbling, Tony shot Peter an annoyed look. "Can't you just portal them to the dumpster or something? Why do I have to do this?"

Peter raised an eyebrow. "You made the mess. Clean it up."

As Tony begrudgingly dragged the bags out of the room, Peter couldn't help but feel a small bit of amusement. Turning back to Gwen, he saw her curious gaze and raised an eyebrow under his mask.

"Who was that?" Gwen inquired, nodding towards the retreating Tony.

Peter chuckled. "That's Tony Stark, also known as Iron Man. In this universe, he's one of the most famous superheroes."

Gwen looked surprised. "And you have Iron Man cleaning your office?"

Peter smirked. "Well, he made the mess, so he's cleaning it up."

"And you can just make him do that?" Gwen asked, seemingly impressed.

Peter simply shrugged. "He doesn't listen to me all the time, if that's what you're asking. Anyway, enough about Tony" Alone in the room, he took a moment to catch up with Gwen. "So, how have you been since we last met in Miles's universe?"

Gwen's demeanor shifted, a subtle sadness crossing her features. She hesitated before answering, "It's been tough, Peter. My dad found out about me being Spider-Woman, and it was probably the second worst day of my life Right behind the day I killed my best friend"

Curiosity mingled with concern, Peter urged her to continue. "How did your father react?" Of course, he already knew about what happened to her universes Peter Parker, as she told him when they first met, so he didn't bother asking about that.

Tears welled up beneath her mask as Gwen unraveled a painful memory. "After dealing with the Vulture, the police arrived and my dad cornered me. He shot at me and demanded I surrender. I I didn't want him to hunt me down anymore, so I took off my mask, and told him everything."

Gwen's voice wavered as she recounted the moment. "I pleaded with him, told him I didn't mean to kill Peter when he was the Lizard. I didn't even know that it was Peter until he reverted back to his normal appearance. But even after all of that, he still tried to arrest me It was heartbreaking." She really thought that her father would side with her, but it seemed like everyone in her universe saw her as nothing more than a criminal, even her family.

"I'm sorry to hear that." Peter said genuinely. "If you want, you can stay here in this universe. I can get you the right papers to make you a citizen and everything, though Miles might be jealous"

"N-No thanks" A somber pause filled the air before Gwen managed a small smile. "I appreciate the offer, but my home is the Spider-Society now. They saved me. They helped me when I needed it most."

Peter listened, a mix of sympathy and understanding in his eyes. "I see..."

Gwen nodded, wiping away a hidden tear. "But the Spider Society, they're good people. They've helped me when I needed it the most, and they would never intentionally harm anyone or anything. You've got it all wrong."

Peter sighed, realizing the depth of Gwen's connection to the Spider Society. "Maybe I do. But maybe I don't." He said, eying Gwen for a moment. "You said it yourself. They would never intentionally do it. I never said they were all evil, Gwen. I just said that the Society isn't exactly what you think it is."

Peter paused for a moment in order to let his words sink in before continuing. "If I had to guess, I'd say that either the entire Society is ignorant to the harm that it's doing, or someone inside the society is playing puppeteer, and knows what's really going on. After all, these are Spider-People we're talking about, and we don't usual turn evil. That's extremely rare."

Gwen's gaze remained conflicted and skeptical, but after a moment, she couldn't help but nod her head. "Okay, maybe that's possible, but I still think your informant or whoever told you this is wrong"

Peter couldn't help but sigh at how stubborn Gwen was being. "We'll just have to see, won't we?" He said as he reluctantly started going through his paperwork once again. "Now, I have some work to do. Why don't you go and explore the tower and the city for a bit? Once I'm done working, you can come back to my house for dinner."

Reluctantly nodding, Gwen walked out of the room, curious as to what she might find in the tower. As she left, Peter suddenly spoke. "Jarvis, make sure she has the right permissions to walk around."

Suddenly, Jarvis replied, his voice playing through the speakers in the room. "It is already done, sir."

