

Marvel Manifestor

Chapter 221 - 221 – The Golden Panther, Erik

"Show me how it works. I might be able to offer a few suggestions," Tony said.

"That would be amazing! Finally, someone who can actually discuss this with me—thank goodness!"

Shuri was practically overjoyed. In the past, whether it was research or suit design, everything had fallen solely on her shoulders. There had never been anyone she could truly brainstorm with. Now that she had finally found a kindred spirit, there was no way she was letting him go.

At the British Museum, a Black man dressed in loose hip-hop clothing, his hair styled in thick dreadlocks, stood quietly in front of a display case, studying the exhibits inside.

It was hard to say why, but most people like him seemed to dress the same way—oversized hip-hop outfits, baggy pants hanging absurdly low, an air of careless flamboyance paired with an unkempt look, topped off with a head full of dreadlocks.

Because of genetic traits, tightly curled hair often flared outward, and braiding it made it appear less unruly—that much was understandable. What was harder to understand was why they were called dreadlocks at all. The hair looked matted and heavy, like a mop, yet somehow was worn with a sense of self-satisfied swagger.

The man ignored the strange looks cast his way and remained focused on the African-style masks and weapons behind the glass.

At that moment, a sharply dressed woman carrying a cup of coffee approached him.

"Good morning, sir. Is there anything I can help you with?"

Her tone was polite, but the faint disdain in her eyes was unmistakable.

"I'm just browsing these artifacts," the man replied, turning toward her.

He wore an expensive pair of gold-rimmed glasses, yet the woman's condescension did not lessen—if anything, it deepened.

She was one of the museum's managers and had noticed him the moment he walked in. From the start, she had assumed he was there to steal.

To be fair, her prejudice didn't come out of nowhere. Years of crime statistics had ingrained certain assumptions into her thinking. Still, it was the kind of shallow judgment that defined many Europeans—judging people purely by appearance, regardless of who they really were.

After taking a sip of her coffee, she spoke again.

"I'm an expert in this field. If there's anything you don't understand, feel free to ask."

The man nodded and slowly scanned the exhibits.

"They're beautiful," he said. "And their history is fascinating."

He then pointed to a long-faced mask with curved goat horns.

"Where is this from?"

The woman followed his gaze.

"Oh, that one? Nineteenth century, from an African tribe called the Asante—modern-day Ghana."

He nodded as if in agreement, then pointed to another distinctly African mask.

"And this one?"

She barely glanced at it, clearly familiar with every item here, and took another leisurely sip of coffee.

"That's from the Edo people of Benin. Sixteenth century. Even older than the previous one."

She looked confident—self-assured.

"Mm. If you say so," the man replied lightly. "Then what about this?"

He stepped toward another display case. Inside was a long-handled metal object, one end sharpened like a pickaxe.

"That's also from Benin," she said without hesitation. "Even older—seventh century. From a very remote tribe."

Suddenly, her brow furrowed, and she pressed a hand against her stomach.

"Tsk... that's where you're wrong," the man said, shaking his head.

"What did you say?"

The pain in her stomach intensified, but professional habit kept her standing, though her breathing had grown uneven.

The man paid no attention to her discomfort and continued calmly.

"It may look like something your soldiers looted from Benin, but it actually comes from Wakanda. And it was forged from vibranium."

He smiled faintly, then added before she could respond,

"No matter. I'll be taking it."

Her expression hardened, as though she had completely forgotten the pain moments earlier.

"Sir, I must inform you that none of the items here are for sale."

"Oh? Then how do you think your ancestors obtained them?" he asked, stepping closer.

"Do you believe they paid for them? Or did they simply take them—just like they took everything else from other nations?"

She forced herself to remain composed. By now, she was certain the man was trouble—he had come specifically for the artifacts.

"Sir, I must ask you to leave immediately," she said, signaling to the nearby security guards.

He shrugged indifferently.

"From the moment I walked in, you had those guards watching me. But there's one thing you overlooked."

He glanced at the coffee in her hand.

Her eyes widened as she looked down. The pain exploded inside her, sharp and unbearable. She collapsed to the floor, unable to stand.

"Security! Something's wrong here!" the man shouted loudly.

Everyone's attention snapped to the woman writhing on the ground. Even the guards who had been approaching him froze, completely overlooking his presence as they rushed toward her.

An emergency call was placed immediately. Less than a minute later, paramedics arrived with a stretcher. At the same time, a woman at the front desk quietly slipped away.

The "paramedics" reached the fallen woman—then, without hesitation, pulled out guns and shot every security guard on site.

Screams erupted as visitors fled in panic.

"Move faster, Ulysses," the man said coldly. "Finish this before the police arrive."

He didn't spare a single glance for the woman or the guards lying in pools of blood.

The man who had arrived with the medical team was none other than the long-missing Ulysses Klaue. Disguising themselves as paramedics, they had come for the artifacts—more precisely, for the long-handled, pickaxe-like object.

"Don't worry, Erik," Klaue replied casually. "I'm always efficient."

He placed a hand against the thick glass of the display case.

The man called Erik—Erik Killmonger.

An MIT graduate. Former member of a covert special forces unit. Once given a chilling nickname: the Killer.

But Erik had another identity.

His real name was N'Jadaka—the son of King T'Chaka's younger brother.

A Wakandan royal by blood.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

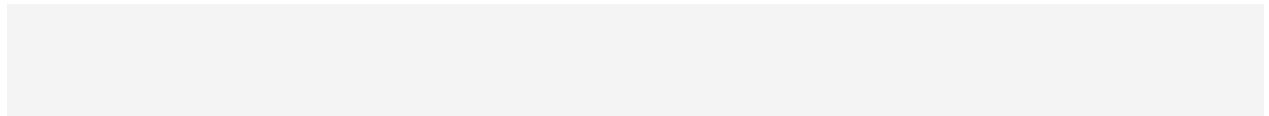
Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

Chapter 222 - 222 – The Black Panther Succession Ceremony



Erik had witnessed his father being killed by the Black Panther when he was still a child. From that moment on, hatred took root in his heart. He became obsessed with overthrowing the Black Panther's rule over Wakanda—though in truth, it was all built upon a grave misunderstanding, one he himself did not yet realize.

Ulysses' palm suddenly flashed with blue light. The thick bulletproof glass instantly shattered. One of his hands was artificial—he had lost the real one long ago while fleeing Wakanda.

Picking up the metal pickaxe, Ulysses gripped its pointed head with his prosthetic hand. A high-frequency vibration surged through it, and the black corrosion on the surface instantly crumbled away, revealing the alluring metallic sheen of vibranium beneath.

That's right—this so-called seventh-century "artifact" was forged entirely from vibranium. Wakandan vibranium.

"We've hit the jackpot, Erik!"

Ulysses stuck out his tongue and licked his lips, his excitement obvious once the vibranium was confirmed.

"Have you found a buyer?" Erik asked, removing his glasses and crushing them in his hand.

"Already arranged," Erik replied calmly.

Ulysses grinned, snapped the long handle in half, and carried the vibranium pickhead as he followed Erik out at a brisk pace.

"Wakanda will come after you," Erik said, his eyes fixed on a demon-shaped mask nearby.

"That's perfect," Ulysses replied indifferently. "I've been short on cash lately anyway."

He had escaped Wakanda once before without consequence—he was confident he could do it again.

"That thing's made of vibranium too?" Ulysses asked, noticing Erik staring at the mask.

