

Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 281 - 281 – The Dispute[1,120 words]

"So you really can wield Gungnir. There is a power within you that feels extremely familiar to me. I encountered it once before, within Mjolnir. I thought it was an illusion—but it turns out it was real."

Holding Gungnir, Odin rose to his feet and stepped in front of Karl.

"I want to take another look at that power."

As he spoke, Odin placed a hand on Karl's shoulder. In an instant, Karl felt his consciousness pulled into an unknown space.

It resembled a vast sea of stars. Amid the endless constellations stood a colossal crystal, towering between heaven and earth. The crystal was conical in shape, and eight crystal statues surrounded it. Three of those statues were already illuminated: a green Garuda, a purple Ram, and an orange-red Phoenix. The remaining five statues were dim and lifeless.

The three activated crystals radiated a primal, violent aura, while the towering central crystal emitted an overwhelming vitality—as if all life in the cosmos had been born from it.

It was Karl's first time seeing this scene.

He had always believed that his summoned beasts were gradually granted to him by the system through missions. Only now did he realize that the system had given him everything at once, unlocking them one by one through tasks.

...Well, on second thought, the essence hadn't really changed. Either way, it was still progressive unlocking through missions.

Odin stood beside Karl. The last time his consciousness had entered this space, it had been shrouded in darkness. Yet this time, an incomparably vast crystal had appeared.

He lifted his gaze. Eight enormous statues stood around them, similar to what he had glimpsed before—only now he could see them clearly.

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As Odin's eyes swept past the Phoenix statue, the massive crystal suddenly erupted with blinding light. Even Odin was forced to close his eyes. When he opened them again, his divine sense had been forcibly expelled from Karl's inner world.

Karl opened his eyes at the same time. In his own perception, he saw the Mother Crystal emit a gentle glow, after which Odin vanished instantly, and he too was expelled from the spiritual realm.

"An utterly inconceivable power," Odin said calmly. "Your abilities far exceed anything I imagined."

Outwardly, Odin appeared composed, but within his heart raged a storm. Before that crystal, he had possessed no ability to resist—not even the thought of resistance. He had been completely suppressed.

He was Odin—the All-Father of Asgard, ruler of the Nine Realms, a being of the Skyfather tier.

Yet even with such power, he was utterly powerless before that crystal.

What was it?

In all his knowledge, Odin had never encountered such a thing. He had seen the Infinity Stones before, but he was certain of one thing—this crystal should not exist in this universe.

Within the dazzling radiance of the crystal, Odin had sensed the most primordial force imaginable—a power that existed before the creation of heaven and earth, before the birth of the universe itself, utterly untouched and unrefined.

Primal meant violent. It meant chaos.

And yet, the power within the crystal showed no sign of rampage. Though savage and unrestrained, it possessed its own internal order—an irreconcilable contradiction.

Odin frowned as he looked at Karl. He could not recall when such a figure had emerged in the cosmos. Though Karl was still far too weak to threaten him now, given time, his power would undoubtedly surpass Odin's own.

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No wonder the Ancient One held such high expectations for this human.

Both Karl and Odin tacitly avoided mentioning what they had seen within Karl's consciousness. Thor and Tony, meanwhile, had only noticed that the two of them had paused briefly; neither sensed anything unusual.

This time, Odin did not feel that strangely familiar power again, but he was no longer convinced that his earlier experience had been an illusion. At his level, anything he could perceive was unquestionably real—illusions simply did not exist.

"Father, I want to pursue Malekith," Thor said, turning to Odin.

"The Aether is in our hands. Malekith will come to us again," Odin replied flatly. "All we need to do is wait."

He dismissed Thor's request without hesitation.

"You're not wrong," Thor said, growing agitated. "But why wait for him to come and destroy Asgard?"

"The Dark Elves do not have that kind of power," Odin said calmly. "You overestimate those creatures."

Odin paced down the steps, stopping in the center of the great hall, now little more than ruins.

"No, Father. I'm thinking of our people," Thor said, staring at Odin's back. "I intend to take Jane to Svartalfheim—to draw the enemy away from Asgard and prevent this realm from being plunged into war again."

"When Malekith extracts the Aether from Jane, it will be fully exposed. That will be the moment it is most vulnerable. I will destroy it—along with Malekith and the Dark Elves."

Odin turned around and struck Gungnir against the ground.

"You are gambling," he said coldly. "You are wagering both your life and that of the Midgardian girl. If you fail, the Aether will fall into enemy hands as a weapon. When that happens, far more will die."

"And if we do nothing, the danger will be even greater," Thor shot back. "His fleet could appear above us at any moment, and we have no way to find them."

Thor faced Odin's overwhelming presence without retreating.

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"When that time comes, tens of thousands of Asgardian soldiers will meet them with steel."

Odin remained calm, but his aura grew increasingly oppressive.

Karl and Tony stood off to the side. This was a confrontation between father and son—there was no room for them to intervene. Still, Karl knew that no matter what Odin said, Thor would ultimately choose to take Jane to the Dark Elves' homeworld.

"How many more must we sacrifice this time?!" Thor demanded. "Thousands are already dead—must this continue?!"

"No matter how many, it is worth it!" Odin roared. "The dignity of Asgard shall never be trampled!"

He slammed Gungnir down again, and a surge of golden energy erupted from his body.

Thor, standing closest, felt a violent gale slam into him. He hurriedly raised Mjolnir to block the impact, yet was still driven several meters backward.

"Asgard will continue to fight—until the last Asgardian falls!"

Odin retracted his aura, returning once more to calm composure.

"Then how are you any different from Malekith?" Thor asked bitterly. "All my life, you taught me how to be a worthy king. But look at what you're doing now."

Odin suddenly laughed.

"You are still far from being king, my son," he said. "Excessive mercy only makes others see you as weak. Sometimes, only war can bring peace—only war can force those who bare their fangs against your rule to draw them back."

With that, Odin turned and left the great hall.

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## **Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 282 - 282 - Thor's Plan[ 1,067 words ]**

At an Asgardian tavern, Thor sat alone in a corner, his face filled with disappointment. In the past, this had been his favorite place to drink, yet now he had no desire to touch a single cup.

When he looked up, he saw Heimdall walking toward him.

"You didn't attend Father's military council?" Heimdall asked as he sat down across from Thor.

"Father has ordered the Bifrost closed," Heimdall continued. "No one is permitted to enter or leave Asgard."

He removed his helmet and sighed. "An enemy even I cannot see... this situation is truly troublesome."

"Malekith will return," Thor said meaningfully as he looked at Heimdall. "You and I both know that."

"I cannot disobey the All-Father's command," Heimdall replied.

The two looked at each other, then smiled knowingly.

Still in the tavern, night had already fallen. The Warriors Three, Sif, as well as Karl and Tony had all gathered there.

"Didn't my father already give permission for you two to leave?" Thor asked in surprise, looking at Karl and Tony.

Since they were not Asgardians, Odin had allowed them to return to Earth.

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"In fact, we were planning to leave," Karl said calmly. "But before we do, I think I should remind you of something."

He glanced at everyone except Sif, as if looking at a group of fools.

"I can more or less guess your plan. So Tony and I intend to go with you."

Karl had seen Thor: The Dark World. He knew exactly what Thor was planning.

"Thank you, Karl," Thor said sincerely. "With you involved, things will be much easier."

Thor then outlined his plan. As expected, it was almost identical to the one from the film.

