

# Spider-Man 611

## Chapter 611: Long Awaited Evolutions

After the intense battle with the Silver Surfer, Peter carefully collected the remnants of the cosmic entity. From blood to bones and other assorted bits, he made sure to grab it all, leaving nothing behind. Gwen, standing beside him, couldn't help but question his actions.

"Why are you keeping his remains?" Gwen inquired, a disgusted and puzzled expression on her face.

Peter, securing the collected parts in his storage necklace, responded matter-of-factly, "You can't just leave powerful guy's like this lying around. Some wannabe villain could stumble upon it, use his DNA for some evil experiment, and cause me a whole bunch of trouble."

Gwen raised an eyebrow, "But what could they do with it?"

Peter smirked, "Create a serum, gain some cosmic powers, and become a real pain in my a\*s. Trust me, always collect the remains and tech of every villain you come across, even if it's just to incinerate them later. You never know when being lazy could cause you more problems trust me."

Gwen couldn't help but nod in agreement. Although she thought it was disgusting, Peter's advice made sense.

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Upon returning to Earth, Peter took Gwen back to his home, where the others were already fast asleep. They hadn't noticed until now, but the fight against Silver Surfer took longer than expected.

"How the hell is it already 2 AM?!" Gwen exclaimed as she noticed the time.

Peter shrugs. "Who knows"

Gwen, visibly exhausted, yawned and bid Peter goodnight. "Whatever I think I need some rest after all that chaos," she admitted as she made her way to the stairs.

Peter nodded, "Sleep well, Gwen."

As she started to climb the stairs, Gwen paused and looked back at Peter. "Aren't you going to sleep too?"

Peter grinned, "Nah, still got a lot of adrenaline pumping through me. I'll watch some TV for a bit. I'll be fine."

Shrugging, Gwen continued up the stairs, leaving Peter in the living room. Alone, he settled onto the couch, the glow of the television casting a soft light across the room.

As Peter leaned back, relaxing into the couch, his gaze fixed on the screen displaying an episode of Doctor Who, his mind immediately wandered elsewhere, unable to pay attention to one of his most favorite TV shows.

The inevitable arrival of Galactus lingered in his thoughts. A being far more powerful than the Silver Surfer, the herald he had recently defeated. Peter couldn't shake the realization that Galactus posed a formidable challenge, one that went beyond the ordinary scope of his usual encounters.

While the infinity stones could easily ensure victory, Peter hesitated to take that route. Where was the thrill in simply snapping his fingers and ending the battle before it began?

Something had awakened within Peter after his intense clash with the Silver Surfer. A newfound drive to face stronger opponents, to test the limits of his abilities, surged through him. Too long had he been stuck battling adversaries who failed to truly challenge him. The Silver Surfer had changed that.

His thoughts drifted to past battles, confrontations with foes who had pushed him to his limits. Dormammu's name echoed in his mind, a being who Peter defeated, a being who was probably on the same level as Galactus, if not stronger due to his control over the Dark Dimension.

But this time was different, this time, Peter wanted to face Galactus head-on, without the aid of the infinity stones, at least initially. After all, he could always use the stones as a Plan B.

As the seconds passed, Peter's determination grew. There was a thirst for a genuine challenge, a desire to face a being of unknown strength and come out on top. The allure of a formidable battle, where victory was uncertain, appealed to Peter like never before.

As Peter's gaze remained fixed on the television, his mind wrestled with the daunting challenge of facing Galactus without the crutch of the infinity stones. The realization dawned upon him that he wasn't currently strong enough for such a formidable confrontation.

Determined not to back down, Peter acknowledged the need to elevate his strength. With a resolute expression, he reached into his storage necklace, extracting multiple vials of blood. Each vial held the life essence of powerful individuals, meticulously labeled and sealed. They were the blood of those Peter deemed crucial to save.

On the coffee table in front of him, Peter arranged the vials, creating a miniature assembly of potent forces. The labels on each vial spoke volumes about the contained power Superman, Martian Manhunter, Flash, Homelander, Scarlett Witch, Ego, Hela, Thanos, and the last, an unlabeled vial, housing the blood of the Silver Surfer, the cosmic entity he had vanquished less than an hour ago.

The labels on the vials seemed to hold the promise of strength and resilience. Each drop of blood contained the essence of heroes and villains alike, individuals whose powers could potentially tip the scales in his favor.

As he stared at the array of vials, a multitude of choices lay before Peter. The prospect of assimilating the powers within these vials was not new to him. It would no doubt come with its share of pain, yet it was a means to an end, a way to enhance his abilities and prepare for the cosmic confrontation looming on the horizon.

The decision weighed heavily on Peter's shoulders. Should he utilize the powers of all these extraordinary beings, or would it be wiser to select a few, focusing on the more potent ones? The pain and strain of assimilation were not to be taken lightly, and the thought of undergoing the process with each vial in such a short amount of time sent a shiver down his spine.

The room fell silent as Peter pondered his choices. He contemplated, realizing that a selective approach might be the key, but Taking a deep breath, Peter said, "F\*ck it!" and decided to just start with the most powerful samples and work his way down until he couldn't take the pain anymore.

Staring intently at the vials, Peter wasted no time and swiftly picked up the unlabeled one containing the Silver Surfer's blood. There was no doubt, it was the most powerful sample he possessed, so it would be the best one to start with.

Uncorking the vial, Peter muttered, "Bottoms up," before downing the contents like a shot, consuming the cosmic essence in a matter of seconds.

As the silver-infused blood reached his stomach, Peter's powers immediately kicked in. Evolution commenced, and a wave of excruciating pain overwhelmed his entire being. His skin reddened, and beneath the surface, muscles, bones, and tendons seemed to writhe and shift, undergoing a constant upgrade.

Before the pain reached unbearable levels, Peter, with a quick and practiced motion, cast a silencing spell on the room. "Ugh Aaagghh!" Breaking into screams of agony, he collapsed to the floor, ensuring that his loved ones remained undisturbed by his transformation.

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Time seemed to stretch as the pain slowly began to subside, leaving Peter sprawled on the hardwood floor. Drenched in sweat, his chest heaved with each labored breath, his entire body aching from the intense process of assimilation.

As his breathing slowed and the echoes of agony faded away, Peter felt the residual effects of his transformation. He instinctively tested his newfound abilities. Raising his hand, a silver sword materialized, falling into his grasp.

"Pretty cool," Peter muttered, his voice a mixture of awe and satisfaction. He began to experiment with his matter manipulation abilities, morphing the silver sword into various shapes and objects. The room, now in silence, became a makeshift training ground for the Spider-Man who had just absorbed the cosmic essence of the Silver Surfer.

His fingers danced with newfound proficiency, shaping and reshaping the silver substance at will. The sword transformed into a shield, then broke off into dozens of tiny geometric patterns, which floated around Peter, moving at his will.

"I guess that's how he flied with the surf board" Peter muttered as the silver matter returned to him before melting back into his body.

But of course, that wasn't all. The normal things like Superhuman Strength, Senses, Speed, Agility, Stamina, and Reflexes have all been upgraded. Peter could feel a noticeable increase in the power of his body. Especially his already insane Regenerative Healing Factor, which might be on the level of Immortality at this point.

But more than that, Peter felt an odd sense of cosmic awareness, which he didn't have before. His senses seemed to have changed, allowing him to sense energy concentrations anywhere in the universe. For example, right now, he could sense the spark of electrons and surge of chemicals in people, almost reading the essence of their very being. And even beyond that, he could feel the energy of the sun, and if he concentrated hard enough, he could also feel every other star in the sky.

"Okay this is trippy" Peter muttered as he retracted his senses and cleared his mind.

Along with his cosmic senses, Peter could now sense and harness the cosmic energies of the universe. Holding up his hand, he focused for a moment before gathering this newfound energy.

Seconds later, Peter watched as a silver light shined, brightly covering his hand.

"This might be the best part of the Silver Surfers powers" Peter muttered as he felt that using this cosmic energy could both enhance his powers and his Mystic Arts, though he would have to run some experiments first.

Molding the silver cosmic energy between his fingers, Peter felt like he could do almost anything with it. The energy was like a raw power, which only needed to be used correctly. 'I need to practice using this and see if it can spawn any new abilities'

Although the pain had been intense, the rewards were evident. Peter lay on the floor, a changed man. The essence of the Silver Surfer was without a doubt his most painful evolution yet, but it was certainly worth every bit of agony he went through.

As he lay there, surrounded by the silence of the enchanted room, Peter couldn't help but turn his head to the table, where all of the other vials lay, waiting to be used.

"This is going to be a long night"

## Chapter 612: Conniving Recruitment

The next morning, MJ awoke, her hand stretching across the bed, searching for Peter's presence. However, she was met with nothing but emptiness, the space beside her unoccupied. Frowning, she pondered her husband's whereabouts, considering that she had gone to bed earlier than him, she expected him to still be asleep.

Shrugging off her concerns, accustomed to Peter's erratic sleeping patterns, MJ rose from the bed. After a quick visit to the bathroom, she made her way downstairs, the wooden steps creaking beneath her footsteps. As she descended, MJ couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss, an unusual atmosphere enveloping the living room.

Stepping off the last stair, MJ hesitated, sensing a strange quietness that hung in the air. Confused, she scanned the room, finding it seemingly vacant. The silence was almost palpable, a subtle but distinct presence that piqued her curiosity.

Suddenly, a low groan caught her attention, prompting her to follow the sound. She walked around the couch, and there, on the other side, lay Peter on the floor, drenched in sweat, looking like he just walked out of the ocean. Nine empty vials were scattered beside him, each one labeled with the name of a powerful individual.

Concern etched across her face, MJ rushed to Peter's side, her hands shaking him gently. "Peter, are you alright?" she inquired, worry evident in her voice. However, Peter remained unresponsive, lost in a deep slumber that seemed to resist any attempt to wake him.

MJ's concern deepened as she observed the aftermath of what she guessed was his evolutionary ability. 'Did he use all of these?!' She wondered, clearly worried for her husband's wellbeing.

Despite her efforts, Peter showed no signs of stirring from his deep sleep.

As she sat there, trying to wake him, MJ's mind raced with questions. Did he over use his powers? Will he wake up? Was he in danger? A surge of anxiety swept over her, the weight of uncertainty pressing down on her shoulders.

Unable to rouse him, MJ decided to call in reinforcements. Retrieving her phone from her pocket, she dialed the Ancient Ones number.

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Within moments, the bald sorcerer supreme, who was not home at the time, stepped out of a portal and arrived at the scene, concern mirrored in her eyes as she surveyed her unconscious pupil.

"What happened?" She questioned, her gaze flickering between MJ and Peter.

"I have no idea. I found him like this. I think he might have evolved one to many times," MJ replied, her voice tinged with worry as she gestured to the empty vials. "He's not waking up"

"What an idiot" The Ancient One muttered, clearly upset at her students rash behavior.

MJ couldn't help but agree, but she was far too scared for her husband's wellbeing to voice her complaints. That time would come when he's awake and healthy again

Turning to MJ, who refused to leave Peter's side, the sorcerer supreme smiled comfortingly. "You can relax. He'll be fine. From what I can tell, he's just extremely exhausted. He might sleep for a while though"

MJ sighed in relief, her shoulders dropping as she let out a soft sigh. "Good, I'll get him to bed before the kids wake up then"

Meanwhile, as Peter continued to rest, unconscious and immersed in his post-evolution exhaustion, a gathering of Spider-People unfolded at the Spider-Society headquarters.

Each member of the spider group chat, including Ben, Spider-Pig, Peni, Miles, Noir, Tobey, and Andrew, arrived at the society for the first time ever, invited under the guise of a recommendation from Gwen Stacy.

The elusive organization had been shrouded in mystery, with Gwen and Peter offering little insight into its workings.

