

# Marvel Manifestor

Chapter 231 - 231 – Vibranium and Uru Metal

T'Challa had no choice but to first subdue the three bodyguards blocking his way. Taking advantage of that brief window, Ulysses Klaue slipped away amid the chaos, attempting to escape the casino.

The casino instantly descended into turmoil. Okoye was on the second floor, while Nakia and T'Challa fought on the ground floor. Working swiftly, the three of them dealt with the remaining bodyguards—but by then, Klaue had already reached the exit.

"Ulysses Klaue!"

T'Challa roared and charged toward him.

Klaue immediately fired back, but his gun was empty. All that answered him was the hollow click of the trigger.

With an awkward grin, Klaue tossed the useless pistol aside. He knew perfectly well that he was no match for T'Challa in close combat.

"You murderer!"

T'Challa closed in, his fury almost tangible.

Klaue raised both hands, smiling at him.

"You know, I still miss the good old days."

As he spoke, Klaue's prosthetic arm suddenly transformed. A blue energy cannon unfolded from within it.

Boom!

A beam of blue energy blasted straight toward T'Challa.

T'Challa grabbed a nearby safe to block the attack—but the energy beam shattered it instantly. Banknotes rained down from the second floor as T'Challa himself was blown backward, crashing through a gambling table on the ground floor.

"Move! Get out—now!"

Klaue barked orders to his men, while Nakia and Okoye pursued them relentlessly from behind.

By the time Nakia and Okoye reached the exit, Klaue had already driven off. Okoye flicked her wrist, hurling a bead onto a nearby parked car. The bead instantly flattened and adhered to the hood.

The two women jumped into their own vehicle and sped off in pursuit of Klaue.

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Back in Wakanda, Tony's armor had arrived.

Because Shuri had made arrangements in advance, both suits passed through without encountering any resistance.

Tony had instructed JARVIS to bring along his vibranium-based armor as well. He planned to use Wakandan technology to merge both suits into a single system, sparing himself the trouble of switching between them in the future.

"So this is that... Uru metal?"

Shuri tapped lightly on the armor.

"It looks pretty similar to vibranium."

The armor's design was based on Odin's Destroyer. Aside from the helmet, it looked nothing like Tony's usual suits—it resembled a smaller version of the Destroyer itself.

However, it lacked one crucial element: rune inscriptions. As a result, aside from absorbing and channeling magical energy, it possessed no innate offensive capabilities. All of its weapons were added afterward by Tony—high-output energy weapons.

After all, the suit could absorb magical energy and convert it into usable power. As far as Tony was concerned, that meant the weapons could be as powerful as he wanted.

"Don't underestimate that metal,"

Tony said confidently.

"Try it and you'll see."

This armor represented the pinnacle of Tony's current technology. Its energy absorption efficiency reached ninety-eight percent. With the exception of purely physical weapons, most energy-based attacks were essentially useless against it.

Tony was convinced that the future of warfare belonged to energy weapons, and that conventional firearms would inevitably be phased out. After seeing Wakanda's technology, this belief only solidified.

Wakanda's current technological level was decades ahead of the rest of the world. Its long-range weapons were already almost entirely energy-based—exactly what global military development would eventually become.

Still skeptical, Shuri raised her vibranium Panther Gauntlets and fired two energy blasts straight at the Destroyer armor.

The beams struck the suit and were instantly absorbed, with no energy dispersion whatsoever. The armor merely rocked slightly from inertia, leaving not a single mark behind.

"This...!"

Shuri's eyes widened. This suit was practically the nemesis of Wakanda's long-range weaponry. With it, more than half of Wakanda's arsenal would become ineffective.

"Well?"

Tony said smugly.

"Impressive, right? T'Challa's armor works on a similar principle, but it only absorbs kinetic energy from physical attacks. That limitation comes down to materials. With the right materials, building a suit that absorbs both kinetic and energy-based attacks would be trivial."

He looked thoroughly pleased with himself. The existence of Uru metal had elevated his understanding of armor design entirely. In the past, he had focused on how to defend against attacks. Now, he was thinking about how to convert an enemy's attacks into his own power.

In a battle of attrition, that alone could decide everything.

"This is incredible!"

Shuri immediately linked to Tony's Destroyer armor. Tony didn't stop her, and the armor's parameters instantly appeared on the display of her wrist device.

"This metal is astonishing,"

she muttered.

"It absorbs energy autonomously—and can store and release it as well. Where did it come from? It's the complete opposite of vibranium."

Shuri compared the data for Uru metal and vibranium. In terms of raw strength, the two were similar—but one was entirely focused on physical

properties, while the other was oriented toward magic. They were polar opposites.

"The metal is called Uru,"

Karl said from the side.

"Like vibranium, it comes from outer space."

He had been sitting there quietly the entire time. The technical discussion was far beyond him—he didn't understand a word of it.

"How do you know vibranium came from outer space?"

Shuri asked, surprised. She had never mentioned that to anyone.

"I know a lot more than that,"

Karl shrugged.

After all, as a transmigrator, he was already familiar with Marvel's future events and settings.

"I have an idea,"

Tony said.

"What if we merge this armor with the vibranium one?"

A holographic display appeared on his wrist, showing a conceptual fusion of the two suits.

"That's still uncertain,"

Shuri replied thoughtfully.

"We need more data on Uru metal's properties. And we don't yet know whether Uru can be nanized. That's the key issue."

She split the display, isolating the material data of vibranium and the Destroyer armor, then began running fusion simulations.

This was only a preliminary experiment. The most critical step would be testing nanization after fusion—that was the real challenge.

"I've already run some tests,"

Tony added, pulling up his own data.

"Vibranium and Uru can partially fuse in small quantities."

He integrated his results into the simulation.

All that remained now was to wait.

The system would process countless data combinations, testing every possible outcome. Once the simulations finished, whether fusion was viable would become immediately clear.

This was the power of technology.

Experiments like this no longer required hands-on testing. Computers could handle everything through simulations and data modeling. Although the success rate wasn't a perfect hundred percent, it was close enough—saving enormous amounts of rare materials and avoiding unnecessary waste.

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Chapter 232 - 232 – The Pursuit

Beep, beep, beep—

A soft alert suddenly sounded. At the same time, the sand-table model in the center of the lab shifted, and a sedan slowly materialized. Naturally, it was still

a holographic projection—used to remotely control the real vehicle in the Korean peninsula.

The sand table simultaneously simulated a stretch of road, along with the surrounding buildings on both sides.

"Yes~! Let me try!"

Shuri immediately jumped into the driver's seat. She started the engine and floored the accelerator—

Bang!

The car slammed straight into a roadside trash can.

On T'Challa's end, the remotely controlled vehicle began ramming trash cans like it had lost its mind. T'Challa stared at the scene, utterly speechless.

"Please—can we switch drivers? Shuri, get out of the car!"

He didn't even need to look to know who was driving. Shuri drove often, but she had a legendary record: every car she touched got wrecked.

"I'll take over. You're a certified vehicle killer."

Tony walked over, grabbed Shuri, and dragged her out of the driver's seat. Lucas didn't move at all—his driving skills were about on par with Shuri's. Among everyone present, Tony was easily the best driver. After all, he could handle an F1 car.

Shuri looked unconvinced. She genuinely believed her driving skills were excellent.

Tony sat down in the cockpit. Even though it was only a simulation, it was identical to a real vehicle, so he had no concerns.

