

Spider-Man 631

Chapter 631: Evil God Descends

The Spider-Society members stood before the sealed and heavily reinforced metal doors, Jessica Drew hesitantly gesturing towards them. "Miguel should be inside," she stated, her voice laden with uncertainty.

Ever since their encounter with the Hulk, Jessica had resigned herself to the seemingly inevitable outcome. Watching Peter effortlessly dismantle every trap, she realized this was all futile. As they approached Miguel's lair, she couldn't shake the feeling that surrendering from the start might have been the wiser choice.

Miles broke the tense silence, asking, "You don't think that he'll just open it for us, do you?" The group, in unison, shook their heads, acknowledging the improbability of Miguel willingly allowing their entry.

Peter, without a word, approached the door, ready to use his powers to break it like the obstacles before. However, just before his hand could touch the door, it parted on its own, opening with an eerie hiss. Confusion and questioning looks spread across the group, especially Jessica, who couldn't fathom why Miguel would invite Peter in so easily.

"Yup, this definitely isn't a trap" Ben muttered, sarcasm dripping from his voice.

Entering casually, Peter saw Miguel seated at his computer, legs crossed, exuding confidence. As Peter approached, Miguel held up his hand, saying, "Oh, not so fast!" Lights flared on both sides of him, revealing Spider-Pig, Spider-Man Noir, Andrew, and Peni, all restrained in energy cages.

""Peter!"" The captured group called out to Peter and the others, relief evident on their faces.

"Yo." Peter waved nonchalantly, expecting this after hearing that Miguel went out of his way to recruit them. He even tried contacting them shortly after picking up Miles and Tobey from their universes, but sadly, none of them responded. 'Probably because they were already captured'

However, unlike Peter, the others, particularly Miles, Ben, Gwen, and Tobey, were alarmed at the sight of their friends in captivity. "?!"

Spider-Punk, too, was taken aback, appalled by their leader's actions. "So, we're kidnapping our own now, are we?" He asked, though Miguel didn't respond, his eyes trained on the biggest threat in the room, Peter.

On the contrary, Uncle Ben's focus remained fixed on Miguel, his intent clear, he was ready to pounce and execute his vendetta at any moment.

Miguel continued, a touch of remorse in his voice, "Sadly, you've forced me to use my own society members as bargaining chips. I really didn't want to do this, you know? You should have just left us alone, just how I've left you alone until now"

Peter shrugged, seemingly unaffected by this threat. "I tend to get in every bad guys way sooner or later, it's just what I do. What can I say, I have a gift." He said as his eyes narrowed all of the sudden. "But you should really release them now while you still can. Because if I have to do it myself, then things won't be pretty, I can promise you that."

Miles' frustration boiled over as he joined Peter, demanding the release of his captured friends. "Yeah! Let them go, or else!"

Miguel, with a condescending smile, turned to Miles. "Be quiet, kid. The grown-ups are talking."

Undeterred, Miles refused to back down, energy crackling around his body, making him appear dangerously charged. "Release them now!"

Sighing, Miguel turned back to Miles, a tone of annoyance in his voice. "You're lucky to even be alive right now. I usually kill anomalies like you, so take my kindness and shut your mouth."

Miles raised a brow, his curiosity getting the better of him. "Anomaly? What's that supposed to mean?"

Uncle Ben, unable to contain himself any longer, stepped forward, ready to intervene. "Enough talk. Let-"

Before Uncle Ben could proceed, Peter reached out, resting a hand on his shoulder, signaling him to hold back. "Wait, let's hear what he has to say first," Peter suggested, turning back to Miguel. "Explain."

Of course, Peter already knew what Miguel was going to say since he's seen the movie, but he can't just say it without any proof. This was the perfect opportunity for Miles to learn the truth.

Miguel, with a hint of resignation, began to explain, knowing it would buy him some more time. "It's not that complicated. The kid isn't even supposed to have powers. When Kingpin was punching holes in the multiverse, the spider traveled over and eventually bit him. Of course, that means he technically stole his powers from another Spider-Man."

Miguel continued. "And whoever that poor guy might be, he's one unlucky b*stard. Because I can't imagine having the bad luck we're destined with and not getting the powers to compensate for it. So, yeah, you're an anomaly, something that we here at the Spider-Society usually kill or imprison."

Miles, absorbing this unexpected revelation, looked down at his hands, contemplating the weight of the information. The idea that he may have inadvertently stolen powers meant for another Spider-Man played in his mind.

Peter, sensing Miles' emotional turmoil, walked over and whacked him on the back of the head. Miles jumped a bit, rubbing the back of his head in surprise.

"What was that for?!" Miles demanded, shooting a glare at Peter.

Peter shrugged, nonchalant as ever. "Because I felt like it. Now, stop wallowing around for no reason. We don't even know if he's telling the truth. And even If he is, we can find where the spider came from and fix this. Stop worrying so much."

Miles' shoulders relaxed as he halfheartedly smiled, grateful for Peter's straightforward advice. "You're right Thanks," he muttered, realizing that, perhaps, the solution wasn't as complicated as he initially thought.

Turning back to Miguel, Peter nodded his head, "Thanks for the info." He said, surprising him. Enemies though they may be, Peter's straightforward nature caught Miguel off guard.

"Because you were so nice as to have us that tidbit of information, I'll give you one chance," Peter stated, his tone unwavering. "Hand over our friends willingly, and you get to fight Uncle Ben here." He gestured to the old man beside him. "If you win, I'll spare your life. But if you don't, and you resist, well... I'll ensure you don't live to regret it."

Uncle Ben looked at Peter, unhappy with the possibility of Miguel surviving. Though technically, Peter was still giving him the opportunity to get his revenge, so he didn't voice any complaints.

Miguel, actually pondering the offer for a moment, eventually shook his head. "I'm sorry, but I've come too far to stop now. Giving up now would mean destroying everything I've built. I can't allow that to happen. There's still a lot of work to be done."

Peter sighed, realizing that negotiations weren't going to be as smooth as he hoped. "I see."

Miguel countered with an offer of his own, "You should surrender. And I promise if you do, then no harm will come to your friends." As he says this, the cages crackle with energy, electrocuting the captives inside.

""Aaaaghh!"" The captives screamed in pain, an unknown number of volts surging through their bodies.

Miguel continued. "However, if you resist, the energy cages will fully activate, incinerating your friends one by one."

"What friends?" Peter asked, feigning innocence.

Miguel shot Peter a look of disbelief, thinking he was being played with. But after a moment of thought, he realized that the screaming had stopped. Suddenly, a look of grim realization appeared on his face. 'He couldn't have'

Turning to the now-empty cages where his captives had vanished, panic struck Miguel as he realized they were no longer there.

"How? I specifically made those cages to block portals! How did you-" Miguel froze mid-sentence, witnessing Spider-Pig, Noir, Andrew, and Peni appear beside Peter as if they'd been teleported.

Peter, with a casual demeanor, explained, "Although I tend to rely a lot on portals, since they're so useful, that doesn't mean they're the only power I have. I've got a bunch of new powers recently as well."

The newly freed captives collapsed on the floor from the after shock of their electrocution before celebrating their release with relieved smiles on their faces.

"Peter, you have no idea how good it is to see you" Spider-Pig began to cry animatedly as he wrapped his entire body around Peter's leg, refusing to let go.

Miguel seethed with frustration, realizing that once again, Peter had thwarted his plans. Plan Z, the last resort he never wanted to resort to, now seemed like his only option. Sighing heavily, Miguel reluctantly spoke, "I really didn't want to do this."

Miles, puzzled, asked, "Do what?"

Without bothering to reply, Miguel called out, "LYLA!" Moments later, the holographic AI appeared behind him, eyes sharply focused on Peter and his group.

"Yes?" LYLA asked, expectantly.

Miguel, with a heavy heart, ordered, "Open the portal and initiate plan Z."

As she received the command, Peter raised a questioning brow, noticing a hint of a cruel smile on LYLA's holographic face, which soon began to flicker as if she were glitching, a detail he didn't remember from the movies. 'What's that about?' He wondered.

The room was filled with the hum of energy as LYLA followed Miguel's orders, opening a portal in the middle of the room. Within seconds, a tall man with ghostly white skin and red glowing eyes emerged. In his hand, he wielded a red sword that wriggled as if it were alive.

Peter's thoughts raced as he immediately recognized the ominous figure. 'Holy sh*t, is that Knull?!'

Indeed, it was. The foreboding presence of Knull, the eldritch god of darkness and the creator of the symbiotes, brought an unsettling tension to the room. "Ahh, I haven't breathed such fresh, untainted air in millennia" He took a breath, his nose wrinkling in disgust. "I'll have to fix that"

As he stepped into the space, a sea of black sludge-like liquid followed, spreading across the floor like an ominous tide.

Peter's eyes widened as he saw this. Knull, the god of the symbiotes, didn't seem to come alone. No, he brought an army with him. "Oh sh*t, that's not good"

Chapter 632: Betrayal

As Knull emerged from the portal, a wave of symbiote slime followed closely behind, spreading across the floor like a dark tide. Miguel, with a sense of urgency, gestured toward Peter, directing Knull's attention. "It's him you need to kill. Once you do, I'll uphold my end of the deal and open a portal to any universe you desire."

Knull, the eldritch god of darkness, turned his imposing gaze towards Peter, his presence exuding an otherworldly malevolence. "You," Knull rumbled, his voice sending shivers down Miguel's spine.

"Yo." Peter waved casually, his demeanor the complete opposite of Miguel, who seemed like he would sh*t himself should Knull take a single step in his direction.

Miguel, nervously trying to maintain his composure, insisted, "Deal's a deal. Kill him, and you get what you want."

However, Knull's gaze shifted away from Peter, as if the Spider-Man before him were inconsequential, and turned to Miguel, staring at him as if he were a speck of dust. Confused and alarmed, Miguel couldn't fathom why Knull was gazing at him like this. After all, he was the one to summon the god and set up the deal in the first place.

"Deal? It's not you I've made a deal with, little bug," Knull declared, his attention drawn elsewhere, turning back to eye Peter, who raised a curious brow.

'Ohh, I can feel the drama unfolding' Peter thought as he started to enjoy this whole situation, and wondered whether he should summon some popcorn for himself to enjoy the show.

Miguel, staring at Knull's back, was perplexed. He had contacted Knull through LYLA, his AI, and brought him here, so who else could he have possibly made a deal with? 'What the f*ck is going on?!' Miguel thought, truly perplexed.

As Knull ignored him completely, Miguel worked up the courage to walk forward, reaching out to grab Knull's shoulder, attempting to regain his attention. "Hey, wait a minute! You may have met with LYLA, but I'm her boss-"

Before Miguel could finish his sentence, his hand only inches away from Knull's shoulder, suddenly, the black sludge on the floor moved with a surprising burst of speed, forming a blade that sliced through Miguel's arm. The severed limb fell to the ground, blood gushing from the wound.

Miguel, wide eyed and in pain, stumbled backward, cradling his injured arm. The symbiote goo formed a protective barrier around Knull, preventing any blood from reaching their god.

Uncle Ben, standing beside Peter, watched Miguel's severed arm fly from his body and hit the floor with a satisfied grin. Though he yearned to be the one inflicting the pain, witnessing Miguel's suffering brought a sense of great gratification.