Miguel O'Hara, the leader of the Spider-Society, welcomed the newcomers with a charismatic demeanor. "Welcome to the Spider-Society. Here we try our best to" As he led the group through the intricate corridors of their headquarters, he explained the mission and purpose of the organization.

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"So you're saying us spider guys" Noir spoke but Peni cleared her throat, making her presence known. "and galls have our own canon events"

"Which are usually horrible life ruining situations" Ben adds, clearly not liking this place. "And you enforce them Why would you do that?"

Miguel sighed. "I don't always like what we have to do. But I know that it has to be done. Because without canon events, the universe will erase itself. You might feel happy about saving your loved one, or stopping a canon tragedy, but what's the point if it causes everyone to die anyway, including the people you were trying to save?"

The Spider-People listened attentively, conflicted by what they heard. He was basically saying that they were forced to let tragedy strike them over and over, or else everyone in their universe would pay for it, even their loved ones.

Some in the group seemed convinced, while others, like Ben, Tobey, and Miles, took Miguel's words with a pinch of salt. They didn't believe him, at least not fully. It also didn't help that they seemed to get a bad feeling from this place, which just didn't sit right with them.

Little did they know, Miguel had a hidden agenda for this little recruitment he was doing. While he appeared to recruit them based on the fact that they were fellow spider-people, his motives were far from altruistic.

Miguel saw Peter as a potential threat and aimed to gather information on him through his friends, considering them as pawns in a larger game. And if the need called for it, he would gladly use them in his fight against Peter.



'I've come too far to let anyone get in my way' He thought, not the least bit sorry for using his fellow spider-people like this.

As the tour continued, Miguel strategically shared only what he deemed necessary, emphasizing the importance of unity among Spider-People. The group chat members, captivated by the society's grandeur, remained blissfully unaware of Miguel's ulterior motives.

They marveled at the advanced technology, the many unique members of the society, the training simulations, and the vast knowledge, which seemed so foreign to them.

Miguel, ever the charismatic guide, maintained an air of trustworthiness, winning the Spider-People over with tales of past victories and the potential for a brighter future.

The Spider-People, eager to contribute to a cause that felt larger than themselves, shared stories of their encounters, even mentioning Peter here and there. Miguel absorbed every detail, building a mental dossier that could potentially be weaponized against their unsuspecting friend and mentor.

The tour concluded with Miguel extending a formal invitation for the Spider-People to join the society. And everyone seemed on board except

"Do you mind if I think about it first?" Tobey asked. "This seems like a big decision to make, so I'd like some time to decide."

"Yeah, I don't know if I'm able to join" Miles spoke up next, clearly unwilling to accept. "I have school to worry about, you know?"

"Me too" Ben nodded alongside him, causing everyone to look at him oddly. "Well, I don't have school, but I have a family to worry about. MJ and I just got back together, and I really don't want to mess things up this time, so"

Of course, these were all just excuses. The real reason they declined was simple, they didn't believe or trust a word that came out of Miguel's mouth

Miguel himself frowned under his mask, clearly unhappy with their decision, but in the end, he couldn't allow the few undecided in the group to ruin his plans.

"Of course, please take all the time you need"

A full day had passed since MJ discovered Peter unconscious on the living room floor. The room, once filled with the palpable tension of concern and worry, was now bathed in the soft glow of daylight filtering through the curtains.

In his bed, Peter gradually stirred, awakening from the deep slumber that followed his intense evolution. Every bone, muscle, nerve, and tendon ached in pain, a testament to the relentless series of transformations he had subjected himself to throughout the night.

As he opened his eyes, Peter felt the weight of exhaustion press upon him. The journey through evolving with each vial had been arduous, and the memories of constant agony lingered in his mind. Yet, beneath the pain, he sensed a pulsating hum of newfound power coursing through his veins.

He had pushed through the torment, evolving with every vial he consumed. At first, the idea was to limit himself to a few samples, but determination and resolve fueled his decision to continue, pushing his limits until the pain became a symphony of evolution.

With a groan, Peter sat up in his bed, his senses gradually registering the room around him. His body felt heavy, yet strangely invigorated. He flexed his fingers, marveling at the strength that he felt. The evolution had taken its toll, but the rewards were evident.

Tightening his hand into a fist, Peter couldn't help but smirk. The blood and power of all 9 heroes and villains alike, had transformed him into a powerhouse. He felt like he could defy gravity itself, slap the sun across the universe, and reshape reality with a mere thought.

It was an addicting feeling, this surge of power that pulsed within him. The very essence of his being had undergone a radical change, and the possibilities seemed limitless.

"I need to test my powers," Peter muttered to himself, the smirk on his face growing. The prospect of exploring the extent of his newfound abilities ignited a spark of excitement within him. The pain, the evolution, it had all led to this moment, where he stood on the brink of realizing the true extent of his potential.

As Peter was just about to climb out of bed and test his newfound powers, a sudden interruption echoed through the room. His phone buzzed with a notification. "?"

Grabbing his phone from the nightstand, he saw a few notifications from the Spiderverse chat app, though it wasn't from the main chat, where everyone spoke freely, but direct messages from a few notable members.

Curiosity sparked, Peter tried to unlock his phone, but just as he squeezed it in his hand, the phone shattered, pieces crumbling to the floor.

"" Staring down at the remains of his phone, Peter couldn't help but curse, "F\*ck"

### Chapter 613: Testing Powers

Staring down at the shattered remains of his phone, Peter couldn't help but let out a frustrated sigh. His phone was enchanted with all sorts of strengthening and protection magic, which should have protected it from even his power, but it seems like his new strength was more than the device could handle.

However, Peter's sharp eyes quickly caught sight of the intact memory card. With a sense of relief, he carefully removed it from the pile and decided to keep it safe in his bedside drawer until he could use it again. 'I still have that new model that Tony gave me, so I'll just transfer my memory card over to that later'

Realizing that his touch could be destructive in his current state, Peter opted to employ telekinesis. Gently, he levitated the broken pieces and delicately placed them in the drawer, a temporary solution until he gained better control over his newfound abilities.

As Peter pondered his next move, a surge of curiosity compelled him to explore his newfound powers. He knew that he needed to check his messages, but at the moment, his lack of control needed to be addressed. 'I'll just take a minute to test'

Opening a portal, Peter found himself standing on the moon for the second time in two days. Unlike before, he didn't need magic to survive the vacuum of space, it seemed his body had adapted to the harsh conditions.

Contemplating this development, Peter suspected that the infusion of Superman or Silver Surfer's blood during his evolution might be the reason for these extraordinary changes.

But that wasn't all, because as soon as he stepped out into the unfiltered rays of the sun, Peter felt both rejuvenated and relaxed, the sun feeding his tired body, washing away the fatigue he felt from the constant evolutions.

Peter couldn't help but wonder, "Is this what Superman feels like everyday?" He marveled at the idea of absorbing sunlight without Earth's atmosphere hindering its effects and realized he had gained Kryptonian-like abilities.

Eager to test his newfound powers, Peter decided to push the boundaries. Taking flight from the moon's surface, he shot towards the sun, feeling an increasing surge of power with each passing moment. As he neared the sun, he marveled at the fact that he could withstand the intense heat without discomfort.

Arriving at the sun's surface, Peter basked in its immense radiance. He stretched his hand out, twiddling his fingers through the molten flames as if testing the temperature of a warm bath. The sensation of standing next to the sun without harm left him awestruck.

Meanwhile, Peter's clothes have long succumbed to the extreme conditions, disintegrating in the intense heat, though he didn't seem to notice, his mind too preoccupied by both the blissful feeling of the sun, and the awe he felt from the whole situation.

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After basking in the sun's radiance for what felt like an eternity, Peter finally snapped out of his reverie. Realizing the need to test his newly acquired powers, he dismissed the daring idea of flying directly into the sun to take a solar bath, at least for now, opting to explore his abilities first.

Time was of the essence, and Peter didn't want to delay. "My family is probably worried about me, and I still have to check the messages on my phone after this too"

Mentally listing the powers inherited from individuals like Superman, Martian Manhunter, Flash, Homelander, Scarlett Witch, Ego, Hela, Thanos, and the Silver Surfer, Peter floated to empty space, so that he would have enough room.

Starting with Superman's abilities, Peter delved into experimentation. Already familiar with superhuman strength, speed, stamina, agility, reflexes, longevity, senses, and durability, he sought to unveil the depths of his newfound powers.

With a focus on heat vision, Peter directed his gaze towards a distant asteroid. Suddenly, his eyes began to glow a bright red before unleashing beams, which destroyed the space rock in an instant.

Smirking at how cool that was, Peter turned his attention to his wind and freeze breath. Inhaling deeply, he exhaled forcefully, creating a powerful gust that sent the remaining asteroids tumbling. Shifting his focus, Peter then unleashed a stream of icy breath, encasing another asteroid in a frosty cocoon.

The exploration of Kryptonian abilities continued, and Peter found himself testing X-ray vision. Peering back towards the Earth, his eyes widened as his visions constantly zoomed in. 'Huh? I guess I have telescopic vision too' His vision zoomed in until he found his house. Penetrating its outer surface, he watched as his family went about their day.

Smiling down at his family from the vast emptiness of space, Peter moved on to Martian Manhunter's abilities. Ignoring the powers he already possessed, such as super-strength, night-vision, invulnerability, superspeed, flight, regeneration, heat vision, telepathy, and telekinesis, Peter focused on the unique abilities he had gained from the Martian hero.

Shapeshifting became his first point of exploration. Concentrating on an image in his mind, Peter felt the very essence of his being shift and morph. Before long, he transformed into an exact replica of Martian Manhunter. Grinning at the success of his mimicry, Peter reveled in the potential for disguise that shapeshifting offered.

Next on the list was intangibility. Peter pondered the idea of passing through solid matter and, with a focused thought, allowed his body to phase through an asteroid. The sensation was otherworldly, and Peter marveled at the ability to move effortlessly through anything.

Invisibility followed, and with a mental command, Peter faded from view. As he floated in the vastness of space, unseen by the cosmic wonders surrounding him, a sense of stealth and secrecy enveloped him. Peter contemplated the practical applications of this newfound power, considering the advantages it could bring to his life as Spider-Man.

Satisfied with his exploration of Martian Manhunter's abilities, Peter moved on once again. Leaving the far reaches of space, he swiftly flew back to the moon, ready for his next set of tests, this time, the abilities of the Flash.

Landing on the moon's surface, Peter hesitated for a moment, contemplating the best way to test his speed. Uncertain whether he was connected to the Speed Force, he opted for a simple and direct approach, running. With a burst of energy, he dashed across the lunar landscape, a blur of motion that left streaks behind.

The sensation of speed was exhilarating, but as Peter circled the moon a few times in a matter of seconds, a realization dawned upon him. Despite the incredible velocity, he didn't feel a connection to the Speed Force. Confused, he slowed to a stop, wondering whether or not he actually received the Flashes powers or not.

"Well, that's a mystery for another day," Peter mused to himself. He decided to set aside the enigma of the Speed Force for future exploration.

Shaking off the puzzlement, Peter redirected his focus to the array of abilities he still needed to test. Moving swiftly through the list of acquired powers, Peter chose to skip Homelander, considering the striking resemblance of his abilities to those of Superman. Homelander's powers were essentially a copy of the Kryptonian hero's, and Peter, having thoroughly explored Superman's capabilities, saw no need to duplicate the experiment.

Redirecting his focus to the next name in the list, Scarlet Witch, Peter contemplated the multifaceted nature of her abilities. Among the array of powers she possessed, he decided to delve into the realm of magic, particularly Chaos Magic.

Drawing upon the mystical energies within him, Peter felt a surge of power envelop his entire form in a bright red, ominous glow. The moon's desolate surface transformed beneath his feet, shifting and morphing into a breathtaking landscape, a tiny planet adorned with diverse flora and fauna.

