

Marvel Manifestor

Chapter 111 - 111 – News of Captain America

"I want my bird."

"Your... what?"

Justin Hammer blinked, completely thrown off. Bird? What kind of bird? Flying kind? Talking kind? Did he mean literally or metaphorically?

"My bird. A parrot," Vanko replied flatly. "I need it. Without it, I lose my inspiration."

Whether he actually needed the bird or just wanted to test Hammer's patience was anyone's guess.

"Fine," Hammer said quickly, waving it off. "A parrot's easy. You'll have your bird."

He didn't even hesitate—what was a bird compared to the billions he was spending? With enough money, you could get a flock of parrots if you wanted.

Meanwhile, at S.H.I.E.L.D. Headquarters—

After rooting out the remaining Hydra infiltrators, Nick Fury had been busy rebuilding the agency from the ground up. He was recruiting new agents, training fresh operatives from the S.H.I.E.L.D. Academy, and trying to patch up the mess Hydra had left behind.

But manpower was still thin, and most of the replacements were rookies—young, green, and overconfident. Fury was so stressed that he half-joked to himself that he might actually grow hair again out of pure frustration.

His hatred for Hydra deepened by the day.

Just then, Agent Coulson burst into the office, his face practically glowing with excitement.

Fury froze. Coulson—his calm, composed right-hand man—rarely looked like this. The man was usually as steady as they came. What on earth could make him this giddy?

"What is it?" Fury asked warily. "If it's another false alarm, I swear—"

"Director, guess what intel we just got?" Coulson said, grinning like a kid with a secret.

Fury's expression darkened instantly. Great. Now Coulson was playing coy like Natasha. "Spit it out, or I'll have you reassigned to the Arctic to feed seals."

Honestly, Fury couldn't take it anymore. His team was made up of one woman who constantly went rogue, another who brooded like she'd swallowed a lemon, and now Coulson—his most reliable agent—was learning to tease him too.

Coulson only grinned wider. "Actually, Director, that might not be such a bad idea this time."

Fury blinked. "...What?"

Coulson handed over a file folder, his hands practically trembling with excitement.

"Director, we got this from a Hydra mole during interrogation. There's reason to believe that Captain America might still be alive."

Fury's single eye widened. "Alive? What do you mean, alive?"

Coulson nodded eagerly. "Hydra found traces of something in the Arctic Circle. There's evidence suggesting Captain America was frozen—not dead."

"Frozen..." Fury muttered, sinking into his chair, mind racing. It made a twisted kind of sense. Rogers had gone down in that crash with the Tesseract aboard, right into the icy seas. If he'd been preserved by the cold...

It wasn't impossible. Just improbable.

"Any word about the Tesseract?" Fury asked. He hadn't forgotten—it had been on the plane when Rogers went down.

"Yes, sir," Coulson replied. "According to the Hydra agent, they weren't even looking for Captain America—they were after the Tesseract. Finding Rogers was... an accident."

That made sense. Fury drummed his fingers on the desk, deep in thought.

"I see. In that case..." He paused, then looked up at Coulson.

Coulson's heart was pounding. His eyes practically sparkled.

"Agent Coulson," Fury said. "You'll notify Barton. He'll lead a team to the Arctic Circle to locate both Captain America and the Tesseract."

Coulson froze. His whole body slumped like someone had pulled the plug on his soul.

"Wait—what?! Director, you can't do this! Barton's a good soldier, but he's not a search-and-rescue guy! He'll just shoot at the ice! Let me go! Please, send me!"

Coulson dropped to his knees dramatically, clutching Fury's leg. "Director, I need this! You can't deny me this! I've served loyally for years! I've lost my hair for this job! Have mercy on a lonely, balding man!"

Fury just smirked, clearly enjoying this. That'll teach you to play games with me, Phil.

He held up his phone and started snapping photos. "Hold still. This is going in your personnel file."

Then, after a few seconds, he handed Coulson a folder.

"Here. This one's for you."

Instant mood swing—Coulson shot up, grinning from ear to ear. "Yes, sir! I won't let you down!"

He flipped open the folder eagerly... and immediately went pale.

"Director... you're kidding, right?"

Inside were a series of photographs—barren deserts, burned terrain, and one particularly striking shot of a massive circular scorch mark etched into the sand.

The coordinates? Somewhere between Colorado and New Mexico.

Coulson stared at it in despair, then glanced around the office for a wall sturdy enough to bash his head against.

"Director... if you want me dead, just say so..."

Fury was laughing now, thoroughly entertained. "Relax, I'm kidding. You'll get your Captain America mission. But that'll come after you check out that anomaly in Colorado."

Coulson immediately perked back up. "Yes, sir! I'll handle both!" He stood straight, saluting sharply.

"Good. Tell Barton he's going with you."

Coulson practically sprinted out of the room, his whooping echoing down the hallways. The other agents glanced around nervously, wondering if the Director had finally driven him insane.

Once Coulson was gone, Fury picked up the phone and called Natasha.

After Lucas's return to New York, Natasha had been sent to Bavaria to investigate the mountain Lucas had literally nuked flat.

"Natasha, any findings?" Fury asked once the line connected.

"Nothing, Director," Natasha replied lazily. She sat on a balcony, sipping coffee, looking out at the bare, cratered mountaintop in the distance. "The whole place was obliterated. Locals say there used to be a castle there—belonged to the Strucker family, old aristocrats."

The breeze carried her voice through the line—calm, composed, and utterly unbothered—as Fury rubbed his temples, realizing the world was only getting stranger by the day.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - [Twilight\\_scribe1](#)

~~~~~

If you enjoyed Marvel Manifestor, please give it a Power Stone and leave a review!
Your support means everything.

~~~~~

## Chapter 112 - 112 – Vanko’s Escape

"Strucker, huh..."

Nick Fury narrowed his eye thoughtfully. The name stirred a memory—back when he first joined S.H.I.E.L.D., he had studied Hydra's classified files. One of their key leaders was indeed named Strucker.

"Collect whatever you can find and return," Fury ordered curtly. "There's no point wasting more time there."

"Understood, Director," Natasha replied casually, sipping her coffee with unbothered grace.

Truth was, her mission had been a complete bust. The entire mountain had been wiped clean—no debris, no bodies, no evidence. Nothing but scorched rock. It was as if the site had been erased from existence.

And deep down, she cursed Lucas for it. If not for that man nuking the mountain, she wouldn't be stuck babysitting a pile of ashes in Bavaria.

---

Meanwhile, in New York, the city was buzzing about one thing—the grand opening of the World Expo.

The purpose: to celebrate technological innovation, showcase industrial progress, and allow global tech giants to flaunt their newest breakthroughs.

Every major corporation had its own exhibition zone—Stark Industries included. Normally, Stark Industries occupied the centerpiece, the prestigious C-position, every year.

But this time, that honor had been taken.

By Hammer Industries.

Justin Hammer had announced that his company would unveil something revolutionary: their own line of Iron Suits—completely self-developed.

The claim sent the world into a frenzy. Could it really be true? Could someone other than Tony Stark build functioning combat armor?

Some scoffed, others speculated, and many waited eagerly for the day Hammer would either rise to glory—or be utterly humiliated.

After all, Tony himself had once declared that his armor was irreplicable. Only he could build it.

That statement alone made Hammer's claim front-page news. Ticket sales for the Expo skyrocketed; people were desperate to see if the "wannabe Iron Man" could actually deliver.

