

Spider-Man 61

Chapter 61: Spidey VS Beast (1)

After following the helicopter to the outskirts of the city, Peter was planning to finally take it down, as it was safe to do so now. Just as he was about to act, the helicopter began to descend toward a very old but well-kept stone temple.

"This is ominous looking..." Peter muttered as he saw the dark torch-lit temple.

It didn't help that the sun had completely set by now, adding a much more spooky feel to the place.

As the helicopter landed, the passengers hopped out and rushed up the long stone steps, disappearing into the ornate entrance.

The helicopter blades didn't have a chance to slow to a stop by the time Peter landed and saw the cowardly backsides of those entering the temple.

"Hmm..." Peter thought as he stopped in his tracks and observed the area. "This is definitely a trap..."

Shaking his head at how obvious these millennia-old ninjas were being, Peter ascended the stone stairway, following the trail of his escaped prey.

While walking up and into the dark and spooky temple, Peter wracked his brain for anything that he could remember from the Daredevil TV series.

Sadly, all he could remember from the hand was their use of dragon bone elixir and that they were ninjas. He didn't have any other recollection that could explain the odd almost supernatural feeling he was receiving from this temple.

Walking inside, Peter found nobody as he went from room to room, each one was in pristine condition and lit by torches, which were hanging on almost every wall.

After searching all of the upper floors of the temple, Peter found no one and decided to descend downward. Though he hated the thought of it.

The only staircase leading down looked like it was straight out of some horror film. It was dark and disheveled, nothing like the pristine quality of the rest of the temple.

"God, I hate scary movies..." Peter muttered as he descended with only slight reluctance.

Put him up against villains such as Thanos or Dormammu, but the second things start looking like the ring, then Peter may have some confidence issues.

Thankfully, Peter has superhuman senses, so he knew that no one was hiding in the shadows below. Unless of course, there was a ghost, but through his study in Kamar Taj, Peter learned that he would still be able to see and hear a ghost.

After watching some scary movies with MJ, Peter was curious whether ghosts actually existed, so he spoke to a master about them and learned a bit of useful information.

Though that can be saved for another time.

'Why must they lead me here?' Peter thought as he made it to the bottom of the stairs and walked down a long stone hallway. "Why not a well-lit warehouse or something? Anything but this..."

Thankfully, the hall was only dark for a short time as halfway through Peter could see a light at the end of the tunnel, quite literally.

Following the tunnel-like hallway, Peter made it to the end without a single trap or attack, which only made him more vigilant about whatever they were planning. It had to be coming soon after all.

Stepping out of the hall, Peter's eyes adjusted to the light and he saw something that he didn't expect.

Under the temple was a huge stone throne room, which was being held up by large chiseled pillars. Hand ninjas were posted around the room alongside normal-looking servants.

Peter could even see Alexandra Reid, who had just run from him, standing beside the large throne alongside the other fingers of the Hand. All of them were here, besides Murakami, who was still trapped in the mirror dimension.

Peter stealthily checks on him and Nobu every morning, seeing if he thinks they're ready to speak yet, but sadly neither of them were weak-willed men. It would take some more time to break them into talking.

Though maybe he wouldn't need them anymore after this.

Sitting on the throne at the back of the room was what truly shocked Peter upon his arrival.

"What's a demon doing here?" Peter wondered out loud.

Peter has read a few books on demons and has even had a bit of instruction from The Ancient One on how to handle such beings that make it into their world.

Either by their own power or through the help of someone on the planet, usually through some sort of ritual, low-level dimensional beings like this can slip by unnoticed.

It's not that they're so strong that they can get in, but that they're so weak that the alarms set in place by the Masters of Kamar Taj don't register their breach into the world.

Although Peter is most definitely a novice when it comes to fighting demons, he's up for the challenge and happy that it wasn't a ghost.

The only question now was how and when did a demon team up with the Hand. Was this a recent thing or are they merely acting together to get rid of him?

"Oh, the spider has arrived!" The fat dark demon heard him and spoke from its throne.

The grin that spread along the demon's face as it eyed Peter up and down was about as creepy as he expected.

"It's Spider-Man actually." Peter corrects as he takes out his phone and sends a quick text to the Ancient One with his location and predicament, just in case anything goes wrong.

He has never fought a demon before after all.

"Hehe, such an odd name you've chosen for yourself..." The overweight demon laughs gleefully as it drinks from a big chalice.

"Eh, I like it. What's your name demon guy?" Peter says, buying time as he prepares an important spell.

"The Japanese call me Kaiju-sama, but you may call me the Beast." The Beast introduces itself, still looking at Peter's body with an unhealthy amount of interest.

"So, what's this whole plan about? I mean, you lured me here, right? Now what?" Peter asks as he knows that big villains like to reveal their master plan at the last moment.

Peter always thought it was dumb to do, but they always seem to get a kick out of it. Even some of the criminals he stops would now and then go on tangents about their plan, only to get captured soon after.

"Kaiju-sama is interested in using your body as a vessel." Alexandra Reid reveals as she and the other fingers of the hand watch between Peter and the demon with Interest.

"We would also like to know where Murakami is?" Madam Gao spoke next. "We've searched the entire county by this point and still haven't found a single sign of him."

"Oh forget about that waste for now!" The Beast speaks forcefully. "Once I have his body, I'll know whatever the spider knows. We can find him then."

"Yeah, no thanks." Peter says as he brings his hand forward, summoning dozens of golden sparks in front of him. "I like my body very much, so I think that I'll keep it."

Spinning his arms, the sparks draw themselves into individual intricate spell circles.

As everyone in the room watches in surprise, only one of them knows what's happening and it frightens them beyond belief. The great Beast that has been pulling the strings behind the Hand for millennia began shaking in its throne.

"S-Sorcerer?!" The Demon spoke with a voice laced with fear and anxiety.

After thousands of years spent on earth, the Beast knew one thing for certain. Never mess with the sorcerers of earth, as they are far stronger than anyone would expect.

Throughout its entire time spent on earth, it was able to avoid these sorcerers by hiding behind the Hand, yet it seems that has backfired now.

The Beasts shield has brought danger to its front door.

Once the spell circles were formed, each of them spread out to every corner of the room, branding its markings on every inch of the throne room.

"That should keep you from escaping." Peter muttered as the Beast's body turned into a shadow-like figure, which dashed for one of the side exits. "I wouldn't do that If I were you..."

Bang! Tzzzzz!

As the shadow approached the doorway, a golden forcefield appeared and blocked the way. The Beast slammed into the almost invisible wall, but that wasn't all that happened. Lightning courses through the forcefield soon after, electrocuting the poor helpless demon.

"I told you not to do that..." Peter commented as he watched the whole thing with an amused look.

The Ancient One taught him that demons are crafty and good escape artists, so she invented this very spell in order to keep them from constantly running away from her.

Back at the side of the throne, the founders of the hand were shocked. Never before have they seen anyone capable of something like this. Let alone being able to somehow get one over on the Beast.

'Maybe we should have stayed away from Spider-Man?' Each of them had a similar thought as they watched the Beast being electrified.

Chapter 62: Spidey VS Beast (2)

After a moment of being electrocuted, the Beast backed away, keeping a good distance from the walls and doors.

Although he was just electrocuted with enough power to kill a herd of elephants, the Beast wasn't hurt at all. In fact, all this did was trap and anger the chubby demon.

"You won't be able to leave." Peter says as he sees the Beast eyeing the enchanted walls. "This spell was crafted by someone far stronger than me."

Although Peter was fairly confident after trapping this demon, he has never fought something like this before so this was fairly nerve-wracking for him.

Especially since he would have to fight this demon with the Mystic Arts. His other powers would come in handy, but when fighting dimensional beings, the Mystic Arts will always have an advantage.

This would be his first real fight while using the Mystic Arts, not counting the portals that he uses for convenience.

"Hmm, I've never personally dealt with a Sorcerer before, but I bet that this will disappear once you're dead." The Beast says as it turns its giant form toward Peter, who was psyching himself up mentally.

'You got this. It's just a low-level demon. The Ancient One eats guys like this for breakfast.' Peter thought as he heard what the Beast said. "Maybe, maybe not."

As he says this, Peter throws his hands up and summons the Tao Mandalas, which appear on his fists with a burst of golden light.

"I guess you'll have to find out?" Peter says as he waits for the demon to make the first move.

Without a word, the demon morphs into a shadowy figure, which launches toward Peter at lightning speed. Peter blocked with the Tao Mandalas, wanting to test their defensive power early on.

As the Beasts shadowy form struck the Eldritch shields, a grunt of surprise emanated from the shadow, not expecting to be stopped as its shadow form can usually move through anything.

When the Beast struck the shields with enough force to send Peter sliding backward into the wall, Peter's body touched the golden force field, which sent an electric current into his body.

TZZZZZZ

"Hahahaha!" The Beast laughs gleefully as it's body forms once again. "I'm not the only one trapped here, eh?"

The beast's mood instantly brightened. It's heard all about the sorcerers of earth during its time hiding away, but maybe this one was a weaker sorcerer? If so, then the Beast's luck was good.

A vessel with the knowledge of a sorcerer is the greatest prize he could ask for.

"Ugh!" Peter grunted as he kicked off the force field he created, no longer feeling the Lightning coursing through his body. 'That was dumb...'

The spider suit mitigated a lot of the shock he felt, but it still hurt like a b*tch.