"What kind of eyes do you have?" Erik scoffed. "That's obviously leather."

He stood up and casually took the demon mask with him.

The group boarded an ambulance that had already been waiting outside. The woman from the front desk was seated inside. When she saw Erik, she tossed her phone aside and wrapped her arms around him. On the phone's screen was the museum's entire surveillance system.

No wonder the alarms never went off—she had hacked the system long ago, altering all the surveillance feeds and security alerts.

Moments later, the ambulance sped away, disappearing down the road.

---

A few days later, sunlight shimmered across the rippling surface of a vast lake. Dozens of warships slowly approached from the distance. Accompanied by passionate dances and thunderous drums, Wakandan soldiers stood in perfect formation atop the ships, waving spears that gleamed with cold light, moving in rhythm with the beat.

Today was the coronation of Wakanda's new king.

Prince T'Challa would formally undergo the ritual and ascend the throne.

As the drums reached their climax and abruptly stopped, the soldiers slammed their spears downward in unison. An invisible sonic wave spread instantly from beneath the ships.

From the depths of the lake, three massive cylindrical structures slowly rose, voraciously drawing in the surrounding water. Gradually, the flow from upstream to downstream was completely cut off, revealing a canyon dozens of meters deep beneath the lake.

Gazing at the towering waterfalls and the sheer gorge below, Lucas couldn't help recalling a poem from his previous life—"The torrent plunges three thousand feet, as though the Milky Way fell from the heavens." Though he had never seen Mount Lu's waterfall in person, he imagined it must look much like this.

At the bottom of the canyon lay a wide stone platform. The group made their way through a tunnel and arrived there. The water on the platform barely reached their ankles—this was the sacred site where every Wakandan king had been crowned.

Lucas and Tony stood nearby, wide-eyed with curiosity, like two children, beside Shuri and Queen Ramonda.

A ship descended slowly toward the platform. Its hatch opened, and Prince T'Challa stepped out, holding a shield and spear.

His upper body was bare, black panther patterns painted across his shoulders and chest. His powerful muscles and solid frame made him look unshakable, like a living monument.

Facing representatives from dozens of tribes, T'Challa stood solemnly at the center of the stone platform, spear and shield in hand, awaiting the start of the ceremony.

An elder priest clad in purple robes stepped forward. His face bore sacred markings, adorned with ritual ornaments, and he carried a ceremonial spear. As he advanced, the drums and chants faded away, leaving only the roar of waterfalls crashing against stone.

"Leaders of the tribes, warriors of Wakanda," the priest proclaimed, "I, Zuri, hereby announce Prince T'Challa as the candidate for the next Black Panther. May the glory of our ancestors endure forever!"

Cheers erupted around them. T'Challa knelt on one knee, arms crossed over his chest.

"Now," Zuri continued, "if any wish to challenge the Black Panther, by tradition, there are only two outcomes—submission, or death!"

He struck the ground with his spear, and a powerful sonic wave rippled outward.

"Is there any warrior who would challenge? I will grant the ritual blessing, and he shall duel T'Challa."

This time, silence answered him. Every tribe present acknowledged T'Challa as the rightful successor, willing to entrust Wakanda's future to him.

"Tony," Lucas whispered, nudging him lightly, "don't you feel like this is just for show? Like everything was decided long ago, and this is just a formality."

"Well... now that you mention it..."

Tony rubbed his chin, clearly having noticed the same thing.

"You think if I raised my hand right now, what would happen?" Tony said mischievously.

"He's not even wearing his suit. If I went up there in armor, beat him, wouldn't that make me king of Wakanda? Then vibranium would be everywhere for me."

Lucas rolled his eyes. Tony truly dared to think big. If he actually tried that, neither of them would ever leave Wakanda alive.

"Go ahead, Tony. Don't worry," Lucas said, edging a little farther away. "I'll take good care of Pepper for you. Just don't say you know me when you're up there, alright?"

Tony immediately bristled.

"Hey—what do you mean by that?!"

They were still bickering when an elderly man stepped forward, accompanied by a powerfully built young warrior.

"The Merchant Tribe raises no objection to the prince's succession," the elder announced loudly.

Next, a group of warriors draped in cloth stepped forward—the border patrol tribe.

"The Border Tribe relinquishes its right to challenge!" declared their imposing leader, Wakanda's general. His son stood beside him, one of T'Challa's closest aides—and the husband of Okoye.

"We of the River Tribe also raise no objection," said a man whose lips and ears were adorned with large circular plates. Standing beside him was his daughter—Nakia, T'Challa's former lover and future queen.

Likewise, the leader of the Mining Tribe voiced no opposition.

