

Spider-Man 671

Chapter 671: Avengers Upgrade!

The atmosphere in the Avengers tower was charged with anticipation. Various Avengers gathered, some with visible excitement, others with a hint of skepticism in their eyes. Donned in his spider suit, Peter couldn't help but feel a rush of adrenaline, curious about the potential enhancements they were about to experience.

As he didn't want Kang's presence to distract away from today's proceedings, Peter dropped the little rat off in his office, sealing him inside for the time being. 'I should set up a cage or something for him' He thought, as he didn't want to carry around a rodent everywhere he went.

Tony led the way to the main lab, where Bruce Banner and Peter stood ready with the Compound V doses. Each vial, filled with blue liquid, glinted under the lab lights, promising untold possibilities.

Peter may have not been involved with the testing of Compound V, as he's been rather busy lately but that doesn't mean he can't help with the whole process. After all, he's the one who gave them the serum and he's already used it on two people.

Technically, he's the most experienced person in the room when it comes to Compound V. At least when it comes to human subjects.

"Alright, everyone," Tony began, his voice carrying through the room, "this is it. Compound V. We've ran all sorts of tests and trials, so you don't have anything to worry about besides a bit of pain during the transition. But other than that, everything has been accounted for. Are there any questions?"

"Are there any side effects we should be aware of?" Steve Rogers broke the silence, his voice steady yet carrying an undercurrent of concern. His question echoed the collective apprehension of the room.

Tony, with a reassuring smile, responded, "We've run every test imaginable. None have shown any side effects. It appears to be clean."

"And the powers? Any idea what we're looking at?" Natasha chimed in, her gaze fixed on the vials as if trying to decipher their contents.

"Ah, that's the million-dollar question," Tony said, his hands gesturing to the vials. "It seems to be completely random. Could be anything from enhanced strength to well, who knows? We've run some animal trials and now we have a zoo of superpowered mice, pigs, monkeys, and all of them gained different powers at random."

A murmur of whispers swept through the room, each Avenger lost in thought about the possibilities both thrilling and daunting.

After all of the questions were asked, the room fell into a contemplative silence, the weight of Tony's words settling over them.

Peter glanced around at his fellow Avengers, a mix of resolve and uncertainty in their eyes. Yet, beneath it all lay an unspoken bond, a commitment to face whatever the future held, together.

"Bruce, if you'd do the honors." Peter said as he laid down on the heavily reinforced bed in the center of the room, and Tony began strapping him down. "Since you all seem so worried, I'll be the one to go first."

Bruce nodded, stepping forward with a vial in one hand and a big syringe in the other. "Okay, just give me a moment" He said as he carefully filled the syringe before setting the empty vial aside and asking. "Ready?"

"Yup, hit me with it" Peter nodded, waiting for the pain.

The tension was palpable as Bruce, with a steady hand, injected the shimmering blue serum of Compound V into Peter's veins. The gathered Avengers watched in silence, each one holding their breath as the plunger descended, marking the beginning of an uncertain transformation.

Peter's body tensed, a sharp pain radiating through him like wildfire. Yet, his years as Spider-Man had taught him resilience in the face of agony. He grunted, his features contorting slightly, but no scream escaped his lips.

The moment stretched on, every second feeling like an eternity until finally, the ordeal was over. Bruce and Tony, with cautious movements, unstrapped Peter from the bed. Sitting up, Peter

stretched his limbs, trying to shake off the lingering discomfort. The room was silent, every pair of eyes locked onto him with a mixture of concern and curiosity.

"What?" Peter finally broke the silence, his voice edged with a hint of humor to lighten the mood.

Natasha stepped forward, her voice betraying her usual calm composure. "Did it work?" she asked, echoing the question on everyone's minds.

Peter paused, inwardly probing for any sign of new abilities. At first, nothing seemed amiss, but as the seconds ticked by, an odd sensation began to ripple through him. "Huh?" Without warning, his arms elongated, stretching toward the floor with an eerie fluidity that took everyone, including Peter, by surprise.

A collective gasp filled the room as his arms reached an unnatural length, touching the floor. For a moment, panic flickered across the faces of the Avengers, a shared fear that something had gone terribly wrong.

Peter, however, was quicker to adapt. A spark of excitement replaced the initial shock, and he focused, willing his arms to retract. To everyone's amazement, they snapped back into place with a swift, elastic motion.

A wide smile spread across Peter's face, a mix of relief and exhilaration as he began to experiment, stretching various parts of his body with a childlike wonder, drawing some laughs and awed comments from the surrounding Avengers. "I guess I'm a rubber man like Luffy from One Piece," Peter seemed to enjoy his new powers. "This might come in handy in the bedroom as well"

Seeing the serum work with any issues, the room's atmosphere shifted from tension to relief. They had witnessed the birth of a new ability, and now they were excited to get one of their own, especially those who never had a power to begin with.

With Peter's turn over, it was time for someone else to step up next. "Any volunteers?" Bruce asked.

Silence filled the room for a moment before Natasha stepped forward, a determined glint in her eye. "Let's get this over with"

As Bruce administered the dose, all eyes were on Natasha as she went through the same process as Peter, waiting for any sign of change. Within moments of the pain disappearing, a subtle glow enveloped her, her eyes flashing with newfound intensity.

"How do you feel?" Peter asked as she was unbuckled from the bed.

"Sharper, stronger," she replied, flexing her hands as if feeling out the extent of her enhanced capabilities. "It's like everything's been turned up a notch."

As Natasha's words hung in the air, an unexpected transformation began. A radiant, white-colored energy enveloped her entire figure, casting a soft glow that illuminated the room. Her eyes, wide with astonishment, mirrored the shock of everyone present. For someone who wasn't used to having such an ability, the sudden manifestation was overwhelming.

"Uhh Nat are you okay?" Hawkeye asked worriedly.

Peter, witnessing Natasha struggle with her new powers, realized the urgency of the situation. Her power, uncontrolled and escalating, posed a risk to herself and everyone in the vicinity.

With a quick decision, Peter acted. Walking over and tapping her in the shoulder, he reached out to the surging energy within Natasha, seeking to dampen it, to give her a moment of reprieve.

The effect was immediate. The white energy, which had been growing more intense by the second, receded at Peter's intervention, dimming until it finally dissipated, leaving Natasha gasping for breath but unharmed.

The room, once filled with the soft light of her power, returned to normalcy, the tension evaporating into a collective sigh of relief.

"How do you feel now?" Peter asked, his concern evident.

"Controlled thank you," Natasha responded, a slow smile spreading across her face as she came to terms with her abilities. She flexed her hands, the air around her shimmering slightly as she tentatively explored the extent of her powers. "It's like I've been given a new set of tools. And now I need to learn how they work."

After some tests, they learned that Natasha seemed to have acquired the ability to manipulate energy, which seemed to also enhance her physical power as well, making her much stronger and more resilient than before.

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One by one, the Avengers stepped up to receive their doses, each reacting differently to the enhancements.

Hawkeye was the next to volunteer. As Bruce administered the serum and he went through the same pain as Peter and Natasha, Hawkeye's eyes closed in concentration. When he opened them again, the change was instantaneous.

His eyes darted around the room, capturing every minute detail with newfound clarity. Getting up, he moved with a grace and speed that was astonishing, his reflexes, senses, and speed and enhanced.

Ant-Man was next. The serum took effect, and to everyone's surprise, he began to levitate off the ground, his feet kicking the air in disbelief. "I can fly!" he exclaimed, zooming around the room with a childlike glee, navigating the space with an ease that suggested he was meant for the skies.

Fury approached the process with a cautious expression. Yet, when his turn came and he got his dose, he vanished from the bed, only to reappear a short distance away.

Fury had gained the ability to teleport over short distances, a small, barely noticeable smirk playing on his lips as he tested his new skill, disappearing and reappearing a few times until he got used to it.

As the process continued, several refused the serum, each for their own reasons. The Ancient One, because she didn't think she needed it. T'Chaka, because he was old and retired from the hero game. And lastly, Magneto and Professor X remained spectators as well, choosing to stick to their meta-human abilities instead.

Next, Tony, with a mix of enthusiasm and a hint of bravado, took his turn, only to gain the disappointing ability to control his own saliva. The room burst into laughter, with Peter leading the chorus.

"Dude, that's the most useless power I've ever seen Hahaha!" Peter laughed as he watched a small bit of Tony's saliva float in front of him.

Tony was heartbroken, his superpowered dreams crushed ""

Yet, once his laughter calmed down, Peter speculated that Tony's seemingly useless power might actually be a stepping stone to something greatercomplete control over his body. This idea rekindled a small bit of hope in Tony's eyes, determined to study his newfound ability.

Finally, once everyone had finished up, it was Steve Rogers' turn. And the serum definitely worked its magic this time, bestowing upon him extreme super strength, durability, and the ability to fly, making him a sorting Superman or Homelander without the other powers.

"You lucky b*stard" Tony complained, jealousy radiating from his entire being.

As the session drew to a close, the Avengers stood together, each with new abilities to master.

Chapter 672: Kang's Incoming!

A few days had flown by since the Avengers had undergone their remarkable transformations. The Compound V experiment, which initially filled the air of the Avengers tower with a mix of excitement and uncertainty, had concluded successfully.

Almost every member and several trusted agents had received their doses, emerging with powers that ranged from the astounding to the amusing. But for Peter, the aftermath was just a backdrop to a far grander plan.

Peter didn't linger to witness the full extent of everyone's newfound abilities. His mind was preoccupied with a more complex challenge: the creation of gates that would link this universe to countless others.

This endeavor wasn't just a scientific curiosity; it was a means to quickly and efficiently find his fellow successor candidates. He was even given a way to track them.

A holographic system-like panel capable of finding a successor, as long as they're in the same universe, of course. It also displayed a number that represented the remaining candidates.

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Peter stared at the number, a contemplative look on his face. 'I've killed Knull and Centurion, which means someone else managed to either kill themselves, which is a possibility but not very likely, or they killed another successor.' He wondered who it was,

Sadly, he would have to wait to find out since the functionality of his little boom from Death was limited. It only showed a number of remaining successors and detected those within the same universe, meaning he would have to go searching throughout an infinite multiverse in order to complete his mission.

'Yeah, no thanks' Peter thought, refusing to bother with the massive workload.

So, to overcome this limitation, Peter's solution was as ambitious as it was crazy: to link his universe with others, creating a network of gates that would allow his tracker to bypass its limitations and more easily detect its targets.

Peter's plan was strategic. By expanding these gates, he could significantly simplify the task of finding his enemies or potentially, allies.

It was an elegant solution that would enable him to monitor the progress from a distance, sparing him from the legwork that came with personally scouting the multiverse.

And best of all, Peter didn't plan to lift a single finger in the process. After all, why bother with the grunt work when he has a whole new Multiverse organization ready and waiting to take the job?

Of course, he would still have to do some prep work to make it all happen. After all, the concept was sound, but the execution would be far from straightforward.

Inventing a device capable of such feats required not only a profound understanding of quantum mechanics and interdimensional physics but also a touch of Magic and Runes to speed things along elements that were within Peter's reach, thanks to his unique genius intellect and abilities, many of which taken from powerful cosmic entities.