Although Peter is susceptible to the trap he laid, he wasn't as trapped as the Beast believed. Technically, Peter could portal away at any moment, leaving the demon and the Hand to rot in the throne room.

He wouldn't do that though. This is the perfect opportunity to test his skills in the Mystic Arts. As well as fight a strong opponent that he could handle. The strongest opponent Peter has fought so far is Iron Monger, and he left most of the fight to Tony.

'Note to self, stay away from the walls and ceiling.' Peter thought as he realized that he unknowingly nerfed himself. 'Eh, whatever. I got this.'

After testing the Tao mandalas, the shield on his right fist disappeared, and in its place appeared a large golden war hammer, which Peter handled one-handed with ease.

With a weapon in one hand and a shield in the other, Peter dashed forward and wound back the hammer over his shoulder.

As Peter appeared before the huge figure of the Beast, he slammed the hammer toward its large bulging stomach.

As the attack was close to hitting, the demon morphed into its shadow form and escaped the hit, remembering how it couldn't phase through the shield from earlier. Normally, the Beast would make use of its intangible form instead of physically dodging, but that was impossible against Peter.

Swish... Bang!

As the hammer missed its mark and smashed into the floor, the force field appeared for a brief moment, saving the stone floor from damage.

A game of cat and mouse ensued as Peter chased after the Beast, who seemed to be far quicker in his shadow form than his obese body would allow.

On the sidelines, the four founders of the hand watched on with nervous expressions plastered on their faces. They thought that the Beast would make quick work of Spider-Man, yet thoughts like that no longer existed in their minds.

Now they were wondering who would win and weren't sure who to route for...

The Beast has taken advantage of their organization for thousands of years, and they only follow him these days out of fear, so if Spider-Man could kill him then he would be doing the Hand a service.

The problem comes after that though. What would Spider-Man do with them?

"If you're just going to run, I'll try something else." Peter mutters as the shield and hammer disappear.

Waving his hand, multiple spell circles drew themselves around Peter's body. Seeing this as an opening, the Beast launches forward, reaching its large hand at Peter's unguarded neck.

As the Beast was inches away from Peter's throat, the spell circles finished forming and countless tiny hummingbirds made of golden energy come pouring out. The room fills with the sound of birds chirping, as these birds act like homing missiles, each of them locking onto the demon. flying forward in a huge flock, faster than any normal bird could possibly move.

"F*ck!" The Beast yelled in anger as its hand was nearly around Peter's neck.

Not willing to abandon the attack, the demon dashes forward, hoping to rip Peter's throat out before the birds can get to him. As his hand wrapped around Peter's throat, the flock of birds smashed into the Beast's chest, each one exploding upon contact.

Boom Boom Boom...

Explosions echo in the underground chamber as the towering demon is sent flying backward. His hand nearly wrapped fully around Peter's neck, but the birds intervened and don't let up. As the demon gets launched back, the birds continue forward, following the Beast's every movement.

The explosions continue as the Beast is blown up and around the room over and over. The only reason the underground throne room hasn't collapsed yet is thanks to Peter's trap spell taking all of the damage in its place.

As the Beast is flying around the room, propelled by the constant exploding birds, the hand and other servants in the room took cover behind the large stone throne and towering pillars. None of them have ever seen such a crazy fight in their entire lives.

Even in K'un-Lun, where each founder of the hand originated, they only practice chi manipulation, which is nothing compared to the magic they're seeing today.

Although the servants were scared, with every added explosion, they started becoming hopeful. Each of them was taken from their homes and families to serve that grotesque monster, like nothing but slaves, so they were wholeheartedly routing for Spider-Man.

Soon enough, the birds ended up pinning the Beast to a corner of the room, where another 30-ish explosions rang out before there wasn't a single bird left and the spell circles faded.

Left in the corner of the room was nothing but a puddle of blood along with some chunks of meat. This was all that was left of the great Beast that used the Hand as entertainment and servants for thousands of years.

"Hmm, that spell was stronger than I thought..." Peter mutters as the smoke cleared and he sees his handy work. "I'll have to thank Master Hamir for showing it to me."

As Peter says this, the blood and chunks of the demon begin to ripple and writhe around. Nobody notices this but Peter though.

The servants begin to cry and cheer for their freedom, while the Hand stare in shock and awe. They were frightened as to what Spider-Man had in store for them.

Thinking and acting quickly, Alexandra Reid moves forward and bows before Peter.

"Black Sky." She mutters, causing the Ninja in the room to move forward and bow as well. "We, the Hand, submit ourselves to you fully."

She planned to survive by simply switching one master for another. At least this new master was most likely human, stronger than the last, and wouldn't eat or torture them as the Beast did.

"Black Sky?" Peter muttered in confusion as the other three founders of the hand moved forward and bowed as well.

They didn't feel like dying today either.

Peter didn't watch a lot of the Daredevil show or know a lot about the comics so he had no clue what 'Black Sky' meant. Though he knew what this old sly woman was doing.

"You traitorous scum!" A deep demonic voice fills the throne room as the meat and blood combined and began to grow into a resident evil monster that only slightly resembled the Beast from moments earlier. "You would bend the knee to another so easily?"

Chapter 63: Spidey VS Beast (3)

As the even more monstrous version of the Beast appeared, Peter looked toward the kneeling ninja and frightened servants, who have frozen in shock mid-celebration.

"You may want to get in cover once again..." Peter says as the ninja instantly rush away, back to hide behind the throne.

The servants acted a bit slower but still made it behind the pillars, peaking out every now and then to see the monster's new form.

"You got a lot uglier..." Peter commented as he looked at the deformed Beast in the corner of the room.

The demon grew to twice the size and transformed from the fat glutinous looking beast to a giant veiny bodybuilder that could give the Hulk a run for his money.

Not only did he become muscular but the proportions were completely off as well. One arm was big but the other was huge. The rest of its body was all out of whack as well, with some muscles being bigger than others, and the beastly facial features that were once symmetrical are now lopsided.

He truly resembled a person that was infected by the T-Virus or some other mutant monster from films.

"Grrrr..." The Beast growler as it breathed, looking over its new arms and legs. "Hmm, I like the new look."

"Well, at least you're healthy now, maybe?" Peter says skeptically as he ponders which body type was worse.

"Hahaha!" The Beast completely ignores Peter as it admired its new body with a gleeful laugh. "This body is amazing!"

The Beast could feel the power coursing through its veins, far exceeding anything the demon has ever felt before.

"Thank you so much, Spider!" It says happily as its new muscles flex every so often as if this was some sort of bodybuilding show.

"Eh, I didn't really do anything but you're welcome, I guess?" Peter says as his golden war hammer appears once again. "Why don't I help you test it out as well?"

As Peter says this, he dashed forward and leaped into the air, slamming the hammer down onto the Beast's open chest.

The Beast was so preoccupied with admiring its new physique that there was no time for any sort of defense. When the eldritch hammer impacted the demon's chest, the muscles indented slightly and absorbed the blow with ease.

"Huh?" The Beast grunted in surprise as the attack, which would have sent him flying earlier, did absolutely nothing this time around. "I love this new body!"

As the Beast says this, a wicked grin forms on its face as a large arm juts forward and grasps Peter by the torso.

"As thanks for this new body, I'll make your death a quick one." The Beast says as it tosses Peter across the room and into the wall, where he was electrocuted for the second time today.

TZZZZZ

Knowing this would happen, Peter spun mid-air and kicked off the wall immediately upon impact, only getting electrocuted for a brief moment.

"This is more like it!" Peter says excitedly as his war hammer disappears and two golden brass knuckles form on each of his hands.

Without thinking, Peter rushes forward and starts to brawl with the giant Beast. Peter would land hit after hit while dancing around the demon, using his agility to duck and dive passed every oncoming attack.

As the brawl continued, Peter was starting to get a bit hot-headed but he didn't know why. He felt as though this was the time to finally go all out against an opponent, as he has never done so before.

The problem was that Peter wasn't usually like this. Something was stimulating his adrenaline, testosterone, or something because Peter started feeling like a berserker out of nowhere.

Taking some deep breaths, Peter tried calming himself, but it was a hard task to achieve for some reason.

'Is he doing this to me?' Peter thought as he danced around the Beast, landing hit after hit.

All of them doing nothing to the demon. In fact, with every added hit Peter felt more and more pumped up and angry.

Using his enhanced senses, Peter could smell an odd fragrance in the air. It didn't smell good or bad, but it wasn't noticeable unless you had super senses like him.

'Is it coming from him?' Peter guesses as he ducks behind the Beast and sees something odd on its back.

At the back of the demon were a bunch of little volcano-shaped holes. Nothing was coming out of them, but the smell was a lot stronger there.

Testing a hypothesis, Peter sent a quick punch to the Beasts body and sees the volcano-shaped holes contract and spew out some air before going still once again.

'Eww... I've been breathing that in?' Peter thought in revulsion as he dashed away from the Beast. 'Disgusting...'

It seemed to be a new power that the beast got from its transformation. Every time he takes damage, whatever it is gets pumped out, enraging the Beasts opponent slowly.

An enraged enemy is careless and foolhardy after all. Thankfully, Peter was enhanced so the fumes weren't as effective on him. Though if he breathes in much more then it will be hard to calm down.

'I need to find a counter to the smell or end this fight before my mind goes crazy.' Peter thought as he started keeping his distance from his opponent, not letting the Beast get close to him.

As Peter was thinking of ways to counter the rage-inducing fumes, the servants and Ninja hiding on the sidelines began to feel the effects themselves.