Amused by the sheer magnitude of his reality-altering abilities, Peter couldn't help but smirk. 'This is definitely one of the best powers I received'

The potential of Chaos Magic seemed boundless, a potent force that allowed him to reshape the very fabric of existence without the need for the Infinity Stones.

Another snap of his fingers, and the moon reverted to its original desolate form. The echoes of Chaos Magic lingered for just a moment before fading away, a reminder of the vast potential at his fingertips.

Turning his attention to the next set of powers, Peter focused on Ego, the Celestial with the ability to manipulate cosmic energy, which he called light. In the vastness of space, Peter pondered how he could put this ability to the test.

Uncertain about the specifics, he decided to begin by conjuring cosmic energy, something that had felt relatively easier now after his previous tests. Perhaps the infusion of Silver Surfer and Ego's powers had made this manipulation more accessible?

With a mental command, Peter summoned cosmic energy, feeling the raw power coursing through him. It manifested as a white glow, which enveloped his entire being.

Curious about the extent of this power, Peter contemplated a way to express it. Drawing inspiration from Star-Lord's antics, he decided to attempt a classic move, the creation of a giant Pac-Man. Focusing the cosmic energy, he shaped it into the iconic figure, complete with the familiar wakakaka sounds.

A triumphant smirk crossed Peter's face as he observed the colossal Pac-Man floating in space, a testament to his ability to manipulate matter and energy on a cosmic scale. It seemed almost effortless, as if the power flowed through him with a natural ease.

Waving his hand, Peter dispersed the cosmic creation, causing the Pac-Man to crumble into nothingness. The ease with which he could summon and dismiss such entities left him intrigued and eager to explore the full potential of Ego's abilities.

"Alright, next," Peter mused to himself, turning his attention to the next set of powers in his arsenal, the abilities granted by Hela. Aware of the overlap in their powers, he decided to focus on two specific aspects, Weapon Creation and Necromancy.

Extending his hand, Peter tapped into the essence of Hela's powers, seeking to mold his abilities into a weapon. A pitch-black energy began to coalesce in his palm, taking shape as he concentrated. Within moments, a dagger materialized, its form an embodiment of the darkness that surrounded it.

Coolly, Peter twirled the weapon between his fingers, marveling at the ease with which he could create deadly tools. The supernatural dagger felt weightless, a manifestation of his evolving mastery over the inherited powers.

Dismissively, Peter caused the dark dagger to vanish. The convenience of summoning and banishing such weaponry seemed like second nature, leaving him intrigued yet again by the vast potential within him.

Now, the time had come for the second aspect of Hela's powers, the one Peter was most excited for, Necromancy. "Hehehe It's time to build an undead army"

However, he faced a dilemma. Lacking a suitable dead body for the experiment, Peter hesitated. True, he had the lower half of the Silver Surfer's body stored in his necklace, but he questioned the effectiveness of Hela's Necromancy with only a partial cadaver.

Opting to test the limits of Hela's powers nonetheless, Peter retrieved the remains of the Silver Surfer. Conjuring a green flame in the palm of his hand, he observed its flickering glow before tossing it onto the dismembered corpse.

The green flames danced around the severed legs, enveloping them in an ethereal light. Peter stood with bated breath, waiting for the potential resurrection to unfold. However, after a moment, the flames dissipated, leaving the Silver Surfer's lower half unchanged.

Disappointed but not discouraged, Peter considered the implications. It seemed Hela's Necromancy required at least a semi-complete corpse for its invocation. While the prospect of an undead Silver Surfer as his ally was tempting, the reality did not align with his hopes and dreams.

Acknowledging the need for a more comprehensive test in the future, Peter stored away the remains of the Silver Surfer once again.

And finally, the last name inscribed on Peter's list, excluding the Silver Surfer, who he's already tested, was Thanos, the formidable mad Titan.

Aware that the Titan's powers comprised of just basic enhancements, such as super strength, speed, reflexes, stamina, agility, durability, longevity, and healing, Peter still wasn't discouraged. Although these powers were basic, they were strong, especially for the Mad Titan.

It also helped that these traits were shared by almost every individual whose powers now coursed through him, enhancing his strength even further.



Focusing on super strength, Peter began a series of controlled experiments. Soaring through space, he touched down on planet Mars. "This should do"

Looking around, trying to figure out how to test his strength, Peter shrugged to himself before winding his fist back and punching the ground. The force exerted by his enhanced strength cracked a huge portion of the planet in half, creating a giant trench which spanned almost half the globe.

Staring down at his fist in shock, Peter realized. 'I really need to get my power under control before heading home'

Taking a moment to eye the giant chasm he unwittingly created, Peter could feel the sheer magnitude of his strength, an energy pulsating through every fiber of his being. Determined to refine this power, he decided to get right to work, hoping it wouldn't take too long.

#### Chapter 614: A Child's Tantrum & A Devourers Arrival

As Peter focused on refining his newfound strength on the desolate and now-fractured surface of Mars, a meeting between his children unfolded in his absence. Lily, America, and Leo gathered in Lily's bedroom, their small voices hushed as they discussed matters of great importance.

Leo, with his wide, innocent eyes, looked up at the older girls, his small hands fidgeted nervously. "Taking too long" He said, clearly upset.

Lily sighed, exchanging a knowing glance with America before finally breaking the news. "Leo, you haven't even been here for a week yet"

America nodded alongside her, "Yeah, we have no doubt that our parents will adopt you. Just be patient"

Leo didn't seem to be taking their advice, as he began pacing around the room, his faced scrunched up in displeasure. He wanted nothing more than to be Peter's son, but they were taking far too long for his liking!

"Look, Leo" Lily hesitated, but finally revealed the truth. "Actually, we've known for days that Mom and Dad are going to adopt you. They talked to us about it a couple days ago," Lily admitted, stopping Leo in his tracks.

Leo's eyes widened as he looked toward Lily, trying to decipher whether or not she was lying to him. And based on America's reaction, she wasn't

America jumped out of her seat, "Lily! They said not to tell him yet!"

Lily shrugged, gesturing towards Leo. "What are we supposed to do when he's like this?"

America reluctantly agreed as she flopped back down into the bed, "Fine, but I'm not taking the fall for this when they find out"

Lily shrugged uncaringly, turning her attention back to her future baby brother. "See Leo?" She asked. "It's just taking some time."

"Yeah, they'll do it soon, so stop freaking out all the time" America added, her attempts at reassurance falling short as Leo's eyes filled with confusion and disappointment.

Leo's little face scrunched up as he processed this revelation. "Why no tell me yet?" he questioned, a hint of sadness in his voice.

The girls exchanged uncertain glances, realizing that perhaps Leo still wasn't satisfied. Lily hesitated before explaining, "Leo, you just have to wait a bit It's not that big of a deal."

This explanation failed to soothe Leo's growing concern. His small brows furrowed, and he pouted. "Wait long enough!" He shouted, stomping his foot, his limited vocabulary in full effect. "I want now!"

The urgency in Leo's tone caught the girls off guard. They exchanged a quick glance before America decided, "Then go ask them, Leo There's not much we can do here..."

Empowered by this idea, Leo stomped his little feet out of the room. If Peter wouldn't bring up the option himself, the Leo would take matters into his own hands.

"Wait!" Lily yelled behind him, but Leo completely ignore her and kept. "Don't tell them I told you about any of this! Leo! Leo!"

Without a care for anything Lily had to say, Leo headed towards Peter's bedroom, fueled by determination to get the answers he sought.

Slamming the door open with all the might, which broke the door off of its hinges, Leo's hopeful eyes scanned the room. To his dismay, Peter was nowhere to be found. His shoulders slumped, and a quiver formed in his bottom lip as disappointment and frustration mingled within him.

A lone tear rolled down Leo's cheek as he whimpered, "Where's Peter?" The room echoed with his tiny voice, unheard by the absent Spider-Man who was nowhere to be seen.

In Miles's universe, the young Spider-Man lay in bed, surrounded by the familiar glow of his phone screen. The spider group chat app flickered to life, and Miles, Tobey, and Ben eagerly exchanged messages in their private chat group. It was a sanctuary of sorts, a place where they could discuss their concerns away from the rest of the group, who so easily joined the Spider-Society.

As they vented their suspicions about the Spider-Society, Miles expressed his growing worry for their friends who were still trapped there: What should we do? Peter isn't answering, and we can't just leave our friends there. Who knows what that creep will do to them, or make them do

Tobey, the seasoned Spider-Man, suggested patience: Maybe we should wait for Peter before deciding anything. He's more experienced than us when it comes to this kind of stuff. Waiting for reinforcements might be the best approach.

However, Ben, ever the risk-taker, threw out an idea: Although I agree that having Peter on our side would help a lot, he isn't answering and we can't just wait here like this.

Unsure of how to handle the situation, Miles asked: Then what should we do?

Ben smirked as he replied: We need to sneak back into the Society and investigate. Once we find the evidence we need, we can post it in the general group chat and get everyone on our side. That will be our reinforcements!

The notion was met with immediate resistance, especially from Tobey: What evidence though? We don't even know what we're looking for. Let's just wait for-

Before the debate could escalate, Ben sent a picture through the chat. In the image, he proudly displayed a watch on his wrist, the same watch that Miguel O'Hara used to traverse the multiverse.

Miles, filled with both amazement and dread, couldn't help but ask: Where did you get that?

Ben, nonchalant and smirking through text, replied: Swiped it during the tour. So, are you guys in or not?

The chat room fell silent for a moment before Miles hesitantly agreed: I'm in

His concern for their friends outweighing the risks, and although he wanted to wait, Peter just wasn't answering.

Tobey couldn't help but ask: Can't we just use the watch to get Peter? It'll be a lot safer with him

Ben replied: I've been tinkering with this thing for a while now, and the only way to use it is by choosing the designated number of each universe. Unless you know his universes number, that's not happening.

Miles frowned as he asked: Then how are we supposed to find the Society again? We don't know the number

Ben smirked as he fiddled with the watch before taking and sending another picture, showing the display on the watch showing the words Spider-Society: The Society is labeled differently.

Seeing a glaring issue with this plan, Tobey couldn't help but point out the obvious: How are you supposed to pick us up with that if we don't know our universes number?

Realization dawning on him, Ben replied: Oh sh\*t

Seeing the flaw in his plan, Ben hesitated for a moment before making a bold decision. In the spider group chat, he declared: I'll go alone to investigate. I'll find the evidence and maybe even figure out our universe numbers. Don't worry, I got this

Tobey and Miles immediately chimed in, trying to dissuade him from his reckless solo mission.

Miles pleaded through the text: Ben, it's too dangerous! We should come up with a safer plan together. Let's just message Peter again.

Tobey joined him in trying to persuade Ben in another direction: Going alone is risky. We need to stick together and think this through.

However, Ben, confident and seemingly dismissive of their concerns, stopped replying in the chat. The virtual silence left Miles and Tobey uneasy, as they pondered the consequences of Ben's impulsive decision.

No matter how much they type, begging him to be patient, the chat remained empty, the absence of Ben's messages hanging heavily in the digital space

On the desolate and fractured surface of Mars, Peter engaged in an otherworldly workout. An enchanted bar, heavily bent under the strain of two mountain-sized plates, was part of his routine as he bench-pressed, a light sheen of sweat dripping down his body.

"30,678 30,679 30,680 30,681" Counting every lift, Peter appears to have been at this for a while, the sheer weight serving as a testament to his enhanced strength.

With newfound powers from a combination of Ego's manipulation of cosmic energy and Wanda's chaos magic, Peter was able to effortlessly conjure training tools. Cosmic energy and magic blended seamlessly, allowing him to summon objects of any size, shape, weight, density, or power. It was a boon to his training, aiding him in regaining control over his immense strength at a much faster pace.