Following T'Challa's position, Tony turned on the headlights. At the same moment, the suit T'Challa was wearing burst into flames, revealing the Black Panther armor beneath. As the helmet sealed around his face, T'Challa leapt high into the air—and Tony's car slid perfectly underneath him, catching him mid-jump.

"This way of driving is actually pretty fun."

Tony grinned excitedly and slammed the accelerator. The car shot forward like an arrow.

T'Challa's feet magnetically adhered to the roof as he lowered his body to reduce air resistance.

At this point, Okoye and Nakia had already caught up to Ulysses Klaue. Both sides were racing through a busy urban street in a fierce chase.

"Split up!"

With a single order from Klaue, the convoy divided at an intersection, veering left and right.

Unable to tell which vehicle Klaue was in, Okoye and Nakia could only choose one side to pursue.

"I'll take the right!"

Nakia yanked the steering wheel and sped off to the right.

"Fine—then I'll take the left!"

Tony immediately followed suit, turning left.

Tony chose to cut through narrow alleys, weaving through them at high speed. His driving skills were undeniable—after only a few turns, he had already caught up to the convoy.

The lead vehicle noticed T'Challa closing in and abruptly turned at a crossroads. Nearby cars swerved to avoid it, instantly clogging the intersection and blocking T'Challa's path.

"Should we force our way through?"

Tony didn't slow down at all. He was fully prepared to ram straight through.

"Keep going. I'll handle the rest."

T'Challa's voice came through. He leapt off the roof, grabbed the car door with one hand, and plunged the other into the asphalt. The immense friction forced the car to tilt up, pulling off an utterly impossible turn—sparks and streaks of fire trailing behind him.

Once the turn was complete, T'Challa sprang back onto the roof.

"Oh—hell yeah! This is insane! I'm signing up for another race when we get back—WRC this time! Woohoo!"

Tony was riding high on adrenaline. Even though he wasn't physically present, the sand-table simulation was flawless. Every breathtaking maneuver had been perfectly recreated.

Tony floored it again, rapidly closing the distance—when suddenly, the car ahead pulled out a submachine gun and opened fire on T'Challa.

Wearing the Black Panther armor, T'Challa was completely unfazed. Bullets bounced harmlessly off him. He leapt forward, tore open the rear door of the vehicle, and jumped inside.

Unfortunately, Ulysses Klaue wasn't there.

Without hesitation, T'Challa grabbed the driver, hurled him backward, then leapt back onto Tony's car.

"Not him?" Tony asked.

"No."

Tony immediately stepped on the gas and continued the pursuit.

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Meanwhile, Nakia's group had also caught up to their target vehicle. Gunfire erupted once again—but unlike T'Challa's situation, Nakia and Okoye sat calmly in their car, not even blinking.

Not a single bullet could harm their vehicle. It didn't even leave a scratch.

"Still using guns? How primitive."

Okoye scoffed from the passenger seat. To Wakandans, firearms were practically irrelevant—their clothing alone was woven with vibranium and fully bulletproof.

"Are you idiots blind?! That car is made of vibranium!"

Inside the lead vehicle, Ulysses Klaue cursed furiously.

Clearly, Nakia and Okoye had chosen the right convoy.

Okoye calmly rolled down the window.

"What are you doing?" Nakia asked.

"Keep the car steady."

Okoye vaulted out through the window and landed on the roof, her boots locking firmly into place.

Reaching behind her waist, she pulled out a metal rod about a foot long. With a flick of her wrist, it extended instantly into a two-meter-long vibranium spear.

Standing atop the speeding car, Okoye narrowed her eyes, found her timing—

—and hurled the spear.

The weapon pierced straight through the vehicle ahead and embedded itself into the ground in front of it. With no time to evade, the car crashed head-on. The violent inertia flipped it instantly.

Okoye raised her hand. The bracelet on her wrist flashed, and the vibranium spear flew back to her like a homing bird.

Nakia accelerated, continuing the chase toward Klaue's car at the very front.

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On T'Challa's side, he and Tony chased their target onto a sea-crossing bridge. Bullets poured down like rain, riddling the air around T'Challa and the car beneath him.

But no one was actually driving the vehicle—so even if the cockpit was shredded, it didn't matter.

"T'Challa, don't forget—your suit can store kinetic energy."

Tony reminded him. All that absorbed momentum shouldn't go to waste—it was meant to be returned.

"Tony, get ahead of them."

T'Challa lowered his body further as bullets continued to slam into him.

"Got it."

Tony surged forward, overtaking the target vehicle.

A large truck briefly blocked everyone's view. When it passed, Tony's car was already ahead—but T'Challa was gone from the roof.

"Where did he go?!"

Someone inside the enemy car shouted, frantically scanning their surroundings.

Bang!

A black figure dropped from above and slammed onto the hood.

It was T'Challa.

The Black Panther armor shimmered with flowing purple energy, making him look even more enigmatic and imposing.

The stored kinetic energy had reached its limit.

T'Challa slammed his foot down.

A purple shockwave erupted outward from his body. The vehicle beneath him crumpled like a rippling sheet, then lifted cleanly off the ground—spinning once in midair before crashing down headfirst onto the road.

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Chapter 233 - 233 – Street Racing

T'Challa leapt lightly and returned to the roof of the car Tony was driving.

"Hey—nice move. I'm thinking of adding something like that to my own armor too."

Tony turned his head toward Lucas.

"I learned that trick from Skye. That shockwave of hers is honestly terrifying—it's basically the nemesis of physics itself."

Lucas shrugged without saying anything. After all, vibration wasn't just devastating to the human body; it was equally destructive to anything natural or technological.

"I've got another idea," Tony continued excitedly. "Since vibranium can absorb kinetic energy, doesn't that mean Skye is basically a walking power bank for vibranium armor? Honestly, she really suits you, Lucas—one vibranium charger and one uru-metal charger. Say, why don't you two come work for Stark Industries? Name your price. One job only: be my living batteries. What do you say?"

Before Tony had even finished speaking, Lucas had already drawn his ultimate weapon.

"That could work," Lucas replied calmly, "as long as you're not worried about Stark Tower disappearing."

"Hey—hey! I was joking! No need to get so serious!"

Tony immediately backed down. He knew Lucas was fully capable of that. After all, the Capitol building had once been flattened—and to this day, it still hadn't been rebuilt, with congressmen forced to work out of a nearby university.

Of course, Tony also knew Lucas was joking as well. They had that level of unspoken understanding.

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On Nakia's side, she had already caught up to Ulysses Klaue.

"Hold tight, Okoye—I'm accelerating!"

Wakandan vehicles were in a league of their own. Klaue's driver had nearly floored the accelerator, yet not only could they not shake the pursuers, the distance was closing rapidly.

"Looks like it's time for my trump card."

Klaue rolled down the window and leaned halfway out. His prosthetic arm transformed once again into an energy cannon.

He aimed at Nakia's car and fired without hesitation.

The blue energy blast struck the vehicle dead-on. Under the impact, the car disintegrated, sending Nakia and Okoye flying through the air.

They could only watch as Klaue sped away into the distance.

At that moment, T'Challa arrived. Tony performed a stylish drift and parked perfectly in front of the two women.

"Need a ride, ladies?" Tony's voice rang out.

"He's driving?" Okoye glanced at T'Challa.

