

Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 291 - 291 – On the Brink of Explosion[996 words]

Rumble—!

Suddenly, the ground began to tremble violently. The earth split apart as though torn open, fissures ripping across the battlefield. Countless earthen spikes shot up from the cracks, impaling Dark Elves through the chest before they could even react.

Karl confronted Malekith head-on.

His figure vanished in an instant, then reappeared directly behind Malekith. The Ultimate Weapon slashed downward in a single decisive arc.

Malekith clearly could not keep up with Karl's speed. By the time the blade descended, he had only just managed to turn his head—yet a surge of red energy burst forth, blocking the strike at the last moment.

"Before the Aether, no one is my equal!" Malekith roared.

He immediately threw a punch toward Karl, black weaponized energy coiling around his hand.

Karl raised his sword to block. The tremendous force sent him flying backward, but his cloak unfurled behind him, stabilizing his body midair.

Malekith waved his hand, forming a black wind blade infused with crimson energy, which shot toward Karl at blinding speed.

Just as it was about to strike, Karl lifted his arm. Orange-red wings erupted into existence, blazing with scorching flames, intercepting the black wind blade. The attack shattered instantly.

Karl followed up with five rapid slashes.

Five crimson sword arcs tore through the air, transforming into blazing blades that streaked toward Malekith.

Malekith dodged at once—but the sword arcs curved midair, as if guided by will, continuing their pursuit.

"Hah—!"

Knowing he could not evade them all, Malekith unleashed a torrent of black energy mixed with red Aether power, forming a protective barrier.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The first three sword arcs disintegrated against the roiling black energy. However, the fourth and fifth strikes broke through, slamming directly into Malekith's body.

The intense heat caused his flesh to ignite instantly. Worse still, this was no ordinary flame—no matter what he did, he could not extinguish it.

At that moment, scarlet energy surged from within him once more, swallowing the flames entirely before retreating back into his body.

Though the fire vanished, several parts of Malekith's body were badly burned. He showed no concern.

Raising both hands, he gathered black energy laced with crimson power between his palms, slowly forming a massive sphere of energy.

"Human—die!"

With a violent motion, Malekith hurled the energy sphere downward at Karl. The sheer pressure it carried generated a ferocious shockwave, the gale reaching Karl even before the attack itself.

At the same time, a bolt of lightning split the sky.

Wrapped in a red cape and wielding Mjolnir, Thor descended onto the plaza. The impact alone sent nearby Dark Elves flying.

Heavy metal music blared in unison.

A red-and-gold armored figure hovered in midair, flames trailing behind him. Floating cannons deployed from his back as blue energy beams rained down.

"Now this is an entrance—this is who I am!" Tony shouted.

His palm repulsors fired nonstop, while the auto-targeting drones turned him into a living artillery platform.

Buzz—

A flash of green light rippled across the battlefield.

Clad in dark green robes, Loki strode gracefully through the chaos. His dagger struck like a venomous fang—every attack claiming a Dark Elf's life.

Stopping at the center of the battlefield, Loki slowly spread his arms. Green energy surged outward, and countless duplicates split from his body. Each clone appeared solid—capable of attacking and killing Dark Elves.

In an instant, humanity's numbers multiplied dramatically.

"Holy—shadow clones?!" Karl couldn't help shouting.

Loki's technique was practically identical to shadow clones—each one fully corporeal.

"Dare to be distracted while fighting me?!" Malekith snarled.

He lunged forward, a black curved blade appearing in his hand as he cleaved downward at Karl.

Karl raised his sword to block, redirected the force, and flicked the blade upward, neutralizing the heavy strike. Twisting his wrist, he thrust forward—blue light flaring as the Ultimate Weapon pierced toward Malekith's chest.

Once again, the Aether surged outward to block the attack.

Karl's eyes flashed red. Scorching flames coursed along his arm into the sword. Instantly, the blade glowed fiery crimson, the extreme heat causing even the Aether to hiss and crackle.

Malekith slashed toward Karl's arm. Karl retreated while counterthrusting in the same motion.

This time, Malekith was prepared. He knocked the Ultimate Weapon aside and followed up with an upward slash.

Clang!

Green talons suddenly manifested, blocking the strike. At the same time, verdant energy erupted around Karl.

"Wind Ripper!"

With a shout, countless spectral claws formed before him, tearing forward like a raging storm. A powerful suction force pinned Malekith in place.

The green claw shadows shredded his body relentlessly, even ripping open a breach in the Aether shielding him.

Karl narrowed his eyes and drove the Ultimate Weapon toward the opening.

The sword tip pierced through the final layer of the Aether, impaling Malekith straight through the torso.

The claw shadows vanished.

Malekith looked down at his abdomen in disbelief—the blazing blade had pierced completely through his body.

"AAARGH!!!"

He roared as the Aether exploded outward from his core.

Boom!

A crimson shockwave erupted, sweeping across a fifty-meter radius.

At that moment, Wanda appeared silently. With a casual wave of her hand, a scarlet barrier formed, blocking the entire blast and preventing the Aether's energy from affecting anyone else.

She then clenched her fist.

Nearby, more than a dozen Dark Elves were yanked into the air, struggling wildly as if strangled by invisible hands.

Wanda closed her hand tightly.

A series of wet explosions rang out.

Every suspended Dark Elf had their head crushed like a watermelon.

Below, Steve, Natasha, and the others stared upward in shock. The gentle, kind-hearted girl they knew was brutally decisive in battle—no hesitation, no mercy, casually executing over a dozen enemies at once. The contrast was jarring.

Karl withdrew, leaving the Ultimate Weapon embedded in Malekith's body. With a subtle gesture, the Judicator pistol appeared in his hand.

Bang!

A single gunshot rang out.

A blue bullet, infused with holy purifying power, struck the hilt of the Ultimate Weapon with perfect precision.

The immense force propelled the blade forward. The sword tore completely through Malekith's body, bursting out the other side.

With a thought from Karl, the weapon flew back into his hand, still blazing with heat.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

## **Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 292 - 292 – Incarnation of the Phoenix[ 1,165 words ]**

"Ugh—!"

Malekith clutched his wound and dropped to one knee. The Aether surged wildly, repairing his injuries at a frantic pace. The gaping wound in his abdomen was the size of a bowl—an injury that would have meant instant death for any ordinary being. Only the Dark Elves' monstrous physique, combined with the even more terrifying power of the Aether, had preserved his life.

The Aether possessed the ability to rewrite reality. In a single instant, it reconstructed Malekith's wound—but the price was his vitality.

Malekith could clearly feel his life force being drained at a疯狂 pace by the Aether, yet he did not care in the slightest. As long as he could conquer the Nine Realms, what did it matter if he sacrificed all his life force to the Aether?

He glanced up at the sky. The passages were now fully open. With a thought, Malekith manipulated the Aether to create a portal.