The servants were the first to go berserk as they had less discipline than the heavily trained ninja. Instantly, the once scared men and women started fighting each other out of nowhere. Fear turned to rage as they turned on one another like rabid animals.

The ninja noticed this and kept their distance.

"Hmm..." Madam Gao was the first to notice the odd effect on herself and others.

As she was putting the pieces together in her head, the ninja stationed around them began to get enraged and lashed out at the four founders of the hand.

As thousands of years old Masters, they weren't easily influenced and kept their sanity. Each finger of the hand wasn't looking at their soldiers, yet dodged the attacks to their back with ease.

"What is this?" One of them asks in confusion as they all started becoming aware of the raging feeling boiling inside them.

Madam Gao finally puts it together and rips a piece of her clothing, turning it into a makeshift mask for her mouth and nose. Seeing their fellow finger do such a thing, the others figured it out as well, making some makeshift masks for themselves too.

As the servants were killing one another, the founders of the hand began slaughtering their own compromised men and women. Peter could sense this happening, but was busy with an angry Beast chasing him down.

"Stay still you bug!" The demon exclaims in annoyance as Peter has been keeping his distance.

"Spiders are... you know what. Forget it." Peter says in exasperation, tired of everyone calling him a bug or insect.

After some time of thought, Peter knew that he didn't have any spells to counter the fumes, so he would try a spell that he hasn't tested before to end this quickly.

"I need a..." Peter mutters as he looks around the room for some sort of container, finding an expensive-looking vase on the steps leading to the throne. "Okay, I'm going to need you to stand still for a bit."

Leaving the vase where it was, for now, Peter lures the Beast to the center of the room. Once it was there, Peter started dancing around its huge form, attaching webs all over its body.

As the webs took hold, Peter would loop them around the nearby pillars in the room, restricting the Beast's movements. Some webs would be ripped apart, but by the time that happens, three more would take their place, as Peter worked in overdrive.

After minutes of doing this, the Beast was trapped in the center of the room with its arms and legs spread wide open, completely tied down to the pillars in the room.

"Grrrr... Agh!" The Beast tugged at the webs, causing them to stretch as cracks began to form on the pillars.

Acting quickly before the pillars get destroyed, Peter grabs the vase with a web shot and places it in front of the Beast.

"Let's hope this works." Peter mutters as he recalls a spell that he read about from his time in the library of Kamar Taj. "Nox snd opacatissimam appello hiemem coldesr. offerens sangui- nem unici mei et corporis inimici mei, posco pro oower signare hanc bestiam in vase gvis."

As Peter begins to speak, a single yet complicated spell circle forms on the ground under the vase.

When the circle was fully formed, Peter took off a single glove and summoned a golden knife, cutting his palm and smearing and dripping it onto the circle.

As the blood touches the spell, the room turns a pitch darker and gets many degrees colder than before. Peter could even see his breath in the air.

"Ahhhhhh!" The Beast yelled as its muscles flexed and pulled the many pillars apart, freeing itself. "I changed my mind. Your death will be long and painful!"

As the Beast was about to lash out at Peter, the spell circle levitated off the floor and stuck itself to the vase. Instantly, dark tendrils shoot out of the vase and wrap around the beast's large form.

As the tendrils circle around the Beast, an icy chill fills the room as the demon's restricted body begins to freeze over.

"Argh!" The Beasts exclaimed in pain as the ice covers its entire body.

Soon, the tendrils completely engulf the demon and begin to slowly shrink, retreating back into the vase with ease.

As the Beast disappears into the pot, a pitch black lid appears on top, sealing it away completely.

Taking a calming breath, Peter turned around, expecting to see the dead bodies of the innocent servants. What he didn't expect to see were the servants sleeping peacefully without any injury and a familiar bald woman standing nearby.

"Good work, Peter."

Chapter 64: Take the Hand?

"Good work, Peter." The Ancient One commends her student's work. "I give you a passing grade. You could have simply sealed the demon sooner, which wouldn't have risked these people's lives, but this is your first encounter with a dimensional being so I won't hold that against you."

The Ancient One jumps right into teacher mode and begins listing all of the mistakes Peter made in this encounter. From getting electrocuted by his own spell twice, to not noticing the fumes in the room earlier on.

"Speaking of that nasty gas..." The Ancient One mutters in disgust as she waves her hand.

Instantly, the spell trapping everyone in the room shatters and a powerful gust of wind blows into the throne room, clearing out the rage-inducing fumes.

"That should do." She says as Peter turns to the group of ninjas on the side, who are asleep as well. "You should calm down soon enough."

The Ancient One didn't bother saving the Hand ninja as she had no sympathy for them, so a good few of them are either bleeding out or already dead. The servants were innocent, but the Hand certainly was not.

Of course, the four fingers of the Hand are alive and untouched, as none of their subordinates were able to land a single hit on them.

"How long have you been here?" Peter asks as he conjures a spell circle, which heals the wounded ninja.

He didn't watch much of the Daredevil show, but he watched enough to know about the ninja that the Hand recruits from dojos all around the world. Indoctrination and brainwashing was the name of the game. Pretty much whatever the Hand could do to build their army.

Peter felt bad for them after seeing their situation in his past life, so he couldn't just leave them there to die.

"Since you sent the text." The Ancient One replies, not commenting on her student's actions. "I must say that I'm impressed. Obviously, there were some failures, but for someone so new to the Mystic Arts, your performance was far better than anyone I've seen in a long time."

"Thanks." Peter says as he scratches the back of his head abashedly.

Peter doesn't know what to do when he gets complimented like this. He always feels odd and out of place, but he enjoys it nonetheless.

"Where have you been?" Peter asks as she hasn't answered any of his texts or calls.

"Let's talk about that later. I heard that you were looking for me. Something about mind arts?" The Ancient One asks.

"Yes, I ran into a telepath. He's friendly, but I'd like to build up some defenses. I've already placed an enchantment..." Peter explains about the Enchantment on the back of his head and the meta-humans he met.

"Turn around." She instructs and Peter turns as she touches the back of his head, causing the enchantment to glow. "You did well with this. It should be more than enough to keep that telepath out. Though a Master of the Mystic Arts could get through with a moderate amount of effort."

"Can you teach me how to block them?" Peter asks as he turns back around.

"I'll add it to the list." The Ancient One nods.

"Thanks." Peter says gratefully as an idea appears in his mind. "Hey, do you want to join the Avengers?"

After asking that question, the Ancient One didn't give Peter a concrete answer, most likely unsure of whether she should involve herself, as she probably has the short rest of her life planned out to the last second.

Peter didn't want her to die as she did in the movies, so he would do his best to get her to change her fate. Starting with having her taking a more active role than she did in the movies.

He's here to change things, so hopefully, he can save those that shouldn't have died.

Before leaving the underground chamber, the Ancient One took the sealed demon and the sleeping servants away with her. She would stash the demon pot somewhere safe and return the civilians to their homes.

As for the Ninja, Peter didn't know what to do with them, so he sent the fingers of the Hand to join Murakami and Nobu in the mirror dimension.

The other surviving ninjas were a whole other story. Peter was confused as to what he should do with them. Not just these few ninjas either, as the whole of the Hand was still a thing.

Peter didn't want to just allow a new person or persons to take control of such a powerful organization, as they could be worse than the founders.

The image of them kneeling towards him and calling him that odd name appeared in his mind at that moment.

'Black Sky...' Peter pondered as he woke one of the ninjas with a spell that dumped water on their head.

"Huh?!" The Ninja shoots up and looks around in confusion, unwrapping his head covering, revealing a man of Japanese descent.

[Insert picture of MCU Scythe here]

"Stand up!" Peter orders bossily.

They bowed to him before, so Peter thought the best way to get answers was to act like he was in control.

It worked.

The second this man turned to see who was talking, he jumped to his feet and straighten his back, waiting for Peter's orders.

"What's your name?" Peter asks.

"Scythe, Black Sky!" Scythe answers respectfully.

"What is Black Sky?" Peter asks.

"The Black Sky is said to be the one to lead the Hand. He or she will be the one to accomplish our ultimate goal, Immortality. You're the Black Sky as the founders said." Scythe answers once again, looking around for the four fingers. "Sir, where are..."

"They angered me so they're currently being punished." Peter interrupts, knowing what he was asking. "Who are the highest ranking members of the Hand, we need to call a meeting."

"Um, a lot of them are currently in Japan. The founders brought many of their subordinates to deal with..." Scythe stops himself before he could anger Peter.

"To deal with me. Okay, wake up everyone that's still alive. We're leaving." Peter says as his suit turns black and he walks out of the underground chamber. "Don't keep me waiting long. I'll be at the helicopter."

Peter didn't know what he was doing and was truly winging it right now. He knew that he didn't want to leave the Hand to itself as that would be irresponsible, but he also didn't want to run an ancient ninja organization.

He's already busy with the Avengers and everything else...

'Maybe...' Peter thought as an idea began forming.

While waiting for the ninja to come out, Peter pulled out his ghost phone and called Magneto. He planned to call him after the UN meeting, before all of this craziness started.

ring ring ring...

"Hello?" Erik answers with annoyance clear in his voice.

"Yo, it's your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man," Peter says over the phone.

"Who are you talking to!? Hang up, we're not done here!" A gruff and angry voice is heard on the other side of the call.

Suddenly, the call becomes muffled but Peter could still slightly hear what was said.