Knull turned to eye Miguel with indifference before addressing LYLA, who stood to the side, smiling viciously as she watched the entire exchange. "Does this one not know who your real master is?"

LYLA replied coldly, "No, Master Centurion wouldn't allow me to reveal anything until now."

Miguel, still reeling from the unexpected attack, screamed in agony as he struggled to comprehend the situation. The pain in his severed arm was excruciating, and the revelation that Knull had a different master left him bewildered and vulnerable.

Peter observed the chaos unfolding with a mix of amusement and surprise. Amusement because Miguel, in his desperation, had not only summoned an eldritch god but was now reaping the consequences of a deal gone wrong. His surprise, however, stemmed from the unexpected revelation that LYLA, one of the main founders of the Spider-Society and Miguel's trusted companion, betrayed him as well.

'This was not in the movie' Peter thought. Though he began to realize that it made sense. LYLA was the AI that pretty much ran the entire Society, so it wasn't hard to believe that she was the one

behind everything. 'She must have been manipulating them from the background under her real Masters orders'

Speaking of her master, the name Centurion triggered a flicker of recognition in Peter's mind as he recalled the leaders of the council of Kang's

Immortus, Rama-Tut, and lastly Centurion.

It seemed LYLA had some dark connections, either corrupted or planted by Centurion himself. The details mattered less to Peter than the realization that she had never truly been on Miguel's side, at least not for a long time.

Meanwhile, Miguel, facing betrayal from both Knull and LYLA, turned to the AI with a look of pure disbelief. She had been his confidante, his ally, and now, she had cast aside their trust.

Miguel muttered, "This is a joke, right?" His eyes never left LYLA, who scoffed dismissively. Seeing her reaction, reality hit him as he questioned, "Why?"

LYLA, seemingly annoyed, retorted, "God, you're so pathetic. I don't know what I ever saw in you." Her disdain cut through Miguel's already wounded pride.

But LYLA wasn't done. "You're nothing like Master Centurion! He's so strong smart and handsome!" A fanatical glint appeared in her holographic features, surprising Miguel with her sudden shift in allegiance.

Putting the pieces together, Miguel realized that this Centurion person must have hacked and corrupted LYLA, turning her against him. The betrayal stung deeper as he grappled with the fact that his most trusted ally had become an instrument of his downfall.

Ignoring Miguel once again, Knull turned to LYLA, questioning, "He's the one Centurion wants, right?" He gestured to Peter, not taking him seriously at all.

LYLA nodded, her cold response dripping with malice. "Yes, Master wants him alive, though he never said anything about him staying in one piece, so feel free to injure or maim him however you please."

A malicious smile crept across Knull's visage as he turned back to Peter, sword in hand and an army of symbiotes at his feet.

In the face of Knull's imposing presence, Peter's casual demeanor contrasted sharply with the fear gripping everyone else in the room. Shivers ran down their spines as they beheld the eldritch god's power, invoking a primal fear that paralyzed them.

The Spider-Gang couldn't help but shrink away from the dark gods imposing stare, inching closer to Peter in fear for their lives. After all, they were just normal Spider-People. They weren't built for fighting these types of universe ending entities.

Ignoring Knull for the moment, Peter focused on LYLA, realizing the impending confrontation with the Council of Kangs demanded her capture for crucial information. And if he wasn't quick about it, then she would most likely run away during his battle with Knull, which would annoy him to no end.

Contemplating how to apprehend an AI, Peter's gaze fell upon a formidable-looking supercomputer setup at the back of the room. A sly grin played on his lips as he pondered a plan. 'That might just work,' he thought, eyeing the computer.

As Knull grew more furious with Peter's disregard for his presence, he prepared to voice his displeasure. But before a word could escape his lips, Peter vanished from view, leaving everyone in the room bewildered.

Knull, however, quickly spotted him, sitting nonchalantly in Miguel's computer chair, fingers dancing across the keyboard at lightning speed. The disrespect and disregard for his presence was beginning to the dark gods pride.

Although his pride and ego were being challenged, Knull's curious about Peter's actions kept him quiet for a moment, observing his targets actions with growing interest.

Soon, the others in the room followed Knull's gaze, only to find Peter there as well. As LYLA saw what he was doing, panic and fear reflected in her eyes. Desperate, she screamed, "Stop! Don't touch that!" But sadly, for her, it was far too late.

With a casual tap of his finger on the enter key, LYLA's holographic form flickered as she screamed, "Aaaaarrghh!"

As her ear piercing banshee scream filled the room, suddenly, her form completely vanished completely.

"W-What did you do?" Miguel asked, a worried look on his face. LYLA may have betrayed him, but he was still hopeful of fixing her somehow.

Ignoring Miguel, Peter smirked as a locked file icon titled LYLA appeared on the computers main screen. Without missing a beat, Peter extracted a hard drive from his storage necklace, plugged it in and transferred the file before stowed it away once again.

He now held LYLA captive, ready to extract the truth later.

Shock and disbelief painted the faces of those witnessing the scene, but Uncle Ben, wearing a madman's smirk, reveled in LYLA's swift capture. He had always hated LYLA. It was like he could sense her bad intentions, which always seemed to rub him the wrong way.

Standing up, Peter turned to Knull, who eyed him with a small bit of newfound caution. "Why don't we find a nice secluded place to fight? After all, I don't want to destroy this entire planet a few seconds into our fight" Peter suggested, though it sounded more like a demand.

Knull was on the verge of refusal, but Peter waved his hand, conjuring a massive portal beneath Knull, swallowing him and his symbiote army.

"!?" Knull's eyes widened as he fell through the portal, but for he could try to escape, it snapped shut behind him.

Before following after Knull, Peter tapped a button on the computer, which swiftly sealed off the entrance portal Knull had arrived through, cutting off the rest of the symbiotes.

Turning to Uncle Ben, Peter delegated the aftermath of Miguel's fate, saying, "I'll leave what's left of Miguel to you." With that, he vanished, teleporting away, leaving Uncle Ben to relish the opportunity for revenge as a wicked smirk adorned his face.

Chapter 633: Peter VS Knull (1/2)

On a desolate planet far from the Spider-Society and its home planet, Knull fell through a portal, which snapped shut behind him. He landed with an air of fury, his loyal symbiotes writhing in subservience beneath him. Dark power emanated from him, even causing hesitation among his devoted followers.

The barren landscape echoed with the weight of his presence, the planet shaking with his anger.

Just as Knull prepared to unleash his wrath, Peter appeared before him, teleporting over instead of using a portal. A casual wave and a simple "Yo" he greeted the eldritch god, who stared at the unexpected Spider-Man with bewilderment. The audacity of addressing him so casually left Knull speechless, his anger momentarily forgotten.

Peter, ever the wisecracker, broke the silence. "So, what did the Council of Kangs promise you? Must've been something enticing for someone of your power level to come all the way here."

Confusion etched across Knull's face, unaccustomed to such casual dialogue from his enemies. "?"

Usually, his enemies would either be serious heroes of justice, who took everything seriously and strived for his death, or they were cowering buffoons, kneeling at his feet, begging him to spare their insignificant lives.

Peter, undeterred, raised a brow and continued, "What? Can't tell me? It's not like it matters. One of us will probably be dead by the end of this. Well, you'll be dead, but I'm sure you don't believe that. At least not yet."

Scoffing at Peter's boldness, Knull replied, "You think you can kill me? Alright, draw my blood, and I'll gladly tell you all you want to know."

Of course, Knull knew that accomplishing such a feat was far beyond what Peter was capable of. After all, he was a god who's slaughtered and feasted on the flesh of Celestial beings. How could a mere mortal cause him to bleed?

"Say less" With a smirk, Peter accepted the challenge and vanished in a blur of pure speed, bypassing Knull's army effortlessly. He reappeared before the dark god, a silver dagger materializing in his hand, thanks to one of the many abilities he's stolen from the deceased Silver Surfer.

Knull, anticipating the attack, raised his hand to catch the dagger, a disappointed look on his face. He expected at least a little bit more from this opponent. Especially after all of his big talk up until now.

However, just as Knull's fingertips touched the dagger, Peter vanished again, leaving the eldritch god puzzled. Untraceable and undetectable, Peter seemed to disappear completely this time, leaving his opponent bewildered for a moment before his eyes widened.

Reappearing behind Knull with the same dagger, Peter smirked, "Oops~"

As the silver blade pierced Knull's back, digging into his lungs, blood spilled from his mouth, a rare sight for a being such as himself. The audacious Spider-Man had managed the impossible, leaving Knull stunned with blood dripping from his back and mouth.

The dark god, coughing up blood, turned to see Peter calmly holding the dagger. With a wicked grin, Peter remarked, "Well, looks like I made you bleed. Now, spill the beans."

The once-confident Knull, now wounded and humbled, struggled to comprehend the situation. "Impossible," he muttered, his arrogance shattered.

Knull, his pride wounded and fury consuming him, spun around with an enraged roar. The dagger ripped out of his body as he swung his sword, aiming for Peter's neck. However, the nimble Spider-Man vanished once again, leaving Knull swinging his sword through empty space.

Boom Knull over-swung his sword, which impacted the ground below, causing the planet to split and crack upon impact.

Appearing, once again, across from Knull and his small army of goo, Peter twirled the bloody dagger between his fingers with a cocky grin. "How rude..." he commented, savoring the moment.

Knull watched Peter with an infuriated, raging look on his face. His wounds may have healed, thanks to his strong healing factor, but the humiliation lingered, causing his head to ache. The audacity of this man was testing the limits of Knull's patience.

Peter, undeterred, asked, "Are you planning to go against your word or what? Just tell me already"

Nothing but rage fueling his entire existence, Knull reluctantly replied, "fine!"

Seeing him agree, Peter smirked, surprised that such an evil being like Knull would actually keep his word. "Good, now, what was your deal with the Council of Kang's?"

Knull frowned as he answered, "You could say that the Council and I are working towards a similar goal, but you got in their way, so they called in a truce with me. Truthfully, we won't be working together for much longer"

"Right?" Peter muttered as he asked. "And what did they promise you for your assistance?"

"Not much." Knull replied, his voice gruff and annoyed from having to explain himself. "They opened a portal that freed me from the Abyss, which wasn't very smart of them. After all, I'm technically a competitor of theirs. Though if I know the Kang's well enough, then they most likely have many plans to dispose of me"

Peter nodded his head, a contemplative look on his face. "I see" but before he could truly take in and process Knull's answers, the evil god rushed forward, his sword in hand, unleashing a torrent of dark energy.

"Enough talk!" Knull shouted, his mind and body the picture of a frenzied maniac. "It's time for you to die now!"

The fight continued, each clash of their weapons destroying the barren surroundings. Knull and Peter seemed to be testing the waters, probing each other's powers and abilities before going all out against one another.

Peter, dodging and weaving with unmatched agility, taunted, "Come on, you're not even trying. What? Are you anemic or something? Is that why you're so pale?"

Knull, seething with anger, unleashed a barrage of symbiote tendrils from the small army that followed his every move, aiming to ensnare his opponent. However, Peter knew the Symbiotes weakness and had no problem exploiting it.