Karl immediately realized his intent. He blinked beside Malekith without hesitation and passed through the portal together with him.

In the blink of an eye, they appeared in the Dark Elf realm once more. The moment Malekith saw Karl, he swung his blade at him. Karl raised his sword to meet the strike.

Suddenly, another spatial fluctuation rippled outward. Both figures vanished again—and when they reappeared, they were already high above Greenwich.

Karl stabilized himself midair and slashed toward Malekith. Malekith answered with a strike of his own. At the instant their blades collided, their bodies vanished once more.

Boom!

They slammed onto solid ground. Howling winds and raging blizzards surrounded them, an endless expanse of ice stretching beneath their feet.

They were now in Jotunheim.

Buzz—

The Ultimate Weapon burned a blazing crimson. Karl reversed his grip and plunged the sword tip into the ice beneath him. In an instant, cracks spread like a spiderweb, racing outward at terrifying speed. The ice beneath their feet collapsed entirely.

Malekith lost his footing, his body tilting dangerously.

That was the opening Karl had been waiting for.

He appeared beside Malekith in a flash. The flaming blade traced a brilliant arc—and severed Malekith's sword arm in a single strike.

Malekith screamed as the Aether erupted once more, wrapping around the severed limb. Before anything else could happen, both figures vanished again.

This time, they emerged amid a sea of fire.

They stood atop a massive rock floating in molten lava. Malekith's arm had already been restored by the Aether, but once again, his life force had been further depleted.

Not far away, a colossal fire giant sat upon a throne, watching the battle with keen interest.

"Not of Asgard... a Midgardian?" the giant murmured to himself.

Before anything more could occur, Karl and Malekith vanished yet again.

They returned to the plaza at Greenwich.

At this moment, the massive rings in the sky—each representing one of the Nine Realms—began to align, slowly forming a single straight line. This alignment signified that Earth was now directly connected to all Nine Realms.

Malekith looked up at the sight. Ignoring Karl entirely, he turned and walked toward his sword-shaped ship.

As he spread his arms, vast quantities of Aether poured from his body, spiraling upward like a colossal vortex and enveloping the entire ship.

The remaining Aether began to infiltrate the other realms, forming a kind of guiding bridge that pointed the way forward.

The black sword-shaped vessel now looked as though it had been forged from blood itself, its hull completely shrouded in Aether. It resembled a ravenous primordial beast, ready to swallow the Nine Realms whole.

Malekith turned back one last time and opened his arms. The ship responded like a living organism, slowly absorbing him into its interior. Then it rose from the ground and surged toward the Elven Realm.

"Karl, stop him! He's heading for the Elven Realm—no one there can stand against him!" Thor shouted.

After blasting aside nearby Dark Elves with lightning, Thor flew over in haste. By now, half of the sword-shaped ship had already entered the Elven Realm.

Among the Nine Realms, the Elven Realm was the most devoted to peace. The elves revered harmony with nature. They had no armies, no weapons, and no concept of war. Even Odin, when he once arrived there, chose not to conquer it by force, instead being moved by its tranquility and serenity.

Karl looked up at the departing ship. He wanted to give chase—but he was human. Who knew whether the Elven Realm even had oxygen? Moreover, traversing the passage required leaving Earth's atmosphere, something he simply could not do.

His cloak could ignore environmental conditions—but his body could not.

Thor began spinning Mjolnir. He had already guessed Karl's concern. This was one of the reasons humans were considered the most fragile race by the Asgardians: they could not survive in an oxygenless environment.

Suddenly, Karl thought of a possibility—a way to completely ignore the lack of oxygen.

To become a summoned beast.

In the games of his previous life, those who manifested as summoned creatures were able to fight freely in the vacuum of space, completely unaffected by the absence of oxygen.

"System, come out. If I transform into a summoned beast, can I operate in outer space?" Karl asked silently.

[Ding—Answering host: Summoned beasts can survive in any environment. The host will not be affected.]

"I got it. You may withdraw."

Having obtained the answer he wanted, Karl dismissed the system without ceremony.

"In that case... this becomes much simpler."

He murmured to himself, then turned toward Thor.

"Thor, Malekith is mine. Leave the remaining Dark Elves here to you."

Thor froze, gripping Mjolnir as it stopped spinning.

"What? You can chase him?"

"Yes."

Karl nodded.

In the next instant, scorching flames erupted around his body. Fire poured from his eyes as vast magical power exploded outward. An overwhelming pressure swept across the entire plaza, a suffocating force that made everyone present feel their hearts seize.

Loki stared at Karl in horror, instinctively taking a step back as if to flee—before remembering that Karl was currently his ally. With that thought, he forced himself to stay put.

Thor immediately retreated from Karl's side. He knew exactly what was coming. He had experienced this once before during the Battle of New York—the same bone-chilling sense of dread.

"SKREEEEEE—!!"

A piercing cry echoed across all of Greenwich.

Everyone instinctively turned toward the source of the scream.

A wave of searing heat exploded outward. The fire tornado surrounding Karl burst apart violently. All moisture in the air evaporated in an instant. The entire Greenwich University area became arid beyond belief. Lush green grass withered and turned yellow in seconds, and several areas even burst into spontaneous flames.

From within the firestorm, a pair of enormous wings emerged. Each beat sent scorching flames surging outward. Rainbow-hued tail feathers shimmered like radiant clouds, while orange-red fire condensed into exquisitely beautiful plumes.

"SKREEEEEE—!!"

A pillar of fire shot straight into the sky. With a powerful sweep of its wings, the fire tornado vanished completely.

From the flames was born a colossal being—vast as a mountain, yet breathtakingly beautiful, like a spirit of living fire.

An undying phoenix had descended.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 293 - 293 - He Really Turned into Malekith's Nightmare[1,013 words]

The phoenix circled high above the sky. Wherever it passed, flames followed in its wake. Greenwich University was already surrounded by fire, and everyone looked up in awe at the legendary figure soaring overhead—the mythical creature said to be born from flame itself.

Far away at S.H.I.E.L.D. headquarters, both Nick Fury and Alexander Pierce stared at the live satellite feed in stunned silence.

"He... transformed again? Another monster?" Pierce muttered, his mind racing.

A dangerous obsession ignited in his eyes. He had to obtain Karl. He had to acquire that power—no matter the cost.

Fury, meanwhile, felt a deep unease. Including the previous two forms, this made three. And this time Karl had completely abandoned his human shape. Did that mean he had also abandoned his humanity?

Fury quietly prepared for the worst.

But in truth, he was overthinking it. Even in phoenix form, Karl's consciousness remained fully intact. The summoned beast did not influence his mind.

High in the sky, the phoenix made several sweeping arcs, familiarizing itself with its new form. This time Karl was no longer humanoid—he needed to adjust to the instincts and sensations of the phoenix body.

"SKREEE—!"