"One thing to keep in mind," Karl added, "bring Loki with you. Only he knows how to leave Asgard without using the Bifrost."

Thor froze.

His original plan had been to ask Heimdall to open the Bifrost and send them away, but that would have been disastrous for Heimdall. Disobeying a royal command was a serious offense; secretly opening the Bifrost could even be considered treason. After all, the Bifrost was the only openly known means of entering and leaving Asgard—opening it without authorization was equivalent to inviting enemies inside.

Thor quickly realized Karl was right. Given Loki's nature, he certainly knew alternative ways to leave Asgard. After all, he had done so many times before.

Soon, everyone began assigning roles.

The Warriors Three would hold off any pursuers.

Sif would retrieve Jane from her room.

Tony, posing as a tourist, would steal a ship.

Karl and Thor would go to find Loki.

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Asgardian ships were used not only for combat, but also for cargo transport and sightseeing. Tony could easily board one as a Midgardian tourist and tour Asgard. Except for the royal palace, he could access nearly every area—even circle the entire realm.

Thor's plan was for Tony to secure a ship and fly beneath the Bifrost, where everyone would regroup.

With the plan settled, they each set off to carry out their tasks.

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At the Asgardian prison, the recent unrest had been quelled, and silence had returned. Thor and Karl strode openly toward the prison entrance, deliberately drawing attention to themselves to divert notice from the Warriors Three and Sif.

It was also Karl's first real opportunity to properly observe the prison.

They soon arrived at Loki's cell. Loki was reclining comfortably on a chair, casually eating fruit. Even as a prisoner, he was still an Asgardian prince—well fed and well treated.

"Loki!" Thor's booming voice echoed through the corridor.

The grape Loki was about to eat slipped from his fingers and rolled across the floor.

"Thor," Loki said as he stood up and approached the energy barrier, "it's been so long. You only remember to visit me now?"

"What are you here for?"

As soon as he said that, Loki noticed Karl standing beside Thor. His face darkened instantly, and he subconsciously took a step back.

"Long time no see, Atreus~" Karl said cheerfully, waving at him.

He still used the same nickname—after all, the game from his previous life had left a deep impression on him.

Thor and Loki were already used to it. Thor had even once asked Odin if he knew who "Atreus" was, but even the all-knowing All-Father had no answer. He could only say the name sounded like it came from the Olympian pantheon—a group of gods who had long since stopped interfering with Earth.

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"You... you're here too?!" Loki stammered, pointing at Karl, his pupils trembling.

Clearly, the events of the Battle of New York had left him with lasting trauma.

"I just came to see how you've been," Karl said, gesturing at the furnishings and fresh fruit behind him. "Looks like you're living quite comfortably."

"Loki," Thor said directly, cutting through the banter. "I need your help."

"Help?" Loki sneered. "You must be truly desperate to ask a prisoner for help."

He deliberately ignored Karl, instinctively trying to erase him from his awareness.

"Listen, Loki," Thor said seriously. "You know about the Dark Elves' invasion. They killed many Asgardian warriors. Though they've withdrawn for now, they will return. I intend to draw them away from Asgard. We cannot allow them to continue destroying our home."

Loki looked at Thor calmly.

"And what does Asgard's fate have to do with me?" he said mockingly. "I'm not even Asgardian. You haven't forgotten that, have you?"

He let out a self-deprecating laugh. Loki had always been deeply troubled by his Frost Giant heritage. He believed Odin had only taken him in as a matter of convenience, like adopting a stray animal. He had always thought himself more fit to rule than Thor, yet his origins ensured Odin would never truly acknowledge him.

"Then do you not care about Mother?" Thor said sharply. "She nearly died at the hands of those cursed Dark Elves. If not for Karl arriving in time, you would never see her again."

Thor knew that among all of Asgard, the person Loki cared about most was Frigga.

Sure enough, Loki—who had been about to recline again—spun around instantly. His aura surged.

"How is Mother now?" he demanded, pressing both hands against the energy barrier.

"She's fine. Just lightly injured," Thor replied. "So—are you coming with us?"

"When do we leave?" Loki asked, regaining his composure.

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"Now," Thor said with a shrug, turning to deactivate the cell's energy field.

Loki left behind a mirror illusion of himself lying lazily in the cell, while his true body followed Thor and Karl out of the prison.

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Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 283 - 283 - Taking Loki Away[1,046 words]

"This really doesn't feel like you at all," Loki said incredulously as he followed Thor. "Leading a prison break, and such a covert one at that. Are you really not planning to smash your way out with brute force?"

"I'll hit you if you don't shut up," Thor warned quietly, moving with great care. He had no intention of being caught red-handed—if that happened, they wouldn't make it out of Asgard, let alone out of the prison.

"Fine, fine. You're the boss," Loki shrugged. "Anyway, I'm not really here."

As he spoke, his body instantly shifted into the form of an Asgardian soldier, spear in hand, walking alongside Thor.

"Better now?" Loki said cheerfully. "Don't I look much more pleasing to the eye?"

The voice was still Loki's, but his appearance had become that of a bearded warrior not unlike Thor himself.

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"Better than your real face," Thor replied, glancing at him before quickening his pace toward the exit.

Karl remained silent, discreetly pulling out his phone and snapping a photo. This was a classic moment—one absolutely worth preserving. After all, Loki would later turn into Steve Rogers; this was priceless material.

"Still, I think we can be even more low-key," Loki said.

A flash of green light rippled outward.

Loki himself remained unchanged, but Thor suddenly transformed—now clad in Sif's silver armor.

Karl captured the scene perfectly, recording the entire transformation in crisp detail. This was pure gold—future blackmail material. Not recording Thor's darkest moments would have been a crime.

By now, Karl's phone was filled with embarrassing moments from various superheroes, starting with Tony and now Thor. Every hero Karl had encountered had their "black history" preserved on this device. It was easily the most valuable phone in the world. Tony had once offered an absurd price for it—high enough to pick any artifact he wanted from the Louvre—but Karl hadn't been tempted in the slightest.

Influenced by Karl, Tony had started his own collection as well. His phone was packed with embarrassing footage—mostly of Karl and Rhodey, followed by the original Avengers and even T'Challa. Anyone Tony met was fair game.

"Brother~~ you look absolutely stunning right now," Loki said, admiring Thor's new appearance.

Behind them, Karl was quietly snapping photos like his life depended on it.

Thor looked down and immediately noticed something was wrong. His chest felt... larger. Much larger. Then it hit him—his armor was clearly female. A second later, he realized the horrifying truth.

He had turned into a woman. Into Sif.

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"If you ever turn me into this again," Thor said darkly, "I will make sure you die a very miserable death."

Though his face was dark, Thor wasn't truly angry. In fact, he felt strangely relieved. This felt familiar—like old times. Ever since Loki had learned the truth of his origins, their relationship had grown distant and awkward. Now, for the first time in a long while, it felt like when they were younger. A faint smile even crept onto Thor's face.

"Alright, alright," Loki said lightly. "Maybe you'd feel more comfortable if I turned into one of your newer friends instead?"

Green light flashed again.

This time, Loki transformed into Steve Rogers—star-spangled uniform, vibranium shield and all.

Why not Karl? Because Loki was still subconsciously avoiding him. Turning into Karl? He wouldn't dare.

Behind them, Karl eagerly recorded everything. An opportunity like this came once in a lifetime.

"Ahh, this feels much better," Loki said, flexing slightly. "Look at this physique—far better than yours. This uniform though... ugh, it's way too tight. I honestly don't understand how this guy fights in it."