---

In Lucas's apartment, the entire group—Lucas, Tony, Pepper, Skye, and Wanda—sat together on the couch watching the news coverage.

Tony looked completely unimpressed.

"Justin Hammer? That clown couldn't invent a toaster that doesn't explode. Comparing him to me? Please—he's more sewer pipe than super hero."

He leaned back, rolling his eyes. He knew Hammer all too well—a second-rate imitator who copied everything Stark did, never innovating, only chasing the trend.

Lucas smirked. "Don't be so sure. This year might surprise you."

Tony scoffed. "Ha! Give Hammer a hundred years and he still wouldn't match me. I'm Tony Stark, baby. As long as I'm breathing, there are no surprises."

Lucas spooned a bite of pudding and said casually, "You forget someone—Vanko, that Russian brute. Word is, he's escaped prison. Care to guess whose doing?"

Pepper instantly caught on. "You think it's Justin Hammer?"

It made sense. Only someone with enormous influence could smuggle a high-profile convict out of custody untouched. Hammer had motive, money, and desperation—exactly the kind of man who'd use a criminal genius to level the playing field.

Lucas nodded. "Not think—know. You'll see for yourself at the Expo."

In his mind, Lucas couldn't help but think how pathetic Vanko really was. In the movie version of events, the man barely qualified as a villain. If Obadiah Stane had been there, he would've crushed Vanko in seconds. If not for his army of drones, Vanko wouldn't have lasted a minute against Tony.

Tony smirked proudly. "Let him come. He's not even in my league."

The next day, Natasha returned to the apartment with confirmation—Vanko had indeed been broken out by Justin Hammer.

No one was surprised. It was exactly what they'd expected.

Pepper, however, looked uneasy. "Tony, maybe you should stay put for a while. Hammer and Vanko are clearly after you."

Tony waved her off. "Relax. I've got a brand-new reactor. Power output's triple the old one. I could fry them both without breaking a sweat."

Then, as if remembering something, he turned to Pepper. "By the way, you're attending the Expo, right?"

Pepper nodded. "Of course. I'm the CEO of Stark Industries—it's mandatory."

Tony raised an eyebrow, then glanced at Lucas.

"My dear bodyguard," he said with a grin, "it's time you showed everyone what you can really do."

Lucas chuckled. "Nice try. I'm not your bodyguard anymore. But..." He rubbed his thumb and forefinger together suggestively.

Tony's face lit up. Ah yes—money, the universal motivator. He pulled out his checkbook and tossed it over.

"Write whatever number you want. I'll sign."

Lucas's eyes gleamed. "Don't mind if I do, boss."

He whipped out a pen from nowhere and began scribbling furiously, a satisfied smirk stretching across his face.

Skye, who was sitting nearby, snatched the checkbook out of his hands before he could finish. She tore the page clean off.

"We'll go with Pepper," she said firmly. "No charge."

Then she tossed the checkbook back to Tony.

"Now that's loyalty!" Tony said with a grin. "Good friends, good savings!"

Lucas's face turned pitch-black. He'd just watched a fat paycheck fly right out of his hands.

"Skye! You're a member of the agency—you can't just take side jobs for free! Every mission gets paid, no exceptions!" Lucas protested with mock righteousness.

Skye shot him a glare. "Oh please. You're just a greedy miser who dreams about money every night. You and your precious cash can grow old together!"

With that, she grabbed Wanda and Pepper and stormed out.

"Where are you going?" Lucas called after them.

"Shopping!" Skye shouted back without looking.

Tony and Natasha immediately burst out laughing. Watching Lucas lose an argument to a woman had become one of their favorite pastimes.

Tony leaned back, chuckling. "I swear, kid, you're doomed to be henpecked for life. You'll be whipped harder than one of my drones."

Lucas shot back instantly, "Says the guy who kneels for Pepper at the drop of a hat. Don't forget who's the real domesticated one here."

Tony's grin faltered for half a second—then he laughed louder than before. Pepper's influence on him was undeniable... and everyone knew it.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

If you enjoyed Marvel Manifestor, please give it a Power Stone and leave a review!  
Your support means everything.

~~~~~

Chapter 113 - 113 – The World Expo

"You're full of it! I'm Tony Stark! No woman can control me—don't be ridiculous!"

Tony puffed up his chest, but the quiver in his voice betrayed his confidence.

Lucas smirked. "Sure, sure... whatever helps you sleep at night."

Before Tony could retort, Natasha leaned lazily against the doorframe, her tone dripping with teasing charm. "You two are really something. One of you's been with so many women you could publish a photo book, and the other's juggling three girlfriends at once. Honestly, both of you should just be neutered."

Her words were sugar-coated poison—her voice soft and sultry, but her eyes were full of open disgust, as though she were staring at two piles of trash.

"Hey now! Watch what you're saying!" Tony protested loudly. "That's defamation! Do you even know what slandering Tony Stark means? My legal team is the best in New York. They don't call me the 'Lawsuit King' for nothing!"

Lucas leapt up beside him, arms flailing dramatically. "Exactly! I demand justice! I'm calling Matt right now! I'll sue you, sue S.H.I.E.L.D., and sue Fury until he's forced to drink his coffee without a drop of tea left in the pot!"

Natasha chuckled, brushing a strand of red hair from her face. "Go ahead. And when you get that photo of the Director without his tea, send me a copy, won't you?"

With that, she sauntered out, where Skye and the girls were already waiting to go shopping.

In an instant, the spacious office fell silent—leaving only two heartbroken, indignant men... and one lazy pig snoring on the couch.

"Brother..." Tony sighed, slumping down. "We live such miserable lives."

"Yeah..." Lucas rummaged behind the bar. "Drink?"

Tony's eyes lit up. "Now you're talking."

By the time the girls returned from shopping that night, they walked in on an epic scene—Tony and Lucas, clearly hammered, were locked in a fierce battle on the TV screen.

They were playing Injustice. One as Superman. The other as Batman.

"Come on, Clark!" Lucas shouted, furiously mashing buttons. "Show me what the so-called son of Krypton can do against the Goddamn Batman!"

Tony, standing on the couch, countered with equal enthusiasm. "You dare challenge a Kryptonian, you broke Earthling? I'll melt your toys with my heat vision!"

Their controllers clattered, the TV blared, and the table was covered with empty bottles and leftover snacks.

Skye, Wanda, and Pepper stood frozen at the doorway, completely speechless.

If it weren't for them, this household would've fallen apart long ago. The two geniuses could barely function outside of drinking, fighting, or breaking something.

Deciding to ignore the two drunken idiots, the girls moved to the other side of the room, chatting quietly until almost midnight.

By then, Lucas and Tony had passed out—sprawled across the sofa like corpses, their virtual Superman and Batman still gazing lovingly at each other on the frozen game screen.

Skye and Wanda sighed and helped carry Lucas back to his room, while Pepper—experienced as ever—dragged Tony to bed. Natasha, hands in her pockets, watched the entire ordeal with an amused smirk. "Your men, your problem," she sang before disappearing into her own room.

It was well past midnight before the girls could finally rest.

The next morning, Lucas and Tony looked like zombies—bloodshot eyes, dull faces, nursing glasses of milk with shaky hands.

Meanwhile, Pepper, Skye, and Wanda were already dressed and heading for Stark Industries. With the strength of those two girls, ten Vankos wouldn't pose a threat—even if they were wearing armored suits.

Wanda, in particular, had made huge progress. Her control over the Chaos Energy had stabilized to the point where she could alter the shape of small objects.

The World Expo was set to open the next day, with the main exhibitions kicking off that very night—leaving Pepper utterly swamped with preparations.

Natasha had disappeared again, probably on another covert S.H.I.E.L.D. mission.

By late afternoon, Lucas and Tony had finally recovered from their hangovers.

"If I ever drink like that again, I'm a dog," Lucas groaned, rubbing his temple.

Tony chuckled knowingly. "I think I've said that a few times myself."

They both turned their attention to the TV, where the news was broadcasting the Expo's opening preparations.

"Are you sure you don't need to be there tomorrow?" Lucas asked.

"Nope," Tony said nonchalantly. "Pepper's the CEO now. I'm just the pretty face. I don't need to show up."

Lucas shrugged. "Suit yourself. But I have a feeling you won't be able to stay away when things get interesting."

That evening, Natasha returned—this time dressed for business. She mentioned she'd be attending the Expo alongside Pepper, clearly under S.H.I.E.L.D.'s directive.

The next morning, Pepper and the girls left early for the opening ceremony. Lucas and Tony watched the broadcast from the apartment—bored out of their minds as one dull speech followed another.

"Does every opening ceremony on Earth look this identical?" Lucas muttered. "Even in my past life, they were just as painful."

Tony yawned. "Yep. Bureaucracy is universal."

Night fell. The Expo officially began—and the hottest attraction of all was Hammer Industries' exhibition hall. The world waited eagerly to see the much-hyped Iron Drones.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the CEO of Hammer Industries—Mr. Justin Hammer!"

The crowd applauded as Hammer strutted onto the stage in a flashy designer suit, moving with a strange, jerky rhythm that made Lucas cringe.

"Uh... is it just me, or does he look like he's missing part of his brainstem?" Lucas muttered. "Is partial paralysis a requirement for being a CEO now?"

Tony pinched the bridge of his nose. "He's trying to copy my stage entrance. And failing miserably."

In the audience, Pepper and the others sat front and center, watching the awkward dance unfold.

Natasha grimaced. "Does this guy have a neurological disorder?" she whispered, tapping her temple.

Onstage, Hammer finished his performance and began presenting his new suits—explaining that they were fully remote-controlled and divided into multiple specialized divisions: land, sea, and air, with additional variants for the Navy and Air Force Marines.

"And now," Hammer declared proudly, "please welcome our special guest—Colonel James Rhodes!"

The stage floor opened, and a man in a gleaming silver suit of armor rose into view—Colonel Rhodey, wearing the Mark II War Machine prototype.

Tony leaned back and sighed. "Yeah... I gave him that one. Mostly to shut the military and Congress up."

Lucas chuckled. "Smart move. Though I have a feeling that gift's about to bite you back."

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