With another piercing cry, the phoenix beat its enormous wings and surged toward the sword-shaped ship. Its speed was terrifying. After only a few wingbeats, it had already reached low Earth orbit.

By now, the ship had completely entered the Elven Realm.

Karl immediately followed.

Without the slightest discomfort, the scenery shifted—and the phoenix passed through space into the Elven Realm.

Lush, vibrant green stretched endlessly in every direction. The entire world was blanketed in flourishing vegetation. Rivers wound like silver serpents across the land. The air itself seemed saturated with life.

In the distance, however, destruction had already begun.

The sword-shaped vessel had plunged into the earth. Countless strands of Aether shot outward like crimson arrows, piercing everything in their path. Whether elf or plant, anything touched by the Aether was instantly drained of life.

With a single sweep of its wings, the phoenix appeared directly above the ship. Dozens of blazing fireballs materialized around it and rained down in a relentless bombardment.

BOOM—!

The Aether coating the ship crystallized instantly under the searing heat, shattering like fragile glass and revealing the black hull beneath.

The phoenix spread its wings wide. Before it formed a massive sphere of fire—brilliant as a miniature sun.

The next instant, the blazing sphere shot downward and struck the exposed hull.

BOOM—!

The explosion rivaled a nuclear blast in force.

Yet no mushroom cloud rose.

The moment the ship made contact with the fireball, its surface began to melt—along with the surrounding Aether. The crimson energy didn't even have time to crystallize before liquefying under the unbearable heat.

Inside the ship, Malekith's body appeared charred and blackened. He had forcibly fused himself with the vessel. When the ship suffered damage, so did he.

"Damn you—! Cursed Midgardian! I will never forgive you!"

With a furious roar, the ship tore itself free from the earth. Countless blood-red spears filled the sky and shot toward the phoenix.

The phoenix beat its wings, conjuring a blazing barrier. The intense heat instantly crystallized the Aether projectiles into brittle shards.

Still, the attack bought Malekith a moment.

Seizing the opportunity, he piloted the ship out of the Elven Realm, racing toward the next realm.

"SKREEE—!"

The phoenix swept its wings again, unleashing a colossal fire tornado that tore through space and obliterated the remaining Aether blades.

Another fireball formed and struck the ship with precision. The impact knocked it off course. Instead of entering its intended realm, it was caught in spatial turbulence and hurled toward the Dark Elf world.

The phoenix immediately gave chase.

In an instant, the scenery shifted again—dark skies, endless black deserts.

The desolate realm of the Dark Elves.

Flaming meteors materialized around the phoenix like a celestial storm. One after another, they streaked forward like guided missiles, trailing brilliant tails as they slammed into the sword-shaped ship.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ship retaliated, launching countless Aether blades skyward. Meteors and crimson spears collided midair, lighting up the entire darkened sky with violent explosions.

Then, behind the storm of fire, a massive solar sphere descended once more.

It struck the ship directly.

Flames clung to the hull like living parasites. The sun-like fire instantly melted the Aether—and then continued burning. Within moments, the ship's structure began to fail catastrophically.

"Damn it! Damn it! You wretched Midgardian!"

Malekith's body was almost entirely charred, black-red ash flaking from him as he roared in rage.

"SKREEE—!"

The phoenix cried out again.

Before it, a world-devouring fire tornado took shape—vast enough to seem like heaven and earth merging into one.

With a powerful sweep of its wings, the inferno surged forward, carrying the pressure of annihilation itself.

"No—! I cannot die here! I still have unfinished ambitions! I have yet to conquer the Nine Realms—NO!"

For a single breath, the world seemed to fall silent. Even the ceaseless howling winds froze in place.

Only the apocalyptic fire tornado remained.

BOOOOM—!

The explosion shook the realm.

Within the inferno, the massive sword-shaped ship disintegrated completely. The blood-red Aether shattered into countless grains, scattering like dust in the wind. The vessel itself melted away, consumed entirely by flame.

High above, the phoenix circled slowly, as though confirming Malekith's demise.

When nothing remained, it let out one final triumphant cry.

On Earth, the Avengers and S.H.I.E.L.D. forces had eliminated the remaining Dark Elves. Their lifeless bodies lay scattered across the battlefield.

Everyone lifted their heads.

Sunlight pierced through the once-obscured sky. The aligned rings of the Nine Realms began to separate once more.

The Convergence was ending.

But the colossal phoenix did not reappear.

As the rings faded and dissolved, warm sunlight bathed the earth again. The eclipse passed.

"Where's Karl? Why hasn't he come back?" Gwen asked, staring anxiously at the now-clear blue sky.

The clouds drifted lazily above, picturesque beneath the sunlight—yet the central figure of that painting was nowhere to be seen.

Peter stepped beside Gwen and the others, speaking gently.

"Don't worry. Did you forget about the Chocobo Space? No matter where he is, he can always return through it."

They had been so worried that they'd forgotten.

No matter where Karl might be—he would always find his way back.

~~~~~  
For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

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

~~~~~  
**Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 294 - 294 -  
Shiva Unlocked[ 1,044 words ]**

Several days later, Karl's detective agency was once again at the center of attention.

A crowd had gathered outside—reporters who had caught wind of the news, along with numerous apartment residents hoping to catch a glimpse of the Avengers.

Because, aside from the Hulk, every single Avenger was currently inside Karl's office.

They had celebrated hard the night before.

Now, several of the men were sprawled across the couches like fallen soldiers, snoring without shame. The only ones still conscious were Natasha, Gwen, and the others. Pepper had already left early that morning for work.

"What are we supposed to do about the reporters outside? How can they face anyone looking like this?" Wanda asked helplessly, staring at the scattered "bodies."

After returning from the Dark Elf realm, Karl had enjoyed a few peaceful days. On the eve of Thor and Loki's return to Asgard, Tony had suggested a celebration. Naturally, they chose Karl's agency as the venue.

Somehow, the reporters had found out—and swarmed the place overnight.

"It's fine. I'll inform the Director. He'll handle it," Natasha said calmly as she called Nick Fury.

Far away at S.H.I.E.L.D. headquarters, Fury felt a familiar wave of exhaustion. In the end, he was always the one cleaning up the mess. Some responsibilities, it seemed, were inescapable.

One phone call later, the reporters dispersed. The apartment residents returned to their routines as well. After all, if they wanted to see superheroes, they could do so anytime. Karl and the others were landlords here—and Tony Stark himself was still living in the building.

Yes, his Malibu mansion still wasn't finished.

Tony Stark had standards. If something didn't meet them, it was redesigned. If redesigning didn't help, it was demolished and rebuilt from scratch.

Under Jane's reluctant gaze, Thor and Loki returned to Asgard. They still had to face Odin and plead for leniency. After all, they had defied his orders and even enlisted help to escape—technically earning themselves charges of treason.

They had to go back.

Otherwise, there was no telling when Odin might show up on Earth at the head of an army.