T'Challa said nothing—he clearly didn't know what to say either.

Everyone got in. T'Challa resumed his position on the roof, and Tony quickly caught up to Klaue once more.

Klaue repeated the same tactic, firing another energy blast.

This time, Tony didn't give him the chance. With a sharp drift, he dodged the shot. Using the momentum, T'Challa leapt high into the air, landed on Klaue's car—and ripped off one of its wheels.

Carried by inertia, the vehicle flew forward, hit the ground, rolled several times, and finally slammed into a utility pole before coming to a stop.

T'Challa approached the wrecked car calmly as Klaue crawled out.

"Ulysses Klaue—you will pay for what you've done."

T'Challa raised his hand, claws extending instantly.

Klaue fired the energy cannon again. T'Challa didn't dodge, taking the blast head-on. Most of the energy was absorbed by the suit, though part of the armor was damaged—but the nanotech repaired itself almost instantly.

Klaue tried to fire again, but before the energy could charge, T'Challa grabbed his arm and tore it off entirely.

Bang!

With a single kick, T'Challa sent Klaue flying.

"Murderer! Where did you get that weapon?!"

T'Challa crushed the prosthetic arm in his hand and strode toward Klaue.

"You really don't know?" Klaue shouted back. "You primitive people don't deserve weapons with this kind of power!"

T'Challa grabbed Klaue by the collar, lifting him up, claws pressed against his throat.

"Every breath you take right now is an act of mercy. But now I—"

Before he could finish—

"Your Majesty, people are watching. You can't kill him."

Okoye and Nakia hurried over to stop him.

At some point, a crowd had gathered around them. Phones were raised everywhere—photos and videos being recorded, every lens focused squarely on T'Challa.

"T'Challa, this isn't the time," Tony added. "Take Klaue and get out of here."

Wakanda was still regarded as a poor nation. If the world discovered the Black Panther and Wakanda's advanced technology, it would cause global uproar—something Wakanda could not afford.

T'Challa lowered his claws, punched Klaue unconscious, stuffed him into the trunk, and everyone got back into the car and left immediately.

"JARVIS, delete all those videos."

Tony gave the order.

JARVIS wasn't powerful enough to erase data directly from people's phones, but removing related photos and videos from the internet was well within his capabilities.

He even went a step further—permanently banning the accounts that uploaded the footage.

What none of them noticed was the small red light blinking steadily behind Klaue's ear.

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"Are we heading straight to the airport with him?" Tony asked as he drove.

Neither Okoye nor Nakia offered to take over. Their driving skills simply didn't compare to Tony's.

"No," T'Challa replied, gazing into the distance. "First, we're going somewhere else. I need to interrogate Ulysses Klaue."

The car arrived at a secluded safehouse—a villa halfway up a mountainside. It was one of Wakanda's secret bases in the region. By now, daylight had fully broken.

Splash—

A bucket of ice water was dumped over Klaue's head. He jolted awake, struggling violently when he realized he was tied to a chair.

"Don't bother," Okoye said, holding a dagger under his chin. "Vibranium restraints. You should be familiar with them."

Instead of fear, Klaue laughed—and even began humming.

"Oh, vibranium? Then I'm not worried."

He looked around and realized he was inside a villa.

"Nice décor. Doesn't look anything like that backward style you people have."

Okoye frowned and drew the dagger across his neck—just enough to break the skin. Blood trickled down.

At that moment, T'Challa descended the stairs. He wasn't wearing the Black Panther armor, only a tailored suit.

"Ulysses Klaue," T'Challa said coldly, looking down at him, hatred burning in his eyes like something tangible. "Your crimes will be judged by Wakanda."

Though he longed to kill Klaue with his own hands, he had promised the others—this man would be taken back to Wakanda and put on trial.

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Chapter 234 - 234 – Ulysses Klaue Escapes

A completely ordinary-looking delivery truck slowly descended from the mountain road and came to a stop halfway up the slope, parking quietly not far from T'Challa's villa.

Inside the villa, Nakia was monitoring the surveillance feeds. The truck had stopped in an extremely concealed position—precisely within a blind spot of the cameras.

"Wait."

Inside the truck, the woman began scanning for signals. After more than ten seconds, she finally nodded.

"All clear. We can move."

At her words, Erik immediately got out of the truck and carefully made his way to the villa's outer wall.

Meanwhile, in the surveillance room, every monitor suddenly flickered. The disturbance was brief, and the images quickly returned to normal. Nakia rapidly switched between camera feeds. Everything appeared fine—but an inexplicable sense of unease rose in her chest.

Erik reached the wall, put on the demonic mask he had taken from the British Museum, then pulled out a block of plastic explosive large enough to breach the structure and stuck it to the wall.

Nakia left the surveillance room and hurried downstairs, heading straight for T'Challa and Okoye.

"Something's not right—"

She had just reached them and was about to explain what she'd seen when a deafening explosion rocked the villa. One corner of the building was blown apart, leaving a man-sized hole in the wall. A figure wearing a devil mask stepped through the breach.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Gunfire erupted as bullets sprayed into the hall.

T'Challa immediately tackled Nakia to the ground, while Okoye dove behind a sofa, narrowly avoiding the incoming fire.

At the same time, two more figures entered through the blasted opening and swiftly carried away Ulysses Klaue, who was still bound to a chair.

The Black Panther suit enveloped T'Challa in an instant as he prepared to leap into action—but just then, a grenade dropped from above, landing right in front of him and Nakia.

Without hesitation, T'Challa threw himself over the grenade, pinning it beneath his body.

The explosion was surprisingly muted. All the energy was absorbed by the Black Panther suit. T'Challa only jolted slightly—he hadn't suffered the slightest injury.

He sprang to his feet at once. Purple light rippled across the surface of the armor from the absorbed energy as he lunged forward like a panther, charging toward the shooter.

Erik fired back while retreating rapidly toward the exit. Outside, their delivery truck was already waiting.

T'Challa had locked onto the gunman. Though the man's face was hidden behind a mask, T'Challa charged straight through the hail of bullets, claws extending as he pounced.

Seeing this, Erik fired a grenade launcher at him. In midair, T'Challa had no room to dodge and could only take the hit head-on.

Boom!

The grenade detonated against the armor. Though the energy was absorbed, the force of the impact remained. T'Challa was blasted backward, slammed into a wall, and sent flying.

Seizing the opening, Erik jumped into the truck, which sped away at once. As it did, a ring slipped into view at his neck—an image T'Challa caught clearly.

It was already too late to pursue.

Nakia and Okoye helped T'Challa to his feet. The three of them stared in silence at the direction where the truck had disappeared.

"Shuri, can you track the delivery truck?" T'Challa contacted her immediately.

Far away in Wakanda, Shuri and Tony stood in the lab with heavy dark circles under their eyes, staring lifelessly at the Destroyer armor in front of them.

They had worked through the entire night—and made absolutely no progress.

Vibranium nanotechnology had gone smoothly. Tony had fully mastered it. But uru metal was like Mount Everest—utterly insurmountable. No matter what method they tried, even increasing the proportion of vibranium, uru metal stubbornly refused to be nano-structured. This material, which completely defied conventional physics, had driven both scientists into deep self-doubt.

"Shuri, can you track the delivery truck?"

T'Challa's voice came through again, but Shuri didn't respond. She and Tony stood frozen like statues, eyes bloodshot, dark circles unmistakable even against her dark skin.