~~~~~

If you enjoyed Marvel Manifestor, please give it a Power Stone and leave a review! Your support means everything.

~~~~~

## **Chapter 114 - 114 – Sky Full of Armor**

Officially, the Mark II suit had been "handed over to the military."

In reality, Tony had hard-coded so many security layers into it that only one person could operate it—Colonel Rhodes. The whole "for the military" thing was just for show.

Rhodey raised his arm in salute, and all the automated suits behind him did the same in perfect unison.

The audience went wild.

They had assumed Hammer's showcase would be nothing more than immobile display models—but these could move!

And the real surprise was yet to come.

Inside a control room filled with blinking equipment, Vanko sat hunched over a console, a toothpick between his lips, muttering in Russian as his fingers danced furiously across the keyboard.

"Stark... your end has come."

He hit Enter.

A sinister smile stretched across his face.

Back at the Expo, every single suit suddenly came alive. Even Rhodey's armor lurched forward against his will, weapons systems activating without command.

"Something's wrong," Natasha's instincts screamed. "They're being remotely controlled!"

Her words barely left her mouth when all the suits locked onto the audience.

Ratatatatatata—!

Gunfire tore through the hall.

Screams filled the air as chaos erupted.

"Protect Pepper! We need to move, now!"

Natasha barked orders, drawing her pistol and firing at the rogue armors—but the bullets merely pinged off harmlessly.

Onstage, Justin Hammer was frozen in terror, staring at his creations as they mowed people down.

"How... how is this happening?!"

A shadow flashed—then a sharp blow knocked him flat. Natasha loomed over him, her pistol pressed hard against his throat.

"Where is Vanko?" she demanded, eyes cold and murderous.

She didn't even need confirmation; only Vanko had the skill to override that many armored suits. Hammer could barely turn on a coffee machine without help.

"I—I don't know!" Hammer stammered, trembling violently.

Natasha frowned, then slapped him—once, twice, hard enough to leave red marks.

"Where is he? Don't test my patience."

When he still hesitated, she jammed the barrel into his mouth.

"I... I swear, I don't know!" Hammer blubbered, shaking his head like mad. "We— We had a fight! He left! I haven't seen him!"

"Useless trash."

Natasha snarled and fired a round into his leg, ensuring he wouldn't crawl away in the confusion. Hammer's scream filled the air before he slumped into unconsciousness.

Tapping her comms, Natasha reported, "Director, we have a situation at the Expo. I need backup."

At S.H.I.E.L.D. Headquarters, Fury watched the chaos unfold via satellite feed.

"Reinforcements are en route," he replied. "Keep civilian casualties to a minimum."

With Coulson and Barton still deployed in the Arctic, Fury dispatched Agent Melinda May—codename Cavalry—and Agent 13, a newly graduated recruit from the Academy.

Agent 13, real name Sharon Carter, was Peggy Carter's niece and had joined S.H.I.E.L.D. inspired by her aunt's legacy.

---

Meanwhile, in New York—Tony had been watching everything unfold on TV.

When the first explosions hit, he was already on his feet. "Pepper..."

He sprinted to his workshop, yanked open a large silver case—almost the size of a fuel drum—and began unlocking it. Fingerprint, retinal scan, passcode—click, click, click.

Inside gleamed a brand-new Iron Man suit.

"You'd better keep up," he tossed to Lucas before snapping the armor shut and blasting through the ceiling.

Lucas grinned. "We'll see who gets there first."

With a gesture, Onion materialized at his side, and together they soared into the night sky.

---

At the Expo, Skye and Wanda shielded Pepper as they fled through the chaos.

Dozens of rogue armors filled the air, raining bullets and missiles indiscriminately.

Ratatatatata—!

Gunfire erupted behind them. Pepper turned and saw a suit leveling its machine gun right at them.

She ducked, covering her head—only for a surge of crimson energy to flash before her eyes.

A translucent red barrier flared to life, intercepting every bullet mid-air.

When she looked up, Wanda was standing in front of her, arms raised, eyes glowing scarlet.

The bullets clattered harmlessly to the floor. Then Wanda clenched her hand.

The same crimson energy shot forward, wrapping the attacking armor like a giant phantom hand—

—and crushed it to shrapnel.

Pepper stared, speechless. She'd known Skye's powers were impressive—but Wanda's control over raw destruction was on another level entirely.

"You okay, Pepper?" Wanda asked, helping her up gently.

Pepper nodded shakily. "Y-yeah... just scared."

"Stay close."

A second red shield expanded around them, covering not only their group but also several panicked civilians nearby. The more people gathered, the larger Wanda's barrier grew.

Outside the dome, Skye was dismantling armors with her bare hands—each punch detonating a machine into flying parts.

Where Wanda was elegant precision, Skye was pure force.

---

Suddenly, heavy metal music thundered from above.

A streak of fire cut through the smoke and smashed into an attacking drone.

"I knew that idiot Hammer couldn't be trusted!" Tony's voice boomed from his speakers. "He's turned a world expo into a war zone!"

The red-and-gold figure stepped from the dust, triumphant.

The trapped civilians erupted into cheers—Iron Man had arrived.

Tony struck a flashy pose, completely unaware that behind him, Rhodey's War Machine had just locked onto him.

The turret on his back unfolded with a mechanical roar.

"Tony! Get out of the way!" Rhodey screamed—but the comms were jammed. His voice never reached outside the armor.

**BRRRRRRRRRT—!**

The Gatling gun spat a storm of bullets toward Iron Man.

A blur sliced through the air—Lucas descended from above, a sharp gust forming into a blade of wind that severed the gun barrels in an instant.

"I told you, you're too flashy," Lucas called out, landing beside Tony. "If I hadn't shown up, you'd be scrap metal right now."

"Please!" Tony shot back, puffing out his chest. "That pea-shooter couldn't even scratch my armor."

He said it with confidence, but both of them knew—without Lucas's timely cut, Tony would've been picking bullets out of his suit for weeks.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

If you enjoyed Marvel Manifestor, please give it a Power Stone and leave a review!  
Your support means everything.