This time, Thor promised Jane he would return soon. After all, the Bifrost no longer needed to be shattered for travel—he could come and go as he pleased.

One amusing detail: Thor and Loki had finally learned why Karl always called Loki "Atreus."

Karl had told them the story from his previous life—the tale of a certain God of War and his illiterate father.

Both brothers were utterly stunned.

Loki in particular was completely bewildered. For a moment, he genuinely began questioning his own parentage. According to Karl's story, he was the child of an

Olympian demigod and a Frost Giant. The absurdity of it nearly broke his composure.

Karl had repeatedly clarified that it was just a fictional story—but that didn't stop Loki from overthinking it.

He already knew about Laufey from Frigga. But who his other parent was? Even Frigga didn't know.

For a brief, ridiculous moment, Loki genuinely suspected this "Kratos" character.

Karl hadn't expected a simple story to emotionally destabilize both Asgardian princes. Loki, in particular, looked like he was reevaluating his entire existence.

But what happened when they returned to Asgard was no longer Karl's concern. He had told a story—clearly labeled fictional. Anything beyond that was not his responsibility.

After seeing the brothers off, Karl returned to his office—only to hear the system's voice in his mind.

[Ding~ Congratulations, Host. Mission complete. You successfully prevented the Dark Elf invasion and restored peace to the Nine Realms. Reward unlocked: Summoned Beast – Shiva.]

A sudden chill coursed through Karl's body, like plunging into a glacial spring on a scorching summer day. A flicker of icy blue light flashed through his eyes.

In the Star Sea, the statue of Shiva—standing near the massive Mother Crystal—began to glow with an icy azure hue as color gradually filled her form.

"Another female summon..." Karl muttered.

Back in his previous life, he had admired Shiva's beauty while playing the game. But transforming into Garuda had been one thing—Garuda wasn't fully humanoid.

Shiva, however, was different.

She was entirely human in form.

A very stunning human form.

Karl could already imagine Tony holding up his phone, filming relentlessly with that smug grin.

"No. Absolutely not. I need to collect some blackmail material on him first."

If he was going to suffer embarrassment, Tony wasn't getting off unscathed.

Life gradually returned to normal.

Wanda went back to Kamar-Taj. Her training was nearly complete. According to the Ancient One, within a few months she would have full control over the Chaos Magic within her and officially graduate.

The Ancient One was particularly fond of Wanda. Even among Kamar-Taj's gifted students, her magical talent ranked at the top. Combined with her reserved, humble personality, she was well-liked by everyone there.

Gwen continued her routine—splitting her time between Stark Industries' laboratory and the agency. At this point, she had effectively moved into the office full-time.

George and Helen could do little but accept it. Their daughter had grown up.

And it was obvious how she felt about Karl.

George himself was entering a pivotal stage. He was running for New York State Attorney General. Age was catching up with him, and frontline police work was becoming increasingly demanding. After discussing it with his family, he decided it was time to aim higher.

The position offered advancement, less physical danger, and a more administrative role. He would no longer need to charge into danger—his subordinates could handle field operations.

In Karl's view, George's election was practically guaranteed. His experience, qualifications, and record spoke for themselves. Besides, S.H.I.E.L.D. likely preferred it this way. Protecting a state attorney general required far fewer resources than safeguarding the NYPD commissioner.

Karl himself didn't particularly care what title George pursued. With their current assets, the family could live comfortably for generations. George could retire tomorrow without financial worry.

But George simply wasn't built for idleness.

Without work, he felt restless.

As for Karl—he had once again become the most leisurely one of the group.

Tony had thrown himself into developing a new suit. He was dissatisfied with the current armor's firepower and energy efficiency and had been working around the clock.

Skye had begun selectively accepting contracts—primarily from large corporations. The projects were long-term but highly lucrative.

After all, not every company had access to an artificial intelligence like J.A.R.V.I.S.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 295 - 295 - Idling Away[1,028 words]

Karl had been thoroughly bored lately.

With nothing better to do, he wandered all over the city, sometimes even tagging along with Peter on his patrols across New York. Though to be precise, Peter did all the actual crime-fighting—Karl merely watched from the sidelines.

Purely for entertainment.

Natasha, on the other hand, had grown busy again. She was rarely seen around the apartment these days. No one knew what S.H.I.E.L.D. was scheming this time.

Her role was no longer limited to monitoring Karl. After witnessing his newest summoned form, Nick Fury had decisively raised Karl's threat level once again. It now far surpassed even the Hulk's—placing him at the highest priority tier.

Previously, Natasha submitted reports every half month. Now, it had become once every three days—whenever she was at the apartment, at least. When she was out on missions, reporting was temporarily suspended.

The surveillance, however, was not.

Fury had assigned other agents to take over in her absence.

Karl was fully aware of this. He and Fury had already come to an agreement: surveillance was acceptable—but if anyone appeared in front of him, he would immediately send them to meet their maker.

Fury knew Karl meant it. He had explicitly instructed the agents to remain out of sight and observe from a distance.

But S.H.I.E.L.D. agents... how many were truly loyal to S.H.I.E.L.D.?

Most of them secretly answered to Hydra.

On the surface, they obeyed Fury. In reality, they followed Alexander Pierce.

And Pierce coveted Karl's power.

After witnessing Karl's new form, his desire had only intensified. He wanted Karl under Hydra's control—reshaped into their ultimate weapon.

Thus, Pierce ordered the two agents monitoring Karl to find an opportunity to make contact.

The order left them in an impossible position.

Their clearance level was nowhere near sufficient to approach Karl directly. Moreover, Fury had clearly warned them not to show themselves—observe only from afar.

They were not fools. They understood exactly what Fury's warning implied.

But as Hydra operatives, Pierce's command was absolute.

So they began searching for an opportunity.

Karl, meanwhile, remained completely unaware.

The timeline of events had long since veered off course. He could no longer predict what would happen next and could only identify situations as they unfolded.

At that moment, the bored Karl was sitting beside Skye, watching her type code at blistering speed.

The endless strings of English characters made his eyes ache.

She ignored him entirely, fingers flying across the keyboard.

"Didn't your head hurt when you were learning this stuff? What even is all this chaos?" Karl muttered, rubbing his temples.

He recognized every single word individually—but when strung together, it might as well have been alien script.

"If you're that bored, go outside. Just stop disturbing me, okay?" Skye finally snapped.

Karl had been sitting beside her all day, constantly asking questions she couldn't fully explain without derailing her workflow. She was beginning to consider blasting him out of the office with a shockwave.

Karl cast her a wounded look.

If he had somewhere better to go, he wouldn't be wasting his life here.

Tony was locked in his lab around the clock, too engrossed in developing a new armor system to even answer calls.

Peter roamed the streets daily.

Gwen split her time between research at Stark Industries and occasionally moonlighting as Ghost-Spider.

Frank was nowhere to be seen—likely lurking in some dark room preparing to deal a fatal blow to another criminal syndicate.