As Peter sat in his brand new workshop on the island that housed the Watchmen, surrounded by schematics and materials, he could feel the weight of the task ahead.

The room was a chaos of creativity and science, with holographic displays showing complex equations and simulations of the gates in operation.

Peter, with his trademark blend of humor and determination, sifted through the data, occasionally talking to himself, muttering as his mind raced.

"Okay, let's see If we adjust this here, maybe we can reduce the power consumption Or, you know, accidentally create a black hole. Hmm, maybe I shouldn't" he mused, his fingers dancing over a holographic interface.

As he delved deeper into the intricacies of his project, Peter's mind occasionally drifted to his comrades, wondering how they were adapting to their new powers. He imagined Tony tinkering in his lab, trying to find practical applications for his saliva control, or Steve, coming to terms with his extreme increase in power.

But for now, those thoughts had to be pushed aside. The task at hand required his full attention. The creation of the gates was not just a step towards fulfilling his mission; it was a leap into the unknown, a challenge that Peter was ready to get started as soon as possible.

With a final glance at the schematics, Peter set to work. The hours ahead would be long and demanding, but he was undeterred. This was the beginning of something new, a project which he could dive head first into.

A week had sped by since Peter set his mind to creating the gates that would link his universe to countless others. The workshop, once a storm of activity and chaos, now held a victorious silence. The first gate stood completed, a testament to Peter's dedication and brilliance.

In the heart of his workshop, a metal, octagon-shaped gate stood, humming with power and the faint glow of runes, Peter prepared for the gate's inaugural test.

The device itself was a marvel compact structure infused with a blend of magic and advanced technology, embodying Peter's vision. Despite its size, which was about as wide as a small window, it had the capability to bridge universes, a feat that would have been deemed impossible by most.

"Alright, let's see if all this hard work pays off," Peter said with a grin, his fingers hovering over the activation console. He had chosen a peaceful universe for the first connection, one he had scouted beforehand. This universe, devoid of all sentient life, would serve as the perfect testing ground for the gate's capabilities.

As he initiated the sequence, the gate hummed to life, its surface shimmering with a kaleidoscope of lights. Peter watched, holding his breath as the portal stabilized, then exhaled in relief and excitement as the gateway opened, revealing a serene landscape on the other side.

"Success! Now, let's talk security, shall we?" Peter mused to himself, his gaze returning to the console.

The security features of the gates were nothing short of extraordinary. First and foremost, they were hidden, virtually undetectable to anyone not in possession of a Watchmen Multiverse hopping watch.

This alone would deter most from even discovering the gates. However, should this first line of defense ever be breached, the gates were equipped to incinerate anyone or anything unauthorized upon contact.

"But why stop there?" Peter chuckled, recalling the myriad of security measures he had installed.

With a blend of magic and technology at his disposal, Peter had crafted approximately a thousand different security features. Each one was more complex and dangerous than the last, designed to ensure that the gates remained exclusively under his control.

The size of the gates, too, was part of their security. Initially small, they would be made even more inconspicuous and secure through the use of Pym Particles, shrinking them to a completely imperceptible size.

This feature was crucial, for Peter had no intention of using the gates for travel; their sole purpose was to connect his universe with others, serving as conduits for his larger plan.

After all, he already had three different ways to travel the multiverse, his star-shaped portals, his Tardis, and the Watchmen watches. Why would he need to bother with gates?

Standing back, Peter admired his worka gate that served as a bridge to other universes with all of the security needed to help him sleep peacefully at night.

It was the first of many, a foundational piece in what would become a vast network, a spider's web stretching across the multiverse.

As the test concluded and the gate deactivated, leaving the workshop in tranquility once more, Peter couldn't help but feel a surge of anticipation for what was to come. This project, ambitious and daunting, had begun as a mere concept. Now, it was a reality, marking the start of an unparalleled venture into the unknown.

The path ahead would be long, filled with challenges and discoveries. Yet, with the first gate a success, Peter felt ready. Ready to expand his network, to explore and connect with the multiverse. This was just the beginning, and the journey ahead was his to shape.

And with that, Peter turned off the lights, leaving the workshop in darkness. Tomorrow, he would start the work of mass-producing these gates. And after that, his Watchmen would be tasked with spreading them throughout the multiverse, weaving his web for him.

Meanwhile, within the shadowed halls of a realm untouched by time, Immortus and Rama-Tut, the two remaining leaders of the Council of Kangs, convened. Their meeting was one of urgency and concern, a rare occurrence for beings who saw themselves above the temporal affairs of the multiverse.

"Centurion's fall was unexpected," Rama-Tut began, his voice echoing off the ancient stones. "I must admit, this version of Spider-Man is quite impressive..."

Immortus reluctantly nodded, a thoughtful frown creasing his brow. "Centurion was a fool, always leaping without looking. His death is no loss to our council. However," he paused, weighing his next words, "as you said, this Spider-Man poses a potential threat."

Rama-Tut nodded, the lines of time etched into his face deepening with concern. "Indeed. If he could eliminate Centurion, it stands to reason we might be next. Such a fate is undesirable."

The room was thick with the weight of their deliberations, as the two figures considered their options. To them, the multiverse was a chessboard, and they were the players who moved the pieces. Peter Parker, however, had become an unforeseen player, one whose next move they could not predict.

"We must act," Immortus declared, his decision echoing with finality. "Strike before he even considers us targets. Our response must be swift, and decisive. The entire might of the Council of Kangs shall rain upon his universe."

Rama-Tut's eyes gleamed with a mix of apprehension and excitement. "An all-out attack, then. We mobilize at once."

With that, the two leaders set in motion a plan of monumental scale. Across time and space, the resources of the Council of Kangs were summoned, preparing to launch an assault that would shake the very foundations of Peter's universe.

Chapter 673: Arise! & Symbiotes?

After days turned into weeks, and the hum of machinery faded into the background, Peter found himself at a rare moment of peace. His grand scheme to bridge the multiverse with a network of gates had transitioned from fervent labor to delegated responsibility.

The Watchmen, a dedicated group forged from trust and necessity, were now dispersing these marvels of science and magic for him, a specially built factory pumping out a steady supply so that they never ran out.

Peter, the creator of it all, took this time to breathe, to live. As someone who's almost constantly busy, he enjoyed this moment of peace more than anything.

In these quieter times, Peter reconnected with the essence of life outside his heroic duties. Family moments with his wife, children, and mother figures became a regular occurrence. Laughter, shared stories, and the warmth of home refueled his spirit, reminding him that the worldhis worldwas more than just a battleground for cosmic stakes.

Yet, the gears of curiosity and responsibility never truly halted for Peter. One evening, as dusk painted the sky with hues of fading light, Peter called upon Knull, the shadowy enigma bound to serve him. From the darkness of Peter's own silhouette, Knull emerged, a form both mesmerizing and menacing.

"Knull, we need to chat about your subjects," Peter began, his tone mixing the casual with the serious. "The Symbiotes, or the Klyntar, whatever you call them, do you still have a connection to them? Or was it severed when you died?"

Knull, a figure of deathly allegiance, nodded. His voice, a chilling whisper, carried the weight of untold secrets. "The Symbiotes, as you call them, are bound to me, as I am their king. What do you wish of them, Master?"

"I'd like to recruit them," Peter revealed, explaining his vision. "If each member of the Watchmen could bond with a Symbiote, it would enhance our strength by a large margin. Can you gather them for me?"

The request sparked a rare flicker of intrigue in Knull's void-like eyes. "Yes, they will heed my call. But I'll need a way to reach them, across the vastness of the multiverse."

Without hesitation, Peter handed over one of the Multiverse hopping watches, which all members of the Watchmen wore, a tool as precious as it was powerful. "Take this and go. But don't be gone long, or else I'll have to come looking for you..."

"Yes, Master," Knull accepted the watch, and with a twist of its dials, a portal tore through the fabric of reality a pitch-black doorway. Stepping through, he vanished, leaving Peter alone in his thoughts.

With Knull gone for the moment, Peter decided it was time to test something, while simultaneously adding another powerhouse to his side, or at least he hoped he could. It would all depend on whether or not he succeeded.

In a moment of silent anticipation, Peter waved his hand, summoning what remained of the Silver Surfer's corpse. The legs, all that was left after their cataclysmic encounter, materialized before him.

His previous attempt to resurrect the Surfer as an undead servant had failed due to the body's incomplete state. However, emboldened by the significant power boost from his new, pitch-black spider suit, Peter felt a surge of confidence. It was time to try again.

With a focused gaze, Peter conjured a green flame in the palm of his hand. The flame, vibrant and otherworldly, danced with life. He paused, silently wishing himself luck before, with a flick of his wrist, he tossed the flame toward the Silver Surfer's remains.

The moment the green fire made contact, it ignited a spectacle. It consumed the remains completely, devouring them with a hunger that left nothing but ash in its wake.

Peter watched, a mix of anticipation and uncertainty in his eyes. Then, from the ashes, a form began to take shape a shadow that mirrored the Silver Surfer in contour but was entirely different in essence.

This new being, pitch black with glowing green accents tracing its form, rose from the ashes. Its eyes shone with an eerie, brilliant light, illuminating the space with their glow. The moment it fully materialized, it knelt before Peter, an unspoken acknowledgment of allegiance and servitude.

Peter, standing before this shadowy new servant, felt a mix of triumph and excitement. The Surfer, now reborn as a creature of shadow and green fire, recognized Peter as its master without a word being spoken.

As Peter gazed at his new shadowy servant, a thought crossed his mind, 'I truly pity the next unfortunate soul who crosses my path...' After all, with a mere thought, he had the power to call forth three beings of immense strength from his shadow: Tiamut the Communicator, the Silver Surfer, and Knull, the God of the Abyss. 'They don't stand a chance, do they?'

The next day

The morning sun cast its first rays over the island base of the Watchmen, signaling the start of a new day. Peter, standing in an open expanse, watched the horizon with a mixture of anticipation and uncertainty.

It wasn't long before a familiar figure emerged from a portal, a trail of unending black goo flowing behind him like a river of tar. Knull had returned, and he was not alone.

As the sea of black goo continued to spill into the open space, Peter's curiosity got the better of him. "Knull, just how many are there?" he asked, unable to hide his astonishment at the sheer volume of Symbiotes pouring through.

Knull paused, his gaze following the stream of Symbiotes. "A few million, perhaps?" he speculated with a nonchalant shrug, as if the number was a mere afterthought.

Peter felt a wave of regret wash over him. What was he supposed to do with millions of Symbiotes? The very thought was overwhelming, a logistical nightmare that he hadn't fully considered. "Okay, that's a lot. Let's maybe not invite everyone to the party just yet," Peter half-joked, trying to mask his concern.

After a moment's hesitation, he instructed Knull to close the portal. The idea of housing millions of Symbiotes was untenable; their numbers alone could disrupt the planet's ecosystem.

So, with a heavy heart and a pragmatic mind, Peter settled for about a thousand Symbiotes for now. "We'll take more later, once we've figured out how to properly accommodate them," he reasoned, already plotting solutions to this unexpected challenge.

But for now, Peter set his focus on the Symbiotes in front of him, knowing that having a thousand of them at his disposal came with its own set of risks as well.