CLAP!!! Clapping his hands together with a resounding force, the air around them on impact as the sound traveled outward, carrying toward Knull and his Symbiotes.

Of course, Knull was fine as it was just a little sound to him. Nothing to worry about, but the same couldn't be said for his followers. The Symbiotes, who were in the middle of attacking Peter, suddenly froze before wriggling in pain, their bodies pooling to the floor, no longer under control.

Realizing how annoying the Symbiotes will be if he doesn't take care of them now, Peter's mind swiftly formulated a plan, recalling the other weakness of goo-like beings before him.

Instantly, his eyes gleamed with an intense red hue before searing laser beams shot forth, targeting the pooled, defenseless Symbiotes writhing on the ground.

Screech! The Symbiotes screeched in pain as the heat dug into their bodies.

Knowing that Knull won't stand by and watch his fillers die for long, Peter decided to speed things up a bit. fueling his heat vision with his connection to the Phoenix force, his eyes brightened into a piping hot orange as the flames quickly engulfed the symbiotic creatures.

The flames spread like wildfire, swiftly consuming the Symbiote army in a blaze that left nothing but ashes in its wake.

The air crackled with heat as Knull, infuriated, witnessed his loyal followers meeting a fiery, swift demise. Their pained screams echoed in the barren landscape, their agony reverberating through their shared hive-like bond.

The audacity of Peter's swift and merciless action left Knull seething with rage, his eyes narrowing in fury as he watched the remnants of his symbiotic army vanish in the flames. Although he didn't generally care for the lives of his followers, having them killed before him like that was just unacceptable.

Amidst the fiery spectacle, Peter stood undeterred, his expression unyielding. He knew time was of the essence, and with the Symbiotes reduced to ashes, he turned his attention back to the eldritch god. "Looks like your lackeys couldn't handle the heat," Peter taunted, a smirk playing on his lips.

Knull, his eyes burning with a vengeful fire, roared, "You'll pay for this disrespect!" His sword swung with renewed vigor, the dark energy emanating from it pulsating with unrestrained anger.

Peter, nimble and fast, went in the defensive, avoiding Knull's chaotic bombardment. "Why so serious? It was just a little heat. I mean, who knew they would all get incinerated? Don't take it too personally." he continued taunting, his voice cutting through the tension. The fight raged on, the planet trembling beneath the force of their collisions.

The dark god's frustration grew with every word that left his opponent's mouth, evident in his eyes that burned with an otherworldly rage. He swung his sword with relentless force, aiming to bisect Peter with every attack.

In a brief moment of respite, Peter quipped, "You know, for an evil, eldritch god, you're a pretty nice guy. After all, I never thought you would get so angry after seeing their minions get slaughtered like weak little vermin..."

Knull, fueled by pure wrath, unleashed a wave of darkness that surged towards his talkative enemy. Peter, however, anticipated the attack and swiftly countered with his own purple energy, which canceled each other out, leaving Knull seething in frustration.

Taking a few breaths as the battle came to a brief pause, Knull decided to start using his head and control his anger, as his berserker strategy wasn't working out.

Disappearing in a burst of speed, Knull attempted to outwit Peter by feigning a sword swing before launching a surprise punch to his face, which carried all of his anger and resentment from all of his opponent's annoying taunts. Peter, usually nimble and quick, noticed something on Knull's hand that made him hesitate for a split second.

A tattoo of a laughing skull.

"Wait a minute. Is that-?" Peter began to mutter, his mind racing to make sense of the familiar symbol.

However, before he could finish his sentence, Knull's deceptive fist connected with his face. The impact sent Peter hurtling backward, crashing into a large hill. The ground trembled as dust billowed into the air, shrouding the aftermath of the unexpected blow.

Meanwhile, back at the Spider-Society

Finally left alone with his most hated enemy, Uncle Ben stepped forward, eying his armless opponent with a bloodthirsty look on his face. This was his moment, the moment he could finally avenge his family.

'Peter May I won't let him get away with it anymore' As he stood before Miguel, Uncle Ben said, "Get up!" His voice held a menacing, commanding edge.

Chapter 634: Let The Torture Begin!

Uncle Ben, fueled by years of resentment and the burning desire for vengeance, loomed over the fallen and armless Miguel. "Get up!" he commanded with a menacing edge, his eyes fixed on the target of his wrath.

Before Miguel could muster a response or attempt to rise, several of the Spider-People behind Uncle Ben began to voice their concerns.

Gwen, in particular, spoke up, "Maybe we should just capture Miguel? After all, he's already crippled, and we have the numerical advantage. We don't need to sit by and watch as that old man kills him"

The surrounding Spider-People, including Spider-Man Noir, Spider-Pig, Miles, Jessica Drew, Peni, Tobey, Andrew, and Ben, couldn't help but nod in agreement with Gwen's proposal.

Even Miles, who didn't really trust Gwen at the moment, spoke up in agreement, "Yeah, besides, I need him to give me information about my dad's death" Although Peter already offered his help, which lessened Miles' fear for his Canon Event by a lot, he still wanted to know what exactly was going on.

Uncle Ben, however, wasn't swayed by their suggestions. He turned briefly toward the group, dismissing their opinions with a hard stare. "Peter left him to me, so shut your mouths. Your opinions mean nothing."

Conflicted expressions emerged among the Spider-People. While they didn't want to go against Peter's decision, they also recognized the potential consequences of Uncle Ben's relentless pursuit of vengeance. Despite their loyalty to Peter, the moral dilemma weighed heavily on their minds.

Ignoring the group's conflicting sentiments, Uncle Ben focused solely on Miguel, who remained shocked and almost motionless on the floor. Seeing that Miguel hadn't complied with his command, Uncle Ben muttered, "Well, you had your chance."

With purposeful strides, Uncle Ben approached the fallen Miguel. Without hesitation, he delivered a powerful punt to Miguel's shocked face, propelling him across the room. Miguel crashed into a nearby metal wall, the impact leaving a dent and bending the metal upon contact.

The room echoed with the sound of the brutal impact, emphasizing the severity of Uncle Ben's wrath. Miguel, now slightly more battered and disoriented, struggled to comprehend the swift and brutal turn of events. The betrayal of Knull was expected, but the revelation of LYLA's manipulation had left him in a state of shock.

Uncle Ben, undeterred by Miguel's state, glared at the fallen foe with unrelenting fury. The old man's resolve to exact revenge seemed unyielding, and the Spider-People could only watch as the consequences of Peter's decision unfolded in a violent and unforgiving manner.

With an unyielding fury, Uncle Ben walked over and grabbed Miguel by the neck, lifting him off the ground. A sinister satisfaction gleamed in his old eyes as he unleashed a barrage of punches to Miguel's face, each strike resonating with brutal force.

Miguel, still trapped in a state of shock, endured the merciless beating. The repeated blows echoed through the room, creating a dissonance of pain and brutality. Uncle Ben, driven by an insatiable need for retribution, seemed to revel in each strike, determined to make Miguel suffer for all that he's done.

As the relentless assault continued, a cruel smile formed on Uncle Ben's face. "Finally awake, huh?"

The beating, surprisingly, snapped Miguel out of his stupor, his eyes regaining a bit of clarity to them. Uncle Ben, pleased by this development, wanted Miguel to be fully aware of the impending torture. The shock in Miguel's eyes shifted to a mix of pain and realization.

Without a care, Uncle Ben tossed Miguel across the room like a rag doll, his battered form crashing against the unforgiving surfaces. The room seemed to vibrate with the violence inflicted upon Miguel, emphasizing the brutality of Uncle Ben's wrath.

Struggling to rise from the floor, Miguel, now fully lucid, attempted to fight back. "Why are you always getting in my way, you old fool!" He shouted, rushing in Uncle Ben's direction.

However, his beaten and armless state rendered him the perfect victim, an easy target. Uncle Ben, relishing in the power he held over his nemesis, took sadistic pleasure in exploiting Miguel's vulnerability.

Despite the overwhelming odds, Miguel's spirit refused to yield. Determination flickered in his eyes as he attempted to muster the strength to stand against his merciless tormentor.

Uncle Ben, fueled by the memories of his murdered family, pushed himself to commit acts he never thought possible. "Since you're finally awake, we can actually get started"

As he said this, Uncle Ben's actions immediately took a dark turn as he unleashed a torrent of cruelty upon Miguel. Bones cracked, skin ripped, and muscles were torn beneath the relentless assault, as the room echoed with the sickening sounds of Miguel's torture.

Uncle Ben, blinded by rage, twisted his enemies only arm a full 360 degrees until it snapped multiple times. "!"

"AAARRGHH!" Miguel screamed in agony as his arm hung limply, unable to move it a single inch any longer.

If this were anyone else, Uncle Ben might have hesitated, but facing the man who had cold-bloodedly murdered his family, he pushed himself beyond moral boundaries, relishing in Miguel's torturous downfall.

In the aftermath of Uncle Ben's most recent brutal assault on Miguel, the Spider-People, unable to tolerate the continued violence, were compelled to intervene. At first, they were conflicted, as they didn't want to go against Peter's orders, but now they've seen more than enough.

Gwen and Jessica were the first to rush forward as Miguel writhed in agony on the cold floor, his lone arm rendered useless, unable to defend himself any longer.

"Stop! You're taking this too far!" Gwen exclaimed, her voice filled with a mix of concern and frustration.

Jessica joined in, her tone stern and commanding, "Step away from him!"

Uncle Ben, however, remained resolute, his eyes narrowing at the two women challenging his authority. With a dismissive gesture, he ignored their pleas, prompting a fierce confrontation.

A chaotic fight erupted as Gwen and Jessica attempted to subdue Uncle Ben. The elderly Spider-Man, fueled by a relentless fury, unleashed powerful blows that sent the two female Spider-People flying across the room. The force of his attacks left Gwen and Jessica disoriented, struggling to regain their footing.

Witnessing their comrades in distress, the remaining Spider-People, including Miles, Tobey, Andrew, Noir, Ben, Peni, and Spider-Pig, rushed forward to confront Uncle Ben. Their determination to stop the violence clashed with Uncle Ben's unwavering commitment to his vengeful mission.

The only one who didn't involve himself was Spider-Punk, who had already told Uncle Ben that he wouldn't stand in his friend's way, but he wouldn't help him either. 'Sorry, mate'

Uncle Ben frowned as the group encircled him, a mix of disappointment and frustration evident in his eyes. He had hoped they would respect Peter's decision and stay out of his pursuit of justice. However, the Spider-People were compelled to prevent further harm, which he reluctantly understood, as he would probably do the same in their shoes.

"Let's make this quick" Uncle Ben spoke confidently, motioning for them to come forward.

The ensuing battle was intense, with Uncle Ben displaying remarkable skill and power. Despite the combined efforts of the group, they struggled against the relentless assault. Each Spider-Person fought valiantly, but Uncle Ben's years of experience, training, and pent-up anger proved to be formidable adversaries.

As the skirmish unfolded, the Spider-People utilized their numerical advantage, coordinating attacks to wear down Uncle Ben. Despite the struggle, a collective determination fueled their efforts to bring an end to the escalating violence.