Matt had become a well-known attorney, drowning in cases.

Wanda was at Kamar-Taj, at a critical stage of training—Karl didn't dare interrupt.

Coulson and Barton were perpetually on missions.

Who else could he possibly bother?

Wakanda, perhaps?

T'Challa and Shuri?

Karl paused.

Actually... that wasn't a bad idea.

As king, T'Challa surely wouldn't be buried in mundane tasks. And aside from her research, Shuri had little else going on. More importantly, Wakanda was vast—and breathtakingly beautiful.

Perfect for leisurely wandering.

Decision made, Karl stood up immediately. With the Chocobo Space, distance meant nothing. He could arrive instantly.

He called T'Challa.

As it turned out, the king was also painfully bored—currently idling in Shuri's lab.

The two hit it off immediately.

Under Skye's visibly relieved gaze, Karl vanished in an instant—without even stepping outside the office.

The two Hydra agents had no idea he had left. After all, there were no S.H.I.E.L.D. surveillance devices anywhere inside the apartment complex.

"Karl, you finally came," T'Challa said with a sigh. "I had no idea being king would be this dull. All minor matters are handled before they even reach me. I just sign documents like some ceremonial mascot."

He looked genuinely dejected.

He had imagined leading Wakanda into a bold new era. Instead, daily affairs ran so smoothly that there was barely anything for him to do. Major crises were nonexistent. Diplomacy was quiet. The United Nations was in recess.

Most days, he either visited Shuri's lab—or sparred with Erik in the palace.

Erik had not been imprisoned. Instead, he was confined within the royal palace grounds, his movements restricted but not entirely curtailed.

After learning the full truth about the conflict between King T'Chaka and his father, Erik had come to terms with it. It had been a clash of ideology. His father had indeed been radical.

He no longer sought vengeance.

But he still refused to accept T'Challa as king.

In Erik's view, T'Challa was too soft-hearted—ill-suited for the brutal realities of international politics. Having once served in America's elite special forces, Erik understood war intimately. Between nations, kindness was often mistaken for weakness.

And to the world, Wakanda still appeared to be a poor, agrarian nation.

An easy target.

Every time T'Challa visited, their conversations inevitably devolved into sparring. They would leave bruised and battered—yet somehow, that had become routine.

Notably, Erik's hostility had softened over time. His aggression was no longer as sharp. He could coexist peacefully with others—except T'Challa. Even Okoye had begun to revise her opinion of him.

In the lab, Karl and T'Challa sat side by side, each holding a cup of tea, watching as Shuri upgraded the Black Panther suit.

"I've enhanced the armor's defensive capabilities—especially around the joints," Shuri explained, displaying the updated design on a large screen.

The overall aesthetic remained consistent with T'Challa's understated style. However, its defensive strength had been significantly improved without sacrificing flexibility.

After all, the Black Panther's greatest strength lay in agility.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

## **Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 296 - 296 – A Wager[ 1,001 words ]**

"Looks pretty good."

T'Challa didn't even glance at the technical data on the large screen. He simply studied the Black Panther suit itself. As for the professional metrics and performance figures, he understood only part of it. As long as the upgraded suit was stronger than before, that was enough for him.

Karl was in an even worse position—at least T'Challa was a graduate of a world-renowned university. Karl, on the other hand, had never even set foot on a college campus. A bona fide high school dropout, unemployed at home.

Afterward, T'Challa tested the new suit's comfort and mobility. Once satisfied, he left while still wearing it—taking the Golden Jaguar suit with him as well.

His destination was obvious.

The moment Karl sensed there would be something entertaining to watch, his interest piqued. He grabbed Shuri and followed T'Challa deep into the palace.

First, they paid their respects to the former king, T'Chaka. Proper etiquette was essential when visiting as a guest. T'Chaka welcomed Karl warmly, especially given that the young man had once saved Wakanda.

Then the three of them proceeded to Erik's residence within the palace grounds.

Erik was training.

With a short spear in one hand and a short sword in the other, he sparred against vibranium training dummies. When he saw T'Challa, he didn't even bother acknowledging him—though he did nod at Shuri in greeting.

But when his gaze shifted to Karl, a surge of anger rose within him.

This was the man who had ruined everything.

Though Erik now recognized that his plan had been somewhat naïve, Karl had undeniably dismantled it—and beaten him senseless in the process. That was not something easily forgotten.

Without warning, Erik hurled the short spear straight at Karl.

Karl didn't move. He simply reached out and caught it midair.

Even after consuming the Heart-Shaped Herb, Erik had been no match for Karl while wearing the Golden Jaguar suit—let alone now, without it.

Karl casually handed the spear to Shuri.

"I'm just here to watch. I told you before—we don't have any personal grudge. I just didn't approve of what you were doing. No need for that much hostility."

He shrugged. He genuinely bore Erik no ill will.

Erik studied him for a long moment before turning back to T'Challa.

"What do you want this time?"

T'Challa tossed the golden fang necklace toward him.

"My suit's been upgraded. Help me test it."

With that, the Black Panther armor flowed over his body, glowing faintly with a deep violet sheen that exuded quiet power.

Erik wasted no time. He donned the Golden Jaguar suit immediately.

A fight—especially against T'Challa—was something he never refused.

Black and gold collided in an instant.

Both lunged forward at full speed, claws extended. Their fighting styles were similar but distinct: Erik's strikes were broad and aggressive, while T'Challa's movements were fluid and adaptive.

Even with the upgraded armor, neither gained the upper hand.

Each clash of vibranium claws sparked showers of light. But with both suits forged from vibranium, neither could easily breach the other's defense.

Bang!

Erik landed a kick squarely against T'Challa's chest, using the recoil to vault upward, claws slashing down like steel blades in a predator's pounce.

T'Challa stepped back at once, counter-kicking Erik's arm to disrupt his balance before thrusting both hands forward, claws aimed directly at his opponent's face.

Meanwhile, Karl and Shuri sat leisurely to the side.

Each held a handful of sunflower seeds, cracking and eating them while watching the fight. Two drinks Karl had brought along rested beside them.

They looked exactly like casual spectators enjoying a sporting event.

"So, who do you think will win?" Karl asked, spitting out a seed shell.

"Obviously my brother," Shuri replied without hesitation, flicking seed shells aside with zero royal decorum. "I just upgraded his suit. It outperforms the Golden Jaguar in every category."

The nickname "Golden Jaguar" had gradually spread throughout Wakanda. Karl had coined it to differentiate Erik's suit from T'Challa's Black Panther armor. Over time, the name stuck.

Now, T'Challa was universally called Black Panther, and Erik—Golden Jaguar.

"Not necessarily. I'm betting on Erik," Karl said confidently.

He knew Erik's combat ability well. What T'Challa lacked was that edge of ruthlessness. Erik had clawed his way up from battlefields littered with corpses. His real-world combat experience far surpassed T'Challa's.