Peter smiled, relieved that Jarvis was already one step ahead of him. "Good, also, I need identification papers for a 3 year old boy, who will be under my care for the foreseeable future, and

an African American man, who I'll probably enlist in the Avengers, though it's up to him to decide. I'll get you the details later"

"Of course, sir."

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Hours later, as Peter finally wrapped up his work at the Avengers Tower, he and Gwen made their way back to Peter's home. The day had been longer than intended due to the interruptions from well-wishers and fellow superheroes who dropped by to welcome Spider-Man back.

Returning home, Gwen was surprised to find three children eagerly waiting to welcome Peter. Lily and America practically pounced on him, hugging him tightly, while Leo, a bit more reserved, stood behind them, wanting to join in but unsure.

Peter, clearly accustomed to these greetings, removed his mask and approached Leo. He picked up the shy little boy, asking, "How was your day, Leo?"

"Good" Leo smiled and hugged Peter, his limited vocabulary making it hard to express himself.

As Peter put Leo down, the three kids dashed off just as fast as they came, leaving Gwen curious. Removing her own mask, she looked at Peter with a raised eyebrow. "Since when did you have three children? Last time we met, you only mentioned Lily."

Peter grinned. "MJ and I like to adopt. Lily's our biological daughter, America is adopted, and Leo is a new arrival."

Gwen, however, showed a grimace at the mention of MJ. Peter noticed and asked, "What's wrong?"

In response, Gwen stated, "The Mary Jane in my world is an arrogant, self-absorbed hot-head. I'd rather stay miles away from her."

Just then, MJ descended the stairs, and her voice echoed in the room. "Well, my name is Michelle Jones, not Mary Jane, and I'd like to think I'm nothing like that."

Surprised, Gwen turned toward MJ, her expression embarrassed and awkward. After all, she had just compared MJ to her counterpart from another universe.

MJ, unfazed, smiled and said, "You must be Gwen. What brings you to our universe?"

Gwen shifted uncomfortably. "I...uh... just passing through, I guess."

MJ could easily tell that she was lying, but ignored it as she walked over to the kitchen. "Well, welcome to our world, I guess. Dinner will be ready soon, and if you'll be staying with us, then you should go and claim an empty guest room."

Gwen's cheeks flushed slightly as she replied, "Uhh, thanks, I will..." She said, feeling embarrassed for her earlier comments now that she's seen how nice this MJ appeared to be.

"While you're doing that, I need to have a talk with Noir" Peter said as he used his senses to locate their other guest.

As Peter walked off, leaving MJ and Gwen behind, Gwen asked. "Who's Noir?"

In the quiet solitude of the guest room, Peter located Noir, who seemed absorbed in his thoughts. As Peter entered, he found the enigmatic figure brooding in the dimly lit space.

"Hey, Noir," Peter greeted, holding out a set of identification papers. "Here are your new papers. Social security number, birth certificate, and everything else that you'll need to start a new life."

Noir accepted the papers, his eyes flickering over the details. "I appreciate it. You've given me a second chance that I could never have dreamed of..."

Peter nodded, taking a moment to sit across from him. "Noir, you've got a clean slate now. What do you plan to do?"

Noir's gaze remained serious. "I wish to serve you. I owe you a debt, and I must repay it."

Peter shook his head, a wry smile forming. "I don't need a servant, Noir. I already have Dobby, and he's more than enough."

Noir, however, insisted, "I must repay my debt before I can move on. It's a matter of honor."

Peter sighed, realizing Noir's determination. "Fine, if you're that adamant about it. But I don't want you as a servant. Let's find another way for you to repay me."

Noir listened as Peter proposed two paths. "You can either join the Avengers, a group of heroes similar to the Seven, but on steroids, and much less evil, or you can become part of the Hand, a league of assassins I lead. We operate as vigilantes, eliminating the scum of the world to make it a better place."