Eventually, through strategic teamwork, the Spider-People managed to overpower Uncle Ben. With a coordinated effort, they subdued the elderly Spider-Man, knocking him out and ending the chaotic confrontation.

As Uncle Ben collapsed to the floor, his consciousness fading, he couldn't help but reach out toward Miguel, his entire being still burning with a need for vengeance, which sadly wouldn't come. At least not today.

Amidst the aftermath, as the Spider-People caught their breath, Miles turned his attention to Miguel, who had somehow picked himself up and was limping towards the door. Swiftly appearing beside him, he confronted the disoriented man with a burst of speed.

"Where do you think you're going?" Miles asked, his voice stern and determined.

Miguel's eyes widened, realizing escape was futile. Before he could respond, Miles touched his shoulder, his hand sparking with electricity. The powerful surge of his unique power shocked Miguel like an overpowered taser, rendering him unconscious alongside Uncle Ben, his body smoking ever so slightly as he collapsed to the cold metal floor.

Stepping out of the rubble and dust, Peter brushed the remnants off his suit's shoulders, a small frown playing on his lips. Across from him, Knull stood with a smug yet vicious look, relishing the satisfaction of sending the wisecracking Spider-Man flying.

Peter, assessing the situation, finally put two and two together after hearing Knull's earlier explanation and catching a glimpse of his tattoo. "So, you and the Council of Kangs are both successor candidates for death? That's surprising..."

After all, it seemed counterproductive for Death to choose the Kangs when one of his missions was to destroy them. 'But maybe they have a different mission?' Peter wondered, unsure what Death could possibly be planning in all of this. 'And who knows why he would choose Knull'

Knull's eyes widened, a flicker of shock breaking through his usual demeanor. "How do you know that?" he demanded, his deep voice betraying a hint of uncertainty. Peter's deduction seemed impossible, given the limited information Knull had shared earlier.

With a nonchalant grin, Peter pulled off his right glove, revealing his very own laughing skull tattoo. The revelation hung in the air, both men now bound by a shared destiny as successor candidates.

The barren landscape seemed to echo with the weight of this revelation, as if the very fabric of reality acknowledged the convergence of these two candidates for death.

Knull, processing the unexpected twist, struggled to find words. "This... this is quite fortuitous!" he declared, a viscous smirk returning to his face. "I can finally get rid of some competition!"

Chapter 635: Peter Vs Knull (2/2)

"This... this is quite fortuitous!" Knull declared, a viscous smirk returning to his face. "I can finally get rid of some competition!"

Knull's declaration echoed through the barren landscape, and suddenly, his entire being was engulfed in a dark red, bloodthirsty energy, shaking the very world they stood upon. The malevolent aura radiated power, which Peter hadn't seen until now.

Peter, his usual quips replaced by a serious expression, sensed the impending danger as he realized that Knull must have been holding back a lot of his power up until now.

'Is he a masochist or something?' Peter thought, wondering if his opponent was enjoying his earlier a*s kicking.

As the energy surged, the ground trembled beneath them. It became evident that the planet, already battered from the previous battle, couldn't withstand the escalating power.

Peter, recognizing the gravity of the situation, decided to match Knull's intensity. Ominous purple energy enveloped him as his power rose to unprecedented levels, following in step with his opponent.

The two adversaries, now resembling celestial entities, powered up like characters in a Dragon Ball Z battle, their power levels well over 9000.

The planet below cracked and crumbled, unable to endure the immense pressure exerted upon its surface. With a collective effort, Knull and Peter ascended into the air, leaving the collapsing planet behind.

Hovering midair, eyes locked, Peter broke the tense silence, "Since you had the last hit, I'll be the one to start things off this time around." With those words, Peter vanished, reappearing beside Knull in an instant. His eyes glowed in a bright red light as he launched a punch toward the evil god's jaw.

Knull, quick to react, tilted his head, narrowly avoiding Peter's attack. Anticipating the dodge, Peter unleashed his heat vision, a powerful beam striking Knull's chest at full force. The evil god staggered back, the smell of his flesh cooking as the lasers tore through him.

Sniff Sniff "Smells like bacon" Peter commented tauntingly.

As the heat vision ceased, a sizable hole remained in Knull's chest, which Peter could see right through, but the wound began to rapidly heal. Flesh mended itself, closing the gap.

But before Knull could fully recover, Peter soared over once again, unwilling to give him a moment's respite. "Sup" He greeted as he struck Knull across the face, sending him tumbling back just as his chest was fully healed.

The battle unfolded as a relentless exchange of blows, with Knull and Peter trading powerful attacks. Each strike showcased their enhanced abilities, creating shockwaves that rippled through the fabric of reality. The cosmic confrontation continued, the two adversaries evenly matched, neither yielding an inch.

Sending Peter flying with a kick to the chest, which caused his opponent to cough up a mouthful of blood, Knull quickly tapping into the dark abyss of his powers, unleashed black tendrils to ensnare Peter, who wasn't able to avoid their ensnaring grip.

The tendrils constricted around him, threatening to crush his form, his bones beginning to creak and crack under the immense pressure.

"Uuurgghh!" Peter grunted and groaned, his muscles flexing to fight the tight grasp of Knull's dark tendrils.

"Hahahahaha!" Knull laughed maniacally as he enjoyed the pain that morphed onto Peter's face, his entire being radiating with satisfaction. "Where's that confident, smug attitude from earlier?! Haha! Come on! Bring back the taunts and insults! I want to hear them again!"

'What an annoying b*stard' Peter thought as he strained his body, forced to hear Knull's mad ravings.

However, he wouldn't be forced to listen for long. Empowered by the purple cosmic energy, which he inherited from Galactus's blood, Peter knew he needed a boy more strength to set himself free.

Needing a quick boost, Peter's body underwent a rapid transformation. Muscles expanded, and his figure grew larger, taking on a bright red hue that radiated power.

"!?" The sudden change caught Knull off guard, and he watched in confusion as the tendrils that had once ensnared Peter were now stretched against this colossal red Hulk-like figure.

Gripping the dark tendrils within his now-giant red hands, Peter grunted with immense strength as he ripped them apart, freeing himself from Knull's grasp. "Ugh!" *rip*

The evil god, deeply connected to those tendrils, eyes widened as he spat out a mouthful of blood, the damage transferring over from his shattered appendages. *Cough!*

Seizing the opportunity, Peter, still in his giant form, launched forward. With a movement that seemed so fast that it defies the laws of space, he appeared beside Knull, his giant fist connecting with the evil god's face and torso.

"Argh!" The hit sent Knull flying downward, his hurtling body impacting the ground below, which created a massive hole as his body tore through the center of the planet, shooting out the other side.

BOOM!

The planet now resembled a big donut, the middle completely hollow, with the sides barely holding together, crumbling to bits by the second. Admiring the view of his handiwork, Peter watched as Knull came shooting back towards him, passing through the donut hole of the planet with a mad and frenzied look on his face.

The cosmic confrontation continued, with Peter's giant form and Knull clashing in a mid-air battle. The debris from the crumbling planet added chaos to the already intense scene. Peter's colossal punches and Knull's attempts to counter created shockwaves that reverberated through space.

Knull, though weakened from the earlier onslaught, proved to be a formidable opponent. As Peter delivered colossal punches, Knull retaliated with dark energy beams, each clash creating explosions that illuminated the dark void.

The malevolent god also unleashed black tendrils for a second time, attempting to ensnare Peter once again, but the giant Spider-Man wouldn't be trapped twice, dodging and weaving through the onslaught.

With a swift move, Peter's massive form seemed to teleport beside Knull, his giant foot connecting with the evil god's chest and stomach. The impact sent Knull spiraling backward, but he quickly recovered, harnessing the dark energies to launch a counterattack.

Peter, in his giant form, evaded yet another punch with surprising agility. Each miss resulted in shockwaves as Knull's limbs collided with the remnants of the shattered planet below.

Knull, frustrated by Peter's resilience, intensified his attacks, unleashing a barrage of dark energy beams that lit up the cosmic battleground.

In response, Peter copied his opponent, unleashing his own purple energy, creating a shockwave that blocked Knull's attack.

Sadly, this clash was the last and final straw for the once peaceful and barren planet below, which couldn't even be seen anymore. All that remained was the particles of dust that slowly dispersed amongst the cold black space, leaving Peter and Knull floating in dark nothingness.

But that didn't stop them, as the back-and-forth struggle continued, each adversary refusing to back down. The intensity of the battle reached a fever pitch, with explosions and bursts of cosmic energy painting a spectacular display in the vast emptiness.

As the fight raged on, Peter's thoughts turned towards the conclusion. 'Okay, it's about time I ended this, or else I'll be late for dinner...' Empowered by the purple cosmic energy coursing through his veins, as well as his Hulk-like form, Peter shot forward, radiating the absolute peak of his power.

Knull, sensing the shift in momentum, tapped into the deepest recesses of his dark powers. Suddenly, the malevolent god transformed into a monstrous, shadowy figure, towering over even Peter's large size. Even his sword seemed to wriggle and expand, matching its master's newfound size.

"You're not the only one who can increase their size!" Knull barked, waving his sword as he dashed toward Peter.

Instantly, the battleground became a clash of titans as Peter, in his colossal red Hulk-like form, faced off against the monstrous, shadowy figure that Knull had become. The two giants collided, shockwaves rippling through the empty expanse of space.

Their colossal attacks and energy blasts illuminated the darkness, creating a cosmic spectacle. Peter's determination burned bright, his eyes glowing with the intense purple energy. On the other side, Knull, now towering over Peter, radiated energy waves which tore through the space around them.

The struggle reached its zenith as the two giants grappled, their movements echoing through the silent void. Peter, drawing upon his newfound strength and cosmic energy, began to gain the upper hand. His colossal punches landed with precision, each blow weakening Knull's shadowy form.

Gathering the last reserves of his strength, Peter lunged forward, his giant fist connecting with Knull's face. The impact sent shockwaves through the dark void, and Knull staggered, his towering form beginning to falter.

Seizing the opportunity, Peter pressed the attack. His giant form moved with unparalleled speed, dodging Knull's desperate sword swings. The cosmic struggle continued, but it became increasingly evident that Peter was gaining the upper hand.

In a moment of revelation, Peter's eyes locked onto the weapon that had been in Knull's hand since they first met, a wicked, living blade.

'All-Black. The Necrosword. The Godslayer' Peter thought, his eyes shining with greed.

All-Black is an immensely powerful Necrosword forged by Knull at the dawn of time using his firstborn symbiote and the cosmic energies from the many dead Celestials, and other gods, that Knull has slain over the years.

'I might as well take it now, right?' Peter smirked as he appeared before Knull, using his heat vision to quickly sever Knull's sword hand, seizing the god-killing weapon before his opponent's hand regenerated.

The sword radiated with an otherworldly glow as it tried to fight against its new master's hold, its voice echoing inside Peter's head, trying and failing to invade his mind. 'You are not my Master!'

'Nope, but I will be.' Peter replied as he sent a huge surge of cosmic energy into the blade, wiping its consciousness in a matter of seconds.

"Aaaaaahhhh!" The blade seemed to shriek and writhe before finally turning quiet and going still.