'I can probably even make living beings at this point' Peter thought. After all, Wanda was able to make some powerful creatures with her magic, and Ego was able to create life as well. 'If I were to combine their powers to make something, then it would probably be really strong'

Putting that idea to the back of his mind for the time being, Peter continued his workout, but suddenly, an unusual disturbance caught his attention. A powerful energy signature entered his galaxy, and thanks to the cosmic senses inherited from the Silver Surfer, he could discern its presence without even trying.

Something or someone was approaching, and the vibes weren't benevolent.

Peter paused, dismissing the conjured workout tools that vanished instantly. Standing up, he turned his gaze toward the source of the energy signature. Utilizing Superman's telescopic sight, he zoomed in until he spotted the cosmic giant, Galactus. The devourer of worlds moved through the vastness of space, his purple armored colossal form unmistakable.

Galactus, attuned to the cosmos, sensed Peter's scrutiny. Turning his immense head in Spider-Man's direction, a silent exchange occurred between the two beings of cosmic significance.

"Interesting, so you're the one who killed my Harold" muttered Galactus, acknowledging the unexpected presence of another formidable force in the cosmos. Without hesitation, he altered his trajectory, heading straight for Peter.

#### Chapter 615: Bet & Failed Infiltration

Galactus materialized in front of Peter, his colossal form casting a daunting shadow on the fractured surface of Mars. The cosmic giant's eyes glowed with cosmic awareness as he scrutinized Spider-Man, his curiosity evident.

Just as Galactus was about to speak, Peter raised his hand. "Uhh, hey, do you mind shrinking down to my size? I feel like I'm in Attack On Titan right now" He commented, feeling like an ant in front of someone who could easily dwarf entire planets.

The cosmic energy surrounding Galactus pulsed, and in a matter of moments, the behemoth began to shrink at a rapid pace. Seconds later, a ten-foot-tall purple armor-clad man landed before Peter.

[Insert picture of Galactus here]

**\*Boom!\*** And although it looked like a slow and controlled landing, the second that Galactus touched the rocky ground of Mars, a humongous crater was formed, spanning miles in diameter.

"Is this form more comfortable for you?" Galactus inquired. Usually, he wouldn't bother changing his size for anyone, but with the amount of power he could feel radiating off of Peter, he couldn't help but give him just a modicum of respect.

Peter nodded, a wry smile on his face. "You're still a bit tall, but it's fine."

Galactus, now resembling a giant next to Peter rather than an overwhelming cosmic entity, gazed at him with an odd expression. "Is your race a nudist one? I thought I devoured all of the nudist worlds ages ago" he asked, noticing Peter's current lack of clothing.

Realizing his state of undress, which he seemed to completely forget about ever since his clothes were incinerated by the sun, Peter chuckled in embarrassment. "Oh, sorry about that." In an instant, his iconic spider suit materialized, covering his entire body, except his face.

With a more composed appearance, Peter looked at Galactus and asked, "So, who are you and what brings you to my end of the universe?" He feigned ignorance, pretending not to recognize him. "I'm Peter, by the way."

Galactus scoffed, his deep voice resonating in the vastness of space. "You kill my Herald, and now you wish to act innocent?" In his mind, a being like Peter who held such power should know who Galactus is, especially after the Silver Surfer died in this Galaxy.

Peter raised an eyebrow, adopting a confused expression. "Herald, you say? You'll have to be more specific. I've killed all sorts of people throughout the years, but I don't remember any of them saying their name was Herald. Are you sure that you have the right guy?"

Galactus, unaccustomed to such nonchalant defiance, observed Peter with a mix of disbelief and amusement. It was rare for anyone to stand before him, playing games and refusing to show the usual submission.

"You mock me?" Galactus questioned, his gaze piercing through the cosmic fabric of reality.

Peter shrugged, maintaining his playful demeanor. "Mock? No, I'm just genuinely curious. Your Herald could be anyone from a list of people I've encountered. You'll need to give me more details."

Galactus, eyeing Peter in exasperation, sighed. "I sense more than you reveal, Peter. Your power, it's not yours, is it?" He stated, probing Peter. "I sense the aura of many different beings inside you, three of which are quite familiar to me"

Since Peter technically copies the powers of those he takes DNA from, Galactus could feel a sliver of their aura within him, including Thanos, Ego, and his Herald, the Silver Surfer.

Peter scratched his head, a look of playful disgust appearing on his face. "Well, I can assure you that I don't have a habit of letting anyone inside of me. I happen to be a straight and happily married man. But there was this one time that my wife wanted to peg me" He revealed, a shiver of unadulterated fear running down his spine. "Of course, I turned that sh\*t down real quick"

Galactus regarded Peter with a level of uncertainty, torn between the knowledge that he was being f\*cked with and an unexpected amusement, which he hadn't felt in a long while.

Eventually, Galactus couldn't help but chuckle to himself. "You know what? After this is all said and done, you shall become my newest Herald. The Silver Surfer has grown dull lately, so I won't fault you too much for his death," he declared, his eyes glinting with an odd amusement.

Peter, maintaining his playful tone, politely declined, "I appreciate the offer, but I've got a wife and a planet to look after. I'm afraid I can't commit to becoming your henchman."

Galactus chuckled again, the sound echoing across the desolate surface of Mars. "You act as if you had a choice..."

Before Peter could respond, Galactus extended his massive hand. "Alright, this has gone on long enough Hand over the Infinity Stones," he demanded, his tone brooking no argument.

The revelation caught Peter off guard. He frowned, realizing that his storage necklace, which should be completely masking the power of the Infinity Stones, might not be as effective against beings like Galactus. With a resigned sigh, he reached into the necklace and pulled out six rings, each adorned with a glowing Infinity Stone.

"You mean these?" Peter questioned, slipping each of them onto his fingers, one by one as Galactus watched.

Galactus nodded, a hungry gleam in his eyes. "Yes, now hand them over, and I may consider forgiveness for the death of my Herald..."

Peter hesitated, contemplating Galactus's motives. "Why do you want the Stones? Aren't you already powerful enough?"

Galactus, unwilling to engage in Peter's games any longer, attempted to use telekinesis to snatch the rings from Peter's fingers. However, with a swift motion, Peter coated his hand in cosmic energy



and swatted away Galactus's telekinetic grasp. The clash of their powers sent a shockwave across the Martian landscape, creating a gust of wind that swept across the fractured surface.

Peter shot a disapproving look at Galactus. "Not very nice, trying to steal from me. Didn't your parents teach you anything?"

Galactus, undeterred, fixed his gaze on Peter. "I do not have parents. Now, hand over the infinity stones willingly, or I shall take them by force."

Peter, a smirk playing on his lips, twirled the rings on his fingers. "I think I'll keep them for now. But hey, how about we make a deal?"

Galactus raised a curious brow, "What kind of deal?" He asked.

"We'll get into that in a moment. First, tell me why you want the infinity stones so badly?" Peter asked, genuinely curious about Galactus's relentless pursuit.

Galactus, normally reserved about his inner struggles, sighed deeply. "I tire of this unending hunger that gnaws at my very essence. While I've long come to terms with my status as a universal force of destruction, the constant hunger, which gnaws at my very being, has grown wearisome. The stones, I believe, hold the key to a permanent solution. A way to satiate the emptiness within me."

"I see" Nodding thoughtfully, deciding then and there what he would do. "You know, I was actually planning to killing you, but now I've changed my mind"

Originally, Peter was dead set on killing Galactus, as he knew how much of a threat he could be. But after some thought, he decided against it. Rather than killing him, Peter planned to use him instead

After all, Peter gained a lot of unknown enemies after meeting Death, so having someone to protect his family while he's away is imperative. 'Maybe I should call in my favors with Dormammu as well?'

Peter proposed a deal. "Let's settle this with a fight, away from populated areas of course I'd rather not destroy any galaxy's, after all."

Galactus, amused by the audacity of the offer, couldn't help but chuckle. "You would willingly challenge me? Not many beings would be so bold."

Peter shrugged as if it weren't that big of a deal, "Yup, and I won't even use the Infinity Stones, which should give you a fair chance. It's also a good opportunity for me to test my new powers."

Galactus, surprised by Peter's willingness to limit himself, questioned, "Are you sure? With the stones, you'd actually have a fighting chance at victory." He stated, not seeing Peter as a threat whatsoever.

Peter, ignoring the fact that he was being looked down upon, continued, "And to make it interesting, the loser will owe the winner three promises, bound by an unbreakable contract."

Galactus, not one to back down from a challenge, agreed, "Very well. I agree to your terms."

Knowing the potential for betrayal, Peter conjured a magical contract, drawing upon the knowledge he gained during his time in the Harry Potter universe. With a mere thought, he inscribed the terms of their deal onto the parchment before signing it himself, the runes on the pen activating, using Peter's blood in order to sign the contract, instead of ink.

Of course, he made sure to hide some sneaky, microscopic fine print in there, just in case he were to lose, which was something he learned from the books he stole from the Goblins.

Though with the power that he has now, Peter felt that it would be hard for him to lose. Though that could just be his ego talking.

Levitating the contract and pen over to Galactus, Peter declared, "To seal the deal, sign this contract. It binds us both to the terms agreed upon."

Galactus, intrigued by the magical formality, took the pen and signed the contract after giving it a quick once over, his bloody signature appearing next to Peter's.

Seeing that Galactus didn't notice his fine print, Peter couldn't stop himself from smirking. "Technically, I've already won Who knew it would be this easy?" He really had to thank the Goblins for their conniving and ingenious ways.

Stashing the contract away, Peter waved his hand and conjured a golden portal before stepping inside, "Come on, let's find a safe place to let loose"

While Peter was tricking Galactus into signing malicious contracts, the Spider-Society buzzed with activity. Peter B. Parker, commonly known as Ben, having just arrived via the universe-hopping watch, prowled the spider-filled realm.

His pudgy stomach stretched the limits of his spider suit as he tried to sneak around, thinking himself clever. However, in a society brimming with spider-people, stealth wasn't as easy as he assumed.

As Ben exited an under ground tunnel and arrived in a dark, empty space, he suddenly felt his spider senses tingling like crazy. Dashing to the side, he very nearly dodged a barrage of web-like nets, which descended down upon him.

"Oh, sh\*t" He cursed, finding himself surrounded by roughly 15 different spider individuals, the white eyes of their masks shining through the dark room. Some perched above, others emerging from the dark corners of the room, forming a formidable blockade.

In the midst of the Spider-People's convergence, a holographic figure materialized, it was LYLA. "Oh! You found him! Good work everyone. I'll prepare the prison for a new arrival, so try not to hurt our newest inmate too badly, okay?" She said before quickly vanishing, causing the room to darken once again.

Regret washed over Ben, wishing he had heeded the warnings from Miles and Tobey about venturing into the Spider-Society alone. "Hey, uhh, we can talk about this, right?"

## Chapter 616: Uncle Ben

Beaten and battered by over 15 different versions of himself, Ben found himself at the mercy of the Spider-Society, his once-clever attempt at stealth having led him into a web of trouble. The Spider-People, with their various abilities and menacing looks, surrounded him, making his predicament clear.

Amidst the ensnaring chaos, Ben's years of experience failed to protect him from the relentless assault. Bruised, bloodied, and barely conscious, he regretted venturing into the Spider-Society alone. "Timeout, okay? I just need a second to catch my breath" he weakly pleaded as the blows kept coming.

After enduring a quick and brutal confrontation, which left him on the edge of consciousness, Ben was dragged through the shadowy halls of the Spider-Society's lair.

Brought down to the prison, passing holding cells filled with monstrous and intimidating spider-prisoners, Ben, who was teetering in and out of consciousness at this point, caught a glimpse of a giant spider, making a nest out of its cell, as well as a humanoid creature with spider-like features, both eyeing him as if he were their dinner.