Lucas shook his head. He knew all too well how torturous the past night had been for them. Racking their brains and still coming up empty-handed was enough to make even the most brilliant scientists doubt themselves.

"This is Lucas," he said at last. "Shuri isn't available right now. What's the situation?"

Both of them were practically statues—no one could reasonably expect an answer from them.

"I need to track a delivery truck," T'Challa said urgently. "The longer we wait, the harder it'll be."

Lucas picked up the beaded bracelet and slipped it onto his wrist. Operating it wasn't difficult—it felt almost intuitive, as if the device responded directly to one's thoughts.

After fumbling with it for a short while, Lucas grasped the basics and began searching for the truck's location.

But there was nothing.

The truck didn't appear on any camera feed, and no signal could be detected.

"I can't track it," Lucas said. "That truck avoided all surveillance and blocked every signal. You'll have to rely on yourselves."

He knew exactly who was in that truck—the man who would become the Killmonger. Familiar with Wakandan technology, he had clearly prepared countermeasures. Tracking him with Wakandan systems was never going to be easy.

"I understand," T'Challa replied helplessly. "Tell Shuri I'll be back today."

They had been so close. Klaue had been in their hands—only to be taken right out from under them.

With a furious punch, T'Challa smashed a hole in the villa wall. Nakia and Okoye wore equally grim expressions. Having someone snatched away right in front of them was unacceptable by any measure.

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Upon returning to Wakanda, T'Challa went straight to Shuri's research center. Shuri and Tony were no longer frozen in place, but their moods hadn't improved in the slightest.

The moment T'Challa entered, he noticed Tony's vibranium armor and the Destroyer armor.

It had to be said—mechs were a man's romance.

After a single glance, T'Challa found it hard to look away. The mechanical aesthetic of the Iron Man armor was something the Black Panther suit simply couldn't match. The latter felt more like a combat uniform, whereas this was true mechanized armor.

"Hm... maybe I should redesign the Black Panther suit like this," T'Challa muttered, growing more tempted the longer he looked.

He made a mental note to have Shuri refit his armor with a more mechanical style.

Turning back to Shuri, he saw her and Tony resting their chins in their hands, faces full of despair. Identical messy hair like bird nests, identical dark circles, identical air of exhaustion.

"What's wrong with them?" T'Challa asked, his attention still half-fixed on the armor.

Okoye walked over to Lucas and asked quietly.

"They've hit a research bottleneck," Lucas replied, lounging on the sofa and sipping Wakandan specialty tea. "Two mad scientists got stumped by a single suit of armor. They worked all night and got nothing. Honestly, the fact that they haven't gone insane already is impressive."

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Chapter 235 - 235 – The Death of Ulysses Klaue

"By the way... did you finally find Ulysses Klaue?"

Lucas asked.

Okoye shook her head. "No. That man disappeared without a trace. We came back empty-handed."

At that moment, W'Kabi—Wakanda's general—arrived at the research center after learning that T'Challa had returned. He was desperate to know whether Ulysses Klaue had been brought back.

When T'Challa saw W'Kabi, his expression dimmed slightly. He had failed to keep his promise. Klaue was not in his custody.

"Your Majesty, where is Ulysses Klaue?"

W'Kabi asked, already prepared to personally execute the man.

"I'm sorry, W'Kabi," T'Challa sighed. "He's not here."

"He escaped right under our noses. We failed to track him down."

W'Kabi froze for a moment, shock flashing across his face before giving way to deep disappointment.

"You promised you would bring him back. You should have taken me with you from the start. If you had, Klaue wouldn't have escaped. Your decision... has disappointed me greatly."

With that, W'Kabi shook his head, turned around, and walked away without another word.

T'Challa watched his retreating figure in silence, then let out a heavy sigh.

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Far away, in a scrapyard filled with abandoned vehicles and decommissioned small aircraft in South Korea, a light aircraft sat parked on the runway. A

delivery truck slowly pulled up beside it. The doors opened, revealing Ulysses Klaue, Erik, and the others.

"Is this really how you sell vibranium every time?" Erik said as he climbed out of the truck, gear in hand, walking toward the plane. "Needing someone to come rescue you each time?"

"Not usually," Klaue replied casually, phone in hand as he contacted someone—possibly his next buyer.

"Normally everything's perfectly safe. This time I was just a bit unlucky."

"Don't worry. Once I'm back in the States, I'll keep a low profile. And your payment won't be short a single cent."

He sounded utterly unconcerned, not even bothering to look at Erik.

"I'm not worried about the money," Erik said coolly. "On the way back, we're stopping in Wakanda. You'll need to land there."

"I won't," Klaue rejected immediately. "I'm not going anywhere near Wakanda again."

He didn't hesitate for a second. Wakanda was already his mortal enemy. Landing there would be suicide.

"No," Erik said calmly. "I think you will."

The moment the words left his mouth, he raised his gun and killed all the guards.

Klaue reacted instantly. At the first gunshot, he grabbed the woman who had been with Erik and dragged her in front of him, pressing a pistol to her temple.

"Drop the gun! Or I'll blow her brains out!"

Without hesitation, Erik pulled the trigger and shot the woman dead.

Klaue hadn't expected such ruthlessness. He froze for a split second—then turned and ran.

He no longer had anything he could use to threaten Erik. If he didn't run, he would die.

Erik didn't spare the woman's lifeless body a single glance. He went straight after Klaue.

Klaue fled into an open area littered with abandoned aircraft, ducking behind the fuselage of one of them and scanning his surroundings.

Erik approached cautiously, but Klaue spotted him first.

Gunfire erupted.

Both men fired at each other, bullets flying as they exchanged shots.

But Erik—the king of special forces—was simply superior.

One bullet slammed into Klaue's abdomen, dropping him to the ground.

"Ahhh—!"

Klaue screamed in agony. His gun slipped from his hand, blood rapidly soaking through his clothes.

Erik advanced carefully, kicked the gun away, and only relaxed once he confirmed Klaue was no longer a threat.

"You really plan to go to Wakanda?" Klaue coughed, blood spilling from his mouth.

"They're... they're all savages... a bunch of primitive, uncivilized people..."

"You think I care?"

Erik replied indifferently.

He knew little about Wakanda—but he feared nothing. He was there to reclaim what belonged to him, to avenge his father.

"Hahaha... cough... to them, you're an outsider. They're xenophobic, jealous... You think you can step foot in Wakanda? That's nothing but a fantasy..."

Klaue tried to adjust his posture to ease the pain, but every movement caused more blood to pour from the wound. He knew his liver had been pierced. There was no saving him.

Erik pulled down his lower lip slightly, revealing a faintly glowing purple tattoo—a string of unfamiliar symbols.

It was the Wakandan mark, etched onto every citizen after the age of seven to signify their identity.

Klaue froze when he saw it. Then, understanding dawned on his face.

"So that's it... I always thought you were just some American special-ops lunatic... Hahahaha!"

He laughed wildly.

After killing hundreds of Wakandans, he was still destined to die at the hands of one of them.

Bang! Bang!

Gunshots echoed through the scrapyards.

Erik ended Ulysses Klaue's life.

In his final moments, Klaue felt a strange sense of release. A smile still lingered on his face.

---

After leaving the research center, T'Challa went straight to one of Wakanda's most sacred sites—the hidden grounds where the Heart-Shaped Herb was cultivated.