Shuri scoffed. "Want to bet?"

"What's the wager?"

"If my brother wins, you lend me your sword for a few days."

Her eyes gleamed. She had wanted to study the Ultima Weapon since the first time she saw it, but Karl had always refused.

Clearly, she hadn't given up.

"Fine. And if you lose?"

Karl agreed immediately. He had full confidence Erik would win.

"If I lose, you can pick anything you want from my lab."

She looked equally confident.

Karl paused, then grinned. "Let's raise the stakes. If I lose, I'll lend you both the Ultima Weapon and the Blade of Judgment for half a month. If you lose, you build me three nano-armor suits. They don't need too many features—just improved flexibility and defense."

He suddenly thought of the three ladies back home. Their current suits, built by Tony, were still conventional armor—not nanotech.

Perfect opportunity for an upgrade.

"No problem. Just bring them over when the time comes. I guarantee satisfaction."

Shuri agreed instantly. Three suits would barely dent Wakanda's vibranium reserves. The entire nation was built atop the metal.

Besides, she wasn't worried about Karl exposing Wakanda's secrets. If he intended to, the world would have known long ago.

They sealed the deal with a high-five and turned back to the fight—now fully invested, like spectators at a championship match.

By this point, T'Challa and Erik had been battling for over ten minutes.

Neither could overpower the other.

Their physical abilities were nearly identical, enhanced by the Heart-Shaped Herb. Their suits were comparable. It now came down to endurance—and experience.

Erik pressed the attack relentlessly.

T'Challa countered with calculated defense.

They darted through the courtyard like streaks of black and gold, th

eir movements generating gusts of wind strong enough to strip leaves from the surrounding plants, leaving branches bare.

Bang!

At last, T'Challa seized an opening—and sent Erik flying with a powerful kick..

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

**Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 297 - 297 -
New Battle Suits[888 words]**

Erik lost his balance and was sent flying backward.

T'Challa instantly closed the distance, driving an elbow hard into Erik's chest. With a thunderous crash, Erik smashed through a palace wall and ended up embedded in it.

T'Challa's claws stopped at Erik's throat.

The fight was over.

Victory—his.

Karl stood there in complete disbelief. He genuinely hadn't expected Erik to lose. He had practically bet his entire fortune on him.

And now?

His "fortune" was about to sit in Shuri's lab for half a month.

"Yes!!"

Shuri leapt up and rushed over, throwing her arms around T'Challa.

"This is perfect! My research schedule for the next two weeks is secured! Big brother, you're amazing!"

Out of the four of them, she was by far the happiest.

Karl walked over, looking deeply disappointed, and yanked Erik out of the wall.

"What happened to you? I put my entire life savings on you! And you couldn't even beat T'Challa? Were you holding back? We should do best two out of three!"

He was shamelessly trying to renegotiate.

Shuri immediately protested.

"Hey! Don't be a sore loser! We had a deal. You lost. I get the Ultima Weapon and the Blade of Judgment for half a month."

Hands on her hips, she faced him head-on. Though younger by several years, her momentum was overwhelming—especially fueled by victory.

Karl knew he had no ground to stand on. With a reluctant sigh, he summoned both weapons and handed them over.

"Half a month. Be gentle with them. They're not built for rough treatment."

He looked like someone parting with cherished pets.

T'Challa and Erik stared at the two of them, utterly confused. Erik in particular looked like he wanted to punch Karl just to shut him up.

Karl returned to the same small courtyard he had stayed in during his previous visit. T'Challa had arranged the same lodging out of familiarity.

At dinner, Karl asked about Nakia. T'Challa explained that she was out gathering intelligence. As Wakanda's top spy, she was constantly traveling between nations.

T'Challa could only sigh and let her follow her own path.

Over the next half month, Karl split his time between Wakanda and the agency. Some days he wandered across Wakanda with T'Challa; other days he chatted idly with Erik, whose increasingly resigned expression amused him greatly.

Shuri practically moved into her lab, studying the Ultima Weapon and Blade of Judgment day and night—exactly like Tony when absorbed in research.

Karl, meanwhile, toured nearly the entire country. He saw all kinds of wildlife—even a rare wild black panther.

As for the research results:

Shuri made substantial progress with the Blade of Judgment. Aside from the mysterious substance known as "Sanctity," she fully understood its structure and materials.

The revolver itself was mechanically simple—standard alloy components. Its overwhelming power stemmed entirely from Sanctity.

But what Sanctity actually was remained a mystery. It had never appeared in any known earthly database. Its composition was unknowable.

The Ultima Weapon proved even more enigmatic.

The entire blade was formed from a crystalline material infused with unknown energy. Yet unlike ordinary crystal—essentially natural glass, brittle and fragile—it possessed extraordinary toughness and durability.

It could even slice through vibranium with ease.

This completely defied known material science.

In the end, Shuri archived her findings. Magical constructs were beyond her domain. Her genius lay in technology, not arcane phenomena.

When she returned the weapons, she said casually, "Bring them over. I'll prepare the armor designs."

Karl didn't stand on ceremony. They had fought together. Excessive politeness would only feel artificial.

That evening, Karl returned to the agency and told Gwen and Skye about the new armor.

Neither was particularly enthusiastic about upgrading their suits—but both were thrilled at the idea of visiting Shuri.

Karl then made a trip to Kamar-Taj. With the Ancient One's permission, he brought Wanda back temporarily.

The four of them arrived in Wakanda via Chocobo Space.

Skye had been there before during the border tribe conflict. But for Gwen and Wanda, it was their first visit.

After greeting the former king and queen, the four young women quickly formed what could only be described as an unstoppable friend group. Accompanied by Okoye, they went sightseeing, shopping, and exploring—completely abandoning Karl and T'Challa.

Some nights, they didn't even return to the palace, leaving Karl alone in his courtyard like a neglected poet.

After several days of fun, they finally remembered the armor project.

All four gathered in Shuri's lab to design their new suits.

This time, unlike Tony's standardized approach, they incorporated personal elements.

Notably, all three opted for combat bodysuits—not mechanical armor.

As Karl silently observed: power armor might be a man's romance. Women cared far more about silhouette and aesthetics.

Gwen's Suit

Her color scheme remained black and white. The hood stayed. The black spider emblem now extended from her shoulders down to her waist.

Like the Black Panther suit, it could absorb kinetic energy and release it as shockwaves.

Most impressively, Shuri amplified Gwen's bio-electric ability. She could now fire electrically charged webbing—and even discharge bio-electric pulses from her entire body to paralyze opponents.

Skye's Suit

Skye's suit remained dark green, but the bulky arm guards were replaced with sleek glowing bracelets.

Normally, the bracelets rested flush against her wrists. When she unleashed vibration waves, they expanded and hovered slightly above her wrists, stabilizing and absorbing feedback.

They could neutralize 99% of the recoil damage from her own shockwaves.