Thrown into a cell, Ben began to realize the gravity of his situation. The prison seemed to house spider-people who had either crossed the society or proved too dangerous for unrestricted freedom. As the heavy cell door slammed shut, the silence of captivity enveloped him.

Lying on the cold hard floor, contemplating the consequences of his ill-fated decision, Ben was about to fall unconscious once again, when suddenly, he was startled by an aged voice that called out from above. "So You're my new cell mate, huh? At least it's not another Man-Spider"

Looking up, Ben saw the familiar face of an elderly man dressed in a worn Spider-Man-themed suit, minus the mask.

Staring at the elderly figure in disbelief, Ben muttered, "Uncle Ben..." He froze in shock before his eyes rolled back and he passed out, his body unable to keep itself awake any longer.

[Insert Picture of Uncle Ben here]

In the far reaches of space, trillions and trillions of miles away from any asteroids, moons, planets, suns, galaxies, or even black holes, Peter and Galactus emerged from the golden portal, floating across from one another, surrounded by nothing but silent, empty black space.

Peter glanced around, satisfied with the area they've found themselves in. "Well, here we are. Far enough from anyone or anything. No planets to obliterate, no stars to snuff out. Now we can really go all out without worrying about collateral damage."

Galactus, towering over Peter, maintained a stoic expression. "Very well, you may have the first move."

Peter, ever the opportunist, casually shrugged. "You asked for it." In an instant, he vanished with a burst of speed, reappearing beside Galactus before the cosmic giant could register the movement.

Galactus, unflinching, observed Peter's sudden appearance with an air of arrogance. "You're fast, I'll admit, but I'm afraid speed won't help-" Before he could finish speaking, Peter's super-powered fist collided with Galactus's armored stomach. The impact echoed through the cosmic void, shattering the silence.

Surprisingly, for the giant, Galactus's colossal form recoiled as if struck by an unstoppable force. The once impenetrable armor shattered into pieces, revealing Galactus's now-exposed stomach.

Peter's fist didn't lose a hint of momentum as it dug into the cosmic entity, caving his opponents stomach inwards with brutal force.

Blood sprayed from Galactus's mouth as he was sent hurtling backward, resembling a rag doll tossed through space. Shock registered in Galactus's glowing eyes, eyes that hadn't felt such vulnerability in eons.

Peter, seemingly unfazed, watched Galactus's trajectory. "What was that you were just saying? I didn't quite hear you over the blood spraying out of your mouth" he remarked, a smirk playing on his lips.

Galactus, floating in the vacuum of space, quickly regain his composure, halting his uncontrolled tumbling. The wound on his stomach glowed with cosmic energy as his body swiftly mended the damage. It was a sight rarely witnessed. Galactus, the devourer of worlds, being injured and forced to heal himself.

"Hey, thanks for the donation," Peter continued, confidently floating forward, conjuring a vial, which he used to collect Galactus's blood. "I'll be sure to make good use of this."

Galactus, regaining his stance, stared at Peter in realization. "I see so that's why I feel the power of so many others resonating inside of you" He said before asking. "Is blood all you need to copy their powers?"

Peter chuckled as he stored the vial into his necklace, his confidence undeterred. "Why don't you let me get a few more free hits and maybe I'll tell you?"

Galactus, a rare hint of uncertainty in his cosmic gaze, shook his head, he didn't need to know that badly. He may have underestimated Peter once before, but he most certainly won't make that same mistake again.

If he were to let Peter get a few more hits in, they might just be the thing that wins him the bet.

Peter, enjoying the moment, cracked his knuckles. "I see you're finally starting to take me seriously."

"Yes, my apologies for underestimating you up until now. I'll be sure to take this seriously from here on out" Galactus couldn't help but feel a bit of a thrill for the fight that was to come. After all, it's not every day that a worthy opponent appears before him.

"Good, that's how it should be-" As Peter spoke, suddenly, he was interrupted by an eruption of purple light.

Galactus, shrouding himself in energy, vanished from his spot, reappearing mere inches from Peter in the blink of an eye. Peter's eyes widened as Galactus mirrored his earlier move, showcasing an unexpected speed and agility for a man of his size.

Before he could react, Galactus unleashed a massive fist aimed at Peter's midsection in retaliation.

Spider-Sense, the ever-reliable guardian of Peter's survival, screamed in his head seconds before Galactus even made his move. 'Huh? That's new' Reacting swiftly, Peter twisted his body, narrowly evading the colossal punch.

In turn, Peter twisted his body and launched a powerful kick, aimed at the side of Galactus's head. But sadly, he simply raised his arm, blocking Peter's leg with his armored forearm.

The encounter escalated into a chaotic brawl, limbs clashing, and cosmic energies colliding. Spider-Man and Galactus engaged in a dance of destruction, each trying to land a decisive blow.

Amidst the battle, Peter marveled at the evolution of his Spider-Senses, which he only now began to notice.

Before his latest evolution, his spider senses only warned him of imminent danger, but now this ability seemed to peer into the future, granting Peter a crucial foresight advantage.

This enhanced perception allowed him to predict Galactus's attacks seconds before they materialized, giving him a significant edge in the rapid-fire confrontation.

Despite Galactus's attempts to strike back, Peter proved elusive, dodging every incoming blow with uncanny precision. Peter's strikes, on the other hand, found their mark, chipping away at Galactus's formidable armor with each connecting hit.

The cosmic giant, unable to retaliate effectively, found himself on the receiving end of relentless assault, which was a new feeling for him. 'Is this what it feels like to lose?' He couldn't help but wonder, finding the whole situation to be quite novel.

Yet, no matter how much damage he took, Galactus possessed an innate ability to regenerate, healing from the inflicted damage almost instantaneously. Despite the visible wear on his armor, he restored himself to peak condition after each assault.

As the battle raged on, Galactus's frustration transformed into a burning anger. Unable to land a single hit on Peter, he abandoned the chaotic brawling approach, seeing it as a waste of time.

"Is that it? Are you giving up?" Peter asked, a smug look on his face. "I was really expect more from-"

Suddenly, Galactus enveloped himself in a growing aura of intense purple light, screaming at the top of his lungs as he interrupted Peter for a second time.

[Insert DragonBallZ power up screaming here]

"!" Peter's Spider-Senses tingled intensely, warning him of an imminent threat. "You know It's really rude to just start screaming like Goku during a fight" he muttered, but his words fell on deaf ears.

His opponent transformed into a pulsating ball of energy, the brightness escalating rapidly. A realization dawned on Peter he was about to face an explosive assault covering every possible direction.

Galactus's plan was simple. If he could land a hit on Peter, then he would just have to attack everywhere at once, leaving him nowhere to run.

With his senses on high alert, Peter's eyes widened as Galactus erupted into a radiant explosion, purple energy surging in all directions, resembling that of an exploding star. "Well, sh\*t" He muttered as a wall of purple energy shot his way.

Meanwhile, within the dark depths of the Spider Society, Miguel sat in his chair, restlessly waiting as LYLA tirelessly worked on breaking into Ben's confiscated phone.

Hours passed, the only noise being the rhythmic hum of LYLA's immense processing power. Finally, a triumphant beep echoed through the room, signaling success. "Got it," LYLA announced, her virtual voice carrying a hint of satisfaction. "Whoever upgraded this phone's security did well, but sadly, they don't have my processing power."

Miguel leaned forward, his eyes fixed on the screen as LYLA navigated through the phone's contents. Soon enough, the messages between Ben, Tobey, and Miles were revealed, showcasing their shared suspicions, plans to contact Peter, and Ben's solo infiltration were laid bare in the text threads.

"Just as I thought," Miguel muttered before turning to his trusted AI companion. "LYLA, dispatch some members to capture Miles and Tobey. They were part of Ben's scheme, so they should join him in his punishment."

LYLA, seemingly pleased with the turn of events, responded with a digital smile. "Understood, Miguel. I'll relay the orders immediately." She swiftly left the room, leaving Miguel alone with the weight of his decisions.

## Chapter 617: Super Mega Giga Epic Battle of the Ages

Amidst the pulsating explosion of Galactus's purple energy, Peter's instincts kicked in. With swift precision, he conjured a golden-rimmed portal in front of himself, using it as a shield against the all-encompassing attack.



The portal absorbed the portion of the onslaught aimed at him, redirecting the attack to the connected portal, which opened up behind him, shooting the energy off into the vast emptiness of space.

Peering to the side, Peter marveled at the relentless energy wave continuing its destructive journey. He couldn't help but be impressed by the sheer magnitude of Galactus's power, a force capable of obliterating entire solar systems, perhaps even galaxies with increased intensity.

A wave of relief washed over Peter, grateful that he had chosen the far reaches of the universe for their battle, sparing countless lives and planets from annihilation.

As the distant energy dissipated into nothingness, Galactus, appearing where he floated moments before, breathed heavily, his glowing eyes searching for any sign of Peter's demise.

Expectation hung in the air, but as his gaze landed on a golden-rimmed portal, he knew Peter was at the very least alive. And as the portal closed, revealing Peter standing unscathed, he couldn't help but click his tongue.

"What a tantrum that was. You'd think someone as old and decrepit as you would have better self control" A smirk played on Peter's lips as he casually asked, "So, should we kick it up a notch now?"

Before, their fight was only conducted with pure physical combat, but seeing as Galactus decided to use his powers, Peter felt that it was finally time that they start taking this battle seriously.

Of course, Peter couldn't help but feel a bit smug from the fact that he wasn't the first to break. It was Galactus who broke their silent agreement to not use their abilities, not him.

Galactus, his arrogance not completely shattered, scoffed, "Enough talk! Come and fight!"

Despite the broken armor marring his colossal form, Galactus had quickly recovered from the aftermath of his explosive attack. The cosmic energy coursing through him repaired the damage, leaving only battle-worn armor as evidence of the prior onslaught. His gaze remained fixed on Peter, determination etched across his features.

The dynamics of their confrontation shifted. No longer a mere exchange of blows, the silent understanding between them shattered with Galactus's last explosive assault. Now, it was an all-out clash, both combatants fully aware that the stakes had escalated.

Excitement surged through Peter as the prospect of going all out finally arrived. Instantly, his body expanded and morphed, transforming into the immense, towering figure of the Red Hulk. Galactus, floating across from him, observed with curiosity rather than immediate aggression, intrigued by the unfolding transformation.

As the metamorphosis finished, Peter extending his hand and wielded Hela's power, crafting a colossal black sword, which fell into the palm of his hand. The giant bastard sword stood as tall as, if not taller than, Peter's Red Hulk form.

Galactus, still withholding his assault, watched the transformation unfold, his eyes reflecting anticipation, which he rarely has the chance to experience.

With the transformation complete, Peter's eyes met Galactus's at an equal level. 'Let's see how much more powerful my Red Hulk form is now' A sly smirk played on Peter's lips as he advised, "Try not to die."

As the words left Peter's mouth, white cosmic energy enveloped him and the colossal sword, enhancing his already formidable presence.

Galactus, feeling the surging power from Peter, responded in kind, coating his colossal form in a shimmering purple energy.

Before Peter could initiate the first attack, Galactus seized the opportunity, vanishing in a burst of speed. In an instant, he reappeared in front of Peter, his hand outstretched, unleashing a thick beam of purple energy at point-blank range.

Peter, anticipating the assault, swung his enormous sword with finesse, slicing the energy in half and redirecting it away from his now-colossal form.

The sword, nearly bisecting Galactus in the process, managed to just barely graze his arm, shaving off a layer of skin and muscle. Though a moment later, the wound healed as if it had never existed.

Undeterred, Peter smirked, signaling the beginning of his relentless onslaught. "Like I said, try not to die too soon! I really need a test dummy like you right now"

Galactus rolled his glowing purple eyes. "Yeah, yeah, enough talk already"

The empty battlefield echoed with the clash of powers. Peter focused on empowering his every movement, wielding the massive sword to strike at Galactus with precision.