~~~~~

C 115

Lucas's armor was made of advanced alloys, yes—but it wasn't vibranium.

No matter how tough it was, it couldn't withstand endless streams of high-caliber ammo.

Tony glanced at Rhodey's War Machine and snorted.

"Did you mount an entire weapons depot on that thing? Zero aesthetics. Absolutely hideous."

Even now, he still had the mood to mock Rhodey.

Rhodey, however, was in no mood for jokes.

Every weapon system on his suit suddenly locked onto Tony again.

"Tony! My weapons are auto-targeting you—I can't stop it!"

He shouted with everything he had, and this time his voice finally managed to cut through the suit's jammed speakers.

"Damn it! Rhodey, who did you hand that armor over to?! After this is over I'm taking it back—personally—and smashing it into pieces!"

To avoid hurting civilians, Tony shot upward.

Rhodey's armor followed helplessly, and behind him, over thirty rogue Hammer drones rose too—all locking onto Tony in pursuit.

"That bastard Vanko! If I ever get my hands on him—!"

A barrage of bullets and rockets streaked toward Tony as he zig-zagged through the air, cursing nonstop.

"Lucas! Bro! You're not seriously going to watch me die here, right?!"

Lucas pulled out his phone, recorded a few seconds of Tony fleeing for his life, then finally answered:

"Of course not. We're brothers. I'd never watch you fall into danger."

Tony lit up. "Good man!"

Then Lucas added cheerfully:

"That's why I'll just close my eyes and not look!"

"Alright, don't blame me for what happens next!!"

Tony abruptly dove—straight toward Lucas.

"Seriously?! You old gremlin, that's dirty!"

Lucas cursed and shot upward on Onion's back.

From below, the scene looked like a game of tag:

Lucas fleeing for his life → Tony chasing him → Rhodey (unwillingly) chasing Tony → a whole fleet of killer drones chasing Rhodey.

Wanda stared upward, horrified.

"Did... the drinks from two nights ago fry their brains?"

Skye nodded immediately. Pepper looked like she might faint from worry.

High above, Lucas continued dodging gunfire, when suddenly a thought struck him—something he needed to test.

He summoned Judgment into his hand.

Bang!

Timing it perfectly, he fired.

A blue round streaked through the sky and punched clean through the arc reactor on a drone's chest, leaving a wide, bowl-sized hole.

The drone sputtered, lost all power, and plummeted—shattering into pieces on impact.

"It works!"

Lucas brightened.

Judgment was lethal against anything non-human.

He hadn't expected mechanical life to count too—but apparently it did.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Shot after shot rang out.

Drone after drone dropped from the sky.

Within minutes, the original thirty-plus drones had been reduced to fewer than ten.

"Beautiful work, Lucas!" Tony whooped as he fired repulsor blasts into the remaining drones.

With the new element powering his suit, Tony's energy output was leagues beyond his old model—no more rationing repulsors. Now he could fire freely without fear of drain.

Meanwhile, Happy sped through dense traffic with Natasha in the back seat.

S.H.I.E.L.D. had already pinpointed Vanko's location, and they were rushing there now.

Natasha was changing into her combat suit—right there in the car.

Happy's eyes kept drifting toward the rearview mirror, practically glued to the sight of pale skin and a flawless figure.

Honk!

The blaring horn from another car jolted him.

He jerked the wheel back into position.

"Eyes forward," Natasha said flatly. "And drive carefully."

She lifted one long, jade-smooth leg to pull on her suit pants, and Happy's throat went dry.

"S-sorry!"

He faced forward, but his gaze still flicked to the mirror every few seconds.

Soon, Natasha was fully geared up—and they arrived.

"I'm going in. You stay with the car and be ready to assist."

The Black Widow stepped out—curves, confidence, and lethal grace on full display.

"What? Hey, I'm a skilled fighter! Don't underestimate me."

Happy puffed out his chest.

No way he was staying behind.

"Fine," Natasha said coolly. "Come with me. Just don't slow me down."

The moment they stepped inside, a massive security guard appeared.

"Leave him to me!"

Happy cracked his knuckles, assumed a boxer's stance, and rushed forward.

Natasha didn't even glance back—she simply continued deeper inside.

Down one corridor, nearly ten guards rushed her from both sides, all armed with shock batons.

"Oh? Looks like I get to have some fun."

She smiled faintly and walked forward.

"Get her!"

"She's alone!"

They swarmed.

Natasha moved like a dance of blades—fluid, precise, effortless.

In mere seconds, every guard lay sprawled unconscious on the floor.

She finished with a scissor-leg takedown and a perfectly graceful superhero landing.

"Woohoo! I did it! I took him down!"

Happy staggered back into view—soaked in sweat—very proud of finally knocking out his single opponent.

Then he turned and saw the hallway behind Natasha—ten men down, all perfectly neutralized.

His excitement died instantly, replaced by the deepest, quietest despair.

"Come on," Natasha said sweetly. "Let's find Vanko."

He followed, deflated.

Soon, they located the correct room.

Natasha drew her pistol, and they approached quietly.

"Kick the door."

Happy nodded, braced himself, and delivered a full-force kick.

BOOM!

The door flew off its hinges.

Natasha slid inside like a striking serpent.

"Don't move!"

She froze.

The room was empty.

No Vanko—only banks of computers... and a prominent countdown timer ticking away.

Her expression darkened.

She rushed to the keyboards, trying to bypass the program—but after several attempts, she hissed in frustration.

"Damn it! Should've brought Skye."

She kicked the desk hard, pulled out her phone, and dialed.

"Skye, I've got a problem. I need you—there's a program here I can't crack."

Natasha spoke fast, urgency sharp in her voice.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

~~~~~

If you enjoyed Marvel Manifestor, please give it a Power Stone and leave a review! Your support means everything.

~~~~~

C 116

"Skye, I've got a problem. I need you to crack a program for me,"

Natasha said urgently.