"But that confidence," Loki continued enthusiastically. "It just comes naturally. I can feel justice surging through my body! Wow! Endless strength! I could fight you all day long! God bless Ameri—"

Thor clamped a hand over Loki's mouth. His voice was getting louder by the second. Had he forgotten they were fugitives?

Loki struggled, so Thor covered his nose as well—completely, without mercy.

Another flash of light, and Loki reverted to his original form. Following Thor's gaze, he spotted two patrolling guards nearby.

"Brother," Loki whispered, "shouldn't you at least give me a weapon for self-defense? Perhaps my daggers?"

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Already irritated beyond reason, Thor simply tossed Loki his daggers. He wasn't worried about being stabbed in the back—he knew Loki wouldn't do it. And with Karl right behind them, Loki would behave. Fear was a powerful motivator.

Deep within the palace, guards lined both sides of the corridor. Sif moved swiftly and silently, dispatching them in moments before pushing open the door.

"I'm not hungry. You don't need to bring food anymore," Jane said without looking up. For days now, only servants delivering meals had come.

"Perfect," Sif replied. "Then come with me."

She glanced Jane over once, then the two immediately left the room, moving quickly down the corridor. Thor and the others were already waiting.

Jane spotted Loki instantly at Thor's side.

"You?!"

"I'm Loki," he said politely. "I believe we've met."

Her response was a sharp, resounding slap.

"This one's for New York!"

Smack.

Even Thor was stunned. Jane had clearly used all her strength—but to Loki, it was no more than a mosquito bite. Asgardians were far beyond humans physically. Loki could have knocked her head clean off if he wanted.

Loki chuckled and glanced at Thor.

"I think I'm starting to like her~~"

"Move," Thor said firmly. "Heimdall should already be in position."

He looked toward the observatory at the end of the Bifrost.

High atop the observatory, Heimdall stood watch as Odin arrived with his retinue.

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"Heimdall," Odin said calmly, "you asked me here urgently. What have you seen?"

Odin trusted Heimdall completely—his sight spanned the Nine Realms.

"Someone has committed treason, my king," Heimdall replied evenly, as though he had already accepted the outcome.

"Who?" Odin asked, his eyes narrowing as his power began to stir.

"Me."

As Heimdall spoke, he drew the sword embedded in the platform. Instantly, more than a dozen guards rushed in, forming a protective barrier in front of Odin.

Odin stared at Heimdall. He did not believe for a moment that Heimdall had betrayed Asgard. He already understood what was happening.

Just then, a group of messengers hurried in.

"Your Majesty," the lead guard reported urgently, "the Midgardian woman has been taken."

Odin let out a long sigh. Everything was clear now.

Heimdall had called him here for one reason only—to buy them time.

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## **Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 284 - 284 - Stealing the Razor Ship[ 1,092 words ]**

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"Stop Thor. Intercept him at all costs."

Odin issued the order to the captain.

At once, all of Asgard sprang into action. Soldiers spread out across the realm, searching for Thor's whereabouts. One squad soon encountered Thor and his group in a corridor they had just passed through.

"Take her and go. Leave this to me."

Seeing the soldiers charging in, Sif immediately stepped in front of Thor.

Thor nodded without hesitation and led the others away, while Sif drew the sword and shield from her back and charged straight at the squad.

Before long, Thor's group arrived at the Razor ship that had previously crashed nose-first into the palace terrace. The other two warriors were already waiting there.

"We'll do our best to buy you some time," one of them said.

Thor nodded. No extra words were needed—between them, gratitude went without saying.

The group rushed past the two warriors and boarded the Razor ship.

Inside, the ship was pitch-black, bearing the unmistakable aesthetic of the Dark Elves—though it might simply have been because the ship hadn't powered up yet.

At the control console, Thor stared blankly for a moment, then began pressing buttons at random, smashing anything that looked remotely important.

"Didn't you say you knew how to fly this thing?" Loki asked. "Why are you just mashing buttons now?"

Meanwhile, Karl quietly helped Jane find something to hold onto. Given Thor's temperament, the ship was bound to fly like a battering ram.

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Outside, another squad of soldiers was already rushing toward them. The two warriors positioned themselves in front of the ship and charged head-on into the incoming troops.

"I don't care what you're pressing," Loki urged, craning his neck behind Thor, "but you'd better hurry. We've been spotted."

"Shut up, Loki," Thor snapped, pressing the controls even more violently. "You're distracting me!"

"You must have missed a button. Try again," Loki said anxiously, joining in and poking at the console himself, mirroring Thor's chaotic movements perfectly.

"You're supposed to press gently—you're being way too rough!" Loki shouted, his voice rising despite his hands doing the exact opposite.

"I am pressing gently! This thing just isn't—re—spon—ding!"

Thor slammed his palm down hard on the console.

Suddenly, the area lit up. Holographic displays flared to life around the control panel.

"Of course," Karl muttered. "Any piece of technology can apparently be fixed by giving it a good smack."

Strangely enough, the method really did seem universal—effective on everything from radios to spaceships.

Outside, the two warriors had already been pinned down by the soldiers. Neither side used lethal force; after all, they were comrades. Both sides instinctively chose to subdue rather than kill.

Boom—!

The Razor ship's engines suddenly roared to life. A powerful blast of thrust erupted, sending a shockwave outward that flung both the warriors and the soldiers off their feet.

Karl's prediction proved correct. Thor's piloting style was as crude and violent as expected. The Razor ship smashed through several massive stone pillars inside the palace, then burst through the windows atop the platform, finally breaking free of the royal palace.

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Inside the ship, Jane suddenly felt dizzy and collapsed to the floor. Karl reacted instantly, catching her and gently lowering her down.

"What happened? Is she dead?" Loki asked casually, glancing back.

Boom—!

The ship shook violently. Behind them, more than a dozen Asgardian ships were in hot pursuit, launching relentless attacks on the Razor ship.

Thor swerved clumsily to dodge the fire, the ship lurching erratically as it tore through the skyline, smashing into countless towers and stone columns along the way.

Following the plan, the Razor ship headed straight for the Rainbow Bridge. Thor deliberately avoided the densest clusters of buildings—damaging Asgard was one thing, but wrecking the ship beyond repair was another.

"They're right behind us!" Loki shouted as the ship was hit again, the impact even more violent this time.

"Thank you for the commentary!" Thor yelled back. "If you could shut your mouth, I'd fly a lot better!"

He accelerated again.

The ship suddenly shuddered as it passed a massive structure. Losing control for a split second, the Razor ship sliced cleanly through the head of a gigantic statue.

"Well done!" Loki sneered. "Congratulations—you just chopped off Grandpa's head!"

Thor glanced back. Sure enough, the statue's head was already plunging into the sea below.

Passing through a waterfall, the ship entered the Rainbow Bridge's airspace. The bridge itself was now clearly visible.

Still dodging incoming fire, the Razor ship began spewing black smoke. It was barely holding together.

"If you don't do something soon, we're all going to die!" Loki shouted, watching the pursuing ships close in.

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Karl stood up. He had no intention of letting the ship get blown apart.

"Leave it to me."

He moved to the hatch.

"Go easy on them," Thor called back. "They're just following orders."

Karl nodded, opened the hatch, and with a sweep of his cloak, leapt into the air.

Hovering behind the Razor ship, with more than a dozen enemy ships rapidly closing in, Karl's eyes flashed with an orange-red glow.