A precise and elegant solution.

As for Wanda...

Her design process had only just begun.

~~~~~  
For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

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

~~~~~  
**Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 298 - 298 -  
The Hijacked Ship[ 760 words ]**

Wanda's suit was finalized last.

Like Karl, she chose dark red as the primary color. The design was clean and minimal, without excessive ornamentation. The most distinctive feature was her cape—it could extend and retract at will, much like Karl's, though limited to about three meters at maximum length.

The cape wasn't for style alone. It provided defensive utility, capable of hardening and shielding her when needed.

Beyond that, her armor offered no amplification systems.

Wanda didn't need them.

Chaos Magic was already an overwhelming force. There was nothing that could meaningfully enhance it—and attempting to do so would likely be pointless.

"So these are your new suits," Shuri said, handing each of them a bracelet.

All three bracelets were crafted from vibranium. They appeared simple and elegant, distinctly Wakandan in aesthetic. At a glance, they looked like ordinary accessories—no one would suspect they were advanced combat systems.

The three women accepted them eagerly.

And then promptly dragged Shuri off for yet another round of girls-only adventures.

---

After a full month of unrestrained fun, Gwen, Skye, and Wanda had even become friends with members of the Dora Milaje.

When it was finally time to leave, they invited Shuri to visit New York sometime soon.

At the farewell dinner, even Erik showed up to see them off—though he maintained his usual aloof demeanor.

Karl then brought the three back to the agency.

Wanda immediately returned to Kamar-Taj.

She had reached a critical phase in mastering Chaos Magic. To fully stabilize her control, she needed to repeatedly exhaust her power—pushing herself to complete depletion.

The Ancient One arranged battle after battle for her, even transporting her to dark dimensions to force her into extreme conditions.

Growth through pressure.

As for Gwen and Skye, they returned to their routines.

One shuttled between lab and agency.

The other stayed home coding.

---

Washington, D.C.

Early morning.

A Black man was jogging as the sun began to rise. Suddenly, a tall figure sprinted past him.

"On your left."

The jogger ignored it and kept running.

Ten minutes later, the same figure passed him again.

"On your left."

The jogger finally snapped.

"On your left, on your left—man, can't you pass me on the right just once? I'm gonna go deaf!"

He sped up, trying to catch the tall runner.

It was a hopeless effort.

The other man's stride was longer, faster, effortless.

By the time they reached the plaza near the Washington Monument, the tall runner lapped him again.

"On your left."

"Why are you like this—!"

The jogger collapsed onto the grass, breathing heavily.

The tall man finally stopped nearby, smiling.

"I think I need new lungs," the jogger joked. "These ones are thirty years old."

"You military?" the tall man asked.

"Used to be. Pararescue. Now I work at the VA."

He extended his hand and was pulled to his feet.

"Sam Wilson."

"Steve Rogers."

Sam blinked.

"Wait. I know who you are. Captain America, right?"

Steve gave a small nod.

"Nice to meet you."

Before Sam could continue, Steve's phone buzzed.

Mission alert.

"Duty calls," Steve said. "If you ever want to run again—"

They shook hands.

"If you ever visit the VA, give me a heads-up," Sam laughed. "I'd like to brag that I know Captain America."

At that moment, a sleek sports car screeched to a stop nearby.

Natasha lowered the window.

"I hear there's a fossil that needs a ride."

She glanced at Sam, then at Steve.

Steve sighed and got in.

The car roared away.

---

Later That Night – Quinjet

Steve and Natasha sat aboard, along with an elite tactical unit led by Brock Rumlow—Alexander Pierce's top operative.

Rumlow began the briefing.

"The target is a vessel functioning as a mobile satellite launch platform. Ninety minutes ago, after launching its final satellite, it was seized by pirates. The ship is now fully under their control."

The vessel's schematics appeared on screen.

"What do they want?" Steve asked.

"Fifteen billion dollars."

Steve blinked.

"Fifteen billion? What exactly did they find on that ship to demand that much?"

Rumlow answered flatly.

"It's a S.H.I.E.L.D. ship."

Steve rolled his eyes.

"Since when does S.H.I.E.L.D. conduct illegal cross-border operations? What is Nick Fury up to this time? I'm getting tired of cleaning up his messes."

Natasha glanced at him.

"Relax. It's not that complicated."

Which, of course, meant it absolutely was.

If it were merely pirates, a few well-equipped strike teams would suffice.

Instead, they had Captain America, Black Widow, and S.H.I.E.L.D.'s premier tactical squad.

Overkill.

"How many hostiles?" Steve asked.

"Twenty-five," Rumlow replied. "Technically pirates—but in reality, top-tier mercenaries."

Profiles appeared on screen.

Rumlow zoomed in on one.

"Georges Batroc. Former special operations in Western Europe. International fugitive. Thirty-plus assassinations before he went rogue. Zero failures. Known for extreme brutality."

Steve studied the image carefully, memorizing the face.

The mission was far from simple.

And everyone on that jet knew it.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 299 - 299 – The Rescue Operation - Novel Fire

Marvel Manifestor

Chapter 299 - 299 – The Rescue Operation

[629 words]

"Any hostages?" Steve asked.

Rumlow nodded and pulled up the manifest.

"Yes. Mostly technical personnel. But there's also a S.H.I.E.L.D. agent aboard."

He enlarged a profile photo—a bald man wearing glasses.

"Jasper Sitwell. Active S.H.I.E.L.D. agent. He was overseeing operations on the ship. He and the other hostages are being held in the galley."

Steve stared at the photo. He knew Sitwell. A senior agent. A familiar face around headquarters.

"What was Sitwell doing on a satellite launch vessel?"

Steve might have been from another era, but he wasn't naïve. The moment a S.H.I.E.L.D. agent became part of the equation, things stopped being simple.

No one answered.

Even Natasha remained silent.

That silence confirmed his suspicion.

Fine.

"I'll sweep the upper decks and locate Batroc. Natasha, disable the engines. Rumlow, you and your team secure the stern and extract the hostages. Move out."

Steve headed toward the rear hatch.

"Strike team, you heard him. Gear up."

Rumlow's squad immediately began final checks—ammo, comms, weapons.

The Quinjet descended through the clouds. As it dropped lower, it shifted into silent mode. Engine noise faded. External lights powered down.

In the night sky, the aircraft became a silent predator.

Natasha handed Steve his earpiece.

"You really need hobbies, Steve. You can't live in the gym forever. If nothing else, visit Karl in New York. I'm sure they'd welcome you."

"You know... everyone I used to hang out with is gone. And I still don't quite fit in with this time."

He hesitated.

"At least you figured out smartphones. And automatic transmissions."

She smiled.

Steve chuckled. She was right. Lately his life consisted of punching sandbags or wandering S.H.I.E.L.D. corridors.

Maybe it was time to move forward.