In contrast to Peter's finesse and sword skill, which he learned from Natasha during his early years of training, Galactus made good use of his unadulterated, raw power, unleashing destructive energy attacks with overwhelming force.

Peter, however, relied on his enhanced Spider-Senses to predict and evade these assaults, strategically countering with well-timed sword strikes.

But despite Peter's skill, finesse, and predictive ability, facing Galactus proved to be an overwhelming challenge. As the battle raged on, he began to take damage from Galactus's relentless attacks. His opponents nearly infinite energy, strength, and healing ability made him a formidable adversary.

Fortunately for Peter, he possessed similar abilities as well, matching Galactus blow for blow, though he could tell that his opponent was stronger than him, not to mention more versed in his abilities.

After all, Peter was still unused to many of his newfound abilities. Though this was the perfect chance to test them, so he wasn't complaining.

The battlefield echoed with the clash of powers, and though Peter managed to slice up Galactus here and there, it became increasingly evident that Galactus held the dominant position. The sheer force of Galactus's attacks left Peter on the defensive, navigating the onslaught with agility and resilience.

Yet, rather than despair, excitement welled up within Peter. Laughter erupted from him, a maniacal expression taking over his features. The battle, as chaotic and perilous as it was, fueled a newfound joy for battle within him. Every blow exchanged, every wound healed, only heightened the exhilaration coursing through him.

"Haha! Stand still for a moment!" Peter laughed as he swung his sword like a mad man, his body constantly healing from the damage taken.

Keeping his distance, Galactus unleashed a wave of purple energy at Peter, who decided to just stay there and tank it so that he can test something.

'Hopefully, this works' Peter, attempting to use his newfound phasing ability, allowed the wave of energy to collide with his body.

Of course, he was sure to avoid any vital areas, knowing that he could just regenerate from his wounds, which he's been doing this entire time anyway.

'I might actually be able to regenerate vital organs now though' Peter thought, though he wouldn't be testing that right now.

Galactus raised a brow in confusion as he watched Peter purposefully stop, his energy wave colliding with his opponent, enveloping his purposeful outstretched arm. "?"

The battlefield fell into a hushed pause as both combatants looked down at Peter's arm, looking to see any damage.

However, just as Peter hoped, there was no damage whatsoever. The wave of energy simply passed right through him, leaving him completely unharmed. "Haha! This might be my most overpowered ability yet!"

After all, with this ability, Peter had the perfect defense, especially with his spider senses warning him of when to activate it.

As long as Peter has the chance to use it, nothing should be able to hit him. 'But I should still be careful' He thought as he didn't know if Galactus or anyone else would have an ability that could counter his phasing.

A triumphant grin adorned his face as he looked at Galactus, challenging the cosmic giant to push him even further.

"How odd" Galactus commented on Peter's ability, but he was swiftly interrupted before he could continue.

Peter, now much more confident in his defense, launched himself back into the fray with renewed vigor. "Haha! Let's test something else next!" He shouted as his eyes began to glow in a red light.

As the battle continued, Peter, now more confident in his own defense, decided to test his newfound heat vision. Beams of red energy shot forth from his eyes, aiming directly at Galactus. The purple clad giant, sensing the imminent danger, swiftly dashed away, but Peter's gaze effortlessly followed him, redirecting the heat vision with precision.

The battlefield became a dance of lights as the red beams tracked Galactus's every move. Peter, calm and collected with his newfound phasing ability, used this opportunity to explore the extent of his powers.

As time passed, Galactus grew increasingly frustrated, finding himself unable to land a single attack. No matter what he did, his every move would simply phase right through Peter, leaving his opponent completely unscathed.

The hours stretched on, and the battle continued. Peter unleashed a myriad of abilities, each more powerful and unexpected than the last. From invisibility to Chaos magic, he was sure to test them all, using this opportunity to refine his control to the highest degree.

And Peter did all of this without taking a single bit of damage. 'Man, this phasing ability is overpowered' He thought, relieved that he was smart enough to take a blood sample from Martian Manhunter when he had the chance.

Not forgetting to test his other enhancements, Peter found that his normal bodily strength had increased exponentially as well, especially while in his Red Hulk form.

Peter felt a surge of power that dwarfed even the mighty Hulk. The sheer strength at his disposal astonished him. If pitted against the Hulk right now, Peter was confident he could end the battle with a mere flick of his finger.

Meanwhile, Galactus, once the dominant side of this battle, began to frown as Peter effortlessly turned the tides. The frustration deepened when he realized he had unwittingly become a testing ground for Peter's growing powers.

And worst of all, he couldn't even land a single hit, as Peter would just phase away

In his rage, Galactus abandoned strategy, attacking Peter like a mindless berserker.  
"Aaarrggghh!!!!"

However, Peter's phasing ability remained in full effect, and Galactus found himself unable to land a single hit. Now more a master of his abilities than before, Peter danced around Galactus with ease, retaliating to every failed attack on his person. But unlike Galactus, who couldn't land a single attack anymore, the majority of Peter's counterattacks connected.

"What's the matter?" Peter asked tauntingly as a beam of energy phased through his chest. "Why so serious and angry? Is it that you've realized you're losing?"

"Aaaaarrgggghhh!!!!!!!!!" Galactus refused to reply in words as he continued his pointless, frenzied assault.

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As the battle raged on, hours passed as Peter made good use of his time, mastering his abilities in a much faster time than he originally planned.

Floating across from him, Galactus breathed heavily, every fiber of his being radiating pure exhaustion. The toll of the prolonged battle weighed heavily on him, a stark contrast to the confident force he once represented.

With a smirk playing on Peter's lips, he addressed Galactus, "You know, it might be a good idea to call it quits. You haven't landed a single blow in a while now, and you look like you're about to collapse."

Galactus, his pride still intact, scoffed in defiance, "I REFUSE!" He declared, still catching his breath.

Peter merely shrugged, "Alright, suit yourself. But you asked for it."

In the blink of an eye, Peter disappeared from Galactus's view, reappearing right in front of the cosmic giant. Before Galactus could react, a powerful punch landed square across his face, sending shockwaves through his colossal form.

"What!?" Galactus stammered, taken aback by Peter's unexpected speed.

With a devilish grin, Peter replied, "Is it just me, or are you getting slower?" He then proceeded to unleash a relentless barrage of strikes, a symphony of fists connecting with Galactus's once-invulnerable body.

The next few hours unfolded in a chaotic dance of fists and cosmic energy. Peter, utilizing every bit of his newfound abilities, battered Galactus relentlessly. The once-almighty being, now reduced to a mere punching bag, struggled to retaliate. Blow after blow, Peter demonstrated the mastery he had gained over his enhanced powers.

Despite his diminished state, Galactus refused to give in. Fueled by sheer determination, he attempted counterattacks, but each strike phased through Peter's intangible form. The battlefield echoed with the grunts and roars of the cosmic giant, his futile attempts to regain control growing more desperate with each passing minute.

Amidst the relentless onslaught, Peter taunted, "Come on, Galactus! Is this really all you've got? I expected more from you..."

As Galactus faltered, weakened, and battered, he refused to acknowledge defeat. The once-unyielding force of the universe had been humbled by a being who had transcended his limitations.

Finally, as Galactus teetered on the brink of collapse, Peter delivered a final, resounding blow. A punch fueled by the culmination of hours of combat, a testament to the mastery of his abilities. The cosmic giant staggered, his once-glowing eyes now dimmed, and with a thunderous crash, Galactus crumbled, defeated and unconscious.

Silence settled on the battlefield as Peter stood victoriously over his opponents beaten body. "Huh This fight felt easier than the last" He commented, though it did last longer, so maybe his stamina and healing are just a lot more monstrous than before?

After all, he did go through a total of nine excruciating evolutions to prepare for this, so it made sense why he didn't feel as tired or beaten compared to his battle with the Silver Surfer.

As Galactus lay defeated, knocked out cold, Peter couldn't help but revel in the triumph of his newfound power. But best of all, the bet was won, and he could feel the magical contract taking effect!

## Chapter 618: Squashing a Spider

Whilst Peter was beating the sh\*t out of Galactus, Ben awoke in the dim confines of the Spider-Society's prison. Confusion clouded his senses until the memories of his ill-fated infiltration flooded back, a futile attempt to outwit the Spider-People that led him to this chilling cell.

"Wait! Wasn't he here" Ben recalled seeing someone in particular before passing out

Turning his head, Ben's eyes widened as he saw a familiar elderly man in a tattered Spider-Suit. He sat on the floor, his back against the wall as he flipped through an old book.

Recognition dawned on Ben's face, and he muttered, "Uncle Ben? I-Is that really you?" Hope and disbelief mingled in his voice. After all, he vividly remembers the death of his Uncle Ben, so seeing him again is both a heartbreaking and warming experience.

The old man, seemingly irritated by the address, retorted sharply, "Stop calling me that. I'm not your Uncle... We are not related" He emphasized, making it very clear.

Ben frowned, realizing that this Uncle Ben wasn't as kind and welcoming as the one he remembers.

As Ben contemplated the strange circumstances, a sudden beeping noise echoed through the prison. Every cell door swung open, and a robotic voice announced a one-hour cafeteria break.

Silently, Uncle Ben rose to his feet, walking out of the cell, though he paused for a moment and reluctantly gave Ben a quick warning. "Keep quiet and avoid provoking anyone, especially the more spidery-looking inmates. Unless, of course, you're okay with becoming monster food." He said before walking off.

Rising out of bed, Ben rushed to follow his roommate, though he froze as soon as he stepped out, observing the peculiar procession of spider-people and creatures. Although many of the Spider-



People seemed normal, the creatures, like the giant spider and the humanoid Spider-Man sent shivers down his spine.

[Insert picture of a Giant Hairy Spider-Man here]

Especially the giant spider, which evoked a mixture of fear and disgust within him. "What the hell is this place" He muttered, but before he could think too much, he noticed Uncle Ben getting further and further away from him. "Hey! Wait up!"

Following Uncle Ben's brisk pace, the two of them arrived at the cafeteria, Ben's eyes widened at the surreal sight of various spider-people enjoying their meals. Even the more monstrous looking inmates had their own area and food to eat, which was hard to look at to say the least.

Ben hesitated, unsure of how to navigate this bizarre gathering. Uncle Ben, on the other hand, already grabbed his food and sat alone at a corner table, completely ignoring everyone around him, including his new roommate.

With nowhere else to go, Ben didn't even bother grabbing any food and followed after his cellmate, causing Uncle Ben to grumble, "If you're going to sit here, I expect you to keep quiet and leave me alone. Don't attract any unnecessary attention either..."

Ben didn't reply immediately, as he was too busy looking around the cafeteria, feeling completely out of place.

In the midst of his unease, Ben couldn't resist questioning his mysterious companion, "Why are you so different from the Uncle Ben I know? What happened to you? My Uncle was a kind and loving man, but you seem like"

"An a\*shole?" The old man finished his sentence, clearly annoyed that they were even talking to begin with. "And let me guess, your benevolent and kind Uncle is dead, right?"

Ben flinched upon hearing his roommates blunt question. ""

The elderly Spider-Man noticed Ben's reaction, but didn't seem to care. "Yeah, so much for being kind, huh? Look where that got him"

Ben sputtered, his words failing him. His attempt to comprehend the profound the Uncle Ben had failed spectacularly. "You"

And just as his shock left him and he was able to speak again, he was interrupted by the robotic announcement signaling the end of the cafeteria break.

Completely ignoring Ben once again, the elderly Spider-Man got up and left, headed right back to his cell. ""

Sighing to himself, Ben had no choice but to follow after him, his stomach grumbling in hunger. 'I should have grabbed some food'

As Ben trailed behind Uncle Ben's stern stride, the chatter of spider-people's conversations and the clattering of footsteps echoed through the narrow corridors. His thoughts swirled with the unsettling words exchanged in the cafeteria.