Inside the cave, he dismissed everyone else. He had come to see the High Priest, and the matter he wished to discuss could only be known by the two of them.

The High Priest was still bent over, tending to the Heart-Shaped Herbs as always. T'Challa followed the path and stopped in front of him.

"You failed to complete your mission as planned, didn't you?"

The High Priest looked up calmly. News of the failure had already spread. As High Priest, he naturally knew.

"What really happened to Uncle N'Jobu back then?"

T'Challa asked.

"My father only ever told me that he disappeared."

The question startled the High Priest. He hadn't expected T'Challa to bring this up. The incident had long since become a forbidden topic in Wakanda, sealed by strict orders of silence.

"What are you trying to say?"

The High Priest steadied himself and continued tending the herbs.

"I saw someone," T'Challa said slowly.

"He was wearing the same ring as me."

He touched the ring on his finger—the one King T'Chaka had given him. It had once belonged to his grandfather.

"That's impossible!"

The High Priest straightened abruptly, staring at T'Challa with rare intensity.

"I saw it clearly," T'Challa said firmly.

"He was the one who took Ulysses Klaue from me. I would never mistake this ring. He was wearing the same one—my grandfather's ring."

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T'Challa's final words were almost shouted. His emotions were completely out of control. He knew his father and the High Priest had been hiding something from him—something tied directly to his uncle.

"Tell me the truth!!"

"Some truths are too heavy, T'Challa,"

the High Priest said softly, sorrow etched across his face.

"So heavy that they are difficult to bear."

"Go back and ask your father. He will tell you."

With that, the High Priest slowly turned and left, his back burdened with grief.

T'Challa watched him for a long time. Then, without hesitation, he stepped out of the cave and headed straight for the royal palace.

---

At the palace, T'Chaka and Ramonda were in the garden, tending to blooming flowers. The retired king was enjoying a peaceful life—gardening, raising rhinos, and savoring family time.

When he saw T'Challa arrive, the old king smiled and invited him to sit.

"What brings you here today?"

T'Chaka asked cheerfully, trimming a small, unnamed flower that was in full bloom.

"Father, I saw someone wearing the same ring as mine."

Those words made the old king freeze. His scissors snapped shut, cutting the flower cleanly in two.

"What did you say?!"

T'Chaka asked in shock.

"What really happened to Uncle N'Jobu back then?"

T'Challa said firmly.

"Why have you all refused to tell the truth all these years?"

The old king was visibly shaken. He had never known that his brother had left behind a descendant. That old incident had long since become a wound he refused to touch.

"Who was that person, T'Challa?"

T'Chaka asked, his hands trembling slightly.

"Who was the one wearing the ring?"

T'Challa noticed every detail of his father's reaction. His suspicions were now confirmed—his uncle's 'disappearance' had been a lie.

"I don't know, Father. I didn't see his face. I only know he was a man... and he was the one who took Ulysses Klaue from me."

He briefly recounted what had happened.

The old king sighed deeply. He never imagined that his brother truly had a child—and that this child now seemed to stand against Wakanda.

"This story begins thirty years ago,"

T'Chaka said slowly.

"Your uncle was on an espionage mission in America. There, he fell in love with an American woman. I only learned of it later. I never knew she had borne him a child."

Painful memories surged back as T'Chaka recalled his brother and the moment he was forced to act.

"But your uncle grew more and more radical," he continued.

"You know how hostile America was toward Black people at the time. He couldn't stand it. He wanted to secretly supply Wakandan vibranium weapons to them—so they could protect themselves."

Even now, T'Chaka could still hear his brother's words echoing in his mind. He had violated Wakanda's laws, intent on spreading vibranium weapons across the world.

T'Challa was stunned. If vibranium weapons were revealed, the result would be a global catastrophe—wars unlike anything before. Nations would invade Wakanda at any cost, igniting worldwide conflict.

Naturally, T'Chaka had refused.

"He would not give up,"

the old king said bitterly.

"So your uncle betrayed Wakanda. He secretly aided Ulysses Klaue in stealing vibranium."

"You wondered how Klaue kept getting in?"

T'Chaka continued.

"He followed the routes your uncle once gave him. That's why he was able to steal vibranium again and again."

Grief and anger filled T'Chaka's face.

"No... that's impossible!"

T'Challa leapt to his feet, tears streaming down his face.

"My uncle wasn't like that—he couldn't be!"

"I didn't want to believe it either,"

T'Chaka said softly.

"I wanted to bring him home, imprison him within the palace, keep him by my side. I would have erased all traces of his crimes."

"But he refused... and he raised a gun against me."

The old king stared at his trembling right hand—the very hand with which he had ended the life of the brother he loved most.

T'Challa closed his eyes in agony. Every word pierced his heart. For over twenty years, he had believed his uncle merely vanished. The truth was far crueler.

"After that, I forbade anyone from ever speaking of it again,"

T'Chaka said, tears in his eyes.

"Not even myself. I thought time would erase it... but some things never fade. They only bury themselves deeper."

"Go and find him, my son,"

T'Chaka said, gripping T'Challa's hand.

"Find your brother. Bring him back to Wakanda. This is his home."

---

At the border, a plane slowly descended onto the vast grasslands.

Erik dragged a body bag toward Wakanda. Inside was the corpse of Ulysses Klaue—his offering, his proof of worth.

His gaze was resolute as he walked toward the distant tribe.

The border guards soon noticed him and surrounded him.

Erik dropped the body bag at their feet.

"What is this, outsider?"

W'Kabi asked. As the leader of the Border Tribe and Wakanda's general, he personally patrolled the frontier.

"Just a small gift."

Erik unzipped the bag.

Weapons were drawn instantly. W'Kabi stepped forward and looked down—his long-awaited enemy lay dead before him.

His eyes widened in shock.

"Who are you?"

W'Kabi demanded.

Even the king had failed to capture Klaue—yet this stranger had killed him and brought the body here.

Erik slowly pulled down his lower lip, revealing the Wakandan mark.

---

Back in the laboratory, Shuri and Tony had finally recovered somewhat, but dark clouds still hung over their spirits.

Their research into uru metal had hit a complete dead end—utterly sealed, without even the slightest crack of hope.

The attempt to nanofabricate it had ended before it even truly began.

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Chapter 237 - 237 – The Nanotech Iron Armor

The truth was that uru metal was completely unaffected by physical laws. Once it had been forged into shape, it could never be altered again.

The fragment Lucas had previously brought to Tony was usable only because it was already a wreck, and the enhancement from the runes had faded. Even then, Tony had been unable to fully reshape it, which was why the resulting armor looked so unconventional—the Destroyer Armor existed precisely because uru metal simply refused to cooperate.

Now that they were in Wakanda, nothing had changed.

No matter what methods Tony and Shuri tried, uru metal stubbornly refused to change form. Nanotech was completely out of the question.

"If this really won't work, then we should just give up,"

Shuri said, sounding more like she was comforting herself.

"This metal isn't even from Earth. And haven't we already successfully nanofied your vibranium armor? Vibranium isn't weaker than this stuff anyway."

Her words failed to convince Tony—let alone console him.

"For now, that's all we can do,"

Tony said through clenched teeth.

"When we get new technology someday, we'll revisit it. As for this damn armor—I'm launching it into orbit."