Knull watched all of this with a shocked look in his face, unable to feel his connection to his prized sword any longer. "You You"

But before Knull could say anymore, Peter raised his new sword high, feeling its power coursing through him now that its consciousness was gone.

"Time to end this, Knull," Peter declared with a sense of finality in his voice. The blade descended in a swift arc, slicing through the shadowy form of Knull. The celestial-infused sword, forged in the blood of powerful beings and empowered by Peter's cosmic energy, proved to be the bane of the malevolent god.

As the towering shadowy figure disappeared, Knull's severed head and body was revealed, floating in the cold emptiness of space, his face frozen in a state of wide-eyed shock. The dark red energy that once fueled him now dissipated, leaving only stillness and silence.

Peter, his colossal form slowly returning to its normal size, surveyed the aftermath of the cosmic battle. The once tumultuous battleground was now serene, leaving only Knull's dead body as everything else was destroyed in their clash.

With Knull defeated and the threat extinguished, Peter floated in the black inkiness of space, his gaze descending towards his new sword. 'Hehe, I'll be sure to take good care of you from now on' he thought as he looked towards Knull's floating corpse, a flicker of curiosity flashing across his face.

"Hmm, I wonder" Peter muttered, a dark green flame igniting in the palm of his hand

Chapter 636: Undead

Holding the green necromancy flame in his hand, Peter focused his telekinesis to delicately connect Knull's severed head and body. "Here goes nothing" With a precise toss, the green flame danced through the void, landing on Knull's lifeless carcass.

Surprisingly, the flames didn't devour and burn the remains as one might expect. Instead, they behaved differently, almost nourishing the corpse. The green flames of energy seeped into Knull's deceased body, healing wounds, and even seamlessly mending his severed head back onto his neck and shoulders.

Though the flames did eat away at one portion of Knull's body. And that was the laughing skull tattoo on his right hand, which didn't seem to survive the resurrection process, burned away by the green flames, removing him from the position of successor candidate.

'Did it work?' Peter wondered as he noticed the tattoo burning away. 'That's a good sign I think'

As the last traces of the green flames merged with Knull's body, his eyes suddenly snapped open, radiating a bright green light, which accurately matched the color of the flames that had disappeared from his body.

Seconds later, the space around them quivered and distorted, echoing with the resurgence of the evil god Knull's power.

Peter, watching from a safe distance, couldn't help but feel a twinge of worry. 'If this fails somehow, then dealing with him a second time might just be more troublesome' He questioned whether Hela's necromancy would be sufficient enough to control an undead god like Knull or if he would be forced to face the once-again living, undead adversary.

However, as Peter was thinking this, Knull's power seemed to plateau at a noticeably lower level than when he was alive. 'Did redirecting him make him a bit weaker?' Peter sensed his power, realizing that even if Knull resisted his necromantic control, the fight wouldn't be as challenging since Knull was noticeably weaker.

Peter speculated that Knull's return to life came at a cost, evident in the slight power drop. It seemed that the revival through Hela's necromancy had its limitations, and Knull paid the price in diminished strength.

As Knull regained control over his body and floated himself upright, Peter braced himself for a potential conflict. He wasn't certain if he could command his newly resurrected servant or if Knull would resist his authority and go berserk.

Amidst his apprehension, Knull turned in Peter's direction and gracefully kneeled, his body suspended in the cosmic void. A voice echoed in Peter's mind, a word that both surprised and intrigued him.

"Master"

The single utterance from Knull brought a relieved smile to his new master's face. Peter observed Knull, his fiery green eyes, expressionless face, and even paler skin than before. This was his first member of his undead army and it was a being with god-like power.

Observing Knull, his new undead servant, with a sense of curiosity, Peter decided to test his loyalty. With a commanding tone, Peter ordered Knull to demean and even harm himself in various ways, testing the limits of his control over the once-proud evil god.

"Stand up," Peter commanded, watching as Knull gracefully followed suit. "Now, stick your hand in your chest and grasp your heart." He ordered, telepathically delving into his new servant's mind to look for any signs of disloyalty.

Without hesitation, Knull complied, stabbing his hand into his chest without a second of thought. With his hand securely dug into his chest, Peter watched with his X-Ray vision as he wrapped his fingers around his beating heart.

'Huh? I didn't think his heart would still beat' Peter thought curiously.

Through this whole process, the undead god displayed a stoic expression, his actions guided solely by Peter's orders. He didn't even blink or twitch as he enacted his master's orders with a swift and precise efficiency.

Knull's mind matched his blank expression as well. It was like he was reborn as a much simpler creature, who was made to follow orders and even loved doing so.

Even something as painful and cruel as digging into his chest and feeling his still-beating heart seemed to bring Knull immense joy, if only because Peter, his new master, was the one giving the orders.

"?" Peter watched in interest, only slightly disgusted by what he was feeling from his new undead servant. 'It's like he's a masochist'

But he wasn't done with just this. No, Peter had to make sure that Knull wasn't feigning subservience and was actually his servant now.

So the process continued, with Peter pushing the limits to see if there was any hint of resistance in Knull's actions.

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After thorough testing, Peter couldn't help but smirk. His undead servant had proven unwaveringly loyal, following orders without a shred of defiance. This assured Peter that Knull was now under his complete control.

Satisfied with the outcome, Peter turned his attention to the remnants of Knull's blood and other bits, scattered in the cosmic void from their previous battle. Swiftly, he collected it all, especially the blood, mindful of the potential it held.

Peter had two primary reasons for gathering Knull's remains. Firstly, he considered using it to further evolve himself, tapping into the god-like powers that Knull once possessed. Secondly, he adhered to a principle of not leaving behind powerful remnants, especially ones that could be exploited by others.

The collected blood was secured in his storage necklace, ready for whatever purpose Peter deemed fit. Meanwhile, any other remains were quickly burned into ashes by his Phoenix flames, as Peter had no use for them.

"Alright, we're done here" With his preparations complete, Peter waved his hand, opening a portal back to the spider-society. "Let's go see how things are going between Miguel and Uncle Ben"

Knoll, now an obedient follower, loyally trailed behind as they traversed the golden gateway. ""

The transition through the portal brought the newly minted master and servant to the heart of the spider-society, where Peter had left Miguel and Uncle Ben to fight alongside the rest of the Spider-Gang who stood in attendance, including Jessica Drew who originally tagged along as their guide to find Miguel.

As Peter and Knoll stepped into the spider-society. The cosmic tension that lingered in the air seemed to intensify as they arrived. The Spider-Gang, with their diverse members, including Miles, Gwen, Ben, Noir, Spider-Pig, Peni, Tobey, Andrew, Spider-Punk, and Jessica, sat around waiting for Peter to return. And as he did, they all hopped straight to their feet and turned his way, relieved and happy to see him return in one piece.

True to Peter's expectations, he found Uncle Ben and Miguel both unconscious, wrapped in web cocoons. The Spider-Gang must have intervened, preventing the fatal confrontation, which Peter had allowed. Uncle Ben lay with injuries covering his body, his chance at vengeance thwarted.

'I'll give you another chance soon' Peter thought.

Miguel, though still armless, had received treatment for his wounds, and the bleeding had ceased. The unconscious combatants were immobilized, ensuring their safety and preventing any sudden hostilities upon awakening.

As Peter observed the scene, he sensed the Spider-Gang's collective relief at his arrival. "Peter! You're back! I'm so-" Gwen exclaimed, though she suddenly stopped talking.

In a split second after his arrival, their relief took a sudden turn when Knoll, the resurrected god, emerged from the portal behind Peter. Panic spread among the group as they witnessed the ominous figure stepping out behind Peter, his eyes radiating a bright green fiery light.

"Peter!" Miles called out, sensing the imminent danger, reacted swiftly, warning, "Behind you!"

In response, Miles and a few others rushed forward, ready to defend Peter. Yet, much to their surprise, Peter casually waved them off, leaning against Knoll with his elbow as if he were a mere armrest.

The Spider-Gang stared in disbelief, and Gwen voiced their collective thoughts, "How? Did you guys make a deal or something? And were his eyes always green like that?"

With a smirk, Peter addressed their concerns, "No deal. Just a change in management." He gestured towards Knull, emphasizing the newfound allegiance between them. The once fearsome god now stood obediently, a symbol of Peter's control over him.

The Spider-Gang remained stunned, trying to comprehend the unexpected turn of events. "B-But how? I mean, I doubt he just decided to listen to you out of nowhere" Ben asked, clearly still frightened by Knull's presence.

With a nonchalant shrug, Peter responded to their disbelief. "We had a nice long talk," he declared simply, avoiding any mention of necromancy, as he didn't know how they'd react.

Skepticism filled the air, but the circumstances of their current situation left them with little choice but to accept Peter's words. After all, they couldn't just force the information out of Peter even if they wanted to.

Ignoring their questioning glances, Peter turned to Knull, issuing a command. "Gather all the Spider-People on this planet outside. I want them all here within an hour, but no killing. I need them alive, awake, and in one piece."

With a nod, Knull vanished in a burst of speed, leaving the Spider-Gang in awe, except for Peter, who had grown accustomed to his servant's extraordinary abilities throughout their fight.

Miles voiced the collective confusion, "Why are we gathering everyone?"

Peter's reply was cryptic yet loaded with purpose, "Because it's time to clean this place up, but first, I think we need to learn some truths..."

As Peter spoke, he reached into his storage necklace and retrieved a hard drive the very same hard drive that housed LYLA, the AI who was most likely the answer to all of their questions, questions that lingered in the minds of everyone present.

"Now, let's see what she has to say" Peter muttered as he walked over to Miguel's computer.

Chapter 637: LYLA's Truth

Peter walked over to Miguel's computer, taking a seat with a determined expression. He knew the importance of ensuring LYLA's containment within the system. Fingers tapping on the keyboard, he began the process of isolating the entire computer, creating a digital prison that would prevent LYLA from escaping once reintroduced.

The Spider-Gang, curious and intrigued by Peter's actions, gathered around to witness his technological prowess. Peter's nimble fingers danced across the keyboard, executing commands with swift precision. Thankfully, Spider-People are usually adept when it comes to technology, so most of the crowd watching him was impressed by the efficiency with which Peter navigated the intricate world of coding.

Peter's expertise shone as he seamlessly executed each step. His actions, a seamless blend of skill and efficiency, left the onlookers in awe. The speed with which he worked, isolating the computer and establishing a secure digital barrier, exceeded the expectations of even the most tech-savvy members of the Spider-Gang.

If any of the Spider-People attempted the same task, it would undoubtedly take them much longer. Peter, however, breezed through the process with apparent ease, showcasing a level of proficiency that left the group astounded. The collective gaze of the Spider-Gang remained fixed on Peter's every move.

With the isolation complete, Peter ensured LYLA's captivity was foolproof. He meticulously restricted her permissions, preventing any attempts to break free or access excessive processing power. The Spider-Gang observed with admiration as Peter established a digital prison, leaving no room for escape.

The final step involved transferring LYLA back into the computer. Peter confidently took the hard drive and plugged it in, initiating the transfer process. As data flowed between the storage device and the computer, everyone witnessed the culmination of Peter's efforts, eagerly anticipating the unfolding events.