Quickly, he decided to vet each one using his telepathy, hoping to sift through their shared minds. Due to their hive-like connectivity, Peter was able to scan through their consciousness almost simultaneously, a task that was daunting yet fascinating.

What he discovered was unsettling. The Klyntar were inherently vicious and dangerous, their minds a tangled web of aggression and hunger. But amidst the darkness, a glimmer of hope shone through; their unwavering devotion to Knull was evident. They saw him as a deity, a figure of absolute authority.

Peter let out a sigh of relief. "Well, that's reassuring," he murmured to himself. "At least I know they'll follow orders, with Knull leading them." This realization offered a semblance of control over the situation, a way to harness their strength without succumbing to chaos.

'But maybe I should wipe their minds just to be safe?' Peter thought, and with a heavy strike of telepathic force, he wiped their shared minds completely, leaving them blank slates of clay, ready to be molded.

"?" Knull seemed to notice Peter's actions, and he didn't seem to care either.

As Knull and Peter surveyed the sea of black goo now calming before them, a plan began to form. These Symbiotes, once malicious and downright evil, could become a powerful ally under the right guidance.

"Knull, I leave their re-education to you. Let's make sure they understand their place here," Peter stated, his voice firm and commanding.

Knull nodded in agreement, the shadows around him swirling in silent acceptance. The task ahead would not be easy, but with careful management and a clear vision, the Symbiotes could indeed become a formidable addition to the Watchmen's ranks.

Across the Multiverse

In the heart of a coliseum, in a plane of existence that seemed to transcend time and space, a gathering of unprecedented scale took place.

Thousands of Kangs, each a conqueror in their own right, filled the ancient stands, their eyes fixed on the center where Rama-Tut and Immortus stood. The air was thick with anticipation, the kind that precedes the storm, as silence enveloped them.

Rama-Tut, his voice echoing majestically throughout the coliseum, broke the silence. "Brethren, we stand at the precipice of war," he began, his tone commanding attention. "Our council has been challenged, our supremacy questioned by an unforeseen adversary. Peter Parker, known as Spider-Man, has dared to defy us, eliminating not only the Exiled One but also our esteemed Centurion."

A collective gasp rippled through the crowd. The news of Centurion's death, delivered with such solemnity, was a shock to the gathered Kangs. Each one had faced countless Spider-Man in their time, seeing them as mere nuisances to be quelled. But the idea that one had risen to challenge the Council of Kangs directly, and succeeded in killing one of their leaders, was both astounding and alarming.

Immortus stepped forward, his presence commanding and stern. "This is not merely a loss but a declaration of war," he proclaimed, his voice laced with a mix of fury and resolve. "Peter Parker poses a threat not just to our individual dominions but to the fabric of the multiverse itself. His actions cannot go unanswered."

The crowd, now murmuring amongst themselves, felt a growing fervor. The notion of war, especially against a foe who had proven capable of such feats, ignited a spark within them. They were Kangs, conquerors of time and space, unaccustomed to bowing before any challenge.

"We must strike swiftly and decisively," Rama-Tut continued, his gaze sweeping over the sea of faces before him. "Let us bring the full might of the Council of Kangs upon his universe. Let us show this Spider-Man that the consequences of defiance are dire."

The coliseum erupted in cheers, a chorus of voices united in their thirst for retribution. The prospect of war, particularly against an enemy who had bested one of their own, was a call to arms they could not ignore. They were ready, thousands of Kangs strong, each one deadlier than the last, each one eager to prove their supremacy.

As the cheers faded, a sense of unity and purpose filled the air. The Kangs, under the leadership of Rama-Tut and Immortus, were not just a collection of individuals but a formidable force of nature, a tidal wave poised to crash upon Peter's universe.

Chapter 674: Kang Invasion!

The sun was high in the sky, casting a warm glow over the vast expanse where the Watchmen and their allies had gathered. This wasn't just any meeting; it was a pivotal moment that could potentially alter the balance of power in their favor.

Peter stood at the forefront, his eyes scanning the crowd that included members like the Spider-People, Wakandans, Valkyrie, Avengers, Asgardians, and Justice League. The air was thick with anticipation, and a hint of skepticism, as they awaited the introduction of their potential new allies, which they'd only just heard about.

Knull, emerging from Peter's shadow, commanded attention without uttering a word. Behind him, a thousand Symbiotes flooded out, pulsing with an eerie life of their own. Their appearance was unsettling, to say the least—pitch-black entities that seemed to writhe and twist like sentient tar. Murmurs of concern and curiosity rippled through the crowd.

Peter cleared his throat, stepping forward to address the gathering. "I know what you're all thinking," he began, his tone light yet filled with an underlying seriousness. "They look straight out of a horror movie, right?" A few nervous laughs broke the tension.

"And you'd be right," he continued, "these creatures are a species of inorganic, amorphous, symbiotes, who are probably worse than most horror movie monsters you've seen. But, thanks to a

bit of magic, they've been re-educated as of yesterday. They're no longer evil or predatory, but ready and willing sidekicks for each of you."

"Bonding with a Symbiote offers a few unique advantages," Peter explained, his voice sincere and encouraging. "Symbiotes empower the natural abilities of a host to the point where they far exceed that of normal members of the hosts' species. Your strength, speed, endurance, agility, healing factor, and intelligence could see remarkable improvements. Plus, there's the bonus of getting a pretty impressive suit upgrade."

A wave of skepticism washed over the crowd. The idea of merging with these alien entities was daunting, even for the bravest souls among them.

Seeing the hesitation, Peter turned to Knull. "Show them."

At his command, Knull gestured towards the Symbiotes. Slowly, they advanced, their movements cautious, almost respectful. One by one, they approached members of the Watchmen who had already agreed to the bond.

The initial reaction was a mix of fear and fascination as the black goo began to envelop their bodies. But as the bonding process took place, expressions of fear gave way to awe and surprise.

The first to fully embrace the bond was a young Valkyrie, her armor now enhanced with sleek, black tendrils that gave her an air of menace. She flexed her arms, marveling at the newfound strength coursing through her veins. "This is incredible," she exclaimed, her voice a mixture of shock and delight.

Next, a Wakandan warrior, his armor now a blend of traditional Vibranium and Symbiote, nodded approvingly as he felt the power of the bond.

As the last few early volunteers got their symbiotes, it was finally time to step things up. On Peter's instruction, the crowd had split into two distinct groups: those willing to bond with a Symbiote on the right, and those opting out on the left.

The atmosphere was thick with anticipation and a touch of envy from the left as they watched their counterparts on the right prepare for their transformation.

Peter, standing between the two groups, glanced over to the right. "I promise, you won't regret your decision," he said with a grin.

As if on cue, a wave of Symbiotes advanced towards the volunteers on the right. The crowd watched in awe as the Symbiotes selected their hosts, merging with them in a spectacle that was both eerie and mesmerizing.

Among the first was Tony Stark. As the Symbiote enveloped him, his Iron Man armor transformed before their eyes, the red and gold giving way to a sleek silver and black. The suit seemed to pulsate with newfound energy, its appearance now even more intimidating.

[Insert picture of Iron Man Armor Model 50 here]

Tony flexed his arms, marveling at the feeling. "This could revolutionize the suit's efficiency," he mused aloud, always the engineer at heart.

Next, Thor, the God of Thunder, accepted his Symbiote, which took the form of his royal Asgardian armor. The black tendrils weaved through his outfit, enhancing its regal appearance with a slightly darker twist.

When it touched Mjolnir, the hammer pulsed with an even brighter glow, as if approving of its new ally. "This This power is formidable," Thor exclaimed, a smile spreading across his face. His symbiote-enhanced armor and empowered Mjolnir were a sight to behold, merging Asgardian majesty with the raw essence of the Symbiotes.

As more heroes underwent the transformation, the spectacle of power and unity was undeniable. Black Panther's suit gained even more agility and stealth, the Symbiote adding to the Vibranium's mystique.

The Flash's speed seemed to multiply, his lightning trail now mixed with streaks of black.

Next came the enthusiastic Spider-People, their trademark red and blue suits morphing into a deep, captivating black a change Peter thought looked incredibly cool.

Even the more mystical members, like a few Master of the Mystic Arts, found their magical abilities heightened, the Symbiote seamlessly integrating with their arcane energy.

The group on the left, initially hesitant or outright refusing the bond, couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy. They saw their comrades not only accepting the Symbiotes but thriving with them, their powers amplified in ways they hadn't imagined possible.

Peter, observing the divided reactions, addressed the group on the left. "It's okay to have doubts," he said, his voice full of understanding. "This isn't for everyone. But remember, we're all still a team, Symbiote or not. What matters is that we stand together, united in our cause. Besides, you can always change your mind later. I'll always be willing to give each of you your own Symbiote."

His words seemed to resonate, easing the tension and perhaps even sparking reconsideration among some. And as the newly empowered heroes tested their enhanced abilities, a sense of camaraderie and excitement filled the air.

As the newly bonded heroes experimented with their enhanced abilities, Peter retreated to the solitude of his lab. The world outside buzzed with excitement and newfound powers, but inside, Peter prepared for a transformation of his own.

From his storage necklace, he retrieved a vial containing a thick, black substance—Knull's blood. Peter had collected samples from formidable beings throughout his adventures, each time using their essence to evolve, to become more than he was.

Today, he aimed to integrate the essence of Knull into his own, to absorb the godlike powers of the Symbiote king. 'Hopefully, it's not too painful' he hoped, though he knew that it probably would be.

With a deep breath, Peter injected the black blood into his veins. The process was nothing short of torturous, filled with agony and strife. His body convulsed as it fought to accept the foreign essence, to weave it into his very being. But Peter, determined and resilient, endured.

As the pain subsided, a profound sense of power surged through him. He could feel his abilities amplifying, a direct conduit to the cosmic strength Knull once wielded. But this newfound power was not the only change.

Peter discovered he now had access to the Symbiote hivemind. It was as if a thousand whispers filled his mind, each one a Symbiote bonded with a member of his Watchmen. This connection was more than mere eavesdropping; it was a commanding presence within the hive, perhaps even surpassing Knull's own.

The implications were staggering. With this access, Peter could monitor his allies, offering guidance, support, or intervention as needed. It was as if he had installed cameras within each member, except these were alive, constantly feeding him information.

As he acclimated to this new ability, Peter couldn't help but marvel at the potential. "This could change everything," he muttered to himself. Not only did he have a legion of enhanced heroes at his side, but now he could ensure their safety, their effectiveness, their unity, and even their loyalty in a way he never thought possible.

However, Peter knew with great power came great responsibility. This ability was not to be abused; it was a tool for leadership, for safeguarding those under his command, and finally, for weeding out any possible traitors. "I need to use this wisely," he affirmed, recognizing the delicate balance between oversight and stalking his own subordinates.

As Peter familiarized himself with his new power and abilities, in the heart of New York City, suddenly, the normalcy of a bustling afternoon was shattered in an instant. Above the skyscrapers and the endless streams of traffic, thousands of portals burst open against the backdrop of the blue sky.