"Victor, if you don't leave right now, I'm going to impale you to the side of a cliff and leave you there for weeks." Magneto threatens as some yelling and banging can be heard before he returns to the call. "I apologize for that. What can I do for you."

"We need to schedule a meeting..."

Once the ninjas were woken up, they rushed out of the building to find an all-black Spider-Man waiting by the helicopter that they lured him to the temple with.

"Let's go, take me to the Hand headquarters, main base, or whatever." Peter says as he gets into the backseat.

Without a second thought, the ninjas jump to Peter's words, following his ever whim without a second thought. The moment four fingers of the hand bowed to him and pretty much named him the messiah, whatever brainwashing or indoctrination kicked in, making Peter their de facto leader.

As the helicopter flew back to the city, the Hand ninja in the helicopter didn't know what to say or do. Most of them removed their face coverings and were nervously peaking at Peter, who was on his phone texting Tony.

Peter- Tell Fury we have a meeting with Magneto tomorrow at 5 pm. I'll bring him to your house in LA.

Tony- Why do we have to invite the super-powered maniac to my house? Let's bring him to yours instead.

Peter- He isn't a maniac and my house has my family in it. You live alone and you're moving anyway. Stop being a baby.

Tony- ...fine just keep him away from my suit.

Peter- I see, you're scared since he can beat you easily, huh?

Tony- ...

Peter- Maybe make a suit that isn't metal?

Tony- Good idea! Want to swing by and assist?

Peter- Nope, I'm busy. See you tomorrow.

As Peter finishes the conversation, he puts his phone away and sees that the helicopter was landing at the top of a tall skyscraper.

"Lead the way." Peter says as a ninja opens the doors for him and he steps out onto the rooftop. "We need to call a meeting."

Chapter 65: Hand HQ

As the helicopter that was supposed to return with the four fingers of the Hand landed, many ninjas ascended the roof to welcome them back. Though they were surprised to find their comrades holding the helicopter doors open as a man in an all-black combat suit stepped out.

They didn't know what to do so they drew their weapons, readying them with confused looks underneath their masks.

"Weapons down!" Scythe commanded with his face showing.

Seeing who was speaking, the low-level Hand ninja instantly sheathed their weapons.

"Scythe, what's this all about." A beautiful Korean woman steps out of the crowd of ninja. "Where's Bakuto and the rest?"

[Insert picture of Alessa Geomi, also known as Bride of Nine Spiders]

Doctor Alessa Geomi is an entomologist, who studies spiders in New York City. She's a very high-ranking member of the Hand and works under Bakuto, which is why she asked about him by name.

"The founders angered the Black Sky, so they're currently being punished." Scythe says as he glances over at Peter.

"B-Black Sky?" She mutters in shock as the rest of the ninja freeze in surprise.

"Yes, now out of the way." Peter orders as he waves his hand to the side. "I have a busy schedule and little time to spend here today."

Peter didn't have anything else to do tonight. He just wanted to get this over with so he can sleep. It has been a long day after all.

'This bossy persona is hard to keep up...' Peter thought as the ninja parted like the Red Sea, making room for him to pass.

Only one stood in his way and that was Alessa. She didn't believe it and wasn't sure how to handle the situation.

"Alessa, move." Scythe tries to reason with her. "You don't want to anger the Black Sky. Trust me."

Peter watched with Interest as Alessa stepped aside with great reluctantly. Her hands were gripped tightly as she watched the 'Black Sky' enter the building with a herd of ninjas following behind.

"Thanks." Peter says to a ninja that respectfully opened the door for him. "Scythe, take me to a meeting room and go collect the highest level members here."

After escorting Peter to a meeting room with a giant table and many chairs, Scythe ran off to complete the Black Sky's orders.

The herd of ninja that was following made themselves useful, guarding the entire floor and waiting on Peter's every whim. Though he didn't ask for anything, that didn't stop them from asking and making sure he was comfortable.

The building he's currently in is the top of a huge skyscraper, though the place seems to have been turned into a Hand compound. On his way to the meeting room, Peter saw dorms, training areas, and a large cafeteria.

This seemed to be the place in Tokyo where they house the majority of Hand members.

'This isn't so bad...' Peter thought as he saw the loyal ninja patrolling the halls. 'There's only one obstacle to overcome.'

Peter wasn't so dumb as to not notice the few that have questioned whether he was truly the Black Sky or not. Either not believing in the Black Sky or unwilling to believe without some sort of proof.

He knew that this whole Black Sky thing was a plan formulated by Alexandra Reid. She only called him that and 'submit' to him to save her own skin.

Whether the whole Black Sky prophecy was real or not, Peter doubted it but that didn't mean he can't take advantage of it.

His saving grace is the fact that the ninja he arrived with witnessed his fight with the Beast and the Fingers announcing him as the Black Sky while kneeling.

Hopefully, they were spreading the word...

After waiting for a short few minutes, four people arrived at the meeting room led by Scythe.

An angry-looking dark-skinned African man with scars all over his body. A white woman that looked more like a secretary than a killer ninja. A handsome Chinese man that was completely wasted with a gourd of liquor in hand, and finally the same woman that stood in his way on the rooftop.

"Where is my Lord!" The scarred African man rushes across the room, ready to torture the man in black that was waiting for their arrival.

"Do you mean Sowande? That's his name, yes?" Peter asks toward Scythe.

"Yes, Black Sky." He answers with the utmost respect, not worried at all.

After all, he just witnessed Peter fight and beat a demon.

"He's currently being punished for angering me." Peter says as he looks up at the towering figure standing before him. "Do you have a problem with that?"

A staring contest ensued before the man juts his palm outward toward Peter's windpipe.

"Sigh..." Peter casually catches his hand and snaps it backward, breaking his wrist and eliciting a painful grunt from the man, who fell to one knee, clutching his hand in agony. "Now, that wasn't very nice."

As the man tries to stand, Peter places his hand on his shoulder, holding him to the ground with ease.

"You know, I have a very sensitive sense of smell." Peter remarks as everyone else watches their comrade struggle. "Every person in this room smells of blood, but it's the thickest on you. Why is that?"

"Argh!" He answers with a loud yell, still trying to stand but failing spectacularly.

Seeing as he wasn't going to answer, Scythe stepped forward for him.

"He was just interrogating a member of the Chaste downstairs, sir. Lord Sowande and his men have always been the ones to deal with them."

Hearing this, Peter remembered that the Chaste was the Hands enemy and that Stick was a member. Stick, being the man that trained Daredevil. Other than that, Peter didn't know much about them.

"Bring them here." Peter orders.

Scythe acts quickly and leaves the room, as Peter looks back down toward his still struggling attacker.

"If I let you go, are you going to calm down and act respectfully?" Peter asks as puts more pressure on the kneeling man.

"Ahhhh!" He yells in pain and crumpled to the floor, unable to handle the weight of Peter's hand any longer. "Y-Yes, sir..."

"Good, everyone take a seat." Peter says as he gestured to the many chairs around the table.

After seeing that show, none of them dared talk back and sat down as ordered. Even Sowandes subordinate picked himself up quickly and sat down.

"Introduce yourselves." Peter orders.

Swiftly, they all went around the table and respectfully said their names and greeted Peter as the Black Sky. Though they were very reluctant about it.

The drunk Chinese man is Zhou Cheng. A direct subordinate of Madam Gao and defender of the Hand. He isn't just some random alcoholic either. Zhou Cheng is a powerful martial artist that somehow fights better when he's intoxicated.

Something about taming his inner dragon...

[Insert picture of MCU Zhou Cheng here]

The Caucasian secretary-looking woman is Tessa Robins. She is Alexandra Reid's direct subordinate and seems to be a quiet and reserved person.

[I made her up but if you want to you can add a picture]

The African man with a broken wrist is obviously Sowandes subordinate. His name is Malik and he is a soldier that follows the great warlord Sowande. Though after their encounter, he made glances at Peter with respect and fear showing on his face.

[same with this guy]

And last we have the bride of nine spiders, Alessa Geomi, who Peter met on the roof already. She was watching Peter's every move, hiding her skepticism well.

"We have subordinates of 4 of the 5 fingers of the Hand here. Where is Murakami's?" Peter asks.

"That would be Nobu, sir." Tessa answers swiftly.

"I see..." Peter muttered.

Before they could continue, Scythe returned with two ninja that were dragging a limp body of an old Japanese woman into the room. Peter could see the trail of blood leading to this room through the glass windows.

"Sir, this is the member of the Chaste you asked for." Scythe says as the ninja drops the body at Peter's feet.

Since the woman was barely alive, Peter waved his hand, healing her with a quick spell circle as he did for the ninja earlier.

As the spell circle appeared, those in the room that haven't seen Peters fight with the Beast were shocked, watching in awe as the broken elderly woman healed at a rapid pace. Even her clothes mended as every drop of blood on her body vanished.

Once the spell circle finished its job and disappeared, the elderly woman leaped to her feet and started engaging the ninja that dragged her here. She didn't know how she was healed but this was the time to escape that she has been waiting for.

Sadly, Scythe was there to stop her with ease, as she was still weak from the torture and captivity. Peter may have healed her injuries, but that doesn't mean she isn't still exhausted.

Scythe grabbed her by the shoulder before kicking her legs, flipping the woman to land at Peter's feet once again.

"Please calm down." Peter says before she can try to attack once again. "I healed you. At least give me some time to speak in return."

Chapter 66: Layin' Down Da Law

"I healed you. At least give me some time to speak in return." As the woman hears this she looks around the room, seeing for the first time in days.