Peter continued, explaining the nature of the Hand and the Avengers. "The Hand might suit you if you prefer a less mainstream approach. You won't be in the limelight, and you can set up your life before focusing on your dream of becoming a movie star. Though if you want to jump straight to it, then the Avengers is where you want to be. Having the Avengers on your application will open a lot of doors for you"

Noir considered the options, pondering the paths laid out before him. After a thoughtful moment, he made his decision. "I'll join the Hand. It aligns more with my skills and inclination." He said, surprising Peter. "Although I still want to make my dream come true, first I have to set up my new life and repay you."

"Sure, and you can always join the Avengers later too, I don't mind." Nodding, Peter reached for his phone, making a call to Scythe, his second in command in the Hand. After brief instructions, he turned to Noir. "Here's an address. Go there, and Scythe will guide you through the process. Welcome to the Hand, Noir."

As Noir left to embark on his new journey, Peter couldn't help but hope that this fresh start would bring redemption and fulfillment to him. He's lived a rather harsh and sad life up until now, so hopefully he would make good use of this opportunity.

In the vast expanse of the Milky Way Galaxy, the cosmic silence was disrupted by the arrival of the Silver Surfer, his gleaming form traversed the inky black space like a shooting star.

In the distance, a blue and green planet came into view. This planet was Thanos's last known destination before he disappeared, which peaked the surfers interest and curiosity. Shooting off toward the planet, his surfboard cut through the interstellar void, leaving ethereal trails of silver light in his wake.

Chapter 609: Finally, A Worthy Opponent! (1/2)

Peter squared his shoulders, facing the stoic Silver Surfer with a confident grin. "Hey there. What brings you to my small planet?" he asked, attempting to break the cosmic silence that surrounded them.

The Surfer's gaze remained unwavering, devoid of any emotion. "Where is the Mad Titan?" he questioned, his metallic voice resonating in the lunar atmosphere. "I sense the energy of the infinity stones from you. Where are they, and where is Thanos?"

Peter, maintaining his casual demeanor, decided to try diplomacy. "Look, Surfer, right? We're not enemies here. I'm just a guy trying to enjoy a quiet night on my couch. Thanos is long dead, and as for the stones, well, they're none of your business."

After Peter finished speaking, the surfer looked at him with a dumbfounded expression on his silver face. After all, it's very rare for a person to speak to him, a Harold of Galactic, like that.

"So, why don't you turn around and head back home before you end up like Thanos?" Peter made a shooing motion with his hand.

"" Gwen silently stood behind him, clearly fearful of the whole situation. She didn't know why Peter was purposefully demeaning the being in front of them, but she hoped he wasn't biting off more than he could chew.

The Silver Surfer, unyielding in his mission, responded, "I won't be going anywhere. My purpose is clear, locate the Mad Titan, dead or alive, and retrieve the infinity stones. You will cooperate willingly or face the consequences."

Undeterred, Peter continued, "Well, I'm afraid that Thanos has been disintegrated into nothing, so you won't be able to find him anywhere. As for the stones, like I said before, that's none of your business"

The Surfer's metallic exterior betrayed no sign of acknowledgment. Without warning, his silver surfboard materialized beneath his feet, and he shot forward towards Peter with incredible speed.

Peter, anticipating the attack, swiftly sidestepped the oncoming cosmic entity. As the Silver Surfer zoomed past him, Peter executed a powerful roundhouse kick to his shining, platinum-like stomach. The force behind the blow was substantial, sending the Surfer hurtling backward through the lunar expanse.

The Surfer, recovering mid-air, adjusted his trajectory with an almost supernatural ease. His expression remained impassive, devoid of any reaction to Peter's counterattack. It became evident to Peter that this version of the Silver Surfer was not the noble, conflicted herald he knew from certain comic storylines. This Surfer was merely an instrument of his cosmic master's will, devoid of empathy or personal motives.

Peter smirked up at his opponent. "You really need to learn the art of negotiation. How are you going to get anything from me when you're this robotic? Come on, try again, but this time offer me something like most evildoers. Maybe wealth or power?" He said, seemingly uninterested in both. "Or we can just go back to fighting. I don't mind either way"

Gwen, peeking from behind Peter, couldn't help but gasp at the display of power. She realized that the situation was escalating rapidly, and Peter's horrible attempt at a peaceful resolution had fallen on deaf ears. The Silver Surfer, undeterred by Peter's initial counter, continued to hover in the dark vacuum of space, readying himself for another assault.