Each portal, unique in its design, painted a surreal picture above the city, leaving onlookers in awe and confusion. The city that never sleeps found itself holding its breath, eyes turned upwards, as reality itself seemed to fracture.

Without warning, the first figure emerged from one of the portals, his appearance as striking as it was terrifying. Dressed in what could only be described as high-tech tribal attire, this Kang variant brandished an energy spear with an aura of madness and fury. His war cry, a sound that chilled the bone, echoed across the cityscape, heralding the onset of chaos.

As pedestrians on the streets below stared in disbelief, the Kang fired his spear without hesitation, unleashing a barrage of energy bolts that rained down on the city. Glass shattered, cars swerved, and screams filled the air as the reality of the situation set in this was an invasion.

One by one, more Kangs stepped through the portals, each as unique and as menacing as the last. They joined in the assault, their weapons of varying designs and origins all focused on the destruction below. The air filled with the sounds of their weaponry, a symphony of destruction that heralded a battle of unprecedented scale.

Chapter 675: Spider's Arrival!

The calm of the Parker residence was abruptly shattered, just as MJ, followed by America, Lily, and Leo, stepped through the door, each one bustling with the energy of a day spent out and about in the city they loved.

The light-hearted bickering over what MJ would conjure up for dinner tonightacos or pizza, the eternal debatewas a familiar tune in their household. Yet, in an instant, that comforting normalcy was torn away.

As MJ placed her keys on the kitchen counter, the air outside crackled with an ominous energy, a precursor to the chaos that was about to unfold.

Suddenly, the house's arcane protections, set up by both Peter and the Ancient One herself sprang to life. A shimmering barrier enveloped their home, deflecting a barrage of energy bolts that rained down from the sky.

The sounds of the outside world were muffled, but the flashes of light and the vibrations of impact were impossible to ignore.

"What's happening?" Lily asked, her eyes wide as Leo clung to her, trembling in fright.

America moved first, guiding her siblings to the window, where they peered out at a city under siege, MJ following closely behind them.

The sky was a tapestry of chaos, split open by thousands of portals, each ejecting figures as ominous as they were majestic. Kang variants, their appearances diverse, yet all sharing the same malevolent intent as they unleashed destruction upon New York.

MJ's hand flew to her mouth, her heart racing. "Stay here," she instructed, her tone brooking no argument as she dashed for her phone to call Peter. But before she could dial, the attack halted as abruptly as it had begun, drawing their attention back to the sky.

A silence, eerie and thick with anticipation, fell over the city as a massive portal opened, revealing a floating, regal platform from which two figures satImmortus and Rama-Tut, leaders of the council of Kangs. Their presence commanded attention, and as they spoke, their voices boomed across New York, impossible to ignore.

"People of New York, bear witness to your reckoning," Immortus's voice thundered, a sinister calm in his tone. "The chaos that rains down upon you, the fear that grips your heartblame it not on fate, nor the stars, but on your beloved hero, Spider-Man."

Rama-Tut continued, his voice equally chilling. "He has defied the inevitable order, the destined rule of the Kangs. In his arrogance, he has drawn our wrath upon you all. Consider this the price of his defiance, the cost of your misplaced faith in a mere mortal draped in the guise of a savior."

As their speech echoed through the stunned silence, the implication was clear this was not just an attack, it was a declaration of war, a direct challenge to Peter, and through him, to every soul brave enough to stand against the tyranny of the Kangs.

Back in the Parker residence, the weight of the Kangs' words hung heavy. MJ, phone forgotten in her hand for a split second, turned to her children, ready to shoo them into their rooms. But suddenly, her eyes widening as the front door swung open and all of three of them ran outside, their hero suits, which Peter had made for them, appearing in an instant.

"Get back here now!" MJ exclaimed as she chased them, though they didn't seem to be listening

Meanwhile, the air in Peter's lab was thick with concentration. Tools and gadgets were scattered across the tables, all used to test his newly acquired powers: the formidable abilities of Knull.

He was deeply engrossed in his work, his fingers dancing and tapping across his desk as he went over the data from his last tests.

But before he could finish his work, suddenly, Peter's relaxed mood was shattered by a jolt of alarm that surged through him a sensation far different from the familiar tingle of danger. It was the arcane protections of his home being activated.

His heart skipped a beat, his thoughts immediately flying to MJ and the kids. "They better stay inside," he muttered, determination replacing the fear that tried to creep in.

In seconds, Peter was in his all-black Spider suit, enhancing his already formidable presence. He didn't bother with the door; instead, he opened a portal right there in the lab, not willing to waste a single second.

As he stepped through the portal, the scene that greeted him was straight out of a nightmare. He found himself in the midst of a battlefield that had once been his quiet neighborhood. His home stood, surrounded by a shimmering barrier, a beacon of safety amidst the destruction.

The sky was ablaze with conflict, countless Kang's fired energy bolts, which rained down as if the heavens themselves were at war. But Peter had no eye for the chaos above; his focus was first and foremost on the safety of his family.

To his astonishment and dismay, he discovered the front door of his house wide open. And to make matters worse, above him, in the sky, he found his family, clad in their superhero attire, locked in a fierce battle with the Kangs, leaving him utterly transfixed in shock and disbelief.

"What are you doing?! Get insidenow!" Peter's voice, usually warm and humorous, was sharpened by fear and command. But his words were lost in the racket of battle.

Leo, with strength and speed that rivaled Superman's, sent a Kang flying with a powerful punch, only for another to take its place.

Lily, agile and quick, her body moving with the grace of a spider and the finesse of a mystic arts practitioner, weaved between their enemies, landing blows that were both precise and powerful.

America's star-shaped portals sliced through the air, displacing Kangs with strategic precision, her mastery of the mystic arts evident in her focused gaze.

And lastly, MJ, with the agility and speed inherent to those with spider powers, fought with a ferocity that matched her fierce protective instinct, constantly yelling at the children to retreat, but none of them listened.

After all, the city was in danger and their father wasn't here, at least as far as they knew, so they needed to step up and fight in his place!

Yet, despite their strength and effort, the tide of battle seemed against them. The Kangs, relentless in their assault, pressed forward with a manic determination, their numbers overwhelming the Parker family.

Amid the chaos, a Kang wielding a giant bastard sword, his eyes alight with malice, lunged at America, his blade gleaming with deadly intent.

"!?" Lily's eyes widened in horror as she realized the danger her sister was in. Without a moment's hesitation, she dove in front of America, her arms spread wide, prepared to shield her sister with her own body.

"No!" MJ's scream tore through the air, a heart-wrenching sound that echoed Peter's own fear. In that instant, time seemed to slow as Peter's world narrowed to the image of Lily, her body in the path of the sword.

Rage, pure and incandescent, surged through Peter. With speed that broke the laws of physics, he appeared in front of Lily, his fingers closing around the sword's blade an inch from her.

The look in his eyes was one of unbridled fury as he snapped the sword in half with a mere flick of his wrists. The Kang, momentarily stunned, could only watch as Peter, with a movement too quick to follow, hurled the fragment of his broken blade back at him.

It found its mark with lethal precision, embedding itself in the Kang's head before continuing its deadly trajectory, piercing through five more Kangs with unstoppable force, killing all six of them.

Silence fell, a heavy, breathless silence, as those who remained standing processed the swift turn of events. The Kangs, momentarily halted by the display of power, eyed Peter with newfound wariness.

Watching with keen eyes, Immortus and Rama-Tut, high above on their floating platform, were about to speak, but suddenly, Peter turned his back on them, a clear dismissal of their presence.

"Inside. Now." Peter pointed at the house, his voice firm, brooking no argument. Leo opened his mouth to protest, his youthful face set in a stubborn line, but a single, stern glance from Peter was enough to silence him. The young boy closed his mouth, his expression sheepish as he realized how serious his father was.

In almost any other circumstance, Peter would have loved the idea of fighting side by side with his family. But this was not just any enemy; this was the Kangs, beings of cunning and merciless intent. The risk was too great, and he would not let them face such peril.

Immortus and Rama-Tut, their irritation boiling into outright fury at being so blatantly ignored, decided to provoke Peter. "Do you not appreciate our handiwork, Spider-Man? Look around you.

Witness the chaos we've wrought upon your precious city," Rama-Tut taunted, his voice laced with malice.

Peter, his patience wearing thin, finally turned to face them. The city that lay beyond his neighborhood was filled with destruction. Buildings were ablaze, streets torn asunder, and the air was filled with the cries of the frightened and the wounded. His jaw clenched at the sight, a burning resolve igniting within him.

But before he could take a step toward the villains, a sudden movement caught his eye. The Kangs, sensing an opportunity, moved as one, a strategic blockade aimed at preventing his family's retreat to the safety of their home.

MJ, her instincts as a mother overriding all else, stood in front of the kids, her eyes darting around for an escape route. But there was none to be found; they were effectively trapped.

As the Kangs closed in, forming an unbreakable circle around Peter and his family, the air crackled with tense anticipation. High above, on their floating platform, Immortus and Rama-Tut peered down, their eyes gleaming with cold amusement. "Is that your family?" Immortus asked, his voice dripping with menace, a smile playing threateningly on his lips.

Peter sighed heavily. Without a word, he waved his hand, conjuring a large, swirling portal directly beneath his family's feet. With a mix of surprise and relief, MJ and the kids fell through it, landing safely inside the house.

With a snap of his fingers, Peter sealed the house once more, the front door slamming shut, the arcane protections glowing brighter, warding off any attacks from the Kangs with ease.

The Kangs, their confidence faltering, launched a barrage of energy bolts at the house, only to watch in frustration as the magical shields absorbed the impact without a hint of strain.

Peter, now with a smirk on his face, turned towards the Kangs, his posture relaxed. "Thanks for dropping by. You've saved me a trip," he smiled, though it didn't reach his eyes. He didn't show it, but the state of his city was really starting to grate on his nerves.

The Kangs, ready to unleash another attack, paused as Peter held up his hand, signaling them to wait. They watched, confused and wary, as Peter tapped a few buttons on his wristwatch. "Sorry to make you wait, I'm just inviting some friends over to play with us," he explained, his eyes glinting with mischief.

Before the Kangs could react, the air around them began to shimmer and twist. Portals of various sizes popped open on the street, in the sky, and on the rooftops surrounding them. And out stepped figures in various iterations of the Spider suit, each carrying a palpable aura of determination and vengeance.

These were the former members of the Spider-Society, each wronged by the Kangs, now united under a common cause. They stood ready, their eyes fixed on the Kangs, burning with the need for revenge!

Chapter 676: Spider's Vs Kang's

The battlefield, once a peaceful Queens neighborhood, was now a scene of surreal confrontation. As Peter stood with the newly arrived Spider-People flanking him, he couldn't help but feel the undeniable urge to pull out his infinity stones and snap each and every one of these Kangs into dust, but he stopped himself, at least for the time being.

Peter's gaze turned to the Spider-People behind him. 'I promised them revenge, so I can't just kill all the Kangs myself.' He concluded, though he found it hard to restrain himself, his eyes lingering on the ruins that his city had become. 'I'll definitely use the stones to fix all of this, though'

The army of Kang variants across from him waited impatiently as their leaders, Immortus and Rama-Tut, prepared to break the heavy silence.