With a casual wave of his hand, more than a dozen fireballs—each the size of a basketball—materialized behind him. At his command, they shot forward.

Trailing blazing tails like meteors, the fireballs streaked through the sky and struck every Asgardian ship with pinpoint accuracy.

The explosions were perfectly controlled—just strong enough to destroy the propulsion systems. One by one, the ships lost power and fell from the sky like dumplings, crashing into the sea below.

Turning around, Karl suddenly spotted Tony, leisurely piloting a ship across the ocean's surface. Asgardian ships were ships in the literal sense—fully capable of operating both in the air and on water.

Karl landed directly on Tony's vessel. Tony was gripping the control lever, steering casually.

"Karl! I never expected Asgardian ships to not only look like boats but handle exactly like them too," Tony said enthusiastically. "Look at this control stick—doesn't it look just like an oar?"

Tony had been surprised by how simple the controls were. He had even had JARVIS record an Asgardian pilot's operation earlier, only to realize there was barely anything to learn.

Back on the Razor ship, Thor and Loki were arguing again. The ship was on the verge of total failure.

"So this was your brilliant escape plan?" Loki shouted over the blaring red warning lights. "You steal the biggest, most eye-catching ship in all of Asgard,

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crash it into everything in sight, and try to escape? Incredible. Truly. I almost miss the old you—the one who only knew how to charge headfirst."

Thor glanced at Loki, then at the open hatch.

Without a word, he kicked Loki straight out of the ship.

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Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 285 - 285 - The Hidden Passage of Asgard[1,068 words]

Before Loki could even react, his body was already flying out of the ship, plunging toward the sea below.

On the surface of the ocean, Karl saw Loki being kicked off the ship and immediately knew Thor had sent him flying. But Loki wasn't Thor—he couldn't fly. Karl instantly conjured a gust of wind, sending it upward to catch Loki mid-fall, slowing his descent and gently guiding him onto their smaller vessel.

A moment later, a red figure landed as well. Thor touched down safely, holding the unconscious Jane in his arms.

"Hahaha—still as graceful as ever, Bambi~!"

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Seeing Loki's sorry state put Tony in an excellent mood. He burst out laughing, delighted every time Loki got humiliated.

Everyone looked up at the Razor ship above them. Its engines were belching thick black smoke. After flying only a short distance, the ship suddenly detonated and disintegrated midair.

"Didn't expect you to be this clever," Loki said, watching the explosion. "You even managed to fool me, brother~"

"You're only realizing that now?" Thor replied. "Hurry up and take us to that passage you mentioned."

He laid the unconscious Jane down on the ship, then moved to the bow and looked ahead—the edge of Asgard was not far away.

Loki curled his lip, then glanced at Tony.

Tony shrugged and immediately understood, vacating the pilot's seat.

Loki grabbed the oar-like control lever. The ship suddenly accelerated faster and faster, then he wrenched it sharply to the side. The vessel made a ninety-degree turn and shot toward a distant mountain range.

Just then, another ship appeared and began launching a fierce attack on them.

Karl turned around and casually summoned a fireball, repeating his earlier tactic and hurling it at the pursuing ship.

The enemy ship immediately tried to evade, but it hadn't expected the fireball to be homing. It curved dramatically through the air, tracked the ship's movement, and slammed straight into it, sending it crashing into the sea below.

Loki guided the ship into a narrow mountain gorge. On both sides were sheer cliffs, sharp as blades, with only a few meters of space between them. Instead of slowing down, Loki accelerated even harder.

"Loki! What are you trying to do?!"

Thor grabbed the bow and turned back toward him.

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"If it were as easy as you imagine, it wouldn't be called a hidden passage!"

Loki accelerated again, ramming straight into the gorge.

The ship lurched violently as it squeezed into the narrow gap. As it sped forward, multicolored lights suddenly ignited around them—brilliant hues just like those of the Rainbow Bridge. In the next instant, everything flashed white.

When they opened their eyes again, the ship had arrived in a desolate wasteland.

The sky was dim, the land black and barren. As far as the eye could see, not a blade of grass grew—only deathly silence.

The ship staggered through the air, sparks flying everywhere.

The surroundings were nothing but ruins. It was as if they had entered the remains of a vast, fallen civilization. Collapsed structures and wreckage littered the landscape, including the hulks of massive spacecraft, clear evidence that this place had once been extraordinarily advanced.

Jane had regained consciousness. Beneath her skin, faint red energy could be seen flowing constantly.

"If I had that kind of energy," Loki remarked, watching her, "there's so much I could do with it."

"You'd be consumed by it, Loki," Thor replied coolly. "I don't want to lose my little brother."

"She seems fine, doesn't she?" Loki countered.

"Only for now. The Aether feeds on its host's life force. It keeps draining it..."

Thor didn't finish the sentence.

Loki nodded as if understanding at last. "Then say goodbye to her. For us, a hundred years is nothing. For humans, it's the end of their lives. You should let go now—the deeper you become entangled, the more her loss will tear you apart."

He looked at the weakened Jane. Though awake, she was barely conscious. The Aether's corrosion was growing more severe by the second.

"Shut up, Loki!" Thor roared.

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Loki wisely said no more. He really was thinking of Thor—Asgardians lived for five thousand years, far beyond the span of human life. Letting go now would only bring regret; waiting until later would mean unbearable heartbreak.

Off to the side, Karl and Tony huddled together, each holding up a phone, cameras trained on Thor and Loki. A moment this dramatic was far too good to miss.

Earth.

S.H.I.E.L.D. had completely evacuated the Royal Greenwich Academy. Since the school's relocation, the site had become part of Greenwich University. Now, it stood utterly empty—everyone had been evacuated. Even the dogs kept on campus had been taken away.

Not only that, the entire Greenwich district had been cleared. Residents and workers alike were forced to leave temporarily under the joint intervention of local authorities and S.H.I.E.L.D.

The official explanation was that the military would be conducting large-scale exercises throughout the Greenwich area, with no set end date.

Despite widespread protests—people decrying the violation of their freedom and the expulsion from their homes—the military paid no heed. The district was sealed off completely. Agents in black suits moved through the streets, conducting final checks. Anyone found still inside was immediately escorted out.

Helicopters circled continuously above Greenwich, monitoring the situation. Coulson was aboard one of them.

"All units, stay sharp," Coulson said as he studied the real-time meteorological data. "Ten hours until the eclipse."

With modern technology, predicting a solar eclipse was exceptionally accurate.

On the ground, inside a temporary tent, Natasha, Steve, and Barton were present. Jane's assistant Daisy and Dr. Erik Selvig—who had once been controlled by Loki—were busy calibrating the devices in front of them.

"Doctor," Natasha asked, eyeing a piece of equipment that looked somewhere between a cane and a launcher, "can these things really detect dark matter?"

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"This detector is based on the energy fluctuations of the Tesseract," Selvig explained. "It can accurately capture dark-matter signals with an error margin of less than ten meters."

After finishing his adjustments, he picked up one device and handed it to Natasha.

"Place these around Greenwich University at intervals of one hundred meters. If one of them activates, it means dark-matter fluctuations have been detected—very likely a gateway to the Nine Realms."

Natasha nodded. She trusted Selvig. After all, the device that once opened a cosmic gateway had been his work.

She issued orders to the agents, who began deploying the detectors throughout the university grounds.

And so, everyone stood ready, waiting for the eclipse to arrive.