Uncle Ben, oblivious to Ben's internal turmoil, maintained a brisk pace. As the gap widened between them and the rest of the spider-convoy, Ben's steps gradually slowed, the weight of the entire situation weighing heavily on his mind.

Lost in contemplation, Ben barely noticed the ominous hairy figure looming overhead, the same monstrous creature he had seen upon his arrival. The giant spider, having finished its meal at the cafeteria, eyed Ben with hunger burning in its eyes.

A primal instinct tingled in Ben's senses, and he quickened his pace, realizing the imminent danger. However, the creature above him, perceptive to the vulnerability of a lone straggler, descended swiftly from the shadows, eight legs gracefully carrying it toward its prey.

The giant spider lunged at Ben, its massive hairy legs propelling it forward with deadly intent. Ben dodged its initial attack, narrowly avoiding the venomous fangs that snapped where he stood. However, the agile creature swiftly adjusted, launching forward and tackling Ben to the ground.

Desperation fueled Ben's struggle as he grappled with the monstrous spider. He managed to push it off momentarily, gaining a momentary respite. Yet, the creature's hunger burned in its eight eyes, and it lunged again, its powerful legs sending Ben sprawling.

Meanwhile, Uncle Ben returned to the confines of his cell, flipped through the aged pages of his book. However, as the seconds turned into minutes, a subtle unease crept over him. He glanced towards the open cell door, a conflicted expression etching his face. Concern mingled with a hint of guilt, as he began to wonder where his missing cellmate was.

Back in the chaotic skirmish, Ben struggled to stand, his body battered and bruised. The Man-Spider relentlessly attacked, its venomous fangs threatening with every strike. Ben's realization of the creature's strength sank in, and he fought with newfound urgency.

Despite Ben's valiant efforts, the tide turned against him. Wounds covered his body, and the Man-Spider showed no signs of wear. A powerful kick from one of the spider's legs sent Ben tumbling to the floor. The spider creatures closed in, mounting over him, their multitude of legs pinning him down.

The giant spider, hungry and relentless, loomed over Ben, its menacing presence casting a dark shadow. The struggle intensified as Ben fought against the overwhelming force of the monstrous arachnid. Each attempt to break free met with resistance, the creatures closing in with a predatory hunger.

As the giant spider lunged towards Ben, its fangs aimed at his head, a surge of terror gripped him. In a split-second reaction, Ben twisted his body just in time to see a familiar figure's arrival. "Uncle Ben! Help!" he shouted, desperation lacing his voice.

Uncle Ben, hearing Ben's cries, froze momentarily. The urgency of the situation clashed with memories long buried, the haunting echoes of his wife and nephew calling for him to save them right before their tragic end. The weight of those memories lingered in his eyes, a momentary hesitation clouding his resolve.

"Help!" Ben's voice snapped the elder Spider-Man out of his haunting recollections.

Acting swiftly, Uncle Ben rushed forward, his aged muscles fueled by a surge of determination. With impeccable timing, he delivered a powerful kick, sending the giant spider reeling away from Ben, narrowly preventing a gruesome fate.

Without a moment's hesitation, Uncle Ben pressed on, closing the gap between him and the monstrous arachnid. In a display of remarkable agility and strength, he executed an uppercut, sending the creature up into the air.

Seizing the opportunity, he kicked off the ground, following after the spider before grabbing his head mid-air, and twisting it with a swift, forceful motion.

A sickening crunch echoed through the narrow corridor as the spider's head was maliciously spun. The spider's body screeched and flailed, its limbs thrashing in a chaotic dance. Yet, Uncle Ben's relentless assault continued, undeterred by the creature's futile resistance.

With a quick tug, the spider's head was torn from its body, landing on the floor with a visceral thud. The lifeless body convulsed for a few moments, its death throes dissipating as the hallway fell silent.

Uncle Ben peered down at the defeated creature, a stoic expression masking the complexity of emotions buried beneath. ""

Landing beside Ben, the older Spider-Man clapped his hands together, cleaning off any blood or hair. "Ugh Disgusting"

"Uhh Thanks for saving me" Ben reluctantly thanked his Uncle's lookalike, slightly shocked by what he just witnessed. 'He may be an a\*shole, but he's still got some Uncle Ben left in him'

As the older Spider-Man turned his gaze toward Ben, a noticeable frown lingered on his weathered face. 'He really does look just like him'

Unable to contain his impatience, Peter retrieved his six rings, each housing a glimmering infinity stone. With deliberate precision, he slid them onto his fingers, one by one, the power of the universe converging at his fingertips.

As he snapped his fingers, an instantaneous surge of energy enveloped both him and the fallen Galactus, mending their battered bodies to pristine condition. If anyone were to witness them now, they would never guess the intensity of the battle that had just unfolded.

Seconds later, Galactus stirred, groggily regaining consciousness, his once-shattered armor now seamlessly restored. Confusion clouded his eyes as he surveyed the area. However, his gaze soon landed on Peter, whose victorious smirk held a smug air to it.

"I... I lost..." Galactus muttered, disbelief coloring his words.

Peter's smirk widened, a victorious glint in his eyes. "Yup, and now it's time to pay up."

Galactus felt a chill down his spine, a realization settling in. It was as if he had made a deal with the devil himself, and now the time has come to pay his dues

Chapter 619: High Profile Recruitment!

Galactus's admission of defeat reverberated through the aftermath of their battle. The cosmic entity, once towering and imposing, now knelt before Peter with a palpable resignation.

The reason behind this easy surrender lay in the contract, which both of them signed prior to this, a binding force that echoed within Galactus's very soul, telling him that he simply had no choice in the matter. Even if he used every fiber of his being to go against the contract, it wouldn't work.

Floating in the emptiness of space, Peter gazed at the subdued Galactus with a triumphant smirk. "Oh, relax and stand up. It's just three promises. It's not like I'm going to make you sell me your souls or anything..." He says jokingly, a devilish smile flashing across his face.

Galactus, aware of the gravity of his situation, didn't believe that Peter wouldn't take advantage of him. He hesitated for a moment before getting straight to the point and asking, "What do you want?" His words carried an underlying tension, as he prepared himself for the potential eternal enslavement that a single one of these promises could entail.

Peter, however, surprised the cosmic entity by leaning back and crossing his arms. "You know what? I don't need anything right now. I think that I'll save my promises for a rainy day."

Galactus's eyes widened in disbelief. The concept of leaving such powerful promises unclaimed seemed unfathomable to him. "You... you're not going to use them? You could control me for eternity, kill me, or even set me against your worst enemies with just a single promise!"

Peter chuckled, reveling in the unexpected turn of events. "I've got no use for that kind of power right now." He shrugged uncaringly, his expression turning more serious. "But, I'm willing to make a separate deal with you."

Galactus raised an inquisitive brow, curiosity mingling with caution. "A separate deal?"

Peter held up his hand, displaying the six rings adorned with the shimmering infinity stones. "These bad boys can do wonders Didn't you want to use them?"

Galactus, taken aback, voiced his astonishment. "You'd give me the Infinity stones?"

Peter couldn't help but burst into laughter at the sheer audacity of Galactus's question. "Give you the Infinity stones? Hell no! These beautiful babies belong to me. But, I'd be willing to use them to help you with that little hunger problem of yours," he replied, his eyes gleaming with a hint of mischievousness. "For a fee, of course."

Galactus stared at Peter in a mix of shock and uncertainty. The cosmic entity struggled to discern whether Peter was an unexpectedly kind soul, genuinely offering assistance, or a cunning devil, hiding his true intentions while exploiting Galactus's hunger issues for further gain.

After a prolonged moment of silence, Galactus, in his booming voice, finally asked, "What do you want in return?"

Peter, a devilish grin still lingering on his face, casually moved his hand up to his chin, cupping it as he pondered. "Simple, big guy. I want a couple of promises from you. First, no more hurting or killing innocent people. That means no more snacking on inhabited planets."

Galactus, surprisingly amenable, found himself nodding. If Peter could provide a solution to his unending hunger, then the need to consume planets would become obsolete. He had no reason to refuse such an easy and simple ultimatum.

"Secondly," Peter continued, "I want you to take Earth as your new home and join the Avengers."

Galactus, raising a confused brow, admitted his ignorance about Earth and the Avengers. "Is Earth a Galaxy? And what is an Avenger?"

Seeing Galactus's obvious confusion, Peter decided that it would be better to just show him. With a nonchalant wave of his hand, he conjured a golden portal. Urging Galactus to follow, he stepped through the shimmering gateway, and seconds later, the cosmic entity reluctantly followed suit.

The two emerged on the desolate surface of the moon, overlooking Earth and all of its inhabitants. The portal snapped shut behind them, and Peter gestured towards the captivating blue and green planet below.

"This," Peter declared, his voice carrying a sense of pride and nostalgia, "is my home planet, Earth."

Galactus, towering over Peter, observed the distant planet with a hint of curiosity. He couldn't help but wonder how powerful the other people of Earth were. Because if a Peter was the standard, then the planet before him must be very strong.

Little did he know that Peter was just a freak of nature. The Earth may be strong compared to most planets, thanks to the Avengers, but technologically and militarily, the many countries of Earth were extremely far behind.

Galactus, peering down at the planet below, couldn't help but express his curiosity. "Why would you want me to live here?" His deep voice resonated with genuine interest.

Peter, standing confidently on the moon's surface, responded with a casual yet thoughtful demeanor. "Well, If you couldn't already tell, I'm the strongest person on this planet, but I can't always be here to protect it. Sometimes, I have to leave to take care of business, and I'd feel a lot safer with someone of your caliber around, protecting the place and its people while I'm gone."

Galactus considered Peter's words, acknowledging the practicality of having a powerful guardian in his absence.

"Don't get me wrong," Peter continued, "I don't need you to patrol the planet at all times and work tirelessly for its security. You can relax and live your life however you please, as long as it doesn't hurt or negatively affect others. I only ask that if the need arises, you stand up and help defend the place, and my family if need be. Though they all live here, so as long as you protect the planet, they'll be safe."

Galactus, appreciating the nobility of Peter's request, found himself nodding in agreement. The notion of protecting a planet in exchange for having his hunger problem solved seemed like a reasonable and admirable trade.

Peering down at the blue and green orb below, Galactus turned back to Peter and simply stated, "I don't mind joining your planet."

Peter smirked, satisfied with the agreement. "Good. Now, as for the Avengers..." He proceeded to explain the nature of the Avengers, their role in protecting Earth, and his own position as a founding member and council member. "If you were to join, you'd be the second strongest member, second only to me."

Peter continued, "And like I said before, you won't have to actually do anything. We'd probably just give you some form of contact, like a cellphone, which we'd use to call you should your assistance be required. Other than that, 99% of your time will be spent doing whatever you want." He explained, making sure Galactus understood. "You'd be kind of like our secret weapon"

While Galactus didn't seem overly excited by the idea of joining the Avengers, he didn't mind the prospect either. The idea of being a secret weapon, called in only during emergencies, appealed to the cosmic entity. The responsibilities were minimal, and it seemed like an easy way to fulfill his end of the bargain.

Galactus gazed at Peter, his eyes narrowing in contemplation. "Is this really all you want?"

The deal Peter was offering seemed almost too good to be true. In exchange for curing his insatiable hunger, which he's been forced to endure for what feels like an eternity, Galactus would receive a new home and job, with the freedom to live as he pleased and protect the planet when necessary.

Peter, unfazed by Galactus's skepticism, just smirked and shrugged. "I don't need anything else. I've got the infinity stones. If I want something, I can just snap my fingers and make it happen."

The cosmic entity, still processing the enormity of the deal, found himself nodding in acknowledgment. The simplicity of Peter's desires contrasted sharply with the power he held, leaving Galactus intrigued and, in a way, grateful for the unexpected turn of events.