"Ah, the famed Spider-Society," Immortus's voice echoed mockingly through the chaos, his gaze sweeping over the group with disdain. "I thought you'd disbanded, but here you are, answering to a new master"

Rama-Tut smirked beside him, "What happened to your former leader What was his name again, ah, Miguel wasn't it?" He asked, clearly trying to get under their skin. "He was such a good pawn of our late comrade, Centurion. It's such a shame you've all chosen to throw him to the wayside"

The surrounding Kangs chuckled, their laughter a harsh sound against the backdrop of smoldering building. The derision was clear, their confidence unshaken by the numbers that now faced them.

Peter, his mask hiding his frown but not his annoyance, stepped forward. "Well, you would know about throwing comrades to the wayside, wouldn't you? Isn't that what you did to Kang the Conqueror?" he retorted, his voice calm but edged with a sharp point.

Peter's retort about Kang the Conqueror had struck a nerve. Immortus's expression tightened, his eyes narrowing, while Rama-Tut's smirk wavered, his gaze flickering with a hint of anger.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did I hit a sore spot with that one?" Peter asked, his smirk widening as he waved his hand.

With a flick of his wrist, he opened a small, swirling portal right before him and reached inside. The gathered crowd watched in bewildered silence, the Kangs' interest piqued as Peter's hand reemerged holding a small, wriggling rat.

Confusion spread like wildfire through both the ranks of the Kangs and the Spider-People. Immortus and Rama-Tut exchanged a glance, their earlier confidence giving way to curiosity and a touch of amusement.

"A rat? Is this supposed to be a pet of yours?" Rama-Tut jeered, his voice echoing mockingly around them. "Would you like to say goodbye to the little rodent before your inevitable death?"

But the laughter was short-lived. As Peter held the rat up for all to see, and it suddenly spoke, its voice strong and unmistakable, even in its new, tiny form. "I wish that I could say it's good to see you again, Rama-Tut, Immortus, but just the sight of you traitors makes my skin crawl!" it declared, its small eyes gleaming with intelligence and rage.

A collective gasp rose from the ranks of the Kang variants, their faces a mixture of shock and disbelief. Immortus stepped back, his composure slipping. "Impossible... You were dead," he stammered, pointing accusingly at Peter. "He killed you!"

Peter smiled, a hint of satisfaction in his gaze as he watched the leaders of the Kangs falter. "Oh, he was dead, alright. But as you may or may not know, death is hardly the end in my line of work. I kept his soul, and transferred it into this little fella here," he explained, his tone casual as if discussing the weather.

Many Kangs erupted into laughter, taking perverse delight in seeing their once-great leader reduced to such a pitiful state. However, those who weren't laughing appeared uneasy and almost afraid.

These Kangs had firsthand knowledge of their former leader's cunning and power. Thus, even with him reduced to a rat's form, they feared his potential for retribution for their betrayal.

Staring at the rat in the palm of his hand, Peter's voice softened slightly. "So Kang, you've given me a lot of information, so this is my reward for your help. Would you like to watch the downfall of the Council of Kang's? Because by tomorrow, not a single one of them will remain."

The rat, understanding the gravity of the moment, nodded solemnly. "I would very much like that," it replied, its voice tinged with a thirst for vengeance.

Peter placed the rat on his shoulder, ensuring it had a clear view of the battlefield. "Then let's give you a front-row seat," he said, his gaze sweeping across the wary faces of the Kang variants.

As Peter stepped forward, the Spider-People rallied around him, ready to get their vengeance. The air crackled with energy, the impending battle charged with the promise of retribution.

"Today, we end this!" Peter declared, his voice carrying across the battlefield. The Spider-People echoed his sentiment, their cries of assent rising into the sky.

As Peter's words reverberated, the Kangs tightened their ranks, their faces hardening into masks of resolve. They readied their weapons, energy crackling around them, a clear sign they were preparing for the fierce confrontation ahead.

Glancing over his shoulder, Peter took a step back, the ground beneath his feet crackling with arcane energy. "What are you waiting for?" he called over to the Spider-People, his tone now charged with command. "They're right there. Go get 'em."

With Peter's words as their signal, the Spider-People surged forward, a tide of red, blue, and black against the stark backdrop of the devastated neighborhood. Their movements were synchronized and precise, a dance of vengeance and justice intertwined.

Without another word, Peter's posture shifted, his shadow stretching ominously in the dim light.

From the darkness of his shadow emerged his undead servants: Knull's ominous silhouette, the gleaming figure of the Silver Surfer, and Tiamut the Communicator, their presence exuding an

overpowered, menacing aura. Instantly, the Kangs' confidence wavered as the air thickened with the weight of real fear.

"Help them," Peter commanded, nodding towards the Spider-People.

""Yes, Master!"" His shadowy allies moved with a fluid grace, their forms blurring into action.

As the shadows darted forward, weaving through the Spider-People, Peter turned his attention back to Immortus and Rama-Tut. His eyes narrowed beneath his mask, a vicious smirk playing at the edge of his lips. "Now, as for you two," he began, his voice low and threatening.

As the clash erupted across the devastated streets of Queens New York, the Spider-People leapt into action, propelled by the urgency of their vengeance. They were outnumbered but not outclassed, their agile prowess and combat skills a blur of motion against the backdrop of the damaged surroundings.

The Kang army, equipped with advanced technology, unleashed a barrage of energy blasts. The air crackled with electricity, the blue and green pulses illuminating the grim battlefield. Spider-People ducked and weaved, their spidey sense tingling incessantly, guiding them away from lethal hits.

In the midst of chaos, their spectral allies, Knull, Silver Surfer, and Tiamut, emerged from the shadows. Knull, embodying darkness itself, enveloped a squad of Kangs, his form expanding and contracting like a living nightmare.

The screams of Kangs were muffled by the dark mass, only to silence abruptly as they were consumed, vanishing from existence.

Silver Surfer swooped low, his shadowy board cutting a dark arc through the air. He moved with otherworldly grace, intercepting energy blasts and redirecting them back where they came from. Each reflection not only killed or injured an enemy but also saved the lives of the Spider-People, whom they were tasked with assisting.

Tiamut, towering and imposing, used his sheer size to his advantage. With each step, the ground trembled, and with a sweep of his arm, he knocked a phalanx of Kangs off their feet, their armor clanging loudly as they collided with the concrete. But it didn't stop there, as they were quickly squashed like bugs under the undead Celestial's feet.

The Spider-People rallied, inspired by the formidable display of their shadowy protectors. One young hero, wearing a suit dyed in all black, thanks to his new symbiote companion, flipped over a beam, landing a devastating kick to a Kang's helmet. The impact cracked and dented the visor, sending the Kang flying into a nearby car.

Another Spider, masked and mysterious, spun webs with tactical precision, ensnaring weapons and pulling them from their owners' grips. The webs, stronger than steel, resisted the Kangs' attempts to break free, leaving them vulnerable to her allies.

As the battle raged, the Kangs began to falter. Their initial confidence waned under the relentless assault of the Spider-People and their spectral protectors.

Despite their superior technology, and numerical advantage, the raw power and unpredictability of Knull, the Silver Surfer, and Tiamut proved far too overwhelming for them.

Watching the beginnings of their battle, Peter floated high above the wreckage, smirking as his shadows cut through the enemy lines with ease, allowing his Spidery subordinates to run wild. "Things aren't looking too good for you guys, huh?" He asked, his gaze on the Kang leaders.

Rama-Tut and Immortus, their pride bruised and schemes slipping through their fingers, stood on their floating platform, which began to morph with a series of mechanical whirs and clicks into an advanced, heavily armed, yet small ship. Their eyes fixed on Peter, burning with a mixture of rage and desperation.

"You think you won just because your lackeys killed a few worthless variants?" Immortus spat out, his voice trembling with fury, "Let me tell you, the war is just beginning!"

With a flourish, Rama-Tut slammed his hand onto a control panel, igniting the ship's arsenal. Instantly, the air was filled with the deadly whine of powering up energy weapons. Lasers, cannons, and an array of ballistic missiles locked onto Peter, their intent deathly clear.

Peter simply arched an eyebrow beneath his mask, his disappointment palpable even from afar. His gaze, quick and unimpressed, swept over the menacing armament. "Really, is this it? You came all this way, brought an entire army with you, and even trashed my city, yet this is all you've brought? You think this is enough?" His tone mixed disbelief with a hint of mockery, clearly underwhelmed by their efforts. "Come on, guys. You can do better than this..."

Immortus's smirk faltered as anger flared in his eyes, Peter's taunting words stoking a fire of rage. His hand clenched into a fist, hovering momentarily over the control panel. "Very well," he hissed, his voice seething with fury. "Let's see how you handle this!" With a swift, decisive motion, he slammed his fist down, causing the ship to glow, its power rising by the second.

Chapter 677: No Kang Remains...

The evening air was thick with tension as Peter floated above the wrecked streets of Queens, watching the Kang leaders huddle inside their little ship, an unimpressed look on his face. Below him, the battle raged on, but his focus was drawn to Rama-Tut and Immortus, who were rapidly preparing their counterattack.

"Ah, what do we have here?" Peter quipped, the smirk audible in his voice as he eyed the transforming vessel. "A shiny toy for big boys?"

From his vantage point, the ship began to bristle with weaponry, a deadly array of futuristic arms unfolding with mechanical precision. Rama-Tut, his features twisted in fury, slammed his hand onto a control panel, initiating the onslaught.

Peter, undeterred, floated casually in the air, his eyes aglow with power. "Really? You think those pea shooters will do anything to me?" he taunted, watching as the ship's cannons swiveled to aim directly at him.

The first volley of energy blasts cut through the air, their trajectories clear and deadly. But Peter simply tilted his head, a flick of his wrist redirecting the energy harmlessly into the sky, where it exploded like distant fireworks.

"Is that all you got?" Peter called out, his voice dripping with disdain. He raised his hands, gathering a swirling mass of elemental energy, ready to strike. "Here, try not to die too easily..." With a graceful motion, he sent a torrent of phoenix fire spiraling towards the ship.

Rama-Tut, quick on the uptake, activated the ship's shields, which glowed with a pulsing blue light, absorbing the brunt of Peter's attack. "Is that all you've got?!" he shouted back, repeating Peter's taunt, his voice echoing through the ship's speakers.

"Nah," Peter retorted simply, flying closer with a burst of speed. As he approached, he phased through the next barrage of laser fire, his form blurring in and out of tangibility.

Inside the ship, Rama-Tut and Immortus exchanged a look of concern. They were not accustomed to dealing with an adversary who could simply ignore their most powerful weapons.

Peter circled the ship, his movements a blur. Every attempt they made to lock on to him failed, as he effortlessly dodged or countered their attacks. He then landed atop the ship, his weight causing the structure to groan under the pressure.

"Nice view from up here!" Peter joked, tapping on the hull with his foot. Kang the rat, still perched on his shoulder, squeaked in agreement, its eyes gleaming with anticipation.

With a sudden burst of strength, Peter tore open the hull like it was made of paper, exposing the frightened faces of Rama-Tut and Immortus. "Room service!" he announced cheerfully, his eyes glowing a bright red before firing beams of energy at whatever machinery was within his sight. Sparks and fire erupted as the ship's systems began to falter and fail.