Inside Wanda's protective barrier, Skye froze for half a second.

"Right now? How am I supposed to get to you?"

"I've got a USB that can link with your system remotely. As long as you find any computer that can connect to the internet, you can get in."

Skye nearly choked.

"At a time like this?? Where am I supposed to find a working computer? You're joking!"

Under normal circumstances, a tech expo was full of computers.

Right now, after being bombed into a warzone?

She'd be lucky to find a cell phone that wasn't smashed.

"Then hurry up and look, little ancestor! We've got less than thirty minutes before everything goes to hell!"

Skye turned toward the panicked crowd inside Wanda's barrier and shouted:

"Does anyone have a working internet connection?! I need a computer—urgent!!"

People looked at her immediately.

They all knew she and the red-haired girl protecting them were together.

Seeing Wanda shielding them with such power, no one hesitated—they started searching and asking around.

"There! Over there!"

A young voice called out.

Skye spun toward it.

It was a kid wearing an Iron Man helmet and a checkered shirt, pointing toward a corner where several busted laptops lay in a pile.

Skye ran over—but whether any of those laptops still functioned was another question entirely.

"Be careful!"

Pepper warned, wiping the sweat from Wanda's forehead.

Wanda was visibly trembling now.

Maintaining the energy barrier this long was draining her chaos magic at a frightening rate. Her face had gone pale, but she gritted her teeth and held on.

Skye bolted out of the barrier—just as two drones locked onto her and dove from the sky.

"Skye!! Watch out!!"

Pepper screamed.

Skye didn't think—she hurled herself forward, rolling across the ground.

BRRRRRRRT!!!

A storm of bullets shredded the tiles behind her.

Chunks of concrete and dirt exploded upward in a fountain.

Skye scrambled to her feet, hands glowing with rippling quake energy.

The two drones dropped low, aiming their arm cannons directly at her.

"HAH!!!"

Skye thrust her palms forward.

WHOOOM!!!

A compressed wave of vibration shot out—so dense it warped the air.

Both drones were erased mid-air.

Not blown up—not shattered—erased, disintegrating at the molecular level.

Skye stared at her hands, horrified. She'd never produced anything like that.

"Ha—!"

She tried to repeat it.

Agony shot up her arms.

"AHHH!!!"

Her hands twisted unnaturally—bones cracking.

The pain hit so sharply she collapsed to her knees.

"—Tss!!"

Skye clenched her teeth.

Whatever she'd done a moment ago...

It wasn't something she could repeat at will.

Ignoring the pain, she staggered to the pile of laptops.

By sheer luck, one was damaged but still usable.

Back inside the barrier, her hands were swollen and purplish, shaking violently.

There was no way she could type.

"Pepper, you do it. Follow my instructions."

Skye breathed through the pain, sweating heavily.

Pepper's eyes reddened when she saw Skye's broken hands.

"Skye, your hands—!"

"Time... we're running out..."

She hid her arms behind her back to stop herself from looking.

Pepper nodded hard.

"Tell me what to do."

Skye had her put on a headset, then dialed Natasha.

"I found a computer. What do we do?"

Natasha, too focused on the crisis, didn't yet notice Skye's condition.

"I'm giving you an IP address. Once you're connected, you'll have remote access."

She plugged in the USB and transmitted the IP.

With Skye directing Pepper, they hacked into Natasha's computer successfully.

The bright red countdown filled the screen.

Both women sucked in a sharp breath.

This was unmistakably a detonation timer.

Skye began firing strings of code into the system.

"The person who built this... is a genius. I can't break this from here alone. I need you to work with me."

"How?"

Natasha immediately sat down and focused.

Skye guided both Pepper and Natasha simultaneously.

As expected—Vanko's program was a mass self-destruction trigger.

Once the countdown finished, every remaining drone would explode—including the one Rhodey was trapped inside.

To disable the bomb, they first had to break Vanko's remote-control hold on the drones.

The master override was in Natasha's room—a one-way programmed lock.

"You see a screen with switch-like icons?"

Natasha checked quickly.

There was only one display that resembled a toggle—a humanoid silhouette.

"I've got it."

"How many are still lit?" Skye asked.

Any drones already destroyed wouldn't show up—their control nodes were gone, leaving only the self-destruct trigger active.

The lit icons represented the drones still chasing Tony and Lucas.

"Seven."

"Okay. I'm going to breach one of them—but it's random. When you see any icon glitch, you must hit the switch immediately. You've got one second. That should short the system."

Natasha nodded.

"One second is plenty. I'm ready."

"Starting."

Skye gave the command.

Pepper typed.

A second later—one humanoid icon turned bright red.

Natasha instantly selected it and pressed Enter.

—

High above the expo—

Lucas aimed Judgment at a nearby drone.

Before he could fire, the drone suddenly jerked like it had been electrocuted.

Sparks erupted, lights flickering wildly—then it spiraled downward and exploded on the ground like a firework.

Lucas blinked.

"...What the hell? Tony, did you do that?"

He stared over at Tony, who was weaving between missiles.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~  
If you enjoyed Marvel Manifestor, please give it a Power Stone and leave a review!  
Your support means everything.

c 117

"It's definitely not me!

If it were, would we still be running for our lives?" Tony shouted back.

He could tell at a glance that the drone had fallen because its electronics had short-circuited.

But it wasn't raining, and no one had touched the drone.

Short-circuit? Now?

What was this, a defective product?

Before the two could process it, another drone jittered violently and dropped from the sky in the exact same way.

"Someone's breaking the drones' control link!"

Tony immediately understood.

Only forcibly burning out the control module would cause this.

Lucas instantly thought of Skye.

He looked toward the barrier below.

Sure enough—Skye was standing behind Pepper, giving instructions while Pepper typed furiously.

Lucas didn't think further.

If Skye could break the control, then everything else could be handled.

Suddenly, Rhodey—flying right behind Tony—started spiraling.

His suit's control system completely failed.

Rhodey's vision blacked out for a second, and he plummeted helplessly toward the ground.

"TONY! Tony—my system's down! Help me!!"

Rhodey shouted with all the strength he had, his voice cracking with panic.

Tony swerved instantly and dived.

Just a few meters from the ground, he swooped in and caught Rhodey in a full-on princess carry.

At that moment, Rhodey's backup system kicked in.

His armor rebooted—this time under his control only.

"Wow—look at you. You really trashed my suit there, buddy," Tony said dryly.

Rhodey practically tore himself out of Tony's arms.

As a proud U.S. Army colonel, being princess-carried by another man?

Humiliation of the century.

How was he supposed to look anyone in the eye again?

Once steady, Rhodey shot back into the air.

"Colonel Rhodes is pissed off. Time to shred some scrap metal!"

His arm compartments snapped open, revealing terrifyingly large-caliber barrels.

He charged straight at a drone.

Originally, he intended to use the Gatling on his back—

But Lucas had sliced that entire assembly off earlier with a wind blade.

Rhodey grabbed a drone by the neck, jammed the gun barrel to it—

**BRRRRRT!!!**

He used the machine gun like a sword,

Sawing the drone cleanly in half with nothing but bullets.

Black oil sprayed everywhere like blood, drenching Rhodey's armor.

The scene was downright horrifying.

Then Rhodey went completely berserk—

turning into a flying artillery platform,

guns and cannons deploying all over his armor.

"DIE!! DIE!!!"