After all the tribal leaders had spoken, the high priest finally turned his gaze toward Queen Ramonda's tribe—the royal family of Wakanda itself.

~~~~~

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 223 - 223 – M'Baku, the Gorilla King

"Your Majesty," the High Priest said, turning his gaze to Queen Ramonda,

"do any warriors among the royal family wish to challenge T'Challa?"

The royal family did not consist solely of T'Chaka's direct line. Other royal members also possessed the right to challenge T'Challa for the throne.

Queen Ramonda was just about to shake her head when, suddenly, Shuri—standing beside her—raised her hand.

The moment she did, it was like poking a hornet's nest. The surroundings instantly erupted into noise.

"Shuri, stop fooling around," Queen Ramonda said sharply.

"Be careful, or your father will punish you."

"Well... um..." Shuri said sheepishly,

"I just wanted to ask when the ceremony will end. My belt is way too tight—I can barely breathe."

She was half joking, but the belt really was uncomfortably tight, and the animal-tooth ornaments on her head were pressing painfully against her scalp.

Queen Ramonda rolled her eyes and grabbed Shuri by the back of the neck, forcing her to be quiet.

At that moment, the High Priest turned his attention to Carl and Tony.

"By tradition," he declared,

"anyone present at the ceremony has the right to challenge. Do either of you choose to challenge T'Challa?"

His words stunned the surrounding tribes. Until now, they had practically ignored Carl and Tony. Even if they had noticed them earlier, no one would have voluntarily mentioned this rule.

The High Priest's question made Queen Ramonda visibly tense. She had seen the combat footage recorded by the Black Panther suit—this seemingly harmless young man had shattered vibranium armor with just three sword strikes. And now, her son stood here without armor, nothing more than an ordinary man. He stood no chance against him.

Carl and Tony exchanged a glance. Both saw the same mischievous thought reflected in the other's eyes—a desire to give them a little scare. Tony gestured subtly toward T'Challa.

Carl immediately understood and raised his hand.

The crowd erupted once again. Even Shuri's expression darkened as she looked at Carl and Tony, not to mention Queen Ramonda herself.

"Very well," the High Priest said loudly.

"Since a warrior wishes to challenge T'Challa, then please—"

Before he could finish, Carl interrupted.

"Um... excuse me," Carl said, scratching his head.

"I just want to ask—when does the feast start after the ceremony? I've been here since morning and haven't eaten anything. I'm honestly starving."

Everyone—including T'Challa—froze.

No one had expected Carl to pull something like this. Combined with Shuri's earlier joke, the solemn atmosphere collapsed entirely.

A small boy in the crowd burst out laughing, followed by a wave of laughter that spread through everyone present. Even T'Challa couldn't help but smile.

This ceremony was supposed to be formal and sacred, but Shuri had already broken the tension, and Carl's antics only pushed it further. No one bothered to blame him anymore.

The only one suffering was the High Priest.

Twice.

He had been toyed with twice.

Enough was enough.

He just wanted to end this cursed ceremony and go eat. Did these brats really think they were the only ones who hadn't eaten breakfast?!

The High Priest glared at Carl through clenched teeth. The moment food was mentioned, his suppressed hunger surged violently, his empty stomach nearly protesting aloud.

"Since there are no challengers," he declared stiffly,

"I hereby announce—"

He raised both hands, his ceremonial spear pointing toward the sky.

"ROOOAAAR—OOOHH—OOOHH—!"

A thunderous roar, like that of a giant ape, suddenly echoed from deep within the cavern, cutting him off mid-sentence.

The High Priest was speechless.

Which bastard was this now?!

Couldn't they just let him finish so he could go eat?!

Were these people playing some kind of relay rescue like the Calabash Brothers?!

If he starved to death today, there wouldn't even be a High Priest left to conduct their ceremonies!

"WHO IS IT?!"

The High Priest roared, pouring all his pent-up frustration into that single shout.

The sheer force of his voice stunned everyone present into silence.

"Mother," Shuri whispered to Queen Ramonda,

"the High Priest seems unusually strict today."

"Close your mouth and watch," Queen Ramonda replied coldly.

"We'll deal with you later."

Shuri stuck out her tongue, utterly unconcerned. She knew that as long as T'Challa was around, her mother wouldn't truly punish her. Though they were half-siblings, T'Challa treated her like a full-blooded sister—spoiling her endlessly since childhood. Even Queen Ramonda had long since resigned herself to that fact.

All eyes turned toward the cave entrance.

A massive figure emerged—at least a head taller and far broader than T'Challa, towering like a living mountain.

The man's body was painted stark white, the opposite of T'Challa's markings. Black, claw-like patterns covered his chest. On his head sat a fearsome gorilla mask, radiating ferocity.

W'Kabi—the son of the Border Tribe leader and Okoye's husband—stepped forward instinctively, but his father stopped him with a firm hand.

"The Jabari Tribe!" someone shouted.

"It's the Jabari Tribe!"

"The Jabari Tribe?" Tony whispered to Shuri.

"Who are they?"

"The Jabari live deep in the mountains," Shuri explained quietly.

"They worship the White Gorilla God. They reject outside contact and refuse technology altogether, living a half-primitive, half-modern life. Most importantly... we don't get along with them."

Long ago, two tribes had fought fiercely over leadership. In the end, the Black Panther—armed with superior technology—had emerged victorious. Since then, the Jabari had retreated into the mountains, watching the other tribes from the cliffs above.

The masked man stopped in front of T'Challa and removed the white gorilla mask, revealing a brutal, intimidating face.

"M'Baku," the High Priest said sharply, stepping between him and T'Challa, spear raised.

"What are you doing here?!"

M'Baku—the leader of the Jabari Tribe—snorted.

"Why shouldn't I be here?" he replied coldly.

"Today is the coronation—and also the day of challenges. Why I'm here should be obvious."

He turned, facing all the gathered tribes.

"We have watched you from the mountains," M'Baku continued, his voice echoing.

"We've seen what you've become—and it disgusts us. You have betrayed the will of the ancestors, allowing a child to inherit and oversee Wakanda's so-called advanced technology!"

As he spoke, he raised his heavy staff and pointed directly at Shuri.

His meaning was unmistakable. The "child" he referred to was not T'Challa—but Shuri.

After all, she had only just come of age. In the eyes of others, she was little more than a child.

The guards around Shuri instantly raised their spears, forming a protective wall around her and Queen Ramonda.

Carl and Tony remained still. They were outsiders, and this was an internal Wakandan matter. Interfering would be inappropriate—so they simply watched, as if observing a movie unfold.

"She tramples tradition," M'Baku continued,

"and you—"

His gaze swept across all the tribal leaders gathered for the ceremony.

~~~~~

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 224 - 224 – The Challenge for the Throne

"And you—" M'Baku continued, his voice thundering across the arena,

"you would hand the throne to a cowardly prince who couldn't even protect the vibranium mines! How will you answer to the ancestors when they question you?!"

His words left everyone speechless—because he was right.

The loss of vibranium had indeed occurred under T'Challa's watch. When Ulysses Klaue stole that batch of vibranium, T'Challa had been the one responsible for it, and Klaue had ultimately escaped with it from his hands. That was precisely why T'Challa was so desperate to find Klaue.

"You may accept this," M'Baku declared slowly, emphasizing every word,

"but the Jabari Tribe—will not!"

He fixed a provocative stare on T'Challa.

"I, M'Baku, leader of the Jabari Tribe, formally challenge Prince T'Challa for the throne!"

As he raised both arms, the Jabari warriors who had come with him let out deafening roars, mimicking the cries of apes when they challenge and fight.

The High Priest raised his hands once more. Intense drums thundered through the air, the rhythm igniting blood and adrenaline alike. Music, after all, was the fastest way to stir emotion.

M'Baku donned his gorilla mask again, while the High Priest placed the panther-shaped mask—symbol of the Black Panther—onto T'Challa's face.

At the same time, warriors from both sides moved to the edge of the arena, forcing the crowd back and clearing space for the duel.

Both groups advanced with spears leveled, their tips aimed at T'Challa and M'Baku. This was tradition—to prevent either fighter from retreating. As the High Priest had said before, this duel allowed only two outcomes: surrender or death. Anyone who fled would be punished by both tribes.

T'Challa picked up his short spear and shield.

M'Baku hefted his iron staff.

The staff was no ordinary club—it was a long pole with a massive rounded head, capable of delivering devastating blows.

Standing between them, the High Priest slammed his spear into the ground, water splashing high into the air.

"The challenge for the throne—begins!"

The moment his voice fell, both men charged.

M'Baku swung his staff down with crushing force. T'Challa raised his shield to block.

A visible shockwave burst from the impact. The collision of vibranium, combined with its unique properties, rippled through the air itself. Water exploded upward from the surface.

Facing M'Baku's relentless assault, T'Challa relied on agility, weaving and dodging. In raw strength, he was clearly inferior—only speed and technique allowed him to hold his ground.

Each of M'Baku's strikes was heavy and overwhelming, amplified by the staff. A moment's lapse was all it took—T'Challa was knocked off his feet.

At once, both leaders' guards stepped forward again, spears tightening the boundary of the battlefield.

T'Challa sprang up, his short spear slashing out. M'Baku blocked with his staff, but T'Challa used the rebound force to leap forward, driving a powerful kick into M'Baku's chest.

Though weaker in strength, T'Challa had borrowed the momentum of the clash. The kick sent M'Baku crashing to the ground.

The combat circle shrank yet again as both sides' guards advanced another step.

"Hahaha! Now this is a fight!" M'Baku roared.

He rose and brought his staff down again and again like a war hammer, each blow heavier than the last. Even with his shield raised, T'Challa was eventually smashed to the ground. His spear and shield flew from his hands, and his mask was knocked free.

Seeing T'Challa unarmed, M'Baku discarded his staff as well.

The fight became bare-handed.

Without weapons, M'Baku's weakness emerged. His strength was overwhelming, but his movements lacked T'Challa's agility. Using swift footwork and sharp timing, T'Challa actually began to suppress him.

But then—one mistake.

M'Baku seized the opening, wrapping both arms around T'Challa's waist and lifting him clean off the ground.

His grip tightened mercilessly.

Then—

He slammed his head forward.

The headbutt struck T'Challa square in the face. Blood sprayed instantly from his nose.