Rama-Tut frantically hit another series of controls, causing the ship to teleport a short distance away. But Peter was too quick, catching up in a flash of light, his laughter ringing out across the battlefield.

"Why don't you two ditch this dingy thing," Peter said, his voice now serious as he hovered in front of the crippled ship. He clenched his fists, energy crackling around them with increasing intensity.

With a final, contemptuous look at Rama-Tut and Immortus, Peter unleashed his power. A massive blast of chaotic energy surged from him, striking the ship with such force that it was obliterated in an instant. The explosion was deafening, a brilliant flare that lit up the night sky.

As the dust settled, Rama-Tut and Immortus crawled from the wreckage, their bodies battered and their armor smoking. They looked up at Peter, who landed before them, a casual smile on his face.

"You know," Peter said, glancing down at the defeated Kangs, "you really should've tried harder. Even Centurion sent a Celestial after me, but maybe he was the better of you three?" He shrugged, turning back to survey the battlefield, a hint of amusement in his voice as he added, "Anyway..."

"Hey, ratatouille," Peter began, turning to the small creature perched nervously on his shoulder. "You've got a score to settle, right?" Kang the Rat twitched its whiskers affirmatively, its beady eyes narrowing with a palpable thirst for vengeance.

Peter gently set Kang on the scorched earth, stepping back with a solemn nod. He extended his hands, fingers weaving through the air as he chanted under his breath. The fabric of reality shimmered, twisting around the rat, which grew and morphed until Kang the Conqueror stood where the rodent had been, regal and imposing in his restored human form.

"T-This... how?!" Kang exclaimed, lost for words as he stared down at his human hands once again.

Smirking, Peter conjured a sleek blaster pistol, the weapon materializing from thin air, and tossed it to Kang. "They're all yours," he said, nodding toward the dazed and defeated figures of Rama-Tut and Immortus.

Kang caught the blaster, grasping it tightly, his face hardening as he approached his former allies, a vicious smile blooming on his face. "You know, it's funny how the tables turn. Here you are, at my mercy—just where I always imagined you'd end up."

Rama-Tut, struggling to rise, his voice strained with desperation and defiance, retorted, "Kang, you fool-" he collapsed mid-sentence, his broken body unable to hold much weight.

Kang chuckled darkly, leveling the blaster at them with unwavering hands. "The only fools I see are lying defeated at my feet..."

And with a cold, unrelenting fury, he opened fire. The blasts were relentless and deafening, each one a release of pent-up rage, echoing across the silent battlefield long after his enemies had fallen.

As the blaster's energy finally sputtered and died, Kang stood breathing heavily, a sinister satisfaction in his eyes. He let out a contented sigh, a triumphant smile spreading across his face, "thank you, Peter-"

Suddenly, before Kang could finish expressing his gratitude, a gleaming black blade pierced through his back and poked out of his chest, blood caking its blade.

Kang gasped, blood dripping from his lips, his eyes wide with shock and betrayal as he looked down at the dark blade piercing him. "W-Why?" he managed to choke out as he glanced over his shoulder, where he found Peter staring back at him, a sword in his hand.

Peter's voice was steady, devoid of emotion. "I told you before, didn't I? No Kang remains. Especially not the most dangerous of them all." His eyes didn't waver as he pulled the sword free, watching Kang collapse beside his foes, blood pooling below his body.

...

Shortly after Kang the Conquerer's death, Peter surveyed the aftermath of the battle from atop a crumbling building. Below him, the Spider-People scattered, efficiently rounding up the remaining Kangs who were trying to escape their inevitable defeat. Peter's gaze lingered on the scene, a thoughtful frown creasing his brow under the mask.

With a swift movement, he reached into his pocket, pulling out his rings, each inset with an Infinity Stone, gleaming ominously even in the dim light of the destroyed city.

One by one, he slid them onto his fingers, feeling the surge of cosmic power thrum through his veins—a sensation that was always exhilarating each time he experienced it.

As the Spider-People finished their tasks, they gathered below, their eyes wide with a mix of curiosity and confusion. They stared at Peter, sensing the unimaginable power radiating off of him, their spider senses tingling. None spoke; the gravity of the moment hung heavily in the air.

Peter raised his hand, the Stones glowing brightly. "Let's clean up first," he announced, his voice carrying a casual tone, as if he were simply tidying up his room.

With a decisive snap of his fingers, a blinding light erupted from his hand, enveloping every Kang present. In moments, they turned to dust, drifting away as if they had never existed.

Silence followed the light show. The Spider-People stared in disbelief, the reality of the situation slowly dawning on them. Peter, feeling the power coursing through him, prepared for the final act.

He snapped his fingers again, this time with a different intent. Light enveloped the city once more, but this time, it was gentle, almost soothing. Buildings reconstructed themselves, streets mended, and cars untwisted from their mangled forms. The chaos wrought by the battle reversed, as if time itself were rolling backward.

As the light faded, the Spider-People observed their surroundings in awe. Their own injuries healed before their eyes, cuts sealing and bruises vanishing. Gasps and murmurs of disbelief filled the air

as those who had fallen in battle stood once again among them, blinking in astonishment, including any civilians who were simply caught in the crossfire.

Peter watched their reactions, a small smile playing on his lips. His gaze softened as he looked at his spidery subordinates, who were beginning to realize just how powerful their boss truly was. Yet, amid the awe and the restoration, a simple, human sensation brought him back to reality—a rumbling in his stomach.

"Hey, you guys want to celebrate with some pizza?" he called out, his tone light, undercutting the tension and awe of the moment.

Although he anticipated laughter and agreement from the Spider-People gathered around him, he was instead met with an unsettling silence as if the world had paused, time stopping for everyone but him.

Turning his head, Peter spotted the unmistakable figure of the Grim Reaper, appearing seemingly from nowhere. "Did I complete the mission?" he asked, becoming accustomed to the Reaper's sudden and dramatic appearances.

"Why else would I be here?"

Chapter 678: Is this... Naruto?

In the aftermath of the battle, surrounded by the fixed and pristine city of New York, Peter stood alone, the once chaotic noises of the city subdued to a haunting silence. His spidey senses didn't fail to notice the subtle shift in the air—the temperature dropped, and a figure cloaked in shadows materialized before him.

The Grim Reaper, also oddly known as John amongst those who had the peculiar misfortune of knowing him personally, appeared more harried than usual. His usual ominous aura was undercut by an impatient tapping of his foot. "Peter, I really must be quick about this. My wives are expecting me for a date," he said, a bizarre semblance of domesticity cloaking his skeletal grin.

Before Peter could respond, John produced a gnarly black scythe, its blade shimmering with an eerie light, in one hand, and a translucent, ethereal shell, resembling a ghostly idol in the other. With a casual flick, he tossed both towards Peter. Reflexively, Peter reached out, his spider-agility allowing him to snatch the scythe just shy of its sharp end.

[Mission Complete: Destroy the Council of Kang's

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

Reward: Deaths Harvester

- A legendary scythe imbued with the very essence of Death. This formidable weapon, owned by Death himself, boasts a blade forged from the darkest matter found in the universe. Its handle is crafted from ancient, gnarled bone, wrapped in the tattered remnants of souls it has reaped since the beginning of time.]

[Sub-mission Complete: Kang Genocide

- Kill all Kang's to eliminate future threats

Reward: Kang Soul Husk

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

As his fingers touched the cold metal, the scythe began to glow intensely, disintegrating into countless motes of light that spiraled towards him, sinking into his skin and vanishing. Peter's eyes widened in shock, his heart racing as he felt a surge of deathly energy pulse through him.

"Wha—what was that?" Peter stammered, turning back to where John had been, only to find the Reaper already fading into the ether.

"Sorry, kid, no time to explain!" John's voice echoed back as his form dissipated completely, leaving behind a faint trace of brimstone.

"Wait! I need-!" Peter yelled, his voice echoing off the silent buildings. But it was too late; John was gone, and time resumed its march, the sounds of the city flooding back as if someone had pressed play on the world.

Left alone with his thoughts, Peter felt the weight of the soul husk in his hand, struck by the revelation that it apparently contained all the Kangs in the multiverse. Not a single one remained. 'What the hell am I supposed to do with this thing...?'

His gaze drifted over the city, the repairs he had made with the Infinity Stones holding steady. The civilians, oblivious to the deeper machinations of heroes and reapers, continued their lives. And above them all, Peter stood, a lone figure grappling with the enormity of his powers and the new, unknown paths they would lead him down.

"Well, I guess I'll have to figure it out on my own," he murmured to himself. Taking a deep breath, he turned to find the Spider-People still gazing up at him, their expressions a mix of awe and wonder at how effortlessly he had restored the city and revived the fallen. "Uhh, Yo?" He waved awkwardly.

After the cataclysmic showdown that rocked New York and reshaped the multiverse, life for Peter had taken a rather mundane turn. The last few months had been a surreal blend of light superhero work and domestic bliss. He'd spent most of his days alongside MJ, his kids, and the rest of his family and friends, savoring the rare normalcy of his life.

Naturally, Peter wasn't too idle. The late Kang the Conqueror had given him a wealth of secrets, including locations of hidden bases and critical information about the now-destroyed Council of Kang's.

Peter, taking no chances of them falling into the wrong hands, embarked on a systematic destruction of each site. He looted what he could use and obliterated the rest, leaving only ashes where threats might have risen.

Yet, despite the thrill of these missions, Peter found himself sinking comfortably into the routines of everyday life. He had mastered the art of wielding his new scythe—a relic so powerful, so steeped in the essence of Death itself, that it had fundamentally altered his connection to his powers.

The scythe was more than a weapon; it was an extension of his will, adapting to his needs. When a scythe proved impractical, as Peter wasn't much of a weapons user, let alone a giant grim reapers scythe, it transformed, weaving metallic fibers into his suit at the boots, knees, hands, and elbows, enhancing his attire with formidable strength.

'I'm still unsure what to do with the soul husk...' Peter mused, having secured it for safekeeping until he could determine how to make use of it.

...

On this particular evening, the Parker residence was filled with the comforting aroma of Aunt May's cooking. The table was set, and the laughter was plentiful, as Peter shared a meal with those closest to him. Despite the extraordinary life he led, these moments grounded him, reminding him of what he fought for.

Suddenly, as they began to eat, a sharp beep from his watch cut through the atmosphere like a knife. The screen lit up with an important alert, and Peter's eyes widened as he read the message. The room fell into a hush as everyone's gaze turned towards him, sensing the change in the air.

MJ, sensing the gravity of the situation, leaned over and whispered, "What's going on?"

Peter looked up, meeting the worried glances of his loved ones. "I might be leaving for a little while," he revealed.

The reason was simple; his network of portals across the multiverse had pinpointed another of Death's successors, a mission he couldn't ignore but hadn't anticipated so soon. After all, the multiverse is quite large.

Leo, his youngest, dropped his fork, his young face clouded with disappointment. "Are you leaving now?" he asked, his voice tinged with sadness.

Peter reached across the table, ruffling Leo's hair with a smile. "No, buddy, not yet. I'll leave later tonight, once everyone's asleep," he reassured, trying to soften the blow of his impending departure.