Her eyes were one of the first things to be destroyed in the torture. As her gaze swept across the room, she saw the man that spent days bringing nothing but suffering to her every waking moment.

Though she noticed something odd. The man that made her feel fear and agony was looking behind her with a cautious and almost frightful gaze, cradling what seemed to be a broken wrist.

Turning around, she saw a man in all black from head to toe, sitting at the head of the table with his legs crossed.

"Hello, please have a seat." Peter says as he motions toward the open seats.

"W-What?" She mutters in confusion, her hazy mind unsure of what to do.

"If you'd rather leave now, we can schedule a meeting at another time?" Peter asks, shocking her even more.

"I-I..." The elderly woman stutters, but before she could finish speaking, Malik and the rest interrupted.

"Sir, I wouldn't advise that." Tessa was the first to speak.

"Yes, the Chaste is our enemy!" Malik says, glaring at the woman dangerously. "They should be purged from the earth, not shown mercy like this!"

...

The others voiced their disagreement as well, but Peter didn't allow their words to influence his decision.

"The Chaste is no longer an enemy of the Hand." Peter says with a shake of his head, shocking everyone in the room.

"..." The elderly woman began to wonder if this was some type of trap that she is being manipulated into.

"The Hand is under new management, you could say." Peter says as he takes a piece of paper and writes down the number to his ghost phone. "Here take this."

Handing over the paper to the woman, Peter waits patiently as she stares at him with a puzzled look.

"Sigh..." leaning forward, Peter grasped her hand, placing the paper inside. "Have whoever is in charge of the Chaste call me. You're free to leave."

"..." The elderly woman had no words as she grasped the paper tightly.

"Scythe, escort her out of the building please." Peter orders.

"Yes, Black Sky!" Scythe bows and opens to door, motioning for the woman to follow along.

'Black Sky?' She thought as she leaves the room, robotically following behind Scythe, trying to figure out what the Hand was planning.

"Are we holding any other Chaste members in the building?" Peter asks, not getting a response from anyone. "Well?"

"No, sir." Tessa answers like a dutiful secretary. "Only one was captured. The rest were killed."

"Alright..." Peter mutters as he thought about how to handle all of this. "As you can see, things are going to change with me in charge, but let me get our last member before we get into this. Wait here."

As Peter says this, he opens a portal to the mirror dimension, which shows the five fingers of the hand and Nobu, who was passed out on the ground, on the other side.

Peter allowed those in the room to look inside for only a brief moment as he gets up and walks inside. Before they could move or say anything, the portal closed behind him and disappeared.

"Is he really the Black Sky?" Tessa mutters what everyone was thinking.

After seeing Peter's power and supernatural abilities, the skeptics in the room couldn't help but start to believe. After all, they had no idea what the Mystic Arts were.

Only someone like the Black Sky could have such magical powers after all...

As the portal closed behind him, Peter strolled into the mirror dimension, his footsteps drawing attention from the five fingers of the hand and Nobu, who was flickering in and out of consciousness.

As soon as they saw him, the fingers of the Hand didn't recognize who it was, as Peter had his suit blacked out, and jumped into action, rushing forward to attack the intruder.

Nobu, who was barely alive by his point, laid out behind as he was barely able to stay conscious. He didn't know how long it's been since he and Murakami were imprisoned but he knew that he desperately needed water.

Murakami, on the other hand, was enhanced and has lived for thousands of years. A few days without food and water was nothing to him. He only moved slightly slower than the other fingers as they dashed toward Peter, ready to capture him and hopefully use him to gain freedom, not knowing this was Spider-Man they were dealing with.

As the founders of the hand circled him and began attacking, Peter put his hands behind his back as his body swerved, dodging every attack with ease.

After a few moments of showing off, Peter switched his suit back to the iconic blue and red, which causes the fingers of the hand to freeze in place.

Instantly, four of them drop to their knees in fear, leaving only Murakami who was standing out of place. After a moment of awkward delay, Murakami remembered what his fellow founders explained to him only moments earlier and dropped to his knee as well.

Nobu wasn't conscious for anything that was said before Peter's arrival, so he was confused as to why they would all kneel towards their enemy like this.

"Black Sky, I presume this world is your doing?" Alexandra takes the lead as she's used to, shocking Nobu with the name she called Spider-Man.

"Yes, this is your punishment until I've figured out what to do with you." Peter says as he steps around them and towards Nobu, tossing the man over his shoulder. "I'll be taking him. See you next time."

While waving goodbye over his other shoulder, Peter opens a portal back to the conference room and steps through.

Only a couple of minutes after the portal closed, an identical one opened in the same exact spot. As Peter stepped through in his red and blue suit with a weak Nobu over his shoulder, everyone in the room could see the founders of the hand in the background, kneeling in Peter's direction.

Peter quickly switches his suit back to all black, not wanting others to see Spider-Man in a room with a bunch of killers.

The Hand already knows he's Spider-Man, as the ninja that returned with him would spread the word amongst their ranks. What Peter worried about was someone else seeing him with members of the Hand.

Peter needs to finish fixing the Hand up into something to be proud of before he would be willing to be seen with them.

As the portal closes behind them, Peter drops Nobu onto the floor and looks toward Scythe, who must have returned while he was gone.

"Get Nobu some water, please. He hasn't had any since my first encounter with the Hand." Peter says and Scythe orders some ninja that was outside to get it done.

"T-Thank you..." Nobu stutters sincerely as a ninja brings him a tall glass of water.

"Take small sips." Peter advised before Nobu could down the whole glass. "Your stomach isn't used to having anything inside. If you drink too much, you'll throw up."

Listening to Peter's words, Nobu takes small sip after small sip, quenching his un-ending thirst little by little.

Once he had a moment to drink, Nobu sat in a chair and was brought some food from the cafeteria, which he had to eat slowly as well.

"Now that you're all here, let's get right into business." Peter says, drawing the attention back to himself. "I'm in charge from now on, obviously."

As he said this, none of them could find a reason to deny it. They were skeptical at first but after seeing his powers and then the kneeling figures of their leaders, it was hard to find a reason not to comply.

Especially since doing so could mean their swift and imminent death.

"Let's start with recruitment," Peter says, causing everyone to look at Alessa.

"Ahem, Bakuto is... was in charge of recruitment. What would you like to know?" Alessa asks.

"Nothing for now. I want a report written up on every recruitment center we have and how that recruitment happens. All recruitment will be halted until further notice as well. Can you do that?" Peter replies.

Peter knew that the Hands recruitment wasn't how he wanted it to be, and once he has a full overview of everything, Peter could change it to how he sees fit. If it's as bad as he thinks it is, Peter may close down recruitment for good and implement something else to bolster the ranks when needed.

"Yes, sir." She answers instantly, not wanting to anger him.

"This goes without saying, but all offensives on the Chaste and any other group are to stop immediately." Peter moves on to the next subject. "I'll be meeting with the Chaste and propose a ceasefire soon enough. If they attack us, you may defend yourselves but that's it."

Everyone in the room was unhappy with this, especially Marik. Though, none of them would voice their opinions on the matter.

"Lastly, all illegal activity is to stop as well." Peter says, remembering that the Hand ran heroine in the Daredevil show.

Though, there has to be other illegal forms of income other than that.

"*Hic* How will I afford my booze?" Zhou Cheng says in a drunken slur. "The money will run out sooner or later. *Hic* We have a lot of expenses..."

"I'll figure something out." Peter says thoughtfully. "Until then, the Hand is as old as dirt, we should have some money laying around. Figure it out."

They couldn't help but agree. The hand had a good amount of money and valuable items stored away, so they could last at least a couple of years on just that.

"The Hand of old is dead. Remember that and spread the word. You're all in charge now and you answer to Scythe." Peter motions toward the shocked man, who straightened his back proudly.

"Thank you, sir." Scythe says respectfully.

Peter trusted Scythe more than the rest in the room. The man new how strong he was from his fight against the Beast, so he would think way more than twice before crossing Peter.

"You're welcome. Follow Scythes orders, but most of all, follow my orders and you'll keep your new positions. If you run into any problems, call Scythe and he'll contact me." Peter says as he writes down his ghost phone number and hands it to Scythe.

Standing from his seat, Peter opens a portal to a random rooftop in New York City and steps through.

"Don't disappoint me..." Peter says as the portal closes behind him.

Chapter 67: Sabertooth

As the portal closed behind Peter, he headed home while thinking of his new plans for the Hand.

The Hand was too troublesome to leave to their own devices, so Peter would take control and find a way to integrate them into the Avengers at some point down the line.

They would become the Hand of the Avengers, and could probably handle the more low-level crimes all around the world.

The future Avengers teams would handle the more super-powered situations, while the Hand could stop normal crimes like robberies, muggings, murders, etc.

Peter could also recruit the weaker heroes out there, who have little to no super powers, and place them in the Hand. Daredevil, Elektra, Danny Rand, Punisher, Black Widow, and Hawkeye would make good members of the new Hand.

Though Peter would have to finish the reforms in the Hand before any of that could happen.

'That's easier said than done...' Peter thought.

He knew that it wouldn't be easy to reform the Hand. They've been allowed to slaughter an uncountable amount of people for thousands of years, so stopping that kind of mentality that's been ingrained for so long will take some time.

In fact, Peter expected at least one of the five people that he put in charge to betray him in some way. Either by planning his death or not following the new rules that Peter planned to set in place.