"Ha! No strength! No claws! No special armor!" M'Baku bellowed.

"You're just a weak man! You are nothing! You are not fit to lead us!"

He smashed his head into T'Challa again and again, T'Challa's vision blurring as consciousness began to slip.

Through the haze, T'Challa glimpsed his mother Ramonda, and his sister Shuri.

A nameless fire reignited within him.

He had to protect his family.

He had to protect Wakanda.

"AAHHH—!"

With a roar, T'Challa forced his arms free and drove his elbow viciously into M'Baku's face.

Crack!

The gorilla mask shattered.

T'Challa didn't stop. He continued hammering his elbow into M'Baku's face in a frenzy.

Blood poured down M'Baku's face, yet his grip only grew stronger.

With a surge of strength, M'Baku hoisted T'Challa high and slammed him into the ground. T'Challa suppressed the urge to vomit blood and immediately lunged back, ramming M'Baku to the ground with him.

They grappled in the shallow water, locked in the most primitive struggle of strength.

Using his agility, T'Challa managed to snake his legs around M'Baku's neck, cutting off his breathing.

Once again, the guards advanced, shrinking the battlefield to barely the space of two bodies. At the far edge loomed the deep abyss carved into the earth.

M'Baku struggled violently, relying on brute force—but T'Challa gave him no room. His legs tightened relentlessly around M'Baku's throat, depriving him of air.

"M'Baku!" T'Challa shouted.

"Yield now! Don't force me to kill you!"

He was utterly exhausted; sheer willpower was the only thing keeping his legs locked.

"Impossible!" M'Baku rasped.

"I would rather die than submit to you!"

By now, he too was spent. Though he had held the upper hand for much of the fight, T'Challa's agility had drained his stamina far more than expected.

T'Challa wrenched one of M'Baku's arms aside, pinning it, and tightened his legs even further. M'Baku's face turned a deep purple—clear signs of suffocation.

The guards stepped forward yet again. The spear tips were now less than a foot from the two men.

The duel had reached its end.

Only one outcome remained: M'Baku's surrender—or his death.

"M'Baku!" T'Challa cried.

"You have already fought for honor and for the spirits of your ancestors. Yield now! Think of your people—they still need you! If you die here, how will your tribe survive?!"

T'Challa truly did not wish to kill him.

In this battle, he had come to acknowledge M'Baku—and to respect him as a warrior.

~~~~~

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 225 - 225 – The Panther God

M'Baku struggled to open his eyes and glanced toward the tribesmen and warriors he had brought with him. At last, he weakly patted T'Challa's thigh, signaling his surrender.

"ROAR—!!!"

The instant M'Baku yielded, thunderous cries erupted from all the tribes watching the duel. They imitated the victory calls of wild beasts, celebrating the birth of Wakanda's new king.

Lucas took out his phone and captured the moment of T'Challa's victory. His phone was filled with countless rare and bizarre photos—vampires, Thor's hammer, Quinjet fighters, and the like. But the most important collection was his record of Marvel's iconic moments, along with a fair number of unflattering shots of superheroes getting beaten up or embarrassing themselves.

Lucas treasured the phone like a priceless artifact, keeping it stored in his personal space. He rarely used it for anything else—only photography.

Tony was equally swept up by the raw passion of the fight. This kind of primal, physical clash was exhilarating, igniting every ounce of masculine adrenaline. Compared to this, modern warfare felt hollow. It lacked the collision of flesh and will, the confrontation of bodies and spirit. Modern wars were little more than killing for the sake of killing, long stripped of any respect for life.

No wonder so many people despised modern warfare. Combat that ignored strength, skill, and resolve had no meaning—only slaughter. After all, when even a three-year-old child could gun down a burly adult with a firearm, what was left besides indiscriminate killing?

"I hereby declare—T'Challa has successfully inherited the throne!"

The High Priest raised both hands and proclaimed loudly, holding aloft a necklace made from black panther fangs.

Before all witnesses, he placed the necklace upon T'Challa's chest. From that moment on, T'Challa officially became the King of Wakanda. Once the coronation ceremony was complete, he would rightfully sit upon the Black Panther Throne within the royal palace.

"Your Majesty!"

Voices rang out in unison. Wakanda had gained a new king—young, brave, and formidable.

"Wakanda forever!" T'Challa cried, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Wakanda forever!!" the people echoed, mirroring his gesture.

Everyone returned to the palace, where the old king, T'Chaka, had been waiting. He had witnessed T'Challa's valor from beginning to end through a live projection transmitted directly into the palace.

As the ship landed, T'Challa descended amid the crowd. T'Chaka stood at the palace gates, and the moment T'Challa stepped down, the guards on either side dropped to one knee.

Overcome with emotion, T'Challa embraced his father.

"Father! I did it!"

Tears welled in his eyes. In this moment, he had grown into a king—not merely a son.

"T'Challa," T'Chaka said solemnly, "from this day forward, Wakanda is entrusted to you. May you, under the blessing of the Panther God, lead Wakanda to even greater heights."

He took up the ceremonial sword and scepter that symbolized kingship and personally fastened the sword at T'Challa's waist.

T'Challa knelt on one knee, raising both hands above his head.

"T'Challa," T'Chaka continued, his voice no longer gentle but stern and resolute, "once you receive this scepter, you are the King of Wakanda. From this day on, you are no longer merely a son, nor a brother—you are the ruler of an entire nation. You will shoulder the fate of Wakanda itself. Are you prepared?"

"I am prepared to become King of Wakanda," T'Challa declared, arms crossed over his chest, eyes burning with resolve like a panther poised to strike.

"I swear it in the name of the Black Panther."

Only then did T'Chaka nod in satisfaction and place the scepter into T'Challa's raised hands.

The succession ceremony was now largely complete. One final step remained—earning the acknowledgment of the Panther God.

Soon after, T'Challa was led into Wakanda's secret cavern. Deep within the cave grew countless purple flowers, each bearing a crystalline violet fruit at its center, glowing with an otherworldly sheen.

This was the Heart-Shaped Herb.

Every Wakandan king, upon ascending the throne, drank the juice of this sacred plant to commune with the Panther God, gain its approval, and obtain physical abilities beyond those of ordinary men.

Inside the underground cavern, several elders tended to the Heart-Shaped Herbs. This was a sacred forbidden place, opened only during a king's ascension. Aside from the caretakers, no one else was permitted to enter.

T'Challa lay atop a mound of red sand at the center of the cavern, ready to consume the herb.

The High Priest approached, holding a small bowl filled with the violet liquid.

"May the Heart-Shaped Herb guide you to the Panther God," he intoned, bringing the bowl to T'Challa's lips.

After drinking the potion, faint violet light traced along T'Challa's veins. His consciousness slowly faded, and he slipped into darkness.

"May the glory of the ancient ancestors endure," the High Priest said.

He scattered a handful of red sand over T'Challa's body. Then several children, already prepared, began shoveling sand over him. Scoop by scoop, they buried him completely before stepping back.

T'Challa's consciousness sank deeper and deeper—until he found himself standing upon a vast, open savanna. Above him, the sky shimmered with hues of blue and violet.

Before him stood a towering tree, its branches filled with countless black panthers. Their glowing eyes fixed upon T'Challa below.

One panther leapt down from the tree. Its movements were so graceful that it made no sound upon landing, as light as a falling feather.

The panther slowly transformed, taking the shape of a woman.

She circled T'Challa with interest, even leaning in to sniff him lightly.

"So," she said lazily, her voice tinged with allure, "you're the current King of Wakanda, little one?"

"Yes..." T'Challa replied softly, not daring to meet her gaze, his head lowered.

"Hmmm... doesn't look like you're quite ready to be a king yet," she murmured.

She lifted his chin, her golden eyes locking onto his.

T'Challa froze, too intimidated to speak. He had imagined the Panther God as majestic and awe-inspiring—never as languid as a woman just awakened from sleep.

"What are you afraid of?" she asked.

Her fingers traced across his face, sending a strange ticklish sensation through him. Still, he didn't dare move.

"Let me take a look," she said casually.

Ignoring his consent entirely, she pressed a finger to his brow. In an instant, light flared once more in her eyes.