Leo's features brightened slightly at that. "Okay," he said, a small smile returning as he picked up his fork again.

After a peaceful dinner with his family, Peter and MJ gently tucked their kids into bed, whispering goodnight amidst soft giggles and final bedtime stories. Once the house fell silent with the deep, contented sleep of their children, Peter and MJ shared a quiet moment alone.

MJ wrapped her arms around Peter, her head resting against his chest. "Be careful out there," she murmured, her voice tinged with worry yet filled with trust.

Peter kissed the top of her head, holding her close. "I'll be back before you know it," he reassured her, his voice steady yet soft. They lingered in their embrace, savoring the warmth and familiarity of each other.

Finally, with a deep breath, Peter stepped back and opened a portal. The star-shaped gateway shimmered into existence, casting eerie lights across the room. He glanced back at MJ, offering a brave smile.

With one last wave, he stepped through the portal, and materialized in the thick of a dense forest, the cool night air a stark contrast to the warm goodbye he'd just received from MJ and the kids.

Navigating the underbrush with ease, Peter used his heightened senses to scout the area. The trees were dense, a mix of pine and cedar that filled the air with a pungent scent, enhancing the feeling of being far from home.

A low hum of activity to his left didn't startle him; instead, he followed the sound with practiced stealth, moving toward what his instincts told him was the direction of civilization. Before long, the dense forest gave way to a clearing, and beyond that, the unmistakable outline of a large, ancient-looking Japanese town or village.

Peter paused at the edge of the forest, taking in the sight of high wooden walls and the large, imposing gate guarded by men in traditional armor. It was like stepping into another time.

As he approached the gate, the guards tensed, immediately blocking his path. Their conversation was rapid and entirely in Japanese, a language Peter didn't speak very well. He could only offer a friendly, albeit awkward, smile in response, hoping his universal gesture of peace would be understood.

Unfortunately, the guards were not reassured. Their hands went to their swords, and Peter found himself facing the sharp end of cold steel. He raised his hands in a non-threatening gesture, trying to

defuse the situation with a nervous chuckle. "Hold on a second, guys. I'm sure I can magic a way for us to communicate—"

BOOM! ROAR!

His words were cut off by a sudden, earth-shaking explosion. A deafening roar followed, and as both Peter and the guards whirled towards the source, they saw it—a giant nine-tailed fox rampaging through the center of the village. Its tails lashed out, toppling buildings and throwing debris into the air.

For a moment, the surreal scene seemed beyond belief, yet the pieces clicked for Peter. The village, the guards wearing leaf headbands, the Mount Rushmore-style faces etched into the distant cliff, and now, the rampaging nine-tailed fox. He couldn't help but mutter to himself, "Is this... Naruto?"

Chapter 679: Nine Tails Manhandled

Moments earlier, a man who called himself Madara Uchiha, clad in his swirling wooden mask, stood over a beautiful, yet haggard red-headed woman in a secluded clearing outside the village.

[Insert picture of masked Obito here]

The night was eerily quiet, save for the heavy breathing of Kushina Uzumaki, who lay exhausted and weakened from childbirth. The trees around them were dense, casting long shadows under the moonlight that seemed almost to whisper of the impending chaos.

[Insert picture of Kushina here]

The masked man's voice, muffled slightly, was calm but carried a cruel joy. "At last, the power of the Nine-Tails will be mine. This village and all its hopes will crumble."

With a swift, ruthless motion, he performed a series of hand seals, summoning a dark, swirling jutsu that enveloped Kushina. Screams pierced the night as the monstrous form of the Nine-Tails began to manifest, forcibly ripped from its host.

The fox, massive and bristling with malevolent energy, roared into the sky, its eyes burning with untamed fury.

Kushina, nearly lifeless, her voice barely a whisper, pleaded with the creature of her torment.
"Please... no more..."

The masked man, his eyes glinting red with the power of the Sharingan, issued his next command with a sinister grin. "Nine-Tails, end her."

As the creature raised its massive paw to crush Kushina, suddenly, a blur of yellow flashed through the clearing. Minato Namikaze, the Fourth Hokage, appeared beside his wife in a flash, scooping her into his arms just as the paw slammed into the earth where she had been.

[Insert picture of Minato here]

Minato's face was a mask of resolve mixed with deep pain. "Are you okay?" He asked his wife, who merely groaned out a sad smile. She understood that the extraction of the Nine-Tails would leave her with little time to live. Minato was aware of this as well, but he pushed the thought away, unable to face it.

Ignoring the looming threat of the Nine-Tails and the man currently controlling it, Minato focused solely on Kushina, whispering reassurances as he teleported away. His only goal at that moment was her safety, the safety of the woman he loved more than anything.

'Madara' watched them disappear with a scoff. "I never knew my sensei was such a coward... But no matter. The village will pay the price."

Turning to the Nine-Tails, his voice rose with command. "Attack the village. Let them feel despair."

With a mighty leap, the Nine-Tails mindlessly charged. As it approached the village, the mind-controlled creature's enormous body crashed into the village's center, creating a crater on impact. Buildings crumbled under its power, and screams of terror replaced the silence of the night.

Brave ninjas who just happened to be nearby leapt from the shadows, their chakra flaring as they attacked the monstrous fox that threatened to obliterate their home. Among them, Kakashi Hatake and Might Guy fought valiantly, coordinating their attacks to buy the villagers precious time to escape.

Kakashi, his one-eyed Sharingan active, darted around the massive beast, launching precise, chakra-infused kunai.

[Insert picture of Kakashi here]

Guy, with his usual fiery enthusiasm, charged forward, his fists glowing with the energy of the Eight Gates. Yet, despite their efforts and the valiant attempts of many others, they were barely slowing the beast down.

[Insert picture of Guy here]

As another ninja was swatted away by the massive tail of the beast, killed in an instant, a sudden and bizarre change rippled through the air. A figure, dressed not in the traditional garb of their village but in casual jeans and shirt, appeared seemingly out of nowhere in front of the Nine-Tails' snarling face.

"Yo!" The figure waved with a casual bravado that seemed ludicrously out of place. Without waiting for a response, he swung his leg in a high arc, punting the colossal fox across the village with an improbable strength. The creature tumbled, crashing through buildings and trees, finally coming to a halt at the edge of the forest outside the village.

There was a moment of stunned silence as every ninja in the vicinity tried to process what they had just witnessed. Peter floated a few meters above the ground with his hands casually in his pockets, looking remarkably unbothered by the chaos around him.

Kakashi was the first to approach, his eyes wide not just with the Sharingan but also with sheer incredulity. "Who are you?" he demanded.

Peter craned his head downward, flashing a grin. "Oh, I still have no idea what you're saying. Give me a second..." Muttering an incantation under his breath, he wove his fingers through a series of intricate gestures. The air around him shimmered with a faint, mystic glow.

The gathered ninjas watched in stunned silence, their expressions a mix of confusion and curiosity. Whispers spread among them, questioning the nature and intent of this foreigner's mysterious powers.

"Let's see, this should work," Peter murmured to himself, half-distracted by the enormous fox monster gathering itself for another charge.

As the creature lunged at him with ferocious speed, Peter, still mid-spell, glanced over nonchalantly and delivered a backhanded swat that sent the Nine-Tails tumbling back through a row of damaged buildings.

"Hey! Manners, please. I'm working here," he chided the beast, his tone light but firm.

Finally, with a decisive flick of his wrist, the spell locked into place. Peter felt a surge of energy course through him, priming his ears and mouth to instantly translate any spoken or heard words.

Just as the last syllable left his lips, Kakashi approached him cautiously, his Sharingan eye flickering intensely. "Who are you? How did you do that?" he asked, his voice a mix of awe and suspicion.

Peter landed softly on the ground, brushing dust from his jeans. "Oh, now I can understand you. I'm Peter, Peter Parker..." He smiled and extended his hand, but before the astonished Kakashi could reply, the fox abruptly appeared behind Peter, its massive teeth bared menacingly.

Sensing the attack, Peter sighed, a look of mild annoyance crossing his face. "Really? We're doing this again?" His voice was laced with humor, but his eyes glinted with annoyance.

As the beast charged, Peter spun around, his stance steady and focused. He started with a swift uppercut as the Nine-Tails neared, his fist connecting with a resounding thud beneath its jaw. The impact sent the beast's head snapping back, a visible shockwave rippling through its fur.

Without missing a beat, Peter spun on his heel, delivering a powerful roundhouse kick to the side of the Nine-Tails' head. The force of the kick whirled the creature sideways, further disorienting it.

Seizing the moment, Peter darted forward, his movements a blend of precision and grace. He landed a series of rapid punches across the beast's torso, each hit landing with a sickening thud, methodically weakening its resolve and strength.

Every strike Peter delivered was calculated, his form perfect, embodying both the power of a fighter and the finesse of an acrobat. Each connection between fist and fur echoed through the clearing, a testament to his control and strength.

The onlookers, including Kakashi and other seasoned ninjas, watched in stunned silence. The ferocity of the beating was unlike anything they had ever seen. It wasn't just a fight; it was a lesson

in respect and boundaries, taught by a stranger who handled the beast as if it were a misbehaving puppy, not a legendary force of destruction.

As Peter maneuvered the Nine-Tails, he chatted nonchalantly. "You know, where I come from, we have manners and don't constantly interrupt someone when they're in the middle of something," he grunted as he delivered a particularly forceful kick that sent the Nine-Tails crashing into a nearby building, reducing it to rubble. "But you're being controlled, so I won't be too hard on you..."

Just as Peter prepared to slam the creature down once more, a new rush of chakra filled the air. The Third Hokage arrived, ready for a fierce battle, but the scene before him left him utterly astonished. Accompanied by a squadron of elite Anbu, he paused, his breath catching at the surreal sight of a lone young man effortlessly overpowering the fearsome Nine-Tails.

[Insert picture of Hiruzen Sarutobi here]

"What on earth is happening here?" the Third Hokage demanded, his voice carrying a mix of confusion and concern.

Kakashi, still processing the scene, could only offer a helpless shrug. "I wish I knew, Lord Third."

As Peter continued his relentless assault, the Nine-Tails seemed to diminish, not just in ferocity but in the will to fight back. It was a display of sheer power and indomitable spirit that none in Konoha had ever witnessed. And just as Peter slammed the fox down for what seemed like the fiftieth time, the air shifted ominously.

From a swirl of dark chakra, the masked man appeared again, his gaze fixed on Peter with a mixture of rage and disbelief. "Who are you? No Leaf ninja possesses such strength," he snarled, stepping forward with a threatening posture.

Peter paused, brushing a strand of hair from his eyes as he looked up from the sprawled-out nine-tailed fox. "Oh, me? I was just strolling by when a giant fox crossed my path," he replied nonchalantly, mimicking a tone oddly reminiscent of Kakashi's usual evasiveness.

Small laughs rippled through the crowd of ninjas, many exchanging glances with Kakashi, who offered a rare, sheepish grin in response.

But before another word could be said, a yellow flash cut through the tension. Minato Namikaze, the Fourth Hokage, appeared out of nowhere, his hand glowing with the swirling blue chakra of a Rasengan. Without hesitation, he drove the powerful sphere into the masked man's stomach, sending him reeling back with a cry of pain.