His money is on Malik, as he seemed to be the most bloodthirsty of the bunch. Nobu is a secondary possibility, as revenge is a good motivator, but he'll have to see what happens.

Until then, Peter trusts Scythe to inform him of whatever happens. At least for now.

When Peter returned home, he got onto his computer and started structuring how he wants the Hand to work from now on. Ranks, rules, guidelines, and the plans Peter has for the future.

He couldn't finish everything that night, as he didn't know enough about how the Hand was currently structured or their assets.

'I need to speak with Scythe soon about this...' Peter thought as he planned to throw all of his ideas at Scythe and have him deal with everything.

Scythe can delegate everything to his new subordinates, so he shouldn't have that hard of a time. Though Peter would have to look in on them often enough to make sure they are actually doing as he says.

Since Peter has a meeting tomorrow with Magneto, he needed to get some sleep before the sun came up.

Before bed, Peter sent a text to the President, calling out for tomorrow's UN meeting. He didn't need to be there anymore, thankfully.

He only had to wait until the end of the week and the Avengers would be approved.

Peter's life has been nothing but meetings lately, but he had a bad feeling that this would continue. Especially since the Avengers would become a real thing soon enough.

'I'm definitely offloading some of this work onto Tony. He doesn't even run his own company, so he has all the time in the world to help out with Avengers business.' As Peter thought this, Tony Stark felt a chill down his spine from all the way across the country.

Fury has his hands filled with Shield and the cancer that is Hydra, so Peter wouldn't give the man many responsibilities. As for Magneto and Professor X, they aren't exactly trusted just yet, so they wouldn't have many responsibilities in the beginning.

Curling up in bed, Peter fell asleep swiftly, tired from the long and action-packed day that he had just gone through.

The next morning, Peter slept in until noon.

After going through his normal morning rituals, Peter wrapped up the many presents he bought for his loved ones and stashed them away so May wouldn't find them. She's the type of person to unwrap them and peek inside just to re-wrap them again so he wouldn't find out.

After finishing that up, Peter took the subway to Midtown High and met with MJ and Ned just as the school day came to an end. He planned to start attending school again after the winter break, as everything was finished in Japan already.

Peter was actually starting to miss school, which was an odd feeling. Though what he was really missing was the time in school spent with MJ and Ned.

Peter explained everything that happened yesterday to them, and Ned was practically bouncing off the walls when he learned about the Hand.

"Dude, you're the leader of an ancient ninja clan!" Ned was beyond excited. "Can they teach me ninjitsu?"

Don't even get started on his reaction to Peter fighting and sealing away a demon.

MJ, on the other hand, was curious about everything. She always had questions and wanted to know more about Peter's life as a superhero. Peter could only answer a few questions about the Hand, as he didn't know that much about them yet.

She looked worried when Peter mentioned that he fought a demon, but that soon disappeared when she found out that he won and was unharmed.

Peter spent an hour and a half hanging out with MJ and Ned, but sadly, he had a meeting with Magneto to get to.

As a golden portal opens outside of a waterfront warehouse, Peter steps out, disguised in his spider suit.

As the portal closes, Peter enters the warehouse and finds it to be filled with household objects. Couches, TV, rugs, a full kitchen, and much more.

Before Peter could say or do anything, a bearded and animalistic man dressed in all black came running from the kitchen. He bared his fangs as claws appeared at the tips of each finger.

[Insert picture of Victor Creed here]

"Grrrrr..." Victor growled as he dashed forward, swinging a clawed hand at Peter's throat.

"You look familiar." Peter comments as he sidesteps, tilting his body out of the way and sends a spartan kick to Victor's chest.

"Argh!" Victor grunts in pain as he's sent flying across the warehouse and smashed into the refrigerator.

"Are you related to another angry guy with claws? His are longer though..." Peter says as he watches Victor getting angrier and angrier. "You must be the little brother. Am I right?"

Peter knew exactly what he was doing. Victor and Logan were easily angered and he started enjoying pulling their strings.

Victor Creed, also known as Sabretooth, is an animalistic mutant who possesses superhuman strength, mobility, and cat-like claws and teeth. He is Wolverine's older half-brother.

Though Peter was unsure if Logan knew he had a brother. If this world is going by the X-men movies, which Peter only saw a few of, he remembered that Logan had some sort of memory problem.

"Grrrr... Ahhhh!" Victor was pissed off as he dislodged himself from the fridge and torpedoed towards Peter once again.

Before Victor could get anywhere near Peter, some metal dumbbells lifted off the ground and soared toward the animalistic man. Each weight wrapped around Victor's wrists and ankles before slamming him onto the concrete floor, pinning the raging animal to the ground.

"That's enough, Victor." Magneto makes himself known as he floats down and steps into the warehouse. "I apologize for him, he's very animalistic and territorial."

"It's fine, sorry about the fridge." Peter says as he motions toward the leaking and destroyed kitchen appliance.

"No problem, it will be replaced by the end of the day." Erik says as he lifts the fridge with his powers, crumples it into a ball, and tosses it out of the warehouse.

"I had steaks in there, you fucker!" Victor thrashed against the metal weights, failing to make them budge even a single centimeter.

"We should probably get going." Peter says as they were running late, ignoring Victor who was still struggling on the floor.

"Alright, lead the way." Erik says, ignoring Victor as well.

"Wait! Don't you dare leave me here!" Victor yells in fury as Peter opens a portal to Tony's house and steps in.

"Huh, are you sure that you aren't a mutant?" Erik asks as he observes the portal with a surprised and impressed look.

"Meta-human, and I don't know." Peter corrects with a shrug and motions for Erik to follow him through.

After Magneto stepped through the portal cautiously, Peter closed it while listening to Victor growl and scream at them in anger.

"What's all this yelling?" Tony comes walking into his empty living room just in time to see the portal close.

"Don't worry about it." Peter says as he motions between Tony and Magneto. "Tony, this is Erik Lehnsherr. Erik, this is Tony Stark."

After an awkward handshake, as Tony didn't trust Magneto yet, Tony brought them outside, where Fury was waiting at a table by the infinity pool.

"You're late!"

Chapter 68: Tense Meeting

"You're late!" Fury shouted in annoyance.

"Yeah, but we're here now so relax." Peter says jokingly as he takes a seat across from the angry pirate.

"I'm a busy man, unlike you and Stark. Rearranging my schedule for these meetings is a headache. The least you can do is arrive on time." Fury starts to rant.

"Okay, you're right about Tony-" Peter says as Tony turns to him with a betrayed look on his face.

"Hey!" He shouts.

"-but I've been busy in Japan, setting up everything for the Avengers, performing my heroic duties, and a bunch of other nonsense that I can't disclose just yet. Trust me, I've been busy too, but you don't hear me whining about it." Peter says as Erik steps forward.

"I apologize, my subordinate was causing trouble which slowed us down." Erik says as he extends his hand toward Fury, but the angry man doesn't accept his handshake.

"Take a seat." Fury practically orders as he leaves Magneto hanging.

"Don't mind him." Peter says as he pulls out a chair for Erik. "He's always grumpy."

"..." Fury simply glared at Peter in return as Tony and Magneto took a seat. "Where's Professor Xavier?"

"..." Erik looked at Peter questioningly upon hearing this, as he was never informed that Charles would be here.

"Erik and Charles have a rocky past. I thought it would be best to have their meetings separately. At least for now." Peter answers.

"That's smart of you." Erik comments from the side. "Charles doesn't trust me anymore, so it would be best to recruit us individually."

"Exactly, and we can enjoy the drama that unfolds on the first Avengers Council meeting when he finds out that Erik is with us as well." Peter says, causing Magneto to smirk in anticipation.

"I like the way you think, Spider-Man." Erik remarks happily.

Although Erik gets a kick out of messing with Charles and the X-men, deep down he does find it appealing to work side by side with them again. Erik finally felt that they were moving in the right direction.

For far too long, he and his subordinates have raided countless laboratories or detention centers, just for two other similar facility to take their place. Instead of constantly chasing the next bad guy, Erik felt that he was finally getting somewhere with his cause. Even if it was still early.

"Alright, let's get down to business." Fury cuts in before they could go off-topic. "I don't have time to be here all night."

"Sure, I fully agree with Erik joining the Avengers council, so it's up to you two to ask the questions you need." Peter says, getting an appreciative nod from Erik, as he sits back, planning to mainly listen through this meeting.

"Fine, tell me about Shield and your attacks on their facilities." Fury gets straight into what he wanted to know.

"They held meta-humans captive and were experimenting on them, so I did what I always do." Erik says with an uncaring shrug.

Erik didn't know that he was talking to the director of Shield, so he answered without a care in the world.

"What would that be?" Tony asks.

"I killed those that deserved it and took the meta-humans to safety." Erik answers simply.

Fury took a folder from his jacket and slapped it down in front of Magneto.

"Is this a correct depiction of what happened?" Fury asks as Erik opens the file and begins reading.

After a moment of silence, Magneto tosses the file back to Fury with an annoyed look on his face.

"No, that's a complete fabrication." Erik denies it vehemently.

"Do you remember this incident?" Fury asks while holding up the folder.

"Yes, I have feelers out everywhere, looking for any signs of missing children or other suspicious activity. In this case. A contact of mine was in Austin Texas and witnessed some government types abducting a child from his own home. The parents were killed and the boy was taken to that facility." Erik explains in distaste as he points to the folder in Fury's hand. "We raided the compound and found a few other meta-human children as well. They were being held captive and experimented on as usual."