Peter, assessing the situation lazily, motioned for the surfer to come at him. "Are you coming or not? I don't have all night, you know? I'm a busy man with a lot of TV to watch" he complained as he prepared for the next round.

The Silver Surfer, devoid of emotion, didn't see Peter as a threat. He looked down in his opponent and the woman cowering behind him with an air of superiority.

Without a word, the surfer scoffed before disappearing in a burst of speed, appearing beside Peter with his fist drawn back, swinging towards his opponents face.

The Silver Surfer's fist rocketed towards Peter's face with incredible speed, but Peter, quick to react, ducked just in time. "Woah, you're pretty quick, huh?" He commented, actually impressed by his opponents speed. 'He might actually be the faster guy I've ever fought'

The cosmic entity's movements were almost too fluid and swift, a shocking display of agility and power that caught Peter off guard. As the Surfer continued his assault, Peter found himself on the defensive for the first time in a long while, dodging each strike with a combination of acrobatics and Spider-sense.

'Holy sh*t Has this guy always been this strong?' Peter wondered between dodges, attempting to buy himself a moment to analyze the situation. "Hey, mind slowing down? I'm starting to get-"

Before Peter could finish speaking, his opponents hand suddenly started glowing in a white light before a ray of energy shot out. The energy pierced through the air before impacting Peter's chest, sending him hurtling backwards.

Boom! Slamming into the surface of the moon, Peter's body created a large crater, which kicked up some moon dust, clouding the area.

Gwen, her anxiety escalating, watched the scene unfold. "Peter?!" she called out, her voice trembling with concern. She wished nothing more than to rush forward and check on Peter, but the mere presence of the Silver Surfer kept her at bay.

The Surfer, unmoved by the entire situation, remained stoic as he waited for the dust to clear. ""

Before the dust could clear, a golden rimmed portal opened behind the Silver Surfer. And before the cosmic entity could react, Peter lunged forward, attempting to strike with the element of surprise on his side.

However, the Surfer, unfazed, turned with unnatural speed, catching Peter's attack with a single hand.

A surge of energy rippled through the Surfer's metallic frame as he effortlessly held Peter's fist in place. With a casual yet powerful kick to Peter's stomach, the cosmic entity sent him hurtling across the lunar surface once more. The impact created another crater, marking the extent of the Silver Surfer's dominance.

Gwen, witnessing Peter's defeat, felt a pang of worry. The realization that this encounter might be beyond Peter's usual league settled in. The Silver Surfer, undeterred and seemingly invincible, hovered above the battered Spider-Man.

As Peter rose from the moon's surface, dust clinging to his suit, he couldn't help but grin. The pain in his ribs and the taste of moon dust in his mouth didn't dampen his spirits. In fact, he was smiling from ear to ear right now. "HehehahaHAHA!"

It had been so long since Peter faced someone who could genuinely challenge him.

"You know, it's been ages since someone could kick my ass like this!" Peter exclaimed, his laughter echoing throughout the open space between them. "I'd almost forgotten what this feels like!"

'Did he go crazy?' Gwen wondered if the Surfer might have hit Peter a little too hard on the head.

The Surfer, still silent, observed Peter with an unyielding gaze. ""

Kicking off the ground, Peter launched himself straight at his opponent, not an ounce of fear in his body. "Come on! Kick my a*s some more! This is the most fun I've had in a battle in a really long time!"

Staring at Peter in annoyance, the surfer wound back his hand and slapped him away, but this time Peter didn't dawdle for long. Changing his trajectory mid air, he whipped his body around and shot back towards his opponent. "Hahaha! Come on! Is that all you've got!? My wife hits harder than you!"

'Did he become a masochist or something?' Gwen thought, staring at Peter oddly.

The battle continued, but now it was clear that the Silver Surfer held the upper hand. Peter, driven by an odd mix of excitement and determination, dodged and weaved, attempting to find an opening against his formidable opponent. Yet, the Surfer's movements were a ballet of precision and power, each strike calculated to exploit Peter's vulnerabilities.