Fire spewed from every part of his suit,

a rainstorm of bullets and missiles wiping out every remaining drone.

Lucas and Tony hovered side-by-side, stunned.

"...Was he locked up too long? Did he go feral?" Lucas muttered.

Tony scoffed, "Seriously, does he have some kind of fear of low firepower? He took a perfectly good War Machine and turned it into junkyard cosplay. Ruined my Mark II."

Tony had never added heavy ballistic weapons to his suits—

They weren't elegant enough.

He preferred energy weapons, arc tech, clean futuristic design.

Still—Rhodey's rampage got the job done.

Every drone was annihilated.

With the fight over, the three landed.

Wanda, seeing the danger gone, released her barrier—

and immediately fainted from exhaustion.

S.H.I.E.L.D. agents arrived at that moment.

Melinda May and Sharon Carter were already organizing evacuation.

Pepper rushed Wanda and Skye to Stark's private hospital.

Wanda was only drained, but Skye wasn't so lucky—

her hands were fractured again.

If she weren't Inhuman, her hands would've ended up like Doctor Strange's.

Lucas made a note:

It was time to bring up vibranium for Skye.

Otherwise she'd cripple herself sooner or later.

—

FWOOOM—!!

A streak of light shot across the sky,

and a lightning whip cracked downward—

looping around Tony's neck and yanking him away.

"It's Vanko."

The electric whip was unmistakable.

But this time Vanko was no longer wearing a skeletal exosuit—

He piloted a massive three-meter-tall battle mech.

A complete upgrade.

"Shit."

Rhodey cursed and shot after him.

Lucas kicked Onion (his mount), blasting forward as well.

Tony struggled, but the whip was made of ultra-tensile conductive fibers.

There was no brute-forcing this.

"Jarvis—laser cutter!"

"Right away, sir."

A small cube deployed from Tony's wrist—

A thin, bright beam sliced outward.

Zzzip!

The whip severed like tofu, and Tony dropped.

He crashed through the glass roof of a greenhouse-like building.

"Ow—Jarvis, remind me to upgrade the shock absorption. My back..."

Tony groaned, pushing himself up.

Before he had fully risen—

WHAM!!

A dark shape barreled into him, tossing him across the floor.

"Well, look at that..."

The great Tony Stark, reduced to such a pitiful mess."

A towering mech landed heavily.

The faceplate slid open—revealing Vanko's broad, cold, Soviet features.

Cough "Knew it was you. You prison-breaking lunatic.

But hey—credit where it's due, you played Hammer like a fiddle.

I might go easy on you."

Tony stood, armor heavily scratched—full battle damage aesthetics.

Vanko sneered.

Gears shifted on his arms,  
and the cut whip extended again.

"Tony Stark...

Today is your final day, little thief.

The arc reactor's glory will return to its rightful owner."

"That so? I've got a patent you know.

For the next twenty years, it's legally mine," Tony shrugged.

He still had no idea why Vanko was obsessed with arc reactors.

"Damn you! Still running your mouth!"

Vanko roared.

The faceplate locked shut—

both electrified whips crackled violently, scorching twin trails into the ground.

Whoosh—whoosh—whoosh!!

He spun the whips with terrifying speed.

Even Tony's armor would be scarred deeply if those hit.

"Tony Stark, I should thank you.

I took your advice—boosted the power.

Much better this time, no?"

Vanko lashed at him wildly.

Tony dodged and counterattacked where he could.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

If you enjoyed Marvel Manifestor, please give it a Power Stone and leave a review!  
Your support means everything.

C 118

"Tony, I'm here!"

A violent burst of machine-gun fire tore through the air.

Rhodey charged in with both arms raised, unleashing a storm of bullets at Vanko's mech as if ammo cost nothing.

But despite the noise, the effect was little more than leaving shallow dents—nowhere near enough to break through the armor.

Rhodey landed beside Tony.

Just as Tony lifted his hand to fire a repulsor blast, Rhodey held out an arm to stop him.

"I'm using my Ex-Wife to blow this guy to pieces."

Rhodey's tone was deadly serious.

"...Your WHAT?!"

Tony stared at him, speechless.

Ex-wife? That kind of ex-wife? When did Rhodey get married—let alone divorced?!

He'd never heard of this.

Rhodey steadied his stance.

A circular launcher popped out from his shoulder.

Beep—beep—beep—

A rocket roughly the size of a thick marker pen locked in place, flames igniting at the tail.

"Firing!"

With a sharp whoosh, the Ex-Wife launched.

Wheee~~

It spiraled through the air like a cheap fireworks rocket, spinning straight toward Vanko.

Vanko stood firm, ready to counter.

Clink—

A crisp, humiliating little sound.

The rocket bounced off Vanko's armor like a pebble, dropped into a tiny puddle, and sputtered out.

The entire scene froze in awkward silence.

Rhodey's dark face clearly showed a shade of red beneath it.

"Hammer Tech?" Tony asked.

"...Yeah."

"I KNEW that clown was unreliable. And you still handed your suit over to him?!"

Tony's face went black.

"Give me a break. Ever since you shut down Stark Industries' weapons division, the military switched suppliers to Hammer Industries. What was I supposed to do?!"

Rhodey really had no choice—he knew Hammer was trash, but as a colonel, he had no say in procurement.

Just then, one of Vanko's electric whips lashed toward them.

Tony and Rhodey jumped aside.

The whip struck a tree behind Tony—splitting it clean in half, the cut charred pitch-black.

"Stark! Your death has arrived!"

Vanko stormed toward Tony, his electrified whips crackling wildly.

Tony countered with repulsor blasts, but even his improved beams couldn't punch through the mech's reinforced plating.

"Damn it—Jarvis, remind me to boost power once we get home!"

From Tony's arm compartments, dozens of micro-explosives burst out like a cloud of fireflies.

Vanko's mech simultaneously launched a spread of micro-rockets to intercept.

BOOM—!!

The shockwave shattered the entire greenhouse exterior.

Tony seized the moment, grabbing one of the whips with both hands and trying to pull Vanko in.

But he underestimated Vanko's strength—

Vanko didn't budge an inch.

Instead, Tony was gradually dragged forward as Vanko reeled the whip in.

"Tony—I've got you!"

Rhodey charged in to help break the whip—

only to be caught by Vanko's second whip.

Bzzzzzz—

As Vanko's gear systems spun, both whips retracted further, dragging Tony and Rhodey helplessly toward him.

"Tony, did you skip breakfast?! Pull harder!"

Rhodey dug his heels in like he was in a tug-of-war, but it did nothing.

Tony, straining with everything he had, couldn't hold Vanko back either.

"Now the real show begins."

Vanko's voice darkened.

The whip's electrical output surged.

"AAAHH!!!"

Both Tony and Rhodey screamed.

High-voltage current jolted through their suits.

Stark armor was insulated—but not for this.

Pain spread rapidly.

Tony's skin flushed red beneath the armor.

Even with most of the current diverted, some still flooded into their bodies.

"Lucas! If you don't show up, I'm gonna die out here!"

Tony shouted as several suit functions went offline—including flight.

At that moment—

A blue, crystalline longsword shot through the air behind Vanko—

cleanly severing both electric whips in a single flash.

The sword continued on, embedding itself deep into a nearby tree.

The recoil sent Tony and Rhodey flying backward, sparks crackling across their armor.

Paralyzed temporarily, neither could move.