~~~~~

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 226 - 226 – News of Ulysses Klaue

Moments later, the woman looked at T'Challa with an amused expression.

"So that's how it is. I didn't expect your fate to end up like this after all. Still... there is someone rather special—someone who actually possesses the power of a god~~"

She had read T'Challa's memories and glimpsed fragments of what was yet to come.

"Those two are very special. If possible, do not make enemies of them. Simply maintain friendly relations."

Her voice remained languid and seductive, sounding both like advice and like an unquestionable command.

T'Challa didn't understand at first, but then it clicked. The Panther God was clearly referring to Lucas and Tony. Aside from them, everyone else was a child of the Panther God. If it were her own people, she would have named them directly.

"And whatever those two seek, you may grant it to them," she continued.

"Now go back. Be a good king. Don't disappoint me~~"

She waved her hand lightly. In a flash of light, she transformed back into a black panther, leapt gracefully, and returned to the tree.

At the same moment, T'Challa jolted awake, bursting up through the red sand and gulping down fresh air greedily.

The High Priest grabbed T'Challa's hand and pulled him free of the sand.

"I... I saw her... I saw the Panther God..."

T'Challa was still panting heavily, but he could clearly feel the explosive power surging through his body. He knew it—he had succeeded. The Panther God had blessed him. He had been enhanced.

---

Meanwhile, Lucas and Tony were strolling through the streets of Wakanda. Though Wakanda was a city of extraordinarily advanced technology, many streets still retained a strong sense of traditional culture.

"Do you think that kid T'Challa will actually succeed?" Tony said skeptically.

"Eat some random plant and suddenly become like Steve Rogers? What is this, Resident Evil? Is it a Sunflower or something?"

Tony still firmly believed in science. Even after witnessing countless mysterious phenomena, he always found a scientific explanation—just like with Steve or Bruce. To him, everything ultimately came down to science.

"Honestly, the Heart-Shaped Herb and a Sunflower aren't that different," Lucas replied casually.

"They probably both contain some substance that alters human genetics. We just don't understand it yet."

He picked up a fruit from a street stall, sniffed it, found it scentless, and put it back.

"Too bad I don't specialize in biology," Tony sighed.

"Otherwise, I'd definitely find a way to bring some back for research."

He was deeply curious about what made the Heart-Shaped Herb so special—and how it would compare to the Super Soldier Serum.

The streets were bustling with people. Some even led massive rhinoceroses around like livestock, strolling casually. Everyone else seemed completely accustomed to it—only Lucas and Tony stared in fascination.

"Say," Tony mused, "what do you think about me buying one of those and raising it back home?"

Lucas rolled his eyes.

"Sure. When you get locked up, I'll take care of Pepper for you."

Rhinoceroses were protected animals. Even though wildlife protection laws in the U.S. were relatively lax—and some places even allowed seasonal hunting—rhinos were absolutely not on the list.

"Relax," Tony said smugly.

"Who do you think I am? You think I'd go to jail just for raising a rhino? You're really underestimating Tony Stark."

In the United States, even if he raised a dragon, no one would complain. Government agencies would probably rush to help him file the paperwork. That was the power of capital—pure, unapologetic capitalism.

"Tch... right," Lucas muttered.

"I forgot you're one of those big, evil capitalists. Doing whatever you want."

Only then did he remember—capital in America could override almost anything, even the government itself. That was simply how the country worked.

After wandering around for a while, Tony was summoned away by Shuri. The custom Black Panther suit she had designed for T'Challa was finally complete, and she wanted Tony's input, since he had contributed ideas as well.

Lucas continued strolling alone, immersing himself in the unique culture and atmosphere of Wakanda.

---

At the same time, inside the royal hall, the leaders of the various tribes had gathered. Seated at the center was Wakanda's new king, T'Challa, with the former king, T'Chaka, to his left.

"Your Majesty, we have received satellite intelligence."

Okoye, captain of the Dora Milaje, held a small bead. A projection appeared above it, displaying an object shaped like a pickaxe.

"Yesterday, an artifact that was once mistakenly classified as belonging to another civilization—but is in fact Wakandan—was stolen from the British Museum."

As she spoke, the image shifted, now showing Ulysses Klaue.

"According to intelligence reports, Ulysses Klaue intends to sell the artifact. The transaction will take place in South Korea, scheduled for two days from now."

After finishing, Okoye returned to her seat, the bead snapping back around her wrist.

"For all these years, we have failed to capture Ulysses Klaue," T'Challa said solemnly.

"This time, we must bring him back to Wakanda to stand trial. Our people did not die in vain. Klaue must pay the price."

The incident still weighed heavily on him. Klaue had to be captured.

"Your Majesty, allow me to accompany you," W'Kabi said immediately.

"My brother was killed by that bastard. I want to capture him myself."

W'Kabi had already succeeded his father as Wakanda's general.

T'Challa shook his head.

"W'Kabi, I need you to remain here and guard the border. Wakanda's secrets must not be exposed. You are our first line of defense."

"Then, Your Majesty," W'Kabi said firmly, "please make sure you bring Ulysses Klaue back alive."

"I give you my word," T'Challa replied.

"I will bring that bastard back. He will face the harshest punishment."

T'Challa still vividly remembered the moment W'Kabi's brother—an earnest, fearless young man—had shoved him out of the blast radius and died in the explosion meant for him.

"Okoye, prepare yourself. You as well, Nakia," T'Challa ordered.

"Yes, Your Majesty!" Okoye responded, rising immediately.

Soon after, T'Challa boarded a craft and headed toward Wakanda's research facility.

Inside, Shuri and Tony were deep in an intense discussion. A projection hovered before them, displaying not the Black Panther suit, but an entirely new Iron Man armor, surrounded by dense streams of data.

"What are you two doing?" T'Challa asked as he approached, interrupting them.

"Ohhh~ Your Majesty~" Shuri said, giving an exaggeratedly formal bow, her face full of mock seriousness.

"Oh, knock it off," T'Challa snapped.

"I know you too well. Since when do you act this proper?"

"Hahaha~!" Shuri burst out laughing.

Tony frowned thoughtfully, eyes fixed on the armor's data.