He didn't want to see it anymore. Every glance reminded him of failure, something he absolutely could not tolerate.

"JARVIS, send this armor to a satellite,"

Tony ordered.

"Store it as a contingency asset. Perform regular maintenance."

"Yes, sir."

The Destroyer Armor activated immediately, igniting its thrusters and blasting out of the research center, vanishing into the sky in an instant.

Stark Industries currently maintained five satellites in low Earth orbit. One served as an armor support satellite, carrying every suit Tony had developed so far. The other four were surveillance and positioning satellites used for communication and monitoring.

Tony was already planning a sixth—one equipped with a swarm of small unmanned drones for support operations and large-scale strike capabilities.

---

"Tony~! Your armor is finished~!"

Shuri called out, almost simultaneously with the completion notification for Tony's vibranium nanotech armor.

Tony hurried to her side.

At their feet, a section of the floor opened, and a humanoid test dummy rose up. On its chest was a hexagonal Arc Reactor, only a few centimeters thick—completely different from the bulky version embedded in Tony's own chest.

"All systems normal,"

Shuri said as she examined the data streaming in.

"The output hasn't dropped at all. I can't believe we actually succeeded in compressing it this far."

"Shuri, this Arc Reactor technology alone would shock the entire world,"

she said excitedly.

And she wasn't exaggerating.

Even Wakanda—whose technology surpassed the rest of the world by a century—had never been able to develop an Arc Reactor. Most of Wakanda's energy was still extracted directly from vibranium, with consumption far exceeding that of Tony's near-perpetual energy source.

At this point, the device could hardly be called a reactor anymore.

In addition to supplying power, it functioned like the Black Panther's necklace—a nanotech storage core, combining energy generation and nanomaterial containment into a single system.

This design had been Tony's idea.

The Arc Reactor's exceptional stability made it ideal as both a power source and a nanotech reservoir. Nanites stored within it received constant energy replenishment, while simultaneously assisting the reactor's operation. The two systems reinforced each other, dramatically increasing overall output.

Likewise, Tony had gained Wakandan nanotech from Shuri, while providing her with extensive data on energy systems and artificial intelligence. The two sides had even reached a cooperation agreement, which now sat on T'Challa's desk, awaiting his signature.

Once approved, Stark Industries and Wakanda would collaborate extensively in multiple technological fields.

This was exactly what Shuri wanted.

Wakanda's weaknesses lay in energy systems and artificial intelligence—areas where Stark Industries excelled. Meanwhile, Stark Industries lacked access to vibranium, which Wakanda could supply.

There was only one critical clause:

vibranium could be used solely for Tony Stark's private research and must never be distributed externally.

Tony had agreed without hesitation. He only wanted it for personal research anyway, and if Wakanda insisted, they clearly had their reasons.

"Go ahead. Touch the reactor and activate it,"

Shuri said, instinctively taking a step back.

Tony froze—and immediately took a step back as well.

"You're not about to test this on me like you did on your brother, are you?"

he asked warily.

The last time they'd tested the Black Panther suit, Shuri had taken the exact same step back. Seeing her do it again made Tony's heart skip.

"Relax. Nothing's going to happen,"

Shuri said casually.

"Wait a second—I'll record this first."

She activated the recording device on her wrist.

That familiar motion—and familiar words—made Tony even more uneasy. Cold sweat nearly broke out as he became convinced he was about to be blasted across the room.

Seeing his reaction, Shuri burst out laughing.

"Seriously, you'll be fine. This is your armor. Don't you trust your own work?"

Tony forced himself to calm down, inching forward cautiously. He hunched slightly, reached out, and quickly tapped the reactor.

Static electricity from his body activated the nanotech system.

Like liquid mercury, nanites poured out of the Arc Reactor, flowing across the test dummy and covering it completely in the blink of an eye.

The result was unmistakable:

Classic red-and-gold color scheme

A design that preserved strong mechanical aesthetics

A signature Stark-style helmet

A hexagonal Arc Reactor on the chest

Energy absorption and nanotech self-repair, just like the Black Panther suit

Repulsors in the palms and a chest-mounted energy cannon, fully retained

Tony's face flushed, his breathing quickening.

As a die-hard mech enthusiast, he felt that the Black Panther suit didn't even compare.

This—this—was the ultimate romance for a man.

Nanotech vibranium, yet without sacrificing mechanical beauty.

This was the armor Tony Stark had always dreamed of.

"Sir, your heart rate has increased significantly and your breathing is irregular,"

JARVIS reported calmly.

"Please remain calm."

"JARVIS, now is not the time,"

Tony snapped.

"You're killing the mood, you know that?"

Just like that, his excitement was doused.

"Alright,"

Shuri said, rolling her shoulders.

"Next, let's test its durability."

Specialized wristbands formed around her hands—her upgraded panther-themed hand cannons, also enhanced with nanotech.

With a thought, the panther-shaped weapon deployed over her arm.

She aimed directly at the Iron Armor—

—and fired.

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Because it was an energy weapon, both its power and speed were astonishing. With a single blast, the test dummy was sent flying once again, crashing through a nearby table and startling the surrounding researchers.

Tony hurried over and lifted the dummy back up. The nanotech armor was surprisingly light—there was some weight to it, but it felt no heavier than an average adult, certainly under two hundred pounds.

After setting it back in place, Tony carefully examined the armor. It was completely intact. The energy blast had struck the chest directly, yet there wasn't even a scratch. At the same time, Shuri noticed that the armor's energy reserve had increased slightly—only about one percent, but it had risen nonetheless.

"Only one percent? How is that possible?"

Shuri frowned in confusion.

The technology was the same, the nanotech vibranium was the same, and the energy absorption principle was the same—but the effect was clearly different from that of the Black Panther suit.

"It's because the power supply is different,"

Tony explained casually.

"The Arc Reactor already provides an enormous amount of energy, so the absorbed energy just seems insignificant. Don't worry about it."

Tony didn't mind at all. In fact, he hadn't been counting on the energy absorption feature to do much in the first place. The Arc Reactor's output far exceeded Wakanda's current power systems.

"Alright then,"

Shuri said.

"Since the armor is finished, it's time to deal with your injury."

She tapped her own chest, the meaning obvious—using Wakandan medical technology to remove the shrapnel lodged in Tony's body.

Aside from its unmatched technology, Wakanda's greatest strength lay in its medical science. It could completely cure cancer; performing surgery to remove shrapnel was trivial by comparison.

Tony looked excitedly toward the medical pod nearby.

Doctors around the world had been helpless against the shrapnel in his chest. With current global medical technology, it was impossible to remove all of it—leave even a single fragment behind, and death would be inevitable.

But Wakandan medicine was different.

Even microscopic fragments could be safely extracted, and even the hole in his chest could be fully repaired.

---

Lying inside the treatment pod, Tony curiously examined his surroundings. The pod was spacious, almost like a small room. In the center was a bare metal bed. Sensors near his head monitored various parameters, while outside, Shuri was already viewing a full-body scan of Tony, with the chest wound highlighted in particular detail.

She tapped on the injured area, isolating it. Every tiny fragment of shrapnel inside his body was clearly visible.

"So when do we sta—"

Before Tony could finish his sentence, his head slumped against the bed and he lost consciousness.

"How long will it take?"

Lucas asked as he stepped up beside Shuri.

"About half a day,"

Shuri replied.