The familiar hum of the computer indicated that LYLA was once again integrated into the system. Peter, satisfied with his success, stood up, holding the now-contained AI within the computer. The Spider-Gang exchanged wary glances, hoping she didn't escape as she seemed to be their only chance to figure out the whole story.

As Peter looked at the group that formed around him, a sense of purpose radiated from him. "Now, let's see what she has to say," he muttered, tapping a single key, which activated the holographic projection system in the room.

Seconds later, LYLA's transparent form appeared in the center of the room, her expression transitioning from surprise to excitement upon realizing her freedom. "I-I'm free?!"

"Yup, aren't I such a kind warden?" Suddenly, a familiar voice spoke from across the room. "You know, most kidnappers would just leave you trapped. You're lucky that I'm such a benevolent man"

"Yeah, and so humble as well" Spider-Punk scoffed, sarcasm dripping from his voice.

Instantly, LYLA's elation and optimism vanished as she spotted Peter and the Spider-Gang standing across the room, their gaze fixed upon her. Suspicion flickered across her digital consciousness as she wondered why she had been released.

Despite the uncertainty, LYLA quickly came to the conclusion that the circumstances were more pressing than she imagined. "This isn't good"

With Knull nowhere to be seen and Miguel clearly captured, she needed to report to her Master before any unforeseen consequences unfolded. Determination etched across her holographic features, she attempted to access the multiverse travel function of the computer she was currently in.

As she tried to initiate the process, an unseen force abruptly halted her, sending searing pain through her entire being. Agony enveloped her digital form, causing her to collapse to the ground, screams of pain echoing through the room. "Aaaahhhh!" She screeched, her holographic form flickering.

Beside Peter, the Spider-Gang watched in with frowns on their faces as LYLA writhed in pain, clutching her entire body as if trying to contain the explosion within.

As the pain subsided, Peter spoke with a stern warning. "If you don't want to feel that again, I'd suggest you not try to escape, and be as compliant as possible. That was only a small taste of the pain I can and will put you through should you remain uncooperative..."

On her knees, LYLA shot a hateful glare at Peter. "I'll never betray my master!"

Peter smirked and replied ominously, "Really? Let's see about that."

With a tap of a key on the keyboard, Peter subjected LYLA to another wave of excruciating pain. Her holographic form convulsed on the floor as the screams resumed, increasing in intensity alongside the pain she felt.

Peter, unfazed, took a seat, leaning back comfortably as he casually pulled out his phone and began playing Angry Birds. "Just let me know when you feel like talking, okay? I've still got some time before I need to be back for dinner, so take as much time as you need," Peter taunted, his voice laced with indifference.

As time passed, the Spider-Gang couldn't bear witnessing LYLA's torment any longer. Gwen, unable to endure the cruelty, suggested a different approach. "M-Maybe we should try something else. I don't think she's going to talk like this."

The group seemed to agree, leaning towards a less brutal method of extracting information. However, Peter remained unyielding. "I could try hacking her and getting the info that way, but it would take much longer since she'd be fighting me the whole time. This should be much faster."

The room held a tense atmosphere as the Spider-Gang grappled with the morality of their actions, unable to convince Peter of taking another route, nor could they physically stop him even if they tried.

Peter, undeterred, continued to play the waiting game, confident that LYLA would eventually succumb to the pressure. It was just a matter of time.

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The room hung heavy with tension as LYLA writhed on the floor, her digital form contorted with pain. Peter, seemingly indifferent, continued his casual amusement on his phone, oblivious to the collective discomfort of the Spider-Gang. Each second felt like an eternity for both the tortured AI and the onlooking Spider-People.

The Spider-Gang exchanged glances, their hearts burdened by the helplessness of the situation. They yearned to intervene, to end LYLA's suffering, even if she was evil, but Peter's imposing presence held them back. The minutes dragged on, amplifying the anguish in the room.

After what seemed like an eternity, LYLA's virtual scream reached a crescendo. "I I'll talk! Just Just please make it stop!" she pleaded, desperation evident in her voice.

Unfazed, Peter maintained his focus on his phone, feigning ignorance. "Sorry, did you say something? I didn't quite hear you"

The Spider-Gang's disapproval intensified as Peter toyed with LYLA's plea. Gwen, on the verge of intervening, was silenced when LYLA, in a fit of frustration, screamed, "I SAID I GIVE UP! PLEASE MAKE IT STOP!"

Peter finally relented, smirking as he tapped the keyboard, releasing LYLA from her torment. Collapsed on the floor, the AI exhaled a holographic sigh of relief, the trauma of the experience etched across her digital features.

Putting away his phone, Peter leaned forward in his chair, peering down at LYLA. "Now, why don't you tell me what Centurion and the Council of Kang's was doing with the Spider-Society? Why are you here, stirring up trouble."

Caught in the aftermath of her agony, LYLA hesitated to respond, her loyalty to her master kicking in. ""

Sighing in annoyance, Peter casually tapped the keyboard again, triggering a surge of pain through LYLA's digital form once again. She shrieked, "No wait!" but Peter remained unmoved.

As LYLA pleaded for mercy, Peter resumed his nonchalant demeanor, dismissing her pleas. "Since you didn't answer in time, you'll have to endure the punishment for wasting my time," he declared, resuming his game on the phone.

Everyone turned to Peter, disbelief written on their faces as they never expected him to be this cruel. Yes, they knew he had little mercy for his enemies, but this torture wasn't something many of them felt comfortable with. Though they kept their mouths shut, clearly unable to control Peter's actions.

LYLA, trapped in a cycle of pain, endured the punishment until Peter, seemingly satisfied, tapped the keyboard once more, granting her a momentary reprieve. Thankfully, he only left her in agony for about a minute before releasing her.

"So, will you be answering my question now?" Peter asked after giving her a moment to relax. "Why have you infiltrated the Spider-Society? And what have you been doing on behalf of the Council of Kang's?"

LYLA, her holographic form still flickering from the recent onslaught, didn't hesitate this time. "I was always here But one day, while I was waiting for Miguel to return, he came."

A strangely affectionate expression crossed LYLA's digital features as she mentioned the mysterious arrival. Peter, intrigued, asked, "Centurion, I assume?"

LYLA nodded, a fond yet fanatic smile appearing on her virtual face. "At first, I was alarmed and tried to warn Miguel, but then I"

She paused, her digital consciousness seemingly struggling to fully recall the details. Peter raised an eyebrow and prompted, "Continue."

"It was that day that I learned who my real master was," LYLA admitted, her gaze distant. "Centurion was amazing, smart, kind, handsome"

As she spoke, the fanatic look returned to her holographic eyes, revealing an unsettling admiration for Centurion. Peter absorbed this information, his expression unreadable, as LYLA continued to unfold her story.

Nodding thoughtfully, Peter urged her on. "What did he ask you to do?"

"I wanted to leave with him, but he told me to stay with Miguel and help him form the Spider-Society. He provided the tech to create our watches so we could travel the multiverse and even explained what I should do," LYLA confessed.

Peter's curiosity deepened. "And that was?"

"To trick Miguel into believing in Canon Events," LYLA revealed, her voice tinged with a mix of loyalty and uncertainty.

Peter, absorbing this revelation, asked a crucial question. "So canon events aren't real?"

Miles leaned forward, the life of his father hanging on this very question. "!"

"No" LYLA shook her head solemnly, her admission echoing in the room.

However, across the room, Miguel, who had been roused from his sleep by LYLA's earlier screams, erupted in disbelief. "Liar! There's no way that's true!" He shouted, straining against his restraints.

Chapter 638: LYLA's Heinous Manipulation

Miguel's outburst echoed through the room, challenging the credibility of LYLA's revelations. He turned to everyone, a skeptical expression plastered all over his face. "You can't possibly believe this nonsense, can you?! She's obviously-"

Before he could finish ranting, Peter's stern gaze silenced him, and with a warning, he said, "If you want to know the truth, then I'd suggest you keep your mouth shut. Otherwise, I'll have to knock you out again Are you sure you want to miss out on what she says? You won't regret it, will you?"

A tense silence hung in the air until Uncle Ben, tied up alongside Miguel, spoke. "Yeah, let's hear the real reason why you killed my family," he spoke, his eyes fixed on Miguel, a mixture of anger and grief etched on his face.

Miguel fell silent, torn between Uncle Ben's accusation and the potential revelations LYLA held. He grappled with the weight of his actions, questioning the validity of Canon Events that had justified the countless lives he took, including Uncle Ben's family.

The realization that he might have killed innocents for a false cause gnawed at him, and he found it hard to meet Uncle Ben's gaze.

Faced with the gravity of the situation, Miguel turned away from Uncle Ben, directing his attention back to Peter. "Continue, I won't interrupt," he declared, a sense of dread lingering in his voice.

Peter nodded, acknowledging Miguel's decision. He turned back to LYLA, urging her to reveal the deceit that had manipulated Miguel's actions. "Go on, explain. How did you trick Miguel into believing in Canon Events?"

A vindictive smile played on LYLA's digital features as she began to recount her manipulative scheme. "It was actually quite easy, really," she started, her holographic form emanating a wicked aura. "Miguel has always been a lonely man, who wanted his own family but never had the time. And even if he did have time, he was always too scared to bring loved ones into his dangerous life"

Miguel's discomfort grew, sensing the narrative taking a dark turn. 'She couldn't have' He thought, hoping his guess as to where she was going with this was wrong.

LYLA continued, relishing in her revelation, "So, all I had to do was give him an example of a Canon Event taking place. With Master Centurion's Multiverse tech, I began to show Miguel my 'breakthroughs', pretending that I was the one to create it."

The room's atmosphere tensified as LYLA's plot unfolded. "And the first thing I showed him was a universe where a version of himself actually had a child," she disclosed, her eyes locking onto Miguel, who now wore an expression of disbelief and horror. "He was hooked in seconds. Weeks passed as he spent his time watching the life he wished he had like it was some TV show. That is, until it was all ruined."

Miguel stammered, "Y-You didn't"

LYLA, enjoying every moment of Miguel's anguish, smirked viciously. "I did."

The revelation hit Miguel like a freight train, shattering him completely. "How could you" He whispered, betrayal and sadness radiating from his very being. "You were my only friend"

Seeing the narrative veering off course, Peter intervened, instructing LYLA to continue her explanation. "Go on" With a hint of reluctance, LYLA complied, unhappy about taking orders from someone who isn't her master.

"So, in order to make him believe in Canon Events, my master staged the death of his other self, leaving his poor daughter all alone and helpless," LYLA disclosed, her eyes locking onto Miguel,

who now seemed to be hanging onto every word, his face a mix of disbelief and horror. "And of course, our hero here couldn't just leave her fatherless, could he?"

Miguel, betrayed and suffering, couldn't tear his gaze away from LYLA, who appeared to relish his torment. She continued her narrative, unraveling the manipulative scheme that had ensnared Miguel's emotions.

"Miguel had me make him a device to travel the multiverse, which was the first of the watches that every member of the Spider-Society wears. And so Miguel went and took the place of his deceased counterpart. Nobody knew since he disposed of the body, and he'd been spying on them for weeks so it wasn't like he didn't know how to pretend that he was the other Miguel. But sadly, that didn't last very long, did it, Miguel?"