As Minato's Rasengan struck true, Peter glanced around at the assembled ninjas and the havoc strewn across the village. "Looks like you guys can handle the rest," he muttered with a casual nonchalance.

Stepping lightly over the debris, Peter approached the subdued Nine-Tails. He climbed atop the massive head of the fox, finding a comfortable spot to sit.

As he settled in, Peter tapped his hand lightly against the fox's forehead. His finger glowed with a soft, ethereal light as he delicately severed the threads of mind control entangling the creature's will.

"Hey, you awake yet?" Peter asked, his voice carrying a mix of curiosity and friendliness.

After a moment, the Nine-Tails' eyes fluttered open, clear and free from the sinister influence of the Sharingan. The creature groaned, its voice groggy and confused. "Huh?"

Chapter 680: Pee-Wee

The dust of the battlefield hung thick in the air as Peter sat casually atop the massive head of the Nine-Tails, Kurama. His light-hearted demeanor contrasted sharply with the tense, wary postures of the surrounding ninja from Konoha.

As the huge creature's eyes fluttered open, slowly regaining consciousness, the ninjas instinctively recoiled, kunai knives laced with explosive tags in their hands, which they swiftly hurled forward. The sharp glint of metal flickered under the moonlight as they aimed at both Peter and the fox.

"Whoa, easy now," Peter said, waving his hand dismissively. In a smooth motion, he conjured a gust of wind that spiraled upwards, whisking the kunai into the air where they detonated harmlessly like fireworks. He turned back to the stunned crowd. "I'd really appreciate not being blown up, thanks."

Below him, Kurama was fully alert now, the impromptu fireworks serving as a rather explosive wake-up call. Recalling his recent subjugation and the subsequent thrashing by this unusually

strong human, rage brewed within him. But as he tried to rise, a quick slap from Peter sent him back to the ground.

"Calm down, will you? Unless you want another beating?" Peter chided, looking directly into Kurama's large, fiery eyes.

The assembled ninjas, including the Third Hokage, Hiruzen Sarutobi, watched in disbelief. None had ever seen anyone handle the Nine-Tails with such audacity—not even the legendary First Hokage had displayed such nonchalance when dealing with a tailed beast.

Enraged, Kurama thrashed, attempting to dislodge Peter from his head. With a resigned sigh, Peter gestured with a flourish, casting a spell that wrapped the fox in glowing golden eldritch energy, pinning him firmly to the ground.

Just as the ninjas began to relax, sighing in relief, Kurama's mouth suddenly gaped open, gathering a swirling mass of chakra that formed a glowing purple orb—a Tailed Beast Bomb. Panic spread rapidly as the orb pointed ominously toward the village's residential district.

Without hesitation, the Third Hokage leapt forward, unrolling a scroll filled with sealing jutsu, prepared to risk everything to contain the destructive force. But before he could act, Peter intervened, stepping between them and reaching out to touch the deadly orb.

"No!" Hiruzen shouted, a mix of command and concern in his voice, fearing for the young man's life.

Ignoring the warning, Peter's fingers met the churning energy of the Tailed Beast Bomb. The ninjas braced for the worst, but instead of detonating or incinerating him, the orb began to shrink under Peter's touch, the energy dissipating until it vanished completely, leaving behind only a stunned silence.

Kurama, now visibly shaken and more confused than ever, stared at Peter with wide eyes. "W-Who are you?!" he muttered in a mix of fear and awe.

A ripple of astonishment swept through the gathered ninjas as they processed the fox's ability to speak. Whispers broke out among them, a mixture of fear and wonder coloring their tones as they stared at Kurama, realizing that the creature wasn't some mindless beast.

Peter just grinned, dusting off his hands as if he'd done nothing unusual. "Me? I'm just your friendly neighbor Spider-Man, but I'm not on the job right now, so you can call me Peter." He answered, his voice light and teasing, "so who are you?"

Kurama's eyes narrowed, his voice a deep rumble. "Why should I tell you?"

Peter just shrugged, the corners of his mouth twitching upwards. "Fair point. Still, if you won't tell me your name, I guess I have to call you something. How about Pee-Wee?"

The fox's fur bristled, and he snapped, "Do not call me that!"

Peter chuckled, unaffected by the threat in Kurama's tone. "Sorry, Pee-Wee, but if I don't know your name, what am I supposed to call you?" His eyes sparkled with mischief, clearly enjoying himself.

The fox growled, low and menacing, but there was a flicker of curiosity in his eyes. "Why do you care? What are you really after?"

"Nothing much," Peter replied, stretching his arms lazily. "Just making conversation. Besides, isn't it nicer talking like this than trying to kill each other?"

Kurama huffed, turning his massive head away, his gaze fixed on the distant mountains. "Humans have never cared for conversation. Only control."

Peter nodded, his tone softening. "I get it. You've had it rough. But not everyone's out to control you. Some of us prefer making friends, or at least trying to."

The air hung heavy for a moment as Kurama's eyes shifted, reflecting a starry sky. "Why would you want to be friends with a creature like me?"

"Because," Peter began, leaning forward, his expression earnest, "everyone needs a friend, even a giant nine-tailed fox. Besides, you're kind of cool, you know, in a terrifying, awe-inspiring sort of way."

A soft snort escaped Kurama, and for a moment, it seemed as though he might smile. "You are a strange human."

"That's part of the charm," Peter quipped. "So, friends?"

Kurama's gaze hardened, reflecting the suspicious sentiments that flickered among the watching ninjas. "No. We are not friends. I trust no human."

Peter paused, his easy smile faltering slightly. "Alright, no rush. We'll take it one step at a time," he said, though the lightness in his voice had dimmed.

Kurama's eyes remained steely, unyielding. "And stop calling me 'Pee-Wee.'"

Peter nodded, the playful spark in his eyes replaced by a more serious glint. "Sure. If you tell me your name?"

The fox eyed him warily, the mistrust palpable. After a moment, he grudgingly muttered, "Kurama."

"Kurama," Peter repeated, nodding in acknowledgment. His tone carried a newfound respect. "Alright, Kurama. It's nice to meet you."

Suddenly, the crackle of kunai clashing against kunai echoed through the air, dragging every eye back to the ongoing duel in the field. They were so stunned by Peter's handling of Kurama, and the revelation that the Nine-Tails could speak, that they had entirely overlooked the ongoing battle between Minato and the mysterious man.

Minato, with his bright yellow hair flashing under the moonlight, teleported around the battlefield with supernatural speed, his kunai shimmering with the residue of his jutsu.

Across from him, the masked man matched each of Minato's moves with eerie calmness, his Sharingan eye glinting malevolently.

The clash of their battle was brutal and unforgiving. Minato's movements were a blur, each teleportation leaving behind a gust of wind that rustled the nearby trees. He wielded the Rasengan, a whirling orb of chakra, launching it at Obito with deadly precision.

Obito, in turn, used his unique ability to phase through physical attacks, his body swirling and blurring at the edges each time Minato's Rasengan passed harmlessly through him.

As the third Hokage, Hiruzen Sarutobi, witnessed the fierce engagement, he felt a surge of urgency. With a determined look, he started forward, intent on aiding his successor. But just as he took a step, a wall of shimmering energy sprang up around the combatants. Hiruzen halted, his eyes widening in disbelief.

All around, the gathered ninjas murmured in confusion, their attention snapping towards Peter, who had conjured the barrier. "What are you doing?" Hiruzen demanded, his usual warm tone taking a dangerous edge.

Even Kurama, secured beside Peter, raised a brow, puzzled by Peter's intentions. "?"

Peter just smiled, his demeanor calm and collected. "Trust me, Minato can handle this. He needs to see the truth for himself," he explained, his voice carrying a hinting tone.

Before anyone could react, Peter vanished from their side and reappeared inside the barrier, materializing directly behind Obito, startling him. With a swift motion, Peter reached out, yanking the mask from Obito's face.

The action was so unexpected, so quick, that Obito had no time to react or to use his phasing ability. Especially since Peter waited until he couldn't phase anymore.

You see, Obito can only keep his body intangible for approximately five minutes, and as long as his intangibility is activated, he cannot teleport; in the brief moment between when he solidifies and when he teleports, Obito is vulnerable.

And that's exactly when Peter chose to appear, ripping the mask from his head.

The mask clattered to the ground, revealing Obito's face to the shocked onlookers. Minato's eyes widened in disbelief, his heart pounding loudly in his ears. Outside the barrier, Kakashi gasped, his body beginning to shake.

Obito, his face now bare and filled with a mix of rage and humiliation, turned sharply towards Peter. "You!" he snarled, but before he could launch an attack, Peter was already outside the barrier, waving cheekily.

"Sorry, but this is between master and student, so I'll keep out of your business..." Peter's voice was light, but there was an undeniable firmness to it.

Frustration boiled over in Obito. With a roar, he tried to teleport away, intent to escape, but found himself hopelessly trapped in the barrier. "What?!" He shouted in shock, turning to Peter. "What did you do?!"

Peter's smirk only widened as he observed from the outside. "Sorry, that won't work. I made it so you can't run away," he called out, as the barrier pulsed with energy, sealing Obito's fate within.

In the quiet that followed the revelation of Obito's identity, Peter suddenly remembered something, his gaze shifting back to Minato, whose face was etched with betrayal and confusion.

"Hey, Minato," Peter called out, his voice cutting through the silence with an urgency that refocused everyone's attention. "Where's your wife? She needs help, right?"

Minato's eyes, clouded with shock, flicked towards Peter. Realization dawned on him as he remembered Kushina's perilous state.

Even amidst the chaos, a thread of trust wove its way through Minato. He hardly knew Peter and had barely noticed anything beyond his immediate confrontation with Obito, yet, amid all the uncertainty, he found himself believing in this strange, unknown ally.

"She's at our home with Naruto, she—she's probably not going to make it," Minato said, his voice cracking slightly as he turned to Obito, the man responsible for her condition.

"!" Obito's eyes flickered under Minato's intense gaze, and he looked away, unable to meet his teacher's gaze.

Peter nodded solemnly, the playful demeanor momentarily slipping away to reveal a genuine concern. "I'll take care of her. Just tell me where to go."

Kakashi stepped forward, his usual composure replaced by a palpable sense of urgency. "I'll show you," he said, determination steeling his voice.

Peter glanced at the minuscule form of Kurama, now no larger than a small dog but still as formidable in spirit. "Want to tag along?" he asked, half-joking yet sincere.

Kurama, his dignity bruised but curiosity piqued, gave a reluctant nod. "Sure, why not?" He responded, hoping to use this opportunity to escape.

Ignoring the murmurs of dissent from the surrounding ninjas, Peter drew a spell circle in the air with a swift motion of his hand. The runes glowed briefly before firing towards Kurama, not only releasing him but shrinking his body to the size of a small puppy.

"What?! What did you do to me?!" Kurama's roar, unexpectedly high-pitched, drew astonished and amused glances from around them.

With a smirk, Peter nodded to Kakashi. "Lead the way."

Kurama, scrambling after Peter and Kakashi, yelped, "Hey! Change me back right now!"