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## **Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 286 - 286 – Ready and Waiting[ 1,060 words ]**

Gwen and Peter were crouched atop the tallest building at Greenwich University, overlooking the entire campus. It had already been a week without any news from Karl, and neither of them knew how he was doing.

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Down in the camp below, Skye, Wanda, and Felicia were working alongside Natasha and the others to deploy the detectors. Among everyone present, Wanda was by far the most sensitive to dark energy. The moment a gateway between the Nine Realms opened, she would sense it before anyone else.

At S.H.I.E.L.D. headquarters, Nick Fury was hardly idle. He kept a constant eye on the situation at Greenwich University while coordinating S.H.I.E.L.D.'s operations on the ground. He had already taken dozens of calls.

Fury stared at the helicopter footage displayed on the large screen. A full week had passed since Karl had provided the intelligence, and everyone—including Fury himself—was waiting for the eclipse. Although Fury trusted Karl, that didn't mean everyone else in S.H.I.E.L.D. did, especially those Hydra troublemakers stirring things up behind the scenes.

Alexander Pierce slowly strolled into Fury's office.

"Nick, it's been a week," Pierce said casually. "I still haven't seen any of the phenomena you mentioned. The World Security Council is putting more and more pressure on us. You'll need to provide a reasonable explanation."

Pierce sat down on the sofa and looked at Fury. Though his expression was calm, he was secretly delighted. He had embedded Hydra's remnants deep within S.H.I.E.L.D. to ensure their survival under Fury's cover. But in recent years, Fury's actions had grown increasingly unpredictable—some operations even bypassed him entirely. That made Pierce uneasy.

This operation was the perfect opportunity to rein Fury in and remind him that, even if he was no longer director in name, Pierce still wielded absolute authority within S.H.I.E.L.D. In his eyes, Fury was nothing more than a puppet.

Fury glanced up at Pierce. To him, no one was truly trustworthy—especially after S.H.I.E.L.D.'s earlier internal purge. Aside from Coulson and a select few he genuinely trusted, Fury instinctively kept everyone else at arm's length, never granting full confidence.

Pierce's sudden appearance only heightened his suspicion. The operation had been approved by the World Security Council, and the timeline was clearly stated in the plan. There was no reason for the Council to be in such a hurry.

"Alexander," Fury said coolly, "the time hasn't come yet. There are still ten hours until the eclipse. I trust Karl—he wouldn't lie to me."

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He spared Pierce a brief glance before returning his attention to the screen.

Pierce's eyes flickered, his thoughts unreadable.

"Very well," Pierce said. "I'll continue dealing with the Council for now. But are you sure that kid is really worth trusting? You even sealed his file. I can't access it myself."

The remark sounded casual, but it concealed Pierce's true intent.

"Not just his," Fury replied without looking at him. "All Avengers' files have been sealed. No one has clearance to view them."

In truth, sealing the original Avengers' files made little difference. None of their identities were truly secret anymore.

Natasha and Barton were S.H.I.E.L.D. agents to begin with—Hydra's embedded operatives already knew them well.

Steve Rogers had lived within S.H.I.E.L.D. ever since being thawed from the ice.

Bruce Banner's military records were extensive, and his identity was an open secret within the armed forces.

As for Thor—an alien—whether he had a file or not was irrelevant. Pierce couldn't even locate him, let alone threaten his family. Odin was hardly someone a human bureaucrat could intimidate; doing so might get the entire planet destroyed.

Then there was Tony Stark. Touch him, and S.H.I.E.L.D. would undergo another massive purge the very next day.

That left only Karl.

Karl's sheer power made Pierce feel utterly helpless, as though handling a live grenade. Investigating Karl's background would have been easy—he didn't hide his face or use an alias. The son of the NYPD commissioner meant nothing to Pierce. But Karl was too powerful. Everyone in S.H.I.E.L.D. knew he was responsible for the destruction of the Capitol, yet no one dared speak of it. They all pretended not to know. Even Fury had helped suppress the truth.

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Pierce felt a wave of exhaustion. He wanted access to Karl's file only to identify his real parents, hoping to use them as leverage.

What Pierce didn't know was that Karl's biological mother had been a cultivator who died shortly after his birth, and his father was unknown—almost certainly no saint either. Karl himself didn't care. To him, the Stacys were his true parents.

Pierce coveted Karl's power with an almost obsessive intensity. Obtaining Karl would mean Hydra's dominance was virtually assured. That terrifying body and world-shattering strength haunted Pierce's dreams—strength capable of catching a nuclear missile barehanded. It was exactly the kind of power Hydra craved.

Two men with hidden agendas sat in the same office, silently staring each other down. Fury focused on directing the Greenwich operation remotely, sparing little attention for Pierce.

At the Greenwich site, everything was finally in place. All that remained was to wait for the detectors to activate—and for the eclipse.

Everyone stayed on high alert. S.H.I.E.L.D. agents conducted one final patrol, checking for any potential gaps in the perimeter.

In the West, after all, "freedom" was sacred. And at times like this, there were always idiots who tried to sneak into restricted zones under the banner of "exploration." This operation involved extraterrestrials and interdimensional gateways—there could be no room for error.

Coulson had even issued a direct order: if anyone attempted to infiltrate or forcibly breach the quarantine zone, regardless of age or gender, they were to be shot on sight.

Everything had levels. In an ordinary situation, intruders might simply be escorted away. But this was a top-level event. Any suspicious individual was to be eliminated immediately—no exceptions.

In the realm of the Dark Elves, the ship continued weaving through the ruins. The group sat in silence aboard the small craft, while Jane gazed up at the dim sky.

Karl reached into his system inventory and pulled out cheeseburgers, sandwiches, and drinks. It was an old habit—keeping large amounts of food and water stored away. Time inside the inventory was frozen; whatever went in came out unchanged. No matter how long it had been stored, the food was exactly the same.

Even the burgers and sandwiches were still warm, the patties sizzling as grease dripped from them. **Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 287 - 287 – Extracting the Aether[ 1,033 words ]**

"Are you hungry? Want something to eat first?"

Karl tossed a hamburger to Tony and then asked the others.

The moment the burgers and sandwiches appeared, the rich aroma of grilled meat mixed with melted cheese spread instantly. Even Jane felt her stomach growl.

Soon, everyone gathered inside the small ship and began eating heartily.

Karl had more food in his system inventory than they could ever finish. The inventory allowed identical items to stack in each slot, so every type of food he carried was already in the hundreds. With just this small group, they barely made a dent.

After eating and drinking their fill, the ship finally flew out of the ruins and arrived at a vast, flat expanse resembling a desert.

Suddenly, a faint engine hum echoed through the sky.

Everyone looked up.

A massive, sword-shaped warship was already hovering overhead, like a black blade hanging upside down in the air.

"They're finally here..."

Thor murmured, then turned to the others.

"According to the plan, the moment Malekith extracts the Aether, we strike immediately."

The group nodded slightly.

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Loki immediately cast a spell, concealing Karl and Tony and rendering them invisible. He and Thor then accompanied Jane as they walked toward the warship.

The sword-shaped vessel descended slowly, while their small ship landed on the desert below.

Led by Malekith, dozens of Dark Elves disembarked from the warship.

"Brother, this ridiculous plan of yours is very likely to get all of us killed."

Loki sighed helplessly. Planning had always been his job—Thor was the executor, the one who charged in headfirst.

In Loki's eyes, this plan was crude to the point of recklessness. It barely qualified as a plan at all—nothing more than baiting the enemy and drawing the battlefield away from Asgard. There was no protection whatsoever for Jane, a mere mortal. Her life—and everyone else's—was being used as a gamble.