But despite the dire situation, Peter's laughter persisted. The thrill of facing an opponent who could match his strength was a rare and exhilarating experience. His mind raced, strategizing for the next move, even as the Silver Surfer maintained relentless pressure.

Relying on his agility and combat skills to avoid the majority of the Silver Surfer's strikes, Peter exercised every bit of his power, hoping to land a single hit on the cosmic being before him.

The Surfer, unyielding in his pursuit, unleashed an energy blast from his hands, creating a burst of cosmic force. Peter, nimble as ever, evaded the direct hit but couldn't escape the shockwave entirely. The force sent him tumbling backward, struggling to regain control in the weightless environment.

Before Peter could regain his balance, a glint of silver streaked through the darkness as the Surfer closed in for another attack. Peter, realizing the need to change tactics, called upon the mystical powers he had acquired during his time at Kamar-Taj. Conjuring a protective shield of energy, he managed to block the Surfer's next onslaught.

The Surfer, momentarily surprised by Peter's newfound abilities, pressed on, relentless in his assault. He unleashed a barrage of energy beams, forcing Peter to weave and dodge with unparalleled precision. Despite his defensive efforts, Peter found himself pushed further into a defensive stance.

As the battle raged on, Peter tapped into the Phoenix Force within him, allowing the fiery energies to surround him like a protective aura. The flames danced and flickered, providing an additional layer of defense against the Surfer's cosmic onslaught. Yet, even with these newfound powers, Peter struggled to gain the upper hand.

The Surfer, displaying an unyielding determination, maintained his offensive onslaught. His attacks were precise and calculated, leaving Peter with little to no room for counterattacks.

Gwen, watching from the sidelines, felt a wave of helplessness, unable to do anything but watch and hope for Peter's wellbeing. "

Peter, usually the agile and witty Spider-Man, was now locked in a defensive struggle against a cosmic force beyond her comprehension. Though that didn't mean he wasn't enjoying it. In fact, he's been laughing this entire time. "Hehehe!"

The Surfer, undeterred, continued his relentless assault. But as Peter reveled in the exhilaration of the battle, he decided it was time to take it up a notch.

Before the eyes of both Gwen and the Silver Surfer, Peter's form began to undergo a drastic transformation. Muscles bulged and skin changed to a vibrant red hue. His entire being morphed into the formidable and imposing figure of the Red Hulk, with blazing orange eyes that glowed with intense power.

Gwen, witnessing this transformation, couldn't conceal her shock. She had never seen Peter's Red Hulk form before, and the sudden change left her in awe and fear. The once agile Spider-Man now stood as a hulking, powerful force of nature.

The Silver Surfer, though unscathed, displayed a flicker of surprise in his eyes. And that surprise only grew as Peter disappeared, his speed increasing to an insane degree despite his significant size increase. In the blink of an eye, before the surfer could react, he reappeared before the cosmic entity, his massive fist connecting with the Surfer's silver body.

A resounding impact echoed through the vacuum of space, and the Silver Surfer grunted in pain as he was sent hurtling backward, blood spitting out of his mouth.

Gwen, still processing the transformation and the incredible display of power, watched as Peter, now the Red Hulk, hovered in the open black space before her, shrouded in Phoenix flames. She couldn't help but compare his appearance to that of a demonic war god.

Peter grinned maliciously as he watched the surfer bleed, his opponent looking a lot more serious than before. "There we go! That's the look I was waiting for. Now the real fight can begin"

Chapter 610: Finally, A Worthy Opponent! (2/2)

The Silver Surfer, now taking Peter seriously after the unexpected transformation, surrounded himself in white energy, his metallic form pulsating with enhanced power. He launched himself at Peter with blinding speed, shooting beams of intense light from his hands, aimed with deadly precision.

Peter, standing confidently, awaited the oncoming assault. As the beams of energy struck him, something remarkable occurred. Instead of piercing his skin or sending him flying, the energy flowed into Peter, a surge of power coursing through his veins. The Silver Surfer's eyes widened in surprise, but he pressed on, increasing his speed and intensity.