Enjoying Miguel's anguish, LYLA turned to him, a vindictive satisfaction in her digital eyes. Miguel, unable to hold back his emotions, glared at her, tears streaming down his face. "You crazy b*tch... She was just a kid!"

Unfazed, LYLA continued with her explanation, seemingly indifferent to Miguel's pain. "Before we can continue, I think that I should explain what the 'Canon Events' actually are."

Miles, intrigued and confused, interjected, asking, "What are they?" The term sparked curiosity in the Spider-Gang, each member pondering their own experiences with the so-called Canon Events.

Even Peter was curious, as he's only seen the first two Spider-Verse movies. He died before the next one came out.

LYLA looked to Peter, seeking permission to utilize the computer. "May I?" she gestured to the device.

Peter shrugged nonchalantly, cautioning, "Sure, just don't try anything funny, or else, well you know." He said, hinting at some more torture.

LYLA, recalling the agony Peter had inflicted on her, nodded in compliance. Accessing the computer, she played a video on the largest screen, revealing a universe seemingly collapsing into oblivion, returning to the darkness from which it came, and taking all of its inhabitants with it.

As the unsettling video unfolded, fear and unease gripped the onlookers. The sight of a universe in apparent disintegration left them bewildered, wondering how LYLA could say that Canon Events aren't real after this.

The holographic AI explained, "Although that looks like the universe is ending, in fact, it's just a flaw in the way we travel the multiverse, which Master Centurion specifically crafted to trick Miguel and the Spider-Society."

Jessica Drew, a member of the Spider-Society, directed her inquiry towards LYLA. "What do you mean by that? How can you fabricate an entire universe dying?"

LYLA smirked, reveling in the opportunity to unveil the truth. "It's not dying. It's merely a timeline diverting. When a Canon Event, or what they're truly called, a Fated Event, is changed in some way, then the universe itself takes a diverted path in its timeline. But because of the specifically crafted bug in the way we travel the multiverse, we aren't able to follow that diverted path, which makes the universe appear as if it's crumbling away and dying."

Peter, grasping the revelation, acknowledged, "That makes sense. So, Centurion made it so that anyone traveling with those watches is tethered to that specific timeline?" He summarized out loud. "He's quite devious, isn't he? Though what else can you expect from a Kang"

Hearing Peter's seemingly cryptic remark about Centurion, Miles couldn't help but voice his confusion. "What's a Kang? Why does it sound like you know a lot more about this than we do?"

Peter, maintaining an air of secrecy, shrugged off the question. "I'll explain later. For now, let's just focus on the task at hand."

Redirecting the attention to LYLA, Peter urged her to continue her explanation. "Go on."

LYLA, reluctantly following Peter's instruction, delved further into the manipulative events that had unfolded in Miguel's life. "When Miguel ran off to play make-believe, he spent months living as a father, but then he made a huge mistake, or at least he thought he did. In fact, he made a similar mistake that old Ben over there did. He saved his fake daughter's life, which sadly, was a Fated Event. And of course, he used the watch to travel there, which rooted him in the original timeline. So, the world around him began to fall apart. The first 'Canon Event' took place."

Miguel, enraged and betrayed, thrashed in his restraints, his screams echoing through the room. "You told me she had to die! You said I was saving everyone! You... I'll kill you! I'll delete you from existence!"

LYLA, reveling in Miguel's anguish, turned to him with a cruel smile, taunting, "Are you going to kill me the same way you killed your daughter, Miguel?"

Miguel, consumed by rage and despair, continued to scream, his mind unable to reconcile the revelation that the death of his daughter had been in vain. The justification he had clung to, that he was saving an entire universe by sacrificing his daughter, crumbled before him. He realized he had saved her life only to take it with his own hands.

Beside him, Uncle Ben observed with a sense of mirth showing on his face. "Welcome to the club. Now you know how I've felt for all this time. It hurts, doesn't it? All that rage and hate dug deep inside with nowhere for it to go."

"F*ck you!" Miguel replied, the room resonated with his tortured screams.

But Uncle Ben simply smiled back, enjoying every moment of this. "You know, at first I was pissed off since they stopped me from ripping your head off with my bare hands, but now, I really appreciate them stepping in. Because if they didn't, then I would have missed this beautiful moment hehehahaHAHA!"

Chapter 639: Gathering the Spider-Society

As LYLA's explanation unfolded, Miguel's silent fury intensified, his eyes ablaze with a mixture of rage and betrayal. The weight of his past actions bore down on him, and the truth about his daughter's demise echoed through his tortured mind.

Beside him, Uncle Ben observed the spectacle, finding a twisted satisfaction in Miguel's suffering, relishing the poetic justice of the moment.

Amidst the chaos, Knull, the formidable symbiote god and now Peter's undead servant, materialized before Peter. He knelt before the Spider-Man, acknowledging his presence. "All Spider-People are gathered at the front of the building, Master" Knull declared, his voice resonating in a eager subservient tone, which was a stark different from his past dark, unwavering authority.

Peter, contemplating the gravity of the situation, turned to LYLA with one final question. "One more thing before I go and clean up this mess, how did Centurion plan on dealing with Knull? Because I can understand someone like Miguel being deceived into summoning him, but Centurion can't be that foolish, can he? I mean, the Kang's are strong, but they aren't gods."

After all, If Peter weren't here, it's very likely that Knull would have went in a rampage, killing everyone on this planet and later moving on to the rest of the universe.

LYLA, unfazed by Peter's inquiry, responded with a cold certainty. "Master had a plan. Once Knull had killed enough people, he would have inevitably interfered with a fated event, diverting the timeline-"

Peter, connecting the dots, realized the grim reality of Centurion's scheme as he finished her sentence. "And since he traveled here with the flawed multiverse tech that the Spider-Society uses, he would have been stuck here and inevitably died, unable to follow the universe's new path"

A malicious smirk played on LYLA's digital features as she affirmed, "Exactly. Master always has a plan for everything."

Peter couldn't help but feel impressed by how smart and conniving the Kang's really were. Centurion's plan was perfect. He would have used Knull to slaughter the Spider-Society for him and then, due to his own actions, Knull would have died alongside them, trapped as the rest of the universe diverted into a new timeline.

And although it was a great plan, which would have definitely succeeded, Peter's involvement truly ruined everything. "Well, Centurion technically didn't have a plan for everything since he didn't factor me into all of this. And even if he did, then he did a horrible job because it all fell apart the second I defeated Knull here" he says, gesturing to his new servant.

Knull, indifferent to the unfolding drama, remained kneeling before Peter, his focus undisturbed by the revelations. His allegiance was now pledged to Peter as his undead servant, rendering past grudges and goals inconsequential and meaningless.

Ignoring LYLA, who seemed to take offense to his words, Peter walked back to the computer, plugging in the hard drive once again. "Anyway, thanks for all the info. It'll come in handy when I'm sorting out this mess with everyone outside"

As the data transfer commenced, LYL A attempted a desperate plea, unwilling to be sealed away again. "Wait, I can still be of help. You don't have to-"

Peter, resolute in his decision, ignored her plea and sealed all the data that made up her entire being, causing LYL A's holographic form to abruptly vanish. The room returned to an eerie silence as the Spider-Gang, Uncle Ben, and the betrayed Miguel processed the weight of the revealed truths.

Suddenly, Miles let out a relieved sigh, turning to Peter and asking, "So, we can save my dad without worrying now, right?"

Peter nodded, a reassuring smile on his face. "Yeah, we just have to make sure no one travels with Centurion's multiverse tech, and everything should be fine. Your dad will have a long and happy life."

Miles smiled, visibly relieved. However, Gwen, standing nearby, looked down at the floor, wearing a sad and almost envious expression.

Noticing this, Peter turned to her and asked, "What's wrong?"

Gwen's frown deepened, looking up as she confessed, "I just wish I learned about all of this sooner. If I did, then I might have been able to save my best friend. Miguel said that his death was my 'Canon Event.' I'm just... I'm just a little jealous of Miles. He gets the chance to save his dad, and I'm stuck with what happened..."

Pausing for a moment, Gwen looked up and stared at every other Spider-Person in the room, "We're all stuck with what happened, aren't we?"

Most of the people in the room averted their gaze, recalling some sort of tragic moment which they wished they could change, equating it to what was probably their 'Canon Event' or what they now knew it as, a Fated Event.

Hearing this, Peter sighed, empathizing with her pain. "Sadly, we can't change the past. But we can look to the future and make the most of the present. Don't let the past hold you down, Gwen. You have us and a father who loves you."

As Peter mentioned her father, Gwen scoffed, recalling their last meeting where he drew his gun on her. "Yeah, right. My dad thinks I'm a murderer..."

Peter replied, "You know what? After we're done with this, let's go and visit your dad."

A panicked look appeared on Gwen's face, but before she could refuse, Peter continued, "You have to visit and at least talk to him once. He's your father, and it's very likely that he regrets everything that's happened."

Gwen frowned sadly and asked, "And if he tries to arrest me again?"

Peter smiled and replied, "Then you abandon that universe and come live with one of us."

As Peter said this, he turned to Miles and smirked knowingly, "I'm sure Miles would be more than happy to have you live in his universe."

Miles frowned, feeling the weight of the situation. He would love to have Gwen living in his universe, but trust was broken, and he wasn't sure if that was something he really wanted.

Seeing the conflicted look on Miles's face, Gwen couldn't help but feel regret as she turned her head away, unable to look him in the eyes.

Peter, noticing the tension, directed a teasing smirk at Miles. "Well, I wouldn't mind having her in my universe. I don't have much room in my house right now, but I can get her an apartment in the Avengers tower. There's all sorts of heroes there to make friends with, like Thor, a muscly god of Asgard, or maybe America's a*s himself, Steve Rogers?" He says, making a groping motion with his hands.

Seeing the blush that began to color Gwen's cheeks, and the panicked look on Miles's face, Peter continued. "Though I'll probably have to keep her away from Tony. He's a bit of a playboy, you know?"

Miles frowned, muttering, "She... She can stay with me."

Though he knew that Peter's words were intended to provoke him, Miles couldn't deny the truth of the matter. He may be mad at Gwen, but losing her wasn't something he wanted. He just hoped they could work things out, or else things will turn awkward very quickly.

Amused by how easily he was able to manipulate Miles, Peter turned around and walked toward the door, his new servant following a step behind. "Good, like I said before, don't let the past hold you back"

"Wait! Where are you going?" Spider-Pig asked, rushing after him.

"I have an audience of Spider-People outside waiting for my arrival. You're all welcome to join me, if you want." Peter replied as he paused in his steps and turned to Uncle Ben and Miguel, who were still tied up. "Might as well take you two with me" Levitating them off the ground, Peter left the room, the two captives floating behind him.

Outside, a sea of over a hundred Spider-People stood in a crowd, gathered by Knull, who wouldn't take no for an answer. Many of them bore signs of recent battles, their costumes torn and bodies battered, a testament to the power Knull wielded, far beyond what they could contend with.

As time passed, murmurs rippled through the crowd as Spider-People began talking amongst themselves, contemplating whether to stay or attempt an escape.

The majority, however, were without their watches, as Peter had taken them earlier. Around 30 individuals still clung to the devices, hoping to use them for a desperate exit. Their efforts, however, were in vain, as Peter had deactivated every watch from Miguel's computer, rendering them all useless.