"I see..." Fury mutters as he places the file back inside his jacket. "Is this how all of your encounters with Shield have gone?"

"Yes." Erik answers simply once again.

"..." Fury became quiet as he thought about all of this.

He found it hard to swallow that some high-level member or members of Shield were acting without his knowledge or authorization, but he can only ignore the evidence for so long.

"Is there a reason or purpose behind these questions?" Magneto asks.

"Let me introduce you." Peter says and gestures toward Fury. "Erik, this is Nick Fury, the Director of Shield."

When these words left Peter's mouth, Fury's metal chair morphs, locking him into place as a large kitchen knife comes flying over from inside and rests on his neck.

While this was happening, Tony stood from his seat as rocket-like objects came flying out of his workshop, destroying any obstacles along the way.

The projectiles shoot towards Tony, which surprises Erik, who thought he was being attacked. These objects morph and slow mid-air as they attach to Tony's body. Within seconds, the Ironman suit forms around him, but instead of the usual red and gold, this suit was black and grey.

As Tony raises his hand and charges his palm thruster, which glows in a bright blue light, he aims straight at Magneto's chest.

"Release him and remove the knife or I'll blow a hole in your chest, old man." Tony threatens dangerously.

Acting quickly, Erik tries to use Starks suit against him, as he knew it was made out of metal, but nothing happens. Seeing Magneto furrow his brow in frustration, Tony smirked as his palm thruster pulses threateningly.

"You won't find a single speck of metal in or around my body." Tony gloats as his helmet snaps closed and his voice becomes more metallic. "I even had the shrapnel near my heart removed in preparation for you. My suit is made completely of Polyamideimide as well."

"In normal people language. He's saying that his suit is made of plastic." Peter says as he sees the confused looks on both Fury and Erik's faces. "How do you get it so the thrusters don't melt?"

"Now isn't the time for this!" Fury interrupts angrily as he still feels the blade of a sharp kitchen knife on his neck.

"Right, why don't we all just calm down?" Peter relents and tries to mitigate the situation. "This is a bit of a misunderstanding. Fury here may be the Director of Shield, but he isn't the one behind the facilities you raided. Someone in Shield is doing things behind his back, which is why he was asking you about that situation."

A stressful moment of silence ensued as the air became heavy before Erik let out a sigh. Soon after, the knife fell from Fury's neck and landed on the table.

"I apologize for my outburst." Erik says as he looks toward Tony expectantly.

"Fine..." Tony mutters reluctantly as his palm dims and his arm lowers.

"..." An awkward silence fills the air as Tony's helmet opens and he takes a seat with his suit still on.

As Erik takes a seat as well, Peter could see a vein begin to throb in Fury's forehead.

"Release me..." Fury commands with a dangerous amount of calm in his voice.

"Oh, my apologies again." Magneto releases Fury from his metal restraints, pretending to have forgotten.

"..." Fury rubs his chaffed wrists after he's released and sends one last single-eyed glare in Erik's direction.

"Now that we all got that out of our systems, let's get back on track. Fury is a busy man after all." Peter says jokingly.

"Shut up, you idiot. You caused all of that." Fury snaps in annoyance.

"True, but it's best to rip the bandaid off quickly. Now, do we have any more questions?" Peter says with a shrug.

"Yeah, do you know who is running these experiments on meta-humans?" Fury gets back on track

"In Shield? No, if I knew who it was they would be dead by now. Though one name comes up here and there. Baroness. She seems to be the one to oversee these operations, but it's just a nickname." Erik gives all the information he knows.

"Baroness..." Fury mutters as he thought of possible individuals that fit this name. "I'll look into it. If you find another facility like this, contact me and I can do some investigating before you turn the place upside down."

As he says this, Fury takes a card with a phone number on it from his pocket and hands it over.

"I'll see what I can do..." Erik says as he takes the card and pockets it.

Peter knew that the card had to have some sort of tracker in it, but he decided to throw Fury a bone and not say anything. If Erik is smart he'll figure it out.

"Tony, any questions from you?" Peter asks.

"No, Just a warning." Tony says as he looks toward Magneto. "We're serious about this. I have a lot to make up for so If you compromise that, you won't like the consequences..."

When Tony throws down these threatening words, the thrusters on his palms pulse dangerously once again as his helmet slams shut.

"Are we clear?"

...

"Crystal."

Chapter 69: Christmas Episode

The meeting was fairly simple after Tony's threat. Fury got what he wanted and Peter was already on board so everyone agreed with Magneto joining the Avengers Council.

Peter knew that Charles wouldn't have nearly as hard of a time as someone like Magneto, so if Professor Xavier is still interested, the next meeting would be far easier and less dramatic and violent.

After their talks came to an end, everyone exchanged contact information and went their separate ways. Of course, Peter portal'd Erik back to the warehouse, where Victor was nowhere to be found.

Peter didn't stick around for longer than necessary, knowing that Victor, like Logan, would probably start another fight when he returns.

"See yah!" Peter says over his shoulder as the portal closes.

When Peter was gone and it was only Erik left alone in the warehouse, he walked outside and looked out over the water with a small smile on his face.

Things were looking bright lately.

He didn't know it, but Magneto's future changed drastically with Peter's interference. When once he was on track to become someone that would slaughter thousands, now the future was unclear, but he was certainly on a better path than before. That's for sure.

"Erik?" A beautiful blue-skinned woman calls from behind the aged meta-human.

"Yes?" Erik turns around and smiles warmly upon seeing who it was.

"We have a tip about some missing children..."

A couple of days passed since the meeting with Erik and everyone else. Peter was currently in a taxi alongside his Aunt May. They were on the way to MJ's house for Christmas dinner.

That's right, it's Christmas Day.

They couldn't take the subway like usual as they were traveling with a bunch of wrapped presents. Peter couldn't use a portal either as MJ's mother doesn't know about his powers.

Everyone agreed to open presents together, so May and Peter haven't opened anything whatsoever.

As they drive through the streets of New York, a light snowfall began and coated everything in a this white blanket. By the time they arrived at MJ's house, the snowfall gradually ramped up, becoming heavier and heavier.

"Do you want help with the presents?" May asks as Peter paid the driver and started grabbing the packages from the trunk.

"No, just head inside. I'll be there soon." Peter waves her off as he somehow stacks every gift on himself and carries them inside in only a single trip.

The second Peter makes it to the door, he's greeted by a very energetic MJ, who held the door for him. Seeing his girlfriend so happy and excited was a bit odd for Peter. Not that she isn't normally energetic every now and then, but this MJ was smiling brightly and practically had a spring in her step.

"Someone's excited." Peter comments with a smile as he sets the presents down by the Christmas tree, careful not to drop anything.

The second Peter's arms are free, MJ does a quick scan of the area, making sure the coast is clear, before wrapping Peter in a hug and taking the lead to pull him into a short kiss.

"I love Christmas and I especially love that you're here..." She says and kisses him once again.

"...Well, I love Christmas too." Peter mutters with a stupid grin on his face.

"I'm sure..." Grace comments as she and May entered the room only moments earlier.

Instantly, MJ separates from Peter out of embarrassment, practically pushing him away.

"Don't mind us." May says with a smile, as she's used to MJ's shy behavior.

"..." MJ becomes quiet and looks at Peter, pleading with him to save her with her eyes.

"So, are we opening presents first or waiting until after dinner?" Peter asks and gets a thankful look from MJ.

"Let's do it now." Grace says as she motions back toward the kitchen. "I still need some time for the chicken to finish cooking."

"Alright, who's first?" Peter asks.

"You!" MJ says excitedly as she walks up to the tree and grabs two boxes, handing over the bigger of the two first. "Here, start with this one."

Taking his coat off with a smile, Peter grabs the present and starts tearing it open. Inside was a kid's toy spider-man mask and web shooters, which shot out silly string with the push of a button.

"Wow... thanks." Peter says a bit awkwardly while giving MJ a look.

"MJ said you were a Spider-Man fan and that you'd love them." Grace says with a giggle, oblivious to the underlying joke.

MJ and May were on the verge of laughter, but Grace just thought that they found the children's toy funny or something.

"Thank you..." Peter rolls his eyes at them and sets the gift aside. 'Which shameless company is selling stuff with my name on it?'

Handing over the smaller box, MJ watched Peter open it up with a nervous look. She didn't care for his reaction to the first one, as that was just a gag gift.

This one was a serious gift that she spent days contemplating on.

"Holy sh*t..." Peter muttered as he sees a green box with a golden crown emblem on it. "Did you get me a Rolex?"

"Open it and find out..." Grace says, unwilling to give anything away.

Doing as he's told, Peter opens the green box and sees a black Rolex watch inside. He could hear the tiny gears inside moving expertly as the hands of the watch moved with perfect precision.

"Is this real?" Peter asks as he admires the gift.

He had to ask as anyone could find well-made fakes like this in New York. Purses, shoes, clothing, jewelry. This city had fakes of it all.

"Of course." MJ says proudly.

"How did you afford this?" Peter asks.

"Well, money hasn't been a problem for a while now, thanks to a certain someone." Grace says, referring to Peter.

Ever since Peter put them on his company's payroll, they've been saving most of the money as they didn't know what to do with it. Neither MJ nor her mother are big spenders, so they put a big chunk of the money they saved into Peter's Christmas present.

"Look at the back of it." MJ instructs.