"Do you think nanotechnology could really allow even Uru metal to be assimilated?"

~~~~~

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.

Tony looked at Shuri and T'Challa. He had already witnessed Wakanda's nanotech vibranium firsthand, but he wasn't certain whether Uru metal could also be nanofied. After all, that material wasn't just a physical metal—it carried inherent magical properties.

"Based on the data and characteristics of Uru metal you've shared," Shuri said thoughtfully, "I think it's possible. Vibranium and Uru actually share certain similarities in some aspects."

She no longer paid attention to T'Challa and returned to the worktable, continuing her research with Tony on the Iron Man armor.

Yes—Tony planned to upgrade his armor into a nanotech suit. That way, he wouldn't have to lug around a massive suitcase everywhere or rely on near-orbital armor deployment. It would drastically shorten response time.

Moreover, nanotech armor had self-repair capabilities, greatly reducing concerns about damage.

That said, Tony hadn't abandoned the concept of support armor. Satellite-deployed backup suits were still essential. After all, even nanotech armor wasn't invincible—once the nanites were depleted, repairs would stop.

"Tony, do you still have any Uru metal?" Shuri asked eagerly.

"I want to examine a physical sample and run some tests."

"Yes," Tony replied after glancing at the time.

"About two hours."

"JARVIS," he said, tapping the bracelet on his wrist,

"Activate the Destroyer armor at home and have it come to me."

Unlike Wakandan beads, Tony's wristband was relatively simple—used mainly to contact JARVIS and assist with armor positioning, without many extra functions.

"That thing is seriously outdated," Shuri said bluntly, tossing him a bead bracelet identical to the one she wore.

"This can replace your communicator, locator, scanner—pretty much anything you can think of. Just throw that junky wristband away already."

Tony examined the bracelet. Typical Wakanda— even their accessories were made of vibranium. Outrageously extravagant.

He had JARVIS scan it, then transferred all his data into the bracelet. He wasn't worried about tampering—if anything were off, JARVIS would detect it. While Wakanda surpassed him in raw technology, Tony had absolute confidence in his artificial intelligence.

And indeed, despite Wakanda's astonishing technological level, their AI development lagged behind. Most systems still relied heavily on manual operation, as if AI had been largely overlooked.

After switching to the bracelet and completing the data transfer, JARVIS informed Tony that the Destroyer armor was already en route.

The Destroyer armor was Tony's secret weapon—a suit forged from a vibranium–Uru alloy. He had designed it specifically to counter Lucas. Though it hadn't been tested yet, Tony was confident it could stand toe-to-toe with him.

"Are you two done yet?" T'Challa finally spoke up.

"Isn't it my turn now? Where's my Black Panther suit?"

He had been standing there waiting for over ten minutes.

"Oh, right—your suit's over here," Shuri said casually.

She and Tony led T'Challa to the Black Panther armor.

"By the way," Shuri added, suddenly remembering,

"I've already arranged for a car to be shipped to Korea ahead of time. Who are you going with? Do you want me to send another one?"

"Korea?" Tony asked, intrigued.

"Wakanda does business with Korea now?"

He'd never heard of that. Given Korea's level of technology, it wasn't exactly something Tony—or Wakanda—would normally take seriously.

"There's news about Ulysses Klaue," T'Challa explained.

"He plans to trade vibranium there."

"Oh?" Tony's interest immediately spiked.

"Do we know who he's dealing with? I could intercept the deal midway. I happen to be short on vibranium."

T'Challa's expression darkened instantly.

"Hey, hey," Tony said, spreading his hands.

"You said Wakandan vibranium doesn't leave Wakanda. But this would be his vibranium. I'd be buying it fair and square. That doesn't violate your rules, does it?"

T'Challa looked thoroughly displeased.

"Tony, don't get involved," Shuri interjected quickly, smoothing things over.

"My brother has a personal vendetta against that man. I'll make the call—how about I give you some vibranium later instead?"

She really didn't want these two arguing. One was her brother, the other her idol. If they actually came to blows, what was she supposed to do—just watch?

"Shuri, you—" T'Challa started, but she cut him off.

They both understood the reality. While vibranium was officially forbidden from leaving Wakanda, gifting it as finished crafts was allowed. No other nation possessed the technology to re-smelt vibranium anyway, so there was little risk—it would just be a decorative item.

But Tony Stark was no ordinary man. He was a genius—one cursed by knowledge. Secondary smelting of vibranium might be impossible now, but who could say about the future?

In a sense, Shuri was quietly helping Tony.

In truth, Wakanda's isolationist policy wasn't universally supported within the council. Shuri herself opposed it, as did several tribes who favored opening up to the world. A closed Wakanda, in their view, was far inferior to one that embraced trade and shared technological progress.

However, King T'Chaka had vetoed those proposals outright. Protecting vibranium—and by extension, Wakanda—had been tradition for generations.

Ironically, Wakanda's military and technology already surpassed the rest of the world. Even the five major powers couldn't truly challenge it.

T'Chaka's thinking was simply too conservative. As a result, those who favored reform had placed their hopes on T'Challa—a king who wasn't bound by rigid tradition.

Shuri's collaboration with Tony highlighted this perfectly. While Wakanda's technology was unparalleled, its ideas lagged behind in areas such as artificial intelligence and energy innovation.

"Do as you like," T'Challa said at last, dropping the subject.

"The ones going with me this time are Okoye and Nakia."

"You sure bringing your ex-girlfriend on a mission is a good idea?" Shuri teased.

~~~~~

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 228 - 228 – The Black Panther Suit

"Ex-girlfriend? What ex-girlfriend? There's a story here, isn't there?~"

Tony's eyes lit up. Sure enough, spend enough time around Lucas, and even Tony Stark would start prying into gossip.

"Nakia—the beauty who came back with us earlier. She's my brother's ex. Let me tell you, those two—"

Shuri narrowed her eyes, leaning closer to Tony with the same gossip-hungry expression. The two of them whispered conspiratorially.

"Shuri!"

T'Challa shot her a warning look. Instantly, Shuri straightened up like an obedient child and stopped chatting with Tony altogether.

"I need you on standby at all times," T'Challa said seriously.

"We may need support."

Shuri picked up a small box from the table. Inside was a brand-new communicator, no bigger than a fingernail.

"This is the latest communicator—Tony and I developed it together. Global coverage, immune to all signal interference. Even in places with absolutely no signal, it works perfectly. And—"

As she spoke, Shuri took out a tiny piece, placed it on her fingertip, and pressed it behind her ear.

"And once it touches the skin, it uses the body's static electricity to adhere automatically—and fully integrates with the skin."

Sure enough, the communicator vanished the moment it made contact. With another tap, it reappeared in her hand.

"Besides that, there's this."

She took out a slightly larger bead.

"This is a remote-control bead. It's directly linked to my command sand table. Just attach it to whatever device you want to control."

T'Challa nodded, then turned to look at another item.

"What's this?"

Shuri picked it up—it looked like a pair of insoles. She placed them on the floor.

"Step on them."

T'Challa did as instructed. The moment his feet touched the insoles, a pair of sleek, high-tech boots materialized around his feet.

"These shoes perfectly absorb footstep noise. You can walk without making a sound."

"Hm... that's actually pretty interesting."

T'Challa tested them, stomping lightly. Just as Shuri said—no sound at all.

"And now," Shuri announced excitedly,

"the equipment you need most—and the most advanced of all. Your very own Black Panther suit!"

The floor sank slightly, and two mannequin displays slowly rose up. Each wore a fang necklace—one gold, one silver.

"Father's Black Panther suit is outdated, so I won't waste time showing it," Shuri said bluntly.

"I mean, if someone already has a gun pointed at your head and you still need to put on a helmet—that's just—"

She mimed getting shot in the head.

Tony rolled his eyes hard. Shuri was absolutely throwing shade. His earlier Iron Man suits had worked exactly like that—only in the last few generations had he switched to full-body deployment modes.

"These two," Shuri continued, pointing at the necklaces,

"are the result of joint research between Tony and me—designed specifically for you."