"See? In the end you still need me. Hah."

Lucas stepped off Onion's back, launching himself skyward.

With a faint shing, the sword lodged in the tree shot back into his hand.

The moment he gripped the blade, Lucas spun in midair—

and unleashed a devastating slash straight at Vanko.

A shower of sparks burst out as Lucas landed lightly.

"What... what is this? Impossible!"

Vanko stared down at his chest.

A massive gash ran diagonally from his left shoulder across to his right waist.

His armor had been cleaved cleanly in two, the cut smooth as a mirror.

Pain surged through him.

Blood streamed out through the ruined plating.

He had never imagined—

Not bullets, not rockets—

but one sword could slice open his supposedly indestructible mech.

Rage filled his eyes.

In an instant, what remained of his electric whips shot forward like vipers, entangling Lucas.

Electricity surged—several times stronger than before.

"Die, boy!!!"

Vanko roared, funneling the mech's entire remaining power into the whips.

Enough voltage to incinerate a human instantly.

Lucas exhaled calmly.

"Electricity, huh?"

I know a little something about that too."

Purple lightning erupted from Lucas's body—

flooding back through the whip lines toward Vanko.

The moment the two currents collided—

BOOOOOOM!!!

A thunderous explosion shook the entire garden.

Bolts of electricity ravaged everything around them.

Plants withered and burned in seconds.

The greenhouse transformed into a wasteland of scorched earth.

Finally—

Vanko's whips overloaded and blew apart, ending the clash.

The air reeked of burning metal and ozone.

Vanko staggered, armor ruined, chest slashed, his signature whips destroyed.

"Hahahahaha...!"

He laughed wildly, blood dripping from his lips.

"Stark... looks like you win.

I guess God still favors thieves like you.

But it's fine...

I'll be watching from heaven when you fall into hell."

"You won't get that chance," Lucas said flatly.

"People like you don't go to heaven.

And God doesn't bother with nobodies.

You'll be crushed to dust."

Lucas raised his hand.

"Before you die, let me show you..."

what real lightning looks like."

The crystalline sword vanished.

In Lucas's grip appeared a dark-violet staff—

shaped like twisted branches, yet sharp like a ceremonial spear.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

If you enjoyed Marvel Manifestor, please give it a Power Stone and leave a review!  
Your support means everything.

c 119

"Lightning Storm!"

Lucas uttered a low chant.

Purple lightning instantly wrapped around the staff in his hand.

He swung it toward Vanko.

BOOOOOM—

Thunder roared.

A lightning bolt as thick as a water barrel dropped from the sky, striking Vanko directly on the head.

The violet thunder carried a destructive force capable of obliterating all things.

It tore through Vanko's armor and body without restraint—ripping, burning, disintegrating.

In an instant, Vanko's figure dissolved into dust within the storm of lightning.

Lucas flicked his wrist; the staff vanished, the lightning faded, and the Ultimate Divine Armament reappeared in his hand.

Tony and Rhodey stared in terror at the scene before them.

They had always known Lucas could command storms and even transform into a monstrous form—but those were all wind-based powers.

Now lightning—out of nowhere.

Both their brains froze for several seconds.

"Jarvis, update the file. Add lightning manipulation to the Anti-Lucas Armor specs."

Tony said solemnly as he stared at Lucas.

"All right, sir. Filing complete."

Lucas stored away the Ultimate Divine Armament, dusted his hands, and walked toward the two of them.

"You two back in working order yet?"

Tony nodded and adjusted himself into a more comfortable sitting posture.

"You never stop surprising me. Just suddenly picking up lightning control out of nowhere.

And hey, I just had a genius idea—what if I design a suit that absorbs electrical energy?

From now on, you can be my personal power bank. How about it?"

Tony felt his idea was absolutely brilliant.

Unlimited power supply: fire at full output, run out of energy, plug back into Lucas.

Perfection.

Lucas glanced at Tony and refused to dignify that with a response.

Rhodey gave Tony a disgusted look, silently disowning him as a friend.

---

Five Days Later

Lucas, Wanda, and Skye were lounging in the office watching TV.

The news was reporting the congressional ceremony awarding Tony Stark and Colonel Rhodes, and presiding over the medals was none other than that HYDRA-affiliated senator.

"Lucas, I want fruit."

Skye called out.

Both her arms were in casts—unable to move at all—so Wanda had been taking care of her these days.

"Okay, okay, Your Highness. I'll cut some fruit right away."

Lucas stood up helplessly.

As the only injured person, Skye enjoyed extra special treatment.

With Wanda at her side, they tag-teamed him into running errands all day.

Lucas thanked the heavens Gwen wasn't around—

otherwise he'd be serving three princesses at once.

No man would survive that.

Pepper wasn't here.

She had gone to the ceremony with Tony, and with the crisis resolved, they planned to move back into their newly rebuilt mansion.

Say what you will about American capitalism—

when capital demands efficiency, they can rebuild a mansion faster than anyone.

Jarvis's inspection confirmed that the materials and construction quality were all top-notch and environmentally friendly.

Truly, capital is capital.

In this "evil capitalist country,"

as long as the money flows, they'll smash the glass ceiling for you.

After learning that Skye was injured again, Gwen and Peter returned through the Chocobo Space Channel for a visit.

Seeing Skye's arms broken again, Lucas had no excuses—

Gwen scolded him thoroughly for failing to supervise Skye.

Peter laughed a little too happily—

so Lucas immediately drafted him as free labor to accompany him grocery shopping.

They later enjoyed a lively hotpot meal together—

except Skye, who was fully spoon-fed by Lucas the entire time.

"Anything else, Your Highness?"

Lucas placed the sliced fruit in front of Skye.

He swore he would find vibranium no matter what—

he refused to keep serving like this.

Skye kept inventing new ways to torment him.

Lucas had no choice—he'd made his own problem, and now he had to pay for it.

That night, Lucas hurriedly called Tony about the vibranium matter.

Tony was having a candlelit dinner with Pepper—

things heated, clothes half off—

and Lucas's call shattered their romantic moment.

"DAMMIT—! Do you have any idea what you just ruined?!"

If this isn't a damn good reason, I swear I'll tear you apart with my bare hands!"

Tony's rage practically blew through the phone.

He had been this close—

and Lucas ruined it.

Lucas froze.

Why is Tony so mad...? Did he swallow a grenade for dinner?

"Any progress on the vibranium?"

Tony nearly exploded.

Here he thought it was serious—

and Lucas was just calling about that.

Could he not have waited?!

Pepper chuckled softly at Tony's expression and walked toward the bathroom.

"Hurry up~ I'm waiting for you~"

That alone ignited Tony like a powder keg.

"Kid, I've got something important to do right now.

I'll call you later."

He immediately hung up—

and powered off the phone for good measure.

Tonight, he didn't care if Jesus himself knocked—

he wasn't answering.

He threw the phone aside, turned into the Flash, and sprinted into the bathroom trailing afterimages.

"...Weirdo."

Lucas hung up, shaking his head.

Tony was acting like he had some kind of illness.

Finally, after a long day of being bullied by Skye, Lucas prepared for a long, peaceful sleep.

Wanda stayed with Skye to help her at night.

She was gentle, attentive, thoughtful—

with a natural talent for caretaking.

Skye even joked she could marry her right now.

---

Late Night

Just as Lucas finally drifted off—

A roaring engine interrupted his sleep.