After all, this place had once been the Dark Elves' homeworld. Who knew what hidden contingencies Malekith still had?

"Maybe," Thor replied calmly. "But at least Asgard won't be destroyed."

Thor was resolute. Even if given another chance, he would make the same choice. He refused to let the flames of war reach Asgard.

"Loki," Thor said seriously, turning to him. "I can trust you... right?"

Loki smiled faintly, his expression filled with cunning and deceit.

"Of course, my brother."

The next instant, Loki drew a dagger and plunged it straight into Thor's abdomen.

Thor cried out and collapsed to the ground, his hammer flying out of sight.

"Thor!!"

Jane was stunned. Just a moment ago, the brothers had been talking normally—now they were killing each other?

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She rushed toward Thor as he raised his hand to summon Mjolnir.

The hammer tore free from the ground and flew toward him—but suddenly, Loki's dagger flashed. Thor's right hand was severed cleanly, bone exposed, and Mjolnir lost its target, crashing uselessly to the ground.

"You really think I care about the people of Asgard?" Loki sneered. "Do you honestly believe I care about any of you?"

He stepped forward and kicked Thor onto his back. Thor clutched his severed arm, screaming in agony.

"The only thing I desire," Loki roared, "is to watch you and Odin die beneath my feet!"

Jane reached Thor's side, but before she could tend to his wounds, Loki seized her and dragged her before Malekith.

"Malekith," Loki announced loudly, "I am Loki of Jotunheim. I bring you a gift."

He shoved Jane to the ground at Malekith's feet.

"My demands are simple," Loki continued, gripping his dagger fiercely. "I want to see Asgard destroyed. I want to watch it turn to ashes with my own eyes!"

Malekith studied Loki in silence.

At his side, the creature that had previously shattered Asgard's defensive barrier spoke up.

"Leader, he is an enemy of Asgard. I saw him in Asgard's prison."

Malekith glanced at Thor clutching his severed arm, then back at Loki, before slowly approaching Thor.

He kicked Thor aside and examined the severed limb. The wound was already charred black from searing heat.

Malekith raised his hand.

Jane's body lifted into the air.

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Streams of crimson, particulate energy were forcibly drawn from her body, as if pulled toward their kin. The energy surged toward Malekith, gathering into a dense red mass in midair.

Jane collapsed to the ground, as though all strength had been drained from her.

"Loki—NOW!"

Thor suddenly shouted.

Green light flashed over his body. His severed arm instantly reformed, whole and intact, and Mjolnir flew back into his grasp.

The severed hand had been nothing more than Loki's illusion. Everything had been an act—to force Malekith to extract the Aether from Jane, creating a chance to destroy it.

Loki immediately threw himself over Jane, shielding her with his body.

Thor, lightning crackling around him, channeled a massive bolt through Mjolnir and struck the Aether directly.

BOOM!

The Aether detonated violently. The air itself trembled as sand and dust exploded outward across the desert.

When the dust settled, Thor stared at the Aether.

It had crystallized—shattering into countless tiny fragments scattered across the ground.

Then, as if gravity no longer applied, the fragments began to float upward, gleaming like countless red gemstones suspended in the air.

They converged toward Malekith, reassembling midair into fine particles before surging straight into his body.

Malekith's skin visibly darkened to an ashen black. Half of his face, scorched by lightning, was completely charred. His blood-red eyes locked onto Thor.

"Now!!!"

Thor roared.

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Though failing to destroy the Aether had not been part of the plan, there was no turning back.

At that moment, Karl and Tony revealed themselves.

The barrel of Karl's Judicator unleashed more than a dozen energy rounds.

Caught completely off guard, over a dozen Dark Elves were shot down instantly, each with a fist-sized hole blasted through their chests.

Tony shot into the air as well. Six autonomous drone cannons detached from his armor and opened fire, unleashing a relentless barrage.

Seeing this, Malekith turned and retreated toward the warship. The monster hurled a black hole grenade behind him before following Malekith aboard.

The grenade landed near Loki and Jane.

Loki shoved Jane away at once.

The device detonated, forming a small but terrifying black hole. The immense gravitational pull dragged Loki into the air, his body helplessly drawn toward it.

At the critical moment—

A bolt of violet lightning descended from the heavens, striking the black hole with pinpoint precision.

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Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 288 - 288 - The Convergence[1,046 words]

At first, the black hole continued to absorb the lightning, but both the intensity and duration of the lightning far exceeded the black hole's lifespan.

The lightning suppressed the black hole's pull just long enough for Karl to seize Loki and yank him back to the ground. At the same time, a massive fireball several meters in diameter formed behind Karl. With a single thought, he launched it forward, slamming it directly into the black hole.

The fireball became the final straw. The black hole slowly collapsed, and its terrifying gravitational pull vanished along with it.

Elsewhere, seeing Malekith attempting to flee, Tony immediately directed his drone cannons to fire. Just as the blue energy beams reached Malekith, a towering figure stepped in front of him—it was the monster.

The beams struck its body like harmless sparks, failing to even break its skin.

"Fuck—! Jarvis, remind me to upgrade the weapons system when we get back!"

Tony was furious. The drone cannons were among his most powerful weapons, yet they couldn't even scratch the creature.

On Karl's side, after successfully saving Loki, the two found themselves surrounded by more than a dozen Dark Elves. Their faces were hidden behind bone-like masks, giving them an eerie appearance.

"So how are you planning to repay your savior, Atreus?"

Karl still had the leisure to tease Loki, clearly unconcerned about the Dark Elves around them.

"At a time like this, you're still joking? Take care of yourself first."

As Loki spoke, his figure slowly faded from view. Combat was never his strong suit.

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"Damn it—Atreus, you really have no loyalty!"

Karl flipped him off, clearly aware of Loki's position despite his invisibility.

Ignoring that, Karl turned to face the Dark Elves.

"I'll give you a chance. If you retreat before the year 3000, I might consider sparing your lives."

"..."

Clearly, the Dark Elves thought Karl was insane.

Karl shrugged. "Since you're not interested, I'll just send you on your way now. After all—no one's too young or too old on the road to the underworld."

He raised his hand sharply. Countless bolts of lightning gathered high above, then crashed down in a blinding cascade. Purple lightning illuminated the area, and in an instant, all the Dark Elves were reduced to charred corpses.

Jane stared at Karl commanding violet lightning, then glanced at Thor nearby, whose lightning looked more like faulty wiring sparking. For a moment, she genuinely couldn't tell who the real God of Thunder was.

With a loud crash, Tony slammed into the ground. His nanotech armor was scarred with deep marks, leaving him in a sorry state.

"What the hell is that thing made of? It's harder than a turtle shell."

Scrambling to his feet, Tony unleashed palm repulsors and shoulder-mounted cannons, bombarding the monster relentlessly.

The creature merely staggered slightly—still uninjured.

Thor hurled Mjolnir, smashing the monster squarely. It flew like a rag doll, slamming into a jagged rock dozens of meters away and shattering it.

"Your attacks just aren't strong enough," Thor said flatly.

A perfect psychological kill.

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"Damn it—fuck!!"

Tony shot straight into the sky. I'll show you what real power looks like.

"Jarvis, remove all limiters. Drone cannon output to maximum!"

The drones behind Tony began to transform, shifting from sleek units into rectangular cannons with bowl-sized muzzles.