"You should move to New York after this," Natasha added. "You've got friends there."

"Peggy's in D.C. I'm not leaving her."

Seventy years later, she was frail and gray-haired.

He was unchanged.

But he was still the same man who loved her.

Natasha had visited Peggy with him. She knew Peggy's condition. She also knew Peggy had asked her to encourage Steve to live his life instead of clinging to the past.

"Target in sight," the pilot's voice interrupted.

Steve stepped toward the hatch.

"You can't live in yesterday forever, Steve. Peggy wouldn't want that."

He didn't respond.

But with enhanced hearing, he had heard every word.

The rear hatch opened.

"I'll go first. Follow."

Without hesitation, Steve leapt.

The Quinjet was still over a thousand meters above the ocean.

"Sir—he doesn't have a parachute!" one strike team member blurted.

"He doesn't need one," Rumlow replied calmly.

Freefall

Wind howled past Steve as he plummeted.

The ship below grew rapidly in size.

No panic.

Body straight. Reduced drag.

He accelerated.

At the last moment before impact, he rotated—feet first—and pierced the ocean's surface like a spear.

He sank more than ten meters before buoyancy neutralized the fall.

Breaking the surface, he swam silently toward the massive anchor chain and climbed aboard.

A lone pirate patrolled nearby.

Steve slipped behind him, locked an arm around his neck—

Crack.

The man collapsed without a sound.

Steve examined the fallen mercenary's gear.

Top-tier equipment.

Far too professional for "pirates."

Fury was hiding something.

Again.

He moved deeper into the vessel.

Voices ahead.

Two men.

He advanced swiftly.

The shield flew from his hand.

It struck the first mercenary in the throat, ricocheted off the deck—

Steve leapt, caught it midair, and hurled it again.

The second man dropped seconds later.

No gunshots.

Minimal noise.

Efficient.

Steve slung the shield onto his back and rounded the deck—

Four armed mercenaries spotted him instantly and raised their rifles.

Too slow.

He snapped the shield forward and simultaneously grabbed the nearest rifle, fingers locking onto the bolt assembly.

A twist—jammed.

A punch—unconscious.

The shield smashed into another rifle, shattering it on impact. Vibranium met steel. Steel lost.

The shield rebounded.

Steve kicked it midair, redirecting it into a third mercenary's neck.

Down.

He closed on the fourth before the man could call for help.

A blur of motion.

Blackness.

Silence returned to the deck.

Steve retrieved his shield.

This was only the beginning.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## **Marvel Manifestor - Chapter 300 - 300 – The Operation Continues[ 732 words ]**

Steve retrieved his shield and glanced over the fallen mercenaries. Once he confirmed they were no longer a threat, he turned and moved on.

He sprinted along the side deck toward the interior of the ship. Every pirate he encountered was either knocked unconscious or sent tumbling into the sea. None of them stood a chance. Some were taken down in a single clean motion.

Reaching the central deck area, Steve leapt from an upper level, shield raised before him, and slammed down onto a mercenary. The man let out a muffled grunt and collapsed, fate unknown.

Steve surged forward into the cluster of enemies.

The mercenaries barely had time to react. Some hadn't even raised their weapons before they were dropped one after another.

One pirate, clearly terrified, threw down his rifle and bolted, hoping distance might save him.

It didn't.

With a sharp crack, the shield smashed into his back. He felt his lower body go numb instantly before collapsing face-first onto the deck. The force of vibranium combined with Steve's strength had shattered his spine.

Steve had already held back.

Otherwise, the man might have been split in two.

With full force, Steve could cleave through aircraft hulls—even Helicarrier armor.

As he retrieved his shield and turned—

A mercenary appeared behind him, rifle aimed at his head.

"Don't move!"

Before he could finish the sentence, a sharp crack echoed across the deck.

The mercenary dropped, a bullet hole blooming in his forehead. Blood and bone fragments spilled onto the steel surface.

Rumlow descended beside Steve, parachute collapsing behind him. Smoke curled faintly from his rifle barrel.

"Looks like you needed backup, Captain."

He smirked.

Moments later, the rest of the strike team landed. Natasha among them.

"Captain," Natasha said casually as she walked beside him, "what about that girl who lives next to you? She seems nice. Good match, maybe."

"Let's take the control room first," Steve replied flatly.

"Fine. Your call."

Natasha vaulted over the second deck railing and disappeared toward the engine room.

---

Galley – Hostage Area

Inside the kitchen, the technical staff were bound hand and foot. Several armed mercenaries stood guard.

"I told Batroc—we need to start sending bodies if we want S.H.I.E.L.D. to pay," one said. "They won't take this seriously otherwise."

"I agree," another replied. "Make it clear we mean business."

They paced slowly before the hostages, rifles swinging lazily as they selected a victim.

---

Bridge

Steve moved swiftly up toward the bridge, scaling the structure with fluid agility.

He fired a listening device onto the captain's cabin window.

Voices filtered in.

"I'm done waiting," Batroc said from the captain's chair. "Call below. The moment the ransom clears, we sail."

A subordinate contacted the engine room.

"Start the engines. Prepare to move."

In the engine room below, a mercenary acknowledged the order and hung up.

He turned—

Natasha was already behind him.

Her foot shot forward.

The man's scream echoed through the machinery chamber as she looped a garrote around his neck and used the momentum to descend the stairwell.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

As she rappelled downward, her pistols barked with clinical precision. Every shot found its mark.

One mercenary per level.

No misses.

She reached the lowest deck, where the engines roared.

More resistance than expected.

She flipped forward, legs scissoring around a man's head—

Crack.

She landed, rolled, and tackled another, delivering a high-voltage shock through her wrist-mounted taser.

More rushed in.

In the tight confines of the engine room, her flexibility became lethal advantage. She moved like liquid, striking, disabling, eliminating.

Within minutes—

Silence.

She exhaled.

"Engine room secure. You're clear, Captain."

A mercenary groaned behind her, attempting to rise.

Without looking, she grabbed a crowbar and smashed it across his skull.

He dropped.

She tossed the tool aside and left.

---

Exterior – Kitchen Assault

The strike team split into two units.

One descended along the outer hull with grappling lines.

The other, led by Rumlow, positioned at the kitchen entrance.

Charges and a grappling hook mechanism were affixed to the door. The system would blast and yank the door outward simultaneously for a clean breach line.

"Team Two in position," came the whisper over comms from outside the kitchen windows.

"Captain, ready to extract hostages," Rumlow reported.

On the bridge, Steve observed Batroc attempting to contact S.H.I.E.L.D. over open radio channels.

No response.

"Natasha?"

"Ready."

In the galley, Sitwell caught sight of strike team silhouettes outside the window.

At the same moment, the mercenary who had proposed executions raised his rifle.

"Time's up," he said coldly. "Who wants to die first?"

On the bridge, Steve's voice came over comms.

"On my mark."

The operation moved into its final phase.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~