Lucas usually slept like a rock—

even thunder might not wake him.

But tonight, something was off.

"Who the hell—?! So annoying!"

He yanked the blanket over his head.

But the engine noise only grew louder—

coming closer and closer.

Fed up, Lucas snapped awake, opened the window, and unleashed a tirade.

"ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!"

It's the middle of the damn night!

Which little hell-spawn is revving that ghost-flame bike?!

Keep making noise and I swear I'll come down there and beat you so bad you'll never dye your hair blonde or ride that flaming piece of junk EVER AGAIN!"

Lucas spat curses like a machine gun.

But the engine didn't stop—

in fact, it grew louder and clearer.

Suddenly, a blazing trail of fire streaked down the street, racing toward Lucas's apartment.

Every streetlight it passed burst and shattered, plunging into darkness—

only for the fire trail itself to become the new light source.

Lucas's eyes widened.

"What the hell is that?!"

A faint laugh echoed from within the flames.

Then he saw it clearly:

At the front of the fire trail—

was a motorcycle.

And riding it—

a flaming, laughing skeleton.

"...A skull?

A flaming skull on a motorcycle...

Isn't that the damn Ghost Rider?!"

The skeletal head lifted—

locking gazes with Lucas.

And suddenly—

Ghost Rider raised a finger and pointed straight at him.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

If you enjoyed Marvel Manifestor, please give it a Power Stone and leave a review! Your support means everything.

c 120

"You... are guilty..."

The flaming skeleton pointed at him—

then revved his motorcycle and charged straight toward the apartment.

"Damn it— I almost forgot this guy's a complete maniac."

Lucas instantly ducked back inside and slammed the window shut.

With the barrier active, Ghost Rider wasn't getting in.

As expected, the Moogle inside the office lazily waved its staff, renewing the barrier—

then promptly fell back asleep.

Ghost Rider crashed head-on into the invisible wall.

His hellcycle was flung backwards, though he managed to steady it without being thrown off.

Unwilling to give up, he roared forward again—

but this time, instead of ramming the barrier, he jerked the handlebars at the last moment and rode up the wall, sprinting vertically toward Lucas's window.

Just as he reached it—

he threw a punch.

BOOM!

The impact shook the entire room.

Even Lucas heard it loud and clear.

But the strength meant nothing—

the window didn't even tremble.

Lucas rubbed his temples.

He wanted to ignore the guy.

Once morning came, Ghost Rider would revert back to normal.

Judging from the motorcycle, this one was definitely Johnny Blaze.

To be honest, Lucas actually liked this Ghost Rider—

not just because the actor in his previous life had been Nicolas Cage,

but because Johnny was a proper Rider.

Not like his successor—

who drove a beat-up car.

That wasn't a Ghost Rider.

That was a Ghost Driver.

Outside, Ghost Rider kept punching the barrier relentlessly.

Each blow was like a drum, impossible to sleep through.

And when a person can't sleep, they get very, very irritable.

Lucas reached that point.

"You noisy pile of bones!

I'm trying to sleep!

I swear I'm the Monkey King tonight, and I'm sending you back to the underworld myself!"

He sprang from the bed—

didn't even bother changing—

and launched a flying kick straight out the window.

CRASH!

The window shattered outward, and Ghost Rider was blasted off his bike, the flaming skeleton and motorcycle plummeting from the building.

Lucas looked down.

Ghost Rider looked up.

"You. Are. GUILTY."

"Oh for—! Do you ever shut up?!"

Ghost Rider mounted his bike again and charged.

Lucas kicked off the window frame and leapt down.

They met midair.

Lucas's kick struck Ghost Rider's chest—

but a bony hand immediately clamped his ankle.

With a violent swing, Ghost Rider hurled Lucas downward.

Lucas adjusted himself midair and landed lightly on the street.

The Judicator appeared in his hand, and he fired three shots.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

All three hit center mass.

Ghost Rider's bones cracked apart, three large holes torn into his ribcage.

He and his bike crashed hard into the ground.

The blaze in his skull dimmed significantly.

The Judicator's core was holy essence—

a natural bane to demonic beings.

Ghost Rider might once have been an angelic spirit,

but now he was a hell-forged revenant.

Perfect prey for Lucas's weapon.

Lucas walked up and kicked the fallen Rider.

Ghost Rider was barely moving, the flame in his skull fading into a weak blue flicker.

But Lucas knew—

Ghost Riders don't die that easily.

Besides, none of his shots were aimed at vital points.

Suddenly—

Ghost Rider's hand snapped up and clamped Lucas's ankle again.

The soul-fire surged violently, crawling up Lucas's leg.

Lucas frowned.

Knew it. This guy isn't staying down.

He went to kick him off—

but the grip was like an iron vice.

"Wind Blade."

A gust condensed into a razor-edged arc—

slicing clean through Ghost Rider's arm and severing it.

Ghost Rider didn't even flinch.

He only laughed, hollow and mad.

The severed hand crumbled to ash.

A new skeletal arm erupted from the stump.

With the flames cut off, the fire crawling up Lucas's leg faded, though the blast had burned his pant leg clean off—

leaving his thigh exposed.

In the next instant, Ghost Rider lunged, seizing Lucas by the front of his clothes.

"Look... into my eyes."

Ghost Rider's voice carried a supernatural pull—

and Lucas involuntarily met his gaze.

The Penance Stare.

Ghost Rider's greatest weapon—

a judgment that burned the soul of the guilty with hellfire until nothing remained.

A furious roar thundered from deep within Lucas's spirit.

Green and purple energy erupted outward,

shattering the Penance Stare instantly.

Ghost Rider's flames sputtered violently—

then extinguished in a single blow.

"That little trick doesn't work on me."

Lucas pressed the Judicator's barrel against Ghost Rider's forehead—

and pulled the trigger without hesitation.

The skull exploded.

Bones scattered.

"Can't even get a good night's sleep.

I spend my days serving princesses,  
and now I have to deal with you at night.

Do I look like I have time for this?!"

Grumbling, Lucas walked back inside.

His pajamas were ruined—

Gwen had bought them for several hundred dollars.

A complete waste.

The Next Morning

Lucas woke early and leaned out the window.

Ghost Rider and his motorcycle were gone—  
only scorch marks and wreckage remained.

He immediately checked the office surveillance.

Just as expected—

Ghost Rider didn't stay dead.

Around 3 a.m., the pile of bones suddenly ignited.

The skeleton stood, its skull regenerating in a burst of flame.

It looked up toward Lucas's bedroom window—  
then rode off into the night.

"Well, great.

Now he's fixated on me.

This guy's like cursed sticky tape—

you can't get rid of him."

Lucas sighed helplessly.

All because he opened a window and yelled at the wrong flaming skull.

Now he'd practically adopted a supernatural problem.

Skye and Wanda watched the footage too, and after Lucas explained, they finally understood what happened.

"So you're saying... he literally sold his soul to a demon? Hell is real?"

Skye asked in disbelief.

She never believed in heaven or hell.

Even after all her experiences, she still doubted it.

But a flaming skeleton on camera was hard to argue with.

Wanda, on the other hand, didn't care at all.

Whether hell existed or not was irrelevant—

as long as Lucas was here, that was enough for her.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - [Twilight_scribe1](#)

~~~~~

If you enjoyed *Marvel Manifestor*, please give it a Power Stone and leave a review! Your support means everything.