BOOM—!

Six massive blue energy beams, each as thick as a barrel, blasted downward. The ground was torn apart, soil flying everywhere as the beams plowed through the battlefield. Any Dark Elf caught in the attack was completely annihilated—no intact body left behind.

In mere seconds, the battlefield was cleared. Aside from the monster, not a single Dark Elf remained alive.

"Hmph. Not a single one worth fighting."

Tony snorted as he descended to the ground, the drones retracting back into his armor.

"Sir, energy reserves have dropped by more than fifty percent," Jarvis reported.

Just those few seconds had consumed half of the Arc Reactor's output—and Tony had only recently installed a brand-new one before coming to Asgard.

"Jarvis, remind me to optimize the weapons system. This is way too inefficient. Create a new project folder—weapon development only."

"Understood, sir."

Tony's nanotech armor was still relatively new, and its weapon systems were far from perfected. The drones were his only external armament—and worst of all, they drained energy far too quickly.

ROAR—!

Engines thundered as the sword-shaped warship lifted off the ground.

"Not good! We can't let Malekith escape!"

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Thor shouted, hurling Mjolnir at the ship.

At the same time, Karl summoned lightning and struck at the vessel. Unfortunately, both the lightning and Mjolnir passed straight through the hull—the ship was already phasing out of existence.

Before anyone could react, the monster in the distance hoisted a massive boulder and hurled it toward Thor.

Tony reacted instantly, shattering the rock with a repulsor blast. Thor recalled Mjolnir and threw it again—but the monster punched the hammer aside. With a powerful leap, it closed the distance in just a few bounds.

Karl suddenly appeared in front of the monster, the Judicator already raised and pressed against its chest.

Bang!

The gun fired. Smoke rose from the barrel as a bowl-sized hole opened in the monster's chest.

The creature collapsed, and everyone let out a breath of relief.

"Malekith still got away. Who knows where he's headed now," Tony said, looking toward where the warship had vanished.

Karl turned to Tony and Thor. He knew exactly where Malekith was going—Earth. The conquest of the Nine Realms was about to begin.

Suddenly, the supposedly dead monster behind Karl silently rose to its feet and swung a massive fist toward his head. No one had time to react.

As Thor prepared to summon Mjolnir, a gunshot rang out.

The monster's head was blown clean off. Its body collapsed once more—this time, truly dead.

Under Karl's arm, the Judicator's barrel still smoked. He had anticipated this move all along. In his previous life's movies, villains always tried one last desperate counterattack before dying. Karl knew the 套路 far too well.

"So... what do we do now?" Tony asked, surveying the desolate landscape.

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Their ships were gone, Asgardian vessels destroyed. Leaving this place seemed impossible.

Suddenly, a massive ring appeared in the sky, tearing through the gray clouds overhead.

"Look at that!"

Jane pointed upward. Everyone followed her gaze.

There wasn't just one ring—there were many. Each reflected a different world: some lush and vibrant, some frozen in ice and snow, others consumed by endless flames.

The Convergence had begun.

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## **Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 289 - 289 - Back to Earth First[ 1,032 words ]**

"The Convergence has begun..."

Thor murmured as the once-in-millennia celestial alignment arrived at last.

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Out in the cosmos, nine planets were slowly lining up in a straight line. Between each world, a ring-like phenomenon appeared, reflecting different landscapes within—these were the interconnecting gateways of the Nine Realms.

Karl remembered that in the film from his previous life, Thor and Jane had eventually reached a cave—one that contained a passage leading back to the warehouse Jane and Darcy had visited before.

However, Karl had no idea where that cave was located. The movie had glossed over it entirely, so there was no choice but to rely on the most primitive method: blind luck.

In truth, leaving this place wasn't a problem for Karl at all. He could simply return to the Chocobo Space and then head straight back to New York. The issue was that only he—or someone holding a crystal—could enter that space. In other words, aside from Karl himself, he couldn't take anyone else with him.

Karl said nothing, allowing Thor and Jane to lead the group forward aimlessly. He knew they would eventually find the passage back to Earth.

Due to the Convergence, strong winds began to rise, showing signs of turning into a sandstorm. The already dim sky grew even darker.

"This isn't going to work. We should find somewhere to take shelter first," Thor said, looking at the massive clouds of sand gathering in the distance.

The group headed toward a nearby cliff face where barren rocky hills rose from the ground. Karl was fairly certain the cave would be somewhere there.

"Which planet do you think Malekith will conquer first?" Tony suddenly asked. He had a very bad feeling.

"No idea. But it won't be Asgard," Thor replied calmly. "Even with the Aether, taking Asgard wouldn't be easy."

"I think it'll be Midgard," Loki said, somehow having found a piece of cloth to cover his mouth against the sand. "Among the Nine Realms, Midgard's civilization is the most primitive. Mortals simply don't have the strength to resist the Dark Elves. If I were him, I'd choose the easiest world to conquer first, use it as a foothold, and then expand to the rest of the Nine Realms."

Tony looked at Loki and found himself agreeing. Though he had never visited the other realms, he had seen both Asgard and the Dark Elves. To be blunt, humanity

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would look like uneducated monkeys in comparison—far inferior in both individual strength and overall technology.

"That's bad," Tony said grimly. "The Dark Elves may already be invading Earth. We need to find a way back as soon as possible, or Earth is in real danger."

"Tony, do you remember what I told you about the Royal Greenwich Academy?" Karl asked.

Tony nodded, recalling Karl's earlier warning.

"You're saying Malekith will appear there? That's one of the Convergence gateways?"

Karl nodded. "That's right. That's the passage. S.H.I.E.L.D. should already be deployed around the area, so even if Malekith shows up, they can hold him off for a bit. Wanda and Skye are there too, so for now, there's no need to panic."

Tony nodded, but his heart still wouldn't settle. He knew S.H.I.E.L.D. agents all too well—ordinary humans stood no chance against the Dark Elves. In the end, Earth could only rely on the comrades from the Battle of New York.

"I can return to Earth right now," Karl continued, "but only by myself. I can't take any of you with me. I plan to go back first and help them. You stay here and keep searching for a way back."

His words made everyone turn to look at him.

"You can go back to Earth? Right now?" Tony asked immediately.

Karl nodded. "Immediately. But only me. I'm guessing the cave isn't far. You'll make it back soon enough. I just can't wait anymore—the Convergence has already begun, and Malekith may already be attacking Earth."

"Then go," Thor said decisively. "With you there, that Malekith won't be able to cause much trouble. We'll follow shortly."

Thor planned to return to Asgard first, gather its armies, and then use the Bifrost to pursue the Dark Elves. Traveling through the Bifrost to any of the Nine Realms took only an instant.

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After a brief discussion, Karl immediately returned to the Chocobo Space. His sudden disappearance left everyone momentarily stunned.

Thor turned to Loki.

"Can you do that?"

Loki shook his head.

"Aren't you a sorcerer too? Why can't you?" Thor asked blankly.

Loki stared at him with a dark expression, clearly unwilling to answer.

"My magic was taught to me by Mother," Loki said at last. "Have you ever seen her perform large-scale teleportation—especially across galaxies?"

He looked at Thor as if he were an idiot.

"Oh..." Thor nodded, saying no more. He knew perfectly well that Frigga couldn't do that either.

The group continued toward the barren mountain range ahead. With his armor, Tony was barely affected by the sandstorm, but Jane wasn't so lucky. For some reason, the sand carried traces of iron, and the grains stung painfully when they struck her.