With the newfound power from the Surfer's attacks, Peter could now perceive the cosmic entity's movements with ease. As the Surfer closed in for a punch, Peter reached out, his giant hand grasping his opponent around the midsection.

"Is it just me or did you get slower?" Peter asked tauntingly, his smirk clear for all to see.

The Surfer tried to reply, but Peter wouldn't let him. Squeezing with incredible force, blood spurted from the Surfer's open mouth, his entire body caving in on itself, crushing his internal organs.

Laughing happily, Peter swung his arm back, hurling the Silver Surfer into the moon's surface. The impact created a colossal crater, the moon shaking beneath Gwen's feet as she watched in fear. Quickly, she scrambled out of the way, narrowly avoiding the plummeting surfer.

"Watch where you throw him, you oversized idiot!" She yelled up to Peter, infuriated but also happy that he seemed to be winning now.

"Uhh Sorry, Gwen. My bad" Peter apologized, scratching the back of his head awkwardly.

Despite the devastating blow, the Silver Surfer rose once more, his resilience unwavering. The cosmic entity, now fueled by determination, confronted Peter with renewed intensity. Shooting off the surface of the moon, he took advantage of Gwen's interference and kicked Peter in the chest, sending him flying backward.

Using his Phoenix flames, Peter was able to better navigate the weightlessness of space, redirecting his flight and turning just in time to avoid yet another attack from his opponent, who flew past him.

The cosmic entity, undeterred by the minor setback, surrounded himself in white energy once again, facing off against Peter.

The battle paused for a moment as both sides stared at one another, sizing each other up. After a moment of stillness, the two clashed in a series of powerful blows, each strike echoing through the silent void of space.

Gwen watched from the moon's surface as they disappeared and reappeared, unable to follow their movements for more than a few seconds at a time. "Come on, Peter!" Although she was scared, Gwen couldn't help but grow excited after seeing such a display of power.

"Is that all you got?" Peter taunted, his voice carrying across the desolate expanse. His powerful fists clashed with the Surfer's silver limbs, creating shockwaves that rippled through the cosmic landscape.

The Silver Surfer, determined to prove his might and complete his master's mission, retaliated with swift, calculated strikes. He wanted to use his energy to fight as well, but after seeing Peter's ability to absorb it and empower himself, the surfer found himself stuck in a battle of brute force.

"You really need to up your game. This is getting too easy!" Peter goaded, his taunts punctuating each powerful strike, pummeling his opponent in a burst of speed and accuracy.

The Surfer, frustrated by the unexpected turn of events, pushed forward, determined to overcome the cocky Spider-Man.

In a sudden burst of speed, the Silver Surfer closed the distance between them, launching a flurry of strikes in retaliation. Peter, relying on his enhanced perception and newfound abilities, dodged as many hits as he possibly could.

Gwen, watching from a safe distance, couldn't help but be amazed and terrified by the spectacle unfolding before her. The sheer force of their clashes made her feel the vibrations through space itself.

In the midst of the chaos, Peter's thoughts raced. 'This is insane. I'm actually starting to get tired...'

But he wasn't the only one. Across from him, the Silver Surfer breathed heavily, just as exhausted as Peter seemed to be.

The empty space between them hung in a momentary silence as both Peter and the Silver Surfer, exhausted from their intense clash, caught their breath. The weightlessness of space seemed to amplify the tension, with both sides acknowledging the weariness in each other's eyes.

Noticing the opportunity, both combatants rushed forward with determination, ready to bring an end to their cosmic duel. Peter, his giant Red Hulk form shrouded in Phoenix flames, faced the Silver Surfer, his silver body covered in pulsating white energy.

A bright light flashed as the two forces collided, creating a dazzling spectacle that temporarily blinded Gwen, watching from the moon's surface. The clash echoed through the cosmic expanse, and when the light finally faded, Gwen's eyes widened at the sight before her.