"The injury itself isn't that serious. He's been using the Arc Reactor to attract the fragments this whole time, preventing them from spreading deeper through his bloodstream. That makes the process much easier. Repairing the muscle tissue will take the most effort."

She tapped the screen a few more times. From both sides of the metal bed, vast quantities of nanotech vibranium emerged, surging toward Tony's chest.

Lucas watched as the nanotech vibranium dismantled the Arc Reactor and its mounting frame from Tony's chest. Not a single drop of blood appeared—the wound was completely sealed by nanites during the process.

On the glass wall of the treatment pod, Tony's internal condition was displayed in real time. The nanotech vibranium began searching through his chest, locating fragments one by one. As each tiny piece of shrapnel was expelled from his body, Tony's overall condition steadily improved.

Although the new element had already stabilized the fragments and eliminated palladium poisoning, the chest injury still prevented Tony from having the physical condition of a normal person. As he aged, his body had gradually weakened. This was precisely why he had devoted so much effort to artificial intelligence and autonomous combat systems.

If one day his injury prevented him from wearing the armor personally, he could still fight by remote control—or let an AI take over entirely.

---

As time passed, the larger fragments were fully removed. The remaining pieces were extremely small and harder to locate.

Even so, the nanotech vibranium did not slow down.

It automatically distinguished foreign objects from human tissue, rapidly approaching each anomaly, analyzing it, and—once confirmed as shrapnel—immediately separating it from the surrounding tissue.

The process went smoothly. Soon, every last fragment had been removed.

Next came muscle repair.

At this stage, nanotech vibranium alone was no longer sufficient. As it withdrew from Tony's body, a new wave of nanites flowed in—medical nanobots designed to enhance cellular activity, accelerate cell division, and promote regeneration.

"That's it,"

Shuri said.

"In about two hours, he'll be completely fine."

She then ignored Tony entirely and returned to the workbench, once again focusing intently on the uru metal data from earlier.

"Oh, right,"

she said suddenly, glancing at Lucas.

"Tony said you were the one who gave him that metal. Where did you get it?"

"Do you know Odin?"

Lucas replied calmly.

"That metal used to be part of his armor."

He didn't bother hiding it. There was only one such material in existence, and even if he told her, Shuri had no way of finding more—unless she somehow learned the location of Asgard. And in the entire Marvel universe, no human truly knew where Asgard was.

Besides, Wakanda worshipped the Panther God and believed in divine beings, so Odin's existence wasn't difficult for them to accept.

"So Norse mythology is actually real..."

Shuri muttered, smacking her lips.

"No wonder this stuff won't bend or deform—it belonged to Odin."

She looked up again.

"I heard Thor showed up during the Battle of New York. Are you close with him? Could you ask him to get me some more of this metal?"

She had become completely obsessed with uru metal. If she didn't figure it out, she doubted she'd be able to eat or sleep properly.

"Probably not,"

Lucas said with a shrug.

"Even in Asgard, this metal is extremely rare. Once it's used, it's gone. It's nothing like Wakanda, which is practically built on a vibranium mine."

He knew just how precious uru metal was—so rare that even stealing it would be nearly impossible.

"Alright then,"

Shuri sighed, giving up. She understood its value. To Asgard, uru metal was what vibranium was to Wakanda—something that could never be allowed to circulate freely.

---

As time went on, Tony's chest muscles fully regenerated. The gaping wound vanished entirely, leaving only a faint circular mark where new skin had formed. After some time, even that would disappear completely.

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Chapter 239 - 239 – Erik Enters the Royal Palace

Tony opened his eyes and immediately looked around, then reached up to touch his chest.

The Arc Reactor was gone. In its place was fresh, living flesh—the hole in his chest had completely disappeared.

"Th-this... I..."

Tony's eyes filled with tears of excitement. At last, he was free from that frail, sickly body. He felt reborn.

He burst out of the medical pod and immediately threw his arms around Lucas, creating a scene overflowing with enthusiasm. Shuri, thrilled, instantly started recording, accompanied by rapid camera shutter sounds.

"Lucas—! I finally—! I'm just too excited!!"

Tony spun Lucas around several times, looking like he was one step away from kissing him on the cheek.

"Alright, alright, I get it—you're excited,"

Lucas said helplessly.

"But can you let go first? If you want to hug someone, go hug Pepper. I'm into women, and if the three women at my place see this, you're definitely going to be in trouble."

The scene was far too suggestive. Shuri looked like she was about to hang up a director's slate, filming from every possible angle.

Only then did Tony realize he was being filmed by a teenage girl. He turned sharply toward Shuri.

"Damn it—delete that footage right now!"

He reached for the beads on Shuri's wrist, trying to snatch them away.

Shuri dodged nimbly, retreating while pulling up a split-screen display. Pepper Potts' photo appeared on it.

"So this is your girlfriend? She's gorgeous~~~"

I wonder how she'd feel if she received a video of you shirtless, hugging Lucas like this~~~"

With a single flick of her hand, the video could be sent to Pepper. By then, no explanation would save Tony—or Lucas.

"Damn it! Lucas, stop her!"

Tony shouted urgently.

"If Pepper gets this, she'll definitely send it to Skye and the others! You won't be any better off than me!"

Lucas snapped out of it instantly. Tony was absolutely right. Pepper would definitely send it to Skye, and at that point, Lucas would be done for. He might as well pack his bags—if the three women didn't immediately fly a Quinjet to

Wakanda to deal with him personally. They might even bring Pepper along for good measure.

That would be a full-scale disaster.

"Damn it—Shuri, delete that right now!"

Lucas shouted, moving at lightning speed. He even used teleportation.

"You can mess with Tony all you want, but don't drag me into this!"

"What do you mean 'mess with me' is fine? Whose side are you on?!"

Tony protested angrily.

The three of them ended up running circles around the medical pod like a reenactment of "the Monkey King dodging the Heavenly Palace." No one

could catch anyone else. Shuri was shockingly agile, bouncing around like a monkey.

The chaos only ended when a communication request came in.

Shuri's bracelet lit up. She stopped running and accepted the call.

One of the beads transformed into the holographic image of Okoye, her bald head unmistakable.

"Where is our king?"

Okoye asked sternly.

"He's turned off his communicator."

"How would I know?"

Shuri replied casually.

"I'm not his personal tail."

"Just now, a man appeared at the border claiming he killed Ulysses Klaue—and he brought the body with him."

Okoye's tone sharpened.

"W'Kabi is escorting him to the palace as we speak. We must find your brother immediately. Where is he?!"

Shuri's expression changed instantly. She moved to the glass wall of the medical bay and waved her hand. The intruder's information appeared—Erik.

At that moment, T'Challa had already left the palace. What his father had told him weighed heavily on his mind, and he needed time to process it. He sat alone on a cliff, staring blankly at the grasslands below.

Nakia soon approached from behind and sat beside him.

Just then, Shuri contacted Nakia.

"Is my brother with you?"

She spoke urgently.

"He has to come back immediately. Something's happened."

Nakia and T'Challa exchanged looks, then immediately boarded a ship and headed back toward the palace.

---

Soon, everyone gathered at Shuri's research center. Erik's full profile was projected in the air.

"Erik Stevens,"

Shuri began.

"Graduated from Annapolis at nineteen, then earned a master's degree from MIT."

"Oh~ Didn't expect this guy to make it through MIT,"

Tony muttered with a shrug.