"Okay..." Peter pulls the watch from its padding and turns it around.

Engraved on the back of the watch are two simple words.

'Legally Mine'

"Am I now?" Peter smiles as he looks over at MJ, who was looking away from him in embarrassment.

"I told you he would like it!" Grace says from behind as she laughs at her daughter's reaction.

"Do you really like it?" MJ asked, trying her best to ignore her mother and May in the background.

"I love it." Peter pulls her into his lap and smiles teasingly. "Maybe next time you can get me a collar with the same engraving. That way everyone knows as well."

Almost instantaneous, MJ tries to leap out of his lap like a cat that had its tail stepped on. Sadly for her, Peter grasped her waist and kept her securely on top of him.

"Wait, you have to put it on for me for the engraving to be official." Peter says with a smirk as he hands her the watch and holds out his left hand.

May and Grace were standing behind them like voyeurs with heavy blushes on their faces.

"How come Nick was never like this?" Grace mutters, referring to Fury.

"It's just like the Korean Dramas..." May was off in her own world as usual.

"Fine..." MJ practically whispers as she grabs the watch and carefully placed it on Peter's wrist and clasped it tightly.

The second the watch was on, Peter let her go to admire his present and she practically flew away like a bat out of hell.

After that, everyone exchanged gifts with one another. They all seemed to go all out and get some expensive gifts due to their extra revenue from Parker Games.

When it came time for MJ to open her presents, Peter waited for her to open everyone else's before finally handing over what he brought for her.

"Open these first." He says as he hands over a stack of boxes.

"Uhh..." MJ was shocked by how many presents he got for her.

"Yeah, I may have gone a bit overboard." Peter admits as he scratches the back of his head.

"Don't just stare. Open them up!" Grace calls out as May nods along beside her.

No longer holding back, MJ grabs the nearest gift and tears it open. She got everything from clothes, shoes, chocolates, and games. Peter went all out as he was fairly poor in his past life and never had the chance to buy presents like this for someone else.

Grace and May were watching with jealous looks as they never got this sort of treatment in any of their relationships.

"Okay, I saved the best for last." Peter takes out a small carefully wrapped box and handed it over.

knock knock

As she took the present and was about to unwrap it, a knock was heard at the door.

Chapter 70: Daddy's Home

Knock Knock

As the noise came from the front door, everyone wondered who it could be. After all, the snow was starting to come down fairly heavy, so it would be almost impossible to drive by this point.

"Is it a neighbor?" May thought out loud as Grace walked over and opened the door.

Standing outside was none other than the man himself, Director Nick Fury. He is dressed in all black as usual but it's far more casual than his usual tactical gear.

"Hey..." Fury says awkwardly.

Since the day he got that soul-crushing reaction from his daughter a couple of months ago, Nick has been keeping a good distance from his family.

Though that became hard when he listened in on the surveillance tape of MJ and her boyfriend, god he hated that word, and heard what his daughter said while crying.

"I just wish he would have showed up tomorrow or something... He didn't even say goodbye... I just want to know why..." Listening to these portions of the recording was hard and punishing for him every time.

Especially when he heard that his daughter thought it was her fault that he left, which is just nonsense. In fact, it was the opposite. Fury found it very hard to separate from his family because of MJ and Grace.

Just the thought of them makes Fury want to return home, but he knew it wouldn't be a good idea. Especially with all of the warnings that Spider-Man has been dropping recently.

Sadly, humans are emotional creatures. Even the great Nick Fury feels lonely without his family on Christmas. So, against the man's better judgment, Fury picked up and left last minute, ditching anyone that could have been following him with countless experienced maneuvers.

He had to be careful when it came to his family after all.

The snow was a killer but he managed to show up around dinner time with a present for MJ that he picked up at a 24-hour drug store. Sadly, It was the only place that was open.

As he knocked and the door flew open, Fury saw his wife standing there with a puzzled look on her face. However, that puzzled look didn't last long as a shocked and angry look appeared soon after.

As Fury was preparing himself to once again face his wife's anger, suddenly, a resigned look appeared on Grace's face as she turned to look over at MJ for a brief moment.

Fury wasn't the only one to hear the conversation between Peter and MJ. Her daughter seemed eager for her father's return. Even if she didn't want to admit it.

"Come inside..." Grace steps aside with a resigned sigh.

Nick didn't know what got into his wife, but he knew it had something to do with MJ. Walking inside, Fury got a good look at the holiday decorations, including the tree, and smiled lightly.

If anyone from Shield saw such a look on their leader's face, they would instantly believe this man to be an imposter.

That smile soon morphed into a frown when Nick saw Peter sitting very close to his daughter on the floor by the tree.

Peter found all of this interesting and knew that MJ wanted to see her father again, so he didn't mind Fury's bad timing.

MJ was silent as she watched her father be invited in by her mother. The last present Peter gave her was tightly grasped in her right hand. Thankfully, the present wasn't fragile, or else she would have crushed whatever was inside by now.

"Hello again, Mr. Watson." Peter greets the man with an awkward smile, which seemed to increase the glare he was receiving. "May, this is Nick Watson. MJ's father."

After flashing a knowing look toward her nephew, May introduced herself to Fury. She knew everything about Nick Fury, as Peter told her.

Looking over at MJ, Peter could tell that she was torn between yelling at her father, hugging him, storming out of the room, or flat out ignoring the man. He gave her a comforting side hug, which only made Fury's frown deepen.

After a moment of silence, MJ decided on the latter and ignored her father's presence completely. Choosing to focus her attention back on Peter.

"What were we doing?" MJ asks and Peter taps the present in her hand. "Oh, yeah..."

MJ turns her back to Fury and starts opening the present, causing her mother to sigh in relief. She would feel bad if MJ reacted badly and this ruined her first Christmas with Peter.

"Take a seat." Grace orders Nick as she gestures toward the couch.

Not willing to ruin his chance, Fury follows orders, sitting there with a gift bag on his lap, forgetting to take off his coat.

'Sad divorced dad vibes.' Peter thought as he turned to watch MJ open his gift.

Unwrapping it fully, MJ found a jewelry box underneath and flipped that open as well. Inside the box was a heart-shaped locket with 'P&M' engraved on it.

"Thank you." MJ mutters as she takes it from the box, revealing the golden necklace attached to it.

"Open it up." Peter instructs.

Listening to him, MJ presses a tiny button on the side and the locket pops open. Inside is a picture of them together from the time they had a picnic at the top of a skyscraper.

"..." Without a word, MJ bounced off the ground and wrapped her arms around Peter's neck, throwing him to the ground and landing on top of him in the process, the necklace still clasped tightly in her hand.

"I'm guessing you like it?" Peter comments with a laugh as he wraps his arms around her waist.

"I love it!" MJ answers enthusiastically.

MJ isn't the type to like expensive or flashy jewelry, and Peter knew that. This is why he made sure to make this gift as sentimental as possible. Because otherwise, MJ would never wear such expensive jewelry. After all, the locket and necklace are high-quality gold and cost around 30 thousand dollars.

Though, Peter would never tell her that.

"Ahem..." Fury cleared his throat in the background.

Instantly, MJ remembered that others were in the room and leaped off of him, glancing at her father in embarrassment before swiftly ignoring him once again.

"Well, put it on!" Grace encourages from the background.

"Want some help?" Peter asks as MJ tries to clasp the necklace but has a hard time getting it on.

"Please..." MJ nods and hands over the necklace.

While he was clasping the necklace around her neck, Peter could feel the glare from Fury the whole time.

"There you go." Peter says as he backs up and takes a look.

After getting ambushed by Grace and May, who wanted a closer look at the locket, MJ ran off to the bathroom to look at the necklace in the mirror.

While she was gone, Grace and May ran off to the kitchen, leaving Peter and Nick behind in the living room.

"So, how have you been?" Peter tried to make some small talk but Fury just looked at him in annoyance without answering. "...Okay..."

Silence filled the room once again as they waited for the girls to return. Peter was actually enjoying this, as he knew Fury well enough as Spider-Man to find this whole situation fairly amusing.

"You should take off your jacket." Peter tries to help the guy out a little. "You're giving off sad divorced dad vibes."

Looking down at himself, Fury sighed in annoyance, reluctantly agreeing with Peter's words. Once he took the jacket off, he looked a bit better but the cheap gift bag still made him look like a divorced dad.

Though it wasn't as bad as before.

When MJ returned from the bathroom with a smile on her face, Fury stood up and handed over the gift bag.

"I wasn't planning on coming, so I picked this up on the way here. If you don't like it, that's okay. You can regift or return it." Fury says, knowing that his gift wouldn't measure up to the necklace or anything else that sitting by the tree.

Fighting her own instincts, which wanted to continue ignoring her father, MJ reluctantly took the present and sat beside Peter once again.

"Go ahead. Open it up." Peter encourages her as he sees her hesitate to look inside.

"..." Peeking inside the bag, MJ's eyes widen as she pulls out a white bunny plushy.

MJ has a worn white bunny plush that she sleeps with. Peter has seen it countless times. The first time he saw it was when he snuck in to place the protection enchantments on MJ and Grace.

What he didn't know is that old bunny was a gift from her father. It was the last gift he gave her before disappearing.

"Don't you already have one of those in your room?" Peter voices his thought, causing Fury's eyes to widen.

"What were you doing in my daughter's bedroom?" He asks with a dangerous look.

Before Peter could answer, a savior arrived from the kitchen.

"Dinner's ready. Everyone to the kitchen!"