Peter floated in the weightless environment, no longer in his formidable Red Hulk form. His right arm was missing, blood flowing from the open wound. Despite the injury, Peter remained surprisingly calm as he noticed Gwen's concerned gaze.

"If you think this is bad, then you should see the other guy," Peter quipped, motioning behind him.

In the distance, Gwen saw the Silver Surfer, or more precisely, his legs, floating in the void of space. Peter may have lost an arm, but the Surfer had lost his entire upper body. The remnants of their powerful clash were evident, leaving both warriors maimed.

Descending to the moon's surface, Peter landed beside Gwen, who rushed up to him, tears in her eyes. "Peter, you... you lost your arm!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with worry.

Peter, displaying a nonchalant demeanor, reassured her, "It's fine, Gwen. Calm down."

"Calm down? How can I calm down when you lost an arm?!" Gwen retorted, frustration and concern evident in her voice.

Peter, despite his injuries, flashed a reassuring smile. "It'll grow back in a few days... I think. Though maybe I should speed things up a bit?"

Gwen watched in confusion as Peter used his left hand to grab his necklace before six rings with glowing stones appeared. The rings emitted a soft, ethereal light, capturing Gwen's attention. She couldn't help but ask, "What are those?"

Peter, a smirk playing on his lips, replied, "They're the infinity stones."

Gwen furrowed her brow. "Infinity stones? What's that?"

With a nonchalant shrug, Peter used his telekinetic powers to float the rings over his fingers. However, with only five fingers at the moment, he was forced to double up two on his ring finger. Gwen, perplexed, couldn't help but ask, "What are you doing?"

Peter grinned, mischief in his eyes. "Watch."

He snapped his fingers, and Gwen's eyes widened in shock as she witnessed Peter's injuries disappearing. His severed arm magically reappeared, and he looked as pristine and healthy as he did before the intense battle had begun.

Gwen, struggling to find words, finally managed, "How... What just happened?"

Peter chuckled, his confidence unwavering. "Infinity stones, Gwen. They can do pretty much anything. Handy, right?"

Gwen remained in awe, trying to comprehend the supernatural display of power she had just witnessed. "Wait" She muttered, realizing something. "If they can do anything, then why bother fighting that guy? You could've just snapped your fingers and been done with it"

Peter shrugged. "Because it was fun"

As the Silver Surfer lay defeated in the desolate expanse of space, a ripple echoed through the cosmic connection between him and his master, Galactus. The cosmic entity, far away in the reaches of the universe, felt a disturbance in the force that bound them together.

Galactus, initially immersed in meditation as he tried to keep hold of his sanity as his hunger ate away at all rational thought, was abruptly jolted by the shock of the Silver Surfer's death through their shared link. A being of immense power and control, Galactus seldom encountered challenges that could threaten his heralds, especially one as formidable as the Silver Surfer.

The cosmic entity, momentarily stunned, processed the unthinkable, his strongest herald had been defeated. The realization struck Galactus like a brick to the head. The weight of the event resonated through the vastness of space, unsettling the balance of his mind, which he had meticulously maintained up until now.

Galactus, the Devourer of Worlds, felt an unfamiliar surge of unease. Few entities could pose a threat to the Silver Surfer, and the fact that he was dead sent shivers through Galactus's being. As the sensation of the herald's demise reverberated within him, Galactus couldn't help but pinpoint the exact location where his herald met his end.

'What were you doing over there' Galactus couldn't help but wonder if this had something to do with Thanos. Though the Mad Titan himself would never be strong enough to stand against the Silver Surfer. 'Not unless he has all of the stones'

And just as that thought surfaced on Galactus's mind, suddenly, a wave of power sparked across the universe, and in the exact spot where his Harold had just died as well.

'The infinity stones' He felt their power for a brief moment before they disappeared once again.

Galactus, now aware of the circumstances of his Harold's death and the exact location of the infinity stones, turned his gaze towards Earth. He didn't know it was Thanos, who decided to go back on their deal, or some other inconsequential bug, but one thing was for sure

Galactus would have the infinity stone, one way or another.