She gestured toward the gold necklace.

"How about this one? Like it?"

"It's very nice," T'Challa admitted after a moment.

"But gold is a bit too flashy. Not low-key enough. I prefer the silver one."

He pointed to the silver necklace.

"I knew it! I knew he'd choose that one! You lose—ten dollars!"

Shuri jumped up excitedly.

"Fine..."

Tony looked dejected as he pulled ten dollars from his pocket and handed it over.

The two of them had made a bet on which suit T'Challa would choose. Tony had gone with gold—purely based on personal taste. After all, his own armor was red and gold.

Who would've thought T'Challa would choose the understated silver one instead?

Shuri brought her bracelet close to the back of T'Challa's ear. A flash of purple light flickered.

"Done. Your genetic signature has been uploaded. This suit belongs to you now."

She tapped her bracelet again.

"Now let me show you the suit's full form."

Shuri pressed one of the beads.

In an instant, black nanotech vibranium surged out from the silver necklace, flowing like fabric. There was no metallic sheen at all—it absorbed light so completely that it reflected nothing, even in darkness.

In the blink of an eye, the Black Panther suit fully enveloped the mannequin. The helmet took the form of a majestic panther's head. Compared to

T'Chaka's old suit, this one was sleeker, more streamlined, with far fewer silver accents—only a few fine silver lines around the eyes.

"The entire suit is stored inside the fang necklace," Shuri explained.

"It's made entirely of nanotech vibranium. Now—hit it."

She gestured to T'Challa and took a step back.

"Anywhere?"

"Anywhere."

T'Challa hesitated briefly, then lashed out with a roundhouse kick to the suit's abdomen. The mannequin was sent flying, slamming hard into the wall behind it.

"Hey! Why did you hit it so hard?!"

Shuri immediately ran over, hugging the mannequin protectively as she came back, glaring at him.

"You told me to hit it," T'Challa said awkwardly.

"And I didn't even use that much force..."

Shuri reset the mannequin. T'Challa immediately noticed purple energy flowing back and forth across the spot where he'd struck it.

"Wait... what is that?"

He reached out and touched the area. The purple glow slowly faded.

"That was Tony's idea," Shuri said excitedly.

"Let him explain. I'm telling you—this suit is amazing because of this feature. Tony really is my idol. His ideas are incredible!"

She was practically glowing with excitement. The moment Tony proposed this function, she'd started experimenting—it was like an entirely new door had been opened for her.

"Ahem—excuse me."

Tony stepped forward, gently pushing T'Challa aside.

"The nanotech vibranium absorbs the kinetic energy from incoming attacks," Tony explained, pointing to the abdomen.

"That energy is then stored within the suit for later use."

"Ever heard of an electromagnetic pulse? When you release the stored energy, it creates a shockwave similar to an EMP. It can damage nearby enemies—and also block bullets or even artillery fire."

"That's... that's incredible!"

T'Challa was stunned. Compared to his father's suit, this was more than an upgrade—it was a complete qualitative leap.

"Now," Tony said, stepping back beside Shuri,

"hit it again."

He signaled to Shuri.

"Shuri, record the next sequence."

"No problem!"

Shuri immediately activated one of the beads on her bracelet.

~~~~~

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.

~~~~~

"Why are you recording this?"

T'Challa asked in confusion.

"Oh, nothing special," Tony replied casually.

"Just scientific research~~~"

T'Challa didn't suspect a thing. After a brief pause, he swung his leg again, delivering another powerful kick to the suit.

Suddenly, a burst of purple energy erupted, forming a barrier that sent T'Challa flying several meters backward. He crashed through a table before finally coming to a stop.

"Whoa—give me five!!!"

Tony and Shuri burst out laughing, slapping hands hard in excitement. They had finally managed to mess with T'Challa for once.

"Did you get it on video?"

Tony immediately asked.

"Relax—every single second was recorded~~"

Shuri grinned wickedly and hurriedly uploaded the footage to the cloud.

"You two delete that video immediately!"

T'Challa struggled to his feet, clutching his lower back.

"I order you as the King of Wakanda!"

"Hahaha~~~ It's already saved. Can't delete it anymore~~~"

Shuri laughed, and she and Tony burst into laughter again.

---

Lucas had spent the day wandering around and picked up a few souvenirs, planning to bring them back for the three "aunties" at home. If they found out he'd been to Wakanda without gifts, he'd definitely suffer for it.

He bought each of them a bracelet full of African flair—silver bands engraved with local tribal patterns, distinctive and elegant.

By the time he returned to his lodging, night had fallen. Lucas was starving and decided to call Tony to grab dinner together.

Coincidentally, Tony called him first.

"Hey—Tony, where are you?"

Lucas answered weakly.

"I'm waiting to eat with you."

"I'm at the palace," Tony said.

"Someone will come pick you up shortly. T'Challa has invited us to dinner—there's something he wants to discuss."

No sooner had Tony finished speaking than a member of the Dora Milaje arrived outside the house.

"Mr. Norman, His Majesty invites you to dine with him."

"Oh—coming right now!"

Lucas shot out the door in a flash. When it came to food, hesitating for even one second was disrespectful.

---

At the palace dining hall, T'Challa's family was already waiting.

"Lucas, come on—just waiting for you,"

T'Challa waved him over.

The palace banquet was lavish beyond words, making Lucas practically drool.

After everyone had eaten their fill, the former king and queen excused themselves. After all, the rest were young people—it wasn't their place to stay.

The remaining group sat together, sipping Wakandan specialty tea.

"We've confirmed Ulysses Klaue's location,"

T'Challa said.

"We're preparing to go to the Peninsula to capture him."

"What do you want us to do?"

Lucas asked, puzzled.

"Go with you?"

To be honest, neither Lucas nor Tony had any real grudge against Klaue. They only wanted to buy vibranium from him. If T'Challa had asked them to come along, Lucas would've been inclined to refuse.

But to his surprise, T'Challa didn't ask them to go.

"I'd like the two of you to remain in Wakanda while I deal with Klaue."

Lucas and Tony were both taken aback. They'd expected to help—but not like this.

"Stay in Wakanda?"

Lucas asked.

"How can we help you here?"

"You won't need to do anything,"

T'Challa replied calmly.

"Just assist if Wakanda faces a crisis."

In truth, keeping Lucas and Tony in Wakanda was the safest and most reliable choice. If they weren't associated with Klaue, they could help defend Wakanda if anything went wrong. And if they were connected—keeping them close made surveillance easier.

T'Challa was fairly certain they weren't Klaue's allies, but caution was necessary.

Both Lucas and Tony agreed.

Tony still had countless things to discuss with Shuri—especially the development of the next generation of Iron Man armor. He had essentially mastered nanotech suits but still lacked real-world testing. Staying in Wakanda suited him perfectly.

As for Lucas, he didn't mind at all. He had already anchored Wakanda's coordinates and could travel freely between Wakanda and New York via his Chocobo space ability, so there was no rush to return.

---

T'Challa departed for the Peninsula with Okoye and Nakia aboard a Wakandan aircraft.

At night, their vehicle slowly came to a stop on a street resembling a night market. Food stalls lined both sides, selling snacks unique to the region.

The car doors opened, and the three stepped out.

Okoye and Nakia wore elegant evening gowns, while T'Challa was dressed in a tailored black suit. They looked as though they were heading to a high-class gala.

"This damned wig—it's driving my scalp crazy,"

Okoye muttered.