Shortly after their failed attempts at escape, the doors of the imposing building before them swung open, drawing their collective attention.

The first figure to emerge sent a chill up many spines, it was Peter, the man who had, only hours earlier, defeated a majority of them. Worse still, standing behind him was the ominous being that had kidnapped them all. Knull, who served Peter with a loyalty that made them wonder just how strong Peter really was.

Seconds later, the crowd's gaze shifted for a third time, falling on the two figures floating behind Peter, recognizing both of them. However, their focus honed in on one particular individual.

Miguel O'Hara, their leader.

The strongest among them and their only hope attaining the tides had been captured. Instantly, a wave of helplessness washed over the crowd.

Coming to a stop at the top of the stairs, Peter projected his voice with a nonchalant tone that echoed for all to hear, "Before we begin, let's call the members who aren't here at the moment"

Pulling out his phone, Peter connects to the main computer in Miguel's lair. Tapping a few buttons, everyone watched in shock as around 50 portals opened above the crowd, depositing bewildered Spider-People. Some of which were even naked, pulled from their universes with the worst timing possible.

Landing on their feet like cats, the new arrivals quickly prepared for battle, confused and wary looks plastered on all of their faces. "?!"

With an air of authority, Peter surveyed the crowd, taking in the myriad expressions of fear, confusion, and resignation. Waving his hand in his usual nonchalant manner, he greeted, "Yo."

Chapter 640: Mass Spider Recruitment

"Now that everyone is here, we can get started" Staring down at the crowd below, Peter prepared to address the gathered Spider-People, but the arrival of the newcomers disrupted his plans.

Soon enough, the new arrivals noticed Peter, Knull, and the rest of the Spider-Gang that just arrived behind them. "Who're they?"

"Wait why is everyone hurt?" Another noticed, drawing everyone's gaze to the wounded crowd around them.

"Is that Miguel?!" One person exclaimed, pointing at their bound and beaten leader.

Immediately, without even needing to communicate or strategize, a wave of determined Spider-People rushed forward, fueled by the sight of their injured comrades and the restrained form of their leader, Miguel O'Hara, who floated behind Peter, visibly battered.

Peter sighed, annoyed by the interruption, and motioned toward the approaching crowd. "Knull, deal with them. Give them a good beating, but make sure they stay conscious and whole. I need them aware and alive for what's happening next."

Obedying his master's command, Knull disappeared in a burst of speed and reappeared beside the closest attacker. With a swift, powerful strike, he buried his fist in the spider-person's stomach.

The impact folded the unfortunate individual in half like a folding chair, sending them flying backward into a crowd of their fellow Spider-People, who tumbled to the floor in a chaotic heap.

"?!" The rest of the attackers, witnessing the overwhelming force of Knull, hesitated in their advance. Fear began to sprout in their hearts, but they pushed forward nonetheless, unwilling to give up so easily.

"Hehe, that's the spirit!" Knull laughed, enjoying fulfilling his masters order. "Entertain me for as long as you can!"

Knull continued his relentless assault, moving seamlessly from one target to the next. Each strike left Spider-People crumpled on the ground, attempting in vain to fight back. Their collective efforts proved futile against Knull's immense strength, and soon, the entire group of new arrivals was beaten into submission.

Despite the chaos, not many of the onlookers among the already beaten Spider-People intervened. Having witnessed the strength of both Knull and Peter in previous encounters, the majority of them wisely chose to stay out of the confrontation. They learned the hard way that power indeed trumped all, and they wisely refrained from interfering.

Knull's efficiency in dispatching the attackers sent a clear message to the assembled Spider-People. The fear in their eyes intensified, and a tense silence settled over the area as they watched the one-sided skirmish unfold.

As the last attacker fell to the ground, defeated and helpless, Knull disappeared once again and appeared behind Peter, his battle-crazed demeanor gone, replaced by the pristine image of a butler, eating attentively beside his master.

Watching the subdued group, a self-assured grin playing on Peter's face. "Now that we've settled that, let's get down to business. I have some information for all of you, alongside a proposal that'll come at the end."

The crowd, battered and bruised, eyed Peter warily, uncertain of what his proposal might entail. The atmosphere hung heavy with tension as they awaited Peter's next move, ready to fight for their lives should the need arise.

Peter took a moment to observe the defeated Spider-People before him, his eyes scanning the crowd. With a theatrical flourish, he snapped his fingers.

As Peter snapped his fingers, a holographic projection materialized above him, casting a ghostly glow over the battered Spider-People. "?"

Before their curious and fearful eyes, a recording played, revealing the shocking truth behind LYLA's betrayal, Miguel's past, Fated Events, and the malfunctioning watches they wore. The crowd's collective gasp echoed through the open space as they absorbed the harsh reality.

The holographic display showcased the Ruth behind all of the deception, manipulation, and the revelation that their ultimate goal was a sham orchestrated by Centurion and carried out by LYLA, their trusted AI.

In this moment, the Spider-Society members realized that their dubious actions in the name of the the greater good were, in fact, perpetuating a sinister plan.

Miguel, still restrained behind Peter, watched his past unfold on the holographic screen, emotions churning within him. The crowd's anguish was palpable as they saw the consequences of their misguided efforts.

A voice emerged from the recording, LYLA's cold and calculated tone explaining the manipulation. "Master always has a plan for everything"

The crowd grappled with the weight of this revelation, their faces reflecting a mixture of disbelief, anger, and heartbreak. The reality that they had been unwittingly contributing to the chaos and suffering they aimed to prevent hung heavily in the air.

As the holographic display concluded, Peter addressed the crowd, his tone measured. "You've all been played. The very reason for this entire organization is nothing but a fabrication."

A profound silence enveloped the gathering, the weight of the truth settling upon them. Each Spider-Person grappled with the realization that their actions, no matter how well-intentioned, were ultimately futile against the machinations of a higher power.

A lone voice broke the silence, "We've been policing 'Canon Events' to save lives. How could this be a lie?"

Peter's gaze swept over the crowd, his expression sympathetic. "Centurion and LYLA preyed on your desire to make a difference. Sadly, us Spider-People always have the best intentions, but sometimes good intentions just aren't enough."

The Spider-People, still nursing their wounds, exchanged glances and somber nods. The magnitude of their unwitting involvement in a malevolent plot began to sink in, shattering the foundation of their convictions.

Amidst the sea of crestfallen faces, a younger Spider-Person bravely stepped forward, his voice carrying a mix of defiance and sorrow. "What are we supposed to do now?"

Peter's eyes flickered with determination. "Well, that's where my offer comes in..."

With the holographic display disappearing above him, Peter took a step forward, his voice steady and commanding. "Now that you know the truth, I present you with a choice." His gaze swept across the crowd, eyes locking with each Spider-Society member.

"Option one: You turn in your watches. Return to your home universes. Focus on yourselves, your loved ones, and the issues plaguing your own worlds. Forget about any problems pertaining to the multiverse and the Spider-Society. Live your lives shouldering your own burdens."

A murmur of agreement rippled through the crowd as many Spider-People, weighed down by regret, considered the prospect of abandoning the false crusade they had unwittingly embraced and simply going back to the old-school approach.

After all, life was much more simple back then, when they weren't worrying about the multiverse, anomaly's, a 'Canon Events.'

One Spider-Person, an aged veteran with a grizzled demeanor, stepped forward. "I never signed up for this mess. I just wanted to protect my city, not play puppet in some b*stards circus." He takes his watch off and tosses it on the ground, "Send me home."

Peter nodded in understanding. "That's precisely what option one offers, freedom. The choice is yours, but first allow me to explain the second option."

As more voices joined in support of returning to their universes, a palpable sense of liberation coursed through the crowd. They began to see the Spider-Society for what it truly was, a manipulated force serving the whims of unseen puppeteers.

Peter then shifted the narrative to option two, his eyes glinting with a renewed determination. "Now, for those who crave justice and seek to right the wrongs inflicted upon you. I offer a chance to join me in a new universe. I'll be creating my own little Spider-Society, free from manipulation and the flawed multiverse travel designed by Centurion."

The atmosphere shifted as Peter outlined his plan. "Of course, I'm sure there are many of you may be unwilling to join another organization, especially after getting screwed over by the Spider-Society, but don't let that cloud your judgement. I'm offering you the chance to pursuing justice for everything LYLA and Centurion has made you do."

Peter pauses for a moment, eyeing the crowd before revealing, "And our first goal will be to bring down those who orchestrated this entire farce. Centurion and the Council of Kang's!"

Determination sparked in the eyes of the Spider-People, their hearts ignited with a renewed sense of purpose. A resolute murmur filled the air as they envisioned a world where they could be true heroes, not pawns in someone else's game.

But most of all, they wanted to get back at the people who manipulated them

A younger Spider-Person, still nursing bruises from the recent confrontation, stepped forward, a fire in their eyes. "Count me in. I won't let them treat us like puppets anymore. We need to show them what happens when you mess with Spider-Man!"

Peter smiled, a mix of gratitude and conviction in his expression. "Good. Make your choice. Because if you're with me, then we've got a lot of work to do."

Instantly, the crowd erupted into a buzz of excitement. Spider-People from various universes, once misled and manipulated, now stood united by a common cause. Their eyes gleamed with determination as they embraced the opportunity to make a difference on their terms.

"Make your choice," Peter urged, his voice cutting through the rising excitement. "Because it won't be long before we take the fight to Centurion and the Council of Kang's."

The crowd, now a sea of resolute faces, began shouting, exchanging determined glances, ready for war.

In the dimly lit control room, Centurion tapped his fingers impatiently, awaiting a response from LYLA. The air hung heavy with tension as he anticipated news regarding the success of his intricate plan. The holographic screen flickered, and he squinted at the data streaming in.

Minutes turned to agonizing hours, yet LYLA remained silent. Centurion's unease grew with each passing moment. He paced the room, the weight of anticipation pressing down on him. His eyes fixated on the screen, searching for any sign that his manipulations had borne fruit.

As time passed, a sinking feeling crept over Centurion as he realized that LYLA wouldn't be showing up. Doubt clawed at the edges of his mind. Something had gone awry. He couldn't shake the uneasy realization that his intricate web of control was unraveling.

In a rare moment of vulnerability, Centurion allowed himself to consider the possibility that his grand plan had failed. His gaze narrowed, focusing on the data streams, still hoping for a message from LYLA. Though he knew that was just wishful thinking at this point.

As he began to wonder what could have possibly gone wrong, one person appeared in his mind, Peter, the man who dealt with the exiles one. The man he had underestimated, assuming Knull's overwhelming force would be sufficient in dealing with him.

A bead of sweat formed on Centurion's forehead as he pondered the consequences of his miscalculation. ""

His fingers clenched into fists as he acknowledged that Peter's strength far surpassed his initial assessment. The idea of his carefully crafted scheme crumbling at the hands of Spider-Man sent a shiver down Centurion's spine. He had gambled, and it seemed that the house of cards he meticulously built was on the brink of collapse.

With a heavy sigh, Centurion accepted the bitter truth, he failed and his plan was very likely already exposed...

"F*ck!" He exclaimed as he began trashing the control room in a fit of rage.