Meanwhile, Karl had returned to the Chocobo Space. Seeing Onion lazily basking in the sun, the creature looked up, spotted Karl, and immediately ran over, nuzzling him enthusiastically.

Karl stroked Onion's smooth feathers, fed it a wild vegetable, and then took it with him as he teleported out of the Chocobo Space.

Greenwich University.

By now, detectors had been planted every hundred meters across the campus, and the time had reached the moment of the solar eclipse.

The sky gradually darkened. Whether at Greenwich University, across the Greenwich district, or even far away in New York, Nick Fury and countless others unconsciously looked up at the sky.

The sun dimmed as the moon moved into place, aligning with the Earth and the sun in a perfect straight line.

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Beep—beep—beep—!

Suddenly, every detector began blaring alarms. The sound echoed sharply through the silent campus, sending a jolt through everyone in the Greenwich district.

"All units, attention! All units, attention! Enter Level One combat readiness immediately! Level One combat readiness! All aircraft, take off now! All combat personnel, move to your assigned positions immediately!"

Aboard a helicopter, Coulson issued orders without hesitation.

Everyone knew—what Karl had warned them about had finally begun.

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Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 290 - 290 - The Arrival of the Warship[1,092 words]

On the ground, all S.H.I.E.L.D. personnel had entered combat readiness. Every agent rushed to their assigned positions. More than a dozen helicopters circled relentlessly over Greenwich, each one armed with missiles beneath its fuselage, heavy machine guns mounted as standard equipment.

Within Greenwich University, everyone stood on high alert. The alarms from the detectors hammered at their nerves like repeated blows to the chest. Steve stood in the plaza, shield clenched tightly in his hand. Behind him were Natasha, Barton, and a group of S.H.I.E.L.D.'s top operatives.

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On the opposite side of the plaza, Peter stood at the very front, tense and focused. Behind him, Wanda slowly levitated into the air, scarlet energy enveloping her body. Skye stood quietly not far from Wanda, the space around her hands subtly warping. Gwen and Felicia remained at Peter's side.

All eyes scanned the surroundings.

Suddenly, the sky changed.

Massive circular discs appeared overhead, each one revealing a different scene within.

"Th-this... this is the Convergence Karl talked about?!" someone exclaimed.

Everyone looked up. The enormous discs filled the sky—not just above Greenwich, but across the entire world. Humanity everywhere bore witness to this surreal phenomenon.

Steve tightened his grip on the shield once more. The sight before him was awe-inspiring, yet deeply unsettling.

At the London Sanctum, the Ancient One stood atop the temple roof, gazing up at the same sky. For the sorcerers of Kamar-Taj, the Convergence was also a brutal test. The Nine Realms were never peaceful—aside from the Light Elves and the Vanir, the rest were warlike races to whom invasion was second nature.

During the last Convergence, if not for her master's overwhelming strength repelling all invaders, Earth would have long since fallen—humanity reduced to either slaves or livestock.

"This time... it's up to you, Karl," the Ancient One murmured.

She had no intention of intervening—at least not yet. She was the failsafe, the final line of defense. If Karl failed, only then would she step in.

Back in the plaza, tension hung thick in the air. Some agents were already sweating from sheer nerves.

Suddenly, a ripple of spatial distortion spread out from the center of the plaza.

Two figures appeared out of thin air.

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Bang!

A S.H.I.E.L.D. agent, too tense to think clearly, fired a shot. The bullet was blocked by a white wing. Its owner glared fiercely at the shooter, claws scraping against the ground instinctively.

"Easy, Onion. It's fine," Karl said calmly, patting the creature's massive head and soothing it.

Only then did everyone realize who it was. A collective sigh of relief followed as people rushed toward Karl.

"You're finally back!"

Gwen and the other two were the first to reach him, practically hanging off him as they clung to his body. In an instant, Karl had gained three accessories.

"This is the Convergence you were talking about, right?" Steve asked, gesturing toward the sky.

Karl nodded. "That's right. And I've already fought the Dark Elves' leader. They'll be here very soon."

He glanced toward the river bordering the outer plaza of Greenwich University. He remembered clearly—that was where the sword-shaped warship would land.

"Where's Tony?" Steve asked. "Why didn't he come back with you?"

"He and Thor are trapped in the Dark Elves' realm," Karl replied. "They're searching for a passage that connects back here. They'll return soon."

Karl also looked up at the sky. The Convergence had begun. The Dark Elves were coming.

Flap—flap—flap—

A flock of pigeons was startled into the air, gathering like a dark cloud above the plaza.

Then, without warning, the pigeons vanished—like they had plunged into an invisible tunnel, disappearing entirely.

"...What?"

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Everyone stared at the empty sky in disbelief.

Flap—flap—

A moment later, their vision blurred—and the same pigeons burst up from beneath their feet.

"The passage is open..." Karl muttered.

Suddenly, the communicators crackled to life.

"Report! Anomaly detected on the river surface! Anomaly detected on the river surface!"

Natasha took the communicator and held it near Karl's ear as the agent's voice came through.

Everyone turned toward the river.

The calm surface suddenly split apart, waves surging as though a massive ship were cutting through it—yet nothing was visible. The river itself was being cleaved open.

"They're here! All units, engage! Free fire authorized!"

From the air, Coulson had a much clearer view. He could distinctly sense a colossal presence skimming over the river, heading straight for the plaza.

As it approached, a massive black warship slowly emerged from the churning water. Shaped like an enormous sword, it slammed into the plaza, causing the surrounding ground to collapse instantly.

The engine's roar was like the bellow of a primordial beast. The black blade-like hull carved through the earth as effortlessly as paper, finally grinding to a halt at the center of the plaza.

The towering ship pierced the skyline like a blade driven into the heart of Greenwich University. Red streams of energy flowed slowly down its surface.

The hatch opened.

Malekith—now empowered by the Aether—stepped out with his Dark Elf warriors. Opposite them stood the Avengers, ready for battle.

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High above, all the pathways of the Nine Realms had fully opened. In this moment, the realms were completely connected—any world could be reached instantly through the Convergence.

"People of Earth," Malekith's voice echoed, calm yet overwhelming, "death approaches. Your world will kneel beneath the feet of the Dark Elves. Now—kneel, mortals. Kneel before your king!"

Though he did not raise his voice, his words reverberated throughout all of Greenwich.

Karl stepped forward, the Ultimate Weapon already in hand. Behind him stood the heroes who had once saved New York—the Avengers.

"Malekith," Karl said with a mocking smile, "aren't you afraid of biting off your own tongue talking so big? That ugly face of yours—have you forgotten how it got that way?"

The moment Karl brought it up, Malekith's fury boiled over. He had deliberately left the damage to half his face untreated, a constant reminder of his hatred.

"Your world has no right to exist anymore," Malekith roared. "From this day on, Midgard will cease to be!"

He struck first.

Countless black grains of sand surged up behind him, shooting forward like bullets toward Karl and the others.

"Everyone—move!" Karl shouted.

Dozens of wind blades burst forth, colliding with Malekith's attack and shredding the sandstorm instantly.

At the same time, the others charged into battle.

Steve led the way, hurling his shield and knocking down two Dark Elves in an instant.

Wanda rose higher into the air, scarlet energy pouring outward and forming massive crimson hands that slammed down upon the Dark Elves below. The moment the chaos magic made contact, it exploded violently. The corrosive power of chaos devoured their bodies, reducing them to dried husks in seconds.

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