With the deal firmly agreed upon, Peter snapped his fingers, conjuring a magical contract that materialized before them. The parchment, adorned with mystical inscriptions, detailed the terms of their agreement in simple yet binding language.

In exchange for Peter's solution to Galactus's perpetual hunger, the cosmic entity vowed, to the best of his ability, to refrain from harming, killing, or negatively impacting innocent lives. He would make Earth his new home and join the Avengers, becoming the guardian of the planet and its people.



Peter also added a clause about Galactus doing his utmost to protect Peter's family in case of unforeseen dangers.

The enchanted pen, familiar from their previous dealings, appeared in Peter's hand. With a nonchalant grin, Peter signed his name in blood on the contract, sealing his commitment. He then handed the contract and pen to Galactus, who rolled his eyes at Peter's penchant for contracts before scrutinizing the document and signing it himself, blood extracted for the ink.

Once the blood had dried, Peter stashed the contract away. He turned to Galactus and asked, "Ready?"

Galactus nodded, expressing the anticipation he had harbored for this moment. The relentless hunger had gnawed at him for what felt like an eternity, and now, the promise of relief loomed before him.

Holding up his hand adorned with the shimmering infinity stones, Peter snapped his fingers. The rings emitted a blinding light that surged toward Galactus, enveloping his colossal figure. The cosmic energy penetrated his being, inducing alterations to satiate the insatiable hunger that had plagued him.

As the seconds passed, Galactus grunted in pain, and even Peter, the wielder of the mighty infinity stones, felt the strain. The process proved unexpectedly challenging and exhausting, considering Peter's previous use of the stones to bring life to countless planets across the universe.

'How the hell is this harder than revitalizing millions of barren planets?!' Peter shouted inwardly.

Eventually, Galactus collapsed to the ground, writhing in pain, while Peter found himself on his knees, beads of sweat tracing down his face. And soon enough, the glow of the stones dimmed, signaling the conclusion of the transformative process.

Breathing heavily, Peter turned to Galactus, "do you feel any different?" He asked, hoping the endeavor had succeeded.

Galactus, his entire body sore and aching, took a moment to assess himself. "?"

A split second later, the realization dawned upon him, the hunger was gone. He sat up, looking down at his body in astonishment. "It's gone... It's finally gone," he muttered, a lone tear trickling down his cheek, surprising even Peter, who refrained from commenting.

Expressing profound gratitude, Galactus looked down at Peter. "Thank you You have no idea how long I've had to suffer"

With a casual demeanor, Peter replied, "No problem. I'm happy to help."

## Chapter 620: Uncle Ben's Tragic Past...

In the dimly lit prison cell, Ben sat on his bunk, stealing glances at Uncle Ben who remained absorbed in his old book. The silence between them was thick, broken only by the distant echoes of the other prisoners.

Despite his curiosity, Ben hesitated to disturb the aged Spider-Man, who seemed to be ignoring him in favor of the tattered pages of his book.

As the minutes passed, Ben couldn't contain his restlessness. "So, uh, what's the deal with this place?" he ventured, attempting to break the silence.

Uncle Ben's eyes flickered over the book's pages but didn't lift from the text. "It's a prison. That's all you need to know," he grumbled, shutting down any potential conversation.

Undeterred, Ben pressed on, "But why are we here? Actually, why are you here?" He asked, clearly extremely curious about his cellmates origins. "I'll go first to break the ice. My friends were recruited in this suspicious spider cult, so I came to investigate Now it's your turn."

"Has anyone ever told you that you should learn to shut your mouth?" Uncle Ben's gaze finally lifted, his stern expression warning Ben that he was growing tired of his nonsense. "Surviving here means keeping your head down, not asking unnecessary questions, and staying out of trouble..."

Despite the gruff deflection, Ben couldn't help but ask, "Are you sure we're not already in trouble? I mean, we did kill that spider thing"

Uncle Ben sighed, his patience wearing thin. "It doesn't matter. They won't do anything about it. One less inmate is a good thing to them, fewer mouths to feed, more room for new prisoners. Understand?"

Ben nodded, sensing that further inquiries might lead to more frustration. For a while, they sat in silence, the weight of their confinement settling in the cramped space.

The silence persisted until Ben, feeling a renewed sense of curiosity, couldn't resist asking the same question again. "Why are you here, Uncle Ben?"

Uncle Ben's gaze remained fixed on the book, and he replied dismissively, "None of your business, and stop calling me that..."

Ignoring his prickly behavior, Ben persisted, "But if we're stuck here together, I think I have a right to know," he argued, testing the elderly Spider-Man's patience.

"Look, kid," Uncle Ben snapped, closing the book and setting it aside, "who I am or why I'm here is irrelevant. You're not my concern, and I'm not your Uncle. Got it?"

Undeterred, Ben pushed further, "Fine, but what if you're some kind of psycho murderer or cannibal? Don't I have the right to know who my cellmate is?"

Uncle Ben shot him a glare that suggested he thought Ben was an idiot. "No, you're a prisoner, you have no rights." He sighed, pulling the covers over himself as he laid down on the top bunk, facing away from Ben.

Resigned, Ben climbed into the lower bunk, staring upward in the oppressive silence. The unfamiliar environment and the distant noises of the spider-people made sleep elusive.

As time crawled on, the racket of the prison gradually hushed, and the block fell into silence. Every inmate, besides Ben and Uncle Ben, succumbed to the sleep.

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Time passed in the confined prison cell, both parties unable to sleep due to their own inner thoughts surfacing. Soon enough, the silence between both cellmates was shattered by the persistent tossing and turning of Ben. Uncomfortable and still hungry from missing the earlier cafeteria break, Ben's agitation filled the air.

His restless movements only added to the challenges of the cramped space. The metallic bunk creaked with each shift, making it nearly impossible for the elderly Spider-Man to find solace in sleep. The tension in the air thickened with every passing second.

Finally reaching his breaking point, Uncle Ben snapped. "If you move one more time, I swear I'll rip your head off like I did that spider earlier," he barked, his patience worn thin.

Ben groaned, voicing his discontent. "I can't sleep"

Uncle Ben's irritation flared, and he shot back, "Then learn to stay still. This isn't a luxury hotel, kid."

The tension lingered in the air until Uncle Ben, his annoyance momentarily overshadowed by a somber expression, sighed. The dim light in the cell revealed a hint of sadness in his eyes.

Frowning, Uncle Ben began, "You remind me of my nephew, you know. Always complaining about nightmares and sneaking into bed with me and my wife." The mention of his nephew carried a weight of both love and loss.

Uncle Ben's gaze shifted to the shadowed corners of the cell, lost in memories. After a moment of reflection, he spoke again, "You really want to know why I'm here?"

Ben nodded, curious about the man who shared his cell. "Do you even have to ask?"

Silence permeated the cell for a while before Uncle Ben sighed deeply. "I got my powers when I accompanied my nephew to a science demonstration. While we were on a tour around the place, a radioactive spider got loose, and I was bitten. When we realized I had powers, I decided to use them for good." He explained before chuckling out of nowhere. "Peter suggested I go into show business, make some money out of it, you know? But I didn't need money. I was happy with my normal life."

Ben listened intently, surprised by Uncle Ben's unexpected openness.

"Everything was fine at first. I helped people, made a name for myself as Spider-Man. But nothing good ever lasts," Uncle Ben continued, his tone heavy with regret. "I did something that turned out to be a big mistake."

Curiosity burning, Ben asked, "What did you do?"

Uncle Ben's eyes held a mixture of sadness and guilt. "I saved my family."

Ben's brows furrowed, awaiting an explanation. "How could that possibly be a mistake?"

Uncle Ben sighed, "I didn't really get it at the time, and truthfully, I still don't understand it. Apparently, my wife, May and Peter were supposed to die while I was trying to save them from Emerald Elf. But luckily or unluckily, I don't know which, I was able to save them and even killed that crazy Elf."

Ben couldn't help but ask, "I don't get it How is this a mistake again?"

"Because That's when he showed up" The elder spider-man spoke spitefully.

"Who?" Ben asked.

"Miguel O'Hara"

-Flashback-

The aftermath of his battle with the Emerald Elf left a younger Ben weakened, but victorious. His Emerald adversary was dead and his family was still alive, if not a bit traumatized from this whole experience, but they were safe and that's all that mattered. Yet a deep instinct told him that something was wrong.

Seconds later, a mysterious portal opened up and a man in a blue and red spider suit stepped out, standing far too close to Ben's family for comfort. After all, May and Peter were still tied up and unconscious from their encounter with the Emerald Elf.

On high alert, Ben rushed towards his family, yelling, "Hey, get away from them!"

"I'm afraid that I can't do that" The mysterious man replied, a somber yet resolved tone to his voice.

Suddenly, Ben's senses went haywire, telling him that his family was in imminent danger. "I said stay away!" He screamed, sending a punch to the mysterious man's face.

"I'm sorry, Ben, but this has to happen" The man said, blocking his punch and responding with one of his own.

The impact of their struggles echoed through the air as Ben tried desperately to intervene. However, the agile man before him proved too formidable, swiftly knocking Ben to the ground, his already exhausted body slamming into the hard concrete.

"Ugh!" The older Spider-Man's limbs felt heavy with fatigue as he tried and failed to get back onto his feet. Laying there, powerless, he was forced to watch as the menacing figure approach his beloved family.

Miguel, with an eerie calmness, turned back for a single second, staring at Ben, "I'm sorry" he stated as he turned away and approached May and Peter. "But it's either them or everyone, and I'd rather save everyone"

"No! Stay away from them!!!" Ben screamed, his voice straining as he crawled toward his family, his body barely able to move. "I said, STAY AWAY FROM THEM!!!!!!!"

The mysterious man didn't bother replying and certainly didn't comply. With a cold detachment, he stared down at the woman and child before him for a moment before reaching down to snap their necks, one by one.

Ben, frozen in despair, could only watch in horror as the two people he loved most in the world were taken from him. May, the woman he had vowed to spend his life with, and Peter, the boy he had raised as his own son, both died right before his eyes, their bodies falling limp.

Unable to comprehend the magnitude of his loss, Ben looked up at the man who took everything from him, hate burning in his eyes. He screamed, "Why?! You killed them! Why?!"

Miguel, seemingly unaffected by the carnage he had wrought, met Ben's gaze with an emotionless stare. "To save your universe."

The words hung heavily in the air, an enigmatic justification for an unfathomable act of brutality. Uncle Ben's mind reeled with confusion, grief, and a searing hatred towards the man before him. The tragedy unfolded before him, a cruel twist of fate that shattered his world in an instant.

-Flashback End-

Ben silently listened to Uncle Ben's story, his eyes tearing up as he heard the grief in his cellmates voice as he spoke. "I-I'm sorry for asking, and talking too much" He felt bad for making him relive such a tragedy.

Uncle Ben cleared his throat before speaking again. "You asked why I'm here." He said, a hint of hatred entering his voice. "I'm here because I dedicated my life to killing the man who took my family from me... Miguel O'Hara."

After sealing the deal with Galactus, Peter opened a portal and stepped inside, returning to his bedroom. Recalling that he had some messages, he headed straight to his bedside drawer, retrieving the memory card from the remains of his broken phone.

Walking over to his desk, Peter opened another drawer, revealing a shiny new phone, a recent upgrade, which he's been waiting to use.

Plugging the memory card into the new device, Peter powered it on. As the screen lit up, he was bombarded with a flurry of notifications. However, one group of messages stood out among the rest, over a hundred messages from the spider-verse group chat. 'Okay, this is starting to look like an emergency'

Though before he could delve into the many messages, his phone rang, a call from the spider-verse group chat, specifically from Miles.

Answering the call, Peter attempted a casual greeting, but his words were drowned out by the sound of a scuffle followed by Miles's urgent voice, "Peter?! Are you there?! Finally- Ugh!"