"I swear I'm burning it later."

She'd put it on to avoid standing out—bald women were too conspicuous in a crowd.

"I think it suits you,"

Nakia teased.

"You should shake it a little more."

"I'd rather you just kill me,"

Okoye replied darkly.

The wig was stuffy, uncomfortable, and the adhesive made her head itch nonstop.

The three stopped at a fish stall.

"Sophia~ How have you been lately?"

Nakia greeted a middle-aged local woman.

This woman wasn't just a fish vendor—she was the head of security for an underground nightclub. Intelligence indicated that Klaue would be conducting his transaction there.

As a Wakandan intelligence operative, Nakia was much like Natasha from S.H.I.E.L.D.—someone who could blend in anywhere and had connections everywhere.

"And who are these two?"

Sophia asked, eyeing T'Challa and Okoye.

"This one's a wealthy African tycoon,"

Nakia whispered in Sophia's ear.

"Extremely rich. Just look at what he's wearing~"

Sophia examined T'Challa's suit carefully. The fabric, detailing, and subtle patterns were unlike anything on the market—understated yet extravagantly luxurious. The kind even most wealthy elites couldn't afford.

She nodded to the man behind her. He lifted the curtain behind the fish stall, revealing a heavy iron door.

After passing through multiple layers of security, the three finally reached the last door.

When it opened, pounding, energetic music burst out, flooding T'Challa's ears.

Nakia led T'Challa and Okoye through the dance floor with ease, stopping in front of another door. Two guards immediately blocked their way.

"This area is restricted."

Nakia took out a card resembling an invitation. It was completely blank.

The guard accepted it calmly, scanned it under ultraviolet light, and hidden text and an anti-counterfeiting emblem appeared.

"Please proceed."

He returned the card and opened the door, allowing the three of them inside.

~~~~~

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 230 - 230 – Ulysses Reveals Himself

It turned out that the nightclub was merely a façade. The real venue lay beyond the door. Once T'Challa and the others stepped inside, they discovered that it was in fact a casino.

The people gambling here were all extraordinarily wealthy—far beyond the level of ordinary rich patrons.

The music inside the casino was far calmer than the pounding beats outside, even soothing, creating an atmosphere that put people at ease.

This was where Ulysses Klaue was truly meant to meet his buyer.

The three split up.

To give T'Challa and Nakia some space, Okoye chose to wander the casino alone, casually surveying the environment.

Nakia and T'Challa went to the bar, ordered two drinks, and chatted idly while observing their surroundings.

Okoye made her way to the second floor, choosing a spot that overlooked the entire ground floor. She leaned against the railing, pretending to be bored.

"Attention," Okoye said quietly.

"I've spotted Europeans—white males."

Nakia and T'Challa immediately followed the direction of her gaze.

Sure enough, they saw three Europeans—one man and two women. Their exact nationality was unclear.

"There are five of them total," Nakia added after scanning another direction.

"There are two more nearby—they look like bodyguards."

The two men she indicated were whispering to each other, their eyes constantly sweeping the room.

"They're not buyers," Nakia concluded after a moment of observation.

"They're agents."

"How can you tell?"

T'Challa asked.

"By the way they walk," Nakia replied.

"Agents are constantly on high alert. Their posture and gait are trained so they can draw and fire at the first sign of danger."

She demonstrated briefly with her own stance. Sure enough, the group matched her description exactly.

"It seems Klaue's theft from the British Museum has drawn official attention from the UK,"

Okoye said from upstairs. She could clearly see that those people had no interest in gambling at all—they were watching the room, just like them.

Outside, on the street, a convoy of luxury cars slowly pulled up in front of the fish stall.

The lead vehicle's rear door opened, and Ulysses Klaue stepped out.

He nodded briefly to Sophia, then ignored the security check entirely and walked straight inside.

With a loud bang, he pushed open the door—but the noise didn't draw any attention from the clubgoers. Klaue didn't care. He led his men straight to the casino entrance. The guards didn't dare stop him and immediately let them through.

When the door opened, Klaue stood arrogantly on the second-floor balcony, looking down like an emperor surveying his domain.

"He's here,"

Okoye reported from her corner.

"And he brought eight men with him."

"What about our people?"

T'Challa asked. He had brought several members of the Dora Milaje this time, and their escape routes were already planned.

"They're in position,"

Okoye replied, glancing at her bracelet as a discreet map appeared.

"Our withdrawal routes are secure."

"Where's the vibranium?"

T'Challa asked, keeping his back to Klaue. He knew Klaue would recognize him instantly, so he avoided a direct encounter.

"Not visible yet,"

Nakia said as she left the bar and wandered through the casino floor, searching for the buyer.

"Isn't this place supposed to prohibit weapons?"

Okoye asked suddenly.

"That's right,"

Nakia confirmed.

"Then some people are clearly ignoring the rules,"

Okoye said coldly.

"They're definitely armed."

She could tell at a glance—bulging waists, glimpses of black metal. Klaue's bodyguards weren't hiding it very well.

At that moment, Klaue seemed to spot something and began heading toward a spot on the ground floor.

"We have to move,"

Nakia said.

"Klaue is approaching the buyer—and the British agents are making their move too."

She glanced at several agents nearby who had suddenly begun murmuring into their sleeves.

"Not yet,"

T'Challa whispered.

"They're armed. The three of us don't have weapons—we can't win."

Because weapons were prohibited, Nakia and Okoye carried none at all. Only T'Challa had his necklace.

If a fight broke out now, they wouldn't be able to secure Klaue. T'Challa alone could handle the bodyguards, but Klaue would seize the chance to escape. Without weapons, Nakia and Okoye would struggle to pursue him.

Unlike T'Challa, their bodies had not been enhanced. Unarmed, they were still only highly trained humans.

"What about the vibranium?"

Klaue had already met the buyer. The two stood casually among the crowd.

Klaue unzipped his pants and pulled out a hard object wrapped in a paper bag from his crotch, slamming it onto the gaming table with a loud thud.

"Oh—sorry about that,"

he said with a grin.

"I wanted to put it in a nice briefcase, but I figured I'd save myself the money."

He spoke as if he had just placed something trivial on the table, not vibranium.

And that was precisely why no one nearby paid it any attention.

"Now's our best chance,"

Nakia murmured as she slowly edged closer to Klaue.

"The vibranium is right there."

"Not yet!"

Okoye barked in a low voice.

But that single word drew the attention of a nearby bodyguard.

"Hey—stop right there,"

the guard said, pointing at Okoye.

Okoye forced an awkward smile and immediately turned to leave.

"Hey! Stop!"

Seeing her attempt to retreat, the guard rushed forward to block her.

"I've been exposed!"

Okoye shouted.

She hurled her handbag straight at the guard's face, momentarily blocking his vision, then took the chance to kick him hard, sending him sprawling.

Another guard charged at her. Okoye dodged swiftly and followed up with a sharp kick to his chin, sending him tumbling over the railing.

With a loud crash, the guard slammed into a gaming table on the floor below, instantly drawing everyone's attention.

T'Challa turned his head—and locked eyes with Ulysses Klaue.

Klaue immediately drew his gun and fired three shots at T'Challa, killing the buyer with one of them.

"Grab the money and get out—now!"

Klaue ordered.

One of his men seized the cash case and fled.

T'Challa lunged forward, trying to capture Klaue—but three bodyguards instantly stepped in, blocking his path.

~~~~~

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.

~~~~~