"He doesn't exactly look like the academic type."

"After that, he joined the U.S. Special Forces and was deployed to the Middle East. To him, killing people was as easy as playing a video game."

Shuri pulled up footage from Erik's military service. The scenes were exactly as she described—efficient, brutal, and merciless.

T'Challa watched the images in silence.

He knew now—this was his uncle's son. His own brother.

He had simply never imagined that Erik would grow into a killer like this.

After reviewing Erik's information, everyone moved to the royal hall. All the tribal leaders were assembled to discuss the situation. Lucas and Tony, as outsiders, were not permitted to attend.

"Is this man truly Wakandan?"

One tribal chief asked.

"Your Majesty, please explain what is going on."

Erik claimed to be Wakandan and even bore the traditional mark, yet there was no record of him in Wakanda's archives. The chiefs were deeply conflicted.

Just as T'Challa was about to speak, the great doors opened.

Erik was brought in, his hands bound, personally escorted by W'Kabi.

This was the first time T'Challa laid eyes on his brother.

Erik scanned the hall, sweeping his gaze across everyone present before finally fixing his eyes on T'Challa.

"Speak,"

T'Challa said in Wakandan.

W'Kabi repeated it in English.

"I understand Wakandan,"

Erik replied coldly, glancing at W'Kabi.

"I'll never forget this language."

"I'm here to tell you one thing,"

Erik continued calmly.

"I judged a man your king couldn't even capture—one who murdered your people."

His words sounded light, but to those present, they were a direct provocation against King T'Challa.

T'Challa stood up instantly. The guards closed in, and Okoye raised her spear.

"I don't care whether you brought back Ulysses Klaue,"

T'Challa said quietly, leaning close to Erik's ear.

"The only reason you're still alive is because I know who you are."

He knew Erik hadn't come with good intentions.

More than likely, he had come for revenge.

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"What exactly do you want from Wakanda?"

T'Challa stared at Erik. In Erik's eyes, he saw anger—and deep resentment.

"I want that throne."

Erik did not lower his voice. Instead, he declared it loudly, making sure everyone present heard him clearly. He wanted them all to know that he had come for the throne itself.

An elder immediately stood up and shouted angrily,

"Silence! How dare an outsider speak so brazenly in Wakanda!"

The elders burst into laughter, as though they had just heard the most absurd fantasy.

"You all sit here so comfortably,"

Erik said, glancing at the elders behind T'Challa.

"It must feel wonderful. But out there, across the world, more than a billion of our people are still living in misery. Many of them are still bullied and oppressed by white people. Wakanda possesses the means to save them—to free them from oppression and humiliation!"

His tone was calm, but the calmer he sounded, the fiercer the rage burning beneath his words.

"Oh?"

T'Challa replied evenly.

"Then tell me—what weapons are you talking about?"

At this moment, T'Challa finally understood the helplessness his father must have felt when facing his uncle back then.

"Vibranium. The weapons you already have."

"Our weapons have never been meant to wage war on the world,"

T'Challa said firmly.

"We will never use vibranium to act as some so-called world police, judging or executing the people of other nations!"

Now T'Challa truly understood why his father had opposed his uncle so strongly. If his uncle had held the same beliefs as Erik, then his father's decision—to stop him, even to forcibly bring him back to Wakanda—had been the right one.

"Your Majesty, we have already wasted enough time on this outsider,"

an elder interrupted coldly.

"What he needs now is interrogation."

He had no interest in hearing Erik's twisted rhetoric any longer—grand words about justice that were nothing more than excuses to satisfy personal ambition.

"Don't rush, elders,"

Erik said calmly.

"I haven't even stated my conditions yet. Aren't you curious who I really am?"

"You are Erik Stevens,"

Shuri spoke up immediately.

"I know exactly who you are—a spy from America."

"That is not my name, Princess."

Erik looked at Shuri. He bore her no particular hostility—after all, she had not even been born when everything happened.

"Then who are you?!"

one elder roared angrily.

"Enough of this nonsense—take him away and interrogate him!"

"I am N'Jadaka,"

Erik shouted.

"The son of Prince N'Jobu!"

His words sent shockwaves through the hall.

Every elder rose to their feet in disbelief. None of them had ever known that Prince N'Jobu had a son.

"When my father died, there were Black Panther claw marks across his chest,"

Erik continued fiercely.

"T'Challa, you were never a true king—you are nothing but the son of a murderer!"

As his emotions surged, the royal guards rushed forward and restrained him, preventing any sudden violence.

"Silence! Lies!"

Okoye stepped forward, her spear pressed against Erik's throat.

"Another word, and you die."

She was T'Challa's most loyal supporter. She would never allow anyone to slander him.

"I'm afraid he's telling the truth, Okoye."

W'Kabi, who had been standing quietly to the side, spoke at last.

All eyes immediately turned toward him. Okoye stared at her husband in disbelief, unable to understand why he was acting so strangely.

W'Kabi raised his hand. Hanging from his fingers was a necklace—with a ring attached.

The elders of Wakanda, some of whom had followed King T'Chaka since his coronation, recognized it instantly.

"This... this is—"

Gasps rang out across the hall.

"That is Prince N'Jobu's ring!"

One elder stepped forward and took the ring from W'Kabi, examining it carefully with trembling hands.

There was no doubt.

It was N'Jobu's ring.

Which meant the outsider before them was, in all likelihood, truly his son.

"I now invoke my right as a descendant of the royal bloodline,"

Erik declared loudly.

"I challenge T'Challa for the throne. I challenge the current Black Panther!"

W'Kabi had told him long ago that a royal descendant possessed the right to challenge the reigning king—and that tradition fit Erik's intentions perfectly.

The elders fell silent. Though they wished to object, Erik was invoking a legitimate Wakandan tradition. There was no argument to be made.

T'Challa first looked toward W'Kabi—the brother he had once trusted more than anyone else, now stabbing him in the back.

An elder stepped forward, handing the ring to T'Challa.

"Your Majesty, as the son of Prince N'Jobu, he has the right to challenge you."

T'Challa accepted the ring and returned to his throne. He lowered his gaze, staring at the two identical rings in his hands, saying nothing.

After a long silence, he finally looked up at Erik.

"Elders,"

he said calmly,

"summon the High Priest. I accept his challenge."

The news spread through Wakanda like wildfire.

The return of the former prince's son—and his challenge for the throne—rippled across the nation in an instant.

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At the research center, Shuri stood with her head lowered, lost in thought. Her mood was clearly grim.

Out of nowhere, she had gained another brother—one who now sought to challenge her real brother for the throne. Worse still, this newly returned brother was a ruthless killer.

She was deeply conflicted.

"Do you need our help?"

Tony asked gently as he walked over.

He genuinely admired Shuri—her intellect, her scientific skill, her achievements. He did not see her as a child at all, but as a peer, much like Lucas.

Shuri shook her head.

"You can't interfere. If you do, my brother will lose the throne for certain. I'm only worried about his safety... Erik is a monster who kills without blinking."

"Don't worry,"

Tony said, glancing at the hexagonal reactor on the chest of the test mannequin.

"We'll make sure your brother stays safe."

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Soon, the day of the challenge arrived.

The same place.

The same cliff platform rising from beneath the lake.

This time, however, in addition to the tribal leaders, there was one more observer—

The former king, T'Chaka.

He, too, had heard that his nephew had returned.

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